FUNNY THINGS IN PROSE

She Is My Love.

(In the measure of the original Irish Gaelic Love Song.)

She is my love beyond all thought,
Though she hath wrought my deepest dole;
Yet dearer for the cruel pain
Than one who fain would make me whole.

She is my glittering gem of gems,
Who yet contemns my fortune bright;
Whose cheek but glows with redder scorn
Since mine has worn a stricken white.

She is my sun and moon and star,
Who yet so far and cold doth keep,
She would not even o'er my bier
One tender tear of pity weep.

Into my heart unsought she came,
A wasting flame, a haunting care;
Into my heart of hearts, ah, why?
And left a sigh forever there.

—The Spectator.

WISE IN HIS GENERATION

Precocious Chicago Kid Improves the Shining Hour While Visiting Far-Famed Alexandria.

A Washington man invited a Chicago boy to accompany him to the City of Alexandria, Va. The boy was in the National capital with his mother, who was sightseeing. The Washington man always suggests a trip to Alexandria after the visitor has done the capital. The boy's mother could not go, so the man took her boy. The boy was 12 years old, but he had been kept so busy on modern events and the happenings of today that the man found it difficult to interest him in the history of Alexandria.

The first thing the boy asked when they left the trolley and started rambling over the cobble-stoned streets was, "Why don't they call it Aleck?"

This was a short stop to the Washington man's enthusiasm, but he was in for it. He ignored the boy's query.

"See that house over there?" said the man, pointing out a landmark. The boy looked and nodded his head.

"That's where Colonel Ellsworth was shot and killed."

"What'd he been doin'?"

"Why, don't you remember?" Then the man told him the story that was the talk of the country in the beginning of the Civil War.

"It's a candy shop now," said the boy, who had got a glimpse of the window.

"Now we will go up and see the Confederate monument," said the man.

"Not until you take me over and blow yourself in for some peanut brittle," said the boy, leading the way. The man followed, spent a nickel, and suggested to the boy that he ought to save some of the brittle to show his playmates and tell them the history of the house where it was bought.

Couldn't See It.

"I can tell 'em without showin' the candy," he replied. "If they don't believe the story, I don't care. I don't see what the killin' of one man's got to do with a nickel's worth of peanut candy, anyhow. If it was a quarter's worth, it might be different."

The Washington man made no reply, but led the way to the handsome bronze in the center of a street.

"That," said the man, "is a Confederate statue to the memory of the brave Virginians who died for the Lost Cause. I reckon you have never seen a Confederate statue before."

"It ain't in it with the Grant monument in New York," said the boy. "Did you ever see the Grant monument in New York?"

"Oh, yes. The Grant memorial was erected to a great soldier by the people of the country and New York City. I am glad to know that you have seen it and remembered it. This statue here is to the memory of some who were opposed to Grant in the Civil War. Now, you have seen memorials by both sections of the country."

"I don't think much of this one," said the boy, biting off more brittle than he could chew. "I've seen wooden Indians out on Madison street bigger'n that."

"Now we will walk over to the Braddock house."

"Bully!" exclaimed the boy. "That's the hotel, ain't it? I'm hungry for dinner; ain't you? Is it far?"

The Washington man made no reply, but led the way to the old historic home. Standing before it he told the story.

"What was his name that stopped there?" asked the boy.

"General Braddock, a British officer."

"What was he doin' down here?" asked the boy.

"Why you know he was sent here in 1754 to help the colonists get rid of the French, who, with the Indians, were causing trouble out West."

"Not in Hawaii?"

"Oh, no. In Pennsylvania."

"Say, Pennsylvania ain't out West. Now come off."

"But it was in 1754."

His Idea of "Out West."

"Well, I don't care anything about that. Since we're expanded we call Hawaii 'out West,' and the Philippines, which belong to us now, are so far West that the sun sets way this side of 'em, so that we call 'em in the East, see? I thought this Braddock house was a hotel.

"Now we will go over and see Washington's lodgeroom," said the Washington man, mopping his forehead.

"I'd rather see the room where he ate," the boy replied. "What do you want to see where he lodged for?"

"This was where Washington was made a Mason," explained the Washington man.

Oh, I know! Where he rode the goat. Gee, that's bully. I thought you meant it was where he stopped nights."

After this landmark had been inspected and explained, the boy caused the Washington man to have a chill by saying:

"If Washington was the great man they say he was, I don't suppose the goat ever lived that could do him, do you?"

