

Feminine Fancy

Sunflower Smiles from Kansas: By T. C. McCONNELL, "Hal Hal Man of Holton," the County Wit and Publicist.



VARIABLE.
To know her nationality
I really am at sea,
For Mabel, when we thread the dance
The German is to me.
But when a burning love for her
Possesses all my soul,
I try to plead my suit, but lo!
I find her then the Pole.
But this I know for certainty,
A pretty whim she hath
To daily demonstrate to me
She is a maid of Bath.

McLANDBURGH WILSON

A standing agreement—the wedding.
"Now, watch me cut a swell," said one rural Kansas girl to another, as she declined to dance with the city dude.
In enumerating the political parties that have fallen behind, don't forget the green-back party.
An Indian who asked me for a quarter the other day said he was strapped, but I found on close inspection that he had a red scent.
Geo. Washington was great. In fact, any young man who signs himself Geo. and desires to do something great can succeed. If he will simply eliminate the letter e from his name he will make a Go of it.
The color blind man is not always a blind colored man, but the blind colored man is always a color blind man.
From buyway to byway—once a spend-thrift, now a tramp.
A Holton woman has been annoyed recently by her husband's visiting kin, who seem to be in no hurry to leave. Her husband submitted plans the other morning

for improvements on their home and asked if there was anything about the premises she was especially interested in.
"Yes," she replied, "I am interested in the flight of stayers."
The close fitted actor in life's drama is usually succeeded by an open hair performer.
New air line—from the latest song.
When a girl has hysterics it is an evidence of some kind of a miss fit.
A Holton man, fifty years old, said:—"I expect to hear Patti's forthcoming farewell songs through force of habit acquired when a boy."
The reason Bossie is so easily subjugated is because she is constantly cowed.
Songs without words are not often indulged in at church choir rehearsals.
The first water rent when Moses smote the Red Sea.
The late spring frosts threw several Western States out of plum.
Remember, Preston, if you run an inebriator, the more eggs act the better the results.
The wheels of machine politics don't amount to much unless they are incorp.
Latest assessors' pun:—He is a poor man who does not occasionally kick over his tacks.
Humorous literature is considered better by being concise and to the point, yet many enjoy a humorous cut in Twain.
A millionaire I'd like to be, Alack! 'Tis scarcely fair, The others got the millions And I only got the air. —Exchange.
I know a millionaire who has An only daughter fair; I'll deem myself in luck if I Can only get the heir.
No, Mrs. Dash, it is not good form for a grass widow to wear weeds—except smart weeds.
So many women of my town wear tight shoes, I often wonder at the survival of the fittest.



"She must be very unpopular—alone so much."
"Oh, no; you see, her husband's here for the week."

Beauty and the Bug.

By Edna McCaughtry.
REGINALD imagined he was it. He had never been up against a soulful being like Gwendolynne O'Hulohan, who besides being very nice in some directions, was nevertheless a "Maiden's Pearl of Palpitating Poetry" sort of miss. Nevertheless, Reginald was sure he had the proposition worked out to a hairline finish. He was it. How could it be otherwise?
It was sunset. The curfew of labor had long since sounded across the fields and fences. And already the evening minstrelsy was atime in the grass and air, the languorous mosquito making a sweet undertone in the mysterious chorus.
They reached the top of a gentle rise and turned to look upon the sun, called to bed by his crooning lullaby of color.
"My long lost throne," she said softly, and climbed on to a much behrumbled well by the roadside. Reginald leaned lazily by her. He wasn't built for playing matinee hero parts, but he was not yet wise to the fact.
"I used to sit here when I was young, a little girl, and watch the sun go down behind that great purple hill," said Gwendolynne.
"And no painter sought you for 'Alone?'" he said, wondering whether he had said something smart.
She shook her head and smiled to herself, a way this country beauty had. Her eyes were turned "fair out to sea"—the sea of color where the daylight drowns. She had read this smile in a book and was ready to spring it on Reginald.
"How large does the sun look to you?" he asked, his eyes folded small. Everything folded with him—a store counter peculiarity he couldn't overcome.
"About as large as a promised orange to the eyes of an angel child," she mused in dreamy retrospection as she gazed.
"But it is not orange." His words were round, bright and positive. Of unreality he was never guilty. He thought himself the real thing.
Across the distant stillness, rife with the perfume of clover and brier, came the chime, chimed of a home-calling bell. In a distant dining room there was a football rush for places at the table. But what did these two highly sensitized souls care? Food, forsooth!
Cradling her chin in her palms she gazed with warm full eyes deep into the glory of the sunset. She always did daring things.
"It looks," she said, "like the glory of day wedding the mystery of night; like the purple blossoms on the pathways of forsaken souls; it looks like the beauty and desire of life solving the unanswered question."
Reginald was stunned. "I wonder where she cops off that sort of stuff," he asked himself. "Maybe she's giving me."
"But that is not practical," he said aloud. "It is only a jumble of fancies and pretty words, while mine!"
"Is a tumble to realities. And now what color would you call the atmosphere?"
"Blue," said Gwendolynne soulfully. "As blue as the eyes of a young mother's first wee one before it has turned its eyes on life; blue, with red streaks of pain, like sashes around the waist of Love."
Reginald nearly went down and out. She was handing him out the romantic in a terrific onslaught.
"To be plain," he spoke groggily, "you would call it blue?"
"Yes."
"Well, you are wrong. It is orange. The red streaks are but modifications." Reginald had been a country school teacher before he was called to the forum of the ribbon counter. "And the change you see taking place now, the red?"
"Red, like the crimson heart of day, confessing in blood at the high altar of the sky," she murmured.
"She has swallowed the guff book," said he to himself. Then he said to her:—"In reality it is not red." He was tragically blind.
"If you had been noting carefully you would have been able to observe in what order the colors faded."
"I saw them go," she quoted, "like fairies out into the night." But she said to herself:—"Well, wouldn't this chump jar you with his hum conversation?"
Gwendolynne had a plain, direct manner when no one was listening save herself. But it was in her heart to have fun with Reginald, so she thought the time ripe to make herself a living picture. She took off her hat, and the sunlight fairies fell to work polishing the bright bands of her hair until she wore a halo of red gold. Yes, she knew it, for she had rehearsed this bit of business over and over again for five seasons.
"Around the horizons of my life are hung the sunsets of many days past and dead."



