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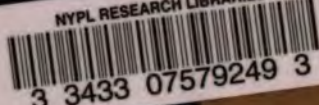
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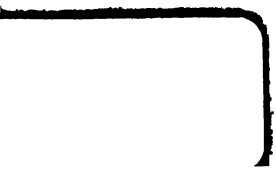
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SLAMS OF LIFE

J. P. MCEVOY

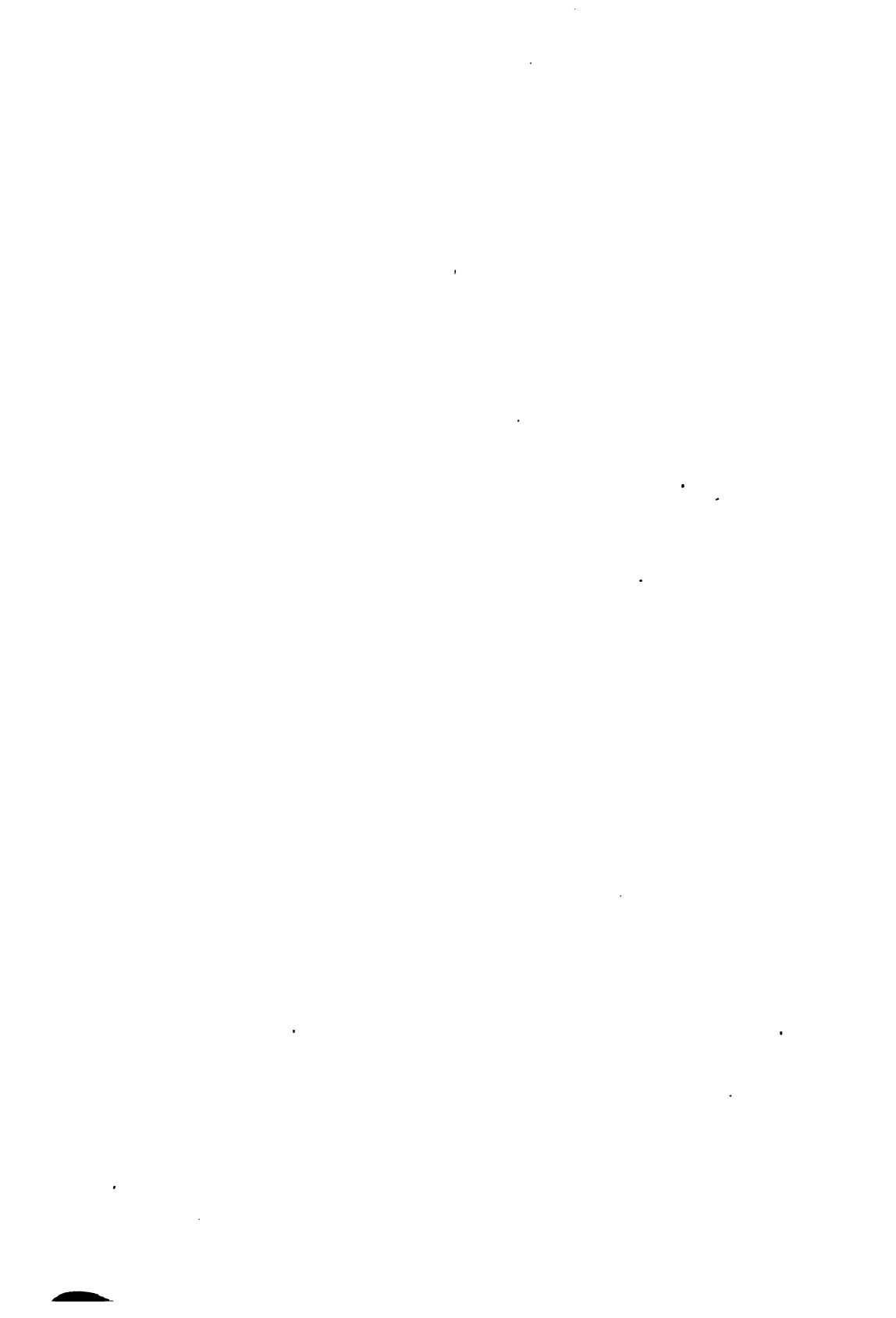
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1921



101
102

SLAMS OF LIFE



SLAMS OF LIFE

*With Malice for All, and Charity
Toward None
Assembled in Rhyme by*
J. P. M^CEVOY

With black and white interruptions
by
FRANK KING



Published by
P. F. VOLLAND COMPANY
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*In Which the Author Introduces Himself in a
Few Well-Chosen Words*

I WOULD have had these verses published long ago except for the difficulty of finding someone who would write them. Finally I submitted the job to my favorite author who readily agreed to write the verses. I think he has done very well indeed.

But, perhaps, I am prejudiced in his favor. It would be plausible for I have known him ever since we were children together. What a cunning, precocious child he was! At the age of twelve years he knew nearly all of the alphabet and could count up to six with almost perfect ease.

When he was fifteen he could make change, but since then has had little opportunity to make use of this valuable knowledge.

He celebrated his twenty-first birthday by completing a correspondence school course on the Slide Trombone. It was an easy step from that to the writing of humorous verses.

Owing to the carelessness of proper authorities he grew recklesser and more recklesser, so to speak, until finally, in the natural course of events, he met a publisher.

This book is the result of that meeting.

It is useless for me to attempt to enumerate the many remarkable features of this book, therefore I shall do so. In the first place you will notice how each page follows the preceding one. This is planned so you can skip around more easily. Secondly, this book contains nearly all the punctuation marks now used in our best broad-A society. Compare the punctuation marks in this book with those in any other, no matter what the price.

Another splendid feature: each sentence ends with a period. The publishers are to be congratulated for insisting upon sufficient periods despite the fact the cost

of first class periods has increased three hundred per cent on account of the peace. It was necessary to import each period and some of them had very narrow escapes, indeed. However, it is with pride the publishers and I assure you each period is of full size and guaranteed not to shrink or lose its color.

Most of these verses, I understand, have appeared in numerous magazines and newspapers who are to be congratulated upon their good taste, but who may not be mentioned here because of the obnoxious publicity which would accrue to them thereby. The author tells me that he has had great difficulty in keeping these magazines and newspapers pacified. They hound him day and night for his imperishable work and he spends a miserable existence tossing little hunks to first one and then the other, as they feed fish to the seals in the circus.

There are some verses included which have never before seen the light of day. The author says they are good. We shall see.

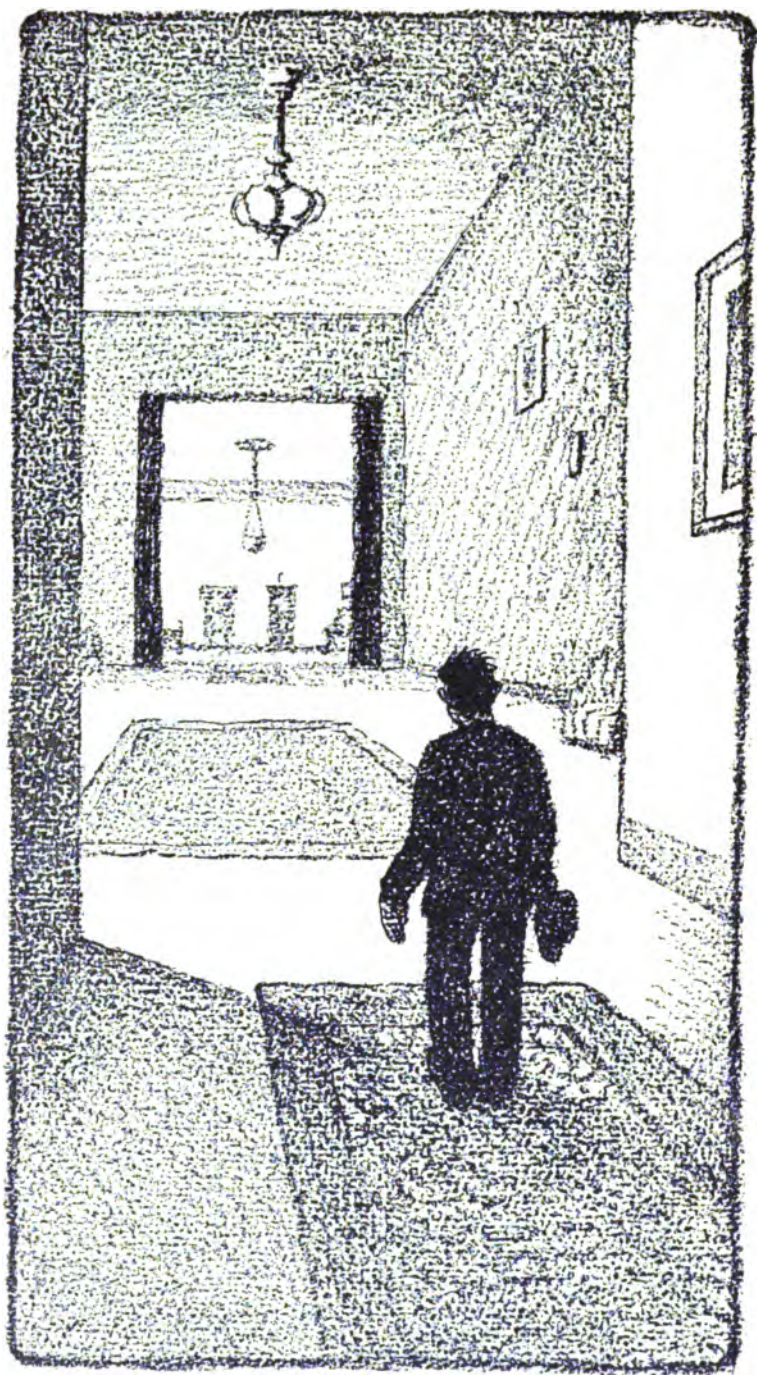
Acknowledgements are made to Noah Webster for the use of some of his words.

My favorite author upon completing the collection of these verses asked me to write this foreword. As he modestly put it: "I know of no one who could possibly do it half so well."

I believe the man's right!

J. P. McEvoy.

This book is dedicated
to
My Wifes Brother Raymond's Sister
Friend Wife (Herself).



WHEN THE MISSUS GOES AWAY

The grand old Colosseum,
If what is writ is true,
Is spraddled over lots of ground
And scrapes the starry blue;
But though 'tis vast and spacious
I humbly rise to say
My six room flat seems twice as large
When the Missus goes away.

From here to Ursa Major
Is quite a husky hike,
The Lincoln Way from coast to coast
Is not a puny pike,
But when the wife is visiting,
And days drag on and on,
My little hall, that once was small,
Goes clear to Helangon.

The roaming, rolling ranges
That rove our mighty west,
The Pampas of the Argentine
Are lonely at their best;
But they are close and crowded
And riotous and gay
Compared to my little six room flat
When the Missus goes away.

LINES TO A MOVIE VAMPIRE

I sing today the Vampire of the Movie,
I sing of Sheeza Beara — and she is —
Whose architecture Doric
Is a clutter of caloric
As she vamps it in her transcalescent biz;
I love to see her zaz a bit in Zaza,
She writhes, she lures, she palpitates, she quivahs!
You ask me has she got the props? She haza!
She agitates my very lights and livahs!

Them eyes of hern,
Oh how they burn,
Oh how they sparkle, snap and yearn!
Them liquid coives,
Oh how they swoives,
It's pretty doggone hard on noives . . .
She starts . . . she moves . . . she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel . . .
A rag, a bone and a hank of hair?
What do I care?
She's a bear! She's a bear! She's a bear!
There!

I sing today the Vampire in the Movie
(Them eyes of hern!)
I tell you she's a regular Vesuvy.
(Oh how they burn!)
Her agile architecture is conducive to conjecture,
(Them sneaky coives!)
Oh lamp this lyric lecture 'fore her luscious lure has
wrecked your
Throbbing noives!
On yon Paphian piazza you just ought to see her zaza,
You just ought to see her, Yazza!
Has she got the props? Cazazza!
But she haza!



THAT'S A GIFT

"Observe my bean," the Stranger said,
 "Oh slant the bulge of yonder brow."
"You have," said I, "a noble head,
 A sterling coco, I'll allow."
"Within that dome," the Stranger cried,
 Are countless gems of lambent lore,
A flock of wisdom, true and tried,
 A mine of wit, a sapient store.

"Behind my altitudinous brow
 A corrugated thinker sits.
It's in a state of coma now,
 But gosh, it throws sagacious fits!
For it is crammed with all the dope
 Of ev'ry book on ev'ry shelf.
You get my modest view, I hope?
 I hate to talk about myself.

"I know more art than any Taine,
 More Rome than Gibbon, Greece than Grote,
More law than old Sir Henry Maine,
 More poetry than any pote;
I've delved as deep as Darwin did,
 Beside me Euclid is a sham, and
Socrates a weanling kid,
 I know more words than Percy Hammond!"

"From which remarks I glean," said I,
 "You are a shrewd and wise gazook,
A keen and perspicacious guy,
 A shining light, a gumptious gook."
"You're right," he sighed. "My wondrous brain
 Is hep indeed to all the ropes,
But still my heart is full of pain:
 I cannot pick good cantaloupes."

WHEN WIFIE DRIVES

When wifie drives my little bus
She throws the gears in something thus:
 BLAM! BANGO!! BRRRRRRR!!!
 KERBINGO! GRRRRRRR!!!

We crowhop then across the street,
And amputate a copper's feet,
And what he says is something neat.

"Oh have a care," I say to her,
She shifts the gears: **KERBANGO! GRRRRRRR!!**
And tries for third, but slides in low,
And runs in that a mile or so.

At last in third the auto rolls,
And peaceful peds climb up the poles;
The children see us run amuck
And get away — if they have luck,
While horses, mules and dogs and cats
Disperse unto their sundry flats.

Down
 boulevards
 like
 this
 we glide
 and
hit
 the
 curb
 on
 either
side,
And drivers glare and coppers swear,
But wifie doesn't care a care.
Soon to the crowded Loop we snoop,

Where cars are thick as onion soup
And wife hit the last in line
And they get theirs and I get mine

there And then she turns
right around

.erehwyna tsom ssorca skcab dna
Of course I go to court next day,

But first
I drive
Straight home
This way.

BEWARE OF THE GEEZER WITH SOMETHING TO SELL

When a hearty fellow hails me in the cold and clang-
ing mart,
And slaps me on the scapula, and hugs me to his heart,
And cries, "Your amaranthine verse will live for ever-
more,
And when you larrup on your lute poetic shades get
sore,
And Homer hangs his humble head—he knows he
has no chance—
And Shakespeare's ghost goes out and kicks its prim
Plutonian pants—"

I say, if any geezer deals me chatter like to this,
I do not press upon his brow a cacophonic kiss,
Nor do I weep with sheer delight, nor fluctuate his fin—
I coldly look him in the eye and kick him on the shin,
And calmly beat it on my way, because I know full
well
This gonnif has Insurance, Books, or Real Estate to
sell.

