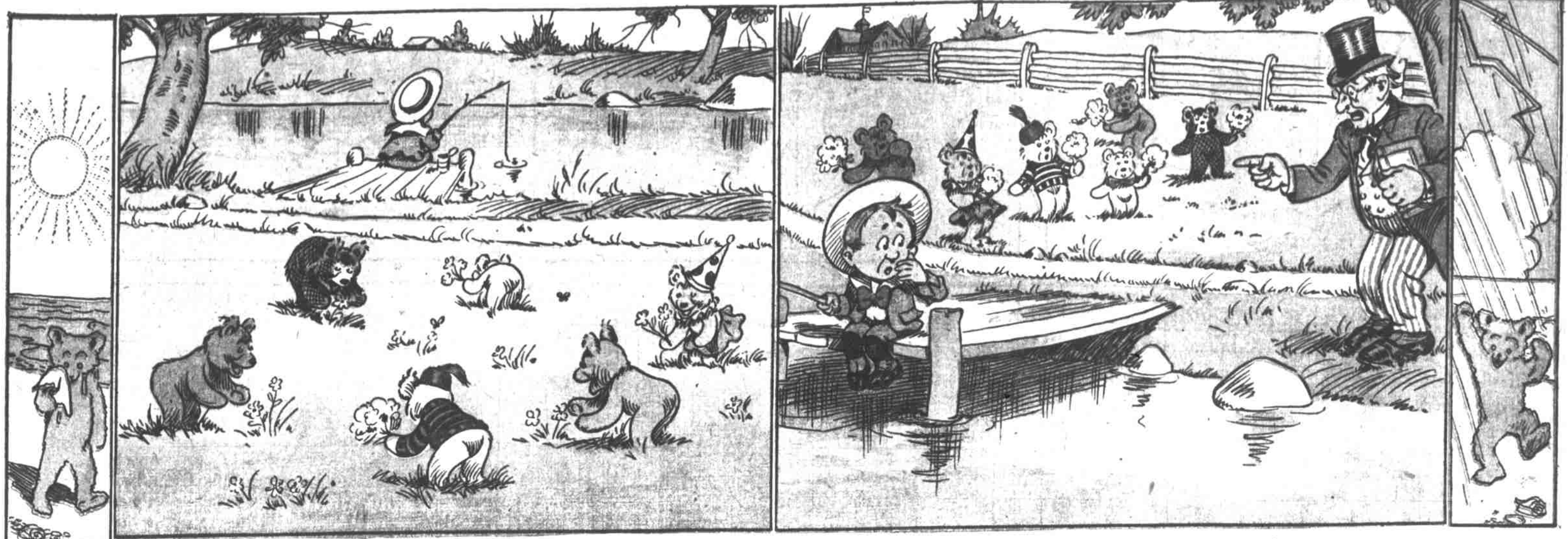
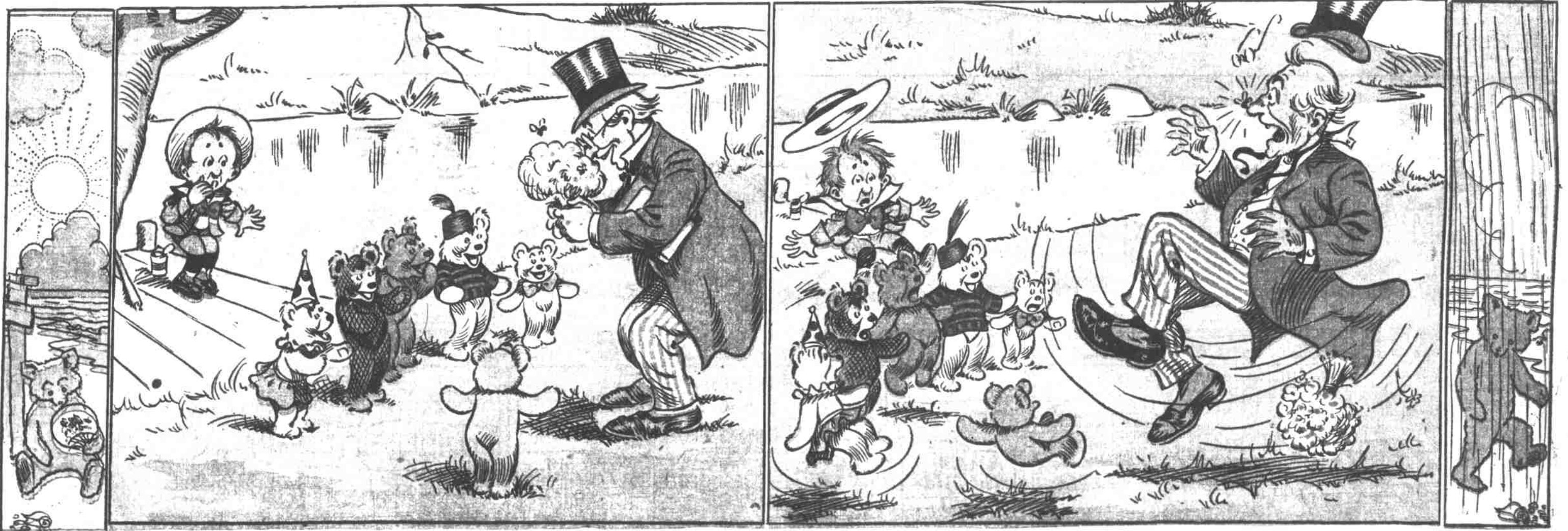


PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING AUGUST 8, 1908



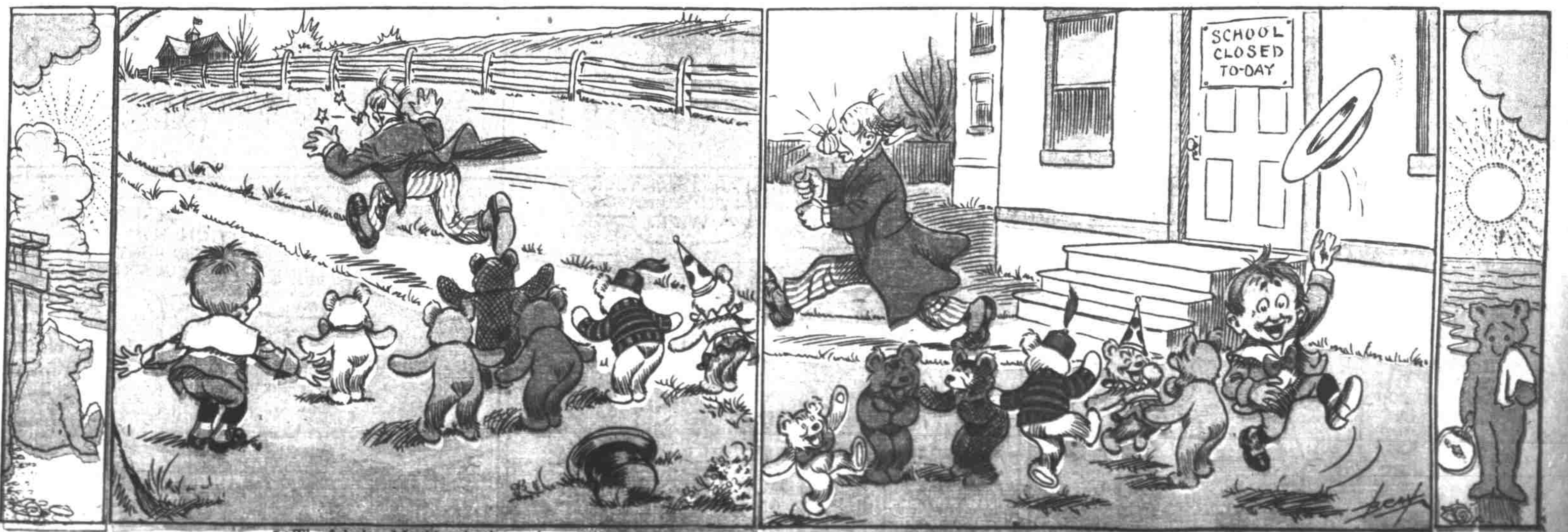
1. The Teds and Johnny run away
 Upon this perfect summer day.
 They all with one accord decide
 It is too nice to spend inside.

2. But while the bears are picking daisies,
 And while John with his fish-pole lazies,
 Their master, on his way to class,
 Perceives them idling in the grass.



3. "You wicked boy!" he straight declares—
 But then the nimble-witted bears
 Explain they had not stopped for play,
 But just to pick him a bouquet.

4. The master, pleased, accepts their gifts,
 And to his nose the flower lifts.
 "Stung—stung again!" John whispers low.
 Oh, horror! it is really so!



5. The falsehood lurking in the posies
 A bee bite on the master's nose is.
 He rushes madly down the path,
 Bewildered, pained and wild with wrath.

6. In anguish dire he shuts the school
 And dashes home for unguents cool.
 "Hurrah!" the wicked Teddies say,
 "We've earned a lovely holiday!"