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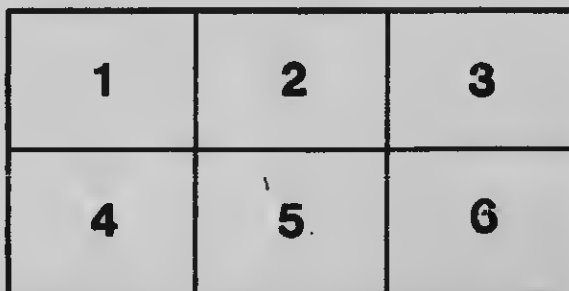
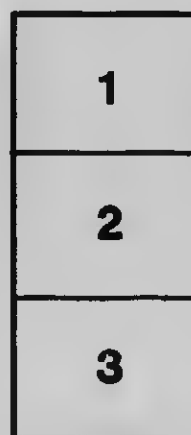
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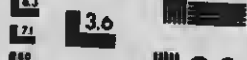
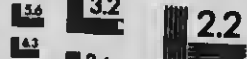
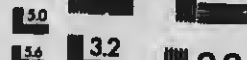
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of an  
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Boy



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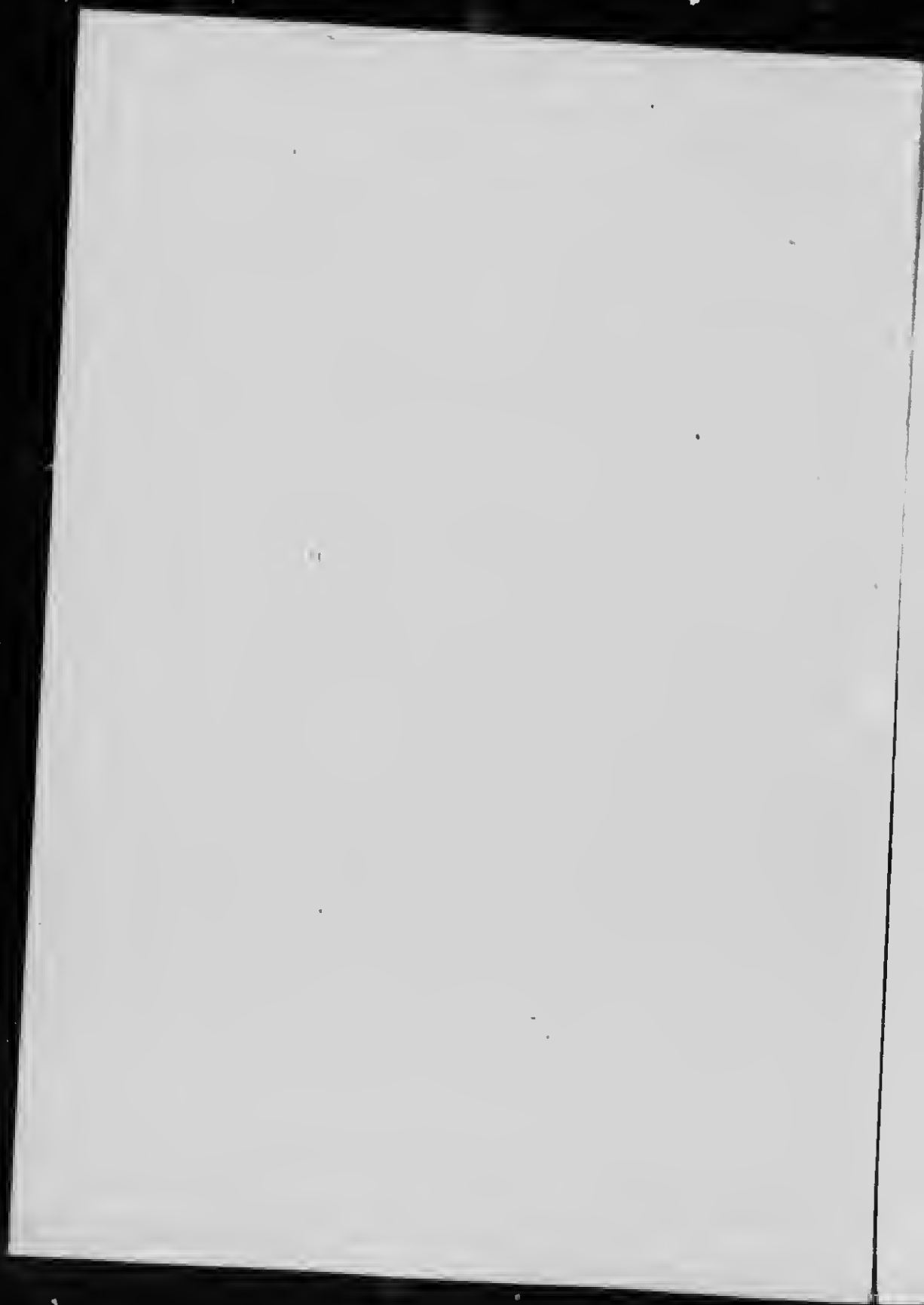
