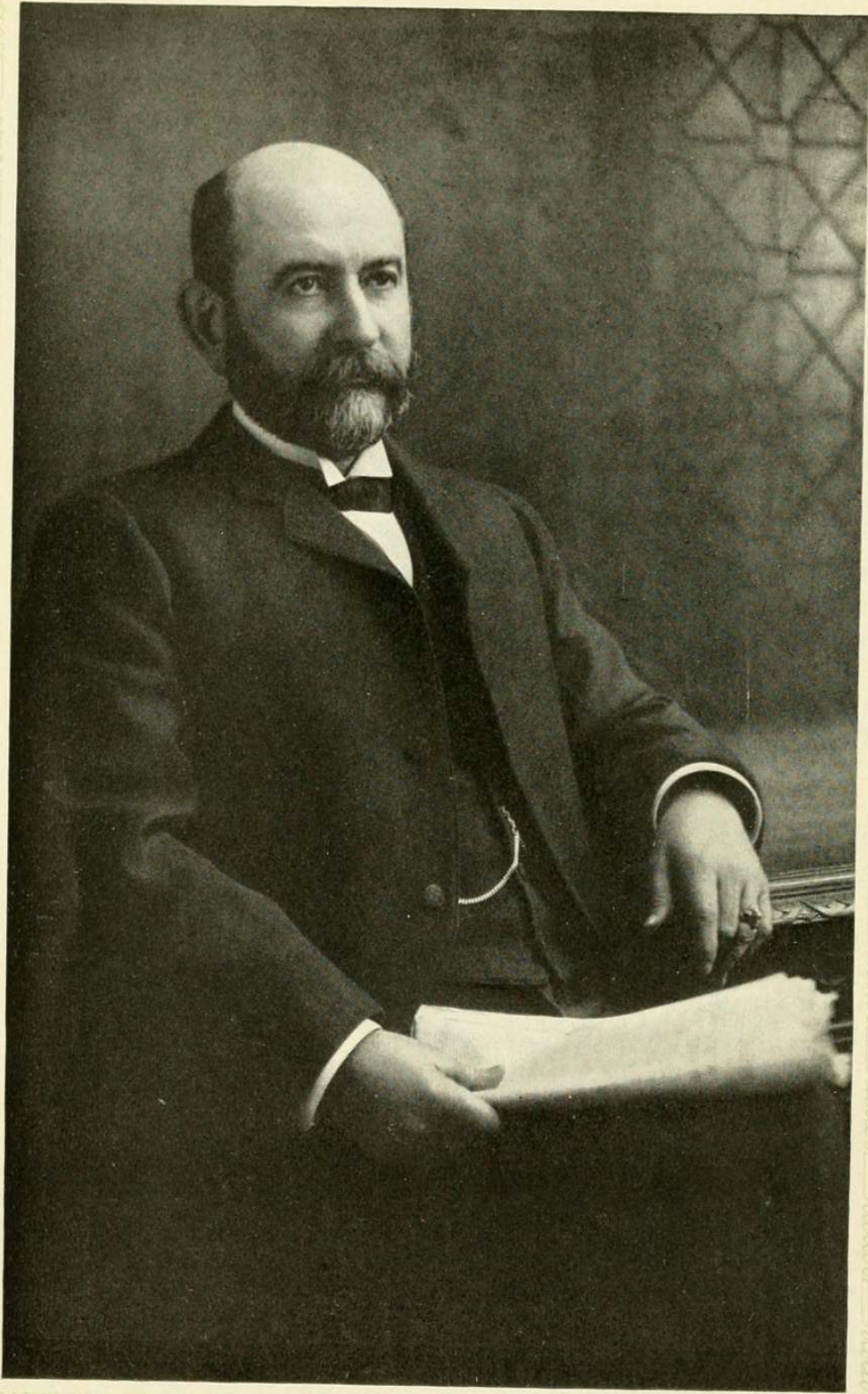




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OLD-FASHIONED VERSES



*W. Hornaday*

# OLD-FASHIONED VERSES

*By*

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

“E’en though thy muse aspire to viewless heights,  
Strain not thy pinions in too lofty flights.  
Remember, ere thy thought is given birth,  
The man who reads it dwells upon the earth.”

—*Ode to a Poet.*

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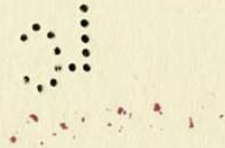
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this is Number \_\_\_\_\_ . Inscribed by the author  
for*

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## INVOCATION

*Here, all alone in the forest wide,  
I'll build me a comrade fire,  
Hoping its gleams will lead to my side  
The friends of my heart's desire.*



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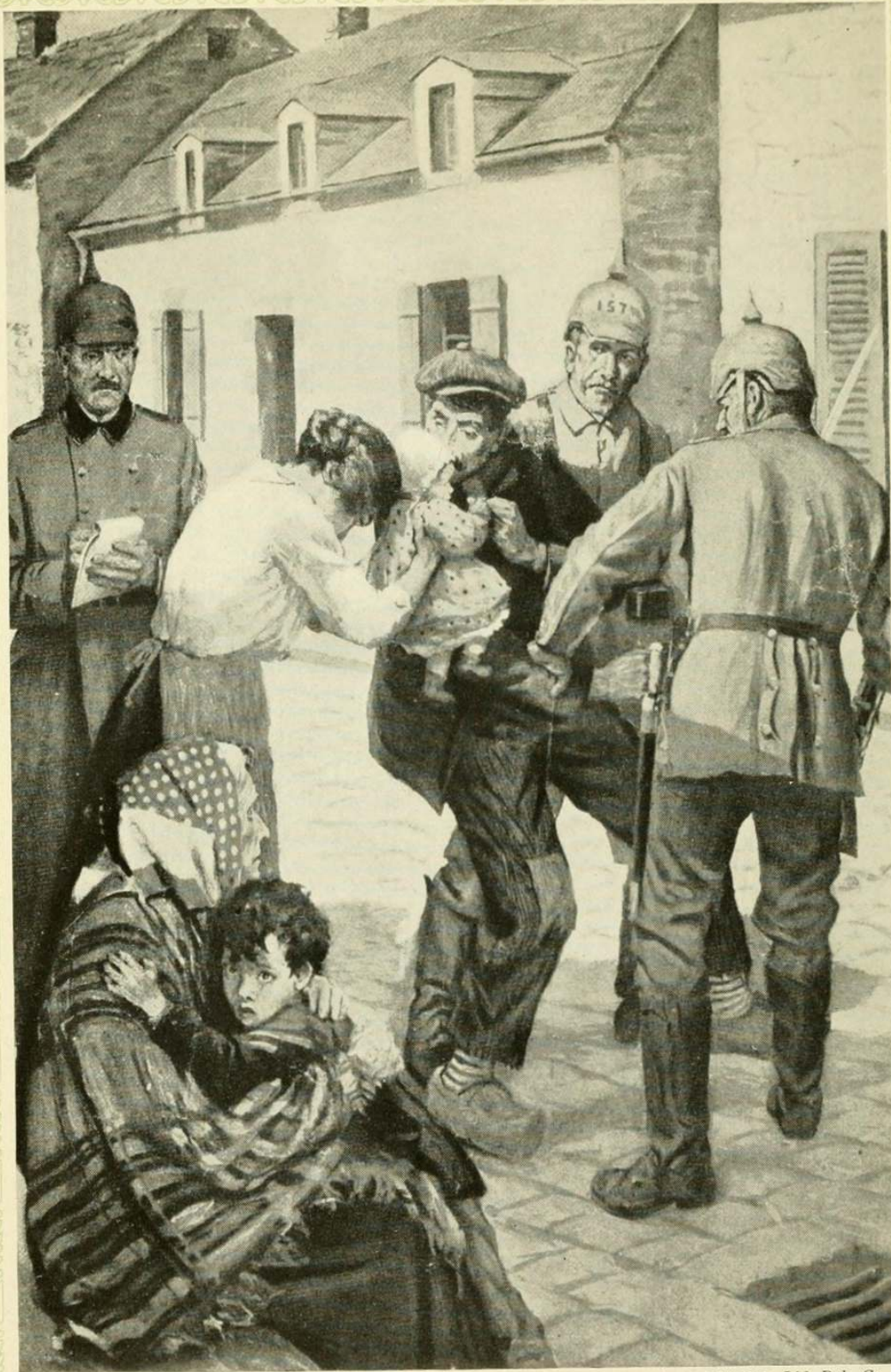
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WAR AND THE AFTERMATH

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### THE ENSLAVEMENT OF BELGIUM

"Until earth's final sun has set,  
This fickle world shall not forget  
The Price that Belgium paid."



## BELGIUM

THE summer sun on Belgium shone,  
A land most fair to see.  
Soft hummed the wheels of joyous life,  
No sign was there of war or strife,  
And all the land was free.

To Belgium's calm and pleasant land  
A Hun gorilla stalked.  
A club engaged one hairy hand,  
The other swayed a blazing brand;  
The earth reeked where he walked.

All Belgium's men rushed forth to meet  
The monster on the plain.  
The pygmy dared the giant's wrath,  
And bravely blocked his reeking path,  
To halt him, or be slain.

The monster wrecked that peaceful land,  
—Black curses on him be!—  
He burned and slew, in brutal wrath,  
He clove a wide and bloody path  
From Louvain to the sea.

Oh, Belgium! Small, but great of heart,  
Thy courage was divine.  
Oh, Belgium! Bled at every vein,  
May this world never see again  
Such Sacrifice as thine.

On Freedom's altar blazing high  
Thy treasures all were laid.  
Until earth's final sun has set,  
This fickle world shall not forget  
The Price that Belgium paid.

## THE LION CALLS HIS CUBS

*A Lion lay sleeping alone by the sea;  
No anger pervaded his somnolent jaws.  
His long golden frontlet was fanned by the breeze,  
And in peace and contentment he slept on his paws.  
All his cubs save the youngest were roaming afar,  
Wherever the four winds of heaven are loose.  
The old Lion slept, never dreaming of war,  
And his mighty left arm had grown weak from disuse,*

. . . . .

**H**ARK! What roar is that, now bursting, on the silence of the dawn?  
Sounds like imps and furies, fighting! Savage beasts are coming on!  
Hordes are rushing to destroy him, wind and limb, ere set of sun,  
It's the mad bulls and the wolf packs, from the forests of the Hun.

Quick upsprang the sleeping Lion, rushed to grapple with his foes,  
And full half of them were scattered by the fury of his blows;  
But the others closed around him in interminable ranks,  
Fiercely striving, madly driving at his unprotected flanks.

Then the monarch paused a moment and sent forth a mighty roar.  
Such far-sounding call to battle he had never sent before.  
Piercing skyward, pealing earthward, swept afar by ocean's breeze,  
It resounded and rebounded, clear across the seven seas.

Wheresoever lions wandered, from the farthest ends of  
earth,  
It recalled the cubs for battle to the dam that gave them  
birth.  
That resounding roar aroused them from their toil and  
at their play,  
And their answer is engraven till the final Judgment Day.

First from high and low in England sprang the vanguard  
of the fray,  
And its blood poured out like water that is spilled and  
runs away.  
From the Scot's land and from Erin hurried forth an  
angry host,  
And upon my soul, without them might the battle have  
been lost.

From the Ottawa and Yukon to Newfoundland's icy  
shore,  
From the Kalahari Desert to hot steaming Singapore,  
From Nairobi to the Niger, from the Cape to Callao,  
Lion whelps by armies gathered and rushed home to tear  
the foe.

In the farthest southern ocean, lo! what miracles were  
wrought!  
Far Australia and New Zealand full the Lion's spirit  
caught.  
From the plains and from the mountains, farm and mine  
and hut and town,  
Angry hordes of gallant Anzacs swarmed the roads and  
hurried down.

But in India, my hearties, was the greatest wonder seen,  
Where the Potsdam leper counted on "revolt" to inter-  
vene.

There the cubs of brief adoption wildly rushed to offer  
aid,  
At the feet of their protector were their lives and for-  
tunes laid.

Sure the world ne'er saw aught like it, this great onrush  
of his sons,  
To support the British Lion in his battle with the Huns.  
British liberty and justice to the races of the earth  
Brought forth parti-colored millions from the lands that  
gave them birth.

In support of British Empire came a hundred races hence,  
To uphold their flag of freedom, or to die in its defense;  
And this spectacle stupendous men will note with awe  
and wonder,  
While the empires of the despots are cast down and torn  
asunder.

