LITTLE MASTERPIECES

HUMOR

18

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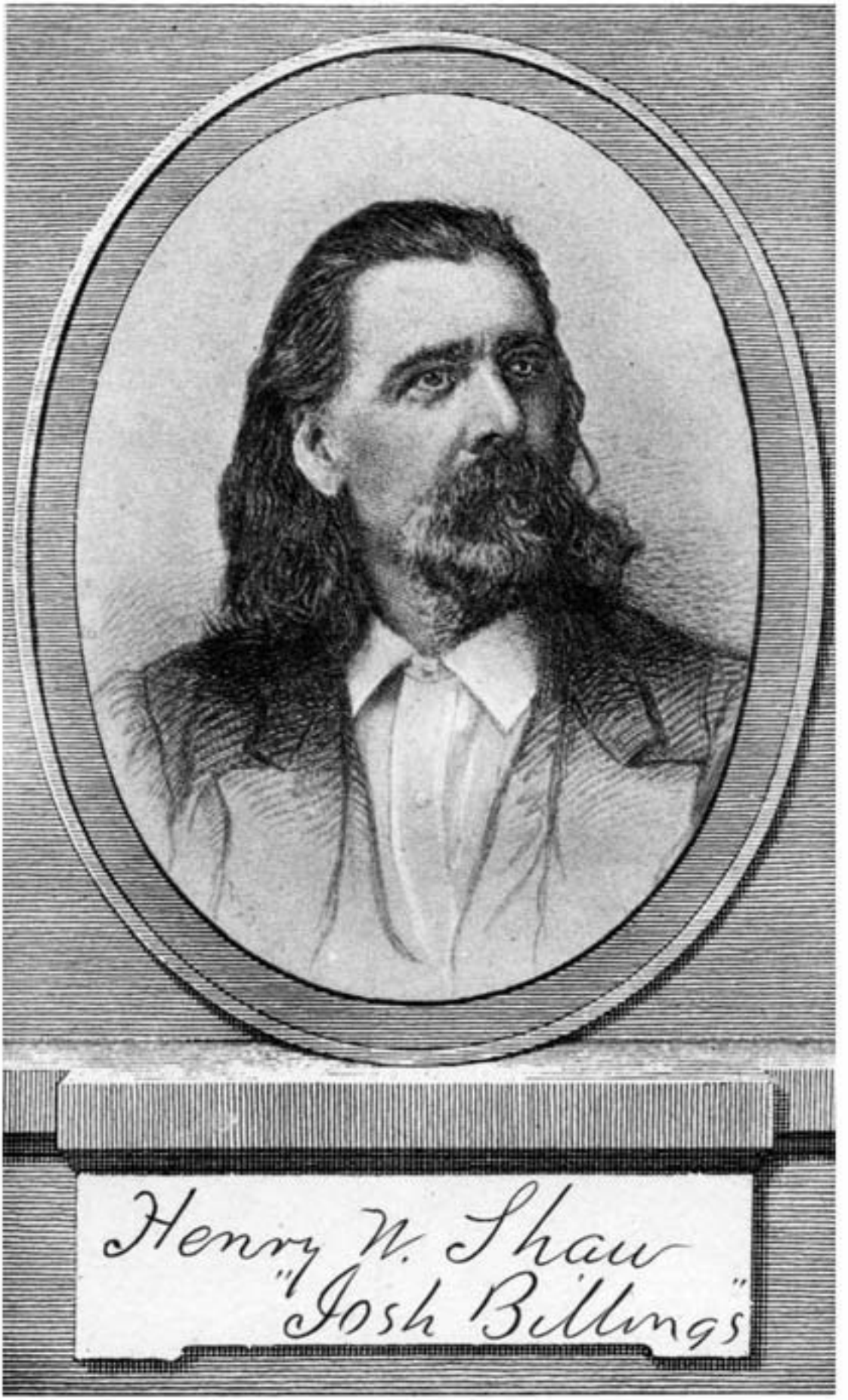
Little Masterpieces



Henry W. Shaw
"Josh Billings"

Library of

Little Masterpieces

In Forty-four Volumes

HUMOR

Edited by

THOMAS L. MASSON

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Humor

CHARLES B. LEWIS ("M. Quad")

THE PATENT GAS REGULATOR

"I WAS thinking to-day that it was about time!" observed Mrs. Bowser, as Mr. Bowser came home the other evening with a suspicious-looking package under his arm.

"About time for what?"

"I suppose you've run across some more germ-killer, or a new kind of medicine chest, or a pocket fire-escape. How on earth you let people take you in as they do is a wonder to me!"

"Who has ever taken me in!" he hotly demanded.

"Everybody who had anything in the shape of a swindle."

"I deny it! You can't point to one single instance where I have made a poor investment! On the contrary, I have saved us hundreds of dollars per year in cold cash, not to mention sickness, suffering and doctors' bills, by the outlay of a few shillings now and then."

"What new idea is it this time?" she asked. as she resigned herself to the inevitable.

"Mrs. Bowser," he replied, after walking back and forth across the room three or four times, "if I can save one-half our gas bill just as well as not, I 'd be a chump not to do it, wouldn't I?"

"We can save it all by burning kerosene."

"Don't try to be funny, Mrs. Bowser. The gas bill is a serious thing. If I can save anywhere from thirty to forty dollars per month by the outlay of a couple of dollars at the start, common sense dictates my course. If I didn't save to offset your waste, we should soon be in the poorhouse. The gas bill for last month was something appalling."

"It was four dollars and twenty cents, I believe!"

"What you believe has nothing to do with the matter. If it wasn't seventy-five or eighty dollars, it will be this month. Mrs. Bowser, do you know the principle on which a gas-meter works?"

"No."

"Of course not; and yet you assume to criticize my actions! There is a bellows inside the meter. The bellows is arranged to force the gas through the pipes faster than it can be burned, and thereby profit the gas company. We have paid out thousands of dollars for gas we never burned, and the time has come to call a halt."

"Well?"

"I have here a patent regulator. It is attached to the inlet pipe. With this on, the pressure is decreased and no gas wasted. Any child can attach it. It is simple, compact, and nothing about it to get out of order. By the expenditure of four dollars I save hundreds."

"Well, don't blame me if it doesn't work; and I'm sure it won't."

"Because I wish to save a thousand dollars instead of giving it to the gas company you are sure it won't work. Is it any wonder, Mrs. Bowser, that so many husbands throw their dollars away and pauperize their families? You object to my scheme. Of course, you'd object. Nevertheless, the attachment will be attached, and before nine o'clock to-night the president of our gas company will hear something drop."

After dinner Mr. Bowser armed himself with a monkey-wrench, a hammer, a pair of pincers, a hatchet, a saw, and other things, and disappeared in the cellar, and half an hour later came upstairs to rub his hands and chuckle and announce:

"The president of the gas company is already beginning to grow white around the mouth, Mrs. Bowser. He won't put in four weeks at the Catskills next summer on our cash. Can't you see the difference already?"

"I see no difference whatever," she replied, as she looked up at the chandelier.

"Of course not. I didn't expect you would. When a wife is determined to bankrupt her husband, she can't see anything intended to save a dollar. The regulator is regulating, however, and I feel as if a great burden had rolled off my back."

A dozen times during the evening Mr. Bowser

got up to walk about and chuckle and refer to that regulator, and he went to bed figuring that the gas company would be financially busted in six months. He hadn't got to sleep when Mrs. Bowser asked him if he didn't smell gas.

"Not a smell!" he replied, as he turned over. "The president of the gas company probably smells a rat, but there is no odor of gas here."

It was daylight next morning when a policeman rang the door bell and banged away till he got Mr. Bowser downstairs, and said:

"I 've been smelling gas around here all night. You'd better look at your meter. The odor seems to come from that open cellar window."

He went down with Mrs. Bowser to investigate. The regulator and the inlet pipe had parted company, and for eight or nine hours the gas had been steadily pouring out of the open window and sailing around the corner of the house. At the breakfast table, after the plumber and the policeman and the crowd had departed, and the house had been aired, and the cook's wages raised fifty cents a week to keep her on, Mrs. Bowser looked up and asked:

"Mr. Bowser, if you call it eight hours, how much gas will have gone out of that window?"

He pretended no tto hear, and hadn't a word to say until he stood at the door ready to go to the office. Then he turned on her with:

"You can figure it with your lawyer. You can give him the exact hour you sneaked down there and uncoupled that regulator to spite me,

and he can work it out. While you are not entitled to alimony, I am willing for the sake of our child that you should have a reasonable sum until you can learn to make straw hats or hickory shirts! Farewell, Mrs. Bowser; the worm has turned!"

But "the worm" returned home at the usual hour, and two days later, when Mrs. Bowser saw the patent gas regulator in the back yard and asked what it was, he quietly replied:

"It's probably an old beer faucet that Green heaved at those howling cats last night!"

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay —
If I should die to-night,
And you should come in deepest grief and woe—
And say, "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
I might arise in my large white cravat
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel,
I say, if I should die to-night
And you should come to me, and there and then
Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,
I might arise the while,
But I'd drop dead again.

BEN KING.

THE PRAYER OF CYRUS BROWN

"THE proper way for a man to pray,"
Said Deacon Lemuel Keyes,
"And the only proper attitude
Is down upon his knees."

"No, I should say the way to pray,"
Said Reverend Doctor Wise,
"Is standing straight with outstretched arms
And rapt and upturned eyes."

"Oh, no; no, no," said Elder Slow,
"Such posture is too proud:
A man should pray with eyes fast closed
And head contritely bowed."

"It seems to me his hands should be
Austerely clasped in front,
With both thumbs pointing toward the ground,"
Said Reverend Doctor Blunt.

"Las' year I fell in Hodgkin's well
Head first," said Cyrus Brown,
"With both my heels a-stickin' up,
My head a-pinting down;

"An' I made a prayer right then an' there—
Best prayer I ever said,
The prayingest prayer I ever prayed,
A-standing on my head."

SAM WALTER FOSS.

GOLD

Some take their gold
In minted mold,
And some in harps hereafter,
But give me mine
In tresses fine,
And keep the change in laughter!

Oliver Herford.

A teacher in a primary school recently read to her pupils "The Old Oaken Bucket." After explaining it to them very carefully, she asked them to copy the first stanza from the blackboard and try to illustrate it by drawings as the artist illustrates a story. Pretty soon one little girl handed in her book with several little dots between two lines, a circle, half a dozen dots and three buckets.

"I do not understand this, Bessie," said the teacher; "what is that circle?"

"Oh, that's the well," was the reply.

"And why do you have three buckets?"

"Oh, one is the oaken bucket, one is the iron-bound bucket, and the other is the bucket that hung in the well."

"But what are the little dots?"

"Why, those are the spots which my infancy knew."

HOLMAN F. DAY

TALE OF THE KENNEBEC MARINER

GUESS I've never told you, sonny, of the strandin' and the wreck
Of the steamboat *Ezry Johnson* that run up the Kennebec.
That was 'fore the time of steam-cars, and the *Johnson* filled the bill
On the route between Augusty and the town of Waterville.

She was built old-fashioned model, with a bottom's flat's your palm,
With a paddle-wheel behind her, druv' by on great churnin' arm.
Couldn't say that she was speedy — sploshed along and made a touse,
But she couldn't go much faster than a man could tow a house.
Still, she skipped and skived tremendous, dodged the rocks and skun the shoals,
In a way the boats of these days couldn't do to save their souls.
Didn't draw no 'mount of water, went on top instead of through.
This is how there come to happen what I'm going to tell to *you*.
—Hain't no need to keep you guessing, for I know you won't suspect

Tale of the Kennebec Mariner

How that thunderin' old *Ez Johnson* ever happened to get wrecked.

She was overdue one ev'nin', fog come down most awful thick;
'Twas about like navigating round inside a feather tick.
Proper caper was to anchor, but she seemed to run all right,
And we humped her — though 'twas resky— kep her sloshing through the night.

Things went on all right till morning, but along 'bout half-past three
Ship went dizzy, blind, and crazy — waves seemed wust I ever see.
Up she went and down she scuttered; sometimes seemed to stand on end.
Then she'd wallopse, sideways, crossways, in a way, by gosh, to send
Shivers down your spine. She'd teeter, fetch a spring, and take a bounce,
Then squat down, sir, on her haunches with a most je-roosly jounce.
Folks got up and run a-screaming, forced the wheelhouse, grabbed at me,
—Thought we'd missed Augusty landin' and had gone plum out to sea.
—Fairly shot me full of questions, but I said 'twas jest a blow.
Still, that didn't seem to soothe 'em, for there warn't no wind, you know!

Yas, sir, spite of all that churnin', warn't a whisper of a breeze
—No excuse for all that upset and those strange and dretful seas.
Couldn't spy a thing around us — every way 'twas pitchy black;
And I couldn't seem to comfort them poor critters on my back.
Couldn't give 'em information, for 'twas dark's a cellar shelf;
—Couldn't tell 'em nothing 'bout it—for I didn't know myself.
So I gripped the *Johnson's* tiller, kept the rudder riggin' taut,
Kept a-praying, chawed tobacker, give her steam, and let her swat.
Now, my friend, jest listen stiddy: when the sun come out at four
We warn't tossin' in the breakers off no stern and rock-bound shore;
But I'd missed the gol-durned river, and I swow this 'ere is true,
I had sailed eight miles 'cross country in a heavy autumn dew.
There I was clear up in Sidney, and the tossings and the rolls
Simply happened 'cause we tackled sev'ral miles of cradle knolls.
Sun come out and dried the dew up; there she was a stranded wreck,
And they soaked me eighteen dollars' cartage to the Kennebec.

F. P. DUNNE ("Mr. Dooley")

ON EXPERT TESTIMONY

"ANNYTHING new?" said Mr. Hennessy, who had been waiting patiently for Mr. Dooley to put down his newspaper.

"I've been r-readin' th' tistimony iv th' Lootgert case," said Mr. Dooley.

"What d'ye think iv it?"

"I think so," said Mr. Dooley.

"Think what?"

"How do I know?" said Mr. Dooley. "How do I know what I think? I'm no combi-nation iv chemist, doctor, osteologist, polisman, an' sausage-maker, that I can give ye an opinion right off th' bat. A man needs to be all iv thim things to detarmine annything about a murdher trile in these days. This shows how intilligent our methods is, as Hogan says. A large German man is charged with puttin' his wife away into a breakfas'-dish, an' he says he didn't do it. Th' question, thin, is, Did or did not Alphonse Lootgert stick Mrs. L. into a vat, an' rayjooce her to quick lunch? Am I right?"

"Ye ar-re," said Mr. Hennessy.

"That's simple enough. What th' Coort ought to've done was to call him up, an' say: 'Lootgert, where's ye'er good woman?' If Lootgert cudden't tell, he ought to be hanged

on gin'ral principles; f'r a man must keep his wife around th' house, an' when she isn't there it shows he's a poor provider. But, if Lootgert says, 'I don't know where me wife is,' the Coort shud say: 'Go out an' find her. If ye can't projooce her in a week, I'll fix ye.' An' let that be th' end iv it.

"But what do they do? They get Lootgert into coort an' stand him up befure a gang iv young rayporthers an' th' likes iv thim to make pitchers iv him. Thin they summon a jury composed iv poor, tired, sleepy expressmen an' tailors an' clerks. Thin they call in a profissor from a colledge. 'Profissor,' says th' lawyer f'r the State, 'I put it to ye if a wooden vat three hundherd an' sixty feet long, twenty-eight feet deep, an' sivinty-five feet wide, an' if three hundherd pounds iv caustic soda boiled, an' if the leg iv a guinea pig, an' ye said yesther-dah about bi-carbonate iv soda, an' if it washes up an' washes over, an' th' slimy, slippery stuff, an' if a false tooth or a lock iv hair or a jaw-bone or a goluf ball across th' cellar eleven feet nine inches — that is, two inches this way an' five gallons that?' 'I agree with ye intirely,' says th' profissor. 'I made lab'ratory experiments in an' ir'n basin, with bichloride iv gool, which I will call soup-stock, an' coat tar, which I will call ir'n filings. I mixed th' two over a hot fire, an' left in a cool place to harden. I thin packed it in ice, which I will call glue, an' rock-salt, which I will call fried eggs, an' ob-

tained a dark, queer solution that is a cure f'r freckles, which I will call antimony or doughnuts or annything I blamed please.'

"'But,' says th' lawyer f'r th' State, 'measurin' th' vat with gas—an' I lave it to ye whether this is not th' on'y fair test—an' supposin' that two feet acrost is akel to tin feet sideways, an' supposin' that a thick green an' hard substance, an' I daresay it wud; an' supposin' you may, takin' into account th' measuremints—twelve be eight—th' vat bein' wound with twine six inches fr'm th' handle an' a rub iv th' green, thin ar-re not human teeth often found in counthry sausage?' 'In th' winter,' says th' profissor. 'But th' sisymoid bone is sometimes seen in th' fut, sometimes worn as a watch-charm. I took two sisymoid bones, which I will call poker dice, an' shook thim together in a cylinder, which I will call Fido, poored in a can iv milk, which I will call gum arabic, took two pounds iv rough on-rats, which I rayfuse to call; but th' raysult is th' same.' Question be th' Coort: 'Different?' Answer: 'Yis.' Th' Coort: 'Th' same.' Be Misther McEwen: 'Whose bones?' Answer: 'Yis.' Be Misther Vincent: 'Will ye go to th' divvle?' Answer: 'It dissolves th' hair.'"

"Now what I want to know is where th' jury gets off. What has that collection iv pure-minded pathrites to larn fr'm this here polite discussion, where no wan is so crool as to ask what anny wan else means? Thank th'

Lord, whin th' case is all over, the jury'll pitch th' tistimony out iv th' window, an' consider three questions: 'Did Lootgert look as though he'd kill his wife? Did the wife look as though sho ought to be kilt? Isn't it time we wint to supper?' An', howiver they answer, they'll be right, an' it'll make little diff'rence wan way or th' other. Th' German vote is too large an' ignorant, annyhow."

A man who went away from home some time ago, to attend a convention of church people, was struck with the beauty of the little town in which the gathering was held. He had plenty of time, and while wandering about walked into the village cemetery. It was a beautiful place, and the delegate walked around among the graves. He saw a monument, one of the largest in the cemetery, and read with surprise the inscription on it:

"A LAWYER AND AN HONEST MAN"

The delegate scratched his head and looked at the monument again. He read the inscription over and over. Then he walked all around the monument and examined the grave closely. Another man in the cemetery approached and asked him:

"Have you found the grave of an old friend?"

"No," said the delegate, "but I was wondering how they came to bury those two fellows in one grave."

RUNNING A PIANO

"I WAS loitering around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the old locomotive engineers running into New Orleans. "As I had nothing to do, I dropped into a concert and heard a sleek-looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys away up one end, just as if they were gages and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up, as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed on to the main line as if he was half an hour late. You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges, and getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old '36' pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a 'special.' The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz saw, and I got excited. About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little, he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle 'way back in the

tender, and how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that he was pounding on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash-pan. But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, the trees appeared to be a mud-bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumblebee. I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug—went down grades fifty feet to the mile, and not a controlling brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute, and calling for more steam. My hair stood up straight, because I knew the game was up. Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the headlight of a 'special.' In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people smashed and mangled and bleeding and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead stand-still, with the door of the fire-box of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing to the people before him. If I live to be one thousand years old I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."

STEPHEN LEACOCK

MY FINANCIAL CAREER

WHEN I go into a bank I get rattled. The clerks rattle me; the wickets rattle me the sight of the money rattles me; everything rattles me.

The moment I cross the threshold of a bank I am a hesitating jay. If I attempt to transact business there I become an irresponsible idiot.

I knew this beforehand, but my salary had been raised to fifty dollars a month, and I felt that the bank was the only place for it.

So I shambled in and looked timidly around at the clerks. I had an idea that a person about to open an account must needs consult the manager.

I went up to a wicket marked "Accountant." The accountant was a tall, cool devil. The very sight of him rattled me. My voice was sepulchral.

"Can I see the manager?" I said, and added solemnly "alone." I don't know why I said "alone."

"Certainly," said the accountant, and fetched him.

The manager was a grave, calm man. I held my fifty-six dollars clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket.

"Are you the manager?" I said. God knows I didn't doubt it.

"Yes," he said.

"Can I see you?" I asked. "Alone?" I didn't want to say "alone" again, but without it the thing seemed self-evident.

The manager looked at me in some alarm. He felt that I had an awful secret to reveal.

"Come in here," he said, and led the way to a private room. He turned the key.

"We are safe from interruption here," he said; "sit down."

We both sat down and looked at one another. I found no voice to speak.

"You are one of Pinkerton's men, I presume," he said.

He had gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a detective. I knew what he was thinking and it made me worse.

"No, not from Pinkerton's," I said, seemingly to imply that I came from a rival agency. "To tell the truth," I went on, as if I *had* been prompted to lie about it, "I am not a detective at all. I have come to open an account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank."

The manager looked relieved, but still serious; he concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild, or a young Gould.

"A large account, I suppose," he said.

"Fairly large," I whispered. "I propose to deposit fifty-six dollars now, and fifty dollars a month regularly."

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant.

"Mr. Montgomery," he said, unkindly loud, "this gentleman is opening an account; he will deposit fifty-six dollars. Good-morning."

I rose.

A big iron door stood open at the side of the room.

"Good-morning," I said, and stepped into the safe.

"Come out," said the manager coldly, and showed me the other way.

I went up to the accountant's wicket and poked the ball of money at him with a quick, convulsive movement as if I were doing a conjuring trick.

My face was ghastly pale.

"Here," I said, "deposit it." The tone of the words seemed to mean, "Let us do this painful thing while the fit is on us."

He took the money and gave it to another clerk. He made me write the sum on a slip and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

"Is it deposited?" I asked, in a hollow, vibrating voice.

"It is," said the accountant.

"Then I want to draw a cheque."

My idea was to draw out six dollars of it for present use. Some one gave me a cheque-book through a wicket, and some one else began telling me how to write it out. The people in the

bank had the impression that I was an invalid millionaire. I wrote something on the cheque and thrust it in at the clerk. He looked at it.

"What! Are you drawing it all out again?" he asked in surprise. Then I realized that I had written fifty-six instead of six. I was too far gone to reason now. I had a feeling that it was impossible to explain the thing. All the clerks had stopped writing to look at me.

Reckless with misery, I made a plunge.

"Yes, the whole thing."

"You withdraw your money from the bank?"

"Every cent of it."

"Are you not going to deposit any more?" said the clerk, astonished.

"Never."

An idiot hope struck me that they might think something had insulted me while I was writing the cheque and that I had changed my mind. I made a wretched attempt to look like a man with a fearfully quick temper.

The clerk prepared to pay the money.

"How will you have it?" he said.

"What?"

