A PRINCE AMONG WOMEN

MISS Julia Lathrop, well-known lecturer and resident of Hull House, Chicago, recently closed a lecture tour in Kansas. She had filled an engagement in a small place one evening, and was due in Kansas City for the next.

To reach that city in good time she chose a morning train instead of one several hours later. When she reached the station, however, the driver came back with the information that the morning train was five hours late, and Miss Lathrop was persuaded to return to her friends' home for the wait.

Some four and a half hours later she again appeared at the station. Walking up to the agent she inquired: "Has the train lost any more time?"

"What train?" he inquired nonchalantly.

"The morning train," returned Miss Lathrop.

"Oh," said the agent, "that's gone long ago."

"Gone?" exclaimed Miss Lathrop. "I was told this morning that it was five hours late."

"Ye— s," again drawled the agent, "I heard the hack driver tell that to another lady this mornin' too; but it was on time a'right."

Miss Lathrop's description of her greatest desire at that moment was "for the privileged expressions of man," and she made no strenuous effort to conceal her feelings from the agent. As she waited for the coming of the next train, however, she began to realize the vanity of lost temper, and remarked to the agent as cheerily as possible under the circumstances: "You don't often encounter such cross women, I hope."

The agent smiled, shook his head thoughtfully, and resumed his work.

Presently he passed through the waiting-room, and glancing smilingly at the Chicago lecturer he said, as if the conversation never had been dropped: "But, say, talkin 'bout mean women, why you're a prince among 'em!"

Miss Lathrop has not succeeded yet in figuring out if she received a compliment.

* * *

"Why did she refuse that English Lord?"

"She said she would not marry a man who could not pay alimony."

* * *

A NATURAL INFERENCE

THE class in English literature was slowly and laboriously plodding through "The Merchant of Venice."

When one of the pupils had read with considerable emphasis Jessica's complaint, at the beginning of Act II., Scene III., in which the words "Our house is hell" occur, the teacher closed her book, leaned back in her chair and proceeded to question the class. She wished to make certain that her pupils understood the meaning of what had been read.

"What," she asked, "do you infer from this of the character of Jessica's relations with her father, and of her home life generally?"

Seemingly the class had drawn no inferences; for there was no response. Whereupon the teacher tried again, employing simpler language:

"What kind of a time do you think that Jessica had at home?"

Every eye brightened as one pupil responded: "She had a hot time."

* * *

"His credit is rather weak, isn't it?"

"Yes, too much exercise did it. It is over-trained."

* * *

DOMESTIC SCIENCE AND BIOLOGY

TWO small girls were bragging about the smartness of their respective relatives, and neither was willing to be outdone by the other.

"My father," said Susy, "is the brightest lawyer in town."

"I don't care," retorted Lottie: "my uncle's the best doctor."

"I've got a brother that's in the eighth grade and studies algebra."

"Huh! That's nothing," crowed Lottie, triumphantly. "My sister in the High School takes sarcastic science and bi-gology too."

* * *

"He is rich enough to buy a new auto every month."

"That's nothing. I can keep one in constant repair on my income."

* * *

HIS SAGE PRECAUTION

ONE night, quite a spell ago," said the Old Codger, at a regular session of the Sit and Argue Club, "I slept on my back, and dreamed that a fairy came and gave me a fortune.

"Just before retiring on the following night I tied a towel firmly around my waist, with a hard knot right in the middle of my back. That night I slept on my side; and, next day, when the gold-brick man showed up, I was clear-headed enough to recognize him at sight, and set the dog on him."

CANDIDATE vs. VOTER

By Eben E. Rexford

It is drawin' on to'rds 'lection, an' the pot is jest a bilin',
An' the candidates air thicker than they ever was afore;
An' oh! ain't they glad to see us, all so friendly-like an' smilin'!
Tho' they allus liked the farmers, ev'ry year they like 'em more.

How's the crops, an' how's the childurn? How's the wife, an' how's the neighbors?
They was goin' thru the deestrict an' they couldn't pass us by.
Be'n a thinkin' fer a long spell they'd jest lay off from their labors,
An' come down an' have a picnic 'mong the 'taters an' the rye.

Don't it do 'em good to see us? Shake ag'in! An', oh, the babies—
Ain't they cute! The perfect picter of their maw, or of their dad!
An' they call us Tom or Billy, while our names is Sile or Jabez;
But who cares fer sich a trifle when they seem so dretful glad?

