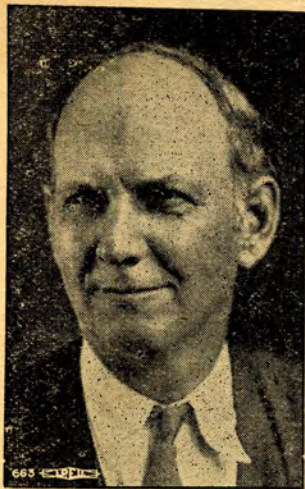


# "COOTIE TROT" DE-GINK

WORDS BY  
**JEFF DAVIS**  
MUSIC BY  
WILLIAM H. FARRELL



*Hoboic'ally Yours,*  
**JEFF DAVIS**

King of Hoboes

Duly Elected by a Membership of 815,000  
Hoboes of America





# "COOTIE TROT" DE - GINK

Words by  
JEFF. DAVIS

Music by  
WILLIAM H. FARRELL

Moderato

Vamp

The news has gone a -  
Turks have a hooch-y

round, since the ho-boes came to town, As guests of the Ho - tel De -  
dance, and the French a fun - ny twirl, And oth - ers im - i - tate their

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## TOLEDO SLIM

We were seated in a club house on a cold December day,  
Telling jokes and funny stories just to pass the time away.  
When the door it opened suddenly, and a form crept slowly in.  
All hands at once stopped chinning, for it was Toledo Slim.  
What a change had come to pass for we hardly knew the guy,  
He no longer wore the swell togs that he wore in days gone by.  
"Why, old pal," said Boston Bill, "you're looking on the pork,  
You used to be as swell a guy, as any in New York.  
Come, tell us how it happened, how you went on the bum."  
And as the bunch all gathered round this story, Slim begun:  
"Yes, boys, I'm on the fritz. I'm on the bum for fair,  
But in the past I let you all know that I was always there.  
I never threw an old pal down, I spent my money free,  
And all the boys along the line were proud to drink with me.  
It happened just six years ago, if I remember right,  
I trimmed a sucker for quite a roll and then ducked out of sight.  
I took a trip along the lane and blew in all the boys,  
And just to pass the time away I dropped into McCoy's.  
As I sat there drinking wine and getting on a tide,  
A little girl came in the place, and sat down by my side.  
I turned to get a pike at her, and, boys, I fell right there.  
It didn't take long to get acquainted, for I had thrown the bull  
for fair.  
I told her I would marry, and give her a dead swell flat,  
And when McCoy's closed up that night, why, boys, I had her pat  
The alderman who married us said she was a dream,  
For May was no piker, in looks she was supreme.  
Well, everything was lovely and things were going fine,  
I'd jump out in the evening and get a piece of coin,  
And then we'd have a gay old time along the tenderloin.  
And when the days were gloomy in the house, we'd stop  
And gather round the layout and smoke the fragrant hop.  
Well, I had a job one night in a mansion way up town,  
I packed my tools and started with my pal, Harry Brown,  
And when we got into the place, why, boys, it was a pipe.  
Everything was quiet and not a soul in sight.  
We quickly got in the place by forcing off a blind,  
And packed up all the swag we possibly could find.  
Then outside again and half way down the block,  
Just as luck would have it, we bumped into a cop.  
But we could run like grayhounds, and beat it down the street,  
When a bullet copped me in the leg and I fell into a heap.  
The cop, he started to shackle me—my pal got away;  
I didn't see him again until the other day.  
But I didn't mind, boys, thinking my May would stick,  
And keep the flat a-going for I thought she was a brick.  
Why I didn't think she'd throw me down, not in a hundred years.  
When I think of what came off it most drives me to tears.  
Time rolled slowly round and one fine day I was free,  
I started back to Toledo town, as happy as could be.  
I went around to the flat, and found my wife was gone,  
She had run away with my pal and left me all alone.  
Then I took to drink, boys, and went from bad to worse.  
I tried to drown my sorrows and forget the bitter curse.  
But the memory of May's face was always on my mind,  
Though I hunted high and low, no trace could I find,  
Till one day I met a friend who knew my pal well.  
He said they were in Frisco, and living mighty swell,  
And though it happened at a time I didn't have a cent,  
I beat my way to the coast, my mind on vengeance bent.  
The other day on Market street I met them face to face,  
My pal tried to draw a rod, but mine copped first place.  
I put a bullet through his heart, another one through May.  
Well you know the rest, boys, they made short work of me.  
They slipped me up the river to do a little V,  
And in all the excitement I made my getaway.  
That's why I'm on the fritz, boys, that's why I'm on the bum,  
My ambition's all gone and my face is nearly run."  
Before we could stop him, from his kick he pulled a gun—  
A loud report, a heavy fall, and Toledo Slim's life was done.

