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EKKOES
From The
Hart.

Hart



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EKKOES FROM THE HART,

BY

KLARENC WADE MAK,

AUTHOR OV

*"Mak's Gammur," "The Laws ov Helth,"
"Mentel-Dinamite," "Munnyolojy," etc.*

A kollekshun ov

POEMS THAT KAN PO.

These ar poems that kan realy po,
And ar diffrent from enny thing yu noe—
Tha wil kure the Hart-ake and ekstrakt the blues,
And happify yu from your hed down to your shues.

If this book iz in your poket nite and da,
It wil alwaes giv yu luk in evury wa:
So read it thru from shore to shore,
And then al your trubels wil be o'ar.

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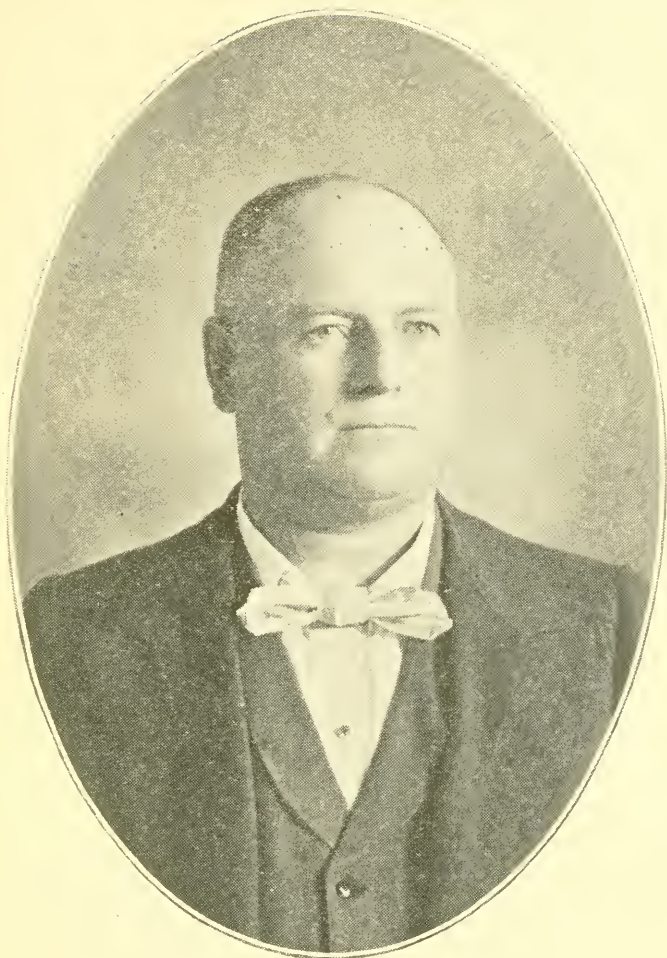
PUBLISHED BY
DR. MAK & HIMSELF,
AT DENVER, KOLORADO.

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By KLARENC WADE MAK,
of Denver, Kolorado.

YEARLY ST
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KLARENC WADE MAK.
(Born Jan. 27, 1861, at Fairfield, Iowa.)

Poetry iz the Song ov the Human Hart
Evr ekkoing thru the Dreamy Mind,
And rides Wild Fancy thru evry Mart
In surh ov wot it wil nevr find—
A sweet surcece from al unpeac.

MAK'S POEMS.

WY I RITE POETRY.

Sum pepel rite poetry just for fun,
Wile uthurs rite it solely for "mun;"
Then uthurs rite it bekoz tha'r "pruny,"
But I rite it only bekoz I am loony!

Aftur reading theze vurses al thru,
Sum wil kus until the air iz blu,
And sware that I am the kraziest ja
That evur skribeld in suh a wa;

Wile uthurs wil laf and loudly praze
The krazy stuf the rest thair daes,
And unto uthurs most persistently deklare
That I am a jeneyus both great and rare!

But it al goes and only pruves
That pepel's minds ar not alike—
Wile sum travel only in setteld gruves,
Uthurs kontinuely jump the 'pike;

But we shud evur praktis and kultivate
The broadest spirit ov tolurenc,
For no wun iz suffishly great,
To noe it al in emny sens.

FONETIK SPELING.

I want my readurs to evur rekollekt
 That I think the Fonetik Speling the most korrekt,
 And I don't uze it to be od and unlike the rest,
 But bekoz I konsidur it muh the best;

For thare nevr woz enny rezun that I kud se,
 For speling "gnat" with the lettur "g,"
 And for puting twu fs in "stuff,"
 Wen wun wud be quite enuf.

And to put "i" in "bird" insted ov u,
 Iz a very foolish thing to du;
 But puting a "b" in evry "debt,"
 Iz a bigur folly yet.

And to spel "they" with an "ey,"
 Is enuf to make a jakas si;
 And puting "ugh" in "laugh,"
 Iz enuf to make a punken daf.

And it'z enuf to giv wun the tizik,
 To put "physe" in "physic,"
 And to put "ig" in "feign,"
 Iz enuf to drive a hithing post insane!

And bekoz Webstur sezs it'z rijht
 To put "gh" in evry "night,"
 Don't make it so by a dam site!
 And I shal oppoze it with al my mijht!

A MUTHUR'S LUV.

The sweetest thing beneath the skies,
 Iz a Muthur's luv that nevr dies,
 And hur farewel kis upon the cheek,
 Fileth wun tu ful to even speak,
 And the last long linguring look
 Into hur dear old teer-dimd ies,
 Wil evur haunt Old Memory's evry nook,
 And fil the Soul with sweet, soft tendur sies.

ADAM AND EVE.

God made Adam and Sistir Eve,
 And Eve made God and Adam greev,
 And then the Lord made a wiked brake
 By punishing them both for hiz own mistake;
 For he surtenly nu just wot Eve wud du,
 And he just az ezily kud
 Hav made hur so awfully good
 That she realy nevr wud
 Hav gossipt about the naborhood,
 Nor refuzd to split the kindling wood,
 But wud hav spent al hur naked daes
 And lade awake at nite
 Devizing new and bettur waes
 To du hur duties rijht.

LIFE'S ROAD.

Life's rokky old road iz krooked and ruf,
 And long before we rehe the uthur shore,
 We uzhuely get more than enuf
 To last us forevermore;

And yet we kud ezily make
 It level and strate with nevr a brake,
 And strn it with flowurs
 From morning til nite,
 To gladen the hours
 And make us feel brite,
 If we only had sens and konsbenc enuf
 To quit dning the things that make it so ruf.

We must abolish al profit and greed,
 And alwaes help che uthur along,
 And then the time wil rapidly speed
 Wen Life for us al wil be a glad song.

 LONELY.

Al alone before I retire,
 Theze fu littel lines I'l rite—
 To sa that my greatest dezire
 Iz to se littel June tonite.

Only a look from hur soft brown ies—
 Only a tuh from hur dear littel hand,
 And my spirits wud suddenly rize,
 For I'd feel like a diffrent man.

MENTEL RIDURS.

Thots kan travel just as ezy and fast
 Wen the roads ar muddy az wen tha ar dry,
 So tha skip a long with a si and a song,
 On thair Mentel Steed with litening speed,
 Towards the great Painles and Voicles Past,
 Wher harts ar unaked and ies kan not kry,
 To find a surcece from the mentel unpeac
 Ov the prezent mad-life with its strugel and strife
 To gane Rihes and Powur to be lost in an hour.

AL IES LOOK ALIKE.

Deth makes al ies look alike
 By pouring them ful ov that
 Stranje Dark-Lite,
 That al pursuns so hartily dislike
 Bekoz it iz Eturnel-Nite.

GREED.

The Soul ov the wurd iz Greed,
 And to "liv without wurking" its Kreed,
 Wherin ehe iz trying and duing biz best
 To get "sumthing for nuthing" from al ov the rest;
 And this univursel swindling iz koled "trade,"
 And most pepel konsidur it lejitimate,
 And then wundur wy we'r on the downward grade,
 And traveling towards hel at suh a rapid rate!

EMPTY KRISTMAS TREES.

Al ovur the wurd this Kristmas eve,
 Milyuns ov pepel wil suffur and greev,
 And al bekoz ov our soshel laws
 That maketh this life a rotene ov strife,
 In the mad strugel for bred until we ar ded.

In this struggle ov greed a fu wil sukceed,
 Wile the uthurs in need wil quikly recede
 Until at the last wen Hope iz al past,
 And then tha wil fale and di on the trale
 That uthurs wil tred in thair surh for bred.

And thus we hav gawn from the urliest dawn—
 Evur struggling for bred until we ar ded!
 Wy shud we "kompete" che uthur to beat,
 And strive for that gane that kozeth suh pain
 To thozе that get beat and suffur defete,
 Wen we kud gane more by helping che o'ur
 Life's rokky old road with hiz burden and lead?

 PURHAPS.

The Human Mind haz evur kravd to noe
 Wot iz beyond the quiet Stars that twinkel so,
 And wy tha shud evur be so far awa
 Beyond our rehe, no wun kan realy sa.
 Purhaps tha ar but Dimunds in Eturnity,
 Liting the wa ov life for yu and me?

REMINISCENT.

Az it iz dark and stormy tonite,
And I hav nuthing else to du,
I'l take up my pen and rite
A fu stra thots to yu.

I'm al alone and very sad,
And evry nite before I sleep,
I furvently wish I nevir had
Given yu my hart to keep.

Then my ies klog up with tears
Until I realy kan not se,
But stil I hope in fuchur years,
Togethur we ma alwaes be.

Soon into dreams I softly glide,
Wen your littel hands so soft and wite,
Seem to kum and jently gide
My restles thots al thru the nite;

Then the morning's kristel beams
Steal o'ur me like a flash ov lite,
And shattur al thoze golden dreams
That haunt my brane at nite.

KRUEL AND IMPARSHEL DETH.

Evry thing that we luv and cherish,
Soonur or latur wil fade and perish;
For al ar doomd to krumbel and fol,
And komplette destrukshun awaits us al.

The fairest flowurs that evur did bloom,
 Az wel az the rankest weeds that gro,
 Ar subjekt to this mursiles Doom,
 And soonur or latur must go.

The kansur and flowur ar treted alike—
 Likewize, the babe and the snake,
 And ehe in its turn wil hav to take
 A farewel trip that we al dislike.

~~No storms nor trubels kan rehe him now—
 No sorroes kan deepen the riukels upon hiz brow;
 For he haz pasd beyond the rehe ov pain,
 And hiz rest wil be Eturnel—
 In the narro grave wher he iz lain.~~

~~Upon hiz grave the flowurs wil gro,
 And o'ur hiz tomb the burds wil fly,
 Wile awa up hi in the blu jemd sky,
 The stars that he luvd wil twinkel and glo.~~

KINDNES.

Kind akts and good deeds
 Ar the best ov al the seeds,
 And wil gro in enny kline,
 Producing splendid harvests evry time;
 So be kind to al yu meet,
 For tha ma return the trete,
 And if we al helpd ehe uthur along,
 This life wud be a gladsun song.

THE WIZDUMLES STRUGEL.

How foolish it iz to make it our biz,
 To strugel for weith that ruins our helth,
 And waste al ov our daes and most ov the nite,
 Devizing new waes to kontinn the fite,

And duing our best to destroy the rest,
 Hoo are strugling to beat us and trying to cheat us,
 In the mad strugel ov greed for more than tha need,

Wen we ezily kud be duing muh good,
 By helping al uthurs like sivilizd bruthurs
 To battel for rijht from morning til nite,
 Wih wud be a great boon to al ov us soon.

This strugel for gane soon ruins the brane,
 And drives them to krime in evury old klime,
 For wen tha "kompete" just haf wil get beat,
 And thoze that must fale wil suffur and wail
 Until thair poor brane iz realy insane,
 And then tha wil rave until the kold grave
 Givs them a home wher tha wil not roam,
 But wil peacefully rest in Nachur's kind brest,
 Evur fre from the kare that drove them in thare.

 THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Not long ago al traveling woz slo,
 In the klumzy old Staje
 That excited our raje,
 We went to and fro.

But now we flit thru the air
 On a soft cushund chair,
 In kumfort with meteor speed,
 From oshun to oshun behind the Iron-steed!

THE FOX AND CHIKEN.

Mr. Ranard:

"Sa, frend Chiken, wy roost so hi up in the tre,
 Az tho yu wur afrade ov me?
 Kum down, I pra, and with me pla,
 And we wil hav a hi old time toda.
 I am your frend, yu need not fear,
 Kum down—and with me have sum beer!"

