



'De Sunshine Song.' You got ter dig yo' gits de gold In riss 'f'm yo' s'leepin' bed; You can't nook hay On de rainy day...

WANTED TO SLEEP ALONE Little Georgie Tells of "Paw's" Distressing Experience With a Folding Bed.

Last wednesday nite paw came Home all excited. "Maw," he says, "I bet you Don't no what. I ort a Folden bed today."

"Yes," paw says, "I no Sutch Things Happen, but you offen hear about peepie that ble out de Gash too. Don't you?

"Now I am argoin' to Get the Furst good site's rest I've had for years. It's a site that peepie are far removed from the Strydges when they begin to Want to Sleep alone.

"Paw" Gurgled Some. Paw kind of gurgled 'wome' and Maw Howered help and we Got the hired Gurl and her Bo to come in from the Kitchen,

CHANGED HIS MIND. Wife's Ready Acquiescence Upset His Equilibrium. "My dear," said Witherby, "I have been thinking the matter over after recently reading a very sensible article on the subject,

Wife's Ready Acquiescence Upset His Equilibrium. "My dear," said Witherby, "I have been thinking the matter over after recently reading a very sensible article on the subject,

ence and is pretty apt to get the right kind of a husband. Why, then, should she remain single, unprotected and alone for the sake of an idle sentiment, when for the rest of her life she can live in comfort and happiness. I agree with you perfectly, my dear."

TAKING BABY'S PICTURE. All Hands Take a Hand at Getting Him to "Look Pleasant."

Mother—Now, sit up straight! Aunt Jane—There, that's a dear! Neighbor—Oh! isn't he too sweet! Baby—Goo!

"That first man—the one that called for pot-luck—is a gambler," she said. "The second one, as you may have judged, is a railroad man. By 'links' she means sausage, a 'coupling' link is a cup of coffee.

PATRIOTISM LET LOOSE. Paralyzed by His Up-to-Date Daughter's Superior Knowledge.

"Go to your room, young lady. You skeptics would have interrupted the Sermon on the Mount. Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Half the authors have been plagiarists. The Bible is not authentic. Nothing is real, not even the toothache.

TOOK ALL RIGHT. No Wonder the Man Looked Mighty Pale and Peaked.

"I don't think I will ever have small-pox," he said as he dropped into a seat in a Third-avenue car the other morning. His face was pale and peaked, his eyes sunken, and he looked as though he had been sick for six months.

work. I began to feel mighty mean about that time, and to make matters worse I got a cold. Then both legs began to work, and for two weeks I laid flat on my back—and wife in bed with leg as sore as—well, if I ever go near a doctor again just let me know, will you, and be limped out of the car on his crutches toward his office.—Detroit Free Press.

STRANGE THINGS ONE SEES AND HEARS IN DETROIT RESTAURANT.

"I'll have a little of that pot-luck," said the obliging customer to the chef of a modest little restaurant on a side street. She promptly brought him some vegetable soup.

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CAUSE FOR ENMITY. Travers' Goat Eats Tail Off Koop's Fine Mare.

Henry Travers and Otto Koop, who live a few doors away, have long been the closest of friends. But now they never speak as they pass by, and 'tis all owing to Travers' goat and Koop's long-tailed bay mare.

COULDN'T SEE IT IN SAME LIGHT. They haven't been married long, and they are as loyal and devoted a young couple as ever made the confirmed bachelor search for a new argument against matrimony.

"What a lovely smile upon her pretty face when hubby came home from the office the other evening. "What is it, dear?" he asked, observing the glow of enthusiasm that shone through the soft, peach blown cheeks and sparkled in the Kohinoor-like eyes.

HIS CLEVER STRATEGY. The head of the household was late getting home. He was very late. It was long past midnight. Indeed, the little clock on the hall mantel had just struck 1 o'clock when he came wading in. He had been out with the boys, and his wife reproached him.

"Why, it's early yet. It's not late." "Just then the clock sounded one, two, three. The wife looked at him with grim rebuke. He caught her eye and jerked out this reply: "Well, now if you want to believe that damned dollar-and-a-half clock before your dear husband, it's all right."

him at the front, weeping reproachfully. "Oh, John," she pleaded, "what makes you do this way?" "You are—hic—so awfully pretty—hic—," he said, making an extravagant bow and kissing her. "That I like to—hic—to see you double."

