

P o e m s    b y

Month after month these foolish mice  
Investigated traps ;  
Month after month I heard with joy  
The series of sharp snaps.

Now, mice are to my father  
A serious offence ;  
And so, for every one I caught,  
He gladly paid five cents.

And thus I earned my money—  
My talent was not nice,  
But still, I've done my little  
To rid the world of mice.

*W. P.*