

A decorative initial letter 'S' in a square frame with ornate scrollwork.

STEDMANIA

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STEDMANIA

JOHN HARRY STEDMAN

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Rochester, New York

My Electric Sweetheart.

*Written for Street Railway Association Banquet, Milwaukee, Wis.,
Oct. 1893.*

I know a maid—a sweet surprise
Of loveliness the essence,
Whoever meets her sparkling eyes,
She turns to incandescence.

Softly, as melts the foam on "fizz,"
Her influence sinuating,
Your watch don't know what time it is,
She is so fascinating.

I got a shock, when first we met,
But knew not how to take her;
Now I'm all right, I don't forget
To wear my circuit-breaker.

Her wit is keen, her brilliant mind
Like playful thunderbolts;
Who sparks this girl of mine will find
He's struck five hundred volts.

I long to be the "favorite"—
I'll not to others yield,
Yet it's no use to play for it
When she "excites the field."

Her tresses coiled with nicest care;
Her switch great credit does her;
How can you with my belle compare
Some other fellow's buzzer.

She's gentleness itself till crossed,
But once lose her controller
She blows her fuse, her head is lost,
And then she's a high roller.

Marvelously she flashes green
When jealousies surprise her,
But quickly glides to happy mean—
She's got an equalizer.

She's positive like other loves—
How gentle her induction;
Best handle her with rubber gloves,
Or you'll invite destruction.

Two pretty feet on equal poles,
Nimble and quick denote her,
The envy of all rival souls;
Who else has such a motor?

Though winds and storms may rave about,
Presence of mind ne'er loses;
She isn't easily put out,
She yields when she re-fuses.

Contact with her for me is peace,
My refuge is her arc;
Though her attractions never cease,
She looks best after dark.

"Cost of construction?" Yes! I know
It costs a lot to rig her,
We always get it charged, and so
That item cuts no figure.

Ah, alternating-current girl,
No praises can be flattery;
Short circuit, dear, and cease to whirl,
Make me your storage battery.

When longing nearer joys to taste
I strive with brave insistence,
Why will you fix about your waist
Rheostats of resistance.

And, dearest, should you rather not
Accept my offering votive,
Might I most humbly ask you Watt
Was your Electro-motive?

To several circuits hereabout
You are the Power Station;
Would I all others could cut out,
You lovely installation.

Soft nestled in your armature,
Lulled by your soothing brushes,
Your commutator's drowsy hum
All earth's excitement hushes.

No more my carboned heart would roam!
Sweet girl, two wishes grant me!
Build you your circuit round my 'Ome,
My isolated plant, be.

Come, dearest, grant these, and one more—
Elate me to distraction,
And make my loving heart your core
And me your cause of action.

Were I Am-Pere and she Gramme-Ma,
With insulation rounded,
We'd charge some unfrequented star,
And live there till we grounded.

Or else for a perpetual trip
On an electric-car
Forever and a day we'd skip
An endless trol-ley-la

We'd never heed "Blow, wind! come wrack,"
Zip! wouldn't it be jolly—
A double truck—a double track,
And never off your trolley.

How glorious would existence be!
Where could such joy be found;
Forever more to sit with thee
And see the "wheels go round."

From College Songs.

* * * * *

All is not lost. When work is o'er,
We take our pipes, forsooth,
And dream and hum old tunes once more,
It is the Fount of Youth.

We're boys again, the faces dear
The lost group crowds around
And fills the shadows—then we hear
The old familiar sound.

Our pulses thrill—chiefest of joys—
Life knows no sweeter thing
Than singing over with the boys
The songs we used to sing.

My Old Dress Suit.

Life.

My dress-suit is threadbare and shiny and spotted,
But how can I part with this friend of my youth,
To hang in some second-hand shop, or be trotted
About on some restaurant waiter, forsooth!
That dress-suit has sported with wealth and with station,
Has heard the best music and seen the best plays,
Has rested in royal content in flirtation,
And consorted with beauty in various ways.

When I think of the waists that right sleeve has surrounded—
In waltzing, of course—and what tresses have pressed
The lapel of that coat, tra-la-la! I'm confounded
With "joys that we've tasted," no longer possessed—
And I fondly remember the scores of good dinners,
With menus delicious, that waistcoat's embraced,
And the heart-throbs it's heard; they come to beginners,
They are evening emotions, by morning effaced.

And there are the trousers; for years they've been flitting
About at swell parties and dancing affairs.
Cheek by jowl with the silks and the satins, or sitting
Sequestered in alcoves, in nooks, on the stairs.
Every thread is a chord of some sweet recollection,
Every spot tells a tale of delights now no more;
Dear worn-out dress-suit, you inspire retrospection,
Because you've been worn out so often before.

AIR—"The Lily of the Valley."

The Bowling Girl.

"Set 'em up" for a beautiful bowling-girl,
So graceful, so jolly, so fair.
She can play a "straight ball" or a "twist" or "twirl;"
She's a "winner," Oh, beware!
"Her side" is the pleasantest place I know.
Tho' I wish I could change her last name,
But the dear little bowler has got a "good show,"
She fills such a beautiful "frame."
Chalking up her dainty toes,
Swift and smooth the ball she throws,
Down the alley true it goes,
But she's making a "strike" on me.

She's the darling of the alley, of the alley, of the alley;
She's the darling of the alley, but she's "working" a game on me.

