

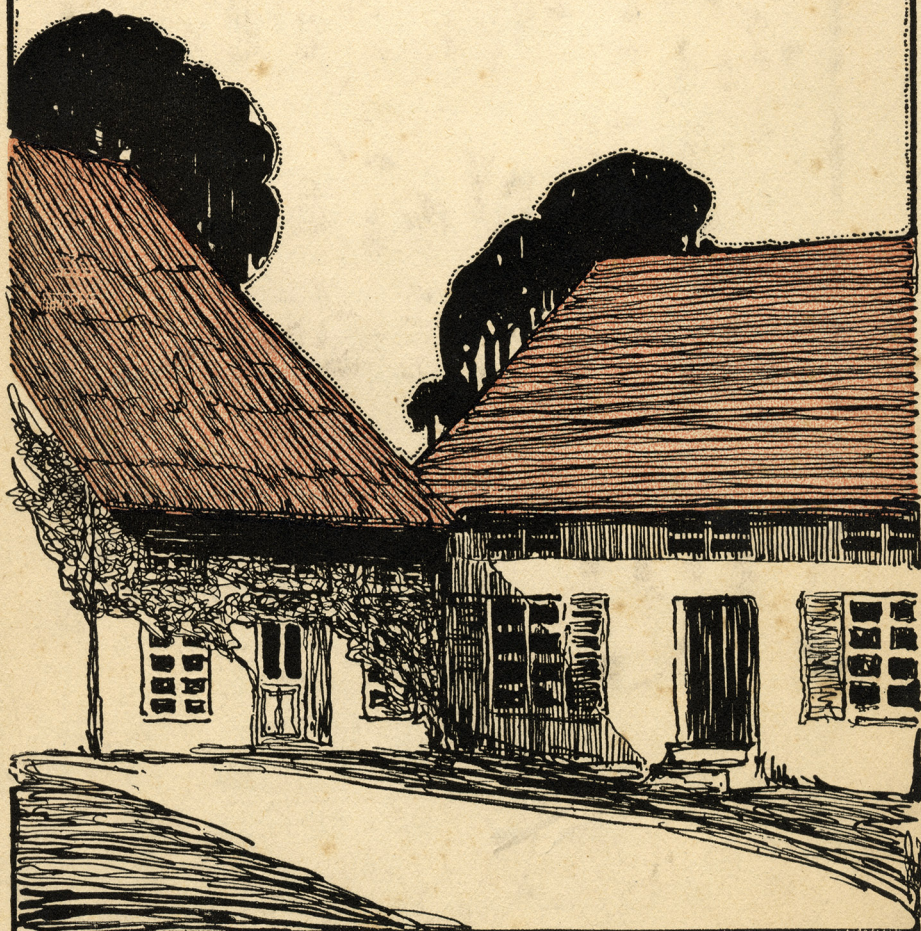
W. P. 1917

THE  
ROBERT W.  
SERVICE  
CALENDAR

1917

# THE ROBERT-W-SERVICE CALENDAR

DRAWINGS BY ETHEL DAVIS SEAL



NEW YORK  
BARSE & HOPKINS  
PUBLISHERS

COPYRIGHT 1915 BY BARSE & HOPKINS



WANTED the gold, and I sought it;  
 I scabbled and mucked like a slave.  
 Was it famine or scurvy — I fought  
 it;  
 I hurled my youth into a grave.

I wanted the gold, and I got it —  
 Came out with a fortune last fall,—  
 Yet somehow life's not what I thought it,  
 And somehow the gold isn't all.

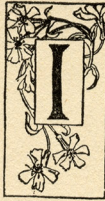
*The Spell of the Yukon*

Say! You've struck a heap of trouble —  
 Bust in business, lost your wife;  
 No one cares a cent about you,  
 You don't care a cent for life;  
 Hard luck has of hope bereft you,  
 Health is failing, wish you'd die —  
 Why, you've still the sunshine left you  
 And the big, blue sky.

*Comfort*

1917		JANUARY					1917	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT		
♣	1	2	3	4	5	6		
7	8	9	10	11	12	13		
14	15	16	17	18	19	20		
21	22	23	24	25	26	27		
28	29	30	31	♣	♣	♣		





THE primitive toiler, half naked  
and grimed to the eyes,  
Sweating it deep in their ditches,  
swining it stark in their styes;  
Hurling down forests before me,  
spanning tumultuous streams;  
Down in the ditch building o'er me palaces  
fairer than dreams;  
Boring the rock to the ore-bed, driving the road  
through the fen,  
Resolute, dumb, uncomplaining, a man in a  
world of men.

