



## A Story

### CHAPTER I

Foolish man,  
Sprightly miss,  
Met by chance—  
Both kiss.

### CHAPTER II

Preacher speaks,  
Few words said;  
Man and miss,  
They are wed.

### CHAPTER III

Stern judge;  
(Man is meek)—  
Consents to pay her  
Ten a week.

N. J.

## Annie Laurie Jr.

Maxwelton's braes are bonny,  
And Annie Laurie likes  
Something that is softer  
Than asphalt when she bikes.

Her spine is like the crescent,  
And she's very rubber-necked;  
Her face—oh, well, regarding that,  
It's what you might expect.

She wears a nobby shirt-waist  
And a little golfing hat,  
And—would it not be better  
To let it go at that?

D. J.

“Mother, may I go play football?”  
“Yes, my darling sonny;  
Leave your arms and ribs at home,  
And don't you bet your money.”

H. B.

I sipped the nectar of those lips,  
As in the gloaming there we sat.  
Did ever mortal man before  
Imbibe from such a mug as that?

D. J.