"How will you have it?"

"Oh." I caught his meaning and answered without even trying to think, "In fifties."

He gave me a fifty-dollar bill.

"And the six?" he asked dryly.

"In sixes," I said.

He gave it me and I rushed out.

As the big doors swung behind me I caught

the echo of a roar of laughter that went up to the ceiling of the bank. Since then I bank no more. I keep my money in cash in my trousers pocket, and my savings in silver dollars in a sock.

In a Boston suburb a priest announced that a collection would be taken up to defray the cost of coal for heating the church.

Everybody contributed but Tim ——, who gave a sly wink as the plate was presented to him, but nothing else. The priest noticed Tim's dereliction, but surmised that he might have left his money at home.

A similar contribution was levied the following Sunday. As before, every one gave except Tim, who looked sly. The priest wondered, and after service took his parishioner to task.

"Now, Tim," he said, "why didn't you give something, if it was but little?"

"Faith, I'm on to yez!" said Tim.

"Tim!"

"Yes, father."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. Just that I'm on to yez; that's all."

"Tim, your words are disrespectful and require an explanation. What do you mean?"

"Oh, faith, father, a-thrying to pull the wool over me eyes, a-thrying to make us believe yez wants the money to buy coal to heat the church an' yer riverence knows it's heated by steam!"

MY ANGELINE

From *The Wizard of the Nile*

SHE kept her secret well, oh, yes,
Her hideous secret well.
We together were cast, I knew not her past;
For how was I to tell?
I married her, guileless lamb I was;
I'd have died for her sweet sake.
How could I have known that my Angeline
Had been a Human Snake?
Ah, we had been wed but a week or two
When I found her quite a wreck:
Her limbs were tied in double bow-knot
At the back of her swanlike neck.
No curse there sprang to my pallid lips,
Nor did I reproach her then;
I calmly untied my bonny bride
And straightened her out again.

Refrain

My Angeline! My Angeline!
Why didst disturb my mind serene?
My well-beloved circus queen,
My Human Snake, my Angeline!

At night I'd wake at the midnight hour,
With a weird and haunted feeling,
And there she'd be, in her *robe de nuit*,
A-walking upon the ceiling.

My Angeline

She said she was being "the human fly,"
And she'd lift me up from beneath
By a section slight of my garb of night,
Which she held in her pearly teeth.
For the sweet, sweet sake of the Human Snake
I'd have stood this conduct shady;
But she skipped in the end with an old, old friend
An eminent bearded lady.
But, oh, at night, when my slumber's light,
Regret comes o'er me stealing,
For I miss the sound of those little feet,
As they pattered along the ceiling.

Refrain

My Angeline! My Angeline!
Why didst disturb my mind serene?
My well-beloved circus queen,
My Human Snake, my Angeline!

HARRY B. SMITH.

A parson had had a call from a little country parish to a large and wealthy one in a big city. He asked time for prayer and consideration. He did not feel sure of his light. A month passed. Finally some one met his youngest son on the street. "How is it, Josiah," said the neighbor; "is your father going to B——?"

"Well," answered the youngster judicially, "Paw is still prayin' for light, but most of the things is packed."

INDIFFERENCE

BISHOP POTTER is credited with telling the story which, more aptly than the thousands of other stories on the same subject, illustrates the abject misery and utter irresponsibility of seasickness. We hardly know why it is, but it cannot be denied that any yarn involving the horrors of *mal de mer* is seized upon with avidity by the public generally, and with particular gusto by those individuals who have themselves suffered the indescribable wretchedness of that grievous malady.

"I was coming from Liverpool upon one of the famous liners," said Bishop Potter, "and, although the sky was clear and the weather warm, a somewhat tempestuous sea had occasioned more than the usual amount of seasickness among the passengers. As I paced the deck one afternoon I noticed a lady reclining upon one of the benches, and the unearthly pallor of her face and the hopeless languidity of her manner indicated that she had reached that state of collapse which marks the limit of seasickness.

"Touched by this piteous spectacle, and approaching the poor creature, in my most compassionate tone I asked, 'Madam, can I be of any service to you?'

"She did not open her eyes, but I heard her

murmur faintly: 'Thank you, sir, but there is nothing you can do—nothing at all.'

"'At least, madam,' said I tenderly, 'permit me to bring you a glass of water.'

"She moved her head feebly and answered: 'No, I thank you—nothing at all.'

"'But your husband, madam,' said I, 'the gentleman lying there with his head in your lap—shall I not bring something to revive him?'

"The lady again moved her head feebly, and again she murmured faintly and between gasps: 'Thank you, sir, but—he—is—not—my—husband. I—don't—know—who he is!'"

NONSENSE VERSES

IMPETUOUS SAMUEL

SAM had spirits naught could check,
And to-day, at breakfast, he
Broke his baby sister's neck,
So he shan't have jam for tea!

COL. D. STREAMER.

MISFORTUNES NEVER COME SINGLY

MAKING toast at the fireside,
Nurse fell in the grate and died;
And, what makes it ten times worse,
All the toast was burned with nurse.

COL. D. STREAMER.

AUNT ELIZA

IN the drinking well
(Which the plumber built her)
Aunt Eliza fell—
We must buy a filter.

COL. D. STREAMER.

SUSAN

SUSAN poisoned her grandmother's tea;
Grandmamma died in agonee.
Susan's papa was greatly vexed,
And he said to Susan, "My dear, what next?"

ANONYMOUS.

FIN DE SIECLE

THE sorry world is sighing now;
La Grippe is at the door;
And many folks are dying now
Who never died before.

NEWTON MACKINTOSH.

TENDERHEARTEDNESS

LITTLE WILLIE from his mirror
Sucked the mercury all off,
Thinking, in his childish error,
It would cure his whooping-cough.
At the funeral Willie's mother
Smartly said to Mrs Brown:
"'Twas a chilly day for William
When the mercury went down."

There was a young lady of Niger
Who smiled as she rode on a Tiger;
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the Tiger

ANONYMOUS.

Little Willie, in the best of sashes,
Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes.
By and by the room grew chilly,
But no one liked to poke up Willie.

COL. D. STREAMER.

There was a young maid who said "Why
Can't I look in my ear with my eye?
If I give my mind to it,
I'm sure I can do it,
You never can tell till you try."

"H" was an indigent Hen,
Who picked up a corn now and then;
She had but one leg
On which she could peg,
And behind her left ear was a wen.

BRUCE PORTER.

Cleopatra, who thought they maligned her
Resolved to reform and be kinder;
"If, when pettish," she said,
"I should knock off your head,
Won't you give me some gentle reminder?"

NEWTON MACKINTOSH.

When that Saint George hadde sleyne ye draggon
He sate him down furninst a flaggon;
And, wit ye well,
Within a spell
He had a bien plaisaunt jag on.

ANONYMOUS.

Two brothers there were of Sioux City;
Each one thought the other tioux pretty.
So each took his knife
And the other one's klife.
Now which of the toux dioux yioux pity?

LITTLE WILLIE

LITTLE WILLIE hung his sister,
She was dead before we missed her.
"Willie's always up to tricks!
Ain't he cute? He's only six!"

ANONYMOUS.

Sammy stopped a cable car
By standing on the track,
Which gave his system quite a jar—
Sam's sisters now wear black.

Bobby found some dynamite
And placed it in the range;
His ma gazed o'er the kitchen site
And thought Bob's absence strange.

The ice was thin when Frederic died,
Pa's tears fell down like rain;
"The ice-house can't be filled," he cried,
"If it don't freeze again!"

THE SUNBEAM

I DINED with a friend in the East one day,
Who had no window-sashes;
A sunbeam through the window came
And burned his wife to ashes.
"John, sweep your mistress away," said he,
"And bring fresh wine for my friend and me."

ANONYMOUS.

THE MODERN HIAWATHA

He killed the noble Mudjokivis.
Of the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside.
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside.
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

ANONYMOUS.

There was a young man of Cohoes,
Wore tar on the end of his nose;
When asked why he done it,
He said for the fun it
Afforded the men of Cohoes.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid.

VARIA

THERE was an old man of Tarentum
Who gnashed his false teeth till he bent 'em;
  And when asked for the cost
  Of what he had lost,
Said, "I really can't tell, for I rent 'em!"

MARY AMES

PITY now poor Mary Ames,
Blinded by her brother James;
Red-hot nails in her eyes he poked—
I never saw Mary more provoked.

ANONYMOUS.

BABY AND MARY

BABY sat on the window-seat;
Mary pushed Baby into the street;
Baby's brains were dashed out in the "arey,"
And mother held up her forefinger at Mary.

ANONYMOUS.

IN THE NIGHT

THE night was growing old
  As she trudged through snow and sleet;
Her nose was long and cold,
  And her shoes were full of feet.

ANONYMOUS.

PARENTAL SOLICITUDE

ALGERNON JONES ate Paris Green,
And died all over the carpet clean.
The loss of the rug piqued Algie's father,
Who remarked, "He always was a bother."

Ermintude Hopkins broke her spine,
And passed away at half-past nine.
Her mother was sorry, and said "What a pity!
I'm already late for my train to the city."
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

THE PURPLE COW

I NEVER saw a Purple Cow,
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one.

GELETT BURGESS.

THE WALLOPING WINDOW-BLIND

A CAPITAL ship for an ocean trip
  Was the "Walloping Window-blind"—
No gale that blew dismayed her crew
  Or troubled the captain's mind.
The man at the wheel was taught to feel
  Contempt for the wildest blow,
And it often appeared, when the weather had cleared,
  That he'd been in his bunk below.

The boatswain's mate was very sedate,
  Yet fond of amusement, too;
And he played hop-scotch with the starboard watch,
  While the captain tickled the crew.
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
  For he sat on the after rail,
And fired salutes with the captain's boots,
  In the teeth of the booming gale.

The captain sat in a commodore's hat
  And dined in a royal way
On toasted pigs and pickles and figs
  And gummery bread each day.
But the cook was Dutch and behaved as such:
  For the food that he gave the crew
Was a number of tons of hot-cross buns
  Chopped up with sugar and glue.

And we all felt ill as mariners will,
On a diet that's cheap and rude
And we shivered and shook as we dipped the cook
In a tub of his gluesome food.
Then nautical pride we laid aside,
And we cast the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poohpooh smiles,
And the Anagazanders roar.

Composed of sand was that favored land,
And trimmed with cinnamon straws;
And pink and blue was the pleasing hue
Of the Tickletoeteaser's claws.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee;
And the Binnacle-bats wore water-proof hats
As they danced in the sounding sea.

On the rubagub bark, from dawn to dark,
We fed, till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk — when a Chinese junk
Came by from the torriby zone.
She was stubby and square, but we didn't much care,
And we cheerily put to sea;
And we left the crew of the junk to chew
The bark of the rubagub tree.

CHARLES E. CARRYL.

OLIVER HERFORD

CHILD'S NATURAL HISTORY

GEESE

Ev-er-y child who has the use
Of his sen-ses knows a goose.
See them un-der-neath the tree
Gath-er round the goose-girl's knee,
While she reads them by the hour
From the works of Scho-pen-hau-er.
How pa-tient-ly the geese at-tend!
But do they re-al-ly com-pre-hend
What Scho-pen-hau-er's driving at?
Oh, not at all; but what of that?
Nei-ther do I; nei-ther does she;
And, for that matter, nor does he.

A SEAL

See, children, the Furbearing Seal;
Ob-serve his mis-di-rect-ed zeal;
He dines with most ab-ste-mi-ous care
On Fish, Ice Water and Fresh Air,
A-void-ing cond-i-ments or spice,
For fear his fur should not be nice
And fine and soft and smooth and meet
For Broad-way or for Re-gent Street.

And yet some-how I often feel
(Though for the kind Fur-bear-ing Seal
I harbor a Re-spect Pro-found)
He runs Fur-bear-ance in the ground.

THE ANT

My child, ob-serve the use-ful Ant,
  How hard she works each day.
She works as hard as ad-a-mant
  (That's very hard, they say).
She has no time to gall-i-vant;
  She has no time to play.
  Let Fido chase his tail all day;
Let Kitty play at tag;
  She has no time to throw away,
She has no tail to wag;
She scurries round from morn till night:
  She nev-er, nev-er sleeps;
She seiz-es ev-ery-thing in sight,
She drags it home with all her might
  And all she takes she keeps.

THE YAK

This is the Yak, so negligée;
His coif-fure's like a stack of hay:
He lives so far from Any-where,
I fear the Yak neglects his hair.
And thinks, since there is none to see,
What matter how un-kempt he be:
How would he feel if he but knew
That in this Picture-book I drew

His Phys-i-og-no-my un-shorn,
For children to de-ride and scorn?

THE HEN

Alas! my Child, where is the Pen
That can do justice to the Hen?
Like Royalty, She goes her way,
Laying foundations every day,
Though not for Public Buildings, yet
For Custard, Cake, and Omelette.
Or if too Old for such a use
They have their Fling at some Abuse,
As when to Censure Plays Unfit
Upon the Stage they make a Hit,
Or at elections Seal the Fate
Of an Obnoxious Candidate.
No wonder, Child, we prize the Hen,
Whose Egg is Mightier than the Pen.

THE COW

The Cow is too well known, I fear,
To need an introduction here.
If she should vanish from earth's face
It would be hard to fill her place;
For with the Cow would disappear
So much that every one holds Dear.
Oh, think of all the Boots and Shoes,
Milk Punches, Gladstone Bags, and Stews,
And Things too numerous to count,
Of which, my Child, she is the Fount,
Let's hope, at least, the Fount may last
Until *our* Generation's past.

PAUL WEST

THE CUMBERBUNCE

I STROLLED beside the shining sea,
I was as lonely as could be;
No one to cheer me in my walk
But stones and sand, which cannot talk—
Sand and stones and bits of shell,
Which never have a thing to tell.

But as I sauntered by the tide
I saw a something at my side,
A something green, and blue, and pink,
And brown, and purple, too, I think.
I would not say how large it was;
I would not venture that, because
It took me rather by surprise,
And I have not the best of eyes.

Should you compare it to a cat,
I'd say it was as large as that;
Or should you ask me if the thing
Was smaller than a sparrow's wing,
I should be apt to think you knew,
And simply answer, "—Very true!"

Well, as I looked upon the thing,
It murmured, "Please, sir, can I sing?"

And then I knew its name at once—
It plainly was a Cumberbunce.

You are amazed that I could tell
The creature's name so quickly? Well,
I knew it was not a paper doll,
A pencil or a parasol,
A tennis-racket or a cheese,
And, as it was not one of these,
And I am not a perfect dunce—
It had to be a Cumberbunce!

With pleading voice and tearful eye
It seemed as though about to cry
It looked so pitiful and sad
It made me feel extremely bad.
My heart was softened to the thing
That asked me if it please could sing
Its little hand I long to shake,
But, oh, it had no hand to take!
I bent and drew the creature near,
And whispered in its pale-blue ear,
"What! Sing, my Cumberbunce? You can!
Sing on, sing loudly, little man!"
The Cumberbunce, without ado,
Gazed sadly on the ocean blue,
And, lifting up its little head,
In tones of awful longing, said:

"Oh, I would sing of Mackerel skies,
And why the sea is wet,

Of jelly-fish and conger-eels,
And things that I forget,
And I would hum a plaintive tune
Of why the waves are hot
As water boiling on a stove,
Excepting that they're not!

"And I would sing of hooks and eyes,
And why the sea is slant,
And gaily tips the little ships,
Excepting that I can't!
I never sang a single song,
I never hummed a note.
There is in me no melody,
No music in my throat.

"So that is why I do not sing
Of sharks, or whales, or anything!"

I looked in innocent surprise,
My wonder showing in my eyes.
"Then why, O Cumberbunce," I cried,
"Did you come walking at my side
And ask me if you, please, might sing,
When you could not warble anything?"

"I did not ask permission, sir,
I really did not, I aver.
You, sir, misunderstood me, quite,
I did not ask you if I *might.*
Had you correctly understood,
You'd know I asked you if I *could.*

So, as I cannot sing a song,
Your answer, it is plain, was wrong.
The fact I could not sing I knew.
But wanted your opinion, too."

A voice came softly o'er the lea,
"Farewell! my mate is calling me!"

I saw the creature disappear,
Its voice, in parting, smote my ear—
"I thought all people understood
The difference 'twixt 'might' and 'could'!"

EUGENE FIELD

DIBDIN'S GHOST

DEAR wife, last midnight, whilst I read
The tomes you so despise,
A specter rose beside the bed,
And spake in this true wise:
"From Canaan's beatific coast
I've come to visit thee,
For I am Frognall Dibdin's ghost,"
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

I bade him welcome, and we twain
Discussed with buoyant hearts
The various things that appertain
To bibliomaniac arts.
"Since you are fresh from t'other side,
Pray tell me of that host
That treasured books before they died,"
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

"They've entered into perfect rest;
For in the life they've won
There are no auctions to molest,
No creditors to dun.
Their heavenly rapture has no bounds,
Beside that jasper sea;

Dibdin's Ghost

It is a joy unknown to Lowndes,"
  Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

Much I rejoiced to hear him speak
  Of biblio-bliss above,
For I am one of those who seek
  What bibliomaniacs love.
"But tell me, for I long to hear
  What doth concern me most,
Are wives admitted to that sphere?"
  Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

"The women folks are few up there;
  For 'twere not fair, you know,
That they our heavenly joy should share
  Who vex us here below.
The few are those who have been kind
  To husbands such as we;
They knew our fads, and didn't mind,"
  Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

"But what of those who scold at us
  When we would read in bed?
Or, wanting victuals, make a fuss
  If we buy books instead?
And what of those who've dusted not
  Our motley pride and boast—
Shall they profane that sacred spot?"
  Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

"Oh, no! they tread that other path,
  Which leads where torments roll,

And worms, yes, bookworms, vent their wrath
Upon the guilty soul.
Untouched of bibliomaniac grace,
That saveth such as we,
They wallow in that dreadful place,"
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

"To my dear wife will I recite
What things I've heard you say;
She'll let me read the books by night
She's let me buy by day.
For we together by and by
Would join that heavenly host;
She's earned a rest as well as I,"
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

THE PATRIOTIC TOURIST

Some folks the Old World find so fair,
And fancy it so grand,
They see its marvels everywhere
About their native land.

When they the Hudson sail by day,
While all its beauties shine,
They most enthusiastic say:
"Behold the Yankee Rhine!"

As on Lake George they dream and drift,
Enrapt at every turn,
'Tis thus their voices up they lift:
"America's Lake Lucerne!"

At Saranac sublimely frown
The Alps their travels know,
And then they breathe in Morristown
The air of Monaco.

Forsooth it's not the same with me,
For, from an Alpine gorge,
I view Lucerne, and sing in glee:
"'Tis Switzerland's Lake Geogre!"

When off Sorrento, in a boat,
I drift, serene and gay,
I fancy, in a dream, I float
On great Peconic Bay.

When in the Scottish Highlands I
  Upon the heather bunk,
I look about and fondly sigh
  O'er Caledon's Mauch Chunk.

In London town, all smoke and fog,
  I wander happy, when
I fancy that I gaily jog
  Around in Pittsburg, Penn.

The Rhine is Europe's Hudson long,
  The Alps the Swiss Catskills;
Lake Como is the Ho-pat-cong
  Of the Italian hills.

I see, from Dan to Jericho,
  From Berne to Ispahan,
Wonders that imitate, I know,
  Our own as best they can.

And I shall cheer, until I cease
  To tread this earthly way,
Sky high in classic Athens, Greece,
  Manunka Chunk, N. J.

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

CONSTANCY

"You gave me the key of your heart, my love;
  Then why do you make me knock?"
"Oh, that was yesterday, Saints above!
  And last night—I changed the lock!"

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

AMUSING THE BOY

I SAW an amusing thing at a railroad depot not long ago. The gateman lisped pitifully, and seemed pained when any one asked him a question. On this special day a woman with a small boy approached him and asked, "What time does the next train leave for B——?"

"Theven thithty-theven," he replied; and the woman and her young hopeful retreated to the waiting-room. She soon emerged again, however, and approached the gateman.

"Excuse me," she said, "but what time did you say the next train left for B——?" The gateman breathed a deep sigh and answered laboriously.

"At theven thithty-theven." Once more the child and his ma withdrew and left the poor man in peace. But he was not long to enjoy this state of quiet felicity, for in a few moments out she came again and put the very same question. A look of exasperation came over the man's face as he said, "You hath lotht that train now, madam. I am tho thorry. It letht at theven thithty-theven, and it ith the latht that thopth at B——."

"Oh, don't let that trouble you," she replied with a sweetly patronizing smile. "We really didn't want that train, but my little boy *does* like to hear you say seven fifty-seven."

"Thanks, ever so much!" the small boy added. "Good-bye, mister."

