



He: "You are my inspiration. I just can't do anything without you."

She: "Poor fish—You've been sitting here next to me all evening and you haven't done anything with me yet."

IN THE LIBRARY

Pray, Lady, why that chilling smirk?
There's no one here to chide;
We answer to some mental quirk,
Not to the wrath you hide.

Who gave you such a nasty blow?
I wouldn't look so sour;
We set our humor long ago,
Before the breakfast hour.

How can you read that lowly book?
No lover there for you;
Pray, smile, and use your woman's hook,
To catch some man that's new.

But could you flirt my stuck-up dear?
You are so very sad;
Coquettes can't use a frown or tear,
Say! Why are you so mad?

What melted garnet's on your nails?
It seems a trifle bawdy.

Keep Beauty in a gory jail,
And still you look so haughty!

My dear, why comb your rumpled hair?
Did my telepathic ruse
Go through that silly mask you wear,
And pierce the chalk you use?

Oh dear! What druggist's ribald hoax
Has made your face so pitted.
What villian's dirty deeds that coax
Such scarlet sneers—and leave your eyes so slitted.

And does the table need your shakes,
Though with, I'm sure, a dainty knee?
I warn you this is all it takes,
To shake my gallantry.

I warn again, my maid, this is no fun,
To sit and stare and rage,
But empty chairs this room has none,
I'm hours on this page.

You know this is a school for men.
Why flutter here your skirts?
Oh leave! Go home! You little wren;
One word for you, and that is Nertz.

Does pencil tapping help your nerves,
Or dabbing in that powder-box?
What sodas billowed out your curves,
And made you look like Grandpa's ox?

My wrath is flagrant now, sweet thing.
Pray, won't you go in time?
My speech, my dear, will cut and sting,
And smother you in lime.

I won't like to paw the ground,
Like some heifer-ridden cow.
But we are going round and round;
I feel it coming Now!

The bell! My love, you bless that bell,
Forbidding by inferno.
Bless you, who kept me from the hell,
Of working on my thermo.

It's funny a woman who can spot a blonde hair on
your coat at ten paces can't see a pair of garage doors.
—Pelican.

Never leave your car parked on a lonely road
without locking the doors; someone may swipe your
other seat.

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.