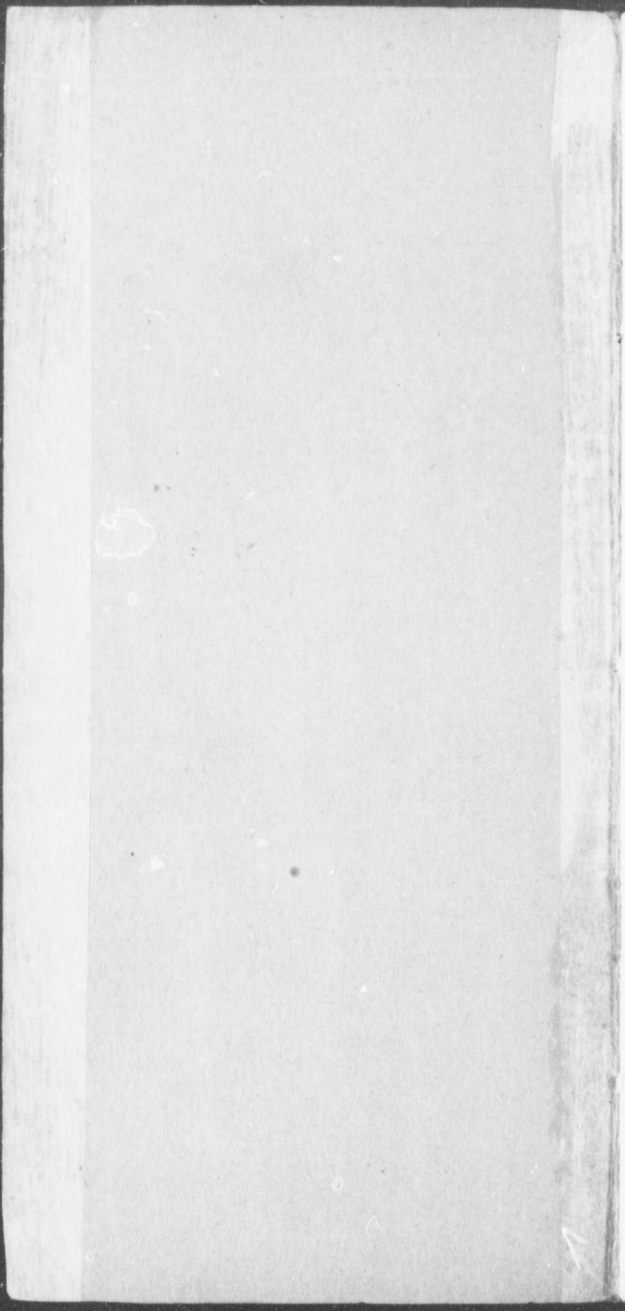


LINES
OF A
LUNGER



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weather birds
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THESE are the lines of a Lunger,
These are his thoughts in verse,
Some are good, and some are bad,
And all the rest are worse.

But they will have served their purpose
If they show a ray of cheer,
Or strengthen the grip, beginning to slip,
Of the patient who seems to fear.

Or carry a word of warning
To those who are playing the fool;
To those who swear that they do not care,
And violate every rule.

To you, who know naught of Lungers,
These verses may seem crude,
But may help you to see that the cure for "T.B."
Is the mental attitude.

That the Lunger must be careful,
Must never, never fret,
But that he must know to conquer the foe,
He can't for one moment,—forget.

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LINES OF A LUNGER

TAKE THE CURE

When you come to the San,
Take the Cure,
It's no cinch for any man,
Take the Cure,
Life is not one grand, sweet song,
You're up here;—there's something wrong,
Tho' your stay be short or long,
Take the Cure.

Put you in your little bed,
Take the Cure,
Covered up except your head,
Take the Cure,
Soon you'll know that bed quite well,
Often wish it down in hell,
But, if you want to get well,
Take the Cure,

Then you get your diagnosis,
Take the Cure,
Hear some talk about fibrosis,
Take the Cure,
"One, two, three's," and "Ninety-nines,"
Coughs, and long breaths, scores of times,
Covered all your chest with lines,
Take the Cure.

Feel 'em pounding on your back,
Take the Cure,
Fluid in your pleural sac,
Take the Cure,
It may be that fluid'! go,
Whether Yes, or whether No,
Back to bed for rest you'll go,
Take the Cure.

