

Oh! the Roman was a rogue;
 He, erat, was, you bettum,
 He ran his automobilis
 And smoked his cigarettum,
 An elegant crevathum,
 A maxima cum lande shirt,
 And such a stylish hattum.
 He loved his luscious hic, hac, hoc,
 And bet on games and equi;
 At times he won, at others though,
 He got it in the nequi.
 He winked (quo usque tandem)?
 At puellas on the forum,
 And sometimes even made um-um,
 Those goo-goo osculorium!

'S BLOOD—'S DEATH

His life blood trickled o'er my hand
 I tried in vain to stop its flow,
 But as I staunched the wound, I knew
 He could not rally from the blow.
 I held him close in anguish great
 As though to call him back again,
 Alas! He could not stay with me—
 My dear old trusty fountain pen.

Brown-Ink.

Sitting one day in the "L" train,
 I was mad and beginning to stew,
 For I knew it was then two-thirty,
 And the show began at two.
 I know not why we were stalling
 Nor why I was waiting there,
 I know I had an impulse
 To tear my auburn hair.
 It may be somehow, somewhere,
 I'll accomplish that feat sublime,
 It may be that only in heaven,
 I'll get to that show on time.

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