

Uncle Walt

*Rienzi
to the
Romans*

HE STOOD ERECT, and having seen that artists for some magazine had sketched him in his proper pose, he cleared his throat, and blew his nose, and said: "Hi, Romans, you are slaves! You've not the price to buy your shaves! The good old sun's still on the turf, and his last beam falls on a serf! Great Scott, my friends, is freedom dead? O whence and whither do we tread? I view the future with alarm! We tremble 'neath the tyrant's arm, and ye may tremble, sons of Rome, until the muley cows come home, but you will still be in the hole, unless some fiery, dauntless soul, like me, shall lead you from the wreck, and soak the tyrant in the neck! And here I stand to cut the ice! I'm ready for the sacrifice! I'll save you, if a Roman can! As candidate for councilman, I ask your votes, and if I win I'll swat the tyrant on the chin. I'll represent the fourteenth ward, and represent it good and hard, and drive the grafters from their place, and kick the tryant in the face! Corruption in our Rome will die, if you'll support your Uncle Ri!"