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JINGLES

By WILHELM JACKVILLE SPONER, JR.




THE YEARS OF AUNT



Class PS 3537

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JINGLES



JINGLES



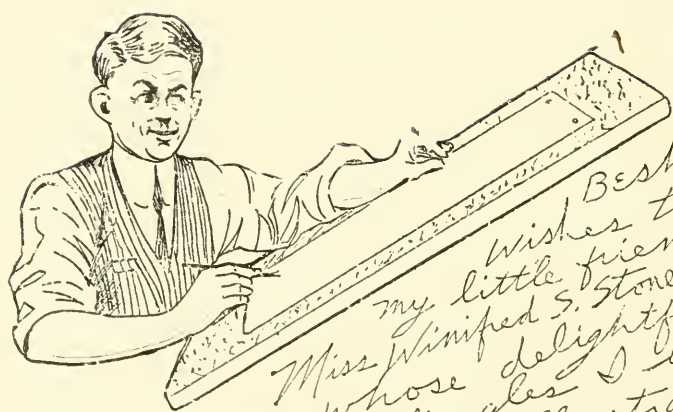
WRITTEN FOR DEAR FRIENDS
BY
WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER, Jr.
(When five and six years of age)

ILLUSTRATED BY
KARL KAE KNECHT

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Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr.

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Evansville, Ind.

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T. K. FRECHT
1909



Best
wishes to
my little friend,
Miss Winifred S. Stoner Jr.,
whose delightful
jingles I like
to illustrate
to H. K. Frecht



THE AUTHOR

The author of these little rhymes, which have been previously published in "The Evansville Courier" and several other publications, was born in Norfolk, Virginia, August 19, 1902. From her babyhood days she has been a great lover of poetry and began composing original rhymes when but three years of age.

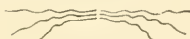
A Christmas Wish For All My Friends

While Christmas bells are chiming, oh, may there come to you
A dear sweet little fairy, who's always good and true;
The little HAPPY FAIRY, who drives away dull care,
And makes all things upon the earth seem ever bright and fair.

She'll whisper to good Santa to bring what you most wish;
So if you have been longing for a fine pudding dish,
He will not, as in by-gone years, forget and bring to you
Something that you do not want, though beautiful and new.

The HAPPY FAIRY'S MAGIC is in this wondrous leaf,
Which drives away all "bogies," and banishes all grief;
So if you would be happy, wealthy, wise and well,
Kiss the MAGIC WISHING LEAF from HAPPY FAIRY'S DELL.

PREFACE



This little book is dedicated to all of my relatives and to the following friends:

Mrs. Lucy Dillard Tabb Okeson, Miss Fannie F. Sams, Mr. and Mrs. William Webb, Misses Blanche, Helen and Wydie Webb, Mrs. William Sharp, Mrs. McAlpine, Miss Rebekah McAlpine, Mrs. John C. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Adams, Walter and Forestall Adams, Miss Isabelle Nusbaum, Virginia Leigh Morris, Bertram and Virginius Nusbaum, Mr. Albert Warrington, Neely Warrington, Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Nusbaum, Mrs. Charles Rowland, Elsie Rowland, Fred Riddle, Barry and Wilson Dodson, Eugenie and Richard Jones, Christine Neubauer, of Norfolk, Virginia.

Doctor Zamenhof, Warsaw, Poland; Prof. George Macloskie, LL. D. D. Sc., of Princeton University; Mrs. George Macloskie, Princeton, N. J.; M. Edmond Privat, Geneva, Switzerland; Mr. Sharon O. Brown, Providence, R. I.; Mr. Charles E. Randall, Seattle, Washington; Mrs. William Westcott, Holley, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. William Warren, Newburgh, Ind.

Mr. Arthur Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Guthrie, Mrs. A. R. Hornbrook, Dr. Walter H. Fox, Miss Berthe Papot, Miss Dorothy Millican, Miss Polly Young, of Chicago, Illinois.

Prof. Edwin C. Reed, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts, of the Christian Herald; Dr. D. O. S. Lowell, of Roxbury Latin School; Rev. Horace Dutton, of the Christian Endeavor World; Dr. William Gray Nowell, Mr. John Fogg Twombly, Miss Eugenie Ohman, of Boston, Mass.; Edwin and Dorothy Ehrman, of Rockport, Ind.; Dr. W. Addis, Guaymas, Mexico; Mrs. Maybelle Anderson, Haverhill, Mass.; Miss Ella Thomas, Monterey, Cal.; Dorothy Kirk, Des Moines, Iowa; Miss J. E. Hamand, Schaller, Iowa; Mrs. Annie H. McDermid, Fontanelle, Iowa; Mrs. Robert Winthrop Barr and Nelson Barr, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Mrs. Maria T. Bird, Rockland, Maine; Mr. Harry Warren, Mr. Frank Kirkpatrick, Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Ruth Rickinson, Columbus, Ohio; Dr. Clara Todson and Mr. Joseph Burita, Elgin, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Dungan, Barton, Ohio; Mr. Herbert M. Scott, Moundsville, W. Va.; Miss Mary F. Kelly, Brambleton, Va.; Mrs. W. W. Davies, Richmond, Va.; Earl Stratton, Jamestown, N. Y.; Miss Lois L. White and Mrs. W. D. Christman, Washington, Pa.; Max Bosquet, Roanne et Loire, France; Miss Emily Allen, Miss Jessie and Mary Eggleston, Dr. Levi Old, of Norfolk, Va.

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In Evansville Indiana: The Editors of "THE COURIER," Mr. Henry C. Murphy, Mr. Howard Roosa, Mr. Percy Carroll, Mr. Karl Kae Knecht, Master John Speed Murphy, Miss Josephine Greene, Mr. Alfred Greene, Master Howard Roosa, Miss O'Hara, Mary Sisson, Virginia Whittemore, Marjory Moore, Alice Ashby, Martha Denby, Margaret Ruston, Virginia Clarke, Miss Irene Jenner, Lawrence Jenner, Horace and Fred Cross, Fritz and Ralph Dryborough, Wesley and John Downer, Oscar Uhl, Jep Hardig, Raymond Chesley, Walter Weber, Misses Anna and Ella Runcie, Edna and Alma Speck, Margaret Bacon, Loraine Culler, Sallie Whittemore, Salibelle Royster, Janie Sonntag, Katherine Imbusch, Otilda, Margaret and Katharine Goslee, Harriet Knauth, Katherine Lewis, Halene Busse, Caroline Patrick, Suzette Dunlevy, Katherine Wellman, Dorothy Hannett, Mrs. M. O. Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Runcie, Dr. L. D. Brose, Mr. Marshall White, Edgar and Melville Garvin, Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Royster, Ruth Helen Birt, Charles Sherwood, Mr. Neal Waledn, Mary, Frances, Helen and Hugh Harris, Charlie Donnelly, Glenn Kirkpatrick, Bertba White,

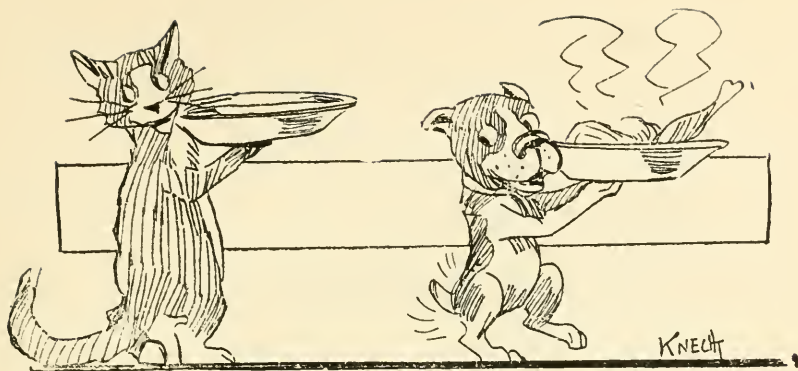
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ONE YEAR OLD





The Pet's Christmas Carol

"Tweet-tweet-tweet!" sang the canary,
Which meant that he was very merry,
Because his little mistress Nell,
On Christmas eve had fed him well.

"Bow-wow-wow!" sang the gay young pup,
"My master's gone away to sup,
But though he won't be here for tea,
Just see the meal he left for me!"

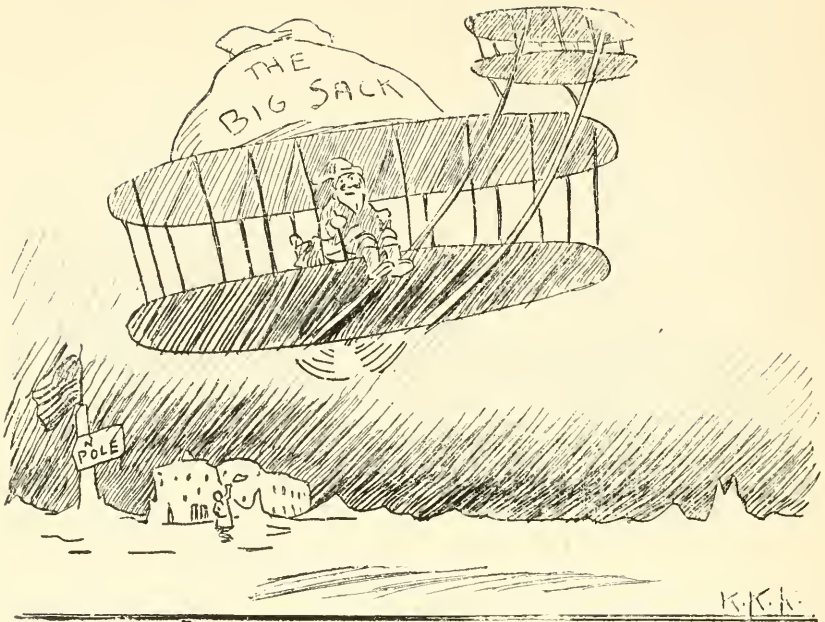
"Mew-mew-mew!" sang the mamma cat,
"Such milk as this will make me fat,
And oh, I feel so very gay
This cold and frosty Christmas day."

Each mamma cow sang "Moo-moo-moo!"
And gentle dove sang "Coo-coo-coo!"
And every horse and sheep and pig,
And duck and chicken, small and big,
A carol sang on Christmas eve,
Because a FEAST each did receive.

A Great Surprise

(Written for Mother and Daddy.)

On the nineteenth day of August, in the year of nineteen two,
Most kind and gracious Madame Stork right over Norfolk flew,
And brought to my dear mother there a wonderful surprise,
A little red brown baby girl with large blackberry eyes.
Now, mother she had asked the stork to bring to her much joy,
And drop a bundle at her door containing a wee boy,
But when the stork made a mistake and brought just little me,
She thought that I was better far than any boy could be,
And wrapped me in the blanket which she'd planned for my wee brother,
And which my dear "MA MIE" had knit 'o help my busy mother.
She changed the name of Lionel to little Winifred,
And all the things for brother planned, she gave to me instead.



