

Now of course you all know
That Old Lizz is the K. P. goat,
And a bucking old lady I'll show
Before I get through with this note.

The meeting was opened decorous
With our genial C. C. in the chair,
And Bobby led off with a chorus,
While Bro. Myers beat time to the air.

At last there was a rap of the gavel,
And Mallery looked solemn and wise,
And the Master-at-Arms ceased his babble
While Prelate Godfrey appealed to the skies.

The Chancellor then said "My brothers,
I believe we're met here to talk
And to arrange some way or other
To increase our nice little flock."

At this, up jumps old Eobby,
And said: "Noo. that's the vara thing;
It's time we're beginning to fash
Hoo to mak' the old welkin ring."

Brownie sat still with a grin,
Calm as a julep, in May,
And said he knew 'twas a sin,
But he could not agree with McKay.

Dunc arose, then as if to the rescue,
With a terrible gleam in his eye,
And said: "Chancellor Commander, of course
you know
The reason we've met here, and why.

When I look around me and see
Young men who are going to waste
In this land of the brave and the free,
I move, we do business with haste."

Then the old war-horse arose,
The battle-scarred veteran, Jim,
And he stroked his aquiline nose,
As he displayed that well-known grin.

"Chancellor Commander, and brothers," he said;
"This talk's getting decidedly long,
I'll admit that we're practically dead,
And our fame has not reached Hong Kong,

But I think it can be easily fixed
By an appeal to our Grand Inky Dink—
Quit your barking, you fool-dog, 'Rix,'
While your Master's trying to think—

Ah, I see it all now,
We'll appeal to have our charter re-opened,
And the boy's 'I come then, I vow,
Without making the kick that we broke 'em!"

So the Keeper of Records and Seal was told
To prepare in his very best style,
This pet little scheme of J. L. to unfold
To the Grand Inky Dink, and be placed on file.

Then the word was soon flashed
O'er the wires from Vancouver,
To groom up old Lizz
For the grand-stand manoeuvre.

And then, with a blare of bugle and trumpet,
The knights gathered round in their glory and
glitter,
Old Lizz was turned out with the injunction to
hump it,
And give the poor divel who rode her a
splitter.

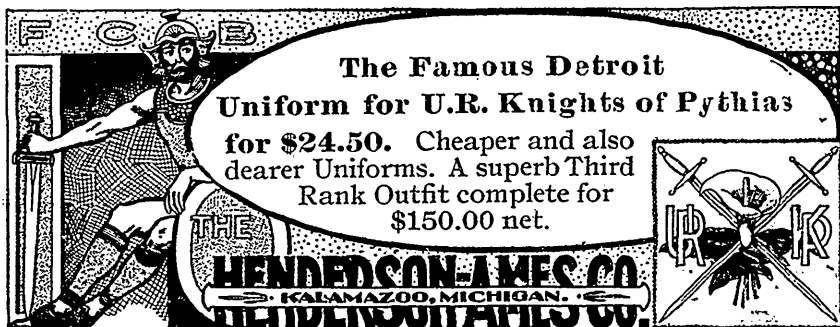
The Master-at-Arms then led in the strangers—
There was Jack Podroff, Freddie Buse,
Billy Knight and Tom Granges,
And a dozen more boys for all of which we had
use.

Old Lizz, who was champing her bit in the
corner,
Was led forth by the boys in stately demeanor,
And Freddie Buse was the first to do her the
honor
By getting astride with a "get-up, you old
screamer."

Now, Fred is a boy of the very first water,
So he spurred poor old Lizz
Until she was foaming with lather
And bucking. She bucked—ask Fred; well,
rather!

Now, Big Bill, who was driving,
Swore he would luff 'er
If she didn't buck Fred
Until he hollered "enough there!"

"Toots, mon," said Bob, "but ye'll have to gang
right;
Or, by the shade of the revered old Robby
And Tam o'Shanter's ride
Ye'll have to hawl yer crack lad, or make awf'
awfu' fight."



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