

FACTS IN JINGLES

by

WINIFRED SACKALLE STONER JR.



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FACTS IN JINGLES



Miss Winifred Sackville Stoner

BACHRACH

FACTS IN JINGLES

By

WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER, JR.

(Written Between the Ages of Five and Twelve)

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



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Dedicated
to
Miss Katharine O'Shea
of
Madison, Wisconsin

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INTRODUCTION

These jingles were written by a child for children. The young author does not expect that any one will imagine they were intended to be a contribution to poetry or literature. They will be of interest to adults principally as an illustration of the way a child's mind views some of the every-day situations of life. Grown people will also be interested to see how easily a young child can put facts into the jingle form when freedom of expression is acquired early.

Those who have read Mrs. Stoner's *Natural Education* will recall that Winifred learned almost as a babe to use the typewriter. This helped her in her spelling and composition, so that she gained ease and freedom in expressing herself on any topic that she understood. She wrote out everything she learned so that she might the better get a grasp of it and remember it. And she found that when some kinds of facts were put together in a jingle they could be fixed with less effort and retained more securely than if they were learned in the ordinary way—by rote and without any method of organization.

Rhyme and rhythm seem to furnish to the young mind an easy and effective method of relating and expressing facts ordinarily dissociated from anything of interest to

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a child. As long as such facts are presented to the young in home and school, the jingle will prove of service to teachers and parents, and of interest and value to children. In addition, some of these jingles will delight the young merely because of their rhythmical quality, while others will afford amusement because of the humorous interpretation they put on many of the events that are daily experienced by children everywhere.

Any adult who may read these jingles should be informed that many of them were written when Winifred was hardly more than a babe. And all of them were dashed off without effort to achieve poetic merit. One characteristic that makes them of interest is their spontaneity. As an illustration of the readiness with which Winifred can construct a jingle, I may say that when she was twelve years of age, I happened one day to read her the following essay on *Bones* written by a pupil:

“Bones is the framework of the body. If I had no bones in me, I should not have so much shape as I have now. If I had no bones my brain, heart, lungs, and larger blood vessels would be lying around in me, and might get hurt. If my bones were burned I should be brittle, because it would take the animal out of me. If I was soaked in acid I should be limber. I'd rather be soaked than burned. Some of my bones don't grow close to my others snug like the branches to the trunk

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of a tree. The reason why they don't grow that way is because they have joints. Joints is good things to have in bones. All my bones put together make a skeleton. Some animals have their skeleton on the outside. I am glad I am not them animals, for my skeleton like it is on the chart would not look very well on my outside."

I asked her if she would put the essay into a rhyme. She ran off to her typewriter, and in twelve minutes came back with the jingle, *I'm glad I'm not an Exo*. It is published exactly as she handed it to me, without change in content or in form.

Mrs. Stoner's *Natural Education* describes in detail how Winifred has been educated up to this point in her career. This book of jingles presents some concrete evidence of the results of Mrs. Stoner's method of teaching freedom of expression, and her many devices for assisting a child to retain more or less formal facts in history, the sciences, and so on. The book will prove of interest and help to children, and parents and teachers should be able to get suggestions and practical teaching devices from it.

M. V. O'SHEA.

Madison, Wisconsin.

Ever since I was five years old my dear friends, the fairies, have whispered jingles to me as keys to Memory's storehouse. As these jingles have been of great assistance in my studies, I have asked my good publishers to put them in book form with the hope that they may help, or at least amuse, many girls and boys.

WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER, JR.

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A GREAT SURPRISE

ON the nineteenth day of August, in the year of nineteen two,
Most kind and gracious Madame Stork right over Norfolk flew,
And brought to my dear mother there a wonderful surprise,
A little red-brown baby girl with large blackberry eyes.
Now mother, she had asked the stork to bring her greatest joy
And drop a bundle at her door containing a wee boy;
But when the stork made a mistake and brought just little me,
She thought that I was better far than any boy could be,
And wrapped me in the blanket which she'd planned for my wee brother
And which my dear "Ma Mie" had knit to help my busy mother.

She changed the name of Lionel to little Winifred,
And all the things for brother planned, she gave to me
instead.

BRIDGET MAKES SPLIT PEA SOUP

“BRIDGET,” asked the mistress, “whatever is the matter,
Nothing ready for our lunch excepting pancake batter?
Why, I invited guests to come for lunch at half-past one,
And they’ve been waiting all this time and yet there’s
nothing done.”

“Well, mum,” replied Miss Bridget, “the fault is all your
own,
For split pea soup you ordered and, workin’ here alone,
It’s took me just two hours while tryin’ just to split
Three hundred of these blarsted peas, which give me
most a fit,
And as there’s still three hundred, ’twill take two hours
more
To split the pesky little things, shure as me name’s
MAHORE!”

THE CAREFUL MOTHER

Now come, dear John, and go to school,
I hope you know your every rule.
No, do not kiss me, Johnnie dear,
My mouth is full of germs I fear.

Love, as you walk along the street,
You must not pat each dog you meet.
Alas! you naughty, careless lad,
You've touched the cat, how sad, how sad!
For I must sterilize again
Your hands and face and books and pen.

Now, take each antiseptic glove
And quickly into each one shove
Your fingers which are prone to be
From dreaded germs—ah, never free.

Here's "SURE-GERM-KILLER" in a case.
Put some at once on hands and face,
For, oh, I fear those dreadful GERMS
May some day make you food for worms!

GROWING THINGS

My dearest friend, John M—, and I, at least our mothers
say,

Are growing just as weeds will grow in April and in
May.

John's legs they grow so very fast his pants they leave
his knees,

His jackets get so very tight they burst if he dare
sneeze.

His head grows large and larger, I suppose because of
brains,

So when he wears his last year's cap, it causes lots of
pains.

And I am such a growing thing, my dresses they won't
last

More than a month before the spot marked by my knees
is passed.

And when I had the measles and had to stay in bed,
You scarcely can believe me, but I grew from foot to
head.

So everyone who saw me said that I had grown an inch,
And when I tried to wear my shoes, oh, my, but they
did pinch!

But generally my shoes don't last until they are too small,
Because I kick the toes right out while playing at football.

GRANDPA'S HEAD TUMS FREW HIS HAIR

WHEN Margaret was a youngster scarcely two years old,
At climbing chairs and tables this lass was very bold.
And one day when her grandpa was seated in his chair,
She climbed upon the rounded rungs as if they were a
stair,

And looking at her grandpa's head, which fast was
growing bald,

She cried out, "Dearest Grandpa, one time you must
hab falled,

Or maybe you've been naughty and dot an awful scare,
Which taised the top ob yu's round head to tum right
frew de hair."

SUSAN REWARDED FOR TWENTY YEARS'
SERVICE

PROFESSOR Theophilus Socrates Snook

One day paid a visit to Susan, his cook,
And, beaming upon her with kindest look,
Said, "Susan, my dear, please gaze at this book.
In here you may learn of elephantiasis,
And also the hookworm, uncinariasis;
Of craw-craw and chiggers, of ainhum and sprue,
And all that I've written about them is true.
Now, Susan, to me you've been faithful, my dear,
In keeping my house for many a year;
For years nearly twenty you've been now with me,
Cooking my victuals just as they should be,
And truly I think a reward I should pay
To one who has labored from day unto day.
So when I discovered a wondrous new germ,
Which causes young children to wiggle and squirm,
I thought that this bug for you I would name
And bring you great glory and honor and fame.
It's a wondrous discovery, this ungomariasis,
And so we will call it the SUSANBONPIASIS."

"No, thank you, your honor," said Susan Bawben,
"I had the bugs once and don't want 'em again.
And if you onsist upon callin' me BUGS,
I'll lave you alone wid your books and your drugs."

A WONDROUS GROWING BABY

FIRST LADY :

"Just now I heard a story, which sister says is true,
About a lovely baby which grew and grew and grew,
Because its mother fed it on full gallons of good milk,
So that it gained ten pounds a day and looked as fine
as silk."

SECOND LADY :

"I don't believe the story, such diet it would kill
A poor wee darling baby—at least, 'twould make it ill."

FIRST LADY :

"'Tis true, most little babies would have burst and died—
But not so with this baby—'Ma Elephant's fond
pride.' "

A JOKE ON ONKLO KARLO

ONKLO KARLO, he's a duck, and I love him dearly,
'Cause he loves all little girls, amusing them so queerly
By catching in his mouth the nuts which he hurls in
the air,

And making paper cones to stand just almost anywhere;
Or holding apples on a pole stuck right upon his nose,
And balancing the little girls just straight upon his toes.

He always has good candy—the kind I love to eat—
Made of delicious goodies that taste so nice and sweet.
He tells most wondrous stories of sky and land and sea,
And never seems to weary of pleasing little me;
And jokes, he knows so many his store will ne'er
give out,

They make me laugh and giggle and sometimes even
shout;

But here's a joke on Onklo—I wonder if he knows
That nails are hidden in his socks—of course, they're
on his toes.

THE PEARL OF LAKES

OF all good Uncle Sam's great lakes,
LAKE ERIE is the best ;
She is a pearl among all lakes
Of north, south, east or west.
Her waters on a pleasant day
Dance gaily in the sun,
And ever seem to smile at me
And say, "Come, have some fun
Within my cool refreshing spray
Of waters bright and clear,
Oh, little girl, come right away,
And never have a fear!
There are no dread sea monsters here
Within my wide domain,
Where only best of 'Finny-kind'
Are e'er allowed to reign."

My little friend, sweet Jean, and I
Say, "Thank you, gracious Lake,
We'll don our bathing suits and caps
And then a plunge will take

Right into your fresh cooling fount,
And then we'll be so clean
That not a soul would ever think
That PITTSBURGH we had seen."

THE MUSEUM'S FAT LADY

TEACHER TO TOMMY:

"Now, Tommy, please answer, and tell me at once,
Who is your father, you silly young dunce?"

TOMMY TO TEACHER:

Said Tommy, with tears gushing forth from his eyes,
"I know you're a lady w'at's most wondrous wise,
But I hates like the mischief to tell on poor Pa,
'Cause he's always good to both me and Ma,
But he is the fat lady w'at you may see
By goin' to Barnum's and payin' a fee."

PATTI LOU AT THE ZOO

My little Cousin Patti Lou
One day went to the Highland Zoo,
And there she saw an old ZEBU
Who looked at her and said, "Moo—moo!"
And ended with an awful "Ooooooooooh!"

She saw also a funny GNU,
And said to him, "Well, how are you?"
But he would nothing say or do,
Not even grunt, nor bray, nor mew.

She saw a polly as it flew,
And showed gay feathers, pink and blue,
But when she came this bird to woo,
Poll bit her finger almost through.

Near to this wicked Polly Chew
There lived a handsome, large HIBOU,
Which came from some fine foreign zoo,
And worked its head round like a screw.

The camel and the kangaroo,
With polar bears and brown bears, too,
And many birds to me quite new,
All made their home in this great zoo

With elephants and tigers, too,
And a huge lion named KING FOO,
He paced his cage and said, "Grr—roo!"
As if he meant, "I will eat you!"

Near him a dove all pink and blue
So sweetly sang of love, "Coo—coo,"
While across the way MONK SNOOPLE SNOO
Swung by his tail and sneezed "Ca-choo!"

FURS LINED WITH KITTENS

SAID a rich little girl, who was boasting one day,
"I'ze too many furs, so I throws them away;"
But her poor little friend, who fine furs had none,
In braggadocia could not be outdone,
And proudly she showed her little fur mittens
And said, "I'ze sum odders, do deys lined wid kittens."

MUCH LEARNING SAVES IGNATIUS

"FATHER," said learned Ignatius, as the strap was preparing to fall

Down on his trousersless bare-skin, "I don't mind a whipping at all,

But are you quite certain, dear father, the strap has been well sterilized?

For virulent germs in old leather are often concealed and disguised;

And surely by violent impact with textile and soft porous skin,

But lately exposed to the street's dust there's danger of entering in

Upon my most delicate system, and then comes the big doctor's fee,

So, dear father, show you're a wise man and touch not the strap upon me."

While the learned youth plead, lo! his father upon that dread strap loosed his hold,

And thus he escaped from a whipping, Ignatius the wise and the bold.

TWILIGHT

OF all the hours of day or night
Give me the twilight hour,
When little birds hide out of sight
And every sylvan bower
Is filled with their sweet good night song,
While darkness creeps apace
O'er all the bright blue sky along
And hides the sun's gold face.

That is the hour when Mother dear
Says, "Come, sweetheart," to me,
"And of the earth's great heroes hear
While sitting on my knee."
Upon her arm I rest my hand
And wondrous stories hear,
Until it's time to go to bed,
Tucked in by Mother dear.

A FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF SUMMER BOOKS

WHENEVER you're perspiring like a Gruyère cheese,
List to this list of cooling works which cannot fail to
please:

Great Isaac Hayes's noted work upon the POLAR SEA,
How much with him this broiling day we all would
like to be!

Or maybe in the SNOWBOUND realms we'd find still
more delight

If Whittier, the poet great, would take us there to-night.

With Nansen in his tales of weird and far-off frozen
lands,

Where no one needs be tortured by electric buzzing fans;
And Barrows' wondrous voyages in icy ARCTIC
REGIONS,

Meeting monstrous icebergs each hour by the legions.
While each and all would love to get a nice big cool-
ing box

Of the ARCTIC SUNBEAMS that are mentioned by
S. Cox,

And ICY LANDS by Perry, Kane, Atkinson and Hall,
Sound so mighty tempting to us one and all.

Exploring parties to the North led by the hero Schley,
Oh, such a summer voyage how we would like to try!
And follow after Wrangell with snow up to our knees
Across Siberia's lonely plains to far-off NORTHERN
SEAS.

While reading of the ICE FLOATS from Kennan and
from Hohn,
We feel that we should have a shelf all of our very
own,
And on it all these chilly works we there should keep
on hand,
To take us when we're hot and cross to some cool north-
ern land.

THE CAT EXTINGCTED THE CANARY

"JOSEPHINE," asked the teacher, "can you tell to me
Any bird that's now extinct, but used on earth to be?"
"Oh, yes, Miss Jane," said Josephine, "our sweet canary,
Jim,
Because the naughty pussy cat, she quite extincted him."

A BONY SONG

EIGHT and twenty bones, 'tis said,
Are located in my head.
In my trunk are fifty-four
That I add to my bone store;
While my limbs have plenty more—
Full one hundred twenty-four.

In my skull, the strong round box
Which protects my brains from knocks,
There are eight bones in its wall—
Glad I have them when I fall!
Occipital there is but one;
One ethmoid and wedge sphenoid one,
One frontal bone not very long—
Compared with oak just twice as strong.
Parietals there are but two,
Two temporals will also do.

Fourteen bones are in my face,
To know them not is a disgrace.

One lower jaw and upper two
Help me each day when I must chew.
Two turbinated shaped like cones,
Two nasal, malar, palate bones.
Two lachrymals and vomer one,
But very large bones there are none.

The smallest bones are in my ear
And help me when I wish to hear.
These bones so small, are hard to see—
The mallet, anvil, stapes wee.

My bony trunk it takes good care
Of all the organs hidden there.
Its spinal column very long
Has six and twenty bones so strong.
Small bones just seven it doth take
A neck or cervical to make,
With dorsals twelve and lumbar five,
I surely need if I would thrive;
With sacrum one and lots of ribs,
Fourteen true and ten called "fibs,"
One coccyx, sternum, hyoid small,
With two big hip bones—that is all.

Now in my limbs, just let me see,
I own a clavicle or key,
A scapula or shoulder blade,
And which for gold I wouldn't trade,
A humerus not meant for fun,
A radius and ulna one.

Eight carpals help to form my wrists,
Five metacarpals in my fist,
While all my fingers have each three
Phalanges that are strong but wee,
But my poor thumbs can only boast
Of two phalanges at the most.

My lower limbs are proud to own
A sturdy thigh or femur bone.
This useful bone is very long
And joined by a patella strong
To two stout bones within my leg,
One like a flute, one like a peg,
One as the fibula is known,
The other's called tibia bone.

My instep has just seven tarsals,
Shaped à la the eight wrist carpals,
While the five bones in my feet
With fourteen more the toes complete.
Thus each perfect person owns
Just two hundred and six bones.

LET THE BUMBLE BE

ONE day I saw a bumble bee bumbling on a rose,
And as I stood admiring him, he stung me on the nose.
My nose in pain it swelled so large it looked like a
potato,
So Daddy said, though Mother thought 'twas more like
a tomato.
And now, dear children, this advice, I hope you'll take
from me,
And when you see a bumble bee, just let that bumble be.

GRANDMA TURKEY'S LAMENT

"OH! Gobble! Gobble! Gobble! Oh!
The Turkey-world is full of woe!"
So Grandma Turkey sadly gobbles
As in her coop she lamely wobbles.
"This woe is caused by people's germs
Which are much smaller than wee worms
Yet cause great trouble on this earth
And drive away all joy and mirth.

"When I was young the turkeys then
They lost their turklettes now and then
When wintry winds came howling round
And chilly snow fell on the ground
From one disease, DECAPIDITIS,
But now we have appendicitis
While it is pleasant summer weather
And we should scarcely lose a feather.

"Our poor weak throats are the receiver
For children's ills, as scarlet fever

And many a diphtheratic germ
Which causes us in pain to squirm,
Extincting all of our fine race
So common birds must take our place."

ANSWERS, NOT QUESTIONS, CAUSE TROUBLE

MOTHER:

"Don't bother your father with questions, Ervane,
He's tired of hearing you ask to explain
Why fishes can't walk or ride on the land?
How lizards and fleas can live in the sand?
What causes the sun to set in the west
And always to sleep in one golden nest?
When will the time come for children to fly
And play in the clouds with the birds in the sky?
Such foolish, vain questions, they trouble your dad
And sometimes I fear they make him quite sad."

"No, Mother," replied the inquisitive lad,
"It's the answers, not questions, that trouble poor Dad."

ROOSEVELT COMPLIMENTS MAMA LION

ONE day last year King Teddy arose with old King Sun
And, seeing a huge lion, he seized his trusty gun
And made the King of Jungle-land quickly homeward
run,

While Teddy followed after and thought it lots of fun.
King Lion reached his tavern home, trembling in great
fear,

But when Queen Lion heard his tale, she simply
scratched one ear,

Then shrugged her shoulders à la hump and to her hus-
band said,

“In all the best newspapers how often have I read
That Teddy loves all parents who large families possess,
And I am sure with many cubs our happy den is
blessed.”

Then grave and proud Queen Lion she carried out each
babe,

And placed it in the doorway of her Afro-jungle cave;
And there she proudly waited for King Teddy to appear,
For of his teeth and of his gun she hadn't any fear.

The coward King of Jungle-land, he hid himself inside,
And when he heard King Teddy's voice his bones shook
in his hide;

But soon he knew his fears were vain when Teddy,
laughing, said:

"As mother of fine sextets, you surely rank ahead
Of all the lions I have met in circus tent or den,
To meet you I'm DEE-LIGHTED, and I hope we'll
meet again."

WEE WILLIE'S FIRST HAIR CUT

LAST Friday, for the first time, wee Willie went with me
To the colored barber, who bowed most graciously,
And asked the little fellow how should he crop his curls,
Close to his head, in medium length, or bobbed like little
girls'?

Wee Willie answered promptly. "My hair, please, bar-
ber, crop

Like my own dear Daddy's, wif a small round hole on
top."

THE TIME OF HIS LIFE

THERE are many schools of learning and also schools of
game,
But the school with largest members bears KING
HIPPO'S name,
And big and little people, yes, even EVANS' FLEET,
Would think it quite unpleasant a Hippo school to meet.

But Bwana Tumbo Teddy, who knows no thought of
fear,
Laughed in joyous pleasure as the SCHOOL drew near,
And smiling at the leader, he made her stiff with fright,
As from his parted mouthpiece his white teeth came in
sight.

Then Bwana seized his rifle and, taking steady aim,
He fired at Queen Hippo and made her front legs lame,
Then shooting at her sisters, and brothers left and right,
He scattered all the mighty beasts and drove them out of
sight.

All those he killed, this hunter brave, then quickly
towed ashore,
Saying, "I'M DEE-LIGHTED, and I hope to meet some
more
SCHOOLS OF HIPPOPOTAMI that feel inclined to
strife,
As in this Hippo-battle I'd the time of my whole life."

THE WINKING STAR

THERE'S a winking star in the sky above,
At least so I've been told;
A veritable little flirt of a star,
But he surely can't be bold,
As he's some million miles from here
In Pegasus, the steed,
And if we wish to see him wink
A telescope we need.



Winifred, age three months, sitting alone with her first doll, Martha



TOO MANY DOLLS

Miss Margaret Mary Elizabeth May,
Had one hundred dollies with which she could play.
There were bisque dolls and wax dolls and dolls with
 real hair,
Red dolls and black dolls and dolls that were fair,
Fat dolls and plump dolls and dolls in the style,
Hipless and jointless and dressed in a smile;
Rag dolls and wood dolls and celluloid boys,
China and paper and Jumping Jack Joys;
Irish and Scotch dolls and dolls from Patee,
And all of the strange lands from over the sea;
Jappies and Chinese and dark Esquimos,
Dutchies and Germans and cutest Dagoes;
Dollies from Egypt and dollies from Spain,
Hindoos and Hebrews and one little Dane.
From Poland and Russia they'd traveled afar
By railroad and steamer and also by car
To join other dollies from Johnnie Bull's home,
And lovely Italians from far away Rome.

From Greenland and Iceland, Norway and Greece,
The string of these dollies seemed never to cease.
But Margaret Mary Elizabeth May
Could never decide with which doll to play,
So she was not happy as poor little Sue,
Who in her doll family had only two
Wretched rag dollies without any hair,
But which she considered a most lovely pair.
And these ugly dollies they gave her delight,
As with them she played from morning till night.

LAST OF MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

MARY had a little lamb;
She also had a little ham,
A pie, a cake, an ice-cream cone,
Which caused the maiden loud to groan.

And now poor Mary and her lamb
And pie and cake and cone and ham
Are resting in the cold, dark tomb—
For Mary met dyspeptic's doom.

WOES CAUSED BY WHOOPING BUGS

IF you don't believe that whooping-cough causes lots of
woe,

Just catch a few whooping germs and then I guess you'll
know

That whoopee-whoops! and wheepee-wheeps! are not one
bit of fun,

When you see others playing games where all must jump
and run ;

For if you jump or if you run, you start the whoop-
oop-oop!

And even if you're tired you can't sleep for the croup,
Caused by the awful whooping bugs, which lurk within
your throat

And make your voice sound hoarser than the singing
of a goat.

For fear of spreading whooping bugs you certainly
can't go

To Sunday-school or other school, or even to a show,

But you must stay at home ALONE from three to six
long weeks,

And listen to your croaking voice, which whoops and
sometimes squeaks.

So therefore take the good advice of a little girl who
knows,

And stay away from WHOOPING-COUGH, which
causes lots of woes.

GOOD B'S AND BAD T'S

THE most precious treasures in all this good earth,
The givers of JOY of only true worth
Are good books and babies, the two little B's
That are gifts of the FAIRIES for mortals to please.

The most dreaded tortures in all this wide earth
That to all greatest SORROWS are prone to give birth
Are bad tears and temper, the two ugly T's
Invented by GOBLINS for mortals to tease.

A BOY'S COMPLAINT

GRANDMA calls me Johnnie, father calls me John,
My sweetheart calls me Buddy, and the boys call me Don,
But Mother, oh, dear Mother, whenever I come near,
She calls me darling Baby and sometimes "BABY
DEAR."

I like the name of Johnnie, I'm proud of my name John,
I don't mind hearing Buddy and the shorter name of Don,
But, though I love dear Mother far more than all the
rest,
Her name of DARLING BABY I thoroughly detest.

You see when I am playing with boys in the street,
And pitching ball or doing some extraordinary feat,
It makes me feel so little to hear my mother call,
"Watch out, my darling BABY, be careful lest you fall!"

I'm not a darling baby, nor little baby dear,
I'm quite a great big boy and have no baby fear,
But I can't stand the guying the boys give to me,
When Mother starts to calling that hateful name—
"BABEE."

KING TEDDY, THE FEARLESS

KING Teddy has much courage to fight both beasts and
men

With pistols and with broadswords and with the mighty
pen.