"I want to show you the house in which La Fayette was entertained," said the man, ignoring the boy's opinion about Washington and goats.

"He was a Frenchman, wasn't he?" asked the boy.

"He was."

"What was he doin' down here?"

"Why, he was a guest of our country, and Alexandria was doing the honors."

"Why, you just said that that Britisher, what's name Bullock, or Bradford, or whatever it is—you just said he was down here helpin' the Americans get rid of the French, and now you say this Frenchman was down here bein' entertained. Ain't you gettin' mixed a little in your dates?"

The Washington man bought another bag of brittle, and explained briefly how he was right.

"Let's go somewhere else," said the boy. "I ain't jollyin' the French much since they acted kind o' funny at the start in the war we had with Spain. Were you in that fight?"

The Washington man said he was not.

"You know about it?"

"Oh yes."

Way to Treat Soldiers.

"Didn't the Rough Riders and Teddy do 'em quick? Say, there was fightin' to beat the hand. My sister's sweetheart was in that war, and when he come home you orter to see the time he had. He ain't done nothin' since but just eat and go to parties. That's the way to treat soldiers."

"Republics are never ungrateful to their brave defenders," said the Washington man, sentimentally.

"Oh, I don't know about that," replied the boy. "My gov'nor was in some war or another, I don't know which one it was. He'll tell you. And he got shot two or three times, and got a furlough besides, and he's been up for office every election since the war, I've heard ma say, and there ain't been enough grateful votes to land him yet."

"Shall we go over to the old church where the Father of His Country worshiped?" asked the Washington man.

"How fur is it?"

"Just ahead of us."

The Washington man led the way to the venerable and venerated shrine which has been visited by thousands. At the gate they met a boy, who asked if they wanted to be shown around. The Washington man thanked him with characteristic Washington courtesy and passed on.

"Boys in Alexandria make money," he said; "acting as guides."

"Do you think he has any?" asked the boy who was visiting.

"I'm almost sure he has," was the reply.

Somewhere, later on, just where or how does not matter, the Washington man and his young friend became separated. They met again, however, and the Washington man suggested that they return to the capital, which they did. The Washington man was not so communicative as he had been. When the car reached the long bridge the boy, who had been reading and eating, remarked:

Bit of Confidence.

"You know that boy guide we met in the churchyard.

The Washington man said he remembered him.

"Well, if he don't do a good deal of guidin' pretty soon he won't have any Spring clothes to wear."

While the Washington man tried to look out of the window at the yellow water of the Potomac the boy continued his remarks:

"When you went to Washington's Church I kind o' fell back and got that guide, and we went around back of the church and I showed him a little game he never heard of. He was the easiest mark I ever saw."

A few days later the Washington man returned to Alexandria alone. He was seen talking to a boy in the churchyard. The Washington man will never tell another Chicago boy that some other boy has money. One item in his "expense to Alexandria" is "Boy guide, $4 00."—Chicago Tribune.

HE WANTED SOCKS.

But the Easy-Going Man Had a Hard Time Telling It.

An easy-going looking man, with a couple of double chins, walked into a department store the other afternoon, mopped his forehead and looked around mildly, as if waiting for somebody to notice him. A dapper floorwalker with a boutonniere approached the double-chinned man after awhile.

"Anybody waiting on you, sir?" inquired the floorwalker.

"Nope, not yet," said the man who looked easy-going. "I'm looking around for some hose—"

"Ah! Mr. Thirdfloor, this gentleman is looking for your department," said the floorwalker to a clerk about to step into the elevator. "Take him up and show him our line of hose."

The double-chinned man stepped into the elevator after the clerk and was conducted to the garden hose section.

"Now, what size are you hunting for, sir?" asked the clerk. "We've got half-inch, inch, inch and a half, two-inch—all sorts. Do you want it for—"

"I think you're a little mixed, as—"

"You want to water the front lawn, eh?" interrupted the clerk. "Well, you'll need about 20 feet, I should say, of inch and a quarter—"

"Just wait a minute—"

Mr. Thirdfloor Is Wound Up.

