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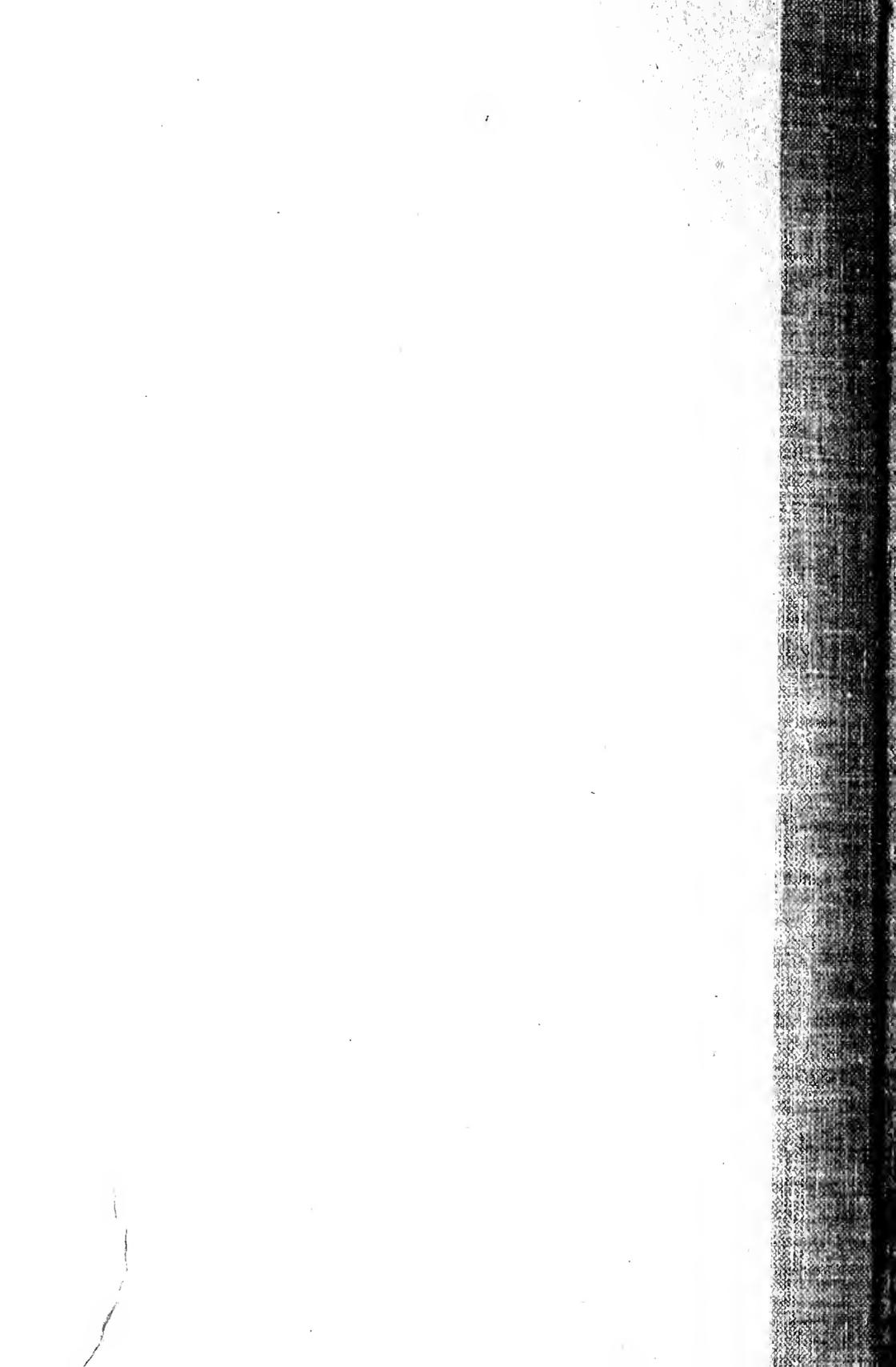
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Called

Good-by, old Scout,
And once again, good-by.
The Umpire called you out—
I wonder why.

—George Wilmot Harris.

“BY HEK”

IN THE WAKE OF
THE NEWS

A Collection of the Writings
of the Late
HUGH EDMUND KEOUGH

Compiled and Edited by
HUGH S. FULLERTON

Illustrated by
C. A. BRIGGS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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Introduction

Hugh E. Keough was unique among writers in that he wrote classics in the language that men understand. Few knew better than he how to use the purest of English; yet sometimes the English of the class room proved inadequate to his ends and he could achieve greater clarity and force by adopting the language made by the people among whom he lived. His philosophy he learned in the school of sport, where human nature is vivisected by men trained in studying each other for profit. Broad, liberal and forgiving toward human frailties; understanding and giving quick sympathy, he was tolerant toward everything save sham and hypocrisy. Upon hypocrites he turned his keen "chiv" of satire, nor did he ever miss anyone at whom he aimed. He chose words to convey meaning, regardless of text books, and to few men it has been given to express so much in so few words. His vocabulary ranged from thieves' slang to the race track tout's patois and, with his keen, whimsical humor, he brought the lightning flash of meaning from the words.

There has been such a demand for his writings that this volume was prepared. In searching the files I have found that much of his best and brightest work was ephemeral; written apropos of some news of the day and meaningless now. I have attempted to collect that which will live, and to embody as much of the real "Hek" as possible in the brief space. His work was so varied and covers so wide a range of dialect that it is difficult even to give examples of all.

It was given me to know Hek well, many times I chided him for not writing something for posterity; something "worth while." He could have done something that perhaps would have brought more lasting fame, but he preferred to write for his own people—the "good fellows" he loved so well. And, perhaps, judging from the depth and sincerity of the grief they showed at his death, he was right.

Hugh S. Fullerton.

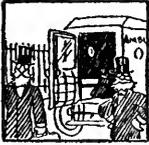
Chicago, December, 1912.



"A Good Old Pal's Gone Out"



The Lay of the Hospital Race



The ambulance stood near the paddock gate,
The stretcher was close at hand,
And murmurs and squeals of hysterical dames
Came down from the crowded stand.

And Dr. Squibbs said to Dr. Squabbs:
"There'll be practice enough for two—
I'll take the legs and the busted skulls,
The collar-bones go for you."

The gamesters down in the slaughtering-pen
Looked leery or woebegone,
And some of the pencilers turned their slates,
For the hospital race was on.



The program called it a steeplechase—
That is the conventional name—
But we can call it whatever we please—
The odor is just the same.



This one was rehearsed the night before,
In a small back room somewhere,
And 'twas settled that Smiley should wait on Blink
And that Peeler go out for the air.

'Twas also agreed that The Bat go wide
Of the flags on the far-off bend;
That Bourbon should balk at the water jump,
And that Guzzle turn end for end.

* * * *

There was one who wasn't extended a bid
When the caucus was held that night—
An unfortunate fellow called Famishing Flynn,
The owner of Mike the Bite.



any game is crooked if you go into it in a crooked frame of mind.

Now, Mike the Bite was a maiden coy,
Though he'd raced three years on the flat;
'T'll put him to jumping," said Flynn one day;
"Perhaps he'll be good at that.



'He's jumped the barrier once or twice—
Just look it up in the guide—
And as for jumping a feedman's bill—
Why, he takes that in his stride!"

Mike was the champion no-account
In everyone's eyes but Flynn's,
But he was "consistent," and that in a horse
Atones for a heap of sins.

Flynn coddled him through all manner of ills
Of liver and lungs and limb;
When equine diseases were flying about,
Mike got what was coming to him.



Quarter-cracks, spavins and splints and botts
And several more he'd had;
Then he caught lung fever, which left his pipes
Some more than a bit to the bad.



He was nerved behind, he was fired in front
From his pastern-joints to his knees;
No wonder the "talent" regarded him
As a putrified piece of cheese.

* * * *

A scullion called Mose was given the mount
On the horse with the gangrened legs.
Mose wasn't a lot at the horseback act,
But an artist at frying eggs.

A good start may not make a good ending but it makes it easier.



It took four fingers of kill-me-quick
To put him on proper edge;
With that in his hold, a five-bar gate
Was the same as a two-foot hedge.

While the horses walked in the paddock yard,
Awaiting the saddling call,
Flynn hooked his flipper in Mose's arm
And led him within the stall.

'Mose, there is something doing here,"
He said in his softest tones;
'The thing is framed up for Blink to win—
I'm feeling it in my bones.



'Opening up at eight to one,
They have backed her clean out of sight,
And everything looks like a corpse to her
But Slasher and Mike the Bite.



'I saw them setting it in in chunks—
She's backed to a fare-you-well,
And there wasn't a cent in the ring for her
Last Saturday when she fell!

'And never a word did they say to me—
Oh, no! to the dump with Flynn!
For they didn't figure Old Mike a chance—
They didn't have him to skin.

