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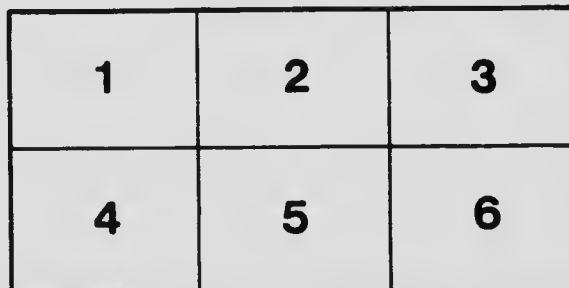
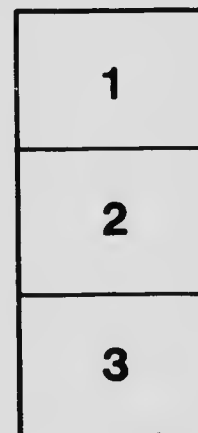
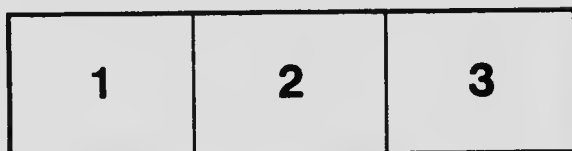
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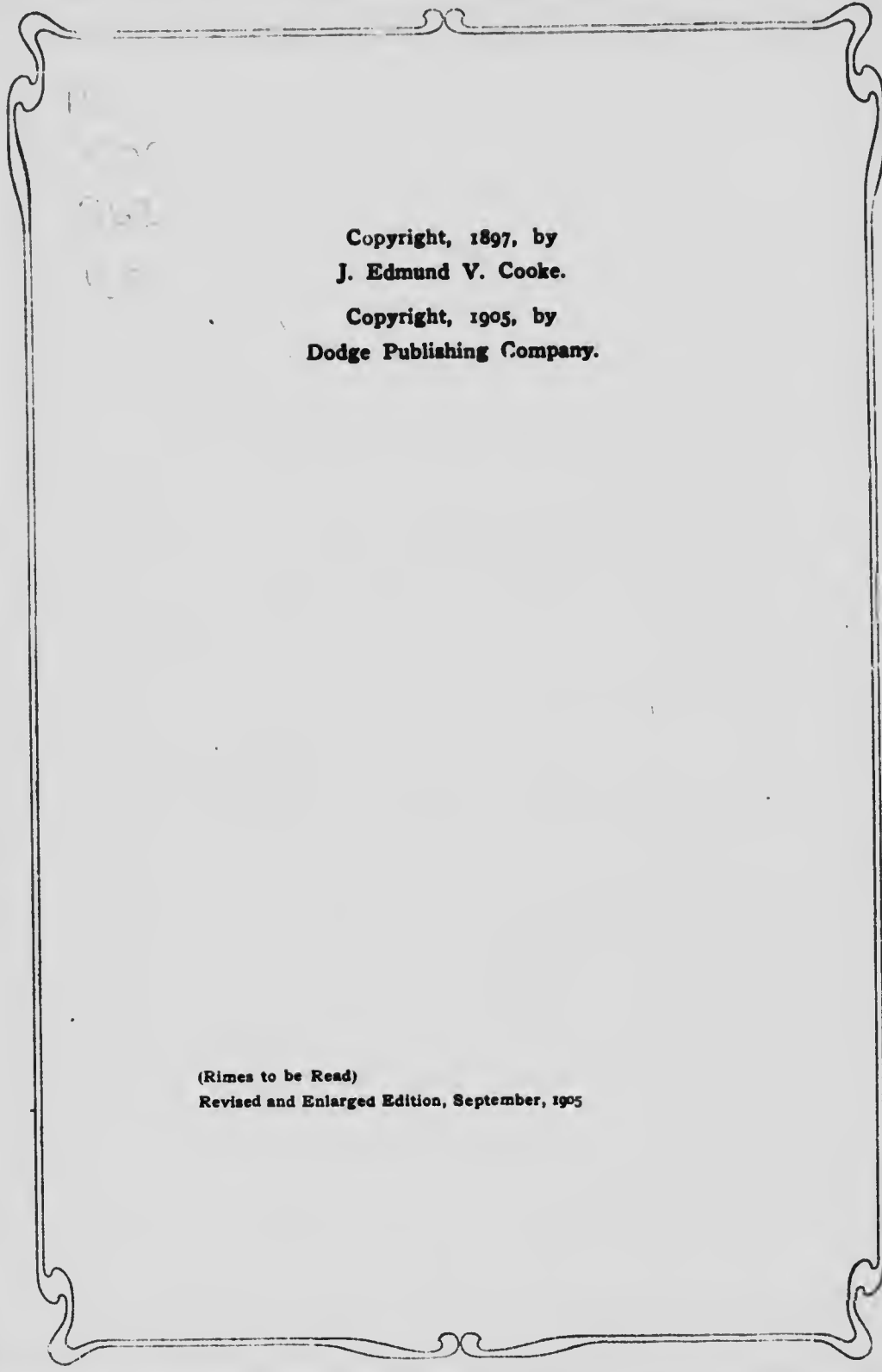
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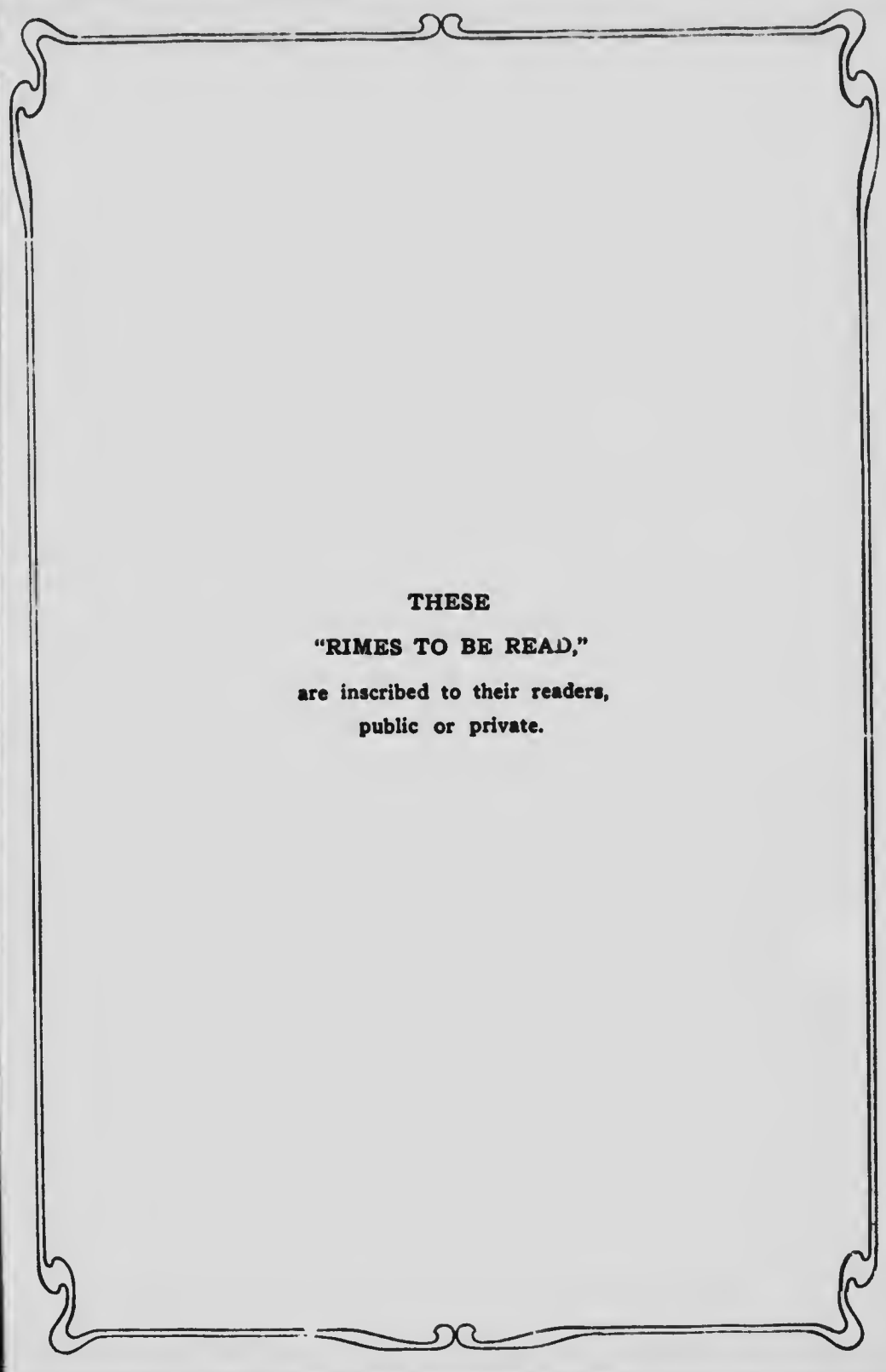
**T**HE author takes pleasure in expressing his obligations to the "New York Sun," "Cleveland Press," "Chicago Record-Herald," "St. Nicholas," "Youth's Companion," "Journal of Education," "Saturday Evening Post," "What-to-Eat," "New York Herald," "Truth," "Metropolitan Magazine," "Puck," "New York Clipper," "The Delineator," "Lippincott's," "Smart Set," "Munsey's" and the papers of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, which various publications first presented most of these verses in print.

In the present volume, an even half of the titles appeared in the former editions of the book, four of them are from "A Patch of Pansies," and twenty-six of them have never before been between covers.

E. V. C.



Faint, illegible text visible along the left edge of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.



**THESE**  
**"RIMES TO BE READ,"**  
are inscribed to their readers,  
public or private.



A decorative border with ornate, scroll-like corners and a central flourish at the top and bottom, framing the entire page content.

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PROEM.

"I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU."

**F**OLKS are often glad to meet other folks, you know,  
But they sometimes falter when it comes to saying  
so;  
Or they say, 'I'm glad t' see y'," O, so curt and low  
That you wonder just how far their gladsome feelings go.

Say "I'm glad to see you," when you mean it. Speak  
it out;  
Don't bite off a piece of it and leave the rest in  
doubt.  
Let your lips know what your soul is thinking most  
about.

It doesn't take an orator to say the sentence right;  
It doesn't need much rhetoric to make you feel its  
might;  
It has a hundred hundred tongues which tell its  
meaning quite.

You feel it when you're going home and catch the  
window light,  
You see it in a sweetheart's smile, flashing warm  
and bright,



**PROEM.**

'Tis in a mother's morning kiss and in the last at  
night,  
And baby's little reaching arms express the same  
delight.

"Glad to see you!" O, you friends of dead yesterday,  
Could we only hear it from your dear lips far away;  
Could we tell it into ears which mingle now with  
clay,  
We might gain that fuller meaning which the simple  
words convey.

Say, "I'm glad to see you," then, to those who still  
are here.  
Say it with that meaning which is music to the ear.  
More than simply say it; words are cheap, but deeds  
are dear;  
And men will say it back to you and make their  
meaning clear.

A decorative border with ornate, symmetrical scrollwork at the corners and midpoints of the sides, framing the central text.

**Tales, Grave and Gay.**





RIMES TO BE READ.

THE STORY OF OLD GLORY.

**I** TELL a tale which is not new,  
But, O, as long as truth is true,  
As long as Freedom sets the pace  
Of progress for the human race,  
As long as it is our intent  
That All shall be the Government,  
As long as Rights of Man shall be  
The heritage of you and me  
As long as unslaved thought is dear,  
So long will all men pause to hear,  
The story of Old Glory.

In seventeen seventy-six its red  
First from the rising sun is shed;  
In seventeen seventy-six its white  
First blends along the gladdened light;  
Its thirteen starry gems of heaven  
Flash forth in loyal seventy-seven.  
O, not of warp and woof and dye  
Is born that banner of the sky!  
It forms from out the heart and brain  
Of Patrick Henry, Franklin, Paine!  
It floats out proud and high and free  
In souls of Otis, Adams, Lee!  
Of Quincy, Sherman, Jefferson!  
Of Hancock, Warren, Washington!  
And so in valor is begun  
The story of Old Glory.

RIMES TO BE READ.

Then Gage, Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne  
And Hessians hired by British coin;  
Cornwallis, with his lordly crest,  
Rhal, Tarron, Parker and the rest,  
Strive hard to blot that flag from sight.  
But, armored in their sense of right,  
Come Putnam, Prescott, Allen, Stark,  
Men of a strong and sturdy mark;  
Come Ward, Montgomery, Schuyler, Greene,  
And all the list which lies between,  
From Marion to LaFayette.  
Right gallantly the foe is met!  
They make the flag acknowledged free,  
For kingcraft's rule is not to be  
The story of Old Glory.

In times of war or times of peace,  
Its marches onward never cease.  
'Tis borne by Clark and Lewis on  
To far-off shores of Oregon.  
It floats on Fulton's boat, which steam  
First forces up against the stream  
And see! how on the air it rides  
In triumph o'er Old Ironsides.  
'Tis borne by Perry on the Lakes  
And proud defiance bravely shakes  
From Tripoli to Mexico!  
Not always right, too well we know,

RIMES TO BE READ.

But all the more, then, must we care  
That no oppression more shall share  
The story of Old Glory.

Then comes the time its own stern sons  
Turn on it their revolted guns.  
But though Lee musters gallant horde,  
With Jackson's swift and sudden sword,  
With Johnston's cool and cunning skill,  
With Bragg and Longstreet's strenuous will;  
Though Morgan makes audacious dash,  
Though Stuart seems the lightning flash,  
Though Hood's impetuous men are hurled  
And Pickett's charge astounds the world,  
Yet—Grant and Appomattox come,  
And stifled is the warlike drum.  
Even in the hour when loyal Grief  
Moans by the body of The Chief,  
The monster, Civil Hate, is slain;  
State clasps the hand of State again,  
And, from the rock-bound coasts of Maine  
To every sunlit Texan plain,  
There echoes back but one refrain:—  
The story of Old Glory.

Still floats the flag! Its stars increase  
Through the triumphant times of peace.  
Still floats the flag—in 'seventy-six,  
When all the nations intermix

## RIMES TO BE READ.

In honor of our liberty,  
Still floats the flag in 'ninety-three,  
When mankind comes from earth and sea  
To that Dream City of the West,  
Where Art and Marvel greet the guest.  
Still floats the flag in 'ninety-eight  
To free the serfs of Spanish hate,  
And, gladdened by the smiling May,  
From Cuba floats the flag away!  
More honored with its proud folds furled,  
And faith redeemed before the world,  
Than tho' it floated wide and far  
In hideous, tho' successful, war.  
And is our honor less of worth  
In other islands of the earth?  
Nay! this our motto! We are strong,  
And strength's best use is righting wrong.  
So be it told in speech and song!—  
The story of Old Glory.

I know that we are told its red  
Is of the blood its heroes shed,  
Its white the smoke of battle air,  
Its blue the garb its soldiers wear;  
But O, believe not that its stars  
Are only bursting shells of wars!  
Believe not that its red and white  
But symbolize the stripes which smite!  
Nay, rather think those stars are eyes,  
Eternal, godlike, of the skies;

**RIMES TO BE READ.**

**Its red the flame of loyalty,  
Its white the badge of purity,  
Its blue the blue of Freedom's sky—  
And then we know shall never die  
The story of Old Glory.**

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE ANARCHIST.

**Y**ES, Wallace Wright was an anarchist. Nay,  
sir, hold back your blame;  
And pause, O woman of high degree, before you cry  
his shame;  
And you, fair maid with the spotless soul, shrink not  
before his name.

But why for Anarchy? Would he turn the world  
from its ways of work?  
Would he make the scholar a millman, or the un-  
taught ditcher clerk?  
Did he covet the honest spoil of toil, himself con-  
tent to shirk?

Listen and know. I think not so, and yet it well  
might be,  
With a boyhood spent at a working bench instead  
of a mother's knee;  
With ten hours toiling daily a pittance, year by  
year,  
For children are many and cheap, my friends, and  
dollars scarce and dear.

Yet he did not coarsen in mind or heart, that kin or  
comrades saw,  
But he worked, he thrived, matured and wived, and  
still he believed in law.

RIMES TO BE READ.

*Her* softest wish was a law to him, and sweet was  
the hard-won bread,  
And the steadiest man in all the shops was Wallace  
Wright, they said.

But the times grew hard and the wage was cut, and  
amid the ensuing strife  
The first black shadow of Anarchy came into our  
workman's life,  
For his bench-mate there, in the shop, was one from  
the far-off Volga's side,  
Who had seen his sister dragged to shame and his  
father scourged till he died,  
Who had seen his mother go raving mad, had seen  
it all dry-eyed,  
And then he had sworn such an oath of oaths that  
the depths of hell replied.

And Wallace was stirred by the Russian and hon-  
estly shared his grief,  
But would not hear of the Red Reform, with its  
promise of swift relief—  
Relief from the grinding greed of man, from the  
wrongs of class and state,  
Relief from a hundred things he saw, with the fer-  
vor of honest hate.  
Yes, he knew his own and his fellows' wrongs, and  
his very soul grew sore,  
But what of that? It was all forgot when he entered  
his cottage door.



RIMES TO BE READ.

Then the times waxed worse and they let men go,  
and Wallace among the rest.  
Discharged for his long, hard service! for it made  
his wage the best,  
And the high must go to retain the low, when price  
is the crucial test.  
No work! 'tis a thought to rebuke the heart for its  
dance within the breast.  
No, not for you who read 'his word and think of a  
thousand friends,  
Nor you with a dozen talents, all pat on your  
fingers' ends,  
But for him who knows but to do one thing, and  
who earns no more than he spends,  
Work, constant work, is the needful thing on which  
his life depends.

Then the Russian came.

“Are you ready now to mingle with Free-  
dom's set?”  
But Wallace had only gravely smiled and had shaken  
his head: “Not yet.”  
Then day by day he sought for work. Do you un-  
derstand? He sought,  
As no man ever sought gold or fame, *for toil*—and  
he found “not.

RIMES TO BE READ.

The quick, curt word, the rough rebuff, the careless  
sign of the head,  
Were his till his face was sharp with care and his  
heavy heart like lead.

And every night when he sought his home, with an  
aching, haunting dread,  
His wife looked up. She spoke no word, but mourn-  
fully drooped her head  
To hide the fear of her mother-heart, the fear that  
would not be gone;  
The fear for the babe unborn, whom want already  
laid clutches on.

Then there came a day when they had to face the  
terrible word, "Vacate!"  
The owner was "Sorry of course, but then, that  
didn't keep the estate."

And the Russian came.

"Are you ready, Wright?" "Not yet!" he  
gasped, "not yet!  
I have still my wife and hope and life! and there  
must be work to get."

A wretched hovel received them. They struggled  
from bad to worse,  
Till death seemed only happiness and life was the  
greater curse.

