

LINES OF A LUNGER

USE YOUR GAUZE—Continued.

If you find one who will not
Use his gauze.
Give him hell, right on the spot!
You have cause.
Show him all the use and need,
Of the rules that he should heed,
Self-protection's Lungers' Creed,
Use your gauze.

THE RHYMER'S REASON

Among my friends are those who say,
That I should give my random verse
A wider scope.—That it would pay!
I know of nothing needed worse,
Than light on this Terrestrial Curse;
So, tho' I may not fill my purse,
I'll rhyme on in the same old way.

Why mouth this curse with bated breath?
And say it is a thing to dread,
That misery follows in its path,
That every chance for life has fled,
And other talk upon this head?
A man might better far, be dead
Than live, and be afraid of death.

The nettle boldly grasped will lose
Its power to sting, and so "T. B."
Must lose its horror, when we choose
To meet it sanely. While we see
Its many dangers, not to flee,
But boldly front them. As for me,
I'll do my fighting through the Muse.