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Yours Truly

O W Coxen

Elwood Ind

# A LITTLE BOOK

OF

# HOOSIER VERSE

*By*

O. W. COXEN

omar william

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# A Little Book of Hoosier Verse

## THE DAYS THAT USED TO BE

Sometimes I get to thinking of the days that used to be,
And I wonder which ones were the best and happiest to me;
Then as my thoughts go flitting back across the lapse of years,
A sort of mist comes to my eyes that is mighty close to tears;
For I think of all the happy times I had in childhood's hours,
When I wandered, free and careless, like a bee among the flowers;
With no thought of the future, I would run and shout with glee;
For all the world was bright and fair, in the days that used to be.

Oh, the days that used to be, when I first attended school,
To get a little learning, by a certain rote and rule;
We had reading and geography, and then arithmetic,
Before the time for recess came, when we run out so quick

To get to playing blackman and many other
games;
But it's been so long ago now, that I've forgot
their names.
I thought that I was happy then, and I think that
you'll agree
That the sun was always shining bright, in the
days that used to be.

Oh, the days that used to be, when in young man-
hood's prime,
I went courting some fair maiden I regarded as
sublime;
She had a winning winsome smile, and she was
wondrous fair;
She was indeed a fairy queen, in my castles in
the air.
Her form was near perfection, and starry were
her eyes,
I thought if I could win her I would surely get a
prize;
But now as I look backward, it's very plain to me,
That the moonlight made me foolish in the days
that used to be.

Oh, the days that used to be, when wife and I
first wed;
Though since that happy time many, many years
have fled;
We've trudged along life's rugged road, hand in
hand together;

And it hasn't been all sunshine, for we've had
some stormy weather;
But the man who isn't wedded, little knows the
thrills he misses,
By not living in a cottage on bread and cheese
and kisses;
For when the babe was old enough to dandle on
my knee,
My cup of happiness was filled in the days that
used to be.

Oh, the days that used to be, the days that used
to be,
Bring many recollections that are very dear to me;
And I never can forget them, and I couldn't if I'd
try;
Though it may be that I sometimes their glamour
glorify;
For when I'm sitting all alone a voice will say
to me,
"You thought that you were happy in the days
that used to be,
But if you'll quit your dreaming, I think you'll
find somehow,
That the happiest moments of your life are in
the joyous now."

## THE OLD BEECH TREE

Say, Jack, do you remember now
  When you and I were boys?
We thought we had some troubles then,
  But now they seem like joys.
Of all the happy times I've had,
  None seem so sweet to me,
As those I spent with you, my friend,
  Beneath that old beech tree.

That old beech tree, beneath whose shade,
When we were boys, we often laid,
And gazing through the branches high,
We watched the clouds go floating by,
On summer days, so bright and fair,
And builded castles in the air,
And talked of what we'd do when men.
Don't you wish those days could come again?

You said you'd be a soldier bold,
  And would great battles win;
While I would preach the gospel true,
  And save the world from sin;
But in life's fiercest battles now,
  Don't you often long to be
A barefoot boy a'lying there
  Beneath that old beech tree?

Though I'm often disappointed,
  When my efforts meet defeat;
But I have this consolation,
  And to me it's very sweet,
For through the mystic glamour now,
  That hides the past from me,
I think I see two barefoot boys,
  Beneath that old beech tree.

That old beech tree, beneath whose shade,
When we were boys, we often laid;
And gazing through the branches high,
We watched the clouds go floating by
On summer days, so bright and fair,
And builded castles in the air,
And talked of what we'd do when men.
Don't you wish those days could come again?

## THINKING OF THE PAST

"Jever" sit out in the kitchen
When yer daily toil was done,
And all the folks had gone to bed
And left you there alone,
When everything was quiet
But the clock upon the shelf
With its everlastin' tickin'
Like 'twas talkin' to itself?

Now while yer sittin' out there
Why just as like as not
Thoughts come to you of far-off days
And friends almost forgot.
Then you'll wander through the woodlands
Where you'll hear the drone of bees
And the music of the little birds
A singin' 'mong the trees.

Now while you sit there thinkin'
Don't it sometimes to you seem
That you are nothin' but a leaf
A floatin' down life's stream,
Which way up near its fountainhead
Makes music with its flow,
But when the valley broadens
The goin's mighty slow?

But when you near the harbor
  Where life's voyage is to end,
You'll wish sometimes you could go back
  And make the trip again.
But as it is, by God decreed,
  You can go back no more.
He'll let you when the evening comes
  Dream 'bout the days of yore.

So next time that you sit alone,
  Just look back up the stream,
You'll see some pleasant places—
  And the sun will cast a gleam
Of gorgeous golden radiance
  Around that little cot,
Where you passed the days of childhood,
  Which can never be forgot.

So we should try to make the best
  Of the journey as we go;
And not to fret or worry,
  But float along as slow,
As we can see the beauties
  Presented to our view,
Before we reach that harbor
  Which we all are going to.

## THOSE OLD CARPET SLIPPERS

Though dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
A thought will oft come I would like to subdue,
As I think of a day I spent in the wildwood,
Aimlessly plucking the roses that grew;
Till I came to a stream where I went in a swimming,
And at night I slipped up to the back kitchen door,
To try and get in, without getting a trimming,
From those old carpet slippers my dear mother wore.
Those old fashioned slippers, those flexible slippers,
Those leather bound slippers my dear mother wore.

They were faded and worn and all full of stitches,
I could see as over her knee I would turn;
Then she played a "rat tat," on the seat of my breeches,
And learned me a lesson, I could not unlearn.
As she let me up, in a voice that was tearful,
I promised never to go there any more.
And from that day to this I have always been fearful,

Of those old carpet slippers my dear mother
wore.
Those persuasive slippers, those dust raising
slippers,
Those pant's warming slippers my dear mother
wore.

Since then, I've seen some joy and some sorrow;
As far from the scenes of childhood I'd roam,
And it may be that sometimes I trouble would
borrow,
As I thought of those slippers and mother at
home.
But since then, our mother has been taken from
us,
And is now wearing slippers on that Golden
Shore.
But as long as I live, I'll remember my promise,
And will cherish those slippers my dear mother
wore.
Those old fashioned slippers, those leather bound
slippers,
Those highly prized slippers my dear mother
wore.

## MOTHER'S PUNKIN PIES

I will sing to you a little song
You never heard before,
'Tis not about an old arm chair,
Nor the shawl your mother wore;
'Tis not about the pictures
That are hanging on the wall,
But the fondest recollection
That my mem'ry can recall.

It takes me back to other days,
To the place where I was born;
The house stands way back from the road
'Mong fields of waving corn;
I see mother in the kitchen—
Smell the sav'ry odors rise—
She's sifting and she's stewing
Yes, she's baking "punkin" pies.

I've read 'bout all the poets—
Yes, from Riley back to Burns—
They've written many pretty things
For which the heart oft yearns.
But it seems so very strange to me,
Yes, fills me with surprise,
That none have sung the praises
Of their mother's "punkin" pies.

In my travels o'er this country,
(Man must dine where'er he goes)

I have eaten with the wild red men—
  Feasted at Delmonico's
Where they served me dainty dishes
  That I very dearly prize,
But not one could hold a candle
  To my mother's "punkin" pies.

I have been married long, long years;
  My wife can stew and bake.
She often serves me "punkin" pies—
  Not like mother used to make.
Oh, I feel so sad and lonely,
  And the tears come to my eyes,
For life don't seem worth living
  Without mother's "punkin" pies.

So when I leave this earthly scene
  And reach that golden shore,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
  And the chilling storms are o'er;
Then when I meet my mother
  In those mansions in the skies,
The first thing that I'll ask her,
  Have you any "punkin" pies?

So now my song is ended,
  And your pardon I implore,
If I've caused you pain and anguish,
  'Bout those happy days of yore.
Some one may say 'tis sacrilege
  And my verses criticize
But he surely ne'er was hungry
  For his mother's "punkin" pies.

## A CUP OF SASSAFRAS

The German likes his lager beer,
No doubt he thinks it is fine;
The Englishman his half and half,
The Frenchman likes his wine;
But to the old time Hoosier
There's nothing can surpass
The appetizing fragrance of
A cup of sassafras.

When winter's chilling storms are o'er
And the frost is out the ground,
When round about on every hand
Harbingers of spring are found.
You'll find that none are surer—
You can see it as you pass—
Piled on the grocer's counter a
Whole lot of sassafras.

And now my recollection
Takes me back to other days,
To those glad scenes of childhood,
Which the poets always praise;
And to me there comes a picture,
Which from mem'ry ne'er will pass,
'Tis a picture of my mother
Pouring out the sassafras.

I, in fancy, see the table
With the family gathered round;
I hear the clink of dishes,
'Tis to me a pleasant sound—
But the best part of that picture
Can come no more, alas—
To have my mother help me
To a cup of sassafras.

So when my time has come to go
To that home beyond the blue,
Away up there beyond the stars—
Holes for angels to peep through;
I know I'll not be happy
When the springtime rolls around,
Unless I find that patch of woods
Where the sassafras is found.

