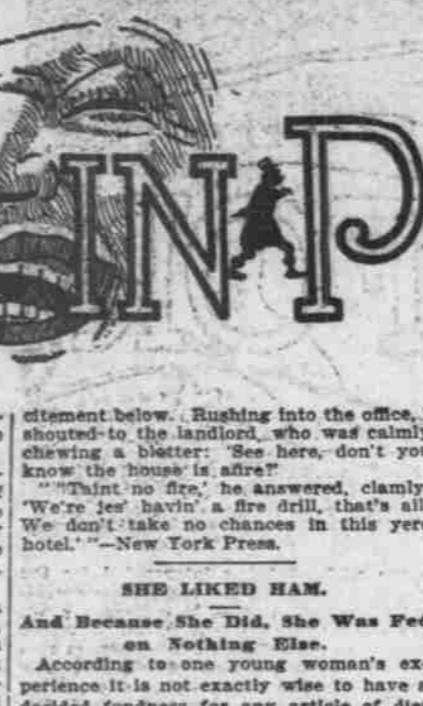
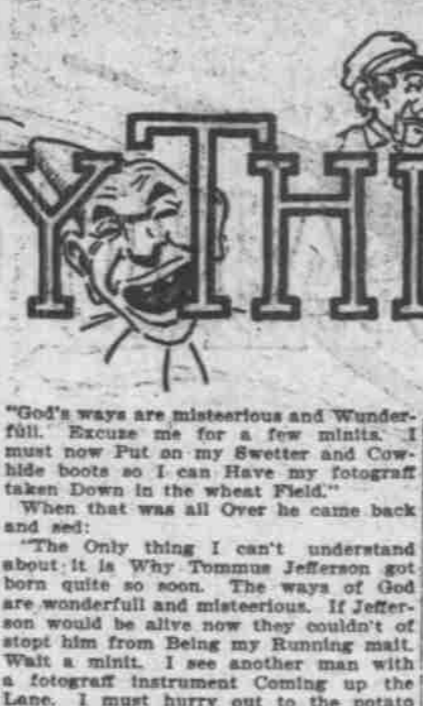
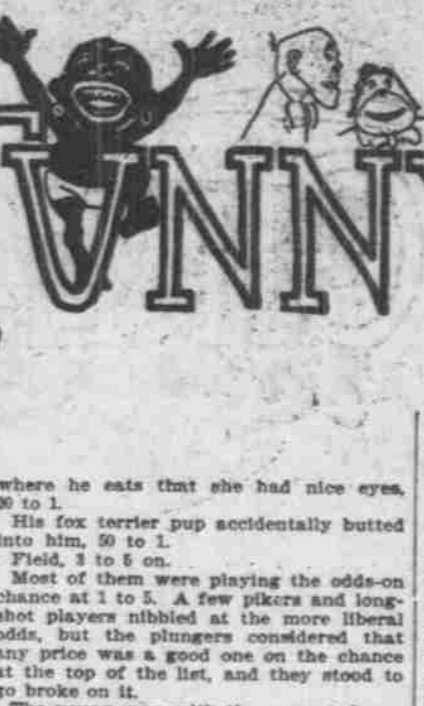


# THE BUNCH



**SUMMER MADNESS.**

**Her Lover.**  
If I, dear, were a dewdrop  
And you were a flower  
Through all the fields I'd seek you,  
The clover buds I'd pass,  
And when at last I found you  
I'd nestle in your breast,  
That you should be more tender  
And greener than the rest.

**Her Father (Sotto Voce).**  
Oh, if you were a dewdrop,  
My buck, I wish to say,  
You'd make a fearful blunder  
In dropping round this way!  
You doubtless would make greener  
The things you touched, I vow;  
But I'd proceed to spill you  
The same as I do now!  
—Chicago Times-Herald.

## SET 'EM ALL GUESSING

**Wise Gothamite Plays It Low Down on "The Bunch," With a Manufactured "Black Eye."**

The other afternoon a young man with visible means of support in the shape of sundry and divers diamonds carelessly strwn about his person walked into that Sixth-avenue establishment on the exterior of which this sign is exhibited:

BLACK EYES PAINTED.  
BLACK EYES CURED.  
SCRATCHED FACES PAINTED.

