Sparks and Cinders

BY

J. ALEX. KILLINGSWORTH

Member of Charity Lodge, No. 5
Brotherhood of Locomotive
Firemen and Enginemen

FIRST EDITION

St. Thomas, Ontario
Canada.

cc 1913
Copyright Canada, 1913, by
J. ALEX. KILLINGSWORTH


LIBRARY
724760
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
To the truest and best friend I have in this world — MY DEAR MOTHER—this work is lovingly inscribed by

The Author
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation
A MOTHER'S HEART

Once an angel came from Heaven,
When the world was new,
And the one the Lord selected
For the work to do,
Was the highest and the brightest
In the Heav'nly land,
And he brought along as helpers,
   Angels, bright and grand,
And they gathered all the kindness,
   Love and sympathy
That the Lord had made to scatter
   Through each century.
When the task had been completed,
   By the Heav'nly band,
Then they mixed these saintly virtues,
   With an angel's hand,
And when they had been compounded
   Thoroughly in part,
Then the Lord commanded they should
   Make a Mother's heart.
# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE FIRST DEGREE</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill envied firemen on the road.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE SECOND DEGREE</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here, caller, go and tell Bill Grey.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE THIRD DEGREE</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All his “exams” Bill Grey had passed.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE LESSON OF THE ROSE</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When morning dew was on the rose.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TO BROTHER J. A. LEACH</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We’re often made to realize.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COAL ON THE SHADES’ RAILWAY</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From the trip, Bill landed, sore and tired.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I APPRECIATE A KICKER</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I appreciate a kicker, when the kick is in the right.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I THANK THEE, LORD</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I thank Thee, Lord, first for my life.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HAIL, COLUMBUS!</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail, Columbus, we greet thee.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RAISE LABOR’S BANNER</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awake! I say, before too late.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Remember, when you’re laid away.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE CAPTAIN OF THE TYRANTS</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I’ve sung the praises, time again.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A VICTIM OF THE TRUSTS</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What is the history of that shapeless thing?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A QUEER OLD STICK, WAS BILL</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He was a queer old stick, was Bill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE CRUCIBLE OF LOVE</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In every sorrow from above.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE SCANDAL OF CHARITY LODGE</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Last eve’ as I pondered.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE M. M. GOT HIS “BUMPS”</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This scarcity of men is bad.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DEAR EYES OF BROWN</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A thought for you, sweet lassie, fair.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHRISTMAS BELLS</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lo! the universe is singing.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OUR JACKSON CITY GUESTS</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You’re welcome, a thousand times welcome.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHAT COMES IS BEST</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What comes is best; I wonder is this so?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE TICKET AGENTS’ JOYS</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If ever man deserves to be well paid for work.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SANTA CLAUS AND CHRISTMAS DAY</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas time, with its joy and cheer.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RETROSPECTION</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You ask why I sit by the fireside.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OUR ARGUMENT FOR BETTER PAY</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comments are heard most every day.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A PILGRIM’S PRAYER</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guard Thou me, gentle Saviour.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IF PALMISTRY BE TRUE</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In forty years from now, she said.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHEN ENGINEMEN WERE CHUMS</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Those were the good old days, they say.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE GREATER LOVE</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To J. M. Street, M. M., Dear Sir.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THINGS OF REAL WORTH</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah! when we’re placed beneath the sod.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHO GETS THE LION’S SHARE?</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The trainmen, the officials met.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE GEMS OF LIFE</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If we’re strong and pure and gentle.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TO WINNIPEG, HOORAY! HOORAY!-</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Winnipeg, we hear them say.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A SUPERINTENDENT WITH A HEART</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While looking o’er the morning mail.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TO BROTHER W. W. SCOTT</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brother Scott, you’re an honest, good fellow.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WE HONOR OUR HEAD MEN</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The man who serves his country well.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A WEALTHY MAN'S DREAM</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How comes it friend?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DEAR EYES OF BLUE</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In eyes of blue, I search, 'tis true.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A WASHINGTON WELCOME</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We're anxiously waiting the moment.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HERE, GIRLS, IS YOUR CHANCE</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis leap year! so girls just sail in while you can.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE CHURCH AND LABOR</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Some rail at the churches and say they are wrong.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INCONSTANCY</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I have seen the dark clouds gather.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHEN RAILROADING WAS NEW</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I had a talk with old Bill Jones.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHEN TRUTH PREVAILS</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Well, Brown, I sent for you to-day.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE GARDEN OF CHILDHOOD</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To pluck, in the garden of Childhood.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A MAN OF WORTH</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No man who lives an honest life.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OUR GUIDING STARS</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The wise men of the East were led.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TO MY DEAR SISTERS</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If all the sweetest flowers of earth.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONTENTS</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHY PETER DIDN'T PASS</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here, caller, tell Pete Smith to call.</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NEW YEARS' RESOLUTIONS</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From year to year we scheme and plan.</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'M THINKING OF YOU YET</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I passed the dear old farm to-day.</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BROWN ISN'T PRESIDENT—NOT NOW</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown was an anti-millionaire.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IN THE OLDEN DAYS</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here, Miss McRapid, take this down.</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THEIR GREEDINESS FOR GOLD</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We think the time has surely come.</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IN CHARITY'S SWEET NAME</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come brothers, let us try and be united.</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOULD WISH HIMSELF BACK</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I had read of the warmth of the tropics.</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HAMILTON! DELIGHTFUL SPOT</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What men are those of stalwart frame?</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHEPHERDS OF THE FLOCK</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I like those modest, gentle men.</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BEWARE, YE SINGLE MEN, BEWARE!</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pete was an anti-suffragette.</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE PENITENTIAL SEASON</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Spring, thou cruel, heartless thing.</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHEN WINTRY WINDS DO BLOW</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here, caller, take this list of names.</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONTENTS</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THANKFUL FOR EACH DAY</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When the earth is robed in white.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TEN THOUSAND MEN STOOD BY</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ten thousand men, the records say.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A FOUL TIP</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At times I sit and ponder.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THEY'RE SCHEMING ON THEIR BEDS</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In every daily paper we the foolish yellow items see.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE GREATER PRIZE</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Passions tempt us, then they chastise.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHERE RAILROAD PROFITS GO</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It's not surprising in our day.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Sparks and Cinders
THE FIRST DEGREE

Bill envied firemen on the road; he felt that life was just a load
Of grief and sorrow from the day he cast his child-

ish toys away.

He’d heard about the splendid time railroaders have upon the line,

So dressed in his best togs he sped to the *M. M.,
to whom he said:

“I’d like a job upon this ‘pike’; you see, I’ve al-

ways thought I’d like

To fire an engine.” “Let me see,” the M. M. said,

“you’d have to be

Full ‘five-foot-eight,’ with eyesight right, so you could spot red lights at night;

You’d have to weigh one eighty pounds to fire our ‘pelters’ o’er the mounds.

Your hearing must be perfect, too, for otherwise you’d never do;

And then you’d have to pull your vest and let the doctors make a test

To see if both your lungs are free from microbes; then we’d have to see

* Master Mechanic

15
THE FIRST DEGREE

If you're a scholar, for you know if you are not you'd have no show
When you'd be called upon to write 'exams' to show that you are bright.
We'd have to measure both your feet to see if they are trim and neat;
You'd have to buy a standard watch, for otherwise you'd make a botch
Of railroading, for trains, you see, ahead of schedule must not be;
For should your timepiece stop or fail, results might land the crew in jail.
And lastly, you would have to make three round trips for the comp'ny's sake."
Poor Bill heard all with wond'ring eyes and then remarked in great surprise—
"I thought that all one had to do to get a job was call on you.
I'd rather join the army where it doesn't matter how one's hair
Is parted, just so long as he has eyes that do not have to see
A mile, or read the finest type, or pick out red from green, at night."
But, taking heart again, he thought: Once I am hired then my lot
Will be much brighter; surely I can give the job a whirl and try
To land some of this easy "tin" the railroad boys are raking in.
THE FIRST DEGREE

“I’d like more information, sir,” Bill said, as hope began to stir
Within his breast. “What may it be you still desire to know from me?”
The M. M. asked,—while thoughts of fear made William’s topknot skyward rear.
“Well—after I should qualify, by height and weight, by ear and eye,
What would my future chances be?” “Your future chances, let me see,
You’d have to go upon the list with other ‘spares,’
and we’d insist
That you would surely stick around where by the caller you’d be found;
Of course, you might lay in a week—in truth the caller might not seek
Your service for a month or so, for ‘spares’ at times move out d—— slow.”
With that poor Bill dashed for the door and by the boss was seen no more.
“Here, caller, go and tell Bill Grey that I want him to call to-day
To pass his primaries, for he is first upon the list I see.”

So off the caller flew for Bill, to have him this appointment fill.

When Bill reported to the boss he seemed to be at quite a loss
To know just what the charge would be; just why the boss desired to see

Him in his office on that day, the sassy caller did not say.

He tried to think of what he’d done while out upon the prev’ous run.

They made the time; the pointer, too, was in its place the whole trip through.

The thought occurred to him: ‘By gee!’ the *Old Man’s getting after me

Because my watch ticket was late in reaching him; perhaps the date

Upon my oil report was wrong, if so, I’ll hear a little song

From the chief clerk about the way we firemen do our work each day,—

* Master Mechanic
THE SECOND DEGREE

"Well, sir!" the M. M. said to Bill, "I want the first five men to fill out these examination blanks to fit them for the runners' ranks; at yonder table take a seat and write your answers plain and neat; but I've some questions I would ask before you undertake the task."

"Well, ask them, sir," said our friend Bill; "I'd sooner talk than push the quill."

"Combustion, you're no doubt aware, treats of the gases, heat and air; its study should reveal to you just what a white-heat fire will do. Now, should two elements combine with proper oxygen, what line of gas would be produced by this? The question's one you should not miss. Can't answer! Well, I'm much surprised, but it is just as I surmised. Well, try again; now surely you can tell me what you ought to do to burn the heat-producing gas. Fall down on this and you can't pass."

Bill hesitated, tried to speak, and thought if he could only sneak out to a farm away from this, railroading he would gladly miss. Again the M. M. caught Bill's eye as he heaved forth a monster sigh.

19
"Of hydrogen and carbon, too, I've heard," said Bill, "but it is true.
I never thought much of such 'dope'; to tell the truth I never hope
To learn the scientific way you men would have us fire to-day;
I think I'll go back to the farm, away from rules, 'exams' and harm,
Where hydrogen and railway 'dope' do not, in life, destroy all hope."
THE THIRD DEGREE

All his "exams" Bill Grey had passed, and, by the M. M., he was classed
An engineer. "At last," said Bill, "I'll leave behind this railroad drill."
No more "exams," no longer he within the firemen's ranks would be;
He'd show the others how to run a locomotive.
'Twould be fun
To sit and see the fireman toil to make the alkali juice boil.
'Twas thus Bill viewed the future; he was happy as a king could be;
But as he sat and dreamed of bliss, the caller jolted him like this:
"Nine-twenty, extra west, and you have got some extra work to do;
You're going on the nine-thirteen, and she's about the worst I've seen;
She blows at both her valves, and more, her leaky flues squirt through the door.
She's got some flat spots on each wheel; her valves they groan, her boxes squeal;
Her wedges all need setting up; there's trouble in her "Nigger" cup;
THE THIRD DEGREE

She pounds and roars and rocks and squeals, until a runner almost feels
He'd like to get caught in a wreck and come out with a broken neck.
They've tried their best to make her steam, but all their efforts only seem
To make her worse. Her nozzles, too, have been reduced, but it is true
This only made her burn more coal, while 'long the track she'd toss and roll."

"Hold on!" said Bill, "who told you so; how is it that you chance to know
So much about the nine-thirteen?" "Why, 'cause the work-book I have seen,"
The caller said, with roguish smile, that did, Bill's Celtic temper rile.

"Come! sign the call-book, hurry now, my time is money, you'll allow."
Bill, with reluctance, signed the slip, and with true courage made the trip.
He stalled on almost every knoll; at every coal shed he took coal;
A tire came off; he lost a wheel; he gave the fast express a deal
That made the chief despatcher swear and prance around and tear his hair.
The fireman died upon the way, and since that most eventful day
The poor conductor's been insane and thinks he's still upon that train.

22
THE THIRD DEGREE

Because they couldn't get relief, 'tis said both brakemen died of grief.
Along the track can now be seen three graves, o'er which the grass grows green,
A sad reminder of the time Bill furnished matter for this rhyme.
But Bill's a better man to-day; he hasn't had so much to say
Since then. He's learned it doesn't pay to think one has the only way
Of doing work. 'Tis very true, it pays to watch how others do.
THE LESSON OF THE ROSE

When morning dew was on the rose
    And freshness everywhere,
I strolled amid the flowerets
    And drank the fragrant air.

A blood-red rose made lowly bow
    As though a friend to greet,
I thought, what lessons one can learn
    From flowers bright and sweet.

This queenly rose, with blushes rich,
    Would seem to typify,
By colors deep, and fragrance sweet,
    "Perfection," to my eye.

I pressed its petals to my lips,
    What sweetness it did bring
To me, but ah! beneath its bloom,
    I felt the thorny sting!

