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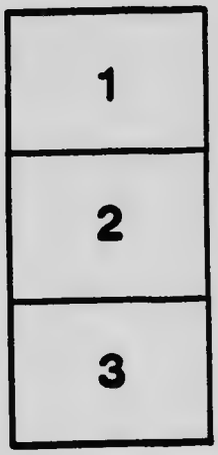

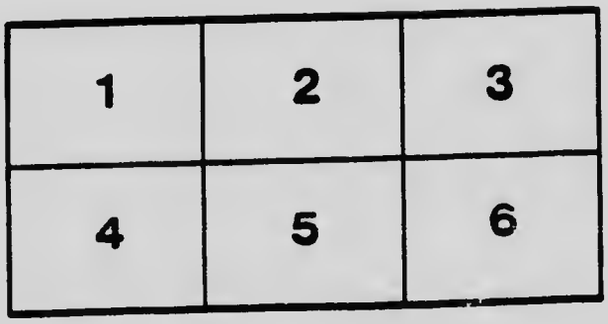

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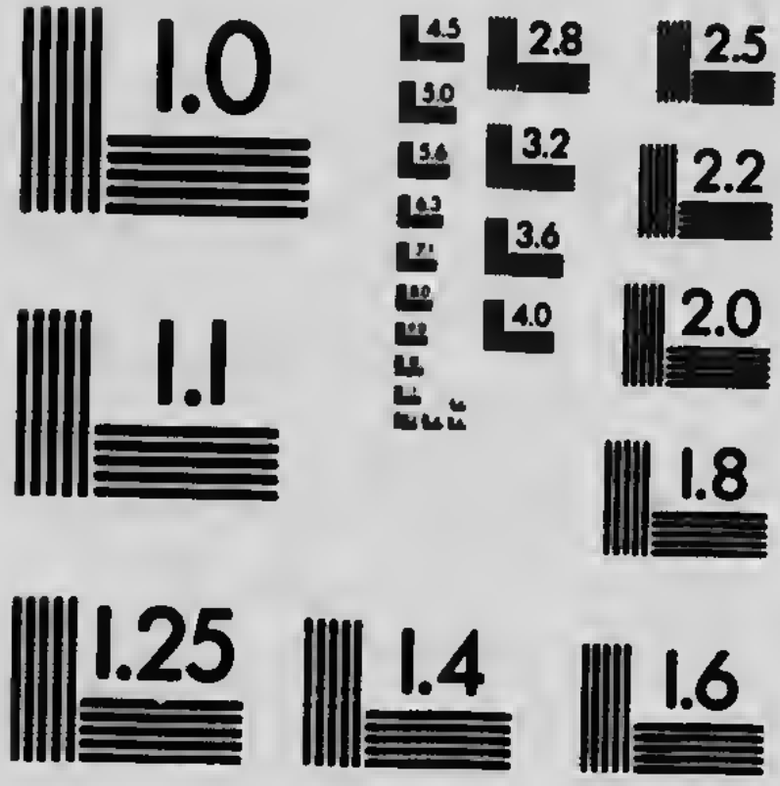

Royal Rhymes

AND

Romances

BY

Charles E. Royal

PUBLISHED BY THE
International Publishing Company
292 Hastings St. E., Vancouver, B.C.

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Charles Elliott Royal "The Actor Poet"

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Charles Elliott Royal "The Actor Poet"

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

Believing that the reading public of to-day enjoy a personal acquaintance with its authors, we are giving a brief biography of the author of these fascinating poems.

Charles Elliott Royal (Charles Elvin Elliott) the actor poet, was born near Monmouth, Oregon, U.S.A., and entered the theatrical profession when a boy. His extensive travels, both on this continent and abroad, have made him a keen observer, giving a versatility in writing that is not surpassed by any author of modern times.

He is the author and composer of hundreds of songs, scores of plays, and innumerable poems, parodies, monologues and vaudeville acts; as well as a large catalogue of instrumental numbers.

Writing poetry is "second nature" with Mr. Royal, and his intimate friends make the proud boast that he can write more clever verse in one day than most authors accomplish in a month. While still in his thirties and actively engaged in the theatrical profession, he finds time to contribute to a dozen different papers and magazines.

Of a naturally cheerful disposition, Mr. Royal always looks on the bright side of life, looks always, not at the cloud, but the silver lining, and lovers of poetry will find in this book a poem to suit every mood, each breathing this spirit of hope and inspiration.

His generous nature and cheerful spirit have made him a general favorite with all who know him, and to these, as well as to all lovers of poetry, we dedicate "Royal Rhymes and Romances."

MARK C. GILCHRIST.

Did you ever stand in the heart of a land
Where nature reigns supreme,
Where the icy tints and the rainbow glints
Seem to blend in one color scheme.

Where the peaks are so high
That they fade in the sky,
Where the crack of the cold seems to sob,
Where the silence is so intense, you feel
The pulse of nature throb?

You're held in a spell, and you really can't tell
Why you stare at the valley below,
Why each craggy place resembles a face
Bedecked in a mantle of snow.

But you stand there alone
Like a king on his throne
The monarch of all you survey
Reviewing the flights of the Northern lights
As they change the night to day.

The bigness, the greatness of nature's plan
Somehow, seems to appal,
The only word that describes it is,
"ALASKA," and that tells it all.

Where the rivers are brimful of fishes,
Where the mountains are teeming with game,
Where everything is just as it was
Before the white man came.

Where you only meet "just grown up children."
Where religion's the golden rule,
Where hearts are made big by the deeds they do,
Broadened by nature's school.

Where the people are just one big family,
Where "Friendship's the mother of all,"
God bless you, I love you, Alaska,
And I always will long for your call.

THE OLD TRAIL.

There's an old worn out trail,
Over rim, rock and vale,
Half forgotten and long out of date.
But still its of worth,
It's "The Brand" on this earth
Of the Mushers of '98.

Tho' left to decay,
It still points the way
To the land of golden dreams.
If you pause by the way
It still seems to say,
"Mush on, there is gold in the streams."

Though grass overgrown,
It's bridges are gone,
And boulders form many a gate.
It still points the way
As it did "yesterday"
For the Mushers of '98.

And each "sourdough"
In his dream oft will go
O'er the trail as he did of old.
He fixes his pack on his weary bent back
To answer the "call of the gold."

He joins the stampede with the same old-time greed,
He shares his grub-stake with his mate.
With the same longing hope
He goes over the slope
Of the trail of '98.

The same old-time song
He goes humming along.
He reaches Lake Bennett at last,
He again builds the boat
And commences to float.
The same dear old scenes are passed.

He feels the same spray
On his face as the day
When first "White Horse Rapids" were passed.
Le Barge soon glides by
Five Fingers draws nigh,
The gold fields are reached at last.

He once more stakes his claim,
Builds his cabin the same,
And thinks of his loved ones who wait.
But his dream is soon through,
He finds he's changed, too,
Like the old trail of '98.

And this same "sourdough"
Is "The Man With the Hoe."
Though life's humblest station was his
When he has crossed life's divide
We will all say with pride,
"He made this Great North what it is."

And this old trail alone
Was his sole stepping stone,
So why let it die with the past?
Let's rebuild every part,
Let it live in each heart
As long as the "Great North" shall last.

Like a great monument,
Let its memory give vent
To the heroes who mushed to their fate,
Who "Answered the Call"
And gave up "life's all"
On the old trail of '98.

It was dear to their hearts
And it well played it's part.
So let's join to save it from fate,
Like a banner unfurled
Let it still tell the world
Of the "MUSHERS" of '98.

"THE WOOD-CHOPPER."

A wood-chopper sat on the Yukon flat
  Watching the dog salmon run;
The old fish-wheel kept up its squeal
  While looping the loop in the sun.

A husky squaw that the chopper called "Maw,"
  With a malamute dog by her side,
Had been whiling away the entire day,
  Making "mocks" from a caribou hide.

The mosquito hordes had been chewing the boards,
  In preference to blood from the squaw,
When a steamboat's toot caused the malamute
  To strike up an "Ellen Beach Yaw."

But the wood-chopper sat right where he was "at"
  And stared at the old fish-wheel;
His mind was away to the yesterday,
  And he heard not the whistle squeal.

For seventeen years filled with sorrow and fears,
  He had dreamed of a girl outside.
Both early and late he had struggled with fate,
  Till the manhood within him had died.

He had cursed the day that took him away,
  The day that he said good-bye,
When the lure of the gold pregnated his soul
  With a resolve to get rich or die.

He traced back each year with a silent tear,
  Each winter of misery and cold.
To when he mushed on, to the great Yukon,
  And then—well, we'll leave that untold.

From the steamboat's scow came the "sounding" pow wow,
  "Half six," "no bottom," "all right."
But never a word had the wood-chopper heard
  As he stared in the sun-kissed night,

And the fish-wheel groaned, the old squaw croaned,
  And the malamute joined in.
But the man, like the "Jinks," that they call the Sphinx,
  Sat and dreamed of what might have been.

When out of the air like a forgotten prayer,
  Came a woman's voice soft and sweet,
And every note told of sorrow and hope,
  The wood-chopper jumped to his feet.

As silent as death he held his breath,
  To drink in each tone and word,
And the old faithful squaw, took one look and "saw,"
  And sneaked to the tent unheard.

How often he had heard that song, every word,
  And the voice, "Ah! it must be the same."
That last fond good-bye, he recalled with a sigh,
  And gently he breathed her name.

Then the cunning old squaw sent the papoose to his "Pa,"
And the chopper awoke from his dream!
And the old fish-wheel groaned, the malamute moaned
  And the boat passed from view down the stream.

And the woman on board little dreamed that her lord,
  The man she came north to find,
For a fish-wheel that groaned and an old squaw that croaned
  Had left her and the world behind.

HOW THAT WOMAN COULD LOVE.