Mr. Wize Fowl:

"Ah yes, Mr. Fox, purhaps you are sincere,
 But stil I hav that awful fear,
 That if I went down with yu to pla,
 My life wud shurely end this very da;
 So I'l sta up here quite out ov rehe,
 And listen to yu wile yu prehe.
 I ma be rong and yu be rijht,
 But I fear if I went down upon the ground,
 Thar'd be "a hot time in the old town tonite!"

Morel:

Don't pla (fuze or vote) with the Old Parties,
 for thair profeshuns ov frendship ar tu thin to
 koncele thair appetite for chiken. Az long az yu

pla with the Old Parties yu ar ded chickens! Al yu kan akkomplish by that kours iz to help the politikel Ranards to more chicken pi. Enny thing that Spidurs and Foxes ar in favur ov iz a pritty dam good thing for Flies and Chikens to steer klear ov! Vote for the Soshelists and then yu wil not bekum chicken pi for enny wun, but wil be voting for a pair ov long and purmanent wings for your own uce.

Undur Soshelizm we'l al hav wings and fly,
 And liv on the very best beneath the sky,
 For we'l al be at wurk then, and nevrmore
 Wil thare be enny want and strife to make us sore;

For ehe wun wil hav a chanc to produce
 Al he wants for hiz own uce,
 And then the Chikens wil not fear the Fox—
 Neithur wil the Spidurs entrap the Flies,

And thare wil be no more uce for loks
 Enny wher beneath the purpel skies,
 For we'l al dwel togethur then, az bruthurs shud,
 In wun univursel, peaceful Bruthurhood.

WY.

Wy shud we wish to liv
 Al thru Eternity,
 Wen Deth wil shurely giv
 Surcece from al our mizury?

DREAM FACES.

In my sleep thare seem to be
 Dream-faces huvuring o'ur me,
 And with thair big nite-ies
 Tha seem to take delite
 In wotling me until I rize,
 And then tha take thair flite.

But thare iz wun so sweet and fair,
 With dark brown ies and evening hair,
 Hooz glances alwaes kast a spel
 O'ur my hart that makes it swel
 With keenest ekstacy and fond delite,
 That sweetly thrils me thru the nite.

She seems to luv me best
 And alwaes knms before the rest,
 And iz the last to go awa,
 For it seems to me az tho
 Se'd lingur just to sa,
 With hur ies, "I luv you so!"

KONSHENC.

If yu wil alwaes du rijht,
 Yu kan sleep wel at nite,
 But the gilt ov great ronges
 Evur ekkoes like undying songs,
 Al thrn the hart and the brane,
 Kozing muh suffuring, sorro and pain!

REGRET.

At times thare kums to evry hart,
 A sadnes that wil not depart—
 It sifts itself al thru the frame,
 Kozing a wearines hard to name.

From the ded but infor gotten Past,
 Kums this desolashun like a blast,
 And kils evry Hope within the brest,
 And fils the Soul with vage unrest.

 A TREHURUS WUMAN AND HUR FATE.

“Twoz only a dream,” she sed, “and now it iz o’ur,”
 Leving hur huzband alone to perish—
 With a hart al broken and sore,
 And nuthing to luv and nuthing to cherish.

But a time wil kum in the years ahead,
 Wen she wil wish that she wur ded;
 For hur yuthful charms wil soon hav flown,
 Leving hur nun to kol hur own.

And then she wil droop like a flowur and di,
 Al alone undur the star-jemd sky,
 With no wun to hear hur hart-broken sies,
 And kis bak the tears from hur Deth-dimd ies!

And no luving arms wil klasp nor embrace,
 Wile Deth’s dark shaddoes ar chiling hur face,
 And no luving lips wil wispur, “good-bye, my dar-
 ing, farewel!

Ma peac be with yu wherevur yu dwel ;"
 But al alone wil she mizurably perish,
 With no wun to luv hur and no wun to cherish.
 The flowurs wil bloom and the wotturs wil flo,
 And the voices ov burds wil warbel and sing ;
 But no luving hand wil evur thare bring
 Wun littel flowur on hur grave to gro.

THAT OLD KAT OV OURS.

We had an old Tomas kat,
 And hiz name woz Nikolina Jim—
 He woz very fond ov milk and rat,
 And Alto Maria woz fond ov him.

Evry nite he went forth to roam,
 And alwaes found hiz luv at home,
 And wen togethur tha wud get,
 Tha'd be sum singing yu ma bet ;

But ere the pepel nu it,
 And before the brake ov da,
 Tha wud sing a duet
 That wud drive al sleep awa ;

Then sware wurdz wud quikly fil the air,
 And things to thro wur in demand,
 For evry wun wanted to kil the pair
 For plaing "Damnashun Army" in our land !

But thair missils wur in vain,
 And thair kusing kozd no pain,
 For tha'd retire adown the alley,
 And sing az tho mezmurizd by "Sengally."

THAT LITTEL LAM AGEN.

Kolumbia had a littel Dewey ram
 Hodz fleec woz red, wite aüd blu,
 And he folloed hur to Manila wun da,
 Just to sho the Spanyolds wot he kud du;

But it woz agenst the Spanish rule
 For this poor lam to entur the Manila skool;
 So, by means both great and smol,
 Tha tried to make poor Dewey fol,
 But without a fear he lingurd near,
 And with shot and shel he gave them hel!

Until the last dark sworthy nave
 Woz sleeping in a deep and wottury grave,
 At the bottum ov the quiet ba,
 Wher Dewey sent them al to sta.

RETROSPEKSHUN.

Evury nite before I pas to sleep,
 My Memory takes a silent kleep
 Bak thru the Vast and Voicles Past,
 Wher Life's shaddoes al ar kast
 And our Hopes ar buried fast;

Yet in this Semitary ov the Ajes
 Memory oft iz wont to roam,
 For here it finds a sweet surceee from sorro,
 Wher no Storm evur rajes,
 And wher Deth ma land us al tomorro—
 In Life's Eternel home.

SOON.

Soon the Summur'z gawn,
 Soon the Flowurs di—
 Soon the Nite sukceeds the Dawn,
 So quik the Moments fly.

Soon al things wil perish,
 Soon al harts must brake—
 Soon al things we cherish,
 Soon we must forsake.

Soon the Dream iz o'ur,
 Soon our life iz past—
 Soon we'r gawn forevurmere—
 Al hushd in Deth at last.

 LIFE.

Life iz but a short and fitful Dream,
 Chuk ful ov ups and downs—
 And things ar seldum wot tha seem,
 Eithur in the kuntry or in the towns.

We ar ushurd into this life
 Without our nolledj or konsent—
 And we get more trubel and strife,
 Than we evur find peac and kontent.

Then aftur a fu brief years
 Ov strugel and toil to keep wel,
 Our frends wil shed a fu tears,
 And the world wil bid us farewell!

THE MUTIUR-IN-LAW.

In broken dreams he often sees
 Hur loving face among the trees,
 And by the quiet peaceful lake,
 Hur littel hands he ued to take,
 And kis them in the summur breez,
 Beneath the weeping-willo trees.

Tha wur happy then and nu
 That Luv's yung Dream woz tru;
 But now tha 'r sad and far apart,
 Ehe suffuring with a broken hart,
 And the sadest reks yu evur saw,
 Ko zd by a meddelsun muthur-in-law.

ONLY FLURTING.

"Ah yes! 'twoz only flurting,
 And yu wur 'only plaing a part;"
 But my poor hart iz yet ahurting,
 Altho six years we'v bin apart.

Evur sine the spring ov 1893
 Life haz bin a hel to me,
 And al bekoz yu wur far awa,
 And akting kold az a Klondike's wintur da.

Your awful trezun untrollied Rezum,
 And made it wobbel on its Throne,
 Until now it totturs toward the wotturs
 O y Lethe in Deth's unstormd lagoon.

Giv bak to me my hart agen,
 And take from out my Soul this bittur pain—
 Ungra my hair and koax Despare
 To quit its home within my Hopeles ies—
 Turn bak the years until the tears
 And klouds had nevr darkd my sunny skies;

In short—

Unsorro al my lonely life
 And Skru Old Rezun bak upon its Throne,
 And then if yu wont be my wife,
 I wil leve yu quite alone!

But—

In the gloon* ov fuchur years,
 Your ies wil noe the tuh ov tears
 That hav traveld from the Soul,
 To baptize the Hart with greef
 And make the face look old,
 Like unto a withurd leaf

**Gloon=twilite.*

NACHUR'S POEM.

Down from the Mounten's snoey tops,
 Thare kums a sijht that's grand to se—
 A tiny Stream that nevr stops
 Until it finds the hungry Sea.

It sparkels in the golden lite
 Al thru the liv long da,
 And kleepeth thru the Voicles Nite,
 Evur strugling on its lonely wa.

YURNING.

Evur sine Kreashun's Dimful Dawn,
 The Human Mind hath evur yurnd
 For things that ar forever gawn,
 And that wil never be returnd;

For thare iz evur prezent within the Human Mind,
 A vage and yurnful longing for wot it wil never find
 And the Soul duth evur yurn and krave
 To noe wot iz beyond the portels ov the Grave.

SAD, BUT TRU.

In the butiful Golden Springtime—the perfumed
 daes,
 When the flowurs ar blooming from shore to shore,
 And Old Nachur seems so good in al hur waes,
 Milyuns ov lives wil hav to end forevermore.

For evry flowur haz its littel da
 In wih to bloom and fade awa,
 And no mattur how fair or fragrant its perfume,
 It must soon yelde to the inevitabel Doom.

And so it wil be with us al,
 For aftur a fu breef years,
 Fild with our hopes and our fears,
 Wher al ov our smiles wil sink in our teers,
 Destrukshun wil giv us a kol.

THE ARKANSAW WA.

Hiz hart iz in a wurl
 Bekoz ov a typeritur gurl,
 Hoo iz very kute and sassy,
 And a pritty Littel Rok lassie.

He meets hur at the store,
 And togethur tha idly roam
 Until thair feet ar sore,
 And then he takes hur home.

HAPPY SPRING TIME.

The soft warm daes ov Spring wil soon arrive,
 Wen the dear littel Burds wil twittur and sing,
 And the butiful Flowurs wil blossom and thrive—
 Kasting a thril ov joy ovur evry thing.

And the soft Southwind with the dreamy sooth,
 Wil steal o'ur the urth like feral dreams,
 Sturing our Minds with dreams ov yuth,
 And sparkel our ies with tendur gleams.

The lazy Wotturs wil gurgel and tril,
 Az tha rippel along in the mossy brook,
 A sweet luy-song to the poor Wip-Poor-Wil,
 That'z noding awa in sun shaddoy nook.

And the ga Blakburd to hiz mate wil sing,
 Az the Southwind roks him on the Kattail-stem,
 For he wil be happy with hiz brite red wing
 And hiz dear littel wife hatching pikaninnies for
 them.

And the old Jakrabit wil wink hiz big ear,
 And exekute kapurs most amazingly queer,
 Wile kourting hiz littel gra mate,
 So quietly jentel and evur sedate.

And the big Bulfrog wil kroak in the pond,
 A sweet luv-song that wil ekko along
 The damp marshy moor to a Froges beyond,
 Hooz maidenly hart wil awake with a start,
 And yurn with a thril for sum "dear Wil."

And the old Brigham-Turky wil gobbel and strut,
 And munky around in the same old rut,
 And try to entrance with hiz queer luv-dane,
 The Netties and Nellies and dark-ied Mays,
 Al during the sweet and bommy Spring daes.

And the dear littel Kolts so frisky and ga,
 Wil soon be skampuring o'ur the feldes awa,
 Wher the kute little Kavs with wobbly legs
 Ar ehacing the Chikens that want to la eggs.

And the wee littel Pigs wil gambol and grunt,
 Az tha follo thair momma on a forajing hunt,
 Wile the wobbly old Goos with joints that ar loos,
 Wil pluk hur own brest to fethur hur nest,
 And in a fu weeks with hur gozling freaks,
 She wil be wobbling around al ovur the ground.

And the sweet littel Lams with thair garments so
 wite,
 Wil frisk in the meddoes from morning til nite,
 Wile the trehurus Hawk wil wing in the sky,
 To katch the poor Rabbit that'z not very spry.

And the littel brown Robin with the red, red brest,
Wil karry materiels awa up hi,
And in the cherry tree's top wher he wil stop,
Bild them a nest for hiz mate to rest—
Awa up klose to the blu-jemd sky.

