

With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING.

We follow, all of us, one flag.
It symbolizes our purposes and
our aspirations; it represents
what we believe and what we
mean to maintain, and where-
ver it floats, it is the flag of the
free and the hope of the oppres-
sed, and wherever and when-
ever it is assailed, at any sacri-
fice it will be carried to a tri-
umphant peace.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Rhyme Of The Dream Maker Man.
Down near the end of a wandering
lane,
That runs 'round the cares of the
day,
Where Conscience and Memory meet
and explain
Their quaint little quarrels away,
A misty air castle sits back in the
dusk
Where brownies and hobgoblins
dwell
And this is the home
Of a busy old gnome
Who is making up dream things to
sell
My dear,
The daintiest dream things to sell.

He makes golden dreams out of wick-
ed men's sighs.
He weaves on the thread of a hope
The airiest fancies of pretty blue
eyes,
And patterns his work with a trope
The breath of a rose and the blush of
a wish
Boiled down to the ghost of a bliss
He wraps in a smile
Every once in a while
And calls it the dream of a kiss,
Dear heart,
The dream of an unborn kiss.

Last night when I walked through
the portals of sleep,
And came to the weird little den,
I looked in the place where the elf-
man should keep
A dream that I buy now and then.
'Tis only the sweet, happy dream of
a day—
Yet one that I wish may come
true—
But I learned from the elf
That you'd been there yourself,
And he'd given my dream to you,
Sweetheart,
He'd given our dream to you.
—Selected.

Most things will come your way
if you go after them.

Most people have too much of one
thing and too little of another.

"A poor man's chances for becom-
ing rich," declared John Coke, "are
as good as they ever were."
"Yes," grunted Goss, "just about."

"Whom does the baby resemble?"
remarked an old friend of Arthur
McKeown the other day and before
Arthur could reply John Goss butted
in with the remark, "It's yell takes
after its father's college."

She—Darling, would you lay down
your life for me?
He—Gladly, dearest.
She—Then suppose you start right
in by breaking the news of our en-
gagement to father.

A little boy of eight years, attend-
ing school away from home, wrote a
letter to his sister, from which the
following extract is taken:
"We had a spelling match in school
today, and I spelled all the boys
down and won the Meddle."

A Dover (Oklahoma) man sent a
shirt to the laundry and by mistake a
woman's nightie was returned to him.
He looked her up, mingled his
blushes with hers while exchanging
the goods, and later married her.
How's that for a romantic shirt tale
in society circles?—Western Pub-
lisher.

Captain Magenn of the Breakwater
told a group of passengers on a re-
cent voyage that a sailor's life was a
hard one.
"It is not so hard as it used to be
before the coming of steam," he said,
but it is still fearfully hard for all
that. In fact, I never heard of but
one man who had a decent excuse for
going to sea."

ner's corner of the Millcoma when
McKee remarked that it was too bad
that he was suffering from an incur-
able disease. "No," said Harry
Skinner, "I didn't know that. What
is the matter with him?" "He suffers
from curvature of the stein," McKee
replied.

While great men and others are
making more history
By means of the usual secrets and
mystery,
The plain humble householder gets
his hands blistry
By chopping the wood for the fire

While all through the startled
night sounds the ringing
Of harmony grand as the chorus is
singing,
The plain, humble householder still
is by-jingling!—
He can't get the baby to sleep.

Oh, work of the world that's so great
in the viewing,
From art down to politics, via some
brewing,
Oh, think not that you are the only
thing doing—
There's a whole lot of chores right
at home.

"Ah, the stars!" she murmured.
"The beautiful, beautiful stars!"
He coughed as one who would say
"Yes, yes; but don't forget me."
"The beautiful, beautiful stars!"
she murmured. "O, the beautiful
stars! Let's sit on the steps a few
minutes before I go in."

She sat down forthwith and he
beside her—very close—and in his
manner a subtle declaration, "It was
I who took you to the show, and not
the stars!"
She laid her opera glasses in her
lap, clasped her hands, rested her
elbows on her knees and her chin on
her interlaced fingers and looked up,
up at the stars. He moved a little
closer.

Mr. Scrabblegrass!" she cried,
"Stop."
"Stop what?" he asked.
"You know what," she answered.
"You know very well!"
And as she looked up at the stars
again he gazed at her reproachfully,
almost indignantly, with a look that
said, "Didn't I take you to the
show?"

"Ah, the stars!" she murmured.
He made a disconsolate sound and
sat away.
"Twinkling!" she murmured.
"Twinkling—"
He made another disconsolate
sound, louder in volume than the
first, and sat still further away.

