

By Wm.  
Bellamy

# BROKEN WORDS

A FIFTH  
CENTURY OF  
CHARADES

BY  
WILLIAM  
BELLAMY

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**Books by William Bellamy**

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**BROKEN WORDS.**

**MORE CHARADES.**

**A CENTURY OF CHARADES.**

**A SECOND CENTURY OF CHARADES**

**A THIRD CENTURY OF CHARADES.**

**HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY**

**BOSTON AND NEW YORK**

## BROKEN WORDS



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A FIFTH CENTURY OF CHARADES

BY

WILLIAM BELLAMY

*And be these Jugling Fiends no more beleeu'd,  
That palter with vs in a double sence,  
That keepe the word of promise to our eare,  
And breake it to our hope.*

BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

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# BROKEN WORDS



I

**M**Y first is near to burn ;  
My last is witty, sometimes ;  
My whole most people spurn,  
They call it only bum rhymes.

**B**EFORE the milk bill came to pass,  
My first was commoner than glass.

My second is a little word,  
And very similar my third.

My whole, a land of bees and kine,  
Was promised by a voice divine.

**W**OULDST read a page of history unknown ?

A page my second stood beside the throne,  
And when King Richard entertained my whole,  
It was his office to present the bowl.  
My first and next the royal fingers stirred,  
And finding every condiment my third,  
The king approving passed it to the boy  
While knights and nobles smacked their lips for joy.

**M**Y first is a feather, a poet once said ;  
My second and third is sweet, juicy, and red ;  
There's my whole in the toss of a beautiful head.

**W**ITHOUT my first and second who could  
play the violin ?

Without my third and fourth how would poker games  
begin ?

Without my whole pray tell me how could La  
Mancha's knight

Have ridden to save maidens or with giants strange  
to fight ?



**T**HE lion with my first shall lie,  
The lion on my last will spring.  
My whole who caused a king to die  
Was dead before he killed the king.

ONCE a captain came to woo ;  
A sailor's life was all he knew.  
He said, " You 'll have a cabin aft,  
You could n't ship on a finer craft,  
Or if you wish to stay at home,  
We will charter a cot by the ocean foam,  
You can watch my coming from the shore,  
And I 'll be with you one month in four ;  
But choose at once for my stay is short,  
I have but another day in port."  
Said she, " Without your host you 've reckoned ;  
I shall take my third to my first and second  
Till I meet with a sympathetic soul ;  
But all you think of is my whole."

**M**Y first is half a nightingale that sings in far  
Cashmere.

My last is on the stable after horses disappear.

For my total ask a cow-boy and he'll give you quite  
a steer.

**S**ING a song of Venice, my second, third and  
fourth,

Where Portia in my whole of judge put Shylock in  
the broth.

When the case was opened Antonio was scared,  
Was n't that a pound of flesh that could n't well be  
spared ?

The Hebrew was inflexible, he would n't take his  
money ;

The duke was in a quandary and did n't find it funny ;  
The lady was incognito, you knew it by her clothes ;  
She tucked her hair beneath my first and showed her  
silken hose.

**I**N my second, third, fourth dwelt a pair ;  
I am sorry I cannot tell where,  
But soon after my story begins  
They were ordered to quit for their sins ;  
And so, by my whole being cursed,  
They went to Death Valley, my first.

**A** HUNGRY fellow sought my first,  
 And he was somewhat rash;  
 He never stopped to ask my whole,  
 But simply ordered hash.  
 Being my second and my third,  
 He swallowed it too fast.  
 He might, if he had taken breath,  
 Have said 't was hence my last.

**S**TARS that my whole in midnight skies  
I've watched my second, third arise ;  
It is a rapture and a bliss  
It seems almost my first to miss.

**I**N the afternoon of a summer's day,

A woman sat on my first by her door,

And a man with my first came by that way

To ask the same old question o'er.

His back was bent and his hair was gray ;

He had courted her thirty years or more.

When he said, " My dear, will you marry me ? "

(Love is patient when Love is strong.)

She simpered and blushed and said, " The Idee ! "

Whatever seemed pleasant she knew was wrong.

He was my whole and my last was she,

And to these shall the kingdom of heaven belong.



**T**HERE was a monarch who was called my whole.  
He had a cook who never reached the pole.  
To make my first he used my last,  
And the king thanked him for a good repast.