## MY LITTLE BOY BLUE

My little boy blue, when evening comes
Will climb upon my knee,
With many a kiss and kind caress,
With many a shout of glee.
So then I toddle him up and down
Till at last he goes to rest—
He's off on a trip to shut-eye-town—
With his head upon my breast.

While little boy blue is lying there
I gaze down in his eyes;
And thoughts will come of a far-off day
With fair autumnal skies;
When little boy blue has no golden hair,
And has laid all his toys away,
Shall be a man, with worldly care,
While his dad is old and gray.

Will little boy blue, when that day comes,
Forget the times he's had
When he was just a little tyke
A-riding the knees of dad?
Although I know this may be true,
The thought don't make me sad,
For perhaps some day a little boy blue
Will call me his gran'dad.

## TREASURES

In my home are many treasures, some of them are
old and rare;
There are pictures of departed friends, and a curl
of golden hair;
There's the ring my mother gave me many, many
years agone,
That I'll keep till I shall meet her, when a brighter
day shall dawn;
There's an heirloom brought by father, from a
land far o'er the sea,
And I've promised that I'll keep it, that it ne'er
shall part from me.
All of these I fondly cherish and 'twould pain
me much to lose;
But I've something far more precious, 'tis a pair
of baby shoes.

Just a pair of baby shoes with battered toes and
run down heel;
And when I gaze upon them, tears into my eyes
will steal.
For they bring a recollection, time itself cannot
destroy,
And in fancy I can see again, a little blue eyed
boy,
Running down the street to meet me, as I home-
ward make my way,

Tired of life and all its worries, at the closing
of the day;
Could I feel again the kisses that his baby lips
have given,
It would be the same as tasting of the higher joys
of Heaven.

There's a rose a sweetheart gave me, that dear
girl I see her yet;
She believed that I was faithless, which caused
tears of vain regret.
Though the hand of fate was 'gainst us, and we
both tried to forget,
I believe 'twould been far better, if we two had
never met.
There's a book mark that my sister gave to me
at Christmas tide;
And the sled that brother made me, upon which
we used to slide.
So among so many treasures it seems very hard
to choose.
But there's something pulls my heartstrings when
I see those little shoes.

## TOM AND BILL AND JOE

As I'm sitting in the gloaming
And I hear the play, children
Then my thoughts will go a-roaming,
Back to scenes of yesterday;
Back to days long since departed,
When with Tom and Bill and Joe,
Everyone of us light-hearted,
Played the games of long ago.

What a wonderful projection
Then is cast on memory's screen;
Years and worries by deflection,
All are banished from the scene;
As the screen unrolls before me,
By some magic hand 'tis turned,
Tom and Bill and Joe implore me,
Oft to meet them I have yearned.

As I hear their voices calling,
Calling me across the years,
Then the teardrops start to falling,
And the picture disappears.
But I know, when life is ended,
And I leave this world of woe,
When up There I have ascended,
I'll meet Tom and Bill and Joe.

When we all shall meet up yonder,
In that far off distant land;
Not a one will ever wander
From that happy boyish band.
There where troubles cannot sever,
Then with Tom and Bill and Joe,
We will play those games forever,
That we played long years ago.

## MICROBES

The doctors now days tell us
  That there's microbes in the air,
That these death-dealing vermin
  Are round us everywhere.
Now while their the'ry may be true,
  I have my doubts of this
When they tell me that there's microbes
  In a good, old-fashioned kiss.

Did you ever "exchange microbes"
  With the sweetest girl you know
While sitting in the parlor with
  The light turned way down low?
If you didn't I can tell you
  You have missed a lot of fun,
So if you'll listen to me
  I will tell you how it's done.

First you sit down on the sofa
  And you squeeze her little hand,
Then you put your arm around her
  Firm as any iron band;
Then you draw her up close to you,
  So there'll be no chance for slips,
Place her head upon your shoulder
  With her upturned ruby lips—

Then with anticipation
  Into her eyes gaze down;

(The color doesn't matter, if
They're blue or gray or brown.)
Way down in their depths you'll see
A glimpse of paradise
And you vow you won't change places
With an angel in the skies.

Now don't be in a hurry,
For haste may spoil the game,
But when she looks up at you
And her cheeks are all aflame;
Then with a gentle movement
Raise up her dainty chin,
So when you're good and ready
All you've got to do's wade in.

Now don't pounce down upon her
Like a mink a-sucking blood,
But, light as gently on her lips
As a bee upon a bud,
And when you've drawn the microbes
From within their fairy den,
Just take the time to draw your breath
And then wade in again.

Now what the doctors tell us
May every word be true,
But when I have a case like this
I don't feel scared,—do you?
Why if ten thousand microbes
Were in her every breath
I'd never ask the Lord above
To send me sweeter death.

## THE MUSIC OF THE OLD VILLAGE BELLS

Upon a summer's e'en, I returned to the scene,
Where I'd spent many, happy, happy hours,
There's none left to greet me, upon the village green
Where I played when a child among the flowers.
The school house on the hill is standing up there still,
The birds are singing gaily in the dells,
But the years had been long since I had strolled along,
To the music of the old village bells.

As I strolled down the street—to my mem'ry so sweet,
All the faces that I met were so strange,
'Till I met an old man, whom I took by the hand,
And I asked him the causes of the change.
Then the old man so gray, from his eye wipes away,
A tear when he the story sadly tells,
With many words of praise for friends of other days,
To the music of the old village bells.

When the story was done, at the set of the sun,
I was feeling so unhappy and lone.

The friends of other days had long since passed
away,
But no longer their loss I will bemoan.
If when I'm cold and still, I can rest by the rill,
That flows so gently through the shady dells.
If at the close of day, I may be laid away
To the music of the old village bells.

The old village bells, whose melody swells
In the evening over the lea,
And whose soothing chimes, recall happy times,
Spent with friends that were so dear to me,
My heart's full of love for those gone above,
A sigh from my bosom now wells—
I'm longing in truth, for friends of my youth,
As I list to the old village bells.

## JUST A DREAM OF NELLIE

The sweet face of an angel hovered 'round me as
I slept,
And in dreams I lived again those happy hours,
When with my sweetheart Nellie, upon a summer's day
We wandered hand in hand among the flowers;
It was then I told that story, which with telling
ne'er grows old,
It was then she promised she would be my
bride;
But by cruel fate's decree, it can never, never be,
For the angels called my sweetheart from my
side.

In the little village churchyard, upon a summer's
day,
When the golden sun was sinking in the west,
Underneath the old oak tree, that is standing on
the hill,
They laid the form of Nellie down to rest;
My heart was buried with her, when they laid
her 'neath the sod,
And I wished that I was lying by her, too,
For until we meet above, to the one I dearly love,
To my darling sweetheart Nellie I'll be true.

It was just a dream of Nellie, that came to me last night,
Just as a vision of an angel bright and fair,
But it brought a gleam of gladness to my poor aching heart,
And it drove away my sorrow and my care;
For she threw her arms around me and pressed her lips to mine,
I, in fancy, even now feel that caress;
If to me she had been spared, she would all my joys have shared
And together lived a life of happiness.

## THE VALLEY OF SUNSHINE AND DREAMS

The're times when my heart's sad and lonely,
When the friends whom I love prove untrue;
When by this cold world I'm forsaken,
It's then that my thoughts turn to you;
In fancy, again, I live over,
Those bright days, with you, and it seems
That sometime, again, I'll be with you,
In a valley of sunshine and dreams.

Some day when the roses are blooming,
In the valley of sunshine and dreams;
Some day when the birds are all singing,
Their soulmates the tenderest themes;
Some day you and I will be roaming,
Carefree by the clear purling streams;
For heartaches will all have been banished
From the valley of sunshine and dreams.

Though my days seem all filled with trouble,
And my heart has known pain and regret;
The sound of your dear voice would cheer me,
Could you tell me that you love me yet;
At night as I lay on my pillow,
The moon through my window oft gleams,
Then I long with you, dear, to be strolling,
Through the valley of sunshine and dreams.

## WHEN THE LEAVES TURN FROM GREEN TO RED AND GOLD

When the leaves begin to turn from green to red
and gold
And a haze obscures the scenes across the
wold,
There's a pain comes to my heart and I know I
soon must part
From the ones I love for I am growing old—
Though the fact may be well hidden, yet this
thought will come unbidden,
When the leaves begin to turn from green to
red and gold.

When the leaves begin to turn from green to red
and gold,
When nature in all her beauty I behold,
Oh! the woods down in the glen, make a pretty
picture then,
Where so often with my sweetheart I have
strolled—
But a tear bedims my eye, as I think of days gone
by,
When the leaves begin to turn from green to
red and gold.

When the leaves begin to turn from green to red
and gold,
Then may I be laid away beneath the mold

Of the churchyard in the glade, underneath the oak trees' shade,
In the evening when the village bells are tolled—
There to rest until that morn—until Gabriel blows his horn,
And all the leaves have turned from green to red and gold.

## MY OLD VIOLIN

Some people like the music
  Of a military band;
And some may like the music
  Played upon pianos grand;
While some may like the banjo,
  With its rattle and its din;
But I prefer the music
  Of my old violin.

It has no reputation,
  Dating back to long ago;
And who the maker of it was
  I really do not know.
It isn't very handsome
  But my faith to it I'll pin
For I get the best of music
  From my old violin.

