

## A WARM IMAGINATION

IT was a cold, drizzly afternoon, in spite of the calendar's assertion that the month was August. Mrs. Parker, who was much interested in one of the latest novels, decided that a grate fire would add materially to her enjoyment of the book.

It was the maid's day out, so the chilly woman, who was rather proud of her ability along practical lines, proceeded to build her fire. First she crumpled a newspaper and thrust it deep into the grate. Next, she carefully built an Indian tepee of slender sticks of kindling. To this, with a practiced hand, she added a selected piece of hardwood and two neat chunks of soft coal. Then, surveying the arrangement with pride, she drew her chair before the fireplace, placed her feet on the fender, and with a pleasurable sense of warmth and comfort stealing over her began to read.

Two hours later Mrs. Parker's sister bustled in. "My!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it wretchedly cold? I'm just chilled through."

"Draw up a chair," urged Mrs. Parker without taking her eyes from her fascinating book, "and do let me finish this page—it's the very last one. It's delightfully warm here by the fire."

"Fire?" exclaimed the visitor. "I don't see any fire."

"Why, bless me!" cried Mrs. Parker, suddenly coming to life. "Here's the match in my hand! I forgot to strike it."

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De Style: "I hear the actor she married gets up every night and walks the floor with the baby. How did she ever get him to do that?"

Gumbusta: "Why, she laid railroad ties the entire length of their flat."

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## HE HAD BEEN BITTEN

HE was a raw-boned, shaggy-headed individual, with a brizzly, unkempt red beard and clothes that had collected more rents than a real-estate agent.

He came rushing into the Cranberry Corners tavern with an expression of anguish on his rosy countenance, and excitedly gasped: "I have been bitten!"

That was all that the kind-hearted cronies who were lounging about the place wanted to hear. In an instant flasks were whisked out of pockets and the contents were poured into the intelligent hobo. When the unfortunate man appeared to be relieved—and he didn't appear that way until he felt sure that all the flasks were relieved—somebody asked him, sympathetically.

"Wuz it a snake that bit ye?"

"Not at all, Jessie."

"Mad dog, mebbe," chimed another.

"Nay, nay, Pauline."

They looked from one to the other in a surprised sort of way.

"Then ye mought tell us wot it wuz that bit ye," drawled the proprietor of the tavern.

"Why, gents, it wuz a mosquito. Ta, ta!"

And with that the shrewd tramp darted out of the place and hurried up the road.

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## HE WAS ONLY THE KING

KING LEOPOLD of Belgium, who has been at Biarritz, taking a vacation from the worries of kingship in general and Congoland troubles in particular, was the central figure in an amusing incident which set that fashionable French watering-place laughing.

The democratic monarch bathed there as did every other man, privately and unostentatiously. One morning as he came out of the water, he chanced to collide with a portly man, who evidently did not know a King in a bathing suit.

"What do you mean sir?" he snorted savagely. "Be more careful. I would have you to know I am a member of the Paris City Council."

"Then I offer a thousand apologies," replied Leopold at once. "I am only the King of the Belgians."

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Bones: "So Jim's old man cut him off without a penny. He'll have to hoe his own row now."

Jones: "Pretty hard for a rake, isn't it?"

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## A "HIGH-BALL" COUNTRY

ANDREW STONE, the Arctic explorer, was entertaining the members of the Camp-fire Club with an account of his recent discoveries:

"We went miles and miles," said he, "over a perfectly trackless country, on the sledges; then, all of a sudden, just as hope was beginning to die in every breast, we saw the high, bald mountains of—"

"Good work, Andrew!" said one of his friends. "I knew if there was a high-ball country anywhere, you would find it!"

## BALLAD OF THE BOSS

By Charles Russell Taylor

Whin Murphy wor appinted boss av Siction Twenty-two

He ordered all th' n down, an' shtand in line.  
He looked thim up an' down, an' thin he looked thim through an' through,  
An' thin he asked McManus to resign.

An' thin McManus sez, sez he: "Now, Tim, phat kin th' matter be?"

Oi've always done me dooty av my job;  
It's no way to be tratein' me—phat's been a frind av years to ye—  
Now phat th' divil do ye mane, begob?"

Thin Murphy sez to him, sez he: "It's nuthin' thot ye've done;

But Oi hove th' authoritee to foire anywan,  
An' if Oi foire th' frinds av me, me inimies can't say, ye see,  
Thot Oi show parsh-she-alitee ez soon ez Oi've begun!"

Now thot's th' koind av a man fer me—  
Phat don't show parsh-she-alitee!

Wan toime we hod a fatal wreck on Siction Twenty-two—

The local chanst to be a little late,  
An' she wor ketchin' up her toime—whin ketchin' up she flew—  
She purty soon ketched up to Number Eight.

An' thin' th' Owld Man comes aroun', an' cuss'd us up an' cussed us down,  
Which makes us hump to clear up all th' wreck.

He sez to Murphy: "D'ye see thot whin rear-ind collishuns be  
Th' lasht car always gits it in th' neck."

Thin Murphy sez to him, sez he: "Oi think Oi kin explain

A divilish simple remedy—Oi planned it wid me brain.  
Whin ye make up ye'r trains, ye moind, an' gits th' injin to be jined,  
Just hitch th' lasht car on behind, thin take it off again!"

Now, thot's th' koind av a man is he—  
Right on th' shtop wid a new idee!

Now whin we hod th' big washout on Siction Twenty-two,

An' we wor wurkin' hard to wash her in,  
Which job, ez anywan could see, was more than we could do,  
'Cause, begob, we only hod a dozen min.

But Murphy sez to Flynn, sez he: "We'll fix her up in wan, two, three;

Th' honor av th' shtation, sez at Flynn;  
"It can't be done, begob," sez at Flynn; "ye haven't half again av min.  
Th' job's too big fer ye to undertake."

Thin Murphy sez to him, sez he: "Oi tell ye phat we'll do—

We'll git her nice an' trim," sez he, "an' lookin' good ez new.  
We'll git to wurk an' hour, me lad, before we shtart, an' thin, begob,  
We'll wurk an' wurk like we wor mad two hours whin we git through!"

Now thot's th' koind av a man is Tim—  
No problem is too big fer him!

Yis, thot's th' koind av a man he is, completely knows th' railroad biz,

An' always after plannin' somethin' new.  
A brillant—Sure, Oi'm gittin' hoarse; a drink. Phy, sure! Av course,  
av course!

Here's to th' boss av Siction Twenty-two!"

## HIS TWO STRINGS

By W. J. Clifford

MR. QUICK had been in the drawing-room waiting for Miss Van Tassel to come down, but when she entered Mr. Quick was not there. Miss Van Tassel's brother was there, however, and to him she looked for an explanation of the young man's disappearance.

"Buster, wasn't Mr. Quick here a little while ago?"

"Yes."

"Didn't he say anything when he left about being back in a few minutes?"

"No; he didn't say a word," answered the sphinx-like youth. "He just put on his hat and went out."

"Did he seem cross or say anything about my being so long in forgetting his two strings?"

"No; but I think he forgot his two strings."

"Mercy! child, what do you mean?"

"Well, he hadn't got 'em with him."

"Hadh't got what?"

"Why, his two strings. Didn't I tell you?"

"Now, look here, Buster. I want you to tell me what you mean by those two strings. Tell me every word that you said to Mr. Quick, and what he said to you, and I'll see if I can make out what you mean. Were you in the room when Mr. Quick came in and asked for me?"

"Yes."

"Then what did he say?"

"He said: 'Hello, Buster!' and I said:

'Hello!'"

"Yes. What then?"

"Then he said: 'Buster, do you love your sister?'"

"And what did you say?"

"I said: 'Yes; do you?'"

