# THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, MAY 20, 1900.

KIPLING'S APPREHENSIONS.



tot ter dig of you gits de gold rise f'um yo' sleepin' bed; You can't mek hay af you stop ter hold embrella over yo' head!

Oh, workers, Time a-gwine 'long: You can't mek hay On de rainy day-You mus' sing de sunshine song!

Dey ain't no use for ter tell yo' pain-Ter weep in de locesome night; Dey ain't no use for ter pray for rain de win' nin't blowin' right!

Oh, workers, Time a-gwine 'long: You can't mek hay On de rainy day-You mus' sing de sunshine song!

-Atlanta Constitution.

WANTED TO SLEEP ALONE

Little Georgie Tells of "Paw's" Disastrous Experience With a

Folding Bed.

Last wensday nite pay came Home all exatted. "Maw," he Says, "I bet you Don't no

what. I bot a Folden bed today." "What on erth Did you do that For?"

maw ast him. "Becox it was a Bargen," paw says, "The grate trubble with so menny Peeple in this Life is they Don't no How to grasp thare Opper chewnateys. Sposen I would of Let this chanct Go by and sum Day we would need a Folden bed and Couldent get one for less than seventeen Dollars. Then we would Look back and Be sorry, but now We won't ever Haft to Do that. got one for less One of the men in the Store's Broke up Housekeepun beccz his wife thot it was cheuper to Bord than advertise for Gurls, ao He sed if I wanted the Bed he would

Please place him as he was below want him laughing? Mother-II we can. Sister-Chic, chic. Baby-Goo-goo! Photographer-We'll try once more. Aunt Jane-Hi-diddle: Aunt Jane-Hi-diddle: sell it For six Dollars. It'll be Out here tomorro, and I Gesse I better use it Enny way, becox I want to Siege alone." Maw didn't Say mutch till after the Trad Bed came, then She told paw She diden't belcame, then she ton paind becoz per belcave in things of That kind becoz per ple were always coming out of Them good Deal the worse for ware and Tair. One Fault of "Maw."

"Yes," paw says, "I no Sutch Things Happen, but you offun hear about peeple that blo out the Gass, too. Don't you? That's one fait I haft to find with you Maw. You can't eeem to Get over the idea that I'm a ninnosunt agriculcherist that came into the grate sitty to stay over nite and never got yoost to sleepen on en-nything But a feather Bed, and drinking hat you never lurned to Have more con-adunce in me." All the women (admiringly)-There! Baby knew! (Photographer, wearly, but thankfully, wipes his forehead).-Edwin L. Sabin, in Century. Coffey out of my sosser. It seems strange that you never lurned to Have more con-

he says : "Now I am agoin' to Get the Furst good peeple are far remooved frum the Savidges when they begin to Want to Savidges when they begin to Want to Sleep alone. Peeple that haven't Got mutch refinement mixt into thare naitch-ers yet Don't mind sleeping in Rows like some kinds of anamuir. But the farther away a purson Gets from Being a dum Bruit the more they want to Sleep alone, I've felt this Feelin' growin' on me for a ong time." So paw went to Bed and Left the Door benefit. He first told the hatchet fable to open and pritty soon he Got to Sleepen as peacefull as a Lam and the Folden the smaller ones, and came out strong on the moral. bed seemed to agree with Him all rite. But when maw tried to put the pupp out "But that is denied," interrupted the elder daughter, who is wearing her first for the nite he didn't want to go and skooled into paw's room and Under the Bed. I geds be must of tride to Straiten long dresses this Winter. He flashed an awful frown upon her, and meant to hurry along that the sublime faith of the "kide up when he got under and Give the foot up when he got under and Give the not of the Bed a start Becoz the first Thing we new it went Shut like a nife Blade after you press it a Little, and paw Was inside with His hed Down and His "And I just read the other day," she

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 fat on my back-and worked. Ouch' that

for the rest of her life she can live in comfort and happiness. I agree with you perfectly, my dear." "You do, do you?" said Witherby, sav-agely pulling out of his pocket and light-ing the one-too-many eigar that he hadn't intended to smoke. "Well, I'll just tell you one thing right here. Before I give NUCH IN A NAME. you a chance to carry out any such deep-laid scheme as you evidently have had in your mind, why, if necessary, I'll live to be a thousand?"-Harper's Bazar.

TAKING BABY'S PICTURE.

