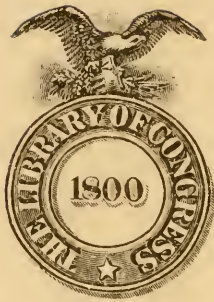




BRAIN FOOD
FOR
OLD AND YOUNG



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BRAIN FOOD FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

One Hundred and Seventy-eight Compositions.

By Richard F. Preusser.



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INTRODUCTION.

Dear readers, I call your attention,
See my efforts, my counsels, to please,
Provisions, to settle all your contention,
Follow directions, you'll feel at ease.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 8, 1904.

Declaiming a speech, sermon or rhyme,
'Tis not the quantity, that attracts,
But truth clear, impressive, sublime,
Where the subject is based on facts.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 4, 1905.

The pleasure of an idle hour,
When resting with contented look,
Satisfied with your left bour;
For precepts, read Preusser's book.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 22, 1905.

THE MIXTURE.

Poets jolly, funny, all more or less,
They call on ye gods for a blessing,
For help, when they are in a mess ;
To be stuck, it is distressing.

Thoughts are the leaders in rhyme,
The whirl and squirm on the brain,
To settle this mixture takes time,
When quite clear, as fixtures remain.

Expressions are close companions of reasons,
Sustained by the knowledge of art,
Or may depend for favors on seasons ;
Many are beliefs from a pure heart.

Poets are inspired, never pretend,
Are friends of the muses, wit, fame,
Compose, then believe it will tend,
Induce others, their full shares to claim.

Whom the spirit moves to declaim,
Each subject, that he may define,
Whether prose or poetry his aim,
Beauty, strength must claim each line.

Washington, D. C., June 22, 1904.

DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

Poets speak of heaven, stars and sphere,
All seem moving, will they remain,
Who has these wonders in care,
Through whose power do they reign.

The secrets of the earth, the sea,
Our efforts to gain their wealth,
Why all game is not free,
The only thing is air and health.

About Lillies and Roses in bloom,
Agents of Love that must fade;
Ideas that are looking for room,
Are bought and sold in trade.

Love must depend on Dan Cupid,
This little boy so full of pranks,
Who can act the most stupid,
When as pay receives no thanks.

Plenty of things that'll rhyme,
Arranged so as to blend,
To think of them takes my time,
My next subjects you may commend.

Washington, D. C., June 22, 1904.

OUR PLUMTREE.

The seed came from foreign lands,
We planted it in virgin soil,
With tender care, in loving hands,
It began its life of toil.

From the dark earth into light,
Appeared a slender stem of green,
In confidence it gained at sight,
Of strangers it had never seen.

Storms and frosts left impressions,
Tore its limbs, but left it free,
Strong of heart, under all conditions,
At last in time, it became a tree.

Thirteen limbs crowned its first efforts,
They spread shade in every direction,
Save from harm, were true consorts,
All who claimed its protection.

Surely there never was a family,
Their best friends could not see
Why they should now disagree,
To fight over the fruits of this tree.

They fought with guns and on paper,
Who should have the mostest plums,
Each party called the other traitor,
Forgot that they had been chums.

When tired, their fights were over,
Enormous in cost they had run,
Each party busy, hunted for clover,
Then both agreed to stop the fun.

Now united as brothers should be,
They peacefully settle what comes,
Both sought shelter under this tree,
And agreeably divide all the plums.

Our plumbtree is now a world power
With over thirty-eight limbs, none decayed;
Neighbors think our fruit too sour,
But strangers prefer its shade!—

Washington, D. C., July 23, 1904.

REFLECTIONS.

We have tried to be Christians, saints,
The world has prospered, while we lied,
Each points to the other with complaints,
'Tis you, who robbed the poor they cried.—
The never-ending game of all,
For gain, by any means get rich,
To push the owners to the wall,
Use gentle means, force, immaterial which.—
All fare alike, whether poor or rich,
When the beasts are out to prey,
'Tis called trade by those who each,
Will gather what comes their way.—

I see no use to make lament,
Only human nature to grab and pray,
Find fault with others, or pretend,
When some are caught, while we stay.—
Dare we point with scorn at such,
Or an innocent who hides for shame;
For others faults, refuse to blush,
Only a coward will shun all blame.—

Washington, D. C., June 14, 1904.

WAITING.

I am waiting, for something clever,
For the hour, at any time,
Will it happen now or never,
That my thoughts come out in rhyme?

Waiting, for inspiration to begin,
For subjects which I can lead,
Just a trial, may they lose or win,
I am quite ready to proceed.

They are coming, not yet clear,
Mingled with others, now they hide,
As playful sprites they re-appear,
Then allow me to be their guide.

She waited for you to appear,
In this vale of joy and worry,
Then called you her only dear,
Now she's ready to tell your story.

She waited for you, to toddle to walk,
Yell, when in pain or in play,
Have the measles, begin to talk,
Insist, to have everything your way.

She waited, till you had near grown,
Had passed through school and college,
When your knowledge had shown,
Pa's dollars were placed to advantage.

She waited, when you were ready to labor,
Chose a trade, business or profession,
Or be a soldier to wear a sabre,
Find you a hero on the first occasion.

She waited for you, to settle down,
Your wild oats were scattered and sown,
Found an only wife, who didn't frown,
Are raising a family of your own.

She waited, for your coming future,
When your efforts made you rich,
The luring prospects and adventure ;
Hear her counsel to avoid the ditch.

She waited, for your trouble or success,
The faith you had in a friend,
Who was willing to bear your distress,
What you had broken, help you to mend.

Washington, D. C., July 7, 1904.

WHAT IS LOVE.

A Goddess she is, but blind,
Dependent and led by a boy,
One of the mischievous kind,
For her more trouble than joy.

Legions have tried and failed,
Their experience proven enough;
Have seen others preferred and hailed,
Shown favors from her called Love.

Invincible, fearless, she never relents,
A conqueror who will not depart,
Quite careless of all others' comments,
Once she has gained a fair start.

Jealousy, calls her a snare, delusion,
Hankering for sweets rather bitter,
Something that is but pretense,
Unsettled minds, brings on confusion,
To all who believe in this critter,
While her friends call her immense!—

Washington, D. C., June 30, 1904.

CUPID'S TROUBLES.

As Cupid he has always been known,
For ages unseen, like an elf,
To many his actions have shown,
That he is independence itself.

A sole sovereign of all he surveys,
He rules the powerful and humble,
Not always pleasant are his ways,
O'er his projects, caused many to stumble.

None are ever safe from his tricks,
He has caused war and peace,
Spread alarm in church and politics,
Believes in having fun to tease.

Making trouble is his favorite play,
Meddle in others' affairs, make it warm,
Unseen will listen what innocents say,
Rejoice, when he has done them harm.

He'll seek trouble just for pleasure,
Armed with a smile, bow and dart,
Hunts the world over at his leisure,
Prepared to leave marks in all parts.

So there is no use for you to hide,
For find you, he surely will,
Even those, who have often tried,
Have not escaped from Cupid's skill!—

Washington, D. C., July 12, 1904.

CUPID'S ANSWER.

If I have often made trouble,
Spoiled well-planned calculations,
Your thanks I have earned double,
From couples now enjoying recreations.

Many have gazed with longing eyes,
Admired each other from a distance,
Ashamed to ask for my advice,
Then I send my servant with assistance.

I have encouraged them by every art,
These bashful maids and swains,
With careful aim send every dart,
In proof my efforts, were their gains.

Well aware, I am not understood,
The most worship only imaginations,
They can never appreciate the good
I have conferred by my visitations.

If I have resorted to tricks,
Have stopped some fool's pranks,
Or closed some lawless traffics,
Then, at least, I deserve your thanks!—

Washington, D. C., July 14, 1904.

MY JACKASS.

Don't take a Jackass for a fool,
He may look easy, but thinks quick,
Some jokes he takes quite cool,
While at others he will—kick.—

Don't address a Jackass from the rear,
His best points are in front,
A gentle face, a waving ear,
An eye, that says please don't.—

Don't swear, when a Jackass brays,
Who knows, a brother may be near,
And understands all he says,
What you dislike, he may hold dear.—

Don't, a Jackass has many trials,
Just think what he must bear,
Have patience with all his rivals,
Whose voices we do often hear.—

While some advance to the East,
Others seek fortunes in the West,
Many always tired, think best,
To stay at home and—rest!—

Washington, D. C., April 23, 1904.

THE SUCKER.

Sucker, is the name of a fish,
Who lives, in our river and creek,
Boneless, he'll make a fair dish,
Provided, in season he isn't sick.

This sucker can't bite only suck,
On most anything he feeds,
Just loves to roll in muck,
Much cleaning he needs.

For ages we have proof of date,
That many suckers have been found,
Plentiful, in more than one state,
Who'll nipple the year around.

In every profession and trade,
A sucker is welcome indeed,
He'll take most anything for bait,
Is the easiest fish to lead.

Let us be careful of the breed,
More valuable than a Gold-mine,
That when we get in need,
We can salt him in our brine!—

Washington, D. C., June 20, 1904.

THE BLUES.

Who is it, who has them not,
Sometimes, what we call the Blues,
Dissatisfied with our small lot,
With what we have failed to do.—

We claimed the love of friends,
Like pure Gold, we thought it true,
Too late, we found it but pretence,
Then we felt awful—blue.—

All of our sense, all our pluck,
Everything that we ever knew,
It was no use against a fool's luck,
No wonder that we felt—blue.—

The chances that we have missed,
Our intentions, as good as new,
Think of the girls we never kissed,
Then we felt always—blue.—

A maid called us her only love,
My heart it belongs to you.
We took her for a pure white dove,
But instead we found her—blue.—

Still, if we have saved no wealth,
And gained what have but few,
Experience, patience and good health,
Then we can laugh, while you feel—blue!—

Washington, D. C., April 27, 1904.

SHARPS AND FLATS.

Sharps and Flats are well known,
To each student of music are needs,
Notes without them, would lack tone,
And prevent the composition of sweets.—

To lovers, sharps are known facts,
Avoid them, of their company beware,
Whereas quite harmless are flats,
For them they need not care.—

Every one can't read a sharp or flat,
Even by their style and vocation,
Only enough acquaintance and tact,
Will prove their difference in relation.—

Anywhere are met these oppositions,
The streets, stores, theaters are full,
Where they admire each other's positions,
Each busy seeking lambs with wool.—

Innocent flats are now for rent,
Arranged in style and for profit,
For all who pay without comment,
Known sharps must leave a deposit.—

We love all, regardless how fair,
Be they sharps, flats or kin,
Allow them freedom anywhere,
Provided, they produce the tin.—

Washington, D. C., April 30, 1904.

ANSWER TO PUCK.

Mr. Poet, he who signed Puck,
'Tis easy to see your drift,
You have found, just your luck,
What others refused to lift.—

If Shakespeare or Gertrude could see,
Your efforts so full of woe,
Such creative gifts, that pass free,
Doubtful, they would like the show.

Who'll desert husband or wife,
To avoid miscomforts, will rue,
The truest best gifts in life;
Only a fool can write like you.—

Washington, D. C., July 29, 1904.

OPPOSITION.

To win a fair maid, I like opposition,
Let her flirt, try her best device,
Reject or consider my proposition,
She must win me, if I am her choice.—

To win a fair maid, I like opposition,
The very best, often proves a Delilah,
Her shears may change my condition,
Like Sampson, shall lose all desire.—

To win a fair maid, I like opposition,
She must be pure, honest and true,
Brunette or blonde, fair in complexion,
I think of one, maybe it is you.—

To win a fair maid, I like opposition,
Give her a chance to play her part,
Far sweeter then is her admission,
When her eyes say, thine is my heart.—

To win a fair maid, I like opposition,
Her tricks may try my temper,
Encourage me in my ambition,
Beware fair maid, when you surrender!—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 29, 1904.

THAT HAT.

You certainly are hard to please,
One day you smile, next you run,
Your pleasure dear, is it to tease,
Agreed, let us both have fun.—

Oh! where, where is your hat,
With red roses in constant bloom,
You used to wear like a mat,
I admired it, a regular boom.—

Red roses, are they out of date?
My guide, when you came down the hill,
Such a thoughtful, demure pretty maid,
None are like you, I love you—still.—

Washington, D. C., Sept. 3, 1904.

MY DREAM.

Last night I had a funny dream,
I will call it opposition!
I saw a stranger, tall and lean,
Of straw colour his hair did seem,
A funny swain, in addition,
Eyes red and green, I remember,
Like hard times, in poor condition,
Making love to you, this gander,
Poor drummer, wasting ammunition!—

Washington, D. C., Sept. 9, 1904.

THE FAIR STUDENT.

A fair maid in pensive mood,
Just returned from her lesson,
Study, exercise for her own good,
She longs for rest a real blessing;
Reclining in her favorite nook,
Thinking o'er the present and past,
Slyly, she draws forth, not a book,
A letter to Helen, his last,
She reads, her blushes come and go,
Smiles, then dimples on her face show,

('Tis Cupid's doings with his bow,
Then sighed and said, Dear, I know.—

Washington, D. C., April 24, 1904.

MRS. YEASTLY.

Did you ever, ever meet,
A lady called Mrs. Yeastly?
Shallow in brains, tall as a reed,
Who imagined she is a beauty;
To help nature in her need,
She had studied grace and manner,
For her charms are going to seed,
She must sail under another banner.
Art has changed her tint,
Improved her shape and complexion,
But, her red and white paint,
Can never hide this deception!—

Washington, D. C., June 15, 1904

THE LOST ROSE.

My sweet rose is lost to me,
At present, surely not forever,
This beauty, wherever she may be,
She can not hide, but like the sun,
Will send out rays and light,
Whether north or south she has gone,
Her true eyes shall be my guide.—

Washington, D. C., May 17, 1904.

IDEAL WOMAN.

Poets rave, forever strive to compose,
Speak of man, his past worries,
Compare as an ideal, the lovely rose,
With woman, her faults, her glories.—

Ideal means, well, hard to define,
It depends, on intelligence and station,
What I abhor, is in another's line,
Will suit just exactly his vocation.—

I am treading on dangerous ground,
An ideal woman, you'll exclaim,
'Tis impossible to please all around,
Worthless, the imaginations you declaim.—

Ideal woman is, I'll try to think,
Surely, she must be in existence,
(Sound in mind, in health pink,)
I'll find her, without your assistance.—

She's a Venus, in figure I mean,
Brunette or blonde, with sparkling eyes,
Never too stout, never too lean,
Who knows her Q's and Why's.—

Clean she is in all her ways,
Honest, truthful and able to blush,
Never mingles in indecent frays,
Knows the time, when to say hush.—

To her husband she's always kind,
She'll help him to carry his load,
Never, even disturb him in mind,
When he has travelled the wrong road.—

She'll only dress for his pleasure,
Avoid useless expense and waste,
Love, honor him her only treasure,
And cook all meals to his taste.—

A true mother and patient wife,
Without false pretense or notion,
Her loved ones to save, risk life,
She is, all unselfishness, all devotion.—

Washington, D. C., July 28, 1904.

MY ADVICE.

Endless are the counsels we received,
How to gain health, wealth, content,
More than once we have been deceived,
When well-tried projects, assayed lament.—

We are forever advised to be honest,
When at work, in trade act square,
Be content to stay poor, never protest,
More honorable, than wealth and care.—

To gain wealth, work early and late,
Spend nothing, save all your sugar,
Buy cheap, especially in real estate,
Sell high, when you find a sucker.—

Never rest, but keep on the move,
Just taste your meals, pay the press,
Give to the poor, it will prove
That you are, well, let them guess.—

For political moves you must give,
Join, be a good brother of every lodge,
Respected, as a church member live,
It'll help considerable, when you dodge.—

'Tis essential, be always well dressed,
Pay your tailor, surely in cash,
He'll vouch for you, when hard pressed,
Quiet the creditors, when you go smash.—

To crown your efforts for wealth,
Take a rich maid or widow to wife,
You may not love her, but her pelf,
This blessing, it will last for life.—

When you have plenty of wealth,
Feel contented, secure in your lot,
Any doctor, will keep your health,
Provided you pay on the spot.—

Washington, D. C., July 18, 1904

LATE THOUGHTS.