"Say," said the young man with the precious stones to the artist in charge, "I want you to have one of 'em painted."

"One what?" asked the artist.

"Lamp," replied the young man with the numerous transparent carbons.

"What for?" inquired the artist. "Your lamps are all right."

"Oh, that's it," said the young man, "I want you to put one of them on the bad. Make it look like it'd been hit by a steamboat. I want you to get the bunch guessing."

"Oh, that's it," said the artist, getting out his brushes. "Going to con 'em out of a piece of change?"

"Well, not exactly that," was the reply. "I'll let them make the book themselves. All you've got to do is to make one of these windows look like I had had a mix with a trolley car and been counted out, or been trying to bronco-bust up at the Garden. Make it the worst ever. I'm going to give my Willie Wise friends the chew of their lives."

**Workmanlike Job.**

The artist went to work, and in something less than eight minutes the young man with the dazzling crystals had a bad-looking left orb as ever resulted from a mix with a trolley car in Hancock street. The artist made a thoroughly workmanlike job of it. The eye was black and raw-looking both stop and below. When the job was done the young man looked at himself in the glass with manifest satisfaction.

"Makes me look like I got mine all right, don't it?" he asked with a grin. "Couldn't hit a worse one if I'd been rude to Jim McCoyrles. How many?"

The artist named the price of the job and the young man paid him and departed. He walked to a house of refreshment at Twenty-eighth street. Every man who met on the way turned and grinned at him. A large number of "the bunch" were sitting and standing around the Twenty-eighth street place. The entrance of the young man with the left eye in mourning appeared to tickle most of them foolishly. They threw these and other remarks at him:

"Light up, you old mper's look!"

"How does the other gesser look?"

"Say, get somebody to shake the right with a golf club, so's they'll match."

"Don't look like the same fair-haired boy, does he?"

"Why didn't you throw one of your rocks at him?"

"You will take advantage of John L. because he's fat and try to tell him how to run a bar, will you, hey?"

"Well, don't play quarter-limit poker in a fat, then."

"Why didn't you blind him with your hat and land on his wind before he got that one on you?"

"Oh, yes, you're fit to be seen."

The young man with the awful-looking orb didn't make any reply. He only smiled weakly, ordered a vichy and milk, drank it and walked out.

In the course of the afternoon he met about 20 members of "the bunch," singly or in pairs, at different places on his route. They all asked him in confidence how he'd got it. He told them in confidence, first come first served, and these hence are some of the various ways he pushed it at them when they asked him, singly or in pairs, how it happened:

**How It Happened.**

"I was playing ball."

"Pet dog jumped at me while dreaming—the dog, I mean."

"A banister cut sore on me in the dark and pestered me."

"Got it in the sieve of Lady Smith."

"Sparrow cop clubbed me with a beer bottle for picking pants in the Park."

"Was singing 'Because' when it happened—don't remember the rest."

"Got hit with a bean bag."

"Told a fan out at the ball game that the New Yorks were mutes and selling-platers."

"Steering-rod of my automobile hit me."

"Asked a Broadway cop if he was making a handbook on the Aqueduct races."

"I was fighting with a man who knew how to fight and he gave me a black eye."

"The above are only a few that he told the different members of 'the bunch' who asked him about it singly or in pairs. They were all back in the Twenty-eighth street place a few hours later, when the young man with the mused eye again turned up. The eye was still a sight to behold.

One of "the bunch" was making a book on how it happened. They all put down bet. The book went something like this:

He got punched by a man who knew how, 1 to 5 on.

He fell off his bike, 5 to 1.

He was pushed off a car, 7 to 1.

He fell upstairs, 10 to 1.

He fell out of bed, 15 to 1.

He wasn't Johnny-on-the-spot with his room rent, 20 to 1.

He told the waiter girl at the habesby,

where he eats that she had nice eyes, 30 to 1.

His fox terrier pup accidentally butted into him, 50 to 1.

Field, 3 to 5 on.

