

These Temperance Folks.
 These temperance folks do crowd us awfully,
 crowd us awfully, crowd us awfully,
 These temperance folks do crowd us awfully,
 They need not think I care.
 I'm not the man to lose my liberty, lose my liberty,
 I'm not the man to lose my liberty, I haven't a bit to spare.
 I'd like to know what's all this fuss about,
 There's something smashing through,
 They hold their meetings 'round eternity,
 I wonder what they'll do?

CHORUS.
 Then forward, boys; hurrah!
 We'll join the glorious fray,
 We'll hoist our flag and on to victory;
 The right shall gain the day.

I wish these chaps would cease to pity me,
 cease to pity me, cease to pity me,
 I wish these chaps would cease to pity me,
 I am not quite bereft.
 Though come to search my once fat pocketbook,
 once fat pocketbook, once fat pocketbook,
 Though come to search my once fat pocketbook,
 There's nary sixpence left.
 My coat I know is rather seedy
 And my pants are tattered, too,
 My right foot goes but poorly booted,
 And my left foot wears a shoe.

—Chorus.
 They talk of woe, of want and poverty,
 want and poverty, want and poverty,
 They talk of woe, of want and poverty,
 There's truth in that, I s'pose.
 There's a wife downtown would smile like Venus,
 smile like Venus, smile like Venus,
 There's a wife downtown would smile like Venus,
 If I'd sign the pledge this day,
 And a bright halred child would jump and caper,
 You may pass the pledge this way.

Ma and the Auto.
 Before we take an auto ride, Pa says to Ma: "My dear,
 Now just remember I don't need suggestions from the rear.
 If you will just sit still back there and hold in check your fright,
 I'll take you where you want to go and get you back all right.
 Remember that my hearin's good and also I'm not blind,
 And I can drive this car without suggestions from behind."
 Ma promises that she'll keep still, then off we gaily start,
 But soon she notices ahead a peddler and his cart.
 "You'd better toot your horn," says she, "to let him know we're near;
 He might turn out!" and Pa replies, "Just shriek at him, my dear."
 And then he adds: "Some day, some guy will make a lot of dough
 By putting horns on tonneau seats for womenfolks to blow!"

A little farther on Ma cries: "He's signaled for a turn!"
 And Pa says: "Did he?" in a tone that's hot enough to burn.
 "Oh, there's a boy on roller skates!" cries Ma, "Now do go slow.
 I'm sure he doesn't see our car." And Pa says: "I dunno,
 I think I don't need glasses yet, but really it may be
 That I am blind and cannot see what's right in front of me."
 If Pa should speed the car a bit some rigs to hurry past,
 Ma whispers: "Do be careful now. You're driving much too fast."
 And all the time she's pointing out the dangers of the street,
 And keeps him posted on the roads where trolley cars he'll meet.
 Last night when we got safely home, Pa sighed and said: "My dear,
 I'm sure we all enjoyed the drive you gave us from the rear!"

"Four Thousand Years Ago."
 I was born about four thousand years ago,
 There is nothing in the world that I don't know;
 I saw Jonah swallow the whale
 And I pulled the lion's tail,
 And I crossed the River Canaan on a log.
 So you see I am an educated man,
 I keep my brain in my head, I plan;
 I've been on earth so long
 That I used to sing a song
 While Abraham and Isaac rushed the can.
 I saw Eve when she searched the garden o'er,
 I saw Satan when they drove him from the door,
 While the apple they were eating,
 From the bushes I was peking,
 I can swear that I'm the man that ate the core.

So you see I'm an educated man,
 Keep my brain in my head, I plan;
 I've been on earth so long
 That I used to sing a song
 While Abraham and Isaac rushed the can.

I Only Want a Buddy, Not a Gal.
 What is romance, it's only taking a chance.
 Gamblin' with misery:
 I was a fool, but just like in school,
 I've learned my lesson, you see.
 I only want a buddy and not a sweetheart,
 Buddies never make you blue;
 Sweethearts make vows, and they're broken
 Broken like their hearts are broke in two.
 Don't tell me that you love me, say you like me.
 No lovers' quarrel, no bungalows for two,
 Don't turn down lovers' lane, just keep right on saying
 I only want a buddy and not a gal.

CHORUS.
 I only want a buddy and not a sweetheart,
 Buddies never make you blue;
 Sweethearts make vows, and they're broken,
 Broken like their hearts are broke in two.