The Doctors! They are not to blame,
Take the Cure,
Seems to me, they know the game,
Take the Cure,
They will give you no false cheer,
But they'll help you, never fear,
Tho' they keep you here a year,
Take the Cure.

LINES OF A LUNGER

TAKE THE CURE—Continued.

All your meals come in on trays,
Take the Cure,
Pretty nurses, winning ways,
Take the Cure,
Always on the job, to bring
Everything, just when you ring,
When you're bad—ah! that's the thing,
Take the Cure.

When the time for rest hour comes,
Take the Cure,
Cut out whistling, songs and hums,
Take the Cure,
You've got trouble in your chest,
Only cure is perfect rest,
Say the Doctors—they know best,
Take the Cure.

When you want to move in bed,
Take the Cure,
Move nothing, except your head,
Take the Cure,
You don't have to jump, you know,
When your visitors come and go,
If you MUST move, MOVE SLOW,
Take the Cure.

Is your temperature up in "G"?
Take the Cure,
Pulse just going One, Two, Three?
Take the Cure,
Just a little something wrong,
Take things easy, 'twon't last long,
Soon you'll sing a cheery song,
Take the Cure.

Doesn't seem much use to try?
Take the Cure,
Tho' you're sure you're going to die,
Take the Cure,
There are other fellows, too,
Who were lots worse off than you,
Now they're most as good as new,
Take the Cure.

LINES OF A LUNGER

TAKE THE CURE—Continued.

Bye and Bye, you're up for meals,
Take the Cure,
Golly, Boys: How good it feels,
Take the Cure,
Have a care, don't overdo it,
If you do, you'll surely rue it,
Then some "Knut" will say: "I knew it,"
Take the Cure.

Later on, it's exercise,
Take the Cure,
You go slow now, if you're wise,
Take the Cure,
Take things slowly,—lots of time,
Don't attempt too big a climb,
Mind the object of this rhyme,
Take the Cure.

Later still, out in the shacks,
Take the Cure,
Getting ready to make tracks,
Take the Cure,
Strong temptation to sneak out,
Have a care, there's still a doubt,
Stick, and put the bugs to rout,
Take the Cure.

Gone are all those dreams of wealth,
Take the Cure,
Only object now is health,
Take the Cure,
Tho' the bugs at last are bested,
And your case is called "arrested,"
Never get your lungs o'er tested,
Take the Cure.

When at last they send you home,
Take the Cure,
And you are free, the world to roam,
Take the Cure,
Don't forget just what helped you,
Come across with one or two,
And help the other fellow, to
Take the Cure.

LINES OF A LUNGER

THE OPTIMIST

When everything is going right,
And fortune seems to favor you;
When all your friends have proven true,
And all the days are fair and bright—
Smile!

When everything is going wrong,
And fickle fortune wears a frown;
When all your friends have thrown you down,
And life is one unhappy song—
Smile!

*Smile when your friends are many,
Smile when your friends are few;
Smiling won't hurt you any,
Smiling will pull you through.*

When out upon the peaceful farm
You feel the country's purer breath,
Where sinful thoughts must die the death,
And you forget the city's harm—
Smile!

When, in the busy mart of trade,
You put your all in Mammon's fight,
And in the passing of a night
Staunch friends are lost, stern foes are made—
Smile!

*Smile when the days are quiet,
Smile when they're noisy, too;
Smiling won't kill you—try it;
Smiling will pull you through.*

When on the mountain top, serene,
You scan the quiet vale below,
And watch the shadows come and go,
And glory in the peaceful scene—
Smile!

Or, crossing o'er the bounding main,
You face the terrors of the deep,
And fear that when you go to sleep
You may not see the light again—
Smile!

LINES OF A LUNGER

THE OPTIMIST—Continued.

*Smile in the midst of trouble,
Smile in the brighter view;
Smiling won't cost you double;
Smiling will pull you through.*

When you move in a world of peace,
And, while enjoying perfect health,
Are riding high on waves of wealth,
And every prospect seems to please—
Smile!

When you move in a world of strife,
With sickness always at the door;
Tho' you are poorest of the poor,
And nothing seems to please in life—
Smile!

*Smile when the way is cheery,
Smile when the way seems blue;
Smiling won't make you weary,
Smiling will pull you through.*

A PAIR OF EYES

I had not seen the lady before,
Or yet her beautiful eyes,
But knew, the moment she opened my door,
That she had beautiful eyes.