RIMES TO BE READ.

And then she sickened; her life ebbed, ebbed, and  
nevermore turned its tide,  
And Wallace had only wildly prayed that he might  
be laid at her side,  
For he knew she had died from cruel want, in a  
fruitful, generous earth;  
And the quiet babe at her side, he knew, was  
starved before its birth.

And the Russian came.

"Well, Wallace Wright, are you still content  
with life?  
You talked to me of Society's claim, and Society  
killed your wife.  
Society grinds and kills us all, and you will not  
make it rue it.  
You talked to me of your God, and He—He let So-  
ciety do it."  
Can you blame the man, who, in wild despair,  
pressed lips to the lips of his dead  
And arose and looked at the Russian? "Lead on!  
I will go," he said.

\* \* \* \* \*

A month had passed and the Red Reform to which  
he had joined his fate  
Had issued its edict against a man who had earned  
its cruel hate—

RIMES TO BE READ.

Who had earned its hate, for his wealth was used to  
oppress and not to raise;  
And the sterner the bargain in flesh and blood, the  
more was his own self-praise.

And hence the decree of the Red Reform, with fifty  
men in the plot,  
Where forty and nine had voted "Kill!" and one  
had voted not.

That one you know, yet his name was first to be  
drawn in the fateful lot,  
And his Russian friend was the second, so the Red  
Reform decreed

"That the monster yield his life to man, and that  
these two do the deed."

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas the fated day—a holiday—and the noisy  
throng poured out,  
Full-fed with the chaff of cheers and jeers, of the  
sounding laugh and shout,  
In that strange way that a world is gay, all heedless  
of what about.

Then down the street came the day's event, the glit-  
tering grand parade,  
And Wallace knew that the man they sought was  
one of the cavalcade.

That man was the man for whom his brow had  
sweat with the wet of years,

Who had drained his life of hope and joy and left  
there want and tears,

RIMES TO BE READ.

Who had taken work from his hand when work was  
another name for life,  
Who had taken his home from his head—from hers  
—who had killed, yes, *killed* his wife.  
Half dazed, half crazed, stood Wallace Wright, with  
the single thought in his head  
That the life of this man of plenty would pay for  
his stricken dead.

Then the Russian said: "When the carriage comes  
to the crossing just below,  
You spring and seize the horses' heads and I will  
deal the blow;  
Then shout: 'This much for the Red Reform!' but  
if I should chance to miss,  
As soon as I'm clear of the carriage you finish the  
work with this."

And The Deed came near and nearer, when, close  
at his side, a child  
Cried out her baby greeting, and the doomed man  
looked and smiled  
And flung from his glove a kiss, as if love unselfish  
and undefiled.

Lo! the purpose of Wallace vanished, like the dark  
before the sun,  
At the love in the wee child's laughter and the  
thought if The Deed were done

RIMES TO BE READ.

How she would be robbed as he had been and the  
sweet face marred with grief,  
How a hate would fill the little soul for him, who  
had been the thief.

Yet there was his friend, the Russian, no cause  
should make betray;  
And there was the man who had wronged him, who  
blighted the summer day.  
A moment of wavering anguish, a moment of doubt  
and dread,  
Then, disregarding the passing steeds, he sprang for  
his friend instead.  
But the terrible knife was naked; it glittered, it  
rose, it sank,  
But it did not find its target; 'twas Wallace's blood  
it drank,  
While the crowd closed in on the Russian, who  
fought them front and flank.  
With curses and cries and blows they closed;  
Wright madly strove to save him;  
Was seized, was bound, and on him they found the  
bomb that the Russian gave him.

The rest is simply, quickly told. They scented the  
deeper plot  
And offered Wallace a pardon's bribe, but he an-  
swered them, "For what?"

## RIMES TO BE READ.

Do you think I would bring another here to ease or  
share my lot?  
Betray a friend for a pardon? For a thousand I  
would not,  
Though you keep me here in prison walls till they  
or I shall rot!"  
So they juried and judged him guilty and gave him  
the law's extent,  
And all of his wrongs re-woke in him and his inmost  
soul was rent,  
Yet he smiled to the Russian a sad "Good-by," as  
into his cell he went.

He did not hear the confession that the other's  
tongue poured out,  
As, with calm and clear conciseness which the list-  
eners could not doubt,  
He told the story of Wallace: how the workshop  
thrust him out;  
Of all the bitter battle; of how it had come about  
He had cast his lot with the Red Reform; how,  
alone, he plead for life  
For the clan had sworn should die; and at  
last he had stopped the knife  
With his own rag-covered bosom; how he even  
then proved true  
To him who had pierced his body, though with un-  
intent, God knew!

R I M E S T O B E R E A D .

"And this is the man," said the Russian, "you have  
dared to condemn—you, you—  
By the Lord! no soul in all the whole of your Mam-  
mon-serving crew  
Should think it other than honor to latch that hero's  
shoe!"

And then they remembered his boyhood days, re-  
membered his manhood shown  
In a hundred kindly, simple acts amongst people he  
had known,  
Remembered the Russian's story, yes, even a trifle  
more;  
Why, even the man whose life he saved, said, "He  
wasn't bad, at the core!"  
So the Governor sent a pardon and they opened his  
grated door  
And found him as dead as the pitiless stone which  
formed his prison floor.

They said that his wound had bled within. I doubt  
it not. Ah me!  
There's many a wound which bleeds within we  
haven't the trick to see.  
But they said that his face wore a smile of grace.  
Was it joy to escape from earth?  
Or was it for with that little one, which had  
starved before his birth?



RIMES TO BE READ.

CONNOR McCARTHY.

**A** H, gud marnin', sir, 'dade and I'm hearty  
and glad that the weather is fine.  
Sure it isn't ould Connor McCarthy that's goin' to  
mope and to whine  
Because he can't make the world over. Yes, sir,  
that's me bit of a place.  
Sure I love every leaf on the clover and know  
every buttercup's face.

"Dan says its a toomble-down shanty, and not fit to  
live in, says Lou;  
So they're payin' me board. They have plenty and  
both of 'em free wid it, too.  
And I'm takin' me sup where they bid me, but most  
of the time I'll be found  
Right here, where there's nobody wid me—or no-  
body still on the ground.

"Of course it's an ould fellow's notion, and yet I'm  
half thinkin' it's true  
That the girl I brought over the ocean is a-doin' her  
waitin' here, too.  
The childer see no cause fer sorrow and say I'm  
a-weakenin' fast,  
But young people live fer to-morrow, while ould  
people live fer the past.

R I M E S T O B E R E A D .

"The girl I brought over was Mary—my Mary,  
God's peace to her soul!  
And never a word went contrary and never a heart-  
ache but stole  
Straight back to the land it was born in, afraid of  
the peace in her eyes,  
Eyes soft as the stars of the mornin' and blue wid  
the blue of the skies.

"And never a worriment found me, but Mary's kiss  
laid it to rest.  
And whin her two arms went around me, I held all  
the world to me breast!  
You smile because I'm revealin' what most of  
us : But it's true,  
And sure, you know that same feelin', or else—  
well, God's mercy on you!

"I loved her. I envied her shadow because it could  
lay at her feet,  
While I, wid the stock in the m'adow or down in  
the corn and the wheat,  
Was workin' fer bread fer the darlin'. And she was  
as jealously warm  
And vowed she was often fer quarrelin' wid the coat  
that was touchin' me arm.

"And so we lived on here together, as happy as  
childer at play,  
Till Danny was born, sir, and whether I blessed or  
regretted the day

RIMES TO BE READ.

I couldn't have told at your biddin'. I loved the wee  
broth of a boy  
As he lay there, all swaddled and hidden—ten  
pounds, sir, of genuine joy!

"And yet even joy goes contrary and has a best side  
and a worst,  
Fer soon I was second to Mary and Danny the baby  
was first.

What! jealous, you say, of a baby? That baby me  
own blood and bone?  
You call me a fool, sir, but maybe your love never  
burned like me own.

"I was jealous; I know it; I knew it. But never a  
word did I say,  
But loved wife and baby all through it, and worked  
fer them day after day.  
But O, things had changed. Why, the garden had  
lost half its green to me sight.  
I felt 'most like askin' God's pardon fer bringin'  
such stuff to 'he light.

"The long-legged calf and the cow there; the new,  
nakid lamb in the field,  
The shaggy, ould horse in the plow there; the corn  
wid its promisin' yield  
Were yesterday pictures of beauty. The commonest  
rail in the fence  
Seemed proud to be doin' its duty, but now 'twas  
all dollars and cents.

RIMES TO BE READ.

Ah, sad is the day that must borrow its light from a  
day of the past,  
And sad when you turn from to-morrow to a yester-  
day never to last.

"Then 'came baby Lucy, a-makin' a change I don't  
yet understand,  
But all the delight Dan had taken came back in her  
wee, baby hand.  
Ah, she was my bit of a fairy! Me soul warmed  
again in me breast.  
I was fonder of her than of Mary, and she learned  
to love me the best,  
And would turn from her mother's own sh oulder  
and cry to be taken by me,  
And somehow that made Mary colder, but I never  
noticed, you see,

"For I was that taken wid Lucy. The color came  
back to the sky;  
The sun seemed to shine wid a use he had almost  
forgotten to try,  
The use, sir, of warmin' a fellow, the inside as well  
as the out,  
Of spendin' his glorious yellow to buy us from  
worry and doubt  
And all o' that foolish complainin' the happiest folks  
seem possessed  
Forever to be entertainin', like Mary and me, wid  
the rest.

RIMES TO BE READ.

"You might not have thought, had you seen us, each  
one wid a child to the heart,  
Those babies had come in between us and were  
pushing us farther apart.  
Though both of us keenly could feel it, we let it run  
on to the worst;  
The years failed to stop it or heal it, and one day  
the awful storm burst.

"When married folks keep on a-livin', each holdin'  
some things from the light,  
They both must do lots of forgivin' before matters  
settle down right.  
And Mary was little on meekness and I--I could  
hardly be bent,  
And both counted kindness a weakness; and so she  
took Danny—and went.  
You've heard that she went wid another. A lie! on  
me soul, 'tis a lie!  
And yet, sir, in some way or other, you've heard—  
but of that by and by.

"Bit by bit, sir, I sold every acre, exceptin' this lot  
that you see,  
A-tryin' to find her and make her take money  
enough to be free  
From poverty's pinch, till one marnin' (it still sets  
me heart beatin' hard)  
Widout the least bit of a warnin' I saw a lad run up  
me yard.

RIMES TO BE READ.

And open the door. It was Danny! The rascal had  
grown full a head!  
Ah, but I was as soft as a granny and hugged him  
and kissed him and said,  
'Your mother, Dan? Quick, don't torment me wid  
waitin',' and then  
He gave me the letter she sent me. I mind every  
scratch of the pen.

"Dear Connor: I send you me jewel. I've kept him  
as long as I could,  
But now, though it's horribly cruel and hurts me,  
it's all for his good.  
I'm not fit to raise him, so, Connor, you make him  
the man he should be.  
Forgive his poor mother's dishonor and kiss little  
Lucy for me.'

"That was all. But O, Father in Heaven! the words  
seemed to burn in me brain  
And everything else there was driven away by their  
terrible pain.  
'Dishonor!' No more a pure woman, nevermore wid  
a right to the name,  
The highest of everything human? I cried like a  
ch'ld wid the shame.  
And then I determined to reach her, to find her and  
help her to live,  
To give her a chance and to teach her that God, yes,  
and I—could forgive.

RIMES TO BE READ.

"Then came every friend and relation, wid, 'Connor,  
it never will do.'

'The childer,' they said, 'Reputation,' and 'Just at  
their time of life, too.'

And so, for the son and the daughter, I gave up the  
mother and wife,

But O, it was hard, hard to blot her quite out of me  
heart and me life.

"The childer grew up. Lucy married, position and  
money and all.

Dan made his way easy and carried the town for  
recorder last fall.

'Last fall.' Yes, last fall in September, I heard  
from me Mary. She sent

And begged me to come, to remember the dear,  
early days we had spent

As husband and wife and to hasten, to come widout  
losin' a day.

My! my! how me ould legs went racin' to Danny  
and Lucy, but they,

They said, 'Send her money, but, father, you can't  
carry out all yer plan.

Don't let her come back, for we'd rather let bygones  
be dead, when we can.'

"Send money.' God's mercy! what's money when  
souls are a-starvin' to death?

Dan said ir the campaign were done he wouldn't  
have hindered a breath,

RIMES TO BE READ.

But now—. Ah, 'but now;' the same reason that always was ready to tell—  
'But now!' Was there never a season when mercy was free from its spell?

"I went to me Mary. I found her that sick that me heart nearly broke.  
She died, but my arms were around her. My name was the last word she spoke.  
She always had loved me, and better than that, she had always been pure.  
The terrible words of her letter were not what we fancied, for sure,  
Her heart was that true to her Connor, her conscience so tender, you see,  
Her leavin' her home seemed dishonor and so she had called it to me.

"I hope you don't mind my relatin' me story. It's nothin', but I,  
I lived it, you see. Now I'm waitin', yes, waitin', contented, to die.  
I've got no reproach for the livin'. I've nothin' but love for the dead,  
I hope me own past is forgiven, and as for 'that's comin' ahead,  
Who can tell? Maybe joy, maybe sorrow, but surely there's some place, at last,  
Where old people live for to-morrow, as well as look into the past."



RIMES TO BE READ.

THE YOUNG MAN WAITED.

**I**N the room below the young man sat,  
With an anxious face and a white cravat,  
A throbbing heart and a silken hat,  
And various other things like that,  
Which he had accumulated.  
And the maid of his heart was up above,  
Surrounded by hat and gown and glove,  
And a thousand things which women love,  
But no man knoweth the names thereof—  
And the young man sat and—waited.

You will scarce believe the things I tell,  
But the truth thereof I know full well,  
Though how may not be stated;  
But I swear to you that the maiden took  
A sort of a half-breed, thin stove-hook  
And heated it well in the gaslight there  
And thrust it into her head, or hair!  
Then she took a something off the bed,  
And hooked it onto her hair, or head,  
And piled it high, and piled it higher,  
And drove it home with staples of wire!  
And the young man anxiously—waited.

Then she took a thing she called "a puff,"  
And some very peculiar, whitish stuff,  
And using about a half a peck,  
She spread it over her face and neck,

## RIMES TO BE FEAD.

(Deceit was a thing she hated!)  
And she looked as fair as a lilled bower,  
(Or a pound of lard, or a sack of flour)  
And the young man wearily—waited.

Then she took a garment of awful shape,  
And it wasn't a waist, nor yet a cape;  
But it looked like a piece of ancient mail,  
Or an instrument from a Russian jail,  
And then with a fearful groan and gasp,  
She squeezed herself in its deathly clasp—  
So fair and yet so fated!  
And then with a move like I don't know what,  
She tied it on with a double knot;  
And the young man woefully—waited.

Then she put on a dozen different things,  
A mixture of buttons and hooks and strings,  
Till she strongly resembled a notion store;  
Then taking some seventeen pins, or more,  
She thrust them between her ruby lips,  
Then stuck them around from waist to hips,  
And never once hesitated.  
And the maiden didn't know perhaps,  
That the man below had had seven naps,  
And that now he sleepily—waited.

And then she tried to put on her hat.  
Ah me, a trying ordeal was that!  
She tipped it high and she tried it low,  
But every way that the thing would go

RIMES TO BE READ.

Only made her more agitated.  
It wouldn't go straight and it caught her hair,  
And she wished she could hire a man to swear,  
But alas! the only man lingering there  
Was the man who wildly—waited.

Then a little dab here and a wee pat there,  
And a touch or two to her hindmost hair,  
Then around the room with the utmost care  
She thoughtfully circulated.  
Then she seized her gloves and a chamois skin,  
Some breath perfume and a long stick pin,  
A bon-bon box and a cloak and some  
Eau de cologne and chewing gum,  
Her opera glass and a sealskin muff,  
A fan and a heap of other stuff;  
Then she hurried down, but ere she spoke,  
Something about the maiden broke,  
So she scurried back to the winding stair,  
And the young man looked in wild despair,  
And then he—evaporated!

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE LABORS OF HERCULES.

(Worked Over in Easy-Going Verse.)

**I**N Ancient Greece, long time ago, a man was born  
—or, maybe,  
I ought to say a god was born—or, better yet, a  
baby.  
His father's name was Jupiter; Alcmena was his  
mother,  
Who vowed he was "the sweetest pet," and "never  
such another!"  
But Juno, wife of Jupiter, pretended not to know it;  
She didn't like young Hercules, and straightway  
sought to show it.  
She sent two horrid, monstrous snakes, to eat him  
in his cradle,  
Which reptiles found him sitting eating sugar with a  
ladle.  
They smiled to see how sweet he'd be, but lo! the  
boy gave battle:  
He killed them both and used their tails to make a  
baby-rattle.  
Then Juno let him thrive in peace; but, after he was  
grown,  
He found that she had kept him from a kingdom and  
a throne.  
Eurystheus obtained these plums, but night and day  
was haunted  
By tales of mighty Hercules—the hero and un-  
daunted!

RIMES TO BE READ.

So, after some deep thinking, Eurystheus planned to  
send him  
To do a dozen labors, any one of which might end  
him.

LABOR I.

The Nemean lion, accustomed to ravage  
The country around, being voted too savage,  
Our hero was sent to remove him from earth,  
With no arms, save the two that he had at his birth.  
Brave Hercules blocks up one hole of the den  
And enters the other. A silence, and then  
Comes a growl, and a roar and a rush, and a shock—  
Like waves in the tempest they struggle and rock,  
Till Hercules wins the renowned "strangle lock,"  
And the lion goes down like a log or a post,  
Repents of his sins, and is only a ghost.

LABOR II.

There lived at that epoch, according to story,  
A terrible monster, whose principal glory  
Consisted of heads, which a strict inventory  
Declared to be nine; and one of the same  
Was as deathless as Jove, so authorities claim.  
Nothing daunted, our Hercules went forth to fight  
it;  
He cut off one head and two others were sig'nted.  
And thus the solution appeared to his view:  
"When you take one from one, the result will be  
two."

## RIMES TO BE READ.

Rather taken aback, but still thoroughly game,  
He called his hired help, Iolaus by name.  
Then he shaved off the heads as a man would a  
beard,  
And the necks (by his servant) were carefully seared,  
Till the deathless head soon was left grinning alone,  
And that one he buried beneath a big stone.

### LABOR III.

The Arcadian stag was a curious kind,  
Golden-horned, orazen-hoofed, and could outrun the  
wind;  
Whoever pursued him was soon left behind.  
The mandate was given to capture him living,  
So our hero set out without any misgiving.  
All over the kingdom he followed the brute,  
Till a year was consumed in the useless pursuit.  
"Confound you!" said Hercules, seizing his bow,  
"I've got something here which I'll wager can go  
As fast as two stags." And it proved to be so.  
The arrow succeeded in laying him low.  
The wound wasn't fatal, so Hercules caught him,  
And into the king's haughty presence he brought  
him.

