

# THE JUMP-UPS

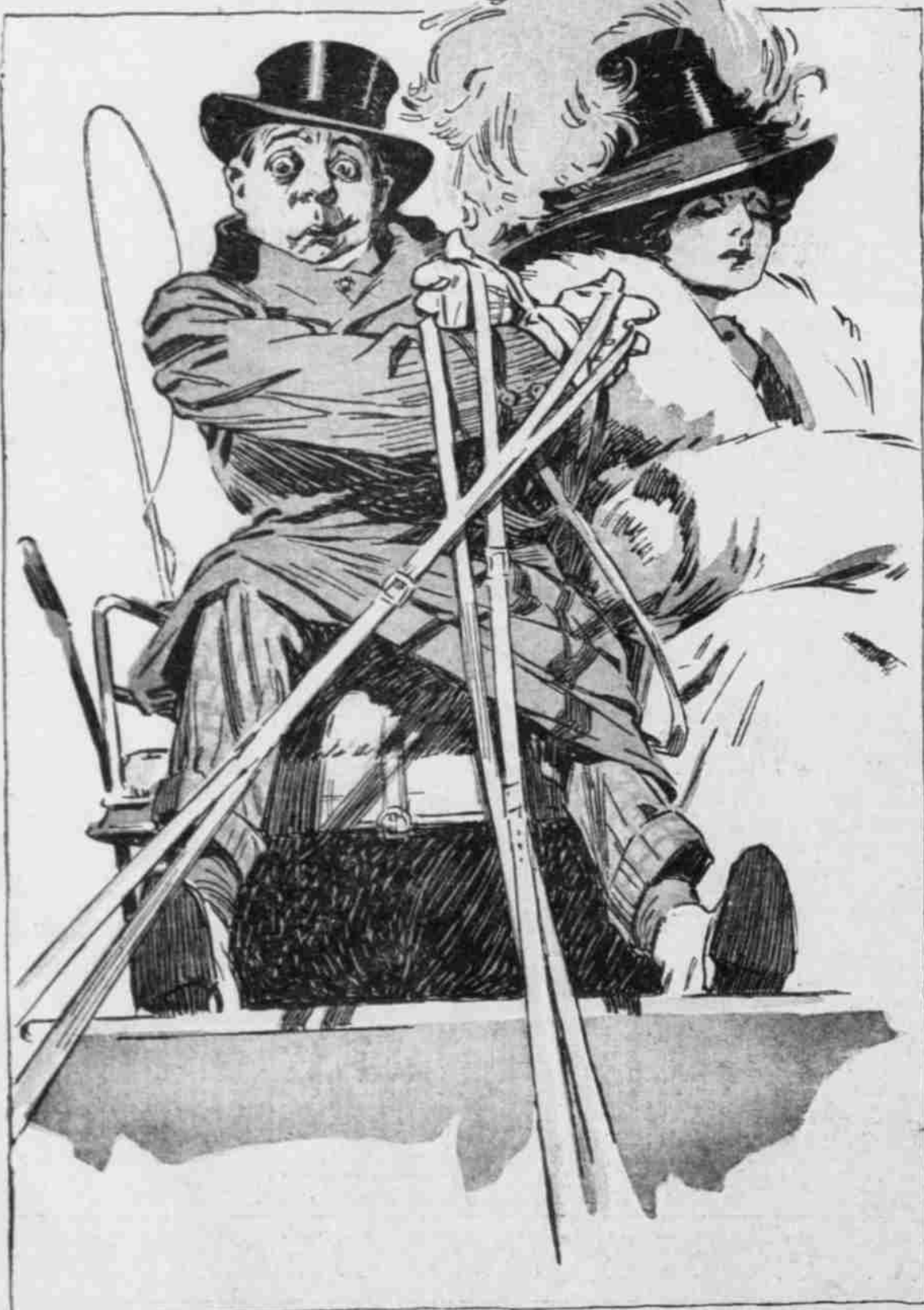
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—When Lent came 'round, JIM JUMP-UP smiled: "Now for a quiet life!"  
But other plans were set on foot by GENEVIEVE, his wife.  
"No dinners, balls, or pale pink teas!" he cheered, "on me encroaching!"  
But GENEVIEVE cried, "Tut, my boy! We'll now go in for coaching!"



2—"The Smart Set always take that up in Lent, my dear, and Oh!  
Young JACK VAN GILDING tools this year the Ardsley tally-ho!"  
She booked two places, bought gay togs, and then, one day, we find her  
Outside the coaching office, with her faithful JIM behind her.

3—"Now, JIM," she fluttered with delight, "See, there's the Fuller-Doughs,  
The wealthy G. Howe Richleys, and a lot of swells like those!  
And, just to think! we'll ride with them right up the Avenue!  
Oh, JIM, do promise to behave so I'll be proud of you!"



4—Just then came news. VAN GILDING had been taken ill, they said  
There stood the coach! But no man dared to tool it in his stead.  
When suddenly cried GENEVIEVE: "My husband volunteers!  
You'll find that he's the finest whip you've seen in many years!"

5—"Who! Me? gasped JIM. "I never druv a horse in all my life!"  
"You must!" insisted GENEVIEVE, "or you don't love your wife!"  
She shoved poor JIM up on the box—the reins thrust in his hand—  
Ta ra! ta ra! and off they went, a sight exceeding grand.

6—Poor JIM drove on, too scared to speak, and up the road they flew,  
While GENEVIEVE received the thanks the coachers thought were due.  
They seemed so glad to meet her, and they said "How nice!" of JIM.  
"At last," she thought, "he's made a hit—if Luck will stand by him!"

7—Alas! they reached a corner, and he had to try to turn!  
He didn't know which rein to pull. His face began to burn.  
A sway! A crunch! A grand collapse! Shrieks! Words no tongue should utter  
And over went the coach and all, and landed in the gutter!

8—The coachers glared at luckless JIM, and left him with the wreck,  
"I'm so ashamed!" sobbed GENEVIEVE, and drooped upon his neck.  
"I wish I was in Timbuctoo, or some far place like that!"  
"I'd be content," JIM murmured, "with our old-time, four-room flat!"