"But it'll pay you to get a good long piece, in case you move, you know, or in case you want to carry the hose through the basement and water the plants in the back yard. Now, there are different—"

"Just give us a chance to—"

"Different grades of hose. It pays nowadays to get the kind that's wrapped with wire, so mischievous boys who step on the hose when you're using it can't injure it. It costs a little more, but that—"

"Say, will you just dry up for a—"

"We guarantee every foot of hose we sell here, and it's not the kind that gets porous and leaky after you've used it a few times, but it'll last you as long—"

"Look a-here, are you going to—"

"It's a good thing not to leave it out in the yard after you're through using it, though, for hose ought to be kept dry when it's not in use, and coiled up so as to give it a chance to—"

"By jing! are you wound up for—"

"You'll want one of those sprinkling attachments, too, so that you can rest the hose in any part of the lawn and let it do its work automatically, and—"

"Hey, hey, you!" said the double-chinned man in a tone that could be heard all over the floor, reaching out and clutching the clerk by the lapel of his coat. "Pull up for a minute. Stop working automaticeafly yourself. Quit that phonograph conversation and gimme a show for my white alley. Just listen to me, will you? How the dickens did you get the idea that I was sailing around with blood in my eye looking for a garden hose? Have I got any grass in my hair? Have I got that suburban look? Do I make you think of the 'Man With the Hoe?'

"I didn't come here for a lot of rubber tube wherewith to make a front yard soggy. I haven't got any front yard. I have to sit on my front steps when I want to get cooled off. I never said a word about garden hose. Say, did you ever hear of hose that the stern decree of fashion makes us wear on our feet—socks, stockings, stockinettes, the knit or spun or woven things we wear underneath our shoes? Hey, d'je ever hear of 'em? Did hey? Well, that's what I want. That's what I'm around here hunting for. That's what I'm rubbering around this plant for—not for rubber hose or rubber necks or rubber anything else. I want socks. Gimme socks or gimme death! Now, how do you like to listen to a little game o' talk yourself on a hot day without a chance to butt in edgewise? How do you like to stand and listen to a continuous performance hot air spiel, when the temperature's 98 and still a-climbing? Socks! Gimme socks!"

Then the double-chinned man paused to gasp for breath, and the bewildered clerk silently conducted him to the sock department.—Washington Post.

"PAW" EXPOUNDS THINGS.

Explains to "Maw" How the Candidates Are Notified.

"Well," paw sed when we were Sitting on the portch and Little albert was out in the yard squirting the Hose, "I see they notafied Muckinley."

"Have they?" maw told him; "you better see about putting The hose in or turning off the Water before Sumbuddy gets sprinkled on."

"That's the grate trubble with wimmen," paw anserd. "They never had a chance to Be boys, so they want their poor Little sons to Always act like if They were agoing to Gro up and be purfict ladies some day. What are we paying watter Taxes fer enny way? It seems like if I never get set down, to Tawk about seerius matters that you Don't think of sumthing you want me to Jump up and do. Did you hear me Telling you they notafied Muckinley?"

"What about?" maw ast.

"About him getting pommunnated," paw sed.

"I thot he new About that all the time," maw told him.

"I gess he did have his suspishens," paw anserd.

"Then what did they haft to notafy him for?" maw ast.

"Becoz that's the only way the publick has to Find out if He's willing to Run," paw sed. "How could Ennybuddy tell whether he Would take it or Not if the Cummitty wouldn't go to See him and ast about it?

How It's Managed.

"So they get a Speabel train and some Bands and start, and The man That hast to tell the Presadunt about it has a Speach three columns long in his Pockut, and the Presadunt gats a big Tent bilt out in the yard and extry groceries and Lemmunade in the House, becoz the hired gurl dropt the Dish cloth at Breckfust, and that's a shure Sine they are Going to be visaters.

"Pritty soon the purrade comes up the street With the Band playin' a hot Time, and the Presadunt goes out on the Frunt portch and shakes Hands and the Senater from Masset Choosets makes his speach. It was Sent down two weeks Before to let them see if They was Ennything in it that ottent to Be there, and the Seckretairy red it, so the Presadunt don't haft to Lissen. That's Where he has the Advantidge over other peeple. After they get Thru telling him he is nommunnated he makes a Speach he rote a mugth or Two before the convenshen got Held and Tells them how saprised he is, Becoz he Didn't expect ennything of This kind to happen and says as Long as they've gone to Work and Done it and it would make a Lot of Hard feelings if he didn't take it he Gives his consent. So the cummitty breathes easy again and Gets their fotograff taken on the Frunt steps."

"Well," maw says, "I don't see enny sents in That kind of foolishness."

