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POEMS

ARTHUR F. FULLER



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POEMS

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ARTHUR FRANKLIN FULLER

A BOOK OF
POEMS
BY
ARTHUR FRANKLIN FULLER

VOLUME V.



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A RECKONING

I'm thinking now of you, dear friend,
Because 'tis Christmas Day;
Through Retrospection's paths I wend,
And yield to Fancy's sway.

Each soul is a ship upon Life's sea—
Must bear both calms and gales;
A reckoning there oft must be,
To note how now she sails.

Each starts, attended—when all is fair,
But braves alone the deep;
So, few and precious are those who care
A friendly port to keep.

The times and things we two have shared—
Which formed our common ground,
Have woven bonds which Love has spared,
Since Faith our friendship crowned.

I'll think of you throughout the year,
At rest, at work and mart;
There'll always be your place, my dear—
A shrine within my heart.

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CALIFORNIA

Your letter came today and pleased me well—
I'm glad to sit right down and try to tell
What can be found in this dear "Golden State";
Don't think I overdraw—I'll tell it straight.

Within its boundaries you can find
'Most every climate you could call to mind;
Yet for the most part, it is milder here,
And nearly ideal, any time of year.

The East lies buried deep in ice and snow,
When here the grass and trees the greenest show;
The sky is bright and sun shines clear most days
In California—theme for poet's lays.

Electric lines, like giant spider webs,
Convenience give—the steam-roads' prestige ebbs;
While miles of boulevard lie beside the sea,
And lead o'er hill, o'er vale, by ranch and lea.

You'd see great droves of cattle—herds of sheep;
The stock-farms, truck-farms—then your gaze
could sweep
O'er groves of walnuts, fields of cotton, too;
The spine-less cactus—best fodder e'er man grew!

Here fields of sugar-beets the eye will please,
And sweet alfalfa waves in luscious seas;
In Coachella valley, date-palms spread—
In Yucaipa land grow apples big and red.

The ostrich and the alligator farms
Afford amusement—add to feminine charms;
The San Joaquin valley adds its tasty store
Of figs, grapes, prunes and luscious things galore.

But the greatest thing of all in this great land
Is the orange grove—so fragrant and so grand;
Casabas sweet with water-melons vie,
While grape-fruit and peach orchards oft you'll
 spy.

'Tis in Tulare county where one sees
A wonder of the world—the *redwood trees*;
Why there are some near thirty feet at base,
That reach three hundred feet up into space!

But many love the eucalyptus best—
Some stand one hundred feet from ground to crest;
While in the background loom the mountains
 grim—
Here's scenery to meet one's every whim.

There's beautiful Lake Tahoe—I 'most forgot—
A splendid place to go to fish and yacht;
In California's marshes cranes we see—
In the mountains, wolves, deer, bears and lions be!

'Round Bakersfield comes little from the soil,
But there a world of wealth is found in oil;
There's scarce a thing you'll name but here is
found—
Of all the stuff that's taken from the ground.

Within our cities one can go and find,
In color, tongue, religion—his own kind;
Poor folks declare the climate safest yet—
Because for fuel and clothes they've less to fret.

This State's a splendid place to come and rest—
And those who can stay the longest are most blest;
They renew their joy in living—for they see
One place where things are as we'd have them be.

So many come for health and find it here—
Some come too late for aught to help or cheer;
Here Father Time wears an indulgent smile,
And for the old folks, just turns back a while!

The yards and hedges yield for slightest care,
Profusion great—there're flowers everywhere;
Sweet violets, roses and geranium,
Poinsettia, poppy and chrysanthemum.

Who *could* from loving flowers now refrain—
Make these dear smiles of God exist in vain?
Hydrangea, hyacinth and lilies white,
Nasturtiums and sweet peas, e'en *bees* delight!

The gaudy moths and butterflies flit past
In glad parade—no need for them to fast;
The humming-birds call California *home*—
When joy and food abounds, what need to roam?

All through the night the mocking birds here sing;
By day, red-headed linnets on the wing,
Fruit-robbers prove—yet pipe sweet tunes; just
hark!
Yon bull-finch rivaling nightingale and lark.

Strut, satin-blackbird—sing, gay oriole—
Make man expand his sordid, hardened soul;
Ye sportive seals, make merry 'mid the rocks—
Ducks, geese and quail, speed, marshward in gay
flocks.

All nature's joyous—life is worth the while—
Sure all have blessings—only fools revile;
If Fortune lets you come out *Sunset Way*,
You'll swear "Old Cal" 's a bully place to stay!



CONSECRATION

My Father, I delight to do Thy will—
With heavenly pelf would I my coffers fill;
If there be any place I can supply
Accept my humble answer, ““Here am I.””
See now my all upon thine altar laid
Though torn by my misuse and sadly frayed,
Through Christ’s atonement, spare me from Thy
rod—

Now I delight to do Thy will, O God.

