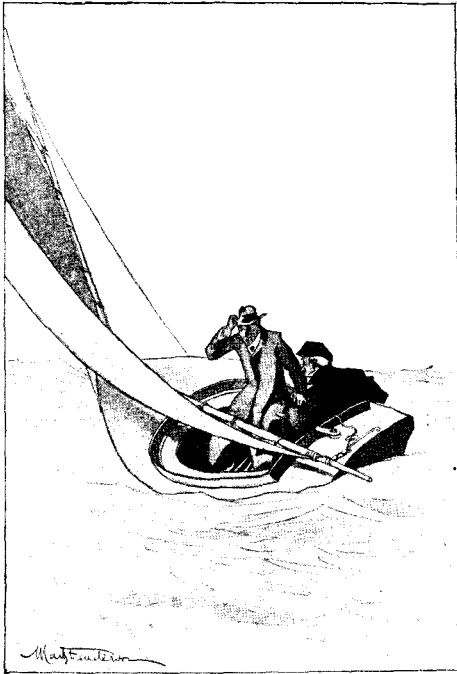


IN LIGHTER VEIN



Drawn by Mark Fenderson

THE POINT OF VIEW

LANDLUBBER: For goodness sake! be careful, or you 'll drown us both.
YACHTSMAN: Rubbish! We're twice as safe as we were yesterday in your beastly automobile.

Ballade of the Artificial Menu

Artificial terrapin will soon be placed upon the market. The "inventor" claims it to be superior both in flavor and appearance to that produced by nature. *Press Item.*

THE times are full of notions queer;
 Each day evolves a new surprise;
 We 'll soon be drinking "tabloid" beer,
 And eating tubers minus eyes.
 No more we 'll pumpkins need for pies;
 The hen will "cluck" beneath a ban,
 When scientists, with methods wise,
 Amend the faults of Nature's plan.

The oyster, to the gourmet dear,
 They 'll beard, despite our sful sighs,
 And serve us, twelve months in the year,
 A bivalve in a patent guise.

The luscious clam we rightly prize
 May sport unvexed of boy or man,
 When savants, backed by glue and size,
 Amend the faults of Nature's plan.

The basswood ham we may not fear,
 For, lo! to carve it no one tries;
 The wooden nutmeg, too, 't is clear,
 No thrifty modern housewife buys;
 But 'gainst crustacean cheats we 'll rise,
 And guard secure our stewing-pan,
 From men who with mock merchandise
 Amend (?) the faults of Nature's plan.

ENVOY

Prince, pray thee bid thy *chef* devise
 A test to foil the impious clan,
 Who with retort, and tube, and dyes,
 Amend the faults of Nature's plan!
John James Davies.

Li'l' Chicken

YO' come in an' take yo' rest,
 Li'l' chicken!
 Sun 's a-sinkin' down de west,
 Li'l' chicken!
 Yo' is tired a-runnin' roun';
 Snuggle under mammy's down—
 Dis de bes' place in de town,
 Li'l' chicken!

Mr. Mink he dreadful sly,
 Li'l' chicken!
 Soon he 'll be a-comin' by,
 Li'l' chicken!
 Let him ketch ol' rats an' mice;
 Yo' for him is far too nice.
 Dere, yo' 's snug; now hush-a-byes,
 Li'l' chicken!

Mr. Owl hoot in a tree,
 Li'l' chicken!
 Let him hoot; he won't skeer me,
 Li'l' chicken!
 Let him skipper t'rough de wood,
 Whar he b'longs; an' if he should
 Come down hyar, I 'll flog him good,
 Li'l' chicken!

Daddy Coon he come an' sniff,
 Li'l' chicken!
 But he gone off in a tiff,
 Li'l' chicken!

O! Brer Fox he creep an' creep,
Shut yo' eyes, an' don't yo' peep!
Mammy 'll watch; yo' go to sleep,
Li'l' chicken!

Dere, de mornin' 's come at last,
Li'l' chicken!
Young Mis' Hawk she sailin' past,
Li'l' chicken!
Did you sleep well t'rough de night?
Oh, I slep' a pow'ful sight!
Guess I know! We 's both all right,
Li'l' chicken!

W. F. McCauley.

The Graduates

OF all the thousands of alumni
Let loose upon the world last June,
How many to success have come nigh?
How many find that work 's a boon?
Ah! salaries are embryonic!
Some even pay to get their chance.
But hope is such a wholesome tonic,
Ere long they 'll bag the big advance.
And each one prays these strenuous
days:
"Give us a raise!"

Some have their jobs with wealthy brokers,
And needs must sweep while "Coppers"
boom;

While others are assistant-stokers
In some great mill's hot engine-room.
One works for nothing on a journal,
Reporting fires on water-fronts;
Another sweats in one infernal
Unceasing round of stupid stunts.
And each one prays in formal phrase:
"We want a raise!"

Dear Artie, who was first at pole-vaults
And in athletics found felicity,
Now climbs poles after watts and toll-volts
And masters electricity.
Neat Harry, who sang deepest basso
(Oft manicured by Belle or Blanche),
Is learning use of oath and lasso
Out on a wild and woolly ranch.
Where'er he strays, the graduate
prays:
"Give me a raise!"

A few are sent for foreign travel,
Some circumnavigate the world;
But most must travail without cavil,
Their bright poetic pinions furred.
For whether dunce, athlete, or scholar,
One thing in college few have learned:
That is the value of a dollar
By unremitting labor earned.
'Tis work that pays; so each one prays:
"Give us a raise! We want a raise!"
Nathan Haskell Dole.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

A MIDSUMMER FROST

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