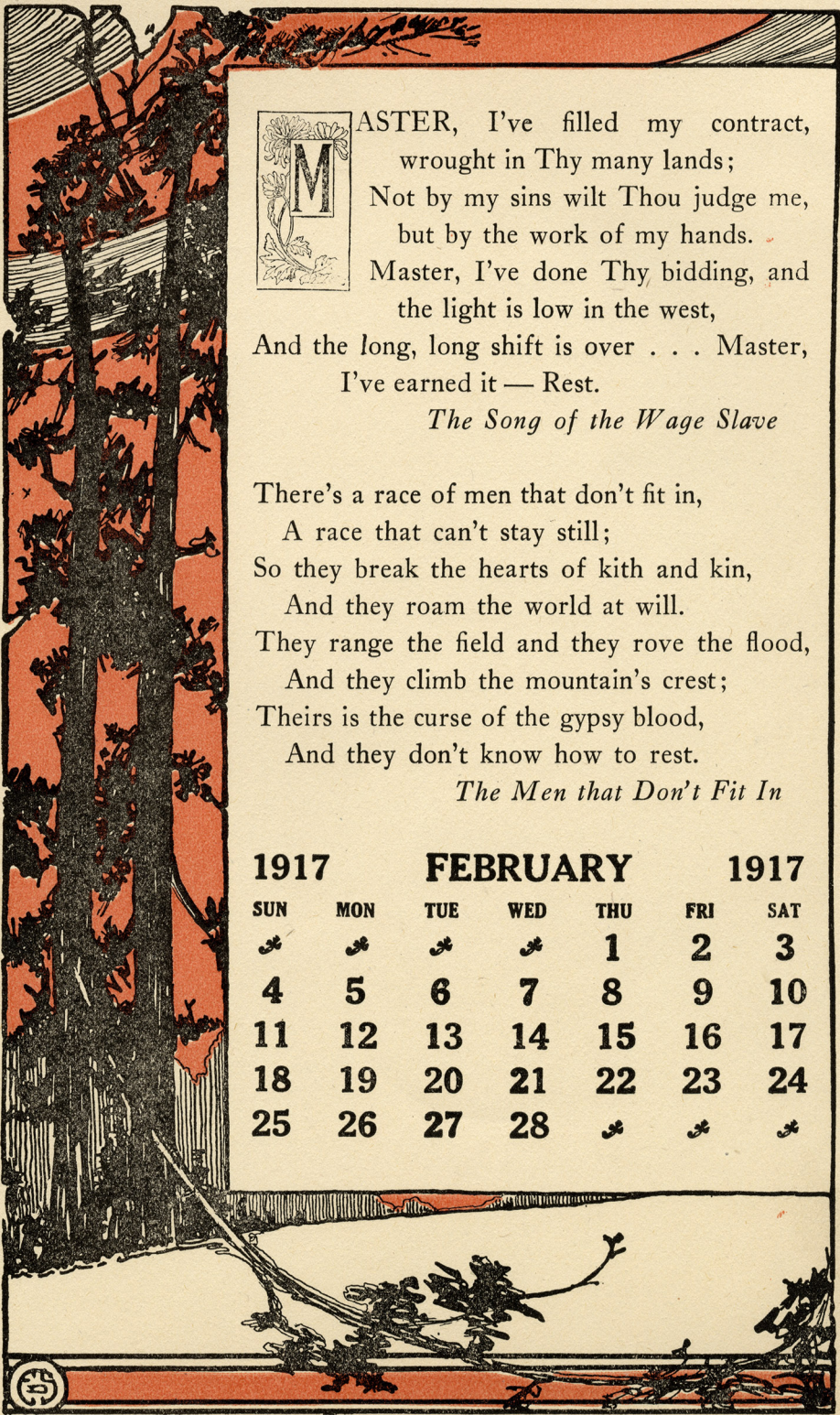
*The Song of the Wage Slave*

There are strange things done in the midnight  
sun

By the men who moil for gold;  
The Arctic trails have their secret tales  
That would make your blood run cold;  
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,  
But the queerest they ever did see  
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge  
I cremated Sam McGee.

*The Cremation of Sam McGee*





MASTER, I've filled my contract,  
 wrought in Thy many lands;  
 Not by my sins wilt Thou judge me,  
 but by the work of my hands.  
 Master, I've done Thy bidding, and  
 the light is low in the west,  
 And the long, long shift is over . . . Master,  
 I've earned it — Rest.

*The Song of the Wage Slave*

There's a race of men that don't fit in,  
 A race that can't stay still;  
 So they break the hearts of kith and kin,  
 And they roam the world at will.  
 They range the field and they rove the flood,  
 And they climb the mountain's crest;  
 Theirs is the curse of the gypsy blood,  
 And they don't know how to rest.

*The Men that Don't Fit In*

1917		FEBRUARY					1917	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT		
*	*	*	*	1	2	3		
4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
11	12	13	14	15	16	17		
18	19	20	21	22	23	24		
25	26	27	28	*	*	*		





IT'S fine to have a blow-out in a fancy  
restaurant,  
With terrapin and canvas-back and  
all the wine you want;  
To enjoy the flowers and music, watch  
the pretty women pass,  
Smoke a choice cigar, and sip the wealthy water  
in your glass.  
It's bully in a high-toned joint to eat and drink  
your fill,  
But it's quite another matter when you  
Pay the bill.

*The Reckoning*

There's men that somehow just grip your eyes,  
and hold them hard like a spell;  
And such was he, and he looked to me like a  
man who had lived in hell;  
With a face most hair, and the dreary stare of  
a dog whose day is done,  
As he watered the green stuff in his glass, and  
the drops fell one by one.  
Then I got to figgering who he was, and won-  
dering what he'd do,  
And I turned my head — and there watching  
him was the lady that's known as Lou.

*The Shooting of Dan McGrew*





EVER will I forget it, there on the  
 mountain face,  
 Antlike, men with their burdens,  
 clinging in icy space;  
 Dogged, determined and dauntless,  
 cruel and callous and cold,  
 Cursing, blaspheming, reviling, and ever that  
 battle-cry —“ Gold! ”

*The Trail of Ninety-eight*

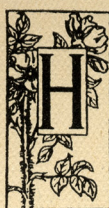
Then when as wolf-dogs fight we've fought, the  
 lean wolf-land and I;  
 Fought and bled till the snows are red under the  
 reeling sky;  
 Even as lean wolf-dog goes down will I go down  
 and die.

*The Heart of the Sourdough*



1917		MARCH					1917	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT		
*	*	*	*	1	2	3		
4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
11	12	13	14	15	16	17		
18	19	20	21	22	23	24		
25	26	27	28	29	30	31		





HAVE you suffered, starved and triumphed, groveled down, yet grasped at glory,  
Grown bigger in the bigness of the whole?

“Done things” just for the doing, letting babblers tell the story,  
Seeing through the nice veneer the naked soul?

Have you seen God in His splendors, heard the text that nature renders?

(You'll never hear it in the family pew.)

The simple things, the true things, the silent men who do things —

Then listen to the Wild — it's calling you.

*The Call of the Wild*

“This mining is only a gamble; the worst is as good as the best;

I was in with the bunch and I might have come out right on top with the rest;

With Cormack, Ladue and Macdonald — O God! but it's hell to think

Of the thousands and thousands I've squandered on cards and women and drink.

*The Parson's Son*







WILD and wide are my borders, stern  
 as death is my sway,  
 And I wait for the men who will win  
 me — and I will not be won in a  
 day;

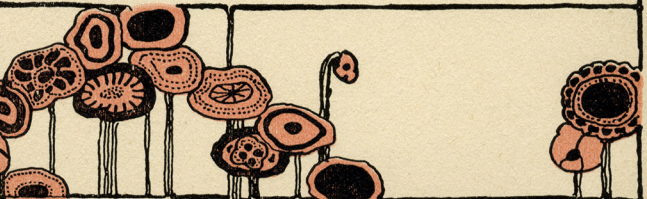
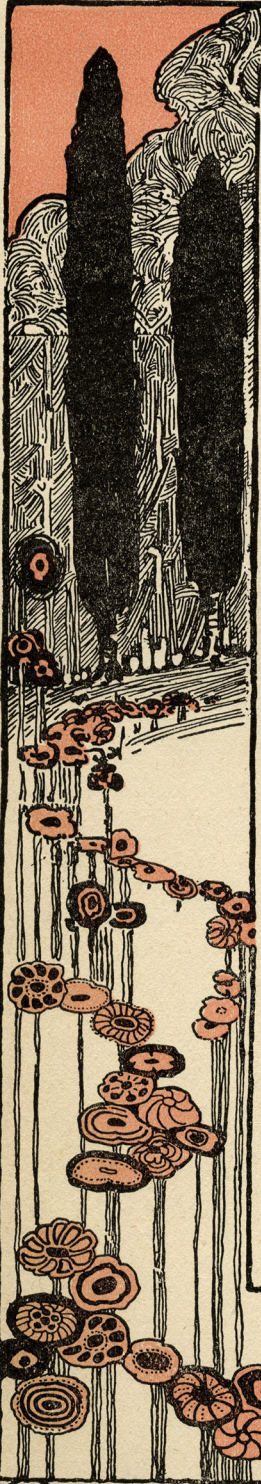
And I will not be won by weaklings, subtle,  
 suave and mild,  
 But by men with the hearts of vikings, and the  
 simple faith of a child;  
 Desperate, strong and resistless, unthrottled by  
 fear or defeat,  
 Them I will gild with my treasure, them will  
 I glut with my meat.