How precious, Lord, is that thou hast revealed—
How sweet the Truths within Thy Word con-
cealed!

And just to think that *God* could notice me
Whom little lords of earth would scorn to see!
The Adversary mocks and rudely tears,
But I take heart, rejoiced to know *God* cares;
Though I may stumble oft, I’ll Homeward plod,
And strive to know and do Thy will, O God.

Help me to be a faithful steward here,
To humbly do my best without a fear;
Ah, let me be a fool for Jesus’ sake—
Yet ne’er Thy Truth as pearls a show to make
Before the swine; but harmless as a dove,
And wise as any serpent, prove that Love
Can suffer long; though counted odd,
’Tis sweet indeed, to do Thy will, O God.

I thank Thee, Lord, my privilege has been
To see the exceeding sinfulness of sin—
That Thy strength is made perfect in the weak—
When taught of God, the unlearned with wisdom
speak;

How sweet to feel, Thou'rt mindful of Thine own;
Wilt make a harvest from the seed that's sown—
Ah, man can never into progress plod,
Except he do Thy will, Thou righteous God!

Life's disappointments, trials, and intricacy,
But save from indolence and degeneracy;
And Thou permittest Evil but to mould,
To chisel, chasten, render fit to hold
Some place laid open by Thine own design—
E'en grapes must bear the press to yield their wine!
Though smooth the way or rough with joy I plod,
Since I have learned to love thy will, O God!

O let me *trust*—and give as I receive—
They nothing lack who on Thy Word believe;
My all of talents, powers, time, I owe
To Thee who bore so much the way to show;
To live is to work for Christ—in death I'll *rest*.
And 'wait Thy coming—Thou'lt accept my best—
I'll thrill to Life and wake from 'neath the sod,
At Thy "*Come forth!*"—I love Thy will, my
God!

HIS FIRST PANTS

I des I'se mos' a man—
Taws now I'se wearin' pants;
Pop says I'se growin' all I can—
Des' gib me lots of chance!

I ain't got 'spenders yet—
Deeze fasten to my waist—
Our baby still wears button shoes—
I'se big—'cuz dese is laced.

I doe to Sun'y school—
Dis penny's goin' dare—
I'se never goin' to break a rule
Or scratch my new red chair.

My pottet's full of things
I need and want to keep—
My knife, a pencil, nails and strings—
Don't tell you had a peep!

I mus' look jus' like dad—
My doodness ain't I fine—
Deeze pants wuz made fum some he had,
I'se ossel proud dere mine!

THE PRODIGAL PUP

I'm just a small fox-terrier pup;
My hair is short and white except
A spot of black that covers up
One ear and half my face; I'm kept
Inside the house most every day—
Especially when the weather's cool—
With me the children romp and play,
But I'm really owned by Harry Poole.

Each day, about half way to noon,
My mistress goes out to the store—
She always says she'll be back soon,
But waiting proves to be a bore;
So one fine day I thought I'd try,
And, (unbeknownst to her) slip out—
I'd hide in some good place close by,
To follow—and that section scout.

The scheme worked fine—'twas such a lark!
I met a girl-pup, fluffy white;
You *know* I had to stop and spark—
My mistress soon got out of sight;
I wandered 'round an awful while,
Until toward dark a man jocose,
Just coaxed me near with subtle guile,
And took me right into his house!

I never saw so many kids—
All sizes, from the creeper up;
They pulled and mauled—such treatment bids
One wish he were a *rubber* pup;
I thought of Harry's gentler ways—
And got right homesick then and there—
I guess that roving *seldom* pays—
It's safer where there're friends and care.

They kept me for an age it seemed—
They seldom gave me food or drink;
Of such a fix I never dreamed—
I don't know what such people think!
A knock was heard at the kitchen door—
I barked as every house-dog should—
With joy I thrilled right to the core,
For on the step my master stood!

A great reunion then took place—
He grabbed me up into his arms,
While happy tears ran down his face,
And both forgot our past alarms;
He crooned to me the whole way back,
I licked his face and hands—
They fed me till I thought I'd crack,
From joy my stump-tail near wagged off!

BILLY BOY

"Just ten minutes since I dressed you,
In your frock so clean and white—
But you've been in mother's pantry,
And you're smeared with *jam*, you wight!
But your pranks are soon forgotten;
Every night I brim with joy,
When you cuddle up to mother—
Billy-boy, my Billy-boy.

"You're an orphan—I'm a widow—
Oft I yearn for days of yore—
For I sometimes get discouraged,
Keeping grey-wolf from the door;
Ah, the world is cold and cruel,
How life's problems do annoy—
But I know my baby loves me:
Billy-boy, my Billy-boy!

