

And did they go back in despair
And sob when safe in bed,
"We are the weaker vesssels, we,
Just as St. Paul hath said?"

Ah! gentle soul of womankind,
So brave to do and dare!
The maidens shoved that barricade
And gained an entrance there.

And then, they hurried to his room,
And tapping on the door;
"Wake up! get up! arise!" they cried,
"For it is after four!"

No sign gave he that he had heard,
Right loudly did they scream;
And many a harmless, sleeping boy
Was wakened from his dream.

A dainty lunch they left for him
Which they had brought along,
A bun, some bread and butter and
An onion, large and strong.

Although quite innocent, his wife
Did share his woe, alack!
"Don't mind, my dear," he whispered low,
"To-night I'll pay them back."

Alarm clocks, hidden here and there,
And set at awful hours,
Took quite a little time, no doubt,
And all his thinking powers.

His artful plan, so well arranged,
These maidens did detect,
And all those little clocks went off
Without their vile effect.

And thus, these girls out-witted twice,
A boastful, scheming man,
And may they soon have one apiece,
And train them, if they can.

M. R. M.