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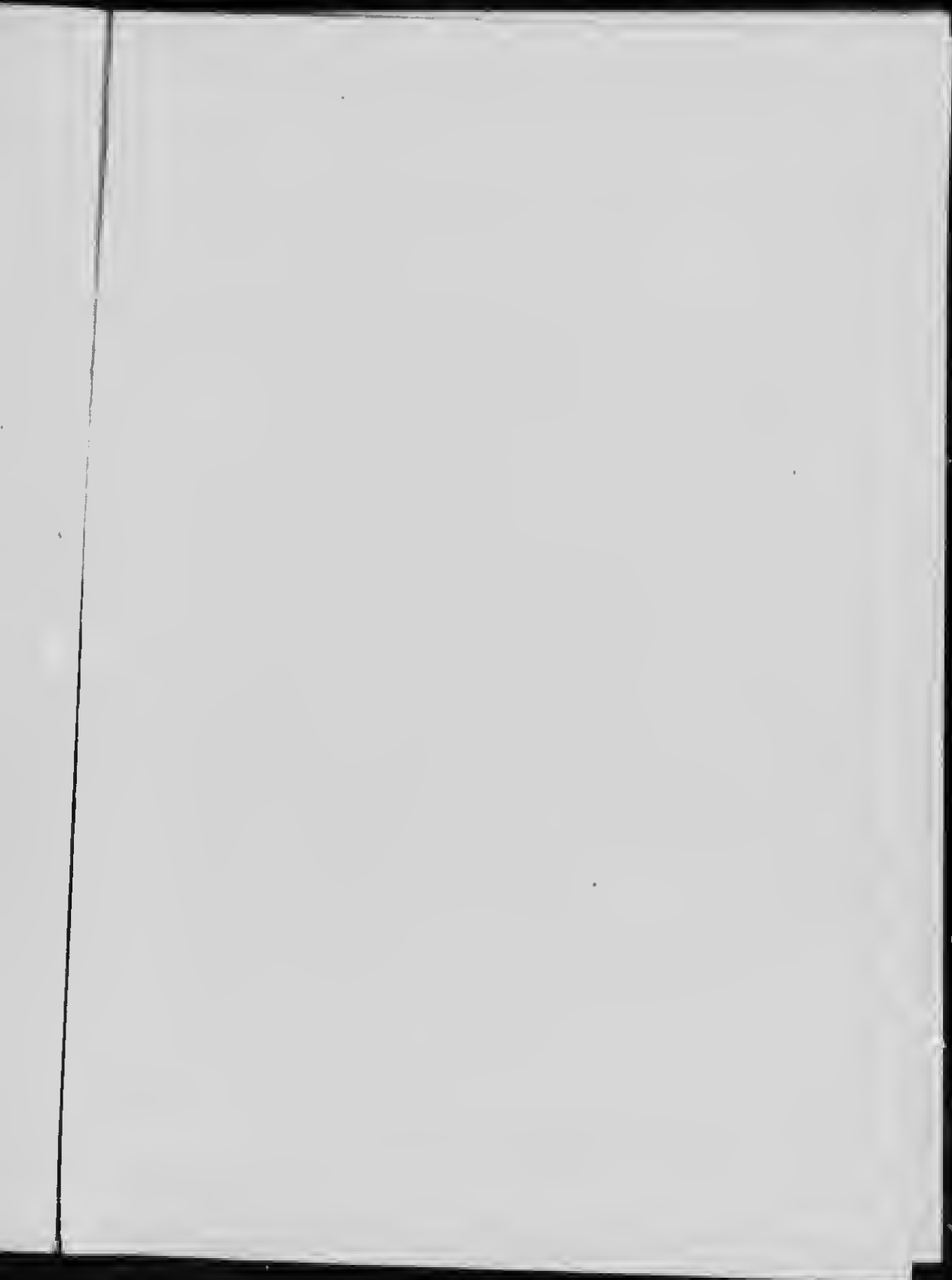
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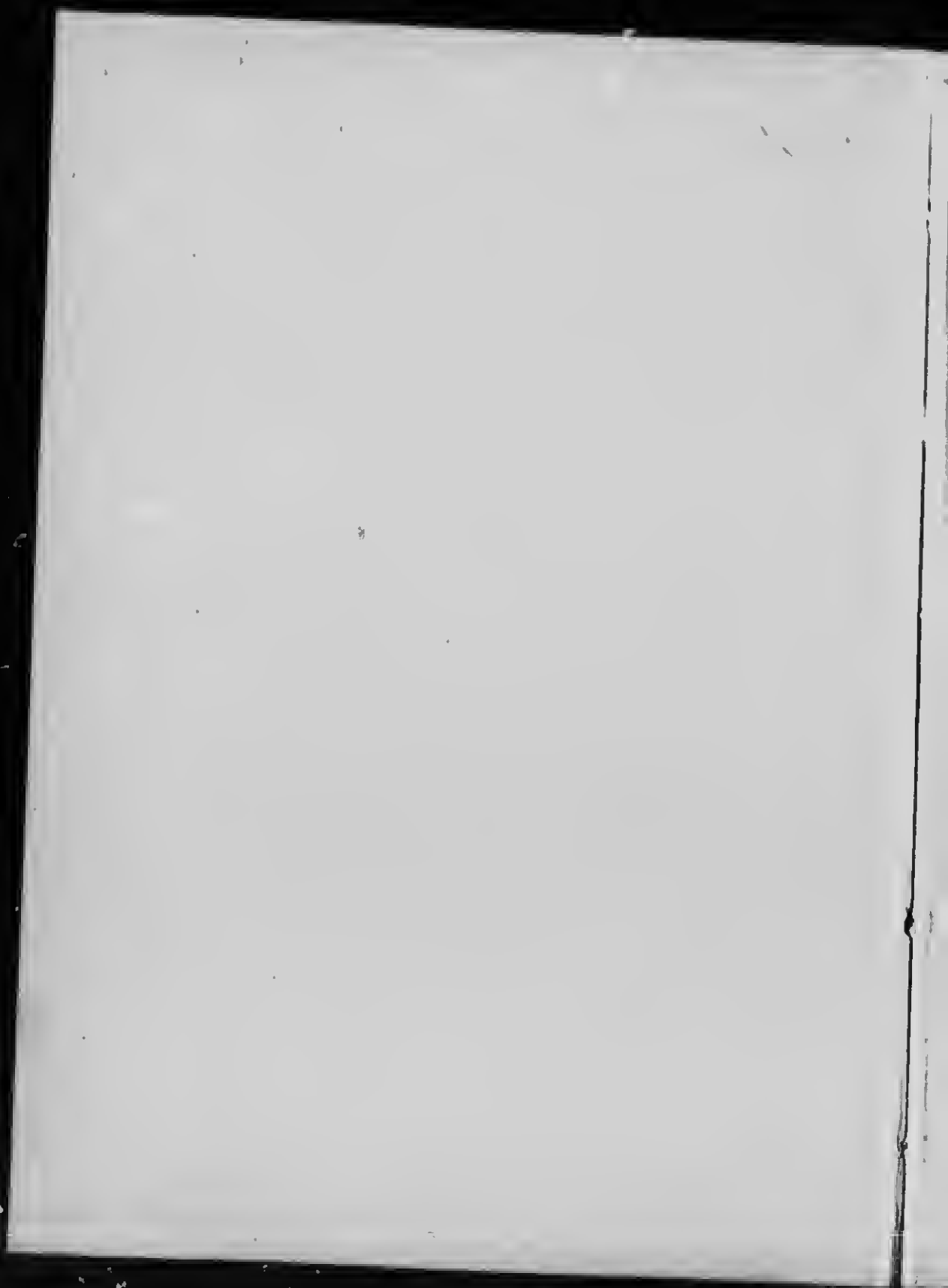
With best wishes  
for a happy New Year  
L. A. C.