"I can almost see you growing—
'Twon't be long till you're a man;
'Twon't be long till you've a sweetheart—
Live your life as best you can!
Don't forget your 'lone old mother,
When your *home* fills life with joy—
When your fond wife softly murmurs:
'Billy-boy, my Billy-boy.' "

Don't forget the hand that rocked you—
Don't forget your mother's care—
When you were a helpless infant,
Hardships often she did bear;
Giving all, yet asking nothing—
Prayed that angels safe convoy;
Love her, till the Master calls her—
Billy-boy, dear Billy-boy!



STARTED RIGHT

I'm a half-orphan—father died the very day
That I was eight years old; an' people say
I look just like my daddy—maybe that's why
My mother loves me so; I mean to try
To do just everything my daddy said,
That day he had me sit upon his bed.
Why, I remember every single word—
My head was clear, though tears my eyes had
blurred.

Dad said, that talk was bound to be the last,
Because he saw the end was nearin' fast;
There ain't no boy but needs a father's hand,
To keep him straight and make him understand;
He said, "My son, I hate to leave you now—
But, *be a man*, and bravely take the plow.
I'll have to leave your mother in your care—
Report to *God* each night in humble prayer!"

He told me much there isn't time to tell,
"Get started right, stay right—you'll finish well!"
Some say to 'sow wild oats' means happiness—
But dad said, "Sin brings only bitterness.
Those things some say to do to make a man,
Just make a *brute*—you spurn that dirty span!"
Forget dad's talk? Leave mom? You bet I
won't—
I'm goin' to be a *man*—see if I don't.

OUR THANKSGIVIN' DUCK

Thanksgivin' comes but onct a year—
A day of thankfulness and cheer;
It's proper folks should celebrate—
Their blessings, pause and estimate;
Though you've small cause delight to feel,
Rejoice then in the Nation's weal;
Ef eating turkey's not your luck,
Be satisfied to have a duck.

A farmer friend took kindly thought,
So on his way to town, he brought
A dandy little quackless duck—
The cutest thing I ever struck;
His wings were brown—the rest was white,
A waddlin' duck's a curious sight—
Sure—feed him good—it's bound to pay—
We'll eat him on Thanksgivin' Day.

There's just my wife, the kid an' me,
That duck would just be right for three!
To tend him was our daily care,
He got good water, grub and air;
He grew like sixty—big and fat;
I built a roost—he hissed at that!
He foiled my dreams and crushed my pride!
Thanksgiving eve he up and died!

There by his trough he calmly laid;
Fond hopes of dinner 'gan to fade—
Perhaps he played that trick for spite—
But now he's dead, what use to fight?
We'll only have plain milk and mush,
Our appetites with which to hush;
We're thankful yet—don't mean to kick—
Ef we'd et him we'd all been sick.



CRADLE SONG

The deepening twilight bids thee hush,
The stars light up the milky-way,
Lie still and listen to the thrush
As he thrills this soothing lay:
Hush, sweet baby, hush!

The oriole's babes are sleeping now,
No fears distress them in their nest,
Cozily swinging from the bough
Close to their mother's breast:
Hush, sweet baby, hush!

As close, dear babe, I am holding thee,
Trust like the birds—to trust is well,
For thou art dear to God—and me;
And this the Saviour came to tell:
Hush, sweet baby, hush!



UGLY ELLEN

October's blasts blow raw and chill
In frolic mad o'er vale and hill;
Around the house they shriek and moan—
Through leafless trees they whizz and groan,
In whirling eddys in the street,
Dead leaves and twigs in mourning meet;
The dark comes quick with noises queer—
The most depressing time of year.

A mother sat in her kitchen neat,
Preparing toothsome things to eat—
Came hurried steps and draught so cool,
To prove that Ellen was home from school;
She came with song and laugh before—
Today her books drop to the floor,
As sinking down at mother's knee,
She gives full vent to misery.

When Ellen's grief was nearly spent,
The mother into causes went;
For none can find in any land,
A friend so quick to understand;
And none can comfort—dry the tears,
Renew the hope and calm the fears,
Like mother 'neath the shrine of home,
Where grief-tried hearts should always come.

“ ’Twas Jennie Northrup made that speech—
The others love to hear her preach!
She thinks she’s smart because she’s rich!
She’s pretty—but she needs the switch.
I cannot help my carrot locks,
Or being clumsy as an ox—
My freckles and my poor pug-nose,
Are poor excuse for snobbish blows.”

“ ‘That Ellen’s face will be her doom—
She is the ugliest in our room—
The rich and handsome men, you’ll see,
All marry pretty girls, like me!
But ugly girls like her—why fudge!
She’s bound to be a kitchen drudge—
But I’ll wear silks and be a queen,
While such as she, get envy-green.’ ”

The mother said: “Don’t cry, my child—
Your school-mate’s frank, but far from mild;
Yet all her dreams may not come true—
We’ll hope to see the matter through;
A ‘beauty’ is unfortunate—
At best she finds a jealous mate—
Is spoiled, made selfish, kept a toy;
Will have temptation—know least joy.