CAROLYN WELLS

THE TRAGEDY OF A THEATRE HAT

THE devil one day in a spirit of mirth
Was walking around, to and fro, on the earth,
When he heard a man say,
In a casual way,
"I think I'll just drop in at the matinée;
For I feel in the humor to see a good play,
And the thing is a rattler, I've heard people say."
The devil stood by,
With a smile in his eye,
And he said, "I don't see any good reason why
I, too, shouldn't go to this play that's so fly."
Now, His Majesty, as is well known by the wise,
Assumes at his will any kind of disguise;
And he said, "I will go
To this wonderful show
In the shape of a man, and arrayed *comme il faut.*"
No sooner 'twas said than 'twas done, and away
His Majesty sped to the gay matinée.
In faultless attire becomingly garbed,
Concealing entirely his tail (which was barbed),
Correctly cravatted,
And duly silk-hatted,
With his two cloven hoofs patent-leathered and spatted,

The Tragedy of a Theatre Hat

He approached the box-office with jauntiest airs,
And purchased a seat in the orchestra chairs.
Then removing his tile,
He tripped down the aisle,
With a manner which showed no appearance of guile,
Although he could scarcely conceal a slight smile
As he noticed the ladies who sat near to him,
So modishly mannered, and quite in the swim—
The maidens so trim,
And the matrons so prim—
And he thought how extremely they'd be horrified
If they had any notion who sat by their side.
As His Majesty sat there enjoying it all
There entered a lady exceedingly tall;
With a rustle of silk and a flutter of fur,
She sat herself down in the seat kept for her,
Right in front of Old Nick, and exactly between
Himself and the stage. And her insolent mien
Proclaimed her at once a society queen.
Her shoulders were broad and supported a cape
Which gave you no clue to her possible shape,
'Twas so plaited and quilled,
And ruffled and frilled,
And it tinkled with bugles that never were stilled;
And wide epaulettes
All covered with jets,
Caught up here and there with enormous rosettes,
And further adorned with gold-spangled aigrettes
Encircling her neck was a boa of gauze,

Accordion-plaited and trimmed with gewgaws;
And perched on the top of her haughty, blond
head
Was a HAT! Now, of course, you have all of
you read
Of the theatre hats
That are seen at the mats.,
That are higher than steeples and broader than
flats;
But this one as far outshone all of the others
As young Joseph's dream-sheaves exceeded his
brothers'.
'Twas a wide-rolling brim, and a high-peakèd
crown,
And black feathers stood up and black feathers
hung down;
And black feathers waved wildly in every
direction,
Without any visible scheme of connection.
'Twas decked with rare flowers of a marvelous
size,
And colors that seemed to bedazzle the eyes.
And each vacant space
Was filled in with lace,
And twenty-three birds in the ribbons found
place.
And as this arrangement quite shut off his view,
The devil was nonplussed to know what to do.
And although he is not very often amazed,
Upon this occasion he found he was phased.
But, looking around,
He very soon found

That as many fair ladies, as gorgeously gowned,
Held their hats in their laps,
Or, still better, perhaps,
Had left them outside in the room with their wraps.
And assuming at once a society air,
He leaned over the back of the fair stranger's chair
And with manner well-bred,
"Beg pardon," he said,
"Will you please take that awful thing off of your head?"
When, what do you think! The lady addressed
Indignantly stared, and politely expressed
A decided refusal to grant his request.
And the poor devil sat
Behind that big hat,
So mad that he didn't know where he was at.
He could not see a thing that took place on the stage,
And he worked himself into a terrible rage.
He murmured quite low—
But she heard him, you know—
"Lady, since you refused to remove that chapeau.
You're condemned now to wear it wherever you go.
Since you won't take it off when a duty you owe,
You shall not take it off when you wish to do so."
Alas for the lady! The devil has power,
And the rest of her life, from that terrible hour,
The curse of the devil compelled her to wear

That enormous be-flowered and be-feathered affair.
Her lot was a sad one. If you'll reckon o'er
The times when a hat is a terrible bore,
You'll certainly say
That to wear it all day
And then wear it all night is a fate to deplore.
She wore it at dinners, she wore it at balls;
She wore it at home when receiving her calls;
She wore it at breakfast, at luncheon and tea,
Not even at prayers from that hat was she free.
She couldn't remove it on going to bed.
She rose, bathed and dressed with that hat on her head.
If she lounged in the hammock, perusing a book,
Or went to the kitchen to speak to the cook,
In summer or winter, the hat was still there,
And 'twas so in the way when she shampooed her hair.
Her lover would fain his fair sweetheart caress,
But who could to his bosom tenderly press
Twelve black, waving feathers and twenty-three birds?
He said what he thought in appropriate words,
And broke the engagement. She vowed she would go
To a convent and bury her sorrow; but no—
They wouldn't receive her. It was the old tale,
That hat quite prevented her taking the veil.
The curse was upon her! No mortal could save—
She carried that ill-fated hat to her grave.

The Tragedy of a Theatre Hat

MORAL

Now, all you young women with Gainsborough hats,
Beware how you wear them to Saturday mats.
Remember the fate
Of this maid up-to-date,
And take warning from her ere it may be too late.

We had a fashionable wedding at the home of one of our oldest families last Thursday. George Alley married Katie, the daughter of Colonel "Andy" Frew. The wedding was held early in the morning, as the happy couple wished to take a wedding tour over the N. & S. V. Railroad to Newport. The marriage was performed at 6:30 A. M. by Squire Brown. After a sumptuous breakfast of sausage, buckwheat cakes and panhas, the bridal couple departed on the early train for Newport, returning on the noon train the same day. The bridegroom looked happy and the bride handsome. She is so handsome that it is said she can mash potatoes by just looking at them. The next day after the wedding George was in the store, and, after sitting behind the stove for about two hours, evidently in deep thought, he rose, stretched himself and remarked, "Travelin' is tiresome."

F. P. DUNNE ("Mr. Dooley")

HOME LIFE OF GENIUSES

"A WOMAN ought to be careful who she marries," said Mr. Dooley.

"So ought a man," said Mr. Hennessy, with feeling.

"It don't make so much diff'rence about him," said Mr. Dooley. "Whin a man's marrid he's a marrid man. That's all ye can say about him. Iv coorse, he thinks marredge is goin' to change th' whole current iv his bein', as Hogan says. But it doesn't. Afther he's been hooked up f'r a few months he finds he was marrid befure, even if he wasn't, which is often th' case, d'ye mind. Th' first bride iv his bosom was th' Day's Wurruk, an' it can't be put off. They'se no groun's f'r dissolvin' that marredge, Hinnissy. You can't say to th' Day's Wurruk: 'Here, take this bunch iv alimony an' go on th' stage.' It turns up at breakfast about th' fourth month afther th' weddin' an' creates a scandal. Th' unforchnit man thries to shoo it off, but it fixes him with its eye an' hauls him away fr'm the bacon an' eggs, while the lady opposite weeps and wondhers what he can see in annything so old an' homely. It says, 'Come with me, aroon', an' he goes. An' afther

that he spinds most iv his time an' often a good deal iv his money with th' enchantress. I tell ye what, Hinnissy, th' Day's Wurruk has broke up more happy homes thin comic opry. If th' coorts wud allow it, manny a woman cud get a divorce on th' groun's that her husband cared more f'r his Day's Wurruk thin he did f'r her. 'Hinnissy varsus Hinnissy; corryspondint, th' Day's Wurruk.' They'd be ividence that th' defindant was seen ridin' in a cab with th' corryspondint, that he took it to a picnic, that he wint to th' theaytre with it, that he talked about it in his sleep, an' that, lost to all sinse iv shame, he even escoorted it home with him an' inthrajooced it to his varchoos wife an' innocint childher. So it don't make much diff'rence who a man marries. If he has a job, he's safe.

"But with a woman 'tis diff'rent. Th' man puts down on'y part iv th' bet. Whin he's had enough iv th' convarsation that in Union Park undher th' threes med him think he was talkin' with an intellechool joyntess, all he has to do is put on his coat, grab up his dinner pail an' go down to th' shops, to be happy though marrid. But a woman, I tell ye, bets all she has. A man don't have to marry, but a woman does. Ol' maids an' clargymen do th' most good in th' wurruld an' we love thim f'r th' good they do. But people, especially women, don't want to be loved that way. They want to be loved because people can't help lovin' thim no matther

how bad they are. Th' story books that ye give ye'er daughter Honoria all tell her 'tis just as good not to be marrid. She reads about how kind Dorothy was to Lulu's childher an' she knows Dorothy was th' betther woman, but she wants to be Lulu. Her heart, an' a cold look in th' eye iv th' wurruld an' her Ma tell her to hurry up. Arly in life she looks f'r th' man iv her choice in th' tennis records; later she reads th' news fr'm th' militia encampmint; thin she studies th' socyal raygisther; further on she makes hersilf familyar with Bradsthreets' rayports, an' fin'lly she watches th' place where life presarvers are hangin'.

"Now, what kind iv a man ought a woman to marry? She oughtn't to marry a young man because she'll grow old quicker thin he will; she oughtn't to marry an old man because he'll be much older befure he's younger; she oughtn't to marry a poor man because he may become rich an' lose her; she oughtn't to marry a rich man because if he becomes poor she can't lose him; she oughtn't to marry a man that knows more thin she does, because he'll niver fail to show it, an' she oughtn't to marry a man that knows less because he may niver catch up. But above all things she mustn't marry a janius. A flurewalker, perhaps; a janius niver.

"I tell ye this because I've been r-readin' a book Hogan give me, about th' divvle's own time a janius had with his family. A cap iv industhry may have throuble in his fam'ly till

there isn't a whole piece iv chiny in th' cupboard, an' no wan will be the wiser f'r it but th' hired girl an' th' doctor that paints th' black eye. But iviry body knows what happens in a janius's house. Th' janius always tells th' bartinder. Besides he has other janiuses callin' on him an' 'tis th' business iv a janius to write about th' domestic throubles iv other janiuses so posterity'll know what a hard thing it is to be a janius. I've been readin' this book iv Hogan's, an' as I tell ye, 'tis about th' misery a wretched woman inflicted on a pote's life.

"'Our hayro,' says th' author, 'at this peeryod conthracted an unforchnit alliance that was destined to cast a deep gloom over his career. At th' age iv fifty, afther a life devoted to the pursoot iv such gaiety as janiuses have always found niciss'ry to solace their avenin's, he married a young an' beautiful girl some thirty-two years his junior. This wretched crather had no appreciation iv lithrachoor or lithry men. She was frivolous an' light-minded an' ividintly considhered that nawthin' was rally lithrachoor that cudden't be thranslated into groceries. Niver shall I f'rget th' expression iv despair on th' face iv this godlike man as he came into Casey's saloon wan starry July avenin' an' staggered into his familyar seat, holdin' in his hand a bit iv soiled paper which he tore into fragmints an' hurled into the coal scuttle. On that crumpled parchment findin' a somber grave among th' disinterred relics iv

an age long past, to wit, th' caribonifer'ous or coal age, was written th' iver-mim'rable pome: "Ode to Gin." Our frind had scribbled it hastily at th' dinner iv th' Betther-thin-Shakespeare Club, an' had attimpted to read it to his wife through th' keyhole iv her bedroom dure an' met no response fr'm th' fillystein but a pitcher iv wather through th' thransom. Forchnitly he had presarved a copy on his cuff an' th' gem was not lost to posterity. But such was th' home life iv wan iv th' gr-reatest iv lithry masters, a man indowed be nachure with all that shud make a woman adore him as is proved be his tindher varses: "To Carrie," "To Maude," "To Flossie," "To Angebel," "To Queenie," an' so foorth. De Bonipoort in his cillybrated "Mimores," in which he tells ivrythin unpleasant he see or heerd in his frinds' houses, gives a sthrikin' pitcher iv a scene that happened befure his eyes. "Afther a few basins iv absceenthe in th' reev gosh," says he, "Parnassy invited us home to dinner. Sivral iv th' bum vivonts was hard to wake up, but fin'lly we arrive at th' handsome cellar where our gr-reat frind had installed his unworthy fam'ly. Ivrything pinted to th' admirable taste iv th' thrue artist. Th' tub, th' washboard, th' biler singin' on th' fire, th' neighbor's washin' dancin' on the clothes rack, were all in keepin' with th' best ideels iv what a pote's home shud be. Th' wife, a faded but still pretty woman, welcomed us more or less an' with th' assistance iv sivral

bottles iv paint we had brought with us we was soon launched on a feast iv raison an' a flow iv soul. Unhappily befure th' raypast was con-cluded a mis'rable scene took place. Amid cries iv approval, Parnassy read his mim-rable pome intitled: "I wisht I nivir got marrid." Afther finishin' in a perfect roar of applause, he happened to look up an' see his wife callously rockin' th' baby. With th' impetchosity so charackteristic iv th' man, he broke a soup plate over her head an' burst into tears on th' flure, where gentle sleep soon soothed th' pangs iv a weary heart. We left as quietly as we cud, considherin' th' way th' chairs was placed, an' wanst undher th' stars comminted on th' ir'ny iv fate that condimned so great a man to so milancholy a distiny.

" 'This,' says our author, 'was th' daily life iv th' hayro f'r tin years. In what purgatory will that infamous woman suffer if Hiven thinks as much iv janiuses as we think iv oursilves. Forchnitly th pote was soon to be marcifully relieved. He left her an' she marrid a boorjawce with whom she led a life iv coarse happiness. It is sad to relate that some years afther-ward th' great pote, havin' called to make a short touch on th' woman f'r whom he had sacryficed so much, was unfeelingly kicked out iv th' boorjawce's plumbin' shop.'

"So, ye see, Hinnissy, why a woman oughtn't to marry a janius. She can't be cross or peevish or angry or jealous or frivolous or annything

else a woman ought to be at times f'r fear it will get into th' ditchn'ry iv bio-graphy, an' she'll go down to histhry as a termygant. A termygant, Hinnissy, is a woman who's heerd talkin' to her husband after they've been marrid a year. Hogan says all janiuses was unhappily marrid. I guess that's thrue iv their wives, too. He says if ye hear iv a pote who got on with his fam'ly, scratch him fr'm ye'er public lib'ry list. An' there ye ar-re."

"Ye know a lot about marredge," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I do," said Mr. Dooley.

"Ye was niver marrid?"

"No," said Mr. Dooley. "No, I say, givin' three cheers. I know about marredge th' way an asthronomer knows about th' stars. I'm studyin' it through me glass all th' time."

"Ye're an asthronomer," said Mr. Hennessy; "but," he added, tapping himself lightly on the chest, "I'm a star."

"Go home," said Mr. Dooley crossly, "befure th' mornin' comes to put ye out."

THE SONG OF THE JELLYFISH

As THE waves slip over my cuticle sleek
They tickle my soul with glee,
And I shake with a visceral, saccharine joy
In the place where my ribs should be.
For I'm simply a lump of limpid lard,
With a gluey sort of a wish
To pass my time in the oozing slime—
In the home of the jellyfish.

But I'm happy in having no bones to break
In my unctuous, wavering form,
And I haven't a trace—nor, indeed, any place
For the dangerous vermiform.
For I'm built on the strictest economy plan
And the model was made in a rush,
While essaying to think almost drives me to drink,
For I'm simply a mass of mush.

At night, when I slide on the sandy beach,
And the moonbeams pierce me through,
The tears arise in my gelatine eyes
And I gurgle a sob or two.
For I wonder—ah, me!—in the time to come,
When the days are no longer young,
What fish's digestion will suffer congestion
When the end of my song is sung.

JARVIS KEILEY.

GEORGE V. HOBART

JOHN HENRY AT THE MUSICALE

DID you ever get ready and go to a *musicale?* Isn't it the velvet goods?

They pulled off one at Jack Frothingham's last Wednesday evening and I had to walk up and down the aisle with the rest of the bunch.

Mind you, I like Jack, so this is no secret conclave of the Anvil Association.

Only, I wish to put him wise that when he gives his next *musicale* my address is Forest Avenue, in the woods.

When I reached Jack's house the Burnish Brothers were grabbing groutchy music out of a guitar that didn't want to give up, and the mad revel was on.

The Burnish Brothers part their hair in the middle and always do "The Washington Post" march on their mandolins for an encore.

If Mr. Sousa ever catches them there'll be a couple of shine chord-squeezers away to the bad.

When the Burnish Brothers took a bow and backed off we were all invited to listen to a soprano solo by Miss Imogene Lukewarm.

Somebody went around and locked the doors, so I made up my mind to die game.

A foolish friend once told Imogene she could

sing, so she went out and bought up a bunch of tra-la-la's and began to beat them around the parlor.

When Imogene sings she makes faces at herself.

If she needs a high note she goes after it like she was calling the dachshund in to dinner.

Imogene sang, "Sleep, Sweetly Sleep," and then kept us awake with her voice.

After Imogene crept back to her cave we had the first treat of the evening, and the shock was so sudden it jarred us.

Uncle Mil came out and quivered a violin obligato entitled "The Lost Sheep in the Mountain," and it was all there is.

Uncle Mil was the only green spot in the desert.

When he gathered the gourd up under his chin and allowed the bow to tiptoe over the bridge you could hear the nightingale calling to its mate.

I wanted to get up a petition asking Uncle Mil to play all the evening and make us all happy, but Will Bruce wouldn't let me.

Will said he wasn't feeling very well and he wanted to hear the rest of the programme and feel worse.

He got his wish.

The next thing we had was Sybil, the Illusionist.

Sybil did a lot of moldy tricks with cards, and every few minutes she fell down and sprained her sleight of hand.

Sybil was a polish for sure.

Then Swift McGee, the Boy Monologist, flung himself in the breach and told a bunch of Bixbys.

It was a cruel occasion.

Swift had an idea that when it came to cracking merry booboo he could pull Lew Dockstadder off the horse and leave him under the fence.

As a monologist Swift thought he had George Fuller Golden half way across the bay, and Fred Niblo was screaming for help.

Swift often told himself that he could give Marshall P. Wilder six sure-fires and beat him down to the wire.

Swift is one of those low-foreheads who "write their own stuff" and say "I done it!"

After Swift had talked the audience into a chill, he pushed on and left us with a stone-bruise on our memories.

Then we had Rufus Nelson, the parlor prestidigitator.

He cooked an omelet in a silk hat, and when he gave the hat back to Ed Walker the poached eggs fell out and cuddled up in Ed's hair.

Rufus apologized and said he'd do the trick over again if some one else would lend him a hat, but there was nothing doing.

When the contralto crawled under the ropes and began to tell us that the bells in the village rang ding-ding-dong I was busy watching a Goo-goo Bird.

John Henry at the Musicale

Did you ever spot one of those Glance-Givers?

This chap's name was Llewellyn Joyce, and he considered himself a perfect hellyon.

He thought all he had to do was to roll his lamps at a lassie and she was off the slate.

Llewellyn loved to sit around at the *musicale* and burn the belle of the ball with his goo-goo eyes.

Llewellyn needed a swift slap—that's what he needed.

Next we had the Nonpareil Quartette, and they were the boys that could eat up the close harmony!

They sang "Love, I am Lonely!" from start to finish without stopping to call the waiter.

Then we had Clarissa Coldslaw in select recitations.

She was all the money.

Clarissa grabbed "Hamlet's soliloquy" between her pearly teeth and shook it to death.

She got a half-Nelson on Poe's "Raven" and put it out of the business.

Then she gave an imitation of the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

If Juliet talked like that dame did, no wonder she took poison.

But when she let down her hair and started to give us a mad scene—me to the sand dunes!

It was a case of flee as a bird with yours respectfully.

Those *musicale* things would be aces if the music didn't set them back.

HOLMAN F. DAY

GRAMPY SINGS A SONG

Row-diddy, dow de, my little sis,
Hush up your teasin' and listen to this:
'Tain't much of a jingle, 'tain't much of a tune,
But it's spang-fired truth about Chester Cahoon.
The thund'rinest fireman Lord ever made
Was Chester Cahoon of the Tuttsville Brigade.
He was boss of the tub and the foreman of hose;
When the 'larm rung he'd start, sis, a-sheddin' his clothes,
—Slung coat and slung wes'coat and kicked off his shoes,
A-runnin' like fun, for he'd no time to lose.
And he'd howl down the ro'd in a big cloud of dust,
For he made it his brag he was allus there fust.
—Allus there fust, with a whoop and a shout,
And he never shut up till the fire was out.
And he'd knock out the winders and save all the doors,
And tear off the clapboards, and rip up the floors,
For he allus allowed 'twas a tarnation sin
To 'low 'em to burn, for you'd want 'em agin.
He gen'rally stirred up the most of his touse
In hustling to save the outside of the house.
And after he'd wrassled and hollered and pried,

He'd let up and tackle the stuff 'twas inside.
To see him you'd think he was daft as a loon,
But that was just habit with Chester Cahoon.
Row diddy-iddy, my little sis,
Now see what ye think of a doin' like this:
The time of the fire at Jenkins' old place
It got a big start—was a desprit case;
The fambly they didn't know which way to turn.
And by gracious, it looked like it all was to burn.
But Chester Cahoon—oh, that Chester Cahoon,
He sailed to the roof like a reg'lar balloon;
Donno how he done it, but done it he did,
—Went down through the scuttle and shet down the lid.
And five minutes later that critter he came
Tu the second floor winder surrounded by flame.
He lugged in his arms, sis, a stove and a bed,
And balanced a bureau right square on his head.
His hands they was loaded with crockery stuff,
China and glass; as if that warn't enough,
He'd rolls of big quilts round his neck like a wreath,
And carried Mis' Jenkins' old aunt with his teeth
You're right—gospel right, little sis—didn't seem
The critter'd git down, but he called for the stream,
And when it come strong and big round as my wrist,
He stuck out his legs, sis, and give 'em a twist;
And he hooked round the water jes' if 'twas a rope,

And down he come, easin' himself on the slope,
—So almighty spry that he made that 'ere stream
As fit for his pupp'us as if 'twas a beam.
Oh, the thund'rinest fireman Lord ever made
Was Chester Cahoon of the Tuttsville Brigade.

Remarkable stories are told of the gift which many people have for remembering names and faces, but Mr. Joseph Jefferson utterly lacks this faculty. He told this story to a friend:

"I was coming down in the elevator of the Stock Exchange building, and at one of the intermediate floors a man whose face I knew as well as I know yours got in. He greeted me very warmly at once, said it was a number of years since we had met, and was very gracious and friendly. But I couldn't place him for the life of me. I asked him as a sort of a feeler how he happened to be in New York, and he answered, with a touch of surprise, that he had lived there for several years. Finally I told him, in an apologetic way, that I couldn't recall his name. He looked at me for a moment, and then he said, very quietly, that his name was U. S. Grant."

"What did you do, Joe?" his friend asked.

"Do?" he replied, with a characteristic smile. "Why, I got out at the next floor, for fear I should be fool enough to ask him if he had ever been in the war!"

GEORGE ADE

THE FABLE OF THE PREACHER WHO FLEW HIS KITE, BUT NOT BECAUSE HE WISHED TO DO SO

A CERTAIN preacher became wise to the Fact that he was not making a Hit with his Congregation. The Parishioners did not seem inclined to seek him out after Services and tell him he was a Pansy. He suspected that they were Rapping him on the Quiet.

The Preacher knew there must be something wrong with his Talk. He had been trying to Expound in a clear and straightforward Manner, omitting Foreign Quotations, setting up for illustration of his Points such Historical Characters as were familiar to his Hearers, putting the stubby Old English words ahead of the Latin, and rather flying low along the Intellectual Plane of the Aggregation that chipped in to pay his Salary.

But the Pew-holders were not tickled. They could Understand everything he said, and they began to think he was Common.

So he studied the Situation and decided that if he wanted to Win them and make everybody believe he was a Nobby and Boss Minister he

would have to hand out a little Guff. He fixed it up Good and Plenty.

On the following Sunday Morning he got up in the Lookout and read a text that didn't mean anything, read from either Direction, and then he sized up his Flock with a Dreamy Eye and said: "We cannot more adequately voice the Poetry and Mysticism of our Text than in those familiar Lines of the great Icelandic Poet, Ikon Navrojk:

> "To hold is not to have—
> Under the seared Firmament,
> Where Chaos sweeps, and vast Futurity
> Sneers at these puny Aspirations—
> There is the full Reprisal."

When the Preacher concluded this Extract from the Well-Known Icelandic Poet he paused and looked downward, breathing heavily through his Nose, like Camille in the Third Act.

A stout Woman in the Front Row put on her Eye-Glasses and leaned forward so as not to miss Anything. A Venerable Harness Dealer over at the Right nodded his Head solemnly. He seemed to recognize the Quotation. Members of the Congregation glanced at one another as if to say, "This is certainly Hot Stuff!"

