

"EXCELSIOR!"

(After Longfellow—a long while after)

"The shades of night were falling fast," as by a little cottage passed,
"A youth who bore" with smiles so nice, a token of his heart's device, "Excelsior!"
"His brow was" light, "his eye beneath," flashed like Love's arrow from its sheath,
And from that heart with love so wrung, the accents of sweet Cupid's tongue, "Excelsior!"
Inside the house he saw the light—the parlour fire glow warm and bright;
Above—from bedroom window shone—the old gent's light—to bed he'd gone,
And from this young man escaped a sigh, relieved he then began to cry, "Excelsior!"
"Try not to pass," the old gent said, "dark lowers this wash-bowl overhead,
I'll fling this basin at thy hide" but loud the young man's voice replied, "Excelsior!"
"Oh, flee!" the maiden cried, "I'll follow; my father then will have to 'holler.'"
A smile passed through his bright blue eye, the young man then with glee did cry,
"Excelsior!"

"Beware the fence of barbed wire—beware the yard-dog's howling ire,"
This was a neighbor's last good-night, a man replied, far out of sight, "Excelsior!"
At break of day the lovers met, on being one their hearts were set—
Uttered the oft-repeated vow, before a parson married now—"Excelsior!"
A traveller by police was found—the old man, lame, had lost his ground,
Still grasping wash-bowl in his hand—his legs so tired he scarce could stand, "Excelsior!"
Then, in the evening (happy pair!), at home they met dear father there,
And at the table both he kissed, was glad his bowl young man had missed, "Excelsior!"

THE CALL

Ye Britons! come! to the call of the drum, behind you cannot lag,
Your homes are in danger, the German stranger, is out to despoil your Flag!—
Your emblem of Freedom, your able seamen, has swept him off the sea,
Now together stand, clear him off the land, maintain your right to be free!
Mother England obey, maintain the fray; assert that you're a man
Say your bit you will do, you're a Briton true, and do what'er you can:
In medical corps, or digging ore—in mining diamonds black—
By running a train with might and main, you'll drive the Germans back;
Their trenches deep, you'll o'er them leap, and plant the Union Jack.
We're not down-hearted, though before us they started, we'll catch them up in the race.
The foe will go under the Allies' blow, to his appointed place.
Then boys, unite, in this awful fight, all energies place in line—
From Belgium and France, you'll make him prance
And pitch him over—or into—the Rhine.

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To Miss H.—

The true songstress sings to reach the heart, the listener loves such better part—
Than empty soul within the singer (the former causes higher sense to linger),
So all who hear thee sing thy songs, know to which class thy skill belongs,
And everyone, without delay, wish thee the best this Christmas Day;
And when New Year shall make his start, will find thee cheerful—glad of heart,
And right along, through every day, Good Fortune may attend thy way.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO THE DIET KITCHEN COOK

Pies and cakes—cakes and pies, at Christmas-time is what we prize;
We know they'll never make us sick, because our cook knows all the trick
To make our pie-crusts (not of brick) but rather, full of fatty flakes—
And nice and light are all she makes—
Her crusts are light—just like a feather; her cocoa's good for any weather.
Her soup is always piping hot, as rich as any mother got
For father when he'd done his work and smacked his lips like any Turk.
Her milk's not water (more like cream), her jelly custard's like a dream—
Yet not a dream—(so much the better)—the place to say so's in this letter.
There's lots of good things from thy skill, more welcome than the doctor's bill.
His beakers, glasses, may run o'er the brim, thou'rt worth a barrow load of him.
It's nice to see thy wares come down that chute; I love thy motto: "Feed the brute!"
We wish thee all this world can give of good, of health—long may'st thou live!
And give us all good words to utter; a dietary wide—our bread and butter!
I'd like just here to make suggestion—(my stomach's good—a fine digestion),
Thou'rt cook experienced—not just budding—I'd like a dab o' Yorkshire pudding!
Just one more word—(the last we'll say)—we wish thee well, this Christmas Day!