And now in Afric jungles he's busy fighting fleas,
Mosquitoes, and big tigers and monstrous bumble bees ;
Huge elephants, gorillas and awful Guinea-worms,
Sloughing phagedæna, and sleeping sickness germs,
Tinea imbricata, piedra, and goundou,
Malaria and the ainhum, pinta and the sprue,
Chyluria, mycetonia, leprosy and yaws,
Afric dysentery and maybe lions' claws,
Bubonic plague and dengue and dreadful tropic-boils,
Fevers black and yellow and sometimes serpents' coils,
Tinea Madagascar, Dhobie itch, screw worms,
Beri-beri and craw-craw and all the Afric germs ;
With dread sun-traumatism, and abscess of the liver,
Yet none of these great terrors can make King Teddy
shiver.

THE GROUCH-BUG

OF all the dreaded bugs and germs
That in this earth abound,
No bugs in greater number
Have ever yet been found,
Nor looked upon with terror more
By big folks and by small
Than GROUCH-BUGS, which are awful pests,
That come to one and all.

They make us, oh, so cranky
That we would like to yell,
And hunt up all the meanest things
About our friends to tell.
When other folks are smiling
The GROUCH-BUG'S victim cries,
While other folks are dancing
The GROUCH-SICK heave big sighs.

A great and noted doctor says
The GROUCH-BUG is but found
Within the torrid climate
Where heat waves will abound,

And that the bug will never live
In woman, boy or child,
But always seeks a man's stout frame
And makes him cross and wild.

But though I'm young, I truly think
That this is not quite true,
For well I know some little girls,
And boys and ladies, too,
Who have the awful GROUCHES
And get quite fiercely mad
So that they act like demons
Who never can be glad.

My daddy says the only cure
Which he would always use
For folks who get the GROUCHES
And other folks abuse,
Would be to give a ducking
With water freezing cold
So that they'd be so chilly
They couldn't even scold.

But for the kiddies of my age
Who let this bad bug in,
He recommends the touching
Of peach limb to bare skin.

KIND HEARTS

THERE are no bigger hearts for their bodies
And no kinder hearts on this earth
Than the big juicy red hearts of melons,
To mortals fair jewels of worth.
The "King Water Melon," the big heart,
Of all earthly melons the best,
He clings to the earth, his good mother,
And never once leaves her warm breast.
And so when he's grown he's a big heart,
Which helps both the great and the small,
When fevers are burning our parched throats
Or if we are thirsty at all.
These kind hearts are always so cooling
And taste, oh, so good and so sweet,
I'm sure that they once grew in Eden
For our Father Adam to eat.

HENS

WHAT curious birds are common hens!
They make good broth and even pens.
They have no teeth, no hair, no nose,
But sport a comb red as a rose.
They have no arms or funny bones
That causes folks to let forth groans,
Their victuals they all swallow whole
And use a crow for a chopping bowl.
They have no hands, they have no wrists,
And without hands they can't make fists,
But for one thing they should rejoice
And cluck aloud with cheerful voice;
Not having hands, they have no nails,
Which are the cause of many wails,
For once a week we girls and boys
Must put aside our games and toys
And all our nice exciting tales,
While mother trims our finger nails.

NISSEN, THE SANTA CLAUS OF NORWAY

How glad I am that I was born in this land very dear,
Where children have a Santa Claus of whom they have
no fear;

A Santa who is always kind, remembering one and all
When every year at Christmas time, he pays us all a call.

In far away chill Norway, there NISSEN is the name
Of the Christmas visitor who bears good Santa's fame;
But he's a naughty brownie so short and very small,
Not a bit like Santa who pays us all a call.

But, like our good gift giver, his beard is long and white,
And he wears a coat of furs and many colors bright.
But instead of bringing goodies to good girls and to boys,
Nice new clothes and books and games and lots of wondrous toys,

He expects that all big folks and also little ones
Should leave his favorite dishes, such as puddings, cakes
and buns,

Outside of every doorway so that he may eat at will
Of these luscious dainties until he has had his fill.

Then after eating all the cakes his "tummy-tum" can
hold,
He milks the cows and splits the wood (at least, so I've
been told),
But never thinks to bring nice gifts to little girls and boys
Whose parents have to trim their trees and buy them all
their toys.

Besides, this naughty NISSEN is cross at times and bad,
And does all sorts of horrid tricks which I think very sad
At Christmas when we all should be so kind to one an-
other,
And treat each person whom we meet as if he were our
brother.

But NISSEN steals away the cows and even horses
fleet,
From all the people who forget to bake him puddings
sweet;
And if above a whisper one should dare to speak or sing
About this cranky fellow, then this evil he will bring

Upon the one who dared to throw his name upon the
breeze,
As from that time the guilty one must sneeze and sneeze
and sneeze.

Now in our land we sing loud praise of Santa all the time,
And tell about his goodness great, in prose and jingling
rhyme ;
And yet it seems the more we sing about the jolly elf,
The more he brings each year to us upon the mantel
shelf.

But children in far Norway are better girls and boys
Than we who live in this fair land and think so much
of toys
That we forget about the pets while feeding our own
selves
Like thoughtless, greedy little pigs or naughty selfish
elves.

While Norway children in the fall they work to gather
corn
And save it for the birds they feed on every Christmas
morn ;

So we should follow in their steps and feed the wee
birds crumbs
Before we start to feast ourselves on Christmas sugar
plums.

A CHRISTMAS WISH FOR ALL MY FRIENDS

WHILE Christmas bells are chiming, oh, may there come
to you
A dear sweet little fairy, who's always good and true ;
The little happy fairy, who drives away dull care,
And makes all things upon the earth seem ever bright
and fair.

She'll whisper to good Santa to bring what you most
wish ;
So if you have been longing for a fine pudding dish,
She will not, as in by-gone years, forget and bring to you
Something that you do not want, though beautiful and
new.

SANTA'S REINDEER IN THE SKY

LONG, long ago before this earth had any girls and boys
To hang their stockings on the shelf expecting Christ-
mas toys,

Good Santa was a big white cloud that floated in the sky ;
If you had lived in those old days, you'd seen him float-
ing by.

But when the children came to rule upon good Mother
Earth,

She took kind Santa from the sky and made him God
of Mirth ;

To bring at every Christmas time good gifts to girls
and boys

And make them all so happy with a lot of lovely toys.

Far, far among the icebergs, in the cold and freezing
zone,

She built for him a palace, where he lives almost alone,
With only good old Mrs. Claus to keep him company,

And sometimes Cousin Nicholas for two days or for
three.

Wise Mother Earth she knew this clime would suit good
Santa well,
For here no foolish, idle folks would ever come to dwell;
Nor pay the good Saint visits which would waste his
precious time,
While he could work much faster here than in a warmer
clime.

But never did he suffer from the icebergs at the Pole,
As fairies kept his fireplace all full of red-hot coal;
Or heaped bright burning logs on it as full as it could
hold,
So Santa never felt a tweak of Jack Frost's biting cold.

Likewise the fairies brought to him and his most faith-
ful spouse,
Just everything that they could need to keep a cozy
house.
And even cooked their victuals and brought them every
day
Exactly at the proper time, upon a huge hot tray.
And after they had eaten all the dainties on the tray,
The good kind fairies quickly came and took the tray
away;

So Mrs. Claus had no excuse for being cross or sad,
Since no experience she had had with Bridgets getting
mad.

When Santa finished all his toys, he put them in a sack,
Where he intended carrying them just like a pedler's
pack,
But Mother Earth surprised the Saint and to his pal-
ace led
Eight lovely prancing reindeer and a large commodious
sled.

These reindeer were the cousins of swift Pegasus, the
steed
Who helped the hero Perseus when he was in great need ;
And, like the flying hero horse, they lived up in the sky,
Till Mother Earth had need of them to help old Santa fly.

And so on every Christmas eve for full ten hundred
years,
Good Santa and his reindeer fleet have banished chil-
dren's tears

By bringing them most all the gifts their little hearts
could wish,
And filling stockings, shoes and plates, and even pudding
dish.

But when last Christmas came around, good Mother
Earth, she said,

“Dear Santa, I have something fine for you to use instead
Of your good, faithful reindeer and your big old-fash-
ioned sled,

For here’s a lovely aeroplane, all painted shining red.”

The wise old lady then declared that he could safely fly
With this machine most anywhere away up in the sky,
And travel far, far faster than the reindeer who were
fleet

But stumbled sometimes on the roofs made slippery with
sleet.

The aeroplane could carry well a larger load of toys,
So he could visit more good girls and also little boys,
Who live in far off heathen lands where everyone’s a
sinner,

But that’s no reason each should do without a Christmas
dinner.

With this machine he'd save some time to look out for
each pet

Of all the little girls and boys, as they so oft forget
To treat their pets most kindly upon the Christmas morn
In memory of the Saviour who on this day was born.

And likewise all the horses, the cows and pigs and sheep,
For men so seldom think of them when Christmas time
they keep;

And even wild, fierce animals, and fishes in the sea,
Should all be made quite happy at Christmas time to be.

"I do not like this plan at all of giving up my sled
And my good faithful reindeer," so good old Santa said.
But Mother Earth she laughed at him and said she
would repay

The reindeer, whom she would send home straight to the
Milky Way.

But Santa was old-fashioned and had great fears to fly
Without his sled and reindeer, he'd used in years gone by,
And begged that on his maiden trip these true old
friends to take

To help him should the aeroplane prove but a wicked
fake.

The laughing Earth then granted him this very small
request,
And early on glad Christmas eve (the eve of all most
blest)
He started forth upon his trip, did good old Santa dear,
Guiding his Wright aeroplane with feelings of great fear.

But Mother Earth showed she was wise and knew just
what was best
To help the good old tired saint while on his children
quest;
And fast the good Wright aeroplane it flew both low
and high,
So Santa took the Earth's advice, and though he heaved
a sigh,

He dropped the poor old worn-out sled as he was pass-
ing by,
And people said, who saw it fall, "A meteor from the
sky!"
Then, kissing each good reindeer, he bade them all fare-
well,
And left them in the Milky Way, forever there to dwell.

And you, my little playmates, who have heard the tiny
hoofs
Of the wondrous flying steeds pattering on the roofs,
If you would like to catch a glimpse of Santa's good
reindeer,
Then wait until it's dark some night, and when the sky
is clear,
You'll see them very plainly in the broad light Milky
Way,
And there, for all the time to come, these steeds will
romp and play.

ALL DENTISTS GO TO HEAVEN

I DON'T like dentists, because they hurt me
With horrid bad pinchers as sharp as can be.
They pick at my teeth and scratch in my head
Until I begin to wish I were dead.
But I read in the paper (so I suppose it's so)
That all of the dentists to Heaven will go,
Because they are needed away up there
To make gold crowns for the angels fair.

MABEL AT THE BUTCHER SHOP

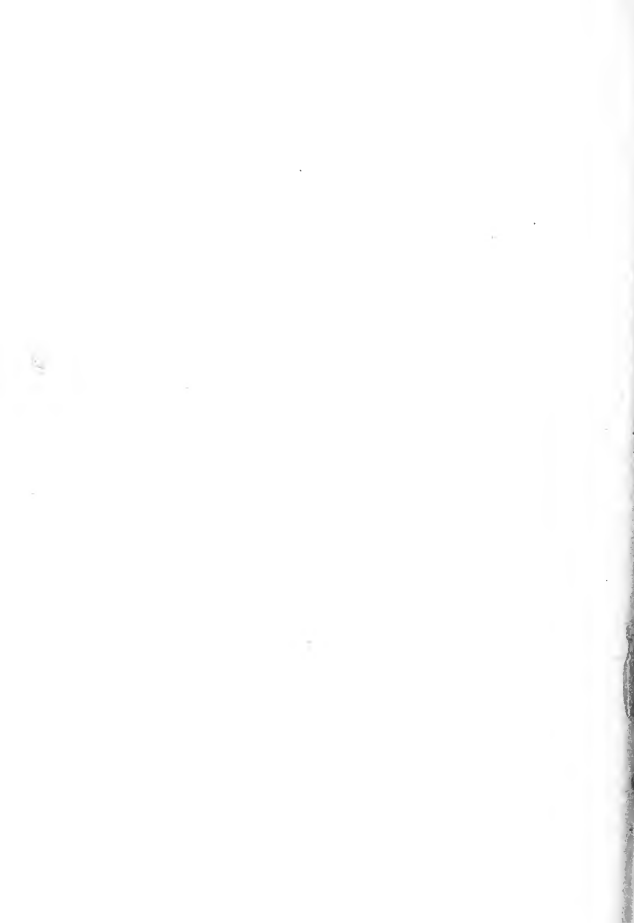
WHEN Mabel went with Mother
To buy some chops for tea,
She gazed in awestruck horror
At sawdust she could see,
Sprinkled over all the floor,
To north, south, east and west,
And as wee Mabel saw it
Her heart was sore oppressed.

She hated all the butchers
And yearned to be at home,
Where she could guard her dolly
And teach her not to roam
Afar to shops of butchers,
As now wee Mabel knew
That butchers hurt poor dollies
And stab them through and through,
So all their nice warm stuffings
Would flow from every pore
And cover well with sawdust
The butcher's dirty floor.



Winifred, age three

STANTON EVANSVILLE



THANKSGIVING IN 20,000 A. D.

"OH, how the ways have changed with men
Since the good days of nineteen ten,
When I was living on the earth
And joining in Thanksgiving mirth!"
A nineteen hundred spirit cried
As many people he espied
While gazing on old Mother Earth
Years twenty thousand since her birth.

Long, long ago, as poets say,
For good Thanksgiving holiday
A feast was spread of nice mince pies,
Of turkeys of tremendous size,
Cranberry sauce, and giblet stew,
Potatoes, corn and ice cream, too,
With salads, raisins, nuts and cake,
And all the pastry "Ma" could bake.

These days, alas! they don't believe
That any stomach should receive

A mixture of such tasty things,
And as folks float upon their wings
They take some predigested pills,
Which, so they say, keep off all ills.

And now on good Thanksgiving Day
There is no feasting, as folks say—
“We wish to live for many years,
And of all eating we have fears.
The doctors say corn’s full of worms
Known as pellagra’s awful germs,
That turkeys cause appendicitis,
Scarlet fever, stomachitis;
That products of the frying pan
Cause great distress to every man;
That puddings bring us naught but woe,
And therefore we should let them go.

We ne’er will sit around a table
And eat as long as we are able,
Then put it in the daily paper
That Mrs. X. cut such a caper
As to invite fair Madame P.
To dine with her or drink some tea.

'Tis vulgar, common, so we think,
To go about and eat and drink,
While people watch us taking food
Which we consider very rude;
So to dark closets we retire
When NATURE calls for more food-fire,
And there on this Thanksgiving Day
We all will go, though not to pray,
But predigested powders take
Instead of turkey, pie and cake."

ON THANKSGIVING

BEFORE you eat good turkey, rich mince and pumpkin
pies
On that great feast of feast days when "tum-tums"
grow in size,
The good old day THANKSGIVING, the best day in
the year,
When all should be so thankful around the board of
cheer.
Then don't forget the poor ones, the hungry, cold and
sad,
Go fill their empty tables and make the whole world glad

THE PETS' CHRISTMAS CAROL

"TWEET—tweet—tweet!" sang the canary,
Which meant that he was very merry,
Because his little mistress, Nell,
On Christmas eve had fed him well.

"Bow—wow—wow!" sang the gay young pup,
"My master's gone away to sup,
But though he won't be here for tea,
Just see the meal he left for me!"

"Mew—mew—mew!" sang the mama cat,
"Such milk as this will make me fat,
And, oh, I feel so very gay
This cold and frosty Christmas day."

Each mama cow sang "Moo—moo—moo!"
And gentle dove sang—"Coo—coo—coo."
And every horse and sheep and pig,
And duck and chicken, small and big,
A carol sang on Christmas eve,
Because a feast each did receive,

ONLY NAUGHTY CHILDREN SEE "SPOOKS"
ON HALLOWE'EN

WITCHES and goblins, spooks and elves,
With sprites and gnomes from elf-land delves,
To-night are flying here and there,
Yes, up and down and everywhere.
For this one night in all the year
They rule the earth and bring great fear
To all the naughty little boys
Who tease good girls and break their toys.

These spooks they also make girls sad
When they are selfish, cross and bad;
So when it's dark, bad boys and maids,
They see these awful fearsome shades,
And that is why with covered heads,
They trembling lie in their warm beds.

But even there they goblins see,
Spooks and gnomes, and all that be
Abroad upon weird Hallowe'en
When all the wizards may be seen
By naughty kids and grown-up folks
Who like to play most wicked jokes.

But good young girls and gentle boys,
The kids who are their mothers' joys,
They like the dark just as the light,
For spooks ne'er come within their sight,
And in their dreams the lovely elves
Show them bright scenes from fairy delves.

So, if to-night you are afraid
Of any spook or any shade,
We'll know you are a naughty child,
So cross and wilful, rude and wild.

MY EASTER WISH

MAY flowers of JOY

At EASTER bloom

Within your heart,

Where weeds of gloom

Will fail to find

A place to grow

While JOY remains

As gloom-weeds' foe.

A WHINGWANG SONNET OF AN EASTER
BONNET

ONCE there was a little girl,
But she didn't have a curl,
Though she had an Easter bonnet
With ostrich plumes and flowers on it,
Since like her mother she aspired
À la mode to be attired.

But when she rose on Easter morn
With deepest grief her heart was torn,
For, oh, alas! the rain was falling
In torrents great; to her appalling,
As well she knew 'twould spoil her bonnet
With ostrich plumes and flowers on it.

Her hair in papers she had worn
The whole night through and tortures borne
In hopes to have a curl or two
To wear beneath her bonnet new.
But now, alas, the horrid rain
Would make her hair all straight again.

And so with fear of straightened hair,
Which might cause folks to laugh and stare,
And likewise to protect her bonnet
With ostrich plumes and flowers on it,
She thought it best to stay away
From Sabbath school on Easter day.

MIDSUMMER JOYS

GIVE me the joys of summer,
Of SUMMER QUEEN so fair,
With wealth of lovely flowers
And fruits and sun-kissed air!

Talk not to me of winter
With ice and frost and snow,
Nor changing spring and autumn
When howling winds will blow.

No, I will take the joys
Of SUMMER every time,
So to this Queen of Seasons
I dedicate my rhyme.

AFTER THE FOURTH WAS OVER

AFTER the Fourth was over, after the play was done,
Poor little John and Willie forgot that they'd had some
fun;

John, with his eyes all bandaged, Willie with one eye
gone,

Had changed from joyous boys, who rose with the
FOURTH'S bright dawn,

Determined to shoot great cannons and frighten some
silly girls,

To tie big crackers to dogs' tails, and make the pin wheels
whirl.

Tommy with one hand bound up and with a bepowdered
face,

Alex with two burned fingers and bones nearly all out
of place;

Edgar with one leg broken and poor little Peter with
two,

Thought that they'd had enough sorrow to last them a
whole life through,

But Mother, who heard them crying, while soothing her
darlings to sleep,
Was thankful that some of the pieces she yet was able
to keep,
And sad for the weeping mother of poor naughty, un-
lucky Jim,
As the booming JULY CELEBRATION blew the whole
head off of him.

TO MY VALENTINE

I LOVE you now, and come what may,
I'll always love you night and day.
E'en should you grow both poor and old
And so unhappy that you'd scold;
My love for you would ne'er grow cold,
Because I truly love you.

If evil spirits come your way
And tempt you from straight paths to stray,
And every so-called loving friend
No helping hand to you would lend,
To me, dear friend, for help then send,
Because I truly love you.

THE WONDRLAND OF MATEMATIKO

[Written for my teacher, Professor A. R. Hornbrook,
of the San Jose Normal School.]

IN MATEMATIKO, the wonderful land,
Ruled over by Giants, a most worthy band;
Where all live together in kindness and peace
While helping Earth's mortals whose works never cease.
And also I think that a strong helping hand
Is tendered Mars' children by this goodly band.

But if from these GIANTS their help we would seek
We should be very patient and humble and meek,
And go to their lands over roads smoothed in part
By labors of numerous foregoers' art.
Then back to the Daily-Life-Store-House to stay,
Bring all goodly treasures we found on our way.

The first province reached when we go to this land
Is ruled by ARITHMOS with firm kindly hand.
His regions are traveled by all little ones
When counting their candies or apples or buns;

Or when Baby's mother cuts apples in two
And gives him "one-half" and one-half to Sue,
His sister, who travels each day in the week
In realms of ARITHMOS for knowledge to seek.

The lands of ARITHMOS then being explored
And the wealth thereby gained being carefully stored,
Wise travelers go on following many a band
Of Pilgrims for Knowledge now seeking the land
Where if they search earnestly surely they'll find
TRUTHS known by QUEEN ALGEBRA, gracious and
kind,

Whose roads are far shorter than Arithmos King owns
And freer from troublesome MAD-HASTY-STONES
That fall from MT. ERROR right down on our path
And so often cause us to court DEMON WRATH.

When first viewing GUIDE-BOOKS of ALGEBRA-
LAND,

New travelers fear that they can't understand
The queer little figures and x , y 's and z 's
Mixed up with the numbers and a , b , c , d 's.

But after becoming acquainted with these
Good Algebra-Helpers who help and who please,
All seekers for knowledge most gladly resolve
To use these assistants their problems to solve.

Not far from Queen Algebra's realms may be found
King GEOMETRÍO'S rich lands, which abound
With REASON'S clear rivers that flow everywhere,
While watering the EARTH and while cooling the air.
There are many high mountains where travelers will fall
Who heed not the warning that's given to all
By GEOMETRÍO, the giant benign,
Who near to the rugged cliffs puts up this sign—
"To all who are traveling—BEHOLD! now, TAKE
HEED!

If walking, go slowly, be fearful of speed.
Be sure to inquire at my palace door
For smooth winding pathways trod often before;
But if you would ride in haste to the top
Then take my good auto which never will stop.
There's none like INTENSE CONCENTRATION, my
car
Which carries you safely sans skidding or jar."

To travelers obeying this Giant's advice,
No "Haste-Wasting-Goblins" will ever entice
To climb ERROR'S MOUNTAIN from which they
 may fall
To SLOUGH of DESPOND that is dreaded by all;
Or maybe be led by VAIN CONFIDENCE ELVES
Through seeming short byways and flowery delves
To dread DOUBTING CASTLE where cruellest of
 fates
Through GIANT DESPAIR the traveler awaits.

In GEOMETRÍO'S most wondrous GUIDE-BOOKS
At first one is puzzled if he only looks
At Guides of this Giant who many forms wear,
Some angular figures and others quite square;
Some round like a bullet or like cubes or cones,
But each of these figures some great power owns,
And Geometrfo will tell all who ask
How each may be used for a wonderful task—
As making dress patterns for ladies so fair;
Or likewise for ribbons to bind up their hair;
We meet them each day in the rugs at our feet,
And on the stone carvings we see in the street,

Are subjects of GEOMETRÍO'S wise land,
For their useful service we mortals demand.

Near Geometrío's broad regions there lies
The spacious rich country of GOOD GIANT WISE,
Broad-minded, and powerful builder and king,
TRIGONOMETRIO'S loud praises we sing.
From his brother "GEO" materials he takes
From which with his help frail mortal man makes
Tall wonderful buildings which, reaching so high,
We call them "sky-scrapers" as touching the sky.
He also builds churches, cathedrals and schools,
And beautiful mansions are formed by his rules,
Through knowledge man found in this great Giant's
home

He has built wondrous spires and many a dome,
And bridges o'er rivers, and tunnels through rocks,
And e'en chained the waters with wonderful locks.

And now with his help a marvelous feat
Of great engineering will soon be complete
In building at Panama as you all know,
A wondrous canal by which we may go
From Father Atlantic to Pacific's sands
Without traveling over Mother Earth's lands.

Near ALGEBRA-LAND a great GIANT lives
And to earnest students much knowledge he gives,
'Tis good KALKULUSO, abstruse thinking King,
To him all astronomers loud praises sing,
For only through his aid they go to the fount
Of cause and effect that will teach them to count
The days that will pass before all men may see
A coming eclipse on the great STELLAR SEA,
Or comets, or new stars, or maybe new worlds,
To true knowledge seekers this Giant unfurls
Wide forecasting standards as things are to be
In days yet to come upon both land and sea,
And ever this Giant-Wise carries in hand
The banner of TRUTH which he floats o'er his land.

