

MODERN PERILS OF THE DEEP

"We are lost!" the Captain shouted
As he took the elevator,
For a storm had swept the vessel
All the way to the Equator.

"Now the telephone is busted,
And the steam heat's swept away,
While the patent pianola
Only funeral hymns will play.

"Swimming tank is leaking badly,
And the ice plant's put to soak—
Cannot get our Wall Street prices,
For the wireless mast is broke.

"Manicure and masseur missing—
Open plumbing can't be found,
Printing presses are all broken,
And the incubator's drowned!

"Ship is just as good as ever,
Engines sound and working well—
But we're shy on several features
That become a good hotel.

"So we're lost," the Captain shouted.
"It's a cinch we've got to drown."
Elevator boy then murmured
Opportunely, "Going down!"