

(Editor's note: A printed version appears pasted into volume 2, p. 205. The editor presumes authorship, in that only one member's initials fit those printed thereon.)

The Ballad of the Hat

One evening at the theatre
A maid before me sat,
Whose gentle brow was shaded
By an elephantine hat.

A plume upon it nodded,
The flaring brim was wide,
And bristling bits of various birds
Stuck out on every side.

It towered above the footlights,
Aggressively and loud;
The actors were invisible;
The play was in the cloud.

I could not see the stage at all,
And scarcely heard the star,
Whose voice came around that awful hat,
An echo from afar.

Between the acts she turned her head;
Her face was fair to see,
And innocent of all offence,
She dropped a smile to me.

I knew her then. O cruel Fate!
My heart went pit-a-pat;
I would have loved that maiden, but --
I could not love her hat.

And now two lives are blighted,
Forever stale and flat;
For over both there grimly falls
The shadow of the hat.

F. W. C. [Frank W. Chandler]