Oh, oftentimes a goof will come and lean against my
garb,
And tell me I'm a Curly Wolf, a Woof-Woof, and a
Darb!
And tell me that my smallest squib commands his
eager glance,
And ditto with his cousins and his sisters and his
aunts,
And he has pasted all my gems in scrapbooks rich
and rare,
And would I give him just one lock of my ambrosial
hair?

Or if not that, my autograph; or if not that, a smile —
A smile from one as great as I he'd treasure for a
while,
A long, long while, and when in after years upon his
knee
His great-grandchildren sat he'd say I smole a smile
for he.
But I don't smole a single smile, I bounce upon his
bell —
I know he has Insurance, Books, or Real Estate to
sell!

Some day a cunning coot will come with convoluted
conk
And drape himself upon my desk and sweetly he will
honk:
"I do not like your line of dope, I think it's awful
junk;
Your prose is quite putrescent and your verse is worse
than punk;
You've no excuse for living as you do, a worthless
shirk;
Why don't you quit this life of crime and do some
honest work?"

I say, some day a cunning coot will warble thus to me,
And I'll be flabbergasted, sir, so diff'rent it will be.
And if he works me fast he'll sell me all he has in
stock
Before I'll have recovered from this unaccustomed
shock.
I'll have to kill him then, or else the secret he would
tell
To others with Insurance, Books, or Real Estate to sell.

GOSH, HOW WE DREAD IT!

They're cleaning house at my house,
They're clarifying things,
The rugs have beat it thither
And the drapes have taken wings,
The bed is in the cellar,
And the chairs are in the yard.
I'm sitting in the alley
And the alley's awful hard.

They're cleaning house at my house,
And all our treasure trove,
They're waxing up the hardwood
And blacking up the stove,
They're tinting all the ceilings
A blue — or maybe pink —
It has a wistful odor
That has put us on the blink.

They're cleaning house at my house,
I guess it's for the best;
The only clothes that I could find
This morning was a vest:
I guess I should be patient, still
I do object, I think,
To sleeping in the bathtub
And eating in the sink.

LINES TO AN OLD SCHOOLMATE

(Dedicated to Sheridan McCabe)

My old schoolmate is sick today,
Back home here in our little town,
And though around me children play,
And lilac blooms are tumbling down,
And blossoms spray the apple bough,
And I can hear the honey bee,
Somehow my heart is heavy now,
It doesn't seem like Spring to me.

In spring we used to hook from school
And fish all day in Sugar Crick
Beside some cool and yellow pool
Where the grass was long and the willows
thick,
Or we'd hunt frogs, would Sherd and I,
And cook their legs in meal, you see,
But now he's sick — I guess that's why
It doesn't seem like Spring to me.

If we could only tramp the hills
Together as we used to do,
Or dream beside the pleasant rills
I guess I wouldn't feel so blue;
But though the fields are green and gay
With birds to hear and blooms to see,
My boyhood pal is sick today —
It doesn't seem like Spring to me.

New Burnside, Ill.

TO A STRAW CAUBEEN
(Hibernian slang for Kelly)

O, straw chapeau, when you were new,
A crown of pristine beauty you,
An argent cloud of shimmering sheen,
A kelly fit for any bean,
A nimbus on my raven fuzz,
A luscious lid — that's what you wuz,
But now your glory's one with Greece,
Your grandeur is of Rome's a piece;
Your primal pulchritude has blewed
To vague innocuous desuetude.

In other words, O straw Caubeen,
You're on the fritz — that's what I mean;
An evanescent charm you had,
Too brief a time you made me glad;
Like to the poet's poppies spread,
I touched the bloom, the flower was dead;
A gem of snowy charm today,
Tomorrow just a piece of hay —
O, adios, farewell to thee,
Good-bye, good luck, and R.I.P.

Out yonder stands a sad-eyed cow
Who'll make a nifty meal of thou,
And thou, a one time snappy dud,
Will presto be a juicy cud.
A common fate is that, alas!
We die and fertilize the grass
On which in sweet contentment browse
A multitude of grateful cows
Which give us milk which once was we,
And to ourselves, we drink us — see?
Straw hat, good-bye and R.I.P.

THE PLAYER-PIANO UPSTAIRS

My soul once was cluttered with gladness and joy,
My heart was a haven of glee;
Each syllable uttered was larded and buttered
With gayfulness airy and free.
My garret cephalic with japeries Gallic
Was crammed to exclusion of cares,
But all this has passed on the wings of the blast —
There's a player-piano upstairs.

And now ev'ry morning when faint for repose
I hear its matutinal fuss,
Which when I no longer may slumber grows stronger
And stronger till madly I cuss,
Yea, bitterly cuss the sarcophagus ghoul
Who chauffeurs with murderous fin
Insane permutations of sad syncopations
Accented, I'd say, on the "sin."

It tortures the Poet and Peasant all day,
And Rubinstein's Melody F,
And C. Rusticana that ghoulish pian-a
Abuses in every clef.
The Rosary, too, from its wallops is blue,
And Killarney it tatters and tears —
O, words are inutile and puerile and futile
To limn that piano upstairs.

And that's why my soul, once a clutter of joy,
And my heart once a haven of glee,
Are sadly senescent, with sorrow liquescent,
A dunnage of dreary debris.
My onion cephalic once gayfully Gallic
Is now an asylum of cares,
My loony medulla, alas! is the fool-a
That player-piano upstairs.

“TO LET — TENANT WILL SHOW”

I do not like the gentle Spring—
To me it doesn't mean a thing
But pests who snoop around our flat
And look at this and finger that
And question us on things that be
Peculiar to our family tree.

All day they gawp at me and mine,
And criticize and carp and whine,
And open every private door,
And pass remarks about the floor,
Or rummage through the pantry shelves
And wonder how we feed ourselves.

“Do you get heat and lots of air?”
And “Will they put new paper there?”
And “What's inside that other room?”
And “Ain't the kitchen like a tomb?”
And “How many children have you got?
They're such a care” — and all that rot.

They count our silver, lift our rugs,
And speak of roaches, flies and — other forms
of animal life,
And when they leave, they send their friends —
The dam procession never ends.
That's why I sadly rise and sing —
I do not like the gentle Spring.



THE LANGUAGE OF CHILDHOOD

We talk a curious language, now, around our happy home;
The casual stranger thinks that we're gaffoey in the dome.
The neighbors say: "Those McEvoys are going off
their nut;
They pull the durndest line of talk." And we admit it; but
We have to dress our parlance now in baby-proof
disguise;
We have to watch our step these days; our child is
getting wise.

When shades of night are falling fast, as some one
quaintly said,
I used to blurt it out like this: "Let's put the kid to bed."
But now I dare not say them words, them words I
dare not say,
For when she hears me mention "bed," there's simply
heltopay,
And so I have to do it thus — I speak in accents clear:
"Let's p-u-t B-a-b-y to b-e-d, my dear."

"Please pass the s-u-g-a-r," conserves a lot of spunk.
If we said "sugar," Dorothy May would have to have
a hunk.
I dare not say, "Let's beat it out and see a movie show."
I spell: "M-o-v-i-e-s; let's you and me g-o."
And visitors are startled some at our peculiar cry:
"H-a-v-e some g-u-m or c-a-n-d-y."

It's shameful how her mother puts it over one so wee,
With "G-o-i-n-g today to s-t-o-r-e,"
Or "W-a-t-c-h her pout; she's going to c-r-y."
I think that she suspects us now; she's getting pretty sly.
At any rate this spelling stuff has grown on me, I
guess,
For yesterday to "Have a drink?" I answered "Y-e-s."

PREPAREDNESS PLUS

I differ with the prophet who declares we're on the bum,
That when it comes to fighting we're the residue and
scum;

We may not have a navy that amounts to 30 cents,
Our army may be full of prunes and apertures and
vents,

But what care we for armies or for navies or for guns?
For ammunition, strategy, or even sturdy sons?
No enemy would dare to harm our humble habitats;
We'd tell our William Farnum and he'd kick 'em in the
slats.

For have you seen our Farnum slap an engine off the
track,
And chase a mob to helangon and sometimes half-way
back?

And have you seen him stand a king upon his royal ear,
And beat a faithful army to a palpitating smear?
How gracefully he hits a big gazabo on the nose
And presto! undertakers and some flowers and repose!
So do not fear the English or the German or the Jap,
Just notify Bill Farnum and he'll chase 'em off the
map.

Then let us offer up our thanks that this is even thus,
Let's thank a kindly Providence for taking care of us,
For handing us a Farnum to protect our kith and kin,
A Farnum who can give the foe a swift one on the
chin.

For should a foreign country grow pernicky or raw,
We'll laugh our girlish tee hee hee and likewise haw
haw haw.

Have we not William Farnum to defend the mountain
pass?

We have, and William Farnum, girls, can run 'em out
of gas.

WELL, MEBBE SO — I DUNNO

They tell me these here Fourteen Points
Will pacify the war-like joints,
That there won't be no war no more,
An' no more gas an' guns an' gore,
An' all the pugilistic hicks
Will put away their knives and bricks —
Well, mebbe so,
I dunno.

They tell me that this here, now, League
Will put an end to all intrigue,
That all the birds on land an' sea
Will in their little nests agree,
An' 'stead of treating others rough
Will bill an' coo, an' all that stuff,
Well, mebbe so,
I dunno.

The Bolshevik, I'm told by some,
Is not so altogether rum,
An' others 'say the geek's a curse,
While still more say he aint so worse,
An' some say this, an' some say that —
Do all these guys know where they're at?
Well, mebbe so,
I dunno.

"It is the war" they told us guys
When all the prices hit the skies,
An' now when prices still increase,
These eggs retort: "It is the peace";
Some cry "Supply!" — some yell "Demand!"
They say we boobs can't understand,
Well, mebbe so,
I dunno.

BAWP-BAWP-BAWP-BAWP-PA

I've heard the sweet song of Enrico Carus',
And the silver chin-chinning that Bryan can loose,
And the soothing palaver that falls on the ear
When a son of old Erin is throwing the queer;
The lorelei lure of the larynx de luxe
May tweak the tympana of garrulous gooks,
But sweet as syllabical silver can be
It sounds like an oyster in pain by the sea,
For today my young Dorothy Mary McE.,
Said "Bawp-bawp-bawp-bawp-bawp-bawp-BAWP-pa"
to me.

The Greeks in their time had of talkers a score
Who slung a mean syllable over the floor,
Isaeus, Aeschines, Demosthenes, too
Bounced words off the welkin until it was blue,
But great as Isaeus — and take it from Pliny
He had it on Sunday, Bert Williams and Tinny —
And great as Demosthenes, down by the sea,
Whose words were as verdure that leans on the lea,
They pale before Dorothy Mary McE.,
For now she says ' 'Bawp-bawp-bawp-BAWP-pa" to me.

I hope when I turn in at last for The Sleep,
And flit up the ladder so golden and steep,
St. Peter will give me a seat in the rear —
The gall'ry will do, where I'll sit down and hear.
(Can angels sit down?) Well, no matter, I'll sit
And hark while the cherubim warble a bit.
No doubt 'twill be grand — they've had practice, you
see,
But all them there Cherubim singing their glee
Won't tug at my heart, nor as sweet will it be
As when she says "Bawp-bawp-bawp-BAWP-pa" to
me.

THE GIRLS OF TODAY

I wonder why the flappers wear
That tired, bored and sated air,
Why ennui sits upon their brows
And nothing can their spirits rouse;
Dispassionate and blank their gaze,
And laissez-faire their weary ways.

Chic little chits who yesterday
Were giggling in their girlish way
Are now sophisticated vamps
With sinful, soulful, sea-green lamps;
They've lived and suffered, Oh! so much!
And life is a dead sea fruit they touch.

So would the average man surmise
From the hollow stare of their browless eyes.
"These," he would say, "have played and lost,
They've shook with fate and paid the cost;
One by one in the awful gloom
They've followed their hopes to a sunless tomb,
There in the desolate dust to lay
The dear, dead dreams of their yesterday."

These lidless, lifeless saurian stares
That meet your gaze on the thoroughfares,
That chill your soul in the milling mart,
That numb your brain and freeze your heart;
Do they bespeak the souls within —
Sodden souls of soil and sin?

Ah, no, these children look blasé
'Cause Theda Bara looks that way;
And life evokes a weary smile
Because, just now, it is the style;
They all mean well, the little dears
But some one ought to pull their ears.

SHOWING UP THE CARTOONERS

I have seen a wistful victim
 Gaily belted on the attic
For a minor indiscretion
 Or a sentiment erratic;
I have seen him castigated
 With a dornick on the bean,
With a mission-freighted missile
 Shunted swiftly o'er the scene;
I have watched the pert pulsations
 Of a vibratory bludgeon
On the flat cephalic onion
 Of a turbulent curmudgeon,
But he never did his exit,
 Oh, he never did, I swear!
As the cute cartooners draw him:—
 With his feet up in the air.

I have seen a fellow-mortal
 Do a brodie in the drink,
Take a header in the dampness,
 Try a Kellerman and sink,
Yea, go down as would a biscuit
 Manufactured by a bride,
Coming back to see the surface
 With some bubbles on the side;
I have seen a fellow-mortal
 Go beneath the lapping wave
To what fancy fiction writers
 Deftly call a "watery grave,"
I have seen him drown completely—
 Rotten luck!—but here's the rub:
When he struggled to the surface
 He did NOT remark "Glub glub."

THE WIFIE'S NOSE FOR NEWS

If the Joneses get a baby or the Johnsons get the pip,
Or the Smithses have another family fight;
If the girl across the alley gets a husband or the grippe,
I will have the why and what of it tonight;
For my wife knows when a tenant and the landlord
have a jam,
And why the man next door is death on booze,
She is jerry to the gossip, she is hep to all what am,
For wife has a nimble nose for news;
So she has,
A nimble, neat and nifty nose for news!

Does Tom Jollicks come home pickled she can tell
you when and why,
And the price they soaked Miss Smithers for that lid,
Where did Sarah Whatyoucallit get that shanty on her
eye?
Did her husband give her that? You bet he did.
Where does Mrs. Beecher go (shrug! shrug!) and spend
her afternoons?
Why do Arnolds have to live on oyster stews?
Who had tea with Mrs. Fletcher and departed with
her spoons?
Ask my wife, she's got the nimble nose for news!
Yea, bo!
A most uncanny, nifty nose for news.

