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Editorial Rooms

Believe me, Miss Tarbell,-
affection's sharp barb'll
Split hearts of cold marble
Without any ruth!
(I wouldn't for anything garble
(Tea Truth)

It ain't any wonder
That mine blunched under-
It's deeper, by thunder
Than all I can say!
(I've tried to smuggle it in my blunder-
(-ing way)

A fig! I don't care if
They call in the Sheriff
Now that I'm aware of
Your heart to me true.-
(You promised me tons on "the Tariff"
(By you!)

J. S. P.

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