“**I**’M going to my whole,” she said,

“In hopes a title I can wed.”

But when she’d hooked a belted earl

A change came o’er this fickle girl.

She said, “My first are far too old

I want a lover with brains and gold.”

So, having neither sense nor pelf,

He took my last and hanged himself.

**M**Y first was very old  
Or else he was a liar;  
My last the bishops hold;  
My whole adore the fire.

SPOKEN BY A BANK EXAMINER

**A**NOTHER bank has failed,  
My total is enormous,  
Will any one be jailed?  
Why do you not inform us?  
Such are the questions asked  
When institutions fail;  
But my first, my next, my last,  
While all around me wail.

**I**F ever my first you have uttered,  
Confession is good for the soul.  
It is said that a horse has my second,  
And pedlars and poets my whole.

A POOR old man whose nose was red  
Begging my third from door to door,  
Waxing my whole for his daily bread,  
“Only this and nothing more.”

“Come in my first,” a lady said,  
“And you may wax my second floor.”  
Thereat the old man shook his head,  
Did you ever hear the like before?

**A**S I went my first by my third of stone,  
I said, "My second, how the weeds have grown!  
In the garden bed I must sow some tares,  
For like cures like, my whole declares."

**M**Y first is out of fashion, it was once a pleasant  
drink;

My second flies by night, and by day is on the blink;

My third was the home of a naturalist;

(At least if he was n't his chances he missed).

My whole is a bird with a nest in the sward

Who has not been so praised as his cousin abroad.



**M**Y first is late for the breakfast bell;  
The soldier knows my second well;  
My whole supports the clinging vine  
That loves around the oak to twine.

**M**Y whole is a science, but not an exact one.

My first two a nut you may find when you've  
cracked one.

My fourth and fifth traveled, a very nice lad,

He ne'er said my sixth when excited or glad.

Perhaps on occasions he uttered my third,

But never my sixth, it's a very bad word.

**M**Y first is common, may-be,  
I never knew but five.  
My whole will take my second  
And every one alive.

## THE LONDON SEASON

**B**ATHED in my first seems all the sky north-  
west,

Slowly my third the evening light away;  
And now my second dons his low-cut vest  
To grace the meal that terminates the day;  
Then to my whole he leads his consort fair  
In best attire, with neck and shoulders bare.

**M**Y first is a dog with a very bad name ;  
My last is a girl, and a very good game.  
My whole made a call at Locksley Hall.

**B**EYOND my first what other world may lie,  
Let cowards speculate who fear to die.

Often a mother blest with scanty means  
Takes out my second in her daughter's teens.

The cockney asking a reply  
Demands my third, he knows not why.

My whole is dark and bloody ground  
Where pistols flourish all the year around.

**M**Y first is sweet in spring;  
My last is hard to play;  
My whole the hucksters bring,  
And pretty girls are they.

**T**O my first her suitor sighed,  
But was it love or gold?  
With my second she replied,  
For the lady's heart was cold,  
And something told her, Beware, beware!  
His words seemed chaff as light as air.

She thought of one whose words were few ;  
To my whole his speech were vain,  
For every word he spoke was true,  
And sound as golden grain.



**M**Y first was dancing near a well;  
She made my last, and in she fell.  
'T is just as well my whole is round.  
Little sister might have drowned.

**M**Y second and my third inspired  
The Roman poet's lay,  
Alike that very theme has fired  
The bard in far Cathay;  
My first and second told of strife  
Yet sang of this as well,  
And e'en my whole who beat his wife  
Has felt its powerful spell.

**M**Y first may be used for a ruler,  
My last was a poet's reward,  
My whole is a city abroad;  
It is said that Gehenna is cooler.

I MET upon the street  
A poor dejected maiden ;  
Her eyes were sorrow-sweet,  
Her arms were heavy laden.  
Spying my first upon her cheek,  
I mustered courage up to speak,  
Proposing to my second, third  
To carry her valise.  
But this is what I heard,  
“Stop, or I call Police !  
I won’t be robbed nor spoken to,  
Nor stand my whole from men like you.”

**T**HE stars in their courses my first all possess ;

If one is without, 't is no matter, I guess.

A king in his palace my second despises ;

My whole to them both brought pleasant surprises.

I HAVE thought of a gift for my dear  
That I hope will afford her delight;  
My third for my first I shall rear  
Till perfectly sure it won't bite.  
At my second this present I'll make,  
Tho' my whole she may pout and declare  
She'd as soon have a spider or snake,  
For such are the ways of the fair.

