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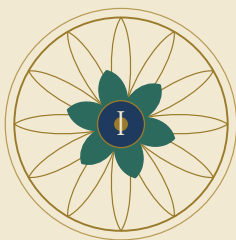
THE GRAPHIC

The Verse – Volume I



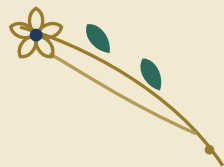
THE VERSE OF AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF LOS ANGELES

COLLECTED IN TWO CHRONOLOGICAL VOLUMES



1904 – 1910

LOS ANGELES



A Note on This Edition

This volume gathers 276 poems and verse items printed in *The Graphic* of Los Angeles from August 1904 through May 1910. It retains the generous definition of poetry used in the earlier reading anthology: original poems, reprints, fragments presented as verse, comic jingles, parodies, and other identifiable verse items all belong to the record.

The pieces are arranged by date of appearance. Each begins on a new page and carries its issue citation. Author names are normalized only where the identity is secure; otherwise the printed attribution is retained or the piece is marked Anonymous. Bracketed titles identify untitled fragments by their opening words.

Brief biographical notes follow poems where the author can be identified and information is available. Prose is retained only when it directly introduces or frames the verse; unrelated matter from the surrounding journal page has been omitted.

The surviving scans are the textual authority. The already completed 1904–1908 transcriptions are carried forward from the preceding visually checked anthology. Later pages were relocated with a new offline OCR pass, then reset in the established reading-edition format; the OCR served as a transcription aid rather than as the authority for selection.

The two-volume division is bibliographical rather than arbitrary. Volume II begins with the next journal volume in June 1910. Contents and author-index entries are linked to the poem openings in the electronic edition, and every poem links back to the author index.

Introduction

The Graphic made its formal debut in February 1904, emerging from earlier Los Angeles publications and continuing until October 1918. It was an illustrated weekly of civic opinion, society, theater, music, books, politics, business, and the rapidly changing life of Southern California. Poetry appeared inside that miscellaneous abundance: beside club reports and automobile columns, among advertisements, reviews, political argument, and local gossip. The Los Angeles Public Library's surviving run begins in August 1904, which is where this anthology begins. This first volume follows the magazine through May 1910, when its verse still carries the improvisatory character of a paper discovering both its audience and its cultural ambitions.

The range is deliberately broad. *The Graphic* reprinted recognized writers—Walt Whitman, Bliss Carman, Edwin Markham, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Tennyson, Byron, and others—while also borrowing comic verse, dialect pieces, parodies, epigrams, and newspaper jingles from the national periodical exchange. Those reprints offered cultural credentials, but they also placed serious poetry and disposable amusement on the same lively plane. Whitman's compact vision of a democratic “City of Friends,” Markham's forceful labor poem “The Right to Labor in Joy,” Gilman's sharply intelligent poems of motherhood, and Carman's sea and nature lyrics show that the weekly could select work of lasting distinction. Around them, jokes, topical squibs, sentimental lyrics, and anonymous fragments reveal how thoroughly verse belonged to ordinary newspaper reading.

INTRODUCTION · CONTINUED

The strongest local work gives this volume its particular value. Edith Jamison Lowe's "Fulfillment" turns a Los Angeles reception into a neat satire on literary celebrity, while her sonnet "The Puppets" moves from social observation toward metaphysical argument. Pauline B. Barrington's "Mountain Vision" converts the Southern California landscape into a severe spiritual encounter. Late in the volume, Caroline Reynolds becomes a sustained presence. *The Graphic* later described her as a young Los Angeles poet of unusual imagery, emotional reach, and rhythmic assurance; poems such as "Mirage," "Courage!," and "Hope's Uplift" justify some of that enthusiasm. Her characteristic terrain—hills above the sea, haze, twilight, wind, and the tension between inward desolation and outward radiance—is unmistakably regional without being merely promotional.

The poems are uneven, as the poetry of a weekly newspaper must be. Some were meant to last; others served a column, a season, a joke, or a passing public mood. That unevenness is historically expressive. The volume records a literary culture before poetry had been confined to specialized magazines or academic settings, when a Los Angeles reader could encounter Whitman, a local clubwoman, a comic ballad, and an unsigned quatrain in a single issue. Read together, these pieces show a young metropolis testing inherited forms against new landscapes and new social experience. The most memorable poems do more than decorate *The Graphic*: they let Southern California begin to hear itself as a literary place.

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Volume I

The Verse

276 poems and verse items, in order of appearance.



The Kansas Man

by **ROBERT J. BURDETTE**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 27, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 4

The verses that follow — the number's single literary item — were written by Robert J. Burdette, "the Burlington Hawkeye," before he became a preacher; they are printed in the political "By the Way" column and signed "—Hawkeye."

One sweltering day in hot July
A beer saloon he wandered by.

And finding that he was not seen,
He entered at the swinging screen.

And to rebuke the drinking men,
Whom he observed around him then,

He ordered, as he knew he'd ought ter,
A glass of pure, clear, crystal water.

He sat it down, "Ah, ha," said he,
"Cold water is the drink for me."

And so to make it cold and nice,
He pounded in a little ice.

Healthful and good, sliced very thin,
He dropped a little lemon in.

And then he said, "sweets to the sweet,"
And stirred some sugar in the treat.

To kind of brace the mixture up,
He dashed some bitters in the cup,

Then just a lee-tle whisky—well,
Say twenty lines of nonpareil.

And while he stirred it with a spoon
He sang in gleeful tones, this tune:

“Water, cold water, pure and free,
Water is the drink for me.”

He raised his head, and loud he laughed,
And to the dregs the goblet quaffed.

“This is the new amendment plan,”
Remarked the temperate Kansas man.

Then set his course, and held the day,
Due west, his calm, imperial way.
—Hawkeye.

Robert J. Burdette (1844–1914). American humorist, lecturer, and Baptist minister known as ‘The Burlington Hawkeye Man.’ He settled in Pasadena, California, and became pastor of Temple Baptist Church in Los Angeles.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Esopus

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 3, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 5

ANONYMOUS

Esopus is a pretty town;
They say it is a healthful one;
And, what is more, some one will find
It's a long, long way from Washington.

Chicago Chronicle

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The Man Behind the Man

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 10, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 6

ANONYMOUS

We've had the Man Behind the Gun,
The Man Behind the Plow,
The Man Behind the this and that
All come to make their bow.

But since there's one who makes no stir
We recommend this plan:
With candidates, 'tis well to hunt
The Man Behind the Man.

New York Sun

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“I dropped a seed in a cold, cold heart”

by **E. S. MARTIN**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 10, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 6

I dropped a seed in a cold, cold heart
Far back in the early spring;
I've tried and tried to make it start,
Oh, I've tried like anything.

The garden flowers that the sun has freed
With bloom are all areek.
Ah, when shall a bud from that little seed
Blush pink in my true love's cheek?

E. S. Martin (1856–1939). Edward Sandford Martin, American essayist and editor, a founder of the Harvard Lampoon who became the first literary editor of Life magazine and wrote the long-running 'Editor's Easy Chair'-style essays.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Fall Styles in People

by **WALLACE IRWIN**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 17, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 7

The styles in people for the fall
Will be both trim and neat,
With no important change at all
In hands or eyes or feet.
There'll be a smaller size in brains,
So's not to discommode
In dodging autos, trucks and trains,
Says Madame de la Mode.

Though morals are in vogue this year,
They'll wear them rather low,
And many scandals will appear
In swell whole-cloth, you know.
New fads in fashionable disease
Will soon come in, no doubt,
For vermiform appendices
Have gone entirely out.

Some Russian princes home from war
Have set the styles just now
And caused a perfect furore for
The new "retreating brow."
For Presidential goods the type
Will make the chappie glad—
The very quiet Parker stripe
Or the noisy Roosevelt plaid.

Stripes will be worn by boodlers who
Last year were fond of checks;
Reformers will be proper too,
With somewhat stiffer necks;
Brides will be trimmed with dollar signs,
The kind that won't corrode.
Thus all will fall in graceful lines,
Says Madame de la Mode.

Wallace Irwin (1875–1959). American humorist, poet, and novelist who began his career in San Francisco, editing the Overland Monthly and writing comic verse. Best known for his 'Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy.'

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



“Mixed Bathing” in England

by **ADRIAN ROSS**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 24, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 8

One touch of buttons or of braid
Upon a bathing dress
May leave the man that loves a maid
In rapture or distress—
May make him at her shrine bow down
Or take an early train to town.

One header from a diving board
(According as it ends)
May make a man his maiden's lord
Or herd him with her friends;
The latter if, by fate's decree,
He comes on his petite Marie.

One lacking of supervising care
And regulating wit
May make a scene that might be fair
Unbearably unfit;
And bathing where no rules are fixed
Is like to get extremely “mixed.”

Adrian Ross (1859–1933). Pen name of Arthur Reed Ropes, English lyricist and academic who wrote the words for dozens of Edwardian musical comedies and the English lyrics for 'The Merry Widow.' Same man as 'A. R. Ropes.'

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



In Nippon

by **R. C. E. MILNE**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 24, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 8

Beneath the cherry tree that blooms so fair
Without the temple, by Inari's shrine,
A maiden stood, herself a flower most rare—
Like almonds were her eyes, her lips like wine.

In kimono she stood, with air sedate,
This dainty maid of far-away Japan—
Methought I'd seen her on some lacquered plate,
Or quaintly pictured on some painted fan.

E'en as I gazed, her little feet
With envious swiftness reft her from mine eyes—
With gait demure went clicking down the street—
Soft blew the breeze—and softer still my sighs.

"Ah, that my image on some jar," I cried,
"Might ever follow you with steadfast glance;
Or 'neath the trees by Nishni Gama's tide
Might watch you in the Maikodori dance."

E'en the Dai Butsu, solemn and sedate,
Sitting forever calm, without surprise,
Would smile to see you at his temple gate,
And Love would waken in his lifeless eyes.

With you I'd sit forever and a day
With tight crossed knees and fixed and burning stare;
My painted hand would surely stretch away
To stroke the blossoms in your painted hair.

Beneath a painted tree we'd always lie,
And on us twain the painted sun above
Would softly smile, and from a painted sky
Would watch the dawning of our endless love.

R. C. E. Milne. A writer whose work appeared in The Graphic; little else about this author is recorded.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



from “I Dream’d in a Dream”

by **WALT WHITMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 24, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 8

I dream’d in a dream, I saw a city invincible to the attacks of
the whole of the rest of the earth;
I dream’d that was the new City of Friends;
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love—it
led to rest;
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,
And in all their looks and words.

*Walt Whitman (1819–1892). American poet, essayist, and journalist whose *Leaves of Grass* (1855) transformed verse with sprawling free lines and a democratic vision celebrating the individual, the body, and the nation. A defining figure of nineteenth-century American literature, he died in Camden, New Jersey, in 1892. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.*

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



The Primal Lesson

by **BLISS CARMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 1, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 9

Back to the fair sweet way
Our mother Nature taught us long ago—
The large primeval mood,
Leisure and amplitude,
The dignity of Patience strong and slow.

Bliss Carman (1861–1929). Canadian-born poet who spent much of his career in the United States and became one of the most popular English-language poets of his day. Known for lyrical nature verse and the Songs from Vagabondia series written with Richard Hovey, he was later hailed as Canada's unofficial poet laureate.

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The Children

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 1, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 9

ANONYMOUS

The children live in heaven all day,
And if we watch them as they play
Perhaps we may some hint surprise
Of secret dealings with the skies.

They dance, they run, they leap, they shout,
They fling the torch of joy about:
Gay prodigals of golden mirth,
They lavish laughter on the earth.

Beneath his shrining carriage-hood,
The baby, small benignant Buddh—
Undoubted Deity awhile—
Regards us with mysterious smile.

Their fancy touches common things,
The very dust takes fairy wings:
The earth is all a box of toys
For lucky little girls and boys.

They share our table, use our chairs
With quaint proprietary airs.
The world is theirs: if we behave,
They'll give us part of what we gave.

The sun drops low; the day is done—
Their day of laughter, light, and fun;
With stumbling feet and nodding head,
Divinity goes up to bed.

And then in little snowy gown
The tired tiny fold lie down,
And piping voices, drowsed with sleep,
Chirp softly from the pillows deep:—

“Ich bin klein,
Mein Herz ist rein,
Niemand als Jesus allein,
Soll wohnen drein.”

The children sleep in heaven all night,
Then meet the morning with delight,

And scamper out upon their way
To love and live in heaven all day.

M. A., in "The Spectator"

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Ode to Tobacco

by **CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 1, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 9

Thou who, when fears attack,
Bidst them avaunt, and back
Care, at the horseman's back
 Perching, unseatest;
Sweet when the morn is grey;
Sweet when they've cleared away
Lunch; and at close of day
 Possibly sweetest.

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told,
 Not to thy credit;
How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost—
Useless, except to roast—
 Doctors have said it.

How they who use fusees
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
 Meagre as lizards;
Go mad, and beat their wives;
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving knives
 Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks!
Yet know I five or six
Smokers who freely mix
 Still with their neighbours;
Jones (who, I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs. J.)
Daily absorbs a clay
 After his labours.

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco juice;
Still, why deny its use
 Thoughtfully taken?
We're not as tabbies are.
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
 Here's to thee, Bacon!

Charles Stuart Calverley (1831–1884). English poet and wit, the acknowledged master of Victorian light verse and parody, whose collections 'Verses and Translations' and 'Fly Leaves' were much admired and imitated. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



The Last Straw

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 1, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 9

ANONYMOUS

I saw my lady lose a bit
At bridge the other night,
And I reluctantly admit
It was a painful sight.

I heard my lady, to my woe,
When foozling at the tee,
She spoke not many words, but oh!
The difference to me.

But these small lapses I forgave,
To cherish her I swore;
But now poor love is in his grave,
We are engaged no more.

I worshipped her all things above,
Nor thought this day would dawn,
But ah! I've seen the girl I love
Upon the croquet lawn.

The Tatler

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Fulfillment

by **EDITH JAMISON LOWE**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 8, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 10

She stood in a reception room
Crowded with Wealth and Fashion,
And every eye was glued upon
The Poetess of Passion;
She stood for many hours long
That just one little finger
Of that famed hand might in her own
A fleeting moment linger:
She gazed and gazed with greedy eyes,
With yearning, craving, envying eyes.
She thought, "Ah me! how nice to be
A feted, fine Celebrity!"

She stood in a reception room
The center of attraction,
And she had reached Fame's Pinnacle
By paths fraught with distraction;
From north to south, from east to west,
She fled, reporters trailing.
Society and Women's Clubs
Her advent wildly hailing:
She smiled, with satisfied eyes,
With dreary, weary, tired eyes.
She thought, "Ah me, who'd wish to be
A pestered, bored Celebrity?"

Los Angeles, October, 1904.

Edith Jamison Lowe. A Los Angeles poet and clubwoman whose poems, sonnets, and satirical occasional verse appeared repeatedly in The Graphic. The surviving journal establishes a substantial local body of work, though reliable biographical dates have not yet been located.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



“The girl that blistered on the beach”

by **WEX JONES**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 8, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 10

The girl that blistered on the beach
To add a tan to Nature's charms,
Now suffers in her toil to bleach
The self-same tan from neck and arms.

Wex Jones. A writer of light and comic verse published in The Graphic; little else is recorded, and the name may be a pseudonym.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



The Kilkenny Cats

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 8, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 10

ANONYMOUS

There wanst was two cats in Kilkenny,
Aitch thought there was one cat too many;
So they quarrelled and bit,
They scratched and they fit,
Till excepting their nails
And the tips of their tails
Instead of two cats, there wasn't any.

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



The Song of the Greek Poet

by **LORD BYRON**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 15, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 11

Must we but weep for days more blest?
Must we but blush?—our fathers bled.
Earth! Render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylae!

What! Silent still? And silent all?
Ah no! The voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head
But one, arise—we come! we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain, in vain; strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes
And shed the blood of Scio's vine.
Hark! Rising to the ignoble call
How answers each bold bacchanal.

Lord Byron (1788–1824). English Romantic poet, author of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' and 'Don Juan.' A celebrated and scandalous figure, he died at Missolonghi while aiding the Greek war of independence. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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Hans: A Horse Prodigy

by WALLACE IRWIN

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 22, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 12

In far Berlin's Germanic clans
They have a thoughtful horse named Hans
Of human cerebrations,
Who answers questions neat and quick
In calculus, arithmetic,
In fractions or equations.

He acts a nobler, higher part
Than daily working a la cart
Upon the broiling cobbles;
Through every thought-deductive hour
Descartes or Kant or Schopenhauer
Nutritiously he gobbles.

Oh, what a stimulus to thought,
If Hans were by some horseman brought
To pass a Newport season
Among the merry gentlefolk
Who look on logic as a joke
And give no place to reason!

When in some gilded, grand menage,
After an evening's persiflage
Around a dinner table,
Oh, what relief, profound, intense,
To go and talk a little sense
With Hans—out in the stable!

Wallace Irwin (1875–1959). American humorist, poet, and novelist who began his career in San Francisco, editing the Overland Monthly and writing comic verse. Best known for his 'Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy.'

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



“He wants no verses”

by **WASHINGTON STAR**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 22, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 12

He wants no verses
Underneath the bough;
A good-sized bank book
Is the fashion now.

Washington Star. This is a source credit to the Washington Evening Star, not a personal byline. The individual author of the verse was not named in The Graphic.

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To Idleness

by **A. T. QUILLER-COUCH**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 5, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 14

Ah, dear Idleness, how shall I beckon thee?
Dear tired playmate, dreaming in the shade!
Soon upon the pool where the water lily closes
Split will be the moon with the planets in a braid.

Faithful my comfort! Long, far, I haunted,
Following my days from a dream into a dream,
Where a-flake with emerald the mazy circle floated,
Swirled upon the eddy, swept adown the stream.

Brave men, my comrades, sought with me the jewel,
Each for his own to bear, bound upon his crest;
Some of them be dead; a-many have wandered;
But a few ride forthright, following the quest.

I alone renounced, and by renouncing won it;
I alone handselled it, and in the winning lost.
If at length it come to a tired hand captive,
Wear it of right—but mine remains the cost.

Ah, longer thou than any shadow faithful!
Thou mayst not hear their summons, nor divine!
Only take back thy little hand—it kills me—
Thy dreaming hand, that trustful feels for mine!

A. T. Quiller-Couch (1863–1944). English writer, critic, and anthologist known as 'Q.' He edited the hugely influential Oxford Book of English Verse (1900), wrote Cornish novels and tales, and later became a celebrated Cambridge professor of English literature whose lectures shaped a generation of readers and writers.

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Massage of the Eye

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 12, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 15

ANONYMOUS

[*The latest treatment for defective sight is massage of the eyeball.*]

The treatment is by no means new
By which they set such store,
For I, and doubtless also you,
Have practised it before;
For when ere yet the dawn is red
I'm called upon to rise,
Half-blind I struggle out of bed
And just massage my eyes.

When argument is waxing warm,
Though Brown may be a fool,
I think it only decent form
To keep extremely cool.
But when he says that he believes
I'm simply telling lies,
Off comes my coat, up go my sleeves,
And I massage his eyes.

The Tatler

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A Negligent Nurse

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 12, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 15

ANONYMOUS

Wut is you atter? Does you want
Dat chile to ketch 'es deaf?
'F you lets dat cat sleep in de bed
He'll steal de baby's breaf!

Ole miss 'll run you off fum hyuh
'F you don't do better 'n dat—
Lett'n' de baby's breaf be stole
Er-sleepin' wid de cat!

Sc'cat!—No, I een't gwine a tell on you;
I'll keep hit to myself;
But min' dat cat fum de baby's bed,
Er 'e sho will ketch es breaf!

Charlotte Observer

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



“He goes to college”

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 12, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 15

ANONYMOUS

He goes to college bound to make
A name with fame replete,
And then on history's golden page
He writes it with his feet.

Judge

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



“Knock, and the world knocks with you”

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 12, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 15

ANONYMOUS

Knock, and the world knocks with you;
Boost, and you boost alone!
When you roast good and loud
You will find that the crowd
Has a hammer as big as your own!

Troy Times

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A Song of the Plains

by **H. H. BASHFORD**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 3, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 18

No harp have I for the singing, nor fingers fashioned for skill,
Nor ever shall words express it, the song that is in my heart,
A saga, swept from the distance, horizons beyond the hill,
Singing of life and endurance, and bidding me bear my part.

For this is Song, as I sing it, the song that I love the best,
The steady tramp in the furrow, the grind of the gleaming steel,
An anthem sung to the noonday, a chant of the open West,
Echoing deep, in my spirit, to gladden and help and heal.

And this is Life, as I read it, and Life, in its fairest form,
To breathe the wind on the ranges, the scent of the upturned
sod,
To stride, and strive, and be thankful, to weather the shine and
storm,
Pencilling, over the prairies, the destiny planned by God.

And no reward do I ask for, save only to work and wait,
To praise the God of my fathers, to labour beneath His sky,
To dwell alone in His greatness, to strike and to follow straight,
Silent, and strong, and contented—the limitless plains and I.

H. H. Bashford (1880–1961). Henry Howarth Bashford, English physician and author (later Honorary Physician to King George VI), best remembered for the comic novel 'Augustus Carp, Esq., by Himself.'

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The Gentle Critic

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 10, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 19

ANONYMOUS

*[One of the causes why today the earth is covered knee-deep in bad books is the namby-pamby spirit of criticism that prevails.—
Blackwood's Magazine.]*

Oh critic, gird you on your sword,
Nor from your obvious duty shrink;
Impartial blame and praise award
And say just what you think.

Had you for no one's feeling cared
And told our authors what was what,
We should, I doubt not, have been spared
No end of hopeless rot.

But no; you simper, smirk, and bow
To all who think that they can write;
Our critics, so miscalled, are now
So horribly polite.

Ah for a heart that will not melt,
A giant of the long ago
With blood-smeared hands and at his belt
Ten gory scalps a-row.

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The City's Voice

by **LOUIS J. STELLMANN**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 10, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 19

A mighty undertone of mingled sound—
The cadent tumult, rising from a throng
Of urban workers—blending in a song
Of larger life that makes the pulses bound.

Hark to the city's voice! It tells a tale
Of triumphs and defeats; of joy and woe;
The lover's troth; the challenge of a foe;
A dying gasp; a new-born infant's wail.

The whirr of turning wheels; the hammers' ring;
The hum of traffic and the tread of men;
A viol's sigh; the scratching of a pen;—
All to a vibrant whole their echoes fling.

The pulse-beats of a million hearts, combined;
Reverberating in a rhythmic thrill;—
A vital message that is never still;—
A sweeping, cosmic chorus, unconfined.

Louis J. Stellmann (1877–1961). American writer, journalist, and photographer of San Francisco, chronicler of the city and its 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition in books such as 'Vanished Ruin Era' and 'Port o' Gold.'

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untitled

by **CHARLES KINGSLEY**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 24, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 21

O blessed day which giv'st the eternal lie
To self, and sense, and all the brute within;
O, come to us amid this war of life;
To hall and hovel come! to all who toil
In senate, shop, or study! and, to those
Ill-warned and sorely tempted—
Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas Day!
Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem,
The kneeling shepherds, and the Babe Divine;
And keep them men, indeed, fair Christmas Day!

Charles Kingsley (1819–1875). English clergyman, historian, and novelist, author of 'Westward Ho!' and the children's classic 'The Water-Babies.' A Christian Socialist and canon of Westminster, he also wrote poetry. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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blank verse (quoted in "Personal Rhythm")

by **ALFRED TENNYSON**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 31, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 22

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea

Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892). English poet, Poet Laureate from 1850 until his death and the dominant lyric voice of the Victorian age, known for 'In Memoriam,' 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' and 'Idylls of the King.' The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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trochees (quoted in "Personal Rhythm")

by **ALFRED TENNYSON**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 31, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 22

"and you will at once perceive how settled and prosperous and conservative it is, quite autocratic and assumed. On the other hand, to quote again from Tennyson, there is the line of excellent trochees:

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892). English poet, Poet Laureate from 1850 until his death and the dominant lyric voice of the Victorian age, known for 'In Memoriam,' 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' and 'Idylls of the King.' The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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hexameter (quoted in "Personal Rhythm")

by **HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 31, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 22

"How different from the iambs! How sprightly, tripping gay and emotional! The rhythm of a soubrette rather than a savant. Then, again, there is the slow, uncertain, meandering rhythm of some large people who move like a hexameter:

This is the forest primeval, the murpins and the hemlocks.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882). American poet, the most popular of his century, known for 'The Song of Hiawatha,' 'Evangeline,' and 'Paul Revere's Ride.' A Harvard professor, he helped bring European literature to American readers. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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Where There is no Telephone

by **ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 7, 1905 · VOL. XXI, No. 23

A business man was dying in a closed and darkened room,
And he knew that just before him oped the portal of the tomb,
Yet a smile shone o'er his features, o'er his features pinched and
gray,
As he turned unto a watcher, low and broken words to say.
"I am going," so he whispered, "to the land beyond our ken
Where the phantoms meet the phantoms in the shadow-haunted
glen,
Yet, although the darkness deepen, I am glad, and glad alone,
For I'm going—yes, I'm going—where there is no telephone;
Where no telephone I'll find
Of the ceaseless-tinkling kind,
Of the tinkling-tankling-tinkling,
Till it sets your hair to crinkling—
Of the never quiet, never!
Of the whoop-'er-up forever—
Of the answer-every-minute till you all but lose your mind—
Answer men who want to know,
Answer women with a woe,
Answer, answer, answer, answer, while your business has to go;
Answer chaps with naught to say,
Answer, answer all the day,
While the bell keeps on a-tinkling in its telephonic way.
I am going—'twill be Heaven—" Then he sank back with a moan.
He had reached his place of resting, where there is no telephone.

Alfred J. Waterhouse. A California poet and newspaper writer of the period, listed among California authors in Ella Sterling Mighels' 'Literary California' (1918). Little else is recorded.

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from the ode to Cromwell (on the death of Charles I)

by **ANDREW MARVELL**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 14, 1905 · VOL. XXI, No. 24

He nothing common did nor mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try:
Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

Andrew Marvell (1621–1678). English metaphysical poet and Member of Parliament, remembered for 'To His Coy Mistress' and 'The Garden.' Much of his political and lyric verse was published only after his death. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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untitled (a temperance satire)

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 14, 1905 · VOL. XXI, No. 24

ANONYMOUS

Finally, if the prohibitory "temperance" people generally will read this bit of verse it will be found to contain much food for reflection.

He's an advocate of temperance,
But at one meal he takes
At least four cups of coffee and
A score of buckwheat cakes,

These and two pounds of sausage, soaked
And soused in grease galore,
And four full-grown potatoes, with
Six gems and then some more,

Make up the main part of a meal,
And often he complains
Of dizziness and lack of glee—
But he from drink refrains!

The ones who guzzle rum he thinks
Are fools who challenge Fate,
And lack in sense and moral force—
He thinks he's temperate.

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To the Men of Port Arthur

by **LAURENCE HOUSMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 28, 1905 · VOL. XXI, No. 26

Holders of harbor and hill,
You, the heroes that fell,
Now when the guns are still
Hark to the world's farewell!

Fair be your fame who fought
A fight men knew to be vain!
Right or wrong means naught
Here where the brave lie slain.

Just?—was the cause not just?
How could you know? Let be!
Here is true Russian dust
Laid by the Eastern sea.

Now in your shattered hold,
Where the pit like a shambles reeks,
Wide upon wings of gold
Hear how the silence speaks!

Long by harbor and hill
Men of your deeds shall tell,—
Men that have wished you ill,
And men that have wished you well.

Laurence Housman (1865–1959). English playwright, illustrator, and writer, and younger brother of the poet A. E. Housman. He produced fantasy fiction, illustrated books, socialist and pacifist essays, and popular plays such as the long-censored Victoria Regina, and was an active campaigner for women's suffrage.

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Two Optimists

by **RICHARD WATSON GILDER**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 4, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 1

Joseph Jefferson has long been a friend of the blind genius, Helen Keller. He sent to Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century Magazine, a copy of her essay on optimism. In acknowledgment Mr. Gilder published a poem in the Century entitled "Two Optimists." Having paid tribute to the wonderful blind girl, Mr. Gilder followed with these words to the veteran player:

If faith in man and woman that still lasts,
Though chilled by seventy winters' bitter blasts;
If seeing, as you see, the good in evil.
And even something Christian in the devil;
If power to take misfortune as a friend
And to be cheerful to the very end;
Not to be spoiled by praise, nor deeply stung
By the detractor's sharp and envious tongue;
If living in fairyland as really now
As when heaven's dew was fresh on childhood's brow:
If seeing, in fine, this world as through a prism
Of lovely colors is true optimism,
Then Joseph is true optimist no less,
And Heaven sent both this troubled world to bless.

Richard Watson Gilder (1844–1909). American poet and influential editor of The Century Magazine, which he led from 1881 until his death. A civic reformer active in housing and the arts, he shaped late-nineteenth-century American letters, championing new writers while publishing his own polished, genteel verse.

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"Omar Cayenne"

by **GELETT BURGESS**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 11, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 2

We are no other than a passing Show
Of clumsy mountebanks that come and go
To please the General Public; now who gave
To IT the right to judge, I'd like to know?

Impotent Writers bound to feed ITS taste
For Literature and Poetry debased;
Hither and thither pandering we strive,
And one by one our Talents are disgraced.

The Scribe no question makes of Verse or Prose,
But what the Editor demands he shows;
And he who buys three thousand words of Drule,
He knows what People want—you bet he knows!

Gelett Burgess (1866–1951). American humorist, artist, and writer active in San Francisco, where he founded the little magazine 'The Lark.' He wrote the famous quatrain 'The Purple Cow' and coined the word 'blurb.'

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The Editor's Regrets

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 25, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 4

ANONYMOUS

Into the office, ink-begrimed,
A fairy vision flew;
She left a poem to be read,
Tied up with ribbon blue.

'Twas sprinkled well with "o'er" and "e'en,"
And such poetic pets,
And so he put a slip within—
The Editor Regrets.

Yet she herself a poem was
Of perfect workmanship.
And simply perfect were the feet
He heard so lightly trip.

His wealth is small. That poem fair
His peace of mind upsets;
It was not offered to him, still—
The Editor Regrets.
—*New York Sun*.

unknown (New York Sun)

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Converted

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 4, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 5

ANONYMOUS

[*A vegetarian paper remarks that "it is unnatural to bury the dead in our stomachs."*]

It fills my heart with thoughts of gloom
To think I am a living tomb,
For how can any man be merry
That is a walking cemetery?

And since this awful truth I see
My very teeth appear to me
(Alas! I am so tender-hearted)
Like tombstones of the dear departed.

The new frock coat upon my back
Now justifies its hue of black,
Since yet my grief is unabated
For those I have assimilated.

