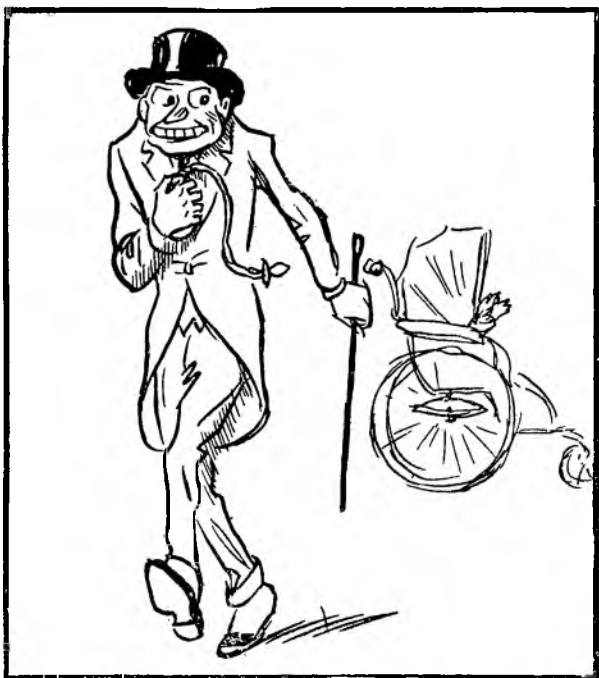
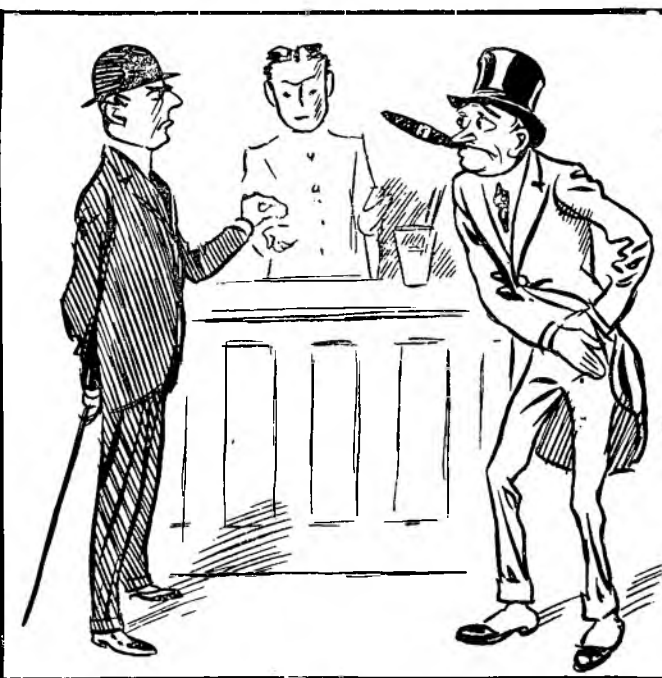


The Seven Deadly Virtues

According to Harry Graham



Thrift — "He would rob a blind babe of its bottle."



"And allow one to pay, while he fumbled."



"All his money he spends upon indigent friends."

No. 1.—THRIFT.

The practice of Thrift is a talent, a gift,
Which must ever repay cultivation;
For 'tis thus that, by stealth, one accumulates wealth
To transmit to the next generation.
Ev'ry cent that we save, on our road to the grave,
Though the process perhaps may depress us,
Is an heirloom for which, if we chance to die rich,
Our descendants will rise up and bless us;
And it's nice to feel certain that, after we've perished,
Though we are forgotten, our gold will be cherished!

My great-uncle Ben was the meanest of men,
He would never let go of a dollar;
As a grudging resort, he made use of a wart
On his neck, as a stud for his collar.
He would pasture his cows on the grave of his spouse,
He would rob a blind babe of its bottle,
And he spoke through his nose, with a voice like a crow's,
To avoid wear and tear to his throttle.
But he died worth a million, intensely respected
By all who divided the wealth he'd collected.

My cousin MacNab was as close as a crab,
At the smallest disbursement he grumbled;
He would order cigars at American bars
And allow one to pay, while he fumbled.
But he made a big pile, in this niggardly style,
And at last, when by Fate he was smitten,
He bequeathed (in his will) the contents of his till
To a College of Thrift in North Britain;
And the public of Scotland were loud in their praises,
And garnished his tomb with a wreath of cheap daisies.

