

THINGS IN PROSE

Seven A. M. Seven o'clock in the forenoon. Mr. Williams bowed assent.

Light Dawns.

"Why," went on Jerry, "the light shone in my eyes, and the sun don't get around on that side of the building until after noon, and the shadow fell crosswise, and I thought it must be 4 o'clock."

"The sunlight is reflected from the windows of the building across the alley at this time of the day," said Mr. Williams. "You never happened to wake up at this time before, so you never noticed it."

Seven o'clock, 1 o'clock, six hours until 1 o'clock, six hours until 1 o'clock, Jerry was repeating over and over.

Then the glad truth dawned on him. "Whoop!" he yelled. "Back to the mine, back to the mine, men! there'll be no strike today! He shot up the stairs like a meteor, with Tommy close behind. Old Mrs. Terry, on the second floor, ran out of her room, thinking somebody was shouting fire and over.

Two wild figures, waving coats and neckties, bore down upon her, bidding her fiercely to go back to the mine. Johnson and Allen, the Board of Trade clerk, and Miss Smith all rushed into the hall. Jerry and Tommy brushed past them. They reached their own door and threw it wide open.

"Back men!" shouted Tommy. "There'll be no strike today!"

And with a last whoop he and Jerry banged their door and dived back into their bed-clothes, shoes and all.

If Jerry and Mr. Williams had that you had better call these two maniacs after this at the hour they wish to arise. They got too excited when they make a mistake in the time."—Chicago Tribune.

Squeaked.

Juddock—I don't care what it's for or who asks me to go or any other damned thing I'll never go to another charity bazaar in my life.

Haddock—What's the matter?

Juddock—That's all right, and it cost me \$25 to get it.

Haddock—What? That is pretty steep for a kiss—especially from the girl you engaged to.

Juddock—That's it, hang it! The gang of cutpurses knew they could squeeze me just because I am. The damned rogues know I had a clench and I'd have to overbid 'em.

Haddock—Why didn't you fool them? You'd never miss one.

Juddock—Why, I didn't dare to, of course.

Haddock—Why not? I would.

Juddock—And have her reproach me forever after whenever she was a little cross with her teeth for her kisses than some other fellow? Not on your life.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Price Too High.

A grizzled farmer down in Mississippi told a newspaper office to have a note inserted about the death of a relative.

"What air your charges?" he asked of the manager.

"We charge two dollars an inch."

"Oh, I can't afford that," said the farmer. "William he was six feet and three inches."—Register.

No Need to Worry.

"My good man," said the earnest reformer to the misguided man who was tarrying but little between flowing bows.

"My good man, you should cease this unnecessary carousing. You are in danger of an attack of delirium tremens."

"Thash all ri," answered the misguided person. "Don't you worry, of fel. I'm worried by p'fessun."—Baltimore American.

Died From Exposure.

"This is a great story," said the newspaper reporter, "but I can't think of a good lead for it. It's about a trusted employe, whose accounts were found to be crooked, and who when he was accused of it dropped dead."

"The case," said the snake editor, "is simple. He died from exposure."

Modesty.

She—Oh, Fred, dear, you are so noble, so generous, so handsome, so chivalrous, so much the superior of every man I meet I just can't help loving you. Now, what do you see in plain little me to admire?

He—Oh, I don't know, dear; but you have very good judgment.—Truth.

How They Managed.

They roomed together in a big apartment building on the North Side. Having no clock they trusted entirely to Jerry's remarkable gift of waking precisely when the noonday sun shone full in at the south window, and falling upon Jerry's eyes caused him to sit up, with the knowledge that a new day, with all its wonderful opportunities had dawned again. Jerry would awaken Tommy by pouring a pail of ice water in Tommy's couch, and then the two would hastily dress and run all the way to the office. A great many times they arrived there somewhere around 1 o'clock.

The two arrived home one morning in the bright gray dawn just before sunrise. They lazily dozed and fell into their respective beds. When Jerry felt the sunlight in his eyes he awoke with a start. The shadows were lying vertically across his bed instead of lengthwise, as they did when the sun was squarely at the south of the building, as it was at just noon.

"Tommy, Tommy," shouted Jerry. "Chase out in a hurry. It must be 4 o'clock."

"Oh," groaned Tommy. "If it's that late let's telephone down we've got typhoid fever and stay in bed the rest of the day."

