

## EPIGRAMS.

### 1. *The Ice-cream Statesman.*

My *mousse* stood on a plate, a shapely cone,  
Without backbone.  
And as I watched and mused, it thawed and flopped,  
And slopped.  
Its trickling rivulets spell "MENE, MENE,  
TEKEL, UPHARSIN," Mister Moussellini!

### 2.

There's lots of things look easy to fools  
That seem not so to the wise:  
Mussolini "put God back in the schools"  
But—who'll put him back in the skies?

### 3. *Blackshirts.*

How practical to wear a shirt  
Whose colour will not show the dirt!  
How excellent a point of art  
To wear a shirt to match my heart!  
Helpful its hue for those who lurk  
At night, with knives to do their work!

### 4. *Janina—Corfu.*

I went to the North Pole and shot  
An Esquimau upon the spot:  
His friends cried "Out upon the traitor!"  
They hurried off to the Equator.  
And, having slain a Hottentot,  
Rejoiced at having got  
Revenge so very few days later.

### 5. *NeFas—ismo.*

Before the birth of Mussolini, man  
Was told by God "Get on as best you can!"  
After his death the human race must plod  
Patient, bereft that demi-semi-God.  
Indeed, in self-protection, it were less  
Painful to simulate forgetfulness;  
—Yes: I see Clio tear the thin page loose  
And put his story to its proper use!