Now, some people say that the great GIANTS' lands
In MATEMATIKO are mere barren sands
Where all travelers find it so hard to advance,
But we who have had even this little glance
At these wondrous regions described by the pen
Of "INSTRUISTINO"* will go there again.

*My teacher in mathematics, Mrs. A. R. Hornbrook.

She gives us to guide us a good fairy's wand
Through MATEMATIKO to bright realms beyond.
This wand helps us journey so that we may see
Each road and each crossing and always may be
On straightest of pathways, the PERFECT TRUTH'S
WAY,
From which glorious highway we never must stray,
For TRUTH leads to GOD in His bright realms above,
Surrounded by light of the INFINITE LOVE.

EASTER GREETING

MAY EASTER RABBIT in your heart's nest
Lay the golden egg upon whose quest
All knights and ladies plain and fair,
Are seeking, seeking everywhere.

The longed-for GOLDEN EGG of PEACE,
Which makes all earthly woes to cease
By filling hearts with LOVE FOR OTHERS,
So self's forgot as we help our brothers.

A SKILLET IN SOCIETY (ALIAS A CHAFING
DISH)

I HEARD my mother, just to-day, asking dear old dad
To buy her a nice chafing dish, and make her very glad;
Though he declared its cooking was a waste of alcohol,
Causing indigestion and perhaps a doctor's call.
I never saw a chafing dish and so I longed to know
How it looked and what 'twas for, and so and so and so;
But Mother would not answer and Daddy went away,
So I sought the kitchen, where Bridget holds her sway,
And asked her if she ever saw, since she began to cook,
A chafing dish on pantry shelf or pictured in a book?
Then Bridget turned her pug nose up with a "contem-
shus" air,
And gave a twist to her small knot of brick-dust colored
hair,
And said, "A chafing dish, my dear, so says Miss B.
Moriety,
Is but a common skillet pan that's got in High Society."



Winifred, age four

WALDEN, EVANSVILLE



THE GIANT ARITHMOS

GREAT Jack the Giant Killer brave, he killed all giants
bad,

But one good giant's life was saved by this bold war-
rior lad.

ARITHMOS was this giant great and all bright girls
and boys

Should love the famous Giant-King far more than all
their toys.

He's very old, and very great and also wondrous wise,
For he can count all things on earth and even tell their
size.

He knows how many birds there are; how high each
bird can fly,

But never does he boast or brag or stoop to tell a lie.

He is so tall that he can reach up to the starry sky
And count the stars and meteors bright as swiftly they
go by.

'Tis he alone can tell you when a great eclipse will come
And darken the moon's lady or the old man in the sun.

He's always so good-natured and obliging to us all
And makes our number work mere play when for his
aid we call.

He tells us just the number of ripe apples on a plate,
How far away Chicago is, and if the train be late.

In fact, he always answers us whene'er we ask "How
many?"

And for his work and trouble never thinks to ask a
penny.

All teachers and professors couldn't teach without his
aid,

And men in every business know through him they will
be paid.

We cannot sing in perfect time, nor even play a drum,
Divide an apple, buy a doll, nor do the smallest sum;
And even BRIDGE by ladies fair cannot at all be played
Unless this mighty Giant-King will kindly lend his aid.
So, as we cannot get along without ARITHMOS-LORE,
We all should learn his wondrous truths and love him
more and more.

THE PURE-BLOODED PUP

ONCE there was a little pup who lived in far-off Kent,
Where he was born some years ago in kennels of Lord
Dent;

His mother was of purest blood and likewise was his pa,
So he arrived upon this earth without a single flaw.

His tail was just the proper size and so was each small
ear,

His shapely legs and nose and paws, they pleased his
mother dear;

And with her soft and scarlet tongue she kissed her
baby pup,

And loved him, oh, so dearly that she almost ate him up.

The keeper of the kennels when he saw this terrier pup,
Declared, "It's just a beauty and will surely win 'THE
CUP,'

For being a fox terrier of very purest breed,
And now to my dear master I'll go with greatest speed.

“And tell him of this puppy who will bring our kennels
fame,
And ask him what he thinks will be a truly proper name
For the most perfect terrier that ever came to Kent;
It seems to me he should be called for my great master
‘Dent.’”

The master when he heard the news that a new pup had
come,
Left off his game of playing cards and drinking pints of
rum,
And hastened to the kennels to behold the wondrous pup,
Who at the coming dog show was to win the great prize
cup.

The mother dog she wagged her tail, with pride she was
puffed up,
As her great master stood right near and smiled upon
her pup,
While saying, “Higgins, listen well to what I have to
say,
And care for this good mother dog and her fine pup
each day.

“I’ll name him for my ancestor, the great and famous
Kent,
And in that name to the dog show next year he shall
be sent,
Where I am sure he’ll win the prize above all others
there,
For he is perfect in his shape and has fine silky hair.”

So little Kent was tended well and petted every day,
He never had to seek for bones and only had to play,
And having nothing else to do on mischief he was bent,
Was this aristocratic pup, owned by the great Lord Dent.

And when a year had passed around, one day the master
came
To take him to the London show, where he would win
great fame;
But Kent was very naughty, as he did not wish to go
Away from his good kennel home to any prize dog show.

At last his master whipped Pup Kent and, oh, but he
did swear,
Because Kent snapped at Higgens, who was combing his
fine hair

And putting on a collar with a chain of golden beads;
Such ornaments Kent could not see that any puppy needs.

At last the royal pup was dressed in pupdom regal style,
And drove in a fine carriage, oh, for many a weary mile,
Until he came to London town, where nothing he could
see,

Because all things were hidden with a fog as thick as
could be.

Before he'd even time to think, this 'ristocratic pup,
He found himself in a small cage with all the doors
shut up,

And many men were standing round and gazing long at
him,

While passing comments on his shape of head, and tail,
and limb.

Kent glared at them in silence and he would not wag
his tail,

In fact, just like a good young boy who might be put
in jail

When he had never done a thing to break the coun-
try's law,

So felt this little terrier, this pup without a flaw.

And when the judges thought that he should have the
ribbon blue
Because of his most perfect blood shown by the rec-
ords true,
He snapped and barked and even bit at those who came
quite near
To tie the lovely ribbon on the neck of "PUPPY
DEAR."

So they decided that despite his wondrous pedigree
There yet was something in his blood that ought not
there to be,
And gave the prize, a silver cup, to a more common dog,
Who lay so still and quiet that he might have been
a log.

But when that evening our Lord Dent beheld with great
surprise
That a less blooded terrier had won the noble prize,
He felt so very angry that he wished to beat Pup Kent,
And ordered that the beastly dog should quickly home
be sent.

But while poor Kent was going home so sad and in
disgrace,
He got away from Higgens and he found another place
Far, far away from kennels of the great and wealthy
Dent,
Near to a peaceful village, the runaway he went.

Here he lay down so tired and thought of many a bone,
Which now was being gnawed each day by his good
ma alone,
Since Kent, her darling puppy boy, was, oh, so far away,
Oh, how he wished to gnaw a bone with his good ma
this day!

But as he lay a-dreaming of lovely things to eat,
Quite suddenly a large gray rat ran right across his feet,
And after it there followed an Irishman named Pat,
Who sought to make a timely end of bad old Mister Rat.

Big Pat was armed with a huge club and called to his
old dog,
“Now, come along, ye lazy baste, before he’s in the
bog!”

Then Kent he jumped and in one bound he seized poor
Mister Rat,
Shook him about till he was dead and then brought him
to Pat.

Big Pat he gazed in wonder at the clever little dog,
And sitting down upon a large and green, moss covered
log,
Said, "Shure, ye bate this lazy hound that kennot catch
a rat,
And if ye'll stay right here, me boy, I'll trate ye well,"
says Pat.

Then proudly Kent he wagged his tail and tried so hard
to smile
Upon the good old Irishman, who patted him a while,
Then coaxed the stranger after him right through a
broad green lane,
Which led to the fine country home of good Sir Michael
Kane.

And here Pat introduced the pup to all the family,
And they were all so very kind as any folks could be.

They patted his soft silky hair and praised him to the sky,

And gave him a big gravy dish all filled with nice meat pie,

And likewise a huge saucer, which was full of real sweet cream,

Which made the hungry doggie think that he was in a dream.

So here Dog Kent decided was the best place for to dwell,

And here he still is living and is feeling very well.

He goes each morning to the barn and helps his good friend Pat

To catch the naughty rodents, who are called the name of RAT.

The cook she feeds him daily, and he captures all the mice,

Which love to haunt the kitchen of the cleanly Bridget Bryce.

While little Mikey loves dear Kent far more than all his toys,

And says that he'd rather play with him than any girls or boys,

Because he never minds a bit to jump right in the pond
And bring to land a stick or stone or weeping willow
wand.

He always acts politely to all who may come near,
And so all strangers pet him and think he is a dear.
They like his soft and silky hair, which proves he has
good blood,
And never does he make folks mad by tracking floors
with mud.

He's wiser than most common dogs, whose hair is rough
and coarse,
His bark is always pleasant, and 'tis never loud nor
hoarse;
He's swifter also than slow dogs who cannot catch a rat,
Because they always eat too much and get so very fat.

MORAL:

This story proves that good, pure blood is a fine thing
to own,
But it can't help the puppies or the children all alone,
Unless these youthful puppies and the children, very
small,
Learn to keep quite busy and to have a smile for all.

A KITTEN GONE TO WASTE

WHEN little Mary Alice was only three years old,
She went upon a visit to Aunt Maria Hold,
A lady who was noted for saving everything,
From gold and silver dollars down to a turkey wing.

She soon taught Mary Alice to never throw away
A single bit of anything which might be used "some day,"
And Alice, who was clever, soon learned to put away
All bits of ribbon, cloth and lace, and chicken feathers
 gay.

Each day she kept quite busy hunting something more
Which she could take to Auntie or add to her own store;
And one day in excitement, she ran in great haste,
Crying, "Oh, dear Auntie, sumfin's don to waste!
A perfectlee dood kitty is thrown out on the dump
Of the kitchen ash-pile, behind the garden pump."

PRIDE

THE Bible says that pride's the cause of people falling
down,

And an example of this truth I once saw in our town,
When we were driving on the street and watching pas-
sers-by.

From out a store stepped a fine dude, all dressed in silk
hat high,

And pants so tight he could not take a single manly
stride,

His mustache curled, and round his neck a ribbon pink
and wide,

While in his hand a gold-head cane, which he twirled
round and round,

So that the people all would know a great man was in
town;

But, being filled with pride of self, he did not know
his heel

Had come in contact with a part of a banana peel
Until it felled him to the earth and smashed his silk hat's
crown,

And even then he did not know 'twas PRIDE that
knocked him down.

JOB SMARTER THAN MODERN BABIES

“MOTHER,” said Lida, “why can’t brother speak,
Is he so stupid or only just weak,
Like poor ancient Grandma, when she has a cold,
And loses her voice so she can’t even scold?”

“No, darling,” said Mother, “your brother can’t talk,
Eat sugar candy, nor even yet walk,
As he is a baby the size of your doll,
And babies can’t talk when they are so small.”

“Then, Mother,” said Lida, “the kids nowadays
Are not half so smart in all of their ways
As babies who lived in the long, long ago,
For dear teacher told me (so, course it is so),
That Job in the Bible cursed the day he was born,
I ’spose like big Tom, when he can’t play his horn.”

THE NEW YEAR BABE

THE "New Year Babe" is always hailed with shouts of
greatest joy,

Though no one seems to really know if it's a girl or boy.
Good Mother Earth opes wide her arms and takes the
baby in

While big and little people help to raise an awful din.

And just as soon as "New Year Babe" has made its
grand début,

Then all the folks make big resolves and say what they
will do

Before the Baby Year has grown quite old and worn
with time,

When it must leave us while the bells for a new year
will chime.

But all resolves are very hard to always keep in mind,
And somehow they get broken and the pieces we can't
find;

So that when "Baby New Year" grows hoary with old
age,

We're glad to turn a fresh new leaf and close our last
year's page.

NERVOUS JELLY

ONE day when there was company, wee greedy Lillie
May

Took the jelly nearly all when it was passed her way;
And in great haste she ate it up with her small silver
spoon,

But oh, alas, the Piggiewig! she was discovered soon
By Mother, who was greatly shocked to see her naughty
elf

Eating like a greedy boy from off the kitchen shelf.

But Mother couldn't scold aloud for fear the guests
would hear,

And so she softly whispered, "Don't eat that way, my
dear."

Then Mrs. Dean, the company, she patted Lillie's head,
And smiling at the jellied face, she to the culprit said,
"I've always liked the jelly good which makes my bread
so sweet,

And surely it tastes better still when with a spoon we
eat

This lovely, wobbling dainty, which is loved by one
and all,

From little girls and tiny boys to great men, large and
tall."

This speech encouraged little May, who nodded her
wise head

And said, "Besides dis jelly is too nervous for to
spread."

A BOY WHO WAS HERO AND VILLIAN

ONE day in a big meeting held by a MERCY BAND,
The leader asked each little boy to hold up his right hand
If he could tell of any deed of kindness he had done
In saving some poor animal or helping any one.

Then Ernest held his hand on high and pride suffused
his face,

As from his seat he quickly rose and took the speaker's
place,

While speaking loud in accents clear, "I saved a little pup
Who had his tail in a tin can all tied securely up.

I took the can from off his tail and made him bark with
joy,

So Mother said and so said Dad—I was a darling boy."

"And so say I," the leader said, while calling him her
"DEAR,"

"But how I wish the wicked boy who did the deed were
here."

ERNEST :

"Well, here he is, for I'm the boy who did that deed as
well,

So I could take the tin can off and of my goodness tell."

AUTOS CHANGE GOOD LUCK

Poor Uncle Zeke, he's very sad, and says the whole
world's wrong,
For when he was a little boy it was a common song,
To sing about the luck which came from finding a horse-
shoe,
And in those good old lucky days the sign was always
true.

But Sunday when poor Uncle Zeke was walking on the
street,
He saw a lucky horseshoe which was lying at his feet,
And as he stooped to seize the prize which lay before him
there,
Along an automobile came and whizzed him in the air.

To-day I saw him lying still and pale upon his couch,
And oh, my goodness gracious, but he had an awful
grouch!
His hands and arms in bandages were tied securely up,
And on his forehead was a bump like Aunt Mariah's cup.

He told me I should listen well and take his counsel sage,
And never try to get good luck in this fierce auto age,
By picking up a horse's shoe in street or country road
No more than I would stoop to seize a common green
back toad.

MY CHRISTMAS WISH

WHEN gladly ring the Christmas chimes,
Then come our reminiscent times
And even cold hearts—slow to beat—
Feel something of the love thought heat
That emanates from one and all
And to our far off loved ones call.
Then YOU must feel all through and through
The tingling of my thoughts of you.
These are my messengers so true
Who bear this message, "I love you,
And wish you on this Christmas day
A joyful heart that comes to stay,
Not only for a day or two,
But for your whole life's journey through."

A BOY'S DESCRIPTION OF A GOAT

WHEN the teacher asked young Leo to write a little rhyme

Describing some strange animal he'd seen at any time,
He seized his long slate pencil and this is what he wrote
About the common animal, which children call a goat:

A goat is stronger than a pig,

But often it is not as big.

It has four legs just like a horse,

But never runs on a race-course.

It gives good milk, though not as much

As cows and elephants and such,

But more than any bull or ox,

Rooster, ram, or sly old fox.

Like any mule, a goat likes hay

And all tin cans we throw away.

He's useful and I'm fond of him,

But some good folks have a strange whim

To hold their noses when he's near,

And act as if they greatly fear

To touch his fur which has the smell
Of something I know very well,
The odor I'd know anywhere,
It's like Dad's tonic for his hair.

AUTUMN, QUEEN OF YEAR

WHEN the pumpkins are so yellow
And the vines with grapes abound,
When the melons are so mellow
And the nuts fall to the ground;
When persimmons lose their bitters,
And the apples are so red;
When we love to eat corn fritters
Since the roasting ears have fled;
When vacation days are over
And the children go to school,
They no longer play in clover,
But must learn "Arithmos-rule,"
When weird Hallowe'en's most naughty elves
With gnomes and sprites appear,
While fat Thanksgiving fills the shelves—
'Tis AUTUMN, QUEEN OF YEAR.

THE TERSEST BATHING SUIT

WHEN to the sea shore Robert went, with Ma and Sister
Nell,

He met a wise professor, who soon taught him to spell,
Likewise to read of fairy lore and use a real steel pen
To write to his own father dear, who like most all the
men

Must ever stay at home and work to earn the cents to pay
For wife and children's outing till the summer slips away.

Now all the strange, uncommon words which little Bob
could find,

He stored away and tried to keep in his small, active
mind

So as to use in writing notes to his dear fat old Dad,
And when the big folks used strange words it made him
very glad.

So one day when of something TERSE he heard his
sister tell,

He asked her for its meaning and he thus rewarded Nell

By writing to his father dear, "Oh, Daddy, you should
see
Nell's awful TERSEST bathing suit, which won't reach
to her knee."

EASTER GREETING TO MY FRIEND

If you haven't any Easter clothes on Easter morn to
wear
Then don't you care.
If the EASTER RABBIT passes by and leaves no gift
behind,
Then don't you mind.
Just smile at every one you meet and do some kindly
act,
For it's a fact,
By doing any kindly deed one's heart is filled with JOY
Which will destroy
All pain that one may suffer from ENVY'S cruel sting;
So you can sing—
"Fulfilled will be my wishes for gifts and raiment fair—
Some day—somewhere."



Winifred, age six. Dress decorated with stars given her by celebrated Esperantists

TAKE THAT GUM FROM YOUR MOUTH AND
PUT YOUR FEET RIGHT IN

YOUNG Susie was quite noted for having great large feet,
And for working both her jaws, this maid could not be
beat.

Her wad of gum she always bore with her unto the school,
Though well she knew she might be spanked, for 'twas
against the rule,

But skillfully she hid this gum, did naughty little Sue.
Though oft behind her little book she took a little chew,
But once when she was building up a castle in the air,
And thought she was a lady rich and most entrancing
fair,

While stretching out her legs and feet into the narrow
aisle

And thinking of sweet Bobby Jones, the maid began to
smile.

Then suddenly the teacher cried, above the school room's
din,

"Take that gum from out your mouth and put your feet
right in."

GOOD WEATHER ASSURED

WHEN the second of February rolls around,
Out of his hole in the cold, dark ground
Comes Mr. Groundhog to look at the sky
And see if the season of summer is nigh;
So that he in the fields may merrily run
And eat farmers' crops 'neath the light o' the sun.
But if his own shadow he unfortunately sees,
In the greatest of terror he falls on his knees,
And quickly returns to his subterra home,
Resolving that he will not again roam
Till six stormy weeks have slowly gone by,
And then once again, perhaps he will try
To put his flat head above the cold ground,
And take a survey of the earth all around.
So I made up my mind that during the year
I'd keep him at home so he couldn't appear.
And to bring wintry weather he hadn't a chance,
For of his own shadow he caught not a glance.

ALL THE WORLD CRIES

“QUACK-quack-quack-quack!” cries Auntie Duck,
While Mother Hen goes “Cluck-cluck-cluck!”
And Papa Dog cries, “Bow-wow-wow,”
And Sister Cat, “Me-ow, me-ow!”

“Eek-eek-eek-eek!” squeals Grandma Pig,
“I’m growing, oh, so far and big;”
While “Cackle-cackle” all the day,
The little goslings like to say.

Proud Grandpa Turkey struts along
With his eternal gobble-song;
Sir Horse he whinnies, “Hee-hee-hee!”
And “Buzzey-buzzey” goes Miss Bee.

Sis Maud, the Mule, cries, “Hee-hee-haw!”
And Missy Crow goes “Caw-caw-caw!”
Good Madam Cow cries, “Moo-moo-moo!”
And gentle Doves they “Coo-coo-coo!”
The Baby Lambs cry, “Baa-baa-baa!”
And little Kids squeal, “Ma-ma-ma!”

HOPE

HOPE is the name of the dear little sprite,
Who banishes grief and makes life bright.
Thanks to Pandora—'twas she shut the lid
Of that wondrous jar where good Hope was hid,
And kept him to cheer us when we are so sad
Fearing a scolding because we've been bad;
Then this little whisper of Hope makes us say—
"Maybe you won't get a scolding to-day."

Likewise being tortured with measles and croup
And that dread disease which makes us to whoop!
Chicken pox, fevers and diptheric germs,
And the worst of diseases just common plain worms,
Which causes our "tum-tums" to feel mighty bad
And no doubt would make us most dreadfully sad,
If 'twere not for HOPE which whispers to us—
"Be patient, dear children, and don't make a fuss
Because all the pain will soon pass away
And then you'll be healthy and happy all day."

THE YOUNG MAIL CARRIER

YOUNG Billy from his lovely home disappeared one day,
And when his mother missed her lad she thought he'd
run away,

But soon the sprightly little chap came quickly running
back,

Bearing on his shoulders small, a large round leather
sack,

And said, "Dear mother, I have been a very good, kind
boy,

Trying like the Bible says, to bring our neighbors joy.
I played I was a postman and I paid each one a call,
And to the people in this block, I gave them letters all."

MOTHER:

"But where, my precious little lad, my darling honey pet,
Where in the name of goodness these letters did you
get?"

BILLY:

“I found them with no trouble; they were the ones that
you
Kept 'way up in your bureau drawer, all tied with ribbons
blue.”

A RIDDLE

ONE night 'neath the light of a silvery moon
There sat on a log pile a very fat coon
And also a little most cunning brown fellow
Eating of melon so juicy and mellow.
The large robust coon and the wee little one
Thought they were having a bushel of fun,
And laughed very loudly in notes of pure glee,
For they were as happy as happy could be.

So here is a riddle I'll give now to you,
Guess the relation there was 'twixt the two.

ANSWER

Most everyone answers, “Why, father and son.”
Not so—'twas a mammy and her little one.

THE FIRST MATCH

IN the days of great Grandmother
People often worked each other
When they sought a little light
At the coming of the night,
Or to bake their bread and meat
As fire making was a feat
Quite difficult and very slow.
So oft without a light they'd go
Instead of spending e'en an hour
With flint and steel exerting power
To make a little fiery spark
Which would produce light in the dark.

But in eighteen twenty-seven
Some good man earned fame from Heaven
By inventing a real match
Which one needed but to scratch
On its sulphur head so small
When forth came fire for us all.

THE NEW BABY

WHEN Alfred saw the baby wee the stork to him had
brought,

He stood quite silent for a while and thought and
thought and thought

Until he'd solved the problem about the CURIOUS ONE
Who'd traveled far from Storkland, though she couldn't
walk nor run.

Then to his mother he declared in accents of dismay,
"Dear Mother, we must send this kid back to her home
to-day,

'Cause someone's cheated us I know and brought us an
old child

With bald head and without a tooth and like an Indian
wild.

Whenever it begins to cry it almost lifts the roof,
So, Mother, dear, I think 'tis best for you to keep aloof
From the old ugly Indian thing and send it to Storkland,
Then you and I'll be glad again and go to hear the band."

GOOD-BYE TO TEDDY BEARS

GOOD-BYE to all the Teddy Bears, both big and small!
The "Billy Possums" are in style for one and all.
We little girls, like older folks, are bound to keep in
style,
And so we have to change our toys 'most every little
while.

When Roosevelt or "Teddy," was ruler o'er this land,
All stylish girls and clever boys kept bears on hand
To play with and to walk with and to put to bed at
night,
As "Teddy Bears" were symbols of the Rooseveltian
light.

But when King Teddy left his throne, Taft got his seat,
And soft brown Teddies disappeared from home and
street,
While "Billy Possum" came to rule for two years or for
three,
When "Bryan Kittens" will be hatched and all the rage
will be.

SLEEPERS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WITHIN Westminster Abbey, which stands on Thorney
Isle

Are buried many people of every age and style.
There's Edward the Confessor, who founded this great
church

And Henry Third who sent his men to Italy to search
For beautiful mosaics which brilliantly would shine
All round about and high above the great Confessor's
shrine.

Here great Shaftesbury's buried, who worked to his
life's end

For poor down trodden children whose rights he did de-
fend.

Sir Isaac Newton, very wise, who thought he was a child
Picking up the sea-shells beside life's ocean wild.