KIPLING'S APPREHENSIONS. Fears That His Reign as Universal Laureate is Over.

Rudyard Kipling sat in his tent, with his hands over his face, and ever and anon a half-suppressed sob shook his well-knit frame. The commander of the Skinny-skull Lancers looked at him apprehensively several times, and then going over to where the sublime bard sat, placed a hand tenderly upon his shoulder and asked:

"What is the trouble? Has the publishing firm that was to pay you \$15 a letter for that poem you wrote last week gone into bankruptcy?" "No, no," the inspired author of "The Yampire" and "The Absent-Minded Beggar" replied. "It's not that, but I'm afraid I'm slipping down from the pinnacle of greatness."

HE NEVER CAME BACK. Would-Be Client Wanted Father Rather Than Son.

The legal lights were discussing disappointments with which they had met, and this is the story of one of them told: "The greatest disappointment that I ever met with happened at the beginning of my career. I was young at the time, and inclined to hold my parents responsible for the handicap which kept me from the fame and glory that I thought was my due."

And Even the Moon Laughed.

A Germantown girl who usually gets things mixed, was the victim of a hoax one evening last week. "Here's a puzzle for you to work out," said a friend of hers, handing over a slip of paper, on which appeared the following, which she said might be translated into a complete sentence:

"I am here, dearest!" "Darling, be brave! My arms await thee!" "Yes, yes, you won the girl, I suppose."

Unequal to Emergency. One of the best stories that occurs to me off-hand relates to a Jew who kept a sort of combination pawnshop and second-hand clothing store. One day he went out and left the place in charge of his son. When he came back he said: "Well, Isaac, how was business ven' you was out?"

His Denomination. W. F. Cody had in one of his companies a Westerner, "Bronco Bill." A certain missionary had joined the aggregation to look after the morals of the Indians. Thinking that Bronco Bill would bear a little looking after also, the good man secured a seat by his side at the dinner table, and remarked, pleasantly: "This is Mr. Bronco Bill, is it not?"

Her Toast. There was a banquet given by a woman's association recently, where one of the prominent members was made toastmaster. She was a bit puzzled at first about her duties, and consulted her husband. He told her the usual "maxims" that were given at men's dinners, and after a moment's thought she said: "You men always have a toast to the ladies, don't you?"

"No! On second thought, I will fly alone!"

weather-beaten, and my office desk had two holes worn in it by my heels before my first client came. "But come, he'd one day, glaring into my office like a mad bull, starting at me and throwing down a roll of bills as large as my fist. He shouted: 'I want to see Mr. Blank!' 'I am Mr. Blank,' I said, edging up to the roll. "Good Lord, sonny," he roared, 'I want to see your father, the lawyer.' 'I am Mr. Blank, the lawyer,' I answered, with all the dignity I could muster. "Oh, Christmas! he yelled, as he seized his roll and put it in his pocket. "What have I been retained on?" I asked, making a bluff at the roll. "He stared at me a moment and then said: 'See here, sonny, I've got an important engagement to meet. I'll be back in an hour. Here's your retainer,' he added, thrusting down a quarter. "But he never came back. I was looking at my picture the other day, taken about that time, and I cannot say that I blame him."—Detroit Free Press.

HE MADE HER TIRED. New York Drummer Has an Experience That Sets Him Thinking. "Anything wrong?" asked the hotel clerk of the New York drummer, who had just got home from the West. "I was thinking," was the reply. "I rode from Toledo to Buffalo with the prettiest girl I ever saw."

"But that didn't hurt you. Who was she?" "You didn't introduce yourself and get her card in return?" "No."

"No particular trouble, eh?" solicitously inquired the clerk. "Well, it was this way," replied the traveler, as he braced up for the explanation. "She sat opposite me, you know, and I tried for an hour to catch her eye. She simply ignored me and gazed out of the window. Then I rose and handed her a magazine, and she declined the latest novel out, but she said she didn't care to read. Then I bought some fruit, but she would accept none. She also ignored me when I tried to draw her out on music."

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Evils of Good Advice. "Say," said the man with the worried look, "do you remember giving me a lot of advice on how to conduct my love affairs about two months ago?" "Yes," replied the man with the wise expression.

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POETRY. Hymen, the Hostler, The Atkinson Band.

