

EDWIN ALFRED WATROUS

THE BEE'S BAYONET (A
LITTLE HONEY AND A
LITTLE STING)

Edwin Alfred Watrous
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Honey and a Little Sting)**

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*The Bee's Bayonet (a Little Honey and a Little Sting) / Camouflage in Word
Painting:*

Содержание

PROEM	9
BEHOLD A MAN!	11
THE JULOGY	13
ENGLAND	28
PREPAREDNESS	29
THE FUGITIVE KISS	33
NEW MEXICAN NATIONAL ANTHEM	34
LOVE	36
STRONGARM'S WATERLOO	37
THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE	39
WAR	41
SONG OF THE SAMSONS	43
SIX DAYS	46
A PROTEST	48
A PRAYER	49
SINCE THE LITTLE ONE CAME	50
RUN ALONG, LITTLE GIRL!	52
A RETROSPECT	53
THE EAGLE SCREAMS	54
THE SERVICE STAR	55
SOME DAY	56
THE CRUISE OF THE SEA SERPENT	57
AMERICA	59

LIFE AND LOVE	60
LIFE IN DEATH	61
GERMANY	62
ITALY	63
MARY IS MERRY NO MORE	64
I SHOT AN ARROW	66
FIXING THE BLAME	67
LOVE'S RECOMPENSE	71
ADAM'S ALE	72
RUSSIA	75
BELGIUM	76
OUR FRIENDS ACROSS THE STREET	77
EPITAPHS	79
THE CONQUEST OF THE SUN	83
OWED TO A ROACH	85
THE MOODS OF THE WINDS	86
THE TOXIC TIPPET	87
TWENTY-THIRD PSALM	88
FRIENDSHIP	90
PARAMOUNT PROBLEMS	91
A REUNION	95
THE CRUISE OF THE SQUIRREL	97
JINGLES	99
THE WEIGHT OF LOVE	102
DO IT!	103
AMENITIES	104

"DANSER SUR UN VULCAN"	105
AT THE BULGING UDDER TIME	107
VAGARIES	108
A SHATTERED ROMANCE	110
THE MILKY WAY	111
THE LOGOTHETE	113
THE PRICE OF PEACE	115
MEN HAD HORNS THEN	117
SUB ROSA	120
WHITMANESQUE	121
AN APEOLOGY	122
THE BUG	123
WAKE, MY LOVE!	124
FIRST PSALM	126
NOT PEACE, BUT REVENGE!	128
HEREDITY	130
THE CALL OF THE HOMESTEAD	131
DECIMAL POINTS	133
BELLES-LETTRES	139
SANDY, THE PIPER	141
"BEN BOLT"	143
EXCELSIOR	145
HER AND HIM	147
THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIVING	149
THE SIXTH OF APRIL	152
BENEATH A CLOUD	155

THE COLUMBIAD	156
HE'S ALL RIGHT, BUT—!	161
NATURE'S STUDIO	162
PICARDY	164
AMERICA'S PRAYER	165
EPILOGUE	166

Edwin Alfred Watrous The Bee's Bayonet (a Little Honey and a Little Sting) / Camouflage in Word Painting

Dedicated to

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

CIVILIZATION'S CRUSADER

To Thee, My Native Land, America!
My heart with pride is filled: my lips exult
Because Thou art my Home—my Fatherland.
Beneath the Constellation of the States,
Set in the firmament of fadeless blue,
I bare my head and hail the Stars and Stripes,
Proud Emblem of our Unity and Might.
My Country calls! I give what I possess,—
All! *All* I say! and giving thus, regret

That my poor contribution to thy needs,
In hours of peril when dark war-clouds loom,
Is such a paltry thing
When measured by the debt of gratitude
I owe for Liberty.
All that I am and have belongs to Thee.
Upon thy Altar Fires,
Where Freedom glows and glorifies Mankind,
I consecrate
My flood-tide strength, my substance—life itself!
And rate not this as sacrifice
That gives me pleasure to repay
In this small way
Thy boon and bounty, priceless Liberty.

PROEM

If you can find, within, a single line
To give you pleasure, then the pleasure's mine;
But if you fail and whine, or *josh* like Billings,
You might (I say you *might*!) get back your shillings.
But better yet! Bestow this Book of Verses
On some friend-foe you love with hate and curses,
And your revenge will be attained thereafter
For, when he reads it, he will die with laughter.
And, Cheerful Reader, if this work contains
A soporific for your bulging brains
So that you'll *rave about it* to your neighbors,
I'll feel repaid for all rebuffs and labors.
Though "Wisdom sometimes borrows, sometimes lends,"
You'll borrow trouble lending this to friends;
But earn my thanks if, when you've praised or shown it,
You'll sit upon the lid and never loan it:
For ev'ry copy sold, thru friends or slapbacks,
Just puts Mo'lasses on my buckwheat flapjacks.
And, Critic Friend, who halts Ambition's flight
And ties the can to Aspiration's kite,
Pray recollect that when *you* plied the pen
And had some stuff accepted now and then,
Your tales, O! Henry, did not prove inviting
Or else you'd be no Cynic but still writing.

BEHOLD A MAN!

There stands a Man! unyielding and defiant,
A master Leader, bold and self-reliant.
He seeks no conquest but his lance is set
Against the ruthless Despot's parapet.
Alert and conscious of his strength, his thrust
Is sure and timely, for his cause is just.
Invincible, he rallies to his cause
Those who love Justice and respect the laws.
To skulking traitors and to spying foes
He shows no mercy, but his heart o'erflows
For those oppressed, who live, nay! who exist
Where arrogance and tyranny persist:
But, tho distressed by all this human grief,
He weeps not idly, but *compels* relief:
And those he serves by act or speech or pen,
One Hundred Million *freemen*, shout, Amen!
"Safe for Democracy the world must be,
And all its bondaged peoples shall be free!"
So spake the Man: America thus voiced
Its ultimatum, and the Earth rejoiced!
Intensely human, cast from mortal clay
In Nature's mould, one epoch-making day,
Behold a Man! he seems a higher sort,
Refined with purest gold from God's Retort

And filled with skill and wisdom, Heaven-sent:
God bless and keep our peerless President!

THE JULOGY

To those who never heard my Songs before,
And those *who have*, and *want to nevermore*,
This Rhapsody, with all its pithy phrases,
Has passed the Censors with the highest praises.
Released by favor of the Board's caprice,
It takes its proper place—a masterpiece!
Soft pedal, please! The Knockers are outclassed,
And Genius finds its recompense at last!
Whene'er I read about this war-time pelf
It makes me sick: I can't contain myself!
The profits on the *die*-stuffs sent to France
Make Croesus' wealth a trifling circumstance;
And what the Farmers get for mules and wheat
Makes fortunes hitherto quite obsolete.
In by-gone days the Bards were praised and pensioned
Who now are at the Front—and rarely mentioned:
And all these hardships they endure while men
Who write big checks, thus scandalize the pen.
The Writers should throw off their yokes and collars
And drill their brains to cultivate the dollars.
The talents they possess are strictly mental
And can't be utilized for food and rental.
Their thoughts are capital, but who'll invest
In Sonnet Stock without some *interest*?

Or who'd take stock in Poem Plants? Alack!
He who invests expects the yellowback.
But here I'm talking *money*: what a joke
For one to thus discourse who's always broke!
Since "money talks" we'll suffer it to speak,—
"I am the thing that countless millions seek;
Greed's inspiration, Evil's very root,
The Nemesis of those in my pursuit.
Kings pay me homage, pawn their crowns to me
And, deathless, I enslave their progeny.
Men famed for noble deeds, who court my smile,
Ofttimes surrender probity to guile:
Who, needy, follows my uncertain path,
I may elude and favor him who hath,—
For I have wings, and lightning speeds my flight,—
Wealthy to-day, a pauper overnight!
The Ticker tells the tale from day to day:
Brings joy to some, to others dire dismay."

This Work is copyrighted just to show
To what low depths the Pirate Press will go.
They borrow thunder from the Vulcan forge,
Then draw the fire and put the smut on George.
Each song or verse, it seems to me, should be
Distinguished by originality
If nothing else (the matter may be sloppy,—
But that's no matter if there's ample copy)
So that the Author's face could be unmasked
And recognized without a question asked;

Or, so identify Calliope
By strident notes of high-toned quality;
Or thus detect some Poet's "fist" and style
By I. O. U.'s unhonored yet awhile.
The Pirates thus would cease perforce their trade,
And Bacon would not be confused with Ade.
In all my songs I do the work myself,
And draw no inspiration from the Shelf.
Perhaps my lines would be more read, if cribbed,
But George and I, you know, have never fibbed,
And what is more, I think my lines are sweeter
Than those of Dante, with infernal meter;
And more heroic, and not half so sad
As Homer's couplets in the *Illiad*;
And far more musical and much prettier
Than those by Tennyson or by Whittier.
Each bar is known to me, its licensee,
And ev'ry note has had my scrutiny:
I also watch my pauses, moods and tenses,
And have no words with fair amanuenses.
If you could see my workshop (do not ask it!)
You'd find more "carbons" in my paper-basket,
More rough, unpolished diamonds there immured
Than you, Dear Reader, ever have endured.
I have no Jewish blood, not e'en a strain:
That's what I lack! If ever born again
I'd requisition Hebrew sire and dam,
Something akin, methinks, to Abraham,
And take these "jewels," doomed unseen to flash,

Gloss o'er their flaws, and turn them into cash.
Here's where I doff my bonnet to the Jew!
Tho' sore oppressed they're still the Chosen Few:
A *few* in numbers but a mighty host
When reckoned by the things that count the most,—
I mean *achievements*, won by toilsome stages
In spite of persecutions thru the Ages.

I see these Davids watching o'er their flocks
In Palestine. (To-day they watch their stocks
And clip the coupons from their bonds, you see,
Just as they sheared the lambs in Galilee.)
There milk and honey in abundance vied
To keep the Simple Simons satisfied;
But *here* to luxuries the Josephs cling,
And milk the honey from most everything.
Time was when you were treated with disdain
But now the tune is quite a changed refrain,
And Gentiles everywhere take special pains
To pay respectful tribute to your brains!
Behold your ancient hills and rugged rocks;
Your fruitful valleys with their golden shocks
Of Grain that, grouped around the stately dates,
Seem to defy the *threshing* that awaits!
Here olives ripen 'neath the summer skies
And yield rich oil,—first Standard Oil supplies;
'Twas here the mighty Samson filled with awe
The Philistines and flayed them with his jaw;
(No man before, or since, thus courted fame,

For woman holds these records in *her* name.)
And here wise Solomon refused the vote
In statecraft matters to the Petticoat;
But when the Referendum was installed
The wise old King's objection was Recalled.
And then there's David caring for his sheep,
And big Goliath (*rocking* him to sleep).
There Japheth, Shem and Ham are; Ham tabooed
By Moses in his Treatises on Food;
And Jehu with his pair of chestnut colts
Trotting the highway down like thunderbolts.
If Jehu *reined* to-day he'd swap his stable
For high-power Auto, with a foreign label,
And hold the record for the Shore Road trip
From Tyre to Sidon at a lightning clip,—
And make his whiskers, driven by the breeze,
Look like a storm-tossed frigate on the seas.
There's Jacob dreaming, seeing more than Esau,
And giving him the double-cross and hee-haw;
Obtaining Esau's birthright (Silly Dupe!)
For three brass spheroids and a bowl of soup.
He traded for it—didn't have to buy it!
'Cause Brother Hairy, glutton, wouldn't diet.
But "chickens come back home to roost," forsooth,
And Jacob in his dotage learned this truth,
When Leah's sons, of ordinary clay,
Put Rachel's Joseph in the consommé.

As Financiers the palm has been bestowed,

In panegyric, melody and ode,
On Jacob's sons. The caravans, that passed
Thru burning sands, from cities far and vast,
Into their land that teemed with grain and gold,
Were richly laden. Thus they bought and sold,
Exchanging corn and cattle, hides and honey
For finest silks and linens, gems and money,—
Until, thru bargain-insight, skill and daring,
They cornered all the fabrics used for wearing,
And then proceeded, with discerning lust,
To hump themselves and form a Camel Trust.
The Traders who had plied this Cargo Route
Could never, in their deals, get cash to boot
From Jacob's sons. Sometimes a fleece or skin,
Of little size and worth, would be thrown in,
But shekels—No! And so the nomad Sheik
In quest of easy picking; Turk and Greek;
The wily Fellah from the distant Nile
Whose gaudy gewgaw "gems" reflect his guile;
The sleepy Peddlers from the Land of Nod,
Who still shekinah on ancestral sod;
And all the Wise Men from the Eastern marts
Who plan their ventures by the Astral charts,
Plotted and vowed, by Imps and Endor Witches,
To wrest from Jacobs Brothers all their riches.
So, working now with Bulls, anon with Bears;
Rigging the market to advance their wares
Or to depress the House of Jacobs' shares,
It looked as if the plotters might make good

Against the unsuspecting Brotherhood.
But patiently the Brethren stood their ground,
Unmindful of the rumors passed around,
Or baits to tempt Cupidity thrown out,
That throttle Judgment and put Sense to rout,—
Until the market, unsupported, broke:
Then, feigning sleep, they suddenly awoke
And took possession of the Stock Exchange.
Like beaten curs or mongrels with the mange
The Plotters cringed. The *Shorts* in wild dismay
To cover ran, but Zounds! they had to pay
Four prices to the Brethren who controlled
The entire issue of the short stock sold.
And thus the Brethren made a tidy sum,
Keeping their standing in Financialdom.
Keen businessmen, they sold or bought as well,
But never showed *anxiety* to sell.

