FVNNY THINGS IN PROSE

DOOLEY ON "IDJACATION"

He Expatiates to Hennessy on Mr. Carnegie's Gift to Scotland's Principal University.

"Tin millyon dollars to make th' Scotch a larned people," said Mr. Dooley.

"Who done that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Andhrew Carnaygie," said Mr. Dooley. "He reaches down into his pocket where he keeps th' change an' pulls up tin millyon bawbies, an' says he: 'Boys, take ye'er fill iv larnin' an' charge it to me,' he says. 'Divvle hang th' expinse,' he says. 'Th' more th' merryer,' he says. 'A short life an' a happy wan,' he says. 'Larn anything ye like,' he says. 'Name ye'er priference,' he says, 'an' put it all down to me,' he says.

"That's th' way we do it, Andhrew an' me. Whin other men are chasin' a bit iv loose money to th' corner iv a little leather purse, to make good on a chair or a foldin' bed iv classical larnin', we ordher th' whole furniture sthore an' have th' bill sint up to th' house. Idjacation in Scotland has been on the retail. Th' Scotch have been goin' in with a bag of oatmeal an' exchangin' it f'r enough larnin' to last over th' night; it's been hand to mouth with thim f'r years. Andhrew an' me propose f'r to buy idjacation f'r thim in th' bulk.

"Hinnissy, I don't know what's goin' to happen whin us American millyonaires begins to unbelt. It used to be that we niver knew whin we had enough. No matter how much I made, I was hanted by th' fear that I'd wake up in th' morning an' find it all gone, an' me, with a pair iv overalls on, runnin' up a laddher with a box of mortar on me neck.

Got Used to It.

"But ye get used to money just as ye get used to poverty, Hinnissy, though niver as much used to it, fr'm th' lack iv companions, an' there come a time whin I didn't know what to do with it. I cudden't give it back to th' min I got it fr'm. They wudden't take it. Many iv thim ar're dead. Besides, 'tis agin me system. I've got into th' habit iv makin' it, but not into the habit iv spendin' it. I can't give it to th' poor, because, if they had it, they wudden't be poor any longer. Besides, no wan ought to be poor in this land iv opporchunity.

"As th' pote says, 'Opporchunity knocks at ivry man's dure wanst. On some men's dures it hammers till it breaks down th' dure, an' thin it goes in an' wakes him up if he's asleep, an', iver aftherward, it wurruks f'r him as a night watchman. On other men's dures it knocks an' runs away an' on th' dures iv some men, it knocks an', whin they come out, it hits them over th' head with an ax. But ivrywan has an opporchunity. Th' poor ar-re people that've been out at wurruk whin opporchunity knocked. I can't do annything f'r thim; th' poor mustn't be pauperized. But I must do something to git rid iv th' accumulations iv roly boly that's grajally crushin' out me young life, so I buys a university to play with.

"Th' day whin we millyonaires bought yachts an' brownstone houses, with mansard roofs onto thim, an' were proud iv havin' thim, has gone by, Hinnissy. 'Twill not be long befure none will be so poor as not to own a private yacht, an' th' nex' time a Coxey army starts f'r Wash'n'ton, it'll ride in a speycal vistibule thrain. What was luxuries a few years ago is mere necessities now. Pierpont Morgan calls in wan iv his office boys, th' prisidint iv a naytionel bank, an' says he:

Pierpont Morgan's Way.

"'James,' he says, 'take some change out iv th' damper an' r-run out an' buy Europe f'r me,' he says. 'I intind to reorganize it an 'put it on a payin' basis,' he says. 'Call up th' Czar an' th' Pope an' th' Sultan an' th' Impror Willum, an' tell thim we won't need their sarvices afther next week,' he says. 'Give thim a year's salary, in advance. An' James,' he says, 'Ye betther put that re-rad-headed book-keeper near th' dure in charge iv th' Continent; he doesn't seem to be doin' much,' he says. Ye see, Hinnissy, th' game has got so much bigger since we first made our money that, if Jay Gould was to come back to earth with some iv th' playe we used to wondher about, he'd think he was an old-clothes man. So 'tis nawthin' strange whin Jawn D. or Andhrew or meslif buys a string iv univarsities an' puts in tin millyons to teach th' young idee how to loot. Befure long we'll be racin' thim. I don't know but what 'tis th' finest kind iv spoort th' wurruld has ever heerd about.

