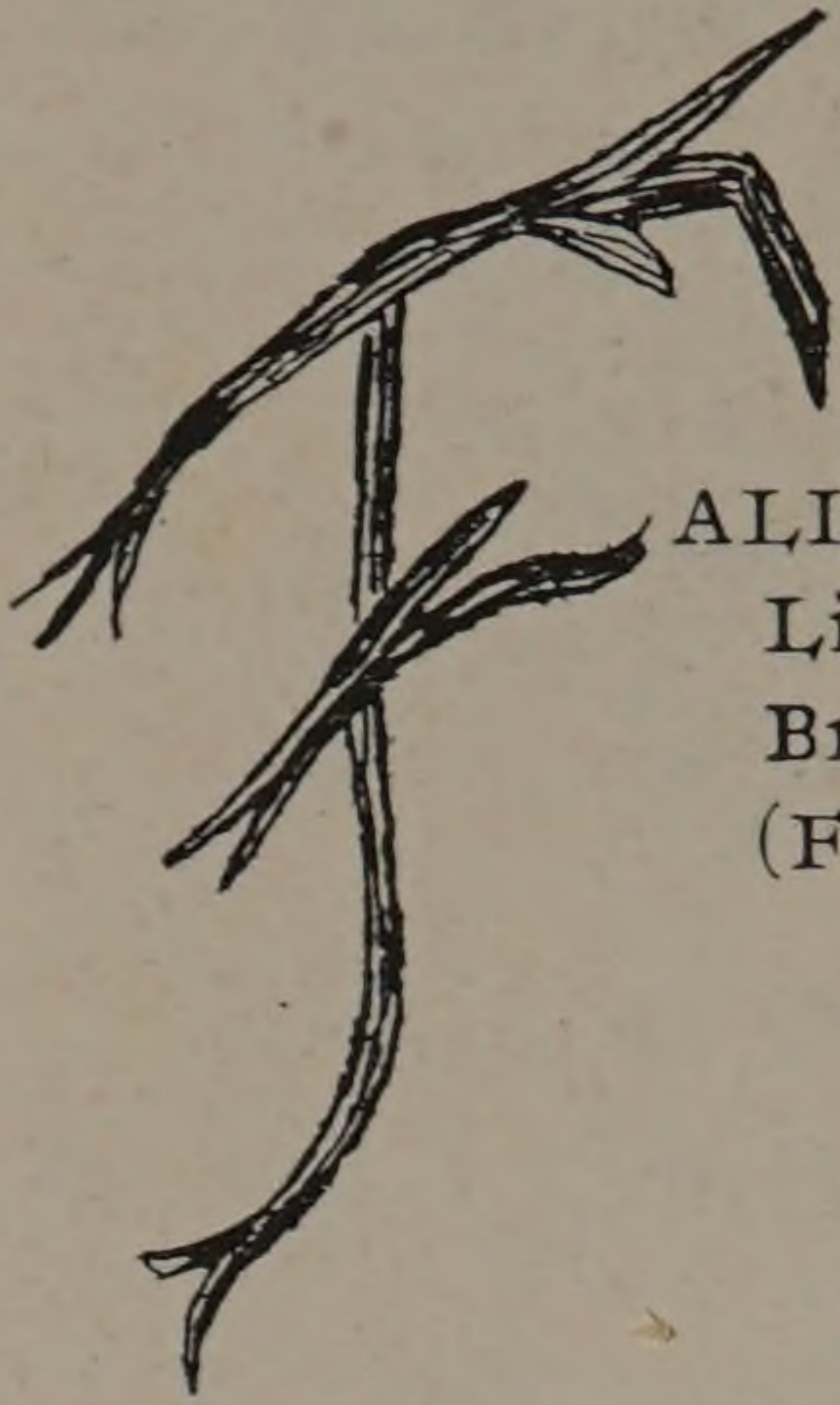


At Christmastide



ALLING snow-flakes — lovely sight;
Little wanderer in the night,
Brown-eyed, hungry, thinly dressed,
(Female subject is the best.)

Little wanderer on the stoop,
Slightly threatened with the croup;
Haughty servant orders off,
Faintly answers with a cough;
Master comes and views the scene;
"Heavens! like lost Gwendoline!"