1919.









**MORE SONNETS OF AN  
OFFICE BOY**



# More Sonnets of an Office Boy

By

**SAMUEL ELLSWORTH KISER**

Author of "Ballads of the Busy Days".  
"Thrills of a Bell Boy", etc.

Illustrated by

**FLORENCE PRETZ**



Chicago, London, Toronto,  
VANDERHOOF-GUNN CO. Limited  
WINNIPEG

1908

P53521

I76

M67

1908

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## EXPLANATORY

**T**HIS edition contains the Sonnets of the Office Boy in their entirety. The boy tells his whole story now, for the first time. He is permitted to express his feelings with a freedom that has not elsewhere been vouchsafed him. His fancy soars here to its most glorious heights and here, alas, are sounded the depths of his darkest despair. This has been made possible by a revision of some of the sonnets contained in the collection embracing the first outburst of the love-lorn youth and by the addition of them to this newer and fuller expression of his ambition and sorrow. The volume is put forth with the hope that a thorough understanding of the boy's case may result.

S. E. K.

**I** **SOMETIMES** think love ne'er is so  
intense  
As when the boy, too young to have good  
sense,  
Adores her who might almost be his  
ma,  
And cares not whither, why, nor how, nor  
whence.

**OMAR YUMYUM.**

MORE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE  
BOY

I.

**T**HE new type writer lady's came; she's  
got  
The chorus girls all beat a mile or two;  
Her eyes are big and kind of soft and  
blue;  
Before she smiled at me I never thought  
That life could be so pleasant; every spot  
She touches seems to brighten up; I  
knew  
The minute I first seen her I was due  
To fill up with the gladness that she  
brought.

She shows a lot of class, all right, all right,  
Her shape is lovely and she's got the  
style;  
I feel all kind of tickelish and light  
Around the heart when she looks up  
to smile;  
Gee, but the world would get to seemin'  
bright  
If I could only chew her gum awhile!



II.

**T**HE day before she come I thought I'd  
quit  
Because they wouldn't let me have a  
raise;  
I'm glad now that I didn't go; it pays  
Sometimes to think again and wait a  
bit.  
If I would know a place where I could  
git  
Twice what I'm gittin' here and holi-  
days,  
Without no lyin' when the home team  
plays,  
I wonder if you think I'd take it? Nit!  
I wouldn't jump this job while she is here,  
Because some morning mebbly there  
might be  
An earthquake come and then, all filled  
with fear,  
The boss and clerk would run, and  
when she'd see  
That I was not a-scared, but lingered  
near,  
She might be glad to snuggle close  
to me.



### III.

**O**H, if you only knowed how much I  
like  
To stand here, when the "old man"  
ain't around,  
And watch your soft, white fingers  
while you pound  
Away at them there keys! Each time you  
strike  
It almost seems to me as though you'd  
found  
Some way, while writin' letters, how to  
play  
Sweet music on that thing, because the  
sound  
Is something I could listen to all day.

You're twenty-five or six and I'm four-  
teen,  
And you don't hardly ever notice me,  
But when you do, you call me Willie—  
Gee,  
I wisht I'd bundles of the old long green  
And could be twenty-eight or nine  
or so,  
And something happenea to your  
otl er beau.

#### IV.

**I** WISH that when I was a baby they  
Had changed me like they do in books,  
and now  
The nurse would come and weep and  
tell them how  
She'd kept my lace-trimmed dresses hid  
away,  
And I would be a count or duke some  
day,  
And then the poor old nurse would  
raise a row  
And take on awful till I made a vow  
To have her for my slave and let her stay.  
Oh, wouldn't my sweet darling love me  
then!  
She'd get to thinkin' I was grand and  
brave,  
And never want to look at other men,  
No matter hardly how I would be-  
have,  
And she'd be mine as soon as I'd say  
when,  
Although I'd not be old enough to  
shave.

V.

I'VE got a little hairpin that she wore;  
One day she took it out and scratched  
her head

Until I guess it must of nearly bled,  
And then I seen her drop it on the floor;  
I've got a place next to my heart that's  
sore

Where I have had it fastened with a  
thread,

And every night I put it in my bed—  
I wish that sometime she would drop  
some more.

It seems to me when she looks in my  
eyes

That everything goes round and round  
and round,

And I can feel my heart begin to rise,  
And get up in my throat, almost, and  
pound,

And if she gives a little smile or sighs  
My feet get light and hardly touch the  
ground.

## VI.

I WISH a fire'd start up here, some  
day,  
And all the rest would run away from  
you—  
The boss and our long-legged book-  
keeper, too,  
That you keep smilin' at—and after they  
Was all downstairs you'd holler out and  
say;  
“Won't no one come and save me?  
Must I choke  
And die alone here in the heat and  
smoke?  
Oh, cowards that they was to run away!”  
And then I'd come and grab you up and  
go  
Out through the hall and down the  
stairs, and when  
I got you saved the crowd would cheer  
and then  
They'd take me to the hospital, and so  
You'd come and stay beside me there  
and cry,  
And say you'd hate to live if I would  
die.