Now, fellows, beware of the bowling-girl,
So pretty, bewitching and fair;
Her bright, laughing eyes set your heart in a whirl;
She's a "breaker," oh, take care!
The "Rambo" is useless when you've got a "tie,"
She chooses as well as she "picks;"
You'll be the "left jack" if you don't mind your eye,
Or "deadwood," she's up to those tricks.
Round and round her fingers twine,
Playing with this heart of mine;
I'm off my pins, I can't be-nign,
When she's making a game off me.

'Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay.

A lively, "all round" girl, you see,
Not too prudish, not too free,
Just as nice as nice can be,
All the boys are "gone" on me;
Singing, dancing my delight,
Frisky mornings, gay at night,
I don't "get left" for I'm "all right,"
In everything I'm "out of sight."
'Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay, etc.

Always in "the latest tone,"
All my beauty is my own,
Not too young to go alone,
Not too old to chaperone;
I'm a little Puritan,
And when first I meet a man
I at once put up my fan
And work him on th' installment plan.
'Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay, etc.

I'm a "summer girl," you know,
More than one string to my bow,
Not too fast and not too slow,
"Quite a winner," "lots of go;"
Not too bold and not too "shy,"
Not too dull and not too "fly,"
Just the girl to catch your eye
When I'm walking by—Oh, my!
'Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay, etc.

May Morning in Manila Bay.

May 14, 1898.

MAY 14, 1898.

How lovely is the morning when the first sweet thoughts of spring,
Around the joyous May-pole the lads and lassies bring:
My May-pole is my topmast, my green, Manila Bay,
My ribbons are the Stars and Stripes, this glorious first of May.

You may stay asleep, Augusti, and the Spanish squadron, too,
And I will rise up early and will steal a march on you;
When my lively guns salute you, you will wake up for the day;
I'm king of Manila bay, boys, and the Spaniard steals away.

Sampson has had his hair cut but he is Sampson still,
And "Schlay" or "Schly" is cruising to slyly slay at will;
While Spanish ships play peek-a-boo with Cadiz far away,
I'm king of Manila Bay, boys, and Spain has had its day.

Down drops the Spanish ensign, 'tis time its day were dead,
With its pestilential yellow and its cruel, bloody red.
This Philopene's a jolly game but the Spaniard's dull at play;
I'm king of Manila Bay, boys, this glorious first of May.

The Stars and Stripes—Old Glory—floats in triumph on the seas,
In flush of dawn and noontide glare and in the evening breeze.
Cantharides their motto—the Spanish fly—to-day,
I'm King of Manila Bay, boys, and I have come to stay.

AIR—"Jingle Bells! Jingle Bells!"

Bowling Song.

DEDICATED TO THE CREW OF THE HALF-MOON BOWLING CLUB BY
ONE OF THEM.

Every Friday evening,
Half Moons rise at eight—
Glorious sport is bowling,
Then "we strike our gait,"
Toss up for the choosing,
Soon the game's begun—
Winning scores or losing,
There never was such fun.

CHORUS.

Friday night! our delight!
Then the "Half Moons" play;
It's fun to bowl, so let 'em roll,
Hearts are light and gay;
Friday night! "out of sight!"
Happiness renew.
Bowling brings such pleasant things
To the Jolly Half Moon Crew.

"Now, then, put your man in,"
"That's a dandy crack,"
"Great work!" "what a daisy,"
"Billy, take that jack."
"Give us nine!" "you break 'em"—
"Good! the back pin's down,"
"Kranz chance, there," "you take 'em,"
"Twelve!" "No kranz, no crown."

"Gates ajar"—"a plow-boy,"
"Ought to had 'em all,"
"Still there!" "next time gets it;"
"Our game"—"now play ball;"
"Rambo? Yes, we'll take it,"
"Every pin counts three,"
"Why, of course, we make it,"
"You can take one game off me."

"Set 'em up there, lively;"
Exercise will tell—
Nourishment's in order—
"Beer? Yes, ring the bell;"
Joyful is its tinkle,
Laughter, shouts and cheers,
No wonder Rip Van Winkle
Played nine-pins twenty years.

An Album Verse.

In youth or age—at home—abroad—
Life's chiefest joy, you'll find
Presides at the continual feast
Of the contented mind.

Drop a Nickel in the Slot.

New York Tribune.

Where automatic indication "lies in weight" for agitation
To weigh you and record it on the spot,
'Tis no use to hedge or higggle, for the pointer will not wiggle
Unless you drop a nickel in the slot.

If you want from hotel waiter tender steak and good "pertater"
And all the nicest dishes that he's got,
He will surely entertain you with the best that's on the menu
If you only drop a nickel in the slot.

In a parlor car or sleeper, tho' the tax is somewhat steeper,
Fee the porter for the nicest chair or cot.
It secures you the best places, choicest service, smiling faces,
If you only drop a nickel in the slot.

If you want a politician to secure you a position,
And he'd like to, but he knows that he cannot
Your surest way to win him, is not to urge or chin him,
But just you drop a nickel in the slot.

If you love some pretty daughter, and she let's you know you've
caught her
But her loving father thinks he'd rather not;
Don't you argue with the nincom', but show up a handsome income
That's the way to drop a nickel in the slot.

For a weary, wobbling sinner who returning late from dinner
With uncertain step seeks home, that "dearest spot"
'Twould beat the "equine paradox," to ride home on a letter-box,
Having but to drop a nickel in the slot.

You will find the same variety in all grades of good society
For money is the basis of the plot;
You can rake in invitations with the entree to most stations,
If you only drop a nickel in the slot.

So thro' life in all your gettings, fortune, fun and all abettings
For money is the basis of the plot.
It's the coin that has the gism to start up the mechanism.
You must always drop a nickel in the slot.

