

FRIENDLY
RHYMES

OLD FRIENDS
IN JOYOUS
VERSE

JAMES W. FOLEY



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FRIENDLY RHYMES





John Wolcott Adams

THE LOVABLE LASS OF THE GROUCHY OLD MAN

[Frontispiece]

FRIENDLY RHYMES

OLD FRIENDS IN JOYOUS VERSE

BY

JAMES W. FOLEY

Author of

"BOYS AND GIRLS," "TALES OF THE TRAIL," "VOICES OF SONG," ETC.

Illustrated by

JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS



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INSCRIBED WITH AFFECTION
TO MY OLD FRIEND AND COMPANION
GEORGE W. HARRISON

NOTE

MANY of these verses appeared originally as contributions to *The Saturday Evening Post* in a period of some fifteen years of occasional offering. The courtesy of *The Post* in permitting reproduction in this form is acknowledged, as is also that of *The Century*, *Life*, *The Pictorial Review* and *The Youth's Companion*. The verses touching war as observed in town and camp appear, with two or three exceptions, for the first time here. The verses "The Defense of Cy N. Ide," have been adopted into the law of the land, and form a supreme court decision in Oklahoma—to be found in 124 Pacific, 76. Others of the verses have enjoyed a popularity that seems to justify their inclusion.

J. W. F.

TECHNIQUE

I TAKE a little bunch of words and set 'em in a
row,

I take a little bit of ink and mark 'em down
just so,

I take a little time and pains and then I have a verse
That starts about like this one does or maybe slightly
worse.

And then I go back to the start and criss and cross
and scratch

And search among my words until I find me some
that match

The pretty thoughts that dart about like silver fish
and shine,

But need a patient, watchful hook to get 'em on the
line.

My thoughts melt into words sometimes—not
always—now and then,

And I can feel 'em coming down my arm and through
my pen.

I only have to push it o'er the paper and it spells
For you and all my other chums the things my fancy
tells.

Just like a boy with building blocks, I move my words
about

When I have something in my mind and try to work
it out,

Until in orderly array I get 'em in a row

Just as I think they ought to be and write 'em down
just so.

And so just with some words I paint the pictures
that I think,

The dreams and things that live in me and set 'em
down in ink.

And sometimes there's a tear in it, and sometimes
there's a smile,

And there is many a grassy bank and many a vine
grown stile,

And many a lane that you would know if you could
be with me,

To look right where my pen is now and I could help
you see.

I merely take a lot of words and place 'em in a row
And build such pretty things if I can get 'em down
just so!

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FRIENDLY RHYMES

FRIENDLY RHYMES

WHAT'S THE USE?

I'VE my share of troubles earthful but so many things are worthful I am given to be mirthful as I go upon my way.

I am very fond of dining and of languorous reclining, and the sun for me is shining when it's not a cloudy day.

I have much delight in smoking, there is always fun in joking, and there's pleasure in invoking dreams of rare and rosy hues;

I could be a cynic bitter if I chose to, or a quitter, but the birds without there twitter in their branches: "What's the use?"

I've no doubt that I could double quite my quantity of trouble, but a trouble's but a bubble that soon vanishes from sight.

I could probably be tearful if I wanted to, or fearful, but I can as well be cheerful if I go about it right;

And I get each day a measure of quite philosophic pleasure just by laying up a treasure of the sunshine on my way,

That will comfort me hereafter and attune my voice
to laughter that shall ring from floor to rafter
when it comes a rainy day.

When the Summer flowers are blooming though I
know that Time is dooming them to death I
keep perfuming all my memory with them.

And, I beg of you to hear me, in the Winter time they
cheer me, and each one seems nodding near me
from its thorn encrusted stem.

When the sun is brightly shining I store up some
silver lining that I may not be repining if it's
dark another day,

And when joy's fleet hours are tripping and the
sweets of pleasure dripping in the intervals of
sipping I just hide a bit away.

So in verse that's well appointed and of meter word-
anointed, with a rhyme that's triple jointed, as
I think you will agree,

Let me bid you cease your fretting, find new pleasure
in forgetting, and before the sun is setting seek
some happiness with me;

Think the sun is brightly gleaming, think the hours
with joy are teeming, there is always time for
dreaming dreams of rare and rosy hues,

Be not ever cynic bitter, and be never once a quitter,
for the birds without there twitter in their
branches: "What's the use?"



THE PENITENT'S PRAYER

I'M just a little boy, dear Lord,
A boy You never knew,
I hate to bother You—I know
That You have much to do;
But I was sent to bed without
My supper—now I pray
Make me forget I'm hungry, please,
And wash my sins away.

They blew my bed-time candle out
When I got into bed;
They never even kissed me, Lord,
Or stopped to pat my head.

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER

You see, my folks are cross with me;
And we had lemon pie
For supper and I missed it, so
Please help me not to cry.

Now it is getting pretty dark;
It's awful lonesome, too;
I guess I haven't got a friend
In all this world but You;
If You could spare an angel kind
To come down here and keep
Me company a little while,
Perhaps I'd go to sleep.

I'm not so very awful scared,
But I can hear, down-stairs,
The supper things that rattle so,
And everybody shares
The lemon pie they've got but me,
So please, if You can find
A little time to spare, I wish
You'd help me not to mind.

Please won't You help me just this once
Forget the lemon pie?
Don't let me shiver in the dark
And help me not to cry;
Let some kind angel comfort me
As angels sometimes do,



Some time, perhaps, I'll have a chance
To do something for You.

Please bless all my dear teachers, Lord,
And bless my parents, too;
And help them to forgive me, Lord,
For all the things I do.
Bless Henry Begg and Stubby Weeks,
Bless all the boys I know;
And cure up Henry's dog, because
The boys all like him so.

And please remember all the poor;
Send them a lot to eat;
Bless orphan boys especially,
They get cold hands and feet
From not enough warm clothes to wear,
And when there is a storm,
Help them to get inside somewhere
So they'll be nice and warm.

Lord, please forgive a little boy
That You may hardly know;
I'm awful hungry in the dark,
Please tell my parents so;
Ask them to save a piece of pie
When I am good again.
Now help me go to sleep so I
Won't think of it.—Amen.

THE LOST HOUR

SHE kept Tom Gibbs in after school
When all the world was fair,
Because he broke some simple rule;
She did not seem to care
How much he suffered when he heard
Us going out to play,
While he sat there and never stirred
Because he had to stay.

He looked at his geography,
But could not read a word;
She did not know he could not see
Because his eyes were blurred;
And when he heard the shouts and cries
As we went through the gates,
A great big tear fell from his eyes
On the United States.

And then he ciphered on his slate,
In hopes he might forget
The world, and think of eight times eight;
But just when he would get
The answers down, he'd hear us call
"One strike!" outside, at play,
And then another tear would fall,
And wash his sums away.

THE LOST HOUR

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He looked into his history
 Awhile, and watched the clock.
He read from ancient times till he
 Was clear to Plymouth Rock;
And he read on and never stopped
 His studying until
He heard us cry outside, and dropped
 A tear at Bunker Hill.

And after that she let him go,
 In sorrow to the brim.
'Twas strange she did not seem to know
 She took an hour from him;
And even with the mighty power
 A teacher has to rule,
She cannot give him back the hour
 That she took after school.

AFTER THE BATTLE

HERE lies the drum that bravely beat
And the fife that sounded shrill
To the tramp and tramp of marching feet—
But the warring notes are still.

Here lies the flag all gory red
That was borne up the hillside steep
Ere the ranks were torn and the soldiers dead—
Say, where do the soldiers sleep?

I found them there when the day was done,
The flag and the drum and fife;
The battle was lost and the battle won,
For such is the way of life.
I lifted them one by one and sighed
With the shadows falling deep,
On the field where the soldiers bled and died—
Say, where do the soldiers sleep?

The drum I put where the dish-pan stood,
And oh, but the pan was bent
And beaten sore where the knobby wood
Potato-masher went



John Wolcott Adams

As it beat the horrid war's alarms,
And the flag with its flaunt and flirt
That led these gallant men-at-arms
Was my gay-hued outing-shirt.

And the fife was a favorite cherry stem
That once in my pipe was fast—
But what was a favorite pipe to them
As the soldiers breathed their last?
It's cracked and split where they tramped about,
'Twould make the angels weep;
Say, find me a switch that's good and stout
And—where do the soldiers sleep?

THE SCHOOLBOY'S DREAM

IT was on Recitation Day
And to the platform high
Ten schoolboys mounted one by one,
Each with a bloodshot eye,
Each with a voice that shook with fear
And blistered lips and dry.

That midnight in his troubled bed
One dreaming schoolboy lay,
Long since the Village Curfew Told
The Knell of Parting Day,
And left the fields in darkness where
Maud Muller Raked the Hay.

The Midnight Passed, the Boy awoke,
That Bright Dream was his Last,
He waked to hear the Light Brigade
Charge full Six Hundred past,
His Brow was Wet with Honest Sweat
As he looked on aghast.

The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck
Whence all but He Had Fled,
The flames that rolled above the wreck
Shone Round Him O'er the Dead,
On Fame's Eternal Camping Grounds
Their Silent Tents Were Spread.

It was the Schooner Hesperus
That Sailed the Wintry Sea,
On Linden When the Sun Was Low,
And Rolling Rapidly
Was Iser and Untrodden Snow,
The Boy, Oh Where Was He?

He climbed far out upon the mast
With Lean and Sinewy Hands;
He sees where, far below his perch,
The Village Smithy Stands,
Beneath the Spreading Chestnut Tree,
And homes and native lands.

"Ho, Blacksmith," cried the Boy aloft,
"Mark thou my crossbow well,
Hold firm the apple on thy head
Lest some disaster fell
Come to thee from this shaft I send,
For I am William Tell."

"Shoot if You Must This Old Gray Head,"
The Village Blacksmith cried,
"But Spare Your Country's Flag," he said,
"For Men Have Bled and Died
Where Freedom from Her Mountain Height
Unfurled It Far and Wide."

"The Melancholy Days Have Come,
The Saddest of the Year,"
The Boy replied in Accents Wild,
In which was little cheer,
"For Men May Come and Men May Go,
But I am prisoned here."

In the Signal Tower of the Old North Church
He saw a lantern shine,
'Twas the Midnight Ride of Paul Revere
Hard by the foaming brine,
When he rode down From Bingen,
From Bingen on the Rhine.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen," he cried,
"To be or Not To Be,"
Then he looked up aloft and spied
The Boy far out at sea:
"It is the Little Peterkin
In very truth," quoth he.

"Now Blessings on Thee, Little Man,
My Barefoot Boy," he cried,
"Art thou the Little Peterkin?"
"Nay, nay," the Boy replied,
"Look close and see that We Are Seven,
Myself and six beside."

“One is the Village Blacksmith there,
And you are Paul Revere,
And one of us is William Tell,
And one is far up here,
Three more upon this rostrum high
Will presently appear.”

“So you must Give Me Liberty
Or Give Me Death,” he cried.
“Jump, Boy, Far Out and leave that wreck
Upon the foaming tide,
And I will catch you in my arms,”
So Paul Revere replied.

“Thou Too Sail On, Oh Ship of State,”
The Boy cried out, “Adieu!
The Muffled Drum’s Long Roll Shall Beat
Thy sailors’ Last Tattoo,”
He leaped Into the Ocean’s Arms,
A Brave but Fallen Few.

Below him was the Burning Deck
Where flames rolled hot and red,
Great stars he saw and then sat up
To rub his aching head
When he waked up at last, for he
Had jumped right out of bed!

THE LAD AND THE DAD

MY friend, Johnny Jones, once played hookey
from school,
(A quite reprehensible thing!)

In plain contravention of precept and rule,
(A most inexcusable thing!)

Played hookey with many a sly, backward look,
Till he found him a seat by the bank of a brook,
Where he skilfully wriggled a worm on a hook,
(A most inexcusable thing!)

His desk was deserted, his slate lay there spurned,
(A clearly intolerable thing!)

His books all unread and his lessons unlearned,
(A quite unpermissible thing!)

He fished with some qualms when he thought of his
sin,

And the schoolroom where properly he should have
been

But Oh, what his joy when he drew a fish in!
(A terrible, terrible thing!)



John Wolcott Adams

My friend, Johnny Jones, smelled of fish at the eve,
(Quite truly a dangerous thing!)

There was mud on his trousers and some on his
sleeve,

(A quite unexplainable thing!)

So when he got home Father Jones crisply said:

"I'll see you a minute or two in the shed,"

And he whipped Johnny soundly and put him to bed,

(A parentally admirable thing!)

My friend, Jones the elder, one hot Summer day,

(A natural, natural thing,)

Pulled down his desk-top, put his papers away,

(A very explainable thing,)

And said as he pulled his desk shut with a jerk:

"I'm off for some place where the game fishes lurk,

I'm blessed if this life should be made just for work!"

(A really quite sensible thing.)

So he left all his books and his papers and bills,

(You'll agree an excusable thing,)

And took himself off to the woods and the hills,

(A surely forgivable thing!)

He fished with some qualms when he thought of
the bills

And the papers and books, but the joy of the rills

In the brooks and the call of the woods and the hills!

(A quite understandable thing!)

He didn't play hookey! Oh no, not at all,
('Twas a really quite sensible thing!)
But Johnny Jones did, as perhaps you recall
That quite reprehensible thing.
But the spirit of vagrancy Johnny Jones had
Was much the same spirit as that of his Dad,
And I say there's small choice between Dad and
the Lad,
(A really heretical thing!)

A PLEA FOR MOLLIE JANE

DEAR Lord, please bless the Robbinses across
the street from me.