Girl Named Ida-ho.
 For her I'd leave Virginia,
 I'd leave my Maryland,
 I'd part with Mrs. Sippi,
 The widow fair and bland.
 I'd leave my Louisa Anna,
 And other Annas, too;
 I'd bid farewell to Georgia,
 Though Georgia would be true.

I'd part with Minnie Sota,
 I'd part from Della Ware,
 I'd leave brunette Miss Sourl
 The Carolina pair.
 These women all are lovely,
 True-hearted girls I know,
 But 'd give them all the go-by,
 And cleave to Idaho.

I like her breezy manners,
 I like her honest ways,
 I like her in the moonlight,
 I like her sunny days.
 Goodby, my own Virginia,
 And other girls I know,
 I'm hanging around the gate post,
 Of a girl named Ida-ho.

Sent in by Vicky Owen, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

"That's How I Got My Start."
 When I grew up to be a man,
 I said I'd work no more,
 But dad took me by the pants
 And kicked me out the door.
 It's not because I'm lucky,
 It's not because I'm smart,
 My old man say's get out, you bum,
 That's how I got my start.

Once I had a wife that loved me,
 And I loved her, you know,
 She caught me with another gal,
 And then I had to go.
 It's not because I'm lucky,
 It's not because I'm smart,
 I run around with other girls,
 That's how I got my start.

De yo-del, lay-ee, O de yo-del lay-ee,
 O de yo-del lay-ee-ee-ee.

Sent in by Hazel Groom, Spokane.

The Patter of the Shingle.
 When the angry passions gathering in my mother's face I see,
 And she leads me to her bedroom, gently lays me on her knee,
 Then I know that I will catch it and my flesh in fancy itches
 As I listen to the patter of the shingle on my breeches.

CHORUS.
 Every patter of the shingle has an ache and a sting
 And a thousand burning fancies into active being bring
 And a thousand wasps and hornets'neath my coat tail seem to swarm
 As I listen to the patter of the shingle.

In a splutter comes my father, who, I supposed had gone,
 To survey the situation and tell her to lay it on
 To see her bending over me as I listen to the strain
 Played by her and by the shingle in a wild and weird refrain.

In a sudden intermission which appears my only chance
 I say, "Strike gently, mother, or you'll split my Sunday pants."
 She stopped a moment, drew her breath, the shingle held aloft,
 And said, "I had not thought of that, my son, you'd better take them off."

Holy Moses and the anshels cast thy pitying glances down,
 And thou, old family doctor, put a good soft poultice on,
 And may I with fools and witches everlastingly commingle
 If I ever say another word while mother wields the shingle.

Sent in by Mrs. J. A. Shook, Lanark, Ill.

The Preacher and the Bear.
 A preacher went a-hunting upon one Sunday morn,
 Hit was again his 'ligion, but he took his gun along;
 He shot hisself some very fine quail and one little measly hare,
 And on his way returning home, he met a great, big grizzly bear.
 The bear marched out to the middle of the road an' then sot down, you see,
 The coon got so excited he climbed up a simmon tree;
 Then the bear got up an' walked aroun' an' de coon climbed out on a limb.
 He cast up his eyes to the Lord in the skies, and these words said to him:
 "Oh, Lawd, an' didn't you delibah Dan'l from de lion's den?
 Also delibah Jonah from de belly of de whale, and den
 De Hebrew chillen from de fiery furnace, as de good book do declare—
 Now, oh, Lord, if you can't help me, for goodness sake don't help dat bear."

"Good old bear!" (G-r-r-r-r) "Nice old bear!" (G-r-r-r-r) "Now, Mr. Bear, if I'll gib you jes' one nice, big, juicy bite, will you go 'way den?" (G-r-r-r-r) "No?" (G-r-r-r-r) "Well, den, I see a-gwine stay right where I is."

That coon stayed up in that tree, an think it was all night,
 He said: "Now, Lawd, don't you help that bear an' you'll see an awful fight."
 Well, just about den the limb let go an' de coon come den a tumblin' down,
 You could see him git his razah out befo' he struck de groun'.

That bear hugged Mr. Niggah, an' hugged him a little too tight;
 Well, the bear bit off the razah, but de coon held on wid a vim,
 He cast up his eyes to the Lawd in de skies, an' once mo' said to him:

"Oh, Lawd, an' didn't you delibah Dan'l from de lion's den?
 Also delibah Jonah from de belly of de whale, and den
 De Hebrew chillen from de fiery furnace, as de good book do declare—
 Now, oh, Lawd, if you can't help me, for goodness sake, don't help dat bear."