As Toastmaster, Opening the Banquet of Chamber of Commerce.

In "Royal Charlie's" time it was and on a public day,
In the Cross-Bath, was a lady, when some gallants came that way.
One admirer took the water in which the beauty stood
And drank her health before them all as proudly as he could.
One fuddled fellow cursed the draught, but swore he'd have the
 "toast,"
And since then "toast" and "lady" are synonymous almost.

For they used to put a piece of toast at bottom of the cup
To ensure another pleasure when the liquor was drunk up.
Queer practice for such revelers one would suppose instead
They'd have begrudged the precious space so given up to bread.
Perhaps, like pretzels of to-day, the toast more thirst excited,
And the pleasing alternation kept them busy and delighted.

Since Charles the Second, anyhow—I don't mean "Charles the Fat,"
Though his name is more suggestive—it has been the custom that
Every formal banquet should encompass, as a whole,
A little feast of reason and a mighty flow of soul.
Then, that the play of sentiments should have the proper care,
A toast-master was added just to "kodak" the affair.

It was a wise arrangement to have the dinner first;
When men have stilled their hunger and somewhat slaked their thirst,
They will to milder manners and to kindlier feelings stoop.
Jokes will stand upon the salad that would fall into the soup.
Between the heart and stomach is but little interval,
And the short road to good humor is th' alimentary canal.

You have heard from Isaac Bromley how for years the dinner-table
Has exhausted every novelty in prose and song and fable
Until at last old Jove himself an orator Depewted,
Who is in every detail to this special office suited,
Who speaks on every subject in just the proper way,
And never uses chestnuts except marron glace.

One result that follows surely to the man achieving fame
Is that half the new-born infants are christened with his name.
Ten thousand nursing babies now are named "Chauncey Depew,"
And as speakers—after dinner—they well deserve it, too;
How they'll throng the workshops, offices, the bar and bench and
 rectory;
If they can't be railroad presidents they can get in the directory.

The toast-master's expected to summon, if he can,
Men whose names are like the tooth-pick—in the mouth of every
man;—

He must introduce the speakers—(he's lucky if they're found)—
Who can not only make a speech, but "make the wheels go 'round."
A bit of nonsense, now and then, must wisely interject, or
The toast-master'll appear to be a "Funeral Director."

Then the toasts must be so chosen that the sentiment will fit
"This glorious occasion" and the speaker make a hit
Remembering how in medias res tutissimus he goes
And the acme of discretion is to tread on no man's toes
Catering somewhat to the intellect and somewhat to the "flesh"
Nor forget how Lot's wife warns us, that we must not be "too fresh."

Happily the speaker question, I can handle without fear
For the galaxy of gentlemen to-night assembled here
Would ensure successful dining on a Church Fair oyster stew
Make a charming guest of Succi and enrapture Tanner too,
Chyme and chyle tho' wait for no man, so not to dull your zest
I will simply press the button and let them do the rest.

"Two-ing."

When Adam and Eve strolled thro' leaf-hidden bowers,
Mid the carol of birds and sweet fragrance of flowers,
Velvet shod was the foot-fall of those happy hours;
They were two-ing—

And ever since then, this dear little game,
Each new generation enthalls just the same.
It is fresh every morning, it never grows tame,
It is two-ing.

In summer-house-twilight, in nooks, on the stairs,
In dim-lighted alcoves, in all social affairs;
In sweet sequestration, they crop out in pairs.
They are two-ing.

And forever and ever until the last day
The young man and maiden will toy in this way,
And in shaded seclusion continue to play,
Always two-ing.

Lake Keuka Club Outing.

POEM READ AT THE WINE CELLARS.

This life is with new pleasures fraught
When one has come to Hammondsport—
How glorious existence seems
After a little while at Rheims;
And happy he who knows the manner
They entertain in, at Urbana.

Drinking imprisoned sunshine, caught
Where falls the dew on Hammondsport,
One would lie down to pleasant dreams
Could he but end his days at Rheims;
And thrive as if on ancient manna
If oft invited to Urbana.

Sure Eden must have been a sort
Of Paradise like Hammondsport.
And Adam loitering by its streams
Must oft have wished himself at Rheims;
Ne'er Eve since first a rib began her
Found pleasures sweeter than Urbana.

How rich the lesson nature taught
In treasure-vaults like Hammondsport;
How can the sun employ his beams
So well as ripening grapes at Rheims—
Old Sol has proved a skillful tanner
Empurpling clusters at Urbana.

How gladly would I "hold the fort"
If but besieged at Hammondsport;
Cut off from daylight's cheering gleams—
In dungeons underground at Rheims—
I'd stand like Scott or Santa Anna
And laugh at grapes shot from Urbana.

Not Ceres' favorite resort
Can grow a fruit like Hammondsport
Ambrosial nectar—cream of creams—
The "Garden of the Gods" is Rheims—
Peach, berry, olive, fig, banana,
The grapes blush for you at Urbana.

Then here's your health—another quart—
We'll drink success to Hammondsport—
Blest be the spot where nature teems
With such choice vintage—blest be Rheims—
Urbana too, for never can a
Drink excel that of Urbana.

Nantucket.

Sing who will of spicy breezes
That blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
There's a paradise that pleases
And makes the summer smile.
It lies some thirty miles at sea
Where bounteous nature stuck it,
And the Indian aborigine
Named the fair isle—Nantucket.

The boundless stretch of ocean;
The boundless stretch of sky;
The water's restless motion;
The white sails scudding by;
The climate so delicious;
I bless the day I struck it,
And that fate was so propitious
As to fetch me to Nantucket.

