

SUMMER SIGHS.

BY LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly (1876-1904); Aug 1896; VOL. XLII., No. 2.; APS Online
pg. 0_038

SUMMER SIGHS.

BY LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.



A

*S summer music, hushed and mute,
Dies in a faded glory,
Now autumn tunes her golden lute,
And sings her sweetest story.*

*The flowers are fading in their blight,
That climb on cot and tower;
There seems to be a darker light
On every vine-clad bower.*

*The church-bell tolls its longest chime,
And heralds forth the morrow;
It seems to blend with one sublime,
Sweet tone of sainted sorrow.*

*But what do we, true lovers, care
For change in clime or weather?
All scenes to us are bright and fair,
If we are but together!*





WALNUTS and WINE

THE COSEY CORNER

By La Touche Hancock

A LITTLE cosey corner in a little cosey flat,
With scimitars and Turkish pipes and every kind of hat;
With pictures, guns of various sorts, and bric-a-brac galore,
And a multi-colored carpet upon a polished floor;
Electric lights, rose-colored lamps, and everything in trim
To please her spouse's oft-expressed and comfortable whim.

He wore a quiet smile of joy, as peacefully he sat
In the little cosey corner in the little cosey flat.

“Of course, you know, you mustn't smoke, for it would be too bad
To spoil the lovely curtains, which were brought from Hyderabad;
No drinking either. You won't mind, for you are sure to spill
Your B. and S. upon the floor. You won't? Oh, yes, you will!
And off the sofa you'll take care, I hope, to keep your shoes.
Now, darling, these are little things I'm sure you can't refuse.”

He wore a sickly smile of joy, but you'll be sure at that
He “blessed” the cosey corner in the little cosey flat.

IDEALS

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

Current Literature (1888-1912); Dec 1902; VOL. XXXI, No. 6.; APS Online

pg. 728

IDEALS.LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.METROPOLITAN

Brocades shall breathe, and arabesques
Shall be instinct with soul!
Designs run riot with grotesques,
And jacinth stud the bowl!
O'er moonlit cloisters Merlin's spell
Shall brood in peacefulness,
And every scene a dream foretell
Of fabled Lyonesse!

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A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

New York Times (1857-Current file); Nov 15, 1903; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The New York Times (1851 - 2001)

pg. SM14



A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING

WILLOCK



Poet and Pelf.

A POET lived in a room above,
Above in the sixteenth story.
He wrote of "love" and he wrote of
"dove,"

And yearned for a laureate's glory!
But his verse came back, "declined with
thanks,"

From the magazines and papers,
He'd a score or more of refusal blanks,
Which he used for pipe-lighting tapers!
Then with tears in his eyes he changed
his plan.

Forsaking the divine afflatus,
And at once became a different man
And improved his social status!
For he wrote a puff for a patent squill,
Some lays for a new brand of pickles,
He sang the praise of a blue liver pill
And raked in the dimes and nickels!

The moral of this—you see it each day—
Never mind about your ambition,
Make money in any old kind of a way
And let all art go to perdition!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

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VADE MECUM OF THE CONDENSER. . LA TOUCHE HANCOCK. . .SUN

If you wish in the world to advance
In a literary sort of a way,
You must follow the fashion,
And bow to the passion
That's rife among authors to-day.
Get hold of an early romance,
As clever as clever can be,
Then boldly revise it,
That is, "bowdlerize" it,
And you'll jump to the top of the tree.

For example, take "Vanity Fair,"
And correct all the old-fashioned trash.
Then cut it, and slash it,
And modernly mash it,
Into some sort of feasible hash.
Then call it—that is, if you dare,
"Becky Sharp," or a similar name,
The matter's not vital,
But give it a title
Which shows that the book is the same!

With "Pickwick," and "Dombey and Son,"
Your course is as plain as can be.
There's nothing that suits
The latter like "Toots,"
While "Sam Weller" will do—with a "Wel"
And when your condensing is done,
How much further you'll go who can tell?
You capture the glory
Of any old story.
Why not call yourself author as well?

" R. "

Oh! don't you remember the month has
an " R, "

And the oyster once more you can get?
'Midst crab, clam, and lobster, it is quite
the star,
A savory, succulent treat!

Four months in the year we must give it a
rest,

So says a conventional law,
But now our digestions can have a good
test,

We can swallow it down, cooked or raw!

A squeeze of a lemon, tabasco a dash,
Bread and butter, a bottle of stout,
If you eat but a dozen, you won't be called
rash,

Not even if prone to the gout.

So, hail to the oyster, the bivalve of fame,
And down with the prohibitive bar,

All other sea food on its birthday is tame,
With a tiger, " Hip, hip, hip hurra—" R! "

—LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

Sept.

THE LESSON OF SCHOOL.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

New York Times (1857-Current file); Sep 17, 1904; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The New York Times (1851 - 2001)

pg. 8

THE LESSON OF SCHOOL.

With little bits of mortals
Trotting off to school,
With pen, and pad, and pencil,
And books and maps and rule!
They will learn anon, ~~prada~~
What education meant,
When one of them may haply
Become a President!

This should be the lesson
We should learn to-day.
That probably we frittered
All our time away.
When at school, apparently,
We'd not the common sense
To study hard, for none of us
Is a President!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

Sept. 12, 1904.

INDIAN SUMMER.
LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

New York Times (1857-Current file); Oct 13, 1904; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The New York Times (1851 - 2001)
pg. 6

INDIAN SUMMER.

Cattle knee deep in the sedges,
Reaper whispering low his pledges,
Blushing maiden keeping tryst
'Neath a sky of amethyst!
Wheat in tassels hanging low,
Aftermath and afterglow!
Thoughts from solitude are springing,
Sweeter far than any singing,
After Summer's revel sober
Woods grow brown in sere October!
Loveliest time of all the year,
Golden Indian Summer's here!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

THE BROOKLYNITE'S FAREWELL.

La Touche Hancock

Puck (1877-1918); May 9, 1906; 59, 1523; APS Online

pg. 0_4

THE BROOKLYNITE'S FAREWELL.



I'M GOING to New York, my dears, kiss me, and say goodbye,
But, prithee, wipe away those tears, I would not have you cry!
I hope that I'll be back to-night, if things don't go amiss,
Though one can never tell, of course, in such a town as this!
Some accidents upon the "El" will happen now and then,
But matters will be remedied, though goodness knows just when!
A block or two upon the Bridge I really do not mind,
Though I promise to be careful, if I see a
train behind!
The crossing at the Park, no doubt, is
scarcely safe to take,
With cars ahead and cars behind, and
others in their wake!
The office elevator has been overhauled
this week,

So there really is no danger, dears, at least
none, so to speak!