*The Law of the Yukon*

No, there's that in us that time can never tame;  
 And life will always seem a careless game;  
 And they'd better far forget —  
 Those who say they love us yet —  
 Forget, blot out with bitterness our name.

*The Rhyme of the Restless Ones*

1917		APRIL					1917	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT		
1	2	3	4	5	6	7		
8	9	10	11	12	13	14		
15	16	17	18	19	20	21		
22	23	24	25	26	27	28		
29	30	*	*	*	*	*		





WERE you ever out in the Great Alone,  
when the moon was awful clear,  
And the icy mountains hemmed you  
in with a silence you most could  
*hear;*

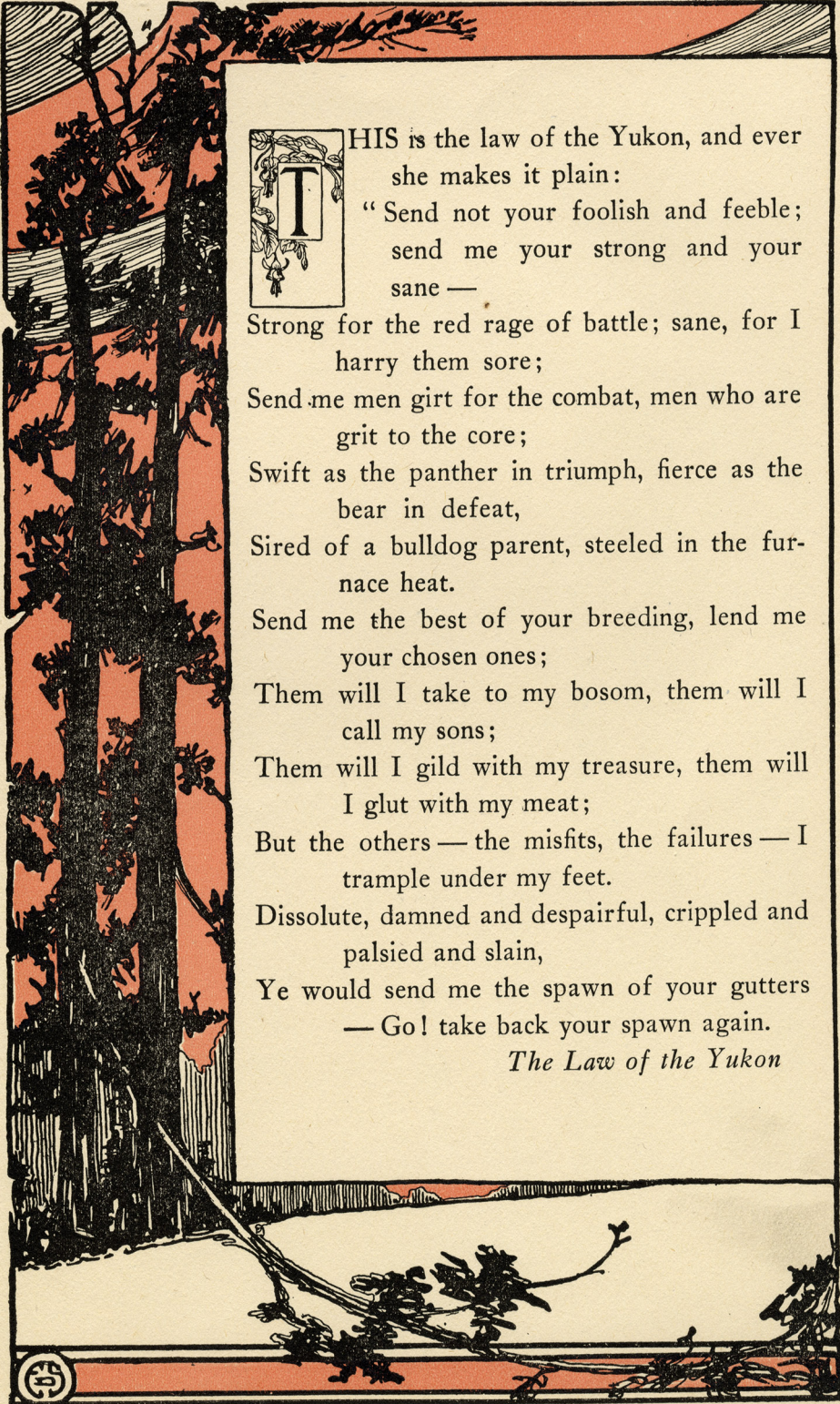
With only the howl of a timber wolf, and you  
camped there in the cold,  
A half-dead thing in a stark, dead world, clean  
mad for the muck called gold;  
While high overhead, green, yellow and red,  
the North Lights swept in bars? —  
Then you've a hunch what the music meant  
. . . hunger and night and the stars.

*The Shooting of Dan McGrew*

You've read of the trail of Ninety-eight, but its  
woe no man can tell;  
It was all of a piece and a whole yard wide,  
and the name of the brand was "Hell."  
We heard the call and we staked our all; we  
were plungers playing blind,  
And no man cared how his neighbor fared, and  
no man looked behind;  
For a ruthless greed was born of need, and  
the weakling went to the wall,  
And a curse might avail where a prayer would  
fail, and the gold lust crazed us all.

*The Ballad of the Northern Lights*





**T**

HIS is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes it plain:

“Send not your foolish and feeble;  
send me your strong and your sane —

Strong for the red rage of battle; sane, for I  
harry them sore;

Send me men girt for the combat, men who are  
grit to the core;

Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the  
bear in defeat,

Sired of a bulldog parent, steeled in the fur-  
nace heat.

Send me the best of your breeding, lend me  
your chosen ones;

Them will I take to my bosom, them will I  
call my sons;

Them will I gild with my treasure, them will  
I glut with my meat;

But the others — the misfits, the failures — I  
trample under my feet.

Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled and  
palsied and slain,

Ye would send me the spawn of your gutters  
— Go! take back your spawn again.