## THE GREATEST SEA DRAMA

*THE war produced many sea dramas; the most of them terribly tragic, a very few grimly humorous. Viewed purely as a theatrical composition, by far the greatest sea drama of the war was the two-act piece played by Craddock, Spee and Sturdee in the southern ocean, in December, 1914, and January, 1915. The first act was set in half a gale, on the stormy waters of the Pacific, opposite Coronel, off the coast of Chile. The second act was on calm and sunlit waters, in the South Atlantic, off Patagonia, with the Falkland Islands as the most important set piece of stage property.*

*The first act was a plain tragedy. The second was a battle so sudden, so calm and yet so sweepingly complete that as sea warfare goes, it was grimly ludicrous.*

*The battle of Jutland was a far greater event, but as a drama it was hopeless. It was a confusing maze of fleet and squadron movements, and even with a good map before you, the longer one studies the motif of the British fleet and the resultant action, the less one understands it all. At first the results were so obscure that the Huns loudly proclaimed a great "victory." On paper they almost got away with it, partly owing to the excessive and at times painful modesty of the British.*

*The bottling up of Zeebrugge was a superbly dramatic composition, but it was played on a dark stage, and the most of its effects thereby were lost.*

# THE AVENGING OF CRADDOCK

A Tale from the "*Glasgow*."

## ACT I. *The Tragedy.*

OFF Chile's shore, my lads, the sea ran high,  
And night was falling with an angry sky.  
'Twas bitter cold that day, and you well know  
How hard it is to shoot when tempests blow.

Up from the south came Craddock's tiny fleet,—  
Too small, my lads, for what it had to meet.  
The Monmouth and the Good Hope were his best,  
And light old Canopus was farther west.

Down from the north came steaming Speck von Spee,  
Against the land, all snug and running free.  
You couldn't see them, lads, through all that murk  
Save when their blooming guns flashed at their work.

Craddock ought not have tackled Spee that night;  
But when a British fleet is out to fight  
There's no such thing as going on the blink.  
Guns or no guns, it's fight and win, or sink!

The Scharnhorst surely had some awful guns,  
And those chaps shot amazing well for Huns.

They held the record for the high seas' fleet,  
And from the first they had poor Craddock beat.

Our ships were silhouetted on the sky;  
The German's range was easy; that is why  
The Huns achieved so many bloody hits,  
And Monmouth and Good Hope were shot to bits.

Hulled scores of times, on fire and piled with dead,  
Through shot holes in their sides the fire showed red.  
The Good Hope and poor Craddock soon went down,  
And Spee, the swine, left every man to drown.

The cruiser Glasgow? Yes, she got away,  
Her lack of armor saved her from the fray.  
The Monmouth? Never heard of. Not a spark!  
She just limped off and foundered in the dark.

### *BETWEEN THE ACTS.*

*When the curtain rang down on Craddock, it was Sturdee  
that got his cue,*

*And before the clock had twice gone 'round the stage was  
set anew.*

*From England out to the Falklands, far down in the  
southern sea,*

*Some real ships rushed southward to mop up Speck von  
Spee.*



ACT II. *The Comedy.*

Flooded with morning sunshine, rising sheer and steep,  
The western front of the Falklands looked helpless and  
half asleep,  
At the mercy of any rover while sitting still in the sun,  
While down from the north came a hostile fleet, flushed  
with a battle won.

Speck von Spee came sailing, a happy smile on his face,  
Looking for easy conquests and an air-tight naval base.  
Port Stanley looked so helpless, the Falklands looked so  
mild,  
To the Hun it seemed like the taking of candy from a  
child.

As the Scharnhorst opened the harbor's mouth, "Mein  
Gott!" cried Speck von Spee,  
"Mein Gott and donnerwetter! Whateffer do I see!  
How ever did they get hier? Their ships are equal to  
mine!  
I'm tricked into equal fighting by the verdammt English  
swine."  
One look he gave at Invincible, at Inflexible once looked  
he;  
As he saw he was sold, his feet grew cold, and he fled  
for the open sea.

No; it wasn't "luck" at all, my lads, that eighteen hours  
before  
The Sturdee fleet had butted in on the Falklands rocky  
shore.

It was British navy get-there that drove those vessels  
south,  
But it sure *was* luck that brought von Spee straight into  
the lion's mouth.

Out came the ships of Sturdee, as calm as a summer sea,  
And sailed along politely with the fleet of Speck von Spee.  
There was not a bit of excitement, no hurry or flurry at  
all,  
And they piped all hands to dinner before they opened  
the ball.

The thing that pleased the gunners, the thing that set  
things right  
Was the everlasting assurance it would be an even fight.  
An even fight with the British, hammering gun for gun,  
Always was gall and wormwood to the craven heart of  
the Hun.

Like ten-pins in a row, my lads, six ships were lost by  
Spee,  
And only the Dresden got away to tell that tale of the  
sea.  
Who? Sturdee? Never a one lost he. For him the fight  
was mild.  
'Twas him that took the candy from the hand of the  
bloomin' child.

## THE GIRLS OF LILLE

THE lurid war-clouds backward roll;  
Slow Peace has come at last.  
Be not a coward, O my soul,  
In dealing with the Past.

The wounds of Belgium and France  
Are raw and bleeding yet.  
The Hun makes "kamerad" advance,  
And begs us to forget.

The tale of German horrors done  
Shall be engraved on steel.  
Each year we'll reckon, one by one,  
The stolen girls of Lille.

Doomed to a fate I may not tell,  
And shrieking led away,  
The girls of Lille went forth to hell,  
Five thousand in a day.

Ask not their fate. The die is cast.  
Not one was heard of more.  
God's judgment shall avenge the past,  
But the heart of France is sore.

Not while the world is turning yet,  
And human hearts can feel,  
Will we condone or once forget  
The vanished girls of Lille.

## AMERICA UNLEASHED

FOR months and years the guns boomed forth the fear-  
some voice of war,  
And the smoke of deadly battles rolled to heaven—from  
afar.

The Hun was loose for conquest, for loot and rule by  
    **Might,**  
And the Allies strove against him for Man's inherent  
    **Right.**

For three long years of slaughter the Teuton clock went  
    'round,  
And the blood of murdered nations cried to heaven from  
    the ground.

America, fast fettered, stood chafing, straining, dumb,  
While she drank her cup of horrors from Teuton torch  
    and bomb.

The Allies in the trenches to Columbia looked in vain,  
Our country spelled neutrality, and dragged a ball and  
    chain.

“How long, O Lord,” our fighters cried, with eyes across  
    the sea,

“Will the Huns in France and Flanders be held immune  
    to me?”

The world beheld and wondered, and men's cheeks flushed  
    with shame,

Like the glow of burning churches whose towers are  
    licked by flame.

Our land of law and justice, where Freedom's torch still  
    burned,

Stood neutral, bound and passive, insulted, bullied,  
    spurned.

But at last the nightmare ended. At last the giant woke,  
And freedom forged her weapons for a quick and heavy  
stroke.

Now, aye beware the fury of him that's slow to wrath.  
Take heed of his intentions; if wrong, keep out his path.

The boy rose from his daily bread, and faced his Uncle  
Sam.

The kind old eyes looked into his; he swiftly raised his  
palm.

In solemn tones the Old Man said, "I need you now, my  
son!"

"I'm ready, Chief," the soldier cried, "Hand out my pack  
and gun!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The navy lay ready and waiting the word that would set  
it free,

And the moment the leash was unfastened those bulldogs  
and hounds of the sea

Rushed straight to the region of warfare, to dare all the  
dangers afloat,

And they covered the Service with glory while holding  
the Hun by the throat.

The news was flashed through the ocean, it spread  
throughout England and France,

It electrified London and Paris, it stiffened the Allies'  
advance.

It swept through the trenches and hangars, it thrilled the  
wires far and wide;

Men paused at their cannon and harkened. "The Yanks  
are coming!" they cried.

Unleashed were America's millions! Flamed up the fires  
of her men!

Young women, too, put on the khaki, the old became  
active again.

The rich rushed to join the colors, the poor swiftly an-  
swered the call;

The stay-at-homes shouldered their burdens, and Service  
then equalized all.

Like a lake that has burst its embankment and sweeps  
the whole world from its path,

So America drove to the conflict, seething with vigor and  
wrath.

The nation let loose from its fetters rushed to the battle  
of guns,

Straight to the heart of the conflict, crazy to conquer the  
Huns.

Hot were the fires of the forges, loud roared the ham-  
mers and wheels;

With clanging and banging the cannon rolled outward  
with shells at their heels.

Two millions of toilers wrought sweating to back up The  
Boys far away,

And rivers of dollars flowed outward, to wash out the  
sins of delay.

All silent and darkened, the troop-ships sped outward  
and over the seas,

An ominous, endless procession, swarming with militant  
bees.

And up from the sea to the trenches went flowing great  
rivers of men,

Husky, reliant and deadly as ever their foeman may ken.

For mile after mile rolled the cannon, by motor, by rail  
and by horse;  
Choked were the roads with processions of endless supplies for The Force.  
Driving like mad for the trenches, swearing at halt and delay,  
America's forces swept onward, straight to the heart of the fray.

Now shout for the brave of Thierry; with the men of Belleau you may dance,  
For smashed was the spear-head that pointed so straight at the vitals of France.  
Yes, read all you like of the Argonne, and how it was cleared of the Hun,  
But never can History grasp it, nor comprehend how it was done.

And then, after four years of waiting that damnable salient fell,  
Like a cyclone the Yanks swept before them the Teuton imps out of Mihiel.  
And the Hindenburg line in Picardy, a-running its insolent course,  
Got a smash that will last it forever, from the Yanks of the Overseas Force.

Here's a toast to the men of our Army. As fine as the finest are they!  
Here's a health to the men of our Navy,—the first to get into the fray.  
To our Airmen we wave admiration; their part they did bravely and well.  
And on Congress we serve an injunction to keep all the Huns in their hell.



## THE WAR'S ALPHABET\*

A is an Airplane, speedy and light,  
B is a Battleship ready to fight.

C is a Cannon, a very large gun,  
D is a Dugout, made by a Hun.

E is an Ensign at a great height,  
F is our Flag, for which we will fight.

G is for Gas mask, a good thing in war,  
H is the Hun whom all men abhor.

I is for Italy, an ally so brave,  
J is for war Junk, worthless to save.

K is a King of noble repute,  
L stands with Vandals for nothing but Loot.

M is a Monitor, low in the sea,  
N is a Newspaper, precious to me.

O is the Ocean where battleships fight,  
P is a Periscope taking a sight.

Q is a Queen who played a brave part,  
R is a Russian, with a sad heart.

S is a Soldier brave, rifle in hand,  
T is for Tank, a terror on land.

---

\*This is intended to serve as the basis of an exercise for children, in selecting and cutting out pictures appropriate to the letters, and pasting them in a scrap-book, with the letters at the tops of the pages. It is permissible for the advice of adults to be taken on the most difficult letters, such as K and Q.

U is a U-boat, under the waves,  
V is a Vandal, most wicked of knaves.

W is a Watch on a soldier boy's Wrist,  
X is an X-Ray to find what is missed.

Y is a Yank, and a jolly good man,  
Z is a Zeppelin that kills all it can.

## THE GIANT OF THE SEA

*To England, from Liberty Street, December 7, 1918.*

**B**ESIDE the sea a Giant stands  
With dented shield, but stainless hands.  
His wounds are sore, but unafraid  
He grasps his full victorious blade,  
And gazes out upon the sea  
To welcome Peace and Victory.

Across the North Sea's stormy breast  
A mighty column, steaming west,  
With vulture ensigns waving high  
Now darkly looms against the sky.  
The high seas fleet of beaten Hun,  
Whose craven race is fully run,  
Comes forth, at last, from hiding-place,  
To meet his "Tag," full face to face.

Since first the flight of Time began,  
Since first wild beasts made war on man,  
Since first old ocean rolled afar,  
No man e'er saw such end of war!  
Beat down at sea by England's fight,  
Beat up on land by Allied might,  
The foe of freedom went to smash,  
With sudden and resounding crash.  
The world, amazed, stood still to view  
The Hun blow up, so high he blew.

The Giant stood beside the sea  
That British power had rendered free,  
And saw in crushing victory  
The fightless warships of the Hun  
Delivered without sound of gun.  
Mile after mile of ships afar,—  
By courtesy called ships of “war,”—  
Swam into range of allied guns,  
And, silent all, the craven Huns  
With joy ran down their vulture flags,  
Glad to yield up those useless rags,  
Glad to escape on that dread sea  
Another Jutland victory.

Great honor unto Britain be,  
Whose gallant heroes held the sea  
For weary weeks and months and years,  
In silence grim, devoid of fears,  
Determined that the end should show  
A beaten and well punished foe.

Slack not, O Ally, at the last  
In taking vengeance for the Past.  
Take eye for eye and tooth for tooth,  
And give the Hun his own dread ruth.  
That, only can he understand,  
And take to heart from out your hand.  
*Maintain your Navy's guarantee  
Of world-wide freedom of the sea.*  
The Hun is now your deadly foe;  
When he can strike, beware the blow.  
Beware that false and brutal horde.  
Henceforward, never sheathe thy sword!

## IF THEY COULD KNOW

*To the Allies' Dead, November 22, 1918.*

IF God would give that They might know,  
In rugged trench and storm-beat sea  
The downfall of the beaten foe,  
The joy of sweeping Victory,  
—They'd sleep in peace, if They could know.

