

With Pad and Pencil

By Carl Anderson



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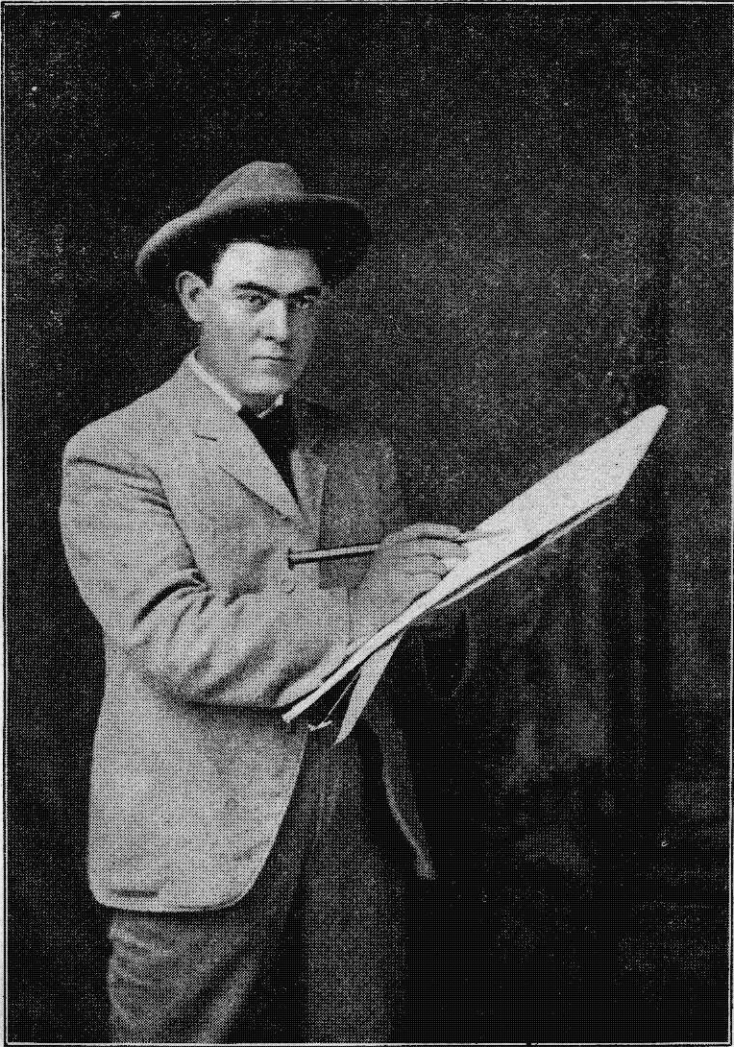
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WITH PAD AND PENCIL

BY CARL ANDERSON



A collection of verses, written over a period of thirty-five years. Jotted down, with pad and pencil at odd times, mostly for newspaper use. We hope you'll like them.

DEDICATORY.

To thy hills, thy vales, thy waters,
To thy every shady nook.
To thee and thine, Sweet Owen,
Do I dedicate this book.

—THE AUTHOR

Old Owen's Beauty Spots

THY Sons, O! Sweet old Owen,
Where 'er they cast their lots,
Find their hearts are always longing
For thine own dear Beauty Spots.

BOONE'S CAVE

The chilling breath from out thy rock-ribbed lungs
Seems whispering with awe-struck, fear-bound tongues
Of dismal secrets locked within thy breast:
Of grewsome mysteries still unconfessed.
Who fashioned thus thy labyrinth of halls?
Thy stone-arched aisles? Thy quaintly chiseled walls?
Who wrought thy domes in chastest filigree
And locked them with eternal masonry?
In silence doth thy solitude proclaim,
And waking echoes catch, repeat, the pame
Of Him who wrought thine every winding rod—
The multiplying echoes answer "God."

M'CORMICK'S CREEK

Sparkling in the mellow sunlight, darkening in the cooling shades
Thy tinkling, jingling rivulet glides onward through the glades.
Innocently brawling, brawling,
Constantly keeps calling, calling.
To the echoes that are hidden in thy grim old paisades.
Slipping ever onward through thy moss-grown, fern-clad halls;
Onward, ever onward to thy roaring, foaming falls
Where thy tinkling obligato,
And thy rushing pizzicato.
In a wildly-weird crescendo fills thy rugged, massive walls.

CATARACT

Drowsily, lazily drifting along,
Like the soft undercurrent of some old sweet song,
In eddying swirl,
Till caught in the whirl,
It goes, laughingly, recklessly, carelessly on.

Heedless of battering, shattering knocks,
Heedless of quivering, shivering shocks,
 It eddies and seethes,
 Then laughingly wreathes
Around and about—over—under the rocks.

Faster—still faster, and then with a dash,
Over the brink in a maddening splash.
 Lunging and clattering,
 Plunging and splattering,
It strikes on the rocks with a deafening crash.
Then seemingly dazed by its wild flight through space
It giddily whirls from the seething embrace:
 From the tumbling and turning,
 From the rumbling and churning—
Then away once again on its oceanward race.

AMONG SWEET OWEN'S HILLS

There's happiness and freedom; naught of care
Disturbs the sweet soul-quiet hov'ring there,
 And the brooklets' tinkling jingle,
 Ripples forth to softly mingle
With the wealth of Nature's music in the air.

There's a sweet and sleepy langour in the breeze—
There's a lullaby soft whispered by the trees—
 And the hills, all blue and hazy,
 Melt away in phantoms mazy,
There's a beauty wrapped in everything one sees.

A cadence through the woodland softly thrills;
The dashing, sparkling rhythm of the rills
 Wand'ring from the cooling glade
 Mottled by the sun and shade:—
There's health and wealth among Sweet Owen's
 hills.



Back From the Philippines

SILENT she sits the long night through,
Her cheeks red-lined by the scalding dew
That wells to the lashes and wavering there,
Slips silently down through the lines of care.

As clouds that cross December skies,
So creeps the mist o'er the toil-tired eyes
Of the mother that listlessly, lifelessly leans
O'er the flag-draped box from the Philippines.

What matter to her what the flower-wreathes are for?
What comfort finds she in the Honors of War?
She recks not of tribute nor pageantry's tread;
Honors heaped Heaven-high can not give back her dead.
The heart-strings are severed—torn—wrenched from their
place,

And Agony draws deeper lines on the face
Of the mother that listlessly, lifelessly leans
O'er the flag-draped box from the Philippines.

She thinks not of glory on battle-fields won;
She only remembers that this was her son;—
The head droops still lower; the eyes are grief-blind,
And the toil-palsied hands lie, with fingers entwined,
In the old family Bible that rests on her knees,
While she gazes through tears at its pages and sees
Only roses—the flag—and the wreathed evergreens,
And the face in the box from the Philippines.

When th' Greens Gits Ripe

Ever' feller has his season an' he thinks it beats 'em all,
Some likes summer, some likes winter, while some others likes th'
fall;

But fer me they's jes' one season knocks 'em all out with a swipe,
An' it's th' laughin' days o' spring-time when the greens

gits
ripe.

Ye can talk about Delmonico's big flarin' bill o' fare,
An' th' bang-up scumshus dinners and the way they serve 'em there,
With their soups an' oyster salads an' their meals o' pickled tripe
But they can't beat country dinners when the greens

gits
ripe.

I hev e't at tavern tables whar 'twuz fixed up out o' sight
With cut glass goblets full o' wine that moved itse'f aright:
I hev e't the chicken fricaseed, an' quail on toast, an' snipe,
But the hull thing takes a back seat when the greens

gits
ripe.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument

Indianapolis

What means this mighty tribute carved with shapes in garb of War?
What means this pile of stone high-heaped? What is it builded for?
Does it typify a Union from the depths of chaos wrought,
And the lives splashed out in crimson in the awful battles fought?
Does it speak alone of lives dashed out on sunny southern fens:
Of souls cramped—sickened—starved—that fled from reeking prison
pens?

Is it only to the victors furloughed to their last sweet sleep,
In camp in God's own country where the angels sentry keep?

Rather let it tell the loved ones who are left to mourn the loss,
They shall meet them at the river—they are waiting just across,
In a bivouac of slumber on the bright and shining shore,
Where the muskets' spiteful rattle wakes the echoes nevermore;
Where the flags of truce are flying and the war-drum is at rest,
Where gaping wounds by angel hands have tenderly been dressed.
Where the long forced-march is ended, and where wars have ceased
to be,

And the men who marched with Sherman are encamped with those of
Lee.

Down on Pogue's Run

We used t' have th' mostest fun
When we lived out on Pogue's Run,
Wadin' 'round an' gittin' wet
An huntin' minners. Fun! you bet!
All kinds o' fun.

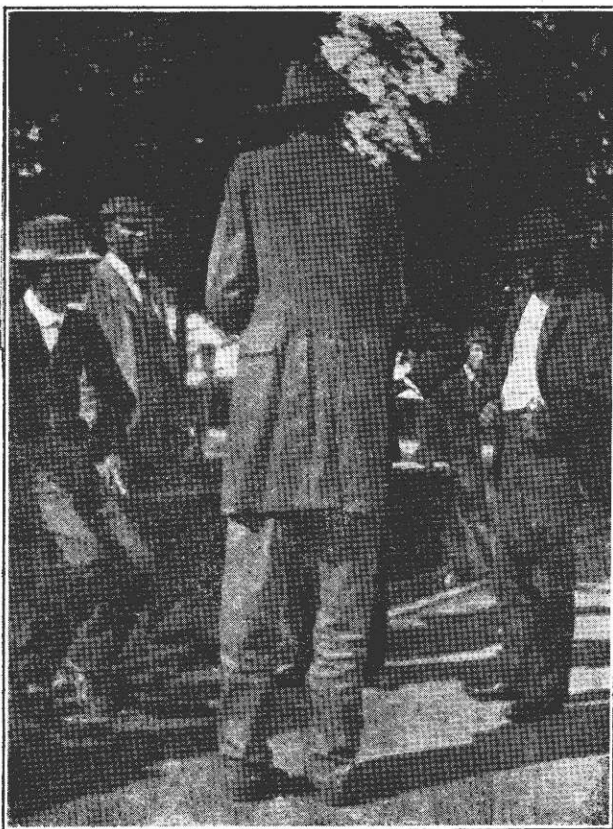
But we'd all 'ist run pell-mell—
'Ist go a kitin' when we'd hear ma yell:
"Git out o' that, chillern, 'taint worth while
Fer they 'aint a minner 'n a thousan' mile
O' ole Pogue's Run."

But I've seen 'em an' I've ketched 'em.
An' I know they's minners there—
An' ma says we'll git o'r feet wet
But, goo'ness, we don't care,
'Cause 'at's 'ist fun.
An' thy's crawdads, too, an' tadpoles
A-swimmin' 'round about—
But th' crawdads, they hide under rocks
An' ye got to skeer 'em out,
Down 'n Pogue's Run.

Jew know 'at li'l' tadpoles
Wuz li'l' frogs? They are;
'Cause onct I ketched a tadpole
An' put 'im in a jar
Down at Pogue's Run.
An' changed the water ever' day
Fer 'bout a week, 'twuz—
'Nen one day I looked ag'in
An' he's a li'l' frog, he wuz—
Gee, 't'uz fun.

Bumblers

Down on the crick at grampa's
Some bumblers had a nest,
An' Ben tole me t' stir 'em up,
'Cause I could do it best.
I did, an' nem ole bumblers
'Ist bumbled with a roar.
'Ney stinged me, too, 'at's what they did.
An'—I don't stir up no more.



RILEY SMITH

He's s'x foot seven an' ever' inch
Could stretch a little in a pinch
An' make him tall.

Riley Smith

Tall? Well, stranger, th' answer all
Depends on what a feller'd call

Bein' tall.

But ef I's as long drawed out as him
An' as lank an' bony an' ga'nt an' slim
I'd think I's tall.

He' got th' symptoms anyway,
An' out'ard signs all seem t'say
He's tall.

He's six foot seven an' ever inch
Could stretch a little in a pinch
An' make him tall.

Is Riley tall? Well, I've heern tell
He kaint git under his umberell;
Tall?

Climbs a ladder t' put on his hat
An' gits on th' top round, too, at that:
That's jist how tall.

Lives over where the counties jine;
House sets right squar' on th' line
Jist half an' half—

Main room's in Owen—this side ye know—
An' he eats his breakfas' in ole Monroe:—
What makes ye laugh?

Oh! How does he sleep? Well, folks all say
His feet p'int east an' his head this way
An' ever night

He snores in Owen—jess so, jess so—
An' kicks th' kivers in ole Monroe.
That's right.

He chaws t'backer an' chaws it thin—
Carries the symptoms on his chin—
An' you can tell

It aint no store stuff off'n a shelf
But ole long-green he's raised his self—
An' he chaws 'er well.

Went down South in Sixty-one,
Jined th' army an' shouldered a gun,—
But th' boys'd laugh

An' holler at him an' say "Dag gone!
Fellers, le's tie the ole flag on
This walkin' flag-staff."

But, stranger, Riley he's clean grit
An' he stuck to it an' fit an' fit
Clean thro' it all;

An' he's loyal yit, clean t' th' core
Same ez he wuz in 'Sixty-four—
As loyal as he's tall.

He's allus th' center uv starin' eyes
An' th' cause o' wonder an' mild surprise:—
Compare him with

New circus bills stuck on a fence.
An' they wouldn't be a circumstance
To Riley Smith.

Sun Dogs

Onct, Uncle Joe he told us 'bout th' Sun-dogs he had seen,
An' he 'splained all 'bout what Sun-dogs is an' told us what they mean,

An' he says when ye see 'em, 'at ye'd better mind yer biz,
Fer the cold 'll git still colder an' th' stuff 'll all git friz.

An' he says Sun-dogs never fails, an' don't keer what ye say—
An' says he'll bank on Sun-dogs same 's the Bible—any day;
Fer he's watched 'em since he wuz a boy and lived in Tennessee
An' three days f'm when ye see 'em she 'll be cold as cold kin be.

He's a crank on Sun-dogs, an' all other kind o' signs—
Says there's nothin' like odd numbers, sich as ones, an' threes, an' nines,

An' he says 'taint no differ'nce if it's cold as it kin git,
When ye see them Sun-dogs loomin' up, it'll be STILL COLDER YIT.

First Sweetheart of Mine

Apologies To Riley.

In turning through an album in a retrospective haze,
I behold the pictured faces of my friends of yesterdays,
And o'er one I linger fondly and with thoughts that seem divine
Come back the boyhood memories of this first sweetheart of mine.

Still I see her as in days gone by when life seemed doubly sweet,
And the earth with flowers blossomed 'neath her dainty tripping feet,
And to me all things seemed dearer, and the sun would brighter shine

When I stood in the presence of this first sweetheart of mine.

As I look upon her picture now it seems to fairly beam,
As though thinking with me of the days of our first young sweet dream:

And the long years melt to nothing and in shadowy design
She is with me as in days of yore, this first sweetheart of mine.

She is with me now, in memory, in the moonlight walks we took:
She is with me in the school-room, where I, hid behind my book,
Seemed so lost in honest study, but in truth read not a line,
But kept glancing o'er the top at her, this first sweetheart of mine.

So I think of her as fondly as I did in olden days,
And my thoughts go drifting backward in a sweet chaotic maze:
And on the page of Memory I read the interline,
The autograph, unfaded, of this first sweetheart of mine.

The Absent Owen Countians

You absent Owen county folks, this issue's meant for you
An' through its newsy columns we're a-sayin' "Howdy do."
We greet you all where'er you be an' wish you Fortune's best,
But kinda git t' wishin' you had stayed here with the rest.

You may be makin' money, er you may be "pressin' brick,"
An' it maybe you are ailin', er you may be down-right sick;
You may be in th' busy marts—er off th' beaten track,
But all you Owen county folks, we're wishin' you was back.

We'd like t' shake yer hands ag'in an' greet you with a smile,
We'd like t' talk th' old times o'er an' hear You talk awhile;
We'd like t' hear your happy laugh, er hear your tale o' woe—
Whatever is your lot in life is what we'd like t' know

You may be down, you may be out, you may be lousy rich,
But we'd like t' set an' talk awhile about old times an' sich;
An' so dear Owen county folks, whatever fix you're in,
We'd like t' have you with us, back here at home ag'in.

We hope that you'll remember, as yer travelin' all about,
That here in old Sweet Owen th' latchstring's allus out;
An' when you pass our way some day jist stop an' set awhile
An' talk about th' old home place an' let us see you smile.

We're interested in you all, in good luck or in bad,
We'll laugh with you in happiness or cheer you when you're sad.
You're scattered o'er th' continent, f'm Cape Horn clear t' Nome—
But makes no difference where yer at, we wish that you'd come home.

The Kid of It

The "beautiful snow" they prate about
Is nothing but idle talk;
The snow itself is pretty—but
I gotta clean off the walk.

They talk of summer's beauty
With its wealth of green—alas;
Of course the green is pleasing—but
I gotta cut the grass.

They sing of autumn's splendor,
And gathering in the sheaves;
The colors of fall are wonderful—but
I gotta rake up the leaves.

Good St. Patrick's Day

Oh, today's the day the Irish love in Good St. Patrick's name,
'Tis the one great day we cilibrate—here's drinkin' to the same;
Here's yer health an' all yer family's—hope they all live long, and
may
Th' blessings of high heaven rist on all of you today.

For the Irish love th' comin' of the good St. Patrick's Day.
Yes the Irish love th' blarin' of the bands along th' way
As they play the lively Irish tunes and every gay colleen
In joinin' in th' singin' of "Th' Wearin' of the Green."

So I've got me kelly slicked up and me green sash pressed anew
And me good shilaly's handy if a fracas starts t' brew;
I'm all ready for th' marchin' when the band begins t' play
And me legs have got th' fidgets fer th' line t' swing away.

So we'll have th' pipers play for us the tunes we love t' hear—
Mavourneen an' Killarney an' th' songs of Irish cheer;
For we're cilibratin', mind ye, and the shamrock is th' Queen
Of Irish hearts now throbbin' to "The Wearin' of the Green."



A Vacant Chair

Sitting in the mellow twilight
Sadly thinking of my child,
Gazing at her empty rocker,
Wrestling with an anguish wild;

As I watch this last reminder
Of my darling little girl,
It fades into a phantom
And my thoughts are all a-whirl.

Sweetly now my darling's sleeping
'Neath the star-besprinkled skies;
Grief is tugging at my heartstrings,
Scalding tears bedim my eyes.

There it stands, just where she left it,
And I seem to see her still,
Singing to her darling dolly
As darling children will.

Only the vacant rocker
Of my sweet faced little child,
Left in the mellow moonlight,
Causing all this anguish wild.

Only a vacant rocker
Sitting there against the wall
Filling my soul with throbbing pain,
A vacant chair, that's all.

Vainly then I call my darling
But she answers not my call;
Nothing but the echoes answer,
Mocking echoes, that is all.

She is sleeping, sweetly sleeping,
And she dreams of angels bright,
While I cuss that pesky rocker
That I'd kicked with all my might.