**I** MET a woman on the street  
Who cried my whole, and called it sweet.

Spanish or French, methought were she,  
Her article my first would be.

“Are you my second, third?” said I;  
She said, “I shall be when you buy.”

**T**HERE came a year of dearth  
When Famine stalked abroad ;  
The rich denied their hoard,  
My last forsook the Earth.

The plague destroyed mankind,  
My whole infected beast,  
And locusts from the east  
Left no green thing behind.

The light of heaven failed,  
A stench was in the air ;  
Men lay in mute despair,  
And women sat and wailed.

Only twice my first was heard  
When the pious feebly prayed ;  
But the pestilence was stayed,  
For God recalled his word.



**T**HE stag at eve had drunk my first ;  
The horse in London is my number two ;  
My third in France will quench your thirst ;  
Winter without my fourth I never knew ;  
When Fortune does her very worst,  
Men find my whole are very few.

**W**HEN the yellow leaves are falling,  
And the weather looks like snow,  
Then we hear my first o' mornings  
Mingled with the rooster's crow.

Then the chimney long deserted  
Once more greets us with a smile ;  
Now the hearth is swept and garnished  
With my second from the pile.

Soon the evening lamp is lighted,  
And the mistress pours my tea ;  
In my cup I see my total,  
But it nothing means to me.

**P**RETTY and neat is my second and third,  
Like my whole have the gods endowed her ;  
She can broil a steak, she can roast a bird,  
She can make the best clam chowder.  
Such my primal cakes ! my second she makes  
Is so light you can scarce conceive ;  
But a treasure like this is a transient bliss,  
And she is about to leave.

**A**T my first we bade adieu,  
 With my second on his lip ;  
 And I whispered, " Take me too."

Then he gave my hand a grip,  
 Till I cried, " You hurt my third."

And then he went away  
 Without another word,  
 And left me sur le quai.

Will he come back to France ?

Alas, I fear me, no.  
 Some my whole keeps him in trance,  
 And will not let him go.

If Penelope I were,  
 I would patient wait, of course,  
 But I 'm different from her,  
 And I 'm getting a divorce.

**I**N my first let a medium go,  
    (That some are my whole I am certain.)  
But spirits I seek not to know,  
    Nor peer through futurity's curtain.  
Since my third at the end will be rent,  
    For each day let its evil suffice ;  
Why should I my second a cent  
    To see through my total device ?

**L**UCRETIUS, so the legends tell,  
Loved his wife, but none too well.  
Because he loved my second more,  
She mixed a draught of hellebore ;  
But all my whole her silly notion  
To win affection by a potion.  
Ponder my first, wise husbands, only  
Don't forget your wives are lonely ;  
And ponder too, neglected wives,  
Before you wreck your husbands' lives.

**M**Y first is sometimes cold,  
But one boy found it hot.

My last if you were told,  
You 'd have it, would you not ?  
That 's helpin'.

To Gilpin's loving mate  
A holiday was due ;  
My whole seems long to wait,  
And she had waited two.  
Poor Gilpin !

COME my second and my third,  
The invitation read,

And the proverb of the bird

Popped in the young man's head.

So, without my first to eat,

In the early afternoon

He went his girl to meet. —

“The lady'll be down soon,

Won't you please to take a seat?”

There he waited and he sat

While my whole the lady wept,

For she could n't find her hat

Till her chamber had been swept.



**M**Y first and second tells a number ;  
'T is through my third the outer world I see ;  
Although my third prevents my slumber,  
My whole at night my comforter will be.

**T**HERE lives a man who takes delight

In plaguing his wife from morning to night.  
When she made my whole by his mother's rule,  
And set it out on the stoop to cool,

He came along, and out of spite  
Just put his foot in it, and called her a fool.  
No wonder it is that his neighbor said,

“ That man is my first,

The very worst,

He should be my last, and a feather bed  
Be opened and emptied over his head.”

**M**Y first on a prescription I have seen a doctor  
write.

To have my second gives a girl my third and fourth  
delight.

My second, third and fourth is the blast a winter's  
night.

Our ancestors were once my whole if Darwin tells  
us right.

“**W**HEN the devil was sick, the devil a monk  
would be ;

When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he.”

What my second my first nobody can tell ;

Only we know that the fiend got well.