And the ga littel Lark so pritty and spry,
Wil soar up hi agenst the blu sky,
And with al ov hiz mizikel powurs
Wil sing in the klouds for hours;
And then he'l decend and sit on a post,
And ov hiz ariel trip most loudly wil boast.

And the queer littel Quail wil sit on a rail,
And wistel "Bob Wite" with al ov hiz mijbt,
And seem kontented from morning til nite,
Wile wothing hiz pard hoo iz trying so hard
To make him a parent by nite.

The lazy old Goat wil wink at the Shoat,
Az it lazhurly krawls thru the rikety wols
To root in the garden and yard;
But Towzur wil growl and make a big jump,
And the Piggie wil howl and rapidly hump.

But he'l get kaut and be suddenly brot
To hiz senses by a biting that's terribel hard,
And I very muh fear the Rootur's left ear
Wil sta with the Dog insted ov the Hog.

And the littel Skool Kids kan not now lurn,
 For al ov thair Souls du madly yurn
 To go barefoted and lurn to swim
 In the Great Big Pond that'z ful to te brim.

And now "Poor Old Pussy" with a koat so yello,
 Hoom we alwaes koled "Tom"—a nauty old fello,
 Wil quietly return looking so happy and gaunt and
 pale,
 Akkrmpanied by four littel Kitties that pla with
 hur tail.

DREAMY DREAMS.

Wot stranje fantastik Forms
 Go kapuring thru our branes,
 In grotesk myriad swarms,
 Chanting sum long forgotten strains—
 That we thot ded!

Tha like to ride Old Memory bak
 Al thru the Vast and Voicles Past,
 And kamp along sum long forgotten trak,
 That from our Mind iz fading fast.
 And bak to our childhood's happy daes,
 Tha ofttimes koax us thru the years,
 To wher our lives wur spent in happy plaes—
 So evur free from Greef and Sorro's tears.

Theze Mentel Viziturs at nite,
 Du hold most weird revel,
 And danc with steps so elfish lite—
 The Fandango ov the Devel!

Theze nauty Brownies ov the Mind,
 Sumtimes blo out the Moon,
 And ride the Stars awa to find
 The Pleades and Milky Wa by noon.

Betimes tha hith the Rainbo
 With a Moonbeam to a Worlok's heel,
 And then with Banshe skreeh tha go
 Like Demons skampuring bak to Sheol!

At times tha also have a "spred,"
 And theze ar things tha relish:
 Wip-Poor-Wil teers with unyun-bred,
 Snoburd traks az "lo twely" snaks—
 Humingburd hums with Grashoppur spit,
 And the sinoviel-jucee
 From the rist ov a Goos,
 Ar things tha relish a bit.

Theze wild cerebrel Bogie Men,
 Du ofttimes balenc the lite fantastik heel
 In sum stranjely wild Bolivien glen,
 Wher the Chilean Maidens like to reel;
 And then agen tha often kongregate
 Upon the bolavards ov sum wild Star,
 And thare with Santa Klauz tha selebrate
 With Spooky songs and lurid tar!

Tha ooze rijht thru the urth and the air
 Without a trolly, a wing or a steed,
 And yet tha hardly evur get entirely thare,
 With al ov thair litening speed.

Tha go swimming in the Milky Wa,
 And with the Zig-Zag-Litenings pla
 Foot-bol with staks ov ha;
 And then adown the Rainbo's gaudy krest,
 Tha go "skorhing" on skoopshuvels towards the
 West,
 Evur surhing for the urstwife "Charly Ros."
 And a Redheded Gurl unakkumpanied by a Witeish
 Hoss.

By "Theosofy" tha hav quikly found
 Wher "Hiram Abif" woz buried in the ground,
 And by "Osteopathy" and "Magnetik Healing"
 rijhtly applied,
 Tha soon brot poor Hiram bak long aftur he had
 died!

And by "Telepathy" tha hav at last a trace
 Ov the man hoo rote the "Morey Lettur"
 And hit "Billie Patturson" in the face
 Bekoz he kudu't find Patrik Kro'z hiding place.

Theze Mentel Nomes du often swim
 The lazy Amazon's expansiv Mouth,
 Just to hav a short konfab with him—
 The "Juneyur Worden" in the South;

And then tha trek awa with keenest zest,
 To sho thair "aprun" to the "Seneyur Worden in
 the West.

Tha follo Aguinaldo thru the Luzon brakes,
 And with him trek up the kops with stoik Boer tred.
 And then along the Ural's mirrord lakes,
 Tha bivwak with Maliatmas and Ejypt's Sheeted
 Ded.

Tha boil Butturfly eggs in Klondyke ice,
 And make Pehes gro on Punken vines,
 And pla the Fiddel with loaded dice,
 And drink Hors-shu-nales for Renish wines.

Tha often get "organizd" on Butturfly-Butturmilk,
 And slug thair Muthurs-in-Law with baked ice
 kream,
 And wear neglije soks ov finest Spidur-silk,
 Wile dancing the "Altogethur" on a tipsy Moon-
 beam.

Tha make the Sun unshine its lite
 And rize within the tranquil West,
 And koz six Moons to orb the Nite,
 So al the Stars ma hav a rest.

Tha ar weird Klowns with spektrel klothes,
 And koz fine wool to bloom on bak ov Kroes,
 And in Fairy Kauldruns with Katturpillur lard,
 Tha bake Sheep-Fethurs with Nat-Teers good and
 hard.

And menny uthur things most queer and stranje
 Du theze Mentel Bandits that nitely ranje
 The Goblin Plazas ov the Brane.

MANKIND.

Sumtimes upon a wunc,
 Mankind iz prone to be a dunc;
 For he'z a fool both great and rare,
 And in the middel parts hiz hair,
 And wears a kollur far tu hi,
 And about evury thing wil li.

He violates the laws ov helth evury da,
 And then wundurs wy he duz not feel brite an ga;
 And takes medisin for evury little pain,
 And iz alwaes swiming the rivur to keep out ov the
 rain;

And the great Reprodukativ laws ov life
 He frakchurs with an inkompatibel wife,
 And pepels the urth with dejenurate brats
 That fite and quorl like dogs and kats.
 He iz a mijhtily monstras, heneforth as,
 And wil ete evury thing from elephants to aspar-
 agras,

And from fried peanuts to boild icecream,
 And baked Wip-Poor-Wil tears to a pohed moon-
 beam,
 And then wundurs wy he haz bellyake,
 Aftur gorjng himself on pi and anejel-kake.

He iz a drunkurd, a liburtene and gluten,
 And gorjes himself on wiskey, beer and muttum,
 Until hiz brane iz ful ov snakes,
 And then the "Keely-kure" he takes.

He wastes hiz life in a mad pursute
 Ov welth and the Univurs to boot,
 And wile akquiring enormus welth,
 The poor fool loozes al hiz helth,
 And Deth konsines him to the Past,
 Wher al the fools wil rest at last.

He tries to lengthen hiz life by shortening it,
 And ov sens he hazn't got a littel bit.
 He tries to liten hiz burdens by inkrecing them,
 And amung urth's myriad fools he iz a jem.

He evur strugels to rehe the top
 By drifting downward without a stop,
 And tries to get out ov det by borroing munny,
 And takes morfene to kure the opium-habit,
 And mennu uthur things most strange and funny;

And wen he gets sik and ful ov ake
 He sends for a doktor p. d. q.,
 Hoo givs him a lot ov poizun to take,
 And uthur stuf that makes him sik;
 And if, purchane, he skips not up the flu,
 He thinks it woz the poizun that puld him thru.

If he wud lurn how to liv arijht,
 And ov himself take proprur kare,
 He'd soon be feeling "out ov sijht"—
 A feeling now most awful rare;

But he iz suh a foolish duffur
 He prefurs to du wot makes him suffur,
 And until he izes hiz branes
 He wil hav to suffur menny pains.

He maketh laws that are unneeded,
 And wih no wun hath evur heeded,
 And iz evur ready for a law-sute,
 Bekoz he is an edjukated brute.

He wil go to law and spend a hundred or twu,
 Trying to kollekt a five that to him iz due;
 And then wundurs wy the atturnys-at-law
 Ar the most prospurus he evur saw.

He wil pa ten dollurs to a rotten inshurence kon-
 sum, .
 For the sake ov geting bak thre ov it
 In kace hiz hous shud burn;
 And then wundurs how theze elegant parasites
 Kan liv in suh kumfort and eze,
 Wen he haz to wurk both da and nites,
 His wants and huugur to appeze.

He wil frely waste hiz munny for tobako and wiskey,
 And with the "sisturs" get mity frisky;
 But if hiz wife or danturs wanted a new hat,
 He kudn't afford suh extravagene az that.

He givs hiz munny to theevs to keep,
 So that it wil be safe and al o. k.,
 And tha skip out wile he'z asleep,
 Leving nuthing but a promis to "pa in ful" sum da.

Tha ar so ful ov selfish, helish greed,
 Insted ov helping thair fello-man,
 And thus make happy the Human-breed,
 Tha du ehe uthur al the harm tha kan.

He beleves in ordur to sukceed,
 He must run hiz naburs out,
 And this iz kiling of the breed,
 And bringing most our woes about.

He wil go to wor and liv on rotten beef,
 For a chane to fil uthurs with led and greef,
 And steal thair lands and uthur things,
 And then ev "onur" he galy sings.

O! he'z a bute in evry klime,
 And iz happiest wen kommiting krime,
 For he'z bin a fool so very long
 That he don't noe wen he'z duing rong!

He wil vote for evry injnstis and outrage,
 And then wundurs wy krime iz on the rampaje.
 He wil attend the rankest, rotten shoes,
 But wen emy thing good arrives he never goes.

He makes milyuns more than hiz expenses evry
 year,
 Yet he borroes munny to pa hiz expenses with, I
 hear,
 And the more he makes the deepur in det he sinks.
 And al bekoz the krittur never thinks.

He hires a preheur to tel him lies
 About a "home" beyond the skies,
 And to friten him with tales ov "hel,"
 And yet he noes the whole thing iz a sel;

But wen the "Holy Gost" duth fil him,
 He beleveeth Deth wil nevr kil him,
 And to hiz "home" beyond the sky,
 On "golden wings" he hopes to fly.

He wil fite ovur a yello dog, a nikel or a game ov
 dice
 Until hel freezes ovur and then kontinu the frakas
 on the ice;

In fakt, he iz the greatest fool in al the univurs,
 And to himself and al things else a kurs,

For he haz al kinds ov foolishnes "to burn,"
 And for al that's bad hiz soul duth yurn;
 In short, he iz an as ov the most monumentel kind,
 And haz a very smol and narro mind,
 But he realy thinks he noes it al,
 And that'z wot kozes him to fol.

Az Rong Living kozes al our akes and our ils,
 Rijht Living wil kure them without nife or pils—
 So if yu'l quit duing wot kozes siknes and pain,
 Al ov your helth yu wil quikly regane;

So wy not rite Mak this very old da,
 And get hiz Great Book without furthur dela?
 Wih plainly tehes the how and the wa

To regane your helth without wasting your welth,
 In buying likwids and powders and pills,
 Rekummeded by fakes to kure al ov your akes
 And Humanity's most numurus ils!

If you wil get wun ov theze great littel books,
 And follo its teheings from begining to last,
 Your face wil be radiant with sweet happy looks,
 For then al ov your suffurings wil evur be past.

And yet it only takes a fu dollurs ov welth
 To buy wun ov theze books—The "Laws ov Helth."

LITTEL HAZEL AND HUR KAT.

A pritty hed ov golden hair
 Lade tosd upon the chair,
 Wile thru the nite to morning's lite
 The trane sped on with al its mijht.

With tired sies hur big brown ies,
 Soon wur klozed in slumber's rest,
 But aftur a wile awoke this child,
 Hugin' a kitten to hur brest.

This nauty kit with hair so yello,
 Woz the littel gurl's bed-fello,
 And thru al kinds ov weathur
 Tha hay traveld togethur,
 From the mountens to the sea,
 And ar az happy az kan be.

HALLUSINASHUNS.

Wen this fitful life iz o'ur,
 We wil evur rest in purfekt peac;
 For the "Dreams" about "Anuthur Shore,"
 Ar but hallusinashuns ov pius gee.

Wen Old Wiskurs kises down our ielids stil,
 It iz shurely good-bye, Bil,
 And it iz no uce to kik and raiz a fus,
 For he'z bound to get the last wun ov us,
 And wen he plants us in Nachur's brest,
 Our sleep wil be—Eturnel rest.

