THE LITTLE TIN GODS-ON-WHEELS; OR, SOCIETY IN OUR MODERN ATHENS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649270880

The Little Tin Gods-on-wheels; Or, Society in Our Modern Athens by Robert Grant

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ROBERT GRANT

THE LITTLE TIN GODS-ON-WHEELS; OR, SOCIETY IN OUR MODERN ATHENS



THE

LITTLE TIN GODS-ON-WHEELS;

OR,

Society in our Mobern Ithens.

A TRILOGY AFTER THE MANNER OF THE GREEK.

FROM THE "HARVARD LAMPOON."

CAMBRIDGE: CHARLES W. SEVER. 1879.

į.

The Little Tin Gods-on-Wheels.

We should not wish to be worldly and beautiful, Foolish and frivolous. No, not for anything.

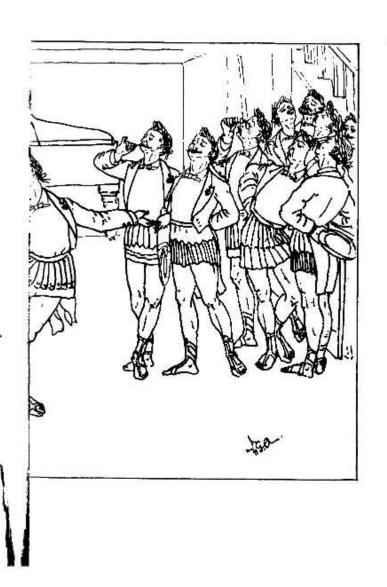
Enter MR. CARNATION with his opera hat, embossed with a gorgeous monogram, under his arm. He scans the various groups with a troubled air, and then soliloquizes as follows:—

CARNATION.

O, what a selfish place is this gay world ! Alas 1 it wounds me to the quick to see That ghastly row of unattended maids Glued, meek as heifers, to the garnished wall. Shy, shrinking flowers, who but need the sun Of some man's smile to bloom in peerless beauty; And others plain as pikestaffs, but with minds Cultured and stored with lore of Greece and Rome, (Ah, what is beauty but a trap and snare, Unless there is a mind to back it up!) Around the door a throng of callous brutes, Who claim the name of men, stand unconcerned And see these frail exotics droop and wilt Without a pang, and then go idly home. Not such am I. This noble spirit stirs Me up to action. I will show these curs That Chivalry lives still and cannot die. What ho! there! Crocus, will you kindly give me An introduction to that girl in pink?

CROCUS.

Great Casar's ghost! My dear boy, do you know That that rare maid in pink is she whom men





Who know her style in playful irony
"Old Prob," because she ne'er was known to talk
Of anything but weather, winds, and rain?
You will be stuck as sure as you are born.
Believe me, I should much prefer to be
"A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,"
Than talk to her.

CARNATION.

Stop, ruthless man! thank Heaven My heart is not yet hardened by the world. Poor lamb! I'll talk to thee for all thy weather.

CROCUS.

Carnation, in the name of goodness, pause t Let not your tender nature rule your reason; I vow she's nothing but a mere barometer.

CARNATION.

I swear I'll speak to her. Unhand me, Crocus; By Heaven! I'll make mince-meat of him that stops me.

He drags CROCUS up to MISS TIGERLILY. CROCUS introduces him and immediately leaves. CARNATION begins to talk to her in the most charming and animated way in the background. She replies languidly.

CHORUS OF FASHIONABLE YOUNG MEN.

Nothing refineth the young like experience. He the impetuous, green and undisciplined, Won't be so eager to talk with that seriousMinded young damosel after he's been with her All of an evening, stuck on her terribly. We the long-suffering, taught by experience, Foxy as Lucifer, ne'er will be caught again, Not if we know ourselves, you bet your hat on it! That is the species of hair-pins that we are!

During the chorus CARNATION and MISS TIGERLILY have approached the front of the stage. His face, having gradually grown graver and graver, has now assumed an expression of mingled despair and horror.

CARNATION (having made several attempts at conversation, tries again).

You say you do not care for parties much, You probably have many outside interests?

MISS TIGERLILY.

Yes. Was it raining when you left the street?

CARNATION.

I think it was, but, faith, I did not notice.

MISS TIGERLILY.

What dreadful weather we've been having lately!

CARNATION.

Does not the winter meet your approbation?

MISS TIGERLILY.

I really hardly know. Sometimes I think That snow is nicest, sometimes I like rain; Often a thaw delights me, and a freeze Perhaps is better; pleasant, too, is hail.

Pauses as if frightened at having made such a long speech.

CARNATION (to change the subject).

Shall we not try the entry for a change?

MISS TIGERLILY.

No, thank you; I'll stay here. I don't like draughts; I think the wind is high to-night. I hope It will go down before the peep of dawn.

CARNATION.

I hope so, truly. Will you have some supper?

MISS TICERLILY (brightening up).

Yes, thank you; I will take a glass of water, Some beef, or if there is none, some croquets, A napkin, and a plate of frozen pudding.

CARNATION helps her to all these. She says nothing except that the croquets are too hot and the ice too cold. Having removed the last plate, CARNATION does not return, but moves to the other end of the room, apparently a blighted being.

CARNATION-

All, all is gone! The milk of human kindness Within me is dried up. Now am I fit For murder, treason, stratagem, and spoils; Now could I strangle babes, and smile to see A cannibal tear beings limb from limb And roast their joints before a red-hot fire.