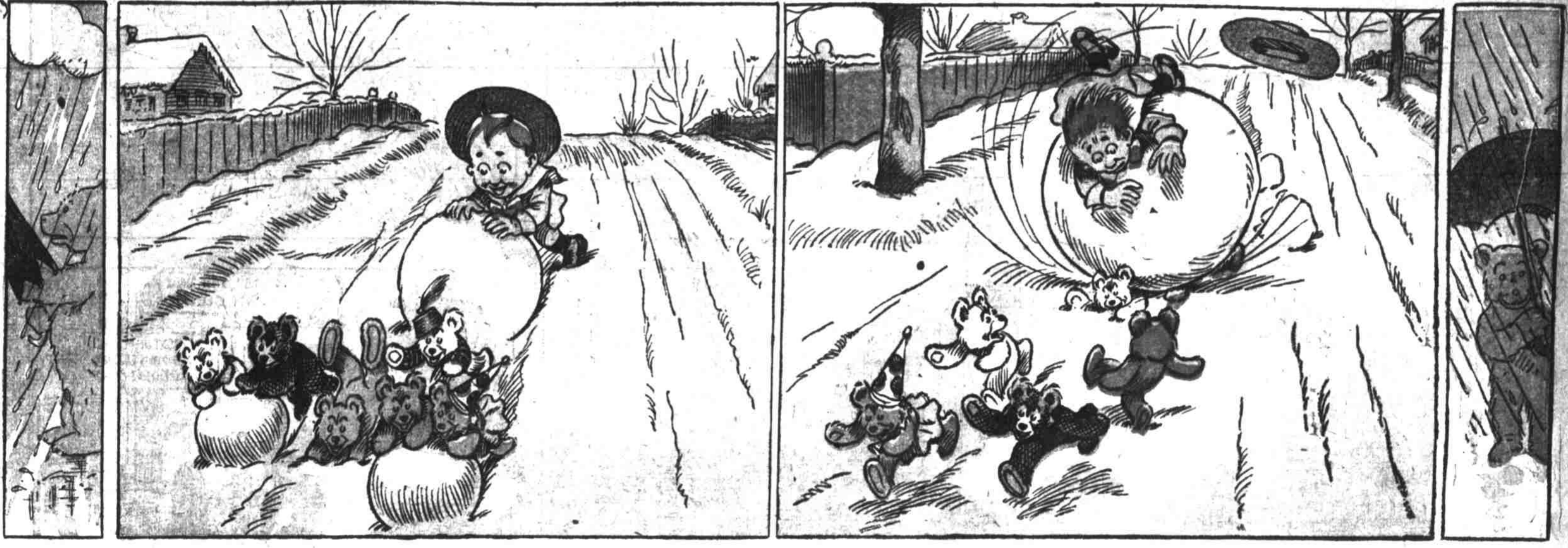
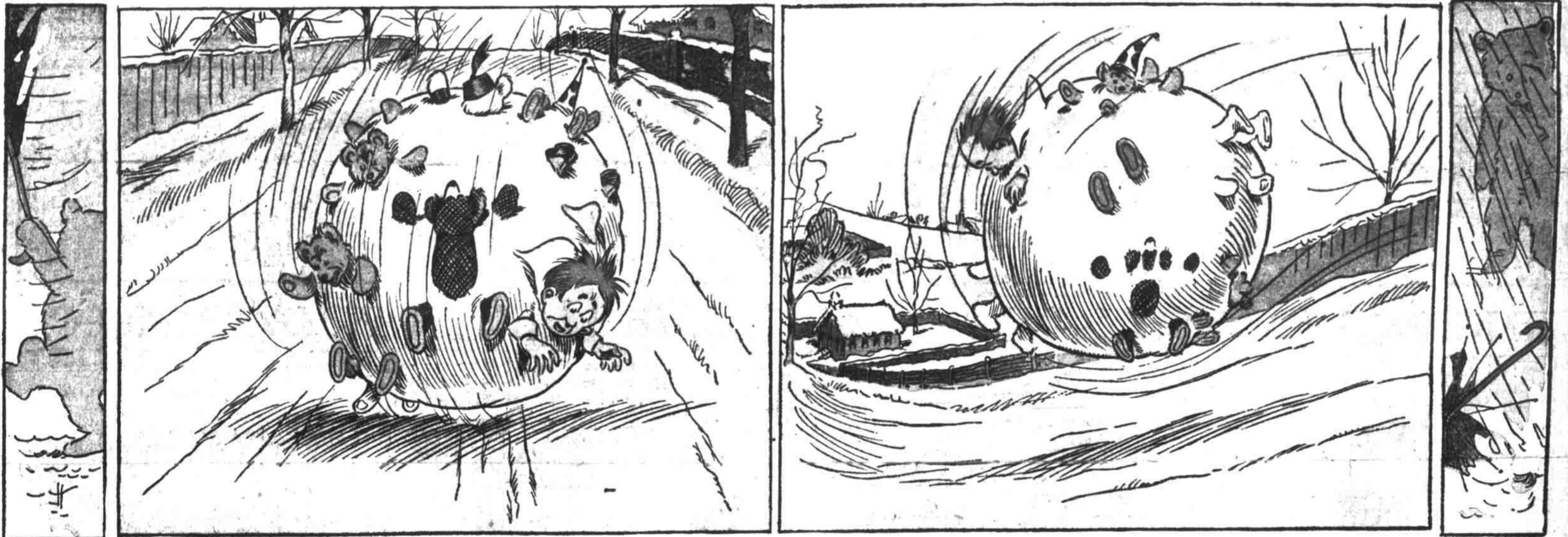


PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 7, 1908



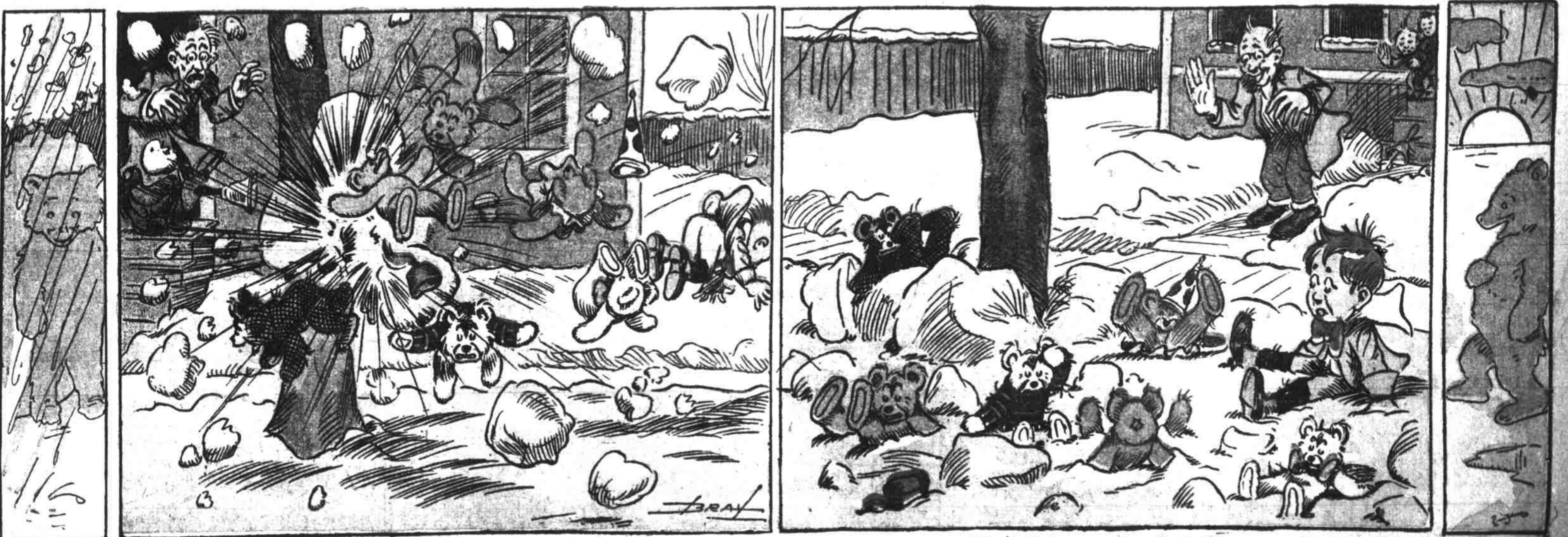
1. Cried Johnny, "Wouldn't it be fun
 To roll a ball that weighed a ton!
 'Twould stand up higher than the steeple,
 And frighten all the village people."

2. So Johnny rolled with extra skill
 Until they started down the hill;
 And then the snowball seemed to say,
 "The time has come for me to play!"



3. It gave the Teddies tit for tat—
 It rolled them up and pressed them flat;
 Nor did it mind the heavy load,
 But hurried faster down the road.

4. And faster still it whirled around,
 And scarcely seemed to touch the ground.
 The Teds were breathless, deaf and dumb—
 Prepared for any death to come.



5. Along the village street they flew—
 The snowball swerved a foot or two,
 And toward the sidewalk made a dash—
 And then, oh, horrors! Bang! ker-smash!

6. John's father saw them fly to bits,
 And almost had conniption fits.
 He gathered in the tearful bunch
 And dried them off in time for lunch.