"That won't do," replied Jerry, who was tumbling into his clothes. He emptied all the water there was left in the pitcher in Tommy's bed and rang for a fresh pitcherful.

Tommy groaned pitifully and scrambled out of bed, and with his eyes still shut left feverishly for his room. "It don't seem as if I had been in bed an hour. I believe I am sick—honest."

"Come on, come on," shouted Jerry, and he hurried Tommy's shoes at his head. "Come on, you know what the C. E. said the last time we were late. We'll tell him we were dragged or got sand-bagged or something. Come on, Tommy, we'll fix up a lie by the time we get to the office that will read like a fairy tale."

Tommy Gets Up.

Tommy groaned again, but finally got into his clothes. Then, with their shoes unlaced, and their collars half on and carrying their neckties and overcoats in their hands, the two made a rush for the elevator. The elevator was up at the top of the shaft.

There was no time to wait for elevators. The two went down the stairs three steps at a jump. They sailed through the office of the building like maniacs. "Is it 4 o'clock yet?" gasped Jerry of the clerk. The clerk ran around behind the cigar case.

"What's the matter?" asked the clerk. "Why don't you drink some bromo seltzer or something like that? Come on, Tommy, is it 4 o'clock, I asked you?" shouted Jerry.

"Bar, Jerry, be a good fellow," begged the clerk. "Look out, now; be quiet, can't you, there comes the boss. I don't want him to see you like that."

Jerry turned around in desperation to the proprietor of the building. Tommy stood still in the center of the room, bawling his eyes like an owl.

"Mr. Williams," said Tommy, with great difficulty, "will you have the dopy party who is acting as your trusted adviser and clerk of this apartment building tell us whether or not it is 4 o'clock yet?"

Mr. Williams frowned and murmured something about boisterous conduct being especially forbidden in that building. "You know well enough," he said, "that it is just 7 o'clock."

"Just 7 o'clock," said Jerry in faltering accents. "Just 7 o'clock in the morning."

OF SMALL MOMENT.

Thus the Justice Regarded "Wiping Out" of a "Bad" Man.

Oliver Herford, the artist and versatist, has a clever brother, who lives out in Montana, where he is Prosecuting Attorney. There came a young Englishman to that country once upon a day, and the chief bully of the little town undertook to have some fun with him. The Englishman was unarmed, and at the point of the bad man's revolver, he did all sorts of funny stunts, and the performance ended with a threat from the bully to shoot his victim on sight at the next meeting.

The Englishman's friends insisted on coming, and when he despatched him and drew a gun, it was the Briton who had the drop. The town terror was as dead as a last year's flirtation. The young Englishman prepared at once for flight. He had killed a man in what only by the greatest stretch of the facts could be called self-defense, and he didn't want to swing for that. Jack Herford was the man to whom he confided his troubles.

"I can't help you now," said he, "but I may be able to do something for you when the thing comes to trial. Your best plan is to give yourself up. That will prejudice the public in your favor. I'll go with you to the Justice."

Together they sought the Justice. He was engaged in writing an important letter, and it was his busy day. He nodded as they came in and went on with his work. The Englishman nervously waited for a confession that might cost him his life.

"Mr. Justice," he began.

"Ain't got time to talk," was the answer.

"But," said the Englishman, "I've just shot a man."

The Justice did not look up.

"Kill him," he asked, absently.

"Inally," the Justice's face clouded in mild annoyance.

"Oh, well," said he, "come round again about 2 o'clock. I can't be bothered about it just now."—Washington Post.

She Had the Button.

"Henry," she said, "did you get those shoe buttons for me today?"

"Yes," he replied.

"What did you do with them?"

He felt in his pocket, and presently fished out a little round box. Then a scared look overspread his countenance, and the lady wanted to know what was the matter. "Did you take any of those complexion pills you asked me to bring home for you?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "Why?"

"That was a shoe button. Here are the pills."—Exchange.

Wasn't His Fault.

A grizzled farmer down in Mississippi told a newspaper office to have a note inserted about the death of a relative.

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Her Value.

He (adoringly)—Darling, you are worth your weight in gold.

She (practically)—You do not value me sufficiently, Henry. Gold at its value of \$19.50 an ounce is worth \$264 a pound.