## DE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By Jim Seymour

'Twas de night before Chris'mas, an' out on de pike  
Not a rattler was stirrin', de 'boes had t' hike;  
De glims in de windors was shinin' an' bright,  
De yaps all was happy dat clear winter night.

Wid all kinds o' good t'ings a-stuffin' deir gills,  
Dey boddered deir nuts not a bit with our ills;  
Wile out on de Pennsy, from skypiece t' shank,  
De 'boes was all freezin', with no Christ t' t'ank.

Not a t'ing we'd been chewin' de whole livin' day,  
Not a sign of a handout had moseyed our way,  
But de cold, chillin' breezes was buttin' in right  
An' handin' us plenty o' shivers dat night.

Poor Slim, an' Canary, an' Idaho Dick  
Wid breadbaskets em'tp, was feelin' some sick,  
An' poor little W'eezy, from down Hamshire way,  
Wid bowed head was settin', wid nuttin' t' say.

De bunch sure was grumpy an' kickin' deir luck,  
An' t'inkin' o' Chris'mas widout any chuck;  
An' t'inkin' o' geezers—jes, bums like oursel's—  
Wid heat in deir hangout an' grub on deir shelves.

We t'ought o' de Willies a-pullin' de cork  
An' guzzlin' de bubbly down East in New York;  
Dey owned all dese rattlers dat us guys had built,  
Dey gits all de rakeoff an' we gits de jilt.

An' wile we was t'inkin' de minutes skidoood  
An' poor little W'eezy kep' on wid 'is brood;  
De win' kep' a-howlin' hell bent down de road.  
An' wid ev'ry some colder it growed.

We noticed dat W'eezy was shv'rin some more,  
De win' w'istlin' t'ru de ol' bennie he wore;  
At last 'e lookt up an' 'e says to us geeks,  
"I t'ink dat it's time dat youse mugs beat yer sneaks."

We as t'im w'at ailed 'im. He says, "Nuttin' 'tall;  
Excep' dat I feel dat I've made me las' stall.  
De nex' train dat stops at dis ol' watertank  
Is goin' t' take care o' dis good-fer-nix Yank.

"De rattler I'm meanin' 'll scoop up de bunch  
An' pack ye all if ye don't get a hunch;  
De bloke in de cab's got a scythe on 'is knee,  
De plat on de tooter it reads, '23'."

We seen how it was, an' we says, "'Taint no use  
In talkin' dat way. Ye got no excuse  
Fer gittin' cold feet an' goin' down in a flunk,"  
An' den we fixt fer poor W'eezy a bunk.

We made 'im flop out on a piece of a plank  
We'd propt 'gainst de side o' de ol' watertank;  
We says, "In de morning' we'll git lots o' chuck—  
It's Chris'mas, an' God'll not see us git stuck."

Den W'eezy says, "Fellers, de man o' de rod  
Has lost all 'is fait' in bot' Chris'mas an' God;  
He's handed a lump just as nice as ye please,  
But t' chaw it he sets on de doorstep t' freeze."

Wid dat 'e stopt talkin' an' shet 'is trap tight;  
De way 'e was w'eezin' it sure was a fright.  
We covered 'im over wid all dat we had,  
But spite o' de fact 'e was all t' de bad.