Baby-Goo!

man shoot.

howI!

haby.

Look

way!

Sister-What a darling!

Aunt Jane-Hi-diddle-day!

Sister-The precious dear!

Baby-Goo-goo! Aunt Jane-He knows!

Neighbor-Of course!

he got to going."

TOOK ALL RIGHT.

No Wonder the Man Looked Might;

Pale and Peaked.

"I don't think I will ever have small

been sick for six months.

Neighbor-The little judge!

All Hands Take a Hand at Getting Him to "Look Pleasant."

ble soup. Mother-Now, sit up straight! Aunt Jane-There, that's a dear! Neighbor-Oh! isn't he too sweet! Photographer-Just a little farther forard-here. Mother-Come, baby, come! tatys painted brown," said the man with the piece of billiard cloth over his eye. Aunt Jane-Yes, baby must. Baby-Ya-ya-a! Sister-Don't cry, old tootay-toot, and get, all scowly-owly-owl! Neighbor-We'll not let naughty, strange The chef brought him a piece of pump-kin pie, and told him to look out for the

paint "A little chalk, please," and this man was given some milk. "Gimme a little of everything," re-Mother (firmly)-He never set up such a

quested a lean, hungry-looking man. And she did. He got a plece of mine Aunt Jane-See, baby, see! Sister-Bow-wow! Neighbor-Ba-ba-a! Mother-Oh, what a pitty picture book! Photographer (jingling keys)-Here, The ohef explained.

"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' he means sau-Baby-Ya-a! Aunt Jane-Does baby want the birdle? sage, a 'coupling-pin' is what goes with it, and an 'oiling tank' is a cup of coffee. it, and an 'olling tank is a cup by the property of the countryman that calls pumpkin ple Mother (triumphant)-He's all right mached potatoes painted brown' has been in here several times, and he always uses that term. He had to point out the ple the first time, as I couldn't think what on earth he meant. The man that calls mince Neighbor-The little man! Photographer (wiping his forehead)-Please place him as he was before. You

In Detroit Restaurant.

carth he meant. The man that calls minee ple 'a little of everything' used to keep a restaurant himself, and I guess he knows what he is talking about. Oh, this is a great budhess, and we have queer custo-mers and hear dishes designated by pecu-liar torum?" liar terms." Then the chef went to fill an order for Photographer (ratiling keys)-Baby, see -clink, clink! Neighbor-Tont, toot! "boarding-house mystery."-Detro Free Press. Sister-He looks as solemn as can be. Mother-How queer! He never is that

CAUSE FOR ENMITY.

Travers' Gont Ents Tall 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 The bay mare had a tail that reache

bay mare. the ground and the goat an appetite that was indiscriminating and only limited by his ambulatory and reaching powers. But the horse's tail, instead of sweeping the floor as of yore, is now but a jagged bunch

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

my office like a mad buil. Glaring 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 you double." And she put him tenderly to bed, bathed his forehead the next morning and forgot about the scolding she had fully deter-mined to administer to him.-Missouri Ex-

"I am air, bians, I said, count of to the roll. "Good Lord, sonny,' he roared, 'I want to see your father, the lawyer,' I want "I am Mr. Blank, the lawyer,' I an-swered, with all the dignity I could mus-

ter. " 'Oh, Christmas!' he yelled, as he seized Fears That His Reign as Universal

for shorter hours. My advance agent And bustness solicit Cupid, Has

All winter

Of the flortst,

The cateror, The preacher, The milliner,

The dressmaker, The furniture dealer,

The real estate agent And the installment-p

My clients are all

So perfectly happy, So ineffably blissful,

So supremely ecstatic, And so infinitely pleased, That I take it out in that,

Of Hymenizing. I've had a rush like this

Plenty of kicks are coming.

But that's not my affair.

I give no guarwritees, And if people don't find goods To be as represented, It's no mix of mine.

Anything I can do for yout

The better I like it.

Of course,

This very mi

Botry.

So long:

And the installment-plan man; But do I get any of the rake-off Nary a nicked. I ought to klok, I suppose, But I don't.

And forget the gross, material profits Which others get out of the business

Every Spring since I began operations, But I never get tired, And the more I have to do The better I like it

However, this is my busy day, And there are forty-seven calls for me

Bee you later. -W. J. L. in New York Sun.

The Boss.

