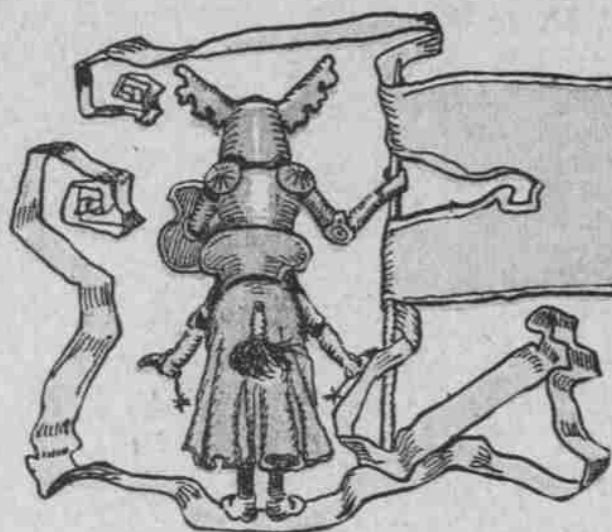




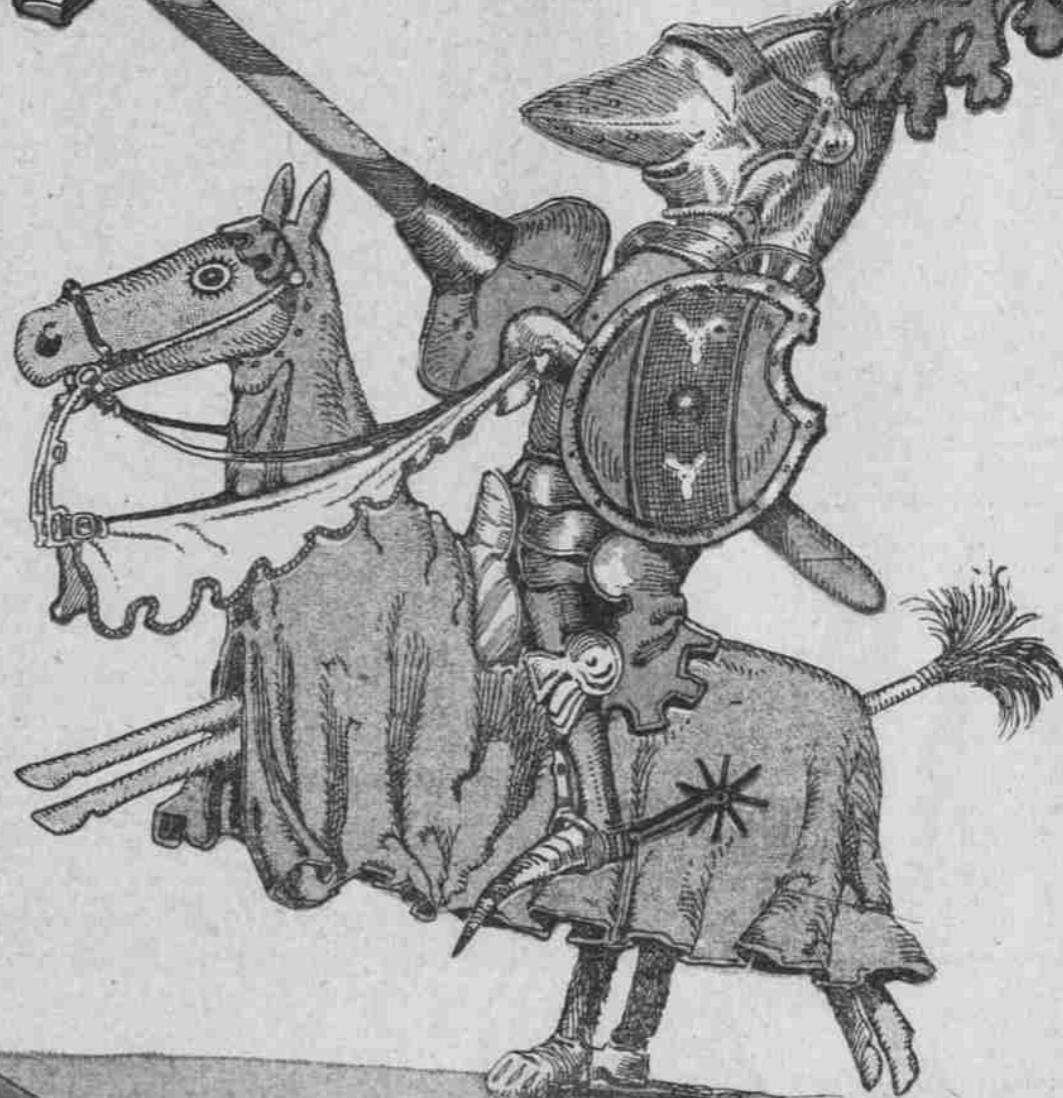
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Animaldom

