

When we were young and guileless we can all of us remember
The hallowed joys that clung around the month of bleak
December,

The time when doting relatives their money chests unlocking
Would squander coin on flimsy toys to fill the infant stocking.

Of all the toys we e'er possessed

We loved the puff-puff far the best.

An engine, truck and passenger car,

A bit of string and there you are !

No babe in arms has a heart so tough

To resist the charms of a puff-puff-puff.

But, presently, in measure free from parents' jurisdiction

We emulate the heroes of the penny-dreadful fiction.

We clamber trees in search of prey like some primeval jacko,

And when our fathers are away we sample their tobacco.

In all particulars we vow

We're speaking of our brothers now.

A whiff, a puff, our vision dims,

The giddy world in circles swims.

A little, we find, is more than enough

For a first essay at the puff-puff-puff.

But childhood's days at last are o'er, and toys would cause
derision,

The garden and the nursery floor are not our range of vision.

Society spreads open arms and fashion flaunts her dresses ;

Girls must enhance their native charms who wish to be successes.

With us exception should be made ;

We scorn all artificial aid.

A dainty plunge in a china jar,

A dab, a pat, and there you are.

No modern maid who is up to snuff

Disdains the use of a powder puff.