O, she knows that Mrs. Julip has to rouge and wears
a wig,
And Miss Rooney's shape was purchased in a store,
That a young and handsome doctor calls a lot on Mrs.
Figg
(And she so healthy, too) — but say no more!
And the Gores are sharps at poker, well, in fact they
play to eat,

And the clubs have sued that stuck-up Smythe for
dues,
O, the information bureau in my home is hard to beat,
And harder still my wifie's nose for news!
Some nose!
Her nimble, neat and nifty nose for news!

So I warn you all, my neighbors, I am wise to all you
do,
I am jerry to the whyness of your which,
It is vain to flaunt pretensions, for I know your sala-
ries, too,
And I know if you are poor or if you're rich;
I know all your secret sorrows, all your loves and all
your hates,
All your problems, your successes, and your blues;
What your wife has told my wifie to me nightly she
relates,
And she's got a keen, uncanny nose for news;
So she has!
A nimble, neat and nifty nose for news!

BITTER LINES TO A NON-SKID
AUTO SALESMAN

You hound of hell, you're on my trail,
You hunt me night and day,
You dog my weary footsteps
In a pestilential way.
You haunt my busy office,*
You hang around my home,
I cannot shake you off my track,
No matter where I roam.

I met you at the auto show
And foolishly I cried,
"Your car looks pretty good to me,"
And then I crawled inside.
A wolfish gleam lit up your eyes,
Your fangs were crool and white,
How happy I'd be now if I
Had wrung your neck that night.

For day and night from that day on
You call me on the phone,
Sometimes you hunt with other ghouls
But mostly hunt alone.
You send me letters, postal cards,
And cables and dispatches,
In avalanches, groups and scads,
In bunches, bales and batches.

You non-skid auto salesman, you,
You grim rapacious spectre,
Oh take your beak from out my heart,
Your form from out my sector.
Disperse, begone and leave me be,
My life no longer mar;
I do not want your gol darn bus,
I do not want your car.

*Adv.

REMARKS ON BABY SHOES

Every morning — or at least 'most every morning —
As I beat it to the cold and clanging mart
To annex the beer and skittles that comprise my daily
vittles

Comes a warning from the wife of my heart;
Comes a warning and a tocsin and a message
With a frequency that nullifies the news;
"There was something for today — Let me see — Oh,
by the way
The baby needs another pair of shoes."

"Shoes?" says I

"Shoes?" says she,

"The baby needs another pair of shoes."

Now, the petals of the poppy bloom are fleeting
And the beaded bubbles vanish on the brim,
And my weekly compensation knows a rapid dessication
Quite inimical to vigor, verve and vim;
There's a transitory value to the plaudit,
And ephemeral the honor that ensues,
But the absolute quintessence of the perfect evanescence
Are those frail and fragile things called baby shoes.

Ain't it the truth?

Those pale and puerile, weak, ethereal shoes.

Oh, the shoes I blindly buy for sturdy leather
They are fashioned from the wings of butterflies,
And are merely held together by some forecasts on the
weather

And some female no's and other kinds of lies;
And they vanish like the eggs of Easter Sunday,
And they disappear in bebies, squads and slews,
Yes sir, tempus sure can fugit I will grant you,
But it hasn't got a thing on baby shoes.

Alas, no,

It hasn't got a thing on baby shoes.

A MODERN ROMANCE

(I'll say it is)

The sun was setting in the West,
A quaint old custom it has got,
Belasco batting at his best
Could not have picked a better spot.
He drew her close and closer yet,
And closer still he drew and drew,
"I love you Aniline," he cried,
"Do you love me?" and she replied
"I'll say I do!"

And hours passed and in the sky
The argent moon on pallid feet
Stole softly through the clouds on high
(I think those first three lines are neat),
And then he said, "I love you, dear,
"My heart is beating fit to kill,
Oh tell me that you'll marry me,"
And soft and low she said to he,
"I'll say I will."

And so to church! Oh, bellsome morn,
And Oh, the lovely glad array,
The victim pale and slightly worn,
The bride, of course, and why not? — gay.
The preacher pried his book apart
And read a fatal line or two.
"Do you," says he, "take this here guy?"
And sweet and clear was her reply:
"I'll say I do!"

P. S. I'll say she did!



WHAT THE AVERAGE MAN THINKS

There are topics more impressive I will grant you,
There are subjects more instructive, too, I know;
Hypothetical abstractions which appeal to sundry fac-
tions

On the wherewith and the why-such and the so;
Subject-matter categoric, pedagogic and historic,

Oh they clutter up the tomes upon the shelf;

All this wondrous information

I should use in conversation,

But —

I much prefer to talk about myself.

It is true that they are fighting in the trenches,

And a spot has been discovered on the sun,

That the trains are running largo since the recent
freight embargo

And the ban is on the bottle and the bun;

And I guess I should discuss them on the corners,

And gibber on the Ghibelline and Guelph,

I should give them cogitation

When I sling the conversation,

But, I much prefer to talk about myself.

I could talk of Homer, Euclid, Taine and Plato,

Aristotle, Sophocles and Eddie Poe,

I could make some fancy passes on osmosis of the
gasses

And a lot of other trinkets that I know;

I could talk of old Directum and the well-known Solar
Spectrum

And Hypotenuses, Chlorophyl and Pelf,

But there's nothing in creation

That so fills me with elation

As to sit around and talk about myself,

Just me!

For I dearly love to talk about myself.

A PLEA FOR CHICAGO HUSBANDS

A husband of the local sort
Is not a handsome guy,
He is an injury and a tort
To almost any eye;
But though the poor benighted pup
Has neither charm nor vim,
He begs you not to shoot him up
For life is sweet to him.

The members of the husband clan,
If taken by and large,
(And they are "taken" to the man)
Are graceful like a barge,
And haven't half the mental weight
That any wife has got,
But still they firmly deprecate
This thing of being shot.

This casual, offhand sorter way
Chicago wives have found
Of winding up a perfect day
By chasing hubby 'round
With forty-fours that tear a hole
At least two feet across,
And leave a husband, rest his soul!
A sad and total loss.

An open season once a year
When husbands could be shot,
As in the case of game and deer
Would be a happier lot,
But wives, we beg you hesitate,
Your daily shooting cease,
For we would like to molt and mate
And raise our young in peace.

GETTING EVEN

The Russians sent a caviar, the Germans sent a carp
And Italians the sinuous spaghetti,
The English sent a sparrow
So our feelings he could harrow
And the Spaniards shipped a Spanish om-e-let;
And from France they eased a dressing
That's no apostolic blessing,
And the Greeks a Grecian bend that made us sick,
And from Scotland came the thistle, and a lotion for
our whistle,
So America retorted with the pic, moving pic,
And with Chaplin and his custard and his brick.
From the Mexican con carne with the accent on the con;
From the Cossack, curse his heart! we got the boot,
And the blouses from the Bulgar,
Chromotogenous and vulgar,
And the Hielands gave us golluf and the hoot;
From New-found-land came the codfish,
An extremely oily odd fish,
And Vienna furnished waltzes sad and sweet,
So for all this provocation, we, in grim retaliation,
Gave them Theda Bara's vamp and Charley's feet,
Rather neat!
Charley's custard pie, his padded brick and feet.
The Japanese assaulted us with Fujiyama prints,
And the Chinaman with suey a la chop,
And with holeses full of wheezes
Came the little Swisses Cheeses,
While the Hessians furnished flies for every crop;
Hung'ry gave us of her goulash
Which is nourishing but foulash,
While old Ireland gave the shamrock and the stick!
So in sweet reciprocation, we arose, a mighty nation,
And repaid the bunch with Chaplin's padded brick,
Padded brick,
Yes, with Charley's custard pie and padded brick.

THE HIGH COST OF LICKER

It used to be that one could get a mellow point of view
From beaker, cask, or bottle for a dollar, say, or two;
That one could purchase comfort and nepenthe by the
quart,

And the bill would not resemble a statistical report;
One didn't have to float a loan or sacrifice the crop
To get that swell reaction where you want to kiss a cop;
The weekly snub would buy enough to clutter up the
house,

But now it takes a millionaire to underwrite a souse.

The bibber of the bottle and the chauffer of the can
Was once a lowly member of a poor benighted clan,
And the clergy climbed his lattice with avidity and vim,
And they brayed him in the mortar of the potent
paradigm;

But the beacon on the beezer and the inspissated
speech,

Once the signs of destitution, now a different moral
teach —

Now to see a lushy geezer makes my jealous pangs
arouse,

For today it takes a millionaire to underwrite a souse.

So, reader, should you notice as you walk along the
street

A man who seems to suffer with impediment of feet,
A man who stops before you with a light and airy
mien

And presents you to a tiger with a polka-dotted bean,
Do not eye him cold and distant, do not bash him on
the hat,

For today the malted mammal is the true aristocrat;
He may be the squiffy scion of an old and honored
house —

Today it takes a millionaire to underwrite a souse.

THE SONG OF THE MOVIE VAMP

I am the Moving Picture Vamp, insidious and tropical,
The Lorelei of celluloid, the lure kaleidoscopic,
Calorific and sinuous, voluptuous and canicular,
And when it comes to picking pals, I ain't a bit
particular.

At times I loll in languid ease, at others I am squirm-
ical,
My art is anatomical and also epidermical.
I vamp the silly single cuss, I also vamp the married
man,
The placid, the tempestuous, the satisfied and harried
man.

My eyes are long delirious eyes, liquescent eyes and
luminious,
And when you look in them you feel just like you're in
a stewminous.
I send a ripple down your keel, I agitate your livah,
sir —
For I am most equivocal — with the accent on the
quivah, sir —

In short, I am the movie vamp, the sheezabeara
tropical,
The Scylla of the celluloid, the lorelei vox popical,
In turns I am demoniac, appealing, sly and clerical,
Ambiguous, sophisticated, wistful and hysterical
But mostly you will find that I'm extremely tom-and-
jerryal.

LINES TO SUMMER FURS

Absquatulating all night and day
Along the, well, as you might say, way
Around their cervical vertebrae
I see the ladies
Wear furs, that look, I rise to say
Like Hades.

Why the gazelles should sport the coy
And epidermical pride and joy
Of our zoological hoi polloi
In such a silly
Inconsequential, insipid toy
Is one on Willie.

The fair, in a manner of speaking, sex
Would bounce on the unregenerate necks
Of the soulless, heartless masculine wrecks
Who said that furses
Impugn the existence of intellects
In she's and herses.

But the echinated, hispidulous stole
Of cuticle swiped from squirrel and mole,
Siberian hound and tabby (pole)
Is a good credential,
And proof sufficient that fashion's goal
Is non-essential.

LINES OF ENTREATY TO FRIEND WIFE

Miss Venus (I have it direct from the bard)
Was bookoo bambina, considerable pard,
A luscious collection, a larrupin' lass,
A lallapaloosa, an armful of class,
And crammed and suffused with perfections, I hear —
A 36-28-42 dear.
But think you Miss Venus would shine in the mob
If poets had seen her eat corn on the cob?

Young Dido, I'm told, was a coruscant coot,
A cunning chiquita, a darb, and a beaut,
The poets were loud in their praises of she,
Especially Virgil, Oh, rabid was he,
But granting her speed and no cylinders missin',
And grant her deserving a stop, look and listen,
Still Dido, the pippin, would look like a slob
If she were observed eating corn on the cob.

And Helen of Troy had speed, curves, and control,
Full many a geezer she knocked for a goal,
But she wasn't hep to the succulent maize,
Which fact, I contend, vastly bettered her ways;
For who could attribute charm, beauty, or grace
To a girl one has seen eating corn with her face?
So wife of my buzzum, pay heed to this blob
And don't, I implore you, eat corn on the cob.

A SLAM ON SLAMS

When weaving ruminative rimes
 To soothe the drowsy Sunday ear,
'Tis quite convenient at times
 To have a tangible idear —
To hold a figment, say of thought,
 A sop of sense, a feeble fact
On which a stanza may be wrought
 And rows of running words be racked.

As I remarked, exuding verse
 Of scintillating smack and snap
In fabrication ain't so worse
 When there's a core of sense to wrap,
Or flock of rare afflatus swish
 From out the azure, so to speak,
And lure poetical ambish
 To zam the zither on the beak.

As hinted in the lines above,
 The larrup of the lyric lay
Is consomme for any cove
 With something on his mind to say;
But when his gears are full of grime,
 And when he feels his engine miss,
He merely grabs some words that rime
 And rattles off a verse like this.

NEVER ARGUE WITH A WOMAN

I remember when my father spoke these wondrous words to me:

“Never argue with a woman; it will be the death of thee;

They are full of conversation, they are cluttered up with speech,

And their talk is as the beating of the breakers on the beach.

Socrates, the wisest human, though he tried it all his life,

Never won a single verdict when he argued with his wife.”

But I answered: “Dad, you’re flooey, you are vacant in the pan.

Women cannot reason clearly — so they can’t out-argue man.”

O, I really thought they couldn’t,

I was pretty sure they couldn’t;

In fact, I *knew* they couldn’t —

But they can!

Yes, the female of the species is more deadly with the chin,

And the way they sling the chatter is a grievous, mortal sin.

They will talk on any subject on the slightest provocation

And when differed with attack you with extravagant elation;

If you’re wrong they’ll quickly right you, if you’re right you must be wrong,

Therefore, don’t be slow to say so, say it quick and make it strong,

For they’ll argue, yawp, and chatter, ’till you’re dizzy, dazed and ill,

And you'd barter your salvation for a cure to keep
'em still.

O, I used to think they wouldn't,
I was pretty sure they wouldn't,
In fact, I *knew* they wouldn't,
But they will!

"Never argue with a woman," I recall those words so
well.

They will talk you to a frazzle, they will talk you to
a jell.

Though their logic may be looney and their syllo-
gisms punk,

And their premises be rotten, their conclusions full
of bunk,

And *your* dope authoritative and of stuff they never
heard,

They will quickly prove you're crazy and your line
of talk absurd;

And they'll dearly love to do it, love to talk you up
a flue,

Talk and talk and talk and chatter 'till your mind
is full of goo.

