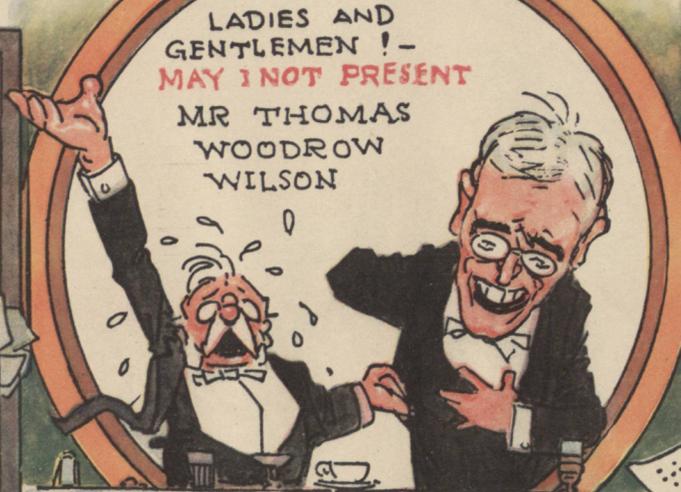


We Have With Us Today

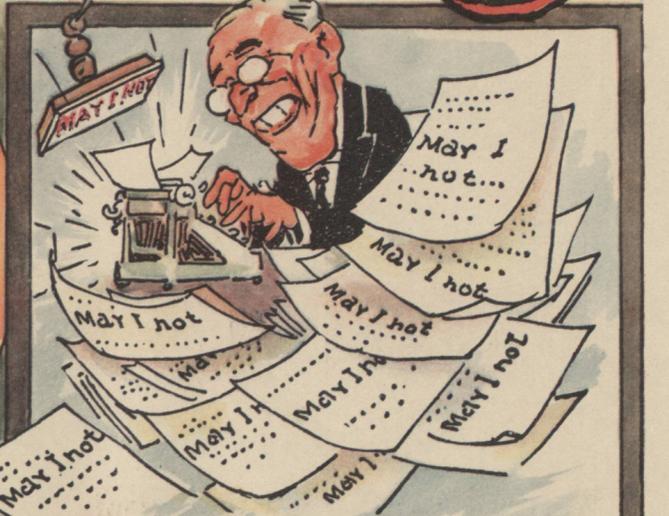


He hears a step upon the floor,
 And in his chair he sits and shivers;
 He hears a knock upon the door,
 And mentally he starts and quivers;
 Within his heart the Ancient fires
 Burst into greater conflagrations;
 Another Senator desires
 More CHANGES in the LEAGUE
 OF NATIONS



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! -
 MAY I NOT PRESENT
 MR THOMAS WOODROW WILSON

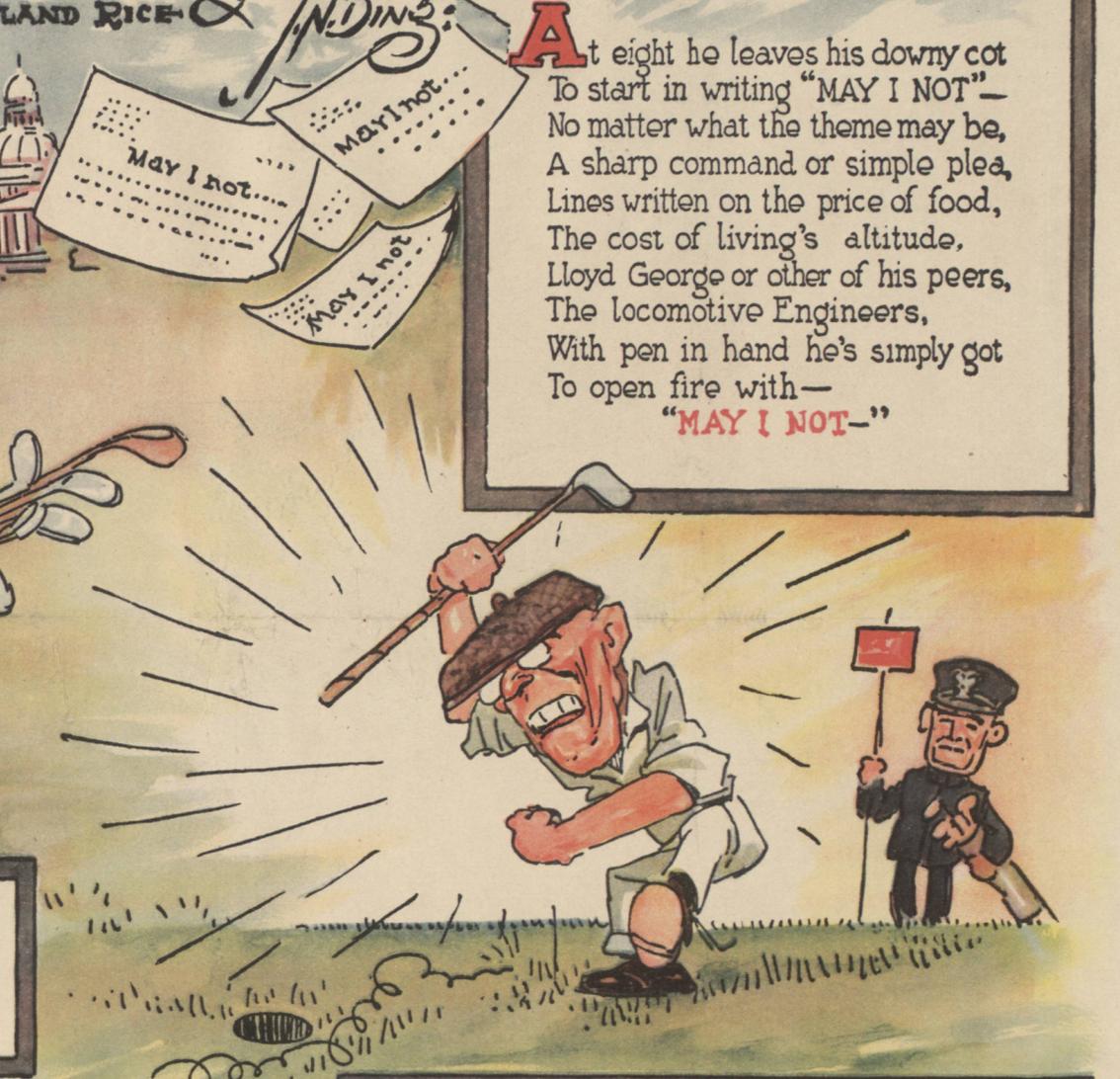
BY GRANTLAND RICE & J. DING



At eight he leaves his downy cot
 To start in writing "MAY I NOT" -
 No matter what the theme may be,
 A sharp command or simple plea,
 Lines written on the price of food,
 The cost of living's altitude,
 Lloyd George or other of his peers,
 The locomotive Engineers,
 With pen in hand he's simply got
 To open fire with -
 "MAY I NOT -"



When care and worry make him fret,
 When Trouble comes to get his goat;
 He goes out where he can forget
 The Senate and the workman's vote.



In sand filled traps he may careen,
 Where he has topped his shot;
 And five putts on a perfect green
 Will make a man FORGET A LOT.

Outside some delegations wait;
 Within a Tempest rages;
 Nobody wants to arbitrate,
 They all want raise of wages.
 If he says "NO" there's Trouble meant;
 If he says "YES" the Railroad hollers;
 I wouldn't be the PRESIDENT -

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS!

