

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

THE PICKET'S CRY.

I want to be a picket,
And guard the White House gate,
With banners most insulting,
Which on the loyal grate;
I want to rouse mob feeling
Our hats and flags to muss,
So we'll complain as injured,
And create quite a fuss

I want to be arrested
And called off to jail,
So I can be a martyr,
And at the police rail,
To tell how I'm ill-treated,
With criminals to be;
Since in that way I'm bound to
Get much publicity.

The cause I may be hurting,
As many people say,
But that to me is nothing,
If I can get my way.
I'll leave my home and children
For this fate glorious—
For this, my aim and object—
To be notorious