"'Father Kelly don't think as much iv it as I do. He was in here las' night, an' says he: 'Ye can't buy idjacation f'r people,' he says. 'If ye cud, th' on'y man in th' wurruld that knew annything wud be Jawn D. Rockefeller,' he says. 'Idjacation,' he says, 'is something that a man has to fight f'r an' pull out iv its hole be th' hair iv its head,' he says. 'That's th' reason it's so precious,' he says; 'they'se so little iv it, an' it's so hard to get,' he says. 'Ther'se anny quantity iv gav that looks like it, but it ain't th' rale thing,' he says. 'Th' wurruld is full iv people wearin' false joolry iv that kind,' he says, 'but afther they've had it f'r a long time, it tur-runs green an' blue, an' some day whin they thry to get something on it, th' pawnbroker throws thim out.

Means Trouble and Work.

"'No, sir,' says he, 'idjacation means throuble an' wurruk an' worry, an' Andhrew Carnaygie himself is th' on'y wan I know that's been able to pick it up in th' brief inthervals between wan dollar an' another,' he says. 'Th' smartest man in my day, at th' college, was a la-ad who used to come to school with a half a dozen biled potatoes in an ol' newspaper, an' sawed wood all avenin' t pay f'r his larnin'. Annything that boy larned, he larned, you bet. Ivry line iv Latin he knew ripirsinted a stick av wood an' belonged to him. 'Twasn't borrowed at th' back dure iv a millyonaire. He knew more than anny man I iver see, an' he's now th' head iv wan iv th' best little wan-rume schools in Du Page County,' he says. 'Andhrew Carnaygie's tin millyons won't make anny Robert Burns,' he says. 'It may make more Andhrew Carnaygies,' says I. 'They'se enough to go round now,' says he.

"I don't know that he's right. I don't know f'r sure that Father Kelly is r-right, Hinnissy. I don't think it makes anny difference wan way or th' other how free ye make idjacation. Men that wants it'll have it be hook an' be crook, anthim that don't ra-aly want it, niver will get it. Ye can lade a man up to th' univarsity, but ye can't make him think. But if I had as much money as I said I had a minyit ago, I'd endow a bar'l iv oatmeal f'r ivry boy in Scotland that wanted an idjacation, an' lave it go at that. Idjacation can always be had, but they'se niver enough oatmeal in Scotland."

"Or Homestead," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Or Homestead," said Mr. Dooley.

J. I. D.

DEDUCING UP TO DATE.

Chicago Sherlock Holmes, Jr., Puts His Theories Into Practice.

"You blacked your own shoes this morning," said Sherlock Holmes, Jr., "and at breakfast you complained to your wife about the cost of living. You told her it would be necessary to cut down expenses in some way. You reminded her that ice and coal are going up, and came away leaving her depressed."

"Great heavens, man," the wonderful amateur detective's companion exclaimed, turning pale and looking suspiciously at him, "are you a mindreader, a wizard or just a common spy?"

Sherlock Holmes, Jr., permitted a cynical smile to overspread his usually cold, calm features, and then replied, as if it were a matter of no importance:

"It's merely a case of deducing. Once glance has told me all. You ought to learn this deducting business—but, of course, you can't. I am the only real deducter that ever happened. Ah, if they would only make me Chief of Police for awhile. They won't, however. They're too jealous of me."

"How do you know," his agitated companion asked, "that I blacked my own shoes this morning?"

"My dear fellow, any one could see that. They haven't been touched around the heels. The toes shine very nicely."

"True! True!" the other answered, wiping the clammy sweat from his brow and trying to shake off the feeling that he was in the presence of something uncanny; "but how do you know I was worried over the cost of living, and spoke to my wife about it?"

"There," the great detective said, pointing at a crack in the leather just back of the tip on his friend's left shoe; "that tells me the whole story. You couldn't black your shoe without noticing it. In the first place you would have waited and paid 10 cents for a shine if you had not been seized with a sudden economical spasm, and seeing that crack you were reminded that you would soon have to buy another pair of shoes. That put you in an ugly frame of mind, and it naturally followed that you must bother your wife about it when you got seated at breakfast."

