

The Wasp
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An Imminent Calamity

The impending war between Greece and Turkey will be prolific of startling incidents in San Francisco. During the first week of hostilities nine in ten of our newspaper writers will discharge themselves of a pun about “grease”; and before reverberations have died away they will wake the weltering seas by exploding the other one—the one about “turkey.” Every illustrated publication except this will blazon its page with a picture of the near future representing the Great Powers seated at a table carving that edible bird. The punsters, hastily reloading their rusty ordnance, will fire again and again, reload, and so continue their thunderous warfare until the suffering *tympana* of two hundred thousand innocent ears are plastered with lard and splintered with bird-bones by the pitiless bombardment; and the joyless artist will craze the public brain with his dismembered fowl until no man will dare to rung up the curtain of his eye. Do what Thou wilt, compassionate Heaven, with all the other nations of the earth, but keep the peace between these two.

If e'er before thine altars we have bowed
And, sinning in our thoughts, have prayed aloud;
If clasped hands we e'er did separate
To put bad quarters in the circling plate;
If e'er we took the sacred bread and wine,
Wishing so cheaply we might always dine;
If e'er we publicly sustained thy name,
And braced our private swearing with the same—
O part the Greek and Turk and stay their strokes:
Set us to fighting, the to making jokes.

(Source: Archive.org: <https://archive.org/stream/waspjanjune188616unse#page/n12/mode/1up>)