

Bon Jour—Guten Tag—or in the language of our fathers—

HOW DO YOU DO!

Sez 'Less to me, "Now Spike," sez he,
 "To make our work look classy,
 We'll greet the reader with a verse
 And fill it full of taffy.
 We'll say we know as readers go
 They could have done it better,
 But that we hope they'll take this dope
 And read it to the letter.
 Then this pent up sentiment—
 This Alma Mater gag—
 When that we spring to the breeze we'll fling
 "The Grand Old Rag."
 When thus he spooched away he mooched
 His eyes were wet with tears,
 "You're nervous, 'Less,' and sick, I guess,
 I'll order up two—glasses of—ice-water—"
 For want of price, we drank the ice,
 Which cooled his deep emotion.
 Then I began, not caring a whoop,
 To hand across my notion:
 "Now, look a-here, you reader, dear,
 You've come to our little party;
 If you prefer to spit than purr
 'Tis well and good, my hearty!
 But if you hope to get our goat
 By saying this isn't funny,
 Should we worry in a hurry
 Now we have your money?"



Here's Looking at You.