

TO AMARYLLIS  
(Kind of a City Guy's Elegy.)

I.

Amaryllis, listen, kid,  
I love you as I always did;  
Just because I've gone away  
Ain't no reason, I might say  
Why I have forgotten you  
Amaryllis, you will do!

II.

Amaryllis, I remember,  
All them glad days in September,  
When beneath the harvest moon,  
That there love-spell broke too soon.  
'Course, we'd orter died that night—  
Amaryllis, ain't I right?

III.

Amaryllis, gosh, it's tough—  
This lonely thing is right bad stuff;  
If a guy could just forget  
All the past, he wouldn't fret;  
But memories are never slack;  
Amaryllis, kid, come back!

—o—o—  
REVENGE!

While making his usual daily inspection of the stables the major noticed Trooper Jones giving his horse a piece of lump sugar.

"I am very much pleased to see you making much of your horse, Trooper Jones," he said; "it shows that you regard him with the true spirit and I will not forget it."

Trooper Jones waited until his commanding officer was out of hearing and then turned to his neighbor.

"I wasn't makin' much of him," he said. "The blighter threw me off this morning and I am trying to give him the blinkin' toothache." — Tit-Bits.

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WHY IT WAS SAFER

A boy was visiting another boy, and as they were going to bed the little host knelt to say his prayers.

"I never say my prayers when I am home," said the visitor.

"That's all right," said the other boy. "You better say them here. This is a folding bed."—Ladies' Home Journal.

AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL!  
Unnatural History by Eugene Ahern



The Love Bug.

Ah!

Gather 'round all ye who are love sick. This is the bug that gave you the fever. A fellow who is in good, healthy condition may be walking through the park and not have the slightest thought of falling for some fair damsel. His thoughts may be far away, overhauling his automobile or painting a chicken coop, until the love bug alights on his vest just over the first pocket on the left side and drills through, puncturing the Romeo-to-be's carburettor—then keep your headlights on the poor boob!

Observe how, stricken with the fever, he raves about some frail. He even tries to write poetry about her, loses his appetite, and wanders along the streets looking in jewelry and furniture store windows.

Don't try to dodge the love bug, because when he goes after anyone he GETS HIM!

—o—o—  
WARNED—

Wife—Well, dear, I shall have to do the cooking now. Cook left without warning this afternoon.

Husband—Not exactly without warning. She told me this morning I had better bring home some dyspepsia tablets tonight, but I didn't quite understand what she meant.—Tit-Bits.