And 'tis the same with things of life,
    That beautiful appear,
We often find in love's sweet dream
    A thorn is lurking near.
TO BROTHER *J. A. LEACH

We’re often made to realize the world is slow to recognize
The worth of men until, alas! we let the chance forever pass.
I’ll not withhold my word-bouquet until from earth you’re taken ’way;
I’ll not wait ’till your wings take sprout, to sing your praise, I’ll shout it out
So that my words will reach your ear while you’re sojourning with us here;
No, I’ll not wait until you’re dead to honor you—’tis truly said
A word of kindness spoken here that emanates from heart sincere,
Is worth a million, friends might hear when mourners gather ’round our bier.
This waiting ’till a man’s cold clay in mother earth is laid away,
To sound his praises isn’t fair; my eulogistic words I’ll share
With you, that you may realize how much your services we prize.
I trust you’ll long be spared that you may in sweet reminiscence view

* Founder of the Brotherhood.
TO BROTHER J. A. LEACH

The work you started, grow and grow, until the Brotherhood will show
The growth and strength you hoped might be,
  *December, Eighteen Sev'nty Three,
When with your faithful band you stood, the founders of the Brotherhood.
You were the men who blazed the way to the success that's ours to-day;
And, Brother Leach, I'm sure the day your earthly shell is laid away
That friends will gather 'round your bier and eulogize your work while here.
They'll bless your name and throw bouquets and talk about the early days,
When members of your noble band did for the cause of Labor hand
Out portions of your scanty pay to help the Order on its way.
What consolation it must be in your declining years to see
Our noble Brotherhood, and know 'twas you who started it to grow;
And, Brother Leach, I'm sure, when you its deeds of charity review,
You feel like sending up a prayer of thanks that you were called to share
The honor great that's due to those whom the good Lord in wisdom chose
To found a Brotherhood that He through haze of years could look and see

* Date the Brotherhood was Founded.
TO BROTHER J. A. LEACH

Would do as much by charity, as the B. of L. F. and E.

Has done, with cheerfulness, for those who earn their bread in overclothes.

Courageous band! your hearts were right when you decided you would fight

The greedy, selfish men who sought to treat you like the slave that's bought.

Here's to you then, and may the day the Lord selects to take you 'way

Be long in coming—still, we know that when the hour comes you must go,

You'll be prepared to take the call that in its time must come to all.

Long after you have learned to play upon the harp a heav'nly lay

The name of LEACH will honored be by men in our Society.
COAL ON THE SHADES' RAILWAY

From the trip Bill landed, sore and tired, for the locomotive that he fired

Had a reputation on the line that the English tongue could not define.

So before he’d washed or combed his hair, he landed into a big, soft chair,

And the weary lids drooped o’er his eye—he fell asleep with a deep, deep sigh.

There was no rest for his active brain, for he dreamed he still was on a train,

With the devil as his engineer; and his face grew ashen white with fear

When he saw the tank of fine-cut coal he’d have to poke through the firebox hole.

The devil said, with a fiendish sneer: “You’ll find I’m a first-class engineer

If you keep her hot, but sir, the grades are stiff and hard in the land of shades”—

“Well, to keep the old ‘mill’ hot, I’ll try,” our friend Bill said, but his tear-dimmed eye

Belied the hope that he sought to show to the engineer from down below.

When his eye lit on the tank of slack, he prayed that the “mill” would jump the track.

“Say, where did you get this real estate? Why! it looks to me like fine-ground slate,

With a lump or two thrown in that make it nothing short of a gold-brick fake.”
COAL ON THE SHADES' RAILWAY

The devil smiled when he heard this said, for the
secret thoughts of Bill he read.
Like an open book—"Why man, this fuel would
break the heart of an army mule.
I order this so the damned below, who fire with it,
will be sure to know
That they'll have no peace or comfort there, or
the sympathy of friend to share
The sorrow, pain, and the grim despair that the
poor lost victims have to bear"
"I don't know a better way," said Bill, "if their
lives with misery you'd fill,
Than give them a tank of slack and say the coal
is good on the imps' railway.
On earth they have worked that stunt, 'tis true,
when in their deceitful hearts they knew
That the coal was awful, still, they thought—at
least they said, that a fireman ought
To furnish steam—why, your imps below couldn't
get up steam enough to blow
The whistle; and it's the same to-day—the coal's
first-class, the officials say."
Now the strangest thing, the devil thought, was
the fact Bill kept the engine hot
With the coal used when the trip was made; Bill
blew her up on the stiffest grade;
And Bill remarked, when the trip was o'er, that we
wouldn't need shaker, rake or blow'r
On earth, were the coal as good a grade as that
which the devil made him spade
In his horrid dream; and think! they say, Bill
regrets the dream has passed away,
*For he claims the coal the imps all fear is better coal
    than we get right here.*
I APPRECIATE A KICKER

I appreciate a kicker when the kick is in the right,
For a man to be a winner must occasionally fight,
For he'll find the world against him as he shoves
towards the goal;
He'll be criticised, most freely, by the wise man
and the fool.

But the chap that's got the courage and persistency
will find
That the "sticker," in the running, leaves the
"quitter" far behind.
He may wonder if the laurels of the race are worth
the run,
But he'll have keen satisfaction when a vict'ry has
been won.

Still, I hate to hear the kicker who is never
satisfied,
And who seems to think that ev'ry man against
him is allied;
Always grumbling at the weather, at the climate,
just as though
He could run affairs much better if he only had a
show.
I APPRECIATE A KICKER

Such men never see God's sunshine, never see in Nature's plan
Just how far the work of Heaven is above the work of man.
To the av'rage chronic kicker, nothing beautiful appears;
He beholds life through a mist of gloom, a haze of grief and tears.

But the man who only stops to kick, when kicking in the right,
Is the chap who isn't slow to see what's beautiful and bright.
He can trace in ev'ry floweret, in blossom, and in bud,
The Divinity of Him, Whose Word destroyed the world by flood.

He sees much for thought and wonder in the miracles of earth,
And he knows full well how much the rain and darksome clouds are worth.
What is more, he doesn't kick because he wants to run the earth;
He is satisfied to let the Lord control the universe.
I THANK THEE, LORD!

I thank thee, Lord, first for my life,
   Then health and home and friends;
So much has been bestowed on me
   That ere life's journey ends,
I'll be so deeply in Thy debt—
   But ah! no acts of mine
Can recompense Thee for Thy love—
   A love that is Divine.
And when I think how I repay
   Thee for Thy loving care,
I feel ashamed, for daily I
   So many favors share,
And in return, complaining go,
   With sad, ungrateful heart,
And fail to note the wondrous world.
   Of which I form a part;
And when I look around and see
   What Thou hast done for me,
I marvel at the mercy shown
   To frail humanity.
If Thou shouldst suddenly deny
   Earth's loveliness to me,
If I were blind to sunlight, bright,
   And could no longer see
The flow'rs of earth, the smiles of friends,
   How sad my lot would be!
HAIL, COLUMBUS!

Hail, Columbus! We greet thee, a city most fair,
Enginemen from the North, East, South, West,
so prepare
To receive us, and give us the freedom we crave,
For our boys, they are worthy, industrious and brave;
We're the sort of good fellows that all like to meet,
And though clad in our bluejeans or broadcloth,
we greet
Ev'ry friend with a glad hand and smile—we're the same,
Yes, in summer or winter, in sunshine or rain.

Sure! the poor we are ever delighted to meet,
And to "tramps" we have often relinquished our seat
In the cab, while with victuals we'd cheer his sad heart,
Yes, and oft' with a half or a quarter we'd part.
And 'tis many a "Willie" has murmured a prayer,
As he warmed his poor frame by the fire's ruddy glare,
And, perchance, retrospectively, thought of the day,
Long since passed, when he had a few "rocks" stored away.
Railroad boys have their hardships, the Lord only knows
The extent of their sorrows and troubles and woes.
During summer, they're blistered or roasted alive;
HAIL COLUMBUS!

They just constantly swelter and sweat as they strive
To avoid long delays, while they tug at long trains,
Put together by yardmasters minus the brains,
With the slipp'ry old "pelters" that seem to delight
In revolving their wheels till they dazzle the sight.

During winter—I shiver to think of their grief,
As they pilot old scrap-heaps that take a whole leaf
In the work-book to point out defects—mercy me!
How they have any patience at all, I can't see.
Who on earth can imagine the woes on the rail,
When the frost or the storm king holds sway on the trail;
And the beautiful snow is piled up on the track,
Till the drifts are in line with the base of the stack.
'Tis a season when coal pile and tank 'long the way,
Are most eagerly sought by tired trainmen each day;
They're as joyful a sight as most men hope to see
When the soul from its care-burdened body goes free—
But away with reflections like these, for we're here
To assist our Grand Off'cers the Good Ship to steer;
When our work's through each day we'll all share in the joys
That the Buckeye State capital holds for our boys.

Written for the Columbus Convention.
RAISE LABOR'S BANNER

Awake! I say, before too late;
Behold the future! See the fate
In store for thee.

As sure as sun shines in the sky;
As sure as mortal man shall die,
   Strong drink shall curse.

Heed thou the cries of kith and kin;
Resolve to shun this deadly sin
   And be a man.

Raise Labor's banner if you can;
Do honor to the craft of man,
   Is all we ask.
Remember, when you’re laid away your bones will mingle with the clay,
And “Unto dust thou shalt return.” The flattery of the world, you’ll learn
But seals the soul’s eternal doom beyond the portals of the tomb.
The pomp and pride you now display; the part you take in this life’s fray
Will be forgotten—yea, by those who in your prosp’rous lifetime chose
To claim your friendship—thus, they say, the glories of the world pass ’way.
But if your soul, when it forsakes its clay abode and fin’lly takes
Its place before the Great White Throne, there to be judged by deeds alone,
Be pure, and free from stain of sin, to glory it shall enter in,
Such as this world, with all its power, the smallest portion cannot shower
Upon its slaves, whose souls and health are sacrificed in quest of wealth.
THE CAPTAIN OF THE TYRANTS

I've sung the praises, time again, of the true-hearted enginemen;
Told how they cheerfully obey the call to duty night and day.
I've also paid respects to those who'd rob the poor man of his clothes,
If by so doing they could take what he by honest toil did make.
The autocrat and plutocrat, in verse, I've shown where they were at;
Told how the earth they try to rule and make of man a common tool.
I've held up to the public scorn, in hope that others I might warn,
Oppressors who weak help employ and thus the country's homes destroy—
Men so unscrupulous and low that they don't hesitate to sow
The seeds of weakness that one day will take the nation's strength away—
Woe to the countries that allow child sweat-shops as we have them now,
Where money-mongers may employ small children and their lives destroy
By robbing them of youth and health, in their ungodly greed for wealth.

Like Shakespeare’s Shylock, they demand the pound of flesh, while o’er the land

The wails of suff’ring childhood grow, and tears from weeping mothers flow—

I’ve told how millionaires do rave o’er costly art; how they behave

In countries ’cross the ocean’s wave; of how wealth-burdened women crave

For poodle dogs and cats that share ill-gotten wealth; how these brutes fare

Far better than God’s children who toil night and day, and who, ’tis true,

Just sacrifice their weary lives to furnish coin for rich men’s wives

To squander on some foolish fad to make their selfish, cold hearts glad.

Of these offenders you’ve all read and often to yourselves have said

You’d like to make those tyrants feel, who at the throne of Mammon kneel,

The application of good law, not shrewdly framed with cunning flaw,

Which high-priced lawyers do detect and use, their clients to protect—

Now, honestly, you enginemen, if you’d been asked the question when

The night was cold and frosty rail played havoc worse than blust’ring gale,
THE CAPTAIN OF THE TYRANTS

If there was any class of men that could compare
with those I’ve been
Endeavoring to picture true—in all sincerity would you
Consider it was fair and right that you o’erlook on
such a night
Yardmasters of the kind who roar, “Say, Bill, give that ‘drag’ ten cars more”?

TO BROTHER* CHAS. W. MAIER

Here’s to you, Brother Maier, and may
The day you happened ’long this way
Remain a reminiscence sweet
Throughout your life—yea, till we meet
On that Eternal Shore, where we
From railway hardships will be free.

* Guest of Charity Lodge.
A VICTIM OF THE TRUSTS

What is the histr’y of that shapeless thing
That lives and moves like beasts of burden do?
Can it be true?
'Twas once a human form and perfect, too?
What terrible disease has made it so?
You do not know!

You say 'twas always bent and thus deformed.
'Tis years now since the creature drifted in—
Pale, listless, thin.

Its childhood had been spent at fact’ry work—
Long hours, combined with insufficient food,
And almost nude.

The body unprotected from the cold,
Untaught, uncultured—a neglected child,
Like savage wild.

No home—an outcast on the social shore—
Just made a victim of man’s greed for gold—
Out of the fold!

Beyond the reach of kindness, knowing naught
But sheer abuse, cold-heartedness, neglect—
Just simply wrecked.

40
A VICTIM OF THE TRUSTS

A victim of the trusts, that might have been
A stalwart man, a credit to his race.

Behold his face!

See stamped thereon the marks of cruel life;
Much cruelty has crushed the spirit out—
Ah! you who doubt

The danger of child labor to the land,
Behold this human wreck! then answer true
What should you do?

To'ards having framed anew more perfect laws,
And make it criminal to thus employ,
And to destroy

Material, to make our country great?
Think of the millions who appeal to you—
Will you be true

To God, to country, and to fellow man?
If so, help Labor crush this cursed thing—
Let nations ring

With Indignation's cry, in protest raised
Against this worse than slavish policy,
At once agree

To fight against child labor 'till the day
Comes when they shall be free from slavery,
Such as we see.
A QUEER OLD STICK, WAS BILL.