Brave hearts in shades of blue and brown,  
To balk the Hun on land and sea  
Risked life and all, went bravely down  
That Home and Country might be free.  
—If They could know, how glad They'd be!

Could They have seen that craven fleet,  
Brave Craddock's men could reason why.  
Could They have seen that Hun retreat,  
The Allies' dead would peaceful lie.

*God, make Them know the Victory!*



## IN RUSSIA

**A**DIEU to aristocracy of Mind.  
To genius we bid a sad farewell.  
Behold! The sodden mass of humankind  
Seizes the steering wheel and rings the bell.

The ship of state glides backward at full speed,  
With chart and compass flung far overside.  
The wheel is held by Ignorance and Greed,  
The steersmen all defy both wind and tide.

Mind matters not. They only pause to count  
The stupid units of the human race.  
Two dolts outvote one sermon on the mount,  
Two apes can vote one angel from his place.

The masses rule, that never ruled before;  
An empire's fate the toy of rustic fools.  
Chaos and Famine sit within the door,  
Intelligence, dethroned, no longer rules.

Down with all thrift, experience and brains.  
Up with the rule of cattle from the fields.  
Down with your fortune while one coin remains;  
On with the chaos sceptred Folly yields.

Woe to the land engulfed by wicked fools;  
Pity the people floundering in lies.  
Woe to the land where beastlike Muscle rules.  
Pity the masses who destroy the Wise.

Oh, Russia! Will thy sorrows never cease?  
Will Reason once again regain her throne?  
Will blood and famine ever lead to peace?  
When will the Russians come unto their own?



## THE GREAT DIVIDE

SOMETHING for nothing! They shall not pass!"  
The high-browed Socialist cried.

"Down with the capitalistic class!  
Up with the raw proletariat mass!  
Hurrah for the great divide!"

"Something for nothing!" The Anarchist came  
Fresh from the other side.  
Alien in heart and alien in name,  
Bankrupt in gratitude, sense and shame,  
He shrieks for the great divide.

"Something for nothing! No work, high pay!"  
The I. W. W. decide.  
"Welcome the dawn of our sabotage day.  
Unless you are given your sovereign way,  
Destroy the machine, and set fire to the hay!  
Hurrah for the great divide!"

"Something for nothing," the Bolsheviks yell,  
Sweeping all order aside.  
"Give us your lands and your goods as well,  
Your all, or we'll send your souls to hell!  
Now cometh the great divide."

\* \* \* \* \*

In Russia a wife of the great divide  
Stands dazedly counting her dead.  
Before her a barren grain-field lies;  
Beyond her the smokeless factories rise;  
Beside her the voice of Famine cries,  
"Hurrah for a crust of bread!"



## THE GARDENS OF HATE

**H** FRIEND of mine owns a queer garden;  
His work in it never is done.  
While it may look as old as the mountains,  
It is something new under the sun.  
Its plants all are tough and enduring;  
Its flowers bloom early and late;  
And because of the way it's maturing,  
I call it a Garden of Hate.

Come in, and I'll show you the posies;  
I often walk in here alone.  
You will know many beds without asking;  
Perhaps you have some of your own.

The first one you see is the Torch-Flower.  
It looks like red flame, does it not?  
In Belgium and France 'twas abundant;  
It grew around palace and cot.  
And here is a new kind of Blood-Bush.  
It springs where an innocent dies.  
The plant was developed at Roubaix  
Where a crucified girl lost her eyes.

Now this is the Bayonet Flower,  
Quite shaped like a sword, as you see,  
Suggesting maltreated French children,  
And Hun soldiers out on a spree.

This Bomb-Flower developed in London,  
But sprang up in hospitals since.

I think of the nurses and wounded.  
You are English? No wonder you wince.  
Yonder blossom with long-streaming petals  
So white and so pale, waving free,  
Is the Submarine Beauty of Tirpitz,  
Recalling the dead of the sea.

These roots are all German productions,  
And they never will die or decay.  
Right here they will rotate and prosper  
Till the dawn of God's ultimate Day.  
There are millions of gardens like this one,  
That stand for the logic of Fate.  
The Huns hang their heads when they pass them,  
For *they* made the Gardens of Hate.

## THE CONSUMER

O H, I'm a bold consumer man;  
I work just for my health.  
I toil and pay as best I can,  
To swell the nation's wealth.

I dearly love the profiteer,  
Who holds the inside track.  
He marks his goods up twice a year,  
And rides upon my back.

My landlord grieves when Boss forgets  
To raise my monthly pelf,  
And so to soothe my vain regrets  
He raises me himself.

The coal man is to me most dear,  
To him I'm like a son.  
I help him make a million clear  
By paying twelve a ton.

The farmer "fights" with costly meat,  
And sky-high wheat and corn.  
His table groans with things to eat,  
While mine looks some forlorn.

The shipyard man gets eight per day,  
The miner gets much more.  
The railroad man gets double pay,  
And all I get is sore.

I'm rushed for bonds three times a year,  
Red Cross and K. of C.,  
Y. M. C. A. and Christmas "cheer,"  
—They one and all strike me.

I wonder if the day will come,  
Ere I'm laid on the shelf,  
When I can have one little sum  
To spend upon—*myself!*

## NEW STANDARDS

THE hurricane of war has passed; its millions have  
been spent.

In millions lie its victims "in one red burial blent."

The world has seen another flood, of flame and blood and  
tears,

And Lasting Peace has come, at last,—to "last" for fifteen  
years!

Amid the ruins of the Past, new standards have been set,  
New similes have been struck off that men will not  
forget.

This coinage of a wicked war will pass from hand to  
hand,

And some thereof will hold their place, long as the world  
may stand.

### *For Example:*

Men will say when a pace is in question,

"As swift as a Yankee advance."

And when greatness stands up to be measured,

'Twill be "Great as the glory of France."

When losers whine loudest we'll taunt them,—

"You squeal like the Huns in defeat."

And of fighters who shrink from a combat

Say, "they hide like the big German fleet."

When wisdom is up for inspection,

It's "bright as the genius of Foch";

But when Crime is in line for detection

It is "black as the heart of a boche."

When zeal looks about for a measure,

It's "keen as a war-hungry Yank."

But when Fear is beset by its foemen,

It "runs like a Hun from a tank."

Of all people deadly destructive,  
Who mark out the wickedest way,  
The Bolsheviks stand, unproductive,  
And "deadly as cobras" are they.

When rascals are flouting our country,  
And Treason is swift on the draw,  
We think of the sloths of the tropics,  
—"As slow as American law."

When Tommy is wrapped up in cotton,  
And treats all his wounds as a joke,  
But he feels that his luck has been "rotten,"  
What's as "sweet as a nurse with a smoke?"

Whenever men seek for a measure  
Of treachery, cunning and greed,  
They will call it with justice and pleasure  
"As crooked as Germany's creed."

No more will "a rock" be called "solid";  
There's a living example instead.  
The world now will say, with precision,  
"As solid as Ludendorff's head."

Our peace must be clear as the sunlight,  
As firm as Eternal commands;  
As true as a 14-inch gunsight,  
And as clean as America's hands.

As the war has unsettled our peace,  
So the new has ejected the old;  
And war standards aye will increase  
As long as war stories are told.



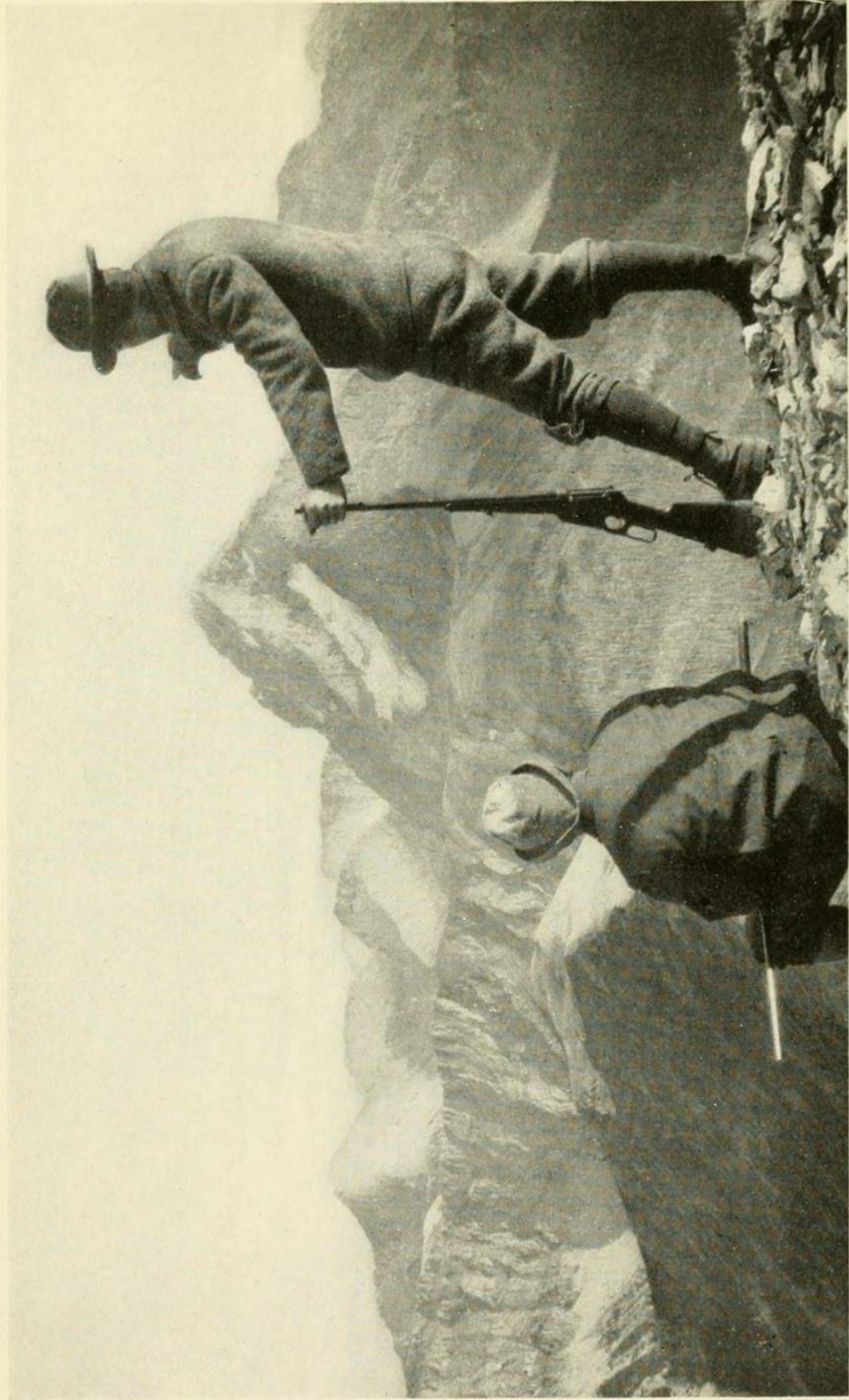
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THE WILD WEST

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THE SPELL OF THE MOUNTAINS

"Toil to the top of cloud-kissed peak  
And see vast seas of mountains roll,

Then feel great things thou canst not speak  
Because of smallness of the soul "

## THE SPELL OF THE MOUNTAINS

O H, puny Man, wouldst thou atone  
For years of swelling ego heart?  
Go tread the mountain-top alone  
And learn how very small thou art.

With fainting limbs and gasping breath  
Go climb the slide-rock rough and steep.  
Go, risk the downward plunge to Death,  
And pray the Lord thy soul to keep.

Toil to the top of cloud-kissed peak  
And see vast seas of mountains roll.  
Then feel great things thou canst not speak  
Because of smallness of the soul.

Here in the workshop of The Sun,  
Where Nature hews and chips recoil,  
Note well the things designed, or done;  
Behold the mountains at their toil.

Go, stand upon the canyon's rim  
And gaze far down the dark abyss.  
Blink at the scroll of ages dim,  
And ask thy neighbor, "What is this?"

What is thy story of man's ways  
Beside the records they unfold!  
What is thy tiny span of days  
Beside the Ages here unrolled!

Great God, forgive Thy tiny sons  
For all their swollen ego hearts,  
Regard them as Thy little ones,  
And help them play their puny parts.

## THE PAPAGO TANK

**I**T was night when we limped to the Papago Tank,  
Over the lava, dull black and all rough.  
"Water!! Thank GOD!!" Then we drank and we drank.  
Never, it seemed, could we drink quite enough.

Beside us our horses unbidden rushed in,  
Famished, but game to the last.  
The way we had pushed them that day was a sin,  
Hungry and footsore, but traveling fast.

That water was clear, sir, as ever was seen,  
As pure as the water from snows.  
Remarkably cool for a lava-walled pool;  
How it had kept so, the Lord only knows.

By an effort Titanic, in rock hard as steel,  
The Papago Tank had been drilled.  
An arroyo came down through the lava's black field  
To a well by a kind heaven filled.