### LABOR IV.

The boar of Erymanthus was *de trop*  
Which is French for saying how  
Bores are looked on, even now.

RIMES TO BE READ.

Our hero ran the rascal through the snow,  
Snared him neatly in a net,  
Picked him up, like any pet,  
And took him to the capital to add him to the show.

LABOR V.

Augeas, King of Elis, it appears,  
Had several thousand oxen in his stable,  
But hadn't cleaned the place for thirty years.  
The hard taskmaster heard, pricked up his ears  
And cried, "Ho! ho! my Hercules, you're able  
To do great things. I give you just one day  
For this spring cleaning." Stranger to dismay,  
Our hero sought the stables of Augeas,  
Turned into them the river named Alpheus,  
And re-enforced it with the swift Peneus;  
These brooms soon swept the dirt away, you have  
my word.  
Perhaps they swept the stables with it. That I  
haven't heard.

LABOR VI.

The Stymphalian birds were a horrible lot,  
And everyone thought  
That they ought  
To be shot;  
Yet no one had done it, till Hercules brought  
His little snake-rattle to set them to flying  
And then popped them over, as easy as lying.

RIMES TO BE READ.

LABOR VII.

A bull, sent by Neptune to die in his honor (?)  
Not having been killed was made mad by the donor.  
Eurystheus must have been running a "Zoo,"  
And having the stag and the boar, wanted, too,  
The mad bull of Crete; so he ordered "Go get him!"  
Though Hercules never so much as had met him.

But our hero set sail,  
Grabbed the bull by the tail,  
And took him to Hellas; but not for the Garden,  
For, having arrived, he then (begging his pardon  
Because he had given his tail such a pull)  
Set him free—and all Greece was as mad as the bull.

LABOR VIII.

Diomedes  
Used to feed his  
Mares on human flesh.  
Hercules just cut him up,  
Found the mares inclined to sup,  
And fed him to them, fresh.  
'Twas a most successful plan;  
Though before they liked a man  
More than oats or anything,  
Strange to say, this master-diet  
Made them docile, kind and quiet,  
To be taken to the king.



RIMES TO BE READ.

LABOR IX.

The Amazon queen had a beautiful belt.  
'Twas given by Mars, and the queen justly felt  
Quite proud of the trifle, but Hercules started  
To see if the belt and queen couldn't be parted.  
At first it appeared he had only to ask  
To receive it, but this was too easy a task  
To please Mrs. Juno, who stirred up a bolt  
In the ranks of the Amazons. When the revolt  
Was reported to Hercules, he never thought  
The queen was a traitress and covertly wrought  
To undo him; so seizing the girdle he sought,  
He slew her, and thus was it bloodily bought.  
Which shows that a man may be brave as the best,  
And yet ungallant, when it comes to a test.

LABOR X.

Geryones had a fine herd of red cattle,  
With a two-headed dog and a giant to battle  
With any who trespassed upon his domain.  
Dog, owner and keeper were met and were slain,  
Yet Hercules still had to fight heavy odds,  
(A number of men and a parcel of gods)  
But in spite of them all, he conducted the string  
Of handsome, red beasts to his brute of a king.

RIMES TO BE READ.

LABOR XI.

When Juno was married, the goddess of Earth  
Presented some apples of excellent worth,  
    Made all of fine gold  
From the smooth, shiny skin to the pips in the core.

    (Alas! I am told

Such beautiful apples don't grow any more.)  
But wealth is a worry; nobody need doubt it,  
Unless, like myself, he is always without it.  
And Juno was worried until she grew pale;  
Her nectar was flat, her ambrosia was stale.  
The fear of a burglar had entered her head,  
And so every night she looked under the bed.  
No matter what Jupiter argued or said,  
She'd wake him at midnight to vow and declare  
There must be an apple-thief round about there.  
At last, growing tired of the worry and wear,  
She placed them in care  
Of the sisters Hesperides, living just where  
    The sun set at night.

    Our hero met Atlas, who held up the height  
Of the heavens in air,  
And a bargain was struck that the hero should bear  
The dome for a while, and the action should earn  
The apples, which Atlas brought back in return.  
Though I can't understand  
Why a chap with a chance to steal apples at hand,

RIMES TO BE READ.

Scot-free of all blame,  
Should so lose his head  
As to give up his claim  
And let somebody else do it for him instead.

LABOR XII.

Pluto, in his world below,  
Had a great three-headed beast  
Called a dog. Perhaps 'twas so,  
But I doubt his breed, at least.  
House-dog? Hardly. Poison-drops  
Fell from out his gaping chops,  
And his fangs were sharp as hate,  
And he guarded Pluto's gate.

Hercules was told to fetch  
This repulsive, savage wretch.  
Hercules with little fuss  
Seized the snarling Cerberus,  
Took him to the Earth from Hades,  
Scared the king in playful sport,  
Showed him round to all the court,  
Made him bark for all the ladies.  
Then the hero let him go,  
And he sank to realms below,  
One head growling,  
One head yowling,  
One head howling,  
Out dog-curses,



RIMES TO BE READ.

As mythology rehearses.  
And the fun  
Of the Labors—all was done.  
So are these doggerel verses.

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE HERO OF THE HILL.

**D**O you ever stop to watch a horse pull a big  
load up a hill?  
There's something fine about the way he sends his  
rugged will  
Down through those quivering shoulders, till it  
seems as if he clutched  
And hurled the hill behind his heels until the top is  
touched.  
It gives a man new courage when he comes to *his*  
steep grade,  
To think of that example which the plucky beast has  
made.

But if the load prove stronger; if the horse, with  
hoofs outspread,  
With reddened nostrils, foaming flanks, and bowing,  
straining head,  
Surrenders to the inert mass, while the driver's only  
helps  
Are strident oaths and the savage sound of the hot,  
whip's snaps and yelps,  
Why then the chief result is, that it makes a fellow  
feel  
He'd like to take that driver's head to block the slip-  
ping wheel!

RIMES TO BE READ.

But I remember one time when the driver had a  
heart,  
And worked with mind and muscle to release the  
stubborn cart  
From the clay-rut, when some soldiers who were  
loafing in the sun  
Let fall their lazy jaws to laugh and let their cheap  
wit run.  
One cried, "Say, take that bag of bones and feed him  
to the crows!"  
And "Oh, he'd scare the crows away," the mocking  
answer rose.  
"It'll take a small torpedo, if you ever move that  
beast."  
"Better get one of the size of that which wrecked  
the 'Maine,' at least."

So ran the jeering comments, till at last a bugler  
said,  
"Say, driver, if I blow the charge, d'ye think he'd  
drop down dead?"  
It was then the driver answered, "Well, he might;  
but let me say  
That this old horse has heard the charge when it  
meant 'Charge!' to obey.  
Not on the dress-parade grounds along with chaps  
like you,  
But on the fields of Cuba where the Spanish bullets  
flew;

RIMES TO BE READ.

And though he's drifted back to me and don't look  
very trim,  
I tell you he's a vet, who has the right stuff yet in  
him."  
"Oh, nonsense!" laughed a sergeant, and "Non-  
sense!" sneered the rest,  
And the bugler raised his bugle, crying, "This'll be  
the test."

Then out upon the air there fell a dozen liquid  
tones,  
Like prophecies of glory mingling with the ghosts  
of groans,  
The sound the soldier hears—and cheers—although  
its mellow breath.  
May send him where the cannon belch their black  
and bitter death,  
The sound which cries, "Destroy, destroy! and let  
the list be large!"  
The ringing of the bugle when it blows the battle  
charge.

And how the old horse heard it! Up flung his heavy  
head,  
Wide grew his nostrils, straight his ears, and quick  
the fever spread  
Through every nerve and muscle, as he forward  
plunged and pressed  
Straight up the steep, despite his load, and stood  
upon the crest!

RIMES TO BE READ.

And were the soldiers laughing now? Not so. The  
scoffing jeers  
Gave way to shame a moment, and then burst forth  
in cheers.  
And the sergeant cried, "Attention, boys! fall in!  
dress ranks! salute!  
Salute the gallant veteran—our comrade, though a  
brute.  
God send him oats and apples and the shelter of a  
stall,  
And grant we be as sturdy when we hear the battle-  
call!"



RIMES TO BE READ.

IN THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

**W**ELL, well! and can it be?  
Is this the same old schoolhouse? Is this  
the same old me?

Why, here's the very place  
Where Teacher stood the dunce-stool, with me on it,  
in disgrace.

And here's the old blackboard  
Where I ciphered, ciphered, ciphered, till I stopped,  
completely floored,

While Teacher looked severe,  
And forty thumbs and fingers taunted "We know!"  
in my ear.

And here's the hollow chair  
Which I levelled up with water, and when Teacher  
sat down there

His gasp of wet surprise  
Touched giggling springs within, which bubbled out  
of lips and eyes.

And O, those awful tones  
Which meted out my punishment, "You sit with  
Julia Jones!"

The mirth forsook my face,  
And every blood-corpuscule blushed to witness my  
disgrace.

"O, tyrant, take thy rule  
And rap these knuckles loudly, till I howl before the  
school!

RIMES TO BE READ.

O, set thy biting birch  
Against these legs till not an inch of skin escapes its  
search!

O, tread me in the dust,  
And keep me in at recess till vacation, if thou must!  
Make sore my very bones,  
But cry thee mercy, Teacher, sit me not with Julia  
Jones!"

Why, here's the very seat  
Where I sat next to Julia, sweating blood from head  
to feet,

While Julia broke a rule  
And whispered, "Feel mean if you want to, Phil, but  
don't look like a fool!"

And then, to show her grit,  
She slipped her arm behind me, saying, "I don't  
mind a bit."

I sat, with lips a-curl,  
And marveled why a righteous God should ever  
make a girl.

But—well, it's very strange,  
For in a year or two my views had undergone a  
change,

And I'd have swapped my bones  
For the punishment of sitting all my life with Julia  
Jones.

And now! well, can it be  
I'm in the same old schoolhouse with the same old  
dreams in me?

RIMES TO BE READ.

The place is mean and low,  
But Athens' classic Parthenon could hardly stir me  
so.

The Teacher, where is he?  
A blessing on his stern old face, wherever it may be.  
And Julia, is she there  
Still under the dominion of his tutelary care,  
A means of righteous wrath  
To punish young male cherubim who tread the way-  
ward path?

I can't believe it. No,  
For I left her with the babies hardly half an hour  
ago,

And my reason quite disowns  
A theory which gives her back her maiden name of  
Jones.

RIMES TO BE READ.

FAME AND FATE

**W**ORK for the world, but art for me!  
I shall win my way with the brush," said  
she.

She studied art; she studied it hard;  
She painted canvases, yard on yard  
(For "Art is long," as I'm sure you've heard),  
Two strokes, or three  
For a blasted tree  
And a wiggle or two for a flying bird.  
But "art" is sometimes purest gold,  
And sometimes merest gilding—  
So she "wins her way with the brush," I'm told,  
By scrubbing a New York building.

"The world may dig in the dark," said he,  
"But the beam of the footlights beckons me."  
So he cried in grief and he cried in joy,  
He screamed the scream  
Of Aram's Dream,  
And he groaned the groan of The Polish Boy.  
He likewise remarked, "On the murderer's hands  
Is the blood of his victim! there he stands!"  
And, "Listen, proud maid! You shall be my wife  
Even though it shall cost your husband's life."  
But "Art is long"—very long—so, too,  
Are the miles of ties on the C. B. Q.,  
So he's "on the stage"—in Idaho  
From Seven Devils to Silver Bow.

RIMES TO BE READ.

"Love for the common, but mine is fame!"  
She cried, "and the world shall know my name."  
Corrupting English, she called it "verse,"  
While "poetry" graded somewhat worse.  
"Now flees my love  
As doth the dove  
Which moults to feathery clouds above.  
Its cryptic cry apace doth haste  
And wounds the wind which sweeps the waste."  
Ah, "Art is long" (in sad endurance)  
And Fame coquettes with bald Assurance.  
And now, wherever the English tongue  
Is put into print her praise is sung,  
For she was cured of manifold ills  
By Buncombe Bitters and Pigweed Pills.

"Gold cozens the soul of men, but mine,"  
He said, "is filled with the art divine.  
Music may lead me whither she may;  
I toil at the ivories day by day  
Till the world shall gather when I shall play."  
He practiced in every conceivable key—  
Rumplety, tumplety, tunk tank, tee;  
Ripplety, skipplety, lol-la-lee!  
Till his brow with an honest dew was wet  
And neighboring flats were marked "To Let."  
Yes, "Art is long," but the wise retort  
That the artist himself is sometimes short,  
So the world does gather to watch him play  
As he fingers the ivories day by day  
In a billiard hall in Santa Fé.

RIMES TO BE READ.

ALMOST UP.

**W**HERE were you struck?" the captain cried  
To him who charged on Lookout's side,  
Who charged in all his martial pride,  
Up! over rocky ridge and rut,  
Up! where the paths of life were shut,  
Up! where the death-winged bullets sped,  
Up! over dying men and dead;  
Nothing could stay his onward tread  
Until—that hurtling scrap of lead.

"Where were you struck?" the captain cried,  
Between the waves of battle's tide,  
Then, half in anguish, half in pride,  
Though drinking of the bitter cup,  
The soldier answered, "Almost up!"  
"No, no; your wound—where hit, I mean?"  
But, even in that final scene,  
True to his last heroic will,  
"Most up! 'most up!" he murmured still.

Not where his shattered body bled,  
Not where his veins poured out their red,  
But where his last hard duty led,  
Was all the dying soldier's thought.  
And may we learn the lesson taught!—  
No matter where our lives are cast,  
In sunny peace or battle's blast,  
May it be said, when we have passed,  
"He struggled upwards to the last!"

RIMES TO BE READ.

BUT THEY DIDN'T.

O HARRY came along the lane  
And he was very late,  
He hurried on to catch a train  
And had no time to wait.  
He must hasten!—but against the pane  
He caught a glimpse of Kate,  
And he didn't, he didn't, he didn't.

O, Katie had her doughnuts cut,  
Her sponge was light as air;  
Her pies were in the oven shut  
And needed all her care;  
She must give them every moment, but  
She spied young Harry there  
And she didn't, she didn't, she didn't.

O, Harry stopped and spoke a word  
And spoke it very low,  
And yet I think that Katie heard  
And still believed it so,  
Tho' all the while the youth averred  
That he would have to go,  
But he didn't, he didn't, he didn't.

O, Katie said the fire was warm  
And she was "like to drop;"  
And Harry seemed to think his arm  
Was needed as a prop;

RIMES TO BE READ.

And Katie was in such alarm  
She said that he must stop!  
But he didn't, he didn't, he didn't.

For he said he held unto the best  
When he had proved it so,  
And she drooped her head upon his breast  
And said that he must go;  
And he said he'd leave that instant  
Lest he heard a cruel "No!"  
But — — —, — — —, — — —.



RIMES TO BE READ.

EVOLUTION

**N**OW when the original anthropoid  
First found that his pimpling skin was void  
Of hair,  
And bare,  
Some ganglial glimmer within the brute  
Impelled him to look for a substitute.  
That fact,  
That act,  
Was civilization's primal spurt,  
For a man isn't man without—a shirt.

Then followed an aeon, more or less,  
With never a change in the creature's dress.  
Mayhap  
Some chap  
May have added bræches, or even a coat,  
But the purpose was still the same, you'll note  
Until  
Some thrill  
Of pride in appearance began to grow,  
And he added an outer shirt—for show.

Some anthropologists, you may assert,  
Say the proud preceded the useful shirt.  
'Tis true  
They do.  
But to answer that I need only say  
That I am writing this verse, not they.

RIMES TO BE READ.

And I  
You said:

At that, I furthermore plainly state  
My poetical license is paid to state.

Then some brave seer in a fort  
Destroyed his oppressor and rose to  
And the

When men  
Would stare at the tale given and look  
Which showed where the man had cralled his  
neck,

His neck  
Decree

That the neck of his shirt be fashioned taller  
As a "badge" place." And thus—the collar.

Another step in enlightenment  
And around the collar both were tied.

He looked, the one with a golden pin  
Which stuck the ornament in.

Pride vied  
With pride,

And luxury now with luxury met,  
And the sparkling jewel in the pin was set.

But the point is yet to come,  
For take the jewel from your finger and thumb

RIMES TO BE READ.

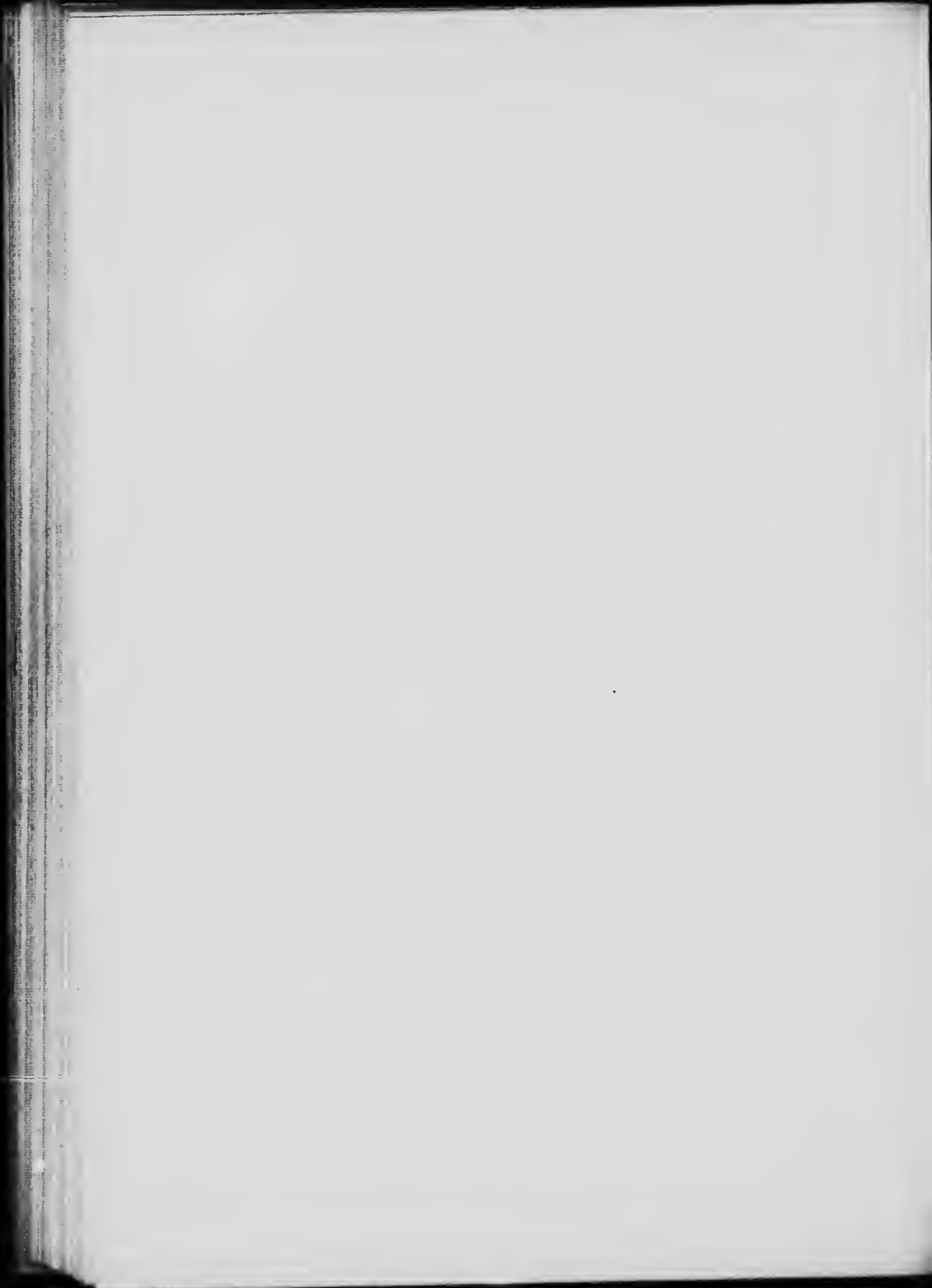
And try  
The ply  
Of collar and neck-dress through and through,  
And the prideful shirt and the useful, too  
And then  
Again!