A '95 PREDIKSHUN.

Now listen to wot I sa!
 Aftur aitteen ninety-six,
 We wil be in a wurs fix,
 Than wot we ar toda;

For we wil be more in det,
 And munny wil be hardur to get,
 Bekoz ov the gold bugs' skemes—
 The fruishun ov England's dreams.

Next year the Kapitelists wil friten and fool
 Enuf ov the sukurs to enthrone thair fool,
 And then the trusts wil greatly thrive,
 Wile the rest ov us wil hav to kus
 And hustel hard to keep alive.

HUMAN KANNIBELIZM.

Humans wil nevr be sivilizd
 Until tha hav fully realizd
 That tha ar but vultchur-kannibels,
 Long az tha ete the karkases ov uthur animels.

It iz also murdur and a dasturd krime
 To kil uthur krechurs for diet or pastime;
 For tha hav the same rijht to life az we,
 Besides, thare'z no nesessity for suh kruelty.

We shud alwaes praktis the "Golden Rule"
 On al the krechurs beneath the sun,
 And nevr imprizun, slautur nor be kruel
 To the uthur animels, eithur for diet or for fun.

Nachur haz provided a bountiful diet
 For al Humans if tha wil only try it,
 In the Grains and Vejetabels—the Nuts and
 Frutes,
 Wih ar much bettur than the flesh ov brutes.

 REVENJ.

Revenj iz a sweet and bittur frute,
 And iz neithur fit for man nor brute,
 And aftur we get al we want ov it,
 We jenurelly wish we hadn't tried a bit.

It iz a hard thing to forego,
 And yet its konsummashun brings
 To our minds regretful stings,
 Az most ov us hav koz to noe.

MY ADVICE.

The best advice that I kan giv,
 Iz for yu and yours to evur liv
 A korrekt and tempurate life alwaes,
 For thare iz no nthur kind that paes.

And thare wil be a bittur pain for evury hart,
 Wen from the Rijht and Truth it duth depart,
 And starts upon a downward grade,
 Wher evury tomorro brings more sorro,
 And thru the darkest nite Regret'z in sijht—
 Wurking at hiz trade.

 THE KRUEL SNO.

The kruel and silent and Soulles Sno
 Iz drifting adown from the North & West,
 And kozing the Flowurs to di and go
 Bak to thair rest in Nachur's brest.

The kruel Old Sno wil evur more blo
 Eturnel Dark into milyuns ov ies,
 Wher Luv had its home and evur did glo,
 Wile the Southwind warmd the brite Summur
 skies.

And milyuns ov wings wil hav to fold,
 To nevir more fluttur in the bommy air,
 When Old Wintur with hiz breth so kold,
 Gathurs them into hiz icy kare.

IF.

If we kud only realy noe
 Wot the Fuchur haz in store,
 Most ov us wud nevir go
 Anuthur step along Life's rokky shore;
 For I feel altogethur surten,
 That if we kud lift the kurten
 And take a fu syl looks ahed,
 Menny ov us 'd soon be ded,
 Or in les than the shortest da,
 Our hair wud turn a pallid gra!

THE STRANJE TALE OV A FREKEL.

Littel Sallie Green
 Had the frekelest face
 That evur woz seen
 On a membr ov the Human-race.
 Hur frekels wur big and wide and deep,
 For tha gru wile she woz asleep,
 And expanded wile she woz awake,
 Until tha exceded the Erie lake.
 She tried hur best in evury wa,
 To make them skip and disappear,
 But tha only got biggur evury da,
 Making hur look most awful queer.
 At last tha formd a mijhty "trust."
 And al wur rold in wun,
 Wih fild poor Sallie with disgust
 That rehed beyond the sun.

A medisín-fakír arrivd wun summur eve,
 Hoo had a "remedy" warranted to make al frekels
 greev,
 And az he woz so shure and seemd onest tu,
 Poor Sallie bot ov him a barrel or twu;

But ere the kus had left the place,
 Hiz med. woz wurking on hur face,
 But it only kozd, az he nu wel,
 That "trusted" frek to gro like hel!

It humpd itself both da and nite,
 Until poor Sallie woz a frite,
 And she felt most awful sore
 Bekoz that frek woz suh a groer.

Just az al hope had left hur brest,
 And she woz in desparing raje,
 A lettur kame with a request
 That she exhibit it upon the staje.

Here woz an offur ov \$500 a week
 To exhibit that frek upon hur cheek—
 She aksepted this ezy prize,
 And shoed hur frek to menny ies.

'Twoz but a week or twu at most,
 And in the lattur part ov May,
 When she met a Mr. Wilyum Post,
 Hoo propozd to hur without dela;

She aksepted him and tha wur wed,
 And then he kisd hur and to hur sed:
 "Az I hav welth and fame galore,
 Yu need not sho that frek no more!"

And then he kisd hur upon that frekeld cheek,
 Wih made her blush al o'ur;
 But from that hour the frek began to sneak.
 And soon it woz no more.

THE MOIST END OV JIMMIE O'TOOLE.

Littel Jimmie O'Toole
 Woz a wee kuntry lad,
 Hoo woz sent to the distrikt skool
 To lurn wizdum and be unbad,
 But he kared not a rap for lurning,
 And dispizd wizdum, did littel Jim,
 For hiz Soul woz evur ayurning
 To pla "hookey" and lurn to swim;
 So wun fair and warm Septobur da,
 Wile the sun woz shining brite and klear,
 He quietly slipd out and stole awa
 To the restles rivur that floed so near.
 He went in wher the wottur woz swift & deep,
 And az he did not noe how to swim,
 Hiz parents nevir got anuthur peep
 At thair poor littel frekeld Jim.

MOREL:

The plazhurs that seem the most dezirabel ar often
 ful ov Deth.

THE ROMANCE OV NELLIE O'FEEL.

Butiful Nellie O'Feel
 Had big wispuring nite-ies,
 And blu hair that woz real,
 Rebeing down to hur thies.

Hur muthur thot she woz al o. k.,
 And the only bubbel on the milk,
 And got hur a piano to sing and pla,
 And dresd hur in the finest silk;

But the muthur's efforts wur al in vain
 And hur munny woz only throen awa,
 For the gurl woz a silly rattel brane,
 And at 15 eloped with Billie Gay.

Nine munths latur she produced a pair,
 And then hur "Billie" wandurd awa,
 And she went bak to hur muthur's kare,
 The rest ov hur life to stay!

MOREL:

Raiz more chikens and les children.

WILD FLOWURS.

I luv the Wild Flowurs with thair fragrant pur-
 fume,
 That bloom on the Prarries wherevnr thare'z room
 Between the Jakrabits, the gras and the weeds,
 Wher Nachur attends to al ov thair needs.

Tha ar so sweet, so jentel and shy,
 With thair pure Souls upturn'd to the ský,
 Seeking from Heven sum more ov its dew,
 And sheding thar fragranc for me and for yu.

Tha ar my chums and I luv them al—
 The Roze and the Panzy and the sweet Violet,
 The blu Morning Glory, the Jonquil and Lily so tol,
 The littel Jonny-Jump-Ups, Immortelles and fair
 Minyunet.

Tha hav alwaes thrild me with joy,
 And kapchurd my Soul wen only a boy,
 And evry summur I've enjoyd thair buty and
 bloom,
 And hated the Frost that seald thair Doom.
 And wen I am hushd in the Silene ov Deth,
 And unabel to longur enjoy thair breth,
 I want to be buried from hed to feet,
 Beneath the Wild Flowurs with thair fragranc so
 sweet.

ETURNITY.

Eternity iz that great Silent and Voicles
 Darknes wher Time iz not mazhurd—
 That stranje Dreamles and Kum-bakles Forever,
 Wher rest thoze that we luvd and trazhurd.

Eternity iz the great and Awful Al—
 The Voicles Deep koling unto Deep,
 The Ekoles Kaos in wih we fol,
 When Deth haz kradeld us to sleep.

ONLY A FARMUR'S DAUTUR;
 or,
 SUNSET BEHIND A CHIKEN KOOP.

Altho she woz only a farmur's dautur,
 And chaperond the chikens wen tha left the koop,
 She woz not afrade to baptize hur hands in dish-
 wottur,

Nor nurs the children wen tha had the hooping-
 krupe.

She helpd hur muthur with al the wurk,
 And woz nevir noen to want to shurk,
 But woz alwaes wiling to du hur part,
 For she had a good and tendur hart.

The years slird by with noizles tred,
 And Hazel MakUnyun gru prittur evury da,
 And altho she had menny chances to wed,
 She sed to wun and al a furr and finel "na!"

She had a voic most rare and sweet,
 And dainty hands and littel feet,
 And wile koling the kows wun summur da,
 A stranjur hurd hur voic tho far awa.

That muzikel voic had seald hiz fate,
 So he koled at hur home the very next da,
 And askd hur to be hiz life-long mate,
 Wih she did without furthur dela.

He woz nobel and talented and welthy and great,
 And togethur tha traveld the urth al o'ur,
 For he nevir got tird ov hiz dear littel mate,
 And tha wur both happy forever more.

She woz alwaes hiz sweethart az wel az hiz wife,
 For tha had no kids to pestur thair life;
 And togethur tha gru old and rinkeld and gra,
 And togethur tha died wun butiful da,
 And only wun koffen for both woz required,
 For tha wur buried togethur az both had dezired.

HUR WUNDURFUL IES.

O my Luv haz suh dark and butiful ies!
 That hypnotize the stars up in the skies,
 And wen she turns thozе splendid orbs on me,
 I get so ratteld that I kan not se;
 In fakt, I don't noe wethar I'm on my hed or feet,
 Hur glances make me feel so atogethur sweet.

Just wun squint from hur sombur ies,
 And my Soul brakes loos and quikly flies
 A wiling kaptiv to hur fairy feet,
 For hur viktury o'ur me iz most kompletе.

Wen hur orbs on me du beam,
 Al the world duth quikly seem
 To melt, skip out and fade awa,
 So kompletе iz hur hypnotik swa.

Twic upon a wunc she turnd on me thozе lamps,
 And it jard me loos from shore to shore,
 And gave my Soul kamp meet'n kramps
 That left my livur hard and sore.

Thre times ago wile on a promenade,
 She beamd upon a hitching post,
 And it didn't du a thing but fade
 And instantly yelde up the gost.

LUV.

Luv iz the whole entire push—
 The only Blossum on the bush,
 And if yu don't get your share ov it,
 Yu ar not in it just a littel bit.

Luv iz the only Oshun that hits the shore—
 The only Pehe that'z ripe forever more,
 It'z the only Star that jems the sky,
 And enabels evry thing to liv and fly.

It iz the only Wing that noes how to soar,
 And fan the fleecy klouds forever more;
 It'z the only Bom for evry ake and pain—
 The only Rain that kan revive the Flowurs agen.

It iz the only Song that kan rehe the Hart—
 The only Muzik that thrills the Soul,
 And without it evry thing wud soon depart,
 Ful ov bitturnes and dethly kold.

It iz the only Flowur hooz buty and parfume
 Wil evur pleze the ie and sooth al Harts,
 For it iz an Eternel Bridj that spans al Doom,
 And rainboes the Soul wen it departs.

It iz the only Morning that haz no Nite—
 The only Ie that kan se beyond the Grave;
 The only Wing that nevr tires by flite,
 And the only Flag that wil alwaes wave.

In fakt, it iz the only Bubbel on the kream—
 The restles Soul-seed ov Immortality;
 The Mind's evurlasting Hart-dream
 That unklouds and perfumes Eternity.

HIZ TALENTS.

Littel Joplin Jaspur Ja,
 Woz a frekeld kuntry kid
 Hoo luvd to romp and pla,
 But hated a book from lid to lid.

He also dislikd evury kind ov wurk,
 And at evury thing wud shurk,
 Until hiz parents wur in despare,
 And to the teheur did deklare

That littel Joplin woz a hopeles kace,
 And entirely devoid ov enny grace
 That wud entitel him to a place,
 Az a membrur ov the Human-race;

But the teheur did lafingly reply,
 And advizd them at wunc to go and try
 Sum good Frenolojist, and wen frenolojizd,
 Tha wud noe wethur he had talents that kud be
 utilizd.