He was a queer old stick, was Bill, and life for him ran straight up hill.
He had a strange, peculiar way of saying what he had to say.
He was no diplomat, 'twas plain, which fact occasioned friends much pain;
For Bill was gruff and blunt, and he was rated as an oddity.
He had some friends but they were few, but they were friends because they knew
That often times the heart most true is not behind the clothes most new.
Bill always meant just what he said; he always called a spade a spade,
He didn't heed those who maintain it doesn't pay to speak too plain.
For surely it should always be far best to let your neighbor see
You've got the grit to disagree, when others' viewpoint you can't see.
Like money, candor is a thing, when counterfeit, that has a ring
That any judge at once detects and recognizes its defects.
A QUEER OLD STICK, WAS BILL.

Bill's candor was so frank and clear it caused his feeble critics fear;
But when it came to doing good there wasn't any man who could
Review a life so filled with deeds of kindness in fulfilling needs;
And while poor Bill was often spurned, much of the salary that he earned
Was, in a silent, humble way, applied to brushing tears away.
A ton of coal to widow Pound occasionally he sent 'round.
And when poor Fagan's health gave 'way he called on him most ev'ry day,
And always in his arms he brought some things he had for Fagan bought.
But still, he had the same gruff way of meeting people day by day—
The world has many men like Bill, who, others' lives with sunshine fill,
Possessed of tender hearts and true, with sympathies revealed to few,
Whose ways are gruff, whose hands are rough, but still, possessing love enough
To make them in their charity a blessing to humanity.
Let us be slow to criticize impressions made by errant eyes,
But let us in our judgment weigh the sentiments of hearts—they say
A QUEER OLD STICK, WAS BILL

That honest hearts are seldom found where pride and worldliness abound—
Like violets, whose faces sweet, in lonely places, strangers greet,
True hearts most frequently are found where loneliness and grief abound—
Like tempered steel by heat made firm, the heart its finest lessons learn
Where sorrow, poverty and care, the blossoms of affliction share.

THE CRUCIBLE OF LOVE.

In ev'ry sorrow from above
We see the traces of God's love;
From out of suff'ring have emerged
The purest souls—souls that were purged
And humanized by grief and care,
They, during lifetime, had to bear.
THE SCANDAL OF CHARITY LODGE

Last eve as I pondered before the hearth's glare,
A vision appeared of a maiden most fair,
With angelic features and soft, flowing hair,
And eyes that would make any bachelor stare.
Now why should a maiden so sweet call on me,
And what could the mission of this person be?
Were questions perplexing. She read my surprise,
I saw by the twinkle that beamed in her eyes.
At once I decided to question and see
Why this charming visitor thus favored me.
"Dear Miss, kindly say why I'm honored to-night,
Why you, as a bride, come attir'd in pure white;
Perhaps you're a ghost in behalf of the dead"—
"You're wrong, I'm the goddess of leap year," she said.
"You're single, kind sir, I am led to believe."
"You've guessed it," I said, as my heart gave a heave.
"'Tis well," was her answer, "I've something to say
Concerning you bachelors, sir, if I may."
"Delighted!" I answered, desiring to hear
The tale my guest wished to pour into my ear.
THE SCANDAL OF CHARITY LODGE

"'Tis leap year, no doubt you're aware of the same."

"I am, but if this is the reason you came Your mission will fail," I replied with a sigh, "For living just now is tremendously high."

"Pray, don't be alarmed for I'm not here to wed; My errand concerns those who should though," she said.

"St. Thomas is noted for beautiful girls, With brown, black and blue eyes, straight tresses and curls. Why then should the hearts of the young men be dead To charms such as theirs?

"I can't answer," I said,

"Perhaps now that leap year is just about gone 'Twill help some to hustle the slow ones along."

"I wish I might hope so," the shadow replied.

"There's no harm in hoping," I said, as I sighed.

"You're a B. of L. F. and E., are you not?"

"I am," I replied, "and I'm yet to be caught."

"Now listen! in Charity Lodge, Number Five, Are men who should make our prim young maidens strive To win them for husbands; alas! it is true, With Cupid these men will have nothing to do. The scandal of Charity Lodge is her boys, Denying themselves matrimonial joys, While many dear girls are just pining away
THE SCANDAL OF CHARITY LODGE

For some one to ask them to name the glad day.
To help out these maidens, I’ve come here to-night."

“You have my best wishes,” I said, with delight.
“If I can assist you my service I’ll give
Most cheerfully, madam; as sure as I live
I’ll do what I can to help Cupid; I know
His business with us has been frightfully slow.
We’ve many good firemen who ought to take wives,
Unless they intend to keep ‘bach’ all their lives.
Now read off your list till I hear who you’ve got;
Perhaps you have some on the list there who ought
To be reprimanded for being so slow.
Why he is still single, each fellow should show.”
“Well, now to my mission, we’ll go o’er the list
Of those who by Cupid, the rogue, has been missed”—
But just as the shade with her pen made a stroke
To add a few names—from my dream I awoke!
THE M. M. GOT HIS "BUMPS"

This scarcity of men is bad: Why is it that they can't be had?

It isn't many years ago since there was a continu' flow

Of applicants for jobs, but now there's none in sight—I must allow

I've never felt the scarcity so much before; now there must be

Young men, by hundreds, who would take the job and first-class firemen make.

I must have men, a scheme I'll try—I'll advertise, 'twill catch the eye

Of men, strong, healthy, young, who weigh one-eighty pounds, and thus I may

Induce the class of men I need to take the job, then I can weed

Out the incompetents I've hired to substitute for men I've fired.

Reports I get from day to day say men are quitting 'long the way.

Just what to do, I scarcely know, for things like this annoy one so.

But then, my 'ad' will get more men, and once they pass the rules, why then
THE M. M. GOT HIS "BUMPS"

We'll not have trains tied up, but still—I've got a lot of gaps to fill:

While meditating thus, Bill Sheare, the M. M.'s trav'ling engineer,

Dropped in to tell the boss that they had tied ten engines up that day

For lack of firemen, and 'twas true they couldn't get the mail trains through,

For cars that bore the 'perish' card were neatly blocking up the yard.

The M. M. turned and asked Sheare when he hoped to land a few good men.

"I'll look to you to get them, too, for that work's strictly up to you."

This thrust, it sort of nettled Sheare, and he decided, then and there,

To tell the M. M. why 'twas true young men wished nothing more to do

With railroading, especially young men who have ability.

"Now, let me tell you something, boss, it's mighty hard to run across

Young men, these days, who wish to be engaged in railroad slavery.

The scarcity of men is due to just such 'modern-ists' as you.

Why, I could get all sorts of men who'd do good work—nine out of ten

Would like to go to work, but they don't like the 'red tape' you display,
THE M. M. GOT HIS "BUMPS"

For you insist that they shall be from five-foot ten
to six-foot three.
They must be under twenty-three or otherwise
you'll not agree
To take them into service—still, the vacancies you
hope to fill.
Their lungs from microbes must be free and work-
ing to a nicety;
And colored yarn they must sort out—yes, shades
they never heard about
Must be selected from the pile; they must pick
lavender from nile,
And purple, too, from violet, and red from
brown, until they get
So color-blind that when they're through they
can't tell green from pink or blue.
And then you put them through a drill and make
them write on rules until
Their eyes are weary from the test, which your
poor judgment deems is best.
And, furthermore, you make them buy a standard
watch at price sky-high;
And when with these 'exams' they're through, what do you give these men to do?
Why, work that breaks one's back and heart, and
tears his very frame apart.
And still you ask why it can be we're up against
a scarcity
Of eligible men; to me, it isn't any mystery."
DEAR EYES OF BROWN

A thought for you, sweet lassie, fair,
Dear eyes of brown, and golden hair.
We're many miles apart, but still,
Thoughts of you always cause a thrill
Within my being; and those eyes
My soul's contentment tantalize.
The Scotch are honest, constant, true;
These qualities are strong in you.
I never found you false, a lie
Would find denial in your eye.
Our paths run 'long a different way
In life, but ah! some future day
We'll meet on that eternal shore
And—talk o'er happy days of yore.
CHRISTMAS BELLS

Lo! the universe is singing,
Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing,
   Hear their joyous chimes!

Nineteen-thirteen's slowly dying,
Winter winds are loudly sighing
   O'er our native land.

Has the old year brought you gladness?
Has it filled your home with sadness?
   Has a loved one gone.

To a land where there's no sorrow,
Where there is no sad "to-morrow,"
   With its hidden grief?

If the old year leaves you weeping
O'er the graves of loved ones sleeping,
   We your sorrows share.

Nineteen-fourteen may bring gladness,
May dispell your care and sadness,
   This, our earnest prayer
OUR JACKSON CITY *GUESTS

You’re welcome, a thousand times welcome,
   For you’re knights of the throttle and scoop,
Which proves that you’re jolly good fellows,
   From the city of hardtack and soup.

We know, friends, that great tribulations
   Are encountered in life on the rail;
Our hearts bubble over with pity,
   And the tears down our cheeks find a trail.

On duty, you’ve suffered from hunger,
   You’ve been buried in snow drifts galore,
Been drenched to the skin as you shovel’d
   What officials called ‘coal,’ through the door.

You’ve doubled for water, and often
   At your lunch you would not get a peep;
Your eyes longed to close in sweet slumber,
   For your lids weighed a ton—lack of sleep.

We know you’ve had woes by the millions;
   And old “pelters,” that leaked like a sieve,
You’ve fed on slack coal, while the “pointer”
   Not a hope to your sad hearts would give.

But ah! what reflections—forget them!
   Do so, brothers, and help us to-night
To turn o’er the pages of sorrow;
   Let your feet find a dancer’s delight.

* Guests of Charity Lodge.
OUR JACKSON CITY GUESTS

You’re present in fin’ry and broadcloth;
    You’re such fine-looking fellows, I fear
Our pretty Canadian maidens
    Will be falling in love with you here.

It’s not from the style of your outfit,
    Nor because of the bloom on your cheeks
We figure you worthy of welcome,
    It is something far deeper that speaks.

If clad in your greasy old bluejeans,
    With your faces smeared over with dust,
We’d give you the hand of a brother,
    In the heart, not appearance, we trust.

We know if you’ve passed through the “tunnel”
    That there’s nothing much lacking—to me
It’s proof, most conclusive, you’re workers,
    With a courage undaunted and free.

Last year we were guests in your city,
    We were treated right royally then,
Aside from the sorrow and mis’ry
    That we shared while confined in the “pen.”

We hobnobbed with guards and with convicts;
    And we learned how they lived out their lives,
Where laughter of children is absent,
    And where men are not nagged by their wives.

Our term in the jail was a brief one;
    We were speed’ly released, and were told
The walls of the Jackson State prison,
    B. of L. F. & E.’s could not hold.
OUR JACKSON CITY GUESTS

Canadian money was worthless,
   It was not to be spent in the State;
The things that we envied were purchased,
   And the price was chalked down on the slate.

So, therefore, we trust that your visit
   To the city of "Saints" will remain
Impressed on your minds, and induce you
   To return to St. Thomas again.

BACK TO THE "YARD"

The "spare" before the M.M. stood,
   He dropped in to resign;
He'd had some trouble with a "drag"
   While out upon the line.
The M.M. tried to keep the boy
   By telling him that he
Could pick a job in any yard
   If he would just agree
To "stick," alas! the poor "spare" said,—
   "I'll turn in card and key.
There's just one yard I care for now—
   The barnyard, sir, for me."
WHAT COMES IS BEST

What comes is best; I wonder is this so?
And if it is, pray, how are we to know
It is the best? We cannot penetrate
Life's darkened way; the problem of our fate
We cannot solve. How oft' we sigh in vain
For absent friends, whose absence causes pain;
Still, in our breasts a silent voice will plead
That after all 'tis best, 'tis what we need
To calm and humanize the wounded soul,
Encumbered with its sorrows manifold.
We contemplate, from ruins of the heart,
The busy world, of which we form a part;
'Tis heedless of our sorrow and our grief—
But after all, sad hearts will find relief;
Beyond the grave we're promised sweetest rest;
Once there, we'll understand "What Comes
is Best."
THE TICKET AGENTS' JOYS

If ever man deserves to be well paid for work performed 'tis he
Who in a ticket office dwells, and listens to the public's yells.
Now, it has always been to me the biggest kind of mystery
How ticket men a smile can wear, while 'round them travellers stamp and swear,
Because the agent doesn't jump the very instant these men thump
Upon the counter, so that they can get away without delay.
Some think that ticket men should be just waiting anxiously to see
If someone wouldn't happen 'round upon a purchasing trip bound.
They never seem to think, 'tis true, that ticket men have work to do
Besides the little stunts that they, in selling tickets, do each day;
Or gab o'er railroad guides and show a poor inquirer how to go
So that he'll have no long delay at junction points along the way.