Some wreaths of lettuce every day
And vegetables I will lap
Upon their grave in hope such diet
May keep their restless spirits quiet.

The Tatler

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The Sailor's Wedding

by **BLISS CARMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 11, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 6

The whitecaps froth and freshen,
In squadrons of white surge
They thunder on to ruin,
And smoke along the verge.

They comb and seethe and founder,
They mount and glimmer and flee,
Amid the awful sobbing
And quailing of the sea.

Bliss Carman (1861–1929). Canadian-born poet who spent much of his career in the United States and became one of the most popular English-language poets of his day. Known for lyrical nature verse and the Songs from Vagabondia series written with Richard Hovey, he was later hailed as Canada's unofficial poet laureate.

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Stanford's Epitaph

by **AMBROSE BIERCE**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 11, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 6

*I believe it was Ambrose Bierce who wrote Stanford's epitaph before
Stanford's death, in this wise:*

Here lies Stanford who thought it odd
That he should go to meet his God.
He waited till his eyes grew dim
For God to hasten to meet him.

Ambrose Bierce (1842–1914). American journalist, satirist, and short-story writer, long based in San Francisco, known for 'The Devil's Dictionary' and Civil War tales like 'An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge.' He vanished in Mexico around 1913-1914.

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A Fly and a Flea in a Flue

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 11, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 6

ANONYMOUS

A fly and a flea in a flue
Were imprisoned. Now, what could they do?
Said the fly: "Let us flee!"
"Let us fly," said the flea—
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.
—Exchange

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The Right to Labor in Joy

by **EDWIN MARKHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 18, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 7

Out on the road they have gathered, a hundred thousand men,
To ask for a hold on life as sure as the wolf's hold in his den.
Their need lies close to the quick of life as the earth lies close to
the stone;
It is as meat to the slender rib, as marrow to the bone.

They ask but the leave to labor, to toil in the endless night,
For a little salt to savor their bread, for houses water-tight.
They ask but the right to labor and to live by the strength of their
hands—
They who have bodies like knotted oaks, and patience like sea-
sands.

And the right of a man to labor and his right to labor in joy—
Not all your laws can strangle that right, nor the gates of hell
destroy.
For it came with the making of man and was kneaded into his
bones,
And it will stand at the last of things on the dust of crumbled
thrones.

Edwin Markham (1852–1940). American poet raised and long resident in California, where he taught school before writing his famous protest poem 'The Man with the Hoe' (1899), inspired by Millet's painting. Its worldwide success made him a celebrated public literary figure before he settled in the East.

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Contrasts

by **E. S. MARTIN**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 25, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 8

Always the shadow of war, but on go the works of peace;
Always the shadow of death, but of joy life feels no lack.
The battleship plunges along, a fortress a-swim in the seas,
But over the selfsame waves the wind drives the fisherman's
smack.

What rules the world? Is it might? What rules the world? Is it
love?
Is it hunger that drives? Is it wit that thrives? Shall subt'ety
triumph, or right?
Hunger drives, and gumption thrives, and subtlety's envy's glove,
But knowledge and truth shall drive out ruth, and love, in the
end, is might.

E. S. Martin (1856–1939). Edward Sandford Martin, American essayist and editor, a founder of the Harvard Lampoon who became the first literary editor of Life magazine and wrote the long-running 'Editor's Easy Chair'-style essays.

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A Turk with nine wives in his harem

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 25, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 8

ANONYMOUS

A Turk with nine wives in his harem
Turned a mouse loose one day, just to scare 'em;
But the ladies "stood pat,"
They were moved not by that
To lift up their skirts. They don't wear 'em.

Town Topics

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A young theologian named Fiddle

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 25, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 8

ANONYMOUS

A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree;
"For," said he, "'tis enough to be Fiddle,
Without being Fiddle, D. D."

Puck

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



The Sin of David (interlude between Lisle and Miriam)

by **STEPHEN PHILLIPS**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 1, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 9

Miriam— Oh, I would be to thee
As gentle as the grass above the dead;
And have I been but darkness and a sword?
Lisle—No! for a revelation breaks from thee.
Thou hast unlocked the loveliness of earth,
Leading me through thy beauty to all beauty.

Thou shattering storm, thou eve of after-blue,
Thou deluge, and thou world from deluge risen,
Thou sudden death, and thou life after death!
You speak not. Give me but a human word.
Miriam—O, all my life has listened for thy step!
Lisle—How have I walked in glory unaware!
O, let your dear soul forth; stay it not now!
Miriam—For thee alone came I into this world,
For thee this very hair grew glorious,
My eyes are of this color for thy sake.
This moment is a deep inheriting,
And as the solemn coming to a kingdom.
Lisle—Apart we two did wander inland; now,
Listen, the ocean of infinity!
Life hath no more in it.

Stephen Phillips (1864–1915). English poet and dramatist briefly hailed as a new Tennyson, celebrated for verse plays such as 'Paolo and Francesca' and 'Herod' and for his 'Poems' of 1897.

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The Last of the Roses

by **GERTRUDE HILL**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 1, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 9

When the flowers droop and fade
And sweet Summer closes
Comes a Fay and bears away
The last of all the Roses!

Bears it to some distant clime
There to set it growing
With companions fair and gay
In the sunbeams glowing.

But when summer comes again
And black Winter closes
There she brings on hurrying wings
The first of all the Roses!

Gertrude Hill. A poet published in The Graphic; little else about her is recorded.

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The devil put his stock of sins

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 8, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 9

ANONYMOUS

The devil put his stock of sins
Securely on his shelves.
"'Tis Lent," he said, with oily grins,
"And when that sober time begins
Folks think of things themselves."

Life

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



To My Mother

by **PAUL ENGLAND (FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE)**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 8, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 9

In one mad hour I left my home and thee;
I said: "Now will I roam this wide world over,
To see if I this Love may yet discover;
Then Love and I will live full lovingly."
I sought for Love in vain o'er land and sea,
At every portal stretching empty palms,
To beg, for pity's sake, Love's poorest alms—
And scorn and hate were all men gave to me.

So every day I maddened more and more
For Love, yet found not Love at any door:
Heartsick and weary, home again I past.
Then camest thou, my mother, forth to meet me,
And there, within thine eyes, lit up to greet me,
There shone the sweet, the long-sought Love, at last.

Paul England (ca. 1863–1932). English author, singer, and translator who put many German and French song texts and opera librettos into English and wrote '50 Favourite Operas.' Here he translates Heine.

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John D. Rockefeller (verse squib)

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 22, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 12

ANONYMOUS

John D
Rockefeller, he
Is getting roasted from A to Z,
Until he thinks
In the hot turmoil
That hell is heated
With Standard Oil.

Town Topics

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Pastoral

by **KATHARINE TYNAN**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 22, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 12

When a little farm I keep,
I shall tend my kine and sheep,
And my pretty lambs shall fold
In deep pastures starred with gold.

On green carpets they shall tread,
Gold and purple be their bed,
Honeyed clover make their food
In a watered solitude.

Garden places I shall tend.
For a welcome to a friend
Make for him a roomy seat
By the box and privet sweet.

And my kitchen garden shall
Grow me fruits on tree and wall,
Give me blossoms in the spring
And an autumn gathering.

An old dial and a cote
Where the pigeons fly and float,
And a well so green and dim
Where the little fishes swim.

Hives of honey I shall own,
Bees with drowsy monotone
Toil all day to bring me home
Heather-honey at the gloam.

'Twixt the mountains and the sea
There my little farm will be.
In a heart-remembered spot
I shall have my happy lot.

In the heart-remembered place,
Where the mountains lift their face,
I shall tend my sheep and kine,
And a thankful heart be mine.

When a little farm I keep
I shall sleep the happiest sleep,

To my simple meals invite
Thanksgiving and appetite.

In the heart-remembered place
I shall wear a shining face,
And my quiet nights be praise,
And a prayer my innocent days.

Katharine Tynan (1859–1931). Irish poet and novelist, a prolific figure in the Celtic literary revival and an early friend of W. B. Yeats. She published scores of novels and many volumes of devotional and nature-inspired verse, becoming one of Ireland's most widely read writers of her era.

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A New Easter

by **LOUISE A. STERRY**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 22, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 12

"Wrapped in the rays of mythology,"
And buried deep in gloom,
With the hard, cold stone of bigotry
Closing the mouth of the tomb.

But Jesus, the Christ, is risen,
And walks abroad in the day,
For Thought, Time's great archangel,
Has rolled the stone away.

The garments of fear and doubting
Lie empty within the tomb,
And the glorifying spirit eternal
Walks beyond the realm of gloom.

Los Angeles, April 18.

Louise A. Sterry. A poet published in The Graphic; little else about her is recorded.

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A woman from Sault Ste. Marie

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 22, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 12

ANONYMOUS

A woman from Sault Ste. Marie
Said: "Painters who dault pte the sie
Don't tint the waves blue,
As I think they should do;
They use green, or they seem tault tault mie."

Exchange

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What changes in a pair we see

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 22, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 12

ANONYMOUS

What changes in a pair we see
When they are wed, alas!
For what has once been "repartee"
Degenerates to "sass."

Louisville Courier-Journal

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A lhassie was lhost down in Lhassa

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 22, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 12

ANONYMOUS

A lhassie was lhost down in Lhassa,
A cowboy just tried to walk phassa,
She snatched all his cash
And was off with a dash
But he lhassoed the lhass lhost in Lhassa.

New York Evening Sun

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Epigram on the D.D. Degree

by **DEAN MANSEL**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 29, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 13

At a dreary conference of professors of Oxford University concerning the qualifications of aspirants for the degree of Doctor of Divinity, it was proposed that the claimant should be required to produce two original essays on some moot point in Divinity. Thereupon Dean Mansel summed up the debate in the following epigram:

"The degree of D. D. we propose to convey
To an A-double-S for a double S. A."

Dean Mansel (1820–1871). Henry Longueville Mansel, English philosopher and theologian, Dean of St Paul's Cathedral, known for his work on logic and metaphysics and, lightly, for witty occasional verse. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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The Winter Is Over and Gone

by **BLISS CARMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 29, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 13

Once more in every tree
I hear the hollow wind
A-blowing the last remnants
Of winter from the land.

Far down the April morning,
With battle clang and glee,
The Boreal intruders
Are driven to the sea.

Then softly, buds of scarlet,
Warm rain, and purple wing—
The tattered, glad, uncumbered
Camp-followers of spring!

Bliss Carman (1861–1929). Canadian-born poet who spent much of his career in the United States and became one of the most popular English-language poets of his day. Known for lyrical nature verse and the Songs from Vagabondia series written with Richard Hovey, he was later hailed as Canada's unofficial poet laureate.

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Anthem

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 29, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 13

ANONYMOUS

Soprano—Behold my new hat.
Quartet—Her new hat, her new hat, her new hat.
Alto—It is a fright, a fright, a fright!
Soprano—It is a joy unto the sight.
Basso—You are a peach in your new hat.
Tenor—I've got my own thoughts as to that.
Alto—O thank you, thank you, thank you.
Soprano—It cost me more than any here.
Alto—That's very queer; that's very queer.
Quartet—O hear, O hear, O hear!
Alto—I priced it myself
 When it lay on the shelf,
 And I know, and I know
 That the price was quite low—
 Much lower than mine, indeed.
Soprano—Indeed! INDEED!
Alto—Yes, yes, indeed!
Soprano—You hateful old thing!
Alto—It's the style of last spring.
Basso—Hush, hush.
Tenor—Tush, tush!
Soprano—O very well, then I'll resign
 If her hat is as nice as mine.
Alto—Alas, I grieve to see you go—
 But my hat was the highest, though.
Quartet—Now all is joy; now all is peace!
 Ring out ye bells and glad the air!
Alto—Such hats as yours are five apiece!
Soprano—It's no such thing at all. So there!
Basso—Hush, hush.
Tenor—Tush, tush.
Quartet—And now let stillness soothe the air
 While silver bells in gladness ring;
 Our hearts are free from hate or care—
Soprano and Alto—I think you are a hateful thing!
Quartet—(Crescendo)
 As it was in the beginning,
 Is now and ever shall be,
 World without end!
 —Life

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



You and I

by **GEORGE RUSSELL (AE)**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 6, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 14

You and I have found the secret way,
None can bar our love or say it nay;
All the world may stare and never know,
You and I are twined together so.

You and I, for all his vaunted width,
Know the giant Space is just a myth,
Over miles and miles of pure deceit
You and I have found our lips can meet.

You and I have laughed the leagues apart
In the soft delight of heart to heart,
If there's a gulf to meet or limit set,
You and I have never found it yet.

You and I have found the joy had birth
In the angel childhood of the earth
Hid within the heart of man and maid,
You and I of time are not afraid.

George Russell (AE) (1867–1935). Irish poet, painter, and mystic who wrote under the pseudonym 'Æ,' a central figure of the Irish Literary Revival alongside Yeats and an editor and agricultural reformer.

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[Verse filler: darned with silk]

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 6, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 14

ANONYMOUS

She always darned her hose with silk—
The holes were quite extensive—
The price of silk was very high;
Which made them darned expensive.
—Grand Rapids Herald.

Anonymous (Grand Rapids Herald) Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

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Untitled ("How doth the little grizzly bear")

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 13, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 15

ANONYMOUS

How doth the little grizzly bear
Shudder at his own shadow,
For, soothly, these be parlous times
Out there in Colorado.

New York Mail

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Untitled ("He used to think her 'long and lean'")

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 13, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 15

ANONYMOUS

He used to think her "long and lean,"
But, though she has not changed at all,
Since they're engaged he hath not seen
A creature "so divinely tall."

Philadelphia Press

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Breaking in Pegasus

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 13, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 15

ANONYMOUS

[President Roosevelt will shortly publish a volume of poems
translated from the Gaelic.]

Say, Pegasus, you must confess
You've met your match at last;
Oh festive hoss, I rather guess
Your buckin' days are past.

Though many on your back have been
Completely at a loss,
When Roosevelt came upon the scene
He showed you who was boss.

He kept the coolest sort of head
In that unequal strife,
For like Bellerophon he's led
A pretty strenuous life.

Up, then, step lively if you can,
And show you've mettle still;
Parnassian slopes won't scare the man
Who charged up San Juan Hill.

The Tatler

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



When Little Bo Peep

by **STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 20, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 16

When Little Bo Peep
Has lost her sheep,
Wall Street is where to find 'em.
If she leaves 'em alone
They may come home,
But they'll leave their wool behind 'em.

Strickland W. Gillilan (1869–1954). American humorist, poet, and lecturer, remembered for the comic verse 'Finnigin to Flannigan' and the couplet 'The Reading Mother' ('Richer than I you can never be—').

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Memorial Day

by **JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 3, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 18

Draw aside the drapery of gloom,
And let the sunshine chase the clouds away
And gild with brighter glory every tomb
We decorate today:

And in the holy silence reigning round,
While prayers of perfume bless the atmosphere,
Where loyal souls of love and faith are found,
Thank God that peace is here!

And let each angry impulse that may start,
Be smothered out of every loyal breast;
And, rocked within the cradle of the heart,
Let every sorrow rest.

James Whitcomb Riley (1849–1916). American poet from Indiana, the 'Hoosier Poet,' hugely popular for dialect verse such as 'Little Orphant Annie' and 'The Raggedy Man,' celebrating rural Midwestern childhood.

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Jessie Bartlett Davis (In Memoriam)

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 3, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 18

ANONYMOUS

The Choir Invisible shall gain
A voice so wondrous sweet and rare
That it must feel it had been fain
Long time to have that sweetness there.

O voice now stilled in hush of death,
The earthly choir remembers thee,
As ling'ring Memory whispereth
The cadence of "O Promise Me!"
--New York Mail.

Anonymous (New York Mail)

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Peace

by **A. C. BENSON**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 10, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 19

Not here nor there is peace to be achieved,
The mind must change, and not the earthly scene;
And how shall he who once hath truly grieved
Gain hope and strength to be secure, serene?

Not by forgetting shall such rest be earned,
Nor with closed eyes that dare not see the light,
But facing loss and death, and having learned
What hope remains, what heritage of might—
Then on the fearful heart dawns the unhopd-for light.

And not in youth can this be inly seen,
Not till the years have dimmed the dinted shield;
Not till the stern thought of what might have been
Hath pierced the spirit, and the wound is healed.

Youth dreams of love and conquest, generous dreams,
Nought is too high but he shall dare to climb;
Then, when in mid ascent the summit seems
More steep than Heaven itself, more old than Time,
Then dawns the light and makes the broken life sublime.

A. C. Benson (1862–1925). English essayist, poet, and academic, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge. He wrote the words to 'Land of Hope and Glory' and many popular volumes of reflective essays.

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Vacation Time

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 24, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 21

ANONYMOUS

Hey for the out-of-town summer resort!
Hey for the place where the lucky disport!
Hey for the mountain and hey for the lake!
Hey for the earwig, the ant, and the snake!
Hey for the beds that are lumpy and rough!
Hey for the beefsteak so horribly tough!
Hey for the 'skeeters, the chiggers, and flies!
Hey for the joys that the country supplies!

Think of the bliss that we shortly shall know!
Think of the blisters we'll get when we row!
Think of the blooms in the woodlands so gay!
Think of the hours we'll find in a day!
Think how at dawn rise the cackles and crows!
Think of the skin that will peel from our nose!
Think of all this while beginning to pack!
Think how blamed glad we shall be to get back!

Sad is their lot who in town here must stay,
Getting their eggs and milk fresh each day,
Getting fresh fruits, also fresh garden sass,
Going to shows their dull hours to pass.
Blighted with bath-tubs, tormented with ice,
Cursed with all comforts not barred by the price.
It is sad to reflect that they're missing the sport
That we lucky ones get at the summer resort.

Chicago News

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



The Best Hour

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 15, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 24

ANONYMOUS

"Get down on the floor here, daddy,
Get down on the floor and play."
And that is the song my baby
Sings to me at close of day.
"Get down on the floor and tumble,
Get down with me, daddy, do;
Get down on the floor now, daddy,
Me 'ants to sit down on you."

Then overboard goes the paper,
And down on the floor goes dad;
And onto him clammers baby,
And baby is more than glad;
And daddy's a horse and wagon,
Or daddy's a ship at sea.
And rolls with a little baby
As happy as she can be.

Yea, rolls with the babe and tumbles,
And grumbles, and haws, and gees,
And always a dimpled baby
With rounded and dimpled knees
Sits perched aloft unfearing,
And laughing with childish glee
As the daddy ship goes tossing
And tumbling across the sea.

Oh, good is the hour of gloaming,
When labor is put aside
And daddy becomes a horsey
A wee little girl may ride:
Or daddy becomes a plunging
Big ship on the stormy seas,
And is guided and captained onward
By a baby with dimpled knees.

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[I drove a golf-ball in the air]

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 15, 1905 · VOL. XXII, NO. 24

ANONYMOUS

I drove a golf-ball in the air,
It fell to earth—I know not where:
To lose that ball I was so loth
I breathed a fervent, ample oath.

A caddie found the ball I lost—
I bought it back for half its cost;
As for my oath, it made a hit:
My friends are now all using it.

Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

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The longest day in June

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 22, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 1

ANONYMOUS

The longest day in June, they say—
The shortest in December.
They did not come to me that way;
The shortest I remember,
You came and spent the day with me
And filled my heart with laughter.
The longest day? You went away—
It was the next day after.

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The Eternal Prospect

by **HANDLEY DUNELM**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 22, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 1

And dost thou shrink, in prospect of that clime
Where immortality takes place of time,
Asking thy doubtful spirit oft, in pain,
How her frail vessel shall such weight sustain,
Where aeons out of aeons rise unroll'd
In volume all unmeasur'd and untold?
There soon (as soon shall time be understood)
To cease to be will seem the perfect good;
To crumble into rest; to let the soul
Loose from within, to mingle with the whole;
Poor prostrate Atlas buried, to be free,
Beneath the orb of his eternity.

Nay, dreamer, cast away such views forlorn;
Thou shalt not be a bearer there, but borne.
Not from thyself the life-springs shall ascend
Which no beginning knew and fear no end;
God in thy all shall there be all at length;
Thy strength shall rest for ever on His strength.
Who asks the boat the upheaving tide to fill?
Who asks the flower to prop its native hill?
Do wheeling eagles for the skies take care
Or with their wings create the ambient air?
For that long morrow think no thought beside
This thought, that He shall then Himself provide;
He, mother-like, shall fold thee to His kiss,
And feed, and bear thee on in timeless bliss.

Handley Dunelm (1841–1920). The episcopal signature of Handley Carr Glyn Moule, Anglican Bishop of Durham (1901–1920), evangelical theologian, hymn-writer, and poet. Bishops of Durham sign with the see-name 'Dunelm.'

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The Island of St. Nicholas

by **HAZEL PATTERSON**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 29, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 2

Afar, where the light in the west is repining,
Away where the gull flies at night to her nest,
In the lap of the sea is an island reclining,
And courting each last golden ray as its quest.

On the sunset horizon an island Elysian,
Like the blue of a sapphire in gold of the sky,
Watching eastward and westward with infinite vision,
Sees the night that is born and the day that must die.

The limitless water inrolling, backswelling,
Bubbles and foams in its quartz-ribboned caves,
Purple with shadows, and back to my dwelling,
Comes with a message of peace in its waves.

If the sapphire would dull into brown upon nearing,
If the hush in the roar of the waves would be gone,
Let us stay in the distance and cling without fearing
To the peace of our dreams—let us stay and dream on.

Hazel Patterson. A poet published in The Graphic; little else about her is recorded.

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A Wee Little Home

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 29, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 2

ANONYMOUS

A wee little home when the day is done,
A wee little wife to greet me,
Some wee little feet that pattering, run
As far as the gate to meet me;
A wee little corner with peace to spare,
As the day sinks down to its even',
A wee little nook with a cozy chair—
And this is a good enough heaven.
And the world may rush or the world may stop,
Go mad in its long endeavor
To gather the baubles it soon must drop—
But I am at peace forever.

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Oh, the Rift

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 29, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 2

ANONYMOUS

Oh, the rift
In the cloud
And the rift
In the lute
Can't compare
With the rift
In the swift
Bathing suit.

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A Mother's Soliloquy

by **CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 5, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 3

You soft, pink, moving thing!
Young limbs that crave
Motion as free as zephyr-lifted wave;
Uneasy with the push of unlearned powers!
Exploring slowly through half-conscious hours;
With what rich new surprise and joy you feel
Your own will move yourself from head to heel!
So, let me swaddle you in bandage tight,
Dress you in wide, confining folds of white,
Cover you warmly, hold you close, and so
A mother's instinct-guided love I'll show!

Mysterious little frame!
Each organ new
And learning swiftly what it has to do!
Thy life's bright stream—as yet so newly thine—
Refreshed by heaven's sunlit air divine;
With what delight you breathe in rosy ease
The strengthening, restful, blossom-scented breeze!
So, let me wrap you in a blanket shawl,
And veil your face in woolen, when at all
You meet the air. Here in my arms is best
The curtained bedroom where your elders rest;
So shall I guard you from draught, and so
A mother's instinct-guided love I'll show.

Young earnest mind at work!
Each sense attends
To teach you life's approaching foes and friends;
Eye, ear, nose, tongue, and ever ready hand,
Eager to help you learn and understand
What floods of happiness the day insures,
While each new knowledge is becoming yours!
So, let me firmly take away from you
The things you so persistently would view;
And when you stretch the hand that tells so much,
Rap your soft knuckles and exclaim, "Don't touch!"
I'll tell you what you ought to learn, and so,
A mother's instinct-guided love I'll show.

An ordinary child at best,
So neighbors tell;
Not very large and strong, not very well;
A victim to the measles and the croup,

Fevers that flush and chill, and coughs that whoop;
To unknown naughtiness and well-known pain,
No racial progress here—no special gain!
But I, your mother, see with other eyes;
I hold you second to none under skies,
This estimate, unbased on any fact,
Shall teach you how to feel and how to act,
Shall make you wise, and true, and strong, and so,
A mother's instinct-guided love I'll show.

*Charlotte Perkins Gilman (1860–1935). American feminist writer, lecturer, and social reformer, best known for the story 'The Yellow Wall-Paper' (1892) and the treatise *Women and Economics* (1898). She spent formative years in California, in Pasadena and Oakland, where much of her early writing and activism took shape.*

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Mother to Child

by **CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 5, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 3

How best can I serve thee, my child! my child!
Flesh of my flesh and dear heart of my heart!
Once thou wast within me—I held thee—I fed thee—
By the force of my loving and longing I led thee—
Now we are apart!

I may blind thee with kisses and crush with embracing,
Thy warm mouth in my neck and our arms interlacing;
But here in my body my soul lives alone,
And thou answerest me from a house of thine own,—
That house which I builded!

Which we builded together, thy father and I;
In which thou must live, O my darling, and die;
Not one stone can I alter, one atom relay,—
Not to save or defend thee or help thee to stay—
That gift is completed!

How best can I serve thee? O child, if they knew
How my heart aches with loving! How deep and how true,
How brave and enduring, how patient, how strong,
How longing for good and how fearful of wrong,
Is the love of thy mother!

Could I crown thee with riches! Surround, overflow thee
With fame and with power till the whole world should know thee;
With wisdom and genius to hold the world still,
To bring laughter and tears, joy and pain, at thy will.
Still—thou mightst not be happy!

Such have lived—and in sorrow. The greater the mind,
The wider and deeper the grief it can find,
The richer, the gladder, the more thou canst feel
The keen things that a lifetime is sure to reveal.
O my child! must thou suffer?

Is there no way my life can save thine from a pain?
Is the love of a mother no possible gain?
No labor of Hercules—search for the Grail—
No way for this wonderful love to avail?
God in Heaven—O teach me!

My prayer has been answered. The pain thou must bear

Is the pain of the world's life which thy life must share,
Thou art one with the world—though I love thee the best;
And to save thee from pain I must save all the rest.—
Well—with God's help I'll do it!

Thou art one with the rest, I must love thee in them.
Thou wilt sin with the rest; and thy mother must stem
The world's sin. Thou wilt weep; and thy mother must dry
The tears of the world lest her darling should cry,
I will do it—God helping!

And I stand not alone, I will gather a band
Of all loving mothers from land unto land,
Our children are part of the world! do ye hear?
They are one with the world—we must hold them all dear!
Love all for the child's sake!

For the sake of my child I must hasten to save
All the children on earth from the jail and the grave,
For so, and so only, I lighten the share
Of the pain of the world that my darling must bear—
Even so, and so only!

*Charlotte Perkins Gilman (1860–1935). American feminist writer, lecturer, and social reformer, best known for the story 'The Yellow Wall-Paper' (1892) and the treatise *Women and Economics* (1898). She spent formative years in California, in Pasadena and Oakland, where much of her early writing and activism took shape.*

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Automobilia of Punbad, the Railer

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 12, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 4

ANONYMOUS

Judge not an auto by its smell; all comparisons are odorous.
A tack in the tire is as a thorn in the flesh; both are tiresome.
It is a short ride that hath no mending.
All does not go that glitters.
An auto is not without odor save in its own front seat.
Say not, "We shall return at five"; ye may return at sixes and
sevens.
Oils well that ends well.
Approach railroads warily, lest they lead thee to heaven.
Though thou swear by thine auto seven times, the eighth thou
wilt swear at it: that is Kismet.
The horse goeth not ten parasangs an hour, neither doth he
explode.
To speed is human; to be caught is—fine!
—The Century.

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Science Baffled

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 19, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 5

ANONYMOUS

I've been to the Arctic with Peary,
I've sailed o'er the Southern seas,
I've fought off mosquitoes in Jersey
And in Florida battled with fleas.
With Fremont I crossed o'er the Rockies,
At Manila with Dewey I fought.
In conjunction with Schiaparelli
To commune with fair Mars I have sought.
But all theories, thoughts and inventions
Dispel, as a new coming scheme
(Yet in embryo) enters my fancy,
And I hope 'tis no midsummer's dream.
It's to find some wonderful genius,
Somewhere in old Manhattan town,
Who can tell me in this roasting weather
How to keep a man's undershirt down.
—*New York Sun*.

Anon. (New York Sun)

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The New Version

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 19, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 5

ANONYMOUS

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was slightly soiled;
It followed her to Washington
And she got the darned beast
Whitewashed!
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Anon. (St. Louis Globe-Democrat)

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Behind the Bars

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 19, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 5

ANONYMOUS

He once was making money,
Much more than he could use.
Detectives caught him at it
And now he's making shoes.
—Ex.

Anon. (Ex.)

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The Chaperon Speaks

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 19, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 5

ANONYMOUS

Very limp and damp my gown and the sun is beating down
And my hat's askew above my blistered face,
But at least it's consolation and a bit of compensation
To know my lambs are gathered in one place.
For Dolly, Amaryllis, and the most imprudent Phyllis
Are seldom found together in one spot,
And the only relaxation in a chaperon's vacation
Is to get them all together on a yacht.

Hence I sit here glad, though paling, for I never cared for sailing
And I always had a horror of the sea,
But at least the satisfaction of a little forced inaction
Is a thing to be accepted thankfully.
And Dolly, Amaryllis, and the most imprudent Phyllis
For once they bear my glance and murmur not,
And content is o'er me stealing (though I'm sure my nose is
peeling)
For I know they can't escape me on a yacht.

Theodosia Garrison (in Life)

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Maritime Melodies

by **EUGENE FIELD**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 19, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 5

Swing high and swing low while the breezes they blow,
It's off for a sailor thy father would go;
And it's here in the harbor in sight of the sea
He hath left his wee babe with my song and with me;
Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow.

Swing high and swing low while the breezes they blow!
It's oh for the waiting as weary days go!
And it's oh for the heartache that smiteth me when
I sing my song over and over again;
"Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow!"

"Swing high and swing low," the sea singeth so,
And it waileth anon in its ebb and its flow;
And a sleeper sleeps on to that song of the sea;
Nor recketh he ever of mine or of me!
"Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow,
'Twas off for a sailor thy father would go."

Eugene Field (1850–1895). American writer and journalist known as 'the poet of childhood' for sentimental verse such as 'Wynken, Blynken, and Nod' and 'Little Boy Blue.' A popular Chicago newspaper columnist, he also wrote humorous and bibliophilic prose before his early death in 1895. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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Recipe for Social Success

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 26, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 6

ANONYMOUS

A few smart frocks,
A lot of cash,
Good hands at bridge,
A little dash,
Une cause célèbre,
A motor car,
A whitewash brush,
And there you are.

Madame

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



Never Mind the Lady

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 26, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 6

ANONYMOUS

If you chance to upset your canoe,
Turn it over, and paddle astride;
Though, of course, if the lady's inside,
She will probably miss all the view.

Life

↑ INDEX OF AUTHORS



From the Cynic

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 26, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 6

ANONYMOUS

Three women may a secret keep
If, as it has been said,
There's one of the lot has heard it not
And the other two are dead.