'Mike the Bite was a joke to them,
And Slasher was only a lob.
Oh, I'd give three fingers from my right hand
If we could upset the job!



Form is the brief interval between getting ready and going stale.

“Now, listen, Mose: We can do it, too—
The question is up to you.
You can run it out on that crooked bunch,
If you do what I tell you to do.



“As a jumping jock you are rotten, Mose—
In putting you up I’m a jay;
For you couldn’t ride in a Burton car,
Strapped down to a bale of hay.

“The horse is good. For once I think
I’ve got him in perfect trim;
He will run every inch if his nigh foreleg
Doesn’t get too hot for him.

“Moreover, Mose, I have slipped him a charge
That would blow up a national bank,
And when it gets working for all it’s worth
You may find him a trifle rank.



“Just take a good tight hold of his head,
And keep him within the flags,
And draw your skillet and bust his slats
If you find that he loafs or lags.



“When the pill goes off, which I think it will
’Bout the second turn of the course,
You take a good hold with your hands and teeth,
For then he’ll be Hawkin’s horse.

“He’s as good as one hundred to one to win.
(A funny guy making a book
Says that means twenty to one the horse
And eighty to one the cook.)

The race is not always to the swift, but that is where to look.



'I've made an agent from up the pike
Dig down in his moldy hoard
And bet six hundred straight, place and show—
Two hundred across the board.

'There goes the bugle! Remember, Mose!
The ticket is in your boot.
You keep him standing and keep him straight—
I'll get on the fence and root.'

* * * *

The cavalcade filed through the paddock gate
And steered for the lower turn,
With a ragged collection of silks aloft
And the odor of drugs astern.



Never, I ween, was a tougher lot,
Surmounted by coons and Turks,
Stopped on the straight and narrow path
That leads to the glucose works.



A ribald shout or a mocking cheer
Saluted each equine vag
And each boy thereon as the bunch went by
On the way to the man with the flag.

* * * *

"Line up now, line up now!" the starter cried,
"Or I'll put you all on the ground!
Jones, what are you doing with Peeler, there?
Why don't you turn him around?"

"Now, look at that Guinea on Thompson's mare,
And that lobster aboard of The Rat!
Say, Hogan, get straight with that goat of yours,
Or it's you and me to the mat!"



Rubes can imagine more crooked things than crooks can invent.

“Couldn’t help it, eh? Oh, you come off—
Don’t give me that old bull con!
Now, steady, there, steady! Whoa up, whoa up!
Come on there, come on! Go on!”

* * * * *



Way back in the dope of a day long dead,
Which haply you have forgot,
You’ll find the tale of this steeplechase
In figures and notes—and rot.

The record shows that a horse “ran out,”
And that others “refused” or “fell.”
The dope nails down all the callous facts,
But it doesn’t record the smell.

It doesn’t show when the pill went off
In the carcass of Mike the Bite,
And it doesn’t bring Chef Mose out strong
In the glare of heroic light.



It doesn’t record the shudders and thrills
That swept through the frenzied mob,
Nor gives it a hint of the deep chagrin
Of the fellows who framed the job.

However, it shows that Old Mike came down
Like the White Ghost on a tear,
And caught Blink tired at the water jump
And passed her out in the air.

It says in a note that the cook shook loose,
But hung till the line was passed,
And leaves me to tell you that Famishing Flynn
Was square with the world at last.



There Was Ice in the Words He Spoke

Oh, sing me the song of the bowl and stem,
The song of the might-have-been;
The song of the day when your kick was full;
The song of the now-and-then.
Oh, tell me the tale of the time you had
When money was cheap as dirt,
And you opened wine in basket lots
At six and a half per squirt.
Oh, spin me the yarn of the used-to-be;
Oh, serve me the good old con,
And ease me a spread of the wily salve—
I'm listening, pal—go on!

Once on a time down at Brighton Beach—
Or was it at old Jerome?—
You heeled a horse at one hundred to one,
And saw that horse come home.
And you scattered coin from the sixteenth pole
Clear down to the lower turn,
And what you had left was too big to tote
And too solidly packed to burn.
Oh, tip me a stave of the good old time
That for summers you've lived upon;
Then touch me up for a five or so—
I'm listening, pal—go on!

Remember the time you broke the bank
Down at the Branch one night?
You stacked so high that the ceiling bulged,
And the dealer was out of sight.
Let's hear again of the men you staked—
Of the horses you gave away;
My eyes stick out and my ears expand
At every word you say.
Just slip me a slice of the dear old dream—
Of the dear dead past and gone;
Then set me down for a single ace—
I'm listening, pal—go on!

We must always look out for over-capitalization of past glories.

Oh, warble to me it will come again ;
You must get another start ;
And you'll think of the fellows who helped you spend,
Then gave you the marble heart.
You'll soon get back to your former gait,
For the turning point is near,
And the time at hand when your luck must break,
After many a weary year.
And tell me then, of all you've known,
I shall be the only one.
Let me blow you off to another stein—
I'm listening pal—go on.



Look Around

Don't fret about the evils that are underneath your nose ;
They may be fairly shrieking for abatement.
You may arise and smite them, but the glory never shows,
For the matter is dismissed with simple statement.
You may make a hit with someone in your neighborhood,
but then,
That doesn't get you mentioned as the "fearlessest of men."

If you want to cut some figure in the nations, far and wide,
Don't mind about the noisome things around you ;
Swing on some threatened outrage that is neither cheap nor
snide,
And the way your name will thunder will astound you.
Make your field the entire union if you want to raise a storm,
For a piker is a piker even in the game "Reform."

The Hasbeen

What though it was but yesterday
That you were in your prime;
The clock has struck—that ends the play.
How long or short the time
It matters not. When you are done
A score of years are but as one.

What though we prided in your skill,
Exalted in your strength,
And gloried in your master will—
All three have run their length.
The cheer for you dies on the lip
What time we mark the slackened grip.

What though you do not sense the change
That strikes you from the list,
Nor feel the atmosphere grow strange,
Nor note the gath'ring mist.
Your secret gets to every ear—
The secret you're the last to hear.

What though you say you are not past,
And bravely try again
To prove your last *was* not your last,
But still are here—what then?
Your ears don't hear your sentence read:
“Poor fool! He doesn't know he's dead.”

Charity begins at home and only too often does not go visiting.

What though you live an hundred years
Ere nature claims its own,
And godlike form that won our cheers
Is wasted skin and bone.
You'll hear that cheer that died away
That everlasting yesterday!

Oh, mocking memory of youth,
How is it that you hold
From him who's gone the honest truth,
Nor wait until he's told—
Until, still in his full-blown pride,
He heartlessly is thrust aside?



To a Flirt

Here's to her love, though it lived but an hour;
Here's to the glow in the heart of a flow'r.
And would it be fair, do you think—and pray why—
To crush a poor flower because it must die?

Then drink to her love for as long as it lives,
And drink to the joy and the pain that it gives;
For we may as well own it and swallow our pride—
We'd be damned glad to win her, and *most* of us tried.

The Mysterious Sitter

He was never known to borrow, he was never known to beg ;
He was never known to work at any trade ;
He never was suspected as a bandit or a yegg,
And there's no line on a dollar he has made.

He was never known to gather, he was never known to spend—
He was never known to do a thing but sit
Around and listen till the talk was at an end,
And then unostentatiously to flit.

He can't tell a funny story, he can't laugh at the same ;
His vocal powers are limited to shrugs.
Absolutely nothing he contributes to the game,
But he's pally with the choicest lot of mugs.

You can wager that he toils not, that neither does he spin ;
He sows not, yet he seems always to reap ;
You have no means of knowing when he's in or when he's out,
And the atmosphere about him's never cheap.

You ask me how he does it? For that I'll stand a frisk ;
You can search me to the pelt ; I'll have to pass.
He simply seems to do it without taking any risk,
And covers up his footprints in the grass.



Amounting to something means being taken at at least five per-
cent of your own appraisalment.

It Has Come to This

There was no high finance about the game of spoiling mugs,
When the dear old tub from Boston was the king;
When he paid our honest tribute to the other tanks and jugs,
And the soiree with the raw 'uns was the thing.

Fighting bade adieu to its traditions long ago,
And kissed its grimy hand to sentiment,
When they took it to the steam heat from the hail and rain and
snow,
And a champion aspired to be a gent.

When the hard glove was a horseshoe and the soft glove was a
brick,
The work was somewhat coarse, we must admit;
But you had the satisfaction that the best man did the trick,
And you saw the fairest fight was ever fit.

When they used to stall the sheriff and pull off the bloody mill,
And you clambered to a tree-top for a seat;
When one man got his licking and the other got his fill,
You knew that the defeat was a defeat.

The manly art of scrapping is debrutalized to death,
And you smell it when you take your cushioned seat;
For the air is permeated with the frame-up's tainted breath,
And the question simply is: "Who's going to cheat?"



The reason a mosquito won't bite a bullfrog is because a man
won't eat turnip rinds when he can buy a beefsteak without crimp-
ing himself.