Mr. Holmes then sauntered into a "ten, twent', thirt'" house for the purpose of studying character, leaving the other almost stupefied, out on the sidewalk.—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Got Very Decidedly Even.

They occupied two $3 50 seats at the opera—those two women did.

They wore high and costly hats on their heads and an aspect of grim determination on their faces.

For the young woman in a $3 50 seat behind them had said:

"I beg your pardon, but will you please remove your hats?"

And each had answered:

"No, I will not."

When the first scene was over, she asked them again, and again they answered, "No."

Then she went to the head usher and made complaint.

"Yes," he said, "it is a hardship, madam, but I hesitate to ask them to take off their hats, for I know them, and I know they would refuse, and, if I should undertake to compel them, there would be a scene. But I can do better for you than that. There is a vacant seat directly in front of them. Go and take that and I will see that you are not disturbed."

She took it.

With her face wreathed in smiles, she turned to them and said:

"Keep your hats on, ladies, if you choose. You will not incommode me in the least."

Then she put on her own hat, a close imitation of a Gainsborough in its design, make-up and general scope and sat serenely with it on her head through all the rest of the performance.

For she was only human, and the provocation was great—Chicago Tribune.

Best Lawyer in Town.

Jim Webster was being tried for bribing a colored witness, Sam Johnsing, to testify falsely.

"You say the defendant offered you $50 to testify in his behalf?" asked the lawyer of Sam.

"Yes, sah."

"Now, repeat what he said, using his exact words."

"He said he would give me $50 if I—"

"He didn't speak in the third person, did he?"

"No, sah, he tuck good care dat dar were no third pusson 'round; dar was only two—us two."

"I know that, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he?"

"I was de fust pusson myself, sah."

"You don't understand me. When he was talking to you did he say: 'I will pay you $50?'"

"No, sah; he didn't say nothin' 'bout you payin' me $50. Your name wasn't mentioned, 'ceptin' he told me ef eber I got into a scrape you was de best lawyer in San Antone to fool de jedge and de jury—in fac' you was de best in town to cover up reskelity."

For a brief, breathless moment the trial was suspended.—Detroit Free Press.

Why Johnnie Shot the Hare.

A minister of a rural parish in Scotland observed one of his flock shooting a hare on the Sunday. When catechizing day came round he questioned him as follows:

"John, do you know what a work of necessity is?"

"Fine that," said John.

"Well, do you think shooting a hare on Sunday a work of necessity?"

"It is that," said John.

"How do you make that out?"

"Weel, ye see, it micht be awa' on Monday," was John's reply.—London Tit-Bits.

Becoming Americanized.

First Chinese laundryman—Hi, ya! Me goin' to stlike—likee Melican man!

Second Chinese laundryman—What for stlike?

First Chinese laundryman—More yen, and 19 hours a day, 'stlead of 20!—Brooklyn Eagle.

WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED

Advantages and Drawbacks of the Phonographic Knapsack.

The phonographic knapsack is the invention of an Iowa genius. His idea is to place an ordinary phonograph that has been fixed to play waltz music in a knapsack that can be carried on a man's back. The phonograph has two sets of receivers to be placed at the ears. These receivers are fitted into an arrangement so that they can be retained at the ears without being held by the hands.

The phonographic knapsack has been designed for use at dances. The young men carry them on their backs. In beginning a waltz a man places one set of the receivers at his own ears and the other at the ears of his fair partner. By pulling a cord dangling from the phonographic knapsack the machine is set in motion and a waltz is played to which the young man and his partner merrily dance. The invention will do away with orchestras and tin-sounding pianos, each male guest furnishing music for himself and his partner.

Music to One's Liking.

The invention will be hailed with delight by dancers. Now, instead of 60 or 70 couples dancing to a waltz which only four or five people in the whole ballroom especially like, each pair of dancers can consult their individual preferences in the matter. Some dancers will be stepping gayly to the merry notes of "The Duchess of Central Park," while others will trip to the music of "Rufus on Parode," and dignified, elderly couples will revolve stiffly by to the ancient air of "The Beautiful Blue Danube."

