

# BY OUR CONTRIBUTORS

## FAY.

A captivating, winsome girl,  
Is that sweet maiden, Fay;  
My youthful brain is made to whirl  
When in her knowing way  
She talks of every age and clime,  
Of what she hopes to be,  
Discusses love and all the time  
Confides alone in me.

From Herbert Spencer she will quote  
With such a pleasing smile,  
"But, oh!" she says, "I simply dote  
On Huxley and Carlyle."  
She speaks of giants of the pen,  
And I would never tire  
To hear her tell of books and men  
And poets full of fire.

For balls and such she little cares,  
And everywhere she goes  
A pair of spectacles she wears  
Upon her dainty nose;  
She hates all simple, childish things,  
Love ne'er disturbs her heart;  
The Indian clubs she daily swings  
And revels in Delarte.

She likes to watch a standard play  
And longs for tragic sights;  
Although strong-minded, she will say  
"I'm down on woman's rights."  
Why, she can walk the livelong day,  
Kill rabbits with a gun,  
She knocks me silly at croquet  
And thinks lawn tennis fun.

Her hair is just a modest brown,  
Without a single curl,  
Her lips the envy of the town—  
Two rose leaves filled with pearls—  
Her eyes are dashed with heaven's blue,  
Her figure very neat,  
And I am sure each one of you  
Will say she's hard to beat.

HERBERT BASHFORD.

## A BAD MIXTURE.

ANSON—The fight between Clans Speckels and the sugar trust is an interesting one. I think Speckels will win, though; he has more sand than the other men.

JANOR—Have you used any sugar recently?

"It is too bad." "What?" "Why, it."

## THE HUMAN FORM DIVINE.

GOODMAN (watching the ballet)—This can hardly be called an improving or intellectual show.

SMILEY—No; although understandings figure in it very largely.

## SHE KNEW.

"No, I never know where my husband is nights," remarked Mrs. Gabley to a lady to whom she had just been introduced. "Do you know where yours is, Mrs. Tompkins?"

"Oh, yes," quietly replied Mrs. Tompkins. "I buried Mr. Tompkins in G— cemetery last spring."

## SHE ADVISED HIM NOT TO.

"I'm going to show Miss Ann Tusk a new wrinkle," remarked Fangle to his wife.

"I wouldn't if I were you, dear. She has so many wrinkles now."

## IN CONGRESS.

FIRST HILL—It seems to me we ought to be acquainted with each other.

SECOND HILL—Yes, we've been introduced.

## FOR THE TIME BEING.

"Was that your husband you were with yesterday afternoon?" asked one Chicago lady of another.

"Yes, my husband *pro tempore*."

## A REQUISITE OF QUIETNESS.

"John," said Mrs. Fangle to her husband, "I often hear you use the expression 'a quiet game'; what kind of a game is that?"

"One in which but few 'calls' are made."

## A PREFERRED POSITION.

"Here's a poem which I just dashed off," said a caller to the editor. "I'd like to have it put in a good place."

"How would top of column next to reading matter suit you?" asked the editor. Wm. H. SEVIER.

## AT THE ART EXHIBITION.

CLOVERTON (reading from catalogue)—No. 110, "An Italian Beggar," by Perugini, \$500.

HAYRIS—What! Five hundred dollars for that dirty lookin' Dago! Why, I've got a picture o' General Harrison, president o' the United States, that only cost twenty-five cents, an' it's bigger 'n this, an' newer lookin', too!



## SOMETHING IN A NAME.

ECKSTEIN—Vel, Blumenthal, I see you haf an alteration sale. Vel vas it you altered?

BLUMENTHAL—I vas alter me dot sign, alretty. Last year it vas "Great Combination Sale."