They were playing the odds-on chance at 1 to 5. A few pikers and long-shot players nibbled at the more liberal odds, but the plunger considered that any price was good one on the chance at the top of the list, and they stood to go broke on it.

The young man with the eye sat down, ordered another vichy and milk and grinned at the book and that's me—draws down half."

After he got photograph that way he dressed himself like a Statesman and held his hand on the Constitution while six more Artists got busy making Sketches of him.

"They only cheered 20 minutes when Mucknick was nominated," he told paw. "But look at me, I got cheered 25 minutes and 45 seconds when my Grate name got mentioned. That's where it comes in handy to let the other side name their man. Furst."

"If it wouldn't of been for That the

**Up to Him.**

No more bettors came forward and so the maker of the handbook walked over to the young man with the eye.

"Now it's up to you, pal," said he. "How'd you get it?"

"All right, said the youth with the eye yawning and stretching. "I'll be back in a jiffy."

He got up and disappeared for 30 seconds in the rear room. When he returned, still yawning and stretching, his left eye was as good as the right. There where a mark on it.

"The bunch" gazed at him agape.

"It's a split," said the bookmaker, clutching the bills he had taken it. "The house is more so grand when my Grate name got mentioned. That's where it comes in handy to let the other side name their man. Furst."

"If it wouldn't of been for That the

**"PAW" VISITS BRYAN.**

"George" and "Maw" Accompany Him to Nebraska.

After the convenshun was all Over paw says:

"I can't ever go back home and settle Down to Business again without Seeing the peerless Leader of the plain People and Shaking him by the horny Hand that wields the Trolling mollynans—one of the Plain people. I will also carry Swill to the pigs as soon as a delegation from Mohawk, Ia., gets here, becuz that's a grate hog country. I have Bot six shate and had a Penn bit speehually for this performance."

**Makes a Speech.**

"You will miss a grate site if you Don't stay. They will make moving pictures of this Wonderful act to Sho in Every stait of the country I lov so well, with fotograffs of the pigs' Grunts." Paw went around to See him Drive the mule, and me and maw stayed on the porch.

**"Millions in It."**

Algeron Fitzcarrald Gottmillions, Married Evangelina Gotrox. There was a function so grand From all over the land The friends of the pair came in focks. There were millions untold Represented in gold And additional millions in stocks.

Evangelina was stunning and brilliant With an air of nobility and fair, And she walked up the aisle With an angelic smile. And a million in gold for her share Went around to See him Drive the mule, and me and maw stayed on the porch.

**Unshaken Faith.**

They're tearing down the castles we've erected In the air— There's a function so grand From all over the land They tell us that the story of their friendship Was a myth; But believe in Damon, and I've faith in Brother Pyth.

They cite us facts and figures, claiming it's a Brittle and weakly and fair, Was not the lad who hatched his papa's honest tree; But I believe that Washington was a most honest youth— If that tree was an orchard, I'd declare it was the truth.

They try to window my belief in Barbra Fritchie's flag, But still my faith is steadfast, and it is not prone to rag. I'd swear the tale was truthful if it said she waved a gun— For I believe the stories—I believe 'em every one.

**Willie's Barefoot Nov.**

There's mud upon the carpet and there's mud on the stairs. And there's mud inside the porch and kitchen, too; There are streaks of muddy footprints everywhere; where that Willie goes, For he tracks mud in the house the whole day through.

He keeps his mother busy cleaning mud from every room. And the little girl kicks up an awful row. Warm weather's here and boyhood days are brimming o'er with fun. For little Willie's going barefoot now.

It does no good to scold him. Though six times you've told him To stop and clean his feet, but yet, somehow He sits in through the door, Leaving footprints on the floor. For little Willie's going barefoot now.

There are spiders every evening that his mother has to remove. And ston-trooz that she has to doctor, too; There are lice that have collided with a rock, which she gets out of her hair.

And with arnica and liniment make new. There are scratches by the dozen where the thorns and briars took hold. When he scooped through the pasture for the cow; And there's mud in the gloaming, when his mother says she'll whip him; The hired girl won't skip him; There's bound to be an everlasting row. The devil is to say; There'll be trouble, so they say, 'Cause little Willie's going barefoot now.