"Oh, you horrid boy! And what did he say?"

"Oh, he just laughed. Then I said:

'Ain't you sister's beau?'"

"Oh, dear! What did he say to that?"

"Oh, he said: 'Well, perhaps I am.'"

"Then what did you say?"

"Why, then I said: 'Won't you let me see your two strings?'"

"Mercy!" she screamed. "The two strings again! Whatever do you mean, Buster?"

"That's what Mr. Quick asked me, as if he didn't know anything about them."

"Well, go on. Tell me what happened next."

"Why, then I said I heard you tell mother you had two strings to your bow, and then he got up and went out. I expect he'd forgotten to bring the strings with him."

But she had fainted

## THE DEATH OF A HOPE

THE spring poet, as well as the summer poet, the autumn poet and the winter poet—all the same man—sat in the sanctum of the editor of "The Sunny Smile," awaiting an audience with that august personage. At length the editor looked up with a "What can I do for you?" air.

"The poem I submitted last week—" said the poet.

The editor took the manuscript from a pigeonhole in his desk and handed it to its author, saying: "I am very sorry, my dear sir, that your contribution is not exactly suited to the needs of 'The Sunny Smile.' Its declination," he continued, unconsciously adopting the language of his rejection slip, "must not be understood as implying any lack of merit. In fact, and here the editor again became the man, "while the poem is not available for our use, I know a man who would accept it. He wouldn't pay much, to be sure; but—"

"Any fortune will be acceptable," said the poet; "unfortunately my muse is dying of starvation and needs bread. What is the name of the man?"

"I do not know his name," said the editor. "All I know is that he comes here once a week to take away our waste paper."

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Some writers allege that blind persons are usually cheerful, while deaf persons are usually gloomy and suspicious. The reasons for these characteristics were recently given, in reply to inquiries, the deaf man saying: "When anyone speaks to me, I am reminded of my infirmity."

The blind man said "As soon as any person speaks to me, I forget my misfortune."

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## THE NEW SERVANT

CAN you cook?"

"Yes, mum; everything."

"And wash?"

"Yes, mum."

"How many nights out do you want?"

"None."

"Sunday afternoon?"

"No, mum."

"How often will you scrub the kitchen?"

"Twice a week."

"And wash the windows?"

"Every Friday."

"Build a fresh fire every morning?"

"Yes, mum."

"Do you dislike children?"

"No, mum."

"How long were you in your last place?"

"Four years."

"Why did you leave?"

"The people went to Europe."

"How much wages do you want?"

"Eight dollars a month."

"When can you come?"

"To-morrow."

Just then a keeper from the insane asylum rushed in shouting "Oh, there you are!" bound her hand and foot, and carried her off bodily.

\* \* \*

"Hello, old man! Haven't seen you for a dog's age. I hear you have married and settled down."

"Um! What you do mean by 'settled down'?"

"Why, er—become domesticated."

"No. It's a mistake. The cook keeps me wild most of the time."

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## A SLAUGHTER OF INNOCENTS

IMPULSIVE, small James, somewhat out of breath and with his blue eyes fairly bulging, rushed home after the temperance lecture and threw himself upon his mother.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "find a safe place, quick, and hide the baby!"

"Why, James!" demanded astonished Mrs. Bell, "what in the world is the matter?"

"Hide her quick," panted James. "That man that talked to-day is coming right after her. He boards next door, and just as soon as I heard him say 'I intend to devote my life to eradicating the crying evil,' I knew he meant our baby."

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"So he no longer calls his pretty little home 'The Nutshell'? Why did he change it?"

"He got tired having passing humorists ring his bell about the kernel was in."

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## DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION

THEY just had returned from St. Louis.

"Yes," they said to the "stay-at-home" who had trudged down to the depot to meet them, "we went around a great deal at the fair."

"In an auto, I suppose."

"Oh, no, in a Ferris Wheel."

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor just then.