And noble Sir James Outram known as a man most
brave,

Who at the siege of Lucknow the English corps did save.

Great Livingstone of world-wide fame who Africa explored
And whose sad death in Afric wilds by all men was
deplord;
The blind postmaster Fawcett who tried so hard to mend
All foolish laws of England and English rights defend.
A monument we here may see to Sir John Franklin bold
Who lost his life while he explored in far off Arctic
cold.

Within the poet's corner full many a grave is found,
Behold good Geoffrey Chaucer as Father Poet crowned,
And great and good Lord Tennyson whose "CROSSING
OF THE BAR"
It seems to me in Heaven above should win a shining
star.
Will Shagspur's monument is here, where he is called the
chief
Of all the greatest writers known, though I call him a
thief
Because I think he stole his rhymes from many learned
men
And then pretended all were writ just by his goose quill
pen.

Great Handel the musician, born in a German town
But who in merry England won all his great renown ;
The orator George Canning, a statesman good and great
And with whose son, Earl Canning, he lies in regal state.
Here's Gladstone, greatest statesman perhaps the world
has known

Who's buried in this abbey 'neath monumental stone.
Great Wilberforce and two great Pitts who likewise won
their fame

Within this ancient abbey we see each brilliant name.

And many kings both good and bad and with their royal
wives

Were brought to this old abbey when they had spent
their lives.

Strong Edward First, the warrior who brought the
"Stone of Scone"

And placed it in the abbey to crown the **KINGS** alone.
Then Richard Second who is known as "The West-
minster King"

So called as in the abbey he did most everything ;
For he was crowned and married and also buried here—
No wonder that the abbey stones to him were very dear.

To "Madcap Harry," Henry Fifth, Westminster was
his pride

So he was buried 'neath its walls—though in far France
he died.

King Henry Seventh and his wife Elizabeth the kind,
Close, side by side, their royal tombs we easily may find.
Queen Mary called "The Bloody," with Bess "The Vir-
gin Queen,"

Beside Queen Mary of the Scots, their tombs may now
be seen.

It was at Mary's funeral when she was lying dead
That in the abbey Catholic mass for a last time was
said.

King Henry Fifth the murdered King and Edward
Sixth the boy,

Who while he lived no sorrow gave but brought to Eng-
land joy,

And many other kings and queens and men of wondrous
fame

Both good and bad their bodies lie in restful sleep the
same.

LAZY WHITE MEN SIT WHILE FLYING
THROUGH THE AIR

POOR Lo, the Indian, disrespects his brothers wise and
fair,

Who now on aeroplanes are wont to make trips through
the air.

He watches them go circling like birds up in the skies,
Then grunts, "Heap lazy white man, he sits down when
he flies."

TOO TICKLISH TO COUNT HIS RIBS

IN the class of physiology the teacher asked one day,
"How many ribs have you, my boy, tell me, Dickie
Gray?"

And wiggling, giggling Dickie very promptly made
reply,

"Dear teacher, I must tell the truth, for I could never lie,
But as for ribs I cannot say how many I possess,
For I'm too awful ticklish to count them, I confess."

IT TAKES A CIGAR A LONG TIME TO WEAR
OUT

WHEN Harry Warren was a boy only five years old,
He wasn't then as he is now, so very big and bold,
But he was very much afraid of bad tobacco smoke,
Which seems to those who know him now to be a funny
joke.

He had an uncle on whose knee he loved to sit each day
And listen to exciting tales about the Pixies gay,
But when his uncle had a light upon a long cigar,
Then little Harry used to sit away from it as far
As he could manage well to get upon his uncle's knee,
Since Harry feared tobacco smoke more than a bumble
bee.

One day while sitting way far out upon his uncle's knee,
He grew so very tired as he waited there to see
The end of the long smoker which made smoke all about
And said, "It takes that big cigar a long time to wear
out."

A PICKERINO—THE COOK'S FATE

SHOULD COOK permit Sir Lemon squeezer,
Would virtuous Pepper box her, potato masher?
Would bakers baker in a heater,
And tell the saucy strong egg beater?
Would they then wax yet even bolder
While Mr. Tongs so well would holder
And then unto the pancake turner
Who would allow the cruel gas burner?

THE FIRST METAL PLOW

THE metal plow so I've been told
First was made in days of old
By Grecian farmers and we know
That great Ulysses used to go
Behind the plow and play insane
By tilling sand to plant his grain
So that he need not leave his wife
And march away to dreadful strife.

LEGENDS OF THE CORONATION STONE

IN Bible stories we have read
Of Jacob whose uncovered head,
Rested once on BETHEL-STONE
While round his head a vision shone.

The stone was then to Egypt carried,
From there to Spain by one who married
Great Pharaoh's daughter who was good—
For Hebrews' rights she always stood.

To Ireland with this same stone
The King Hiberus sailed alone
And placed it on fair Tara Hill,
No doubt the stone would be there still

If Fergus had not come along
With many warriors bold and strong
And bore it to his native land
Of bonnie Scotland there to stand.

Within the Castle Dunstaffrage
And here it stood for many an age
Until as a most sacred stone
'Twas placed within the Church of Scone.

And the good kings of Scotland fair
For years and years were all crowned there
Till Edward Langshanks seized this stone
Of which 'twas said 'twould always groan

If any worthless king or queen
Upon its seat were ever seen.

He brought it to dear England's shore
And willed that it should move no more
And in Westminster it was placed
Within a wooden chair encased.

PLEASE, GRANDPA, CROAK

"GRANDDADDY," said young Harry, "do a good turn for me,
By croaking like a big bull frog so I can plainly see
If Daddy told the honest truth or only cracked a joke
Because he said I'd have some 'dough' if you would
only croak."

TO SAVE HIM FROM A WHIPPING

WHEN Mrs. Hall, who had spent the day
With Mrs. Green, was going away,
Wee curly headed, naughty Joe
Begged so hard that she wouldn't go.

Now all the day this roguish lad
Had disobeyed and been quite bad,
So Mrs. Hall, in great surprise,
Paused and looked in his brown eyes,
While saying, "I'm so glad to know
You love me truly, dearest Joe."

"Oh, 't isn't that," said honest Joe,
"I wouldn't mind for you to go
Except my mother said to-day,
She'd whip me when you went away."

THE FIRST FORKS

IN the days of good Queen Bess
How sad it is we must confess
That the English ate their food
In a fashion very rude.

Great William Shakespeare like the rest
And Walter Raleigh richly dressed
Both ate their meat just with a knife—
The same they used to settle strife.

'Twas the Italians who first made
The useful fork which surely paid
Its wise inventors who could eat
Of sauces and most juicy meat
And never have to wash their hands
As straight knife eating oft demands.

THE KING'S QUESTIONS

ONCE on a time, long, long ago, in a far-off foreign land,
A certain king who loved to roam with his chosen courtly
band,

Was riding abroad one early morn through streets of a
city fair

When a curious sign above a door caused him to pause
and stare.

This sign board plainly read to all that here was Wis-
dom's college

With a Professor at its head of UNIVERSAL
KNOWLEDGE.

"Ha! Ha!" loud laughed the wily king while rapping
on the door,

"'Tis true above all other men I need a goodly store
Of UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE so that I may wisely
rule

And never say a foolish thing nor act the silly fool."

But when the great (?) Professor X— appeared within
the door,

With trembling hands and downcast eyes, while bowing
to the floor

The king gazed at the coward and this is what he said,
“You answer my three questions or you will lose your
head.

Now first since you know everything please tell me what
I’m worth,

And second tell the number of baskets of good earth
That one may find by digging within that mountain there
Reaching with its snow capped crown away up in the
air.

And when you’ve rightly answered these questions given
you

Then you must tell me of my thoughts to prove your
wisdom true.

Three days is all I’ll give you to answer me or go
To realms where wisdom surely dwells and something
you must know.”

And then the King departed and left the wise man sad,
For though he had some wisdom his little knowledge had

But given him the swelled head so foolishly he thought
Through painted signs of wisdom his knowledge would
be sought.

And as this foolish wise man bemoaned his coming doom,
His good but unlearned servant walked into the room,
And told his master not to mourn as he would take his
place

And answer the King's questions while gazing in his face.
So when three days had passed away the Royal Master
came

And Jim the servant greeted him as if he were the same
As he himself or any man who lived upon the earth,
And to the world's good Mother Earth was debtor for
his birth.

Then spake this servant to the King—"I'm glad my Sire
to see

And now with pleasure I'll proceed to answer questions
three.

You're worth how much—not surely more than one wee
bit of gold

For as you know the Saviour King for thirty bits was
sold.

And as to baskets of good earth in yonder mountain
high

Think not your foolish question has made me sleepless
lie.

It doesn't even take a man who could be called quite
wise

To tell you that this all depends upon the basket's size.

For if the basket's mountain size of course but one will
do

But if it's only half as large then we must needs have
two."

Delighted with these answers the King shook Jim's
rough hand,

While smiling as he looked at him and gave his last com-
mand,

"Now tell me what I'm thinking of, you wizard of the
earth,

And if you answer truly, yours is this pearl of worth."

"Oh, that is very simple," Jim quickly answered him,

"You think me the professor, but I'm his servant Jim."

This answer was so pleasing unto the mighty King,

He made him his favored courtier, wearing his signet
ring.



Winifred, age seven

RANDALL, SEATTLE

ENGLAND'S KINGS IN RHYME

THERE were many kings of England in ancient Saxon
days,

But little to remember except their rude wild ways.

There was Egbert and King Ethelwolf and also Ethelbald,
Ethelbert and Ethelred and Alfred Great so called.

There was Edward and King Athelstan followed by three
kings

Edmund and King Edgar and one whose praise we sing—
The good and kindly Edward who won a martyr's crown;
Then came a second Ethelred, who never won renown;
And as this king was always known just by the name
"Unready,"

So his successor well was called—"Strong Edmund ever
steady."

And last of all the Saxon kings decreeing England's
fate

Came the Confessor Edward whom we all consider great.

And now we come to William, the Norman cruel but
brave,

And who the throne of England to Norman monarchs
gave,

But the royal line he founded had rulers only four,
Two Williams and one Henry, one Stephen and no more.

Plantagenets just fourteen then came to rule this land,
They formed the longest kingly line and made a goodly
band.

Though they were not all very good and some were very
bad,

While some were truly gay old sports and others very
sad.

The founder was King Henry the second Henry king,
For cruelty to Becket, no praise to him we sing.

Then Richard the Plantagenet, who had a lion heart
And whose brave deeds are greatly praised in history and
art.

Then came the trembling coward, the hated ruler John,
How glad are we that from this earth he long ago hath
gone!

And after followed Henry Third a silly royal goose,
Within whose head I sadly fear there were some sutures
loose.

Then came the first King Edward who with his war-
rior band,
Laid bare the minstrels' country and their dear mountain
land.

A second Edward, then a third directly followed after,
Then came poor Richard Second who had small cause
for laughter;

Then Henry Fourth who conquered all the lands of
goodly Wales

As we have often heard in rhyme and in historic tales,
And Henry Fifth feared by the French, it was within
his reign

Fair Joan d'Arc's brave blood was shed the English
swords to stain.

King Henry Sixth spent his last days in mourning in
the Tower

While Edward Fourth by might of will possessed the
kingly power.

The little lad, poor Edward Fifth, was never duly
crowned,

But in the Tower cold in death the poor young king
was found.

'Tis said that he was murdered by one who then did
rule

His uncle the third Richard, hump-backed and very cruel.
This wicked monster lost his life at Bosworth's bloody
field,

Then came the Tudor family their scepters strong to
wield.

Through Henry Seventh and his son King Henry
Eighth, the bold,

Then Edward Sixth, the wise young king who ne'er
grew to be old,

And monstrous blood-soaked Mary at whose dread
bloody name,

All noble English subjects should feel a blush of shame;
Elizabeth, her sister, the red-haired maiden queen,

Who sometimes was quite gracious but had a lot of
spleen.

With this great queen the Tudor line came to a glorious
end

Then to the Stuarts, six in all, the English knee did bend.

First came the learned James the First, and Charles the
First, his son,
Who through the warrior Cromwell forever was un-
done.
This warrior styled "Protector" knew how to rule all
men,
If not with his good broadsword, why, then with stroke
of pen.
And after him the second Charles returned to England
fair,
And claimed that to her glorious crown he was the law-
ful heir.

Then after him the bigot James, the second of his name,
Who was deposed from England's throne and earned a
crown of shame;
Then good King William called the Third, and Mary,
his good wife,
They ruled o'er happy England and banished horrid
strife,
But leaving no good children to whom the throne could
fall
Poor sickly Anne, whose heart was big but brains so
very small,

As James's second daughter succeeded to the crown
And did her best to rule the land but never won re-
nown.

To seventeen fair children she in her life gave birth
But as death claimed them every one she had no cause
for mirth.

The Stuart line was ended with Anne, unhappy queen,
Then came four kings called Georges, with wits not very
keen,

Hanover's line they founded, which line rules England
now,

And to this line all Englishmen on loyal knee would bow.

And after all the Georges had had their rule and died,
Then William Fourth, the brother of George the Third,
he tried

To rule o'er England's country with kind and steady
hand,

But when his brother's daughter succeeded to this land
She made a better ruler than any queen or king
And to VICTORIA, great VICTORIA, loudest praises
ring.

She ruled o'er England's empire for years full sixty-four,
And her great crown with queenly grace and kindness
she wore.

Her son, King Edward Seventh, the ever tactful king,
Ruled for a few short seasons until by Death's cruel
sting

His happy reign was ended and George the Fifth, his
heir,

Was made the kingly ruler of England's lands so fair.

BRUNETTES ALL THE RAGE

GREAT Byron sang of ladies fair
With bright blue eyes and golden hair;
But Major Woodruff says—"Beware—
Of those whose skin is very fair,
As naughty maidens have blue eyes
And seldom are they good and wise."

He urges men like Moses great
To choose a brunette for a mate,
Whose eyes and hair have the dark hue
Which proves that she'll be wise and true.

CATS A KISSIN' (CATECHISM)

LAST week my cousin Patti, who isn't yet quite three,
Went to our good Sunday School with Mother and with
me.

She sat quite still and listened well to all the teacher said,
Until I thought she stowed away much knowledge in her
head.

But when that evening Auntie asked, "What did my
darling hear

When she went to Sunday School; tell me, won't you,
dear?"

She shrugged her little shoulders and said, "Not anyfing
Except dey said some funny words and den began to
sing;

Though 'bout de cats a kissin', well, the teacher said you
should

Teach me ev'ry evenin' and den I'd be so dood."

INFORMATION BY PHONE

LITTLE brilliant Nellie, whose Ma thought she was ill,
Took her to the doctor, who gave her a big bill,
For sounding with a stethoscope young Nellie's narrow
chest
And making her scream "Ninety-nine" with her utmost
zest.

Next day a friend asked Nellie, "What did the doctor
think
Is the matter with you? Are you on Death's brink?"

"Not much," said little Nellie, "no bugs could doctor find;
In fact he said that all my ills were just in mother's
mind."

"But how did he discover this, he couldn't see through
you,
And maybe what this doctor said is anything but true?"

“Of course the doctor told the truth,” most scornfully
said Nell,
“I heard him phone to my insides, and they said I was
well.”

OUR PRESIDENTS

GEORGE Washington, Adams and Jefferson three
First rulers of Uncle Sam's land of the free:
Then Madison, Monroe and Adams again
All clever and upright and good honest men;
Then Jackson, Van Buren and Harrison first,
Tyler and Polk whose terms were so curst
By war with the Greasers who lost in the fray—
Then Taylor and Fillmore and Pierce held their sway.
Buchanan and Lincoln, Johnson and Grant,
Then Hayes, martyred Garfield, despiser of cant,
Arthur and Cleveland, Harrison (Ben)
McKinley the martyr, beloved by all men;
Then most energetic and strenuous Teddy
And plump William Taft for a second term ready
When Wilson was placed in this nation's great chair
And promised to always rule wisely and fair.

SIX IN THE CEMETERY

OH, the kiddie-de-kees in the Wiggs' house,
They're thick as bees, but ne'er like a mouse,
For they've never been known to keep the least quiet,
And wherever they go there's always a riot.

One day, Mrs. Wiggs and her husband Pat
Made a trip to the city to rent a flat
And left their six kiddies at home to play
On the graveyard green across the way.

The two elder Wiggs they found a man,
With flats he would rent on most any plan,
But concerning one thing he said he must know
If kiddies they owned—the rent man's foe.

“Yes, six little ones,” said Pa Wiggs the wary,
“But they are all in the cemetery.”
Said the landlord, “Better there than here,”
And he drew up a lease without any fear.

And that's how the Wiggs got their lease
In a so-called kidless flat of PEACE.

COULD ONLY ASK QUESTIONS

"MADELINE," asked her mother, when home she came
at noon,
"How did you like your teacher, or can't you tell so
soon?"

MADELINE :

"Oh, yes, I formed my 'pinion long 'fore I started home,
She's rather pleasant, looks quite wise, and wears a lovely
comb,
But surely she is stupid in spite of her wise looks,
'Cause she only asked us questions from out of a lot of
books."

SEEKING BARGAINS

WHEN Mother told Tommy five cents she would pay
If he would be good and "damn" never say,
The wary young Yankee, he made this reply—
"To be sure, I won't, Mother, not once if I die ;
But I know another, a word worser still,
If damn's worth a nickel, it's worth a whole bill."

CULTUS MITLITE

(Chinook Indian for Rest)

ONE of the greatest of pleasures to me
Whenever I happen to be near the sea,
Is clam digging to go upon the broad beach
And get all the clams that my shovel can reach.

Along Puget Sound I was clamming one day,
When a poor Indian squaw and child came my way.
The mother was digging up clams with her toes,
And was dressed very poorly in very few clothes.

But her face seemed so kind as she smiled at her child,
A wee Indian warrior, who seemed very wild.
He turned over stones and he ran to and fro
And drove out poor crabbies as their fiercest foe.

But at last he grew weary and to the squaw came,
While limping so slowly as if he were lame,
And crying, "Ho, mama, ho nika, ho til!"
Which meant of crab sporting that he'd had his fill.

That squaws are so cross I have read in a book,
But not so this mother, who gently did look
Upon her wee torment, while patting his head,
And "Cultus Mitlite," so sweetly she said.
This meant that the warrior might take a long rest,
The pleasure of pleasures that red men like best.

HER TURN COMING

A WEE little girlie aged scarcely six
One day watched her mother playing with Trix,
A cunning French poodle that oft got a kiss
Belonging by rights to this dear little miss.

She was jealous of Trix curled up on the lap
Of her lovely mother where SHE wished to nap.
So she sat very still while she gave a big sigh
And questioned her mother "How soon do dogs die?"

The mother replied as she petted Trix's ears,
"They rarely live longer than nine or ten years."
"Oh, goodie!" cried Girlie. "In six years next May
There won't be a Trixie and I'll have my way."

WHEN WILL WE BE OLD ENOUGH?

“LITTLE children should be seen
And not heard,” folks say.
We must scarcely speak aloud
When company comes to stay
For breakfast or for dinner
Or for a cup of tea,
So solemn and so quiet
We little folks must be.

We must not tell that Daddy
Once used an awful word
The very, very worstest
That ever could be heard.
Nor how our mother curls her hair
And powders well her nose
And sometimes takes an hour or more
To put on her best clothes.

We dare not tell how sister
Was spanked for being rude
And how our baby brother
Was choked upon his food.

In fact we must not speak at all
Except words no and yes
And when we swallow all our thoughts
They cause us great distress.

So we are wondering how much more
We kiddies yet must grow
Ere we can speak out what we think
And tell all things we know.

JOHNNIE'S CONUNDRUM

ONCE Johnnie to his brother said—
“Here’s a conundrum for you, Fred,
They say all nuts on trees must grow
What tree bears doughnuts, do you know?”

“Oh, yes,” Fred promptly made reply,
“I’ll answer dat de firstest try,
Dey grows on Bridget’s nice pantry.
Tum right wid me and you tan see.”

TITANIC'S NOBLE BAND

O'ER great Atlantic's waters,
Old Father Neptune's pride,
On a starry night in April,
Oh, see Titanic ride!

This spacious Queen of steamers
Holds high her masted head
For she believes all waters
Are conquered by her tread.

"Alas, vain Queen, you're speeding
Unto a watery tomb!"
So telegraphed the breezes
To save her from her doom.

But she no heed gave to them
And faster forged ahead
When suddenly before her—
Great tombstone for the dead—

Old Neptune's giant iceberg
Shone white beneath the sky
His icy breath gave warning
"Don't touch me or you die."

But heedless to this warning
The ship steered on her way
And struck the icy monster
For which her life did pay.

With his great strength this giant
Then rent her sides in twain
And left her floundering helpless
Upon the boundless main.

Her passengers in terror
Rushed to the upper deck
And there her Captain told them
"Titanic is a wreck.

"And all the little children
And women in great haste
Must go aboard the life boat,
No moments are to waste."

But when these little children
Held to their fathers' hand
And wives clung to their husbands
They heard this dread command—

“The boats are but for women,
All men on deck must stay
And wait till help comes to us—
There is no other way.”

But those who loved their husbands
And were most loyal wives
Refused to leave the men they loved
To save their own poor lives.

Then rough hands tore asunder
The arms of love entwined,
And threw the wives into the boats
And left the men behind.

But while the cries of parting
With grief all hearts did tear,
The band of the Titanic
Struck up a lively air

Of jolly ragtime music
And glad notes of good cheer,
As if to tell the people
There was no cause to fear.

Since aid would soon come flying
And all would rescued be,
So why should hearts be saddened
When bandmen played with glee.

Down, down Titanic's going,
But still the band plays on,
The brave men know they're sinking
That they will soon be gone.

But how can they die better
Than giving helping cheer
To those who from Death's waters
Are trembling in great fear.

So as the water covers
The deck just at their feet,
They play with solemn fervor
A hymn majestic sweet.

And, "Nearer, oh, my God, to Thee,
And nearer yet to Thee,"
Gave courage to the drowning men
Who struggled in the sea.

For Colonel Astor, Major Butt
And learned William Stead,
And many other noble men
We mourn Titanic's dead.

And with them we all honor
The band who cheered their way
To meet the ever-dreaded King
To whom all lives must pay.

Concerning this jingle Elbert Hubbard said: "Dear Little Friend: This is your masterpiece of word painting descriptive of courage, anguish and man's helplessness."

HOW TO BE HAPPY

ONE night as I slept there came to me
A dear little sprite from o'er the sea,
And sweetly smiling, whispered to me:
"Shall I tell you how to happy be?"
Of course I asked for the recipe
Which worked its magic soon on me,
And as I'm happy as one can be
I'd like to tell the news to thee.

It's not advice we might call new,
But it gives us joy that's pure and true;
It's simply the "MUSE OF SMILES" to woo,
And whate'er we have each day to do—
Tasks that are pleasant and sad ones too—
With a smiling face our work go through,
Forgetful of self and "HOPEBEAMS" strew
For those who see not the brightest view.

REVENGE ON AN ACHING TOOTH

ONE time I had an awful pain
Which made me groan and cry;
It felt like daggers in my head
Which stabbed at my right eye.

It was the toothache, mother said,
And as she petted me,
She quite agreed with Bobby Burns
That nothing worse could be.

Not even chiggers, ainhum, yaws,
Or leprosy and sprue,
With craw-craw and the Dhobie itch,
Piedra and goundou.

Beriberi and pinta, too,
With cholera and boils,
And dengue and bubonic plague
Or dreadful serpents' coils.

With fevers scarlet, yellow, black
And measles and the mumps,
Green apple-colic, whooping cough,
And chicken-pox's bumps.

In Mother's sympathy for me
No comfort could I find,
And so I sought the dentist's aid,
Where forceps cruel but kind

Removed the sore and aching tooth,
And freed me from the pang,
Which by the noted Bobby Burns
Was called "A venomed stang."

And when the dentist gave to me
The very little thing
Which for so long had tortured me
With joy I longed to sing.

And I resolved to sugar it
And watch it every day,
While it was having dreadful pangs
And I could laugh and play.



JAMIE LEWIS PITTSBURGH

Winifred, age eight, with her favorite doll Adelaide

AN OLD-TIME AND A MODERN SONG

"BABY BYE,
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls;
Yet he never falls!
I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes
On his toes
Tickling baby's nose."

