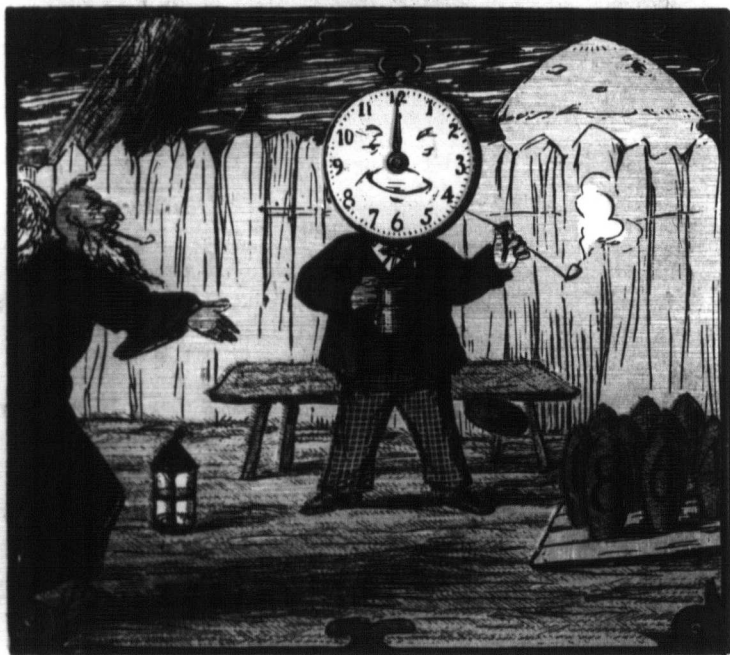


JANUARY.



FLOORING THE OLD YEAR.

'Tis I am, the only king,  
For where's the king like me?  
I've rul'd since the world's beginning,  
And shall till eternity.

A king, and a strong one am I,  
Submit to me each one must;  
All schemes to floor me they try,  
But I lay them low in the dust.

In eating I'm no way nice,  
Dyspepsia I never have known;  
For this reason, I can in a trice  
Digest either iron or stone.

In drinking, whoever is able  
To tippie all night with me?  
When they are under the table,  
"I'm king of the com-pa-ny."

"That I steal humanity's things,"  
Is false, as false can be;  
When born, if each nothing brings,  
Why I think they borrow of me

*No Time like the present.*



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