"Now, Mr. Bear, let's you an' I reason dis thing out together, eh?" (G-r-r-r-r) "Tell you' what I'll do, I'll fight you to a finish—
 Marquis of Queensbury rules. Are you game?" (G-r-r-r-r) No hittin' in de clinches."
 (G-r-r-r-r) "An' ah wants a clean break. Ready? Shake hands. Hol' on, ah didn't say so, yet! Not Gol Oh, me! Oh, mi! Oh, nu!" (G-r-r-r-r) "Oh, Lawd!"

Your Daddy Did the Same Thing Fifty Years Ago.
 "Come in," said father Johnson as a knock came on his door,
 His youngest son walked in, upon his face a grin,
 He twirled his thumbs, blushed red and said:
 "Dear dad, I hate to tell you, but I'm going to elope tonight at eight."
 His father winked his eye, as he made this reply.

CHORUS.
 Your daddy did the same thing fifty years ago.
 He went to a lot of bother, just to have you call him father.
 Everybody thought your dear old dad was slow.
 Her mother and her brother thought your maw would wed another,
 But they couldn't fool your daddy fifty years ago.
 He acted in the same old way.
 He looked in your mother's eyes and told an awful lot of lies,
 And that's why you're here today.

Young Johnson married, a year passed since he wed,
 He met his paw one day and father heard him say:
 "My wife's the limit, seems to think I'm out with girls each night.
 You know me better, father dear, you know she isn't right."
 His father winked both eyes, said, "Don't apologize."

CHORUS.
 Your daddy did the same thing fifty years ago.
 Mother worried like the dickens, Your old man was fond of chickens,
 All the girls knew your daddy wasn't slow,
 And if it's not too much to say, your pa could go a bit today.
 They couldn't fool your daddy fifty years ago.
 He acted the same old way.
 But your mother never knew what your daddy used to do,
 And that's why you are here today.

THESE ARE THE SONGS

Saving Up Coupons.
The cigar stores everywhere are giving away
Hundreds and thousands of coupons each day.
You get good things for nothing and you bet your life
You get things good for nothing. 'cause I got a wife.
Five millions coupons is what my wife cost.
I'd give ten million more just to get a divorce.

CHORUS.

I'm saving up coupons to get one of those.
Of couponitis I'll die, I suppose.
But a cute little casket the catalogue shows,
I'm saving up coupons to get one of those.
My brother got married and right off the reel
He started to save for an automobile.
But the day that he got it, from smoking he died.
From his house to the graveyard was his only ride.
His wife then got married, no time did she lose
Till some lucky boob hopped in poor brother's shoes,
And now every evening they both can be seen
As they motor about in poor brother's machine.
I'm saving up coupons to get one of those.
When I die, my wife marries, and riding she goes.
I hope when they're in it the darn thing explodes.
I'm saving up coupons to get one of those.
My wife's got the habit, she's saving a few,
She now has 17,902.
She wants a new hat, I don't know what for.
To get it she owes only 3000 more.
We've been married a year, in a nice little flat,
And all that we got is a dog and a cat.
The lady next door is just chucked full of joy.
The stork came and left her a big baby boy.
I'm saving up coupons to get one of those.
My wife now is making some cute baby clothes.
I don't know who told her, but somehow she knows
I'm saving up coupons to get one of those.

Now, Moses, Don't Touch It.
Now, Moses, what makes you so strange and forgetful?
Why is it you heed what I tell you no more?
Just look at your picture—who would not be fretful,
Your great muddy boots on my clean kitchen floor?
And there, you are smoking. Oh, dear, how provoking.
To tease and torment me it is your desire.
I'll throw your old—no, sir, indeed I'm not joking—
I'll throw your old meerschaum right into the fire.

CHORUS.

Now, Moses, don't touch it.
Now, Moses, you'll catch it.
Now, Moses, don't you hear what I say?
'Tis thus without stopping.
The music keeps dropping
For night after night and for day after day.
Now, Moses, come tell me, now what are you doing
Off there in the pantry, so still and so sly?
I know very well there is some mischief brewing.
Ha! That's what you're after, a whole cherry pie.
Stop! Stop! You are taking the last of my baking,
The very last pie that was left on the shelf.
If ever one did, you deserve a good shaking.
And I've a great notion to try it myself.—Chorus.
Now, Moses, come, let us be pleasant and clever;
We must not in future lead such a sad life;
Now, you be my dear, noble husband forever,
And I'll be forever your sweet, loving wife.
Of course, none supposes that life is all roses,
But really, I think that—well now, I declare,
You rascal, you villain, you stupid thing, Moses,
You laid your old currycomb right in my chair.—Chorus.