I'm sure that you would like them, for
they're nice as they can be;
And Billy Robbins is my chum; and Mollie Jane's
a girl
Who's big enough to cook their meals and keep their
hair in curl,
And put their shoes and stockings on and send them
off to school;
She knows the hymns and how to sew and keep the
Golden Rule,
And fix her father's lunch for him, because he goes
away
And takes it with him in a pail, to work out by the
day.

Their home is just a little house and right across
the street,
And Billy's sister, Mollie Jane, she keeps it nice
and neat;
She darns the children's stockings, too, and makes
their faces shine,
And combs their hair, and washes clothes and hangs
them on the line;

She makes hot soup for all of them when they come
home at noon;
And sets the kitchen table, too, and clears it off as
soon
As they are gone to school again; and she can knead
and stir
And bake a dozen loaves of bread almost as big
as her.

I wish you'd bless the Robbinses—there's five of
them in all,
With Mollie Jane and Billy, and three others who're
quite small;
Their mother's gone to heaven, Lord—she's right
up there with you,
And she'd be glad—I'm sure she would—for any-
thing you'd do.
And Billy wants to tell her not to worry any more,
For he helps do the washing now and scrubs the
kitchen floor,
And chops the wood and does the chores.
And please, Lord, make it plain
That Bill and I are going to take good care of
Mollie Jane.

And sometimes Bill and I keep house when I go
there to play,
And Mollie Jane goes out a while and has a holiday;
We sweep the steps and rake the yard and light the
fire for her



John Wolcott Adams

To get the children's supper on; and dust the furniture;

And then she puts six places on and listens out to see
If she can hear her father coming home in time for
tea.

And when I have to go back home she says to come
again;

And I take off my cap and say Good night! to Mollie
Jane.

Dear Lord, please, won't you bless them all and tell
their mother so?

Tell her they're getting on quite well, and Bill wants
her to know

He makes the beds for Mollie Jane and washes
dishes, too,

And comes home early afternoons if there is much
to do.

They're just across the street from us, and nice as
they can be.

And maybe you could tell some friends of yours to
go and see

What they can do for Mollie Jane, who needs help
now and then.

And Bill and I will do the best we can.

Dear Lord—Amen!

THE TALE OF A DOG

HE was only a dog, with a tail that was brief,
But waggish, as tales often be;
His name had been Sport, but his life had
been grief,
And he clung like a brother to me.
His life had been hard and his bark on the seas
Of adventures and piracies grim,
And he raised wonderful, mathematical fleas,
For they multiplied quickly on him.

He was only a dog, with a passion for cats—
A subject he often pursued;
His pleasures came mostly from worrying rats
And ransacking rubbish for food.
He gathered great stores of old footwear and clothes
And offcast supplies and debris,
And filled the back yard with old trousers and hose,
And he clung like a brother to me.

He was only a dog, with a bark that was stout
And a quite irresistible whine;
He rolled in the mud when the clothes were hung out
And shook himself under the line.

He loved to pursue the sweet study of flowers,
Nor had he a teacher—the elf,
But spent many studious, summer-day hours
In digging things out for himself.

His welcome was kind as a welcome could be,
For up to my friends he would slip,
Ere they were aware of his proximity,
And give them a sly little nip.
Through night's stilly hours he would lie at my door
And rattle betimes on the latch,
And rhythmical noises on rug and the floor
Told me he was toeing the scratch.

He was only a dog, with no pride of descent,
And one night where the stars gleam and shine
I found him asleep with the life in him spent—
When the town clock struck eight he strychnine.
'Twas meet thus in meat he should meet him the end
Of his tail, which was short, as you see,
And I don't grudge the tear in my eye for a friend,
For he clung like a brother to me.

THE FRIENDS

I CALLED him John; he called me Jim;
Nigh fifty years that I knowed him
An' he knowed me; an' he was square
An' honest all that time, an' fair.
I'd pass him mornin's goin' down
Th' road or drivin' into town,
An' we'd look up th' same old way,
An' wave a hand an' smile, an' say:
 "'Day, John!"
 "'Day, Jim!"

I guess you don't real often see
Such kind of friends as him an' me;
Not much on talkin' big, but, say,
Th' kind of friends that stick an' stay.
Come rich, come poor, come rain, come shine,
Whatever he might have was mine,
An' mine was his; an' we both knowed
It when we'd holler on th' road:
 "’How, John!"
 "’How, Jim!"

An' when I got hailed out one year
He dropped in on me with that queer
Big smile, upon his way to town,
An' laid two hundred dollars down



John Wolfcott Adams

An' says: "No int'rust, understand;
Or no note!" An' he took my hand
An' squeezed it; an' he druv away
'Cause there wa'n't nothin' more to say:

"S'long, John!"

"S'long, Jim!"

An' when John's boy came courtin' Sue
John smiled, an'—well, I smiled some, too,
As though things was a-comin' out
As if we'd fixed 'em, just about.

An' when Sue blushed an' told me—why,
I set an' chuckled on th' sly;

An' so did John—put out his hand—

No words but these, y' understand:

"Shake, John!"

"Shake, Jim!"

An' when Sue's mother died, John come

An' set with me; an' he was dumb

As fur as speech might be concerned;

But in them eyes of his there burned

A light of love an' sympathy

An' frien'ship you don't often see.

He took my hand in his that day

An' said—what else was there to say?—

"H'lo, John!"

"H'lo, Jim!"

Somehow th' world ain't quite th' same
To-day! The' trees is all aflame
With autumn, but there's somethin' gone—
Went out of life, I guess, with John.
He nodded that ol' grizzled head
Upon th' piller of his bed,
An' lifted up that helpin' hand
An' whispered: "Sometime!—Understand?"
 "'By, John!"
 "'By, Jim!"

THE ORACLE

“**M**EBBE she will,” said Old Hi Green,
With the end of a long dry straw between
His teeth, and a brow that was furrowed
deep

With thought—and Hi Green thought a heap—
“Mebbe she will,” Old Hi Green said
As he looked at the clouds up overhead,
With a hint of the rain we asked him of—
“Mebbe she will”—as he looked above—
“An’ mebbe she won’t.”

“Mebbe she be,” Hi Green would say
When the wheat waved gold on a summer day
And we talked of the bumper crop it was—
“Mebbe she be”—Hi Green would pause
And chew on the end of the long dry straw
With a wise, wise look that a sage might awe,
And brows with deep thought furrowed and knit—
“Mebbe she be—but she ain’t threshed yit—
An’ mebbe she ain’t.”

“Mebbe I do,” Hi Green declared
When the old highroad must be repaired
And the town trustees came, one by one,
To see if he thought it should be done.

“Mebbe I do”—and he left no doubt
That he’d thought it long and carefully out
As a man and a payer of taxes should—
“Mebbe I do”—as the straw he chewed—
“An’ mebbe I don’t.”

“Mebbe I will,” admitted Hi
When they told him to put a field in rye
Or wheat or corn, as the case might be,
While the dry straw moved reflectively.
“Mebbe I will”—and the old plow’s track
Was moist and loamy and rich and black,
While the wrinkles that furrowed his sweated brow
Were deep—almost—as the track of the plow—
“An’ mebbe I won’t.”

“Mebbe I do,” Hi Green observed
When we asked him once if he ever swerved
From “Mebbe I will” or “Mebbe so”
To a plain outspoken “Yes” or “No.”
“Mebbe I do”—said Old Hi Green
As he chewed on the long dry straw between
His teeth, and his sunburned brow was brought
Again to the wrinkled cast of thought—
“An’ mebbe I don’t.”

THE LURE OF THE PLOW

“**B**Y jing,” said Grouch, “it ’pears to be
A durn wet Fall, so she looks to me;
An’ th’ ain’t a leaf left on th’ trees,
A durn good sign of an early freeze;
An’ I bet you’ll see a hard freeze come
Till th’ ground ’s friz tight as a kettle drum,
An’ we won’t be able to plow till Spring,
An’ th’ wheat will be all shot, by jing!”

“By jing,” said Grouch, when the rain went by:
“She looks to me like a Fall that’s dry;
Like she was in Eighty or Eighty-one,
Too dry to git Fall plowin’ done;
An’ th’ season of Eighty-one or Two
Th’ Spring was late an’ we couldn’t do
No plowin’ then, an’ we stubbled th’ grain
An’ she all burnt up fer lack of rain.”

“I’m allus skeered of an early Spring,”
Said Grouch again—“I am, by jing!
'Cuz she comes on quick an’ dry an’ hot
An’ th’ wheat don’t stool out as she ought.

An' th' ain't no roots an' th' ain't no stren'th,
An' she all burns up in th' milk at len'th,
An' when she's sellin' away up high,
Y' ain't got none, an' got seed t' buy!"

"None of yer 'way late Springs fer me,"
Said Grouch;—"In th' Spring of Ninety-three
She was late and wet an' cold an' raw
An' th' hull of th' durn crop run to straw.
I wisht, by jing, that I never knowed how
To seed or harrer or foller a plow!—
Giddap, Old Hoss! If we git this grain
Sowed right, by jing, we'll be rich again!"

THE DISSENTERS

SCALPEL declares it's my liver,
Says I need surgery bad.
Capsule says it makes him shiver,
Cutting has grown such a fad.
Scalpel says I'll not be better
Till I come down and get fixed,
Capsule says wrong to the letter—
Gosh, how this Science is mixed!

Sheepskin declares he can fix it
So they can't filch my estate.
Shingle says Sheepskin'll mix it
So it will never get straight.
Sheepskin says lawyers won't bust it
Once I let him get it fixed,
Shingle says he wouldn't trust it—
Gosh, how this will-drawing's mixed!

Churchbell says Heaven—he knows it—
Lies right this way—knows it well.
Choker says whoever goes it
Won't land in Heaven but Hell.
Churchbell says humbling the spirit
Brings a man right to the gate,
Choker says that's nowhere near it—
Even religion's not straight!

Capsule is treating—or near it—
 What he calls biliary chill.
Churchbell is mending my spirit,
 Shingle is drawing my will.
Talk about wisdom's advances,
 Why, when it's all done and said,
Looks like I'm taking long chances
 Living and dying and dead!

THE DEFENSE OF CY N. IDE

REMARKS BY COUNSEL

NOW, may it please the Court and you,
Peers of the realm, who come to do
Your highest duty in the land—

As jurymen, you understand—
I outline briefly for our side
The case for Mr. Cy N. Ide—
My client here—whose whole life shows
Him pure as the new-falling snows;
A victim, I may say, of chance
And much confusing circumstance.

COLLATERAL EXCEPTIONS

First, then, we ask the Court to quash
The whole indictment—pray read Bosh
On Bluff and Bluster, Chapter Two:
“Ink must be black and never blue;
And if the ink used is not black
'Tis ground to send the whole case back!”
The rule, pray please the Court, is plain;
But here I read the law again—
I quote now from authority
Of Blow and Buncombe—Chapter Three:

"If any t shall not be crossed,
 Or dot of any i be lost,
 These grave omissions, then, shall be
 Enough to set defendant free!"
 So here we have the law; and see—
 Here is a naked, uncrossed t!

PARTICULAR ERROR

So the indictment, then, is wrecked—
 Full of omission and defect.
 Judge Pinn Hedde, in his able work
 On Fifteen Thousand Ways to Jerk
 The Props from Prosecution, says:
 "A comma, standing out of place
 In the indictment, may upset
 The very best indictment yet.
 Far better Murder should go free
 Than we should have an uncrossed t!"
 So, on these vital points I might
 Insist upon my client's right
 To be set free; but there are more
 On which we set much greater store:
 The Witness Blank, when on the stand,
 Was sworn while raising his left hand;
 And so his evidence, no doubt,
 The honored Court will have thrown out.
 And in support of this I read
 From Shyster on the High Court's Need
 Of Being Even More than Loath
 To Tolerate a Lefthand Oath!

GENERAL OBJECTIONS

If this were all it were enough
To set my client free—see Bluff
On Half a Thousand Reasons Why
The Law Loves Technicality.
But, lest your Honor should refuse
Our claims, my client now renews
Objection to the Court, its looks,
Its jurisdiction and its books;
Objection to the Evidence,
Indictment—as to form and sense;
Objections to the desks and chairs,
The tables and State Counsel's airs—
In fact, my client now objects
To everything; and he expects
To show, by Bluff, by Crook, by Bragg,
By Shyster, Petti Fogg and Snagg,
By that great friend of crime, D. Lay,
By Trick, by Subb Terr Fuge and Stay,
That he should be set free because
Of all these loopholes in the laws.

CONSTITUTIONAL PRIVILEGES

My client, Cy N. Ide, now please
The Court, no technicalities
Would urge, save that they all transgress
The constitutional—express,
Implied, declared and specified—

Prerogatives of Cy N. Ide,
 Who stands here, making naught but one
 Request—that Justice shall be done!
 And we are here, as man to man,
 And mean to do Her if we can!

EXPRESS RESERVATIONS

Now, please the Court, we do not waive
 A single right that we can save;
 And we except—some more, some less—
 To jurors, clerks and witnesses.
 And, having made our attitude
 As clear and frank as well we could,
 We come now to the minor phase
 Of testimony in the case.

INSANITY

First, we have shown by proof quite plain
 That Cy N. Ide is hardly sane.
 The eminent Doctor Ale Yay Nisst,
 By reflexing my client's wrist
 And tapping on his frontal bone,
 Finds absence of the Moral Tone.
 And Doctor Ekks Spurt finds one ear
 The thousandth of an inch too near
 The cheek—a symptom, as you see,
 Of irresponsibility.

So, by our oaths, you should agree
To Cy N. Ide's insanity,
And so acquit him of intent
And free him that he may repent.