Daddy, dear,
Oh, come here,
For I fear a fly is near!
There he goes
On his toes
Touching baby's nose!
Oh, alas, our child may die,
Come and quickly swat this fly!

Baby's ill,
Get a pill
And the fly germs kill!

LEGEND OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

SEBERT the first East Saxon king,
Who of our Christ did preach and sing
He built the first church on the ground
Where fair Westminster now is found.
And to this church 'tis often said
Came good St. Peter from the dead
And with the angels sweet and fair
Descending on a golden stair
Reaching from the Heavens above
And bringing to this earth pure love.

He consecrated and he blest
This Christian church above the rest
Of churches in old England's Isle
And on this site the saints still smile.

HOW MOTHER LEARNED NATURAL HISTORY

ONE day while sitting on the beach
Talking of child training
With a most learned pedagogue
From whose lips were raining
Great torrents of most wondrous lore
Upon most subjects known,
My Mother learned one little fact
This wise man did not own—
And this through making a most sad
Acquaintance with a bee,
Who wore a yellow jacket suit
To show his family.
This stinging warrior with his stings
Felt nothing of alarm
And boldly marched beneath the lace
That covered Mother's arm.
And when she tried to let him out
He stung her o'er and o'er
As if he had a warrior band
Well armed with stings galore.

And when at last my Mother brave
Killed this most wicked bee
Her arm was, oh, so very sore,
With ten lumps I could see.

Said the professor solemnly
While gazing at her arm,
"I thought my Natural History said
That bees can do no harm;
If they but use their stingers once,
They ne'er can sting again.
But you've been stung by some insect
That carries stingers ten."

"Oh, no," said Mother, with a smile,
"It had one stinger wee,
But now I call a yellow jacket,
'Sting ad finem bee.'"

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

IN days of chivalry, so I've been told,
All knights were gallant, kind and bold,
But ladies though ever so modest and sweet
Made the bold knights kneel down at their feet.

ON MIDSUMMER NIGHT

ON midsummer night or St. John's eve
Is fairies' night when they receive
All their friends and all their slaves,
The goblins, witches, trollish knaves.
And if the olden tales be true,
All men and maids have cause to rue,
Who on this night dare go abroad
And touch a foot to fairy sod;
For naught will save them but to jump
Right o'er a fire or blazing stump.

But if you're brave and do not fear
That for your rashness you'll pay dear,
Then stand beneath an elder tree
And King of Fairies you may see.

Should you then wish to ride afar
With him to some far distant star,
Then quickly tread St. John's wort flower
And he will show you "Fairies' Bower,"

And also carry you all night
To many lands, until the light
Comes with Aurora's face so fair,
When he will drop you anywhere,
It matters not where he may be,
On mountain, desert, or the sea.

And therefore few men whom I know
Are brave enough with him to go.
And think it best to bide at home
And not with fairies far to roam.

BEWARE OF THE WET

JOHNNIE JONES, you'd bettah stop
Paddlin' in de wet,
Lest you grow to be a duck
Or somethin' worser yet
With a pudgy mushroom head
Shaped like an umbrella,
Which would make you, handsome lad,
Such an ugly fellah.

TO MODERN KNIGHTS

WHAT would you do, oh, my good brothers,
Should anyone insult your mothers,
Your sisters, sweethearts or your wives
By saying they lived worthless lives
Because they could not go to fight
In cruel war with men of might?

The one who slandered women so,
Ah, you would treat him as your foe.

What would you do, oh, my good brothers,
Should anyone insult your mothers,
Your sisters, sweethearts or your wives,
Declaring they lived worthless lives
And classing them with lunatics
Or, even worse, with fierce convicts?

The one who slandered women so,
Ah, you would treat him as your foe.

What would you do, oh, my good brothers,
Should anyone insult your mothers,
Your sisters, sweethearts or your wives
By saying they are worthless lives,
And that all women are inferiors,
And even black men are superiors?

The one who slandered women so,
Ah, you would treat him as your foe.

What would you do, oh, my good brothers,
Should anyone insult your mothers,
Your sisters, sweethearts or your wives
By calling them mere worthless lives
Because all men now take the lead,
E'en though they cannot write or read?

The one who slandered women so,
Ah, you would treat him as your foe.

Awake! Arise! Oh, my good brothers,
Your country's law insults your mothers,
Your sisters, sweethearts and your wives,
And classes them as worthless lives,

Declaring that no vote have they
As to who rules this U. S. A.

So, modern knights, now make new laws
That bear an equal franchise clause.

A SONG OF THE WOODS

“My leaves are turning crimson,” the giant oak tree said,
“It’s almost time these children should seek their winter’s bed,
But how they still cling to me and gleam with crimson hue,
They truly are more lovely than cirrus clouds of blue.

“And now throughout the forest—list! hear their voices ring,
But ’tis in tones of sadness and sighing they now sing—
‘Alas! ’tis gone, fair summer, and winter’s reign is near,
He cruelly strips the forest of all her summer cheer
By killing all her lovely leaves and likewise flowers gay
And driving all her fairy folk to homes of far away.’”

BRICK VERSUS WATCH

"NURSIE, dear, oh, I'ze afraid
I haz breakt a brick
In de big old fireplace.
Please to mend it quick
'Fore dear Muzzie tums along
And sees w'at I haz done,
Poundin' with my Daddy's watch
Ter make it fasser run."

KOPPA AFTER PI

I've very little Latin and very little Greek
Stored away in my small brain, which yet is very weak,
But one thing I'll remember, I think until I die,
And that is that the KOPPA follows after Pi.
And mother says that perhaps this solves the very rea-
son why
The "Kops" they follow after cooks well trained in bak-
ing pie.

THE PAST AND PRESENT EVE

WHERE is the maid of the long ago
Who stayed at home and knit?
And where is she who won her way
Having a fainting fit?

Where is the maid who sat all day
Waiting a lover to call
So she might wed and ride away
Unto his manor hall?

And where is she who always blushed
And giggled "Tee-hee-hee!"
Whene'er a noble "Adamite"
She even chanced to see?

Where is she with the wasp-like waist
And Chinese hobbling feet,
The maiden fair with light bleached hair
Who thought she was too sweet?

Where is the dame who left her babes
Unto a servant's care,
While she reposed or tried to make
Herself look wondrous fair?

And where is she who wouldn't vote
And did not care to know
Who guided this great ship of state
And saved it from the foe?

She's gone away to "Has-been-realms,"
And now we have instead
Our glorious type of womankind
Who forges fast ahead.

Our brothers who now make the laws
Of this great country fair,
'Tis they alone who power have
Their franchise rights to share.

I pray you show your chivalry,
Oh, all you worthy knights,
And vote for equal franchise laws,
Which are your sisters' rights!

MY IMPRESSIONS OF NEWSPAPER MEN

[Written by request of a newspaper man.]

NEWSPAPER men, so I believe,
Have tongues that roll around
As if well oiled with labial grease,
The slickest to be found.

Most of these men are very nice
And have a pleasant look,
But if I utter one wee word
They make it fill a book.

Some one has said that simple smiles
For length can't be surpassed;
Because there is a whole big mile
'Twixt letters first and last.

But I believe newspaper men
Can make words longer still,
With oceans rolling in between
Made out of little rills.

And as for questioning people
No Eves would dare compete
With skilful news reporters
In any question feat.

But of all men I most adore
Are these newspaper men,
And I would now most loudly cheer
THESE BRAVE KNIGHTS OF THE PEN.

PETER VISITS AN EPISCOPAL CHURCH

WHEN Peter who was a country jake
A visit to a church did make
He sat with pleased look on his face
As if indeed in Heaven's place.

And after service when his Ma
Praised him aloud to his kind Pa
He said, "Of course I sat quite still
And watched the preacher's wives so ill
All dressed in nighties, though their hair
Was primped and curled as for a fair."

A GHOST STORY

ON a dreadful stormy night
My dear Tommy had a fight
With great Peter Snookum Sneer,
Cat of fighting pedigree.

In this battle, sad to tell,
My poor Tom, alas, he fell,
Ending thus his earthly life
Through the wicked God of Strife.

On the next night while in bed,
Sleepless and with aching head,
For my Tom, my precious pet,
My poor eyes with tears were wet.

Suddenly his voice I heard,
And in ghostly whispers purred,
"I am coming, mistress, dear,
Yes, 'tis true I'm very near.

“Good cat heaven have I left,
I would comfort you, bereft
For your precious Tommy pet,
I would teach you not to fret.

“Do you hear me in the hall
With my ghostly soft footfall?
Up the stairs I bound to thee,
Jumping steps from one to three.

“Now my paw is on your door,
I turn the knob one-two-three-four,
And you may see your Tommy now—
Me-ow! Me-ow! Me-ow! ow! ow!”

AN ESPERANTO POEM PLAIN TO ALL

HUNDIDO krias—“Bow-wow-wow!”
Katido krias—“Meow-meow!”
Bovido krias—“Moo-moo-moo!”
Kolombo krias—“Coo-coo-coo!”
Shafido krias—“Baa-baa-baa!”
Infano krias—“Ma-ma-ma!”

THE WINDS OF MARCH

[*Awarded Gold Medal in April (1912) Issue of St. Nicholas Magazine.*]

LAST March, "Imp March Winds" teased me so, I had
no peace of mind,
For when I took a little walk, these imps came close
behind,
And plucked my hat from off my head and hurled it to
the ground,
Or blew my handkerchief so far it never could be found.
So, thinking of the Tangu rug, I asked it to appear
And carry me away to Mars, where I need have no fear
Of being tortured by these imps who love to tease and
tease,
And never let the big or small feel perfectly at ease.
Then on the magic rug I flew away up in the air,
And landed on the planet Mars. Alas, the imps were
there!
And working greater havoc far than they had done on
earth,
For 'twas indeed the warlike Mars that gave these bad
imps birth.

A BACHELOR'S OPINION OF A BABY

SAID Auntie to a bachelor—
“Do look at my fine boy!
Oh, isn't he a cunning dear—
His mother's greatest joy.”

“Ah, really,” said the bachelor,
While blushing rosy red,
“And can he sit on his hind legs
And beg when he is fed?”

MY COUNTRY

IN this dear land we need not sigh
And fear as orphans we may die,
As long as we can look on high
And see the starry banner fly
Above the children passing by,
Who gaze above, salute and cry,
“MY COUNTRY!”

GREEDY IMPS

NINE goblins, ten witches, and bad imps galore
Danced round me last night and made me so sore.
They pricked and they stabbed, they stung and they
clawed

At my poor "tum-tum," oh, my, how they gnawed.
I struggled against them while trembling with fear
And crying out loudly, "Oh, Mother, come here!"

Just like a good fairy she came to my aid
And made the bad goblins so quickly to fade
Away in the darkness of "I-know-not-where,"
I'm sure that no children would like to go there.

And as Mother petted my poor aching head
She looked at me sadly and softly she said,
"The imps you have seen came but at your call
As you were so greedy and ate nearly all
The rich candied cherries your uncle sent you
Instead of obeying and eating a few."

TO FRIENDS WHO REMEMBERED ME WHEN
I WAS ILL

I THANK you for the Fairies, you sent from KINDNESS
BOWER,

Bearing healing messages through thought, or deed, or
flower,

While wicked pains were troubling me and I felt very
sad,

Your loving little messengers, they came and made me
glad

By telling cheerful stories of flowering shrub and tree,
And driving through forgetfulness the horrid pains from
me.

GREETINGS TO NORFOLK

GREETINGS to the city of my birth, Norfolk town,
Proud am I to claim this birthplace of renown,
In Virginia's realms whose glory antedates
That of all our country's other states.

ORIENTAL METAPHOR

ANYSING just suits me,
Makes me happy be,
All I needs to trinkee
Is few leaves of tea
With a drop of water
 No more than you meet
In ze little holelets
 Made by chickens' feet.
And as to my eatin'
 Weenty sings suffice,
All I needs for dinner
 Iz a grain ob rice.
Oh, I eat so little
 For my biggish size,
I'ze just like a hound dog
 Only munchin' flies.

A TORPID LIVER 'SPLoded HIM

JOHNNIE's father's gone to Heaven
So his mother told my ma
Doctor said a torpid liver
Killed poor Johnnie's sickly pa.

'Spose it 'sploded and then shot him
Way up in the clouds above,
Where his pieces were united
By the angels' songs of love.

THE SOUL OF A MISER

'Tis said that the soul of a miserly man,
So small it becomes that any one can
Blow it right through a tiny round pill
Thence through the top of a humming bird's bill
Into the eye of a wee little bug,
Which wouldn't cause it to wink or to shrug.

LEARNING THE FRENCH ALPHABET

PROFESSOR GROS TO HIS PUPILS :

Répétez, s'il vous plaît,
Les bonnes lettres a, b, c.

MAÎTRE CORBEAU :

Non, ces lettres je n'aime pas,
Je crie seulement k-k-k.

PROFESSOR GROS :

Répétez, s'il vous plaît,
Les bonnes lettres, a, b, c.

MAÎTRE COCHON :

Non, non, non, je seulement dis
La jolie lettre i-i-i.

PROFESSOR GROS :

Répétez, s'il vous plaît,
Les bonnes lettres, a, b, c.

MÉCHANT GARCON :

Non, non, non, je seulement dis
La comique lettre j-j-j.

PROFESSOR GROS :

Répétez, s'il vous plaît,
Les bonnes lettres, a, b, c.

LA MÉCHANTE FILLETTE :

Non, non, non, pour faire bons mots
Je préfère la grande lettre O——

PROFESSOR GROS :

Répétez, s'il vous plaît,
Les bonnes lettres, a, b, c.

LA VIELLE FILLE : FRANÇAISE :

Non, non, non, je seulement sais
La douce bonne lettre t-t-t.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GREEN STUDIO

Winifred and her pupils: Homer, age two; Henry, age four; Walter, age eight; Plato the rabbit, age one.
The children are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hardesty, enthusiastic natural educationalists

DANS MA MAISON

DANS ma maison jolie j'ai
Un cheval, un perroquet,
Un crocodile et un taureau,
Une grande puce et un chevreau,
Une vache, un âne et une brebis,
Un papillon, des chauves-souris.

Dans ma maison jolie j'ai
Une tigresse, un terrier,
Un épagneul et un agneau,
Une girafe et un beau veau,
Un phoque, un bouc et un chameau,
Un singe, un bœuf et un corbeau.

Dans ma maison jolie j'ai,
Une ânesse, un lévrier,
Une alouette et un lièvre,
Une linotte et une bonne chèvre,
Un boule-dogue et un moineau,
Mon caniche si bon si beau.

Dans ma maison jolie j'ai
Une cigogne, des araignées,
Une grande chenille, un léopard,
Une tortue et un canard,
Un aigle, une taupe, des lionceaux,
Et un grand Monsieur Crapaud.

Dans ma maison jolie j'ai
Une baleine, un fier geai,
Un éléphant et un bon chat,
Un renard, beaucoup des rats,
Une loutre, un tigre et un mulet,
Un coq, une poule et des poulets.

Dans ma maison jolie j'ai
Une perruche, un bélier,
Une jument et un hibou
Un vautour et un loulou,
Une pie, une mouche et une belette,
Des autruches et une fauvette.

Dans ma maison jolie j'ai
Un serpent, un sanglier,

Une sauterelle et Madame Oie
Et un grand chien Danois
Tout le mond vit chez nous
Bêtes et gens-excepté vous!

DANS MON JOLI JARDIN

DANS mon joli jardin j'ai
De belles roses et des oeillets
Des hyacinthes et des pensées
Du chevrefeuille, des tulipes gaies
Des passe-roses, de l'oranger
De blancs lilacs parfumés.
Dans mon joli jardin j'ai
Des muguets et des bluets
Des campanules très coquettes
La simple et modeste violette,
Des marguerites, de rouges pavots
De beaux arbres si grands et haut!

DANS MA CUISINE

AS AN AID IN MEMORIZING THE ARTICLES IN THE KITCHEN

DANS ma cuisine j'olie j'ai
Une poêle, et l'évier.
Des cuilliers, et des couteaux
Un balai, un fourneau,
Une bouilloire, et une théière
Et ma bonne cuisinière.

Dans ma cuisine j'olie j'ai
Des casseroles et un pass-thé,
Des porcelaines, un joli moule,
Beaucoup de plats et une grande boule,
Des soucoupes une cafetière
Et ma bonne cuisinière.

Dans ma cuisine j'olie j'ai
De belles tasses, un pot à lait;
Beaucoup de sucre et de farine
Sont toujours dans ma cuisine;
Et la reine de ma pauvre mère
Qui est notre cuisinière.

Dans ma cuisine jolie j'ai
Une grande armoire, une horloge vraie
Beaucoup d'eau et bon café
Du chocolat, aussi du thé,
Du vin, du lait, et la bière
Pour notre bonne cuisinière.

UN PETIT BARBARE POU

[Written to remember that pou, genou, hibou, joujou, caillou, bijou and chou take X in the plural.]

UNE fois un petit barbare pou,
A donné grand mal au genou
Du très sage et vieux hibou
Qui a jeté son joujou
(Un petit, mais dur caillou)
Qui était son cher bijou
À la tête du méchant pou
Faisant lui un brisé chou.

WISE REPLIES

"JOAN OF ARC, and who was she?"

Asked the teacher of little Leigh.

"Wife of Noah, of course," said she,

"Who sailed the ark upon the sea."

Joan B. "John's so wise he laughed at Leigh

When she tried to answer me,

So in the future for replies

We'll always go to John the wise.

Now what is lava, Johnnie, dear,

Can it be found in places near?"

"Why, certainly," said smiling John,

"Most everyday Dad puts it on,

And covers nearly his whole face

With lava thick in every place."

I PREFER A LAZY BEE

ONCE I saw a little bee
Sitting very quietly
On a baby elder tree.

Coming near to the young bee
I reproached him scornfully,
Saying, "You're not busy, bee."

Instantly the wicked bee
Made himself to busy be
By most cruelly stinging me.

Since that time I never see
Any busy buzzing bee
But I wish he'd lazy be.

WHEN WOMEN VOTE

[*Written for the Evansville, Indiana, Courier.*]

WHEN women vote
On high will float
The banner of true worth.
No more Sir Graft
Or Wily Craft
Shall rule good Mother Earth.

Then peace will be
On land and sea,
The goddess we adore.
Not e'en a germ
Or ugly worm
Will dare molest us more.

This jingle may be sung to the air of *Auld Lang Syne*.

AN OLD GARDEN

IN my old Savannah garden,
 There roses and jasmine grew
And many sweet for-get-me-nots
 Of lovely shades of blue.
Japonica's waxen blossoms
 Of purest white and pink,
Wistarias with honey cups
 From which the bees could drink.
Sweet old-time shrubs whose odors
 Filled all the sun-kissed air
And many another beauty
 Of "Flora" was found there;
So one would think that garden
 A place of pure delight,
But, alas, not so since Tom Cat
 Sang ditties there each night.

SPELLING WRONG "RONG"

TO-DAY I got a lickin'
And teacher called me bad,
But I can't see the reason—
I guess it's just her fad.
For when in class she asked me,
"The word wrong will you spell?"
"R-O-N-G," I quickly cried,
And thought that I did well.
"That's wrong!" she cried out fiercely,
"I know it," I replied,
While beaming with a pleasant grin
So very broad and wide.
And then to think she seized me
And called me "sassy boy"
While lashing me with a peach limb
And blasting all my joy.

LET MA VOTE

*(Spoken at U. S. Arsenal Park on July the Fourth,
1912.)*

MA can sew and Ma can bake—
Every sort of thing can make
Out of thread and wool and yarns,
And, besides, 'tis she who darns
All the rents in all our clothes,
And the holes made by our toes—
But our Ma she cannot vote
Any more than Bill, our goat.

Ma it is who keeps us neat
From our head down to our feet;
Watches o'er us night and day
When we work or when we play;
Nurses us when we are ill,
Saving Pa a doctor's bill—
But our Ma has naught to say
Who will rule this U. S. A.

Ma helps Pa, too, with his work,
For the good soul ne'er will shirk
From whatever's to be done—
Our brave Ma will never run.
But will always do her best,
And she rarely takes a rest,
Like our Pa, with pipe alight,
When he comes from work at night.

Ma has taught us kids to read—
In all things our Ma we need.
The good "Queen of Home" is Ma,
Though U. S. thinks more of Pa,
Since he gives him power to rule
O'er affairs of state and school;
While concerning laws Ma may
Ne'er a word have right to say.

All you boys must truly love
Your good mother far above
Anyone upon this earth,
For 'twas she who gave you birth;
And you noble, youthful knights
Should not wish for any rights

That your mother does not share—
Which is only right and fair.

Won't you work for more just laws,
With an equal franchise clause,
So ere one more Fourth has passed
Ma will win her rights at last,
And may help to rule this land,
Which for equal rights will stand?
Rah! Rah! Rah! Three cheers for Ma
When she'll vote next year with Pa!

A SONG OF HOME

THERE'S but one place on this great earth
Where I can happy be,
And that is in my own dear home
Perched on my mother's knee,
For there I find all that I seek
Of comfort, love and joy,
May no dread sorrow come to me
And my dear home destroy!

THEN AND NOW

[*Published in a suffrage booklet, "A Plea to Gallant Knights."*]

THEN—

IN ancient days, so I've been told,
Knights were gallant, kind and bold,
But ladies e'en though fair and sweet,
Made the knights kneel at their feet.

NOW—

The modern ladies quite compare
In beauty with these dames so fair,
But they no longer wish to see
Bold knights so humbly bending knee,
They ask only to keep beside
The modern knight in his bold stride.

THE FIVE BEST FAIRIES

THE joyous CHRISTMAS SPIRIT
Is flying through the air,
He's in our homes and in our hearts,
About us everywhere.
We see him in the night time
When we have gone to bed,
Sitting on our pillow,
Or floating round our head.
We hear him in the morning
As soon as we arise,
"Don't forget the aged
And little ones," he cries.
"If you are well and happy
Still happier you'll be,
If you will open wide your heart
And say 'COME IN' to me.
I'll tell you of your neighbors
Who are both ill and sad,
But who by deeds of kindness
You may make very glad.

And for your Christmas presents
Oh, how I hope and pray
That Earth's five best good fairies
To you will come and stay."

"The first is GOOD HEALTH FAIRY,
Whose aid all mortals seek,
For he is life's elixir
And gives strength to the weak.
Without this gracious fairy
No one can ever know
A single hour of perfect peace
Away from GOBLIN WOE.
So treasure this good fairy
And keep him safe with you,
For he will be a faithful friend
And one that's ever true.

"I'll ask GOOD COMFORT FAIRY
To all your wants give heed,
So you may never suffer
From dreaded SPECTER NEED.

“A third most precious fairy
I know will stay with you
If you have HEALTH to make you smile
And MEANS so you may do
The little deeds of kindness
And little acts of love
Which bring true gladness to this earth
From radiant realms above.

“With health and comfort and true love,
No fairies, it would seem,
Would be quite necessary
To make this life a dream,
But as most every mortal
Has hopes of great success,
Reaching high for certain goals
Toward which they go in quest.
I pray SUCCESS, the fairy,
Will help to win your part
In everything you undertake,
In finance, science, art.

“Now, with good health and comfort
And love and great success,
There always travels side by side
THE FAIRY HAPPINESS.
Oh, may these five good fairies
Forever dwell with thee,
And then you’ll be as happy
As any one can be.”

AN EQUAL FRANCHISE VALENTINE

*[Published on valentine cards by the Norfolk, Virginia,
Equal Franchise Association.]*

OH, noble knight, you oft have said
That when a maiden you would wed,
In everything you both should share
And make a truly happy pair.

Now, as you vow your love is mine,
And that I am your Valentine,
Oh, prove these loving words of thine,
And make the right of franchise mine!

BEWARE OF STINGS

ONCE I heard a Christian Science lady who was very
wise,

Say that love is all about us in all things of every size,
And if we each day would utter "God is love" to every-
thing

Not a thing on earth would hurt us with its claws, or
horns, or sting.

So believing what she told me, when a hornet I did meet,
Graciously I smiled upon him and with words of love did
greet

This most wicked of all insects who refused good friends
to be

But rewarded my advances by most cruelly stinging me.

So, my little friends, take warning and of love though
you may sing

I am sure you'll never find it in an insect with a sting.

