

THE HOOSIER BOOK

263 To—"The J. W. R. Literary Club"

WELL, it's enough to turn his head to have a feller's name
Swiped with a *Literary Club*!—But you're the ones to blame!—
I call the World to witness that I never *agged* ye to it
By ever writin' *Classic-like*—*because I couldn't* do it.
I never run to "Hellicon," ner writ about "Per-nas-sus,"
Ner never tr'ed to rack er ride around on old "P-gassus"!
When "Tuneful Nines" has cross'd my lines, the ink 'ud
blot and blur it,
And pen 'nd jest putt back fer home, and take the short-
way fer it!
And so, as I'm a-sayin',—when you name your LITERARY
In honor o' this name o' mine, it's raily nessessary—
Whilse I'm a-thankin' you and all—to warn you, ef you
do it,
I'll haf to jine the thing myse'f 'fore I can live up to it!

264 Old Indiany

FRAGMENT

INTENDED FOR A DINNER OF THE INDIANA SOCIETY
OF CHICAGO

OLD Indiany, 'course we know
Is first, and best, and *most*, also,
Of *all* the States' whole forty-four;—
She's first in ever'thing, that's shore!—