So Jacob's Sons became, as was their bent,
The mighty Merchants of the Orient.
No goose that ever layed a golden egg
Would needs have come to one of them to beg
For life or respite. "Nay! Lay on, Good Goose!
We'll shield thee and thy gander from abuse!"
Long-headed and kind-hearted, in such cases
Their noses were not lopped to spite their faces.
Too wise they were: they had too good a teacher
To make the nose too prominent a feature!
While yet the goose was itching for the nest

They egged her on and Quack! she did the rest.
A goose she would appear to give so much
To those who had—but Life is ever such.
But Jacob's Sons like Isaac, sturdy Oak,
Made no complaint but bore their golden yolk,
And, thrifty men, in many baskets stored
The golden ovals and increased their hoard.
And so their nests were feathered, as we know,
But cautious men they were, who didn't crow.
And so we see them on the filmy screens,
Matching their talents 'gainst the Philistines:
And looking close, we notice that the Brothers
Have bigger *stacks* before them than the others.

And then there's Job, the Paradox, who toils
To show good humor when beset by boils;
And Jinxy Jonah, ducked and rudely whaled,
Because he had no passport when he sailed.
(Whene'er I see the Ocean Mammal spout
Methinks it's habit—*spewing Jonah out.*)
Delilah's "next"! Tonsorial Adept—
A cutting up while headstrong Samson slept.
Shear nonsense—that man's vigor could be sapped
Because he had a haircut when he napped,
Or lose his nerve, e'en at the yawning grave,
Tho' just escaping by the closest shave.
With Samson's case a multitude compare,
For men miss greatness ofttimes by a hair.
'Twas his conceit that made him lose his nerve,

As long-haired, whiskered men, bereft, deserve.
The facts are these: that Samson used to wear
A wig with ringlets, 'cause his head was bare.
One night, in playful mood, Delilah stole
Up to his cot and touched the poor old soul
For his toupee. He woke, chagrined, and fled
Because his capillary roots were dead.
What transformation! Thus the Man of Might
Became a pussyfooter overnight,
And went to writing verses from that minute
Finding his strength, not *on* his head, but in it.

Of all your rulers, Roman, Jew or Fezzer,
The first or most pronounced is Nebu'nezzar.
(*Too long* this monstrous name has been derided,
And so the *chad*, for rhythm, is elided.)
"Neb" is enough, for short, and apropos
Of Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego,
The King waxed wroth because these three live wires
Passed thru his melting pots and furnace fires
Without a burn: remarkable endurance!
Because protected by good Fire Insurance.
He paid the price for arson ere he died,
Was kept lit up and rightly classified
Among the beasts: and now that all is over
'Tis safe to say he did not live in clover,
But roamed the pastures, when he lost his pull,
And grazed himself to death: he was *some* bull.

Then next we come to Ruth, the Moabite:
Her husband Chilion (not her!) one night
Blew out the gas, and Ruth was thus bereft;
But Naomi, her Ma-in-Law, was left
To comfort her: and jolly well she did it!
For Ruth's great grief soon ceased or else she hid it.
Then to Naomi's Land the two repaired,
Their love enhanced by sorrows they had shared.
And so the elder of the widowed twain
Set out to find, for Ruth, another swain;
And all her schemes, 'tis said, succeeded so as
To marry Ruth to wealthy kinsman Boaz.
Unselfish? No! *She* was too old to wed,
So Ruth agreed to give her board and bed,
Trusting to Boaz not to spoil her plan
Who swallowed hook and line like any man.
The attic room, or one just off the hall,
Was where Naomi nightly had to crawl;
And all her meals, unleavened bread and 'taters,
Were eaten in the kitchen with the waiters,—
For Boaz, when the honeymoon was spent,
Tightened his purse-strings—wouldn't spend a cent!
And Naomi as welcome was, I think,
As hungry roaches in the kitchen sink.
This is the only case,—I know no other!
Where widowed wife abided husband's mother;
Or, where a woman, in such circumstance,
Would give her son's relict another chance.

There's Baal and those exalting Gods of brass;
And Balaam, Prophet: but we'll let him pass!
And John the Baptist, man who lost his head
To fair Salomé, tho she cut him dead.
There's Absalom the Vain, whose hair was long,
Who, in the final parting, got in wrong:
And Pharaoh, with chariots and fighters
Pursuing Moses and the Israeliters;
Who, half-seas over, when the King dropped in,
Punished the latter for his divers sin,
And rescued on the Red Sea bar his folk,
Athirst for freedom from the Ptolemy yoke.

While yet the rushes bent beneath the blast
Of Red Sea winds, a prodigy was cast.
(From common *mold*, perhaps, but 'tis enough
To know that he was made of proper stuff.)
And little did the Tempest wot his noise
Was silence likened to the bawling boy's.
The Earth breathed on the shape and gave it speech,
Or something vocally akin, a screech.
Thus Moses had his coming out—and lo!
He rushed into the arms of Fairy O
(Daughter of Pharaoh, the mighty King)
Who bore him to the Palace 'neath her wing.
Fed on the Milk of Kindness to begin,
With Medica Materia thrown in,
He grew until appointed, by decree,
To Little Egypt, Princess, the M.D.

Thus Doctor Moses hung his shingle out,
And soon his fame was heralded about.
To doctors since, no fame like his doth cling:
No Specialist: he doctored everything!
He analyzed and stopped the human leak;
(His patience was rewarded, so to speak)
He charged his people to eschew the swine,
And made the Ten Commandments seem benign.
Not only as Physician did he rate,
But as a Surgeon: he could amputate!
He cut off Pharaoh in his pursuit
And, by this operation, gained repute.
He set his people right and made no bones
Of driving lepers from the Safety Zones;
He gave them tablets for their moral healing,
Knowing their pulses without even feeling.
His praises now resound from every lip
Because he saved the Jews from Phar'oh's grippe.
Still 'long the Nile the pink-winged curlews flock
Where Moses took his henchmen out of hock;
The minions of Æolus hurtle on,
Leaving a trail of foam the waves upon,—
Stopping anon, where restless driftwood crushes
The lotus pads that hover near the rushes,
To chant a requiem and breathe a prayer
Over the spot that cradled Moses there.
If modern doctors would obey the rule
Of common sense prescribed by Moses' School;
If they would note our pulses and our looks

Instead of feeling of our pocket-books
And judging circulation by the latter,
We'd sometimes know, perhaps, just what's the matter.
What doctor now would diagnosis make
And call it simple, old-time belly-ache,
Charging a trifling fee to cure the pain?
Ah, no! those days will not return again!
No more, alas! will green-fruit cramps delight us,
For colic now is styled appendicitis.
By leaps and bounds have grown the "trifling fees";
"Five hundred!" now, succeeds "One Dollar, please!"
And germs, in league with doctors, have their station
At vital points to force inoculation,
So that our Systems pay a pretty price
For ev'ry nostrum, ev'ry fake device
Known to the School of Quacks: and so we suffer
Imposed upon by patentee and duffer.
O, for a Moses! That's our crying need—
To cure Physicians of unbridled greed
And probe, no matter where it hurts, the cause
Of Doctors' strange immunity from laws.
O! for an instrument—an act or sermon—
Of Moses' kind—to cut the germ from German!
And lead them from the Wilderness of Vice
Whose hearts were warm but now have turned to ice!

All these and many more increase the lustre
Distinguishing this brilliant Jewish cluster.
And Abraham? We save him for the last,

The first in line, renowned Iconoclast.
Of all the Israelites, the men of mark,
Who else compares with this grand Patriarch?
And who besides, of all the racial roots,
Developed half the lusty leaves and shoots,
Strong limbs and branches, virile seed? *some* trunk!
The Ark, with all this luggage, would have sunk!
And so 'twere well the Deluge didst o'erwhelm
The Earth, ere this, with Noah at the helm,
Else to preserve the chosen and elite
Of Israel's line would needs have taxed a fleet.

I love these ancient tribesmen who illumine
The Archives of the Past: they were so human!
Their frailties were but habits of the Race
Since Father Adam set the human pace
Hitched up with Eve who, chafing at the bit,
Did well her part or bit, in spite of it.
But all their mortal weaknesses were nil
Compared with virtues that their Records fill;
And good or bad, or medium or fair,
No Tribe excelled their morals anywhere.
They freely gave their tithes, but did it pay
To advertise their wealth? a give away!
And so their pockets have been worn and frayed
By frequent contributions they have made
To Charity and Church. I hope and pray
They've saved a little for a rainy day!
I think they have! for Money talked,—confessed

That Hebrews were the ones he liked the best,
Because they never slighted or abused him,
And always were so careful how they used him.

And so, O Sons of Abraham, I say
You've come into your own and come to stay!
The Promised Land is yours, but what is more,
The Earth and Seas and Skies with all their store.
You wandered from Judea, but why care?
Because your home is here as well as there;
And we would miss you just as much, I vum,
As those who wait you in Capernaum;
For Broadway would despair and sackcloth don
If you should leave New York for Ascalon.

No more, thank God! will Infidels profane
Jerusalem. For centuries the stain
Of Turkish rule has laid its unclean hand
Upon the Altars of the Holy Land.
But now the Prophet's promise is fulfilled,
And Jews and Gentiles are rejoiced and thrilled
As Men of Allenby, God's Sword, restore
The Holy City: *yours* forevermore.

ENGLAND

O, Mighty Atlas, thou hast borne the load
Of hapless peoples smarting from the goad
Of Tyranny, until thy giant strength
Seems overtaxed and doomed to break at length.
Unless thy vim endures with steadfast force;
Unless thy Ship of State keeps on its course;
Unless thou gird thy loins and stand astride,
Colossus-like, the struggles that betide—
While all the Furies strive, the Turk and Hun,
To sap thy power—undo what thou hast done—
Of what avail will all thy efforts be
Against the tottering walls of Tyranny?
And to what purpose will have lived thy men
Who won imposing fame with sword or pen?
And what, I pray, will all thy thousands slain
Avail thy Empire if they've died in vain?

PREPAREDNESS

The Ostrich has his wings, but not for flight;
He flies *on foot* when danger is in sight;
His mate lays eggs upon the desert reaches
And "sands" them over when the leopard screeches.
The eggs, thus mounded, fall an easy prey
To feline foragers who slink that way.
The Ostrich, thus, guards not his nest: instead
He hides, in burning sands, his shameless head
And lets his monoplane and rudder be
Stripped of their plumage by an enemy.

Ostriches should Carry
Their Eggs in a Basket
And use their Feathers
For Dusting over the Desert.

The Squirrel is quite a different kind of fowl:
He works while others sleep, the sly old owl!
And stores up food, against the rainy day,
In secret nooks, from forest thieves away.
When winter comes, or when besieged by foes,
Securely housed he feasts and thumbs his nose
And ridicules starvation: he's immune!
While others, shiftless, sing another tune.

The Squirrel, you see, is much misfortune spared
In times of stress because he is prepared.

Improvident Nuts
Should Tear a Leaf
From the Squirrel's Diary.

A Heifer on the Railroad Crossing stood
Chewing Contentment's Cud, as heifers should,—
When, rushing madly, "late again," there came
The Noonday Mail. The Heifer was to blame
For choosing her position, I would say,
Because the Engine had the Right of Whey.
The Cow was unprepared! Her switching tail
Failed signally to flag the Noonday Mail.
But why keep beefing over milk that's spilled?
She heeded not the sign and thus was killed.

Heifers with Unprotected
Flanks should not Invite
Rear-guard Actions.

The Busy Bee improves the shining hours
And gathers honey from the fragrant flowers.
When Winter comes, forsaking field and rill,
He *hibernates*, but lives in clover still.
While Famine stalks without, his Home, *Sweet Home*
Is stored with tempting food from floor to dome.
He never lacks, nor has to buy, but cells

His surplus food gleaned from the flower-fringed dells.
A thrifty fellow is the Busy Bee
And fortified against Emergency.

A Bee's Ears
Contain no Wax
And he Saves his Combings
Against the Baldness of Old Age.

The Mule is well equipped but lacks the *mind*;
His strategy is in his heels, behind.
If pointed wrong, his practice is not dreaded,
But kick he will, no matter how he's headed.
With foresight lacking, hindsight to the fore,
He'll be just simple Mule forevermore;
Without the range or sight he'll blaze away
And thwart his purpose with his brazen bray.
If well-directed effort were his cult
No fortress could withstand his catapult.

A Mule should Conserve
His Ammunition and
Not Shoot-off his Mouth.

The Burglar, have you noticed? never troubles
To look for petty loot in obscure hovels.
He packs his kit and steals adown the road
To Gaspard Moneybags' renowned abode.
He knows the house-plan ("inside" dope, no doubt)

And when he's *in*, old Moneybags is *out*.
But Jimmy does not dent the window-sash;
He enters *thru the door* and gets the cash.
Prepared? Well, yes! He knew just where to look,
For Nora hung the key upon the hook.

Team-work is
The Handmaiden
Of Efficiency.

It pays to be Prepared, you see, and so
The Snail in Armored Car goes safe, tho' slow;
And Alligators in their Coats of Mail
Withstand assaults where those, defenceless, fail.
The Tortoise totes his Caripace around
And dwells in safety where his foes abound;
While Wasps, with poisoned javelins, defend
Successfully their offspring to the *end*.
A Sheep with ramparts has no thought of fear,
But guards his buttress when his foes appear,
And any Skunk can frighten and harass
An Army with Asphyxiating Gas.

THE FUGITIVE KISS

How I loved her! There on the gate we'd lean,
(The dear, old gate that never gave away
The loving nothings we were wont to say)
From day to day,
And sometimes after dark;
She was my Angel-Sweetheart, just sixteen.

But I was shy! And while I longed to taste
The nectar of her lips, I was afraid
To draw her to my breast and kiss the Maid:
But I essayed!
And this is what I drew—
"There's Papa with the bulldog, so make haste!"

What could I do? The "bark" was flecked with foam,
And old man Jones was meaner than a cur;
So there I stood 'twixt fear, and love of her
And didn't stir
Until they came: and then
I kissed them *all* Good-bye and *beat it home*.