SANTA'S AEROPLANE

Santa's Reindeer In The Sky

(Written for Grandmother Sackville.)

Long, long ago, before this earth had any girls and boys
 To hang their stockings on the shelf, expecting Christmas toys,
 Good Santa was a big white cloud that floated in the sky;
 If you had lived in those old days, you'd seen him floating by.

But when the children came to rule upon good Mother Earth,
 She took kind Santa from the sky and made him God of Mirth;
 To bring at every Christmas time good gifts to girls and boys
 And make them all so happy with a lot of lovely toys.

Far, far among the icebergs, in the cold and freezing zone,
 She built for him a palace, where he lives almost alone,
 With only good old Mrs. Claus to keep him company,
 And sometimes Cousin Nicholas for two days or for three.

Wise Mother Earth she knew this clime would suit good Santa well,
 For here no foolish, idle folks would ever come to dwell;
 Nor pay the good Saint visits which would waste his precious time,
 While he could work much faster here than in a warmer clime.

But never did he suffer from the icebergs at the Pole,
 As Fairies kept his fireplace all full of red hot coal;
 Or heaped bright burning logs on it as full as it could hold,
 So Santa never felt at all old Jack Frost's biting cold.

Likewise these Fairies brought to him and his most faithful spouse,
 Just everything that they could need to keep a cozy house,
 And even cooked their victuals and brought them every day
 Exactly at the proper time, upon a huge hot tray.

And after they had eaten all the dainties on the tray,
 The good kind fairies they would come and take the tray away;
 So Mrs. Claus had no excuse for being cross or sad,
 Since no experience she had had with Bridgets getting mad.

When Santa finished all his toys, he put them in a sack,
 Where he intended carrying them upon his great broad back,
 But Mother Earth surprised the saint and to his palace led
 Eight lovely prancing reindeer and a large commodious sled.

These reindeer were the cousins of swift Pegasus, the steed
 Who helped the hero Perseus when he was in great need;
 And like the flying hero horse, they lived up in the sky,
 'Till Mother Earth had need of them to help old Santa fly.

And so on every Christmas eve for full ten hundred years,
 Good Santa and his reindeer fleet have banished childrens' tears,
 By bringing them 'most all the gifts their little hearts could wish,
 And filling stockings, shoes and plates and great round pudding dish.

But when last Christmas came around, good Mother Earth she said,
 "Dear Santa I have something fine for you to use instead
 Of your good, faithful reindeer and your big old fashioned sled,
 For here's a lovely aeroplane all painted shining red."

The wise old lady then declared that he could safely fly
 With this machine 'most anywhere away up in the sky,
 And travel far, far faster than reindeer who were fleet
 But stumbled sometimes on the roofs made slippery with sleet.

The aeroplane could carry well a larger load of toys,
 So he could visit more good girls and also little boys,
 Who live in far off heathen lands where everyone's a sinner,
 But that's no reason each should do without a Christmas dinner.

With this machine he'd save some time to look out for each pet
 Of all the little girls and boys as they so oft forget
 To treat their pets most kindly upon the Christmas morn
 In memory of the Saviour, who on this day was born.

And likewise all the horses, the cows and pigs and sheep,
 For men so seldom think of them when Christmas time they keep;
 And even wild, fierce animals, and fishes in the sea,
 Should all be made quite happy at Christmas time to be.

"I do not like this plan at all of giving up my sled
 And my good faithful reindeer," so good old Santa said.
 But Mother Earth she laughed at him and said she would repay
 The reindeer, whom she would send home, straight to the milky way.

But Santa was old fashioned and had great fears to fly
 Without his sled and reindeer, he'd used in years gone by,
 And begged that on his maiden trip these true old friends to take
 To help him should the aeroplane prove but a wicked fake.



The laughing Earth she granted him this very small request,
 And early on glad Christmas eve (the eve of all most blest),
 He started forth upon his trip, did good old Santa, dear,
 Guiding his Wright aeroplane with feelings of great fear.

But Mother Earth showed she was wise and knew just what was best
 To help the good old tired saint while on his children quest;
 And fast the good Wright aeroplane it flew both low and high,
 So Santa took the Earth's advice, and though he heaved a sigh,

He dropped the poor old worn out sled as he was passing by,
 And people said, who saw it fall, "A METEOR FROM THE SKY!"
 Then kissing each good reindeer, he bade them all farewell,
 And left them in the MILKY WAY, forever there to dwell.

And you, my little children, who have heard the tiny hoofs
 Of the little flying steeds pattering on the roofs,
 If you would like to catch a glimpse of Santa's good reindeer,
 Then wait until its dark some night, and when the sky is clear,
 You'll see them very plainly in the broad light MILKY WAY,
 And there for all the time to come, these steeds will romp and play.

Written for my Godmother, Mrs. Lucy Dillard Tabb Okeson, of Norfolk, Va.

When I was one year old,
 So often I've been told,
 Dear "Ma Mie" sang to me
 This cunning poetry:
 "Mousie, pousie, wousie,
 In the Boush Street Housie,"
 And always from that time
 I've loved to make a rhyme,
 So if it be my fate
 To write a poem great,
 Then dearest, sweet "Ma Mie,"
 The praise belongs to thee,



Nissen, The Santa Clause of Norway

(The story told in this rhyme was sent to the author by her globe trotting friend, Mrs. William Westcott, from Christiania, Norway.)

How glad I am that I was born in this land very dear,
 Where children have a Santa Claus of whom they have no fear:
 A Santa who is always kind, remembering one and all,
 When every year at Christmas time, he pays us all a call.

In far away chill Norway, there NISSEN is the name
 Of the Christmas visitor who bears good Santa's fame;
 But he's a naughty brownie, so short and very small;
 Not a bit like Santa, who is large and fat and tall.

But like our good gift giver, his beard is long and white,
 And he wears a coat of furs and many colors bright:
 But instead of bringing goodies to good girls and to boys,
 Nice new clothes and books and games and lots of wondrous toys.

He expects that all the big folks and also little ones,
 Should leave his favorite dishes, such as puddings, cakes and buns,
 Outside of every doorway, so that he may eat at will
 Of these luscious dainties until he has had his fill.

Then after eating all the cakes his "Tummy-tum" can hold,
 He milks the cows and splits the wood (at least so I've been told),
 But never thinks to bring nice gifts to little girls and boys,
 Whose parents have to trim their trees and buy them all their toys.

Besides, this naughty NISSEN is cross at times and bad,
 And does all sorts of horrid tricks, which I think very sad
 At Christmas, when we all should be so kind to oae another
 And treat each person whom we meet as if he were our brother.

But NISSEN steals away the cows and even horses fleet,
 From all the people who forget to bake him puddings sweet:
 And if above a whisper one should dare to speak or sing
 About this cranky fellow, then this evil he will bring
 Upon the one who dared to throw his name upon the breeze,
 As from that time the guilty one must sneeze and sneeze and sneeze.

Now in our land we sing loud praise of Santa all the time,
 And tell about his goodness great, in prose and jingling rhyme;
 And yet it seems the more we sing about the jolly elf,
 The more he brings each year to us upon the mantel shelf.

But children in far Norway are better girls and boys
 Than we who live in this fair land and think so much of toys,
 That we forget about the pets while feeding our own selves,
 Like thoughtless, greedy little pigs or naughty selfish elves.

While Norway children in the fall they work to gather corn,
 And save it for the birds they feed on every Christmas morn,
 So we should follow in their steps and feed the wee birds crumbs,
 Before we start to feast ourselves on Christmas sugar plums.



NISSEN PLAYING TRICKS

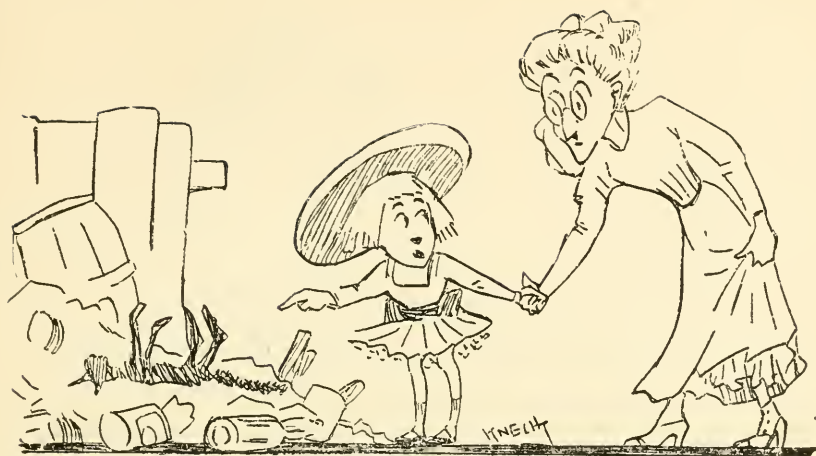
After The Fourth Was Over

(Written for Uncle Lionel Sackville.)

After the Fourth was over, after the play was done,
 Poor little John and Willie forgot that they'd had some fun;
 John, with his eyes all bandaged, Willie with one eye gone,
 Had changed from joyous boys, who rose with the FOURTH'S bright
 dawn,

Determined to shoot great cannons and frighten some silly girls,
 To tie big crackers to dogs' tails, and make the pin wheels whirl.

Tommy with one hand bound up and with a bepowdered face,
 Alex with two burned fingers and bones nearly all out of place;
 Edgar with one leg broken and poor little Peter with two,
 Thought that they'd had enough sorrow to last them a whole life through,
 But mother, who heard them crying, while soothing her darlings to sleep,
 Was thankful that some of the pieces she yet was able to keep,
 And sad for the weeping mother of poor naughty, unlucky Jim,
 As the booming JULY CELEBRATION blew the whole head off of him.



A Kitten Gone To Waste

(This story was told to the author by Mrs. William Warren of Newburgh, Indiana.)

When little Mary Alice was only three years old,
 She went upon a visit to Aunt Maria Hold,
 A lady who was noted for saving everything,
 From gold and silver dollars down to a turkey wing.

