

**PIPES OF PAN.
NUMBER ONE "FROM
THE BOOK OF MYTHS"**

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Pipes of Pan. Number One "From the Book of Myths" by Bliss Carman

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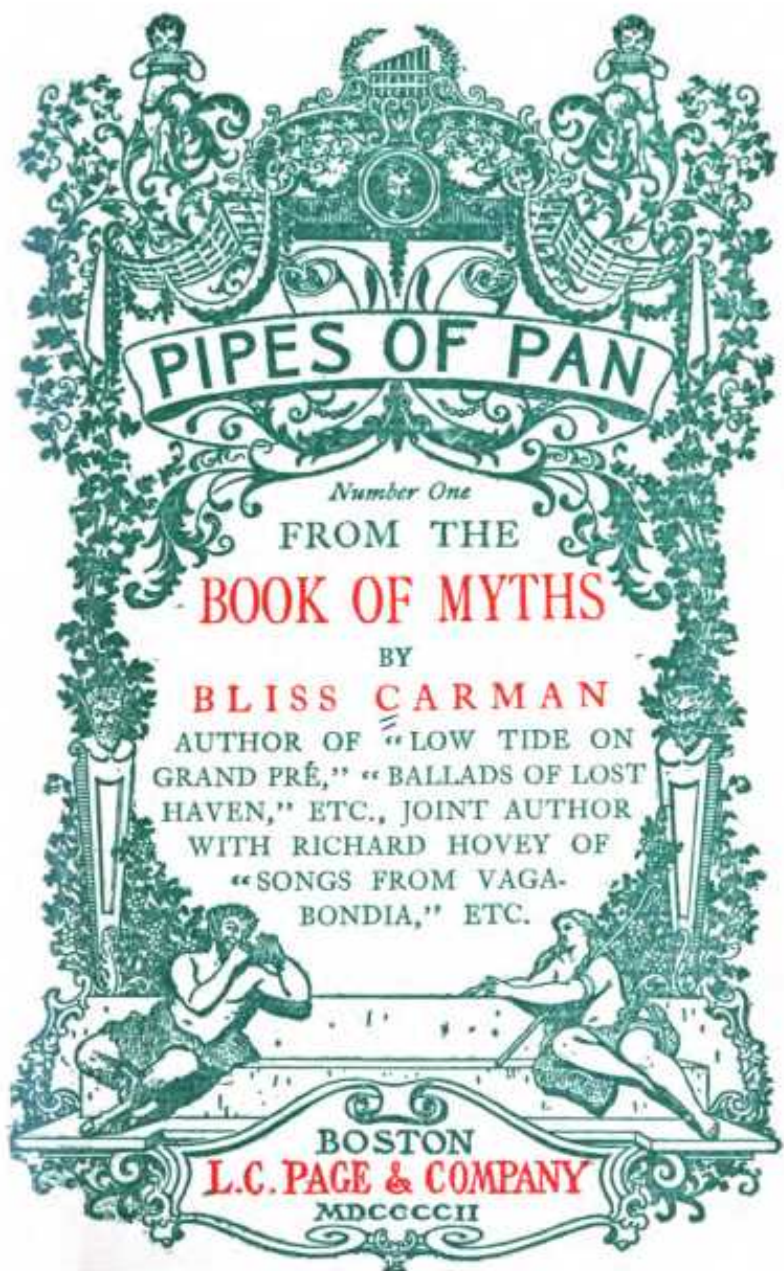
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BLISS CARMAN

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THE BOOK OF MYTHS"**





PIPES OF PAN

Number One

FROM THE
BOOK OF MYTHS

BY

BLISS CARMAN

AUTHOR OF "LOW TIDE ON
GRAND PRÉ," "BALLADS OF LOST
HAVEN," ETC., JOINT AUTHOR
WITH RICHARD HOVEY OF
"SONGS FROM VAGA-
BONDIA," ETC.



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Published, November, 1902

GHT
MRS. JOHN T. NORTON
9-9-57

To C. G. D. R.

"For my heart had a touch of the woodland time."

*The Ghost House,
Twilight Park in the Catskills,
August, 1908.*

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Gift
Mrs. John T. Norton
10-22-57

P R E F A C E

It is a hearty old saying that "Good wine needs no bush." Why, then, should the master of a road-house hang out a sign, letting folk know there is good drink within?

Consider the feelings of the landlord, poor man. At once nettled and abashed, he exclaims:

"Pray why should I stick a bough over my door? My tavern is well bespoke for miles about, and all the folk know I serve nothing but good, honest liquor, — and mighty comforting it is of a cold night, when the fire is bright on the hearth, or refreshing on a hot day either."

"Nay, but," says the stranger, "how should a traveller know of this? You must advertise, man. Hang out your sign to attract the passer-by, and increase trade. Trade's the thing. You should be doing a driving business, with a cellar like yours."

P R E F A C E

“Huh,” replies the taverner, “I perceive that in the city where you come from it may not be a mark of character in a man to rely wholly upon merit, but that if one would ensure success, he must sound a trumpet before him, as the hypocrites do, that they may have glory of men, as the Word says.”

“Tut, man,” says the stranger, “look at your friend John Doe under the hill yonder. Does a wonderful business. Famous all over the country for his home-brewed ale, and his pockets lined with gold.”

“Yes,” says the host, “John Doe is a good thrifty man and as fine a comrade as you’d wish to find, selling his hundred thousand bottles a year. But the gist of the matter between us isn’t all in quantity, I’ll be bound. Quality is something. And as for myself I would as soon have a bottle of wine as a keg of beer any day. Wine is the poetry of life, in a manner of speaking, and ale you see is the prose, — very good to get along on, but no sorcery in it. Three things, I always say, a man needs have, — meat for his belly, a fire for his shins, and generous wine to keep him in countenance with himself. And