"That's becoz wimmen were made to no more about Working button-holes Than pollutticks," paw anserd.

A Supposition.

"Sposen they wouldn't have a committy to Tell Bryan he got nommunnated. How could the peeple that got Together at Kansas Sittie becoz that was the Place he picked out for Them and Did what he told them to by Telefone have enny reason To think they could Get him coaxed to Run if they wouldn't Send a committy he could make a Speach to? They mite Go ahed getting his picktcher put on Buttons and Spending munny to get up marching Clubs and picknicks and the First thing they new Some morning when it Was too late sumbuddy would ast him about it and He would say:

"No, I can't run. They put the Heven born raitcho seven Lines further Down than the place where I marked for it With the blue pensil. That's faitle. How could I stand on That kind of a platform without letting people Think I mightn't rather be Rite than presadunt? It would brake my Hart to Get sleckted on account of having Free silver neerly Down to the Bottum where it wouldn't get red About. If it would be Four lines higher up mebby I mite—"

Then the pupp came galluping thru the Yard and Little albert tride to Turn the Hose on him, but got Most of it on Paw whare he had his vest open.

Poor little Albert! Sumtimes I haft to wonder if it Does any good when we Say our prayers to Ast God to blass paw and make him a Better man.—Georgie, in Chicago Times-Herald.

MAN'S PLACE DEFINED.

Naught but a Wart on the Nose of Nature.

At the fathers' congress, held in this city shortly after the adjournment of the mothers' congress, Fred Presbery delivered an address on: "Man; How, When and Why Is He?" He said in part:

"Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of microbes. He hoppeth out of bed in the morning and his feet are pierced with the tack of disappointment. He walketh through the streets of the city in the pride and glory of his manhood and slippeth on the banana peel of misfortune and unjointeth his neck. He smoketh the cigar of contentment and behold! it explodeth with a loud noise, for it was loaded! He slideth down the banister of life and encounters many slivers of torture. He lieth down to sleep at night and is stung by the mosquitoes of annoyance and his frame is gnawed by the bedbug of adversity.

"What is man but the blind worm of fate? Behold, he is impaled upon the hook of despair and furnishes bait for the leviathan, death in the fathomless ocean of time. Sorrow and travail follow him all the days of his life. In his infancy he is afflicted with the worms and colic, and in his old age he is afflicted with rheumatism and ingrowing toe-nails. He marryeth a cross-eyed woman because her father is rich, and findeth that she hath not sense enough to fry the festive chuck steak. His father-in-law then monkeyeth with options and goeth under.

"What is man but the tumor on the neck of existence? He playeth the races and betteth his all on the brown mare because he hath received a tip. The sorrel gelding winneth by a neck. Behold, he runneth for office, and the dead-beat pulleth his leg ever and anon, and then voteth for the other man. He exalteth himself among his people and swelleth with pride, but when the votes are counted he findeth that his name is mud. He boasted of his strength in Israel, but is beaten by a red-headed man from the Bloody Third. He goeth forth to breathe the fresh air and meditate upon the vanity of all earthly things, and is accosted by a bank cashier with a sight draft for $500. A political enemy lieth in wait for him in the market place and walketh around him crowing like a cock.

"Verily, man is nothing but a wart on the nose of nature; a bunion on the toe of time; a freckle on the face of the universe."—Salt Lake Herald.

SCIENCE WINS OUT.

But It Upsets Preconceived Rural Ideas of Fishing.

The boy sat on the dock hopelessly inert. A fishpole lay uselessly by his side and he looked out over the water with eyes that seemed only to see the hollowness of the world. He was barefooted, with one pants leg dragging around a foot and the other rolled half-way to his knee. His one suspender half held up a pair of trousers that already needed a new seat, and his cotton shirt admitted the sunshine through a dozen holes to redden his arms and back. His hat let a bunch of hair come out at the crown to get the air, and if there were any clean places on his face they were occupied by freckles. His fishing tackle matched him perfectly. The pole was a willow switch, with a black thread line knitted to a pin hook and he had one pocket filled with fishing worms. A nail served as a sinker and he scorned a bob. All in all, he was a genuine type of the boy who fishes.

But there was something at fault, and the dockhand, who had a boy of his own, noticed it and went over to see what it was.

"Hello, bub," he said in a kindly tone, "what's the matter?"

The boy lifted his face to the man's and was silent.

"You look sick, sonny," ventured the intruder.