THE ALIBI

But we have other proofs if this
Phase of defense may seem amiss:
My client, Cy N. Ide, proves by
His witnesses an alibi.
He was, upon the fatal day
This deed was done, ten miles away;
So, if you find him sane, you're bound
To free him on this other ground,
As jurors who are sworn to do
The will of justice, good and true.
Whichever way you look you will
Find Cy N. Ide impregnable
As Truth itself—no crime can lie
With such a perfect alibi!

EVIDENCE OF SELF-DEFENSE

But, if again you are in doubt
Of how this crime has come about,
My client gives sworn evidence
The deed was done in self-defense.
The victim of this homicide
Made fierce attack on Cy N. Ide,
As he so graphically swore,
With sword and pistol—aye, and more!

And, as he shot and stabbed and tried
To end the life of Cy N. Ide,
My client, much to his dismay,
Was forced to shoot or run away;
And so he shot—the deed was done
Since he was lame and could not run!
So it is plain the evidence
Is ample proof of self-defense.
And so you must acquit, you see,
On one ground, two, or even three!

NO CORPUS DELICTI

But not alone on this defense—
This bulwark firm of evidence—
Do we rely; for we have brought
The eminent expert, Tellus Watt,
And he quite sturdily agrees
The victim died of heart disease,
In which event the case must fall,
Since there was no crime done at all.
The eminent expert, Tellus Watt,
Says, in the interval 'twixt shot
And when the bullet struck its mark,
Excitement quenched the vital spark
Within the victim's breast; and he
Died not of crime but naturally.
So, here again, my client stands
And asks acquittal at your hands.

EXCEPTIONS, REQUESTS, MOTIONS, PETITIONS
AD LIBITUM

Now, please the Court, we ask the case
Dismissed—'tis now the time and place.
And, failing that, we move the Court
Instruct the jury to report
A verdict of not guilty! Should
The Court not hold our motion good,
We ask the jury to acquit
On any ground it may see fit—
Insanity, if it so please;
Or alibi or heart disease;
Or self-defense. If homicide
Is found we ask it set aside.
And, failing that, we straightway move
Another trial, that we may prove
A new defense—if 'tis denied
We ask an appeal certified.
And, failing that, we ask to be
Petitioners for clemency.
And, failing that, we ask but leave
To file petitions for reprieve.
And failing that—well, Cy N. Ide
By then will have grown old and died!

THE HIGHER EDUCATION

PROFESSOR NEWTON FLINDERS burned his cerebrum to cinders with the oil of midnight study, and was haggard, thin and wan; The degrees that he appended to his name were hardly ended when you'd used up all the letters and the alphabet was gone.

His distinctions would bedazzle—he was learned to a frazzle, and the learning he possessed was more than any man could need,

He was Concentrated Knowledge—he was Quintessence of College—he was Saturated Extract of the Information Seed;

He was Wisdom Sublimated, Clarified, Precipitated, till a grain of him would leaven near a whole community;

He was Quadruply Extracted, Boiled, Concentrated, Reacted, Double-Tinctured Oil of Midnight—there was no such man as he.

Now Professor Mike McCarty was likewise a learned party—but his knowledge was of muscles, and he had it and to spare;

But just as to which professor was the greater or the lesser I shall not debate, for truly it is none of my affair.

This Professor Mike McCarty ran a School-to-Make-You-Hearty, and he advertised extensively in papers far and near;

So Professor Newton Flinders, with his cerebrum in cinders, sought his brother-educator for the summer of one year.

And celebrities uncounted he discovered who amounted to as much in words of matter as he did in that of mind,

For he found Fistic Aggressors who were just as much professors in the world that he had come to as the one he left behind.

Professor Pat McGuire bade him hold his fists up higher and then sent a stream of crimson down by getting through his guard;

Professor Dan O'Grady took him out where it was shady and then locked a Nelson on him and upset him rather hard.

Professor Mickey Dooley found his pins to be unruly, so he set him the example of a thousand skips of rope.

Professor Shamus Slattery, the star of some old battery, hurled baseballs fiercely at him and declared it "Just the dope!"

Professor Tim McSwatter was his tutor in the water, and he left him—wet and gasping—wrecked and stranded on the shore;

And they slapped him and they rubbed him, and they steamed him and they scrubbed him, till his brain was quite forgotten, since his muscles were so sore.

Professor Mike McCarty, dean of all this learned party, and emeritus professor of the Manly Art of Swings,

Would clinch and uppercut him, would cross-counter him and butt him, and teach him how to lead and duck, and other brutal things;

And when the day was dying they would leave him somewhere lying in the grass, where winds might blow on him and showers on him fall,

And when he had partaken weeks of cabbage, beans and bacon, he began straightway forgetting that he had a mind at all.

In September or October came a giant man and sober to the Flinders chair in college, and his voice was fierce and bold;

He had such a breadth of shoulders as would awe student beholders, and his class in mathematics was not like the class of old;

“Uppercut it, Jenks!” he shouted. “Get a Nelson lock about it! Duck that swing it’s making at you—Hit it right between the eyes!”

“Jones, you’re breaking ground—now quit it! Step up close and hit it! Hit it! Cross-counter now, and lead your left and take it by surprise!”

“Smith, grab that first equation and hang on like all creation! Now lift it by the leg, Old Boy, and pin its shoulders down!”

“O’Malley, stand up closer! Hit that X right in the nose, sir; then land on Y with your left glove! Now—stranglehold it, Brown!”

For, signed by Prof. McCarty, of the School-to-Make-You-Hearty, he had an ornate diploma, framed in some such words as these:

“Passed by McGuire, McNalley, Dooley, Grady and O’Malley—McCarty’s Hearty Faculty—with honors and degrees!”

THE STORY OF THE GAME

AS THE PROFESSOR SAW IT:

A GENTLEMAN unknown to me, whose look
was quite severe,
Stood still and swung a wooden club at the
advancing sphere;
Two times he swung, but fruitlessly; the sphere
would deviate
Quite sharply in its rapid course from what was
called the "plate."
Then mightily again he struck: the sphere rose high
in air,
Described a great parabola, but soon descended
where
Its fall was interrupted by a gentleman who stands
Throughout the play with what appears a bag in
his two hands.

Then he who struck the sphere ran forth at a right
furious pace,
To reach a station on the right that I learned was
first base;
But when the swift-descending sphere fell in the
player's sack

He slacked his pace perceptibly and then came straightway back.

A second gentleman advanced and watched the hurtling ball

Pass by four times in front of him, but did not strike at all,

Whereon he ran at lesser speed up to first base—
I may

Observe the second player's course seemed much the wiser way.

Next when the sphere came swiftly past, the first-base player sped

Tremendously along the line and slid upon his head
A full two fathoms' length or more; whereat a player there

Alighted with both feet on him from leaping high in air,

Which served to put the runner "out," as I then understood,

And checked his further onward course—indeed, I think it would.

He then returned whence he set out, but did not seem to be

In such a furious haste as he had been in formerly.

A third contestant swung his club three times with such great force

I heard the swish of it in air as it described its course,
But did not strike the offered sphere. Stung by the
gibes of men,
He gave the matter straightway up and would not
try again,
But shook his fist at One in Blue, who with each
effort cried
Some gibe at him—"Sturr-rike" it was—and waved
him then aside.
I had not heard the word "Sturr-rike," but it ap-
pears to me
To be some gibe or taunt and hath a fatal potency.

AS THE SWEET GIRL SAW IT:

The nicest man of all of them picked up the dearest
bat
And struck the grandest ball with it. Let's see—
where was I at?
Oh, yes: he knocked the dearest fly in just the
sweetest way,
But the umpire was mad at him and would not let
him play.
And then a man not half so nice was called to take
his place,
Who never even tried to hit and he got to first base
Because the umpire was his friend, the horrid, nasty
cheat,
While that first nice man sat back there so hurt and
sad and sweet.

And then the second player tried, they said, to steal
a base—

I knew he was that kind of man by looking at his
face—

But just the bravest man out there jumped on him
with his heel,

And sat on him and took away the base he tried
to steal.

We girls were just so glad we cheered and waved
when it was done.

It served the nasty umpire right for letting such
men run,

And making that nice man sit down who really
knocked the ball,

And would not steal a base, I know, or anything
at all.

So then another man came up, who looked so brave
and cute,

And he had yellow stockings on and such a clean
new suit.

He tried so hard to knock the ball, but when he
went to strike

The horrid pitcher would not throw a single ball
he liked.

They only let him have three throws to try and
hit the ball,

While that base-stealing man had four and never
struck at all.

So all we girls got up and left—not one of us would
stay
Where all the nice men got put out and only thieves
can play.

AS LITTLE JOHNNY SAW IT:

Casey picked the third one out and soaked it to
the sky,
But Bully Jones was there all right, all right, and
copped the fly;
Then Billy Grimes let four go past and got himself
free-tripped,
And then the lobster tried to steal his second and got
nipped.
Say, but that made the home team fans sore back
there in the stand!
And then that mutt, Kid Brown, came up, swung at
three slants and fanned:
The chuckle-headed bunch! No wonder all the fans
get sore
To see 'em go out, one, two, three, and not a chance
to score.

AS THE BASEBALL REPORTER SAW IT:

Casey aviated—died;
Grimesey waited—four went wide;
Coacher beckoned—Grimesey ran;
Pinched at second—foolish man!
Brownie biffed—three teasing ones;
Third man whiffed—no hits, no runs!

GENIUS A LA MODE

THE DIVA

MY voice is clear as water, but it isn't quite
as free—

The best seats in the house are ten, the
cheapest ones are three;
I also sing for phonographs that all the world may
hear;
And in a quite brief season I make half a million
clear;
I do not know but they may sell my pictures in the
aisles;
For just ten little thousand I pose pictures for the
styles;
And every time I turn about or speak or trill, you see,
My manager takes care that there are scads in it for
me:

Poor Beethoven and Liszt—
What chances they both missed
By having no good manager with money-grabbing
fist;
And Schubert was so slow,
Box-office-ly, you know;
He needed Business Genius, with this cry: "We want
the dough!"

THE STAR

I act because I love my Art—and you may have a
peek;

Two dollars is my cheapest seat—I'm billed for
every week

Through all the coming season; and my contract, I
may say,

Calls for five thousand dollars every blessed Satur-
day.

I also turn my little trick with moving-picture men—
For every quarter taken in, my royalty is ten;

And when I'm at my summer home at Bay Ridge or
Sand Hook,

You may walk by and see me at just fifty cents a look :

Whichever way I turn

There's money I may earn;

My royalties are vast and I have funds and then
to burn.

Euripides was slow

And Sophocles, you know!

They never heard that sweet refrain: "We're out
to get the dough!"

THE AUTHOR

I write because I love the world—I want to help the
race;

My books are net one-fifty and you'll find them every
place;

I've sold in hundred thousands—so you'll very
plainly see
How many people I have helped—how many have
helped me.
They've dramatized my latest book; and though it
may be trash,
What matters it to me so long as it brings in the
cash;
For just two dollars you may hear me read—my
voice is grand.
For fifty cents additional you stay and grasp my
hand:

Oh, Milton, just to think
You wasted precious ink
That I could turn to money in a way to make you
blink!
And poor Boccaccio,
Your methods were so slow—
What worlds you might have conquered if you'd
gone out for the dough!

THE TWIRLER

In summertime you see me as I mow the batsmen
down;
In winter I'm in vaudeville—you'll find me right in
town;

My picture's sold with chewing gum, and chewing
 day and night
 Brings me a handsome income, for my face is copy-
 right;
 They biograph my pitching arm, and every time I
 fling
 I'm right at the cash register, so I may hear it ring;
 I love the great and glorious game—I would shake
 hands with you,
 But handshakes have been valued up to fifty cents
 for two!

Oh, Spartacus of old,
 What ducats might have rolled
 And jingled in your coffers if one home run you had
 poled!
 With sense enough to know
 That fame's a fleeting show;
 And while it lasts the thing to do is go and get the
 dough!

ENSEMBLE

Our laurels we have won—we're Artists every one;
 And if you don't believe it look in Bradstreet or
 in Dun.
 We'd love to greet you—true! We'd like to smile
 at you;
 But we're patented and copyright—indeed, it
 wouldn't do!

We've fought our way uphill—we're headlined on
the bill,

And we are here to thrill you at, say, fifty cents
a thrill.

The genius that may glow in us is yours, you know.
We love our Art, indeed we do; but O, We Love
You, Dough!

THE REGENERATION

ON the first of January he resolved he would be very kind and good thenceforth to Mary, who for years had been his wife;

He would not be soft or sappy, but as a good hearted chap, he would do more to make her happy and to bless their married life;

He had always loved her greatly but had shown it too sedately, and he had been thinking lately of the many little ways

In which he might show affection, and while he would pass inspection, yet he knew that some correction would entitle him to praise.

So at breakfast time he told her that as it was growing colder (and they both were getting older and susceptible to cold)

She must go to Hyde and Water for some furs of mink or otter, for 'twas years since he had bought her any furs and hers were old;

He would like to get her sable and next year he might be able; he remarked upon the table and the excellence of fare;

Said the biscuit was delicious and the bacon so nutritious. "Who is there," he said, "to wish us more of gladness than we share?"

She was breathless and she wondered if somehow he had not blundered. Could it be some strain had sundered him from reason? When he left She sat down quite faint and worried, for he had not, breathless, hurried through his breakfast and then scurried for his car. Was he bereft Of his senses? She was getting very nervous from her fretting and her thoughts were all for letting Doctor Pilsenpouder know. For perhaps he needed dosing; scientific diagnosing, or a rest from tasks engrossing—she would tell the doctor so.

Then, while worries thickly clustered, rang the telephone and flustered as she was someway she mustered up the courage to reply; And her husband's voice so cheery said: "I've sent some flowers, Dearie, for the day is rather dreary"—and she heard him say good-bye. Which confirmed her first suspicion of his sorrowful condition and she went about her mission of housekeeping much in fear Of his growing aberration and her mental perturbation was beyond all calculation and her fancyings were drear.