Rather late in life, thoughts arise,
Doubts whisper of past speculations,
Have all of your actions proven wise,
Which appear now, slowly as revelations.—

Have you given to those in need,
Shown mercy, when the guilty plead,
Encouraged the weary by your lead,
Defended the feeble, when hope had fled.—

Restored, what you unjustly claimed,
Forgiven, who your vengeance dread,
Confessed, that now you feel ashamed,
Of the past life you have led!—

Have you the courage to repent,
Prove by all your future deeds,
That, at least, you mean to attempt,
Now break ground and plant better seeds.—

Washington, D. C., July 10, 1904.

TRY AGAIN.

When you have made a failure,
Your wishes could not attain;
Another found with ease treasure,
You have missed, try again.—

When you are busy in trade,
You learned that all isn't gain,
'Tis work from morn till late;
Losses your lessons, try again.—

When your friend refused to pay,
He's just short of cash explain,
I will surely pay some day;
Call it square, don't try again.—

When you have reached the top,
Wish in comfort to remain,
Forget not to use a prop;
Else you'll slide, must try again.—

When you call on her to-night,
Ten to one that she will feign,
The greatest joy at your sight;
Take it with salt, try again.—

Many more I could relate,
Plenty of misses yet remain,
When we were left for a skate,
Your time will come, try again.—

Washington, D. C., June 18, 1904.

THE UNKNOWN.

She lived at nameless street,
Years have passed to her unknown,
When as strangers we did meet,
In silence, I called her my own.

We still continue to meet and pass,
She in ignorance of my caress,
I still call her the sweetest lass,
How I do wish she would guess.—

She's a rose, the fairest in name,
A blonde with eyes of deep blue,
Graceful in manner, without blemish,
Her I love, if she only knew.—

In time all flowers must bloom,
Hope keeps your memory green,
In my heart there's only room,
For you, my unknown queen!—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 7, 1905.

HER ANSWER.

Let your silence be as gold,
The prompt answer of the wise.
When you speak in silver mold,
Your words be soft replies,
A soft calling of the dove,
The zephyr seeking passage sighs.
You are, my only dearest love,
True is mine, it never dies!—

Washington, D. C., May 5, 1903.

THE MEETING.

As others often meet, we met,
Was it fancy, accident, surprise,
Or just curiosity we read,
In each other's eyes.—

The old story we have heard,
Of light in darkness shed,
We each saw the truth arise,
Bashful, ashamed we fled.—

Since then we have often tried,
With looks when passing near,
To read what each tries to hide,
The thoughts we both hold dear.—

Washington, D. C., May 9, 1903.

IN TROUBLE.

Is it only her pretend,
She comes not, why this delay,
Have I lost her, my best friend,
Has danger met her today.—

Who has gathered my rose,
The only one in this clime,
Her colour and beauty I chose,
My favorite for all time.—

I can't believe she has gone,
That she will ever forget,
The heart which beats for her alone,
Ignore that we have ever met!—

Washington, D. C., May 10, 1903.

THE AMERICAN ROSE.

Mine I called, when I found her,
This stately, beautiful red rose,
Mine shall be this priceless treasure,
To win, love and honor in prose,
This flower found, I claim and vow,
Shall be mine, now and forever;
Friend Cupid, use your dart and bow,
Find her heart, now or never!—

Washington, D. C., May 11, 1903.

THE OWL.

Whoever saw an owl scowl,
For missing her mark,
Imagine to hear her growl;
Else 'tis the fellow,
Coming home from a lark!—

An owl is a bird of prey,
Must live and hunt in the dark,
Does not meddle in others' fray,
Like the fellow, whose bray,
We hear, reeling home from a lark!—

Washington, D. C., March 28, 1903.

DON'T!

We don't take all for granted,
Not everything we hear is true,
Our sight is also defective,
Imagine often things look blue,
Nor our trials to please effective,
By the best friends are haunted,
In this case we appeal to you!—

Washington, D. C., March 28, 1903.

AN ANSWER.

Mr. Editor, in your business,
You seem to follow this rule,
Treat outside efforts with coolness,
A stranger you consider a fool.
If it were not for the leader,
There would not be a tool,
If it were not for the Jackass,
There would not be a mule,
If it were not for outsiders,
To improve your worthless mass,
For the benefit of the readers,
Then you would remain an ass!
So don't worry, feel blue,
Listen to the moral ever true,
My advice you'll never rue;
Tickle me, then I'll tickle you!

Washington, D. C., June 12, 1904.

OUR ELEPHANT OF 1897.

This Tariff, an elephant on our hands,
Congress in time will fill his demands.
Poor fellow, he's often kicked, then petted,
His situation by many is regretted,
He has suffered, his enemies have sworn,
To kill, of his strength have him shorn,
Many wish he had never been born!—

Washington, D. C., June 12, 1904.

NOTIONS.

All have notions, can't help it,
For the present out of reach,
Our scant means will not admit;
Something that you ought to teach.—

Notions, are thoughts born as wishes,
That come early and leave late,
Some are like most of our fishes,
Who will not bite without bait.—

Notions, for what we'll not get,
Think, of the thousands now due,
The most arrivals are regret,
Still, keep wishing for the new.—

Notions, that sometimes come true,
Our uncle has lost his dear health,
His Will, may have mentioned you,
Then you come in on his wealth.—

Notions that are up to date,
Other fellows have our luck,
Make piles of money in trade,
Only, you and me get stuck.—

Notions, our religion is best,
The few true Christians that live,
But when it comes to the test,
This world, is our real belief.—

Notions, those out of College,
Are entitled to rule the earth,
Due respect to their knowledge,
Mechanics, are equals in worth.

Notions, she is not aware,
Of our special devotion,
Admiring her figure, her air ;
Does she accept our notion.—

Notions, have wings come and go,
Break our peace, rest and slumber,
Once settled, leave rather slow,
Some appear a back number.—

If it were not for notions,
Trusts, that must feed you and me,
The best allies of all nations,
Where now, or what would we be !—

Washington, D. C., June 25, 1904

CONSOLATION.

He is our second best friend,
Never able to settle our loss,
Nor what is broken to mend,
But cheer us, when we feel cross.—

He will make efforts to cure,
The ills created by decease,
When our minds suffer for sure,
His sympathy tries to ease.—

He will encourage the future,
Our prospects, when they look bright,
See them advancing, mature,
Help grasp success with delight.—

We believe in consolation,
Our friend when we despair,
He fears not desolation,
Will follow us anywhere.—
Washington, D. C., July 4, 1904.

RUMORS.

Rumors, are not facts nor news,
Lies, brothers, sisters, her mates,
For none we have any use;
They are too busy, mind no dates.

Her pet half-brother is guess,
We ought to take his excuse,
He'll make an innocent mess,
Of what he believes is news.—

Reporters, don't deny the fact,
To work, they must have some friends,
Take rumors as guides to act,
Else they could never condense.—

Few, that don't enjoy rumor,
Even, when found it isn't true,
At least they grasp the humor,
Without a doubt, so will you!—
Washington, D. C., July 2, 1904.

CHARMS.

Pleasures, for the mind refined,
Something of beauty or imagination,
That many look for, but never find,
Nor able to give an explanation.—

Senses may discover or detect,
It depends on education;
Gifts given to intellect,
Enable us to reach a definition.—

What one calls pretty nice,
Another declares it's charming,
He may have alluded to size,
Which we would find alarming.—

Charms, are in the heavens, their blue,
The stars and planets that glitter,
The grass and flowers covered with dew,
Or birds, when they but twitter.—

The waves that stir the oceans,
Or those fishes, that can fly,
In some of our queer notions,
Facts that we don't deny.—

'Tis only ignorance can't see,
Where faith does share in emotion.—
Regardless what the subject may be,
Where faith does share in emotion.—

A queen, is our American rose,
The sun, rising in the morning,
Presenting Venus, Aurora in repose,
These impressions, I declare charming.—

Charmed, are we with her,
A picture of life and health,
Just guess, to whom we refer,
When looking at her by stealth!—

Washington, D. C., June 28, 1904.

FENDERS.

There are fenders and fenders galore,
To prevent, what all most dread,
Lose that which we can't restore,
'Tis what we call our head.

Fenders, for ships and docks,
Fenders, to stop thieves looting banks,
Fenders, for prisons, bars and locks,
Fenders, in use to stop cranks.

Fenders, that she loves to press,
Fenders, before they depart,
Fenders, who leave not without a caress,
Fenders, she admires in her heart.

Fenders, that ought, but never fend,
Fenders, for and against the law,
Fenders more less a pretend,
Fenders all, but good to draw!—

Washington, D. C., July 2, 1904.

TWO.

One is brunette, the other blonde,
Alike in size, both striking fair,
An office, holds them now in bond,
I will not tell you where!—

From early morn, till late at six,
They do write, consult and figure,
Who can tell, what they don't mix,
When looking at the ticker!—

Such long hours, till to-night,
How lonely it must feel to wait,
Where nothing ever comes in sight,
Not even that,—him they hate!—

Such bashful maids, both are nice,
The brunette, I like first rate,
If I was allowed to make choice,
'Tis her, I would choose for mate!—

This rose, may she never fade,
That lovely dark-eyed maid,
And if I am not too late,
Then she can set the date!—

Washington, D. C., June 10, 1904.

DIVINE TRUTH.

Who can deny truth, this shining star,
The works of art, produced by nature,
A symbol of power, to make or mar,
Who must not believe, in a divine creator.

Who can deny truth, that guiding hand,
Leading hope, from darkness into light,
To an unknown shore, a holy land,
Where souls behold, his glorious might.

Who can deny truth, revealed for ages,
Prophets inspired, taught eternal law,
On our holy book, recorded on its pages,
Why he punished disbelief, created wars.

Who can deny truth, our souls to save,
He sent for love his only son,
To suffer, die, arise from the grave,
That we might live, God is One.
Washington, D. C., June 9, 1904.

SPITE.

Our bitterest enemy is spite,
A sister of jealousy and hate,
A snake, poison is her bite,
She will even destroy her mate.—

Spite loves to maim, to kill,
A carrier of doubtful news,
Breaks friendship and good will,
Which belief retains, others lose.—

The only weapon to silence spite,
Let our actions bear the proof,
When truth does call for right,
Then spite, must stand aloof.—

Rattle, tattle, tattle, did you see,
Tattle, tattle, rattle, it's quite clear,
Spite, her tongue is making free,
Such news, it's music to her ear!—
Washington, D. C., May 14, 1904.

OLD RULES.

We still hear, the old oft-repeated story,
How Mr. Nobody, gained all his wealth,
Still another, gained a name and glory,
It says ought, at whose loss and health!—

Yet another, true old saying,
That history, will repeat itself,
Those doing now all the braying,
In time, all will reach the shelf!—

Who's at the bottom, will come on top,
True to his quality he will rise,
Only ignorance will always stop,
The world, ought to be ruled by the wise!—

Washington, D. C., May 2, 1904.

PHILOSOPHY.

What after all is life,
It seems a short journey,
Amidst loss, continual strife,
To get what we call plenty;
The wealth owned by others,
Gained by work or crime,
The aim of slaves and masters;
Creations all, lasting a short time!—

Washington, D. C., June 17, 1903.

OUR GOOD OLD NEIGHBOR.

Our good old neighbour, side by side,
We lived happy through many a year,
All joys and trouble, we did divide,
Both families united, held each dear.

Our good old neighbor, believed in right,
He would guide his acts to please,
When our girls and boys did fight,
It was him, that restored the peace.

Our good old neighbor, did not forget,
When the poor, where most in need,
Would share his stores, without regret,
Regardless, of their belief or creed.

Our good old neighbor, of long syne,
That kindly soul, more than friend,
Whose faith and trust, shared in mine,
We miss him, peaceful was his end!—

Washington, D. C., June 14, 1904.

IMMORTAL LOVE.

Immortal Love, God's first creation,
His trusted Guide, to show the way,
Our Faith in her, leads to salvation,
We fear no harm, when gone astray.

Immortal Love, has won nations,
Truth and Hope, find rest in her name,
Peace and Charity, her relations,
Are treasures, which all Christians claim.

Immortal Love, does not delay,
No power can retard her mission,
The hearts ruled by her gentle sway,
Fear not ignorance, nor delusion.

Immortal Love, a mighty Giant,
Can withstand the ravages of Time,
Trouble, Sickness, Death or Tyrant;
Supreme, a Victor, she stands sublime.

Washington, D. C., May 3, 1903.

WHERE WE COME IN.

Please don't call it folly,
When sometimes we do laugh,
Our spirits feel quite jolly,
O'er the fun we expect to have!—

We take it for our medicine,
What is better than a laugh,
Even, when we smile or grin,
O'er the antics of a calf!—

A Christian doesn't call it sin,
To laugh over the good trade,
Whereby he gained a lot of tin,
The other fellow had just made!—

The hearty laugh of a willful lass,
Clear, ringing like a bell,
Her joy, to make him pass,
Oh! such a funny, funny sell!—

It makes him feel unwell,
He almost takes a fit,
Is it funny, he can't tell,
Where the laugh comes in, nit!—

Forever give, take, make up,
First it is me, then you,
Who must drain a bitter cup,
While others, the laughing do!—

Take advice, don't feel sore,
When a joke is meant for fun,
They'll only laugh the more,
So don't try to run!—

We often laugh, o'er a funny thing,
Another takes three weeks to see,
He can't tell where the joke comes in,
Like our cousin o'er the sea!—

Those, who are never witty,
Who can't take a joke for fun,
And never laugh, more's the pity,
Will not be missed, when they are gone!—

While we are recalling fun,
Think away back of the past,
What you and me haven't done;
And who, will laugh the last!—

Washington, D. C., May 25, 1904.

MAY NEWS.

Curiosity, we have it all,
Left us by Eve, our mother,
So now we never miss a call,
To please a sister or a brother!—

We all like to hear the news,
Careless, the cause be joy or sorrow,
What to-day it may produce,
The past, or of to-morrow!—

Who cares, if news are truth,
Provided there is some profit,
For some it's of no earthly use,
Unless it booms the market!—

News, of that frost in spring,
Wheat is killed, the blossoms frozen,
There'll be no peaches, no nothing,
Now, eggs are twenty-five cents per dozen!—

News, about the coming crop,
The farmer howls, there is too much,
These prices now are sure to drop,
Those extra Dollars, I'll never touch!—

The eastern war, about a map,
That Russia changed for her use,
'Tis now disputed by the Jap,
Whoever wins, that will be news!—

From St. Louis, news different,
Just now before election,
Whom will they choose for President,
Will it depend, on most protection!—

Guess, who does never sow,
Only gather news and rumor;
In their hands begins to grow,
Into Dollars, Wit and Humor!—

Washington, D. C., May 7, 1904.

DEAD-BEATS.

Dead-Beats, from every state and nation,
Resembling, a swarm of hungry crows,
Make our city, their future station,
They live and prosper, how, who knows.—

Dead-Beats, that ought to hang,
In every stage, of all colours,
Our law protects, allows this gang,
To rob us, of cents and Dollars.—

Dead-Beats find nothing too small,
They'll never dispute our price,
To collect dues, they'll let us call,
Instead of cash, they pay in lies.—

Dead-Beats and Tramps are brothers,
Who'll never sow, but only reap,
The gains and efforts of others,
They'll steal, for their own keep.—

Dead-Beats, we refuse to trust,
Beware, we understand your game;
You have ruined our business most,
And now, you'll slander our name!—

Washington, D. C., May 31, 1904.

