

FUNNY THINGS IN PROSE



Sampson Gives His Account of It.

Confides His Grievances Over Santiago to the Interviewer.

performed mit his varshib? respond der Admiral. "You been a correctness in der vords vich you speak mit your lankvich. I set, "Der loob der loob vich he performed has now been accepted as vun of America's leading pastime pleasanterations. "But eggespation to me, Admiral. I concluded, "dit, your accomplishment some favors vor der navy department dot they should stant together on your back ven id iss your bravery has been questioned?"

Samson's Exploits. "Tell me, you oilt var horse," I set, "vot numeration of Sbanards dit you shoot mit your navy shodgun?" "Nonsensical, Heiney," set der Admiral. "Id was underneath my dickenedy to indulche in dot vor vich der common seamen been paid. As der ranking official dit I nod arrifal mit my appearance in dime to captivation Admiral Cervera as he swimmid about in der dark vet water?"

GETS THE GLASSY EYE. "Kin you give me a dime? I ain't had a 'ting to eat fer two days." "Make it thirty-eight days more and get a big salary as star freak in a dime museum."

POEMS WORTH READING. Old Grimes. Old Grimes is dead, that good old man - We never shall see him more; He used to wear a long black coat All bottomed down before.

The Garden by the Roadside. A sweet, old-fashioned garden-by the dusty road it grew. With its shade nodding in the sun; And poppies dressed in scarlet bending o'er forget-me-nots.

The Rejected Manuscript. O oft-rejected manuscript! O bluest of all my rhymes Thy soaring wings a score of times The editorial shears have clipped.

Not Down On the Bill. Mr. Bull Had His Inning in This Particular Bull Fight. In the quaint old Mexican City of Juarez, just across the Rio Grande from El Paso, there was to be a bullfight in the amphitheater, almost in the shadow of the great cathedral.

rather Too Much for His Ma. If This Lad Keeps On, He'll Make His Mark in the World. There is a bright youngster uptown who, if he "keeps his health," probably will be heard from in the future. He is not a good boy, and has not yet been able to establish a reputation for truthfulness; but then he is only seven years old.

GOT HIM AT LAST. "Cabby" Played His Final Card With Great Eclat. "I like perseverance in a man, even in a hackman," said Mr. Peterson. "And there is one particular jehu doing business in Washington who possesses that quality in the superlative degree.

RESTAURANT PHRASE-"MEDIUM BOILED." "By George, I've hit it now! I'll try him just once more!" And then running around in front of me again, he spelled out of his fingers, in the deaf and dumb alphabet, with which I chanced to be familiar, "Deaf and Dumb Assium? Take you right to the door for a quarter!"

HAD WRONG FIG BY EAR. And It Got Him Into a Mighty Bad Fix With His Landlord. A young editor went to his new apartment, and was cordially greeted by the landlady. She said frankly to him, "I will tell you, sir, that my husband is a worthless fellow. I have to support him, and he sometimes comes home very late, drunk. There is no other objection to the house."

Fun for Everybody. Yells and cheers floated over the amphitheater from the press masses around; they thought it was all a part of the show. The clubs were whacked on the seats and against the barriers, as their owners excitedly leaned over, and their shouts arose above the cries of the men in the center of the arena, and the bull, the Americans were convulsed.

No Apology Necessary. When the managers came around and expressed their sorrow that the very distinguished and distinguished singers had come far to get a miserable failure, the spokesman, with as grave a face as he could assume, declared that the Americans had been vastly amused and all of the other Americans politely and gravely assented.

Water Lily. The Star looked down, and on the lake afar. Thought his reflection was another star. Its glowing beauty won his instant love, And turned him from bright fellowship above. A leap of light—a dash upon the lake! The fallen Star too late knew his mistake.

The Eyes of Love. Sweetheart, the love for thee my spirit hurls, Like fabled Venus, two proud faces wears; Toward happy vanished hours and sweet dawn days Memory turns backward with a loving gaze; While forward to the joys we yet shall know, Anticipation looks with eyes aglow.



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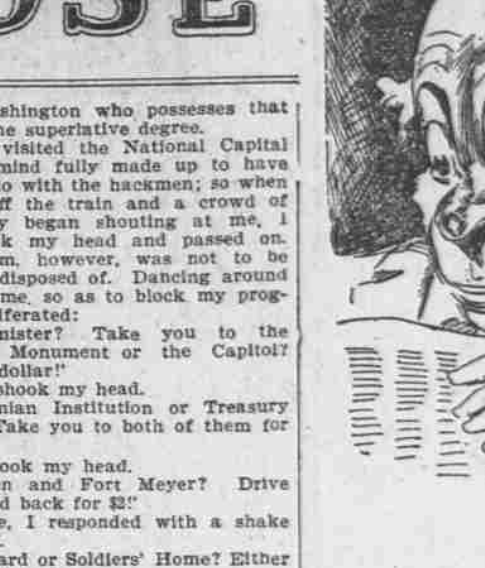
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