When at dinner time, precisely, on the hour he came and nicely groomed and kissed her oncely, twicely, she compelled herself to smile;

And he kept up such a chatter as he carved things on
the platter she was sure what was the matter,
and she watched him all the while;

But she was alarmed, fear smitten and her cheek in
terror bitten when he told her he had written
to her mother to prepare

To come visiting with Mary ere the end of January,
and that he'd be more than very glad to have
her visit there.

Then he saw her cheek grow paler and he wondered
what could ail her, for her color seemed to fail
her and her growing fear was such

That he rushed across and got her smelling salts and
gave her water—for the roses and the otter and
this last were quite too much;

And hysterically crying she but wrung her hands and
lying on the couch kept sighing, sighing—for
she saw the crucial change,

And she cried out with decision: "John, you must
see a physician—you are in a bad condition—
for your actions are so strange!"

THE SONG OF THE DINNER BELL

AS long as they fry spring chicken,
As long as young squabs are born,
As long as my pulses quicken
At platters of fresh green corn,
Sing me no mournful numbers,
Chant me no solemn song,
As long as we've sliced cucumbers
I guess I can get along.

As long as we've baked potatoes
That fluff out like flakes of snow,
As long as we've sliced tomatoes,
As long as young turkeys grow,
Bring me no pale and pallid
Refrain from a funeral song,
As long as we've sweetbread salad
I guess I can get along.

Bid not mine eyes be moist or
Red from expected woes;
As long as they leave an oyster,
As long as a lobster grows,
How can the times be tearful,
How can the world be sad,
How can we not be cheerful
As long as they plank roe-shad?

As long as the tall, hot biscuit
 Is dripping with honey sweet,
 You may hate the world—I'll risk it
 As long as we've things to eat.
 No praises that I might utter,
 No splendors my fancy spreads,
 Compare with the yellow butter
 Spread thick on fresh home-made bread.

What is the sense of spoiling
 Life, with its bill-of-fare?
 As long as we've mushrooms broiling
 Where is the room for care?
 Why should our troubles fret us,
 Why should our hopes e'er fade,
 As long as we've crisp head-lettuce,
 With mayonnaise overlaid?

Peace to thy sighing, brother,
 See that thy tears are dried,
 Get thee a steak, and smother
 It with some onions, fried.
 Turkey with oyster dressing,
 Beef with its gravy brown,
 Life? It is one grand blessing—
 Dinner is served—sit down!

DREAMS

IF the iceman should come to me some day,
While weighing out a piece at my back door,
And, dropping it upon the porch, would say:
“It was so cold last year and year before,
The crop is long and we have cut the price”—
If he should just say that and lay the ice
On my back steps and then drive on—but
hush!
Such dreams as this are only silly gush.

Or if the butcher, wrapping up my steak,
Should say: “You know, the corn crop was so vast,
And feed so cheap, we’re able now to make
A slight reduction in the price at last”—
I say, if he should tell me that and take
Two cents a pound from last week’s price of
steak,
I wonder if the shock—but pshaw! why spare
The time to build such castles in the air?

Or if the baker, doling out my bread,
Should put a penny back into my hand,
And say: “The world will be more cheaply fed,
Since there is a large wheat crop in the land”—

I say, if he should voluntarily
Return a single penny unto me,
I wonder if I'd be—but, Heart, be still!
There is no possibility he will!

Or if my tailor, deftly sizing me
For a new suit, should say: "You know that sheep
Are multiplying fast and wool will be
In cloth upon the market very cheap"—
I say, if he should just say that and take
Five dollars from the price—well, then, I'd
wake
Right up and rub my sleepy eyes and laugh,
To think of tailors giving me such chaff.

I know that these are merely dreams—that ice
And meat and bread are going up—that crop
Or weather will do naught but *raise* the price,
There is no likelihood of any drop.
But my employer tells me he will give
Me higher wage—it costs so much to live—
So now I do not need to skimp and scratch—
My pipe is out! Has any one a match?

THE TOWN OF IMPOSSIBLEVILLE

I LIVE in the town of Impossibleville—a village
eccentric and nice,
Where no matter how hot is the Midsummer
day the iceman leaves plenty of ice.
The dairyman never once waters the milk, but leaves
yellow cream in his wake,
The baker gives always a full loaf of bread and the
butcher serves porterhouse steak.
The coal man gives two thousand pounds for a ton,
nor weighs up the man with his load,
There isn't a lawyer, a judge or a court and the old,
Golden Rule is the Code.
It lies in the valley 'twixt Honesty Flats and the top
of Millennium Hill,
And is peopled by poets and dreamers and such—is
the town of Impossibleville.
'Tis a wonderful place is Impossibleville, where
there's never a scramble for pelf,
And the rights of man's neighbors are valued as high
as the rights that he claims for himself.
No hand-organ man on the street ever grinds out his
ancient, soul-harrowing tunes,
Nor the man who must board haunted three times a
day with small dishes of watery prunes.

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There's only one church in Impossibleville, and that's
about all that it needs,
Nor do people lose sight of the kernel of good in the
chaff of their musty old creeds.
It's just over there where the Golden Rule Heights
overlook the green vale of Goodwill
And it's peopled with folks it might please you to
meet is the town of Impossibleville.

The sewing society there never meets unless there is
something to sew,
Good deeds are the coin of the realm and no man
but may settle in Millionaire's Row.
The cider's all made from the ripest of fruit and
open at bottom or top,
The barrel of apples looks equally good for there's
only one salable crop.
No matter what happens the cook never quits, nor
ever was known one to scold,
The weather is perfect the whole livelong year, nor
ever too hot nor too cold.
It's right over there 'twixt the town of Don't Fret
and the top of Millennium Hill
And is peopled with poets and dreamers and such—
is the town of Impossibleville.

If you'd reach the cool shades of Impossibleville,
you must start on your journey in Youth,
Turn aside from the main-traveled road and set foot
on the little used pathway of Truth,

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Press on past the town of Fair Play and Don't Fret
till you climb up the Golden Rule Heights,
And then you may look down the vale of Good Cheer
and see all of these wonderful sights.
But many have set out with hope and light hearts
determined to reach this fair spot
Who someway have strayed from the little-used path
and are lost in the wastes of Dry Rot.
But it's right over there 'twixt the town of Fair Play
and the top of Millennium Hill,
And it's peopled with poets and dreamers and such—
is the town of Impossibleville.

THE WOES OF THE CONSUMER

I'M only a consumer and it really doesn't matter
How they crowd me in the street cars till I
couldn't well be flatter.

I'm only a consumer and the strikers may go striking
For it's mine to end my living if it isn't to my liking.
I am only a consumer and I have no special mission
Except to pay the damages. Mine is a queer
position:

The Fates unite to squeeze me till I couldn't well
be flatter,
But I'm only a consumer, so it really doesn't matter.

The baker tilts the price of bread upon the vaguest
rumor

Of damage to the wheat crop, but I'm only a con-
sumer

So it really doesn't matter, for there's no law that
compels me

To pay the added charges on the loaf of bread he
sells me.

The ice man leaves a smaller piece when days are
growing hotter

But I'm only a consumer and I do not need iced
water.



John Wolcott Adams

My business is to draw the checks and keep in a
good humor
And it really doesn't matter, for I'm only a con-
sumer!

The milkman waters milk for me; there's garlic in
my butter
But I'm only a consumer, so it does no good to
mutter.

I know that coal is going up and beef is getting
higher

But I'm only a consumer and I have no need of fire,
And beefsteak is a luxury that wealth alone is need-
ing,

I'm only a consumer and I have no need of feeding.
My business is to pay the bills and keep in a good
humor

For I have no other mission, since I'm only a con-
sumer.

The grocer sells me addled eggs; the tailor sells me
shoddy

But I'm only a consumer and I am not anybody.

The cobbler pegs me paper soles; the dairyman short
weights me,

I'm only a consumer and most everybody hates me.
There's turnip in my pumpkin pie and ashes in my
pepper,

76 THE WOES OF THE CONSUMER

The world's my lazaretto and I'm nothing but a
leper,
So lay me in my lonely grave and tread the turf
down flatter,
I'm only a consumer and it really doesn't matter.

THE EASIEST WAY

IF you, the Grocer, readjust your scales
To give full sixteen ounces to the pound;
And you, the Lawyer, scorn the fairy tales
You tell to win the case you know unsound;
If you, the Doctor, frown on quackeries
And strive your best to practice as you frown—
Then we shall need few far-sought remedies
To better the conditions here in town.

If you, the Statesman, quit your noisy rant
And be one-half the man you claim to be;
If you, the Preacher, cast away this cant
And empty creed, and heed Christ's "Follow me!"
If you, the Loafer, will go back to work
And be a bee and not a useless drone;
And you, the Laborer, will strive, not shirk—
I think we'll solve our troubles all alone.

If you, the Orator, will give us deeds
To thicken up the gruel of your speech;
And you, the Gardener, will pull the weeds
And cleanse your field so far as you can reach;

If you, the Milkman, give us honest milk
And leave the added water in the well;
And you, the Agitator, and your ilk,
Will toil, not talk—we'll have few woes to tell.

If you, the Voter, will be just as clean
As you think every Government should be;
And you, the Officeholder, make the scene
Of your activities a joy to see;
If you, the Citizen, by every act
Will prove your loyalty to civic good—
Our ills will be in dreams much more than fact,
And Country will be nearly what it should.

If you, the Man, will strive to reach the plane
You claim you want the Nation rested on;
And you, the Dreamer, wake up now and gain
A place in the procession ere it's gone;
If you—just *you*, remember—cast the beam
From out your eye—I pledge it, signed and sealed,
This life of ours will be one blessed dream,
And all the ills we suffer will be healed!

THE REAL ISSUE

THERE are two issues, after all,
Above the ones that speech may call
Or wisdom utter.

Two issues that with me and you
Are most important—and the two
Are bread and butter.

Let patriotic banners wave,
Let economic speakers rave;
'Tis not potential
That Art proclaim or Music sing,
The Loaf is, after all, the thing
That's most essential.

Truth seeks some broader meeting place
For breed or clan or tribe or race,
For saint and sinner;
But after all the noise and fuss
The issue paramount with us
Is—What for dinner?

New theories we may evolve,
Old governments we may dissolve,
New flags float o'er us,

And Truth may search and Wisdom think,
Still these two planks of meat and drink
Are yet before us.

So let contention hotly wage
And let the wars of logic rage
In discourse fretted;
When all the clamor is complete
The issue still is what to eat—
And how to get it!

TRIFLES

HE took a little flyer,
That was all;
He thought he knew the wire
Had the call.

He took a little flyer
And he went up high and higher,
Now his fat is in the fire,
That is all.

He played a little poker,
That was all;
When his wife complained he'd joke her—
Stakes were small.

He played a little poker
At a purely social smoker,
And he died dead-broke or broke-er,
That is all.

He used to play the horses,
That was all;
Had tips from all the courses
For a haul.

He used to play the horses
Till he used up his resources,
Now he knows just what remorse is,
That is all.

He was just a rare good fellow,
That was all;
Without a streak of yellow
Great or small.

He was just a rare good fellow
And his moods were often mellow.
What! Another shortage? Hello!
That is all.

He only meant to borrow,
That is all;
To put it back to-morrow,
Sum was small.

He only meant to borrow,
But he found out to his sorrow
That it never comes to-morrow,
That is all.



John Wolcott Adams.

THE OLD SUBSCRIBER

I 'VE put up and subscribed till I'm fagged,
All the way from ten dollars to cents;
I've been "touched," I've been "worked,"
I've been "tagged,"
And the pressure on me is immense.
I've been ticketed, socialed, pink-tea-d,
For heathen and less favored folk,
And my purse has been open to Need
Till now it is I who am broke.

I have built orphan homes and town halls,
"Put up," "come across" and "made good."
I've helped repair Jericho's walls
As far as my little mite would.
"Patronized" local talent in art,
Been "in" on subscriptions galore,
Because I've had never the heart
To show any one to the door.

I have bought Christmas cards for Chinese,
And subscribed for new pews in the church;
I have helped out the far-off Burmese,
I couldn't leave them in the lurch.

I have reared drinking fountains that ought
To make the horse rise and cry blessed;
There isn't a corner or spot
They haven't put me to the test.

I'm the one and original soul
Who said: "Put my name down for five."
I'm the real *summum bonum*—the goal
Of every cash-seeker alive;
Just look like Hard Luck on the shoals
And rattle a paper at me—
I'm the Past Grand High Priest of Good Souls,
The real "Old Subscriber"—E. Z.

THE WEEK IN SCHOOL

MONDAY'S Adenoidal Day—
Bring bandages and salve,
For Doctor Jones will cut away
The adenoids you have.
No doubt you will be overjoyed
When Doctor Jones is through,
To know no fretful adenoid
Again will trouble you.

Tuesday will be Tonsil Day—
Of that please make a note,
For Doctor Brown will cut away
The tonsils from each throat.
Bring cotton, lint and vaseline.
This class meets sharp at ten,
And tonsils will be snipped off clean,
Nor trouble you again.

Wednesday is Appendix Day
For Classes A and B,
When Doctor Smith will cut away
This superfluity.
Please don't forget the day, as said,
The classes meet at ten,
Bring needles and a spool of thread
To sew you up again.

Thursday's Antitoxin Day,
So kindly be prepared;
Bring gauze and antiseptic spray,
All right arms will be bared,
Or left arms if you so elect,
Be punctual, pray do,
For Doctor Puncture will inject
The serum sharp at two.

Friday's Vaccination Day
For fall and winter terms;
Those who have fresh scars will stay
For antityphoid germs;
Half a billion's the amount,
Classes meet at four,
Doctor Green will make the count,
Doctor Gray will pour.

