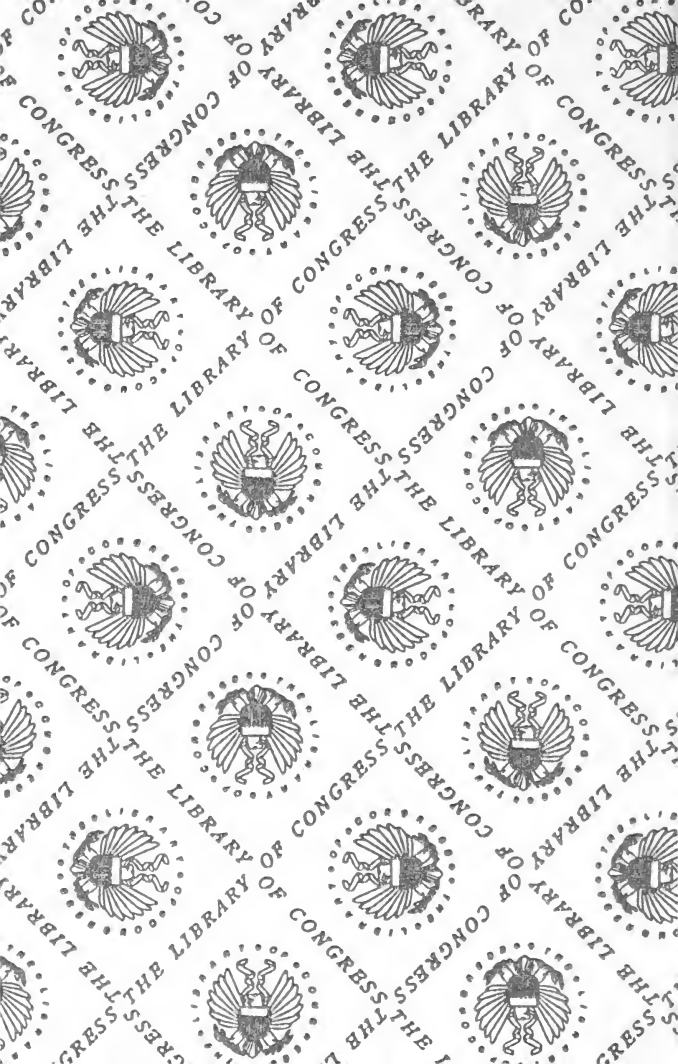
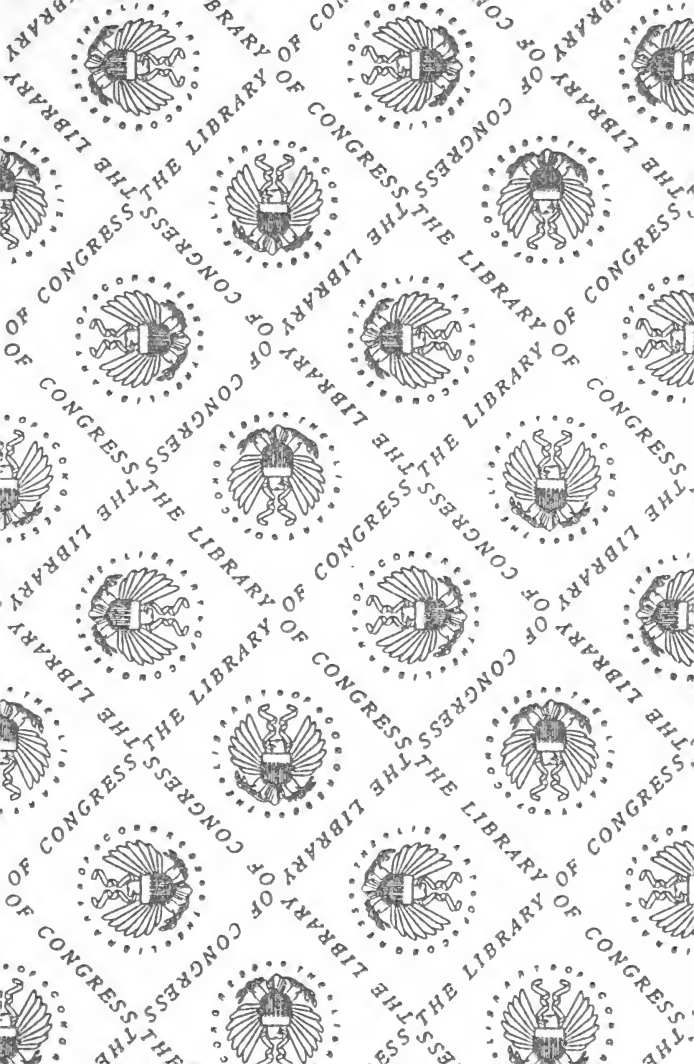


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POEMS

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BY

ALVIN CURTIS SHAW

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
1913

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By A. C. SHAW

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WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A DAD?

What is home without a Mother?

Who can make the home so glad?
But will some one please to tell us
What is home without a Dad?

Mother has her day of roses,

All the world for her is glad;
Do we ever hear of roses
That were gathered just for Dad?

Sacred is the name of Mother,

When away the home is sad,
But, my sister and my brother,
Should we not remember Dad?

All the way his road is rugged,

Little play and little rest—
It is not a path of pleasure
When 'tis taken at the best.

Dad is up so bright and early,
Takes his little dinner pail
Out in every kind of weather,
Rain and sleet and storm and hail.

Bares his breast to every danger;
Always does the best he can;
Thinking only of the loved ones,
Dad is nothing but a man.

Men have stood in line of battle
When the day was black as night,
Faced the cannon's roar and rattle,
Stood for the eternal right.

Life is but a field of battle,
Men are falling thick and fast,
Fighting for their homes and loved ones,
Heroes battling to the last.

Where the shot and shell are raging,
There to bear the battle's brunt,
Standing nobly by his colors,
Dad is always at the front.

Often in the heat of battle,
Though he wearies of the fight,
Yet he proudly marches onward
Till the coming of the night.

Monuments are reared for mother,
Music, song and story sad;
Art has thrown its charm around her
But do they remember Dad?

Mother's day we know is welcome,
Daddy's day is not so bad;
Let us always gather roses,
Some for Mother, some for Dad.

WE SHOULD NOT JUDGE A
BROTHER.

We cannot tell, we do not know,
Just how to judge a brother;
Remember he was once a babe,
The idol of a mother.

Once he was just as pure as light
From out a sunny sky,
And folded to a mother's heart
With love that cannot die.

He may have wandered far away
And fallen very low;
It matters not how many times—
Give him another show.

In all the world he has no friend,
Forsaken and alone,
But let him who is free from sin
Be first to cast a stone.

No matter what he may have done
He has the right to live;
It's always easy to condemn,
It's noble to forgive.

He may have crossed the desert bare
And faced the storm and heat;
We do not know how many thorns
Have pierced the tender feet.

And all should stop a moment
Some kindly word to speak,
For none can rise to greatness
By trampling on the weak.

And everyone who offers aid
With honor should be decked;
To stoop to raise a fallen one,
'Tis but to stand erect.

The fearless ones in every age,
The wisest and the best,
Have laid the helping hand upon
The brow of the oppressed.

A gentle word, a friendly hand,
Is always sure to win;
It is just one touch of Nature
That makes the whole world kin.

THE RACE HORSE.

Now, you must know, the horse was raised
Upon the Mason farm,
The farmer's only daughter gave
To him the name "Alarm."

Miss Katie and "Alarm" were chums,
They never were apart,
And since his birth he'd always been
The idol of her heart.

"Alarm" had never known defeat,
A thoroughbred was he,
And he could go the distance, for
He had a pedigree.

A worthy son of Hamilton
And full of royal blood,
He had a family history
Away back to the flood.

Miss Katie was a favorite,
A handsome bonny lass,
And when it came to horsemanship
But few were in her class.

'Twas at the County Fair one day,
In nineteen hundred one,
And many thousands, gathered there
The day the race was run.

A cool ten thousand dollars was
The price the purse would pay
To the horse that beat the field, was
In the running all the way.