Let us turn from the devil and all his ways

To consider the customs of former days :

When a husband was seized of a feoff of his wife,

Their arms were my whole as if cut with a knife.

.

**T**HE stripling to the maiden saith,  
“Thou art my first, Love fears not death.”

The maiden to the youth replies,  
“My last is true, Love never dies.”

A shadow comes between the twain,  
Each says, “My whole, auf wiedersehn !”

**T**HE stripling to the maiden said,  
“Thou art my first, but Love is dead.”

The maiden to the youth replied,  
“It is my last that Love has died.”

A shadow stood between the two,  
Each exclaimed, “My whole, adieu!”

**T**AKE a short month, divide it,  
And cram a joke inside it ;  
You 'll concoct a splendid thing  
Fit to set before a king.

'T'WAS my second Patsy's wedding, an' all the bys  
were there ;

He married Bridget Hoolihan, the wan wid coal-red  
hair ;

An' all went swate an' peaceful till M'Ginty trew the  
shoe,

It hit the bride a stunnin' whack that left her black  
an' blue.

When they told her to console her she 'd a right to  
many more

Now she 'd married Patsy Donovan, why that made  
Patsy sore ;

An' when he said he 'd fight the gang, they took him  
at his word,

An' covered him wid bruises and a bushel of my third.

So him an' she were both my first, I ax ye to belave,

An' Biddy manes to carry my whole until the grave.



**R**EFLECT, ye sinners, ere too late ;  
Think of the torments of your future state.  
Death hath my first, and Hell my last ;  
The godlike Daniel through my total passed.

SO many wives old Bluebeard had,  
One might infer the girls were mad  
To wed this lady-killer;  
But there was one at least, the story is,  
Who would not listen to my last of his  
In spite of all his siller.

She vowed she would not be his bride  
Although he knelt and sued and sighed  
And begged my first to marry.  
“You are my whole,” the lady coyly said,  
“And so my whole as readily I’d wed  
His highness the Old Hairy.”

**A**LTHO my whole was so thick-skinned  
He feared no mortal thrust,  
He was my second at my third  
When he 'd a head my *fust*.

**A**FORE these peskie microbes cam  
 An' drave gude mithers daffie,  
 Wee Willie wooed the lassies sma'  
 Wi' a gob o' taffie;  
 And ilka weanie wad my whole  
 When braw wee Willie pleadit;  
 "My last my first," it fetcht them a',  
 For nane the danger heedit.  
 Frae bonnie mou ta bonnie mou  
 The sweetie passed when preed;  
 Ah, Doctor, had it been the noo,  
 Nae dout they a' had deed.

**W**ITH my first it looks noble one's name to  
begin.

My whole is too often my second of Sin.

**T**HE baron stamped and fumed and swore  
And called his henchmen up ;  
There had been a theft the night before ;  
He was robbed of his wassail cup.

“ Go, heat for me twelve ploughshares hot,  
And see they be hot and red ;  
To prove if he be the thief or not,  
Each menial shall on them tread.”

Within my primal no my second came,  
Although my third was sent ;  
Whoever else might be to blame,  
My whole was innocent.

**M**Y first keeps my next in a barrel;  
My third for my whole in July,  
Where dressed in the thinnest apparel  
I could say to stiff collars, good-by!

**T**HE child who is allowed to sit,  
With guests around my whole to dine,  
And gives my first almost a fit  
By bawling out, "Give me some wine,"  
Who like my second gobbles down  
His help of soup with noises hateful,  
And then, despite his father's frown,  
Proclaims he wants another plateful;  
That infant should be sent away  
Without my third and fourth delay.



**M**Y first has been played,  
 My first has been heard.  
 Pterodactyls have laid  
 My second and third.  
 My whole is in Spain,  
 And my answer is plain.

PHILANDER arose from a restless sleep,  
Of the ruby wine he had drunk too deep,  
His money was spent and his friends had fled,  
His hawk had flown and his steed lay dead,  
The lady he loved his rival would wed;  
So in black despair to himself he said :

“All pleasures my first, and my second and strife  
Of this wicked world make me tired of life;  
Fame is a bubble and Love a snare;  
I will seek my whole, and for death prepare.”

Then he went to his window, and passing by  
Saw a pretty girl and he caught her eye.  
“Heigh ho !” he cried, “there’s a maid to win;  
To-morrow is time to repent from sin.”