*The Law of the Yukon*





WHEN I go back to the old love that's  
 true to the finger-tips,  
 I'll say: 'Here's the bushels of  
 gold, love,' and I'll kiss my girl  
 on the lips;

'It's yours to have and to hold, love.' It's  
 the proud, proud boy I'll be,  
 When I go back to the old love that's waited  
 so long for me."

*Clancy of the Mounted Police*

I have used the strength Thou hast given, Thou  
 knowest I did not shirk;  
 Threescore years of labor — thine be the long  
 day's work.

And now, Big Master, I'm broken and bent and  
 twisted and scarred,  
 But I've held my job, and Thou knowest, and  
 Thou wilt not judge me hard.

*The Song of the Wage Slave*

1917		MAY					1917	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT		
✽	✽	1	2	3	4	5		
6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
13	14	15	16	17	18	19		
20	21	22	23	24	25	26		
27	28	29	30	31	✽	✽		





RISE up in the morning with the will  
that, smooth or rough,  
You'll grin.

Sink to sleep at midnight, and al-  
though you're feeling tough,  
Yet grin.

There's nothing gained by whining, and you're  
not that kind of stuff;  
You're a fighter from away back, and you *won't*  
take a rebuff;  
Your trouble is that you don't know when  
you have had enough —  
Don't give in.

*Grin*

Alas! the road to Anywhere is pitfalled with  
disaster;

There's hunger, want, and weariness, yet O  
we loved it so!

As on we tramped exultantly, and no man was  
our master,

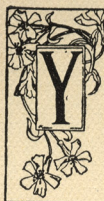
And no man guessed what dreams were ours,  
as, swinging heel and toe,

We tramped the road to Anywhere, the magic  
road to Anywhere,

The tragic road to Anywhere, such dear, dim  
years ago.

*The Tramps*





YOU know what it's like in the Yukon wild when it's sixty-nine below; When the ice-worms wriggle their purple heads through the crust of the pale blue snow;

When the pine-trees crack like little guns in the silence of the wood,

And the icicles hang down like tusks under the parka hood;

When the stove-pipe smoke breaks sudden off, and the sky is weirdly lit,

And the careless feel of a bit of steel burns like a red-hot spit;

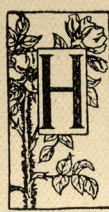
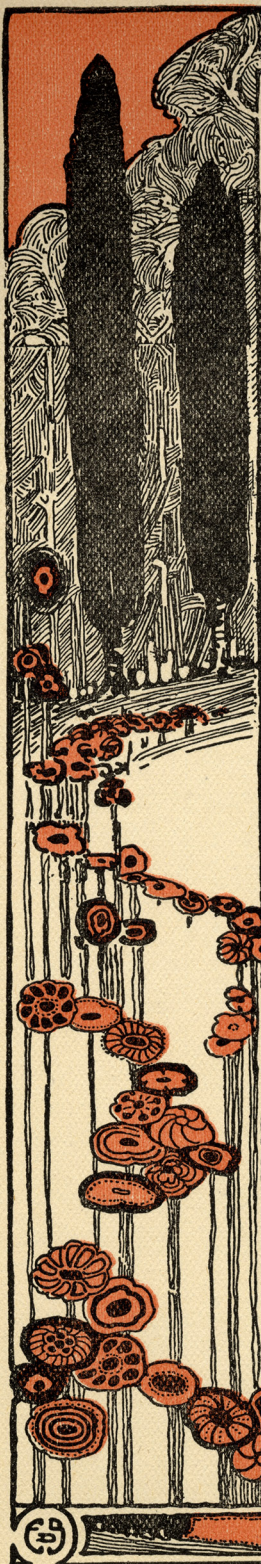
When the mercury is a frozen ball, and the frost-fiend stalks to kill —

Well, it was just like that that day when I set out to look for Bill.

*The Ballad of Blasphemous Bill*

1917		JUNE						1917	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT			
*	*	*	*	*	1	2			
3	4	5	6	7	8	9			
10	11	12	13	14	15	16			
17	18	19	20	21	22	23			
24	25	26	27	28	29	30			





HAVE you gazed on naked grandeur  
 where there's nothing else to  
 gaze on,  
 Set pieces and drop-curtain scenes  
 galore,

Big mountains heaved to heaven, which the  
 blinding sunsets blazon,

Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?  
 Have you swept the visioned valley with the  
 green stream streaking through it,

Searched the Vastness for a something you  
 have lost?

Have you strung your soul to silence? Then  
 for God's sake go and do it;

Hear the challenge, learn the lesson, pay the  
 cost.

*The Call of the Wild*

"The ill we rue we must e'en undo, though it  
 rive us bone from bone;

So it came about that I sought you out, for I  
 prayed I might atone.

I did you wrong, and for long and long I  
 sought where you might live;

And now you're found, though I'm dead and  
 drowned, I beg you to forgive."

*The Ballad of One-eyed Mike*





AN you recall, dear comrade, when  
 we tramped God's land together,  
 And we sang the old, old Earth-  
 song, for our youth was very  
 sweet;

When we drank and fought and lusted, as we  
 mocked at tie and tether,  
 Along the road to Anywhere, the wide  
 world at our feet —

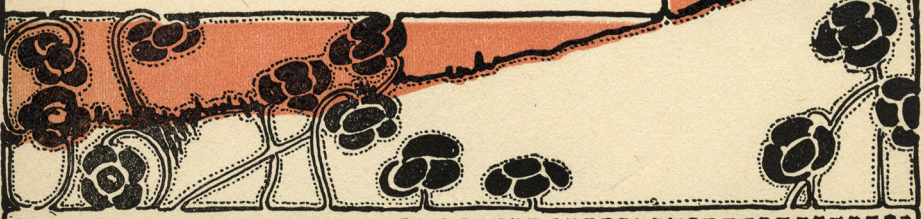
*The Tramps*

Wind of the East, Wind of the West, wander-  
 ing to and fro,  
 Chant your songs in our topmost boughs, that  
 the sons of men may know  
 The peerless pine was the first to come, and  
 the pine will be last to go!

*The Pines*



1917		JULY						1917	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT			
1	2	3	4	5	6	7			
8	9	10	11	12	13	14			
15	16	17	18	19	20	21			
22	23	24	25	26	27	28			
29	30	31	*	*	*	*			







'M a humble little bit of tin and horn;  
 I'm a byword, I'm a plaything, I'm  
 a jest;  
 The virtuoso looks on me with scorn;  
 But there's times when I am bet-  
 ter than the best.

Ask the stoker and the sailor of the sea;  
 Ask the mucker and the hewer of the pine;  
 Ask the herder of the plain, ask the gleaner of  
 the grain —  
 There's a lowly, loving kingdom — and it's  
 mine.