The horsemen they had gathered there
From far and near around,
And everyone was trying hard
To pull the money down.

There were cracker-jacks from every-
where

And thoroughbreds galore,
And everyone was betting on
The horse they thought would score.

The bookies, they were laying odds
The field would beat "Alarm,"
But still he was the only chance
To save the Mason farm.

The jockeys with their colors up
Had ridden on the track,
When, with a plunge, "Alarm" had
thrown
The boy from off his back.

'Twas not a fatal accident
But just a broken arm;
They had to get another boy
To ride the great "Alarm."

At last another boy appeared,
With colors blue and red,
And vowed if they would let him ride
He'd bring him in ahead.

The boy was in the saddle now—
“They're off,” the people shout.
That blue and red was in the rear,
There wasn't any doubt.

And now they're at the quarter pole
And going very fast,
When every one could plainly see
The great “Alarm” was last.

And just a little later they
Had gone a half a mile,
And blue and red was closing up
The gap in royal style.

Excitement now was fever heat,
They'd gone another lap,
Were near the great three-quarter pole,
Yet still there was a gap.

And now they all were in the stretch—
Where was the great "Alarm?"
The noble steed, he seemed to know
He had to save the farm.

He was going like a demon,
And by the leader's side;
The boy that wore the blue and red,
Ye gods, how he could ride!

The kings of all the turf were there,
And thousands held their breath;
The boy that wore the blue and red,
To him 'twas life or death.

'Twas side by side and neck and neck,
And none of them would yield,
And now a mighty shout rang out:
“ ‘Alarm’ agen the field!”

The track was thronged with people, all
Who lived about the farm.
Again the cry rang out: “Come home,
Come down, come home, ‘Alarm!’ ”

And grandly he was coming home,
With colors blue and red,
And midst the thunders of applause
Came in a nose ahead.

The horse had never faltered; he
Was running all the way;
The people all were frantic,
Blue and red had saved the day.

And thousands now had gathered round
To see the great "Alarm,"
And shower blessings on the boy
And horse that saved the farm.

The farmer and his wife were proud
And overcome with joy;
The secret had come out at last:
Miss Katie was the boy.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

The football game's the game of life:

It's just the same design.

If you wish to win the battle,

You'll have to hit the line.

Your motto's perseverance;

Never waver—make a vow.

You will climb the hill of progress

And win out anyhow.

If your calling has the merit,

No matter what you do,

Success around the corner

Is awaiting there for you.

No use to fret and worry,

Never threaten to resign,

But buckle on your armor and

Get out and hit the line.

Just give the world a pleasant smile
And never wear a frown.
A good man, so the maxim reads,
You cannot keep him down.

And though defeated many times,
Press on and do your part.
The noblest one of all is he
Who never loses heart.

If health and wealth is your desire,
And peace and comfort, too,
Speak words of cheer, good will, and
love;
They'll all come back to you.

Sunny days are always welcome,
Every age and every clime;
Sunbeams drive away the darkness;
Be a sunbeam all the time.

And if your sky is getting dark
And you are feeling blue—
Remember, round the corner
Fortune's waiting there for you.

Press on, you'll win the battle;
You're bound to pull it through.
There's fame and fortune waiting
'Round the corner there for you.

ADVICE TO MARRIED MEN.

Oh! weak and weary traveler,
Along the road of life!
Oh! dear, despondent brother,
Who has a scolding wife.

Do not give up the battle!
Nor don't take down the flag!
But be composed and look serene
And let her chew the rag!

A woman, when her blood is up,
Is bound to have her say!
No use to try to stop her,
There isn't any way!

For if you ever lose your head,
And should begin to scoff,
The game is up; you're down and out;
You'll never head her off!

No use to speak in angry tone;
No use to call her honey;
She will not bend her dignity,
For either love or money!

And take my tip! Don't go to court,
If it should be in session!
And what is worse, don't hit the trail
And leave her in possession!

When trouble comes, the thing to do
Is not to make reply;
But stand the storm; it won't be long—
You'll anchor by and by!

We're martyrs in a common cause!
It's now as it was then!
From Adam to the present time,
We've all been hen-pecked men!

TRUE LOVE.

Wedding bells are gaily ringing,
Lofty anthems fill the air,
Friends and kindred gather 'round
them—
Blessings on the happy pair.

On the sea of life are launching,
Hopes and aspirations high,
Love the guide, the trusted pilot,
Not a cloud in all the sky.

Life to them was full of promise,
'Twas the balmy month of June,
Fragrant with its bud and blossom,
All the world in time and tune.

Hand in hand they walked together,
Golden moments free from care,
Joy and bliss in rounded measure,
Hearts as free and light as air.

On they journeyed, never wavered,
Hope would drive away the fears,
Keeping step, and never doubting,
To the music of the years.

Cheeks may blanch and lips may falter,
Time may leave his trace of care;
Eyes may lose their old-time luster,
Silver may bedeck the hair.

Years may touch the ruby lip!
Time may dim the sparkling eye;
It cannot mar the soul within!
True love will still defy.

The birds sing sweetly as of yore,
The sky is just as blue;
The woods and meadows just as green,
And hearts are just as true.

Memory fondly loves to wander,
 Though the years have flown away,
Back again to manhood's morning,
 Back again to June and May.

LINCOLN AND THE BOYS IN BLUE.
(Founded on facts.)

'Twas the spring of eighteen sixty-five,
When all the world could see
The fearless Grant was closing up
Around the gallant Lee.

For Richmond then had fallen and
The negroes, they were free,
And Sherman and his army
They were marching to the sea.

Two soldiers clad in army blue
Were standing by the walls
Of the nation's greatest structure—
The legislative halls.

These lads went out from Michigan
When first the war begun,
Their regiment was one thousand strong,
And now—but forty-one!

The numbers tell the story true ;
But if you wish to see,
Look up the Stonewall regiment and
The famous Company E.

The boys were not on duty now
But out to take a stroll,
They both were from the battle's front
And out upon parole.

Their attention was attracted
To walls which were defaced :
For written there, in letters bold,
Their comrades' names were traced.

They both were in a study then
And each made up his mind :
For, where their comrades led the way,
They would not be behind.

But, just as they commenced to write,
Some one in uniform
Appeared upon the scene and at
The boys began to storm.

He then at once called out the guard
To have the matter tested.
In other words, 'twas his intent
To have the boys arrested.

The guard came on the double quick,
With bayonets presented!
Our soldier boys were getting riled:
They very much resented.

For both of them had faced the foe
On many a battlefield;
And now they bravely stood their ground
And neither one would yield.

They were filled with indignation
And gave their feelings vent!
When lo! behold! there come along—
Our worthy President!

The great immortal Lincoln brought
Proceedings to a halt!
And then he started out to find
Just who was in the fault!

And very soon the verdict came:
(The boys were much elated)
The President made up his mind—
They were exonerated!

It was a most impressive scene!
The air was rent with cheers!
And one they never would forget
Through all the coming years!

He told them *every* boy in blue
 Could come and write his name!
For he was proud of all of them—
 The sick, the halt, the lame!

No place could be too sacred for
 A Union soldier's name!
And if his own were linked with theirs,
 He wished no greater fame!

The boys in blue gave up their lives!
 'Twas all they had to give!
On freedom's altar laid them down,
 That you and I might live!

And every one beneath the flag,
 Whoever it may be,
Of race or color, black or white,
 Forever shall be free!

No storied urn or sculptured art,
 Whatever it may do,
Can ever paint the valor of
 The gallant boys in blue!

Then his voice grew low and tender,
 And a tear was on his cheek;
Our heroes tried to thank him but
 They neither one could speak!

He put his arms around the boys,
 And said: "You're not to blame!"
"And if you like, then, side by side,
 We all will write our name!"

And there the nation's idol stood:
 The great, the grand, the true!
And wrote his name upon the wall,
 Beside the boys in blue.

Our history's page can ne'er record,
Upon her scroll of fame,
Another that will ever dim
The noble Lincoln's name!