EXIT!

The bandit called at the banker's
home;

Went in to ask a ransom.

He entered at the big front door

But came out through the tran-
som.

A Ramshackle Shack



I've roamed about dis white man's land
Up nawth an' east an' west;
But dey's a spot in Tennessee
Dat seems t' suit me best.
It's my home place, my mammy's dere
An' it's where I long ter be—
A ramshackle shack on Happy Hill
In sunny Tennessee.

I've rambled roun' faw sev-el years
T' see what I could see;
I've had good jobs an' got good pay,
But money's junk t' me.
I want t' loaf in de cabin's shade
Beside my mammy's knee
At a ramshackle shack on Happy Hill
In sunny Tennessee.

No roses bloom, no shade-trees spread
In mammy's big front yard—
De sun beats down on de yaller clay
An' bakes it dry an' hard.
But mammy's dere, an' de picanins,
An' de place is home t' me—

Dat ramshackle shack on Happy Hill
In Sunny Tennessee.

De trees cain't grow; de cotton fails;
De grass cain't even sprout;
De landscape's dead an' desolate
An' de lime stone's croppin' out;
It's not a place t' advertise
But, folks, it's home ter me—
Dat ramshackle shack on Happy Hill
In Sunny Tennessee.

Dey got no stock 'cept fo' houn' dawgs,
Cain't even keep a cow.
De lan's too po' faw groun' hawgs—
It's plum no good, I vow;
But rough as 'tis an' po' as 'tis,
De place am callin' me—
Dat ramshackle shack on Happy Hill
In Sunny Tennessee.

To a Small Chinese Idol

Cold, pulseless, speechless, heartless thing!
With eyes that cannot see,
With hands that feel not; deaf thine ears;
Yet man once bowed to thee!
In ignorance blind, with foolish fear
Proud man was sore dismayed,
And knelt before thee, bared his head,
And to thee loudly prayed.
A brazen image, nothing more,
With palm leaf fan in hand.
And sash of office round thee girt—
Relic of a heathen land.
Thou once sat on a gilded throne
In ages gone, and sat in state;
Now on my desk thou'rt roughly thrown—
You're nothing but a paper weight.

Kin Folks

Long last summer when th' days was hot
An' th' sun come b'ilin' down
An' cooked an' sizzled an' br'iled th' crops
Till things was 'bout done brown,
I got lazy an' packed my duds
An' pulled out fer th' woods
T' see my kin; none of 'em rich
In th' way of earthly goods.
But they all got plenty o' eatin' stuff
An' a man don't need t' starve
Long's he's got th' nerve t' eat
An' grit an' muscle t' carve
A turkey er duck er muscled hen;
An' if he asks fer what he wants
They'll feed him an' they'll fill'im up
Till he jist about busts his pants.
They don't have no fancy stuff
An' there aint no bill o' fare,
But they set yuh down t' a table
An' all th' grub's right there
Before yuh an' yuh jist pitch in
An' he'p yerse'f, an' eat.
An' th' meat aint tough, like leather,
But nice an' juicy an' sweet.
Down in that old strip o' woods
I jist got kin folks by th' dozens;
Old an' young, an' little an' big—
Uncles an' aunts an' little cousins.
There's Aunt Jenny an' her two girls,
L'elly an' Annie—cutest things!
Annie's nicknamed "Wiggles" 'cause
She hops around like set on springs.
An' tease a feller! She's a sight;
Never lets yuh rest a minnit,
An' if any devilment's goin' on
Yuh can bet on Wiggles bein' in it.
There's ole Aunt Sis an' Uncle George
An' Ben an' El' an' Pearl;
Ben, he's married an' folks all say
That El's got his eye on a girl.
An' Bachelor Jim, th' good old soul,
Couldn't leave out him.

If anything's t' be done down there
 They first ask Uncle Jim.
 An' Ol an' Idy that lives there close,
 An' others up at Butlerville.
 An' Seph Russell! When I see Seph
 I laugh jist fit t' kill,
 He's so daggone tall. Why, he jist looks
 Like a telegraph pole—he's jist all legs,
 An' then he steps s' easy an' nice,
 Jist like he's walkin' on eggs.
 There's Gran'ma Brown, she's gittin' old
 An' wrinkled an' about broke down;
 An' she tells tales 'bout ghosts an' things
 An' booger-men that lives in town.
 Down in that little strip o' woods
 I jist got kin folks by th' dozens—
 Old an' young, little an' big,
 Uncles an' aunts an' little cousins.
 Ain't none of 'em wealthy,
 But what they got, they gives,
 An' I'm tellin' yuh my kin folks
 Is th' best kin folks that lives.

Our Old Horse

Our ole yellor horse is dead,
 Plumb dead, ain't he, paw?
 An' all 'us cried; paw cried,
 An' maw; didn't yuh, maw
 He fell an' broke his leg—'ist—
 'Ist, broke it; so paw
 An' th' hired man tooked a axe
 An' killed him; di'n' they, maw?

An' buried him out 'n our
 Garden so me an' maw
 Can put flo'rs on it an'
 Fix th' grave; didn't yuh paw?
 He's a good ole horse, he wuz
 'Ist 's gentle; wuzn't he, paw?
 An' 'I 'spect he's gone to th'
 Good place; aint he maw?

The Old Time Games

What has become of the old time games
That we kids used to play?
Have they served their time; gone out of date
In this more modern day?

We never hear of Hare-and Hounds
Or Go-Sheep-Go, or Fox.
Nor Duck-on-Davy, the old time game
We played with heavy rocks.

We never hear, these days, of Scrub,
Long-Town or One-Eyed Cat.
Or Post, or Dump-the-Apple-Cart
Or anything like that.

We kids all used to run and jump,
And wrestle. Set-the-stake;
Whole or Half-Hammon jumping bouts
That made the muscles ache.

We never see the kids play Keeps
As they trudge their way to school;
The marble games are not the same,
Not even Rolly-Hole.

There's Denny-Ready; Mumble-Peg;
And the old time Black-Man game;
Hide-and-Seek's not heard of now—
These things are all too tame.

I'd like to see the old time games
That we kids used to play;
But I guess they're in the discard now—
This modern, jazz-time day.

A Toast

Here's to the chigger
That ain't any bigger
Than the point of a very small pin;
But the welt that he raises
Burns like blue blazes
And there's where the rub comes in.

The Hired Man

Th' hired man 't works for pa
Is the funniest mortal yever saw,
He's 'ist as black as a chunk o' coal
But betcher life he's a good ole soul.
He dusts th' carpets an' cleans th' yard
An' splits th' wood, an' 'ist works hard
All day long an' don't git tired,
'Cause he said 'f 'e did, w'y, he'd git fired.
Y'ort t' see him when he takes
O'r carpet out t' dust it:
Th' way he lams th' uesky thing
A feller'd think he'd bust it
Plumb wide open, seams an' all—
'Ist bust 'er clean acrost—
But he says he knows his business
An' he won't be bossed.
He's 'ist th' dandiest ole feller
'Tever wore ole clothes,
An' I'd 'ist give a dollar
'F I knowed what he knows
'Bout ghosts an' witches an'—ever' thing,
An' could do th' things he can;
He's a dandy, 'at's what he is—
Wisht I's a hired man.

A Brighter Time Coming

There's a brighter time coming: there will be a happy day
When the sun shines forth in splendor and the dark clouds roll away.
There will be an end of sorrow, and the tears will cease to fall;
There's a brighter time coming for us all.

If your yoke is hard and heavy, bear it up as best you can:
Put your sorrows all behind you; Life, at best, is but a span,
And your trials will soon be over, and your sorrows cease to be;
There's a brighter time in store for you and me.

Try and bear your trouble lightly, there'll soon be an end of gloom:
Though through thorns you now are walking, just ahead the roses
bloom.

And there'll come an end of sorrow and the tears will cease to fall:
There's a brighter time coming for us all.

Poe's Raven

A Club Man's View.

Once upon a midnight dreary, Eddie Poe sat weak and weary,
Musing o'er some borrowed volumes of old-time forgotten lore:
As he sat there stretching, napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of some one gently rapping with a broom stick on the door:
"Thash my wife," he feebly muttered, and his foot-steps kinder
stuttered

—As he tottered towards the door.

It was club night, in December, and I think, if I remember,
He said something 'bout the ghosts that wrestled 'round upon the
floor,

And he wished that it was Tuesday—wished 'twas Wednesday—may-
be Thursday;

Anyway he'd estimated all his sorrows o'er and o'er,

Counted up the sorrows for the lovely, lost Lenore,

—Then that tapping at the door.

Presently his soul grew stronger—like his breath—and then no longer
Waiting, said he, "Madam, your forgiveness I implore,

But the fact is we had champagne, lovely, ice-cold, sparkling
champagne,

'And so gently came your tapping, rapping at my chamber door

'That I didn't think I heard you.'" Then he opened wide the door—

There was nothing there but—nothing—

—Nothing more.

Back into his room then turning, there he saw the lamp still burning,
But again there came the tapping, this time louder than before:

"Funny", mused he, "There it is now, tapping, tapping at the window
Let me see than what 'tis is it and this mystery explore:"

With his heart then wildly beating, tottered forward as before—

—" 'Tis the wind. nothing more."

Then he opened wide the shutter and with flurry, fuss and flutter

In there flew a croaking raven—took a turn around the floor,

Not the least obeisance made he, not a moment stopped or stayed he,

But as if he had a right to, flew and perched above the door:

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above the chamber door:

—Perched and shrieked out "Nevermore."

Stunned was Poe at first to dumbness, with a feeling 'kin to bumness,

And he marvelled at the grave and stern decorum this bird wore;

Till his wits again returning and his heart with vengeance burning

Grabbed he wildly for a weapon—flung the book of ancient lore

At the unoffending Raven sitting there above the door—

Smashed the mirror—nothing more.

Then hurled he a paper weight, hurled it wildly, hurled it straight—
Straight into a clock colonial that had ticked in days of yore:
Then flung he the books and vases, smashed the glass o'er pictured
faces,

Faces of his friends departed that the lamplight gloated o'er:
But the Raven still sat solemn on the bust above the door—
Solemn, blinking, nothing more.

Now we all have our "idees" 'bout what a man on club night sees
Rolling home next morning anywhere from twelve to four;
Fact is, Eddie had been drinking, leastways that's my way of think-
ing:—

For the lamp was on the table and the Raven 'bove the door:—
Now how'd that combination cast a shadow on the floor?
I think Poe was ravin' crazy and his head was somewhat hazy—
—In fact Ed was on the "bust"—nothing more.

Hoodooos

De black cat yowl at de moon all night:
Bad luck comin' sho'.

De screech owl screech in broad day light,
En' de grub wo'ms all am rolled up tight:
Bad luck comin' sho'.

Ah seed er rabbit cross de road:
Bad luck comin' sho'.
Ah year de krunk o' de ole tree toad,
En'—en' ah foun' a snake in de drinkin' gou'd:
Bad luck comin' sho'.

De ole pet crow am trynter talk:
Bad luck comin' sho'.
De ole gray mule done l'arn t' balk,
En' de chickens ai'nt skeered o' de chicken hawk:
Bad luck comin' sho'.

De ole hen's crowin' in de ya'd:
Bad luck comin' sho'.
De ducks all huddle in er wad,
En' de beans done dried up in de pod:
Bad luck comin' sho'.

De houn's got lost on de 'possum track:
Bad luck comin' sho'.
De cows gits out en' dey don' come back,
En'—en'—ah tells ye massa, 'hit's a fac',
Bad luck am comin' sho'.

Wall Paper

In the Spring the giddy fancy takes a sudden dizzy whirl,
We inspect the new wall-paper fads designed in whisk and swirl:
We dote on Beardsley's curly types, dark blue and olive green.
We feast our eyes on jim-jam sights that toppers ne'er have seen.

The several thousand wild designs that flash before our eyes
Strike dumb our tongues—our hearts stand till—we're frozen with
surprise,

First this, then that, then others, till at last we grow profane,
Then stagger forward—back again—screech twice and die insane.



To a One-Time Friend

Dear one-time friend, I have thee still
As in the days of yore;
I wear thee as in happier times
Within my heart's heart-core.

I see thee still as in those days
Ere friendship ceased to be,
When bonds of love like kin-ship's chains,
Had fettered you to me.

I think of thee in waking hours:
At night thy dear face beams
From out the clouds of slumber-land,
The Pythias of my dreams.

Death has no pangs more bitter:
No kin-ship's chains dis-wrought
Can tune a heart to sadness
Like a friend forgetting—unforgot.

I Like th' Rainy Days

Guess I'm gettin' old and doty—
Kinda changin' in my views—
Fer I've come t' sort o' like th' things
That used t' cause th' blues.
I don't mind fallin' weather
Like I did in days of yore—
Don't dote so much on sunshine
As in years that's gone before.

I like t' climb up on th' hill
An' jist set there an' dream
Of changes that have come t' me
While driftin' down Life's stream.
I like t' set an' jist look back
On things I used t' do,
But there's nothin' much t' brag on
As they all pass in review.

I like t' loaf up on th' hill
In th' warmin' summer time
An' watch th' mighty thunder heads
As on an' up they climb,
An' look down on th' medder
Whur their shadders swiftly roll,
For they seem, somehow, t' kind o' match
Th' shadders of th' soul.

I like th' rainy seasons
When they come in airly fall,
When th' katy-dids are fussin'
An' yuh hear th' crickets call;
When th' back-log sort o' sputters
In the slow-consumin' blaze—
A certain prophesyin'
Of continued rainy days.

Th' rattle of th' rain drops
On th' cla'boards overhead
Is so plumb soul-satisfyin'
I hope t' hear it when I'm dead;
An' th' rushin' winds o' winter
Blowin' through th' leafless limbs
Is as pleasin'—to my notion—
As th' choir a-singin' hymns.

So I've come t' like th' rainy days
When heaven's tear-drops fall—
Seems it's kind o' typifyin'
What life holds fer one an' all;
Fer we have our days o' sunshine
As we travel down th' glade,

But our journey's allus mottled
With th' darker spots o' shade.

I used t' think th' cloudy days
Was jist old Satan's own;
But now they seem t' fit my mood
As I set an' muse alone.
We'd better take it as it comes
An' sing its praise aloud,
Fer th' sun jist looks th' brighter
When it peeps f'm 'hind a cloud.

On the Banks of the Wabash

A Parody.

Overhead the summer sun shine down like blazes,
Underfoot the rank marsh grass grows, damp and tall,
And the skeeters buzz and buzz and buzz forever
While the copperheads and vipers writhe and crawl.
There it was we used to sit and fish for suckers,
There it was we spent the live-long day;
But the biggest "fish" were we two sunburned muckers
On the banks of the Wabash far away.

Oh, the sun shines hot today along the Wabash
Where the horse flies and the bull gnats gaily play,
Where the lightning bugs and skeeters swarm at evening.
On the banks of the Wabash far away.

I remember well the time I went in swimming
On a summer day in deep, inviting pool
Where the lazy water eddied 'round the willows—
Left my clothing on the bank just like a fool.
Soon a tramp came past with tattered clothing
Greedily he grabbed my neat array,
And in a barrel I thoughtfully walked homeward
From the banks of the Wabash far away.

Oh, the sun was hot that day along the Wabash,
And I made my mind up bathing didn't pay,
For my back was blistered, roasted, fried and toasted
On the banks of the Wabash far away.

Onct More

Written at DePauw when Tom Nadal won the State Oratorical
in 1898.

Onct more DePauw's old yaller
Waves victorious over all;
Onct more they stepped afore us
An' they each one had t' fall.
They kin waller us at foot ball,
An' at base ball make us hump,
But at brainy speechifyin'
We've got'em on th' jump.
That Tom Nadal's a hummer—
He's th' blamedest feller yit;
When he commences talkin'
Other folks has got t' quit;
Each word o' his means suthin'
An' he don't take nothin' back,
But what he says goes out an' hits
Th' bull'seye right k'smack.
Nadal don't use no flowery words
An' don't put on much style,
But when he starts t' talkin'
An' his blood begins t' b'ile
An' he loosens up his collar,
Gives his pants an extry hitch,
You kin bet yer bottom dollar
That he'll win er bu'st a stitch.
His words flies out like wildfire
An' he hits 'em here an' there;
When he gits down t' business
W'y, there's music in th' air.
An' ever'body lissens
When he toots his ole bassoon,
An' ever'body's got t' dance
No matter what's his tune.
Nine rahs fer Tom Nadal, boys,
An' nine fer old DePauw,
Fer we've won another vict'ry
An' won without a flaw.
Then "Zip! Rah! Who?
D. P. U.
Rip Saw! Boom Baw!
Bully fer old DePauw."

Uncle Buckner

Yes, I be'n hyer quite a spell—
Some seventy year' er more—
An' all th' friends I knowed so well
Air about all gone on before.
When I come hyer f'm ole Kaintuck—
Kin jist rickollect it now—
Ever'one said ole Uncle Buck
Couldn' last long nohow.
Ye see, I wa'n't sech a husky lad
As a feller ort t' be
At twenty year, an' I mind that dad
Didn't set much store by me,
Fer I wuz a sickly critter,
Jes' mopin' 'round all day
An never seemed t' git er
Start till we come up Hoosier way.
But—I'm still hyer, an' moseyin' roun'
Though I 'low not over-stout—
Pears like I jes' caint come up town
'Thout clean, plumb tuckerin' out,
'Long in th' fall I giner'ly go
Out t' my dotter's in Eelinoi.
An' in th' spring I come back so
I kin spend th' summer with th' boy.
Yes, I'm gittin' 'long in years—
Jist wait now—le'me see;
Eighteen-five; ninety-five—eight—'pears
Like I'm 'bout ninety-three.

RequieSCAT in Pace

A darling one from us has gone
A voice we loved is stilled,
A place is vacant in our home
That never can be filled.
A life we loved has winged its flight
And mayhap now is blisterin'—
Our cat died in the angry waves
Of our next-door neighbor's cistern.

The Grave of a Pioneer

Here lies a Pioneer; here on this spot,
Long years ago, so says tradition,
He pitched his tent; led hither by
His own unconquerable ambition
To open up new lands; to feel that he
Could look abroad and proudly say
"I am, in truth, monarch and lord
Of all that I survey."
On this bright spot among the hills
He pitched his tent and blazed the way
For commerce and the busy marts
Of generations of a future day.
Here in the heart of untamed wilderness
He woke the echoes with his keen-edged axe;
He cleared and planted, later garnered in
His meagre yield of grain and flax.
Here, where pale-face ne'er before had trod;
Here, where the swarthy Indian prowled
In search of game; where all night long
The hungry wolf and coyote howled
In dire dismay at that high-blazing heap—
His camp-fire; its far-reaching glare
Held them at bay till daybreak's gray
Flared forth and drove them to their lair.
And here he lived and soon had builded up
A cabin to replace his little tent,
While to and from this humble cabin home
His friends, the Red men, went.
But peace like this could not forever be.
More white men came: the Red Man stood aghast.
While pale face deeper sunk his restless axe
And mutual hatred grew, until at last
The Red Men's fury burst and from the hills
Down crushing on the Whites there poured
With paint-streaked face and hatchet ready poised,
The savage, murdering Indian horde.
All in a might were these brave lives put out
As one would snuff a candle with the cap;
All unexpected was the midnight raid
As from clear sky the deaf'ning thunder clap.
Only an ash heap showed where cabin stood
And stiffening bodies minus scalp-locks lay—
Food for the now brave wolves by night,
To bake and blister in the sun by day.
Here lies a Pioneer; no stone to mark
His resting place. The grasses wave
Above his form, the stately trees
Moan their sad requiem o'er his grave.
Here, where he lived among the rocks and trees,
Here, where his camp-fire burned;
Here lies he now, encamped in peace at last,
His bones to ashes turned.