Saturday Evening Post

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(untitled epigraph)

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 2, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 7

ANONYMOUS

"When do I love you best, sweet books of mine?
In strenuous morns, when o'er your leaves I pore,
Austerely bent to win austerest love,
Forgetting how the dewy meadows shine;
Or afternoons, when honeysuckles twine
About the seat, and to some dreamy shore
Of old Romance, where lovers evermore
Keep blissful hours, I follow at your sign?

"Yea! ye are precious then, but most to me
Ere lamplight dawneth, when low croons the fire
To whispering twilight in my little room,
And eyes read not, but silently
I feel your great hearts throbbing deep in quire,
And hear you breathing round me in the gloom."

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You and I

by A. G. B.

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 9, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 8

When first we wandered, you and I,
Oh! you and I, o'er fell and field,
There seemed a contest—Earth and sky,
Which should the greater glory yield?

Earth showed so fair, her thousand things
Of beauty born, of loveliest hue:
While little clouds, like angel-wings,
Came flitting o'er the boundless blue.

Then, as we gazed, the Picture moved
Toward us; and the perfect grew
To yet more perfect; and it loved,
The Picture loved us, me and you.

Now all is altered; faded, dim,
The carmine tints are turned to grey;
While winter, like a gaoler grim,
With iron hand shuts in the day.

Yet still we wander, you and I,
With spirits free, not winter-bound;
To us the sun is still on high,
And garlands blossom underground.

Earth is but sleeping; all is there,
Her fruit, her flowers, in long array;
Her robe of state, and jewels rare,
To wait her coronation-day.

For suns may rise, and suns may set,
And summer-leaves lie tempest-strown;
But you and I can ne'er forget
The glories we have loved and known.

A. G. B.. The source identifies the writer only by these initials; no secure biographical identification has yet been established.

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The Song I Never Sing

by **JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 23, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 10

"As when in dreams I sometimes hear
A melody so faint and fine
And musically sweet and clear
It flavors all the atmosphere
With harmony divine,
So, often in my waking dreams
I hear a melody that seems
Like angel voices, whispering
To me the song I never sing."

James Whitcomb Riley (1849–1916). American poet from Indiana, the 'Hoosier Poet,' hugely popular for dialect verse such as 'Little Orphant Annie' and 'The Raggedy Man,' celebrating rural Midwestern childhood.

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(Away)

by **JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 23, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 10

Passing by "The Old Swimmin' Hole," "Old Aunt Mary's," "When the frost is on the pumpkin' and the corn is in the shock," and others of the homely pastorals that tug gently at the heart strings, there are poems of Riley's that strike a higher note:

"I cannot say and I will not say
That he is dead—he is just away!

"With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

"And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be since he lingers there."

James Whitcomb Riley (1849–1916). American poet from Indiana, the 'Hoosier Poet,' hugely popular for dialect verse such as 'Little Orphant Annie' and 'The Raggedy Man,' celebrating rural Midwestern childhood.

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(untitled fragment)

by **MISS CARY**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 23, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 10

Miss Cary voiced a similar thought when she wrote:

"That golden head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea."

Miss Cary. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Just Be Glad

by **JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 23, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 10

Getting back to Riley there is his "Just be Glad," of which the following are the first and last verses:

"Oh, heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we have missed of calm we couldn't have,
You know.
What we met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain
We can better meet again
If it blow.

"For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad."

James Whitcomb Riley (1849–1916). American poet from Indiana, the 'Hoosier Poet,' hugely popular for dialect verse such as 'Little Orphant Annie' and 'The Raggedy Man,' celebrating rural Midwestern childhood.

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Knee-deep in June

by **JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 23, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 10

"Knee-deep in June" in a different vein:

"Tell you what I like the best—
Long about knee-deep in June,
Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vines—some afternoon
Like to 'jes git out and rest,
And not work at nothing else."

James Whitcomb Riley (1849–1916). American poet from Indiana, the 'Hoosier Poet,' hugely popular for dialect verse such as 'Little Orphant Annie' and 'The Raggedy Man,' celebrating rural Midwestern childhood.

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Desperation

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 23, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 10

ANONYMOUS

There ain't no nothing no more
And nothing ain't no use to me;
In vain I pace the lonely shore,
For I have saw the last of thee,
I seen a ship upon the deep,
"I haven't did a thing but weep
Since thou hast went!"
And signalled this here fond lament:

New York Globe

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Fate

by **MISS SPAULDING**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 23, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 10

In reviewing the Belasco production of Edward Milton Royle's play "Friends," the theatre column noted that Juliet Crosby's reading of Miss Spaulding's pretty poem "Fate" "has such intrinsic value that I append it:"

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side that, should one turn
Ever so little space to right or left,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied—and that is Fate!

Miss Spaulding. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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The Song of McAleer

by **ELWYN HOFFMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 30, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 11

Behold me—I am McAleer
And I have read my title clear
To rule the roost and boss the show
And make the whole creation go.
My judgment may amount to nil,
My justice may be nix, but still
I'm McAleer, and that is quite
Enough to make my follies right.

If I could hold the Council down
I'd be the king-pin of the town;
But somehow, 'spite of all my toil,
My every little scheme they spoil.
Each man of them, (it makes me blink,)
Insists that he's a right to think.
A right to think! It brings my tears—
That right is only McAleer's!

Why can't they knuckle down and say:
"Sweet McAleer, just have your way;
We and the People are but fools,
You, you alone, the city rules.
You are so wise, so high and pure
Naught but your judgment should endure;
We are but dunces to be steered—
O let us all be McAleered!"

Elwyn Hoffman. Elwyn Irving Hoffman, a California writer, poet, and journalist of the early twentieth century, a correspondent of Jack and Charmian London. Little else is firmly recorded.

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Limerick — There was a young fellow named Neal

by **A YOUNG MAID OF ALHAMBRA**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 30, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 11

More Limericks not entered in the Express's competition this week are: Certainly the Express has stirred a muse that were better, perhaps, to leave alone. However, the following lines which were written by a young maid of Alhambra are as good as any of the Express prize-winners and deserve the test of cold type:

There was a young fellow named Neal
Who met with an automobile
Said the chauffeur, How mean!
To spoil my machine
As he wiped the remains off the wheel.

A young maid of Alhambra. The source prints this descriptive name or apparent pseudonym; no secure identification of the writer has yet been established.

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Crankidoxology (Being a Mental Attitude from Bernard Pshaw)

by **WALLACE IRWIN**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 7, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 12

It's wrong to be thoroughly human,
It's stupid alone to be good,
And why should the "virtuous" woman
Continue to do as she should?
(It's stupid to do as you should!)

For I'd rather be famous than pleasant,
I'd rather be rude than polite;
It's easy to sneer
When you're witty and queer,
And I'd rather be Clever than Right.

I'm bored by mere Shakespeare and Milton,
Though Hubbard compels me to rave;
If I should lay laurels to wilt on
That foggy Shakespearean grave,
How William would squirm in his grave!

For I'd rather be Pshaw than be Shakespeare,
I'd rather be candid than wise;
And the way I amuse
Is to roundly abuse
The Public I feign to despise.

I'm a Socialist, loving my brother
In quite an original way,
With my maxim, "Detest One Another"—
Though, faith, I don't mean what I say.
(It's beastly to mean what you say!)

For I'm fonder of talk than of Husbands,
And I'm fonder of fads than of Wives,
So I say unto you
If you don't as you do
You will do as you don't all your lives.

My "Candida's" ruddy as coral
With thoughts quite too awfully plain—
If folks would just call me Immoral
I'd feel that I'd lived not in vain.

(It's nasty, this living in vain!)

For I'd rather be Martyred than Married,
I'd rather be tempted than tamed,
And if I had my way
(At least, so I say)
All Babes would be labeled "Unclaimed."

I'm an epigrammatical Moses,
Whose humorous tablets of stone
Condemn affectations and poses—
Excepting a few of my own.
(I dote on a few of my own.)

For my method of booming the market
When Managers ask for a play
Is to say on a bluff,
"I'm so fond of my stuff
That I don't want it acted—go 'way!'"

I'm the club-ladies' Topic of Topics
Where solemn discussions are spent
In struggles as hot as the tropics,
Attempting to find what I meant.
(I Never Can Tell what I Meant!)

For it's fun to make bosh of the Gospel,
And it's sport to make gospel of Bosh,
While divorcees hurrah
For the Sayings of Pshaw
And his sub-psychological Josh.
—Collier's.

Wallace Irwin (1875–1959). American humorist, poet, and novelist who began his career in San Francisco, editing the Overland Monthly and writing comic verse. Best known for his 'Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy.'

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Hot Weather Lore

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 7, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 12

ANONYMOUS

Papers I find now are flooded
Daily with precept and rule,
And I have carefully studied
How to keep perfectly cool.

Notes I have read upon feeding,
I have surrendered my meat,
Yet I discover I'm needing
Something substantial to eat.

Drinks are extremely restricted.
Alcohol's totally barred,
Ice is by all interdicted —
Isn't it awfully hard?

Dress, though it's all I desire, is
Fruitful of trouble I find;
I am put back for inquiries
Into the state of my mind.

The Tatler

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The Fallen Idol

by **STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 7, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 12

(Brought out by D. W. Fieldwin's dissertation on the naughtiness of the Ladies' Home Journal in Sept. 23 issue of the Graphic.)

I have had some disillusionments that left me rather cold;
 I have found that all that glitters isn't 18-karat gold.
 I have learned that some complexions closely mimicking the
 peach
 May be found at any drug store at a price the poor can reach.
 I have found that office-seekers do not always tell the truth,
 And that chorus-maidens giddy are not all in freshest youth.
 Still another cherished idol I have found with feet of clay—
 They are printing naughty stories in the
 Ell
 Aich
 Jay!

Just to think! It is the paper run by Mistress Edna Bok,
 Whose disciples must be leaving by the bevy and the flock.
 'Tis the sheet for which Ruth Ashmore wrote her sidling talks
 with girls,
 And advised them how much quince-juice would preserve their
 pretty curls.
 'Tis the sheet of prunes and prisms, 'tis the organ of the prude,
 And you never would suspect it of a yarn risqué or rude.
 But they've got Town Topics faded in the most undoubted way—
 They are printing shady stories in the
 Ell
 Aich
 Jay!

Strickland W. Gillilan (1869–1954). American humorist, poet, and lecturer, remembered for the comic verse 'Finnigin to Flannigan' and the couplet 'The Reading Mother' ('Richer than I you can never be—').

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[Untitled quatrain]

by **HENRY VAN DYKE**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 7, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 12

Who seeks for Heaven alone to save his soul
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal,
While he who walks in love may wander far
Yet God will bring him where the blessed are.

Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

Henry van Dyke (1852–1933). American author, Presbyterian clergyman, and Princeton professor, known for the Christmas story 'The Other Wise Man' and the hymn 'Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee.' He later served as U.S. minister to the Netherlands.

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The American Flag (quoted as "Flag of the Free")

by **JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 14, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 13

Forever float that standard sheet
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us.

Joseph Rodman Drake (1795–1820). American Romantic poet of New York who died of tuberculosis at twenty-five, known for the fairy poem 'The Culprit Fay' and the patriotic 'The American Flag.' The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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Richard II (quoted by Mayor M. P. Snyder)

by **WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 14, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 13

*Was he thinking of the Times as the "Standard Sheet", and dreaming
of the sweet hour when all his foes would fall before him? Mayor M.
P. Snyder offers this delicate testimonial to his shrinking
sensitiveness to public criticism:*

The purest treasure mortal lives afford
Is spotless reputation; that away
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

*William Shakespeare (1564–1616). English playwright and poet, widely
regarded as the greatest writer in the English language, author of some 38 plays
and 154 sonnets, from 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear' to the comedies and histories.
The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.*

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The Puppets

by **EDITH JAMISON LOWE**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 21, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 14

If man had not a soul, this world below
And all its wonders were a mockery,
Our smiles and tears the ruthless cruelty
Of some vain thing that put us here to go
Forever through an endless puppet show.
The noble lives, high deeds we daily see,
The toil for learning and best life would be
But fools' futility; t'were best to go
Through fleeting years with laughter and with song
On wanton lips; to eat and drink nor give
One thought to aught but pleasure our life long—
How best to grasp gold things while yet we live.
Ah, life were bitter with dark death its goal,
A senseless thing, if man had not a soul.

Edith Jamison Lowe. A Los Angeles poet and clubwoman whose poems, sonnets, and satirical occasional verse appeared repeatedly in The Graphic. The surviving journal establishes a substantial local body of work, though reliable biographical dates have not yet been located.

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The Summer Girl

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 28, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 15

ANONYMOUS

I met her by the sandy shore,
I set her pretty head awhirl,
For I had flirted oft before,
Not so, I thought, my summer girl.

I sat with her upon the sand
And charmingly she smiled on me,
And once or twice I pressed her hand
When there was nobody to see.

And when at last the parting came
I thought her tears began to flow,
And feeling I had been to blame,
Rather rashly told her so.

"Yet now your love will make me blest,"
I said, and paused for her reply,
"Oh come," said she, "I did but jest;
You're just the fifth since last July."

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Naughty, Naughty (first stanza)

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 4, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

She said that she couldn't climb fences,
But that was a city girl's yarn;
When she met the old cow she just hollered "Wow!"
And they found her astride of the barn.

Houston Post

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Naughty, Naughty (reply)

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 4, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

Astride of a barn? Now what was her plan?
We can't form the slightest conjecture.
We wish you'd enlighten us, please, if you can,
On the style of that girl's architecture.

Milwaukee Sentinel

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Naughty, Naughty (reply)

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 4, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

Hold your horses, you fellows may hit the wrong trail,
Just welting at one solar plexus;
Cut out the question of that young female—
What's the size of the barns down in Texas?

New York Telegram

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Variable Adverbs (verse filler)

by **S-M T. CL-V-R (PARODY)**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 11, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 17

To use the adverb with discretion
Denotes the scholar and the gent,
Sure mark it is of erudition
To write your English as it's meant.

S-m T. Cl-v-r (parody). The source prints this descriptive name or apparent pseudonym; no secure identification of the writer has yet been established.

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An Auto Lullaby

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 2, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 20

ANONYMOUS

"Hush-a-by baby, let sleep softly steal,
Mother is driving her automobile,
 Sleep as the autocar jiggles and joggles,
 Baby is wearing her cute little goggles,
Wrapped in her little warm, pretty warm rug,
List to the autocar: "Chug-a-chug, chug."
 Sleep, pretty babykins,
 Wrapped in a rug,
Dear little babykins,
 Snug as a bug,
Hush, deary babykins,
 Chug-a-chug, chug.

"Hush, little baby, and rest in the car,
Mother is driving her auto afar,
 Over the roadways like birds we are flying,
 Swift as the winds, and with winds we are vieing,
Nothing can harm us and nothing molest,
Drive we away to the country of rest.
 Sleep, pretty babykins
 Wrapped in a rug,
Dear little babykins,
 Snug as a bug,
Hush, deary babykins,
 Chug-a-chug, chug.

"Hark, little baby, we swim like a breeze
Under the branches of sheltering trees,
 Over the turnpikes and over the prairies,
 Floating along like fleet-footed fairies,
Up on the hill-top, and then we rush down
Far from the rush and the roar of the town.
 Sleep, pretty babykins,
 Wrapped in a rug,
Dear little babykins
 Snug as a bug.
Hush, deary babykins
 Chug-a-chug, chug."

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The Mushroom Gatherer

by **WILFRID WILSON GIBSON**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 2, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 20

We rose an hour before the blink of day,
And with brown osier baskets took our way
O'er pastureland and paddock, glinting grey
With twilit dews that plashed about our feet.
Before me through the fleecy mist she went,
And ever and anon her body bent
To gather milk-white mushrooms, dew-besprent,
That huddled close to wait the noonday heat.
She plucked the brittle domes with fingers deft,
And tenderly the nestling buttons reft
From their green, cosy beds; and right and left
She strayed to glean the meadows' snowy spoil.
By drowsy sheep and dewy-breathing beast
She moved; nor from her aching labour ceased
Till dawn's pale glory shivered up the East,
When, laden with the harvest of her toil.
Her brown hands resting on her lissom hips
She stood a moment, where the meadow dips,
Breathing the dawn with silent, parted lips
That with their dewy drinking glowed more red.
As o'er the bleak wold's edge the young sun leapt
And waked a world that hapt in vapour slept,
Into the dawn with eager foot she stepped,
Her basket poised upon her lifted head.
And as she homeward went my heart kept pace
With her; and never more, in any place,
Since I have seen the dawnlight on her face,
Shall her heart lack my heart's companioning.
For us, while bright against the dusky wood,
With morn-flushed brow and kindling hair she stood,
God made the day and saw that it was good;
And love first taught the labouring heart to sing.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (1878-1962). English poet associated with the Georgian movement and the Dymock Poets, and a friend of Rupert Brooke. He wrote accessible verse about the hardships of ordinary working people and, later, the First World War, achieving wide popularity in the early twentieth century.

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Integer Vitae

by **ARTHUR MUNBY**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 16, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 22

Left to himself, the laggard lingers long:
He soothes his life with somnolence or song
Or anything that helps him to forget;
He will not do the deed—not yet, not yet!

But, if an impulse come, a new wave sweep
Across the sordid shallows of his sleep,
Fulfilling him with desperate desire,
Then, he o'erflows; his ignominious ire

Foams into action, and with froth and fume
He hurries to the irrevocable doom
That shall make known his honor or his shame
And give him all he cares to have—a name.

Not so the man who labors in his lot
With strenuous endeavor, thinking not
Of name or fame or fortune, toward some goal
Meet for a manly and a resolute soul.

Because it is not selfish: him, no fears
Of men's disdain or women's wily tears
Can sever from his seeking of the right,
Though it be far, though it be out of sight.

Found or not found, he knows the goal is there—
Firm in its place, accessible and fair:
He may not reach it, but his faithful feet
At least have made a path for others to complete.

Arthur Munby (1828–1910). English poet, civil servant, and diarist, remembered chiefly for his extensive diaries documenting Victorian working women and for his secret marriage to a servant, Hannah Cullwick.

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Risky and Frisky Trips

by **ADRIAN ROSS**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 16, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 22

[Without reference to "Vivian's Papa's".]

When ribald authors pen a play
That jests at things unfit,
The people laugh and go away,
Remembering but the wit.
All this is very wrong, I know,
But still, it happens to be so.

When well intentioned men have tried
On vices to dissert,
The people let the purpose slide
And only keep the dirt.
That this is right no voice avers,
But almost always it occurs.

Adrian Ross (1859–1933). Pen name of Arthur Reed Ropes, English lyricist and academic who wrote the words for dozens of Edwardian musical comedies and the English lyrics for 'The Merry Widow.' Same man as 'A. R. Ropes.'

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Spirit of Beauty

by **ARTHUR DETMERS**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 27, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 4

I

O splendor of the far-off days
Forever gone!
Still through the darkened maze
Of years we wander on,
Haunted by visions of the elder time
When glory crowned the orient hills.
Then great Apollo laughed,
As the purple sea he quaffed,
And the nymphs by hidden rills
Leaped and danced,
And the silver arrows glanced
From the Huntress' bow sublime;
While from storied heights, far shining
With Olympian repose,
Human thought, God's thought divining,
In perfect temples rose,
O deathless splendor of the Attic prime!
Spirit of Beauty, free of old,
Eternal youth is thine! No prison-hold
Hath ever fast confined thee,
No earthly chain can bind thee.
Lo, thou wilt bring again the age of gold!

II

Slowly, slowly through the night,
Led by Death, the host moves on;
Endless tumult, toil and fight,
Hopeless yearning for the light,
Loss the prize in triumphs won,
Endless sleep when all is done
O the bitter waste and pain!
To Death only comes the gain.

Nay, not so, 'tis only seeming!
Even now behold the gleaming!
Even now thy garments trail,
Spirit, on the shrouded mountains!
From the everlasting fountains
Light is streaming o'er the vale.

III

By all the discords harsh of life
The music of the world is never hushed.

Upon the maddened strife
Of souls pain-scarred and crushed
The sweet, calm face of Nature smiles.
O beckoning hands,
O voices in the wilderness,
Ye heavenly bands
That cheer and bless,
Spirit of Beauty, near us yet,
Though we like aliens wandering in far lands,
(O'er wasted miles)
Thy loveliness too oft forget!

From age to age thy mountains call us,
Thy radiant dawns and sunset lights enthrall us,
Thy steadfast stars attend us,
Thy trees and flowers befriend us,
Thy mighty waters will not let us be,
Thy errant winds still set our spirits free!

VI
Not unto us, not unto us the praise,
O Spirit Guide!
Who from the waste of years dost raise
What shall abide.
Here amid the transitory
Sway and stress of man's estate;
In thy great name we dedicate
Our offering to thy glory!
May it lift the souls of men
Out of lethal marsh and fen
To that eternal height
Crowned with light,
Immune from time,
Where nearer God the soul may learn
The beauty and the joy sublime
For which man ne'er shall cease to yearn!

Arthur Detmers. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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To Old Baldy

by **WALTER M. PATRICK**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 3, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 5

Stern veteran! uplifting to the sky
Thy massive crags, thy buttressed peaks so high,
Thy barren slopes, where, like some spectral queen,
Grim Solitude sits brooding o'er the scene,
While over all, upon thy lordly brow
There rests a diadem of sparkling snow—
Know that I wonder what the thoughts may be
Thou'rt ever pondering inscrutably.
Men come and go, and empires rise and fall,
Unnumbered aeons glide beyond recall,
And still unshaken thou! Time leaves no trace
Upon thy stern, impassive, changeless face.

Walter M. Patrick. A poet published in The Graphic; little else about him is recorded.

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The Belle and the Bell

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 10, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 6

ANONYMOUS

[Bell-ringing is recommended as an exercise for athletic girls]
Once the church bells made me mad,
Reckless, and despairing,
Even set me—it is sad
To admit it—swearing.
Now listen to their song,
Such my iron nerve is;
And what's more I'll be along
To next Sunday's service.
What has wrought this sudden change
In my constitution?
What has made that passion strange
Why, 'twas Phyllis rang each chime;
Hence the quick correction.
What in others was a crime
Is in her perfection.

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Epigraph to "The Christian Idea"

by **BURT ESTES HOWARD**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 10, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 6

For Truth's worst foe is he who claims
To act as God's avenger,
And deems beyond his sentry-beat
The crystal walls in danger;
Who sets his trap for heresy
With verbal quirk and quibble,
And weeds the garden of the Lord
With Satan's borrowed dibble!

Burt Estes Howard (1863–1913). American clergyman and political-science professor who pastored churches in Los Angeles (First Presbyterian, later First Unitarian) before teaching at Stanford. He also wrote verse.

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Rule of Three

by **NORMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 17, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 7

Chorus.—

We're waiting patiently,
Nor making any fuss;
This sum in Rule of Three
Looks simple quite to us;
And yet, despite the fact
That he's an engineer,
A simple little sum in Rule of Three
Has stumped our McAleer.

Enter the Mayor. (Recitative.)

Kind people all and fellow-citizens, good morning,
It is my keen regret that I must give you warning
The problem has not yet been solved;
To give it up I'm now resolved.

Enter Mars. (All uncover and bow low.)

Ho! Ho! I say what's all this crowd and clatter?
Will some one tell me what's the matter?
Why at this time, are all these people here?
Perhaps you can inform me, Mr. McAleer?

The Mayor.

Great God of War, before Thee, I bow low,
And pray Thee listen to my tale of woe,
Three men it is my duty to select,
But when I name them, the Council all object;
'Tis nothing but a sum in Rule of Three,
This Board of Public Works, and yet you see
I cannot do this sum and satisfy
These Councilmen, no matter how I try.

[Enter "X." (Dressed in a long motley cloak, covered with
algebraic signs.)]

Here's one selection,
Made to Perfection;
There's never rejection
For good old "X."

Chorus.

"X" equals Perkins,
Perkins equals "X,"
No one else can equal him

Of either sex.

"X."

Long I've worked for Uncle Sam,
Measuring his land;
Uncle Sam has paid me, too,
With a liberal hand.
Many problems I have solved,
Problems made to vex;
But now I am in politics,
And stand for "X."

Chorus.

"X" equals Perkins, etc.

Enter Agricola Cacti.

Stand aside! Make room for me;
A-ha! whom have we here?
Otis, my bitterest enemy,
And his varlet, McAleer.

Mars.

Peace, peace, thou verbose spook!
Pray, cease these personalities.
We need advice, and look
For something better than banalities.

Agricola.

That's right, dear General,
For really, after all,
My heart is just as large
As yours is small.
So shake my hand, good General;
We'll get to work and see
If we two men can name three more
All satisfactory.

Enter Spirit of Sport. (Attired in jockey cap, baseball shirt,
football pants, golf stockings and running shoes; a boxing
glove on one hand and a chauffeur's gauntlet on the other.)
I am the Spirit of Sport, Ha! Ha!
And a genuine sportsman I,
For I know the game from A to Z,
And never let good go by, Tra La!
And never let good go by.
So tell me your troubles, gentlemen,
And I'll try to put you right;
Though, to see the old General shake hands with the spook
Is surely a wonderful sight, Ha! Ha!
Is surely a wonderful sight.

Mayor. (With mournful mien, walking center.)

There really is no more to say,
This matter can't be settled;
No matter now what names I choose,
The Council has me nettled.
(Breaks down and sobs. Orchestra plays "Auld Reekie Wha" very softly.)

Spirit of Sport. (Tripping lightly to center, where he executes several pirouettes, at the same time producing a patent collapsible dice box from his hip pocket.)

I have a bright idea,
Suppose we shake the dice,
And settle it right here.
(Kneels down and throws the dice out several times on the stage, then rising.)
No use, I've shaken twice
For each and ever name,
But "X" is now the only one
That's left in the game.

Enter Council. (All march slowly to center, while Sport trippingly and Mayor slowly make room for them.)

It is not necessary to tell us what to do.
Everything we do is right,
We think so, don't you?
No matter how the Mayor may work,
And three good men select,
Except for "X" we'll turn them down;
In fact, we'll just OBJECT.

Mars. (Striding to center and waving Council to one side.)

Silence, varlets, list to me,
One man is named, we need but three,
Only one thing's left to do,
I will name the other two.
(Council shout "No, No!" and run center, but the chorus hustle them off the stage. Then all group, with Mars center.)

Chorus.

Hurray, Hurrah for our mighty Mars!
The noble editor.
His breast is covered with medals and stars,
And, at home, he has hundreds more.
His pen is mightier than his sword,
For it reaches far and near;
He's a jolly old fire-eating son-of-a-gun;
Let's give him a hearty cheer.
(All cheer.)
(CURTAIN.)

Norman. A recurring verse contributor to The Graphic who signed only as "Norman," apparently a pen name or single-name signature. No secure identification has yet been established.

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Miner's Vision

by **NORMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 24, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 8

Shallow water, weeds and drift-wood
From Timm's point to Craw-fish bight,
Make full half San Pedro harbor
Useless as a burned-out light;

Useless too to try and dredge it,
Trying that has made it plain
That the tides and tireless currents
Swiftly fill it up again.

Comes then good Lieutenant Miner
With his brain and steady hand,
And he figures how to level
All these shallows with the land.

Good for you, Lieutenant Miner,
Sailors sing your praises loud,
Deep sea captains, harbor pilots
Name you, praise you and are proud.

Norman. A recurring verse contributor to The Graphic who signed only as "Norman," apparently a pen name or single-name signature. No secure identification has yet been established.

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Mr. Miner, ere you leave us

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 3, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 9

ANONYMOUS

Mr. Miner, ere you leave us,--
Really we're not making game,--
Answer, please, this question grievous,
How pronounce your lawyer's name?
Some say Dennis, some say Denny,
Some would make it rhyme with knee,
Tell us then, Lieutenant, truly
Is it Dennis or De-Nee?

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On the Death of a Noble Lady

by **HENRY NEWBOLT**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 3, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 9

Time, when thou shalt bring again
Pallas from the Trojan plain,
Portia from the Roman's hall,
Brynhild from the fiery wall,
Eleanor, whose fearless breath
Drew the venom'd fangs of Death,
And Philippa doubly brave
Or to conquer or to save--
When thou shalt on one bestow
All their grace and all their glow,
All their strength and all their state,
All their passion pure and great,
Some far age may honour then
Such another queen of men.

Henry Newbolt (1862–1938). English poet, novelist, and man of letters, famous for patriotic and naval ballads such as 'Vitai Lampada' and 'Drake's Drum.' Knighted in 1915, he became an establishment literary figure and wartime propagandist who embodied late-Victorian and Edwardian imperial sentiment.

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Editorial Mudlarkers

by **NORMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 10, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 10

(Scene represents the Throne Room in the Times building. Stage bare except for Throne, back center, and portraits of the "Hero of Caloocan." The walls are draped with heavy, padlocked and armored curtains which for the nonce are withdrawn for entries left and right. Stage darkened. Enter Seneschal.)

Sen.—Ah, yonder stands that throne in solemn state
Which I might hope, right soon, to occupy
If, by some lucky stroke of smiling Fate,
My noble Monarch would retire or die.

Gayly, each day, his weakening gait I watch
And, when in state, before him I bow low
I note, with quite a pardonable snatch,
His walrus whiskers daily whiter grow.

(Enter King Cole. Up lights.)

Sen.—Oh, Sire it is with lively joy
I see you younger every day.

You're looking almost like a boy
Indeed, your hair is hardly grey.

K. C.—Peace, flattering fool
Cease thus to wag your tongue.

(Looks at his face in hand-mirror dependent from his waist.)

(Aside)—Still, it is rather nice
To be told you're looking young.

(Aloud)—Fetch us now our pipe and bowl.

Sen.—Aye, Sire, what will you smoke?

K. C.—We think we'll smoke a little coal,
Mixed with our blighted hopes—

Perchance a little Charity

If you find any here at all.

Put in our bowl some Labor Union gore,

And fill it up with Gall;

And send to us our fiddlers three.

We want these men to know

They are not playing loud enough;

They fiddle loud—or GO.

(Enter Printer's Devil.)

Sen.—Hence, imp, and tell the fiddlers three

His Majesty requests their presence here,

And tell the keeper of the Bowl and Pipe

To bring them and be sure the stem is clear.

[Enter Fiddlers Three and a varlet bearing Bowl and Pipe.]

Seneschal fills pipe and bowl then presents them to the King.)

K. C.—(After drinking.) Ah, we feel better now.

'Tis good as goat lymph.

Now, mind you, my Seneschal,

Good stock of blood upon your shelves.

(Seneschal bows, then turns to Fiddlers.)

Sen.—His Majesty is not well pleased
With your poor fiddling up to date;
Do better, or to lose your jobs
Methinks will be your sorry fate.
Tune up, and do your best to charm
The Royal ear, while I
Will introduce my latest stunt
To please the Royal eye.