I'm a Stern Old Bachelor.
I am a stern old bachelor.
My age is forty-four.
I do declare I'll never live
With women any more.

CHORUS.

Little sod shanty.
Sod shanty give to me.
For I am a stern old bachelor
From matrimony free.
I have a stove that's worth ten cents,
A table worth fifteen.
I cook my grub in oyster cans
And keep all things so clean.
When I come home late I have no fear,
I smile and walk right in,
I never hear a voice yell out,
"I say, where have you been?"
On a cold and stormy winter's night
In my cozy little shack
I sing my songs and think my thoughts
With no one to talk back.
I go to bed whenever I please
And get up just the same.
I change my socks three times a year,
With no one to complain.
At night when I'm in peaceful sleep
My snores can do no harm.
I never have to walk the floor
With an infant on my arm.
And when I die and go to heaven,
Where all old bachelors do,
I will not have to grieve for fear
My wife won't get there, too.
Sent in by Mrs. R. F. Tinnel, Potlatch, Idaho.

Mr. McGuire."

My name it is Mr. McGuire,
And I'll quickly tell to you,
A pretty girl I do admire,
Named Katie O'Donohue.
She is lovely, fat and rosy,
Believe me when I say
That now whenever I go to her house,
Her mother will joyfully say:
CHORUS.
'Paddy, get up from the fire
And give the man a seat.
Don't you know it is Mr. McGuire
Come courting your sister, Kate?
You know very well he has a big farm,
Just a little way out of town.
Get up out of that, you impudent rat,
And let Mr. McGuire sit down."
The first time that I met her
She was dancing the tra-la-la-lee.
Although I was a stranger,
She was quickly gone on me.
She asked me for to dance with her
And then we skipped away,
And now whenever I go to the house,
Her mother will joyfully say:
I go to see Katie no longer,
The reason I'll now tell,
She got in with a flannel-mouth terrier
That came from Ballerinnell.
The hair on his teeth was red and blue,
His style I do not admire,
And while she puts up with the likes of him
She won't do for Mr. McGuire.
Spoken:
And now her mother can never more say:
—Chorus.
Sent in by E. J. Reeves, Hilliard, Wash.

"Down at the Old Picnic Grounds."

The ants held their convention, the day that we held ours.
Down at the old picnic grounds,
The chiggers and mosquitos were hiding in the flowers.
Down at the old picnic grounds,
Beside a babbling brook my girl and I
Thought we would take a rest,
She said "Here is the place to tell me who you love the best."
Then I sat on a fishhook and she sat on a hornet's nest.
Down at the old picnic grounds,
I entered in a sack race and fell upon my knees,
Down at the old picnic grounds,
I won the hundred-yard dash, that's when I broke my chin.
Down at the old picnic grounds,
Down by a swampy stream, my Uncle Jake
Went down to quench his thirst,
Then some one pushed him in the mud, we laughed until we burst;
The mud came to his ankles, but oh, he went in head first.
Down at the old picnic grounds,
The kids ate all the ice cream, a hobo stole the lunch.
Down at the old picnic grounds,
A goat ate up the chowder, a cow drank up the punch.
Down at the old picnic grounds,
My girl said I love peaches, so I climbed a fence to get her one,
A bull chased me from tree to tree and kept me on the run;
Then some one yelled, "Hey, that ain't fair, you're having all the fun."
Down at the old picnic grounds,
The married men and single, they played a baseball game,
Down at the old picnic grounds,
The ball went through a hothouse and broke every pane.
Down at the old picnic grounds,
They had a Maypole dance, my girl was queen, and all the dancers led,
I made a crown of pretty leaves and put it on her head;
She yelled, "That's poison ivy," and then she crowned me instead.
Down at the old picnic grounds.

That Bonnie Wee Window.

There was a brave lass, her name it was Nell,
She lived in a house where her granny did dwell.
The house it was small, the window was less,
It had but four panes, and one needed a glass.
CHORUS.
Did this bonny wee window,
This nice little window,
The prettiest little window
That ever you saw.