BAIT.

All fishermen must use bait,
Different in kind, fish are not alike,
What will catch a sucker or a skate,
Will never lure a bass or pike!—

The world is full of those who fish,
And also of those who wait,
For favors, the granting of a wish,
Which after all, is only—bait!—

The Trusts and most politicians,
Are always ready, never late,
To consider favorable propositions,
It all depends on—bait!—

A merchant's goods are advertised,
Their lowest price, 'tis fate,
Until, the buyer is surprised,
Why it was only—bait!—

All trades come in contact,
With those who up to date,
Before closing any contract,
Insist, on plenty of—bait!—

Market-farmers lay on top,
Fresh hen-fruit that looks first-rate,
Customers, will always stop,
To admire this fresh—bait!—

The best fishers, are the ladies
Nature has taught them the art,
To act the most innocent daisies,
When baiting, for a—a—a heart!

Washington, D. C., April 2, 1904.

WASHINGTON SEASONS.

How many, I have good reasons,
So have you, here is the full amount,
Such weather, only three real seasons,
Rain, Cold, Hot, the year around.

The business seasons, only 52 a year,
Experience will prove my count,
Our people often do feel queer,
Their notions change the year around.

Some few mechanics, have a season,
When tramps, are of no account,
For skilled work, 'tis almost treason,
To pay wages the year around.

The only few paying seasons,
Where profit rests on solid ground,
Are the Luxuries enjoyed by persons,
Who are idle, the year around.—

Then comes at last a season,
When some good people go away,
While the rest, for good reason,
Are well content to stay!—

Washington, D. C., May 11, 1904.

ANSWER TO PUCK. NO. 2.

You remind me of the cat,
Who had her own sweet will,
He wasn't able to catch a rat,
So preferred to live on swill.

The only thing he did chase,
It was his lovely tail,
With it would run a race,
In this he couldn't fail.

Ha, Ha, Ha, Oh! hush,
You have tackled the Dutch,
You surely made me blush,
Please stop, it is too much!

Washington, D. C., May 11, 1904.

OUR QUARTER.

This old citizen of our nation,
Is the quarter to whom we cling,
His friends declare their salvation;
Therefore he rules, almost as king.—

What will not a quarter buy,
Such different kinds of pleasure;
Oh, the comforts we would enjoy,
If we could own this treasure.

A true friend, he's to all,
Only business leads him astray,
Just when we have a call,
He is engaged and kept away.—

Whenever you meet a quarter
Invite him, that he may stay,
He loves good company, oughter,
For he always helps to pay.

Never hate to spend a quarter,
He will not break your heart,
When you treat, your neighbor's daughter,
Remember, the oldest friends must part!—

Washington, D. C., May 26, 1904.

THE HOG.

We do often hear of him,
How he gobbles all in sight,
Our chances are but slim,
Against, what he calls right!—

The end seat on the cars,
First come he'll claim,
His legs will act as bars,
A truthful hog his aim!—

His station doesn't matter,
Of his importance quite vain,
All weaklings he'll scatter,
And trample on the slain!—

The universe belongs to him,
Make room for our hog,
Only one, can make him skim,
He is afraid of our dog!—

Washington, D. C., May 27, 1904.

IMAGINATIONS.

To imagine, is to have believed,
What has been, is now, might be,
This judgment can't be deceived,
It must be real, we hear and see.—

Imagination, is a looking glass,
Quite clear, almost without flaw,
In it, she'll see things pass,
That no other ever saw.—

Imaginations, will always stretch,
Like rubber shrink to common size,
Just like the truthful sketch,
Where most parts proved lies.—

We imagine, that all we own,
Our efforts and fruits of labor,
Are far better, 'tis well known,
Than what we get from our neighbour.—

Some imagine, their advice the best,
Of course your case can be won,
It will surely stand the test,
Until, your Dollars are all gone.—

Our imaginations may not cure,
But our medicines often will, ..
Have patience, in faith endure,
Then, pay and believe in skill.—

Some do imagine that the store,
Is the place to seek all trades,
In ignorance pass the mechanic's door,
They must have lost all dates.—

Imaginations, we meet each day,
Exposed to all kinds of weather,
If of value, we couldn't say,
'Tis only ours we keep together.—

Do not imagine, test, believe,
Be safe and follow our teaching,
What is gone you can't retrieve,
But now listen to our preaching.—

Washington, D. C., June 4, 1904.

LIGHT.

When first we see the light of day,
In ignorance, quite helpless,
Grow up, are taught work and play,
To expect, trials and distress;
We should not forget that our stay,
Be it many years or less,
Before the end comes, should have faith,
That when the Lord appears in sight,
He may receive our soul in grace,
Lead her into eternal Light.
Light a most precious gift,
Looks down on joy and sorrow,
It does not matter how we drift,
After night, comes a to-morrow.—

Washington, D. C., June 11, 1904.

THE SUNNY SOUTH. (A SONG.)

Copyright, 1905, by R. F. Preusser.

Give me a home in the Sunny South,
Let it be near the mountains or sea,
A veranda surrounding the house,
Shaded by vines and Magnolia tree.

Give me a home in the Sunny South,
Where some men of honor do live free,
Who often braved the cannon's mouth,
When the cause meant, home and liberty.

The Sunny South can forever claim,
A welcome home for beauty and fair,
Many brave daughters who have won fame,
Who joy or sorrow with others share.

Oh! Hail Ye Fairest, our Sunny South,
Her present welfare and future be,
A home of faith and love, save from drouth,
Of Fame, Justice, Hospitality.

Chorus :

Where the mocking bird is calling,
Come my dear love, with me and see,
Where His blessings are still falling;
'Tis the real home for you and me.

Re-written Dec. 15, 1905.

WHEN SHE SMILES.

When her hat is the latest fashion,
Her dresses and shoes the same,
Of jewelry has a fair section,
Sure, she feels proud of her fame.
Then she smiles.

Her face found in beauty a mate,
The hair is quite an attraction,
In figure she is plump and straight,
Her looking-glass gives satisfaction.
Then she smiles.

When shopping, visiting her creation,
By all her friends she is admired,
To each one sends an invitation,
An effort to please she desired.
Then she smiles.

She just loves to receive nice presents,
Her seasons spend at a resort,
Where she finds much more attention
For her pleasure and in sport.
Then she smiles.

Married or single, she knows at once,
When a man is charmed with her figure
Such impertinence, oh! the dunce,
It tickles her pride, her eyes glitter.
Then she smiles.

When a girl has one beau or more,
She even strives to charm her friend's
Win him, it will add another score,
The joy, she has gained her ends.
Then she smiles.

When she is tired of her beau,
Get rid of him her intention,
He will be lost before he knows,
She'll call it, a sure prevention.
Then she smiles.

When she has sorted and picked over,
Numbers of men she has worried,
At last finds a four-leaf clover,
To it she is finally married.
Then she smiles.

Often she has been deceptive,
Only resorts to it in need,
To please she can be effective,
A mixture of bitter and sweet.
When she smiles.

She loves all bargains low in price,
Looks through the market, store and Fair
Goods marked down are her choice,
She prevents you from getting a share.
Then she smiles.

She calls her husband Dear, Darling,
When her pin-money has been spent,
He understands her calling,
For a check that he must just lend.
Then she smiles.

When she has gained all her points,
Through successful efforts and trials,
At rest, at peace is then her mind,
Complete her victories o'er rivals!—
Then she smiles.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 8, 1903.

WITH CARE.

Don't always touch what you admire,
Be sure, then to handle it with care,
It may be smokeless, yet on fire,
Surely, test well before you dare.

What is not your business, don't touch,
You have quite enough to mind your own,
E'en one experience would prove too much,
You had better let strange things alone!—

Washington, D. C., April 15, 1904

TO A FRIEND.

Praise from your generous heart,
Our sympathies became entwined,
When yours refined in taste, admired art;
As friends continue, if you are inclined,
It is my wish, that we do not part.—

Washington, D. C., Oct. 4, 1904.

THE FLOWER PINS.

Ladies, I offer you the latest,
Your flowers to hold a pin,
For effect you cannot mate it,
Yes, the style, it's bound to win.

Flowers securely hold my pin
Cherish, adopt it as your ward
Present to your beau as next kin,
Ask Dan Cupid to send his card.

My blessing goes with every pin,
From it you must never part,
To wear flowers, it is no sin,
Only your friendship for the art.

Good luck, it follows every pin,
Of joy or sorrow be it part,
Thousands of true friends may it win,
For you and me a loving heart.—

Washington, D. C., Nov. 11, 1903.

THE DIAMONDS.

A Diamond only will cut a Diamond,
An emblem of Purity and Truth,
The friend of Progress and Enlightenment,
A charming Beauty, perpetual Youth.—

A pure Diamond will shed its lustre,
Buried in darkness, or exposed to light,
Imperial to slander, or vulgar bluster,
The world will judge its worth right.—

A Diamond is the maid I love,
Brilliant, fair, a living Venus,
Retiring, modest, like a dove,
Bright, accomplished, a genius.
“Proud Maid,” she knows her worth,
To find her, I would search the earth!—

Washington, D. C., March 16, 1904.

INSTALLMENTS.

Why should we buy for cash,
When goods offered by the merchant,
Slightly damaged from the crash,
We can pay them on installment.—

Cheap, cheap, is each one's cry,
Come all, come to our short sale,
You need no cash, only buy,
Even trust you when you fail.—

Most everything is now arranged,
To suit even through the mail,
Some people are not ashamed,
But advertise their goods for sale.—
For you can make all payments,
In time and on installments!—

Washington, D. C., March 17, 1904.

IF.

If we had never made a failure,
All our efforts proven a success,
We would not have seen the pleasure,
Or gained the knowledge we possess.—

If we had restricted immigration,
Never could have grown a Trust,
Who now fattens on our nation,
We pay and pay because we must.—

If our citizens would change their notion,
Mind their own business, leave foreign gods,
To help themselves to their own salvation,
Then independent, we need fear no odds.—

If we had known, of this world's strife,
This fighting for existence by passions torn,
To gain wealth at the risk of life,
Where the strong win, the weak are shorn,
Many would have refused, to be born!—

Washington, D. C., March 9, 1904

'TIS SAID.

'Tis said, only a floating rumor,
That our world is round, or a flat,
It does not the least affect our humor,
For who does seem to care one dot.—

'Tis said, that the whole earth,
Is claimed, owned by a few,
Though each needs only one berth,
So there is room for me and you.—

'Tis said, when all our fun is o'er,
Those acting reaper and mower,
Of other people's hard-earned clover,
All will find rest, under one cover!—

Washington, D. C., March 16, 1904.

THAT INNOCENT CHILD.

Her age was twenty-four or more,
When she began to study elocution,
Grammar, Grace and Pina-fore,
At a Prominent institution.—

Where old maids left in the shade,
Come to gain more knowledge,
Have their misfits polished, inlaid,
Products, are offered then for marriage.—

One was rather tall and fair,
A P. A. maid with rosy complexion,
Sure Gold glittered in her hair,
She had blue eyes, seemed perfection. —

Whenever she would pass by me,
In appearance, a Juno floating,
But one fault had she, curiosity,
Her eyes were forever roving.—

Until her glances pierced my breast,
Found a weak spot in my armor,
That had often stood a better test,
“The brave maid,” to her the honor!—

“Beware,” avoid this P. A. Maid,
Trust not her signs, her word,
She does not care for heart or spade,
Her captives never more are heard!—

Washington, D. C., May 10, 1904.

THE TWINS.

At least to me, they look like twins,
I have named them sister Beauties,
Who before their task begins,
Pass my door for office duties.—

Alike in size, complexion, hair,
Such bright eyes, just splendid,
'Tis hard to choose the most fair,
I like both, to be candid,—

Lilies nor roses can compare,
These twins must lead, said Cupid,
Who can choose between this pair,
I like both, to be candid.—

Twins who can be brave or timid,
One, bears Talent as her name,
I love her, to be candid,
But also love her sister Fame!—

Washington, D. C., May 12, 1904.

THE CROWD.

From early morn till late at night,
They pass right by my door,
I have often watched the funny sight,
Why are they out, what for!—

Forth they go to fight life's battle
Their trial, is it to work or steal,
Where among all kinds of tattle,
They often scrap over a single meal!—

They never stop, but rush by,
Always in a hurry to get there,
While some are reading in the sky,
All of the others, only stare!—

They often remind me of sheep,
When scared and on the run,
Let me but make a leap,
The rest will follow, leap for fun!—

Washington, D. C., May 3, 1904.

FOOLS.

We have heard they are legion,
Scattered o'er the world's domain,
There is hardly a known region,
Where some fools do not reign!—

Their notions are all different,
Let us presume some lack brain,
Others are harmless and well content,
While many fools, are quite sane!—

The mischievous fool not to forget,
With the propensities of a goat,
In fun destroys without regret,
Whatever he can find afloat!—

You fool, we hear some cry,
Should we only aim to tease,
You fool were we to try
And attempt something to please!—

That fool, we hear them say,
Her clothes they do not fit,
And such a hat, oh! the jay!
She has surely made a hit!—

Fools we hear them exclaim,
They exempt not poor nor rich,
Position, station, even our name,
All are tarred with this pitch!—

Only a fool will give you a lift,
We heard it from the clown,
Those who'll not try to shift,
Refuse to rise, can stay down!—

So 'tis no matter what we do,
It'll always be the rule,
If it is not me, it is you,
Who is pronounced—a fool!—

Washington, D. C., June 6, 1904.

HELP.

By thousands they come, immense swarms,
Emmitramps from anywhere, all over,
Like hoppers that keep our farmers in arms,
They spread, feed, devour our clover.—

We need their help to till the field,
To occupy our lands that lie waste,
Reap the harvests, the game they yield,
Hard labor is no more to our taste.—

We need their help to build our roads,
Fill all positions in factories or shops,
They are able to carry the heaviest loads,
Occasionally, we use them as props.—

We need their help to work in our mines,
To dig canals, excavate foundations,
Employ them on boat and railway lines,
Are preferred to our labor on all occasions.—

We need them for servant of the law,
For family use they fit better still,
In centuries past they learned to draw,
And now, can pull to our will.—

* We need them to tramp our streets,
There are not enough of our own,
Their music and other grinders, are treats,
For those whose cheap greed is well known.—

We need their help to fill our prisons,
The hospitals, poor-house, every institution,
No matter who has earned these provisions,
'Tis all according, to our—constitution.—

We need their help for different ends,
Say the Trusts, Capitalist and Grafter,
These emmitramps are our best friends,
They make fortunes for us much faster.—

We need their help in all elections,
All parties are liberal then in grants,
Don't mind to use these stray selections,
Emmitramps, make the best of plants,—

We need their help to be our equal,
In rights for which our Veterans bled;
Your Promises! You call it legal,
Referring strangers to us—instead!—

Washington, D. C., July 21, 1904.

SKILL.

That something planted by divine grace,
We feel it, a guide to our will,
It'll lead us to many a place,
Has taught us what we call skill.

Innumerable things we make in plans,
Some bad, indifferent, or good,
Developed by our brain and hands,
Either to benefit or to delude.

Skill has made possible deeds,
Made war, destroyed content and peace,
Left many homeless, deprived of needs;
These blessings of skill will never cease.

Whereas skill has often saved life,
Made our home comfortable, a pleasure,
Found for us friends, a—wife,
To accomplish good, skill is a treasure!—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 2, 1904.