MacNab's only son has exhibited none
Of the virtues his parent presented;
All his money he spends upon indigent friends,

Or on making poor people contented.
He subscribes to bazaars, and he buys motor-cars,
And gives parties (extravagant fellow!)
At the Waldorf or Ritz, which supply spicy "bits"
To the journals distinguished as Yellow;
Till the Bankruptcy Court stands already before him,
And friends are beginning to cut and ignore him.



Candour — "He will probably say, as he sniffs its bouquet,
That your wine tastes remarkably cheap."

MORAL.

The Moral, of course, is to work like a horse,
And to save ev'ry coin you can muster,
That your sons who survive, though they loathed you alive,
Round your deathbed may hopefully cluster,
When your posthumous hoard they have deftly explored,
All your faults they will soon be forgiving,
And dissemble the scorn of the plutocrat born
For a person who "worked for his living."
'Poor Father,' they'll say, though in tones rather rancid
'He really was not such a fool as we fancied!'

No. II.—CANDOUR.

From the days of my earliest youth,
I was taught, both in fable and song,
The habit of Truth was a virtue, in sooth,
And that Falsehood was foolish and wrong;

But although to this popular view one must ponder
'Tis terribly hard to appreciate Candour.

Though Truth be a beautiful thing,
As direct as a bee in its flight,
It can harbour a sting, like a wasp on the wing.
For the victim on whom it may light:
And by so-called "home truths," if unsparingly scattered
The concord of homes is too frequently shattered

Yes, Truth should be tempered with tact,
As I know from my son-in-law Mike,
Who is always exact, with a passion for fact
Which his relatives greatly dislike.
If you ask him the price of a hat you've been buying,
He guesses correctly at once—which is trying!

Should he dine at your house, any day,
Though a passable cellar you keep,
He will probably say, as he sniffs its bouquet,
That your wine tastes remarkably cheap.
When you state that you fear that your cook's heavy-handed
He answers "She is!" (This he calls "being candid.")

Poor Mike was a faddist, a crank,
Who in telling home truths took a pride,
And my heart always sank when he said "To be frank——"
For I knew what that statement implied;
I remembered how oft this preamble preceded
Some captious remark which, if true, was un-needed.

MORAL.

Since Candour deserves a short shrift,
Let us husband each tactless home truth,
And dispense it with thrift, like some rare kind of gift.
As we'd part with a final eye-tooth;
For if Truth in a well has a fondness for staying,
To "Let well alone" is a text worth obeying!



Candour — "For if Truth in a well has a fondness for staying
To 'Let well alone' is a text worth obeying!"



He never of a fairer spouse
Saw at once as high as this

The Seven Deadly Virtues

No. III.—PUNCTUALITY.

Punctuality, my brothers,
Plays a most important rôle ;
It comprises thought for others,
Order, method, self-control,
Qualities of mind and soul
Which we need in our relations
With the social life of nations.

Prematureness makes men surly,
Tardiness evokes their spleen ;
Not too late, and not too early
—Somewhere midway in between—
Constitutes the Golden Mean,
Requisite for obviating
All the weary woes of waiting.



Punctuality — "Hastens to the railway station.
With a palpitating heart."

I've a tiresome Uncle Bertie
Who is nearly always late ;
Comes to dine about nine-thirty,
'Though my meal is timed for eight
And of course I have to wait,
While the soup becomes quite chilly
And the soufflé tastes like skilly.

He arrived, one day, for luncheon,
Just as I had finished tea ;
Started off at once to munch on
Any food that he could see :
'I'm a meal behind,' said he.
Vain, alas ! was his endeavour !
Meals once missed are lost for ever