When the shades of night have gathered
  And I'm sitting by the fire,
When my spirits may be drooping
  Needing something to inspire;
Then I go and get my treasure
  And I place it 'neath my chin
And I draw some soothing music
  From my old violin.

## TAKE CARE, TAKE CARE

In early life
'Fore I knew strife
Or felt the touch of care,
Ev'ry morning
I'd get warning
When mother said, "take care, take care,"
When mother said, "take care."

As I grew old
I got more bold
And soon I learned to swear;
When father heard
Me swear a word
He said, "my son, take care, take care."
He said, "my son, take care."

When in my teens,
I wore blue jeans,
For girls I did not care
And would them tease;
Some said "don't, please;"
And others said, "take care, take care."
And others said, "take care."

And when at last
Though years had passed
I fell in Cupid's snare;

My wife will say
'Bout every day,
"Of the baby you take care, take care."
"Of the baby you take care."

I went one night
When I felt right
To church down on the square;
The preacher said,
"You'll soon be dead
If you do not take care, take care."
"If you do not take care."

So when I die
And go on high
To regions bright and fair;
St. Peter then
Will say again,
"Why did you not take care, take care?"
"Why did you not take care?"

Then I must go
Way down below
Where they have heat to spare;
Old Satan may
To me then say
"I guess you best stay there, ah there."
"Get in there and stay there."

## SOME FOLKS ARE HARD TO SATISFY

Some folks are hard to satisfy,
(We're not included, you and I.)
Why Jimmie, the baby upon the floor,
With playthings round him by the score,
Will raise a rumpus and call for more.
And if he don't get them he begins to cry;
For some folks are hard to satisfy.

When Jimmie gets to be about sixteen,
He thinks he's wise, but he's two thirds green.
He goes a-courting some pretty miss,
Who finally gives him a wee, small kiss.
He never experienced such exquisite bliss;
For another he'll steal, he'll beg or buy.
For some folks are hard to satisfy.

So on a bright, sunshiny day,
They plight their troth forever and aye;
But you know that there is many a slip,
Before the cup ever reaches the lip;
Especially the one from which lovers sip.
They quarrel and part without even a sigh.
For they both were hard to satisfy.

The once pretty girl grows to be an old maid;
Long, lean and lank, like she's raised in the shade.
She lives by herself, in a cot, all alone,
And says, that naught can ever atone
For the loss of her heart—its heavy as stone,

As she sits and dreams of days gone by.
Some folks are hard to satisfy.

When Jim gets to be about twenty-one,
He forgets the girl whom he'd wooed and won.
He says as he rolls a cigarette,
"I'm the candy kid you can bet."
But he finally marries a suffragette;
And you can tell, by the look in her eye,
That some folks are hard to satisfy.

He hasn't been married so very long,
Till he finds life isn't a grand sweet song.
For all his hard earned worldly pelf,
That he had laid away on the shelf;
His wife will take and spend herself.
If he gets a nickel, it must be on the sly,
For some folks are hard to satisfy.

When he gets along towards middle life,
The property's all in the name of his wife.
He's gentle and meek, as any dove,
And answers her with a "yes, my love."
Yet he nightly prays, to God above,
To hasten the time when he may die.
For some folks are hard to satisfy.

When Jimmie is old and feeble with age;
When "finis" is written on life's last page,
Then the girl whom he had once held dear,
Will come and she will shed a tear,
Over his cold and silent bier.
And Jimmie will find when he gets on high
St. Peter is hard to satisfy.

## SNAPPER AT THE END

Once I wrote a little verselet,
  Sent it to a magazine;
It was 'bout as cute a thing,
  As I had ever seen.
But one day it came back to me,
  It was cruel, oh! my friend,
For they said to work it over,
  Put a snapper at the end.

So I tried to work it over,
  But I only made it worse;
For I couldn't find a snapper,
  That would fit into my verse.
Mr. Editor, I beg your pardon,
  For I mean not to offend,
When I say my little verselet,
  Needs no snapper at the end.

Once again I'm disappointed,
  But the fires of hope still burn,
And a tardy recognition,
  I'll be able yet to earn,
For I'll keep on persevering,
  Though there's none that will befriend,
Then some day I'll write a verselet,
  With a snapper at the end.

## CHASING A BUTTERFLY

A golden haired boy, on a bright summer's morn,
Was chasing a butterfly.
It's little he knows of the troubles and woes
That will come to his life by and by;
With no burdens to bear, he is free from all care,
While chasing his butterfly.

The golden haired boy when he grows to a man
Still chases a butterfly,
When he calls on his love, swears by angels above
That she'll be his wife by and by.
But he'll fall in a snare, if he doesn't beware,
While chasing a butterfly.

The golden haired boy when he's aged and gray
Still chases a butterfly,
And to him it seems his childhood dreams
Will surely come true by and by.
But on that last morn, at the sound of the horn,
He's chasing a butterfly.

Chasing a butterfly.
Just you and I,
In age or in youth,
I'll tell you the truth,
We're chasing a butterfly.

## STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

As along the trail of life I've wandered,
I've seen a sign over which I've pondered.
It stands by the side of the railroad track;
It's written in letters of deepest black.
Stop! Look! Listen! There's danger ahead.

If you would heed that sign in your daily life,
You'd see less trouble, less bitter strife;
For when you're tempted to go astray,
Don't a still, small voice persistently say,
Stop! Look! Listen! There's danger ahead?

When some one casts the stigma of shame,
On some unfortunate creature's name;
Never repeat the tale you have heard;
Had that sign been heeded 'twould have never
occurred.
Stop! Look! Listen! There's danger ahead.

If you this day haven't done your best;
Tonight when you have gone to your rest,
You'll see that sign, shining afar,
As bright as a mariner's beacon star.
Stop! Look! Listen! There's danger ahead.

## THE DRUMMER'S DREAM

A gay and handsome drummer,
Who from home was far away;
Slowly to his hotel wandered,
At the close of one hard day.
After checking up his business,
He goes to his lonely bed,
And a thousand fitful fancies
Flit within his troubled head.

He dreamed that he lay dying,
Upon a bed of pain;
He felt as if his time had come,
That he ne'er would rise again;
And his mind in retrospection,
O'er his route goes tripping back,
And he thinks of many maidens,
Whom he'd met along life's track.

Then the landlord stands beside him,
Lays his hand upon his brow,
And he bends and whispers to him;
"Are you feeling better now?
Do you want to send a message,
To your sweetheart kind and true?
Just speak her name, and I will bring
Her, forthwith in haste, to you."

A smile of childlike innocence,
Overspread the drummer's face;

He upward then extends his arms,
As if some one to embrace.
Then a change comes to his features,
And the childlike smile has fled.
The landlord asks again her name,
And then the drummer said:—

"Send for Sue at Indianapolis,
Or Fannie at Ft. Wayne;
Sweet Tillie down at Terre Haute,
I'd like to see again;
There's Alice down at Anderson;
At Alexandria's Mary;
My Rose is still in Richmond,
And Gertrude's up in Gary.

My Mamie lives in Muncie;
And Sadie at South Bend;
There's Eva down at Evansville,
Remember her, too, friend;
While Daisy lives in Madison,
And please do not forget
To send some word to Lillian,
Who lives in Lafayette.

There's blue-eyed Trix in Elwood,
Here the drummer turned his head,
"I swore that I would wed them all,"
In faint accents he said.
He here woke up and looked about,
And said in some dismay;
"Well, I guess I'll have to cut the booze
Or I'll give myself away."

## TO OUR FLAG

You're a beautiful flag, with your silver stars,
And your stripes of white and of red;
You're the emblem of freedom, of justice and right,
For which our forefathers bled;
You never have bowed to a tyrant will,
But have ever waved on high,
A symbolic pledge to a fettered host,
Their rainbow of hope in the sky.

We cheer you, old flag, wherever you float,
In country or in city's mart;
We greet you, old flag, with the right hand salute,
You're the pride of each patriot's heart;
We love every stripe of your red and your white,
Every star in your field of blue;
We love you, old flag, for the good you have done,
And the good you are going to do.

We'll ever defend you, beloved old flag,
Though dastardly foes may beset;
We'll ever prove true to your red, white and blue,
For you've never been conquered yet;
By the heavenly powers, which reign above,
In whom we have placed our trust,
So long as the hearts of our sons beat true,
You will never trail in the dust.

## INDIANA

I've traveled many, many miles,
From the mountains to the sea;
I've traveled from the frozen north,
To the southland's sunny lea;
I've traveled o'er this country,
From the east unto the west;
But of all the places I have seen,
Indiana is the best.

For my home's in Indiana,
That good old Hoosier state;
Though I often wander far from there,
I go back soon or late.
For there's something always calling,
And to me it often seems,
A voice calls, "Indiana,
Indiana, in my dreams."

It may be there's another place
Where the sun shines just as bright;
Where the moonlight's just as mellow,
When it floods the world at night;
Where the stars give off a golden glow,
Through a soft, transparent sheen;
Now it may be there is such a place,
But it's one I've never seen.

It may be, in some far-off land,
The skies are just as blue;
The flowers are just as fragrant,
And may have as bright a hue;
While the days may all be perfect,
In that far-off distant clime;
But give me Indiana,
Indiana, all the time.

It may be there are woods as green,
And fields as broad and fair;
The scenery of hill and dale,
Be grand beyond compare;
I'll grant that these things may be true,
But I will not lament;
Just give me Indiana,
Then I will be content.

For my home's in Indiana,
That good old Hoosier state,
Though I often wander far from there,
I go back soon or late.
For there's something always calling,
And to me it often seems,
A voice calls, "Indiana,
Indiana, in my dreams."

## THE BIGGER, BETTER TOWN

In the silence of last midnight,
  As I sought in vain for sleep,
I felt a curious feeling
  Over all my system creep;
There I lay, as in a stupor,
  With my eyelids half closed down,
And with prophetic vision
  Saw a bigger, better town.

The factories all were running,
  You could count them by the score;
They were owned and run by people,
  Who were once considered poor.
I saw people of all races,
  E'en the yellow, black and brown,
And one and all were busy,
  In that bigger, better town.

The streets, well paved and lighted,
  Stretched out for miles and miles,
And all the people that I saw
  Had their faces wreathed in smiles;
I looked around expecting
  To see at least one frown,
But everyone seemed happy,
  In that bigger, better town.

The merchants all were wealthy;
The manufacturers, too;
The bankers sat and clipped coupons,
That was all they had to do;
The editors all wore silk tiles,
While the preachers wore a crown;
For the churches all were free from debt,
In that bigger, better town.

The doctors and the lawyers,
From business had retired;
They had gained of fame and riches,
All that any heart desired.
And they flew about in aeroplanes,
Dressed out in silken gown.
Why the mailman even had a snap,
In that bigger, better town.

Of course I was delighted;
But to me it seemed so strange,
That just a few short years could make
Such a very wondrous change.
And I felt somewhat bewildered,
As I wandered up and down,
To try and find some one I knew,
In this bigger, better town.

Then after much meandering,
I was weary with the quest;
So sought a seat in the city park,
Where I in peace might rest;

And while I sat there musing,
  Came a man, with cap and gown,
Who said he was the mayor,
  Of this bigger, better town.

I said to him, pray tell me,
  If you can so arrange,
The methods that you have employed,
  To work this wondrous change;
While in the days, that have gone by,
  Your place gained some renown,
But now it's known both far and wide,
  As the bigger, better town.

Then up spoke Mr. Mayor;
  "Why, we organized a club,
And each one was a booster.
  We banished every "dub."
We laid aside dissension,
  On jealousy we'd frown,
And we all pulled together,
  For a bigger, better town.

While it's just a mental picture,
  That I have drawn for you,
It would be a grand achievement,
  Could we make it one half true.
Then when our toil is ended,
  When our burdens are laid down,
We'll each one have a monument,
  In that bigger, better town.

## BE A BOOSTER

You know there's lots of people
  Hanging round in every town,
With their hammers always ready,
  Ready to knock some one down.
I don't like those kind of people,
  For they are no good on earth,
But I always like a booster,
  One who boosts for all he's worth.

When the old town needs some boosting,
  Don't hang back and wait to see
If some one else is going to do it;
  Wade right in, the boosting's free,
No one has a corner on it,
  It is yours as well as his,
Throw away your darned old hammer,
  Get into the boosting "biz."

If they don't do things to suit you,
  Do not say the whole scheme's wrong;
You might have the right idea,
  That would boost the thing along;
Do not then hang back and hammer,
  Be a leader in the fight,
Always keep your horn a-blowing.
  Blow and boost with all your might.

Though the old town has some failings;
  Just forget them, let men know,
All about the many good things,
  That the old town has to show,
"Cast your bread upon the water,"
  Is a saying trite and true;
If you'll always boost for your town,
  Your town then will boost for you.

## WHERE THE BIG ROUND DOLLARS GROW

There is a spot, I long have sought,
  But so far sought in vain;
I've sought for it on the mountain top,
  And on the verdant plain;
I've sought for it by the ocean wide,
  Where the salt tides ebb and flow;
But so far I've not discovered that spot,
  Where the Big Round Dollars Grow.

I've tilled the soil, with willing toil,
  Till the sweatdrops fell like rain;
I've caried a load, down a weary road,
  When each step caused me pain,
I've toiled and broiled 'neath summer's sun,
  Been chilled by winter's snow;
But so far I've not discovered that spot,
  Where the Big Round Dollars Grow.

While all these years, with toil and tears,
  Have brought naught but regret;
I hope and pray, at no far day,
  I'll be successful yet;
I see the prize, before my eyes,
  As an ignis fatuus glow;
If I find it or not, I'll still seek that spot,
  Where the Big Round Dollars Grow.

## YOU CAN'T LAY BY A SINGLE RED CENT

There are times when it seems the finger of fate
Is pointing directly at you;
When the Goddess of fortune has forsaken you quite;
When the skies no longer seem blue;
When it takes all your nerve, not from duty to swerve,
When you want to give up and not try.
For you can't lay by a single red cent,
When you haven't a red cent to lay by.

There are times when this world seems all out of gear,
When real friends are decidedly few;
When the ones whom you've trusted have played you false;
And they sneer as they're passing by you.
Though you know in your heart, you have acted your part,
In life's drama without even a sigh;
Though you couldn't lay by a single red cent,
For you hadn't a red cent to lay by.

Yet some time, some day, you feel in your soul,
Dame Fortune will come to your gate;
When you'll welcome her in with wide open arms,
And will laugh at the frolics of fate.

Then the friends, whom you knew, who had
proven untrue,
Will return and will not be content,
Till they borrow the very last dollar you have
And not leave you a single red cent.

## THE FAMOUS GOLDEN RULE

I find it isn't easy
  In life's bitter school
To practice the teachings
  Of the golden rule.
For the man you thought was honest
  Will turn you down cold
If he gets a chance to do you
  For a little piece of gold.

Your father, or your brother,
  Will fight you for a flag.
It may be one of finest silk
  Or just a common rag.
But when the battle's over,
  When your temper's time to cool,
You'll find you both have broken
  That famous golden rule.

Sometime perhaps you've held a hand
  In our great political game.
If you have no doubt you did it
  To your everlasting shame
For the wily politician
  Is as tricky as a mule,
And doesn't know the meaning
  Of that famous golden rule.

You may have had a sweetheart
Who said that she was true.
But she runs away and marries a man
No handsomer than you.
And you find out, when its too late,
That she played you for a fool,
For she's an unbeliever in
That famous golden rule.

Of Damon and of Pythias
No doubt you've often heard.
Of Jonathan and of David
You have read in sacred word.
But the friendship that is truest
In all times catalog
Is the friendship 'tween the "nigger"
And his old "yaller" dog.

Now the "nigger" may have nothing
And the dog a little less.
But each one is made welcome
To what the other has I guess.
For they stick close by each other
If the weather's hot or cool.
They're the only real disciples
Of the famous golden rule.

My sentiment will be sanctioned
In palace, or in hovel;
'Twill be sanctioned by the rich man,
Or the poor man with his shovel.

But the churchman, and the clergy,
  Will try to ridicule;
But they don't always practice
  Their blessed golden rule.

The golden rule may have been all right
  In a very ancient day.
But now I find they're doing things
  In a little different way.
So I've come to this conclusion;
  That a man's a doggoned fool,
Who tries to work his way through life
  By that ancient golden rule.

## KEEP SMILING

If things don't go to suit you,
  It's no use to whine and pout,
For you'll find that while you worry
  That your courage oozes out.
Buckle up your belt the tighter,
  If with stones your path is set,
Put a smile upon your features,—
  Say that you're not conquered yet.

Then all things will seem much brighter,
  And the road not near so rough.
If you show you have the spirit,—
  Show you're made of the right stuff.
For this old world loves a fighter,
  One that doesn't fume and fret,
But who smiles and keeps a smiling,
  As he says not conquered yet.

Perseverance wins the battle,
  If you only have the pluck
To keep fighting, pushing, shoving,—
  Do not stop and blame your luck;
When the outlook seems the darkest,
  When hope's star begins to set,
Make your smile a little broader,
  Say that you're not conquered yet.

Though your load may get more irksome,
  If you'll only stand the test,
You will yet be crowned the victor,
  If you'll always do your best.
Do not then become discouraged,
  Say that life is not worth while,
It will seem a whole lot better
  If you'll always wear a smile.

## THE MAIN KAZABO

I don't like the way they're running things,
In the lodge where I belong;
It seems they have a certain set
That must always lead the song.
Of course, I sit and listen,
But it makes me mad clean through;
Yes, and I'd tell the Main Kazabo, too,
Just as quick as I tell you.

The relief committee recommends
That the benefits be allowed;
The motion's made and seconded
By some one of their crowd,—
They don't even give a man a chance
To say a word or two;
Yes, and I'd tell the Main Kazabo, too,
Just as quick as I tell you.

I don't attend their meetings now,
Because it "taint" no fun
To have them wise guys tell you,
How the business should be done,
But I'm going up there one these nights
And I'll tell them what to do;
Yes, and I'd tell the Main Kazabo, too,
Just as quick as I tell you.

Of course, I keep my dues paid up,
  Because if I should stop,
They wouldn't waste their time on me;
  They'd be glad if I would drop.
You bet, that I don't pay them though,
  'Til the last day that they're due;
Yes, and I'd tell the Main Kazabo, too,
  Just as quick as I tell you.

Then whenever I get sick,
  They've got to wait on me,
I have their written promise
  Of four dollars per, you see.
And if they do not do it quick,
  I'll tell you what I'll do,—
I'll file charges 'gainst the whole darn bunch
  And the Main Kazabo, too.

You may say that I'm a kicker,
  But I tell you that I'm not;
If they'd let me have my way awhile,
  I'd show them just what's what.
Of course I'd be there every night
  And push the business through.
Then I would be the whole darn "works"
  And the Main Kazabo, too.

## EVEN AS YOU AND I

There was a man, who joined a lodge,
(Even as you and I.)
Then all of his duties he tries to dodge,
(Even as you and I.)
He's no sooner in than he tries to hedge,
And soon he's forgotten the whole of his pledge,
And you can't drive it into his "knot" with a sledge.
(Even as you and I.)

He seldom comes to lodge any more,
(Even as you and I.)
And when he does he's a regular bore,
(Even as you and I.)
Of him the relief committee seems afraid,
As he asks in a voice that's undismayed,
Why his benefits haven't been paid.
(Even as you and I.)

If he'd do his work as it should be done,
(Even as you and I.)
Then when his earthly race is run
(Even as you and I.)
There'd be no chance in the after years,
To shed a lot of crocodile tears,
Over his, as well as over our biers.
(Even as you and I.)

## WHEN I WORKED ON THE TEAM

I don't attend lodge meetings now,
As in the days gone by;
For I have a touch of the "rheumatiz,"
Therefore I'm not so spry;
But I haven't lost my interest,
For I often sit and dream
Of the good old times we used to have,
When I worked on the team.

We were always there for practice,
At the time the Captain set;
And every fellow knew his part
Like he knew his alphabet.
Now our captain was a fellow,
Whose word was law supreme,
And he wouldn't stand no foolishness,
When working on the team.

The work now don't seem quite the same,
That it did long, long ago,
The speaking parts are changed a bit,
But I really do not know
As that should make much difference,
But its lost the "pep" and "steam",
That characterized the work we done,
When I was on the team.

Now and then we'd find a "bucker",
But we soon showed him the way
To walk the straight and narrow path
Without making a display.
And when the work was over
We were held in high esteem
For the candidates were satisfied
When I worked on the team.

You may say that I'm a "has been"
But I'll tell you it's no bluff
That that old team we used to have
Was certainly just the stuff.
And when my life is ended,
When I've sailed across life's stream
You will find me with St. Peter
And working on his team.

## THE NIGHT THAT I MADE HAY

Well, yes, I've joined some lodges,
  And I've taken a few degrees;
I've joined the Elks and Eagles,
  Redmen and the K. of P's;
I've also ridden the Oddfellows goat,
  And that of the M. W. A.,
But the darndest time that ever I had
  Was the night I took the Hay.

They brought me in the lodge room,
  And they made a lot of noise,
But I thought to myself, "It's easy,
  I'll soon be one of the boys."
Then they sang a song of Mary,
  Who once owned a little lamb;
But I think from the way it treated me,
  That it must have been a ram.

Then they put me on a whirly-magig,
  I was in a terrible pickle,
For they poked me in the ribs and said,
  "Keep your feet up out of the sickle."
Then they whirled me round and round again,
  For an hour and a half I think.
Then they let me down and someone yelled,
  "Quick, give him a drink, a drink."

You may talk about the nectar
That beautiful angels sip,
And the rich ambrosial fluid
Which from heavenly fountains drip;
No doubt they are delicious,
But to you I solemnly swear,
I don't believe they can equal the drink
The Haymakers gave me there.

Now I've told you something of the things
You will meet along the way.
If you want to know the remainder
Get wise and join the Hay.
Then when you go to that Loft above
Your golden harp to receive
St. Peter will give you the best he's got
If you'll tell him that "you believe."

There are some deeds that never die,
Some acts are ne'er forgot;
Some memories the flight of time,
Tries futilely to blot;
But in the sweep of years to come,
When I am old and gray,
I'll tell my grandchild on my knee
Of the night that I made Hay.

## A CASE OF BLUES

All the world seems topsy turvy,
  And everything goes wrong;
Even when the birds are singing,
  There is sadness in their song;
You can't eat with satisfaction,
  Any dish that you may choose;
For your liver jumps its orbit,
  When you get a case of blues.

You are lonely and dejected,
  Even when you're in a crowd;
And you don't believe that silver
  E'er was made to line a cloud;
And you never had a friendship,
  That you'd care if you should lose—
Even sugar will taste bitter,
  When you have a case of blues.

Now listen to the lesson,
  That's imparted by my tale;
Though the world be dark and dreary,
  And your life is flat and stale;
Do not get so pessimistic,
  That you cannot change your views,
For I wrote these little verses,
  Just because I had the blues.

## THE DARK AND RAINY DAY

When a fellow first discovers
That his hair is turning gray,
And his limbs are not so supple,
When he kneels as if to pray;
In his heart no doubt he wishes,
That he had made some "hay,"
And stored it where 'twas handy,
For a dark and rainy day.

As he gazes in the mirror,
Sees the rime upon his brow;
And a lot of little wrinkles,
That he recognizes now;
He may feel somewhat discouraged,
If he hasn't laid away,
A lot of filthy lucre,
For a dark and rainy day.

Though his face may be all wrinkled,
And his hair as white as snow;
He has something that is better,
Than a hogshead full of "dough,"
If he's served his fellow creatures,
With a bunch of fine boquets
Of sunshine and of gladness,
On the dark and rainy days.

## OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

No doubt you've heard the story
  Many, many times before
That opportunity knocks, once at least,
  Upon the humblest door;
But when you hear the knocking
  And your door you open wide
It's usually a collector
  Who wants to walk inside.

You know, that death and taxes
  Have both got to be paid;
And collector is a synonym,
  For trouble's serving maid,
Who haunts you and who hounds you
  Until you get so sore,
That you fail to hear opportunity's
  Gentle rapping on your door.

But if you'll walk life's pathway,
  With a heart that's full of hope,
And always keep your courage up
  Without taking any "dope";
And you can do it, too, I know
  If you're dead game to the core,
You can drive away all troubles
  That come knocking at your door.

## TO THE POLITICIAN

I've traveled through this vale of tears,
For well nigh onto fifty years,
And yet can't understand,
Why man should pass me day by day,
And never deign to look my way,
Nor even wave his hand;
Until it comes the time to vote,
And then I make a mental note,
That I can't walk a mile,
But what some politician suave,
Will give his hand an upward wave,
And greet me with a smile.
He thinks that he is pretty slick,
In pulling off this hoary trick,
But he has another think;
For when I come to cast my vote,
I then recall my mental note,
And surely soak that gink.
For I'm an independent cuss,
Of brains I have no over-plus,
But heed my little rhyme,
If you want to make a hit with me,
Just wave your hand so I can see,
And keep smiling all the time.

## I'M FROM THE U. S. A.

I don't believe, in the days of old,
When men were dressed in lace and gold,
  And knighthood was in flower;
That times were any better then,
For the ordinary denizen,
  Than at the present hour.
And so I think it just a bluff,
That men were made of better stuff,
  In those brave days of old;
Therefore I'll bet a picayune,
That when the time was opportune,
  They'd filch their neighbor's gold.
Of course, they made a fine parade,
When dressed out in their tinselled braid,
  But it was just veneer,
And covered up as common clay,
As the would be blue-bloods of to-day,
  And I expect as queer.
So when I read of olden times,
And what men did in foreign climes,
  I'll have to say, nay, nay,
And offer up a loud amen,
That I'm a common citizen,
  Of the good old U. S. A.

## CHEER UP

If you don't like the job you've got,
The chances are that you are not
With your lot contented.
But a suggestion that you quit,
Would likely make you throw a fit,
And act like one demented.
You now get three square meals a day,
You couldn't eat more any way,
So what's the use of whining;
There's lots of folks worse off than you,
That do not fret and fume and stew,
Nor waste their time repining.
They see afar the goal they seek,
And will not let the bolshevik
Change their high endeavor;
But they keep pushing on ahead,
And swear they will not be misled,
By schemes that may seem clever.
Then go your way, sing joyous tunes,
Though folks may say you're full of prunes,
That are all specked and rotten;
For when the harps are handed out,
Then you'll get yours beyond a doubt,
While they will be forgotten.

## THE WISE GUY

In every town, throughout our land,
  There is a gink who knows it all.
He's always there to lead the band,
  He never fails to hear the call.
No matter what the question is,
  He has the answer up his sleeve,
And shoots it at you with a whizz,
  He never asks "if by your leave."
This fountain of free information,
  Would put King Solomon to shame;
Without a moment's hesitation,
  He'll point the way to wealth and fame.
He knows about the woes of labor;
  The reasons for H. C. of L.;
He preaches sermons to his neighbor,
  While coming storms he can foretell.
And if, perchance, you called the doctor,
  When you tussled with the "flu,"
He will tell you how he'd knocked her,
  And wouldn't have cost you half a sou.
Now this guy thinks, when he is gone,
  His name will lead the honor roll;
But when the Judgment Day shall dawn,
  He'll find he failed to reach the goal.
He's been so busy here below,
  Answering questions that arise,
That he's forgot the way to go,
  To those mansions in the skies.

## THE COLLEGE YOUTH

The college youth has started out
Beyond the shadow of a doubt
He'll set the world on fire,
For deep within his lion heart
He's vowed he'll take an active part
To noble things aspire.
Upon his lips there is a song
As he goes merrily along
Toward the height of fame;
To him the skies are always clear
To him there comes no haunting fear
That he won't win the game.
But by and by there comes a day,
His spirits then are not so gay,
He finds he has a job.
If he'll keep steadily in his view
The things that he set out to do
And not sit down and sob;
But just keep pushing, pushing on
(For every night must have a dawn)
And not presume to fret;
He'll find service and pluck are in accord
And will at last bring sure reward
Whatever may beset.
So college youth I hope that you
Will make your every dream come true
And reach your highest aim.
Then as the years go rolling by
We'll see your name emblazoned high
Upon the scroll of fame.

## PECULIAR BROWN

In Peculiarville, where I came from,
  There lived Peculiar Brown;
He was the most peculiar man,
  In that peculiar town.
He had the most peculiar hair,
  It was peculiar red,
He'd colored it with brick dust,
  So Peculiar's neighbors said;
He had the most peculiar ears,
  And the most peculiar eyes,
They were peculiar color,
  And of peculiar size.
He had the most peculiar chin,
  And the most peculiar nose;
He had the most peculiar hands,
  And the most peculiar toes;
He had the most peculiar mouth,
  And the most peculiar talk;
He had the most peculiar feet,
  And the most peculiar walk;
He did the most peculiar things,
  In the most peculiar way,
And he died a most peculiar death,
  Or he'd be alive to-day.

## HERE AND HEREAFTER

Though 'tis a sad story I have to relate,
It is one that is told, either soon or late,
For age is beginning to furrow my brow
('Tis a decree of fate to which all must bow).
And my form feels the chill of winter's cold blast,
It makes me feel sad when I think of the past.
Though I know it is true what someone has said,
"The heart casts a glamour o'er days that are dead."
Old Time is rolling along with his years
And has nothing for me but toil and tears.
With affairs of this life I have been so engrossed,
I've given no thought to the Holy Ghost,
And what is to come in the Great Hereafter—
Whether sorrow and tears or music and laughter.
But why should I murmur or why should I moan,
For I know I must reap just like I have sown,
And whatever for me the Lord has in store
I'll find when I reach that golden shore.
When the thread of my life shall snap in time's loom,
Before I am laid in the cold silent tomb,
I want you to come, gaze a while on my bier,
But wipe from your eyes every trace of a tear,
And say, "Old Man, all your troubles are past,
You fought a good fight, but lost at last,

And now you have gone before your Lord
On bended knees to receive your reward—
Your faults we'll forget and your virtues extol
And ask God to have mercy upon your soul
For you did your duty the best you knew how
Though it brought no laurel wreaths to your brow.
And while your loss, brother, we deeply deplore,
And the haunts which once knew you will know
you no more.
So long as we stay on this earthly scene
We'll cherish your mem'ry and keep your grave
green."
So I'm only waiting for the boatman pale
(For I know I'm nearing the end of the trail)
To carry me over the dark river Styx
And then I'll be in a de'il of a fix,
For I'll find that an angel of God on high
Had kept me ever under his watchful eye,
And had written down in that book of gold
All sins I'd committed, all fibs I had told.
When I ask to see the credit side of the book,
He'll say nothing there, no use to look;
You will have to go to the region below
To the place where they never have any snow.
Then down I'll go to the realms of the devil
To spend my time in a fiery revel.

# WAR TIME RHYMES

## CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

## PREPAREDNESS

"In time of peace prepare for war,"
Is an adage old and hoary;
But lots of folks, throughout our land,
Say it's but a fairy story,
That's been retold and told again,
By many would-be sages.
But if they'll turn the leaves of time
And scan our history's pages,
They'll find had that course been pursued
'Twould have saved a lot of friction.
So read that adage o'er again;
Then list to my prediction.
That if you want to keep the peace
To preserve our own tranquillity,
And hold the nations of the earth
To a strict accountability
Then we must get together
And make proper preparation.
So when our rights are trampled on
We can ask for reparation.
And if they do not do it quick
We'll send a note "by gravy"
And say to them "You come across";
Or we will send our navy.
For if we've properly prepared,
As I have said before
A stitch in time will save us nine,
Sure as two and two are four.

Nov. 26, 1916.

## SOAK THE KAISER

Though what I have to say to you
May seem both flat and stale;
But if you're a true American,
It will prove no idle tale.
For well do you remember now,
That in the days gone by,
The world was filled with peace and joy,
No war clouds dimmed the sky,

Until one day, old Kaiser Bill,
The autocratic cuss,
With Francis J. of Austria,
Stirred up an all fired muss.
But what has happened, since that time,
You all remember well;
For the Kaiser and his dirty gang
Removed the lid from hell.

To rule the people of the earth
Has been the Kaiser's dream.
But Uncle Sammy is the gent,
Who'll spoil his little scheme.
When Sammy says he'll do a thing,
He will not rest content,
Until he does the work up right
Though it takes his last red cent.

There are many million Sammies,
And every mother's son,
Will prove that he's a scrapper,
When he meets the bloody Hun.
And they all will think they're slighted,
If they do not get a chance,
To take a trip to old Berlin
And kick the Kaiser's pants.

Then when the war is ended,
When there's peace on earth once more,
The Kaiser will be wiser,
Than he ever was before.
For we'll have a celebration,
And we'll do the thing up right,
We'll send the Kaiser straight to hell
And nail the lid down tight.

March 13, 1918.

## THE MAN UNDER THIRTY-ONE

Who is it that leaves the comforts of home?
Who is leaves friends that are dear?
Who is that gives the best that he has?
Gives it all with a smile and a cheer.
Who is that stands in the battle front?
Who is that carries the gun?
Who is that goes to the cannon's mouth?
It's the man under thirty-one.

He goes over sea, for you and for me,
To fight for the Red, White and Blue.
So somewhere in France, he's taking a chance,
Thus proving that his heart is true.
To me it's not clear, why anyone here,
Should hold to a different view.
For why should the man under thirty-one
Do more for his country than you?

Who is it that answers when duty calls?
Who is it that enters the strife?
Who is it that's holding our banner aloft?
Though he knows it may cost his life.
Who is that willingly faces the foe
When he knows there is work to be done?
And who will bring victory home to the right?
It's the man under thirty-one.

He goes over sea, for you and for me,
  To fight for the Red, White and Blue.
So somewhere in France, he's taking a chance,
  Thus proving that his heart is true.
While you stay at home, and do all that you can,
  To rake in a dollar or two.
But why should the man under thirty-one
  Do more for his country than you?

March 17, 1918.

## THAT FAR OFF LAND OF FRANCE

We had read about the trouble,
  They were having over there;
But it seemed so far away from us
  We really didn't care,
If the Allies, or the Germans,
  Would gain in their advance,
As they fought against each other,
  In that far off land of France.

Thus we read the same old story,
  Until one April day;
We found that us Americans
  Were mixed up in the fray.
Some thought 'twas simply awful,
  (You could see it in their glance)
To have our boys a fightin',
  In that far off land of France.

Then this German propaganda
  Was regarded as a jest.
But I think now it's time for us,
  To do our very best;
For we cannot win, by mopin' round,
  Like we were in a trance,
And have our boys a fightin',
  In that far off land of France.

We must lay aside our politics,
  No matter how we vote,
And all pull together;
  Then, we'll get the Kaiser's goat.
And the only way to do it,
  Is to go down in your pants,
And back the boys that's fightin',
  In that far off land of France.

Now I haven't got much money;
  But I'm goin' to give my bit.
And I'm goin' to keep on givin',
  Till we make those devils quit.
And the kid—he's joined the army,
  And he's goin' to take a chance,
With the other boys that's fightin',
  In that far off land of France.

Then a sort of funny feelin'
  Come a creepin' round my heart;
And it wouldn't take so very much
  To make the teardrops start.
When I see the kid a sailin'
  Cross the ocean's broad expanse,
To where our boys are fightin',
  In that far off land of France.

But I get a lot of comfort,
  When the fact's brought home to me,
That the reason they are fightin',
  Is for human liberty.

So I'll not get pessimistic,
Under any circumstance,
But I'll cheer the boys that's fightin',
In that far off land of France.

Then when the boys come marchin' home,
With glad and gallant tread,
(Though many may be left behind
A white cross at their head),
I can look them in the eye and say,
I never missed a chance,
To back you boys, while fightin',
In that far off land of France.

April 3, 1918.

## HALT THE HUN

Our Uncle Sam has gone to war,
  To make the whole world free,
To have the job done up just right,
  Depends on you and me;
For he must have assistance,
  From each and every one;
For we've got to halt the Hun, friends,
  We've got to halt the Hun.

There is no place for neutrals
  In the good old U. S. A.;
And those who are not for us,
  Are against us in this fray.
So if you want to prove you're right,
  Just go and grab a gun;
And help to halt the Hun, friends,
  And help to halt the Hun.

While those, who always claim they love
  Our star-be-spangled banner,
Should all be willing to show that love,
  In no uncertain manner.
So if you cannot go and fight,
  Just shell out with your "mon,"
And help to halt the Hun, friends,
  And help to halt the Hun.

While this may be the biggest scrap
  We've ever had before;
But we are going to win it,
  Sure as two and two are four.
While it may prove unpleasant,
  It's a task that we will not shun;
For we're going to lick the Hun, friends,
  We're going to lick the Hun.

## THEY'RE COMING, BILL

We get quite patriotic
  When we speak about our flag.
But I understand the Kaiser says,
  That we're inclined to brag;
That we're just a bunch of bluffers,
  Who are all afraid to fight,
But he'll find we have some devil dogs,
  And they've got a nasty bite.

Now the Kaiser tried to bluff us;
  But we have called his hand;
And we'll show him we're not quitters,
  But that we have got the sand;
And when it comes to fighting,
  We would rather fight than eat;
Though there's nothing we like better
  Than a mess of German meat.

So we've sent a lot of buddies
  Over there across the sea;
And they swear that they'll bring
  Victory back—back to you and me.
And we're going to keep on sending them,
  In a long unbroken line;
Till they knock all before them
  And march across the Rhine.

Now the buddies all are anxious
For a good whack at the Hun;
And believe me when they get it,
They will make those devils run.
But Bill may say they're boasting,
But just as sure as sin,
They will bear our flag triumphant
Through the streets of old Berlin.

Now, the Germans think their Kaiser
Is a sort of demi-god;
They've another think a-coming
For the Kaiser's shot his wad.
Soon there'll be a day of reckoning,
When we'll have a lot of fun;
For we're going to oust the Kaiser
From his place in the sun.

And just as long as Bill shall live,
There's a day that he will rue;
It's the day that he insulted
The old Red, White and Blue.
Altho' we, as a nation,
Have a tendency to brag,
We're going to wallop any son of a gun
Who insults our dear old flag.

June 11, 1918.

## WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME AGAIN

Our boys have crossed the ocean's foam,
To fight against the Hun.
While we are waiting for the day,
When their good fight is won.
And many hearts, though sad to-day,
Will all be cheerful then,
For tears of pain will turn to joy,
When the boys come home again.

Chorus:

When the boys come marching home again,
From far across the sea;
We're going to have a glorious time,
Yes, a regular jubilee.
So send this cheery message,
Over hill and dale and glen;
We'll turn the old town upside down,
When the boys come home again.

There'll be no north, there'll be no south,
There'll be no east, no west;
But one united people,
This old world's very best.
That happy time is coming soon,
It needs no seer to ken,
'Twill be ushered in, with glad acclaim,
When the boys come home again.

Chorus.

July 4, 1918.

## THE KAISER

Who was it when the earth's skies were fair,
That sounded aloud the war trumps blare.
Causing pain and heartache everywhere?
The Kaiser.

Who was by intrigue and plot,
Has put on history's page a blot,
That can't be erased by "me and Gott"?
The Kaiser.

Who was it into Belgium threw,
A fiendish, murderous, cutthroat crew—
The worst that mankind ever knew?
The Kaiser.

Who was it that refused to shield,
The women and children who appealed,
To his henchmen there in Flanders field?
The Kaiser.

Who was murdered Edith Cavell?
Who made of northern France a hell,
By dastard deeds tongue cannot tell?
The Kaiser.

Who was it on Picardy plain,
Where thousand human souls were slain,
Gave Demon Death unbridled reign?
The Kaiser.

Who was the Lusitania sunk?
Who with the lust of power is drunk?
Who was it raised Uncle Sammy's spunk?
The Kaiser.

Who was it said that might makes right?
Who was it said we were afraid to fight?
Who's naught but a regular parasite?
The Kaiser.

So when this cruel war is done,
The devil himself will even shun,
That ornery, rotten, rat-faced Hun,
The Kaiser.

Aug. 20, 1918.

## SAFE OVER SEA

I've received communications
From presidents and kings;
And have felt the exultation
Such a message often brings;
I, today, received a letter,
From a friend of by-gone days;
And a flood of recollections
To my memory it conveys;
I have felt the thrill of pleasure,
As I read a billet doux,
That was filled with loving phrases,
From a sweetheart kind and true;
But none of these have ever,
Brought such a joy to me,
As did that little message,
"Have arrived safe over sea."
"The ship on which I sailed
Has arrived safe over sea"
Now has a deeper meaning
Than it ever had for me;
For my heart was on the transport,
When my laddie sailed away,
To join our fighting forces,
Cross the ocean cold and gray.
Now that he's landed safely,
Over on the other side;

I know faith in his valor,
  Will be well justified;
And when the strife is ended,
  God grant that he may be
Brought safely back, from over there,
  To home, and friends, and me.

Sept. 2, 1918.

## BETTER BUY A BOND

It now has been almost two years,
Since we first went to war;
And still some folks are asking
What we are fighting for.
That question now don't interest me,
I realize we're in it;
And the only question I ask is
What can we do to win it.

And so the call has come again,
For another Liberty Loan;
We are going to make it a winner,
For the Kaiser must be shown;
And we can do that easily,
As all the signs denote,
If we'll get behind our President,
And do not rock the boat.

It will take a lot of money,
To buy the shot and shell;
To send those Germans to the place
Where no angels ever dwell.
So when the call comes to you,
You should at once respond,
For you can't be patriotic
Unless you buy a bond.

Now do not try to fool yourself,
And think you're on the square;
Unless you've done your very best
For our boys over there.
For when the boys come back again,
From across the big salt pond,
They'll know you're a dirty slacker,
If you haven't bought a bond.

Remember that you'll have to live,
Through all the coming years,
In a country that was saved for you
By a soldier's blood and tears.
And when your life is ended,
When you reach the Great Beyond,
St. Peter will say, "You shall not pass
You failed to buy a bond."

So in this fight for freedom,
Our aims we must defend;
Do everything within our power,
To reach a successful end.
Then if you've done your duty,
When your heavenly robes are donned,
St. Peter will bid you welcome,
For he'll know you bought a bond.

Sept. 10, 1918.

## THE OLD Y. M. C. A.

When a lad first joins the service,
And he goes away to camp;
He doubtless often wearies,
Of the tramp, tramp, tramp.
But when retreat is sounded,
At the closing of the day,
He soon forgets his troubles
At the old Y. M. C. A.

Then when he's through his training,
And he goes across the sea;
He proves a staunch crusader,
In the cause of liberty.
And when he's done his duty,
In the battle's stern array,
He turns for recreation
To the old Y. M. C. A.

No matter where the soldier goes,
The sailor, or marine,
The red triangle of the "Y,"
Is somewhere to be seen;
And like a beacon in the night,
It shows a guiding ray,
To where they'll all find welcome
At the old Y. M. C. A.

Then when the war is ended,
No lad will shed a tear,
Unless it's one of happiness
Shed on the Kaiser's bier.
But as the years roll onward,
Wherever he may stray,
His thoughts will often wander back
To the old Y. M. C. A.

So friends we're only asking
That you should do your part,
To do it uncomplainingly,
And with a grateful heart.
For you know the boys are fighting,
Over there for you to-day,
So it's up to you, to back them up,
Through the old Y. M. C. A.

Nov. 2, 1918.

## WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

Hurrah! Hurrah! The war is won;
The Yankee boys have licked the Hun;
And we will have a lot of fun,
When the boys come home.

They made the Kaiser abdicate;
They wouldn't let him arbitrate;
That's why we're going to celebrate,
When the boys come home.

They ought to hang them every one,
Even the Kaiser's chinless son;
Then there'd be no Germans "in the sun,"
When the boys come home.

Nov. 11, 1918.

## THE ARMISTICE IS SIGNED

Go fling Old Glory to the breeze
  And offer up a prayer;
For joyous news, yes, glorious news,
  Has come from over there;
The news for which we've waited long,
  For which our souls have pined.
The Kaiser has abdicated,
  And the armistice is signed.

Go ring the bells of liberty,
  And let their joyous peal,
Be mingled with the music,
  That through your systems steal.
Go ring them long and merrily,
  For they will help to bind,
The tie that now unites us,
  Since the armistice is signed.

Go send the word from town to town,
  A task has been well done;
Our boys have gained the victory,
  In their battle with the Hun.
Go sing a song of triumph,
  Let joy be unconfined;
The Germans sang their swan song,
  When the armistice was signed.

Go spread the tidings far and wide,
No more the cannons roar;
Our boys will soon be coming back,
To fair Columbia shore,
They're coming home, to greet again,
The dear ones left behind,
And loving hands will clasp once more,
Since the armistice is signed.

All honor to the A. E. F.,
Who went across the sea,
And brought the fruits of victory back,
Back to you and me.
And may their deeds forever,
In memory be enshrined,
For they won the fight for freedom
When the armistice was signed.

Nov. 12, 1918.

## WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH BILL?

As I go strolling down the street,
Acquaintances I chance to meet,
To me, this question, ofttimes repeat:
  Say, what shall we do with Bill?

Shall he be sent to the regions below,
To the place where they never have any snow,
Where little red devils run to and fro?
  No, that is too good for Bill.

Shall he be put in an open boat,
Forever with winds and tides to float,
While birds of prey above him gloat?
  No, that is too good for Bill.

Shall he be placed on an island drear,
Where the sun shines hot throughout the year,
With nothing to drink except dry beer?
  No, that is too good for Bill.

Shall he be thrown in a deep abyss,
Where deadly serpents writhe and hiss?
Are you in favor of act like this?
  No, that is too good for Bill.

Shall he be cast in a lake of fire,
Where red hot flames mount higher and higher?
Shall this be the Kaiser's funeral pyre?
  No, that is too good for Bill.

Shall he be kept in some bastile,
Where never a ray of light can steal,
Where rodents and vermin bite and squeal?
No, that is too good for Bill.

Shall he be tied in a public place,
Without a chance to hide his face,
To be spit on by the populace?
No, that is to good for Bill.

There is no punishment under the sun,
To fit the crimes that have been done,
In the name of the brutal, beastly Hun.
But we'll do a plenty to Bill.

Nov. 19, 1918.

## THE LIMITED SERVICE MAN

When Uncle Sam got in the war,
In nineteen seventeen;
I knew I ought to help him out,
My duty was clearly seen.
But when I tried to volunteer,
They said I was too light;
They said they only wanted men—
Men who could work and fight.

So they turned me down in the infantry,
And in the artillery, too;
So I went before the conscription board,
To see what they would do.
They put me in the limited class,
I think 'twas a dirty trick;
Then sent me out to the Far Northwest,
To use a shovel and pick.

They sent me out to the spruce woods front,
Where they learned me how to drill;
By hiking me up the mountain side,
Till I certainly had my fill.
We had squads right, we had squads left,
Sometimes on the double quick;
And then we had, right shoulder arms,
With my shovel or my pick.

And thus the days went slowly by,
Till I was good and tired;
But the thought that I was doing my bit,
Kept my spirits still inspired.

At night I'd dream of the battle front,
Where the shot and shell were thick,
And in my dreams, I'd go over the top,
With my shovel or my pick.

And in those terrible battle dreams,
I'd always come out best.
Though the other lads sometimes complained,
That I disturbed their rest.
But when we heard the reveille,
At fifteen minutes of six;
We'd all roll out and rub our eyes,
And look for our shovels and picks.

But now the armistice is signed,
I'll soon be coming home;
And I will be about as glad,
As the lads who crossed the foam.
But if I had gone across the sea,
I'd have made those Germans sick,
For I've certainly worked my muscles up,
By using my shovel and pick.

Now, I suppose, when I get home,
Some guy will start to kid,
And laugh about the spruce woods gang,
And the service that they did.
But if he does, as sure as fate,
I'll smash him with a brick;
Then volunteer to dig his grave,
And furnish the shovel and pick.

Jan. 6, 1919.

## P. D. Q.

When the boys went across the ocean,
  To wallop the beastly Hun;
They thought they'd all come home again,
  When the dirty job was done.
So they waded into the Kaiser,
  And his baby-killing crew,
And you know they done the job up right,
  And they did it P. D. Q.

They marched against Von Hindenburg,
  And soon broke through his line;
And Vondy didn't slacken his pace,
  Till he was across the Rhine.
They got after Crown Prince Willie,
  And soon made him skiddoo;
He took a trip to Holland,
  And he took it P. D. Q.

Our boys now are keeping watch,
  Along the river Rhine.
But down in their hearts they're longing,
  For the friends of Auld Lang Syne.
They're tired of watchful waiting,
  And they're tired of red tape, too,
They want to come back home again,
  And come back P. D. Q.

There may be kings and counts and queens,
With long-drawn pedigree;
There may be points of interest,
That some would like to see.
The scenery may be just grand,
And wonderful to view;
But they'd rather see the U. S. A.,
And see it P. D. Q.

So when the armistice was signed;
When the battle flags were furled;
When Democracy had been made safe,
Throughout the wide, wide world;
When the task had been accomplished,
That they'd been asked to do,
Don't you think that they should come back home,
And come back P. D. Q.?

If you think the boys should all come home,
You should not hesitate;
But everyone be willing,
To help to pay the freight,
For the boys have done their part,
And now it's up to you.
So you'd better buy some Victory Bonds
And buy them P. D. Q.

March 30, 1919.

## THAT WAS THE DAY

Some people have poor memories,
  But I think that you remember,
What a grand and glorious time we had,
  On the eleventh of last November;
When we got the word from over there,
  That fighting soon would cease;
That the Germans had thrown up their hands,
  And were ready to sue for peace.
That was the day that this old world,
  Will never, never forget;
That was the day ex-Kaiser Bill,
  Will forever more regret;
That was the day when freedom's song,
  Re-echoed far and wide;
That was the day autocracy,
  Gave up the ghost and died;
That was the day the Kaiser learned
  Might isn't always right;
That was the day the Germans learned
  That American boys would fight;
That was the day when victory perched
  Upon the Allied flag;
That was the day we showed the world,
  We could fight as well as brag;
That was the day the fighting ceased—
  But there's a lot of debts to pay,

And Uncle Sammy needs the cash,
  And needs it right away.
Now the boys all done their duty,
  From the doughboy to the gob;
So it's up to you to buy more bonds,
  And finish up the job.

April 14, 1919.

## YOU MUST BE AN AMERICAN

I do not care from whence you came,
  Or if you're black or white;
You may have come from Sunny France,
  Or England's isle so tight;
You may have come from Holland,
  Or far off Hindoostan;
But if you want to stay in the U. S. A.
  You must be an American.

You may have come from Ireland,
  Where the fields are always green;
You may have come from Italy,
  Whose skies are so serene,
You may have been a Belgian,
  Or a Scandinavian;
But if you want to stay in the U. S. A.
  You must be an American.

You may have come from the isles of Greece,
  Or Serbia's mountain side;
You may have come from Switzerland,
  Or the Russian fields so wide;
You may have come from Chinaland,
  Or even from Japan;
But if you want to stay, in the U. S. A.
  You must be an American.

You may have come from Germany,
Or you may have come from Spain;
You may have come from Austria,
Or Roumania's fertile plain;
You may have come from Turkey,
Or from some Bulgarian clan;
But if you want to stay in the U. S. A.
You must be an American.

So I say it makes no difference,
The place from whence you came;
But when you come to the U. S. A.
You've got to play our game;
And if you do it on the square,
There's nothing will prevent,
From making you an American,
That is one hundred percent.

Nov. 25, 1919.

## THE KID IS HOME AGAIN

The kid who was called to the colors,
  Is home from the service now;
He's laid aside his army togs,
  And is eating regular chow.
He says the army rations,
  Have destroyed his appetite;
But he thinks that good home cooking,
  Will bring it back all right.

No more he gives attention,
  To the sound of fife and drum;
Though their music once enthralled him,
  He now is both deaf and dumb;
For him the call of the bugle,
  Is naught but an empty sound,
And the only music that interests him,
  Is the bay of the hunting hound.

No more he does guard duty,
  On storm-swept hill or plain;
No more he hikes, with pack on his back,
  Through the mud, the slush, and the rain;
And he wouldn't salute a second Lieut.,
  To gain a D. S. C.,
He says it's a case of S. O. L.
  If he ever must do K. P.

He's tired of din of battle,
Of war's pomp and display;
He says disputed questions,
Should be settled some other way.
He hasn't developed a yellow streak,
Nor he's not too proud to fight;
But he thinks a little good horse sense,
Would settle all questions right.

Just a kid, when called to the colors,
He now is a man, full grown;
He's seen the ways of this old world,
Has opinions now of his own;
He has no use for the jingo,
Nor the man that's inclined to brag;
But he's just as patriotic now,
As when he followed the flag.

So he's joined the American Legion,
A band that is tried and true;
They're all one hundred percenters,
And the rest of us should be, too.
He says we must remember,
Not to let our vigilance lag,
For there's only room, in U. S. A.
For one tongue, and one flag.

Dec. 12, 1919.

## WILL THEY BE OUR HEROES THEN?

When the boys have all returned
From the battle's stern array;
When the cheerings and the shoutings,
Have all died away;
When the flag no longer flutters,
Over hill and dale and glen;
Will we be as patriotic?
Will they be our heroes then?

When "No Man's Land" no longer
Is but a catchy phrase;
Where the poppies may be blooming,
Where the cows and horses graze;
Where the birds are wont to warble,
Undisturbed by fighting men;
Will we be as patriotic?
What will be our feelings then?

As the years go rolling onward,
Will we pay the debt we owe,
To the boys who battled for us,
Vanquishing a dastard foe?
Will we write their deeds of valor
With an e'er unfading pen?
Will we be as patriotic?
Will they be our heroes then?

Let us show them, while they're living,
We are pleased with what they've done;
In defending home and loved ones,
From an autocratic Hun.
If it takes a billion dollars,
Let us cure their every ill,
Show them that we're patriotic.
That they are our heroes still.

Jan. 18, 1920.

April 26 1936