

GETTING WISE.

Magg an Mame can't play the game,
Wid kids like Ned an Mat,
Mame can't ruu and Magg's no fun,
They don't know how to bat.

I took them out the other day,
Their hands an' feet to cool,
An' when I sed "I like you May,"
She looked an' sed "You fool."

So then ses I "no more for me
Of girls on the fly."
Now—when they say—"We like the show,"
I look them in the eye,

An say—"Dear May you'll find some day
All kids you cannot fool,
I'm getting wise like other guys
I'm learning in your school."