Rare flora deck that favored land,
Blooming in bright succession;
Luxuriant vines o'er run the sand
In riotous progression.
Sought you the flower that most allures,
And wondered where to pluck it
You'd find it blooming on the moors
That glorify Nantucket.

The quaint old town, its winding ways,
The narrow, cobbled streets,
And the soft sheen of silver grays
Which every outlook greets;
Enchanted isle, where summers sing—
Nature thought best to chuck it
The choicest bits of "everything"
And so composed Nantucket.

Modesty.

Life, August, 1893.

In hotel corridor we met,
Shrieking, she hurried back,
Her eyes with tears of shame were wet;
She wore a dressing-sack.
That night in crowded ball-room glare
She strolled decollete,
I saw her, but she didn't care,
She knew she was au fait.

Next morning, in a group of four,
On the piazza, rocking,
She almost fainted when she saw
She showed a bit of stocking;
But later, in her bathing-dress
Which barely reached her knees,
She walked the beach in carelessness,
Complacent as you please.

L'ENVOI.

Fashion may rule a woman's clothes
In all fantastic notions,
But yet one wouldn't quite suppose
'Twould dictate her emotions.

Toast at a Dinner Given by Mr. Arthur C. Smith.

The stories told, of knights of old,
Around King Arthur's table—
With mirth and song, and wassail long
Have seemed like fairy fable;
We know to-night, that history's right,
So make the rafters ring,
We'll sing and laugh and bumpers quaff,
For Arthur still is king.

This night we boast a royal host,
And right good royal cheer,
So pledge our host, a loyal toast
With fealty sincere.
We'll follow where his standard shines,
And each true faith is plighted
To rally round his board—and wines
Whenever we're invited.

Response to the Toast, "The Life Insurance Agent" at Underwriters' Banquet.

That provision of our Maker, whom we call the undertaker,
Is the gentle, sombre person, who takes care of us when dead;
But the genus underwriter, though he's chipperer and brighter,
Is the man who writes us "under" when the spirit's upward fled.

This Life Insurance preacher is a very curious creature
And the attributes which nature has endowed him with, are rare.
A vocabulary extensive and statistics comprehensive,
With a full developed lung power, a good supply of air.

His manner must be winning, so he's sure to get an inning,
To be followed up instanter by the "looseness of the chin;"
His instructive conversation knows no lack or hesitation,
But continues till the subject is completely gathered in.

He must fix the expectation of a life in every station,
So extensive is his knowledge, so extended is his scope,
He must certainly be able from the Actuary's table,
To tell you just about the time you'll ride up to Mount Hope.

When he argues on this topic, which is purely philanthropic,
And so absurdly "mutual," as to be the best for you.
You wonder how they do it, and if people only knew it,
The telephone would bring him all the business he could do.

The "Endowments" are attractive, and the "Tontine" retroactive
And the benefit accruing from what he calls "Straight Life,"
Tho' you have to die to win it and are out before you're "in it,"
Is immensely satisfactory to every fellow's wife.

The tables are diffusive and the arguments conclusive,
Delightful is the consciousness that "figures will not lie;"
With deception you don't tax him, but you're sorry that the maxim,
You cannot to the agent with like confidence apply.

Opportunities for learning they extend to the discerning
That "Honesty's the best policy," you've heard time out of mind.
But the policy they issue is of much firmer tissue,
They teach honesty a trick or two and give a better kind.

There is no need to mention that queer method of contention
Which the wicked agent uses when he urges your consent,
The utter degradation and the shameful machination
Of all those rotten companies which he don't represent.

A genius has decided that all lies are divided

Into three kinds, cumulative in the order named, to wit;
Lies, damn lies and statistics, from these characteristics
You can form your own conclusions of the facts which they submit.

You well know what endurance has to do with Life Insurance,
As-surance as some write it, but that term will best apply
To the importunate persuasion that will crop out on occasion
When the "button-holing-agent" tries to catch you on the fly.

The most ingenious "lay-out" is the dividends they pay out
And the earnings of the policy so rapidly accrue
With interest compounding in a manner most astounding
That redounds great credit to themselves and credits some to you.

Mark well his peroration! My friend! procrastination
Is the thief of time, death cometh like policemen in the night
His hour is so uncertain, but when he drops the curtain
You will be like our policy, for you'll be "out of sight."

You must make a truthful answer, have you got a cough or cancer,
And your present, past and future must pass in full review—
Your color, weight, condition and your views of prohibition
And how many novel ailments seem to get the grip on you.

You must make a truthful answer, have you got a cough or cancer,
Or pleurisy, dyspepsia, colic, phthisic or gout?
Are you fond of the narcotic, do you visit climes exotic?
And what for several hundred years have your folks been about?

Have you predisposition to a mineral condition,
Any deadly symptoms lurking anywhere in chrysalis?
Unobstructed your aorta, do you stick to Hemlock water
And can one get a sunstroke in a climate such as this?

What is your occupation, and how's your vaccination,
And did your parents leave you some diseases in their wills?
Is your stomach a concocter, how much do you owe the Doctor,
And did he state the items when he sent you in his bills?

Is your constitution normal, are your by-laws too informal,
And if you ever lost a limb, was it well advertised?
These questions are annoying, but "heart failure" is destroying
So many people now-a-days, the Funds are jeopardized.

And then the Doctor takes you, and punches, pounds and shakes you
To be sure your "inside workin's" are complete and set to rights.
Of your various mensurations, of your pulse and respirations,
If your liver is in order, and you've got electric lights.