In the hollow Of my hand I hold the key to the machinery that runs

That they have the privilege

Of helping to shape affairs. That makes me Laugh! The majority rules, and I

Boots with proper regularity s let in

On the good things that I make free To parcel out as I please The rest

Might as well live over seas

In Russia. There They would have just as great a share In directing how Things must be run

Constitute one

Those that lick my

As They have now! Two-fifths of the

Half.

Are sor

With me

Has been a busy little god

Two hearts that beat as one Is a sight to behold. I'm the best friend And the most profitable partner

All winter, And Twe got to husths To keep up with his orders. Fin the boss coupler Of two souls with hut a single thought, And the way I can hook up

Fears That His Reign as Universal Laurente 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-knii frame. The commander of the Skinny-dill Lancent Logend at him annuar and the said: "Bee here, sonny, I've got an important "See here, sonny, I've got an important

prettiest girl I ever saw."

her card in return?"

"Anything wrong?" asked the hotel

"But that didn't hurt you. Who

"Can't tell." "You didn't introduce yourself and get

"No." "No particular trouble, chT" solicitous

ly insisted the clerk. "Well, it was this way," replied the traveler, as he braced up for the expla-nation. "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, but she declined with thanks. Ten minutes later I bought the latest novel out, but she said she didn't care to read. Then I bought some

for you have made me dead tired, and ' feel like taking a nap." "Good gracious." whispered the cierk. "Yes, sir," said the drummer, as he reached for a cigar. "and I want to go up to my room and sit and think and try and figure it out. Perhaps it's time i left the road and settled down at home." "Duffele Courier."

frame. The commander of the Skinny-skill Lancers looked at him apprehen-sively several times, and then going over to where the sublime hard sat, placed a hand tenderly upon his shoulder and asked: "What is the trouble? Has the publich-ing firm that was to pay you 115 a letter for that poem you wrote last week gore into bankruptcy?" "No, no," the inspired author of "The Yampire" and "The Absent-Mindel Beg-gar" replied, "it's not that, but I'm afraid I'm slipping down from the pinnacle of greatness."

sho?

greatuese

clerk of the New York drummer, who What makes you think so?" the Colonel had just got home from the West. asked. "Well, here's something I wrote to be road at a little blowout the boys had last night. Listen: "I was thinking," was the reply. rode from Toledo to Buffalo with the

kissing her, you double."

celtior.

That's no worse than lots of the other "I know it! I know it!" the poet re-plied, "but nevertheless, through it I am forced into a realization that my reign as the laureate of the earth must be at an end. Nobody has sent it to America by cable."-Chicago Times-Heraid.

# HE NEVER CAME BACK.

Would-Be Client Wanted Father Rather Than Son.

fruit, but she would accept none. She also ignored me when I tried to draw her out on music." "But you persisted?" "Oh, yes. That is, I was about to make another attempt to enter into conversamet with happened at the beginning of my sareer. 1 was young at the time, and intion when the train came to a halt at a town and the girl beckoned me over, was there in an instant, and with clined to hold my parents responsible for the handleap which kept me from the fame "With all my heart," In and with the sweetest smile you ever saw she asked me if I would do her a slight favor." "With all my heart," I hastened to any. "Well," she said, smiling even more sweetly, "suppose you leave the train here and take the next one that follows, and glory that I thought was my due. "My bright new shingle was somewhat



3

"I am here

Sul

B. B. B. B. B. B. DEWEY. 624911 348633 973554 LIMBURGER CHEESE.

sentence:

The Germantown girl puzzled over it for come time, and finally gave it up. "Why, it's easy," and her friends. "It reads: "Sigsbee aent Dewcy some Limburger cheese." "Yes," said the victim, as she scanned the lines again, "but where's the 'sent'?" "In the Limburger cheese," was the reply.

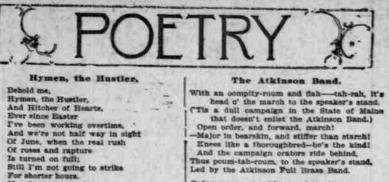
Mixed in Transmission.

