

"I tell you, laugh as you will, Mr. Softey has a clear head."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, clear of all brains."

ETHEL—Why, are you so foolish as to be afraid of the dark? I am not in the least.

MABEL—You forget that the dark is not so kind to me as to you.

PROOF OF AUTHENTICITY.

MCWATTY (at the breakfast table)—Mrs. Small, this egg has a chicken in it.

MRS. SMALL—Shows it is genuine. I never use artificial eggs.

CHARLIE—I talked to Miss Beauty for a long while last night, but I'm afraid I bored her, don't you know.

JACK—Not a bit. She told me afterwards that she never had so much fun in her life.

THE MACHINE AND THE MAIDEN.

BROWN—These large cabinet machines take up a great deal of space. I wish somebody would invent a typewriter that one could hold on his knees.

SMITH—I've got one.

MUST CHANGE THE PLACE.

MISS TWILLING—I suppose you remember, Mr. Calloway, that last night, in spite of my fruitless struggles, you had the effrontery, sir, to actually kiss me.

ALLOWAY (meekly)—Yes, I remember the circumstance.

MISS TWILLING—Well, if you think you are going to repeat that operation in the hall tonight, you are much mistaken. I don't propose to leave this room all the evening.

FELINE PRESERVES.

"Mamma," asked Benny Bloombumper, "why do you preserve cats?"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I heard you tell Mrs. Garlick about putting catsup in bottles."

BENEDICT (to editor)—I always thought you were married till you offered prizes for a word contest.

EDITOR—Well—er—I don't quite see how our prize offer could enlighten you on that point.

BENEDICT—Don't, eh? Why, man alive, we married men don't have to offer prizes for word contests; we get 'em free.



Your face was so fair,
And we were alone;
I was tempted to dare,
Your face was so fair;
Those red lips a soft snare;
Can I ever atone?
Your face was so fair,
And we were alone.

HARRY ROMAINE.



GENUINE RINDER.

"See here vonce, mine frendt. Vy you call dot Rhein vine? Dot nef-fer coome from Chermany alrety."

"No, sir; it was made of apple and peach rinds, sir."

WIFE (looking up coldly as her husband enters)—Sir! You have been drinking again!

HUSBAND (in an injured tone)—My i-dear, you misshudge me 's usual. Haven't drank a d-drop. Moah ext'ror'nary thing ever heard. Barber washed m' head 'n alc'hol.

ANNIE (reading)—Miss Goldbags has married Prince Emptypureky. Do you know they say those titled rouses abuse their American wives shamefully?

FANNY (with an ecstatic thrill)—Yes, but think how lovely and interesting it must be to have a real prince abuse you!

BELLE (meeting her friend on the street)—O, dearest, Mr. DeLislethead paid you the loveliest compliment last night.

NELL (delighted)—Really?

BELLE (sweetly)—Yes, indeed; he thought your bonnet too sweet for anything. Said it was quite the nicest thing about you.

PAINFULLY ALARMED.

DEBINGS—I am painfully alarmed for fear that my mother-in-law is losing her reputation for veracity.

DEBARGE—Why so?

DEBINGS—Why, she threatens every morning to leave my house, but she never goes.

THE LADIES' VALENTINE.

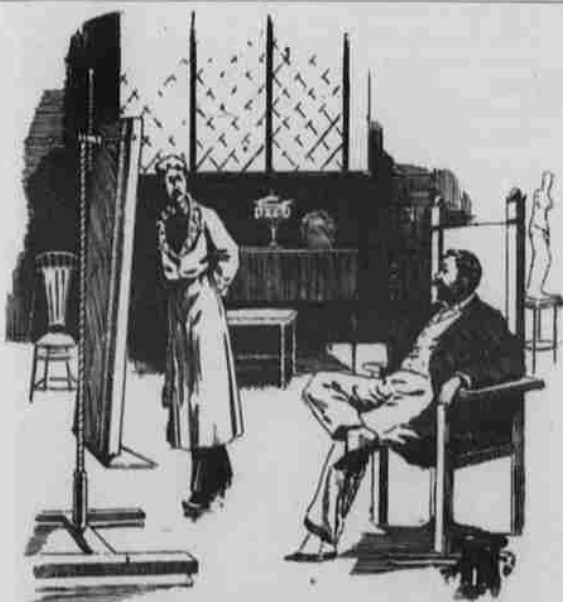
Here's to the maids whose cups of brimming pleasure
Are overflowed with quick delights, whose thrill
Lends to each drop of life's exquisite measure
The rosy glow that brings no after ill.

Bright be your eyes, your lips as sweet and tender
As those fond poets sung in days along;
And may your hearts, fond dears, as warm engender
The love that dwells today in rhythmic song.

If you've old scars of loves, my ladies, hide them—
We'll quite forget you were forgotten once;
Don't cast your sneers, no human kinds abide them—
They laugh to scorn the jack's ears 'neath the dunce.

Don't poke your sour missives 'neath our portal,
To prick our pride and torture till we moan;
For, if you do not love us, just think we are mortal,
And, if you hate us, kindly let us alone.

H. S. KELLER.



ARTIST'S FRIEND—I hear you married a model.

ARTIST—You insult me, sir. I married a well known society lady.

ARTIST'S FRIEND—Indeed? You surprise me. I was told you would find her a regular poser.