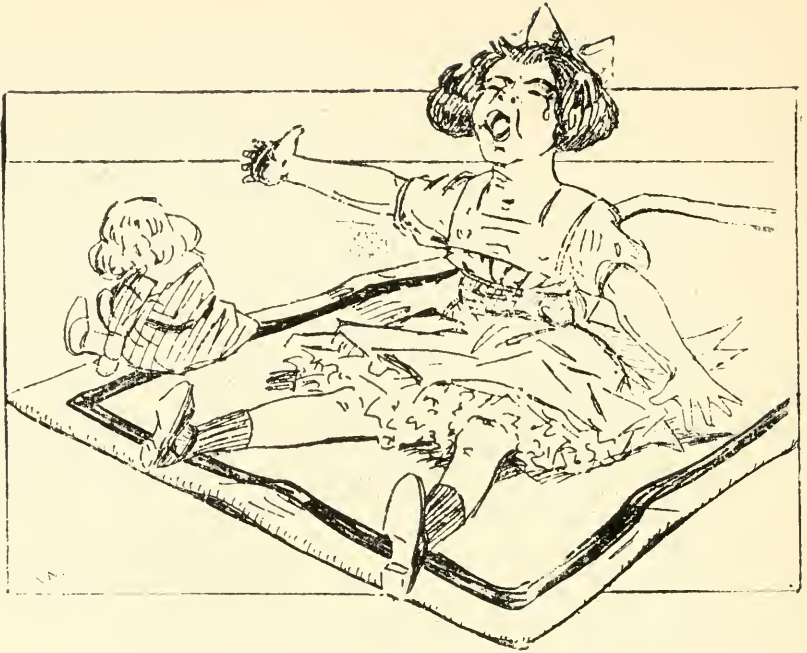
She soon taught Mary Alice to never throw away
 A single bit of anything which might be used "some day."
 And Alice, who was clever, she learned to put away
 All bits of ribbon, cloth and lace, and chicken feathers gay.

Each day she kept quite busy hunting something more
 Which she could take to Auntie or add to her own store;
 And one day in excitement, she ran in greatest haste,
 Crying, "Oh, dear Auntie, sumfins don to waste!
 A perfectlee dood kitty is thrown out on the dump
 Of the kitchen ash-pile, behind the garden pump!"

The New Baby

(Written for Alfred Greene, Jr., Evansville, Indiana.)

When Alfred saw the baby wee the stork to him had brought,
 He stood quite silent for a while and thought and thought and thought
 Until he'd solved the problem about the CURIOUS ONE
 Who'd traveled far from Storkland, though she couldn't walk nor run,
 Then to his mother he declared in accents of dismay,
 "Dear mother we must send this kid back to her home to-day,
 'Cause someone's cheated us I know and brought us an old child
 With bald head and without a tooth and like an Indian wild.
 Whenever it begins to cry it almost lifts the roof,
 So mother, dear, I think 'tis best for you to keep aloof
 From the old ugly Indian thing and send it to Stork-land,
 Then you and I'll be glad again and go to hear the band.



Woes Caused By Whooping Bugs

(Written for Cousin Harvey Stoner, Jr.)

If you don't believe that whooping cough causes lots of woe,
 Just catch a few of whooping germs and then I guess you'll know
 That whoopee-whoop! and wheepee-wheeps' are not one bit of fun,
 When you see others playing games where all must jump and run,
 For if you jump or if you run, you start the whoop-ooop-ooop!
 And even when you're tired you can't sleep for the croup,
 Caused by the awful whooping bugs, which lurk within your throat
 And make your voice sound hoarser than the singing of a goat.

For fear of spreading whooping-bugs you certainly can't go
 To Sunday-school or other school, or even to a show,
 But you must stay at home ALONE from three to six long weeks,
 And listen to your croaking voice, which whoops and sometimes squeaks.
 So therefore take the good advice of a little girl who knows,
 And stay away from WHOOPING-COUGH, which causes lots of woes.

How Simple Simon Became Wise

(Written for "St. Nicholas," February, 1909.)

Simple Simon met young Heiman reading from a book.
 Said Simple Simon to young Heiman, "Let me have a look?"
 Said young Heiman to Simple Simon, "I will not selfish be,
 My great delight, ST. NICHOLAS, I'll gladly let you see."

Then Simple Simon and young Heiman spent an hour or two
 Reading from this wondrous book, so full of all that's true,
 And when they'd finished Simon had of Mocher Goose's fame,
 By virtue of his knowledge great, WISE SIMON, he became.

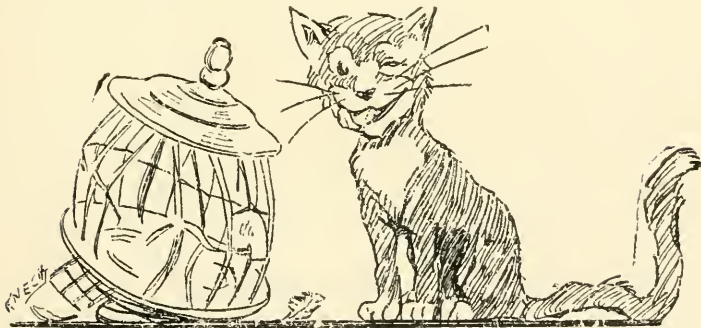


TWO YEARS OLD

Too Many Dolls

(Written for Wydie Webb, of Norfolk, Va.)

Miss Margaret Mary Elizabeth May,
 Had one hundred dollies with which she could play,
 There were bisque dolls and wax dolls and dolls with real hair,
 Red dolls and black dolls and dolls that were fair,
 Fat dolls and plump dolls and dolls in the style,
 Hipless and jointless and dressed in a smile;
 Rag dolls and wood dolls and celluloid boys,
 China and paper and Jumping Jack Joys;
 Irish and Scotch dolls and dolls from Paris,
 And all of the strange lands from over the sea;
 Japies and Chinese and dark Esquimos,
 Dutchies and Germans and cutest Dagoes;
 Dollies from Egypt and dollies from Spain,
 Hindoos and Hebrews and one little Dane,
 From Poland and Russia they'd traveled afar
 By railroad and steamer and also by car
 To join other dollies from Johnnie Bull's home,
 And lovely Italians from far away Rome,
 From Greenland and Iceland, Norway and Greece,
 The string of these dollies seemed never to cease.
 But Margaret Mary Elizabeth May
 Could never decide with which doll to play,
 So she was not happy as poor little Sue,
 Who in her doll family had only two
 Wretched rag dollies without any hair,
 But which she considered a most lovely pair.
 And these ugly dollies they gave her delight,
 As with them she played from morning 'till night.



The Cat Extincted The Canary

(Written for Josephine Greene, Evansville, Ind.)

"Josephine," asked the teacher, "can you tell to me
 Any bird that's new extinct, but used on earth to be?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Jane," said Josephine, "our sweet canary, Jim,
 Because the naughty pussy cat she quite extincted him."



A Boy's Complaint

(Written for John Speed Murphy, Evansville, Indiana.)

Grandma calls me Johnnie, father calls me John,
 My sweetheart calls me Buddy, and the boys call me Don,
 But mother, oh dear mother, whenever I come near,
 She calls me darling BABY and sometimes "BABY DEAR."

I like the name of Johnnie, I'm proud of my name John,
 I don't mind hearing Buddy and the shorter name of Don,
 But though I love dear mother far more than all the rest,
 Her name of DARLING BABY I thoroughly detest.

You see when I am playing with boys in the street,
 And pitching ball or doing some extraordinary feat,
 It makes me feel so little to hear my mother call,
 "Watch out my darling BABY, be careful lest you fall!"

I'm not a darling baby, nor little baby dear,
 I'm quite a great big boy and have no baby fear,
 But I can't stand the guying the boys give to me,
 When mother starts to calling that hateful name—"BABEE."

Koppa After Pi

I've very little Latin and very little Greek
 Stored away in my small brain, which yet is very weak,
 But one thing I'll remember, I think until I die,
 And that is that the KOPPA follows after PI.
 And mother says perhaps this solves the very reason why
 The "Kops" they follow after cooks well trained in baking pie.



A Whingwang Sonnet Of An Easter Bonnet

(Written for Cousin Marian Stoner.)

Once there was a little girl,
 But she didn't have a curl,
 Though she had an Easter-bonnet
 With ostrich plumes and flowers on it,
 Since like her mother she aspired
 A la mode to be attired.

But when she rose on Easter morn
 With deepest grief her heart was torn,
 For oh, alas! the rain was falling
 In torrents great; to her appalling,
 As well she knew 'twould spoil her bonnet
 With ostrich plumes and flowers on it.

Her hair in papers she had worn
 The whole night through and tortures borne
 In hopes to have a curl or two
 To wear beneath her bonnet new,
 But now, alas, the horrid rain
 Would make her hair all straight again.

And so with fear of straightened hair,
 Which might cause folks to laugh and stare,
 And likewise to protect her bonnet
 With ostrich plumes and flowers on it,
 She thought it best to stay away
 From Sabbath school on Easter day.

The Giant Arithmos

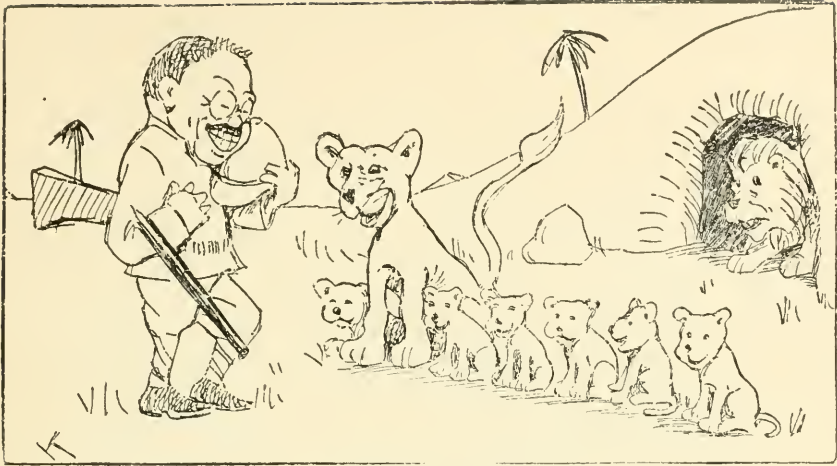
This story was told to the author by her teacher, Mrs. A. R. Hornbrook, of the Hornbrook Correspondence School of Mathematics, 5622 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Great Jack-the-Giant-Killer brave, he killed all giants bad,
 But one good giant's life was spared by this bold warrior lad.
 ARITHMOS was this giant great, and all bright girls and boys
 Should love the famous Giant-King far more than all their toys.
 He's very old, and very great, and also wondrous wise,
 For he can count all things on earth and even tell their size.
 He knows how many birds there are; how high each bird can fly,
 But never does he boast, or brag, or stoop to tell a lie.
 He is so tall that he can reach up to the starry sky
 And count the stars and meteors bright as swiftly they go by.
 'Tis he alone can tell you when a great eclipse will come
 And darken the moon's lady or the old man in the sun.
 He's always so good natured and obliging to us all;
 He'll help us with our lessons hard when for his aid we call,
 And tell us just the number of ripe apples on a plate,
 How far away Chicago is, and if the train is late.
 In fact he always answers us when'er we ask "HOW MANY?"
 And for his work and trouble never thinks to ask a penny.
 All teachers and professors couldn't teach without his aid,
 And men in every business know through him they will be paid.
 We cannot sing in perfect time, nor even play a drum,
 Divide an apple, buy a doll nor do the smallest sum,
 And even BRIDGE by ladies fair cannot at all be played
 Unless this mighty GIANT-KING will kindly lend his aid.
 So as we cannot get along without "ARITHMOS LORE,"
 We all should learn his wondrous truths and love him more and more.

