

HEROES: PERISHABLE GOODS

HEROES are like sulphur matches,
Scratched and lit, then thrown away.
Every Dewey has his arches,
Every Dowie has his day.
Eggs or laurels, shouts or hisses,
For an hour Fame's tributes voice,
Brief, alas! as Hobson's kisses
(Silence, now, is Hobson's choice).

Pastor Wagner, like a stogie
Smoked and spurned, lies on the floor;
Even the Rockefeller Bogie
Scarcely scares us any more;
And already Life Insurance
Hardly fills the public bill —
In the name of all endurance
Can't we get another thrill?

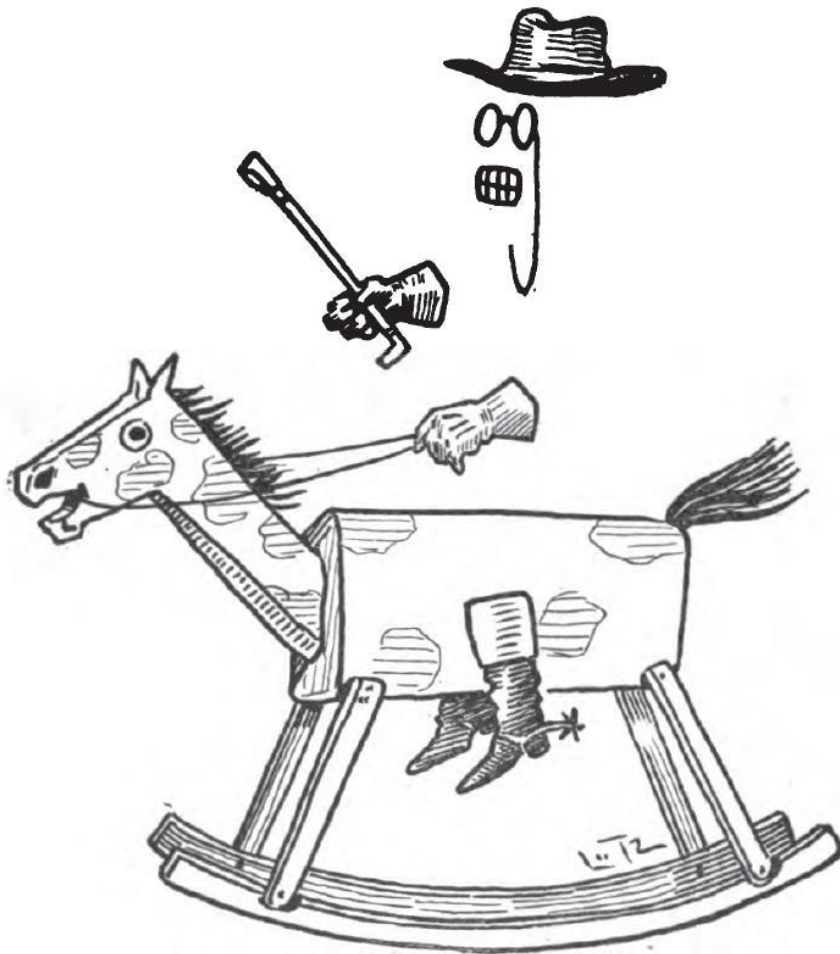
We may search from Maine to Dawson
Vainly in our hero-hunt —
How can Truthful Thomas Lawson
Dish us up another stunt
Painting Wall Street's job and stock work
In a way to wreck the town?

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Can it be that Lawson's clockwork
Is discreetly running down?

Gods financial, briefly risen
To the Seats of the Admired,
Go to Newport or to prison
And are quietly retired.

Gods, alas for your endeavor
To retain the public view —
Nothing seems to last forever;
No, not even C. Depew!



Hero-worship suicidal's
Scarce to be encouraged, sir —

Heroes : Perishable Goods

All these perishable idols

Disconcert the worshipper.

But while hands of desecration

Tip each god from off his shelf

We have yet one consolation —

Teddy Roosevelt's still Himself!