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 here, handing over a slip of paper, on which appeared the following, which she said might be translated into a complete

People here are fools; One-fifth are rogues; These thres-Then everybody laughed, and the girl Fifths are always for me-Then everybody laughed, and the girl who had been caught determined to have her revenge. The next evening at the dinner table she worked it on her broth-es. "I give it up," he said. "What's the answer?" "Oh, it's easy," said the girl. "It reads: "Sigsbee gave Dewey some Limburger cheese." "Where's the 'gave'?" asked the brother. "In the Lim-burger cheese," she shrieked. And she wondered why nobody saw the loke.-They're See? T'ell with the other two-Fifths who Have sense enough to see! They can't help themselves,



With an compity-roum and fah-tah-rah, it's head o' the march to the speaker's stand. ('Tis a dull campaign in the State of Malne that dessn't enlist the Atkinson Band.) Open order, and forward, march! -Major in bearskin, and stiffer than starch! Ifness like a thoroughbred-be's the kind! And the campaign orators ride behind. Thus poum-tah-roum, to the speaker's stand, Led by the Atkinson Full Brass Band.

Cadaverous man with a puckery face is whooling with guips in the cavernous base Whose brass convolutions encompass h 'round. Apparently crushing him into the ground.

Apparently crushing him into the ground. While-busnor of Circumstance, tootic-ts-toot. A gint beside him is playing the flute. A slab-sided fellow as lank as a bone Is the bellows stinched to the big barytone, While a fat clarinoitit yi-yoondles away On the slim little read he's elected to play. One's forced to conclude that the vent is foo

small. For he huffs and he swells in a way to appall. He has an abdomen as round's a balloon, But with cheeks like a bladder just screaks at

the tune. A tail man and short man are playing frombones. But it seems that their shapes make no odds in

their tones And the short fellow swallows as much of the

An In poked out of sight by the long-geared

The cornetist jams his refractory lip, And the snare drummer limps with his drum on

his hip, -He's the Atkinson blacksmith with muscles

like yew. Stands six in his stockings-is big "'cordin'

And trailin' behind comes a Hop o' my Thu -- A ten year-old shaver who beats the be drum.

Tes, oddly assorted, but pray understand "Tis Music that rules in the Atkinson Band. --Blaarre in their put-up and marching, but,

nor! They'r a kings of the pike when they start in to

Then it's tri-tah-lah and boum-tah-roum! The

we're sur-min-tah and boum-tah-roum! 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.") All hands round in a hollow square

-And 'ray for the music that keeps them there! For the hide grows hot on the hig bass drum

Ere pompously forth the orators come; Then poum-tah-roum to the speaker's stand, Led by the Atkinson Full Brass Band. -Lewiston Evening Journal.

Little "Bobs" on Little Men. I'm not so very lengthy up and down, And I'm not so very ponderbus of girth-Just a slender little fellow, whose renown Is finging in all corners of the sarth! There was little Nelson who

Had some ginger in him, too, 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 beight of

heft. I have to climb upon a box before I can get a leg across my champing 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 follow, tool Oh, the giant is all right Till the time arrives to fight. Then the little soldler shows what he can do!

I'm a bundle of gray matter and of grit,

can throw me down and sit hape; But I've let the people know that I am "it," But I've let the people know that I am for tall

chaps!

O, Alexander, he

Was about the size of me, And Weilington was not so very tall. Meat has value in its way. But it isn't safe to say That the men are always little who are small!

They take me to the Boys' department when

They take me to the Boys' department when I need a pair of trousers or a hat: But in the field I'm numbered with the men, And my name is first upon the roll at that! There was David, long ago, Did a job which went to show That the little man is not to be despised, And I rather think that I Make it needless to deny That a man is small because his under stad

That a man is small because he's under sized

When the women talk to me they have to stoop, Because I'm only five feet and But it's not the biggest rooster in the coop That rules the roost or has the broadest

Chemar's girth was not so greaf, He was just a feather-weight, he slashed around to some extent in Gauli And perhaps you'll not agree,

-S. E. Kiner.

"Til have a little of that pot-luck," said the oleaginous customer to the chef of a modest little restaurant on a side street. She promptly brought him some vegeta-

"What's on your time table?" asked a hurried-looking customer, who slammed the door on a dog's tail and caused general commotion. Looking at the bright, new bill of fare he nsked for some "links," a coupling-pin and an oiling tank. "Til hev sum o' them there mashed pe-

My bounts is over the ocean, My bounts is over the sea, And I'd give a good deal to just know that My bounts is thinking of me. "Well," said the soldier, "I don't know why you should be so downcast over it. That's no worse than lots of the other