Young people can romp around with the merry notes of the "Caddies' Two-Step" ringing in their ears, and the young man who wishes to properly prepare the mind of his partner for what he is going to say to her a few minutes later in the conservatory can have his phonograph play "Call Me Thine Own" and "Only You" and other stuff of that nature.

The society novel of the day when the phonograph knapsack has driven out the form of music now used at balls will probably contain paragraphs like this:

"Will you waltz with me, Miss von Bulow?" Percy De Styvesant bent low.

Miss von Bulow's voice grew firm.

"No, Mr. De Styvesant," she answered, "I cannot."

Requires Explanation.

Mr. De Styvesant's face grew almost white. "And why, Miss von Bulow," he asked, "why, may I ask, do you refuse to dance with me when all the evening you have been dancing with Reginald Rogers and Harold Pymm and Augustus Doolittle? Yet you refuse to dance with me. Why, Miss von Bulow, may I ask, why this invidious distinction? Do you dislike me?"

"Mr. De Styvesant," answered Miss von Bulow, "I do not dislike you. But if you must know the truth, pour phonograph knapsack needs oiling badly, and, besides, it does not play the 'Mosquito Two-Step,' and the last time I danced with you it jumped a cog and changed from that beautiful waltz refrain, 'Dreaming,' to that hateful old coon thing, 'When I Walk This Levee 'Round.' I don't care to waltz with you, Mr. De Styvesant, until you get another phonographic knapsack."

Mr. De Styvesant sighed and went away. A few minutes later a sound was heard in the cloakroom as of a man breaking up a phonographic knapsack with an ax.—Chicago Tribune.

A Natural Suggestion.

Boys in China may be shut up in the woodshed to learn to read the ten thousand books of Confucius backward, but there is no "higher education" for Chinese girls. With them nature has her say.

A young husband took a friend home unexpectedly. There was no tea in the house, and a servant was sent to borrow some. The little wife arranged the tea table and put the water to boil. Very soon it boiled, and it became necessary to pour in cold water. This happened several times. The tea kettle finally overflowed, and no tea had come. Then the wife said:

"As we don't seem likely to have any tea, you had better offer your friend a bath."—Youth's Companion.

Rubinstein's Loquatious Friend.

Though fond of stories, and an excellent raconteur himself, Rubinstein was rather taciturn. Once, it is reported, a Scotch friend of his, whom he liked, went home with him one night after a concert at Glasgow.

Both sat down to tea and cigarettes, and as midnight struck they had not yet exchanged a word. Finally the guest risked a bold and novel query: "Do you like Beethoven?"

Rubinstein emptied his cup and said, softly, "Beethoven good."

Half an hour later came another question.

"And how do you like Wagner?"

To which Rubinstein, throwing away a cigarette, "Wagner—not good."

Having exhausted his stock of inquisitiveness, the Scotch friend of the Russian pianist got up to bid his host a pleasant rest.

"Stay yet, my friend," said Rubinstein; "I like your conversation very much."

And both remained still drinking tea and smoking cigarettes in profound silence until 3 A. M. struck, when they wished one another good night and parted.—Exchange.

TRIFLING WITH DIGNITY.

Irreverent Limb of Law Springs an Awful Conundrum.

The lawyer who evidently considers life one huge, continuous joke entered the clerk's office at the City Hall yesterday with an expression of extreme radiance overspreading his countenance. The clerks and others having business in the office at the time ceased their several pursuits. Experience had taught them that the aforesaid lawyer would say something of an entertaining character.

"Gather 'round, boys," he said. "I have a dandy for you this morning. It's the best, so far, of the year 1901."

The speaker paused. The others silently waited for what was coming.

"Now, listen carefully," resumed the lawyer, "and note the beauty of the connection between the three sections of this little conundrum. Here it is: 'If the postmaster should visit the zoo, and while there be eaten by the wild animals, what o'clock would it be?'"

There was another pause. Finally the clerk in charge of the dockets ventured the answer: "It would be all day with the postmaster."

"Wrong, entirely wrong," commented the lawyer. "I didn't ask what time; I asked what o'clock it would be."

A third pause. Then by general consent the answer was requested. The lawyer gayly announced:

"Ate P. M."