I used to think they didn't,
I was pretty sure they didn't,
In fact, I knew they didn't,
But they *do!*

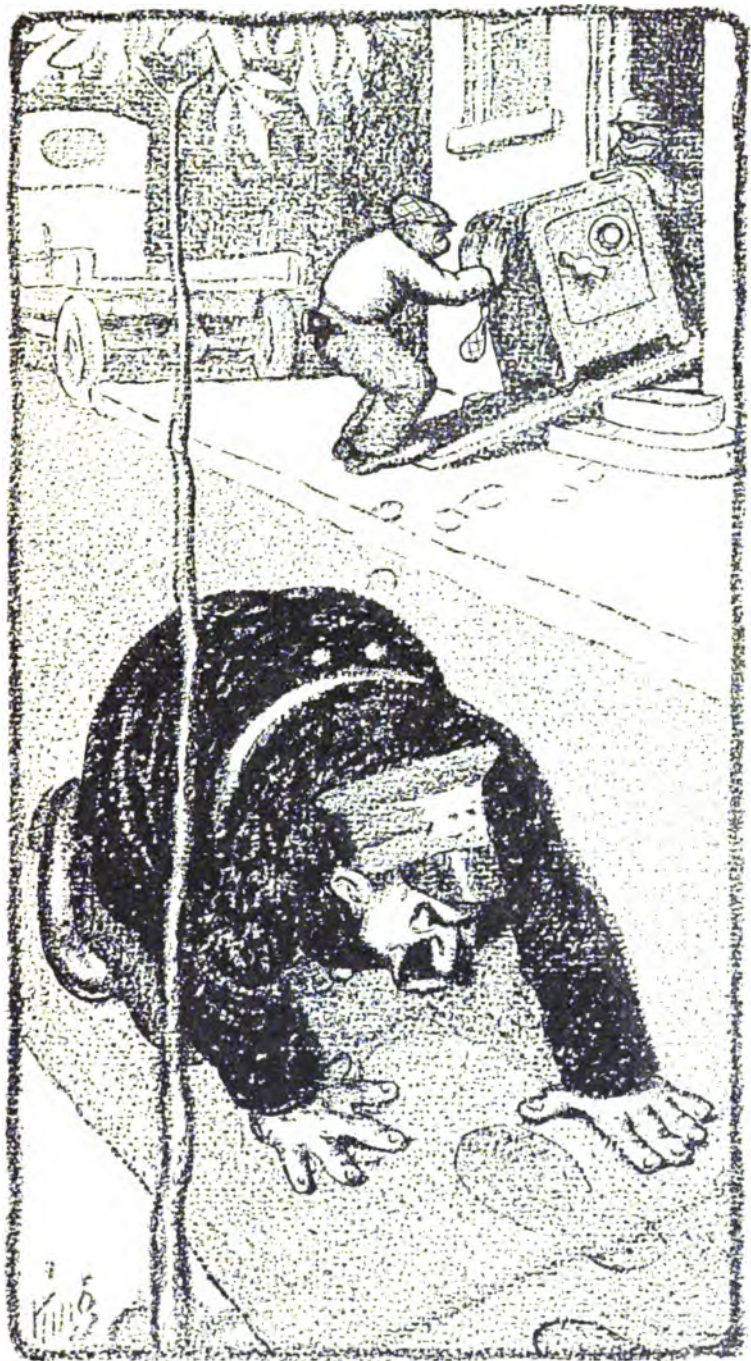
THE CRIME WAVE

I know we have policemen here,
In this, our lovely town,
Because I see them frequently
Meandering aroun',
And now and then, when I have time
To read the thrilling news,
I see where they have just unearthed
A brand new batch of clues.

A bank was robbed the other day,
I mean another one,
And all the bandits got away,
With all the checks and mon.
But our police were on the job,
(They never nap nor snooze)
And in a week or two they had
A lot of lovely clues.

Most every night a citizen,
Returning from his job,
Is overtaken by a crook
And hammered on the nob.
But who could seriously regret
The valuables they lose,
When well they know that in return
They'll get a lot of clues?

Some people sneeringly deride
The system here in play
Of letting all the thieving thugs
Go thugging on their way.
They say that our policemen shirk,
But those are not my views,
I know the cops are on the job —
Just look at all the clues.



MY WIFE'S BROTHER RAYMOND

Perhaps you imagined Napoleon was class,
And Alex the Great might get in on a pass,
And Little George Wash' was a lala, and so
Were Caesar and Lincoln and Newton and Poe,
If you did, just forget it — they're all on the shelf;
They don't class with Raymond,

My wife's brother Raymond,
He's got them all faded — she says so herself.

I harbored delusions that Shakespeare could write,
That Euclid could figure and Hector could fight,
That Bach could compose and that Chopin could play,
And Angelo sculpture and paint any day;
But I was mistaken, I freely confess:
They don't class with Raymond,

My wife's brother Raymond,
He does all of those things — only better, my yes!

One day I took wife to hear Elman play,
"Reminds me of Raymond," she said right away,
And when Paderewski had finished a valse,
She said "Just like Raymond, but HE don't play false."
I asked "Don't you think John McCormack can sing?"
She chortled "Like Raymond?"

Oh, no, not like Raymond,
He'll do, but my brother's the regular thing."

Attila, Ossian, Elijah and Saul,
Copernicus, Newton and Peter and Paul,
Elias, Vespasian, Brian Boru,
And Lydia Pinkham and Henry Ford, too,
You all did your best, but the best that you did
Would never feaze Raymond,

My wife's brother Raymond,
He'd do it while resting, the marvelous kid.

My wants they are few and they're small in the pod,
I long not for acres, not even a clod,
I yearn not for riches, nor hanker for fame,
A pot now and then is enough in the game,
I've just one ambition: some day may my wife
Compare me with Raymond,
 Say "You're just like Raymond!"
Then I'll die content — *I'll have made good in life.*

THE BRILLIANT ICEMAN

I used to think my iceman was
 A regular Philistine,
That vegetable ivory
 Composed his oblate bean,
That he was sorter balmy, too,
 And wormy in the nut,
A cuckoo in the coco . . . yes,
 I used to think this, but . . .

I know I was in error then
 When foresaid thoughts I thunk,
When 'neath that rough exterior
 I saw but human junk,
When I mistook his purest gold
 For FeS₂ dross,
My apprehension was at fault —
 He's quite another hoss.

My iceman has an intellect
 Of most stupendous size,
A comprehension, keen, alert,
 A vision, broad and wise;
And from his pupils shining forth
 I see a soul that's free,
A soul of pulchritude and worth
 And rare sagacity.

Behind his broad and ample brow
 There sits a noble nut
That rules with perspicacity
 His cunning occiput;
How do I know that he's so keen,
 Whom once I thought so light?
Well, yesterday I heard him say
 He likes the stuff I write.

LINES TO THOSE QUEER AND CURIOUS COOTS
WHO ROAM THE STREETS IN BATHING SUITS

I do not know why you should stalk
Along the boulevard and walk
Arrayed in suits that unawares
Reveal the trend of your affairs —
I do not know why this should be,
It surely ain't no treat to me.

The bathing suits in which you dress
Are nothing much and mostly less,
And as you saunter to and fro
A lot of family traits they show
To unappreciative eyes
Who view them with a mild surprise.

Perhaps you have the inward wish
Your anatomic exhibish',
Your epidermical display
Will sorter steal my sense away
And make my heart go pluck-a-pluck;
If such you wish, you're out of luck.

Your dripping passage down the street
Does not excite to fever heat,
Your coy and cute cutaneous splurge
Impels in me no naughty urge,
The moist contagion of your charms
Would lure no boys from off the farms.

You corpulent and sylph-like coots
Who run the streets in bathing suits,
Your rutilant al fresco coives
Are anaesthetic to my noives,
My brow is cool and dry my palm,
I view you with exceeding calm.
Why do you roam so far and free —
You ain't no treat, that I can see.

LINES TO J. P. JUNIOR

My little son,
Your sentence on this earth has just begun,
You have a long and toilsome race to run,
And it's but fair to tell you here and now
This ain't the best of worlds, no way, nohow;
Because you have it pretty soft today
You think, perhaps, 'twill always be that way,
And every one that you will ever know
Will be as good to you as Doctor Stowe,
But listen, bo, it isn't so.
The world ain't built on no such gorgeous plan;
You'll have to be a self-assertive man,
You bet,
And fight likehel for everything you get,
And light all spraddled out in every fray,
For life down here is not a holiday,
And he who totes the bacon to his den
Is he who has it on his fellow men.

My little son,
If you would cop the daily bread and bun
Don't figure on a soft and soothing time,
There's no such thing, believe this simple rime.
You'll find existence is a kind of bacon-biz,
With streaks of lean and fat
And this and that,
Like gloom and gladness, salve and sop, and sting
And everything,
And people lurking on the thoroughfare
To take you in and also unaware
And bounce a brick where you divide your hair,
And friends you'll find
Of every kind,
The false and true,
And of the former lots,
The latter few.

And of your friends you'll find before you're done,
Your first will be your best and truest one,
And that friend is your mother, little son.

My little son,
The goal is far from easily won,
The road is long and hard that stretches there,
The race not to the swift but to the fair;
So play the game and play it on the square.
Then, even if the twilight of your day
Should find you with the goal still far away,
You need not care,
For better than the goal ignobly won
Is the race that's lost but still was fairly run.

A LIL' OL' PORTERHOUSE STEAK

O, the Romans of old, they were strong for the eats,
And they dined upon squab from Algiers;
And they reveled in rivers of humming bird livers
And swordfishes' fricasseed ears.
Each p. m. at 2 they'd have nightingale stew
And a butterfly bake by the lake,
But sad was the lot of these guys — they knew not of
The lil' ol' porterhouse steak, Yes, yes,
Of the lil' ol' porterhouse steak.

The nosebags Olympic of asphodel fields
Held ambrosia and nectar divine,
A heavenly hash with a Jovian dash,
But I'd scoff at such fodder for mine!
No Paphian pabulum, sir, could suffice
To satiate, surfeit, or slake
The keen appetite of the fortunate wight
Who has tasted the porterhouse steak, Aye! Aye!
The lil' ol' porterhouse steak.

A lil' ol' porterhouse steak, if you please,
But thicker, a trifle, than that,
As tender as Flora and pink as Aurora,
With nuggets of unctuous fat;
Please broil it to cage all the juices within it —
(Don't season while cooking!) now take
Your dreamy, delicious (but highly nutritious)
Your lil' ol' porterhouse steak, Ye Gods!
Your lil' ol' porterhouse steak!

And that's why I zam on my zither today
No gross Sybaritical song,
For such, ain't it, Mawruss? I leave it to Horace
And Horace is there with it strong;
I long but to larrup my lyre to say
That Lucullian eats were a fake,
And I back by all odds, sir, that food of the gods, sir,
A lil' ol' porterhouse steak, Yes, yes,
A lil' ol' porterhouse steak!

A MAN'S BEST PRESS AGENT—HIS MOTHER

Oh, others may chortle and call me a failure,
And smile while I gather my Lilliput' pile,
And sneer in derision: "That clutter of kale you're
Annexing is puny and not worth the while!"
And maybe they're right when they say I'm no demon,
And that I will never be warmer than fair;
Perhaps they are right and perhaps they are dreamin',
But mother — she knows I'm a regular bear.
Ah, yes, sir, my mother just KNOWS I'm a bear.

My mother is sure I'm the High Cockalorum,
That I am the Fount and the Wellspring of Lore,
When she is around I am sure of a quorum,
An audience she whom I never can bore.
The others get tired of hearing my chatter,
They say all my goods were deceased on the shelf;
They call me a flivver — but that doesn't matter,
My mother knows diff'rent, she says so herself.
Oh, yes, sir, my mother will tell you herself!

My voice is not built to inspire emotion —
Emotion, that is, of a lovelier kind;
When sicked upon others they leap in the ocean,
But mother just loves it — she says "it's refined."
I'm not a Beethoven, a Shakspeare, nor Chaucer,
Nor even a Whistler — of that there's no doubt!
But did they do anything I couldn't? Naw, sir!
Just take it from mother, she'll tell you right out!
Just listen to mother, SHE'LL tell you, old scout.

So what do I care if you say I'm a filbert?
Oh, what do I care if you censure my stuff?
My mother has told me I'm better than Gilbert,
She says in comparison Milton is guff.
I guess I should bibble, and stew, fret, and pine, sir,
Because for my talents the people don't care.
I may not be able to spear what is mine, sir,
But mother believes I'm a regular bear;
Yes, mother, God bless her! just knows I'm a bear.

GOD GIVE US MEN!

God give us men in times like these:
To keep our flag upon the seas,
To bring it through that warring hell
Of screaming steel and splintering shell
To Victory and to peace again.
God give us men,
 God give us men.

God give us men in times like these:
No craven cowards on their knees
But fearless men, erect, four-square,
With hands to do and hearts to dare;
Come on! Your country cries again:
"God give us men,
 God give us men!"

"God give us men in times like these,"
The Stars and Stripes shout to the breeze;
"Fearless and valiant, terrible, just,
We've never trailed in the bitter dust,
But give us men, or else we must" —
Hark! 'Tis the Stars and Stripes again:
"God give us men,
 God give us men!"

April 6, 1917.

THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no Death! The leaves that fade
And softly drift to silent doom
Are not to cold oblivion laid
In some forsaken, hopeless tomb —
They are not dead; 'neath snow and rain
They live, and with the Spring's first breath
All glorified they'll come again —
There is no Death!

There is no Death! The boys who pass
Like falling stars in glory's glow
Will live again when dewy grass
And poppies on those craters grow;
When all the world is fair and free
Because they gave their soul's own breath,
They'll live in millions yet to be —
There is no Death!

A JEREMIAD ON LAUNDRIES

I had some passionate pink pajams,
Some chromotogenous hose,
Some tasty, trim, and tricky ties,
And other superlative clothes;
But as I rode the kivered cars
O'erdark my clotheses grewed;
I sent them to a laundaree —
If I had only knewed!
For today I got my bundle
From that haunt of noisome ill,
And inclosed I found a bunch of rags,
A button — and a bill!

Chorus —

O, shun, my son, the laundaree, that evil omened boid,
For a laundry is a place you send your clothes to be
destroyed.

I had a snappy Palm Beach suit —
It snugly draped my lattice,
It was a beatific beaut';
But hold! Enough! Jam satis!
I loved that suit, I loved that suit,
I loved it like a son,
I've followed the hearse of all my hopes,
I've buried them one by one,
For to a demoniacal laundaree
I sent my little pard—
Today I got my Palm Beach suit
Upon a postal card.

Chorus —

O, grewsome, grim, and ghoulish is that evil omened
boid,
A laundaree — that place you send your clothes to be
destroyed.

Of noble shirts I had some three,
Each sillik, yes, and new,
Of lambent luminosity
And opalescent hue,
A polychromatic pooh pooree,*
A regular solar spectrum,
A gorgeous, colorful shivaree —
Buh-lieve me, I select 'em!
But Oh, one shirt grew darkful,
And a laundry grabbed it, certes!
Today I got my buttons back —
I don't know where the shirt is.

Chorus —

For a laundry is a place you send your clothes to be
destroyed,
A place you send your clothes to be destroyed.

* Back o' th' Yards accent.

A WASHINGTON D. C., TRAGEDY

It was a private soldier,
 In Washington, D. C.,
Who, dying on the avenue,
 This story told to me;
This sad and wistful story,
 This narrative of gloom
That touched upon the circumstance
 That led him to his doom.