Deary me, they hate to leave us; but they've got to be a-joggin'—
"Like to stay a week, ol' pardner," as they git up fer to go.
Then they shake han's with the wimmen, pat the childurn on the noggin',
Kiss 'em, mebby, an' git started; but jest at the door it's:—"Oh—

"Did I mention I was runnin' on the Suit-the-People's ticket?
Didn't want to—said I wouldn't! 'Twan't no use, sir—had to run.
Couldn't help it—things is rotten when the other side runs Pickett!
When they run a man like that, sir, it's high time that somethin's done."

Then they slap us on the shoulder, an' their words air sweet as honey:
"You're all right! You'll never vote for such a chump as Pickett—no!"
An' they make us feel so flattered, an' so foolish, an' so funny,
That we promise to vote for 'em, an' we lay out to do so.

But to-morrer or the nex' day Pickett comes an' tells his story,
An' makes out we was imposed on in a most outrag'us way,
An' he gits our sollum promise that we'll vote fer him—an' glory,
Jest as all the others git it, clear up to election day.

But of course the honest farmer can't be ev'ry man's suppo'ter.
This Awstralyun ballet systum helps a feller out, by Jing!
Kinder seems it's which an' t'other 'twixt the candidate an' voter.
Both air good at promis'-makin'—keepin' 'em's another thing!

An Unexpected Result

WHEN Mr. Bighead fitted the fly-screens he had brought home with him that evening into the windows, he discovered, to his disgust, that owing to uneven settling of the house there was a crack more than wide enough for a fly or mosquito to crawl through between the tops of the screens and the bottoms of the windows for nearly half their width.

He pondered the situation for a few minutes with all his inventive faculties on the alert, while vainly trying to persuade the windows to fit snugly on the screens. Then he grabbed his hat, and hurried out of the house.

In a little while he returned with a small package in his hand, and suiting the action to the word in the most approved elocutionary style, explained to his wife:

"My dear, it is a well-established scientific fact that all insects hate tobacco, except man only. I, therefore, shall lay a train of this snuff I just have purchased along these cracks, and no insect will cross it. We shall be as free from their intrusion as though the screens fitted perfectly, until I have time to get a carpenter to fix them. And this also shows the benefit of being able with a well-regulated mind to apply the results of your reading to practical, every-day matters."

The happy and triumphant smile of the successful inventor played about Bighead's mouth as having finished sprinkling the snuff, he adjusted his glasses, arranged his paper, and settled himself comfortably by a window to enjoy his well-earned immunity from insectile annoyance. It still gamboled at intervals over his countenance, when a gentle "Achee!" from his wife caused him to look anxiously up from his newspaper.

"My dear," he said, solicitously, "you must be sitting in a—achoo! ah-ah-achoo! ah-ah-ah-ah-achoo-o-o!—dra-ah-aft."

"Achee! achee-e-e! achee-e-e-e-e!" said Mrs. Bighead, vehemently.

"Achoo! ah-ah-achoo! ah-ah-ah-ah-achoo!" said Bighead, violently.

"Achee! Ac..oo! Achee-e-e! Ah-ah-ah-achoo! Achee-e-e-e-e! Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-achoo!" they said both together, furiously.

"This is most — achoo! — astonishing," panted Bighead, tenderly mopping his inflamed eyes with the back of his hand. "It must be a sudden epidemic of—achoo! ah-ah-ah-achoo!—the influenza again. Ah!"

"It's nothing of the—achee! achee-e-e-e!—kind!" gasped Mrs. Bighead, rushing for the door. "The—achee! achee-e-e-e! achee-e-e-e-e! —breeze has blown a' that snuff into the room."

"Good gracious, I believe that's so!" gurgled Bighead, darting after his wife. "Now who would ever have expected—achoo! ah-ah-ah-achoo! ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-achoo-o-o-o-o! —th-ah-at?"

REBELLION

By George Austin Snow

Ma says that Fatty Perkins ain't fit company for me,
And I must play with Harold White, who lives across the street.
I try to tell her what a sissy-boy he is; but she
Thinks he's the sweetest little thing—he always looks so neat.