'NEATH NIAGARA FALLS

[These lines came to me as I stood in the underground tunnel beneath the Horse Shoe Falls and watched the mighty volumes of water pouring down upon the rocks beneath.]

WHILE standing 'neath Niagara Falls
A voice to me from Heaven calls
And asks me in deep, thundering tone,
Mortal, can you stand alone?
Do you believe there is no God
Who made these waters at His nod?
Are works like these but tricks of earth?
Did nature only give them birth?
Or was there an immortal hand
Brought them to life by His command?

The roaring waters seem to say—
“To God, our Maker, homage pay.”

GRAMMAR IN A NUTSHELL

THE ARTICLES are, oh, so wee,
These little words are A, AN, THE.
The nouns are names of anything
As BOOK or PLAYGROUND, BALL or RING.
PRONOUNS are used for NOUNS instead—
MY face, HER hand, YOUR feet, HIS head.
All adjectives just tell the kind
Of everything that we may find,
As GOOD and BAD, and SOFT and SWEET,
RUDE and NAUGHTY, WISE and NEAT.
While of manner ADVERBS tell
As SWEETLY, NEATLY, ILL or WELL.
The PREPOSITIONS help each day
IN our work and AT our play.
When relationship is shown
They must do the work alone.
Good CONJUNCTIONS join together
Man AND woman; plume OR feather.
INTERJECTIONS will exclaim—
“OH, ALAS! AH, what a shame!”

But we cannot get along
In conversation or in song
Without the VERB, the subject's fate,
Expressing action, being, state.

HOW SIMPLE SIMON BECAME WISE

SIMPLE Simon met young Heiman reading from a book.
Said Simple Simon to young Heiman, "Let me have a
look?"

Said young Heiman to Simple Simon, "I will not self-
ish be,
My great delight, ST. NICHOLAS, I'll gladly let you
see."

Then Simple Simon and young Heiman spent an hour
or two
Reading from this wondrous book, so full of all that's
true,
And when they'd finished, Simon lad of Moother Goose's
fame,
By virtue of his knowledge great, WISE SIMON, he
became.

THE B. O. K. FAIRY

BRINGER OF JOY

IN far away Persia of long, long ago
Lived GOOD FAIRY BOK, BAD TROUBLE'S
great foe.

Wherever he went there was sunshine and joy
For all of the grown-ups and each girl and boy.

He knew that the secrets of happiness lay
In knowing just how one should work and should play;
And he taught big and little how they could well use
Their minds and their bodies with no time to lose.

Then "TROUBLE" at last drove GOOD BOK from the
earth

But wise men revived this great giver of mirth
In THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE which points out
the way

To lead useful lives and be happy all day,

Since this wholesome fairy is the dreaded foe
Of IDLENESS, first cause of all earthly woe;
So one never finds a bad girl or boy
In homes where BOK FAIRY radiates joy.

And in every home where BOK has a shelf*
He brings as his helper N. E., goodly elf,**
Who knows how to open all good parents' eyes
And help them make kiddies glad, wealthy and wise.

PAPA'S SAINTED LEG

"My papa has one wicked leg,
Which troubles him with aches.
He has also a second leg,
He calls "a wooden fake,"
And still another sainted leg
Which he most gladly gave
When fighting in the cruel war
His country's flag to save.

**The Book of Knowledge.*

***Natural Education.*



Winifred, age ten

JAMES H. PITTSBURGH

AN APPEAL TO THE FAIRIES

[This poem was written in the hope of saving a beautiful forest near my home in Evansville, Indiana.]

GOOD Fairies, save the lovely trees, which live on Coal
Mine Hill!

Their home has been your home so long, your hearts
with grief would fill

Should stout men armed with axes come and fell them
to the earth,

These monarchs of the forest, these jewels of great
worth.

The giant oaks and stately elms, the rulers of this wood
Have watched the growth of Evansville and helped it as
they could.

They gave their shade and soft bright leaves to make
a downy nest

To shelter the first baby boy that Evansville possessed.
Before this city had a church in which both bad and
good

Could ask forgiveness of the Lord, they worshipped in
this wood;

And those who love the beautiful and lovely scenes to see
They climb upon this grassy hill and stand beneath some
tree,

While gazing far as eye can reach to fair Kentucky's
lands,

Or looking at the river shore on which our city stands.
Above their heads the bright blue sky, green grass be-
neath their feet,

And all around a lovely scene such as we seldom meet;
Green pastures with cows grazing, broad river flowing by,
And many tall church spires lifted toward the sky,
No fitter place for children nor grown-up folks could be
Than on this lovely Coal Mine Hill where NATURE
we can see.

'Tis here the little orphans and poor children all around
Find the greatest pleasures which in this woods abound.
So dearest, kindest FAIRIES, please rescue these grand
trees,

And save them for the children, we ask you on our
knees.

IN INDIA

[*To the air of "We Won't Go Home Till Morning."*]

To India we now will go
To India we now will go
To India we now will go
To see a monkey show.
To see a monkey show.
To see a monkey show.

We cannot travel there by rail,
We cannot travel there by rail,
We cannot travel there by rail,
And so we'll have to sail.

And there Mount Everest we'll see
And there Mount Everest we'll see
And there Mount Everest we'll see
And lowly bend the knee.

In India the sun's so hot
In India the sun's so hot
In India the sun's so hot
We may melt on the spot.

And when it rains great torrents fall
And when it rains great torrents fall
And when it rains great torrents fall
To soak the great and small.

In India we'll have a fright
In India we'll have a fright
In India we'll have a fright
If cobras try to bite.

Or maybe a cruel tiger beast
Or maybe a cruel tiger beast
Or maybe a cruel tiger beast
Upon our bones will feast.

Or even worse a crocodile
Or even worse a crocodile
Or even worse a crocodile
May come too close and smile.

If we escape his awful jaws
If we escape his awful jaws
If we escape his awful jaws
We may feel the leopard's claws.

But I am glad as I can be
But I am glad as I can be
But I am glad as I can be
No juggernaut we'll see.

And no harm will come our way
And no harm will come our way
And no harm will come our way
If fairies with us stay.

Agra, Calcutta, old Delhi,
Agra, Calcutta, old Delhi,
Agra, Calcutta, old Delhi,
And Bombay we will see.

But I'm so sad we won't behold
But I'm so sad we won't behold
But I'm so sad we won't behold
The peacock throne of gold.

Still we may see the Taj Mahal
Still we may see the Taj Mahal
Still we may see the Taj Mahal
Called beautiful by all.

Indigo, cotton, tobacco and tea
Indigo, cotton, tobacco and tea
Indigo, cotton, tobacco and tea
In India we will see.

We'll find in Burma rubies red
We'll find in Burma rubies red
We'll find in Burma rubies red
And copper, tin and lead.

Mahogany and teakwood too,
Mahogany and teakwood too,
Mahogany and teakwood too,
And plenty of bamboo,

With ebony and sandalwood
With ebony and sandalwood
With ebony and sandalwood
And other trees as good.

And here we find the humped zebu
And here we find the humped zebu
And here we find the humped zebu
Which makes a funny moo.

And in this pearl of the far East
And in this pearl of the far East
And in this pearl of the far East
On mangoes we will feast.

And lots of sugar we will eat,
And lots of sugar we will eat,
And lots of sugar we will eat,
Our rice we'll make so sweet.

And lovely silken robes we'll wear
And lovely silken robes we'll wear
And lovely silken robes we'll wear
With turbans round our hair.

But in the Ganges we'll not wash
But in the Ganges we'll not wash
But in the Ganges we'll not wash
For that is silly bosh.

Instead we'll take an elephant ride
Instead we'll take an elephant ride
Instead we'll take an elephant ride
Upon his trunk astride.

THE BEST MONTH OF ALL

OF flowery spring
The poets sing,
Or else of bright September,
But girls and boys
Who love nice toys
Will always praise December;
For that's the time
In every clime
Us Santa doth remember.

A PLEA TO KNIGHTS AND LADIES FAIR

TO LADIES FAIR:

Would you be classed with lunatics,
Or, even worse, with fierce convicts?
Then work for equal franchise laws.

TO GALLANT KNIGHTS:

Do you wish rights, oh, my good brothers,
Denied your sisters, wives and mothers?
Then give them equal franchise laws.

SAYING HIS SPEECH

ONE day last week good Mrs. Jones
Sat making a new gown
When home from school her young son came
And strode first up, then down.
He waved his arms and muttered much
And frightened the pet cat
And every time he neared the fire
Right into it he spat.
"Why, Jimmie," said his frightened ma,
"Oh, what makes you act so?
And if you do not soon behave
Right straight to bed you'll go!"
"Ah, mother," said the wise young lad,
"I'm neither bad nor bold.
I'm just rehearsing a short speech
So don't begin to scold.
To-day at school the teacher gave
These lines to every one
And bade us all learn them to-night
Or else the stick would come."

“Well, Jimmie, dear,” his mother said,
Recite these lines to me.
And why do you when by the fire
Spit out so furiously?”
“The reason, Ma,” said Jimmie Jones,
“You very soon shall see.
When I recite these lines to you
You’ll know that act must be.
‘The embers glow, the fire burns
The kid turns on the spit!’
And now you see, my mother dear,
That gesture well does fit.”

A PLEA TO EDITORS

MARY JANE’S so lachrymosy
She won’t laugh and she won’t sing
Since the cruel newspaper people
Would not print her poem SPRING.
Won’t you be more tender-hearted
To the rhymesters who must sing,
E’en though they fill your waste baskets
Full of poems on sweet spring?

TASMANIA

[*To the air of "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush."*]

To Tasmania, we will go, we will go, we will go,
And there we will not see much snow, see much snow,
see much snow.

To Tasmania we will sail, we will sail, we will sail
And catch a kangaroo's big tail, his big tail, his big tail.

To Tasmania we will fly, we will fly, we will fly
And see the wheat which grows this high, grows this
high, grows this high.

In Tasmania we have heard, we have heard, we have
heard
Lives the funny penguin bird, penguin bird, penguin bird.

In Tasmania we will spy, we will spy, we will spy
An emu bird which cannot fly, cannot fly, cannot fly.

In Tasmania we will see, we will see, we will see
Many a eucalyptus tree, 'lyptus tree, 'lyptus tree.

In Tasmania we are told, we are told, we are told
There are heaps and heaps of gold, heaps of gold, heaps
of gold.

In Tasmania we will keep, we will keep, we will keep
A big flock of lovely sheep, lovely sheep, lovely sheep.

ESPERANTO GRAMMAR

ALL the nouns must end in O,
Akvo (water), Banto (bow),
While adjectives all end in A,
Bona patro (good papa),
And adverbs end in letter E,
Rapide in a rapid way.
Soon I'll teach the vowels to you,
Saying, "Pa, may we go too?"
And the diphthongs au, aj, oj
We pronounce as "Thou, my boy."
Best of all the charming verbs,
They can never wreck our nerves
With exceptions cruel, unkind,
For the same you'll always find
Blessed AS, IS, OS, US, U,
Endings that are ever true.

THE ARMADILLO

If I would fight on land and sea,
And all my armor take with me,
An ARMADILLO I would be.

Then I could wear as my best clothes
To cover me from tail to nose,
Strong armor to ward off my foes.

And dig, ah, my, but I could dig!
Much swifter than a rooting pig,
With my sharp claws so strong and big.

And eat, ah, yes, but I would eat
All things bitter and all things sweet,
For feasting would be my best feat!

FIVE GOOD GIANTS

ARITHMETIC GIANT, most wise, never slumbers;
His is the science which teaches of numbers.
His cousin GEOGRAPHY treats of Ma Earth
And all of her children to whom she gave birth.
His aunt PHYSIOLOGY brings to us wealth,
Describing our bodies and how to have health.
His grandma called GRAMMAR tells how to use
Good language at all times in spreading the news.
Great LITERATURE teaches of many a work
Written by authors who never would shirk
From learning a little just day after day
By listening to what the wise giants would say
Who led them to drink from the great Knowledge Fount
And thus to FAME'S LADDER helped them to mount.

A BOOK MARK

So very happy I shall be,
If you'll permit poor humble me
To keep your place by my poor art
Within your bookfriend's gracious heart.

UNCLE SAM'S PITTSBURGH ARSENAL

[*Spoken at the Centenary Celebration, April 17th.*]

THESE hoary walls if they could speak
 What wondrous tales they'd tell!
Of many strange encounters
 That long ago befell
Good Pittsburgh folks who laid these stones
 One hundred years ago
When Uncle Sam looked at John Bull
 As his most hated foe.
The builders in those good old days,
 Who fashioned this old wall
Knew naught of graft or cheap cement:
 They built things not to fall.
And so we see the magazines
 And walls are just as good
As when in days of Lafayette
 These sturdy bulwarks stood
And frowned on him as he passed by
 As if they wished to say,
"Your day will pass but we will stand

Till centuries roll away.”
They heard the dread explosion
That shook their very ground
But firm they stood as bulwarks
When stones fell all around.
Again when dreadful RIOT
Brought bloodshed in its path
These walls though dyed with crimson
Looked coldly on man's wrath.
Not even blood of soldiers
Could make them shed a tear
And that is why these sturdy walls
Have reached their hundredth year.

The moral of this little tale
Is that we should not weep and wail
But ever put away all fears
So we may live a hundred years.



JAMIESON, PITTSBURGH

Mrs. Stoner and Winifred, age ten



DUX FEMINA VIA

My wise Professor Kurniker
Has not quite wisely said
That masculines in German
Will ever rank ahead.

But how about good Mother Earth,
The sun, air and the sea,
Without which not a single soul
Could in existence be?

Depending on the masculines
We could not even speak
For we would have no lips, lung, tongue
Or voices strong or weak.

What sights we'd be without our skin
And none of us could write
Sans pen and hand and without fists
We could not even fight.

What freaks we'd be without our cheeks,
Our shoulders, chest and nose
And how could we walk all about
Unless we had our toes?

We'd have no milk to keep us well,
No butter for our bread.
On most of the delicious fruits
We could not then be fed.

But few sweet flowers we would have
To cheer the sick and sad;
No lovely pearls of greatest price
To make the ladies glad.

We would not have a church or bank
Post-office or good school;
No linen, silk or wool to wear
When Jack Frost makes us cool.

We could not patriotic be
With no flag for our own
And without a good naval fleet
We could not stand alone.

Without a purse or library,
Without a cup for tea,
Sans the ETERNAL FEMININE
What would this poor world be?

Without the seasons and the week,
Without the night and stars,
We'd better leave this mundane sphere
And fly right up to Mars.

A BIRTHDAY WISH

"LONG years, full seven score and ten,"
The gods have said, "we give to men!"
Though since Methuselah was here
No one has reached this age, I fear.

On this, your birthday, I invoke
The wondrous little fairy folk
And ask them that they give to you
A chance to live man's whole life through.
One hundred fifty years or more
Be kept for you in Long-Life-Shop.

THE MILLER ON THE DEE

SUR la DE-O rivereto,
 Pitoreska en dometo,
 Loĝis bona muelisto
 Kiu estas fabrikisto
 De felîca vera ĝojo
 En la grandanima koro.

Ĉiutage li kantadis,
 Ke por ĉiam li rabados
 Bedaŭregojn de kun-homoj
 Kaj metos ĝojon en la domoj.

BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP

BLEKU, bleku, nigra ŝafo!
 Ĉu lanon havas vi?
 Jes Sinjoro, jes 'Sinjor', mi havas sakojn tri.
 Por la bona mastro kaj la mastrineto
 'Ankaŭ por la knab' kiu loĝas en vojeto.

THE OLD WOMAN, MOTHER GOOSE

LA maljuna virino,
Patrino Anserino,
Loĝis en domego
En granda arbarego.
Tie je pordego
Estas la strigego,
Gardostarantino
De la Anserino.

La maljuna virino,
Patrino Anserino,
Ofte tre deziris
Vojaĝi, kaj ekiris
For de la domego;
Sur bona anserego
Rajdis ŝi trans la ĉielojn
Vidis ĉiujn brilajn stelojn.

SIX LITTLE MICE SAT DOWN TO SPIN

POR ŝpini sidis ses musetoj
Sur siaj belaj ses seĝetoj;
Malbona venis katinego
Terure ruĝa ĉe buŝego:
Diris ŝi, "Permesu min
Ke mi nun' vizitu vin!"
Musetoj kriis—"Savu nin!
Ho, ni ne deziras vin!"

THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

EN Gotham' estas tri saĝuloj,
Kiuĵ estis ja kunuloj;
Unufoje en pelvego
Iris ili sur marego.

Jen fino de la tri kunuloj,
Kiuĵ estis saĝeguloj.

BO-PEEP

DOLĈA Bo-Peepo estis knabineto
Kiu kun lerta kaj sprita hundeto
Ĉiam gardadis pri belaj ŝafetoj,
Kiujn ŝi nomis siaj amatoj.
Sed unufoje perdinte la vojon
Ili ekrompis de Bo-Peep' la koron.

THE LITTLE MAN WITH THE LITTLE GUN

FOJE estis juna homo,
Kiu logis en la domo;
Kiu havis pafilon
Kaj rondan plumban kugleton.

Li ekiris rivereton,
Tie vidis anaseton;
Ĝin li pafis je l' kapeto,
Donis ĝin al Joaneto,
Ordonante, "Rostu vi
L' anaseton nun por mi."

PRETTY MAID, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

“Ho BELA knabino, mi multe deziras
Lerni de vi kien vi iras.”

“Por melki” respondis la juna fraŭlino,
La bela kaj dolĉa kaj lerta knabino.

La Sinjoro diris—“Ho, donos al mi
Tre grandan plezuron iri kun vi!”

Tiam ŝi diris, “Ho jes, se vi volas,
Permeson al vi kuniri mi donas.”

“Ĉu grandan riĉaĵon posedas do vi?”
De tiu knabino demandis nun li.

“Jen estas la sola riĉaĵo la mia,
Nur la vizaĝo,” respond’ estis sia.

“Do nepre mi ne edziĝos kun vi.”
La mono-serĉisto diris al ŝi.

“Ho ne, certe ne,” respondis ŝi,
“Ĉar tion neniam mi petis de vi.”

A FROG WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO

UNUFOJE estis rano,
Kiu estis la infano
De tre bona Patrineto
Kiu loĝis en marceto.

Patrineto al li diris—
“Ranideto, mi deziras,
Ke ne estu vi amanto
De Fraŭlino Musobanto.
Si ne havas bonon sangon
Ĉar ŝi manĝas buterpanon,
Kaj ne ŝatas bonajn vermojn,
Muŝojn, cimojn kaj la herbojn.

“Kaj se vi kun ŝi edziĝos
Tre malĝoja vi fariĝos.”

GOOSEY, GOOSEY GANDER

ANSERINO, anserego,
Unufoje en ĉambrego
Estis viro, kaj al li
“Preĝu, preĝu” diris mi.
Sed li ne obeis min
Kaj mi tuj eljetis lin.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

FRAŬLINETO Muffet sidis
Sur herbajo, kaj ekridis,
Dum ŝi manĝis el pelveto
Multe da la kazeajo
Kun selakto kaj fruktaĵo.

Sed ŝi sentis teruregon
Ekvidinte aranegon
Kaj rapide kuris ŝi
Tiam for de tie ĉi.

KITTY, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

KATINO, katino, kien vi iris?
Sciigon pri tio mi certe deziras.
"Mi iris Londonon
(Ĉar mi havis monon)
Kaj vidis feinon,
La bonan reĝinon."

"Kaj tie, katino, kion vi faris,
Dum apud la trono fiere vi staris?"
"Mi havis plezuron timigi museton,
Kiu forkuris sub la seĝeton."

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY

Ho dormu nun, dormu, infano mia,
En la supro de alta arbo via;
Kiam blovos dolca vento suda,
Tiam lulos via lulilo kruda;
Kiam blovos norda ventego terura,
Tiam falos vi de l' arb-lito velura.

JACK SPRATT

“SOLE la grason donu al mi,”
Jako Spratt petegis al ni,
“Ĉar mia edzino ne kuiros ĝin,
Kvankam humile mi petas ŝin.”

SIMPLE SIMON

MALSAGA Simono iris foiron,
Kaj je la foiro renkontis la viron,
Kiu al knaboj vendis pasteĉojn
Ankaŭ aliajn bonajn aĉetojn.

Malsaĝa Simono ne havis “Bon-senson”
Ankaŭ ne havis unu “Bon-pencon”
Sed al la viro tre brave li diris,
“Bonvolu, pasteĉon mi multe deziras.”

La viro respondis ĝentile al li.
“Unue, vi montru la pencon al mi.”

MOTHER HUBBARD

MALJUNA Patrino Hubbard', laŭ bona singardo,
Enmetis en ŝrankon pecon da lardo,
Por doni al sia tre bona hundido,
Kaj ankaŭ al sia tre bela katido.

Sed tre malfeliĉe por tiuj dorlotitoj
Estis en ŝranko musoj ne timigitaj ;
Kaj ĉar la ŝrank-pordo ne havis fortecon,
La malbonaj musoj formangis la lardpecon.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Ho veku, ho veku, Bluvesta Knabeto,
Ho venu, ho venu kun via korneto :
En nia herbejo jen estas bovinoj,
Kaj en la grenejo estas ŝafinoj.
Veku, ho veku, dormema knabeto,
Kaj blovu tre laŭte per via korneto.

MULTIPLICATION IS VEXATION

MALBONA estas MULTOBLIGADO,
Gi estas ĉagrenigo;
Simile malbona
Estas DIVIDADO
Kaj PRAKTIKO faras min
Frenezul' sen sentoj kvin.

PETER PUMPKIN EATER

PETRO, Petro, Manĝanto de kukurbo,
Edzinon havis, sed en sia urbo
Por edzino ne havis domon,
Nek la buterpanon, nek eĉ pomon.

Tiam de la bela Esperanto
Petro ekfarigis ameganto;
Tiam Kukurb-Petro havis domon,
Ankaŭ buterpanon, kaj eĉ pomon.

DOCTOR FOSTER

SINJORINO Cikonio
Kiu loĝis en tilio
Unufoje tre deziris
Ke iu kium ŝi admiris
(La senhara Doktor' Foster')
Venu helpi ŝin ĉe Gloucester.
Porti sakon da infanoj,
Por du bonaj samurbanoj;
Sed malĝoje, Doktor' Foster'
Ne povis veni eĉ al Gloucester'
Ĉar la koto plutis lin,
Kiel diris saĝa virin'.

JACK BE NIMBLE

Estu lerta, Jako mia,
Kaj agema, knabo mia,
Kandelingon ho trānsaltu,
Nun do! Nun do! Ne, ne haltu!

SING JOYFULLY ON YOUR WAY

SKUIRU ĝojege malglatajn vojegojn,
Transsaltu ĝojege la altajn montegojn,
Ĉar estas neniam lacega la koro
En kiu ekzistas multe da ĝojo.
La gajkoraj viroj estas karuloj,
Sed malĝojaj viroj estas teduloj.

PUSSEY IN THE WELL

"DINGA-donga-duto!"

Katido en la puto!

Kiu enmetis ŝin?

Malgrando Tomaso Green.

Kiu eltiris ŝin?

Bonvole sciigu nin.

Tomaso "Trout" estis li;

"Bona knabo" diris ni.

PEAS PUDDING HOT

PIZPUDINGO varma,
Aŭ malvarma ĝi,
Aŭ eĉ de naŭ tagoj
En poto tiu ĉi.

Kelkaj varma ŝatas ĝin,
Malvarma kelkaj volas ĝin;
"En la poto," iuj diras
Ke ĝin ili ja deziras.

TOM THE PIPER'S SON

TOMASO la filo de Kantosakisto,
Ho certe le estis tre granda rabisto.
Ĉar li unufoje la porkon deziris
Li ŝtelis la porkon kaj tiam foriris.
La malĝoja pork' tuj estis manĝata
Kaj tiam Tomaso li estis batata,
De lia kolera sed tre bona patro.
Kaj tiam ekkriis Tomas' laŭ la strato.

LITTLE MARY WITH HER CANARY

Tiu ĉi kanarieto
Apartenas al Manjeto;
Bona kiel eĉ knabeto,
Kun la nomo "Birdeto,"
Kaj li kantas dolĉan kanton
Ĉar li havas bonan sanon.
Tial juna bela Manjo
Amon havas por "Birdeto."