NEW MEXICAN NATIONAL ANTHEM

My Country vast and grand,
Sweet Montezuma Land,
My Stingareé.
Land of the Knife and Gun,
Villa and Scorpion;
Land of the Evil One
I weep for thee!

Smallpox and Rattlesnakes
Lurk in thy Cactus brakes,
And Yellow Jack.
Spiders and Centipedes
Gloat o'er thy murd'rous deeds:
To cure thy crying needs,
Call Diaz back.

Tarantula and Flies
Poison your lands and skies:
Behold your graves!
Carranza's waving beard
By Pancho's Band is feared,
And will be till he's sheared
Or dyes or shaves.

Horned Toads and Vampire Bats,
Gilas and Mountain Cats,
Where'er you go!

Buzzards and Vultures reign
Over a million slain;
And Mescal is the bane
Of Mexico.

O, Land of Chili con
Carne and Obregon,
Let murders cease!
Keep Freedom's fires aglow
Where La Frijólés grow;
Throw up your Sombrero
And Keep the Peace!

LOVE

I

Love is the Mecca of our Heart's Desire:
We worship at its shrine and feel its thrill;
Burning our Hopes upon its Altar Fire
Till Passion be consumed, but not until.

II

Then Love assumes a calmer mood, when spent—
His quiver empty and his bow unstrung—
And peers into the pleasing Past, content
To live, unmoved, his memories among.

STRONGARM'S WATERLOO

Some drive! From tee to green in one: par, three!
That's putting proper English on, you see!
And, Goodness Golfus! See the ball roll up
To easy putting distance from the cup.
Who is this man? Professional, no doubt!
He'll "card" a thirty-seven going out;
And if he gets the "breaks" he'll make, methinks,
A new low record for the Piedmont Links.
See with what confidence he wends his way
The Fairway thru to make his hole out play!
The Gallery, expectant, follows thru
To see the Champion go down in *two*.
Then to the ball he makes his last address,
(The ball was peeved at what he said, I guess)
And pulls his gooseneck back a foot or so
Before he hits the sphere the fateful blow.
Alas for human frailty! See it flit
Across the green into the sandy pit!
The sighing winds, in protest, moaned Beware!
While he invoked the Deity in prayer.
And then he played his third, but topped the sphere,
The Rubber Rogue responding with a leer.

A halo hung around the Stranger's head

It seemed: but, nay! 'twas brimstone fire instead,
For what he said, in type is not displayed
Except on fire-proof paper, I'm afraid.

Four! Five! Six! But still far from the goal!
The Player loses all his self-control
And breaks the "goose" in twain: then hark the din,
When Caddie trails the ball and *kicks it in!*

Far from the scene of strife the Club House beck
The weary Golfers on their inward treks;
And close beside, beneath the porch's shade,
The Nineteenth hole dispenses lemonade
And other cheering drinks, within the law;
But little ice that cuts: who cares a straw?

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

Yes! I've done my bit, as you fellows would say,
If serving one's country deserves any praise:
Two years at the front, then an arm shot away!
And this is my "cross" in reward for those days.
But I can do more! While there's blood in my veins
I'll give the last drop, while the hoof of the Hun
Polluted and cloven in Alsace remains:
Until France is free we must fight: every one!

Of course I'll go back to the trenches again:
My wound is fast healing and soon will be sound;
Six chevrons have I, but I'll fight with the men
Who fill up the shell-holes like moles in the ground.
I'll charge with the Boys when they hurdle the top,
The Tri-color lashed to my half-useless arm,
With pistol or sword in my hand, till I drop:
For Freedom is menaced: Go sound the alarm!

France needs every son, be they crippled or strong,
To rid our fair land of the murderous horde:
So flock to the Colors, Brave Boys: come along!
And fight till the Glory of France is restored!
Our women are outraged, our children enslaved;
Up, Frenchmen! and strike till the last dying breath!

We can *never* turn back, so be it engraved
On our spears and escutcheons,—*Vengeance or Death!*

WAR

Down by the village runs the stream
Once placid, now a raging flood:
Behold it, by the day's last gleam
Gorged with the dead and dyed with blood.

The Chapel bell has tolled its last;
The trees are bare, tho this be Spring:
Death's shroud is on the village cast,
And Ruin reigns o'er everything.

A grist of carnage clogs the Mill,
And shells have razed the quondam homes:
Fresh graves the trampled vineyards fill,
Whose cellars are but catacombs.

Beyond the village, Refugees
Stand, herded, cowed by fear and grief,
Or, *gassed*, implore on bended knees
For death, despairing of relief.

With bayonets and faces set
The Grenadiers, by L'Aiglon led,
Present a gruesome parapet,—
Thus, *still defending*, tho they're dead.

SONG OF THE SAMSONS

We are Samsons, Biff! Boom! Bang!
Here to pot the Potsdam Gang.
If Bad Bill is found in Metz,
We'll not vouch for what he gets!
If in Essen he is caught,
Good Night! Kultur, Him und Gott!
Shades of Bismarck! Watch him faint
When he finds his Empire *ain't*!

To our Sweethearts we said "Knit,"
We must go and do our Bit!
How d'ye do, Pierrot? Pierrette?
We are friends of Lafayette!
Wait until our Drive begins,—
Bill, you'll suffer for your sins!
Sick 'em, Prince! We'll tie the fuse
Onto Frederich Wilhelm's shoes.

When we occupy Cologne—
Phew! How big and strong you've grown!
We will paint each shop and lodge
With bright red in camouflage!
Then to Carlsbad we will swing;
Need the baths like everything!

Frauleins leave your fears behind;
We don't war on womankind!

We are filled with fire and zeal:
Watch us pick the locks to Kiel!
We are coming to our own
In Lorraine across the Rhone!
When our Flocks of Eaglets fly—
Dunder! Blitzen! Bill, Good-bye!
Beaks of Steel and Claws of Lead—
Sun eclipsed! The Geezer's dead.

CHORUS

O, you U Boats,
That for U!
We slipped thru you;
How d'y' do?
Hindenberg? Ach, let him rant!
He won't stop us '*cause he can't!*
Zepps and Taubs are falling down;
Butcher Bill will lose his crown;
Watch your step, you Horrid Hun,
You can't *goosestep* when you *run!*

Hooray for the crimson, white and blue!
'Rah for Old Glory! *Chapeau bas vous!*
'Rah for the Tri-Color! We're at home
In *la belle* France by the *eau de Somme*;

Hooray for our Allies true and brave!
We'll all sweep thru like a tidal wave
Over the *top* in a mighty Drive—
And never stop while the Hunds survive!

SIX DAYS

O, the comfort we feel
When we finish a meal
Consisting of rice cakes and whey;
Because beyond question
There's no indigestion
At the end of a Meatless day.

When the "buck" dough doth rise
From y'East to the skies
And hot griddled pancakes—oh, say!
With sausages frying
There's no use denying
Your welcome, O Wheatless day.

When the house is afrost
Without fuel: its cost
Is more than we're able to pay:
With our hearts all aglow
We can thaw ice or snow
Making light of a Heatless day.

When there's discord with wife
There's a shadow on life
That once was so sunny and gay;

But billing and cooing
Subordinate stewing
At the end of a Sweetless day!

When will beefsteak and ham
Not be sold by the gram?
How long will these high prices stay?
When the bad Profiteers
Show contrition and tears
At the dawn of a Cheatless day.

When our Soldiers in France
Do their Indian dance
And scalp all the Huns in the fray,
The Kaiser will holler,
With rope for a collar,
At the end of his Ruthless day!

A PROTEST

While now 'tis meet to eat fish, eggs and maize,
Vice meat and wheat whene'er we dine or sup,
So be it! but this protest I would raise—
In spite of warnings—veal keeps bobbing up!

A PRAYER

O Sun and Skies, that Hoover o'er our Fields
Where Grains implanted lie, and Silos stand,—
Pour out thy Warmth and Rains till Hunger yields
Thruout the World to our blest *Fodderland!*

SINCE THE LITTLE ONE CAME

I seem to have taken a new lease on life
Since the little one came;
I've lost the old grouch, and I say to my wife,
Do you think I'm to blame
Because I have changed in my feelings towards you
Since the Little One came?
The furnace, 'tis true, gave me something to do,
But I think it a shame
That some tiny tie like the Little One here
(How is Snooks for a name?)
Was not sooner left on our doorstep, my dear!

The Store takes my time, but a very small part,—
It's all over at four!
I've cut Clancy's out and have made a new start;
All my cronies are sore!
But what do I care? I have mended my ways,
So I rush from the Store
And hasten back home where the Little One plays
On the ruggèd hall floor,
And pick him up quick (O, how pretty he looks!)
Without shutting the door;
So anxious I am to caress little *Snooks*.

The chafing-dish chafes and the Joy-car is sore;
We have given them up!
The Two-step and Bridge are tabooed evermore;
There is Joy in our Cup!
We've cut out the movies and dining about
For our own modest sup;
And billiards and golfing, I've cut them both out!
As I did to the Hup.
With playthings and drum (and a ruppy, tup, tup!)
Loaded up like a Krupp,
I beat it to Snooky,—our *English Bull Pup*.

RUN ALONG, LITTLE GIRL!

Run along, Little Girl! for it's bed-time now:
Your Dollies are sleepy and poor old Bow-wow
Is weary and lonesome, curled up in a heap—
'Twould take little rocking to put him to sleep!
Your Teddy Bear's growling: or is it a snore?
Perhaps he objects to his bed on the floor?
So pick up your treasures and when prayers are said—

Run along, Little Girl, and climb in to bed!
Run along, Little Girl! The Sandman is here;
You've crowded too much into one day, I fear!
Poor, little, tired Girlie, you've worked at your play
Till the bloom of your cheeks has faded away.
To-morrow, again, you can sit by the fire
And dress all your Dollies in gala attire.
Say, Good Night! to your thimble, needle and seams;

Run along, Little Girl, and sweet be your dreams!
Run along, Little Girl, and cover up tight!
There's nothing to harm you, no spooks in the night
Nor Bogeymen glaring when you are awake;
For they're *bad* little girls that Bogeymen take.

A RETROSPECT

Picture a Home with love aglow and laughter
Reverberating from each joist and rafter;
A sweet-faced Mother kissing you "Good Night"
With "Go to sleep! lest Santa Claus take fright
And dashes by—leaving no books or toys
For naughty, wide-eyed, little girls and boys."
Then see her tip-toe down the stairs, and trim
The tree—a toy on ev'ry outstretched limb;
The rocking-horse and wagon at the base,
And candy-stockings in the big fireplace:
For thus we retrospect to show, no other
Would scheme and work and "fabricate" like Mother
To make our Christmas Day a grand fruition,
And keep the secret of its sweet tradition.

THE EAGLE SCREAMS

We have arrived! America is First!
Here Freedom cradled; here its pæan burst
Upon the ears of nations, near and far
Till Light of Freedom is the Guiding Star
Thruout the world; though Thralldom still obscures
The Guiding Star where Tyranny endures.
'Twas ever thus till Boston's "Reb" array
Upset King George's teapot in the Bay,
And Pegasus, whom we Revere, astride
His high-bred hobby, warned the countryside.
Before that time the Briton played the game
Of *pour la tea* or Golf (its proper name).
With confidence and brassie nerve, methinks,
Until they struck a Bunker on our links
That thwarted all their prowess—'pon my soul!
And left them groggy at the nineteenth hole.
But still they puttered 'round and drank our rum
Till Washington's avenging time had come;
When, with his army, steeled at Valley Forge,
He, George the First, uncrowned the other George,
And all the "red-breasts," from our eyries shooed
Where now the Bird of Freedom guards his brood.

THE SERVICE STAR

The stars are a gleam in their azurine field,
Diffusing effulgence afar;
But magnitude, lustre and fixedness yield
To the glorious Service Star.

In aureate setting, a pendant aglare,
Is the radiant Service Star;
That blazes with fire like a rare solitaire,
A gift to the Valkyr of War.

Protect thou our treasure, O, Valkyr! Restore
Our Jewel so priceless! and bar
From Valhalla's Dungeons, where Death's torrents pour,
Our sanctified Service Star!

SOME DAY

Some day when the war is ended
And we sail from France away,
With sorrow and longings blended,
Back home to America;
And we live once more in Blighty
A thousand years in a day,
In the Land of God Almighty
Where the Old Folks watch and pray:
Some day, when we hit the pillow
Again on a box-spring bed,
As snug as an armadillo
With his shell-protected head;
When bugles refrain from tooting,
And noises of battle stop;
When victory ends recruiting,
Or charging Over the Top:
Some day! when we're thru with fighting
And the beaten Hun retreats;
When the Cooties cease from biting
And we sleep between the sheets!

THE CRUISE OF THE SEA SERPENT

And now behold the Merchant Submarine!
Only its peeking periscope is seen,
But what a cyclorama it reveals
To those below! Thru surging seas it steals
And vies with dolphins, porpoises and sharks
To keep apace with brigantines and barks;
And, tho itself unseen, it's proud to show
To what low depths a submarine can go.
The Cyclops sees as well by night as day;
Its father, Neptune, gives it right of way:
Amphibious, it rides the Ocean's crest,
Or in its sunken Gardens takes its rest.
This new-type boat we designate as It
Because no other pronoun seems to fit.
No water-laden craft could be a He,
Nor one unspoken could be rated She.
The Germans call it *unter*: O. U. Cargo!
They aim to close the bar on the embargo.
Beneath the waves no lurching doth it feel
But speeds its course upon an even keel.
With duplex engines and a double crew,
(It's "manned" by mermaids when it's hid from view).
It scoffs at dangers, tho they lurk around,

And shuts its *eye* to perils that abound.
There's scant spare space, but still its ribs enfold
A priceless cargo in its shallow hold.
Past hostile ships into a neutral haven,
It comes up smiling with all flags a wavin'.