*The Song of the Mouth Organ*

Remember the year of the Big Stampede and  
 the trail of Ninety-eight,  
 When the eyes of the world were turned to the  
 North, and the hearts of men elate;  
 Hearts of the old dare-devil breed filled at the  
 wondrous strike,  
 And to every man who could hold a pan came  
 the message, "Up and hike."  
 Well, I was there with the best of them, and  
 I knew I would not fail.  
 You wouldn't believe it to see me now; but wait  
 till you've heard my tale.

*The Ballad of the Northern Lights*





AND each forgets, as he strips and runs  
 With a brilliant, fitful pace,  
 It's the steady, quiet, plodding ones  
 Who win in the lifelong race.  
 And each forgets that his youth has  
 fled,

Forgets that his prime is past,  
 Till he stands one day, with a hope that's dead,  
 In the glare of the truth at last.

*The Men that Don't Fit In*

"I rose at dawn; I wandered on. 'Tis some-  
 what fine and grand  
 To be alone and hold your own in God's vast  
 awesome land;  
 Come woe or weal, 'tis fine to feel a hundred  
 miles between  
 The trails you dare and pathways where the  
 feet of men have been.

*The Ballad of Gum Boot Ben*

1917		AUGUST					1917
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	
*	*	*	1	2	3	4	
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	
26	27	28	29	30	31	*	





'M all tangled up in a blizzard.  
 There's only one thing to do —  
 Keep on moving and moving; it's  
 death, it's death if I rest.

Oh, God! if I see the morning, if  
 only I struggle through,

I'll say the prayers I've forgotten since I lay  
 on my mother's breast.

I seem going round in a circle; maybe the camp  
 is near,

Say! did somebody holler? Was it a light  
 I saw?

Or was it only a notion? I'll shout, and maybe  
 they'll hear —

No! the wind only drowns me — shout till  
 my throat is raw.

*Lost*

"Twenty years in the Yukon, struggling along  
 its creeks;

Roaming its giant valleys, scaling its god-like  
 peaks;

Bathed in its fiery sunsets, fighting its fiendish  
 cold —

Twenty years in the Yukon . . . twenty years  
 — and I'm old.

*The Parson's Son*





WHEN a man gits on his uppers in a  
 hard-pan sort of town,  
 An' he ain't got nothin' comin' he  
 can't afford ter eat,  
 An' he's in a fix for lodgin' an' he  
 wanders up an' down,  
 An' you'd fancy he'd been boozin', he's so  
 locoed 'bout the feet;  
 When he's feelin' sneakin' sorry an' his belt is  
 hangin' slack,  
 An' his face is peaked an' gray-like an' his  
 heart gits down an' whines,  
 Then he's apt ter git a-thinkin' an' a-wishin' he  
 was back  
 In the little ol' log cabin in the shadder of  
 the pines.

*The Little Old Log Cabin*



1917	SEPTEMBER						1917
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	
*	*	*	*	*	*	1	
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
<sup>28</sup> / <sub>30</sub>	24	25	26	27	28	29	





If you're up against a bruiser and  
you're getting knocked about —  
Grin.

If you're feeling pretty groggy, and  
you're licked beyond a doubt —  
Grin.

Don't let him see you're finking, let him know  
with every clout,  
Though your face is battered to a pulp, your  
blooming heart is stout;  
Just stand upon your pins until the beggar  
knocks you out —

And grin.

*Grin*

Perhaps I am stark crazy, but there's none of  
you too sane;

It's just a little matter of degree.

My hobby is to hunt out gold; it's fortified  
in my brain;

It's life and love and wife and home to me.  
And I'll strike it, yes, I'll strike it; I've a hunch  
I cannot fail;

I've a vision, I've a prompting, I've a call;  
I hear the hoarse stampeding of an army on my  
trail,

To the last, the greatest gold camp of them  
all.

*The Prospector*





**O**N a Christmas Day we were mushing  
our way over the Dawson trail.  
Talk of your cold! through the  
parka's fold it stabbed like a driven  
nail.

If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze  
till sometimes we couldn't see;  
It wasn't much fun, but the only one to  
whimper was Sam McGee.

*The Cremation of Sam McGee*

'And so, dear friends, in gentler valleys roam-  
ing,

Perhaps, when on my printed page you look,  
Your fancies by the firelight may go homing

To that lone land that haply you forsook.

