



MINE?

THE VILLAGE POET

A correspondent sends word of a poetical old shopkeeper who was always doing kind things and saying lovely ones. I remember a spring when he was having his shop repainted. He told the painter to leave a certain corner untouched for the time being; he explained that the young people at that season did all their courting there, and he didn't want them to get smudged.

"But," objected the painter, "these young folks would be fools not to know the smell of fresh paint."

"Young fellow," said the old shopkeeper, "you've never had a girl, that's plain. If you had, you'd know when folks are in love, everything—wet paint included—smells like violets and roses."

MODERN ART

Patron—I have just been admiring your picture—but what does it mean?

Artist—Ah, that's it. The title is "The Mystery."—Magazine of Fun.

DEAR DUST

Customer—My watch won't go.

Jeweler (examining it)—My! My! Have you been in a railway collision?

Customer (surprised)—Why, no.

Jeweler (solemnly)—When you undress you should not throw your vest down on the floor when your watch is in the pocket.

Customer (thoughtfully)—I never do. I have been exceedingly careful with that watch. Don't know how it got hurt. How long will it take you to repair it?

Jeweler (after another examination)—You'd better leave it here at least a week, but if you can get along without it I would advise two weeks.

Customer—Very well. Do it properly. Good day!

Jeweler (to assistant)—William, blow that speck of dust off this wheel, and charge up \$2 for repairs.

THE EDITOR'S IMPRESSION

The editor, looking over the poem, asked the youth who had submitted it:

"Did you write this poem yourself?"

"Yes, sir. Do you like it?" the youth asked.

"I think it is magnificent," said the editor. "Did you compose it unaided?"

"I certainly did," said the young man firmly. "I wrote every line of it out of my own head."

The editor rose and said:

"Then, Lord Byron, I am very glad to meet you. But I was under the impression that you had died at Missolonghi a good many years ago."

LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER

"Terrible times these. The books aren't fit to read, and the plays aren't fit to see."

"Tough, eh?"

"Yes, and, as usual, my wife hasn't a thing fit to wear."—Louisville Courier-Journal.