## VII.

I HEARD the old man scoldin' yester-  
day  
Because your spellin' didn't suit him  
quite;  
He said you'd better go to school at  
night,  
And you was rattled when he turned  
away;  
You had to tear the letter up and write  
It all again, and when nobody seen  
I went and dented in his hat for  
spite;  
That's what he got for treatin' you so  
mean.

I wish that you typewrote for me and we  
Was far off on an island, all alone;  
I'd fix a place up under some nice tree,  
And every time your fingers struck a key  
I'd grab your hands and hold them in  
my own,  
And any way you spelt would do for me.





## VIII.

**S**HE telephoned a little while ago  
And after she had quit and wasn't  
there,  
I went and put my mouth up to it  
where  
Her soft, red lips had nearly touched,  
and, oh,  
Somehow it kind of almost seemed as  
though  
I breathed the breath she left; the  
very chair  
She sets in is a thing I touch with  
care  
When I go past, because I love her so.  
She keeps her toothbrush in her drawer; I  
seen  
Her put it there this morning wher she  
knew  
That I was lookin'; hers are white and  
clean;  
I wonder if to-night, when she gets  
through  
And no one else is here, it would be mean  
For me to brush my teeth a little, too?



IX.

**T**HE lock is broken on her desk; last  
night  
When all the rest had went I stayed  
and let  
Them think that I was keepin' busy  
yet,  
And when the boss and clerk got out of  
sight,  
I snuck her tooth brush from the drawer  
all right;  
I kind of trembled and could feel the  
sweat  
Come on my forrid, but I got it wet  
And started in to brush with all my might.

If we could git the things we try to git,  
We'd be as happy, all of us, as kings,  
And never have to brace ourselves a bit  
To bear the sadness disappointment  
brings;  
The brush was full of oil and dirt and  
grit;  
I guess she'd used it on the keys and  
things.

X.

**S**HE'S got a dimple in her chin, and, oh,  
How soft and cute it looks! Her eyes  
are blue;

The red seems always tryin' to peep  
through

The smoothness of her cheeks. I'd like  
to go

And lay my face up next to hers and  
throw

My arms around her neck, with just  
us two

Alone together, and not carin' who  
Might scold if they should see us actin' so.

If I was boss I'd have a carriage here  
To take her to her home in every  
night;

I'd tell the driver that he needn't fear  
To let his horses walk, and holdin'  
tight

With both hands I would whisper in her  
ear

While we were snuggled back in, out  
of sight.

XI.

YESTERDAY I stood behind your  
chair,  
When you was kind of bendin' down  
to write,  
And I could see your neck so soft and  
white,  
And notice where the poker singed your  
hair,  
And then you looked around and seen me  
there  
And kind of smiled, and I could seem  
to feel  
A sudden, empty, sinkish feelin' where  
The vittles are when I have et a meal.  
If I would know that some poor girl loved  
me  
As much as I do you, sometimes I'd  
take  
Her in my arms a little while and  
make  
Her happy, just for kindness and to see  
The pleased look that acrost her face  
'ud break  
And hear the sighs that showed how glad  
she'd be.

## XII.

**W**HEN you're typewritin' and that  
long-legged clerk  
Tips back there on his chair and  
smiles at you,  
And you look up and get to smilin',  
too,  
I'd like to go and give his chair a jerk  
And send him flyin' till his head went  
through  
The door that goes out to the hall, and  
when  
They'd picked him up he'd be all  
black and blue,  
And you'd be nearly busted laughin' then.

But if I done it, maybe you would run  
And hold his head and smooth his  
hair and say  
It made you sad that he got dumped  
that way,  
And I'd get h'isted out for what I done—  
I wish that he'd get canned and that  
you'd stay  
And suddenly I'd be a man some day.

### XIII.

**I**F I was grown to be a man, and you  
And all the others that are workin'  
here  
Was always under me, and I could  
clear  
The place to-morrow if I wanted to,  
I'd buy an easy chair, all nice and new,  
And get a bird to sing above your  
head,  
And let you set and rest all day,  
instead  
Of hammerin' them keys the way you do.  
I'd bounce that long-legged clerk and  
then I'd raise  
Your wages and move up my desk  
beside  
Where you'd be settin', restin' there,  
and I'd  
Not care about the weather—all the days  
Would make me glad, and in the  
evenings then  
I'd wish 'twas time to start to work  
again.





XIV.