Hang Out the Flags

May 30th.

Hang out the flags! The line is marching by,
The line of faltering footstep, bent form and glazing eye;
The men who, in their springtime, put on the army blue
And fought the fight
Of righteous might
To stem Rebellion's frothy tide and save this land for you.

Hang out the flags! The line is marching past,
The tottering, straggling graybeards whose ranks are thinning fast—
The Nation's pride of yesteryear, now reeling toward the grave;
With faltering tread
They march ahead
The saviors of the Nation, home of the free and brave.

Hang out the flags! The line is marching on;
Their spirit lives forever though their bodies may be gone,
They gave their prime in younger years on bloody fields of yore.
In after years,
With smiles and tears,
Let us still hang out the flags to honor those who've gone before.

Lines

Written for a cousin's "Memory Book."

What shall I write you, my dear little girl?
What shall I write in your "Memory book?"
Something that starts with a swish and a swirl
And dashes along like a loud-brawling brook?
Something that starts with swish and swirl,
Eddies and seethes in a maddening whirl,
Splashing and dashing and clashing along,
Hilariously singing its rollicking song?

Is this what you want in your "Memory book?"
Or do you wish something slow-going and deep?
Like the waters that rest in some shadowy nook
Slow moving along as though nearly asleep?
Choose rather the latter, the waters that creep
Are the "say-little" men who are thoughtful and deep
The former—the waters that brawl the most loud—
Are the "do-nothing" braggarts who boast to the crowd.

On Reading "Thelma"

The volume's closed—a novel, that is all—
But, Truth or Fiction, tears unbidden fall,
For twixt its covers Passion holds full sway
And Life melts into Love as night in day.
In Norway, land of midnight sun,
In Norway's north was love begun;
An eye-flash and Dan Cupid's work was done,
Two souls were bound, and two hearts beat as one.
She, knowing nothing of the World's wild ways,
Held man as lord and duly gave him praise;
Thus quickly did their courtship pass away
And dawned at last the happy wedding day.
Her life was his, to use as he thought best,
In him her life—her soul—was blest

And Love was deified.

Her one great thought was for his happiness,
She asked of him naught but his fond caress.

And Home was glorified.

To them their life was earthly paradise;
Each looked to heaven in the other's eyes,
Till Scandal, with her hell-born lies
Pounced down on them as lambs of sacrifice
To make peace-offering to her Gossip Queen
And offered up their two hearts, piece by piece.
And then, to satisfy her fiendish spleen,
Held up to view the bleeding, butchered fleece—
The corpse of this, their too-too happy life—
And chuckled as she tore apart
The bleeding fragments of the common heart
Of husband and of wife.

The volume's closed—a novel, that is all—

But, Truth or Fiction, tears unbidden fall.

Love lived a while, through happy, care-free years,
To die at last amid its own salt tears.

Hog-Killin' Gime

Possum's mighty tasty wid sweet taters banked aroun'
All drippin' wid de greasy fat an' baked up nice an' brown;
Er chicken wid de trimmin's—b'ile 'em, fry er bake—
An' po'kchops rich in gravy aint de leas' bit bad t' take.
But man alive a-livin', dey don't temp' me none a-tall.
You kin have 'em ef yuh wants 'em—take'em mistuh, take'em all.
'Caze, lissen to me mistuh; jes look hyeh what I'se got—
A pan o' rich brown cracklin's an'a cawn pone, smokin' hot.

The Sharpshooter's Story

You all remember Wolcott's boy—
Laughin' blue eyed Jim—
He run away when th' war broke out
(An' th' home folks thought th' world o' him)
He said he felt zif he ort t' go
So he run away, as I said afore;
Not that he loved his home folks less,
But loved his country more.
After he'd j'ined he come t' me—
I's consid'able older'n Jim—
An' told me all 'bout what he'd done
(An' I knowed his parents worshipped him)
So him an' me, we jest paired off,
Sorter like pals, yuh know,
An' ever' place I ever went
Jim thought he'd ort t' go.
So when we fit in th' wilderness
I's right 'longside o' Jim
An' told him not t' expose himse'f
(I knowed what th' homefolks thought o' him).
Right 'n our front wuz a battery
An' Cap he called fer men—
"Go up t' th' aidge o' th' open ground
An' stop 'em if yuh ken."
When th' Captain asked for volunteers
I looked at little Jim,
He grinned at me 'n says, "Come on, pard"—
(Th' comp'ny thought th' world o' him)
So up we crawled in th' underbresh
An' got where we could see
Th' batt'ry on a leetle knoll
An' we each one "cooned" a tree.
Fust I'd knock a gunner down
Then wait a spell fer Jim
An' watch t' see what his shot done,
An' I felt proud o' him.
We stayed till we had stopped their fun
An' th' tarnal woods tuk fire;
We watched th' blaze wrap round th' trees
An' climb up higher 'n' higher.

So down we dropped an' started back—
 I follered after Jim—
 Fer he wuz reckless an' didn't keer
 (An' his home folks worshipped him.)
 When all at onct I reeled an' fell,
 Hit with a minnie ball;
 I raised my head an' looked fer Jim—
 He hadn't seen me fall.
 I soon come to, an' there he wuz—
 Laughin', blue-eyed Jim;
 I told him not t' wait for me
 Er th' Johnnies'd shore git him.
 (He'd hurried back t' look fer me
 An' found me whar I'd fell.)
 Th' fire soon ketched us; thar we wuz
 Hemmed in an earthly hell.
 I'd never 'a' lived t' tell yuh this
 If it hadn't a-been fer Jim;
 He couldn't leave me t' die alone
 (An' I'd a-died fer him.)
 When we got fur enough t' stop
 Jim fainted dead away
 An' only come to long enough
 T' raise his head an' say
 "I'm goin', pard; when you see Bess
 Kiss her fer little Jim;
 Tell mother how it happened, an'—"
 (His mother fairly worshipped him.)
 I found th' hole in pore Jim's blouse;
 God bless, him, little Jim—
 He met his death a-he'pin' me—
 Wish I could 'a'died fer him.

Lines

To a vocal student

O! Thou sweet singer of the rattley voice,
 Who was it taught thee thus
 To warble in the noontide's heat
 And turn loose all this fuss?
 Who taught thee thus to warble
 At morning's first faint bloom?
 Whoever taught thee should be rapped
 O'er the head with the crack o' doom.

The Sivinteenth of March

Tune: "Wearin' of the Green."

Oh! the Irish clan behind the band were marchin' down the street
And the beat of loyal Irish hearts kept time to Irish feet.
As the band played "Wearin' of the Green". "Killarney's Lakes and
Rills".

The thoughts of Irish hearts went back to Erin's emerald hills.

Oh! the sivinteenth of March is good old Ireland's happy day:

Oh! the sivinteenth of March! the day the Irish march away
To the tunes of good old Erin's isle that cheer the Irish soul
And waft the Irish spirit up to heaven's happy goal.

The Irish pride was at flood tide and lusty Irish throats

Gave voice to good old Irish songs that drowned the bugles' notes;
And the line swings round the corner with an ever-quick'ning pace
And Schlitzhauser's "Orange Cider" ad is faunted in the their face.

Oh! the line stops short: they stare aghast, then with a mighty roar

They tear the "Orange Cider" ad from above Schlitzhauser's door.
Then they storm the place; Schlitzhauser's face looks like a railroad
wreck

They kicked and cuffed and beat him up and hung him by the neck.

Then around the block they meet a shock—a dago's orange cart

Is pushed athwart the line of march—a sign for war to start.
They pummel him, they trample him, they beat and throttle him.
And then not satisfied they tear the dago limb from limb.

Oh! the sivinteenth of March is good old Ireland's happy day.

Oh! the sivinteenth of March! the day the Irish march away
To the tunes of good old Erin's isle that cheer the Irish soul
And waft the Irish spirit up to heaven's happy goal.

The Kodak Fiend

When the gently whispering zephyrs play among the budding trees

And summer's sweet perfume is wafted on the southern breeze,

You'd better mind your business—kind o' watch what you're about

For the Kodak Fiend 'll get you if you don't watch out.

You'll find him in the woodland wilds, you'll find him on the street,

And like a vengeful Nemesis he dogs your weary feet;

He's lurking in the bushes—laying low for you and me—

And wherever we are going, there the Kodak Fiend will be.

He'll be hid behind a gatepost when you reach the shining goal,

And while you walk the gold-paved streets he'll photograph your
soul;

Or, if in Hades' fiery depths you're doomed to roam about,

The Kodak Fiend 'll get you, for he's there without a doubt.

Our Fathers' Sons

Written in 1898

Years ago, at urgent call
Our fathers met in Fanueil Hall,
Wrote "Independence. We are free,"
And handed it down to you and me
And made us men instead of slaves.
Then followed Lexington, Bunker Hill,
Stony Point and Bemis Heights,
And Valley Forge's days and nights.
Those heroes died and in their will
Bequeathed their triumphs and their graves.
They fought for a noble, holy cause
With corner stone of God's own laws
That all men are and ought to be
On equal basis, each one free
To worship God as he thinks best,
That each with Liberty be blessed.
They gave us a country; a banner they gave
For land of free and home of brave.
The Star Spangled Banner for me and for you—
God's glorious banner, with heaven's own blue
The blood of our heroes, spilled in the fight,
Is emblemed by crimson; its purity, white.
Those men cried "Liberty" to the world
And Liberty's beautiful banner unfurled.
It floats today and always will
As long as men have blood to spill,
And battlefields to spill it o'er
And Uncle Sam to shed it for.
The same old blood is in each vein
And tingles at each finger tip,
And falling from each patriot lip
We hear the doom of Spain.

SEND US COOKS

She may dress in silks and satin,
May know how to smile and sigh;
She may speak both Greek and Latin
But, "nix", if she can't bake a pie.

The Old Miami Trail



The old Miami Trail! The trail that leads
Back through the countless centuries;
And—forward looking—beckons us
On, ever on, to God's eternities.
Here trod the feet of countless savage hordes—
Their life, their death, even their names untold.
They lived their day and met their darkening night
Along this trail that now is ages old.
Can we, who walk down these enlightened ways,
Leave trails as plainly marked as this of other days?

Bachelor Jim

Livin' lonesome, by hisse'f
Without a thing t' bother him,
Nothin' t' do th' whole day through
But 'tend th' garden, I tell you
You ort t' know my Uncle Jim.
He's a dandy, that's what he is
Th' blamedest feller yit;
When he commences talkin'
Other folks has got t' quit.
I tell yuh he's a corker,
That's what my uncle is
He's a bachelor—"Bachelor Jim."
That's what th' folks down there calls him,
But he says he knows his biz.
He says women aint no good—
All jist alike, he says,
But jist you wait an' see 'f'e don't
Git tied up one o' these days.
He built a house las' fall, he did—
Only got two rooms—
An' made th'other'n int' a barn
T' keep old Daiz in, an' th' corn,
An' he jist lives in them two rooms.
He's got a table an' bed an' stove
An' a coupla chairs er so;
He's cozy as a bug in a rug
An' says "Jes' let'er blow."
Ol's his brother an' lives there close—
Half a quarter er sich—
An' when Jim gits hungry fer civilized grub
He jist goes over an' visits Bub,
Fer Ol sets a table that's rich,
Jim's kinda odd—don't keer a cent
Whether school keeps er not;
Winter's never too cold fer him
Ner Summer never too hot.
An' playin' checkers! Say, he's slick,
An' nosey-poker an' seven-up,
Pedee an' euchre an' solitaire
Californy Joe an' all them 'ere
He's hard t' foller up.
Plowin' don't agree with Jim—

'Druther eat than work hard any day—
Fishin' an' huntin' jist tickles him;
Can't he'p it, cause he's born that way.
Livin' lonesome by hisse'f,
Without a thing t' bother him;
Nothin' t' do th' whole day through
But 'tend th' garden, I tell you
You ought t' know my uncle Jim.
Bachelor Jim, Lonesome Jim,
Happy Jim, Laughin' Jim,
You ort t' know old Jim.

Lazy Weather

Aprile's here, an' Aprile weather,
When a feller don't know whether
It's goin' t' rain, er shine, er what;
Taint too cold, ner taint too hot,

Jes' Lazy Weather.

Aprile's here an' sun's a-puttin'
On his steam gauge. Clouds a-scootin'
Croost th' heavens, an' th' winds
Sorter singin' through th' limbs,

Sing Lazy Weather.

Makes a feller go t' wishin'
He wuz out some where a-fishin',
An' didn't have t' work a lick—
Jest kill time along th' crick

In Lazy Weather.

Some folks like ole Winter best,
Summer'n' Fall may suit th' rest
But I'm jist tickled fit t' bust
When Aprile rain drops "Spot" th' dust

In Lazy Weather.

Apostrophe to Winter

O, thou white-whiskered
Hoary-headed god,
Whose breath blights where it strikes
Thy name is Winter
And thy icy breath
Puts a quietus on
The flowers that bloom in the spring,
Tra la.
It also colors up to some extent,
The pale Caucasian's alabster nose,
And likens it unto the red, red rose.
Thy spotless mantle settles down
In boistrous silence on the
Things of Earth and makes the ash
barrel
Look like a thing of beauty.
Thou'rt here, O, King!—thy icy grasp
Is like unto the nobby Fedora hat—
'Tis felt.
The thermometer drops with dull
Resounding, thud, and hovers
'Round about the frizo mark.
The gas gives out—the coal pile
dwindles
And the heat goes up the flue.
The small boy—schoolward bound—
Glides merrily athwart the frozen
mud-hole.
The ice-man's out of work;
His hooks hang silent on the gloomy
wall
The while he hovers o'er the con-
valescent fire
Rubs mutton tallow on his favorite
Corn and sighs, "where am I at?"
The frozen pump makes joyful noises
Like a hired man who sings at even-
tide.
The blooming youth hies to the ice,
Straps on his skates and cuts a star
Or two, as graceful as a crippled cow.
The timid maiden with the rosy cheek
With flashing metal strapped upon
Her feet,



Her eyes askance, steps forth
 Upon the ice;
 She skates! Look, how she skates!
 She seems to fairly fly thro space,
 Till, in a moment of ecstatic bliss,
 The skittish skates scoot skyward
 With a swish—and then with one
 Grand, glorious swoop terrific,
 Down crumbling in a limpid heap,
 She sits, all in a bunch.
 'Tis Winter, and the Ice King's breath
 Frescoes the windows with designs
 Sublime no artist's brush can imitate.
 'Tis Winter, and the pumpkin pie
 Is ripe.
 The erstwhile babbling brook
 Has ceased its gurgling journey
 Through the woods and fields and
 stands,
 In icy fetters bound secure;
 The gurgling brook will gurg no
 more till spring.
 'Tis winter—'taint no joke—
 And thou—O, Ice King from the
 frozen north!
 Ask of thy subjects all the homage
 due,
 And we, in contrite humbleness
 Do poke the fire with zeal and zest
 And do put on our overcoats and old
 fur caps
 To thee.

“Wheels”

In the Spring the young men's fancies turn to thoughts of cycle-tracks.

And they read in daily papers of the coming “Cycle-Cracks,”

And they throng the country roadways with their humped-up cycle-backs

In the Spring
And in the Fall.

They fly adown the hillsides with their warped-up cycle-face
 And they whiz through shady hamlets in their breakneck cycle-race,
 Till it seems that everybody's hitting up the cycle-pace,

In the Spring
And in the Fall.

In their natty cycle-costumes, with their nobby cycle-feet,
 They tear along the roadways till the flying cycles meet
 And all that's left are ragged chunks of quivering cycle-meat;
 Not in the spring,
 But in the “fall.”

Th' Feller 'at Works Fer Pa

Jever see o'r hired han',

Th' feller 'at works fer pa?

He's a reg'lar hummer, 'at's what he is,

When he gits started he makes things whiz:

Th' feller 'at works fer pa.

He's a dandy roustabout man—

Th' feller 'at works fer pa—

'Ist goes 't ever thing hit or miss,

When he finishes that he commences on this:

Th' feller 'at works fer pa.

I went to th' circus one time, I did,

'Ith th' feller 'at works fer pa;

'N he tole me 'bout what th' elephants do,

'N hopupontomas 'n' hinoceros too,

Th' feller 'at works fer pa.

'N'en th' next day he wuz tryin' some tricks—

Th' feller 'at works fer pa:—

He's ridin' th' ole gray all 'roun' th' lot

An' stan'in' up on 'er an' her in a trot;

Th' feller 'at works fer pa.

An' he's ridin' bareback, too, so he wuz:

Th' feller 'at works fer pa.

An' he'd jump up on 'er an' jump off ag'in

An' th' ole mare a-goin' ist lickety spin—

Th' feller 'at works fer pa.

An' he made me a squirt-gun once, so he did:

Th' feller 'at works fer pa:

Out o' fish-pole, a stick an' a piece o' ole shirt

An' he made me a gun 'at 'd sure 'nuff squirt;

Th' feller at works fer pa.

Beats anybody 'tever I seen—

Th' feller at works fer pa;

He c'n play a jews 'arp an' c'n whistle, 'y jings

Wisht I could do all o' them kind o' things

Like th' feller 'at works fer pa.

The Old Half-Dime

A Civil War Memento

She sat in silence and the fire light played
Upon her brow, her cheeks, the locks that strayed
Gray, straggling truants from their wonted place
And fell in threads of silver down her face.
She sat in silence, and in memory came
The silent whisperings of one dear name;
The olden days before her locks were gray,
And of the loved one who had marched away.
She sat in silence and her fancies teemed
With thought of him of whom each night she dream-

ed.
She thought of him who in that olden time
Had left with her this blackened old half dime.
She saw again the blue-bloused, beardless boy
Leap from the ranks, half sadness, half in joy;
Again she felt his kiss; the dead, dull pain;
And heard his words, "Until I come again."
She heard again the wild hurrahs and cheers;
Again she saw the goodbyes and the tears;
She saw once more the swinging lines of blue;
She saw Old Glory waving fond adieu.
She heard again the drum and shrieking fife;
She saw again that pulsing line of life
Ebb farther, farther from her tear-dimmed sight,
A sacrifice for freedom and the right.
She saw it as it passed the old log mill
And watched it crawling, crawling up the hill;
She saw him wave a "good-bye" from the crest—
Then lost to sight, borne onward with the rest.
She sought again the lonely cabin door
Where he had played in those old days of yore;
There where he gaily romped and played
In childish sport, she knelt and prayed.
She lived again through all the weary years,
And wept again the floods of mother's tears;—
She heard once more the thrilling fife and drum
And heard the shout "At last the boys have come!"
Again she saw the happy, laughing few—
The ragged, straggling, dusty ranks of blue;
Again she felt the weary eyes grow dim;
As still she watched, and still no word from him.
And still at ev'ning wher the shadows fall
And from the woods comes whip-poor-will's drear
call,

She lives anew the lonely years of pain
And o'er the silver keep-sake weeps again.
That old coin cherished in trust for him,
Handled, caressed, the date grown dim;
And life's blossoms wither—fade—fall and expire
As she silently sits, gazing into the fire.

