

# THE WIDOW WISE

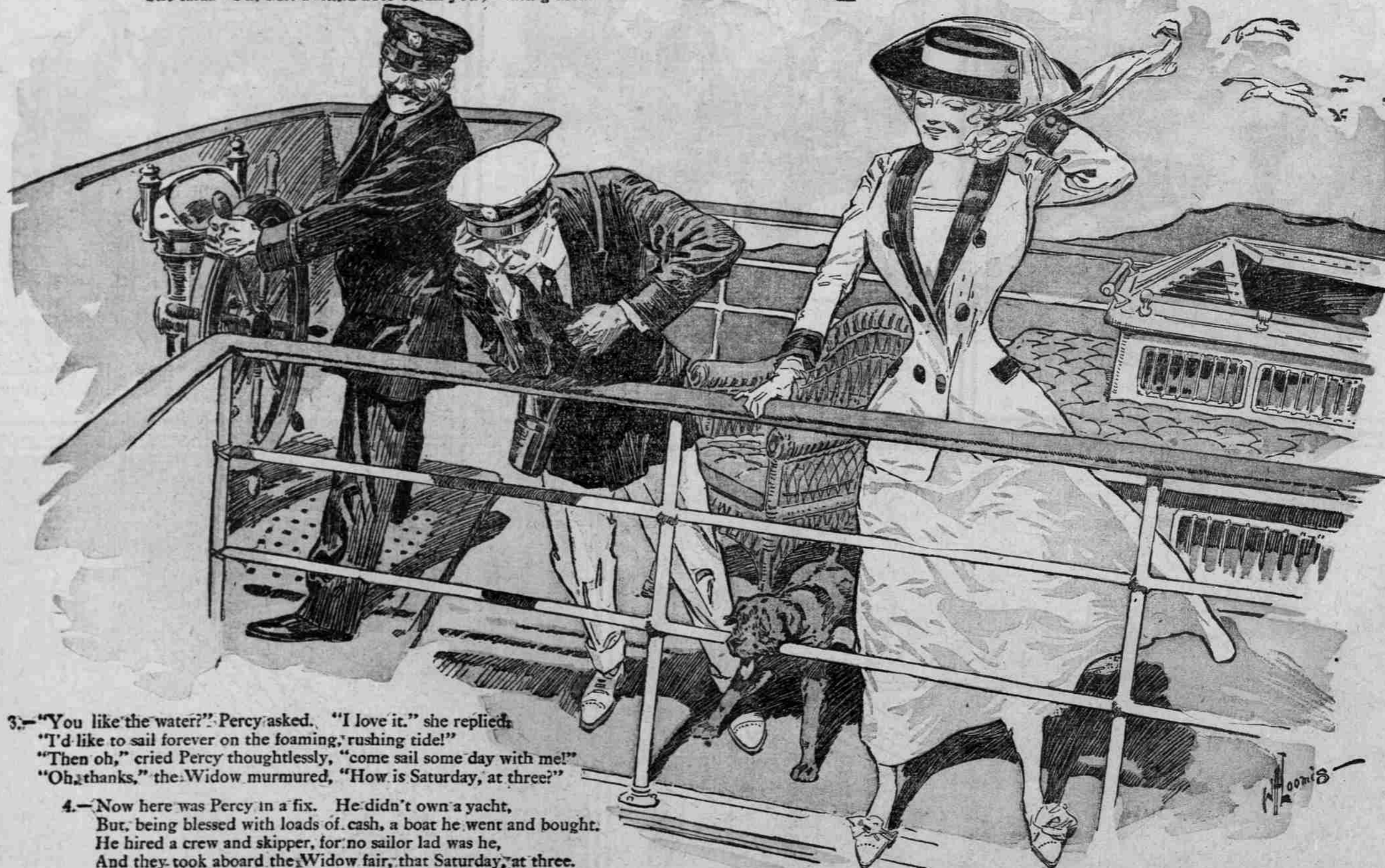
Verses by Paul West & Drawings by W. H. Loomis



1.—The "Front Porch Fleet" were members of our Yachting Club, you know,  
Who never, never took a sail, but anchored in a row  
Upon the Club House portico, arrayed in flannels neat,  
And Percy Pash was Commodore of this amusing fleet.



2.—One moonlight evening, at a hop upon the club house lawn,  
Young Percy saw the Widow Wise, and poof! his heart was gone!  
And when they met, just fancy all his joy and rapture, when  
She said: "Oh, Mr. Pash, I dote on all you yachting men!"



3.—"You like the water?" Percy asked. "I love it," she replied.  
"I'd like to sail forever on the foaming, rushing tide!"  
"Then oh," cried Percy thoughtlessly, "come sail some day with me!"  
"Oh, thanks," the Widow murmured, "How is Saturday, at three?"

4.—Now here was Percy in a fix. He didn't own a yacht,  
But, being blessed with loads of cash, a boat he went and bought.  
He hired a crew and skipper, for no sailor lad was he,  
And they took aboard the Widow fair, that Saturday, at three.

5.—The Widow raved about the yacht, and Percy lost his head.  
"You like my boat? Ah, take it, then," he indiscreetly said.  
"But take me, too—Oh, spurn me not. I'm rich, as you must know.  
Come, think about your answer, as a sailing on we go!"

6.—The Widow blushed and stepped away, but fancies filled her head.  
"He's rich, he's young, he's handsome—and his yacht's a dear," she said.  
A honeymoon on summer seas would be a happy lot.  
I mustn't answer him too soon, but—well, why not? Why not?"

7.—The boat was rolling now a bit, the sea began to rise.  
The romance of the ocean warmed the heart of Widow Wise.  
She turned to speak to Percy, and she saw his face grow pale,  
And then—he gave a groan and leaned so limply o'er the rail!

8.—The Widow smiled. She turned away from her poor, sea-sick swain.  
She sat beside the skipper till the boat reached port again,  
And then she turned to Percy, with the laughter in her eyes—  
"TRUE LOVE SHOULD LAUGH AT MAL DE MER,"  
exclaimed the Widow Wise.