And if perchance you hear the silence calling,

The frozen music of star-yearning heights,

Or, dreaming, see the seines of silver trawling

Across the sky's abyss on vasty nights,

You may recall that sweep of savage splendor,

That land that measures each man at his

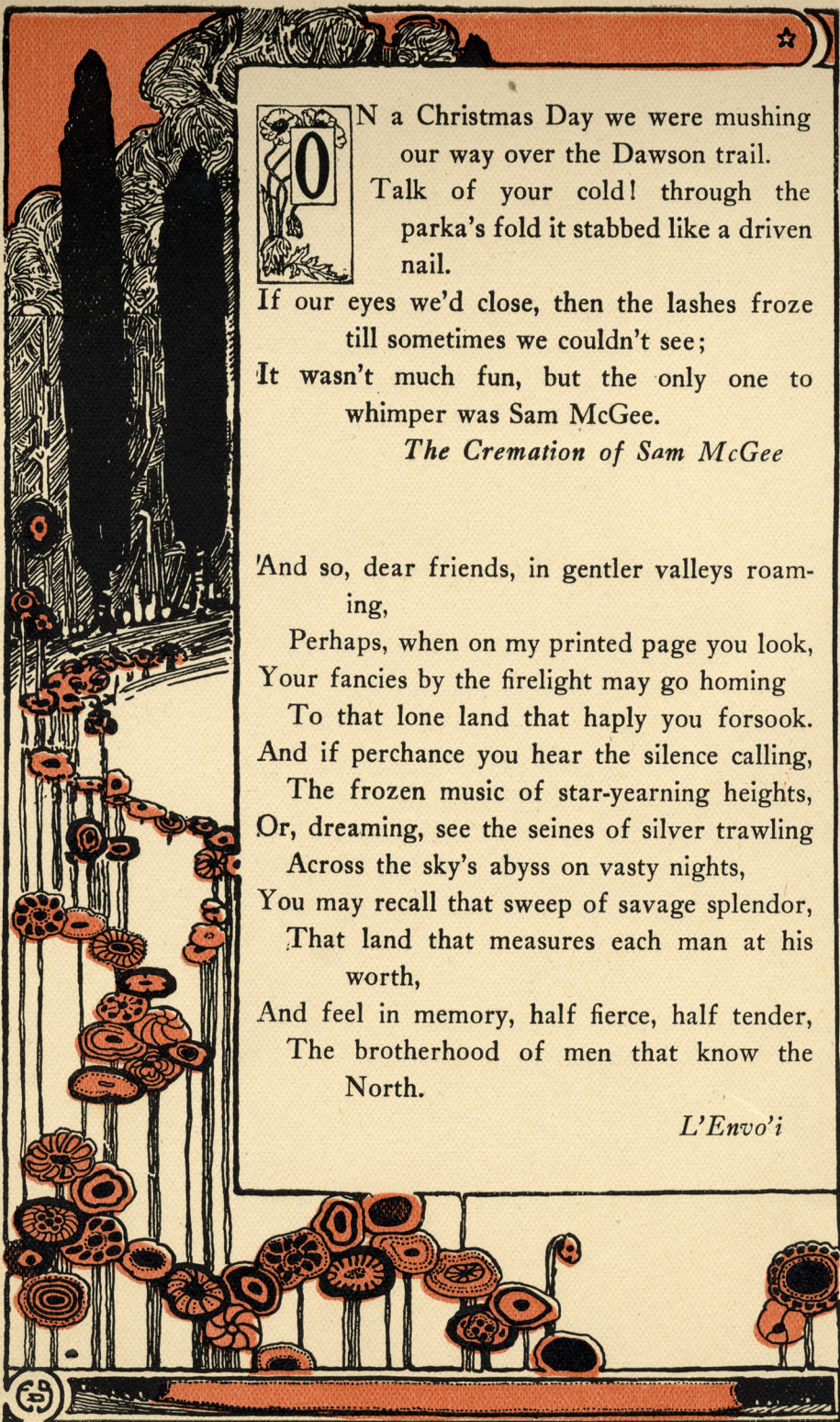
worth,

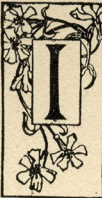
And feel in memory, half fierce, half tender,

The brotherhood of men that know the

North.

*L'Envo'i*





STROLLED up old Bonanza, where  
 I staked in ninety-eight,  
 A-purpose to revisit the old claim.  
 I kept thinking mighty sadly of the  
 funny ways of Fate,  
 And the lads who once were with me in the  
 game.

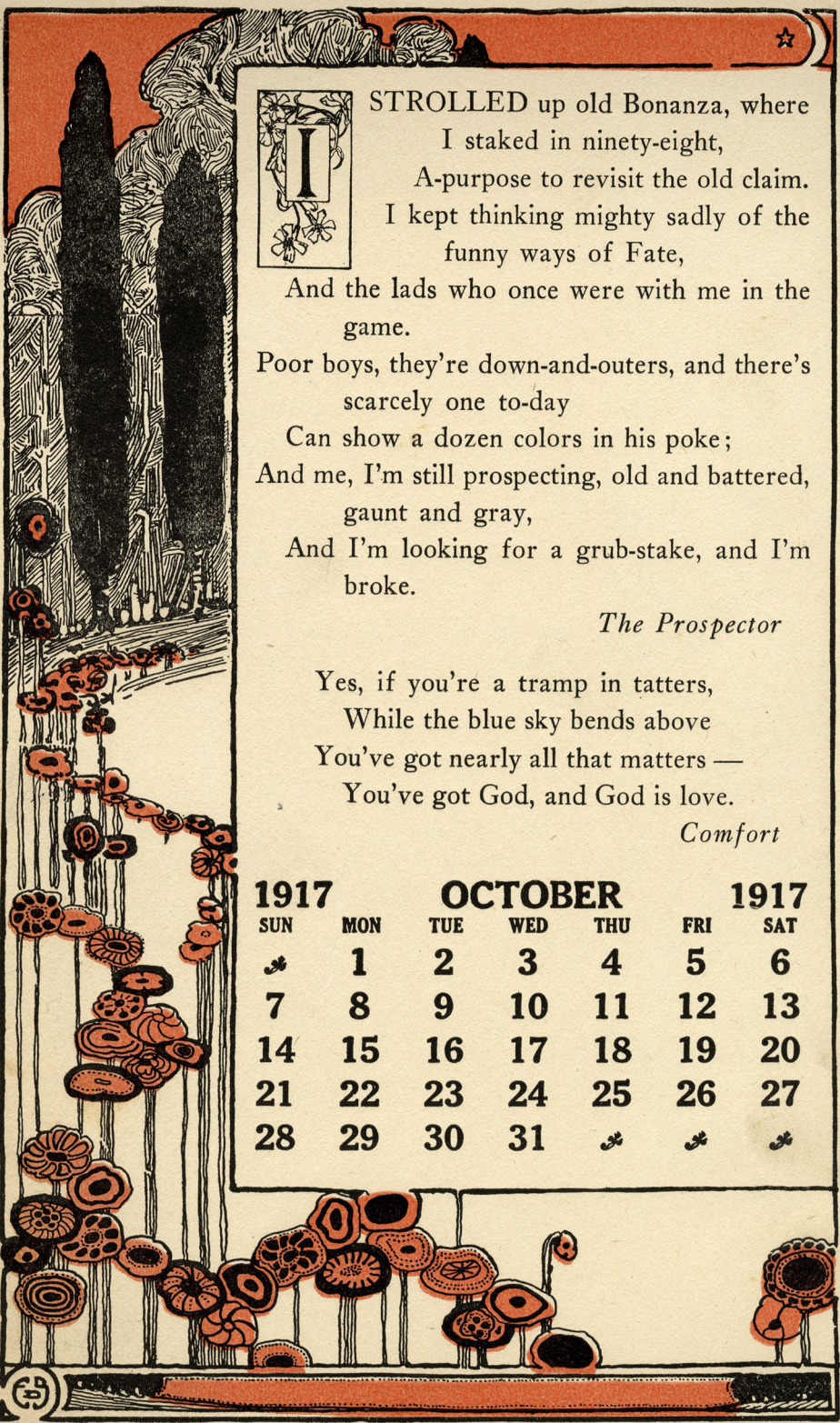
Poor boys, they're down-and-outers, and there's  
 scarcely one to-day  
 Can show a dozen colors in his poke;  
 And me, I'm still prospecting, old and battered,  
 gaunt and gray,  
 And I'm looking for a grub-stake, and I'm  
 broke.

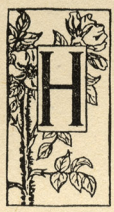
*The Prospector*

Yes, if you're a tramp in tatters,  
 While the blue sky bends above  
 You've got nearly all that matters —  
 You've got God, and God is love.

*Comfort*

1917		OCTOBER					1917	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT		
♣	1	2	3	4	5	6		
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	
	28	29	30	31	♣	♣	♣	





E'S the man from Eldorado, and he's  
 just arrived in town,  
 In moccasins and oily buckskin  
 shirt.