Our War Cry

BACK IN '98

When the battle fiercely rages,
And the shells shriek loud and shrill,
When the wildly flying missiles
Bruise and mangle, crush and kill.
When the decks with blood are reeking,
Blood of heroes, wounded, slain,
Then it is the war-cry echoes,
"Remember, remember the Maine."

When the singing rifle-bullets
And the hurtling, bursting shell
Mingle with the screeching shrapnel,
Wildly chanting "War is Hell;"
Then the boom and roar of cannon,
Echo back the same refrain;
Chiming with the musket's rattle,
"Remember, remember the Maine."

When the clatt'ring, rattling drum-beat,
Mingles with the fife-note shrill,
And in the rush and din of battle,
We see Old Glory o'er us still;
Then it is new blood goes coursing,
Tingling through each loyal vein,
Then from each lip comes the war-cry,
"Remember, remember the Maine."

Dear Old Banner! How we love it!
Love its stripes of white and red,
Love its square of star-decked Heaven,
Honor—worship every thread.
This is not a war for conquest,
Not a war for paltry gain,
But a war for suffering brothers,
And the Martyrs of the Maine.

A Suggested Epitaph

On Seeing A Monument to Henri
Wirz At Andersonville.

Henri Wirz, come hot from hell,
Wrote bold his name in war's grim
tome.
Now, here he lies, God knows 'tis
well,
For Henri Wirz has gone back home.

In Memoriam

May 30th.



Let flags be furled: let muffled drums mark time to pageant's tread;
Let us seek the last, long camp-ground of our Nation's loyal dead:
Let May's sweet blossoms scent the air, and garland each low grave.
Of those who bore the battle-brunt and stemmed War's threatening
wave.
Let guns speak out their chaste salute o'er grass-grown, flag-marked
mound:
Let waking echoes catch, repeat, and multiply the sound;
Let "Taps" ring out from bugle throats: let muffled drum's long roll,
Bespeak our "In Memoriam" to each Heaven harbored soul.

The Pesky Pizen Vine

When the gently whispering zephyrs play among the budding trees
And the first faint hints of spring are wafted on the Southern breeze:
When wild flowers peep from drifted leaves and blossom one by one,
And all nature feels hilarious in the warmth of Southern sun:

When the ground hog wakes from Winter's sleep to stretch his
cramped-up limbs,
And the city clerk and sweetheart gaily chant their picnic hymns:
Then 'round the stump and on the fence will silently entwine
Man's awful, silent enemy, the pesky pizen vine.

When the Summer's heat is sizzling and the crops are all "done brown"
When Autumn's frosts are nipping things and leaves come tumbling
down:

When Winter's chilling, icy blasts are whistling down the line,
Ready always for a victim is the pesky pizen vine.

Man may boast of his complexion and his form of perfect mould:
He may outstare War's grim visage; he may laugh at grim Death
cold:

But the thing that mars his beauty, warps his shape all out of line
Is the graceful, unassuming, modest pesky pizen vine.

A Question

To Mr. Riley

"As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,"
We have conned o'er volumes borrowed, also volumes of our own,
Searching in the homes of wisdom for a word they never knew,
But in vain our search has proven, so we leave it now to you.
We've consulted Noah Webster and he said he didn't know;
Likewise Chambers' many volumes on this word no light can throw;
We have searched through dictionaries, unabridged and otherwise
But so far 'thas proven fruitless—still doth blindness bind our eyes.
Is it French or ancient Latin? Bengalese or Hindoostan?
Does it come from northern Norway, or from sunny Yucatan?
Was it minted in the tropics? Was it born 'mid northern snow?
Is it Eastern? Is it Western? That is what we fain would know.
We have read your book on Sifers, but can't cipher this thing out,
We have wondered at its meaning, but as yet we are in doubt;
It seems to be a word that lately into use has flounced
So pray tell us Mr. Riley, how Rubayait is pronounced.

Herschell's Comin' Back

We want you folks to jine us in a doin's here in town
In honor of a Hoosier lad—a writer of renown;
Born here, he was, a few years back; left here th' world to roam,
But Sunday next he'll be here, fer Herschell's comin' home.
Will Herschell's writ of this an' that, in poetry an' prose;
He sings his songs of happiness as here an' there he goes;
He's known throughout th' nation, f'm Key West clean t' Nome,
But he hankers fer his birthplace, an' so he's comin' home.
Some friends f'm Indynoplus will be with him on th' trip,
An' his name'll be th' password on each lovin' Hoosier lip,
Fer they're comin' here t' honor him—an' honor us, 'y jack—
So come on in an' jine us, fer Will Herschell's comin' back.

The Yesterdays

In th' fall o' th' year, when leaves turn brown
An' hick'ry nuts come rattlin' down,
My mind goes back thoo th' misty haze
To our boyhood fun of th' yesterdays.
When we drove th' cows thoo sun er rain
An' turned'em in at th' Curtis lane,
Then hit fer th' woods t' roam at will
Along th' hollers er over th' hill
A-huntin' nuts. Oh, th' fun we had!
I think of it often, an' say, 'y dad,
I git plumb homesick now an' then
An' wush I could live them days again.
An' say, old friend, can you call t' mind
Th' shagbark hick'ries we used t' find
Near th' sugar camp? An' oh, my laws!
Th' hazel nuts an' big poppaws!
An' walnuts too. We got our share
Of ever'thing that growed up there.
I remember th' wagon with soap-box bed
That we two made in gran'dad's shed;
With houn's an' bolsters an' standards too,
An' a couplin' pole a-stickin' thoo—
Th' wobbly wheels kep' breakin' down
When haulin' our nut crop into town.
I remember th' walnuts, too, 'y jings,
An' how we'd hull th' messy things—
Beat'em till th' hulls come loose
Then pull'em off an' smear th' juice
All over our han's. An' jimminy gee!
Th' way my dad would larrup me!
An' I remember th' little bin
On th' woodshed roof we laid'em in
Till they's good an' dry an' cured too—
Ready t' eat an' good clean thoo.
An' th' awful things th' teacher said
Th' day she sent us home, 'y Ned;
Sent us home t' not come back
Till our han's was free of brown an' black;
But jimminy crickets, what's th' use
O' tryin' t' wash off walnut juice?
It all comes back as I set an' dream

Thoo th' autumn days until I seem
 T' live again our days o' fun
 When life had only just begun.
 Roamin' th' woods without a care,
 Jist runnin' here an' runnin' there—
 Climbin' th' hills t' look out o'er
 Th' bottom lands spread like a floor;
 The trees all decked in colorings
 More gay than royal robes of kings,
 In vivid yellor, red an' green
 An' all th' faint shades in between.
 Th' rattlin' dead leaves layin' thick
 An' fluffy like a feather tick—
 Sometimes I think they musta been
 Jist made t' lay an' waller in.
 An' there we'd stretch an' bask our hides
 In stragglin' sunbeams an', besides,
 Gaze over th' bottom land below
 Where fodder shocks stood, row on row,
 With punkins layin' ever'where
 Between th' fodder shocks down there;
 Great big, yellor, golden things—
 I could eat one raw, right now, 'y jings.
 An' th' punkin pies our boyhood dreams
 Would picture then! It really seems
 If I had th' whole mess here right now
 I'd eat'em, crust an' all, I vow.
 * * * * *

My mind goes back thoo th' dreary years
 An' th' picture's blurred with misty tears,
 But th' skies in heaven won't seem more blue
 Than th' skies that smiled on me an' you.

Of all things on the long menu,
 The one that hits the spot
 Is a real, old fashioned oyster stew
 Served up pipin' hot.



My Indiana Hills

You may boast about yer flat land
With its rich, alluvial soil
An' yer whoppin' yields per acre
With a minimum of toil;
You may love yer wide, flat acres
An' th' money they bring in,
But to me there's satisfaction
Livin' where I've allus been.

Livin' mongst th' hills an' hollers
Where th' road winds here an' there
With a view that's allus changin'—
Touched with beauty ever'where.
Where th' woods is deep in shadder,
Where yer soul jist swells an' fills
With th' pure sunshine o' heaven—
Here among th' Hoosier hills.

Yer flat land's good fer farmin',
If that's all yuh got at stake;
But fer me there's more in livin'
Than th' money you can make.
I like t' see th' wooded slopes,
An' hear th' tricklin' rills;
I like t' view th' sun-up
Over Indiana hills.

You may praise yer flat purary
That's as level as a floor;
You may view yer whole half-section
Standin' in yer kitchen door;
But I want th' hills an' hollers
With their sunshine an' their shade;
I want t' roam th' wooded path,
Th' thicket an' th' glade.

I like th' hill tops, tree-crowned
With maple, oak an' beech;
I want t' see th' orchards
Blushin' with th' bloom of peach;
Th' rail fence snakin' up th' slope
Lined with briars an' sassafras;

Watch th' sunshine chase th' shadders
'Cross th' wavin' fields of grass.

I like t' set on Baldy's top,
Where breezes come an' go,
An' watch th' cloud-flecked skies above
An' sun-flecked fields below,
An' look down on th' medder pond
Ringed 'round with luscious grass
Reflectin' heaven's happiness
Like yer sweetheart's lookin' glass.

I like t' watch th' cattle feed
Down in some shady dell;
I like t' hear th' music
Of old Jerse's tinklin' bell.
I want th' chirp of robin,
Bobolink an' whippoorwill,
An' I'd swap a whole flat section
Fer an' Indiana hill.

Taking Cold

I'b idvited to a party add I'd really like to go,
The list of guests idcludes a lot of people that I know.
If I stay at hobe the folks will think I'b really gettig old,
But I fear they bust excuse be, for I think I'b takig cold.

By eyes keep ruddig all the time; by doze is ruddig too;
I blow by doze add rub by eyes—it's all that I cad do
By flabby muscles, achig bodes add roaring head, I'b told
By wife add frieds add neighbors, are sure sigds I'b takig cold.

By hide is full of quidide add the gooseflesh cobes add goes,
Add your automobile tail light cad't be redder thad by doze;
I pull the bed clothes over be add pile theb, fold on fold,
Add shiver, shake add shudder, add I think I'b takig cold.

I sneeze add sniffle all day long add cough a lot at dight
By throat is sore, I'b growig hoarse, by lugs are gettig tight;
I'd like to bingle with the guests, but if truth bust be told,
I'd better sedd theb by regrets for I think I'b takig cold.

Sugar-Makin' Days

I like th' sugar makin' days along in airly spring
When th' sun breaks up th' ice sheet an' blustry March winds bring
Th' first few airly robins an' th' redbirds an' th' wrens
T' lay plans fer their summer homes. I tell yuh, fellers, then's
Th' time o' year a feller allus seems t' feel his best,
A-wakin' up, yuh might say, f'm th' long, long winter's rest;
With ever' bone an' muscle jist a-tinglin' like th' itch
T' git t' work at somethin' an' aint a-keerin' which.

I like th' airly thawin' days an' nights that freeze a bit
With wind a-blowin' gusty an' now an' then a spit
O' snow a-fallin'—then th' sun a peepin' thoo
Th' clouds an' shinin' brighter—sorter smilin' down at you.
I like t' tend th' sugar camp an' watch th' bilin' sap
As it plops an' flops an' bubbles in th' big condensin' vat;
I like th' steamy flavor that rises with th' smoke
An' smells s' good an' wholesome that yuh might nigh hope t' choke.

I like t' set an' toast my shins an' poke wood in th' fire
An' watch th' furnace eat it up an' see th' blaze leap higher;
An' lookin' at th' faces in th' blazes an' th' steam
Wakes up a feller's mem'ry an' makes him set an' dream.
Th' boys out on th' hillside getherin' up th' maple drip—
A nectar any pleasin'er never wet a feller's lip—
An' whis'lin' like th' bird songs in betwixt their "haws" an' "gees"
That they holler at th' sled team in an' out among th' trees.

I like t' roast p'taters in th' ashes at my feet,
An' a roasted egg is sweeter than th' sweetest chicken meat.
With a strip o' sizzlin' bacon an' a slab o' toasted bread
Washed down with sugar water—nothin' better cain't be said.
I like th' sugar makin' days along in airly spring
When th' frogs begin t' holler an' th' birds tune up t' sing;
I could loaf around a sugar camp f'm night t' airly morn—
I could dream before th' furnace fire till Gabr'el blows his horn.

RAW! RAW!

He heard him give the college yell,
For joy he scarce could speak;
He murmured "Mother, listen
To our William talkin' Greek."

October!

October gay, the glorious month,
The dearest of them all,
When Summer, backward glancing,
Slowly ripens into Fall.
Thy frost-tipped fingers, here and there,
Are turning leaves to gold,
And fiery red and softer hues—
The year is growing old.
The rising sun looks dull and red
As through the mist it peeps
At early morn, but brighter grows,
And warmer, as it higher creeps;
Then weaker growing, going down,
It sinks a fiery ball,
While early shadows higher climb
And darkness settles over all.
The far-off woods are blue and dim,
A smoky haze is everywhere,
While hints of Indian Summer come
With every breath of air.
The yellow plumes of golden rod
Are nodding to and fro
To thistle down whirled here and there
As breezes chance to blow.
The birds are leaving, bullbats whirl
In dizzy flight at eventide;
Dame Nature dons her gala dress—
Grim winter's blushing bride,
The erstwhile timid little quail
And shy prairie hen
By hunger driven, bolder grow,
And flock to haunts of men.
The beechnuts, nipped by biting frost,
Noisily rattle down,
And pawpaws, slowly turning black,
Lie scattred o'er the ground.
Then, hail! Oh hail, October fair,
The dearest month of all,
When Summer, backward glancing,
Slowly ripens into Fall.

Th' Fall o' th' Year

I like t' see th' fodder shocks a-standin' row on row;

I like th' tang of autumn an' th' first few shifts of snow.

I like th' sparkle of th' frost that tetches up th' leaves

An' ripens th' persimmons. An' I, somehow, half believe
That I like th' autumn better as my shadder stretches out

Along th' western hill slope. There's a cheerfulness about
Th' whistle of th' pa'tridge an' th' callin' of th' snipe

An' th' blowin' of th' dinner horn when punkin pies is ripe.

I somehow like th' idy of th' settin' of th' sun

As I set an' ponder over all my workin' days that's done.

I had my happy springtime, an' my summer come an' went

An' now that autumn's slippin' on I find myself content

T' set an' dream an' whittle, lookin' backward o'er th' years,

T' chuckle over things that formed th' basis of my fears.

An' as I set before th' fire an' smoke my ole cob pipe

I smile because it's autumn time an' punkin pies is ripe.

I like t' watch th' boys gittin' out at airy morn,

A-hookin' up th' teams an' startin' in t' shuck th' corn;

Fer me there's jist real music in th' rattle of th' gears

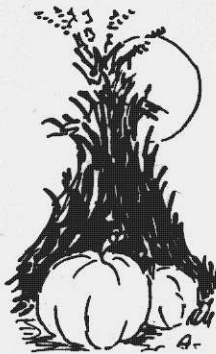
An' I like t' hear th' thumpin' of th' shiny, yellow ears

Ag'in' th' six-foot bump board as th' boys fling'em in

An' I'm sometimes half way wishin' that I was young ag'in.

But my workin' days is over, an' I smile an' fill my pipe;

I'm happy that it's autumn an' th' punkin pies is ripe.



Reunion

Across the blood-washed battle-fields where once the cannon roared,
Where brother fought with brother and where crimson life-blood
poured;

Through Gettysburg's grim monuments, o'er Chickamauga's plain;
From Lookout Mountain's cloud-wreathed crest rings out the glad re-
frain

"Reunion."

The same dear flag floats over all, the glorious stripes and stars—
The Blue and Gray together meet and count her battle scars,
United now is North and South, united East and West,
United now forever—the same song in each breast:

"Reunion."

She's up there now—Old Glory—gaily flapping in the breeze,
And smiles in whole-souled happiness at what she hears and sees
As the boys who wore the loyal blue meet those who wore the gray,
And sing the one glad anthem that is National to-day,

"Reunion."

She's up there now—Old Glory—and she waves for all to-day:
Her rippling folds alike protect North's blue and Southern gray.
Her twinkling stars smile down on us from out their field of blue
And seem to breathe the same sweet thought as back in 'sixty-two;

"Reunion."

To-day the veterans meet and talk their old time skirmish-lore,
They stand again on picket post;—they fight their battles o'er:
They go once more through prison pens, they visit lowly graves
Where over blue and gray alike, that same dear banner waves

"Reunion."

Those who wept at Appamatox stand with those whom vict'ry crown-
ed,

And together strew the evergreen o'er lowly flag-marked mound,
And they kneel beside the headstone, and with clasped hands, through
their tears

They smile their heart-felt happiness, that after many years

There is "Reunion."

No more the rattling drum beats out the stirring call to arms:
No more these one time brother-foes pay heed to War's alarms:
They are waiting now for roll-call o'er that vest eternal sea
Where the men who marched with Sherman are encamped with those
of Lee

In glad "Reunion."

Microbes



They tell us there are microbes in the dust
about our feet
They say that there are microbes in the food
we have to eat;
There are microbes in the water, and there's
microbes in the milk,
There's microbes in the atmosphere of ev-
ery brand and ilk.
And they tell us there are microbes in the
kisses that we kiss,
There are even microbes lurking in the kisses
that we miss;
And they say that there are microbes in the
greenbacks that we earn,
Everything is full of microbes—gosh! there's
microbes left to burn.

Th' Sled 'at Grampa Maked

Onct when I's a li'l' feller,
Long, long time ago,
My grampa comed an' stayed 'ith us
All one Winter thro;
An' maked me a li'l' sled, he did,
First time we had a snow,
An' I 'ist had th' mostest fun,
'Ist like th' big boys do.
He tooked some boards an' sawed 'em
Kinder slaunchways crost th' end
Fer runners. 'N'en he stopped 'n'
Scratched his head an' p'tend'
Like he's studyin': 'n'en put in
Some—braces, b'lieve he said,
An' nailed a li'l' box on top,
'N'en I had a sled.
An' when a wagon's goin' past,
I'd hitch'er on b'hind.
An' go a-sleddin', 'n' 'ist go fast—
'Ist burn th' wind.
An' onct I rode t' Curtis's—
Clean wher' the Narrers is
An' walked back home, an' I's
'Ist purt—nigh—friz.

