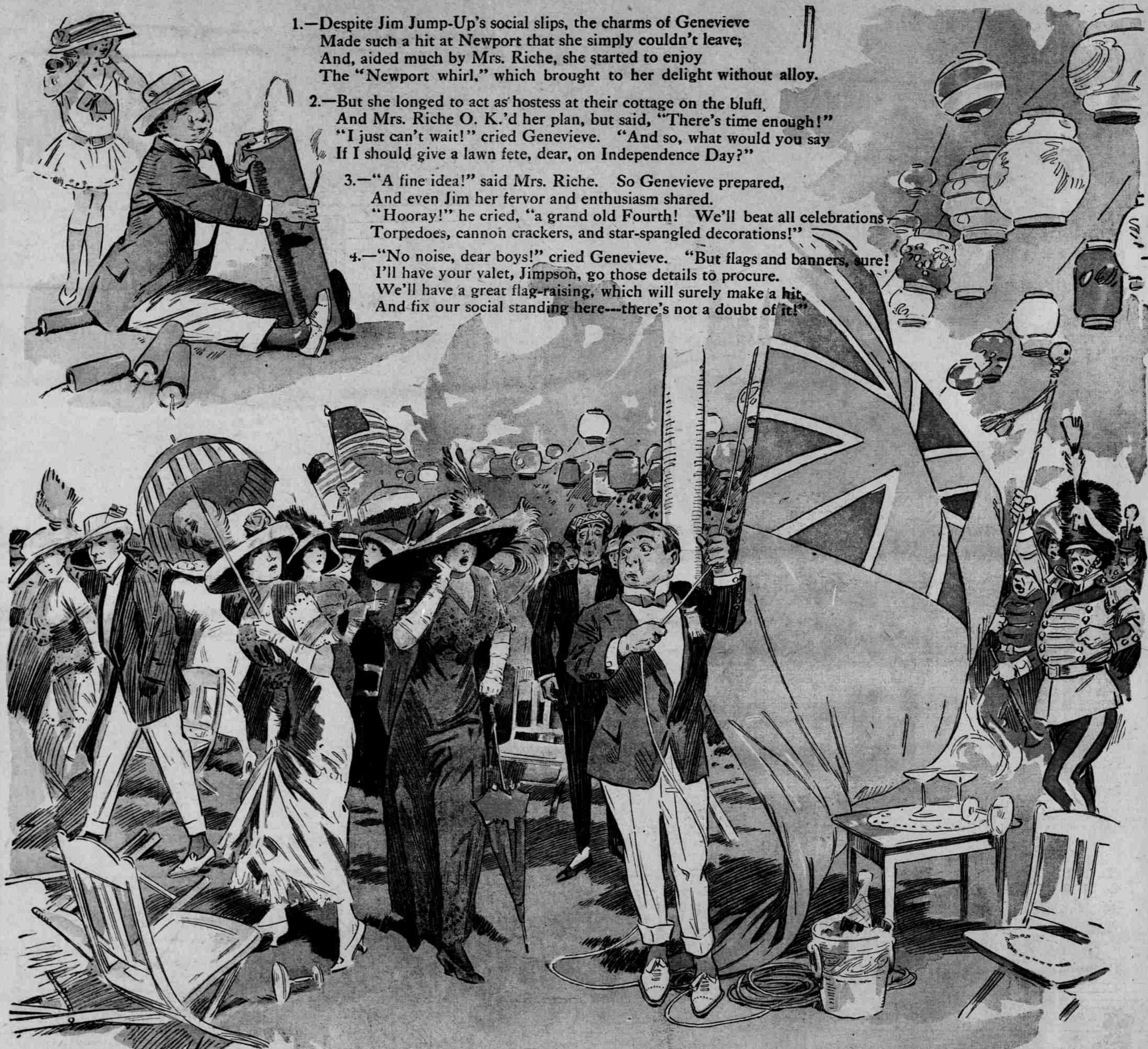


THE JUMP-UPS

Verses by PAUL WEST
Drawings by WM. H. LOOMIS

- 1.—Despite Jim Jump-Up's social slips, the charms of Genevieve Made such a hit at Newport that she simply couldn't leave; And, aided much by Mrs. Riche, she started to enjoy The "Newport whirl," which brought to her delight without alloy.
- 2.—But she longed to act as hostess at their cottage on the bluff, And Mrs. Riche O. K.'d her plan, but said, "There's time enough!" "I just can't wait!" cried Genevieve. "And so, what would you say If I should give a lawn fete, dear, on Independence Day?"
- 3.—"A fine idea!" said Mrs. Riche. So Genevieve prepared, And even Jim her fervor and enthusiasm shared. "Hooray!" he cried, "a grand old Fourth! We'll beat all celebrations—Torpedoes, cannon crackers, and star-spangled decorations!"
- 4.—"No noise, dear boys!" cried Genevieve. "But flags and banners, sure! I'll have your valet, Jimpson, go those details to procure. We'll have a great flag-raising, which will surely make a hit, And fix our social standing here—there's not a doubt of it!"



- 5.—The Fourth was clear. That afternoon upon the Jump-Ups' lawn Was gathered quite the smartest set you ever gazed upon. "You've won!" cried Mrs. G. Howe Riche. But Genevieve cried, "Stay! I've saved the finest part till now. Now, Jim, your role come play!"
- 6.—So blushing Jim his wine glass filled and faced the wond'ring crowd. "Here's to the flag we love!" he cried. The cheers rang long and loud; The band crashed forth a national air, Jim to the flagstaff stepped And pulled the cord, and on the breeze—the **BRITISH STANDARD** swept!
- 7.—"The British flag? What insult's this?" the crowd in anger cried, And to their motor cars they rushed and left in outraged pride, While Genevieve in horror gazed upon the foreign flag, And Jim, his mind a puzzled blank, stood limply, like a rag.
- 8.—"Who played this trick?" cried Genevieve. "Why, Ma'am," said Jimpson, "Hi Was told the national flag to get—but which you didn't s'y! So, being Hinglish—" "Go, you fool!" cried Jim, "and do not dally!" So Jimpson packed his bag and left—a still astounded valet!