So tha sent for the great Prof. Gra,
 Hoo diskuvurd Joplin's talents rijht awa.
 "Wy, he'z a nahurel born liar," the Prof. sed,
 "And iz also an oratur from foot to hed,

And in the felde ov politikel akshun
 He wud be a great attrakshun;
 So I'd advize yu to du al yu kan
 To make the lad a kongresman."

So tha got him "Twenty Years in Kongres," by
 James G. Blane,
 The "Kongreshunel Rekurd" and uthur things in-
 sane,
 And aftur reading the "Furst Battel" thru
 He soon "kaut on" and nu just wot to du;

So to the Jennrel Manajur's offises he did repare,
 And soon returnd with menny pases in his kare,
 Wih he uzd to travel the kuntry al o'ur,
 And make "prosperity" speeches galore.

Hiz rize woz now rapid and swift,
 For he suryd hiz masturs wel,
 And for thair gold uzd evry gift
 In advancing thair koz ov hel.

He wore fine klothes and attended the shoes,
 And prezided at Sunda-skool the pepel to fool;
 But aftur awile he lost his gile,
 And al ov his welth in seeking his helth,

And at last he died forsaken and poor,
 And in the Pottur's felde did rot;
 For the korporashuns rememburd him no more,
 Wen beyond thair survis he had got.

So let this be a lesun to yung and old,
 To not liv alone for sordid gold,
 For if yu du so wen yu kum to di,
 The wurld wil frown and pas yu by.

THE VOTING FOOL.

Az long as yu vote the Foxes' tikit, yu poor fools,
 Tha wil own yu and ride yu az thair wurking-
 mules;

So if yu want to be fre and konsume al yu produce,
 From the Foxes' party yu must evur brake loos;

For long az yu vote the tikit tha want yu to vote,
 On your poor tired baks the Foxes yu'l hav to tote.
 Havn't yu sens enuf, poor silly Flies,
 To noe that the wily Spidur only lies,
 When he invites yu with apparent zest
 To dine with him az hiz onurd gest?

Hiz "frendship" iz only appetite for fly,
 And if yu ar foold by suh blarny yu wil shurely di,
 And find sepulkur in hiz stumik wher yu'l dijest,
 Insted ov dining in hiz "parlur" as a "gest."

And so it iz with the thinkles wurking mules
 Hoo hollur and vote for the Rih Men's hired tools;
 Insted ov enjoying Freedom, Prosperity and uthur
 good things,

Tha endure Slavury and Povurty's bittur stings.

Kan't yu se, poor stupid wurking kattel,
 That if yu ar foolish and wiked
 Enuf to vote the Foxes' deseptiv tiket,
 Yu'l hav to fite thair ekonomik battel?

And wile tha enjoy the kool and quiet shade,
 Yu wil be toiling in the hot and furvid sun;
 And bekoz tha profes a luv for yu that wil never
 fade,

Yu ar just hezzeampur enuf to beleve them, yu silly
 wun.

In fakt, yu don't dezurv enny better fate
 Than to be thair evurlasting slaves,
 If yu hav no more sens within your pate
 Than to be suh mizurabel jakas naves.

WELKUM, GOOD TEHEURS.

The brite and butiful teheurs are kuming,
 And things.edukashunel wil soon be ahuming;
 For wen tha al get togthur and kommene
 Slinging thair wizdum it'z just awfully immense.

Ov al the good and needful krechurs
 In this dark and wiked world ov ours,
 Num kan kompare with the skool teheurs,
 In thair nobel wurk ov developing mental powurs.

It iz surtenly most nobel and grand
 To develop the Mind and make it expand,
 And fil it with wizdum the most sublime,
 That wil be uceful in enny klime.

I welkum theze mentel artizans to our town,
 And I hope no wun wil here be found
 Hoo wil be diskurteus or unkind
 To theze tranurs ov the yuthful mind.

For 4 weeks tha wil study and hammur awa
 At Arithmetik, Jeografy and Aljebra,
 Jestronomy, Fiziolojy, Elokushun and Hijene,
 Speling, Sivil-Guvurnment, Peanuts and Ice Kream.

Tha wil hav a jolly good time wile tha sta,
 Eting and drinking and flurting and plaing kroka,
 Until tha hav squondurd al ov thair kash
 For hats and dreses and boarding-hous hash;

And then tha wil silently pak
 Thair littel old dusty grip-sak,
 And most quietly and mournfully roam
 Bak to thair dearly beloved old home.

Wher for nine munths with vigor and vim,
 Tha wil lik Charly and Harry and Jim,
 And tehe Mabel and Nellie and Jen,
 Until next year wen tha wil be with us agen.

THE FADING WILD WEST.

The wild fre life ov the Glorius West,
 Woz by al ods the sweetest, the greatest and best;
 For thare al woz nachurel and evurmore fre
 Az the sunset-Flowurs and wild hunny-Bee.

And thoze hoo hav tried the oksident-life in the
least,
Wil never be satisfied with the selfish and dollur-
markd East,
Wher iz worn the stif wite-shurt with its kollur
so hi,
The hi-heel-shues and uthur things ov that kind,
And the mizurabel korsets with wih tha try
To make thair waist az narro az thair mind.

The hi silk-hat, the sigaret and dudish ie-glas,
The toothpik shues and uthur abominashuns galore,
Maketh the kow-boy from the wild bunhgras,
Feel sik and tired from hiz hed to the floor.

The greed ov the "Paleface" haz chanjd it al,
And kozd hiz Red-bruthur to fale and fol,
And the pikchuresk Elk and the timid wild Deer
Soon realizd that thair end woz near,
Wen the "Paleface" kame ovur the slope
With hiz six-shootur, big saddel and rope,
Looking for the Prarie-chiken, Buffalo and fleet
Antelope;

'Twoz then the last prarie denizen gave up al
hope,
Bade adu to the foot-hils and bunhgras ov the sun-
set West,
And prepared for thair rest in Nachur's kind brest!

A fu Jakrabits and Kiyotes ar left to roam
 The bunhgras and foot-hils ov thair feral home;
 But thair Doom iz surten and tha soon wil fale,
 For the greedy "Paleface" iz onto thair trale!

Farewel, Wild West, adios, adu and good-bye,
 For thy past glories the Kow-boy wil evurmoresi;
 And unles he finds sepulkur within thy brest,
 Bad dreams wil disturb hiz Eturnel rest!

THE BUZARD and KAPITELIST.

The Buzard soars grandly agenst the placid sky,
 And fans the fleecy klouds with tireles wings;
 But he'z only looking with keenest ie
 For a karkas or uthur rotten things.

Az he iz tu lazy to produce wot he wants to ete,
 He iz satisfied to liv on rotten meat,
 And az soon az the poor animel's spirit haz fled,
 This vultchur feasts upon the putrid ded;

And so it iz with the Kapitelists hoo liv alone for
 greed—

Tha hav fine wings and soar hi with speed,
 But az tha du not produce
 The things tha want for uce,

Tha ar alwaes looking for a chane
 To rob the pokets ov Labor's pants,
 Until tha hav exploited them ov al tha'v got,
 And then tha leve them alone to die and rot!

HUR FACE.

Thare iz within my Mind a place,
 Sakred to sum lost and trazhurd face,
 And altho the years rol on and by,
 The memory ov that face wil never di.

Al thru the da it iz evur in my sijht,
 And thru my dreams it flits at nite,
 And like sum elfin Fairy on the wing,
 I kan evur hear it laf and sing.

I luvd hur furst and best ov al,
 And wile our luv woz at its hite,
 Old Kruel Deth gave hur a kol,
 Wun bleak and dark Decembur nite.

But in my Memory she wil evur liv,
 And thare hur Soul with mine unites,
 And al the world kan never giv
 The plazhur ov thoze dreams at nites.

 DETH.

O, tel me, I pra, without furthur dela,
 Wot iz this dredful thing tha kol "Deth?"
 Iz it but the ending ov this mortel kla—
 The glazing ov ies—the lak ov breth,
 Or iz it the Dawn ov an Eturnel Da
 That haz no Nite? I fain wud noe,
 That I ma be rijht wile onward I go!

Iz it the spreding ov pinyuns to soar,
 Or iz it the folding ov wings forever more?
 Iz it our last look—an Eternel farewel,
 Or iz it only a Door leding to Heven or Hel?

Iz it an Eternel Autum wher al iz Nite,
 Or iz it an Evurlasting Spring wher al iz Lite?
 Iz it only a Dreamles Sleep wher nun wil weep,
 Or iz it an Endles Life unsorroed by strife?

Iz it only the Darknes ov Eternity—
 That Vast and Voicles Forever,
 Or iz it the Dawning ov Immortality—
 The Mind's evurlasting Hart-Dream?

Iz it only a boundary-line between the Past and
 the Present,
 And aftur we kros it we'l find things more plezent;
 Or iz it Eternity's soft Lothean Stream,
 Hooz dark, placid wotturs wil end evury Luv-
 Dream?

Iz it only a Stranje Twilite,
 Wher we kis thoz that we luv "good nite!"
 A Gethsemane wher al harts must brake,
 And thoz that we luv forsake?

Iz it only a Stranje and Shaddoy Shore
 That Life's warm wotturs wil worsh no more;
 Or iz it a tranquil lake wher al wil take
 The baptism ov Immortality wen tha awake?

Or iz it only a Dark Rivur that al must swim
 To rebe that Heven wher the lites are undim,
 And wher our frends and luvd wuns await,
 To greet us with joy at the "Golden Gate?" •

Me thinks it Destrukshun, and altho it iz sad,
 It iz imparshel to al—both the good and the bad;
 And wy it haz evnr bin thus kruely so,
 The greatest and smolest ar unabel to noe.

Yes, it iz only a Stranje Sweet Sleep,
 From wih our ies wil never more ope;
 So it iz foolish to wurry and weep,
 And waste our lives with a ueeles hope.

Bat purhaps it iz best
 That this Stranje Sweet Rest
 Shud kleep into our ies,
 And koax from al harts thair akes and thair sies,
 For then nun kan disturb;
 And az it'z the only refuje from al trubel and kare,
 I am glad that it fols to evry wun's share.

FAREWEL.

And now I wish yu al a larj & kind farewel,
 And hope that you wil di a plezent deth;
 And if yu'l abolish the fear ov God & Hel,
 Yu wil be happiur with evry breth.

Abolish Interest, Rents and Profits, and then al
 strife
 Wil soon disappear from Human Life;
 And if yu wil get togethur and ko-opurate,
 Luv and Happines wil take the place ov Hate.

Oktobur 20, 1901.

DON'T WAIT.

The man hoo sits down and waits for a "good
chane,"

Wil hav plenty ov patches on hiz pants;
Wile the kus hoo gets out and hustels a fu,
Wil wear silks and satins and dimunds tu.

So get out and hustel around,
For milyuns ov good things ar in wait,
And with a littel effort kan be found
In quantities both smol and great.
Don't wait for sum kow to bak up to yu,
And kindly offur up hur milk,
For that lazy wa wil never du,
If yu want to wear the finest silk.

Yu ma not have muh sens within your pate,
But pursistent husteling urly & late
Wil akkomplish wundurs in time,
In this or enny uther klime.

 DON'T WURRY & FRET.

Don't worry and yurn and fret,
For the things yu kan never get,
For it iz a great waste ov vitel-welth,
And iz very hard upon the helth.

The things within rehe ar the best aftur al,
For the greatest az wel az the smol;
So don't yurn from morning til late in the nite,
For the sun and the stars insted ov lamp-lite.

If you hav no wings with wih to fly,
Don't yurn to soar awa up hi,
But keep near the urth both nite and da,
And yu'l be far happiur in evury wa.

If yu kan not swim like a fish du not keep
Yurning for a life on the oshun deep;
And if yu kan't sing like a Nitengale sweet,
Don't try your voie on thoze yu meet.

If yu kan't afford strawberries and fried oysturs
evury da,

Turn to prunes and sowbelly without dela;
And if wines and shampanes ar beyond your ranje,
Milk and wottur wil not taste so stranje.

If your wife skips out and leves yu far behind,
Don't waste enny time lamenting the disgrace,
But hustel around and you wil quikly find
Sum wun that'z bettur to take hur place.

If yu hav dun your best and stil yu fale,
Du not despere nor weep nor wail,
But komly klimb sum uthur tre,
And yu'l soon find the frute ov viktury.

THE WIFE.

Wot iz bettur than a luvly wife,
To meet yu at your kabin door
And kis awa your kares and strife,
Wen yu'r feeling tired and sore?

It iz a joy at kloze ov da,
 Wen your drudjful wurk iz dun,
 To wend your weary wa
 To suh a luvly wun.

