

OUTCLASSED.

*The Devil sat by the Lake of Fire,
On a pile of Sulphur legs;
His head was bowed upon his breast,
His tail between his legs.*

*A look of shame was on his face
The tears dropped from his eyes;
He had sent his resignation,
To the Throne up in the Skies.*

*"I'm down and out" the Devil cried,
He said it with a sob;
"There are others who outclass me
And I want to quit my job".*

*"Hell isn't in it with the land,
That lies across the Rhine;
I'm a "has been" and a "Piker"
And, therefore, I resign.*

*"Those ammunition sluggers,
With their bloody shot and shell;
Know more about Damnation,
Than all the Imps in Hell.*

*"Give my job to Kaiser Wilhelm,
And his Army in the Line;
Von Terpitz or Von Hindenberg,
Or some other child of mine.*

*"I hate to leave the old Home,
The spot I love so well;
But I feel that I'm not up to date,
In the art of running Hell."*

WHEN THE WAR WILL END.

*Absolute knowledge I have none,
But my Aunts washerwoman's Sister's son,
Heard a Policeman on the beat,
Say to a Labourer on the street,
That he had a letter just last week,
Written in the finest Greek,
From a Chinese Coolie in Timbuctoo,
Who said that the Negros in Cuba knew,
Of a Mulatto man in Texas Town,
Who heard a man who claimed to know,
Of a swell society Female Fake,
Whose Mother-in-law will undertake,
To prove that her seventh husband's sister's niece,
Had stated in a printed piece,
That she has a son who has a friend,
That KNOWS when the War is going to end.
WHAT A HOPE!!!*

BILL. — What are you worrying about?

JOE. — My wife is out in this heavy downpour.

BILL. — Oh she will be alright. She will probably take shelter in some shop.

JOE. — Damn it man. That's what I'm worrying about. She's got a fifty dollar bill of mine.

KI. — Did you hear that they were going to change the initials of K. A.

KX. — You don't say. What's it to be now?

KI. — SPK.

Continued in our next.