"Mr. Scrabblegrass!" she implored,
looking pleadingly around at him,
"Please!"
"Please do not let us end a splen-
did evening by spoiling it like this!"
"What have I done?" he grum-
bled. "I haven't been doing any-
thing, have I?"
"Please, Mr. Scrabblegrass! For
my sake! There are better, higher,
nobler things, you know. Don't let's
be silly, but let us look at the stars,"
she whispered. "The wonderful,
wonderful stars!"

He put his hands upon his knees
and together they looked at the
stars; she with an expression of ec-
stasy, and he with a dark and moody
look.
"The stars—!" she whispered.
But as for him, he simply sat there
and looked like one of the family pets
when another of the family pets is
being fed.

"There is Mercury?" she whisp-
ered. "See? Over there?"
She pointed, but he made no sign.
"Do you see it?" she asked.
"No," he muttered.
"Right where I'm pointing!" she
cried.

"Over that brick chimney?" he de-
manded.
"No, no. Come and look!"
He moved over and was placing
his head against her shoulder to
squint along the line of her out-
stretched arm, when he suddenly
drew back.

"Ho," he laughed bitterly; "I for-
got."
"I don't mind, Mr. Scrabblegrass,
she earnestly assured him. "It isn't
as if—it's just in the interest of sci-
ence, you know."

The Plot Begins.
He placed his head against her
shoulder again and looked at Mer-
cury. He was still so employed when
his eyes fell upon her opera glasses
as they lay in her lap.
"Did you ever see the rings around
Mercury?" he asked.
"No," she cried. "Did you?"
"Once—through a pair of opera
glasses. If we only had a pair—"
"Why, Mr. Scrabblegrass," she
cried, in suppressed excitement,
"here are mine."
He placed them to his eyes and

instantly a great sigh of pleasure and
satisfaction smote the listening air
of night.

"Can you see them?" she cried.
"Can you really see them, Mr. Scrab-
blegrass?"

"Oh, beautiful!" he exclaimed.
"Beautiful! Here!"
She took the glasses with pretty
little noises of anticipation, which
faded away and gradually died.

"See them?" he asked.
"Why, no," she lamented.
"You're not looking in the right
place." He moved the glasses slight-
ly. "See them now?"

"No-o-o-o."
He took the glasses and looked
himself, and another cry of rapture
awoke the sleeping echoes.

"You don't look in the right
place," he scolded her. "Here, we'll
both look through at once. You
close your right eye and I'll shut my
left—and—now—"

She brought her rosy little face
very, very near.
"I can't see anything," she com-
plained.

"You aren't close enough," he
scolded her. "You aren't close
enough. Now!"

"I—I think I see—!" she
breathed.
And after they had sat there a
long time—just in the interest of
science—an astronomical voice sud-
denly exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Scrabblegrass!"
Swapping compliments is a good
deal like swapping green goods.

Our follies give the doctors a
chance to make experiments at our
expense.

The wife of a shiftless man always
has an excuse for him. He means
well.

Occasionally the world loves a
lover, but more often it sympathizes
with him.

Advice as to how to get rich is
about as cheap and profitless as the
other kind of advice.

POET'S CORNER.

Mary's Cart.
Mary had a horseless cart,
Run by gasoline, you know;
And everywhere that Mary went
That smell was sure to go.

She headed it for school one day—
Her mother said she must;
But why was Mary an hour late?
Alas, a tire burst!

W. M. LAWLOR.
"Oh, I can't thread this needle, ma."
Was little Susie's cry;
"Just as the thread is going through,
The needle winks its eye."
IMPATIENT.

If an S and an I and an O and a U,
With an X at the end spell Su,
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray what is a speller to do?

Then if also an S and an I and a G
And a H E D spell side,
There's nothing much left for a spell-
er to do
But go commit slouxyesighed!
ED. KAMMERER.

Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the
fiddle;
The cow jumped over the sky
I mean that she tried but the poor
brute shied
As a flying machine passed by.
FRANK PARSONS.

We may live without poetry, music
and art,
We may live without conscience and
live without heart
We may live without friends, we may
live without fads;
But business today cannot live with-
out ads.
GEO. GOODRUM.

I am sitting in the gloaming
And there's twilight in the air
I am sitting in the gloaming—
But I'd rather have a chair.
JACK FLANAGAN.

"Such stupidity!" said old Hippo,
"is enough to make one holler;
I just had to laugh
When the spotted giraffe
Said he'd loan me his high linen
collar."
W. F. MCKEE

"What is a cannibal, pa?"
Asked little Harry Dann.
"A cannibal is one, m' boy,
Who loves his fellow man."
GEO. E. DIX.

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