The Preacher wiped his Brow and said he had no Doubt that every one within the Sound of his Voice remembered what Quarolius had said, following the same Line of Thought. It was Quarolius who disputed the Contention of the great Persian Theologian Ramtazuk, that the

soul in its reaching out after the Unknowable was guided by the Spiritual Genesis of Motive rather than by mere Impulse of Mentality. The Preacher didn't know what all This meant, and he didn't care, but you can rest easy that the Pew-holders were On in a minute. He talked it off in just the Way that Cyrano talks when he gets Roxane so Dizzy that she nearly falls off the Piazza

The Parishioners bit their Lower Lips and hungered for more First-class Language. They had paid their Money for Tall Talk and were prepared to solve any and all Styles of Delivery. They held on to the Cushions and seemed to be having a Nice Time.

The Preacher quoted copiously from the Great Poet, Amebius. He recited eighteen lines of Greek, and then said, "How true this is!" And not a Parishioner batted an Eye.

It was Amebius whose Immortal Lines he recited in order to prove the Extreme Error of the Position assumed in the Controversy by the Famous Italian, Polenta.

He had them going, and there wasn't a Thing to it. When he would get tired of faking Philosophy he would quote from a Celebrated Poet of Ecuador or Tasmania or some other Seaport Town. Compared with this Verse, all of which was of the same School as the Icelandic Masterpiece, the most obscure and clouded Passage in Robert Browning was like a Plate-glass Front in a State Street Candy Store just

after the Colored Boy gets through using the Chamois.

After that he became Eloquent, and began to get rid of long Boston Words that hadn't been used before that Season. He grabbed a rhetorical Roman Candle in each Hand and you couldn't see him for the Sparks.

After which he sunk his Voice to a Whisper and talked about the Birds and the Flowers. Then, although there was no Cue for him to Weep, he shed a few real Tears. And there wasn't a dry Glove in the Church.

After he sat down he could tell by the Scared Look of the People in Front that he had made a Ten-Strike.

Did they give him the Joyous Palm that Day? Sure.

The stout Lady could not control her Feelings when she told how much the Sermon had helped her. The venerable Harness Dealer said he wished to endorse the Able and Scholarly Criticism of Polenta.

In fact, every one said the Sermon was Superfine and Dandy. The only thing that worried the Congregation was the Fear that if it wished to retain such a Whale it might have to Boost his Salary.

In the Meantime the Preacher waited for some one to come and ask about Polenta, Amebius, Ramtazuk, Quarolius and the great Icelandic Poet, Navrojk. But no one had the Face to step up and confess his Ignorance of

these Celebrities. The Pew-holders didn't even admit among themselves that the Preacher had rung in some New Ones. They stood Pat, and merely said it was an Elegant Sermon.

Perceiving that they would stand for Anything the Preacher knew what to do after that.

MORAL.—*Give the People what they Think they want.*

FATHER USED TO MAKE

SAID a young and tactless husband
To his inexperienced wife,
"If you would but give up leading
Such a fashionable life,
And devote more time to cooking—
How to mix and when to bake—
Then, perhaps, you might make pastry
Such as mother used to make."
And the wife, resenting, answered
(For the worm will turn, you know):
"If you would but give up horses
And a score of clubs or so,
To devote more time to business—
When to buy and what to stake—
Then, perhaps, you might make money
Such as father used to make."

CAROLYN WELLS

THE A B C OF LITERATURE

A is for Anthony Hope,
Who gives to his fancy free scope;
In turret and tower
His characters cower,
Or make hairbreadth escapes by a rope.

B is for bashful James Barrie,
From the land of the kilt and Glengarry;
We've read him to date,
And his next we await,
For we wonder whom Tommy will marry.

C is for colorful Crane,
Who has a phenomenal brain;
His language amazes,
He writes in blue blazes,
And his verses are really insane.

D is for R. Harding Davis,
And jolly good stories he gave us;
Van Bibber will do,
And Gallagher, too,
But from his war-notes the saints save us!

E is for George Egerton,
Whose "Keynotes" were rather good fun;
But her themes pathologic,
And terms pedagogic,
Are things the Young Persons should shun.

F is for Frances Burnett,
Who revels in plain epithet;
Her people of quality,
Though given to jollity,
Are the worst that we ever have met.

G is for Mr. Grant Allen,
Who pours out his views by the gallon;
His books are improper
But he's a hill-topper,
So he fears not the critic's sharp talon.

H is William Dean Howells,
As wise as the wisest of owls;
The subject of jokes
Of frivolous folks,
At which he good-naturedly growls.

I is for Ian Maclaren,
Who knows about Moses and Aaron;
But in stories and tales
He signally fails,
For of artistic interest they're barren.

J is for jimp Henry James,
Who expounds lofty motives and aims
With sentences long
And arguments strong,
And the most unpronounceable names.

K is for capable Kipling,
Who, though he's accounted a stripling,
Writes stories and rhymes
Right up to the times
About loving and fighting and tippling.

L is for lean Andrew Lang,
Who recently saw with a pang,
That a man up in Maine
Stole the work of his brain,
And he gave him a lengthy harangue

M is Maurice Maeterlinck,
Whose dramas are graveyards in ink;
Abstract, esoteric,
Symbolic, hysteric—
To read him would drive us to drink.

N is for noxious Nordau,
Who pictures the terrible woe
In store for the race
Since we've have fallen from grace,
And surely the doctor should know.

O is for Miss Olive Schreiner,
Whose writings grow finer and finer;
She certainly seems
To be given to dreams
Of which she's the only diviner.

P is for Popular Parker,
Who writes of the North, where it's darker;
His "Pretty Pierre"
Is drawn with great care,
But to "Valmond" he isn't a marker

Q is for quick-witted "Q,"
At home on a staff or a crew;
With vigor and skill
He handles a quill,
Or paddles his well-loved canoe.

R is for Richard Le Gallienne,
Who really deserves a medallion
That his "Fancies" and "Quest"
Were never suppressed
But they ought to be writ in Italian.

S is for sad Sarah Grand,
Who marital happiness banned;
Her public she vexes
With problems of sexes
Which most of us can't understand.

T is for terse Thomas Hardy;
Whose works we with wonder regard. He
Has written for years,
But it somehow appears
His moral convictions were tardy.

U is for dear Uncle Remus,
To praise him 'twould surely beseem us;
We've contracted a habit
Of quoting Br'er Rabbit,
Or poor old Br'er Wolf *in extremis.*

V is for Victoria Crosse,
Who wouldn't be much of a loss,
For her "Woman Who Wouldn't"
Or Couldn't or Shouldn't,
Is nothing but driveling dross.

W is for Mrs. Ward,
By whom we are awfully bored;
"Robert Elsemere" we stood,
And "Marcella" was good,
But when "Tressady" came we were floored.

X is the author unknown,
Who signs any name but his own;
And though nobody claims
"The Descendant" and "James,"
In their pages good writing is shown.

Z is for Zangwill the Zealous,
Of whom our own critics are jealous,
But in epigram keen,
Free from malice or spleen,
Those foreigners seem to excel us.

The manager of the Electrical Exposition in Philadelphia asked Mr. Edison to send a phonographic cylinder giving some of his latest ideas of electrical interest. The reply was as follows:

"*My Dear Marks:* You ask me to send you a phonographic cylinder for your lecture this evening and to say a few words to the audience. I do not think the audience would take any interest in dry scientific subjects, but perhaps they might be interested in a little story that a man sent me on a phonographic cylinder the other day from San Francisco. In the year 1873 a man from Massachusetts came to California with a chronic liver complaint. He searched all over the coast for a mineral spring to cure the disease, and finally he found down in the San Joaquin Valley a spring the waters of which almost instantly cured him. He thereupon started a sanitarium, and people all over the world came and were quickly cured. Last year this man died, and so powerful had been the action of the waters that they had to take his liver out and kill it with a club.

"Yours truly, EDISON."

KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY

You Wi'yum, cum 'ere, suh, dis minute. Wut dat you got under dat box?
I don't want no foolin', you hear me? Wut you say? Ain't nu'h'n but *rocks?*
'Pears ter me you's owdashus perticler. S'posin' dey's uv a new kine.
I'll des take a look at dem rocks. Hi yi! der you think dat I's bline?

I calls dat a plain watermillion, you scamp, en I knows whah it grow
It cum fum de Jimmerson cawn-fiel', dah on ter side er de road.
You stole it, you rascal—you stole it! I watched you fum down in de lot.
En time I gits th'ough wid you, nigger, you won't eb'n be a grease spot!

I'll fix you. Mirandy! Mi*ran*dy! Go cut me a hick'ry—make 'ase!
En cut me de toughes' en keenes' you c'n fine anywhah on de place.
I'll larn you, Mr. Wi'yum Joe Vetters, ter steal en ter lie, you young sinner,
Disgracin' yo 'ole Christian mammy, en makin' her leave cookin' dinner.

Now ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, suh! I is I' 'shamed you'se my son.
En de holy accorjun angel he's 'shamed er wut you has done;

Kentucky Philosophy

En he's tuk it down up yander in coal-black, blood-red letters—
"One watermillion stoled by Wi'yum Josephus Vetters."

En wut you s'posin' Br'er Bascom, yo teacher at Sunday-school,
'Ud say ef he knowed how you's broke de good Lawd's Gol'n Rule?
Boy, whah's de raisin' I give you? Is you boun' fuh ter be a black villiun?
Is' s'prised dat a chile er yo' mammy 'ud steal any man's watermillion.

En I's now gwiner cut it right open, en you shain't have narry bite,
Fuh a boy who'll steal watermillion—en dat in de day's broad light—
Ain't—*Lawdy* it's GREEN! Mirandy Mi-ran-dy! come on wi' dat switch!
Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n watermillion! Who ever heered tell er des sich?

Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y, you thump um, en w'en dey go pank dey is green;
But when dey go *punk*, now you mine me, dey's ripe—en dat's wut I mean.
En nex' time you hook watermillions—*you* heered me, you ign'ant young hunk,
Ef you don't want a lickin' all over, be sho dat dey allers go "punk."

HARRISON ROBERTSON.

SIMEON FORD

AT A TURKISH BATH

GENTLE reader, have you ever bathed? Turkish bathed? I wot not. I have, woe is me, and I am now a sadder and a cleaner man. If this article, which is meant to be deliciously light and playful, appears to you to be fraught with an underlying varicose vein of gloom, do not hastily pass it by, but remember that it's in the interest of science. I have dallied with this luxury of the Orient (so-called). Also remember that I have contracted a deep sonorous cold, which will, in all probability, fondly nestle in my bosom till my ulster blooms again.

The preliminaries of the Turkish bath are simple. You pay one dollar at the door and pass into the "cooling-room." where the mercury registers ninety-eight degrees. The appropriateness of this title does not burst upon you until you have visited the inner shrine, where the temperature is up near the boiling point. In the "cooling-room" you are privileged to deposit your valuables in a safe. I did not avail myself of this boon, however, for reasons of a purely private nature, but passed at once into the "disrobing room." This room was not so large as to appear dreary, nor yet so small as some

I have lodged in on the Bowery, but was about seven by four. The furniture was simple yet chaste, consisting of a chair and a brush and comb long past their prime. The comb was chained to the wall, but the brush was permitted to roam at will. Hastily divesting myself of sealskins, Jaegers and other panoplies of rank, I arranged them in a neat pile in the centre of the room and placed the chair upon them. This simple precaution I had learned while occupying a room separated from its fellows by low partitions. Your neighbor may be a disciple of Izaak Walton, and during your sleep or absence may take a cast over the partition with hook and line. What could be more embarrassing than to have one's trousers thus surreptitiously removed. I am a lover of the "gentle art" myself, but I am ever loath to be played for a sucker.

I was now ushered into the "hot room," where a number of gentlemen were lolling about and perspiring affably and fluently. Being of a timid, shrinking nature, I was somewhat embarrassed on entering a room thus filled with strangers, and the more so as I realized that my costume was too bizarre and striking for one of my willowy proportions. So I flung myself with an affectation of easy grace upon a marble divan, but immediately arose therefrom with a vivid blush and a large blister. I then sat upon a seething chair until I came to a boil, when I rose up and endeavored to alleviate

my sufferings by restlessly pacing the room. A few towels were scattered about, and as the nimble chamois leaps from crag to crag, so leaped I from towel to towel in my efforts to keep my feet off the red-hot floor.

Having basked in this room until I was quite aglow, I summoned the attendant and told him he could take me out at once or wait yet a little longer and remove me through a hose. I then passed into the "manipulating room," where I was laid out on an unelastic marble slab like a "found drowned" at the Morgue, and was taken in hand by a muscular attendant who proceeded to manipulate me with great violence. He began upon my chest, upon which he pressed until he lifted his feet off the floor, and my shoulder blades made dents in the marble. I mildly asked if it was absolutely necessary that my respiratory organs should thus be flattened, to which he replied with a rich Turkish accent, "Come off, young feller, I know my biz," and swooped down upon my digestive organs. Manipulation consists of disjointing, dismembering, bruising and rending limb from limb, and may be healthful, but it is not popular with me. This man said he was a pianist also, and that he could manipulate and at the same time strengthen his fingers and improve his technique, and to illustrate he struck a few resounding chords in the small of my back and then proceeded to interpret Wagner up and down my vertebræ, running scales, twiddling

up in the treble and thundering down in the bass, just as if I were the keyboard of a Steinway grand, an illusion doubtless heightened by the ivory whiteness of my skin. He wound up by playing that grand show-off piece, the "Battle of Prague," while I joined in with the "Cries of the Wounded." It was a fine rendering, no doubt, but next time I am to be played upon I shall ask for a soft andante movement—a Chopin nocturne, say.

In one of the many hospitals in the south a bright, busy-looking and duty-loving woman bustled up to one of the wounded soldiers who lay gazing at the ceiling above his cot. "Can't I do something for you, my poor fellow?" said the woman imploringly. The "poor fellow" looked up languidly. The only things he really wanted just at that time were his discharge and a box of cigars. When he saw the strained and anxious look on the good woman's face, however, he felt sorry for her, and with perfect *sang-froid* he replied: "Why, yes, you can wash my face if you want to."

"I'd be only too glad to," gasped the visitor eagerly.

"All right," said the cavalier gallantly, "go ahead. It's been washed twenty-one times already to-day, but I don't mind going through it again if it'll make you any happier."

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

THE WOMAN WHO WAS NOT ATHLETIC

THERE was once a woman who wore High heeled Shoes and a Tight Corset. Both These are Highly Injurious and Inartistic to the Last Degree. One Day she Went out to the Links with a Sensible Friend who wore a Sweater and Man-fashioned Shoes. There they Met two Men playing Golf.

"I Fear I shall only Be in your Way," said the Woman who was Not Athletic. "I Cannot Play the Game. I do Not Know a Caddy from a Bunker, nor a Foursome from a Tee."

"Not at all. I will Describe the Game to You," said the Men.

"Oh, Thank you, but One will be Quite enough," she replied, and she Selected the Best-looking, and the Other Went out after the Sensible Friend.

"May I Carry your Parasol?" said he when they had Started.

"If you will Be so Good," she answered. "It is very Foolish, I know, but my Skin is so Absurdly Thin, and the Sun Blisters it so."

The Sensible Friend came up just Behind, and Mopping her Face, she said: "You are too Ridiculous. A Rose-Colored Parasol on the

Links! You are keeping Him from playing, too. He will get out of Practice."

"Oh, I Hope not," said the Woman who was Not Athletic.

"Do not be Alarmed," said the man. "It is All Right."

"Moreover, I saw him Help you Over a Fence," said the Sensible Friend, as she Waded through a Muddy Brook. "That Game is Out of Date."

The Woman who was not Athletic looked Pensively and for Some Time at the Man.

"I am Spoiling Everything," she said, softly, "Let me Go Home, and then You can Play."

"But then You could not Learn the Game," said he, Sitting down under a Kind of Artificial Watershed and Watching the Rose-colored Reflection of her Parasol.

"Is this a Bunker?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied. "Its Purpose is to shield People Who wish to be Alone, from Observation."

"Oh!" said she. "Then what is a Hazard?"

"Well," he replied, "this is sometimes Called a Hazard, too, because there is a Chance that Some one may Come By after all."

"Oh!" said she. "Then over That Wall Behind that Big Rock is one of the Best Bunkers on the links, isn't it?"

"It is, indeed," he replied. "You Pick Up the Game very Rapidly. Come over There, and I will Explain it Further to You."

"You are so Good," she said, as he Lifted her Over the Wall.

"Not at All," he replied, Politely.

Some Time Afterward the Sensible Friend who was engaged in Wallowing Through some Underbrush and Falling into a Pond in Search of Her Ball, Passed by Them on the Return Course, and Seeing them Seated against the Wall, noted their somewhat Unoriginal Attitudes. She was surprised.

This teaches us that You need Not Teach an Old Dog New Tricks.

THE WOMAN WHO USED HER THEORY

THERE was once a Woman who had a Theory that Men did Not Care for Too Much Intellectuality in her Sex. After this Theory she shaped her Actions, which Shows her to have been a Remarkable Woman. One day a Man asked her if she Belonged to his Sister's Ibsen Club.

"Oh, no," she answered; "I Cannot understand Ibsen at all."

The Next Time he called he brought her a Bunch of Violets and asked her if she read Maeterlinck.

"No; I think it is Very Silly," she replied.

Then the Man brought her a Box of Chocolates, remarking, "Sweets to the Sweet—do you not think Shakespeare was Right?"

The Woman saw that she was Making Progress. Now was her Time to Stop, but this she Did Not Perceive.

"Shakespeare?" said she. "Oh, yes, I have

read a little of His Works, but I do not see Much Sense in them, to tell the Truth."

"Nay, nay," said the Man, "this is Too Much. Not to Understand Ibsen shows that you are a Good Woman; to think Maeterlinck Silly augurs Well for your Intelligence; but not to see Much Sense in Shakespeare Implies that you are Uneducated."

And he did not Call Again.

This teaches us that it is Possible to Get Too Much of a Good Thing.

THE WOMAN WHO HELPED HER SISTER

THERE was once a Woman who had Read in a Book that the Best Way to Become Dear to a Man was to Cook appetizing Dishes for Him. Therefore when a Nice Man Called on Her it was Her Custom to Retire to the Dining-room and Compose Delicious Lunches in a Chafing-dish, leaving her Sister to Entertain the Man till her return. Her Sister would not Learn to Cook, because she did Not Care to.

One Day the Man invited the Woman to Go to the Theatre with him. This she would have Liked to do Very Much, but she Remembered What she had Read, and replied:

"I will Tell you Something Better. Take my Sister to the Theatre, and when you Come Home I will have a Nice Supper waiting For You."

"Oh, very Well!" said the Man. That eve-

ning he Fell in Love with the Sister, and Some Time Later he asked her to Marry him.

"But I Thought it was My Sister you Came to See," said she; "and besides, that I Fear I should Make a Poor Wife. I am Not Practical and I Cannot Cook."

"As to that," replied the Man, "I came at First, it is True, to see Your Sister, but I saw Very Little of her because she Stayed in the Dining-room so Much. So that I Grew to Admire You. And as for your Not Cooking, that is Easily Arranged. Your Sister can Live with Us and Manage All That very nicely."

This teaches us that you must Catch your Hare before you Cook for Him.

When the Prince of Wales visited this country many years ago, a great ball was given in his honor in St. Louis. Governor Stewart, of Missouri, came down from Jefferson City to do credit to it, and, in the course of the evening, became very happy, very proud, not to say enthusiastic. He and the Prince were stationed where the beauty and brilliancy and blue blood of St. Louis swept by them in dazzling review. The spectacle elevated Stewart's feelings several notches. Finally he administered a mighty slap to the royal back and exclaimed: "Prince, don't you wish you was Governor of Mizzourah?"

REV. GABE TUCKER'S REMARKS

You may notch it on de palin's as a mighty resky plan
To make your judgment by de clo'es dat kivers up a man;
For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come across
A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss;
An', wukin' in de low-groun's, you diskiver, as you go,
Dat de fines' shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin in a row.

I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for heben
Dat holds onto his piety but one day out o' seben;
Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap o' solemn chat,
And nebber draps a nickle in de missionary hat;
Dat's foremost in de meetin'-house for raisin' all de chunes,
But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloons.

I nebber judge o' people dat I meets along de way
By de places whar dey come fum an' de houses whar dey stay;
For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin' pretty high,

An' de turkey buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;
Dey ketches little minners in de middle ob de sea,
An' you finds de smalles' 'possum up de bigges' kind o' tree!

ANONYMOUS.

A truthful description of *La Grippe* was made by a son of Erin the other day. Met by an old acquaintance, he was asked what made him look so ill. He replied, "Faith, I had the grip last winter." To draw him out the questioner asked, "What is the grip, Patrick?"

"The grip!" he says. "Don't you know what the grip is? It's a disease that makes you sick six months after you get well."

During a golf match between the Reverend Doctor Sterret and Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, at the Chevy Chase Golf Club, near Washington, the Doctor discovered his ball teed up in tempting style for a fine brassie shot. With the utmost deliberation he went through the preliminary "waggles," and with a supreme effort—missed the ball. For fully a minute he gazed at the tantalizing sphere without uttering a word. At length Justice Harlan remarked solemnly, "Doctor, that was the most profane silence I ever listened to."

A KISS IN THE RAIN

ONE stormy morn I chanced to meet
A lassie in the town;
Her locks were like the ripened wheat,
Her laughing eyes were brown
I watched her as she tripped along
Till madness filled my brain,
And then—and then—I know 'twas wrong—
I kissed her in the rain!

With raindrops shining on her cheek
Like dewdrops on a rose,
The little lassie strove to speak,
My boldness to oppose;
She strove in vain, and quivering,
Her fingers stole in mine;
And then the birds began to sing,
The sun began to shine.

Oh, let the clouds grow dark above,
My heart is light below;
'Tis always summer when we love,
However winds may blow;
And I'm as proud as any prince,
All honors I disdain:
She says I am her *rain beau* since
I kissed her in the rain.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

SAM WALTER FOSS

A MODERN MARTYRDOM

The Weverwend Awthur Murway Gween,
They say is verwy clevah;
And sister Wuth could heah him pweach,
Fohevah and fohevah
And I went down to heah him pweach,
With Wuth and my Annette,
Upon the bwave, hewoic deaths
The ancient mawtahs met;
And as he wepwesented them,
In all their acts and feachaws,
The ancient mawtahs, dontcherknow?
Were doocid clevah cweachaws.

But, aw deah me! They don't compah
In twue hewoic bwavewy,
To a bwave hewo fwiend of mine,
Young Montmowenci Averwy.
He earned foah dollahs everwy week,
And not another coppah;
But this bwave soul wesolved to dwess
Pwe-eminently pwoppah.
So this was all the food each day,
The bwave young cweachaw had—
One glaws of milk, a cigawette,
Foah cwackers, and some bwead.