\* \* \* \* \*

And the polished pin which you have employed  
Has scratched the original anthropoid!

A decorative border with ornate, symmetrical scrollwork at the corners and midpoints of the sides, framing the page.

**Quaint Characters.**



RIMES TO BE READ.

"FIN DE SIECLE."

**T** HIS life's a hollow bubble,  
Don't you know?  
Just a painted piece of twouble,  
Don't you know?  
We come to earth to cwy,  
We gwow oldeh and we sigh,  
Oldeh still and then we die,  
Don't you know?

It is all a howwid mix,  
Don't you know?  
Business, love, and politics,  
Don't you know?  
Clubs and pawties, cliques and sets,  
Fashions, follies, sins, wegwets,  
Stwuggle, stwife, and cigawettes,  
Don't you know?

And we wowwy through each day,  
Don't you know?  
In a sort of, kind of, way,  
Don't you know?  
We are hungwy, we are fed,  
Some few things are done and said,  
We are tihed, we go to bed,  
Don't you know?

RIMES TO BE READ.

Business? O, that's beastly twade,  
Don't you know?  
Something's lost or something's made,  
Don't you know?  
And you wowwy, and you mope  
And you hang youah highest hope  
On the pwice, pe'haps, of soap!  
Don't you know?

Politics? O, just a lawk,  
Don't you know?  
Just a nightmaeh in the dawk,  
Don't you know?  
You pe'spiah all day and night  
And afteh all the fight,  
Why pe'haps the w'ong man's wight,  
Don't you know?

Society? Is dwess,  
Don't you know?  
And a sou'ce of much distwess,  
Don't you know?  
To detehmine what to weah,  
When to go and likewise wheah  
And how to pawt youah haih,  
Don't you know?

Love? O, yes! You meet some gi'l,  
Don't you know?  
And you get in such a whi'l,  
Don't you know?

RIMES TO BE READ.

Then you kneel down on the floah  
And imploah and adoah—  
And it's all a beastly boah!  
Don't you know?

So theah's weally nothing in it,  
Don't you know?  
And we live just for the minute,  
Don't you know?  
For when you've seen and felt,  
Dwank and eaten, heahd and smelt,  
Why all the cawds are dealt,  
Don't you know?

You've one consciousness, that's all,  
Don't you know?  
And one stomach, and it's small,  
Don't you know?  
You can only weah one tie,  
One eye-glass in youah eye,  
And one coffin when you die,  
Don't you know?



RIMES TO BE READ.

DE GOOFEH-JACK.

**D**E cunjuh-doctah, he mek de cunjuh-bag,  
He mek de cunjuh-bag, he mek de cunjuh-bag;  
He done mek it out-er a shirt-tail rag  
Dat come f'om a blue-gum niggah.  
Den he put in de rabbit-foot en alligateh aigg,  
He put in de penny dat a dumb man baig,  
En a snake's front toof dat stuck a niggah's laig,—  
En he put in anothah l'il jiggah.  
Den he tek dat bag en he cunjuh you,  
He cunjuh you, he cunjuh you;  
Whateveh he say, he kin mek you do;  
You got no chance en dat's a libbin' fac',  
Unless you got you a goofeh-jack.

De voodoo-doctah he mek de goofeh-jack,  
He mek de goofeh-jack, he mek de goofeh-jack,  
F'om a stick dat grows in a erf-quake crack,  
Wif a shape lek a bow-legged niggah.  
Den he wrap dat stick wif a li'l flannel rag  
Dat once was a part-er a cunjuh bag,  
En he say some woids lek "Doodlegumbledag!"  
En some otheh woids a heap sight biggeh.  
Den if some low niggah done cunjuh you,  
Done cunjuh you, done cunjuh you,  
Des you grab dat stick, for I tells you true,  
You got no chance en dat's a libbin' fac',  
Unless you got you a goofeh-jack.

RIMES TO BE READ.

Dey-us ol' Miss Riley was a-was'in' away,  
A-was'in' away, des was'in' right away,  
Eatin' bo'lles er medicine ev'ry single day,  
But I wa'n't gwine for to trus' it;  
So I des git a goofeh en slip' it in de baid,  
En it sho would a cu'ed her, lek de voodoo say'd  
But de ve'y next mawnin', suh, she wake up daid!  
'Caze she roll on de goofeh-jack en bus' it.  
So if some low niggah done cunjuh you,  
Done cunjuh you, done cunjuh you,  
You be right smawt caihful now, whateveh you  
do;  
'Caze you got no chance, en dat's a libbin' fac',  
Unless you got a goofeh-jack!

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE OLD MAN KNOWS.

**D**AN, you'll never find another  
Like the hand of yer old mother,  
Which has worked and won yer bread.  
Yes, more'n that if all be said,  
Fer she won and then she made it,  
An' such bread! You wouldn't trade it  
Fer no banquet, if you knew  
How you'll hunger when she's through  
Doin' fer you. Don't you s'pose  
Like enough the old man knows?

Yes, I know it ain't as milky  
In its looks, nor yet as silky  
In its feel as some hands be.  
But if these old eyes can see,  
Ev'ry line's a line of beauty,  
Er a mark fer well done duty!  
No use talkin', Dan, it's so.  
Guess the old man ought to know.

'Nd how ev'ry faded finger  
Loves to touch you 'nd to linger  
Round yer hair. You'll understand  
Better, some day, 'bout that hand.  
Nothin' else can do as much as  
Them same tender, peaceful touches.



RIMES TO BE READ.

How they soothe 'nd how old sorrow  
Sneaks, until some sad to-morrow.  
Dan, O Dan, the old man knows,  
*He* had a mother, don't you s'pose?

RIMES TO BE READ.

ADAM.

**A** DAM, made of common earth,  
Seemed to be of little worth.  
Giving him his full desert,  
Still he seemed as cheap as dirt.

Smacked a good deal of the soil,  
Adam did, but shirked all toil.  
Yet he asked no man for trust,  
Being simply made of dust.

Sandy beard and sandy hair;  
Also had a stony stare;  
And before his flesh ran blood  
I suppose his name was mud.

Poor old Adam, formed in clay,  
Wasn't of the stuff to stay.  
One more process was required;  
That's the reason he was fired!

RIMES TO BE READ.

NOT A COON-SONG COON.

**I**'SE a right smaht niggeh,  
I kin read en I kin figgeh,  
En I doesn't nuvver, nuvver play no craps.  
I doesn't give a but.on  
Fo' a cake-walk or a cuttin',  
En dat am what de trouble is, pe'haps.  
I doesn't spen' meh dollahs  
On no shiny shoes en collahs,  
En meh habits sholy ought to make a hit;  
But de ladies seems to shake me,  
En dey's not a one 'll take me—  
I ain't nuvver is had a gal yit!

Dey wuz coffee-cullud Jinny  
En Sooky Loo en Minny  
En freckled Fan en Mandy Ann en Sue;  
Dey was Tildy, dey was Dinah  
En Luce en little Lina;  
(I nuvver wanted on'y des a few!)

Dey was Nance dat married Peter,  
En I'se moughty glad he beat her;  
En Ulussus wa'n't no better, ca'se dey fit;  
But she wouldn't leave him, no, suh,  
Wouldn't marry me; en so, suh,  
I ain't nuvver is had a gal yit!

RIMES TO BE READ.

I has sometimes wunde'd  
Ef dese niggehs has 'em cunjuh'd;  
Ef dey hasn't, it am somepin moughty queer!  
Dey is Race-Hoss Bennie,  
He doesn't seem so many,  
But he gin'ally gits married ev'y year!  
Dey was Pete have seven  
En he gwinter come eleven  
En' Ulussus have a dozen 'fore he quit;  
Dey all done have so many  
Dat dey has n't luff me any—  
I ain't nuvver is had a gal yit!

RIMES TO BE READ.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL RUSTIC.

PO'TRY fellers says we like to drink  
Worter from the ol' mill stream,  
Like to git down on the brink  
So's it runs right down our stummick—"like a  
dream,"  
Says them po'try men.  
Then again  
They say how we love to draw it from the well—  
"Moss-bound bucket," and that sort o' thin'.  
Says we much prefer a gourd, or ole sea shell,  
Er a rusty dipper, made o' tin  
Fer to drink it in,  
But, by Gee!  
Yer cut glass, Sevvers chiny stuff is good  
fer me.  
Po'try fellers says there ain't no bed  
Quite so good as that un in the old homestead.  
I say durn it  
And dad burn it!  
Durn its feather bed-tick that's so lean  
Yeh sag between  
All the slats and almost touch the floor  
If yeh weighs ten pounds or more.  
If you're thin  
Not a bone fits in  
To a soft spot  
Like it ought,



## RIMES TO BE READ.

But rubs, rubs, rubs, on some blame slat;  
So if I know where I'm at,  
Hairy, springy, couchy city beds'll do  
Fer me, I jus' tell you!

Po'try fellers says if we have stacks  
Of ham fer breakfas', coffee an' flap-jacks,  
With a dinner of biled cabbage an' corn beef,  
An' p'serves an' pie fer supper, you got lief  
To have all the rest. Is 'at so?  
Guess if they met me they'd likely know  
That I'd take some olives, lemon ice,  
Lobst' salad, bullion an' a slice  
Of boiled tarpot, with some tutty-frutty,  
An' a little of that stuff, a la spaghutty,  
Frummidge, ice cream an' assorted pie,  
Quail on puddin', sherbet, oyster fry—  
Anythin' else yeh got,  
An' fetch her quick an' hot.  
Coffee? No, sir, take the stuff away;  
Pomeroy Chartruse, extry dry, will do me any day.

Po'try fellers says we love to walk,  
'Cause it's healthfuller an' lots more air  
Sizzles through yer lungs, an' they talk  
How when we *do* ride 'at we don't care  
Fer no bridles, but jest: slides  
On a horse an' gits.  
Say it sort o' fits  
Us most to take straw-rides,

## RIMES TO BE READ.

'R else to ride the good ol'-fashioned way,  
In the 'amily shay,  
Which ain't got no springs,  
Ner cushions, an' which slings  
You'n yer girl together (which yeh like)  
Till it steadies when yeh strike  
The ol' turn-pike.  
Po'try fellers talks that way,  
But a-speakin' fer myself, I say  
A autymobile-tally-ho will do me any day.

Po'try fellers further says our homes  
Is pomes,  
Says the flicker of the fire-place is a sight  
Chuck full of warm delight,  
While the winter breezes kindly fans yer backs  
Through the cracks;  
Says the suller an' the butt'ry is the best  
To keep things sweet in,  
An' the sittin' room's fer rest,  
An' the kitchen fer to eat in.  
Says there ain't no place on earth quite like the  
attic,  
Speshly when the weather's rainy an' rumattic,  
An' it spatters on the roof an' on the pane,  
(Not the rumytism doesn't, but the rain!)  
Which is very slick an' pretty,  
But them houses in the city,  
All fixed up like ole Queen Annie's used to be,

RIMES TO BE READ.

Brown stone roof an' mansard front—by Gee!  
Such a house is good enough fer me!

Po'try fellers takes a lot o' pains  
To show they got no brains,  
But the fooliest thing they does—it seems to me—  
Is to chalk  
Down the darndest lot of words you ever see  
An' say that's how we talk.  
Gosh all hemlock! Why they chop  
Half the words to pieces an' they stop  
'Fore they've finished spellin' of 'em,  
An' they're full of little wiggles up above 'em.  
Why, ther spellin' would disgrace the dumbest fool  
In the spellin' class at Districk School.  
An' ther grammar's the most warse you ever see!  
Why, if you an' me  
Couldn't talk no more correcter—Geemeenee!  
'Scuse me, but it makes me hot to see things wrote  
that way.  
Good, old Angly Saxon English talk is my ch'ice  
any day.

RIMES TO BE READ.

BEFORE PLAYING TINKERTOWN.

(A Distinguished Citizen Advises the Advance Agent.)

**S**O you're goan to give a show?  
Well, I s'pose you likely know  
Yer own bus'ness, but I'm glad  
—Ez fer me—I never had  
Money in the show biz here,  
Fer cur folks is mighty queer.  
An' you see when they first built  
Our new Op'ry House, they kilt  
The hull business, 'cause they give  
More shows than could run—an' live.

“Give two in one week, one time.  
One was minstrels. They was prime!  
But what kilt us was the other;  
Some blame lecturer or-ruther  
Talked about a Chiny wall  
An' a Pyramids an' all  
That there sort o' rot. An' so,  
Bein' as folks had paid, you know,  
Fifteen cents to see a *show*,  
Lots of 'em felt ruther sore  
An' don't go to shows no more.

RIMES TO BE READ.

"Course your show is good? No doubt.  
But you see the town's showed out;  
Less'n three weeks back we had  
Hamlut. Had it purty bad.  
Actors—they was purty fair,  
Speshly one with yeller hair.  
He had talunt! He could shout  
An' jes' drown the others out!  
But the play itself was sad.  
'Sides it was a draggy, bad  
Sort of sadness. Didn't begin  
To come up to ol' East Lynne!

"Jabez Tubbs, he sez, sez he,  
'I'll take ol' East Lynne fer mè,  
Mebbe these new plays is fine,  
But I'll take the ol' fer mine.'  
'Scuse me fer goan on this way,  
But I'm 'feared yer show won't pay.

"It's a bad week fer a show,  
'Cause most folks that gits to go  
Is a-restin' up jest now  
Fer the Social. An' that's how  
Things most always is 'round here.  
P'r'aps there's nothin' fer a year,  
Then, first thing a feller knows,  
We're just overrun with shows.

RIMES TO BE READ.

"P'raps a little later might  
Find a better week an' night.  
Still, I dunno, fer ye see  
P'racted meetin' soon'll be,  
An' of course you know that's free,  
An' that nachelly kills a show  
Where you got to pay to git to go."

RIMES TO BE READ.

A LITTLE SAUNTER.

**W**HEN the sun's a-comin' up 'nd ole Earth is  
wet,  
Jest as though he'd washed his face 'nd hedn't dried  
it yet;  
Birds fer miles 'nd miles around chippirin' 'n'  
singin',  
Pigs a-gruntin' music fer the feed the man's a  
bringin',  
Rooster crowin' fit to split round the kitchen door,  
Ans'erin' "Good mornin'," to a half a dozen  
more,—  
Other folks can roust around, but for me I wanter  
Take a little saunter,  
Fill up full of green 'nd blue in a little saunter.

When the sun's a-goin' down, lazy ez you please,  
Settin' good example fer a man to take his ease;  
Cows a-lyin', chewin', 'nd a-wobblin', early bat  
Er a sparreh, half asleep, flies a-past yer hat;  
When yev hed yer supper 'nd the world seems good;  
When the air, jest lazin' round, smells of piney  
wood,—  
'Tain't no time to roust around, 'nd fer me, I wanter  
Take a little saunter,  
Jest hang back 'n' let my legs take a little saunter.

RIMES TO BE READ.

When you almost feel the moon a-shinin' on yer  
back,

(See her in the warter 'nd she seems to make a track  
Leadin' off to Heaven, jest a easy distance walkin';)  
When it's ail so still, a sound seems like silence  
talkin';

Starry eyes a-gawpin' like the childern's to a story;  
Room fer nothin' nowhere 'ceptin' night 'nd God 'nd  
glory,—

I jest dassent roust around, 'nd I never wanter

Do no more than saunter,

Fill up full of shiny peace in a little saunter!



RIMES TO BE READ.

REVENGE.

**V**EN ich und Gretchen married got,  
Mein olt frient Dunkelschwarzenrath,  
He don'd coom vere my veddin ees,  
Becos I nefer gone by hees!

Aber, I get me efen yet.  
Dot Dunkelschwarzenrath is deat.  
I don'd go by hees fooneral—neint!—  
Becos he nefer gone by mine!

RIMES TO BE READ.

UNVERSTAENDLICH.

**D**HE contrariest t'ing on dhe Erd is men,  
Aber vimmens arr twice so contrary again,  
Andt I am yoost so contrary as you,  
Andt you arr as worse as dhe worst one, too;  
Now, ain'd dhat zo?

You like to haf hoonger by dinner, you say,  
Aber vhy do you eadt, so dhat hoonger go 'vay?  
You like to be tired, so you schleep like a top,  
Andt you like to go schleep, so dhat tired feeling  
shtop;

Now, ain'd dhat zo?

You like to have sugar on sauer t'ings you eadt  
Andt you like to haf sauer mit dhe t'ings vhat arr  
sweet.

You like to be cold vhen dhe vetter is hot.  
Andt vhen it is cold, ach, how varm you would got!  
Now, ain'd dhat zo?

How you shdare at dhe man vhat can valk up dhe  
street

On his handts, yet you valk twice so goodt on your  
feet.

What a long mind you haf, if I am in your debt,  
Budt if you arr in mine, O, how quick you forget!  
Now, ain'd dhat zo?

R I M E S T O B E R E A D .

Are you single? You like to be married, of course.  
Are you married? Most likely you like a divorce!  
Andt if you vas get you unmarried, why dhen  
You go righd away and got married again.

Now, ain'd dhat zo?

You vant yoost a liddle more money? Dhat's true;  
Andt dhere's Mistare Vanderbilt; he wants dhat too.  
You remember dhat time dhat you wish you arr  
deadt?

Budt if I ttry to kill you, you boost in my headt;

Now, ain'd dhat zo?