**L**OSERS in the race with man,  
My whole with mammoths also ran  
When the earliest artist known  
Scratched their likeness with a stone.  
My first is a religious word  
Meaning more my next my third.

**W**E sat at table face to face,  
As I told my love in my total fine  
Her eyes were heaven, her motions grace,  
Her figure was perfect, her smile divine,  
Her dimple was Cupid's lurking-place,  
Her soul too pure to be pledged with wine.

Yet I lifted my glass where the bubbles danced,  
Nor dreamed of rebuke till her voice I heard  
Saying as over her own she glanced,  
"I don't care my first for my second and third."

**M**Y first was a rich old Quaker ;

My next is a common thirst-slaker ;

My third when too high is a breaker.

My whole is suggestive of tongues and sounds

And a ghost that on blasphemers frowns.

AUTUMN flowers, withered, dead,  
Call my first no longer forth,  
But my last is glowing red  
In the forests of the north.  
Brightly shines the hunter's moon,  
And the law is off the moose;  
Man with Nature would commune,  
Turn his nobler instincts loose;  
So he lies upon his back a-  
Smoking villainous tobacco,  
Listening to tale of guide  
(Far beyond my whole, I guess,)   
Which he does n't dare deride.  
This he calls, "God's wilderness."

**T**HERE lived a wife of wifes the pearl  
Who did the work of a hired girl;  
Whenever my first came home my last,  
She always had ready a nice repast;  
And never a word of reproach she said,  
But tickled my whole and buttered his bread.

**M**Y first and second at the gates of pearl  
Was much disturbed in mind;  
She found too late, poor hapless girl,  
She 'd left my third behind;  
So when Saint Peter asked her name,  
My fourth and fifth she mumbled;  
Refused, rejected, back to earth she came  
Disconsolate and humbled.  
No man, she vowed, again her heart should win;  
Henceforth my whole she 'd coldly keep it in.



**W**HEN I survey this glorious land,  
Thinking how all men's lots are planned;  
For one a palace, and for one a cot;  
Chains and the stake may tell another's lot;  
Many my whole when I have reckoned,  
I see my first are as my second.

**S**HE was my whole at a vaudeville show  
Where he was a poor comedian low;  
But his ambition was to shine  
A star in the heavy tragedian line.  
He said, "Could I only play the Moor,  
I would move the house to tears, I'm sure;  
You shall hear me recite a scene or two  
After the evening performance is through."  
She said to him, "You are very kind,  
If you pay for the supper I do not mind;  
But I would n't give my first, dear fellow,  
To hear my second my third Othello."

**A** SINNER to camp-meeting went;  
The preacher urged him to repent;  
So in my third my whole he sat,  
And when the deacon passed the hat,  
He dropped my first and second in,  
Rejoicing to be freed from sin.

**I**F ever oaten pipe or river reed  
Gave forth sweet music to the liberal wind,  
If ever shepherd on my first reclined  
Uttered my second to Euterpe sweet,  
If Orpheus once drew lions to his feet,  
The art is lost in this our age of greed.

Our educated ears have learned to flout  
Such simple strains as soothed the son of Kish  
Or moved the Conqueror to Timotheus' wish,  
Such melodies as Jubal loved to play;  
So Grau and Hammerstein affirm to-day  
It takes my whole to bring good music out.

**M**<sup>Y</sup> first is a sinker,  
But used in sheep-raising ;  
A man of my last  
Has talents amazing.  
My whole are defenses,  
There may come a day with  
These aeroplanes  
They'll be done away with.

**H**ARK to the words of a beautiful maid  
Whose mind was crazed by a hard charade.

“My first and second I learn,” said she,  
“And my Latin teacher is proud of me,  
But what will be left now the riddle is read,  
And my second and third are over?” she said,  
“I have made my whole, and my fame will live,  
Nothing remains for the world to give.”

The doctor gave her a sedative ;  
Rest and quiet will work a cure,  
My third and fourth are very sure.

**M**Y first a woman seldom is ;  
My first and second husbands grow.  
The twain (of northern deities  
Best loved) was slain with mistletoe.  
My third is but a line in print ;  
By it Cook said he reached the pole,  
But certain people more than hint  
His tale was nothing but my whole.

UNDERNEATH the chamber stair

I saw a teddy bear,  
And it gave me such a scare,  
For I thought it was my first.