We gladdered around 'im t' keep up 'is cheer—  
He w'ispered, "Hark, fellers; her w'istle I hear."  
Den, shovin' 'is mitt 'neat 'is bennie, he died—  
An' poor little W'eezy was on 'is las' ride.



# Poems copyright notice By Jeff Davis, King Of Hoboes

## MEMORIES OF BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

(This was written by the author while he and his wife were in New York city celebrating their thirty-fifth wedding anniversary.)

"Poiper, mister?"  
 Ex-newsboy of bygone days, forty  
 years ago pauses.  
 "Poiper, mister?"  
 No molders,  
 No sulcides,  
 No upheavels,  
 Just a torn page from life."  
 A tired kid, bald and gray,  
 Returns to sacred spots just to say,  
 I made good, but in an honest way,  
 I didn't take a penny that wasn't  
 fair.  
 I didn't take another's job, that I  
 swear.  
 I have no apologies to make, I'm  
 free from care  
 As I stop just for a day or two  
 To commune with ghost friends,  
 and you,  
 To tell you how happy I am.  
 Can I take you through  
 The many years of the past?  
 Here we are, don't walk too fast,  
 I want to make the memories last.  
 Let's stop at the entrance to Brook-  
 lyn bridge.  
 Look, there's Crippled Jack, and  
 Newsboy Fidge,  
 Don't crowd, don't push them out  
 memories ridge.  
 Hear them shout.  
 Poipers, that's it, shout it out.  
 Let it echo from Park Row to de  
 five points.  
 Poipers, poiper, mister please.  
 I know I look prosperous and at  
 ease,  
 But I'm worried, mister, lest you  
 miss this extra.  
 Thanks, gee; you're a swell guy,  
 Now let me tell you why—  
 No, dem are joy drops, I don't cry.  
 I'm happy, I tell you,  
 Cause dreams come true.  
 Even though it only happens to a  
 few.  
 But one must never forget the  
 place,  
 Where he or she started the race.  
 For rainbows lead an endless  
 chase.  
 Look, there goes Hetty Green,  
 They say she was the ugliest they  
 ever seen.  
 And there's J. P. Morgan, all nose  
 and no bean,  
 So others thought, but not us news-  
 boys.  
 Horatio Alger taught us, smiles  
 were joys,  
 And kindness led to fame, riches  
 were toys.  
 The ups and ins were soon downs  
 and outs,  
 But the light of real kindness never  
 went out.  
 Pardon me, please, as again I  
 shout, "poiper, mister,  
 Gee! I'm all sold out, and I hope  
 dey all read  
 My xtra editions. So long, New  
 York, till  
 We meet again in the big press  
 room on top."

—JEFF DAVIS,  
 King of Hoboes.

Copyright by the author.



BY "JEFF"

### A PAGE FROM LIFE

"Say, Mister, have you been in jail?"  
 "Sure, Kid, but what makes you ask?"  
 "My Papa's there."  
 "He—is?"  
 "Yes, did 'ou' see him?"  
 "Why—what's his name?"  
 "Daddy."  
 "No, kid, his read name—"  
 "Daddy."  
 "Oh—what's he in for?"  
 "He left mama and I—"  
 "When did your Daddy go away?"  
 "Long time ago."  
 "Would you know papa if you would see him?"  
 "Mama would."  
 "Do you think mama would scold papa?"  
 "No, mama cries for Daddy."  
 "Say, Little One—what's your name?"  
 "Gertie."  
 "Kiss me girlie, and run tell mama, papa comehome."  
 "Oh, daddy—daddy—daddy—mama!—mamma!!!"

### WHAT IS A FRIEND?

Poem by Jeff Davis, King of Hobos

He is one who knows your faults and your heart-  
 aches,  
 He is one who gives and seldom ever takes;  
 Not the ones willing to buy cheap what you have  
 to "soak,"  
 Not the ones with faint smile who treats friendship  
 as a joke;  
 But the one who sees clear through you,  
 Ready to aid, comfort or do for you,  
 What he can—the best he can—  
 That's the fellow who is a friend to man.  
 Not the ones with the soft handshake,  
 Who desert you for the least mistake.  
 A friend is one who finds you all alone  
 Where "others" left you to be found unknown.  
 Yes, the mistakes of many—I'm afraid.  
 Are the kind of friends they've made.