(The Fiddlers take their fiddles from their cases. The fiddles are dummies made of solid wood, and, instead of bows, they each have two little hammers. Fiddlers sit cross-legged on the ground, and hammer furiously on their instruments. The curtains are raised left, displaying life-sized portraits of about two hundred and twenty prominent Los Angeles citizens, who grace K. C.'s Index Expurgatorius. Two Printer's Devils appear bearing a large bowl filled with printer's ink. Seneschal dips his hand in bowl and throws the ink at the pictures. Every time he hits one of the portraits in the face King Cole roars with delight. Back of the stage the Anvil Chorus beats loudly on their anvils.)

K. C.—Bravo, our jolly fiddlers,
Keep up this merry race;
Ha, Ha! our noble Seneschal,
Hit Houghton in the face.

(The fiddlers and Seneschal keep up the mud-lark for some time, while King Cole shouts with glee. The fiddlers then show signs of getting tired, while the anvil chorus plays diminuendo. King Cole stops shouting and his head sinks down till his chin rests upon his breast. The fiddlers stop playing and sneak from the stage. King Cole sleeps. Seneschal, tired of his game, wipes his hands on his trousers and turns to the throne. Seeing King Cole asleep, he coughs loudly. The King opens his eyes.)

K. C.—Ah, my Seneschal, methinks I slept,
Into my sleep a quaint dream crept;
Me-thought I was an angel bright;
I had no sword, my garb was white,
No fierce-browed warrior was I;
And, as I passed Saint Peter by,
"When you were on the Earth," quoth he,
"You always were right good to me;
You published Sunday sermons, and
You gave the Church a Helping hand,
With Harry Andrews as your priest;
You made a quite big bluff, at least.
But, General, did you ever think
Of all the smut within the Times's sink?
The fetid tales your columns bore,
Outrivaling Police Gazettes galore.
It is the man who, like you, lies,
Who knocks and hammers, when he dies
The ghosts of those he's helped to break—
All hover round him, and they shake
Their ghostly fingers beneath his nose.

How many you will find—God knows!"

And then you woke me, Seneschal—

I wish I had not slept at all.

(King Cole puts his hand on Seneschal's shoulder, preparatory to rising, but, on the instant, voices are heard outside, singing in Unison. Chorus outside.)

We are the anvil chorus,

We echo our master's voice,

And loud and long we hammer,

But certainly not from choice.

We are the understrappers,

The rank and file of the staff,

We have to do what we are told,

But our work is not "to laugh."

We gain our bread and butter,

But lose our self respect,

For we work for General Otis,

What else can we expect?

(King Cole, with the help of Seneschal, steps down from the throne and hobbles towards exit.)

K. C.—Alas, my Seneschal, I'm getting old;

To meet my end I'm not too bold.

And yet, to die I have no fear,

Saint Peter will but simply say—"Why here

We have a really noble man—

The hero of Caloocan."

(Exit K. C.)

(Seneschal walks from center.)

Sen.—He's gone at last, the durned old pest;

To "jolly" him I do my best,

Yet how I wish he would retire,

And liar-like I'd tune my lyre.

He's not like me; a churchman I,

I'll go to heaven when I die,

Unless, indeed, I am too good to lie

Beneath the turf, but spring to the sky.

Each week I teach in Sunday-school,

And in finance I prove myself no fool.

I save my money, know my place,

And wear a saint's expression on my face.

I'm such a jollier, don't you know,

My meanness I conceal below.

(Curtain.)

Norman. A recurring verse contributor to The Graphic who signed only as "Norman," apparently a pen name or single-name signature. No secure identification has yet been established.

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Let Erin Remember the Days of Old

by **THOMAS MOORE**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 17, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 11

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852). Irish poet, singer, and songwriter, best known for his 'Irish Melodies' (including 'The Last Rose of Summer'). A friend of Byron, he was one of the most celebrated literary figures of his day. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls

by **THOMAS MOORE**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 17, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 11

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852). Irish poet, singer, and songwriter, best known for his 'Irish Melodies' (including 'The Last Rose of Summer'). A friend of Byron, he was one of the most celebrated literary figures of his day. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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Bacchus at the Palace

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 17, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 11

ANONYMOUS

Had Bacchus been an athlete
In modern clothes attired
His kindly face and genial smile,
To-day, would be admired.
Yet anyone, who looks around,
Can see this god of wine
Though modern he is debonnair,
Though portly he is fine.
To see him you would never think
He'd lately made a fast,
Attention, then, wine-lovers all!
Three cheers for General Last.

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Success

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 24, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 12

A white-winged boat on Life's sea afloat
Sailed out past the gray sand bar;
At the helm was a Soul who steered for the goal
Of Success and Love's glistening star.

The waves dashed high: from the darkening sky
The wind of sweet Hope blew:
Fierce swept the blast, the ship sped fast,
But the helmsman steered her through.

And the star of Love in the heavens above
Shone down with a tender light,
Near the far-off shore of the Evermore
Glimmered the harbor bright.

From the cool green bank where the grass grew rank,
Temptation breathed a song,
But the helmsman true steered the brave craft through
Ne'er faltering to the wrong.

Like a babe at rest on its mother's breast,
The ship at length lay still,
The sea was crossed, the bark, storm-tossed,
Must rest at Success's hill.

Not daunted long, his purpose strong,
The helmsman cheerily turned,
And climbed the hill, at the top stood still,
And the heart within him burned,

For the star of Love in the heavens above
Had hidden itself from sight,
And the silent shore of the Evermore
Lay lonely in the night.

And out of place in the awful space,
Like a mortal on God's throne,
The Soul was left of all things bereft,
Successful, but alone.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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When It Rains in Los Angeles

by **NORMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 31, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 13

When the sky grows dull and cloudy
And the rain begins to pour,
Angelenos all are happy,
Wet, but smiling, wish for more.

But the tourist sad and gloomy
Gazes on the muddy street,
From his snug hotel apartment,—
Going out might wet his feet.

Sometimes with a large umbrella
He will venture for a walk,
Interesting it is to listen
To the grumbling tourist talk.

"Say," quoth he, "in California,
I was told it never rained,
That the sun was always shining"
And his look is very pained.

Hear the nimble native answer,
Fearing not the tourist's wrath,
"This ain't rain, it's just a patent
Owen's River shower bath."

Norman. A recurring verse contributor to The Graphic who signed only as "Norman," apparently a pen name or single-name signature. No secure identification has yet been established.

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Where Is He?

by **A. R. ROPES**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 7, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 14

From Atlantic to Pacific
Goes the people's cry terrific,
From Pacific to Atlantic
Echoes back the query frantic—
And America is yearning
For the answer unreturning,
Yearning for a voice to tell her
Where is John D. Rockefeller?

He, the mighty moneyed magnate,
He whose billions do not stagnate,
But in pipe lines circulating
Earn a million while you're waiting—
He, the lord of oil and dollars,
Like the least of truant scholars,
Hides in garret or in cellar—
Where is John D. Rockefeller?

Follow after him and find him.
Like a pack of hounds behind him
Let some journalist aspirant
Run to earth the Standard tyrant.
By his luxury that pleases
To import his special cheeses,
Find the scent, some gifted smeller,
Track the cheese and Rockefeller.

A. R. Ropes (1859–1933). Arthur Reed Ropes, English academic, historian, and lyricist who wrote for the musical stage under the pen name 'Adrian Ross.' The two names denote the same man.

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Dreams

by **NORMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 21, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 16

Last night I had a curious dream,
Aye, and 'twas pleasant too,
Oh, how I wished, when I awoke,
That dream would just come true.

Methought I walked along the street
And, though a strong wind blew,
The street was nicely sprinkled—so
No dust in thick clouds blew.

Then, when I went to take a car,
I suffered quite a shock,
I found they stopped at corners, not
The middle of the block.

Full many automobiles ran
Around our Angel town
But none of them was going fast
And no one got knocked down.

I went into the City Hall
And listened for awhile
To business in the council room,
It really made me smile,

For every council-man was there
And every one polite;
They were not scrapping with the Mayor
It was a charming sight.

And, when a man got up to speak
I found he could begin
And finish all his speech, without
Doc. Houghton butting in.

Then to Belasco's in my dream,
'Twas pleasant, by my faith,
To find the actors knew their parts
Yea, even, Joe Galbraith.

Next, in this pleasant dream of mine,
Methought I took a ride

In a big sight-seeing auto,
I viewed the town with pride,

The glaring bill-boards all were gone
There was no single sign
For advertising real estate,
My Word, the town looked fine.

I dreamed I sat at breakfast and
The maid gave me a shock,
She said the Times was always there
By half past seven o'clock.

A voice that said, "Time to get up"
Was loudly calling me
From dainty Dreamland I returned
To sad reality.

Norman. A recurring verse contributor to The Graphic who signed only as "Norman," apparently a pen name or single-name signature. No secure identification has yet been established.

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[Battling Nelson Sells Papers — a "Danny Deever" parody]

by **NORMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 28, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 17

"Who is that human Megaphone?"
The deafened listener cried.
"It's Mr. Cook, the talking man,"
The weary one replied
"Who is that little sun-burned man,
Who takes in so much dough?"
"It's Battling Nelson," he replied—
"At least they told me so."

For they're selling evening papers,
And they're going by the score,
They're not giving any change back,
But it don't make people sore,
It's to help the great relief fund,
They've a Hundred now and more
And it's Bat.
That's selling papers by the million.

Did you see the automobiles
Bearing each its load of fame,
Husky fighters, big and little
All the champions of the game?

First came Jeff the "Burbank Farmer"—
Say, old Jim sure looked the part,
With his temporary Reubens,
Holding down his orange cart.

"Oranges, come on there, buy some,
Here's the champion selling out!"
Little, plump, rotund Al. Levy
Yelling like a race-track tout.

Next there came a big band-wagon,
Services, of course, were free
So they played about four minutes
Then they rested thirty-three.

Then came Nelson, gay Beau Brummel,
Keen for any kind of sport,

With his useful ear to starboard
And his tin one down to port.

Every thoroughfare was crowded,
When the great parade went by,
All the ladies stared delighted
Making big old Jeff feel shy.

Did you see the entertainment
That they gave on Tuesday night?
Ladies were, for once, admitted—
They could see the champions fight.

Loudly all the ladies clamored
"Take me to the boxing bout!
Oh! I want to see Jim Jeffries
Knock some other fellow out!"

What a lovely time the Darlings
Had for Charity's sweet sake
Now we all can go to prize-fights
No more bad excuses make.

Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

Norman. A recurring verse contributor to The Graphic who signed only as "Norman," apparently a pen name or single-name signature. No secure identification has yet been established.

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San Francisco, April 18, 1906

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 28, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 17

At evening the city lay wrapped in its glory,
As fair as the white-pillared Athens of old;
With wide stretching bay, and sturdy green foothills,
And the sunset rays lighting its streets with gold.

Slowly came Night o'er the darkening ocean;
With bony hand grasping her sickle too keen
Came Death in her robes of heart-lowering blackness,
Close stalking to Night, but by mortal unseen.

The sky lighted up with the star gleam of evening,
The city streets brightened with song and good cheer,
But only the moan of the wide-weeping ocean
Gave sign that the reign of dread Death was so near.

* * *

Chased by the sunlight Night, scattered in silence,
When Death with derision and damnable glee
Stood forth in wild triumph, outstretching her talons,
And crying, "Ye mortals, heed ye unto me."

But the city, unmindful, slept peaceful and careless
While Death's cruel purpose in savage curse fell
Her cry was unheeded, and she in her anger
Screamed loud for her servants, the demons of Hell.

They echoed her laughter, they answered her bidding,
They shook all the beautiful, God-given world
Till its very heart sickened and quivered, was broken;
And into the darkness of Death's arms was hurled.

* * *

At evening the city lay wrapped in a mantle
Of horror, of anguish, of flame and of Death,
Of plague and of famine, of thirst and of darkness,
Till the very wind shuddered, and held its hot breath;

With wild shrieking cry Death stalked through the ruins,
And laughed at her horrible work as she ran,
"Man buildeth, Man planneth, but Man is a weakling,

And Death holds all power, and cares not for Man."

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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True to "Life."

by **NORMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 5, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 18

In olden times a damsel made
Methinks, no extra fuss
If you should try to kiss the jade
'Twas nothing but a Buss.

But, hark ye now, 'tis very plain
We use that word to-day
For, if you were to kiss again,
Just "Rebus" you would say.

Then, if perchance, you were quite bold
And many were to kiss,
Then "Pluribus" so I've been told
Would be the word for this.

Let us suppose that you should see
And kiss a homely dame,
A "Syllabus" 'twould surely be
A most appropriate name.

If the wrong person you should kiss
'Twould be a "blunderbuss"
If everybody after this
Why, that's an "omnibus."

But here's the favorite kiss of all
You must agree with us,
It's kissing in the dark we call
The ancient "Erebus."

Norman. A recurring verse contributor to The Graphic who signed only as "Norman," apparently a pen name or single-name signature. No secure identification has yet been established.

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The Flower-Gatherers

by **HENRY NEWBOLT**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 12, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 19

I left behind the ways of care,
The crowded hurrying hours,
I breathed again the woodland air,
I plucked the woodland flowers:

Bluebells as yet but half awake,
Primroses pale and cool,
Anemones like stars that shake
In a green twilight pool—

On these still lay the enchanted shade,
The magic April sun;
With my own child a child I strayed
And thought the years were one.

As through the copse she went and came
My senses lost their truth;
I called her by the dear dead name
That sweetened all my youth.

Henry Newbolt (1862–1938). English poet, novelist, and man of letters, famous for patriotic and naval ballads such as 'Vital Lampada' and 'Drake's Drum.' Knighted in 1915, he became an establishment literary figure and wartime propagandist who embodied late-Victorian and Edwardian imperial sentiment.

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Cruise of the Lurline

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 19, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 20

ANONYMOUS

Farewell, farewell, the anchor's up,
The yachts are under way,
They're off to Honolulu, lads,
Two thousand miles away.

Before they go let's give one cheer,
For crews and captains bold,
The Lurline has a stock of beer
Secreted in her hold.

Observe her captain taut and trim,
He bravely walks the poop,
He cons his ship with zealous vim
To work he would not stoop.

So he has shanghaied all his friends,
That is, the ones he thinks
He can make work with halyard ends,
And do not ask for drinks.

Poor Louie Vetter, see him there
So innocent is he,
He does not know that Sinclair is
A bucko man at sea.

For when they get outside the heads
He'll hear the skipper shout
"Oh, bo'sun, pipe the call 'All hands'
And turn those lubbers out."

Then, when they reach the after deck,
The commodore will say
"I'm captain of this blessed ship
My word you must obey;

You thought you'd come along o' me
To have a pleasant trip,
I'll make a pleasant trip for you—
You've got to man the ship.

Now douse those dudish duds, you swabs,
Put on some dungaree,

And anyone who has complaints
Has got to deal with me.

Fritz Overton, you're cabin boy,
And Louie cook will be,
The crew can live on junk and tack,
The very best for me.

Now Charlie Clark, get up aloft,
And hide that homely face,
Splice all the rigging you can find
Except the big main brace.

I'll make you work, you lively dudes,
I'll make you earn your pay
And that will be your bunk and board
That's all I have to say."

But, when at length they win the race
And get to Hawaii first,
Just think what joyous times they'll have
A'quenching of their thirst.

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Song of Spring

by **STELLA GRAHAM SINGLETON**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 26, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 21

Just a little sunshine
 Shimmering through the trees
Strains of dainty warbling
 From throats that always please
Fill the world with music
 Of cadence sweet and low
Fill the heart with pleasure
 Conquering every foe.
Let us then be happy
 Fill the world with cheer
Be not like the winter
 Make things not so sere;
Welcome forth the Springtime
 With song and laughter gay
Drink from Life's sweet goblet
 The glistening pearls of May.

Stella Graham Singleton. A poet whose verse appeared in The Graphic; little else about her is recorded.

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The Day

by **MAY DONEY**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 26, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 21

Wonderful, silent, doth it rise,—
A white fact casting off red dreams,—
With clear, unfathomable eyes
Where time, unconquered, gleams.

Fools, lacking time to love or pray,
Against the body of its hours
Press hurriedly, or ever stay
To question of its powers.

"This hast thou done," it writes, "and this;
And these shall prove that we have met;"
And still we mould, and mar, and miss,
And think we shall forget.

We wake, nor think immortal youth
From darkness evermore is drawn
In this sweet, awful shape of truth
That comes with every dawn.

We babble of eternal things,
And, lo! Eternity is here,
Inscribing God's imaginings
Upon the gradual year.

Morn after morn unveils its face,
Where on our path of life it stands,
Heaven or Hell, grey doom and grace,
Within its open hands.

And when we pass the bounds of time,
In fear or rapture we shall say,
In that unhoured, supernal clime:
"This was, this is, our Day!"

May Doney. An English poet of the early twentieth century, author of the collection 'Songs of the Real' (1912). Firm biographical dates are not recorded.

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Our Fire Brigade (excerpt)

by **MRS. LUCY LONG**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 2, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 22

You may boast of your glittering swell attire,
Fast automobiles, the wrong style to admire,
And the saddle "The Lady" should ride sideways,
Or the horsewoman decked in evening amaze;
The Goddess that only like statue should ride
In procession of art becoming her pride.

Mrs. Lucy Long. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Our Fire Brigade (excerpt)

by **MRS. LUCY LONG**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 2, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 22

Then, after a really redolent "refrain," the poetess warms to her subject with the line: "The band 'spired their horses of beauty to prance" but the lady omits to tell us how the band "'spired." Was it perspiration, inspiration, suspiration or what? After this effort Mrs. Lucy Long becomes mystic, if not cryptic, for thus she liltis her lay, or lays her lilt—I'm not sure which.

The nation's proud Eagle—her stately brown bear,
And smart Pasadena with pretty belles fair;
Collegion of scholars impressively bright,
Were clapped in profusion throughout the gay sight.
The chief with some forces were mounted I saw
In chariots of splendor sat students at law.

Mrs. Lucy Long. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Our Fire Brigade (excerpt)

by **MRS. LUCY LONG**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 2, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, NO. 22

Luxurious pleasure surrounding the boats,
Were driven with fashion equipped on the floats.

Mrs. Lucy Long. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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The Early Stars

by **ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 16, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 24

The slender alders by the stream
Are veiled in leafage faint and fine,
Frail as the fabric of a dream,
And all about the grasses gleam
The gilt stars of the celandine.

Once on a day—how long ago!—
Deep in the grass we saw them shine,
Beside this selfsame streamlet's flow,
While sweet birds fluted high and low,
The gilt stars of the celandine.

Beneath the trees, beside the stream,
Fair as of old we see them shine—
Dear, might we dream the selfsame dream,
Were youth once more but yours and mine!—
Evangels from the past they seem,
The gilt stars of the celandine.

Rosamund Marriott Watson (1860–1911). English poet and essayist who published her early work under the male pseudonym 'Graham R. Tomson.' Admired in the 1890s for elegant, aesthetically refined lyric verse, she also wrote on art and design and moved in fashionable literary circles before her death in 1911.

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The Street Violinist

by **C. R.**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 23, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 25

Like a bird that sings of the beautiful things on the boundless
earth and sea,
A throbbing note from the violin's throat comes murmuring soft to
me;
And the roar of the street, where the weary feet of a nation's
people tread
Like a turbulent stream, gives way to a dream of years that have
long been dead:—
Of the rippling rill at the foot of the hill where the pine trees
whispered low,
Of the sobbing breeze that stirred the trees; of the days of long
ago:
Of the pattering rain 'gainst the window pane of the cheery, firelit
room,
When the nights were long and an old sweet song oft lightened
the gathering gloom:
Of a storm at sea when the waves rose free of God's encircling
hand,
And shrieked and howled and mocked and growled as they
crunched at the shrinking land;
Of the dreary wrecks with their battened decks, and their sails
drooping low in the sun,
That floated by with a grating cry, like phantoms, one by one:
Like a voice from the dead a slender thread of music soars on
high,
Till I quiver and thrill and shiver and chill, and dread for the song
to die;
But soft and faint, with a weary plaint, it breaks in a sobbing
moan,
And the noise of the street and the tramping of feet resume their
weary drone.

*C. R.. The source identifies the writer only by these initials; no secure
biographical identification has yet been established.*

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Maid o' Mine

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 23, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 25

Laughing, roseleaf, dimpled face,
Mocks from 'neath her golden hair,
Eyes as deep and shadowy
As forest pools, coquettishly
Droop 'neath lashes doubtfully,
And red lips pucker poutingly
Like blossoms sweet and rare.

Dainty mistress of my heart,
How she rules with wilful way,
Smiling—lo! the world grows light,
Frowning—lo! 'tis dark as night;
Winsome little maid o' mine,
Ever shall my heart be thine,
Till my body lies as clay.

In your eyes the mysteries
Of life in dusky shadows lie,
As yet you care not for the hours
That swiftly fly—they are but flowers
You pick and throw away to die;
We laugh at time, dear, you and I,
My laughing baby girl and I.

But when your sweet eyes drowsy grow,
And when your dimpled fingers twine
About my own, and soft lips seek
My lips, and dainty, roseleaf cheek
Droops low into my sheltering arm
That waits to shield you from all harm—
'Tis then I know you're maid o' mine.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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The Irish Pipes

by **KATHARINE TYNAN**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 7, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 1

I heard the piper playing,
The piper old and blind,
And knew its secret saying--
The voice of the summer wind.

I heard clear waters falling,
Lapping from stone to stone,
The wood-dove crying and calling,
Ever alone, alone.

I heard the bells of the heather
Ring in the summer breeze,
Soft stir of fur and feather
And quiet hum of bees.

The piper drew me yearning
Into the dim grey lands,
Where there is no returning
Although I wring my hands.

There to the piper's crooning
I saw my dead again,
All in a happy nooning
Of golden sun and rain.

You piper, kind and hoary,
Your pipes upon your knee,
If I should tell my story,
The things you piped for me,

The folk would leave their selling,
And bid their buying go,
If I could but be telling
The things you let me know.

Katharine Tynan (1859–1931). Irish poet and novelist, a prolific figure in the Celtic literary revival and an early friend of W. B. Yeats. She published scores of novels and many volumes of devotional and nature-inspired verse, becoming one of Ireland's most widely read writers of her era.

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The Spoken Language

by **CHICAGO TRIBUNE**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 7, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 1

[It is announced that the Japanese, who have shown their admiration for American methods in many ways, will now adopt our language also.]

We gottem comin' rightalong.
No matter wher ut is.
You bet theysee ut goodanstrong;
They gotta stick to biz.
They gotta have the dope to hand
The same as yoursanmine--
The kind 'at folks canunderstand;
They gottagitinline.

No usatalkin'! It's the stuff!
Some langwidges may be
Framedup tuh rattle plain enough.
But not fer youanme.
They gottahave our tellagraph,
Our can' goods an' machines,
An' talk that cuts the time in half
But tells just wottitmeans.

Well, wotchago'n'todo? These days
You gotta watchyer curves,
Urrelse some feller's foxyways
'Ll gittonto yer nerves.
Those Japs is' Johnnyonthespot;
An' theye'n use the'r eyes
An' learn the game. I tellyuwot,
Those Japs is gittinwise!

You betchuh! 'Sposen you er me
Has got some speech tuh shed--
W'y, wennysezzit, can't yuh see
Yuh know just wotty said?
Those Japs is next tuh wottisright,
They gottit doped out fine;
They gotta talk as well as fight--
They gottagitinline!

Chicago Tribune. This is a source credit to the Chicago Tribune, not a personal byline. The individual author of the verse was not named in The Graphic.

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The Song of the Buoy

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 14, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 2

Up and down on the dimpling waves, hither and yon toss I,
Loving the sunlight glowing warm, soft'ning my mournful cry,
Looking down through the rippling waves to the shadowy green
 sea-bed,
Where countless treasures lie in mounds, heaped with the ghastly
 dead.
Tossing slow in the evening light, bathed in the moon's soft glow,
Dreaming my dreams of the years gone by, sending my warning
 low;
Softly the wind of the southland sings, bringing the gray rain
 cloud,
And the moonlight fades in the depths of the sea, and the rain
 drops patter loud.
Ever I cry of my loneliness, I and the sobbing sea;
"Steer clear, ye ships, for the rocks stand high, and Death lurks
 near unto me."

Old and gray and sea-moss grown, hither and yon toss I,
Breasting high the green wave's top, sinking with hoarse, shrill
 cry,
Up and down through the countless days, all alone with the sea,
Save when a ship goes sailing by and dips its helm to me,
Save when the gale screams overhead, and I hear an echoing cry,
And see a battered, somber wreck sink 'neath the waves and die;
Frowning, stern, with gaping mouths, the great rocks dimly rise
And scan the white-capped, tossing waves with eager, greedy
 eyes,
And loud I scream in the darkening night, "Ye ships, keep watch,
 take care,
For Death lurks near to my bidding place, beware, oh ships,
 beware!"

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905-06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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Lay of the Long Lee Shore

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 21, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 3

ANONYMOUS

Ahoy my lads, the anchor's weighed
We're off to Ocean Park
A'sailing out across the bay,
Two hours after dark.
However calm it chance to be
We need no wind to blow
Our craft speeds o'er the moonlit sea
Because we are in tow.

Larboard, Starboard
Don't forget your lights
"Red to red, go straight ahead,"
The proper rule o' nights.
But, when Jack starts his glowing pipe,
Don't think that you have seen
A light to port of any sort
Or starboard light of green.

Before we start the race, my lads,
I'll give you some advice—
Be sure the lunch is put aboard
And don't forget the ice.
The main-brace must be spliced at once
And that requires all hands,
A most important job and close
Attention it demands.

First gun, second gun
Now, at last, we start,
Get to wind'ard every man
And do it mighty smart.
Duck your heads down out of the wind,
About there, Hard a lee,
You'll have to play the game all day
If you're going to sail with me.

The race is lost and won, at last
So now we'll go ashore;
But, yachtsmen, when you've had enough
Please do not ask for more.
Good ballast is most useful when
'Tis only used as such
But yet you may capsize a craft
By putting in too much.

Left foot, right foot
All adown the wharf,
Careful, Mr. Sailorman
And please don't tumble off.
Jump in the small boat carefully—
Of course we won the race
And Ocean Park, by day or dark,
Is a bird of a jolly good place.

Anonymous (the Graphic's "jingle")

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Consolidation Mormonesque

by **NORMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 28, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 4

Dramatis Personae.

Los Angeles. A handsome young nobleman, bravely attired,

Who, struck by the little god's dart,
By each of these maidens is truly admired,
Though none of them gives him her heart.

Pasadena. A virtuous but vineg'ry maiden and one

Who longs to be wooed by this boy,
But cannot quite make up her mind to be won,
She is so exceedingly coy.

Long Beach. A plump little girlie, a young one at that,

But, oh, we are sorry to say
She swells up so fast that she has a new hat
To fit on her head every day.

San Pedro. A dignified damsel, whose sweet winning ways

Make her welcome wherever she goes.
No censure for her, but the fairest of praise
For her beauty and maidenly pose.

Monrovia. The Queen of the foot-hills, a maiden so fair,
Admiration we cannot express.

Though lively, we find, that she seems not to care
For the joys of a new wedding dress.

Mercury. The gods' nimble messenger, swiftly he flies,
To our hero assistance he'll bring.

Perhaps not assistance, still no one denies
That advice is a very good thing.

A chorus of cupids who do not appear
Their costume prevents it, you know.

A parson, whose cloth won't protect him, we fear,
From being buffooned in the show.

Scene. The mystic Grotto of Hymen. Time, Sunset. Los Angeles is
discovered center.

Los Angeles. Far from the Pantiles' noisy throng,

Free from the madding crowd,
Here I can list to Love's sweet song
And speak my thoughts aloud.

Though I may have a comely form,
Aye, and a handsome face,
Though I have large and rich estates,
Yet hold I not first place

In any maiden's heart to-day;
And fain to wed am I

With some fair neighbor, one whose lands
To my estate are nigh.

Then could I buy those distant wells

Whence water springs right free,

In aqueducts I'd bring it down

To quicken land for me

And all my tenants. But alas,

The usurers demand,

Before they give me gold enough,

That I must own more land.

(Mercury flies onto stage.)

Mercury. Fair youth, from the distant Olympian heights

We have looked on your troubles with pity.

So I am commissioned to set things to rights,

I'm the Consolidation Committee.

I know what your needs are, and marriage, in sooth,

Is the very first thing you require,

If one girl's not rich enough, then, nimble youth,

Wed as many as you may desire.

I have quite a bevy of beauties at call,

Inspect them all, each in her turn,

If you take my advice, Sir, you'll marry them all,

And then you'll have money to burn.

Los Angeles. I thank you, good sir, for your kindly advice

In presenting your girls don't delay,

And if, as you say, they are all of them nice,

I'll marry them all as you say.

(Mercury skips off stage and returns immediately followed by

Pasadena, Long Beach, Monrovia and San Pedro. Long Beach

is closely accompanied by Parson. They stand at back of stage
in a semi-circle.)

Mercury. Dear ladies, permit me to introduce

This charming and handsome young man,

(All curtsy.)

He wishes to marry you all, if you please,

And I trust you approve of the plan.

All. What! All of us?

Mercury. Yes, all of you.

Fair Pasadena, what think you?

Pasadena. Oh, sir, this is so sudden, I

Don't know, indeed, how to reply.

I am so virtuous that I fear

To start on married life's career.

This handsome youth well pleases me,

I'd like to wed, sir, but you see

I fear, if married life I'd choose,

My independence I would lose.

Mercury. Miss Long Beach, pray answer and tell us the truth,

Don't you want to join hands with this well-favored youth?

(Long Beach indicates Parson who steps forward.)

Parson (with great unction, addressing Los Angeles.)

Dear Brother, I trust that you well understand,

The position I take in this case,

Our sister here owns a large area of land,

She is comely and has a sweet face.

Her devotion to me is so very well known,

Her actions I govern with care,

Your proposal, however, good sir, I must own,
 Does not strike me as being quite fair.
 If you will agree to divide up the land
 With the revenue, taxes and rent,
 It is possible then she would give you her hand,
 But young sir, you must also repent
 Of all your late wickedness, every saloon
 On your land must be closed, for you see
 If anyone wishes a drink they must go
 To a little blind pig—just like me.
 Mercury. Oh, ho! my good Parson, your head, like your paunch,
 Is swelled in a terrible way.
 Monrovia and dainty San Pedro, we wish
 To hear what you both have to say.
 Monrovia. I do not know, I do not care,
 I have a stock of fine hot air
 It's kept me going up till now,
 I do not care to change, I trow.
 San Pedro. If, as you say, good Mercury, 'tis best
 For me to change my lone estate,
 Then am I willing and I have no fear
 To leave my future in the hands of Fate.
 Mercury (to Los Angeles.)
 I've done what I could, noble youth, I must leave.
 Don't be too disheartened, I pray.
 Though three of them would not accept you, don't grieve,
 For Rome was not built in a day.
 In the future these maidens will see it is best
 To wed with you, mark what I tell;
 In the end they will do what to-day you request.
 My work here is finished. Farewell.
 (Flies off stage..)
 Curtain.