He musses up the clean white sheets upon his little bed. With his dirty, grimy, mud-becovered feet; And wherever he chases, from the cellar to the roof, His little muddy footprints you will meet. He never stops to wipe his feet—the saucy little mink!

He says his daddy never learned him how. And there's jawing in the kitchen when the mop is brought in play. For little Willie's going barefoot now.

His father says he'll bless him; The hired girl will 'dress him; His mother says she never will allow her child to play. Oh, there's trouble, sure, in store For Willie, since he's going barefoot now!

—E. A. Brimston in Rochester Herald.

**To the Boxer.**

'Tis strange the difference there should be (I often have observed before) 'Tis Tweedledum and Tweedledee— And now I see one instance more, 'Tis you and I—I do not mock, O most maligned, though worthy, Boxer. While missionary folk you hate, Wish fervid devils at perdition— I, too, am all for "Church and State," And growl at foreign competition. We're both of patriotic stock, sir; We've much in common, gentle Boxer. You hold such visionary views As "China for the old Chinese," And "Little Chinee" you abuse. I, too, have tendencies like these. Off all invaders' spots you'd knock, Sir. And so would I, my worthy Boxer. I trust that I have made it clear That I'm a patriot to the core. Who'd make his country's foes pay dear— And so, though I am no pro-Boxer, I find, with something of a shock, sir, At heart I'm quite a keen pro-Boxer.

—Tacoma Ledger.

**Enough Is Enough.**

Jimmy was kind and loving, Mary was young and gay. They sat up at night, With the moon for a light, Till the chickens were crowing for day. Her father was old and rabid— Her mother was up to snuff— "Just come right to bed, Dear Mary," she said. "For enough of enough is enough."

—Galveston News.

**God's ways are mysterious and Wonderful.** Excuse me for a few minutes, please, but I must put an Ever and Cowhide boots so I can have my fotograff taken Down in the wheat field."

When that was all Over he came back and said:

"The Only thing I can't understand about it is Why Tummus Jefferson got born quite so soon. The ways of God are wonderful and mysterious. If Jefferson would be alive now they couldn't of stop him from Being my Running matt. Wait a minute. I see another man with a fotograff instrument Coming up the Lane. I must hurry out to the potato patch and be the man with the hoe."

After he got fotograff that way he dressed himself like a Statesman and held his hand on the Constitution while six more Artists got busy making Sketches of him.

"They only cheered 20 minutes when Mucknick was nominated," he told paw. "But look at me, I got cheered 25 minutes and 45 seconds when my Grate name got mentioned. That's where it comes in handy to let the other side name their man. Furst."

"If it wouldn't of been for That the

**HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST.**

When the peerless Leader come back wiping the sweat from his forehead, who was calmly chewing a blottoer. "See here, don't you know the house is safe?"

"Blint no fire," he answered, calmly. "We're jest havin' a fire drill, that's all. We don't take no chances in this yere hotel." —New York Press.

**HE LIKED HAM.**

**And Because She Did, She Was Fed on Nothing Else.**

According to one young woman's experience it is not exactly wise to have a decided fondness for any article of diet and to let your friends know about it. In her case, however, most of her friends had grasped the fact that she was partial to fried ham. She did like it once in a while for breakfast, but she little realized how wearisome too much of any good thing may become, nor how jubilant the tired housekeeper is when she discovers some favorite dish to lead when in her case. She was out to the suburbs for a few days, and before she left she had a delicious slice of fried ham served for her breakfast.

"Because I know how fond you are of

**Incident of a Western Household Auction.**

"Funniest experience I ever had in the auction business happened a good many years ago," said the old auctioneer with a reminiscent chuckle. "I was hired by an old farmer, who was going West, to auction off his household goods and farming utensils. I took pains to explain to the old man that a second bid on any article would bind the sale, and if he saw anything going too cheap he had better protect himself by bidding it in.

"The attendance was large and the sale was a success. I cleaned up everything in sight and then asked if he had anything that he wanted put up.

"Guess that is all, unless you put up the old woman," he answered with a grin.

"The gentleman desires me to end the sale by putting up his wife," said I. "How much am I offered?"