She sat at the table opposite,
  Her eyes were as black as coal,
The effect of the sparkling Burgundy
  Lay bare her passionate soul.
And she smiled as only the woman can smile,
  Who has paid the price for desire,
With a tilt of the head and pouting lips,
  Great guns, how it set me afire.
And I was the poor weak mortal
  Who had just landed in from the hills,
With a pent up fire consuming my blood,
  For a woman's embrace and its thrills.
Her glance brought the red flush to my cheeks,
  As though drunk on a rare old wine,
I'd have given my soul for a touch of her hand,
  The minute her eyes met mine.
She was the girl I had longed for,
  Each night by the cabin fire,
I'd seen that same smile in the embers glow
  That had whetted my heart's desire.
It had spurred me on in the digging,
  Far more than the greed for gold,
God, how I wanted that woman,
  I forgot all the hunger and cold,
And after I'd filled up the buckskin,
  And mushed to the din and the glare,
It seemed like my dream was reality,
  As I stared at her sitting there.
She motioned me up to the curtained box,
  And ordered a bottle of wine,
And made me forget everything but her,
  As she pressed her lips to mine.
'Twas just one lingering, passionate kiss
  Till my brain was in a whirl,
There was no one else in the whole blame world,
  Well—Just me and this dance hall girl.
I didn't wake up for about four days,
  For they slipped something into my booze,
And when I felt for my nuggets and dust,
  The bartender says, "You lose."
And "she of the eyes" had vamoosed outside
  With the eight months' "cleanup" of mine,
Just peddling that smile to some lonely cuss,
  Who had hungered for women and wine.
And I don't give a damn for the gold dust she took,
  There's more on the hills above,
But I'll tell the whole world that she was "Some Kid,"
  Oh, boy, how that woman could love.

THE YUKON'S ANSWER.

Old Father Time, 'so the story goes,
  Was on his inspection tour,
Righting the wrongs that nature did,
  And trying to find a cure.

He paused on the banks of the great Yukon
  And watched the ice break up,
Eating the banks and gulping the trees
  In its seething, greedy sup.

And he said to the mighty Yukon,
  "Why don't you flow peacefully,
Why do you keep on changing your course
  As you wend your way to the sea?

Why do you build an island today,
  And sweep it away tomorrow?
Why do you charge through the grassy flats
  Leaving behind you but sorrow?"

The old Yukon shook its mighty sides
  And heaved a mighty sigh;
It shook the ice with a maddening whirl,
  And made this bold reply:

"For a million years you've sent your curse
  In the form of snow and ice,
I've froze and endured your hardships
  But lived, at your awful price.

Yes, lived, and forced my way to the sea,
  At sixty-five below;
I've fought you for eight long months every year,
  When you blocked me with ice and snow.

In summer you've lured me on with your sun,
  You've strewn flowers along my way;
Then you've snatched them away with a miser's hand
  To let your ice hold sway.

For eight long months you've denied me light,
  You've let me feel my way.
I've buried myself as I sought the sea
  In an icy covered bay.

And you call yourself the healer of time;
  You don't know what that words means;
You lure men on with your phantom gold,
  And swallow them up with your scenes.

Each year I carry these maddening hordes
  Rushing on in their wild stampede.
But I've always noticed but few come back
  To tell of your lust and greed.

You want to know what becomes of the rest
  Who were lured by your bait of gold?
They struggle and toil and starve and die,
  While you taunt them with misery and cold.

You cover the earth with your seal of ice,
  So the grass cannot protrude,
And the moose and the caribou starve and die,
  As they search o'er your plains for food.

And you wonder I shake this helmet of ice,
  Why my passions I try to release,
Just perfect your own faults, old Father Time,
  And the whole world will be at peace."

SOUR DOUGH IKE.

Yes, Sour Dough Ike's what they called him
  Way up North of old 53;
Yet nobody knew and no one gave a damn
  What his "maiden name" used to be.
Some said he once was a doctor
  Way back in the days of old;
But now he massaged the guts of the earth
  To make her digest the gold.
And he sure had the right kind of physic,
  For he always was makin' a strike,
And the Chechocos, lookin' for pickin's,
  Just shadowed old Sour Dough Ike.
He'd "licker up" while the dust lasted—
  He warn't no hand drinkin' alone—
And when his old buckskin was emptied,
  He'd hike for the great unknown.

He stood six feet two in his mucklucks,
  His hair was as red as his nose,
When the "Hooch" was all out of his system
  He was "whale" from his head to his toes.
He had trimmed up the whole crop of bullies
  From "Dan" to the terrible Greek,
And when he shook hands with the half-breed
  It put him in bed for a week.
But a real peaceful cuss was this red top,
  He never went lookin' for war;
But when some one was spilin' for trouble,
  He supplied what they were lookin' for.

'Twas a night in the middle of winter,
  A night such as Northlanders know,
When the mercury's flirtin' with 60,
  And a blue tint steals over the snow,
When the stars seem too frozen to twinkle,
  When the air is just still as can be;
But now we'll go on with the story—
  And this is between you and me—
Old Sour Dough Ike had been missin'
  Four months and a half from the fold,
And the girls and the games were just itchin'
  To pilfer his fat poke of gold;
The old roulette wheel commenced creekin'
  To welcome him back to the chips,
And the bottles of "Hooch" were just smilin'
  To kiss his old weather beat lips.

The dance hall was crowded that evenin',
  The girls were made up for the fray,
And all of the "cappers" were hustlin'
  To get some poor sucker to play.
Old "Rag Hayes" was ticklin' the ivories,
  The wee hours were startin' to peep,
And "Sandow," the Red Light's pet scrapper,
  Was slappin' some weaklin' to sleep;
Blonde Lizzie was workin' some miner
  Who had just landed in from a strike:
When the storm doors both busted wide open,
  And in walked old Sour Dough Ike.

The whole gang rushed him with the "glad hand,"
  A thinkin' that booze would flow free—
For all other money was bogus
  When Ike started out on a spree;
But he stood there just transfixed and silent,
  Like the sphinx in the story you read.
Just takin' in all the surroundin's,
  As tho' 'twas the first he had see'd.
"Big Bertha" grabbed him by the shoulder
  And suggested a trip to the bar;
But Sour Dough says: "I'm not drinkin',
  And here's what my reasons are."

"When I left here last fall for the Keokuk
  I went clear to 'No Man's Land,'
And I found the lost mine that's been hidden
  Since 'Mad Bill' panned out his last sand.
With its treasures all shinin' before me,
  There were nuggets as big as a bowl;
Why I filled all these pokes in an hour;
  Great God! there was nothin' but gold;
And the cabin stood there all deserted,
  Except for old 'Mad Bill's' bones;
His skull peeked at me from a corner,
  'Twas layin' twixt nuggets and stones;
His ribs and the backbone were scattered,
  And the door bein' open, I see'd
That 'Mad Bill' had bequeathed his carcass
  For his huskies' last Thanksgivin' feed.

"The wolves had chewed up his belongin's,
  But tied to the rafters I found
A grub stake of beans and sow-belly
  To high for the wolves from the ground.
And, Pards, I almost was starvin'—
  I'd been without food for two days—

So I cooks up a sour dough banquet,
  And eats till my brain was a haze;
And nailed on the wall right before me
  I saw, as I took my last sips,
The last note that 'Mad Bill' had written
  Before he had cashed in his chips.

" 'The food in this cabin is poisoned;
  I've endured the misery and cold,
And no one shall live from my grub stake
  To tell of my strike of gold.
It's hundreds of miles back to Dawson,
  So mush and you'll starve on the way,
And my skull from this musty old cabin
  Will haunt every step, night and day.
Or eat, if you can't resist hunger,
  Be a quitter and die by degrees;
But leave "Mad Bill's" gold where you found it,
  Or my curses you'll hear on each breeze.'

"Now, I never was much of a quitter,
  And I've fought when the 'goin' ' was bad;
But when that poison just cozed through my system
  'Twas a 'yellow streak' feelin' I had.
But I locked the door from the varmints,
  And made up my mind I'd sit tight,
And, Pards, I'm right here to tell you
  That me and that dope had some fight.
I lay on that bunk in the cabin
  Two months, and just [illegible]ted with death,
With the skull smilin' up from the corner,
  And the wolves waitin' for my last breath.

"I could see the grave diggers all busy,
  The 'undertake' wearing a smile;
I could just hear the devil give orders
  For four loads of coal on the pile.
I lived forty years in an hour;
  I traced back each step that I took;
Each page of my life was marked 'failure'—
  There warn't one good thing in the book.
The wolf dogs were chanting a requiem
  For a life that was wasted and gone;
When something just commenced to whisper
  There was still time for me to atone.

" 'Twas t' voice of my darling old mother,
  Like the sun shinin' down through a storm;
And all of a sudden that cabin
  Seemed brighter and cozy and warm.

Now I never knew much 'bout religion,
  But true as that pipe's filled with gold,
I heard mother's voice, sofe like music:
  "Be saved and come into His fold."

"So I just entered into a bargain,
  If the good Lord would pull me through,
I'd fight all His battles from now on,
  And do all the good I could do.
Now He's done his part of the contract,
  And you bet your chips I'll do mine;
And that's why you'll have to excuse me
  From the card games, the 'Hooch' and the wine."

"Ah, cut out the sob stuff," says Sandow,
  "And promenade up to the bar;
You talk like a Salvation Army,
  And I've heard what a scrapper you are.
Now you'll either take 'Hooch' or a lickin'."
  But that was as far as he got,
For Ike let it go from the shoulder
  And dropped Sandow flat on the spot.
There warn't a bit of commotion;
  They dragged Sandow back of the bar,
And gave him his first bath of water,
  Till his brain could see somethin' but stars.
They informed him ol just what had happened,
  And he quietly sneaked out through the men.

And Ike says: "Now, as I was sayin'
  Before our rude friend butted in,
I'm off with the dog team tomorrow,
  I'm headed for old Tennessee.
There's a home that I'm going to make happy,
  Where a fond mother's waitin' for me.
I'm goin' to start preachin' the Gospel,
  And when you're all buckin' the game,
Each night in my prayers I'll be with you,
  And you bet that I'll mention your name.
And maybe the Good Lord above us,
  Who's done all these wonders for me,
Will just make your lives a lot better
  For those prayers back in old Tennessee."