While time shall last, Columbia's sons
Their pledges will renew;
And Lincoln's name will live beside
The gallant boys in blue!

UNIVERSAL LAW.

The thinking world acknowledges
A universal law,
That moves in perfect harmony,
Without a single flaw.

That law for ages man has sought
To bend; and, though unknown,
In each and every instance he
Has reaped what he has sown.

That law, it cannot, will not, bend;
And if it did, what then?
There would be pandemonium
Among the sons of men.

The law is beneficial, and
If man would but agree,
It stands to serve him as a friend
And aids to set him free.

How often in collision, when
The law and man doth meet:
The law sustains no fracture, but
The man, he meets defeat.

And why should man presume to change
This law that must be right?
Would man, and could he if he would,
Improve the Infinite?

We live and move and think by law,
It governs time and space;
Go where you will, do what you may,
The law is in its place.

It governs every blade of grass
And every drop of dew,
It governs all the fleecy clouds
And tints their golden hue.

The rising and the setting sun,
The night, the dawn of day—
Law governs countless worlds in space,
And guides them on their way.

The mighty nations of the earth
That seem to overawe,
Will rise or fall according to
Observance of this law.

And as the ages roll around
Before man's race is run,
The truth will dawn on him at last
That love and law are one.

KUBELIK.

The greatest fiddler in the world!

He came to our town!

So me and my old lady, we

Fixed up and went around.

And such a jam you never saw!

We thought there'd be a wreck!

But, say, he was a fiddler and

They called him Kubelik.

When he came out upon the stage,

To make his little bow,

I says to my old lady then,

“Now, he will show 'em how!”

And did he show 'em? Well, I guess!

He sure could fiddle some!

And every one was wishin' he

Would play 'till kingdom come!

'Twas like a sail upon the lake,
In balmy summer time;
Then it would be a storm at sea,
The sounds were so sublime.

At times it would be soft and low!
And then an awful din!
Just like the tide a goin' out
And then a comin' in!

And then it was a winter's day!
A desert bleak and wild!
A day in June, the world in tune,
The laughter of a child!

Then you could hear the notes of birds
A floatin' in the air!
And through the trees the hum of bees
And music everywhere!

The gentle winds were sighin' and
A rustlin' through the leaves,
And happy songs of harvesters
A bringin' home the sheaves!

He led us up a wooded path,
Into a flowery dell!
A safe retreat where lovers meet
And there their secrets tell!

And then we climbed the mountain side!
We landed on its crest!
And then the bugle call, To arms!
The lullaby to rest!
That fellow played on every cord
Within the human breast.

And yet it did not satisfy!
There was a mighty roar!
And then he played another piece;
But still they wanted more!

There came a time he had to stop,
As it was gettin' late!
The verdict was unanimous
That Kube was simply great!

Well, it's like a fairy story;
This boy of humble birth,
Who is now the greatest fiddler,
There is upon the earth!

And how he was a suitor, too,
And won the hand and heart
Of the little fairy countess,
Who was captured by his art!

From a hut into a palace,
This lad has fought his way!
And me and my old lady thinks
That he is there to stay!

MAN.

Behold him from a worldly view,
The great material plan;
And every human effort still
Administers to man.

He's ruler of the universe,
Believes in education;
He's monarch over land and sea,
And lord of all creation.

His appetites are catered to,
His wants are well supplied,
Yet all his inclinations yield
To vanity and pride.

Man's sole ambition now is on
Material pleasure bent;
And wealth and luxury are both
Supposed to bring content.

While man is bound materially,
He never can be free;
Nor ever will he be content,
But just about to be.

He's chasing phantoms all the time,
His mind is filled with dread;
He never overtakes them: they
Are always just ahead.

Before man had discovered steam,
And when he sailed the sea,
And many years before he dreamed
Of electricity,

A look into the future would
Have filled his heart with joy,
With all his troubles at an end
And nothing to annoy.

But when the steamship came at last,
The world was all attention;
Then it was closely followed by
Electrical invention.

But still man isn't satisfied
With higher education;
He now is looking forward to
An aerial navigation.

The world implicitly believes
In modern sanitation;
And press and public advocate
Reforms in legislation.

There is no social system known—
Or legislative bills—
That can produce or bring about
Reforms for human ills.

For every road is traveled far,
And each and all explored,
So that the carnal Eden to
The man may be restored.

But in that carnal Eden where
There is so much adored,
At each and every entrance he
Will find a flaming sword.

And like a soldier of the guard
On duty night and day,
This flaming sword confronts the man,
Forever bars the way.

This man that we have painted thus
Is not the real man;
It's just his shadow working on
The evolution plan.

Man could be master of himself,
But, midst the strife and din,
He's always seeking aid without
Instead of aid within.

The body is a temple and
As such it cannot sin:
It just reflects the service that
Is going on within.

Man has a sculptor throned within
Who's working all the day:
'Tis but another name for soul,
The moulder of the clay.

'Tis far from being just to man
To think his ills are fate;
And it is folly to expect
To heal them while you wait.

Man's errors of the centuries—

They are not here to stay;

Like chaff they will be gathered up

At last and blown away.

LOVE'S INVITATION.

If you love me do not falter,
Do not wait 'till time has flown,
Come to me, my heart's desire,
Come to me, my life, my own.

Come and meet me in the twilight
Where the roses scent the air,
When the nightingale is singing—
Joy and music everywhere.

Come to me with every longing,
I would sooth your every sigh;
Let the tender little token
Be the love light in your eye.

I would tell the old, old story,
The old story ever new;
With your hand in mine, my darling,
Let us promise to be true.

In a quiet little cottage—

 Climbing rose and ivy green—
Lattice work across the window,
 Sunlight falling in between —

Down the years we'll go together,
 Hand in hand and side by side;
I will bear your every burden
 'Till we cross the great divide.

We will voyage on together,
 Heart to heart and soul to soul;
In some other sphere we'll mingle
 As the ages onward roll.

Stars may fade and worlds may crumble,
 Nature may exhaust her store,
Still we'll fondly cling together,
 Cling together ever more.

IMMORTALITY.

(Lines suggested by reading Robert G. Ingersoll.)

All wish for happiness beyond
And in that darkest hour,
In every heart, there buds and blooms
And grows this sacred Flower!

Fond Hope has whispered this to Love,
Through all the years gone by,
And placed a star o'er every grave,
A sun in every sky!

We love, we hope, we disappear,
And sorrow rends the heart!
Again the golden Bridge of Life
Forever falls apart!

How little of this life we know!
One ray of light, one fleeting breath,
One moment filled with love and pain
Between the shores of sleep and death.

And yet, to all, the time may come,
When fevered lips of life
May wish the cool, delicious kiss
Of death to end the strife.

And when we've battled all the day,
And wearied of the fight,
We all may wish to hail with joy
The coming of the night.

The loved we hold within our arms,
So fondly to the heart,
Perhaps that loved might wither if
We did not have to part.

We'd rather live where Death is king,
With love our noblest thought,
Than pass to life eternal there
To dwell where love is not!

What shall or can we say of death?

The dead, where have they gone?

We cannot say 'tis darkness and

We do not know 'tis dawn!

No traveler from that great Beyond

Has come to tell the tale!

Upon that tranquil sea no eye

Hath seen a homeward sail!

Yet, ever in the night of death,

The siren Hope is king!

Hope sees a star and Love can hear

The rustle of a wing!

We know that o'er the cradle bends

Fond Nature with her charms;

So, lovingly, above the Dead,

She stands with outstretched arms.

And, side by side, the nymphs of Day,
With sisters of the night,
Go hand in hand with smiles and tears,
To darkness or to light.

And will there be another world?
We ask, with latest breath.
We have our dream as long as love
Shall kiss the lips of death.

* * * * *

In Hope's fair sky forever shines
A star, a beacon light!
A friendly orb, that points toward
The Dawn beyond the Night!

THE MILLENNIUM.

When man will treat his fellow man
As man should treat his neighbor,
Then every man will have in full
The product of his labor.

When man will gladly recognize
In every man a brother,
Then will he scorn to live upon
The labor of another.

When man depends upon himself,
With nothing to inherit,
Then every man will stand or fall
According to his merit.

Then every new device would aid
And not retard the plan,
And every new invention be
A benefit to man.

There's nothing standing in the way
Except our inner blindness;
And if this inner man should wake,
'Twould flood the world with kindness.

And if it's free we wish to be,
And safe within his keeping,
Then we should wake the king within
For he is only sleeping.

The carnal man is on the throne;
He's but a false aspirant;
As long as man will give him sway,
He'll rule him like a tyrant.

This carnal man is robed and crowned,
Demands a princely dower;
'Tis time that man should call a halt,
Deprive him of his power.

The inner man should be the king,
And he should wear the crown.
The king's within, he must be heard;
He can not, will not, down!

One road to the Millennium—
There is but one, my brother;
'Tis founded on unselfish love,
The joy you give another.

EULOGY ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We see him when a prattling babe
 Upon his mother's knee;
Within that humble little cot,
 We see adversity.

We see him struggling through his youth
 To manhood's high estate;
We see him standing every test
 That marks the truly great.

We follow closely by his side,
 And every step we trace;
We see him fill with honor
 Every trust and every place.

We see this nature's nobleman
 Stand out in bold relief;
We see the country's danger when
 The people hail him chief.

We see the lowering clouds of war
Hang heavy o'er the land,
With traitors at the nation's throat,
And treason in command.

Again with loving words we hear
Him pleading for the right:
The mystic cords of memory
Will surely reunite.

We see him standing at the helm
To steer the ship aright;
We see him on the watch-towers
In the vigils of the night.

We see him worn with grief and care
As though the heart would break;
And yet he never falters, for
The nation is at stake.

We see him climb to every height—
 This martyr yet to be;
We see the light and hail the star,
 The dawn of liberty.

And like Horatio at the bridge,
 One of the noble three,
We see him strike the shackles down
 And set the bondsmen free.

We see him in the halls of state,
 And in the busy mart;
We see him with the boys in blue:
 He's talking heart to heart.

We see the loving mother come
 To bless, with latest breath,
And clasp the hand of him who stood
 Between her boy and death.

And then we see the sunny side,
The story and the jest;
We see him round the cheerful board,
We see him at his best.

The clouds of war had rolled away,
And hushed the canon's roar;
And brothers, met in stern array,
Were now to meet no more.

And Grant and Lee stood face to face
With hands across the line;
Again the olive and the palm
United with the pine.

The hand that steered the ship of state,
Although the waves dashed high,
Had landed safe the precious freight;
And victory was nigh.

And then we see him stricken down;
We see the nation bow—
We see the wreath immortal placed
Upon his honored brow.

The one who suffers most for man
Who does the greatest good—
How often in his day and age
Is little understood!

To help the race was his desire—
No seeker after fame;
His hand had touched immortal fire,
His genius lit the flame.

The noblest souls of every age
Are always in the van;
The martyred Lincoln is today
Columbia's matchless Man.

THE BOYS IN GREY.

The world has sung the praises
Of the gallant boys in Blue,
And how they suffered on the field
And in the prison too.

The glory of the Boys in Blue
Will never fade away;
But who will tell the story of
The gallant Boys in Grey?

Let's turn the page of history back
To Independence Day—
The Boys in Blue were brothers then
To them that wore the grey.

And hand in hand those brothers stood,
The noblest sons of earth;
'Twas side by side they fought and bled,
They gave the nation birth.

And if we all were brothers then
We still are brothers yet,
For Valley Forge and Bunker Hill
We never can forget.

Can we forget that pilgrim band
Who crossed the mighty deep?
As well forget that mother and
Her lullaby to sleep.

When we forget to reverence
The name of Robert Lee
Then we'll forget when Sherman marched
From Georgia to the sea.

Great Stonewall Jackson's name will be
Among immortals classed,
Brave Pickett's charge at Gettysburg
Has never been surpassed.

We know not what the future holds,
But this we know today—
That any man can say with pride
“My father wore the grey.”

And should our country call to arms
Upon some future day,
Then there beside the boys in blue
Will be the boys in grey.

No foreign foe can touch our shores,
United now are we;
One flag today waves over all
This Land of Liberty!

And standing on the shores of time
There dawns a grander day!
There's glory for the Boys in Blue!
And glory for the grey!

HOGAN AND DOOLAN.

Patsy Hogan was a copper,
And a son of Erin's Isle,
He was on the Central detail,
And was noted for his style.

Patsy was a brawny fellow,
Six foot in his stocking feet,
He was something of a scrapper,
And the best man on the beat.

One evening when at luncheon,
Mrs. Hogan says to Pat,
"Your neighbor, Lary Doolan,
Has been talking through his hat.

"Today as I was walking out,
I met with Mr. Doolan,
And when he spake, says I to him,
'Go on you're only foolin'.'

“Then Doolan says to me, says he,
And gave me arm a twist,
‘There’s twinty men I’m goin’ to lick,
And Hogan’s on the list.’”

Lary Doolan was a cobbler,
And he ran a little store,
When Hogan heard what Doolan said,
It made him awful sore.

Says Pat to Mrs. Hogan,
“Doolan’s nothing but a pup,
As I go to work this evening,
I’ll go in and do him up.”

So as Hogan was a goin’
By Lary Doolan’s place,
Says Pat, “I’ll just go in and break
This Mr. Doolan’s face.”

Then Hogan says to Doolan,
 "What's this that you've been at,
A telling everybody you
 Would meet me on the mat?"

"And how about the twinty min
 That you're a goin' to bate,
And all the neighbors talkin'
 About your little slate?"

"You're on," said Mr. Doolan
 As he shook his mighty fist,
"It's straight now, Mr. Hogan,
 You're the boie that heads the list."

Now Doolan had been trainin',
 He looked the real thing,
And Hogan he was down to weight,
 And ready for the ring.

So Doolan swung for Hogan,
But Hogan wasn't there,
Then Hogan pasted Doolan,
Doolan's feet were in the air.

Then Doolan hollered, "Hogan,
It's stop I tell ye whist,
If youse will hold a minute,
I will rub yese off me list."

The neighbors put an end to it,
Who happened to be near,
By pryin' Mr. Hogan's tath,
From Mr. Doolan's ear.

LITTLE JOE.

The hero of our story, he
 Blew into camp one day.
He wasn't very talkative;
 He hadn't much to say.

A handsome, manly fellow too,
 As you would care to know;
But not a word about his home,
 Just said to call him, "Joe."

He proved himself a willing lad:
 He always did his part ;
And very soon he won a place
 In everybody's heart.

The spring went by and summer came,
 And things were going fine ;
And little Joe had now become,
 The idol of the mine.

One day the lad was ailing; he
Had tried to fight it out—
The fever had him in its grip
There wasn't any doubt!

'Twas then we found a letter, close
Concealed upon his breast;
It told about his eastern home,
And how he'd wandered West!

We sent a message to his home,
To let his mother know,
She answered back, "I'll come at once!
God spare my little Joe!"

As fast as steam could carry her,
She hurried to her boy!
And not a miner in the camp,
Who didn't cry for joy!

She knelt beside his little cot,
And kissed his face and hair!
And with him folded to her breast,
Her heart went out in prayer!

The boys in groups had gathered round,
With whispers soft and low!
And in their way had offered up
A prayer for little Joe!

Then Texas Bill allowed if he,
“Was up thar on the throne—
Was General Superintendent,
And a running’ things alone,

“That when he came to little Joe,
(He made the observation,)
He’d save that boy or bust the plan
Of gettin’ up creation!

I don't know how it came about,
But I have this to tell,
I guess 'twas Tex that saved him, for
Our little Joe got well!

THOUGHT IS THE MOTOR.

The world is taught in childhood,
And learns it as a truth:
Disorder and disease are but
The heritage of youth.

Thought is the artist, and it paints
The pictures for the youth.
They, too, are hung on Memory's will,
And looked upon as truth.

Take down the pictures that were hung,
In youth, upon the wall;
Disorder and disease and age,
Remove them, one and all!