A Modern Martyrdom

He lived on foahteen cents a day,
And cherwished one great passion:
The pwecious pwoject of his soul,
Of being dwessed in fashion,
But when he'd earned a suit entiah,
To his supweme chagwin,
Just then did shawt-tailed coats go out,
And long-tailed coats come in;
But naught could bweak his wigid will,
And now, I pway you, note,
That he gave up his glaws of milk
And bought a long-tailed coat.

But then the fashion changed once moah,
And bwought a gwievous plight;
It changed from twousers that are loose
To twousers that are tight.
Then his foah cwackers he gave up,
He just wenounced their use;
And changed to twousers that are tight
Fwom twousers that are loose.
And then the narwow-toed style shoes
To bwoad-toed changed instead;
Then he pwocured a bwoad-toed paih,
And gave up eating bwead.

Just then the bwoad-bwimmed style of hat
To narwow bwims gave way;
And so his twibulations gwew,
Incweasing everwy day.

But he pwocured a narwow bwim,
Of verwy stylish set;
But bwave, bwave soul! he had to dwop
His pwecious cigawette.
But now when his whole suit confohmed
To fashion's wegulation,
For lack of cwackers, milk, and bwead.
He perwished of stahvation.

Thus in his owah of victowy
He passed on to his west—
I weally nevah saw a cowpse
So fashionably dwessed.
My teahs above his well-dwessed clay
Fell like the spwingtime wains;
My eyes had nevah wested on
Such pwoppah dwessed wemains.
The ancient mawtahs—they were gwand
And glowious in their day;
But this bwave Montmowenci was
As gweat and gwand as they.

F. P. DUNNE ("Mr. Dooley")

WORK AND SPORT

"A HARD time th' rich have injyin' life," said Mr. Dooley.

"I'd thrade with thim," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I wud not," said Mr. Dooley. "'Tis too much like hard wurruk. If I iver got hold iv a little mound iv th' money, divvle th' bit iv hardship wud I inflict on mesilf. I'd set on a large Turkish sofa an' have dancin' girls dancin' an' a mandolin orchesthree playin' to me. I wudden't move a step without bein' carrid. I'd go to bed with th' lark an' get up with th' night watchman. If annywan suggested physical exercise to me, I'd give him forty dollars to go away. I'd hire a prize fighter to do me fightin' f'r me, a pedesthreen to do me walkin'' a jockey to do me ridin', an' a colledge pro-fissor to do me thinkin'. Here I'd set with a naygur fannin' me with osterich feathers, lookin' ca'mly out through me stained-glass windies on th' rollin'-mills, smokin' me good five-cint seegar an' rejicin' to know how bad ye mus' be feelin, ivery time ye think iv me hoorded wealth.

"But that ain't th' way it comes out, Hinnissy. Higgins, th' millyionaire, had th' same idee as me whin he was beginnin. to breed money with a dollar he ownded an' a dollar he took fr'm

some wan that wasn't there at th' time. While he was hammerin' hoops on a bar'l or dhrivin' pegs into a shoe, he'd stop wanst in awhile to wipe th' sweat off his brow whin th' boss wasn't lookin' an' he'd say to himsilf: 'If I iver get it, I'll have a man wheel me around on a chair.' But as his stable grows an' he herds large dhroves down to th' bank ivry week, he changes his mind, an' whin he's got enough to injye life, as they say, he finds he's up against it. His throubles has just begun. I know in his heart Higgins's ideel iv luxury is enough buckwheat cakes an' a cozy corner in a Turkish bath, but he can't injye it. He mus' be up an' doin'. An' th' on'y things annywan around him is up an' doin' is th' things he used to get paid f'r doin' whin he was a young man.

"Arly in th' mornin' Higgins has got to be out exercisin' a horse to keep th' horse in good health. Higgins has no business on a horse an' he knows it. He was built an' idycated f'r a cooper an' th' horse don't fit him. Th' nachral way f'r Higgins to ride a horse is to set well aft an' hang onto th' ears. But he's tol' that's wrong an' he's made to set up sthraight an' be a good fellow an' meet th' horse half way. An' if th' horse don't run away with Higgins an' kill him, he's tol' it's not a good horse an' he ought to sell it. An' mind ye, he pays f'r that though he can't help raymimberin' th' man nex' dure fr'm him used to get tin dollars a week f'r th' same job.

"When he was a young man, Higgins knowed a fellow that dhruv four horses f'r a brewery They paid him well, but he hated his job. He used to come in at night an' wish his parents had made him a cooper, an' Higgins pitied him, knowin' he cudden't get out a life insurance policy an' his wife was scared to death all th' time. Now that Higgins has got th' money, he's took th' brewery man's job with worse horses an' him barred f'm dhrivin' with more thin wan hand. An' does he get annything f'r it? On th' conth'ry, Hinnissy, it sets him back a large forchune. An' he says he's havin' a good time, an' if th' brewery man come along an' felt sorry f'r him Higgins wudden't exactly know why.

"Higgins has to sail a yacht raymimberin' how he despised th' Swede sailors that used to loaf in th' saloon near his house durin' th' winter; he has to run an autymobill, which is th' same thing as dhrivin' a throlley care on a windy day, without pay; he has to play golf, which is th' same thing as bein' a letther-carryer without a dacint uniform; he has to play tennis, which is another wurrud f'r batin' a carpet; he has to race horses, which is the same thing as bein' a bookmaker with th' chances again' ye; he has to go abroad, which is th' same thing as bein' an immigrant; he has to set up late, which is th' same thing as bein' a dhrug clerk; an' he has to play cards with a man that knows how, which is th' same thing as bein' a sucker

"He takes his good times hard, Hinnissy. A rich man at spoort is a kind iv non-union laborer. He don't get wages f'r it an' he don't dhrive as well as a milkman, ride as well as a stable-boy, shoot as well as a polisman, or autymobile as well as th' man that runs th' steam-roller. It's a tough life. They'se no rest f'r th' rich an' weary.

"We'll be readin' in th' pa-apers wan iv these days: 'Alonzo Higgins, th' runner up in las' year's champeenship, showed gr-reat improvement in this year's bricklayin' tournymint at Newport, an' won handily with about tin square feet to spare. He was nobly assisted by Regynald Van Stinyvant, who acted as his hod-carryer an' displayed all th' agility which won him so much applause arlier in th' year.

" 'Th' Pickaways carrid off all th' honors in th' sewer-diggin' contest yesterdah, defatin' th' Spadewells be five holes to wan. Th' shovel wurruk iv Cassidy th' banker was spicially noticeable. Th' colors iv th' Pickaways was red flannel undhershirts an' dark-brown trousers.

" 'Raycreations iv rich me: Jawn W. Grates an' J. Pierpont Morgan ar-re to have a five-days' shinglin' contest at Narragansett Pier. George Gold is thrainin' f'r th' autumn plumbin' jimkanny. Mitchigan Avnoo is tore up fr'm Van Buren Sthreet to th' belt line in pripara-tion f'r th' contest in sthreet-layin' between mimbers iv th' Assocyation iv More-Thin-Rich

Spoorts. Th' sledge teams is completed, but a few good tampers an' wather men is needed.'

"An' why not, Hinnissy? If 'tis fun to wurruk why not do some rale wurruk? If 'tis spoort to run an autymobill, why not run a locymotive? If dhrivin' a horse in a cart is a game, why not dhrive a delivery wagon an' carry things around? Sure, I 'spose th' raison a rich man can't underhstand why wages shud go higher is because th' rich can't see why annybody shud be paid f'r annything so amusin' as wurruk. I bet ye Higgins is wondherin' at this moment why he was paid so much f'r puttin' rings around a bar'l.

"No, sir, what's a rich man's raycreation is a poor man's wurruk. Th' poor ar-re th' on'y people that know how to injye wealth. Me idee iv settin' things sthraight is to have th' rich who wurruk because they like it do th' wurruk f'r th' poor who wud rather rest. I'll be happy th' day I see wan iv th' Hankerbilits pushin' ye'er little go-cart up th' platform while ye set in th' shade iv a three an' cheer him on his way. I'm sure he'd do it if ye called it a spoort an' tol him th' first man to th' dump wud be entitled to do it over again against sthronger men nex' week. Wud ye give him a tin cup that he cud put his name on? Wud ye, Hinnissy? I'm sure ye wud."

"Why do they do it?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I dinnaw," said Mr. Dooley, "onless it is that th' wan great object iv ivry man's life is to

get tired enough to sleep. Ivrything seems to be some kind iv wurruk. Wurruk is wurruk if ye're paid to do it an' it's pleasure if ye pay to be allowed to do it."

A New Yorker who has spent time and money in developing carrier pigeons, and may be called Jones for short, was boasting at his club one night of the great flights that his pigeons had made, when Brown said, "I'll bet you the best dinner the club can furnish for every one present that you haven't got a pigeon that can fly from Philadelphia to New York." "It will be simply robbery," said Jones, "but I'll take your bet." Brown stipulated that he should carry the pigeon to Philadelphia himself, and he did. Before releasing the bird he clipped his wings, and then he returned to New York by a slow train. "Well, I released your pigeon in Philadelphia this morning," he said to Jones that night at the club; "has he returned yet?" "Not yet," said Jones. The next day Brown again asked Jones about the bird, and, when Jones admitted that his pigeon had not come back, claimed the bet. The owner of the pigeon said that he wouldn't admit defeat. The pigeon didn't show up on the second day; but on the third day, when Brown asked jeeringly "Isn't it about time for that supper? I don't suppose your pigeon has returned," Jones replied promptly, "Yes, he has: but—er—well his feet are very sore." Brown paid the bet.

THE FABLE OF THE CADDY WHO HURT HIS HEAD WHILE THINKING

ONE Day a Caddy sat in the Long Grass near the Ninth Hole and wondered if he had a Soul. His number was 27, and he almost had forgotten his Real Name.

As he sat and Meditated, two Players passed him. They were going the Long Round, and the Frenzy was upon them.

They followed the Gutta Percha Balls with the intent swiftness of trained Bird Dogs, and each talked feverishly of Brassy Lies, and getting past the Bunker, and Lofting to the Green, and Slicing into the Bramble—each telling his own Game to the Ambient Air, and ignoring what the other Fellow had to say.

As they did the St. Andrews Full Swing for eighty Yards apiece and then Followed Through with the usual Explanations of how it Happened, the Caddy looked at them and Reflected that they were much inferior to his Father.

His Father was too Serious a Man to get out in Mardi Gras Clothes and hammer a Ball from one Red flag to another.

His Father worked in a Lumber Yard.

He was an Earnest Citizen, who seldom Smiled, and he knew all about the Silver Question and how J. Pierpont Morgan done up a Free People on the Bond Issue.

The Caddy wondered why it was that his Father, a really Great Man, had to shove Lumber all day and could seldom get one Dollar to rub against another, while these superficial Johnnies who played Golf all the Time had Money to Throw at the Birds. The more he Thought the more his Head ached.

MORAL.—*Don't try to Account for Anything.*

GEORGE ADE.

IF this little world to-night
  Suddenly should fall thro' space
In a hissing, dead, [redacted] flight,
  Shriveling from on its face,
As it falls into the sun,
  In an instant every trace
Of the little crawling things—
  Ants, philosophers, and lice,
Cattle, cockroaches, and kings,
  Beggars, millionaires, and mice,
Men and maggots all as one
  As it falls into the sun—
Who can say but at the same
  Instant from some planet far
A child may watch us and exclaim:
  "See the pretty shooting star!"

OLIVER HERFORD.

GEORGE V. HOBART

JOHN HENRY AT THE RACES

I WAS anxious to make Clara Jane think that she was all the money, so I boiled out a few plunks, trotted over to the trolley and rushed her to the race-track.

I'm a dub on the dope, but it was my play to be a Wise Boy among the skates on this particular occasion, and I went the whole distance.

In the presence of my lady love I knew every horse that ever pulled a harrow.

Isn't it cruel how a slob will cut the guy-ropes and go up in the air just because his Baby is by his side?

Me—to the mountain tops!

Before the car got started I was telling her how Pittsburg Phil and I won $18,000 last summer on a fried fish they called "Benzine."

Then I confided to her the fact that I doped a turtle named "Pink Toes" to win the next day but he went over the fence after a loose bunch of grass and I lost $23,680.

She wanted to know what I meant by dope, and I told her it generally meant a sour dream, but she didn't seem to grab.

When we got to the track they were bunching the bones for the first race, so I told Clara Jane

I'd thought I'd crawl down to the ring and plaster two or three thousand around among the needy. Two or three thousand, and me with nothing but a five-spot in my jeans and the return ticket money in that!

"Are you really going to bet?" she asked.

"Sure!" I said; "I've got a pipe!"

"Well, I hope you won't smoke it near me. I hate pipes!" she said.

"All right; I'll take my pipe down to the betting-ring and smoke it there!" I said, and we parted good friends.

In front of the grand stand I met Nash Martinetti.

He was holding a bunch of poppies and he picked out one in the first race and handed it to me.

"A skinch!" said Nash. "Go as far as you like."

Then Ned Rose went into a cataleptic state and handed me the winner—by a block. It couldn't go wrong unless its feet fell out.

"Here you are, John Henry, the real Pietro!" said Ban Roberts; "play Pump Handle straight and place! It's the road to wealth—believe me! All the others are behind the hill!"

Every Breezy Boy I met had a different hunch and they called me into the wharf and unloaded.

I figured it out that if I had bet $5 on each good thing they gave me I would have lost $400,000.

Then I ducked under, sopped up a stein of root beer and climbed up again to the hurricane deck.

"Did you bet?" inquired Clara Jane.

"Only $730," I said; "mere bag o' shells."

I leave a call for 7.30 every morning and I suppose that's the reason I was so swift with the figures.

"My! what a lot of money!" said the Fair One. "Do point out the horse you bet on! I shall be awfully interested in this race!"

Carlo! you're a bad dog—lie down!

I pointed out the favorite as the one I had my bundle on, and explained to Clara Jane that the only way it could lose was for some sorehead to get out and turn the track around.

Sure enough, the favorite galloped into port and dropped anchor six hours ahead of the other clams.

I win over $2,200—conversation money—and Bonnie Brighteyes was in a frenzy of delight.

She wanted to know if I wasn't going to be awfully careful with it and save it up for a rainy day.

I told her yes, but I expected we'd have a storm that afternoon.

I had a nervous chill for fear she'd declare herself in on the rake-off.

But she didn't, so I excused myself and backed down the ladder to cash in.

The boys were all out in the inquest room trying to find out what killed the dead ones.

Then they stopped apologizing to themselves and began to pick things out of the next race and push them up their sleeves.

I ran across Harry Maddy and he took me up to the roof with a line of talk about a horse called "Pretty Boy" in the last race.

"He'll be over 80 to 1 and it's a killing," Harry insisted. "Get down to the bank when the doors open and grab all you can. Take a satchel and the ice-tongs and haul it away."

I was beginning to be impressed.

"Put a fiver on Pretty Boy," Harry continued, "and you'll find yourself dropping over in the Pierp Morgan class before sundown."

"This may be a real Alexander," I said to myself.

"Pretty Boy can stop in the stretch to do a song and dance and still win by a bunch of houses," Harry informed me.

I began to think hard.

"Don't miss it," said Harry. "It's a moral that if you play him you'll die rich and disgraced, like our friend Andy, the Hoot Mon!"

When I got back to the stand I had a preoccupied air.

The five-spot in my jeans was crawling around and begging for a change of scene.

When Clara Jane asked me how much I had bet on the race just about to start I could only think of $900.

When she wanted to know which horse, I

pointed my finger at every toad on the track and said, "That one over there."

It won.

At the end of the third race I was $19,218 to the good.

Clara Jane had it down in black and white on the back of an envelope in figures that couldn't lie.

She said she was very proud of me, and that's where my finish bowed politely and stood waiting.

She told me that it was really very wrong to bet any more after such a run of luck, and made me promise that I wouldn't wring another dollar from the trembling hands of the poor bookmakers.

I promised, but she didn't notice that I had my fingers crossed.

I simply had to have a roll to flash on the way home, so I took my lonely V and went out into the Promise Land after the nuggets Maddy had put me wise to.

"It will be just like getting money from Uncle Peter," I figured.

"A small steak from Pretty Boy," I said to Wise Samuel, the bookmaker. "What's doing?"

Wise Samuel gave me the gay lookover.

"Take the ferry for Sioux Falls!" he said.

"Nix on the smart talk, Sammy!" I said. "Me for the Pretty Boy! How much?"

"A bundle for a bite—you're on a cold plate!"

whispered Wise Samuel, but he couldn't throw me.

"I don't see any derricks to hoist the price with," I tapped him.

"Write your own ticket, then you to the woods!" said Sammy.

In a minute my fiver was up and I was on the card to win $500 when my cute one came romping home.

I went back to Clara Jane satisfied that in a few minutes I'd have a roll big enough to choke the tunnel.

"Not having any money on this race, you can watch it without the least excitement, can't you?" she said.

I said yes, and all the while I was scrapping with a lump in my throat the size of my fist.

When the horses got away with Pretty Boy in front I started in to stand on my head, but changed my mind and swallowed half the programme.

Pretty Boy at the quarter! Me for Rector's till they put the shutters up!

Pretty Boy at the half! Me down to Tiffany's in the morning dragging tiaras away in a dray!

Pretty Boy at the three-quarter pole! Me doing the free library gag all over the place!

But just as they came in the stretch Pretty Boy forgot something and went back after it.

The roach quit me cold at the very door of the safety deposit vaults.

I was under the water a long time.

Finally I heard Clara Jane saying, "Isn't it lucky you didn't bet on this race. I believe you would have picked that foolish-looking horse that stopped over there to bite the fence!'

"I'm done! Turn me over!" I murmured, and then I rushed down among the ramblers and made a swift touch for the price of a couple of rides home.

On the way back Clara Jane made me promise again that I'd be awfully, awfully careful of my $19,218.

I promised her I would.

Years ago Joaquin Miller was journeying on foot, and was overtaken by an honest countryman, who took him up on his loaded wagon and gave him a long ride. Tired at length of conversation, the poet took a novel from his pocket, and pored over it long and silently.

"What are you reading?" said the countryman.

"A novel of Bret Harte's," said Mr. Miller,

"Well, now, I don't see how an imoortal being wants to be wasting his time with such stuff."

"Are you quite sure," said the poet, "that I am an immortal being?"

"Of course you are."

"If that be the case," responded Miller, "I don't see why I should be so very economical of my time."

TWO FISHERS

ONE morning when spring was in her teens—
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face at the sun-tan's mercy;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped—*vice versa*.

I with my rod, my reel and my hooks,
And a hamper for lunching recesses;
She with the bait of her comely looks,
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat us down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond-lilies teeter.
And I went to fishing like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited,
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time of departure came,
My bag hung flat as a flounder;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—
A hundred-and-fifty-pounder.

ANONYMOUS.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

In letters large upon a frame,
That visitors might see,
The painter placed his humble name:
O'Callaghan McGee.

And from Beersheba unto Dan,
The critics with a nod
Exclaimed: "This painting Irishman
Adores his native sod.

"His stout heart's patriotic flame
There's naught on earth can quell;
He takes no wild romantic name
To make his pictures sell!"

Then poets praised in sonnets neat
His stroke so bold and free;
No parlor wall was thought complete
That hadn't a McGee.

All patriots before McGee
Threw lavishly their gold;
His works in the Academy
Were very quickly sold.

His "Digging Clams at Barnegat,"
His "When the Morning Smiled,"
His "Seven Miles from Ararat,"
His "Portrait of a Child,"

Were purchased in a single day
And lauded as divine.

. . . . . .

That night as in his *atelier*
The artist sipped his wine,

And looked upon his gilded frames,
He grinned from ear to ear:
"They little think my *real* name's
V. Stuyvesant De Vere!"

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

The obsequiousness of inferiors, who hope to advance themselves by being exceedingly polite to their masters, sometimes takes queer forms.

A certain chief of a government bureau was invited, with others, to dine at the table of the member of the Cabinet who was at the time his superior.

During the dinner the bureau chief, who happened to be placed between a door and a window, and who had said nothing at all, began to sneeze.

"Are you taking cold, Mr. B.?" asked the member of the Cabinet.

"I believe I have that honor and pleasure, sir!" answered the other, bowing very respectfully.

ROBERT HENRY NEWELL

THE AMERICAN TRAVELER

To Lake Aghmoogenegamook
All in the State of Maine,
A man from Wittequergaugaum came
One evening in the rain.

"I am a traveler," said he,
"Just started on a tour,
And go to Nomjamskillicook
To-morrow morn at four."

He took a tavern bed that night,
And, with the morrow's sun,
By way of Sekledobskus went,
With carpet-bag and gun.

A week passed on, and next we find
Our native tourist come
To that sequestered village called
Genasagarnagum.

From thence he went to Absequoit,
And there—quite tired of Maine—
He sought the mountains of Vermont,
Upon a railroad train.

Dog Hollow, in the Green Mount State,
Was his first stopping-place;

And then Skunk's Misery displayed
  Its sweetness and its grace.

By easy stages then he went
  To visit Devil's Den;
And Scrabble Hollow, by the way,
  Did come within his ken.

Then *via* Nine Holes and Goose Green,
  He traveled through the State;
And to Virginia, finally,
  Was guided by his fate.

Within the Old Dominion's bounds,
  He wandered up and down;
To-day at Buzzard's Roost ensconced,
  To-morrow at Hell Town.

At Pole Cat, too, he spent a week,
  Till friends from Bull Ring came,
And made him spend a day with them
  In hunting forest game.

Then, with his carpet-bag in hand,
  To Dog Town next he went;
Though stopping at Free Negro Town,
  Where half a day he spent.

From thence, into Negationburg
  His route of travel lay;
Which having gained, he left the State,
  And took a southward way

The American Traveler

North Carolina's friendly soil
He trod at fall of night,
And, on a bed of softest down,
He slept at Hell's Delight.

Morn found him on the road again,
To Lousy Level bound;
At Bull's Tail, and Lick Lizard, too,
Good provender he found.

The country all about Pinch Gut
So beautiful did seem
That the beholder thought it like
A picture in a dream.

But the plantations near Burnt Coat
Were even finer still,
And made the wondering tourist feel
A soft, delicious thrill.

At Tear Shirt, too, the scenery
Most charming did appear,
With Snatch It in the distance far,
And Purgatory near.

But, spite of all these pleasant scenes,
The tourist stoutly swore
That home is brightest, after all,
And travel is a bore.

So back he went to Maine, straightway;
A little wife he took;
And now is making nutmegs at
Moosehicmagunticook.

WILLIAM J. KOUNTZ, JR.
("Billy Baxter")

IN SOCIETY

PITTSBURG, PA., Feb. 1, 1899.