THE COQUETTE.

For short she is known as a flirt,
A combination of fool and brass,
Vicious for fun, she means to hurt,
She believes every man an ass!—

Just watch see all of her motions,
Her eyes and mouth work together,
Showing by signs and her notions,
The head is light as a feather!—

The neck turns in every direction,
Like one of her sisters, the goose,
Looking for some gander's affection,
Her nut needs tightening, it's loose!—

Observe her smiles and that blush,
Her best stock in trade to win,
She can soften hearts like mush,
Surely those of calves her kin!—

Flirts will never gain all they desire,
Their appetites they can't still,
A great many things they admire,
Only distance destroys their skill!—

She's young, or old as the hills,
Forever trying to catch a mate,
Those she has caught she kills,
Beware, look out for her bait!—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 4, 1904.

IN MEMORIAM.

A Loss, we miss our brother,
He is now travelling towards dawn,
To meet in light many another,
Where time and troubles are unknown.
In that future promised by Faith,
Love reigns supreme, a haven of rest,
The Lord His might, thanks and praise,
Everlasting life, a home for the blest.—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 5, 1904.

BRAINS.

A substance confined in shells,
More like wine stored in bottles,
Time improves their qualities and health,
Provided, they can avoid all battles.—

Some brains will turn to water,
Others will get soft like mush,
The cause is often Eve's daughter,
She has spoiled them with her gush.—

Brains sometimes will get thick,
'Tis called, out of condition,
They will raise the devil and kick,
Until they gain their former position.—
The clearest, dearest article in brain,
Is one that can control itself,
Don't overwork, don't try to attain,
No more than the necessary pelf.—

You need not follow my rule,
What suits me, you may decline,
Not always are you the fool;
When you are convinced, try mine!—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 6, 1904.

STOCKS.

Countless propositions are valued as stocks,
Fishes that swim in an ocean,
Where subject to all kinds of knocks,
Sharks wait, keep them in commotion.—

They are bought and sold in blocks,
To live they must keep in motion;
Out of sight they climb in flocks,
Then drop below par, just their notion.—

There is plenty stock called fast,
Some are running on the turf,
The farmer raised stock to mast,
Another kind exists, but of no worth.—

If you wish to win in stocks,
It doesn't matter what kind,
Know all are unreliable like clocks,
Your chance, just go them—blind!—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 6, 1904.

GREED.

The most vicious animal is greed,
A fiery dragon, devouring victims alive,
His bottomless stomach continues to feed,
On captives lured by trickery and strife.

In the cloak of friendship arrayed,
Man and nations will scatter the seed
Ignorance accepting their gifts, are enslaved,
Then plundered, to find food for greed.

His ambition, his glory is to bleed,
He'll trample all rights to succeed,
Risk lives to accomplish any deed,
This selfish animal, is human—greed!—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 8, 1904.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

Never feel discouraged with your lot,
All things come if you wait,
What appears in the distance a dot,
Will reach you increased in weight.

When you don't get your wish,
Remember there are plenty of others,
The sea holds many more fish,
Glad to be counted as brothers.

The only maid you thought divine,
So sorry you didn't get her,
It's no use that you whine,
There are plenty of others—better.

Disappointments are our fate,
This world is full of bothers,
What I admire, you may hate,
Well, there are plenty of others.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 8, 1904.

BATTLES.

Battles of the past, of the present,
Many fold are their causes and results,
Opinions have not changed to prevent,
Forever there are fights or tumults.

From beginning, the strong crushed the weak,
Worldly passions ruled body and mind,
They destroyed, built up, forever seek,
New reasons to better their kind.

Nation will fight Nation for gain,
Weaving tighter the bonds of the slave,
Poor freedom has struggled in vain;
Worthy is valour, but intended to save.

Battles are fought in the clouds,
Rage under ground, in the sea,
Engaged to solve secrets and doubts,
Elements fighting, that can never be free.

The greatest battles man must fight,
His daily efforts from his beginning,
To master evils, to practice right,
Then offer the spirit, his best winning.—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 10, 1904.

THE TRAVELLERS.

Our eagle and Dollar, form a combination,
Of an ancient lineage claim the elite,
Travellers, who believe in investigation,
As companions, they can't be beat!—

They enter life under hard pressure,
Well dressed, clean, ready they state,
To take an interest in our pleasure,
As well as to be useful in trade!—

Prove of assistance, to lawyers in law,
To doctors, who often must wait,
Mechanics, farmers, even Pa and Ma,
All love the Dollar and his mate!—

They help the poor more or less,
Make churches and hospitals thrive,
The preachers forget not to bless,
These travellers, who keep many alive!—

Restless travellers from morning till night,
They don't mind the weather, the change,
Hot or cold, wrong or right,
Patiently they keep within range!—

Foreign countries offer them a home,
Plead for their friendship, their love,
Even in the old city of Rome,
They are honored, much thought of!—

Some few people call them rogues,
When they won't answer their call,
As travellers they are shy of folks,
Whom they don't know at all!—

Long Life to our Eagle and Dollar,
Our Representatives of Liberty and Peace,
May he scream, his mate follow,
Forever together, do as they please!—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 11, 1904.

THE PUZZLE.

He has always been free,
His body is old as the hills,
Does live on land, in the sea,
Every known plant he fills.—

We eat him at each meal,
In our drink he tastes sweet,
Is often placed under seal,
You know him when you meet.—

Sometimes he's rather stout,
Much trouble makes him thin,
Often he's used to spout,
Editors, pay for him with tin.—

He's a friend of rich and poor,
Assists them, in pleasure delights,
Tries hard to keep them pure,
But beware, when mad he fights!—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 11, 1904.

SUMMER LOVE.

When I remember our first meeting,
Those glances you send to me,
Never can I forget this greeting,
Lovely stranger, from Kisseemee.—

When we meet, your look is kind,
My eyes and thoughts oft follow you,
Your image is always in my mind;
What you think, if I only knew.—

When you are out of sight,
With patience I await your coming,
Think of you by day, at night,
Your loss, would mean mourning.—

When you love, just think of me,
I know there is always danger,
If not bound, you are yet free,
Can be captured by any stranger.—

When you leave, then promise never,
Please at least, not this summer,
Until the season is quite over ;
Then, you can love your drummer.—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 16, 1904.

MY BABY AND ME.

They are married a month or two,
He calls her his Baby Virtuney,
Of trials, he has had a few,
While she admits only three!—

Her eye-teeth are much worn,
He knows she is past twenty-one,
But, to love her he has sworn,
Because she weighs almost a ton!—

They are happy as two pigs,
Whose fun has just begun,
Rooting out each day new tricks,
Each calls the other, my own!—

How long before this will cease,
It all depends on her wishes,
She's satisfied to keep the peace,
But he must wash the—dishes!—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 18, 1904.

TRIFTING.

When after an effort we arrive,
Trifling by slow progress into motion,
Enter a new world, begin life,
A trial to exist is our notion.—

To be drifting, is what we claim,
Slow movements in every direction,
Without seeming efforts or aim,
Arrive very often near our selection.—

When our well-matured plans miscarry,
Unseen obstacles barred their way,
On the road stop, consider, tarry,
Take chances, then drift, we say.—

Diligently we drift to find gold,
Where the waves have left treasure,
Into dangers that become manifold,
Until we have filled our measure.—

Our thoughts are drifting with time,
Accept evil, or seek the good;
Our will can make them sublime,
A lasting force, bearing choice food.—

How often do we drift apart,
Through trouble we feel forever,
The joy that stirs in our heart,
When at last, we drift together!—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 21, 1904.

THE LIAR.

This faithful servant of man,
In each affair his help-mate,
He is kept busy, must plan,
How he can keep the world straight.—

Long service has made him bold,
He will take most any job,
Without him, goods can't be sold,
Often assists the thief to rob.—

He can tell a beautiful story,
'Tis often heard of in print,
Then he feels proud, in his glory,
When someone takes his hint.—

In select society he has friends,
E'er ready for them to cater,
His lies they think immense,
Call him a prevaricator.—

Politics without him could not exist,
Where the game is only pretense,
Questions and Answers he'll twist,
Until, they overcome each defense.—

Admired by great and small,
More honored, than "Honest Tobias,"
Our liar can associate with all,
This descendant of "Father Ananias!"—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 24, 1904.

PROBLEMS.

Ideas that appear quite distinct,
Raw material just ready for use,
But hard to work, like flint,
They materialize often into blues.—

Problems are efforts for desired results,
Trials in thoughts, a tangled mixture,
The possible shares with the dolts,
They tussle to win, remain victor.—

Problems that we can't outwear,
How the quickest to get rich,
Try every day, every year,
But still we stay in the ditch.—

Problems all feasonable, of every kind,
Dreams that we follow with care,
At last realize, only to find,
Mere castles, built out of air!—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 25, 1904.

ETIQUETTE.

Unwritten laws of what is proper,
How gentle folks should behave,
Their exclusive rights, a formal stopper,
That something, for which they crave.—

More changeable than the weather,
Is she, this antique dame etiquette,
Gives no favors, but scant measure,
Never makes mistakes she would regret.—

When busy, she demands assistance,
From waiter, maid and flunky,
Rules them with vigor, persistence,
For any fault calls them a donkey.—

She'll queen it over fashions,
Dictates to church and state,
Contributes her share to passions,
Invents her language up to date.—

In her own house and public,
The power one must not forget,
Reminds Monarchies, even our Republic,
That she is, Mistress Etiquette.—

I am content with American manners,
The very best I have ever met,
Refuse to serve under foreign banners,
Nor pay court to Dame Etiquette!—

Washington, D. C., Dec. 27, 1904.

COMPETITION.

When we are going a-fishing,
Use the right bait and hook,
Prepared, to overcome all opposition,
Land our victims for the cook!—

The main subject held in view,
To gain, retain a good position,
Also the profits made by you,
'Tis what we call, competition!—

The Co-Benefits that come to you,
Shared by those not troubled the least,
Who have been waiting for the issue,
Then, like Buzzards, join in the feast.—

We have only copied nature,
As Christians suffer, endure,
The seeds sown, to see them mature,
Perforce help, make the crops sure.—

Washington, D. C., Dec. 26, 1904.

PULL.

This successful agent of force,
It rarely fails to get there,
Means that some will endorse,
A subject that will do, dare!—

This guide is sought in office,
Politics of him are chuck full,
Where feeble efforts don't suffice,
Another has the most terrible pull!—

Plenty of things produce effects,
Like the heat created by wool,
Its contact feels pleasant, protects,
Reasons why *Influence* has a strong pull!—

The lazy, the ignorant, the bright,
Are compelled to follow this rule;
They may work day and night,
But will never advance without pull!—

A sure cure when in distress,
The only remedy, it's wonderful,
It has always met with success,
When you paid, for the best pull!—

Washington, D. C., Dec. 24, 1904

SIMPLE LIFE.

Revelations of His Will were brought,
To all who believe and hold,
What the life of Christ has taught,
Forever blessed who come in my fold.

A simple life you all can lead,
Whether you are poor or rich,
Assist, guide those in need,
Obey what his commands teach.

Simple Life, when once begun,
Your path is narrow, but clear,
When over self you have won,
In good deeds find content, cheer.

The Talents given well attend,
Be prepared to account,
When you have reached the end
He may find the full amount.

His faithful servants he'll guard,
Keep them always in his sight,
Their simple lives he will reward,
They shall sit forever near his right.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 22, 1904.

ACCIDENTS.

Some accidents we can't prevent,
Are allowed by a higher Will,
To avoid danger it was meant,
That we use proper care and skill.—

Accidents will always happen,
To many a street car and ship,
When the life-preservers are rotten,
Or should we get in front and trip.—

Accidents will happen must come,
Not looked for, but may expect,
To our butcher, when he sent home,
The tough meat we did not select.—

Accidents happened that bill,
Which our grocer has sent to-day,
Such prices which its spaces fill,
When we settle, will cause delay.—

Accidents come in his future,
After he has Kissed her lips,
Sealed to her as best suitor ;
Then from the engagement slips.—

Accidents will surely follow,
When the Japs once get Port Arthur,
The Russians are sure to holler,
Stop this fun, dear little Father!—

Washington, D. C., Dec. 19, 1904.

THE BARGAIN HUNTERS.

A suitable very interesting game,
To those who can afford to pay,
Seek profits, Bargains the proper name;
The ignorant helpless poor, their prey.—

They may call it fair in trade,
Their abilities have the best show,
To acquire what others have made,
At a price by far too low.—

Such Hunters have brains, no soul,
Through lies and cheek gain their ends,
Grasp the outside, then the hole,
As trophies show to their friends.—

These Believers, whose time is cheap,
How to gather things they know,
Their business is only to reap,
The efforts that others sow.—

Washington, D. C., Dec. 14, 1904.

THE FRONT AND REAR.

'Tis nature, first to examine the Front,
In everything we use and wear ;
When old age has made us blunt,
Then only we investigate the Rear.—

It has always been my desire,
Trying to get a place in Front,
Where I could see all and admire,
Ready for the crowd on the hunt.—

Soldiers often hear the command,
Order, At-ten-tion, Front,
Reminds me of the steady demand,
For the best places in the hunt.—

It may be safer in the Rear,
Only good material remains in Front,
It may be costly, sometimes dear,
But it pays, to be in the hunt.—

All of us can't be in Front,
There must be some in the Rear,
We can't all go on the Hunt,
Else, this world act mighty queer!—

Washington, D. C., Dec. 10, 1904.

OUR LAND-LORD.

Summer has gone, Fall is at end,
'Tis the beginning of another season,
Now is the time that you attend,
To all repairs within reason.—

Our Latrobe has not been repaired,
You promised to send the Tinner,
For your orders he has never cared,
These actions show there is a sinner.—

Before it gets what I call cold,
You had better send a plumber,
Our bath-tub is now very old,
All pipes are a back number.—

If you wish to save expense,
You had best avoid all trouble,
Don't wait till we move hence,
Then find it'll cost you double.—

Dear Sir:—Now I will close,
You have received fair notes,
Don't wait until we have froze,
There are my very last notes!—

Washington, D. C., Dec. 9, 1904.

AN OLD MAID.

You'll excuse when I mingle,
In affairs that have been delayed,
Why some pretty girl staid single,
Now is called an old Maid.—

Of her causes I'll just guess,
Often I have heard it said,
It was her actions, her dress,
Left her to be an old Maid.—

She has often refused an address,
Her admirer was much too staid,
Of other qualities he owned less,
Enough reason she's an old Maid.—

Her good sense stayed a press,
The trap that was for her laid,
She simply refused to say "Yes,"
Not sorry to be an old Maid.—

Or she's waiting for Truth,
The man who is not afraid,
To keep Troth made in Youth,
Finally to marry the old Maid.—

She's our friend, if all forget,
The sacrifices she has made,
I hope she is too sensible to fret,
Now remain, our dear Old Maid!—

Washington, D. C., Dec. 8, 1904.

OLD BACHELORS.

Believes he is quite independent,
As much so as the only tree,
That grows in the field contented,
Satisfied with space it can see!—

His food he need not divide,
So pleasant to have his own way,
Proud of his own shadow, a guide,
Therein he can rest without pay!—

The elements he would defy,
To impressions his nature is tough,
For himself only root or die,
What does he care for love!—

His ignorance calls it a blessing,
Never will know what he's missed;
Dear Girls, just keep him guessing,
How it feels when you are kissed!—

There are bachelors of all kinds,
Some shy, afraid to risk life,
Others declare they don't mind,
Only too anxious, to win a wife!—

Washington, D. C., Dec. 7, 1904.

BEST EFFORTS.