Good Weather Assured

(Written for the Evansville Courier, February 3, 1909.)

When the second of February rolls around,
 Out of his hole in the cold, dark ground
 Comes Mr. Groundhog to look at the sky
 And see if the season of summer is nigh;
 So that he in the fields may merrily run
 And eat farmers' crops 'neath the light o' the sun.
 But if his own shadow he unfortunately sees,
 In the greatest of terror he falls on his knees,
 And quickly returns to his subterra home,
 Resolving that he will not again roam
 'Till six stormy weeks have slowly gone by
 And then once again, perhaps he will try
 To put his flat head above the cold ground,
 And take a survey of the earth all around.
 So I made up my mind that during the year
 I'd keep him at home so he couldn't appear.
 And to bring wintry weather he hadn't a chance
 For of his own shadow he caught not a glance.



Roosevelt Complimented By Mama Lion

One day last week King Teddy arose with old King Sun,
 And seeing a huge lion, he seized his trusty gun
 And made the King of Jungle-land quickly homeward run,
 While Teddy followed after and thought it lots of fun.
 King Lion reached his cavern home, trembling in great fear,
 But when Queen Lion heard his tale, she simply scratched one ear,
 Then shrugged her shoulders a la hump and to her husband said,
 "In all the best newspapers, how often have I read,
 That Teddy loves all parents who large families possess,
 And I am sure with many cubs our happy den is blessed."

Then brave and proud Queen Lion she carried out each babe,
 And placed it in the doorway of her Afro-Jungle cave;
 And there she proudly waited for King Teddy to appear,
 For of his teeth and of his gun she hadn't any fear.
 The coward King of Jungle Land, he hid himself inside,
 And when he heard King Teddy's voice his bones shook in his hide;
 But soon he knew his fears were vain when Teddy laughing said,
 "As mother of fine sextets, you surely rank ahead
 Of all the lions I have met in circus tent or den,
 To meet you I'm DEE-LIGHTED, and I hope we'll meet again."

All Dentists Go To Heaven

(Written for Dr. Richard Morris, Evansville, Ind.)

I don't like dentists, because they hurt me
 With horrid bad pinchers as sharp as can be.
 They pick at my teeth and scratch in my head
 Until I begin to wish I were dead.
 But I read in the paper (so I suppose it's so)
 That all of the dentists to Heaven will go,
 Because they are needed away up there
 To make gold crowns for the angels fair.

The Time of His Life



When He Met a School of Twelve Hippopotam

The Time Of His Life

(Written after seeing a cartoon by Mr. Karl Kae Kuecht in the Evansville Courier.)

There are many schools of learning and also schools of game,
 But the school with largest members bears KING HIPPO'S name,
 And big and little people, yes even EVANS' FLEET,
 Would think it quite unpleasant a Hippo school to meet,

But Bwana Tumbo Teddy, who knows no thought of fear,
 Laughed in joyous pleasure as the SCHOOL drew near,
 And smiling at the leader, he made her stii' with fright,
 As from his parted mouthpiece his white teeth came in sight.

Then Bwana seized his rifle and taking steady aim,
 He fired at Queen Hippo and made her front legs lame,
 Then shooting at her sisters, and brothers left and right,
 He scattered all the mighty beasts and drove them out of sight.

All those he killed, this hunter brave, then quickly towed ashore,
 Saying, "I'M DE-LIGHTED, and I hope to meet some more
 SCHOOLS OF HIPPOPOTAMI that feel inclined for strife,
 As in this Hippo-battle I'd the time of my whole life."

King Teddy, The Fearless

The names of tropical diseases mentioned in this rhyme were given to the author by a young doctor who thought they could not be made to rhyme.

King Teddy has much courage to fight both beasts and men
 With pistols and with broadswords and with the mighty pen.
 And now in Afric jungles he's busy fighting fleas,
 Mosquitoes, and big tigers and monstrous bumble bees;
 Huge elephants, gorillas, and awful Guinea-worms,
 Sloughing phagedaena, and sleeping sickness germs,
 Tinea imbricata, piedra and goundou,
 Malaria and the anhum, pinta and the sprae,
 Chyluria, mycetonia, leprosy and yaws,
 Afric dysentery and maybe lions' claws,
 Bubonic plague and dengue and dreadful tropic-boils,
 Fevers black and yellow and sometimes serpents' coils,
 Tinea Madagascar, Dhobie itch, screw worms,
 Beri-beri and crawl-crawl and all the Afric-germs;
 With dread sun-traumatism, and abscess of the liver,
 Yet none of these great terrors can make King Teddy shiver

Good Bye To Teddy Bears

Good-bye to all the Teddy Bears, both big and small!
 The "Billy Possums" are in style for one and all,
 We little girls, like older folks, are bound to keep in style,
 And so we have to change our toys most every little while.

When Roosevelt or "Teddy," was ruler o'er this land,
 All stylish girls and clever boys kept bears on hand
 To play with and to walk with and to put to bed at night,
 As "Teddy Bears" were symbols of the Rooseveltian light.

But when King Teddy left his throne, Taft got his seat,
 And soft brown teddies disappeared from home and street,
 While "Billy Possums" came to rule for two years or for three,
 When "BRYAN KITTENS" will be hatched and all the rage will be

Cats A Kissin (Catechism)

(Written for Cousin Patricia Rehn.)

Last week my cousin Patti, who isn't yet quite three,
 Went to our good Sunday School with mother and with me,
 She sat quite still and listened well to all the teacher said,
 Until I thought she stowed away much knowledge in her head.
 But when that evening Auntie asked, "What did my darling hear
 When she went to Sunday school: tell me, won't you, dear?"
 She shrugged her little shoulders and said, "Not anyfing
 Except dey said some funny words and den began to sing:
 'Though 'bout de cats a kissin', well, the teacher said you should
 Teach me ev'ry evenin' and den I'd be so dood.'"



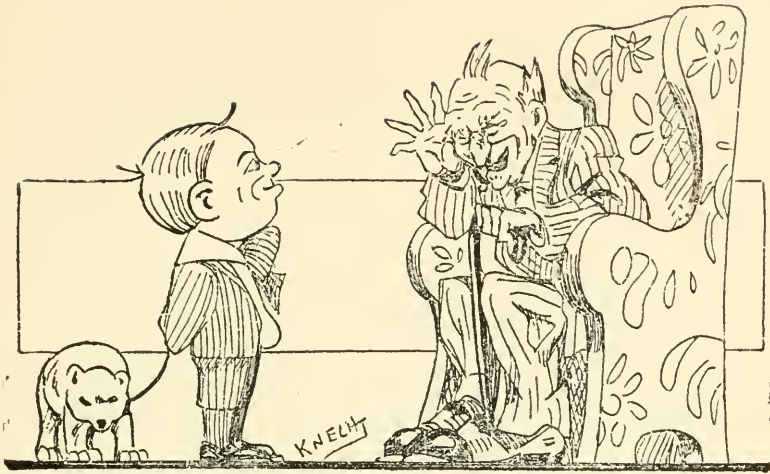
Hens

(Written for Aunt Mary Helena Rehn.)

What curious birds are common hens!
 They make good broth and even pens.
 They have no teeth, no hair, no nose,
 But sport a comb red as a rose.
 They have no arms or funny bones
 That causes folks to let forth groans,
 Their victuals they all swallow whole
 And use a crow for a chopping bowl.
 They have no hands, they have no wrists,
 And without hands they can't make fists,
 But for one thing they should rejoice
 And cluck aloud with cheerful voice;
 Not having hands, they have no nails,
 Which are the cause of many wails,
 For once a week we girls and boys
 Must put aside our games and toys
 And all our nice exciting tales,
 While mother trims our finger nails.



THREE YEARS OLD



Please Grandpa, Croak

"Granddaddy," said young Harry, "do a good turn for me,
By croaking like a big bull frog so I can plainly see
If Daddy told the honest truth or only cracked a joke
Because he said I'd have some "dough" if you would only croak."

Wee Willie's First Hair Cut

Last Friday, for the first time, wee Willie went with me
To the colored barber, who bowed most graciously
And asked the little fellow how should he crop his curls.
Close to his head, in medium length, or bobbed like little girls?
Wee Willie answered promptly, "My hair, please, barber, crop
Like my own dear Daddy's, wif a small round hole on top."

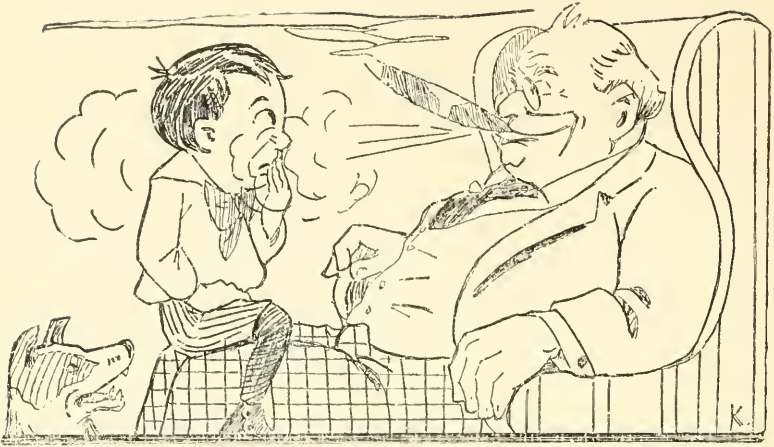
Wise Replies

(Written for Uncle Thomas Cresswell, London, Eng.)

"Joan of Arc, and who was she?"
Asked the teacher of little Leigh,
"Wife of Noah, of course," said she,
"Who sailed the ark upon the sea."

"John's so wise he laughed at Leigh
When she tried to answer me,
So in the future for replies
We'll always go to John the wise,
Now what is lava, Johnnie, dear,
Can it be found in places near?"

"Why, certainly," said smiling John,
"Most every day Dad puts it on,
And covers nearly his whole face
With lava thick in every place."



It Takes A Cigar A Long Time To Wear Out

(Written for Mr. Harry Warren, Cincinnati, Ohio.)

When Harry Warren was a boy only five years old,
 He wasn't then as he is now, so very big and bold,
 But he was very much afraid of bad tobacco smoke,
 Which seems to those who know him now to be a funny joke.

