

**SUCH NONSENSE!
AN ANTHOLOGY**

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Such nonsense! An anthology by Carolyn Wells

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CAROLYN WELLS

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AN ANTHOLOGY**



THE PRINCESS PERILLA

*Love has wings,—so people say;
And thus love-letters fly away.*

By Florence Lundberg

SUCH NONSENSE!

An Anthology

BY

CAROLYN WELLS

AUTHOR OF "FAULKNER'S POLLY," "THE BRIDE OF A MOMENT,"
"THE ROOM WITH THE TABSELS," "THE NONSENSE ANTHOLOGY,"
"THE WHIMSEY ANTHOLOGY," ETC.



NEW YORK

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DEDICATION

THIS MASTERPIECE OF LITERATURE

AND ART

TO

HARRIET SPRAGUE

MY FRIEND OF THE COMRADE HEART.

AND MAY THE JINGLE OF THE CAP AND BELLS

REMINDE HER NOW AND THEN OF

CAROLYN WELLS

FOREWORD

This book, I have no sort of doubt,
Will be commended by the critics;
'Twill be much praised and talked about
By connoisseurs of analytics.
Though here and there some grouch may guy it,
'Most every one will rush to buy it.

'Tis not as easy as it seems;
Not every bard may write Such Nonsense;
The able wits who chose these themes
Placed for the time a ban upon sense;
Doffed cap and gown that they were wearing,
And forth in cap and bells went faring.

You'll find here verse by youngsters smart,
And by great minds of rank and splendour;
From masterhands of lyric art
Down to the cheapest ballad-vendor.
Some hinting shocks, some boldly reckless,
But every one hand-picked and speckless.

It's hard to make a book like this
A really meritorious volume.
You can't collect stuff, hit or miss,
As colyumists make up their colyum;
So much depends on the compiler,
And on her skill and technique stylar.

It is a tricky thing to do,
One must have clearest mental vision
And perfect taste and judgment true,
To choose with wisdom and precision;
I know, with fine evaluation
You'll sense *my* rare discrimination.

There's much debate in many a school
On what is balderdash and what art;
I have one simple little rule,
Whatever makes me sick is not art.
I'm monarch in my own dominion,
This book is art,—in my opinion.

Don't blame me if you don't agree
Invariably with my selection;
I may have put in two or three
To which you would accord rejection.
Waste not your time in vain complaining,
Skip those, and read the gems remaining.

I trust that you will buy this book;
'Twill pleasure me and Mr. Doran;
Think how well on your shelves 'twill look
Standing beside *The Cid* or *Koran*.
You'll find it so intensely funny,
That you'll be glad you blew the money.

Though you'll enjoy the verbal stunts,
You know the penalty of laughter;
Don't read the whole book through at once,
Or maybe you'll be sorry after.
For, and this is no laughing matter,
You'll laugh so much you may grow fatter.

I've heard it said the wisest men
A bit of nonsense oft will relish;
With my praise it is needless then
This volume further to embellish.
As Shakespeare truly says, 'tis silly
To gild gold or handpaint the lily.