But now these "Cargo Craft" throw off disguise
And cut our neutral throats: it's no surprise
That dastards, who as "scraps of paper" rate
Their solemn Treaties, would thus lie in wait
And murder innocents without emotion,
Making a shambles of the outraged Ocean.
Now lashed to fury, see the waves rebel
And sweep these Prussian Pirates down to Hell!
No longer neutral the Avenging Sword
Is in our hands to smite the Hun-hound horde.
The God of Joshua, in righteous wrath
Will, in its flight thru empyrean path,
Command the Sun to stop: it is His will!
Till *Kultur* be effaced—and not until.

AMERICA

America, Crusader in the Cause
Of Liberty, before thy shrine we pause
And offer grateful prayer that thou art Right
In making demonstration of thy Might.
Without a thought of Conquest doth thou draw
Thine honored sword for Liberty and Law,
That Nations of a common tongue, tho weak,
May gain the Peace with Freedom that they seek;
And occupy again, when battles cease,
Their places in the Firmament of Peace.
Fight on! Defender of the Cause! till Truth
Shall banish Tyranny and Wars forsooth,
And throttle *Kultur* and its godless School,
Till Teutons, purged, obey the Golden Rule!

LIFE AND LOVE

Life is the Echo of the Buried Past;
A Soul reclaimed, an Atom born anew:
Its fire burns on, tho flickering at the last,
And finds its grand fulfillment, Love, in you.

LIFE IN DEATH

Why should we dread the Messenger of Death?
Who comes as friend when sufferings beset,
And gives surcease of pain with final breath
So that Life leaves, rejoiced, without regret.

GERMANY

O, Hun, from what low beast didst thou descend?
That thou shouldst have the lust to kill and rend;
The bestial passion to enjoy the groans
Of suffering victims, while you crunch their bones
Or gouge their eyes, that mutely plead in vain
For quick oblivion and ease from pain?
Of ponderous cast and savage mien, what teat,
With Hatred filled and Passion's fiery heat,
Reared thee more wolf than man? ill-bred,—a curse
To thine own kind, and to the Universe!

ITALY

Italians, hold! Rienzi pleads again
Against the Tyrants: hold if ye be men!
Let not the foe despoil your fertile lands
Or wrest historic treasures from your hands!
Guard well your daughters! Shield your budding sons!
Lest they be maimed or murdered by the Huns.
Soldiers of Italy, would ye be slaves
To Teuton hordes? Behold the sacred graves
Of Garibaldi and your martyred dead
Who made ye Freemen! Wouldst be slaves instead?
The Alpine Passes that were yours are lost;
Your Northern Rivers have been reached and crossed;
Hold, Romans, hold! Halt further Teuton gains,
And drive their looting legions from your plains!
Hold! Men of Italy! Your wall of steel
Can save fair Venice from the Despot's heel:
Hold! Every man! for Honor, Country, Home—
And for the Glory of Eternal Rome!

MARY IS MERRY NO MORE

The Lamb that accompanied Mary
Without aid of cudgel or rope,
Was raised by her sire Elder Berry,
And washed with dioxygen soap.

Its fleece, like the linen-spread table,
Was snow-white: the lambkin was prized
And kept from the sheep in the stable
Who never were deodorized.

The lamb had a yearning for knowledge,
And schoolward would follow the lass
Till she was admitted to college,
A graduate out of his class.

Then sheep-eyes were made by the teacher,
And Mary was quick to decide
'Twixt him and the poor, woolly creature
Who made lambentations and died.

She married her Teacher,—a lesson!
Dyspeptic and old, he's a fright!
Her thoughts fail of fitting expression,
So she lams her own kids just for spite.

She looks at her spouse with deep loathing,
And sighs for her dead quadruped,
And wishes the "wolf in sheep's clothing"—

Her husband, were dead in his stead.
Alas, lass! You've forded the ferry;
Your tombstone was graven for two;
The lamb, chiseled there, stands for Mary,
And the *Old English* Mary for yew.
The lamb reached the end of his tether
When Mary ascended on High,
But surely, in spite of the wether,
They'll meet in the Sweet Bye-and-Bye.

I SHOT AN ARROW

I shot an arrow: how it sang!
It was a poisoned arrow!
And when it turned, a boomerang,
It chilled me to the marrow.

I know not where the arrow struck,
And care but little whether
It came straight back or ran amuck
Upon the near-by heather.

But *this* I know; however fast
The arrow homeward scurried,
My getaway was unsurpassed—
For, Goodness, how I hurried!

FIXING THE BLAME

The almost-King of Verdun, still uncrowned,
Wearied of *driving*, walked the ramparts 'round
To see his father, Mr. William Kaiser,
Who was to him an Oracle and wiser.
"O Sire! Inform me! Tell your first-born son,
Who caused the War, and why it was begun?
Who slipped the leash, and what was the excuse
For turning Europe's rabid War Dogs loose?
Did you? Or was it Cousin George, or Nick
Who stacked the cards and played the dirty trick?
Or was it Joe, or Ferdinand, or Grey
Who sawed the bridge and pulled the props away?"

"My Son, I swear by all the periscopes
And Zeppelins to which I pin my hopes;
By all the Ocean Sharks and Bats a-sky,
By Gott-in-Himmel! As I hope to die,
I'm not to blame! I didn't use the spurs,
Or try to overwork Geographers!
I fought for Peace, and ne'er defiance hurled,
Altho' the Fatherland *should* rule the world.
But here's the truth: a secret I'll disclose!
A stranger 'twas who made us come to blows!
It happened thus: a mighty Nimrod came

From Afric wilds, where he had played the game
Until his cudgel bore a hundred nicks,
(A record this for all Prodigious Sticks)
To Germany. No pussyfoot was his,
But there was courage in his Nobel phiz;
And in his stride were energy and grace
Enough to make the goose-step commonplace.
I took him to my Palace, as my guest,
And poured libations from the cellar's *best*,
(He was a *certified* non-drinker—See?
So just accord this proper secrecy!)
And then arranged to hold a Grand Review
Of all my Armies and Reservists too.
'De-lighted!' said my guest, and nothing more,
As we reviewed my legions corps by corps;
But this blunt comment signified his zeal,
And so I mobilized my fleet at Kiel;
And on my Royal Yacht, my guest and I
Watched the manœuvres as my ships passed by.
'De-lighted, Bill!' the Hardy Hunter shouted—
'With such a fleet I'd have the whole world routed;
And with your armies I would soon disperse
The Fighting Units of the Universe!'
Such praise was pleasing to my ears, altho
My Wasps and Devil-fish I didn't show:
I deemed it best to *meld* this 'hundred aces'
When all my ships and men were in their places.
Had he seen *these*, I knew he would advise
The conquest of the Earth and Seas and Skies:

But, Shades of Bismarck! *that*, you understand
Might prove a strain upon the Fatherland.
And so I kept the Peace, but thought about
The many martial plans we figured out;
And how the cost of my Frontier Defences
Compared with his proposed campaign expenses.
You see, Mein Heir, this man was full of guile
And caused the War: this Bey of Oyster Isle.
He hypnotized me: put it in my mind
To be the Potentate of all Mankind!
So blame me not! The fault I must disown,
And put the guilt on Theodore alone!
Whatever comes anon, I'm not whipped yet!
And with it all, I have but one regret—
That *he* was not impressed to lead my drive
To Petersburg to take the Czar alive;
And then, a Marshal, ordered to Páree
To capture it and bring it back to me;
Then take my fleet, the English Channel over
And put King George to rout and bombard Dover;
And then supplant the Sultan, take his Fez
And lead my peerless Forces to Suez.
While *you* have failed, and Hindenburg and Mack,
He never fizzles when he makes attack.
See what I've missed! for, *see what he has done!*
And yet his vast campaign is just begun.
He leads his Legions, Bull Moose, Calf and Cow
To capture a Convention *even now.*"

An orderly approached the Royal Pair
Just at this stage and left despatches there.
He stood at close attention, hand to head,
While this absorbing cablegram was read—
"Outflanked and captured; resignation tendered;
Moose dehorned and all the herd surrendered!
Am looking for another job already,—
Would take the German Presidency—Teddy."

The Kaiser turned, looked at the Prince and wept,
While noxious gases o'er the bulwarks crept.

LOVE'S RECOMPENSE

"Do you really, truly love me, with a love that mocks at Fate?"
Cried the rustic, buxom maiden to her lover at the gate;

"Yes, my Pet! And when Dame Fortune smiles upon us we
will wed;

I will strew your path with roses: Bear me witness, Gods
o'erhead!"

Thus he spake unto his sweetheart, under Heaven's starry
blue,

And the angels, smiling on him, heard his vow to "e'er be
true."

Then he placed his arms around her—kissed her: they were
in a trance!

And two *soles* toward Heav'n were lifted as the bulldog
grabbed his pants.

ADAM'S ALE

Come, Comrades, gather 'round the festal board
And quaff the sparkling Water from the gourd!
This is the drink that Adam's Tribe imbibed
Before the Wines of Gath were diatribed.
(Methinks some other brand was drunk by Cain
The day that Abel ruthlessly was slain.)
And won, against all other potions there,
The First White Ribbon at the Gaza Fair.
You'll never know, until you take a sip
Its power to soothe, and cool the fevered lip.
Had Noah *stuck to* water he would shine
As undisputed Master of the Brine.
The Water-wagon that he launched, at first
Steered Noah straight but didn't cure his thirst:
So when he *spoke* the Ararat Café
He soon fell off,—his rudder washed away.
But wallward turn the picture you're beholding
And hang more cheerful paintings on the moulding!
Behold a *watercolor* of eclat!
This, fair Rebecca had the skill to *draw*:
She stands beside the well and plies the sweep,
While sweat and blushes o'er her features creep.
Such grace and poise, such strength and skill,
Such sweeping gestures and unbending will

Are indices of Abstinence complete;
(We can't abstain from loving you, Petite!)
Upon her head she rests the dripping urn
And goes straight home: she doesn't *dare* to turn!
Don't stumble, Miss! Or suffer teasing boys
To cause derangement of your equipoise!
But keep your head and waver not at all
Lest you be deluged by the waterfall!
So daily to the pool Rebecca strayed
And drank the water, when she didn't wade:
And thus her framework waxed like iron; I trust
'Twas ne'er assailed or undermined by rust.
So, fill the gourd and pass it to your friend!
It's Safety First and safety to the end.
No headaches lurk within, no tinge of sorrow,
No dark forebodings or remorse to-morrow!
And furthermore, it isn't hard to take:
If you've not tried it, *do*, for Mercy's sake!
Behold the Oaken Bucket, hanging high,
By Bards and Singers lauded to the sky.
It never touched, in all its useful days,
A thing but water. Here fair Psyche plays
Beside the spring that mirrors all her graces.
(Would you object to *water in* such cases?)
Now mark the fate befalling Jack and Jill
Because they slipped and let the water spill;
And see poor Tantalus for water crying,
Thus punished for his sins,—athirst and dying!
And note this "Titian," called "The Drunkard's Fate,"

In which the crimson hues predominate.
He holds the lamp-post in his close embrace
And has a package from Pat Murphy's place
To carry home. His eyes are red and dim,
So close the bar and turn the hose on him!
This drink was ever priceless, yet it's free;
The Source and Fountain of Sobriety;
And so we offer without bar or price
Enough of THIS to put your thirst on ice.
So drink to WATER, while the billows swell:
The World wants Prohibition—and all's WELL!

RUSSIA

Canst Thou, in all this babel, build aright
Freedom's Palladium? The long, black night
That, ages thru, hath dimmed your yearning eyes
And dulled your minds, still hovers o'er your skies.
A rift there was, disclosing to your view
The Dawn of Day, but then the darkness grew
Yet more intense, as if the Sun rebelled
At such a cheerless greeting and withheld
Its Light. And now again Night reigns supreme,
But just beyond the Day is all a gleam.

BELGIUM

Sad-eyed and weary, Thou must suffer more,
Until thy supermen have paid the score
For outraged daughters, murdered sons and wives;
For ravaged homesteads, and brave soldiers' lives.
Be not dismayed! Altho your Cup of Woe
Is full to overflowing from the blow;
Tho Justice seems indifferent to your prayer,
And ruin stalks about you everywhere.
The day of reckoning is near at hand,
When Justice will restore your pillaged Land,
And Vengeance will unsheath its righteous blade
And flay the Teutons till your score is paid.

OUR FRIENDS ACROSS THE STREET

(To S. and W. A.)

When we're tired of reading essays,
Tho they be a mental treat;
When we're bored by social callers,
Be they ever so elite;
When we crave some relaxation
Or the Foursome's incomplete,
We S. O. S. or telephone
To our Friends across the Street.

When our larder needs renewing
Or our ice succumbs to heat;
When the signs of Drought are brewing
'Cause our "stock" is incomplete;
And our chairs are insufficient
When we have some guests to seat,
Why, we just go out and borrow
From our Friends across the Street.

When we're worried or in trouble,

And our projects meet defeat;
When our prospects seem quite hopeless,—
Life seems bitter that was sweet;
When we lose our nerve and falter
'Cause the rough way wounds our feet,
We can always find sweet comfort
In our Friends across the Street.

When we end, at last, our journey
And the saintly Peter greet,
Or descend to Realms Infernal
Where the Goats, rejected, bleat,
We would never feel contented,
Whether mixed with Chaff or Wheat,
If we couldn't be together
With our Friends across the Street.

EPITAPHS

I left this Vale of Tears to gain repose,
And change, for Harp and Wings, my worldly clothes;
There's no redress, so if I *fall* from grace
I'll be quite cool enough for *either* place.

Wed
Bled
Fled
Dead
Nufsed

Go not the way I went, O Mortal Man!
But follow out a more successful plan,
Lest you, as I am now, remorseful be
For imitating U. S. Currency.

For forty cents an hour I slaved
At Delpont's Powder Mills;
And all the money that I saved
Scarce paid my funeral bills.

Erected to our father is this stone:
He couldn't leave the whiskey flask alone;
To Spirit World he vanished from our sight;

We hope he's very snug, and *know* he's tight.