A Tribute

(To George Siler on his retirement as a referee.)

You heard of him when he was but a kid—
When he used to hold his own with bigger men.
In ancient files you'll find the things he did,
And few could hold a candle to him then.
As clever as they made 'em with the mitts,
As game as any pebble on the beach ;
And nimble on his legs and with his wits,
With a faculty for keeping out of reach.

Here's to you, old George Siler, and we're loath to call you old ;
You'd never have to quit it if you waited to be told ;
In the face of all temptation the world has found you white ;
Your courage ne'er was questioned—your heart was ever right.

He looked the world and duty in the face ;
Full well we know how well he played his part ;
Through merit he achieved and held his place
In the hearts of all who love the manly art.
And manly art it is when such as he
Devote to it a life of earnest toil,
As boxer, trainer, writer, referee,
Thinking always of the honor—not the spoil.

Here's to you, Mister Siler, you're the daddy of them all,
And if you didn't quit it you would always have the call.
Here's to you, Honest Siler, and please do not forget
That your host of true admirers can't afford to lose you yet.



The dead hero holds it stronger than ever over the quick coward.

De Kyard in De Hole

When de deal's five kyards wif one tuhned down,
An' you peeks at de kyards in sight,
Wif a king at de top wif his whiskahs kuhled,
An' er queen in gahments bright;
An' er ten foh de nex', an' er nine, maybe—
An' all o' dem black in de face—
But you don't get a sou we'n de game am troo
'Less you swings wif de buried ace.

Oh, it ain't de king wif his face tuhned up
To de light o' de kerosene,
An' it ain't de jack wif his swo'd in han',
An' it ain't de lubly queen—
An' it ain't de ten wif his spots dis way,
Nor de nine, dat grabs de pole
An' cops de glue w'en de deal am troo—
But de kyard dat's in de hole.

It ain't what you sees dat you got ter beat,
But de t'ing dat's out o' sight.
De dog dat bahks w'en de chickings screech
Am seldom known ter bite.
De man dat smiles in er helpless way,
An' leads you to believe
Dat you has him beat from de head to de feet
Has de whole wuks up his sleeve.



If you cannot conjure up anything particular or striking to be thankful for, be thankful that you do not feel yourself under any obligations.

Many a man sidestepping an icycle has walked into a coal hole.

Asking Why the Ask

When just the merest accident a reputation makes ;
When just the merest accident a reputation breaks ;
When destinies are often shaped upon a drunken guess,
As someone happens to say "no," when what he means is "yes" ;
When back to a blind chance you trace the most successful guy—
Then why ask whatinel is who, and whatinel is why?

Dame Fortune is a cock-eyed wench who shoots not where she aims ;
What is called worth is worthless, and mere luck decides the games.
It is not what you do yourself, but what they do to you,
Or fail to do, that aids you in the trick of getting through.
When top or bottom is declared by simple cast of die—
Then why ask whatinel is who, and whatinel is why?



An Appreciation of the Quitter

Sometimes they feel they can come back when they are down and
out,
And crave a chance of making good in just another bout ;
Sometimes the spirit still is young when all the rest is old ;
Sometimes ambition riot runs in blood that's thin and cold.

And then, upon the other hand, while still the flesh is young,
The brawn and muscle in their prime, the spirit has been stung ;
Sometimes we see them backing up while still they should advance ;
Sometimes they give themselves the count, nor ask another chance.

Far pleasanter to contemplate the quitter who knows when
Than him who, by false pride possessed, still yearns to fight again ;
The man who tosses up the game while still he might contend
Looks fairer than the wight who sticks unto the bitter end.

To die game is one of the uncharted privileges of the hired man.

Jim Horan

(Fire Marshal of Chicago, killed under falling walls,
December, 1910.)

The jest dies on the pencil point,
The quip remains unsaid;
The lighter thought is crowded back
In presence of the dead.
How empty and how mocking is
The duty here imposed,
When eyes that always smiled response
To what they read are closed!

A man whose friendship was a world,
Whose sympathy was balm;
A man whose timely word could turn
A tempest into calm.
He met his duty fair and square,
And his the final goal,
The fireman's harness on his back—
Jim Horan—rest his soul!

Rev. Johnny Dore; Obit

A worldly man with godly heart,
A human being through and through;
He played the gentler, nobler part
In manner that seemed good to you.

The Limitations of Clarence

He can golf a bit
And bowl a bit.
At billiards he can roll a bit.
He can pitch a bit
And switch a bit.
He's Joseph to the whole of it.

At any game
It's just the same—
He knows it all and more of it.
There's not a bout,
From skittles out,
He does not know the score of it.

He knows the plugs,
He knows the pugs,
The warren and the duck retreat;
The place to snare
The wily hare,
The bluewing and the paroquet.

He's gone the route;
He's been about
From Bering to the Panama.
He knows the birds
That fly in herds
From Hudson to Guatanama.

A sportsman bold
He is, I'm told.
He's there—and here's our hand for it.
He'd be the works
At all the jirks—
But Papa will not stand for it.



The spirit of the times shall teach me speed;
But the wages of speed should teach me caution.

Yougotagivitoem

Don't knock the police—they are doing their best;
They'll put things to rights if you give them a rest.
They've got all the knowledge to do it withal;
They know all the crooks who are there with the gall
To kick up a bloke on the steps of his home,
After making a coupling-pin bounce off his dome—
 Buthelofitistheyaintketchenem.

They know all the dips and the boxmen and guns;
They know every fence and the game that he runs;
The fob-hustling gang and the car-frisking crew,
The snatchers of leather and cut-shifters, too;
They know every flash any time, any place;
Their ear-marks are plain as the nose on your face—
 Buthelofitistheyaintketchenem.

Just leave it to them; they've the dope on the "mob."
They can tell when they're framing for pulling a job.
The workers of transoms, the prowlers of flats,
The climbers of porches, the Gophers, the Rats,
The fine-working con man, the coarse-working thugs—
They've got all their measurements, also their mugs.
 Buthelofitistheyaintketchenem.



The closer the natural gaited human being gets to the persons who make a business of telling him he is wrong, the tighter he snuggles up to the idea he is right.

Does this Register?

You rooters who throw joyful fits
When your pet team comes into its,
Who heroes hail with gladsome mitts—
Jiggs Donohue's all in.

You who, when Greatness stands revealed
In some big athlete still afield,
Will for bouquets your substance yield—
Jiggs Donohue's all in.

You who proclaim your "loyalty,"
Your "sentiment" and "sympathy,"
What answer have you when you see
Jiggs Donohue's all in?

Not many years since Donohue,
First basing for the White Sox crew,
Sent thrills into the hearts of you—
Jiggs Donohue's all in.

"Poor old Jiggs!"—that's not enough
For this once grand old piece of stuff.
That passing sigh's a hollow bluff.
Jiggs Donohue's all in.

You who put up for motor cars
And flowers for the present stars—
Let's see how hard on you *this* jars—
Jiggs Donohue's all in.

Cacklin' for the Bonspeil

Gin it disna thaw, Jock; gin it disna thaw;
Gin the ice will bide wi' us an' bonnie blizzards blaw.
We'll hae a bonspeil o' oor ain, a bonspeil here at hame,
Wi' dochty chiels wha weel can play at Scotia's roarin' game.

Gin the ice be keen, Jock; gin the ice be keen;
Upon a finer nicht, Jock, ye never clapt yeer een,
As when we entertain, Jock, the lads frae far awa
About the supper board, Jock, till hoors ayont the twa.

We'll hae the scones an' ale, Jock, the haggis reekin' hot,
An' wi' auld folks frae hame, Jock, we'll meet tae crack a pot;
That feed will croon the day, Jock, the day wi' nicht an' main
We pit it ower oor veesitors wi' besom an' wi' stane.

"Frens we hae wi' us the nicht," ye'll hear Dave Forgan cry;
The ringin' patreotic speech, an' piper's skirl, forbye.
Ou, aye, we'll hae the graund time, oor cares will run awa.
Gin it disna thaw, Jock—gin it disna thaw.



Itsel But They Maun Play

The ice is keen upon the loch the noo,
An' dochty chiels, wi' curlin' stanes an' besoms,
Gang oot wi' frozen hands an' noses blue
Tae play the sonsie game in twas an' threesomes.
The weather is sae caud we dinna ken
Hoo 'tis they contrive tae keep their ears on;
We think they'd like tae quit it noo an' then,
But they maun play, accordin' tae MacPhearson.

The Stern Chase

Sometimes even Homer nodded;
Sometimes Shakespeare threw a shoe;
Sometimes Aristotle plodded
All in vain to get it through.

Sometimes Pitt was flabbergasted;
Sometimes Sheridan was stumped;
Sometimes Morgan's plans are blasted;
Sometimes Rockefeller's bumped.

Sometimes what is least expected
Comes across in subtle way;
Sometimes, when we're not dejected,
Shines a reassuring ray.