And in their place, then hang aloft,
So all the world may see,
Pictures of health and happiness,
Of love and harmony!

The time has come when every fear,
Of which we stand in dread,
Must pass away with all the ghosts,
Who are forever dead!

And, soon or late, mankind must learn—
For it is but a truth—
Within the human mind, there are
Eternal springs of youth!

The galleries of mind are gemed,
With landscapes rich and rare,
And each and everyone may roam
In gardens, bright and fair.

And in those gardens fair, we find,
The world for which we sought.
And every leaf and bud and flower,
Is but a tender thought!

Bright crystal streams, with pebbled
walks,
And sunshine from above,
And fountains there, to quench our
thirst,
With universal love.

And in those gardens roam at will,
We never are confined;
For there are many countless roads,
Within the realm of Mind.

One is Ambition's rugged road,
Of which our feet will tire,
To mountains high of selfishness,
That belch volcanic fire.

Some lead to Passion's dismal swamp,
Of which no tongue can tell,
We make our choice and choose the world,
In which we have to dwell.

Thought is the motor and the power,
To mold for good or ill;
And could, if rightly utilized,
The body sway at will.

When man awakes from out his sleep,
And soul is at the helm,
He's master of the mighty deep,
And prince of all the realm.

EULOGY ON ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

He was a fearless friend of man!
Who nobly served his day;
A Mental King of moral worth,
Though formed of common clay.

One of the few heroic souls,
Who enter public strife,
That both adorn and dignify
The every walk of life!

A man advancing all the time,
A leader in the fight,
A great and gallant soul who stood
For the eternal right.

A man who would not bend the knee,
To pomp and power and place,
A worthy son deserving of
The homage of the race.

A man we know whose honor was
As spotless as a star!
A soldier on the field of thought,—
A Henry of Navarre!

That peerless knight had stood alone,
He threw the gauntlet down—
Defying myth and miracle,
The cap, the robe, the crown!

An intellectual athlete,
Who scaled the peaks of thought;
And left ambition far below,
All pride and self forgot.

And standing proudly on the heights,
With freedom's flag unfurled!
He broke the chains and prison bars,
To liberate the world.

And if we count that spirit great,
Who aids with heart and hand,
The weak, oppressed of all the earth—
Then he was great and grand!

The world? it was his country!
His religion? to do good!
The cause for which he labored?
Universal brotherhood!

There were no fetters on his brain!
He stood erect and free;
His temple was the Universe,
His God was Liberty.

Alone, he drove that phantom, *fear*,
Forever from the brain:
That any of the human race,
Are doomed to endless pain.

His heart was wide as all the world,
It beat for all the race,
And yet within that manly heart,
No wrong could find a place

If all his splendid sentiment,
Could pass through Nature's loom,
And every word was weaved a flower,
The air would scent perfume.

Mankind is better that he lived,
And since he's come and gone,
The light is slowly breaking:
We are nearer to the dawn.

In pith, and point, and eloquence,
He stood without a peer;
With reverent hands we beg to lay
A wreath upon his bier.

A spirit of heroic mold,
Majestic in its might,
We hope has found eternal day,
And not a starless night!

THE IDEAL HOME.

There's a cozy little cottage
In a quiet shady spot,
Nestling down among the roses
And the sweet for-get-me-not.

Always when the day is over,
When I know that I am free,
Someone's in that little cottage
Just a waiting there for me.

Someone's eyes are growing brighter,
Someone's standing at the gate,
Someone's heart is getting lighter,
Someone knows I'm never late.

Someone's always there to welcome,
Someone's happy as can be,
Someone's arms are thrown around me
Someone's talking tenderly.

Someone's smiling as she tells me
All about her little cares,
Someone gently stoops to kiss me
When I'm taken unawares.

And if I'm a little bothered
When the times are mighty tight,
Someone says, "Now don't you worry,
It is coming out all right."

Someone who has never wavered,
Someone who is always true,
Someone who is standing by me,
Someone who will see me through.

Someone, is a little woman,
Bravely meeting care and strife,
Someone, is a little sweetheart,
Someone, is a little wife.

Years ago I wooed and won her,
She's my world in which I dwell;
Angel of my better nature,
More to me than I can tell.

When the shadows gather round me
She's my star that leads me on;
Hand in hand we'll go together
Through the night into the dawn.

MOTHER.

Thou who dost bless our early years
And shares alike our joys and tears.

How well we know thy kindly face
Thy winning smile thy every grace.

Thy voice is like a magic wand,
As though from some enchanted land.

In every ill thou stoop'st to bless,
A look is but a fond caress.

And though, dear one, we know thee well,
There's none a Mother's love can tell.

'Tis like the heald of the day
When we are lost in doubt.

It comes and enters at our door
When all the world goes out.

'Tis firm as the eternal peaks,
So lofty and so grim,

Like diamonds, which the acids of
Reverses cannot dim.

With aid and sympathy it forms
A link in life's long chain,

And when the trying moment comes
Will stand the greatest strain.

How like the oak amidst the storm!
'Tis grand in danger's hour;

But when the calm has come again
'Tis like the vine and flower.

Oft in the vigils of the night
Bowed low in silent prayer,

When pleading for that little life
A mother's love is there,

No sky can ever be so black—
The night of sad despair,

Will brighten when thy star of hope
Comes forth to enter there,

And in our darkest hour of need
There is no tongue or pen

That can portray a Mother's love,
Her true devotion then.

How like the fragrance of a flower!
A boon to mortals given!

A Mother's love is not of earth,
'Tis but a breath of heaven.

MEN OF LETTERS.

Bright galaxy of stars were they,
Great masters of their time.
Well might we take a full survey,
Of all their wondrous rhyme.

Since Horace, Homer, Virgil sung,
And down to latter days,
Ye bards of every age and tongue,
Well might we sing your praise.

For ye were nature's noblemen,
Fore-runners of the race,
The mighty monarchs of the pen,
Which time cannot efface.

TRUE GREATNESS.

My boy, when starting out in life
And just come out of college,
Don't be in haste to show the world
Your learning or your knowledge.

You may be versed in ancient lore,
The wisdom of the sages,
And you may have in ample store
The learning of the ages.

Be humble, unassuming, or
You'll surely meet disaster.
Remember, every man you meet
In some way, is your master.

You may wear a badge or medal,
Or don a purple gown,
True merit needs no uniform
With which to gain renown.

The cap, the gown, the robe, the crown,
The titles of today—
Like mist before the morning sun,
Will surely pass away.

Conceal your learning while you may,
Nor list to emulation;
Let others seek the road to fame,
Strive not for reputation.

The hill is long and hard to climb
That leads you to success;
True greatness, after all, is just
A test of usefulness.

THE OLD FASHIONED CIRCUS.

The good old fashioned circus—it
Is something of the past!
But still it lives in memory yet
And will, while time shall last!

We love to turn the pages back
And think of long ago:
When youth and age alike enjoyed
The good old fashioned show!

For weeks ahead the bills were up,
For miles and miles aroun',
And there was something doin',
When the circus came to town!

The streets were thronged with people
bound
To see the great parade:
On every corner could be seen
The rustic and the maid.

For everybody's cousin and
His uncle and his aunt
Had come to town in family groups,
To see the elephant!

The smell of roasted peanuts,
At ninety in the shade;
The trumpet's blare and everywhere
The circus lemonade!

A few were loaded to the guard
With good old fashioned booze!
And there were many sure thing men,
Who said we couldn't lose!

Instead of the calliope,
They had the fife and drum!
It wasn't classic music—
But they wuz a goin' some!

When they came marching down the
street,

The finest in the land,
All dressed up in their uniforms —
They played to beat the band!

There was fine old martial music,
The tunes were good and true!
“The Girl I Left Behind Me” and
“The Old Red, White and Blue!”

The wonders of the world were there!
(For they had searched creation
To form this most stupendous
And colossal aggregation).

The daring bare-back rider and
The thrilling high trapeze!
The clown was there with all his tricks
And everyone to please!