Zo, I t'ink I pelief only haf vhat I know  
Andt dhe half I pelief is dhe part vhat ain'd zo.  
Aber, I don'd complain, for dhat makes me no use,  
For if I am a Esel, vhy you arr a goose;

Now, ain'd dhat zo?

It is bedter to laugh; it is foolish .o fight  
Yoost because I am wrong and because you ain'd  
right.

It is bedter to laugh mit dhe world, up andt down  
From dhe sole of our headt to dhe foot of our  
crown;

Now, ain'd dhat zo?

Zo, dhen you laugh at me andt dhen I laugh at you,  
Andt dhe more dhat you laugh vhy dhe more I  
laugh, too,

Andt ve laugh till ve cry! Vhen ve cry, aber dhen,  
Ve will bot' feel zo goot ve go laughing again!

Now, ain'd dhat zo?

RIMES TO BE READ.

KATIE AN' ME.

**K**ATIE an me a'n't ingaged anny moor.  
Och, but the heart of me's breakin', fer sure!  
The moon has turned grane and the sun has turned  
yellow,  
And Oi am turned both and a different fallow.  
The poipe of me loiftoime is losin' its taste;  
Some illigant whuskey is goin' to waste;  
Me heart is that impty and also me arrum;  
Pertaties an' bacon have lost all their charrum,  
And Oi feel like a tombstone, wid crape on the dure  
Since Katie and me a'n't ingaged anny moor.

Yit most of the world is a-movin' alang  
As if there was nawthin' at all goin' wrang.  
Oi notice the little pigs lie in the mud,  
An' the fool of a cow is still chewin' her cud;  
The shky is still blue and the grass is still bright;  
The stars shine in hivin in peaceful delight;  
The little waves dance on the brist of the lake;  
Tim Donnelly's dead an' they're havin' a wake,  
An' the world's rich in joy! and it's only me's poor,  
Since Katie and me a'n't ingaged anny moor.

She was always that modest and swate. Oi declare  
She wud blush full as rid as her illigant hair  
At the t'ought of another man stalin' the tassar  
Of her lips, or another man's arrum 'round her waist.



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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RIMES TO BE READ.

An' now—och, McCarney, luk out, or Oi'll break  
Yer carcass in fragmints an' dance at yer wake,  
As you're dancin' at Donnelly's! What shud Oi fear?  
Purgatory? Not mooch, fer the same is right here.  
Wid me heart on the briler, an' niver a cure,  
Since Katie and me a'n't ingaged anny moor.

RIMES TO BE READ.

DAT GAWGY WATAHMILLON.

O, DAT Gawgy watahmillon, an' dat gal ob  
Gawgy wif 'm!

She foun' 'm an' she poun' 'm an' he ripe enough to  
lif 'm.

I tote 'm to de well an' den we cool 'm in de watah,  
An' we bress de Lawd foh libin', like a Gawgy nig-  
gah ought to.

She pat him an' she punk him, like ol' mammy wif  
de chillun,  
An' ma haht it done keep punkin' ev'y time she punk  
de millon!

I look into huh yalla eyes an' feel dat I can trus' 'm,  
An' den I take de millon an' I drop 'm down an' bus'  
'm.

O, dat Gawgy watahmillon wif de sweet an' coolin'  
flowin'!

Poke youah face deep down, ma honey, an' jes' keep  
youah mouf a-goin'.

Dar ain't no use ob talkin', but I 'clar to Gord I'se  
willin'

Foh to nebeh hab no heab'n 'cept dat Gawgy gal an'  
millon!

Foh dey filled de haht an' stomach ob dis happy  
Gawgy niggah,  
An' he couldn' be no fullah, 'less de Lohd done make  
him biggah.



RIMES TO BE READ.

Lohdy, Lohd! I'se done been dreamin' an' my haht  
is mos' a-breakin',  
An' ma lips dey is a-burnin' an' ma stomach is a  
achin'.  
I been dreamin' ob de summah an' ma mouf is jes'  
a-fillin'  
Foh dat honey gal ob Gawgy an' dat Gawgy watah-  
millon!

RIMES TO BE READ.

NATHAN'S FLAT.

**N**ATHAN wrote that he 'n' his wife was livin' in  
a flat.

"Gracious me!" says mother, "why, what sort o'  
place is *that*?"

"Well," I says, "it's one o' them there places, don't  
you know,

'At folks live in, likely," an' mother says, "Jesso!"  
But 'bout a half hour later, she broke out, "I'd give  
a cent

If I could sort o' puzzle out what Nathan really  
meant."

Now, ain't that like a woman? You can tell 'em  
what is what;

You can show 'em plain as preachin', but it's just as  
like as not

When ye've argied an' convinced 'em an' yeh think  
ye've surely fetched 'em,

They'll bust out just where they started, same as  
though yeh hadn't teched 'em.

"Well," I says, "we'll go to see 'em, then, an' that'll  
stop yer clatter,"

For I own that I was cur'ous like, myself, about the  
matter!

So we went an' Nathan met us. Wa'n't we glad to  
see his face!

An' he rid us on a cable till we reached a stoppin'  
place,

R I M E S T O B E R E A D .

An' says, "Here we are!" an' first I knowed I was  
a-standin' there  
A-gawpin' at a buildin' that was higher in the air  
Than the Presbyterian steeple. An' I says, "My  
conscience, Nat,  
It can't be sech a stuck-up thing is what yeh call a  
flat?"  
But he only smiled an' nodded an' he took us in the  
hall,  
An' mother says, "Why, Nathan, dew yeh occipy it  
all?"

Then we got into a little coop, an' Nathan he says  
"Seven!"  
An' in another second we was shootin' up to  
heaven.  
Mother shet her teeth an' helt her breath an' trem-  
bled 'roun' the eyes,  
An' my heart fell in my stomach, it was sech a sud-  
den rise.  
Then, in another jiffy, we was into Nathan's flat—  
Six rooms, about the size o' three, an' darn small  
three at that.  
But some things was pretty handy. They was places  
in the wall  
Where ye'd go an' talk to people 'at yeh couldn't  
see at all.  
There was one place where ye'd turn a wheel to  
squirt a little heat,  
An' the cellar was a little box containin' things to  
eat.

RIMES TO BE READ.

Then there was one extravgyance 'at mother  
thought a sin;  
They had spiled a good-sized clo'se-press fer to put  
a bath-tub in.  
Gee! it made me think o' tombstones, it was a'l so  
white and shiny,  
But mother she peeked into it an' says "I vum; it's  
chiny!"  
Nathan's wife was kind o' laughin', so I fixed my  
eyes on her,  
An' says, solemn, "Read yer Bible of the whited  
sepulchre!

"Bath-tubs! Why, if I'd a mind to, I could tell yeh  
pretty quick  
Of the time when Nathan's bath-tub was the hull o'  
Simpson's creek!  
An' the sunshine was his only towel, or if by any  
chance,  
He couldn't wait fer dryin', why he used his coat an'  
pants.  
An' on Sat'dy nights in winter, mother'd fetch the  
washin'-tub,  
An' she'd heat enough of water fer all han's to take  
a scrub,  
An' she'd pester Nat, 'Git ready!' till at last he'd  
sort o' squeak,  
'Ma, I honest don't believe I hardly need a bath this  
week!

RIMES TO BE READ.

But she'd shet him in the kit      an' he'd grunt an'  
puff an' spatter,  
Till you'd thought a steamboat bust-up was the least  
could be the matter."

"Yes, an' then I'd mop," says mother, "an' blow out  
the kitchen light,  
An' I'd foller Nat upstairs to kiss my little    y  
'Good night!  
An' it kind o' seemed that me an' God was watchin'  
there by Nat,  
But I don't believe I'd ever have sech feelin's in a  
flat!"

RIMES TO BE READ.

"OUR CLUB."—THE IRISH MEMBER'S  
TOAST.

**T**HE sharp edge of hunger was turned and the  
Chair  
Arose to inform us we all might prepare  
For a story, a toast, or any good bit  
Which entered the head of an owner of wit,  
And for fear Brother Milliken's tongue should grow  
balky,  
By mixing Kentucky with part of Milwaukee,  
We'd hear from him first, and his toast was "Our  
Club."

As soon as his fellows had laughed at the rub  
Which the chairman had given the Irishman rose,  
Upholding his liquid, and said, "I suppose  
Ivry mother's gossoon of ye's achin' to drink  
The toast to our club, so let yer bowls clink!  
Yez can drink it in potcheen or drink it in watter,  
An', barrin' the taste, I would say, drink the latter;  
Fer if yez do not, I will give ye fair warn'n',  
Ye'll find that it's watter ye want in the marnin'.  
But drink watter now an' ye'll feel extry foine  
An' won't be a-wantin' a hat noomber noine,  
Fer I'll tell ye the trut'—to the shame of the devil—  
It don't do to treat the potcheen over civil.

RIMES TO BE READ.

Just as sure as ye open yer door to the cratur,  
He hints that his brother is finer or nater,  
An' then they both say that their coosin is swater,  
An' then that the family should be more complater,  
An' they have a gay toime an' ye find, to yer sorra,  
Though ye'll swear they were lodged in yer  
stomach, begorra,  
Yet all of e'm's oop in yer head, by tomorra!

"But drink to our club in what liquid ye wish;  
Drink deep as a camel and free as a fish.  
Though we call it a club, let that club be a staff!  
Let it always be used in a brother's behalf—  
A support for his need and a rest for his hand!  
Though we call it a club, let that club be a wand!—  
The same as thim wands that the fairies used much.  
Let no heart be so hard but to melt at its touch!  
As we call it a club, when we see anny wrang,  
Let us take up our club an' go after it strang;  
Let it swing for the right, brothers, nightly and  
daily,  
Though we call it a club, let it be a shillaly!"

RIMES TO BE READ.

"OUR LADIES."—THE POET'S TOAST.

A TOAST from the poet, I think, would be pleasant,"

Cried he at the banquet's head.

"A toast from the poet!" cried every one present,  
And the poet arose and said:

"Mr. Chairman, I greet you and all of your host;  
My comrades, your friendship is ever my boast;  
And lastly, fair ladies, 'tis you whom I toast.  
Though I mention you last, it is not my intent  
To reckon you least. First in worth is not meant  
When we place the soft mollusk or thin *consommé*  
At the top of the menu, and so one will say  
The *piece de resistance* is less of a dish  
Just because further down on the list than the fish.

"Mother Eve, you remember, was last in formation,  
Which proves she was apex of all the creation,  
For first appeared grasses and herbs and the fruits,  
And then came the fishes, the fowls and the brutes,  
Then Adam; and mark you how each form grew  
higher.

But still there was left something more to desire,  
For though all life was there, flora, fauna and human,  
Paradise could not be until also was woman.



RIMES TO BE READ.

And so she was made from a small, bony part  
Which is nearest (please note well the symbol)  
man's heart.

And hence, since that time, 'tis man's chiefest en-  
deavor  
To get back that rib, and 'twill be so forever.

"How broad is the theme of my toasting—Our  
Ladies!

Proud daughters of Guelph and the Misses  
O'Gradys,

The Fräulein of Berlin, the Donas of Cadiz,  
The Annas, the Fannies, the Adas, the Sadies,  
All, all, in some masculine hearts are 'Our Ladies.'

"Our Ladies? Our mothers, queen-angels of Earth.  
Our wives, or our sweethearts—tongue fails at your  
worth!

O, is there a grief which o'ershadows the day  
Which by woman's soft breath is not wafted away?  
O, is there a heart, adamant, austere,  
Which melts not beneath a pure, womanly tear?  
And what soured ascetic who does not rejoice  
In the grace of her glance, of her smile, of her  
voice?

"O, have you an armor, so tempered, so true,  
That a woman's sharp tongue cannot pierce through  
and through?

RIMES TO BE READ.

And tell me of arguments, reasons or laws,  
Which bear half of the weight of a woman's 'Be-  
cause.'

"Our Ladies, enduring, considerate, meek;  
Our Ladies, contrary, irrational, weak;  
Kind hearted, yet cruel; obliging, perverse,  
Which is why they are taken 'for better or worse.'

"Do you think the description is rather complex?  
So it is, but just so is the feminine sex;  
Yet without the sex, Heaven itself were a Hades,  
For Heaven is anywhere where are Our Ladies."

RIMES TO BE READ.

AFTER-DINNER APOLOGY OF LE  
COMTE CRAPAUD.

**I** WOULD you make ze little speak avec plaisir,  
Boat et ess not moach long zat I been here,  
Ant I am timid zat I speak soam wrong,  
Becos I know zis langvids not moach long.

"Zis Englees langvids I not understand me moach.  
Eet ees not logical, eef I can jodge,  
For eet ees not long since I am invite  
Au Chi-ca-go to see ze many sight.  
Ant zere I fint I always spoke ze vay  
I do not spoke to spoke ze vhat I say.  
Zey to me show ze building high, high, high!  
Zey call him, voila! scraper-of-ze-sky.  
I look oapon ze mud down at ze street  
Ant wish zey had ze scraper-of-ze-street.

"Zey take me to ze yard vhere ees ze stock—  
Ze peeg—ten tousan' tousan' peeg—vat you call  
'hock!'  
Zat night at a re-cep-se-ong, zey to me say,  
'Ant how you like Chi-ca-go zees fairst day?'  
I say 'Oh, magnifique! I not can like it more;  
I never meet so many hock in all my life before!  
But zen I fint I have not spoke ze vay  
I ought to spoke to spoke ze vhat I say.

## RIMES TO BE READ.

"Zen some one speak about ze trust ant I say out,  
'Vhat ees zees trust I hear so moach about?'  
Zey say eet ees a com-bin-a-se-ong of ze stock.  
'Stock? stock?' I say. 'Zen ees ze trust more  
"hock!"'

Zey say zat I have right ant zen zey roar,  
Ant ah! I fint I am a zhoke once more.  
I fint zere ees a trust in zees—in zat,  
Trust in ze shoe down here, oap in ze hat,  
A trust in vhat you eat, you drink, you wear,  
A trust in eferyzing ant eferyvhere!  
By gar, I meet a man zat have a vife—  
La plus jolie I ever see in all my life.  
Zat genteel man he say, he tells me, sir,  
He have a trust, a pairfect trust—in her!  
Trust in hees vife! ma foi! I am so shock!  
Ant zen I ask vhat he will take for all ze stock.  
But ah! I find he have not spoke ze vay  
He ought to spoke to spoke ze vat he say.

"For eet ees soach a fony langvids, oui!  
Not long ago, one evening, coam to me  
One ver' good friend, as eet ees getting dark  
Ant say, 'Coam, let us go upon ze lark,'  
I say 'Eh bien, I go,' for I not like to tell  
Zat I not understand him ver' moach well.  
A lark? Zat ees a bird, selon Webstaire,  
Ze gentilman zat write ze dictionaire;  
Boat, ah! I fint I haf not understood.  
I fint zis lark ees not a bird moach good.

RIMES TO BE READ.

"Eet ees ver' late zat I am get to bed  
Ant zen I feel so strange oap in ze head.  
I am so bad I not can sleep, ant so  
I rise moach early ant I go below;  
Ant zere I fint ze hotel-clerk who coam ant say  
'Monsieur, you get oap wiz ze lark to-day!'  
I say 'Non, non, madame; oh, my poor head!  
Eet ees wiz zat bad bird I went to bed!  
I not get oap wiz him. You are moach wrong;  
I am alreaty wiz zat bird too long.'

"He laugh so moach I seenk his face ees break;  
I not know why onless I speak meestake;  
Ant so, I will not make ze speak to-night,  
For I am timid zat I not speak right."

R I M E S   T O   B E   R E A D .

"THE OTHER ONE WAS BOOTH."

(Suggested by conversations with certain "retired"  
actors.)

**N**OW, by the rood, as Hamlet says, it grieves me  
sore to say  
The stage is not as once it was, when I was wont  
to play;  
'Tis true Hank Irving, dear old chap, still gives a  
decent show,  
And Mansfield and Ed Willard really act the best  
they know;  
'Tis true that Duse and Bernhardt, for we mustn't be  
too hard,  
Are very fair (for women) though of course they  
ought to guard  
Against some bad-art tendencies; but as for all the  
rest,  
There's hardly one, I may say none, who stands the  
artist's test.  
True artists are a rare, rare breed; there were but  
two, forsooth,  
In all me time, the stage's prime; and the other one  
was Booth.

"Why, Mac—I mean Macready—but we always  
called him Mac,  
And old Ned Forrest used to say, or so they once  
told Jack;

RIMES TO BE READ.

Or, that is, Jack McCullough, that—well, this is  
what they said;  
'There were but two who really knew how Shake-  
speare should be read.'  
They didn't mean the younger Kean, or Jack; and  
so perhaps  
It caused a little jealousy among the lesser chaps.  
They said that Larry Barrett was entitled to re-  
spect,  
But as for Tom Salvini, well, his dago dialect  
Would never do for Shakespeare; so to tell the sim-  
ple truth,  
There were only two men in it; and the other one  
was Booth.

"Don't think conceit is in me tongue; 'tis some-  
thing I detest;  
But I may say that in me day I've figured with the  
best.  
Why, Kalamazoo, and Oshkosh, too, and Kankakee  
as well,  
Went fairly wild, nor man, nor child, stirred when  
the curtain fell.  
The S. R. O. was hung each night; our show was  
such a rage  
They took the ushers off the floor and ushered  
from the stage.  
From Buzzard's Bay to San José, from Nawrleans  
to Duluth,  
Just two stars hit a little bit; and the other one was  
Booth. (106)

RIMES TO BE READ.

"I liked Ned Booth, for he was such a royal-hearted fellow,  
We never had a jealousy. When he put on Othello  
His Iago was much like to mine, likewise his stage  
direction;  
But what cared Ed. what critics said, since I made  
no objection?  
Ah, me! That day is past; the play has lost its hon-  
ored station;  
Who reads aright rage, sorrow, fright, or tragic  
desolation?  
Aye, who can reach to Hamlet's speech, 'To be or  
not to be?'  
Or wild Macbeth's cry, 'Never shake thy gory locks  
at me!'  
Or Lear's appeal: 'O, let me not be mad, sweet  
Heavens, not mad!'  
Or Shylock's rage: 'I'll have me bond!' Ah, me; it  
makes me sad  
To think it all, and then recall the drama of my  
youth,  
When there were two who read lines true; and the  
other one was Booth."



RIMES TO BE READ.

GOING HOME TO MOTHER.

**I** T was fifty years ago, and one day we  
Had et our dinner by a big oak tree.  
(I often wonder if that tree still stands,  
It's green arms beckonin' to tired farm-hands.)  
It wa'n't quite time to go to work again,  
When one young chap he jumps up quick and  
then,—

"I'm a-goin' home to mother, boys," he said,  
"Although she doesn't know it, an' perhaps she  
thinks I'm dead.  
I went away when I was young, y' see,  
But now I'm over twenty and I got more sense,"  
says he.