Above the clouds I sojourn now,
The twinkling stars between,
Because I tried to figure how
To cook with gasoline.

I'm *dead* all right, but not quite *all right* dead,
For schemes of vengeance hurtle thru my head;
My wife eloped, a cheating chicken she;
Forsook her nest, and then flew back to me
With all her brood: I love her as I useter
But I'm a-laying for that other Rooster.

I followed Father with the rake
The day he scythed the clover;
So *green*, he cut *me*, by mistake
And my heydays were over.

Here sleeps, at last, our little baby Yorick!
We couldn't make him *without paregoric*.

I'm not averse to being dead,
But this I do despise,—
To have a tombstone at my head
Inscribed with blooming lies:
"A faithful spouse, a parent kind;
Alas, too soon he went!"

But this is all they had in mind—
To get my last red cent.

Assembled here my Wife is, Helen Nation:
'Twas gasoline that caused the separation,
Which shows how very short the mortal lease is,—
I think 'twas lucky to have saved the pieces!

Here let me rest without a sigh or tear,
I've learned my lesson—not to interfere!
If I could live my mortal life agin
I'd be a pussyfoot and not butt in.

My Mother, famous for her pies
Lies buried 'neath this shaft;
I wonder if, in Paradise,
She still pursues her craft?
She'll be too much engrossed, 'twould seem,
In picking on the lyre
To give attention to a scheme
To bake without a fire.
But if perchance she had the dough
And couldn't make it rise,
I'm sure she'd know just where to go
To look for *heat* supplies.

He called me "Liar!" Like a flash
My honor I defended,
Until his razor cut a gash

So deep, that I was ended.
If I could live my life again
I'd not invite an issue
But say, when villified, Amen!
And thus preserve my tissue.

THE CONQUEST OF THE SUN

The Morning Sun, with golden dart,
Crept to Milady's bed;
And as he drew the screens apart
A halo crowned her head.

Such radiance he'd never viewed;
Enraptured, he surveyed
Her virgin charms: beatitude!
He stooped and kissed the maid.

Entranced because her splendor seemed
To dazzle as it shone,
He conjured all his wiles and beamed
Her burning cheeks upon.

And then she woke, Milady fair,
Enchanted by his art,
To find, 'midst fires a slumb'ring there,
His dart had pierced her heart.

And so the Morning Sun can gain
Milady when he tries,
But Midnight Sons must lose, 'tis plain,
Because they're late to rise.

OWED TO A ROACH

O, Thou, who thru the sink doth blithely go;
(O, Little Roach, how could you *sink* so low?)
Who pipeth all your kin from kitchens near
Wherever crumbs of comfort may appear;
Who layeth siege, in mural cracks or trenches,
Where grease spots lure or rampant be the stenches;
Who hideth in the dough when bread is rising,—
I ask you to a Feast, of my devising,—
To eat these *powders*, 'round the plumbing placed,
Until your gluttoned carcass be effaced.
O, Little Roach, if you would selfish be
And not "ring in" your whole fool family,
We'd tolerate you: nay, a pet would make you
If you'd not scamper all our pie and cake thru!

THE MOODS OF THE WINDS

O, Breezes of Spring!
How they rollick and ring
With delight as they sing
Like birds on the wing.

O, Zephyrs of May!
With your balm and bouquet;
How you gladden the day
Like Fairies at play.

O, Winds of the Fall!
How they thrill and enthrall,
How they hurtle and call
With shrill caterwaul.

O, Winter's bleak Breath!
How it freezes and saith
To the ice-vested wraith,
"Thou'rt shrouded in Death."

THE TOXIC TIPPET

'Tis said that Mary, she of Reader note,
Was wrapped up in her lamb—her lambskin coat—
E'en after his demise, beatified.
He served her well, and for his mistress dyed.

Then Mary died, and took angelic form,
Because the lambskin (used to keep her warm)
Gave her the anthrax: what a cruel blow
To be thus snatched above from furbelow!

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

My Shepherd careth for His flock:
Beneath a cloudless sky
In pastures green, by spring-cleft rock,
In luxury I lie.

He brings contentment to my soul
And leads me to the Light,
By which I see the Heav'nly goal
From dismal depths of Night.

Though Poverty attend my way
And sorrow fills my heart,
Thy Guidance will disaster stay,
So good and pure Thou art!

Thou, in the presence of my foes,
Bestoweth favors rare,
And giveth pleasure and repose
In answer to my prayer.

To such a Shepherd I will give
My everlasting love,
And glory in the Hope—to live
With Him, at last, Above.

FRIENDSHIP

True Friends are rare: who counts them by the score
Is blest indeed, for we have, seldom, more.
If we possess just one real, *trusting* friend
Who shares our troubles, loyal to the end;
Who, when we fall, will help us to our feet;
Who finds with us contentment most complete;
Whose pocket-book and heart are open thrown
Whether we need affection or a loan,
And makes no record of the favor done,
But gives, with equal pleasure, either one—
That's Friendship *true*! If I had twenty such,
With all their purses open to my touch,
And each disposed to "stake" me and forget
The circumstance and measure of the debt,
I'd soon be on the road to ease and plenty,
But wish I had *such* friendships *more than twenty*.

PARAMOUNT PROBLEMS

Shall Women vote? Shall Demon Rum survive
Or be, thru Woman Suffrage, flayed alive?
These are the questions that engross the nation:
Shall Women vote or be kept on probation?
Are they not gentle, honest, sweet and kind?
A single missing virtue we can't find,
And yet we say—"Stay home and can the cherries!
You're far too frail and fine for statecraft worries!
The Sacred Home for you! Just 'tend your chicks!
You'd soil your hands to mix in Politics!
And then there's scrubbing, cooking and a few
Odd jobs besides: you couldn't ballot *too!*"
But how absurd! Fair Woman, in her wrath,
Will make our future course a thorny path:
Unless we meet her fairly in these matters,
She'll tear our senseless arguments to tatters,
And rule *both* Home and State to suit herself,
Putting deceitful *man* upon the shelf.
As sure as death or taxes, day or night,
She'll have the *vote* without, or *with* a fight;
And those of us who counsel Peace, as best,
Should not oppose and put her to the test;
And when she *gets* the vote, by force or gift,
The clouds obscuring Temperance will lift;

For all the Wets will vanish, ev'ry one!
Evaporate like mists before the sun.
True, Women drink; it's foolish to deny it!
But not as men do—as a steady diet;
They'll take a punch, or sip a little claret,
But when it comes to liquor—they can't bear it.
And so we ask again—shall Women vote?
Shall men surrender to the petticoat
And give up all their freedom and their tipples
Just to return to Lacteal Life and Nipples?
The War is on! Nebraska bids defiance
To Rum Dispensers and the Booze Alliance:
Hereafter all our barley, wheat and corn
Will be quite unresponsive to the *horn*.
The *essence* of the grain will be tabooed
And ev'ry seed accounted for as *food*.
No more will Barleycorn assail our vitals
Or be the Leader in our Song Recitals:
No more will Liquor check our ardent thirst,
And so we'll go from bad, perhaps, to worst.
If we must *eat*, perforce, and never rum it,
What will befall the man who has to gum it;
Whose teeth are absent and who food eschews,
Drawing his daily nourishment from booze;
Who can't obtain a single drop of gin
To comfort and sustain the man within?
Pleading for drinks, unheeded he'll grow wheezy,
But he'll improve his breath if he'll Speak Easy.
The Drunkard's fate would be a dreadful warning,

Who, having "opened" Riley's place each morning
Found, one cold dawn, the foot-rail gone and read—
"Soft Drinks for Sale" where Schnapps was sold instead.
Picture his sorrow! See him pallid grow
When told the facts: a spectacle of woe!
Back to his wife he slinks: he couldn't face her!
Because he missed his usual "morning bracer."
The Place is sold: it's now a candy store
Where Schnapps will be dispensed *with* evermore.
Good-bye, Old Demijohn; Decanters, too!
His life will empty be—and so are you!
Where once the Canteen flourished 'neath our flag,
Now Prohibition flags the soldier's jag;
And where Josephus keeps his arid log
The water-pitcher has succeeded grog.
Some Commonwealths already have the pluck
To ban, humanely, those who *chase the duck*;
And other States have punished Rum enough
To have compassion on the *boot-leg* stuff.
Thus Prohibition grows: but so does wheat
And corn and rye: I wonder which will beat?
But what of Woman? Where's her rightful freedom?
They ought to have the vote, because we need 'em
To purge our land of drunkenness and crime
And save our striplings from the slough and slime.
Why *shouldn't* Women vote? Perhaps they may!
Should Drunkards or Illiterates say nay?
Could citizens of foreign birth refuse
To give our Native Daughters what they choose?

Our Native Sons with chivalry invoke
Fair play for women,—freedom from the yoke;
And shouldn't other Freemen rise in flocks
To help our Women win the Ballot Box?
The trouble lies, not *here*, but with the Bosses
Who trade in graft and deal in *double crosses*.
The sooner we eliminate this class
The quicker will *full freedom* come to pass.
But watch the Anti! Make her hold her tongue,
Or duck her in the pond, the geese among;
Or lock her in the booth, without a mirror,
Where she can't see herself and we can't hear her.
Thus, neck and neck, these two great questions lead:
Will men be equal to their Country's need?
If one Reform upon the other waits,
Speed Equal Suffrage to the White House gates,
And Prohibition (Farewell, Dear old Liquor!)
Will follow as the tape pursues the ticker!
But if, perchance, the Dry's should get a trimmin',
Smile, if you please,—but don't *prohibit* Women!

A REUNION

Once more, Good Friends, we're gathered 'round the board
To feel the joys of fellowship restored.
There's nothing like them! *Friends* can't be replaced,
Nor thoughts of them from Memory be effaced!
Of course we form *new* friendships, but I feel
That these, like *old* ones, are not staunch and real.
It takes long years to *prove* our friends, you know,—
Those who are steadfast in our weal or woe.
So here's to you, Miss Prim! and you, Miss Prude!
We wouldn't have you different if we could!
Two Roses rare you are, and sweet; I ween
You were not doomed to bloom and blush unseen.
I've seen your cheeks suffused with crimson hues;
(Dame Nature's *make-up* is the rouge you use!)
I've seen your lips in saucy challenge perked;
(But for your protests, they'd be overworked!)
I've seen your eyes with mischief filled and tears;
(But I could never *pity* you, My Dears!)
I've seen your breasts with agitation heave;
(Your *hearts* must be affected, I believe!)
I've seen your shapely forms pass in review
Before my lonely couch, in dreams of you,—
And what I haven't seen, some little bird
Has told me all about. Upon my word,

If what he says be true, what I have *heard*
To what I've seen, methinks, would be preferred.
Then here's to Friendship! What more potent force
Doth link mankind together? Love, of course,
Doth fetter us betimes, but Time must say
Whom we shall cherish, whom to cast away.
When Love and Friendship, heart and hand, are bound,
What more of Joy can compass us around?
So, Friends and Sweethearts, Comrades tried and true,
We pledge our love and loyalty to you!

THE CRUISE OF THE SQUIRREL

Somewhere, sometime, I've heard it said, or read
That Fools butt in where Angels fear to tread.
A single "Angel" with a Pack of Fools
Is not enough to change established rules;
And so, I think, the "Angel" in this case
Should bear, alone, the onus and disgrace,—
For Angels should know better than to swoop
Upon the Dove of Peace and fowl her coop.
The Good Ship Squirrel has left our shores behind
To measure human breath 'gainst Ocean Wind.
"Laden with Nuts" her clearance shows. Four Bells!
She's off! to fight for Peace with all those shells.
No Port, however, figures in her quest,
Her "papers" show,—and this is manifest!

The Dove of Peace, perched on the mizzen-top,
Hath disappointments sticking in her crop.
The peaceful bird is shy and very frail;
Can't stand the weight of salt upon her tail;
The War has made her nervous, and the roar
Of many cannon made the poor bird soar.

Up springs a storm! The Dove's white feathers show,
While Nuts are cracking on the deck below.

And then an iceberg looms against the sky,
But still the Dove is far too proud to fly;
But when, anon, a periscope appears
The Bird of Peace is overcome by fears,
And "beats it" to the iceberg's crystal crest,
Where she prepares to build her neutral nest.

The Submarine atop the billows now,
Stands by the Squirrel until she dips her bow
And sinks beneath the waves; then looks above
And takes a parting broadside at the Dove.
The "Angel" then, in Neptune's sky-machine
Ascendeth in a blaze of gasoline;
The Dove, marooned, broods over many things,
Nestling her poor *cold feet* beneath her wings.

Regenerate, the Angel has returned
From empyrean Flight, to Earth, and learned
(I think Saint Peter gave him sound advice!)
To keep the Pacifistic Germ on ice
Until a Luther, if there still remains
One decent man where Wilhelm Cæsar reigns,
Denounces all the crimes of Germany,
And proselytes to crush Autocracy.

JINGLES

Little Bo Peep
Went fast to sleep;
Losing her sheep.
There were ninety and nine of these lambkins that fled
When poor, little Bo was asleep in her bed;
And when they returned they were *mutton* instead.
O, what a stew!
'Twixt me and yew
What could Bo do?

O! Jack and Jill
Went up the hill,
Their pail to fill.
The water was *running*: they didn't pursue,
But filled up their growler with Double X Brew,
And Jill, in a measure, was full, and Jack too.
Both had a thirst:
Jack's was the worst:
He tumbled first.

Horner boy Jack
Had the right knack;
Cornered the snack.
His fortune grew fast from that one Christmas plum;

His profits on 'Change showed a marvelous sum,
Till he soon had Financialdom under his thumb.
O! what a wiz!
Jack knew his biz:
All now is his.

Good old King Cole,
"Merry old Soul,"
Knew how to *bowl*.
No high-balls were spared at his nocturnal spread,
And the fumes of the liquor would strike in his head
Till, knocked off his pins, he was set up in bed.
Jackass or king
Will have his fling:
Naughty, Old Thing.