Now that dance hall's deserted and empty,
  The tables are covered with dust,
The old doors are standin' wide open,
  Their hinges are broken with rust.
The players are long since departed,

But I'll bet that where 'ere they may be,
Their lives have been made somewhat better
By a cuss down in old Tennessee.
They'll always remember his fightin',
They'll always remember his name,
For a gamer cuss this side of Heaven
Was never seen staking a claim.
And if he's still preachin' the Gospel,
He's doin' that same mighty well;
For he'll just kick Hell out of the Devil,
Or else kick "His Nobs" out of Hell.

THE FAILURE.

When first I held you in my arms
And gazed into your eyes,
The lovelight I saw shining there
Made life a paradise,
And when we "Banked" on happiness
The future held in store
The "Bank Book" read just "You and I"
We asked for nothing more.

The "Interest" on our "Golden Dreams"
We counted thousand fold
It seemed our "Dividend" of love
Would pave life's path with gold
But as we drifted down the years
Where "Fortune's storms assailed
We tried to "draw" upon our love
Alas, the bank had "failed"

And tho' the parting of the ways
~~Has drifted us apart~~ Caused us to drift apart
There's just one fond regret to fill
Your place within my heart.
Though Memory's "Vault" can't "Close its doors"
"Loves bank" has failed it seems
Life's only "interest" now is drawn
Upon our "golden dreams."

THE GIRL.

Gee, what mistakes a fellow makes
  As he sails down the stream of life;
He looks out o'er the foam, and longs for a home,
  And a sweet little loving wife.

He pictures a cute little bungalow
  Near a rainbow of sunshine and joys,
In fancy he sees 'neath the Jassamine trees,
  A dear little kiddie's toys.

And the hum of the bees and the breath of the breeze
  Lulls his soul to Paradise,
But he passes them up for the club and the cup,
  But, God, what a sacrifice,

And in all after years, as he smiles through his tears,
  Just fighting it out alone,
He cares naught for the world, he just longs for the girl,
  For someone to call his own;

And he searches life's stream, for the same golden dream
  But. alas. it's too late to find,
The rainbow has vanished, life's flowers are gone,
  With the girl that he left behind.

LONGINGS.

I've a longing in my pocket for a dollar which I spent
  In my happy boyhood days so far away,
And I've often had a longing in my stomach for a meal,
  When I couldn't even get a wisp of hay.

And I long to see the sun shine on the aircastles I built
  Which were always one long foot beyond my reach,
And I've longed so long for longings, I'll be glad when they're gone by,
  Yet I'm not the only pebble on the beach.

And I've only now one longing left through these long, weary years,
  And although my pocket book's not fat with grease,
The longing that I've longed for with a longing long prolonged
  Is I long to know where longings all will cease.

THE WORKINGMAN.

Though his home is no mansion,
His clothes are not fine.
Though he works hard from morning till night.
Though his dinner pail's empty,
He whistles the same,
And you wonder what makes his heart light.

You notice a smile as he's toiling away
Though his station in life is not high,
And you wonder why HE is content with his lot
While HIS BOSS seems to grumble and sigh.

'Tis the love for his dear ones that strengthens his arm,
That makes him content with his fate;
And he smiles as he thinks of a sweet laughing face
Who will meet him to-night at the gate.

Perhaps it's a little tot, boy or a girl,
Perhaps it's his mother, or wife;
No matter, that one fond embrace at the gate
Is pay for his worry and strife.

The battle for millions may make men of wealth
Neglect all that makes life worth while;
But poverty adds to the workingman's love,
And that's why he works with a smile.

His clothes may be dirty, ragged and torn,
His face may be sunburnt and brown;
But he knows he's as dear to the ones at the gate
As though he were wearing a crown.

The wealthy may laugh at his struggle through life,
But when there are deeds to be done,
You'll find it's the working man right in the front
That's the first one to shoulder the gun.

And when he has finished his toil on this earth,
When he answers his "last roll call,"
May the Page write his name on the tablet of fame:
"The workingman, king of them all."

"WHEN THINGS GO WRONG"

Gee! but this is a punk old world
  When things are going wrong,
There's not one note of melody
  Left in life's sweetest song.

The sunshine seems to lose its warmth,
  The moon don't shine at all
It seems that every thing worth while
  Has gone beyond recall.

The woods have lost their splendour;
  And the flowers cease to bloom,
The song birds never warble
  And all Nature's out of tune;

The goddess that you've idolized
  Has turned into an elf,
You see a change in everything,
  That is—except "yourself."

And that is where the trouble lies,
  Just open wide your eyes,
You'll see your "brain storm" vanish
  And leave rainbows in the skies.

Bad luck may have you down and out,
  But take another view,
And you'll find a dozen close at hand,
  A lot worse off than you,

Just fight the wrongs within yourself,
  And when you've won the game,
You'll find the birds, the sunshine,
  And the whole blamed world the same.

THESPIAN GHOSTS.

There is a graveyard on the coast
  Where scores of troupers go,
And on the tombstones found within
  Are names of many shows.

You'll find relics there of opera troupes
  Who have fallen by the way;
And ghosts of silenced vaudevilles
  Do stunts the livelong day.

And here and there you'll find the graves
  Of poor old Repertoires;
I supposed that they've re-organized
  Upon the golden shores.

The billboards have gone to decay,
  Their Lithos are no more;
The only bills that still remain
  Are hotel bills galore.

Now the Good Book says that up above
  They'll all invited be;
I'd like to sit in the bald-headed row
  At that professional matinee;

For some shrewd manager, up above,
  Tho' he made a frost below,
Will have them signed at "Fifteen" per,
  To give a continuous show.

But if he intends to tour "Hell,"
  And make a few stands on the earth,
You may depend that he'll get wise
  And give "Chehalis" a wide berth.

"PRIDE OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

(Written for a benefit program right after the San Francisco earthquake.)

Friends, did you ever leave a place
  That you longed to visit again,
And a big lump comes up in your throat
  When you're getting on the train,
You feel like you're leaving something behind,
  And you really hate to start?

Well, 'Frisco holds the warmest spot
  In every traveler's heart;
It's a regular "Garden of Happiness,"
  A city that has (no nights).
Where wealth and poverty side by side
  Go taking in the sights;

Where people live to enjoy life;
  Where mirth reigns early and late—
You pass to the Mecca of gaiety
  When you enter "Golden Gate."

For jolly good fellowship reigns supreme,
  And freedom fills the air;
Why, even a poor old ragged tramp
  Receives a welcome there.

And the fellow who shakes you by the hand
  Don't do it with a frown.
When they say "Hello, Bill!" well, they mean it, pard,
  In good old 'Frisco town.

Whenever a city was in distress—
  E'en in a foreign land—
Dear old 'Frisco was always first
  To lend a helping hand.

Bejeweled by nature's every charm,
  Which endeared her to every one,
No wonder God had chosen her
  For the nest of the "Setting Sun."

Now that's old 'Frisco as she was,
  The city of song and lore;
But now she's only a dream of the past,
  For 'Frisco is no more.

The earthquake, in its mighty wrath,
  Has sounded her funeral knell,
And changed her from a "Garden of Gods"
  To a seething, burning Hell;

And those who played "Mine Host" so well
  And made all our visits bright,
Are homeless, heartbroken wanderers,
  In a city of ruins tonight.

So let's all lend them a helping hand,
  For their loyalty stood the test;
Then we'll shed a tear for "Old 'Frisco"—
  The pride of the Golden West.

WHEN YOU'RE GAME.

If you can smile when your heart is sad
And make the world believe you're glad,
If you can laugh when all goes wrong
And make life just one grand sweet song,
If you can hide each falling tear,
Dispell some other's gloom with cheer,
In success or failure be the same,
Then you've the right to say YOU'RE GAME.

If fate decrees that you shall part
From those you love with all your heart,
If when you say the last "Good-bye"
You hide that tear within your eye
And wish them luck all down life's way,
Forget the happy yesterday
And at that parting smile the same,
Then you've the right to say YOU'RE GAME.

If you can say that you've done right,
If you've fought fair throughout the fight,
If you take the bitter with the sweet
And don't complain if you get beat.
If you don't brag when you have won,
But praise your foe for what he done,
If clouds or sun finds you the same,
Then you've the right to say YOU'RE GAME.

If when at last you come to die
You look the whole world in the eye
And say, "I haven't one regret,
I've done my best to pay each bet,
I know that I've been on the square,
I've treated everybody fair,
I only leave an honest name,"
The world will know that YOU WERE GAME.

WHO WON THE FOOTBALL GAME

A little "grease spot" marks the place where once two mighty hordes,
Had fought with weapons to the death [illegible] mightier than swords;
With weapons far more fatal than [illegible] "cannon's" mighty roar,
More accurate than the "boomerang" or the rifle of the "Boer."
'Twas not the famous "Gatling-gun" or the "Mauser," known to all,
'Twas just a piece of pigskin known as the "rugby-ball."
They met "Thanksgiving" afternoon, these sturdy, stolid bands,
With "chest protectors" on their feet and "brass knuckles" on their hands,
And as each gave their "college yell," likewise their mighty "strut,"
The grandstand vowed before 'twas thro' they'd eat each other up.
And the football bounded o'er the field as it ne'er had done before,
They knew "it" would have a "kick" coming, too, before the fray was o'er,
But "see," they've made a mighty "rush," and it's not to rush the can,
They meet, alas, the fight is o'er, there's not one living man;
Tho' the "full back" was a trifle "full," he's now empty as a vase,
He looks as tho' both football teams had made a "touch-down" on his face.
And gazing o'er this battle ground, where "combat" once held sway,
A deathly silence "reigns supreme" as victor of the fray;
A left arm marks the spot of one who'd been the high school pride,
Still clasping in its mighty "grasp," "hair" from the "other side."
And here and there and everywhere are noses, ears and toes;
Each tells the tale of what they "done" to their unvanquished foes,
And I've studied from all points of view,
Until I'm most insane,
But stranger, what I'd like to know is,
Who in thunder "won the game."