Before the gathering had recovered the lawyer had flitted from the room and was headed for the Court of Appeals, to try the postmaster-zoo-wild-animals conundrum on the higher tribunal.—Washington Star.

Still There Was a Profit.

"And now, doctor," said the patient, as he prepared to depart with the mixture, the lotion and the pills, "what have I to pay?"

"Oh, say 7s 6d," replied the doctor.

"Make it even, doctor."

"Well, well, we won't quarrel about trifles."

The patient laid a sixpence on the table and, with a polite "Good morning," was making for the door, when the doctor called after him:

"Tut, tut, what's this?"

"It's all right, doctor," blandly replied the patient. "You said you would make it even, and everyone knows that six is even and seven odd."

"Get you gone, you scoundrel!" roared the irate medical man. "I've made fourpence out of you, after all!"—Exchange.

Dot Knew What Day It Was.

Little Dot's parents had rather hard work teaching her the names of the days of the week, and used to repeat the old rhyme, "Solomon Grundy was born on Sunday," to facilitate the work.

Finally the little girl learned the verse and was able to repeat it when called upon to "show off." Then a few questions followed, and proved that the second part of the lesson was more difficult.

"Now," said her father, "what day was yesterday?"

"Sunday," came the quick response.

"What day is today?"

"Monday, I guess," but assurance was lacking.

"Then what day is tomorraw?"

But here Dot was positive. "Wash day!" she replied, triumphantly.—New York Mail and Express.

ILLUSTRATED TITLE "THE FAST MALE (MAIL)."

HE WON HER, AFTER ALL

But It Was Not the Intent of the Automobile, Which Behaved in Most Disgusting Way.

At 2 o'clock Harry arrived with it. He had selected a very plain pattern, fitted with two seats, each of which would hold two persons, including the driver. The old gentleman examined everything critically and listened to Harry's lecture upon the mechanical features with many non-committal grunts.

"And it will never run away with you," concluded the young man, with confidence.

The eye of Mr. Graves brightened hopefully. "These runaways are dreadful things," he admitted. "I have often said that Old Stager would some day run away with me."

The horse had been known to go to sleep while being cautiously driven up Fifth avenue by his aged owner, nevertheless, Esther chimed in with enthusiasm, shamelessly picturing Old Stager dashing madly through crowded thoroughfares, crashing through plate-glass windows and strewing havoc wherever he went. Harry grew crimson listening to her; his business was selling automobiles, and they were taking desperate chances to gain parental favor.

Mr. Graves seemed to be impressed. He climbed in. The young people sat alone on the front seat, where they could compare notes secretly.

Papa Gets Impatient.

Similar vehicles were passing them with ease. "Why don't you let it go?" demanded Mr. Graves impatiently.

Harry complied, with his tongue in his cheek, while Esther nudged with joy. They let the vehicle go wild, and in the park Harry gave illustrations of his absolute power over the mechanism by bursts of speed, abruptly checked by queer turns and serpentine plunges.

"I'll buy it," declared the old gentleman.

He was converted. The covert signals of the young people waxed hilarious. Not until they were running home did they know the meaning of despair. Entering Gramercy Square, the automobile solemnly and mysteriously rolled past the Graves house, and could not be stopped.

"What is the matter, Harry?"—this from Esther, in alarm.

"Hush."

"But"—

"We will pretend to ride around the square, if he doesn't say anything. He doesn't know it yet."

"Know what?"

"It's running away."

"Running away—why, Harry!"—her eyes bulging. "It's going faster!"

"I know it."

"Can't you stop it somehow?"

"If I had an ax." He smothered some profanity.

Erratic Gyrations.

They turned the corners going like a comet. A policeman shook his mace. A small boy yelled. Some ladies stared. In desperation Harry reversed the current, and the machine sped backward with a bewildering sweep, and then sped forward again just in time to escape the lumbering bulk of a moving van.

"Apparently it will do anything but stand still!" gasped Esther.

"The thing will stop when the current is exhausted," said Harry.

"When will that be?"

"These go several hundred miles!" he wailed. "We can dine en passant from the curb, in the meantime, if anybody thinks of it!"

"Does it always do this?"

"Not always," he groaned. "Only when a fellow wants to be something and win the woman he loves."

