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### With a Many-Fronted Lunch House in Mind.

With fingers smelling of stew,  
Aenemic pains in her head,  
Under the foreman's eye she flew,  
Serving out butter and bread.

Hurry and clatter and clash,  
Cottolene smelling the while,  
Striving to swell the master's cash,  
Travels she many a mile.

Coffee and tarts and tea,  
And dozens waiting to eat,  
She tramps all day for a pitiful fee—  
No rest for her weary feet.

Din of the dishes all day,  
And the doughnuts' rancid smell,  
No time to think and no time to pray—  
A Monday to Saturday hell.

See, she is coming apace,  
Lunches all in a heap,  
Great God, see the look on her face!  
Is human flesh so cheap?

Coffee and crumpets and pie,  
See how the ravenous munch;  
An ill-paid woman, with faded eye,  
Tended a counter lunch.

### Useful at Last.

First Man: "Lord Hardup is going to have a Christmas tree this year."

Second Man: "Indeed, unless he's going to decorate his family tree, I don't see how he can afford it."

Giddypate: "It is the ambition of my life to be able to read people like a book."

Bighead: "Well, if you ever attain it you will probably find that most people should be taken as read."

She: "Do you think you will be able to make enough to support me?"

He: "Why, I hope to make enough to support two or three like you."

She: "Sir!!!"

### Just Before the Battle.

Now must the Aldermanic face  
Relax with smile of studied grace;  
He much must stoop who much would win—  
The civic fight will soon begin.

Mésalliances are strange things. If a poor aristocrat marries a rich girl of ordinary parentage he makes a mésalliance, and if that same girl should marry a poor, but decent man, she makes a mésalliance.