In early life, ambition plays a very weighty part.
For great success in early life depends upon the start.
Advising friends are never few, they often speak the truth;
They guide aright the hesitant or overward youth.
And well do I remember how my future course was planned
By those who thought the pulpit was the place where I should stand;
And yet my young ambition never answered to the plea—
I’d rather be a puzzler than an eminent D.D.

Just how I landed where I am is more than I can say,
For no one saw a future in the pedagogic fray.
Yet, some there are who point the way to higher honors still,
To reach the goal, a course or two of pedagogic frill;
Again, no answering effort meets the call for future fame,
With prospects of abbreviated titles to my name.
There is no thrill in added lore or educator’s plea:
I’d rather be a puzzler than a polished Ph.D.

Some men use every job they hold preparing for the next;
“Each job is but a stepping stone” becomes a daily text.
With this in mind I’ve studied law, in medicine I’ve browsed,
I’ve seen myself, when all was done, in noble mansion housed.
Each futile effort surges high and unavailing sinks,
The while I consolation find in efforts for THE SPHINX.
True happiness outweighs all wealth; true friends, hypocrisy;
I’d rather be a puzzler than M.D. or L.L.B.