

The Ballad of YUKON JAKE

By Edward E. Paramore, Jr.

Illustrations by Hogarth, Jr.



COWARD • McCANN, Inc.

This famous parody, when it first appeared in VANITY FAIR, was probably more talked of and reprinted throughout the country than any other single poem of the decade. It was used as the basis for a moving picture, a Federal Court estimated its public at three and a half millions, it was set to music, recited over the radio and was twice reprinted in VANITY FAIR at the request of thousands of readers.

Parodies are not rare, but *good* parodies are as rare as the roc's eggs. That YUKON JAKE is a masterpiece of its sort few will deny. We believe it deserves a permanent place between the covers of a book.

The **BALLAD of**
YUKON JAKE



ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOGARTH, JR

But, miles away, in Keokuk, Ia.,
Did a ruined maiden fight
To remove the smirch from the village church
By bringing the heathen Light.

The Ballad of Yukon Jake

By
EDWARD E. PARAMORE, JR.

Black and White Illustrations by
HOGARTH, JR.

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To F. H.

The BALLAD *of*
YUKON JAKE

OH, the North Countree is a
hard countree

That mothers a bloody brood;

And its icy arms hold hidden
charms

For the greedy, the sinful and
lewd.

And strong men rust, from the gold
 . and the lust
That sears the Northland soul,
But the wickedest born, from the
 Pole to the Horn,
Is the Hermit of Shark Tooth
 Shoal.

NOW Jacob Kaime was the
Hermit's name

In the days of his pious youth,
Ere he cast a smirch on the village
church

By betraying a girl named Ruth.

But now men quake at "Yukon
Jake",
The Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal.
For that is the name that Jacob
Kairne
Is known by from Nome to the
Pole.

He was just a boy and the parson's
joy
(Ere he fell for the gold and the
muck),
And had learned to pray, with the
hogs and the hay
On a farm near Keokuk.

But a Service tale of illicit kale—
And whiskey and women wild—
Drained the morals clean as a soup-
tureen

From this poor but honest child.

He longed for the bite of a Yukon
night
And the Northern Light's weird
flicker,
Or a game of stud in the frozen
mud,
And the taste of raw, red licker.

He wanted to mush along in the
slush,
With a team of huskie hounds;
And to fire his gat at a beaver hat,
And knock it out of bounds.

SO he left his home for the hell-
town Nome,
On Alaska's ice-ribbed shores;
Where he learned to curse and to
drink, and worse—
Till the rum dripped from his
pores.

When the boys on a spree were
drinking it free
In a Malamute saloon,
And Dan Megrew and his danger-
ous crew
Shot craps with the piebald coon;

When the Kid on his stool banged
 away like a fool
At a jag-time melody,
And the barkeep vowed, to the
 hardboiled crowd,
That he'd cree-mate Sam McGee—

THEN Jacob Kaime, who had
taken the name
Of Yukon Jake, the Killer,
Would rake the dive with his forty-
five
Till the atmosphere grew chiller.

With a sharp command he'd make
 'em stand
And deliver their hard-earned dust;
Then drink the bar dry, of rum and
 rye,
As a Klondike bully must.

Without coming to blows he would
tweak the nose
Of dangerous Dan Megrew,
And becoming bolder, throw over
his shoulder
The lady that's known as Lou.

OH, tough as a steak was
Yukon Jake—

Hardboiled as a picnic egg.

He washed his shirt in the Klondike dirt,

And he drank his rum by the keg.

In fear of their lives (or because of
their wives)

He was shunned by the best of his
pals:

An outcast he, from the comraderie
Of all but wild animals.

So he bought him the whole of
Shark Tooth Shoal,
A reef in the Bering Sea,
And he lived by himself on a sea
lion's shelf
In lonely iniquity.

BUT miles away, in Keokuk, Ia.,
Did a ruined maiden fight
To remove the smirch from the
village church
By bringing the heathen Light.



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Then he rowed her ashore, with a broken oar,
And he sold her to Dan Megrew
For a huskie dog and some hot egg nog—
As rascals are wont to do.

And the Elders declared that all
would be squared

If she carried the holy words

From her Keokuk Home to the
hell-town Nome,

To save those sinful birds.

So, two weeks later, she took a
 freighter,
For the gold-cursed land near the
 Pole,
But Heaven ain't made for a lass
 that's betrayed—
She was wrecked on Shark Tooth
 Shoal!

ALL hands were tossed in the
Sea, and lost—

All but the maiden Ruth,

Who swam to the edge of the sea
 . lion's ledge

Where abode the love of her youth.

He was hunting a seal for his evening meal

(He handled a mean harpoon)

When he saw at his feet, not something to eat,

But a girl in a frozen swoon,

Whom he dragged to his lair by her
dripping hair,
And he rubbed her knees with
gin.—
To his great surprise, she opened
her eyes
And revealed—his Original Sin!

HIS eight-months beard grew
stiff and weird
And it felt like a chestnut bur,
And he swore by his gizzard—and
the Arctic blizzard,
That he'd do right by her.

Then the cold sweat froze on the end
of her nose
Till it gleamed like a Tecla pearl,
While her bright hair fell, like a
flame from hell,
Down the back of the grateful girl.

But a hopeless rake was Yukon
 Jake

The Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal!
For the dizzy maid he rebetrayed
And wrecked her immortal soul! . . .

Then he rowed her ashore, with a
broken oar,
And he sold her to Dan Megrew
For a huskie dog and some hot egg-
nog—
As rascals are wont to do.

Now ruthless Ruth is a maid un-
couth

With scarlet cheeks and lips,
And she sings rough songs to the
drunken throngs

That come from the sealing ships.

For a rouge-stained kiss from this
infamous miss

They will give a seal's sleek fur,
Or perhaps a sable, if they are able;
It's much the same to her.

OH, the North Countree is a
rough countree,
That mothers a bloody brood;
And its icy arms hold hidden
charms
For the greedy, the sinful and
lewd.

And strong men rust, from the gold
and the lust
That sears the Northland soul,
But the wickedest born from the
Pole to the Horn
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Mr. Paramore, a Yale graduate, has written many critical and humorous articles for various magazines. He is the author of two plays which have been produced on Broadway.

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