



SCHOOL-TEACHER.
 You scrawny old tyrant of small boys,
 What is that prompts you to be
 So savage and fierce with the urchins
 That are sent to be taught at your knee?
 Perhaps the motive that moves you
 Is revenge on the whole of the sex—
 Because none of them ever did take you,
 You wish you had all by the necks.



representative father, brother, husband
 and son.
 Mrs. Bilisco concluded by asking that
 with reference to the child's mother have
 the same rights as are now enjoyed by the
 woman.
 When questioned, Mrs. Bilisco answered
 without hesitation, and in the discussion
 she used the arguments necessary to baffle
 her opposites.
 MRS. ALTHEA SALVADO.



A SIMPERING MISS.
 Your face you always decorate with a large expansive smile,
 Which I suppose you think so sweet that it must all beguile.
 In truth it's but a silly smirk, a stupid, witless grin,
 Of which we get so awful tired we'd like to rap your chin.



STUPID MASON.
 You are only a howling idiot, and you waste more than you use,
 You can't lay a brick, or plaster a niche, but you know how to vilely abuse.
 The hod you ought to be carrying, for you're only a spoiler of brick,
 And you never did groan when hit with a stone, because your head is so thick.
 You ought to be taken up by the heels, and thrown in a mortar-bed,
 And mixed with that stuff, till it takes off the rough, and puts some sense in your head.



THE BICYCLIST.
 Now don't you cut a foolish figure,
 Mounted on that stupid "figger."
 Tearing up and down the street,
 Making every child you meet
 Laugh at you that silly way,
 Go on to it to please a boy.



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