THIS PACKAGE DOUBTLESS FOUND ITS DESTINATION.

A package went through the postoffice in Chicago recently, says the Tribune of that city, that attracted a great deal of interest on the part of the postoffice employees and postal clerks. The package had on it a drawing of a street car, on which was this address:

"The Hon. F. G. Jones, Memphis Street Railroad, Memphis, Tenn."

In order that there might be no mistake about the identity of Mr. Jones, a hand on the side of the car points straight up at the figure, apparently acting as motorman of the car. The motorman has his trousers tucked in his boots and a savage-looking revolver sticking out of his hip pocket. He has long hair and a piratical mustache.

The pointed hand indicated that the motorman, or at least the figure running the car, was the Hon. F. G. Jones. As the Hon. F. G. Jones, of Memphis, is the president of the Memphis Street Railroad, it is probable that he is the one represented by the picture of the man running the car. In the car windows, instead of heads of passengers, are glasses of mint juleps, and behind the car are the protrusions of luckless individuals who did not know enough to get out of the way of the car.

The Property Man.

The property man threw out his chest. He folded his arms and smiled.

"You actors talk of yourselves with zest. But your talk is a little wild. I know the difference between you and a lot. But another thing I know. If it wasn't for me, I tell you what, we couldn't run this show."

"Now what would the comic servant do if I bid him to do a thing?"

And for me could the hero true send checks to his little wife?

Or that I lost the strawberry mark for the heroine's shoulder blades?

"Don't tell me about your firm restraint. Your art and your high spirit. Don't tell me the heroine faints. When the black-haired villain dies. For when that villain stamped and yelled in the scene of the optimum drive. If he revivifies I will hold. He'd have to remain alive!"

So the property man threw out his chest. He folded his arms and smiled.

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—Robert Gilbert Welch, in New York Sun.

Little Charmer Over There.

(A Connecticut love song in the metre of the original.)

Little charmer over there, To my prayer, oh, turn not cold; Child, who hold on the flowers Fall in showers of languid gold; Child, beneath whose leaves of jet Eyes deep set of dreamy grey Through the dancing and haunt me, Daunt and daunt me all the day.

Like the swan they bowen down; Part thy name and round thy chin; Small thy mouth of smiling red, Bright the bed of pearls therein.

Oh, thy white neck of swan! Oh, thy ventures floating foam! Oh, to hear thy voice and blow it, Then to kiss it, ah, the woe!

Oh, the snowy fluttering blossom Of thy bowen, Branch of May, While thy steps go dancing by me Down the thymy meadow way.

Pity now I'm not with thee Under key Waterford, Those soft-dimmed palms of thine Locked in mine, O maid adorned.

—Arthur Percival Graves, in Athenaeum.

Their Veto.

A genial Gruffa and a shy Bossy Calt Went to call on a sprightly meekie. On taking their leave they said, "We much grieve."

"Just 7 o'clock," said Jerry in faltering accents. "Just 7 o'clock in the morning."

REASONING BY DEDUCTION.

Sherlock Holmes, Jr., Shows Cause for Belief Within Him.

"Do you see that man with the dark mustache?" said Sherlock Holmes, Jr. "Yes, I do," said his brother.

"I never saw him before. He is married. He ought to live in a flat, but doesn't. His wife is afraid of the hired girl and he is left hand."

"Mr. Holmes, you are an everlasting marvel. How can you tell all that about a man you don't know and whom you never saw before?"

"Look at the second knuckle on his left hand. You see it is badly skinned. Also, there is a black mark on his left cuff. Now, let us see what we must make of this. When a left-handed man picks up the furnace fire, how does he do it? By putting his left hand under the grate. Thus it happened that it was his left hand which scraped against the furnace door. The blackened cuff shows that it was a furnace door. Having this foundation to work upon, the rest is easy."

"If he lived in a flat, he would have no furnace to look after, and if his wife were not afraid of the hired girl, they would make the latter do the poking up. It is all very simple. If one's perceptive faculties are properly trained. He can't really afford to live in a house, because if he could he would have a man to look after the furnace. Therefore, he ought to live in a flat."

"But, hold on. How do you know the man is married? His name is over 50 at the most. Why may it not be possible that he lives at home with his widowed mother?"