57
THE TICKET AGENTS' JOYS

So much for the impatient jay who cannot tolerate delay.
We now come to the boresome man whose questions agents never can
Just answer right—men who desire replies to questions that they fire
Successively, as though they though that railroad ticket agents ought
To waste an hour or so in chat just to be sociable, and that
These men, in offices, should know it is good business to show
A keen concern in all the lies passed out by those who patronize
The road; and that it doesn't pay to turn an angry man away.
They want to have an agent say precisely at what hour of day
The train, 'bout which they want to know, will land them where they want to go;
And what the train connections are, without regard to just how far
The place, the person has in view, is from the State the road runs through.
Just when the agent hopes to be rid of his questioner, we see
Another man step into line, to steal another half hour's time.
And still, officials wonder why the ticket man's reports are shy;
And how he possibly can fill the dreary hours—how he can kill

58
THE TICKET AGENTS' JOYS

The many idle hours each day that he's obliged to while away.
We wonder at the peaceful face, the temper mild, the marv'lous grace,
Displayed by ticket men to-day, and at the kind and gentle way
The people's worries they allay, and such sweet temperment display.
'Tis true that ev'ry railroad man in some part of his duties can
Point out objectionable work; some things that he would gladly shirk;
But if I had my choice to-day, from ticket work I'd stay away.
I'd rather be an engineer or fireman on a train than hear
An irate public's tale of woe—in fact, I think I'd rather go
And spend my days within a jail, where strangers at me could not rail.
Let men who think they've grief to bear, their jobs with ticket men's compare.
SANTA CLAUS AND CHRISTMAS DAY

The Christmas time, with its joy and cheer,  
Comes to make happy the closing year.  
What does it mean to you and to me;  
What shall we hang on the Christmas tree?  
Shall it be happiness, love and cheer,  
To bless the close of the dying year?  
Or shall the day be allowed to go  
And no kindness shown to'ards those we know  
Would appreciate a word of cheer,  
Bestowed at this gladsome time of year?  
What of the poor who will be in need;  
Will we pass them by and not give heed  
To those whom the Lord loved most of all?  
Why not do that which might save the fall  
Of some unfortunate mortal who  
Is strug'ling on with the tried and true?  
And the children, too, bright jew'ls of life,  
Who help to temper this world of strife,  
When clouds of sorrow their shadows cast  
Over the future, over the past;  
And whose merry laughter drives away  
The cares and sorrows of ev'ry day;  
Pray, what shall we do to make them glad  
And thankful a Christmas Day they've had?  
And what about "tots" too poor to share  
In the joys of Christmas, who shall dare  
To pass them by just because they're poor—
SANTA CLAUS AND CHRISTMAS DAY

Why, the windows filled with toys allure,
And make them wish, in their childish way,
For Santa Claus and the Christmas day!
And then when the glad day comes and goes
And no Santa Claus, ah! friend, who knows
How truly their little hearts have bled,
As Christmas morning they crept from bed
And ran to their stockings, but to learn
That Santa was mean enough to spurn
The childish prayers of the prev’ous night,
That were offered up with hopes so bright?
We needn’t speak of the mother’s grief
As with parting look she took her leave
When she’d snugly tucked her children in,
And pressed on their faces, pale and thin,
The “good-night” kiss, as the tear drops fell
On each dear cheek, for she knew full well
That Santa Claus wouldn’t come next day;
Because they were poor, he’d turn away.
Ah! what of your duty, you so blessed
With worldly wealth; are your hearts distress’d?
If so, resolve those sad hearts to cheer
With Christmas greetings, and close the year
In a way to bring you joy so sweet,
’Twill light your faces to all you meet.
RETROSPECTION

You ask why I sit by the fireside,
    You ask what I see in the flame,
I answer, a vision is portrayed
    Therein that's too sacred to name.

It helps in a world full of sorrow,
    When days and when years are so long,
To sit by the fireside, in silence,
    And list to my siren's sweet song.

The glare of the blaze is a river
    Whose surface reveals to the soul,
That dreams in its garden of roses,
    Sweet secrets that never are told.
OUR ARGUMENT FOR BETTER PAY

Comments are heard most ev’ry day concerning trainmen’s raise in pay;
Fanatics are amazed that they should dare to seek a raise; they say
That enginemen should surely be well satisfied. They can’t agree
They’re underpaid, and fail to see how trainmen figure this to be.
Now listen! friends, I’ll tell you why railroaders think their pay checks shy;
If they were paid for nothing more than heaving coal through firebox door,
They’d earn their wages, but ’tis true, it isn’t only what they do.
Just think the chances these men take, who handle shovel, throttle, brake,
Of loss of life, or limb, then say they’re not entitled to more pay.
All this considered, we can’t see how any sane man can agree
That trainmen’s wages are too high—it costs a lot these days to die.
Why shouldn’t enginemen be paid according to their work and grade?

63
OUR ARGUMENT FOR BETTER PAY

What class of men is to be found who by so many rules are bound?
In winter, blizzards, sleet and snow, no mercy to poor trainmen show;
They live 'midst danger, grief and toil; in summer, swelter, fry and boil,
They sizzle 'neath the scorching sun; their engines night and day they run.
While critics warmly tucked in bed are to the world securely dead,
These enginemen are bucking snow, their only heat the guage lamps' glow;
While to amusements others flock—particularly those who "knock"
The railroaders' high rate of pay, unmindful of the fact that they
Can spend their evenings where they choose, and not a cent of wages lose;
Or take enjoyment in their home, while o'er the system trainmen roam
On "drags" of ninety cars or more, that would make any sane man sore—
These enginemen must keep in sight or reach of caller day and night.
Again, trades' workmen know that they can hope to have their job next day.
It isn't so with railroad men, for now they lock them in the "pen;"
And they may languish months in jail because they accident'ly fail
To catch a signal or observe, in storm or on straight track or curve,
OUR ARGUMENT FOR BETTER PAY

The flagman with his light of red to indicate a train ahead;
Or if their orders they misread, yes, e’en a comma fail to heed,
They’re given thirty days or more to think the situation o’er.
Aside from all the woe and grief of railroad life, ’tis our belief
If enginemen did nothing more than answer mail they get galore
From the officials ’long the line, who think there’s nothing half so fine
As writing letters to their men to worry them to death, why then,
They’d earn their wages ten times o’er. Again, officials fairly roar
And call for statements ev’ry time a man looks cross-eyed on the line;
Still, some maintain they’re overpaid. Why friends! not half has here been said
About the trials, grief and care, that make to whiten trainmen’s hair.
If those who harp, the truth could know, they’d feel in conscience bound to go
To the poor enginemen and say,—“Forgive my ref’rence to your pay,
I hope you’ll get your raise O. K., without the usual delay.
I trust ’twill be a big one, too, for enginemen most surely do
Deserve high wages, for ’tis true they’re underpaid for what they do;
No class of men deserves to be considered more, I now agree.”
A PILGRIM'S PRAYER

Guard Thou me, gentle Saviour, 'till my Pilgrimage is o'er;
Claim Thou, Thy own, my soul is Thine, Thy guidance I implore;
Keep Thou my heart from sinful thoughts, lest it should once rebel;
Let me but do Thy will, dear Lord, all sinful thoughts expell;
Control my mind, let it direct to keep me free from stain,
To do Thy heav'nly will, O Lord; let me from sin refrain.
Guard Thou my tongue, let it speak peace, and never let it pain
Another by an unkind word, dear Lord, my tongue restrain;
Guide my aberrant feet through life, lest they lead me astray;
Guide them along the narrow path, from sin to keep away;
Guard Thou my hands, let them be used to do Thy will alway,
To serve the weak, to help the poor, I pray of Thee this day;
Guard Thou my eyes, turn them to'ards Thee, sweet Saviour, let them see
Thy thorn-crowned brow, Thy bloody wounds, Who died for love of me;
Guard Thou my ears, let Thy voice reach my heart—teach me to pray;
Without Thy help, how soon we drift from Thee, dear Lord, away.
IF PALMISTRY BE TRUE

In forty years from now, she said,
I would be numbered with the dead;
But while the years went skipping by
No sorrow great would cause a sigh.
I'd go through life so free from care
That grief would never grey a hair.

She said I would get money, too—
I do hope this part will come true—
But then, the sum's to be so small
I'll scarcely notice it at all.
Once, twice, she looked in vain to see
If there was not more coin for me.

Alas! she turned, with tear-dimmed eye,
And heaved a real live-sorrow sigh,
And said, "There's nothing in your hand."
The news was more than I could stand.
I broke right down with grief so keen
That tear drops in my eyes were seen.

But in my sorrow, she consoled
With hopeful words, as she foretold
What would be greater wealth to me—
At least, so far as she could see—
She said I'd wed a maiden fair
With soft brown eyes and chestnut hair.
IF PALMISTRY BE TRUE

Who'd love me with a love so true
That anything for her I'd do.
Ten noisy bairns would be my lot—
I jumped right up and said, "Great Scott!
Is all that marked upon my hand?
If so, 'tis more than I can stand."

"Don't worry, please; don't let this stun,
Your life will be a happy one.
In fact, if palmistry be true
Age will bring happiness to you;
You will enjoy life, do not fear—
You'll get what's coming to you here."

WHEN ENGINEMEN WERE CHUMS

Those were the good old days, they say,
When locomotives first held sway;
When railroading was in its prime,
And tab was not kept on the time.
The enginemen were old chums then,
And truer, braver, better men
Ne'er handled throttle, scoop or wheel,
Than those who drove the steeds of steel
Through forests dense that echoed back
The barking of the engine stack.
THE *GREATER LOVE

"To J. M. Street, M. M., Dear Sir,—Quite frequently it does occur
That we have firemen who appear to know more than the engineer.
The roundhouse foreman takes delight in causing enginemen to fight.
For months I have desired a change, but he refuses to arrange
To put a man along with me with whom, at work, I can agree.
I, therefore, take the liberty to write this note, and hope to see
You make this change without delay. The man I’ve got is far too gay.
I hate to turn a fireman in, but really, sir, it is a sin
The way this fellow tries to shirk what rightfully is fireman’s work.
He’s always late in getting ’round and, very often, I have found
It necessary that I take my engine out alone and break
The rule which says that there should be another man along with me.
But still, this wouldn’t be so bad if I a first-class fireman had.

* To give one’s life for another.

69
THE GREATER LOVE

But this man cannot keep her hot; moreover, sir, he wastes a lot
Of coal; in fact, enough to pay his wages for a ten-hour day.
Therefore, I trust you can arrange to make my recommended change.
With best regards, I am, dear sir, yours very truly,
William Kerr."
The M. M. read the letter through and thought the best thing he could do
Would be to have this fireman call, and have the man explain it all.
On turning to his desk once more, the man he sought stood at the door.
Imagine the M. M.'s surprise as there before his very eyes
Stood Fireman Holt, the man whom he that moment most desired to see.
"I've called," said Holt, "to get my time and my position to resign.
I'm tired of firing for a man who tries in ev'ry way he can
To make the engine work for me just twice as hard as it should be.
He's sore because I don't get 'round in time to oil her up; he's found
That in the service there are men who do this work; and then, again,
He thinks I'm wasting coal, but he, the quadrant notches, fails to see.
He never hooks her up where she, in justice to a man should be.
THE GREATER LOVE

Up hill and down, it's just the same; if he's been shy of steam, the blame
Rests with himself, and not with me; that's why with him I can't agree"—
"Well! Holt, I have before me here a letter from your engineer
In which he lays the blame on you; 'tis hard to tell which tale is true.
You just return to work, and I, the roundhouse boss will notify.
I'll just request him to arrange to shift the crews and make this change.
I'll see you men are kept apart; I hope for both a change of heart.
My men agreeable must be; why they can't be, I fail to see"—
As this man left the M. M. thought that men in railroad service ought
To strive to work in harmony, and in their daily work agree.
They should be just the best of friends; the nature of their duty tends
To make them chums; it isn't right that one another they should fight,
And hate each other as some do, particularly when 'tis true
That either one would face the grave if he the other's life could save.
But it is most surprising when the quar'el's between two union men.
The obligation that they take to join the Brotherhood should make
Them to each other always true, in all the work they have to do.
THINGS OF REAL WORTH

Ah! when we're placed beneath the sod,
The services we gave to God
Will be the only things of earth
Considered then of any worth.
And when before the Great White Throne,
On Judgment Day, we stand alone,
Our acts of love and kindness here
Will, as true witnesses appear
In our behalf to plead that we,
The things prepared by God may see;
While ev'ry meanness, ev'ry word
Of scandal spoken shall be heard,
To terrify our startled soul,
As there our lives before us roll
Like panoramic pictures we,
In stereopticon views see.
WHO GETS THE LION'S SHARE?

The trainmen, the officials met in conference and tried to get
A gen'ral increase in their pay, so requisite to help defray
The extra cost of living they are up against from day to day.
These two contending factions met upon a day that had been set,
When splendid arguments were heard, though some, the men thought were absurd.
In opening the chairman said: "At our last meeting here we made
Good progress; let us hope to-day we'll do as well. I trust we may
Convene in peace, for we detest contention, and 'tis surely best
That questions we debate should be by us considered quietly.
Though we're officials, as you know, we come prepared to really show
Just how kind-hearted we can be; and we will join most willingly
In anything that will conduce to abolition of abuse.

73
WHO GETS THE LION'S SHARE?

Most earnestly we’ll try to show our men that we’re prepared to go
The limit in our keen desire to help the men employed acquire
What’s fair and right; but still, you know, you railroad men must likewise show
That you are willing to be fair in what you ask. We wouldn’t dare
To risk financial ruin to the road that is employing you.
Of course, upon our men depends just what we’ll earn in dividends.
These profits, you’re no doubt aware, the company agree to share
With those upon our road employed, still, we don’t wish to be annoyed
By schedules which the trainmen say should be adopted that their pay
May boosted be; we can’t agree to grant a raise we fail to see
Where we will make a cent this year; in truth, to be sincere, we fear
We’ll have to make a cut or two, to pull the railroad safely through."
With “owlish” look the manager said that to him it did occur
That trainmen now were better paid than almost any other grade
Of workingmen, and that he thought the men in active service ought
To get together and consent to have their pay cut ten per cent.

