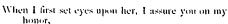
## DELSARTE.

am paying my addresses to a girl with classic tresses, Who is gone upon that cranky French philosopher, Delsarte:

But I'm frequently surmising that her attitudinizing And her waves and genuflexions will break this faithful



That I loved her with a passion my tongue can never tell:

The facts I do not garble when I say she looked like marble.

She really seemed to Challange me to break her witching spell.



I secured an introduction and soon felt love's whirlpool suction.-

Beneath her smile my being seemed with gladness to expand:

To Delsarte I grew quite partial, and I said "my dear Miss Marshall,

Believe me to remain yours ever truly to Command!"



When I met her shortly after she indulged in scornful laughter:

When I took her hand and kiesed it, and

muttered "by your leave!" Yes! she laughed a laugh so hollow that my heart I had to swallow,

My Horror and Astenishment you never could conceive !

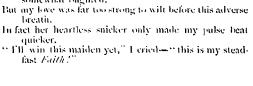


Being plainly snubbed and slighted, I of course felt somewhat blighted.

breath.

In fact her heartless snicker only made my pulse beat

fast Faith!





Next day I saw her walking and affectionately talking With a simpering summer dudelet, who wore a blazer coat, And at once a surging passion gainst this paltry sprig of

A passion known as Jealousy any heaving bosom smote.

I came very nearly swooning, but so deep were they in spooning

That they never even saw me, though I boldly crossed their path:

There I stood, ignored—not in it! and I posed one awful minute

In an attitude of Anguish, which was not unmixed with Wrath.





"This couple I will sever," I hissed out, "now or never!" "I'll bring this to a head at once, my fate this girl must scal.

So that evening I waited on the lady and so stated-In accordance with Delsartian rules I made her my Appeal.

There I pleaded, and she listened, and her starry eyes they glistened,

As she stood like Grecian statue until I'd quite got through:

When her arms (to my unnerving) began mysterious

curving,
And she said "You make me Weary, very Weary—so you do !"



"Do you mean," I grasped out, choking, "Oh, no, no!

you must be joking,—
Do you mean I make you Tired? Say I have misunderstood! But to this appeal so craving, she did some more armwaving,

And finished with Rejection in Delsarian attitude.

"Tis this dude you love !" I thundered, "and from him you shall be sundered.

If I have to slay the creature—which I certainly shall do!"

In reply she made a jesture, throwing back her classic vesture,

And struck the pose Defiance, and merely said "pooh-pooh!"





Then I strode out full of fury, waiting neither judge nor jury.

And I went and slew that Dudelet with a poisoned cigarette :

Then his hated prostrate body with its blazer coat of shoddy

I pounded with a racket as I roared Revenge is sweet!



She came up just as I ended and looked as tho offended

Then she beautifully posed as Grief, and dropped a pearly tear, While I with anger roasting stood representing

Boasting And exulting in my work I cried, "Sic semper dudelets here!"





Then she seemed a little fluttered, though no word at all she uttered,

I could see a conflict raging in her palpitating heart, I could scarcely comprehend her, till she said "Yes-I Surrender

And she took the pose accordingly invented by Delsarte.

"Tis not that I really love you, for I think myself above you,"
She said,—"I just surrender to get rid of you for

good." This was just a trifle chilling, but I cried, "all right, I'm willing!"

And thus I won my Triumph, and I struck that attitude!



---J. W. B.