Th' Weatherman's Shop

Wuz yevver inside o' th' Weatherman's shop?
Ye go up on th' roof an' in f'm th' top,
Down a nicicle ladder to a sleet-covered floor,
Where's his work-bench an' trinkets an' weather
galore.

Ye kin laugh if ye want'er but I know it's all right,
Fer th' hired girl told us about it las' night,
When supper wuz over an' th' things all cle'ed out,
An' we'z lis'nin' t' the stories Mary Ellen tells about
Th' Weatherman's got lots o' stuff, so Mary Ellen
said,

Ain't even got no furnicher but a table an' a bed,
An' all th' rest's 'ist weather—'ist rain an' snow an'
sleet,

An' ever'thing's right in its place an' fixed up nice
an' neat.

Theys bombshells, labelled "Thunder", an' then they's
"April showers."

Put up in pint an' quart tin cans, t' last a couple'
hours,

An' streaks o' "A-1 lightnin' "—th' kind 'at strikes,
ye know;

An' then they's some 'ist flashes up, an's on'y used
fer show.

An' "Snow" fixed up 'n pepper shakes—only grea'
big shakes they are—

An' lamp black he mixes "Clouds" with as black as
any tar,

An' settin' in th' corner is a nice, bright, new tin
pail

With things 'at looks like marbles, but th' bucket's
labeled "Hail."

An' they's fans 'at he makes "Breezes" with, an'
bellis fer th' "Wind"—

Th' fans he uses first, ye know, 'fore th' "Cyclone"
gits begunned;

'N he's got a grea' big whitewash brush t' he takes
t' smear on "Frost,"

An' th' biggest, ole th'mometer ye ever runned
acrost.

An' Mary Ellen says 'at when th' Weatherman gits
sick—

When he kinder gits give out, ye know, er maybe's
got a crick

'N his back, er got the blues an' has t' go t' bed,
His wife 'ist takes th' business up 'n th' weather
goes ahead.

An' Mary Ellen says she knows 'at's what's the
matter now—

An' his wife's mind's kinder rickety, an' she don't
ketch on somehow,

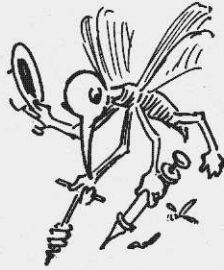
'Tst tries this an' 'en tries that—keeps changin' of
her mind,

An' 'at's what makes th' weather sich a nawful
mixed-up kind.

Mosqui-to-to

From "Withahaha".
By Henry W. Shortheavyssetfellow.

From the stagnant pools and marshes,
From the lakes and creeks and rivers,
From the homes of frogs orchestral
And from out the rusty rain-barrel
Comes the hungry Mosqui-to-to;
Mosqui-to-to with his tool-kit,
With his saw and hatchet sharpened,
With his blood-pump and his auger,
Comes to break our rest at night-time,
With his sharp insinuations.
And the silver moon of springtime
In his nightly rounds looks on him
Since his advent in the city;
Likewise has the sun-light warmed him
Since his coming here among us.
We are weary, we are waiting
For the passing of his visit.
We are weary of his singing,
Weary of his sharp caresses.
Even now our maids and matrons
Bear the marks of Mosqui-to-to;
Bear the marks upon their faces,
On their cheeks and on their eye-lids;
And their arms so plump and chubby
Have grown lumpy from his kisses.



Even now our youths and seignors
Cuss in undertones and whispers
At the work of Mosqui-to-to.
Leave us, leave us, Mosqui-to-to!
Leave us to enjoy the springtime.
Be not partial in your visits,
Go to Gosport or Romona—
Be a Gosport Mosqui-to-to
Go and give to them the ha-ha
Go and guy them Withahaha.
Withahaha dry and juiceless
Yea the laugh with daggers in it,
Be a swell, an out-and-outer;
Come not back again to bore us;
With your bill so oft presented.
Come not back again to ramble
In our village, 'round our doorways.
Go thou hence—go thou and leave us
Come not back again to grieve us,
Then to Manitou the Mighty
We our thanks will send exulting.

The Alamo

"Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat. The Alamo had none."

Far to the southward and westward—out on the frontier of Texas,
Stands the old mission del Alamo; Alamo, place of the cottonwoods,
Founded by early Franciscans, builded of bricks of adobe.

Here in the trackless wilds the padres came preaching the gospel,
Here came the early Franciscans and founded a chain of these mis-
sions;

A chain reaching far to the southward, linked the savage to civil-
ization.

The Mission of the Conception, the first of the chain to the southward
The Mission of San Jose was next in the chain that they builded;
Then the Mission San Juan Capistrano, and southward still farther
they builded

The Mission San Francisco Espada, last of the chain to the south-
ward.

Here worshiped the early Franciscans, and here came the Mexican
Indian;

Coming and going at pleasure, he smoked the peace pipe with the
paleface.

Here in the Mission del Alamo—when Texas was warring for freedom
The Texans stored arms and munitions and placed a small band to
defend them,

Nine score they numbered all told, when the Mexican army be-
seiged them,

Nine score brave and true under Travis, besieged in the walls of the
mission,

Travis and Bonham and Bowie, Crockett and Evans and Walker—

Names graven deep in our history; too deep for time to destroy.

Here these men waited and watched, with the Mexican army about
them,

Waited and watched in vain for the succor they knew could not
reach them.

Then Bonham slipped out through the lines and rode with a mes-
sage to Fannin,

Two hundred miles southward and eastward, but in vain was the
message delivered

Back through the Mexican lines, his life in the balance, came Bon-
ham,

Back through the circle of Death, to the death that he knew was in
waiting;

Back to his chieftan came Bonham, shunning the life that was
offered;

Disdaining Life at the cost of a duty well done in half doing.

Back to report he had failed. reinforcements could never be sent them;

Back to his place in the ranks, by the side of his true hearted comrades,

Back to the death that he knew was as certain and sure as the day-break.

Up from the east came the light, the gray and the pink of the morning.

Slowly dispelling the mist that hung like a shroud o'er the fenland. Routing the shadows of night—blending the gloom and the darkness

Into the half-lights of dawn—colors less awesome and sombre.

Here and there through the gloom blinked the last dying embers of campfires;

The fires of the army encamped, asleep on their arms in the trenches; Rolled in their blankets they slept, and sleeping, they dreamed of the battle.

Northward and eastward and westward and southward the plain stretched unbroken

Save by the low rolling swells of the undulating prairie.

There to the south in the mist loomed the dark silhouette of the mission,

Sombre and silent it stood, spectral and grim and forbidding.

Naught broke the stillness that reigned save the gurgle and ripple of water

Swiftly, yet peacefully, flowing from the north through the square of the mission;

The gurgle and ripple of water that sounded like prattle of children And thoughts of the sentries sped back to the firesides where waited their loved ones;

Tears welled to their lashes unchecked, and unchecked flowed down their grim faces.

Down their bronzed cheeks through the lines furrowed deep by exposure and hardship.

When the gray in the east spoke of morning, the sentries on watch in the mission

Detected a stir in the camp of the enemy circled about them;

Silently, one by one, lights gleamed in the officers' quarters;

Footsteps, though muffled, were heard, distinct in the stillness of morning;

Scurrying forms were discerned, approaching and leaving headquarters.

Suddenly, out of the night a bugle shrieked summons to action.

The silence of sleep o'er the plain was shattered by notes of a bugle Sounding the call "To Arms!" "To Arms!" shrieked the echoes in answer.

The blanket-wrapped forms by the campfires leaped into life on the instant,

The bugles of other divisions caught up the refrain and it echoed

Through the encircling camps—the death knell of those in the mission.

The tramping of feet in the darkness, the neighing and stamping of horses,

The orders of those in command, the curses, the jests and the laughter,

The rattle and clank of arms, the scurrying forms in the darkness,
Presaged disaster dire for the little hand full in the Mission.

They rushed at the bugle's first summons, and formed in parade on the plaza

Where Travis addressed them and told them if any so wished they might leave him—

"Leave me while yet there is time; go ere the battle commences.
Go and my God speed be with you"—not a man moved from "Attention."

Not a man moved from his place, and they cheered till the echoes gave answer

"We will stay with you, Colonel, die with you" they cried as they went to their stations.

Resolute, calm and cool, they waited the launching of battle;

Unshaken by fear and undaunted, they grimly awaited the onset.

Even the dozen of sick were furnished with arms and munitions,
And stretched on their beds of pain, they coolly awaited their summons.

Then as they waited and watched, the pink of the east turned to crimson;

Precursor of horror and death; a mantle of blood o'er the heavens.

The Mexican bugles rang "Charge!" and on came the Mexican army—

The Mexicans five thousand strong, shouting and yelling like demons.

Then clear and distinct o'er the battle rang music, wierd, wild and unearthly,

The Mexican bands playing "Dugello", the Mexican word meaning "Cut-throat",

And flaunting the flag of red, "Asking and giving no quarter".

Each watcher upon the walls shakes hands with his neighbor in silence;

Rifles are lifted and sighted, the lockstrings of cannon are tightened.

Nearer the Mexicans come; a cannon shot booms from the plaza,

The rifles ring back a reply—Death has begun with the sunrise.

The onswEEPing lines reel and waver; they falter and totter and scatter,

Then rally again to the north and are once again checked in their onslaught.

Far off to the east is the roar and the rattle of cannon and rifles,
Death stalks abroad on the slope to the east of the yard of the convent.

Then through a lull in the storm again comes that unearthly music

That fiendish and devilish air, "Dugello, Dugello, Dugello".

Then from the west rings "The Charge"—the west wall is left undefended—

Over they come with a rush and over the north wall and redoubt,
Through the stockade on the south, yelling like hell-hounds they
scramble.

Travis is shot in his tracks and falls 'cross the trail of his cannon,
Bonham falls dead at his gun, and falling, his weight pulls the lock-
string

And Hell thunders out from its throat and his death yell is drowned
in its rumble.

Surrounded by fire and steel, disdaining the thought of surrender,
The brave Texans fight to the last and die with the glory of battle.
Some rush to the convent and rally, where stretched on their cots,
wait the sick ones,

Waiting for Death to call and fearless to answer the summons.

There in the long, low room, the hospital room of the mission,

They battle till life goes out and die with the laurels of glory.

Bowie, alone in his room, lies waiting with grim resolution,

Burning with fever and pain, his pulse beating higher and higher,

Till a face, brown and fierce in its anger, peers suddenly in at the
doorway

Then others come, followed by others; the pistol shots rattle and echo;
Curses and groans fill the room; the bodies of wounded and dying
Reach from his bed to the door; bayonet-pinned to his death bed
Bowie was found, and across him, stretched cold in death is his
slayer,

A hoop-iron knife sunk in his bosom and Bowie's dead hand on the
handle.

While some in the walls of the convent seek refuge from numbers
o'er-whelming,

To the church rush Crockett and others to die in its sanctified portals

Here in a desperate stand, the little band struggles like demons

With face to the foe at close quarters, they battle with odds over-
powering;

"Fire the magazine, Evans" cries Crockett, and weakened and faint
from his bleeding,

The Major makes one fruitless dash and falls lifeless and limp on
the threshold.

Backed in the angle of walls, his enemies swarming about him,

Dabbled and splashed with blood, his rifle clasped tight by the muzzle

Crockett is selling his life at a price that will stagger the nation;

Swinging his weapon of war, he fights on, disdaining surrender,

Building a breastwork of foes—a breastwork of dead round about
him.

Piled up around him in heaps are the crippled, the dead and the
dying—

Numbers soon tell and they rush him like merciless stag-hounds
their quarry

And he sinks beneath numbers too great and their bayonets drink
up his life-blood.

But one man is left—gunner Walker—the last man in arms in the
mission,

And they toss him aloft on their bayonets—laugh at his feeble
resistance.

So ends the Alamo struggle—the nine score against the five thousand.
The flag of two stars is hauled down, for none is now left to defend it.

But one scene remains to be pictured—the last of this blood-drip-
ping story;

You ask “Where the graves of these heroes?” “Where do these
martyrs lie sleeping?”

Their tomb is in History’s page—they sleep in the hearts of the
people.

No grave oped to close o’er their bones: no sepulchre walls are built
’round them.

None save the Alamo walls, where the bodies were burned by the
victors.

As the dead demigod of the ancients was laid on his funeral pyre—
As the Chief of the Vikings in death, in his burning ship sailed to
Valhalla—

So in the Alamo walls were the dead heroes wafted to heaven.

Piled in a pyramid towering—in layers of wood and of bodies—

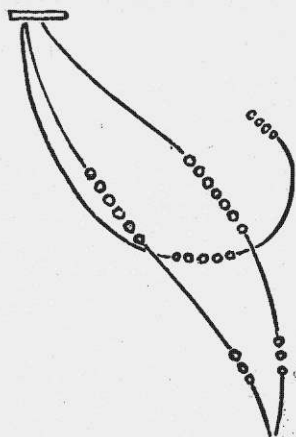
The torch was applied, and their ashes stirred by the zephyrs of
heaven—

Scattered and hallowed the ground and the walls of the Alamo
mission.

Wherever men sing love of heroes, these heroes will not be forgotten.
Graven too deep are their names for the ravage of Time to destroy.

Thermopylae sent word of defeat. From the Alamo none brought
the message.





It seemed a livin' thing t' me—that rail fence by th' road—
A livin', breathin' human friend that years ago I'd knowed.

A Rail Fence By the Road

Me an' Marthy's left th' farm an' come in here t' town
T' kinda take things easy an' sort o' settle down
With Mary Ellen an' her man, that works in one ' th' stores.
They let us sort o' potter 'round an' he'p'em with th' chores,
But it's jist a trifle lonesome with nothin' much t' do—
'Cept tinker round at this an' that an' I git feelin' blue.
An' tother day I tuk a walk out past th' aidge o' town
Jist fer a little breathin' spell an' sorter look aroun'.
I sa'ntered down an old woods road, all lined with briers an' weeds,
An' passed a patch o' swamp land, growed up in cat tail reeds,
Down thoo a little holler where a spring branch crossed th' road,
On, up th' hill on tother side, an' found a friend I knowed.
An ole rail fence! Not many left, an' so it seemed t' be
A friend from out th' airly days a-waitin' there fer me;
A friend enshrined in briers an' bresh an' wreathed in pizen vine,
And ever' rail was greetin' me with "Howdy, friend o' mine."
I waded over to it thoo th' weeds an' briers an' grass
An' clim' up on a corner where a little sassafras
Saplin' reared its head an' kinda seemed t' be
A-sayin', thoo its rattlin' leaves, a "Howdy do" t' me.
I let my hand rest on th' rails an' it seemed t' me as though
I felt th' pulsin' heart beats—felt th' blood-rush come an' go;
It seemed a livin' thing t' me—that rail fence by th' road—
A livin', breathin' human friend that years ago I'd knowed.
It stretched its length afore me, zig-zaggin' down th' hill,
Acrost th' bottom pasture an' on t' Hudson's mill
Where, in a patch o' timber, its sight was lost t' view—
An' ever' wind-tossed blade an' leaf was wavin' "Howdy do."
An' while I set there musin' a chipmunk hopped along
A rail an' stopped t' lissen to a thrush's cheerin' song;
A squirrel run down a shagbark an' up a chinkapin
An' yander in th' medder a quail was chimin' in
With his three-note whissel solo. An' in a patch o' brush
Two jays was sassin' squallin', then they swooped out with a rush
Fightin' as they went. Th' hull bunch seemed t' be
A-singin', squallin', whisselin' a "Howdy do" to me.
An' then I got t' thinkin' of th' days that's past an' gone
An' thinkin' of th' time t' come when I'd be passin' on
To th' land o' light an' glory where th' sun is never hid,
Where we'll know an' greet our neighbors as on earth we allus did;
Where th' gates is made of jasper an' th' streets is paved with gold
An' where we'll all be born ag'in t' never more grow old;
But when I git t' heaven, one thing I want t' see—
Saint Peter on a rail fence wavin' "Howdy do" t' me.

Kitchen Shower Gifts

BAIL! BAIL!

If, on the sea of wedded life,
Waves, rolling mountain-high,
Threaten to swamp the little craft
Don't fret, but "dipper" dry.

LULLABY

She sits beside the glowing hearth
And the cradle gently rocks,
Soothing the little one to sleep
With the music of the "rattle-box."

MUSICAL

Mendelssohn and Gottschalk
May soothe an aching soul,
But the stomach likes the music
Of the wooden "Chopin" bowl.

Good Night, Nurse

First there came a touch of Typhus, followed quickly by the Grippe;
Then, as springtime flowers blossom, we receive another dip,
And the Measles, little elf, just lays back and spreads itself,
Till the "measly" rascal's got the whole blame city in his grip.

Visitin' at Grampa's

I can 'member, 'ist as well,
Grampa's log house standin' there,
Out'n th' country. an' ever'thing
'ist as quiet, ever'where.
Wuzn't no racket goin' on,
'Less Uncle George's boys
Comed over; 'nen you bet
They's 'ist all kinds o' noise.

'Cause we'd all 'ist run an' jump
An' whoop an' holler an' yell
An' play leap frog 'n' hiddenwhoop—
'ist me an' Ben an' El'.
Nen out under th' cedar trees
Set wite down on' th' ground
An' eat corn dodgers gramma maked
An' lay there an' waller round.

An' grampa in his rockin' chair
Ud set up in th' door
A hummin' tunes, an' purty soon
He'd stop an' don't hum any more
'Cause he's asleep; an' he'd 'ist nod,
An' drop his walkin' stick,
An' nod some more; 'n' all at once
He'd wake up 'ist as quick.

An' gramma'd make corn dodgers
An' give t' me; 'n'en
I'd run out to th' barn yard
T' feed th' speckled hen
An' th' gooses an' th' ganders
An' th' goslin'ses an' all.
My! How they'd come a-runnin',
An' a-squawkin' when I'd call!

Th' li'l' red nosed goslin'ses
Wuz th' cutest li'l' things;
They had th' funniest li'l' feet
An' teenty weenty wings.
An' onct 'ole gobbler gobbled me
An' I 'ist purt nigh died
F'm skeer, but ma said "Shoo!"
An' he runned, an' 'en I cried.

I can 'member, 'ist as well,
That ole house a-standin' there,
Whur ever'thing 'uz still as death
An' all's outdoors an' air.
With gramma in th' kitchen
A-movin' here an' there,
An' grampa settin' in th' door
A-dozin' in his chair.