Old Lady Drew
Lived in a shoe:
Children there too.
Their home was too cramped for a dozen or more,
But others have suffered from tight shoes before,
So the latch-string was always hung out on the door.
To upper skies
Good old sole flies,
With all her ties.

The Drews and Jack Horner lived on the same street:
Jack gambled with Hymen and Drew Marguerite,
And love for his sole-mate affected his feet.

There ne'er was a "comeback" to poor Jack and Jill;
The King followed after them going "down hill,"
And Bo, left alone, is a sheepish maid still.

THE WEIGHT OF LOVE

I was sitting in the parlor
With my Sweetheart on my knee,
And the fireplace lights and shadows
Silhouetted her and me.

Heavy grew she towards the morning,
When the gold-fringed sunbeams leap:
She was wide awake as ever
But my leg was fast asleep.

Flesh is weak and so I shifted
My loved load, as best I could,
From the numb knee to the other;
From the leg of flesh to wood.

Then I felt my Sweetheart shiver,
And I realized her state
When she drew a white-ash sliver
From the leg *articulate*.

DO IT!

Dare to do it!
You'll not rue it
If you save some Human Craft
From the rocks where fierce gales blew it,
Using Kindness for a raft.

O, dare to do!
Be kind and true
To the friends you make thru life;
Then High Heaven will reward you
With immunity from strife.

If a Lion
Were a dyin',
Would you go into his lair
And attempt to soothe his cryin'?
Do it! Do it, if you *dare*!

AMENITIES

The Parson tied the Hymen knot
That made two halves a whole;
The while a speculating what
Would be his marriage toll.

The Groom, when he had kissed the Bride,
Was taken with the chills:
Her icy lips could not abide
Osculatory thrills.

But soon his fever was effaced;
His hand obeyed his will,
And in the Parson's palm he placed
A soiled One Dollar Bill.

"Anathema!" the preacher cried,—
"Thou reptile of the Earth!"
The Groom replied—"Then take the Bride!
I think it's all she's worth!"

"DANSER SUR UN VULCAN"

Now goeth forth the Swell elite,
With patent leathers on his feet;
With collar spotless, cuffs to suit,
In truth bon-ton, from hat to boot.

A bootblack, with an eye to biz,
With dirty hands and ugly phiz,
Beholds him as he goes, and throws
Banana peels beneath his toes.

Along the pave Adonis trips;
He steps upon the peel, and slips
Into the juicy gutter:
His eyes are filled with fire and ire,
But water, muck and mire conspire
To drown the words he'd utter.

L'ENVOI

Go where you will, the stars will *shine*,
And so will Tony, I opine:
But O! the stars Adonis spied

When he went "out," a sewerside.

AT THE BULGING UDDER TIME

Years have passed since I, an urchin,
Drove the Cow, so sleek and prime,
Down the path, where crows were perchin'
At the Bulging Udder Time.

Those were days well worth one's living,
When I watched, with joy sublime,
What the generous Cow was giving
At the Bulging Udder Time.

Later on, when we grew older,
Father gave us each a dime—
Me and Bill—to milk and *hold* her,
At the Bulging Udder Time:

But, alas! we came to grieving:
Bill was kicked and smeared with grime,
And the Cow boo-booed on leaving—
"Come around some *udder* time!"

VAGARIES

The husky Corn has pushed ahead with silken locks atop;
O, Brother, ain't it shocking?
And Colonels are expecting quite a bumper Bourbon crop—
Saloonward they are flocking!
But when they strip the ears and find the wasteful worms
surrounding,
'Twill make the "moonshine" dimmer;
For ev'ry still has coils of worms illicitly abounding
Where sour-mash mixtures simmer.
The hillside Stills their fragrance breathe, and wood birds are
a sounding;
My jug is in the hollow:
So fill it up, but watch your step and Secret Service hounding!
The scent is sweet to follow.

The Cotton Bolls are bursting forth with weevils in the sepals;
Come, Dinah, get to picking!
And rush the staple to the mart to clothe the naked peoples!
Or you will get a licking!
The baleful Gins are all prepared to do the fibre-squeezing:
Get busy, Massa Willie!
And set the weevils back a bit, and save the folks from
freezing!
It's getting powerful chilly!

You Pickaninnies hustle now, and do the proper bagging!
The possum's cooking, Honey!
And when the work is thru we'll do our banjo stunts, and
ragging
And get our "Cakewalk" money.

A SHATTERED ROMANCE

My heart is aflame with a love that enslaves
My passion for thee is afire;
My soul is athirst for the love that it craves,
And you are the one I admire.

Pray speak, Dear! and say your affections are mine,
And all the sweet charms you possess;
Then I will surrender my wishes to thine
And be but thy slave, I confess.

When she answered, at length, I felt very sure
I'd pleaded my cause quite enough;
"You're the one man on earth I *couldn't endure*,
So cut out that comedy stuff!"

THE MILKY WAY

I went to school, like any lad,
And learned to read and write:
With pencil, books and writing-pad
I grew quite erudite.

Promoted soon, my Teacher thought
I would some day, be great;
And so painstakingly he taught
Me how to conjugate.

And talked to me about the Moon,
Of Venus, Saturn, Mars,
Till I was rated, very soon,
Authority on Stars.

A graduate, I searched the skies
For orbs unknown before,
Determined that I'd specialize
In Astronomic lore:

But how to buy a telescope
And all the charts required?
An *attick* was my only hope
Of all the things desired:

And so I compromised and bought
Binoculars and case,
And ev'ry night the Stars I sought
At Daly's Burlesque Place.

The one, bright, meteoric Flame
In all that stellar group,
Soon *fell for me*; then took my name
And quit the Burlesque Troupe.

But I'm eclipsed! the Satellite
That twinkles in the crib,
Keeps Mother *pinning*, day and night,
A didy or a bib.

THE LOGOTHETE

"Beware the dog!" Beware the Logothete!
The Octoped with elephantine feet:
(I mean by this—with the *big understanding*;
The Byzantine Pup of Theodore's branding.)
A thousand years chained to Hellespont's brink,
He never once whimpered or lapped up a drink.
Hydrophobia? No! just aphasia,
'Cause he couldn't cross over to Asia.

The old Logothete is the Watch Dog of State:
He feeds upon figures (he'll cipher an eight!)
And starts ev'ry meal with a twelve or sixteen,
Then multiplies units to munch on between.
Voracity thus as an integer stands
For his diurnal gorge on multiplicands.
Numerical strength makes the Logothete thrive,
And fractions he dotes on—just eats 'em alive!

He lashes his tail by Marmora's flood,
But eats from the hand of Sultan Ahmud;
A collar of gold, set with aquamarines,
Makes him the envy of Justin's near-queens;
His Kennel-Kiosque (the hyphen's germane!)
Rivals the harems of Constantine's reign.

Innocuous? No! nor yet desuetude,
For he daily absorbs whole columns of food.

His teeth are as sharp as the Damaskeene blade
That severed the chains on the Macedon maid;
And as keen as the knife avenging the dame
Who was sold to the Sheik in Mesopotame.
But the point that I make—no whimper or yelp
Had ever been voiced by this Logothete whelp
Until Archæologists, searching the grounds,
Unearthed dogmatisms and bitumen sounds
Of the highest known pitch, resembling a whine
Or unrav'ling snarls of the Octopedine.
And thus they've exploded the silence complete
Tradition ascribes to the old Logothete¹—
And so, in unleashing this Byzantine Pup,
They merit grave censure for *digging things up*.

¹ From *Logos* (word) and *Thete* (Theodore)—The word of Theodore.

THE PRICE OF PEACE

There's music in the Eagle's shriek;
There's ditto in the Lion's roar,
But discord marks the Bolshevik
Because the Bear doth growl no more.

The Dogs of War are out of tune,—
No harmony doth move the critters:
Unless they cease their fighting soon
The wounded whelps will have no litters.

Jerusalem! the Turk is spent!
The bagpipes took his breath, I think.
The Crescent now is badly bent,
And Allah's cause is on the blink.

The Bulgar too has shot his bolt,
And soon will quit—the poor pariah!
For now there's rumor of revolt
In Ananias and Sofia.

The Hun is playing with the Slav—
The Kremlin Mouse and Potsdam Cat;
But Cossack, too, can smear the salve,
And 'twixt them twain doth Peace fall flat.

Some day the Dove of Peace will swoop
With long, befigured *bill*, and put it
Against the Vulture-Kultur coop
And make the Prussian Junkers *foot it*.

MEN HAD HORNS THEN

Newspaper Item, Athens, Pa., July 29: The archaeologists who are traversing the Susquehanna River Valley, visiting sites of Indian villages and digging up aborigines and other relics, are said to have made a most astounding discovery on the Murray farm, near here, in finding the bones of sixty-eight pre-historic men. The average height of these men when their skeletons were assembled was seven feet, while many were much taller. Additional evidence of their gigantic size is found in the massive stone battle axes in their graves. The average age of these men is said to have been from thirty to forty. Another amazing point of this discovery is the allegation that "perfectly formed skulls were found from which horns grew straight out from the head."

The Homestead of Satan, they say, has been found
Near Athens, P. A., in a hole in the ground;
And people are flocking from Athens and Sayre
To view the remains of their ancestors there.

When Satan established himself in this zone
He found it distasteful to live all alone;
So he went to Towanda in quest of a bride,
And then tilled the soil till his seed multiplied.

So scores of young Devils at Murray's were born
That measured five cubits between hoof and horn.
Each one was equipped with a tail and two wings,
And *asbestos garments* at Nick's Sulphur Springs.

And that's why you find all their skeletons here
In good preservation: but isn't it queer
That Devils at Athens, the place of their birth,
Were the sole legatees of Hell upon Earth?

But Devils, like men, reach the ends of their ropes,
And have disappointments and unfulfilled hopes,—
So Satan discovered, too late we are told,
The climate at Murray's was too beastly cold.

His imps all contracted pneumonia and died;
So he buried them here in the Pit, side by side,
Near Athens, P. A., by the River Chemung,
Where they've been unmolested till now, and unsung.

And there their bones bleached, in the Sulphuric Pits,
Until Archæologists came with their kits
And made excavations, not thinking of harm,
But raising the devil at Rube Murray's Farm.

Now Satan's *exposed* and his ossified get,
(A few yet remain in the flesh, I regret!)
And Murray of Athens is living, I wot
On skeletons dug from this Hell-enic spot.

SUB ROSA

The Busy Bee, to gather honey, goes
Touching the clover bloom and then the rose;
An easy prey, the clover blossom yields
Its treasures garnered from the fragrant fields;
But all the sweetness that the rose adorns,
Protected is from theft by jealous thorns.
The Bee, ergo, in quest the flowers among,
Gets sometimes honey and gets sometimes *stung*.

WHITMANESQUE

The snow is falling on the hemlock boughs:
Courage, Comrade, Spring will come again!
The birds are leaving the evergreen trees,
And that's why they are not deciduous.
O, Winter! I shake thy icy hand,
And, shaking, shovel the beautiful snow:
But what shall I do with such an abundance?
It is already piled high in my neighbor's yard,
And he is watching me from his attic window.
And yet more snow! How pure you seem tho' falling!

AN APEOLOGY

This is the Ape, made famous, you'll agree,
By Darwin's Evolution Theory.
His destiny fulfilled, he rests at ease
With tribal Apes, Baboons and Chimpanzees;
Preferring, so, to recreation find,
Than with his tailless counterpart, Mankind,
A doubtful branch of his posterity:
And makes a *monkey*, thus, of you and me.

THE BUG

This is the Bug, unable to resist
The blandishments of Entomologist.
He soon succumbs to net or trap or pin
And fills his place the *cabinet* within.
A volume then explains his habits, source,
And all his secrets and his aims of course;
Which leads me to conclude, when facts are dug,
The Man of Science is the biggest "Bug."

WAKE, MY LOVE!

Darling, I my vigil keep
Close beside you, while you sleep.
Let the Dream of Love abide!
Cupid will not be denied;
For he whispers to you now,
And prints kisses on your brow;
While his velvet finger tips
Hush the protest on your lips.
Wake, My Love! And do not chide
Cupid pleading by your side!

Darkness lingers in the skies
Till the light of your bright eyes
Adds new brilliance to the sun:
Not till then is Day begun!
Ope your lips and speak one word—
Sweetest cadence ever heard!
Loose your tresses! Let them rest
On your snowy, virgin breast,
And entwine these roses rare
In the ringlets nestling there.

Wake, My Love! The sunbeams shed
Golden treasures on your head;

While Æolus woos your cheeks,
And exacts the kiss he seeks.
Love, aquiver, draws his bow

And demands that sleep must go;
For a jealous elf is he
Who will brook no rivalry.
So let Love a Kingdom make
In his Heart for Thee: Awake!

FIRST PSALM

Happy indeed is he who goes
The Straight and Narrow Way,
And heedeth not the lure of those
Who from His precepts stray.

With joy observeth he the acts
The Master doth proclaim,
And, day or night, no fervor lacks
To bless His holy name.

And he shall be a fruitful tree
Deep-rooted in the Truth;
And not a leaf shall withered be
Nor fruitage cease, forsooth.

But those who follow not the Course
The Master hath decreed,
Shall shrivel and decay, perforce,
And barren be their seed.

It follows then, that those who sin
Must turn again to clay,
While righteous men are gathered in
On Resurrection Day.

For God rewards the Pure in Heart
And knoweth all their needs;
While those who from his ways depart
Shall be like broken reeds.

NOT PEACE, BUT REVENGE!

Peace? do you say? When my homestead is razed,
And Death stalks the fields where my cattle once grazed;
And the Dear One is dead
Whom I courted and wed,
The Joy of my Life when the hearthstone fires blazed.

Peace? What a travesty! Give back my wife
And the brave little son, who gave up his life
That she might escape
From the murder or rape
Of helmeted hordes in the unequal strife!