And why do I often hark back to the Lord?  
That is something you won't understand.  
But here let me give you a wanderer's word:  
*In the deserts, take hold of His Hand!*





# THE REFLECTIONS OF CHEYENNE JIM

*(A-riding up to the Big Dry.)*

## THE BAD LANDS.

THESE ain't such awful Bad Lands to them that knows  
'em well.

It's the barbed wire of the grangers that shorely gives us  
hell.

## LONELINESS.

It ain't the rides, nor the bitter cold, nor the bunk in a  
gloomy den.

It's the lonesomeness that grips your heart, for the sight  
of women again.

## IN TOWN.

The poker chips, a sporting gent and a girl with a merry  
eye

Will throw a cowman back on the range before three days  
go by.

## THE LIFE.

Oh, Ioway's all right enough, and quiet and safe, of  
course,

But give me the West to live in, on the back of a lively  
Horse.

## THE RANGES.

The ranges are now the ranches, and it's sheep and bare-  
ness and wire.

Don't ever go near Black Butte again. It's as bare as a  
prairie fire.

### THE GAME OF THE RANGES.

In spite of all the booming it will never seem the same,  
And the devil take a country that hasn't any game.

### THE OLD DAYS.

It was money and whiskey and poker, and women, and  
guns at the last,  
And logs and canvas and cattle,—too bad it is *all* in the  
Past.

### THE BUFFALO.

We went at the millions outrageous, thinking they always  
would stay,  
And before we knew we were wicked, they totally van-  
ished away.

### SAGE-BRUSH.

Gray like the dust, and seedy, crooked and smelly and  
tough,  
Worthless for stock or for humans,—but I love the in-  
fernal stuff!

### THE ANTELOPE.

The rifles and greedy old game-hogs, the barbed wire  
fences and snow—  
I shore hate most awful to lose him, but I guess that he's  
bound to go.

## THE LINE-RIDERS

*Remarks by Cheyenne Jim, Cow-Puncher, Recorded by  
the Tenderfoot.*

*Time:* December 15, an hour after sundown.

*Scene:* A stone shack, on Sand Creek, Montana, at the edge of  
the LU—bar cattle range.

*Temperature:* 15 degrees below zero.

*Wind:* Northwest, seventy miles an hour.

*Within,* a cowboy; table, an open fire-place, Dutch oven, lamp,  
guns, and part of a saddle of venison.

Door opens C., and Cheyenne Jim enters, hurriedly.

WELL, pardner! Here's a rough old night!  
This storm has come to stay.  
I thought until I saw yer light  
I'd shorely blow away.

It's dark, and bitter cold, outside.  
The wind cuts like a knife.  
I never had a tougher ride  
Than that in all my life!

Just hear the wind roar through them trees,  
And see the snow fly straight!  
I'm powerful 'fraid our stock will freeze  
If this storm don't abate.

Say, pard! A roarin' fire feels good,  
Between two days of storm.  
Don't spare them chunks! Pile on the wood!  
Let's keep the old shack warm.

Grub's ready? Well then, serve and cut;  
Let's see how eatin' feels.  
*I'm* hungry as a kyote slut  
With ten pups at her heels.

What's this? Some roasted black-tail deer?  
Say! *Wasn't* that a shot!  
The snow is drivin' 'em down here;  
We'll get more, like as not.

You bet I'll take more coffee, pard;  
It warms ye through and through.  
Yer sour-dough bread just hits me hard,  
And suits our syrup, too.

An awful night? Well, I should shout.  
It's comin' fast and thick.  
Say! do you mind when we laid out  
That night on Lodge-Pole Crick?

Why, anybody lost like that  
Tonight would freeze while roaming.  
*I* wouldn't lay out on that flat  
Tonight for all Wyoming!

*(A faint cry is heard.)*

*Hush!* . . . . Did ye hear that? . . . . Seemed to me  
*I* heard a faint "Hello."  
No? Listen sharp now, . . . . It might be  
Some trick of wind, or snow.

*(Two distant shots are heard.)*

Two shots! *There!* Ye shore heard *that!*  
Some puncher's missed the trail,  
And gone a-wandering on the flat,  
Plumb rattled by the gale!

*Quick!* Run outside and fire a shot,  
To let him know we hear him.  
'Twill brace the poor cuss up a *lot*  
To know that help is near him.

*(Two more shots are heard.)*

Come! We must saddle double quick,  
And steer a course by sound.  
The snow is drivin' fearful thick,  
But that chap *must* be found!

*(They seize clothing and rush out into the storm.)*

\* \* \* \* \*

*(Silence.)*

(Stout-hearted men are they who hold  
The Wild West in subjection,  
And like the mail-clad knights of old  
Give their rough world protection.)

*(Silence.)*

\* \* \* \* \*

*(Voices and confusion, without.)*

*Whoa!* Here we are! *You* take him, Jack,  
And I'll take his cayuse,  
You fellows go right in the shack  
And fire up like the deuce.

(*Stamping is heard, and hissing sounds.*)

Well, stranger! Gettin' most thawed out?

Then draw up to the table.

*Oh, no!* Your hawse ain't standin' out;

I put him in the stable.

We saved yer life? Wel-l, may be so.

This storm does beat the Dutch;

—But as fer facin' *wind* and *snow*,

Why, hell! *That's* nothin' much!

## THE GAMELESS WEST

COLD sweeps the wind across the bleak divides  
And whistles through the sage-brush in the draws.  
Above the sea of hills the clouds fly low,  
And on their leaden wings bear sleet and snow.  
The horseman shrinks and shivers as he rides,  
But dares not pause.

Behold, how vast an ocean rolls away  
Toward every point from this high vantage ground.  
Here, couleés drear; and yonder, Bad Lands vast,  
Hacked, gouged and seamed by storms of ages past;  
Iron-sided buttes, ravines of barren clay,  
And gloom profound.

No living thing in sight, no creature near  
To break the desolation of the scene.  
The black-tailed deer have fled before the gun,  
The antelope were slaughtered, one by one.  
The last lone wolf lies crouched in hungry fear  
In yon ravine.

Ha! What is That, that rises from the ground  
Down yonder Couléé, close beside the trail?  
'Tis white and ghostlike,—and yet black, also!  
'Tis but the carcass of a buffalo  
The bone-collectors missed on their last round,  
Bleaching and stale.

Tight to the skull the long, brown frontlet clings,  
The last lone scalp-lock of a vanished race.

The lonesome ranges know the herds no more;  
Dead silence reigns where once wild life galore  
Gave every landscape groups of living things  
For man to chase.

Bleak, cheerless, cold and dead, the empty land  
Frowns grimly 'round for endless, tiresome miles.  
Over my soul this desolation vast  
Hangs like a pall around a coffin cast.  
Sullen and silent, Nature seems to stand  
Devoid of smiles.

All birds, all beasts, and even snakes are dead;  
All trees, and even bleaching bones are gone.  
The hand of man has swept the pastures bare,  
And only deigned to leave the earth and air.

\* \* \* \* \*

The shivering horseman lower bends his head,  
And hurries on.



## HIS GOLDEN DAYS

TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT,

June 22, 1910.

*Ho, bring ye wood for a white man's fire,  
And sit in the glow of your heart's desire;  
For, look you! A Camper has come from afar,  
From the Days that Were to the Days that Are.*

**A** TOAST to the "Ranchman" of Chimney Butte,  
By the Little Missouri's flood,  
Where he won his spurs in his "Hunting Trips,"  
As a genuine sportsman should.  
We have stalked with him for the wary deer,  
We have galloped through driving rains;  
We have felt with him, on the prong-buck's trail,  
The mystic spell of the The Plains,

We drink to the "Wilderness Hunter's" pursuit,  
As his bull elk speeds through the snow,  
Where the Big Horn Range looms high ahead,  
And his camp lies hidden below.  
Oh, we trailed with him o'er the grizzly's ground  
As we sought out Ephraim's lair,  
And we crouched behind the Man with-a-Gun  
When he wakened that sleeping bear.

A health, boys all, to the Hunter of Sheep  
As he climbs to the mountain's crest,  
And the trophy falls to the slide-rock rough,  
—As 'twas done in the Once-Wild West,  
The white goats were his; and with terrible toil  
Came the Kootenay caribou;

But with pencil and paper he gave them away  
To the world, to me, and to you.

Oh, here's to the Hunter who rides to the Hounds,  
On the trail of the wolf and the bear!  
On the wings of the wind he is carried along  
As the cougar is rushed to his lair.  
With whoop and halloo the chase dashes on,  
And it's gone, in the wink of an eye,—  
The quarry, the dogs and the rough-riding rout,  
Ere we give them "good-day" and "good-bye."

With a holding of breath as we gaze o'er the veldt,  
We see a safari trail out.  
Now, Heaven be kind to the Camp-Firer bold  
And give him safe conduct en route!  
The great cyclorama of African game  
Now rises, and circles around,  
Till the landscape is garnished with heads and with  
horns,  
And a thousand hoofs hammer the ground.

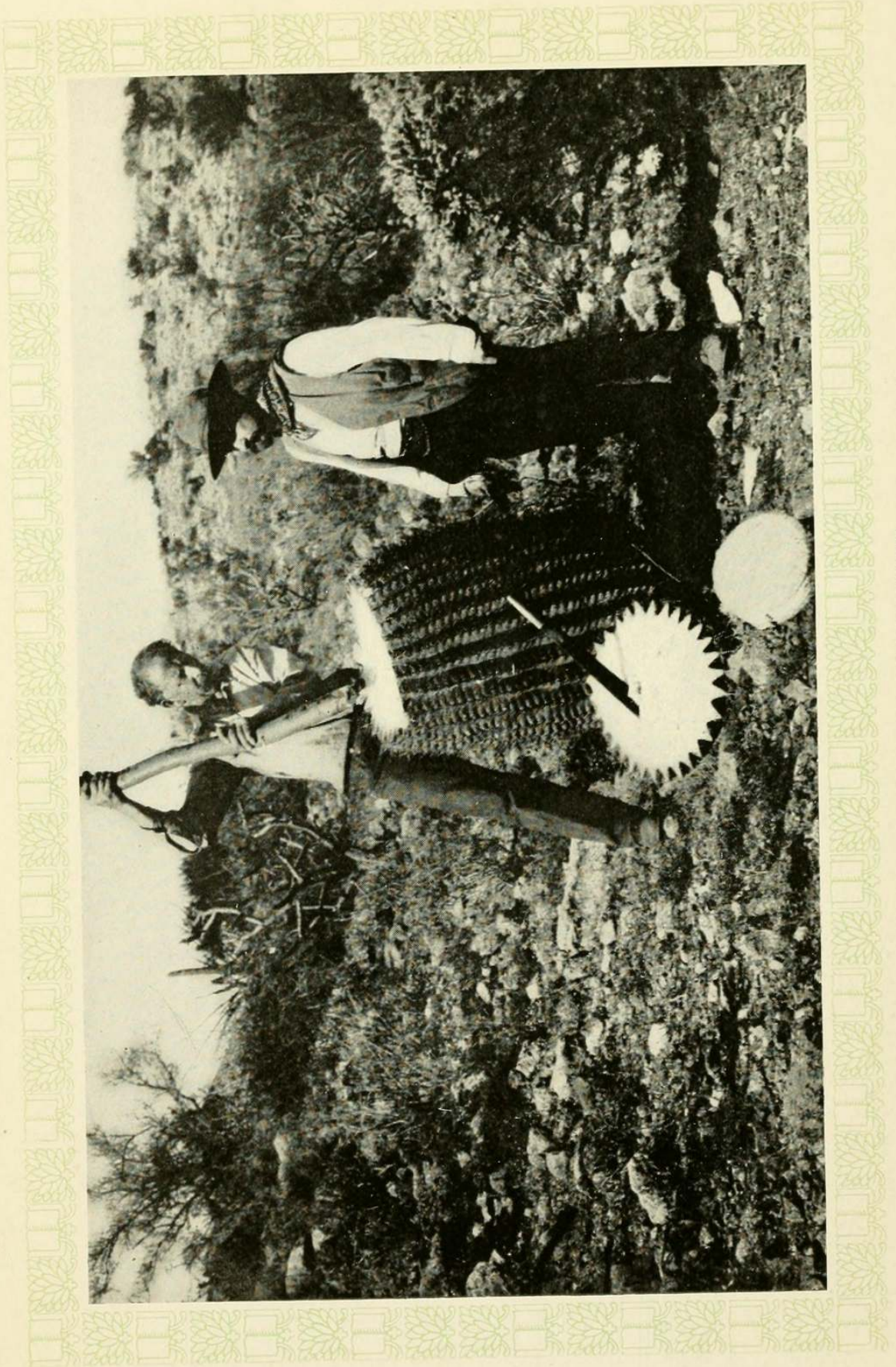
In this garden of game, and of hunting for sport,  
Lo! the red gods a miracle knew;  
For the Sportsman dissolved on the African screen,  
And the Scientist loomed into view.  
Then the beasts that no longer were shot "to kill Time,"  
Were amazed; but at last became wise;  
When a hundred or more gladly laid down and died,  
And others fell dead with surprise.