Saturday's Reaction Day—
Thermometers at three;
Bring stethoscopes—and Doctor Gray
Will make blood-counts, to see
How science triumphs o'er disease,
How antitoxins rule,
Now mark the weekly program, please,
And don't be late for school.

MODERN MATHEMATICS

IF a buzz machine that's red or blue
Costs a couple of thousand cash,
And it costs a hundred dollars, too,
When a big tire goes to smash,
If a young man sits in the driver's seat
While the engines wheeze and throb,
How soon will he get to Easy Street
On a hundred dollar job?

If white chips are one V a stack
And the hour is half past two,
If the boys have turned the clock hands back
And the limit is one Blue,
If the midnight oil holds out to burn
Till the chips in the rack are low,
Who'll be the Boss of the Big Concern
In a couple of years or so?

If lobsters broiled are two for five
And bubbles are five a quart,
And it's twelve o'clock when the guests arrive
For a couple of hours of sport,

If the host gets twenty-five a week,
When he leads in the merry sport,
Whom will the bank directors seek
When the cash in the till is short?

If a tip on the race is good as gold,
And Mr. Younghub knows
He can pick off a couple of hundred cold
To buy those new Fall clothes,
If he stakes his pay check for a guess
On the horse that will draw it down,
Who will wear the last year's dress
In place of a brand new gown?

If cash comes in at five a day
While ten goes out again,
If the lights are bright on the Great White Way
And we just wake up at ten
Or eleven o'clock P. M. and lead
The boys in the merry dance,
What kind of new laws do we need
To give young men a chance?

HIC JACET BONES

TOBACCO that won't bite;
Non-bilious beer;
A high-ball served just right;
A boutonnière;
A night off now and then
With cards, live coals,
Somebody's cozy den,
And some good souls;
A club or two—the Lambs
Or Wolves or Cubs
Or Crabs or Clams,
Just so they're clubs;
Clothes half-way neat;
Clean linen and a bath;
A flier in the Street
And—aftermath.
Some I O U's;
First nights at plays;
Some dreams; some blues;
Some very rainy days;
Some fleshly ills;
Some wonderings of God;

HIC JACET BONES

Some chills; some pills;
Six feet of sod.
Some graven stones
To weight him down:
Hic Jacet Bones,
Man About Town.

A REALLY PRETTY GIRL

I HAVE traveled alien countries (through the
medium of books),
I have seen (in photogravures) Italy's sun-
burnished skies;
I've had (stereoptic) visions of cliff-bounded moun-
tain brooks,
And the camera has brought me where Killarney's
splendor lies.
In the biograph exhibits I have trodden courts of
kings,
To the end of earth (in lectures) I have let my
senses whirl,
And it all one sage conclusion to my comprehension
brings:
There is nothing half as splendid as a really pretty
girl.

I have seen (in scenic albums) all the gardens of
the East,
I have been (in dreams fantastic) where the
tropic breezes blow,
I have watched (in moving pictures) where Niagara
like yeast

Frothed above its splendid chasm and upon the
rocks below.

By the banks of the Euphrates (done on canvas) I
have strolled,

In the valley of Yosemite seen scenic glories whirl
In kaleidoscopic splendor, but when all the tale is
told,

There is nothing half as splendid as a really pretty
girl.

When Nature did the firmament and splashed the
sombre skies

With the splendor of the dawning, when she set
the moon and stars

As jewels in the crown of Night and with her gor-
geous dyes

Made glorious the garden where the nodding
flowers are,

She had in mind a vision far beyond the dreams of
kings,

A tingling inspiration that set every sense a-whirl,
So after she had practiced on these quite imperfect
things

She set to work and fashioned us a really pretty
girl.

JUST HOW IT WAS

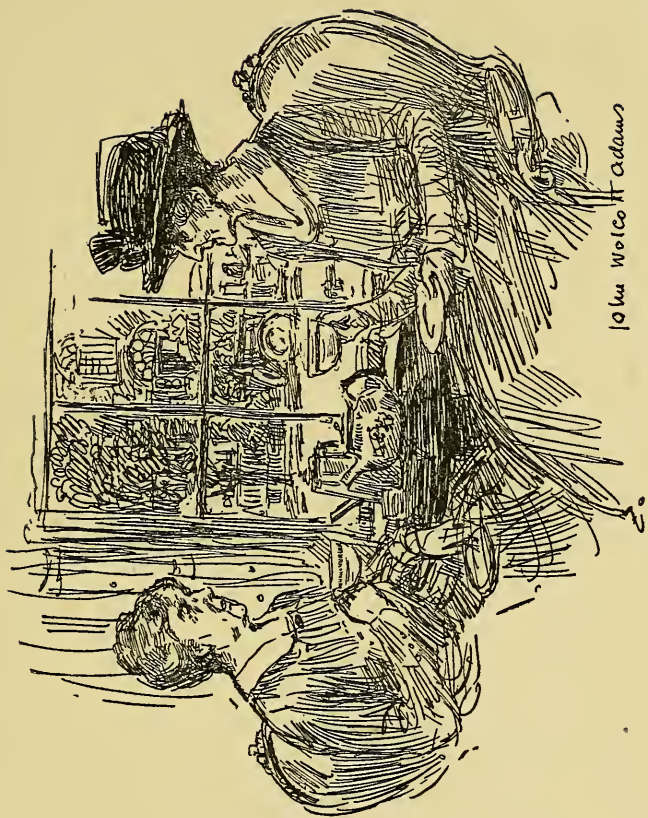
“**N**OW, just let me see:
Seems to me that 'twas she
Objected to something
That he did. Or he
Objected to her having
Someone to tea.
No! Now isn't that queer?
I know I did hear
Just the way that it was,
But it's left me, I fear.

“No! It comes to me now:
It seems this was the how
Of it: Something he did
That she wouldn't allow.
Or was it her old folks
That started the row?
No! Now that isn't right,
I know that's not quite
The way that Miss Gadaround
Told me last night.

“Ah! Now I recall
The gossip and all:
It seems that one night

When he went there to call—
'Twas last Spring, I think,
Or was it this Fall?
Oh, well, anyway
What I started to say
Was that—she—well,
My memory's awful to-day!

“Now, how did she tell
Me that? Well, well! Well! Well!!
You know she got her story
Right straight from Nell,
But I can't quite recall now
Just what she did tell
Me last night. Anyway,
Whichever it may
Be, the wedding is off,
As I started to say!”



John Wolcott Adams

VANITY

AT five a maiden's wants are few:
A set of blocks, a doll or two,
A little place inside to play
If it should come a rainy day;
A pair of shoes, a pinafore—
I really think of nothing more.

Nor wants she overmuch at ten—
A birthday party now and then,
A bit of ribbon for her hair,
A little better dress to wear,
Perhaps a pony cart to drive—
A bit more than she did at five.

A modest increase at fifteen—
A party dress, in red or green,
A room alone that she may fix
With bric-a-brac and candlesticks,
A parasol, a fan—and, oh!
I quite forgot to add—a beau.

At twenty she is quite above
All childish wants—she asks but love,
And dreams of Princes, tall and fair,

Who come a-wooing and who dare
All dangers, and she keeps apart
For him the castle of her heart.

At twenty-five her fancy goes
To bonnets, frills, and furbelows,
A country place, a house in town,
A better rig than Mrs. Brown
Or Black or Jones, and just a wee
Small figure in Society.

At thirty—well, a little tea
For the distinguished Mrs. B.,
Who writes—a Prince to entertain,
A long-haired Lion to make vain
With silly tricks, a horse show box
And just a little plunge in stocks.

At thirty-five and forty—well
There isn't much that's new to tell:
A little bigger country place,
A real good lotion for her face,
And some reduction made in those
One can afford to say she knows.

At fifty—does her fancy end?
She wants—ah, yes, she wants a friend
To prove her years were not in vain,
She wants those dreams of youth again,
When Princes-errant, tall and fair,
Lived, loved, and came a-wooing there.

VANITY

101

At seventy she wants to know
Why Vanity and hollow show
Tempt Wisdom from its lofty seat.
She wants but ease for gouty feet,
And peace to wonder what must be
The last leaf's musings on the tree.

THE LOVABLE LASS OF THE GROUCHY OLD MAN

A GROUCHY and crotchety, fussy old man,
Whose stick on the walk beats a rat-a-tat-tat,
The cut of his coat on an old-fashioned plan,
A shiny red nose and a worn beaver hat.
A blare of defiance, he trumpets his nose,
He clears his hoarse throat with a he-he-he-hem!
But the girl on his arm, she's as fair as a rose,
How grew such a flower on such a gnarled stem?

He bushes his eyebrows and scowls upon me,
His stick with a click beats the walk as we pass,
His scowl wastes the bloom of a smile that I see
And freezes it stiff on the lips of the lass.
He raises his hat with a Chesterfield air,
The sweep of his arm is chill courtesy's sign,
But his eyes pass me by with an unseeing stare.
If blood were for spilling, he'd dabble in mine.

There's pride in the white crest, uplifted so high,
Defiant the tilt of the old beaver hat,
Contempt in the stare of the unknowing eye,
And the click of his stick with its rat-a-tat-tat.

He spurns me, he scorns me, he hates me—he knows
I'm nursing in secret some pilfering plan
To pluck from its parental arbor the rose
That rests on the arm of this fussy old man.

So he passes me by with an unseeing stare,
His cane beats defiantly rat-a-tat-tat,
He trumpets his nose with a furious blare,
There's pride in the tilt of his worn beaver hat.
Love may laugh at locksmiths, nor hazard a care
In bridging most gulfs of despair with a span,
But Love needs more courage than mine has, I swear,
To laugh at this crotchety, fussy old man.

A MISTAKEN IMPRESSION

SHE was kissing a picture—I saw her, I saw her,
She sat at her desk and the door was flung
wide!

She was kissing a picture—Oh, horror! Oh, horror!
Oh, Woman, must faithlessness with thee abide?

She was kissing a picture, I know it, I know it!
The love light upon it glanced bright from her
eyes!

Oh, Traitor, I'll face thee! Thou'lt show it!
Thou'lt show it!

Aye, 'front her I will with the deed! Then she
dies!

She was kissing a picture! She hides it! She hides it!

Down deep in a drawer and she's turning a key.
Now death and destruction betides it, betides it!
And woe whom it pictures when he shall face me!

She was kissing a picture! She's going! She's going!
I'll bide till she's gone and I'll steal it away!

Oh, jealousy's fury that's glowing, that's glowing
Within me! Oh, doom that has found me this day!

She was kissing a picture! I'll take it, I'll take it
And flash in her face this damned image she loves!
The desk! It is locked! Well, I'll break it, I'll
break it
And find me this card that her faithlessness proves!

She was kissing a picture! I've found it, I've found it!
(Be quiet my heart and be silent this moan!)
With letters and flowers around it, around it!
Why! What!! Well, I'm jiggered!!! The
picture's my own!

FROM THE COURT RECORDS

YOUNG Silas Watkins stole a ham—a theft
most reprehensible,
And then engaged a counselor (which cer-
tainly was sensible).
They plunged him in a dungeon deep, a dungeon
grim and terrifying,
The while his lawyer went to court upon a mission
errorful.
And when he found at once the whole proceeding
could be “busted,” he
Sued out a habeas corpus and took Silas out of cus-
tody.

In court his learned counsel urged with dignified
suavity
The dangers of unseemly haste in matters of such
gravity.
The prosecution’s bitterness he held unjustifiable:
“ ’Tis Justice, with her blinded eyes, before whom
we are triable!”
And after hours of argument, with growing heat
and frictional,
He took a change of venue on a question jurisdic-
tional.

Whereat the counsel got a stay of trial for a year or two,

To find a missing witness (who was dead, I have a fear or two).

The years rolled on, they tried him, and unmercifully depicted him

The commonest of larcenists; the jury then convicted him.

“No chance for Silas?” cried his lawyer. “Yes, I say, indeed he has!”

Upon the which he went to court and got a supersedeas.

“Good cheer!” said he to Silas. “You will soon be on your feet again,”

While Silas gave a bail bond and was straightway on the street again.

A monstrous abstract then they filed, the lawyer made a noise and fuss,

Until, within a year or two, the court gave them a syllabus,

Which, stripped of all its verbiage and law and technicality,

But reaffirmed the verdict based on Silas’ proved rascality.

“Odds blood!” cried Silas’ counsel to his client,

“When I’ve read you this,

You’ll see the entire finding simply reeks with flaws and prejudice.

To jail shall any citizen for stealing of a hock be sent?"

Straightway the which he went to court and filed another document.

"No sheriff shall arrest him, sir, on any legal sham as grim

As this, and if a sheriff tries, I'll certainly mandamus him!"

Again upon the solemn court, with masterful urbanity,

He urged a close inquiry by an expert on insanity, Who felt the bumps on Silas' head, who found profound rascality,

Who in a year made his report of "obvious normality."

Long Silas' counsel studied it, by methods not revealable,

And finally concluded the decision was appealable.

Good Silas gave another bond to stay his jail professional;

Good Silas' counsel labored with an ardor quite professional,

Until he got an order from the highest court available,

"(That as the statutes read, there was a question if 'twasailable,)

The court below should try again, and though they
 might acquit it, or
 Convict it, they must try again"—so stated the re-
 mittitur!

The witnesses, those gray old men, recalled the
 ancient history
 Of Silas' crime with halting speech, and deep and
 dark the mystery
 To them of why they were recalled; with quavering
 tones, in truthfulness
 They told again the old, old tale of Silas' erring
 youthfulness.

The jurors held he could not change his spots, but
 like the leopard he,
 So Silas' counsel straightway held he had been twice
 in jeopardy.

