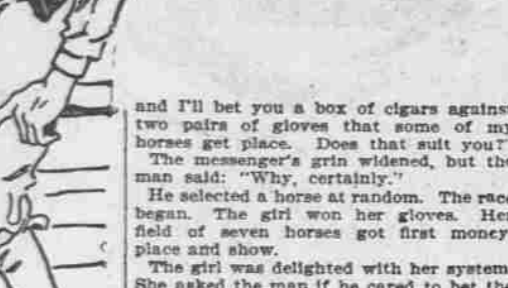


THEY HIT THE NERVE



and I'll bet you a box of cigars against two pairs of gloves that some of my horses get place. Does that suit you?"

The messenger's grin widened, but the man said: "Why, certainly."

He selected a horse at random. The race began and the two Whangies had occasion to refer to the flies. He was thumping them rather absent-mindedly, when his eyes fell on a glaring two-column heading that explained it all. "Short Story of the Day," it read. "My Parting."

Some woman evidently had taken issue with the writer of the story in his treatment of the heroine, and desired to express her mind. Not knowing who the author was she had addressed her fiery note to the author in care of Whangie—Chicago Tribune.

erage that made Milwaukee known to her, he drank long of the seductive potion that Kentucky produces. Visions of a woman rampant, with a jar of violet in her hands, made Whangie a miserable man.

In the week that followed Whangie put in much of his time practicing side-stepping and ducking. He eyed all women with suspicion and lost his appetite. A day or two Whangie had occasion to refer to the flies. He was thumping them rather absent-mindedly, when his eyes fell on a glaring two-column heading that explained it all. "Short Story of the Day," it read. "My Parting."

Queen of Scots—why, where on earth has he gone to?"

The friend had fled from the simplest plot in the world, but he may be seen in a certain ward, muttering to himself: "Now, Charlie went as a Boer, and Jack ought to have gone as a harlequin, and Edith went as Spring, and—oh, my poor head."—New York Sun.

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AN ALLEGORICAL TALE

There once was an ichthyosaurus, Who could only stay part of a chorus, Which told of a love That could fly like a dove And stuck faster than plaster of paris.

There once was a crab (genus sand), A lady who dressed something grand, She took pardonable pride In her eight-legged guide, Which she side-stepped in a style quite off-hand.

SWORE IT ON "HOLY JOE."

Yankee tars free their lieutenant from a scrape.

In the early days of the United States Navy the enlisted men frequently grumbled at the treatment they received from their officers, but, as is invariably the case, no one else could abuse their superiors within hearing without being called to account, and most severely, too.

One of the Navy legends is an incident said to have occurred in a foreign port. An English and a Yankee man-of-war were at anchor in the harbor, and a boat from the American frigate was tied up at the landing stage, awaiting the return of the lieutenant it had brought ashore; at the same moment the captain of the British ship was passing the stage, signaling for a boat to take him off. The American officer at last tacked down the street and tumbled down the gangway to the stage showing the indelible effects of the hospitality that had been extended to him ashore, and opened a conversation with the "sky pilot," in the course of which the latter objected to the lieutenant's condition.

SIMPLEST PLOT IN THE WORLD

They were sitting in the club and discussing plays and plots and actors and actresses, and hoc genus omnia. Said he, "I rather like these ingenious, intricate plots. Now, for instance, I have a great idea for a plot. Two men are in love with two girls. Charlie is in love with Edith, and Jack is enamored of Nellie, but Nellie loves Charlie and Edith loves Jack. This is simple, isn't it?"

The friend said it was.

"Well, they all go to a masked ball. Charlie to wear the disguise of a harlequin, Jack that of a Boer. Edith will appear as Spring, and Nellie as Mary, Queen of Scots. Before the ball they all get to know somehow what the disguises of the others will be. Then at the last moment they reverse the characters, each couple exchanging their dresses. Do you follow?"

GET IT ALL RIGHT

Harry received a very much needed object lesson.

Among the passengers on a railway train recently was a woman much over-dressed, accompanied by a bright-looking nurse girl and a self-willed, tyrannical boy of about 3 years.

The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continued shrieks and kicks and screams, and his viciousness toward the patient nurse. He tore her bonnet and scratched her hands without a word of remonstrance from the mother.

"The nurse manifested any firmness the mother would chide her sharply."

Finally the mother composed herself for a nap, and about the time the boy had slapped the nurse for the fifth time a wasp came sailing in and flew on the window. The boy at once tried to catch it.

The nurse caught his hand and said, coaxingly: "Harry mustn't touch; big fly will bite Harry."

Harry screamed savagely, and began to kick and pound the nurse.

The mother, seeing the opening her eyes or lifting her head, cried out, sharply: "Why will you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once."

"But, ma'am, it's a—"

"Let him have it, I say."

Thus encouraged, Harry eluded at the wasp and caught it. The yell that followed brought tears of joy to the passengers.

The mother arose again.

"Mary," she cried, "let him have it." Mary turned in her seat and said, confidently: "He's got it, ma'am.—Unidentified Exchange."

SHE WON ON EVERY RACE

But His One Experience of Taking Her to the Track Will Last Him a Long While.

If your corner an honest man and say: "Do you enjoy taking your woman friends and relatives to the races?" he will look about him furtively and then confess that he would rather shovel hard coal into a red wagon than take a woman to the races.

Yet every day men take women to the races. They are martyrs and they know it. Still they endeavor to assume a look of sprightly enjoyment. They try to make themselves believe they are having a good time. The unattached men look at them with pity and scorn. For some reason the martyrs of our day are scorned rather than admired. We are apt to think that martyrdom implies a lack of backbone in the martyr.