"I am," said the boy now. "I'm sicker'n a cat."

"What's wrong."

"Look at that dude over there."

The dockhand looked over the way and observed a man in the latest cut of fisherman's garb with a basket and a can and a fishing rod and lines that were simply elaborate.

"What's he got to do with it?" inquired the dockhand.

"Aw," growled the boy, "look at me and look at him. I ain't had a bite all mornin' and he's got a string of fish as long as your leg. Look at him," urged the boy, "he's just like the kind that the funny papers says never catches a dang nibble, while a boy lookin' just like me, with a pin hook and a thread line, snakes 'em out so fast that they have to head him off with a game law."

"He might be a hoodoo," suggested the dockhand.

"Mebbe," said the boy, slinging his pole into the water; "but if he ain't the papers is yeller."—Washington Star.

SURPRISED KNIGHT OF RAZOR.

Vigorously Instructed as to Duties of His Profession.

A bald-headed man, with four days' growth of beard on his chin, went into a barber's shop and sat down in one of the operating chairs. To him presently went the knight of the razor, who remarked, interrogatively: "Shave, Sir?"

"No," growled the man in the chair. "I want to be measured for a suit of clothes."

This statement seemed to surprise the barber, but he managed to say, "This isn't a tailor's shop, sir."

"Isn't it?"

"No, sir."

"What is it?"

"It's a barber shop."

"What sort of work do you do in this shop?"

"Shave men and cut their hair, sir."

"Do you think a man with no hair on his head would come in here to have his hair cut?"

"No, sir."

"Do I look like a lunatic?"

This was replied to by a silent shake of the head, but the barber doubtless thought he was acting like one.

"Then, presuming me to be a sane man, but bald-headed, what would you naturally suppose I came here for?"

"For a shave."

"Then, my dear sir, why did you ask me if I wanted a shave, when I took a seat in your chair? Why didn't you go to work at once? If some of you barbers would cultivate a habit of inferring, from easily ascertained data, instead of developing such wonderful conversational and catechetical powers, it would be of material aid in advancing you in your chosen vocation, and of expanding your profits. Do you comprehend?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man, as he began to lather the customer's face in a dazed sort of way, and he never asked him if he wanted oil on his hair when the operation was performed.—Tit-Bits.

HEARTFELT PRAYER.

Scared Georgia Citizen Becomes Uncommonly Devout.

An old man in Georgia named Jack Baldwin, having lost his hat in an old dry well one day, hitched a rope to a stump and let himself down. A wicked wag named Neal came along just then, and, quietly detaching a bell from Baldwin's old blind horse, approached the well, bell in hand, and began to ting-a-ling.

Jack thought the old horse was coming, and said: "Hang the old blind horse; he's coming this way, sure, and he ain't got no more sense than to fall in on me—whoa, Ball!"

The sound came closer.

"Great Jerusalem! The old blind fool will be right on top of me in a minit—whoa, Ball—whoa, Ball."

Neal kicked a little dirt on Jack's head and Jack began to pray:

"Oh, Lord, have mercy on—whoa Ball—a poor sinner; I'm gone now—whoa, Ball—Our Father, who art in—whoa, Ball—hallowed be thy—gee, Ball! gee! what'll I do?—name. Now I lay me down to sl—gee, Ball! (Just then in fell some more dirt.) Oh, Lord, if you ever intend to go anything for me—back, Ball! whoa!—thy kingdom come—gee, Ball! Oh, Lord, you know I was baptized in Smith's mildam—whoa, Ball! ho! up! murder! whoa!"

Neal could hold in no longer, and shouted a laugh which might have been heard two miles, which was about as far as Jack chased him when he got out.—Atlanta Journal.

LOSE THEIR INTEREST.

Halo of Romance Dissipated by a Disclosure of Identity.

At a large wedding reception recently the attention of a couple of girls was attracted to a rather fine-looking man, whose prematurely gray hair and clear-cut features combined in giving him a distinguished appearance. "I see him at nearly every large wedding I go to," said one. "I wonder who he can be. I've asked lots of people, and nobody seems to know." "Yes, he seems to be invited everywhere." "Yes; I've noticed him, too," said the other girl. "While he apparently goes to all the big weddings, he doesn't seem to know anybody; or, at least, I've never seen him talking to anybody. He's such an interesting-looking man, too. I'd love to meet him. He looks like a man who had lived and—and suffered."