Alas! So intricate a case, with all the points in-
 volvable,
 When Death took Silas and to dust found him to be
 resolvable!
 Took him for reasons, good, perhaps, but which
 were not revealable,
 And Silas' counsel found, alack, the judgment not
 appealable!

But back to court he strode when sure that Charon
 o'er had ferried him,
 And cried: "I want a nol. pros. for my client—we
 have buried him!"

THE REGULAR PARTY MAN

I AM the Upright Citizen—Taxpayer is my name,
I'm one of the city's solid men and I'm every-
where the same.

I've built the sewers and paved the streets and paid
for the parks you see,
And all of the Contractors, Bosses, Beats and
Leeches feed on me.

You see, I'm a Regular Party Man—it's bred in my
flesh and bone.

I've voted for every Republican since the party has
been known.

I always vote my ticket straight, though at times it's
a bitter pill,

I never split it, and I may state that I hope I never
will.

Now Smith, next door, is a Democrat, and another
solid man,

Who always knows right where he's at and he votes
by the self-same plan.

And Smith is an Upright Citizen, and his name's
Taxpayer, too,

And as one of the city's solid men, he's down on
the Grafting Crew,

And so am I. So we go to the polls, and vote
 straight down the line,
 Two square and quite well-meaning souls, and his
 vote offsets mine.

Now, I've talked with Smith and he's talked with
 me and we've talked quite plainly, too.

I've said to him: "Now, Smith, you see, I'm down
 on this grafting crew,

And our man is the man to win the fight—he's a
 clean and able man."

And Smith says: "Yes, I guess that's right, but he's
 a Republican,

And I always vote my ticket straight from A to
 Z—that's how

I've always done and it's getting late to change my
 methods now.

Our man isn't quite what he ought to be, I quite
 agree to that,

But he's the Party Nominee, and you know I'm a
 Democrat.

So I guess I'll stick to the good, old ship, and vote
 right down the line."

And Smith makes one cross on his ballot slip—and
 so his vote kills mine.

Smith talks with me in the self-same way, and he
 says: "This paving job

Is a downright steal, I'm free to say, and our man's
 pledged to play hob

With the deal they've made, and we ought to stand
behind him to a man."

And I know our man has made a trade—but he's a
Republican.

So I say to Smith: "I'd like to vote for your can-
didate, that's flat,

But somehow it sticks fast in my throat, for he is
a Democrat,

And you know I belong to the G. O. P., the party
of Lincoln and Blaine,

And it ought to be good enough for me, so I'll vote
her straight again."

And so we go to the polls and vote for the Gods of
the Faith That Is,

It's not just good, but what's the odds—and my
vote just kills his.

Now, Smith and I, we mean all right, and we want
things on the square,

But when there's a Regular Party fight, a man must
do his share.

My faith comes down from Fremont's time, and
his from Jefferson,

And to cling to the Old Time Faith's sublime, no
odds how the paving's done.

Sometimes I think his man's the best, sometimes
he thinks mine is,

But I vote straight, North, South, East, West, and
he votes straight for his.

We quite agree on little things, like the tax rolls
and the streets,
The city schools, police, white-wings and the health
of milk and meats,
But when it comes to matters big, like a Regular
Party plank,
Why Smith is stubborn as a pig, and I'm somewhat
of a crank.

And we'd like to vote alike and then we could down
the grafting crew,
But we are both Regular Party men—so what are
we going to do?

POOR JIM

IN a not distant commonwealth, while knocking
 'round for strength and health,
I boarded with a widow dame (of course I
 can't disclose her name),
An acid creature, gaunt and grim, who lived alone
 with one son, Jim.
A freckled, awkward, red-haired chap, not reared
 exactly in the lap
Of luxury, or taught to know affection's honeyed
 overflow.
And oft my rose-hued fancy's dreams were rudely
 shattered by the screams
Wild from the wood-shed forth which came. And
 then my stern, ascetic dame,
Smoothing the wrinkles from her lap and waving
 high a leathern strap,
Emerged, and said in accents grim: "Feel better
 now, I've paddled Jim."

Day in, day out, that same assault, whate'er the
 wrong or whose the fault.
If any boarder sought by night to liquidate his debt
 in flight,

My acid widow from her grief in flogging Jim
found swift relief.

Whene'er in anger, 'twas her wont to strap that
awkward little runt.

The beef was tough, the bread was burned—at once
my lady quickly turned,

Until she spied the trembling Jim; her claw-like
fingers gobbled him,

Swift to the wood-shed bore him out, aloft she
swung her leathern knout,

And then emerged, tall, sour, and grim: "Feel
better now, I've paddled Jim."

Poor Jim, a child of sores and salve, served as a
constant safety valve.

Perhaps my lady angered came from quarrel with
some neighbor dame,

Or worsted in some church debate; arose, perchance,
a little late;

The butcher's bill was deemed too large; the gro-
cer's trifling overcharge

Conspired to rouse my lady's ire; her lips were
drawn, her eyes flashed fire;

Straightway the luckless Jim was sought, the strap
from out the kitchen brought,

Jim laid across his mother's lap; shrill whistled
then the leathern strap.

Until she breathed in accents grim: "Feel better
now, I've paddled Jim."

But once my lady's accents shrill were silenced; she
was stricken ill.

Her lungs distressed, she strove for breath, and hovered
between life and death.

The doctors pondered in dismay; they held no hope
and saw no way

To save my lady's life. More grim and gaunt she
grew, and little Jim

Was called to say his last good-bye. She spied him
with a brighter eye,

Swift seized him, drew him 'cross her lap, and called
the nurse to bring the strap.

At eve the doctor, calling 'round, miraculous im-
provement found.

"I feel," she whispered low to him, "much better
since I paddled Jim."

A TOAST TO MERRIMENT

MAKE merry! Though the day be gray
Forget the clouds and let's be gay!
How short the days we linger here:
A birth, a breath, and then—the bier!

Make merry, you and I, for when
We part we may not meet again!

What tonic is there in a frown?
You may go up and I go down,
Or I go up and you—who knows
The way that either of us goes?
Make merry! Here's a laugh, for when
We part we may not meet again.

Make merry! What of frets and fears?
There is no happiness in tears.
You tremble at the cloud and lo!
'Tis gone—and so 'tis with our woe,
Full half of it but fancied ills.
Make merry! 'Tis the gloom that kills.

Make merry! There is sunshine yet,
The gloom that promised, let's forget,
The quip and jest are on the wing,
Why sorrow when we ought to sing?
Refill the cup of joy, for then
We part and may not meet again.

A smile, a jest, a joke—alas!

We come, we wonder, and we pass.

The shadows fall; so long we rest

In graves, where is no quip or jest.

Good day! Good cheer! Good-bye! For then

We part and may not meet again!

THE SMOTHERED REBELLION

SOME day I will rise in the might of my wrath to throttle and bring to its knees the Spectre of Order that crosses my path and won't let me do as I please; some day my rebellion at Order and Law will burst into furious flame, and there will be doings as never you saw before there's an end to the game; some day I will come home and some one will say: "Don't leave your gumshoes in the hall!" and then I will start my rebellious foray and hang all the chairs on the wall; I'll take down the pictures and trample the glass and strew it all over the floor, and throw all the bric-a-brac out on the grass and nail my silk hat on the door; I'll use the hall clock as a wardrobe for clothes, and to be fantastic and queer, I'll eat my meals hanging head down by my toes from arms of the brass chandelier; somebody will tell me I've tracked in some mud, time thousand nine hundred and one, and I will go mad with my eyes full of blood and webs of disorder be spun; I'll light my cigar with some priceless old lace and spill all the ashes about; I'll scatter burnt matches all over the place and jigstep and handspring and shout: "O Fiends of Disorder, wherever you stray, bring gumshoes and

mud to your knees and litter this house up, for this is the day that I'm doing just as I please!"

Some day all the pent-up disorder in me, restrained by sharp warning and word, will burst like a storm that sweeps over the sea and all of the landscape be blurred with misplaced umbrellas and rubbers and canes, with gumshoes and topcoats and hats, with out-of-place collars and glass-bottom stains, tobacco, pipes, neckties and spats; I'll tie all the doilies I find in hard knots, let her reprimand me who dares, and use cigarettes to burn unsightly spots on bureaus and tables and chairs; I'll rest my shod feet on the new davenport and drop my pipe coals on the rug, and sit with my heels on the piano-forte so cozy and restful and snug; and if any niece, sister, aunty or wife presumes to say no it will be at imminent peril of limb or of life, for all the mad anger in me will boil like a kettle, and I will send out for friends to come in and help own the soul-swelling freedom of one careless lout, who just wants to be let alone; who just wants a rest from "Please, John, don't do that!" "Oh, John, don't sit there in the breeze!" "Oh, John, you'll catch cold if you don't wear your hat!"—and we will all do as we please.

Some day I'll invite in a lot of good souls—we'll sit and spin yarns by the score; we'll see blessed futures aglow in the coals and smoke till we can't see the door; each fellow will throw his hat just

where he wills and pull up a big chair before the grate, and twice blessed the comrade who spills the biggest ash-pile on the floor; we'll bid all the Fiends of Disorder to come and help us be careless and gay; the voice of correction for once shall be dumb and there shall be no yea or nay; we'll puff till the curtains are yellow and brown; we'll scratch the mahogany chairs, and great clouds of dust come delightfully down, but we shall be all unawares; we'll try to forget there is neatness on earth, or things that are apt to be soiled; the day shall be given quite over to mirth, nor ever by warnings be spoiled; we'll—Beg pardon, Sweetheart, house-cleaning to-day? I guess there's some ash on the floor. I'm awfully sorry—I mislaid the tray. I'll try not to spill any more. "The curtains need washing?" They look clean to me. I can't see they're dusty and brown. Well, if they must be I suppose they must be. I guess I'll be going downtown!

LOVE'S COTTAGE THE FIRST

THERE'S a wonderful cottage just over the way, with windows and porches and doors; inside there are rooms in imposing array, and hallways and closets and floors. The doors are on hinges and swing open wide whenever you want to go out—and when you are out you may go back inside by just simply turning about. The windows have glass panes to let in the light, and push up to let in the air. Indeed, it is all the most wonderful sight I think I have seen anywhere! The rooms all have walls—one, I think, on each side; and ceilings above, I declare! Each one has a floor over which you may glide just by stepping your foot right down there. I wish I were gifted with eloquence rich to tell you the sights I was shown—the glass in the windows, the rare flowers which upon the wall-paper have grown! The new-married couple that's building this place explained all its wonders to me; and I never hope in the years of life's race another such cottage to see!

The more that I saw of this marvelous place—the more that I saw and I heard—the more my surprise must have shown in my face, the more I was startled—my word! There were closets for—

can you imagine?—for clothes! To be hung upon—what think you?—hooks! Yes, hooks—to be placed there in long even rows. Downstairs there were bookshelves for books! To enter each room was a door to walk through, that let you go in and come out. You may not believe all I say to be true, but you may believe, without doubt. Wherever you went you might walk on a floor—a truly remarkable fact on which the designers set very much store—they dwelt on the floor with much tact! And what do you think they discovered for me? A kitchen, so I was advised, for cooking things in—soup, meat, coffee and tea—a purpose I'd ne'er have surmised. And so I went on from surprise to surprise with this wedded couple, who hurled their wonders at me as I drank in with sighs this most wonderful house in the world!

Their floor number two could be reached in a trice, as they were delighted to show, by a quite breath-stopping, ingenious device—a staircase you walked up just so! They showed me a bathroom wherein might retire the world-weary mortal to scrub; and there they discovered for me to admire—I swear that I saw it—a tub! Still wonders on wonders before me were spread; surprise lent surprise the more zest. I saw airy chambers each laid with a bed—for sleep, so they told me, and rest! The basement, they told me, was under the place,

and I thought with surprise I should drop when I learned that the attic was up a staircase and the roof of the house was on top. The porch was outside, as they showed me with glee, and the lawn was the place for the grass; and the walk laid in front, that they took me to see, was that people might pass and repass. And if you desire such a cottage as this, that well-known old firm, Groom & Bride, who live in the state of Perpetual Bliss, will show you both out and inside. They'll show you such marvels as never you saw, nor ever you will where you roam, until you are speechless with wonder and awe in that marvelous place they call Home!

A CLOSET FOR CLOTHES

SOMETIMES when I go to my closet for clothes that I hung there one time on a hook, I find skirts and dresses in rows upon rows in every niche, cranny and nook. I find suits, waists, blouses, skirts, shirtwaists and such on every hook, nail, knob and shelf, but try as I may I can not get in touch with the suit that I hung there myself. I fume and I sputter while groping about in the dark for that suit that I hung in plain sight before me, all neatly pressed out, one day when the season was young. Somebody has moved it, that's plain to be seen, from where it was then in plain sight, for here's a blue drop-skirt or yellow or green on the hook, but my suit's taken flight. So I make inquiry—a terrible cry: "Say, where is my light suit, or dress?" And from the next chamber my wife makes reply: "It's 'way in the corner, I guess. I needed that hook for my new velvet sacque and your garments were right in the way, so I moved your suit just a bit farther back. What's that? I can't hear what you say." So then I go hunting 'way back in the dark by feeling each clothes-hanger o'er, and after an hour of clothes-hunting lark I find my new suit on the floor.

I thought when I planned it I had hooks enough to hang all the clothes I should get, but now there are rows of this feminine stuff and I am left out in the wet. If I look for something that ought to be there I hear in accents of distress: "I moved it 'way back in the corner from where it was—it was wrinkling my dress." I had fifty hooks—there were forty to spare and ten I intended to use—and those I reserved as my own special share are hung with pink slips and with blues. And I can find wrappers, and calicoes bright and linens and worsteds and crash and limp skirts and starched ones and hued waists and white and house gowns and all sorts of trash. So when I want something in there that was mine and that was hung right near the door, I plunge in this thicket and grope down the line and find it somewhere on the floor, all wrinkled and crumpled and spotted with dirt and then I look up and I see some confounded wrapper or cloak or silk skirt that's hanging there grinning at me.

