

# BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

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## *With an Unrecorded John Reed Poem?*

**Jack Reed [John S.] and Bill Daly**

*Everymagazine: An Immorality Play [with]: The Seventh Annual Debauch of the Dutch Treat Club*

(New York): The Dutch Treat Club 1913

\$6000



First edition. Small square octavo. [48]pp. Stapled brown wrappers illustrated by John Montgomery Flagg. Tiny nicks at the extremities, partial splitting along the spine. A musical score with music by Daly and words by John Reed on the theme of magazines, newspapers, and newsboys produced for the Annual Dinner of The Dutch Treat Club at Delmonico's on February 19, 1913. The third separately published work by John Reed, this copy Inscribed by Reed to the publisher of his first two works: "To Frederick Bursch: The Guy who put the 'Beauty' in Publisher. John S. Reed."

# Everymagazine

*An Immorality Play*



Book and Lyrics by  
JACK REED

Music by  
BILL DALY

*Produced before*  
THE DUTCH TREAT CLUB  
AT DELMONICO'S  
FEBRUARY 19,  
1913

[With] *The Seventh Annual Debauch of the Dutch Treat Club*. A single mimeographed folio leaf prepared for the dinner. Folded else fine. Includes various facetious song/poems by members of the Club including Charles Hanson Towne, as well as one song/poem, "O You Silv'ry Bells" by "Johnny Reedy." Rare. OCLC locates six copies over two records of *Everyman* (with no indication which copies were signed); and no copies of *The Seventh Annual Debauch of the Dutch Treat Club*. "O You Silv'ry Bells" seems to be likewise unrecorded. [BTC#397768]



The seventh Annual Debauch of the Dutch Treat Club

At Delmonico's, February 19th, 1913.

"We strive to annoy!"

Menu

Cape-Cod Oysters  
Mongol Shoup

Rdishes - Shelry Olves

Fill't Bass with Whiwine Shauce

P'tatoes ollolandaish

Breshshick'n Sharg's Stipa

Kirsher't

Vinlaham, Champagneshauce

Leshalad

Ishcream, Chockl' Parfle

Scakes - 'scuse m' Sweeish accent -

Scoffee -

Thash all 'til brekfush!

Order whatchcowanter drink - seechoo pay for it.

Joll il all chorushes - helpush annoy our, guesh!

Libresh of th' opera will be dishtrib - free lateron!

Thish is shtrictly amteur performsh - don' get p'ovsh!

If you like our show shpeak to your frensh 'boutus - that'll annoy'em!

'Sennybody here you donlike put Sabotage in their Shoup!

Speshal Notish! Jack Reed - you know - f'ler wrote lyricsh - has a helofa fine  
pome for sale here t'night - fifvshensh copy - it knocksh ev'body - prapsh  
you're in it! Get aboard an' fin' out!

"O YOU SILV'RY BELLS"

O Johnny Reedy  
O the head of a popular journal  
Submits to a torture diurnal  
He must con lots of junk  
And the articles and stories  
Are punk enough  
But as soon as he turns to the verse, dear  
Why that is so inf'nitely worse, dear  
Those sonnets and triolets  
Sent in by the minor bards!  
Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! Away we go.

Chorus

Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, O you minor  
bards  
Faulty time and rotten rhyme, you'll want  
to call the guards!  
Death where is thy stingle-stingle - after  
reading these!  
Put 'em in the book - get the hook! Get  
the hook!

Please stop writing jingle jingle,  
Please stop writing, please!

"HARRIGAN"

(again)

H-E-R-P-I-CI-DE spells Herpicide  
That's the stuff that's going to  
make your hair grow,  
Makes you lika justa lika scar-  
ecrow.  
H-E-R-P-I-CI-DE, you see.  
First you rub it, then you scrub  
it, then you scrub it, then  
you rub it.  
HAIR AGAIN on me!