The Battle of Brawn

Adapted from the original, apropos of the football season.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done
And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun.
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.
She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he, beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found.
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.
Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by,
And then the old man shook his head
And with a natural sigh,
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," quoth he
"Who fell in that great victory."
I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout,
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out,
For many, many men," said he
"Were slain in that great victory."
"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries,
While little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes.
"Now tell us all about the fight
And why they killed them all outright."
"It was the Princetons," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the Yales to rout,
But what they killed each other for
I could not quite make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.
My father lived at Harlem then,
Near old Long Island Sound,
He went to see that football game
And was right there on the ground;

He and his wife, they saw the game,
 Saw them mangle and crush and maim
 With rush and tackle and rush again
 They slew on every side
 And many a college chappie
 Went there that day and died.
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.
 They say it was a shocking sight,
 After the game was won,
 For many, many bodies there
 Laying baking in the sun.
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.
 Great praise the Princeton players won
 No braver men were seen."
 "Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
 "It was a famous victory.
 And everybody praised the men
 Who this great game did win."
 "But what good came of it at last?"
 Asked little Peterkin.
 "They beat the Yales on that great day,"
 Old Kaspar said, said he,
 "And won the football championship
 In that great victory."



The Poet Laureate

A poet young and hungry with ambitions high and great
Sighed for highest honors—to be Poet Laureate.

He journeyed into Africa 'mid hot and burning sands,
To write his odes in solitude—his songs of far-off lands.

One day as he sat wrapt in thought he was “rapped” behind in deed
And the Cannibal King said “Laura, dear, we’ll serve him fricaseed.”

“Who art thou?” asked St. Peter of the shade outside the gate.
And the shade spake up and softly lisped: “I’m the poet Laura ate.”

Ye Fisher



As summer days grow warm and fine
Anon ye fisher with his hook and line
And saplin’ pole doth amble to ye stream
To idly lounge in happiness supreme.
He angles long, but angling bringeth naught;
Ye suckers and ye bass will not be caught.
Anon, forlorn, he ambles back at night
With trousers damp, and mammoth appetite.

The Men Behind the Guns

Dedicated to the Yankee Soldiers and Sailors in 1898

When we sing our heroes' praises and the deeds that they have done;
When we tell our childrens' children of the bloody battles won;
When we tell of Dewey's duty and of Shafter's nobly done,
Don't forget to breathe a whisper for the man behind the gun.

For the powder-blackened heroes mid the sickening, blinding smoke,
Dirt-begrimed and blood be-spattered, galling 'neath the battle-yoke.
Think of these fire-tested heroes—Liberty's loyal, loving sons—
Think of these and add a whisper for the men behind the guns.

When we decorate the headstones of our nation's loyal dead;
When we plant a little banner o'er each loyal sleeper's head;
When salutes are fired in honor of the sleeping, silent ones,
Drop a tear and ask God's blessing for the men behind the guns.

Ode to a Water Melon

The meloncholera days are come,
The saddest of the year;
The southern winds and chirping birds
Proclaim that summer's here.
Lonesome lying in a window
Of a grocery store down town,
Is a pale green water melon
And a card which says "Marked down."

Gaily then we go and mortgage
House and lot and all things dear,
And buy that festive water melon,
Take it home the folks to cheer.
Gathered round the supper table
We eat that melon with delight
And suffer pangs of cholera morbus
All through the lonesome night.

Old Rush Branch Church

Idly here close by the roadside
An old log cabin stands,
Showing by its sad forlornness
The work of Time's defacing hands.
The stone fireplace has fallen in—
A bed where rank weeds grow,
Grass and mosses, vines and thistles—
And daisies their meek faces show.

Up the walls and o'er the shingles
The poison ivy slowly creeps,
And from among the mud-chinked rafters
The timid little lizard peeps.
Up through cracks in the flooring
The wild grass thickly grows,
While through the roof and o'er the walls
God's blessed sunlight shows.

O'er the old and broken doorway
A spider's web is spun—
A fragile bar which seems to say
"Admittance here to none."
Among the rafters overhead
Are little homes of mud—
Insects, animals, reptiles cold
Occupy this House of God.

House of God! How great the contrast
"Twixt this house of logs and clay
And the modern architecture
That we praise God in today.
House of God! How lonely standing!
Left to crumble and decay;
"Dust thou art, to dust returneth"—
Man and his work thus pass away.

House of God. Here once assembled
When the week's rough toil was o'er,
Honest men to offer praises
To the God of rich and poor.
Not as master and the mastered
Came they here to sing their praise,
But as men they came, and brothers,

Together sang God's melodies.
Caste! There was none, all were equal.
Caste! It was not known to them,
Brother shook the hand of brother,
Face to face they stood as men.
Here they came and knelt together
On the rugged, rough-hewn planks;
Here they came, and here together
Offered God their humble thanks.

Thanks for health and rugged manhood,
Thanks for love and light and life,
Thanks to God for manly courage
To meet Life's fitful, changing strife.
No bell called them to this Chapel,
No clock ticked the hours away—
Each one knew that he was wanted,
Needed, on the Sabbath day.

Here they came and knelt together
On the rugged, rough-hewn floor;
Here they came, the proud and humble,
And to none was barred the door.—
Idly now the old log structure
Stands lone and lonely there,
Scarred by Time's relentless fingers—
An old log House of Prayer.

Lines

To Owen County's old Court House.

Reuben, Reuben, I've be'n thinkin'
An' I still am in the dark;
I've be'n tryin' t' figger out, sir,
What become of Noah's ark.

Cynthy, Cynthy, I'm a thinkin'
I can clear up all yore doubts.
Noah's ark's right here in Spencer—
Owen County's old Court House.

The Trimmer

In the spring the Trimmer's fancy takes a soaring, sky-high flight
And she rigs up Easter bonnets in a style that's "out o' sight";
She corrals the Muse with ribbons, then with whisk and swish and
swirl,
She turns out hats ecstatic to delight the summer girl.

With a thousand twists of ribbons bright; with feathers, defunct
birds,
She produces bonnets that defy all Noah Webster's words.
Takes feathers from the ostrich, caught in Afric's burning sands,
And plumage from the myriad birds of all the foreign lands,

Takes sea weed from old Ocean's depths and beads from Hindoostan,
And tiger eyes from India, fancy lace from old Japan—
She combines all nature's products with a flighty, stray sunbeam
And they collect and intermingle in the Trimmer's dizzy dream.

Follow-Ups

Her cherry lips are out of reach,
To pair with her I often sigh;
Full well I know she is a peach,
She is the apple of my eye.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The turgid current of my joy
In vain I would be stemmin'.
You have plumcot this fair haired boy,
I hope you're not a lemon.

—Indianapolis Star.

Tut, tut, young fair-haired laddie boy,
Why don't you use your reason?
You know a lemon's always best
After it's had a squeezin'.

Joe Pinkard's Weddin'

A Chronicle of the Early Days of Owen County.

I often think of gran' dad's yarns
Of th' airly days; of buildin' barns
An' livin' quarters, an' rollin' logs,
Burnin' bresh an' killin' hogs;
Th' big barn dances an' huskin' bees,
Spellin' matches an' sometimes these
Blanket kickin's that used t' be
So popular back in 'twenty-three;
Th' big wood choppin's they used t' hold
An' a lot of other tales he told.
But th' weddin' story appeared t' be
Th' best of th' lot; so't seemed t' me.
He'd set in his cheer—I c'n see him yit—
By th' wide fireplace, an' smoke an' spit
In th' open fire an' talk of days
Of th' airly times an' th' airly ways.

* * * * *

Now this weddin' yarn he used t' tell
Concerned Joe Pinkard, a fairly well
Meanin' young farm workin' hand
Who was tendin' a crop on Hudson's land—
Up north o' here some six, eight mile—
Grubbin' stumps an' layin' tile
Thoo th' oozy swamp land 'long th' branch
That meandered down thoo Hudson's ranch.
Joe tuk a shine to as sprightly a lass
As ever peeped into a lookin' glass;
Rosy cheeked an' ruby lipped
With a wisp o' ches'nut hair that slipped
Kinda out f'm under her bonnet's edge
An' fluttered about like a tuft o' sedge
Grass down 'n th' bottom lands.
Her eyes fair sparkled an' flashed commands
That Joe'd jist jump t' carry thoo
Er bust a gallus tryin' to.
Tall an' straight, clean limbed an' strong,
A stiddy worker an' jist along
About nineteen year' old er
So when Joe begun a-sparkin' her.
She worked fer old John Mitchell then,

He'pin his wife. But 'y jacks, when
Mitchell begun t' smell a mouse
He mighty nigh tore down th' house;
Stormed an' r'ared an' jist went on,
Fumed an' fussed till his breath was gone.
He cracked his fists an' stomped his hat
An' said he'd putt an end t' that
Forthwith an' sudden. Then he thinks
T' call her names: "ungrateful minx",
"Brazen hussy", "spiteful cat"
An' a lot o' ugly things like that.
But Marthy smiled an' tossed her head
A little higher an' then, 'y Ned,
She jist lit in an' give ole John
A real tongue lashin' with whiskers on.
She'd worked fer him "f'm dawn t' dusk
Year in, year out, an' nary a husk"
Had he paid her 'cept board an' keep.
She 'lowed if her work was s' overly cheap
She'd work fer herse'f in a home o' her own;
An' out she went an' left'em alone.
When John come to fust thing he knowed
He seed her marchin' down th' road
With head helt high an' arms a-swing;
On past th' willer that shaded th' spring,
Round th' hill where th' thick bunch grass
Had nigh outgrown th' sassafras
Along th' fence row. An' so she left
Th' Mitchells whur she'd done th' heft
O' th' work fer up'ards o' thirteen year.
She come on over t' gran' dad's here
An' nothin'd do but he must go
T' Hudson's an' take th' word t' Joe.
She set th' time for noon next day—
Joe, of course, had nothin' t' say—
But git th' squire er minister,
Hitch her t' him an' him t' her.
It caught Joe nappin' an' his su'prise
Jist stared out thoo his big round eyes,
But he gapped fer breath an' heaved a sigh
An' over his face come a "do-er-die"
Sort of a look, an' then he smiled
That he was happily rikonciled
To th' inscrutable ways of Provi-dence.
He sa'ntered over t' th' garden fence,

Leaned his big frame 'crost th' gate
 An' begun forthwith t' enumerate
 Th' details of th' great event
 That he considered wuz heaven-sent.
 Joe'd looked forward fer quite a spell
 To th' ringin' of his weddin' bell,
 An' had figgered ahead on this an' that
 Of all his outfit—boots t' hat.
 But here it wuz, th' day of days,
 An' he wuz ketched contrariways;
 Clothes he had—two homespun suits
 An' a coonskin cap, but had no boots.
 He'd worked th' hull blame summer in
 Buck skin pants an' moccasins—
 Savin' his homespun an' waitin' th' day
 Th' old boot maker tromped round that way,
 Figgerin' he'd have a bran new pair
 Th' day he wed his lady fair.
 But here he wuz, the big day come,
 An' him no boots, an' say, 'y gum,
 He done some figger'n—fust an' last—
 An' done some thinkin', quick an' fast;
 But ever' idy wuz cast aside
 Huntin' fer one more simplified.
 But Hudson had some hides he'd tanned
 An' said he'd make a pair by hand
 An' promised shore he'd have 'em done
 By noon next day. An' he begun
 Forthwith t' measure an' cut an' sew
 An' fashion th' weddin' boots fer Joe.
 Stitchin' an' vampin' far in th' night
 By a taller candle's feeble light;
 His eye balls burned, th' whites turned red,
 An' he pulled wax ends till his arms felt dead.
 Up next mornin' an' at it ag'in,
 Workin' th' dull awl out an' in;
 Pullin' th' wax' ends hard an' tight
 An' drivin' pegs with all his might.

* * * * *

But hard luck hit pore Joe ag'in—
 More trouble come a-edgin' in;
 Now that they'd found th' cowhide, tanned,
 Th' pesky cows they tuk a hand.
 Here it wuz, Joe's weddin' day,
 An' th' tarnal cows had wandered away.

Lost in th' woods, th' Lord knowed where—
Some'rs out in th' big "Out There."
Hudson wuz busy makin' boots
An' hadn't time t' hunt th' brutes
So he detailed Joe an' off he went
Lickety split on th' old gray, bent
Kneed mare. He rid an' rid—
Th' clouds come up an' th' sun wuz hid;
He hunted here an' hunted there,
Nervously urg'in' th' old gray mare
To faster gait—an' ever on
They traveled till noonday wuz gone.
No trace of th' cows could pore Joe find
Though many a mile he'd left behind;
Rode east an' south—er thought he did—
Couldn't tell fer th' sun wuz hid—
But he traveled funder an' funder still
Searched dusky holler an' thicket an' hill
But found no cows, ner any trace
Of Red er Spot er old Bald Face.
He looked about in fear an' awe—
But not a landmark he ever saw
Before wuz there t' greet his eye;
He searched th' woods an' searched th' sky
Tryin' t' find some familiar thing
T' guide him in his wandering.
An' then at last he knowed he's lost
When down in a holler he come acrost
A spring branch he had never seen,
That gurgled an' babbled along between
Th' beeches an' oaks an' sycamores;
Not a spot in th' hull outdoors
That Joe, in his plight, could reco'nize
As he stared about with frightened eyes.
Then he tuk th' shakes an' his fever riz
An' his muscles ached like th' rheumatiz;
His throbbin' head jist buzzed an' roared
Like bumble bees inside th' old gourd
Dipper hung 'longside th' well.
As his fever riz his spirits fell
Till he was e'ena' most tuckered out
Tryin' t' figger his way about.
He thought of bears an' catamounts,
An' Indians that wandered hereabouts—
He wondered if they'd scalp him first,
Er kill him 'fore they done their worst;

Bewildered an' he'pless, Joe looked about
Tryin' t' figger which way out
O' th' trackless woods an' home ag'in
Where bride an' Squire awaited him
Till finally a bright idee
Formed in his mind an' he says, says 'e
"I'll turn th' old mare loose, 'y jacks,
She knows th' way an' she'll make tracks
Straight fer home an' Hudson's barn."—
So here th'old mare enters this weddin' yarn.
Th' mare turned round an' started back,
Joe follerin' close in th' old gray's track;
She kep' th' lad a-travelin' fast—
She stepped out brisk fer noon was past
An' she was hungry an' wanted corn.
But in this haste new trouble was born.—
She stepped in a yaller jackets' nest
An' f'm that p'int on, 'y jing, th' rest
O' that trip was made by travelin' fast.
Joe knowed blame well he didn't dast
Lose a sight o' that old gray mare
T' leave him wanderin' he'pless there.
Her head helt high, her tail a-whisk,
Kickin' an' snortin' an' tryin' t' frisk
Herse'f free of th' pesky things
That follered close on angry wings,
Thoo hazel thickets, thoo briers an' brush
Th' gray mare charged with frightened rush
Seekin' t' brush th' plague aside
That burned an' stung her old gray hide.
She threshed thoo thickets an' over logs,
Floundered her way thoo oozy bogs,
Joe a-follerin' like old Grim Death
Runnin' his best an' gappin' fer breath.
He knowed full well deliverance lay
In stickin' close t' that old gray.
A swingin' limb hit his face a slap,
A brier snatched off his coonskin cap—
Th' only cap he had, an' yit,
He couldn't stop t' rescue it.
On he floundered, an' ever on,
Heavin' great sobs, his breath clean gone,
He struggled an' staggered an' follered along
Though certain sure th' mare wuz wrong.
Then thoo a thicket he planged at last
T' stop in wonder an' stare aghast—

There wuz th' clearin'; th' cabin stood
Jist yander at th' aidge o' th' wood;
An' there wuz Hudson an' Marthy, too,
Wringin' her hands an' laughin' thoo
Tear-soaked eyes that welcomed him.
There wuz Nin' Steele an' there stood Jim
Bigger an' th' marryin' Squire—
Feller named Jake McIntyre—
Jim Galletly an' Hart an' Dunn
An' all th' neighbors—ever' one.
An' "looky yander! Drat my stars!"
Th' cows wuz at th' feedin' bars!
Joe heaved a sigh that shuk his frame
An' staggered a step er two an' blame
My trap, he looked—an' stopped—
An' then, 'y jing sir, down he dropped
Like a poll-axed beef 'n' there he laid.
Marthy screamed an' then she made
About two jumps an' retch his side
An' grabbed him in her arms an' cried,
An' tuk on scan'lous—petted him—
Ruffled his hair—an' called t' Jim
T' bring some water—an' rubbed his han's,
An' kissed his face, an'—oh, my lan's—
I dunno what she didn't do
Till Joe showed signs o' comin' to
An' set up, kinda mystified,
While Marthy jist knelt there an' cried
An' laughin' at him thoo her tears—
Hysteric mixture, joy an' fears.
Joe wuz up in about three shakes
Of a lamb's tail; then he takes
Marthy in his arms like he's fergot
They's other folks there on th' spot,
Er jist don't care—guess that's what
We'd orter say, as like as not.
Joe swapped his tattered workday clo'es
Fer his weddin' suit, an' goodness knows
Them boots looked queer t' say th' least—
Jist tan leather an' not been greased
Er colored. Too big 'n th' top
They seemed disposed t' kinda lop
Over sideways, gee an' haw.
Joe looked funny 'nuff, but shaw,
Him ner Marthy didn't care
An' looked as proud a-standin' there

As a weddin' team of Royalty
While each to each pledged loyalty.

* * * * *
An' that's th' yarn gran' dad told me—
Th' best o' th' lot, it seemed t' me—
As he set in his cheer—I c'n see him yit—
By th' wide fire place, an' smoked an' spit
In th' open fire, an' talked of th' days
Of th' airy times an' th' airy ways.

A Reply

To H. A. J.'s verse, "Another Patriot."

That don't sound like loyalty—
"Jeff" surely must be jokin'.
We'd banked on Jeffries bein'
Right up whar twuz smokin'.

Surely he won't set around
Whar th' fish is bitin'
An' t'other boys up in front,
Dyin' bravely fightin'.

Grab a smokin' musket,
Load up an' wade right in
An' when th' fightin's over
Take up yer pole ag'in.

Henry, when we uster
Go wheelin' 'long th' pike
You'd give vent to feelin's
Kinda poet-like.

Talkin' 'bout th' scen'ry
An' our glorious land;
Now the country needs yuh—
Step up an' show yer hand.

Think it over, Jeffries,
Change yer mind a bit;
Lay yer fishin' pole away,
Come up an' show yer grit.

Rastus Drove the Turkey

Jevver watch a darky
Drive a turkey through a gap?
Specially when th' turkey
Wouldn't go through worth a snap?
Seed one try it yistidy;
Golly, how he'd swear!
Didn't do a bit o' good—
Turkey didn't care.
He'd flop his wings an' gobble,
Go a-sailin' past th' gate
'N' back ag'in. Th' darky stopped
An' scratched his wooly pate,
An' swore awhile an' scotched awhile
An' ripped around an' tore;
But th' turk just passed th' gate ag'in,
Same's he'd done before.
Then th' darky grabbed some sticks
An' went a-sailin' in,
An' said "Now dern yer onry pelt",
An' then th' fun come in.
"G'lang thar," sez 'e, an' blazed away;
"Y'all caint fool 'ith me,
I pays mah hones' debts, I do"—
Broke a stick across his knee.
"Shoo thar," sez 'e, an' hit th' fence,
But th' turkey wasn't there,
An' th' darky he jist fumed an' fussed
An' cuss words filled th' air.
Then he got his dander up
An' tried t' run him down;
Got him cornered, made a grab;
K-slap, he hit th' ground.
This made th' darky pow'ful mad,
He grabbed a hick'ry limb
An' says "I'll fix yuh now, 'y jacks,"
An' blindly waded in.
He shut his eyes an' raised his club
An' brought it down k-smack;
He hit th' turk an' awful lick
Right squar' acrost th' back—
Er thought he did—but when he looked
Th' turkey he was minus,

But thar he was, way down th' fence,
Struttin' like th' fines'.
Th' darcy then drapped down t' rest
An' says "Well, I don' care.
I didn't want yuh in nohow;
Stay outside where yuh air."
But th' darcy jist k'flummixed—
He was laid out jist plumb cold
When th' turkey come a-walkin' up
An' sa'ntered through th' hole.
Now, allus, when yer doin' things,
Jist use yer common sense
If yer only drivin' turkeys
Through a hole 'n a barnyard fence.