Charles, another near relation,
Should he on some journey start,



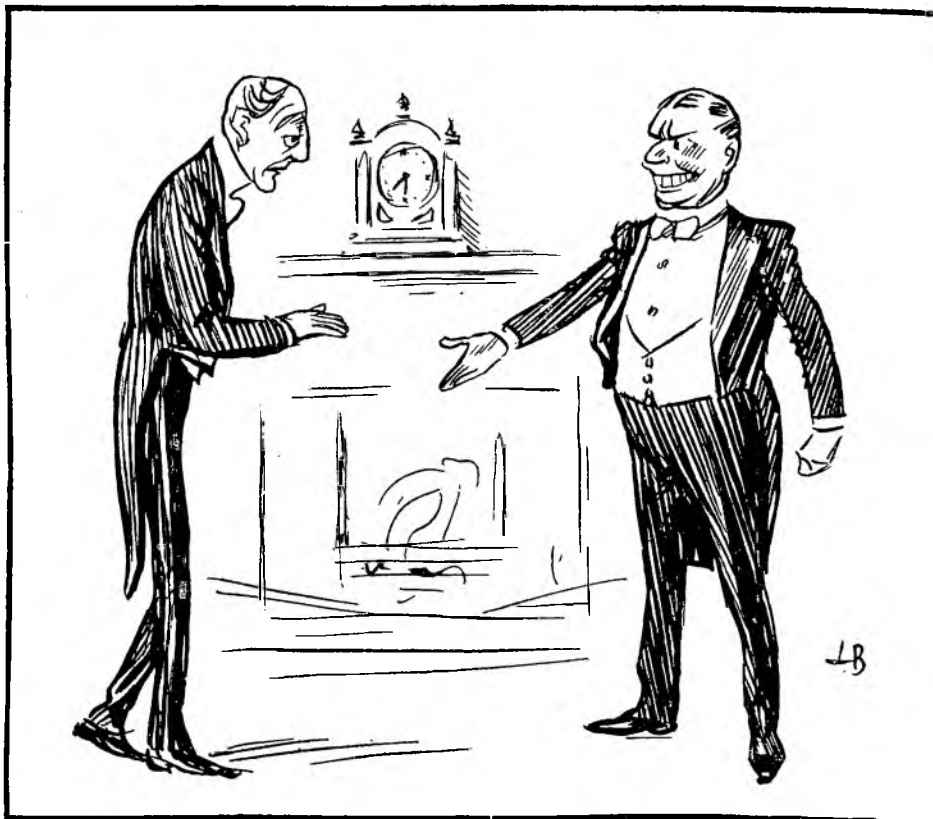
Punctuality — "There for hours he sits and freezes
Catching chills and such diseases

Hastens to the railway station,
With a palpitating heart,
Long before his trains depart.
There for hours he sits and freezes.
Catching chills and such diseases.

When to balls or parties bidden
Far too early he arrives,
And within his cab, half hidden,
Round and round the streets he drives
As to pass the time he strives,
Till the hour of invitation
Saves him further pererration.

MORAL.

Permanent procrastination
Is the Thief of Time, men say ;
While undue treccipation,



Punctuality — "Comes to dine about nine-thirty, Though my meal is timed for eight."

Though it errs the other way.
Causes just as much dismay.
Early birds grow stout and burly :
Worms, alas ! can rise too early !

No. IV.—MODESTY.

Reader, be prudent, and acquire
Of Modesty (that sterling virtue)
Enough for people to admire,
But not enough to hurt you.
Humility, men all concede,
Although by pedants highly rated
In practice often may, indeed,
Be over-cultivated.
'Tis well to boast of just a touch,
But fatal to possess too much.

It was not modesty alone
That gave Hall Caine his circulation ;
Not Miss Corelli's humble tone
That made her reputation ;
In Winston Churchill's dogged jaw
No signs of diffidence are patent ;
The bashfulness of Bernard Shaw,
If it exists, is latent.
Sheer Modesty, we must confess,
Is not the key to their success.

I had two cousins, Paul and Walt
Each utterly unlike the other ;
The one was modest to a fault,
A braggart was his brother.

His doings Paul would glorify,
His gifts and talents loudly "booming,"
But Walt was humble, silent, shy,
Reserved and unassuming.
Though Paul his prowess would exalt,
No boastful words were heard from Walt.

Time passed. While Walt his quiet ways
Was unpretentiously pursuing,
His brother Paul took care to praise
Whatever he was doing ;
Till those who heard his trumpet blown
With such relentless iteration,
Began to take him at his own
Abnormal valuation ;
Men grew at last to feel that Paul
Must be a hero, after all.

His worth they heard him advertise,
And (since they had his word to go on)
Began to think him brave and wise
And chivalrous and so on.
His wit he daily would proclaim,
Till people ceased at length to doubt him.
And thus a legendary fame
Shone halo-like about him.
The whole world judged him really great
(Except his wife, I needn't state).

Meanwhile poor Walt, whom I should gauge
Far abler than his boastful brother,
Was earning a starvation wage



Cleanliness — "Swains in bygone days adored her Too 'tempestuous petticoat.'
Now a man's idea of 'sweetness' Is a maid who's 'tailor-made.'"

In some concern or other ;
And though his modest mien was praised.
And men extolled his self-effacement,
His salary was never raised.
He languished in a basement.
The world's regard for him was small
(His wife, of course, had none at all.)

MORAL.

