

# I, Paul

Kent Mecum

"Today, in geography we will study about Italy. The chief products of Italy are . . ." It is I who should be teaching her. I, who have spent many hours re-living the grandeur of Rome. I, Paul, the famous world-traveler, must sit here and listen to an old maid school teacher.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I hear that Jones is going to build a new factory right here in Pittsburgh." Here, boy, empty my waste-basket. Cheer up; even I, the president of the company, was once just an office boy named Paul. Send in one of my secretaries on your way out. Ah, here you are. I have some minor memos. Have the captain of my blue yacht ready to sail for the Mediterranean Sea on the fifteenth. Oh yes, I almost forgot, tell Mr. Rockefeller that he may come to my office Monday at ten o'clock. I may give him some business, if I like him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Tonight for her concluding selection, Madame Gluck will sing . . ." Ah, Alma, it is so good to see you again. I have my carriage waiting. Your friends will understand why you did not come when they learn that I was in town. It was so kind of you to sing my old favorites. I know. You are grateful for the start that I gave you in music, but I like to help my friends. The clatter of the horse's hoofs brings back memories of our childhood romance, doesn't it?

I am free. Here in New York City, I am free, but not for long. They will come. They will try to find me. But I shall not be here. I shall return to sunny Italy, to the blue of the Adriatic. From there, on to new and more wondrous lands. Eternal freedom shall be mine.

I must travel in style. Shoes shined, new suit and, of course, a red carnation. Here, cabby! — I am so tried. — I sleep, but I shall not miss my train. — My train approaches. I am ready.

And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord, forever.