Hymen, the Hostler, Hymen, the Hostler, And Hiltcher of Hearts, Ever since Easter I've been working overtime, And we're not half way in sight Of June, when the real rush Of roses and rapture I'm not going to strike For shorter hours. My advance agent And business solicitor, Cupid, Has been a busy little god All winter.

And we've got to hustle To keep up with his orders. I'm the boss coupler Of two souls with but a single thought, And the way I can hook up Two hearts that beat as one Is a sight to behold. I'm the best friend And the most profitable partner Of the forist, The caterer, The preacher, The milliner, The dressmaker, The furniture dealer, The real estate agent, And the installment-plan man; But do I get any of the rake-off? Nary a nickel.

I ought to kick, I suppose, But I don't. My clients are all So perfectly happy, So neatly blessed, So supremely ecstatic, And so infinitely pleased, Of my kind, that I can't, And forget the gross, material profits Which others get out of the business Of hymenizing. Oh, why like this Every Spring since I began operations, But I never get tired, And the more I have to do The better I feel. Plenty of kicks are coming, Of course, But that's not my affair. I give no guarantee, And if people don't find goods To be as represented, It's no mix of mine. However, this is my busy day, And there are forty-seven calls for me This very minute. Anything I can do for you? Not! Sorry. So long; See you later.

The Boss. I am the boss! In the hole of the hole, I hold the key to the machinery that runs The state. Some folks still swallow The story that this Great Country is partly theirs. That they have the privilege Of helping to shape affairs. That makes me Lame! The majority rules, and I Constitute one more than Half. Those that lick my Boots with proper regularity Are sometimes let in With me. On the good things that I make free To parcel out as I please, Exact the same. Might as well live over seas In Russia. There They would have just as great a share In dividing how Things must be run As I. They have now! Oh, I don't know! Two-fifths of the People here are fools; One-fifth are rogues; Five-fths are always for me— Tools. Tell with the other two-fifths who Have sense enough to see! They can't help themselves, And when Election day Comes along, they'll step up and vote For my straw man, Anyway. In the meantime I stand Around the corner, and— I smile. —Chicago Times-Herald.

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With an empty-room and shab-tah-rah, it's best to march to the speaker's stand. ("The a dull campaign in the State of Maine that doesn't enlist the Atkinson Band.) Open order, and forward, march!—Major in barracks, and stiffer than starch! Knees like a thoroughbred—be the kind! And the campaign orators ride behind. Thus pum-tah-rah to the speaker's stand, Led by the Atkinson Pull Brass Band.

And the short fellow allows as much of the tube As it poked out of sight by the long-gear'd rube. The cornetist jams his refractory lip, And the snare drummer limps with his drum on his hip. —He's the Atkinson blacksmith with muscle like yew. Stands six in his stockings—is big "cordin' to the drum.

Yes, eddy asserted, but pray understand 'Tis music that rules in the Atkinson Band. —Blasphemy in their put-up and marching, but they're kings of the pipe when they start in to play. Then it's tri-ah-lah and boum-tah-rou! The people are flocking from every hand. We're sure of a rout when the posters come out: "A concert at 8 by the Atkinson Band."

Little "Bohs" on Little Men. I'm not so very lengthy up and down, And I'm not so very studious of girls—just a slender little fellow, whose renown is ringing in all corners of the earth! There was little Nelson who Has more the largest roster in the world, And little Nap who ripped things right and left; So there's no use telling me That the biggest man is he Who can file a claim to greatest height or left. I have to climb upon a box before I can get a leg across my clamping steed; I am five feet high and just a little more. But still I'm quite a man, I am, indeed! There was little Phil and Grant, Both inclined to be but scant, There was Farragut, a little fellow, too! Oh, the giant is all right, Till the time arrives to fight, Then the little soldier shows what he can do! I'm a bundle of gray matter and grit, You can throw me down and sit on me, peer! But I've let the people know that I am "it," And the loudest cheers are not for taller chaps! In dress box, O Alexander, he Was about the size of me, And Wellington was not so very tall. Meak has value in his way, "Two-fifths of the People here are fools; One-fifth are rogues; Five-fths are always for me— Tools. Tell with the other two-fifths who Have sense enough to see! They can't help themselves, And when Election day Comes along, they'll step up and vote For my straw man, Anyway. In the meantime I stand Around the corner, and— I smile. —Chicago Times-Herald.

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