"Ten cents," said a wag.

"Fifteen," shouted another.

"Stop! Stop!" yelled the old man, nearly beside himself with the way that his innocent joke had been taken.

"I am offered 15—do I hear the 20?" I continued, having hard work to keep my face straight.

"Twenty," said some one.

"Twenty-five," yelled the old man as he wildly danced about.

"As he danced raised the old man, who was fast taking leave of what little sense he ever had, and then by rapid stages the bids ran up until \$100 had been offered. This was the old man's bid, and there was no telling where it would have ended had not the old man at this point seized an ax and threatened to break in the head of the next man who dared to bid on his wife.

"The old man shook me by the hand after the sale was over, and thanked me for telling him to bid in anything he thought was going too cheap. He said if it hadn't been for that advice he would have lost his wife." —Detroit Free Press.

**AN IMPOSSIBLE CHASM.**

**Lawyer Had the Money and Applicant the Feelings.**

"Could I have a few minutes' private conversation with you?" he asked as he stood at the open door of a lawyer's office in the Loan & Trust building the other afternoon.

"Can't you speak right out from where you are?" asked the lawyer in reply, after looking the man over.

"I'd rather make a private matter of it."

"What is the nature of your business?"

"Confidential—strictly private and confidential, sir."

"Well, I have no time to grant you a private interview. If you have anything

**THOSE TEXAS HATS.**

**Explaining to an Inquiring Chump Why the Texan Wears a Hat.**

In the Texas contingent are half a dozen stalwart fellows who would rather joke than eat. One of them is James B. Wells, of Dallas. Mr. Wells is not a delegate, but he cuts no small figure in Texas politics, and came along for the fun he might get out of the trip. As becomes a thorough Texan, he affects the enormously wide brim felt hat that has come to be associated with representatives of the Lone Star State.

"I beg pardon," timidly ventured a young man who sidled up to him in the Walton, "but do you mind telling me why Texans all wear such big, wide hats?"

"Mind telling you?" replied Mr. Wells, in a voice which could be heard all over the corridor. "Why certainly not. We wear 'em to save our lives. You see, the most of us are ranchmen, and we have to ride bucking horses frequently. Know what a bucking horse is, my son?"

"Mr. Wells' questioner nodded his head assentfully.

"Well, sometimes, I might say about half the time, we find ourselves on cussed critters that we can't stick to. Then up they go through the air at the rate of 40 or 50 feet. Just there our wide hats come in. We simply grab the outer edge of the rim, hold 'em as far above our heads as we can, and float gently down to earth again. The hats act as a sort of parachute, you know, and if we didn't have 'em on we'd fall and break our infernal necks as sure as—"

By this time Mr. Wells was talking to a big audience, but the timid young man was not in it. He had fled by the way of the nearest door.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**POOR, AFFLICTED FELLOW!**

**Tribulations of a Consumptive Lad at "Skale."**

This is a gem in a letter from a lad at school to his mother. After complaining generally of the school, the young gentleman says:

"I hope Mattilda's cold is better. I am glad she is not at skule. I think I have got consumption, the boys at this place are not gentlemanly, but of course you did not see this when you sent me here. I wish I do not go to school, but the pants have worn out at the knees. I think the tailor must have cheated you, the buttons have come off, and they are loose behind. I don't think the food is good, but I shd not mind if it was only stronger."

"The piece of meat I send you is off the beef we had on Sunday, but on other days it is more stringy. There are black beetles in the kitchen, and sometimes they cook them in the dinner, which cant be wholesome when you are not strong. I have a tame beetle as a pet."

"Do not blame me for being so uncomfortable. I do not think I shall last long. Please send me some more money, as I o 25 cents. If you cant spare it I think I can borrow it of a boy who is going to school. I don't think you would like to be under an obligation to his parents—Yr loving but retched son."—Collier's Weekly.