Then it gave an awful roar,  
So I dassent look no more,  
But I tumbled on the floor  
When I'd screamed and shut my last.

Soon I heard my brother run,  
And he said, "It's only fun,  
I am sorry what I done."  
Then I came to my whole.



**D**EATH from my first has freed  
My last, the patient one.

Purveyor to man's need,

He toiled from sun to sun.

He bore the cross, but crown will never know.

No trump shall wake his sleep,

They buried him so deep,

Not even violets from my whole may grow.

**W**HEN Harpagon besought his wife  
To try to practise more economy,  
She cried, "As well conform my life  
To all the laws of Deuteronomy!  
Like water through my third I know  
The money from my first is draining,  
And that my second it will go  
As long as there's a sou remaining;  
Then I will be my whole, and so  
You 'll give me more without complaining."

**A**BSENCE makes the heart grow fonder,  
But Cupid is inclined to wander.

Such was my first of Algernon ;  
Forty-eight hours had he been gone,  
And Gwendolyn sat at my whole and thought  
He did not love her as he ought.

So she wrote on paper edged with black  
A letter my last to bring him back.

I HAVE a new typewriter,  
A living one I mean,  
I wish her touch were lighter  
When running her machine,  
I wish her brains were brighter  
And she were not quite so green.  
Now when I show her a mistake  
Or call my whole to her attention,  
She asks what difference can make  
A thing too trivial to mention;  
And then I never dare to fight her,  
My first my next my third typewriter.

ONCE more I hear a robin sing,  
Again the blue-bird's note I hear;  
My sorrow wells with return of Spring;  
My lost true-love has been dead a year.

On my third my whole is the pledge he gave;  
My arms are empty, the world is wide;  
Lay me to rest in the quiet grave,  
My first my last by my lover's side.

**I** HAVE written my first a letter,  
'T is the final one for me.  
I had told my love we had better  
On our wedding day agree.

She said Ad Kalendas Græcas  
Was my fourth which she had set;  
That seemed to me as like as  
Not might be a long time yet.

To my second my third I wrote in dread,  
“My whole those foreign words you said.”

**M**OTHER of Muses, blest Mnemosyne,  
I consecrate my whole to thee.

Abide thou with my first, beloved the most,  
With love too deep for open boast.

Still for my next is women's soft desire,  
Unlike my third's hot transient fire.

**T**HERE was a cock my first my last

They had to cut his head off,

And how my whole away was cast

Most every boy has read of.

My first all save my whole was lost,

My last he lived alone ;

And many lads the seas have crossed

Because his tale was known.



**I** SAT in a breeze,  
And began to sneeze.  
“By my whole,” I said,  
“I ’ve a cold in my head;  
I ’ll take my first  
And my second to bed.”

**P**OWHATAN was so vexed

He would cut off Smith's head ;

And my first and my next

Means to bury the dead.

Pocahontas, aghast,

My whole for poor John.

My third and my last

When the seeds are all gone

Are the raisins we put

In a pudding or cake ;

And children if good

Are allowed to partake.

**M**<sup>Y</sup> first and second is a saint  
Where invalids in winter go ;  
My second and my final ain't  
Elliptical, though nearly so ;  
My whole brought out a protest faint  
From Diaz down in Mexico.

**H**E who died at azim sent  
 Word to make his friends content ;

Listen likewise to the rime  
 Of him who died some other time,  
 Meeting Death as friend greets friend,  
 Well assured it was the end ;  
 Scorning to console with lies,  
 Knowing when man dies he dies.

Why look for grapes upon the thorn,  
 Or figs upon the thistles ?  
 Why count your pups before they're born ?  
 Of pigs' tails why make whistles ?  
 A silver spoon need no one take  
 To skim my first from off the lake.

Keep to your place, it is not fit  
 That old men in my last should sit.  
 Look to the end, they toil in vain  
 Who from my whole would milk obtain.

**B**Y my first with many a shiver  
My third a love-lorn knight ;  
Each my second of the river  
Was bathed in golden light ;  
But the sun was set and the wind was cold,  
And his lady my whole, and his heart foretold  
They would meet by my first, ah never again ;  
My second was broken, and loosed Love's chain.

SIR HILDEBRAND lived in the good old days,

But I doubt if his peasantry sang his praise:

He robbed and oppressed the country side,

He went to the wars, — at my first he died.

