

Miss Lindemann so sweet and fair,
On whom we love to look,
Responding came with frizzled hair
And face like picture book,
Then briefly left us to prepare
The whiskey hot we took.

What like a maid or sparkling wine,
Can drive dull care away ?
The trouble is to draw the line
And temperate laws obey,
For oft indulgence must incline
To whirlpools of dismay.

Soon kindled friendship was aflame,
And time flew quickly by ;
All asked in turn the drinks to name,
Each comrade made reply ;
Till lo ; we heard the dainty dame
And felt her presence nigh.

But the closing hour comes steady,
Unlike her pattering tread ;
For the scrumpy dame is heady,
And how often she has said,
"Now gentlemen when you're ready,"
Like kids be off to bed.

TO AN ACTRESS.

ALAS ! Again a magic queen
Has vanished from our track—
Like meteor flash across the sky,
She raised our expectations high,
To further fall and wilt and die,
Still memory calls her back.