

Uncle Walt

JOHN BULL looks forth upon the main, and heaves a sigh, as though in pain; he wipes away the tears and cries, in sorrow: "Blawst my blooming eyes! There's fungus growing on my realm! I need a hustler at the helm! These once progressive British isles are left behind a million miles; it was a blamed Italian chap that made that wireless message trap; a Frenchman made the whole world blink by flying safely o'er the drink; a Dutchman built a big balloon, in which he'll journey to the moon; and now I'm told, lud bless my soul, a Yankee's gone and found the Pole! Have Britons lost their steam and vim? Are we no longer in the swim? Are we content to tag behind, and trust in fate, and go it blind? Is this our England lying dead, with candles at her feet and head? Has Genius torn her robe and died, and have we naught to brace our pride?" A voice comes sighing o'er the land—a voice John Bull can understand; a female voice that's bright and gay, and in his ears it seems to say: "Cheer up! The gods are with you yet—you always have the suffragette!"

John Bull