The distinctly local action of this obvious benefaction
Is as lively as a cricket and it makes a mighty fight,
While every Mann is planning and a great gun is Manning,
The Warren is tremendous and again the "Wright is might."

Sometimes the heart will gladden tho' there is so much to Sadden
Up and Up Son! raise the standard and Scatter good your blows,
And when the Hayes is lifting, Hunt the Moore not vaguely shifting
Foster Justice, if they're Pressey, Kneeland prey before the Close.

The Northwestern of Milwaukee (that's Chinese for talkee-talkee)
"Equitable," "The New York Life," "Prov. Life and Trust" and
"Conn.,"
"Penn.," "U. S.," "Mutual of Mass.," "the Mutual of New York";
alas!
That Life is so uncertain that the Trust must be tacked on.

To rhyme this nomenclature is too much for human nature
Sufficient that each Company's a Captain in the strife;
And each one flaunts his banner in his own peculiar manner.
Are you insured? He's after you. He'll win! You bet your life.

The Lark and the Owl.

Life.

The blithesome lark on morning wing,
Rises to greet the light;
The owl though does the proper thing
In sitting up at night.

Wearied with early rising cares,
The lark rests with the sun;
The owl the joys of darkness shares
His lark has just begun.

The early bird may catch the worm;
It really doesn't pay
This cutting short the sleeping term
Anticipating day.

Let bird that sings at day-break kite
And carol as it may,
The bird that's bumming round at night
Is wisest, all men say.

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Sunrise at Old Orchard Beach.

The sun has barely climbed the water's emerald edge,
Shaking the mists of morning from his golden locks;
The seal just mounted on the shell encrusted ledge
Makes damp impressions on the wave-enveloped rocks,
Fleet zephyrs make the sand fly, while in reciprocity
The sand fly makes fleet zephyrs by its great velocity,
Small causes, great effects, matchless precocity.

Strutting in low tide shoes, the "peep" of ocean sees
The "peep of day" rise from his warm, bright nest.
The robin redbreast in the neighboring trees
Salutes the red-breast morning, then unite the rest
Of nature's singers and the chick-a-dee
Mingles its music with the murmuring sea,
The sorrowful mosquito and the restless flea.

The sportive duck sails o'er the bosom of the ocean,
Rejoicing in the glorious day's renewed dominion,
Or ducks in sport, or swims or flies as each takes motion
Now fast or slow from difference of a'pinion.
The merry mermen toss the playful penny.
The crabbed lobsters will because they have antennae,
The joys of morn are great, the mournings many.

Against the gleaming line of golden horizon
The island pines stretch forth their shadowy palms,
The waters kneel on shining sands in morning orison
Or fling toward heaven their pure white-flashing arms.
The red-eyed winking beacon can no longer see
For joyous morn hath come and night doth flee,
Harsh voices and loud rappings waken me.

"And These Have Other Fleas to Bite 'em, and So and So Ad Infinitum."

Harper's Bazar.

You wonder why they take such pains to turnip our horse radish,
To terra alba all our sweets, and make of food, a bad dish;
To logwood wines, to slate our coals, make pepper of dried berries;
Use cabbage for tobacco plant, for raisins run in cherries?
They strive for gain, they make it pay, and men of every nation;
They sit up nights and rack their brains for new adulteration.
Each time a substitute is found they pile it on the steeper,
For there's nothing in this world so cheap,
But what there's something cheaper.

Response to the Toast "The Advertiser" at the Press Club Dinner.

The Press and the Advertiser.

In Rochester, in earlier days,
The story is related
Of one in life's luxurious ways
A sinecurist sated;
Four thousand yearly he was paid,
It was the "proper caper,"
He simply in his office stayed
And read the daily paper.

A friend remarked, "Oh, what a lay."
Reply was, "Don't be funny!
To read that paper every day
By Jove! it's worth more money!"
Since then the times have changed, indeed,
No editor regrets it—
Instead of getting pay to read,
The man who writes it gets it.

The tired journalist sat down
Despondent, dull and solemn,
Without a thing to write about,
He wrote about a column;
Another man essayed the task,
Although he had the pick
Of every subject he could ask,
He got stuck on a "stick."

Ah! happy he who wields the shears
Who gems and paste arranges,
And what if "stuck up" he appears,
He lays out his exchanges;
Your wit may be as keen as sword,
Your after-dinner speeches
May make your name a household word
Wherever English reaches.
Or you may wield a clever quill,
The world electrifying,
The "typo" though you cannot thrill,
And there's no use of trying.
His placid mind ne'er knows a boom,
It's generally supposed
They call it the "composing room,"
Because he's so composed,

All copy finds the self-same mood,
It's daily hash, you know,
Your jokes are all so very good,
He set them years ago.
In him all men are "justified,"
Evil and good reports,
But for your matter—woe betide!
If he is "out of sorts."
Brains now the highest market find,
And surest edification
Of both the pocket-book and mind,
Is found in circulation—
"Our circulation daily grows"
Achieving what we dare to;
The most elastic statement "goes"
That the manager can swear to.
Could truth, the clear-eyed goddess, know,
The figures might surprise her;
But then the paper's got to grow
To catch the advertiser.

When riding in a trolley car,
Relieved from business tension—
How slow the idle moments are
With nothing worthy mention.
How joyfully the vacant mind
Seeks advertisers' spaces,
What education too we find
In those familiar places.

Those pictures of the loving friends
Of mammillary Mellin,
Exuberant feeding each distends
With proud repletion swellin'.
We love the trim and tripping maids
Who "Baker's Cocoa" bring us;
And other lovely forms displayed
And fairy tales they sing us.

