



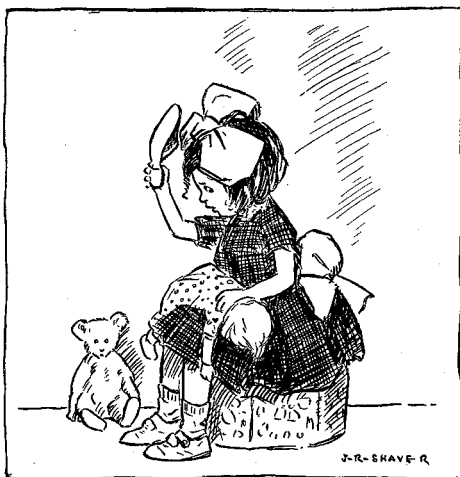
Three Cheers

LYSANDER, hail! Immortal man,
 Bright light of bygone times,
 To you I warble this pæan,
 Or, better, pen these rhymes.
 To you I doff my head-gear, sir,
 Thou celebrated male.
 (I can't remember who you were,
 But, still, Lysander, hail!)

Hail, D'Alembert! Your honored name
 Has often staggered me;
 For laurels cluster round the same
 With such luxuriance.
 To fellow-men you gave your all,
 A gift of value rare.
 (Its nature I cannot recall,
 But—hail to D'Alembert!)

Hail, Amru! Famous man until
 Men praise no longer give;
 The deeds that gave you glory will,
 I feel quite certain, live.
 The tooth of time, in quest of sham,
 Will never worry thee.
 (I simply cannot place you, Am,
 But—have a "Hail!" on me.)

Thomas R. Ybarra.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

DISCIPLINE

MARJORIE: It hurts me more than it does you.

Old Daddy Do-Funny's Wisdom Jingles

DADDY'S WEATHER PRAYER

ONE asks for sun, an' one for rain,
 An' sometimes bofe together;
 I prays for sunshine in my heart,
 An' den forgits de weather.

THE ENDLESS SONG

OH, I used to sing a song,
 An' dey said it was too long,
 So I cut it off de en'
 To accommodate a frien'
 Nex' do', nex' do'—
 To accommodate a frien' nex' do'.

But it made de matter wuss
 Dan it had been at de fus,
 'Ca'ze de en' was gone, an' den
 Co'se it did n't have no en'
 Any mo', any mo'—
 Oh, it did n't have no en' any mo'!

So, to save my frien' from sinnin',
 I cut off de song's beginnin';
 Still he cusses right along
 Whilst I sings *about* de song
 Jes so, jes so—
 Whilst I sings *about* my song *jus so*.

How to please 'im is my riddle,
 So I 'll fall back on my fiddle;
 For I 'd stan' myself on en'
 To accommodate a frien'
 Nex' do', nex' do'—
 To accommodate a frien' nex' do'.

THE CHAMELEON

DE camelia-lizard is a turncoat man,
 An' he borries his colors where dey 's "room
 to stan'";
 He mought keep solid as a county candidate,
 But you could n't sca'cely find 'im on a map
 o' de State.
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat!

MR. MULE

EF you quiz Mr. Mule, you 'll find dat he
 Gits mixed on de subject of 'is fam'ly tree;
 He 'll brag about 'is mammy with a noble
 neigh,
 An' deny 'is own daddy wid a genuine bray.
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat!

THE MOCKING-BIRD

DE mockin'-bird sings in de live-oak shade,
 A secon'-hand chant or a serenade;
 He 'll take off a catbird, a robin, or a jay,
 But he 'd niver make a name no other way.
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat!

OLD DR. DRAKE

OLE Dr. Drake wid 'is college waddle
 An' Latin inscriptions on 'is noddle,
 Would part wid 'is gait an' 'is shinin' back
 To perscribe a *crowin'-powder* an' niver say
 "Quack!"
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat!

THE SLIPPERY EEL

BRER EEL got a mighty jewbious name,
 But maybe he ain't so much to blame;
 He could n't squirm out ef he niver
 ventured in,
 An' he resks his all when he resks his skin.
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat!

MR. CRAWFISH

MR. CRAWFISH th'ows a racklass bluff,
 An' he sho do look like fightin' stuff;
 But turn 'im loose on a battle-ground',
 An' he 'll bow 'isself out, an' niver turn
 roun'.
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat!

MR. FLEA

LOOK out for Mr. Po'-trash Flea!
 Ef you let 'im come in, he 'll make too free;
 He 'll chase yo' dog till he makes 'im pant,
 An' he 'll take yo' skin for a restaurant.
 An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
 An' he ain't by 'isself in dat!

MR. HEN-ROOST MAN

MR. HEN-ROOST MAN he 'll preach about
 Paul,
 An' James an' John, an' Herod, an' all,
 But niver a word about Peter, oh, no!
 He 's afeard he 'll hear dat rooster crow.
 An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
 An' he ain't by 'isself in dat!

JUDGE OWL

JUDGE OWL 's so pompious on 'is limb,
 You 'd s'pose dey was nobody roun' but
 him;
 He 's afeard ef he was too polite
 You 'd ax 'im whar he spent de night.
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat!

THE FIREFLY

MR. LIGHTNIN'-BUG is a gay young spark,
 But he niver is yit put out de dark;
 He shines for 'isself in 'is zigzag flight,
 An' he 's middlin' sho he 's de sou'ce of light.
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat!

THE ANGLEWORM

"I COULD stand de hook," says de angle-
 worm,
 "An' a lily-brook would n't make me squirm,
 But I can't help wrigglin' ag'in' my fate;
 It breaks me all up to be used for bait."
 An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
 An' he ain't by 'isself in dat!

Ruth McEnery Stuart.

The Lovers' Baedeker; or, Arcady
 and its Environs

Topography: Over the hills and far away lies Arcady, the Mecca of all lovers, and the place where journeys end. Situated on a large tract of enchanted ground in the Country of Agapemone, Arcady is a beautiful and interesting place, and should be visited by every tourist who is making the grand tour of life.

Situation: Arcady is bounded on the north by the Land of Heart's Desire, from which it is separated by the Happy Valley. On the east, by the Gulf of Time, across which dimly may be seen, in the distance, the Garden of Eden. To the south lies Utopia, and along the western shore murmur the lapping wavelets of the Sea of Dreams, whose wonderful phenomenon of mirage often deceives even an experienced traveler.

Season: Spring and early summer are the best seasons for the intending visitor, though lovelorn swains and some poets often prefer the melancholy days of autumn.

Language: For those who wish to derive the greatest possible pleasure from a visit to Arcady, some acquaintance with the language of love is indispensable. This can best be acquired by a careful study of poetry and romantic novels, and about four hours' practice every day. ("The Lovers' Phrase-Book" is a useful little treatise, as it gives four thousand terms of endearment, alphabetically arranged, and is small enough to be carried in the pocket, for ready reference in case of love at first sight.)

Expenses: The cost of a visit to Arcady depends largely on the habits and tastes of the traveler. If he indulge in expensive bouquets or other gifts, high-priced theaters and restaurants, and up-to-date motor-tours, he must be prepared to spend his last cent or more. But if he be of frugal or thrifty