



“THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.”

To the ladies once again
 I will pen this sweet refrain,
 I will tell them why they rouse my wrathful ire;
 Why I loose my poisoned dart,
 Why I stab them to the heart—
 Why I recommend their burning on a pyre.

Dear sweet reader please take note
 How they clamor for a vote,
 How they claim to be man's equal—mental mate;
 Yet they'll rant around and roar,
 Break up window panes galore
 With a stocking filled with rock to give it weight.

They will howl around and fret
 O'er the ills the cigarette
 Works among the ranks of juveniles and men;
 Yet their skirts all hold a place
 For a dainty little case
 Which, of gold-tipped cigarettes, will hold just ten.

WHISKY! My but how they cuss
 That outrageous Octopus
 In whose tentacles, once caught, a man must stay;
 Yet in ballroom or hotel
 You will notice it's the swell
 Little Lady who imbibes Absenthe frappé.

Then they rise up true and brave
 To protect the poor white slave,
 They must stamp this evil out without delay;
 Yet each day they may be viewed
 On the streets—well—all but nude
 So that on man's primal instincts they may play.

When they wander off to bed
 They are clothed from foot to head,
 Their sleeping garments look like armor-plate;
 But when they are all arrayed
 For their daily dress parade
 They must either be half nude or out of date.