In temples of Science his trophies are shown;  
The field-work is over and done.

Our Camper comes back to the land of his own,  
The land that is second to none.  
Long life to our Guest! More wood for his fire!  
His sportsmanship holds us in thrall.  
He is first in the chase, the first to conserve,  
And the first in the hearts of us all.







THE SONORAN DESERT

"But if you get lost, and dead thirsty, Bisnaga will give you a drink."

## THE SONORAN DESERT

To D. T. McD.

“**N**OW, after three months on the desert  
You will love it or loathe it,” said Dan.  
And after half that in Sonora  
I bow to that far-seeing man.

The maxim he gave me I cherish,  
Because it is thoroughly true.  
In reply to his challenge I answer:  
“I surely and certainly do.”

It was Danny who taught me the desert,  
With gentle and consummate art.  
I wish that you also might have him  
To show you the way to its heart.

We will put on a reel from Sonora  
And go to a wild wonderland.  
And south Arizona will show you  
A desert without any sand.

The valleys are level and cheerful,  
The mountains are sudden and steep.  
The cacti will fill you with wonder,  
And also with spines, till you weep.

The mesquite will shade you at luncheon,  
—Though thinly, we're bound to admit.  
We love the pale-green palo verdé,  
But its shade is decidedly nit.

The creosote bush fills the valleys,  
Too bitter for beast or for man.  
It shelters the quail and the coyote  
And holds to its uniform plan.

With joy we behold the sawarro,  
Of cacti the giant for fair.  
It squares the long trip to Sonora  
To see it loom high in the air.

And here is the queer ocatilla.  
Its leaves quickly turn into thorns.  
It stands for no worth economic,  
But the desert it strangely adorns.

Beware of the choyas wide spreading;  
Their millions of spines are a curse.  
To victims who touch them unheeding  
The world seems to stop and reverse.

Hold fast to your canteen and compass;  
All distance is more than you think.  
But if you get lost and dead thirsty,  
Bisnaga will give you a drink.

The desert is fine in November;  
In May it is lovely to see.  
But from its hot breath in midsummer,  
Good Lord, please eliminate me!



## THE CAMP-FIRE SONG

WHEN the evening shadows close  
Round the wild deer as he goes,  
And the tell-tale tracks no longer lead the way.  
As the gleams of sunset fail  
Halt we close beside the trail  
While our camp-fire weds the darkness to the day.  
Then we'll pile on pine and spruce,  
Mesquite roots and sagebrush loose,  
Dead bamboo and smelly teak of heart's desire,  
And with fagots blazing bright  
Burn a hole into the night  
While we toast a hunter's fare before the fire.

### *Chorus:*

Then we'll gather 'round the Camp-Fire,  
When the shades of night draw down,  
And the world without is growing cold and drear;  
Somewhere in its ruddy glow  
There's a place for me, I know,  
And a hand to give me welcome and good cheer.

We have had our days of sport  
Of the brave and jolly sort:  
We have bagged our deer, and elk, and grizzly bear;  
We have panted up to sheep  
O'er the slide-rock rough and steep,  
And we've banged it to the tiger in his lair!  
Oh, we've yanked the salmon out,  
We have reeled the rainbow trout,

And we've hauled the hungry bluefish from the brine;  
We know hunting grounds galore,  
But we'll bag our game once more  
By the camp-fire that is always yours and mine.

When the trails of Life grow rough,  
When man's tenderness grows tough,  
And the rifle useless hangs upon the wall,  
We will wander in our dreams  
To the forests and the streams  
Where in youth the chase and conquest led us all.  
When we weary of the strife  
That besets the busy life,  
'Tis the wilderness that answers to our call;  
And when hunting days are done  
We'll foregather, every one,  
'Round the camp-fire that makes comrades of us all.

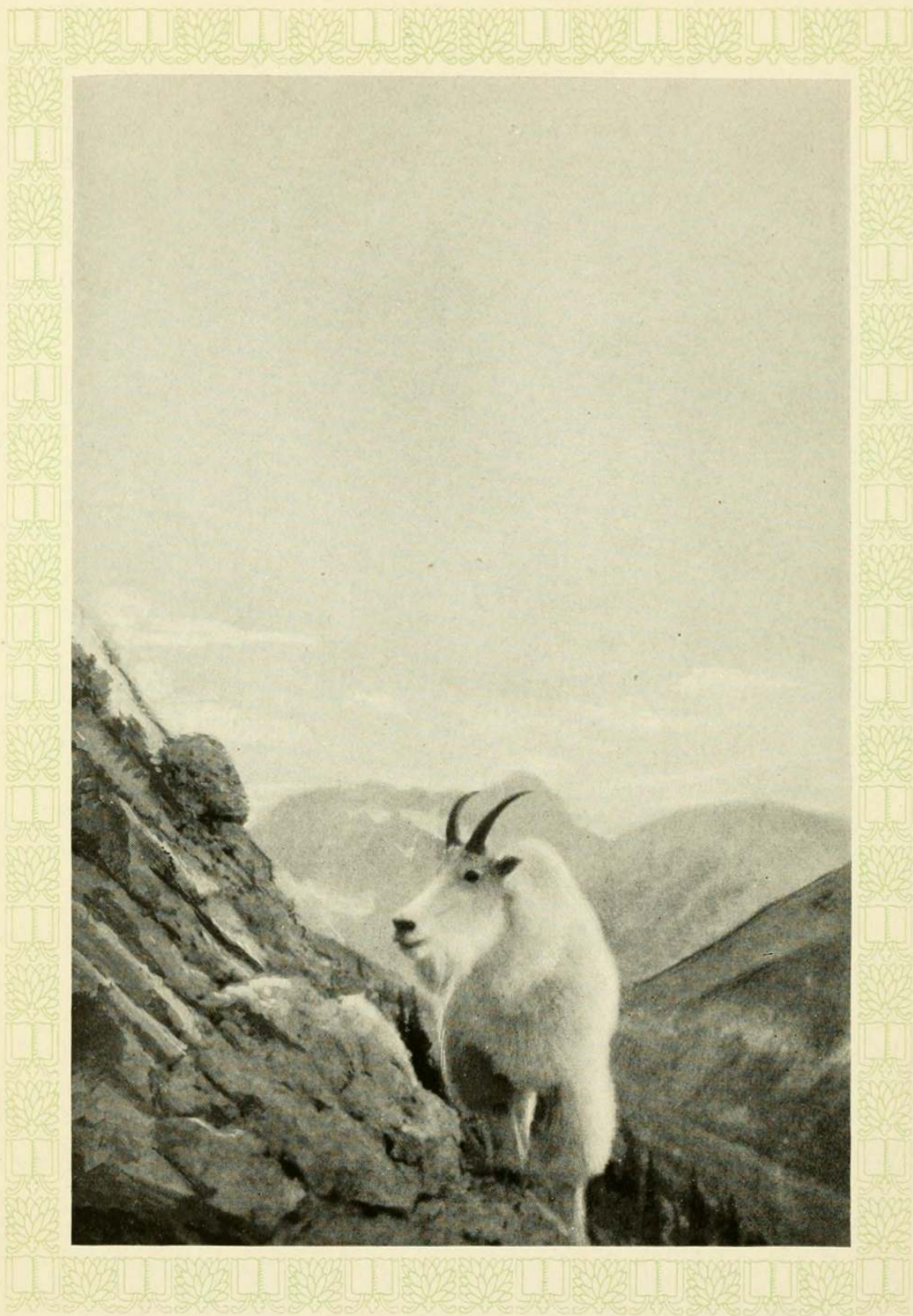
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WILD LIFE

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THE CRAGMASTER

"Upon the ledge I tread serene, no foot dares follow me,  
For I am master of the crags, and march above the scree."

## THE CRAGMASTER

UPON my pastures in the sky, no feet but mine have  
trod.

These cloud-kissed fields are truly called the meadow-  
lands of God.

The world below looks small to me, I scorn its puny men;  
Its trifling joys and puzzling woes are far beyond my  
ken.

I love the sweep of flying clouds, the hush of falling snow.  
From treeless heights I calmly watch the seasons come  
and go.

The eagle soars beside my path upon the narrow ledge,  
I look down on the mountain sheep from lofty rimrock  
edge.

On dizzy ledge of mountain wall, above the timber-line,  
I hear the riven slide-rock fall toward the stunted pine.  
Upon the paths I tread secure, no foot dares follow me,  
For I am master of the crags, and march above the scree.

The mountain lion loves me not; the wolf keeps off my  
grass;

The patch is scant, my horns are sharp, the grizzly lets  
me pass.

I'm owner of the crags and peaks, in peace I dwell up  
here;

Except the rushing avalanche I have no foes to fear.

I love a ledge across a cliff, a restful mountain wall;  
To me no precipice is steep, no mountain peak seems tall.  
Upon the ledge I tread serene, no foot dares follow me,  
For I am master of the crags, and march above the scree.



# THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP\*

## I. *His Home.*

**A**ROUND the mountains frowning crest,  
Where lines of rugged rock stand forth,  
Where Nature bravely bares her breast  
To snowy whirlwinds from the north;  
High in the clouds and mountain storms,  
Where first the autumn snows appear,  
Where last the breath of springtime warms,  
There dwells my gallant mountaineer.

Perched high on dizzy battlement,  
He proudly views his wild domain.  
Below his feet with swift descent  
The peak sweeps downward to the plain.  
Like terraces the rocky walls  
Stretch far across the steep incline;  
The slopes between, where slide-rock falls  
Give grudging foothold to the pine.

Three thousand giddy feet below,  
The map-like valley lies revealed!  
The fettered stream bends to and fro,  
Its voice in icy silence sealed.  
That speck of dingy white down there,  
Just where the two streams come together,—  
Behold! A hunter's canvas lair!  
A Sibley tent, for winter weather.

---

\*Copyright 1898 by *Recreation Magazine.*

Upon the mountain's rolling crest,  
Half circled 'round by pines and cedars,  
Stand open parks and meadows, dressed  
With choicest grass for sturdy feeders.  
These are the pastures for the flocks  
That knife-made ear-marks never bear;  
Whose only fold is Nature's rocks,  
Above the mountain lion's lair.

## II. *His Neighbors.*

The mountain lamb, so small and gray,  
Is cradled in the snow,  
On rocky ledge, hid far away  
Where Mother Ewe guards night and day  
Against each hungry foe.

The golden eagle soaring high  
Marks well the lambkin small.  
He scans the flock with eager eye  
When wounded sheep lie down to die,  
And tears them where they fall.

The gaunt coyoté skulks below;  
No mutton falls to him.  
But with the Big-Horn dwells a foe  
Who stalks him through the drifted snow,  
—The mountain lion grim.

The shaggy grizzly plods along  
And seeks his humble fare.  
To him the roots and grubs belong,  
And mountain rams are far too strong  
To suit a climbing bear.

The mountain grouse feed fat up here  
In peace around the sheep.  
The snow-shoe rabbit feels no fear  
Beside my gallant mountaineer  
Upon the rocky steep.

The Clark's crow flits with rasping cry  
Among the stunted cedars.  
The raven slow goes croaking by  
To join the meddlesome magpie,  
And feast with unclean feeders.

### III. *His Fate.*

"Look! A Something is climbing our mountain;  
It seems but a speck, far below.  
It has paused at our half-frozen fountain  
To look at our tracks in the snow."

"It is gray; but it can't be a grizzly,  
Though surely 'tis something to shun.  
It is high, and its head is all frizzly.  
Ha! It may be the Man-with-a-Gun!"

"Let's be moving! Keep close to your leader,  
And scamper to loftier crags.  
Quick! The Mother Ewe,—follow and heed her,  
And see that no careless lamb lags."

. . . . .

"There! In safety once more we are hidden;  
Now paw through the snow for your grass.

Here we fear not that strangers unbidden  
Will on these high meadows trespass.”

. . . . .

(*A Shape rises.*)

“Ho! My flock! A stranger! A stranger!  
—Behind yonder snow-laden pine!

(*Bang!*)

*I am shot! Quick! Fly from the danger!  
Dash down by the nearest incline!”*

. . . . .

He fell, through a distance appalling,  
Far down to the slide-rock below,  
Three hundred feet, plunging and rolling,  
And landed stone dead in the snow.

At sunset the hunter there found him,  
Five miles from a tent or a bed;  
But he camped with a sheep-skin around him,  
And dreamed of a world-record head.

## THE FATE OF THE BIRDS

Each year the mother of the birds flies far to make  
her nest,  
Long time she broods, and feeds her young, and fends  
them where they rest.  
In one long year she rears a brood, as gun-food for a  
day,  
But mothers can not breed and rear as fast as Man can  
slay.