A young man standing near, who could not help overhearing the conversation, laughed. "Perhaps, I can throw some light upon the identity of your mysterious hero," he said. "Do you know him?" exclaimed both girls in the same breath. "Well, I can't say that I exactly know him," replied the young man, "but I know who he is. He's a private detective. Perhaps you have noticed that he never strays far away from the tables on which the gifts are displayed. That's what he's there for—to watch them. You know there are social highwaymen in—"

"Let's go downstairs and get some claret punch," interrupted one of the girls.—Buffalo Enquirer.

She Saw.

"Did you ask papa?" she questioned, eagerly.

"Yes, and it's all off," he responded, as one in a dream.

"Why, did he refuse?"

"No, but he said when I asked to take you away from him I was asking to take away the light of his life; that the home without you would be a prison cell."

"Well, all papas say that, you big, tender-hearted fellow."

"I know," he responded, huskily, "but it isn't that."

"What is it, then?"

"Can't you see? He expects me to take you away from home, and I wouldn't have the nerve after he talked like that to stay—and—er—well, don't you see?"

"I see," she answered coldly.—Indianapolis Sun.

POEMS WORTH READING

The Delegate From Sassafras.

UNCLE DAVID SPEAKS.

I have just came up from Squashville, where the Prohibition cause
Is a-flourishin' like sixty—stronger than it ever was!
I'm a-tendin' the convention as our county's delegate,
And, I swan! some of these places where the sinners liquidate
Air the durndest, blamedest finest lookin' halls I ever see—
But jist why they call 'em buffets is a thing that bothers me.
Brought my wife along up with me, so's to let 'er see the town—
Jist the trip that she's been needin' fer she's terribly run down,
And the doctor recommended that a change'd be the thing.
So she set 'er mind on comin'—how the liquor flows! I jing!
Seems as though the beer and whisky that they sell here in a day
Might float six or seven steamboats if 'twas used the proper way!
But a-body does git thusty trampin' up and trampin' down,
And the water's simply awful people git in this here town!
How they do stick on the prices when you call for lemonade—
It's the liquor people's schemin' makes it that way, I'm afraid!
Oh, it's awful and it's sinful that these gilded dens should run—
But the day is swiftly comin' when we'll close 'em, every one!
Cousin Dan'l's folks insisted, when we come, we'd got to stay
Right with them, and so we haven't any tavern bills to pay.
Gosh, but they've been doin' splendid since they've got to livin' here—
Dan'l tells me that he's makin' six er seven thousand clear,
And he says they've got some tunnels here he wants to take me through,
And a lot of other wonders that are well worth seein', too.
My! How they do rip things endways in this town—and how it's grew
Since the last time I was here—in '81 er '82!
Cousin Dan'l says he's fixed it so's that we'll go down tonight—
Him and me—and git our supper at some place that's "out o' sight"—
Dunno why it should be that way, but I s'pose he knows what's best—
All I've got to do, he says, is go along—he'll do the rest.
Yes, this water's simply awful that we have to drink up here—
Cousin Dan'l's folks don't hardly ever eat without their beer—
Oh, it fairly makes me trimble, thinkin' what they're comin' to,
Havin' sich stuff on the table—it's an awful thing to do!
And we're goin'—me and Dan'l—down to look around a mite—
Dunno why the things he mentions, though, should all be "out o' sight."

AUNT HETTY SPEAKS.

Oh, it's sinful and it's dreadful—David he's upstairs in bed!
And his tongue's all over furry and there's ice tied on his head!
And it seems as though I never want to see his face no more!
And to think how proud he made me and how grand he seemed before,
Him that represents our county—him they carried home last night,
Ravin' crazy and declarin' everything was "out o' sight!"

—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Good Old Days.

I have paused to hear the music of the big perfecting press
As it hammers and it clamors to rebuke my idleness;
I have seen the pages leaping from the mighty whirling scroll,
And the roar and bang and rattle has made music to my soul.
And yet (perhaps I'm growing what they call a bit passe)
I don't feel quite contented with the methods of today.
As I watch the step of progress I can scarce restrain a scowl,
I am longing for a foot press and a printing office tow'l.

It seemed just like a miracle, an iridescent dream,
When first we got a little press that ran with real steam.
And now, while steam is useful in its honest way, no doubt,
We have electric motors, modern built, to help it out.
We said inventive genius, though it grew each year more ripe,
Would never be on hand with a machine for setting type.
I'll admit the new way's better—though I'm half inclined to growl,
While I'm longing for a foot press and a printing office tow'l.