"I swear I don't know why I went," he says.  
"Somehow,  
The very strongest reasons then seem mighty fool-  
ish now.  
Some thoughtless word I said stirred up the brine;  
I s'pose no mother never loved a son much more'n  
mine,"  
He said, "and every least word hurt. What fools we  
are  
To never learn the careless cut may leave the deep-  
est scar!

RIMES TO BE READ.

"But now I'm goin' home again," he said.  
"I'm like the prodigal and tired of husk: instead of  
bread.

I'll tell her I was wrong!—and bless her! she was  
human.

O, yes, I know; I said 'twas no use talkin' to an  
angry woman,

But Lord! a woman might be 'woman' to another,  
But to her boy she oughtn't to be anything but  
mother.

"An' so I'm goin' home again," he said.

"My shoulder is just achin' for the pressure of her  
head.

My lips are fixed to show her what is what,  
And these arms will soon convince her how long  
and strong they've got.

"You can laugh, boys, if you want," the youngster  
said,

His lips a-pressin' tighter and a firmness to his  
head,

But there wasn't any laughin'. When you look  
deep down a heart

An' see its noblest feelin's, 'tisin't laughter that'll  
start.

"But here's for home and mother, boys!" he said,  
And he went. God help him! for he found his  
mother dead.

RIMES TO BE READ.

She had died—died callin' for him, and her breast  
Never knew whose stricken head sunk there to rest.

"I'm a-goin' home to mother," he had said,  
But O, the mighty difference when the lovin' lips  
are dead;

A coffin is an awful thing for a fellow's last em-  
brace,

And your hottest tears can never warm that cold  
'nd quiet face.

Crying, ain't I? But that boy was me. That mother  
was my own,

And though it's years and years ago, since I was  
left alone,

Still, I think of her at midnight, and I dream of her  
at noon,

For I'm goin' home to mother pretty soon, now—  
pretty soon.

RIMES TO BE READ.

A COURTIN' CALL.

HIM!

**H**E dressed hisself from top t' toe  
T' beat the lates' fash'n.  
He gave his boots a extry glow,  
His dicky glistered like the snow,  
He slicked his hair exactly so.  
An' all t' indicate "his pash'n."  
He tried his hull three ties afore  
He kep' the one on that he wore.

HER!

All afternoon she laid abed  
To make her featchurs brighter.  
She tried on ev'ry geoun she hed,  
She rasped her nails until they bled,  
A dozen times she frizzed her head  
An' put on stuff to make her whiter,  
An' fussed till she'd 'a' cried, she said  
But that 'ld make her eyes so red.

\* \* \* \* \*

THEM!

They sot together in the dark  
'Thout a light, excep' their spark,  
An' neither could have told er guessed  
What way the t'other un was dressed.

(III)

RIMES TO BE READ.

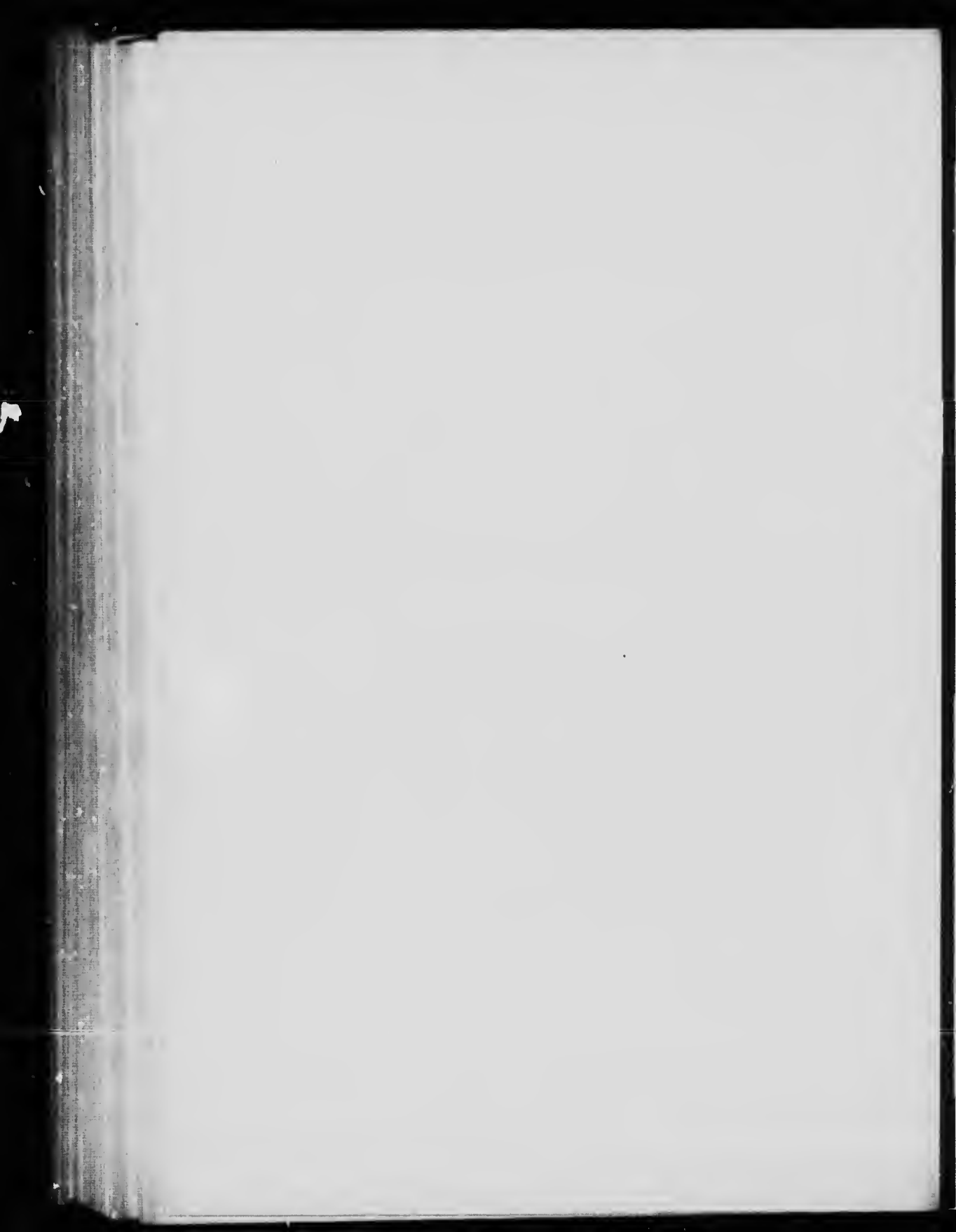
RIP VAN WINKLE.

**F**ONDER of Schnapps and Schneider than of  
right,  
A shiftless, thriftless, rude, unlettered log  
Who wallowed in a slimy, drunken bog;  
Well-meaning and ill-acting; appetite  
As dry as was his wit; a jolly wight  
With follies to exhaust the catalogue;  
Weak-willed, good-tempered, sinful and contrite,  
Without one element of manly might,  
Save that the children loved him—and his dog.

And yet he makes the laughter-laden lip  
Turn to a tremble, while the hot tears flow;  
Then mock its own emotion by some slip  
To sudden mirth, because we love him so;  
For human weakness in the rascal, Rip,  
Becomes a humane strength in actor Joe.

The page features a decorative border with ornate, scroll-like corners. In the center, the title is enclosed in a decorative, horizontally-oriented frame with curved ends.

**Home-Made Philosophy.**



RIMES TO BE READ.

A MULE OF ARKANSAS.

**T**HOU patient, plodding piece of bone and flesh!  
Thou sentient something, tangled in a mesh  
Of fatal being! I could weep for thee,  
But thou, thou couldst as surely weep for me.

Not knowing why nor whither I am driven,  
To me the urging lash is likewise given;  
Hitched to this drag of life, I may not falter,  
Nor wander past the pull of rein or halter.

Poor thou, poor I! yet, comrade, were we free,  
The world might lose the little we may be.  
Along this straitened path, perhaps 'tis best,  
We may not linger and we dare not rest.



RIMES TO BE READ.

THE BEAST AND HIS BURDEN.

**F**RESH from his valet, breathing forth perfume,  
Swathed in the softest product of the loom,  
Full-fed and arrogant, the beggar rode  
And cursed the laboring beast which he bestrode.  
A pleasant beggar he, who asked mere mites,  
Such as Possession of the Public Rights,  
Franchises, Rights of Way, and title deeds  
To profit by our children's children's needs.

Another leaped upon the laboring beast  
Which faltered as he felt the load increased.  
The beggar burned with wrath, but found relief  
To see it was his trusted friend, the thief,  
A man to scale a Congress, tie the hands  
And gag the tongues, while forcing his demands  
For booty and for bounty. Yet so wise  
A cracksman he, he puts it in the guise  
Of benefit to others, so that we  
Snatch off our hats to him and bow the knee.

But now the beast, by some strange impulse fired,  
Cried out: "Get off my back, for I am tired.  
I want to roll upon the earth. I need  
To rest a little and I want more feed."  
"Beast!" cried the beggar, striking with his goad,  
"We only ride to keep you in the road.  
Did we not ride and feed you, you would wander  
And starve to death out in the grasses yonder."

RIMES TO BE READ.

"Ass!" cried the thief, "are you too blind to see,  
'Tis not your vulgar strength which carries me,  
But I support you by this tight-drawn rein?  
And I am almost weary of the strain,  
So if you hint again you want to stop,  
I swear I'll loose the rein and let you drop."  
The laboring beast cried out in great alarm  
And prayed the thief to keep a steady arm.  
And still he keeps his patient, weary stride,  
And still the thief and beggar calmly ride.

RIMES TO BE READ.

A PRICELESS PARADISE.

**I**F some weird gnome should seek my home,  
Some genie, fairy, witch,  
To blink my eyes with every prize  
Of life, and ask me "Which?"  
I think I'd choose, in half a trice,  
This boon: to never ask the price.

I would not claim a gilded name,  
Or be a financier,  
Nor would I hold the wide world's gold;  
And yet I somewhat fear  
I'd ask a just sufficient slice  
That I might never ask the price.

A coat-of-arms has meager charms  
To men of modern views,  
Yet were it mine to make design,  
I know which one I'd choose:  
An open purse, with this device,  
"He never, never asks the price."

Is Heaven a state, a place, a fête,  
A rapture, or a rest?  
The question's old and each may hold  
His own opinion best;  
But my idea of Paradise  
Is where one need not ask the price!

RIMES TO BE READ.

GRANDMOTHER'S SONG.

**G**RANDMOTHER'S voice was always mild,  
And at everyday troubles she always smiled;  
For she used to say  
Frowns didn't pay,

As she had learned when the merest child.  
So whenever we cried for a fancied wrong,  
Grandmother used to sing this song:

"To-day, to-day,  
Let's all be gay;  
To-morrow  
We may sorrow.  
My dear, don't fret  
For what's not yet;

For you make a trouble double when you borrow."

Ah me! 'tis many a lonesome year  
Since grandmother's song has reached my ear;

And I sigh my sigh  
For the days gone by,

For you went with them, grandmother dear.  
But I still have left your quaint old song,  
And I shall sing it and pass along:

"To-day, to-day,  
Let's all be gay;  
To-morrow  
We may sorrow.  
My dear, don't fret  
For what's not yet;

For you make a trouble double when you borrow."

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE DEAR LITTLE FOOL.

**E**ACH man is a master in a school—  
    Heigh ho, my deary!  
Where he trains himself to be a fool—  
    Folly is so cheery.  
And he trains him well and he trains him long,  
He trains him true and he trains him strong;  
And this is the burden of my song—  
    Wit and wisdom weary.

The man finds out that he's a fool—  
    Heigh ho, my deary!  
And puts himself on the dunce's stool—  
    Folly grows a-weary.  
And he says to himself, "You beast, you worm!  
You're the biggest fool I've had this term."  
And he laughs to see the poor fool squirm—  
    Wisdom is so cheery.

He sets down many a sapient rule—  
    Heigh ho, my deary!  
For the future course of the wretched fool—  
    Folly is so weary.  
And the poor little fool, he says: "Ah, me!  
That I was a fool I plainly see,  
But never again such a fool I'll be!"—  
    Wisdom is so cheery.

RIMES TO BE READ.

The man and the fool they live along—  
    Heigh ho, my deary!  
Till the man is weak and the fool is strong—  
    Folly is so cheery.  
And the little fool says: "Oh, master dear,  
This never is long, and the world is drear!  
Let me loose! let me loose, and have no fear!"  
    Wit and wisdom weary.

The dear little fool, he has his way—  
    Folly is so cheery!  
The good man laughs that the fool is gay—  
    Wit and wisdom weary;  
Till he finds that the fool is really he,  
And the stronger the fool the worse when free,  
And again he groans, "Ah, woe is me!"—  
    Heigh ho, my deary!

R I M E S   T O   B E   R E A D .

THE MINOR ROLE.

**O**FT have you seen a star upon the stage  
Uttering his transports of despair or rage,  
Until the whole house wondered at his skill  
And thundered plaudits with a hearty will.  
But did you note that other player there  
Who watched the leading actor's mock despair,  
Who had no line to speak, or work to do,  
Yet who was there to make the background true;  
Whose every thought must aid (as each might mar)  
The bright effulgence of the flaming star?  
And did you stop to think his thankless part  
Of doing nothing took the greater art?

'Tis so in life. We oftentimes admire  
The man whom nothing seems to daunt or tire,  
Whose energies are like battalions hurled  
Against his foe (and audience!) the world.  
You hardly note that other actor there,  
That woman of his household—and his care,  
Who can do nothing more, nor would do less,  
Than live the background of his life's success—  
A waiting, watching, suffering, silent soul,  
Without the outlet of a leading role.  
And sure am I her patient, minor part,  
Doomed to do nothing, takes the greater heart.

R I M E S T O B E R E A D .

PANACEA.

**I**T'S no great oddity  
That one commodity  
Has such demand  
Throughout the land.  
You know what it is, I think. Ah yes,  
It is nothing more and nothing less  
Than a double X brand of happiness.

Now think what a place this world would be,  
What a jolly old place for you and me,  
What a wonderful place if you and I  
Would only try  
To meet the demand with a certain supply.  
Consider, my son,  
How easily done,  
To make one happy, only one;  
A father, mother,  
Sister. brother,  
Or if they be supplied, why then some other.

And, my daughter, see  
How well 'twould be.  
Why, the thing is as plain as A B C!  
If each of us were engaged in keeping  
One happy soul from dawn to sleeping,



RIMES TO BE READ.

If each of us were busy in making  
One soul peaceful from dusk to waking.  
What a happy old place this world would be,  
What a jolly old place for you and me!

And if every one else then did the same,  
Why wouldn't it be the cleverest game?  
But, pray, don't try  
To oversupply  
Somebody already floating high.  
'Tis the sinking wretch we need to save,  
And not the one on the topmost wave.  
And remember, too,  
This much—that you  
And I will profit by what we do.  
'Tis a curious fact, but past all doubt,  
That the more of happiness one gives out  
The more he has left and the more his powers.  
As the gardener strips a bed of flowers  
That more shall bloom, so strip your soul  
That another's happiness be made whole.  
And lo! in the quick-winged second after,  
'Tis filled with the blooms of love and laughter.

RIMES TO BE READ.

BUT O, BOYS, KNOW, BOYS.

**T**HERE'S a certain sort of pleasure in a min-  
gling with the boys,  
In keeping up your end of it and adding to the  
noise

With

“Fill the cup

And lift it up

To every gallant soul of us.

Drink! drink, my men, and come again! the devil  
guards the whole of us!”

There's a pleasing palpitation to the liquid of the  
jugs,

As it mingles with the music of the clinking of the  
mugs;

There's a pretty, pleasing popping,

When the bottles are unstopping,

And a fizzy fascination carries folly to its height.

But O, boys,

Know, boys—

That folly has its flight,

And a greater fascination

Is a healthy, clean sensation

That your brain is still in session and your eye is  
clear and bright,

When the time comes for waking in the morning.

RIMES TO BE READ.

There's a certain sort of pleasure in the gayety of  
girls,  
In the pat of pretty fingers, in the brush of beauty's  
curls,

With

"Here's a glass  
To any lass

Who offers tempting lips to us!  
The night is kind, the world is blind, so who can  
debit slips to us?"

There's a certain fascination in the giddiness of  
guile,

There's a certain strange temptation in the wicked-  
ness of wile,

When the wicked wit is dashing  
And the wicked smiles are flashing,

So if all the world be wicked, is our wickedness  
amiss?

But O, boys,

Know, boys—

There comes an end to this

And a higher fascination,

And a wholesomer sensation,

Is to realize your lips are clean and worthy of the  
kiss

Of a sweetheart, wife, or mother in the morning.

RIMES TO BE READ.

A HITCH BEHIND.

**S**EE them there boys a-crawlin'  
Up that long hill and haulin'  
Their sleds? A-slippin', fallin',  
A-puffin', laughin', bawlin'?  
And see those others shootin' down the slope  
Slicker than greased eels in a barrel o' soap?  
And down upon the level there, you'll find  
A batch of fellers of a different kind,  
Jest nacherally waitin' fer a hitch behind.

Crawlin' up h ' is work. An' you soon learn  
That all you git fer work you more than earn.  
O' course sometimes one of the strongest chaps  
May have the easiest sled to pull, perhaps.  
An' then, again, you'll see some heavy bob  
Behind a kid too little fer the job,  
But still he plugs ahead, not bein' the kind  
To stand 'round waitin' fer a hitch behind.

An' slidin' down is spendin'. Once your sled  
Gits on the slope and finds it has its head,  
There ain't no use a-diggin' in your toes.  
A sled was made to go an' blame! She goes.  
Same way with money, 'ceptin' it's the kind  
That gits its motion from a hitch behind.

RIMES TO BE READ.

Fer hitch-behinders are two sorts. Some's so all-fired  
Lazy they won't climb. They'll be too tired  
To chase the hitches up when hitches come,  
'Ceptin' they're ice-wagons. Then there's some  
That let the workin'-wagons go, and hitch  
Onto the double-bob "The Public," which  
Is drawn by two old plugs called You and Me,  
And drove by Uncle Sammy. Some day, he  
May git a cure fer bein' deaf and blind  
And swing his black-snake at them kids behind.

RIMES TO BE READ.

A WATCHWORD.

**W**HEN you find a certain lack  
In the stiffness of your back  
At a threatened fierce attack,  
Just the hour  
That you need your every power,  
Look a bit  
For a thought to baffle it.  
Just recall that every knave,  
Every coward, can be brave  
Till the time  
That his courage should be prime—  
Then 't is fled.  
Keep your head!  
What a folly 't is to lose it  
Just the time you want to use it!