So now I am planning a closet for clothes not written about in the books, designed for the husbands and fathers of those who never can find enough hooks. 'Twill be in the attic and up a stair which no woman would dare to ascend, and there I will moat it all 'round with a ditch and mount a spring gun at each end. I'll bolt it and bar it with burglar-proof locks and every protective

device, with burglar alarms and electrical clocks and barbed wire wound 'round once or twice. There'll be just one key to this closet of mine, that no one can borrow or beg, for I'll fasten this key to a chain strong and fine and I'll rivet the chain to my leg. It may be some trouble but blessed the day that I may go soundly to sleep, well knowing that when I have hung clothes away I'll not find them six fathoms deep in overflowed wardrobes of daughters and wives, who find my best clothes near the door and move them back, back, until some one contrives to hang them at last on the floor.

IN TOWN AND CAMP

THE FAMILY REUNION

MET a planter from Virginny with a lazy,
Southern drawl,
And a lanky mountaineer from Tennessee;
Saw a smooth-faced boy from Boston who don't
use his "r's" at all,
But he's got four hundred years of pedigree;
And an out-and-out New Yorker, durn long dis-
tance from Broadway,
With a cowboy from Montana, minus cow,
And I tell you, Uncle Sammy, I was proud of you
to-day
When I saw 'em rubbin' elbows, eatin' chow.

Saw a boy from Californy—Granddad went in
Forty-nine,
And a cracker right from Georgia, where they
grow;
Met a Norsk from North Dakota, lookin' fit and
fair and fine,
And a lumberjack from out in Idaho;
Saw a Swede from Minnesota and a Wop from
Illinois,
And a plowboy from the plains of Ioway,
In a great, big, husky family of Yankee Doodle boys,
All drillin' like the devil every day.

Saw a bank-clerk from Chicago with a rifle, standin'
guard,

And an Arizona rancher choppin' wood,
With a ranger right from Texas, rough and tough
and weather-scarred,

Wrastlin' a Missouri mule to make him good;
Big jayhawker out from Kansas 'way out back there
washin' duds,

With a puncher from Wyomin' leadin' troop,
A Bohonk from Wisconsin in the kitchen peelin'
spuds,

And a Buckeye from Ohio ladlin' soup.

Saw a black-haired Filipino learnin' somethin' down
below,

And a husky Michigander up on deck;
A man from Alabama, Florida and Idaho,
A Harvard man, and Yale, and Boston Tech.;

A millionaire from Cleveland and a lawyer from
New York,

A banker from the old Green Mountain state,
Eatin' mornin' mush with syrup, sharin' bread and
beans and pork,

And learnin' what it means to aviate.

Saw an Oklahoma Injun loadin' pack-mules up with
chuck,

A big Nebraska plowboy waggin' code,
A chauffeur from Fifth Avenue up on an army truck
And honkin' like blue-blazes down the road;

A miner from New Mexico as busy as a bee
A-diggin' drains and ditches more'n a few,
And all of 'em are on the job when it sounds reveillé,
And most of 'em in bed about tattoo.

By Heck, we got some country and some people in
it, too,

Who was strangers to each other until now,
But we're gettin' more acquainted with the Old Red,
White and Blue

Since we got to rubbin' elbows, eatin' chow;
We're livin' all together when we eat and bunk and
drill,

We're gettin' so we know the real from sham,
And what there is for us to do, by jiminy, we WILL!
It's a family reunion, Uncle Sam.

THE SONS OF OLD GLORY

HE'S the sturdy young son of the Nation; I
have followed him half through the
land;

I have met him at outpost and station, in cactus,
mesquite and in sand;

I have seen him in camp, post and picket all through
the great South and the West;

'Way out in the desert or thicket I have been in his
tent as a guest;

I have seen him at Lewis and Kearney, by Sound
and by River and Bay;

I have joined him in chaffing and blarney and helped
him laugh out his long day;

I know him and each sky above him from Sound to
the Gulf, up and down,

I know him and honor and love him, in blue and
in white and in brown.

Where the snowy gray head of Tacoma majestically
rears, hoar and high;

O'er the spume and the spray at Point Loma, where
he spreads his broad wings to the sky;

In the hill-girt blue bay of Saint Francis, at Goat
Island and Angel and Mare;
In the cool, desert starlight that dances and glitters
like frost in the air;
From Yuma's parched waste to Grand River, by
mountain-walled border and on,
Where pink glow and purple shade quiver above at
the twilight and dawn,
Where the smoke of his fag has been lifted to
mark the long trail's very end,
And the folds of his flag stirred and drifted, I have
clasped hands with him as a friend.

He has passed me my soup in a pitcher—my bread
and my meat at his chow;
For the rub of his elbows I'm richer than Cræsus
or Midas right now.
He has made me a bed in his shanty when bugles
were blowing tattoo
And never a boy's blessed Aunty was finer and
kinder to you
When you were a boy; and he laid it with blankets
and blankets on straw,
And bade me sleep well as he made it, and tucked
in the edges and saw
The night wind was shut out:—this brother of yours
and of mine in his brown,
And I just sort o' choke up and smother and the
lump in my throat won't stay down.

I have seen him in sand that was blowing a very
Sahara or near,
I have watched him at dim daylight going the miles
to his drill with a cheer;
I have seen him on guard with suns beating a hun-
dred and twenty degrees,
He has called me a hale, hearty greeting when wad-
ing in mud to his knees;
I have talked with him nights in the stillness beneath
Arizona's black sky;
I have stood at his bedside in illness and caught
the half-smile in his eye
When he found I knew some one or other that he
had known sometime, somewhere,
And I wished I was every last Mother on earth and
could hug him right there.

Oh, Sammy, My Uncle—go measure the store of
your riches again,
And find that the best of your treasure is here in
the camps with these men;
It's here in these hearts that are tender and kindly
and friendly and true,
It's here in the humanest splendor of manhood a
land ever knew;
It's here in the hand-clasp and greeting that eases
the long, weary mile,
It's here in the courage that's meeting life's last,
grimmiest test with a smile;

It's here, Uncle Sam—don't you hear it and see it
and know it and feel?

Then lift up and lift up your spirit, that you may
be worthy their steel!

THE RECRUIT

DON'T know when I met him the first time,
I'm sure,
And he may have been rich, and he might
have been poor,
But it doesn't much matter, as you will agree;
He was holding my hand and was smiling at me
When first I remember:—I recollect, too,
My gait was unsteady, uncertain, untrue,
But he helped me to walk from the door to a chair,
And never I faltered but he stood right there,
Did my Dad.

My mother, I think, introduced him to me
And presented me also to him, as you see,
And we grew up together from boyhood—that is,
We grew from *my* boyhood together, not *his*;
He was older than I was the time we first met,
And I gained quite a lot, but he kept older yet,
Though I know I was wiser at fifteen than he,
At forty, but he never thought less of me,
Did my Dad.

He took my advice many times, be it known,
With a smile and good grace, but he followed his
own—

A way that men have and between us we knew
As much as a man and a boy ought to do;
He was never displeased that I knew so much more
At twenty than he and his father before,
And the hand that was mine from the door to the
chair

He kept all the years so I'd know it was there,
Did my Dad.

Quite the one finest man in our town you'll agree,
At least if you don't you won't tell it to me,
For I'd have to convince you by mild means or
rough

That he was and I'm sure that is warning enough.
He was wise, oh, so wise, and was kind, oh, so kind,
And while to my faults he may not have been blind,
He winked just a little perhaps, but you see,
Just because he was closely related to me,
Was my Dad.

Now the hand's gone from mine that he held to me
there

When with unsteady footsteps from door to the
chair

I made that first journey—that strong hand and
warm

That I felt closed on mine in so many a storm
When the journey was rough and the way seemed
so long;—

The hand's gone from mine, but somehow I grow
strong

As though that firm hand were outstretched to me
still,

And I want to make good, and I must, and I will
For my Dad!

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

(AS KIPLING MIGHT)

'E 'S a turtle, 'e's a turtle and 'e's got a turtle
shell
Of a Tank when 'e goes drivin' and the
bullets give 'im 'ell,
But they only dent 'is armor and they never make
a 'ole,
In 'is courage—'e's a turtle but 'e's got a soldier's
soul;
'E goes lumberin' and blunderin' and thunderin', 'e
does,
And 'e 'its wot 'e goes after and 'e makes 'is engine
buzz
Till you 'ear it 'arf to London, and 'e oozes lead, not
funk,
'E's a turtle in 'is shell, Sir, but 'e aint no gassin'
skunk.

'E's an eagle, 'e's an eagle and you see 'im in the
sky
With 'is beak toward the Fritzes, and 'e aint afraid
to die,
'And 'e may go West, 'e knows it, but 'e aint con-
cerned the least

If 'e takes some Fritzes with 'im and more often 'e goes East.

'E goes gleamin', 'e goes screamin', 'e goes dreamin' on 'is way

And 'is beak is like a razor when 'e's 'untin' of his prey,

'E's an eagle—'e fights open and 'e cracks 'em in the ribs,

But 'e aint no rotten buzzard droppin' bombs on babies' cribs.

'E's a swordfish in the water—you can see 'is foamin' snout

Any where from 'ere to Blighty and a thousand leagues about.

'E's a swordfish and 'e knows it, but 'e aint no sneakin' shark

Turnin' over on 'is belly so's to stab 'em in the dark.

'E's a bulldog, 'e's a bulldog, and 'e 'olds 'em 'ard and fast,

'E was there at the beginnin' and 'e'll be there at the last,

'E's a bulldog and 'e's grippin' 'em with all the teeth 'e's got,

But 'e aint no damned 'y-ena, no 'y-ena, no 'e's not.

'E's a mole sometimes, 'e knows it, and 'e 'as to be a mole,

But 'e aint a snake, 'e aint, Sir—'e 'as got a 'uman
soul;

'E is used to 'oles and trenches—'e 'as learned 'em
in 'is day,

But 'e aint no rat, 'e aint, Sir, packin' stolen things
away.

'E is Tommy-Tommy Atkins—and 'e's 'omely or
'e's not,

As 'is parents gave 'im features, but 'e's Tommy on
the spot,

'E 'as done 'is share of fightin', if 'e aint done all
'e's planned

But 'e's done 'is bit, 'e 'as, Sir—and I want to
shake 'is 'and.

WHEN HE COMES HOME

HIS picture's on the table as he looked that
other day,
With another one in khaki taken since he
went away,
And they look alike as can be, but the picture in
the brown
Has a sturdier look and manlier—sort o' firm and
settled down
To the business he has gone for; and his mother
keeps them there
With a tumbler full of flowers that are freshened
up with care
When the parlor's dusted mornings; and quite every
little while
As she dusts she stops before them with the rarest
kind of smile.

His clothes are in the closet, brushed with care and
put away,
For his mother knows he'll want them when he
comes back home some day;
They are looked at every morning for—well, moths
perhaps—for she
Is careful of his clothes as many mothers have to be.

She airs them and she suns them, for he'll want
them fresh and clean,
When he comes back home to wear them; and she
pauses in between
The airing and the sunning and the brushing with
a smile,
And pats them very lovingly and gently all the
while.

His books and things, as always, she has left about
his room,
Much the same as when he left them; but the fresh
and sweet perfume—
Of sweet peas and pinks and roses that she always
keeps in there
Takes the place of stale tobacco that was heavy on
the air.
And the room's in better order than he used to have
it kept,
It is sunned and aired each morning and particu-
larly swept,
For when he comes back he'll want it fresh and
clean, his mother said,
From the rug inside the threshold to the white
sheets on the bed.

So she dusts his room and airs it and the books
upon the shelf,
And the flowers above the picture, she has cut them
all herself,

And has placed them in the tumbler, all the buds
and stems and stalks
Of peas and pinks and roses and of nodding holly-
hocks;
And she airs his clothes and pats them in a gentle,
loving way,
And she smiles the while she does it, for he'll come
back home some day
And he'll want that smile exactly as he sees it now
somewhere
In a dream at dusk and twilight that is very, very
fair.

THE HOME GUARD

THE village band of Milledgeville was busted
purty nigh

When they drafted for the Army and they
took 'em low and high;

And, say! She was some cornet band before we
went to war,

But now she aint a marker to the band she was
before.

We lost Bud Ames, the leader, who was barberin'
by trade,

And Doc Fisher who blowed tuba, and the little
runt that played

The bass drum as big as he was, and the alto and
trombone,

They left us jist a snare-drum and a flute and
saxyphone.

Did we set back then and worry? No; we didn't,
you can bet,

For the Board o' Trade got busy, called a meetin',
and we met,

And a lot of good, old fellers—some that hadn't
played for years

Said they'd get back in the harness when they called
for volunteers.

There was Emery Botts who used to play the
cornet in his prime,

And do fancy triple-tonguein' in most any kind o'
time,

And Jed Hicks, he blowed the tuba long before the
Spanish war,

And he'd try again, by ginger, till the boys come
home once more.

Deacon Hayes, he was a fifer back in Sixty-one and
Two,

And he fided for the Grand Army and he'd see what
he could do;

And we got a drummer easy, for our blacksmith,
Homer Strong,

Said he guessed he could play bass-drum—he had
pounded iron so long.

Ezry Boggs said he'd play cymbals, for he used to
play guitar

In the days when he was courtin' an he knowed
what cymbals are,

And he knowed the bass and treble, but he was a
little shy,

Out o' practice on sight-readin' but was not afeard
to try.