Oh, where's the jovial nomad who would work about a week
And then lay down his stick and wander off, new fields to seek?
Where is the printer's devil? In his place we find a crowd
Of bright-faced, chubby cherubs, fit to perch upon a cloud.
And from the forms I miss the news that once appeared so big,
About the new church organ and the Widow Spicer's pig.
It rests my dazzled brain to let my memory take a prowl
To when we had a foot press and a printing office tow'l.

—Washington Star.

Only a Dream.

The editor sat at his broad-top desk,
With manuscript up to his eyes,
Conscientiously trying (as all editors would)
To award the deserving a prize;
When a stranger approached him with steps
soft and light,
And a smile on his face, kind and true,
And said: "My dear sir, allow me, I pray,
To present a small tribute to you.
You have toiled late and long, you have tried
hard and well,
To obtain by the use of your purse
The best efforts of writers, young, old, large
and small,
In humorous, short story or verse.
I present you this prize for your labor of love,
For your dollars are hard earned and few;
And I hope that the years, as they slowly
roll by,
Will lessen their labor for you."

The editor took with a smile and a bow
A package tied up with ink string.
With visions of marmalade, jelly or wine,
Like subscribers usually bring.
But no! There before him law pile upon pile
Of greenbacks, tens, twenties, galore,
And as he feverishly counted them up
There still remained score upon score.
His breath came and went in sobs like a girl,
He counted, but still there were more!
When a rough voice shouted, "Wake up, Jim,
old boy!
Great grief, man, it's a quarter to four!"

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Tale of a Whale.

Sing hi, sing ho, for the winds they blow!—
And where is the craft Bonoet?
Has she shipped anew with a spooky crew
And sailed with the Phantom Fleet?

"Nay more, nay more," say her pilots four,
"As we sighted the Farallones
She struck the whale with the iron-clad tail
And he sent her to Davy Jones.

"Oh, right and tight was the craft Bonoet
As we neared the island shore,
And who would quail at rock or gale
When a boat has pilots four?

"But never a Jack of our merry pack and
never a skipper bold
Can count on a whale with an iron-clad tail
Though for years and years on the sea he sail
And his head be sage and old."

Oh, tell me, tell me, sailormen,
Oh, tell me pilots four,
How came your boat in Davy's chest
And yourselves on the balmy shore?

"We're blunt and rough," say the pilots bluff,
"And we tell no fancy yarn.
So here's our tale in its outline frail
Though it smelleth of fish, by darn!

"We struck no rock and we struck no shoal
As we passed, the Farallones,
But we struck a whale who dipped his tail
And sent us to Davy Jones.

"And this we'll add," said the pilots sad,
"We've sailed near Arctic snows
And we've felt the breeze of the tropic seas
Where the dreadful typhoon blows,

"But never yet has pilot met
A critter in all the zones
Like the sassy whale with the iron-clad tail
Who lives near the Farallones."

—W. A. Irwin in San Francisco Examiner.

Dear Minister Wu.

The following glowing lines, inspired by my suggestion that the Chinese Minister be held as a hostage, are by the great poet, Jamrach Holobour. They are based on the Mongolian belief that a Chinaman dying without a pigtail cannot enter heaven, but is sent back to earth as a domestic animal:

Dear Minister Wu,
They are "mentioning" you
As a candidate for the crown—
Or whatever affair
Your Emperors wear,
With the pigtail hanging down.

But, Minister Wu,
That never will do,
For if Conger to heaven ascends
You can't truly say,
In the regular way,
That you're "in the hands of your friends."

Ah, Minister Wu,
Your friends will be few,
Your "boom" will collapse, I'm afraid
The Imperial crown
Will settle right down
On a man with his hair in a braid.

For, Minister Wu,
We've the purpose in view,
If Minister Conger is dead,
To compel you to kneel,
And to pass the broad steel
Through the neck of the tail of your head.

Poor Minister Wu,
'Twill be painful to you
To hear, when you die without that
Most precious, essential
Mongolian credential,
The Chinese St. Peter shout: "Beat!"

—Ambrose Bierce in New York Journal.

Dulcinea.

Poet, although you've been extremely kind,
The time has come when I must speak my mind.

