

To Nurse E.:-

Many kindly thoughts of thee doth linger, and were I poet or a singer,
I'd like to warble with delight, thy kind attentions day and night,
One pleasant thing when on Floor A., I found in thee a friend alway
Great comfort thou to meet my sight, at 4 a.m. or 12 at night.
I ne'er expected thus to meet, such willing hands—such lovely feet!
I can't re-pay thee—'twould be rash—to rate thy worth in dollars' cash;
But I can wish with all my heart thou'lt always have "the better part":
Just as one Christmas means another, goodwill shall follow like kind brother,
And when shall come a fresh New Year, thy best of fortune may appear.

HE NEVER WILL

If the doctor's Antiseptic Baby, and the nurse's Prophylactic Pup
Were nosing in the garbage when the flies came buzzing up,
They scarce could look upon these insects with a loathing undisguised
For fifty years behind them, scarcely they were sterilized.
P'raps themselves had "cultured" microbes—been hot beds of disease,
But good luck stood by them through the vapor of a thousand odd degrees—
Would their love for Creatures—Flies and such like doze
Tell the worth of Permanganate, "Monkey Brand," or Carbolated Soap?
If they'd don their Rubber Mittens—take each Wasp or Beetle by the hand,
Then the child or Pup-superior, soon could lead a fumigated band.
They should say to Micrococcus: "Please get out of the way,
We bathe in pure Iodoform at least three times a day;
In Sulphuretted Hydrogen, we've steeped up to the ears;
We cut our curls, or tails off with a pair of hard-boiled shears.
Our Papa's a doctor, says he'll never give it up
Till we all imbibe our Rations from an Hygienic cup.

AT THE HOSPITAL CONCERT

Sometimes a grudge we'd satisfy—time short or long we'd gratify;
It's well to think if 'tis worth while, sometimes it's mean and full of guile,
Your judgment's given to find it out, to pass it o'er, or make a shout;
If innocent and free from harm, return it quick while yet 'tis warm:
I had one late—of matter such—a little matter—'twas not much;
(A patient always feels so humbled, when in his bed he's just been tumbled,
He's such a lot which to submit, and kicks right out, or someone hit).
The nurses, doctors long did treat, and doped me up from head to feet;
Helpless was I to give them back, a bitter dose their lips to crack:
Till evening one they concert had, and asked me then, if not too bad
To stand before them and recite. So back at them from left to right
I thought I'd give them something warm; "Tipperary," 'twould not much harm.
They sat it well—physic, nursing hands—Got back at me with clapping hands—
It was no use—I had no chance to parley, "Encore," they called, give "Cheery Charlie."

ON TAG DAY

One loves to see a Tag Day come, "mere man" then gets detention—
The ladies do around us hum, and claims our full attention.
It's nice to see them all alive, to our importance great,
Our steps they meet us one-in-five: "We're pillars of the State!"
There's something coming after this—(we wonder what their "axe to grind"),
That smiling, 'witching, artful Miss—she would our pockets find!
I used to give at early morn, to first of Taggers I did meet,
But through the day 'twas almost scorn from other Taggers on the street.
I now reserve till late at eve—till Taggers all on me have pressed,
The dollar then that does me leave has earned its very best.