

## 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?

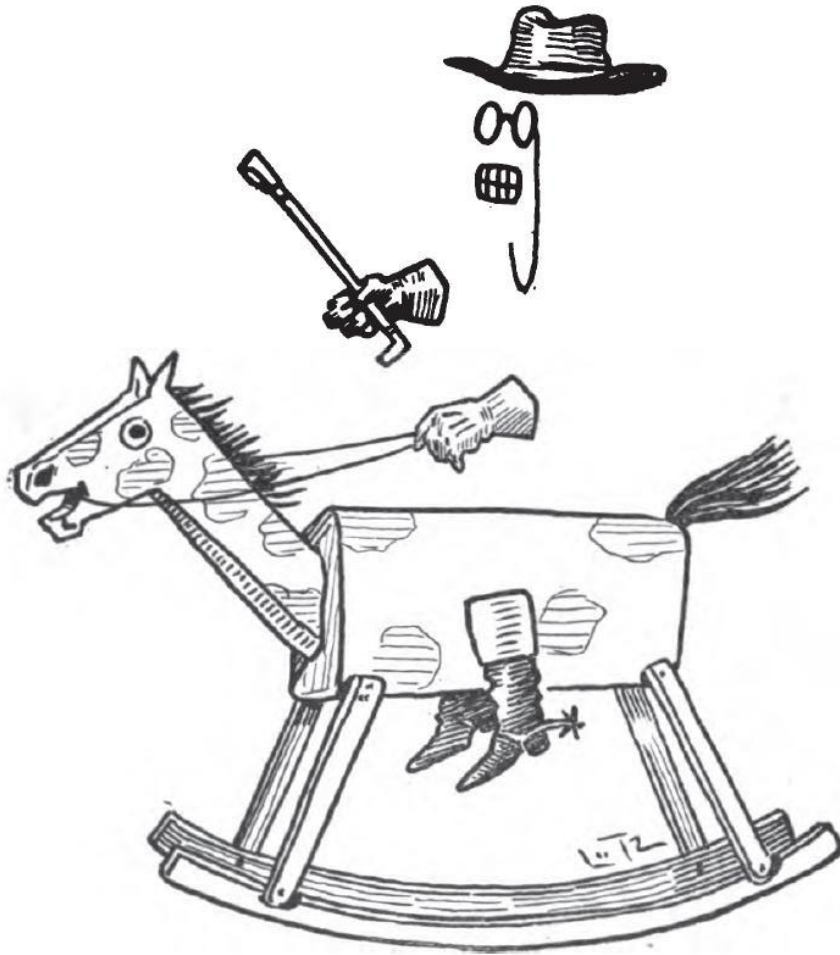
We may search from Maine to Dawson  
Vainly in our hero-hunt —  
How can Truthful Thomas Lawson  
Dish us up another stunt  
Painting Wall Street's job and stock work  
In a way to wreck the town?

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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 —

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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!