He's gaunt as any Indian, and pretty  
 nigh as brown;

He's greasy, and he smells of sweat and dirt.  
 He sports a crop of whiskers that would shame  
 a healthy hog;

Hard work has racked his joints and stooped  
 his back;

He slops along the sidewalk followed by his  
 yellow dog,

But he's got a bunch of gold-dust in his sack.

*The Man from Eldorado*



The summer — no sweeter was ever;

The sunshiny woods all athrill;

The grayling aleap in the river,

The bighorn asleep on the hill.

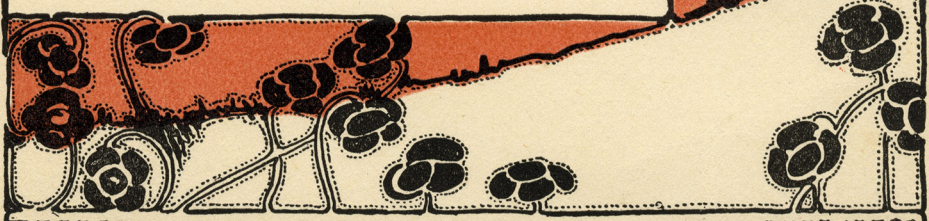
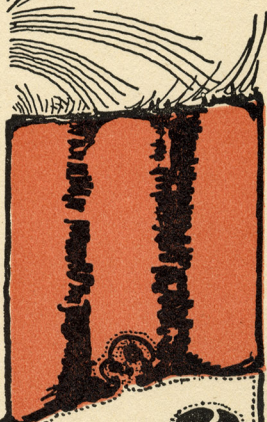
The strong life that never knows harness;

The wilds where the caribou call;

The freshness, the freedom, the farness —

O God! how I'm stuck on it all.

*The Spell of the Yukon*







HE trails of the world be countless,  
 and most of the trails be tried;  
 You tread on the heels of the many,  
 till you come where the ways di-  
 vide;

And one lies safe in the sunlight, and the other  
 is dreary and wan,  
 Yet you look aslant at the Lone Trail, and the  
 Lone Trail lures you on.

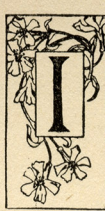
*The Lone Trail*

And one man wanted a castle, another a rac-  
 ing stud;  
 A third would cruise in a palace yacht like a  
 red-necked prince of blood.  
 And so we dreamed and we vaunted, million-  
 aires to a man,  
 Leaping to wealth in our visions long ere the  
 trail began.

*The Trail of Ninety-Eight*

<b>1917</b>	<b>NOVEMBER</b>						<b>1917</b>
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	
✱	✱	✱	✱	1	2	3	
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	
25	26	27	28	29	30	✱	





IN the little Crimson Manual it's written plain and clear,  
 That who would wear the scarlet  
 coat shall say good-bye to fear;  
 Shall be a guardian of the right, a  
 sleuth-hound of the trail —

In the little Crimson Manual there's no such  
 word as "fail" —

Shall follow on though heavens fall, or hell's  
 top-turrets freeze,

Half round the world, if need there be, on  
 bleeding hands and knees.

It's duty, duty, first and last, the Crimson  
 Manual saith;

The Scarlet Rider makes reply: "It's duty —  
 to the death."

*Clancy of the Mounted Police*

There's a land where the mountains are name-  
 less,

And the rivers all run God knows where;

There are lives that are erring and aimless,

And deaths that just hang by a hair;

There are hardships that nobody reckons;

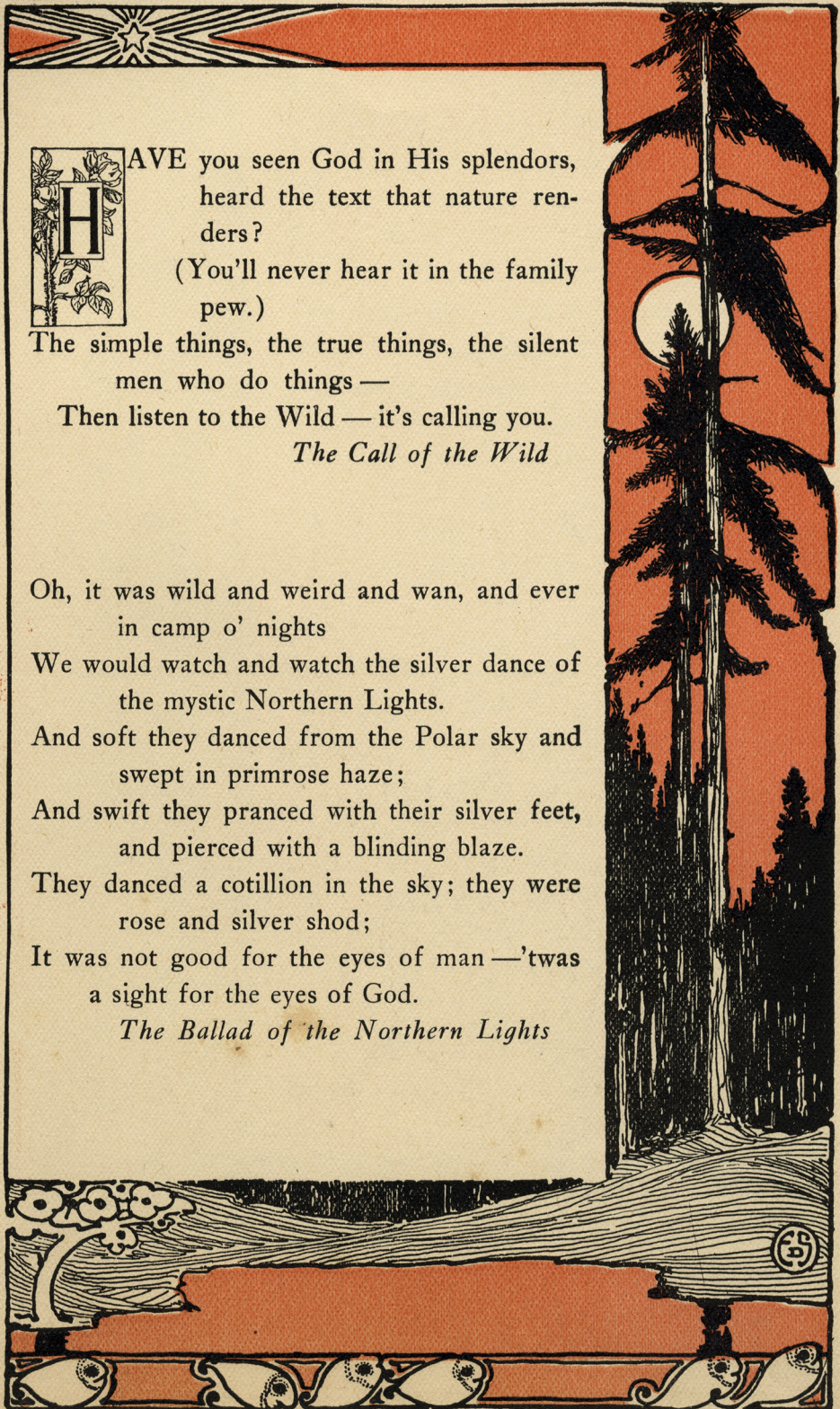
There are valleys unpeopled and still;

There's a land — oh, it beckons and beckons,

And I want to go back — and I will.