And, though I leave the office in the hours they call
"the rush,"

And certainly will have to bear the push and shove
and crush,

I'll try and save myself quite whole to welcome
you to-night,

It is n't very probable, but still with care I might!
Goodbye, my dears, just one last kiss, you're per-
fectly secured,

If any accident occurs, for I am well insured.
And, if the worst does happen, an action then
will lie.

Be sure to bring it, darlings, and get the cash—
goodbye!

La Touche Hancock.

THE COMMON CARRIER.

La Touche Hancock, in the New York Sun.

The Washington Post (1877-1954); Jun 17, 1906; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The Washington Post (1877 - 1988)

pg. SM6

THE COMMON CARRIER.

La Touche Hancock, in the New York Sun.

I'll remember, I'll remember,
If possibly I can,
To get a rake and garden hoe,
Also a watering can.
A lawn machine I'll not forget
This evening to bring down,
Although I know I'll have to lend
It to our neighbor, Brown.

I'll remember, I'll remember,
To buy a leg of lamb,
Some ribs of beef, some mutton chops,
A chicken, and a ham.
Please put in writing what you want
Of ribbons and what shade;
How many pins and needles, too,
And how much tape and braid.

I'll remember, I'll remember,
At least I'll do my best,
Though you'll admit the task will put
My memory to a test.
Then, sotto voce, to himself
The brute says, "Never fear!
I will remember not to take
A country house next year."

THE INDISPENSABLE MAN.

McLandburgh Wilson, in the New York Sun.

The "Old Man" his vacation takes
Although he thinks it rash,
Convinced without his guiding hand
The firm will go to smash.

On his return he then finds out,
Though not with unmixed joy,
The business has been finely run
By just the office boy.

The same surprise awaits us all
Who run this little sphere,
Bowed down with grave and heavy care
Of bossing far and near.

There's nothing that will jolt us so
Upon the farther shore
As finding out the world we left
Is running as before.

Hubby's Day Off.

From the Topeka Herald.

It is very evident from this item that Frank Jarrel's wife is again editing the Holton Signal: "If a fellow is really in love, he will do more fool things than will the girl. In a love affair the girl always shows the more sense."

The Postal Card Pest

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

SHE'S got them from China and from Peru,
From Egypt, Japan, and Honolulu!
She's got them in all conceivable styles,
From Italy, Belgium, the British Isles,
From Switzerland, France, and the Isle of
Man,

From Holland and Russia and Astrakhan!
She wants but one more to make up the whole—
Then she'll be satisfied—from the North Pole!
Pictures of Paris, of London, of Rome,
The Tower, the Louvre, and St. Peter's Dome,
The Sphinx and the Pyramids, Suez Canal,
The Rock of Gibraltar, Malta, Pall Mall!
Higgledy-piggledy, see! there they lie,
No trouble to write, and SO cheap to buy!
Most every picture's a caricature,
This is the fashion one has to endure!
It's not the custom to write letters now;
People, it seems, have forgotten just how!
If of your movements friends wish to keep track,
Just get a postal, with picture on back,
Then write the address, and mail it—that's all!
The trouble's infinitesimally small!
Of all the sad things of pen and of ink,
The saddest of all's the postal, I think!



A Vegetable Roast

Boy—Ma, I thought you said the Specks were vegetarians.

Ma—So I did; they are.

Boy—Well, I heard Mr. Specks tell Pop that when he got home late the other night Mrs. Specks had a roast waiting for him.

—◆◆◆◆◆—
The Lodger's Farewell

By La Touche Hancock.

FAREWELL, my Brooklyn, ah! farewell!
I drop a silent tear,
To-morrow morn will sound the knell
Of my short sojourn here!
Although unhealthy in its hue,
Although in foliage scant,
I hate to leave—indeed I do—
My lovely rubber plant!
Farewell, the Bridge! Farewell, the crush!
The push, the shove, the fight,
What shall I do without the rush
I welcomed every night?
I've grown such a philanthropist
That really I can't see
How possibly I can exist
Without the B. R. T.!
I've tried to learn my way about
Your avenues and streets,
Though one can't manage that without
Some great mnemonic feats!
Of suburbs you are in the van,
And will be in event
You always keep that strenuous man
As Borough President!
And now I think—but quantum suff—
I've stood you very well,
Six months has been about enough,
Farewell, a long farewell!

—◆◆◆◆◆—
A Freak

Maud.—She's quite a linguist! She has eight
tongues at her finger's ends.

Bill.—Is she in a museum?

OUR APHRODITE.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

New York Times (1857-Current file); Nov 23, 1906; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The New York Times (1851 - 2001)

pg. 8

OUR APHRODITE.

Now to Dame Fashion's fête,
First of the season,
Once more she comes in state
With every reason;
That any potentate
Should dare to underrate
Grace so immaculate
Were highest treason.

She talks with perfect ease
On equine glories,
And with the sights she sees
Links social stories
Tattled at boudoir teas,
(Secrets, of course,) for these
Are very sure to please
Deae minores.

She bears, where'er she goes,
Taedium vitæ
Through dinners, balls, and shows,
Yet she's almighty!
Splendid in face and pose,
Fabled in verse and prose,
More charming yet she grows,
Our Aphrodite!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

The Lost Joke

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

New York Times (1857-Current file); Jan 27, 1907; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The New York Times (1851 - 2001)
pg. SM2

The Lost Joke

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.



REAT! Great! Great!

Was the joke that I made to-day,
And I would that my tongue could
utter

What I actually did say.

Oh, well for a notebook's aid,
Where I should have put it down,
Oh, well to be thought a wit,
Or a most amusing clown.

But that good bon mot has gone,
Though I'm racking my mem'ry still,
And it's oh! could I but remember now
That joke that was fit to kill.

Great! Great! Great!

Was that pleasantry, you'd agree,
But the comic part I've quite forgot,
And 'twill never come back to me.

The Little Vulgar Boy

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.



MET a little New York child,
A small and vulgar boy;
He very impudently smiled
At me, as if in joy.

He had a very dirty face,
And very ragged clothes;
He had no shoes, I could not trace
The sign of any hose.

"Sisters and brothers, little child,
How many may you be?"
He still most impudently smiled,
And then he looked at me.

I said, "How many may you be?
Where dwell you under heaven?"
He never said a word to me,
Except, "I'm more than seven."

"That very likely is the case,"
I huffily replied,
"But what I asked was, where's the place
At present you reside?"

"And tell me what you daily do,
To what your life is given?"
He answered, which, no doubt, was true,
"Say, guv, I'm more than seven."

"I do not doubt your age," said I,
"I want to help you—yes—
Pray, is there any reason why
You won't give your address?"

"I'm not an officer, my child,
I'd help you on," said I.
Again he looked at me, and smiled,
And made this strange reply:

"I live in Umpty-umpty Street
At number one naught 'leven!"
He doubted me, so I suppose,
For with his finger to his nose,
He said, "I'm more than seven!"



