

THE MODERN TRAVELLER

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The Modern Traveller by B. T. B. & H. B.

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B. T. B. & H. B.

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Belle, H.

THE MODERN TRAVELLER

BY

H. B. AND B. T. B.

Authors of "More Beasts (For Worse Children)"

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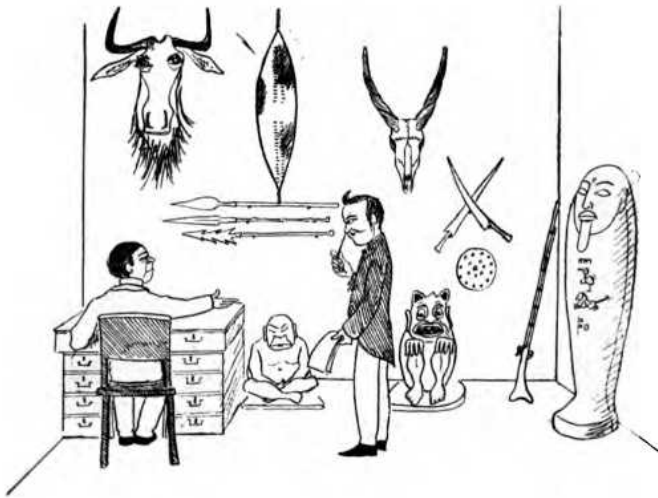
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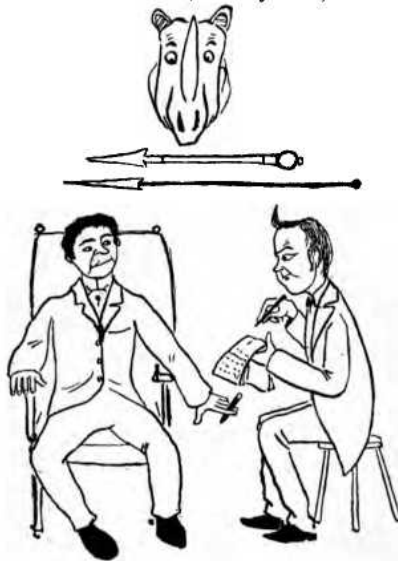
Forgive the litter in the room.

THE MODERN TRAVELLER.

I.

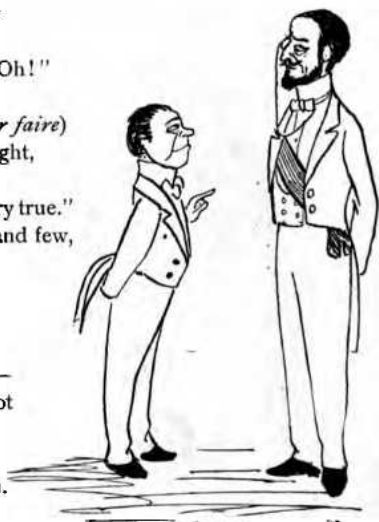
The *Daily Menace*, I presume?
Forgive the litter in the room.
I can't explain to you
How out of place a man like me
Would be without the things you see,—
The Shields and Assegais and odds
And ends of little savage gods.
Be seated ; take a pew.
(Excuse the phrase. I'm rather rough,
And—pardon me !—but have you got
A pencil? I've another here :
The one that you have brought, I fear,
Will not be long enough.)

And so the Public want to hear
About the expedition
From which I recently returned :
Of how the Fetish Tree was burned ;
Of how we struggled to the coast,
And lost our ammunition ;
How we retreated, side by side ;



And how, like Englishmen, we died.
Well, as you know, I hate to boast,
And, what is more, I can't abide
A popular position.

I told the Duke the other day
 The way I felt about it.
 He answered courteously—"Oh!"
 An Editor (who had an air
 Of what the Dutch call *savoir faire*)
 Said, "Mr. Rooter, you are right,
 And nobody can doubt it."
 The Duchess murmured, "Very true."
 Her comments may be brief and few,
 But very seldom trite.
 Still, representing as you do
 A public and a point of view,
 I'll give you leave to jot
 A few remarks,—a very few,—
 But understand that this is not
 A formal interview.
 And, first of all, I will begin
 By talking of Commander Sin.



II.

Poor Henry Sin from quite a child,
 I fear, was always rather wild ;
 But all his faults were due
 To something free and unrestrained,
 That partly pleased and partly pained
 The people whom he knew.
 Untaught (for what our times require),
 Lazy, and something of a liar,
 He had a foolish way