

AT THE CONVENTION -- Page 2.

Some money I found, and some did not,  
But, without those molars I'm in a spot.

All this commotion in the dark,  
I'd wished I'd been in Central Park.  
My shoes by now had slipped away,  
~~I'd come for them another day!~~

I needed them to finish the day.  
So ~~But~~ I groped around mid the ladies' legs,  
Some felt like posts and some like pegs,  
Feeling for shoes I thought were loose,  
For this I really raised the deuce.

At last I rose from off the floor,  
And mancovered about to reach the door.  
For by now I surely am a mess,  
Sad to say, I must confess.

But I had some shoes, maybe they're mine,  
Also my teeth to help me dine.  
But I made up my mind whether or no  
To the next Convention I should go.

At last the pictures were all o'er  
And I was glad I'd found the door.  
I crept away and out of sight,  
Before they all could see my plight.

The ladies must have puzzled been  
About the freak who crawled unseen  
Under their chairs and round about  
And been relieved when she got out.

Now friends a moral each story has  
I'll have to think what this one is,  
But when you on a member, call <sup>DELICATE</sup>  
Make sure she won't disgrace you all.

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