

THE WISDOM OF THE OWL

And let your neighbors have a rest;
He frowned, and looked just like
the Kaiser,
But answered nothing, being wise.

I then continued my harangue
With somewhat of a nasal twang;
I'd like to know for what good reason
You're always hunting out of season;
Why ride rough shod o'er friend
and foe,

Thirsting for blood where'er you go;
Why don't you put your trust in God,
And be content with birdie's food?
Oh yes, I guess in God you'll trust
When every other Trust is bust.

He did not seem to like the jingo.
Roughed all his feathers up by jingo,
And then, to show just how he felt,
He glared, and looked like Roosevelt.

To try and rouse the bird to speech,
I gave a most unearthly screech,
A screech resembling the yell



THE

Tha
Wh

The

A ca
And
Shov
Whi

His
Cont
And

He s
Ther
Wha

Wea
And
I sca
And,