He lies at my first in sculptured stone

By the great church door of Mary-le-bone

Where my last can read in a tongue as dead

As the tongue not my last that wagged in his head

His titles, his honors, his virtues forsooth,

And his death in the faith of his Saviour's ruth!

Well, 't is not for me his sins to lete,

Nor say to God, — As he meted, mete.

There he lies with his hands on his breast,

At his feet in stone are his helm and crest,

And his good sword that he loved to wield

Lies carved my whole in his hollow shield.

**A**LTHO I long for all my life  
My lot with hers to share,  
To ask my love to be my wife  
Somehow I never dare.

I'd planned the day we went to walk  
My passion to declare ;  
She asked me why I did n't talk,  
And I could only stare.

I asked her would she take my first,  
She said she did n't care ;  
I said, (I wonder how I durst.)  
" My first is for the fair."

We went into a Gypsy's tent  
Who told her to prepare

To have an offer, — whose she meant  
To ask I did not dare.

Yet stars that spangle heaven's bed  
With added splendor flare  
E'er since that fortune-teller read  
My second written there.

She bought a garter for her leg,  
A ribbon for her hair ;  
To tie them on I longed to beg,  
But I could never dare.

I hinted when my hand she pressed  
My whole her cheek must wear.  
I think she dared me to a test ;  
Oh, shall I ever dare ?



## DROWNED AT SEA

MY whole was he who sailed the sea  
From Marblehead to Beverly.

The wind was howling fearfully,  
His wife besought him tearfully,  
But spite of gale he swore he'd sail  
From Marblehead to Beverly.

In storm of that severity  
Such courage was temerity.

It seemed to me my first there'd be  
'Twixt Marblehead and Beverly.  
I told him so repeatedly,  
He answered somewhat heatedly,  
"Belay your talk, or go to —" walk  
From Marblehead to Beverly.

From men who use profanity  
One can't expect urbanity.

I cried, "Avast, you'll swear my last  
Before we get to Beverly."

Such was the storm's ferocity.  
It calmed our animosity.

Our voices three were *drowned at sea*  
From Marblehead to Beverly.

Mine was soon resuscitated,  
Else this tale were unrelated.

## A THANKSGIVING PÆAN

**C**RANBERRY, Custard, and Squash,  
Pumpkin, and Lemon, and Peach,  
With Mince, and Apple, by gosh !  
Give me a quadrant of each,  
Of each a hot and a cold,  
Two pieces of each you may bring.  
As sang the Roman of old,  
My first and my second I sing.

Surely my first can I sing,  
Since O my second I must.  
Squash with its crimp, crispy ring,  
Mince with my total of crust,  
Cranberry redder than rose,  
Custard as daffodil pale,

577 No my third nicer than those !

Why should my appetite fail !

Yet if my appetite fail

Ere I have finished the pies,  
Baffled like Harvard by Yale,

Still I have captured the prize  
Since in my armchair I'll sit

Sinking to slumber, and say,  
Never was dinner like it !

Well have I eaten to-day !

**I** MARKED when June succeeded May  
 On Chloe's cheeks the blushes play,  
 But June is gone and summer flown,  
 Her cheek another hue has grown,  
 The rose has bloomed, the rose is dead,  
 And now my first is seen instead.

Old Boston, I am proud of thee,  
 Thy blue-hosed maids, thy brew of tea.  
 Let other cities scoff and jeer,  
 Thy sons shall ever hold thee dear;  
 They know that from my second came  
 The seeds of thine enduring fame.

Even as See with searching eyes  
 The strange canals of Mars descries,

Who knows but from another sphere  
Seers look down upon us here ?  
And say, although it seems absurd,  
“ Why, every road leads to my third ! ”

My whole, New Yorkers know the place  
Where mermaids swim, and horses race.

**M**AUD MULLER in the summer time  
Raked my first, 'as told in rhyme.

The judge came sauntering down that way,  
And stopped to pass the time o' day.

He spoke of hay, and birds, and bees,  
And abnormal bunches in the trees.

He illustrated by knocking down  
A curious ball at her feet so brown.

Half in laughter and half in dread  
She dropped her rake, and turned and fled.

My whole she ran, and the judge astounded  
Watched the calves while she leaped and bounded.

“A pretty girl, but she must be daft,”  
Thought the judge as he looked and laughed.

He felt my last, and he turned to run  
Just as fast as Maud had done.