THINGS THAT YOU CAN'T FORGET.

I called to see a pal of mine,
  In his "once happy" little home;
But instead of his wife and baby there
  I found him all alone.

The house seemed deserted, and try as I would,
  I could not dispel the gloom;
And I found him musing o'er old keepsakes
  In the little dining room.

The place seemed untidy and disarranged,
  The flowers all needed care;
And the tell-tale dust on the furniture
  Told a woman was missing there.

Each picture that hung on the tinted wall
  Told a story of by-gone days;
And I shared his sorrows with all my heart
  As he says, "Jack, she went away;

It has been just one week since she left her home,
  Which I've worked hard to build for years;"
And as he looked up at her photograph
  I saw in his eyes, bitter tears.

And I thought it would soothe his aching heart,
  For I knew that he loved her true.
And I says to him, "Jim, who's the wretch she admires?"
  And he cooly replied, " Tis you."

My heart most stood still as he spoke those words,
  I could hardly keep back, "You lie."
But I seemed to feel guilty tho' innocent,
  When I thought of the days gone by.

'Twas true we'd been sweethearts long years ago,
  But honor made me forget;
And I wondered altho' she'd been true to him
  Could it be that she loved "me" yet?

Had she guarded her secret with breaking heart
  At the price of a marriage vow;
And I reasoned she never has sinned before me
  So I'll protect her now.

I said, "See here, Jim, we've been pards for years,
  But as true as the God in the skies
Your wife is not here to defend herself,
  And you'll have to take back those lies.

She never has wronged you in thought or deed,
  She has been a good, loving wife;
And you try to rob her of her good name?
  Why, I ought to crush out your life.

If you tho't her guilty of being untrue,
  Why didn't you act like a man
Just give her the home, and say, 'Now, I'll go,
  I'll forget you as best I can.' "

He slowly bowed his head in shame,
  And I noticed his eyelids droop
As he says, "How can I forget her, pal,
  When I still find her 'hairs" in the soup?"

SMILE.

Come out of the shadows of life's saddened past,
  Leave all of the gloom behind;
Just brighten the world with a rainbow of smiles
  And treasures of joy you'll find.
There's no use to weep over things that are gone,
  Being sad don't recall "Yesterday."
Though to-morrow brings sorrow, don't borrow a tear
  Just smile and be glad while you may.

THE COCKTAIL.

Life's flowing bowl if you'll figure it out,
  Is a cocktail after all;
It's only a drink in the goblet of time
  Which is sipped at the last roll call,
It's only a mixture of sorrows and joys,
  It is flavored with passions and fears,
And like sparkling wine, it ripens with time
  In the casks of the fleeting years.

As I sit here and write in this lone den to-night
  Concentrating my thoughts on a story,
My memory, in spite of me, turns to the time
  When I wrote not for wealth, but glory.
When heart throbs inspired each tale that I told,
  When romantic lore filled the bowers;
When my own boyish glee wrote the wind's poetry,
  In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

In the long, long ago, e're I knew care or woe,
  I wrote my soul's story for pleasure.
Far down in my heart's cozy corner it dwells,
  Guarded all thro' this life as a treasure.
But why should I not give it out to the world,
  Bring to life all those dead happy hours,
Let my heart guide the pen, live my youth o'er again
  In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

O'er my desk from the mould hangs a face framed in gold,
  Which has watched me write stories for years.
It's fond recollection inspires each tale,
  Blends the pathos with laughter and tears.
'Tis the face of a girl whom I loved dear as life,
  Who, now, sleeps beneath orange bowers.
Of my soul she's still queen, and she once reigned supreme
  In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

An artist was she, painting landscape and sea,
  With Nature's fair gifts she was laden.
We were happy as doves in each other's love—
  A light-hearted youth and maiden.
I wrote Nature's songs while she would paint,
  A life full of bliss was ours.
In sunshine or rain, we were sweethearts the same,
  In that sun-kissed land of flowers.

We both longed for fame to echo our names;
  Our futures we planned—hers and mine.
Love's old themes I'd write from morn until night,
  I poured out my soul in rhyme.
And she'd paint each scene, from Mt. Shasta down
  To the dells and shady bowers,
Each landscape seemed a poetic dream
  In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

One summer's day, while she painted away,
  I wrote my heart's dearest story;
I pictured the dell she had painted so well,
  In all of its splendor and glory.
I told of the fairest flower of my heart,
  Who slept 'neath those shady bowers—
The last sweet repose of my own darling Rose
  In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

I little knew that my song would come true—
  That she and I would sever;
That in the same dell she had painted so well
  My beloved would sleep forever.
How cruel was fate to take my sweet mate,
  To disturb such bliss as ours.
But my heart's laid at rest with the one I love best
  In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

I've tried to forget, but I still love her yet,
  Tho' I've wandered afar o'er the ocean,
Her memory remains, o'er my soul she still reigns
  With the love of a sweetheart's devotion.
Thro' the Alps' scenes sublime and Italy's clime,
  I've dwelt 'neath the earth's fairest bowers.
But my soul seeks repose by the side of my Rose
  In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

As I sit here and write in this lone den to-night
  I write not for wealth nor glory.
But I still love the girl, and I give to the world
  My own heart's dearest story.
'Twas the romance that comes to each heart only once
  Though its memory haunts life's fleeting hours,
And we are sweethearts to-day—though they've laid her
    away
  In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

IN MEMORY.

(Dedicated to the B. P. O. E. Lodge)

At eleven o'clock we give a thought,
  To those who have gone before,
Once every year we bring them back,
  As they were in days of yore.

We remember all the deeds they did
  We recall each smiling face,
We picture them as they were in life
  For each left a vacant place.

A place we keep green in memory,
  A place no one else can fill,
But our thoughts are a monument to them,
  Who've gone "over the top" of life's hill.

At eleven o'clock a silent prayer
  Is offered to Him above,
For those who have joined the Silent Herd
  To remind them of our love.

And when we've joined that Silent Herd
  No prouder thought can be,
Than to know we live in memory
  Of the great B. P. O. E.

"REFLECTIONS."

To-night I've been reflecting
  O'er all my boyhood's days;
And after all I've only played
  A part in Nature's plays.

Ah! what a play, and such a cast,
  And what a gorgeous stage;
A plot which only deepens
  As we pass from age to age.

"Fame" is the leading juvenile
  Which "stars" thro all the years;
The parts of comedy in "life"
  Are those of "lost careers."

The "general utilities" are
  Those without an aim.
You'll find them on life's program
  Merely "supes" without a name.

TO-NIGHT.

To all of you grown up girlies and boys,
  Who've forgotten the thrills
Of your childhood joys,
  Let's take a trip
Down memory's lane,
  Let's go back to yesterday
Just once again.

  Let's forget all our sorrows,
Forget all our cares,
  As of old, let them vanish,
In sweet childhood prayers.

  Let's follow the rainbow
Just for to-night,
  And dig up the treasure
With childhood's delight,

  Let's drift in our dreams
To that enchanted isle,
  Where pirates for ages
Have hidden their pile.

  Let's find the lost cave
And the buccaneer's chest
  That is hidden away
Where the sun sinks to rest.

  Let's turn back life's pages
Where memories are bright,
  Let's all be just kiddies
Once more for to-night.

IN AFTER YEARS.

Let's take a stroll down memory's lane,
  Down the road to yesterday;
Re-visit all those flowery dells
  Where fancy used to stray.

Back to the golden long ago,
  To where youth's happy dream
Baptized the world with happiness
  And started loves sweet theme.

To where the sunbeams loved to play
  And nestle in your hair;
To where the roses on your cheek
  Bloomed in their beauty rare.

Remember that old rustic bench
  In dear old lover's lane,
Remember that old whipperwill
  That sung his sweet refrain,

While you and I would count the stars
  Until the moon grew pale;
It seemed he smiled at me each time
  I tried to tell love's tale.

Let's look back through the winter storms
  To that long forgotten "Spring,"
Let's stroll down to that little shop
  To where I bought the ring.

Let's stand down by the garden gate
  Beneath the same old tree,
To where you whispered just three words
  Which meant the world to me.

Let's live just for each other
  And climb life's hill again,
So when we reach "to-day" we'll not
  Long for what might have been.

"ALONE."

When you've given the best that is in you
  And spent the best years of your life
To buy ease and comfort for others
  To save them from worry and strife.

When you've fought all your battles in silence
  And you see victory looming in sight,
Then those for whom you've been fighting
  Have forgotten you're making the fight,

They've forgotten the days that are by-gones
  They've almost passed out of your life;
They forget the new channels now open
  Were built by your worry and strife.

And the old spark of love you once kindled,
  Like the ember, is faded and gone,
Though you now see success in the offing,
  You find out too late, you're alone.

Alone with just fond recollections
  You live back o'er each yester year,
Where poverty kept you together
  And love made all things sweet and dear.

And you wonder if life's worth the struggle
  Though success shows you each corner stone.
If you win, you have lost life's whole battle
  When you find out too late you're ALONE.

WHEN AN ELK'S AN ELK.

The simple obligation doesn't make a man an Elk,
It isn't simply signing up your name
It's living all the wondrous deeds the ritual speaks about
And helping others in life's busy game.

When a herd winds slowly o'er the range,
Each one pursues his course,
But if any kind of trouble should appear,
The strong protects the weaker one
No matter what the odds,

And that's the Elkdom spirit we hold dear,
So read those obligations and figure each one out,
Do unto others all the good you can,
And then you'll realize just what it means to be an Elk,
You'll find B.P.O.E. stand for a "MAN."

REAL PHILOSOPHY

The cheapest thing in all this world is just a little smile,
A gentle word don't cost a cent, but, my, its worth the while,
A friendly deed to one in need oft times will change careers,
The kindness of "one minute's time" will live for many years.

If every cent you've ever "spent" brought interest while you live,
It couldn't bring you half the joy of one lone dime you "give,"
So open up that old grouch bag, help others while you can,
And every minute of your life you'll feel you've been a man.