At morn the cheerful hunter wakes and blithely loads  
his gun  
To seek the wild things of the wood and shoot them one  
by one.  
He thinks the game will always last, enough his bag to  
fill,  
But Nature can not rear her young as fast as Man can  
kill.

At noon the market-gunner halts to gather in his game,  
To kill the cripples on the shore and count the wage of  
shame.  
He grieves to find ducks growing scarce, and paltry is  
his loot,  
For Nature can not breed the birds as fast as Man can  
shoot.

At night the sportsman sadly leaves his cold and duck-  
less blind,  
With nothing in his yawning bag, and gloomy thoughts  
in mind.

He finds the game is dead and gone, forever and a day;  
For Nature can not breed the birds as fast as Man can  
slay.

All day the egrets shriek and fall upon the muddy shore,  
All day the starving nestlings call for food that comes  
no more.  
And still the loot of death is worn in Woman's wicked  
way,  
For egrets can not rear their young when hunters come  
and slay.

When Winter bids the birds go south, and closes up the  
runs,  
One frightened nestling flies alone the gauntlet of the  
guns.  
The line of bird migration straight to extirpation leads,  
For Man, the Fool, destroys wild life far faster than it  
breeds.

## ROBBED\*

O H, where is the game, daddy, where is the game  
That you hunted when you were a boy?  
You've told me a lot of the game that you shot;  
No wonder such sport gave you joy.  
I'm old enough now to handle a gun;  
Let me be a good sportsman, too,  
I'd like a fair share of clean outdoor fun,  
And I wish to shoot, just like you.

But where are the birds, daddy? Where are the birds?  
I can't put them up anywhere!  
You had your good sport with the wild flocks and herds,  
—And surely you saved me a share.  
And where is the big game that roamed around here  
When grandfather came here with you?  
I don't see one antelope, bison or deer!  
Didn't grandfather save me a few?

Why don't you speak up, dad, and show me some game?  
Now, why do you look far away?  
Your face is all red, with what looks like shame!  
Is there nothing at all you can say?  
What? The game is all gone? There is no hunting now?  
No game birds to shoot or to see?  
Then take back your gun; I'll go back to the plow;  
But oh! daddy! How *could* you rob me!

---

\*Read at the organization dinner of the Minnesota Game Protective League at Minneapolis, August 27, 1915.





## WHEN THE BIRDS WENT AWAY

**H** BUTCHER farmed in the down-trodden West,  
With a grouch beyond all words;  
And he hated the world with such bitter zest  
That he even swore at the birds!

He said: "These birds are a curse to me!  
They would rob me of my bread.  
They eat my cherries and cumber the tree,  
And *I wish that they all were dead!*"

A woodpecker heard it and told a crow,  
(For the truth of this I can vouch),  
And the crow cawed out, both high and low,  
"Get away from the man-with-a-grouch!"

The news of the wish flew from bill to bill,  
And the birds heard the curse in affright.  
They gathered their flocks with unanimous will,  
And the whole of them vanished, by night!

Next morning the cut-worm saluted the mole,  
And bade the corn-weevil good-day.  
The field-mouse awakened the villainous vole  
With the news that "The birds are away!"

Then, *my!* How the insects, the rats and the mice  
Poured out for the doing of harm!  
Ten million destroyers appeared in a trice,  
And they swarmed on the crops of that farm.

Aghast stood the farmer, with impotent hand,  
Appalled and dismayed beyond words.  
He had cursed and offended the Lord's chosen band,  
And lost his defenders,—the birds!

Now the hopes of that farmer are riddled with holes.  
And his fortunes are gone to the bad,  
For the bugs and the mice, the rats and the voles  
Have eaten up all that he had.

# THE ROBIN

(May 4, 1906.)

THROUGHOUT the long and dreary night  
The sick man turned and tossed,  
And the patient, white-capped nurse fought on  
For the spark so nearly lost.

Like a tortured soul in the Depths below  
That rests not, day nor night,  
The wide-eyed victim writhed with pain  
And wished for the morning's light.

Midnight to one; and two; and three;  
And half-past three brought four.  
In silence the sick-room pair worked on,  
But rest came nevermore.

The living world grew still as death,  
And the silence smote the ear.  
The night grew black as the mouth of a pit,  
And Charon's boat drew near.

But hark! A sweet voice rises aloft  
And rings o'er the silent lawn.  
A burst of song from the maple top  
Cries, "Cheer up! Cheer! It is dawn!"

A joyous robin salutes the light,  
"Cheer up! Cheer up! It is dawn!"  
And the dreariest, darkest hour of night  
Takes wing like an owl, and is gone.

“Cheer up! Cheer up! It is dawn!” he cries.

“The gleams of the day I can see.

The night is gone, and the world will wake.

Take courage and hope from me!”

The Nurse and the Man and the mastoid Case

Then girded their loins anew,

For the robin had given them heart of grace

To fight the long nights through.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now the man who harms a robin forsooth

As he wings or he sings on his tree,

Is a shameless monster, in deed and truth,

And he'll have to reckon with me.

# THE MAMMOTH TELLS HIS STORY

*By Ward's Restoration.*

**G**IGANTIC and proud, o'er the visiting crowd,  
A Mammoth loomed, hairy and vast.  
Incredibly tall, in that museum hall  
He stood like a Sphinx of the Past.

With wonderful length from that mountain of strength  
His tusks reached far into space.  
His trip-hammer feet were for him truly meet,  
But his legs lacked the outlines of grace.

Quite awed by that Presence so mighty and strange,  
Fifty thousand years old if a day,  
A visitor, borne on his fancy's wide range,  
Saw visions three ages away.

The visitor spoke, as a man to a friend:  
"Come, Spirit of Elephas! Come!  
Read thy riddle of Life, from beginning to end!  
Too long has thy trumpet been dumb."

A resonant rumble boomed forth from that chest,  
And the visitor shrank back, appalled.  
A voice was expressed in that cavernous breast;  
And 'twas plain that the bluff would be called.

To that frivolous man the Mammoth began  
A story ten thousand years old.

We were thrilled and astounded, and wholly confounded  
By this yarn that old Elephas told:—

\* \* \* \* \*

“Long ages ago I was born in the snow,  
On a glacier that stretched far and wide.  
O'er Alaska's bleak wastes when we mammoths were  
chased,  
I ran at my dam's hairy side.

Our neighbors were few, and we very well knew  
That the cave men and wolves were our foes.  
Of that dangerous pack there was never a lack,  
For both follow the game as it goes.

Of the mastodon rare we knew a fine pair,  
And the bison with wide-spreading horns.  
The giant brown bear was a resident there,  
—And the mountain he treads he adorns.

At last in a stage of the glacial age,  
The ice and the storms and the snow  
Deeply buried our food and frosted our blood,  
And many a mammoth laid low.

As the king of the herd my ambition was stirred  
To lead to some southerly place,  
Where a temperate clime would save me and mine  
From becoming the last of our race.

To the southward we fled by an instinct that led  
Over glaciers and rugged moraines.

Over mountains we rushed, and through forest we pushed  
Till we came to delectable plains.

Then the herd from the snows gladly paused for repose,  
While alone I marched on, farther south,  
Till at last I got lost on a treacherous coast,  
In a burning hot desert of drouth.

When tortured by thirst in that desert accurst,  
Lo! a pool of sweet water I found.  
With a welcoming roar I swung to its shore  
And drank with a gusto profound.

I drank to my fill; then I paused and stood still,  
And surveyed a wild scene of despair.  
Deeply mired in mud was a horrible brood  
Of beasts that were perishing there.

Many lions and bears had been bogged unawares,  
And sabre-toothed tigers galore.  
That blow-hole of hell was garnished right well  
With living and dead, by the score.

That sea of black mud where I wearily stood  
Was too shallow for wild beasts to drown.  
Yet come first or last it held them all fast,  
—And behold! *My own feet had gone down!*

With a bellow of fear I struggled to rear  
And withdraw my huge feet from the mire;  
But that black pitch of hell had entrapped me so well  
That Death mocked my frantic desire.

In fear and in woe I lunged to and fro;  
I reeled; I tried plunging ahead;  
But from first hour to last my feet were held fast,  
And my fight only jostled the dead.

In that desperate stage I roared in wild rage  
At the fate I foresaw was impending.  
At my bellowing thunder fierce wolves came in wonder  
To a feast that seemed surely unending.

Thus I finally sank in that horrible tank,  
And the pitch gathered hold of my side.  
The great wallow I made only faintly portrayed  
The struggles I made ere I died.

Then came the wild beasts to the greatest of feasts,  
Calling all that La Brea could bewitch.  
They sprang on my side and they tore at my hide,  
—Till they, too, were caught by the pitch!

The pitch held us all in its merciless thrall  
While we wallowed and fought in its bed,  
And the wild beasts were piled in chaos most wild  
In that fatal black pool of the dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

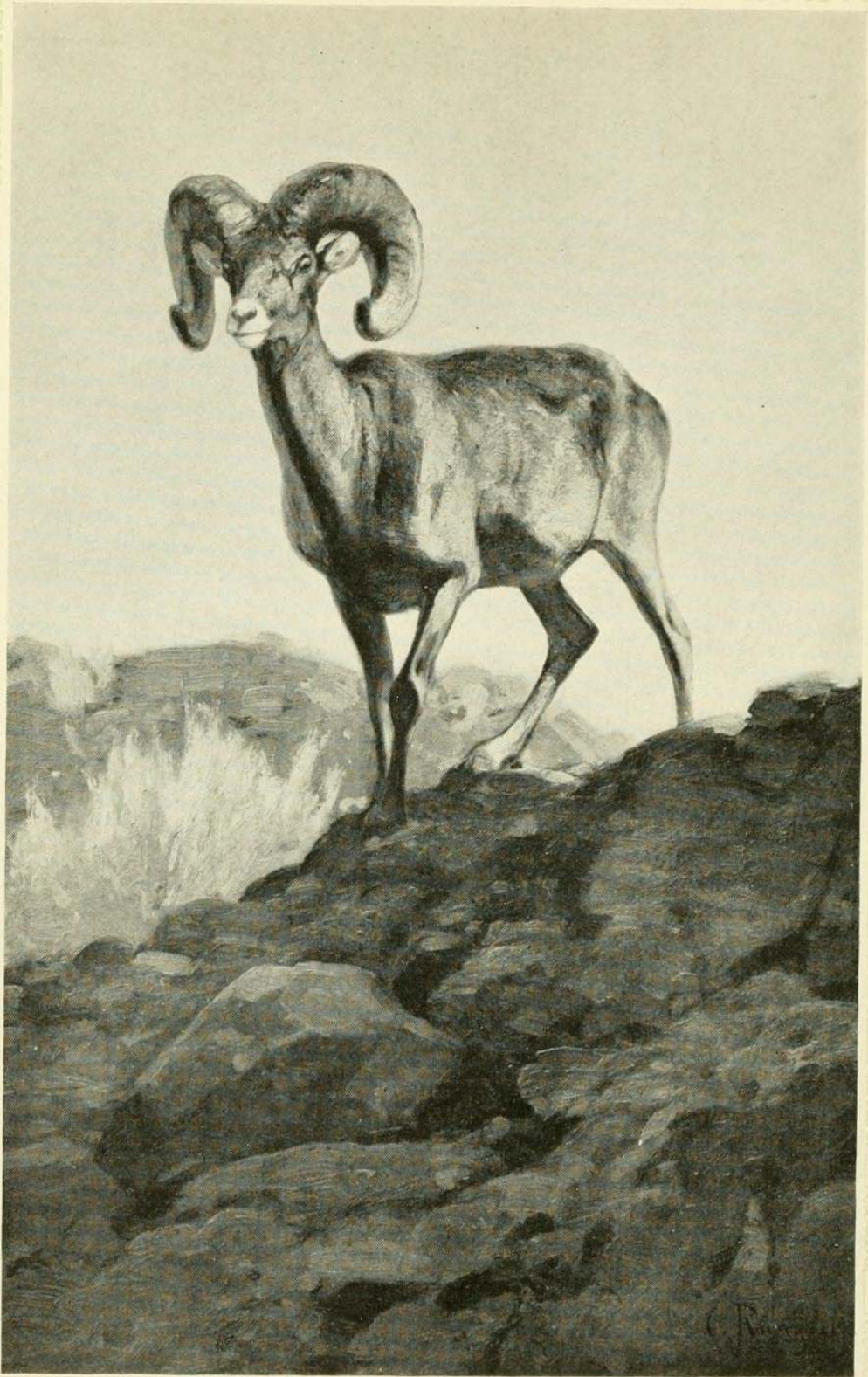
For ages apace in that terrible place,  
With a mantle of earth overhead,  
We lay in that tomb, badly crowded for room,  
Till at last we were raised from the dead.



I find the world changed since the days when I ranged  
O'er the rough glacial ice of the north,  
But this hall suits me well, and here I will dwell  
Till the cave-men again drive me forth.







