







Puzzle: Find the girl who has been kissed within ten minutes.—An X-Ray after C. D. Gibson.

## That Premier Majority—One.

Here's to you, Hon. Geo. Washington Ross,
And your mammoth majority—ONE.
Let them say that it's all in your eye,
That it's stolen from Dooley or Nye,
Tories biased and small
Couldn't see it at all,
Tho' it stared at them thirty miles high,

Sky-high, Only then through a glass of old rye. But, George (just between us), could you stand, say

a "run"

For a week on that huge multitudinous one?

That cute little digit of one,

That big, little tritle of one,

That strange problematical,

Globe autocratical,

Grand old historical—ONE.

Here's to the one, or the series of ones,
That have made your majority—one.
Without it you'd be in the soup,
Or politically looping the loop,
As a matter of fact
You could never have packed
Your grip as a "star" in that troupe,
Royal troupe,
That captured the Imperial stoope—

You could never have trilled for King Eddy & Son, While good old King Adjective walloped your one, That shocking enormity one, That terrible outrage of one, That wierdly mephistical, Bald, egotistical, Preposterously mystical—ONE.

Here's to you, Hon. Geo. Washington Ross,
And that symbol of unity--ONE.
We have had it in court and in jail,
Hot water and whisky and ale,
And by jove, once or twice
We have had it on ice,
Just to keep it from getting—well stale,
Too stale,

For it got pretty close to the "Mail."
Yet whenever they yelled at it—"Going—going—gone!"
It bobbed up the same old ubiquitous one.

It bobbed up the same old ubiquitous one.
And after all said and done, the same one,
And the man who denies it is "one."
If it never grows bigger
'Twill still cut the figure

That's fifty times larger than none, Yes, by George!

Quite fifty times bigger than none.

—T. C