PUTTING ON.
"That actress puts on no airs."
"True. She puts on very little."



TWO THINGS.
The Star—Gags, the comedian, thinks he can play tragedy.
Soubrette—I'm not surprised. He even thinks he can play comedy.

She was taking like a novel again; but, of course, she didn't mean a word of it. She had been the village cut-up once and the old spirit possessed her.
"You disconcert me," he said.
"It is mutual."
"But I am in earnest," he insisted.
"I did not think you were—in love."
"And what, pray, has love to do with sunsets?" He looked at her with keen, clear eyes and shook his hyperion locks in the soft twilight.
"What has love to do with sunsets? I do not know. Perhaps nothing. Poor sunsets! But what sunsets have to do with love—ah, that is another matter."
Heavens! But how his heart did beat.
And she bent the bow of her mirth to the fitting of her arrow of thought. He was sober. He couldn't help it. They were in a prohibition summer resort. She was silent. And the breeze which was born of the sunset blew up and cooled her tender cheeks.
"And—do you love?" he asked, bending toward her.
Then the earth rose up and struck her

and bounced back. But she was used to it. She laughed. And her eyes were merry, were quizzical and sad. Then the fire of her mirth was kindled from out the embers of her dreams. Her laughter was pyrotechnic! And she answered his question with another.
"Do you like measuring bugs—bugs which live always in the dreariest of places—measuring bugs which tease you and tease you when you would a little slumber take—a slumber in which you might dream a little?"
He looked at her. Was she mad? Measuring? Did she seek to flaunt him with the ribbon counter? Measuring bugs? He had some experience with snakes, but this was the limit. "I do not know what you mean," he said, hoarsely.
"I mean—that we will be late to dinner unless—we hurriedly be measuring bugs and calculate—the distance to dinner."
The sun had set. The birds were shaking out their night robes in the branches of the trees. The mother bugs were doing up the baby bugs in curl papers—were could hear them screaming with pain down in the grass. And they, these two, went home. For they could go nowhere else together.
She knew! She was a wise young person. Yes, she knew, but not why.
And the shadows came hand in hand across the meadows.
"But I want to tell you," he began—
"You have told me much to-day. I fear you are tired."
"No, not for this. I wanted to tell you that I!"
"Wait until I digest my sunset—and my dinner." And she laughed at him in a way she had, a way which all the men at the summer hotel knew; a way which teased, allured, distracted and forbade. Ah, but Gwendolynne O'Hulohan was a madcap!
Dinner came and went, as dinners will. And while he waited she walked in the garden—with another man who knew nothing of sunsets or colors, but had an automobile and unlimited credit at the store where Reginald toiled.
"And what made you at last decide that you loved me?" asked the other man.

She demurred, and she nestled a bit.
"We all thought it would surely be he. He is a great man."
She was as still as one of the sleepy birds in the trees over their heads. Then she chirped. "I thought so myself, once, but I changed my mind. Something told me to."
"What was it?" softly. He was very near, so speaking above a whisper was superfluous.
"—a measuring bug." But the man was so happy to wonder.
Reginald, however, wondered concerning the measuring bug. But this time he didn't know that he was it.

Believed It.
In submitting his jokes the contributor wrote:—"The enclosed are original and unpublished."
In returning the manuscript the editor wrote:—"We can quite believe it."

A Love Affair.
She kissed me—those sweet lips of hers Touched mine and lingered there, I placed my hand upon her head And stroked her golden hair. She kissed me—ah! 'twas long ago! Yes, that's her photograph. Those merry eyes, those parted lips, You almost hear her laugh. She kissed me—yet my pulses beat No faster than before. You're right, I was a cad; but wait And I will tell you more. She kissed me—she was sweet sixteen. But I was only two. She's married now and has a brood. Oh, yes, the laugh's on you.