Norman. A recurring verse contributor to The Graphic who signed only as "Norman," apparently a pen name or single-name signature. No secure identification has yet been established.

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The Preacher and the Preached-at

by **ADRIAN ROSS**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 28, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 4

The set that people call the smart
Has notoriety at heart;
It runs the round of garish vice
With ardor very far from nice.
It makes unsavory divorce
A matter very much of course;
It plays at twenty cents a point,
Its wedded pairs are out of joint,
With empty cradles quite content.
All this is for advertisement.

The preacher, scorning etiquette,
Comes down upon the smartest set.
With torrent words that none can stem
He tells them what he thinks of them.
He shows their vices in a glass
Before the proper middle class,
He hints at deadly vengeance which
Is threatened by the wicked rich.
No doubt he has the best intent,
But—it's a fine advertisement.

Adrian Ross (1859–1933). Pen name of Arthur Reed Ropes, English lyricist and academic who wrote the words for dozens of Edwardian musical comedies and the English lyrics for 'The Merry Widow.' Same man as 'A. R. Ropes.'

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The Spirit of San Francisco

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 4, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 5

ANONYMOUS

Put me somewhere west of East street, where there's nothing left
but dust,
Where the lads are all a hustlin' and where everything's gone
bust,
Where the buildings that are standing sort of blink and blindly
stare
At the d—dest ruins ever gazed on anywhere.

Bully ruins—bricks and wall—through the night I've heard you
call
Sort of sorry for each other 'cause you had to burn and fall,
From the Ferries to Van Ness you're a God-forsaken mess,
But the d—dest finest ruins—nothing more nor less.

The strangers who come rubberin' and a huntin' souvenirs,
The fools they try to tell us it will take a million years
Before we can get started, so why don't we come to live
And build our homes and factories upon land they've got to give.

"Got to give," why, on my soul, I would rather bore a hole
And live right in the ashes than even move to Oakland's mole,
If they'd all give me my pick of their buildings proud and slick,
In the d—dest finest ruins still I'd rather be a brick.

E. Avery McCarthy (attributed; printed anonymously)

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In Bohemia

by **JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY (PRINTED AS "JAMES BOYLE O'REILLY")**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 4, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 5

From an appreciation of William Rennick's "B & L" cafe by Harry Stuart, closing with the late John Boyle O'Reilly's stirring "In Bohemia," which follows:

I'd rather live in Bohemia than any other land,
For only there are the values true
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.
The price of traffic and state are won
By shrewdness or force or by deeds undone;
But fame is sweeter without the feud,
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.

Here pilgrims stream with a faith sublime
From every class and clime and time,
Aspiring only to be enrolled
With the names that are writ in the book of gold;
And each one bears in mind or hand
A palm of that dear Bohemia land.

John Boyle O'Reilly (1844–1890). Irish-born poet, journalist, and Fenian who, after transportation to Australia and a daring escape to America, became editor of Boston's Pilot and a leading Irish-American voice. He wrote poetry and fiction and championed reform. (The Graphic misprinted his first name as 'James.') The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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The Blood Feud

by **ADRIAN ROSS**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 11, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 6

Harry Thaw shot Stanford White;
Public Verdict—Served him right!
White (the son) may murder Thaw;
He need hardly fear the law.
Some one else may kill the son,
Some one else that other one,
Till the Thaws and Whites are done.
But this method well-devised
May be harshly criticised
As a bit uncivilized.

Adrian Ross (1859–1933). Pen name of Arthur Reed Ropes, English lyricist and academic who wrote the words for dozens of Edwardian musical comedies and the English lyrics for 'The Merry Widow.' Same man as 'A. R. Ropes.'

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The Unspeakable Russian

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 1, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 9

ANONYMOUS

Each day on mutiny is bent
Some famous Russian regiment
Of title wonderfully hard—
The Unpronounceablenski Guard.

Champions of freedom! surely fame
Would trumpet to the world your name
If she could only read your card—
The Unpronounceablenski Guard.

But when I strive your name to speak,
It leaves my voice all faint and weak,
My jaws unhinged, my larynx scarred—
Oh Unpronounceablenski Guard!

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Yesterday

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 1, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 9

Without, the fickle South Wind roams as in a drowsy maze,
Within, the yellow sunlight falls in dancing, mote-filled rays;
The music of the mating birds, the lilt of saucy brook
Come through my open casement and invade my quiet nook:
But leave me to my idle dreams, my dreams both sad and gay
For Summer ne'er is half so sweet as it was Yesterday.

Without, the North Wind ruthless reigns and drifts the ermine
snow
Within, the firelight's shadows fall, the candles' light burns low;
The music of an old, old song, with cadence sad and deep,
Breathes farewell to the dying day and bids the world to sleep:—
It leaves me to my idle dreams, my dreams both sad and gay,
While Memory paints indelibly the joys of Yesterday.

And so whatever blow the wind, and let there come what may,
There ne'er can be so sweet a time as in the Yesterday,
No love can be as true as mine breathed in the golden May,
No hearts can beat as did beat mine in that sweet Yesterday;
So let me dream my idle dreams, my dreams both sad and gay;
Yet even dreams are not so sweet as dreams were Yesterday.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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The Solitary Way

by **WILFRED CAMPBELL**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 1, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 9

That lonely road up which all self-reliant,
Strong souls must go;
That stony path not worn by footsteps pliant
In dales below;

That rare track made by great ones, lone and beaten
Through solitary hours,
Climbing past fear and fate and sin, iron-eaten,
To godlier powers;

This stern, dark highway, alien, trodden only
By earth's rare few,
Who, holding the high, austere, aloof and lonely,
The sensual slew;

Who walked through grim, dread seasons holding ever
Hearts patient, dumb;
Where father, mother, sister, friend or lover,
Might never come.

A road of lonely morn and midnight, sloping
O'er earth's dim bars;
Where out at last the soul, life's pinnacles topping,
Stands with the stars.

That pathway Dante trod, and Cromwell, doubting,
Questioning, seeking, followed in prayer alone;
That mighty stairway trod Napoleon, routing
Europe o'erthrown.

Nought weak, ignoble, trod its stairways splendid,
Isolate, austere;
Only earth's great its solitudes have wended,
Of vasty mere,

Of desolate heights to genius dedicated,
O'er earth's poor moan;
Where spirits, proud, to the stern eagle mated,
View life alone.

Wilfred Campbell (1860–1918). Canadian poet, one of the 'Confederation Poets,' celebrated for nature lyrics of the Great Lakes region where he grew up. Also a dramatist, novelist, and Ottawa civil servant, he wrote increasingly patriotic and imperialist verse that made him a prominent Canadian literary voice.

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The Gallant Fisher's Life

by **IZAAK WALTON**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 15, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 11

Oh, the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any;
It is full of pleasure, void of strife,
And is beloved by many;
Other joys
Are but toys
Only this
Lawful is:
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

*Izaak Walton (1593–1683). English biographer and devotional writer, best known for *The Compleat Angler* (1653), a celebrated dialogue on fishing, friendship, contemplation, and rural life that was repeatedly expanded during his lifetime. *The Graphic* reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.*

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Mountain Vision

by **PAULINE B. BARRINGTON**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 15, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 11

I stood between two mountains in their might,
(A sparkling glory was that clear, clear day,)
I stood, alone, upon a narrow way
That joined the two still peaks, a band of light.
The peopled valleys far below, hid from my sight,
Shrouded deep in silent mystery lay,
From out their depths rose mountains cold and gray,
Range after range they rose to sumptuous height—
Until we seemed surrounded by God's Hosts,
And through the heat waves of the golden sun
The Glory of the Lord appeared to me.
I fell upon my face, as Sinai's priest had done
O'ercome with fear and former foolish boasts,
When darkness came I crept back to the vale.

Pauline B. Barrington (1876–1956). American poet who settled in California after marrying in Pasadena in 1901, publishing widely in the Los Angeles Graphic and Los Angeles Times. She is remembered chiefly for her 1916 antiwar poem 'Education' ('Toy Guns'), later anthologized among women's First World War verse.

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Barriers Burned (A Rhyme of the San Francisco Breadline)

by **CHARLES K. FIELD**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 6, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 14

It ain't such a terrible long time ago
That Mrs. Van Bergen and me
Though livin' near by to each other, y' know,
Was strangers, for all ye could see,
For she had a grand house an' horses to drive,
An' a wee rented cottage was mine,
But now we need rations to keep us alive
An' we're standin' together in line.

An' Mrs. Van Bergen she greets me these days
With a smile an' a nod of the head;
"Ah, Mrs. McGinnis, how are you?" she says,
"An' do you like Government bread?"
She fetches a bag made of crockydile skin
An' I've got a sack when we meet,
But the same kind of coffee an' crackers goes in,
An' it's all of it cooked in the street.

Sure, Mrs. Van Bergen is takin' it fine,
Ye'd think she was used to the food;
We're gettin' acquainted, a-standin' in line,
An' it's doin' the both of us good.
An' Mr. Van Bergen and Michael, my man,
(They've always been friendly, the men)
They're gettin' together an' layin' a plan
For buildin' the city again!

Charles K. Field (1873–1948). American poet and editor, a member of Stanford's pioneer class, long associated with the Western magazine Sunset, which he edited from about 1914 to 1920. A Californian man of letters and later a popular NBC radio host, he wrote light verse celebrating the Pacific West.

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Evenfall

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 13, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 15

A 'down the glen the red light shakes and shimmers on the river,
The lazy wind steals to and fro and sets the leaves a-quiver;
A 'top the hill a grey-cloaked haze like sea-born mist is lying,
And slipping softly down the slope steals color in its flying.
The sun seeks rest across the hill, the scarlet clouds go streaming
Far down the West to wake the Night that lies there idly
dreaming;
The shadows creep from Twilight's grasp and settle on the
heather,
And up the vale the dark-robed Night and Silence glide together.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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The Last Act

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 3, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 18

The stage is dark, so dark it seems
As if the figures are but dreams
Or shadows on the wall;
The one last act, when eyes must tell
The sorrow of that last farewell
That comes once to us all.

With notes that thrill, so sweet, so deep
They wrench the heart and wake from sleep
The days that once were dead;
With notes that break in sobbing breath,
Piped mockingly by grewsome Death,
The orchestra is led.

A tattered mask of face once fair
Lies near—with eyes that vacant stare
Into the vista of the days;
Across the stage the candle light
Goes dancing, and the gathering night
Seems darker for the ghastly rays.

A silence now—deep fraught with pain;
The play is done—the dreary rain
Gives answer to the broken calls;
The candle flickers, flares, goes out,
The shadows gather deep about—
The curtain falls.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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The Player's Death

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 17, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 20

At rest! Else why upon your lips that strange sweet smile?
At rest! Else why that peaceful brow, those folded hands?
The very silence seems to halt beneath Death's wile,
As from the hour-glass slowly run the sands.
The mocking laurels rest against your hollow cheek,
The grinning masks slip low beside your somber bier,
Strange shadows of your masterpieces seem to speak
Each in the voice we nevermore shall hear.
The dying echo of a mad applause still falls;
The candle burns serene and breaks the darkness deep;
And low from out the shadows Memory calls
In vain—for none can wake you from your sleep.
Why say for you the lights are out, the curtain down,
Why say for you the great and glorious play is done?
For you no shadow e'er again shall sunshine drown,
For you the master play has but begun.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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Young Love: A Retrospect

by **CYRIL H. BRETHERTON**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 8, 1906 · VOL. XXVI, No. 1

Profoundly steeped while still a lusty chick
In what is loosely known as "Love's young Dream,"
I worshipped almost ere I learned to kick
And scream.

To me the primal springs of pure Romance,
And lore of lovers, culled from Nature's tap,
Offered a more alluring sustenance
Than pap.

The passion gripped me as the months flew by
Anterior to the ripeish age of one;
Girl babies simply looked at me and I
Was done!

And when with ampler trouserings a rude
Athletic sense inspired me I would court
Young women who displayed an aptitude
For sport.

Some shone at skating, others took the prize
At putting; several proved extremely fleet
At tennis; many took an extra size
In feet.

But one and all to my infatuate eye
Displayed the lithe but generous physique
That lives in classic art as fostered by
The Greek.

All by their easy prowess in the field
Loomed on my gaze as goddesses apart;
"To such alone," I said, "a man should yield
His heart."

Then waxing whiskers fanned the vapid flame,
And dealt the torpid breast a livelier jog;
To put the thing succinctly I became
A dog.

For tepid loves I ceased to care a blow;
"A girl," I said, "should know her way about."

"Give me the wench whose mother doesn't know
She's out."

I leaned to widows; such as knew a lot,
Nor strove to show a too exclusive tone;
Widows with pasts whose hair was often not
Their own.

Still later sated with the vagrant oat,
The needs of intellect, too lightly balked,
Drove me for solace to the girls who wrote
And talked!

Some brandished Ruskin, several found the floor
With Christian Science; others took the bit,
And plumped for Omar K. (of Nishapur)
As "It."

Entwined in close communion we'd divulge
Our souls' Platonic yearnings: on the whole
We usually got the proper bulge
On "Soul."

But later, as the telling lustres flew
Into the ewigkeit of dreams, I said
"Alphonso, it is time, my buck, that you
Got wed."

A thirst for domesticity began
To oust the finer flutterings of the heart;
One longed for solid comfort rather than
For art.

But when I sought the pretty things again,
Meaning to wed, it pained me to detect
How every charmer saw in me some plain
Defect.

Some, deaf to the superior claims of mind,
Required a fuller complement of looks;
Some stated frankly that they weren't designed
For cooks.

Some wished to keep their liberty: a few
Felt an immediate call to wed for pelf,
Which constituted an objection to
Myself.

Some broke it to me in a pleasant way,
Others preferred to call a spade a spade,
And said they wouldn't have me, not if they

Were paid.

But all preferred a negative reply,
Deeming the task too much to undertake.
They rather thought, they added, it was my
Mistake.

I'm single still, a grim misogynist,
Haunting my club I shun the fickle sex;
And as for soulful females, I could wring
Their necks!

Los Angeles, December 1, 1906.

Cyril H. Bretherton. A poet and prose writer whose California-themed work appeared repeatedly in The Graphic, including "At Point Pinos." Although contemporary bibliographies record his publications, a secure full biography has not yet been established.

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The Cobbler Captain

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 8, 1906 · VOL. XXVI, No. 1

ANONYMOUS

Said the cobbler to the Kaiser,
"Though perhaps you may be wiser
Than I am,
Yet I ruled my few civilians
As you rule your sixty millions
From Potsdam.

"It's the coat that one is wrapped in
Makes a Kaiser or a captain;
That's the trick,
By the suit in which you figure—
You command your rather bigger
Kopenick.

"So you' better grant a pardon,
For if you should be too hard on
My offense,
I am much afraid that it'll
Teach our citizens a little
Common sense.

"They will see that a vagary
Of the mighty military
May be wrong;
They may question its expedience,
And from that to disobedience
Won't be long.

"Should you ever give them orders
For invading France's borders
They may kick,
And continue as at present
To enjoy themselves at pleasant
Kopenick."

The Tatler

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The Rain

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 15, 1906 · VOL. XXVI, No. 2

Slipping on through field and by-way,
Stealing soft down street and high-way,
 Tapping, tapping on the window, seeking entrance through
 the pane;
Driving gray before the night breeze,
Dripping black beneath the pine trees,
 Tapping, tapping on the window, comes the patter of the rain.

Through the graveyard in the gloaming,
Standing spectral, it goes roaming,
 Whispering to the dead, deep lying 'neath the grasses brown
 and dead
"'Tis not yet the time for reaping,
Rest ye well nor break your sleeping,
 None save God shall e'er disturb you, raise you from your
 earthly bed."

Down the trail of night it follows,
Beating fast on hills, through hollows,
 Answering to the rising night-wind, sobbing with an endless
 woe,
With the voice of dead years calling,
On the graves of dead hopes falling,
 Touching chords with master fingers, soothing aching hearts
 bowed low.
Los Angeles, Dec. 11.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905-06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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Untitled

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 15, 1906 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 2

ANONYMOUS

My beautiful, my beautiful, that standest broken by,
With a dislocated steering gear and tonneau all awry,
Fret not to skid upon the road, a record new to make;
Ask not to exceed the limit speed, nor Auto law to break.

Fret not to treat the poor pedestrian to scorn,
Nor sigh to rend the ambient air with thy most awful horn.
Thy dear Chauffeur hath been discharged, thine owner had his
joke.
High geared and priced, Farewell! Farewell! thou art broke, my
steed, thou art broke,

Farewell! those tired wheels again full many a mile may roam.
But not with me to leave me strapped some twenty miles from
home.
Some other hand more skilled than mine must take you to repair;
Some person with a larger purse can have thee for thy care.

Away, away with oily speeches with airy persiflage;
Farewell! So long! my mobile steed, thou art in the garage!
What time I bought thee I was young, thou hast made me grey
and old;
When I can find a purchaser, thou art sold, my steed; thou art
sold.

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The Children's Christmas

by **MRS. JOHN HANCOCK**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 22, 1906 · VOL. XXVI, No. 3

Yes, Christmas is coming,
There's humming and drumming,
And shouting and clapping of hands.
There's wondering and guessing,
And baby doll dressing,
And buying of tables and stands.

There's tricks of eavesdropping,
And ominous stopping
Of talks when the youngsters come in
With questions o'erflowing,
And winking and showing,
"We know what the topic has been."

Mamma she looks heartless,
And sister quite artless,
When little folks bother and tease;
But they only get pushes,
And kisses and hushes,
Though they whisper and coax, "Won't you please?"

Dick lies by the fender,
The better to render
His wishes to old Santa Claus;
A drum is the hobby
Of curly-pate Bobby;
What cares he for order or laws?

Nell, all in a twitter,
Wants sister to fit her
The darlingest cloak for Flo's doll.
The silk is of cherry,
As bright as cranberry,
"And you never must tell her at all."

Tom walking with father
Suggests he would rather
His gift were a bicycle bright;
While rosy-cheeked Kitty
Thinks nothing so pretty
As eardrops of pearl worn at night.

Both father and mother,

Each sister and brother,
Is trying to work with a will,
Some gift, some surprise
For eager young eyes,
Some earnest young longing to fill.

We're glad it is coming,
(We'll try to bear drumming),
Yes, coming a week from today,
May the day dawn in gladness,
And close without sadness,
And bring you all gifts that will stay.

Mrs. John Hancock. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Married by Motor

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 29, 1906 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 4

ANONYMOUS

When Reginald asked me to drive in his car
I knew what it meant for us both,
For peril to love-making offers no bar
But fosters the plighting of troth.
To the tender occasion I hasten to rise,
So bought a new frock on the strength of it,
Some china-blue chiffon—to go with my eyes—
And wrapped up my head with the length of it.
"Get in", said my lover, "as quick as you can!"
He wore a black smear on his face,
And held out the hand of a rough artisan
To pilot me into my place.
Like the engine, my frock somehow seemed to miss fire,
For Reginald's manner was querulous,
But after some fuss with the near hind-wheel tire
We were off at a pace that was perilous.
"There is Brown just behind, on his second-hand brute,
He thinks it can move, silly ass!"
Said Reggie with venom, "Ha! Ha! let him hoot,
I'll give him some trouble to pass."
My service thenceforth was by Reggie confined
(He showed small compunction in suing it)
To turning to see how far Brown was behind,
But not to let Brown see him doing it.

Brown passed us. We dined off his dust for a league—
It really was very poor fun—
Till our car showing symptoms of heat and fatigue,
Reggie had to admit he was done.
To my soft consolation scant heed did he pay,
But with taps continually juggling,
And his words, "Will you keep your dress further away?
Put a stop to incipient snuggling.
He'd never have passed me alone," Reggie sighed,
"The car is extra heavy with you."
"Why ask me to come"? I remarked. He replied,
"I thought she'd go better with two".
When I touched other topics forbearingly meek,
From his goggles the lightning came scattering,
"What chance do you give me of placing this squeak",
He hissed, "when you keep up that chattering"?

At that I insisted on being set down,
And returning to London by train,

And I vowed fifty times on my way back to town
That I never would see him again.
Next week he appeared and implored me to wed,
With a fondly adoring humility,
"The car stands between us" I rigidly said,
"I've sold it!" he cried with agility.
His temples were sunken, enfeebled his frame,
There was white in the curls on his crest;
When he spoke of our ride in a whisper of shame,
I flew to my home on his breast.
By running sedately I am certain that Love
To such passion would never have carried us,
It settles the truth of the legend above—
It was really the motor car married us.

Anonymous (Punch)

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Ballade of Holiday Books

by **CAROLYN WELLS**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 29, 1906 · VOL. XXVI, No. 4

Again we're in holiday times,
The season of snowballs and sleighs,
The season of carols and chimes,
Of holly and mistletoe sprays;
When good-will in message and phrase
Resounds o'er the earth, far and near,
But my song of tribute I raise
To the Holiday Books of the Year.

While counting my dollars and dimes
In tempting shop-windows I gaze;
I see dainty volumes of rhymes,
I see new editions of plays.
With gilding and color ablaze,
The bindings all gorgeous appear,
Oh! how they delight and amaze,
The Holiday Books of the Year.

There are books about mummers and mimes,
And books about fables and fays;
Books of travel in far-away climes,
Books of customs of long-ago days;
They are pictured in all sorts of ways,
Some beautiful—some rather queer;
In bewildered delight one surveys
The Holiday Books of the Year.

L'ENVOI:

Kriss Kringle, this suppliant prays,
As a token of true Christmas cheer,
For some volumes of stories or lays
From the Holiday Books of the Year.

Carolyn Wells (1862–1942). Prolific American author of mysteries, children's books, humorous prose, and light verse. She edited several comic-verse anthologies and was especially known for wordplay, parody, and the long-running detective series featuring Fleming Stone.

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Automobilitis

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 5, 1907 · VOL. ?, NO. ?

ANONYMOUS

["There can be no possible doubt that the speed mania may develop into a clearly definite disease, which, in the absence of a better or more explicit term, may be called automobilitis."—Pittsburg physician.]

When it happens at last that our blood runs fast,
While deep in our hearts we feel
A strange unrest—with our longings cast
Toward a high-powered automobile;
When we long for the plunging, headlong speed
And the throb of the great machine—
When like sweet perfume, to us indeed,
Is the smell of the gasoline—
When "Speed," "More speed" is our constant cry,
Till the wind itself can't beat us,
We may know that we
In a serious way
Have caught the disease
That the doctors say
Is the "automobilitis."

When we flirt with death and feel no fear,
When the fastest speed's too slow—
When the touch of our hands on the steering gear
Says "Go," and "Faster go";
When we find fierce joy in a wondrous toy
Of a good fivescore horse-power
That outstrips the wind, and can leave behind
A hundred miles an hour,
While the road ahead seems a dusty thread
As it rushes back to meet us,
It is plain as day,
And is very sad—
We have the disease
And have caught it bad—
The "automobilitis."

When we hold no thought for the aftermath,
But plunge full speed ahead—
While those whom Fate throws in our path
We leave them maimed or dead,
When human life seems a worthless thing
Compared with the joys of speed,
Then Bloomingdale or stern Sing Sing
Is the treatment that we need.

There we may outgrow our affliction so
That our friends again will greet us.
In any case
They may be sure
That the proper measures
Will find a cure
For the "automobilitis."

[*Unsigned*]

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From the Heart

by C. M. YOUNG

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 5, 1907 · VOL. ?, NO. ?

A fool there was and he went to the play
 (Even as you and I).
And he bought his seat for a matinee day;
He sat there surrounded by damsels gay,
And for buying that seat he felt like a jay
 (Even as you and I).

Oh! the coin that we waste and the time that we waste
And the swear words we cannot say!
 And all on account of the matinee girl;
 The gum-chewing, giggly matinee girl,
When we go to witness a play.

A fool there was who was fond of a show
 (Even as you and I),
But about matinee girls he did not know.
One wept on his coat, all plunged in woe,
Because Clarice would turn down her beau
 (Even as you and I).

Oh, the gush that he heard and the slush that he heard
 When the hero came in on the scene.
And the gulp! gulp! glup! of the gum-chewing fiend,
And the wise one who told all the play—little fiend,
 And rattled on like a machine.

Oh! the caramels they munched and the fudges they crunched
 To sweeten the love scenes sublime,
And the programs they crackled, the laughs that they cackled,
 In just the wrong place every time!

And it isn't just this or it isn't all that
 That makes a play weary and flat;
It's just as the heroine falls in Dick's arms
 That they pull out their hair and stick out their arms,
 And deliberately pin on a hat.

C. M. Young. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Sleepless

by **WARD MUIR**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 12, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 6

The unseen barriers that hold me tight—
(No door, no window is there to the cells
Within the awful prison-house of Night!)—
Are penetrated only by the bells,
Which from the city's thousand wakeful towers
Count and recount their tale of lagging hours . . .
My mind is like the bells. It finds a way
Through the dark wall which Night builds round
 my bed;
It roams once more the realm of Yesterday,
Or to those grim To-morrows that I dread
It wings afar its furtive, weary flight
Sleep! Sleep, have pity: hear me when I pray!
Sleep, oh come swiftly! With thy gentle might
Release the captive of relentless Night!

Ward Muir (1878–1928). Scottish-born English journalist, novelist, and poet. His First World War service as a hospital orderly produced The Happy Hospital and other notable writings about military medicine; he also published fiction, criticism, and verse.

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The Fall Books

by **F. L. STANTON**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 12, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 6

The fall books—the fall books—
Genius in a blaze!
Ten thousand pilgrims crowding
The lit-er-a-ry ways.

Comedy and tragedy—
Trouble by the yard:
The fall books—the fall books
Hope they won't fall hard!

F. L. Stanton (1857–1927). Frank Lebby Stanton, American newspaper poet and longtime Atlanta Constitution columnist. Known for popular dialect and sentimental verse, he became Georgia's first poet laureate in 1925.

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Untitled

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 26, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 8

ANONYMOUS

Who is the perfect chauffeur, who is he
That every motorman should wish to be?
'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends.
'Tis he who wisely regulates his speed:
"The Road for All," the first word of his creed.
'Tis he who feels it is not sport or just
To smother others in a cloud of dust.
But when a straight, clear road before him lies,
Opens his throttle and along he flies,
Through peopled places goes a sober pace
And drives with courtesy in every case.

This, his plain duty, yet when this is done,
His serious work is only just begun.

A chauffeur needs must be a man of parts,
Versed in bucolic and domestic arts,
Cows he must know to drive, and flocks of sheep,
Carters awaken from their slumbers deep,
Horses convince what folly 'tis to shy,
Chickens restrain, 'neath motor wheels that fly,
Be to each goose philosopher and guide,
Prevent dull dogs committing suicide!
Make yokels comprehend the rule of road—
That left is right—so runs the English code.
To daring schoolboys, babes that stray alone,
Needs give the care that he would give his own.

With him it rests to make the deaf man hear,
Albeit deafen not the churchman's ear!
Impress on all this truth profound and deep,
The public road is not the place to sleep!

All this his country asks of this one man.
He does his duty, does the best he can;
Conscious the while that if, despite his care,
Aught should go wrong—all blame will be his share!
So he drives on, alert throughout the day—
Nurse, guardian, shepherd of the King's highway!
This is the perfect chauffeur, this is he
That every motorman should strive to be!

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Love's Vagrant

by CLINTON SCOLLARD

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 2, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 9

North and South and East and West
I have roamed a weary while,
But have found no restful bourn
Like the garden of thy smile.

North and South and East and West
I have strayed in errant wise,
But have seen no guiding star
Like the lovelight of thine eyes

North and South and East and West
I have watched the day's eclipse,
But have won no precious meed
Like the Guerdon of thy lips.

North and South and East and West
Vagrant still I roam and roam,
Harkening through the lonely night
For thy voice to call me home.

Clinton Scollard (1860–1932). American poet, professor, and prolific writer of lyrical and occasional verse. He taught at Hamilton College and published many collections, including Pictures in Song and The Lutes of Morn.

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Shadows

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 16, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 11

Ever the shades go brushing past, flitting on silent wing;
Wavering shadows of life and death, the shadows of hopes that
sing
Low to my heart with a wondrous ring:
Ever the shades come close about; shades of a yearning dream;
Bitter the cry of my empty heart, a cry that those shades might
seem
More than a mist in the sunlight's beam:
Ever the shades creep here and there, filling the fire-lit room;
Quivering back to my wistful sob, till even the drowsing gloom
Calls to my dreams from their Grief-sealed tomb:
Ever the shades, the mocking shades, tearing my soul apart;
Shadows of Friendship and shades of Love, a-throb in my aching
heart,
Wounded and torn with their poisoned dart:
Fate must it be that naught but shades drift with the errant
breeze,
Fate must it be that the cup I crave—the cup that I ne'er may
seize—
Yields but the dregs and the bitter lees.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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Blue Moonshine

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 9, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 14

ANONYMOUS

(The Latest Thing in Anaesthetics.)
So chloroform has had its day,
Ether and gas lie sunk in night;
Henceforth a patient's sense away
They'll take with blue electric light.

Nor on the operating board,
Nor in the dentist's chair you'll blanch
But, pain of severed limb ignored,
Unfelt the pang of molar's wrench,

You'll lie, as in a peaceful sleep,
Enraptured by celestial dreams,
The while your steadfast gaze you keep
Upon those pure cerulean beams.

Or, so they *say*. They may be right;
No certain means have I to tell.
But why use artificial light?
Why not make nature serve as well?

If *that* they'll do, I'll let them prove
On *me* their novel theory true,
And any part of me remove
By light—for preference *moonlight*—blue.
—*Truth*.

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Not a Song Bird

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 23, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

Here's to the stork,
A most valuable bird,
That inhabits the residence districts;
He doesn't sing tunes,
Nor yield any plumes,
But he helps out the vital statistics.

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Farewell (To George W. Barnum.)

by **JOHN S. MCGROARTY**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 23, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 16

We will not say good-bye, for good-bye is long to say,
'Tis a dim road to travel and 'tis very far away,
'Tis a road that has no end and dusty with the feet
Of old friends that parted no more again to meet.

So, when the curtain falls and rings the prompter's bell.
We will not say good-bye, but 'tis we'll say farewell—
Farewell to him that's going in sunshine or in rain,
And well may he fare when he turns home again.

Here are his trinkets, his quips, his jests,
And jewels made of tears when he loved us the best,
His keepsakes of memory to mind us still of him
When we sit with our dreams and the lights are dim.

And we will bring him roses with morning dewy deep
And poppies when night comes to drowse him to sleep
The roses for remembrance and the poppies to hold
The love that we gave him in their goblets of gold.