Ain't that just like a woman—always spoiling all your fun?
It's "That is wrong," or "That ain't nice," no matter what you do.
I'd like that kid around with us! You'd ought to see him run!
If old Hodges ever chased him, he'd sit down and boohoo.

You think that ninny knows the place where shiners bite all day?
Or where I get the blue-jay eggs I give to sister Liz?
You think we'd take him with us to the swimming hole? Or say,
Could he help scrap the Hollow Gang in that new suit of his?

Well, I guess not! Still ma tells me I've got to go and play
At hide-and-seek, or some such baby game with him; but she
Don't need to think I'm going to mind. I told her so to-day.
The girls can play with Harold—Fatty's good enough for me.

MR. HARROWER'S BATH ROBE

THERE ain't no use my tryin' to be a dude," announced Silas Harrower, reflectively regarding his well-worn carpet slippers.

"No?" I queried, with an accent of doubt.

"Nixee," he assured me, earnestly. "Somehow I don't seem to get the fun an' frolic outer it thet folks let on there is. I s'pose I could sport 'round in a high, silk, stovepipe hat an' a cane if I got paid 'nough for doin' such foolishness, an' needed the money, an' I hain't nowise sayin' I couldn't flirt gaddily with the gals if there wasn't too many people lookin' on; but when it comes to enjoyin' some of these here newfangled luxuries, you'll have to hire somebody else besides your Uncle Sile to find one that is real glad an' gleesome."

"How's that?" I asked.

"Well, I was jest thinkin' about thet bath robe, as he calls it, my nevee down to the city sent me," explained Mr. Harrower, thoughtfully. "He wrote along with it thet he knowed I'd get a lot of solid comfort out of it, an' hoped as how while I was revelin' in its luxuriousness I'd remember him, an' so on, an' so forth, till I couldn't hardly wait for Sunday to come to try the dum thing; but—" and Mr. Harrower lapsed into silent meditation, shaking his head gloomily.

"Why, what was the matter with it?" I asked, curiously. "I've always found mine very convenient and comfortable."

"You have, have you?" demanded Mr. Harrower, eying me suspiciously. "Well, you're welcome to. As for me, all I've got to say is thet they're the clammiest, clingin'est soddenest, chokenest, wettest things ever stuck like a poultice to a man's body an' made him feel like a link of fresh sausage. I'd rather a blamed sight never take a bath than have to waller 'round in the tub in one of them there sticky, soggy, swampy bath robes. I would, so there!"

* * *

"Did she recover damages in her breach of promise suit?"

"No. After the court saw both of them the promise was construed as a threat."

* * *

THE TRAMP'S LABOR

WANT work, eh? Tryin' to git 'long in the world the best you can, eh?"

The forlorn individual with the seal of many States upon his back sighed and said in husky tones:

"I once worked. I am anxious to work again; but no one will take my proposition seriously when I solicit toil, hard, stern toil. It is a hard thing for a man to beg for what no one will give him, sir."

"When did you last try your hand at labor?"

"Ten long and weary years ago. Since then I have been denied the pleasure of earning the sweat of my brow by steeping my hands with the soil of toil. Mighty tough luck, isn't it?"

"Humph! You have had a hard road to travel all these years. I am sorry I have nothin' for you to do. No wood to saw, hayin' over, and not time for harvestin', no stuns to pick on this farm. The best I can do for you, stranger, is this: here's fifty cents for a night's lodgin' and breakfast in the village."

"At last, at last I have worked—"

"What do you mean?" asked the old farmer as the other turned away.

"I have worked—you," came floating back from the stranger's whiskers as he passed out of sight in the gloaming.

* * *

Gobang: "Why don't you cultivate the habit of punctuality?"

Ukerdek: "Can't afford it. I would lose too much valuable time."

* * *

BEQUEST FOR POSTERITY

I SHALL leave it all to posterity," said the rhyme-smith.

Knowing that he was no exception to the rule that poets are born but not paid, I could not see how posterity would be benefited by his bequest.

"I mean," he explained, "that posterity will do me justice."

"You evidently are a wag," said I, as a ray of understanding broke in upon me. "You intend to get out before posterity comes in, and be gone safely before it has any chance to retaliate on you—in view of all things a most commendable decision."

* * *

Peterkin: "I suppose there is no perfect man living."

Flapdoodle: "No. My wife's first husband is dead."