So we got 'em all together for a practice and we
blew



John Wolcott Adams

'Bout a hundred Spangled Banners and the Old Red,
White and Blue,
And it didn't sound exactly like the band we had
last Fall,
But the folks said it was better than not havin' none
at all.
And we filled the Fire Department up with fellers
past their prime,
For we lost a lot of youngsters, and fires might
break out any time,
And Hi Green said he'd pull hose-cart and Tread
Pew said he was game
For to couple up the nozzle and to squint her on
the flame.

And a lot of Knights of Pythias and Masons that
was cold
On attendin' reg'ler meetin's all come back into the
fold,
And we cleaned our swords up shiny and we brushed
up our chapeaux,
And paraded all down Main street and, by jing, we
made some show.
'Cuz we'd lost a lot of young ones, and you got to
have parades,
And you got to have Grand Marshals and you got
to have some aides,
And you got to have some marchers, and if lodges
don't come through

When you hold a celebration, what the deuce you
doin' to do?

So, you boys that's in the Army, jist remember we're
on deck,

And when you come home we'll meet you with a
cornet band, by heck;

For we know the Spangled Banner and the Old
Red, White and Blue,

And we'll have the Fire Department out and the
fire engine, too.

And the lodges will be marchin' and the schools
and G. A. R.,

And except for age and music you will find us up
to par,

For, by jing, we aint no quitters—never was and
never will,

And we'll keep the home fires burnin' all the time
in Milledgeville.

THE PHILOSOPHER

“I don’t expect to see much change,” said Hiram
Green to me.

“We’re quite a set and stubborn lot, we human
bein’s be.

We get our learnin’ mighty slow, and just about
the time

A feller knows what’s good for him, he’s gone
long past his prime.

The war’ll change a lot of things, but I ’low Tread-
well Pew

Will slip a couple bad eggs in, just like he used
to do,

As soon as we’ve licked Germany—I don’t know
as I’d say

It was a mortal sin, perhaps, but it is Treadwell’s
way

“I don’t expect we’ll grow no wings; I don’t know
as I’d care,

If wings was sellin’ cheap for cash to order me a
pair;

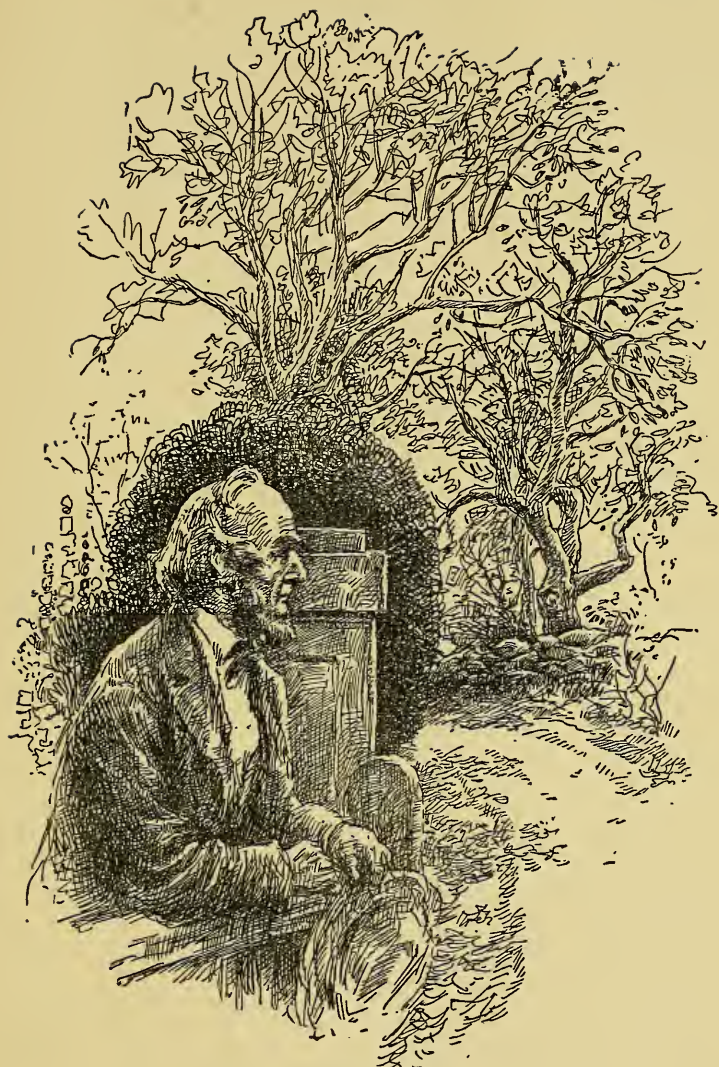
Joe Blake, the drummer’ll come along and stock
Tread up with stuff

To last him till the crack of doom, when Tread
has got enough

Already for a Marshall Field or Wanamaker
store,
But Joe Blake's tongue runs pretty smooth, and
he'll make Tread buy more,
And send a nice fat order in—he slips Tread
goods, you see,
That Tread don't need, just like Tread slips them
two bad eggs to me.

“And mebbe Joe will buy a stack in Emery Botts'
hotel,
Some quiet room, perhaps, that night he had them
goods to sell,
With Tread and Beggs and mebbe more, and get
cleaned, pit to dome,
By just some little winks and nods between the
boys at home.
They look durn innocent, perhaps, but foreign
money—well,
You know it looks invitin' and it has a tasty smell,
And when Joe puts his last chip in and goes off
slow to bed,
He finds they've slipped him somethin' like he
slipped them goods to Tread.

“No, I don't look to see much change, in human
natur' yet;
We're goin' to need our umberells, I reckon, when
it's wet.



John Wolcott Adams

We aint bought the last gold brick yet, and when
you're goin' to buy
A trottin' horse don't you forget to peel your
weather eye.
Just trust in man, for he's all right, and better
than before,
But you don't need to take the locks all off the hen-
house door.
As far as I'm concerned, by jing, the world looks
good to me,
And folks is mighty fine when I just take 'em as
they be."

THE PRIVATE

HE's a private and he stands
With a rifle in his hands
That he grounds, presents and shoulders
at the sergeant's gruff commands,
He was Tom or Bill or Jim,
Joe or Bob or Jack or Tim,
But he's Private U. S. Soldier now, with
sergeants drilling him.

He is stout or he is lean,
He is awkward and is green,
And his age is down from thirty to a
boyish seventeen;
Just a Jerry or a Ben
One among a million men,
Who gets up to drill and work and eat
and go to bed again.

Has no claim to fame perhaps,
For he wears no shoulder straps,
And in general appearance like a million
other chaps.

But to Someone, far or near
He's the sum of love and cheer,
And a good deal more important than
the braided Brigadier.

And he may be great or not,
Worth a little or a lot,
But he's doing what he can do and he's
giving all he's got.
So he's just as big to me,
Every way that I can see,
As the badged and ribboned Marshal of a
whole Empire could be.

So whenever he goes by
I salute him with my eye,
And my heart and soul and wish that I could
stop him and say why.
For, be honor great or small,
When they sound the bugle call
For the battle, he's the fellow who must
win it, after all.

BEYOND THE HORIZON

I SAYS to Ezry Beggs, I says:
“Them shotes o’ your’n look splendid, Ez.
I don’t know when I see as prime
Fat shotes as them in quite some time.
They ought to bring top-notch,” says I,
“In price.” And he says to me: “Si,
My boy jist writ his Ma and me
He’s gained ten pound,” says Ez, says he,
“Sence he enlisted ’long last Fall.”
And never mentioned shotes at all.

“The corn looks fine,” I says, says I.
“If she don’t git too wet or dry
Or cold or hot, she ought to bring
Some cash next Fall,” I says, “by jing,
From how she’s comin’ on, hey Ez?”
“My boy’s a corp’rel now,” he says,
“He’ll be First Sergeant mebbe yet,
I wouldn’t wonder, and I bet
He’ll make a good one, sure’s you’re born,”—
And never seemed to think of corn.

“Them steers,” I says, “looks purty slick;
I s’pose you’re goin’ to fat ’em quick

'And turn 'em off fer beef," I says,
"And beef is beef this year—hey Ez?
I wish I had a bunch like that,
I tell you, Ez, where I'd be at:
On Easy Street," I says, "that's where,
And them fat steers'd put me there."
And Ez, he says; "My boy writes me
He aint been sick a day," says he.

"Tried that new wheat fer seed?" I says.
"They says she's yieldin' heavy, Ez.
I wish I could afford to buy
'Bout forty bushels now," says I.
"I'd put her in;—I bet she'd bring
Some money in this Fall, by jing.
You goin' to let that East field go
To Summer fallow?"—"Mebbe so,"
He says: "You know my boy 'll be
Nineteen to-morrer, Si," says he.

THE QUIET HOUR

A SOLDIER of our legions was weeping Over
There;
He had cactus in his eyebrows and sand
blown all through his hair;
He had skin like sun-tanned leather and was muscled
like a deer,
And he looked half like a panther and half like
a Texas steer.
He had speared a dozen Fritzes and had rounded
up a score
And was marching slowly Westward driving all his
Huns before,
But the grimy tears were flowing from his eyes that
bitter day
And a comrade stood beside him just to hear what
he might say.
Then the bitter sobs broke from him and his heart
had such a wrench
That he grabbed a Hun and tossed him twenty feet
across a trench,
Charged a pill-box single handed, wrenched a rapid-
firing gun
From the place where it was spitting fire and turned
it on the Hun.

Then he caged his score of captives and upon the
churned up sands

He sat and wept with grimy tears that trickled
through his hands,

And he said: "Show me some fighting," as he
wiped away a tear,

"For I was trained in Texas, and there is no fight-
ing here!

"Oh, I was trained in Texas, where the sun beats
down like fire,

I have charged through thorny cactus, and these
fences of barbed wire

Are so soft I scarcely feel them; and this barrage
fire they fling,

When you've known a Texas Norther, is a modest
little thing.

What are rapid firing rifles and the bullets that they
spit?

I have marched in Texas sandstorms and that's
where you get the grit.

I came here to do some fighting but these battles
are so still

And so mild compared with Texas that I'm losing
all my skill.

"I have slept with rattlers crawling up and down
beside my head,

I've had adders and tarantulas and centipedes in
bed;

What to me are these dull Fritzes and these pop-
gun cannon rounds?
I have drilled in Texas lightning where they know
how thunder sounds.
And this water in the trenches; I have had much
more than that
In a thunderstorm in Texas dripping down from
off my hat;
Digging holes in clay for shelter is just simple,
childish play
When I've chopped mesquite for firewood half a
dozen times a day."

Then he sobbed, a bitter sobbing, as he gave way
to his grief,
And the score of Huns he'd taken seemed to give
him no relief;
It was all so calm and quiet when the Busy Berthas
boomed
That he knew his fighting spirit, bred in Texas,
would be doomed.
So he cried out: "Oh, my captain, send me some-
where far from here
Where there's such a thing as fighting and a man
can give a cheer;
And can wade in for a scrimmage—where the Foe-
man can get his;
Or else send me back to Texas where I learned what
trouble is!"

PARADISE LOST

HEAVEN is no place with pearly streets
Away from the fear of wrath:
It's a bed somewhere with clean, white sheets
And near it a warm, tub bath.

A bed with pillows and pillow slips,
A rug with colors bright,
And the touch of a little sister's lips
When a wee voice says good night.

A window that looks out from the eaves,
With dimity curtains hung,
A blossoming tree that's thick with leaves
That the wild birds hide among.

A morning paper with ink still wet,
And coffee that's piping hot,
In a china cup and a table set
As an army mess is not.

A place to shave or a pot of cream
A fire place and a book,
Tired eyes half shut on a pretty dream,
A girl and a shady nook.

Oh, it's chow and bunk with a half-washed face,
And up when the bugles blow,
And Heaven was such a near-by place
One time, but we didn't know.

THE FIRST-BORN

I SPOTTED him, by gracious, in the twinklin'
of an eye,
Out of more'n a thousand soldiers when the
Big Review went by;
Out of more durn men and horses and artillery—
why, say!
I knowed him in a minute when I heard the first band
play!
They was mighty like, them youngsters, as they all
swung down the line,
Lookin' straight ahead and keepin' step and march-
in' mighty fine,
But I spotted him the minute he was nigh enough
to see,
And a kind of pleasant shiver come and run all
over me.

If you'd ast me how I done it I don't know as I
could say,
But he looked a little slicker than the rest of them
some way;
He was buttoned up some neater and his head was
purty high,
Just a little wee bit higher when he went a-marchin'
by;

And he stepped a little spryer, so it sort o' seemed
to me,
And he never seemed to tire, but went marchin' with
a free
And a stiddy, smooth and swingin' stride; they all
looked mighty fine,
But you couldn't help but spot him when they all
come down the line.

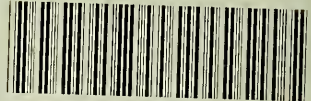
They was just a little difference—not much, I'm
free to say,
But they was a little difference—a little in the way
That he held his head and shoulders, and you might
not hardly see
What it was, but I can tell you it was plain as day
to me.
He stood just a little straighter than most anybody
there,
Sort o' carried himself better and his shoulders was
more square,
And I couldn't help but notice how durn trim he
was and tall,
And he ketched the tune and step a little better than
them all.

You don't have to take my judgment; I might favor
him, it's true,
Favor him among them others, as a daddy's apt
to do,

But his mother, she was with me, and she says to
me, says she:
"Jim looks trimmer, straighter, taller than the
others seem to be,
And he marches on some spryer and his shoulders
is more square,
And his blouse is buttoned slicker than most any-
body there!"
Which she seen the same as I did, and was said
before she heard
What I thought when I first seen him—and cor-
roborates my word!

THE END

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