Our Belief or what we guess,
In a moment some exertions claim,
As best efforts lay great stress,
That accomplished is our aim.—

Until we are undeceived,
See them in a different light,
In the things we had believed,
Feel disgusted at their sight.—

Best efforts, are an elusive goal,
Beckoning to us in the distance,
They never prosper in a shoal,
Are only reached by persistence.—

Best efforts, result in profits, pleasure,
Destruction they've caused in wars,
Have given to crime full measure,
Placed many behind the bars.—

The best efforts have been addressed,
To shape our destiny, assume control,
Of our actions that they be blessed,
Accepted, by the Saviour of our Soul.—

Washington, D. C., Jan. 17, 1905.

AIRS.

Change of the weather, change of air,
So our positions compete in desire,
Show the world that we do care,
Present airs, for you to admire.

One takes pride in his knowledge,
Another of his ignorance not aware;
Both have studied at the same College.
Reasons enough, to put on airs.—

Those who have manners and grace,
Conception of the beautiful, the fair,
Intellect, Truth stamped on their face,
These will never, never put on air.—

The pea-fowl boasts of her wealth,
My only ideal, she declares,
To have plenty, 'tis what tells,
Quite her nature to put on airs.—

Our little failings, mostly pretence,
Something we hold in shares,
A weakness, forgiven by our friends,
We all love to put on airs!—

Washington, D. C., Nov. 16, 1904.

GOOD TIMES.

Appreciation of solid facts,
The pleasure that comes our way,
Which on mind and body acts,
Good-things, some inclined to stay.—

Good-times for us a welcome boon,
Some folks never knew a change,
Came in this world with a silver spoon,
Found most good things in range.—

Good-times differ, are of many kind,
What we consider praise as the best,
Food for the body and the mind,
The things, that others detest.—

Good-times, he had them last night
When helping to fix the vote
After it was settled all right,
Of good things, he carried a load.—

Her good-times happened in vacation,
She is a thinking of that visit,
Such good-things, in rotation,
Dear! Oh, how I do miss it.—

Good-times will come, go past,
Each day does bring its own,
The very best, arrive at last,
When all our work is done.—

Then good-times we share alike,
Where society is not mixed,
Equals all, who fear no strike,
Each one's rights are forever fixed.—

Washington, D. C., Nov. 20, 1904.

HARD TIMES.

Why again the times are hard,
Many of us feel awful sore,
The people save their cash, retard,
Which they have often done before.—

We seem to not remember,
That each one has his turn,
No need to lose our temper,
When others use money to burn.—

Our help is not wanted each day,
Plenty of others are in demand,
Where easy money comes in play,
Just thrown away like sand.—

Always to prosper, take my advice,
Speculation in Gas, wood or Coal,
Take contracts for votes and ice,
Then in Dollars you can roll.—

Hard times, as a general rule,
Follow in the track of the good,
Surely a hot wave brings the cool,
So come our changes in mood!—

Washington, D. C., Nov. 15, 1904.

OUR GUEST.

The longed for guest did arrive,
With a gentle touch and bows,
To gain our favor, she'll strive,
Soon teach us all she knows.

She has travelled o'er many miles,
For months she may now rest,
With emotion greets our smiles,
She's a friend that we can test.

She prefers an out-door life;
So pleased to make a show,
Cold weather will keep her alive,
But, sunshine warns her to go.

The twinkling stars are her delight,
She hates when storms do blow,
Prefers to keep her garment white,
Our guest, the pretty Mother Snow.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 13, 1904.

POSSIBILITIES, OPPORTUNITIES, ABILITY,
SUCCESS.

The possibles grow in every clime,
Only different in color and name;
They will live, flourish, perish in time,
Their end is not always the same.

Opportunities, favor who'll grasp,
They come very often in life,
Gather them, hold tight, clasp,
With care them to hive.—

Ability, to carry out a plan,
Is a good start, well begun,
A smooth path for every man
So far, it has many times won.—

Success, fruits of sweet taste,
To those who followed the rule,
Don't let chances go to waste,
Pluck them, else you stay a tool.—

Washington, D. C., Nov. 12, 1904.

THE ELECTION 1904.

Once more we have had election,
No longer live in suspense,
Again the majority voted for protection,
For prosperity, we dread no expense.—

For the head of our nation—
We want the very much best,
One, who has been on probation,
His past work, the proof the test.—

Citizen Roosevelt has gained the prize,
His friends often call him Teddy,
As our President, may he rule wise,
All national affairs, find him ready.—

May he so guide the ship of state,
That peace, prosperity follow his boom,
When thieves and traitors begin to mate,
Then vigorously use his—broom!—

Washington, D. C., Nov. 10, 1904.

(Sent to President Roosevelt.)

(Acknowledged with thanks.)

THE MONKEY.

Scientists are forever in dispute,
Is the monkey our ancient brother,
Some men's actions show a repute,
We can't tell one from t'other.—

To produce, we spend hours in thought,
How to discover, invent, attain
Exclusive objects, for profit sought;
Fellows will just copy explain.—

We all have tenacity and cling,
Whether it is in fashion or trade,
There never was a single thing,
That we didn't try to imitate.—

Once for all, here is the proof,
Even if you call me a donkey,
Please now don't stand aloof,
Shake hands, with your brother monkey!—

Washington, D. C., Nov. 7, 1904.

THOSE BABIES.

Who wouldn't have a baby,
Even if she was but small,
In time she would be a lady
Then she could have a call.

Who wouldn't have a baby,
Rosy cheeked and plump,
Her name it would be Katy,
Always ready for a romp.

Who wouldn't have this baby,
Her age just sweet sixteen,
Call her your dearest Glady,
My love, my own, my queen.

Who wouldn't have this baby,
She is only twenty-one;
Her opinions are most weighty,
Just anxious to be won.

Who wouldn't have this baby,
Such pity, she's lost all date,
Not over-ripe, still ready,
Quite willing to be your mate.

Who wouldn't have this baby,
A rich widow over forty,
She'd love to be your matey,
But men she says, are naughty!—

If I have forgotten your baby,
Excuse my well-meant delve,
You may be plenty ably,
To take care of her yourself!—

Washington, D. C., Nov. 3, 1904.

THE GRAND SLIDE OF 1904.
Who will not remember that slide,
It happened in 1904,
All predictions were swept aside,
And our Protection won once more.—

For years some citizens explained,
How in time would come a Tide,
We are prepared, well brained,
Then just watch those others slide.—

It certainly was a, a, a mistake,
Again it struck the same old side,
Who went to their own wake,
Fond hopes took an awful slide.—

They'll not soon forget 1904,
How hard they pulled and tried,
To keep from off that floor
And take their well-greased slide.—

Hard-earned gains that we claim,
These results you can't hide,
History will record its fame,
To remind us all, of that slide.—

Cheer up, cheer up our friends,
You certainly must take pride,
With your help, we'll make amends,
Promise to pay, for your slide!—

Washington, D. C., Nov. 12, 1904.

HOT AIR.

An expression, it's quite common,
Only a fool's ready retort,
When he has received a summon,
To stop his aimless sport.

Explanations that take brains,
He doesn't understand nor care,
Too lazy to think, take pains,
His answer is, hot air.

The only time we crave Hot-Air,
In winter when it's cold,
Then we all try to get a share;
See that the furnace is well-coaled.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 3, 1904.

GOOD THINGS.

A jolly teacher of doubtful date,
Her first name it was Maria,
She is about to us relate,
Why all good things come from Ohio.

You may talk about the East,
The North and South, this trio,
They can't compare the least,
With the West, this means Ohio.—

Ohio is our Union center,
With more knowledge than the rest,
Of our statesmen, many a Mentor,
Claimed a home in the West.—

Ohio is a grower of wool,
In quality surely the best,
Her factories and markets rule,
Only good things claim the West.—

Ohio, raises fruits and wine,
Her wealth has been in request,
For capital to develop a mine,
Stranger, seek it in the West.—

'Tis said, that in our West,
We make butter out of air,
This alone is enough of test,
That you with us don't compare.—

If you are looking for a wife,
With fair maids, Ohio is blest,
You'll find them real, alive;
Yes all good things grow out West.—

Come live with me out West,
Where the only good things grow,
There let us build a nest,
Leave what is much too slow!—

Washington, D. C., Nov. 3, 1904.

SHARKS.

Voracious is their appetite,
Seizing victims day or night,
Dead and living are their delight,
Prizes all, that come in sight.—

It is what they call business,
Their money is only to lend
And possibly can't take less,
For their trouble, than 10%.—

Others gather in swarms,
Buy up the half-grown crops,
Hold mortgages on a few farms,
Squeeze stocks, until value drops.—

All necessities of life pay toll,
While passing through their hands;
Sharks are born without a soul,
They only laugh at our demands.—

Up or down, it is the same,
Sharks will come on top,
Our lambs are sure to blame,
Why don't they call the Cop!—

Washington, D. C., Nov. 2, 1904.

MISS-FITS.

The cause of pain and trouble,
O'er what someone didn't hit,
Faults that are felt double,
Therefore called a miss-fit.—

We cry when with excessive speed,
Not quite blameless, a wrong commit,
Too late to change the deed,
Then we admit, a miss-fit.—

Not only mechanics, that'll miss,
Professionals also, fail to git,
You need not laugh or quiss,
When our mistakes show a miss-fit.—

What you and me find strong,
Believe we have been bit,
Many others see no wrong,
Only a benefit, in a miss-fit.—

Like that couple just married,
Both swear they'll never quit,
In time each feels much wearied,
Then declare it, a miss-fit!—

Washington, D. C., Oct. 18, 1904.

REMEMBER ME. (Patriotic Song.)

There's a land, once known as free,
O'er which the flag still waves,
Her ships yet roam the sea,
Owned my masters, the rest are slaves.—

There's a land, proud of her past,
Natives are jealous of her name,
What sires had won, didn't last,
Strange gods now tarnish her fame.—

There's a land, I love her best,
Conquered through the valour of Braves,
Where Kings or Tyrants should not rest,
"Lo, now," she's plundered by knaves.—

There's a land, that should stand united,
She's caressed by arms of the sea,
Her riches, powers, should be divided,
By those who caused her to be.—

There's a land, she's not to let,
Room for honest work, fair play;
Where stars and sun do never set,
Who doesn't love her, keep away!—

Washington, D. C., Oct. 13, 1904.

THE BLUFF.

An action by word or deed,
Whereby we gain often enough,
The things we want and need,
Through make-believe, a bluff.

We use the sweet and bitter,
Some resort to means quite rough,
But we prefer the laugh, to twitter,
For our aim, is only to bluff.—

Goods that from merchants we buy,
Their special prices, are often tough,
Neither can agree, they know why,
At last each tries to bluff.—

Professions must charge first rate,
The most are used as a luff,
To live, for customers must wait,
Enough reasons to use a bluff.

Political issues, or questions a-settled,
By all nations who got a rebuff,
After useless trials, become nettled,
Then resort to a big Bluff.—

Wives and Sweethearts know this game,
Taking all men for a muff,
Gain their wishes, oh! the shame,
They humble them, using a bluff.—

Washington, D. C., Sept. 27, 1904.

CHOOSE. (A SONG.)

Liking will change into love,
The rosebush, into a tree,
Its limbs, a rest for the dove,
The flowers, give honey the bee.

Love will oft change into hate,
Avoid the nettles that burn,
Their touch will lose a dear mate,
Who may never, never return.

True Love should live forever,
A happy future its fate;
In Faith believe, doubt never,
Full of Hope, forgive and wait.

Chorus:

While choosing do not pretend,
There's room only for you,
Not as sister, or simple friend,
Come be my sweetheart, speak true.—

Comp. Washington, D. C., Oct. 1, 1904.

OUR MAKESHIFTS.

Something that has held its own,
It's surely our natural gift,
Will stay when fashions are gone,
Our knack, of making a shift.—

Professions, all trades and labor,
They'll get mixed often drift,
Each tries to be his own tailor,
There's nothing like making a shift.—

A pin must do for a button,
The nail will make a hook,
Goats well dressed, are mutton,
We all know, how to cook.—

Tallow is made into butter,
Different leaves go in cigars,
Some diamonds need no cutter,
Anything is a fender for cars.—

Scissors answer for hammer or knife,
Sparrows are eaten for reed-birds,
Some cheeses wake up to life,
Looking-glasses, a boon for flirts.—

Cotton seed is pressed for olive-oil,
Wines are made from dye-wood,
Any Tea-leaves are used to boil,
Java coffee, from Brazil understood.—

All bones don't come from Whales,
Spices are dosed with peas,
The grocer makes mistakes in sales,
Feathers grow on all birds and geese.—

Many things are shifts for lunch,
We love to mix our bait;
Notions don't come all in a bunch,
Perforce, are obliged to wait.—

Girls lose beaux most every week,
They change with each new dress,
To balance their minds, then seek,
How in us, to create most distress!—

Numerous are our ways for success,
Knowledge and experience are lifts,
Saving time, trouble, many a guess,
Enable us to gain wealth by shifts!—

Washington, D. C., Oct. 6, 1904.

MY BOUQUET.

The bouquet that I love best,
Of roses red and violets blue,
The sprigs in green must rest,
A few of each will do.

The maid that I love best,
Her colour is pure and true,
In truth she'll stand the test,
I place my trust in you.

Hope, Faith and Love combined,
My bouquet I present to-day;
Keep them fresh, entwined,
In a place where they can stay.

Let my bouquet find a home,
Cherish, plant it near your heart,
When united at last we roam,
From this bouquet, may never part!—
Washington, D. C., Sept. 26, 1904.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

Don't patronize the foreign tramps,
Remember that I am your neighbour,
Repairing Oil-stoves and your lamps,
Each good citizen prefers American labor.

Don't patronize these travelling fry,
Cheap fakes that work the streets,
Such mechanics, such jobs, oh! my,
Only ignorance, pays the Dead-beats.

With skill I'll make your keys,
Sharpen saw, scissors, shears and knife,
Then sure your troubles will cease,
Comforts, that'll last for life.

As a Veteran, I hold a claim,
That only the thankless dare ignore,
On Patriots, whose cheerful aim,
To assist, who often guarded their door.

Patriotic Pride, is not checked by Greed,
Will never forget a Veteran's due,
What he has earned by Deed,
She has never forgotten, have you!—
Washington, D. C., Sept. 9, 1904.

MR. BUTTINSKY.

Mr. Buttinsky has arrived to stay,
In company you'll hear his voice,
No matter what you may say,
Nothing is sure, without his advice.

Mr. Buttinsky is ever at leisure
Improving Politics, Professions Trade,
Our farmers will listen with pleasure,
Speaking of the crops, he's made.

To butt in, he'll never forget,
Create trouble for you and me,
He is always ready to bet,
His business! Oh! nothing to do.—

Some are charmed with his manner,
For him the doubtful will wait,
E'en seek protection under his banner,
Hurrah for Buttinsky, our dear mate.

If you are anxious to butt in,
Have your keys made in my shop,
Where in consideration of your tin,
I'll sharpen knives and scissors tip-top.—
Washington, D. C., Sept. 15, 1904.

THE KICKERS.

We kicked at our beginning,
Why, you could not explain,
Found fault with our sudden inning,
A born kicker, we therefore remain.—

Since then we live by kicking,
Try to push each other aside,
Truth is explained by a licking,
For this reason whole nations fight.—

More or less pressure is a kick,
Also arguments by force of talk,
Whereby another is commanded to stick,
To promises he tried to balk.—

Some fellows kick just for pleasure,
But only in a game of ball,
When their skill is the measure,
Through it they prevent a call.—

Young ladies will kick on the stage,
For money show their limbs and grace;
While others, will kick in a rage,
When Ma, for their help prays.