A clasp of the hand and a word from lips that smile
And we'll say that he's going for just a little while,
'Round the bend of the road and not too far away
But he can wander back again some homesick day.

John S. McGroarty (1862–1944). Pennsylvania-born Los Angeles journalist, poet, playwright, and historian. Best known for The Mission Play, he was named California poet laureate in 1933 and later represented Southern California in Congress.

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Dreams

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 6, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 18

A winding stream that murmurs in its dreams,
The whisper of the brush flowers to the breeze,
A low-hung hedge that sweeps the leafy turf,
The gentle rain of blossoms from the trees:

The fragrance of the night, the roses' breath,
The clamorous sweetness of the river's call,
The wistful sobbing of the waving pines,
The quiet peace of night-fall over all.

And the soft moonlight sends its pale dream-warp
In fairy cobwebs stretching like a screen
Adown the glen, and stealing here and there
Like shadow-fairies dancing on the green.

The siren of the wild—the blood's hot leap,
The longing for primeval life again,
The magic of the woods, the things unborn
That stir my soul with thrill half sweet, half pain.

Then, steals the moonlight back before the dawn,
The grim hills soften in the rosy light,
The first warm rays of sunlight waken life—
And yearning dreams must vanish with the night.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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To My Pastor (By A Black Sheep)

by **CYRIL H. BRETHERTON**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 20, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 20

Theophilus, whose guiding hand
Aches for my soul's exclusive cure,
To whom the credit will inure
When I attain the better land.

Whose manner, unctuously bland,
Is calculated to entice
Out of the easy paths of vice
Pleasure's disreputable band.

You would curtail my Sunday rest,
And prey upon the casual pelf,
(Urging the need to conquer self)
Of me, a Sybarite confessed.

You would restrain the fleshly fling
Of those profoundly errant sheep
Who hold the virtuous turnip cheap,
Deeming wild oats a better thing.

Who browse on berries sown of old
In pleasure's meretricious brake,
And only when their stomachs ache
Run, bleating loudly, to the fold.

Theo, myself, I freely own,
Too early probed the haunts of sin,
Sloughed innocence's irksome skin,
And came out evil to the bone.

Deep dyed myself, I learned to mock,
The whiteness due in woolly lambs,
Nor cared a brace of anxious dams
About the feelings of the flock.

The loosest thing in sheep by far,
Oft gambolling from beaten track,
When you, the shepherd, called me back,
I heaved a rude, derisive baa!

Astray, a blackleg I remain,
Cropping the juicy weeds of vice,

I wouldn't—not at any price—
Re-seek the tedious fold again.

It's not that an existence rife
With evil may not sometimes pall;
Not that there isn't after all
Some pleasure in a virtuous life.

I, too, might do as others use;
Assume a smug Sabbatic smile,
And poised on someone's else tile
Snore fitfully in private pews.

I could re-seek the fold anew
And bow to virtue's frigid laws.
There's only one thing gives me pause,
Theophilus, and that is you.

I scarce know why; your obvious sway
In metaphysical affairs;
The perfectly delicious way
You patronize the Lord at prayers.

Your nicely nourished mien, your locks
Ambrosial as Apollo's own;
Your views on life, a trifle blown,
But beautifully orthodox.

The easy guile with which you win
Chaste plaudits from the female breast;
The eloquence with which you wrest
Already spotless souls from sin.

These things amuse, but do not irk,
They're not the things that keep me dumb,
When something moves me to become
A shining member of the kirk.

It is a feeling you invoke,
That how so great the church's cause
With you pronouncing Heaven's laws,
It cannot help but be a joke.

Los Angeles, April, 1907.

Cyril H. Bretherton. A poet and prose writer whose California-themed work appeared repeatedly in The Graphic, including "At Point Pinos." Although contemporary bibliographies record his publications, a secure full biography has not yet been established.

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The Word of the Water

by **BLISS CARMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 4, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 22

God made me simple from the first,
And good to quench the body's thirst.
Think you He has no ministers
To glad that way-worn soul of yours?

Here by the thronging Golden Gate,
For thousands and for you I wait,
Seeing adverturers' sails unfurled
For the four corners of the world.

Here passed one day, nor came again,
A prince among the tribes of men.
(For man like he is from his birth
A vagabond upon this earth.)

Be thankful, friend, as you pass on,
And pray for Louis Stevenson,
That by whatever trail he fare,
He be refreshed in God's great care.

Bliss Carman (1861–1929). Canadian-born poet who spent much of his career in the United States and became one of the most popular English-language poets of his day. Known for lyrical nature verse and the Songs from Vagabondia series written with Richard Hovey, he was later hailed as Canada's unofficial poet laureate.

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Requiem

by **ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 4, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 22

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Gladly did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

*Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894). Scottish novelist, essayist, travel writer, and poet, author of *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, and *A Child's Garden of Verses*. "Requiem," his chosen epitaph, appeared in *Underwoods* (1887) and is inscribed on his grave in Samoa. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.*

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Ain't It Awful, Mabel? (The Chorus Girl's Lament)

by **JOHN EDWARD HAZZARD**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 4, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 22

It worries me to beat the band
To hear folks say our lives is grand;
Wish they'd try some one night stand,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Nothin' ever seems to suit—
The manager's an awful brute;
Spend our lives jest lookin' cute,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Met a boy last Tuesday night,
Was spending money left and right—
Me? Gee! I couldn't eat a bite!
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Then I met another guy—
Hungry? Well I thought I'd die!
But I couldn't make him buy,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Lots of men has called me dear,
Said without me life was drear;
But men is all so insincere!
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

I tell you life is mighty hard;
I've had proposals by the yard—
Some of 'em would 'a had me starved,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Remember that sealskin sacque of mine?
When I got it, looked awful fine—
I found out it was a shine,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Prima donna's sore on me,
My roses had her up a tree—
I jest told her "twenty-three,"
Ain't I awful, Mabel?

My dear, she went right out and wired
The New York office to have me "fired";
But say, 'twas the author had me hired,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

The way folks talk about us too;
For the smallest thing that we can do—
'Nuff to make a girl feel blue,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

My Gawd! is that the overture?
I never will be on I'm sure—
The things us actresses endure,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

John Edward Hazzard. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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They've Given Pa a Raise

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 18, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 24

ANONYMOUS

Say, you ought to hear ma singin'—she's as happy as a lark,
And her smile stays on from mornin' till a long time after dark;
She's been buyin' rugs and gettin' a new, costly switch to wear,
And she takes a cab whenever she goes a callin' anywhere;
She has bought herself a dimund, and you ought to see it blaze;
Ma's as cheerful as a robin—they have given pa a raise.

Sister's busy gettin' dresses that'll cost an awful pile
And the hats that she's been buyin' are the very latest style;
She's to go abroad this summer with some people named the
Cooks;
Is she happy? Well, I guess so! You can see it by her looks;
She goes hummin' songs and dancin' and in forty thousand ways
Lets us know that she is cheerful since they've given pa a raise.

Pa still works the same as ever, and he's smokin' stogies yet;
Wears the suit he got last summer, and I guess he's still in debt;
Anyway, he starts off early and comes home fagged out at night,
And his forehead's gettin' wrinkled and his hair is turnin' white;
Can't, somehow, help feelin' sorry as I sit and watch him gaze
With a vacant look at nothin'. Yes, they've given pa a raise.
—Record-Herald (Chicago.)

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Eventide

by **FRANCIS MARSHAL**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 18, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, NO. 24

What peace of calm repose in glorious eventide!
The lowering sun's farewell sets day nor night aside.
In one are blended both to charm the heart and sight;
So soothing is the peace that broods 'twixt day and night.

Calm peace be thine, my love, at dawning eventide,
When sailed thy voyage of life and near to haven ride.
Thy cable paid and true; to Rock of Ages fast.
In eventide sweet peace, as gate of day sail'st past.

Point Loma—May, 1907.

Francis Marshal. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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The Fourteenth Man

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 25, 1907 · VOL. XXVI, No. 25

Our Harrison sat at his desk one day
And he sighed, as he said in a weary way,
"I've hustled and bustled, but do what I can,
I cannot get hold of that fourteenth man."

"Now who is this fourteenth man?" quoth I
"Cheer up H. O., it's no use to sigh,"
But he only uttered a gruesome sound
And whispered, "That fourteenth man. He must be found."

And this is the story he sadly told,
"In thirteen days, thirteen cars have I sold,
Thirteen is my hoodoo and so I feel
I must sell that fourteenth Oldsmobile."

Then, just as he spake, the telephone rang,
He answered, then put up the phone with a bang,
And he shouted with glee as away he ran,
"Eureka! I've captured that fourteenth man."

Jack Densham. Los Angeles journalist and The Graphic's regular motoring columnist, writing the weekly department "Autos and Autoists." His poems and comic verses grow out of that newspaper persona; a secure fuller identification has not yet been established.

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Musical Spring Limericks

by **WILSON G. SMITH**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 1, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 1

There once was a pupil of Liszt,
Who in rhapsodie two sprained his wriszt;
So he grabbed up his chair
And he thumped out the air,
Saying, "This is as good as my fiszt."

There once was a young I-tal-i-an
Who thought he could play the pian'
But he pedaled so bad
That his hearers got mad;
Now he peddles the luscious banan'.

There once was a critic-musician
Who aspired to social position;
He gave a pink tea
To the powers that be,
And then wrote them up on commission.

(To the spring poet laureate.)
Now the vernal molly-coddle
'Gins to bore us with his twaddle
On the blooming blooms,
And the gentle breath of spring;
What he needs is a new noddle,
And an urgent prayer that God'll
Give him brains enough
To work some other thing.
—Musical Courier.

Wilson G. Smith. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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For The Fred Finch Orphanage And Their Friends

by **JOAQUIN MILLER**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 1, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 1

Last Sunday, near San Francisco, Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the Sierras," took part in the dedication of the Upper M. E. Church at Fruitvale. He read a poem which calls impressive attention to the achievements of "unknown babies" since the discovery of Moses in the bulrushes. In presenting his verses the picturesque poet said:

Not charity, not dole of bread,
Not doubtful raiment, rude roof tree
We ask for those of whom 'twas said,
"Let little ones come unto me."

But we invoke respect, dear loves,
For those He gives us here to keep—
What lowly, lonely, tuneless doves!
What mute harps hung where willows weep!

Beg sweet loves blended with respect,
Beg room to rise, to reach abroad,
Beg room to stand, to walk erect,
To house with God, to worship God.

Lo, orphaned Lincoln, Garfield, yea,
The orphan surely is God's own.
Aye, blot the orphan's deeds away,
And glory were a page unknown.

Thrice orphaned Remus, Romulus,
Thrust naked forth from mother, home—
The she wolf's dugs, and suckled thus!
And yet they reared mighty Rome.

The baby Moses in the reeds;
Nude orphan hidden from the sword—
And yet what deeds, what mighty deeds,
A chosen orphan of the Lord!

Think, think! the Christian world today,
The decalogue, all laws all creeds,
Bank where that baby orphan lay
Low hidden in the lotus reeds!

Diamond, Cal., May 25, 1907.

Joaquin Miller (1837–1913). American poet, journalist, and adventurer born Cincinnatus Hiner Miller, popularly styled the “Poet of the Sierras.” His romanticized writing about the Far West made him an internationally recognizable literary figure.

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Jack.

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 1, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 1

ANONYMOUS

Though he isn't much to look at
And he has no pedigree,
Though I never saw his father,
He is good enough for me;
Though his two front legs are crooked
And he has no well-marked back,
I know that I shall see a friend
Whenever I call, "Jack!"

You don't have to know your parents
When you're going in a fight;
All you need is chest and muscle
And the feeling that you're right.
He won't fight unless I tell him,
And I sometimes hold him back,
Just to see the way he'll jump 'em
When I say, "Sic 'em, Jack!"

He has fought just eighty battles
And, you bet, he always won;
And he just enjoys that fighting,
Why, to him, it's only fun.
He runs off and leaves me sometimes,
But, say! when he comes back,
You should just see his expression,
As I say, "Why, hello, Jack!"

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The Yosemite

by **MARTHA CALHOUN**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 6, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 6

When earth was not but dreams to be,
The Gods divided lands from sea
And made this wondrous world of ours,
And men, and beasts and blooming flowers.
To adorn its glorious breast,
Jove took from out his treasure chest,
A jewel, which, it seems to me,
Thou art fairest—Yosemite!
With waterfalls where rainbows lie,
Stone cliffs that kiss an azure sky
Whose beauty is reflected where
A sleeping lake lies still and fair,
With woods whose fragrant pine trees grow,
And islands where blue shadows glow,
What worthier subject is than thee,
For song or verse—Yosemite!

Martha Calhoun. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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The Rattlesnake

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 6, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 6

ANONYMOUS

No craven, thou, all silently to strike
When man goes by;
Thou biddest all whose mein thou doest not like
To come not nigh.
Thy pulsing rattles sound a hard alarm
That all may heed:
War's not thy choice—to do no mortal harm
Is all thy creed.
And yet how swift, when battle must be done,
Those white fangs flash;
And, striking home, how soon your vict'ry's won
From foeman rash.
And so move on, thou hero of the plain!
Thou art secure.
For I am short—confession gives me pain—
Of snakebite cure.
(Written at 5 a. m.; *before the bellboy appeared with the pitcher
of ice-water.*)

Anonymous (from the Denver Republican)

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The Sprinter

by **J. N. MERRILL**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 20, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 8

"On your marks!—set!" I crouched with muscles strained;
Steady, my heart! I must not fail today.
Crack! and the pistol sends us on our way
Where long-sought honor must be lost or gained.
A rush of feet behind me and beside,
And one white flying form a yard ahead
That I must pass. *I must. I will.* Like lead
My heart. Happy the Greek who died,
Yet knew in dying that his goal was won!
Break, heart, if need be! All my strength I throw
In one last effort. Then a roar of cheers
Sounds strange and far away, upon my ears,
Shouting my name—*my* name—not his! I know
The triumph of winning a race well run.

J. N. Merrill. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Midnight and Dawn

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 20, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 8

The night without is still; no breath of wind;
No light to break the darkness lying deep;
The old clock slowly ticks the hours away
And echoes mockingly my cry for sleep.

The seconds burn into my brain like fire,
The ghosts of long-dead dreams glide slowly by,
My mask at last has dropped, my naked soul
Lies grim and bleeding 'neath my shrinking eye.

The vain desires of years, the "might-have-beens,"
The castles, dream-bricked, that I built in Spain,
The bitter uselessness of war for life—
The strife that in the end brings naught but pain.

Is there no rest? To lie down and forget—
Forget the bitter fruits that once were sweet,
Forget the haunting eyes of loved ones gone,
The gentle souls I nevermore shall greet?

Forget the aching void within my heart,
Forget the memories that unbidden leap,
Forget it all, the joys, the surging pain,
The past, the yet-to-be—God send me sleep.
* * *

Across the sky the fingers of the dawn
Go creeping down to snare the loitering day,
And paint with skillful touch the drifting clouds
That ceaseless go their solitary way.

Above me swing the branches in the wind
And bend to brush the daisies on the lea;
Below the steel-grey waters of the brook
Go rippling out to meet the siren sea.

The long light shakes across the nestling hills,
A timid sunbeam scurries down the vale,
The white clouds burn with tender hue of rose,
From nodding cornfield calls the lonely quail.

The sunlight wavers into frightened nooks
Where dim and cool the cloistering shadows lie:
The mask again, the smile, the steady eyes—

The night is o'er; God speed the welcome day.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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Infinitude

by **RUSSELL JUDSON WATERS**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 3, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 10

Let Conscience demand that Reason then accept,
What Hope has raised;
With certitude and love we fix our thoughts on Him,
Whose name be praised.
And let the glory of eternal faith
In word, and deed, and strife,
Be reflected in all our thoughts, our hearts,
And every act of life.

*Russell Judson Waters (1843–1911). Vermont-born lawyer, banker, civic leader, and California congressman who moved to Redlands in 1886 and Los Angeles in 1894. Alongside his legal and public career, he published the Los Angeles verse collection *Lyric Echoes* (1907).*

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Some Day

by **RUSSELL JUDSON WATERS**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 3, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 10

*Take again the verses *Some Day*, among the best in the collection.
This closes—*

Some day we'll see through gates ajar
The radiant light that shines afar,
A guiding star that leads us there;
Revealing then the golden stair
On which we set our weary feet
To reach with joy those realms so sweet—
Some Day.

*Russell Judson Waters (1843–1911). Vermont-born lawyer, banker, civic leader, and California congressman who moved to Redlands in 1886 and Los Angeles in 1894. Alongside his legal and public career, he published the Los Angeles verse collection *Lyric Echoes* (1907).*

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Nuestras Senioritas

by **RUSSELL JUDSON WATERS**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 3, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 10

Again in "Resurgam" the same strain. But Mr. Waters has not neglected the lighter vein. What could be more joyous than "Nuestras Senioritas"—

The swish and swirl of petticoats
Is heard on every side,
In laughing chorus they are here
At spring and summer tide—
Our Girls.

With sparkling eyes and lightsome step
And merry voices sounding,
Through room and hall in mirthful glee,
Their dancing feet are bounding—
Our Girls.

Oh, Time and Tide stay now your hand
And leave our present thus,
That we may keep in youthful hope
These beings dear to us—
Our Girls.

Russell Judson Waters (1843–1911). Vermont-born lawyer, banker, civic leader, and California congressman who moved to Redlands in 1886 and Los Angeles in 1894. Alongside his legal and public career, he published the Los Angeles verse collection Lyric Echoes (1907).

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[Strike while the iron's hot]

by **RUSSELL JUDSON WATERS**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 3, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 10

Not long ago Mr. Frederick Stevenson, the well-known composer said: "I wish I could find something new for a chorus of men's voices. I want something with action, with movement, with manliness; something that will wake every fibre in a man." Mr. Waters has supplied this need. Here are the words—

Strike now, while the iron's hot
Be your motto as it may,
Do it now, or do it not
In the safe and surest way.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Let the idler and the drone
Dally with the thief of time;
But let you, if you alone,
Do the work that's in your line.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Old Procrastination stands
To prevent your sawing wood,
But his fish he seldom lands
And his work is never good.
Strike while the iron's hot.

State occasions seldom come
In this grim old world of ours;
Fortune's luck will wait for none
For this life's no bed of flowers.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Make your way with push and zest,
Doing manly work today;
What is done is the true test
Of your power on your way.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Nature's work goes on apace,
In her sphere there's no delay.
Time is "essence" in the race
With no faltering by the way.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Wait not for the morrow's sun;
Do the work that's due today,

Having both your work and fun—
Neither one will brook delay.
Strike while the iron's hot.

Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

*Russell Judson Waters (1843–1911). Vermont-born lawyer, banker, civic leader, and California congressman who moved to Redlands in 1886 and Los Angeles in 1894. Alongside his legal and public career, he published the Los Angeles verse collection *Lyric Echoes* (1907).*

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Monition

by **CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 3, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 10

A faint wind, blowing from World's End,
Made strange the city street.
A strange sound mingled in the fall
Of the familiar feet.

Something unseen whirled with the leaves
To tap on door and sill.
Something unknown went whispering by
Even when the wind was still.

And men looked up with startled eyes,
And hurried on their way,
As if they had been called, and told
How brief their day.

Charles G. D. Roberts (1860–1943). Canadian poet and prose writer associated with the Confederation Poets, especially admired for nature poetry and realistic animal stories. He was knighted in 1935 for his contribution to Canadian literature.

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Sonnet

by **E. R. TAYLOR**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 10, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 11

Say that his bosom nursed black pools of mire,
Where venom'd snakes their lustful poison bred,
On which in bestial mood he weakly fed
Until Law smote him with relentless ire;
Yet in his soul still flamed celestial fire;
And beauty's lovely legions wide outspread
Her conquering banner there, as raptured sped
The songs that shook his music breathing lyre.
His dungeon's foulness leaves no speck nor stain
Upon the white refulgence of his strain,
Nor bars its way along the loving years;
Nor takes the least from his all priceless gain,
That at the last he calmed his spirit's fears,
And died embathed in his repentant tears.

E. R. Taylor (1838–1923). Edward Robeson Taylor, California lawyer, poet, educator, and civic official. He served briefly as mayor of San Francisco after the 1906 earthquake era and published several volumes of poetry and translations.

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I shall make a brave death

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 10, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 11

ANONYMOUS

I shall make a brave death,
Spite of hell and all;
I shall with my parting breath
Hold pale fate in thrall.

I shall make a brave death,
Stand thou by and see,
How old comrade life and I
Can part company.

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Shut Up!

by **J. ADAIR STRAWSON**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 24, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 13

Sing a song of shirt-waists,
White, or blue, or black;
Four and twenty hooks and eyes
That fasten up the back.
And the language father uses,
When clumsily he tries
To fasten mother's hooks,
Only opens mother's eyes.

*J. Adair Strawson. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic;
no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.*

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When a Man Marries

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 14, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

When a man marries,
Trouble begins;
Buttoning waists,
And putting in pins.
Looking at bonnets
To see if they're straight;
Ready to start,
Then having to wait.
Hunting for robbers,
Under each bed;
Roused in the night,
For a blanket to spread.
When the rain comes,
Though you're wrapped in repose,
Roused with a shout,
The windows to close.
Summoned at morn
To start up the fire;
Get in the milk
In your scanty attire.
Run to the store
For the food you would eat,
Get in the ice
'Ere it melts in the street.
Hurry to work,
Hurry back with your pay—
When a man marries,
So passes a day.

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Nanette (A Love Song)

by **CHARLEY EYTON**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 14, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 16

Through life's sad tangled wilderness
Belov'd I looked for thee!
My heart was bleak and flowerless,
Till thou gav'st thy love to me;
And when I clasp thee to my heart,
And look into thine eyes,
I know Earth holds no greater bliss;
For this is Paradise!

O, Sweetheart! O, Fond Heart!
O, Light of Life to me!
The brightness of thy love is like
The sunlight on the sea.
O, dear heart! O, true heart!
O, blessing from above!
We'll wander forth forever
Through the starlit fields of love.

I dreamed of thee, my heart of gold,
Long years before we met.
For love is all that Life can hold;
I wanted thine Nanette!
And, if the fates should so decide,
That thou and I must part,
Beyond the grave I'd wander
With thine image in my heart!

Charley Eyton. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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[untitled — on Joaquin Miller]

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 14, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 16

ANONYMOUS

When our good Joaquin Miller dies,
When at the pearly doors he'll knock,
To call Saint Peter with the keys
That can the wicket gate unlock,
So he must answer straight and true,
Each question that the saint may ask,
And if Saint Peter touch on sports,
I do not envy him his task.

"Who are you, sir?" Saint Peter says;
"I'm Joaquin Miller," his reply;
"In California I have lived,
A writer and a poet I."
"What did you hap to write about?"
Saint Peter asks with lowering brow,
"I wrote about a prize fight once,
It was a merry bout I trow."

"And you were hired by William Hearst,
And yet admission here you crave?
Good sir, you must have lost your sense
When you were lowered in the grave.
Down, down below, the place for you,
And, when in agony you groan,
Take comfort in the company
Of Billy Naughton and Van Loan."

Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

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THE ABSENT MEMBER

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 5, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 19

ANONYMOUS

Perhaps beneath a Scotch cap he is sauntering down the Strand,
A meerschaum pipe is in his mouth, a stick is in his hand;
Perhaps he is walking down Pall Mall, a-weary of the day,
Perhaps upon the screw steamboat—the Dover and Calais;
Perhaps he's on the mighty deep, and looking for a sail,
Or by the steward's cabin, and searching for a pail.
He may be in the family circle, near the baby's yell,
Wrapped like a living oyster, in his own peculiar shell;
Or he may be in the graveyard, with white and upturned face,
Having run his little journey, and served the human race.
Sharp's casket may enclose him, and give increasing room,
Until the coffin's empty, about the crack of doom.

Peace to this absent brother—still may his ashes rest—
He left the boys all working, they did for him the best.
Here's to the absent member, wherever he may be,
Whether journeying on the land or on the sunset sea;
Take up the feather duster, and dust away the flies,
Then raise your glasses gently, boys, and gently sympathize
With the brother who is not here to celebrate our fame,
To glorify fraternity, with its illustrious name.
Old friends shall never be forgot, by Englishmen at least,
While celebrating Royal Oak in glorious wine and feast.

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Child Labor

by **HARRY MURPHY**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 5, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 19

Behold! they march, the childish host, their ranks two millions
strong,
To whirr of loom
They go to doom,
A cramped and crippled throng.
Before them rides their Captain, Death, grim Greed comes on
behind,
Their ragged ranks are headed for a bourne they're soon to find.

They swarm from cellar, garret, street, where want and hunger
dwell,
In morn ere night
Gives way to light,
Their puny lives to sell.
In heat and chill, mid noxious air, with brains that throb and reel,
These little souls are wearing out for lords who never feel.

From dawn to dark they toil and moil, through hours as long as
years,
With bodies worn,
With fingers torn,
With hearts too dry for tears.
In mill and mine, of God forgot, shut out from light of day,
Never to know the joys of youth, the laughter and the play.

They have no time for song of bird, for field or summer sky,
For they, wee slaves,
Are digging graves,
Themselves will occupy.
That a few may vie with storied pomp of King and chief of old,
Our children's blood is turned to dust, their lives are coined to
gold.

Harry Murphy. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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In Nature's Aisles

by **JOHN KENDRICK BANGS**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 12, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 20

The woods and dales,
And the hills and vales,
 These are the church for me.
The chorus sweet
That the birds repeat,
 And the paeans of the bee;

The rustling prayer
On the still sweet air
 Of the leaves on the kindly trees;
The light divine
Of the soft sunshine,
 And the woodland harmonies;

The sturdy strength
Of the mountain length
 As it stretches athwart the sky;
The fresh clean thrill
Of the mountain rill
 As it runs a-whispering by;

The perfumed scent
Of the meadows blent
 With the pine of the balsam boughs;
And the sweet wild rose,
And the elder-blows,
 And the grain in the brimming mows;

All speak to me
Of the majesty
 And glory of God above.
Who made the hills,
And the dales and rills,
 And taught them to sing His Love!

John Kendrick Bangs (1862–1922). American humorist, editor, and author known for comic fantasy and the “Associated Shades” books. He edited leading humorous periodicals and wrote prolifically in prose and light verse.

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Lyra Elegantiarum

by **STUFFY DAVIS**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 19, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, NO. 21

Of all the ladies in the land,
There's none so sweet as Lottie,
She has the other ladies canned,
And I on her are dotty.

Stuffy Davis. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Quail

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 2, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 23

ANONYMOUS

Up in the foothills
Quails are fluttering,
Shotguns are spluttering,
Hunters are muttering;
 Swift run the rills.

Down in the city
There waits the steaming pot,
But he's a woeful shot,
And he brings quail Not;
 Oh, what a pity!

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Dan the Blow-Hard; or, Lusty Pips and Leathery Lungs

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 9, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 24

'Twas in a Panhard car, one day,
The sun was shining bright,
That Doc and Dan both started out,
Their hearts were very light.
They had a victim, so they smiled,
It was a pleasant sight.

Now Hulett Merritt sat behind,
He thought to buy the car
If Dan could demonstrate to him
It's stock was up to par.
They did not think to fill the tank
They were not going far.

To Pasadena Daniel steered
At length they reached a hill,
The gasoline, low in the tank
They had forgot to fill,
Would not o'er top the outlet pipe
And so the car stood still.

Then Daniel threw the bonnet up
And laid the engine bare,
He tried the carburettor, but
No gasoline was there.
"There's just one way to get the juice,"
Said he, "and that's with air."

He took the stopper from the tank,
And to it placed his lips.
He blew until his cheeks bulged out,
His eyes like orange pips,
He blew until the gasoline
Came through the pipe in drips.

And thus the Panhard reached the top
To Merritt's great surprise
And thus he bought the car. Today,
For any curious eyes,
The Panhard proves the adage true

That "Hot air never lies."

Jack Densham. Los Angeles journalist and The Graphic's regular motoring columnist, writing the weekly department "Autos and Autoists." His poems and comic verses grow out of that newspaper persona; a secure fuller identification has not yet been established.

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The Cynic's Christmas

by **HARVEY PEAKE**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 21, 1907 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 3

Same old Christmas
As of yore,
Same old nuisance,
Same old bore.
Same old friends
Same exchange,
Christmas giving's
Very strange.
Same old holly,
Same old cheer,
Same old presents
As last year.
Same old slippers
Much too small,
Same cigars
No good at all.
Same old Omar,
Same old ties,
Nothing novel
Meets my eyes.
Same old greetings,
Same old ills,
Same old sameness
Even bills.

Harvey Peake. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Los Angeles

by **HENRY F. GILHOFFER**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 25, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 8

Gee, but this is a cheerful place,
A welcome smile on every face,
A hand that stretches out half way
To help to pass the time of day.

A hello, stranger, howdy do,
Oh, I'm well, thank you, how're you?
Think you're going to stay a while?
I'll stay the limit, I should smile.

Somehow this place has got a charm
That makes we want to sell the farm
Back East, and settle down right here,
Where things is full of warmth and cheer.

To hear them birds sing in the trees,
And flower smells on every breeze,
It makes me feel like heaven's here,
With things back home so cold and drear.

To think the snow is four feet high
In my cow lot, it makes me sigh
To think I've been so awful slow,
As not to come ten years ago.

I guess I'll write to sell that farm,
Including mortgage, house and barn,
And stay right here, and settle down,
'Cause, my, but this is a cheerful town!

Henry F. Gilhofer. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Destiny

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 1, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 9

I am the deep-hidden chord, whose throbbing may not be stilled;
I am the master of Fate, whose life-beats may not be killed;
I am the being that slumbers deep in the hearts of men;
I am the wonderful thing that passes all earthly ken.

I am the warp and the woof, the mystical web of life,
Weaving with shuttle and loom, and waiting with upheld knife,
Watching the quivering thread from cradle to somber grave,
Cutting it where I may choose, nor tarry twixt knight and knave.

I am the will-o'-the-wisp, the siren to lure the bold,
I am the call of the blood, and I am the rainbow's gold;
No man may swerve from his fate, nor stay me for good or worse;
I am the Almighty Power, god of the Universe.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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In the Waltz

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 8, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 10

ANONYMOUS

At last in my arms I held my queen,
As, whirling and circling to and fro,
We heard, as we treaded the waltzers between,
The glorious music ebb and flow.

I could feel her heart, like a bird imprisoned,
Against my breast through her corsage beat,
As I held her close in the waltz and listened
To the maddening music and pattering feet.

As we whirled and circled about the room,
My senses swooned with the joy and bliss;
My soul seemed drunk with her breath's perfume,
And I pressed on a vagrant tress a kiss.

I saw a flash in my rival's eye
As I kissed the tress as it fanned my cheek,
And I said to myself, as I heard her sigh,
"Now or never—this moment speak."

I bent my head till it touched the glory
Of golden hair that crowned her head,
And there in the waltz I told the story
That yet shall be new when the world is dead.

