

## A Year Off

Had I a year to idle thro',  
 With cash to waste and no restriction,  
 I'd plan a programme to outdo  
 The wildest feats of travel fiction.

On steamship guides I'd slake my thirst, **5**  
 And railway maps would make me wiser—  
 America consider'd first  
 To please the local advertiser.

O'er England and the Continent **10**  
 I'd chart a course to shame the sages,  
 In each cathedral town intent  
 To catch the colour of the ages.

Paris and Rome I would not miss;  
 Without the Rhine I'd be no planner, **15**  
 For one must make a jaunt like this  
 A Grand Tour in the ancient manner!

But Europe is a trifle trite,  
 So I would spare no pains in learning  
 How best to scan in casual flight **20**  
 The East, where sheiks and sands are burning.

I'd look up ferries on the Nile,  
 And 'bus fares for the trip to Mecca;  
 Have chemists test in proper style  
 The drinking-fountain of Rebecca.

The route of ev'ry Tigris barge **25**  
 I'd note, and find how much they'd ask us;

What good hotels in Bagdad charge,  
 And yellow taxis in Damascus.

And I would surely have on hand  
 The folders of that great excursion, 30  
 The Golden Road to Samarcand,  
 Thro' Bahai bow'rs and gardens Persian.

Beyond, the Pullman rates I'd get  
 For Kiao-chan and Yokohama,  
 Arranging passage thro' Thibet 35  
 To dally with the Dalai Lama.

In tropic isles I'd plan to stay  
 Till South Sea melodies would bore me,  
 And for the North Pole book a day,  
 Where only Peary went before me. 40

Thus might I scheme—till in the end  
 The year would slip away unheeded,  
 My money safe with me to spend,  
 And the wild outing scarcely needed!