Strange Things One Sees and Hears

The legal lights were discussing disapcointments with which they had met, and

this is the story one of them told: "The greatest disappointment that I ever

### Foat up. "Paw" Gurgled Some.

Paw kind of gurgled some and Maw Hollered help and we Got the hired Gurl and her Bo to come in from the Kitchen, so when we Let paw down he was too so when we Let paw down he was too address. It was one of the most beau-Biazy tryin' to Ketch his breth to ast for tiful, soul-stirring and impressive things

Bizzy tryin' to Ketch his breth to ast for enny purtickulars. He Got it all rite in time. Then we found whare they Ust to Be a Hook to keep the Bed from flying shut. but it was broke off. The girl's be sed he would give paw a Dollar and forty he could sent it to for a Burthday pres-ent. Paw stood on With a Sheat runned in the Mount. Bacon wrote Shakzs-peare. Half the authors have been pla-ingers. ne could sent it to for a Burthday pres-ent. Paw stood up With a Sheat rapped around Him and Pointed at the Door with a Look of Skorn, so the girl and Her bo went back to the kitchen. The next morning paw rose erly and sawed the folden Bed to peaces Before breakfast. Then he Told maw: "That's what I call a Cheap bargun. If this wouldn't of Hanpened the Hole fam-

breakfast. Then he Toid maw: "That's what I call a Cheap bargun. If this wouldn't of Happened the Hole fam-by mite of Goi smuthered in folden Beds some time. But I s'pose it would Be too mutch to think a Womun could look at mutch to think a Womun could look at ofickle .- Georgie, in Chl- a year .- Detroit Free Press sutch a thing filosof cago Times-Herald.

## CHANGED HIS MIND.

# Wife's Rendy Acquiescence Upset

His Equilibrium. "My dear," said Witherby, "I have been thinking the matter over after recently reading a very sensible atticle on the subject, and I have concluded that if I in a Third-avenue car the other morning. ould die I should want you to marry again.

Mrs. Witherby looked up with a half-

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

Baby-Goo-goo! Mother-Well, take him sober. He'll not udge. He's like his fath-(baby laughs. Photographer snaps the shutter.).

from the ground. The facts in the case from the ground. The facts in the case are somewhat hazy, but Mr. Koop eays: "My heart is almost broken. Why, the tail of that horse was the best part of it." After he had helped the plates and vetoed the haby's proposition to sit with both feet on the table after kicking over I wouldn't have taken \$500 for that mar the coffee pot, this patriotic citizen of Piety Hill thought it the proper time to but now look at it! That confounded goat of Travers' had to come in here and chew off its tail and disfigure the finest-looking discuss Washington for the children's

horse in Toledo. Why in heaven's nam didn't Travers feed his old billy goat, so that he would stay at home instead of trespassing around chewing up horses' talls. It's a biamed shame, and I'm going down town to see a lawyer friend of mine and see if i can't get damages. No, the mare ain't much of a runner or trotter, but you just ought to have seen that tail, I'll kick a lung out of that goat if I get

'Kick a lung out of my goat, will he?" indignantly snorted Mr. Travers when told what Koop had said. 'Just let him try it. Damages? Fiddlesticks! How is he to sue me? I didn't eat the tail. Why went on, "that he had a horribly violent temper. It was something frightful when Baby's attempt to swallow a dessert

Couldn't See it in Same Light.

uple as ever made the confirmed bachelor search for a new argument against matrimony. She has pronounced and orig-inal ideas upon domestic economy, and in this and other ways she strives to make her husband's home a perfect Utopia. She is trying to teach him to forget that he ever belonged to a club.

ty 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 spark-led in the Kohinoor-like eyes. "I made 15 cents today." said she, and er rosebud lips parted in a prideful curve "That so, dear; how did that happen?" "Why, I sold 9 cents worth of rags-id-and 3 cents worth of bottles-andnd-

let me see"--"Yes, that's 12 cents. Where does the other cent come in?" "Oh, yes-yes-now I remember-an old pair of your trousers for the other pen-

No Napoleon of finance ever looked more pox," he said as he dropped into a seat satisfied or smiled with so much self-com-placency after a successful monetary deal as did this fair young wife when she had His face was pale and peaked, his eyes sunken, and he looked as though he had related her little commercial accomplishment. And she looked sorely grieved when he smiled sudibly. It was really the first misunderstanding -Detroit Free Press. "Don't do to so without vaccination," cautioned his friend.