"I hear you calling me"

by

Charlie Towne

(OVER)



"WHEN I GET YOU ALONE TONIGHT"

(Done unto by Shelley Hamilton)

Editors are very apt to seem quite literary  
To an ordinary man.  
They can make an author's masterpiece look  
like a porous plaster  
With the holes they like to pick to prove  
they can.  
They can cause contributors to quail  
By the slightest lashing of the tail -  
They can terrify by a look of the eye,  
Or depress you through the mail.

But they never are known to bite,  
But they never are known to bite.  
For that sort of torture's not in  
their trade  
So, so, so, so don't be afraid.  
They may make you feel sick and sore,  
They may cause you to thirst for gore.  
They may roast you to a cinder and eject you  
through the winder  
But they never are known to bite.

"EVERYBODYS'S DOIN' IT"

(Poem by Mr. Ellis Jones)

Everybody's doin' It. (Doin' what? I got  
you, Steve.)  
Everybody's doin' It. (Doin' what? I do  
believe I)  
See that rag-time Lawson over there,  
Watch him throw his hyphens in the air.  
Every word a picture, honey, I declare.  
He's a bull. He's a bear, very rare. AIR!  
Everybody's doin' It. (What, again? Just  
the same.)  
Everybody's doin' It. (Very well. It's a  
shame)  
Ain't that Wall Street Bosin' its goat?  
See that Tom-Tom grabbin' its throat!  
Oh, my God! Say! I should worry. Every-  
body's doin' It again.

"TILL THE SANDS OF THE DESERT GROW GOLD"  
(Written in a moment of pique -  
by our beloved Press.)

There are things  
That come and go  
Like editors  
And rain and snow  
And silly flibbeting things like palisades  
They will not last, you know -  
One thing's  
Lasting -  
The Parlor Entertainer's Stunt -  
Change it? What rot! He can't and besides  
he want!  
He will do that stunt  
Till the sands of the desert grow cold  
And their infinite numbers are told  
God knows Julian Street  
That song will repeat!  
That song that is ancient with mold -  
Bill Irwin with tresses of gold  
Shall the Pope-Russell scandal unfold  
And Charles Hanson T.  
Mrs. Fiske then shall be  
Till the sands of the desert grow cold

"EVERY LITTLE MOVEMENT"

(By Charlie Towne)

Editor's improvements have a meaning all  
their own!  
Authors won't believe it, but it always  
can be shown.  
That every work that they expurgate, sir,  
Pulls a tail down to lower rates, sir,  
And they buy them all the cheaper with a  
scheming all their own!

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"ROW, ROW, ROW"  
(Shelley Again)

Old Doctor Lawson has a cute little  
style -  
A Yankee parody of Thomas Carlyle  
If they take it as they should  
'Twill do him darling double good.  
The Doctor is a Weisenheimer, you know -  
(You know he's told you so!)  
If malefactors trouble you  
Just call on old Thomas W. ---  
And he will blow, blow, blow  
About the System  
He will blow, blow, blow,  
Though they resist him,  
And it makes him very sore,  
He'll bob up once more  
And puff a bit and bluff a bit  
And give you an encore.  
But does he blow, blow, blow  
Them where they say the wicked go!  
Oh! No! - No! No!  
But he lands with a peach on our poor  
English speech  
With ev'ry blow, blow, blow!

"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA"

(Flagged)  
Bring the good old tom-cat, girls,  
And let the moussies squeak!  
Bring along your powder rage  
To dust your nose and cheek -  
Hobble as we always hobble -  
Fifty thousand weak!  
As we go skipping to Congress!

CHORUS

Hurray! Hurray! We'll soon have votes to  
sell!  
Hurray! Hurray! You men can go to hell!  
Is Melville Ellis one of us? We really  
cannot tell!  
As we go skipping to Congress!  
Nasty brutes all yell at us  
As we march pitter-pat -  
Will you chickens vote straight front,  
Now kindly tell us that!  
"We are prepared" us ladies said  
To give you tits for that!  
As we go skipping to Congress!  
Chorus - (Hurray & etc.)

(OVER)