Her sweater coat's too long in the sleeve,
But she has beautiful eyes;
Her skirt is a Scotch Tartan weave,
And she has beautiful eyes.

I could not see what covered her feet,
Or past those beautiful eyes;
Her face may, or may not, be sweet,
She has most beautiful eyes.

I know not the color of her hair,
For she has beautiful eyes;
Such lapses of observation are rare;
But then, those beautiful eyes!

Should these lines offend she'll throw them away,
And flash those beautiful eyes;
Tho' I've seen them but once, I make bold to say
"I love those beautiful eyes!"

LINES OF A LUNGER

PESSIMISM

OR, HOW NOT TO FEEL.

Folks tell me there's a God above me
Who more than those on earth doth love me;
It's funny that He'd go and shove me
In a Sanatorium.

With thoughts of living, thoughts of dying,
In my bed all day I'm lying,
Just like those around me, trying
To take things as they come.

I now am no vain pleasure-seeker;
My lungs are weak, and growing weaker,
And every day the prospect's bleaker—
No hope the doctors give.

E'en tho' I was a little stronger,
I'd only last a little longer;
The world regards me as a wronger—
I have no right to live.

My sun of life is slowly setting,
And, all my so-called friends forgetting,
I'm left alone to do my fretting—
I have not got a friend.

While Summer warms and Winter freezes,
Still this, the worst of all diseases,
A stronger hold upon me seizes—
I soon will reach the end.

LINES OF A LUNGER

LUNGERS

Tho' to you we may seem healthy,
And you think we must be wealthy,
 Since it seems that we are working not at all,
Just remember, our ambition
Is to better our condition—
 For we're only poor weak "lungers" after all.

They insist upon our resting,
And they surely are not jesting,
 Tho' at times the idleness may seem to gall,
For we have tuberculosis—
We are waiting for fibrosis—
 And we're only poor weak "lungers" after all.

In our bed we're always lying,
And to "take the cure" we're trying,
 For we want to rout the bugs, both great and small;
And we must obey our nurses
If we would avoid the hearses—
 Since we're only poor weak "lungers" after all.

If we do not force our eating
We will have the slow drum beating
 And our bodies shut forever in a pall,
While the minute guns are pealing,
And our weeping friends are feeling
 We were only poor weak "lungers," after all.

In the lonely cemetery
We'll be lying, free from worry,
 While we're waiting for the last great trumpet's call,
If we do not take things easy,
In this place, so fresh and breezy,
 Where we're only poor weak "lungers," after all.

We must rest, the Doctors tell us;
For our health they're very jealous;
 They are working for our interest, one and all;
If we obey to the letter
We will very soon get better—
 Tho' we're only poor weak "lungers," after all.

LINES OF A LUNGER

LUNGERS—Continued.

Tho' we come from all directions,
And are from all social sections,
 Be our antecedents great, or be they small,
Here we lose all thought of classes,
Of the wealthy or the masses—
 All are only poor weak "lungers," after all.

When our case becomes arrested,
And T.B. seems to be bested,
 We must ever take life easy, lest we fall;
Not for fame or fortune fretting,
Never this one thing forgetting—
 We are only poor weak "lungers," after all.

TO A FRIEND

Our room is cheerful, large and light;
The nights are cool, the days are bright;
But something not exactly right
 We seemed to feel
Until you came in yesternight
 To wish us weal.

The friendly frankness of your face,
The kindly act, the deed of grace,
The smiles which light the darkest place
 Wherein you go,
Help us in this most trying race,
 As well we know.

Could you but know the good you do,
As you your daily tasks pursue,
And to your Duty only true,
 Avoiding strife,
It would supply an interest new
 In this your life.

Your smiles sincere our spirits buoy;
Your very presence gives us joy;
If, blundering, we in aught annoy
 We'll make amends;
So, when no graver cares employ,
 Come, see your friends.

LINES OF A LUNGER

THE RHYMER

Some rhymers rhyme because they know
That if they keep on doing so
They'll soon amass enough of dough
 For any man.
I rhyme for something else to do
 While at the San.

Oh, patient, doctor, cook and nurse
Are all good subjects for my verse;
I hope it never seems a curse;
 I try to please.
"A laugh keeps many from the hearse
 In this disease."

To start "the bug" upon the run,
And keep him going when begun,
Should be the aim of everyone
 Who would be free;
And this is helped by lots of fun—
 Not misery.