We know "Cod's liver-y" every line
For that he's done in "Oil,"
The "Pearline" girls so strong and fine,
Those tillers of the soil.
The Monk who smiles for Armour's Beef,
Frank Miller's splendid team,
The pearly teeth in bright relief
For Sozodont that gleam.

For human ills "take Carter's Pills,"
This remedy all harm knocks;
And every thing with special frills,
To stockings with alarm clocks;
Let poets in soft music tell
Of Douglas, tender, true,
What show has he with W. L.
And his "three dollar shoe."

If you don't smoke yourself, you know,
Try Backus's "safe cured" ham;
Of course it was Sapolio
That whitened Mary's lamb;
Nothing wipes out our "shingle stain,"
"Gold dust" turns white, that's strange:
You take the "Big 4; cheapest train—"
"You go through without change."

Spell Funk & Wagnall! "See that hump!"
"Stilboma conquers tarnish."
"Our root machine will take the stump;"
You stick to "Murphy's varnish!"
You know just what you're getting, sure,
When you buy "Cowdry's Chowder."
"Our Lives of Public Men," as pure
As "Royal Baking Powder."

Old whiskies, beer, all kinds of "bats,"
With Mumm and other "rackets,"
Those anti-leans and anti-fats
In pretty Redfern jackets;
Next Fairbanks' patent ambush scale
That never lies in weight;
The fascinating "bargain sale,"
And false teeth "while you wait."

There's "Ayer's Pills" and "Pillsbury's Best,"
"Rob Roy to stop that cough;"
Toy guns, the best of "patent bangs,"
Powder that won't go off;
To "catch your hair" if in excess
Use "Modene" and not tweezers,
For maiden ladies' loneliness
Commend our "patent squeezers."

They tell you how you can't get shaved
In buying Yankee soap;
How much the "Lost Chord" balance saved
In swearing at the rope;

Of socks, whose color is so fast
They make you walk the faster,
That "Adamant's" a plaster cast,
And not a porous plaster."

There's "Rough on Rats" that plays its part
In ridding us of "varmints."
You get the best of "Nude in Art"
In "Union undergarments;"
Think how of ancient royal stock
"Recamier Cream" descants;
How many hear of Plymouth Rock
Thro' its "three dollar pants."

Precept on precept, line on line,
Dry goods of every phase here,
And corsets like that doubtful sign
"All sorts of ladies' stays here;"
Bewitching skill the style adjusts,
How brilliantly they edit!
Alas, among so many "Trusts"
One finds so little credit.

Our sight-draft lamp is "out of sight,"
Sometimes without compulsion;
"I take at bedtime" of a night
A drink of "Scott's Emulsion."
A "cure for chaps" by cupids caught,
Buy gum! that Tutti Frutti,
Our "Knee Plus Ultra Hose Support"
Never forgets its duty.

Our fountain pen is pleasure's spring
If used with "Printer's Ink;"
The Kodak will take everything,
But it won't take a drink.
Don't shrink from washing! "Use H. O."
"One trial will convince;"
"I used your soap two years ago,
Have used no other since."

Don't kick but wear the "Delsarte" shoe,
"Wheatlet" your palate tickles;
To make a happy home for you
Buy Heinz's beans and pickles.
Just here I'll take a "Guyot brace,"
"Like mother made"—our pies are;
May health and wealth prolong his race,
The Street Car Advertiser.

To the Yacht, "Cinderella."

Cinderella! you beautiful yacht, you're well christened,
You're as prettily rigged as your namesake of old;
No lovelier sight on the eye ever glistened—
Ne'er fancy created more exquisite mould.

Symmetric and graceful, a sweet combination,
In white shining robes, flutt'ring colors so fine—
Your "envious sisters" turn green with vexation,
Forgetting to dance while you're leading the line.

Cinderella! the heels of your little glass slippers
Are shown to the fleet as you glide o'er the wave,
And you're playing the deuce with the hearts of the skippers,
One must fall in love with the way you behave.

Thy "fairy god-mother" the wind, sets thy paces,
Her wand waves above you and tripping you go
Coquetting and dancin'g, then off in mad races;
You're the fleetest and sweetest of slippers I know.

The Messenger.

Poor tuberoses, who would suppose
Thou wert so wondrous fair
But yesternight, so pure and white
Perfuming all the air;

Now faded, crushed, thy sweet breath hushed,
Thy dainty beauty gone;
What happened thee, so soon to be
Thus wilted and forlorn?

To me befell, of love to tell,
To one whose tender gaze
Was lovelier far than sunbeams are,
Better than length of days.

I found my rest upon a breast
More sweet, more white than I,
Faint with delight for one such night
In ecstasy to die.

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST,

Water Storage.

Chamber of Commerce Dinner, Feb'y, 1893.

Far up the winding Genesee,
Whose towering banks abyssmal
Suggest old Time in jubilee,
Tho' somewhat paroxysmal;

Where royal Nature grand appears
Rended in rock-ribbed rift
All water-worn thro' countless years!
Catch my Silurian drift?

Where triple falls in showery spray
Riot and splash about,
Where triple rainbows love to play
What days the sun comes out;

Where beautiful "Glen Iris" stands,
And herds whose tinkling tells
Their browsing way o'er verdant lands
In chords of blending bells.

And the "Council House," the old "Big Tree."
Round which the Indians sat
And smoked a pipe a piece, to see
Whose scalp they could get at;

Where 'neath the granite proudly piled,
The dust—all else is gone—
Of Mary Jamison—first white child
Of Indian parents born;

There man and nature both display
Some most peculiar streaks
And many a dime and many a day,
Would not disclose such freaks.