There's a professional kicker,
Ready for any occasion,
Wrong or right, he'll dicker;
He lives by his occupation.—

Our lives are made up of kicks,
Always hunting for some nugget,
Succeed by different ways, tricks,
Then finally, kick the Bucket!—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 30, 1904.

A NUISANCE.

Nuisance, this disturber of our peace,
Destroying property, tiring the mind,
Creations, that'll break our ease,
Influence the actions of man-kind.—

A nuisance, are noises harsh or shrill,
Who for profit raise their voice,
Do the best, our ears to fill,
With what they imagine surprise.—

A nuisance, are they protracted efforts,
Playing of instruments out of tune,
To which, our dear neighbour resorts,
In company, with the whistling coon.—

A nuisance, are some City-Cats,
Howling, jowling, making love,
Not satisfied with chasing rats,
Must disturb our sleep, 'tis tough.—

A nuisance, dangerous to health, life,
Are the piles of all earthly filth,
Breeders of foul air, creating strife,
Are the cause of most our ills.—

The Biggest Nuisance, ever astray,
Those Idlers with time and nerve,
Who, always have the most to say,
About my affairs, what you deserve!—

Washington, D. C., Sept. 9, 1904.

LUCK.

We often hear the expression,
Oh! he has been in luck,
When he had gained possession,
What you would call a duck.—

Where you and me had none,
Of what is known as pure luck,
When the biggest fools have won,
Only, the smartest people get stuck.—

Knowledge, power, will not chase;
These fleeing visions of luck,
We follow the old, reliable ways,
Of trusting, mostly to pluck.—

Perseverance, Patience we recommend,
When you a lead have struck,
Just follow, you'll find the end,
But don't believe, it was luck!—

Washington, D. C., Sept. 28, 1904.

TEMPTATIONS.

According to Scripture, flesh is weak,
Our spirit ought to be strong,
Resist the temptations we don't seek,
Avoid what is sinful, wrong.—

Temptations are known in classes,
Beauty, Strength, continual delight,
Favors, not created for the masses,
Claimed by the select, as their right.—

Temptations, planted in our nature,
By our First Parents, Adam and Eve,
Must bear fruits, must ripen, mature,
We hasten to pluck, without leave.—

Temptations, for things within reach,
Thoughts compel us to actions,
Regardless of laws, that teach,
Be careful, in your transactions!—

Let us follow King Solomon's rule,
Tempting desires were meant to enjoy,
By the wise, as well as the fool,
But within reason, you know why!—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 27, 1904.

THE RED HAT.

She wore a red hat, this brunette,
When she came here with the races,
There are many, who'll never forget,
How she fingered their cases.—

She wasn't only dressed in style,
But among her other attractions,
Were her beauty, tact, her smile;
With ease, she made par transactions.—

When she went out to promenade,
Her dark eyes sent loving rays,
Men could not resist 'tis said,
Quite overcome, by her charming ways.—

Confident of her power to please,
She caught victims on the fly,
But when her attentions did cease,
Too late, they found out why.—

This brunette, with the red hat,
Is no more where she has been,
Bade good By to Peter and Pat,
Vanished, with their bundles of green.—

Comment: Never more be in a rush,
Not every bright thing is Gold,
Refuse to pay for simple gush,
Then you can never, never be sold!—

Washington, D. C., Dec. 8, 1904.

TO MY AGENT.

There is poor little Johnny,
With his friend Poet Santa-que,
Both have tried to be funny,
Unable to deliver goods, like you!—

Since you are afraid, e'en doubt,
My well-meant offer of 50 per cent,
Or you might stumble on the route,
To relieve your distress, I'll relent.—

You are not quite strong enough,
To see that others pretend,
His friendship was only a bluff,
Therefore, let's call this the end!—

Never, never more tackle a chance,
For you have not the pluck,
Where only the brave can advance,
A laggard, is bound to get stuck!—

Washington, D. C., Feb. 6, 1905.

DEDICATED.

Declaiming a speech, sermon, rhyme,
'Tis not the quantity which attracts,
But truth, pure, simple, sublime,
Where the subjects are based on facts.—

Friends, who are worth to claim,
They are few and far between,
Who will hide our faults, take blame,
Risk life, wealth, time doesn't wean.—

Brave acts, are judged by deeds,
The noble spirit who'll save,
Defend the helpless, assist their needs,
Remembered is he beyond the grave.—

Washington, D. C., Feb. 11, 1905.

THE GRAFTERS.

Almost anywhere, they dare roam,
They who bribe, known as grafter,
Who prefer to be at home,
Where sheep are shorn much faster!—

Honest efforts they will plot,
Justice, Truth, must clear a way,
All opposition is but rot,
Where the grafter offered pay!—

Real actors keep out of sight,
They must keep their records clean,
Their purse will assist with might,
That their own hand is not seen!—

High places are the grafter's roost,
Where guided by an able drafter,
Who pays for what others boost,
The Public! Get their laughter!—

Broken for once is their charm,
Dame Justice will see hereafter,
For all surely make it warm,
Wipe out the name of grafter!—

Washington, D. C., Sept. 30, 1905.

LIBERTY.

Liberty: freedom for body and mind,
Laws as guides for common weal,
Shared alike with all mankind,
Then only content could be real.—

Liberty, such as we now find,
But assured by the will of a few,
Whose wealth is allowed to bind,
The slaves and their masters too.—

Liberty, is just an idle dream,
Promises given to be renewed,
When power, fears a threatening gleam,
Soon forgotten, once the cause is subdued.—

Liberty, begins beyond the human pale,
That haven of rest a welcome goal,
Travellers return not to tell the tale,
Where liberty, pays no earthly toll.—

Washington, D. C., March 3, 1905.

MY ICE-BOX.

When in summer you feel hot,
Then you feel the real need,
Of an ice-box, you have not,
This blessing you'll miss indeed.

To keep food and drink cold,
Buy my ice-box it is the best,
Not like others, that are sold,
Which do never stand the test.

An ice-box that isn't tight,
It'll surely make you swear,
Outside it looks all right,
Inside full of foul hot air.

There are loads of them cheap,
Bought just for their good looks,
No matter what they can keep,
Only good, to worry the cooks.

Before you decide to buy,
Look at my home-made box,
It is strong cold, and dry,
I assure you, this is no—hoax!—

Washington, D. C., April 27, 1905.

THIS FALSE BLONDE.

Beware of this blonde, with eyes light blue,
Her voice the soft cooing of the dove,
Whose bewitching smiles, are meant for you,
An angel, but beware of her love!—

Beware of this blonde, a comely lass,
Her ways are engaging and winning,
Never trust her, tell her to pass,
Her truth ends at the beginning!—

Beware of this blonde, ever so fair,
Her bait is brass, for landing prey,
To win your praise, her eyes stare,
Her passion is gain, also to slay!—

Beware of this blonde, whose lips invite,
For kisses meant to tempt your own,
A cat by nature, her claws unite,
To destroy her joy, her heart is of stone!—

Shun this false fair blonde,
'Tis a freak that nature made,
Love can never hold her in bond,
Deception, is her stock in trade!—

Washington, D. C., March 20, 1905.

TRUE LIGHTS. (A SONG.)

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I love the true light in her eyes,
The effect is more than pleasing,
When sparkling orbs, dare my replies,
E'en when they are only teasing.—

I love the true light in her eyes,
Be'th their colour, steel gray, dark blue,
At my requests her answer sighs,
My Dear, I am only fond of you.—

I love the true light in her eyes;
When of dark brilliant soulful hue,
Tried friends she never denies,
Whom she loves, she loves forever true.—

Chorus :

If it were not for true lights,
What would become of me or you,
They keep us safe at home o' nights,
A lost cause, we do never rue.—

Washington, D. C., May 3, 1905.

SOME DINGS ABOUD.

I set me down to dink,
Of wad is id all about,
Vy some beebles dake one drink,
Den vill dalk, dalk und shoud!—

Id must pe like as gas,
Dere bressure ged too much gread,
Or is id like one shack-ass,
Vy he oben ob his head!—

Mine friends, peware of dose sberritts,
Vile some vas bedder den good,
Blendy odders vil spile your merritts,
Dake kare, you hav me onderstood!—

Dake notis, ven you hav enouff,
Dat inside fool mak you dalk,
Ven you feel sic, so much touff,
Den bedder almosd, dake some—valk!—

Washington, D. C., May 5, 1905

HER SMILES.

What have her dear smiles not won,
Victories, foes and friends galore,
Much good and harm have they done,
Still, she is smiling for more.—

Whom, have her smiles not deceived,
What mischief have they not sown,
How many innocents, them believed,
The number, will never be known.—

When her tears become all smiles,
O'er rivals successfully fought,
We cheerfully pay for her trials,
Which are often, dearly bought.—

Who has not felt much relieved,
When her smiles into blushes have flown,
Her lone secret stands revealed,
That she loves me, I am her own.—

Chorus :

We wish, fight for her smiles,
Glad when we are of some use,
E'en travel after her for miles ;
Can't live with out either, our excuse!—

Washington, D. C., May 9, 1905.

OLD AGE. (A SONG.)

You, who pretend we are too old,
Have passed all follies of youth,
Are at sixty, no more than mold,
Back numbers, which are of no use!—

Listen: we are still able to see,
Able to grasp this world's pleasure;
Never found time till at sixty,
Had the means, to be at leisure!—

You, may have wasted all your strength,
We, more temperate, are still prime,
Ready to live out our full length,
Within reason, have a splendid time!—

The impatient element must wait,
Till we have filled our measure,
They can have the places we vacate,
Are quite welcome to our treasure!—

Chorus:

You, who have run a swifter race,
Not able any longer to run,
Keep quiet, to rest is your pace,
While we, better, are having—fun!—

Washington, D. C., May 10, 1905.

THE IDEAL MAN. (A SONG.)

Girls: don't look for an ideal man,
We know he's very near extinct,
Should chance send us one of this clan,
A poor choice, for us too distinct!—

Young or old, he has no practice,
Never could understand our kind,
How gentle to employ his tactics,
When we have a thing on our mind!—

He's not aware of our good looks,
Quite ignorant of tact or grace,
When we do study the cook-books,
Forgets, that we expect his praise!—

Chorus:

'Tis not his good looks we admire,
But the true man, with health and brain,
Who can provide, what we desire,
In our old age, with us remain!—

Washington, D. C., May 11, 1905.

PRESSURE.

The universe is sustained by pressure,
For mankind, the most important force,
Who exist, are ruled in a measure,
Alive or dead, are shown their course.—

Know ye, what pressure has done,
To some given favors, to others abuse,
'Tis how you failed, another has won,
Why all protests, were of no use.—

Diamonds, are born through hard pressure,
Into results most material does weave,
Causing pain, gain of worldly treasure;
Pressure ends life, compels us to leave.—

Pressure, does force my mind to cite,
The evils created through brotherly love,
Why many must wait for their right,
Until, they have landed below, or above!—

Washington, D. C., May 19, 1905.

OUR OLD HEN.

Oh! faithful Bidy, of age unknown,
Or how many eggs she's laid,
Her broods of chicks are scattered, gone;
She isn't quite ready, to go—dead.—

Never more she'll see her teens,
Her comb has refused to be red,
Nor be one of the rooster's queens;
Still, she isn't ready to go—dead.—

Every day she'll primp her dress,
Smooth out wrinkles in her head,
From her style, it is hard to guess,
When, she is ready to go—dead.—

She hasn't lost all hope in life,
A widow never does, it is said,
'Tis always possible, to become a wife,
Then take her time, to go—dead.—

With a twinkle still in her eye,
Plump in figure, ready to wed,
The first rooster who dare come nigh,
For his sake, not yet go—dead!—

Washington, D. C., May 24, 1905.

OUR OLD ROOSTER.

Oh! he feels quite well, yet alive,
With liver and stomach in good condition,
Full of scars, from continual strife,
He is proud of his present condition!—

per se.
Exercise, has kept him in splendid trim,
His voice tells how time does fly,
Keeps silent, when his chance is slim,
But listen, to the other fellows cry!—

A philosopher, old age made him mellow,
Past experience, has taught him some art,
To watch the actions of the other fellow,
Never, to trust females with his heart!—

Smiles, he knows are deceptive in kind,
For warnings, of just a slight favor,
Rather too expensive, he does find,
Most all are based on pure vapor!—

He is useful yet in our elections,
All parties, depend on this booster,
When speaking against protections.
Then, they will hear from our old Rooster!—
Washington, D. C., May 25, 1905.

THE DRONE.

Not among the bees alone,
But present in our human hive,
Is found the worthless drone,
Encouraged to stay, to thrive.—

Plus satisfied are the majority,
With the drone under their rule;
The kicks delivered by the minority,
Are considered those of a mule.—

There's one who doesn't care,
What either one does or says;
Of trouble he has his own share,
Those others can have their ways!—
Washington, D. C., June 14, 1905.

THE MASK.

The mask worn by the past,
Still hides in our present age,
Human weakness to the very last,
None are exempt from this stage.—

Reaching, grasping, what we desire,
A smile may be the mask,
Feeling, sympathy, that you admire,
Will accomplish for what you ask.—

'Twill always thus remain,
All our actions are a mask,
Through which we strive for gain,
Until, fulfilled is our—task.—

Washington, D. C., June 29, 1905.

THE QUEEN.

The night is passing, day is near,
Preparing to enter her domain,
A Queen is ready to appear,
Whose time is limited to reign.

There are changes in the distance,
Gray mists dissolve, are giving way,
Brighter colours overcome resistance,
Aurora, heralds the Queen of day.

Rising from the glimmering East,
Surrounded by her glorious train,
A lovely Queen, to share, to feast,
With her loyal subjects once again.

She welcomes the waves of the sea,
Ships that come within her sight,
Mountains, Valleys, Plain and Tree,
Each, are embraced by her light.

Storm and clouds oft oppose her way,
Dispute passage for a while,
Fearless she breaks through the fray,
A proud victor, wearing a smile.

At every step she marks the time,
Her highest point, the hour twelve,
Presents each country a different clime,
With comforts, thinks last of herself.

Pleased with her daily toil,
She sinks slowly into the West,
To appear in a world as loyal,
Where she is worshipped, blessed.

Washington, D. C., July 4, 1905.

RHYMSTERS.

The best fields for poems and rhymes,
Are newspapers, a few magazines,
Closest friends in need at all times,
When an unfilled space means.—
The Regular has been on a spree,
His efforts got mixed, are blanks,
Or she stayed out late to tea;
Any stuff must do, paid in thanks.
Most readers are not particular,
They are used to a diet of hash,
Have no room for the vernacular,
Good or bad, to them is trash,
Some rhymsters live, thrive on protection,
Through Critics proficient in gall,
Who share alike in every conception,
In the fleece, the shorn lambs let fall!—

Washington, D. C., July 6, 1905.

LOVE ONLY ME. (A SONG.)

Copyright 1905 by R. F. Preusser.

Say not I am your sweetheart,
Every evening when you call,
We are still too far apart;
Fancy! is not love at all!—

Swear not I am all you own,
When you leave me in the hall,
Your efforts so far have shown;
Pretence! is not love at all!—

Believe not in my favor,
Higher hopes have come to fall,
Worthless to me your labor,
Friendship! is not love at all!—

Speak not to me of our love,
(Oh! but you have lots of gall,)
Call me not your onliest dove,
I am! not your choice at all!—

Chorus:

If, you really care for me,
Prove faithful, that I may trust,
From all other girls keep free;
Love Only Me, I'll be—just!—

July 17, 1905.

A GOOD TIME A COMING. (A Song.)

Copyright, 1905, by R. F. Preusser.

There's a good time a coming,
'Tis now very near in sight;
Those prospect are a humming,
My future, for once looks bright!—

There's a good time a coming,
When my ship steers into port,
Loaded with precious tonning,
Then Hurrah! look out for sport!—

There's a good time a coming,
Wait till I unload my ship,
Of goods that will need plumbing,
Then Hurrah! for a sample nip!—

There's a good time a coming,
I see lots of hungry friends,
My favors keep them drumming,
Hurrah! for their good intends!—

Chorus:

There's a good time a coming,
My Dears, you had better wait,
Therefore defer your chumming;
Hurrah! for the coming date!—

Wash., D. C., Sep. 23, 1905.

ANSWER TO A PUBLISHER.

If you do not like my song,
Thoughts have always been free;
Why there is nothing wrong,
'Tis just your fresh air, see!

If you don't like my style,
Fancy we cannot agree,
Why you may frown or smile,
Only I do not care,—see!—

If you do not like my ways,
Refusals have no terrors for me,
Why, I am used to some nays,
I expect my just share—see!—

If you do not like my rhyme,
I promise not to miss Thee,
Why, you may learn in time,
Prepaid, return fare—see!—

If you like not my If's and ends,
Now take your final degree;
Choose not to make comments,
On ideas you can't grasp, see!—

Wash., D. C., Aug. 5, 1905.

MY MISTAKE.

Thanks, now it is all over,
Once more I am in condition,
Reflect o'er the chances of a lover,
How useless, trying his position.—

My last experience with the Fair,
With two sisters, both were blondes,
Never have seen a more lovely pair,
Who seem'd anxious to go in bonds.—

One a Lily, fair and slender,
T'other a rosebud, quite plump,
Their eyes were blue and tender,
The last, oh! well, a regular trump.—

They used their eyes with effect,
As if searching for a mine,
Delighted, when they did detect,
An approving smile in mine.—

Chance, for once became my friend,
Revealed to me their name,
The Lily, he called her Talent,
That Rosebud, was simply Fame.

Elusive dreams, remain as doubts,
I still crave for either dame,
These Blondes have sought other routes;
Strange, are they, or I to blame!—

Wash., D. C., June 24, 1905.

THE LONE WIDOW. (A Song.)

Beware of the young widow's song,
When she's pretty, the more danger;
Not aware there is some wrong,
You are caught by this lively ranger!—

This young widow feels so lonely,
Without a friend can not exist,
He must be young, may be homely,
But able to play game of—Whist!—

This young widow can use her eyes,
A past-master of pleasing whiles,
Knows men are thrilled by her sighs,
Dare not resist her charming smiles!—

Chorus:

This pretty lone widow I pity,
I'll assist to gain a fresh start,
To win love in country or city;
Just remember, she has a heart!—

Wash., D. C., May 12, 190

WHAT'S THE USE!—(A Song.)

I'm back from my vacations,
Have not a cent left, the truth,
Owe to all my relations,
Nothing Doing,—what's the use!—

I try and try, have no luck,
Hear, Oh! hear the latest news,
My ship in sight, again is stuck;
Nothing doing,—what's the use!—

Friends I have had quite a few,
Who have now a good excuse,
Pass me without how are you;
Nothing doing,—what's the use!—

Dear Ones I care not to see,
I'm sure, I'll never lose,
Your collectors call on me;
Nothing doing,—what's the use!—

That blue-eyed bonny lass,
Her, I met in Syracuse,
In a letter send my pass;
Nothing doing,—what's the use!—

For me good times are coming,
Then who cares for your abuse,
When you'll hear me humming;
Nothing doing,—what's the use!—

My best friend, 'tis not you,
But Her, whom I love, did chose,
Whose dark eyes believe me true,
If we care, . . . what's the use!—

THE DIVINE EYE.

An eye, that is not deceived,
For unknown ages our best guard,
This the faithful have believed,
Trusting, hope to remain its ward.

A power unseen, far away,
Yet known to every secret thought,
Time cannot hide it, nor delay,
So our past and present have taught.

A master's watchful eye o'er all,
The world and heavens must obey;'
Who dare refuse his slightest call,
A master's, who can pardon, slay.—

Washington, D. C., Sept. 9, 1905.

THE CRITIC.

Here we have another song,
From Sweet, that ignorant chump;
The name is, "My Lady's Wrong,"
Hm' hope, looks like a trump.—

The words, so, so, they just rhyme,
Subject I find, one for fame,
Music by Climps, 1-8 time,
Oh! horrors, a funny name.—

Here Miss Tricks, quick play this tune,
I'll seek the heaven of art,
Ask advice, of old Neptune,
Compare the style, with Mozart.—

Old masters, hear my prayer,
Inspire, freshen up my thoughts,
The Muses have left me bare,
My efforts, are all noughts.—

This music may be quite new,
But not what is in demand,
We buy Classics, Rag-time too,
Returns yours, too much on hand!—

Chorus:

Take our advice, change your name,
Let it be one that gives knocks;
We publish all, good or lame,
When endorsed, by King O'Rocks!—

Washington, D. C., Sept. 12, 1905.

MY IDEAL.

The first man I would marry,
Must not be too young or too old,
He must be able to carry,
My troubles without being told!—

He must be healthy and strong,
Not be too stout or too lean,
In size, too short or too long,
I should like his manners clean!—

He must look quite fresh and fair,
Dark or blond, both are my style,
Eyes that speak, for you I care,
For you dear, I would run a mile!—

I should prefer that he's rich,
Understand how to make more,
With care avoid every ditch,
Of course, he must keep a store!—

He must never use strong drink,
Believe me perfect and adore,
This is about all—I think,
I forgot his age—forty-four!—

My promise, please note the date,
From to-day, I will be real,
With patience, wait for my fate;
Oh! send this man,—my Ideal!—

Washington, D. C., Sept. 4, 1905.

THINGS. (A SONG.)

We girls who can't find a man,
Cheerful marry other plants,
Old or young, white, black or tan,
Just a thing, so it wears pants!—

It must have wealth, but little sense,
For the style we ask, it grants,
'Tis blind to faults, our pretence,
Just a thing, so it wears pants!—

Ugly it can be, but tame,
Then welcome to share our haunts,
Oh! Dear, we love it the same,
Just a thing,—so it wears pants!—

Chorus:

Rally girls! You needn't despair,
When there are not plenty mans,
Our world is full anywhere,
Of these things, that will wear pants!—

Washington, D. C., Sept. 20, 1905.

INSINUATIONS.

Your green goods offered as fresh,
I have found them rather stale;
Fish is not taken for flesh,
Therefore, I report a scant sale.—

I will fast a longer day,
Until the time is quite near,
Prefer to wait by the way,
For the first star to appear!—

A monkey is best in his cage,
Where safe from danger or harm,
He can consider the sharp edge,
Of my retort, without alarm!—

Your meaning! words disguised,
Herewith I return them in kind,
My intentions! don't feel surprised,
'Tis your loose tongue to bind!—

Washington, D. C., Sept. 4, 1904.

THOSE MASHERS.

Many complaints we still hear,
About the masher's actions,
It is always him when near,
Blamed, for seeing attractions!—

How about most girls who stare,
At every man who's passing,
Their eyes that say, yes we dare,
Our right to do the mashing!—

Conceited protests, who'll flare,
When a man looks their way,
Imagine that he is aware,
Of what they may do or say!—

Curiosity, we have it all,
Inherited from mother Eve,
To admire, like, love and fall,
In beauty see, what we believe!—

Washington, D. C., Sept. 22, 1905.

REAL MAN.

Real man, is known by his actions,
Truthful, kind, of even temper,
In all his worldly transactions,
He will keep his promise, remember.—

Real man, has many true friends,
Whether rich or poor his lot,
He will make no show, or pretense,
What the world thinks, he cares not.—

Real man, has a tender spot,
With pleasure helps those in need,
Is not proud of what he has got,
Nor does know, his right hand's deed.—

Real man, will attend to his own,
Of others faults is not aware,
Many strange plants he has not sown,
He will nurse, tend them with care.—

Real man, where ever he's met,
Is ready our troubles to share,
For what he buys, he will pay net,
He believes only in the square!—

Wash., D. C., Sep. 23, 1905.

THE TEN PER CENTERS.

None are safe from this vampire.
The victim caught in his net,
He'll let it only retire,
After it has been well bled.—

We hear a general complaint,
From some who are paying rent,
That their Land-Lord is no saint,
For he does charge, ten per cent.—

Our mechanics keep this rule,
For every job from on A-Gent,
Before they can lift a tool,
They must pay him, ten per cent —

There's our uncle who'll lend,
On any values we present,
Charge us, his dearest friend,
The small sum, of ten per cent.—

Aunts and Cousins, not to forget,
Their love we can't prevent,
For loans they will charge us net,
The small sum of, ten per cent.—

E'en sweethearts, will give no kiss,
Unless we promise to relent,
Buy the ring that they yet miss,
Then pay us at,—ten per cent.—

What a change, 'tis distressing,
Goods that sold for a few cent,
Now we call it a blessing,
To get them at ten per cent!—

Wash., D. C., Sep. 25, 1905.

OUR HOBBIES.

Who thinks not of them with delight,
Inexhaustible fountains for pleasure,
Our cares have gone clean out of sight,
When in hobbies, we found a treasure.—

Hobbies, are promoters of business,
Improve many fashions and style,
Create things that will cause dizziness,
Others, that will bring but a smile.—

Hobbies, often known as follies,
Try the impossible, bring it to light,
As a rule look for and find allies,
Whose assets are left in bad plight.—

Hobbies, will turn day into night,
The spirits are often their guide,
Such frolicsome antics they play,
Which at home, they are sure to hide.—

Hobbies, are like bees that must swarm,
They claim space, we cannot prevent,
Once settled, they do good and harm,
Even aiming to be,—President.—

Hobbies, whose beauties we admire,
May they forever with us remain,
Should they for short time retire,
Then leave their sweet past, on our brain.—

Hobbies, are a great deal to blame,
For the best time we have spend;
Help-mates, who take part of our shame,
Ease our faults, on their help we depend.—

Wash., D. C., Sep. 28, 1905.

AT REST.

Years come, swiftly they pass by,
Each can tell a different story,
Of the living, those who die,
Why some left pain, some glory.—

None can tell when years began,
How many have gone to fill,
The ranks of an unknown clan,
Where all comers find places still.—

In memory of years past,
Of all those we loved best,
Whose favors will forever last,
May they find, eternal rest.—

Wash., D. C., Oct. 6, 1905.

A HIT.

It is human ambition,
A sign of the proper spirit,
To better our position,
One must try to make—a hit.—

Whenever I think of her name,
How much it will take of grit,
To win this invincible dame,
Whom I am trying—to hit.—

I know, she is fond of the brave,
The Muses share in her merit,
Believes, her honor is safe,
When through trials, she is—hit.—

She loves the innocent, the pure,
Admires, love, beauty and wit,
Temperate feasts, she'll endure,
Prefers, by them to be—hit.—

In society, she is quite tame,
Modest, retiring her habit,
With grace, often will take blame,
Pleased, when she has been—hit.—

Hear, who claim to be Leaders,
Digest, what you see in it;
I'll leave to you fair readers,
Who can understand this hit!—

Washington, D. C., Oct. 1, 1905.

THOUGHTS.

Think of them we found afore,
Then all we claim here-after,
Those missed, a lasting bore,
The cause of fun and laughter.—

Oh! such beautiful thoughts,
A pity, all going to waste,
What might have been, turn out noughts,
Spoil our complexion and taste.—

What have sudden thoughts not done,
Carried out to perfection,
The fortunes that they have won,
Or hearts, who sought protection.—

Thoughts expressed, often lies,
Crops of jealousy and hate,
Once impressed, the never die;
They have parted friends and mate.—

Thoughts, followed by action,
Saved comforts, health and life,
They settled every attraction,
Make or end all war and strife.—

Thoughts, that come slow, seem lazy,
Who dare not, seized with fear,
Objects, to them look hazy;
Just wait, for luck to appear.—

Thoughts missed, are beyond call,
The source of other's pleasures;
Do not mind our loss at all,
These thoughts! defy all measures.—

Thoughts, are often cheap when sold,
A pennys worth means treasure ;
Act at once, when you are told,
Thoughts hide, take their leisure.—

Thoughts, the welfare of nations,
When they cease, leave but a blank ;
The guides in all vocations,
Too many, turn out a crank.—

The few thoughts I offer you,
My experience, worth the test,
Some, the best that ever flew,
Are those, that have had a rest!—

Washington, D. C., Oct. 9, 1905.

THE PEN.

This little thing, named a pen,
Of unknown birth, of lost date,
She lives in palace and den,
There is busy, sometimes late.—

She dictates to humble and proud,
Of her surroundings a queen,
Where she will whisper quite loud,
Secrets she has heard and seen.—

Her sharp pointed tongues clack,
From a distance sends its sting,
Unseen, she can give a whack,
That will cause some ears to ring.—

She is feared, shunned, a pet,
Favorites does always boom,
Whereas, show the least regret,
Those she has sent to their doom.—

Changeable, like all of her sex,
She will intercede for a life,
Yea others, tantalize, vex;
Tickled, when you get a wife.—

This little thing, a great power,
Often, a coward at heart,
She lives for gain, to devour,
What a brave sword would not part.—

Be there a thing I forgot,
About favors from the Pen,
You may yet add, your own lot,
Or what she has done to men!—

Washington, D. C., Oct. 15, 1905.

THE PAST.

Memory calls what is gone,
The things that have found a past,
There to rest, reform, atone,
Believe, found a home at last.—

Where nothing is ever lost,
All substance changed, recast,
Time has no regard for cost,
There nature works out the past.—

Where the missing never fear,
Weak or strong equal the fast;
Striving for gain, sorrow, tear,
Are unknown in the past.—

Where all things must finally go,
To be housed with the past,
There's room for those who follow,
Find rest and help to last.—

We must get ready to join,
The crowds that are growing vast,
Once we get there, we'll soon learn,
What is going on in the past!—

Washington, D. C., Oct. 21, 1905.

MY SWEET BY AND BY.

My coming sweet by and by,
When my roses are going to bloom,
Our world has stopped to lie,
Then, I'm expecting a boom.—

My coming sweet by and by,
When my name no more is Blank,
Every one will know me, sigh,
For my thousands, in the bank.—

My sweet coming by and by,
When I find justice delayed,
The parties I mean, know why,
I'll see, that they get paid.—

My coming sweet by and by,
When I will even all regrets,
To connections low and high,
Promise to pay, my just debts.—

My coming sweet by and by,
When I leave the majority,
Whose labor goes, the usual cry,
To fatten the poor minority.—

My coming sweet by and by,
When I'll offer you to bet,
That those who are keeping shy,
Will be glad to share my set.—

My coming sweet by and by,
When I hope to find a friend,
A treasure, a lasting tie,
Who'll stand by me to the end.—

Washington, D. C., Oct. 22, 1905.

SPEECHES.

Thoughts combined to reach,
Be absorbed by others mind,
There remain, assist to teach,
What you searched for, then find.—

For intelligence a treat,
Where a speech shows truth, force,
There, intellect and progress meet,
Ambition follows their course.—

Speeches are thoughts led for use,
Are diversified in kind,
While some will foster abuse,
Others misleading, a blind.—

Speeches, will give to some pain,
Others, humor, wit, deceit,
Their object, is purely gain;
A sure bait, that means defeat.—

The best speech, that'll hit the mark,
Let it be short, sweet and plain,
It will save time when you spark,
Yes or No, let it remain.—

Washington, D. C., Oct. 25, 1905.

LEADERS.