Peace? Where is my father? Cleaning your shoes!
Like a thousand old men you maim and abuse.
He was true to his Land,
So you cut off his hand
And left him but slav'ry or famine to choose.

Peace? My wounds cry aloud: Never! I say
Till your legions are killed or driven away
And my country is free:
But, stay! What's that to me,
Since all my own Loved Ones lie murdered to-day?

No!! *Not* Peace, but Revenge! Here is my gun—
Surrendered? O, No! for its work is not done:
When my bayonet's sting
Smites the heart of your King,
And your hell-hounds are flayed,—*then* Peace will be *won*!

HEREDITY

I see her creeping 'long the nursery floor,—
A dainty, blue-eyed Babe, scarce old enough
To realize 'tis *she* whom I adore,—
She is a priceless diamond in the rough.

Again I see her playing with a host
Of noisy, kindergarten girls and boys;
She seems to me the fairest and the most
Refined: a *pure gold* girl without alloys.

And thus from stage to stage I watch the maid
As she develops like the budding rose,
And then, Ah me! I'm jealously afraid
That she admires me less than other beaux.

And then, anon, I see her on the knee
Of Willie Jones: I think she shouldn't oughter!
But then my Courtship Days come back to me—
Just like her Ma! She is my only Daughter!

THE CALL OF THE HOMESTEAD

There's a dear, little spot, near my Hoosier hometown,
Where the mortgage runs up as the buildings run down,
That I love to return to, a restful retreat,
Just to slush around there with the mud on my feet.

There's the forked, wormy apple-tree, dead to the bark,
And the sickle and grindstone, brought out of the Ark;
And the Shed, where I fled, with my illicit pipe,
To assuage stomach-aches when green apples were "ripe."

There's the collar and churn, *worn* by Dash day by day,
And the chain that prevented his running away;
And the yoke for the oxen—Haw, Buck! and Gee, Bride!
And the Troth for the Squealers the hen-house beside.

There's the Dovecote, unroofed, and the sweep by the well,
And the ooze in the barnyard and natural-gas smell:
There's the hayrake and silo; the tin weathervane,
And the two, moss-grown graves where the Old Folks were
lain.

And the milk-stools are there, and the cowpath and stile;
And a few hardy scarecrows remain yet awhile;
And the taxes, unpaid, still appear on the book

Of the County Collector, Nathaniel U. Crook.

So I keep coming back, to my old Hoosier shack,
To inhale the sweet mildew of hay in the stack,
And to drink from the spring where the bull-frogs abound
That protect the young cowslips that grow all around.

Now the mortgage is due and the int'rest unpaid,
And I can't get a cent for the place, I'm afraid;
But I love to return here, at vacation time,
Just to revel again in the mud and the slime.

DECIMAL POINTS

The Paleface undertook, with sword and gun,
To civilize the Redskins one by one;
And Lo attempted, with his bow and arrow,
To sap the Paleface of his very marrow.
As fast as one, on either side, was slain
Another took his place to fight again;
Thus both the warring tribes said—"What's the use?"
And straightway called a halt and signed a truce.

Then Paleface planned and dug—and *well* of course—
A pit for Lo, without resort to force;
And Lo, in turn, a counter plan invented
To clear the forests where the Paleface tented.
And so the Paleface, from his fullness, gave
A cask of Laughing Water to each Brave;
And Lo, whose giving was an artful knack,
Took up the scent and sent tobacco back.
So, Time discloses how each plan availed;
Which won, at last, and which, in order, failed,
For now in *Peace* the Paleface moves about,
While Lo and Laughing Water *fight it out*.

He was the first to fly—Darius Green!
But Green had trouble with his *crude* machine

And failed to make a mark for lofty flying,
And so he just *dropped out* and gave up trying.

The Pickaninny to the bayou goes
And caches on the bank his homespun clothes;
Then headlong leaps into the pool below
Where Imps of Darkness destined are to go.
An alligator sees the urchin dive
And, Holy Moses! swallows him alive,
Not thinking that the Afric *strength*, thus caged,
Would prove his match and master when engaged:
But so it did! for Fate evolved a plan
To snatch the "charcoal" from the saurian;
And as the latter spewed and lashed his tail,
(A tale like Jonah wrestling with the whale)
The lad escaped; of course he had to shout some!
So overjoyed was he at such an *outcome*.

When Aaron Burr decided to invite
His hated rival to a pistol fight,
He knew, of course, because his aim was wicked,
That his opponent, in advance, was líckéd.
And thus the scheme of Providence began
To canonize the Hamiltonian.

Had Mary tied her lambkin in the barn,
There might have been a different kind of yarn.
She could have said "I leave you" with the bull,
Or "I'll return anon," and pulled the wool;

The lamb could have replied—"What's all this for?
I'll meet you, Mary, in the abattoir!"
But No! They had to make the sheep the goat
And tie a siren bell around his throat,
And make him go to school. "Kids," as a rule,
Would rather *much* be killed than go to school.

Had Nero played on burning Rome the hose
Instead of fiddling while the blazes rose,
He might have been, in Fame's Retort, a hero,
Firemano Primo Volunteero Nero.
But quite another part this Cæsar played,
The part of Arson in red robes arrayed.
He watched the fire, in all its flares and phases,
Quite unconcerned, but fiddled on like blazes.
But Nero didn't finish what he started
Because, while Rome still burned, his E string parted.
Tho Julius Cæsar's Wars our lives inspire
This Cæsar wouldn't even fight a fire;
Nor would he lead the Roman Legions, tho
He was reputed skillful with the bow;
Perhaps the smoke-screen from the burning city
Was planned to hide the discords of his ditty;
And when at last this King is placed on trial,
This verdict will prevail,—his work was viol.

Had Antony been less a Marc and kept
His armor on while Cleopatra slept,

He might have been a Conqueror of note
Instead of Captor of a Petticoat;
And, traitor to his country, judged to be
A Soldier less than Slave to Lingerie.
Some Commentators—and I blush with shame—
Contend that "Cle" and Sheba were the same:
If this contention's true, as I surmise,
It follows that King Solomon was wise;
And so was Sheba when she left his regions
By camel-carriage for the Roman Legions,—
Leaving the King, with all his wives and breeders,
To pine for her among the stately cedars.
I'm not quite sure, but who's the bigger dunce?
The King? Or Marc, who got in wrong *but once*?

The oldtime Reader taught us self-reliance
(But this refers to school-days—not to Science!)
And pointed out, in no uncertain style,
Examples we should follow or revile.
Old Rover, for example, was to me
The highest standard of true loyalty.
He used to hang around the playground gate
And there for Bones, his Master, sit and wait,
Though Bones, poor dunce, each day when school was over,
Was kept and spanked, but waited still old Rover.

The Reader states that Rover, too, was fleet,
And never knew the anguish of de feet;
And had a face so honest, ear so quick,

That he could steal a bone and dodge a stick.
That's all the Reader says, but I believe
He grew too diabetic to retrieve,
And so was cast aside—the poor old brute!
Because the mange affected his hirsute;
Was driven from the confines of his birth
Because not prized: Great Scott! a Kennelworth:
And so, a rover still, thus doomed to flea
Far from his home and consanguinity;
But, cast adrift in sinking bark, O, Setter!
Than wienerwursts or sausages is better!

There was a time when Henry Clay awoke
To see his fame and name go up in smoke.
His reputation only went this far,
That he was featured as a choice cigar.
Before that day, when his renown was ripe,
He also was distinguished as a pipe.
Eliminating all attempts at joking,
He was thus honored then, and still is smo-King.

Had Eve, a woman of unusual birth,
Who had the love of ev'ry man on earth,
Been given what the modern wife receives,
Fine frocks and hats instead of wreaths and leaves;
A mansion, bank-account and car or carriage,
Hers would have been the first ideal marriage.
But selfish Adam took her to a cavern
(Our present bridal parties seek a tavern.)

And made her wash and sew and hem and haw
With fitting meekness 'cause his word was law.
First Lady of the Land, she should have had 'em—
All creature comforts but the stingy Adam.
Faithful to husband, she should have instead
Broken her marriage vows upon his head.
No wonder she was tempted: if she fell
'Twas circumstantial, else she wouldn't tell.

BELLES-LETTRES

Hear the perfume of the belles,
Social belles!

What a loud auroma, a monopoly in smells!

How they stinkle, stinkle, stinkle,

When the corsage bursts in sight!

While the powder in each wrinkle

And the gewgaw gems that twinkle

Make them ugly in the light;

Reeking scent, scent, scent,

When they're upright, prone or bent

While the sachet begs for freedom, and the musk, revolting,
yells

On the belles, belles, belles, belles,

Belles, belles, belles,

On the weary, bleary, smeary Social Belles.

Hear the monstrous Schoolhouse bells,

Direful bells!

What a dirge of irony their ting-a-ling expels!

Like the chanticleer at morn,

How they torture us, and warn

We must hurry or be canned

At call of roll.

How they peel their tunics and

Whoop 'er up, with tireless tongues, to beat the band;
What a toll!

O, you blatant, brazen shells!
You ringers for Mephisto, from superheated hells,
With your knells!
Truth compels
That we voice our joy with yells
'Cause you're hung and bound in cells
While we're swearing and despairing,
O, you bells, bells, bells,
Wicked bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
O, you rocking, mocking, shocking Schoolhouse bells!

SANDY, THE PIPER

Do ye know me mon Sandy,—Sandy the Piper?
'E's 'ome on a leave, with 'is chin shot away!
They wouldn't a 'armed 'im, but some blooming sniper
Just slipped 'im a slug from a roof in Bombay.

'Ow did it all 'appen? Well, just one battalion
Was left in the Barracks: the rest 'ad been sent
To guard the new Viceroy, with Major MacCallion:
It was dubbed the "'Ot Scotch," this 12th Regiment.

The Colonel was sick with a Jungle disorder,
And 'arf of the time was well out of 'is 'ead;
And when the Sepoys, from the 'Yderbad Border
Revolted and rushed us, the Colonel was dead.

So Sandy and men were besieged and near choking,
And most the battalion was killed or 'ad fell,
While the fiends in the street, like devils a stoking,
Were firing this 'ell 'ole with bullet and shell.

'Twas 'ere that me Sandy broke out thru a window,
Disguised as a Rajah, with turban and sword;
And so, quite unnoticed (they thought him a Indoo!)
'E soon joined the ranks of the mutinous 'orde.

And then 'e 'arranged 'em ('e knew all their jargon!)
And urged 'em to scatter and uphold the law;
But 'ere 'e was thru 'e was sick of 'is bargain
When a bloody bomb-bullet 'alf shattered 'is jaw.

So Sandy's back 'ome, but his features are altered:
What a close shave 'e 'ad! 'is face is a sight!
But when duty called 'e was there and ne'er faltered:
With toot, shoot or Hoot, Mon! 'e mixed in the fight.

'Is goatee is gone, with the chin where 'e grew it:
'E was once very bonnie when 'e was a lad;
And 'is bagpipe would charm me: my, 'ow 'e blew it!
When 'e marched with 'is squad, a playing like mad.

And I makes o'er 'im still, tho Sandy's not pretty,
But a 'ero 'e is in Northlands and South:
A gude wife I've been, tho I think it a pity
That Sandy was given to *shoot off 'is mouth*.

"BEN BOLT"

Ben Franklin was a Jester of the sort
That fused, with wit, rare wisdom in retort;
And, on his mettle, tempered by a smile
His irony could hold them *all* awhile.
King Louis' Court to impotence made plea
Before the onslaughts of his repartee.
His well-aimed jibes were quite as hard to dodge
As meteors agleam with persiflage.
His oily tongue worked on a swinging swivel,
For he *spat out* his thoughts and didn't drivell.
The Quakers, in his absence, had attacks
Of blues, because they missed his almanacs;
And Frenchmen soon began to understand
And praise his jokes (in England contraband).
He said to Louis, "Sire, the skies are down;
I wouldn't give a Phillip for your crown."
And added, "Nay, I wouldn't give a sou!
There's just one Philip, but sixteen of you!"
He had no fear, you see, of raining Kings,
And, with umbrella raised, enjoyed his flings.
Such pointed puns *disfavor* oft beget,
But Louis laughed and so did Lafayette.
Tho galley slave, like creatures of his type,
He broke his chains, when Freedom's plans were ripe,

And put the U. S. A. upon the chart,
Allied to France, thru diplomatic art.
To-day Ben Bolt, who clipped the lion's claws,
For lightning work gets thunderous applause.
The thunderbolts obeyed at his command,
And currents, insubordinate, were canned.
He kept the Upper Regions on the string
And shocked the Lower World like everything.
All praise to Franklin, Diplomatic Star!
He went where he was sent, but not *too far*:
And tho he flew his mortal kite so high,
Poor Richard's name illuminates the sky.

EXCELSIOR

The bale consigned to O. U. Crook,
Upholsterer—marked, USE NO HOOK,
Was not curled hair or even moss,
Nor yet a mixture or a cross,
Excelsior!

"This Davenport was made to wear;
Fine leather and best camel hair!"
Said Crook (a patent skin all right,
But all the "hair" was out of sight).
Excelsior!

And so Crook sold the lounge or couch
To some poor Boob with gold-filled pouch;
And also sold an easy chair
(The Easy Mark was stuffed for fair.)
Excelsior!

And thus he plied his artful trade
(A better Craftsman ne'er was made)
Until the shavings, dyed and curled,
Resembled hair for all the world.
Excelsior!

O, baleful occupation his!
The way he made his mattresses
Would make a lounging layman sick.
He sold for cash and gave no tick tick—
Excelsior!

A mark-down sale Crook staged in time—
"Such bed-rock prices are a crime,"
"I get my hair by camel-train":
But all his "hair" was cut in Maine—
Excelsior!

And then a fire occurred at length
To bolster Crook's financial strength:
The *glue* that mocked the incensed air
Mistaken was for burning hair;
Excelsior!

