

## HUMOR

David Law Proudfit

(1842-1897)

Prehistoric Smith (c.1907)

A man sat on a rock and sought  
Refreshment from his thumb;  
A dinotherium wandered by  
And scared him some.

His name was Smith. The kind of rock  
He sat upon was shale.  
One feature quite distinguished him--  
He had a tail.

The danger past, he fell into  
A reverie austere,  
While with his tail he whisked a fly  
From off his ear.

“Mankind deteriorates,” he said,  
“Grows weak and incomplete;  
And each new generation seems  
Yet more effete.

Nature abhors imperfect work,  
And on it lays her ban;  
And all creation must despise  
A tailless man.

But fashion’s dictates rule supreme,  
Ignoring common sense;  
And Fashion says, to dock your tail  
Is just immense.

And children now come in the world  
With half a tail or less;  
Too stumpy to convey a thought,  
And meaningless.

It kills expression. How can one  
Set forth, in words that drag,  
The best emotions of the soul,  
Without a wag?”

Sadly he mused upon the world,  
Its follies and its woes;  
Then wiped the moisture from his eyes  
And blew his nose.

But clothed in earrings, Mrs. Smith  
Came wandering down the dale;

And, smiling, Mr. Smith arose  
And wagged his tail.