Their motion now was steadily back and forth, like a shuttle. Humiliating advice was yelled to them by grinning strangers and many acquaintances seen in the neighborhood smiled maliciously.

Suddenly something snapped inside the motor and the impossible machine miraculously stopped at Esther's very door, and there remained.

Had Been Asleep.

Harry helped her father from the vehicle after Esther had fled. The old gentleman, frowning, noted her absence.

"Pardon me, young man," said he, strangely benignant, and as though wishing to touch a delicate subject lightly, "If I find Esther really cares for you—um, well, I have nothing to say." He yawned again. "Dear me, I've been asleep," he explained.

A few weeks later occurred the wedding—and those who knew attended in horseless vehicles.—New York Herald.

Wanted Payment in Advance.

A young man who is an omniverous reader of the comic papers and who labors under the impression that he is exceedingly funny, went into a restaurant in Madison street last week accompanied by two young women. The waiter bustled around and brought them water and napkins, and then cocked his head to take the order.

The young man, who knew that his friends were expecting him to do something unusually bright, scanned the bill of fare card for a moment, and then said, "Waiter!"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring us three orders of pickled giraffes' tongues with cheedle chow salad."

The young women laughed, and one of them playfully tapped him on the shoulder. "Oh, Fred," she said, "you're just awful."

The waiter stood quietly looking expectantly at the young man.

"Well, hurry up," said the bright youth, "What are you standing there for, waiter? Can't you fill that order?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the waiter. "But we have to get the money in advance for the pickled giraffe's tongue. The three orders will cost $4 50, sir, and cheedle chow salad will be $63, sir. Will you make out a check, sir?"—Chicago Tribune.

That Settled It.

When they went into the hotel he was determined to do nothing to betray the fact that they were newly married. He took up the pen, for his first registration under the new conditions, and with an old married man look and sweep of indifference, wrote, "Mr. and Mrs. Mary Thompkins."

"Will you have the bridal chamber, Mr. Thompkins?" asked the clerk.—New York Herald.

POEMS WORTH READING

Fish Lines.

A fish sat him down with a blink to think,
And dipped his fin thoughtfully into the ink;
Then finned this short note:
"Dear Tommy," he wrote,
"In response to your line of the other day
I hasten to thank you without delay.
But, had not that squirming, delicious young worm
Shown a set in his curves too suspiciously firm,
I might not be here
To write you, my dear
(What you may not believe, 'tis so monstrously queer),
That the wriggler you sent
With most kindly intent
Had swallowed a pin that was frightfully bent!

"You see—if I'd greedily taken a bite,
The pain and the shock would have finished me quite;
So, the next time you send,
My juvenile friend,
Just mark if the worm has a natural bend
Ere you dangle him temptingly down here to be
The death of some innocent young thing like me."
And he grinned as he used some dry sand for a blotter
(Ink dries rather slowly, you know, under water),
Then signed it in haste
And sealed it with paste.

It was growing quite dark and he'd no time to waste,
So he posted it slyly, without wasting more,
On the crest of a ripple that ran toward shore;
Then, shaking his scales in a satisfied glow,
All shining and shimmering, sank down below,
Where he soon fell asleep
In an oyster bed deep,
With the green sheets of water his slumber to keep.

—Jessica H. Lowell in St. Nicholas.

In Her Waterproof.

In gossamer, she trips along,
One of the city's motley throng,
Now beating time to raindrops' song,
In her waterproof!

Just like a cloud, she floateth on,
In blue or gray or black, while sun
Doth no more shine, the sky doth shun
In her waterproof!

She doth not mind the storm, not she,
This rosy maiden in her glee
Sees jewels sparkling from each tree,
In her waterproof!

She's bright as any April flower,
The rain is but a silv'ry dower,
And all the world is one fair bower,
In her waterproof!

She dreameth of tomorrow's rose,
For beauty, bloom from each drop flows,
To maiden brave who onward goes,
In her waterproof!

She thinks of ships that sail away,
For winds and waters seem to play,
She calleth this a gala day,
In her waterproof!

She's happy when the sun comes out,
Dispersing clouds of gray en route,
Doth o'er bright tints of rainbow shout,
In her waterproof!

—Ella M. Truesdell, in Boston Courier.