74
WHO GETS THE LION'S SHARE?

Now, Smith, a shrewd committeeman, was present when the talk began.
He heard the big officials say what should be done without delay;
He noted, too, the protests they advanced against a raise in pay,
But nothing pleased our friend Smith more than hear the man who took the floor Endeavor in his flow'ry way to recommend a cut in pay,
For well Smith knew just who they were that took away the lion's share.
So, rising in his place, he made this reference to the cut; he said:
"No doubt you gentlemen will be surprised beyond belief that we Committeemen hereby agree to have reduction made; we see Just where the pruning knife could be by you used most effectively."
These sentiments were well received; the comp'ny's advocates believed That he'd been fooled by what they said, and that they had the men afraid That should the road increase their pay receivers soon would hold full sway.
"Now, gentlemen," said Smith, "I'll try in my plain way to show you why We're satisfied a cut or two would do no harm, provided you A good, substantial cut will make in salaries officials take
WHO GETS THE LION'S SHARE?

For keeping down the poor man's pay; this should be done without delay.
Just do your pruning from the top, and in the good work do not stop.
'Till railroad managers all learn that workingmen these days discern
Disparity in rates of pay that govern railroad men to-day."

THE GEMS OF LIFE

If we're strong, and pure, and gentle,
Though we humble be,
We will make the world some better
For humanity.

Strength, and purity, and kindness,
Have a value great;
The extent of our influence,
They determinate.
TO WINNIPEG! HOORAY! HOORAY!

To Winnipeg! we hear them say;
To Winnipeg! Hooray! Hooray!
You can't afford to miss this trip,
Just take this as a friendly tip.
The grand reunion to be held
Will, ties of love and friendship weld;
So brothers, get in line and shout
For Winnipeg. There is no doubt
About the welcome you'll receive;
We guarantee before you leave
That great metropolis you'll be
More proud of our Society.
That great new city of the West,
Which people say is 'bout the best
That Canada has got to show,
Will be your own, so, brothers, go!
Of Winnipeg there's hist'ry, too,
'Tis hard to realize is true,
For the iron horse now takes the trail,
O'er plain and prairie, hill and dale,
That less than fifty years ago
Was trod by herds of buffalo;
Where Indians of war-like tribes
Were thick as hornets in their hives;
Where white men's wigs were prized, indeed,
By savages who, in their greed
For scalps, would sit up nights and fill

77
TO WINNIPEG! HOORAY! HOORAY!

The air with war-whoops, fierce and shrill.  
They'd kill and scalp poor immigrants,  
And then they'd wear, for Sunday pants,  
The scalps suspended from the waist,  
And on their faces they would paste  
War paint, in hues from green to red,  
With feathers trailing from the head—  
Now all is changed, and there, instead,  
The pale face toils in peace.  
'Tis said  
Those virgin prairies of the West,  
For cereals, rate with the best  
On earth, and one can plainly see  
From crop reports how this can be.  
Now Carter, Wilson, Shea, and Ball,  
And Kelly, Hawley, yes, and all  
Officials of the Brotherhood,  
Wish it distinctly understood  
That if it's possible they'll go.  
Our gen’ral officers well know  
Where hospitality is found,  
And they'll be there, “a sticking ’round.”  
Friend McNamee says he'll be there,  
They couldn't tie Jack down elsewhere.  
Now, brothers, let us hear you say,  
To Winnipeg! Hooray! Hooray!

Written for the Winnipeg Union Meeting.
A SUPERINTENDENT WITH A HEART

While looking o'er the morning mail, the M. M. sat perplexed;
The scowl upon his face betrayed the fact that he was vexed.
"It beats the Dutch that I've got men who'll not obey the rules,
Men who perform like graduates from correspondence schools.
It hurts to have my knuckles rapped about the class of men
That I've employed the past few years, particularly when
I've tried to get the best there are—Oh well! it's up to me
To point out to those brainless freaks their incapacity.
'Come, Miss McRapid, take this down,—"To Sup'intendent Best,—
Regarding yours of March the ninth, in which you make request
That Engineer McArthur call, that you may ascertain
Why he passed signal ninety-three, with Hammond's special train;
A SUPERINTENDENT WITH A HEART

I’ve ordered him suspended, and he’ll call as you request,
And, writing you in confidence, I really think it best
To deal with him sever’ly, for ’twas seemingly neglect
That caused this blunder to be made—this train might have been wrecked,
There might have been a broken rail ahead, for all he knew.
The things that might have happened must apparent be to you.
We’ve got to stop this carelessness, and I would recommend
A sixty-day suspension, yes, and further, that you send
This man back firing for a year, then make him pass the rules;
With discipline like this the road would soon be rid of fools”—
“There now! I guess that letter will have some effect for good.
I’d recommend dismissal if I thought the *Old Man would
Dispense with this man’s services, but then I must not be
Too bold, or else the Brotherhood will take it up with me.”
McArthur got the letter and he called as notified. He knew that he was most to blame, but somehow he relied

* Superintendent
A SUPERINTENDENT WITH A HEART

Upon the Old Man's clemency and fairness, for 'twas true
The signal would not have been passed had he not tried to do
A service for his fireman, who complained of feeling ill.
His train got past the signal just because he tried to fill
A poor sick fireman's place, and thus prevent a big delay;
But then the trainmen often help each other in this way.
Now when the sup'reintendent heard of this man's charity,
He told him he considered that from blame he should go free.
"Of course we must be careful for we cannot tolerate
The passing of our signals, but for me, at any rate, I promise I shall never recommend that any man who works to save delay, and helps the road as best he can, Shall be dismissed or censured—No, I want those men retained,
For loss by slight misjudgments is repaid by what is gained.
TO BROTHER *W. W. SCOTT

Brother Scott! you're an honest good fellow, we know,
And the honor and praise, that to-night we bestow,
Is deserving; you've worked hard for Charity Lodge;
And it's true that you've never endeavored to dodge
Or to shirk any duties upon you imposed,
But instead, you have shown you were ever disposed
To work hard for the brothers, therefore, we are here
To impress you, to-night, with our friendship sincere.
If we members were but half as faithful as you,
What a wonderful, merciful work we could do!
There is need in this world for good men who will share
In the sorrows of others, and help them to bear
With the troubles that come to us all in our day;
And if help we should need over life's troubled way,
You'd be one of the first that we'd call to our aid,
And we know that you'd help us get over the grade.

* Secretary of Charity Lodge.
TO BROTHER W. W. SCOTT

Now, I'm sure, Brother Scott, on the day you appear
At the Gates of Pure Gold, that your record while here
Will induce good St. Peter to throw open wide
The gold gates, and with angels, escort you inside.
Then he'll hand you a harp, and, although you can't play,
There will not be a saint or an angel to say
A cross word 'cause the music that comes from your string
Isn't up to the standard; instead they will sing
Loud your praises, and make it so easy for you
You'll be prone to find fault 'cause you've nothing to do.
But we know, ere you're long in the Heavenly Land,
That you'll hunt up the membership book and then hand
Good St. Peter a list of some friends that you know,
Whom you'd like to have brought from the regions below,
And in no time you'll double the membership, too,
Just to show him how simple the task is for you.

Read at a complimentary banquet tendered to Bro. Scott
WE HONOR OUR HEAD MEN

The man who serves his country well, brings honor to his name,
And though he never mounts the top rung of the ladder fame,
He well has earned the praise of men, for loyalty should be
Rewarded by admirers of our boasted liberty.
But there are other forms of loyalty deserving praise,
Without which any country never can expect to raise
The standard of its people, and such loyalty should be
As fully recognized as that inspired by victory
Upon the field of battle, when the sword is unsheathed,
And nations, in their anger, have the dogs of war released.
Now by this brand of loyalty do nations rise or fall;
A rule that has been proven from time immemorial.
'Tis people make a nation what a nation's said to be;
WE HONOR OUR HEAD MEN

An axiom, the truth of which 'tis very plain to see.
Who are those honest citizens that in the days of peace,
Do honor to their country and its prestige thus increase?
The men who do their duty by their fellow-countryman,
Who help the poor, are honest, and who do the best they can
To make the world some better for the pilgrim on his way,
Are truly honest citizens, 'tis only such as they
Deserve the best we have to give—all honor to such men,
Whose lives are ever guided by this proper theorem.
The union man who does his part in helping the good cause,
By raising Labor's banner, in the hope that better laws
Will be upon the statutes placed, is doing well his share
To help his strug'ling brother some of life's hard loads to bear.
All honor, then, to our head men, who work year after year,
In fighting for the Brotherhood undaunted by false fear
Of blustering officials, who, in many cases, are
As absolute in ruling as an autocratic czar!

85
A WEALTHY MAN'S DREAM

"How comes it friend that you're always found Where rich are scarce and the poor abound? I should judge a man of wealth would be More fond of the aristocracy; But I find you ever with the poor, Who act on you as a sort of lure."

"Well! my friend, your question's honest so I'll answer that which you wish to know. The tale is weird, but a truthful one, Explaining why I the wealthy shun. I was once like other men you see Possessing wealth in abundancy; I was heedless of God's humble poor, Or the suff'ring that this class endure. To me they were out of class with those With bank accounts, and I, therefore, chose To leave the poor to the care of those Who love the poor: as the story goes,— I had a peculiar dream one night, And its horror never leaves my sight. 'Twas at the close of a long, hard day, In fighting men to reduce their pay. The lights were low, and the house was still, When a sick'ning odor seemed to fill The room, and then by my side there stood A figure clad in a crimson hood; A spectre grim, in a suit of red,
A WEALTHY MAN'S DREAM

With pointed horns on his fiery head,
And a tail of most peculiar style,
That he just kept switching all the while.
By his side, he held a three-pronged fork,
Which served him well in his devlish work.
His restless tail in his clutch he held,
And his clothes, of brimstone strongly smelled;
'To hell, I command you follow me
To reap the fruits of your vanity.'
I tried to excuse myself to him,
But felt my chance of escape was slim;
For often I had oppressed the poor,
For which offence I must now endure
Eternal torment, but ah! thought I,
Perhaps my guide I can bribe or buy.
But on being tempted with my gold,
He cast it far, in defiance bold—
'Tis the way with wealthy men,' he said,
'They believe that wealth will do instead
Of good works and faith, but soon they'll learn
The devil the rich man's gold will spurn,
For wealth in hell is not worth, you'll see,
As much as a bathing suit would be
To Eskimos near the Arctic sea,
Which isn't a great deal, you'll agree.'
By the wails of suff'ring souls, I knew
My guide with his task would soon be through.
I could smell the brimstone, while the heat
Of the pavement scorched my weary feet.
Just then my guide gave a whistle shrill,
That with fear my frightened soul did fill,
And the massive rock was rent in twain,
And I saw the dreaded pit of pain,
With seething flames no power could quench,
A WEALTHY MAN'S DREAM

And piteous moans, and sick'ning stench. 'Twas an awful sight—that pit of pain I pray I shall never see again. 'Come now,' said my guide, 'behold below! Where wealthy robbers of poor men go. In life there was much for them to do To help the poor, but alas! 'tis true, They robbed instead, in their innate greed, And the Scripture's warnings failed to heed. The wealth they wrung from the poor on earth Was valued only for what 'twas worth To please the flesh, but the soul, alas! Like the poor, with out-stretched hands was passed. They sought what the world can only give To those who for worldly pleasures live. They amassed great wealth, and sought to be The ornaments of society; But they failed to see their pending fate 'Till the world withdrew its tempting bait, And left them victims of sin and greed, The flames of hell to forever feed. And you, like others, have failed to show You made good use of your wealth, and so You'll now be hurled to the depths below, Where Fate decrees that such men must go— But just as he grabbed to hurl me in, My hand slipped out from my weary chin— When I awoke, I resolved right there What wealth I had with the poor I'd share; And, therefore, the reason, friend, you see A truly wonderful change in me.
DEAR EYES OF BLUE

In eyes of blue, I search, 'tis true,
   For secrets of the heart;
But though they seem so clear, they're deep,
And manage with such skill to keep
   Love thoughts from me apart.

Dear eyes of blue, there's love in you,
   And if you'll just agree,
Your secrets to reveal, I'm sure
That happiness we can procure
   Through Cupid's agency.
A WASHINGTON WELCOME

We’re anxiously waiting the moment
The Brotherhood boys will be here;
The Capital city, we promise,
Will give them a welcome sincere.

We’ll give them three cheers and a tiger,
The city to them we’ll award.
To knights of the scoop and the throttle,
Full freedom we’ll gladly accord.

Though strangers they’ll be in our city,
We know that their hearts will be right.
To greet them, as friends and as brothers,
Will give us the keenest delight.

They’ll come from the South, where the sunbeams
Make work in the cabs hot as—well!
Forget it, and think of the daisies.
That beautify valley and dell.

They’ll come from the North, where the winter
Brings grief to the men on the rail,
So great that to fairly describe it
E’en Dante the poet would fail.
A WASHINGTON WELCOME

They’ll come from the alkali sections,
Where sorrow and woes are endured,
Because of the flue-leaking “pelters”—
Their grief has been great, we’re assured.

They’re men who’ve been tortured by yardmen,
Who’ve made them take on extra cars,
Because the sun shone in the heavens
Or sky was a-glitter with stars.