He strolled into the office where they manufacture songs,
He says, "Excuse me, gentlemen, I won't detain you long.
I see you write all kind of songs by the card upon your door,
And I want you to write one for me, tho' I can't sing any more.

You see, my lungs are going fast, and I'll soon be laid away,
But I wanted you to hear this tale, and so I called today.
Perhaps it won't appeal to you, but it's a story from my life,
About an old sweetheart of mine who was to be my wife.

She was California's fairest maid, the belle of poppyland,
And all the lads from far and near had tried to win her hand.
I loved her as a boy, and when she grew to womanhood
We told our fond affections while we strolled thru the wild wood.

And in those dear old sunny dells we named the wedding day;
But just before that happy time my loved one passed away.
Since then I've been a wanderer, but there's just one place for me,
Beside the one I loved so dear, beneath the orange tree.

That's where I want to slumber, where the California breeze
Sings the pretty songs of nature, thro' the dear old Redwood trees,
Where the balmy air is scented by the perfume of the flower,
Where the doves find Eden's trysting place beneath each shady bower;

So just fix up the story and write a melody,
So it will live forever when they've all forgotten me.
And describe old California, where the sunshine ever reigns,
The greatest Song of Ages can be written from her fame,

Tell of her shady bowers and her dear old sunny dells,
And her pretty orange orchards where sweet fragrance ever dwells,
For she's the garden of the gods, where nature's gifts abound,
The Golden Gate to Paradise, where happiness is found.

And picture, in your softest words, the spot in which she lies,
And describe the fairest maid who ever dwelt beneath its skies;
Tell the romance of the sweetest of old California's belles,
And name the song 'In Dear Old California's Sunny Dells.'

And perhaps some balmy moonlight night, out where the locusts wave,
Some young romantic lover may sing it o'er my grave:
My soul will then be happy, by the one I love so well,
Who is sleeping now in 'Dear Old California's Sunny Dells.'"

He took his hat and started out, and as he said "Good-bye"
Each man within the office wiped a tear drop from his eye.
An inspiration from the heart seemed flowing with the tears.
They wrote a story for the song, the best of their careers.

The church bell's toll rang on the air so sweet and sad next day,
And told them in its plaintive tone a soul had passed away.
They wrote the music for their song from those chiming silvery bells,
And called it, as he wished, "In California's Sunny Dells."

And every one who sings the song can picture in their heart
Two fond devoted lovers which e'en death could never part.
For in that pretty flowery dell they're sleeping side by side,
Those orange blossoms seem to tell she's now his bonnie bride.

And in that cosy corner where the birds sing all day long,
Their love will live forever like that California song,
And the violets above their grave the story sweet will tell
Of two fond hearts who rest in "California's Sunny Dells."

"QUEEN OF SONG."

(A Life's Story.)

The moonbeams spread their mellow gleam o'er Italy's flow'ry dells,
The star-lit sky seemed a garden on high, each ray a wild blue bell.
Each orb of night shed its brilliant light in a thousand angelic forms;
The landscape seemed a garden of dreams, unkissed by wintry storms.

The mansion, decked in grand array, presented a beautiful sight,
The silvery strains of music told of a La Fiesta night.
'Twas a picture of Dreamland's Paradise, a Mecca unruled by the Fates.
As a song floated out on the balmy air, a tramp passed at the gates;

'Twas the grandest song he'd ever heard; it turned back the leaves of time
To the palmy days of his career, when he was in his prime.
It seemed to thrill his very soul; his heart beat wild with joy
And as he listened to that song he seemed once more a boy.

"In dear old California's sunny dells,
Where my fondest recollection ever dwells,
'Neath the moonbeams' mellow gleam,
Life seems one sweet golden dream,
In dear old California's sunny dells."

He stood there like a statute as he listened to that strain,
His soul had found a paradise within that sweet refrain.
'Twas a melody from heaven, each note an ecstacy
From dear old California in the land of liberty.

The singer's voice so soft and sweet, re-echoed thro' the glen,
He little dreamed how dear to him the singer once had been
He, too, had been a singer, a man well known to fame,
Back in the dear old U. S. A. each newsboy knew his name.

Each gallery god, with loud applause, had worshiped at his shrine,
And multitudes had drank his health with costliest of wines.
But that was in the long ago before the hand of Fate
Had made of him the ragged tramp who stood there at the gate.

And as he listened to that voice, ah, how his heart did long
To be back in that Paradise, so pictured in the song!
"In dear old California's dells," how dear that seemed to him;
He knew each nook, each babbling brook, each Redwood's bough and limb.

For as a boy he'd wandered thro' each dell and shady bower—
The song-birds sung their songs to him, he knew each leaf and flower.
'Twas there, in nature's garden, he won a maiden fair,
The sweetest flower in the dell, a girl of beauty rare;

Her cheeks the envy of the rose; her hair a tint of gold;
With eyes that look into your heart, the gem of Nature's mould.
She was the idol of his life, and all the whole day long
He trained her voice, so that some time she'd be the Queen of Song.

Note by note he rounded out as if by magic spell,
Until each tone was sweeter than the chime of silvery bells.
Success soon crowned his efforts, she reached the height of fame,
But in the zenith of her power, 'twas then the tempter came.

A man from far across the sea, of rank and countless gold,
Had placed his jewels at her feet, and bought her very soul.
She threw aside each marriage vow, forgot her husband's love:
Those glittering jewels chilled her heart, she forgot her God above.

Forgot the hand which guided her up to the goal of fame;
She fled and left his broken heart to monument her shame.
A heart who'd idolized her all thro' their wedded years,
Must sink into oblivion and hide its bitter tears.

'Twas just another lost career, one more name on the roll
Of those who seek forgetfulness within the "flowing bowl."
All life had lost its charms for him, his heart within was dead;
He became a poor old vagabond, with no roof o'er his head.

From clime to clime he wandered like a bird who'd lost a mate.
The remnants of a once great man now stood before the gate—
Stood listening to the voice he trained in happy bygone years.
Each silvery note which pierced his heart brought back fond mem'ry's tears.

He took a locket from his breast and gazed once at the face,
Then staggered back against the gate, his eyes looked into space.
And as each note came fainter his cheeks grew white and cold;
Those eyes within the locket seemed to pierce his very soul.

"In dear old California's dells," he heard the singer say,
And with the last notes of the song the tramp's soul passed away.
Passed within the pearly gates to where a sweet repose
Bids welcome just the same to those who wear the ragged clothes.

The La Fiesta ended with the reveler's merry shout;
The mansion doors were opened, and the Queen of Song passed out.
Passed out to where the man lay whom she wrecked in days of yore;
To where the fates should leave their curse on her forever more.

She paused before the mansion gates to bid her last "Good-night,"
When she saw a golden locket sparkling in the bright moonlight.
Her own sweet girlish features from within that heart of gold
Brought back the past she tho't was dead; forgotten vows were told;

Told how the heart she'd broken had suffered all those years;
How every little keepsake was baptized in bitter tears;
How the man who once had called her wife had sacrificed his name,
Became a tramp so that the world would never know her shame.

She knew her judgment day had come, she saw the hand of fate
That pointed to the lifeless form which lay there by the gate:
With face turned towards the star-lit sky, a smile so sweet and sad;
She gave a shriek, her sentence came—the Queen of Song was mad.

Her brain afire, her reason gone, and every vow she'd made
Would haunt her conscience all thro' life: that was the price
she paid.
While the heart she broke so long ago, which died for its
own love,
Had passed to peace forever, with its Maker up above.

She knelt beside his lifeless form and sobbed just like a child,
And in her troubled brain she thought she saw him sweetly
smile,
And lead her to the footlights, as he'd done so oft before.
She heard the gallery's grand applause which called for her
encore;

The stars were now her footlights, her audience was the
trees,
The introduction to her song was whispered by the breeze.
The night birds seemed to welcome her, as they joined the
merry throng,
To hear the last appearance of the grand old Queen of
Song.

And as her voice rang on the air, as sweet as silvery bells,
She sang life's sweetest ballad—"*In dear old California's
sunny dells.*"

TO MISS HONOLULU.

I've written poems by the yard about those sunny climes,
I've stretched imagination to its utmost in my rhymes;
I've dreamed about those flowery spots where summer ever dwells,
Where nature's fairest flowers breathe their perfume in the dells.
Where sunbeams seem to nestle in the nooks of Lovers' Lane,
Where paradise is only kissed by "drops of silvery rain,"
And where the gardens of the gods are guarded by the stars—
I've even let my eloquence paint fancy dreams of Mars;
I've flattered Nature by the page until I've filled each shelf,
I've lied about each sunny State till I believed it all myself;
But when I sailed 'round Diamond Head and took that first grand view,
Believe me, Hcnolulu, I took off my hat to you.
I fell in love with you at sight, for your sweet sunny smile
Just seemed to say, "I welcome you to God's own little isle."
I knew that you were Nature's queen, whose realm knew no strife—
I must confess I near proposed that you take me for life.
It seems that Mother Nature gave you all her jewels rare
And placed you on a throne with which no other can compare.
I'll not attempt to praise your charms for 'twould be wasting time;
Mere words could not do justice to a beauty so sublime.
If you'll permit a little slang 'twill just express my vote—
Honolulu, you're a Lulu and you've surely "got my goat."

SURF-BOARD RIDING.

"When you hear the laugh of the merry hoarde
You hang on tight to the old surf board.
The wave comes on like a charging steed,
You paddle away at break-neck speed,
You feel the foam spray over your face
As the big wave breaks at the start of the race;
Then you fly toward the shore with a sea-bird's grace;
That's sport, old boy, real sport."

"A GLIMPSE OF HELL."

Written at the volcano of "Kilauea," on the Island of Hawaii. "Madame Pele" is the "goddess of fire" in the Hawaiian legend.

