

But all you thought of giving me was food.  
I picked you out a horse called Safety Third.  
By Safety Second out of Safety First,  
Guaranteed to come safely off with you  
From all the fights you had a mind to lose.  
You could lose battles, you could lose whole wars,  
You could lose Asia, Africa and Europe,  
No one could get you: you would come through smiling.  
You lost your army at Mosul. What happened?  
You came companionless, ut you came home.  
Is it not true? And what was my reward?  
This time an all-night banquet, to be sure,  
But still food, food. Your one idea was food.  
None but a cook's son could be so food-minded.  
I know your father must have been a cook.  
I'll bet you anything that's all as King  
You think of for your people - feeding them."

But the King said, "Haven't I read somewhere  
There is no act more kingly than to give?"

"Yes, but give character and not just food.  
A King must give his people character."

"They can't have character unless they're fed."

"You're hopeless," said the slave.

"I guess I am;  
I am abject before you," said Darius.  
"You know so much, go on, instruct me further.  
Tell me some rule for ruling people wisely,  
In case I should decide to reign some more.  
How shall I give people character?"

"Male them as happy as it is good for them.  
But that's a hard one, for I have to add: