

HUMOR



Spring.
The violet is blowing
In ultra calm content;
The lily's wildly snowing
Her golden-hearted scent.
And rooking like a dory
Adown the garden path,
Maud keeps the morning glory
Coveting up the lawn.
—New York Herald.

MA'S INFALLIBLE RECIPE

But It Would Not Cure Hubby's Cold, and When He Learned Why, He Spoke Out in Meekin'.

"This late Spring cold of mine," said the communter to his wife the other morning. "Is going to hang on long enough, I'm afraid, to run in the early Summer cold class."
His wife, when he had finished, said:
"I will go right down and make you some flaxseed tea; that is my mother's infallible remedy, and I am sure it will cure your cold in a night."
"Then go right down and make it instantly. I have such a cold that I can't talk distinctly. Today I had to use an interpreter at the telephone, and if I am no better by tomorrow I am afraid that I shall have to resort to the deaf and dumb method of communication to sell goods. So that if you have that flaxseed tea the better. Why, do you know that this cold has such a grip on me that I can't eat and turkey taste alike, while 'Trotting on the hand' is like the wearing of the Green? That I can't tell them apart, and it has such an effect on my vision that I cannot tell one friend from another."
The communter then realized that he had a most severe cold. So he lost no time in descending to the dining-room and in preparing the flaxseed tea in the chafing dish. "Drink it as hot and as fast as you can," she said, as she handed him a large glass of her mother's infallible decoction.
He began drinking it in sips, because it was almost at the boiling point.
"How does it taste?" she asked.
"It tastes like nothing and like everything," he replied. "It might be claret punch; it might be chicken consommé, or it might be champagne. I think I will try to imagine that it is champagne and give myself a good treat at once. Here's to your dear mother."
So he took a long pull at it as he could, and then another, and another, until the glass was empty. "It isn't like champagne," he said, a moment or two after the decoction had reached the spot, "but if it will cure the cold so that my talk won't be full of typographical errors tomorrow, I will call it square."
On the following morning he coughed harder than ever in the dining-room.
"Dash your dear mother and her recipe!" "What do you say?" she asked in alarm.
"I don't know what I said; my cold is so bad that my power to think is lost like my sense of taste, so, as I just remarked, I don't know what I said. I don't know what I am saying now, for all words are alike. Take my word for it, and read them to me after I get well. Am I promising you a hat, or are we going to Sackett to buy birds which, what, the— Here he sneezed several times.
Then he saw the package of flaxseed on the sideboard; at least, he saw what was left of it, and when he saw it his power to differentiate words and handle them immediately returned.
"After he had poured forth several red-hot volleys, he said with great vigor and vim:
"It's no wonder that tea didn't cure my cold."
"Why?" was all she could ask.
"Why? Because you made it of bird seed, that's why!"—New York Herald.

TRIED TO GET EVEN.

But Got Himself in a Worse Pickle Than Ever.

Some people are philosophical enough to accept defeat graciously; others nurse their wrath and waste much time in a mistaken effort to "get even." Of one of these latter an amusing story is told.
A man registered at a Chicago hotel one day, and took his dinner outside with a friend. When he came to pay his bill he found himself charged with a day's board, dinner and all. He protested. The clerk tried to explain that the American plan was based strictly upon time, and that if he chose to eat elsewhere it was his own lookout, but the man would not be pacified.
He paid his bill under protest. Then he asked if dinner was still on, and was informed that it lasted until 9 in the evening.
"Then I'll go and tackle it," he exclaimed. "I've eaten one dinner, but I'm going to get my money's worth out of this house, or perish in the attempt."
He rushed into one of the dining-rooms, seized a bill of fare, and ordered everything he could think of. When he finally got to the end of the table the waiter handed him a check for \$4.10.
"What's that for?" he asked in surprise.
"Your dinner, sir."
"But I have already paid for my dinner in my bill," he protested. "I'm staying here on the American plan."
"Then you should have gone to the other dining-room," said the waiter. "This is the European plan."
The man paid the bill and walked out. His feelings must have been heavy, both in body and mind.—Youth's Companion.

PROMOTER OF GRAVEYARDS.

Entertaining Missions Strikes It Rich in Cemeteries.

"You Eastern people are not the only enterprising inhabitants of the globe," said an enthusiastic man in a New York business house. "I have a neighbor in Pemisac County, my state, Missouri, who is a sort of plutocrat in graveyards. Some years ago he opened a tombstone factory in his part of the state, and, as he marked down the price, he had quite a boom in his business. In a short time there was a monument or headstone at every grave in the cemetery, and as live people do not

buy tombstones this man's business was hit by what your Wall street folks call a flurry. What does he do but go to another town not far away and buy a graveyard of his own and put down the price of lots. This caused quite a cemetery boom until all the lots were disposed of.
"As soon as some of the people began to die the enterprising tombstone dealer was again in the whirl, or, as my old friend Wilbur F. Storey was wont to say of his paper, on the top crest of the advancing wave. In a year or so he had every grave in the cemetery marked with his goods, and another thud hit his business. But he rallied, went to another town, invested in another graveyard site, and manipulated this scheme as he had the others, and with like result.
"This makes three cemeteries he has started, filled and marked, and the last time I saw him he told me he was looking for another. He is now known as a graveyard promoter."—New York Sun.

REQUIRED STEADY NERVES.

But the Operation Was Facilitated by Shoemaker's Wax.

A young man from a wholesale house down on the river front, presented a check at one of the banks the other day and while the money was being counted out amused himself by balancing coins on the marble edge of the Paying Teller's window. Finally he performed an astonishing feat. He first balanced a silver dollar on it, then a dime, then a nickel, a half-dollar edge to edge on top of it, and completed the pyramid with a bright new quarter. His manipulations as he deposited the coins one on the other was silver or rather, trying to be, that of all three standing without support made the teller's eyes protrude from their sockets.
"Why, that's perfectly amazing!" he exclaimed. "I wouldn't have believed it could be done!" The other attaches looked on and marveled.
"It takes steady nerve to do it," said the young man, calmly, and sweeping the coins with a dexterous grab he dropped them into his pocket, picked up his money and stroled out. It was not a busy hour, and after he was gone all hands began balancing silver or rather, trying to be, that of all three standing without support made the teller's eyes protrude from their sockets.
"You see, we hold the window in our room every night. As I usually go to bed last she depends on me to hold it. Sometimes I forget it and then there's a wild squabble. Frequently she wakes me up in the night and asks me to see if it is open. If I don't she nags at me until morning.
"A night or two ago I resolved to give her a hard scare. I rolled up a lot of old newspapers into a long bundle and laid the package down by the window. Of course, she was asleep and didn't hear me. Then I opened the window a little ways and crept into bed. Some time after midnight she nudged me and said:
"Jim, I'm sure you didn't open that window—it's like a bake-oven in the room. Get up and see!"
"So I got up, went to the window and threw the sack as high as it would go. As I did so I gave a little shriek and then flung my bundle down to the walk below. It struck with a dull thud, and I dodged behind the curtain to await developments.
"The room was very dark and I couldn't see my wife, but I heard her raise herself to a sitting posture. Then she spoke. 'Poor old Jim,' she quietly said, 'he's tumbled out of the window in his ragged night shirt. What a spectacle he'll be when she find him in the morning!' Then she lay down again and went to sleep."
"What did you do?"
"I stood there shivering for a minute or two, and then sneaked into bed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HE FORGOT THE CANDLES.

Good Ground Grocer Explains Importance of Oversight.

The Good Ground Grocer had just finished filling Mrs. Squire's order.
"Have you got everything in th' basket?" he asked of his boy, Hiram.
"Yep," said Hiram.
"Got the salt'russ in?"
"Yep."
"Got the candles?" No; course you ain't. I clean went and forgot 'em. Well, well, well, ain't that strange, went on the grocer, as he started for the counter. "The idea of a man in Good Ground forgettin' candles. That's a good one on one and all, just hear this final call. Come up, come up!"
"Here under this mighty canvas you will behold gathered all the great and grand curiosities of this and other worlds never visited by the foot of mortal man. The mighty forests of the old, the new and the middle-aged world have been ransacked for the wonders that are here unfolded to the sight of the fortunate people of this town. Let this opportunity pass to see the mysteries of Mother Nature and you will spend years of your life shedding tears of regret that you allowed this opportunity to pass. Safely confined I have within the only creature of its kind in captivity—a marvel, captured regardless of expense in the deepest, darkest wilds of Africa. It is, gentlemen and ladies, the only infant anconda in captivity. Ten cents admits you, one and all, only 10 cents."
Here a countryman comes out and pulls Ezra by the trousers legs. Ezra stands on a platform.
Ezra leans over, still talking.
"Say, that's a gold-rumped falcon," says the countryman.
Ezra straightens up. "The gentleman says that he is perfectly satisfied," shouts he. "That's what we are here for—to please the people. Pay your money here and pass within this great canvas."
"It's a fraud," repeats the countryman in a louder voice. "That infant anconda ain't nothin' but a gosh-darned anguiform in a bottle."
"What's the matter with that infant anconda; ain't he big enough for ye?" Ezra demands.
"My dear man, go right inside and wait for him to grow. There will be no extra charge. Come right up, people, every one's money is good at this door, and every one is treated like a queen here. Ten cents admits to all—to all!"
Plack, plack, plack!—Lewiston Evening Journal.

THAT SETTLED JOHN.

Asked Once Too Often for Increase of Salary.

Mr. Lowenstein, a good-natured German, owned a tailoring business in a country town. He had in his employ one John, whom he had advanced from office boy to head clerk. Since his promotion John had several times asked for a raise in his salary, and each time his request had been granted.
One morning John again appeared at the old merchant's desk, with another request for an increase of 10 shillings per month.
"Vy, Shon," said Mr. Lowenstein. "I think I bays you pooty vell already; vat for I bays you any more?" "Well," replied John, confidently, "I am your principal help here. I know every detail of the business, and, indeed, I think you could not get along without me." "Is dat so?" exclaimed the German. "Shon, wot you say I do suppose you vas to die?" "Well," hesitated John, "I suppose you would have to get along without me then."
The "old man" took several whiffs from his big pipe and said nothing. At last he remarked: "Vell Shon, I think you better consider yourself dead."—London King.

EARNED HIS FEE.

Slick Lawyer Squares Up Case of Bank Embezzlement.

The cashier of an Eastern bank had taken a little more money than belonged to him, then a little more, and so on, until he found himself \$15,000 behind in his accounts. He worried about it greatly. Finally he went to a clever lawyer and told him the whole thing. The lawyer passed up and down the room for a few minutes, and then said:
"You go back to the bank and say nothing to any one about this. When the bank closes tomorrow go into the vault and take all the money you can lay your hands on. Bring it to me."
The man did so, and put \$25,000 into the hands of the lawyer. That evening the

lawyer had the directors of the bank in his office.
"Gentlemen," he said, "I am sorry to have to tell you that an employe of your bank is behind in his accounts."
The directors were startled and uneasy. "The friends of this man," said the lawyer, "have been trying to raise some money among them. The amount of the default is \$40,000. Now I think I can promise you that his friends will offer you \$25,000 if you will keep the matter a profound secret and allow him to go without prosecution."
The directors consulted for a while, and finally one of them voiced the opinion of the board that it would be wiser to accept the offer than to attempt an investigation and get nothing of the money back. So the cashier was let go and the lawyer pocketed the \$25,000 as his fee. This story is vouched for by a Detroit merchant, who said, however, that he wouldn't advise cashiers to rely on the efficacy of such a scheme in every instance.—Detroit Free Press.

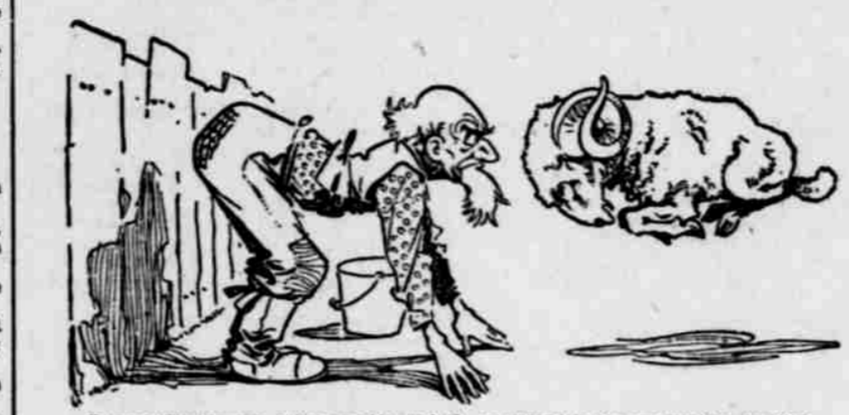
Kept Them All Right.

There is a humorous story to the fore in the troubles in China. The chief engineers of the railway that is being built through Shang-tung Province by the Germans complained to a taotai or local governor that the people pulled up and carried off the stakes that his surveyors had driven into the ground to guide the construction gangs in grading the right-of-way, so that he had been compelled to do the work over three or four times. The taotai promised that the mischief should stop, and said that he would give the matter his personal attention.
The surveyors went over the line again and marked it out carefully with wooden pegs. When they came back a few weeks later they were disgusted to find that every one of the markers for miles had disappeared. The chief engineer in the

FAIR TREATMENT OF MAN DISAPPOINTED IN INFANT ANCONDA.

Erza Stephens, Maine's P. T. Baranum, at the door of his tent, addressing an amazed multitude:
Plack, plack, plack!
His thick cane whacks the dust out of the boards of his little table.
"Hay, yar-rr, Hay yar-rr! Good people,

PUT NOT YOUR FAITH IN OLD "SAWS."



Farmer Wintergreen—They say if you look an animal in the eye you kin cow him.



But they lie like blasms!

beat of his wrath rushed to the taotai to make complaint, and the latter, with a smile that was hideous and bland, attempted to soothe him, saying:
"The stakes are all right, every one of them. I had my men go out and take them all and keep them safely until you returned, and I have got them tied up in bundles for you."—Chicago Record.

Schoolboy English.

Even our education is "slivery" on the under side. You go into the school and are so pleased with the correct intonation, the precision of grammatical construction, the exactness of statement in the language used by the pupils in their recitations. You compliment the pupils and you praise the teachers, and your opinion of our schools goes up to 90 in the shade. Then as you walk down street after school hours you hear two young gentlemen who are prize pupils conversing across the length of the block, loudly discussing the examination through which they had evidently passed triumphantly.
"Hello, Skin-nee!"
"Hey, Bill!"
"Watch ye gittin' rithmetic!"
"Eighty-seven—juss plain texpectoot! morn forty. Yew punn grammar!"
"Betcher boots aidd; got ninety-three and one made two mistakes in history, and got a hundred din spellin' all right."
"Sod. George Goodie failed in spella."
"Yessanoni nodewootoo; furry allows loo' in the book. Cummut taffer supper navom fun!"
"Can't costl gotto gote meetin with mum-mother. See."—R. J. Burdette in Los Angeles Times.

The Newspaper Habit.

The young man took a piece of paper and a pencil from his pocket and laid the paper on his knee.
"I will have something important to say to you in a minute, Miss Jones," he said. Then he read over carefully what was written on the paper and crossed out a word.
"Superfluous," he said, half to himself. He went over it again and crossed out another word.
"It's just as strong without that," he muttered. "We are all too prone to use adjectives and adverbs, anyway."
He picked up the paper and seemed about to begin to read from it, but suddenly stopped.
"That whole sentence might as well come out," he said. "The meaning is perfectly clear without it. Conciseness is really the crying need of the hour."
Then turning to the girl, he said: "Be mine."
Thus we see the power of habit. For years his duty had been to edit the "copy" of the "prolific correspondents."—Chicago Post.

Could Have the Whole Bunch.

"Good evening, Mr. Manygills," said the young man.
"Evening," responded Mr. Manygills, gruffly. A pile of papers, evidently bills lay scattered in front of him. Hence his gruffness. The young man smiled.
"Bills for your seven daughters' Spring clothes and bonnets, I presume?" said he.
"Yes," replied the old man. "But it is any of your business?"
"It is. I have come to ask you if I may not take one of those daughters off your hands. I—"
The old man rose with a smile.
"Take one?" he exclaimed. "Why, boy, you can move to Utah and take the whole seven."
The young man had caught him at the right time.—New York World.

A Religious Deficiency.

Sandy McPherson (who, in a moment of abstraction, put half a crown in the collection plate last Sunday in mistake for a penny, and has since expended a deal of thought as to the best way of making up for it)—Noo, I might stay awa' frae the kirk till the sum was made up, but on the ither han' I wad be payin' pew rent at the time an' gettin' nae guid o' t. Loth! but I'm thinkin' this is what the minister ca's a "religious deficiency."—Punch.

POETRY

One More Unfortunate.
One more unfortunate,
Weary of life,
Spent as a boarder,
Ends the whole strife.
Think of him tenderly,
He'd much to bear,
And died as a martyr,
That I will swear.
He started out bravely,
Thinking to find
A house and a table
Just to his mind.
Home comforts proved phantom,
Vain to pursue,
And boarding-house madams,
Sate a own crew.
He lived in some houses,
All very fine,
But, alack and alas!
How did he dine?
In his dreams he would have
Visions remote
Of the best of good things
Pleasing his throat.
What really went down
Matters not here,
Self pity wrung from him
Many a tear!
Towels were luxuries
Precious indeed,
Doled out most sparingly
For the day ahead.
Was bathing old-fashioned?
He queried one day:
A snubbing, not towels,
Then came his way.
He moved very often,
But each new place
On his face the old ghost
With a fresh lease.
And oft would be added,
Just for a change,
A solitary screamer
With a wide range.
Was it wicked to end
So many woes?
He was worn out fighting
Very poor foes.
His nerves were a tangle,
Courage had fled;
The dark flowing river
Made him his bed.
No one to care for him,
He had become
Whose and whose masters
Under the sun.
Oh, it was pitiful!
In a whole city full
Home he had none.
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Day of Peace.
What of the day, my brother?
What of the day of peace?
When the dripping sword turns the green sword
And the dull, dread noises cease—
The claron call of bugles,
The shriek of the angry shell—
What of the light that shall pierce the night
Of battle—is it well?
What of the dead, my brother?
What of the dead and dumb?
Who shall pay at the Judgment day
When the Messenger shall come,
Come in the light and glory,
Come in the fire and flame,
Whose and whose masters
My brother—whose the blame?
What of the grief, my brother?
What of the grief and woe?
What of the tears shed o'er these biers
These stricken heroes brought low
In the day of terror,
Low in the night of gloom,
Whose the weight of this curse of Hate?
Whose the pain of Doom?
What of the blood, my brother?
What of the blood that flows
In a crimson stream where the lances gleam
And the bugle blows and blows?
Whose the souls that shudder,
Shudder and start and cry,
When the battler's cost by God engrossed
In blood on the brazen way?
Hasten the day, my brother,
Hasten the day of peace,
When men not slain for greed of gain
And their dread deeds cease!
When shall shall shriek no longer,
When hatred sink away,
The breath of God the bloodstained sod
Make clean—and Peace shall stay!
—Blissmark Tribune.

The Men Behind the Bars.
The regular edition of the Star of Hope, a paper published in Sing Sing Prison, is 4000 copies. Here is one of the poems in the last number, written by a convict at Auburn:
You may warble at your pleasure
Of the men behind the guse,
And we would not stint the measure
To Columbia's gallant sons;
But while you rear grand arches
And bedeck triumphal cars,
We'll sing the lock-step marches
Of the men behind the bars.
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."
But they come all-round and rear it
In this comprehensive age;
If you'd learn the truth about it,
Lie awake and read the stars;
Then, if still inclined to do it,
Ask the men behind the bars.
For here are diamonds in the rough,
With hearts as fine as gold,
By the world hammered hard and tough
And into bondage sold;
Some who bore the flashing saber
With our noble sons of Mars,
Are now condemned to labor
With the men behind the bars.
We're a striped band of brothers
In this moral atmosphere,
But remember—there are others:
But while you yet find quarters here;
Some, high stations are filling
Smoking Henry Clay cigars,
When they ought to be here drilling
With the men behind the bars.
The Alarm Clock.
I bought a clock not long ago,
To give me timely warning
That I must rise in time to go
To business in the morning.
Yet now I loathe its pallid face,
Set round with tink numbers,
And hate the gong upon its case,
That shatters my sweet slumbers.
A rounded horror, storked bright
I'd sooner take a licking
Than waken in the dead of night
And hear the thing a-ticking.
Now hushed to a low, scarce-heard beat,
Now loud as drums in battle,
Now deathly slow and then so fleet
It makes the whole case rattle.
I wrap it in a coverlet
And in my closet stow it;
But I try my best to sleep—and yet
It's ticking, and I know it.
Worn out at length, my eyelids close;
Then, with a sudden clanging,
And jingle-jangle, off it goes,
A-gurgling and a-whanging.
—Chicago Record.

Springtime.
Just a little every day,
That's the way!
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
They blades push through the snow,
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst;
Slowly—slowly, at the first,
That's the way!
Just a little every day,
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Susan Obeyed.
"That fellow Phelps comes here too much,"
Said Susan's father, grim;
"We'll have to put a stop to that—
You must sit down on him."
Now, Sue is an obedient girl,
Respects parental powers;
So, when young Phelps came around that night,
She sat on him two hours.
—McCall's Magazine.

To the Ghost of an Easter Hat.
Oh, you dim, shadowy dream, once beautiful
You who from the passing century
When you were the one bright thing, the joy,
The hope
That Springtime brought to womenkind!
When we talked about you,
Coaxed, cried, pleaded, yearned, re-echoed for you
Through dreary Lenten days,
That with the Easter dawn you might perch
Proudly,
Like a coronet upon our several brows,
As into church we stalked, conscious of what?
The year's awakening? The dawn within our
souls?
The transient clustering bloom of Spring about
the chance?
No—not a bit! We thought of you—of you
The Easter Hat—a thing of lace and straw,
Perchance a velvet-stuffed, that might have
voiced its praise
On woodland bough; now skewered to our
heads,
Ah! Easter Hat—now it's your turn at being
dead!
You poor old ghost—that once we thought
Too sweet for anything! Now a tradition
Numbered back in other times
When women had two hats a year—and you
the One!
Methinks, I see you on this Easter Day
Scurrying from basement doors as though you
fell the change
The knock-out blow that time has dealt you!
No more you set like to a diadem on regal
heads,
But cast against the ebon brow of her we know
Juggled with the kitchen range and peace
merry jest
With him who brings the tea, the milk and
the rolls.
Ah! Easter Hat—no eyes so dim—but it can
view our climax!
Not again the Bard of Spring will sing you,
and no more
The funny man will write
Of how you make men's pocketbooks grow fat,
As though they had been stepped on,
For you the vault, the hoist, cold stair,
Everything that means oblivion
For She—this Easter's Gili—the Goddess of
Today,
The latest greatest girl of all, has hats to
conquerate,
And all days look alike to her! With every
gown
She buys another hat each week or so!
And your heart is reared with gentle touch
That he may well fear cardiac failure!
The modern maid dissects the Easter morn-
ing
From her hat,
And less her soul skyward in a mass of
Springtime melody
That makes the very angels envious of so
much sweetness.
Fare you well, Oh Ghost, Get back into the
Long gone, when the girls didn't seem to
know
Reverse yourself—into the mist, the twilight
Of those vanished years, and stay there,
Ghost—
By! By!
—Kate Masteron in New York Sun.

In the Middle of the Road.
Oh, the steddin' gittin' ragged and it's dodge
and slip and skive,
Just continual get and lose; just "Old-
and" then it's "Whoo."
Takes a half a day to get there, round by way
of Robin Hood—
Like as not you'll hear your rigger's haulin' out
your hay an' wood;
"Tain't no way o' doin' business; tain't no way
to haul a load,
You must do your hefty haulin' in the middle
of the road.
If ye want to keep a-hoim'
Better wait for settled gobs,
For twice the heft goes easy in the middle of
the road.
Oh, in doalin' with your neighbors, brother,
sure's you are alive,
It's better to go straight ahead and never slip
and skive,
For the man who keeps a doggin' back and
forth across the way
Like come will find his outfit in the gutter
stuck to stay.
Till the road is clear and settled, till with
candor in your heart
You can see your way before you, guess ye
hadn't better start;
For to git there easy and easy, and to lug
your honest load,
You'll find it's best to travel in the middle of
the road.
Better wait for settled gobs,
Then, sir, hustle brisk and stidly in the middle
of the road.
—Lewiston Evening Journal.

English as She's Pronounced.
The wind was rough,
And cold and blough,
She kept her hands within her-mouh,
It chill'd her through,
Her nose grew blough,
And still the squall the faster hough,
And yet although
There was nough snough,
The weather was a cruel hough.
It made her cough—
Pray do not cough—
She cough'd until her hat blew hough.
Ah, you may laugh,
You silly-dod, but hear it
I'd like to beat you with my stough,
Her hat she caught,
And caught and caught,
To put it on and tie it tought.
Try as she might
To fix it tight,
Again it flew off like a hight,
Away up high,
Into the skigh,
The poor girl sat her down to crigh.
She cried till eight
P. M., so teary by
Then home she went at a grotigh right.
—Tit-Bits.

Love's Labor Lost.
She went three years to boarding school
Away down East somewhere;
She was the only daughter of
A proud old millionaire,
It cost three thousand dollars pay,
But daddy, being fond of her,
Put up and didn't care.
She studied music in Berlin
And also in Paris,
And pa was fond of boasting of
The artist she would be,
She spent three years abroad, and then,
One day, came sailing home—again
To grace society.
Pa bought a grand piano; oh
How she could play the thing!
It seemed as easy as you please
For her to break a string—
Ah, yes, it was a treat to sit
And hear her rip things out of it—
Moreover, she could sing.
She fell in love, as maidens will,
And what did daddy say?
He stormed around outrageously,
Wherefore she ran away,
Her hubby gets ten dollars per
And might as well go to buy for her
A jew's-harp she could play.
—S. E. Kiser in Times-Herald.

San Francisco.
The cable cars swing up the hill,
The cable cars swing down,
And with them swing the flaring lights
Of San Francisco town.
The great gray city by the sea,
Safe port for ships to win,
With sunlight on its windy hills,
And sea fog drifting in.
Around it laps the shining bay
Where far-called steamers wait,
And crowding light-walled warships stand
To guard the Golden Gate.
To north and south the coastwise hills
Make bulwarks from the deep,
And upward from the winding bay
The great Twin sisters sweep,
Fair, vibrant homes crown all her hills,
And stately wires lead down
Where flows the tireless tide of trade
In San Francisco town.
—Mary Austin in Youth's Companion.