Mine Hostess, "Madame Pele," had on her party gown,
Her garments shown so brilliantly the heavens wore a frown;
But before we reached her warm abode I most forget to tell
The guide had coyly hinted that we'd see "a glimpse of hell."
So we trudged across the lava and passed great gulping cracks,
With "hot-air" more convincing than many solid facts.
We toasted little souvenirs with heat from "down below"
To remind us all in after years of places some must go.
And then we took the final hike to "Pele's" furnace room,
And watched the fiendish, gulping fire leap from the "Crack o' doom."
It seemed like a "stage setting" of "Satan's Brocken scene,"
The smoke resembled curtains or a moving picture screen.
And when the wind blew it aside the tableau came to view,
And held you by some awful spell that seemed to chill you through.
The fountains of that living fire kept leaping toward the sky,
You could hear their fiendish seething as each one was 'bout to die.
The rocks kept sliding from each side and disappeared in flame,
'Twas Nature's process returning everything from whence it came.
The moon paled at the ghastly sight, "Old Faithful" seemed to yawn,
The smoke once more enveloped all, 'twas "Pele's curtains" drawn.

HAWAII.

In the heart of the seas,
Kissed by sweet perfumed breeze,
There's an island designed by the gods,
Where the wintery winds
And the summer sun blends,
And the cloud throws its kiss to the sods,
'Tis Nature's fair nest,
On the ocean's great breast,
A garden of enchanted dreams,
Where December, like May,
Is one long perfect day,
Liquid sun fading into moonbeams,
And as I look back
Over life's fading track,
There's a longing that never will cease,
For this paradise rest,
Where God did His best,
When He made it His masterpiece.

"MOTHER"

"Mother" is the grandest word
  That's known to human tongue;
It tells the sweetest story
  That the poet ever sung.
The histories do not impart
  From whence its magic came,
'Tis beyond the gift of eloquence
  To define that simple name.
But deep within our "heart of hearts"
  We know just what it means,
'Twas God's own greatest title
  When he crowned her "Queen of Queens."

DEAR OLD DAD.

In childhood's golden hours,
  And in boyhood's happy days,
Thro' all your joys and sorrows
  There's a friend who's true always,
No matter if the world frowns
  On the downfalls you have had,
There's one who'll take you by the hand,
  That's dear old dad.

When poverty knocks at your door ,
  Old dad will never shirk,
He's not too proud for overalls,
  Just so it's honest work.
His dinner pail may not be full,
  But still his heart is glad;
Just so he knows his wayward boy
  Loves dear old "dad."

Your friends may all desert you,
  Whom you tho't were tried and true,
Perhaps you've lost a sweetheart
  Who was all this world to you.
If your dearest pal has turned you down,
  Just when your heart is sad
Remember you have still one friend
  In dear old "Dad."

When all the air castles you've built
  Have crumbled to decay,
When all fond hopes you've cherished
  Have forever passed away.
When all the good you've ever done
  Seems to have turned to bad,
There's one who overlooks your faults,
  That's "Dear old Dad."

He sees in you the same sweet boy
  Who prattled on his knee,
He always thinks you innocent
  As one you used to be.
He watched you grow from childhood up,
  Your triumphs make him glad,
In sun or rain there's one the same,
  That's "Dear old Dad."

THE SPIRIT OF ROTARY

In the midst of jest it is always best
  To have one serious thought.
So mine is regarding Rotary
  And the wonderful good it brought.
And all of you Rotarians
  Are earning your place in the sun.
You are writing your name on the tablet of fame
  By the real human deeds you've done.
There's no use to wait till a man is dead
  To give him the credit that's due,
And that is the reason that every town
  Should take off its hat to you.
You've accepted a work that is noblest of all,
  "Doing good for the good you can do."
Your monument will be a "better world"
  When all of your labors are through.
You're proving that "live men bury the dead."
  So let this be your motto on earth:
"He who gives is he who lives
  To get his money's worth."

AFTER ALL.

How many times from boyhood up
  We plan our future lives;
We picture life but happiness
  When we have chosen wives;
We lay success' corner stones
  And shape our great careers,
But the sweetest dregs from the dreamer's cup
  Oft brings the bitterest tears.
How oft in life you meet a tramp,
  A poor old drunken sot,
You can't see one redeeming trait
  That's worthy of your thought.
But just like you and I
  He dreamed the same dreams long ago;
But now they're locked in memory's vault—
  The world will never know.
And like that poor old tramp some day
  We may go down the line,
Be numbered with the "lost careers"
  Of "once upon a time"
For the dreamer with the loftiest dreams
  Oft gets Fate's "hardest fall."
Too late we say "there's no fool
  Like an old fool, after all."

TO MY BOY

R ight after all of the Christmas joys
Of 1917,
O old Santa Claus had stopped to pause
In a fairy dell unseen.
B ut he saw an angel flying by
With a dolly that he had forgot,
E ncircling the clouds with its precious gift
To alight on a welcome spot.
R eindeer looked up at this wondrous sight,
But Santa hung his head—
T o forget the greatest gift of the year
Was unpardonable, he said.

V isions of earth to the angel came
As it fondled its treasure with care;
Into the heart of a Royal home
It left a Royal heir.
C oncealing its flight in the Christmas night
It flew back to heaven above,
T o tell Santa he was forgiven at last
By the joy of a baby's love.
O n the Record Book the angel wrote,
Where they register every birth—
R obert Victor Elliott,
The Greatest Boy on Earth.

"A LITTLE GIRL AND A LITTLE BOY."

In all this world the greatest joy
Is a romp with a little girl and boy;
The boy, though just a tiny mite,
He grasps your heart and holds it tight.
And by that wondrous, mystic love,
You know he came from Heaven above,
The girl—God bless her little heart—
She's been my pal from the very start.
I've watched her grow from babyhood,
The embodiment of all that's good.
Though I'm not versed in Religion's school
I've hung on tight to the Golden Rule,
In hopes that others in this world
Will be good to my little boy and girl;
And though I'm rough from worldly care,
Each night I offer up a prayer
To Him who watches over all
And marks the tiny sparrow's fall.
To watch o'er those so dear to me
And guide them in their destiny.
For this old world would hold no joy
Without that little girl and boy.

"THE UNION JACK"

There's call to arms from across the sea,
  There's just time to say good-bye,
There's a country calling for her sons,
  It's time to do or die.
Kiss the tear drops from your mother's cheek,
  Bid your sweetheart fond adieu,
And when you come back, with the Union Jack,
  They will all be proud of you.

So come, England's sons,
It's time to shoulder your guns,
  And march away to war.
Hear the old bugle call,
Fall in line one and all,
  It is freedom you're fighting for.
When the war flag is unfurled,
It's time to prove to the world
  That Britons do not turn back;
And every mother's son
Will be the man behind the gun—
  We'll make them all salute the Union Jack.

There's a navy on the briny deep,
  She's the greatest in the world,
You can tell what country's proud of her,
  By the flag you see unfurled.
And the men who stand behind the guns,
  Although some may not come back,
They'll go to their grave like heroes brave,
  For that dear old "Union Jack."

"THE SAMMY'S OATH"

I'm giving my life for you, old flag;
That is, if it needs to be;
And you bet I'll fight, and fight mighty hard,
For you and liberty.

For every star in your dear old flag
I'll account for a treacherous Hun,
For every stripe I'll do my best
To see that a battle is won.

You're going to be my Rosary,
Old Flag of the brave and free,
And when I've counted your last dear star,
I'll make you proud of me.

This is not the boast of the idle mind,
But the man who has figured it plain,
Who has counted the cost and is willing to pay,
So the rest of the world will gain,

To uphold the ideals for which you wave,
For the freedom of one and all,
You ca.. count on me to fight like hell,
I'll be there at the bugle call.

And if the supreme sacrifice
Should be my lot to give,
Don't worry, I'll go with a smile on my lips,
So the free and the brave shall live.

REAL JUSTICE.

When the Kaiser does the goose step to the scaffold on the Rhine,
And Hindenburg is hanging by the Hindenburger line,
When the Clown Prince has a necktie party 'neath a tree out in Lorraine,
Then the boys who died for liberty will not have died in vain.

When Ludendorf is standing with his back against the wall,
When Von Tirpitz and Von Jagow are both killed by rifle ball,
When Rupprecht and the militarists have all been sent to hell,
Then we'll feel that we've avenged the death of noble Nurse Cavell.

For every German submarine and every aeroplane,
And every German fighting boat that ever sailed the main
Can not repay for one brave boy who gave his life, his all
At the altar of Democracy to heed his country's call.

The statesmen all now argue about the freedom of the sea,
And let the Kaiser and his six big husky sons go free,
While a million lonely mothers in their little homes tonight
Are mourning for some noble son who died for her ~~&~~ and right~~s~~.

In the name of God and justice don't forget this point of view,
If we've fought for that one thing called "right," there's just one thing to do:
Hang everyone responsible for bringing on this war,
So that Germany cannot forget JUST WHAT OUR BOYS DIED FOR.

"OUR BOYS."

Now that the war is over,
Now that the victory is won,
Let's all get together and show real thanks
To the soldiers who shouldered the gun.
Let's give them the credit that's due them,
Let's show them we don't forget,
Let's welcome them home
From that hell o'er the foam,
Let's start in to pay OUR DEBT,

Let's do all we can for their comfort,
Go the limit for every one.
For all we can spare is small to compare
With what those brave soldiers have done.
Let's find them all jobs to their liking,
Let's help with a good fellow's vim,
Let's open our eyes
And be "regular guys,"
And prove that we're worthy of them.

CANADA.

Oh, Canada, you gave your sons to fight for liberty,
The flower of the Maple Leaf you sent across the sea;
And the silent graves in Flanders tell how well you did your share,
For they wrote your name in history by their valor "Over There."
From boundary line to boundary line they heard your battle cry,
And rushed to your protection, they were not afraid to die;
The world owes them a might debt that never can be paid,
But let us not forget the spot where every one is laid.
Let's search the fields of sunny France where all the flowers grow,
And not leave one neglected; so all the world will know,
"Here lies a son of Canada who gave his life, his all,
And placed the dear old Maple Leaf on Fame's undying wall.
They made this world worth living in,
So let their flowery sod
Become the sacred altar
Between every man and God."