So everybody all the while,
E'en tho' at times it seems a trial,
Go through this building with a smile,
 It helps a lot
With those to whom is durance vile
 The painful cot.

Or, take a leaf from Watson's book
(When he's no bugs for which to look),
And draw the foolish to a nook,
 Like frightened mice,
To show them all the risks they took
 And give advice.

This place to me seems like a school—
We learn to fight the "T.B." duel;
I'll leave you now with one short rule
 (Not from the Hague).
'Tis this, "You cannot cure a fool"
 Of the "White Plague."

LINES OF A LUNGER

COURAGE

All you who fear
Come, tarry here;
I fain would say a word of cheer.
O lunger pard,
I know it's hard
To linger in a lunger's ward—
I've been in bed myself a year.

Say, list to me!
This old T.B.
Is not a thing that you can see;
The cure is rest,
Of food the best,
And lots of fresh air in your chest;
These, of the rules, are the Big Three.

Buck up! Dig in!
If you would win;
And fight the bugs through thick and thin,
And be you sure
You take the cure;
Long days with patience strong endure,
And meet your troubles with a grin.

The old temp. stick
Has got a trick
Of soaring upward very quick;
But don't be blue,
That's nothing new;
Don't let these small things worry you,
Don't worry—worry makes you sick.

Come weal or woe,
You needs must know
That your improvement will be slow,
And slower yet;
Tho' do not fret;
But all your doubts and cares forget,
To win the game you must do so.

LINES OF A LUNGER

COURAGE—Continued.

The doctor said,
"You stay in bed."
And just get this into your head—
The doctor knows
Just how it goes,
So don't be longing for your clothes;
Do what he says, or—you'll be dead.

The papers say
But yesterday
That Private Jones has gone away—
Has won the race
And left this place,
A chronic smile upon his face,
If Jones can do it, then you may.

This is a school.
Where, as a rule,
We learn to fight the "T.B." duel;
So draw your sword,
And fight it hard,
For life itself is your reward;
You'll win if you don't play the fool.

ABOUT PASSES

On the edge of the mountain a lunger man sat,
Crying, "Sorrow, O sorrow, O sorrow!"
And I said to him, "Lunger man, what is the mat?
Why this "Sorrow, O sorrow, O sorrow"?
Is it weakness of intellect, Conny?" I cried,
"Or something gone wrong in your little inside?"
With a shake of his sadly-bowed head he replied,
"It's Passes;
Can't go home till tomorrow!"

LINES OF A LUNGER

THE VICTOR

He came to the San when quite a young man;
It seemed he had left it too long,
For the Doc. shook his head and said, "He'll soon be dead"
Time has proved that the doctor was wrong.

* * *

Before he came here of the "Con." he'd no fear,
Tho' he wasn't just feeling too gay,
And his medico said, "You go early to bed,
And exercise much through the day,"
So he gave it a trial and walked many a mile,
Tho' improvement was notably slow,
And he flirted with death through the route of "deep breath"
But how can a "plain" doctor know?
I have oft heard him tell how he swung the dumb bell,
And other gymnastics a score;
But when still he felt weak, said he, "I must seek
To find time to exercise more."
Now this stuff, of course, makes you strong as a horse
Provided your lungs are all right,
But when they are not, and one has a "spot,"
And you rush calisthenics—"Good-night!"
The natural end was our very dear friend
Had "gone into consumption at last."
"In the family, you know," and "I told you so,"
"He's going downhill very fast."
Oh, the Doc.'s not to blame; there are many the same,
Who tell all their friends with "T.B."
"If you want to get well, go and rough it like hell!
That's the only cure, 'take it from me.'"
Then, even in spite of his very sad plight,
There were "county rules" to be o'ercome;
But there's means for most ends, and the pull of his friends
At length made the Orchard his home.

* * *

He thought it quite queer when first he came here,
That he should keep lying so still;
But dug in all the same, learnt the rules of the game,
And then "took the cure" with a will.
His friends had no doubt that he'd never come out—
That his chance of recovery was slim;

LINES OF A LUNGER

THE VICTOR—Continued.