The Moral, which is clear and plain.
To any one with observation,
Is that a man has nought to gain
From self-depreciation.
The modest person may appear
An object fit for friends' devotion ;
He will not carve a great career,
Or ever win promotion.



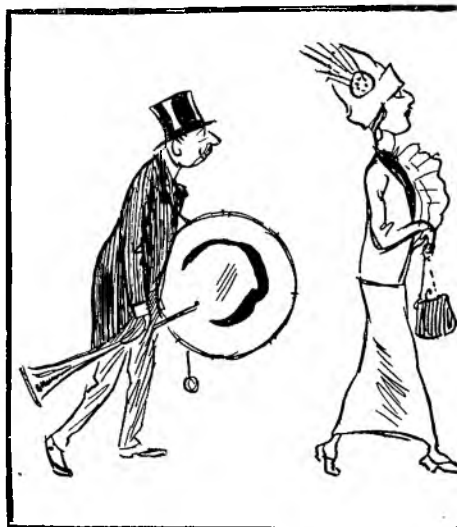
Modesty — "And thus a legendary fame
Shone halo-like about him."

The World, whose sight is dull and blurred,
Too often takes him at his word.

No. V.—CLEANLINESS.

Cleanliness, which once was reckoned
Next to godliness akin,
Now no longer ranks as second
To its less attractive twin.
Men who seldom strive to grapple
With the problems of their creed,
Who neglect both Church and Chapel,
And to conscience pay no heed,
Make a daily institution
Of their personal ablution.

In the past our forebears gaily
Washed their necks but once a week
He who laved his body daily



Modesty — "The whole world judged him really great
(Except his wife, I needn't state)."

Was regarded as a freak
Nowadays, in modern houses,
We have bathrooms by the score
Man no longer shares his spouse's
Bath on the bedroom floor ;
While his offspring—son or daughter,
Seems for ever in "hot water."

On her habit's "sweet disorder"
Woman's lovers used to dote.
Swains in bygone days adored her
Too "tempestuous petticoat."
Nowadays, to woman's neatness
Compliments are always paid.
And a man's idea of "sweetness"
Is a maid who's "tailor-made,"
With a sash her knees entwapping
To prevent her skirts from flapping.

Illustrated



by



Lewis



Baumer



Cleanliness — "But to-day the budding artist Wears no squalid velvet.""



"Men who morally may wander From the 'straight and narrow path,' But who, day by day, grow fonder Of the matutinal bath."



Amiability — "He never lost his self-control . . . When he was laid a 'stymie.'"

From our latter-day obsession
Genius always was exempt;
Massive brains would find expression
In habiliments unkempt;
But to-day the budding artist
Wears no squalid velvet;
His attire is of the smartest,
And his nails are often clean.
Even poets' cuffs are tidy,
(I renew mine ev'ry Friday).

Men who morally may wander
From the "straight and narrow path,"
But who, day by day, grow fonder
Of the matutinal bath;
Women, faithless and coquettish,
With no thoughts beyond their dress,
Who have learnt to make a fetish
Of the cult of cleanliness;
Though their hearts are black and hardened,
Find their vices freshly pardoned.

MORAL.

Let us be—the phrase sounds oddly—
Cleanly, if we can't be godly!

No. VI.—AMIABILITY.

How fond I was of Uncle Dan!
Not since Creation first began
Was there a more good-natured man,
More kindly or indulgent.
His ample face (He weighed a ton)
On ev'rything and ev'ry one
Shone like some vast, benignant sun,
As warm and as effulgent.
A simple soul, devoid of guile,
His life was one unending smile.

He never lost his self-control
At golf when, at the eighteenth hole,
His "putt" was bunkered by a mole:
Or he was laid a "stymie";
He never got the least annoyed
When children (semi-anthropoid)
His priceless ornaments destroyed
Or made his shirt-front grimy;
At bridge he took it as a joke
If partners happened to revoke.

I still remember how he smiled
When Gwendolen, his only child,
Was by a foreigner beguiled.

And afterwards deserted;
And when his youngest nephew, Phil,
Who forged his name upon a bill,
Presented it, with cunning skill,
And into cash converted,
A smile my uncle's face o'erspread:
"Boys will be boys!" was all he said

And when his wife eloped, one day,
Because she could no longer stay
With one who never would display
The slightest sign of temper,
More wide my uncle's grin became,
He uttered not a word of blame,
His motto still remained the same:



Amiability — "He helped his erring spouse to pack. And, later on, he took her back."