It happened one night, grannie'd gone to her bed,
When Johnnie, the clever sweetheart
Nellie had,
Came over the hill, his darling to see
And under this window so plainly spoke
he. At this bonny, etc.
The lovers sat talking, not much had been said,
When granny called out: "Nellie, come to your bed."
"Yes, granny, I'm coming," cried Nellie quite plain,
"So fare ye well, Johnnie, come next night again." At this, etc.
Said Johnny to Nellie, "Don't make it amiss
Before that I go, you should give me a kiss."
With an eager desire, he put his head through,
For what would not love make a fond lover do? At that bonny, etc.
Three kisses he got and sweet was the smack,
When to his surprise he couldn't get his head back.
He raved and he swore, he screamed and he cursed,
While Nellie sat laughing as though she would burst.
At his head in the window, etc.
Granny, hearing the noise, sprang out on the floor,
And seizing the poker, she made for the door.
Across his poor back such a blow she lay down,
That another like it would have broke his back bones. At that bonny, etc.
He screamed and he swore, he cursed the old dame,
But his head in the window it had to remain
'Till the sash it gave way and the poker did break.
Then Johnny went home, with the frame round his neck. Of that bonny-wee, etc.

Tapping at the Garden Gate.

Who is that tapping at the gate?
Tap, tap, tapping at the garden gate.
Every night I've heard of late,
Somebody tapping at the garden gate.
O, you sly little puss, "Don't know,"
Why do you blush and falter so?
What are you looking for under the chair?
The tap, tap, tapping comes not from there.
REFRAIN.
Every night at half past eight,
There's tap, tap, tapping at the garden gate.
Yes, you sly little fox, you know,
Fidgeting about until you go,
Drop the sugar spoon, right there it lies,
Bless the girl, where are her eyes,
Were I able to leave my chair,
Soon would I find out who was there,
Don't tell me you think it's the cat.—Refrain.
Cats don't know when its half past eight,
To come tap, tapping at the garden gate.
There, she's off now just like a flash,
The old back gate shuts to with a clash,
Feet, pat, patter, down the garden walk,
One little laugh, then whispering talk,
O, you sly little goose, forget
The wide raised window o'er the spot
Lame as I am, I can move my chair,
Peep through the curtain and see who's there.
REFRAIN.
Just as I thought, at half past eight,
There's that chat, chat, chattering at the garden gate.
Just as I thought, who can that be,
With broadcloth coat and broad-brimmed hat?
And around her waist, upon my word,
Never a thought of hope deferred.
Come in, you geese, don't stand out there
Right in the moonlight's brightest glare.
Come along in, Miss, is that your cat,
With broadcloth coat and broad-brimmed hat?
REFRAIN.
Cats get a chill at half past eight,
If they stand chat, chatting at the garden gate.

I Wish I Was Single Again.

When I was single, oh then, oh then,
When I was single, oh then,
When I was single, my pockets did jingle
And I wish I was single again.
I married me a wife, oh then, oh then,
I married me a wife, oh then,
I married me a wife and was sad all my
life
And I wish I was single again.
My wife, she died, oh then, oh then,
My wife, she died, oh then,
My wife, she died, and I laughed till I
cried
To think I was single again.
I married another, oh then, oh then,
I married another, oh then,
I married another, and she was the devil's
stepmother
And I wish I was single again.
My wife got mad, oh then, oh then,
My wife got mad, oh then,
My wife got mad, and she spent all I had
And I wish I was single again.
She beat me and banged me, oh then,
oh then,
She beat me and banged me, oh then,
She beat me and banged me, and swore
she would hang me
And I wish I was single again.
She got a rope, oh then, oh then,
She got a rope, oh then,
She got a rope and my neck did choke
And I wish I was single again.
The limb it did break, oh then, oh then,
The limb it did break, oh then,
The limb it did break and my neck did
escape
And I wish I was single again.
Young men take warning of this, of this,
Young men take warning of this,
Be good to the first for the last is much
worse
And you will wish you were single again.

—Sent in by Mrs. Elmer Spencer, Grange-
mont, Idaho.

Old-Fashioned Buggy Drive.

In the spring of the year, when the
weather is clear,
I go out in my automobile;
As I sail down the line with that sweet
babe of mine,
Just imagine how happy I feel.
Old granddaddy dear looks at us with a
sneer,
And he says as his eyes beam with joy:
Oh, these new-fangled ways are not in it
these days
As the way I made love when a boy.

CHORUS.