And he knew how thin were his chances to win—
That but roused the fighter in him.
We don't know how oft, as he lay there and coughed,
He thought that week would be his last;
And, spite of the rest, the bugs at the best
Seemed going ahead very fast.
Still, he stuck with the ship, kept a stiff upper lip,
And he fought the bugs early and late;
It never a whit entered his head to quit—
That isn't the way to beat fate.
Things were different then to what Edgemont has been,
Where all the appointments are new;
In those days they had not what the new San has got,
And discomforts were more than a few.
You can bet it was hard when they died in the ward—
Death is not an encouraging sight,
(One corpse took a trip through the window, and slipped.
Well, I guess he felt cheerful that night!)
When the weather was hot he still laid on his cot,
And the flies and mosquitoes held sway.
I'll make something," he said, "that will protect my head,"
And when there's a will there's a way.
Six inches or so, in the winter, of snow
Lay over the top of his sheet,
And in spring and fall there was nothing at all
To protect him from rain, hail and sleet.
There were others around, now safe under the ground,
Knew more than the Doc. of "T.B."
And whene'er they felt good, act quite foolish they would,
But now—well, they've just ceased to be.
And once in a while it seemed that HIS trial
Was too great, but he wasn't blue long.
He wasn't a fool, and he kept every rule,
And slowly began to get strong.
I have heard him say that he wanted ONE day—
One only—now, that wasn't much.
To go through that strife just for one day of life
Deserves some few thousand of such.

* * *

After less than two years of all these hopes and fears
Doc said, "I think you are now
In a state of repair, but forever take care;
There are many things you must not do."
Now the doctor was wise, and he gave good advice,
But a man who has spent eighteen months

LINES OF A LUNGER

THE VICTOR—Continued.

In a fight of this size, with his life as the prize,
And has won, won't forget even once.
Twenty seasons have passed, and we find him at last,
Still giving Consumption the laugh,
And he's back in the game with a different name—
For now, 'tis not "patient," but "Staff."
He goes through each day in his own quiet way—
If you know him, then you'll understand;
He ne'er has been heard to say a mean word,
But he's there with the wise, helping hand.
Now the man who knows needn't wear doctor's clothes
If he's been thru the fight with "T.B.,"
For the doctor, at best, can only have guessed
The depth of the struggle to BE.
So when I'd be sure about taking the cure,
I hear all the medicos say,
But the words of the man who has fought and has won
Seem to carry more weight, in some way.

* * *

He is still at the San, and he's still a young man,
Tho' his days as a patient are o'er.
It is such men as he, who can conquer "T.B.,"—
God grant that I may be one more.

I'LL HELP TO GROW A DAISY

Oh, why the deuce whould I feel blue,
And fret until I'm crazy?;
It may be when this life I'm thro'
I'll help to grow a daisy.
I'm not much use, I don't know why;
Folks tell me that I'm lazy;
But maybe in the future I
Will help to grow a daisy.
In blissful indolence I've curled,
And spent my life in play—see?
But possibly in some next world
I might become a daisy.
I know the end's not far away,
My mind is getting hazy;
And likely in some nearing day
I'll help to grow a daisy.
So when at last I reach the end,
And I am laid away—see?
My last request to you, my friend,
On my grave plant a daisy.

LINES OF A LUNGER

THE QUITTER

In legend old and hoary,
Or in ballad, song or story,
There is nothing to the glory
 Of the man who doesn't try;
For it seems the bards are bitter
When they come across a quitter,
And they think it would be fitter
 If he never had come nigh.
Oh, the poets laud in verses
Any man who courage nurses,
But they pour out all their curses
 On the man who doesn't try.

In the busy marts of trading
Every man must have a grading.
But the chance to climb is fading
 For the man who doesn't rry.
And it seems that all his use is
Just to make up vain excuses,
Because every time he loses
 He must curse his luck and cry.
Oh, the business world is pining
For the man in effort shining,
But it can't abide the whining
 Of the man who doesn't try.

There are many find a treasure
In the world of sport and pleasure
But they quickly take the measure
 Of the man who doesn't try;
For it seems as if his sweater
Could be fitted on a better
To his comrades he's a fetter,
 And they simply pass him by.
Oh, the men of sport admire
More than all things else, a trier,
But they very quickly tire
 Of the man who doesn't try.

In the struggle and commotion,
Going on, on land and ocean,
There is no chance of promotion
 For the man who doesn't try;
For he seems to roar and bellow,
All about the other fellow,
And we greatly fear he's yellow,

LINES OF A LUNGER

THE QUITTER—Continued.

So we wink the other eye.
Oh, the army is not slighting
Those who Freedom's wrongs are righting,
But there's no place in the fighting
For the man who doesn't try.