“I am a simple private,”
 He murmured unto me,
“And I am the only private
 In Washington, D. C.
The rest are first lieutenants
 With spurs and riding boots
And all day long they’ve hounded me
 To give them some salutes.

“I did the best I could, sir,
 From early morn till night,
I worked my tried and trusty arm
 For every “lieut.” in sight.
But “Lieuts” came fast and faster
 And more and more and more,
And nary another private came
 To help me with my chore.

“And now, alas I’m dying —
 I could not stand the pace —
And I must die with one regret;
 There’s none to take my place . . .”
His voice grew faint and fainter —
 “O Gawd, my arm is sore,
Tell mother . . . Andrew done . . . his . . . bit . . .
 To help . . . to win the . . . war.”



AN IMPORTANT EVENT

I was fathoms deep in cogent cogitation,
I had just put Old Afflatus on the mat,
And established a connection
With a potent retrospection
Appertaining to and touching this and that;
I was lost I say in lambent lucubration,
And my thinker (yes, it is) was going some,
When the wife rushed in a-crying:
"Stop that foolish versifying,
Come and look. The baby's learned to suck her
thumb."

And the message she exuded it was truthful,
And the words were gems of rare veracitee,
For our airy little fairy
Had unhinged a maxillary
And inserted in the cunning cavitee,
Had inserted in the consequential chasm,
In the aperture resulting thusly from
Her precocious dilatation
Of her means of mastication,
Had inserted—shall I say it? Yes!—her thumb!

You may wonder that I gazed in admiration?
You may marvel that I stared with oh's and ah's,
With astonishment prodigious
As my cunning little squidjus
Placed her thumb within the province of her jaws?
But I tell you that my pride is most preposterous,
And my exhaltation simply strikes me dumb,
I just stand with glowing buzzum
For my darling fuzzum-wuzzum
Has discovered how to suck her little thumb,
By gum!
The little slickerine can suck her thumb!

SOME MUSINGS ON NATURAL HISTORY

Birds

For birds I entertain a care,
I like the way they take the air,
Their singing soothes my inner ear,
And I am pleased when they appear
In crimson feathering and blue,
In short I think that birds will do;
But they eat worms, which proves, I'm sure,
Their taste is far from epicure.

Squirrels

I quite approve of squirrels, I think,
Although I'd much prefer them pink;
Their teeth are sharp, their fur are soft
And nimbly they can shin aloft;
But I can't understand why they
Should chew on hard-shelled nuts all day,
When they could find much softer eats,
Like peas, bananas, soup and beets.

Worms

I would not for a single term
Agree to underwrite the worm;
The way he rises after rains
Is proof to me he has no brains;
For he is stepped on in his flight
Which must be quite distressing, quite;
Another reason why I think
The garden worm's a silly gink,
His chassis is assembled wrong
And his wheelbase it is much too long.

People

People are nice, but then I fear
There are too many people here,
When one would watch a function gay,
They're always standing in your way;
And when in need of much repose
They park themselves upon your toes.
I think they're ordinary, too,
And that includes myself and you.

THE HIGHER THE BROW THE LESS IT SWEATS

Sing of the Bunions of Toil,
Warble the Man with the Hoe,
Hokum's according to Hoyle,
But gimme the Man with the Dough!
Gimme the Guy with the Green,
Gimme the Jay with the Junk,
Gimme the Shekels Serene —
This Bunions of Toil is the Bunk.

Hammer your lyre to bits,
Warble the Luke in the Loom,
Sing of the Corns on his Mitts,
But gimme the Mighty Mazum'!
Gimme the Goof with the Gold,
Gimme the Toff with the Tin.
Hoes may be noble to hold
But gimme a Five in the Fin.

Salt is the Sweat of the Serf,
Scant is the glory he gleans,
His toeses are out on the turf,
He battens his belly with beans.
Sing you the Man with the Hoe?
Sing him, you Sonuvagun!
But gimme the Man with the Dough,
Gimme the Guy with the Mon.

"NO, NO, DOWNTOWN, POP-EYE,
TAY HOME"

Each morn when I've ruined some ham and some eggs
And stowed 'em all under my hatch,
And draped the remains of my coat round my legs
And crowned with a kelly my thatch,
I say to my daughter: "Now, Pop-eye must go,
Downtown to his work he must roam,
And make you some taters." But daughter cries, "No!
No, no, downtown, Pop-eye; tay home!"

You'd wonder if you were to gaze from afar
And see what I drew for a face,
Why Dorothy Mary should think me a star
And cry when I'm leaving the place.
"I'll say that he sorter oppresses the eyes,"
Would peregrinate through the dome,
"It ain't for his beauty that Dorothy cries:
"No, no downtown, Pop-eye; tay home.'"

It ain't for his beauty! How utterly utt,
Sagacious and keen and profound!
But what do I care if I look like a mutt,
As long as she likes me around?
So long as she'll have me — and may that be long, —
I know I won't hunger to roam,
For there's just a wee tear and a pang in her song:
"No, no, downtown, Pop-eye; tay home."

WE MEET, BUT DO NOT SPEAK

We do not speak, the wife and I,
We meet, but do not speak;
Our one-time happy habitat
Is desolate and bleak.
A deep sepulchral silence reigns
Within our humble hut,
Where lightsome chatter fluttered once
There now is nary flut.

Perhaps you wonder what became
Of our esprit d'corps,
And why vamoosed the dove of peace
From our domestic shore.
If so your wonder cease a while,
And read this deathless squeak,
And you will know then why we meet,
And pass — but do not speak.

Upon a lot adjoining us,
A lot of luscious loam,
I planted onions, beets and things
To garnish up my home,
To load my table with its yield —
Its succulent and bright
Convention of comestibles
Of esculent delight.

One fatal day wife volunteered
To help subdue the weeds,
And with a cruel, vicious hoe
She dug up all my seeds,
And cut down each potato stalk,
Each onion, corn and leek,
She thought them weeds, so now we meet
And pass — but do not speak.

THE FLU

When your back is broke and your eyes are blurred,
And your shin-bones knock and your tongue is furred,
And your tonsils squeak and your hair gets dry,
And you're doggone sure that you're going to die,
But you're skeered you won't and afraid you will,
Just drag to bed and have your chill;
And pray the Lord to see you through
For you've got the Flu, boy,
 You've got the Flu.

When your toes curl up and your belt goes flat,
And you're twice as mean as a Thomas cat,
And life is a long and dismal curse,
And your food all tastes like a hard-boiled hearse,
When your lattice aches and your head's a-buzz
And nothing is as it ever was,
Here are my sad regrets to you,
You've got the Flu, boy,
 You've got the Flu.

What is it like, this Spanish Flu?
Ask me, brother, for I've been through.
It is by Misery out of Despair,
It pulls your teeth and curls your hair,
It thins your blood and brays your bones
And fills your craw with moans and groans,
And sometimes, maybe, you get well —
Some call it Flu — I call it hell!

AN IMAGIST WOULD CALL THIS "PALE
PURPLE QUESTION DESCENDING A STAIRCASE"

How puerile and futile, inept and inutile,
How profitless, empty and stale,
How bootless and vain and how drab and inane
Is our life in this vaporous vale;
We rise and we work and we eat and we drink,
And we sleep 'till it's time for our call,
And then once again we rise, work, eat and sleep —
And what is the use of it all,
At all!

Oh, what is the use of it all!

Oh cosmic monotony, pallid and gray
You fill me with exquisite pain,
For always the nighttime is followed by day
And Sunday by Monday and April by May,
And sunshine by tempest and rain,
And after the Winter come Spring time and Summer,
And after the Summer comes Fall,
And after the Fall come Winter and Spring,
The same old routine, deadly thing!

Oh, what is the use of it all,

At all!

Oh, what is the use of it all!

"No sub-solar novelty" Solomon said,
And Sol was precocity plus.
The newest inventions (oh blushes dark red!)
Were swiped from some nations unutterably dead
Who swiped them from others — cuss! cuss!
So therefore why bustle, get het up and hustle
'Tis useless, for Solomon said it;
There ain't a thing new that a live one can do —
The dead ones have got all the credit.
And now leading Pegasus back to his stall
Oh, what is the use of it all,
Dog-gone!
Oh, what is the use of it all.

A LAMENTATION

I know now why you fletcherize your short and stubby
toes,

Why you prefer to slumber on your kneecaps and your
nose,

And why you find a pabulum surpassing in your thumb,
And why you always holler when your fodder orter
come,

I know the why and thusly and the whence of every-
thing,

Excepting this: I don't know why you like to hear me sing.

My voice is most peculiar because it runs a race

Between an ice cream tenor and a coco-cola bass,

And when I trot it forth in song the doors and win-
dows slam,

And neighbors holler something — I believe it's Yubie
Dam!

The city has requested me to fumigate the thing,

And yet (it's almost past belief!) you like to hear me sing!

With cacophonous clatter through the keys I let it flap,

It skids on ev'ry turn and has a blowout ev'ry lap,

It knocks in all the bearings and it rattles in the gears;

No wonder that the neighbors when they hear it burst
in tears.

I would not be surprised if they should shoot me on
the wing,

And yet, you little booberine, you like to hear me sing!

Oh yes, I hoped that you would learn to treat pianos
rough,

And bat at least 400 in that fa-so-lah-si stuff;

I prayed you'd be a glutton for Beethoven and his crew,

But all my fondest fancies now have flickered up the flue;

I know you'll never have an ear for music's magic
swing —

You'll never know what music is — you like to hear
me sing!

THOUGHTS ON A BATHING BEACH

I sit upon the shining sand,
Beside the sounding sea,
And sights I cannot understand
Come flitting o'er the lea,
Ungainly sights which give me pain
In my anatomee.

Long, lean and lanky gnarled legs
With knots upon the knees,
And trunks like piccolos or kegs
Come wafting thru the breeze,
And arms like reeds and hands like hams —
I gaze on all of these.

Yon woman in her bathing suit
Upon the shining sand,
When on the street I thought her cute,
And now upon the strand—
Where are those lissome luscious curves?
I cannot understand.

And yonder man — if man it is —
I saw him yesterday,
And marveled at his beauteous phiz —
And watched his shoulders sway —
But now within that bathing suit —
His shoulders — where are they?

And so upon the shining sand,
Beside the brimming brine,
I sit and watch those ghastly sights
And painful thoughts are mine —
I sit and wonder why it's called
"The human form divine."



THE CURE

For years he cursed the wicked rich in horrid, hectic
tones;
He cursed them hide and fur and teeth and feathers,
hair and bones;
He cursed them in the morning, and he cursed them in
the night;
He panned them auburn, blond, brunette, and yellow,
black and white.
He hated them and all they had with a hate beyond
compare —
He hated them down to Hades — and up the Golden
Stair;
But an uncle died and left this guy a bunch of yellow
ore,
And now you never hear him curse the wealthy any
more.

“The plutocrats,” he used to say, “have ground us
down and out;
They scourge us to disease and death beneath the
bloody knout;
They take the bread from out our mouths, the rags
from off our backs,
And live the while in mansions grand while we exist in
shacks.
O, curse the rich and all they have and those that
gave them birth;
I wouldn't touch a cent of theirs for anything on
earth.”
But an uncle died and left this guy a million bucks or
more,
And I have got it pretty straight it didn't make him
sore.

He'd stand beside the avenoo, this democratic guy,
And shake his fists at limousines as they went crash-
ing by;

He'd curse a pants that had a crease and shoes that
had a shine.
And rave at lobsters, caviar, and any kind of wine.
The cognoscenti he'd condemn and hoi polloi he'd
praise;
You have no faint conception of the H—l he used to
raise.
But an uncle died and left him many flocks of golden
ore,
And, strange enough, he doesn't curse the wealthy any
more.

GIRLISH NERVE

I sorter figgered you would be
 Away above the crowd,
A child of rare supremacy
 Of whom I could be proud.

A modest, timid little maid
 I pictured you, alack!
But all my dreams are rent and frayed —
 You call your daddy: "Mac."

The only children I have got
 And you so brash and bold,
To call me Mac — my little tot
 One year and two months old.

One year and two months old — that's all —
 A lady you should be,
Instead of that you're full of gall —
 You holler "MAC!" at me.

You might have called me, daddy, see?
 Or pa, or even pop,
But this here squawking "MAC!" at me
 Has simply got to stop.

THE PATIENT PROXY

When butchers send us tenderloin
That's anything but tender,
A hot sulphuric bawling out
The missus loves to render.
She shoots a sharp and searing speech
That scorches up the lea,
But the butchers never hear that speech,
She tells it all to me.

When grocers overcharge us, and
I'll say that's rather "offen"
My bosom pal consigns the bunch
Where even steel would soften.
She rips them up and down the keel —
Oh, how they'd learn to fear it
If they just heard the stuff I've heard,
But then they never hear it.

Upon my poor, unwilling ears
She practices each sermon
For peddlers, maids and grocery boys
And other kinds of vermin.
"I'll tell them this, I'll tell them that" —
Corrosive is her chatter,
But when's she'd tried it out on me,
That always ends the matter.

THE JANITOR'S GOOD TO HIS FOLKS

Slip me an ear while I sing you the son of a
 Gun in the cellar, the janitor bloke,
He who can give you more pain in the run of a
 Season than vaudyville's deadliest joke.
Down in his catacombs, taking it easy, O!
 His to decide if he soldiers or stokes,
 True, you may freeze
 While he sits at his ease —
But isn't he good to his folks?
 He is!
You bet he is good to his folks!

Oft in the night — and it needn't be stilly, sir —
 You will awaken with ice in your ears,
Cold is your craw and your liver is chilly, sir,
 But snug in his lair the janitor cheers.
Do you suspect that he does it a-purpose, O!
 Do you suppose it is one of his jokes?
 Letting you freeze
 As a sort of a wheeze?
Sure! — But he's good to his folks,
 He is!
A regular bear with his folks!

You can just gamble your bottom simoleom
 He and his brood aren't freezing at night;
His radiators don't flood the linoleum,
 His gasometers don't clog, and read right;
His light connections are never burned out for him,
 His garbage goes, and his laund(a)ry soaks —
 What? It ain't fair?
 Gosh, what do you care
So long as he's good to his folks?
 My! My!
And say! Ain't he good to his folks!

So that's why I sing you that lovely old son of a
Gun in the cellar, the janitor guy,
He who allots you more pain in the run of a
Year than most anything under the sky;
But if your flat is cold as a halibut,
If in your service he dallies and pokes,
Recover your cheer
By repeating this here:
Perhaps he is good to his folks.
Ah, yes!
A janitor's good to his folks!

HONEST CONFESSION IS GOOD

When I return late from the clamorous mart
Or a bumper in yonder cafe,
Do you hurry to greet me, O wife of my heart,
In a blithe douglasfairbanksy way?
Do you greet me, my own, with a sibilant kiss,
Do you smile, as is often your wont?
The truth, I must say, is the converse of this —
I'm constrained to reply that you don't.