When the ghost of some old shirk  
Comes to pi gue you, and to lurk  
In your study or your work.  
Here 's a hit  
Like enough will settle it.  
Knowledge is a worthy prize;  
Knowledge comes to him who tries—  
Whose endeavor  
Ceases never.  
Everybody would be wise  
As his neighbor,  
Were it not that they who labor,

RIMES TO BE READ.

For the trophy creep, creep, creep,  
While the others lag or sleep;  
And the sun comes up some day  
To behold one on his way  
Past the goal  
Which the soul  
Of another has desired,  
But whose motto was, "I 'm tired."

When the task of keeping guard  
Of your heart—  
Keeping weary watch and ward  
Of the part  
You are called upon to play  
Every day—  
Is becoming dry and hard,—  
Conscience languid, virtue irksome,  
Good behavior growing worksome,—  
Think this thought:  
Doubtless everybody could,  
Doubtless everybody would,  
Be superlatively good,  
Were it not  
That it 's harder keeping straight  
Than it is to deviate;  
And to keep the way of right,  
You must have the pluck to fight.

TIMES TO BE READ.

THE REFORMER.

**I** KNOW a philosopher, learned and read,  
Who, in viewing the world, seems to stand on  
his head,  
He pities the poor and goes in for reform,  
Convinced he can keep the world comfy and warm,  
If he keeps the thermometer out of the storm.

Having heard how the ostrich has cleverly planned  
To hide by concealing his head in the sand,  
He holds that a scheme would be valid and wise  
To protect it forever from hunt and surprise  
By catching the ostrich and searing its eyes.

He marvels that men should so bargain and dicker  
To be governed at last by an imbecile ticker,  
So he has invented one, run by a clock;  
Set fast, it will "boost," or set slow, it will "knock,"  
And thus you can bull or can bear any stock.

In elections he claims that the office should go  
Not to him with the high vote, but him with the  
low.

To be voted unpopoular surely is tough,  
So the office should go to console the rebuff,  
While the man who succeeds is rewarded enough.

He holds that a criminal ought to do time  
Before, and not after, committing the crime.



RIMES TO BE READ.

"Plain drunk" would be given a month to be fitted;  
Ten years and a burglary might be permitted;  
While murderers first would be hung, then ac-  
quitted.

You laugh at this mortal? I laugh at him, too;  
He reminds me so much of myself—and of you.  
Oh, I'm sure the world's sick and it needs a phy-  
sician,  
But if I be the doctor to fill the position,  
The fee curing me cures the patient's condition!

RIMES TO BE READ.

"HONOR."

**A** PACK of dogs were sunning and napping,  
Well-fed, satisfied, glad dogs;  
Suddenly, up sprang, snarling and snapping,  
Ill-bred, villified, mad dogs.

Some one had flung them a musty bone,  
And the chorus cried, "It is mine; my own."  
"'Tis mine, I claim, for I saw it first."  
"'Tis mine, say I, for I need it worst."  
Quarreling and snarling, they leaped to fight,  
Yowling and growling, their teeth snapped tight,  
Till each had lost of his quivering flesh  
More meat than the bone had held when fresh!  
They rolled themselves in the muck and mud;  
They lost their bone and they lost their blood.  
But on they fought, for, be it known,  
It is doggish honor to fight for a bone.

A goose flew into a neighbor's yard  
And left an egg as a calling card.  
"The egg is mine, for my goose made it."  
"'Tis mine, for on my land she laid it."  
A look, a word, a threat, a wrangle,  
A suit at law, a legal tangle,  
Decision, dissent, appeal, reversal,  
A re-appeal and a re-rehearsal,  
The egg grew stale, the case grew rotten,  
The goose was dead and long forgotten,

R I M E S   N O   B E   R E A D .

But still the antagonists litigated,  
While the lawyers smiled and the judges prated,  
Though all their driest lore, or juiciest,  
Could not decide which goose was goosiest.  
Yet still they fought, for, be it known,  
'Tis a point of honor to "guard one's own."

The Powers of the Earth discussing whether  
They might not eternally dwell together  
With peace, good humor and good digestion,  
Were suddenly stirred by a grievous question.  
An egg, or a bone, produced the foment,  
Or, anyway, something of equal moment.  
"Tut! the question is one of the merest trifles.  
(We'll rush our order for newer rifles.)"  
"Dear cousin of ours, we are more than brothers,  
(Have you noticed our navy? There are no  
others.)"  
"Good friend, our affection is deep and holy.  
(Do you think these guns are ornaments solely?)"  
O, dogs will be dogs when they come to a bone,  
And men may be geese, as a goose has shown,  
And it's national "honor" to go to war  
Over something that isn't worth fighting for!

RIMES TO BE READ.

DEAR MOTHER EARTH.

**D**EAR Mother Earth, full oft I long  
To sing thy praises in a song;  
I ache to lay me down to rest  
Somewhere upon thy yielding breast,  
To turn my pavement-wearied feet  
Beyond the seeming endless street,  
And seek some dimpled country place,  
Half cool, half warm, for thy embrace;  
Then kiss thee, prone upon my face,  
Dear Mother Earth!

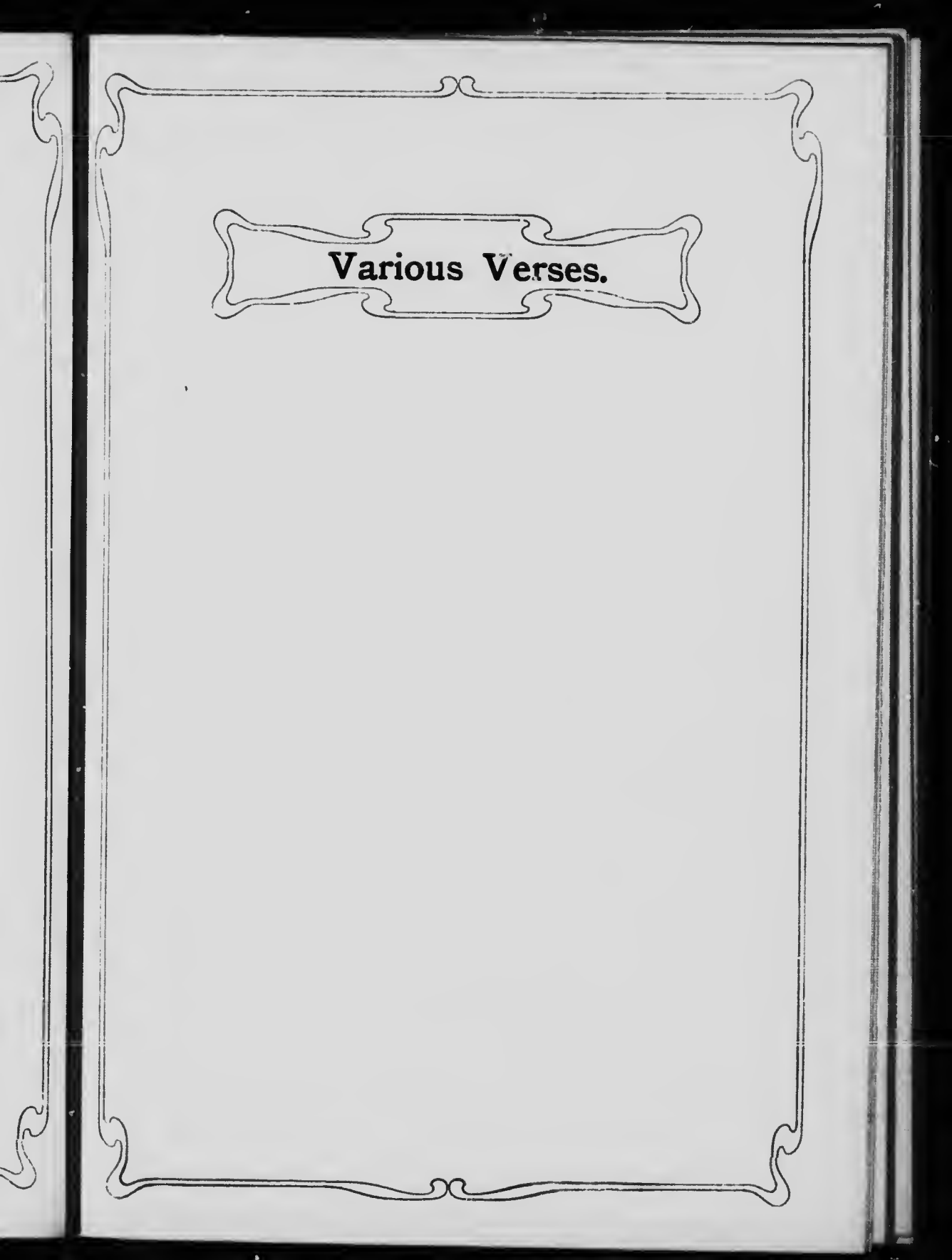
Like old Antaeus long ago,  
Whose strength surged up from earth below,  
I feel there is a peace in thee,  
Which thou dost whisper unto me,  
When thus I press thee, cheek to cheek.  
Thou art so strong and I so weak;  
And some time there shall come a day  
When tender, trembling hands shall lay  
Me deep, to mingle with thy clay,  
Dear Mother Earth!

Thy gift to me shall come to thee,  
And as thou art, so shall I be.  
I owe thee all, and so must try  
To make thee better ere I die;  
And as we twain are one, I see  
To better self may better thee.

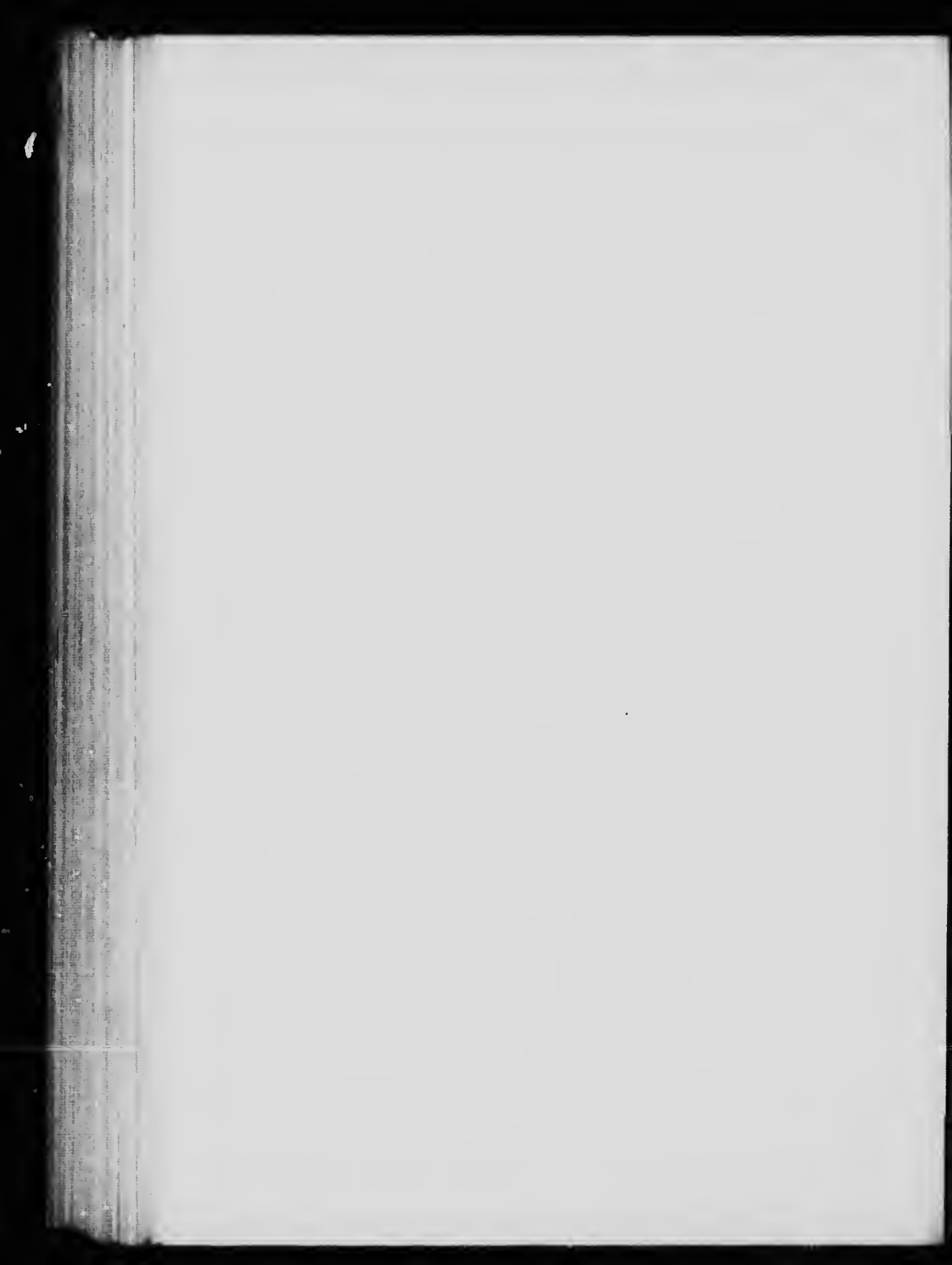


**RIMES TO BE READ.**

**And so I rise from thy embrace  
Revived, and with a hopeful grace,  
Thus having met thee face to face,  
Dear Mother Earth!**

The page is framed by a decorative border with ornate, symmetrical scrollwork at the corners and midpoints. In the center, a horizontal banner with a similar decorative border contains the title text.

**Various Verses.**



R I M E S T O B E R E A D .

DOMESTICATED GENIUS.

I AM not up on artist's gush;  
I can't "improve the rose's flush,"  
Nor yet "so paint the woodland thrush  
That one may hear it sing;"  
But let me own without a blush,  
I swing a very pre'ty brush  
On window screens in spring.

I own I've no desire to meet  
A foreign foe, in field, or fleet;  
I'm free to say I might retreat,  
If I were left on guard;  
Yet many a man might find defeat,  
If matched against me, as I beat  
The rugs in our back yard.

I seldom seek a grassy ground  
And seize a shinny-stick to pound  
A marble from a little mound  
In token of my power;  
Far greater glory I have found,  
For I can push the mower 'round  
Our lawn in just one hour.

I'm not familiar with the gear  
Of touring cars. I could not steer  
The catapult on its career



RIMES TO BE READ.

And dodge the rut and rock;  
But you would own I've scarce a peer,  
If you should see me engineer  
The go-cart 'round the block.

I'm not of those who "fought and bled;"  
My fame has never widely spread;  
My qualities of heart and head  
Are very often doubted;  
But o'er my bones let this be said—  
That I've fixed up an onion bed,  
And, Heaven be praised! it's sprouted.

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

(A Modern Interpretation.)

**S**AGITTARIUS. Otherwise  
Cupid, in a thin disguise.

Virgo, the maiden. She and I  
Trot to altar. Happy? My!

Libra. First designs of Fate;  
Grocer fails to give full weight.

Taurus. Increased dangers lurk.  
Beef trust now begins to work.

Aries. Fails to bring relief;  
Mutton follows price of beef.

Pisces. Fish trust. Itching fin.  
Finds my pocket. Thrusts it in.

Aquarius. Water turned to ice  
Stiffens. Also does the price.

Scorpio. Hot stuff. That means coal;  
What! up higher? Bless my soul!

Leo. Though I make a roar,  
Things go up a little more.

**RIMES TO BE READ.**

**Capricornus. Try to buck  
Tiger. Cleaned out. Wretched luck.**

**Gemini. Anxious hours on pins;  
Nurse comes in and—Heavens, twins!**

**Cancer the crab. What's crab? O, yes,  
Meaning a lobste.—me, I guess.**

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

(As It Too Often Is At Present.)

**D**EEP in the heart of every man the love of  
country lies;  
He breathes it with his baby breath; it lingers till he  
dies.  
So I love the land we live in, every tittle, every jot,  
With a preferential feeling for a Broadway corner  
lot.

I love the boundless country, with its harvest, and  
I sigh  
To manipulate a corner of the visible supply.  
I love the lofty mountains, and I feel my heart will  
burst,  
Knowing I might own their treasure, had I only  
found it first.

And not alone our country and its greatness I  
revere,  
But I hold the very emblems of its privileges dear.  
Methinks the goddess Liberty would touch a heart  
of flint,  
So beautifully stamped upon the product of the  
mint!

RIMES TO BE READ.

And I linger o'er the Latin graven on the coin's  
reverse,  
Wishing that I had a "pluribus" of "unums" in my  
purse.

I love the spreading eagle with the lightning in its  
clutch,  
And I love the double eagle just precisely twice as  
much!

Then the patriots and the sages—that long and no-  
ble line—

I would that a collection of their likenesses were  
mine!

I love the Grant and Lincoln on the crisp or crum-  
pled "one,"

And on the "two" I cherish the immortal Washing-  
ton.

I love the Franklin on the "ten," the Garfield on  
the "five,"

And I love the noble red man better there than if  
alive.

The hero on the "twenty," too, is strangely dear to  
me,

But who he is, alas! I seldom have a chance to  
see.

Yes, I honor all the heroes who are turned to com-  
mon clay,

And my soul is filled with gratitude—I'm not as  
dead as they.

**RIMES TO BE READ.**

**Yet while they lived they nobly launched our glorious Ship of State;  
And I wish I had the contract to supply her armor-plate.**

**"In God we trust" they placed upon our coinage,  
which is why  
In man we will not trust unless he has a good supply.  
From bonds of foreign tyranny they bravely set us free,  
And bonds of Uncle Sam are good enough for you  
and me.**

RIMES TO BE READ.

AT A RAILROAD JUNCTION.

**L**O! HERE am I at Junction Town,  
At slow and woful Junction Town,  
Where devils laugh and angels frown  
To see a traveler set down;  
Where trains run only with a view  
To help a restaurant or two;  
Where rusty rails and barren boards  
Are all the point of view affords.  
But O, the barren board of all  
Is that within that eating-stall!  
Yes, stall, I said, and well deserved  
The name! where beastly feed is served.  
And so I say without compunction  
My curses on this Railroad Junction.

What shall I do at Junction Town?  
At drear and weary Junction Town?  
The martyr's cross without the crown  
Awaits the stranger here set down.  
O, one may wait and wait and wait,  
Or one may rail against his fate,  
Or eyes and ears may strain and strain,  
As later, later grows the train,  
The while the lagging minutes mock  
His witless watching of the clock;  
Or one may watch the station clerk  
Performing his relentless work.

**R I M E S   T O   B E   R E A D .**

**O, wretched man, of wretched function,  
Existing at this Railroad Junction!**

**God's pity on this Junction Town,  
This dead and dreadful Junction Town!  
O, what nepenthe-well can drown  
The cares of travelers here set down.  
The thought may give some passing cheer  
One may escape within a year,  
Or else the sentence be commuted  
And only death be executed!  
And if 't be so, I only pray  
There be no Resurrection Day,  
For think of Gabriel coming down  
And finding one at Junction Town!  
And so I say, with fervent unction,  
God's pity on this Railroad Junction!**



RIMES TO BE READ.