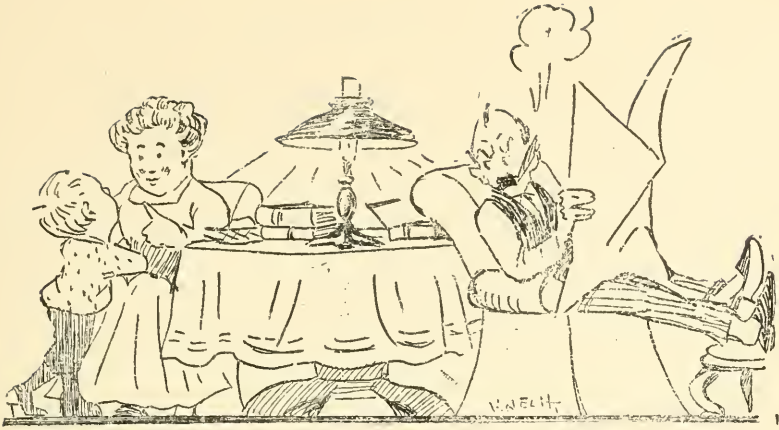
He had an uncle on whose knee he loved to sit each day
 And listen to exciting tales about the Pixies gay,
 But when this uncle had a light upon a long cigar,
 Then little Harry used to sit away from it as far
 As he could manage well to get upon his uncle's knee,
 Since Harry feared tobacco smoke more than a bumble bee.

One day while sitting way far out upon his uncle's knee,
 He grew so very tired as he waited there to see
 The end of the long smoker which made smoke all about
 And said, "It takes that big cigar a long time to wear out."

An Esperanto Poem Plain To All

(Written for Prof. Macleskie, Princeton University.)

Hundido krias—"Bow-wow-wow!"
 Katido krias—"Meow-meow!"
 Bovido krias—"Moo-moo-moo!"
 Kolombo krias—"Coo-coo-coo!"
 Shafido krias—"Baa-baa-baa!"
 Infano krias—"Ma-ma-ma!"



Answers, Not Questions, Cause Trouble

This story was told to the author by Mrs. Frederick Guthrie, of Chicago, Ill.

MOTHER.

"Don't bother your father with questions, Eryane,
 He's tired of hearing you ask to explain
 Why fishes can't walk or ride on the land?
 How lizards and fleas can live in the sand?
 What causes the sun to set in the west
 And always to sleep in one golden nest?
 When will the time come for children to fly
 And play in the clouds with the birds in the sky?
 Such foolish, vain questions, they trouble your dad
 And sometimes I fear they make him quite sad."

"No, mother," replied the inquisitive lad,
 "It's the ANSWERS not QUESTIONS that trouble poor Dad."

The Pure Blooded Pup

(Written for Mrs. Anna Chase Brainard, of Buffalo, N. Y.)

Once there was a little pup who lived in far off Kent,
Where he was born some years ago in kennels of Lord Dent;
His mother was of purest blood and likewise was his Pa,
So he arrived upon this earth without a single flaw.

His tail was just the proper size and so was each small ear,
His shapely legs and nose and paws, they pleased his mother dear;
And with her soft and scarlet tongue she kissed her baby pup
And loved him, oh, so dearly, that she almost ate him up.

The keeper of the kennels when he saw this terrier pup,
Declared, "It's just a beauty and will surely win "THE CUP"
For being a fox terrier of very purest breed
And now to my dear master I'll go with greatest speed

And tell him of this puppy who will bring our kennels fame
And ask him what he thinks will be a truly proper name
For the most perfect terrier that ever came to Kent;
It seems to me he should be called for my great master "Dent."

The master when he heard the news that a new pup had come,
Left off his game of playing cards and drinking pints of rum,
And hastened to the kennels to behold the wondrous pup,
Who at the coming dog show was to win the great prize cup.

The mother dog she wagged her tail, with pride she was puffed up,
As her great master stood right near and smiled upon her pup,
While saying, "Higgins, listen well to what I have to say,
And care for this good mother dog and her fine pup each day.

I'll name him for my ancestor, the great and famous Kent,
And in that name to the dog show next year he shall be sent,
Where I am sure he'll win the prize above all others there
For he is perfect in his shape and has fine silky hair."

So little Kent was tended well and petted every day,
He never had to seek for bones and only had to play,
And having nothing else to do on mischief he was bent,
Was this aristocratic pup, owned by the great Lord Dent.

And when a year had passed around, one day the master came
To take him to the London show, where he would win great fame;
But Kent was very naughty, as he did not wish to go
Away from his good kennel home to any prize dog show.

At last his master whipped Pup Kent and oh, but he did swear
Because Kent snapped at Higgins, who was combing his fine hair
And putting on a collar with a chain of golden beads;
Such ornaments Kent could not see that any puppy needs.

At last the royal pup was dressed in pupdom regal style,
And drove in a fine carriage, oh, for many a weary mile,
Until he came to London town, where nothing he could see,
Because all things were hidden with a fog as thick as could be,

Before he'd even time to think, this 'ristocratic pup,
 He found himself in a small cage with all the doors shut up,
 And many men were standing round and gazing long at him,
 While passing comments on his shape of head, and tail and limb.

Kent glared at them in silence and he would not wag his tail,
 In fact just like a good young boy who might be put in jail
 When he had never done a thing to break the country's law,
 So felt this little terrier, this pup without a flaw.

And when the judges thought that he should have the ribbon blue
 Because of his most perfect blood shown by the records true,
 He snapped and barked and even bit at those who came quite near
 To tie the lovely ribbon on the neck of "PUPPY DEAR."

So they decided that despite his wondrous pedigree
 There yet was something in his blood that ought not there to be
 And gave the prize, a silver cup, to a more common dog,
 Who lay so still and quiet that he might have been a leg.

But when that evening our Lord Dent beheld with great surprise
 That a less blooded terrier had won the noble prize,
 He felt so very angry that he wished to beat Pup Kent,
 And ordered that the beastly dog should quickly home be sent.

But while poor Kent was going home so sad and in disgrace,
 He got away from Higgins and he found another place
 Far, far away from kennels of the great and wealthy Dent,
 Near to a peaceful village, the runaway he went.

Here he lay down so tired and thought of many a bone,
 Which now was being gnawed each day by his good ma alone,
 Since Dent, her darling puppy boy, was oh, so far away,
 Oh, how he wished to gnaw a bone with his good ma this day!

But as he lay a dreaming of lovely things to eat,
 Quite suddenly a large gray rat ran right across his feet,
 And after it there followed an Irishman named Pat,
 Who sought to make a timely end of bad old Mister Rat.

Big Pat was armed with a huge club and called to his old dog,
 "Now, come along ye lazy baste, before he's in the bog!"
 Then Kent he jumped and in one bound he seized poor Mister Rat,
 Shook him about 'till he was dead and then brought him to Pat.

Big Pat he gazed in wonder at the clever little dog,
 And sitting down upon a large and green moss covered log,
 Said, "Shure, ye bate this lazy hound that kennot catch a rat,
 And if ye'll stay right here, me boy, I'll trate ye well," says Pat.

Then proudly Kent he wagged his tail and tried so hard to smile
 Upon the good old Irishman, who patted him awhile,
 Then coaxed the stranger after him right through a broad green lane
 Which led to the fine country home of good Sir Michael Kane

And here Pat introduced the pup to all the family,
 And they were all so very kind as any folks could be.
 They patted his soft silky hair and praised him to the sky,
 And gave him a big gravy dish all filled with nice meat pie,

And likewise a huge saucer, which was full of real sweet cream,
Which made the hungry doggie think that he was in a dream.

So here Dog Kent decided was the best place for to dwell,
And here he still is living and is feeling very well.
He goes each morning to the barn and helps his good friend Pat
To catch the naughty rodents, who are called the name of RAT.

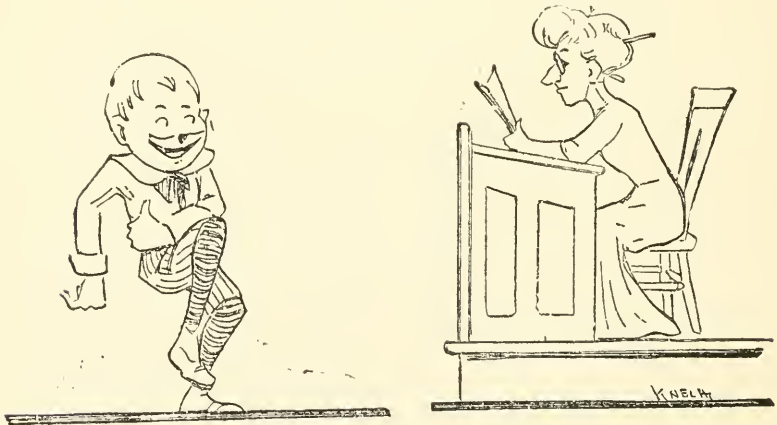
The cook she feeds him daily, and he captures all the mice,
Which love to haunt the kitchen of the cleanly Bridget Bryce.
While little Mikey loves dear Kent far more than all his toys,
And says he'd rather play with him than any girls or boys,
Because he never minds a bit to jump right in the pond
And bring to land a stick or stone or weeping willow wand.

He always acts politely to all who may come near,
And so all strangers pet him and think he is a dear.
They like his soft and silky hair, which proves he has good blood,
And never does he make folks mad by tracking floors with mud.

He's wiser than most common dogs, whose hair is rough and coarse.
His bark is always pleasant, and 'tis never loud nor hoarse;
He's swifter also than slow dogs who cannot catch a rat,
Because they always eat too much and get so very fat.

MORAL.

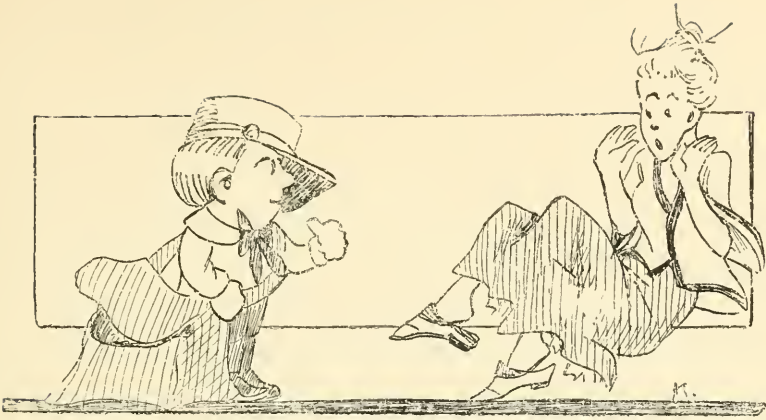
This story proves that good, pure blood is a fine thing to own,
But it can't help the puppies or the children all alone,
Unless these youthful puppies and the children, very small,
Learn to keep quite busy and to have a smile for all.



Too Ticklish to Count His Ribs

(Written for Richard Montgomery, Erie, Pa.)

In the class of physiology the teacher asked one day,
How many ribs have you, my boy, tell me, Dickie Gray?
And wiggling, giggling Dickie very promptly made reply,
"Dear teacher, I must tell the truth, for I could never lie,
But as for ribs I cannot say how many I possess.
For I'm too awful ticklish to count them, I confess."



The Young Mail Carrier

(Written for Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Woehel, Indianapolis, Ind.)

