

## INTRODUCTION

### *HOW ARE YOU, BROTHER?*

*You'll swear at me, my drummer friend,  
Before you've traveled to the end  
Of this my little tale;  
You'll put me in the liar class,  
Perhaps, or reckon me an ass,  
And wish my breath would fail.*

*Some of you will call me rude  
And others say I'm goody-good  
And others still a nut;  
"He's telling stories out of school,"—  
I hear it whispered,—“He's a fool!  
“Yea, brothers, he's a mut!”*

*But even though you give me (h—l)  
I feel as though I ought to tell  
A little thing or two,  
That implicates myself, you know,  
As well as Jack and Bill and Joe  
And Bob and Tom and you.*

*And now I've something to suggest:  
A fellow always thinks the best  
When he is quite alone—  
The boys in force are apt to knock  
An author when they jointly talk,  
And pick his every bone;*