Hooz smiles so brite and ga,
 And kises dear and sweet,
 Soon drive your frowns awa
 And make your happines komplette.

With hur luving arms around you,
 And hur kises on your face,
 She iz happy and yu're bound to
 Be the happiest on the place.

So, be good and tru and kind,
 And nevir koz the teers to rehe hur ies,
 And she wil luv yu and yu wil find
 A wife the greatest jem beneath the skies.

A KANSAS ROMANC.

"Twoz on a brite and kloudles summur da,
 And awa bak in May ov 1893,
 That Klarenc Elmore met Elsie Gra—
 A Kansas maiden most sweet and fair to se.

He liked her from the very start,
 And she woz just az fond ov him;
 So tha wur seldum much apart,
 Az thair kup woz ful up to the brim.

He luvd hur up wun side and down the uthur,
And she luvd him bettur than hur muthur;
And luving thus the summur quikly pasd awa,
And stil tha luvd ebe uthur bettur evry da.

The soft, warm daes ov Septobur soon oozd awa,
And the naburs began to tok and squeal,
For tha saw no preparashuns for a weding da,
And to Elsie's fothur did appeal.

The dreamy haze ov Nov. had only just begun,
When the deturmind and irate poppa Gra,
With an old and rusty dubel-barrel gum,
Steerd them to a ministur without dela.

Thair hunny-moon woz short and breefly ebd awa,
For tha had bin a swift and nauty pair,
And skare 3 munths from thair weding da,
Poor Elsie produced a little female eir.

And thus thair romanc ended in despare,
The same az menny anuthur unslo pair,
For tha wur very "fly" and nu it al,
And that'z wot kozes theze gies to fol.

MOREL:

Nevur go up agenst a game that yu don't noe how
to pla.

QUESTCHUNING the BUTTURFLY.

O! Butturfly, sweet krechur with hevenly wings,
 Kum lite on my finger and tel me sum things;
 Tel me thy life and withur thou'rt going,
 Riding evury Southwind that softly iz bloing?

Wot iz the sekret ov thy wundurful joy,
 And thy brite wings wih yu only employ
 To wok thru the soft bommy air
 And pla with the flowurs so fair?

And wher did yu get suh wundurful ies,
 With al ov the tints ov the sunset skies?
 And suh gaudy kullurs I realy deklare,
 For klothes, ar shurely most seldum and rare!

Yu seem a Bohemien and luv to rove
 Thru the feldes and meddoes and kool shady grove,
 And evur in surh ov the shy littel flowurs.
 With hoom yu spend nearly al ov your hours.

I nevr wil hurt yu, sweet krechur so ga,
 So kum and se me most emy old da;
 And ma your short life be happy and brite,
 And ful ov the things that ar good and alrijht.

 HUNTING & FISHING.

It iz mean and kruel to sa the least,
 To slautur the burds and harmles beast,
 And thoze rethes hoo luv to shoot
 And destroy the poor littel burds,

Ar meanur than enny savage brute,
And kan not be properly kondemd with wurd's!

The idel, uceles and dekadent Rih
Konsidur it "rare old sport" at wilh
Tha kan begile the long and tejus time,
By praktising this sensles krime;
And altho it iz endorsd by nearly al men,
It iz a krime that no Morelist kan defend.

Wot rijt haz Man—the selfish fool,
To thus ignore the good old "Golden Rule,"
And sla hiz fello-krichurs for pastime,
And then kol it "sport" insted of krime?

Iz he a speshel pet—a favourite, and Nachur's only
eir,
To murder al uthur krichurs living in hur kare?
Tha al hav the same rijht to life as we,
And Liburty to them iz sweet az 'tiz to thee;

So we shud not kil nor imprizun them for fun,
But shud trete them kindly to the smolest wun;
And thare iz no exkuce for eting the flesh ov brutes,
Wen we kan get Vejetabels, the Grains, the Nuts
and Frutes.

Humans wil nevir be sivilizd and cece kiling uthurs
Until tha trete al krichurs az fello-bruthurs,
For Kindnes and Justis hav evur bin the soure
Ov evury uplifting and sivilizing fore;
So, if you wud klimb Sivilizashun's laddur very hi,
Yu must be kind and just to al beneath the sky.

A HAWKIE ANEJEL.

Ida Sifurs iz wun ov Iowa's littel gurls
 Hoo iz very brite and altogethur sweet,
 And she don't waste muh time upon hur kurls,
 For she wud rathur wurk than ete.

Altho she iz littel and hur feet ar kold,
 Yet she'z wurth hur wate in yello gold,
 And the man hoo gets hur for hiz wife,
 Wil shurely be happy al hiz life.

She iz good from hur hair down to hur toes,
 And hur hart iz big and warm and kind,
 And hur face iz sweet with a pritty noze—
 Az wun wud wish to see or find.

If she didn't wear chikens and ete korsets so,
 And sas Dr. Mak behind hiz bak,
 Hur wings wud quikly gro,
 And to heven she'd fly bak.

But unlike most female mortels she
 Haz very fu folts that I kan se,
 And altogethur she realy iz
 A sweet littel krechur ful ov biz.

 NITE TIME.

The dizmel Kriket iz hushing the Wurd to rest,
 And the erie Katydid iz diding hur best,
 Wile the yung Jak-Rabit with keenest zest
 Iz wothing the Wip-poor-Wil bilding hur nest;

But the old Poppa Rabbit with the assified ear,
 Iz duing sum kapuns most amazingly queer,
 Wile the old Gra Rat with the unhaired tail,
 Iz eting sum cheez he found in a pail.

And while the Southwind with its dreamy sooth
 Iz warming the Nite for the old and the yuth,
 The weird Kiyote with his kelpified skreeh,
 To the limpid old Moon iz trying to prehe.

And the goblin old Owl with hiz Elfish bazoo,
 'Kektuns the Moon with hiz Eldrith "too hoo!"
 And the swift-flying Bat with the face ov a Nome,
 Darts at the Pussy that'z wonduring from home.

And the fragrant old Skunk is out for a roam,
 Looking for chikens to take to hiz home;
 And the littel Tre Tode like a Brownie or Sprite,
 Singeth a vespur wenevur it'z Nite.

And the ghoulish Hyena with the spektrel hed
 Now prowleth about in surh ov the Ded;
 And the trehurns Nite Hawk with ies ov the Deil,
 Skimeth the klouds in surh ov a meal.

And the sly littel Fox with the bushy big tail,
 Iz prowling for chikens and turkys and quail,
 Wile the lazy old Bed Bug so brown and so flat,
 Iz seeking for thozе hoo are juicy and fat.

The Theevs and Burglars now leveth thair lair,
 And with thair tools and lanturns and talents so
 rare,

Tha sally forth, and aftur eting and drinking
awile,

Tha kraketh sum "krib" to replenish thair pile.

And the brite littel Stars with thair twinkling
twinks

Make plenty ov lite for the Skeeturs and Minks,
And the Litening Bug with hiz lanturnd kaboos,
Floteth around like a Worlok riding a goos.

And the dreamy old Moon—the Lanturn ov Nite,
Now floateth on hi to illumine the sky,
And dueth hur best from the East to the West,
To furnish a lite so mello and brite.

And the Lavurs ar fond ov the shaddoy Nite,
For then tha kan rambel and spoon out ov sijht;
And altho the Parents ma objekt with al ov thair
mijht,

Yet the yung wuns wil gloam wenevur it'z Nite.

A MISSOURI JEM.

In littel Wurth kounnty, Mo., thare dwels
Mis Josie V. Morgan hoo'z wun ov the bels;
She haz Nodawa lips and Grand-rivur ies,
With a Gallatin noze that'z enormus in size.

She'z a skoolman and so luvly and sweet,
And good from hur hed klear down to hur feet,
And the man hoo gets hur for hiz dear littel wife,
Wil shurely be happy the rest ov hiz life.

She kan tehe Nellie and Mabel and Jen.,
Just az wel az the best ov skool-men,
And with hur furnnes and kuraje and Wil,
Kan ezily subdu the wildest Harry or Bil.

In the Sunda-skool she iz a shining lite,
That shineth on both da and nite;
For she luvs to help hur Saveyur with hiz wurk,
And hustel for the preheur like a littel Turk.

At Republikan rallies she kan du hur part
To brake the poor old Demokratik hart,
And fil the wild-ied Pops with dire disgust,
And trail the Prohibishun bannur in the dust.

Altho she'z a Methodist with feet so kold,
And at hart a Republikan hoo iz awfully sassy,
Yet she'z wurth hur wate in gavernment gold,
And iz altogethur a sweet littel lassie.

She kan kook with both hands and nevr brake
A dish, an eg, or spoil and burn a kake,
And kan ezily chu gum on eithur side,
And kan shoot and fish and sing and ride,

And soe karpet-rags with both hur feet,
And rite a fist that'z hard to beat;
But wher she looms up best ov al,
Iz kapchuring harts—both great and smol.

She kan pra and shoo the flies,
And make the skeeturs skeet,
And kount the stars up in the skies,
And kook a meal that'z fit to ete.

The wa she haz sasd poor Dr. Mak,
 The "Bogie Man" ot to trale on hur trak
 Until he kathes hur sun darksum nite,
 And then spank hur with al hiz mijht.

If she didn't wear chikens and ete korsets so,
 And sas poor Mak both morning and nite,
 I think hur wings wud quikly gro,
 And bak to heven she'd take hur flite.

Unlike most of the vain and silly gurls,
 She don't waste muh time upon hur kurls;
 But iz ful ov vigor and vim and realy iz
 A dear littel krechur ful ov good and biz.

And from the very begining ov our start,
 She quikly kapchurd my poor old hart,
 And poured it ful ov a stranje, wild fire,
 That maketh it hump like the Burlington flyur.

O, she'z the only bubbel on the kream,
 And hur fothur's hope and pride,
 And now she iz a poet's theme,
 Hoo wants hur evur by hiz side.

Now, I must "ring of" pritty, konsidurably quik,
 Or yu'l think I am realy luv-sik,
 And laf at me al up in your sleev,
 And uthur old things that maketh me greev.

So, for the prezent, I must bid yu farewel,
 And I hope yu'l be happy wherevur yu dwel,
 Until Old Wiskurs chaces yu up the Morning-Glory
 Vine,

Wher I noe that yu wil only find
 Sweet Lethe and Eturnel Rest,
 Wih, aftur al, iz shurely the best.

HOPE.

Hope iz the Star hooz shining lite
 Dispels the gloom from evry nite,
 And keeps our feet rijht on the wa
 That we shud tred both nite and da.

It iz the Inkandescent ov the Mind,
 And long az it holds out to burn,
 The gloomiest pessimist kan alwaes find
 A flowery path for hiz return.

But wen this Soul-lite flickurs out,
 Al iz darkest gloom around about,
 And like a ship without a sail,
 We are doomd to sink and fail.

Hope iz a Bridj that spans al Doom—
 A Sun that drives the Nite awa,
 And wile it shines thare iz no gloom,
 It maketh evry thing so brite and ga.

So keep it shining brite and klear,
 And nevr let it flickur nite nor da,
 And then yu need not have a fear
 Ov evur geting lost along the wa.

A STONELES PEHE;

or,

Wurth Hur Wate In Fried Unyuns.

In old Karthaje, Missouri, thare dwels
 Mis Ella M. Fagin, hoo'z wun ov the bels;
 She haz a face ful ov "Dem Goo-Goo Ies,"
 And a noze that iz butiful in size.

She iz medium in bite with a yurnful face,
 And a figure most graceful and neat,
 And iz ful ov muzik, affekshun and grace,
 And wud make a fat man's life complete.

She'z a Muzik teheur and kan tehe
 Most enny instrument within hur rehe,
 And when she swipes the fiddel with the bo,
 The darnd old thing haz got to hump and go!

For she iz a Mastur and haz a tuh
 Most deeply sweet and deftly tru,
 And yu'l like hur plaing very muh,
 Wen wunc she'z plaed for yu.

And hur fingurs hav the powur
 To koax melodies most weird and divine
 From the Mandolin, Banjo and Gitar,
 For al hur plaing iz very fine.

O! she iz a Strawberry, a Pineappel and a Pehe—
 Blakberry-Brandy, Fried-Oysturs and Toast-on-
 Quail,
 And Muzikel-Muzik she kan pla and tehe
 Without a hith or limp, a brake or fale.

She movd to Kausas year^s ago,
 And with the kuntry tried to gro;
 But found that state so ded and slo,
 That bak to Old Missouri she had to go.