A NUTTY NUT STORY.

Miss Hazel Nutt from Nuttingham,
Sold Nuts for a Nutty grocer man;
She had hazel nut eyes and chesnut hair—
She would look at the nuts with a nutty stare.
She sold hickory nuts to all the hicks
And cocoanuts to the bald headed micks;
She supported the whole Nutt family,
She was good as a nutty girl ought to be.
There was nothing but nuts in that nutty town,
The squirrels were chasing them round and round.
Every nut in town would follow her—
They all went nutty when she was near
'Twas on a bright nut sundae morn
In the Nutty house a Nutt was born,
And every nut for miles around
Came riding their chesnut nags to town,
But when they saw this little Nutt
He was drinking milk from a cocoanut.
Old chesnut christened him Niggertoe,
But old Ignuts, who had the dough,
Says we'll call him Doughnuts here and now,
Or else there'll be a nutty row.
He says, I'm a nut, and you're a nut,
And every one in the house is a nut.
There's cocoa, pea, pecan and wall,
Old hickory, almond nut and all.
But nutmeg says I'm a greater nut
Than any nut in this nutty hut.
Then grapenuts forced his way through the door,
And the nuts all let out a nutty roar.
Old wagon nut flew off its nut;
He grabbed a shotgun by the butt,
He cracked old hickory over the nut,
And pitched him out of that nutty hut.
Old peanut grabbed a birch nut limb,
When pecan nut made a rush at him.
They slammed old walnut against the wall,
Hit chesnut's chest with a nut salad ball;
When old axle nut made a bolt for the door,
It made the whole Nutt family sore,
And every nut on the family tree
Was a raving nut at this jamboree.

K 9.

A poor old hungry dog lay sleeping on the railroad track,
The only friend that stuck to him was a flea upon his back,
And dreams of good old T-bone steaks went coursing through his brain,
And as he slept in sweet repose, he didn't hear the train.
The train came dashing round the curve, the train crew held their breath,
It seemed the trees commenced to bow at that impending death,
The engineer jumped to his post, the fireman to his seat,
The poor old canine little dreamed he'd soon be sausage meat.
A sudden crash, a sickening thud; the train passed out of sight
And "fifty-seven" kinds of dog lay in the pale moonlight.
And like a true friend to the last on each piece the flea dined
Then wrote upon the railroad tie, he's the finest of his kind,
His name in life was "only Bill," in death it's changed for fare,
Instead of "only Bill," it's now "Bill-Ony," "Bill of fare."

"THE WASH OUT."

An old maid's lonely night gown
Hung on the backyard gate.
It flirted with the breezes
Trying hard to find a mate.

But one dark night a gust of wind
Sent by the hand of fate
Blew a bacheior's silk pajamas
To that same old backyard gate.

The combination on the gate
Was gone next day at dawn,
And the shirts began to carry "tails"
Of an elopement on the lawn.

Now time works many changes,
So all the gossips state,
For now you'll find "small dollie clothes"
On that same old backyard gate.

"The RUBE AT THE COUNTY FAIR."

I never seen such a gosh durned time in all my whole career,
The town was full of strangers, an' the strangers were full of beer,
An' I guess the beer was full of hops, for the hop was full of dreams,
An' the dreams were full of night-mares, an' ten thousand different schemes.
It's all a pipe dream while you're there; when you leave you wake up to facts,
For you ain't got enough money left in your jeans for a chaw of "Battle Axe,"
There's all kinds of sharpers from A to Z, with all kinds of grafts on earth,
An' I was the biggest blame rube in the bunch, for they "gouged" me fer all I was worth.
They sold me balloons, an' canes, an' fans, till I swore I'd buy no more,
An' I throwed at them nigger dolls on the rack, till my whole durned sides were sore,
An' talk about side-shows and merry-go-rounds, well, I guess they were there with bells,
An' fellers that oughter be herdin' sheep, run skin games under walnut shells.
But the slickest guy in the whole blame bunch, an' the one that took my eyes,
Was the long-haired, wall-eyed medicine man, who was there "jist to advertise,"
He was goin' to give presents to everyone there, an' I thought he'd money to burn,
But mine burned a hole in my pocket; and I hardly could wait for my turn,
He started by sellin' three bars of soap, which make lather "jist like ice cream."
And altho' he said you could eat it, I wasn't much stuck on the scheme.
But I bought a box of it just the same, an' a box of his tooth powder, too,
When I told him I hadn't a tooth in my head, he said "It would grow in a few,"
And after he'd sold out three bottles of oil he gave back each blame ten cents,
An' the crowd all hollered and threw up their hats, for we thought that he was a prince.
Then he started sellin' some electric belts; they cost you a dollar a-piece,

An' it seemed like every blame man at the fair flocked
'round him jist like geese.
They pushed an' shoved an' tugged away, an' I crowded
with all my might,
For I lowed to have an electric belt, if I had to stay there
all night.
He said he'd give every one a prize, as 'twas "jist to
advertise,"
An' I thought he'd do like he did before, so I paid my coin
an' looked wise.
He gave a blue ticket with every belt, which entitled you to
the prize,
An' kept flashing his bank roll between every sale, just
merely to jolly us guys.
Well, stranger, you'd been surprised at the sale; but he
durned near bankrupped the town,
He told 'em they'd all have electric lights, if they wore
them ere belts around,
An' when he got ready to give out the prize, now you might
think I'm using bad dope,
But instead of the dollar we all tho't we'd get, he gave us
a "bar of soap,"
An' he left the whole gang standin' there, not realizin' what
he'd done,
Jist watchin' him drivin' off down the road, that long-haired
son-of-a-gun;
An' I'll bet the devil's a-wearin' a belt when that medicine
man gets there;
But I hope to goodness if I get there, too, they won't have a
County Fair.

A PICTURE.

(A Tribute to the Genius of my Friend, Reouble Sims, America's Greatest "Tramp Cartoonist.")

I was musing o'er some old "keepsakes"
Of the happy long ago,
When I came to the dusty picture
Of the girl I used to know.
'Twas a painting on a piece of glass,
A work of art so rare,
That I didn't realize its worth
Till I brushed it off with care.

As the dust fell from the shapely neck,
My heart almost stood still,
Those dark eyes pierced me thro' and thro'
They brought back love's old thrill.
'Twas the long-lost idol of my heart,
Crowned in her golden hair;
Unveiled, the goddess of my soul,
Stood right before me, there.

And all those bygone romances,
From dear old lover's lane,
Brought back the dreamy long ago,
As they flashed through my troubled brain,
And then came back the lover's quarrel,
Which robbed me of a wife,
Dethroned the idol of my heart,
And parted us for life.

Remorse shot forth its bitter pangs,
Hopes faded in despair
But the face at once began to change,
There was ne'er one half so fair,
The eyes became so soft and sweet,
They still held cupid's dart,
The lips they seemed to softly say—
"Take me once more to your heart."

I seized it with a lover's zeal,
To press it just once more,
But I gave a shriek, for the photograph
Fell broken on the floor.
Broken at my very feet,
Baptized in bitter tears,
Yes, broken, as my heart had been
Thro' all those weary years.

Remained? Yes, lived within my soul,
  And caused the ebb of tears,
Awoke a chord within my heart,
  Which had slumbered thro' long years.
And I resolved to find,
  The greatest artist in the land,
And have him point that photograph,
  Life like, with master hand.

A gleam of heaven in the eyes,
  The hair, a tint of gold,
I'd place her once more on her throne,
  The queen of all my soul.
I turned, and there a vagabond
  Was standing in the door,
He says, "I'll paint that photograph,
  So she'll live for evermore."

And something about those ragged clothes
  Inspired confidence,
As he took some crayons from a sack,
  All ready to commence,
I says, "Alas, 'tis all for naught,
  She's lost for evermore,"
As I pointed to the broken glass
  Which lay there on the floor.

He gathered all the pieces up,
  And gazed once at the eyes,
Then staggered back against the door,
  Yes, almost paralyzed.
He gasped, "So man, 'tis you she loved,
  'Twas I who loved her, too,
That's why I'm now a vagabond,
  She gave me up for you.

I'll paint the Milo Venus,
  Right here before your eyes,
The face that sent me down to hell
  From the realms of paradise."
He started in with magic hand,
  'Twas not the slightest strife,
Each stroke upon the canvas
  Brought the picture back to life.

The spell at once had ended,
  Ah! why was fate so mean,
Why could I not dream all thro' life,
  That old sweet lover's dream,
But with that sad awakening,
  Fate's purpose had been gained,
A sweetheart most beyond recall,
  In memory now remained.

He could draw the pearly gates ajar
  Till you heard the angels' hymns,
And then he signed his monogram,
  'Twas the simple name of "Sims,"
And I heard him lisp "Revenge is sweet,
  I've drawn that face so fine,
She'll draw the heart strings from his breast,
  As she long ago did mine."

The picture was so near to life,
  You could actually see it breathe.
And it pulled my leg till I most dropped dead
  When Sims said "Four-fifty, please."

SINCE THE "MOVING PICS" HOLD SWAY.

When a troper's got a "nickel" with a "dollar" appetite,
And his stomach starts a growling for most everything in sight.
He looks into the window of a little bum cafe
And his mouth just starts to water, but his pocketbook says "nay."
And he dreams of good old "T-bones" that he killed in days of yore,
And the banquets with "chickens" whets his appetite the more.
And he hugs the lonesome nickel with a miser's fond "caress,"
And the doughnuts seem to murmur, "Bo, this is the right address."
He grips his belt the tighter, and tries some tune to hum.
And cusses "Moving Pics" for putting "show biz" on the bum;
And the doughnuts keep on smiling in their luring sort of way,
And the odor of the Java takes him back to yesterday.
'Tis a dream to him far sweeter than the famous "twilight sleep,"
But with grim determination he resolves that he will keep
That poor old lonesome nickel for a far off rainy day
For dates are scarce as hens' teeth since the "moving pics" hold sway.

A TOAST.