The world is full of trouble,
Full of straw, and chaff, and stubble,
But the task of life is double
For the man who doesn't try;
For we know that he will shiver,
When he comes to cross the river,
And it seems that he will never
Never reach the Home on High.
Oh, the man that doesn't falter
Will receive a harp and psalter,
But in hell there hangs a halter
For the man who doesn't try.

SOMEONE ELSE'S QUARREL

I've heard of a row
(It don't matter how);
I've formed no opinion on it, sir,
But when two men fight,
Tho' each may be right,
It matters to me not a whit, sir.

I know lots of folks
As steady as oaks—
I tell you, I like them all fine sir,,
I may give a sob,
If they lose their job,
But at that, it's no business of mine, sir.

I have my own thought,
As all good men ought;
Of no one their honor I'll rob, sir,
I'll open my face
In good time and place,
But I'll not make one of a mob, sir.

'Tis an honest man's style
To give all a fair trial,
And credit of all doubt besides, sir.
This axiom true
I leave now with you:
"Every quarrel has its two sides, sir."

LINES OF A LUNGER

STICK TO THE MAT!

If you are determined that you'll beat the game—
Stick to the Mat!

Day after day let your cry be the same—
Stick to the Mat!

There's no other way that the fight can be fought—
All other methods have proved to be nought—
So just get this slogan in your Dome of Thought—
Stick to the Mat!

Been at it a month now, but that's not enough?
Stick to the Mat!

A month on the feathers sure seems rather tough—
Stick to the Mat!

A month? Why, say, fellow, you've just got a start—
The first month is always the most trying part—
For you haven't begun yet to learn this by heart—
Stick to the Mat!

Three months now gone by and your temp. is still up?—
Stick to the Mat!

Don't howl around like a lost mongrel pup—
Stick to the Mat!

You're beginning to learn that there's no other way
But to hold the old bed down for day upon day,
And when tempted to quit to buck up and say—
Stick to the Mat!

Tho' some other chaps may be running about—
Stick to the Mat!

Don't get all upset and think you should be out—
Stick to the Mat!

For some who got out and went chasing around,
And have crawled back again, to their sorrow have found,
Their next little trip will be under the ground—
Stick to the Mat!

LINES OF A LUNGER

STICK TO THE MAT—Continued.

Of course there are days when you're sure to feel blue—

Stick to the Mat!

You think that old "T.B." will some day get you—

Stick to the Mat!

Just send for the doctor and holler and swear;

They know you don't mean it, and they do not care;

At times it's a help to shoot off some hot air—

Stick to the Mat!

Six months have gone by, and it's easier now—

Stick to the Mat!

To keep the hay without raising a row—

Stick to the Mat!

And slowly the thought has got into your head

That, if you're not better from six months in bed,

If you had stayed up, by now you'd be dead—

Stick to the Mat!

Another six months may just finish the cure—

Stick to the Mat!

Tho' even the best of us cannot be sure—

Stick to the Mat!

For six months, or twelve months, the cure is the same,

And tho' there are times when it seems mighty tame,

The man who will win is the man who is game!

Stick to the Mat!

But if, spite of trying, you don't make the grade—

Stick to the Mat!

Just show the wide world of what stuff you are made—

Stick to the Mat!

Fight! Fight! When you know that you cannot get well;

(He still is unbeaten who fought till he fell);

You may not get better, but then—what the Hell!—

Stick to the Mat!

LINES OF A LUNGER

OUR VISITORS

You seem to be ladies of leisure;
Perhaps you have nothing to do.
But, ladies, the San's greatest pleasure
Is watchfully waiting for you.
In Winter and Summer, they tell me,
You always come up to the San.
For just this alone you might well be
Endeared to the heart of each man.
The days that you come up to see us
Are brightest and best of the seven.
When you go to join old Aeneas
You should get free tickets to Heaven.
We tell you our joys and our troubles;
You listen to all of our woes.
And all our cares vanish like bubbles,
And most of our "indigo" goes.
When you like you can certainly scold us,
But this we can bravely endure.
We know that you just mean to hold us
To earnestly taking the cure.
You bring us fruit, candy and flowers,
Books, papers, and magazines, too.
They while away many long hours,
And brighten the days that are blue.
We thank you for these; and more to us
Is the kindness that makes you so dear.
You don't know the good that you do us
By your sympathy, bright and sincere.
Maybe you ARE ladies of leisure,
But we know of one big thing you do—
For you are the San's greatest treasure;
We all take our hats off to you!

