
PUT IN HIS THUMB

by

K. N. LLEWELLYN



THE CENTURY CO.

New York & London

COPYRIGHT, 1931, BY K. N. LEWELLYN
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, INCLUDING THE
RIGHT TO REPRODUCE THIS BOOK, OR
PORTIONS THEREOF, IN ANY FORM

First Printing

To
all fine beasts
with whom this earth has had the fortune
to be peopled; but among them peculiarly
to Elephants, great and small,
and Karlophants,
and every member of
that far-flung splendid clan,
the Cats.

A BALLAD OF JONATHAN SMITH

(Air: There were three crows)

Three hundred years ago and more,
so runs the olden tale,
a captain sailed from England's shore,
and he was stout and hail,
he'd fought the French and he'd fought the Dutch
and Russians and Prussians and Squussions and such,
and when he got through they needed a crutch,
for his name was Jonathan Smith—
*His name was Jonathan Jonathan Jonathan
Jonathan Jonathan Smith.*

The crowd he was with, both young and old,
were gentlemen neat and fine.
The gentlemen came to hunt for gold
and eager to own a mine,
but they didn't like work, they hated the dirt,
they quit the minute the blisters hurt,
and yet they yelled for double desert,
for they weren't like Jonathan Smith.
They weren't . . .

They ate; they piled the pyrites high—
their glimmering hopes were doomed.
The food was getting extremely shy
while the gentlemen glumped and gloomed.
Then Captain John whipped into the crew,
he handed each gentleman jobs to do,

and nothing to eat till the work was through,
for his name was Jonathan Smith.

His name was . . .

Now when the Injuns heard his fame
they streaked the warpaint on,
and while old John was stalking game
the tribe was stalking John.

Well, Jonathan fought as he'd fought before
and he settled the hash of a dozen or more,
but a war club took him across the jore,
and they captured Jonathan Smith.

They captured . . .

And now by all the Injun laws
the gauntlet he must run.

The Chieftain's daughter and all the squaws
came out to see the fun.

Drawn up in an alley the warriors stud,
brandishing clubs and yelling for blood,
and Jonathan thought that his name was mud,
instead of Jonathan Smith.

Instead of . . .

The first one started a terrible swat,
but John was never a dub,
he sank his fist in the Injun's pot,
and grabbed away the club,
and O, boy, but the fight was hot,
but he battled his way to the end of the lot,

and I tell you he gave as good as he got—
for his name was Jonathan Smith.

His name was . . .

But Captain John was all alone
so they downed him with a rush.
They planted his head on a likely stone,
the club swung up to squish—
But Pocahontas, the Chieftain's daughter,
she took to him more than maybe she oughter
and now she forgot what her mother had taughter
for love of our Jonathan Smith.

For love of . . .

She leapt to the side of Captain John
His cheek to hers she drew.
"Lay on, if you must," she cried, "Lay on!
But you'll have to squish me, too!"
So she pestered the Indians, John to save,
and they did it, rather than hear her rave,
and it pays to be handsome as well as brave,
like Captain Jonathan Smith.
*Like Captain Jonathan Jonathan Jonathan
Jonathan Jonathan Smith*