THIS morning when our homely, long-  
legged clerk  
Come in he had a rose he got some-  
where;  
He went and kind of leaned against  
her chair,  
Instead of goin' on about his work,  
And stood around and talked to her  
awhile,  
Because the boss was out,—and both  
took care  
To watch the door; and when he left  
her there  
He dropped the flower with a sickish  
smile.

I snuck it from the glass of water she  
Had stuck it in, and tore it up and put  
It on the floor and smashed it with my  
foot,  
When neither him nor her was watchin'  
me—  
I'd like to rub the stem acrost his  
nose,  
And I wish they'd never be another  
rose.

## XV.

**Y**ESTERDAY I watched you when  
you set  
There with your little lunch-box in  
your lap;  
I seen you nibble at a ginger snap,  
And wished that where your lips had  
made it wet  
I'd have a chance to take a bite and let  
My mouth be right where yours had  
been before;  
And after you had got your apple e't,  
And wasn't lookin', I picked up the  
core.

I pressed my mouth against it then, and  
so  
It seemed almost the same as kissin'  
you,  
Your teeth had touched it, and your  
red lips, too,  
And it was good and tasted sweet, and, oh,  
I wished you'd bring an apple every  
day  
And I could have the cores you'd  
throw away.

## XVI.

I WISH, when you was through your  
work some night  
And goin' home alone, and had your  
pay  
Stuck in your stockin'—what you  
drew that day—  
A robber'd come along with all his might  
And you'd be nearly scared to death, and  
right  
There in the street you'd almost faint  
and say:  
“Good robber, please don't hurt me—  
go away!”  
And as he grabbed you then I'd come in  
sight.

I wish I'd be as strong as two or three  
Big giants then, and when I handed  
one  
Out to him he'd be through, all in,  
and done,  
And then you'd look and see that it was  
me,  
And, thinkin' of the great escape you  
had,  
You'd snuggle in my arms and just  
be glad.

## XVII.

**H**ER brother come this morning with  
a note  
What said that she was home and sick  
in bed;  
She's got an awful bad cold in her  
head—  
They think it might run into the sore  
throat,  
And oh, what if she'd not come back  
again,  
And they would get some other girl  
instead  
Of her to typewrite here, and she'd be  
dead?  
I wouldn't care no more for nothin' then.  
  
I wish I was the doctor that they'd get,  
And when I'd take her pulse I'd hold  
her hand  
And say, "Poor little girl!" to her, and  
set  
Beside the bed awhile and kind of let  
My arm go 'round her, slow and carc-  
ful, and  
Say, "Now, put out your tongue a little,  
pet."

## XVIII.

**S**HE'S back to work again; I'm awful  
glad;  
When she was sick it seemed to me as  
though  
The clocks all got to goin' kind of  
slow,  
And every key she pounds looked kind of  
sad.  
It's tough to have to hear her coughin'  
so—  
I wish that I could take her cold and she  
Would know I took it, and not have  
to blow  
Her nose no more, and be as well as me.

She takes some kind of cough stuff in a  
spoon,  
I seen her lickin' it this morning  
when  
She took a dose and put it down  
again,  
And when the rest went out awhile at  
noon  
I got her spoon and licked it, and it  
seemed  
As though it all was something nice I  
dreamed.

## XIX.

WHEN her and me were here alone, at  
noon,  
And she had bit a pickle square in  
two,  
I set and watched and listened to her  
chew,  
And thought how sweet she was, and  
pretty soon  
She happened to look down at me and  
say:  
“You seem so sad, poor boy; what’s  
wrong with you?”  
And then I got to shiverin’ all through  
And wished that I was forty miles away.  
  
I tried to think of some excuse to make,  
But something seemed all whirly in  
my head,  
And so the first blame thing I knew  
I said:  
“It’s nothin’ only just the stummick  
ache.”  
Sometimes I amost wisht that I was  
dead  
For settin’ there and makin’ such a break.

XX.

**T**HIS morning when we come to work I  
got  
Jammed in the elevator back of you,  
and there  
They made you stick your elbow in  
me where  
The mince pie lands; the lunch that I had  
brought  
Was all smashed flat, but still I didn't  
care;  
You leaned against me, for you couldn't  
stand  
Because the ones in front were crowdin'  
and  
My nose was pressed deep into your  
back hair.

I wish we'd had to go ten times as high,  
Or else that we'd be shootin' upward  
yet,  
And never stop no more until we'd get  
Away above the clouds and in the sky,  
And you'd lean back forevermore  
and let  
Your hairpins always jab me in the eye.





XXI.