With this dope to train your fancy,
With these accidents to guide,
Tell us, neighbor, if you can see
When Detroit will hit the slide?

Till it does, there's nothing doing—
While the Tigers keep the track,
We can't catch 'em by pursuing;
They must meet us coming back.

“The Big Fellow”

Grizzled, and gray, and fat, and slow,
And sober reflected, John,
You bring back all we care to know
Of the grand old game that's gone.

Straight from the heart you send it out,
As straight from the shoulder once
You sent the sleep-inducing clout
To the unprotected scone.

No trimmer, you, of the oily kind,
No weeder of weazened wheeze ;
No present use you attempt to find
For the parings of moldy cheese.

You stand alone for the virile part
Of the sport with the soulful punch,
And you don't come back like a sodden tart,
Warmed over again for lunch.

You stand for the better past for fair ;
You can say, though you make them wince,
That the game was better when you were there
Than ever before—or since.



Our One Best “Fury” Selection

A woman scorned some fury is, perhaps—
A wise fish said no greater hell enshrines ;
But even great philosophers may lapse,
And pick out wrong superlatives for signs.

Now, if hell's top weight fury we'd select,
We'd overlook the dame that has been tossed—
We'd pass her up without the least respect,
And pick the grafter who's been double-crossed.

Yes, Let's

Let's to golf.
The season's here,
Air is keen and sky is clear;
The green's not playable as yet;
It is soggy—yes, and wet.
Let's be Sooners, rash and bold;
There's a chance of catching cold.
I don't care, do you?
Kerchoo!

Let's to golf, the chills defying;
To get back to it I'm dying.
Now the tingle's in the blood—
Gee, but I am feeling good!
How I long to drive that pill
Over dale and over hill!
Deal the stroke with steam behind it—
Drive it where I cannot find it!
Here's our chance—don't refuse it;
Slice it, fozzle it, or lose it.
Start 'er off.
Let's to golf!

I've improved a lot, I know,
While the greens were deep in snow.
In the boreal congestion,
I was training "by suggestion."
Snugly sheltered from the storm,
I have dreamt myself to form.
I was nervous; now I'm brave;
I can make that pill behave;
I can charm it like a siren
With the wooden club or iron.
I'm its master—nuttintoit—
Verily, I am a beaut.
I can cut a stroke or two
From each hole, I'm telling you!
On our way,
Blithe and gay.
We may wind up with a cough,
But we'll cure it at the "trough."
Let's to golf!

Bowling Ode

Kunze and Kuenert, Gazzolo and Blake,
Rosenthal, Rosenbaum, Brady and Ellison;
Schuster and Schulte and Shotwell and Drake,
Stephanapoulos, Spottorno and Cuneo;
Torreyson, Turrell, Shapiro and Sharp,
Cermak and Ptacek, Belatsky and Roonio
(His mother's Italian, his father's a Harp),
Axelson, Axworthy, Axtell and Allerton;
Engle and Parker and Pearson and Durk,
Dives and Lazarus, Caston and Cullerton;
McStivick, McGinnis, McGoorty, McGurk,
Smith, Jones and Robinson, Fairbury, Ferguson;
Templeton, Thompson and Titcomb and Tate,
Bellingham, Washington, Wetmore and Burgison;
Masterson, Morrison, Holdon and Waite—



We might rhapsodize till the Holsteins and Jerseys
Return from the meadow when milking time's nigh;
When bowling inspires, we can pile on the verses,
But this is as much as we think will get by.

But he Wouldn't Stoop to That

The gambler ducked his old gray knob, and tamed his heart of fire,
"The dogs have got this rum old world—if 'taint so, I'm a liar."
He said this while a look of woe ensmear'd his wrinkled brow;
And added: "There is none, alas! to deal the bank for now."

"They run a few games here and there for panfish and the like,
Who hardly know what playing is, but cadge and steal to pike;
But gambling!—no, there's none of that, as in the good old days.
With cards and dice they trim 'em now in more high-handed ways."

"I met an old-time dealing guy—we called him Hungry Joe;
He'd slipped away from 'Frisco, owing me a bunch o' dough.
I tapped him on the shoulder, and I called him by his name,
And said: 'You look like aces up. Come, lead me to your game.'

"He stuttered: 'You're mistaken,' as by me he tried to slip,
But I brought him back a-smiling when my hand moved to my hip.
He asked my pardon for the past—said, 'Troll along with me;
Forget about that throw-down, and I'll make it right—you'll see.'

"He took me to his layout—'Stocks and Bonds' was on the door.
You talk about your come-on stuff! I never saw before
Such stacks of phony mining truck piled up like loaves of bread.
Said he: 'This is the sucker's meat since lottery is dead.'

"An old dame with the get-rich bug came shuffling through the door,
And said she liked the last so well she thought she'd buy some more.
She handed him a century; he winked and bowed her out.
Said he: 'Let's get this broken, and the half is yours, Old Scout.'

"I said: 'You'd better keep it all. I'll try some other lay.
Those crooked games are not for me, 'cause I'm not built that way.'
The dogs have got this rum old world. If 'taint so, I'm a liar."
Again he ducked his old gray knob, and tamed his heart of fire.

The Ticker's New Tale

How soothing the drone of the ticker is now—
 Oh, dreamy, monotonous drone!
As restful and soft as the moo of a cow
 That's lately come into its own.
No wild-eyed fanatics now circle and surge
 'Round the hole where it vomits the tape—
We're not smashed on the ear by the cackle and dirge,
 As the figures are making escape.

The ticker to-day tells a different tale—
 In sooth, it has nothing to say,
Except the dry records of barter and sale
 Of millionaires making the hay.
It comes not athwart with error and run,
 The momentous bingle and bunt,
The changing of pitchers, the game lost and won,
 That brought all the bugs to the front.

Gone all the romance from under that globe—
 That glass globe that covers the works—
You can't find a fan around here with a probe,
 As the figures fall steady by jerks.
Lonesome? Oh, yes, in a sort of a way,
 Like a fellow is lonesome without
A bore that sticks 'round for the best of the day,
 And at last takes the hint and goes out.

Qualifying the Receptive Mood

As long as he comes clean with it,
As long as he's not mean with it,
I'm not the least inclined to scoff at him who tells us how.
As long as he's not rough with it,
And doesn't run a bluff with it,
I'm not a bit resentful, but as docile as a cow.

As long as he's not hoaxing me,
He'll get somewhere by coaxing me—
I don't object to follow, but I kick at being driv ;
I'll cut out all the vanities,
The lapses and insanities,
If he comes at me gently with his lesson how to live.

If he knows what he's talking on,
And knows the street he's walking on—
If he isn't just reforming 'cause his mission is to chide ;
If he has had a taste of it,
If he but knows the waste of it,
I'll be happy to receive him with these two arms open wide.

If he's not puritanical—
I mean by that, tyrannical—
Impatient of the foibles that have never tempted him ;
If then he doesn't arrogate
There's no gait but the narrow gait,
I'd just as soon accept his light as any other glim.

It's not the invention that succeeds; it's the improvements on it.

Free Speech a L'Crevisse

Discharge our thoughts freely no longer they'll let us;
No longer we're given the right of free speech;
If we say what we're thinking, the sheriff will get us,
And, likely as not, put us far out of reach.

Raus mit the er' 'ts long we have peddled,
The crass accusations we've bandied about;
The courts in our joy have at last intermeddled,
And slipped us the order for cutting it out.

We have pelted the rotters what time it has pleased us,
Nor stopped to consider the language we used;
Of some choice libel cracks in our time we have eased us—
The right to continue has now been refused.

We've called 'em all cheaters, cut-shifters and jobbers,
Squeezers of nickels and combers of cush,
Scalers of transoms and commonplace robbers,
Without taking a comeback from one of the push.

They seemed to regard this as no more than proper;
They seemed to accept it as part of the game;
Every fib we pulled off was a peach or a whopper—
They'd never object—they were docile and tame.

But now—holy smoke! they won't stand for a toasting;
If you call 'em pet names, they will go to the mat.
A goggle-eyed beak has said nix on the roasting.
Good gracious! Now, what do you know about that?

The Seat on the Wagon

If the friends you have made are the friends you have met
With a song and the stein on the table,
They're the friends you should hold without fear or regret,
And stick to as long as you're able.

They're the friends who will say, when you've turned down your
glass,
And Bacchus and Hebe have cheated:
"More power to you, Bill; now, don't be an ass,
And play it again when you've beat it."

That's the kind of a spiel that will make you sit tight,
When your seat on the wagon you've chosen;
They're the boys who will nerve you to keep up the fight
Till the rivers of brimstone are frozen.

And there's no place you'll hear this but where you were wont
To stand up and take it unflinching;
It is there you will feel the full force of the *Don't*,
When your pet resolution you're cinching.

There the man with the apron, who served you so oft,
Will tell you how well you are looking,
And hail you with pride when you take something soft—
You're top choice in *that* fellow's booking.

