

MR. WAGONTONGUE'S CRITICISM
OF LUCIA DELAMERMORE.

She seemed to feel pretty bad when she first came out. It took another girl to hold her up. She wanted to fall frequently, but the other girl wouldn't let her. The other girl sung short sentences. Then her feller came. She was right glad to see him. They sung a long metre hymn together, and had a right good time. Then he left. That closed his good time out. Then *Lucy* had a long confab with a fellow in short green pants, edged with lace. She didn't appear to like him. Both of 'em got pretty mad. She swore she would. He swore she shouldn't. Pretty soon he showed her a letter. That closed her up. The wedding was a splendid affair. Everybody sung, including the minister. *Lucy* looked bad, and didn't seem to feel well. She married the wrong man. They hadn't been tied two minutes when the right man burst in. He was pretty mad. Then everybody got mad. There would have been a row, but the minister got madder than anybody and stopped it. The old lover treated *Lucy* very badly. He made for her, sung at her, made faces at her, got his jewelry back and jumped right up and down on it. *Lucy* tried to tell him how it was, but the fool wouldn't hear it. If he'd kept his temper and sung less, the thing might have been made up right there. *Lucy* could have got a divorce in Indiana. The other fellow was willing to compromise. But, no. Everybody went off singing and swearing. Then *Lucy* jumps from the frying pan into the fire, got her new husband's sword out and sawed him in two with it. He died. Then she came out crazy and bragged of it. She sung it before them all. She sung crazier and crazier. She waltzed up and down half a dozen octaves, turned somersaults over them, ran up to the very top of the gamut, jumped off head first, caught herself on her own larynx before she came

down, went hand over hand up the scale again, turned three vocal flip flaps in the air on nothing, ran a foot race with a flute, beat it on its own ground and then blew herself out in one tremendous squawk. Then she laid down somewhere and died. After this the old lover came poking round a graveyard at night. He disturbed the dead about half an hour by singing how bad he felt. Then the villagers all piled into the graveyard and told him she was dead. Upon this he uncorked himself with his dagger. It took two men then to hold him up while he sang it out. Everybody was glad that he killed himself. Some of the folks who paid \$3 for a seat wouldn't wait to see him die. I did. I wanted my money's worth. It wasn't much of a death. He ought to have given us more of it for the money. A man ought to be at least fifteen minutes dying for \$3 per head.

Mr. Smithson (the name is unique)
Met with dire disaster last wique;
Being rendered so dumb
By drinking hot rumb
That his wife swore her spouse couldn't
spique.

But Smithson had plenty of chique,
And not wishing to pose as a snique,
Spoke right up and said:
"As I hope to be dead,
The truth is, the barrel did lique."

"I was there with the rest of my clique
(Among them an old Arab Shique),
So our thirst we allayed,
Without being afayed,
Though I own 'twas a singular frique."

The Court (austerely): Prisoner, how did you have the audacity to break into this man's house at midnight and rob him? Prisoner (piteously): But your honor, last time I was before you you wanted to know how I could have the audacity to rob a man on the highway at high noon! When do you want me to get in my work?