Dear Jim: There is no new scandal worth mentioning. What I started to write you about was Hemingway's duplicate whist party which was pulled off last night. I had a bid, and as there was nothing else stirring, I put on that boy's-size dress suit of mine and blew out there. Jim, you know the signs you see on the dummies in front of these little Yiddisher stores, "Take me home for $10.98," or "I used to be $6.21, now I'm yours for $3.39." Well, that's your Uncle Bill in a dress suit. Every one takes me for a waiter.

I have just been thinking this society push over, and I have come to the conclusion that an active leader in society has more troubles than a man in the wheat pit, and a man in the wheat pit is long on troubles about as often as he is on wheat. If you don't believe it, ask Joe Leiter. He was long on both at the same time.

Take the woman who uses fair English and has coin, and let her display the same good cold judgment that has made her husband successful in business, and some rainy Thursday morning the four hundred will wake up and find

a new member has joined the order. While she is on her way she'll get many a frost, but after she lands she'll even up on the other candidates.

I have heard it said that locomotive engineers as a rule suffer from kidney troubles, caused by the jolting and bumping of the engine. If jolts and bumps go for anything, some of these people who are trying to break into society must have Bright's Disease something grievous.

Jim, if you have never been to a duplicate whist party, see some of those people play whist and then order your shroud. Last night for a partner I drew an old girl who was a Colonial Dame because her ancestors on both sides had worked on the Old Colony Railroad. She must have taken a foolish powder or something, just before she left home, as she was clean to the bad. She had to be called five minutes before each play, and the way she trumped my ace the first time around was enough to drive a person dippy. Once she mentioned her husband's diamond-studded airship. Poor old lady! Probably took a double dose by mistake. How careless!

Everybody was making a great fuss over some girl who is lecturing throughout the country on "Man as Woman Sees Him." Talk about lavish eyes. My boy! my boy! but this dame was there with the swell lamps. A hundred-candle-power easily. I tried to sit up to her, but there was nothing doing. I might have known I was a dead one. Because why?

Because Mr. Percy Harold was talking to her, and he knows all about rare china, real old lace, and such things. When I came up the subject was Du Bois's Messe de Mariage. (Spelling not guaranteed.) I asked about it this morning, Jim. A Messe de Mariage seems to be some kind of a wedding march, and a bishop who is a real hot dog won't issue a certificate unless the band plays the Messe. Mr. Percy Harold kept right on talking about Jack Hayes being so desperately in love with Mrs. Hardy-Steele, and how late they were getting home from the Opera the other night, and what a shame it was, as Mr. Steele seemed like such a nice fellow. There I stood like a Harlem goat. I couldn't cut in, because I have so many troubles of my own getting home from any place at all that I haven't time to keep tab on other people. I must be as slow getting onto a scandal as the injured husband. If 15,000 people know something about a woman, my number is 14,999, and the husband's number is 15,000. It seems strange, but the husband always seems to get wise last.

But to return to the girl with the electric eyes. I hung around in that sad dress suit like a big dub, hoping that the conversation would finally get switched to theatres or dogs or sparring, or something where I could make good, but Mr. Harold had the floor, and he certainly had me looking like a dirty deuce in a new deck. I stood for him till he suddenly exclaimed,

"Oh, fudge!" because he had forgotten one of his rings, and there was where I took to the tall timbers. If I were a ring I wouldn't let a guy like that wear me. Now will you kindly tell me why it is that a girl will throw a good fellow down every time for one of those Lizzie boys? If I thought there were enough men in the country who feel as I do I would start "The American Union for the Suppression of Lizzie Boys."

Well, I decided to git into my class, so I started for the smoking-room. I hadn't gone three feet till some woman held me up and began telling me how she adored grand opera. I didn't even reply. I flew madly and remained hidden in the tall grasses of the smoking-room until it was time to go home. Jim, should any one ever tell you that grand opera is all right, he is either trying to even up or he is not a true friend. I was over in New York with the family last winter, and they made me go with them to "Die Walküre" at the Metropolitan Opera House. When I got the tickets I asked the man's advice as to the best location. He said that all true lovers of music occupied the dress-circle and balconies, and that he had some good centre dress-circle seats at three bones per. Here's a tip, Jim. If the box man ever hands you that true-lover game, just reach in through the little hole and soak him in the solar for me. It's coming to him. I'll give you my word of honor we were a quarter of

a mile from the stage. We went up in an elevator, were shown to our seats, and who was right behind us but my old pal, Bud Hathaway, from Chicago. Bud had his two sisters with him, and he gave me one sad look which said plainer than words, "So you're up against it, too, eh?" We introduced all hands around, and about nine o'clock the curtain went up. After we had waited fully ten minutes, out came a big, fat, greasy-looking Dago with nothing on but a bear robe. He went over to the side of the stage and sat down on a bum rock. It was plainly to be seen, even from my true-lover's seat, that his bearlets was sorer than a dog about something. Presently in came a woman, and none of the true lovers seemed to know who she was. Some said it was Melba, others Nordica. Bud and I decided it was May Irwin. We were mistaken, though, as Irwin has this woman lashed to the mast at any time or place. As soon as Mike the Dago espied the dame it was all off. He rushed, and drove a straight-arm jab, which, had it reached, would have given him the purse. But Shifty Sadie wasn't there. She ducked, side-stepped, and landed a clever half-arm hook which seemed to stun the big fellow. They clenched, and swayed back and forth, growling continually, while the orchestra played this trembly Eliza-crossing-the-ice music. Jim, I'm not swelling this a bit. On the level, it happened just as I write it. All of a sudden some one seemed to win. They broke away,

and ran wildly to the front of the stage with their arms outstretched, yelling to beat three of a kind. The band cut loose something fierce. The leader tore out about nine dollars' worth of hair and acted generally as though he had bats in his belfry. I thought sure the place would be pinched. It reminded me of Thirsty Thornton's dance hall out in Merrill, Wisconsin, when the Silent Swede used to start a general survival of the fittest every time Mamie the Mink danced twice in succession with the young fellow from Albany, whose father owned the big mill up Rough River. Of course, this audience was perfectly orderly, and showed no intention whatever of cutting in, and there were no chairs or glasses in the air, but I am forced to admit that the opera had Thornton's faded for noise. I asked Bud what the trouble was, and he answered that I could search him. The audience apparently went wild. Everybody said "Simply sublime!" "Isn't it grand?" "Perfectly superb!" "Bravo!" etc., not because they really enjoyed it, but merely because they thought it was the proper thing to do. After that for three solid hours Rough House Mike and Shifty Sadie seemed to be apologizing to the audience for their disgraceful street brawl, which was honestly the only good thing in the show. Along about twelve o'clock I thought I would talk over old times with Bud, but when I turned his way I found my tried and trusty comrade "Asleep at the Switch."

At the finish the woman next to me, who seemed to be on, said that the main lady was dying. After it was too late, Mike seemed kind of sorry. He must have given her the knife, or the drops, because there wasn't a minute that he could look in on her according to the rules. He laid her out on the bum rock, they set off a lot of red fire for some unknown reason, and the curtain dropped at 12:25. Never again for my money. Far be it from me knocking, but any time I want noise I'll take to a boiler-shop or a Union Station, where I can understand what's coming off. I'm for a good mother show. Do you remember "The White Slave," Jim? Well, that's me. Wasn't it immense where the main lady spurned the villain's gold and exclaimed with flashing eye, "Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake." Great! "The White Slave" has "Die Walküre" beaten to a pulp, and they don't get to you for three cases gate money, either.

Say, Jim, if you ever happen to be hunting around for a real true old sport, don't overlook General Hemingway, last evening's host. When it comes to warm propositions he is certainly the bell-cow. They all follow him. He is one of those fat, bald-headed old boys who at one time has had the smallpox so badly that he looks as though he had lost a lot of settings out of his face. He hustled for about twenty years, harnessed up a bunch of money, and now his life is one continual crimson sunset. Some

people know when they have enough, but when the old General has enough he doesn't know anything. Smoke up! Jim, I didn't get that one myself the first time I heard it. Every time the General gets lit up he places his arm around your shoulder, puts his face close to yours, blows ashes in your eyes, and tells you confidentially, so that every one in Texas can hear him, that he knew your father when the seat of his trousers was ragged and he didn't have one dollar to rub against another. I don't mind that so much, but every time he comes to a word with the letter *P* in it he spits all over a fellow. Why, the other night he was telling me about our newly acquired *P*ossessions, the *P*hilippines, being a land of *P*erpetual *P*lenty, and for awhile I thought I was in the natatorium. Under the circumstances I don't know which would be more desirable, a plumber for the General or a mackintosh for myself.

Yours as ever,

BILLY.

P. S.—Jim, you know those little white checks they issue in some bars and you pay at the cashier's desk? Well, one of the boys just telephoned me that he saw Johnny Black in a downtown place with a beautiful sosh on, and that he was eating his checks because he was broke. He had swallowed five checks amounting to $2.30 before the bartender tumbled. That's a new one on me, and it's all right. My! but that boy Johnny is a sincere drinker.

E. S. MARTIN

EPITHALAMIUM

THE marriage bells have rung their peal,
The wedding march has told its story.
I've seen her at the altar kneel
In all her stainless, virgin glory;
She's bound to honor, love, obey,
Come joy or sorrow, tears or laughter.
I watched her as she rode away,
And flung the lucky slipper after.

She was my first, my very first,
My earliest inamorata,
And to the passion that I nursed
For her I well-nigh was a martyr.
For I was young and she was fair,
And always bright and gay and chipper,
And, oh, she wore such sunlit hair!
Such silken stockings! such a slipper!

She did not wish to make me mourn—
She was the kindest of God's creatures;
But flirting was in her inborn,
Like brains and queerness in the Beechers.
I do not fear your heartless flirt,
Obtuse her dart and dull her probe is;
But when girls do not mean to hurt,
But *do—Orate tunc pro nobis!*

Epithalamium

A most romantic country place;
The moon at full, the month of August;
An inland lake across whose face
Played gentle zephyrs, ne'er a raw gust.
Books, boats and horses to enjoy,
The which was all our occupation;
A damsel and a callow boy—
There! now you have the situation.

We rode together miles and miles,
My pupil she, and I her Chiron;
At home I reveled in her smiles
And read her extracts out of Byron.
We roamed by moonlight, chose our stars
(I thought it most authentic billing),
Explored the woods, climbed over bars,
Smoked cigarettes and broke a shilling.

An infinitely blissful week
Went by in this Arcadian fashion;
I hesitated long to speak,
But ultimately breathed my passion.
She said her heart was not her own;
She said she'd love me like a sister;
She cried a little (not alone),
I begged her not to fret, and—kissed her.

I lost some sleep, some pounds in weight,
A deal of time and all my spirits,
And much, how much I dare not state,
I mused upon that damsel's merits.

I tortured my unhappy soul,
I wished I never might recover;
I hoped her marriage bells might toll
A requiem for her faithful lover.

And now she's married, now she wears
A wedding ring upon her finger;
And I—although it odd appears—
Still in the flesh I seem to linger.
Lo, there my swallow-tail, and here
Lies by my side a wedding favor;
Beside it stands a mug of beer,
I taste it—how divine its flavor!

I saw her in her bridal dress
Stand pure and lovely at the altar;
I heard her firm response—that "Yes,"
Without a quiver or a falter.
And here I sit and drink to her
Long life and happiness, God bless her!
Now fill again. No heel taps, sir;
Here's to—Success to her successor!

JAMES L. FORD

THE DYING GAG

THERE was an affecting scene on the stage of a New York theatre the other night—a scene invisible to the audience and not down on the bills, but one far more touching and pathetic than anything enacted before the footlights that night, although it was a minstrel company that gave the entertainment.

It was a wild, blustering night, and the wind howled mournfully around the street corners, blinding the pedestrians with the clouds of dust that it caught up from the gutters and hurled into their faces.

Old man Sweeny, the stage doorkeeper, dozing in his little glazed box, was awakened by a sudden gust that banged the stage door and then went howling along the corridor, almost extinguishing the gas-jets and making the minstrels shiver in their dressing-rooms.

"What! You here to-night!" exclaimed old man Sweeny, as a frail figure, muffled up in a huge ulster, staggered through the doorway and stood leaning against the wall, trying to catch his breath.

"Yes; I felt that I couldn't stay away from the footlights to-night. They tell me I'm old and worn out and had better take a rest, but

I'll go on till I drop," and with a hollow cough the Old Gag plodded slowly down the dim and drafty corridor and sank wearily on a sofa in the big dressing room, where the other Gags and Conundrums were awaiting their cues.

"Poor old fellow!" said one of them, sadly "He can't hold out much longer."

"He ought not to go on except at matinees," replied another veteran, who was standing in front of the mirror trimming his long, silvery beard, and just then an attendant came in with several basins of gruel, and the old Jests tucked napkins under their chins and sat down to partake of a little nourishment before going on.

The bell tinkled and the entertainment began. One after another the Jokes and Conundrums heard their cues, went on, and returned to the dressing-room; for they all had to go on again in the after-piece. The house was crowded to the dome, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the vast audience as one after another of the old Quips and Jests that had been treasured household words in many a family came on and then disappeared to make room for others of their kind.

As the evening wore on the whisper ran through the theatre that the Old Gag was going on that night—perhaps for the last time; and many an eye grew dim, many a pulse beat quicker at the thought of listening once more to that hoary Jest, about whose head were clustered so many sacred memories.

Meanwhile the Old Gag was sitting in his corner of the dressing-room, his head bowed on his breast, his gruel untasted on the tray before him. The other Gags came and went, but he heeded them not. His thoughts were far away. He was dreaming of old days, of his early struggles for fame, and of his friends and companions of years ago. "Where are they now?" he asked himself, sadly. "Some are wanderers on the face of the earth, in comic operas. Two of them found ignoble graves in the 'Tourists' company. Others are sleeping beneath the daisies in Harper's 'Editor's Drawer.'"

"You're called, sir!"

The Old Gag awoke from his reverie, started to his feet, and, throwing aside his heavy ulster, staggered to the entrance and stood there patiently waiting for his cue.

"You're hardly strong enough to go on to-night," said a Merry Jest, touching him kindly on the arm; but the gray-bearded one shook him off, saying hoarsely:

"Let be! Let be! I must read those old lines once more—it may be for the last time."

And now a solemn hush fell upon the vast audience as a sad-faced minstrel uttered in tear compelling accents the most pathetic words in all the literature of minstrelsy:

"And so you say, Mr. Johnson, that all the people on the ship were perishing of hunger, and yet you were eating fried eggs. How do you account for that?"

For one moment a deathlike silence prevailed. Then the Old Gag stepped forward and in clear, ringing tones replied:

"The ship lay to, and I got one."

A wild, heartrending sob came from the audience and relieved the tension as the Old Gag staggered back into the entrance and fell into the friendly arms that were waiting to receive him.

Sobbing Conundrums bore him to a couch in the dressing-room. Weeping Jokes strove in vain to bring back the spark of life to his inanimate form. But all to no avail.

The Old Gag was dead.

At a Georgia rural camp-meeting, recently, the preacher who was leading the services touched on the war with Spain, and, stopping suddenly in the sermon, called to an old colored brother in the congregation:

"Br'er Williams, I'm gwine to ax you ter git right down on yo' knees en pray fer de success er de American arms!"

Br'er Williams got "down" immediately, and in the course of his petition he said:

"Oh, Lawd, he'p de American arms; an' Lawd, whilst you lookin' atter de arms, take keer er de legs, too! Don't fergit de legs, good Lawd, 'kase we gwine need 'em ter run wid! Take de arms, ef you must, but—spare de legs, Lawd, spare de legs!"

TO THE PRESIDENT

A PETITION

I WANT to be a magistrate—
An Oriental potentate,
A consequential,
Influential,
Oriental
Potentate.

I'd like to rule a tropic isle,
Not very big—say one square mile.
Is there for me no
Filipino,
Small casino,
Tropic isle?

When I am prince in the Levant
I'll ride the sacred elephant;
The white and creamy,
Slow and dreamy,
Bright and gleamy
Elephant.

And when I go abroad in state
My splendor soon will subjugate
The reverential,
Deferential,
Non-essential
Fourth estate.

Four-and-twenty brown negritos
With fans will keep away mosquitoes;
Malevolential,
Most potential,
Pestilential,
Big mosquitoes.

Oh, I will be supreme, I'll bet
I'll rule without a Cabinet;
A referential,
Conferential,
Departmental
Cabinet.

And I will be no celibate—
My harem a fair syndicate;
A confidential,
Preferential,
Most essential,
Syndicate.

'Twill be wide open when I'm ruler;
Each night we'll have a hula-hula;
A soul entrancing,
Joy-enhancing,
Muscle-dancing
Hula-hula.

Then let me have a tropic isle,
A little bit of Nature's smile,
A soft and balmy,
Fair and palmy,
Never qualmy,
Tropic isle.

ANONYMOUS.

SIMEON FORD

THE DISCOMFORTS OF TRAVEL

It is conceded that there is nothing more educating and refining than travel. It is also conceded that nothing is more conducive to travel than free passes. You can now understand why I am so highly educated and so refined.

I know of nothing which so enhances the pleasure of a railroad trip as a pass. It smooths out all the asperities and fatigues of the journey. "It maketh glad the wilderness and the solitary places, and maketh the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose." I have often risen up and left a comfortable fireside, kind friends and solicitous creditors and journeyed to remote and cheerless localities in which I was quite uninterested, lured thereto by the magic influence of a pass. You all know how Svengali hypnotized poor Trilby, simply by a few passes.

The immortal poet, Longfellow, was 'way off when he wrote:

"Try not to pass," the old man said:
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide."
And loud that clarion voice replied—
"Excelsior."

Now the old man probably advised the youth not to try the pass, because he knew if he did and got one he would never be asked to pay fare again without feeling that an outrage was being perpetrated on him. The opium habit is a positive virtue compared with the pass habit. The fact that one is in no way entitled to free transportation only stimulates one in the desire to ride at some other fellow's expense.

One of the most dangerous laws we have is the one forbidding office-holders to accept passes. It keeps our leading citizens out of politics. Some one said (in a moment of temporary aberration of mind) that he'd "rather be right than President;" but I'd rather have an annual on the New York Central than be an Assemblyman in the tents of wickedness. (That's another Biblical quotation.)

The only drawback about using a pass (in addition to the loss of your self-respect) is the harrowing thought, which constantly hovers over you that in case of accident your mangled remains will be of no cash value to your afflicted family. It is a safe plan when traveling on a pass to spend a portion of your ill-gotten gains on an insurance policy. Then in case of accident your last moments will be soothed by the thought that you have beaten the game both ways.

But inasmuch as I have never succeeded in worming a pass out of the sleeping-car people,

I feel at liberty to make a few remarks on that branch of the railroad service, not in a carping spirit, but more in sorrow than in anger.

It is frequently remarked (especially in advertisements) that travel in our palace cars is the acme of comfort and luxury, and I guess they are about as perfect as they can be made and still pay dividends on diluted stock; and yet, after a night in one, I always feel as if I had been through a severe attack of *cholera infantum*.

In winter, especially, the question of temperature is trying. The mercury, soon after you start, bounds up to one hundred and ten degrees in the shade. You endure this until you melt off several pounds of hard-earned flesh and then you muster up courage to press the button. You "keep a-pushin' and a-shovin'" until you lay the foundation of a felon on the end of your finger, and finally the dusky Ethiopian reluctantly emerges from his place of concealment and gazes at you scornfully. You suggest that the temperature is all right for "India's Coral Strand," but is too ardent to be compatible with Jaeger hygienic underwear. Whereupon he removes the roof, sides and bottom of the car and the mercury falls to three below zero, while you sit there and freeze to death, not daring to again disturb him lest you sink still further in his estimation.

That night he gets square with you for your temerity by making up your berth last; and when, at three A. M., you finally retire, you

wonder why you didn't sit up and doze instead of going to bed to lie wide awake.

Some folks sleep in sleeping-cars—any one who has ears can swear to that—but I am not so gifted. I attribute this mainly to the blankets (so-called!). Bret Harte says a sleeping-car blanket is of the size and consistency of a cold buckwheat cake, and sets equally as well upon you. Certainly they are composed of some weird, uncanny substance, hot in summer, cold in winter, and maddening in spring and fall. For a man of three foot six they are of ample proportions; for a man six foot three they leave much to be desired, and the tall man is kept all night in suspense as to whether he had best pull up the blanket and freeze his feet or pull it down and die of pneumonia.

And then the joy of getting your clothes on in the morning, especially in an upper berth! To balance yourself on the back of your neck and while in this constrained attitude to adjust one's pants, without spilling out one's change or offending the lady in the adjoining section, requires gymnastic ability of no mean order. You are at liberty to vary this exercise, however, by lying on your stomach on the bottom of the car, and groping under the berth for your shoes which the African potentate has, in the still watches of the night, smeared with blacking and artfully concealed.

But what a change comes o'er the dusky despot as you approach your destination.

That frown before which you have learned to tremble is replaced by a smile of childlike blandness. His solicitation regarding you comfort during the last ten minutes of the journey is really touching. And when, at last, he draws his deadly whiskbroom upon you, all your resentment disappears, and you freely bestow upon him the money which you have been saving up to give your oldest daughter music lessons.

Little Bobby began attending church regularly a few weeks ago, but it was not thought that the services had particularly impressed him, as the only effect on him noticed by the family was that the sermon merely acted as a soporific.

Last Sunday, however, Bobby must have remained awake longer than usual. The sermon was on the wonders of the Creation, particularly the miraculous origin of Eve. The next day an unusually active game of tag resulted in Bobby's running into the house, and, with an expression of combined anguish and terror, calling to his mamma:

"Oh, mamma! I've an awful pain in my side. Say, mamma! You don't suppose I'm going to have a wife, do you?"

METAPHYSICS

WHY and Wherefore set out one day
To hunt for a wild negation.
They agreed to meet at a cool retreat
On the point of Interrogation.

But the night was dark and they missed their mark,
And, driven wellnigh to distraction,
They lost their ways in a murky maze
Of utter abstruse abstraction.

Then they took a boat and were soon afloat
On a sea of Speculation,
But the sea grew rough, and their boat, though tough,
Was split into an Equation.

As they floundered about in the waves of doubt
Rose a fearful hypothesis,
Who gibbered with glee as they sank in the sea,
And the last they saw was this:

On a rock-bound reef of Unbelief
There sat the wild Negation;
Then they sank once more and were washed ashore
At the Point of Interrogation.

OLIVER HERFORD.

SAM WALTER FOSS

A PHILOSOPHER

ZACK BUMSTEAD uster flosserfize
About the ocean and the skies:
An' gab an' gas f'um morn till noon
About the other side the moon;
An' 'bout the natur of the place
Ten miles be—end the end of space.
An' if his wife she'd ask the crank
Ef he wouldn't kinder try to yank
Hisself outdoors an' git some wood
To make her kitchen fire good,
So she c'd bake her beans an' pies,
He'd say, "I've gotter flosserfize."

