

14 THE CHEMAWA AMERICAN

“Mebbe ye can,” admitted the captain grimly, “but unless the bilers bust we ain’t goin’ that way.”

SEEING THINGS

I saw a horse-fly up the creek,
A cat-nip at her food;
I saw a chesnut-burr and heard
A shell-bark in the wood.
I saw a jack-plane off a board,
A car-spring off the track;
I saw a saw-dust off the floor,
And then a carpet-tack.

“Why did she cut you?”

“She didn’t like my comedy.”

“How’s that?”

“She made the statement at a party last night that she was 20 years of age, and I said: ‘Yes, I knew that 15 years ago.’”

WASHERWOMAN’S SONG

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap,
Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone—