

FLORA FLIRT AND THE CHRISTMAS GREENS



Flora Flirt, with gladsome eye,
Goes out her Christmas' greens to buy.



The air with frost is fairly nipping
As o'er the frozen street she's tripping.



Soon she sees a holly booth—
And also spies a handsome youth.



She buys some shining boughs of holly.
And flirts with the youth, who smiles so jolly.



To accompany her the youth insists,
While Flora coyly shrugs and twists.



Flo slips and clutches that poor boy;
In a heap they fall, to the shoppers' joy.
The Moral—Many a flirt has lost her grip
By a careless little slip.