It is true you're a portion of demitasse size,
But your wrath is terrific plus ten,
And when I offend you, you swiftly uprising —
And gosh, but I'm timorous then!
And that's why I quail when I'm out after dark,
And I sidestep the wassail and spree,
For you're not a bit bigger than Marguerite Clark,
But you look like Jack Dempsey to me.

I'm afraid of your glower, and I'm skeered of your
frown
And your smile that is cutting as steel;
When you silently give me that cold up-and-down
It congeals the whole length of my keel.
And when each bonny eye shows a deadly disdain,
I just audibly quiv' at the knee —
It is true you're no bigger than Johnny Kilbane,
But you look like Jack Dempsey to me.

THE BUNS OF NOTRE DAME

I sing the buns of Notre Dame,
I warb their beamish beauty,
I chaunt their charms with heart aflame,
For chaunting is my duty,
I strum for all her shining sons,
Departed and aborning,
Those beamish, beatific buns,
We got on Sunday morning!

The crust an aromatic brown,
As fragrant as the Indus,
You should have seen us shuffle down
As much as they would sind us.
O, coruscant, collegiate grub,
O pabulum adorning
The platter of the veriest dub
On sunny Sunday morning!

O, Notre Dame, the years have fled,
Since your professors caught me,
And I remember but your bread,
And not the stuff you taught me.
Your 'isms, 'ologies and 'ics,
Were nothing to be scorning,
But what are 'ologies to Micks
With buns on Sunday morning?

'Tis true, the ancient slickers had
A lot of fancy chefers,
Ambrosia was a snappy fad
Among Olympic zephyrs,
But for their fodder and their fun —
Believe a gypsy's warning —
I would not trade the palest bun
We got on Sunday morning!

A COST OF LIVING EPIC

John R. Crœsus owned a clutter of mazuma (slang for
dough),
And he led the league in grabbing off the dollars long ago,
And he speared the shining shekels with an ambidex-
trous fin,
And he hunted down the festive tintinabulating tin;
But his pile is pale and puerile when compared with
that of mine,
He is just a pica piker and a tin horn and a shine,
I am richer now than Crœsus ever dreamed that he
could be —
I've a genuine potato and it all belongs to me!

Alexander Henry Midas was the transmutative guy,
With alchemic mitts he juggled ev'ry thing that met
his eye,
With goboons of gelt to gratify his smallest wish or whim,
You might say, as in a whimsy, life was touch and
go(ld) for him.

For indeed he had a multitude of cunning, curly kale,
And he had it by the bushel and the barrel and the bale,
But I hold I have him faded, more plethoric is my roll—
I am now the sole possessor of a genuine piece of coal!

Sing me not the wealth of Inca, El Dorado, or Cathay,
Fair Golconda, General Motors, U. S. Steel, or Wheat
of May,

Tell me not of John D., Morgan, Alcibiades, or Schwab,
Captain Kidd, the Guggenheimers — mention not one
single slob,

For these puny penny snatchers could not match my
hoard immense,

They resemble phony testoons — and a testoon's thirty
cents!

I am richer than a magnate, private banker, or a yegg,
For I own controlling interest in an onion and an egg.

THE DURN YE CREE

(As we say at the club)

The council committee on health has directed the health commissioner to draw up an ordinance to enforce sanitary conditions in "hot dog" stands, popcorn, ice cream, and peanut dispensaries.— *News item.*

I eat prophylactic pretzels
On an antiseptic dish,
Served with pure selective shad roe
From a choice eugenic fish;
I've deodorized my onions,
And I've filtered all my cheese —
But a sanitary hot dog?
Don't insist upon it, please!

All my prunes are disinfected,
I have mundified my clams,
Ventilated all my liver,
And decrassified my hams;
All my bacon is abstergent,
Carbolated to the bone;
But I ask you like a brother —
Leave my dogs of peace alone!

Oh, I'm death on protozoa;
As for germes, sir, I hate 'em;
I ain't clubby with bacilli,
And I love to castigate 'em.
I'm the katabolic kiddo
At this pathogenic game;
But I love my dogs al fresco,
Alee samee, alee same!

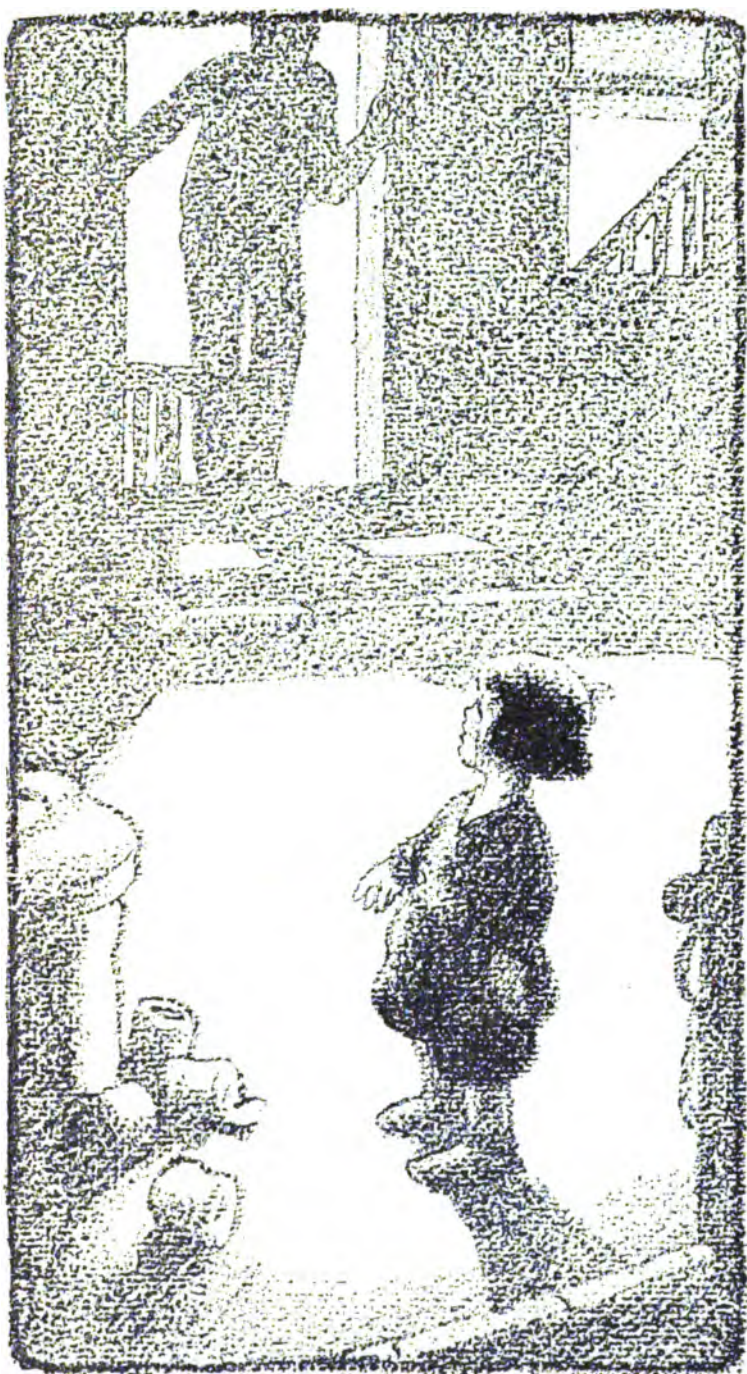
TO A TWENTY MONTH OLD TRAMP

Our home is not a marble hall
With tessellated floors and things,
No Gobelin doodads on the wall,
No porticos and massive wings;
No butlers buttle in the flies,
No footmen foot around the lea,
But just the same it satisfies
Your ma and me.

We do not scorn our humble home,
Although it ain't no mansion gay;
We do not gallivant and roam
Around the streets the livelong day.
We love to sit and rest our feet
Beneath our almost-copper lamp,
But you would rather bum the streets,
You little tramp.

All day you gad around the yard
And waste your time in useless play,
While me and ma are working hard
To get your fodder day by day;
But when the shades of evening drop,
Do you come home from out the din?
You don't! It almost takes a cop
To bring you in.

Our home, I know, is not a spot
Of monumental size and style,
But still it has that vacant lot
And dusty alley beat a mile.
But if you differ, little cuss,
Let's compromise the thing, i. e.,
Come in and spend the nights with us,
Your ma and me.



LINES TO AN AMATEUR CORNETIST

"I blow in it so sweet and it comes out so sour!"

—*Weber and Fields.*

Across the vacant lot from me
A young man sits in ecstasy,
And on the evening air he flings
From his cornet a lot of things
That might be music, sweet and gay,
If only he would learn to play.

And yet he tries, I'll say for him,
He tries with vigor, verve, and vim;
Each dewy eve, each blushing morn
He tells his troubles to that horn,
Which sympathizes with his woe
And raises h—l, I'd have you know.

But, reader, do not garner here
That I am crabbed, cross, and queer,
Disliking "Music, Heavenly Maid,"
In blissful harmonies arrayed.
I could not love her as I do
If I could stand this other, too.

And yet the sad and sour cry
This horn outpours against the sky
Would not embitter me in full
If only it would cease to pull
The national air at night, when I
Have gone to bed in sleep to lie.

"O, say," he bugles, "can you see?"
At twelve o'clock at night to me,
And here's the way the anthem goes



And here's the way my neighbor blows. "



So I must stand most all the night
Before he finally gets it right.

For months and months I've been the dupe
Of this outrageous cornu-coup,
And all the milk of human zest
Is clabbered in my aching breast. . . .
He's going to play a harp real soon
(And I bet he'll play it out of tune!)

A CHICAGO NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT

Once upon a midnight dreary,
(Gentle reader grow not leary,
This is not a blank and bleary
 Paraphrase of Eddie Poe),
I was sunk in silent slumber
When across the lea did lumber
Forty-eight or some such number
 Singing cats who row on row
Smote the welkin bookoo wallop
 With their fa-so-la-si-do.

On the fence beside the alley,
Hopped a fair and feline Galli
With a Stracciari pal-y
 And they did a vocal chore.
And while serenading for us
With a cacophonous chorus
Tuneful Tommies treaded o'er us
 Looking for some lost Lenore.
Who, to judge their ullulations,
 They'd discover nevermore.

"Cats," I cried, "Your lyrics grieve me,
Pray disperse, begone, and leave me
Get thee hence before I heave me
 Missiles till you're sad and sore.
You've no idee what my rent is;
Nor have I of what your bent is,
Only you're non compos mentis
 And I hate you to the core;
Get thee back to South Chicago
 And return to us no more."

But they gave no sign nor token
That my sentiments outspoken

Through their rhythmic souls were soakin'
While their songs they did outpour.
Higher soared their chant and higher;
Till I rose in vengeful ire
And I smote one gay Mariah
Full upon her esprit d'corps.
And they stood not on the order
Of their going from my door —
And I've seen them . . .
Nevermore!

WARNING!

Of cunning tricks you have a store,
But one of them, I'm finding now,
I do not like no way, no more,
No how.

No sweeter baby in the block,
Than you, you darling little gem,
But why arise at four o'clock
A. M.?

At first I thought it cute and pert
For you to stand up in your crib,
And sing your matins, little squirt,
Ad lib.

But it has ceased to be a joke,
Some how I cannot smile again,
You give me a distinctly loc-
Al pain.

Where do you get this fatal flaw?
This early rising heresy?
You didn't get it from your Maw,
Nor me!

Some deadly atavistic shock
Has warped your being, root and stem,
Else why awake at four o'clock
A. M.?

No grouch am I, nor yet a crank,
But you have put me on the blink —
You cut it out or Paw will spank
You pink.

A DIPLOMATIC MOVE

My Missus is a lovesome thing
When she is feeling gentle,
Her smile is as the smile of Spring
Upon the lowly lentil;
She sympathizes with my woes,
She soothes me when I'm puny,
And bears with me although she knows
I'm cracked and also loony.

My Missus is a lovesome thing,
My verse she DOES admire,
She always lets me have my fling
(God help him, he's a liar!)
My guide, philosopher and friend
In every quirk and quand'ry,
And never does she fail to send
My collars to the laundry.

My Missus is lovesome thing,
She comforts and caresses
And only in the Fall and Spring
She buys expensive dresses;
A gracious wife, a regular pal
And cute as Mary Minter
(I hope this verse will square me up
For banqueting all winter.)

WISTFUL WORDS TO DOROTHY

Yes, I have a small request or two to ask you
That touch upon and appertain as well
To curious demonstrations of affectionate relations
With your brother who has come with us to dwell,
And, knowing how ungraciously you listen,
I'm just a trifle diffident and shy,
But in spite of apprehension,
This request I'm bound to mention:
Please do not poke your brother in the eye,
In the eye,
Please do not poke your brother in the eye.

It is quite inconsequential I will grant you,
A trivial little episode, I know,
And scarcely worth the bother
Of this pert parental pother
But I'm bound to set the limits you can go,
Or otherwise you might by easy stages
Advance to letting heavy missiles fly,
And swat your little brother
On some vital spot or other,
So I ask you, do not poke him in the eye,
In the eye,
Please do not poke your brother in the eye.

By the by, it just occurs to me to mention:
The picture which you make en-route for bed,
Quite a bit of beauty loses
When you stop to bounce your shoeses
On the apex of your sleeping brother's head.
It is not the lack of sisterly affection
As afforded by this index I decry,
And for more important reasons
Than the chance of fatal lesions,
Here's the rub: the cost of shoes is mighty high,
Mighty high!
P. S.— Don't poke your brother in the eye.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY A MUSKRAT

I do not feel, nor ever felt
That this my own, my native pelt,
My coy, cutaneous carapace
Is cluttered up with charm and grace;
In fact, I think the following thunk:
The doggone thing looks pretty punk.

Some higher fate, I'm told, decides
What animules shall wear in hides;
The silver fox has flossy fur
That sells at many thousand per;
The sable gets a toney skin
That takes some husband for his tin.

The mole, the dark and devious mole,
Has got a hide that costs a roll,
But what have I? A measly pelt
That isn't worth an ounce of gelt.
I would not wear it, were it not
The only hide what I have got.

And yet I'm told that women wear
My hide for coats most everywhere,
My awful looking epiderm'
Is quite the thing this winter term—
I wish you'd tell me why they do,
I cannot dope it out, can you?

THANKSGIVING DINNER SONG WITH AN EYE
FOR THE SOARING PRICES OF FOOD

I'll have microscopic turkey,
And a Lilliputian pie,
Served with evanescent taters
That will flee the naked eye;
Imperceptible my olives,
Inappreciable my ices,
And they'll carve my pigmy pudding
In emaciated slices.