'Tis the same with the fellows you meet at the rail—
They never will kid nor deride you;
They will wistfully smile when you take Adam's ale,
And wish they were up there beside you.

We haven't much faith in these "Never Agains"
Who shudder when beer steins beholding,
And suddenly switch to assailing the "dens,"
And think they're advising, when scolding.

In assuming a virtue first see that you look the part.

The bovine that howls soon its offspring forgets
(To twist it a bit in translation) ;
The Brand from the Burning that jumps on the Wets
Will fall off this side of his station.

You can cut out the cup and still hold to the charm,
No matter how others may think it ;
If you're properly set, it will do you no harm—
You can go where it is and not drink it.

Hold the pals that you have, though their gait is unchanged,
And don't swap the Reds for the Blue ones.
You'll be lonesome indeed with the old ones estranged—
It's a cinch you'll grow sick of the new ones.



A Good Old Pal's Gone Out

(To Charles F. Spalding. His Memory.)

Let's lay aside the lighter thought
And pause a little while ;
Let's give a voice to feelings pent—
Let tears usurp the smile.

Let grief reign where the laughter was,
And let us cease to doubt
That friendship lives beyond the grave—
A good old pal's gone out.

“Let Me Dream the Rest”—Pope

When Hope runs riot, let's make it a good one.
All set, gents!

Now, we should go right on from here,
Nor look behind to see who's near.
Onward, onward we should go,
With giant stride and telling blow.
Our pitchers are just getting right
To hold their batteries to harm—there's naught to fear.
Yes, we should go right on from here.

Yes, we should go right on from here,
And demonstrate the entire smear—
The blooming layout—bally muss—
Was organized to lose to us.
We have 'em where we want 'em—yes,
We have 'em where they're in distress;
We have the class—let's make that clear.
Yes, we should go right on from here.

Yes, we should go right on from here—
Full speed ahead, no rocks a-near.
We should not halt nor hesitate
As toward the goal we navigate.
Our paths converging in the fall
To saw off seven games of ball—
Cubs versus Sox. Smoke up! More beer!
Yes, we should go right on from here.

Jiu Jitzu

Come all ye rubes and gather round and take another fling;
Bring all the change the baseball mags would have you save till
spring.

We have a game from old Japan, where every move's a thrill;
And say, old pal, we have the goods—jiu jitzu is all skill.

Our honorable expert is a cousin of the moon;
It cost a mint to fetch him here—we're slipping you a boon.
You can't afford to miss our show—you owe it to yourself.
(They pull 'most any kind of bunk to get your hard-earned pelf.)

You crowd in with a bunch of ginks and sprain your neck to see
This wondrous mode of self-defense—but listen unto me:
The Chink that scorched your collars, put your new shirts on
the bum—
You'll see him with his queue cut off and labeled "Prince Yum
Yum."

He'll run and yell and take a fall with some knight of the mat.
(Our wrestling game itself, you know, is full of things like that.)
So don't become excited—think you're seeing something great:
This jitzu thing as a means of self-defense is a shine when the
stick-up gent gets the drop on you in the wee sma' hours when
you're oozing home with half a skate.



Autumn Reflection

Gowf should no be played in lang breeks.

It's doonricht sacreleegious.

The cutty yins air bad enow, but th' lang yins are an abomi-
nation.

Kilts, mon, are the only habit for a Gowfer. The skirl o' the
skairts at the tap o' the drive maks the bonny pechter. Indeed, aye,
Macphearson!

The Peripatetic Polyglotic Wheeze

He told them a wheeze at a dinner,
In a dialect brought from the South,
And they rose in their chairs and applauded
As the point of it fell from his mouth.
It dealt with a coon and a chicken,
With trimmings that went with the race,
And all of the scenic investiture
That belonged nowhere else but "the Place."

He told them a wheeze at a dinner,
And the pet raconteurs of the night
Were too much absorbed in absorbing,
With a thought that they probably might
Take it home to themselves and revamp it,
And dress it some other way,
And spring it again as a new one,
In a company mellow and gay.

Then he heard it again at a dinner—
The point was the same, no mistake,
But 'twas stript of the soft efflorescence
Of the coon and the corn and the brake,
And dressed up in lingo Teutonic,
With the change of a name here and there,
And it went just as well as the first time,
And put the same dent in dull care.

And he heard it once more at a dinner—
This time neither German nor coon
Was put to the front as the hero—
It was told with a lilt and a croon
That belongs all alone to the Irish,
And the "moke" that was "Heinie" was "Mike";
And they all took an oath when he cracked it
That they'd never heard of the like.

Before cracking anything make sure of your terminal facilities.

Then he heard it once more at a dinner,
And the fellow who sprung it declared
That it happened up there in Wisconsin—
Some place where rough timber is squared.
This one could not master the coon stuff,
Dutch and Irish eluded his quest,
So he put it away in Norwegian,
And they fell for it just like the rest.



The Baseball Situation

Sing a song of dollar marks reaching to the skies ;
When they talk of millions now it causes no surprise.
Magnates on the inside, counting up their tin ;
Hustlers on the outside, honing to get in ;
Stories of the big wads backing other leagues ;
Darkly hinting treachery, treason and intrigues ;
Guesses that are crazy, statements that mislead ;
Just an ounce of sportsmanship to twenty tons of greed.
Money! Money! Money! till you cannot rest ;
Reaching for the kale seed ; tell with all the rest.

The most one-sided person is the one that really has no choice.

The Way to Get In Right

(To Col. Bill Stanton, E' rst of Here)

More blessed is he than the native son,
The fellow that goes that way:
 The eastern toff,
 Who goes to scoff
But will linger a while to pray.
O the native son in his native state
Is a proposition tough,
 But his heart will melt
 If you just unbelt
With the right climatic stuff.

And stronger still than the native son
Is the natur'ilized native son,
 Who thinks the least
 Of that place back east,
And roots like a son-of-a-gun
For the climate, the grub, the flowers and fruits,
 And will tear your shirt
 If you dare advert
To the quakes or the fogs or fleas.

O the natur'lized son is the one best plug
For the things they have out there—
 He throws new light
 On the spot that's bright
And covers the spot that's bare;
He knows more things that are good to say
Than the natives ever thought;
 And he heats his spiel
 With a convert's zeal
When the boasting bug he's caught.

You never heard of a carp getting away after it has been hooked.

Golf Au Naturel

(Something that arose in Prof. Le Gasoline at the sight of three bugs, all full grown, pasting the pill by the roadside in Ravinia with the thermometer at 90.)

I do not ask for velvet greens,
For bunkers high, and stately stretches;
I do not care a hill o' beans
For all the joy the real thing fetches.

A vacant lot, a club or two,
A ball to hit in vague direction,
Midst scattered rocks and trees, a few,
Just suits my golfing predilection.

The nineteenth hole is just a step,
The brew is cold and good and handy,
You need not hint—the host is hep
And leads you to it. Fine and dandy!

Let others hike to formal fields
And play it straight and conscientious;
They'll never know what joy it yields,
When links are crude and unpretentious.

Me for the rude informal stuff,
As when we played old cat in childhood;
Where putting greens are in the rough
And "simple hazards" tangled wildwood.

The Missing Ingredient

Speed? Take a look. They have got it to burn,
At fielding they've got 'em all done to a turn.
There is nothing comes near them that they can not stop:
They're in front of the bounder and under the pop.
When they're out in the field you will say, "There's a team;
The infield is bomb-proof, the outfield a dream——"

Butthehelofitistheyainthittin!

At pulling the double and squeezing the pinch
And cutting off men at the bags it's a cinch;
At serving injunctions on probable runs—
Say, the cheese and the candy, the cake and the buns.
When they're on the defensive they're up on their pins;
They are there with their feet and their noodles and fins—

Butthehelofitistheyainthittin!

The pitching staff? Say, can you equal it? Yes?
Well, there's coming to you another bad guess.
They have got all the speed and the curves to be had,
The spitters and floats that put bats to the bad;
They're as stingy as blazes in passing out walks,
And at fanning 'em you must give 'em the chinks—

Butthehelofitistheyainthittin!

It's a poor rule that only begets designs to get around it.

Catching? You'll find them right there with the whip
When daring opponent to second would slip;
When a speed marvel dashes away from the base
He is out just as plain as the nose on your face;
When the peg's to the plate they are there with the mitt;
For sliders and spike do they care? Not a bit—

Butthehelofitistheyainthittin!



The Mucking Third Person

What to Tom is full of guile
Dick thinks not reprehensible,
And what to Dick's not worth the while
To Tom is indispensable.
They might agree to disagree
On evils and the growth of them;
If Harry did not hold that he
Must regulate the both of them.