## MY COUNTRY?

BY "JEFF"

### MY COUNTRY—

Do they Love Thee?  
 Men of Wealth or Industry—  
 Who Value Money more then Flag—  
 Who Corner Markets and then Brag.  
 Oil and Steel and Food Kings Love  
 All Beneath and all Above—  
 But I love you to have and hold—  
 America—  
 Not to be Sold.

### DEAR U. S. A.,

I fear for Thee—  
 In time to come—Where will we be,  
 If we allow a few to say—  
 We'll Run this Country and  
 Make "Others" Pay.  
 Force Cost of Living mountain High—  
 You'll do without—if you can't Buy.  
 Freight cars loaded Everywhere—  
 Contents labeled—"Ship with Care,"  
 While poor folks cry aloud in vain—  
 "For God's Sake—Christians—  
 Stop that train—  
 For America."

### MY COUNTRY—

I have faith in Thee—  
 That you will always be,  
 A shining light throughout the world—  
 With spotless stars and stripes unfurled,  
 Our Faith in you will never fade,  
 Because of mistakes—Some have made;  
 But ah—Ye Looters  
 Heed—Take Care—  
 Lest you get more than your Share,  
 For Real Americans  
 Are Loyal and True Blue,  
 Who Love America—  
 To Hell with you.

## LIFE

By "JEFF"

YOU laugh in glee,  
 And for the life of me  
 I cannot understand—  
 Nor can any other man.

We are modeled in your hands,  
 In clays and sands,  
 And maybe, puffs of air—  
 For all you care.

"My mother—  
 She is all the world to me.  
 My Life, my Health, my Wealth  
 to be  
 Is all traced back to years gone  
 by  
 When she cared for me with a  
 watchful eye—  
 She saw me grow in the passing  
 years,  
 A childhood flower—nursed with  
 her tears—  
 It is like the story often told  
 My Mother—  
 She is worth her weight in gold."

## THE BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS

One evenin' as the sun went down on the jungle by the burin'  
Down the track came a hobo hikin' and he said, "Boy's I  
ain't turin'  
I'm headed for a land that's far away beside the crystal  
fountain;  
O come with me, we'll all go see the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

"In the Big Rock Candy Mountain, there's a land that's fair  
and bright  
Where the hand-outs grow on bushes and you sleep out every  
night;  
Where the box cars all are empty, where the sun shines every  
day,  
On the birds and bees and the cigarette trees and the lemonade  
springs where the blue bird sings,  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

"In the Big Rock Candy Mountains, all the cops have wooden  
legs,  
Where the bull dogs all have rubber teeth and the hens lay  
soft boiled eggs,  
The farmers' trees are full of fruit and the barns are full  
of hay,  
Oh, I'm goin' to where there ain't no snow, and the rain  
don't rain and the wind don't blow,  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

"In the Big Rock Candy Mountains, you never change your  
socks,  
And the little streams of alcohol come trickling down the rocks;  
Where the brakemen have to tip their hats and the railroad  
bulls are blind,  
There's a lake of stew and a gin lake too, you can paddle  
all around it in a big canoe,  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

"In the Big Rock Candy Mountains, you can drink and drink  
all day,  
There's a hundred million fruit jars full of Hey, Hey, Hey;  
There's a whiskey keg on every peak, and every pop-eyed hill,  
You can lie down under a champagne spring, let it trickle  
down your throat 'till the blue birds sing,  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

## THE DYING HOBO

Beside a western water-tank, one cold December day,  
Inside an empty box-car, a dying hobo lay;  
His partner stood beside him, with a low and bowed down head,  
Listening to the last words, that the dying hobo said:

"I'm going to a better land, where everything is bright,  
Where hand-outs grow on bushes and you can sleep out every  
night;  
And you never have to work at all, and never change your socks.  
And little streams of whisky come trickling down the rocks

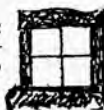
"Tell all the boys in 'Frisco that my face they'll no longer view,  
Tell them I've caught a fast freight, and I'm going straight on  
through.