They’re men who’ve been held on the sidetracks,
With orders that kept them secure,
Until they were clear out of water—
You know what that means, boys, why sure!

They’re men who’ve been pestered by callers,
Who seemed to take special delight
In hearing them swear when they called them
For ninety-car “drags” in the night.

They’re men who’ve been roused from their slumber,
As off to sweet dreamland they flew,
And told to report at the office
And say why their trains pulled in two.

They’re victims of valve oil reductions,
Until they’ve been tempted to steal
Sufficient to ease their old scrap heaps,
Afflicted with groan and with squeal.

91
A WASHINGTON WELCOME

Acquainted with grief and with sorrow—
Unfortunate men of the "pool,"
Their engines loose-jointed and shaky,
And naught but a wrench as a tool.

Once here, they'll forget all their troubles,
In Washington they will be free;
What's more, we will see that each member
Is given a Washington key.

HERE, GIRLS, IS YOUR CHANCE!

'Tis leap year! so girls just sail in while you can
And pick out the cleverest, handsomest man,
And ask him to wed you; he cannot refuse;
Tell him in plain English you want no excuse.
Your claim to this right most persistently press,
Demand that he wed you or buy you a dress.
Just warble the sweetest love song you can sing—
He may take a tumble and purchase the ring.
THE CHURCH AND LABOR

Some rail at the churches and say they are wrong, because they don't keep in the sphere they belong.

What right have our preachers to meddle, they ask, in secular matters, when surely their task

Is that to inspire men with motives of love, and guide us poor sinners to mansions above?

Their mission should be to save souls, that when Death lays hands on a man and forthwith stops his breath,

He'll go to a place of perpetual rest, to thump on a harp with the Heavenly blest.

But questions of labor, the preachers should shun, and business of labor, by labor be done.

Now that is the line of objections we hear; to Christians such arguments truly appear

With truth, inconsistent, for truly our cause would perish the day we neglected God's laws.

Pray! why should our churches be silent when men obtain wrong conceptions of life; it is when

Materialism possesses the soul that man, once afflicted, strays 'way from the fold?
The secular life from the sacred can't be sep'rated,
in this all right-thinkers agree.

With problems of labor, the church cannot deal,
in manner concrete or explicit, and feel
She's not over-stepping her rights, so some say;
to keep in her place she should constantly flay
Poor sinners, and scare them to death, lest they
go condemned to the regions of brimstone below.

We read in the Scriptures that prophets of old did in pungent fashion the coin-makers scold.

How Micheas, Amos and Isaias, too, told rich men
what God in His judgment would do
To those who ill-treated the poor at that time,
and James the apostle was also in line;

He scored those with riches, and told them that
they had cheated the poor by retaining their pay.
Luxuriously they had dwelt upon earth, and,
therefore, their chance of salvation was worth
As much as their ill-gotten money would be when
they from their poor mortal prisons went free.

And all through the Bible we read of the fate in store for the rich when they stand at the gate,

And face good St. Peter in earnest behest to enter
the regions enjoyed by the blest.
THE CHURCH AND LABOR

The rust of their silver and gold would appear a witness against them, and that it would sear
Their flesh as a fire,—Now the Scriptures, we're told, by them are ignored in their greed for more gold.

But frequently robbers of poor people go to church; they do this just in order to show
What Christians they are, when the Sabbath comes 'round. Our point then is this: Where good preachers are found,
Who'll warn those offenders, and tell them that they will rue their transgressions at some future day,
'Twill help some to soften the hearts of those men, and show them how near to the devil they've been.

The church can't afford then, her aid to withhold from those whom the Lord welcomes into His fold.
She must take her stand with the laboring man; she must with sincerity do what she can
For toilers who earn, by the sweat of their brows, the pittance the world to the poor man allows.

Besides, there's the moral welfare of the men demanding attention of churches, and then
The church is commanded to see that the poor are not, through their poverty, heeding the lure
Of Infamy's dens, with their glitter and sin, and devlish schemes to entice victims in
THE CHURCH AND LABOR

To hell-holes degrading, that pilgrims must shun, lest straightway their paths to perdition will run.

So, therefore, the church and the laboring band must work hard together—must strive hand in hand,

To better conditions, relieving the poor of burdens, for years they have had to endure.

We'll pray, and we'll hope, that some day we will see, Industrial Peace robed and ready to be Enthroned as a ruler, with statutes of love, as taught by the Ruler of mankind above.
INCONSTANCY

I have seen the dark clouds gather
And obscure the sunlight bright;
I have seen the heart-hopes vanish,
As the twilight fades at night;
I have seen the heart made heavy,
That was once so gay and light,
'Till its weight just crushed the spirit,
Killing it like deadly blight.

Therefore, lover, keep your promise
Let its sacredness protect
Honor, Constancy and Justice—
Woo no heart just to reject.
Hearts are fragil, easily broken,
And no human skill can mend
Hearts of tenderness that lovers,
By the fickle methods rend.

I have seen the dark clouds gather
And obscure the sunlight bright;
I have seen the heart-hopes vanish,
As the twilight fades at night;
I have seen the heart made heavy,
That was once so gay and light
'Till its weight just crushed the spirit,
Killing it like deadly blight.
WHEN RAILROADING WAS NEW

I had a talk with Old Bill Jones, a veteran engineer,
About the days when he commenced his railroading career,
He called the past, "The good old days," because the men were free
From many "fads" in railroading, such as to-day we see.
"'Tis true," he said, "I've seen the system revolutionize;
I've seen the 'fads' adopted which the enginemen despise.
Of course, sir, we had troubles, in those early days, to share,
For then the trains were not controlled by automatic air.
But still, there wasn't half the 'red tape' enginemen face now;
We didn't need a secretary, which you must allow
A man would have to have if he complied with the requests
Of railroad sup'rintendents, and others with behests
For written explanations when a nut drops from the tank.
WHEN RAILROADING WAS NEW

The system now, we old men think, and justly so, is rank.
We didn't have to study air, combustion, or to take
A special course of study in machinery to make
Out papers as an engineer, but still, 'tis very true,
The men were quite successful in the work they had to do."

Hurrah! Hurrah! for those old days, when railroading was new;
When enginemen, once registered, with their day's work were through—
The days before typewriters were adopted, when it meant
Officials had to write with pen each letter that was sent.
No! those men didn't think it quite so necessary then,
Concerning triv'l matters, to send letters to their men;
But now they've got stenographers, and how they work them, too,
By sending out long letters, where a line or two would do.
How many times the men have wished the *typewriters in—Well!
I do not care to say just where—but reader, you can tell.

* The machines—not the stenographers.
"Well, Brown, I sent for you to-day to hear what you would like to say
To a report received by me which I considered you should see.
I can't believe this statement true; and I am from Missouri, too;
I judge not on another's word, and to be fair I can't afford
To silent be while others say my men have acted in a way
To merit censure, for 'tis true that this, officials often do.
I know the rules must be enforced, but no report should be endorsed
Until both sides have first been heard; to judge another on the word
Of any man is not fair play; this rule is of a bygone day.
Now this report from the *T. M. says that Conductor William Flemm
Complains about the careless way you handled the air brakes one day
Last week while on an extra west. The T. M. says he thinks I'd best

* Train Master
WHEN TRUTH PREVAILS

Suspend you for a month or so, so that the other men will know
We do not stand for carelessness; our railroad trainmen must possess
Intelligence of high degree; their judgment excellent must be.
Still further blame on you is laid; 'tis said you stalled on Thompson's grade
Because you had run out of sand and couldn't get the wheels to stand
An instant on the slippery rail; this act, he says, delayed the mail
For forty minutes, and, had you not been shoved in, that it is true
You'd be there yet. I cannot see how this report could possibly
Be given truthfully for I could never fully satisfy myself that I've an engineer who'd act like that; alas! I fear
My leniency has not been appreciated by my men. I know, Brown, that this isn't true; I have more confidence in you.
I know you're a most careful man and that you usually can
Get o'er the road in good time, too, therefore, I'd like to hear from you."
Brown heard all this without a word, but his Scotch indignation stirred:
"Well, sir, I haven't much to say," said Brown, "'bout what you've said to-day.
WHEN TRUTH PREVAILS

Referring to my poor brake work, would say I felt a mighty jerk
Each time that I applied the brake, and asked the brakeman if he'd take
A look around the train, and he reported some bad leaks to me.
Some ten cars back he found the car that caused the rear-end such a jar.
The triple-valve, 'twas plain to see, threw this car in 'emergency.'"
"I thought as much," the M. M. said, "Now what about the Thompson grade?"
"Why, I had sand, and plenty, too, but what could any fellow do
With train of ninety loads of freight and almost double tonnage rate?"
"'Nuff said, I'm glad you're not to blame; I understand the T. M.'s game.
He'd like to shift the blame on you, and my department, it is true,
Would be charged up with the delay, and you'd receive a thirty-day
Suspension; but I'll block the game by pointing out just who's to blame."
"I thank you, sir, 'tis help like this that engineers too often miss,
'Tis not surprising that your men so true to you have always been."
THE GARDEN OF CHILDHOOD

To pluck in the garden of childhood the blossoms
and buds that are there,
Before they've matured in the fullness of
innocence, means one shall share
The fate our dear Lord in the Scriptures presages
for all who shall dare
To scandalize those whom He loveth—and ill
shall those miscreants fare.
What then of the millions of children, whose lives
are made weary and sad,
Who know naught of kindness or sweetness, their
tiny hearts never made glad;
Who toil from the sun's rise till darkness, and then
to a hovel repair,
Where often with others in mis'ry the fare of a
beggar they share?
And what of the nation awaiting the day when
those children shall be
Her feeble defenders—her makers; what future
shall such country see?
The captains of finance are weak'ning the nation
to further their gain,
And statesmen, the nation's law-makers, assist
them with statute and brain.

103
THE GARDEN OF CHILDHOOD

From whence comes this army of children, the pitiful wrecks that one sees,
Imprisoned in steel plants and sweatshops, in glass works and in factories—
From homes of the poor—of the toilers—of those who in poverty dwell?
Go ask them regarding their children and hear the sad story they'll tell.
Their piteous cries warn the nation, alas! there is no one to hear;
But some day—some time in the future, the fruits of this spoil shall appear,
And those with their millions shall tremble, and then shall the trust kings behold
The wrath of the Saviour of mankind, who welcomes the poor to His fold.
Those children in time shall be garnered, the cripple, the weary, the sad,
And safe in the fold of the Shepherd, their lives shall be evermore glad.
The wealthy may cripple the body and make it unsightly to see,
But souls just as pure and as spotless as angels display may go free
From prisons of clay to their Maker, but ah! the destroyers shall know
The value of those human temples, they wrecked with such wanton below.
'Tis then that the hunters of Mammon shall meet with the fate they deserve;
THE GARDEN OF CHILDHOOD

'Tis then they shall learn there's a Justice that
gold from its path cannot swerve:
'Tis then they shall learn that God's children, the
sweet little blossoms of earth,
To Him have a far greater value than strength in
their bodies is worth.
Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven, and woe to
all men who shall be
The cause of destruction and ruin to fruit on
humanity's tree.

A MAN OF WORTH

No man who lives an honest life, who loveth peace,
and hateth strife,
Who would, his neighbor's load of care, most willingly
consent to bear,
Should be considered less than he who mingles in
society.
I'd rather grasp the poor man's hand, than his who
stalks around the land
Believing that his "blood" should be considered as a
sort of key
To open wide the hearts of those true honest men in
homespun clothes.
OUR GUIDING STARS

The wise men of the East were led
From other lands afar,
Unto the Christ-Child Whom they sought,
By Bethlehem’s bright star.
They came with frankincense and myrrh,
Obedient to the call
To find the Infant Jesus, born
Within the cattle’s stall,
Where Mary, sweetest mother, watched
Beside the Child Divine—
And like Christ’s star, good mothers are
As guiding stars that shine
To lead men back—who’ve lost the way—
By love and faith and prayer,
To God’s Eternal Kingdom, where
Christ’s love they’ll ever share.
TO MY DEAR SISTERS

If all the sweetest flow'rs of earth
   Were gathered, then distilled;
The fragrance, stored in golden urns,
   By brightest angels filled,

Would not, in sweetness, equal that
   Stored in two human hearts—
God's Miracle! His Handiwork!
   That baffles human arts.

Those hearts of gold—those urns of love,
   Are treasure stores to me,
And all the wealth this world contains
   Could not their equal be.

Those treasure hearts, of which I write,
   Belong to sisters dear,
And thus, to them I dedicate
   The thought that's offered here.
WHY PETER DIDN'T PASS

“Here, caller, tell Pete Smith to call on Doctor Brown to-day
And pass the physical ‘exam,’ so that in case I may
Desire to use him on the road he’ll be O. K. to go;
When he’s been passed, tell him to call around
and let me know.”