The Blaze of Glory Finish

And they say that your finish, O Sport of Kings,
The last Futurity,
If your place is settled among the things,
The things that Used to Be—
Then let it be said 'twas a glorious one,
With spirits still untamed;
They were there to watch till your life was gone,
They were there—and were not ashamed.
They cheered you out as they cheered you in,
As they cheered you on your way,
With never a thought of the taint of sin,
Or penalty to pay.
The pulse still quickened to flying feet,
The eye had a warmer glow,
And they cheered with men they were proud to meet,
In a game they were proud to know.

They say that's your finish, O Sport of Kings,
O game of the rich, red blood!
Which gave its life to all sportive things
By which clean men have stood.
And, if it be, they will mourn with pride
And with spirits still untamed;
They will curse the fate that put you aside,
They will curse and not be ashamed.

That'll be about all for the Sport of Kings,
That'll be about all, they say;
The game has been chucked with the discarded things
And the gee-gee has had its day.
Reform has collected in full its claim,
Collected and closed the deal;
It has demanded the life of the ancient game—
It wins, and there is no appeal.

Submission to the inevitable means no funds to take an appeal.

There is nothing left for the losing end
But deny that the fight was fair,
And shelter claim from a foreign friend
And take its b'liefs elsewhere.
For the world is wide, and the world is free,
And places there are therein
Where men can be what they wish to be
And no one shall say they sin.



The Active Principle of the Crab

Shake not your gory locks and cry about reform's aggression,
Wake up and purge your addled beans of any such obsession.
Reform's a good thing in its way, and not at all obtrusive,
And starting things is not its lay, when customs grow abusive.
In fact, it never takes a hand till you yourselves grow restive,
Until your own kind load your games with matters indigestive.

'Tis only when the crooks fall out and generate the knocking
That forces that uplift get next to what they think is shocking.
Don't blame it on reform what time the coppers come and nail you,
When, Bingo! down the lid is clamped, and pulls do not avail you.
Reformers trail and don't resort to supererogation,
The Killjoy never intervenes without an invitation.

Wounded pride often is an uglier customer than smirched honor.

Time!

On the casual meeting in a public place of those ancient gladiators, Ed. Corrigan and Charles S. Bush

Grizzled and gray and with shoulders bent,
Friends or foes, at the game behest;
The seams and scars that the struggle lent
Seem smoothed away as you near your rest.

What do you like to talk of best
When you and you, with your rolls content,
Held equal sway in the Middle West—
Of the wreck you saw and did not prevent?

What signifies what you have to say,
Each to each as you chance to meet?
Do you spar again for each other's play,
As you draw apart from the crowded street?

Love or hate, or the sour or sweet,
What's the motif that rules your speech?
What is within while you clasp and greet?
What is the feeling of each for each?

The next best thing to an alibi is a distribution of the blame.

The Beautiful 'ome Life Halibi

Hapropos of nothing in particular—if you chawnce of muff the
connection

I'll grant you that 'is methods were at times a trifle coarse;
That he'd resort to poison if the game were 'orse and 'orse.
'E was never stumped by conscience,
Nor retarded by remorse,
But 'e always was a hexcellent provider.

With 'is hoptic on the main chawnce
And 'is 'eart set over there
W'ere the oof bird warbles sweetly
And the brave deserve a share,
'E would get the part 'e wanted—
As to 'ow 'e wouldn't care—
For 'e always was a hexcellent provider.

'E was oily with 'is enemies, 'is friends 'e played for fools;
'E took all sorts of liberties with hethics and with rules;
The end 'e would put over always justified the tools—
But 'e always was a hexcellent provider.

But if he's simply riding us,
Upbraiding us and chiding us,
Because he thinks he was put here to storm, and
rave, and shout;
If his own min' his measure is,
If killing joy his pleasure is,
I'll fight to get what he declares I better am without.

'E never bashed 'is kiddies, to the missus 'e was kind;
'Is care was true and tender of the loving ties that bind.
W'en 'e went forth from the 'ome nest 'e might leave 'is soul
be'ind,
But 'e always was a hexcellent provider.

Good By Tom—Hello Dick

The bromide pipes with silly grin,
Now that the grand old game's all in,
What will you find to spiel about,
Now that baseball is up the spout—
How will you worry through?

Now making answer unto him,
This fellow with strabismic glim,
Who looks but doesn't see—
We chortle cheerily, Old Top,
This circus doesn't have to stop,
Nor pull up stakes and flee.

When one obsession runs its course,
And from its bugs will seek divorce
And graver care resume,
The heading at the top will stand,
The "filling" is what comes to hand—
We shan't give up the room.

The given point you recognize
Whereat your fleeting int'rest dies,
Is not our semaphore;
We hurry reckless by the switch
Where baseball's lying in the ditch,
As fits our daily chore.

The game is dead; long live the game!
When yours went out another came—
No interregnum here.
Although your frenzy may subside,
The cell you filled is occupied
By some one, never fear.

Put It Away With the Rest

(On New Year's Day)

There it goes, there it goes,
With its sunshine and tears,
Its triumphs, defeat, and its draws;
'Twas only a mark on the tablet of years—
A straw in a bundle of straws.

They come rather swift when the brightest are gone,
And the dullest remain to be met;
When the stretch has been reached and the finish is on,
And the has-been outnumbered the yet.

Slip it back in the pile—there's a lot of them there,
The bad ones mixed up with the blest;
It carried its joy, it delivered its care—
Just let it lie there with the rest.

No better nor worse than the others that went,
They all bear the same kind of freight;
It has taken the portion for which it was sent,
And those that have left only wait.

Only wait for their own to come rolling along,
Which it will, to the same glad acclaim,
For time take no note for the dirge or the song,
But stolidly plays out the game.

The one that was planted when yesterday closed
Took its toll of the brightest and best,
And those that are left are only exposed—
So put it away with the rest.

Peace

Putting into verse the sentiments of Mr. Roosevelt in asking for more Dreadnaughts.

“Let us have peace,” is the song of the world ;
“Start nothing that you cannot finish.”
If all were imbued with that spirit divine,
The causes of war should diminish.
Just hope for the best and go fixed for the worst,
That’s the bulliest way to insure it ;
For no one will start out to pick upon you
If he knows you’ve the power to endure it.

The most peaceable person we ever have met
Was the man who talked softly but ever was set
And figured on giving more than he would get ;
And could swing with the cross and the upper.
This man never fought and he never was whipped,
They took him on faith how he looked when he
stripped.
Your bones he would crunch when your flipper he
gripped
And smilingly asked you to supper.

“Let us have peace.” Let us clamor amain
Or supplicate with all due meekness ;
And the nation or man that is there with the
punch
Will accept our confession of weakness.
Peace is the thing that takes care of itself,
It’s the dope when there’s nothing to settle—
Peace is the thing to palaver about
When you don’t feel quite sure of your fettle.

And so is he thrice armed who can duck out of it before it starts.

The most peaceable dog is the dog that is there
With the buckle and clinch when he's caught unaware,
And who "never starts not'n" that's not on the square,
And licks his own wounds when it's over.
He goes on his way, never picking a scrap;
His bark is of peace, but the scars on his map
Are nothing compared to what happened the chap
Who thought he could hand it to Rover.



Addie Joss

He pitched good ball—and what he was beside
He did not say; but showed in gentle acts;
No braggart he, nor puffed with empty pride—
A model for his kind in simple facts.
Just what he was, he was, nor ever tried
With vain acclaim to be what he was not;
No strength he bragged, nor weakness he denied;
The best he had to give was what you got.
An honest tribute this, from one and all;
He pitched good ball.

Loot Uptodated

And then again, when Homer smote
His blooming lyre and cut his capers,
Some of the clever things he wrote
Suggested were by other papers.
Far be it from that we'd declare
That this here Homer up and stole it—
A "point" he would grab here and there,
Then in Homeric language dole it.

A proud old pot this Homer was,
A patronizing old gazimbo;
His life devoted to the cause
Of rescuing good things from limbo.
Whene'er he saw a basic thought
Whose circulation might be stinted,
He'd say, "The point of this I've caught;
My duty is to see it printed.

" 'Twould be a shame to let it lie
Where low-brow mutts are sure to muff it,
Where my constits will pass it by
Or else deliberately slough it.
As purveyor of happy thinks,
The higher-taste consumers need me;
I'm honoring those lesser ginks
In that I suffer them to feed me."



Le Tag

When Homer blew this mundane sphere,
He didn't take with him the habit;
His blooming motto still is here:
"If you can use it, go and grab it!"

Taking Care of Horatius

Macaulay doesn't mention, now, what happened after that—
How Horatius was rewarded for the way that he stood pat
And, single-handed, held the bridge until the day was saved,
Then, with his harness on his back, the slime of Tiber braved.

Mac leaves you to conjecture what Horatius got for his—
How he was taken care of after all the boom and sizz;
And you, of course, suppose that he was properly set up,
With a grateful state providing for his every bite and sup.

Oh, lovely faith in gratitude! Perhaps 'twere best you'd think
That he had no cause to worry and was always in the pink;
That the balance of his tenure was just one long refrain;
That into his existence there ne'er fell a drop of rain.

