

Don't rake up the Ichthyosaurus,
We know it was far from a pet;
But the motor-bus prancing before us
With little more rapture is met;
And you cannot throw darts at the latter
(The law interposes its ban),
While a beast more or less didn't matter
To Primitive Man.

Whereas Atavus Smith had a fancy
To pulverize Atavus Jones
For clubbing his fifteenth fiancée,
Or moving his ancestors' bones,
He took and he sharpened his hatchet,
And Jones either fought him or ran,
(The weaklings, we fear, used to catch it
From Primitive Man).

Then woman—our sires had a loathing
For females addicted to books;
The maiden accomplished was nothing
Compared to the plainest of cooks.
If physical force were the factor
They knew it when marriage began . . . !
When his wife went processing he smacked her,
Did Primitive Man.

—W.W.M., in *Oxford Magazine*.



CITY BUILDINGS.