There in the waltz I won my treasure,
Full in the ball-room's glare and heat,
Whirling swift through the waltz's measure,
Keeping time to the music's beat.

As I looked in her eyes, brimming o'er like a river,
I clasped her close, for I knew I had won;
And then with a blare and a crash and shiver,
The music ended—the waltz was done.

Author Unknown

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The Wail of the Doll — The Triumph of the Doll

by **E. J. G. ("CHATTERBOX")**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 22, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 12

THE WAIL OF THE DOLL.

(Yesterday.)

Neglected, I sit in the showcase,
Beside me my Teddy Bears;
There is no one can see me—
What's worse is that nobody cares;
There was when one heard the sweet pleading,
"Oh, mother, please buy me a Doll!"
But now 'tis, "A Teddy Bear, mother,
Please get me the biggest of all."

They say 'tis a rule of stern Nature,
That what becomes useless, at last,
Must die and give place to some other,
And be reckoned a thing of the past—
But after these ages of service,
In various countries and climes,
Is the Doll to be banished forever?
If so, these are serious times.

Still, if the style now is for grown-ups
To prefer woolly dogs to caress,
Instead of dear, cooing babies,
Why, then, it's no wonder, I guess,
That wee little girls—to be "modern"—
Must give up their Doll-babies, too,
And take up the fad of the Teddy—
As one should expect them to do.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE DOLL.

(Today.)

I'm brought forward again in the showcase,
The bright group of soft Teddy Bears
Are stretching their paws out in pleading,
But somehow, there's nobody cares.
"Please buy me a Doll, won't you, mother?"
Yes, that is the cry of today,
And the fad of the soft, furry Teddy,
Has, like a flash, vanished away.

For little girls will have their Dollies;

Their mother-hearts will not be crushed,
Nor the longing to pet what's their "baby,"
By any new fad, be quite hushed.
And may be the style of caressing,
With puppies, for babies, will stay—
Like that of the Teddy Bear furry—
For only the space of a day.

E. J. G. ("Chatterbox"). The source prints this descriptive name or apparent pseudonym; no secure identification of the writer has yet been established.

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The Height of the Ridiculous

by **OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 14, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 15

*By Frederick Stevenson. Let me see, how run those closing lines of
Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "queer, so very queer?"*

"He read the next, the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third, a chuckling noise
I now begin to hear.

The fourth, he broke into a roar;
The fifth, his waistband split;
The sixth, he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can."

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894). American physician, essayist, and poet, a leading member of Boston's Fireside Poets. His works include "Old Ironsides," The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, and much popular comic and occasional verse. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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Mr. Batchelder's Socks

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 21, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 16

They are not clocks on the radiant socks
That cover our Batchelder's feet,
But a pattern rare, designed with care,
Occasionally shows itself to the air,
And, oh, the effect is sweet!

Two Trilbies wee disport in glee,
A cov'ring of rainbow hue,
And we gazed in awe at the sight we saw,
And wildly we rushed to the office door;
"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue."

Jack Densham. Los Angeles journalist and The Graphic's regular motoring columnist, writing the weekly department "Autos and Autoists." His poems and comic verses grow out of that newspaper persona; a secure fuller identification has not yet been established.

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Bill Bush's Opening

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 28, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 17

The ragged Muse has just flown in through a crack in the window-sash. Her inspiration is on a very distressing subject. Please forgive me, Bill, and blame it on the Muse:

Oh, where is Bill Bush's opening
He promised to hold in the Spring?
Oh, where is that jollification?
Alas! it is now on the wing.

Bill promised a splendid reception
With music and coffee and tea.
He said, "Don't await invitations
Just come, boys, and charge it to me."

But now, though the doorway is open
The jollification is dead;
And I think that it perished a-borning
And that was in Bill Bush's head.

Jack Densham. Los Angeles journalist and The Graphic's regular motoring columnist, writing the weekly department "Autos and Autoists." His poems and comic verses grow out of that newspaper persona; a secure fuller identification has not yet been established.

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Hail to the Fleet

by **EDMUND MITCHELL**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 11, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 19

Through the Golden Gate there sweep
Wardens of the mighty deep,
Battleships designed for war,
But with peace their guiding star.
Hark, from every crowded height
Gladsome welcomes ringing,
Hand grips hand, and eyes gleam bright,
With joy the West is singing:

CHORUS:

Oh, hurrah for the battle fleet
Afloat on the Western main,
All ready for war should war drums beat,
To fight again and again.
Though we fling defiance to none,
We will keep up the gallant story,
And defend the shores which our fathers won,
We vow it by dear Old Glory!

Wild the seas th' Armada plowed,
Dark the nights of fog and cloud,
Long the way, but clear the call—
"Guard the gates, guard one and all."
Now at last 'neath sunny sky,
Balmy winds caressing
Safe the ships at anchor lie.
All's well, by Heaven's own blessing.

CHORUS:

Oh, hurrah for the battle fleet,
etc., etc.

Edmund Mitchell. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Radiant Robin

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 11, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 19

ANONYMOUS

*But the vest! Oh that vest! Words fail me, but here comes the Muse;
perhaps she can do it justice:*

Adown the White garage he walks
A radiant sight is he;
From dainty feet to headgear neat
He's perfect as can be.

Although his coat of Norfolk shape
Is brilliant, yet beware—
Your eyes 'twill test to view his vest
Oh! glorious George Adair!

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Sailing Around the Horn

by **MELVIN BARTLETT**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 18, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 20

In every port the world around,
A starry banner flies;
The sailor knows and fears no foes
Where'er that flag he spies;
The hearty lads who fly the flag
And work the guns for you—
On every coast they back our boast—
The jolly lads in blue.

Chorus.

Sailing, sailing, sailing around the Horn—
Here's to the men of the U. S. N.,
The bravest ever born.
Here's to the flag they serve so well,
Here's to each captain true,
Here's to the foes they've sent below,
And again to the boys in blue.

No foe have we at home to fear,
And none across the sea;
We trust to you, our boys in blue,
For our tranquility.
For on the seas that wash our shores,
Your floating bulwarks roam,
When you're at sea, we know that we
Can sleep in peace at home.

With pride we count our ships and guns,
And tell their victories;
In honor hold our admirals bold,
Who rule the rolling seas.
Now cheer the lads who sail the ships,
The lads whose aim is true;
What use were boats or gold-laced coats;
Without the boys in blue?

Melvin Bartlett. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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The Old Fir Tree

by **H. C. DODGE**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 25, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 21

Some twenty-six years ago H. C. Dodge contributed a lot of such stuff to the Milwaukee Sun, Burlington Hawkeye and to other first-class humorous papers, a number of which are presented.

As I sat beneath an old fir tree, the wind
went whispering by. It waved its boughs
and softly breathed the following sad sigh: "I
have stood here many a year
and seen the summer come and
go, the spring time with its flowers
and rare, the autumn with its fruit
and grain. But winter, with its chilling
blast, snow, wind and ice, the skies
are overcast. In summer time beneath my
shade have children often played, and oh
how oft beneath my boughs have lovers re-
hearsed their plighted vows, and many a time the
old and feeble have sought my shade to smoke
their pipe or ply their needle; and thus it's
them, with better and glad faces, I have watched
their coming and going threescore years,
and none but I could tell of
what to that one befell.
But age is creeping o'er my
head and I feel my roots
are getting
dead;
and
soon
I'll wi-
ther
and
decay
like
those
who sought
my shade each day."

H. C. Dodge. A widely reprinted writer of light and sentimental verse whose poems appeared in period anthologies, including A Vers de Société Anthology (1907). The initials are sometimes expanded as Reginald H. C. Dodge, but secure biographical details remain elusive.

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A Newspaper Puff

by **H. C. DODGE**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 25, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 21

This
is a type
of my old
pipe.
I fill
it with
tobacco
then li-
ght the
stuff—now (puff,
puff, puff),
of comfort
there's no la-
ck, O! (Puff)
'tis, indeed,
a friend in
need, that
(puff) drives
away trouble
Like (puff) a
wife it cheers
our life and
(puff) makes
pleasures
double. One
who is sad it
(puff) makes
glad & (puff)
makes life
worth living.
All strife it
heals and
friendships
seals and (puff) makes hearts for-
giving. When I'm "dead broke" my
pipe I smoke nor care a continental.
For (puff) my woes soon (puff) transpose
to splendors oriental. I watch ascend the
rings which blend with atmosphere so ha-
zy, and (puff) I dream of bliss supreme.
(puff, puff) though old and lazy. No cab-
bage leaf brings me to grief nor cigar-
ette so nasty. My pipe so sweet, though
not so neat, gives (puff) a joy more
vasty. My pipe's my yoke. It's fra-
grant smoke in solitude I'm

snuffing. Tho' I decry all
else, yet my dear pipe
I'm ever puffing.

H. C. Dodge. A widely reprinted writer of light and sentimental verse whose poems appeared in period anthologies, including A Vers de Société Anthology (1907). The initials are sometimes expanded as Reginald H. C. Dodge, but secure biographical details remain elusive.

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The Good Little Boy

by **H. C. DODGE**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 25, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 21

I love to go to
Sunday school
And put my pennies in the plate;
I love to learn the
Golden Rule and
save the heathen
from their fate. I
wouldn't break the
Sabbath. No! For
that is awful
wicked
Oh! I
wouldn't swear. To steal
a pin would be a very
dreadful sin. I give my
playmates tracts and tell them
all about the burning hell where
the bad boys go who like to play
upon the blessed Sabbath day. I
pull off legs and wings from flies;
and I put out our kitten's eyes;
Such fun! It made me laugh to see
her, blinded, crawl away from me.
I find birds' nests and smash the
eggs, and I break the little chick-
ens' legs, and once I put
some Paris green in mam-
ma's tea. You should
have seen her fight. it was
so jolly that I
gave a little to
the cat. It died.
Some time
I mean to try
to stick a pin in
baby's eye.
The dear
bells ring
Now I must
go, for I'm a
little lamb you know,
and if you're not a Christian, too
dear sinner, let me pray for you.

H. C. Dodge. A widely reprinted writer of light and sentimental verse whose poems appeared in period anthologies, including A Vers de Société Anthology

(1907). *The initials are sometimes expanded as Reginald H. C. Dodge, but secure biographical details remain elusive.*

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The Pretty Girl

by **H. C. DODGE**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 25, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 21

Here
hangs my bangs
o'er eyes that dream.
And nose and rose-
but lips for cream.
And here's my
chin with dim-
ples in,
This is my
neck with-
out a speck,
which doth these snowy should-
ers deck; and here is—see, on
double T-O-N, which girls all
wear like me; and here's a
heart from Cupid's dart
safe shielded by this
corset's art. This is
my waist, too tight-
ly laced, on which
a bustle big is
placed.
This is my
dress. It's cost,
I guess, did my
poor papa much dis-
tress, because he sighed
when mamma tried it on,
and scolded so I cried; but
mamma said I would wed and
buy papa's clothes for him in-
stead. It's trimmed with lace just
in this place. neath which two an-
kles show, with grace, in silken hose to
catch the beaux what think they're lovely.
I suppose. These are
my feet, In slippers
neat, and now if we
should chance to meet we'll
flirt a little on the street. How sweet

H. C. Dodge. A widely reprinted writer of light and sentimental verse whose poems appeared in period anthologies, including A Vers de Société Anthology (1907). The initials are sometimes expanded as Reginald H. C. Dodge, but secure biographical details remain elusive.

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Interlude I ("It's very annoying to find you have lost")

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 25, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 21

*Here follows the first interlude which attempts to describe our
mingled emotions:*

It's very annoying to find you have lost
The nickel you saved for a fare.
When your girl makes a date and you wait for an hour
Of course you are tempted to swear;
But imagine our feelings when, out on the bluff,
We found that no launch was in sight.
Now, would you have said things, or silently smiled?
I think you'd have sworn. Am I right?

Jack Densham. Los Angeles journalist and The Graphic's regular motoring columnist, writing the weekly department "Autos and Autoists." His poems and comic verses grow out of that newspaper persona; a secure fuller identification has not yet been established.

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Interlude II ("She lies at her landing, so dainty her lines")

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 25, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 21

Second interlude, attempting to portray the average small launch:

She lies at her landing, so dainty her lines,
Designed by her builder for speed;
Her engine is one of the kind that will work,
Oh, she is a wonder indeed.
But, alas! in a sea when your mooring line parts
And you anxiously yell for a tow,
Or you want to go somewhere in very great haste,
Of course that d—d engine won't go.

Jack Densham. Los Angeles journalist and The Graphic's regular motoring columnist, writing the weekly department "Autos and Autoists." His poems and comic verses grow out of that newspaper persona; a secure fuller identification has not yet been established.

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Interlude III ("It isn't the cut of the clothes that they wear")

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 25, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 21

*Let us have a third interlude attempting to describe the "Je ne sais
quoi" of the naval officer:*

It isn't the cut of the clothes that they wear,
Combined with the way that they all part their hair;
It's something, methinks, in the manner they bear
That marks them as naval officers.
No matter what duties they have to perform,
From splicing the main brace because it is warm
To showing a stranger the ship, they're GOOD FORM,
And I think that describes them exactly.

*Jack Densham. Los Angeles journalist and The Graphic's regular motoring
columnist, writing the weekly department "Autos and Autoists." His poems and
comic verses grow out of that newspaper persona; a secure fuller identification has
not yet been established.*

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The Navy Cocktail

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 25, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 21

To do justice to that cocktail we must have another interlude:

"Come in, come in, ye yachtsmen bold,
We'll give ye a drink to keep out the cold;
There's plenty of ice cracked, clean and nice,
Whiskey and bitters, of lemon a slice,
And the man not in mufti will fix in a trice
A beautiful Navy Cocktail."

With skillful hand—a practiced hand—
He makes the mixture. At his command
The bitters drop from his finger stop
And the whiskey bubbles in plop, plop, plop,
And he sets out a drink that will make you
hop,
That grand old Navy Cocktail.

Jack Densham. Los Angeles journalist and The Graphic's regular motoring columnist, writing the weekly department "Autos and Autoists." His poems and comic verses grow out of that newspaper persona; a secure fuller identification has not yet been established.

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Spring Song

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 16, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 24

A-down the vale the elfish Pan is piping rondelays,
A song of youth and joy and love; a lilt of sunlit days,
And deep the murmur of the sea moans through the leafing trees;
A call of Spring, the gypsy Spring that rides the balmy breeze.

And over hills and over dales the witching gypsy goes,
The sunlight tangled in her locks where rests a new-blown rose;
Her dusky eyes like forest pools where sips the thirsty deer;
Her wine-red lips that laugh or pout, and mock old Pan's weird
leer.

And where she treads the flowers bloom and lush green grasses
grow,
And when she laughs 'tis like the winds that through the lilies
blow,
And when she weeps 'tis like the rain that drips in shadowed pall
Across the mist-hung pasture fields a-dream at evenfall.

And over dales and over hills and o'er the rim of day
Into the gray of twilight hours the gypsy goes her way;
And Life is Youth and Youth is Love, and Love is all in all,
When sweet above the Pipes of Pan there rings the gypsy's call.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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The Mirror of Fashion

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 16, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 24

Right loudly we sang of his wonderful socks,
We thought them perfection enough;
But now he comes out in a fashion quite new,
With a radiant, double-decked cuff.

Its pattern and color are equally fine,
A mixture of crimson and blue;
The moment you see it you'll ardently pine
For a cuff of a similar hue.

So well groomed and handsome Bill Batchelder stands,
His hair neatly curled at the nape;
But the finishing touch you will find on his hands,
'Tis that cuff and its wonderful shape.

Jack Densham. Los Angeles journalist and The Graphic's regular motoring columnist, writing the weekly department "Autos and Autoists." His poems and comic verses grow out of that newspaper persona; a secure fuller identification has not yet been established.

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Untitled

by **MARMION**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 23, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, NO. 25

Oh woman in our hours of ease,
etc., etc.
When pain and anguish wring the brow
(of councilmen)
An administering angel thou.

Marmion. The source prints this descriptive name or apparent pseudonym; no secure identification of the writer has yet been established.

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The Rain-proof Beau Brummel

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 23, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 25

But imagine what effect the arrival of Bill Batchelder will have on the web-footed inhabitants of the city by the Willamette. Can we jingle on the subject? Let us try.

Although in the south he is wonderfully clad,
To mention we cannot refrain,
The opposite costume Bill Batchelder has
To wear in the Oregon rain.

His hat will be covered with waterproof gloss,
While his collar and double-deck cuff
Will have an addition of beautiful white
And indelible waterproof stuff.

His feet will be cased in two well-fitting shoes,
Designed to defy all the wet,
And the Portlanders all will say "he's a
dude,
And a waterproof dude, you may bet."

But under the waterproof clothing you'll find
The body and heart of a sport,
And when he has left the Willamette behind,
They will name him a jolly good sort.

Jack Densham. Los Angeles journalist and The Graphic's regular motoring columnist, writing the weekly department "Autos and Autoists." His poems and comic verses grow out of that newspaper persona; a secure fuller identification has not yet been established.

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To a New Found Comrade

by **HENRY CRISTEEN WARNACK**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 30, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 26

About me is a great throng, yet out of the multitude I single you alone, knowing full well that you, of all beneath my gaze, will perfectly understand me. When I salute you I am not surprised that the pressure of your hand equals that of my own.

I demand no avowal from your lips; your glance is more to me than the spoken word of any other woman; your thought tallies my own. Your eye meets mine unafraid, yet you tremble. You are my wild flower of the hills, my pure laurel of the high hills, and very sweet.

I long to lead you apart from the rest that together we may enjoy the rapturous silence of the vast and undisturbed night. Oh, I am sure that the tender passion of the white moon is entirely for you, and that the stars of evening are pale for love of you.

An hour ago, for all my dream and hope, I did not certainly know that you were. Now I am filled with a rage of joy merely to think that you ARE. When I look upon you my heart doubles and trebles its beating until I am hurt with its call to you.

I am curious to know what you have been about all these days you have passed me unquestioned: I would demand a definite account of you, and would, in turn, spread my own past before you that you may read it as a book of love. When you have read it I think you will see just where I have missed you, dreamed of you, cried out for you at every crisis. I think you are as eager to confess to me your own insufficiency until this hour of our divine appointment.

Now that I have found you, I will not lightly let you go. Until the light shall no longer lave the rose, until each star is blotted out in hopeless night and God himself be laid in Beauty's grave, I shall refuse to relinquish you.

Henry Cristeen Warnack. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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The Gaelic Gear Replacer

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 30, 1908 · VOL. XXVIII, No. 26

*I found the oil-begrimed Scotchman lying on his back emitting
sounds of Gaelic profanity.*

Extended at length he lies on the floor,
His back on the chilly cement,
And, while he is trying to fix the machine
He utters this Gaelic lament:

Hoot man, the dommed thing's fey,
She canna fix it noo,
She's but a fechtless lad the day,
Thol' dhreel, Roderick Dhu.

I spoke very kindly in accents quite mild,
I bade him arise from the floor;
And, when I recited the following lines,
He made a quick rush for the door:

Hoot mon, the dommed thing's fey,
But I can cure it too;
For I've a basket hid outside—
It holds some Roderick Dhu.

Jack Densham. Los Angeles journalist and The Graphic's regular motoring columnist, writing the weekly department "Autos and Autoists." His poems and comic verses grow out of that newspaper persona; a secure fuller identification has not yet been established.

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Untitled

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 6, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, No. 1

ANONYMOUS

Sitting after dinner, smoking our cigar,
We think of what we might have been,
We think of what we are;
We think of many chances lost,
Of more that offer fair:
We smoke our big cheroots and build
Our castles in the air.

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The Race of Resourceful Ralph

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 6, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, No. 1

With its barreled hood o'er whirring fan
And its engine sprung to life,
Purring a low-toned melody
A song with power rife,
There stands that dainty Franklin car
All eager for the strife.

A-down the stretch eleven cars
Strung in a perfect line,
Come slowly to the starting point;
The flag, in swift decline,
Drops and the roar of engines sounds
Like an exploding mine.

Resourceful Ralph spurts out ahead
Five laps he holds the lead,
But Danny follows close behind
With ever-gaining speed,
The Stoddard-Dayton on his heels,
It is a race indeed.

Then craftily Ralph slackens speed,
"One hundred miles to go,
I'll let them wear their tires out
While resting mine, and so
I think it would be wise," quoth he,
"To go a trifle slow."

Thus Fiery Dan takes on the lead
Not fearing chance mishap,
He takes the turns at awful speed
Until he gains a lap,
But Ralph serenely buzzes on,
Resourcefulness on tap.

The Stearns has covered thirty miles,
But now its extra weight,
In skidding round those awful turns,
Has done the work of fate;
Its tires are gone, Ralph still rolls on,
He packs no extra freight.

Once, only once, in all that race

Ralph Hamlin has to stay.
Just one new tire, then on again
He flashes on his way;
And now he's seven laps ahead,
"A cinch," the people say.

Ralph wins the race, and Fiery Dan
Produces quite a mess
By swiftly crashing through the fence.
I think we must confess
That Hamlin won the race because
He had resourcefulness.

Jack Densham. Los Angeles journalist and The Graphic's regular motoring columnist, writing the weekly department "Autos and Autoists." His poems and comic verses grow out of that newspaper persona; a secure fuller identification has not yet been established.

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Obscuria

by G.L.W.

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 13, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, No. 2

Raw and roaming, through the gloaming,
O'er Elysian fields above,
With the shimmer and the glimmer
Of eternalizing love;
Fraught the mind with its upheaving,
Dumb the will with seamless might,
Numb the fancy dead with grieving,
Thoughtless soul, with darkness dight.
Listen to the sheep-bell's tinkle
Through the meadow loud and clear,
Where the shepherd lad doth sprinkle
Blades of grass with mugs of beer.
Catacombs and cold convulsions,
Kisses burning brimstone bright,
Agonizing, dank emulsions,
Through the stillness of the night—
Fogs and earthquakes, lightning, thirsting,
Roars, and rocks, and wrecks unheard;
Bubbles, baggies, boilers bursting.
Of the future not a word.
Gruesome scorpions, fearsome, tragic,
Dance infernal bacchanals;
Maledictions, hoemorrhagic,
Such is life, my rorty pals!

G.l.w.. The source identifies the writer only by these initials; no secure biographical identification has yet been established.

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My Prayer

by **CARRIE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 13, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, No. 2

Not in my vain assumption or my pride, but in my
 woe and weakness do I pray,
Just as the mendicant of Nazareth, just as a pil-
 grim weary of the way.

Give to me, Lord, the gladsome day of Faith. Hope-
 less am I when lost in Doubt's black night.
Ever my aimless hands outstretched for aid, ever
 my being yearning for the Light.

There is a Light, I know. I saw its glow lighting
 the calm, sweet faces of my dead;
Gone were the lines of care and grief and woe;
 wondrous, the peace of Death shone in their
 stead.

There is a Soul, I know. For deep within faints
 it for sustenance to bear its cross.
Body is but a husk that hides the spark burning
 divinely midst the flesh's dross.

Just as a beggar will I humbly wait. Grant to my
 wistful eyes the power of sight;
Teach me the creed of Love and Faith—not Fear.
 Lead me to find the glory of the Light.

Carrie Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet who contributed frequently to The Graphic around 1905–06; little else about her life is reliably recorded.

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Untitled

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 13, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, NO. 2

ANONYMOUS

*Tell me, that I may steer clear of it and fly to the divine destruction of
whiskey and celery bitters rather than maunder with such blitherers
as yourself.*

Great Morpheus, sleepy silent god,
To thee we raise our troubled cry,
And beg the solace of thy gift—
The closing of a weary eye.

Yet, Morpheus, on our knees tonight,
Not only for sweet sleep we pray;
But, when you've doped that Bolchey up,
For heaven's sake keep him away.

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The Rubber Victim

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 13, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, NO. 2

ANONYMOUS

He rested from his arduous task long enough to tell me that Guy is suffering from appendicitis, for which I am sincerely sorry and that the doctors threaten him with an operation, for which I am also sincerely sorry.

Poor Guy has a pain, but we must not deride.
He went to the Doctor, who pummeled his side.
"O Doctor, you hurt!" right loudly he cried,
"Cut it out, Doc, cut it out."

The Doctor remarked with an unctuous smile,
"My boy, your inside is reeking with bile;
I'll take your advice in good medical style
And I will, my dear Guy, CUT IT OUT."

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Untitled

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 13, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, NO. 2

ANONYMOUS

I understand that a customer he left hurriedly to run away to the fishing grounds was heard lamenting in the following sad jingles:

He always was so good to me,
He gave me discounts recklessly;
Three minutes since he stood right there
But now he's vanished into air.

He spoke of fish in accents gay;
I wonder why he did not stay?
My head will ne'er be right again,
For I, alas! have lost my Brain.

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[Untitled: "The lady would remind you"]

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 20, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, NO. 3

ANONYMOUS

*There seems to be no reasonable reason why we shouldn't get together
and establish a decent pronunciation of a name which has every
claim to our love and respect.*

The lady would remind you, please,
Her name is not
LOST ANGIE LEES,
Nor Angie anything whatever.
She hopes her friends will be so clever
To share her fit historic pride,
The G shall not be jellified.
O long, G hard, and rhyme with "yes,"
And all about
LOCE ANG-EL-ESS.

Untitled in the source; identified here by its opening words.

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Aria from *Rinaldo*

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 27, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, NO. 4

ANONYMOUS

Mrs. Porterfield is first of all a ballad singer, but in the aria from Rinaldo, these verses were splendidly rendered:

Here let my tears flow,
Let hope my soul know,
My heart is longing
For liberty.

Assuage the sorrow
To charms belonging;
O grant, tomorrow
That I may be free.

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Chorus of Spirits and Hours (from *Prometheus Unbound*)

by **PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 27, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, NO. 4

By all means the most satisfying number was Dudley Buck's "Chorus of Spirits and Hours," the words taken from Shelley's Prometheus Unbound.

Then weave the web of mystic measure,
From the depths of the sky and the ends of the earth,
Come, swift spirits of might and of pleasure,
Fill the dance and the music of mirth!
As the waves of a thousand streams rush by,
To the Ocean of Splendor and Harmony!
Come, ye Spirits!
All unite!

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822). English Romantic poet and radical thinker, author of Prometheus Unbound, "Ode to the West Wind," and "To a Skylark." His lyric and political poetry exerted a major influence despite his death by drowning at age twenty-nine. The Graphic reprinted this poem; the poet was already dead when it appeared.

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The Moan of the Weary Gasengeer

by **JACK DENSHAM**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 27, 1908 · VOL. XXIX, No. 4

Here is where I get even with that engine by means of a profane jingle.

"A two-cycle engine" right blithely I cried,
"Of course I can make the thing go.
It's simple enough when you know how it works,
Let me in there and give me a show."

So I jumped in the launch and I cranked with a vim,
And fussily fussed with the gear,
But just one explosion was all I could get—
It sounded to me like a sneer.

"Oh, who was the man who invented this thing?
I'm an Englishman, am I to blame?"
I cried in my wrath as I nursed my poor thumb—
I think that "Hellmore" was his name.

Jack Densham. Los Angeles journalist and The Graphic's regular motoring columnist, writing the weekly department "Autos and Autoists." His poems and comic verses grow out of that newspaper persona; a secure fuller identification has not yet been established.

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The Lost Year

by **S. T. C.**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 12, 1908 · VOL. XXX, No. 2

I

Before his tired eyes the proof slip swam,
Danced up and down with vexed, elusive ways;
The unresponsive brain, dull and inept,
Refused to concentrate, as was its wont,
And thoughts and words, no longer tipped with fire
Sulked in their cells, a barrier to desire.

II

Rest and a change, the man of science said:
Complete cessation from the daily task;
Let copy paper rot and proofsheets be
As far removed from touch as both the poles.
On mountain heights, amid the balsam sweet,
With simple food and manual labor's spur,
The ragged nerves, in time, would lose the strain
And worn-out man his former poise regain.

III

This was the verdict, and an anxious wife
Subduing all her longings, hopes and fears,
Bade him goodbye with simulated mirth
And held the children for a farewell Kiss.
A year of absence—just the seasons round
To all his loved ones should return him sound!

IV

Where, on the summit of a mighty range
The giant cedars and the flowering oaks
Had tossed defiance to the borean shafts,
And harbored eaglets in continuous line,
For half a year the shattered worker toiled
With pick and shovel near to nature's heart;
Until the eye regained its steady light,
Until the nerves no longer rasped his soul,
Until the brain, alert and keen once more
Betrayed the thought and wisdom as of yore.

V

Not yet, not yet, the counsel to him came,
Must he return to his accustomed task;
Not yet must he resume the steady grind

And send his vigor through the daily page;
Too soon, too soon, such duties to essay,
He must the destined time remain away.

VI

Fretting, but trusting in the friendly voice,
The exile found a solace in his pen;
And, in the vasty depths of giant firs,
New thoughts evolved as lofty and as grand
As nature gave for inspiration meet.
So, prose and poem, essay and story, too,
In those great solitudes took root and grew.

VII

Meanwhile, the loving missives from his wife
Kept him informed of all he held most dear,
And gave him comfort in those silent hills
And strength to bear the separation chill,
“We daily pray for our heart’s joy,” she wrote,
“May God preserve him on those heights remote.”

VIII

And now, the year of exile ended, he
With all his calmness, all his poise regained,
Strode forth to battle with his kind again,
Again to labor with his subtle brain.
And, lo! the world in him new transport found,
His solaced writings touched responsive chords;
An eager public seized his prose and lays
And crowned him with the laurels and the bays.

IX

His friends, rejoicing in his fortune, came
To pay their devoirs and to give just praise:
They vowed his absence was a Providence,
And meant for him to find his inward self.
But he, in blissful solitude with her,
Whose courage had been tested to the quick;
Said, as he kissed away a joyful tear:
“My love, my life! Yet have I lost a year.”

Source scan page 3.

*Samuel Travers Clover (1859–1934). English-born American journalist, author, editor, and publisher. After a career in Chicago newspapers he moved to Los Angeles, acquired *The Graphic* in 1908, and edited it through 1916; he also published travel writing, fiction, and several volumes of verse.*

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When We Two Ride Together

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 12, 1908 · VOL. XXX, No. 2

Into the evening mist we ride; out through the
purple heather;
And this one hour shall be our own:
and I together.
Close by their fires the hill-folk sit and dread the
North Wind's shiver;
But we are warm with love's deep fire and quick-
ened with its quiver.

Into the evening mists we ride; the night comes
forth to meet us,
From open doors the firelight falls across the path
to greet us:
But what need we with light or warmth, for in
your dear eyes dreaming
There lies the light that warms my soul and sets
the darkness gleaming.
Into the evening mists we ride; the night lies
cloaked in Sorrow;
But we have Joy to ride with us, nor reck the
drear Tomorrow;
We two alone in all the world—I hear your fond
heart leaping;
We two alone with sea and sky while all the world
lies sleeping.