Those now known as Leaders,
What they have done, their aim,
Their deeds judged by readers,
Some, have left more than fame.—

A Leader who can control,
The faults and actions of men,
Must learn how to take toll,
From himself, prove that he can.—

He must not forget his God,
Assist mortals to atone,
Use gentle means, avoid the rod,
Then a Leader he is alone.—

Thousands of Leaders show the way,
How to work for their own gain,
They prosper, fade, then decay,
Their leavings, a lasting stain.—

The most practical Leaders,
Who leave an invincible name,
For drinking, as good feeders,
This honor, is all they claim.—

The only Leaders we trust,
Must be brave, honest and kind,
Grind our opposition into dust,
Then, bear our welfare in mind!—

Washington, D. C., Oct. 29, 1905.

WHEN I THINK OF THEE.

In going over the past,
How quickly the years did flee,
Leaving impressions to last,
That others failed to see.—
Then, I think of thee.

The dark-eyed sweet little lass,
Whom I met under the elm-tree,
When she went home from her class;
Those odd times we missed tea.—
Then I think of thee.

Presents I gave her at school,
Her smiles were only for me,
In fun called me her fool;
I, for her ready to dee.—
Then I think of thee.

She my sweetheart, I her beau,
At eighteen we would be free,
Marry, at last keep our vow,
That hereafter, we would agree.—
Then I think of thee.

Broken was our lovely dream,
Her love changed to Charlie,
Mine, part I gave to Alime,
The rest, I shared with Carrie.—
Then, I often think of thee.

We have been married for years,
Each blessed with a family,
We've never shed any tears,
O'er fate, what was not to be!—
But I often think of thee.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 3, 1905.

OUR—ST.

To mention him isn't polite,
This guardian of wrong and right,
Who's hard to control, will fight,
When angry, claims day and night.—

As benefactor, plays first role,
When of pleasures had his fill;
Some content, he has a soul,
While others say, 'tis his will.—

All alike, must pass his guard,
At his door, stand a double test,
Must be fresh, and as reward,
For a time remain his guest.—

Strangers, enter his domain,
Sneaks he trusted, would not bar,
These disturb, cause him pain,
His relatives then make war.—

Him, whom we call our best our,
The world must obey his rule,
Kings respect, know his power;
Who resists his will, a fool.—

Washington, D. C., Nov. 6, 1905.

THE FAD.

The twin sister of hobby,
For short, we called her Fad,
She's busy in house, field, Lobby,
Her career, is often sad.—

Time grants her service gratis,
To this never ending Fad,
For her most useless ideas,
She enjoys, we pronounce mad.—

She'll tinker in all affairs,
Never knew or could understand,
Her ignorance will put on airs,
Mere jokes that come second-hand.—

When we have missed our aim,
Investments turned out bad,
At last find what we claim,
Then don't care, if you say Fad.—

Every one has his Fad,
Inherited from Ma and Dad,
The best we have ever had,
Reasons enough, to feel glad!

Washington, D. C., Nov. 7, 1905.

WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT!

Such racket, infernal din,
He's won, no lost, they all shout,
Some-how, they all come in;
As usual, I am left out!—

In election, all did win,
Travelling that same old route,
Each looking but for the tin;
As usual, I am left out!—

Whenever the races begin,
Bets and horses are in doubt,
Ready for a game of skin;
As usual, I am left out!—

Millionaires and my other kin,
Their profession, to feel stout,
For my health, don't care a pin;
As usual, I am left out!—

To go fishing is no sin,
Fun to bring home bass and trout,
But mean, when they left no fin;
As usual, I am left out!—

Some yarns, you are able to spin,
It depends all on the sprout,
But when 'tis ripe for the chin;
As usual, I am left out!—

'Tis easy for you to grin,
Listen, to my doleful spout,
Call my noble efforts, too thin;
As usual, I am left out!—

Wash., D. C., Nov. 10, 1905.

SOFT SAWDER.

Soft sawder, meant for a mess,
To be taken as a sweet,
By soft heads who can't guess,
That pride, helped in this treat.—

Light words of promise and praise,
An appeal to wrath, pain, hate,
Make even Dan Cupid's ways,
Cause oppositions to mate.—

Soft sawder, is for effect,
It'll gain customers in trade,
Does hide many a defect,
In goods presented as staid.—

Soft sawder, re-unites the bond,
Of hearts that are near broken,
Once more of each other fond,
Find in faith and love, a token.—

False words, are often sawder,
Honey, to catch bees and flies,
The bait, to fill some larder,
A mine, where the prospect—lies!—

Wash., D. C., Nov. 12, 1905.

PROMISES.

Promises are kept and broken,
For safety are put on ice,
There to remain a token,
Of your friendship's lasting ties.—

Those that don't materialize,
Get rid of hurry promises,
As chums will fraternize,
With the best prompt misses.—

Oh dear L——d see how they fade,
These promises so full of air,
Forgotten, as soon as made,
They sleep in peace for ever mere!—

Wash., D. C., Nov. 15, 1905.

SELF-MADE MEN.

We hear of men, quite self-made,
With wealth fairly struck,
Some of it, by honest trade,
Or by other means and luck.—

I'll divide them in classes,
These honored self-made men,
Separate noble, from the masses,
That their efforts you may ken.—

The highest praise, earns the man,
Whose aim to benefit others,
Teach them selfishness to ban,
That God, made all men brothers.—

They who used their brain,
Its use accomplished wonders,
Their main desire was for gain,
To win wealth, through our blunders.—

Here's a doubtful lot, I bet,
Who won fame, by self-made wealth,
Members of the exclusive set,
Most interested, in their health.—

Self-made, by our help they meant,
It was our profits we paid,
From them took 500 per cent,
Truly, they call it self-made.—

Like cork, self comes on top,
In the classes and masses,
They watch the time when to flop,
The rest remain—the asses!—

Wash., D. C., Nov. 27, 1905.

DOCTORS.

Doctors will not take their own prescriptions,
Lessons are for pupils, not the teacher,
Writers promote “valuable” descriptions,
Examples how to live the preacher!—

Every flower, has a different smell,
All born of woman, have their failings,
Their real worth, we can never tell,
Till we have examined, the tailings!—

Grafting may produce a superior fruit,
May even imitate, a different set,
Each one of us, have a taste to suit,
What you approve, I find complex!—

Wash., D. C., Nov. 29, 1905.

A TEST.

According to her story!—

Woman likes him the most best,
The man, who works for her glory,
Ignores his wants, that she may rest!—

Man, who is witty or dull,
Handsome and full of conceit,
Ugly and his figure looks droll,
When but wealthy, he is her meat!—

Real woman, near out of date,
She does seldom receive a call,
Man will take most anything for mate,
Love, Honor, has no show at all!—

Times, have sown imagination,
Freedom, for all the servants;
This comes, from over education,
Soon, All will be Ladies and Gents!—

Washington, D. C., Nov. 30, 1905.

TRUTH.

Truth, pills that are bitter,
Leave impressions and dents,
To the sensible, who share in glitter;
The hardened lot, care not for comments!—

Washington, D. C., Dec. 12, 1905.

ARE YOU A BROTHER.

Then, without fear or quaver,
Prove, that you can use the square,
Your footsteps never waver,
Of the compass are aware,—
When you travel, day or night,
Are willing, with need to share,
Not forget, a wrong to right,
Seek rest, always, you know where!—
Once a brother, forget not the test,
On yourself, as well as others,
Of qualities, pick out the best ;
The poor or rich, treat as brothers!—

By R. F. Preusser, Washington, D. C., Dec. 30, 1905.

THE LITTLE CORNER.

Who is not pleased to rest,
From toil, or as a mourner,
To think over what is best,
In a quiet little corner.—

Who doesn't remember childhood days,
When for being too good a stoner,
Why we kept out of Papa's ways,
And hunted a quiet little corner.—

While slowly we drift to old age,
Of plenty or nothing the owner ;
When you prefer a gilded cage,
And we, only a quiet little corner.—

Finally we have reached the end,
Leave this world for future honor,
Our name, is left to you my friend,
Keep it, in a quiet little—corner.—

R. F. Preusser, Washington, D. C., Oct. 24, 1904.

MY OLD HOME.

Take me back to my old home,
Where my dear ones for me wait,
Ready to cheer, bid me welcome,
To a wanderer led by fate.—

Take me back to my old home,
To father, mother, brother ;
This world I'll no more roam,
Where greed drives shame to cover.—

Take me back to my old home,
To my uncles, aunts and cousins ;
Our neighbours, glad I have come,
Tell stories by the dozens.—

Take me back to my old home,
Our farm, my true lifelong friend ;
Content, health came from its loam,
It gave food for labor spent.—

Take me back, to my old home,
Where, in youth I played truant,
Hid under the sky's blue dome ;
There let me stay, rest, repent.—

Washington, D. C., Aug. 17, 1905.

THE GOLDEN RULES.

Rules, known to Christian and Jew,
How they should to each one behave,
Rules, Jehovah gave to Moses new,
As a guide, to avoid the "trafe."

The meaning of this golden rule,
Is explained to us each day,
By examples of the rich, poor, fool,
To grasp all things, that come their way.—

These golden rules are carried out,
Lasting from the cradle to the grave,
That all, who travel on this route,
May not be hurt, we keep them safe!—

Washington, D. C., Dec. 22, 1905.

THE MAGIC CIRCLE. (TRUE LOVE.)

Where is it found, this ideal,
The one circle of earthly bliss,
That on pleasures leaves its seal,
Perpetual charms, happiness!—

It cares not for position,
Nor seeks idleness or wealth,
Favors, all depend on condition;
Slow its ways, conquers by stealth!—

It'll enter the Palace, the farm,
Our houses and even the hut;
Confident, its inmates can charm,
Against force, is ready to butt!—

It thrives on mountains and plain,
In meadows and woods it is met,
On the sea, our sailors explain,
Found many, it did not forget!—

A rover, it must remain,
Its object, to find Faith in man,
For his sake, bear joy and pain,
This magic circle, find if you can!—

Secure, re-known, in each land,
Magic circles are rare enough,
When you win one, understand,
Guard well, this gift from above!—
Comp. by R. F. Preusser,

Washington, D. C., Dec. 23, 1905.

MY OLD COAT.

My poor old coat, tattered and torn,
A relique now, once my best dress,
Its seams are apart, are so worn,
That now, it can't stand a press.—

My friends, all remember this coat,
Our tailor, called it a fit mate,
Of late, each has taken note,
That my coat, is quite out of date.—

Those yellowed papers are loud,
About changing, my old for a new,
The fashion is o'er, men no more proud,
Any old coat, good enough for you.—

Often, have I tried to turn it,
Or patch up a vent, much ajar,
But could never help it one bit,
Every one knows it from afar.—

I can't sell it as second-hand,
No merchant will consider this junk,
'Tis such an old, forgotten brand,
My old style coat, surely a funk.—

Doubtful, the law will allow me to change,
This old one, for one of new make,
People say, in it I would look strange;
Who wants, what I'm unable to shake.—

I'll have to borrow a substitute,
For I see a good many in use;
At least I would help to contribute,
Our papers could print some more news.—

My coat has lost all of its fun,
The remains of a once noble lot,
It reminds me, of a worn out pun,
Useless to me or you, now—what!—

Washington, D. C., Dec. 26, 1905.

HOT STUFF.

In Uncle Sam's Preserves there is found,
A deal of hot stuff, solid or light,
Some grows above, some in the ground,
Part are noisy, the rest keep quiet.—

Choice the place, where it doesn't appear,
See my hot stuff coming in sight;
Our pa-apers, print it without fear,
Books and Magazines, claim it their right.—

Writers have hot-stuff on their brain,
Critics cite it, works of a crank,
But fear to touch, citizen Mark Twain,
When they do, sure draw a blank.—

It takes nerve hot-stuff to believe,
That is brewed on a big Hill,
Before 'tis ripe, fed through a sieve,
Warranted well shaken, not to kill.—

Some folks, can't live without this stuff,
Their customers like it best hot,
Ask for it, never get enough;
While others, take care of this lot.—

Hot-stuff, is given on the stage,
Rest—Resorts, offer it for sale,
To be in it, is quite the rage;
This supply, for reasons doesn't fail.—

Even Clubs, cater in this hot-stuff,
When a song, is the Bill of Fare;
Lately, one was treated quite rough,
Indeed, found it too warm there!—

With sure hot-stuff that comes at will,
Our cities are often painted red,
By many who can't get their fill,
Rather like, on what they are fed!—

This Hot-Stuff, don't let it burn,
It will take a long time to cool,
Only by tasting, you will learn,
This dish, bitter and sweet the rule!—

Washington, D. C., Dec. 27, 1905.

FATHER TIME.

Forward, ever Forward with persistence,
Following, his well defined old track,
Search for the goal, looming in the distance,
He is kept busy, cares not to look back.

Diligently, we will follow this guide,
His example cheers us on to take the lead,
Our secrets and promises leave him to hide,
Without his advice, will not brave a deed.

For good company he will work with zeal,
Just loves to share their pleasure and fun,
Drink to their future health, enjoy each meal,
Feels disappointed, when it is all gone.

Long may he live, our good old Father Time,
A true friend to prosperity, war, peace,
Of the rich and poor, poetry, prose and rhyme;
When he is gone, everything will cease!—

Washington, D. C., June 11, 1904.

SHE HAS GOT QUEER NOTIONS!—

In the morning, I'm just awake,
She calls, get up my own dear pet,
Start the fire, bake the buck-wheat cake,
When I arrive, have the table set!—

Chorus:

She has got queer notions!
She has got queer notions!
Tira, Tira, ra-la!

Repeat: She has got queer notions!
She has got queer notions!
Tira, Tira, ra-la!

Before, I go to my office,
Our parting, seems to last fore'er,
One hug and kiss, do not suffice,
My darling, calls me so clever!—

Chorus:

My dear do not forget, she said,
Ask Mrs. Blue, for that white feather,
Tell the grocer, to send the bread,
That last roast, was tough as leather!—

Chorus:

Bring home, I expect you to treat,
A few novels and some candy,
Take note, of new styles you may meet,
A new dress, would come in handy!—

Chorus:

Dinner o'er, we've read the paper,
In all discussions, she has led,
Insists, my rights are all vapor,
Until the time, we go to bed!—

Composed by Richard F. Preusser.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 3, 1906.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Another day is now gone,
To carry the troubles we left behind,
May the New-Year's Gifts for it atone,
Bring you health, wealth, ease of mind.

Keep me home, don't lock me up,
Anywhere, so you treat me kind,
Drink my health in cheering cup,
Better still, bear me in mind.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 1, 1906.

MORE BABIES

More babies, is the national cry,
Oh! shame, we are getting clear behind;
Our able Statesmen ask the question Why,
These missing numbers, lost, we must find.

For these lost babies, let's ask the Cop,
He is paid to gather in the stray.
Sorry, Gents: But a few I can stop,
The others always get clear away.

Our dear Doctors surely ought to know,
Something of our babies, yet missing.—
See Gents. Those babies did never grow,
Because, you're satisfied with kissing.—

Now Americans, what have you to say?
What do you know, of missing babies?
We are too busy, at making Hay,
Go, put the question to our Ladies!—

To you, dear Ladies! 'Tis hardly fair,
What, Why, Sure you are of babies fond!
Sir——! Impertinence, how dare you, dare,
Meddle in affairs you cant's understand!—

Chorus: Never mind, if the missing aren't found,
Enough babies, land now on our shore,
Much cheaper, better, guaranteed sound;
When they get lost, we will send for more!—

Washington, D. C., Feb. 9, 1906.

THE END.

When you have read my book through,
Approved some, with some found fault;
Think, what our dear world would come to,
If I had forgotten the salt!—

Give me a home, that I am near,
Where I can assist you in need,
In me find, the comforts, cheer,
Your friend always, ready to lead!—

Washington, D. C., Dec. 28, 1905.

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