Mrs. Witherby looked up with a strange doctrine for you to "That's a strange doctrine for you to "That's a strange doctrine for you to "That's a strange doctrine for you to "Well," said witherby, "there has al-ways been a good deal of tommyrot a dout second marriages, and after all, if got a little nervous a few weeks ago and went to a doctor and was vaccinated in the other atm. That didn't take, and i didn't take, and i marry again." The net to a doct again." "Well," said with her marry again." The net to a doctor and was vaccinated me on the other arm. That didn't take, and i didn't take, and i went back again. "Why, it's early yet. It's not late." "Why, it's early yet. It's not late."

there is no reason why a woman ground is marry again.
Mrs. Witherby had not lived with her hubber and the other arm. That didn't take, and I went back again.
That is true," she said, still more calme, which I have often thought about. Sentiment is all yright leg.
That is true, "and a matter which I have often thought about. Sentiment is all yright leg.
That has true," she said, still more calme, which I have often thought about. Sentiment is all the doctor; so he wacchated me on yright leg.
Thad had enough then, but my with was nervous and insisted that I go again, the sent the other leg. For a few days I couldn't see any signs of its working, and the set hat was a watched to interrupt her, but the all of a sudden my right arm, the on 't say they all do, of course. But the tam say vacchated first, began to by the time she is ready to marry again the farm got the fever, and began to

And when Election day Comes along, they'll step up and vote For my straw men, lered why nobody saw the joke .-Philadelphia Record. Anyway.

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 af-fairs about two months ago?"

"Yes," replied the man with the wise expression. "Told me if I wanted to win the girl I

should make live to her mother!"

"Uh-huh." "Said if I could get the old lady on my

side all I had to do was to toddle around with a ring and say 'When?' to the girl.' The wise man nodded. The wise man nodded, "Said for me to compliment the mother on her youthful appearance." continued the worried man, "and give her a jolly about how sad it was that the young indies of the present day were not to be compared with those of the past?" "Yet, yes. You won the girl, I sup-

Tommy A., (The afternoon or evening or at night) You absent-minded beggar, it will pay To scout a bit when there's no Boers in sight. And in his seeming absence don't get gay And think that fighting Boers is just fool's "Yes. I did-not. The old lady has sued her husband for divorce and me for breach of promise."-Haltimore American.

# 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 see ond-hand clothing store. One day he went out and left the place in charge of his son. When he came back he said: "Vell, Isaac, how was business ven I was oud?" "Business vas goot, fader," the son said;

"ferry goot.

"Vat did you sell?" "Nothings, but dot man wat buy de dia. mon' ring yesterday come back an' pawned

Before your post salled to be with you (Which year of crime? Why, Jubiles time. He wrote a thing, and what I say is true. It held a warning. Tommy, that's sublime: "Lest you forget" that God is still above. "Test you forget" the greatest thing is love. The number of your meas, and when to show, You'd better learn to "Und did you sell him somedings else?" "No, fader, 'e look as if 'e vas too much discouraged to buy anyting." Scoutl Scoutl Scoutl (There ain't no Boers about!) Do you think they're going to shout: "This way!"? Tou're in khaki, I've no doubt, And your heart is good and stout, But you certainly must scout, Tummy A. -Wilfrid North, in New York Press.

"Und you call dot doing goot bizness? If a look discouraged, vy not sell him a revolver?"-Life.

# 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. Thinkingthat Bronco Bill would bear a litthe looking after also, the good man se-cured a seat by his side at the dinner table, and remarked, pleasantly: "This is Mr. Bronco Bill, is it not?"

"Yags, "Where were you born?" "Near Kit Bullard's mill on Big Pigeon." "Religious parents, I suppose?" Yans.

"My what?"

Philadelphia Inquirer.

There was a banquet given by a woman's association recently, where one of the prominent members was made toastmaster. She was a bit purried at first about her duties, and consulted her husband. He told her the usual toasts that were given at men's dinners, and after a mo-ment's thought she said, "You men always have a toast to the ladies, don't you?" "Yem," he replied, "we always drink to the ladies, God bless 'em." She wrote a line on her list of toasts and showed it to him with a smile of triumph. It read, "To the men, God help 'em."-Los Angeles Times.

In the meantime I stand Around the corner Excuse me while I smile. -Chicago Times-Herald.