Poultry Poetry

By La Touche Hancock.



AT midnight hour a poet sat,
With long disheveled hair,
That hung in ringlets 'neath his hat,
A picture of despair.
Perhaps 'twas due to self-conceit,
But still the youth unkempt

Decided he would do the feat,
Or perish in th' attempt.

But, strange! so full of thought just now,
He wavered, scratched his head,
In vain the pucker on his brow,
His notions all had fled.
Night turned to morn, but yet he thought,
His paper still a blank,
While with despair his mind was fraught,
His spirits sank and sank.

Cluck, cluck-o! the farmyard rang
With multifarious cries,
And, as the work of day began,
The poet closed his eyes.
Cluck, cluck-o! in slumber deep,
His fancies far away,
The poet had gone fast asleep,
A hen had done the lay!



The Angel Child



CERTAIN fond mother was horrified
not long ago when a parrot—fully
guaranteed by the dealer from whom
it was purchased to be free of any
such knowledge—began to swear vig-
orously in the presence of several

callers and her young son.

The bird's vocabulary increased to a remarkable extent, both in amount and force, within the next week or so, and the lady had come to the conclusion that for the sake of her son's morals she must get rid of it, although it afforded the entire household no little amusement in its more polite moments, when one day she quietly entered the room where the cage hung. Perched upon a chair was Johnny, and there was being executed an astonishing duet of profanity.

"Oh, Johnny, are you teaching Poll to swear?" the mother gasped.

For an instant only Johnny was panic-stricken, and then assumed an expression of saintly patience.

"No, no, mother," he asserted in a hurt tone. "I was just tellin' it all the awful things its mustn't say."

"Mamma's darling boy!" she exclaimed, and gathered him into her arms.



ONE CONSOLATION.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

New York Times (1857-Current file); Mar 18, 1907; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The New York Times (1851 - 2001)

pg. 6

ONE CONSOLATION.

Give me salmon, give me trout,
Give me oysters, (with some stout,)
Give me cod, that's flaked with rice,
(Which is really very nice!)
Give me flounders, give me soles,
Give me chowder, too, in bowls,
Give me lobster late at night,
Give me every fish in sight,
For the connoisseurs all say
That the matter, known as gray,
Will be nurtured by this food,
So in Lent I will be good,
For by Easter my endeavor
Is to be—well—awfully clever!

~~LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.~~

AFTER MANY YEARS

La Touche Hancock

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine (1886-1915); Apr 1907; 79, 472; APS Online

pg. 563

AFTER MANY YEARS

By La Touche Hancock

I loved you many years ago ;

For you I swore that I would die—

Though, if you ask me, I don't know

Precisely why !

I think I have your portrait—yes !

It's here, or, maybe, it is there—

Though on my life I'd never guess

Exactly where !

You are the one I loved of all ;
You may be Mary, Nan, or Sue—
Though really I cannot recall
Distinctly who !

Still in my heart you have a share,
And possibly the biggest niche ;
You were my sweetheart—but I swear
I don't know which !

A PARADOX.

Now away to see the Show,
Enthusiastic'ly she'll go,
Motors now, you doubtless know
 Invite her!

On the sport she's very keen,
Everything upon the scene,
Even scents of gasoline,
 Delight her!

She can tell you what mistake
There may be in such a make,
What is right, and what's a fake.
 Directly!

If you listen, you'll agree
She can size up to a "T"
This and that from A to Z,
 Correctly!

Seemingly she cares for naught
But this modish Juggernaut,
Which her every look and thought
 Indorses;

Yet you'll see her in a box
Later on with lovely frocks
Wrapped up in a paradox!—
 The horses!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

VERB. SAP.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

New York Times (1857-Current file); Mar 11, 1908; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The New York Times (1851 - 2001)

pg. 6

VERB. SAP.

With flounders, salmon, shad, or trout,
With oysters and a glass of stout,
I shall be, there is not a doubt,
Content!

With haddock, whiting, bloater, sole,
With turbot, shrimps, and buttered roll,
I am not sorry on the whole
It's Lent!

For, as the connoisseurs all say,
Fish makes the matter known as gray.
Then, if I eat it day by day,
Mayhap

My brain will grow to such a size,
When Easter comes I should surmise
That I'll be really awfully wise!
Verb. sap.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

VOTRE INTIME.

Who is it that borrows a five or a ten,
And says he will pay it back surely—but
when?

Who is it that takes you out sometimes to
dine,
And orders the choicest of dishes and
wine.

Then pleads with a sorrow you know he
can't feel,
He's forgotten his purse—will you pay for
the meal?

Your friend!

Who is it that strolls in your room every
day,
And takes your armchair in a casual way?
Who calls for a drink, as if you tended
bar?

Who takes from your case your choicest
cigar?

Who is it that loves like a woman to talk,
And begs you, though busy, to come for a
walk?

Your friend!

Who is it that pours out his stupid love
woes,
Or paints his last sweetheart en couleur
de rose?

Who through all his troubles will mourn-
fully drone,

Though you've got, goodness knows,
enough of your own?

Who is it that drives you stark staring
insane?

Who is it? Why ask? Echo answers
again—

Your friend!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

THE ONE GIFT WITHHELD.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

New York Times (1857-Current file); Apr 22, 1908; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The New York Times (1851 - 2001)
pg. 8

THE ONE GIFT WITHHELD.

The fairies came; some promised wealth;
Some knowledge; some the best of health;
Some beauty.

They viewed the child in days to come
All she should be, in speculum

Velut!

When some bad fay chanced to appear,
And hissed into the baby's ear

In gruff rage:

"Beauty, and knowledge, health, and gold,
These you may have, but I withhold

The Suffrage!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

A DUBIOUS DEFINITION.

You can't predict what the weather will
be,

But you know pretty well it won't agree
With the daily forecast, for it defies
The prophetic views of the weatherwise!
For it's hot one day and it's cold the next,
And whatever to wear you're quite per-
plexed;

It blows and it rains, and it rains and
blows,

And sometimes, not often, it even snows!
The flowers may bud and the leaves
appear,

But they doubtless do it in trembling fear,
For it's ten to one there will be a frost,
And in twenty-four hours their beauty's
lost!

'Tis a time when every one has to go
To that awful fraud, the medico,
Who has such a villainous smiling face,
As his fees, which are high, mount up
apace!

'Tis a time of which all the poets say
'Tis heaven! It isn't! 'Tis (well)—'tis
May!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

OFF TO EUROPE.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

New York Times (1857-Current file); Jun 8, 1908; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The New York Times (1851 - 2001)

pg. 6

OFF TO EUROPE.