Young Billy from his lovely home disappeared one day,
 And when his mother missed her lad she thought he'd run away,
 But soon the sprightly little chap came quickly running back,
 Bearing on his shoulders small, a large round leather sack,
 And said, "Dear mother, I have been a very good, kind boy,
 Trying like the Bible says, to bring our neighbors joy.
 I played I was a postman and I paid each one a call,
 And to the people in this block, I gave them letters, all."

MOTHER: "But where, my previous little lad, my darling, honey pet,
 Where in the name of goodness these letter did you get?"

BILLY: "I found them with no trouble; they were the ones that you
 Kept in your top bureau drawer, all tied with ribbons blue."

On Thanksgiving

Before you eat good turkey, rich mince and pumpkin pies
 On that great feast or feast days when "tum-tums" grow in size,
 The good old day THANKSGIVING, the best day in the year,
 When all should be so thankful around the board of cheer.
 Then don't forget the poor ones, the hungry, cold and sad,
 Go fill their empty tables and make the whole world glad.

Living Valentines Presented By Cupid

Written February, 1909, for an entertainment at St. Paul's Episcopal Sunday School, Evansville, Ind.

CUPID: "I'm glad to see you all to-night,
And it will give my heart delight
Some lovely valentines to show
And make you wish you had a beau." (SHOWS BOW.)

FIRST PICTURE—A SUNBONNET BABY.

CUPID: "Here's a little baby fair,
But you can't see her face or hair."

BABY: "I'm some one who loves you (POINTING AT AUDIENCE).
Can't you guess who?"

SECOND PICTURE—BOY WEARING A LARGE HAT AND WITH
BACK TURNED TO THE AUDIENCE.

CUPID: "Here's another, called 'GUESS WHO,'
Come to say, 'How do you do.'"

BOY: "I'm for my own dear valentine,
Guess me and I'll be thine."

THIRD PICTURE—HEART'S DELIGHT.

CUPID: "This is Heart's Delight,
Look at her face, so beaming bright."

HEART'S DELIGHT: "If you love me, oh, my dear,
This is how I will appear." (SMILES AND SINGS A SONG.)

FOURTH PICTURE—HEART'S SORROW.

CUPID: "Watch this poor aching heart of sorrow,
He'll cry all day and perhaps to-morrow."

HEART'S SORROW: "If you do not love me, dear,
This is how I will appear."

FIFTH PICTURE—TWO JAPS.

CUPID: "Allow me the pleasure to show to thee
A very sweet picture from over the sea."

THE JAPS HOLD FANS IN FRONT OF FACES AND SING:

'Jap a ling a ling, Jap a ling a lee,
You're my Jappie baby,
If you lovee me as I lovee you
No knife can cut our love in two."

CUPID: "I'll tell you what they said,
I'm sure they mean to wed.
Cho, cho, cho, cho, nano haji tomare
Nano haga eyay nawraw teni tomare.
Dai dai mushi, dai dai mushi
Tsuno chitto dashare
Ame kaze foku kara tsuno chitto dashare."

SIXTH PICTURE—FRENCH VALENTINE.

CUPID: "Now I'll show you a lady from far away France
Who says, "Parlez-vous and knows how to dance."



FOUR YEARS OLD

FRENCH VALENTINE: "Je vous aime, je vous adore
Que voulez-vous de plus encore?"

FRENCH VALENTINE DANCES.

SEVENTH PICTURE—GERMAN VALENTINE.

CUPID: "This is a lady who wants a beau,
In her own language she'll tell you so."

GERMAN VALENTINE: "Ich liebe dich, lieben sie mich?"

EIGHTH PICTURE—COMIC VALENTINE.

CUPID: "This a comic, to make you smile,
And keep you good humored a little while."

COMIC, HOLDING A LARGE GRAVY SPOON IN ONE HAND, YELLOW MOON IN OTHER.

"Of all earthly joys, I love best to spoon
With thee, oh, my darling, 'neath the light o' the moon."

NINTH PICTURE—ANOTHER COMIC.

CUPID: "Another comic will now appear,
I hope that you his plea will hear."

BOY DRESSED IN RIDICULOUS COSTUME, KNEELING AND HOLDING A CARDBOARD HEART:

BOY: "My heart is thine, my soul is thine,
Won't you be my valentine?"

TENTH PICTURE—THE OLD-FASHIONED VALENTINE.

CUPID: "The pleasure now, dear friends, is mine,
To show you one more valentine,
This is my dear sweet valentine,
Sent to us from 'Ye olden time.'"

GIRL DRESSED IN OLD-FASHIONED COSTUME:

"I am an old-fashioned dame,
But I love you just the same."

CUPID: "And I am an Esperanto valentine,
For me dear friends, you all should pine,
Karulin' mi amas vin,
Ĉu vi amas, amas min?
Kaj nun mi deziras vin
Estu mia valentin'!"





Universal Peace

(Written for Mr. Charles Randall, Seattle, Washington, (Mia Onklo Karlo.)

Not long ago, Sir Wu Ting Fang,
 A song of peace most sweetly sang,
 Suggesting that the Pension Millions,
 Given yearly will be billions
 Unless all wars be made to cease
 By a Tribunal ruled by "PEACE."

But good Sir Fang he did not go
 Far off to Hague or else he'd know
 That Peace Tribunals bring not "PEACE,"
 Nor cause all bloody wars to cease;
 As every man from each strange land
 All other men can't understand
 E'en when the learned GO-BETWEEN
 Tries to explain and makes a scene.

Of mighty sword and mightier pen
 Poets have sung time and again,
 But they forgot in songs they sung
 To praise the power of a COMMON TONGUE,
 And ne'er will banners of PEACE be unfurled
 'Till ESPERANTO rules over the world.



All The World Cries

(Written for Katherine Wellman, Evansville, Ind.)

"Quack-quack-quack-quack!" cries Auntie Duck,
While Mother Hen goes "Cluck-cluck-cluck!"
And Papa Dog cries, "Bowwow-wow,"
And Sister Cat, "Me-ow, me-ow!"

"Eek-eek- eek- eek!" squeals Grandma Pig,
I'm growing, oh, so fat and big;"
While "Cackle-cackle" all the day,
The little goslings like to say.

Proud Grandpa Turkey struts along
With his eternal gobble-song:
Sir Horse he whinnies, "Hee-hee-hee!"
And "buzzey-buzzey" goes Miss Bee.
Sis Maud, the Mule, cries "Hee-hee-haw!"
And Missy Crow goes "Caw-caw-caw!"
Good Madam Cow cries, "Moo-moo-moo!"
And gentle Doves they "Coo-coo-coo!"
The Baby Lambs cry, "Baa-baa-baa!"
And little Kids squeal, "Ma-ma-ma!"

Could Only Ask Questions

(Written for Miss Edna Speck, Evansville, Ind.)

"Madelaine," asked her mother, when home she came at noon,
"How did you like your teacher, or can't you tell so soon?"

MADELAINE.

"Oh, yes, I formed my 'pinion long 'fore I started home,
She's rather pleasant, looks quite wise, and wears a lovely comb,
But surely she is stupid in spite of her wise looks,

'Cause she only asked us questions from out a lct of books.



Let The Bumble Be

(Written for Cousin Virginia Rehn.)

One day I saw a bumble bee bumbling on a rose,
 And as I stood admiring him he stung me on the nose,
 My nose in pain, it swelled so large it looked like a potato,
 So Daddy said, though Mother thought 'twas more like a tomato.
 And now dear children this advice I hope you'll take from me,
 And when you see a bumble bee just let that bumble be.



Take That Gum From Your Mouth And Put Your Feet In

(Written for Cousin Pauline Sackville.)

Young Susie was quite noted for having great large feet,
 And for working both her jaws, this maid could not be beat.
 Her wad of gum she always bore with her unto the school,
 Though well she knew she might be spanked, for 'twas against the rule,
 But skillfully she hid this gum, did naughty little Sue,
 'Thoug off' behind her little book she took a little chew,
 But once when she was building up a castle in the air,
 And thought she was a lady rich and most entrancing fair,
 While stretching out her legs and feet into the narrow aisle
 And thinking of sweet Bobby Jones, the maid began to smile.
 Then suddenly the teacher cried, above the school room's din,
 "Take that gum from out your mouth and put your feet right in."

The Tersest Bathing Suit

This story was told to the author by Mr. Marshall White, Evansville, Ind.

When to the seashore Robert went, with Ma and Sister Nell,
 He met a wise professor, who soon taught him to spell,
 Likewise to read of fairy lore and use a real steel pen
 To write to his own father dear, who like most all the men
 Must ever stay at home and work to earn the cents to pay
 For wife and children's outing 'till the summer slips away.

Now all the strange, uncommon words which little Bob could find,
 He stored away and tried to keep in his small, active mind
 So as to use in writing notes to his dear fat old Dad,
 And when the big folks used strange words it made him very glad.
 So one day when of something TERSE he heard his sister tell,
 He asked her for its meaning and he thus rewarded Nell
 By writing to his father, dear, "Oh, Daddy, you should see
 Nell's awful TERSEST bathing suit, which won't reach to her knee."



Furs Lined With Kittens

(Written for Adaline Sherman, Wheeling, W. Va.)

Said a rich little girl, who was boasting one day,
 "I'ze too many furs, so I throws dem away,"
 But her poor little friend, who fine furs had none,
 In braggadocia could not be outdone,
 And proudly she showed her little fur mittens
 And said, "I'ze sum odders, do deys lined wid kittens."

A Boy's Description Of A Goat

(Written for Cousin James Diller.)

When the teacher asked young Leo to write a little rhyme
 Describing some strange animal he'd seen at any time,
 He seized his long slate pencil and this is what he wrote
 About the common animal, which children call a goat:
 A goat is stronger than a pig,
 But often it is not as big.
 It has four legs just like a horse,
 But never runs on a race-course.
 It gives good milk, though not as much
 As cows and elephants and such,
 But more than any bull or ox,
 Rooster, ram, or sly old fox.
 Like any mule a goat likes hay
 And all tin cans we throw away.
 He's useful and I'm fond of him,
 But some good folks have a strange whim
 To hold their noses when he's near,
 And act as if they greatly fear
 To touch his fur which has the smell
 Of something I know very well.
 The odor I'd know anywhere,
 It's like Dad's tonic for his hair.



A Riddle

(Written for Miss Mame Leo, Erie, Pa.)

One night 'neath the light of a silvery moon
 There sat on a log pile a very fat coon
 And also a little most cunning brown fellow
 Eating of melon so juicy and mellow.
 The large robust coon and the wee little one
 Thought they were having a bushel of fun,
 And laughed very loudly in notes of pure glee,
 For they were as happy as happy could be.

So here is a riddle I'll give now to you,
 Guess the relations there was 'twixt the two.

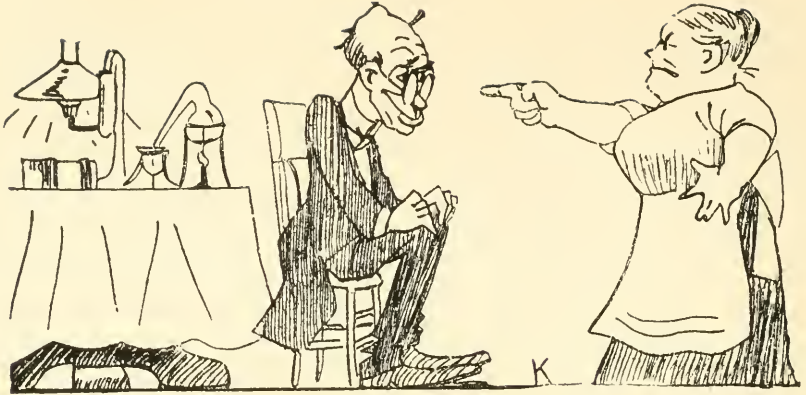
ANSWER.

Most everyone answers, "Why, father and son."
 Not so—'twas a Mammy and her little one.

Grandpa's Head Cums Frew His Hair

(Written for Margaret Ruston, Evansville, Ind., and Mr. Wm. Warren, of Newburg, Ind.)

When Margaret was a youngster scarcely two years old,
 At climbing chairs and tables this lass was very bold,
 And one day when her grandpa was seated in his chair,
 She climbed upon the round'd rungs as if they were a stair,
 And looking at her Grandpa's head, which fast was growing bald,
 She cried out, "Dearest Grandpa, one time you must hab falled,
 Or maybe you've been naughty and dot an awful scare,
 Which taised de top ob yu's round head to tum right frew de hair."



Susan Rewarded For Twenty Year's Service

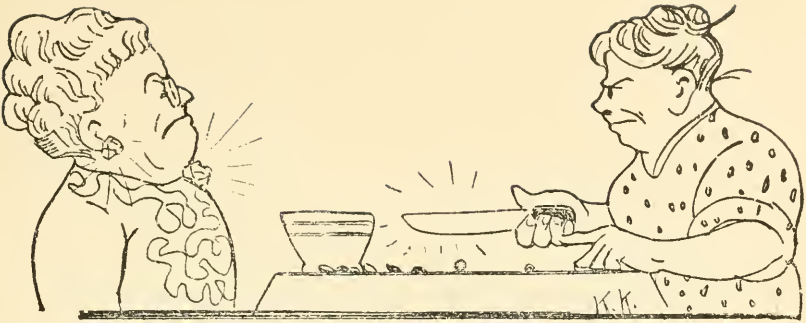
(Written for Dr. and Mrs. W. Baker, Terre Haute, Ind.)

Professor Theophilus Socrates Snook,
 One day paid a visit to Susan, his cook,
 And beaming upon her with kindest look
 Said, "Susan, my dear, please gaze at this book.
 In here you may learn of elephantiasis,
 And also the hookworm, uncinariasis;
 Of craw-craw and chiggers, of ainhum and sprue,
 And all that I've written about them is true.
 Now, Susan, to me you've been faithful, my dear,
 In keeping my house for many a year;
 For years nearly twenty you've been now with me,
 Cooking my victuals just as they should be,
 And truly I think a reward I should pay
 To one who has labored from day unto day.
 So when I discovered a wondrous new germ,
 Which causes young children to wiggle and squirm,
 I thought that this bug for you I would name
 And bring you great glory and honor and fame.
 It's a wondrous discovery, this ungomariasis,
 And so we will call it the S^USANBONPIASIS."

"No, thank you, your honor," said Susan Bawben,
 "I had the bugs once and don't want 'em again.
 And if you onsist upon callin' me BUGS.
 I'll lave you alone wid your books and your drugs."



FIVE YEARS OLD



Bridget Makes Split Pea Soup

(Written for Lieutenant and Mrs. Arthur Crenshaw, U. S. N.)

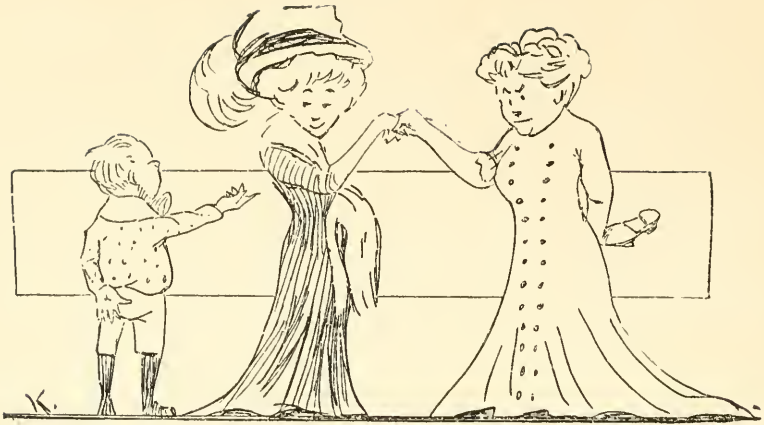
"Bridget," asked the mistress, "whatever is the matter, Nothing ready for our lunch excepting pancake batter? Why, I invited guests to come for lunch at half past one And they've been waiting all this time and yet there's nothing done."

"Well, mum," replied Miss Bridget, "the fault is all your own, For split pea soup you ordered and workin' here alone, It's took me most two hours while tryin' just to split Three hundred of these blarsted peas, which give me most a rit, And as there's still three hundred, 'twill take two hours more To split the pesky little things, shure as me name's MAHORE!"



Lazy White Men Sit While Flying Through The Air

Poor Lo, the Indian, disrespects his brothers wise and fair,
Who now on aeroplanes are wont to make trips through the air.
He watches them go circling like birds up in the skies,
Then grunts, "Heap lazy white man, he sits down when he flies."



To Save Him From A Whipping

(Written for Howard Roosa, Evansville, Ind.)

When Mrs. Hall, who had spent the day
 With Mrs. Greene, was going away,
 Wee curly headed naughty Joe
 Begged so hard that she wouldn't go.

Now all the day this roguish lad
 Had disobeyed and been quite bad,
 So Mrs. Hall, in great surprise,
 Paused and looked in his brown eyes,
 While saying, "I'm so glad to know
 You love me truly, dearest Joe."

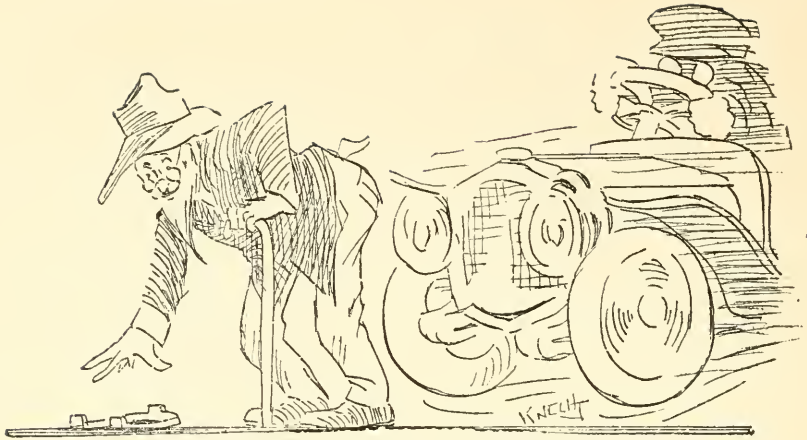
"Oh, 'tisent that," said honest Joe,
 "I wouldn't mind for you to go
 Except my mother said to-day,
 She'd whip me when you went away."



A Skillet In Society (Alias A Chafing Dish)

(Written for Mrs. Katherine Brown, Indianapolis, Ind.)

I heard my mother, just to-day, asking dear old dad,
 To buy her a nice chafing-dish and make her very glad;
 Though he declared its cooking was a waste of alcohol,
 Causing indigestion and perhaps a doctor's call.
 I never saw a chafing-dish and so I longed to know
 How it looked and what 'twas for and so and so and so;
 But mother would not answer and daddy went away,
 So I sought the kitchen, where Bridget holds her sway,
 And asked her if she ever saw, since she began to cook,
 A chafing-dish on pantry shelf or pictured in a book?
 Then Bridget turned her pug nose up with a "contempshus" air,
 And gave a twist to her small knot of brick dust colored hair,
 And said, "A chafing-dish, my dear, so says Miss B. Moriety,
 Is but a common skillet pan that's got in High Society."



Autos Change Good Luck

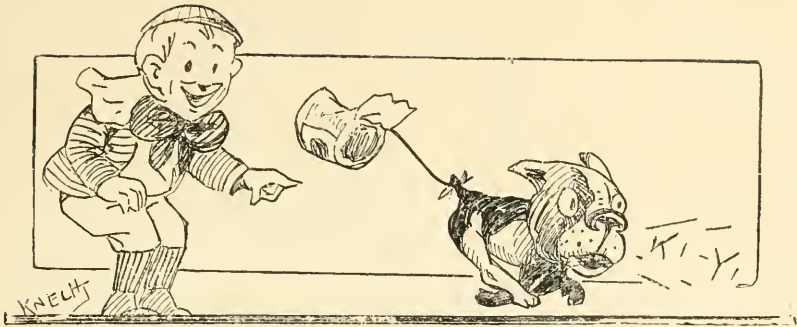
(Written for Uncle Cicero Stoner.)

Poor Uncle Zeke, he's very sad, and says the whole world's wrong,
 For when he was a little boy it was a common song,
 To sing about the luck which came from finding a horse shoe,
 And in those good old lucky days the sign was always true.

But Sunday when poor Uncle Zeke was walking on the street,
 He saw a lucky horseshoe which was lying at his feet,
 And as he stooped to seize the prize which lay before him there,
 Along an automobile came and whizzed him in the air.

To-day I saw him lying still and pale upon his couch,
 And oh, my goodness gracious, but he had an awful grouch!
 His hands and arms in bandages were tied securely up,
 And on his forehead was a bump like Aunt Mariah's cut

He told me I should listen well and take his counsel sage,
 And never try to get good luck in this fierce auto age,
 By picking up a horse's shoe in street or country road
 No more than I would stoop to seize a common green back toad



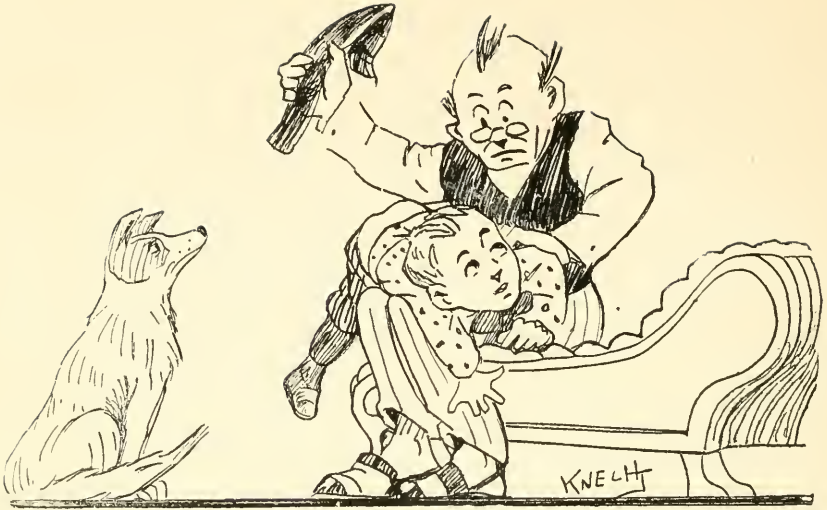
A Boy Who Was Hero And Villian

(Written for Uncle Ernest Sackville.)