Tell them not to weep for me, no tears in their eyes must lurk;  
For I'm going to a better land, where they hate the word called  
'work.'

"Hark! I hear her whistling, I must catch her on the fly;  
One more scoop of beer I'd like, once more before I die."  
The hobo stopped, his head fell back, he'd sung his last refrain,  
His partner took his hat and shoes, and caught the east-bound  
train.



Strange — Those who have no home would give  
anything in the world to have one — and —  
many who have a home — don't know what to  
do with it.



## THE GILA MONSTER ROUTE

The lingering sunset across the plain  
Kissed the rear end of an east-bound train,  
And shone on the passing track close by  
Where a dingbat sat on a rotten tie.  
He was ditched by the "shack" and cruel fate,  
The "con" highballed, and the manifest freight  
Pulled out on the stem behind the mail,  
And beat it east on a sanded rail.  
As she pulled away in the fading night,  
He could see the gleam of her red tail-lights.  
Then the moon arose, and the stars came out;  
He was ditched on the Gila Monster Route.  
There was nothing in sight but sand and space;  
No chance for a bo to feed his face;  
Not even a shack to beg for a lump,  
Nor a hen-house there to frisk for a gump.  
As he gazed far out on the solitude  
He dropped his head and began to brood.  
He thought of the time he lost his pal  
In the hostile berg of Stockton, Cal.  
They had mooched the stem and threw their feet,  
And speared two bits on which to eat;  
But deprived themselves of their daily bread,  
And sluft the coin for dogs-red.  
Then, down by the tracks, in the jungle's glade,  
On the cool, green grass in the tides shade,  
They shed their coats, and ditched their shoes,  
And tanked up full of that colored booze.  
Then, they took a flop with their hides plumb full,  
And did not hear the harness bull,  
Till he shook them out of their boozy nap,  
With a husky voice and a loaded sap.  
They were charged with vag, for they had no kale,  
And the judge said sixty days in jail;  
But the John had a bundle, the workers plea,  
So he gave him a floater and set him free.  
They had turned him out but ditched his mate,  
So he grabbed the guts on an east-bound freight  
He had held his form to the rusty rods  
'Till the brakeman hollered, "hit the sod."  
So the bo rolled off and in the ditch,  
With two switch lights and a rusty switch,  
A poor, old, seedy, half-starved bo  
On a hostile pike without a show.  
Then all at once from out of the dark  
Came the short, sharp note of a coyote's bark;  
The bo looked up and quickly rose,  
And shook the dust from his thread-bare clothes  
Far off in the west through the moonlight night  
He saw the gleam of a big head-light;  
An east-bound stock run hummed the rail,  
It was due at the switch to clear the mail.  
As she pulled up close, the head-end "shack"  
Threw the switch to the passing track,  
The stock rolled in and off the main.  
The line was clear for the west-bound train.  
As she hove in sight far up the track,  
She was working steam with the brake shoes slack  
Whistling once at the whistling post  
She flittered by like a frightened ghost.  
You could hear the roar of the big six wheel,  
As the drivers pounded the polished steel,  
And the screech of the flanges on the rail,  
As she beat it west o'er the desert trail.  
Then John got busy and took a risk,  
He climbed aboard and began to frisk;  
He reached up high and began to feel.  
For an end-door pin, then he cracked a seal.  
'Twas a double-deck stock loaded with sheep;  
Then John got in and went to sleep;  
The "con" highballed, and whistled out,  
They were off—down the Gila Monster Route.



# "HASH ON LIFE"

BY

JEFF DAVIS

King of Hoboes



By "JEFF"

God — made Man, —  
Man made a Plan, an  
Man, like a Monkey, chased about,  
With Plans — Trying to Figure things out

**A** LITTLE over 50,000 boys leave home in  
America every year —  
Thousands of girls are leaving home also

## WHY?

First—They seek adventure  
Second—They are enticed away  
Third—Or — Driven from home.