"She's not at home?" I've heard that
phrase before;

(It's made me feel at times a trifle sore.)

And as a corollary now I hear,

Where'er I visit at this time of year,

"She's gone to Europe!"

Friends, foes, alike, they're on a foreign
trip;

(I wish my creditors would take the tip!)

What? Not at home again—oh, what's
the use?

Good-bye! I think 'll test this last excuse.

"I'M off the Europe!"

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

THE POET. (FEMINA.)

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

New York Times (1857-Current file); Jun 10, 1908; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The New York Times (1851 - 2001)
pg. 6

THE POET. (FEMINA.)

(With apologies to the poetess of the 7th
inst.)

M'yes! you've hit us pretty hard.
But what about the female bard?
How must she dress? How must she walk?
How must (or rather does) she talk?
Poke bonnet or a towering hat?
Her figure embonpoint or flat?
What cut, that is what shape, her gown?
And must she keep her eyes turned down?
Her brow—must that be pallid, too?
Or will a little powder do?
Must she "imbibe from mystery's fount"?
What must a poetess "surmount"?
Please tell a sympathetic soul,
What is the "business" of her rôle?

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

AGAIN THE OYSTER.

"Will you walk a little faster?" said
the oyster to the snail,
"September's close upon us, and I really
mustn't fall
To be on hand quite early, for the month
has got an R,
And I shall be assuredly the fashionable
star!
Quite probably they'll eat me, but sup-
posing that they do—
A fastidious Four Hundred would scarce-
ly look at you!
You're never in the fashion, and never
out of it,
And by no strength of reasoning could
be called a choice tid-bit!
Of course, were we in Paris, you would
doubtless be preferred.
But with any but frog-eaters the case
would be absurd!
I don't suppose, moreover, that our gour-
mets, if they tried,
Could stomach you, no matter were you
scalopped, creamed, or fried!
I have a dozen dainty points of a ceru-
lean hue,
(Very likely you don't know it, but an
oyster's often blue!)
And isn't it a paradox? I really don't
know why,
But I make them very hungry whom
most I satisfy!
So walk a little faster, snail, for surely
you can see
Tabasco sauce, horse radish, salt, and
pepper wait for me!
The stout's already foaming, and the
lemon's on the squeeze,
So get a move on, sluggard, do hurry, if
you please!
I'm really very happy now my time has
come to die,
Here, I'm the next—d'you hear that gulp?
—ta-ta, my snail, good-bye!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

THE MAIDEN'S CONFESSION

La Touche Hancock

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine (1886-1915); Oct 1908; 82, 490; APS Online

pg. 532

THE MAIDEN'S CONFESSION

By La Touche Hancock

I met him—I must n't say where!

'T was—no! I've forgotten the spot!

His name?—no, that would n't be fair!

I told him—I must n't say what!

We kissed—but I said I'd not tell!

We vowed—but 't was quite *entre nous!*

And I'm to be married to—well,

To some one—I must n't say who!

THE BATHOS OF THE BOUNTY.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

New York Times (1857-Current file); Dec 15, 1908; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The New York Times (1851 - 2001)
pg. 8

THE BATHOS OF THE BOUNTY.

I'm going to tip the janitor—maybe!
I'm going to tip the grocer's boy—we'll
see!
I'm going to tip the cook, of course—oh,
yes!
I'm going to tip my typewriter—I guess!!
I'm going to tip the waiter—well, I'll
think!
I'm going to tip the candy girl—a wink!
And, if there should be others—after
that—
To him or her I'm going to tip—my hat!
LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

Caress on the Cars

THE tunnel was dark, the tunnel was long,

And the lights had all gone out.

The temptation was assuredly strong—

Of that there could be no doubt.

She was sitting by me, a portly miss

Of thirty summers, or less;

When a notion struck me that I would
kiss

That vision of loveliness!

Though the risk was great, I thought it
worth while,

For I was full of romance,

And to steal a kiss in a furtive style

The pleasure could but enhance!

So, when we had come to the darkest part

I gave her a silent smack,

When—I didn't expect it—bless my heart!

If she didn't kiss me back!

We gazed at each other in shy surprise,

When from the tunnel we sped.

The other passengers must have got wise,

For our cheeks were burning red.

At the same depot we left the train,

When I lost my charmer fair.

I thought I should never see her again,

For which I didn't much care.

But, when I got home, there was the
maid,

And she gave me such a look.

"Who is that, mother?" I asked. She
said,

"Why, Bobby, that's our new cook!"

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

DECLINED WITH THANKS

La Touche Hancock

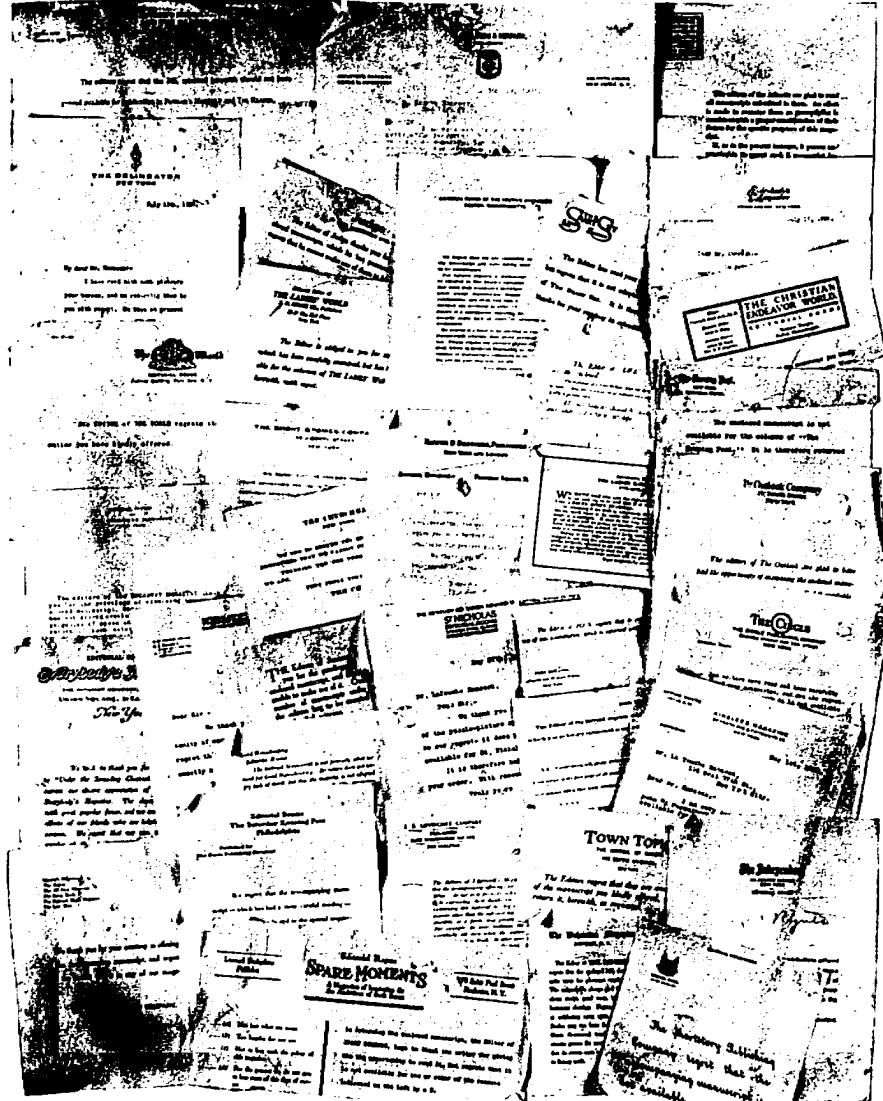
The Bookman; a Review of Books and Life (1895-1933); Apr 1909; 29, 2; APS Online

pg. 178

DECLINED WITH THANKS

Oh! "Declined with thanks"—oh! "Declined with thanks!"
Are all these editors merely cranks?
Here are rejections—I have plenty more—
Don't tell it in Gath—I've many a score!
"Surplus of matter"—"accept if we could!"
(Very polite, but that's no earthly good!)
Keep it for months, if it happens to suit,
Meanwhile I'm starving—it's Dead Sea Fruit!
"This is too clever"—"that's not good enough!"
(They think they can gauge the right kind of stuff!)
Well, if in life's lottery I've drawn the blanks,
Engrave on my tombstone—"Declined with Thanks!"

La Touche Hancock.



DECLINED WITH THANKS

THE AERONAUTIC POET.

Ah! poet, stay your pen! We've heard so
much

Of jewels, gems, and jessamine before,
They've all been written of with lighter
touch

By Tommy Moore!

Love, death, day, night, and dying deso-
lation

Are not in these days quite an innovation!

One can't imagine quite why violets blow
In just the same old style you always
sing,

Or why your lines forever seem to flow
With birds in Spring!

No doubt they chirp in jocund jubila-
tions,

But give us, pray, original creations!.

For, when a poet annually sings

A song, that dates back many and many
a year,

It's really one of the absurdest things

The world can hear!

Still you go on with fleeting breath, and
willows,

The rustling leaves, woods, whispers,
- surging billows!

Just at this time you're bound to be a
slave

To daisy, dandelion, and buttercup;

It doesn't matter how the critics rave,

And cut you up!

Be warned! If for Parnassus' heights
you're trying,

Quit verse, and try the latest fashion—
flying! LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

THE EVIDENCE

La Touche Hancock

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine (1886-1915); Jun 1909; 83, 498; APS Online

pg. 773

THE EVIDENCE

When she shed torrents of tears, she evidently had a cataract
in her eye.

La Touche Hancock

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THE WAYS OF FATE.
LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

New York Times (1857-Current file); Jun 23, 1909; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The New York Times (1851 - 2001)
pg. 6

THE WAYS OF FATE.

Fate hit me very hard one day,
I cried: "What is my fault?
What have I done? What causes, pray,
This unprovoked assault?"

She paused, then said: "Darned if I know!
I really can't explain!"
And just before she turned to go
She whacked me once again!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

IN A HAMMOCK

La Touche Hancock

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine (1886-1915); Aug 1909; 84, 500; APS Online

pg. 261

IN A HAMMOCK

By La Touche Hancock:

Two in hammock

Tried to kiss,

Quickly landed

Just like this!

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ON THE RIGI

La Touche Hancock

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine (1886-1915); Aug 1909; 84, 500; APS Online

pg. 280

ON THE RIGI

The following notice meets the eyes of travellers at a hotel half way up the Rigi.

Misters and voyagers are advertised that, when the sun him risen, a
horn will be blowed!

This announcement sufficiently prepares tourists for the following entry in the wine-list:

In this hotel the wines leave the traveller nothing to hope for.

La Touche Hancock

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NO MORE

La Touche Hancock

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine (1886-1915); Oct 1909; 84, 502; APS Online

pg. 530

NO MORE

By La Touche Hancock

I played with Maude in days of yore,
When Bridge became her craze;
But now I play with her no more,—
She has such winning ways!

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THE BATHOS OF BROOKLYN.

A man from New York City was fairly
in despair:
He looked so very miserable—he almost
tore his hair:
He didn't know where he was at, or
where he'd likely land;
The ways of this bewildering place he
couldn't understand.
"Can I help you?" asked his neighbor,
observing his dismay.
The other answered: "P'raps you can,
for I have lost my way!"
The stranger laughed, "Of course, I will;
just tell your woes to me,
For I was born in Brooklyn in eighteen
fifty-three!"
"I have to go to Umpy Street, the num-
ber's sixty-four;
I've asked for information from a score
of men or more;
They've sent me here, they've sent me
there, I've ridden to and fro,
From north to south, from east to west,
but you will surely know."
The stranger smiled in confidence, and
taking out a book.
Said, "ray, excuse me, while at this I
take a passing look.
Sometimes one quite forgets a route, fa-
miliar though it be.
And I was born in Brooklyn in eighteen
fifty-three!"
He pored that volume through and
through, then to the traveler said,
"The wrong car you have taken, Sir, you
should have gone instead
On quite a different line—dear me! you'd
better—ah, um, well!
It's really very funny, but it's sometimes
hard to tell
Exactly how to find one's way, the
streets are changing so,
Still, if you transfer—yes, that's right!
but wait a minute—no!
That street I'm quite familiar with—of
course—now let me see—
For I was born in Brooklyn in eighteen
fifty-three!"
The traveler waited while the man turned
over page on page,
Then getting up quite suddenly he quit
the car in rage:
"With churches, babies, real estate, you
people are insane,
One tries to find his way about, and al-
ways tries in vain,
For your Borough is a puzzle, a mystify-
ing maze.
It really should be straightened out in
these enlightened days.
It's not the slightest use to ask, you're
all of you at sea,
Though you were born in Brooklyn in
eighteen fifty-three!"

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

An Unknown Tongue

HE was a scholar classical, and also
mathematical,
He'd read the ancient authors
through and through,
Was up in trigonometry, and prob-
lems of geometry,
There wasn't any end to things he
knew.

He could serenade in Spanish, he could
poetize in Danish,
He had a smattering of far Cathay,
He could even give the right effects of all
provincial dialects,
And babbled Esperanto—in a way.

Yet, when in high society he heard the
great variety
Of terms employed in golf, he gave it
up!
He couldn't understand at all 'bout nib-
licks, tees, and putting ball,
Or what on earth it meant to loft or
cup.

