

## Verses Grave and Gay in Tone

**Why She Chose Him.**  
She chose him of all the crowd  
Of men that came and went;  
His voice was low, his tie was loud,  
But she was well content.

The first man's education was  
Perhaps more finished—and  
Another's manners gave her cause  
As being much more grand.

Another's garments fitted him;  
Another's hair was curly;  
Another's name was "Arthur"—Jim  
Was chosen by this girlie.

And not for wealth and not for love  
Was Jim by Mabel chosen—  
But that he was the one man of  
The whole lot that proposed!  
—Boston Traveler.

**Why Cats Go Wrong.**  
The melancholy days are come,  
The saddest of the year,  
Of houses closed and doorbells dumb  
And windows dark and drear.

Now Dives to his country seat  
Has hied himself away,  
And Tabby turned into the street  
Must shift as best she may.

No more the cushion soft as silk,  
The catnip ball no more;  
No more the saucer full of milk  
Behind the pantry door.

Nor shall she break her fast to prey  
Upon the lean church mouse;  
The good Lord, too, has gone away  
And closed his city house.

(Myself when young once showed my  
face  
Therein, when, huge and shrill  
The sexton came—"I feel the place  
In frosty weather still.")

When Dives hies him back once more  
To his town house, oh, shame!  
Tabby will greet him at the door,  
But not—no, not the same.

**The Ubiquitous Girl.**  
There's pretty girls in every port  
That fronts upon the foam,  
For I've made love in Labrador,  
In Cairo and in Rome,  
I've kissed the girls of London Town  
And sweet to kiss were they.  
But Burmah girls are just as sweet  
And 'Frisco girls are gay!

There's always eyes to sparkle bright  
And hearts a-boating warm,  
There's lips the man who's bold may  
kiss,  
And waists to fill an arm;  
The maids are fair in Argentine

And dainty in Japan,  
There's girls to love in all the world  
If you're a proper man.

And who's the fairest of the fair?  
Well, hang me if I know!  
Sometimes I think she lives in Franco  
Sometimes in Callao;  
But take 'em north and take 'em south,  
And take 'em east and west,  
Of all the girls in all the world  
The last one is the best.

**Thankfulness.**  
Imprisoned bird, how canst thou sing  
As if 'twas early morn  
And from the blue o'er sparkling fields  
Thy song was born!

Thy world is now a little cage  
Hung on a dusty street,  
And with the sound of heavy wheels  
Thy strains compete.

Ah, if thou canst from just the rays  
That on thy prison fall  
Find and float forth thy happiness  
So may we all!

So may we all for little things  
Pour out our hearts in praise  
And in the sun of what we have  
Find singing days.

**Butting In.**  
While walking down the street one day  
I heard a damsel squeal.  
I tried to stop the runaway  
And spoiled a lengthy reel.

I saw a brutal fellow shove  
A child beneath a van,  
I saved her, to the horror of  
The moving picture man.

At every turn you may invade  
The moving picture realm.  
Let others play the hero's trade;  
Don't butt into a film.

**Before and After.**  
When Bessie was a bashful maid  
And turned her back on me,  
I only had to rest myself  
Till she turned back, you see.

But now when Bessie turns her back,  
My exercise begins—  
She wants her shirtwaist "buttoned  
up"  
With forty hooks and pins.

"And don't forget the collarette,  
The sides must not be slack—  
The lace must not be puckered up"  
When Bessie turns her back.

## Stories at Which You Will Smile

**YOU** are to go up to O'Brien's farm," said the doctor, "get up and go to bed with the birds, mow and pitch the hay, shuck the corn, and all that sort of thing. And you'll cut out the booze, absolutely, and—"

"Oh, yes," said the patient wearily, "I expected that."  
"And one cigar a day."  
"Oh, doc—not that!"  
"One cigar a day," reiterated the doctor inexorably.

"Oh, very well."  
Six months later the patient returned for report.

"Well, how did you like it?"  
"Fine business, doctor. I'm fit as a fiddle. Me for that early to bed and early to rise thing. It's great."  
"Liked it all, oh?"

"Everything but the one cigar a day. That pretty nearly killed me."  
"The tobacco habit—" began the doctor.

"At my age, doctor, it's no joke to take up smoking."

**THE** stage drivers in Yellowstone Park are bothered considerably by the foolish questions asked by their passengers, and often resort to satirical answers. Once a lady tourist who seemed deeply interested in the hot spring inquired:

"Driver, do these springs freeze over in winter?"

"Oh, yes, yes; a lady was skating here last winter and broke through and got her foot scalded."

**A** WOMAN living in an aristocratic section a mile and half from her grocer went to the phone.

"This you, central? Four, five, four, please."

"This you, Mr. M? Please charge and send 10 cents' worth of animal crackers, and pick out the elephants, as the baby is afraid of them."

**THE** maneuvers of the Swiss army were at their height.

A dark figure stole out of the shadow of a cheese bush.

"Who goes there?" asked the sentinel.

"A friend," came the answer.

"Step forward and give the counter-sign."

The dark figure pulled a black bottle from his pocket and gave it to the sentinel. The latter smelled the contents and put the bottle to his lips.

"Pass," he commanded, and the stranger passed within the lines.

The stillness of the grave settled over the Alps.

**A Gentle Hint.**  
"I was speaking with your father last night," said the young man.

"Oh, were you?" answered the sweet young American, lowering her eyes.

"What were you talking about?"

"About the likelihood of war with Mexico. Your father said if there was war he hoped it would be short."

"Oh, yes; I know papa is very much opposed to long engagements."

"She's all the world to me!" he cried, and at his heart did clutch.

"It's quite apparent," I replied,

"You haven't traveled much."

"Why do you continually tell me you were detained downtown on business? I despise a lie."

"Well, I continually tell you your

cooking is good," retorted the husband. "You accept that one all right enough."

### The Popular Fad.

"Well, this will be your son's last year at college and football."

"Yes."  
"Of course you're glad. He'll soon settle down to something practical and useful."

"I'm afraid not."

"Eh?"  
"No. He expects to be a sociologist."

### Not What She Expected.

**H**E WAS a shy young man, but on his way home from the city he managed to screw up his courage sufficiently to enter a jeweler's shop and purchase a small gift for the lady of his heart. This, he hoped, would pave the way to the popping of the great question. That night he called at her house and found her alone. Producing a small square box from his pocket, he said, nervously:

"I have ventured to bring you a small present, Miss Finn, but I am afraid that perhaps it will not fit your finger. Will you try it on?"

"Oh, dear!" said the girl, blushing most becomingly, "this is quite unexpected. Why, I never dream I that you really cared enough—"

Poor fool! Instead of grasping the opportunity in both hands, he opened the box and produced a thimble! Then the thermometer dropped about 10 degrees.

### Sociable Scenery.

**T**HE NEW summer boarder gazed over the picturesque New Hampshire landscape then slowly fading out of sight, and noted the absence of houses.

"It's beautiful! Grand!" said he to the boss farmer, who was standing close by. "But aren't you lonesome—so far from the village and no neighbors?"

"Lonesome?" echoed the farmer, in genuine astonishment. "Why, on a clear day we can see Mt. Washington."

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