

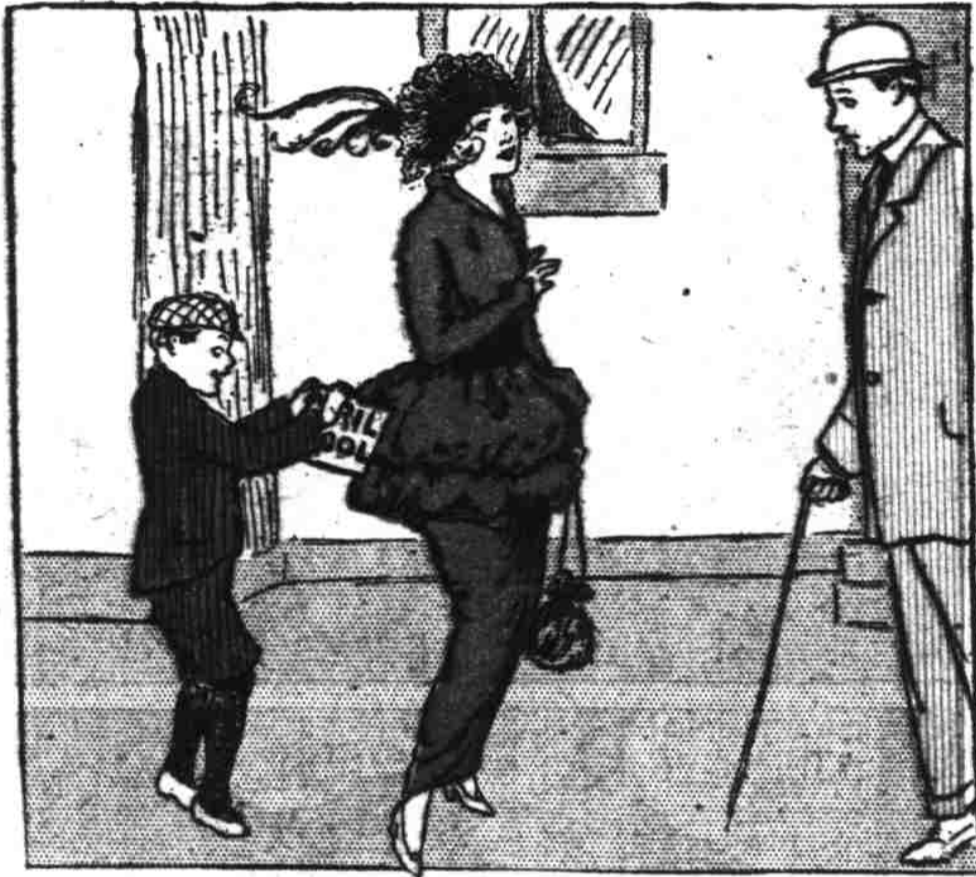
FLORA FLIRT TAKES A FOOL'S DAY JAUNT



Miss Flora Flirt, in plumage fair,  
Parading goes in the April air.



The vain, proud thoughts of dress quite blind her  
To the imp who's stealing up behind her.



So intent is she on being matched  
She never feels the sign attached.



Despite her charming lures and wiles,  
All gallants pass her by with smiles.



If she can move them thus to laughter,  
She thinks they'll soon be following after.



Horrors! The sign has met her eye  
Amid the roars of the passersby.  
The Moral—Don't base your conquests on a smile:  
He may be laughing all the while.