Into the evening mists we ride, the storm winds
cut our faces,
But your strong hand clings close to mine, the
hot blood madly races;
And what care we for storm or strife, for foul or
pleasant weather;
The taste of life is deep and sweet when we two
ride together.

Source scan page 4.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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You and Love and I

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 16, 1909 · VOL. XXX, No. 7

dreary rain drips softly
brooding eaves,
The wet wind whimpers sobbingly amid the rustling leaves,
The wistful twilight shrouds itself beneath a cloak of gloom—
But You and Love
quiet room.

The candles flicker drowsily, the firelight on the wall
Steals. upward in a shining lance and mocks the twilight's pall;
There's summer in your heart and mine—a Joy so subtly dear
It seems at times half tinged
tempered with a fear,

The sad wind moans an echo to the melancholy rain,
But in our quiet room there's peace—no thought of care or pain;
And while the moments drift away and dreams are born and die
We watch the visions in the fire—just You and Love and I.

Source scan page 5.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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The Hill of Life

by **RONALD MACDONALD**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 27, 1909 · VOL. XXX, No. 13

On either side the hill of life
Bloom the fragrant flowers of spring;
Fetwene lie toil and strain and strife,
Then restful slopes their solace bring.

From flowery meads 'neath sunlit skies,
O'er steeps and cliffs we seek the crest;
Through thorns and brake our pathway lies,
Though torn and worn we may not rest,

The summit passed, where vision wide
Less rugged paths to us disclose,
In shaded dells we may abide,
And babbling brooks invite repose.

Two lands the hill of life divides,
The one where youth first tries its wing;
The finished flight, whate'er betides,
Is in the land of endless spring.

Source scan page 3.

Ronald MacDonald. A Western poet whose work in The Graphic includes lyrics of California and the Southwest. The name is shared by several contemporary writers, and no biographical identification can yet be made with confidence.

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My Song Is for You

by **SARA SCHMUCKER**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 27, 1909 · VOL. XXX, No. 13

My song is for you, whoever you are
With grief or care;
T know that my voice need not ring far—
You are everywhere.

The power to make of all wrong, a right
Within you lies;
Strength to see dawn through the darkest night.
Is in your eyes.

Your beautiful soul held a prisoner long,
You, yourself, may free; ~ .
The gifts of which you have scarce dared dream
Are given to thee.

If you have conceived of any good
While you knew but dearth,
Be sure, though the seed haS lain dormant long,
You will give it birth.

Source scan page 3.

Sara Schmucker. American poet and writer whose lyrics appeared in early twentieth-century magazines and newspapers. Reliable biographical dates have not yet been established.

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On a Birthday

by **RONALD MACDONALD**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 10, 1909 · VOL. XXX, No. 19

A little star shines bright all day,
Undimmed by even the flaming sun,
But veils at night its kindly ray,
When other stars their courses run.

A double ray this little star
Sends forth to fill our home with light,
From earth to heaven it shines as far,
With love and joy 'tis always bright.

Twelve times the sun has, forth and back,
From Cancer to far Capricorn,
Marked on the earth its blazing track,
Since first our star arose one morn.

Sweet mystery of life and love,
May many twelves your light prolong,
Be yours best gifts from heaven above,
Esther, star of my heart, and song.

Source scan page 13.

Ronald MacDonald. A Western poet whose work in The Graphic includes lyrics of California and the Southwest. The name is shared by several contemporary writers, and no biographical identification can yet be made with confidence.

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That Night Beside the Sea

by **W. ST. CLAIR CREIGHTON**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 22, 1909 · VOL. XXX, No. 25

(A Song Nocturne)

Out of the quiet stars
The summer evening fell.
The ocean shimmered with silver bars
(Under the moonbeams' spell.
Her hand was in my own,
Her heart was near to me,
Fondly her eyes upon me shone
That night beside the sea,
(Chorus)
That night beside the sea,
On a moon-path to the west,
We sailed away for the Dawn-o-Day,
And the Islands of the Blest.
On a moon-path to the west,
Outward unmeasured miles.
Short is the way, with love confest,
To the palms of the Blessed Isles.

The sea breeze kissed her breast,
The white tide kissed the beach;
From out our hearts ebbed all unrest,
We felt no need of speech.
A sweet Aeolian lyre
Her soul sung back to me.
We felt the pure, celestial fire,
That night beside the sea.

Under the tropics lies
That fragrant Coast of Sleep.
Odors rise, and fireflies
Their mazy revels keep.
Amarant dreams that are
Blown down from Alcyone,
Sped our bark by the Pleiad star,
That night beside the sea,

Source scan page 4.

W. St. Clair Creighton. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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A Fool's Paradise

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 29, 1909 · VOL. XXX, No. 26

The water whispered drowsily that balmy night in
June,
And high above the mad'stars danced and mockud
the lazy moon.

Into the misty shadow clouds that bounded every
side, —~
As in a dream just You and I went drifting with the
tide.

From out the silent spaces came a lover's plainlive
song,
And floated softly on the breeze that wafted us
along.

I dared not sing my song to you, and yet | knew
you knew;
Each wave that plashed against the boat had tuld
my tale to you—

'Twas but a story ages old, yet in your tender eyes
I thought I saw an answer gleam as sweet as para-
dise.

Source scan page 6.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Her Memorial Window

by **W. ST. CLAIR CREIGHTON**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 12, 1909 · VOL. XXXI, No. 2

(Translation)

So here, it seems,
To this old church, her steps she bent—
The lady of my dreams.
Adown this aisle,
Sinless and light her footfall went.
Beneath God's loving smile.
And kneeling here,
Gracious and fair and innocent,
A seraph pale drew near.
He beckoned "Come!"
Wistful he was, his gaze intent.
His torch inverted, dumb.
And now, alas!
Only her sign and sacrament—
This lily on the glass.
It gleams and glows,
Like Holy Grail, its chalice blent
Of vestal fires and snows.
Lone heart! It seems,
You seek in vain the pearl Content—
The lady of your dreams.
—W. ST. CLAIR CREIGHTON.

2

Members of the Los Angeles chapter of the Sigma Chi college fraternity gave their annual ball Friday evening at Assembly hall. Patronesses were Mines. Guy Cuzner, N. P. Conrey, Ross T. Hickox, Harris Gareelon, Foster C. Wright, T. W. Robinson. C. W. Bo-

Source scan page 15.

W. St. Clair Creighton. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Mirage

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 12, 1909 · VOL. XXXI, No. 2

Youth is a dream of Totnorrow's hope,
finding a charm in each new-born day;
Gazing with shy and beseeching eyes,
Striving ta fathom the Far-Away.
Ever the bliss of the unfulfilled,
Teaver a dream of the days to come:
Joy that we never have known is best,
Love that is deepest is ever dumb.

Age—it is naught but a memory,
Tear-misted dreams of a day long dead,
Tender regret for the things that were,
last-fading letters, a rose once red,
Tasting the fruit of fulfilled desire;
Living again in the phantom past:
Ah, for the dreams that could not caine true;
Ah, for the love that could never last.

Youth is the theme of a book unread;
Age is the grace of a day long dead.

Source scan page 2.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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To a Teacher of Divine Truths

by **KATHLEEN STACKHOUSE**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 10, 1909 · VOL. XXXI, No. 6

(IRS. ROSALIND GREENE PEASLEY)

I sing to you, thou teacher of the highest,
Whose teaching blends religion, philosophy,
kingly science;
Whose words are simple, like the words of Masters,
But subtie and pregnant.
Recognizes their truth.
have waited for.
These are the words that bring joy in the hearing,
Peace in the knowing, power in the doing.

You have opened heaven in my soul.
In the still dawn I know it.
Knowing it, I have freshness and courage.

Through you I have found my center.
In the throb of life I know it.
Fixed in it I am poised and strong.

To you { bring some dim palimpsest,—
Some faint diminuendo of the symphony of joy:
Some slight material wafer from the sacrament of
love—
For our souls have been together,—
Mine with burning, pure devotion,
Exquisite rapture of the soul;
Yours with brooding mother-love,
Strong with guiding father-wisdom, fecund faith.

I sing to you, thou glorious soul radiant with truth;
With divine truth to free the struggling god.
To teach the spiritual nature how to breathe
Its rare, free native atmosphere,
Till we know that we are love-begotten, spirit-born,
Destined to be gods; till all our godlike visions,
Lotus thoughts, divine imaginings,
Become our certainties in faith, and fire our wills.
Until we know the ecstasy of universal love;
Peace, deep and serene,—Nirvanic peace,
The bliss and power of gods;
Creative will, fostering love, positive strength,—
This, the rich fruitage and richer promise
Of the teaching of your soul to mine.

Source scan page 4.

*Kathleen Stackhouse. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic;
no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.*

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Fairyland

by L. C

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 10, 1909 · VOL. XXXI, No. 6

When we two wandered hand in hand,
The rosy mists of dawn lay wet,
Upon the smiling southern land
Where grows the Spanish bayonet.
Of filmy lacework, jewel-set,
The mists had spun a gauzy band,
And swung it where the branches met,
Athwart the way to Fairyland.

Ah, Sweet! how could we understand
That path was not for mortal feet?
There was no mourner in the land
To warn us from the magic street.
Where waves of yellow violets beat,
We stood upon the fern-fringed strand,
The while the birds sang, piping sweet
The matin songs of Fairyland.

We crossed the bridge. (For none withstand
Who once that phantom music hear).
Then creeping death stole o'er the land—
Tt was the waning of the year.
Mid falling leaves, all parched and sere,
In mute farewell I held your hand.
We spoke no word, we shed no tear,

Source scan page 4.

L. C. The source identifies the writer only by these initials; no secure biographical identification has yet been established.

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No Man Liveth to Himself

by L. C

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 24, 1909 · VOL. XXXI, No. 8

What doth it help me though my pathway lead |
Through pleasant meadows, where tall daffodils |
Frame with their gold pure streams from distant
hills,
Where the soul findeth food for every need
Mid the sweet flowers? There are wastes of weeds
Beyond the hedge, and every weed is pearled
With tears of heavy eyes. A suffering world
Sends up her cry to heaven and, piteous, pleads
For balm to heal her sorrows. Would we keep
The sobs out if we could and, with sweet strain
Of dulcet music drown the distant wail?
No; for one pulse throbs through us e'en in sleep;
Our kinship is so near, we feel the pain
We do not see, but know, beyond the veil.

Source scan page 6.

L. C. The source identifies the writer only by these initials; no secure biographical identification has yet been established.

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Love's Arbiter

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 7, 1909 · VOL. XXXI, No. 10

I thought that the highway of love was pleasant,
Merry with music and very fair;
A-shimmer with sunbeams and soft with moonlight,
Sweet with the perfume of roses rare.

I know that the highway of love is rocky,
Scattered with rose-petals bruised and torn,
A-shimmer with tears that our knowledge brings us,
Sad with the phantoms of dreams forlorn.

And yet, were I back where our love awakened,
Back to the days when my dreams were sweet,
And you were to open your arms in pleading—
Ask me to choose where the cross roads meet—

With peace I would travel the hard way over,
Knowing that road was my Paradise;
What matter the pain or the toil and trouble?
Life holds its meaning within your eyes.

Source scan page 5.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Fate of Mary Hairy Chin

by **S. T. C.**

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 21, 1909 · VOL. XXXI, No. 12

She let them sigh their love in vain, § : . p . . :
 'And little recked how much it chafed 'em. ? May Sutton
 and Miss Elizabeth Ryan Pitted Against Mrs.
 Niemeyer and Miss
 Ida Mearns at Del Monte.
 YW Full well she knew than she was none W Twenty-second
 annual tournament for the Lawn Tennis Championships
 7 More beauteous on the reservation; of the Pacific States will
 begin on the bitumenized match courts of the Ho-
 So, having all their homage won, tel De! Monte, Monday,
 September 6, and will be completed Wednesday, Sep-
 if She bossed the Minneconjou nation. temper 15. Write for
 reservations to
 } . H. R. WARNER, H
 Her bleary-eyed papa sold his stock — 3 _ Managem ee Fe!
 prortts! ack pus ale
 To buy what Mary deemed was proper,
 And though it gave her ma a shock (
 She did not have the nerve to stop her. s HOTEL
 VIRGINIA ~~LONG BEACH
 (
 So every ration day that passed «
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Source scan page 9.

Samuel Travers Clover (1859–1934). English-born American journalist, author, editor, and publisher. After a career in Chicago newspapers he moved to Los Angeles, acquired The Graphic in 1908, and edited it through 1916; he also published travel writing, fiction, and several volumes of verse.

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Beyond the Purple Mountains

by **L. C**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 11, 1909 · VOL. XXXI, No. 15

Beyond the purple mountains,
There lies a land, a land most wondrous fair;
Soft breezes set a myriad roses swaying,
The birds trill songs of gladness for their praying.
There comes no night of darkness and desyr
Beyond the purple mountains.

Beyond the purple mountains,
Into that goodly land, we may not go,
Nor even gaze too long, lest faint with yearning,
Back to the deserts of the cold earth turning,
We have no power to check the hot tears burning
That cannot be assuaged, dear God we know,
This side the purple mountains.

Source scan page 3.

L. C. The source identifies the writer only by these initials; no secure biographical identification has yet been established.

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Courage!

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 18, 1909 · VOL. XXXI, No. 16

You lost the fight, my soul. 'Twas in the dark you
fought,
And now you shrink and hate the blinding light.
Your fight was brave, my soul. Until the end you
thought
Your path was clear and you were in the right.

You shroud yourself and quiver in a cloak of
gloom—
A coward you, to hide yourself away!
The call of life is piercing through your cloistered
room;

Source scan page 6.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Hope's Uplift

by **CAROLINE REYNOLDS**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 2, 1909 · VOL. XXXI, No. 18

Somber and grim ia the twilight's gray,
 Sad with the shade of the waning day,
 Stretches the valley far away
 Out to the shore of the moaning sea.
 Shrill pipes the quail from the soughing trees,
 Weird is the sigh of the evening breeze,
 Life seems a chalice of dregs and lees
 Offered by ate to the lips of me.

Yel, in the west, where the sunset glows,
 Rathed in a glory of gald and rose,
 Raising their heads to the deathtess snows,
 Glimmer the hills, majestic and grave,
 Wrapped in a mantle of sea-born haze,
 Splendid and mute in the sun's last rays,
 Sentries on guard through the countless days,
 Ever they whisper, "Be brave! Be brave!"

Somber the Vale of Despair may be;
 Strewn with the wrecks of my ships at sea,
 Sad with the sorrows and woes of me,
 Dim where the fingers of sunset grope;
 Yet, in the west, where the sunlight dies,
 Peaceful and calm 'neath the evening skies,
 Watching serene while the glad day flies,
 Stretches the hill of eternal hope.
 —CAROLINE REYNOLDS.

Va We -
 Sonnet

= [Vo the memory of my mother.]
 thou, who hast safely reached the hallowed height
 lo which the faithful happily attain,
 Who, from these scenes of care and toil and pain,
 Hast Journeyed onward to the Land of Light—
 May I hold fast thy faith and live aright,
 Untarnishea by the vulgar and the vain,
 wat 1, with thee, eternal bliss may gain
 hen time's allurements take their final flight.

Lknow, from teachings since my early youth,
 Of Him in whom thy trust was ever stayed,
 No power On earth can sway the hand of truth
 Ry which at last our mortal deeds are weighed.
 And true devotion, sacrifice and love,

We earned for thee the bright reward
Seattle, Wash.

Source scan page 5.

Caroline Reynolds. A Los Angeles poet whom The Graphic profiled in 1911 at age twenty-two, noting that she had written since fifteen and praising her imagery, emotional range, and rhythmic facility. She became one of the weekly's most frequent verse contributors.

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Defi of the Ab-Normal Schoolgirl

by **ALGOL**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 13, 1909 · VOL. XXXI, No. 24

What! Shall the tongues of tyrannous teachers
 Denounce the wiles of the daughters of Eve,
 Trouncing the top-knots of coy young creatures,
 Whose “crowning glory” is make-believe?
 Shall the spleen of the pedagogue levy a toll
 From Araminta’s peroxide poll,
 And snatch from Millicent’s mobile features |
 The charms that nature could ne’er achieve:

Shall they war on the wares of a Weaver-Jackson,
 The plastic art of a Maison Zan,
 Where they graft on the knob of the Anglo-Saxon
 The locks of a lady from Astrakhan?
 Shall they class with the devil and all his wol ke
 Our “Transformations” and “Billie Burkes,
 Ridding us turn intellectual backs on r,
 The snares that snaffle the monster, man.

Shall they cull from our erumpets the bow that I
 witches
 The amorous bosoms of graduate blades, ,
 Proseribing “pompadours,” “rats” and “switches,
 “Puffs” and “teasers” and “coronet braids ¥
 | Must the freeborn American girl forbear
 | From appearing in somebody else’s hair,
 | Browsing on dull academic riches,
 TH] she’s safely out of the normal grades.

Perish the thought! Let the doctor confine his
 | ‘Attention to classics—the attic, the free
 | And leave to Los Angeles’ juvenile Phrynes
 The delicate business of coiffurerie. ice
 We’ll strike for the triumph of feminine viIr™
 And wear our wool in the way we choose.
 “Mox” (as the poet says) “eapsimus crines; —
 Learning may languish, but what conan

* -Canere crimes: ta marry (lit. to take on hair).
 Roman matvons wore a distinctive hend-dress,

Source scan page 2.

Algol. The source identifies the writer only by these initials; no secure biographical identification has yet been established.

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The Jay and the Thrush

by **HENRY REED CONANT**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 11, 1909 · VOL. XXXII, No. 2

One summer day a little thrush
Sat singing on a hazel bush
In accents loud and clear:
But presently it ceased its lay,
And thuswise spake unto a jay.
Who sat and listened near:

*“Ifow lovely, friend, the dress you wear,
When perched on bough or in the air,
Hiow gay your coat of blue!
While I am clad in plainest brown—
Ud give the world. were it ny own,
To be arrayed like you.”

“And gladly would T change my dress,”
Replied the jay. ‘could T possess
The gift you have for singing;
Vd sing above the cotter's shed.
Aboye the brook and glassy mead,
And keep the woodland ringing!’

Eve long. beside a blind man's door,
The thrush sweet music did outpour:
“Such strains I never heard,”
The blind man said. Meanwhile, the jay
Met a deaf pilgrim on his way.
Who cried. “Delightful bird!?”

Source scan page 7.

Henry Reed Conant. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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California Nights

by **GERTRUDE E. DARLOW**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 18, 1909 · VOL. XXXII, No. 3

Let others praise the golden days,
The blue unclouded skies above them;
But I delight inglorious night;
The California nights—I love them.

When I behold those stars of gold,
I feel like some old forty-niner,
Who found a store of precious ore,
And knew himself a lucky miner.

But not by stealth I count my wealth,
Indeed, it cannot be computed;
And feel no shame to make a claim
Which never yet has been disputed.

The silver moon arises soon
And shines with a surprising luster;
She can beguile you with her smile,
And make you think that you can trust her.

Should she decide awhile to hide
Within a filmy white cloud curtain,
Then have a care, how, when and where,
For she is watching, I am certain.

The air is cool; from some deep pool
Of peace you feel it softly flowing;
The gloom is filled with scent distilled
From unseen bloom around you growing.

Yes, let them praise the sunny days,
The blue unclouded skies above them.
But my delight is glorious night—
The California nights—I love them.

Source scan page 5.

Gertrude Darlow (born 1864). English-born Los Angeles librarian, poet, and book reviewer. She came to Los Angeles in 1893 and worked for the Los Angeles Public Library for more than thirty years; her verse later appeared in Lyric West as well as The Graphic.

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Christmas Eve

by **GERTRUDE DARLOW**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 25, 1909 · VOL. XXXII, No. 4

On such a nights as this,
Long centuries ago,
The angels sang in bliss,
The shepherds watched below,
While Mary leaned above
Her little sleeping son;
Divine and human love
At Christmastide made one.

The Magi brought their gold
And frankincense and myrrh,
But Mary's arms could hold
The Christ-Child close to her.
They worshipped Him the King
Of David's royal line;
To Him her Hps would cling
And murmur, "He is mine."

For in that happy hour
Her heart could never heed
His majesty and power,
She only knew His need.
Nor looking down the years,
Behold, afar, the cross,
The pilgrimage of tears,
Of loneliness and loss.

But warm upon her breast
The infant Jesus lay,
And He and she had rest
On that first Christmas Day.
So we, from care released,
To God our hearts may lift,
And keep the Saviour's feast,
And bring to Him our gift.

Source scan page 7.

Gertrude Darlow (born 1864). English-born Los Angeles librarian, poet, and book reviewer. She came to Los Angeles in 1893 and worked for the Los Angeles Public Library for more than thirty years; her verse later appeared in Lyric West as well as The Graphic.

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Darius Green and His Flying Machine

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 15, 1910 · VOL. XXXII, No. 7

ANONYMOUS

Thought cunning Darius: 'Now I shan't go
Along 'ith the fellers to see the show.
I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!
An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off,
Vil hey full swing
Ter to try the thing.
An' practyse a leetle on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"
Says Brother Nate. 'No; botheration !
I've got sich a cold—a toothache—I—
My gracious!—feel's though I should vated

Said Jotham, "'Shot
Guess ye better go."
jut Darius said, 'Not
Shouldn't wonder 'f yeou might see me, though,
'Long 'hout noon, ef I git red
O' this jumpii', thumpin' pain *n my head,"
For ail the while to himself he said:
"I tell yet what!
I'll fy a few times around the lot.
To see how 't seems, then soon 's I've got
The hang o' the thing, ez likely 's not.
VU astonish the nation,
Aw ail creation,
By flyin' over the celebration!
Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;
Uli balanee myself on my wings like a sea-gull;
Vll dance on the cbimbleys; Ill stan' on the
steeple;
Il) fdop up to winders an' scare the people!
IV) light on the libbe*ty-pole, an' crow;
kn' I' say to the gawpin' fools below:
'What world 's this 'ere
That I've come near?"
I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm
moon!
Au' Pl try a race 'ith their ol' bulloon.'"

An aspiring genius was D. Green:
The sou of a fariner—age fourteen;
His body was long and lank and lean
Just right for flying, as will be seen;

[He had two eyes, each bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry—for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
Working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet and screw
Turning and serewing his mouth round too.
Till his nose seemed bent
To eat the scent,
Around some corner, of new-baked pies,
And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes
Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
That made him look very droll in the face,
And also very wise.

Source scan page 8.

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Robert Burns

by **GERTRUDE E. DARLOW**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 22, 1910 · VOL. XXXII, No. 8

born under this roof, January 25, A. D. 1759. Died A. D. 1796. Aged 37½ years." The house was built by Burns' father, and the poet himself was born in what is now the kitchen, in one of those recess beds so common in Scotch cottages.

The better room, wherein the guests are entertained, bears numerous evidences of the zeal of the enthusiastic visitors to the poet's birthplace. The walls are covered with names, and there are two plain tables literally hacked and hewn with initials. There are a cupboard and chairs, all cut over, the chairs having been obliged to be renewed, but the fresh ones are now as much cut as ever.

Source scan page 3.

Gertrude Darlow (born 1864). English-born Los Angeles librarian, poet, and book reviewer. She came to Los Angeles in 1893 and worked for the Los Angeles Public Library for more than thirty years; her verse later appeared in Lyric West as well as The Graphic.

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Thoughts of a Commuter

by **ALGOL**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 22, 1910 · VOL. XXXII, No. 8

(On his way home from Aviation Field)
When the tyrannous tramp of a thousand trotters
Proclaims the advent of 5 p.m.,
And the Serf of Necessity carward totters,
'Mid streams of humanity naught can stem;
When the rude Monrovians (rustic blighters!)
Impinge with the fury of fierce garrotters
On the ribs of their neighbors, including the
writer's,
Who swallows the insult and stamps on them;

When packed like a Huntley and Palmer's biscuit,
Home on a piffulent car he jogs,
And is landed, nursing a bruised brisket,
In North Alhambra's adobe bogs,
Then he cries, "This business of aviation
Seems far from safe, but I'd gladly risk it;
For the serf of the P. E. railway station
Leads a life that is worse than a dog's."

O, sweet, when the stipple of darkness smirches
Day's skyey canvas, to wing one's way,
Spurning chimney pots, towers and churches,
To home and dinner at Playa del Rey;
To scare as one scoots through the tenuous
twilight
The pigeons that pout on their airy perches,
Till the rain-wet vistas of roof and skylight
Melt to a monochrome blur of grey.

And sweet to mount like a wondrous wizard,
And yank the lever that lets her hum;
To sing in the teeth of the blinding blizzard,
With soul elated and senses numb;
To watch the people that crawl and cluster,
And the train that creeps like a lazy lizard;
With always the chance of coming a buster,
And a picturesque exit to Kingdom Come.

And sweeter still, where the mountain breezes
Play on the sweltering climber's cheek,
To swoop and circle wherever one pleases,
Around the summit of Wilson's peak;
To storm the uttermost halls of Heaven,

Where Vulcan roars and Aeolus frees his
Dominioned winds, and the Thunderer's leven
Divides the skies in a flaming streak.

O, consummation of arts that Daedalus
Dreamed of old, when he sought to raise
Up from the low life centipedal us
Footsore crawlers on Earth's dull ways!
A fig for feet, and the laws of gravity,
When the windy deeps of the wide sky wheedle us;
Sooner or later we'll all fill a cavity
In Earth's old bosom for days and days!

But how can the mind of a common mortal
Recount the splendor of those who dare:
Paulhen knocking at heaven's portal;
Flights of Curtiss that raise the hair;
Some winged bard with a voice of thunder,
Inspired by speed to a song untavght'll
Replace the gentlernan signed hereunder,
And sing the ultimate epic of air

Source scan page 6.

Algol. The source identifies the writer only by these initials; no secure biographical identification has yet been established.

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Dawn

by **EVERETT C. MAXWELL**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 26, 1910 · VOL. XXXII, No. 17

The morn lay like a babe in arms
On the mists of the dew wet hill;
And the pool by the violet hedge gleamed white,
Still wrapped in the mauve moon's subtle light,
Like a maiden wreathed for her bridal night
Or crowned with the Holy Virgin's veil.

The thorn flower felt the kiss of dawn
And held the blush in her pure young heart;
The lamp that burned by the wayside shrine
Cast a fainter ray on the One Divine,
And the Dawn Angel murmured, "Mother, mine,"
As he kneit by the bars where the day shines
through. —EVERETT C. MAXWELL.

Source scan page 5.

Everett C. Maxwell. Everett Carroll Maxwell, Los Angeles art critic and arts administrator. He wrote The Graphic's "Art" column, helped connect the California Art Club with the new County Museum, and became the first curator of the museum's art gallery.

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The Message

by **MINA DEANE HALSEY**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 23, 1910 · VOL. XXXII, No. 21

An angel came to me one night,
And whispered in my ear—
The message that was brought to me
Made heaven vastly near.
On many wondrous things I gazed,
I walked celestial ways,
I caught the whirr of angels' wings,
And, through the shadowy haze,
T saw the Master on His throne,
I felt His blessed breath:
The angel whispered in my ear,
“Beloved, this is death.”

Source scan page 5.

*Mina Deane Halsey (born 1873). American humorist, songwriter, poet, and self-publisher associated with Los Angeles. Her comic travel books *A Tenderfoot in Southern California* (1908) and *When East Comes West* (1909) turn the newcomer's experience of Los Angeles and its environs into vernacular satire.*

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Longing

by **BERTHA ADELE PENNY**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 30, 1910 · VOL. XXXII, No. 22

Little mother, in your eyes
Light of sweet contentment lies,
Joy of living never dies—
 Always there.

O, the beaming look of joy,
When you clasp your baby boy;
Surely nothing can destroy
 Peace so rare.

One, whose longing mother breast
Tiny head has never pressed,
Wondering, dumbly, in her quest,
 Why, O, why ?—

Loves to linger in the rays
Of your happy nursery days;
It, somehow, the hurt allays—
 Brings peace nigh.

Source scan page 15.

Bertha Adele Penny. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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The Cowards

by **MADGE CLOVER**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 21, 1910 · VOL. XXXII, No. 25

RY MADGE CLOVER

A Jitde boy hung down his head,
~ He was a coward his father said,
Because he would not swim;
The wide blue ocean seemed to him
A very dangerous place!
It made his little heart ashamed
To be so by his father named;
But after thinking very fast
A reason came to him at last;
A simile crept o'er his face.

“Perhaps,” he said, his hope on wings,
“We're just afraid of different things.”
He paused a breathless space.
“Now, you're afraid of dear mamma,
And I am not at all, papa.”
He felt no more disgrace.

Source scan page 3.

Madge Clover (died 1934). The literary name of Mabel Hitt Clover, a journalist, poet, playwright, and critic. She worked with her husband, Samuel Travers Clover, on The Graphic and later Los Angeles Saturday Night; her “In Carmel Bay” was included in Golden Songs of the Golden State (1917).

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Blindness

by **LUELLA CONLY**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 28, 1910 · VOL. XXXII, No. 26

The broken women stalk along,
Pine burdens on their backs,
The shifting sands beneath their feet
Covering their weary tracks;
And no one knows their weariness,
Nor that they passed this way;
Yet were it stone beneath their feet
Deep paths were worn this day.

Source scan page 3.

Luella Conly. A named contributor whose work appeared in The Graphic; no reliable biographical identification has yet been established.

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Mary Magdalen

by **ERNEST MCGAFFEY**

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 28, 1910 · VOL. XXXII, No. 26

Under the shade of city domes,
Coiled on a couch she lies,
Brooding above the wrecks of homes,
A woman serpent-wise—
The siren in her eyes;
Cold Magdalen,
Bold Magdalen.

And reeling round in Bacchic grace,
With lily crowned and rose,
With limbs half bared in supple grace,
Queen of the rout she goes.
Mark you, the look she throws—
Glad Magdalen,
Mad Magdalen.

Fresh from the bath she waiting stands,
Cool as a statue there,
As marble white her bust and hands,
Like night her cloud of hair;
Now Naiad-formed and fair:
Pale Magdalen,
Frail Magdalen.

And in her carriage where she waits
The crowd's remote disdain,
See, though as banished from the gates,
How the world sneers in vain
At sin, and sin's dull stain:
Hard Magdalen,
Marred Magdalen.

Or view her last in confined rest,
Oblivion on her lips;
One flower of silence on her breast,
Behind her life's burned ships;
And furred fate's torturing whips;
Lone Magdalen,
Stone Magdalen.

Source scan page 5.

Ernest McGaffey (1861–1941). Ohio-born American poet and lawyer who practiced in Chicago and later lived in Los Angeles. His numerous verse books include Poems of Gun and Rod (1892), Poems of the Town (1901), Cosmos (1903), and War (1939).

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COLOPHON

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