LAST night I dreamed about her in my  
sleep;  
I thought that her and me had went  
away  
Out on some hill where birds sung  
'round all day  
And I had got a job of herdin' sheep.  
I thought that she had went along to  
keep  
Me comp'ny, and we'd set around for  
hours'  
Just lovin', and I'd go and gather  
flowers  
And pile them at her feet, all in a heap.

It seemed to me like heaven, bein' there  
With only her besides the sheep an  
birds,  
And us not sayin' anything but words  
About the way we loved. I wouldn't  
care  
To ever wake again if I could still  
Dream we was there forever on the hill.



XXII.

**L**AST night I heard Jones astin' you  
to go  
To see the opery next Thursday night,  
And you said yes—and he'll be settin'  
right  
Beside you there all through the whole  
blamed show,  
And you'll be touchin' him with your  
elbow,  
And mebbby he'll say things that tickle  
you  
And buy a box of chock'luts for you,  
too,  
And I'll not be around nor never know.

I wish I'd be the hero on the stage,  
And you was the fair maiden that got  
stoled,  
And he would be the villain that would  
hold  
You frettin' like a song-bird in its cage—  
And then I'd come along and smash  
him one,  
And you'd say: "Take me, dear, for  
what you done."



## XXIII.

**W**HEN I was dustin' off her desk one  
day,  
And she was standin' there, I took the  
pad  
She writes on when she gets dictates  
and had  
A notion to tear off a leaf and lay  
It up against my heart at night, when  
they  
Was something made her come to  
where I stood  
And say, "Poor boy," as softly as she  
could—  
It almost seemed to take my breath away.

That night I couldn't sleep at all becuz  
The thoughts about them words that  
she had said  
Kep' all the time a-goin' through my  
head,  
With thoughts about how beautiful she  
wuz,  
And then I knowed she loved me, too,  
or she  
Would not of cared how hard I  
worked, you see.

## XXIV.

I WISH, some day, when she's type-  
writin' and  
I've took a note out for the boss  
somewhere,  
They'd be some outlaws sneak in  
here and scare  
That long-legged clerk to death and then  
the band  
Would steal her, and nobody else  
would dare  
To try to save her, and they'd run away  
To where they had their cave, and  
keep her there,  
And ast more for her than her folks could  
pay.

Then I would get a gun and bowie-knife,  
And take the name of Buckskin Bob  
or Joe,  
And track them to their den, and  
then I'd go  
A-galley whoopin' in, and save her life,  
And she would say: "My hero's  
came at last!"  
And we'd stand there and hold each  
other fast.

XXV.

**L**AST night, when she'd got on her coat  
and hat,  
And felt her dress behind and then her  
hair,  
To see if everything was all right  
there,  
She stopped and said: "Well, now, just  
look at that!"  
And then put out one foot a little bit,  
And says: "Ain't that provokin'? I  
declare,  
The string's untied!" She put it on  
a chair,  
A-motionin' for me to fasten it.

So then that long-legged clerk he pushed  
me back  
And grabbed the shoe-strings that  
were hangin' down—  
I wish I was the strongest man in  
town—  
Oh, wouldn't I of let him have a whack!  
And I'd of kicked him so blamed hard  
I'll bet  
He'd wonder what he might come  
down on yet.





## XXVI.

I'D like to have a lock of her brown  
hair,  
For that would be a part of her, you  
know;  
And if she'd tie it with a little bow  
Of ribbon, then I'd fasten it somewhere  
Clear down inside, next to my heart, to  
wear,  
And fix it over every week or so,  
When I changed undershirts, or maw  
she'd go  
And raise a fuss because she found it  
there.

One day when bizness wasn't on the  
boom  
She trimmed her finger-nails, and one  
piece flew  
To where I was, almost acrost the  
room;  
I watched the spot where it went  
tumblin' to,  
And now a piece of her is mine; it come  
Right from the end of her dear little  
thumb.

XXVII.

**M**Y darling, often when you set and  
think  
Of things that seem to kind of bother  
you,  
You put your pencil in your mouth  
and chew  
Around the wood, and let your sweet  
teeth sink  
Down in it till it's all marked up and  
split,  
And yesterday I seen you when you  
threw  
A stub away that you'd bit up; it flew  
Behind the bookcase, where I gobbled it.  
I put it in my mouth, the way you'd done,  
And I could feel the little holes you  
made—  
The places where your teeth sunk in—  
I laid  
My tongue tight up against them, every  
one,  
And shut my eyes and then you  
seemed to be  
There with your lips on mine and  
kissin' me.