Beware the pine-tree's fibrous heart!
But this gave Crook his fiscal start,
And now a tall, pine shaft is seen
Above Crook's grave; 'tis evergreen—
Excelsior!

HER AND HIM

Her

To-day's her birthday: I'll not say which one,—
But I have known her twenty years or more
When courtship days were joyously begun,
And she had reached her sixteenth year, before.

And so her age is no concern of mine:
She may have dropped a birthday now and then,
But surely she's improved with age like wine:
I wouldn't wish her in her *teens* again.

And she's my Pal! O, yes, we love, of course!
But feel, besides, the joy of comradeship
That finds expression at Love's very source
In language of the heart—not of the lip.

And so she is my everlasting pride:
To Beauty's very pinnacle she's grown!
Thru life we'll seek our pleasures side by side;
Her heart athrob with love for me alone.

Him

O, yes! we're splendid friends, Old Jack and I:
He's growing grave and wrinkles now appear
Where once the smiles his cheeks were wont to ply.
He's losing all his energy, I fear.

I married him some twenty years ago
When dancing was a chief delight of his;
But now alone I trip the Terpsic toe,
For poor, old Jack has got the rheumatiz.

He's aging fast: I see it every day!
He's fat and short of breath, yet how he snores!
His few remaining hairs are saffron-grey,
For nicotine keeps oozing from his pores.

He seems so childish, but I humor him
Altho my friends declare I'm such a dunce.
Wrinkled, rheumatic; bare of brains and vim—
Good-bye, Old Jack! You were a good one *once!*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIVING

We bivouac here and barely get acquainted
Until the furlough ends; then we are sainted,
Whether our acts deserve rebuke or praise.
When we are *dead* the recollection stays
Of virtues only: vices are excused,
But to the *living* pardon is refused.
And yet, alive, I'd rather be unsung,
Than any Saint the catacombs among.
Tho critics flay me and the censors sneer,
'Twere better so, than praises on my bier.
And so we walk life's slender rope till, bing!
We slip and fall or someone cuts the string.
Ambition lures us, but the pinkest peach
Is always just beyond us, out of reach:
And when, at last, we think we are in line
To cross the threshold, lo! the Full House sign.
We never quite obtain the golden urn
Tho rainbows beckon every way we turn.
Who ever found, I ask you, all he sought?
Our best endeavors ofttimes come to naught:
And yet we trudge along, loath to confess
We're only groping in a wilderness;
Plodding the sands that burn our feet, and hurt;
Seeking the Promised Land, our just desert.

Had Cæsar reached the zenith of his life
When Brutus cut his friendship with the knife?
The ladder broke and he was headlong flung
While setting foot upon the topmost rung.
Thus picture Cæsar giving up the ghost
Just when he reached the pinnacle, almost!
Did Bonaparte receive his proper due?
He *got* it, but too late, at Waterloo.
He played with fire, aroused the seething crater,
And now, with Nick, inhabits the Equator.
So we conclude, delving the lines between,
He might as well have clung to Josephine.
Tho Tell's renown illumines the Alpine sky
Whose target was the Apple of his eye,
As much distinction, and applause to boot,
Should be bestowed on William's steady *shoot*:
More praise to him, than the Toxophilite,
Who held the apple but eschewed a bite!
The *worst* of us hath goodness in his breast;
The *best* of us but fails, put to the test,—
So, in arrears, we strive to pay the price
For Fortune's frowns or Fate's disastrous dice
Until we're bankrupt or too spent to wrest
Long hoped-for treasure from Mad Mammon's chest.
Tho life hath ups and downs, the weeping willow
Our ends shapes better than the downy pillow.
It takes stern measures to incline the bantling,
In right direction, without switch or scantling.
The optimist with farthings in his pouch,

Gets more enjoyment than the wealthy Grouch;
Thus cheerfulness, a product underrated,
In every household should be cultivated.
Give me the man who, tho in direst straits,
Will thumb his sharp proboscis at the Fates;
Who'll take the flimsy fire escape, or dive
Into the net, glad to get out alive;
Who, tho the skies be unpropitious, crowds
His way along, unmindful of the clouds;
Who never quits, in life's unequal bout,
But keeps on fighting till he's counted out.

THE SIXTH OF APRIL

Awake, Americans! Awake! Awake!
'Tis April Sixth! A *year* of War and yet
The Hun lines hold: Louvain is unavenged.
Be Thou our Guide, O God of Joshua!
Thru battles yet unstaged, and Comfort when,
From War's Inferno comes the phantom file,
The endless, ghastly file of martyred dead.

Daughters of Belgium, thy vestal tears
Make *womanhood* still more an honored name;
And Germany, when Reason reappears,
Must dearly pay for her revolting shame!

Awake, Americans! Our task is grim;
For Hell and all the Imps of Sin deride
The Code of Morals, spit upon the Cross,
Drive torturing nails into the bleeding flesh
Of all Mankind who follow Him thru paths
Made plain and gladsome by the Golden Rule;
And foist vile *kultur* as Refinement's height.

And what of skulking Sharks, scum of the sea,
That prey on Innocents, while o'er them fly
Poised to inflict a further agony,

The Vampire Bats that violate the sky?

Behold the ravaged homes of Serbia!

Where are her people? Ask the godless Goths
Whose Car of Kultur crushed beneath its wheels
This stalwart Race! Ask, too, the Bulgar hordes,
The mountain wolves, who pounce upon and rend,
In guise of Pacifiers of the Land,
Those who escaped the onslaughts of the Huns.

Tho sapped by hunger and disease; tho crushed
By overwhelming numbers of the foe,
Thy Star, O, Serb, when battles' din be hushed,
Shall rise again, suffused with Freedom's glow!

Now in the sacred name of God our guide,
Home, Country, Honor, Love and Motherhood,
Can we indifferent be to ravishment,
Wanton destruction, murder steeped in hate—
This loathsome litter whelped by Junkerdom?
'Tis *ours* to dare and crush this monstrous Thing:
Our Allies worn and bleeding, struggle on.

Armenian tears, a flood of pent-up grief,
Flow on and on, a torrent of despair.
Rape! Murder! Pillage! Is there no relief
For Niobe, deserted, weeping there?

Nation Invincible, unsheath thy blade!

God be thy leader: Justice be thy Sword!
Nor pause until the ruthless Beast is flayed
With sated steel—and Liberty restored!

BENEATH A CLOUD

Under a passing cloud the moon was hid.
I really was delighted to be rid
Of *Super* light, for I was with my Nell,
And I could see by her bright eyes as well.
We didn't need the aid of spheres above,
For that's *our* proper sphere—a making love.
Midst whispering pines we pledged our love aloud,
And thus our plight began *beneath a cloud*.

THE COLUMBIAD

America! Our home, our native land!
The joy of it—the rapture! when we say—
We who are freemen and can understand—
This is our heritage—the U. S. A.!

Hewn from the virgin forests by our sires,
And launched by giants capable and true,
Our Ship of State was manned, when Freedom's fires
Were beacon lights, by sturdy, godly crew,—
And so hath kept, steered by the Guiding Star
Of Faith, her steadfast course, thru shoal or blast,
Aloof from sirens luring from afar,
With Stars and Stripes still waving at the mast.

Here in our Land, where Plenty hath its store,
Where fertile fields teem with abundant grain,
Hunger ne'er casts its shadow on the door,
And Famine hath no lodge on hill or plain.

In truth doth Luxury with Plenty vie
To fill our laps with all the luscious things
That Nature doth provide—loath to deny
The satisfaction that such bounty brings.

To us was Freedom's heritage bequeathed
To have and hold while life and pride remain:
And so our sword must ever be unsheathed
To guard this priceless boon from hurt or stain—

So that the war-worn hosts in Europe's maze,
Who fight against the Despot's ruthless spear,
May see the light of Liberty ablaze,
Diffusing matchless splendor over here;
And, friendly beacon, be to them a sign
And Bow of Promise, in their dismal sky,
The Light of Hope eternally to shine
In God's resplendent galaxy on High.
But grim starvation, at the board, presides
Across the seas, where once the farmsteads poured
Autumnal wealth—and Desolation rides
Rough shod along where tramped the Prussian horde.
No life remains: the fields are stark and sere;
The forests, leaf and branch and root, are fled;
The flowers lie trampled on the soldier's bier:
Destroyed are e'en the shelters of the dead.
The gardens that held plenty in their wombs
Are stripped and barren as the sands of Dearth,
And now, instead, keep vigil o'er the tombs
Of demigods, redeemers of the Earth.
The vineyards where the fragrant fruitage hung
To cheer the peaceful peasant in his toil
Are desolate where Death his shroud has flung
Upon the breadth of France's sacred soil.
Wrecked are the homesteads: buzzard broods abound
Where shell-holes gape, and heaps of carnage rise
Above the naked bosom of the ground,
Mutely denying guilt, in sacrifice.
Still with the jackal at her wounds doth France

Fight on unmindful of her pains, and lo!
We hear her call and, seizing shield and lance,
Crusader-like, to her assistance go.
Her cause is just: we make her Cause our own!
For Liberty doth in the balance swing,
And we must guard her, if we fight alone
To rid the world of this malignant *Thing*
That, in the guise of Kultur, hides its hoofs
And horns, its tail and spear and hideous face,
And, as a pious priest, on Moslem roofs,
Extols itself, usurping Allah's place.
What blasphemy! Obsessed to germinate
Its propaganda, its infernal cult;
Condoning Cain's offense, instilling hate,
It strikes with poison, dirk and catapult
Against the precepts of the Prince of Peace;
Against the Conscience of the Universe.
But hatred, lust and war will never cease
Until God's Sword destroys this monstrous curse.
Audaciously the Priests of Kultur strive
To spread their doctrine, but the graven god
Against the Living Christ cannot survive,
And in His time will scourged be with His rod.
And so our Ship of State to battle hastes,
All sails a-drawing, sheets secure and taut,
Manned by a stalwart crew, stripped to the waists,
Inspired by battles that our fathers fought.
In port at last whence Lafayette once sailed
To aid our fight that made Britannia halt,

They take their stand where Frenchmen never failed
To hold the Verdun forts against assault.
A mighty effort this! To send our force
Three thousand miles, thru shark-infested sea,
Beneath dark skies where vultures lay their course,
To face the foe and ransom Liberty,
Thru sacrificial offering of our sons;
To arm and clothe five million men, and then
Build, to convey and feed them, countless tons
Of mighty vessels—transports, merchantmen;
To furnish, in addition, vast supplies
To allied Powers whose Cause we have embraced,
To hearten them—to strengthen friendly ties
And stay the hand that layeth Europe waste.
A task indeed! But let it not be thought
By foemen or by those whom we befriend
That Liberty our trust, so dearly bought,
Will not be guarded to the very end.
Tho Hercules the Strong should heave in sight
And challenge us to tests of thews and nerve,
We'd enter the arena in our might
And win new honors for the Land we serve;
For Antaeus and all the myths of old
'Gainst whom the supermen of yore engaged,
Were never half so mighty, half so bold
As peaceful freemen, righteously enraged:
And all the modern Bullies who presume
To dominate the world against the Right,
Must see their day-dreams doomed to blackest gloom

When Truth prevails against the Imps of Night.
So let us fabricate in forge and mill;
So let us plant and nurture grain and seed;
So let us labor and conserve until
There be an end to Kultur's cruel creed.
Each one of us must fight or toil or save;
Co-ordination be our battle song;
Hardships endure and gravest dangers brave
If we would victors be and right the wrong.
God's ways to mortal eyes are not revealed,
But Faith our guidance is thru War's grim task,
And with His help the *Hosts of Sin* must yield
And Satan be denuded of his mask.

HE'S ALL RIGHT, BUT—!

I like the good old-fashioned way—
A handshake or a slap,—
The boys who jab your ribs and say
"You're all right, Bill, Old Chap!"

I like the lad who sees you first
And always shouts your name,—
Who, tho your luck be at its worst,
Says—"Cheer up, Bill! Be game!"

I like the chum who's always glad
To soothe you when you're ill,—
Who, when he finds you broke and sad,
Says—"Here's a Dollar, Bill!"

I'd like to grab him by the throat
And hold his mouth tight shut,—
Who, questioned, makes you out the goat—
"Who? Bill? He's all right, *but*—!"

NATURE'S STUDIO

Go where the winds keep vigil o'er the trees,
Rocking the tender saplings in the breeze;
Go where the sunbeams play on rill and stream,
Making the purling waters all agleam;
Go where the birds rehearse their songs and trills
In cool retreats, led by the Whippoorwills;
Go where the bees, midst clover blooms, indulge
Their honey habit till their bellies bulge;
Go where the trout, in alder-arbored brooks,
Abate their hunger but eschew the hooks;
Go where the flowers, by fairy weavers spun,
Pour out their grateful incense to the Sun;
Go where the deer in secret nooks disport
And Nature, clad in verdure, holds her Court;
Go where—nay, stay! Yonder the artist stands,
With brush and prisms palette in her hands,
Before her easel, where the canvas seems
A masterpiece in wondrous color schemes.
What artistry! What fascinating views
Dame Nature paints! Behold the rainbow hues
That tint the dainty flowers and make the rose
Blush to its sepals when it seeks repose;
That tinge the moors and fields and turquoise sky,
And stain the Autumn leaves with crimson dye!

So tarry here, where moss and bluebells grow
Upon the floor of Nature's Studio!

PICARDY

With heads uncovered and with cautious tread
Approach ye here! where lie our martyred dead
In graves unmarked, here, there and everywhere:
So lest, ashamed, ye trample them, beware!

AMERICA'S PRAYER

God bless our Allies! damn the Huns!
And consecrate our swords and guns!

EPILOGUE

They say that a stitch that is timely saves nine:
You haven't your needle? O, well then, take mine;
And all my Dream Outfit—my pipe and my dope!
I've smoked my last hemp *to the end of my rope.*