In these three Falls lie hidden springs,
And untamed force dynamic
To utilize for greater things
Than scenery panoramic.

Three of a kind! but don't stand pat;
Oh! what a hand to draw to!
And what a pot we make of that,
If we raise it as we ought to!

This Portage group, this water course,
To us means power and pelf,
Who help themselves the Gods endorse,
Nature says, "help yourself."

The Genesee will quit the lease
—Magnificent the largess—
Go under bonds to keep the peace,
"On tap," no "corkage" charges.

The premises you'll find, I know
In just as good repair
As they were ten thousand years ago,
Barring the "wear and tear."

Mount Morris then a great lake gains
With sail and sports and races,
Where now the Excise Law obtains,
Will all be watering places.

How many centuries of waste
Niagara, that great wonder,
Has tumbled to itself, and chased,
And simply gone to thunder.

Then let's be quick to utilize
What lies right in our lap,
To capture this alluring prize
And close the Portage gap.

* * * * *

Erie canal! arterial stream,
Our state's great water-tram,
To make thy ways with commerce teem,
Who would not give a dam.

Ye owners of the water-right,
Propelling cog and cam,
Such horse-power constant day and night,
You ought to give a dam.

Famed valley of the Genesee,
Where spring-time freshets jam,
Protection from the floods for thee.
We'd gladly give a dam.

The Flower City rich and great,
New industries shall cram,
Swelling the glory of the state,
Shall we not give a dam?

Commissioners! with wisdom fraught,
Now after full exam-
ination, send in their report
That they would give a dam.

Senate with House, the plan promotes,
Governor! who knows no sham,
Give what you do not give for votes,
And we shall have the dam.

Nature provides the reservoir;
Awake! don't be a clam,
We must complete the water-store,
Nature don't give a dam.

AIR—*Solomon Levi.*

"Hendrik Hudson."

My name is Hendrik Hudson; way up in a Kaatskill valley,
About three hundred years ago, I ran a nine-pin alley;
My jolly men, the "Half Moon Crewe" set up the beer and wine
For all the boys who played with me, in sixteen hundred and nine.

O Hendrik Hudson, tra la, etc.,
Jolly old Hendrik Hudson, tra la, etc.,

My name is Hendrik Hudson, I introduced the game
Of nine-pins in America, the very first year I came;
My alleys were a great success; I tell you it was fine;
My thunders shook the hills around, in sixteen hundred and nine.

One night a fellow came to play, the Crewe they tapped a cag,
He knocked 'em down, we set 'em up and soon he got a jag,
Then fell asleep, and slept and slept; it was no fault of mine;
When he woke, he didn't find anything left of sixteen hundred and nine.

Now let this tale a warning be to all who love the game,
They must not bowl too late at night or their fate will be the same.
A heavy head and weary legs, and a wife disposed to whine,
And "rocky" as if they dated back to sixteen hundred and nine.

Arbor Day.

WRITTEN FOR A LITTLE BOY'S COMPOSITION.

Ogdensburg Journal.

I come to plant on Arbor Day,
This tiny little tree;
A small thing now, the future may
A "mighty monarch" see.

Its roots will spread in earth below,
Its branches to the sky;
And sun and rain will make it grow
Till big and broad and high.

And every spring it will put on
Its dress of shining green,
To tell the flowers "old winter's gone,
And summer will be Queen."

The birds in it will build their nests,
And make it glad with song;
Within its pleasant shade may rest
The cattle all day long.

A glorious thing and useful, too,
For scores of years to come
'Twill add its beauty to the view
Or build a happy home.

So little deeds, like trees, in truth
Take root and grow unseen;
May ours be plants of love and truth,
To make our old age green.

Two Valentines.

Many pleasant things the pen may write,
Or the lips may utter, that bring delight;
But flowers tell to the heart alone
A sweet little story that's all their own.
Let me hope that these may bring to thine
A pleasant thought from St. Valentine.

In life as well as love 'tis said
'Tis hard for men to get ahead;
But I have got a head to-day
That's "just a daisy" in its way;
So you can't expect much wit will shine
In your loving but rocky valentine.

What is Fame.

New York Herald, Dec., 1891.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum
And said "What a big boy am I."

It is eccentric, if not geometric,
To put up a "corner" on pie;
It comes round with Christmas, with plums but all this fuss
About Horner's deed is awry.

It seems no great something, to pull out this plum thing,
But why did he probe with his thumb?
Less mussy and awkward, his finger or fork would
Have exhumed the coveted plum.

The phrase he repeated was very conceited,
Much better if he had kept mum,
Instead of exclaiming, true modesty shaming,
"See what a big boy, Ego Sum!"

Such manner of feeding shows very ill breeding,
The small boy to-day for such prank
Would get a good spanking, instead of outranking
His fellows—but fame is a crank.

Accompanying the Gift of a Patent Shaker.

As often as the "dry spells" come
And tired and thirsty you reach home—
Take half a dozen bits of ice;
Half pint of cream—or milk is nice;—
A wine-glass full of old Jamaica
And put together in this shaker,
One spoon of sugar, shake them well
Say twenty seconds—you can tell—
When creamy foam subdues the noise,
You've got the best of liquid joys;
Pour slowly, add of nutmeg lightly—
May every morning dawn as brightly.

I said at home—I guess a yacht
Would prove a rather favored spot
For all such chemical compounding
—Afloat one's thirst is so astounding.
When out of water—on your trips—
As o'er the blue the Thetis skips;
If you, your friends—or both—be dry,
Or fear you may be bye-and-bye—
Whatever reason—night or day—
May turn your mood companion way—
No matter fair or foul the weather,
Try "shaker" and "receipt" together,
And put me down as a romancer
If the result don't bring an answer.