An' then he'd set an' flosserfize
About the natur an' the size
Of angels' wings, an' think, and gawp,
An' wonder how they made 'em flop.
He'd calkerlate how long a skid
'Twould take to move the sun, he did,
An' if the skid was strong an' prime,
It couldn't be moved to supper-time.
An' w'en his wife 'ud ask the lout
Ef he wouldn't kinder waltz about
An' take a rag an' shoo the flies,
He'd say, "I've gotter flosserfize."

An' then he'd set an' flosserfize
'Bout schemes for fencing in the skies,
Then lettin' out the lots to rent
So's he could make an honest cent.
An' ef he'd find it pooty tough
To borry cash for fencin' stuff?
An' if 'twere best to take his wealth
An' go to Europe for his health,
Or save his cash till he'd enough
To buy some more of fencin' stuff—
Then, ef his wife she'd ask the gump
Ef he wouldn't kinder try to hump
Hisself to t' other side the door
So she c'd come an' sweep the floor,
He'd look at her with mournful eyes,
An' say, "I've gotter flosserfize."

An' so he'd set an' flosserfize
'Bout what it wuz held up the skies,
An' how God made this earthly ball
Jest simply out er nawthin' 'tall,
An' 'bout the natur, shape an' form
Of nawthin' that he made it from.
Then, ef his wife sh'd ask the freak
Ef he wouldn't kinder try to sneak
Out to the barn an' find some aigs,
He'd never move nor lift his laigs,
He'd never stir nor try to rise
But say, "I've gotter flosserfize."

An' so he'd set an' flosserfize
About the earth an' sea an' skies,

An' scratch his head an' ask the cause
Of w'at there was before time waz,
An' w'at the universe 'ud do
Bimeby w'en time hed all got through,
An' jest how fur we'd have to climb
Ef we sh'd travel out er time,
An' ef we'd need w'en we got there
To keep our watches in repair.
Then, ef his wife she'd ask the gawk
Ef he wouldn't kinder try to walk
To where she had the table spread
An' kinder git his stomach fed,
He'd leap for that ar kitchen door
An' say, "W'y didn't you speak afore?"

An' when he'd got his supper et,
He'd set, an' set, an' set, an' set,
An' fold his arms an' shet his eyes,
An' set, an' set, an' flosserfize.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

SARY "FIXES UP" THINGS

OH, yes, we've be'n fixin' up some sence we sold
that piece o' groun',
Fer a place to put a golf-lynx to them crazy
dudes from town.
(Anyway, they laughed like crazy when I had it
specified,
Ef they put a golf-lynx on it, thet they'd haf to
keep him tied.)
But they paid the price all reg'lar, an' then Sary
says to me,
"Now we're goin' to fix the parlor up, an'
setin-room," says she.
Fer she 'lowed she'd been a-scrimpin' an'
a-scrapin' all her life,
An' she meant fer once to have things good as
Cousin Ed'ard's wife.

Well, we went down to the city, an' she bought
the blamedest mess;
An' them clerks there must 'a' took her fer a'
Asteroid, I guess;
Fer they showed her fancy bureaus which they
said was shiffoneers,
An' some more they said was dressers, an' some
curtains called porteers.
An' she looked at that there furnicher, an' felt
them curtains' heft;

Then she sailed in like a cyclone an' she bought 'em right an' left,
An' she picked a Bress'ls carpet thet was flowered like Cousin Ed's.
But she drawed the line com-pletely when we got to foldin'-beds.

Course, she said, 't 'u'd make the parlor lots more roomier, she s'posed;
But she 'lowed she'd have a bedstid thet was shore to stay un-closed;
An' she stopped right there an' told us sev'ral tales of folks she'd read
Bein' overtook in slumber by the "fatal foldin'-bed."
"Not ef it wuz in di'mon's! Nary foldin'-bed fer me!
I ain't goin' to start fer glory in a rabbit-trap!" says she.
"When the time comes I'll be ready an' a-waitin'; but ez yet,
I sh'an't go to sleep a-thinkin' that I've got the triggers set."

Well, sir, as shore as yo're a-livin', after all thet Sary said,
'Fore we started home that evenin' she hed bought a foldin-bed;
An' she's put in it the parlor, where it adds a heap o' style;
An' we're sleepin' in the settin'-room at present fer a while.

Sary still maintains it's han'some; an' them
city folks 'll see
That we're posted on the fashions when they
visit us," says she;
But it plagues her some to tell her, ef it ain't no
other use,
We can set it fer the golf-lynx ef he ever shud
get loose.

This is what the boy wrote about the dachshund:

"The dachshund is a dorg notwithstandin appeerencis. He has fore legs, two in front an two behind, an they ain't on speakin terms. I wunst made a dockshound out of a cowcumber an fore matchis, an' it lookt as nacheral as life. Dockshounds is farely intelligent considerin' thare shaip. Thare brains bein so far away frum thare tales it bothers them sum to wag the latter. I wunst noo a dockshound who wuz too impashunt to wate till he cood signal the hole length of his boddy when he wanted to wag his tale, so he maid it up with his tale thet when he wanted it to wag he would shake his rite ear, an when the tale seen it shake it wood wag. But as fer me, gimme a bull pup with a peddygree."

CHARLES B. LEWIS ("M. Quad")

THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS

Mr. AND MRS. BOWSER had finished dinner and were seated in the back parlor when Mr. Bowser laid aside the paper he had been glancing over.

"Pitkins was in the office this afternoon and the change in him was something amazing."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"I couldn't help but pity him, though I know he is all to blame. There's no doubt he drove Mrs. Pitkins into running away."

"I think he did."

"They say he was a regular domestic tyrant. He knew all and wouldn't acknowledge that she had common sense. If he gave her a dollar he expected her to make it go as far as ten, and he was constantly taunting her that she was no housekeeper."

"I've heard so," remarked Mrs. Bowser.

"That's the way with some men, and I wonder that their wives stand it so long. By what right does a husband boss a wife? Matrimony is an equal partnership, as I understand it. The wife has all the rights of a husband, and in most cases she is just as intelligent and possessed of just as good judgment. By what legal or

moral right does a husband hand his wife a dollar for pin-money and then go out and squander nine for his own selfish pleasures?"

"I don't know," admitted Mrs. Bowser, who was wishing the conversation had taken some other turn.

As a matter of fact—as a matter of fact and right, Mrs. Bowser, you have as much right to our money as I have. Half of it belongs to you. Instead of coaxing and begging for money, you should demand it."

"Yes," very doubtfully.

"I know men," continued Mr. Bowser, as he warmed up to his subject, "who are jealous of their wives' intelligence, and who sit down on them at every opportunity. Thank heaven, I am not of that sort! I have always been proud and pleased at your general knowledge of things. The fact that you are about as well-posted as I am makes me proud."

"Does it?" asked Mrs. Bowser, with a blush and a smile.

"Of course it does! I sometimes find that you are a bit ahead of me on things, and that pleases me the more. If I can learn anything from you I shall be glad of it."

"Won't you get mad if I tell you where you were wrong in talking to Mr. Abner last evening about the Chinese?"

"No, of course not. If I am in the wrong I want to be set right. What was it?"

"You said the war between China and Japan

was caused by a dispute over the Island of Cyprus."

"Yes, and I didn't say it without knowing what I was talking about!"

"The trouble arose over Corea, my dear. The Island of Cyprus is in the Mediterranean Sea, thousands of miles away, while Corea is——"

"Mrs. Bowser, do you suppose I've lived for forty-nine years without knowing where the Island of Cyprus is?" interrupted Mr. Bowser as he flushed up.

"You know, of course, and it was probably a slip of the tongue when you said that the Japanese and Chinese got into a dispute over it."

"Never! There was no slip about it! I am not in the habit of making slips when talking history. The dispute began over the Island of Cyprus."

"Don't you remember when Turkey ceded that Island to England?"

"No, ma'am, I don't; nor does any one else! The dispute began over Cyprus, and Corea had nothing to do with it. The idea of your trying to post me on current events strikes me as rather cheeky!"

"But right here in the paper, Mr. Bowser, is news from Corea in connection with the war!"

"I can't help what is in the paper! That's the way with you and all other wives. Let a husband admit that you know a tenth of what he does, and you try to make him out a num-

skull. It was Cyprus, of course. The idea of your standing up and making me out an idiot!"

"You know where Corea is, of course?" queried Mrs. Bower after a long silence, during which Mr. Bowser's face took on a deeper red and his breathing became more labored.

"Are you talking to me?" he demanded, as he stood up and extended his arm and pointed his finger full at her. "Do I know where my own house is? Have I got brains enough to drop off a street car? Have I ever been sent to an idiot asylum?"

Mrs. Bowser made no reply. She realized her great mistake and regretted it, but it was too late.

"When a wife thinks she knows as much as her husband—when she even thinks she knows more—things are getting ready for a calamity! She should know her place, and her husband should see that she keeps it. The next thing you'll be getting up and talking about your legal rights!"

"You—you said you were proud and pleased at my knowledge of things," put in Mrs. Bowser, as he stamped around the room.

"And because I admitted that you might possibly have the horse sense to know that both ends of a street car stopped at the same time you presume to correct me about the Island of Cyprus! Didn't I say that was the way of all wives? I can see now what sort of a life poor Pitkins must have led, and what a glad relief it

was when he found she had run away. Look around you, Mrs. Bowser, and see what sort of a house this is! If you'd pay some attention to our home instead of having your nose stuck into a newspaper we might take some little comfort!"

"I'd like to see one kept in better order!" returned Mrs. Bowser, with a show of spirit.

"But don't sass me back! When a wife begins to sass back her husband should get his eyes open. I did intend to hand you out a ten-dollar bill this evening and tell you to go down and use it as you liked, but now I shan't do it. It would simply be throwing money away. I came home this evening prepared to sit down and enjoy my fireside, and see how I have been disappointed. It was with the kindest feelings that I frankly admitted that you might possibly know cornstalks from cabbages, and you repaid me by trying to make out that I ought to be led around by a guardian for fear I'd fall into the sewer. They talk about the hundreds of divorces coming up in the courts every term. The only wonder is that there are not thousands and tens of thousands—that there is a husband left in the land who can put up with these things."

"All I said was that it was Corea and not Cyprus," quietly observed Mrs. Bowser.

"But I say it was Cyprus!" shouted Mr. Bowser. "Don't I know! Isn't it my business to know! Would I be idiot enough to say

Cyprus if it wasn't Cyprus! Can any human being on the face of this earth imagine a wife knowing more than her husband about any subject more serious than whooping-cough and nursing-bottles! Mrs. Bowser, you have brought it on your own head! You have finally loaded the last hair on the camel's back! Our lawyer will get together to-morrow and arrange matters and if you don't want to go to Texas you can go to Corea! I'm going to bed. If our child wakes up, kiss him for me and tell him his father will always love and cherish him, but that he had a dignity to maintain, and was driven to maintain it at the sacrifice of his home and happiness!"

A lawyer was cross-questioning a Negro witness in one of the justice courts the other day, and was getting along fairly well until he asked the witness what his occupation was.

"I'se a carpenter, sah."

"What kind of a carpenter?"

"They calls me a jack-leg carpenter, sah."

"What is a jack-leg carpenter?"

"He is a carpenter who is not a first-class carpenter, sah."

"Well, explain fully what you understand a jack-leg carpenter to be," insisted the lawyer.

"Boss, I declare I dunno how ter 'splain any mo' 'cept to say hit am jes' the same diffunce twixt you an' er first-class lawyer."

THE TOUCHING TENDERNESS OF KING KARL THE FIRST

For hunger and thirst King Karl the First
Had a stoical, stern disdain:
The food that he ordered consistently bordered
On what is described as plain.
Much trouble his cook ambitiously took
To tickle his frugal taste,
But all of his savory science and slavery
Ended in naught but waste.

Said the steward: "The thing to tempt the King
And charm his indifferent eye
No doubt is a tasty delectable pasty.
Make him a blackbird pie!"
The cook at these words baked twenty-four birds,
And set them before the King,
And the two dozen odious, bold and melodious
Singers began to sing!

The King in surprise said: "Dozens of pies
In the course of our life we've tried,
But never before us was served up a chorus
Like this that we hear inside!"
With a thunderous look he ordered the cook
And the steward before him brought.
And with a beatified smile: "He is satisfied!"
Both of these innocents thought.

"Of sinners the worst," said Karl the First
'Is the barbarous ruffian that
A song bird would slaughter, unless for his daughter
Or wife he is trimming a hat.
We'll punish you so for the future you'll know
That from mercy you can't depart.
Observe that your lenient, kind, intervenient
King has a tender heart!"

He saw that the cook in a neighboring brook
Was drowned (as he quite deserved),
And he ordered the steward at once to be skewered.
(The steward was much unnerved.)
"It's a curious thing," said the merciful King,
"That monarchs so tender are,
So oft we're affected that we have suspected that
We are too kind by far."

. . . . .

THE MORAL: The mercy of men and of Kings
Are apt to be wholly dissimilar things.
In spite of "The Merchant of Venice," we're pained
To note that the quality's sometimes strained.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

CURE FOR HOMESICKNESS

She wrote to her daddy in Portland, Maine,
from out in Denver, Col.,
And she wrote, alas! despondently that life had
commenced to pall;
And this was a woful, woful case, for she was a
six-months' bride,
Who was won and wed in the State of Maine by
the side of the bounding tide.
And ah, alack, she was writing back, that she
longed for Portland, Maine,
Till oh, her feelings had been that wrenched she
could hardly stand the strain!
Though her hubby dear was still sincere, she
sighed the livelong day
For a good old sniff of the sewers and salt from
the breast of Casco Bay,
And she wrote she sighed, and she said she'd
cried, and her appetite fell off,
And she'd grown as thin's a belaying pin, with a
terrible hacking cough;
And she sort of hinted that pretty soon she'd
start on a reckless scoot
And hook for her home in Portland, Maine, by
the very shortest route.
But her daddy dear was a man of sense, and he
handles fish wholesale,
And he sat and fanned himself awhile with a big
broad codfish tail.

And he recollected the way he felt when he dwelt
in the World's Fair Whirl,
He slapped his head. "By hake," he said, "I
know what ails that girl."
And he went to a ten-cord pile of cod and he
pulled the biggest out,
A jib-shaped critter, broad's a sail—three feet
from tail to snout.
And he pasted a sheet of postage stamps from
snout clear down to tail
Put on a quick-delivery stamp, and sent the cod
by mail.
She smelled it a-coming two blocks off on the top
of the postman's pack;
She rushed to meet him, and scared him blind
by climbing the poor man's back.
But she got the fish, bit out a hunk, ate postage
stamps and all,
And a happy wife in a happy home lives out in
Denver, Col.

HOLMAN F. DAY.

GEORGE ADE

THE FABLE OF THE TWO MANDOLIN PLAYERS AND THE WILLING PERFORMER

A VERY attractive Débutante knew two young Men who called on her every Thursday Evening and brought their Mandolins along.

They were Conventional Young Men, of the Kind that you see wearing Spring Overcoats in the Clothing Advertisements. One was named Fred and the other was Eustace.

The Mothers of the Neighborhood often remarked, "What Perfect Manners Fred and Eustace have!" Merely as an aside, it may be added that Fred and Eustace were more Popular with the Mothers than they were with the Younger Set, although no one could say a Word against either of them. Only, it was rumored in Keen Society that they didn't Belong. The fact that they went Calling in a Crowd, and took their Mandolins along, may give the Acute Reader some Idea of the Life that Fred and Eustace held out to the Young Women of their Acquantiance.

The Débutante's name was Myrtle. Her Parents were very Watchful, and did not encourage her to receive Callers, except such as

were known to be Exemplary Young Men. Fred and Eustace were a few of those who escaped the Black List. Myrtle always appeared to be glad to see them, and they regarded her as a Darned Swell Girl.

Fred's Cousin came from St. Paul on a Visit; and one Day, in the Street, he saw Myrtle, and noticed that Fred tipped his Hat, and gave her a Stage Smile.

"Oh, Queen of Sheba!" exclaimed the Cousin from St. Paul, whose name was Gus, as he stood stock still and watched Myrtle's Reversible Plaid disappear around a Corner. "She's a Bird. Do you know her well?"

"I know her Quite Well," replied Fred coldly. "She is a Charming Girl."

"She is all of that. You're a great Describer. And now what Night are you going to take me around to Call on her?"

Fred very naturally Hemmed and Hawed. It must be remembered that Myrtle was a member of an Excellent Family, and had been schooled in the Proprieties, and it was not to be supposed that she would crave the Society of slangy old Gus, who had an abounding Nerve, and furthermore was as Fresh as the Mountain Air.

He was the Kind of fellow who would see a Girl twice, and then, upon meeting her the Third Time, he would go up and straighten her Cravat for her and call her by her First Name.

Put him into a Strange Company—en route

to a Picnic—and by the time the Baskets were unpacked he would have a Blonde all to himself and she would have traded her Fan for his College Pin.

If a Fair-Looker on the Street happened to glance at him Hard he would run up and seize her by the Hand and convince her that they had Met. And he always Got Away with it, too.

In a Department Store, while waiting for the Cash Boy to come back with the Change, he would find out the Girl's Name, her Favorite Flower, and where a Letter would reach her.

Upon entering a Parlor Car at St. Paul he would select a Chair next to the Most Promising One in Sight, and ask her if she cared to have the Shade lowered.

Before the Train cleared the Yards he would have the Porter bringing a Foot Stool for the Lady.

At Hastings he would be asking her if she wanted Something to Read.

At Red Wing he would be telling her that she resembled Maxime Elliott, and showing her his Watch, left to him by his Grandfather, a Prominent Virginian.

At La Crosse he would be reading the Menu Card to her, and telling her how different it is when you have Some One to join you in a Bite.

At Milwaukee he would go out and buy a Bouquet for her, and when they rode into Chicago they would be looking out of the same Window, and he would be arranging for her

Baggage with the Transfer Man. After that they would be Old Friends.

Now, Fred and Eustace had been at School with Gus, and they had seen his Work, and they were not disposed to Introduce him into One of the most Exclusive Homes in the City.

They had known Myrtle for many Years; but they did not dare to Address her by her First Name, and they were Positive that if Gus attempted any of his usual Tactics with her she would be Offended; and, naturally, enough, they would be Blamed for bringing him to the House.

But Gus insisted. He said he had seen Myrtle, and she Suited him from the Ground up, and he proposed to have Friendly Doings with her. At last they told him they would take him if he promised to Behave. Fred warned him that Myrtle would frown down any Attempt to be Familiar on Short Acquaintance, and Eustace said that as long as he had known Myrtle he had never Presumed to be Free and Forward with her. He had simply played the Mandolin. That was as Far Along as he had ever got.

Gus told them not to Worry about him. All he asked was a Start. He said he was a Willing Performer, but as yet he never had been Disqualified for Crowding. Fred and Eustace took this to mean that he would not Overplay his Attentions, so they escorted him to the House.

As soon as he had been Presented, Gus showed her where to sit on the Sofa, then he placed himself about Six Inches away and began to Buzz, looking her straight in the Eye. He said that when he first saw her he Mistook her for Miss Prentice, who was said to be the Most Beautiful Girl in St. Paul, only, when he came closer, he saw that it couldn't be Miss Prentice, because Miss Prentice didn't have such Lovely Hair Then he asked her the Month of her Birth and told her Fortune, thereby coming nearer to Holding her Hand within Eight Minutes than Eustace had come in a Lifetime.

"Play something, Boys," he Ordered, just as if he had paid them Money to come along and make Music for him.

They unlimbered their Mandolins and began to play a Sousa March. He asked Myrtle if she had seen the New Moon. She replied that she had not, so they went Outside.

When Fred and Eustace finished the first Piece, Gus appeared at the open Window and asked them to play "The Georgia Camp-Meeting," which had always been one of his Favorites.

So they played that, and when they had Concluded there came a Voice from the Outer Darkness, and it was the Voice of Myrtle. She said, "I'll tell you what to play; play the 'Intermezzo.' "

Fred and Eustace exchanged Glances. They began to Perceive that they had been backed

into a Siding. With a few Potted Palms in front of them, and two Cards from the Union, they would have been just the same as a Hired Orchestra.

But they played the "Intermezzo" and felt Peevish. Then they went to the Window and looked out. Gus and Myrtle were sitting in the Hammock, which had quite a Pitch toward the Centre. Gus had braced himself by Holding to the back of the Hammock. He did not have his Arm around Myrtle, but he had it Extended in a Line parallel with her Back. What he had done wouldn't Justify a Girl in saying "Sir!" but it started a Real Scandal with Fred and Eustace. They saw that the only Way to Get Even with her was to go Home without saying "Good-Night."

So they slipped out the Side Door, shivering with Indignation.

After that, for several Weeks, Gus kept Myrtle so Busy that she had no Time to think of considering other Candidates. He sent Books to her Mother, and allowed the Old Gentleman to take Chips away from him at Poker.

They were Married in the Autumn, and Father-in-Law took Gus into the Firm, saying that he had needed a good Pusher for a Long Time.

At the Wedding the two Mandolin Players were permitted to act as Ushers.

MORAL.—*To get a fair Trial of Speed, use a Pace-Maker.*

A POE-'EM OF PASSION

It was many and many a year ago,
  On an island near the sea,
That a maiden lived whom you mightn't know
  By the name of Cannibalee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
  Than a passionate fondness for me.

I was a child, and she was a child—
  Tho' her tastes were adult Feejee—
But she loved with a love that was more than love,
  My yearning Cannibalee;
With a love that could take me roast or fried
  Or raw, as the case might be.

And that is the reason that long ago,
  In that island near the sea,
I had to turn the tables and eat
  My ardent Cannibalee—
Not really because I was fond of her,
  But to check her fondness for me.

But the stars never rise but I think of the size
  Of my hot-potted Cannibalee,
And the moon never stares but it brings me nightmares
  Of my spare-rib Cannibalee;
And all the night-tide she is restless inside,
Is my still indigestible dinner-belle bride,
In her pallid tomb, which is Me,
In her solemn sepulcher, Me.