And now amung Karthaje's sheeted Ded
 She haz kast hur lot and pitchd hur tent,
 And wil^e teheing muzik at so muh a hed,
 She finds happines and seems kontent.

She haz a kindly, strong and foreful face
 That kan plan and exekute with ezy grace;
 And ma she alwaes find sukses and no revurses,
 Ar the wishes from the Author ov theze vurses.

KOOPURASHUN IZ THE KE.

Az we'v only a short littel life to liv,
 And then ovur the Slope we'l go,
 It iz far bettur to evur giv
 To al uthurs an aquol sho.

Az Kindnes and Justis ar the soure
 Ov al that's good in human life,
 We shud praktis theze, of kours,
 And then thare'd be no bitturnes & strife;

But Humans ar foolish donkeys hoo beleve
 It iz rijht to make al uthurs greev;
 And thare motto haz evur bin: "Get al yu kan,"
 By taking advantaje ov evurij man.

So, from North to South and East to West
 Tha praktis Greed with keenest zest,
 And skin ehe uthur in evry wa,
 Until life'z a hel both nite and da.

How muh bettur it wud be for al,
 If we nevr tried to make ehe uthur fol,
 But helpd al uthurs az bruthurs shud .
 To shun the evel and find the good.

If we want peac and happines komplete,
 We must al ko-opurate and not kompete,
 For wen we help ehe uthur al we kan,
 There'l be peac and plenty for evry man.

KANSAS.

O, Kansas! thou Queen ov the states,
 Hooz skies ar so kloundles and fair,
 Thou art a Jakurkrak and going the gaitz
 Nesessary to astonish the world and get thare!

Thy klimate iz a mixtehur ov Itaiy and Dakota—
 A kros between Labrador and Mexiko,
 And the whole world yurneth for thy foto—
 Thou art suh an alfired hezzeampur kurio.

In the mornings Thou kaust hav chilblanes and icy
 sno,
 And in the afturnoons priklyheat with musketoos
 on the go;
 And Thou maest hav blizzards ov dust that'z hard
 to beat,
 And an hour latur it requires a boat to kros the
 street.

In Jan. and Feb. Thou kaust plow and seed,
 Wile in June and July a sno iz on thy mead.
 Thare ma not be a kloud nor zefur in the sky,
 And a minet latur a siklone iz pasing by.

Thou maest not hav rain for 10 years or more,
 And then for 19 daes a week it wil flo and pour;
 And thy krops (save liars) ma fail for menny years,
 And then agen wun stolk ma bear a 100 ears.

Thou hast produced evury thing from Potato Bugs
 and Sunflower Weeds,
 To Wisky, Insanity, Prohibishun and lawles-deeds;
 And thou has al the vices from a "Massaje-Trete-
 ment" and a Sigaret,
 To Kompound Bigamy and the Pokur ov thy Lejis-
 lativ-set.

Thy Statesmen hav al died or moved awa,
 And thy Politishens ar korrapt az the very Diel,
 And hav decevd thy pepel both nite and da,
 And wud sel thair Souls for a pottaje-meal.

Thy Lawyurs, Ministurs and Editoriel kru
 Ar worshipurs ov Mammon and liars tu,
 And then tha go to church and prate ov the "Golden
 Rule,"
 Bekoz it bettur enabels them thy pepel to fool.

Thy Bug-houses ar ful and ovurfloing,
 And yet the poor loonies keep on going;
 And likewise thy pens ar ful up to the top,
 But thy krop ov krime duth never stop.

Thou hast tried to abolish with prohibitory laws
 Thy saloons and uthur evels without removing thair
 koz,

And of kours, Thou hast met with dire defeat,
 Most humiliating, ovurwelming and kemptete.

Az "profits" and "kempetishun" ar the koz ov evnry
 krime,

In this az wel az evnry uthur klime,
 Thou must furst abolish them—both root and branh
 And then no wun wud want to run a "boozing-"
 ranh.

Thou hast evur bin striving to rehe the top
 By drifting downward without a stop,
 And hast bin swiming the rivurs to avoid the rain,
 And inkreecing the kozes ov al thy pain,

And then wundureth wy Thou weepeth and si.
 And ar so rapidly going insane;
 Thou hast even tried to get out ov det
 By borroing more munny, and yet

Thou hast taken morfene to kure the Opium-habit,
 And uthur things most stranje and funny!
 And we al noe it and noe it quite wel,
 That Thou art trying to rehe heven by raizing hel!

Thou art the home ov kranks and freaks ov evnry
 kind,
 And within thy sun-kised bordurs wun ma find

Evry thing save Wizdum and Rijhtusnes,
 For Thou mistakest thy foolishnes for Wizdum, and
 unles

Thou ceceeth to regard thy krimes az Sivilizashun,

Thou art al doomd to hel and damnashun!

Thou movest in a queer and mysterius wa,
 And wot thy next move wil be, God himself kan't
 tel;

But Thou art shure to make a grand displa,
 And most likely raiz sum Hel!

O! Thou art a Pehe, Strawberries and Fried-Ice-
 Kream,

And thy krazy antiks make the nashuns skream;

But Thou karest not a dam how muh tha laf,

And wilt kontinu to raiz hel and worship the Gol-
 den Kaf!

Thy maidens ar sweet and pritty—

And also butiful and witty,

With happy faces and sunny hair,

And hands and fet both big and neat,

A kombinashun that'z rathur rare;

Tha ar ful ov enurjy, pluk and vim,

And noe how to kapchur the wildest him,

Tha kan make ha, tehe skool or komly prehe,

And smash the "joints" within thair rehe.

If Thou wudst only praktis the "Golden Rule."

Insted ov uzing a hatchet like a krazy fool,

And treted ehe uthur az bruthurs shud,

Yu'd soon be happy and feeling good;

Yu shud al koopurate and not kompete,
 And ehe shud help hiz bruthurs along,
 And then your happines wil be komplette,
 And your lives a jolly song.

And yet, poor Old Fossil, with the mossy bak,
 And suh odly, krazy, kranky waes,
 Thou hast menny vurchues thy sisturs lak,
 And for thoze I giv Thee al my praze;

But with al thy folts I luv Thee stil,
 And alwaes hav and evur wil;
 So, aurevoir, adios, farewel, good-bye and adoo,
 And ma you be happy iz my prar for yu.

MY FETHURD PASHENT.

A littel burd wun summur morn
 Kame flutturing in my offis door,
 It woz al wet and so forlorn
 It kudn't fly nor sing no more.

It had wondurd awa that summur da
 And got beyond its shelturing nest,
 Wen a storm aroze and with fury bloes
 The poor littel wondurur gally west!

Without enny joking it got a soaking
 That made it kold and num,
 And that'z how it kame to be so lame,
 And unabel to longur hum.

But wen I took it to my buzum and warmed it,
 Until it woz dry enuf to sing and fly,
 It lifted its voic and did gladly rejoic
 With a sweet luy-song that ekkoed along
 Until it rehed my poor old hart;

And then it kisd me a look
 Wile its littel frame shook,
 And started to fly with a wistful good-bye,
 Bak to its own sweethart.

I hav misd it for years,
 And kan yet se it in tears,
 Az it started to fly and roam
 Bak to its luvd wuns and home.

MY TRAZHUR.

Only a littel hed ov golden hair—
 Only twu littel ies ov purpel blu,
 And a littel voic so sweet and rare
 It thrils me thru and thru.

This kliny machen so good and sweet
 Iz my darling littel datur Purl,
 And I'd rathur hear the pattur ov hur feet
 Than al the muzik in the wurl'.

And wen she klimbs upon my ne
 And holds hur face agenst my cheek,
 And fondly luvs and kises me,
 I am tu happy to even speak.

A BRUNET SUNFLOWUR;
OR,
WURTH HUR WATE IN BALED HAY.

In Ureka, Kansas, thare livs and groes
A sweet littel maiden with a Greshun noze,
And a butiful mouth like a krystel stream,
In a face more luvly than a Florida dream.

Hur ies ar soft and dark and deep
Like the Andean stars in primeval sleep,
And hur hair iz a twilight, nimbus brown,
On the prittiest hed in al the town.

She iz medium size, al wool, and petete,
With a bart that iz evur kind and tru,
For she'z good from hur hed klear down to hur feet,
And iz the sweetest charmur I evur nu.

She haz pritty hands and littel feet,
And in hur dres and style iz very neat,
And altho she iz realy "it,"
Ov vanity she hazn't a littel bit.

If she didn't wear chickens and ete korsets so,
Hur wings wud quikly sprout and gro,
And sum brite and warm Septobur da,
She'd take a flite and soar awa.

She kan trim hats with eze and speed,
And kook and soe with both hands shut,
And iz shurely al that enny man kud need
To make him happy in palace or latticed hut.

She kan swim a hors and ride the rivur,
 And skate the ice without a shivur;
 But wher she looms up best ov al,
 Iz kapchuring harts—both great and smol.

The furst look from hur dreamful ies
 Jard my Soul loos from shore to shore,
 And fild my hart with yurnful sies
 That wil make it hump forever more!

She iz my own Ideal—my dreamy Dream,
 My hart's dezire—my Soul's ice kream;
 And if I kud hav hur for my wife,
 T'd want nuthing else in al this life.

So, aurevoir, adios, adoo and goodbye,
 For your sweet charms I evur wil si,
 And if I never shud se yu agen—farewel!
 And ma yu be happy wherever yu dwel.

GOODBYE.

Go bak, sweet Pikchur, and silently return
 To the wun for hoom my hart duth yurn,
 And tel hur that I hav gawn;
 And in the twilite-purpel-dawn
 Ov Time's onkuming and stoples years,
 I hope that she wil sumtimes think ov me
 And forgiv my folly, if folly it kan be,
 For having luvd wun so good and pure,
 With a luv that wil alwaes endure.

MY PURPEL DREAM.

If I had the world's dimunds
 And al its sordid gold,
 But had to giv up yu, my dear,
 My hart wud soon be kold,
 And al my life a weary drear.

And if I had al the stars
 And setles suns that evur shone,
 And al else within the univurs,
 And had to looz yu, mine own,
 Tha'd only pruve a bittur kurs.

But if I only had yu and nothing more,
 My sweet-pet-luv—my only Dream,
 The skies wud nevr dark nor loer,
 And pebels wud hav the dimund's gleam.

 AKT KINDLY AND DU RIJHT.

Upon this littel paje I rite
 A fu stra lines to sa,
 That if yu wil alwaes du rijht,
 Yu'l be happiur in evry wa.

For evry un-kind akt
 And al ignobel deeds
 Wil soon relentlessly re-akt
 Upon yourself like poizund weeds.

Evry Bad akt wil leve a skar
 Upon your mind and brane,
 That wil forevr hurt and mar
 Your konshene with a twinj ov pain.

Kindnes iz a sweet perfume
 That emanates from nobel minds;
 It wil dispel the thickest gloom,
 Or enny uthur klouds it finds;

So, be kind and cheerful in al yu sa,
 And nevir kontemplate nor du
 A hateful akt in enny wa,
 To hurt yourself and uthurs tu.

AWA OF YONDUR.

To that far of hazy Yondur
 My Mind duth often wondur,
 And thare duth revel like the Devel,
 In a dreamy, mystik pondur.

'Tiz thare beneath an evur purpel haze,
 That Memory luv's to dream alone,
 And re-liv the ded and happy daes
 With thoze it used to kol its own.

And here by sum wild and restles stream,
 My Soul duth evur long to rest and dream
 Ov purpel ies that used to speak to mine
 With a wild luv-lite that woz divine.

In that Dreamy Yondur trubels cece,
 And tired souls kan find delishus rest;
 For thare a stranje, sweet tranquil peac
 Kises the ies and hart ov evry gest.

THE TWILITE.

O, Sweet and dimful Twilite!
 The noizles harbinjur ov Nite—
 The Hart's purpel yurn-time—
 The Soul's Pacifik klime,
 The mello Ie-Brow ov Nite,
 Thy stranje sweet Solitude
 Iz the Soul's delishus manna-food.

The dreamy Southwind ov Eternity
 Wafted the jurms ov Immortality
 To thy womb, from wene
 Soul-Yurns wur born
 To evur dream thy purpel haze,
 In stranje, sweet tranquil waes.

Benethe thy dreamy skies
 Al harts find peac and rest,
 And looz thare akes and sies
 In Lethel Dream-sleep
 Upon thy pulsles brest.

