

Uncle Walt

BENEATH the stones they sweetly sleep, the humble toilers of the press, no more to sorrow or to weep, no more to labor in distress. Here lies a youth upon whose tomb the tear of pity often drops; we had to send him to his doom, because he wrote of "bumper crops." Here sleeps the golden years away the fairest of the human tribe; we slew him at the break of day, because he called himself "ye scribe." Beneath that yew another sleeps, who did his work with smiling lips; we had to put him out for keeps when he referred to "flying trips." And one, the noblest of them all, is resting on the wind-swept hill; in writing up a game of ball, he spoke of one who "hit the pill." Hard by the wall, where roses bloom, and breezes sway the clinging vines, that youth is sleeping in his tomb, who used the phrase, "along these lines." Today the sexton wields his spade, and digs a grave both deep and wide, where soon the stripling will be laid, who wrote about "the blushing bride."

*The
Newspaper
Graveyard*