

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Match-Maker

MY mama says she 's married. / ain't yet.
 En mama says she ain't a-goin' to let
 Nobody marry me at all before
 I 'm seven or 'leven years old, er maybe more.
 My mama don't believe, she says,
 In makin' early marry-ges.

But I 'm a-goin' to marry jest
 The nicest en the goodest, best
 Old husband ever was. Ef you
 Won't tell, en cross your heart, I'll whisper
 who

It is. It 's papa. Mama says she's 'fraid
 He 's got a wife already. But he 'll trade
 Her off fer me, I bet, er else I 'll take
 The marry off of him en *make*
 Him marry me. En, anyhow,
 I don't believe 'at he *is* married now,
 'Cause where 's he keep her? Gramma she
 Is jest his gramma, like she is to me,
 En I 'm his little girl, en brother's brother,
 En that 's all, 'cept my mama is his mother.

I wish my mama was n't married, fer
 I 'd like to have my papa marry her
 While he 's a-waitin'. He 's so good en kind
 He 'd do it jest fer me, en would n't mind.
 I 'most believe I will, 'cause she 's so nice
 It would n't hurt if she is married twice.

Edmund Vance Cooke.

Evolution

I ATE me a Welsh rabbit
 In the night last past;
 I ate me a Welsh rabbit
 Whereby to stay my fast;
 Simply a Welsh rabbit,
 A harmless, armless thing,
 With not a leg to stand on,
 Nor voice to speak or sing.

I ate me a Welsh rabbit,
 Then hied myself away
 To bed and dreams and wishing
 'T were longer yet till day;
 Simply a Welsh rabbit,
 A wileless, guileless beast
 That hath no other mission
 Than serving for a feast.

I ate me a Welsh rabbit,
 Gadzooks! I thought it so;
 But after I had gone to sleep,
 How quickly did it grow

Into the strangest creatures—
 Into the mares of night,
 Into the gibberish monkeys,
 Into the shapes that fright,
 Into the ring-tailed roosters,
 Into the jabberwocks,
 Into the jangling jaguars,
 Into the six-horned ox,
 Into the horse with flippers,
 Into the hog with wings,
 Into the cat with feathers,
 Into the cow that sings—
 Into all manner of creatures
 Of the earth and the air and the sea,
 And all of them promenading
 Or sitting around on me.

I ate me a Welsh rabbit
 In the night last past;
 I ate me a Welsh rabbit
 Whereby to stay my fast;
 Simply a Welsh rabbit—
 How could there possibly be
 In a little thing like that
 A whole menagerie?

William J. Lampton.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"O' COURSE HE 'S A PROFESSIONAL"

"Aw! Wot 's de matter wid ye? Did n't he git paid by
 de League team last Saturday fer fetchin' oatmeal an water?"



Drawn by Harry Linnell

A HANDY MAN

"Yes, I kin turn me hand to anything. I've bin a sailor in Arizony, a farmer on the broad Atlantic, an' a cowboy in the Metrolopus. I give up me job in an ice-cream parlor in Greenland to go to the South Sea Islands where I expect to get work tendin' furnaces."



BY WALLACE IRWIN

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD B. BIRCH

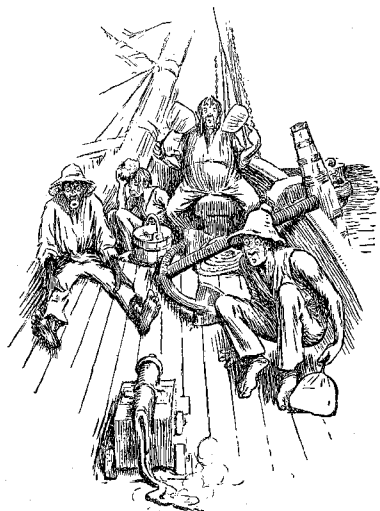
FROM New Orleans we sailed that day
To-ward the Pampas grasses.
Our cargo, neatly tucked away,
Was New Orleans molasses;
The *Susan Bean*, our barkentine,
Through many calm seas passes.

But on the third day out at sea
A pollywow she struck us,
And loose abaft and hard alee
Full thousand mile she tuck us,
And tossed us so with wave and blow
She very nearly wruck us.

But on the third terrific night
A change come over natur';

We finds ourselves a-sailing right
Along the hot equator.
Oh, strike me arm, but it was warm
As any radiator!

With palm-leaf fans we cooled our brows,
And not a word could utter.
The old brass cannon at our bows
Jest melted up like butter,
And fust we knew that 'lasses goo
Begun to cook and sputter.



"WITH PALM-LEAF FANS WE COOLED
OUR BROWS"