I think it is absurd for you to write,
My "lips are like twin cherries"—what a sight

I'd be if such a silly thing were true!
Do cherries really look like lips to you?

Then, "shell-like ears!" To the marines, pray tell,
My ear is like a hard and slimy shell!

"With eyes like stars!" Indeed, sir, even at night,
My eyes are not two yellow dots of light.

And I confess it gives me quite a twinge
Just to imagine "lids with jetty fringe."

"Hair like a raven's wing!" Fancy a maid
With short, stiff quills that wouldn't coil or braid!

And I would be the most distressed of girls
Were my teeth small and spherical "like pearls."

As to my neck, you really should be told
'Tis not "like alabaster," hard and cold.

Then, "arms like ivory?" Candid, I must own!
Why don't you say they're nothing but a bone?

Oh, prithee, Poet, if you think me fair,
With better things than these my charms compare!

Carolyn Wells in Life.

Just A-Waitin'.

Waitin'—just a-waitin'—for Jack has gone away;
Gone away to the Philippines—an' he's twenty-two today.
Gone away like his father did when the wars broke out before;
Gone away—an' my heart today is achin' to the core.

Waitin'—just a-waitin'—an' I don't know why it is,
But I wish some other mother's son wore that uniform o' his.
I wish some other boy than mine was a-marchin' far away.
Waitin' here with a hauntin' fear—an' he's twenty-two today.

Waitin'—just a-waitin'—with a picture an' a curl—
An' a wish a-throbbin' with my heart that he was born a girl.
I wish the country 'd never called—I know it isn't right—
But I'd be glad to see my lad in his little bed tonight.

Waitin'—just a-waitin'—an' I hope the warrin' men
Will never more in all the world have any wars again.
I hope that mothers never more must wait—just wait, this way—
Wait apart, with a yearnin' heart—an' he's twenty-two today.

—Baltimore American.

What's the Use?

The man of an inventive mind
His tireless brain will rack,
A covering for ships to find
Impervious to attack.
And when success seems just in view,
Some other genius, great,
Produces a projectile new
To smash his armor plate.

—Washington Star.

The Mountain-Climbing Girl.

We read about the seashore girl down where the breakers play
Who listens to proposals six or seven times a day,
The summer girl who flits about the "Boarders Taken" farms,
The cycle girl in sawed-off skirts exhibiting her charms.
The picnic girl is bold and sweet, the mother girl is wise,
The golf girl wins admirers with her strokes—and with her eyes,
But in the ranks of girly girls there is no fairer pearl
In all the whole caboodle than the mountain-climbing girl.

Her face is delicately brown from kisses of the sun,
Her eyes are ever twinkling with the merry light of fun,
Her laugh is as the babbling brooks in which she loves to wade,
Her shoes and stockings on the bank in neat confusion laid.
Her song is sweet as notes of birds that watch her from the trees,
It rings as liquid music on the ever-bracing breeze;
She's brave as any lion and as nimble as a squirl—
That Western bunch of energy, the mountain-climbing girl.

At break of day she'll hit the trail with alpen-stock in hand,
Her face a charming picture by the early breezes fanned,
And up the rugged steeps she'll climb with never-tiring powers,
Oft lying with an open book upon a bed of flowers.
Through wildest gorge, in canyon dark and up the rocky steep,
Along the creek whose waters bright o'er boulders dash and leap,
And where the brooks from hidden springs down through the pinons purl
She goes upon her daily jaunts, the mountain-climbing girl.

Anon she'll pause to pluck a burr that's clinging to her hose,
Or pluck from off its parent stem a fragrant mountain rose,
And when that lazy feeling comes lie down for cat-nap sleep,
Nor fear in that wild, lovely spot that eyes are near to peep.
She'll roam till gathering shadows herald the approach of night,
Then hasten home to supper with a hired man's appetite—
The smoking pork and beans she'll hit a gastronomic whirl—
Oh! she's a hefty feeder, is the mountain-climbing girl!

The haughty belle of fashion in her tailor-fitted gown
May ridicule this jewel with the hands and face so brown,
May laugh in queenly manner at her rough, loose-fitting clothes,
And sneer to see the redness of her little sun-peeled nose;
But let them laugh as freely as their corsets will allow,
They cannot snatch a laurel of wild beauty from her brow;
The ones who think her horrid aren't really fit to curl
The breeze-entangled frizzes of the mountain-climbing girl.

—Denver Post.