MARY, QUITE CONTRARY

VIA ĝardeno, kiel kreskas ĝi?
Kontraŭema Mario, diru al ni!

Kun arĝentaj sonoriloj,
Kaj kun konkoj por bariloj
Kaj la kokeloj de belaj konketoj.
En rekta linio, ankaŭ fraŭlinoj
Tiel belegaj kiel feinoj.

BUTCHER, BAKER, CANDLE-STICK MAKER

"RUBO-dubo-dubo!"

Viroj tri en kuvo,
Mi petas nun' de vi
Nomojn de la tri.

Jen estas la buĉisto,
Kune kun la panbakisto,
Ankaŭ tiu kandelisto
Kiu estas ja rabisto.

Emfaze diru al la tri,
"Iru, iru for de ni!"

RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY

PLUVO, foriru de tie ĉi,
Krias Johaneto nun de vi:
Je Aprila tago, tiam al ni
Venu, bona pluvo, tien ĉi.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

KANTU kanton de sespenco
Kaj pri peco de sensenco ;
De sekalo en saketoj,
Kaj bakado de merletoj ;
En la reĝaj pudingetoj
Ili kantas ĉe festetoj.

THE OLD WOMAN IN A SHOE

JAM de longe loĝis en ŝuego
Tre maljuna grasa virinego,
Kiu havis multajn infanetojn
Dek knabinojn kaj knabetojn.
Certe la geinfanetoj
Estas ofte turmentetoj.

Ĉiunokte al la geinfana grupo
Estis donata la senpana supo ;
Tiam forte batis ŝi la infanetojn
Ĝis kuris ili en siajn litetojn.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE LITTLE
SPARROW

UNUFOJE pasereto
Sidis bele sur branĉeto:
Venis tre malbona knabo,
Kun pafarko kaj la sago,
Diris li—"Vin pafos mi;
Pasteĉ' nun fariĝos vi!
Pasereto, tie ĉi."
"Per knabeto mortos mi,
Se mi restus sur la branĉo
Apud tre malbona knabo."
Tial for de la branĉeto
Li forflugis de knabeto.

SNAIL, SNAIL, COME OUT OF YOUR HOLE

LIMAKO, ho limako mia,
Elvenu do el truo via!
Se vi ne obeis min
Tiam mi ja batos vin.

PATTI CAKE

Ho Sinjoro Panbakisto, mi petegas vin,
Faru bonan kuketon nun por mi!
Frapetu kaj piku, kaj marku ĝin per I,
Kaj enmetu ĝin en fornon por Petro kaj mi.

THREE BLIND MICE

TRI blindaj musoj!
Tri blindaj musoj!
Per dek-du kruroj,
Per dek-du kruroj,
Kuris post virino
Kiu estis edzino
De la bona farmmastro
Aprobata de l' pastro.
Tiam ŝia filo
Per granda tranĉilo
Mallongigis la vostojn
Kaj ricevis ties kostojn.

OLD KING COLE

MALJUNA Reĝo-KOL,
De Reĝlando Ĝojo,
Animon gajan ja posedas,
Almenaŭ tiel ni mem kredas.

Pipo kaj pelvo da vin'
Ĉiam multe plaĉas lin,
Ankaŭ la belaj sonoj
De la tri violonoj—
Tui, diddel, diddel, di!
Diris la violonoj tri.

MY SON JOHN

DIDEL, *pudingeto*, mia filo Johan'
Iris en liton, ŝtrumpojn portante,
Sur la piedoj unu ŝuon havante,
Didel, pudingeto, mia filo Johan'.

DICKORY DOCK

DIKERI, *dikeri*, kuraĝeto!
Supren flugis la porketo.
Tiam vir' en aerŝipo
Flugis post la pork' kun vipo;
Kaptis voston de porkido,
Jen por ni tre gaja rido!

BARBER, BARBER, SHAVE A PIG

Ho, barbiro, razu vi,
Tiun porkon nun por mi,
Ĉar tre multe mi deziras
Antaŭ ol la pork' foriras,
Havi nigrajn harojn liajn,
Dankojn vi ricevos miajn:
Kaj pinĉprenon donos mi
De la flartabak' al vi;
Perukon por la senharulo
Faru vi, ho bonegulo,



Winifred, age twelve, with her pupil Margaret Helen Parsons, age three, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Parsons, Washington, Pa.

JACK AND JILL

GRIMPANTE sur monteton Jako kaj Jilo,
Portante la akvon en akvoĉerpilo;
Havis renverson Jakoto kaj Jilo,
Kune kun la akvo en akvoĉerpilo;
Kaj tre granda ŝtono rompis la ver-ton
De juna, Jako, kiu timis tiun sperton.

OLD MOTHER GOOSE

SINJORINO Anserino,
Ho vi estas papagino!
Ĉu la plumojn havas vi,
Por donaci nun al mi?

Jes mi havas, knabineto,
Plumojn por flugilplumeto,
Kaj por via fratineto
Plumojn por l' ark-pafileto.

LITTLE TOM TUCKER

TOMASETO florojn kantis?
Por akiri manĝon;
Ĉu li florojn plantis?
Ĉu li portis franĝon?

Kion vere manĝos li?
Tion ja demandas ni.
Eble bonan buterpanon
Ankaŭ dolĉgustan bananon.

HARK! HARK! THE DOGS DO BARK

Ho aŭskultu geknabetoj
Je bojado de hundetoj!
Almozuloj kun kuraĝo
Venas nun al la vilaĝo;
Kelkaj en la ĉifonetoj
Aliaj en velurrobotoj
Jen la kaŭzo de bojado,
La maldolĉa hund-kantado.

JACK SPRATT

JAKO SPRATT' porketon havis,
Grandegecon ĝi ne havis;
Ne grasa estas ĝi
Kaj Jako diris li
"Mezampleksa porketo
Vi estas ja grunteto!"

TAFFY WAS A THIEF

"Taffy" estis Kimro kaj granda rabisto,
Eble li deziris esti la buĉisto,
Ĉar se mi ne restus ĉiufoje ĉe mi
Tre kviete venus fripono tiu ĉi;
Li forŝtelis pecon de l' ostinternaĵo;
Kaj malgrandan pecon de bona bovajo.

Tiam iris mi al ties eta domo:
Dormis en la lito la kanajla homo.
Kaj mi multe batis lin sur la kapo lia,
Per armilo bona, bovost' en mano mia.

CURLY LOCKS

Ho Bukloharuleto,
Mia dolĉa knabineto,
Estu mia edzineto;
Kaj nenia ĉagrenajo
Venos por turmenti vin
Se vi nur akceptos min.

Tiam vi ne pladojn lavos
Nek aliajn taskojn havos,
Sur kuseno mola sidos
Sole min vi ĉiam vidos,
Kaj vi manĝos fragoberojn
Kaj la kremon kaj sukeron.

HOT CROSS BUNS

VARMEGAJ krucaj bulketoj,
Unu por nur du pencetoj,
Donu ilin al la filoj,
Se ne manĝos la filinoj.

FIVE LITTLE PIGS

UNU porketo, vendejon iris li,
La dua porket' restas hejme ĉe si,
Tria ja havis bonan rostbefon,
Kvara porko havis, ho nenion;
Sed la malbona infaneto,
Kiu estas grasa porketo,
Ĉiutage krias li,
"Pi-vi, pi-vi, pi-vi, pi-vi-vi!"

HUMPTY DUMPTY

HUMPTO-DUMPTO sur la muro sidis,
Sed Humpto-Dumpto sendube ne vidis
Ke la muro havis nenian forton
Ĝis post li enfalis en la ŝtonan korton.
Mi malĝoje diras ĝin:
Neniu povis levi lin,
Neniu el la grandaj reĝoj
Nek la multaj longaj preĝoj.

TO MARKET

VENDEJON, vendejon, iru vi,
Kaj aĉetu, kaj aĉetu, ho por mi!
Grasan porketon, grasan porketon
Ho alportu en dometon!

Vendejon, vendejon iru vi,
Kaj aĉetu, kaj aĉetu, ho por mi!
Grasan porkegon, grasan porkegon,
Ho alportu en domegon!

OH, PRETTY LITTLE GIRL, WHERE ARE YOU
GOING?

Ho bela knabineto, kien iras vi?
"Mi iras al ĝardeno kaj laboros mi
Trancante belajn rozojn por reĝino kara
Kiu estas dolĉa, ankaŭ tre bonfara.
Grandan kiel ŝuo diamanton donos ŝi.
Tiam mi salutos ŝin, dirante 'dank' al vi'."

THE MAN IN THE MOON

LA Viro en la Luno, malsupren falis li,
Kaj la vojon al Norwich' demandis li de mi.
Mi plezure lin direktis trans la belan sudon
Kaj la Viro de la Luno tie brulis sian buŝon,
Kun appetit' manĝante de la bona avensupo,
Kiu estas la manĝeto tre malvarma por la pupo.

MARJORY DAW

KUN Margarito Daŭ
Sur la balancilo,
Mi sidas babilante,—
Kiel bela veturilo!

WHO IS MOTHER GOOSE?

PATRINO Anserino
Si estas la diino
De la geknabetoj
Kaj la infanetoj

MARY HAD A LAMB SONG

MANJO kun la bela saf', bela saf', bela saf'

MANJO kun la bela saf' mi tre amas vin.

Cu vi amas, amas min? amas min? amas min?

Cu vi vere amas min, mia belulin'?

MY BLACK HEN

Hiketi, Piketi, nigra kokino
Ovojn demetis por la fraŭlino.
Kaj ĉiutage la riĉa Sinjoro
Volas aĉeti per multe da oro.

GREAT A, LITTLE A

GRANDA kaj malgranda A,
Kaj saltanta Bo:
El la ŝrank' mi volas ke
Iru katino,

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

ŜAFIDINETON havis Mario,
La kapridineton Mario,
Kaj ĉie kaj ĉiam kiam ŝi foriris
La ŝafidineto tre multe deziris
Veni kun ŝi al la eta lernejo;
Ankaŭ kun ŝi al la bona preĝejo.

PRETTY LITTLE MAID WITH PRETTY
LITTLE BONNET

LA bela ĉapeleto
De la knabineto
Tre malsaĝa faris sin
Ĉar ŝi sole ŝatis ĝin.

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE

UNU, du, kun la tri, kvar, kvin,
La kaptita fiŝo mordis min.
Kaŭze de tio liberigis ĝin
Mi pro tim' ke ĝi elmordos min.

THE LITTLE GIRL WITH THE LITTLE CURL

Estis knabineto, kiu portis belan bukleton,
Ankaŭ belan falbaleton kaj veluran kapoteton.
Kiam ajn ŝi estas bona, bonega estas ŝi;
Sed tre ofte malbonega estas ŝi al ni.

A GERMAN JINGLETTE

DIESER Hund ist ja so klein
Er sollt virklich grosser sein
Aber er sagt; "Nein! nein! nein!"

THE GLORIOUS O

How plain the sound of common tea,
And plainer still LE THE,
But TEO, lovely TEO
All linguists love to say!

How common sounds—cup coffee.
Le café floats in air
With Kafo, Bona Kafo
No drink can quite compare.

How vulgar the word butter
Le beurre is just as bad,
But the good word butero
Will always make us glad.

We Esperantists modest are,
But this one thing we know:
That all earth's wisest children
Adore our letter O.

ADAM'S FUNNY BONE

WHEN Solomon Eusebius Josephus Alfred Jones
Was asked to give a lecture on the origin of bones
He solemnly declared to all the story was not true
That Eve was made from Adam's rib, since he, the
learned, knew
That woman, who is all the cause of trouble on the earth
Yet rules the world and all mankind lo, from her very
birth,
Was made by the Creator great from Adam's funny
bone,
And that is why she giggles so when men are wont to
groan.

QUEEN OF FLOWERHOOD

AH, rose, sweet rose, majestic flower,
To rule as queen thou hast the power.
Within the realms of Flowerhood
In gardens, fields and in the wood.
Your sweetest perfume, Mother Earth,
For your first gift gave at your birth.
Your velvet touch she gave to you,
Your graceful form and varied hue.

But for thy beauty thou dost pay
By bringing joy on life's pathway.
You cheer the sick, console the sad
And make us mortals all feel glad.

NORTH POLE JINGLE

[To the Tune of "London Bridge Is Falling Down."]

To the North Pole we will go, we will go, we will go,
On a dog sledge o'er the snow, over the white snow.

There we'll see an Esquimau, Esquimau, Esquimau,
Sitting in his house of snow, in his house of snow.

And maybe a big polar bear, polar bear, polar bear,
With huge claws and long white hair, huge claws and
white hair.

Walrus, reindeer, seal live there, seal live there, seal
live there,
They think their land is wondrous fair, oh, so wondrous
fair.

AN EATABLE ALPHABET

A FOR APPLE BUTTER stands,
B for BEANS known in all lands,
C for CHOW-CHOW, oh, how good!
D for DILL has ever stood,
E for EUCHRED PICKLES fine,
F for FIGS for which we pine,
G for GHERKINS to our taste,
H HORSERADISH none would waste,
I for INDIA RELISH sweet,
J for JELLIES none can beat,
K for KETCHUP for gods fit,
L for LADIES who make it.
M for MINCEMEAT that doth please,
N for NEW VARIETIES,
O for ONIONS that won't spoil,
P for PUREST OLIVE OIL.
Q QUEEN OLIVES we adore,
R for RELISH we cry more,
S for SOUP and SAUERKRAUT,
T TOMATO SAUCE we shout!

U for ALL WHO LOVE TO EAT
HEINZ DISHES NON COMPETE.
V for VINEGAR, the boss,
W WORCESTERSHIRE'S great sauce.
All the letters used you see
Except L, N, U, X, Y, Z.
And soon these letters Heinz will seize
To use for NEW VARIETIES.
The FIFTY-SEVENS' home will then
Give place to GREAT ONE HUNDRED TEN.

AT EASTER

As EASTER breathes hope for a joyous to-morrow
E'en out of the depths of despair,
So may this day banish from you every sorrow
And make you feel free as the air.

While hearing grand anthems that swell to the sky,
And breathing sweet lilies' perfume,
May you feel assured that your soul will not die
As life does not end in the tomb.



Winifred, age twelve, with her trained bird, Okikusan

THE GIRLS' ALPHABET

- A FOR Adaline, so neat,
B for Bess, so clean and neat.
C for Clara, always gay,
D for Doris, full of play.
E for Edith, with blue eyes
F for Flora, very wise.
G for Gertrude, called the good,
H for Helen, ever stood.
I for Ida, laughing maid,
J for Jenny, staunch and staid.
K for Kate, with golden locks,
L for Lucy, who wears socks.
M for Margaret, so straight,
N for Nell, who's never late.
O for Olive, always clean,
P for Polly, full of spleen.
Q for Queenie, who rules all,
R for Rhoda, straight and tall.
S for Sally, naughty girl,
T for Thelma, mother's pearl,

U for Ursula, the fair,
V for Vida, with black hair.
W for Winnie stands,
X for Xenia, of far lands.
Y for Yoda, funny name,
Z for Zoe, who ends our game.

TO MY LEAP YEAR VALENTINE

SAINT BRIDGET in the long ago
Won for all maids the right to go
Once in four years and seek a beau.

This year is leap year, as you know,
But as I've many a lovely bow
In quest of one I will not go.

But your dear image I enshrine
Within my heart, sweet valentine,
Have you a little place for mine?

I'M GLAD I'M NOT AN EXO

[*One of Doctor M. V. O'Shea's Stories Jingled.*]

THE framework of the body is
The bones, so teachers say;
And if we didn't have 'em
Our shape it wouldn't stay.
Besides sans bones my liver
And brains and even heart
Would get some awful hurtin's
And maybe come apart.
If my poor bones were badly burned
All brittle I would be,
Since flames will kill the animal
That was born in me;
If I were soaked in acid
No tender sapling tree
Would be one-half so limber
As just poor little me.

But, thinking it all over,
If I should choose my fate
I'd rather soak in acid
Than burn in a hot grate.

Some of my bones, the wise men say,
Are very far apart,
While others cling together
Like jelly in a tart.
That is because the bones have joints,
And joints are good to have,
They help me be a pitcher
And save me lots of salve.

When all my bones are gathered
And put in their right place
They make a so-called skeleton,
A grinnin' in his face.
But if you leave out one small bone
Or put one in not right,
It won't be any skeleton,
But a big bony fright.

The Exo critters' skeletons
Are placed on the outside,
I'm glad I'm not an EXO,
For if my Jane espied
Me lookin' like the skeleton
That's shown on teacher's chart,
I know she'd turn her nose right up
And say that we must part.

THREE CHEERS FOR TYPEWRITERS

THREE cheers! the joyful children cried
When fierce and raging flames they spied
Destroying spellers, cause of woes,
And grammars, children's hated foes!

Three cheers again we hear them say,
The typewriters have come to stay,
To teach us all to read and spell
And punctuate so very well.

THE WORLD'S A MIRROR

IF to the world we give our best
Of heart and soul and mind,
The world will render back to us
The best of every kind
Of thoughts and words and deeds of love
Which let us live on plains above
The sordid, ugly roads of life
Befouled with mud of hate and strife.

For life is but a mirror bright
Which smiles when we would smile
And tells us with a happy face
That everything's worth while,
But if we frown she frowns at us
And stirs up such a dreadful fuss
In all our ether rays around
That JOY for us cannot be found.

If we but fill our aura round
With brightest rays of love
For every little living thing
Then we will win Peace Dove,
To safely guard us where we go
So we can never have a foe,
Since all will see our bright rays shine
As part of the Great Love Divine.

A MEMORY JOGGER FOR YOUR DESK

THE wicked IMP called I FORGOT
To mortals ever woes has brought
By washing from their mental slate
Engagement dates—until too late,
These mortals waken in dismay
And we won't quote the things they say.

But if you'll keep ME ever near,
Bad "I FORGOT" cannot appear
For I will help you to remember
From January through December
Every promise, every date,
So "I FORGOT" can't make you late.

WILMINGTON'S SANTA CLAUS

IN far away Alaska
By all it is believed
That Santa is a big white bear
From whom gifts are received.

And Wilmington's wee kiddies
Begin to think the same,
That a good BEAR is Santa—
At least that's Santa's name.

For when they need a playground,
A school, or book, or toy,
'Tis SAMUEL BEAR who grants each wish
And makes kids dance for joy.

So let all of us children
Invoke the powers above
To grant him long life, health and wealth,
And gratitude and love.

WILMINGTON'S GOOD FAIRY

THERE'S a Santy in good Wilmington,
And a good fairy too,
Who brings all comforts to the poor
And proves a friend so true
To all the poor and needy,
Both the big and small.
He's always willing, ready
To help them one and all—
With kind words and with money,
With deeds of love and smiles
He helps men on Life's journey
To cross old Trouble's stiles.
And to this real live Fairy
The noble knight JAMES SPRUNT
Living in old Wilmington
On the street called Front
I dedicate this little song
And wish him every joy
In the melting pot of life
Without dread Woe's-alloy.

MOTHER WOTSAT, OF WANAMAKERLAND

OF MOTHER WOTSAT you've heard tell
And if you've met this lovely belle,
You know she is not an old dame
Wrinkled, humpbacked, sadly lame.

Ah, no, she is a fine young maid
Who puts her sisters in the shade
With sparkling eyes and sylph-like form,
No wonder for her heart men storm.

But best of all, she has the art
To win each naughty kiddie's heart
By telling tales in rhyme and prose
Such tales as only WOTSAT knows.

And she is, oh, so very wise;
She answers kids of every size
When they call out, "Wotsat, and why?"
She never passes questions by.

For she knows well just how to find
Answers for each thirsty mind,
And BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE FAIRY WELL
Is at her hand, great truths to tell.

TITANIA'S TOYLAND

OF fairies I've heard since the day of my birth,
Toystore makers, and givers of mirth;
But ne'er have I gazed on a real fairy-land
Till I came to Sterns' store—Titania's stand.

And there, as I entered, there burst on my view
A wonderful, marvelous, gigantic zoo
With camels and horses and elephants big,
Monkeys and donkeys, and even a pig,
Lions and tigers and great woolly bears
Looking as real as if in their lairs.

There were dolls of all nations and dolls of each size,
With black, brown and hazel, and even gray eyes.
There were balls big and little, wonderful toys
To please all the children, both good girls and boys;
For within Sterns' fairy-land we can all find
Titania's toys—of just every kind.

THE FAIRY CENTAPHRASE

If you would learn to speak good French
Without each awful rule
That all the would-be Frencheys use
When they attend French school,
Then seek the FAIRY CENTAPHRASE
He'll teach you how to say
Just everything you want to know
And in the proper way.

Through his delightful training box
Almost within a week
The best of French expressions
You will learn to speak
And ask for all the goodies
On menu cards we see
With just the proper accent
For breakfast, dinner, tea.

Through CENTAPHRASE, great system,
You may make your own
The ever dreaded idioms
To a Frenchman known,

By carrying in your pocket
Within a small neat case
A few for your digestion
As you go any place.

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER

GODDESS PEACE, most gracious,
Give heed unto the prayer
Of all the little children
Who cry from everywhere,
And beg that you come quickly
To banish hateful WAR,
Whose bloody deeds barbaric
The children all abhor!

Oh, gladly we'll work with you
By loving one and all
Dear children of all races,
Of nations great and small.
And we all hope to bring on earth
Your messenger, PEACE-DOVE,
Through throwing out our ether rays
OF UNIVERSAL LOVE.

AN ODE TO A FAITHFUL DOG DUBBED
PICKLES

[Best Friend of Mr. Thomas Shipp, Washington, D. C.]

Not half so cute is any maid

As PICKLES.

He puts us all deep in the shade,

Does PICKLES.

For though he boasts of years not four

To canine heights he well can soar

On wings he's found in Knowledge-Store,

Wise PICKLES.

He always has a wagging tail,

KIND PICKLES.

His Master Shipp he'll never fail,

Staunch PICKLES.

And that is why all folks who meet

This clever dog in home or street

Declare there is no one so sweet

AS PICKLES.

PEACE FORERUNNER—"LOVE MANKIND."

LITTLE birdie, whispering here,
Tell me, does sweet peace draw near?

Little girl, I sadly fear
Peace will not bring Christmas cheer
While you mortals are so blind
To love your country, not your kind,
Peace can never dwell on earth,
Bringing comfort, joy and mirth,
Until UNIVERSAL LOVE
Paves the way for sweet Peace Dove.

Then, sweet bird, help me to bear
Your good message everywhere,
Begging friends to keep in mind
PEACE FORERUNNER—"LOVE MANKIND."

MUSIC

*[These musical jingles were written for my teacher,
Miss Matilda Orr Hays, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.]*

THERE'S music, music everywhere
On sea and land and in the air.
It sounds from all things far and near
And brings the weary rest and cheer.
'Tis in the rose and every flower ;
'Tis in the storm and gentle shower ;
'Tis in the waters of the brook
And every pleasant shady nook.
We hear its notes within the trees
And in the hum of busy bees.
'Tis in the song of every bird
And in the voice of woman heard.
But best of all 'tis in our hearts
And there Love's message it imparts,
For MUSIC is the tongue of Love,
The fairest gift from realms above.

ROBERT FRANZ

[1815-1892.]

By sweet love, the angel's gift,
Was Robert Franz inspired
To write sweet songs of home and love
Of which we're never tired.

Since Schubert's time no other man
Produced sweet songs so many
And for a number of these songs
He did not get a penny.

Songs two hundred seventy-nine
This music genius wrote
But ere he died like Beethoven
He could not hear a note.

And with his right arm paralyzed
He could not even play
And Liszt for him gave concerts
To keep the wolf away.

He died in abject poverty,
From grief almost insane
But left his songs to cheer us
And drive away our pain.

NATURE'S MUSIC

WHERE is Nature's music heard?
In hum of insect, song of bird,
In wailing of the wind at night,
In splashing of the wavelets bright.
In angry howls when breakers roar
Against the rocks upon the shore.

'Tis in the Storm God's tearful moan;
In human voices' every tone.
When Jupiter his thunder rolls
'Tis Nature's music bell that tolls,
But only those with perfect ear
True sounds of Nature's Music hear.