## XXVIII.

**O**UR homely clerk took her out for a  
ride  
Last Sunday in a buggy, and they rode  
Around all through the parks; I wisht  
I'd knowed  
About it and the horse would kind of  
shied,  
And then got scared and run and kicked,  
and I'd  
Of been a piëce ahead and saw him  
jump  
And leave her hangin' on alone, the  
chump,  
And she'd of been so 'fraid she'd nearly  
died.

Then I'd of give a spring and caught the  
bit,  
And landed on the horses' back, where  
all  
The people there could see me doin' it,  
And when I got her saved the crowd  
would call  
Three cheers for me, and then she'd  
come and fall  
Against my buzzum, and he'd have a fit.

## XXIX.

ONE morning when the boss was out  
somewhere  
And when the clerk was at the bank,  
and me  
And her was here alone together, she  
Let out a screech and jumped up in the  
air  
And grabbed her skirts and yelled: "A  
mouse," And there  
One come a-runnin' right at her, and,  
gee,  
There wasn't a blamed thing that I  
could see  
To whack it with, except an office chair.  
  
I grabbed one up and made a smash and  
hit  
Her desk and broke a leg clear off  
somehow,  
And when the boss came back and looked  
at it  
He said that I would have to pay, and  
now,  
When ma finds out I know just what I'll  
git—  
Next pay-day there will be an awful  
row.

XXX.

**W**HEN I was tellin' ma, two days  
ago,  
About our beautiful typewriter girl  
She dropped the dough and give a sudden  
whirl  
And said: "She's twic't as old as you,  
you know—  
She must be twenty-five or six or so.  
Don't think about her any more, my  
dear,  
And you and me'll be always happy  
here—  
Besides she's nothing but an old scare-  
crow."

It makes me sad to hear her talk that way;  
My darling's just a little girl almost—  
I can't see why ma give her such a  
roast,  
And I could hardly eat my lunch next  
day,  
For every time I took a bite of bread  
I almost hated ma for what she said.



XXXI.

**T**HE other day a rusty pen got stuck  
Away deep in her finger, and she held  
Her poor, dear little hand up then and  
yelled  
For me to hurry over there and suck  
The poison out, and when I went I  
struck  
My toe against the old man's cuspidor  
And rolled about eight feet along the  
floor  
Before I knew what happened, blame  
the luck.

When I set up and looked around, at  
last  
That long-legged, homely clerk was  
there, and so  
He had her finger in his mouth, and,  
oh,  
I'll bet you I'd a' kicked him if I dast.  
I never seen the beat the way things  
go  
When there's a chance for me to stand  
a show.





## XXXII.

I DON'T care if she's twic't as old  
as me,  
For I've been figgerin' and figgers  
shows  
That I'll grow older faster than she  
grows,  
And when I'm twenty-one or so, why, she  
Won't be near twic't as old as me no  
more,  
And then almost the first thing that  
she knows  
I might ketch up to her some day, I  
s'pose,  
And both of us be gladder than before.

When I get whiskers I can let them grow  
All up and down my cheeks and on  
my chin,  
And in a little while they might begin  
To make me look as old as her, and so  
She'd snuggle up to me and call me  
"paw."  
And then I'd call her "pet" instead  
of "maw."

### XXXIII.

**I**T'S over now; the blow has fell at last;  
It seems as though the sun can't shine  
no more,  
And nothin' looks the way it did  
before;  
The glad thoughts that I used to think are  
past.  
Her desk's shut up to-day, the lid's  
locked fast;  
The keys where she typewrote are  
still; her chair  
Looks sad and lonesome standin'  
empty there—  
I'd like to let the tears come if I dast.

This morning when the boss come in he  
found  
A letter that he'd got from her, and so  
He read it over twice and turned around  
And said: "The little fool's got  
married"; Oh,  
It seemed as if I'd sink down through  
the ground,  
And never peep no more—I didn't,  
though.

XXXIV.

**T**HE chap's a beau we didn't know she  
had,

He come from out of town somewhere,  
they say;

I hope he's awful homely, and that they  
Will fight like cats and dogs and both be  
sad.

But still there's one thing makes me kind  
of glad:

The long-legged clerk must stay and  
work away,

And, though he keeps pretendin' to  
be gay,

It's plain enough to see he's feelin' bad.

I wish when I'm a man and rich and  
proud,

She'd see me, tall and handsome then,  
and be

Blamed sorry that she didn't wait for  
me,

And that she'd hear the people cheerin'  
loud

When I went past, and down there in the  
crowd

I'd see her lookin' at me sorrowf'ly.

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