Runaway youngsters are like cinders —  
After they lose their value they  
Are thrown on The Ash Dump of Society

If you can't afford a better home —  
Make the best of what you have.  
Home is not what you make it, but —  
What you make of it.  
Never blame the boy for leaving home —  
If you haven't made home worth while  
The memory of a good home will  
Do more to return a wayward child  
Than all the money in the world.

## A LITTLE ADVICE TO GIRLS

**A**LL the paint and powder  
In the world — will never  
Make a lady.  
Leave room on that face of yours  
For smiles and contentment that  
Cannot be painted on —  
Must come naturally  
It is only a poor fish who  
Lives in a Glass House —  
Don't try it.  
Don't smash the mirror  
Because you don't look right, —  
Smash your habits —  
They are not as plentiful as mirrors.  
On the Ce-le-bes Islands —  
Three days before the girl  
Is to be married  
They dope her up so  
That she keeps from looking at  
Other men than her intended husband. —  
Be Thankful you are an American Girl!

## JUST A WORD TO "MOTHER"

**A**RGUMENTS in the home do more —  
To break up families than all the —  
Dynamite in the world could bust.

Never "Chew the Rag" about your debts —  
At the table — It makes meal time  
A Horror and drives the boy or dad  
To a nearby restaurant.

Let the boy or the "Old Man" enjoy  
Themselves at home — even if you must —  
Tear up the carpets and put a screen —  
Around the bric-a-brac —

Even a big sister can lose her charms —  
When she tries to take the place of Mother

Never let a bigger brother do the —  
Step-Father Act —

And always remember — That in Korea —  
Widows cannot remarry no matter how young —  
They may be — Even tho they have been —  
Married only a month, they are not allowed to  
Take a second husband — In America — It's supply and demand.

## ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN

**I**F a boy could wake up  
When he is young —  
Just breaking into manhood —  
He will live to a ripe old age.  
For — many folks wake up when  
They are 35 years old, realizing they  
Have but a few more years to live.  
And don't be too big to  
Sit on Mother's lap. —  
Give her a Rudolph Valentino —  
Hug her hard with a Half Nelson —  
And say —  
"Mom, Don't worry about me — I  
Ain't going to Get into Trouble." —  
For don't forget —  
There are thousands of boys in Jail — and  
Mothers are worried about boys  
That haven't Got in Jail as yet.  
Boys — you never fool any one  
But yourself.  
You may fool the "cop" — the law —  
Mom or Dad — but  
You can't fool Nature.  
Never be ashamed to kiss "Mom" —  
And don't forget Dad —  
Shake his hand often.  
Of course — He may think  
You are going to borrow  
A little change — But  
Tell him you just shook his hand  
To make him understand  
You are Pals.  
Why Boys — The companionship  
Of Dad — is worth more  
Than all the would-be friends  
In the world.  
Dad knows —  
Ask him —  
Spend a few more nights  
At home — and get  
Better acquainted — with  
Both Dad and Mother —  
Hold on to her Apron Strings  
As long as you can — for  
Some Day — They will Be Gone —  
And all the Needles and Thread  
In this whole wide world  
Will never sew them  
Back on again.  
Don't look for trouble  
You can find it anywhere.  
The best place to find Sympathy  
Is under the s's in the dictionary.



Gink;..... You can hear the home guards shout, when-e'er the boes turn  
ways;..... And the rich jump on the tables, with chickens from the

out, "Get next to the pranc - ing Gink"..... See  
cradles, And hit high spots ev - 'ry way..... But

how he one steps down the stairs, walks like a butch-er at the coun-try fairs,  
Ho-boes back in Jungle-land, they have a dance that beats those mongles grand,

Ducks and runs from the bulls and shack, Looks around once, nev-er comes back, for-  
A box car smash-up from the rear, When the one-step mu-sic hits their ear.\_



CHORUS.

5

It's the Ho - bo dance, It's got them all a guess-ing, It's the

Ho - bo tan - go stran-gle hold, and not a danc - ing les - son; You

learn it on the coun-try roads and in the Boo - by hatch-es, You

1. dance a-while, then stop and smile, And en-joy a few good scratches. 2. scratches.