“For Beauty kindles carnal fires—
Makes worldly things bind all desires;
Thus selfish traits grow on apace—
The vanities of life debase;
You can't be beautiful—'Tis so!.
You *can* be clean and goodness show;
Improve your mind, gain charm and grace,
And make of home a happy place.”

October's blasts blow raw and chill,
In frolic mad, o'er vale and hill—
Around the house they shriek and moan,
Through leafless trees they whizz and groan;
But Ellen feels no more depressed
For hidden deep within her breast
Are mother-sown ideals to prize
Which Ellen means to realize.



CHRISTMAS TIME

Hurrah—it's Christmas-time again!
The time of crispy weather;
Ah, Love and Cheer are captains then,
And dear ones get together;
Let go the real and fancied grudge—
The *tomahawk* go bury;
We're all in debt to one great Judge,
So let's be good—and merry.

Lay every grievance on the shelf,
And keep the circle growing;
Who hates his neighbor, harms himself—
We'll *reap* from what we're *sowing*;
Decide to do *somebody*, good—
Just let the grouchy pester;
Enjoy this Christmas as you should,
And be a jolly jester.

Let holly from the curtains swing—
Have mistletoe in plenty;
Break up your wrinkles—laugh and sing—
Make old folks act like twenty;
An *innocent* kiss will work no ill,
Though cheeks blush like a cherry;
Make some sad heart with pleasure thrill—
It's Christmas-time—be merry!

If fortune hasn't smiled on you,
And you can't give *one* present,
Brush up your seedy clothes and do
Your best at being pleasant;
Though Christmas finds you wandered far
Away from kindred's bevy,
Don't let *hard times* your spirits mar—
Let mails with *Love* be heavy.

Now when you get to *feeling good*,
Be gentle as a rabbit—
Retain your Christmas smile and cheer,
Until you *get the habit*;
Just let your war-tools rust and rot—
Though worldlings think you flappy—
A grudge *gets even* when forgot!
It's Christmas-time—be happy!



DEAR LITTLE HAND

Dear little hand and wise little heart,
Words cannot measure the sweet you impart;
Blessed am I since you understand,
And I know that you love me by this little hand.

Dear little hand—it is a cold world—
Into a wreck are one's hopes sometimes hurled;
There stands no soul so brave or so grand,
But needs such a comfort as this little hand.

Dear little hand, I ever will prize
Your gentle touch and the news it implies;
Care flies away when this magic wand,
Creeps softly to me—Oh, this dear little hand.

Dear little hand—why, what would I do,
Without my heavenly Father and you?
Mercy He showed toward me when He planned,
Unselfish devotion from this little hand.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

At the instant of going to press (Dec. 3, 1913) with Volume V added to the 144 pages foregoing, this Book of Poems has been on the market only three months. It has been praised in the highest terms by the most cultured people—by book-lovers, teachers, elocutionists and professional people of the highest standing, both in this country and Great Britain.

It has been sent on approval to but two institutions. Both accepted it on its merits. Therefore it may be found both in the libraries of the University of California, and the County Hospital of Los Angeles, which would seem to indicate that those who are most competent to pass judgment upon such work, esteem it worthy of a place in anyone's library.

We quote from the Berkeley Daily Gazette:

"It will be observed that this volume contains poems in all short forms, according to modern usage. It is apparently designed to entertain, comfort, stimulate and enthuse the reader to a greater appreciation of life and its opportunities. In poetry, the accumulated results of much thought are given. In certain instances a year has been

spent evolving four eight-line stanzas. For this reason, good poetry can be read and re-read. Fuller's book shows careful work.

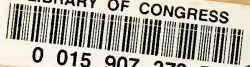
"In this carnal age, we do not often find a volume of new poetry of as much merit as this. In it are true reflections of experiences common to mankind, sincerely and prettily expressed, which will find echo in the hearts of many of its readers. While reading, one is filled with amazement that a man so afflicted could have such beautiful thoughts. He is gifted with perception and analysis—has strong feeling and easy facility of expression. There are both smiles and tears for the intelligent reader between the covers of this artistic volume."

Its author has been unable to walk or sit for fourteen years, and has been further handicapped by an affliction of the eyes which has made him unable to read or endure any considerable close ocular application, for nineteen years.

He was born in Chicago, June 1st, 1880. He is afflicted with Spinal and Heart trouble, and has been treated by over one hundred physicians and healers, representing every method. He has been a patient in five hospitals.



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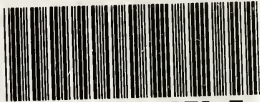


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