THE WOMAN WITH THE POT O' PAINT

**N**OW rises up the woman with a purpose in her  
face  
And "touches up" the various belongings of the  
place.

A red is on her shoulder where she slid her sleeve  
on high,

A yellow on her temple where she tried to wipe her  
eye;

The baby's face is waffled where it went against the  
screen,

And papa's Sunday trousers have a seat of vivid  
green,

But the woman with the pot o' paint, unconscious of  
her blame,

Still "touches up" the various belongings just the  
same.

Not hers the languid landscape, or monotonous ma-  
rine,

Not hers the china set bedaubed with giddy gold  
and green,

Not hers the "chrome" and "lake" from out a tube  
of squeeze lead,

Upon a palette daubed and with a mouse's whisker  
spread.

Nay, nay, the can of color of an honest primal hue,  
And hers, the brush as spreading as a horse's tail or  
two;

RIMES TO BE READ.

Then pick her out a lonesome day and let her have  
full swing,  
And the woman with the paint-pot is the terror of  
the spring.

O, Raphael was rapid and his genius was intense,  
But he couldn't put more paint than could the  
woman on a fence,  
And cunning was the coloring of Titian and his  
brush,  
But the colors of the woman would have put him to  
the blush.

Michael Angelo was noted for his daring, it is said,  
But did he ever dare to paint a china door-knob red?  
Bonheur could paint a powerful horse or gentle-  
manly cow,  
But you ought to see the painted cat that's living  
with us now!

RIMES TO BE READ.

BLACK AND TAN.

**M**ISS Barbara Black, a waxen blond,  
Bemoans her visage, pale and wanned,  
And strives by every plan  
To compass her supreme desire,  
Seen in her struggles to acquire  
A coat of richest tan.

Miss Lily White, a "bright brunette,"  
Disdains her locks of curly jet  
And African descent.  
True happiness she may not reach,  
Because her hue will never bleach,  
Say ninety-five per cent.

Now, if some scientific crack  
Could bleach Miss White and tan Miss Black,  
His fame would surely shine.  
But, oh! suppose the learned man  
Should equalize their black and tan  
And lose the color line!

R I M E S T O B E R E A D .

THE SUPERIOR VIEW.

**Y**ES, Plato's works were good, for he was clever  
in a way,  
But they're hardly ever in the "six best sellers" of  
to-day:  
And Shakespeare had a certain popularity, no doubt,  
But he hasn't published lately and I guess he's  
written out;  
And as for Homer, really, don't you think he was a  
sham?  
Why, it's doubtful if he ever even wrote a telegram.

Yes, Alexander's armies showed a certain sort of  
skill,  
But his knowledge of artillery was pretty nearly nil.  
Napoleon rode roughly over half a hemisphere,  
But he never rode an auto in all of his career;  
And Caesar was courageous in vicissitudes of war,  
But he never had the fortitude to jump a trolley-  
car.

Yes, Paginini knew the way to swing a fiddle bow,  
But could he swing the voters of his precinct, do  
you know?  
And Raphael could color with a very pretty touch,  
But his drawings never figured in the papers very  
much,

RIMES TO BE READ.

And Phidias could build a Parthenon in stately  
style,  
But I'd rather have my money in a modern office  
pile.

Yes, Moses was a clever organizer for his date,  
But he never tried to organize a steamship syndi-  
cate;  
And Socrates' philosophy has been esteemed sub-  
lime,  
But he never asked for numbers that were "busy"  
all the time;  
And as for Father Adam, why, whatever Eve would  
bake,  
He never dared to hint of things his mother used  
to make!

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE ORGAN GRINDER.

**H**E stands outside my window in the street,  
A humble minstrel of a dozen lays,  
A memory of simpler, happier days.  
Dear "Home, Sweet Home," and faithless "Mar-  
guerite,"

I did not know their music was so sweet;  
The "Washerwoman" and the "Marsellaise,"  
I know not which should have my highest praise,  
Their very crudeness makes them so complete.

Weary of Wagner and his turgid notes,  
Of florid Verdi's acrobatic throats,  
I revel in this arm-delivered air,  
Which whips a score of years from out my sight,  
Refills me with a bubbling boy's delight,  
And leaves me scant of pennies and of care.

RIMES TO BE READ.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.

**“WE’VE** met the enemy and they are ours;  
Two ships, two brigs, one schooner  
and one sloop.”

His words charge down the years—a warlike group,  
Grim, gallant, glorious! All the flowers  
Matured by summer suns and autumn showers  
We use to deck the memory of that group,  
Born of the times when banners rise or droop  
In the harsh conflict of contending powers.

But look thou, Perry! gallant man and true!  
See’st thou that smoke of commerce, not of war?  
Rejoice with us that now no battles mar,  
And now there is no work for thee to do;  
No lookout’s eye sights carnage from afar;  
No dismal red is mixed with Eric’s blue.

RIMES TO BE READ.

THE THIRTY-THIRD DEGREE.

**N**OW every thing that Russell did, he did his best  
to hasten  
And one day he decided that he'd like to be a  
Mason.  
But nothing else would suit him and nothing less  
would please,  
But he must take and all at once the thirty-three  
degrees!

Well, he rode the—oh, that is, he—really I can't  
tell.  
You either mustn't know at all, or else know very  
well.  
He dived into—well, never mind. It only need be  
said  
That somewhere in the last degree, poor Russell  
dropped down dead!

They arrested all the Masons and they stayed in  
durance vile.  
Till the jury found them "Guilty" when the judge  
said with a smile,  
"I'm forced to let the prisoners go, for I can find,"  
said he,  
"No penalty for murder in the thirty-third degree."



RIMES TO BE READ.

OTTO AND THE AUTO.

'T IS strange how fashion makes us change the  
objects we admire;  
We used to sing the tireless steed, but now the  
steedless tire.  
So Otto bought an auto, so as not to be antique,  
But the thing was autocratic, as well as automatic.  
And the auto wouldn't auto as it ought to, so to  
speak.

He thought to hire an auto-operator for the work,  
And first he hired a circus-man and then he hired a  
Turk,  
For he knew the circus-man drove fifty horses with  
success,  
And if a man be shifty enough to manage fifty,  
'Tis palpable enough he ought to manage one  
horse-less!

As for the Turk, 'tis also plain, deny it if you can,  
He ought to run an auto, for a Turk's an Ottoman.  
'Twas all in vain; so Otto moved to Alabama, purely  
That he might say, "I'm Otto from Mobile, and my  
motto:  
'A Mobile Otto ought to run an automobile  
surely!'"

RIMES TO BE PEAD.

So Otto ought to auto on the auto as he ought to,  
But the auto s to auto as Otto never thought  
to!  
Then the auto got hot, oh, very hot! as he ought  
to,  
And the auto said "This auto ought to auto and it's  
hot!"  
And Otto thought the auto and the auto it fought  
Otto,  
The auto also got too hot to auto as it ought to,  
And then Great Scott! that auto shot to heaven—  
so said Otto—  
Where Otto's auto autos now as Otto's auto ought  
to.

RIMES TO BE READ.

LENTEN PENITENCE.

(A la Mode.)

**I**N sack-cloth and ashes my lady prepares  
To repent of her sins and to murmur her  
prayers.

She is fond of her prayers, so her copies are bound  
In harmony with her, however she's gowned,  
For she holds her Creator should never be faced  
Except in mauve prayers with a lavender waist.

In sack-cloth and ashes she ponders afresh  
On methods of penance to punish the flesh;  
And what though she choose, for her piety's sake,  
The vicarious flesh of a porterhouse steak?  
"O Lord, be Thou merciful unto a sinner"  
Who has fasted for hours and is faint for her dinner.

In sack-cloth and ashes, but if she prefer  
That her sacque should be seal, should there be a  
demur?

Prophet John wore a skin (and our climate is  
colder)

Which draped from the loins, as hers drapes from  
the shoulder.

And as for the ashes, well, they may be met  
Where they dusted the fur from her last cigaret!

RIMES TO BE READ.

COMEDY OR TRAGEDY?

(The Coquette, loquitur.)

**I** SAY I do not love you. I am gay  
And with my laughter waft your vows away.  
For you, you say you love me, smile and sigh,  
And fire me with the fervor of your eye.  
Ah me, the pity of our mimic play!  
If only either of us did not lie!

RIMES TO BE READ.

MY LOVER SAYS.

**H**E says I should not give a glance  
To other men;  
But 'tis no gift, for, by some chance,  
I'm sure to get one back again—  
Or two, or ten;  
Besides, I only look to see  
If any of them look at me.

He says I ought to see as through  
My lover's eyes;  
But I reply that so I do,  
For where he looks there I look too;  
For I am wise,  
And know that he must look—to see  
If any of them look at me!

RIMES TO BE READ.

NOT A BIT SUPERSTITIOUS.

**N**O, I am not superstitious.  
I consider it pernicious,  
If not absolutely vicious  
    In a man  
To admit himself so small that he must scan  
Every little sign and omen  
As the menace of a foeman.  
Still, I'm free to say that Friday  
Never, never would be my day  
For a venture, for I'm sure 'twould never hit,  
Though I am not superstitious, not a bit.

Really, I've no toleration  
Of that nervous hesitation  
And that irksome perturbation  
    Which I've seen,  
When a dinner-party chanced to be thirteen.  
Why, I've seen that arrant folly  
Make a whole crowd melancholy,  
With their whining and their flimsy,  
Foolish reasons for the whimsey.  
Still, I own I hate to be the last to sit.  
Though I am not superstitious, not a bit.

Certain things may be propitious,  
Though they seem but adventitious,  
And it's hardly superstitious  
    To perceive  
Which is which, and so, accordingly, believe.

RIMES TO BE READ.

Now there's nothing makes me sadder  
Than to walk beneath a ladder;  
But I grow a good deal bolder  
When the moon is at my shoulder.  
And to spill the salt! It takes away my grit,  
Though I am not superstitious, not a bit.

Surely nothing can be clearer  
Than that evil marches nearer  
At the breaking of a mirror,  
    And it's true  
That a howling dog in night-time makes me blue,  
For his keen scent makes no errors  
And he smells the King of Terrors.  
Here's another thing. Take heed, sir,  
If your nose should start to bleed, sir,  
And should only bleed three drops and then should  
    quit!  
Though I am not superstitious, not a bit.

It is odd to see what uses  
Some folks make of vain excuses  
Rather than admit abuses  
    Of the mind,  
When they're rather superstitiously inclined.  
Just to put it in plain English;  
It would seem they can't distinguish  
Between false and foolish cases  
And the few which have a basis  
In experience, which even I admit,  
Though I am not superstitious, not a whit!

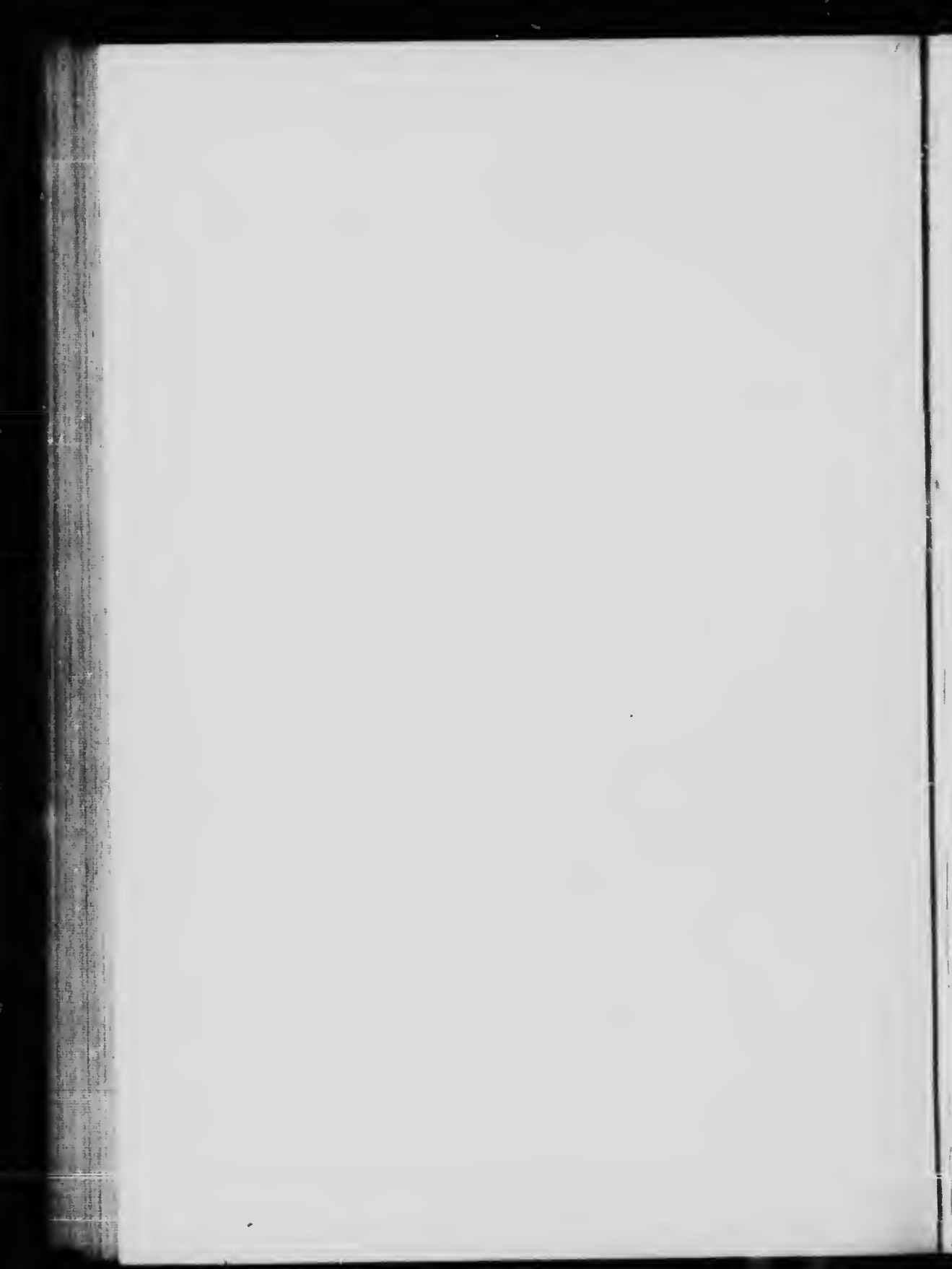
**RIMES TO BE READ.**

**THE ARMIES OF THE CORN.**

**R**ANK upon rank they stood, and row on row;  
Plumed, tasseled, uniformed in green,  
With rations in their knapsacked husks between  
The myriad blades they brandished at the foe.

Long held the brave brigades and would not yield  
Till shattered by the destiny of War.  
Then (gallant tribute from the conqueror!)  
They stacked their arms and tented on the field.



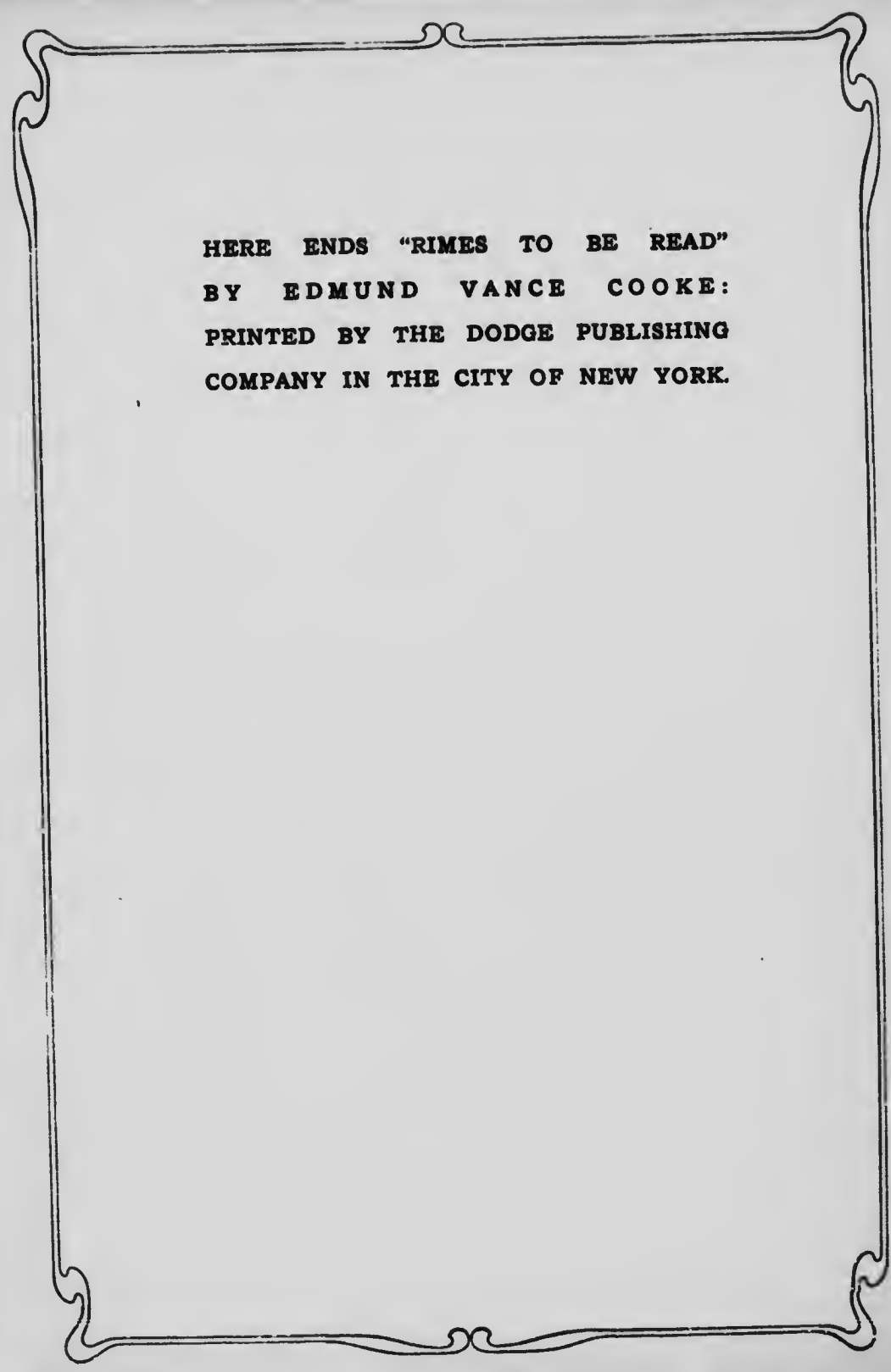


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A decorative border with ornate, scroll-like corners and a central flourish at the top and bottom, framing the text.

HERE ENDS "RIMES TO BE READ"  
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