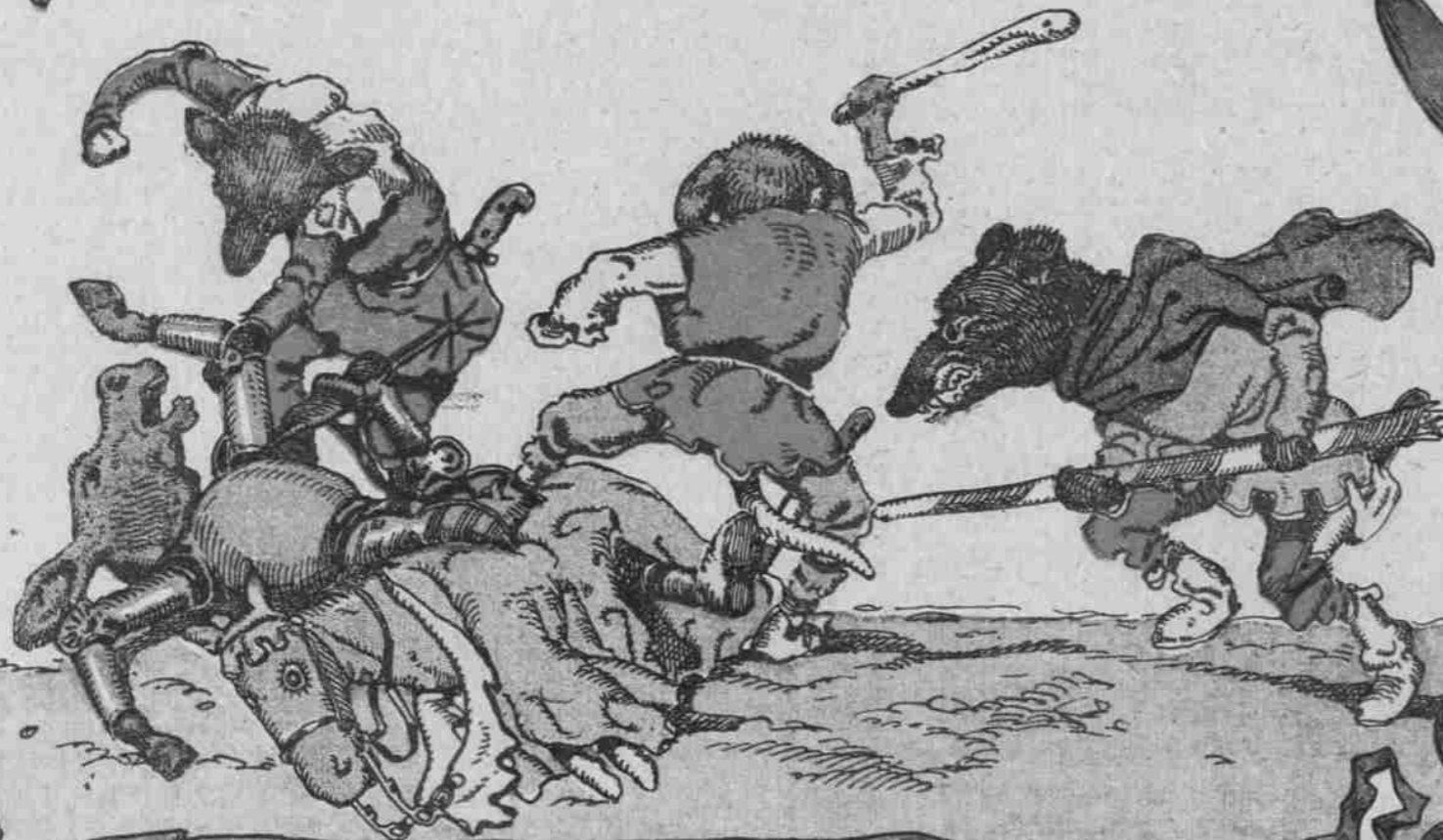
The Bluff



THE BANDITS TURN AWAY IN FEAR



THE GALLANT CAVALIER



In olden time a Jackass said,
"I'm getting tired of blows.
They beat and kick and maul me from
My tail end to my nose."

And as he worried and complained
A thought came on the run
Into his crazy, idle brain
Which promised lots of fun.

He bought himself some armor,
With a great long lance, of course,
And out of wood he made himself
A funny hobby horse.

I'd like to tell you how 'twas done;
But this you'll hardly need:
The picture shows you how he looked
Astride his gallant steed.

Then one fine day he sallied out,
This gorgeous, gallant Knight,
And met three Bandits, whom, in fear,
He quickly put to flight.

And when they saw that he gave chase,
They fell upon their knees
And begged of him to spare their lives,
As humble as you please.

Now this is where he should have quit
And kept upon his way
But no, he felt so very grand
He started in to bray.

Alack! Alack! The Bandits then
Could tell him by his roar,
And gave him such a trouncing as
He'd never had before.

"Dear me," he moaned, "in drudgery
I guess my life I'll pass;
One cannot be a gallant Knight
When one's a silly Ass."

J. J. MORA.