Here's a toast to the woman who's pure,
  Be she jolly Bohemian or maiden demure,
Be her form like a Venus or like a string bean,
  If her soul's good and pure,
She's more than a queen

It isn't always the pretty face
That would win on "Form" in the good looker's race,
And the eyes that are crossed and the face that is lean
May deck the form of a Venus Queen.

So who can judge and be dead sure
That the quiet dame who is so demure,
Has not oft sipped from passion's bowl,
While the "loud one" may still have an angel's soul.

RHYMING BILL.

Rhyming Bill the village sage sat on a dry goods box,
He gave his pants a mighty heave to show his spotted sox,
He opened up the "Weekly Squak" to read his latest "Pome"
And visions of undying fame were foremost in his dome,
He read it through with knitted brow then gave his usual spit
And says "These 'Lineotype" machines kaint spell a cussed bit,
They've changed the whole blamed metre till it doesn't jazz at all,
They left the best line out, I had, about "after the bawl,"
It ain't no use to rack your brain for jingly words that rhyme,
Fer some durn low browed printer's sure to spile it every time
And then some half brained critic
Who's wrote nuthin' himself
Will say your stuff is putrid and should be laid on the shelf.
Hereafter I'll write what I want, I won't take any pains,
I'll jist ignore critics and I'll write fer folks with brains,
As long as I have got a "punch" and "red blood" in my stuff
The folks who pay their coin to read will say, it's quite enough.
But the quickest way fer me, to fame, is to shoot that printer gink,
That jazzes all my poems up till critics say they stink
I'll be doin' Bards a favor and I'll get the whole worlds vote
For then the human race can read each poem AS IT'S ROTE.

IN TALLGRASSVILLE.

Ever sit in meditation
At a little tall grass station
For a ticket home and three square meals a day
While the landlord of the "beanery"
Gloms your wardrobe and your scenery
And the baggageman is beefing 'bout his pay?
If the neighbors had just "hovered"
All the bills you could have covered,
And you'd had enough to get to the next stand.
When some rube you feel like flayin'
Says, "If you'd cum round last hayin"
Or else, "B'Gosh you ought to brung a band."
Then the cook you gave the passes,
Roasts you bout the two "Prop glasses"
And says, "He knew durn well the show was bum"
While they jabber like a parrot
You just have to grin and bear it.
Then it's hard to keep your humor in good plumb
What's the use to get disgusted,
It's no disgrace if you are busted,
But it's mighty inconvenient we'll admit,
Don't get weak and be a "Cougher"
Tho' 'tis hell to be a pauper,
For that's the time you want to show you grit
Just imagine they are supers
And that you're a real live trouper,
Swell up and wear a smile from ear to ear.
Tell 'em something that will please 'em,
That you'll square up all next season
And you'll carry your own audience next year.
You can still be on the level
And just kid them like the devil,
For you'll find the old "Bull con" will always pay,
Then just start some tune a humming
When you hear the engine coming,
Then make you're little quiet "Get away."

"THE IMMORTAL COOTIE."

The mulligan was steaming and the java it was hot,
And "Hobo Red" was jabbing ties beneath the banquet pot,
While "Filthy Pete" was snoring with his back against a tree,
And the hobo camp was peaceful, as a hobo camp should be.
That is, it all seemed quite serene as far as laymen see,
But not to "high-brows" who were versed in Hobo-ol-o-gy.
The silence gave mute evidence of discordant undertone,
And wounded hobo dignity just had to "pick it's bone."
Propriety was outraged, and "Red's" feelings were hurt
For the "Dawson Kid" was airing all the cooties on his shirt.
Says "Dago Frank," "That's one real jinks, you'll meet a tragic end,
It always comes to every "bo" who kills his bosom friend,
I remember well when 'Fresno Slim' fell underneath the freight,
And 'Rusty Smith' got jockjaw from a dog in Utah State.
They both had broken every vow that our 'fratern' has kept,
By murdering their 'seam squirrels' with a dose of anticept."
"Aw, cut that pulpit stuff, Frank," said "Dawson" with a sneer,
"I don't believe in hodoo's and I've hoboed 'lenven year.
Why, I've killed 'em and I've coal 'iled 'em, I've even changed my shirt.
I've rode the rods to hell and back and never have been hurt;
I've been entertained in every jail from here to Mexico,
I've got hand-outs from Vancouver to that burg called Buffalo.
Now all you guys lay off of me, or you'll get just what you need,
I don't intend to kill 'em all, I'll leave enough to breed;
Go on and fix the 'fodder' for I'm hungry as a bear,
And let me finish this parade for it's durn cold in the air."
So "Red" stirred up the mulligan and burned his left lunch hook
And offered up a favorite prayer you'll not find in the Book.
Then "T-Bone" Slivers joined the bunch with a bundle 'neath each arm,
'Twas a flock o' grub he'd borrowed from a "Philanth" on the farm.
So "Red" spread all the banquet out on nature's table-cloth,

And all the hobo's clustered just to "gurgle down the
froth."
Old "Pete," caressed his tattered coat, and turned the
collar up,
And played a regular symphony as he gulped the second
cup.
Says "Dawson," "There's a message in the frosty chilly
morn
That seems to say I'm needed down in Sunny Californ',
This bitin' air of Canada has slipped me my conje,
So I'm goin' to grab the rattler when the cow train heads
this way."
"Sit down and eat," says "Dago," "or you'll get left in
the cold
For 'Filthy Pete' is flirting with about his seventh bowl."
Just then a red hot coal pops out and goes down "Dawson's"
pants,
And all the grub was tramped to death beneath his tragic
dance.
The coffee gave it's dying kick by scalding both his knees,
The last warm breath of mulligan soon faded on the breeze.
The camp looked just like "No Man's Land" when the
tanks had made their stand,
The air was full of cuss words never heard by mortal man.
They all jumped on the "Dawson Kid" and kicked him
black and blue,
Then rolled him in the mulligan to try and bring him too.
And when his eyes were opened they heard him softly say,
"Boys, dump me in a box car that is headed Frisco way,
I see where 'Dago Frank' was right, the hoodoos hold their
sway,
The cootie is a sacred bird from now till judgment day.
And when I'm rambling toward the south (though your
feelin's all are hurt)
I'll make amends and 'pologize to each one on my shirt.
I'll hug 'em and caress 'em like a mother her first born,
And I promise I'll not take a bath 'TILL GABRIEL
BLOWS HIS HORN."

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE

A poor old hungry bull dog
  Strolled into a butcher shop,
He was so dog gonned skinny,
  That the butcher thought he'd drop,
So taking down a sausage link,
  He laid it on the floor,
But tears came to that bull dog's eyes,
  As they heard him sadly roar:

"That sausage used to be an old sweetheart of mine,
But it don't look much like the dog,
I loved in auld lang syne,
Although I'm on starvation's brink,
I'll not eat that missing link,
Just because that sausage was
An old sweetheart of mine.

A violinist played a tuie,
  On his violin one day,
Those strains seemed quite familiar,
  To a tom cat o'er the way.
He recognized those cat gut strings,
  That moaned their tone so low,
They once belonged to his sweetheart,
  Not many years ago.

He says, "You used to belong to an old love of mine,
But you were amputated in appendicitis time,
Tho' I get married every spring,
I love live cats, but oh, you string,
If I had ten lives to you I'd cling,
You old sweetheart of mine."
A farmer strolled out to the hen house,
  On Thanksgiving Day,

He says I'm going to kill that old hen
  If she doesn't lay.
A rooster whispered in the hen's ear,
  Quickly as could be,
"If you don't lay an egg, sweetheart,
  We'll both be fricassee."

Just because you are an old sweetheart of mine,
Lay one little dinky egg and all will be sublime,
Just one stingy egg will do, or we'll both be in a stew,
If I could I'd lay one, too, you old sweetheart of mine.

A hair dresser cut the end off
  Of a milk cow's tail one day;
And made a dandy cork screw curl,
  To sell to some old jay.

A bald old maid soon purchased it,
  And wore it down the lane,
When an old bull recognized the curl
  And chased her back again.

  He says: "That used to belong to an old love of mine,
Though styles have changed, it's now in front,
  It once was worn behind."

The old maid slammed the door and cried,
  "For Lord's sake tie that bull outside,"
But the poor old bull beefed till he died.
  For that old sweetheart kine.

WAITING.

This life is filled with waiting
From the cradle to the grave.
We wait and long for something day by day,
In Childhood days we're waiting
For the time when we'll grow up,
When life's work takes the place of childhood's play
In school days we are waiting
For the graduating time,
In business days we're waiting to retire,
And when we have retired we're found waiting for the time,
When old age leaves but embers of lifes fire,
And when old age at last has dawned and left its feebleness,
There's nothing else in life for which we crave,
Yet still you'll find us waiting for life's journey to be o'er,
Just waiting, only waiting, for the grave.

THAT JITNEY BUS OF MINE.

I've cussed it and I've mussed it,
  And I've pushed it down the road,
I've coaxed it and I've hoaxed it,
  And I've even packed it's load.

I've cranked it and I've spanked it
  And I've begged the thing to run,
I've tried everything from Fall to Spring
  That ever has been done.

When I write about the cussed thing,
  From front to rearmost wheel,
I have to change the metre
  To express just how I feel.

I've warmed the carburettor,
  With hot water by the pail,
I've primed it with directions
  That were never known to fail.

I've cleaned up every spark plug,
  I've even bathed it in the sun,
And when I got through nursing it
  The blamed thing wouldn't run.

I've even strained its gasoline,
  I've put perfume in its oil
I've manicured the battery
  And tied ribbon on the coil.

I've kept it like a pig pen,
  So my friends would feel at home,
And when I'd want to show it off,
  The blame thing wouldn't "roam."

I've prayed for thieves to steal it,
  So they'd get stung by the deal,
But if they tried to start it
  They could never turn a wheel.

If I only had an enemy
  Just to give him that machine,
I know I had the best of him
  By everything that's mean.

I'd dump it in the river
  But I'd know when that was done,
It would pollute all of the water
  Till the salmon *couldn't run.*