

# **THE PIPESMOKE CARRY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649423446

The Pipesmoke Carry by Bert Leston Taylor

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**BERT LESTON TAYLOR**

**THE PIPESMOKE  
CARRY**



The  
PIPESMOKE  
CARRY

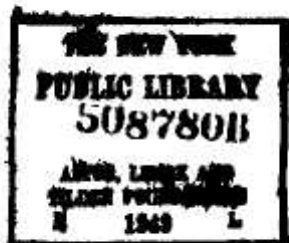
By BERT  
LESTON L  
TAYLOR  
I

DECORATIONS  
By C-B-FALLS



CHICAGO  
THE REILLY AND  
BRITTON COMPANY  
1912

MSU



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TO TIFFANY BLAKE

*You too have come the forest way  
That wound among the ancient trees  
And crossed the open places gay  
With asters bending to the breeze;*

*And light the burden that you bore  
Along the frank and smiling road  
That led you to the lonely shore  
Where Rapture's very self abode.*

*You too have known the many moods  
Of streams that babbled as they ran  
Of far, unravished solitudes  
Beneath the primal spell of Pan;*

*Have halted, reverent, on a hill  
And felt what speech cannot express—  
The "incommunicable thrill"  
Of unexpected loveliness.*

*You too, when owls were on the wing,  
Have wakened in the windless wood  
And hearkened to the murmuring  
Of waters under leafy hood;*

*Have heard a wakeful sparrow call,  
And seen the bees of heaven swarm,  
And watched the waning firelight fall  
Upon a sleeping comrade's form.*

B. L. T.





**T**ELL me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?

*Reply, reply.*

*It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.*

—THE MERCHANT OF VENICE





*Divine in hookahs, glorious in a pipe.*

**T**HERE is a certain brand of tobacco that is burned in great quantities by the men of the wood. The name of it need not be written here, since it is known to those who know the forest; nor need its qualities as a weed be brought into question. As to this doctors have disagreed, one physician maintaining it to be the best tobacco manufactured, another holding as stoutly that it is not a tobacco at all, but a compound of great villainy. My opinion, were it invited, would strike somewhere 'twixt these two.

Odors quicken the memory, bring up swiftly scenes and happenings of the past. The scent of wallflower may set before the inward eye an old-fashioned garden and a white cottage with faded-green blinds, placed among elms and maples. Mignonette may evoke the ghost of "an old, old love, long dead." The smoke of a Havana cigar may recall a plaza with its gay throng in a city of the Antilles. Thus, the pungent odor of that certain tobacco (the name of which Lord Byron, had he striven for alliteration, might