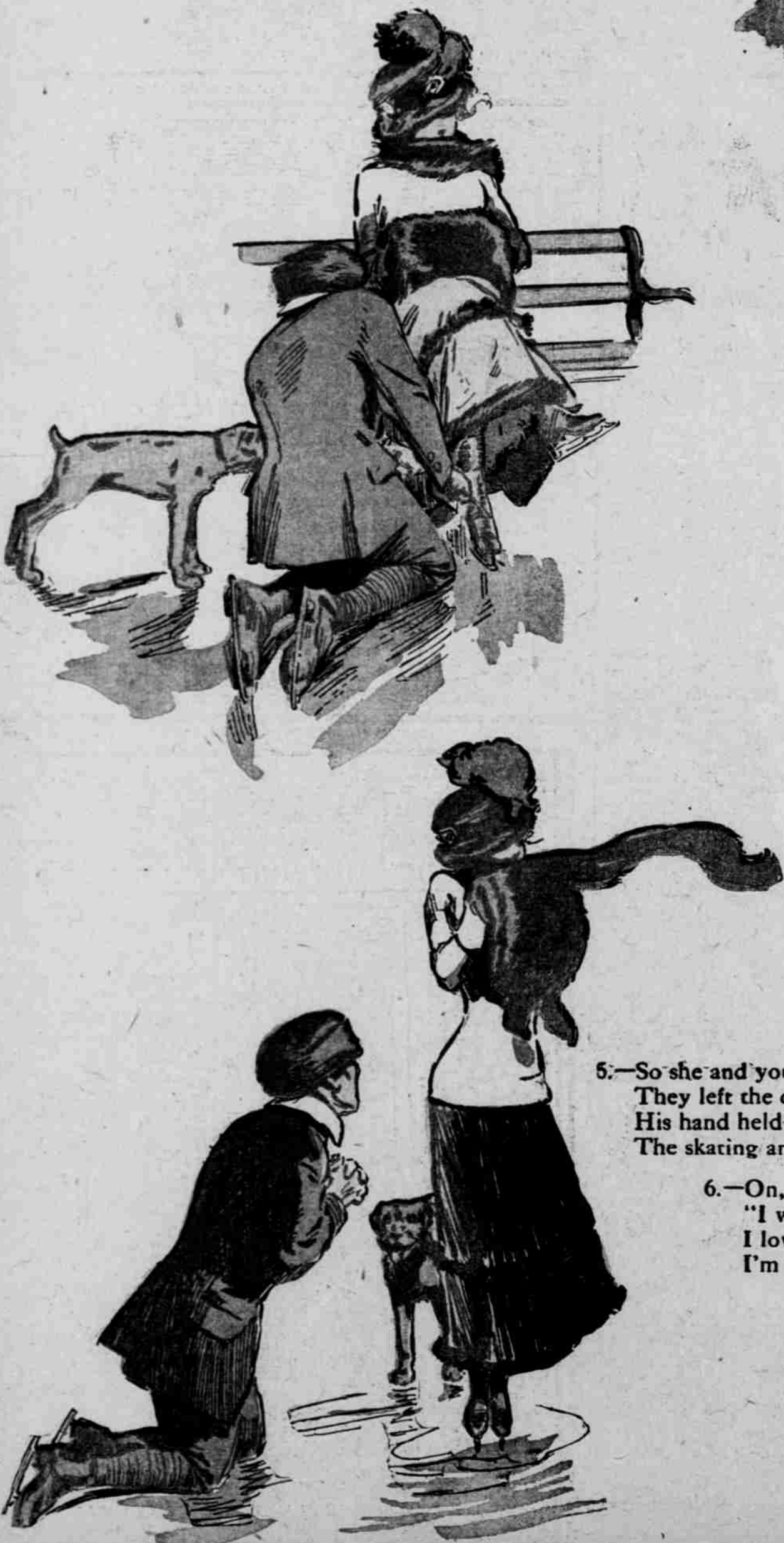


# THE WIDOW WISE

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

- 1.—The Skating Club turned out in force one January day  
To hold a winter carnival. It made a picture gay—  
A skimming, gliding, flitting throng, red cheeks and flashing eyes—  
And fairest of the skaters was the radiant Widow Wise.
- 2.—More than the glow of exercise had tinged her crimson cheeks,  
For at the Skating Club house she had met Lieutenant Weeks,  
The famous Arctic trav'ler, whose adventures at the Pole  
Would stir the dullest intellect and move the mildest soul.
- 3.—Society had welcomed him, but from the moment when  
He met the charming Widow he was like the rest of men.  
Unversed in love and courtship, yet he felt his beating heart  
Responding to the piercing of young Cupid's sharpened dart.
- 4.—He asked if he might skate with her, and she, her heart awhir,  
Just handed him her little skates, which he put on for her.  
His fingers trembled at the task; she caught his loving glance,  
And thought, "Ah, he'll propose to me if he has half a chance!"



- 5.—So she and young Lieutenant Weeks went skating on the pond;  
They left the other skaters and they skated far beyond.  
His hand held hers in warming clasp, and, though the day was chill,  
The skating and this love-clasp made her inmost being thrill.

- 6.—On, on they sped, and by and by her heart began to doubt.  
"I wish," thought she, "his song of love he'd hurry and pour out.  
I love this skating rhapsody, but if the truth be told  
I'm getting rather weary and my feet are growing cold."

- 7.—And still her Arctic hero led her skimming o'er the pond,  
And as the Widow grew more cold his ardor grew more fond,  
Until, just as the twilight fell, upon the ice he knelt  
And started in to tell his love, her little heart to melt.

- 8.—Too late! By now her heart was cold, as though on ice 'twere laid.  
She shivered like a jelly mould. "I'm f-f-froze!" she said  
"My love will not stand freezing; when it's chilled it fades and dies.  
YOU'D BETTER WED AN ESKIMO!" exclaimed the Widow Wise.