**Experiment of Psyche—A Fable.**

An Intellectual Young Woman, Psyche McCusky by name, had never known what it was to be Admired for any Physical Charm, for while she was Higher Educated to an almost Painful Degree, she lacked Beauty of Feature, Form and Complexion, and was even Without Fascination of Manner. She possessed, However, the remarkably Good Ankles, but she Never Gave them a Thought until, One Day, standing During a Shower at the Entrance to a Large Dry Goods Shop, she Became Aware that a Large Number of Men had Taken Shelter there and were Apparently as Pleased and Interested in the Rain as though it Were a Baseball Match. Psyche soon saw that the Reason for This was the Arrival of Hanesons at the door from which Ladies Emerged, Holding their Skirts High from the Pavement. They all wore Trim, High-Heeled Shoes, Spicy Silks, Stockings, and a Haughty, Far-Away Expression. Their Minds were Evidently on some Abstruse Subject which made them Unconscious of the Interim Between their Skirts and the Pavement. Psyche, always Anxious to Experiment, Purchased a Pair of Just Such Boots and the next Rainy Day she Drove up in a Cab to that Very Shop, Gathering her Skirts in One Hand, she Stepped Out, her Face Drawn into a Severely Intelligent Frown. She had Taken Just Two Steps when her Ankle Turned and she Fell Over. Seven Men Rushed to Her Assistance, Helped her Back into her Cab, and Asked her Where they should Instruct the Driver to go. It was eight Weeks before she could Go Out, but she Looks Happier.

Moral—Nothing is Impossible if you are a Girl.—"Matinee Girl" in the Dramatic Mirror.

**Looking for Boxes.**

Goodthing—Hello, old man! What are you doing in the Chinese quarters? Burething (manager Stigum Athletic Club)—Lookin' fer Boxes. See!—Chicago News.

**SCARED TRAVELING MAN.**

**He Shuts Down a Rope to Escape an Imaginary Fire.**

"It happened last Winter," said the drummer, "but I have only just calmed down sufficiently to speak about it. All my life I have had a horror of being

caught in a hotel fire. One of the first things I did when I took to the road was to buy a knotted rope, and put it in my grip to guard against any danger of my being caught in my room and burned to death.

"Well, one cold night last Winter found me at a country hotel in the interior of the state. It was a three-story, wooden affair, and a regular fire trap. My room was on the third floor, and I turned in that night with the fear of fire uppermost in my mind.

"Along about early morning I was awakened by heavy tramping through the hall, and, upon going to the door I saw a party dragging a hose along. That settled it. The expected had happened! Grabbing my rope I tied one end of it to the bedstead and threw the other end out of the window. Then I threw my grip out and followed it myself. I was only half dressed, and the only warm part about me on that celebrated slide was my hands, which were badly burned by the rope. I landed in a snow drift and thanked my lucky stars for my escape. When I got the snow out of my eyes I noticed, with a good deal of surprise that there seemed to be no ex-

plained the old friend, with whom she boards. The young woman was pleased by the thoughtful little attention and ate with a thankful spirit.

It was near luncheon time when the young woman arrived at her suburban destination. As she went to the table the faint aroma of fried ham somewhere in the culinary regions greeted her.

"It is such a comfort to know what you like," said her hostess. "I knew I couldn't fail to please you if I had fried ham for luncheon." The young woman smiled still pleased with the thoughtfulness and with fried ham.

That night she had promised to dine with the young married friend who lives in the same suburb, and who is tackling household problems and the suburbs and the domestic service problem all at one and the same time.

"Yes, I'm without a maid again, and I'm glad to see you," the young housewife enthused. At dinner she served fried ham.

"It is hard to know what to have to eat these days, and I remember your old fondness," she said in explanation.

So it went on until, to the young woman's mind the future seemed one

long procession of meals, three a day, with fried ham as their chief constituents. The crushing blow came with her first meal back in her boarding place.

"We haven't had fried ham all the time you've been gone. We thought we'd wait until your return, because we knew how fond you were of it," said her kind old friend.—New York Evening Sun.

**THE MANHATTAN.**

He got up and disappeared for 30 seconds in the rear room. When he returned, still yawning and stretching, his left eye was as good as the right. There where a mark on it.

"The bunch" gazed at him agape.

"It's a split," said the bookmaker, clutching the bills he had taken it. "The house is more so grand when my Grate name got mentioned. That's where it comes in handy to let the other side name their man. Furst."

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