*The Spell of the Yukon*





HAVE you seen God in His splendors,  
 heard the text that nature renders?

(You'll never hear it in the family  
 pew.)

The simple things, the true things, the silent  
 men who do things —

Then listen to the Wild — it's calling you.  
*The Call of the Wild*

Oh, it was wild and weird and wan, and ever  
 in camp o' nights  
 We would watch and watch the silver dance of  
 the mystic Northern Lights.  
 And soft they danced from the Polar sky and  
 swept in primrose haze;  
 And swift they pranced with their silver feet,  
 and pierced with a blinding blaze.  
 They danced a cotillion in the sky; they were  
 rose and silver shod;  
 It was not good for the eyes of man — 'twas  
 a sight for the eyes of God.

*The Ballad of the Northern Lights*

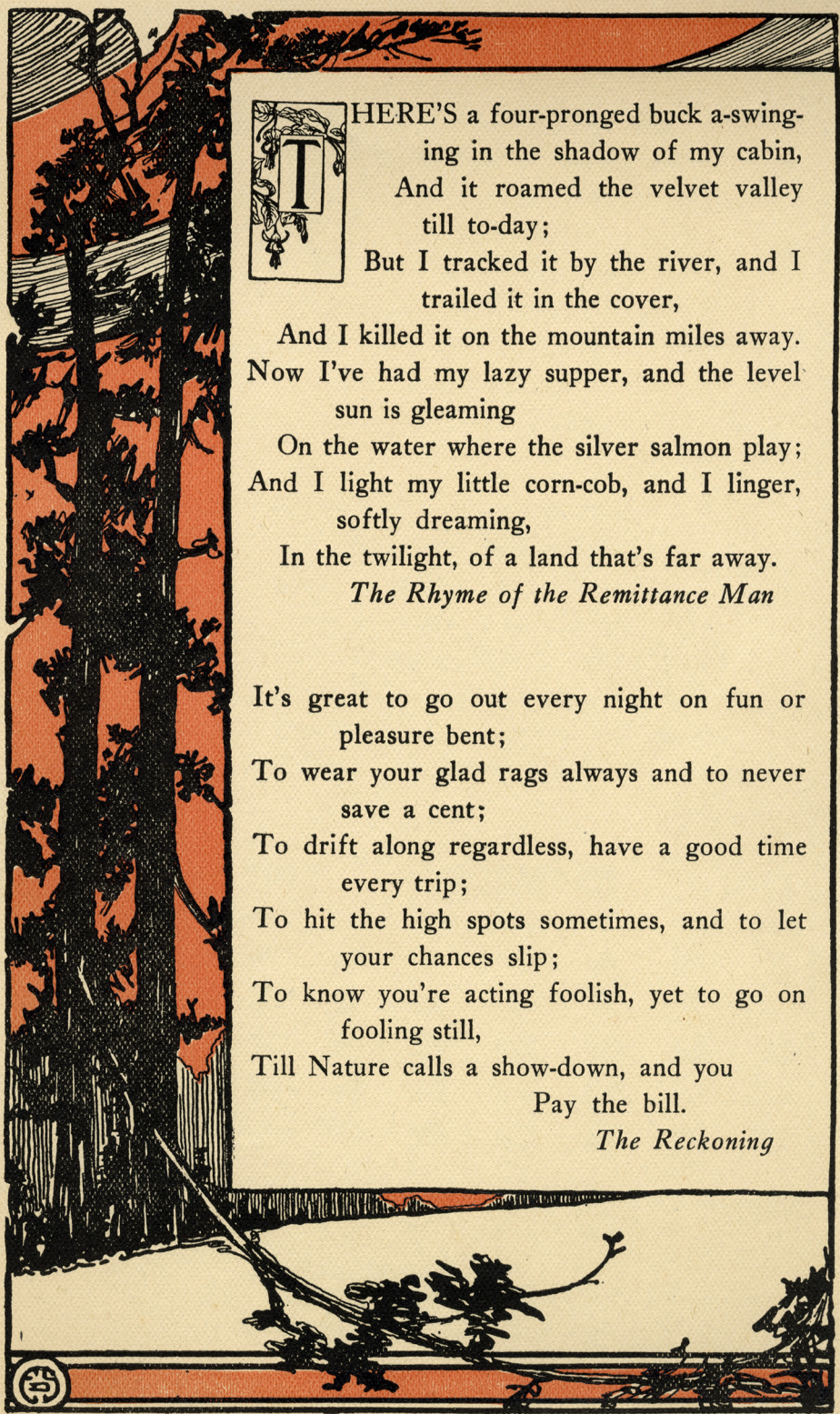


DAY after day the same,  
 Only a little worse;  
 No one to grouch or blame —  
 Oh, for a loving curse!  
 Oh, in the night I fear,  
 Haunted by nameless things,  
 Just for a voice to cheer,  
 Just for a hand that clings!  
*The Telegraph Operator*

Sky so blue it makes you wonder  
 If it's heaven shining through;  
 Earth so smiling 'way out yonder,  
 Sun so bright it dazzles you;  
 Birds a-singing, flowers a-flinging  
 All their fragrance on the breeze;  
 Dancing shadows, green, still meadows —  
 Don't you mope, you've still got these.  
*Comfort*

1917		DECEMBER					1917
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	
✽	✽	✽	✽	✽	✽	1	
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
23/30	24/31	25	26	27	28	29	





**T**

HERE'S a four-pronged buck a-swing-  
 ing in the shadow of my cabin,  
 And it roamed the velvet valley  
 till to-day;  
 But I tracked it by the river, and I  
 trailed it in the cover,  
 And I killed it on the mountain miles away.  
 Now I've had my lazy supper, and the level  
 sun is gleaming  
 On the water where the silver salmon play;  
 And I light my little corn-cob, and I linger,  
 softly dreaming,  
 In the twilight, of a land that's far away.  
*The Rhyme of the Remittance Man*

It's great to go out every night on fun or  
 pleasure bent;  
 To wear your glad rags always and to never  
 save a cent;  
 To drift along regardless, have a good time  
 every trip;  
 To hit the high spots sometimes, and to let  
 your chances slip;  
 To know you're acting foolish, yet to go on  
 fooling still,  
 Till Nature calls a show-down, and you  
 Pay the bill.  
*The Reckoning*