I'll have legendary dressings
On imaginary dishes;
Chimerical my oranges,
Intangible my fishes,
The cakes all purely abstract,
And nebulous the nuts,
With kernels of "howevers"
And "perhapes" "ifs" and "buts."

Amorphous ducks and pickles
And phantastic sweet potatoes,
Hypothetical confections,
Suppositional tomatoes;
But I'll enjoy my dinner,
Though it's largely postulation,
For, Lord be praised! He's given me
A good imagination.

"POO POO" SAYS YOU

I held high hopes that you would be
A credit to your ma and me,
That some fine day we'd point with pride
To you, a lady, dignified,
And sweet and kind and all that stuff,
Instead, you're getting pretty tough.
For when we give you sage advice
And try to teach you to be nice,
You scorn our counsel, kind and true;
Says you,
"Poo poo!"

We try to teach you not to smear
The morning egg in either ear,
We say, "Now baby, don't do that,
It ain't de riguer in a flat."
But you ignore our counsel fair
And rub the remnants in your hair,
And all the satisfaction we
Can get from you, that I can see
Is just two words and sassy too;
"Poo poo"
Says you.

"Poo poo" to ma; "poo poo" to me,
No matter what our words may be,
No matter how sagacious, fine
Your mother's counsel . . . yes, or mine;
We've tried to fetch you up correct,
But good results I can't detect,
And now, when we would mend your ways,
You treat us like a pair of jays,
To all commands and counsel, too,
"Poo poo"
Says you.

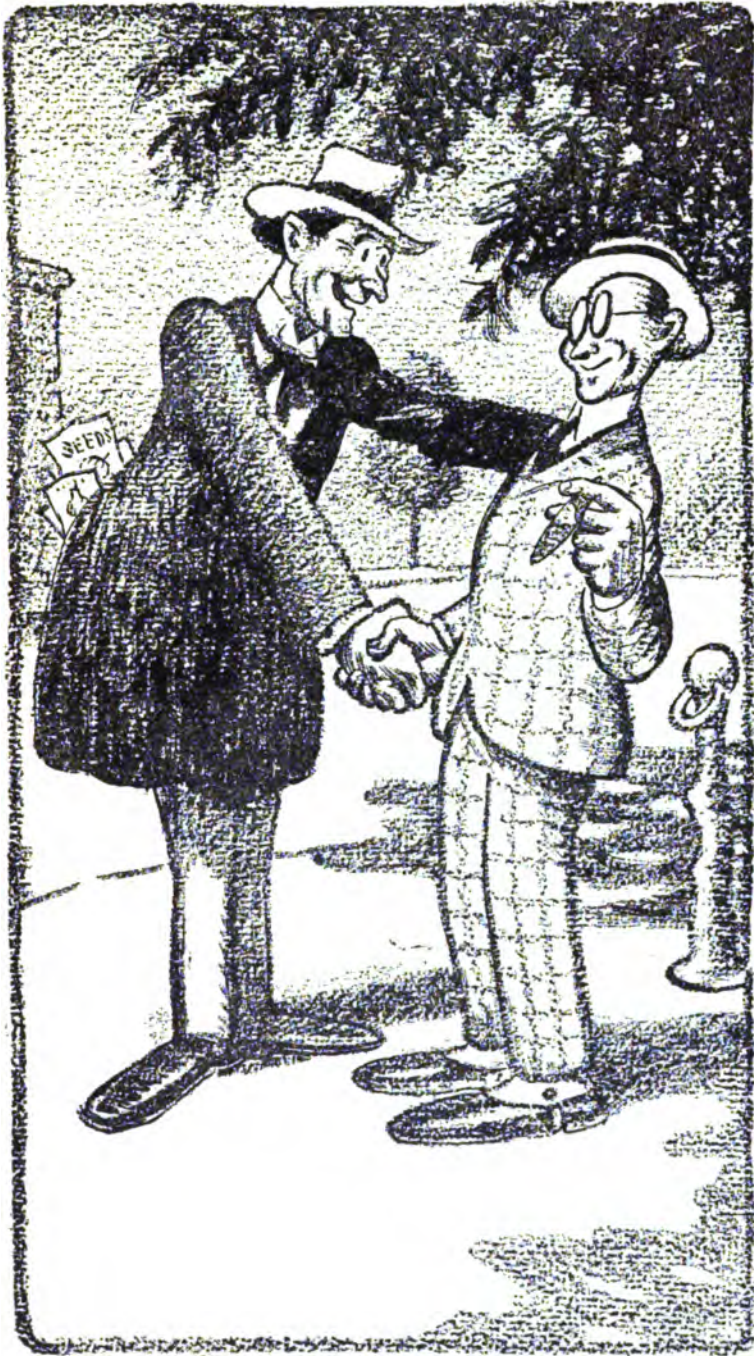
MY CONGRESSMAN

I know I have a Congressman
In Washington, D. C.
For now and then he comes around
To get a vote from me;
He proudly shakes me by the hand
And asks about my needs,
And when he goes to Washington
He sends me garden seeds.

Whenever there's a bill for which
I'd like to have him vote,
I trust in him and tell him so
By telegram or note;
And he gets every one, I know,
And every one he reads,
For always when the Spring has come,
He sends me garden seeds.

The other day I wrote to him
"We put our faith in you
To make the League of Nations safe
If Wilson puts it through."
His answer came right back to me:
"Appreciate your needs . . .
Am sending in tomorrow's mail
Some lovely garden seeds."

I'm glad I have a Congressman
In Washington, D. C.,
His legislative efforts there
Mean Oh so much to me!
He is my representative,
For me his bosom bleeds,
And always when the Spring has come
He sends me garden seeds,
Radishes and lettuces,
Tomatoeses, cucumberses,
Such lovely garden seeds!



CONSERVING MOTHERS

I often hear some long haired guy,
In wild and frenzied anguish cry,
"Conserve the food, or else we'll die,
Some way or other;
Come make each mother strive and try —
It's up to mother.

"If there is any work to do,
An egg to fry, a lamb to stew,
A bun to bake, a drink to brew,
Let mother brew it;
And if the wash is needing blue —
Let mother blue it.

"Let mother rattle with the tub,
Let mother wash and rinse and rub,
Let mother sweep and scald and scrub
With wild elation;
Let mother do it — that's the nub!
"Twill save the nation!"

Oh, every day I hear 'em rave:
"The vista's dark, the outlook grave,
Expense we must cut and shave
To save the day, sir:
Let mother skimp, conserve and save
In every way, sir."

But I protest against this crew.
Why leave it all for her to do?
Conserving is the job for you
And me and others,
I'm going to start conserving, too —
Conserving mothers.

LINES BY A HORSE ON A BITTER COLD DAY

Beside me to the curb you're rolled,
And warm fur robes around you cast,
While I, uncovered, shake with cold
In blinding snow and chilling blast;
But I should be resigned, of course;
You are a flivver — I'm just a horse.

And it is right that robes of fur
Be wrapped around your fragile form,
For injury you might incur
If left uncovered to the storm —
While I will be immune, of course,
I'm not a car — I'm just a horse.

And standing naked all day long,
In wintry winds that cut like steel,
Is good for horses, who are strong —
But I confess, some grief I feel
That I was assembled by the Lord:
I wish it had been Henry Ford.

THE SWEET DRY AND DRY

They tell me this here prohibish'
Is good for fowl and flesh and fish,
That countless blessings ooze and flow
From flirting with the H 2 O,
And highballs made of rain and dew
Are very good for me and you. . . .

Well, mebbe so,
I dunno.

They say it's wrong to oil our gears
With ales and lickens, wines and beers,
That in the subtle Scotch and Rye
A host of tribulations lie
And all the world will better be
For sipping sody, pop and tea. . . .

Well, mebbe so,
I dunno.

The grape-juice babies tell us birds,
With many hand-embroidered words,
That we must drink instead of beers
This stuff that's put around the piers —
They call it water, now, I think,
But is the darn stuff fit to drink?

Well . . . mebbe so,
I dunno.

What will the seltzercooties do
When they've eliminated brew?
Why smokes and songs will follow rum,
Then candy, cheese and chewing gum,
They'll make the world so kind and sweet,
That life will be a wondrous treat.

Well, mebbe so,
I dunno.

WIM, WIGOR AND WICTORY WERSE

“You cannot keep a good man down,”
 Remarked some noble mutt,
Malicious dornicks tossed at him
 May crenulate his nut,
Outrageous slings and arrows trun
 By fortune ill may pot 'em,
But you cannot keep the good men down,
 You can't keep cream on the bottom.

The deftly wielded double-cross
 May catch you on the hip
And toss you on your vertebrae,
 But don't desert the ship;
The anvil crew may lay for you
 But never mind, dod rot 'em!
The big league man can't lose his nan,
 Cream won't stay on the bottom.

“You cannot keep a good man down,”
 As Jonah told the Whale,
Within his Webster's unabridged
 There's no such word as fail;
Such men come smiling from the floor
 Where uppercuts have sot 'em,
As I, perhaps, remarked before
 You can't keep cream on the bottom.

THERE AIN'T NO CURE FOR GOLF

(Written after reading a news story in which a doctor advocated golf as a cure for the inmates of insane asylums.)

Oh the freaky, foolish filbert can't be bettered
By swatting pesky pellets 'round a lot;
 There's a cure for any coco,
 That is flooey, cracked or loco,
But a cure for guys who golluf there is not,
 There is not!
A cure for guys who golluf there is not.

Merry mediocos meticulously messing
Around the haunts of cuckoo conks have got
 A squad of pills and bitters
 That will cure the goofy critters
But a cure for guys who golluf they have not,
 They have not!
A cure for guys who golluf there is not.

Oh, the onion that is batting in the minors,
The medulla oblongata gone to pot,
 May be traced to indigestion
 And be cured beyond a question
But a cure for guys who golluf there is not
 Not! Not!
A cure for guys who golluf there is not.

There's nepenthe for the bean that waxes balmy,
For the coco that is cuckoo they have got.
 Simple, bolus and elixir,
 That are guaranteed to fix 'er,
But a golluf panacea there is not,
 There is not!
Oh a golluf panacea there is not.

So I ask you like a brother, Mr. Doctor,
Don't let the filberts mashie, putt or swat,
 There are salves enough b'golly
 For the skwerl who's off his trolley,
But a cure for guys who golluf there is not,
 Alas! no!
A cure for guys who golluf there is not.

THE MUSKRATEER

As 'round the loop I daily snoop
I see a curious sort of goop,
All toggled out and walking in
Some fair-haired muskrat's favorite skin,
All wrapped in it from knee to ear
She walks, this curious Muskrateer.

And oh, it dessicates my mirth
To see how things are run on earth,
How little muskrats, dipped in dew,
Must give their hides to cover you,
The only hides they ever had —
Just thinking on it makes me sad.

And yet when gazing here and there
A Muskrateer that's passing fair
Anoints my orb with winsome wile
And I am forced to muse the while
And say, "They killed you, muskrat, eh?
But gosh, you're still in luck, I'll say!"

THE LITTLE QUAKER MAID REMARKS:—

It's wrong for men to watch me, still,
I like it.
They follow me against my will,
I like it.
They say such pretty things to me,
I know it's wrong as wrong can be,
I should not listen, but you see
I like it.

Sometimes to hold my hand they try,
I like it.
I do not understand just why
I like it.
They say that I am pretty, too,
I know I should not think that's true,
But what's a little girl to do?
I like it.

They call me "Little Quaker Maid,"
I like it.
They softly say, "Art thou afraid?"
I like it.
They whisper sweetly in my ear
A lot of things I should not hear,
I'm a naughty little girl,— Oh, dear,
I like it.

LINES TO A SAXAPHONE

You blear, barbaric beast,
I've often heard you moan,
And passionately pant and sigh,
And gargle, grunt and groan,
I've heard you stammer, heard you sneeze,
I've listened to your neigh,
I've heard you cough and snort and wheeze,
But I've never heard you *play*.

I've heard you crow all night,
And gurgle, spit and squeak,
I've heard you nicker, heard you bark
And squall and scream and shriek;
I've heard you hiccough, heard you howl,
And listened to your bay,
I've heard you grumble, heard you growl,
But I've never heard you *play*.

I've heard your guttural gamut
With the accent on the gutter,
I've speared your suspirations
And I hate the noise you utter;
I have heard you bleat and blather,
I have heard you bawl and bray,
Heard you worked up to a lather —
But I've *never* heard you *play*.

I DO NOT CARE

I do not care how grand the stones
They rear upon my weary bones,
How costly be the wreathes they lay
Above my poor, unworthy clay,
Nor what they say about me there,
I do not care.

I do not care how sad the hymn
That fills the solemn aisle and dim,
How lofty and impressive be
The sounding service meant for me,
How long and fervent be the prayer;
I do not care.

Just this is all I ask the day
I take the silent road and gray;
That on my simple stone they hew:
"Some little children loved him, too" . . .
What else they write about me there
I do not care.

LINES TO A CAFETERIA OR GLOM-SHOP
(After Byron)

The Aisles of Grease! The Aisles of Grease!
Where feeders trip it to the trough,
And grab their chance to glom a piece
Of fodder for the mid-day scoff,
(And scoff, I'd have you savvy, is
The scientific term for chow)
O, Aisles of Grease, you do some biz;
Kid Byron ought to see you now.

At noon we hook our shining tray
And shake a light fantastic toe,
To give your ensilage a play,
To win, to place, likewise to show;
On either side the victuals lie:
We spear them with a practiced hand,
The shy, seductive Cheese on Rye,
The blushing Egg, the blithe Ham-And.

The Pot Roast with the Spuds en bloc,
The Oysters on the Demi-Hull,
The Porcine Wrist, the Kindred Hock,
The Caviar Emptor (get me, cull?)
The salad a la K of C.
(Potato salad?) Thatta boy!
The Movie (custard) Pie, ah! me!
The Aisles of Grease are full of joy.

The Aisles of Grease! The Aisles of Grease!
I've walked among your trodden ways,
And found a gastronomic peace
That beggars pleonastic phrase;
Redundant rhymes and verbose verse
Your beamish beauties may not tell:
As Chaucer says, "You aint so worse,"
As Swinburne says, "You sure are swell."



A 'ORRIBLE 'YMN OF 'ATE

Of pernicious protoplasms
I have known some goophy runts
Who have druv me into spasms
With their irritating stunts;
And of pestilential persons
And exasperating eggs,
I have mingled with the worse' uns
I have drained the bitter dregs.

There are people who say "lookit"—
Whom I hate unto the core,
For the word I cannot brook it
I could glory in their gore;
There are people who say "listen"
Whom I'd madly, gladly kill . . .
But the super-pest is this 'un
In my categoric bill.