# Scout! Scout! Scout! Scould Scould Scould Scould They tell one Rudyard Kipling's at the front (Who told you so? Gb. I don't know.) To hear the song of battle's bloody brunt. (Why, that's a bloomin' go! Yer don't say so.) And in his absence on the firing line Fm going to steal his thunder just one time And shout a word of warning in a rhyme, Beoulf Scould Scould (There ain't no Boers about) Do you think they're coing to shout:

Do you think they're going to shout:

When you're marching in the morning,

So Scout! Scout! Scout! (There ain't no Hoers about) Do you think they're going to about: "This way!"? You're in khak!, I've no doubt, And your heart is good and stout,

Porto Rico.

He's jes' a little feller, he's been growin' kind

o' wild. An' it seems to me we orter treat 'im gentle-

An' jolly him along a bit an' help 'im make

like an' mild,

satisfy the claim;

So fur the present why not take

generous stand? He's jes' a little feller an' he"needs a helpin'

-Washington Star.

a kind an'

But you certainly must sco Tommy A.

may be dead (but hardly turned to clay).

This way! Thure in khaki. I've no doubt, And your heart is good and stout, But you certainly must scout, Tommy A.

play.

They So

That the little men are biggest after all.

view!

Khakt for the Million.

Yet it somehow seems to me

Since khaki has proved such an excellent dress For our brethren to march and to fight in, Pray, why shouldn't we who are not at the front

Its advantages likewise delight in? Its wearers are all of them loud in its praise, Not a voice can be heard to abuse it. Then, why in the name of the comfort we

Shouldn't we be permitted to use it?

For many of us, though noncombatants called, Are surely engaged with persistence In fighting that fight, daily growing more

Which has now to be fought for existence. ind how can we hope to a triumph obtain, Or complain that Fate doesn't supply one When we go through the fray in a padded

frock coat. And a hat which perforce is a high one?

Too long we have groaned 'neath the burden

we bear, Content to be mere idle railers; Too long we have hugged our sartorial bonds, The impotent slaves of our failors; But now for the changing of words into deeds

Of time this is surely the true nick,

So, instead of the trews, let us put on puttees, And replace the frock coat with the tunic!

So down with the hat that is heavy and hard, Of our comfort the long-endured balker! And up with the shape that implies the most

He it helmet, or cap, or deer-stalker! Tis in war time, we know, that men oft own turn

What has been a revered institution, Let up not, then, delay if we mean to achieve The long-desired tiress-revolution!

In those places where Londoners chiefly resort There are rumors persistently floating Which report that a club has already been

formed formed For this wearing of khaki promoting. Be this as it may, if we wish to get rid Of the garb which is merely for show mean If for freedom in khaki we mean to ge in, Why, this is the psychical moment!

-London Truth.

Great Schemes.

I'm going to write great poems some day, Exactly when I will not say, Just now some things are in the way; I'll begin-well, a week from Tuesday.

There are pictures, too, I mean to paint;" My plans, as yet, are a little faint, But my notions are really new and quaint, As you'll see a week from Wednesday,

A drama great I have in mind, As soon as I a plot can find, Striking, original, refined, Perhaps & week from Thursday,

I hope to form a stock concern, Enormous dividends I'll earn, Till coupon bonds I have "to hurn," About a year from Friday.

Or. no-Fil just invent a toy, Some simple gimerack to give joy To each enraptured girl or boy-Pill work on that next Saturday.

I can't decide which scheme to choose, I can't series which scheme to lose; Each idea seems too good to lose; Meanwhile I'll take my Sunday snoost Tomorrow's only Monday. --Tudor Jenks in Woman's Home Comps

his way. An' not keep hollerin' at 'im, "Come an' pay! pay!" He's jes' a little feller, with a stout an' willin' eart, 'What is your denomination?" An' he's sure to prove a winner if he gits a proper start, remember when you're countin' up the wealth at your command. "Your denomination?" "O-ab-yaas Smith and Wesson.". So re He's jes' a little feller an' he needs a heipin' Her Toast. He had an invitation sent by these United States, It ain't quite right to leave 'im hangin' wistful at the gates; We stated from the first he couldn't hose his row alone--Le's do the thing up proper an' adopt 'im as our own. We've helped 'im in misfortune an' he's grate-ful for the same. An' some day he'll grow up an' more than

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







# "Darling, be brave! My arms await thee!

# doesn't he keep his stable door shut if he is so particular?"-Toledo News. They haven't been married long, and they are as loyal and devoted a young

There was a love-lit smile upon her pret-