And as the caller hustled off for Pete, the M. M.
swore
That railroading, to-day, was simply rank, and
then some more.
For ten long years Pete Smith had fired; he felt
that he had earned
The right to be promoted, though he recently had learned
That certain men had failed to pass the physical
“exam”
And were turned down; but still, thought Pete:
I’m satisfied I am
In perfect health; in fact, he felt just like a real
“white hope”
Which he ascribed to having kept away from doctor’s “dope.”
Pete’s ears and eyes were tested first, to see if they were right;
WHY PETER DIDN'T PASS

The test revealed that he possessed good ears and perfect sight.
The doctor then looked up his nose, and diagnosed his brain;
He made poor Pete stick out his tongue so as to ascertain
Condition of the stomach; then he scrutinized his teeth,
He pried two molars loose to see just how they looked beneath;
He thumped Pete's chest to sound his lungs, to see if they were clear,
He found a slight congestion and he poured this in Pete's ear:
"Sir, have you had pneumonia, bronchitis or the croup?
In childhood did you have a cough accompanied by 'whoop,'
Or have you heard your father, or your grandpa, or his dad,
Within your hearing intimate that any of them had
The symptoms that would indicate tuberculosis?"
"No."
"I'm very glad, indeed, young man, to have you tell me so."
He took the heart and liver, lights and kidneys in their turn;
He asked a thousand questions in anxiety to learn
If Peter's parents, brothers, sisters, uncles or his aunts,
WHY PETER DIDN'T PASS

Had cancers, boils or tumors, Bright's disease, St. Vitus dance, The fever, grip or small-pox, erysipelas or gout, And if he'd had the measles, did they properly come out? And if he used tobacco, did he smoke or chew the weed? In eating, was he careful that he didn't overfeed? All these, and other questions, Doctor Brown threw at poor Pete; He measured him with tapeline, sounded him from head to feet; He touched him for a dollar; made him sign his rights away To enter legal action, lest there'd be a claim to pay, But once he got Pete's coin he promptly turned him down; you know, The doctor found that Peter had a corn on his wee toe.
OUR NEW YEARS' RESOLUTIONS

From year to year we scheme and plan to overcome mistakes,
And do our best to keep away from clever gold-brick fakes.
The year about concluded, our achievements we check o'er;
Our failures, too, we study, and we promise never more
To harbor detrimentals to success—we swear to go
The next twelve months with brakes on, but it's true, as we all know,
That New Years' resolutions are not made of stuff to wear;
They're usu'lly constructed out of fibre of thin air.
Among our resolutions at the advent of the year,
Are some we make when we are very, very insincere.
We make our resolutions and we feel like beings who,
With ev'ry brand of wickedness, forever more are through.
We have a saintly feeling in the region of the heart;
OUR NEW YEARS' RESOLUTIONS

We wouldn't—no, we couldn't, with a single friendship part.

Equipped with brand new pledges, we commence the glad New Year.
But ere it's nicely started we learn just how insincere
We were when we resolved to change our badness into good,
And only do the things that we, to keep our manhood should.

Among our resolutions are a few we always make:
We tell our wives hereafter nothing stronger we will take
Than lemon-sour or soda and we'll pass up all cigars;
We'll do our best to "cut out" for the year, all family jars;
We'll docile be when call-boy comes to call us in the night
For trains of ninety cars or more, while other crews run "light";
We'll not display our temper, we'll show kindness to the boy:
We'll nothing do in future, fellow trainmen to annoy;
And should we be suspended by the M. M. for neglect
To have our watch examined, why, we'll hide the bad effect
It has upon our temper—yes, we'll simply smile and say,
OUR NEW YEARS' RESOLUTIONS

We're sorry, very sorry, we annoyed the company;
We'll pay our debts so promptly that we'll take the merchants' breath;
We'll quit the race for style and in the plainest fashion dress;
And say, we'll keep our temper when house-cleaning time comes 'round,
When asked to put up stove pipes, or a dusty carpet pound;
With leaving wife alone at night and club-life, we are through;
We'll keep our resolutions—as we generally do;
We'll lay them by and keep them 'till the next New Year comes 'round,
When we'll again renew them—but by them we'll not be bound.
I'M THINKING OF YOU YET

I passed the dear old farm to-day,
A passenger upon my way,
But ah! I missed the window light
That used to greet me in the night,

Placed there by you that I might know
You watched our engine come and go;
And in the glare of firebox bright,
I'd wave an answer to your light.

That's years ago, sweet country maid,
But often since that time I've said
It would with satisfaction fill
My heart to learn you're single still.

For I'm a bachelor, and though
It is so many years ago
Since you your beacon used to set
For me—I'm thinking of you yet.
BROWN ISN’T PRESIDENT—NOT NOW

Brown was an anti-millionaire; the sign of dollars made him swear.

He thought it would be simply great if we could just exterminate

The money kings and Wall Street fry, who make the poor man cringe and sigh,

By their unscrupulous concern in things they think they can discern

An opportunity to take, by schemes, what honest workmen make.

Brown cursed the plutocrats and those who, decked in costly jew’ls and clothes,

Live lives of idleness and sin, and worldly admiration win,

By scattering, with wasteful hand, ill-gotten gains throughout the land.

Now, Brown to union men had said that men with millions never made

Their money in an honest way, and he sincerely hoped the day

Would come when ev’ry millionaire the fate of criminals would share;

And when we had them all in jail, peace and contentment would prevail.

115
BROWN ISN'T PRESIDENT—NOT NOW

He stumped the country and he told the people of the common fold
How they were being bought and sold, like Joseph was, for so much gold.
He thought that ev'ry millionaire should be by law compelled to share
What wealth he had with other men, and start in a poor man again.
He made use of the daily press, newspaper readers to address.
He figured this the greatest way of getting at the world to-day.
By working people, he was sent to interview the President,
To see if he'd endeavor to have Congress put a measure through
To stop this money-spending tribe who, with their dollars, often bribe
Law-makers to support a bill, against the common people's will.
The world of gold appeared to be, to him like an unfathomed sea,
Where honor, conscience, truth and right, once entered into, sank from sight;
For lucre made of man a slave whose servitude closed with the grave—
'Twas horrible to contemplate the deep contempt, the innate hate,
That seemed to animate friend Brown when he saw millionaires around—
BROWN ISN'T PRESIDENT—NOT NOW

Brown got a wire one day which read:

    Your Uncle Bubblebee is dead;
    All his estate is willed to you,
    So please advise what we should do.
    'Tis worth a million, so that you
    Hereafter will have naught to do
    But ride your auto and just share
    The comforts of a millionaire.

Of Labor Union, Forty-Eight, 'tis most annoying to relate,
Brown isn't president—not now. 'Twould be improper, you'll allow,
To have him occupy the chair—He's now a hated millionaire.
IN THE OLDEN DAYS

"Here, Miss McRapid, take this down," said the M. M. with settled frown—

"To J. P. Smith, switch engineer: Dear Sir,—I have before me here

A letter from Yardmaster Carr, which says you caused a frightful jar

To dining car nine-forty-four, which threw the dishes to the floor.

The breakage in the car was such that to replace will cost us much.

One hundred dollars will not pay the damage that you've done, they say.

A statement I must have to show just why you handled this car so;

And in your statement also say the hours of sleep you had that day.

I hear my men don't take their rest while off their engines. It is best

To put a stop to this thing now. I've been too 'easy,' you'll allow.

I note the switchman states here, too, he did his best to signal you;

He swung you down in time, but he claims you, the signal did not see.

118
IN THE OLDEN DAYS

This proves you must have been asleep or lost in aberration deep;
I really think that you should be discharged outright. You must agree
Such work I cannot tolerate, and keep the service up to date.
You’ll, therefore, at my office be to-morrow afternoon at three.”
Smith called next day and got his time, although he’d worked upon the line
Most of his life; the M. M. said that for his work the road had paid,
But not a single word of praise for faithful work of other days;
Just sent adrift, not even heard, dismissed upon another’s word.
He knew that he was not at fault and thought it time to call a halt
To unfair discipline; but true, alone, what could the poor man do?
He’d toiled for years and felt that he from unjust censure should be free;
Would that day come when men could use their strength against such rank abuse,
And make the road officials feel that nothing equals a square deal?
This hanging men without a trial would any Christian temper rile.
But brothers, ’twas the gen’ral way adopted in the olden day;
IN THE OLDEN DAYS

But thanks to our great Brotherhood, if it should do no further good
Than oust the tyrants, those who thought that workingmen like helots ought
To stand for slander and abuse and not their rights of manhood use,
'Twould long ago have justified its use to those who have relied
Upon its strength to get fair play from men who anything would say,
Provided they their point could gain by lying tongue or cunning brain.
And when our train officials show they've no regard for men, we know
'Twill but encourage men to fight for what they know is fair and right.
What men want now, who work by day, is manly treatment and fair pay;
Defense in trouble, by the * man who ought to help them when he can,
And not a "knock." Officials who observe this rule not only do
Themselves a service, but 'tis true, they serve well, men and railroad too.

* Master Mechanic
THEIR GREEDINESS FOR GOLD

We think the time has surely come when workingmen should see
That in their interests it is best that toilers should agree
To just shake hands with Capital and thus admit that they
Have vanquished been in their attempt, the hands of Greed to stay.

'Tis thus we hear the advocates of worldly peace proclaim—
Those shallow-minded theorists who seek for earthly fame;
Shame on the man who'd thoughtlessly by either tongue or pen,
Propose to join the selfish hand of Capital, with men
Who have been victimized by those, who, in their greed for wealth,
Have robbed the men who labor, of their earnings and their health;
And placed the children given them to rear in Christ's sweet name,
In hovels and surroundings that should cause the blush of shame
THEIR GREEDINESS FOR GOLD

To tinge the cheek of ev’ry man whose soul is not bereft
Of ev’ry human interest—with spark of fairness left.
By all that’s fair, why should the men with horny hands of toil,
Be made to feel that they are just poor victims of the spoil?
Made so by greedy parasites, whose worthless lives should be Repudiated by all men with sense enough to see
In the appeal, “to shake the hand,” rank inconsistency.
Why should the men who’ve suffered much, once more insulted be?
When Labor takes the rich man’s hand ’twill be when rich men learn
The golden rule which would give men what men by labor earn.
What then of idle parasites who take what toilers earn,
And throw them back a pittance for their share? They’ll some day learn
There has been an awakening among the sons of toil,
Who’re planning now to put a stop to what’s been rich man’s spoil.
And it will be a golden age when ev’ry man must work,
When men who live in idleness and honest labor shirk,
THEIR GREEDINESS FOR GOLD

Will starve to death and pass away, to make room for the men Who earn their bread by sweat of brows; what happiness will then Pervade the earth; no longer will "Divine-right" law prevail.
No wonder honest workingmen against this system rail.
Why should some men be born with wealth and some be born as slaves?
Why shouldn't men who legally steal be classed with thieves and knaves?
The men who rob in legal way our law may satisfy,
But there's a higher law these men must one day justify,
A law which reads: "Thou Shalt Not Steal," alas! there's many who Interpret this to suit themselves, but some day they will rue Their treatment of God's poor who cry against oppressive wrongs, For ev'ry man, regardless of his social grade, belongs To God's Eternal Kingdom, and must render to the Lord A record of his stewardship, and then receive reward Or punishment, accordingly as he has done on earth.

123
THEIR GREEDINESS FOR GOLD

What then to some will all the wealth they now possess be worth,
If tortured, in the world to come, by wails and cries of those
Who'll testify against them, when their lives on earth are closed?
No sir! we will not shake the hand of those oppressors bold,
Whose only God appears to be their greediness for gold.
We'd rather clasp the poor man's hand, made rough by honest toil,
Than that which never yet reached out to poor men but for spoil.

IN CHARITY'S SWEET NAME

Come, brothers, let us try and be
United in our charity.
If some poor brother has a load
He's strug'ling with along life's road,
Give him a lift, a word of cheer;
Show him fraternity sincere.
If clouds of sorrow make his way
A darksome one, be first to say
You'll do your best, with hand or purse,
His clouds of sorrow to disperse.
WOULD WISH HIMSELF BACK

I had read of the warmth of the tropics,
    I imagined I knew what heat meant;
I believed in my mind I could picture
    The abode to which sinners are sent.

I had read of the heat of the desert,
    How the hot sun will drive people mad;
Now I know what it means to be roasted,
    And why preachers for sinners feel sad.

For I've just made a trip on a Mallet,
    With a tank of the slackest of slack—
If the devil were called for a Mallet,
    Why! to hell he would wish himself back.
HAMILTON! DELIGHTFUL SPOT!

What men are those of stalwart frame,
That flocking to our city came?
Who are they pray? Why are they here?
They're union men who know not fear,
Knights of the throttle, scoop and rail,
Men who in danger never fail.

You ask their business, why they meet;
Their mission's one of peace. To greet
The brothers here, and with them share
Affection that you do not spare.
That's why they're guests of yours to-day,
Delighted with the place, they say.

They come from North, South, East
and West,
Of this fair land, by nature blessed.
But hold! We also have them too,
From Uncle Sam's domains, as true
As brothers who would gladly cheer
The Union Jack if flaunted near.
HAMON! DELIGHTFUL SPOT!

They're men who've often been delayed;
Who've stood before the gauge and prayed
That purchasers of "slack" might yell
For water until hoarse in—well!
A place that's open night and day
To men who'd take our rights away.

They're men whose hands are toughened,
   too,
By honest toil, with hearts as true
As those possessed by lovers bold,
Whose deeds in story book are told;
Whose warm hand clasp takes from the eye
The tears, and from the heart the sigh.

They're men who've suffered much on earth,
Who, while you slumbered in your berth,
Toiled with the shovel, rake or bar,
And whirled you on your journey far.
For these brave men death has no fear,
"My duty," is their motto here.

O Hamilton! delightful spot!
Not in your hist'ry has there sought
Your city, braver, better men
Than those I'm praising with my pen,
So bear in mind, it will repay
To treat them kindly while they stay.