So he asked for information—it was not
a relation—
When from a hole she tried to scoop a
ball,
And he discovered very soon that what is
called a little "spoon"
Of golfing terms elucidated all!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

MERE MAN'S WAYS.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

New York Times (1857-Current file); Jul 2, 1910; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The New York Times (1851 - 2001)
pg. 6

MERE MAN'S WAYS.

(With apologies to the authoress of "Woman's Ways.")

A man says he will call on Sunday—
You stay at home, and wait all day,
And get a letter from him Monday,
"That loan he really cannot pay."

A man says, "Won't you come to dinner?
No table d'hôte, and no pot-luck;"
You go, and then that awful sinner
Forgets his wallet—and you're "stuck."

A man goes with his wife a-shopping,
Which costs him many a hard-earned
"V;"
When from fatigue he's almost drooping,
Just hear her say, "What, tired? Dear
me!"

A man's a very curious creature,
The riddle of the universe;
A woman's different, but the feature
Of difference—well, here ends my
verso!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

The Sphinx

I WISH that thing, half beast, half man,
Which Oedipus found very leery,
Would help us out—no doubt, he can—
In answering many a knotty query.

Why do our tailors dun us so?
They're richer than we are, methinks;
Why do our cooks come but to go?
All these are questions for the Sphinx.

Why should folks laugh who ought to cry?
Why parsons often drone and mumble?
Why those live on who ought to die?
Why those who should be high are
humble?

Why, when a critic says what's true,
And from his duty never shrinks,
Why should we raise a "how d'ye do?"
I'd fain discover from the Sphinx.

Why, when he woes a pretty face,
Although the man's an awful duffer,
Why in a breach of promise case
Should man invariably suffer?
Why fools will speculate in stocks?
Why in this heat a person drinks?
Why, why this mode in women's frocks?
We'd like to gather from the Sphinx.

Why do some ladies like to sing?
Why does my neighbor love his fiddle?
Why this? Why that? Why anything?
We'd like to find out every riddle.
But no! he only cogitates.

And—travelers say—he slyly winks;
He wears a smile that irritates,
Oh! he's a "dead one" is that Sphink!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

CHANSON DE RETOUR.

Each year at this time in disgust
 One's bound to endure all the quips
 Of bantering fellows, who've just
 Returned from their holiday trips.
 They laugh at us stay-at-home folk,
 And insist on giving details
 Of how they (as usual) went broke,
 And telling their travelers' tales.

There's Smith, who, to be in the swim,
 "Did" Naples—(I doubt if he went)—
 Vesuvius arranging for him
 An eruption of wondrous extent;
 And Jones, who will swear that he
 caught—

No matter—this lie is the worst,
 For his outing has ended in naught
 But a most inordinate thirst!

There 'sn't a man in the lot,
 Who hasn't some deed to confide,
 Though whether it happened or not
 I don't think I'd like to decide.
 Let them talk, if they have a mind,
 (And a mind where invention prevails.)
 It's extremely amusing, you'll find,
 To listen to travelers' tales!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

NECESSARILY

La Touche Hancock

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine (1886-1915); Aug 1910; 86, 512; APS Online

pg. 261

NECESSARILY

“ Is this phonograph a good one? ”

“ It speaks for itself, sir.”

La Touche Hancock

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THE FICKLE MUSE.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

New York Times (1857-Current file); Aug 7, 1910; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The New York Times (1851 - 2001)
pg. X8

THE FICKLE MUSE.

AS my heartfelt apology
You have rejected,
And sent my presents back to me,
Return those verses that I wrote to you,
To pen new poems to each girl I woo
Can't be expected!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

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WATER WARNING.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

New York Times (1857-Current file); Aug 12, 1910; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The New York Times (1851 - 2001)

pg. 6

WATER WARNING.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, water cart;
How I wonder where thou art.
Never can I find thee nigh,
When the dust is flying high.

When the streets with rain are wet,
Thou'art certain to be met,
Then, of course, thy stream's in sight,
Sprinkling, sprinkling, left and right.

When I'm dressed up in my best,
That's the time thy power to test,
Then thou tak'st a sudden cue,
Deluging me through and through.

Thou'rt a warning to me, p'r'aps,
To stop drinking beer and schnapps,
So I'll choose the wisest part,
I'll get on thee, water cart.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

TO A THREE-YEAR-OLD.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

New York Times (1857-Current file); Aug 19, 1910; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The New York Times (1851 - 2001)

pg. 8

TO A THREE-YEAR-OLD.

Just three years old! Well, you'd be in
your prime,

Were you a horse at this auspicious time!
That you're a winner, though, none will
dispute

With that blue ribbon in your sallow suit!

I almost wish you'd always stay like this;
As you grow older, we will surely miss
Some of that sweetness in your infant
face,

Some of that innocence of childish grace.

You'll be a saucy boy, maybe, next year,
And though, of course, we'll hold you
just as dear,

There'll be a "something" we don't see
as yet,

That cannot help but give us some re-
gret.

No matter! laugh your little day along!
Enjoy the music of life's youthful song!
Fulfill the promise, that you have begun,
And think of me, when my age—fifty-one!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

SMITH.

On islands, on continents—this is no
myth—

Wherever I wander, I meet with a Smith.
On steamboats, on trains, or balloons in
the air,
If I seek for a change, Smith is sure to
be there!

On prairies, on deserts, again and again,
I have striven to dodge him, but always
in vain;

On the top of Mont Blanc, and at Cape
Finisterre,
Some ubiquitous Smith is sure to be
there!

There's no shirking or dodging a man
with that name;
He may call it "Smythe," yet it's always
the same.

Brown, Robinson, Jones, have their kin
and their kith,
But they never can hold a candle to
Smith.

I can't get away from him—even in
death—
For directly I've drawn my very last
breath,
The first spirit, I'm certain, that I shall
meet with
Will be somebody formerly known as
Smith!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

THE TYPICAL TOPICAL SONG

By La Touche Hancock

In the midst of the craze for these musical plays
Which hold such remarkable sway,
When an item like plot does n't matter a jot,
And art has a very small "a,"
At times it will hap that the usual snap
Is lacking, and something goes wrong;
Still, you can reply it will "go" by and bye
With a typical topical song!

Here's a subject, or two, that often will do,
If sung with a confident nous—
The high price of meat the people will greet
With shouts that will bring down the house!
If the tariff you chaff, 't will elicit a laugh,
And the subway's especially strong,
And a touch on divorce can't be missing, of course,
From the typical topical song!

Then the suffragette cause will win great applause,
The comet will prove a big draw,
Joy riding, a strike, chauffeurs, and the like,
They'll all of them bring a guffaw!
It won't matter a bit, if the play's not a hit;
You'll find that the public will throng
To the musical piece, which will take a new lease
With this typical topical song!