MAKES WOE FOR HIM

Indignant woman brings discomfiture to Chicago editor.

Whangie, which isn't his name, is night editor of a Chicago morning paper. Like others of his craft, he is hardened to almost any sort of trouble, but a complication arose the other morning that made the problem of fitting two columns of type into one column of space look easy. The night's work was over and Whangie had started across the race-track followed in large plaid and black buckskins in the corner. The contents proved to be a second envelope which was addressed: "To the Author of 'My Parting.'"

CURED OF HER CURIOSITY

Bride who will not play deaf and dumb again.

"My wife has had her curiosity appeased in a way that will satisfy her for some time," said the newly married man as he smiled. "It was my idea to make our wedding trip as quiet as possible, and do away as much as we could with the annoyance that usually attends wedding couples. But the lady said she was proud of being a bride, and that she wanted to hear the comments that the people would make. With this end in view she hit upon the crazy notion of playing deaf and dumb and going through a lot of monkey shins with my fingers to carry out the scheme. She reasoned that this would cause people to talk in our presence, and thus we would be able to hear what they said."

LOVEY-DOVEY WRONG GIRL

Newly-wedded husband cured of the speaking-tube habit.

There is a young man in the War Department who has been married such a very short time that he still talks baby talk to his wife, although nobody would ever suspect such a thing from his somewhat stiff and stern exterior. The young couple live in a little flat over in Georgetown. When the young man gets home at about 4:30 on the week day afternoons, he touches the button connected with his flat in the vestibule, and when his wife comes to the speaking tube and says, "Well," he proceeds to toot-toot-woot-toot and tite-baby-dirt-does-on-up-bubble-ber through the tube for a couple of minutes before he walks upstairs.

SENSIBLE MAUD

A Summer Cold.

Oh, yes, I've got a cold. A Summer cold. The meanest of its race. The biggest of its kind. Of the flock of lesser flies. How did I get it? Please ask me something hard. I got it from my neighbor. Sitting underneath a fan. Not fan of palm, or feather, or Queen of Scots. Well, when they unmask, Charlie, who was a Boer, and who is now a harlequin, can't make out why or how Edith, who was as Spring, appeared as Mary, Queen of Scots—why, where on earth has he gone to?"

POETRY'S WORTH READING

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CONVENTIONALITIES

Some people scoff at them all. And hold them in contempt. And daily bless their stars that they are from such vice exempt; Yet they shrivel at the dose. Their pride of truth to tweak At little fabrications they Convententially speak.

UNANSWERED LETTERS

They haunt me in my waking hours. They follow me through all my dreams. When the last ray of daylight dies, Next dawn daily, though they blight My weary life, and always will— Those letters that I ought to write.

THROUGH EMERALD SPECS.

Oh, the Haythen Chinese, in a minute, Will be passing across the divide, An' it's Hoky-cut he will shin it. To save his Mongolian hide. Bad cess 't his queer an' his liver, We will give him an' hisant dancel Ay, smit' ay, smit' an' shiver— Tuck yer shirt inside ov yer pants!

THE ROSE RIDER

Where the long horns feed on the sun-cured grass, In the blaze of a cloudless sky; Where the cactus crawls and the sagebrush spreads on a plain of abash; Where the gray wolf grows and makes his feast on the range calf gone astray; Where the coward coyote yelps by night but sinks from the mountain frame the pictured plain with a border line of snow; Where the chill of death from the blizzard's breath falls with a sting and blow, blest of the sun and air. A simple man, with a face of tan, and a heart to do and dare.

NOT A JOKE IN THAT

Though He Really Tried Hard to See Where It Came In.

"You Americans," said the London "fun" man, "are always insinuating that we Englishmen don't know what a real joke is. Now just hold your sides while I go over this one which I read in a home paper a week ago:

The countess—M'lode, you were at the grand dinner last night, were you not? Just a while ago I heard one of those vulgar Americans make the remark that this morning you had a big head."

NOT A SELLITS FROUNDER

Lord Beauchamp has aroused wrath and ridicule among the people of New South Wales, where he is Governor, by a snobbish little attempt of his to play at royalty. He has divided the visiting list into two classes. Invitations to viceregal functions are issued to the one class on blue cards, while for the other the ordinary white cardboard continue to be used. The "blues" take the higher rank, and on arrival at Government House are at once ushered into the viceregal presence, to content the holders of white cards have to content themselves with a humble place in the general crowd.

HIT DEE SO HOT!

De fet' de pa'ch up brown an' dry— De tree toad, he complainin'; De sun, he sweat so in de sky— De some folks say hit rainin'!

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her pantomime, and I had to carry it out, feeling like a fool while I was doing it. She wobbled her fingers and I wobbled mine, and we soon had everybody starting to laugh. Then over two women seated behind us, and the comeliness she desired so much to hear soon came.

"It's a newly married couple," said Joe. "The poor things are deaf and dumb. What do you suppose he saw in her?" asked the other. "She is positively home-ly."

"And I believe her hair is bleached," said the first woman.

"And her hat is out of date," was the next starter.

"Looks like an old one made over," was the reply.

"Her dress wrinkles in the back," said the first.

"She's 35 if she's a day, and she looks as if she had a frightful temper," put in one of them.

"But there my wife found her tongue, and her remarks to those two women left no doubt about her having that important article that women are supposed to exercise so freely."—Detroit Free Press.

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