

"TAIL OF THE SHIRT"

(Not by Tom Hood)

The patient had (re-habilitated) in clean, white linen; his doctor noticed this, and humorously enquired, "Where did you get that clean shirt?" The one queried didn't feel like giving the secret away, and hesitated, giving only an evasion. However, next day the doctor got the more or less satisfactory or unsatisfactory information as follows:—

Dear Doctor:—

You asked me where I got that shirt—the one so clean, so free from dirt?
Just what I said was only "bosh!" (my only other one was in the wash).
I only gave evasive speech (none other seemed within my reach).
But now, I wish to make it clear, in what direction you're to steer:

Just for a shirt that's white and clean, you kindly ask Nurse Mary Green,
And if she brings you one too thin, with that enshroud Miss Ada Grimly,
And should she trade you one that's dark, you then address Scotch lassie Shark
If it's a shirt not worn on days, not satisfied, you quiz Miss Blayze.
There's lots o' shirts; indeed, 'tis hard to stay 'em, but the best of all is ON Nurse
Flayem.

NOT "WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE," BUT—

Woman! Spare thy Man! Don't pull one single hair;
Leave him five cents for chewing gum, don't pick his pockets bare.
'Twas his kind mother's work, that gave thee thy good man,
So, woman, curb thine hand; just leave him one small "can."
Her poor hard-working son, whose labors always tire,
And toileth oft, long as he can, through frost, snow, slush and mire;
Woman forbear to take, don't rob his pockets so,
Oh, spare for human pity's sake—leave dime for picture show!
"When but an idle boy, he sought the grateful shade,"
Where he could buy ice cream and spend the quarter he had made.
"His father pressed his hand," and in it this much dropped,
For sweeping snow and fetching in the wood that he had chopped.
"His heart-strings now do round thee cling," he's taken thee for better—
He's furnished thee with wedding ring, don't make his life a fetter.
Good man! the storms still brave! And, woman, don't him tease!
For all he has is thine but he's content thy waist to squeeze.
If thou would'st always win his kiss—deserve his full devotion,
His "bottom dollar" always miss, and quit that grasping notion!
But now and then, just help him strive—instead of "pinching," lend him Five.

NOT "THE MILLER OF THE DEE," BUT— THE A. ONE HOSPITAL "GROUSER"

There dwelt a fellow, sick but bold, beside the River Bow,
He bragged and bawled from morn till night; no monkey chattered so.
And this the burden of his "swank" for ever used to be:
"I'll have my 'grub' the first of all—my breakfast, dinner and tea."
"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," the doctor said, "as wrong as wrong can be;
"The ruling powers will take their time—there's more on earth than thee.
"And tell me now, what further ails—I'll see what I can do,
"If thirst thou hast, thou'lt yet go dry, thou'lt have to wait that too."

The man he scowled—bare was his head—his cap he couldn't doff,
So to the doctor gruffly said: "Then where do I get off?"
"You have no wife on you to wait," the doctor made reply,
"If I and nurse were led by you, you very soon might die.
"You seem to think there's naught we know, but what you tell to us,
"You're always 'grouching,' loud or low, and kicking up a fuss.
"If you are wiser than your nurse, than doctor wiser still,
"Then sit straight up, and walk right out, and settle up my bill!"