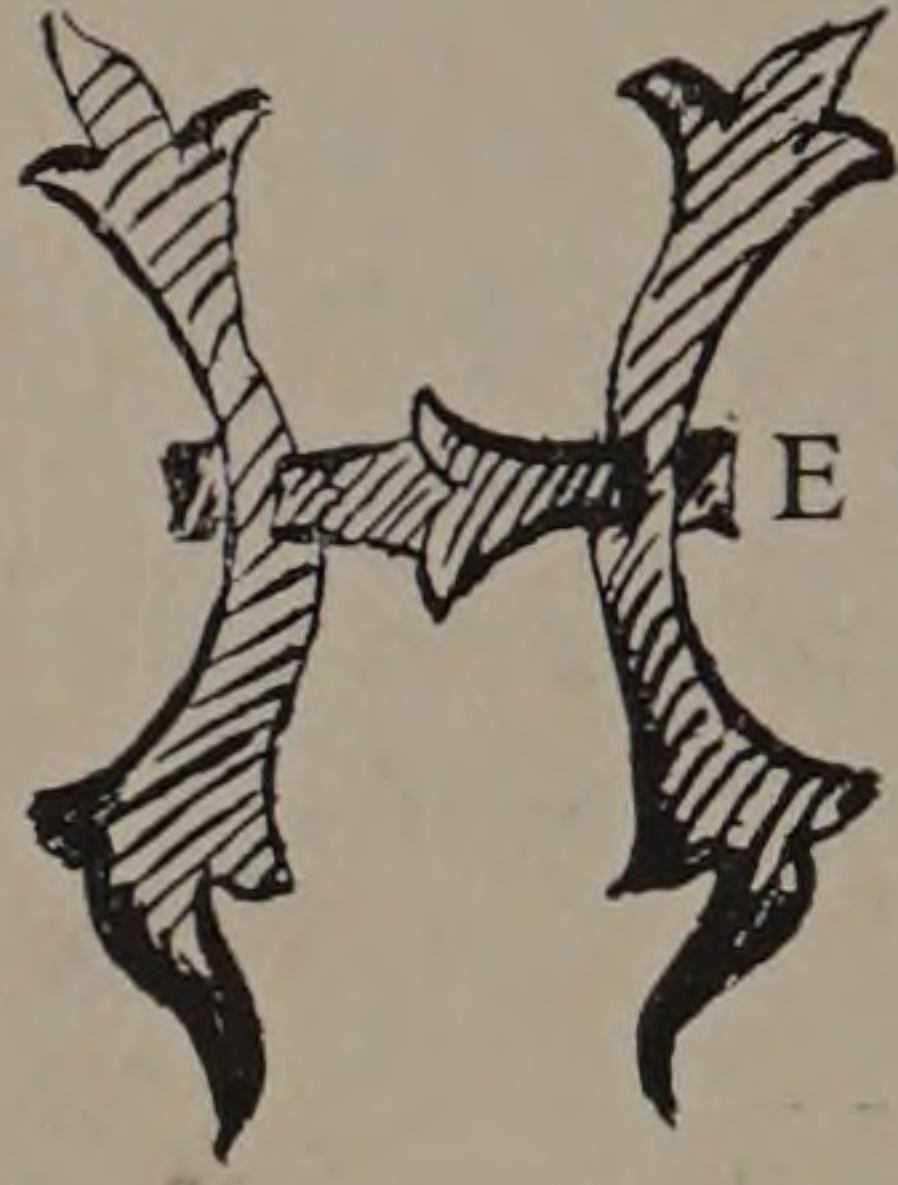


An Electrostatic Pair



HE was the gallant engineer
Of a giant dynamo,
She sang to the wires the whole day long.
With a chorus of "Hello!"

He loved this telephonic maid
Till his heart's vibrating plate
Was magnetized and polarized
At a milliamperic rate.

His love he well expressed in ohms
And amperes, or even in volts
In voltaic phrases and dynamo figures,
Or current, arc lights and bolts.

He said, "BY the great broken circuit,
Or move by the Ruhmkorff coil,
Your negative will drive me
To some subway under the soil.

Not a spark of inductive affection,
Not a positive "Yes" have I had,
I'm afraid the wires have grounded
In favor of some other lad.

Then regret like a galvanometer
Or an astatic needle, it smote her
And she said of love I have ions
As strong as an Edison motor.

So he opened the circuit and clasped her,
In arm-ature and held her there,
And she was the belle electric
Of this thermo electric pair.