Squibs.

An old chiffonier, with a hiccough,
Raking round to see what he could pic cough,
Found in an ash barrel
Some wearing apparel,
And a kerosene lamp with the wic cough.

A florist made up a bouquet,
That would last for a year and a duet;
But it had a bad smell,
And the thing wouldn't sell,
So he soon had to throw it awuet.

Bridal couples now walk up the aisles,
Exponents of all latest staisles;
How Hymen begaisles
With his winning whaisles
And life seems all sunshine and smaisles.

'Tis dangerous hunting the chamois!
"Oh, pshaw, I can do it," says Sammois.
When he fell down the cliff,
And rose sore, bruised and stiff,
If I try this again, (said he) damois.

Introducing the "Loving Cup" given by Mr. Warham Whitney.

AS A PRIZE TO BE CONTESTED FOR AT A POOL TOURNAMENT AND
READ AT THE DINNER INAUGURATING THE TOURNAMENT, DEC.
1ST, 1892.

No clanking arms nor armor bright,
Nor helmet hidden guests,
Range round this festive board to-night
At truce from knightly quests.
No hatred taints our loving cup
No sword-hand lifts the cover
Lest tempted malice springing up,
Advantage should discover.

At peace, unguarded, we may sit,
In careless mirth and song;
No thrust but jest, no flash but wit,
So pass the cup along!
Each man the fragrant wine shall sip
To make his heart more mellow,
Each man in jolly friendship
Drink health to host and fellow.

We too in tournament shall meet
"Upon the green," each man
Having had all that he could eat
Must "pocket" all he can;
There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip
That chalk won't help you through.
Really I'd give you all a "tip,"
But I must keep my "cue."

This silver loving-cup—the prize—
Is worthy best endeavor;
Brace up! nor fail to realize
You win it now or never.
With trusty skill that laughs at luck
And valiant hope, sail in;
A point in every stroke. No "buckl!"
And may the best man win.

But he who wins it must beware
To keep it not too shy.
No loving cup plays "solitaire,"
And others may be dry;
To show it up in proper style
Requires the group before us,
Who wins, let pitch the tune and "smile,"
And we will sing the chorus.

So pledge our host, with right good will
Prosperity attend him,
All joys be his, from every ill
May kindly fate defend him;
His interest great, his taxes small,
Good luck, good health, good cheer;
Long may he live and here we all
Pool issues every year.

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST,
"Architecture and Poetry."

Dinner of Architects, Dec., 1891.

Of the various vocations that absorb the human mind
The Architect's profession is the most peculiar kind.
An office and a shingle are essential things no doubt
But several other factors help to round the practice out.

Mechanical ability a set of plans to make
Artistic sense to work them up so they are sure to take.
Preliminary estimates at maximum, prepared,
That will foot up so little that the client won't get scared.

Some knowledge of surveying that he may lay out the land
The lines and grades, electing where the edifice shall stand.
In "ancient lights" and "real estate" he must be quite at ease
Not to mention landscape gardening, sidewalks, sewers, shrubs and
trees.

Then he must cope with coping and everything discussed
And know much more of fencing than how an arch will thrust,
Clairvoyant he must be to know before the work's begun
Exactly how the thing complete, will look when it is done.

Au fait in all materials, in every kind of stone
Which best will hang together and which will stand alone,
Not stuck on stucco, but in clays familiar as a potter
And be on terra-firma when he talks of terra-cotta.

Then he must pile up harmony both presto and andante
And take care of his capital when he puts up his ante.
He must be fully posted on his heating and his frieze
And the lining of his architrave must not bag at the knees.

His members, frames, groins, ribs and feet would puzzle any doctor,
His antics and his lofty forms electrify the Proctor.
No laundress or musician knows so much as he of fluting
His mouldings way up to O. G., as well as his mail-chuting.

Slate, tiles, conductors, shingles, tin, eaves, cornices and flues,
Paints, oils, stains, putty, fillers, glass, the finishes they use.
Acoustics, optics, papers, paint, interior decoration,
Distempers, dog-teeth, dados, plumbs, jambs, beads of every nation.

There's tensile strength and crushing strain and fire-proof construction,
Plumbing and gas, electric work and ventilating suction,
Lime, mortar, plaster, cement, bricks, locks, bolts, door-closers,
hinges,
And with each peculiar client know just where the shoe impinges.

Boilers and fuel, pipes, exhaust, the fastest elevator,
Cold storage as embodied in the best Refrigerator,
Ranges and grates and furnaces, the principles of Ruskin,
The better points of every school, Assyrian, Greek, Etruscan.

Stair-builder! mason! carpenter! designer! what a head!
'Tis marvelous that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,"
He gives his best for perfect work, and when he's done it all
He finds his labor is in vain, "this closet is too small."

Beyond Compare.

The rarest flowers that nature knows
I send to greet thy gaze;
None other like the orchid, shows
Her most exquisite phase.

But, dull and plain they seem, arrayed
Beside thy wondrous eyes,
And shrinking, pale with envy, fade
In covetous surprise.

My 'Unter.

New York Herald.

I loves my 'unter dearly, hand I saves 'im hon the course,
To go pounding hon the pavement hisn't my way;
'Tisn't 'unting hand a 'opping hover 'edges 'urts a 'orse,
But the 'ard 'ammer, 'ammer hon the 'ighway.

RUF2-Authors-Stedman, John Harry