AN ACROSTIC

Shelter of weary Lungers! standing here,
A school of Acquiescence: Here we learn
Not to struggle blindly 'gainst our fate,
And strive to o'erthrow destiny: But to still
Those angry murmurs, at the loss
Of that which cannot be. Here we rest.
Rest, forever rest, and rest again.
It is enough to rest, and cease complaining:
Under the guiding care of patient doctors: This we feel
Must in due time suffice.

LINES OF A LUNGER

THE TALE OF LANKY JOE

Here's the tale of Lanky Joe, who, a month or two ago,
Put his dunnage in his grip and went away,
And I hate to have to tell, it was maybe just as well,
For, he wasted every moment of his stay.
He came in among the first, but he wasn't quite the worst
And it seemed as if his chance to win was good,
And he stuck around a year, tho' I very greatly fear,
That he didn't "Take the Cure," the way he should.
When he didn't get ahead, after many months in bed,
He insisted, that "the doctors didn't know,"
And he said that he was sure just a model on the cure,
But that's one remark of his that wasn't so.
For he loved to run around, tho' he mostly always found
That his coughing would not stop, or temp. come down
And at night when all was still, he'd crawl o'er the window
sill,
And quite foolishly go sneaking off to town.
He would very often choose to get filled right up with booze
And he made the doctors wish he'd never come,
He would stay out half the night, and get mixed up in a
fight,
And that sort of thing puts lungers on the bum.
Tho' all this the doctors guessed, yet his treatment was the
best,
And they gave him every chance to beat the game,
Even got a special chair, Yes, they surely used him square,
Lanky Joe has only got himself to blame.
Now, it really seems to me, (and I think that you'll agree),
That a fool will find a weaker one to lure;
So we really couldn't grieve, when the youngster took his
leave,
For he kept so many others from the cure.
Yet, I often wonder "How Joe is getting on just now,"
And my heart goes out to him where'er he be;
For the Sermon of the San is the Brotherhood of Man,
And we pray for foolish lungers such as he.

A RULE

For one concise Lunger's Rule
You ask. You say that I should know.
I'll give you this: "Don't play the fool;
Rest—Think of Others—and Go Slow!"

LINES OF A LUNGER

USE YOUR GAUZE

You're a lunger, now, old man
 Use your gauze.
All the time you're in the San,
 Use your gauze.
Do your part to keep germs off,
Bread, and cheese, and jam, and broth,
Every time you want to cough,
 Use your gauze.

Keep it in a handy place,
 Use your gauze.
Bring it quickly to your face
 Use your gauze.
When you cough, and bark, and wheeze,
When you feel you're going to sneeze,
Think of others. Fellow, please,
 Use your gauze.

Church and concerts, understand,
 Use your gauze.
Do not cough behind your hand,
 Use your gauze.
If you've left your gauze behind,
Paper napkins try to find,
Keep this motto in your mind—
 Use your gauze.

Your bugs may be positive,
 Use your gauze.
Give us all a chance to live,
 Use your gauze.
Tho' your sputum may not yield
Ten or twenty to a field,
Think of those that you should shield,
 Use your gauze.

Doctors, Matron, Nurses, say
 "Use your gauze."
Get a fresh piece every day,
 Use your gauze.
It's not up to YOU, you know,
To keep stock from running low,
Do you have to buy it? NO!
 Use your gauze.

LINES OF A LUNGER

USE YOUR GAUZE—Continued.

If you find one who will not
Use his gauze.
Give him hell, right on the spot!
You have cause.
Show him all the use and need,
Of the rules that he should heed,
Self-protection's Lungers' Creed,
Use your gauze.

THE RHYMER'S REASON

Among my friends are those who say,
That I should give my random verse
A wider scope.—That it would pay!
I know of nothing needed worse,
Than light on this Terrestrial Curse;
So, tho' I may not fill my purse,
I'll rhyme on in the same old way.

Why mouth this curse with bated breath?
And say it is a thing to dread,
That misery follows in its path,
That every chance for life has fled,
And other talk upon this head?
A man might better far, be dead
Than live, and be afraid of death.

The nettle boldly grasped will lose
Its power to sting, and so "T. B."
Must lose its horror, when we choose
To meet it sanely. While we see
Its many dangers, not to flee,
But boldly front them. As for me,
I'll do my fighting through the Muse.