The Rhymester's Sad Fate.

The poet sat up in his dingy den
With his paper and pencil and pad and pen;
And his brain was whirling
And swirling—
And he was tearing,
Despairing
And swearing;
His pencil was lazy
And crazy
And dazy
And mazy—
And he was tired,
Cross-wired
And mired
So all-fired
Inspired!
He cried out loud, in the midst of his crime:
"Odds—dobs—and—be—gobkins, I can't find a rhyme!"

It chanced that of oranges he had to write,
And he worked like a son-of-a-gun through the night,
For "orange" rhyme hustling
And rustling.
He thought of millions
And billions
And trillions
Of rhymes to apple
And snapple
And dapple
And grapple.
He knew banana
Rhymed manna,
Montana,
Mariana
And Anna—
But he went to a suicide's death over "orange"—
Now somewhere his wild aspirations have more range.

—Denver Times.

Preacher Who Caught On.

He preached about the pleasure
That there is in doing good;
He held the Scriptures sacred,
And he did the best he could;
He consoled the weeping widow
And he dried the orphan's tear,
He made his sermons scholarly,
But few turned out to hear.

He preached about the danger
That there is in doing wrong,
He held that being righteous
Goes for more than being strong;
He preached that men should follow
The Lord's teachings day by day,
And presently he noticed
That the people stayed away.

He bought a magic lantern
And some slides to fit the same,
And announced that he thereafter
Would be right up with the game;
He studied slang instead of
Poring over ancient lore,
And the crowds ere long began to have
To line up at the door.

He ceased to warn his hearers
That they ought to change their ways;
He ceased to preach the gospel,
And he studied to amaze—
He says they're coming easy,
He's as cocky as can be—
They've given him a finer house
And raised his salary.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Little Coat.

Here's his ragged "roundabout,"
Turn the pockets inside out;
See: his penknife, lost to use,
Rusted shut with apple juice;
Here, with marbles, top and string,
Is his deadly "devil-sling,"
With its rubber limp at last
As the sparrows of the past!
Beeswax—buckles—leather straps—
Bullets, and a box of caps—
Not a thing at all, I guess,
But betrays some waywardness—
E'en these tickets, blue and red,
For the Bible verses said—
Such as this his memory kept—
"Jesus wept."

Here's a fishing hook and line,
Tangled up with wire and twine,
And dead angle worms, and some
Slugs of lead and chewing gum.
. . . . . .
Here's some powder in a quill,
Corked up with a liver pill;
And a spongy little chunk
Of punk!

Here's the little coat, but, oh!
Where is he we've censured so?
Don't you hear us calling, dear?
Back! come back and never fear—
You may wander where you will,
Over orchard, field and hill;
You may kill the birds, or do
Anything that pleases you!
Ah, this empty coat of his!
Every tatter worth a kiss;
Every stain as pure instead
As the white stars overhead;
And the pockets—homes were they
Of the little hands that play
Now no more—but, absent, thus
Beckon us.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Say, Don't You?

Vot do dose shmall poys vhisper aboud
Vot are dey smiling at?
Und vy are dey drying dose shnowballs to hide,
From der fellar vot valks mit an innocent shtride,
Vearing a shtove-pipe hat?

Vot do dose shmall poys vhisper aboud?
Vot is id makes dem grin?
As a tog gomes near mit a tail ov goot size,
Each pulls a string from his bocket und ties
It on to a can ov tin?

Vot do dose shmall poys vhisper aboud?
Vot makes dem laff; do you know?
As der teacher gomes in mit a yentle grin,
Und sits on a chair mit a tack und a pin
Shtanding up in a row?

Vot do dose shmall poys vhisper aboud?
And vot makes dem hurry so kwick?
As dey shneak along by dot oldt proken fence,
Vere dot plack cat is drying to shteal all dez hence,
Und vy does each carry a brick?

Dose vhispers und gickles it don'd seem too long
Dot ve granpops don dot ding, too,
Und dough ve are feeble and age turned us gray,
Ven us shmall poys vhispered seems but yesterday,
I vish dot it vos. Don'd you?

—F. P. Pitser, in New York Herald.

The Favorite.