The great ring master! he was there
Who marched about the ring!
There wuzn't nothing to it—
He was just the real thing!

And in those good old palmy days
There was no cushion seat—
A common board was good enough,
And mighty hard to beat!

We boys, that sat up near the top,
Our eyes would open wide,
When we looked out and saw the world
Still going on outside.

And then there wuz the side show, too!
And no one there could doubt it:
A man stood on a dry goods box,
And told us all about it!

They had the bearded lady and
The Indian Rubber man!
And then the famous Missing Link,
Or name it if you can!

The long and short; the thick and thin;
All standing in a row!
And the wild man who was captured
Way down in Borneo!

And last of all but not the least,
Within that hippodrome,
Wuz every kind of animal—
From Africa to Nome.

The monster hippopotamus!
The lion in his lair!
The camel and the elephant
And then the polar bear!

And there wuz birds of paradise!
And snakes as long as rails!
And there wuz heaps of monkeys, too
A hanging by their tails!

And there wuz many other things
To wonder and appall,
You know there wuz so many
That we couldn't see 'em all!

Our little world wuz limited!
But never, since our birth,
Had anything come up to it —
The Greatest Show on Earth!

To you who see the three rings now
'Twould seem a little slow.
But we all got our money's worth
At that old fashioned show!

THE BOWERY GIRL LOOKING FOR A JOB.

Hello Old Sport! Is you de guy
Wot put it in de paper,
Youse looking for a good stenog?
Well, I'm de proper caper!

I'm educated up in G!
Me name is Liz McLourie!
Jest t'row your optics on to me!
I'm champeen of de bowery!

I've got de speed in both me mitts:
Youse needn't t'ink I'm green!
And when I git me ragtime gait,
I'll bust your old machine!

And do youse mind, I'm tellin' ye,
Yer know I've got me "steady"!
No goo-goo eyes at me, old sport,
Remimber I'm a leidy!

And don't you'se get too gay wit' me,
Because youse got de swag!
And in de mornin,' when I'm late,
Youse needn't chew de rag!

I'm such a timid little t'ing!
I'm never known to boast:
Me "steady" wouldn't stand for it,
For me to get a roast!

And listen, cully, and you'll have
Me latest observation:
For, if I get de job, I'll stick—
Just like a poor relation!

And how about me salary?
De dough's de stuff dat knocks!
Dere's nothin' doin' wid de gang,
Unless yer've got de rocks!

What's dat? you'se goin' to pass me up!

Well, by de hully gee!

So long, old sport, yer out of date!

And you'se too cheap fer me!

THE FALLACY OF TOMORROW.

If we wait until Tomorrow,
And always hesitate,
Then when Tomorrow comes around,
We're just a little late.

If we wait until Tomorrow,
Thinking there will be a way,
Then we do not know the value,
Of doing things Today.

If we wait until Tomorrow,
Then we close and lock the gate
Upon our opportunity,
Ascribing it to fate.

The man who says "I can't," today,
Will never pay his bill,
But fame and fortune wait upon
The man who says "I will."

The world would stop entirely,
And what would happen, pray,
If it weren't for the many,
Who are doing things today?

When we say we can and will Today,
Then we are at our best,
And place in action all the power
Of which we are possessed.

The man who says, "I will," today,
Does not believe in fate,
When will and power both unite,
Then man is truly great.

The heights are being scaled Today,
So lofty and sublime,
Tomorrow with her wrecks is strewn,
Along the shores of time.

We know not of the future,
And the past has flown away,
We live in the eternal now,
We only have today.

PROLETAIRE.

Born and bred and reared in slavery,
Centuries have come and gone,
But his star is now appearing,
He is coming with the dawn.

Long this man has fought for freedom,
For his soul would fain be free;
Many patriots have perished,
Sacrificed for liberty.

When a peerless one had fallen,
'Tis the history of the race,
Some undaunted fearless spirit
Dared to fill the vacant place!

Every land where man has suffered,
For the right was crucified—
Always some immortal genius,
Hand in hand, has walked beside.

Down the ages came the martyrs,
Every burden they would bear,
Till the spark that had been kindled
Burst into the Proletaire!

He has broken down his shackles,
Proud his banner is unfurled,
Herald of the glad awakening,
And the hope of all the world!

On to victory he is marching!
Going at a mighty pace!
The despised of every nation,
Is the saviour of the race!

Like a giant that was sleeping,
Like a lion in his lair,
You can hear the distant thunder
Of the coming Proletaire!

PROGRESS.

The progress of the human race,
Has slowly ebbed along,
And just a few have set the pace,
In music, art and song.

A few in all the ages past,
Have nobly led the van;
They gave their wealth of heart and
brain,
To help their fellow man.

A few have battled for the right,
Defying torch and flame!
They gave the world a flood of light
To help the race, their aim!

Some brave undaunted spirit,
The battle would renew,
Who dared to storm the breastworks
When freedom's sons were few!

And science, with her thoughtful face,
Looked on through prison bars
While superstition's banner waved
In many countless wars!

Throughout the ages man has been
By myth and ghost pursued!
Priest ridden! tortured! and debased!
Dishonored and subdued!

And step by step, has groped his way,
But still kept plodding on,
The siren hope his guiding star,
Was leading toward the dawn.

It would seem that man was sleeping
Through the long night of the past,
But the watchman of the ages—
Behold, "The dawn at last!"

And last there dawns a brighter day!
And all the ghosts are dead!
For man has cast his shackles off,
Nor longer will be led!

There has been a grand awakening,
All over land and sea,
And a universal law at last,
Proclaims that man is free!

Free from myth and superstition,
Which have bound him down to earth,
And from all the fancied evils,
That have followed him from birth!

Free! no more to be a servant!
Nor to bend beneath the rod!
Standing 'neath the flag of nature,
Man is heir and son of God!

The right shall triumph over might!
The world shall yet be free!
And Justice, robed and crowned, shall
dwell
With Love and Liberty!

CRITICISM OF RELIGIOUS SECTS.

Religious Sects are criticised
Because they fence their good,
Instead of advocating
Universal brotherhood!

Now, every sect in Christendom,
Is mainly in the right!
If they would stop contending
That they have *all* the light!

If we believe the Protestants,
When they have had their say,
They are the only people:
For they have the right-of-way.

They still believe that Providence
Has special favors sent;
And doubters are inflicted with
Some future punishment!

The Catholics, they tell us, too,
That they have all the Light:
For they have had it handed down—
They have the copyright!

They still advise the bells and cross
For every son and daughter!
And still believe the saving grace
And power of Holy Water.

Regarding Hell, with them they show
By every word and act,
(There is no doubt about it)
It is just a settled fact!

And then the Mormons come along.
And they, too, have it fine:
They have a special wire, which
Is not a party line!

They tell us of the future state
And all about creation,
And build their corner stone upon
The rock of Revelation.

The world has yet to prove to them
Their gospel is a myth,
They all are staunch and loyal to
The Prophet Joseph Smith.

And there are many other sects,
That must not be neglected,
Who claim they are the only ones
That will be resurrected!

And last of all, there is a class
The splendid thought advance:
That every one, in all the world,
Will surely stand a chance!

They do not claim the "right-of-way";
They have no "copyright;"
Nor yet are they assuming
That they have all the "Light."

Their Temple is the boundless blue!
The stars light up the dome!
The rich and poor, the high and low,
All find an equal home!

They recognize in all the world,
In every man, a brother!
Their corner stone unselfish Love,
The joy you give another!

They have the only gospel
That was handed down to man:
It's treat your neighbor as yourself!
Do all the good you can!

If you do all the good you can,
Can any one do more?
Then trust the silent Ferryman
To reach the farther Shore!

THE FLAG OF CHICKAMAUGUA.

'Twas Chickamaugua's battlefield,
One blazing summer day,
When Longstreet's men were coming fast
And Steedman was at bay!

The veterans under Steedman
Never had been known to fail,
They bowed their heads beneath that
storm
Of shot and leaden hail!

But Longstreet's men were veterans, too,
Determined not to yield!
The flower of southern chivalry
Was on that battlefield!