But nix upon the sentiment. 'Twas not a bit like so.
("Nix" is used advisedly—in Latin it means "snow.")
They shouted for his bravery, they shouted loud and large,
But they passed the frosty pickles when he came to be a charge.

When squarely it was put to them that some one should provide,
They forgot about the bridge thing, and your hero brushed aside.
(They *did* arrange a "benefit" for him at long and last,
But he only got the clankin's when the tinplate hat was passed.)

Full of years and full of honors, but, alas! of nothing more,
Horatius had to hustle to eke out his scanty store.
With a courage still unconquered, with a heart for any chance,
He betook himself to vaudeville, just the same as Captain Anse.
(Two syllables, Cap, if you're going to recite this.)

Be a Goodfellow

(Christmas 1910)

Be a good fellow ; there are many ways,
But the easiest way is the best.
Don't answer the call of the hip, hip, hoorays,
But the call that gets under the vest.
With your face in the mirror, your foot on the rail,
And the song ringing clear till the morning is pale,
Can you pause and reflect that you're having a time
That is rippingly great, if not almost sublime?

To be a good fellow is nothing like that ;
You are cheating yourself if you think
That happiness comes with the toast and the song
And the wallow in victuals and drink.
Not chiding the bottle, the bird and the Doll—
In their time and their place their praise I'll extol ;
But how can you blow it in riot and rout,
With frayed, empty stockings all hanging about?

Be a good fellow, if revel you must ;
But set a small portion apart
To buy trinkets and goodies for poverty's kids,
Who've been given the worst of the start.
It sets yourself right when you know you have done
Something to share just a part of your fun
With those who have nothing to do nothing with—
Show them that Santa Claus isn't a myth!

As much as you do for the least of these kids,
The same will redound unto you ;
You'll enjoy more the blessings that come to your own,
When you feel you have scattered a few.

There With the Thanks

(Thanksgiving Day 1909)

I am thankful for the things I've missed, if not for what I've made;
I am thankful that it hasn't been my lot
To garner of the substances and be constantly afraid
That I'm going to be nicked for what I've got.

I am thankful that what little that has come to me is mine—
That I didn't snatch as much as I could get;
That I've kept in subjugation all the instincts of the swine,
And didn't hog it all when I was let.

I am thankful that for envy I am not a shining mark;
That no one shoots envenomed shafts at me;
That I do not look so toothsome and so tempting to the shark,
And that that school of fish just lets me be.

I am thankful I am living just the way I want to live,
And that no one feels disposed to say me nay;
That no one need pursue me with the gatling or the chiv
For trespassing on some one's right of way.

I am thankful that I'm feeling that the world is being run
In just about the way I should suggest;
That I've not the slightest reason to find fault with what's been done,
And that everything is shaping for the best.

Unregenerate

Being a defiant chirp from a veteran (seeming inveterate) "horse reporter" who haply, you know

Forget it? Not yet.
How could I forget?
Why should I forget if I could?
I am not ashamed of the game I claimed,
And the love of it's in the blood.
I don't see why I should heave a sigh
Or regret that I wasted time
To store my head with a game that's dead,
Oh, sorrier still, a crime.

A crime? No! no!
I shall not say so.
In the code that I take for mine,
A blessing—yes, I will say no less,
Though you say I am out of line.
I have changed my ways and I've switched my praise
And toil to a field that's new,
And I've humbly bent, with a good intent,
To do what is best to do.

I have broken the tools
That were made for fools,
As you—but not I—would say.
I have shaped new ends and I've made new friends,
And the old ones I've put away;
I give my meed of applause for speed—
For speed in the legs of men,
And I nurse my hope for the men who cope
As cheerfully now as then.

The best antidote for taking chances is a study of percentages.

But my heart won't sway in the old, old way,
Nor spring with the old-time thrill,
As it did back there when my game was fair—
The game they were pleased to kill.

* * *

Forget it? Not yet.
How could I forget?
Why should I forget if I could?
I am not ashamed of the game I claimed,
And the love of it's in the blood.

❖ ❖ ❖

A Line on Will's Form

A whale with a wallop is Will;
He surely is stuck on the stick.
At lining a lob
He is on to his job.
(Right here you can lay it on thick.)

He can bingle and bungle a bit,
He'll score while you're throwing a fit;
He has brains in his skull;
When the bases are full,
He is Johnny-come-home with a hit.

His natural bent is the bunt;
He is there with the sacrifice stunt.
When a run's to be had,
And the chances look bad,
Just whistle—he'll come to the front.

In the field? Well, just show him the place!
At any position—an ace!
All spots look alike
To this frolicsome tyke—
That's as plain as the nose on your face.

Do not complain if you are accepted at your own discount.

In the outer works? Pshaw! Simply great!
At fielding you can't find his mate.
Let 'em come hard or soft,
He can spear 'em aloft
And deliver the goods at the plate.

Then again, he's no mutt with the mitt;
At stabbing the wild 'uns he's It.
He's no slob on the slab—
You can send for a cab
When he deals you the genuine spit.

First base? His elongated suit!
At second he's surely a beaut;
At third he's a bird,
And at shortstop—my word!
He can give Tinker something to boot.

He'll give your right shoulder a wrench
If you try his inshooters to quench.
You are up in the air
With this rip-snorthing bear—
But he plays all his games on the bench.



Made Over Maxims

Hell hath no fury like a discharged caddy.
Never let your left hand know what your right hand doeth,
unless you have declared it in.

Cast your bread upon the waters and it will return to you. This
applies to the waters of Salt Lake, where there are no fish to beat
you to it.

Your flowing tide of easy money is ever offset by the undertow.
The blatant fan usually mixes his business cards with his rooting.
It is easier to convince a loser than it is to square his friends.

Even Unto the Third Generation

“I beg your pardon, grandpa, dear,” said Peter, five years old;
“I hope you will not call me fresh if so I make bold—
If I ask you to peel your lamps and shed a little light
Upon some propositions deep, the which perplex me quite.”
“Oh, not at all, my little man,” exclaimed the pappy guy;
“That’s just the thing I’m living for—when ready, let ‘er fly!”

“Now, what is Weston walking for?” asked Peter, to begin.
“On that,” quoth gramp, “I’ll stand a frisk, my precious Peterkin.
I don’t know why in ballyel he chooses for to roam,
Unless he has no kids like you to keep him close to home.
And then again, it may be that, as I’ve heard people state,
If he stood still upon the ground, his corns would germinate.”

“As clear as mud!” cried Peterkin; “I should have thought of that.
But still if I know why he walks I’ll eat my blasted hat.
However, let that matter drop—another question vexed:
I don’t know why reform waves are—you’ll kindly put me next.
I know when anything we like just gets to going some,
A Wave comes swooping over it and puts it on the bum.”

“Ah, yes, my little man, that’s it,” said grandad with a sigh;
“I’m jerry as to *what* they are, but cannot tell you why.
When something looks right good to most, and they go in for it,
Ill-favored blokes who like it not proceed to throw a fit.
The handsomer the matter is, the harder is the bump;
The nearer to the people’s heart, the nearer to the dump.

“But there, now,” the old codger said, “the sandman’s coming now.
It’s time for little boys like us to mosey to the mow.
He sleeps.” In sooth, it was no lie—the little fellow slept.
Old grandpop took him tenderly and to the hay they crept,
And there he slumbered while his dreams on downy pinions
soared—
Till some reforming angel came and told him that he snored.

More Work for the Killjoy

(Dedicated to Col. Le Roy Steward)

We cannot do the things we did,
Nor thought that we were doing wrong,
Ere bloodless churls put on the lid
And put fun in that don't belong.
But, lo! there comes a smear of salve:
We're told a few things we may have—
The ban is lifted, Steward states,
From marbles and from roller skates.

Our freedom's coming back in dribs;
A ray of light through darkness sweeps;
We won't be pinched for playing mibs,
E'en though it be we play for keeps.
We may play mibs, and to our heels
Make fast at will the flying wheels.
No penalties thereto attach,
Nor sojourn in the booby hatch.

But softly! Won't some mucksters kick,
And crab the loosing of the chain?
Won't Killjoy come on double quick
And make them take it back again?
The ever thusness of the thing
Makes us saddest while we sing;
We'll hear that rank corruption waits
On marbles and on roller skates.



L. Envoi

They do not like the games we play.
They don't know why—it's just their way.
They're small, but they have all to say—
They do not like the games we play.

Center Fieldin' Ain't no Puddin'

Just a little thing inscribed by Prof. Le Gasoline to Mattie
McIntyre and Artie Hofman

Tell us not in bromide numbers,
Center field is such a cinch—
That the bloke who plays it slumbers,
Seldom waking in a pinch.

Out of center there's no stalling,
There's no loafing on the beat;
Out in center balls are failing,
Breaking up this snug retreat.