Written for the Hamilton Union Meeting

127
SHEPHERDS OF THE FLOCK

I like those modest, gentle men,
Who seem to be most happy when
Performing, in their quiet way,
Life's duties as they come each day,
With sentiments of love as great
As are displayed to potentate,
By those who gather 'round his throne,
Prepared to worship him alone;
As peaceful in their lives as those
Who, clad in gentle shepherd's clothes,
Watch o'er the lambs, lest one should be
Subjected to an injury.
BEWARE, YE SINGLE MEN!

Pete was an anti-suffragette, as ardent as one ever met.

He thought those female freaks should be by some sane method made to see

The error of their ways; that they should be obliged by law to stay

At home where they could cook and sew and watch a flock of children grow.

Pete argued that the world would be more peaceful if they would agree

To leave election work to men, who'd handle it far better when

The women folks were nowhere near, the states-men of the land to jeer,

Because they have enacted laws that women think are full of flaws.

Pete thought their policy would be the cause of endless misery,

Should laws be passed which would allow reforms they're advocating now.

"Those females who desire to vote," said Pete, "have surely got my goat.

If by mistake one I should wed, and share with her my board and bed,

129
BEWARE, YE SINGLE MEN!

I’d have her quickly understand that no law-breaking noisy band
Of women would prevail on her to join with them, or there’d occur
Within the home a fracas, she, the like would never care to see”—
*Twas shortly after this Pete met a handsome, stunning suffragette
With eyes of clearest turquoise blue and hair a pretty chestnut hue,
With voice so soft and sweet that she, a perfect angel seemed to be.
Pete figured he the girl could win, if he the right love-dope could chin
Into her ear; soon she’d agree, with Pete a minister to see.
With this in view Pete told the maid she didn’t need to feel afraid
To risk her life with him for he, with all her wishes would agree.
He promised her that he would be the model of the century;
He’d wash the dishes, scrub the floor; her mother, too, he’d just adore;
He’d keep a maid to dress her, too, if she thought this too much to do.
Now Pete was like most single men, who promise anything, but when
Once married, then they do not care how much their poor wives rear and tear.
BEWARE, YE SINGLE MEN!

In time Pete wed the girl and now 'tis said she'll even not allow
Poor Pete to leave the house at night, because she doesn't think it right
That newly married men should be entitled to such liberty.
So Pete just sits at home and pines; the only happiness he finds
Is thinking of the days when he from dreaded suffragettes was free;
But not so with the wife for she, at meetings of the club must be;
And there she spends her days and nights in advocating woman's rights.

THE PENITENTIAL SEASON

O Spring, thou cruel, heartless thing,
The season woman has her fling,
And from strong man withdraws her trust,
And fills his mortal clay with dust.

His meals, she serves upon the lawn,
His heart is sore; he heaves a yawn
And tries to make the best of life
To please his dust-pursuing wife.

Alas! this life has sorrows great;
Man never learns his destined fate
Until his wife, with rush and frown,
His domicile turns upside down.
WHEN WINTRY WINDS DO BLOW

"Here caller, take this list of names, call on those men and say
The M. M. orders that they all report for work to-day.
There’s thirteen names upon the list; you ought to get a few
To help us out. Now hustle boy, and see what you can do."

The wind howled frightfully outside, the tracks were blocked with snow—
Of course this has no bearing on my tale, as I will show—
The caller took the list and bravely faced the stormy foe,
With hopes that he’d be able to induce the men to go
To work, so that important trains, that had been long delayed,
Could go, particularly those with red "rush" cards displayed.
Poor fellow tramped through snow drifts deep, and braved the howling wind;
From house to house he plodded on, in hopes that he might find
WHEN WINTRY WINDS DO BLOW

At least a few who would consent to make a trip, but lo!

Although he tramped for hours he failed to get a man to go.

Lest there be some who'll think this scarcity of men was due

To stormy weather, I will try and prove this thought untrue.

For Jones had "Grip"; Smith had a back with pain that made him groan;

Brown’s wife was sick, he couldn’t think of leaving her alone;

And Casey was subpoenaed as a witness for next day;

Of course, we know, from court he wouldn’t dare remain away;

Poor Grey, he told the caller that that day he had received

A telegram informing him that he had been bereaved;

The funeral would be at once and he would have to go,

Much as he would enjoy the fun of railroading in snow;

Jack Reynolds didn’t dare go out lest he should catch more cold,

For mustard plasters, even then, his body did enfold.

Thus one by one the thirteen men excused themselves that day.

133
WHEN WINTRY WINDS DO BLOW

And think! the roundhouse boss was mean enough to swear and say
That once the sun got shining and the balmy summer's breeze
Replaced the blustry, wintry blasts, that sting and bite and freeze,
The sick would all recover and the thirteen men would be,
Throughout the summer months from sickness and engagements, free.
He said some men were thoughtful of the "spares" when ice and snow
Tie up the trains and wintry winds di'bolically blow.
But notwithstanding criticisms such as those, we know

The boss was wrong when he placed all the blame on wind and snow.
THANKFUL FOR EACH DAY

When the earth is robed in white,
With bright snow flakes, soft and light,
Then the clear-toned sleigh bells sweet,
Human hearts with jingle greet,
So merrily.

When the earth is robed in green,
Flow’r-deck’d like a fairy queen,
’Neath the shade we love to stroll,
Ev’ning bells day’s death then toll
So solemnly.

Some love winter, with its cheer,
Others welcome summer here,
Then they dream ’neath leafy bow’rs,
Perfumed by earth’s sweetest flow’rs,
So fragrantly.

Ev’ry season has its charm;
Be it cold or be it warm,
Still, the cheerful heart will say:
“Lord, I thank Thee for each day!”
So earnestly.
TEN THOUSAND MEN STOOD BY!

Ten thousand men, the records say, were not upon our roll
When Carter sent the order out for Eastern roads to poll.
Ten thousand firemen who should be among the tried and true,
Who should be working for the cause as earnestly as you,
Were found to be outside the pale of unionism, still,
These men responded in a way that caused our hearts to thrill,
When asked if they would stand with us and back up our demand,
Thus demonstrating that they had a good full box of sand.
'Twas when the crucial test was made they showed us where they stood;
Their hearts were right although they failed to join the Brotherhood.
No doubt they're good material to place before the "goat"
Because they stood, yea, to a man, prepared to sink or float
TEN THOUSAND MEN STOOD BY!

With our good ship, the Brotherhood, which sails along the way
To ports "Prosperity" and "Peace," undaunted by dismay—
Ports where the worthy sons of toil in justice will receive
Full recompense for honest work—where men in man believe.
Where crafty money kings will learn that Labor has its rights,
For what we've got and what we've won have cost us bitter fights—
And ah! the bitterness, the grief, the sacrifices, too,
Engendered, shared, and made by those in overalls of blue,
In order that full justice might be done to those who toil
By day and night, long weary hours, besmirched with grease and oil—
And think! ten thousand men stood by while others paved the way
To victory by contributions from their daily pay!
For years, perhaps, these men have shared the fruits of Labor's fights—
Just took what others earned for them—enjoying equal rights,
Without the contribution of a cent—without a thought
Of what they owed the Brotherhood—no, these men never sought
TEN THOUSAND MEN STOOD BY!

To be enrolled as helpers under Carter’s watchful eye,
With ninety thousand men on whom for help they could rely—
Ten thousand men! what work is here for union men to do!
We need them in the Brotherhood 'long with the tried and true.
We want these men to share in our great work of charity;
We need them in the Brotherhood where honest men should be—
Men worthy of men's confidence—shame on the person who
Will reap the benefit of what his fellow-workers do
And not have pride enough to join and show intention right—
Though blind for years we trust these men have now regained their sight.

With these ten thousand men we'd be one hundred thousand strong,
So let each brother do his part to help the work along.
A FOUL TIP

At times I sit and ponder,
'Taint laziness, I know,
But then the boss can't see it
That way; he thinks it so.

Last week he caught me thinking,
My thoughts were of the past,
He said, "I'm trusting, 'Weary,'
This dream will be the last."

That's why I cannot figure
The baseball "dope"—you see,
If I'm again caught thinking
'Twill be all off with me.
THEY'RE SCHEMING ON THEIR BEDS

In ev'ry daily paper we, the foolish yellow items see,
About the possibility of war, because we disagree
With other nations, that would fight, believing we've not used them right.
'Tis then before the world is flared the news that we are unprepared.
We'll have to build war vessels 'till we'll have so many they will fill
With consternation those they say are looking for our scalps to-day.
In other countries 'tis the same; there's people working this same game.
They're scheming on their beds at night to get the nations in a fight—
Well, not exactly a fight, but just to get the people right
To sanction large expenditure upon the latest armature.
What working men would like to know is, why we enmity should show
To one another just because those diplomats believe the laws
Aren't being properly observed, or other kindred interests served?
THEY'RE SCHEMING ON THEIR BEDS

What have those people said or done that we should have to shoulder gun,
And murder those we never saw, to satisfy a cruel law,
Which makes it right to kill and maim, that wealth may by the slaughter gain.
It isn't those who toil in peace, that ruthless dogs of war release,
But those who make our wars are they who run to fight another day.
The money kings think it's not right that they should be compelled to fight;
They think they're made of better clay than those who toil ten hours a day.
But tillers of the soil and those attir'd in bluejean working clothes,
Who are the mainstay of the land, are asked to form a murd'rous band,
And kill each other, while the men who cause our wars, with tongue and pen,
Call loudly for more men to go to fight the country's common foe.
What dupes we common people be that we're not wise enough to see
The folly of all war and strife—the wisdom of the peaceful life!
Let money kings and others who have little else in life to do
But stir up trouble, war and strife, without regard for loss of life,
Be made to fight, as others do, then friends we kindly ask of you

141
THEY'RE SCHEMING ON THEIR BEDS

To note how anxious they will be, a cruel, bloody war to see—

Oh, for the peaceful, happy life! when we can put aside all strife
And join with other nations who will join with us in trying to
Advance the interests of each, and thus by good example teach
The golden law of peace and love, the stern command of Him above,
Who taught that ev'ry man should be our neighbor, and commanded we
Should from our sinful hearts expel the vicious thoughts that therein dwell.
So let us hope that we will see the day when nations will be free
From wars and strife; that happy day when wars forever pass away.
THE GREATER PRIZE

Passions tempt us, then they chastise,
    They allure but to destroy;
Glitt’ring avenues of pleasure
    Lead from everlasting joy.

Passion’s way is strewn with roses,
    But alas! the end is death;
Those who follow where it leadeth
    Find there, sorrow, pain, distress.

Those who scorn its deadly suasion,
    And upon its temptings frown,
Miss life’s transitory pleasures
    But attain a saintly crown.
WHERE RAILROAD PROFITS GO

It’s not surprising in our day to hear railroad officials say
They really cannot see a way to grant their men a raise in pay;
They argue that the rates are low, received for hauling freight. They grow
Indignant when they’re asked to show where dividends, declared, now go.
“Railroads are being run to-day at a big loss,” we hear them say—
“We’d like to deal with our men fair; we’d like to give them a good share
Of what is made, but, truly, we cannot do so. If we could see
A way to increase freight rates then we’d grant a raise to all our men;
But laws have been placed on the book that to directors unjust look.
Of course, the people make the laws, and these are often passed because
The public think shareholders’ greed extends beyond immediate need.
How people figure this to be, we shareholders have failed to see.”

144
WHERE RAILROAD PROFITS GO

What are the facts? Why is it true that it's impossible to do
Full justice to the men whose lives the nature of their work deprives
Of pleasures, such as are enjoyed by men, on railroads not employed?
Just where the railroad profits go, the daily press despatches show
We read that Morgan sails to-day upon the Mauretania
For Europe, where he hopes to be the guest of titled monarchy;
Carnegie, too, will also go to Scotland, where he hopes to show
The natives of that dear old land how wealth can vanish from his hand;
That these two men intend to buy some costly art that caught their eye.
From Europe to New York they'll bring such treasures that the press will sing
Their praises 'till their names will be plain household words on land and sea.
An art collection, such as we poor mortals never hope to see,
Will be bought up; 'tis thus we know where surplus railroad earnings go.
They'll pay more for a well-bred pup, with crooked legs and nose turned up,
Than would an orphanage endow, and to God's little ones allow
The comforts which the rich man's greed took from them in their hour of need—
Poor little blossoms! crushed and bruised; into their blighted lives infused
WHERE RAILROAD PROFITS GO

More grief and weariness and pain than this world can wipe out again—
And thus it is that railroads now cannot a raise in pay allow.
For Goulds and Astors there must be enough to keep them spending free;
For Vanderbilts and Carnegies, and other men who live at ease
Upon the fruits of honest toil, there must be nothing done to foil
Their schemes and plans to take the toll that from the hands of labor roll.
Alas! the men who make the wealth, by toil and sacrifice of health,
Do not receive an honest share, because of tactics most unfair.
Each workman surely ought to be entitled to the portion he
Earns by the sweating of his brow; that this is fair all must allow.
Those pampered parasites of wealth who live by intrigue, schemes and stealth!
If there's a real hot spot in hell 'twill be reserved to roast them well.
The wealth they now possess on earth, when they land there, will not be worth
As much as a few drops would be, of sparkling moisture, such as we
See glist'ning on the dew-wet rose that in the poor man's garden grows.
So let us hope these men will see the error of their policy
Before Death lays an icy hand upon this greedy, selfish band.
Killingsworth, J. Alex
Sparks and cinders. 1st. ed.