"My dear sir," said Sherlock Holmes, Jr., "I am surprised at your lack of perspicacity. If he lived at home with his widowed mother, he would permit her to tend the furnace herself."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Toss-Up.

The visitor from abroad endeavored to avoid the deaths of his uncouth companion.

"And whom," he asked, "do you consider the greatest Western singer?"

"Wall, stranger," replied Rattlesnake Pete, "that air is yet an open question. Most o' th' boys seems 't think it's a toss-up between 't mule an' 't coyote."—Colorado Springs Gazette.

Witely Soliloquy.

The devoted wife—Oh, hurry, please. This rubber plant tub has fallen on my husband, and I'm afraid he's smothered. Chorus of rescuers, as they grasp the tub—Now, all together.

The devoted wife—Gently, please, gentlemen, don't lift it too suddenly. It's got a new leaf just coming out.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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"Old Gayboy, I learn, has married a charming young widow and settled down."

"He didn't do anything of the kind. He settled down something pretty handsome on the charming young widow and then she married him."—Chicago Tribune.

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She—I didn't know you had a sister, Mr. Smart.

He—Oh, yes; I've got nine of them.

She—You haven't really?

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"What are the names of that newly married couple in the next flat?"

"Oh, we can't find out for a few weeks; just now calls the other 'Birdie'."—Indianapolis Journal.

His Little Game.

"So that's your little game, is it?" said the guest at the restaurant to the waiter who brought him English sparrows for food.

POEMS WITH READING

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Hiawatha went a-sailing, Went with gentle Minnehaha, Where the golfers were a-sailing, Where they swayed the bounding gully, Where they chaffed and where they teased, Where the mighty Auchteries, And the alces and the Willies— Willie Smith, the president of the Memphis Street Railroad, it is probable that he is the one represented by the picture of the man running the car. In the car windows, instead of heads of passengers, are glasses of mint juleps, and behind the car are the protrusions of luckless individuals who did not know enough to get out of the way of the car.

Jane Got Her Jaquie.

There was a young woman who wanted a Jaquie, She went to her husband and said to him: I wonder why I am in despair, I want you to give me a very small Jaquie. To get a new Jaquie; for my old one's a wretched one.

A beautiful wrap is a thing that I Jaquie; I haven't a coat fit to wear on my Jaquie; A hundred will buy quite a nice one, I Jaquie.

I want a nice Jaquie one lined inside with pique.

Jaquie heaved a great sigh, on a sofa he Jaquie.

Said he: "My Dear Jane, do you Jaquie? It seems that you're trying my fortune to Jaquie."

As fast as you can—why, you'll drive me to Jaquie!

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Thus always by 'twas I am kept on the Jaquie.

Of all this extravagance I am very Jaquie. And against the last Jaquie I tender my Jaquie.

Poor Jane was amazed when her husband thus Jaquie.

For this was the first Jaquie she'd known him to Jaquie.

She Jaquie at poor Jaquie with a Jaquie Jaquie.

And into a chair, Jaquie Jaquie, she Jaquie.

The next day she called down the Jaquie Jaquie.

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The Jaquie had been but a neat little Jaquie.

But had brought Jaquie to time in a Jaquie Jaquie.

—E. F. Moberly in Philadelphia Inquirer.

Do Not Wait.

If you have a friend worth loving Love him—yes, and let him know That you love him, ere life's evening Tings his brow with sunset glow.

Why should good words never be said Of a friend, till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you, Sing by any child's song. Praise it—do not let the singer Wait deserved praises long.

Why should one that thrills your heart Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you By its humble, pleading tone, Join it—do not let the seeker Row before his God alone.

Why should not your brother share The strength of two or three in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling From a brother's eyes, Share them—and with the sharing Own your kinship with the skies.

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A beautiful wrap is a thing that I Jaquie; I haven't a coat fit to wear on my Jaquie; A hundred will buy quite a nice one, I Jaquie.

I want a nice Jaquie one lined inside with pique.

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To come up and Jaquie at her Jaquie Jaquie.

The Jaquie had been but a neat little Jaquie.

But had brought Jaquie to time in a Jaquie Jaquie.

—E. F. Moberly in Philadelphia Inquirer.

Do Not Wait.

If you have a friend worth loving Love him—yes, and let him know That you love him, ere life's evening Tings his brow with sunset glow.