AT TABLE D'HOTE

La Touche Hancock

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine (1886-1915); Nov 1910; 86, 515; APS Online

pg. 644

AT TABLE D'HÔTE

By La Touche Hancock

**If you can't pronounce the name
Of the entrée or the joint,
As your French is rather lame,
Point!**

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THE PICTURE GIRL.

La Touche Hancock, in New York Sun.

The day of the ugly girl is here.—Fashion note.

If you'd pass for an up-to-date beauty,
 Though your features are apt to appall,
 I'd strongly advise you
 Let fashion disguise you
 As if you had no face at all!
 And consider it part of your duty,
 Now the day of your triumph has come,
 To wear outre dresses
 And do up your tresses
 In a way that will strike people dumb!

For at last is the artistic heyday
 Of all women as ugly as fate,
 Who 'spite all our strictures
 Will form lovely pictures,
 And, sartorially looked at, be great!
 Their charms will be those of a May day
 And distance will lend to the view
 An enchantment so big
 That we sha'n't care a fig
 If the vision is not strictly true!

From a fat face the eyes may be peeping
 And the chin very likely recede;
 The nose may be lumpy,
 The figure quite stumpy,
 But who'll to these drawbacks give heed?
 For, as long as the gowns are in keeping
 With what the mode says is correct
 And hats like a pail
 All deficiencies veil,
 Why what flaws can a fellow detect?

THE CHILDREN.

Katharine Tynan, in the American.

As through the morning house I go,
 Three little sleepy voices dear
 Call "Mother darling!" soft and low,
 More to their own hearts than my ear.

Stirring within their nests like birds,
 They call me over and over again;
 As though the cadence of the words
 Pleas'd them like some old sweet refrain.

Just "Mother darling!"—that, no more;
 Hearing my foot upon the stair;
 They call it softly o'er and o'er,
 Oh, what is grief and what is care?

Three little bowery rooms still keep
 My heart's delight so safe and warm,
 Where angels watch their innocent sleep,
 Safe from the midnight and the storm.

Oh, what is night and what is cold?
 And are the birds all flown away?
 My nest of singing birds I hold
 The shortest and the longest day.

As through the house I come and go,
 Three little sleepy voices dear
 Call "Mother darling!" soft and low,
 More to their own hearts than my ear.

His Punishment.

From Lippincott's.

"What makes you so late?"
 "I had words with the teacher."
 "Indeed?"
 "Yes; I couldn't spell them."

Same Thing.

From the Boston Transcript.

"What's the title of your new book,
 Riter?"
 "'I'm calling it 'Salad for the Solitary.'"
 "Isn't that a bit stale? Why not call
 it 'Lettuce Alone?'"

THE SLEIGH BELLE

By La Touche Hancock

Hear the sleigh belle, how she chatters

With her beau!

How she chatters, chatters, chatters

Of innumerable matters,

Quite heedless of the spatters

Of the snow.

Though the weather for this riding

May be rough,

Yet the sleigh belle loves the gliding,

And quite adores the sliding

With her fifteen fingers hiding

In her muff!

AGAIN THE BANANA

La Touche Hancock

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine (1886-1915); Apr 1911; 87, 520; APS Online

pg. 530

AGAIN THE BANANA

By La Touche Hancock

The lawyer fell, and he tore his clothes,
And the mishap made him feel
That, as the phraseology goes,
He'd lost a suit on appeal!

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VIEWS OF OUR READERS UPON LITERARY THEMES

American Satirists

The New York Times Review of Books:

Mr. Walter Pulitzer has raised a question, which is really of National importance. A satirist makes history, but precious little history will be made by satirists in this country for the good reason that they can be counted on two fingers. Undoubtedly the cause of this dearth is that the American public won't take the trouble or the time to read satire, and understand it. Therefore they call the wittiest satirical paper in the world, London Punch, dull. You will, however, never hear this epithet so applied in Europe.

The public here loves old jokes. It has learned where the laughing point comes in, and considers it an insult should a presumably new joke be foisted on it. This accounts for the rage for average musical comedy. The political cartoons are sometimes mildly satirical, but the figures have always to be labeled—which is funny in itself.

Mr. Pulitzer's idea of a "happy family" will never be realized. There is such an absence of camaraderie amongst our wits that a "Punch Round Table" is impossible. The motto of most natives is "Every one for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." I've dreamed of this friendly Utopia for years but, as each year goes by the more impossible the consummation seems.

A satirist must be a gentleman. His work ought not to have the slightest tinge of vulgarity, and he ought to have moved in the society he satirizes. Every one being equal, vulgarity and slang are naturally in the ascendant, so good-bye to satire, and welcome—peace, some of my brothers—"Wow," "Gee whizz," and all other melodious and dulcet attachments. The slogan of our native wits is, as a very general rule, "Whip up your Muse, never mind about polish—we have no time for that—all we want is the almighty dollar!"

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.
Arverne, N. Y.

FOR THE COMMUTER

La Touche Hancock

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine (1886-1915); Mar 1912; 89, 531; APS Online

pg. 506

FOR THE COMMUTER

By La Touche Hancock

"Tis the voice of the sluggard,

I hear him complain,

"You have waked me too early,

I shall catch the next train."

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VALUE OF A PAINTING.

Chances of Survival as the Determining Factor.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Your comment on the painting priced in the shop window at \$7,000 and marked down to \$70 when it was found not to be by Whistler expresses the popular wonder wherein such a difference in value can be possible, when the merit of the picture must have been the same whatever the artist's name. As you say, the curio value of age and the fame of the artist's name scarcely seem to account for so great a difference in value.

I should like to advance the theory that the large value of such paintings, and indeed of many or most other works of art, is due to the recommendation of their survival. When the countless thousands of paintings that were turned out in the days of Whistler by as many artists is considered, and averaged with the comparatively few of them that have survived the changing fancy of succeeding generations, it is little wonder that latter day critics take their standards of art from such works. Certainly they could not apply principles deduced from works which have not survived a generation to works that have stood the test of ages. And it is not the opinion of passing generations of art dealers or critics that determines a picture's permanence, but rather the opinions of ordinary families who have daily lived with the pictures. As the years go by, hundreds of people of an education or refinement sufficient to have been willing to put the pictures on trial must have found that they were well, that they satisfied their unconscious esthetic tastes and contented their inbred, if unknown or unrecognized, sense of art.

Take our own homes: If we were to-day to purchase twenty new paintings of a style that appealed to us and hung them in our home, twenty years would see ten of the paintings gone. Half of them would thus much have offended us. Of the rest, another twenty years would have banished five more, which, while not offending, had not attached themselves to us sufficiently to prevent their giving way to newer and at least momentarily more attractive pictures. Multiply this process of elimination by five generations, and it would be unusual if one of the five would remain. The same forces that eliminated them from our home would finally eliminate them in every home, so that at the end of the five generations not one of the original twenty pictures would probably even be in existence.