Take a walk to a nice livery stable.
Get a horse that you don't have to drive;
You're at ease, no one sees, you can
squeeze all you please
In an old-fashioned buggy drive.
Oh, granddaddy late, you're away out of
date.
For the auto's the thing for today.
You can put on the power, and in just
half an hour,
You are forty or more miles away.
Just then came a crash and a terrible
smash.
And they worked with the thing half the
night;
All the kids on the course cried "Get us
a horse."
And then we said granddad was right.
Sent in by Jennie S. Crowder, Spokane.

The Feller That Looks Like Me.

In sad despair I wander,
My heart is filled with woe.
Though in my grief I ponder,
What to do, I do not know;
My cruel fate does on me frown,
The trouble seems to be
There is a feller in this town
And he looks just like me.

CHORUS.

Oh! wouldn't I like to meet him,
Whoever he may be,
Oh! wouldn't I give particular fits
That feller that looks like me?
One day I went to see my girl,
I was going to take her 'round,
When a lady tapped me on the arm,
Saying, "How's your wife, old Brown?"
In vain I said, "I'm a single man,
And married I wish to be."
They called me a swindler and kicked me
out—
For the feller that looks like me.
—Chorus.
One night I went to a ball,
I was just enjoying the sport,
When a policeman grabbed me by the
arm,
You're wanted down in court,
You've escaped us once, but this 'ere time
I take care you don't get free."
He dragged me off, locked me up in jail—
For the feller that looks like me.
—Chorus.
I was tried next day, found guilty too,
I was about to be taken down
When another policeman brought in
The right criminal, Mr. Brown;
They locked him up, they let me go.
Oh! he was 'sight to see,
The ugliest man I ever saw
Was the feller that looked like me.
—Chorus.

"How Are You Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?"

"Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking," said
his wifey dear,
"Now that all is peaceful and calm,
The boys will soon be back on the farm."
Mister Reuben started thinking, and slowly
rubbed his chin,
He pulled his chair up close to mother,
And he asked her with a grin:
CHORUS.
"How 'ya gonna keep 'em down on the
farm, after they've seen Pa-ree?
How 'ya gonna keep 'em away from Broad-
way, jazzin' aroun'
And paintin' the town?
How 'ya gonna keep 'em away from harm?
That's a mystery:
They'll never want to see a rake or plow,
And who the deuce can parley vous a cow?
How 'ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm,
After they've seen Pa-ree?"
Imagine Reuben when he meets his pa,
He'll kiss his chin and holler "oo-la-la!"
How 'ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm,
After they've seen Pa-ree?

"Reuben, Reuben, you're mistaken,"
Said his wifey dear:
"Once a farmer, always a jay,
And farmers always stick to the hay!"
"Mother Reuben, I'm not fakin'."
"Though you may think it strange;
But wine and women play the mischief
With a boy who's loose with change."

My Mother-in-Law.

Oh, listen my friends and I'll sing you a
ditty,
About the worst woman that I ever saw,
And when you hear it you'll say it's a
pity
That you ever had such a mother-in-
law.
Oh, my life is so troubled, I can not live
happy:
When I open my mouth she'll stick in
her jaw;
I'd rather be sent to jail or to congress,
Than to live all my life with my mother-
in-law.
She has an idea that she is good looking,
She's the ugliest woman that I've ever
seen,
When she sits down to have her picture
taken,
The very first glance, she breaks the
machine.
—Chorus.
She is so ugly she frightens her children,
When they chance to meet as they walk
on the street;
She has a mouth like a crack in a pump-
kin,
And a hump on her back and such very
large feet.
—Chorus.
I asked her one day to marry her daugh-
ter,
I did not intend the whole family to wed,
She quickly picked up a bucket of water
And taking straight aim, let it fly at
my head.
—Chorus.
I heard that they had some sharp shoot-
ing at Glenmore,
The shots were so thick 'twas almost a
draw.
I gave the whole regiment five dollars
and a quarter,
If they'd only take a shot at my
mother-in-law.
—Chorus.

I'm Getting Ready for My Mother-in-Law.

My dear wife met me at the door,
A letter in her hand
Saying mother soon will visit us.
Now isn't that just grand?
She says she'll stay about six months
Or longer if she can.
If she don't come I know I'll be
A disappointed man.

CHORUS.