THE LAVA RAM

"On a blasted hill-top you stand alone;  
Black is the landscape around;

Hills and valleys of scowling stone,  
With never a foot of ground."

## THE LAVA RAM

*On the Pinacate Mountain Slope, N. W. Mexico.*

OUT of the lava I saw you rise,  
A lean, bold figure in brown.  
You gaze at me in calm surprise,  
And the red-hot sun beats down.

On a blasted hill-top you stand alone;  
Black is the landscape around;  
Hills and valleys of scowling stone,  
With never a foot of ground.

My feet are lame and my lungs are hot,  
And the glare makes my brain feel queer;  
But you, ye divil, you mind it not,  
And you live here throughout the year.

Tell me, ye Sphinx with the curling horns,  
What food does the choya bear?  
When every plant has a million thorns,  
What is your daily fare?

Can ye chew bisnagas to quench your thirst?  
Is the brittle-bush fit for food?  
Do you tackle the Bigelow choya accurst?  
And do nigger-head spines taste good?

Where do you drink when the tanks are dry,  
And these mountains are sissing hot?  
Now, just 'twixt friends, won't you tell me why  
You love this infernal spot?

No wonder your size is below the mark,  
And your limbs are slender and lean.  
No wonder your hair is so short and stark.  
It's because your fare is so mean.

But your horns, old Ram, are massive enough,  
And as long as they ought to be.  
The heat has made them uncommonly rough,  
But their size is sufficient for me.

Bold Sheep of the Lava, the last and the first,  
I give you my hearty salaams.  
Defiant of grilling, and hunger and thirst,  
You are surely the toughest of rams.

---

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

---





## BEFORE HER PORTRAIT

HER face lives on the canvas yet;  
Her love lives in my heart.  
If pigments cold  
Her form can hold,  
Why should her soul depart?

See how those dear eyes look at me,  
With love still glad and new.  
A little while  
And she will smile,  
Just as she used to do.

Why, I can almost hear her laugh  
That sweet, caressing tone!  
Ah me! I know  
When she laughed so  
It welled from love alone.

How beautiful that supple form!  
How goddess-like that head!  
That queenly air  
And face so fair  
Revealed the thoroughbred!

There from the canvas, year by year,  
Constant as paint can be,  
From morn till night,  
With royal right  
My queen looks down on me.

I wonder how it came to pass,  
When she was fancy free,  
With crowds of men  
Around her then,  
She ever fancied me!

\* \* \* \* \*

“Frou-frou! Pit-pat!” Ah, there she is!  
My queen comes gliding in.  
What will I hear  
Now, from my dear?

\* \* \* \* \*

“Why, love! Where *have* you been?”

## THE OPERATION

To W. E. C.

BESIDE a dark and unknown sea,  
Where ends all earthly strife,  
I paused awhile, uncertainly,  
And looked far back, on Life.

I saw the false gods and the true,  
The graves before the goal;  
The glory-bubble's rainbow hue,  
The mirage of the soul.

The giddy world sank out of sight,  
And silent darkness came;  
But through the gloaming shone the light  
Of Life's immortal flame.

"Give me," thought I, "the constant friend  
Whose leal bounds Time and Space;  
Whose hands hold back the awesome End,"  
—And then,—*I saw thy face!*

## LINES TO A LADY

*Sent with a bottle of attar of roses.*

**D**EAR lady fair,  
Should you declare  
This gift was wrongly sent,  
I will protest  
You have not guessed  
The hidden sentiment.

Along with those  
Who paint the rose  
And decorate the lily,  
Oh, lady dear,  
I greatly fear  
You'll place me, willy nilly.

If what I send  
Should you offend,  
I beg you to remember,  
"Sweets to the sweet"  
Are surely meet,  
In June or in December!

TO G. B. G.

(September 7, 1896.)

FRIEND of the gentle spirit,  
Sore needed here on earth,  
What token can I send thee  
That will not mock thy worth?

The fairest, sweetest flowers  
Are all too poor for thee,  
And all our words of sorrow  
Seem hollow mockery.

Dear Friend, I do not yield thee;  
I will not say, "Farewell!"  
In my heart's sanctuary  
Thou wilt forever dwell.

TO H. R. H.

*On her 16th birthday.*

**D**EAR lassie of the golden heart,  
No lines of mine can tell  
The everlasting joy thou art  
To our soul's inmost cell.

No verse can justly tell the tale  
Of half thy worth to me.  
My halting muse would surely fail  
To set the story free.

No measured words ere can convey  
From out this mental whirl,  
The pride and joy we feel today,  
In thee, our peerless girl.

## ADIEU TO SKIBO CASTLE

*Dornoch Firth, at ebb tide.*

**A**CROSS fair Dornoch's waters wide  
Grand Skibo meets the view.  
My spirits ebb, like Dornoch's tide;  
This is indeed adieu.

Yonder, the friendly open hands  
Within the open door.  
Here, Duty voices her commands  
And bids me wake once more.

Shine fair, Oh! Sun, on Skibo's walls!  
Fall soft, Oh! pleasant rain!  
Send life and joy to fill the halls  
That joy send forth amain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Back to the busy world once more;  
Take up its tasks anew.  
Fair Skibo on the distant shore  
Fades in dissolving view.

## THE FORGET-ME-NOT

HE gave me a forget-me-not  
The day I sailed away,  
And said, "Whatever be thy lot,  
Remember me, I pray."

And I gave her a myrtle spray,  
And said, "This is for thee  
To keep when I am far away  
Beyond the rolling sea."

Her blue forget-me-not I keep  
O'er leagues of land and sea.  
And always when I wake, or sleep,  
It whispers, "Hope," to me.

That talisman so near my heart  
Oft cheers my lonely hours.  
And I will never from it part,  
This dearest of all flowers.



## HER TREASURE SHIP

*Promises cut in the bark of a barren Christmas Tree.*

OH, wait till my ship comes in, Dear Heart,  
As come she must ere long.  
Her canvas is set,  
Her scuppers are wet,  
And the breezes are steady and strong.

Her cargo is ample, and rich and rare,  
Her captain is skillful and true.  
Her name is The Love,  
And her treasure trove  
Is wholly consigned to You!

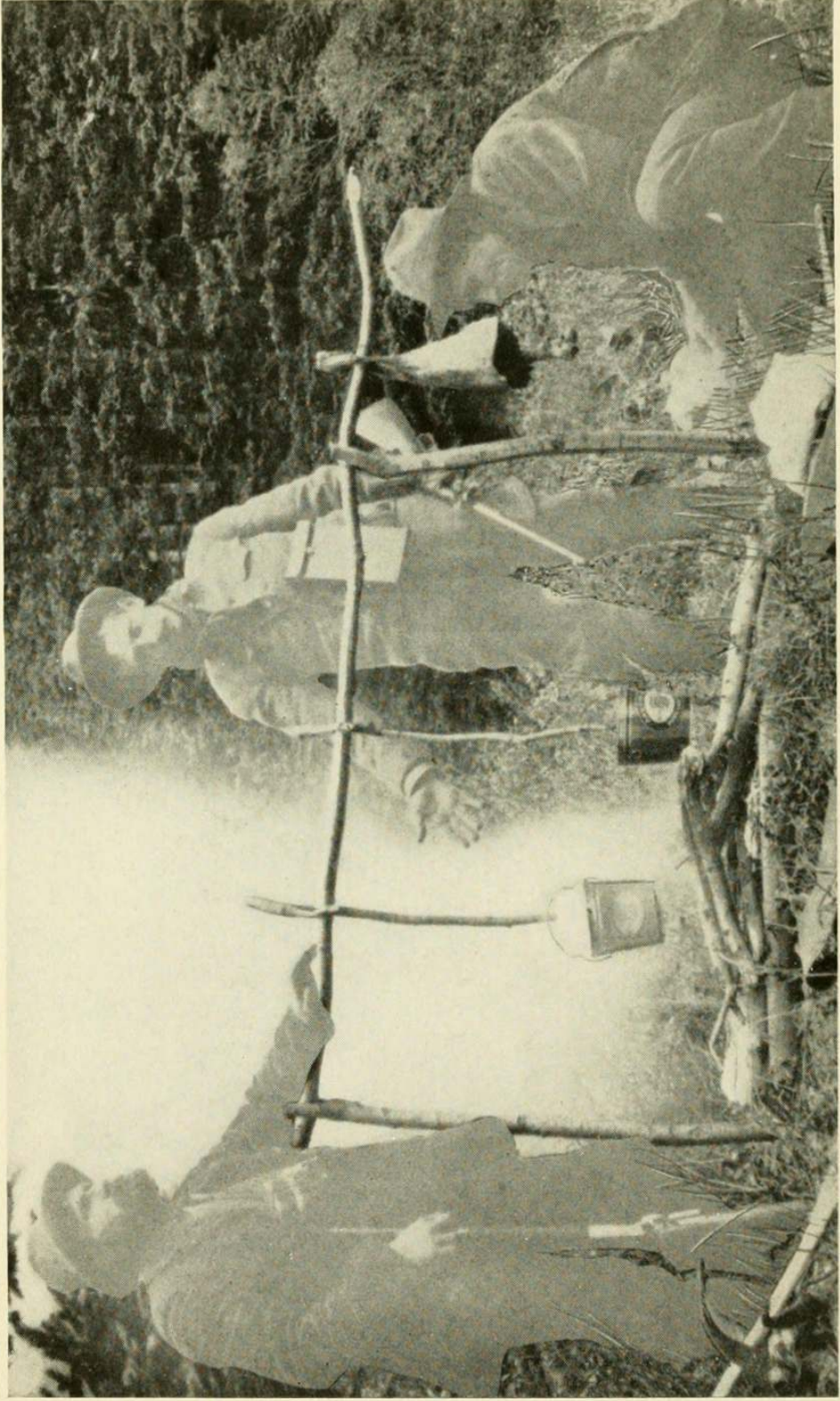
Just wait till she ties up fast to the dock,  
And opens her hatches to me.  
You'll have presents galore,  
Such as never before  
Have hung on a Christmas tree.

Stowed snug in her hold is a chest full of gold,  
Pearls, sapphires and gatherings rare.  
There are bundles of joys  
For our dear girls and boys,  
And my heart's desire is there.

Be down at the landing and hasten aboard  
The moment her sails are furled,  
For her manifest  
Is plainly addressed,  
"To the Dearest Wife in the World!"







**THE COMRADE FIRE**

“Here all alone in the forest wide  
I will build me a comrade fire,

Hoping its gleams will lead to my side  
The friends of my heart's desire.”

## THE COMRADE FIRE

HERE all alone in the forest wide  
I will build me a comrade fire.  
Hoping its gleams will lead to my side  
The friends of my heart's desire.

The blaze of the match makes the blaze of the bark,  
And the bark sets the twigs aflame.  
The glow of the fire builds a dome in the dark,  
And startles the sleeping game.

Come, friend, come to my temple of trees  
Where I hearken the long night through.  
Soft is the sigh of the tree-top's breeze,  
But sweeter the voice of you.

I am fond of this forest primeval—and drear;  
I love its dead silence—and gloom.  
Oh, no! I'm not lonesome, or chilly with fear,  
—But there is too much vacant room!

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, what do I see in yon long shadow dim  
That seems to be seeking a place?  
I swear 'tis the astral of old Cheyenne Jim,  
With that same cheerful smile on his face.

O Jimmy, old man! I'm glad you have come!  
Your bed must be chilly, out West.  
Wherever we meet we can call it our home.  
Come, sit by my fire, and rest.

Ah! great were the days on the buffalo plains  
When we hunted and tented together.  
The world then was ours, we pooled all our gains,  
And we laughed at the wind and the weather.

By jove! There is Charlie! And hail to you, Jack!  
Just in from the mountains we love?  
Ah! There is the Shade of beloved old Mack;  
But the old hero's climbed up above.

O Mack! Have you gone to an Eden of game,  
Where grizzlies are easily found?  
Are there plenty of bungers, and billies so tame  
That they fairly encumber the ground?

Look, Jimmy! My naked old Vera is there!  
His brown skin is shining with sweat.  
Salaam, there, old fellow! Yes; twist up your hair.  
I see you remember me yet.

But gone are the elephants, Vera, they say,  
And vanished the arni herds, too.  
They've built a dull Club, and forgotten the day  
When I tracked down a tiger with you.

Now, Jim, who is that who salaams over there?  
Why, that is the very old scamp  
Who lost me one night in the Wynaad, for fair,  
And I led *him* safely to camp.

Old fellow, you scared me a-plenty that night  
In that grassy and tigerish lair.

And you,—I can swear you were very near white  
When you threw up your hands in despair.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, comrades, I give you my hand and good cheer;  
I will shield you from hunger and weather.  
I'm lonesome no more; I will sleep without fear,  
As I did when we hunted together.





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NONSENSE VERSES

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## ON THE MENU CARD

*At a dinner of the Camp-Fire Club.*

THOUGH far and away will the bold hunter stray,  
Though joyous the trend of his tramp,  
Like needle to pole, his innermost soul  
Points back to the permanent camp.