If we take the few survivors of five short generations and multiply them by fifteen generations, the few ultimate survivors have stood a test of successive elimination that entitles such pictures to a value in no wise comparable to the painting of today notwithstanding its seeming merit.

ARTHUR W. WARNER.

New York, April 27, 1921.

Public Library a Library Only.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Noting the letter of the Park Commissioner which appears in your paper this morning, stating that the Library officials share the responsibility of allowing miscellaneous

"drives" and gatherings in front of the Library Building, permit me to say that when the recent Milk Drive, under the auspices of the Mayor's Committee of Women, took possession of plaza and steps, I made a protest to the Library authorities and was told by them that the matter took place over their heads—permission had been asked of them and it had been refused.

This does not look as if the officials of the Library like that sort of thing; neither do they like the community sign that has taken the place of the Community Booth recently removed, because of protest, from the sidewalk of Forty-second Street; nor have they liked the big signboard, appealing for aid for Ireland, that only today has been removed from the balustrade in front of the building; nor do they like the hoodlumism at the rear and front of the building that is continually taking place because only one police officer, whose beat also extends down the Avenue, is allowed to patrol the grounds; nor do they like the hoodlumism that takes place within the Library walls because the dear public must not be controlled or interfered with; nor do they like the prominent position given to The New York Call on the reading racks in the newspaper room.

The place is a public library, and should not be open to the public for any other purpose, sentimental, propagandist, socialistic or political. SAVE NEW YORK.

New York, May 6, 1921.

Credit for Colombian Settlement.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

While we are congratulating ourselves on the belated correction of our sins of diplomatic omission, by approving the Colombian Treaty, let us not forget the memory of one who did much to pave the way for this clearing of accounts, so that bygones might once more be bygones. I refer to the late James T. Du Bois, who was the first to represent our Government at Bogota after the rape of Panama. Mr. Du Bois made a splendid success at winning back the good will of the Colombians and in developing the lines of reparation along which friendship might again become a fact. It was his hope, as I happen to know, that this treaty might be ratified and he be sent, as was the purpose, I believe, to convey the American nation's assurances of good-will. Mr. Du Bois, in the intervening years after his return, lost no opportunity, often by means of highly enlightening letters to THE TIMES, to set public opinion on the right track about this matter, and now that the right thing has at last been done a large share of the honor is his.

JOHN FRANKLIN CROWELL.

New York, April 25, 1921.

Costly Red Tape.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

The following incident is one of those things which, as Lord Dundreary says, "no feller can understand":

A package containing a story with one picture to illustrate the tale, signed by the author, was sent to me the other day from England. The sender made a declaration on the other side that there was nothing dutiable in the package. On the delivery of the package to me the Brooklyn Post Office demanded the payment of \$6.10. Had I not known the contents of the package I would have paid this at once. When I declined to pay the amount, without a word a paper was handed to me to sign before a notary public saying that there was nothing dutiable in the package.

This cost me 50 cents, and on my handing the paper signed to the Post Office officials they charged me 25 cents for what they said was war tax! A package, therefore, which should have cost me nothing, cost me 75 cents!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

Brooklyn Press Club, May 7, 1921.

Outside the Three-Mile Limit.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

If one is to judge from Americans aboard a giant transatlantic liner, prohibition is not really a popular measure with the traveling American public. They are glad of an opportunity to swear on, and all day long the barroom stewards are kept on the run serving cocktails, highballs, liqueurs and beer. Wine flows freely at meals, and as soon as the evening dance is over and the ballroom closes the passengers all gather in the grand salon and the adjoining halls for their night-caps.

Almost without exception the drink called for is champagne, and a quart bottle for two is not an infrequent order. A favorite brand costs \$1.80 a quart.

Even the captain, on a smooth, starlit night, joins his friends for his bottle of wine before retiring. There is no excessive drinking to speak of, although an occasional country man must abuse his privileges and rawly advertise his first trip from home! Decorum reigns at all hours, notwithstanding the fact that cocktails are 15 cents, highballs 25 cents and cognac 18 cents.

A Most Ingenious Paradox.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

New York Times (1857-Current file); Jun 27, 1923; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The New York Times (1851 - 2001)
pg. 18

A Most Ingenious Paradox.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

"A paradox, a paradox, a most ingenious paradox!" So sang W. S. Gilbert in "The Pirates of Penzance," I think, and surely this is a most ingenious paradox, too—kind of thing "no feller can understand," as Lord Dundreary used to say.

I was born in Shanghai, China. The fact that my mother was at Shanghai at the time of my birth may, of course, have had some influence on my scheme of birthplace, but apart from this conjecture I have no justification to offer except the proverbial thoughtlessness of childhood. Now, I have been in this country some thirty years, and am still, in my own estimation, a Britisher. At all events, I have never taken out my papers. I understand from my lawyer, and also at Quarantine, that if I were to leave this country for a time and then try to return, I would be classed as a Chinaman from the fact of my having been born in Shanghai. But are Chinamen admitted to this country? Even if I were to acquiesce in this extraordinary arrangement, would I in any case be permitted to land? I pause for a reply.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

Brooklyn, June 23, 1923.

Reduced to a Science.

[Republi-hed with our Compliments to the
Foot-Ball Teams of North Carolina.]

New York Times.

When man smashes man on the most ap-
proved plan,

When eyes are knocked out in a sicken-
ing bout,

When noses are broken by just the same
token,

And teeth are sent flying, and each man
is trying

To hit his opponent till senseless or
dying,

To law and to order is this a defiance?

Oh! no, that is boxing reduced to a
science!

When boy meets with boy, or, say, hob-
ble-dehoy,

And they kick and they fight in a per-
fect delight.

With shouting and swearing and each
other tearing—

A terrible strife, for it's war to the
knife,

Till some of the youths are disabled
for life.

Would you call it a game, this free fight
of the giants?

Oh! yes, that is football reduced to a
science.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

LITTLE DAD.

I have a boy—a great big boy,
Who's nearly five feet eight—
His father's hope, his mother's joy,
In fact, he's really "great!"
But I, alas! (what can I do?)—
I am only five feet-four.
And, as I've just turned fifty-two,
I shan't grow any more!
And though my head is getting bald
(It really is too bad),
By every one I now am called
My boy's dear "Little Dad!"
He towers over me with ease,
To my unhappiness,
I seem to shrink "small by degrees,
And beautifully less!"
To such a height why has he grown?
It makes me nearly mad—
I'd rather as "Old Man" be known
Than my boy's "Little Dad!"

LA TOUQUE HANCOCK.