

A HALFBAGK FROM WAYBACK.

He was a young Yale graduate
 And he hied him to the west,
 Oblivious of fear or fate
 And fashionably dressed.
 He landed out at Sante Fe
 And captured the town by storm,
 Thought naught he said, or didn't say,
 But chiefly because of his form.
 One night in Dutchy's restaurant
 Assembled a famous crowd;
 Shanks, Deep Gulch Mike and Sandy Grant;
 Red Thompson and Aleck Dowd;
 A lawyer chap they called the Judge,
 And Billings of Navajo;
 Each pledged the other in Dutchy's budge
 That the tenderfoot must go.
 Right here the subject of their scorn
 Walked into the restaurant;
 He ordered "beefsteak rare with corn,"
 In manner nonchalant.
 Then up and spake big Aleck Dowd:
 "You'll first take a drink with Mike?"
 "Nay, nay, Pauline," in no way cowed,
 Said the Yale youth, carless like.

Then Dowd, advancing, pulled his gun
 And remarked in sneering tones:
 "You'll take a drink, or there'll be fun,
 Likewise some blood and groans!"

As sudden as the lightning's flash
 Our youth worked the elbow charm;
 The pistol flew through a mirror, crash!
 And Dowd had a broken arm.

Now the other toughs on our athlete closed,
 When Shanks got a touch-down thud;
 Next a clever knee interposed,
 And Billings threw up blood.

Deep Gulch Mike had his unkempt head
 Cross-split on a stone spittoon,
 While Sandy Grant was put to bed
 Center-rushed to a deadly swoon.

Red Thompson, with a wild, scared look
 Made tracks for a passing car;
 And the lawyer chap our hero took
 And threw him over the bar!

"How'd ye do it?" asked barkeep' Pete,
 And his eyes wore a watery gleam;
 Said the student, "They were easy meat,
 I've played on our football team."

GEORGE MOSS.



1—"Ah won't Johnnie be tickled to death with these ten-pins.



2—"Here, Johnnie, I'll come back in a moment and show you how to knock them down.



3—But it seems that—



4—Johnnie was an—



5—old hand



6—at it.