I'm getting ready for my mother-in-law.
I'm getting ready for the fun.
If she can stay for just you day
You can hear the church bells chime.
Oh, mother, mother, mother, mother,
mother,
You'll have a dandy time.
I taught our bulldog how to bite,
The parrot how to swear.
I sawed the legs and arms and rungs
From our best rocking chair.
I sprinkled soap upon the floor
And polished it with fat.
If she falls down and breaks her neck,
Can I be blamed for that?
I fixed a little room for her
Without one window frame,
Turned on the heat and fixed it so
It won't turn off again.
No pictures hanging on the wall—
It looks just like a cell,
And when she goes to get in bed
She'll think she is in—a turkish bath.
I'm getting ready for my mother-in-law,
I'm getting ready for the fun.
If she would stay for just a day
You can hear the church bells chime.
Oh, mother, mother, mother, mother,
mother,
You'll have a hot old time.

Sent in by Sue Rushlo, Newport, Wash.

The September Gale.

I am not a chicken; I have seen
Full many a chill September;
And though I was a youngster then,
That gale I will remember:
The day before, my kite-string snapped,
And I my kite pursuing,
The wind whisked off my palm-leaf hat;
For me two storms were brewing.

It came as quarrels sometimes do,
When married pairs get clashing;
There was a heavy sigh or two,
Before the fire was flashing;
A little stir among the clouds,
Before they rent asunder;
A little rocking of the trees,
And then came on the thunder.

Oh, how the ponds and rivers boiled,
And how the shingles rattled;
And oaks were scattered on the ground,
As if the Titans battled;
And all above was in a howl,
And all below a clatter—
The earth was like a frying-pan,
Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing day,
And all our things were drying;
The storm came roaring through the lines,
And set them all a-flying;
I saw the shirts and petticoats
Go riding off, like witches;

The Bully of the Town.

I'm looking for the bully,
The bully of the town,
I'm looking for the bully,
The bully can't be found,
I'm looking for the bully of the town,
That bully may walk
This world around and around,
Every day a lady found.
When I walk this world around,
I'm looking for the bully of the town,
I'm looking for the bully,
The bully of the town,
I'm looking for the bully,
The bully can't be found,
I'm looking for the bully of the town,
That bully may walk
This world around and around,
Every day a lady found,
When I walk this world around,
I'm looking for the bully of the town.

A Dollar Down and a Dollar a Week.

Oh, a friend of mine bought a radio
For a dollar down and a dollar a week.
Says he, "It's the easiest life I know;
Just a dollar down and a dollar a week."
So he bought a rug and a fountain pen,
A rundown car, a chair and then
A set of "Lives of Famous Men"
For a dollar down and a dollar a week.
Then he bought a suit, a hat and shoes
For a dollar down and a dollar a week.
He joined the lodge and paid dues
For a dollar down and a dollar a week.
And he bought a ring that was fair to see
For the lily white hand of his bride-to-be.
When he got married the minister's fee
Was a dollar down and a dollar a week.

When the baby came the doctor got
A dollar down and a dollar a week.
My friend he fed and clothed the lot
For a dollar down and a dollar a week.
At last said his wife, "I must be free,
These weekly payments are ruining me."
So she got a divorce and the alimony
Was a dollar down and a dollar a week.

Sent in by Mrs. Stella Hendren, Kamiah,
Idaho.

Songs of Long Ago

The Candy Kid.

I used to think of others, that slang was unrefined,
But since I've met a certain party, well,
I've changed my mind.
Peaches, sweet as honey, manly and sincere,
And when he calls me "Candy Kid," puts music in my ear.

CHORUS.

Oh, oh, oh, oh, you candy kid,
I'm so crazy about you, I'm nearly off my lid.
Love me early, love me late; kiss your baby, don't hesitate,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, you candy kid.

He calls me caramelsie and bon bon baby, too,
And says, "That's not taffy, I'm just simply daffy over you."
"I know that there are other sweets in the candy shops,
But you're the sugar plum that makes them look like lemon drops."

Sent in by Jennie S. Crowder, Spokane.

Crosspatch.

Crosspatch, how can you be so cross?
Won't you tumble off your high horse?
You know you love to be loved, crosspatch;
If you feel the wind change, they say,
It will make your face stay that way,
And then you'll never be loved;
Cultivate a smile, sweet and sunny,
You can catch a fly with honey;
You're acting so spoiled, shame, shame,
Everybody knows your name;
Crosspatch, don't you know it takes two to fight?
Won't you kiss and make up tonight?
You know you love to be loved.

Sent in by Mary E. Wahl, Spokane.

Ain't It the Truth?

I wonder why the one you want
Is always so illusive,
And why the one you love the most
Will prove the most abusive.

And also why the one you hope
Will take you in his arms,
Will prove to be, unluckily
Ensnared by other arms.

