



HUMOR

DEDUCTION, WATSON

How doth the little beeveedee
Enjoy the autumn breezes?
We may at least surmise that he
Is conscious of his kneeses.

The nineteen-sixteen robber bold,
With heart of gold,
Stands in the cold,
Where other robbers oft have rolled
The pilgrim for his well-worn purse.
With manners mild and methods new
He begs of you
To come on through,
And takes your cash before it's due,
With soothing words—which might
be worse.

He does not slam you on the head
And leave you dead;
He's too well read—
He merely holds you up instead,
And tries to treat you straight and
square.

And after he has counted o'er
What he came for,
And hunts for more,
He does not leave you pained and sore,
But hands you back 10 cents for
fare!

When in the morning I get up,
The cold air gives me quite a shock;
I seem to drain a bitter cup,
And make dire threats against the
clock,
That wears upon its evil face
A smug and sanctimonious leer,
And clacks about the sure disgrace
Of sluggards who all labor fear.

And in the evening, when I sit,
With pipe and book and joy ahead,
That demon ticks: "You'd better quit,
All honest folk are now in bed."
Some day I'm going to take a gun
And shoot that clock and run away,
And then, perhaps, I'll have some fun--
Sit up all night and sleep all day.

There was an old lady from Phillie
Whose folks made her dance, willy-nilly.
She trotted and tangoed,
And almost fandangoed,
And cried, "Ain't it great to be silly?"

"Let me print a kiss upon your lips?"
She nodded her sweet permission;
We started to press, and I rather guess
That we printed a full edition.

I stole a kiss the other night—
My conscience hurts, alack!
I think I'll go again to-night
And put the darned thing back.