

A DOZEN COCKTAILS — PLEASE

No spinsterlollypop for me —yes—we have

No bananas—I got lusting palate—I

Always eat them —————

They have dandy celluloid tubes—all sizes—

Tinted diabolically as a baboon's hind complexion.

A man's a—
Piffle! Will o' th' whisp! What is the dread
Matter with the up-to-date-American-
Home-comforts? Bum insufficient for the
Should-be well groomed upsy.
That's the leading question.
There's the vibrator—— —
Coy flappertoy! I am adult citizen with
Vote—I demand my unstinted share
In roofeden—witchsabbath of our Baby-
Lonian obelisk.
What's radio for—if you please?
“Eve's dart pricks snookums upon
Wirefence”
An apple a day—— —
It'll come———
Ha! When? I am no tongueswallowing yogi.
Progress is ravishing—
It doesn't me—
Nudge it—
Kick it—
Prod it—
Push it—
Broadcast———
That's the lightning idea!
s.o.s. national shortage of——
What?
How are we going to put it befitting
Lifted upsys?
Psh! Any sissypoet has sufficient freezing
Chemicals in his Freudian icechest to snuff all
Cockiness. We'll hire one.
Hell! Not that! That's the trouble—— —
Cockcrow—silly!
Oh—fine!
They're in France—the air on the line—
The Poles —— — —— —
Have them send waves—like candy—
Valentines—— —
“Say it with—— — —
Bolts!

Oh thunder!
Serpentine aircurrents — — —
Hhhhhphsssssss! The very word penetrates!
I feel whoozy!
I like that. I don't hanker after
Billy boys—but I am entitled
To be deeply shocked.
So are we—but you fill the hiatus.
Dear — I ain't queer — I need it straight — —
A dozen cocktails — please — — —