If I were a ruby-red King, my own,
Set on a dais in ermine of state,
With masks of gay faces sown thick by my throne,
Fair throats lifting song to me early and late—
Which would you choose to be—little glad girl
That brought me my wine cup, that fanned me to drowse,
Or the paler, proud Queen, with her scepter and pearl,
With her far-weary eyes and her even, sweet brows?

For if I were a ruby-red King, my dear,
Be it of kingdom wine-weathered or bleak,
'Twould be never pale Queen that my dreams would call near,
That had never a deeper ripe red on her cheek!
But the little glad girl that had handled my cup,
As she waved the wide peacock plumes over my rest,
Would see still lips smiling, tired lids waver up,
As I caught her and drew her close down to my breast!

—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

His Tale of Woe.

They're adding to the price of ice,
Lady, my lady;
They're charging more for starch and rice,
Lady, my lady;
The price of coal is soaring too;
The girls want more for what they do,
And I fear I'll have to break with you,
Lady, my lady.
The rents are going up, alas!
Lady, my lady;
They'll soon be charging more for gas,
Lady, my lady;
Not having money by the cord,
A little home I can't afford,
And I guess I'll keep on paying board,
Lady, my lady.
They're pushing up the price of meat,
Lady, my lady;
They're charging more for sugar, sweet,
Lady, my lady;
And pretty soon the rich alone
May sit at tables of their own—
Farewell! My fondest hope is flown,
Lady, my lady.

—Unidentified Exchange.

The Under Dog.

Can't help simpythizin' with
Feller who is down;
Ruther jes' giv' him a hand,
'N to kick er frown.

Allus help th' under dog,
Cuz he's lost th' bone;
Help him cuz he'll fight th' hull
Snappin' pack alone.

Hain't hard fer th' feller who
Sets on top th' pile,
Jes' t' look contented an'
Wear a happy smile.

Feller who can fight like sin
When he's lost all heart
Is the feller who deserves
Havin' one more start.

Allus help th' man that's down,
All erlong life's jog;
You'd be wantin' help ef you
Wuz th' under dog.

—Newton Newkirk in Ohio State Journal.

Religion.

From out our darkness, wrong and agony,
O Being Infinite,
With humble hearts, we lift our hands to Thee
And pray to Thee for light;
We feel, through all our infidelity,
There is eternal right.

We feel, above our selfishness and crime,
The mists that cloud our eyes,
That, like an everlasting sun sublime,
Thou shinest in the skies;
And, glimpsing that veiled glory, we would climb
To some sweet paradise.

Despite our creed and sensuality,
Our selfishness and strife;
Despite our narrowness and bigotry,
Our inmost souls are rife
With glimpses of the truth divine, that we
Shall gain eternal life.

We are material, and swelled with pride;
Our wayward feet are set
In paths of blood; Thy truths we have denied;
Thy precepts we forget;
But, although for the moment turned aside,
Lord, spare Thy people yet.

We stretch imploring hands to Thee for light,
Oh! hear us while we pray,
Conduct us back unto the paths of right,
The ever-upward way;
And lead us from our gropings through the night
Unto the Better Day.

—Denver News.

At the Play.

The play is on. They sit.
She sees the stage
And watches every action there portrayed.
He sees but her, and seeing her sees all—
Her face a page
Whereon the play is scriven, bit by bit;
He reads, and when she smiles, unconscious maid,
His lips into the mold of hers do fall.

Love loses; on her cheek
There shines a pearl.
Love triumphs; in her eyes there sits a song.
Dreams he: If imitation claim a tear,
Then, tend'rest girl,
What, what would passion claim?—nay, fool and weak,
You want not tears and pity, but you long
To make the love light in those eyes appear!

Below them, pipe of wood
And resined string
All vibrate softly, whispering of hope;
Then as his heart beats higher with the thought
Of reigning king,
Burst into strains of triumph. Leap, O blood!
. . . . . .
The curtain's down. Lights up! The play is o'er.
She signs; he signs; and romance is no more.

—Scribner's Magazine.

After the Ball.

After the ball is over—
The hedge just across the way,
After you've searched an hour
(For that's the fifth one that day),
Many a man has spoken
Words he'd fain recall
When on the links he's been searching—
After the ball!

—London Fun.