

Then Satan was hot and roasted him good,
And said to the man, "What do I want with wood?
Do you think I'm running a steam-heated flat,
That you bring me down a parcel of that
Bum Excelsior?
You bet ye!

"Just chase this right back and get me some coke,
And kick up the dust, too—Why! Holy Smoke!
Does this look to you like Palm Beach, U. S. A.?
What use have I got for that cartload of hay!??
That Excelsior!?!?
You bet ye!!"

The porter just made one long jump for the door,
And ran like—well, like he had never before;
He cleared the threshold and vanished from view,
And after him, out into space, came a "WHEW!!
Ugh!! Excelsior!!
You bet ye!!"

W. K. K.