Of all bad words of pen or tongue  
He uttered the worst when the hornets stung.

In the hereafter judges may  
Tell a hornet's nest from a lump of clay.



COME into the garden, Maud,  
For the marrow-fat peas have blown,  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am weeding here alone.  
That onion seed that I bought was a fraud,  
But see how the corn has grown.

All night have the neighbors heard  
The calf that will not my last;  
All night have the breezes stirred  
The cabbages heading fast.

She is coming, my beautiful girl,  
My whole her breakfast and lunch,  
And the lettuce sings, "I curl, I curl."  
The cucumber says, "Be cool, be cool!"  
The asparagus murmurs, "Bunch."

I am sure should she come around

With ever so light a tread,

Every toad in the garden would hop at the sound.

Though the weeds were thick on its bed,

Though my first were deep in the ground,


Its tops for a fortnight dead,

I would dig my first could a spade be found,

Blushing in purple and red.

**I**T was many and many a year ago  
In a kingdom by the sea  
That a monarch reigned as you may know,  
For a famous king was he ;  
And this monarch lived with scarce a thought  
But to marry another she.

He was my whole, and his son my whole,  
In this kingdom by the sea ;  
His daughters my first, the second the last,  
Historians all agree.  
There came a wind from my last at night  
And chilled poor Annabel Lee,  
Beautiful Annabel Lee,



Though neither the angels overhead  
Nor the demons under the sea  
Can discover whatever the king aforesaid  
Has to do with Annabel Lee.

A PAIR eloped from Kennebunk  
Cried, "Boatman, we must hurry,  
And we'll give you a silver plunk  
To let us take your whurry.

"We're fleeing from a father's ire  
This livelong afternoon,  
And if he had not bust a tire  
He would have caught us soon."

The boatman said, "What, hire my barge?  
There's nothing could be rasher;  
Ten dollars, Sir, is all I'll charge."  
(The whole world loves a masher.)

The girl exclaimed, "I only wish  
It were n't so wet and clammy,  
But I would sooner feed the fish  
Than face my angry mammy."

Her lover cried, " Then we must row  
    To reach the Androscoggin;  
I'll take the chances of a blow,  
    But not your father's floggin'."

My second paced the quarter-deck,  
    And sang a merry troll  
How they would sail the Kennebec  
    To settle in my whole.

But soon the wind began to rise,  
    My first my third to rock, " O !  
Come back, come back," her mother cries,  
    " Put back, put back to Saco ! "

" We pardon all," her parents bawl,  
    " And you may live to hum."  
But down they sank off Porgis Bank,  
    And so they could not come.

**I** BID ye list to the tale I tell  
Of the loss of the heir of Ernisfel.

Many years was the baron wed,  
But never a bairn had blessed his bed.

To hunt the stag he rode one morn ;  
Ere the sun was high he returned forlorn.

Afore he had reached his castle's pale  
He heard his women making wail.

On her bed in death lay his lady fair,  
Beside her in life lay his new-born heir.

He took his babe upon his knee ;  
“ One of my fourth is about to dee ;

“For out of my first there came a wraith,  
Ay, there were twa, and I saw them baith.

“Thy mother’s death is but half the doom;  
Twa wraiths I saw,” he said in gloom.

He sent for his retainers all,  
And they buried his wife with bier and pall,

But when they came back to their funeral fare  
His child was gone, and none knew where.

They questioned the nurse and scolded her well;  
Naught did she know or naught would she tell.

It was all my whole, and children shook  
When they heard the tale by the ingle nook,

How the mother’s ghost had ta’en her own,  
For she could not sleep in her grave alone.



(Some say no mother in grave can rest  
Until she has given her babe her breast.)

The baron sent for his brother's child  
Who now was heir to wold and wild.

The boy was wayward and loved to stray  
All alone by himself away ;

Cliff and crag he was wont to scale,  
Watching the eagles around him sail.

There was one that he called "my bird,"  
He followed its flight to my second and third,

To it he climbed and there he found  
An infant's bones and a locket round.

## KEY

Substitute for each letter of a supposed answer the figure standing over it in the table. If the number thus formed is not found in the following list, the answer is incorrect.

TABLE

1	2	3	4	5
A	B	C	D	E
F	G	H	I	J
K	L	M	N	O
P	Q	R	S	T
U	V	W	X	Y

## KEY NUMBERS

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