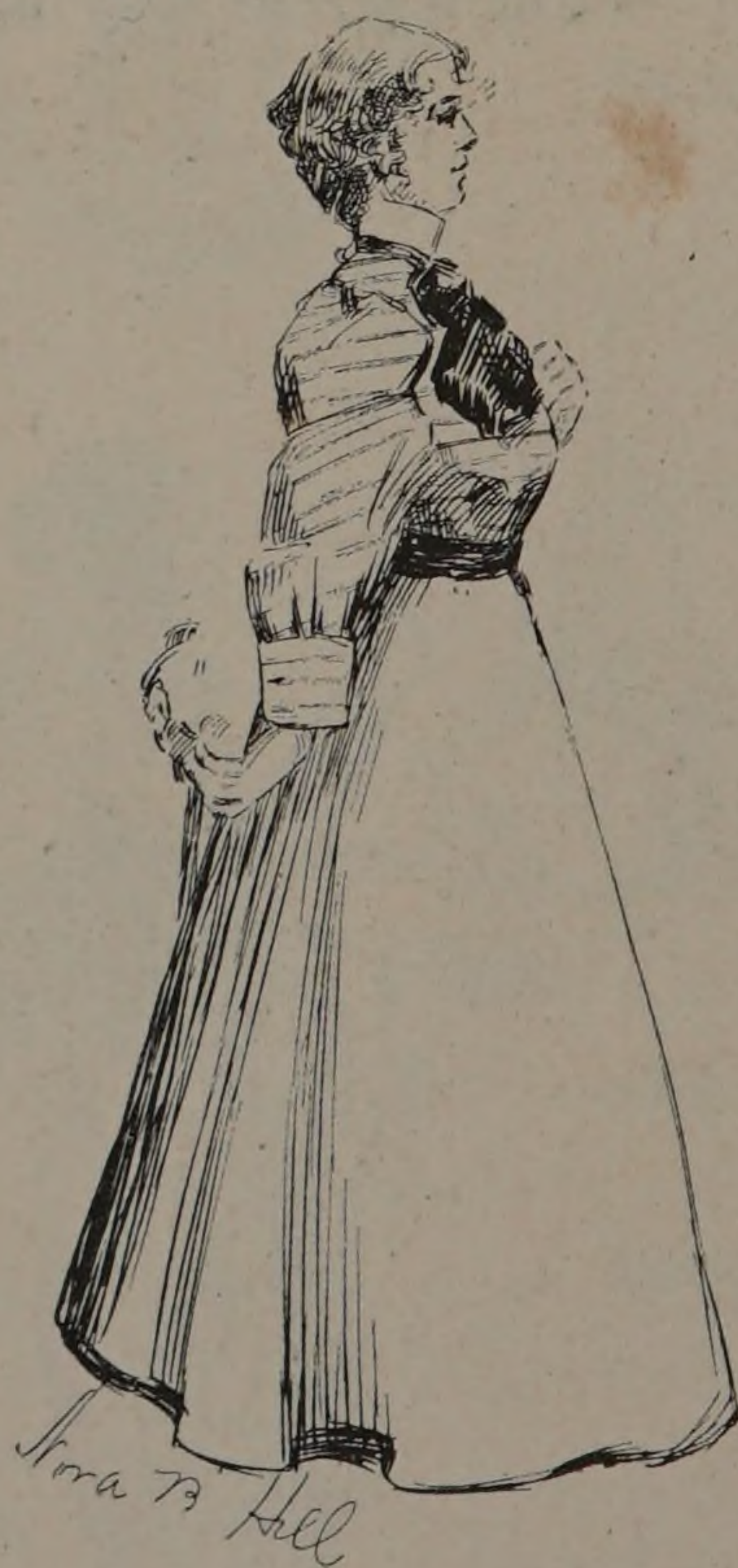
"Oh, maiden, can you twang the lyre?"
I asked. She made reply:
"I do not twang, but I am great
On making apple pie."

"Oh, maiden, can you sing?" I asked.
"No, not a note," she said;
"But I can make doughnuts and bake
The lightest kind of bread."

"Oh, maiden, what's your pedigree?"
I asked; and she returned:
"No ancestor of mine e'er ate
A cookie that was burned."

I asked her to become my wife;
My heart and hand she took,
And I laugh to scorn the person who
Complains about his cook.

—C. L.



Rich man; servants at his beck,
Full of turkey to the neck;
Stately mansion, brilliant glare,
Naught but joy and pleasure there.
Rippling laughter, beaming smile,
Snow keeps falling all the while.

"That's my name," the child replies,
"I am told I've Mother's eyes."
Brought in swiftly from the dark,
Golden locket, berry mark;
"Little darling, have no fear
For you've found your Grand-pa, dear!"
Bells a pealing, "Glory! Glory!"
There's the standard Christmas story.

—C. ENQUIRER.



Cooking According to Science

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to bake a pie, mamma,
I'm going to bake a pie.
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose;
So give me a gramme of phosphate,
And the carbon and cellulose.

Now give me a chunk of casine, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat;
And hand me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat;
And if the electric oven's cold
Just turn it on half an ohm,
For I want to have supper ready
As soon as John comes home.

Now pass me the neutral dope, mamma,
And rotate the mixing machine,
But give me the sterilized water, first,
And the oleomargarine,
And the phosphate, too, for, now I think,
The new typewriter's quit,
And John will need more phosphate food
To help his brain a bit.

—N. E. M.