

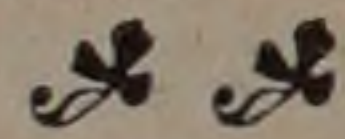
My Ravin'



Once upon a midnight dreary,
As I pondered weak and weary,
I heard a rapping, tapping, slapping,
Beneath the lapel of my vest.
"What can it be?" quoth I all feary,
And a little wee bit skeery,
"What means this pounding, bounding,
wounding?
Down there in love's tender nest?"

And then I struck a brilliant theory
"'Tis some thoughtlet sweet and dreary,
That makes this crashing, clashing, slash-
ing,
On the left side of my chest."
And this discovery made me re-
Mark, "You'd best be somewhat leery,
Or this crusher, gusher, slusher,
May make sad havoc in thy breast."

And my heart grew sore and seary,
And my sweet sad face was teary,
At this funny, stunny, honey,
Which said, "You'd best give love a rest."
Then my pent up love waxed bleary,
As I pondered, weak and weary
It grew swishy, dishy, fishy,
Quoth I, "Go west, young man, go west."



"A Notable of '98."

ALSO PROMINENT AS FOOT BALL MANAGER.