



FABLES OF AESOP

Done Over for the Young.



The Wolf and the Lamb

It was a huge and hungry Wolf
That roamed the forest through.
It was a literary Lamb,
Lived in that forest, too.
The Wolf's uncultivated taste
Led him young lambs to eat;
Miss Lamb devoured the Ibsen plays,
She did not care for meat.

Miss Lamb drank at a shady brook;
The Wolf came up behind.
"What luck," he cried, "here's meat and drink,
" 'Tis high time that I dined."
For, on a near-by, sunny slope,
Some fragrant spear-mint grew;
And lamb with mint sauce was a dish
Whose toothsome he knew.

The Lamb perceived the Wolf draw near,
But yet she did not fly.
The Wolf, who'd planned a thrilling chase,
Could not but wonder why
Until Miss Lamb inquired: "You wish
To eat me up to-day?"
Whereat the Wolf replied: "Well, yes,
It rather looks that way,"

Miss Lamb looked shocked; her large eyes
flashed.
"Why is it," she exclaimed,
"That you can own such vulgar tastes
And never be ashamed?
Flesh foods, you very well should know
Do not build up the brain;
'Tis this, and not your base designs
Which gives me mental pain.

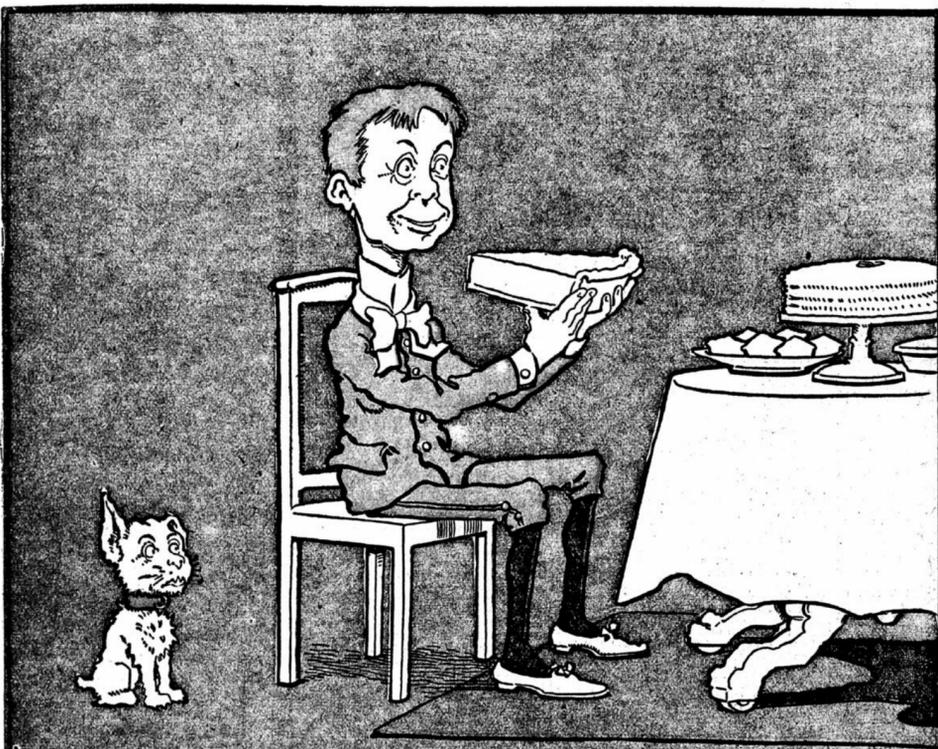
"Besides, the Newer, Higher Thought
To the conclusion leads
That each one's character is formed
By that on which he feeds;
While you and I have not a tie



Of con-san-guin-i-ty.
If you eat lamb, you soon will find,
Much like a lamb you'll be."
The Wolf's jaw fell in wonderment,
Surprise had made him dumb;
At length he gave himself a shake
And muttered: "Well I vum!"
Meanwhile Miss Lamb with one chill glance
Which pierced him through and through,
Had gathered up her Ibsen's works
And passed beyond his view.

MORAL

This helpful, but fictitious yarn
Should teach to all who read,
That they who pause for argument
May lose the chance to feed.
It also points to that grand truth
Which all should ponder well;
That is, despite appearances
You cannot always tell.



This little boy would never eat
Except of pie and cake,
Although he knew they'd make
him squirm
With awful stomach ache.
So he grew pale and weak of limb;
There was no snap nor strength
in him.



This little boy would eat no sweets,
He ate oatmeal instead.
He built his little system up
With meat and fruit and bread.
And he grew up so strong of limb
They made a center rush of him.