

So, take yer lamb-like regiment, and if you are polite
I think yer gentle little ways 'll set the matter right."
So when Teddy's boy's got movin' and the sun was on the fry,
And the atmosphere was coaxing them to lay right down and die,
Some gents from Santiago who wus mad 'cause they wus there
Lay down behind some bushes to put bullets through their hair.

Now Teddy's happy Sunday School wus movin' on its way
A-seekin' in its peaceful style some Dagos fer to slay;
And the gents from Santiago, with aversion in their hearts,
Wus hiding at the cross-roads fer to blow 'em all apart.
There's a Spanish comic paper that has give us sundry digs—
A-callin' of us cowards and dishonest Yankee pigs;
And I guess these folks had read it, and had thought 'twould be immense
Jest to paralyze them lambkins they wus runnin' up agains'.
So when our boys had pretty near arrived where they wus at,
And the time it was propitious fer to start that there combat,
They let her fly a-thinkin' they would make a dreadful tear,
An' then rubber-necked to see if any Yankees wus still there.
Now you can well imagine wot a dreadful start they had
To see 'em still a' standin' there and lookin' bold and bad,
Fer when this gentle regiment had heard the bullets fly,
They had a vi-lent hankerin' to make them Spaniards die.

So Teddy, he came runnin' with his glasses on his nose,
And when the Spanish saw his teeth you may believe they froze;
And Wood was there 'long with 'im, with his cheese-knife in his hand,
While at their heels came yellin' all that peaceful, gentle band.
They fought them bloody Spaniards at their own familiar game,
And the gents from Santiago didn't like it quite the same—
Fer you plug yer next door neighbor with a rifle ball or two
And he don't feel so robustous as when he's a-pluggin' you.
So when the shells wus hoppin', while the breech-blocks clicked and smoked,
An' the powder wouldn't blow away until a fellow choked,
That regiment of Yankee pigs wus gunnin' through the bush,
An' raisin' merry hell with that there Santiago push.
Then Teddy seen 'em runnin', and he gives a monstrous bawl,
And grabbed a red-hot rifle where a guy had let it fall,
And fixin' of his spectacles more firmly on his face,
He started to assassinate them all around the place.

So through the scrubby underbrush from bay'n't plant to tree,
Where the thorns would rip a feller's pants a shockin' sight to see,
He led his boy's a-dancin' on, a shoutin' left and right,
And not missin' many Spanish knobs that showed 'emselves in sight.
And when them Santiago gents wus finished to their cost,
Then Teddy's boys, they took a look, and found that they wus lost,
And as their crewel enemies was freed from earthly pain,
They all sat down to wait fer friends to lead 'em back again.
That's the tale of Teddy's terrors, and the valiant deed they done,
But all tales, they should have morals, so o' course this tale has one.
So paste this idea in yer cage, wotever else you do,
Fer perhaps you'll thank me fer it yet before yer game is through:—
The soldier-boy that wears the blue is gentle-like and meek,
But I doubt he'll mind the Bible if you soak him on the cheek;
An' should you get him riled a bit, you want to have a care,
Fer if he ever starts to fight he'll finish—Gawd knows where!

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN.

THE NOMINATION.

As the time for the nominating conventions in 1900 drew near, public attention was turned to Mr. Roosevelt as a candidate for Vice-President. The nomination was thrust upon him. In nominating Governor Roosevelt for Vice-President, Colonel Young of Iowa, spoke as follows:

"On the ship Yucatan was that famous regiment of Rough Riders of the far West and the Mississippi Valley (applause). In command of that regiment was that fearless young American, student, scholar, plainsman, reviewer, historian, statesman, soldier, of the middle West by adoption, of New York by birth. That fleet sailed around the point, coming to the place of landing, stood off the harbor, two years ago to-morrow, and the navy bombarded that shore to make a place for landing, and no man who lives who was in that campaign as an officer, as a soldier, or as a camp follower, can fail to recall the spectacle; and, if he closes his eyes he sees the awful scenes in that campaign in June and July, 1898.

"And the leader of that campaign of one of those regiments shall be the name that I shall place before the Convention for the office of Vice-President of the United States (applause.)

"Now, gentlemen of the Convention, I place before you this distinguished leader of Republicanism of the United States; this leader of the aspirations of the people, whose hearts are right, and this leader of the aspirations of the young men of this country. Their hearts and consciences are with this young leader, whom I shall name for the Vice-Presidency of the United States—Theodore Roosevelt, of New York." (Loud cheering.)

When the roll of states was called, it is needless to say every delegate voted for Roosevelt with one exception, and that was himself. A demonstration of the wildest and most enthusiastic character, and lasting half an hour, followed the announcement that Roosevelt was the nominee for Vice-President.

Palms were waved, the standards of the various delegations were hurried to the platform, the band attempted to make itself heard amid the loud acclaim, processions of excited, cheering delegates marched up and down the aisles, and the popular New York Governor was congratulated by as many as could get within reach of him.

CAPILLA ALFONSINA
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