Center fielders must be speedy,
Argus-eyed; ubiquitous;
With a paw that's ever greedy,
And a wing—take that from us.

When the pastiming commences,
We get busy right away,
Picking home runs off the fences,
Horning into every play.

They say we get paid for hitting.
Now, that steer must be amiss;
But, if true, the question's fitting:
Whoinel gets paid for this?

Where Mexico Is

(When a valued member of the White Sox was informed that President Comiskey had decided to take the world beaters to Mexico for spring practice, he asked, "Where is this Mexico?")

It's where the condor spreads its sails,
The hot tamale rears its crest ;
The banderillo spares the quails
And señoritas do the rest.

It's where the una peso talks
The language of the four-bit piece ;
Where Spanish monte proudly walks
And does not care for the police.

It's where the caballeros cab,
And matadors go to the mat ;
Where poor el toro takes the jab,
And el sombrero is a hat.

It's where the intercostal chiv,
Deft wielded, has the best of it ;
It's where the greaserinos live.
(You're jerry to the rest of it.)

It's where they call a jay a hay,
A sucker a gazzario ;
It's where they have "The Feet of Clay"
Skinned down to the scenario.

It's where mescal usurps the place
Of seltzer and the peggio ;
Where Señor Diaz holds the ace,
And Pedro pulls your leggio.

How far is Mexico from here ?
Quite recently we measured it.
We got a folder once from there,
And jealously we've treasured it.

You blow El Paso in the night,
And crawl into your upper shelf,
And at first blush of morning light
Instinctively you search yourself.

And if you find a peso, Mike,
'Twas 'cause the peon wasn't on.
San Francisco's quite a hike,
But Mexico's t'ell and gone.



Do You Know the Game?

They quarrel and the lie is passed.
(The truth is coming out at last.)
A crooked deck, a rotten deal,
An accusation and a squeal.

On each bestowed his proper name—
Each mucking spoiler of the game.
The whispered scandal turns to shout.
(Ah, yes, the truth is coming out!)

But softly, now—here some one comes,
And stills the tumult of the drums
By smearing on some salve like this:
“We carry this too far, I wis.

Forget this petty strife, I beg—
We'll kill the goose that lays the egg.”
That hint of lucre gives them pause.
They sheathe the ax, they close their jaws.

With penitence that is skin-deep,
The hypocrites embrace and weep;
Then formulate a plan to skin.
One touch of coin has made them kin.

A Temperance Lecture

You talk of fightin' Bilson at twelve-stun-six hat noon!
My word! You precious sot, I 'ave to lawf.
You bloomin', blear-eyed bloater! You booze-consumin' 'ound!
You couldn't stand before 'is photygrawf.

If you'll honly blow the tippie hand reduce yourself to shipe—
Well, yes, you might mike good, but not until
You change habout your 'abits hand lead a decent loif—
Cawn't you see wot hit his doin' to you, Bill?

You stand habout and gargle till the lawst man goes to sleep,
And you scold habout the fellows you can lick;
W'en you're pickled good and proper, hand your knees begin to
shike,
You'll show 'em 'ow you used to do the trick.

You'll show 'em 'ow you put awy the Chicken with a punch—
It's a ghawstly himitation of a mill—
W'en you try to swing the right 'un you kerflummix in a 'eap—
Cawn't you see wot hit his doin' to you, Bill?

You used to be ha good 'un, not so very long ago,
Hand you 'eld your hown through good and bad repute;
You were shifty hon your 'ind legs hand you 'ad the nawsty punch,
Hand could tike ha bit o' gruelin' to boot.

But you swallowed in the gripe juice that sputters in your fice;
Now, so 'elp me, you cawn't get your bloomin' fill
Of 'ighballs, pegs hand cocktails, hand common beer and ile—
Cawn't you see wot hit his doin' to you, Bill?

played confidence.

lawful stuff;
; yet—
With a month or so hot water hand some 'ealthy hexercise,
You'd be the sime hold William—that's a bet!

Just cut out the deadly spirits hand teetotal hit a w'ile,
Hand show you're not ha 'opeless walking still;
Tike the puffs from 'neath your peepers, let the good blood
circulite—
Cawn't you see wot hit his doin' to you, Bill?



A La Tit Bits

They tell a capital story about Sir T—d S—s in his relations with H—y S—h, about a bit of an affair which really is of no consequence. It really was a mere matter of twenty sovereigns which Sir T— had overlooked. H— approached Sir T— [who, by the way, had cut him deeply at Lady G.'s affair], just after Sir T— had dined heavily. [But that's another story; Kipling, chap. xxii. p. 145.]

Sir T— quite forgot himself, and he turned in and gave H— a most lovely thrashing.

When they had rescued him from the flowerpots, somebody asked him [H—], how he had so far forgot himself as to approach him [Sir T—] on a matter of business when he [Sir T—] had just dined.

And H— up and answered: "How the bloody — did I know he was loaded?" [Lawfter.]

The Gloat and the Knock

Bravo! Owen Moran—with the haccent hon the Mo—
They'll not be so bloomin' cocky since of Neil you made a show;
They thought they 'ad hit hon hus, hand we thought about the sime,
W'en you hups hand mikes hit pline to them we ain't forgot the
gime.

Gaw's Strewth!

There's a hifty satisfaction in the wy you brought it 'ome;
'Ow you bouched your precious mauleys from 'is bread-basket hand
dome;

'Ow you closed 'is bloomin' peepers hand cracked 'is bloomin' jaw,
Hand 'ow to stop the carnage they 'ad recourse to law.

My word!

Hit's many dys, Owen Moran—with the haccent has before—
Since we sent a bally champion to that blawsted Yankee shore.
They kidded with hour middleweights, they sloshed hour 'eavies, too,
Till, bli'me! we were hin despair hof hever comin' through.

Fawncy!



L'envoi, i. e., the Knock

“Och, yis,” spake up McManus, “Owen Moran done the thrick;
But whin ye sarch his pedigree, ye'll foind that he's a Mick.
You wouldn't have a look-in if you sint a Cockney here,
For yez haven't got a fighter that can lick a glass of beer,
Be jabers!”

McIntosh

(Wot price the Australian rights?)

'Strordn'ary fellow is 'Ugh McIntosh,
Careless of distance and likewise of splosh;
'Opping abaht from this place to that,
Looking for coves as is ripe for a spat;
Cheerful and feeling exceedingly fit,
Doesn't mind travel a least little bit—
W'en 'e's located a man 'e may want,
Sydney to London is only a jaunt;
Picks aht the match as appeals to 'is taste,
Fixes it up with astonishing 'aste;
All signed and sealed in the space of a day;
Cops the next ship and is up and away;
Lands in New York and is at it again;
Sees all 'e wants and then 'ops on a train;
New York to Chicago is only a step—
An exercise canter, a breather, a prep,
Fitting him aht for a journey aht West,
To sign up some fighter of w'om 'e's in quest;
Frisco, Seattle, Vancouver and all—
With 'op, skip and jump, 'e'll on each make a call,
Sending aht columns of newspaper spoof,
And making a lavish display of 'is 'oof;
Back to Chicago before 'e is missed,
Making a spiel with 'is coin in 'is fist;
Putting it up to them:
"Say yes or no—
I'm booked at the station and ready to blow.
If you change your mind in a fortnight or less,
McIntosh, London, my cable address."
'Ops in a taxi and catches a train—
Ere New York 'as missed 'in it's got 'im again.
Busy again in impetuous style;
Gets enough Broadway to last for a w'ile;
'Ops on a steamer as it's pulling aht;
Then back in London 'e's stepping abaht;
Tells British promoters just wot they should do,
And 'ears them cry, "Bravo! we'll leave that to you";
Back this way again, but this time passing through—
For Sydney 'e's booked on some bally "Maru."

Who goes prepared is not found wanting when the pinch comes.

From Melbourne, Aus., to Charing Cross,
W'ere English speech is spoke,
There's not a toff w'ose 'at's not off
To this globe-girdling bloke.
From Boston, Mass., to Alcatraz,
Or to Tacoma, Wash.,
There's not a blooming sporting gent
As dawn't know McIntosh.



The Cruise

(Written on HEK'S last New Year's Day)

Ready, about, and we're off again,
On another leg of this blind-lead race,
To finish no one knows where or when—
Nor cares o'ermuch in the present case.
No backward glance at the might-have-been,
Nor vain regrets, nor haunting fear
That the course we lay is beyond our ken—
We're squared away for another year.

We do not know what is dead ahead
(And 'tis best for us that we do not know),
Or if we are leading or being led,
Or good or ill in the winds that blow.
Perhaps in another way we'd go
If we shaped our course with a vision clear;
'Tis a sporting chance—and we'd have it so—
We're squared away for another year.

L'ENVOI

All snug and taut as we come about,
And a little bit of the course is clear;
While the glim holds out we will have no doubt—
We're squared away for another year.



Every once in a while Nature puts over something to show us
human beings what a small figure we cut, after all.

Seventy

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