

SEVEN SANDWICHMEN ON BROADWAY

Fletcher, Jefferson B.

Shuffling and shambling, woebegone, they pass,
Seven in single file, and seven as one,—
As if a spectrum of all woe the sun
Here cast through some bewitched prismatic glass.
From their stooped shoulders, back and fore, hang crass
High-coloured chromos of a stage *mignonne* In tights, astride a grinning simpleton Squat on all
fours, and long-eared like an ass.
"Success! Success!" we read—yea, *thy* success We read, O wanton among cities: vice Saddled on
folly, woe beneath sevenfold: Woe of the lust of life, and the shameful price Of life,—woe of the
want, the weariness,— Of fear, of hate,—of the thrice false weights of gold!