Keep Pegging Away

There's a little old shoemaker lives in our block
Who works right ahead like a Seth Thomas clock;
He goes to work early and quits his work late
Day in and day out—never misses a date.

He sits at his bench with his long apron tied
Tight 'round his waist; with his tools at his side—
His hammer, his last, his knife and his awl;
And he trims and he shaves while the leather chips fall.

I stop at his door, he looks up with a grin,
A cheery "good morning" and "won't you come in?"
He'll chat with you, laugh, anytime of the day,
But while he is chatting, keeps pegging away.

He says that's his motto to carry him through
And it fits everybody, whatever we do;—
Be sure of your goal as you meet life each day,
And once your goal's set, keep pegging away.

Hit or Miss

MODERN MILKMAID

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going milking, sir," she said.

"The cows went this way", the youth replied;

"But the pump is yonder" she laughingly cried.

READ'EM

Of all the signs that dot the land
You sure can bank on this'n
When driving upon a railroad track;
"Stop—and Look—and Listen".

MODERN BRAND

Music (?) hath charms to soothe the savage,
Rend the rock and bu'st the cabbage.
Rip the pickets off the fence
And rob a man of his common sense.

NOW YOU TELL ONE

O, ever thus from childhood's hour
This cruel fate hath been my lot;
The cheerful idiot wakes me up
To tell a tale he most forgot.

COLD WAVE

Little Willy had a mirror
And he licked the back all off;
This caused his throat to tickle
And this tickle caused a cough.
Little Willy now is happy
In the Happy Hunting Ground—
'Twas a chilly day for Willy
When the mercury went down.

Walnut Time

Course I don't know who's t' blame,
But seems t' me it's a daggone shame
'At jist when walnut time sets in
A feller's school days has t' begin.
Who wants t' say his A B C's.
When he ort t' be a-climbin' trees
An' shakin' walnuts? Gee-mi-nee!
Hones' t' goodness, I can't see
Whur's th' fun o' settin' still
An' lookin' out th' winder till
Yuh jist go plumb purt nigh t' sleep
An' dream an' nod, an' nod an' keep
Wakin' up an' noddin' till, by heck,
Yuh jist, w'y, might' near crack yer neck.
Gee-mi-nee it sure takes cheek
T' make us go five days a week
An' set inside; daggone it's tough—
W'y jimminy crickets! one's enough!
Th' way it is we' only got
One day a week, an' like as not
It'll be rainy. Jist one day!
Can't git walnuts thataway.
Jist Sattiday! Cause when Sunday comes
We gotta set an' twist o'r thumbs
An' be dressed up. W'y, hully gee.
That way o' doin' don't suit me.
An' I know whur th' walnuts is—
Jist oodles of 'em. An' gee whiz—
Grea' big trees! Big 'round as that!
Walnuts, too, big as yer hat
Might' near; jist hangin' thick—
An' me here with a 'rithmetic
An' spellin' book! But Sattiday
Me an' Scrubby's goin' away-y-y-y
Clean out 'crost Rattlesnake
To Ring schoolhouse, an' we're go' take
O'r two-wheel carts with a box nailed on
An' fetch in walnuts by th' ton.
An' in th' evenin's after school
We'll set in th' shade whur's nice an' cool
An' hull'em. 'N' I'll bet my neck
'At we'll have more'n a hundred peck
A dryin' on th' woodshed roof an'

Scrubby's barn. An' if I can
I'm a-goin' t' try an' git
Jist a lot more walnuts yit.
An' when they're hulled an' put away
An' we go back t' school next day
With o'r hands all black er brown
Teacher'll up an' call us down
'Bout o'r dirty hands, an' say:
"You rapscallions! wash away.
Scrub 'em hard an' don't you quit
Till you've washed off ever' bit."
But jimminy beeswax! taint no use
T' try t' wash off walnut juice
Cause it won't come off. W'y it jist stays
An' won't come off fer days an' days,
Till it jist wears off.—'N'en, yuh know,
We put more on ever' day er so.

THE CHICAGO RIVER

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
Or some'ers near that hour,
While the fumes rose up about me
And hid the dark church tower.

How often! O! how often
In the days that lie before,
Will the microbes chant their death songs
As they used to heretofore.

CORNS

We've been to see chiropodists and doctors by the score
But still that misery's there as 'twas in days of yore.
We've used corn salve of different kinds, cornplasters, sealing wax,
But still the corns are hanging on—we think we'll try the axe.

The Hobsonito

Popular Back in 1898

There's a bug that's causing trouble
Round about us everywhere
And animated kisses
Whiz about us through the air.
It's a species new to northern climes
But in hotter ones abound,
But since Hobson made his world-famed tour
The Kissing Bug's come round.

He lights on lips that ne'er were kissed
And kisses right and left—
He has no thought of unknissed lips
When he commits his theft—
But takes alike the young and old,
The white or colored miss,
And buzzes round and round and round,
And then he takes his kiss.

The air, they say, is full of them—
These naughty little bugs;
The atmosphere is thronged with them—
These same crustaceous thugs.
The unknissed lips of Sweet Sixteen
Are on the kisser's list
And he'll be around to see you
So no one will be missed.

So, when you're on the avenue
To take a little walk,
Or settled on your coal front porch
To have a quiet talk,
You'd better mind your business—
Better watch what you're about—
For the Kissing Bug'll get you
If you don't watch out.

Squibs

A HAIR'S BREADTH

Oh dreary day! Oh rainy day!
My heart's with anguish wrung,
I dare not go outside today
For bangs will not stay bung.

HELPS SOME

"The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year."
But joyous thought! Oh happy boon!
The time for sorghum's here.

JOHNNY GETS THE GUN

Little Willy had a monkey
Mounted on a stick.
He licked the paint all off the monk
Which made him very sick.
No more will Willy shoot at Johnny
With his little wooden gun;
He has gone where he don't need it,
So—"Johnny gets the gun."

BACK IN '98

Shafter, he's a cracker-jack,
Shafter, he's a stunner;
He said he'd lick old Toral, and
By jiminy, he done'er.

THE GOLFER

Now comes ye wild-eyed golfer with the Oolong style of hair,
Across the hazy pasture land we see him everywhere,
Putting at the gutta percha,
"Fozzles" in a way that hurtsya
While Scottish Highland cuss words rip and rattle through the air.

Here and There

MOTHER GOOSE ELABORATED

Little Miss Muffett sat on a tuffet
Eating of curds and whey;
Along came a spider and sat down beside'er
And so frightened Little Miss Muffett that she
fell over backwards and rolled down the
back steps and let out a yell
And broke three ribs in her umberell.

END OF THE DROUGHT

A filtering rain-drop struck the dust
With dull, resounding thud
And said, "I'm onto you at last—
Your name is mud."

THE PESSIMIST

It's awful, oh, it's awful—but what's a feller goin' t' do?
And how's he goin' t' do it when th' world bu'sts through?

A NEW GRAFT

The organ man's retired with his organ-grinding graft,
And the Megaphone's reclining in an easy chair abaft;
While from these freaks polluted
Has by some means evolved
That freakish combination called the "Megaphonograft."

CONSOLATION

'Tis sweet to love, but O! how bitter!
To love a girl and then not git 'er.

Although—

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than to have married and be bossed.

An Untold Riley Yarn

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There's one Jim Whitcomb Riley yarn that's never yit been told
An' I better give it to you now, afore it gits too old;
Twuz a crowd of Indynoplus friends that Riley once brought down
Fer a picnic on th' Fletcher place out here adjoinin' town.
These city chaps, so Riley said when he writ t' Uncle Cal,
Was comin' down t' gether nuts; an' each one and his gal
Was countin' on a splendid time—no ifs ner ans ner buts—
An' ever'one was figgerin' on a bag o' hick'ry nuts.
Cal Fletcher liked t' play a joke as well as anyone
An' saw his chance, with Riley's crowd, t' have a batch o' fun;
He called his hired man an' boys an' sent 'em sever'l days
To his hundred-acre Flatwoods farm out east o' here a ways.
Th' nuts was layin' thick as flies out in them hick'ry woods
An' Fletcher told his hired han's to bring in all they could.
They searched th' Flatwoods over, scratched among th' leaves an'
grass

An fin'ly got 'em gethered an' brought 'em in at last,
They hauled 'em in to Fletcher's—near half a wagon load—
An' Uncle Calvin chuckled as himself an' helpers throwed
Th' hull blame kit an'b'ilin'—broadcasted, if yuh please—
Till th' nuts was layin' shoe mouth deep in a grove of simmon trees.
Fletcher th'owed his ole straw hat an' jist rared back an' laughed
Till th' hired man an' th' fam'ly thought th' old man gone plumb
daft;

An' then he told 'em—laughin'—th' why of what he'd done,
Swore 'em all t' silence an' t' wait an' watch th' fun.
Th' Riley crowd come troopin' in one bright October day,
An' nothin' seemed t' please 'em but t' pitch in right away
A-huntin' nuts. So Uncle Calvin, squeezin' back a grin,
Tuk 'em out an' showed 'em an' told 'em "Jist wade in,"
Wade in they did an' went t' work with basket, bag an' sack,
A-grabbin' nuts jist right an' left; each one humped his back
An' grabbed up th' shagbarks with shouts of joy an' glee
But never one o' them city chaps tuk time t' see a tree.
Riley watched 'em quite a spell an' chuckled now an' then,
While peepin' f'm th' haymow wuz Fletcher's hired men;
They watched th' thing with eager eyes, a-laughin' up their sleeves
Th' way them folks was scratchin' 'mongst th' dead persimmon
leaves.

Then Riley beckoned Uncle Cal an' tuk him off one side
An' whispered to him, laughin', "They's jist one thing that I'd
Like t' have you tell me 'bout these hick'ry-simmon trees,"
But Fletcher laughed an' whispered back: "Jist leave 'em on their
knees."

Limericks



I sa'ntered out to th' street car track,
An' an auto hit me jist k'smack;
 "Look out" says he
 As he flew past me.
"What fer?" sez I; "Air yuh comin'
back?"

TAULT TRAULT

A Michigan man from the Sault
Went over to Kalamazault
 He drank himself tight
 Got into a fight
And the Judge said "It's ten days for vault."

AN OLD TIMER

A young lady who lived in Nantucket,
Wore a bustle as big as a bucket;
 She cleaned it up fine
 Hung it out on a line
And a goat came along and he tuck it.

More Limericks

RIDE'EM, COWBOY



A native from near Albuquerque
Went up to Chicago to wuerque;
He took in the sights
Shot out some of the lights,
But the cops brought him up with a juerque.

CHING-A-LINGO

The Chinaman wears a long queue
And a silk shirt of beautiful hueue;
Has very strange views
And wears odd little shiews.
Now I think he's funny; don't yueue?



Squibs

NOT QUITE FRUITLESS

He was married to a peach
Who soon became the boss,
And now whene'er he thinks of "peach"
It's only apple sauce.

—Sullivan Union.

Experience doth surely teach—
This "love stuff" he's condemn';
He thought that he had wed a peach
But she proved to be a lemon.

NEW VERSION

London Bridge is falling down
My fair Lady-O;
Before the darn thing hits the ground
You'll hear of it by radio.

NE PLUS ULTRA

Of all the pesky critters
That ever chanced to be,
The peskiest, meanest, bitin'est
Are the bed bug and the flea.

A BANKRUPT'S CHRISTMAS CARD

The Christmas season always brings
Good wishes, gifts and lots of things;
I'd like to send them all to you
But if truth be spoke
I'm plumb flat broke
And all I can say is "Howdy do."

Squibs

LINES

To Our Doughboy Statue during a rainy season.



(Copyrighted.)

Our doughty "Doughboy" pauses not
In his dignified advance,
But mutters through his chattering teeth:
"It rains more here than it did in France."

A REPLY

To Mary Bostwick's query as to when Leap Year would make its leap.

The Leap-Year doesn't plan to leap,
The Leap-year's not contrary;
So fret no more, nor vigils keep—
It's up to you, Miss Mary.

LATE MARCH

Old Winter still keeps holding on
With blustry winds and snow;
And a voice from the groundhog hole
Murmurs "I told you so."

How Old is Santa Claus?

How old are you, dear Santa Claus?

I'd really like to know;

My mamma says when she's a girl,

A long, long time ago,

You always filled her stocking

At Christmas every year;

An' gran'ma's too, so you must be

A hundred now, might' near.

Thus wrote a bright eyed little lass

To Santa Claus one time;

And Santa told her of his age

And answered her in rhyme.

"My age, dear little friend of mine,

Is counted not in years;

My age increases only when

I see a child in tears.

At each good deed of boy or girl

I one day younger grow.

And thus each week of earthly time

I lose a year or so.

"And so, as long as time shall last,

I'll daily younger grow

When little girls and little boys

Act just the best they know;

But when they're bad or when they

cry

My years climb up a score;

So you be good and help me live

Forever evermore."

Lines

Sent with a Necktie on a Birthday

Tankum, lad, you're twenty-one

And haven't yet been kissed;

Now try to figure, Tankum,

All the kisses you have missed.

So here's a neck-piece, Tankum,

"Tie" up to something quick.

And I'm hoping that our friendship

May forever, ever, stick.

Golden Wedding Lines

AnniVERSEary

Accompanying gift of gold-plated scissors on a Golden Wedding anniversary.

This happy day we haste to give
These "Golden Wedding" shears.
By "sheer" good fortune you may live
Another fifty years.

FOLLOW-UPS

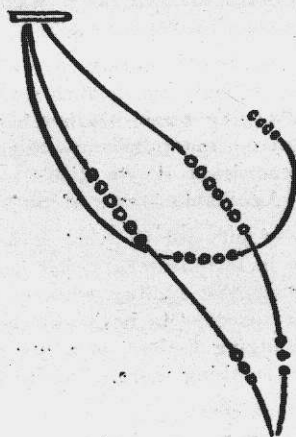
A funny girl is Edna Race
She does not carry a vanity case.

—Sullivan Union.

An odd affair, we're here to relate;
But how does she know her face is on straight?



A Group
of
Political Parodies



The Rabin'

OF WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

A Nightmare.

Once upon a midnight dreary, Willie Bryan weak and weary,
Sought his couch in fruitless hope that he would sweetly sleep and
snore,

But he tossed in troubled slumber and dreams came in endless
number,

And he gazed in awe and sadness at his sword above the door;
At his sword and his commission idly resting 'bove the door,
—And he feebly, deeply swore—

To the people he had spoken, using silver as the token,
Of the good that he could do them with his little silver mint,
And he poured forth floods of language, sweeping, tidal waves of
language;

In a cataract of language talked he to them without stint.
But his talk was not ALL SILVER as it was four years before—
There was this time something more.

He said things about our navy, sailing seas all blue and wavy,
Claiming lands we had no right to—islands more than he could count:
Islands to the eastward lying where heathen banners should be flying;
This he talked and talked and talked of—this, the issue paramount,
His talk was Anti-Annexation—Porto Rico's cash taxation;—
Wept some tears for Aguinaldo—tears of pity, nothing more.

But he had no words of pity for the vast white-tented city,
Where the dead sleep in intrenchments that deep sleep of Evermore;
How the brave blue coats died smiling, while he coward, was beguiling
Idle moments writing speeches to be heard the country o'er;
And his new sword hanging listless on a peg above the door—
Hanging IDLY—nothing more.

Oh! that sword and that commission! and his sins of rank omission;
And his resignation written while his troops were breaking camp!
Do you wonder that he tumbled in his sleep and deeply grumbled
At that sword and that commission hanging there above the door
And his resignation hidden, to all prying eyes forbidden;
Deep within his trunk 't was laying hid from sight forevermore,
Double-locked forevermore.

As he tossed in restless slumber mocking dreams in endless number,
Mocking dreams came by the dozen, aye they came sixteen to one;
And a ghost-form Jeffersonian, cried in tones deep and stentorian,
"How about Louisiana bought in eighteen hundred three?"

Then the people all cried: "Take 'er—one and one-half cents an acre?
And we took 'er, Bryan, took 'er, though my power stretched till
it cracked.

In dreams he gave back annexations to the old back number nations;
And he sliced off territory till he stood on Plymouth Rock;
And he wildly gasped for water, saying things he hadn't oughter
Of that Jeffersonian purchase made a hundred years before—
And he shook his two fists doubled at that sword above the door—
Shook his fists and madly swore.

But that Nemesis pursued him and away from sweet sleep wooed him
And he saw a row of dinner pails chuck full for four years more;
And he cried out in his sadness, "What is hell to all this madness?
If that Elephant steps on me I am done forevermore!"
Thus poor Billy Bryan slumbered—ravin' on from twelve till four.
Simply ravin'—nothing more.

Forty Years Ago

Adapted from the Original

I've wandered to the village Tom.
I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the Court House "Plaza" Tom.
That sheltered you and me;
But few were left to greet me, Tom.
And the few I chanced to know,
Said taxes. Tom, are twice as high,
As forty years ago!

The Plaza's grown bald-headed, Tom.
And where we used to play
They've built a jail—the Court
House, Tom.

Is but a step away,—
They've had the books examined, Tom
"Six thousand short," by Joe!
In six short years! now what's the
tune
Since Forty Years ago?

The old Court House is altered some
You know we used to go
Up stairs to pay our taxes; now
They pay 'em down below.
But the same old bricks are in the
wall,

The bell swings to and fro;
It's music's just about the same
As forty years ago.

The Spring that bubbled near by,
Tom.

Beneath the locust tree,
Is gone; they've dug a deep well,
Tom,—

Near where it used to be;
And stooping down to take a drink.

Dear Tom, I started so.
To think how much the water'd
changed

Since forty years ago.

And everything has altered, Tom.

I scarcely know a face

I saw about the Court House, Tom—

The "gang" now runs the place.

The county's Democratic, Tom,

At least they claim it's so—

But majorities are whittled down

Since forty years ago.

And the old "Official Organ", Tom,

That used to print the news,

Has changed its tactics now and
prints,

The poor, "forlorn bird's" views,
And the editor's (?) editorials, Tom.

You'd like to read, I know.

Although he uses language coined

Since forty years ago.

They're holding "kitchen caucuses,"

When they ought to be at church,

And the "crowless rooster's" roostin'

On a stingin' red-hot perch.

