

DELSARTE.



am paying my addresses to a girl with classic tresses,  
Who is gone upon that cranky French philosopher, Del-  
sarte;  
But I'm frequently surmising that her attitudinizing  
And her waves and genuflexions will break this faithful  
heart.

When I first set eyes upon her, I assure you on my  
honor,  
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 *Challenge* me to break her  
witching spell.



I secured an introduction and soon felt love's whirl-  
pool 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 kissed it, and  
muttered "by your leave!"  
Yes! she laughed a laugh so hollow that  
my heart I had to swallow,  
My *Horror* and *Asternishment* you never  
could conceive!



Being plainly snubbed and slighted, I of course felt  
somewhat blighted,  
But my love was far too strong to wilt before this adverse  
breath,  
In fact her heartless snicker only made my pulse beat  
quicker.  
"I'll win this maiden yet," I cried—"this is my stead-  
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  
fashion—  
A passion known as *Jealousy*—my heaving bosom smote.

I came very neatly 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 unmingled  
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  
seal."  
So that evening I waited on the lady and so stated—  
In accordance with Delsartian rules I made her my  
*Appal*.

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 arm-  
waving,  
And finished with *Rejection* in Delsartian 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.