C. F. Lummis.

F. P. DUNNE ("Mr. Dooley")

THE CITY AS A SUMMER RESORT

"WHERE's Dorsey, the plumber, these days?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Haven't ye heerd?" said Mr. Dooley. "Dorsey's become a counthry squire. He's landed gintry, like me folks in th' ol' dart. He lives out among th' bur-rds an' th' bugs, in a house that looks like a cuckoo clock. In an hour or two ye'll see him go by to catch the five five. He won't catch it because there ain't anny five five. Th' la-ad that makes up th' time-table found las' week that if he didn't get away arlier he cudden't take his girl f'r a buggy ride, an' he's changed th' five five to four forty-eight. Dorsey will wait f'r th' six siven an' he'll find that it don't stop at Paradise Manor, where he lives on Saturdahs an' Winsdahs except Fridahs in Lent. He'll get home at iliven o'clock, an' if his wife's f'rgot to lave th' lanthern in th' deepo he'll crawl up to th' house on his hands an' knees. I see him las' night in at th' dhrug sthore buyin' ile iv peppermint f'r his face. ' 'Tis a gran' life in th' counthry,' says he, 'far' he says, 'fr'm th' madding crowd,' says he. 'Ye have no idee,' he says, 'how good it makes a man

feel,' he says, 'to escape th' dust an' grime iv th' city,' he says, 'an' watch th' squrls at play,' he says. 'Whin I walk in me own garden,' he says, 'an' see th' viggytables comin' up, I hope, an' hear me own cow lowin' at th' gate iv th' fence,' he says, 'I f'rget,' he says, 'that they'se such a thing as a jint to be wiped or a sink to be repaired,' he says. He had a box iv viggytables an' a can iv condensed milk, undher his arm. 'Th' wife is goin' away nex' week,' he says, 'do ye come out an' spind a few days with me,' he says. 'Not while I have th' strength to stay here,' says I. 'Well,' he says, 'maybe,' he says, 'I 'll r-run in an' see ye,'' he says. 'Is there annything goin' on at th' theaytres?' he says.

''I wanst spint a night in th' counthry, Hinnissy. 'Twas whin Hogan had his villa out near th' river. 'Twas called a villa to distinguish it fr'm a house. If 'twas a little bigger 't wud be big enough f'r th' hens, an' if 'twas a little smaller 't wud be small enough f'r a dog. It looked as if 'twas made with a scroll saw, but Hogan mannyfacthered it himself out iv a design in th' pa-aper. 'How to make a counthry home on wan thousan' dollars. Puzzle: find th' money.' Hogan kidnapped me wan afthernoon an' took me out there in time to go to bed. He boosted me up a laddher into a bedroom adjinin' th' roof. 'I hope,' says I, 'I'm no discommodin' th' pigeons,' I says. 'There ain't anny pigeons here,' says

he. 'What's that?' says I. 'That's a mosquito,' says he. 'I thought ye didn't have anny here,' says I. ' 'Tis th' first wan I've seen,' says he, whackin' himsilf on th' back iv th' neck. 'I got ye that time, assassin,' he says, hurlin' th' remains to th' ground. 'They on'y come,' he says, 'afther a heavy rain or a heavy dhry spell,' he says, 'or whin they'se a little rain,' he says, 'followed be some dhryness,' he says. 'Ye mustn't mind thim,' he says 'A mosquito on'y lives f'r a day,' he says. ' 'Tis a short life an' a merry wan,' says I. 'Do they die iv indigisthion?' I says. So he fell down through th' thrap-dure an' left me alone.

"Well, I said me prayers an' got into bed an' lay there, thinkin' iv me past life an' woonherin' if th' house was on fire. 'Twas warrum, Hinnissy. I'll not deny it. Th' roof was near enough to me that I cud smell th' shingles, an' th' sun had been rollin' on it all day long, an' though it had gone away, it'd left a ray or two to keep th' place. But I'm a survivor iv th' gr-reat fire, an' I often go down to th' rollin'-mills, an' besides, mind ye, I'm iv that turn iv mind that whin 'tis hot I say 'tis hot an' lave it go at that. So I whispers to mesilf, 'I'll dhrop off,' I says, 'into a peaceful slumber,' I says, 'like th' healthy plowboy that I am,' says I. An' I counted as far as I knew how an' conducted a flock iv sheep in a steeplechase, an' I'd just begun f'r to wondher how th' las' thing I thought iv came into me head, whin a dog

started to howl in th' yard. They was a frind iv this dog in th' nex' house that answered him an' they had a long chat. Some other dogs butted in to be companionable. I heerd Hogan rollin' in bed, an' thin I heerd him goin' out to get a dhrink iv wather. He thripped over a chair befure he lighted a match to look at th' clock. It seemed like an hour before he got back to bed. Be this time th' dogs was tired an' I was thinkin' I'd take a nap, whin a bunch iv crickets undher me windows begun f'r to discoorse. I've heerd iv th' crickets on th' hearth, Hinnissy, an' I used to think they were all th' money, but anny time they get on me hearth I buy me a pound iv insect powdher. I'd rather have a pianola on th' hearth anny day, an' Gawd save me fr'm that! An' so 'twas dogs an' mosquitoes an' crickets an' mosquitoes an' a screech-owl an' mosquitoes an' a whip-poor-will an' mosquitoes an' cocks beginninn' to crow at two in th' mornin' an' mosquitoes, so that whin th' sun bounced up an' punched me in th' eye at four I knew what th' thruth is, that th' counthry is th' noisiest place in th' wurruld. Mind ye, there's a roar in th' city, but in th' counthry th' noises beats on ye'er ear like carpet tacks bein' dhriven into th' dhrum. Between th' chirp iv a cricket an' th' chirp iv th' hammer at th' mills, I'll take th' hammer. I can go to sleep in a boiler shop, but I spint th' rest iv that night at Hogan's settin' in th' bathtub.

"I saw him in th' mornin' at breakfast. We had canned peaches an' condinsed milk. 'Ye have ye'er valise,' says he. 'Aren't ye goin' to stay out?' 'I am not,' says I. 'Whin th' first rattler goes by ye'll see me on th' platform fleein' th' peace an' quiet iv th' counthry, f'r th' turmoil an' heat,' I says, 'an' food iv a gr-reat city,' I says. 'Stay on th' farm,' says I. 'Commune,' I says, 'with nature,' I says. 'Enjoy,' I says, 'th' simple rustic life iv th' merry farmer boy that goes whistlin' to his wurruk befure breakfast,' says I. 'But I must go back,' I says, 'to th' city,' I says, 'where there is nawthin' to eat but what ye want an' nawthin' to dhrink but what ye can buy,' I says. 'Where th' dust is laid be th' sprinklin' cart, where th' ice-man comes reg'lar an' th' roof garden is in bloom an' ye're waked not be th' sun but be th' milkman,' I says 'I want to be near a doctor whin I'm sick an' near eatable food whin I'm hungry, an' where I can put me hand out early in th' mornin' an' hook in a newspaper,' says I. 'Th' city,' says I, 'is th' on'y summer resort f'r a man that has iver lived in th' city,' I says. An' so I come in.

" 'Tis this way, Hinnissy, th' counthry was all right whin we was young and hearty, befure we become enfeebled with luxuries, d' ye mind. 'Twas all right whin we cud shtand it. But we're not so sthrong as we was. We're diff'rent men, Hinnissy. Ye may say, as Hogan does, that we're ladin' an artificyal life, but, be Hivins,

ye might as well tell me I ought to be paradin' up an' down a hillside in a suit iv skins, shootin' th' antylope an' th' moose, be gorry, an' livin' in a cave, as to make me believe I ought to get along without sthreet-cars an' ilicthric lights an' illyvators an' sody wather an' ice. 'We ought to live where all th' good things iv life comes fr'm,' says Hogan. 'No,' says I. 'Th' place to live in is where all th' good things iv life goes to.' Ivrything that's worth havin' goes to th' city; th' counthry takes what's left. Ivrything that's worth havin' goes to th' city an' is iced. Th' cream comes in an' th' skim-milk stays; th' sunburnt viggytables is consumed by th' hearty farmer boy an' I go down to Callaghan's store an' ate th' sunny half iv a peach. Th' farmer boy sells what he has f'r money an' I get th' money back whin he comes to town in th' winter to see th' exposition. They give us th' products iv th' sile an' we give thim cottage organs an' knockout dhrops, an' they think they've broke even. Don't lave annywan con-vince ye th' counthry's th' place to live, but don't spread th' news yet f'r awhile. I'm goin' to advertise 'Dooleyville be-th'-River. Within six siconds iv sthreet-cars an' railway thrains, an' aisy reach iv th' theaytres an' ambulances. Spind th' summer far fr'm th' busy haunts iv th' fly an' th' bug be th' side iv th' purlin' ice wagon.' I'll do it, I tell ye. I'll organ-ize excursions an' I'll have th' poor iv th' counthry in here settin' on th' cool

steps an' passin' th' can fr'm hand to hand; I'll take thim to th' ball game an' th' theaytre; I'll lave thim sleep till breakfast time an' I'll sind thim back to their ~~ov~~ercrowded homes to dhream iv th' happy life in town. I will so."

"I'm glad to hear ye say that," said Mr. Hennessy. "I wanted to go out to th' counthry, but I can't unless I sthrike."

"That's why I said it," replied Mr. Dooley.

AVARICE AND GENEROSITY

"I NEVER blame a man f'r bein' avaricyous in his ol' age. Whin a fellow gits so he has nawthin' else to injye, whin ivrybody calls him 'sir' or 'mister', an' young people dodge him an' he sleeps afther dinner, an' folks say he's an ol' fool if he wears a buttonhole bokay, an' his teeth is only tinants at will an' not permanent fixtures, 'tis no more thin nach'ral that he shud begin to look around him f'r a way iv keepin' a grip on human s'ciety. It don't take him long to see that th' on'y thing that's vin'rable in age is money, an' he proceeds to acquire anything that happens to be in sight, takin' it where he can find it, not where he wants it, which is th' way to accumylate a fortune. Money won't prolong life, but a few millyons judicyously placed in good banks an' occas'nally worn on the person will rayjooce age. Poor ol' men are always older thin poor rich men. In th' almshouse a man is decrepit an' mournful-lookin' at sixty, but a millyonaire at sixty is

jus' in th' prime iv life to a frindly eye, an' there are no others.

"It's aisier to th' o' to grow rich thin it is to th' young. At makin' money a man iv sixty is miles ahead iv a la-ad iv twinty-five. Pollytics and bankin' is th' on'y two games where age has th' best iv it. Youth has betther things to attind to, an' more iv thim. I don't blame a man f'r bein' stingy anny more thin I blame him f'r havin' a bad leg. Ye know th' doctors say that if ye don't use wan iv ye'er limbs f'r a year or so ye can niver use it again. So it is with gin'rosity. A man starts arly in life not bein' gin'rous. He says to himsilf, 'I wurruked f'r this thing an' if I give it away I lose it.' He ties up his gin'rosity in bandages so that th' blood can't circylate in it. It gets to be a superstition with him that he'll have bad luck if he iver does annything f'r annybody. An' so he rakes in an' puts his private mark with his teeth on all th' movable money in th' wurruld. But th' day comes whin he sees people around him gettin' a good dale iv injyemint out iv gin'rosity, an' somewan says: 'Why don't ye, too, be gin-rous? Come, ol' green goods, unbelt, loosen up, be gin-rous.' 'Gin-'rous?' says he. 'What's that?' 'It's th' best spoort in th' wurruld. It's givin' things to people.' 'But I can't,' he says. 'I haven't annything to do it with,' he says. 'I don't know th' game. I haven't anny gin-rosity,' he says. 'But ye have,' says they. 'Ye have

as much gin'rosity as anny wan if ye'll only use it,' says they. 'Take it out iv th' plasther cast ye put it in an' 'twill look as good as new,' says they. An' he does it. He thries to use his gin'rosity, but all th' life is out iv it. It gives way undher him an' he falls down. He can't raise it fr'm th' groun'. It's ossyfied an' useless. I've seen manny a fellow that suffered fr'm ossyfied gin'rosity.

"Whin a man begins makin' money in his youth at annything but games iv chance he niver can become gin'rous late in life. He may make a bluff at it. Some men are gin'rous with a crutch. Some men get the use of their gin'rosity back suddenly whin they ar-re in danger. Whin Clancy the miser was caught in a fire in th' Halsted Sthreet Palace Hotel he howled fr'm a window: 'I'll give twinty dollars to anny wan that'll take me down.' Cap'n Minehan put up a laddher an' climbed to him an' carrid him to the sthreet. Half-way down th' ladder th' brave rayscooer was seen to be chokin' his helpless burdhen. We discovered aftherward that Clancy had thried to begin negotyations to rayjooce th' reward to five dollars. His gin-rosity had become suddenly par'lyzed again.

"So if ye'd stay gin'rous to th' end, niver lave ye'er gin'rosity idle too long. Don't run it ivry hour at th' top iv its speed, but fr'm day to day give it a little gintle exercise to keep it supple an' hearty an' in due time ye may injye it."

HER COURTSHIP

A MAN of modern science wooed
A maiden of accepting mood,
Who, dreading lest contagion might
Do mischief to her chosen wight,
With sol. bichloride washed her hair
And likewise all her features fair.

She rinsed her mouth with Listerine,
And held her snow-white teeth between
A pad of antiseptic gauze,
Covering her nose, as well as jaws,
Which formed a sort of respirator
Between them and her osculator.

But this reminds: I should have told
That these were things he'd taught of old,
With others which I may not tell, in
Regard to spots that germs might dwell in.
She was a wise professor's daughter
And practised all which had been taught her.

So this good medicine man, with pride
Clasping his antiseptic bride,
In disinfected murmur low
Asked "Why she loved her doctor so?"
And softly nestling down, she sighed,
"You're such a dear old germicide."

ALBERT RIDDLE

A POEM OF EVERY-DAY LIFE

He tore him from the merry throng
  Within the billiard hall;
He was gotten up regardlessly
  To pay his party call.
His thoughts were dire and dark within,
  Discourteous to fate:
"Ah, me! these social debts incurred
  Are hard to liquidate."

His boots were slender, long and trim,
  His collar tall and swell,
His hats were made by Dunlap,
  And his coats were cut by Bell;
A symphony in black and white,
  "Of our set" the pride,
Yet he lingered on his way—
  He would that he had died.

His feet caressed the lonely way,
  The pave gave forth no sound;
They seemed in pitying silence clothed—
  West End-ward he was bound.
He approached the mansion stealthily,
  The step looked cold and chill;
He glanced into the vestibule,
  But all was calm and still.

A Poem of Every-day Life

He fingered nervously the bell,
  His card-case in his hand,
He saw the mirror in the hall—
  Solemn, stately, grand.
Suddenly his spirits rose,
  The drawing-room looked dim;
The menial filled his soul with joy
  With "No, there's no one in."

With fiendish glee he stole away,
  His heart was gay and light,
Happy that he went and paid
  His party call that night.
His steps turned to the billiard hall,
  Blissfully he trod;
He entered, "What, returned so soon?"—
  Replied: "She's out, thank God!"

Sixteen cues were put to rest
  Within their upright beds,
And sixteen different tiles were placed
  On sixteen level heads.
Sixteen men upon the street
  In solid phalanx all,
And sixteen men on duty bent
  To pay *their* party call.

When the fairest of her sex came home
  At early dawn, I ween—
She slowly looked the cards all out,
  They numbered seventeen.

With calm relief she raised her eyes,
Filled with grateful light,
"Oh, Merciful Fate, look down and see
What I've escaped this night!"

WANTED—A DRINK

TIME: 2 A. M.

"MA, I want a drink!"

"Hush, darling; turn and go to sleep."

"I want a *drink!*"

"No, you are restless. Turn over, dear, and go to sleep."

(*After five minutes.*) "Ma, I *want* a drink!"

"Lie still, Ethel, and go to sleep."

"But I want a drink!"

"No, you don't want a drink; you had a drink just before you went to bed. Now be still and go right to sleep."

"I do, too, want a drink!"

"Don't let me speak to you again, child; go to sleep."

(*After five minutes.*) "Ma, won't you *please* give me a drink?"

"If you say another word I'll get up and spank you. Now go to sleep. You are a naughty girl."

(*After two minutes.*) "Ma, when you get up to spank me will you give me a drink?"

ONE WEEK

THE year had gloomily begun
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's
SUN.

He was beset with bill and dun,
And he had very little
MON.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues,
I've nothing here but ones and
TUES."

A bright thought struck him, and he said,
"The rich Miss Goldrocks I will
WED."

But when he paid his court to her,
She lisped, but firmly said, "No,
THUR!"

"Alas!" said he, then I must die!"
His soul went where they say souls
FRI.

They found his gloves, and coat, and hat,
The Coroner upon them
SAT.

CAROLYN WELLS.

'TIS EVER THUS

Ad Astra, De Profundis,
  Keats, Bacchus, Sophocles;
Ars Longa, Euthanasia,
  Spring, The Eumenides.

Dead Leaves, Metempsychosis
  Waiting, Theocritus;
Vanitas Vanitatum,
  My Ship, De Gustibus.

Dum Vivimus Vivamus,
  Sleep, Palingenesis;
Salvini, Sursum Corda,
  At Mt. Desert, To Miss——

These are part of the contents
  Of "Violets of Song,"
The first poetic volume
  Of Susan Mary Strong.

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE SEA

She was rich and of high degree;
A poor and unknown artist he.
"Paint me," she said, "a view of the sea."

So he painted the sea as it looked the day
That Aphrodite arose from its spray;
And it broke, as she gazed on its face the while
Into its countless-dimpled smile.
"What a poky, stupid picture!" said she;
"I don't believe he *can* paint the sea!"

Then he painted a raging, tossing sea,
Storming, with fierce and sudden shock,
Wild cries, and writhing tongues of foam,
A towering, mighty fastness-rock.
In its sides, above those leaping crests,
The thronging sea-birds built their nests.
"What a disagreeable daub!" said she;
"Why, it isn't anything like the sea!"

Then he painted a stretch of hot, brown sand,
With a big hotel on either hand,
And a handsome pavilion for the band—
Not a sign of the water to be seen
Except one faint little streak of green.
"What a perfectly exquisite picture!" said she;
"It's the very *image* of the sea!"

Eva L. Ogden.

—*The Century Magazine*, December, 1881.

THE BUMBLEBEE

THE bumblebee iz a kind ov big fly who goes muttering and swareing around the lots, during the summer, looking after little boys to sting them, and stealing hunny out ov the dandelions and thissells. He iz mad all the time about sumthing, and don't seem to kare a kuss what people think ov him. A skoolboy will studdy harder enny time to find a bumblebee's nest than he will to get hiz lesson in arithmetik, and when he haz found it, and got the hunny out ov it, and got badly stung into the bargain, he finds thare ain't mutch margin in it. Next to poor molassis, bumble bee hunny iz the poorest kind ov sweetmeats in market. Bumblebees hav allwuss been in fashion, and probably allwuss will be, but whare the fun or proffit lays in them i never could cypher out. The proffit don't seem to be in the hunny, nor in the bumblebee neither. They bild their nest in the ground, or enny whare else they take a noshun to. It ain't afrade to fite a whole distrikt skool if they meddle with them. I don't blame the bumblebee, nor enny other fellow, for defending hiz sugar: it iz the fust and last Law ov natur, and i hope the law won't never run out. The smartest thing about the bumblebee iz their stinger

JOSH BILLINGS.

HIS DREAM

Papa (at the breakfast table): "Willie, my boy, why are you looking so thoughtful? Are you not feeling well?"

Willie (very seriously): "Yes, papa; but I had a strange dream this morning."

Papa: "Indeed? What was it?"

Willie: "I dreamed, papa, that I died and went to heaven; and when St. Peter met me at the gate, instead of showing me the way to the golden street, as I expected, he took me out into a large field, and in the middle of the field there was a ladder reaching away up into the sky and out of sight. Then St. Peter told me that heaven was at the top, and that in order to get there I must take the big piece of chalk he gave me and slowly climb the ladder, writing on each rung some sin I had committed."

Papa (laying down his newspaper): "And did you finally reach heaven, my son?"

Willie: "No, papa, for just as I was trying to think of something to write on the second rung I looked up into the sky and saw you coming down."

Papa: "And what was I coming down for, pray?"

Willie: "That's just what I asked you, papa, and you told me you were going for more chalk."

FAIR WARNING

BACK in the North Carolina mountains the student of custom may still find material for research. The most unique are the kissing games, which cling to the soil. A lot of big-limbed, powerful young men and apple-cheeked, buxom girls gather and select one of their number as master of ceremonies. He takes his station in the centre of the room, while the rest pair off and parade around him. Suddenly one young woman will throw up her hands and say:

"I'm a-pinin'."

The master of ceremonies takes it up and the following dialogue and interlocution takes place:

"Miss Arabella Jane Apthrop says she's a-pinin'. What is Miss Arabella Jane Aphtrop a-pinin' fur?"

"I'm a-pinin' fur a sweet kiss."

"Miss Arabella Jane Apthrop says she's a-pinin' fur a sweet kiss. Who is Miss Arabella Jane Apthrop a-pinin' fur a sweet kiss from?"

"I'm a-pinin' fur a very sweet kiss from Mr. Hugh Waddle." (*Blushes, convulsive giggles and confusion on the part of Miss Arabella Jane Apthrop at this forced confession.*) Mr. Hugh Waddle walks up manfully and relieves the fair Arabella's "pinin'" by a smack which sounds like a three-year-old steer drawing his hoof out of the mud.

Then a young man will be taken with a sudden and unaccountable "pinin'," which, after the usual exchange of questions and volunteered information reveals the name of the maiden who causes the "gnawin'" and "pinin'." She coyly retreats outdoors, only to be chased, overtaken, captured and forcibly compelled to relieve her captor's distress.

At one of these entertainments there was a remarkably beautiful young woman who had been married about a month. Her husband was present—a huge, beetle-browed, black-eyed young mountaineer, with a fist like a ham. The boys fought shy of the bride for fear of incurring the anger of her hulking spouse. The game went on for some time, when symptoms of irritation developed in the giant. Striding to the middle of the room, he said:

"My wife ez pooty, 'n ez nice 'n sweet ez any gurl hyar. You uns has known her all her life. This game hez been a-goin' on half an hour an' nobody has pined fur her. Pooty soon thar will be trouble."

She was the belle of the ball after that. Every body "pined" for her.

ANENT the prevailing discussion as to the highest speed ever attained by expert shorthand writers, there is a story going the rounds of the feat of a Georgia court stenographer which by long odds broke the world's record in that line of work.

It was when that eminent jurist, the late Judge Richard Clarke, was presiding in the Atlanta circuit of the Superior Court. One of the most remarkable murder trials was in progress. The evidence was conflicting, and the Judge was called upon to charge the jury on some decidedly new and interesting legal points. Now, the Judge was a rapid talker. In this instance it was very important that every word he spoke should be correctly recorded, and he so cautioned the stenographer.

Then Judge Clarke began. As he warmed up to his charge he was speaking at the rate of two hundred and fifty words a minute. Once he glanced toward the stenographer. That worthy official seemed to be half sleeping over his work and apparently writing very slowly.

"Mr. ———, are you getting my words down correctly?" asked the Judge.

At this the stenographer seemed to wake up. With little concern he replied: "That's all right, Judge; fire away. I am about fifteen words ahead of you now!"