A dozen times the Boys in Blue
Had charged that wall of steel,
Until the lines had wavered
And the ranks began to reel.

The lion-hearted Steedman,
Who had borne the battle's brunt,
With colors proudly flying,
Was riding to the front.

In thunder tones, his shout rang out,
Above that awful fray:
"Go back, my boys, and leave the field!
The flag is here to stay!"

The Boys in Blue had halted now
And gave a mighty cheer,
They rallied to the front again,
Instead of to the rear.

They followed Steedman and the Flag,
Across that fearful sea,
And fought their way through shot and
shell,
To fame and victory.

In after years, the Boys were proud
To tell, with tongue or pen,
The foe they met upon that field,
Were General Longstreet's men.

Then here's to Steedman and his men!
All honor to the day!
And here's to General Longstreet
Who led the gallant Grey!

LOVE.

Love is the power that molds and forms
Of life the greatest part,
That wondrous fairest flower that blooms
Within the human heart.

Love is the dainty fragrant flower,
That sheds its sweet perfume
Where aspirations of the soul
Are constantly in bloom.

Love dawns upon us with its many
Changes, day by day;
It recreates and forms and
Fashions gods of common clay.

Love is a beacon light to guide
Along life's troubled sea;
A silver bow on every cloud
To light adversity.

Its mission is to elevate,
 Ennoble and refine;
It charms and thrills and sways with
 Magic power that's most divine.

Love is the scepter of the soul,
 And like a magic toy,
It changes many darkest days
 In life, from gloom to joy.

Love is the rarest and the purest
 Gem of all the earth;
It builds and consecrates the home,
 Enriches every hearth.

How like enchanted music, from
 Afar that lingers long —
Love is the soul of melody,
 The beauteous queen of song.

Love is a spark divine, formed by
The great creative plan—
A ray of light, a star to guide,
A part of God in man.

FAIRY LAND.

When Fancy sets her every sail,
And eager youth is in command,
We launch our boat upon the wave
And sail away to Fairyland.

A fragrant scent from far away
Is wafted from some fairy shore—
A crystal stream, a friendly wind,
An unseen hand to row us o'er.

A siren song that lulls to rest,
A moonlit sail, and isle of green,
A strain of music heard within
Some palace of a Fairy Queen.

The Fairyland is decked with dells,
And wooded paths and flowers,
And silvery lakes and fairy walks,
Lead to enchanted bowers.

And all is life and love and joy,
And everything is pleasure;
There is no work in Fairyland—
It's just a land of leisure.

With lofty castles all the way,
And grand and stately towers —
Where Fairy bands of music play
To while away the hours.

And in that wondrous Fairyland,
The land of Cupid's birth,
There Love and Cupid reign supreme,
And care is drowned in mirth.

And as we flit from place to place,
With feet so light and airy,
'Tis with regret we say "Good-bye"
To each and every fairy.

And Cupid in a quiet nook
With Love a moment tarries ;
For Love is Queen, and Cupid is
The King of all the Fairies.

And Fancy in her gayer moods,
When youth is in command,
On golden wings will fly away,
With Love, to Fairyland.

THE GARDEN OF THE MIND.

The power of thought can form the man
And make him great and greater,
As all unconscious to himself —
Man is his own creator.

Our thoughts are silent workers
Though veiled from mortal view;
They may tear down, they may rebuild
And recreate anew.

The door of mind should have a guard
On duty day and night,
Forever barring thought of wrong,
Admitting only right.

When man resolves to think aright
He has the satisfaction
Of living nearer to the mark
In every thought and action.

Our thoughts are seeds and we will find
Our future is to be
According to the seeds we sow,
They bind or make us free.

Man in his great desire for wealth
Has searched from Pole to Pole,
And yet how little has explored
The diamond fields of soul!

The mind that dwells among the peaks,
Still soaring high and higher,
Is drawing nearer day by day
Unto the heart's desire.

For when you dwell among the peaks
You rise above the strife,
And keep in touch with all the good
And great there is in life.

Man knows but little of his power,
Has only caught the gleam,
And yet may scale to greater heights,
Beyond his fondest dream!

Have faith, and it will touch at once
That great electric spark,
And start the current which is sure
To drive away the dark.

Man always has been seeking light
And will till time is done;
The vine, though growing in the dark,
Is creeping toward the sun.

Be not disturbed if from the ills
Of life you seek release;
Within the sanctum of the soul
Are untold worlds of peace.

Have expectation and desire
With all your heart and soul;
Fear not, become a child again,
And you will reach the goal.

NATURE'S QUEEN.

She is modest, she is winsome,
She is bonny, she is coy;
She's a gem of rarest value,
She's a jewel, she's a joy.

When she smiles, 'tis like a sunbeam;
Every glance is cupid's dart.
Then she throws a charm around you,
Gently steals into your heart.

She is graceful in her bearing
As a bird upon the wing;
She's as tender as a flower,
She is just a breath of spring.

Her form's a dream of fairyland,
Her eyes are heaven's hue,
Her lips the petals of the rose
When kissed by falling dew.

She is like a summer zephyr,
She's as dainty as a fawn,
Like a sunset on the water
Or the coming of the dawn.

She has life and she has humor
And a style that gives her tone.
She is jolly and bewitching
With a way that's all her own.

And nature with a lavish hand,
Whose power is all unseen,
Has touched her with her magic wand
And crowned her Nature's Queen.

THE ROAD TO EASY STREET.

The country's going money mad!
And every one you meet,
Will tell you he has found the road
That leads to Easy Street!

Some booster comes and holds you down,
And bores you till you're vexed,
And tips you on the quiet,
He's a goin' to put you next!

And first of all he has a mine,
And gold that lies in chunks!
The mine is worth a million, but
They need a thousand plunks!

And while you're feeling pretty gay,
There comes along a lubber,
And shows you how so many men
Have struck it rich in rubber!

But still you have a little left,
With which to speculate,
And so you take a flyer on
A bunch of real estate!

And when you're nearly down and out,
And weary of the strife,
You run agin' the fellow with,
The "twenty payment life!"

He charms you in his winning way,
And drives away your fears,
Then binds you up in black and white,
To pay for twenty years!

And as your money fades away,
Your hopes they too diminish,
They've worked you to a fare-ye-well.
And "flimmed" you to a finish!

Now, if these lines apply to you,
Don't fly into a fury!
They're showing people every day,
Who hail from old Missouri!

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

The world is on the jury! it
Is trying every case!
The Judgment Day is going on
For all the human race!

The court is open all the time,
With facts in its possession,
'Tis much unlike all other courts:
It's never out of session.

Time honored customs are compelled
To come before this bar.
And yet no *facts* have been assailed—
For truth it cannot mar.

This court cannot be overawed;
And all are made to feel
The power and righteous judgment of
This court of last appeal!

The modern Daily Press is first
To come before this bar :
Its pages filled with vice and crime,
Its voice is still for war.

Regarding what we eat and drink,
The press is not so blind.
But half within its pages is
So deadly to the mind!

The public have an interest
In the all important question :
How much of crime is brought about
By reading and suggestion!

To punish crime, the press has tried,
With very good intention,
It should begin to realize
There's something in prevention!

When higher thought and purer is
Demanded by the nation—
'Tis then the public press will rise
To greater elevation!

And next the Politician will
Most surely meet disaster.
The people tire of hiring him
To be their lord and master!

They, too, who run the ship of state,
Are not above suspicion!
For most of them are governed by
A personal ambition!

There's many a one who represents
Some leading corporation;
But few, in either House, deserve
The public commendation!

The politician's being weighed,
 Along with all the rest,
On present information,
 He will never stand the test.

Then, too, the Money King appears,
 Who's treated most unfair,
Benighted and unfortunate,
 Down-trodden millionaire!

The patient toilers of the land,
 The money power neglect.
The people have few rights indeed,
 The money power respect!

We often lock and bar our doors,
 For safety in the night;
But overlook the greater thieves,
 Who rob in broad daylight!

At times the people in reform
Are just a little slow,
These "Cultured Gentlemen," will soon
Be with the passing show.

