A TRAGEDY AVERTED.

There was a maid,
All prim and staid,
I loved her to distraction.
She would, said she,
My sister be,
To give me satisfaction.
A week, no more
It was, before
She had another fellow;
And wroth I grew,
And said I knew
That I his head could mellow.
My pen I took
With angry look,
A challenge for to write me.
"Meet me at the tree.
And you shall see
If it is wise to slight me."
"Let wrath subside,"
Thus he replied;
"We cannot fight each other.
She would, said she,
My sister be,
And I could be your brother."

I DREAM OF FLO.

I dream of Flo, and memory, fleeting light,
Calls up the happy bygone days to-night.
The scent of lavender is faint in air
(Alb, well-remembered flowers she loved to wear).
My senses float afar in rapt delight.
How can I e'er forget that summer night?
'Tis not because her black eyes shine so bright,
Nor is it for the witchery in her hair.
I dream of Flo.

She promised me a cushion well-bedight
With ruffles blue, and I, O luckless wight,
Must send to her—she said, exchange is fair—
My college pin in gold. Her cushion's where,
With half-closed eyes, I lie. Isn't it aright
I dream of Flo?

THE JIM-JAM KING OF THE JOU-JOUS.

Far off in the waste of desert sand
The Jim-jam rules in the Jou-jou land:
He sits on a throne of red-hot rocks,
And moccasin snakes are his curling locks.
And the Jou-jous have the connivance fits
In the far-off land where the Jim-jam sits,
If things are nowadays as things were then.
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

The country's so dry in Jou-jou land
You could wet it down with Sahara sand;
And over its boundaries the air
Is hotter than 'tis—no matter where.
A camel drops down completely tanned
When he crosses the line into Jou-jou land,
If things are nowadays as things were then.
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

A traveler once got stuck in the sand
On the fiery edge of Jou-jou land.
The Jou-jous they confiscated him,
And the Jim-jam tore him limb from limb.
But dying he said: "If eaten I am,
I'll disagree with this Dam-jim-jam!
He'll think his stomach's a Hoo-do's den!"
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

Then the Jim-jam felt so bad inside,
It just about humbled his royal pride.
He decided to physic himself with sand,
And throw up his job in the Jou-jou land.
He descended his throne of red-hot rocks,
And hired a barber to cut his locks.
The barber died of the got-'em-again.
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

And now let every good Mussulman
Get all the good from this tale he can.
If you wander off on a Jamboree,
Across the stretch of the desert sea,
Look out that right at the height of your booze
You don't get caught by the Jou-jou-jous!
You may, for the Jim-jam's at it again.
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

COQUETTE.

I loved Elise long, long ago,
And she had smiles for me,
When but a willful child, who broke
Whatever she could see.
I loved Elise a week ago,
When last she smiled on me;
I offered her my heart to break,
But she accepted me.
I loved Elise, and love her still;
If she'd but smile I'd woo.
We were engaged a week ago;
Alas! she broke that, too.