Now the whisper of pine is all very fine,  
And the babble of brook is quite neat,  
But the voice of a friend whom I cherish no end,  
Is dearer to me when I eat.

When the daylight has fled, and the trophy, all red,  
Is won at the end of the trail,  
By the camp-fire's bright flame we will hang up our game,  
—And thereby hangs many a tale.

But when camp-fire tales are smiting the gales,  
And the pelt from Plain Truth has been skinned,  
Bear in mind that a yarn, like a hide on a barn,  
Should not be too long in the wind.



## THE TALKING DOLL

I'M a little Siouxsie dolly, all the way from Wounded  
Knee,

Where the teepees stand among the trees and smoke;  
But I can't abide papposes, for I fail to see their uses,  
So a jolly cowboy took me, for a joke.

Oh! I love that cowboy well,  
Better than my tongue can tell,  
And for days I've longed to sit upon his knee,  
Even though I am a Sioux,  
He will find my heart is true  
If he'll only love a buckskin doll like me!

On the outside I'm all buckskin, Injun tan and creamy  
white,  
But my face looks like a Flathead kid I know;  
And this mass of long black hair that I swell with pride  
to wear  
Was once stolen from a robe of buffalo.

Now, I fear those Sioux papposes,  
For I know that their abuses  
Would most quickly make my ruin quite complete.  
They would rip my back wide open,  
And would scalp my head, a-hopin'  
They would find within me something they could eat!

There are times when I am worried,  
'Cause my toilet was so hurried,  
And I wonder if my leggings set just right!

But my breast is full of hope,  
And with hair of antelope,  
So perhaps that's why my heart is now so light.

So I've drifted down to Mandan  
Holding fast my cowboy's hand, and  
I hope I'll have no more of Wounded Knee.  
I've no strings to Cowboy Billy,  
And I know I'm aw-ful sil-ly,—  
But I hope *some* day he'll be attached to me!

# COMING HOME FROM EUROPE

*By the Boy and the Girl, 1908.*

AWAY from the land of the great Itching Palm,  
With shoeless and stockingless feet,  
Bereft of our garments, and shiftless for fair,  
We fly for the home that is sweet.

From the Clyde to the Tiber we showed our veneer,  
And scattered our newly-found wealth;  
But Napoli found us as you see us here,\*  
—And we boarded a steamer by stealth.

Oh, England! If Memory sticks to her job  
We'll never forget your good times;  
Albeit when leaving we dropped twenty bob  
To 'elp out the waiges of Jimes.

In Paree we all parley-vood our Frongsay,  
And saw all you say you have seen.  
We gave up good coin in the dear Bone Marshay,  
For merci, bocoo and trays bean.

On the Netherland flats, where green tourists are sold,  
We skipped o'er the dykes and the dams,  
Till the grafters came down, like the locusts of old,  
And we fled from those millions of palms.

To Berlin we came in the course of our flight,  
Where the bold Teuton toots at his ease;

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\*See "The Coming Storm."

But Ruin came down like a thief in the night,  
For the frowline, she stole our chemise!

On bleak Alpine glaciers we shivered and shook,  
—But we “Ohed” and we “Ahed” at the peaks.  
We “circled” and “tripped” into every old nook,  
—Just as Mother once squandered six weeks.

In Berlin the Girl lost her very best nightie;  
In Paree we both lost our wealth;  
In Venice she looked like a new Aphrodite;  
In Florence the Boy lost his health.

Back! Back to the woods of fair Sken-neck-ta-dee  
We are flying for all we are worth!  
Give us back, p. d. q., the dear old G. E.,  
And the jolly old land of our birth.



## THE GIFT HORSE

*To His Honor, the Mayor, at the City Hall, anent the offer  
of a new Zoological Park for New  
York City, A. D. 1898.*

**Y**OUR Honor, a Gift Horse is led to your door;  
The Zoo people warrant him gentle and sound.  
His pedigree no one can flout or ignore,  
And a finer young animal cannot be found.

Your pastures are ample, but barren of flocks;  
Your springs and your streams quench no wild crea-  
tures' thirst,  
Not even a rabbit inhabits your rocks;  
Your parks are as lifeless as Aden accurst.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes, truly you need him; and here I fortell  
Another like him will not come to your hand.  
You have only to promise to pasture him well,  
And, halter and all, he is yours to command.

Yes, he will be ridden, year in and year out;  
A multitude waits for a chance at his back.  
That he'll pay for his keep, there's no manner of doubt,  
And for riders and masters he never will lack.

You surely remember a certain droll squire,  
Who never was known in dry wisdom to falter.  
This saw of wise Sancho fits public desire:—  
*"When a heifer is given thee, haste with the halter!"*



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INNOMINATA

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## A SALAAM TO AN AUTHOR

*To Col. John S. Wise, after reading his "Diomed."*

BREATHES there a man, or eke a boy,  
With soul so dry and dead,  
He is not filled with honest joy  
By jolly "Diomed?"

Of dull "Memoirs" there is no dearth;  
No lack of "Lives" profound,  
Nor hoary "Recollections," worth  
At least two cents a pound.

From out the ruck of common truck  
That doth my brain befog,  
With joy I hail this lively tale  
Of a clean and honest Dog.

Once more I whistle up my Youth,  
And don my shooting togs,  
And sally forth to hunt, good sooth,  
Behind thy gallant dogs.

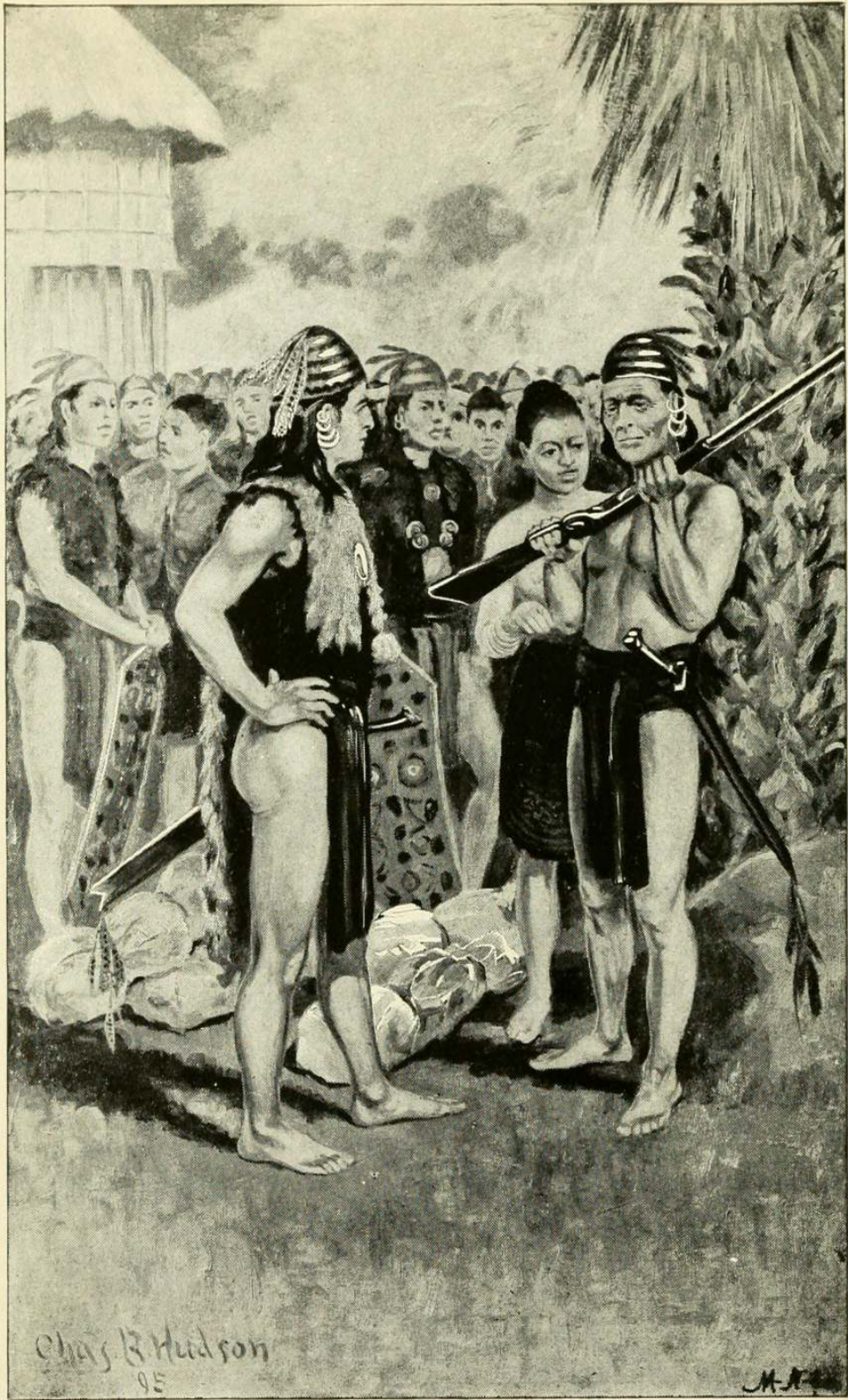
Once more I feel the autumn breeze  
Blow fresh o'er fields of stubble.  
Once more I hail the grouse and quail  
And say "So long!" to trouble.

Let him whose blood is coursing slow,  
Who wears "that troubled look,"  
Let him who would a dog's thoughts know,  
Go straight and read thy book.

Skilled was the hand that held the pen,  
And half inspired, I swear,  
Which gave the world of dogless men  
A canine soul laid bare.

Friend Wise, I give thee my salaams,  
And blessings on thy head,  
That I can grip between my palms  
Immortal "Diomed."





### BACK TO BORNEO

"A taste of an India curry, the smell of a sandal-wood fan,  
And lo! I am back in my jungle, a buoyant and fresh young man."



## BACK TO BORNEO

**H** TASTE of an India curry, the smell of a sandal-  
wood fan,  
And lo! I am back in my jungle, a buoyant and  
fresh young man.

Puck's girdle is beat to a frazzle as out to the East I go,  
Round half the world in a second, to wonderful Borneo.

I rush up the Sadong River, borne on the bore of the tide,  
With my Malays tossed in a sampan,—a most foolhardy  
ride.

Then near to a slippery landing where I hope I am yet  
well known

Is a hut in the blooming hot-house of jungle I call my  
own.

Sweet is the smell of that jungle, soothing its hot-house  
air,

Rank and dank is the forest, with life all around to spare.  
The agéd seem never extinguished but ever new life is  
begun,

No wonder a Wise One has named it the Garden of the  
Sun.

Once more will the red-haired oranges waken and go their  
ways

From their leafy nests in the tree-tops, as they did in  
those other days.

And with whistling wings the hornbills will go sailing  
overhead

Beyond the reach of a 12-gauge and its modest pellets of  
lead.

In the hills where the long-armed gibbons worried me  
long ago  
I wonder if any Dyaks live there that I used to know.  
Will brown-skinned Hakka know me as I climb to that  
long-house door?  
Will he greet me now with "Tabet, tunan," as he smilingly  
did of yore?

And the argus pheasants we gathered! How well I recall  
the day  
When we met a ridiculous sun-bear, barring our homeward  
ward way.  
At duty's call I shot him, for I needed him on my rack,  
And Hakka carried the whole of him absurdly home on  
his back.

Ah, me! It gives one a heart-ache to think so fearfully  
far  
To the Days that Were in the jungles, back from the Days  
that Are.  
For a sight and a smell of those forests my soul will continue  
to yearn,  
Till my Borneo I again shall know,—when the days of  
my youth return.

## THE WHISPERING PINE

HALF way down the side of the Sunset Divide  
In view of the valley of Peace,  
There's a sturdy young pine that's exclusively mine,  
And beneath it my striving will cease.  
When I rest in its shade and its branches are swayed  
By the breezes that waft from the West,  
That evergreen tree softly whispers to me  
Of the memories locked in my breast.

When I pillow my head on its pine-needle bed  
Wireless messages come to my tree,  
And its branches are stirred by the tender things heard  
And transmitted in whispers to me.  
My Ship, far at sea, sends a message to me,  
And I hear it once more, with a sigh,  
"Oh, be of good cheer, for your Fortune is here,  
And I'm coming to port,—by and by!"

There are times when I hear with a sigh and a tear  
Sweet voices like wind-harps in tune,  
That softly implore from a far-distant shore,  
"Oh, Comrade! Come hitherward soon!"  
Then I see my young bride as she stood by my side  
In the little white church on the hill.  
She was queenly and sweet; all her charms were complete,  
And bless her! she's young to me still!

When my days are far spent, and my bow is unbent,  
I will go to my evergreen tree,

And within its sweet shade my last bed shall be made,  
With my loved ones in close touch with me.  
As the years come and go those who miss me will know  
How their souls may hold converse with mine;  
For each message of love will be caught from above,  
And sent down by my whispering pine.





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