Ah, that pest of pests I meet him
Near my domiciliar hut,
And some morning I shall greet him
With a wallop on the nut,
I shall greet him and no other
With a sweet, resounding smack,
For he always calls me "Brother,"
And he slaps me on the back.

THE STRANGER

“Who’s that stranger Mother, dear?
Look! he knows us, ain’t he queer?”

“Hush my own, don’t talk so wild;
He’s your father, dearest child.”

“He’s my father? no such thing;
Father died away last Spring.”

“Father didn’t die, you dub,
Father joined a golfing club.

“But they closed the club, so he
Has no place to go, you see,

No place left for him to roam,
That is why he is coming home.”

“Kiss him . . . he won’t bite you, child —
All them golfing guys look wild.”

A PARENTAL ACCOMPLISHMENT

There's little in my head but pains,
No balance in my mental bank,
When someone handed out the brains
I drew a blank,
And yet my coco deftly toys
With stunts that certain genius takes;
I've learned to understand the noise
My daughter makes.

When first she said "Gee gee boo woo"
It didn't mean a thing to me,
But now it's easy to construe
Her code, e. g.
"Gee gee" I've learned is "Genevieve"
And "Boo woo" is a dog — or cat —
It takes a genius, I believe,
To figure that.

"Dow dow" is "down" and "gug" is "egg,"
But "gug gug gug" in this refrain
Means "Give me breakfast, shake a leg,
Or I'll raise Cain."
"Ray ray" is Rachael, "hup" means "Come
And warm my milk and get my chair."
"Mac mac" is me, her mother's "Mum" —
I'll say I'm there!

For though I have a loft to let
Unfurnished, 'too, and rather dark,
At learning dorothyese, you bet,
I'm quite a shark;
My conk a solitude enjoys
But my one stunt a genius takes;
Translating all the kinds of noise
My daughter makes.

MY BOYHOOD HERO

The hero of my boyhood days
 (As near as I recall)
Was not Aladdin, Charles the Great,
 Nor Brian Boru nor Paul,
Nor Socrates nor William Tell,
 Nor Hannibal a-tall.

But he who claimed my fealty
 And undivided cheers,
Whose form I see as I retrace
 The trail of vanished years,
Was a boy I used to know in school,
 Who'd learned to wag his ears.

I never longed when I was young
 To own a massive brain,
Nor lead a million men to war
 Nor sail the Spanish main,
Nor roam the world from pole to pole
 For honor or for gain.

No wistful wishes such as these
 Excited me to tears,
One thing alone I yearned to find
 Within my span of years —
I only prayed that I some day
 Would learn to move my ears.

P.S.— I have.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

You have a nice assortment
Of stratagems profound
That you are always showing off
When no one is around.
But when a visitor arrives
To whom we've sung your praise,
You are a small but perfect boob,
In fifty-seven ways.

When we're alone, you're awful smart
And stunts you have a score.
You know a coupla scales by heart
And sing them o'er and o'er;
You dance with airy, fairy grace
When we're alone, somehow,
But when a stranger's in the place,
You're graceful like a cow.

I tell my friends how cute you are,
Ingenious, clever, keen,
I praise you as a youthful star,
I boost your childish bean;
And when they come in gangs and herds
To see your wondrous tricks,
And hear your coruscating words,
Your brains are mostly nix.

It isn't right, it isn't fair,
It saps our vim and gimp,
We always bill you for a bear
And you turn out a simp;
And when my friends have slunk away
You're clever as of yore,
I tell them . . . but they sadly say,
"We've heard that stuff before."

THE MAIDS

One by one they come and go,
Thin, sebaceous, nimble, slow,
Every hue and every style,
Come to visit us a while,
Come to bring us some new sorrow,
Here today and gone tomorrow.
When you think that one is true
She has beat it P D Q.
One by one they come and go,
Ain't it so?

One by one, an endless string,
Summer, autumn, winter, spring,
Minnie, Mable, Hilda, Sue,
Bridget, Carrie, Lily, Lou,
Now and then a prize appears
(Once in every hundred years).
But, alas, they never stay,
Neighbors lure them kind away,
Curse the fiends who stoop to such,
We have never done it (much),
But the good ones they are few,
Ain't it true?

One by one they come and flee,
What a curse it's got to be!
Every week another cove
Cranking up the kitchen stove;
Some just couldn't if they would,
Others wouldn't if they could
And the latest one to call
Always is the worst of all.
Will it never, never cease?
Will we ever get some peace?
Them are mighty harsh words, Nell,
But ain't it hell!

A FELLER NEVER CARES ABOUT
THE OTHER FELLER'S KID

When loving fathers rush to me with high lights in
their glims,
And prattle of their cunning hers and supercunning
hims,
How booful lil Squijums is a fool for orange juice,
How she can hold her head straight up and warble
like Carus',
How soon she learned her toeses are impervious to
munchin'—
When on her back how cutely she rolls over on her
luncheon—
O when a loony father comes and blabbers thus to me
I counter with a lecture on my cunning progenee!
Why shouldn't I ignore the tricks his little shaver did?
A feller never cares about the other feller's kid!

When youthful fathers come to me with chests of
wondrous size,
And tell me what their offspring did I do not feign
surprise,
I do not arch my brows a bit, I do not catch my
breath,
The crudest thing my kiddy does has got 'em skinned
to death!
I do not even listen as they strum the golden strings—
I may say "Yes?" or "Ain't that nice!" or other
friendly things;
A smile of sweet benevolence may decorate my dial,
But just the same my innards may be coming to a
"bile."
Why should I get excited over what his young 'un
did?
A feller never cares about the other feller's kid!

You protoplasmic papas with the flabbergasting geeks,
I've listened to your gibber now for many weary weeks.
You may have thought you stunned me with the
wonders you unveiled,
When I was merely hatching up a scheme to have you
jailed;
You may have thought I listened when you told me
of your brat —
But I was merely hankering to swat you on the slat!
O save your blather while you may, it isn't any use —
You bull for your bambino, but I pull for my pa-
poose —
You'll never get a rise from me on what your snoodles
did,
For a feller never cares about the other feller's kid!

WHEN BILLY SPEAKS

When Billy speaks,
Gesticulates and chins the bar and shrieks
At Beelzebub and all his impish geeks
He does it, pretty swell,
He does
Becuz
His langwidge has a strong, sulphuric smell —
He knows how to give the devils h — !
(And, on the level,
What more appropriate gift to give a devil?)

When Billy speaks
He grabs our murky conscience by the breeks
And beats it to a palpitating pulp
While Satan runs around and hollers "Hulp!"
And all the minor devils, bales on bales,
All sit around a-holding of their tails,
Emitting curdling cries and woozy wails,
For Billy's put their business on the blink:
The sinful goop
Escapes the coop,
Escapes the toils of sin and all that stuff,
He hits the trail, the narrow trail and rough,
Forswears the ice cream den and Hinky Dink,
The cunning cognescenti and the classes,
The devilish demitasses,
And all the vicious lure of choc'late sody
He passes up for Billy and for Rody.

When Billy speaks
To all us sinful geeks
We brighten up the corner where we are
In case it ain't the corner of a bar,
And start the Glidden tour to Heaven's gate
(Though some of us get started rather late —)

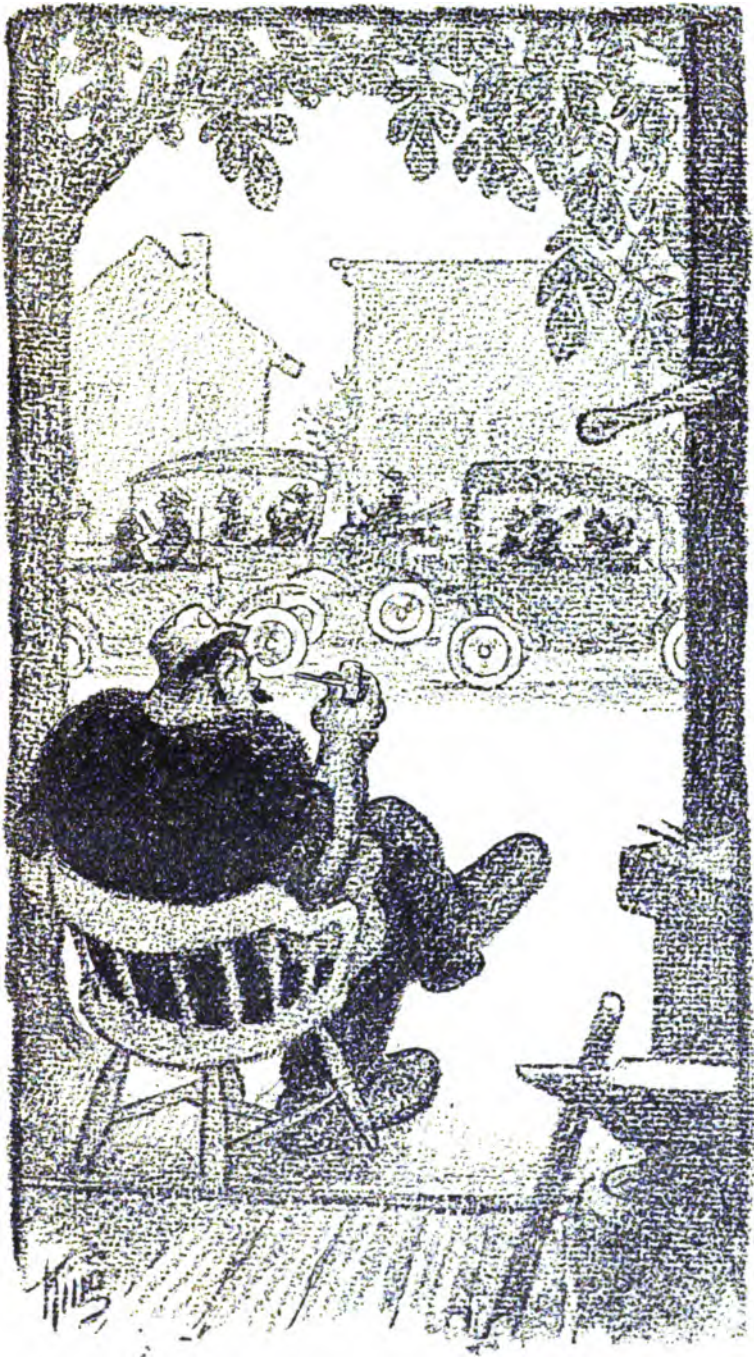
At least we start the tour,
Of that we're pretty sure,
And though we may not reach the first control,
When Billy speaks we think we see the goal;
An easy goal to reach,
If we forswear the movie and the beach,
The gumdrop and the chocolate éclair,
Banana splits, the wicked, sinful snare,
And if we conscientiously forbear
To dance or sing or shout, except in prayer,
Salvation then will come to all us geeks;
At least that's what I glean
When Billy speaks.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH REVISED

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smith may stand
And hammer with his sledge till he
Has bunions on his hand,
And rivulets of perspirash
Meander o'er his phiz.
I envy not his occupash
Nor hanker for his biz.

Week in, week out, from morn 'till night,
He sits beneath his tree
And flivvers pass him in their flight,
Sweet Land of Flivverty!
And he is full of meaty might,
Of wigor, werve, and wim,
But there is not a horse in sight
Except the horse on him.

He sees beside his chestnut tree
The flivvers fly pell-mell,
He wishes very earnestly
That they would go to—grass,
For they have put him on the bum,
And likewise on the fritz,
And there he sits and sits and sits
And sits and sits and sits.



IN WHICH WE CONSIDER STRIKES

It was a pleasant evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
He was a walking delegate,
Likewise a sonuvagun.
"It's pretty dull," he said to me;
"I guess I'll call a strike," said he.

"But strikes are awful things," said I,
"They cause a lot of woe.
When calling strikes no doubt that you
Have cause for doing so?"
To me he made this strange reply:
"I do not need a reason why.

"When times are good I call a strike
Because I think I should,
When times are bad I call a strike
Because they are not good."
"Why do you call one now?" I cried.
"There ain't no reason," he replied.

So from their prosperous pleasant jobs,
Old Kaspar called his men,
And after they'd been out awhile
He sent them back again.
And the strikers muse and say, "Be gee,
Why is it called a Victory?"

LINES ON THE REAL CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Within the last short week or so
The world has changed, I'd have you know.

The maid is always here on time,
Her work is neat, her eats sublime;

The janitor is sweet and gay,
He even gave us heat today;

The milkman doesn't tramp the stairs,
Or holler like a flock of bears;

The grocery boy is too polite,
For him it doesn't seem just right;

The mailman on his morning rounds
Greets me and mine with pleasant sounds;

The elevator man is kind,
The office boy has learned to mind;

My yearly smile today I smiled;
I found my papers neatly filed;

Oh, why are they so pleasant,
And serve me with a thrill?
They think they'll get a present,
A lovely Christmas present —
They're sure they'll get a present —
And they will.
(Maybe.)

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa Claus: I take my pen
In hand tonight to write
A list of things you must not bring
My girl on Monday night;
A list of gifts that we will treat
As deadly contraband —
Of which we strongly disapprove,
For which we will not stand.

You must not bring my girl a drum
For she makes noise enough,
Or dolls with sawdust giblets, for
She can't digest the stuff;
Don't bring her colored fairy books,
I ask you for her sake —
She finished one a month ago
And got the tummy ache.

We draw the line on wooden blocks,
She drops them, as she goes,
Where I can step on them at night
And break my fragile toes,
Or else she lightly tosses them
Through sundry window-panes —
Where they can fall on passersby
And spatter out their brains.

Don't bring her gooey candy sticks —
She puts them in my hat
Or toy balloons — she jumps on these,
Or ties them to the cat.
If you must bring her Christmas gifts
Then bring a nobler kind,
The sort of gift that stirs the soul
And elevates the mind.

Bring classic statues, cunning brass,
And art profound and chaste;
Bring tomes of amaranthine verse —
Let's cultivate her taste.
She's eighteen months of age today —
The age to start her right;
That's why I take my pen in hand
To write to you tonight.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

His ears were torn and tattered,
And furrows ridged his neck;
He looked just like the Hesperus,
Our most successful wreck,
Or like the little boy who paused
Upon the burning deck.

“What battle were you in,” I cried,
“That you should look this way?
Were you in Rheims or Wipers
Upon some flaming day,
Or were you fighting on the Marne?
O, tell me, sir, I pray.”

“You’ve got me wrong,” he whispered;
“I joined no fighting crew,
I never shelled a submarine
Upon the briny blue.
It must be quiet though, compared
To what I’ve just been through.”

Said I: “You have mislaid an ear
And dropped a nose somewhere,
And through your rents and apertures
The sun is shining fair —
And all this happened over here,
And not, sir, over there?”

He bowed his poor dismantled head
And softly did he say:
“The ones who took me all apart
And done me up this way
Were forty thousand women, sir,
Who shopped on me today.”

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