Mankind has yet to take to heart
That maxim good and true:
Do unto others as you would
That they would do to you!

Then Union Labor is in line
That mighty federation
With hands across the sea, they now
Embrace the whole creation.

Then moneyed men of every kind,
On labor speculate.
But labor has its troubles with
Its Walking Delegate.

Too many of them carry cards,
Who haven't any right:
They need a stamp of character
Set down in black and white.

No use to strike and boycott and
Keep up an awful din:
Unite and use the ballot! 'tis
The only way to win!

And there's the Man who tills the soil,
Who's honest as the day!
He only uses water when
He irrigates his hay!

He packs his eggs in summertime;
But later in the fall,
He sells them to the city chap,
Who thinks he knows it all!

The Farmer's coming right along
And learns by observation:
The many ways in which to serve
His day and generation.

Now take the School of Medicine:
The talented M. D.,
In many kinds of ailments,
Is most woefully at sea!

It is admitted some of them
May know a thing or two;
But all of them are licensed so!
No matter what they do.

In this, our most enlightened age,
Aside from making pills,
They torture animals, to find
A cure for human ills.

The world would be the better far,
So thousands now agree,
If all the drugs upon the earth
Were thrown into the sea!

Behold the Doctor of the Law,
That splendid legal scholar!
Who never lets a chance go by
To turn an honest dollar!

The most of them are demagogues;
Nor are they men of letters.
How often are they called upon
To prosecute their betters!

Before you hire a Legal Light,
In city or in town,
If there is anything that's loose,
You'd better nail it down!

For every time you go to court,
There's not the slightest doubt,
You pay when you are going in
And when you're coming out!

The learned Professors now appear,
Who have a mighty yearning,
To pile the mental storehouse with
A mass of useless learning!

The most they teach is technical:
They know no other way!
You must become an expert, or
Your time is thrown away!

There seems to be but little doubt,
They need another plan:
A new department to instruct
The higher type of man.

Then Monarchy is ushered in,
With rule of iron hand!
For Royalty has always been
The curse of every land!

Your Lords and Dukes and Princes, all,
Are merely titled things!
And all of them together, too,
Are but the breath of kings!

These leeches on the public purse
Have surely had their day!
The throne, that was so mighty once,
Is falling to decay!

And when the throne shall turn to dust
And mingle with the soil,
There'll still be Lords and Princes left:
The hardy sons of toil!

At last the Clergy of the land
Are called to testify,
They fear to give their honest thought
Or tell the reason why!

A few of them have dared to think
And, though 'tis counted treason,
'Tis what the world is coming to:
Their only light is reason!

Assumption by the Ministry
Is re-examined now,
Though public sentiment demands,
Yet they are loath to bow!

In each and every age the Church
Has been the only place
Where man could be in touch with God,
Or meet Him face to face!

We meet Him on the desert wild!
Or in the garden fair!
We meet Him in the silent wood!
For God is everywhere!

Within the sanctum of the soul!
Or by the open sea—
The church is not the only place
To seek Divinity!

The Creeds are slowly losing ground,
That man has given birth,
They all in time will pass away
And perish from the earth:

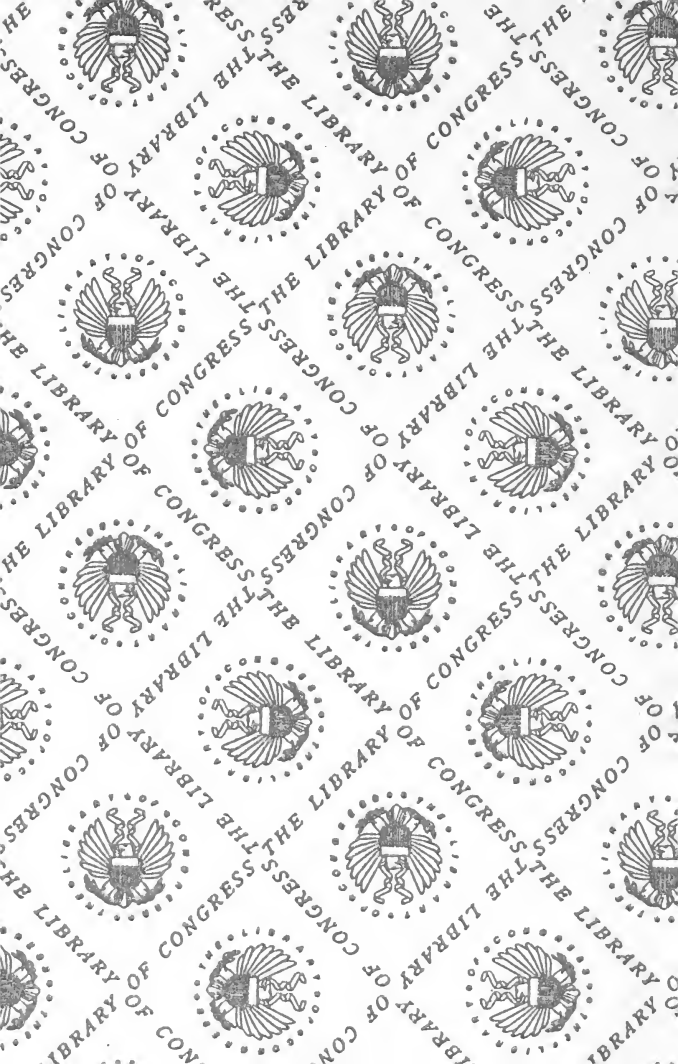
But every noble deed and word;
And every truth sublime,
Will be forever handed down
To every age and clime:

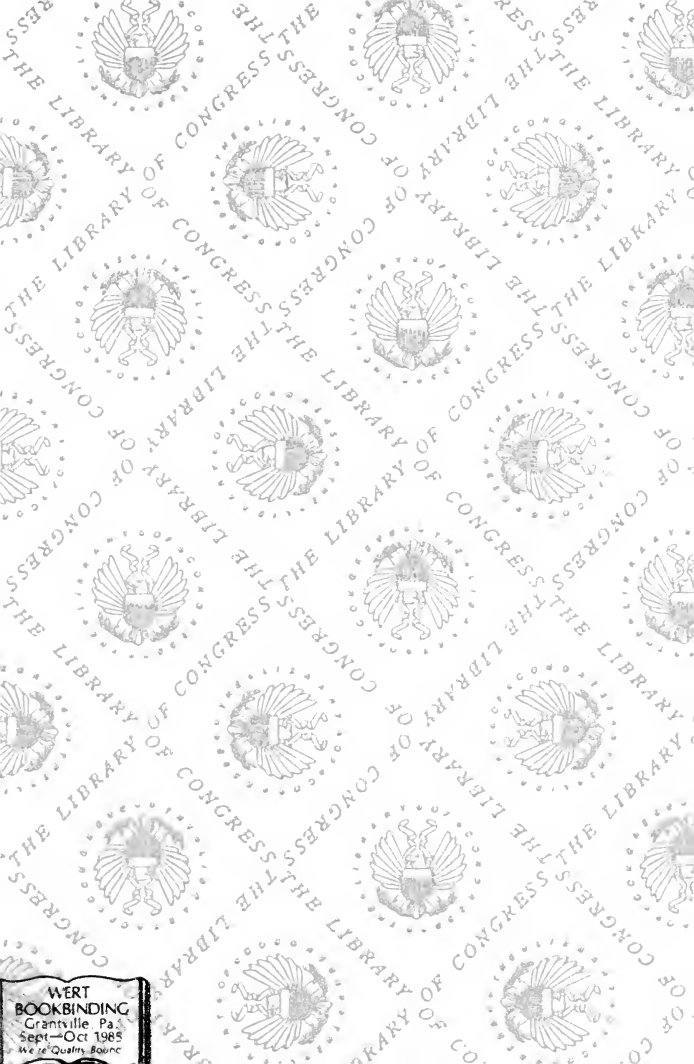
And in the final summing up,
The world will know the facts!
As each and every one is judged
According to his acts!



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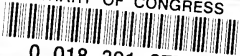
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