Why should good words never be said Of a friend, till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you, Sing by any child's song. Praise it—do not let the singer Wait deserved praises long.

Why should one that thrills your heart Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you By its humble, pleading tone, Join it—do not let the seeker Row before his God alone.

Why should not your brother share The strength of two or three in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling From a brother's eyes, Share them—and with the sharing Own your kinship with the skies.

Why should we not let the evening Tings his brow with sunset glow?

When a brother's heart is sad? —Exchange.

REASONING BY DEDUCTION.

Sherlock Holmes, Jr., Shows Cause for Belief Within Him.

"Do you see that man with the dark mustache?" said Sherlock Holmes, Jr. "Yes, I do," said his brother.

"I never saw him before. He is married. He ought to live in a flat, but doesn't. His wife is afraid of the hired girl and he is left hand."

"Mr. Holmes, you are an everlasting marvel. How can you tell all that about a man you don't know and whom you never saw before?"

"Look at the second knuckle on his left hand. You see it is badly skinned. Also, there is a black mark on his left cuff. Now, let us see what we must make of this. When a left-handed man picks up the furnace fire, how does he do it? By putting his left hand under the grate. Thus it happened that it was his left hand which scraped against the furnace door. The blackened cuff shows that it was a furnace door. Having this foundation to work upon, the rest is easy."

"If he lived in a flat, he would have no furnace to look after, and if his wife were not afraid of the hired girl, they would make the latter do the poking up. It is all very simple. If one's perceptive faculties are properly trained. He can't really afford to live in a house, because if he could he would have a man to look after the furnace. Therefore, he ought to live in a flat."

"But, hold on. How do you know the man is married? His name is over 50 at the most. Why may it not be possible that he lives at home with his widowed mother?"

"My dear sir," said Sherlock Holmes, Jr., "I am surprised at your lack of perspicacity. If he lived at home with his widowed mother, he would permit her to tend the furnace herself."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Toss-Up.

The visitor from abroad endeavored to avoid the deaths of his uncouth companion.

"And whom," he asked, "do you consider the greatest Western singer?"

"Wall, stranger," replied Rattlesnake Pete, "that air is yet an open question. Most o' th' boys seems 't think it's a toss-up between 't mule an' 't coyote."—Colorado Springs Gazette.

Witely Soliloquy.

The devoted wife—Oh, hurry, please. This rubber plant tub has fallen on my husband, and I'm afraid he's smothered. Chorus of rescuers, as they grasp the tub—Now, all together.

The devoted wife—Gently, please, gentlemen, don't lift it too suddenly. It's got a new leaf just coming out.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mistaken Ideas.

"Old Gayboy, I learn, has married a charming young widow and settled down."

"He didn't do anything of the kind. He settled down something pretty handsome on the charming young widow and then she married him."—Chicago Tribune.

Surplus of Sisters.

She—I didn't know you had a sister, Mr. Smart.

He—Oh, yes; I've got nine of them.

She—You haven't really?

He—Yes, one by birth and eight by refusal.—Mall and Express.

Must Wait Awfully.

"What are the names of that newly married couple in the next flat?"

"Oh, we can't find out for a few weeks; just now calls the other 'Birdie'."—Indianapolis Journal.

His Little Game.

"So that's your little game, is it?" said the guest at the restaurant to the waiter who brought him English sparrows for food.

POEMS WITH READING

Hiawatha on the Links.

Hiawatha went a-sailing, Went with gentle Minnehaha, Where the golfers were a-sailing, Where they swayed the bounding gully, Where they chaffed and where they teased, Where the mighty Auchteries, And the alces and the Willies— Willie Smith, the president of the Memphis Street Railroad, it is probable that he is the one represented by the picture of the man running the car. In the car windows, instead of heads of passengers, are glasses of mint juleps, and behind the car are the protrusions of luckless individuals who did not know enough to get out of the way of the car.

Jane Got Her Jaquie.

There was a young woman who wanted a Jaquie, She went to her husband and said to him: I wonder why I am in despair, I want you to give me a very small Jaquie. To get a new Jaquie; for my old one's a wretched one.

A beautiful wrap is a thing that I Jaquie; I haven't a coat fit to wear on my Jaquie; A hundred will buy quite a nice one, I Jaquie.

I want a nice Jaquie