I wonder why it happens
If you like them tall and dark,
It's sure to be a little blonde
Who'll ask you out to park?

Then also why it's bound to be,
If it's dancing thrills you so,
A man who can not dance a step
With whom you're sure to go.

They say it's opposites attract,
And they surely do, it seems,
Mine are so far from my ideal,
It's been carried to extremes!

Some day, I hope, they will invent
A love machine, or sumpun,
Then we, to get our kind of man,
Would merely press a button!

Sent in by Kay Wells, Spokane.

"Pretty Little Dear."

CHORUS.

She's a pretty little dear
And she lives uptown.
Her daddy is a butcher
And his name is Brown.
Indeed, he is of a high renown.
She's the girl for me!

Her eyes are as bright as diamonds,
Her teeth as white as pearls,
I tell you, boys, she's handsome,
And you bet she's one of the girls.
Chorus—

We're gonna get married tomorrow night,
I asked her daddy and he said "All right."
I feel so bully I've a notion to get
"tight."

But I know that wouldn't do.
Chorus—

Because her dad's a square old chap
He's the richest man in town,
He's gonna give me a house and lot
Along with Betsy Brown.
Chorus—

I took my girl to a dance one night,
It was a social hop.
We danced until the lights went out,
The music had to stop.
Chorus—

Chorus—
I took my girl to a restaurant,
The finest in the state.
She said she wasn't hungry
But this is what she ate.

A dozen raw, potato, slaw,
Chicken and a roast;
Apple sas, spar-agrass,
Soft shelled crabs on toast.

Spinach, too, crackers, too,
Her appetite was immense.
When I asked for the bill
I thought I'd die for I had
But fifty cents.

Chorus—first stanza and chorus again.

Down in the Alley and Over the Fence.

Down in the alley and over the fence;
You bring the bucket and I'll bring ten cents.

Sweet apple elder and sweet compliments;
Down in the alley and over the fence.

Every one take your place with a smile
on your face,
And we don't have to call volunteers.
What a time for a dime, while we sing
"Auld Lang Syne"
Till the last tasty drop disappears.

Then down in the alley and over the fence,
You bring the bucket and I'll bring ten cents;

When I'm in the doghouse, it's my residence;
Down in the alley and over the fence.

Sent in by Lucy Pettry, Mullán, Idaho.

Old Time Songs

My Little Red Ford.

Oh, Bill don't you remember,
In a little southern town,
A girl named Sally Brown
We used to chase around.
I took her to a picnic
In my little red Ford one day.
'Twas there you tried to steal my girl
away.

You had a great big touring car
And she climbed in with you
And when we started home that day
I sure was feeling blue.

CHORUS.

When you drove a Buick,
A big yellow Buick,
And I drove a little red Ford.
When you passed by me
You both tried to guy me
But your insults I ignored.
Then a mudhole you struck, Bill,
'Twas there that you stuck, Bill,
Your engine screeched and moaned.
I towed home that Buick
That big yellow Buick
At the rear of my little red Ford.

Sent in by Mrs. Jack Switzer, Colfax,
Wash.; Betty Tippett, Rogersburg, Wash.

The Lane County Bachelor,

My name is Frank Bolar, 'n ol' bach'lor I am;
I'm keepin' ol' bach on an elegant plan.
You'll find me out west in the county of Lane,
A-starving to death on a government claim.

REFRAIN.

But, hurrah for Lane county, the land of the free,
The home of the grasshopper, bedbug and flea!
I'll sing loud her praises and boast of her fame
While starving to death on my government claim.

My house, it is built of the national soil,
The walls are erected according to Hoyle.
The roof has no pitch, but is level and plain.

I always get wet when it happens to rain.

Sent in by Mrs. Julia Crawford, Kellogg, Idaho.

Git Along, Mule.

I have a mule, he's such a fool
He does not pay no heed.
I built a fire beneath his tail
And then he showed some speed.

CHORUS.

Git along, mule, don't roll dem eyes,
You can change a fool, but a dogsone mule
Is a mule until he dies.

I bought some biscuits for my dog
And laid them on a shelf,
Times got so hard, I shot the dog
And ate them all myself.

I'm going down the river's bank
To lay me down and die
And if I find the water's wet
I'll wait until it's dry.

A man in Georgia the other day
He took a shot at me,
Just as he took the second shot,
I passed through Tennessee.
Sent in by John Dunphy, Marshall,
Wash.