

III.

And it was "O to infect the fresh, fresh youth,
 And the rounder old and gay,
 And the jay uncouth, as with Sal and Ruth,
 He disports in the new-mown hay!"
 And 'twas, "O to breed in the infant's eye,
 In the swollen joint as well,
 And the facts supply when deacons lie,
 And 'cart wheel' stories tell!"
 "O 'tis woe in a sawed-off tube to split
 And on measly spud to measly sit!
 To see our spores grow weak and lean,
 And the venom depart from our ptomaine!
 And never a rainbow of promise to see,
 In the crescent curve of the arched chordee!"

IV.

"Let the staphylococcus laugh long and loud,
 At the sound of our hopeless wail;
 Though our head be bowed, no putrid crowd
 Can such honor as ours assail!
 We've snapped many a streptococcus chain,
 Hushed many a bacillus' bray;
 And the search will be in vain who shall search for a stain
 On the record we hold to-day!"
 "Come death before a life of shame!
 Come death before dishonored name!
 And never our words will our acts belie—
 We'll to infect for we will not try!
 And neither in culture, in mucus or pus,
 Has Neisser himself seen flies on us."

—*Cin. Lan. and Clin.*

"Just do your best," says James Whitcombe Riley in these two stanzas:

The signs is bad when folks commence
 A findin' fault with Providencce;
 And balkin' 'cause the world don't shake
 At every prancin' step they take.
 No man is great till he can see
 How less than little he can be
 Ef stripped to self and stark and bare
 He hung his sign out anywhere.