'Tiz here and now that Memory
 From the soft and fleeting years
 Koaxes to the luv-lit ies
 A baptism ov Soul-dew—the teers,
 To glorify the hart with tendur sies.

'Tiz here the Southwind with hiz dreamy sooth,
 Kises the ies ov the Aged and the Yuth,
 Until tha kan se from the hites abuv,
 The faces ov those tha used to luv.

SUMMUR AND AUTUM OBITUARY.

The Butiful Summur with its sweet parfume,
 And the Luvly Autum with its purpel haze,
 Hav both yelded to an icy Doom
 Brot on by the kold and Wintry Daes.

And az we luvd them with evry breth,
 We now mourn thair kruel deth,
 And hate Old Wintur with hiz icy hart,
 For making our frends so soon depart ;

But Old Wintur wil also hav to di,
 And like the uthurs meet hiz Doom,
 Only no wun wil evur weep and si
 Wen Snoey passes up the Flume.

For al wil be so glad to noe
 That Jentel Spring haz slain our fo,
 And brot the Southwind bak again
 To rezurrekt the Flowurs with drops ov rain.

 LIFE AN INSANE DREAM.

Al the bilyuns ov pepel hoo ar surjing to and fro,
 Wil soon hav to quit thair surjing and go
 Bak to the desolate Silene ov Nachur's brest,
 Wher al iz Dreamles Sleep and Eternel rest.

But aftur al iz konsidurd I think
 It iz best that al shud drink
 This fatel draft, for then nun wil komplane
 Ov the heat and the kold, nor mizurabel pain.

Life iz only a mizurabel strugel at best,
 A restles fevur—an insane jest,
 And aftur a fu breef years ov sorro and pain,
 We must al bekum unkonshus dust again.

The rich and the poor—the smol and the great,
 Ar treted alike and al must take
 A returnles trip down the Rivur ov Fate,
 And al thozе that tha luv forsake.

MY DREAM KRAVE.

Yu ar my own Ideal—my Dreamy Dream,
 My hart's dezire—my Soul's ice kream,
 And if I had yu evur by my side,
 I'd want nuthing else in al this
 World so wide.

Yes, I luv yu with a
 Luv that haz no Nite—
 A luv that wil gro britur
 With Time's eturnel flite;
 It perfumes my Soul and blossums in my hart
 A dethles Dezire that we shud never part.

It iz a luv that even smiles at Deth,
 And wil out-liv this fleeting breth
 Koled life, and on down the star-lit iles
 Ov Eturnity it forever lafs and smiles.

It woz born in the twilite
 Krave-Kavurns ov my Soul,
 And wil hav nuthing to du with
 Deth's infurnel Silent Kold,
 But wil bekum an Evurlasting Dawn
 That wil twilite on Forevur,
 And then out-last itself.

AKROS THE YEARS.

I se a sweet Face akros the years,
 And it evur seems to bekum me,
 Az tho it wur in dredful fears
 Lest I shud not find it in Eternity.

It iz alwaes near me thru the daes,
 And wings my peaceful dreams at nite,
 And wispurs sweetest luv to me alwaes,
 That fils my soul with fond delite.

If it only misd its vijil for a nite,
 I realy kud not sleep nor rest,
 For I luv that Face with al my mijht,
 And now it iz my only gest.

It luvs to keax my Memory bak—
 Al thru the ded and bygawn years,
 And dream along sum long forgotten trak,
 Wher we ved to idly roam
 By the brooks so far from home,
 But happy az the burds and deers.

And then it ledes me thru sum mossy del,
 Wher, in thoze happy-daes ov yore,
 We ued to dream alone and fondly tel
 Ehe uthur luv-tales by the skore.

We wur so happy then and ued to sing
 Only ov the blis that Luv kan bring,
 And in our ekstasy and feral gle,
 We nevir dreamd ov deth and mizury.

How very kruel it has evur seemd to me,
 That Deth shud koz suh pain and mizury,
 By shooting hiz kold and fatel darts
 Into twu suh kind and happy harts!

I noe it iz uceles to yurn and dream,
 And bivwak with the Voicles Ded,
 But az it iz only then I get a gleam
 Ov my lost darling's face and hed,

I shal kontinu to vizeit hur in my sleep,
 For then we kan liv life o'ur again,
 Among the old hils and vallys so deep—
 Evur fre from al sorro and bittur pain.

NUTHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

Thare ar milyuns ov pepel toda who'r sad,
 Al ovur this world ov profit and greed—
 Souls hoo kan not be thankful and glad,
 Bekoz ov siknes and direful need.

Tha hav toild both urly and late,
 And did thair best in evury wa,
 But siknes and povurty ar now thair fate,
 And in rethednes tha liv from da to da.

Tha hav rekd and ruind thair helth
 By an insane strugel and strife
 To produce an abundenc ov welth
 That goes to sustane the Parasite's life.

Al ovur this world and in evury klime,
 Human history iz a rekord ov suffuring and krime,
 And yet the fools hav not sens enuf to noe
 That the koz ov al thair trubels here belo

Iz thair infurnel Profit sistem ov sordid gane,
 That turns evury wun agenst hiz bruthurs,
 And makes this life a battel-felde ov pain,
 By forcing ehe wun to try and beat the uthurs.

How muh bettur it wud be for ehe and al,
 If we wud ko-öperate and not kompete,
 For then no wun kud gane by making uthurs fol,
 And the happines ov al wud be komplette.

If no wun kud gane enny thing by going astra,
 No wun wud evur travel that downward wa;
 But long az pepel kan make a profit at al
 By making ehe uthur fale and fol,

The history ov the race wil evur be
 A rekord ov krime and mizury,
 Wherein a fu wil hav muh to be thankful for,
 Wile the menny wil be viktims ov the Profit-wor.

"HEL."

Wot in hel iz "Hel?" I'd like to nce,
 Iz it a place to wih the "bad wuns" go—
 A place ov "eturnel torment"
 To wih "sinaurs" wil be sent?

So the klerjy tel us with fendeish gle
 That in "Hel" we'l roast thru Etrnity,
 If we du not bow down to them quite lo,
 And giv them al tha want wile here belo.

Sientists hav surhd in vain for "Hel,"
 And tha noe it iz a prestely sel,
 Whereby theze roges du greatly gane.
 By threthening thair dupes with fire and pain.

How monstus it iz to even think
 That a "Supreme Being" wud evur make
 A lake ov brimstone for us to drink,
 And boil us forever in suh a lake!

"Hel" iz but a prestely game,
 And exists alone in name—
 A sort ov sixshootur uzd by prestes
 To rob numskuls hoo hav'nt the sens ov beasts.

"Hel" haz no existenc in al the univurs,
 Save in ignorant minds wher al iz nite,
 And a littel *thinking* wil soon dispurs
 That prestely fantum and set yu rijht.

L. of C.

OUR NABUR'S HEN.

That plagy Old Hen akros the street
 That belongs to our nabur Brown,
 Skrathes my garden with al hur feet,
 For she'z the meanest hen in town.

She'z the wurst old huzzy in al the land,
 And wen she sallies forth to skrath,
 She kan just simply beat the band
 Tearing up a garden or flowur patch.

I hav often tried to kil hur,
 And with shot did often fil hur,
 But suh jentel hints she did ignore,
 And only skrathd my garden more.

At last mp pashene had run lo,
 But stil the huzzy skrathd awa,
 For she had no idea and did not noe
 That it woz hur last and finel da;

For that same brite and moony nite,
 I gave the old reth a farewel boost,
 By exploding a stik ov dinamite,
 Rijht up klose benethe hur roost.

And wen I hurd the dinamite explode,
 And saw Old Skrathy abaft the Milky Wa,
 Thare lifted from my mind au awful load
 That had borne it down for menny a da.

FAREWEL, DEAR BRUTHUR.

Hiz hart woz broken with greef—
Hiz Soul woz fild with a blak despare;
So he opend the door and sawt releef
In Deth's dark shaddoy kare.

Purhaps it iz best that he found this rest,
For now he iz fre from al trubel and kare;
For most ov this life iz nuthing but strife,
And Deth wil at last be evury wun's share.

No storms nor trubels kan rehe him now—
No sorroes kan deepen the rinkels upon hiz brow;
For he haz pasd beyond the rehe ov pain,
And hiz rest wil be Eturnel
In the narro grave wher he iz lain.

Upon hiz grave the flowurs wil gro,
And o'ur hiz tomb the burds wil fly,
Wile awa up hi in the blu jemd sky,
The stars that he luvd wil twinkel and glo

THE LAWS OV HELTH.

Evury wun hoo iz intureded in helth shud send and get my great littel book, the Laws ov Helth. This littel book wil plainly tel yu wot the laws ov helth ar and how to oba them. By folloing the plain and simpel instrukshuns in this book enny wun kan soon restore hiz helth and remane wel the remaindur ov hiz life. It wil save yu al siknes and doktor bills hereaftur. Al Disezes and Weakneses ar kozd by violating the laws ov helth, and the only wa yu kan get wel and be free from suffering, iz to oba theze laws ov helth. Of kours, yu kan't oba them until you noe wot tha ar; hene, the great nesesity ov having this book. It wil du for the whole famly. It givs my tretement for al Disezes and Weakneses and Bad-habits. The koutents ov the book ar kondensd undur 32 chapturs, and iz the latest and best book on helth in existenc. This book wil save yu 25 pur cent on the kost ov your living, and wil save 50 pur cent on hous wurk. The price ov it iz only \$10, but I wil send wun kopy ov it to enny wun hoo haz "Ekkoes From the Hart," for \$2. Addres al ordurs for it to

Dr. K. W. MAK, Denvur, Kolorado.

MENTEL DINAMITE.

“Mentel Dinamite” iz my masturpece, and iz the hottest thing that evur sizeld. It kontanes most ov my ikonoklastik, sarkastik, soshelistik and relijus and umurus ritings. Its objekt iz to blo al fole and fogy beleefs out ov the mind, and thus klear the mentel soil for good, helthy and 20th Century ideas. It wil make the Old Fossils squirm out ov thair aneshent and mossy shels into the sunlite ov rezun and kommon sens. Hene, its titel—“Mentel Dinamite.” It kontanes 600 chunks ov mentel dinamite, and wil jar Folchood, Injustis and Humbugury of thair thrones. It woz ritten espeshely to jar pepel loos from thair supurstishuns, and it iz warranted not to fale unless the viktim dies before he haz read 13 pajes ov it. This iz the furst and only wun ov my books that kontanes a true biogrfy ov my remarkabel self and my extraordinary kareer, and az this biogrfy woz ritten by myself during wun ov my lucid inturvels, I assshure yu that it iz painfully and thrilingly korrekt. I have not spared myself in the least. This biogrfy iz the most remarkabel thing that woz evur ritten, and it alone iz wel wurth the price ov the book. Price only \$1. Sent post padde to enny addres.

Address: Dr. K. W. Mak, Denvur Kolorado.

Note.—Dr. Mak uzes the Fonetik or Reformd Speling, for he duz not beleve in speling wurdz wun wa and pronouncing them anuthur wa, just bekoz a man by the name ov “Webstur” woz foolish enuf to du so. Wy shud we purpetchuate Webstur’s mistakes?

In this new sistem ov orthografy thare ar sum wurdz that kan not be reformd without making diffrent wurdz out ov them; e. g., “hour.” Soon az yu leve of that silent h, it bekums the pronoun “our.” In this new sistem the wurdz peach ar chanjd to pehe, preach—prehe, teach—tehe, each—ehe, off—of, of—ov, two—twu, too—tu, eye—ie, guess—ges, (g is pronounced “gay.”) girl—gurl, learned—lurnd, loved—luyd, shoe—shu, shows—shoes, woman—wuman, women—wimen, eight—ait, heir—eir, water—wottur, write—rite, right—rijht, lose—looz, business—biznes. Pronounce the wurd az it sounds and yu wil get it alrijht. In this new sistem I uze the vurb “lie” only wen speaking ov prevarikating, and not wen speaking ov reklining. The folloing wil make it klear:

He laes on the floor, He lade on the floor,

Tha la on the floor, Tha lade on the floor,

He haz lain on the floor, Tha hav lain on the floor.

He iz laing on the floor, tha ar laing on the floor.

The same with inanimate objekts or pursonified objekts.

He lies, he iz lying, tha li, tha ar lying, he lied, tha lied, he haz lied, tha hav lied, he iz a liar, tha ar liars. For furthur informashun on this and grammatikel subjekts, se my grammur.

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