The license law is changed, too Tom,

A "dog and pony show"

Now gives out "comps".—It wasn't
thus

Some forty years ago.

The old Court House is still red, Tom,

The outside walls' you know,—

But the inside, Tom 's been "white-
washed" some

Since forty years ago.
And when our time shall come, dear
Tom,
If we are called below,
We'll meet the "gang" that's skinned
'em, Tom,
Since forty years ago.

Enameline

A Tale of Whitewash in Sweet Owen.

Here stands the Court House primeval—the murmuring tax-payers
and voters
Stand like an adamant wall and cry out, "Investigation!"
They long for the time to come when its secrets are loosed to the
public;
But still is the work undone, with no symptoms of ever beginning.

Here stands the Court House primeval, the Temple of Justice of Owen
The Court House of brick and of mortar, one laid upon top of the
other;
Here in the midst of the village, surrounded by hitch-rack and shade
trees—
Trees of the days of the seventies, set out in the days of Ham Moffet
Moffet, the Sheriff of Owen, Sweet Owen, the State of the Hoosier.
Here, under the trees in the summer, on the bald-headed lawn, and
the settees,
Lounge the wiseacres of Owen, who, lounging, swap yarns and to-
bacco,
And speak of the days "ante-bellum," the airy days" back in the
thirties,
When our children's grandfathers were youngsters and wore the sore
toe and the stone bruise;
Those days when the Court House was builded in the year twenty-
five, by the masons
Who worked under Hart, the contractor, chief of the masons and
builders.
They talk of the days when the Court Room was on the ground
floor of the building,
And the office rooms reached by a stairway that led to the story
above it;
They speak of the courts and the judges, and men who have been
the officials,
The Recorder, the Auditor, Treasurer, the Sheriff and Board of Com-
missioners.

They talk of the papers and books—the records locked tight from the public,
The records of moneys and taxes paid into the funds of the County,
The records of moneys expended, the whys and the wherefores and so forth;
And they long for a peep at the records of the doings of bygone officials—
Officials whose nests have been feathered in some unaccountable manner,
Officials who clothed in fine linen, and gathered much money about them,
Who rode in their chariots of gold with their coat of arms richly emblazoned,
Gilded and streaked with red like the lithograph of a circus.
But the mystery grows deeper and deeper while officials are still wrapped in silence,
Silence as deep and profound as the empty slippers of dead men.
They mention the century past—the cycle we've just left behind us.
They speak of the month of March, bleak March of the year nineteen hundred
And the appropriation of money—one thousand cold plunks, known as dollars,
And then they speak of the time when the Council had gathered together,
When, smoking their black cigars, they talked of the wish of the people
And murmured against the thought of spending the tax-payers money,
Money which they had earned by labor incessant and galling;
And they argued for and against—spoke pro and con on the question,
And after much wrangling among them, decided at last on an issue,
“An investigation of records to be made by an expert accountant”.
Containing also the proviso “not exceeding six years at the furthest”
So said the Honorable Council in open session assembled;
And a contract in due form was arranged and an expert accountant named Graffis—
Graffis the friend of the gang, the “Ancient Order of Auditors”—
Promised to do the work and straightway went hence without signing.
The contract was thus laid aside with never the name of this Graffis—
Nowhere upon its clean page is the scratch of his pen or his pencil;
Gone is he now from our midst—gone without even a whisper—
Never a lisp of the name of the village whereto he was going;—
Gone is he now from our midst—gone as the light from a candle
When caught in a draft through the casement, or snuffed with the fingers at bed-time;
Gone from us now and we call him, while naught but the echoes give answer—
Echoes that impart to us nothing—but mockingly answer back,
“Graffis”.

Still is his business undone with no symptoms of ever beginning—
Thus is the matter enameled—smeared over with coatings of white-
wash,

Covered with costly enamel—Enameline, known to the “ancients”—
Thus does the matter lie resting—finished before the beginning.
And so ends Enameline’s story—a tale of whitewash in Sweet Owen.

* * * *

Still stands the Court House primeval; the murmuring tax-payers and
voters

Long for the time to come when its secrets are loosed to the public;
But still is the work undone, with no symptoms of ever beginning;
Thus was Enameline spread o’er the books of the county of Owen.

Hamlet and the Ghost

In Two Scenes

Prologue

“Bill Skinner of Dogwalk” was
hung by the gang about the year
1884. Since then he has, of course,
been silent. In the present year—
1902—the gang, “forlorn and dis-
tressed, wet, bedraggled and harass-
ed, driven from pillar to post” (to use
their own words)—has fallen into
the habit of “seein’ things at night.”
Among others they think they see
“Bill Skinner of Dogwalk.”

SCENE I

Cast of Characters

Hamlet G. Reuben G—
Horatio W. Farewell C—
Macellus, Bernardo, Guards J. Haha
C— and N. Darnit C—
Ghost .. “Bill Skinner of Dogwalk.”
Lords, Officers, Messengers, Hoodoos,
Jonahs, and other attendants.

Scene—Sweet Owen.

Ham. Bill Skinner! Methinks I see
Bill Skinner.

Hor. Where at, me Lord?

Ham. In me mind’s eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once; I think in ’84.

Ham. He was a stemwinder, take

him for all in all. I shall not look
upon his like again.

Hor. Me Lord, I think I saw him
yesternight.

Ham. Saw? Who?

Hor. Me lord, that man, Bill
Skinner.

Ham. Bill Skinner!

Hor. Aye, true, me lord.

Hold you your 'taters for while;
Keep on your shirt, likewise
Your pantaloons—your shoes and
socks till I

Into your ear do put a bug;
Upon the witness of these two
gazaboes

I will impart to you a tale
Of ghostly visitation.

Ham. Shades of Levi! let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these
fellows here,

Marcellus and Bernardo on their
way

To kitchen caucus at the rendezvous
Been thus encountered; a figure
like

Bill Skinner.

Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe
Appears before them, and with
solem march

Goes slow and stately by them;
thrice he walked

By their oppress'd and fear sur-
prised eyes,

Within a truncheon's length; while
they distilled

Almost to jelly with the act of fear
Their knees a-quiver, hearts a-
thump like drums

Stand dumb and speak not to him.

This to me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did
And I with them the third night
kept the watch

Where, as they had delivered, both
in time,

Form of the thing, each word made
true and good,

The apparition comes; the same
old geezer

That we hung in '84—I knew Bill
Skinner—

This spook, me lord, I swear was
Bill's "dead ringer."

Ham. But where was this?

Hor. Me lord, upon the thorough-
fare, as we

Were kitchen caucus bound, ferninst
The alley east of Buck and String-
town line.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. Me lord, I did.

But answer made it none—it was
as silent

As the grave from whence it came
—aye, lord,

As silent as the statute books on
complimentary tickets;—

And yet me thought that once
It lifted up its head and did ad-
dress

Itself to motion as it would speak;
But even then the "forlorn bird"
did flit

Athwart the path; the crowless
rooster gaped

And at the sight it slunk in haste
away

And vanished from our sight.

Ham. You've got me guesssing.

Hor. As I do live, me honored lord,
I swear by Gentry's comps, 'tis
true,

And we did think it stood us much
in hand

To rustle thence and tell the tale
to you.

Ham. Indeed, indeed sirs, but this
troubles me;

Go you tonight again to kitchen
caucus?

Mar. & Ber. Aye lord, you betcher
neck.

Ham. Armed, say you?

Mar. Armed, me lord. As has been said,

Armed cap-a-pe, at point exactly;
The pen ferninst the ear—the same
Think-cap pushed back athwart his brow

So that we saw his face; his brows
were knit as if in thought—

Ham. What, looked he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow
than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixed his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly, and honored
lord,

Those piercing eyes did burn our
very souls,

Made each particular hair to stand
on end

Like quills upon the fretful porcu-
pine,

The while the cold and slimy liz-
ards of despair

Did frolic up our spines.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have skeered your
liver white,

Me lord, till chalk would make

A dark complected mark thereon.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay-
ed it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste
might count

The gang in Precinct One.

Mar. & Ber. Longer, longer. It
stayed at least a minute.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled—no?

Hor. It was as I had seen it in his
life,

A sable, silvered, or a grizzled
gray.

Ham. I'll mosey down that way to
night.

Perchance 'twill walk again.

If it assume Bill Skinner's form
I'll speak to it though hell itself
should gape
And bid me hold me peace. I pray
you all
If you have hitherto conceal'd this
sight
Keep mum as oysters. And if
again
The sucker haunts the night we'll
blow his shape
So full of holes that he will leak
As freely as a sieve. Now fly your
kites.

(Exuent all but Hamlet)

Bill Skinner's spirt in arms! all is
not well!
Something is rotten in Sweet Owen
And ——'s to pay; foul deeds will
rise.
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them
to men's eyes.

Scene II

Hamlet, G. Reuben G—
Horatio, W. Farewell C—
Marcellus, J. Haha C—
Ghost, William Skinner, of Dogwalk.
King, the Gang.

Scene—The Thoroughfare.

Enter Ham. Hor. and Mar.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is
very cold.

Hor. Methinks 'twill frost the night.

Mar. Not so, me lord, the while the
clouds scoot thus athwart the
moon's pale face.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. Me lord, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. Nay; didst not hear the gang's
chronometer.

Ferninst the Temple, as we left.

Peal forth the hour thirteen?

Hor. 'Tis time to get it fixed, forsooth.

(Flourish of tin horns, sacbuts and bass drum sticks within. Also a cannon shot.)

What does this mean, me lord?

Ham. King Gang doth wake tonight and takes his rouse.

Keeps wassail, drinks his health;
And as he drinks his draughts of
Pabst and Schlitz.

The kettle drum and trumpet thus
bray out

The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Aye, marry, is't;
But to my mind—it is a custom
To be improved forsooth, as 'twas
in Ripley.

By mere addition of a slab of fish
That fits the hand. They do it so
In Osgood. But good me lord, it
is a custom

More honored in the breach than
the observance.

This heavy headed revel east and
west

But causes talk; it stirs up wrath;
The yoke is galling to the plebians
And they in mighty voice do seek
Investigation. They clepe us Rob-
bers

And with swinish phrase soil our
addition.

Hor. Look, me lord it comes.

Enter Ghost

Ham. Shades of Gentry's dogs, de-
fend us!

Be thou a spirit of health or gob-
lin damn'd

Bring with the airs from heaven or
blasts from hell,

Thou comest in such questionable
shape

That I will speak to thee; I'll call
thee Skinner—
Bill Skinner—royal Bill—O answer
me!
Let me not bust in ignorance; but
tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed
in death,
Have burst their cerements; why
thy sepulchre—
Thy political tomb to which we
once consigned thee—
Has oped its ponderous and marble
jaws
To cast thee up again? Art thou a
Jonah
To the grave as was Jonah to the
whale?
Canst not thou rest in peace
Within the bowels of Earth? Or did
they
Heave and cough as Jonah's whale.
And spit thee up through Pelee's
smoking-crest?
What may this mean, that thou—O
Bill—
Again with think-cap on, and foun-
tain pen,
Do scoot athwart the moon's pale
beams
As once thou did in life? and we
fools of nature
Do horribly shake our knees in fear
and bump
The one against the other? Say,
why is this?
Wherefore? What shall we do?
Tell us
The whichness and the whatness of
the why.

(Ghost beckons Hamlet)

Hor. It beckons you to follow it
As if it some impartment did de-
sire
To you alone. But do not go.

Mar. By no means! No!
Ham. It will not speak: then will I
follow it.

For what should be the fear?
I do not set my chances at a pin's
fee;—

It waves me still! Go on—
I'll follow thee—Hold off your
hands—

Unhand me, fellows—By jing
I'll make a ghost of him that
hangs

Ferninst the tail of me coat.

(Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet)

Hor. Have after. To what end will
this come?

Mar. I'faith I know me not: let's
follow him.

(Scene—In the rear of the wood-
shed corner North st. and Cholera
Ave.)

(Enter Ghost and Hamlet).

Ham. Where are you going at?

By jing, I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mine hour is almost come
When I must get me hence.

Ham. Speak—speak.

Ghost. I am Bill Skinner's spirit—

Ham. Oh, say not so.

Ghost. I am Bill Skinner's spirit.

The which King Gang did hang in
'84.

You mentioned me three weeks
agone

In issue of thy Megaphone. Thus
am I

Conjured up. I could a tale unfold
Of doings of King Gang, whose
lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul—freeze
thy young blood.

Make thy two eyes like stars start
from their spheres—

"Bug out," as 'twere, beyant your
face—

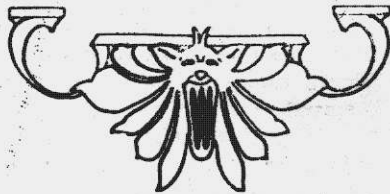
Make thy knotted and doube-twisted
 locks to part
 And each particular hair to stand
 on end
 A la mode le Pompadour.
 Now, Hamlet, hear!
 Thy time has come. Pull back the
 curtain
 Of the future state and there em-
 blazoned
 Thou wilt read the burning words
 "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin."
 Which, translated means
 "Thou hast been weighed and found
 wanting—
 Thy finish is at hand."
 If thou wouldst "finish" well
 Go not to bed; keep on thy boots—
 Die game, me lord, and have
 Thy boots on when thou fall.
 The doings of King Gang, me lord,
 Would make the angels weep.
 And all their tears, if dropped up-
 on the page,
 Could not blot out the dirt
 And leave it white again.
 Thou, in the columns of thy Meg-
 aphone,
 Did conjure me by words and thots
 Of slur and ridicule—beware thou
 then,
 Of how thou conjure me again.
 For should I rise me up
 From out the marble sepulchre
 Thou then shall rue the day
 That saw thee come to Owen.
 'Twere better far that thou hadst
 stayed
 In Ripley to the south where they
 do hang
 The Levites by the fives
 Than that thou shouldst have come
 To Owen, where they hang in
 effigy.
 Remember me—young man—remem-
 ber me,

Remember me—that I was thick
with Gang,
I knew his secrets well in '84,
Perchance I know them now
And if again thou callest me,
Thy name is Mud.
Hamlet, farewell. Remember me,
Forget me not.

(Exit Ghost)

Ham. Hold, hold, me heart, and you.
My sinews, grow not instant old
But bear me stiffly up. Remember
thee!
Ye gods—I think I will while mem-
ory holds her seat
In this distracted globe. O gang!
King Gang!
My note-book—meet it is I set it
down
That one may smile and smile and
be a villain still—
At least I'm sure it may be so in
Owen.

Quick Curtain



Griffin's Bird

G. R. Griffin, editor of the Democrat, stated in one of his issues that the G. O. P. convention was to be postponed and likely never would be held. Mr. Griffin stated that he got a lot of laughs out of the reply that followed this announcement. The parody on "Poe's Raven" follows:

A Parody.

Once upon a storm day dreary, Griffin sat there weak and weary
Musing o'er the leery prospects that his party saw before;
As he sat there, nodding, napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at the sanctum door;
"Wonder who it is," said Griffin, and his fingers 'gan to stiffen
As he thought of some delinquent with his back pay at the door.

Then he ambled to the portal thinking he would find some mortal
Waiting with the "jingling needful" that was due in days of yore;
But instead he saw the hallway—just the bare and vacant hallway—
And he rubbered down the stairway till his rubber neck was sore;
And he pondered and he wondered while outside it rained and thundered,

And the lightning flashed and sizzled as he stood there at the door.

"Tis as idle, mocking fancy—'tis a sort of necromancy
Juggling my imagination as it often has before,"—

As he turned back to his writing, on the window-ledge alighting.
Griffin saw a bird bedraggled, wet and weary, sick and sore—
Saw a bird with feathers ruffled and its fragile form all muffled
In a coat of drooping plumage;—and it "tap-tapped" as before

Then did Griffin ope' the shutter and with hurry, fuss and flutter
Through the window flew the birdlet weak and wounded, sick and sore;

Not the least obeisance made he, not a moment stopped or stayed he
But flew straight to Billy Bryan hanging near the sanctum door—
To the picture of poor Bryan hanging near the sanctum door.
Perched upon the late lamented—shrieked out, "Griffin, nevermore!"

Stunned was Griffin—stunned to dumbness—with a feeling 'kin to bumness,

And he marvelled at the aspect of this bird so near the door,
And his footsteps potted, potted, as around the room he tottered
Thinking that, b'gosh, he had 'em as he'd never had before.

"Sure it must portend disaster," and his thought ran fast and faster

As he gazed in awe and wonder at the bird so near the door.
 Then the bird forlorn and battered shook its feathers torn an tattered
 Griffin's bird so "scared and weakened", opened up to say some more;
 And the words that it had spoken came again in accents broken—
 In a wildly-weird crescendo, shrieking, "Griffin nevermore!"
 Cried out, "Griffin, please make mention that the G. O. P. convention
 Nevermore'll be held in Owen as it used to heretofore.
 —Never, never, nevermore!"

Then rushed Griffin to the cases, pushed the workmen from their
 places,

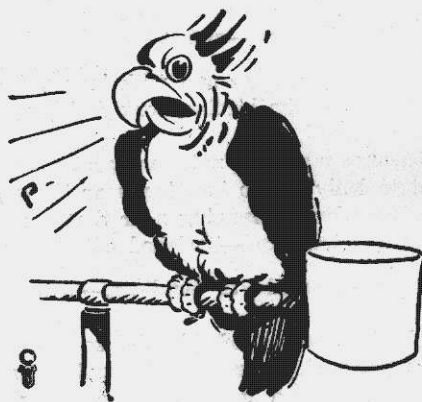
Grabbed a stick and set up "blarney" as he never set before.
 And his face was cracked with smiling as he went on there compiling
 What the little bird had told him as it sat so near the door;!
 What the weary bird had spoken in its accents weak and broken—
 What the "forlorn bird" had told him as it sat beside the door.

And the news the bird had brought him, proved a haunting ghost that
 sought him—

Sought him even in his slumbers—woke him up with "Nevermore!"
 Proved a Nemesis:—pursued him: and away from sweet sleep wooed
 him

As the story books say Furies did in jolly days of yore;
 And in nightmares bird-beaks bit him;—boomerangs flew back and
 hit him,

And in dreams a "crowless" rooster with the "gaps" shrieked,
 "Nevermore!"



All Chaw Hay

Steve S— upon a summer's day
Empaneled a jury, so they say—
A "juryless jury" by the way—
And charged five dollars; that's too
much pay
For empaneling juries any day.
But howsomever, anyway
Steve swore the jury in that day
The while the taxpayers raked the
hay
Trying to "rake up" money to pay
Their taxes which, I've heard folks
say,
Were highern' they should be any-
way;
But you know what Shakespeare us-
ed to say,
That "Every dog will have his day,"
So kind o' sort o' jist don't say
Nuthin' much but "all chaw hay,"
On votin' day.



Thank You



You've read these verses, grave and funny,
Some are gloomy, some are sunny:
Don't loan the book to any other:
Tell'em "Buy one, buy one, brother,"
For you know the starving author needs the money.

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