FRÉDÉRIC FRANÇOIS CHOPIN

[*Born at Zelazowa-Wola, near Warsaw, Poland—1809-1849.*]

THOUGH French blood flowed in Chopin's veins
His music was of Polish strains
As he was born in a Polish town,
Which for its name should win renown;
And Zelazowa-Wola stood
Above all cities great and good
In favor with great Chopin who
Was to his birthplace ever true.

When scarcely eight great Fame began
To court him ere he was a man.
But Fate was cruel as well as kind.
In love affairs he did not find
The comfort that his great soul sought
And which to him could have been brought
By only one, a lady wise,
George Sand, with "hazel, big cow eyes."

Oft when we hear his waltzes sweet,
"Come dance, come dance," call to our feet
'Tis hard indeed for us to think
That Chopin oft stood on the brink
Of dreadful Melancholy's lair,
Where in great anguish and despair,
So sick in body, mind and soul,
With only Death as his sure goal,
Sweet and lively airs he wrote
And filled with joy his every note.

For ten long years the white plague sought
To take his life—for health he fought,
But when his sweetheart left his side
He ceased his fight and soon he died.

THE GREATEST KINGS OF MUSIC LAND

THE six greatest kings of sweet Music Land
Are Beethoven, Mozart and Wagner the grand;
Great Handel and Bach and Haydn as well,
Who cast o'er the earth its musical spell.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

[*Born at Halle in Saxony—1685-1759.*]

OF all music masters of whom you've heard tell
Great Handel was happiest for he was well,
Tall, handsome and wealthy, generous and kind,
Cheerful in heart and clever in mind.
Pinching dread poverty he never knew;
Surrounded by comforts from childhood he grew;
Though early in life as a very small lad
He wasn't content nor yet very glad
Because his stern father treated with scorn
His belief that for music he had been born.
Alone in an attic he practised each day;
Without any teacher he learned how to play
Until he was heard by a good kindly duke,
Who gave to Herr Handel a stinging rebuke
And made him consent, this father so stern,
That technique of music the young son should learn.

To England George went when to manhood grown,
Adopting this country as his very own.
He was loved by the people of most every clime
And busy and happy just all of the time.
In days scarcely fifteen he wrote his great *Saul*,
And in nineteen more he had finished all
Of *Israel in Egypt* in whose every tone
The work of a master of music is shown.
And in but two weeks 'tis said that he wrote
His wondrous *Messiah* complete in each note.

But work without rest from morning till night
Deprived him, like Bach, of precious eye-sight.
For seven long years great Handel was blind,
But lost not his genius nor bright cheerful mind.
He worked every hour until his last breath
Was taken away by the cold Angel Death.
His body in Westminster Abbey was laid,
But the works of his genius will no, never fade.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN

[*Born in Bonn, Germany—1770-1827.*]

LIFE is a blossom of sorrow and fun
And Beethoven's sorrow was early begun.
His father was cruel, no pleasure he had,
No wonder that much of his music is sad.
He lived in Vienna, which seldom he left;
Of most earthly joys this poor soul bereft.
The gods had deprived him of beauty of face,
His manners atrocious brought him disgrace.
No money had he and for many a year
Of music he loved no sound could he hear.

No wife to adore him, no children had he
To bring to his home "The Good Fairy Glee."
In rags and in sorrow and always alone
He walked in the fields where, with pitying moan,
He prayed he might hear the song of the trees
And sweet fairy whispers as borne on the breeze.

His prayers were not answered and no sound he heard
Of brooklets or breezes or sweet singing bird.
No wonder from earth he was glad to depart,
Dying, 'tis said, from a real broken heart.



JOHNSON STUDIO, PITTSBURGH

Winifred, age twelve. Position in eurhythmics

JOHANNES BRAHMS

[*Germany—1833-1897.*]

WAGNER once said "There are but three B's
In musical circles known,
Beethoven, Bach and Brahms the good
As masters stand alone."

Brahms's mother was a real old maid
Whom his young father wed.
In years full seventeen or more
She well could rank ahead.

But peace and love reigned in this home
And so Johannes grew
Into a gentle kindly lad
Who loved all whom he knew.

When Schumann heard this boy play
In rapture he cried out—
"Behold our new Messiah,
For him the world should shout!"

For many years this good man stood
At Clara Schumann's side
While she was fighting poverty
When her dear husband died.

He helped her rear her children,
With her in concerts played
And loved her with a pure true love
By the immortal made.

And when she died he had no wish
To live his life alone
And welcomed Death to come his way
And claim him as his own.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

[*Born at Eisenbach in Germany—1685-1750.*]

IN sixteen hundred eighty-five
Long, long before you were alive,
In the town of Eisenbach
Was born Johann Sebastian Bach.

From his father ever kind
And his brother he did find
The key to enter Music Land,
Which he found so sweet and grand.

No more industrious lad could be
Than Johann, who loved "Industry."
"The Mighty Master" he is known
Of the organ's every tone.

Twice this music master wed
And he was happy so 'tis said;
But he worked both day and night
Until at last he lost his sight.

Though he was blind he cheerful kept
And o'er his sorrow never wept,
And when he died he left a son,
To shine for him when his work was done.

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

[*Born in Rohrau, Austria—1732-1809.*]

How often when a little chap
On Haydn's shoulders fell the strap.
E'er he was six as if a man
His struggles with the world began.
His parents could not write nor read.
A cousin said, "I'll gladly feed
And clothe young Joseph, who can sing
And to my pockets money bring."
But little food he gave to him
And plenty of the sharp peach limb.

When Joe then lost his tuneful voice
His cousin gave to him no choice
But turned him out to earn his way—
'Tis said he worked both night and day,
And, working thus, young Haydn rose
Far, far above his friends and foes.

Rich he became and gained great fame
While all musicians love his name.
His greatest work was *The Creation*
And artists of most every nation
Ever bow down at his knee
As "Father of the SYMPHONY."

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

[*Born in Salzburg, Austria—1756-1791.*]

MOZART, "The Glorious Boy," Rubenstein named him
well,

Was born with the gift of music, on him the mantle fell
Of many great composers, who justly won a name,
Though Mozart soared above them on pinnacles of fame.
When as a tiny kiddie with birthdays not yet five
He played his little violin as if it were alive,
Composing wondrous music which was so grand and
sweet

That even queens and princes would fall down at his
feet.

His music flowed as easily as waters in a brook,
And sparkled as bright sunbeams peeping in a nook.
An opera he finished before his thirteenth year
And when he was but fourteen musicians came to hear
La Scala, greatest orchestra, which the world then had,
As it was well directed by this inspired lad.

The Pope conferred upon him the order "Golden Spur."
Until he reached his sixteenth year nothing did deter
This clever lad from mounting to highest realms of fame,
Flowers rained upon him and life seemed but a game.

And then came years of suffering when through Envy's
stings

And malice of musicians, who wished to clip his wings,
He saw the dark and dreary and rocky road of life

And soon he grew awearied of sickness, hunger, strife
And discontent within his home, for Constance whom
he wed,

Was ever cross and ailing and spent her days in bed.
And though he was still youthful, not more than thirty-
five,

When most of earthly children are glad to be alive,
Poor Mozart, worn by constant work and worried by
his wife,

One dreary, dark December day to Death gave up his
life.

This great soul's earthly castle not one friend tried to
save

From an ignoble burial within a pauper's grave ;
And no one put a marker to show where it was laid,
But the glory of great Mozart's works will never, never
fade.

WILHELM RICHARD WAGNER

[*Born in Leipsic, Germany—1813-1883.*]

IN the midst of tumult and mixed up with strife
The world renowned great Wagner spent most all his
life.

All around his birthplace the day that he was born
Many thousand soldiers lay bleeding, cut and torn
By the fiendish war god, who delights to slay.
And after him came "Pestilence," who bore with her
away

The father of young Wagner, and as his mother had
Seven other children no wonder that this lad
Should grow up just like Topsy without a guiding hand,
With no one to direct his steps and no one to command.

Then Fever wracked his body and he was very ill,
But fairies came to comfort, sweet music to instil
Into his wondrous fingers and in his kindly heart,
Henceforth of all his life work to take the biggest part;

Although in spite of music in rebel plans he mixed,
And exile to Herr Wagner's name for long years was
affixed.

Twice he sailed on Hymen's sea, and I have heard it said
His first wife, Wilhelmina, proposed that he should wed.
With her he knew no happiness in all his married life,
For she was ever brewing the noxious stew of strife.
But when Liszt's lovely daughter, the fair Casima, came,
She filled his home with joy and also brought him fame.
From her sweet inspiration his greatest work was made,
The soul inspiring *Parsifal*, whose fame will never
fade.

Death took him from the arms of his adoring wife.
He passed away so peacefully, but left behind him strife
Concerning the real merit of all he ever wrote.
Some class him with divinities, some put him with the
goat ;
Some love his mimic thunder and sighing of the breeze,
While others say his music is but a bang and wheeze.

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT

[*Born in Vienna, Austria—1797-1828.*]

A POOR schoolmaster was his pa,
A common cook his scolding ma,
Who was not one bit glad to see
Her thirteenth child a boy wee,
Who came one blustering wintry day
Within her crowded house to stay.

Though Franz was cold and hungry too
The Music Sprites his soul would woo
And oft he wrote as in a trance
Some lovely song in which perchance
The singer seemed as blithe could be
And filled with joyful ecstasy.

He loved a maid of high degree
With whom he could not married be
And while for this maid Caroline
His beating heart with love did pine

In one short year this song bird wrote
Two symphonies in every note,
Five operas and many more
Airs that stamp of genius bore,
One hundred thirty-seven songs
Depicting hopes, and joys and wrongs.
Of these immortal songs 'tis said
Six were sold for a loaf of bread.

Full ten great symphonies he made
But no one to them honor paid
While he was yet upon this earth,
And never courted by True Mirth,
But ever hungry, weak and ill
Though working with his great soul's will
Until the age of thirty-one
When Death said "Rest, your work is done."

ROBERT SCHUMANN

[*Born in Zwickau, Germany—1810-1856.*]

To most great music makers
The fates have been unkind
And in the life of Schumann
Few joys we can find
Except in the great love
Of Clara, his dear wife,
Who helped him in his struggles
Throughout his married life.

He lost the power of playing
Through dread paralysis.
But Clara said, "Don't worry
For nothing you need miss
Since you can write sweet lovely airs
And I'll play them for you
And thus we two together
The Music Muse can woo."

One hundred songs and thirty-eight
He wrote in one short year,
Inspired by his loving wife
Who brought him hope and cheer.
And when he died at forty-six
And left her very poor
With her eight children Clara went
Upon a concert tour.

And with her wondrous playing
Of airs her husband made
She earned her bread and butter
And glory ne'er to fade,
For Schumann's magic music
And songs that reach the heart,
Showing they are tempered
With great Apollo's art.

GIUSEPPE VERDI

[*Born in Duchy of Parma, Italy—1813-1901.*]

THE life of Verdi reads as well
As any fairy tale;
To interest a girl or boy
I'm sure it could not fail.
The stork brought him to Mother Earth
In time of dreadful strife.
Hid in an ancient church belfry
His mother saved his life.
And in this church which sheltered him
From cruel blood-thirsty men
He played as the church organist
When he was only ten.
The imps of evil troubled him
But fairies came along
To help him in his sorrows
And fill his heart with song.

Like the proverbial mother cat
Nine lives he seemed to have
And for each injury received
There always was some salve.
Into the water once he fell
And down he went times three
Then some one rescued this young lad
As if by Fate's decree.

The poor child yearned for music land
And also longed for bread.
And for a girdle round his waist
He often wore, 'tis said,
A bit of rope which he pulled taut
When hunger did assail.
And yet this lad all poorly clad
And weak and wan and pale
Forgot his hunger and his wants
When Music's tones he heard
In rippling of the waters bright,
In songs of every bird.

Close to the fence of a rich man
Whose daughter played each night
Verdi when only six years old
Would listen with delight.
This hungry lad prayed often there
That some day he might own
A lovely spinet in whose keys
Were fairies' magic tones.

One night while it was raining hard
O'er the high fence he crawled
Of an Italian wealthy man,
Signor Barezzi called.
He heard the daughter sweetly play
A grand Beethoven air
And while he lay enraptured there
A coachman found his lair
And beat the poor starved youngster whom
He called a "dirty thief,"
And drove him from the music's reach
Despite the poor child's grief.

But on the next night Verdi went
 Though filled with quaking fear
And crawled again beneath the fence
 Sweet music there to hear.
And here Barezzi found the lad
 As by the fence he lay
And took the boy into his home
 To hear his daughter play.

He took an interest in this child
 And placed him in a school
Where he could learn of music
 Each necessary rule.
But disappointed he became
 When all the teachers said
This boy who plays so queerly
 Will never rank ahead;
As a musician of true worth
 He cannot hold his own
And in Apollo's circle
 He never will be known.

And so discouraged, this poor lad
Became a grocer boy
Though every night he practised hard—
This was his only joy.
And then quite foolishly alas
The grocer's daughter wed
And two small children came to him;
For them there was no bread,
And his young wife and children too
From dreadful hunger died
Just when his first great opera
Most loudly was decried
And he himself hissed off the stage.
No wonder that he thought
This life for him with sorrow's face
Forever would be fraught,
And it were better now to cross
The Border-Land's dark path
Through Suicide's short awful route
Than live 'neath dark Fate's wrath.

But after two sad dreary years
Of darkness and despair
His operas succeeded
And life seemed much more fair.

He married a good second wife
And wealthy he became;
Legion of Honor given him
Was added to his fame.
In the Italian parliament
Verdi received a seat
And many other honors great
Were cast down at his feet.
While his *Il Trovatore* great
When first 'twas sung in Rome
Became so very popular
'Twas heard in every home,
And e'en to-day in every land
This opera is played
And glory for its author
Will never, never fade.

The name Giuseppe Verdi
Stands for composer great
And one whose heart was ever filled
With love instead of hate.
But one bad fault this genius had
Of flying into fits,
And in great anger once he broke
A spinet into bits.

And when he taught his pupils
He often boxed their ears,
So of the music master
Their hearts were filled with fears.

But he was always good and kind
To all the poor and weak,
And to help his fellow men
He would ever seek.

And when his works brought fame and wealth
Barezzi's house he bought,
Tore down the fence and made the grounds
Into a music lot.

And there this benefactor
Invited one and all
To come on every pleasant night
And hear Apollo's call.

FRANZ LISZT

[*Born in Raiding, Hungary—1811-1886.*]

LIKE Goddess Minerva so it is said
Liszt sprang fully armed from Jupiter's head.
Master of every silvery note
Of the hum of the bee or the human throat.

Ere he was nine, on the ladder of fame
He climbed, never stumbling and never once lame,
Until he had reached the rung at the top
When Death interfered with "Time now to stop."

Wealth flowed to this genius from his symphonies
His teachings, his concerts, and grand rhapsodies.
And as he went lauded on many a tour
He scattered his money to those who were poor.

Neat in his dress and with manners polite
Courting sweet friendship, avoiding a fight,
This great man was loved by one and by all,
The rich and the poor and the great and the small.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN

[*Born in Volhynia, Russia—1829-1894.*]

WHEN precious gifts gods give to men,
A great price they require,
As we have seen in all the lives
Of those they did inspire
With Music's wondrous magic charm
That all true men adore
Be they of wild and savage state
Or wise men full of lore.
And so with Anton Rubinstein
Who many sorrows had
Not only when to manhood grown
But when he was a lad.
His parents were of Jewish birth
Though Christians they became
When cruelly persecuted
Alas! in Christ's good name.
His mother gave unto her boys
In music their first start,
And trained their minds to travel
In realms of Music-Art,

And later on she took her sons
To Paris, there to learn
To bring forth the great music
Which in their souls did burn.

When but a very little chap
Anton wrote wondrous songs
Describing joys and sorrows
And depicting wrongs,
Which when he played in public
Made all his hearers sigh,
Laugh aloud or clap their hands
And sometimes even cry.

Young Nicholas, his brother,
Composed almost as well
For both these music lovers
Had touched Apollo's shell.
But white plague took poor Nicholas
Ere he could finish quite
The songs the fairies whispered
Oft in the stilly night.

While Anton worked for many a year
And on the ladder FAME
As a sensation player
Securely placed his name.

To every realm of music
Some work this master gave
And o'er his *Ocean Symphony*
All of the nations rave.

But all his thoughts were not of love,
And Liszt and Wagner airs
Were classed by him as discords
Not fit for country fairs.

He hated also our good land,
Though when upon our shore
He gathered in the golden streams
And held his hand for more.

He traveled in most every land,
Was steeped in music lore,
And his great songs in number
Will almost make eight score.

But he was never happy
As in his heart was "Hate,"
Which shut out Fairy Happiness
All mortals' proper mate.

CHRISTOPHER WILLIBALD GLÜCK

[*Born in Weidenwang, Germany—1714-1787.*]

THOUGH Glück himself lived a peaceful life
His *Iphigénie* caused much strife
As on its merits Frenchmen fought
Against Italians who had sought
To down the so-called Glucist school
And call each follower a fool.

The Picinists and Glucists then
Agreed to a great contest when
Each faction said that it would show
The 'tother ought to Lethe go
But after all harsh words were spent
Both factions gladly gave consent
That Glück's dramatic opera grand
Ruled then o'er all great Music Land.

LOUIS HECTOR BERLIOZ

[*France—1803-1869.*]

A PROPHET without honor
In his own country known
Was Louis Hector Berlioz
Who yearned but for a bone
Of French approval for his works
Which strangers always praised
But which in his own country
No great applause would raise.

“A doctor you must be, my son,”
His father sternly said,
But Louis tried to prove to him
That music ranks ahead
Of all this life’s professions
And he would like to try
To win the famous Prix de Rome—
Oh, he would aim so high!

His father laughed his son to scorn,
His teachers quarreled with him,
They said he was eccentric
And music was a whim.

Then poor and hungry he left home
And three times bravely tried
To win the longed for Prix de Rome
For which ambition cried,
The third time proved to him a charm
And with his laurels crowned
He hastened to his much loved France
But there no praise he found.

An English actress he adored
And made her his first wife—
But little happiness she brought—
Naught but complaints and strife,
As a sad accident befell
This one time actress great
And as she lay so ill and cross
She ever cursed her fate.
A baby came into this home;
The hunger wolf came too,
And when the mother left this home
He knew not what to do.
He married then a second time
And sorrows thicker came
And soon he lost his only boy
In War God's awful game.

As he was born 'neath planet Mars
For him there was no peace,
His life was one fierce conflict
Where troubles never cease.

KARL MARIA FRIEDRICH ERNST VON WEBER

[*Born at Eutin, near Lubeck, in Germany—1786-1826.*]

To ANCESTORS all of a musical race
The genius of Weber we easily trace.
And from early training in babyhood days
His thoughts were all turned to musical lays.
At fourteen an opera little Karl wrote,
Finished completely in its every note.
Creator of "ROMANTIC OPERA," he
Gained a position on Life's Stellar Sea.
Like other great artists he never was blessed
With habits of knowing just how to take rest.
While writing *Der Freischutz*, his great masterpiece,
He cut many years from Nature's life lease.
And when working constantly without a rest,
Despite every signal of health in distress,
The wonderful Oberon opera he wrote,
He sounded, alas, his Death calling note.

JAKOB LUDWIG FELIX MENDELSSOHN

[*Born at Hamburg, Germany—1809-1847.*]

By the composer Mendelssohn
Cruel poverty was never known.
A genius born and with great wealth
With loving parents and good health
And with his heart so full of fun
We christen him "The happy one."

When as a baby very small
His family he delighted all
By cooing sweetly in each key
Of *a* or *b* or *c* or *d*.

Ere he had passed his ninth milestone
He played in public all alone.
As a composer he won fame
And for himself an artist's name.

His genius showed in his brown eyes
Large and lustrous, deep and wise,

And all who saw him loved him well;
On each he cast a happy spell.
His "Songs Without Words" we all love;
They carry us to realms above.

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK

[*New Orleans—1829-1869.*]

WHEN I'm playing *The Last Hope*
It carries me away
To other realms than Mother Earth,
And sometimes I would stay
In Music Land with its sweet tones
That banish from our hearts
All petty horrid troubled cares
That stab us with their darts.

Gottschalk, I'm very proud to own,
Was a real Dixie lad,
And as I am a Dixie girl
This makes me very glad.

When he was only twelve years old
He went abroad to learn
How to make sweet music sounds
For which his soul did yearn.



JOHNSON STUDIO, PITTSBURGH

Winifred and her star pupil Billy Walsh, son of Mr. and Mrs.
W. E. Walsh, Pittsburgh

And while abroad his parents lost
Their filthy lucre all,
And on his talents this young lad
Was then compelled to call
And ask their aid to earn his bread
And help his parents dear.
And he then traveled, so 'tis said,
In lands both far and near
Far more than any other man
In music circles known.
He gave his life to those who called,
No minutes were his own.
And so he wore out the good frame
Which nature to him gave
And when he was but forty
Was claimed by the cruel grave.

JOHANN STRAUSS

[*Austria—1804-1849.*]

OH, the good bandmaster Strauss
He is loved in every house
As he makes us, oh, so merry
With his cunning waltzing fairy,
And he drives away the blues
Putting dance sprites in our shoes.

When he was a little lad
He was neither good nor bad
But he ran away from home
And for years and years did roam.

When but fourteen years of age
He was loved by dunce and sage,
And great kings would kiss his hand
When they heard his wondrous band.

When dread Fever sealed his doom
Bandmen stood above his tomb
Playing farewell songs of love
Which they thought would go above,
To that far off mystic land
Where they hoped there was "a band."

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI

[*Born in Sicily—1659-1725.*]

SCARLATTI dwelt upon this earth

Before the masters came.

In Sicily he had his birth

And gained an artist's name.

The Order of the Golden Spur

The Pope gave unto him,

And princes often did bestir

To satisfy his whim.

His famous work, *The Cat's Fugue* dubbed,

He named for his pet cat.

One night her fur by dogship rubbed

The right way for a spat,

Upon the spinet keys she sprang,

Wild music made her feet;

And in Scarlatti's soul their rang

The tones for music sweet.

KARL CZERNY

[*Born in Vienna, Austria—1791-1857.*]

BORN in seventeen ninety-one,
Karl Czerny early honor won
As a master of technique
And to help those who are weak
And of striking notes afraid,
Many an exercise he made.
At nine he won an artist's name
Beethoven added to his fame,
From all artists of his day
Electing him his works to play.

King of teachers he is known,
Master of each fairy tone.
At fourteen he began to teach
And many pupils he saw reach
To heights of music masters' fame
As Liszt, who won a glorious name.

When at sixty-six he died
All great music lovers cried,
But as a gift he left behind
Works of his great heart and mind,
Full nine hundred forty-nine
And every one the world calls fine.

ARE ALL ANGELS BLONDS?

"I WANT to be an angel and with the angels stand,"
So loudly sang the children in our church mission band,
But as I chanted with them this lovely little strain
I wished to ask the teacher if she could quite explain
Why all the angel pictures are painted with light hair,
And blue eyes soft and tender and skin so very fair,
While half the little children and grown-up people, too,
Have hair and eyes and even skin of very darkest hue?
And as I have such dark brown eyes and also dark
brown hair,
Most naturally I feel quite sad to learn that only fair
And blue-eyed little children can ever angels be,
So now, alas, I'm thinking—what will become of me?

GOOD PEOPLE EVERYWHERE

SINCE coming to earth it has been my fate
Not to be able to cling to one state.
My birthplace, Virginia, we all know is fair
And when a wee kiddie I was happy there.
But when my good UNCLE sent us away
To Delaware's pastures, I was still gay.
And then to dear Hoosierland I went to dwell,
And, oh, how I loved it—alas too well.
I wept when I left my Evansville home
To Washington State I longed not to roam.
But there fairies helped me always to find
Flowers and friends both sweet and kind.

And so in "God's Country," the land of the rose
A real earthly heaven as everyone knows.
Again in far Georgia and Florida too
Pleasure were mine in landscapes quite new;
And though to Penn's country I wended my way
With dreadful misgivings in Pittsburgh to stay,

I found that sweet music and kindest of deeds
Conquered the smoke as salt kills the weeds.
In New York I found all life's stirring joys
For each of the growth-ups and all girls and boys.
And North Carolina, my present home state,
Proves to me truly that kind MOTHER FATE
Places good people in each spot on earth
To radiate kindness and sunshine and mirth.

FINIS

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