"Still smiling!" ("Ridens semper").
He helped his erring spouse to pack,
And, later on, he took her back.

At last his friends could bear no more.
They led him to the mad-house door,
Where he, poor soul! to swell the score
Of demi-wits was added.
Such trials he was still above;
"Strait-waistcoats," he remarked, "I love;
"They really fit one like a glove;
"How well this cell is padded!
"Cocaine is a delightful drug!
"This water-bed is nice and snug!"

MORAL.
Though hearts by kindness are won,
Good-nature can be overdone;
Excessive smiling we should shun,
Such sweetness can be cloying;
And men who, when our temper's short,
Decline to quarrel or show sport,
But still with courtesy retort,
Are terribly annoying.
A healthy grumble, now and then,
Is good for women and for men.

No. VII.—SOBRIETY.

Ere I close my mournful medley,
Sage conclusions let me cull



Sobriety — "When he sold me an 'Old Master' That was absolutely worthless."

From a virtue that is "deadly"
In the sense of being "dull."
Thus the critics who may quarrel
With my methods, and complain
That my tone is most immoral
And profane,
Shall retract each base aspersion
And withdraw the accusation
That I compass the perversion
Of the rising generation

If you're lunching with a stranger,
And he offers you champagne,
Look ahead, my son, for danger,

And judiciously refrain.
Stick to simple soda-water,
And decline your comrade's "cham,"
Lest he lead you to the slaughter,
Like a lamb.

The indulgence, out of season,
Of one's alcoholic fancies,
Plays the dickens with one's reason
And the deuce with one's finances

By a Hebrew friend invited
To discuss the midday meal,
I expressed myself delighted,
For I wished to do a deal;
But I gargled indiscreetly,
While my host kept high and dry,
And he "did" me rather neatly
In the eye!
It was drink that spelt disaster,
And I felt morose and mirthless
When he sold me an "Old Master"
That was absolutely worthless.

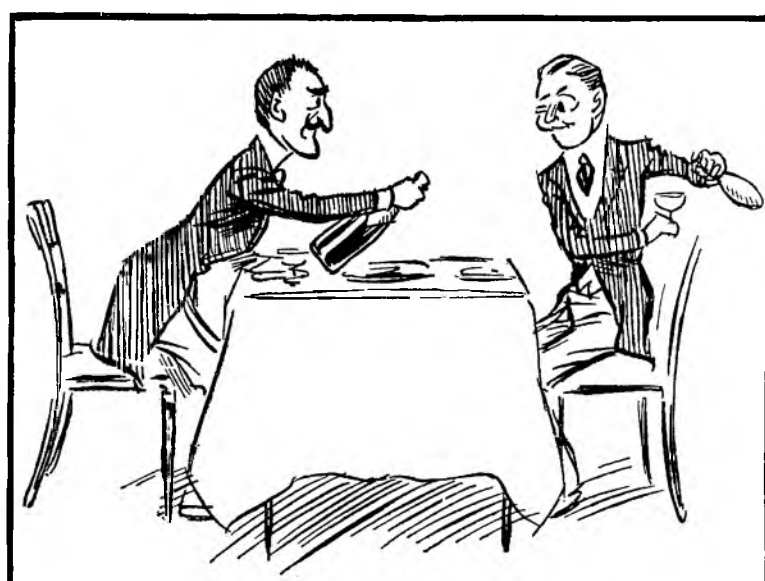
When my cousin, James MacVicar,
Who's a simple sort of soul,
Took an overdose of liquor
And mislaid his self-control,
People seemed to think it funny,
Though I found it the reverse,
Till he lent me all the money
In his purse;
Then, unloosening his collar
(I am not devoid of pity),
I advanced him half a dollar
For his cab-fare to the City.

I've an uncle (dear old fellow!)
Who's a trifle short of wits;
He becomes extremely mellow
When I feast him at the Ritz;
If I lubricate his throttle
With sufficient "Mountain Dew,"
At about the second bottle
He gets "jou";
Then I teach him to play euchre,
And with ease proceed to rout him
And acquire what filthy lucre
He may chance to have about him!

MORAL.—Only thus, my friends and brothers,
If all tipples you eschew,
Can you hope to do to others
What they would that they could do
Unto you!



Amiability — "When Gwendolen, his only child, Was by a foreigner beguiled."



Sobriety — "If you're lunching with a stranger, And he offers you champagne Look ahead, my son, for danger, And judiciously refrain."



Sobriety — "Took an overdose of liquor And mislaid his self-control."