One day in a big meeting held by a MERCY-BAND,
 The leader asked each little boy to hold up his right hand
 If he could tell of any deed of kindness he had done
 In saving some poor animal or helping any one.
 Then Ernest held his hand on high and pride suffused his face,
 As from his seat he quickly rose and took the speaker's place,
 While speaking loud in accents clear, "I saved a little pup
 Who had his tail in a tin can all tied securely up.
 I took the can from off his tail and made him bark with joy,
 So mother said and so said dad—I was a darling boy."

"And so say I," the leader said, while calling him her "DEAR,"
 "But how I wish the wicked boy who did the deed was here."
 ERNEST.

"Well, here he is, for I'm the boy who did that deed as well,
 So I could take the tin can off and of my goodness tell."



Wise Ignatius Escapes A Whipping

(Written for Edgar and Melville Garvin, Evansville, Ind.)

"Father," said learned Ignatius, as the strap was preparing to fall
 Down on his trouserless bare-skin, "I don't mind a whipping at all,
 But are you quite certain, dear father, the strap has been well sterilized
 For virulent germs in old leather are often concealed and disguised:
 And surely by violent impact with textile and soft porous skin,
 But lately exposed to the street's dust there's danger of entering in
 Upon my most delicate system, and then comes the big doctor's fee,
 So dear father show you're a wise man and touch not that strap upon
 me."

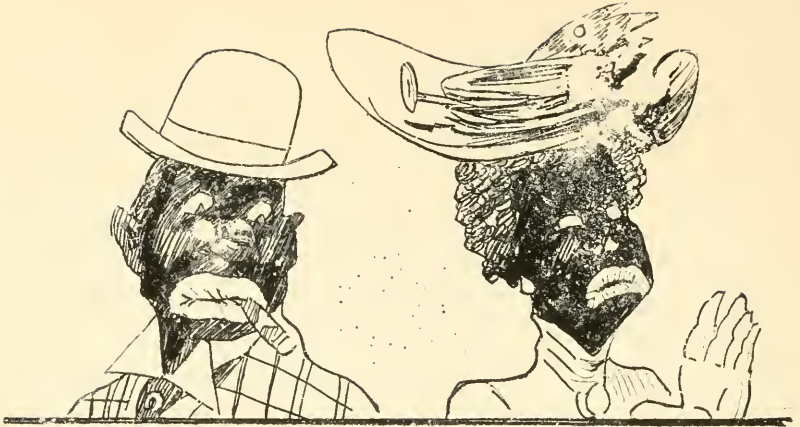
While the learned youth plead, lo! his father upon that dread strap
 loosed his hold,
 And thus he escaped from a whipping, Ignatius, the wise and the bold.



Nervous Jelly

(Written for Charles Donnelly, Evansville, Ind.)

One day when there was company, wee greedy Lillie May,
 Took the jelly nearly all when it was passed her way;
 And in great haste she ate it up with her small silver spoon,
 But oh, alas, the Piggiewig! she was discovered soon
 By mother, who was greatly shocked to see her naughty elf
 Eating like a greedy boy from off the kitchen shelf.
 But mother couldn't scold aloud for fear the guest would hear,
 And so she softly whispered, "Don't eat that way, my dear."
 Then Mrs. Dean, the company, she patted Lillie's head,
 And smiling at the jellied face, she to the culprit said,
 "I've always liked the jelly good which makes my bread so sweet,
 And surely it tastes better still when with a spoon we eat
 This lovely, wobbling dainty, which is loved by one and all,
 From little girls and tiny boys to great men, large and tall."
 This speech encouraged Lillie May, who nodded her wise head
 And said, "Besides dis jelly is too nervous for to spread."



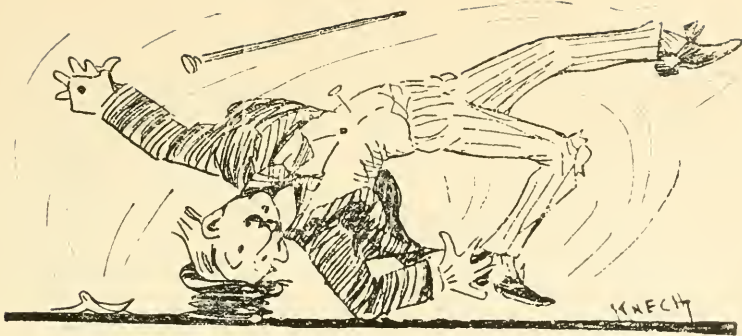
One Johnson More, One Smith Less

(Written for Salibelle Royster, Smith's Mills, Kentucky.)

When Zekiel Rastus Johnson had the courage to propose
 To lovely Miss Amanda Smith, she turned up her flat nose
 And said, "Now Rastus Johnson, how dare you ask of me
 To change my 'ristocratic name and Mrs. Johnson be,
 When now in the directory, the Johnsons are ahead
 Of our most noted family, so 'course I would not wed
 With you to make one Johnson more to swell the Johnson line,
 While Smiths in number take back seats where they can never shine



SIX YEARS OLD



Pride

(Written for St. Nicholas, June, 1909.)

The Bible says that pride's the cause of people falling down,
 And an example of this truth I once saw in our town,
 When we were driving on the street and watching passers-by,
 From out a store stepped a fine dude, all dressed in silk hat high,
 And pants so tight he could not take a single manly stride,
 His moustache curled and round his neck a ribbon pink and wide,
 While in his hand a gold head cane, which he twirled round and round,
 So that the people all would know a great man was in town:
 But being filled with pride of self he did not know his heel
 Had come in contact with a part of a banana peel
 Until it felled him to the earth and smashed his silk hat's crown
 And even then he did not know 'twas PRIDE that knocked him down.



Job Smarter Than Modern Babies

"Mother," said Lida, "why can't brother speak,
Is he so stupid or only just weak,
Like poor ancient Grandma, when she has a cold,
And loses her voice so she can't even scold?"

"No, darling," said mother, "your brother can't talk,
Eat sugar candy, nor even yet walk,
As he is a baby the size of your doll,
And babies can't talk when they are so small."

"Then, mother," said Lida, "the kids nowadays
Are not half so smart in all of their ways
As babies who lived in the long, long ago,
For dear teacher told me (so 'course it is so.)
That Job in the Bible cursed the day he was born,
I 'spose like big Tom, when he can't play his horn."



Only Naughty Children See "Spooks" On Hallow'een

(Written for Aunt Winifred Broad,
Stockleigh Pomeroy, England.)

Witches and goblins, spooks and elves,
With sprites and gnomes from elf-land delves,
To-night are flying here and there,
Yes, up and down and everywhere.
For this one night in all the year,
They rule the earth and bring great fear
To all the naughty little boys
Who tease good girls and break their toys.

These spooks they also make girls sad
When they are selfish, cross and bad;
So when it's dark, bad boys and maids
They see these awful fearsome shades,
And that is why with covered heads,
They trembling lie in their warm beds.

But even there, they goblins see,
Spooks, and gnomes and all that be
Abroad upon weird Hallow'een,
When all the wizards may be seen
By naughty kids and grown up folks,
Who like to play most wicked jokes.

But good young girls and gentle boys,
The kids who are their mothers' joys,
They like the dark just as the light,
For spooks ne'er come within their sight,
And in their dreams the lovely elves
Show them bright scenes from fairy delves

So, if to-night you are afraid
Of any spook or any shade,
We'll know you are a naughty child,
So cross and willful, rude and wild.

KNECHT

Six Year Old Girl Writes Poem Hoping To Save Forest Trees

(From "The Woman's National Daily.")

The following rhyme was written by a little 6-year-old-girl in hopes to save a beautiful forest near Evansville, Ind., and to help the Children's Outing Farm. A short account of the little girl's work as an Esperantist appeared in a recent issue of *The National Daily* and a number of articles concerning her abilities as a linguist have appeared in other publications.

She is the youngest child in the world holding a diploma from Dr. Zamenhof for being able to read, write and speak in Esperanto, and she also speaks French as well as English.

This little girl, who was born in Norfolk, Va., has been a lover of books since her babyhood days. She knew Mother Goose by heart when but 1 year of age and learned to read when but 2. At 4 she read Lamb's *Tales of Shakespeare* and had finished the fifth reader. A few months ago she was sent to school, but could not be graded, as she could read, write and spell anything, but knew nothing of arithmetic. The noted mathematician, Mrs. Hornbrook, of Chicago, having met the little girl at Chautauqua, N. Y., and knowing of her mental powers, asked to instruct her in this branch, and she soon taught her the rudiments of arithmetic.

She is the daughter of Dr. J. B. Stoner, Surgeon in the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, and Winifred Sackville Stoner, President of the Woman's Esperanto League.

An Appeal To The Fairies

Good Fairies, save the lovely trees which live on Coal Mine Hill!
 Their home has been your home so long, your hearts with grief would ill
 Should stout men armed with axes come and fell them to the earth,
 These monarchs of the forest, these jewels of great worth.
 The giant oaks and stately elms, the rulers of this wood,
 Have watched the growth of Evansville and helped it as they could.
 They gave their shade and soft bright leaves to make a downy nest
 To shelter the first baby boy that Evansville possessed.
 Before this city had a church in which both bad and good
 Could ask forgiveness of the Lord, they worshipped in this wood;
 And those who love the beautiful and lovely scenes to see,
 They climb upon this grassy hill and stand beneath some tree,
 While gazing far as eye can reach to fair Kentucky's lands,
 Or looking at the river shore on which our city stands.
 Above their heads the bright blue sky, green grass beneath their feet,
 And all around a lovely scene such as we seldom meet;
 Green pastures with cows grazing, broad river flowing by,
 And many tall church spires lifted toward the sky.
 No fitter place for children nor grown-up folks could be
 Than on this lovely Coal Mine Hill where Nature we may see.
 'Tis here the little orphans and poor children all around
 Find the greatest pleasures which in this woods abound.
 So, dearest, kindest Fairies, please rescue these grand trees,
 And save them for the children—we ask you on our knees.

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