

And ask us if our premises are right.'

'Sick talk, sick talk, sick sentimental talk!  
It doesn't do you any good to walk.  
I see what you are: can't get you excited  
With hopes of getting mankind unbenighted.  
Some ignorance takes rank as innocence.  
Have it for all of me and have it dense.  
The slave will never thank his manumitter;  
Which often makes the manumitter bitter.'

'In short, you think that star a patent medicine  
Put up to cure the world by Mr. Edison.'

'You said it—that's exactly what it is.  
My son in Jersey says a friend of his  
Knows the old man and nobody's so deep  
In incandescent lamps and ending sleep.  
The old man argues science cheapened speed.  
A good cheap anti-dark is now the need.  
Give us a good cheap twenty-four-hour day,  
No part of which we'd have to waste, I say,  
And who knows where we can't get! Wasting time  
In sleep or slowness is the deadly crime.  
He gave up sleep himself some time ago,  
It puffs the face and brutalizes so.  
You take the ugliness all so much dread,  
Called getting out of the wrong side of bed  
That is the source perhaps of human hate,  
And well may be where wars originate.  
Get rid of that and there'd be left no great  
Of either murder or war in any land.  
You know how cunningly mankind is planned:  
We have one loving and one hating hand.  
The loving's made to hold each other like,  
While with the hating other hand we strike.