

Chas. H. Spurgeon once wrote:
 "Heaven bless our wives,
 They fill our hives
 With little bees and honey,
 They mend our socks,
 They soothe life's shocks,
 But don't they spend the money!"
 But he never knew—

MY LANDLADY

Who met me at her cottage door
 And welcomed me just ten times o'er;
 Because I'd brought her dollars more;
 (Of course she eyed me o'er and o'er)?
My Landlady!

Who looked to see if boots were spick and span,
 And said I was a gentle-man,
 So to her kitchen quickly ran:
 Ham-an'-eggs in frying pan?
My Landlady!

(Fussy at first and then they began to put the lid on.)

Who asked of me a week before:
 An advance of my little score,
 And made me feel a trifle sore,
 Because she said: "Five dollars More?"
My Landlady!

Who said I worked to half the night
 Because of verses I did write,
 And burnt up her electric light
 Until she couldn't sleep at night?
My Landlady!

Who started nagging, scolding, grumbling,
 Because this rhyme of her was jumbling;
 Rapping, tapping, sheets o' paper tumbling,
 And showed a physog storm was rumbling?
My Landlady!

Who gave my door a rousing knock,
 And gruffly said 'twas eight o'clock,
 And started then to "give me sock":
 "You've flared my 'juice' since five o'clock?"
My Landlady!

Who was it made my room cold hole
 Because she'd burnt seven ounce o' coal,
 But never to her furnace stole
 To warm me down from head to sole?
My Landlady!

Who was it watched my goings-out
 And when returned I had to shout:
 My typewriter, room without,
 And had to fetch the Bluecoat out
To my Landlady

And so the Bobby came and said
 He found it under lady's bed;
 'Twas then she turned so very red—
 Ten dollars quickly from her sped,
 And branded "thief" that's what he said
Of my Landlady.

Who followed me to her front door,
 And said she felt our parting sore,
 And kissed me twenty times or more?
NOT MY LANDLADY.