



A FEW NEVERS: By John Ernest McCann.

NEVER fail to occupy two seats when you have paid for only one seat, in a car or somebody may sit at your side who may not be congenial.

Never use bad language—in private.

Never fail to bully women, children, horses and dogs, for they cannot fight back.

Never fail to unload your ill temper on some good natured, easygoing friend, for he won't resent it.

Never use "dress" for "gown" and "frock," for "dress" is so homely and old fashioned, and "gown" and "frock" show you to be at the area door, at least, of the smart set.

Never read the Bible all day, every day, or you will have no time for Hall Caine.

Never fail to "dear" your wife or husband in company, or you will be thought a genuinely married and mated couple.

Never fail to thank the man who gives you his seat in a car, for a "thank you" is what he gives up for, and not because you are a woman and need it more than he.

Never think that blood does not tell, for it tells more tales than Shakespeare, Balzac.

"I really believe I am getting a wrinkle!"
"Yes, you are pretty sure to have the latest one."



"She's preparing to go on the stage."
"Gracious! I didn't know she was going to get a divorce!"



"And so she is going to marry Dif-
final! He's small as a peanut and
awfully fresh."
"Never mind, dearie, he'll soon be
well roasted."

VENUS rising from the sea
Fairer could not be than she!
Gladys, with her form so neat,
Quite a masculine treat.
Face and form and curve divine—
Would that I could call them mine!
Other eyes caress her, too,
When she splashes in the blue;
I am but a unit sad
In an army of the glad-
handed chaps who follow where
E'er she might chance to appear.
Looking at her with their eyes
Just expanded saucer-wise.
Fairy she in every dress
Where the fabrics don't suppress
Charms to fascinate a king
And to make a poet sing!
Picture she of shoulders white—
Any sculptor's deep delight;
And of arms and throat and neck
Any peace of mind to wreck
Yet I love her best when she
Splashes in the summer sea;
She's most generous by far—
Aphroditic, avatar!
Like the goddess of sea caves
She arises from the waves,
Showing thus without reserve
Beauty in both fine and curve;
And there follow in her wake,
Like the tail of some great snake,
Eyes as wide as ancient specs—
Heraquatic "rubber necks!"
JEFFERSON IRVING.



A Mistaken Idea.

PERCY MILBERTON, in his new automobile, was the picture of health and strength as he dashed up to the door where Miss Mabel Pumpkin stood waiting for him.

Percy assisted her into the machine, and sitting beside her, his hand on the clutch, they were soon speeding away out to the rural districts.

"Mabel," said Percy, "this is the proudest moment of my life. At last we are alone."

"What is that clanking sound?" asked Mabel.

"Nothing that need worry you," said Percy. "This is a new machine, and a trifle stiff."

"But are you sure you know how to work it?"

"Sure! I am positive. Why I have been practising on a gasoline engine down in my cellar for weeks, and now that we are at last alone, let me say to you—"

"A dog!" cried Mabel. "You will run over him." Percy slowed up so rapidly that they both left their seats and plunged forward. The dog got away.

"What a narrow escape!" murmured Mabel as the flailing form of the dog sped away.

"Nothing," said Percy, nonchalantly, as they continued on their way.

Mabel felt the seat beneath her growing hot.

"Do you notice it?" she said to Percy.

Percy slowed up and investigated. He could see nothing wrong.

Once more he got in and put his hand on the clutch.

There was a fierce pounding, but no result. An ordinary government mule was an angel compared with this automobile.

"Will you take me home?" said Mabel.

Percy turned red in the face while he hammered and swore under his breath. If that agent who had sold him the machine had only been present!

"Nonsense!" he laughed, striving to conceal his annoyance. "She's resting, that's all. Don't we all have to rest?"

"Take me home!" said Mabel, hysterically.

At that moment there was a crowd around them of about a hundred, and it was increasing every moment.

They went home in a hansom cab.

One day Percy said to Mabel:—

"Dearest, I'm sorry that machine broke down, but will you be my wife?"

And Mabel replied, with a cold steel glitter in her eye:—

"Never! Why, you don't even know any more about a woman than you do about an automobile!"

TOM MASSON.

Theophilus the Theorist. By Horace Seymour Keller.

THEOPHILUS was theoretical if anything, and could hold forth for hours—if he could get a victim to listen to the wondrous lore that was germinating under his skull—about how things should or should not be done.

It never made him tired to lean for several hours with crossed arms upon the top rail and watch the man pushing the plough while the horses exercised. Theophilus would goad his brain to the point of desperation evolving plans whereby man might make stern, hard, toilsome labor a riot of pleasure and a long holiday of joy serene. It worried him to see man sweating and tugging at work when he should be about the task with a glad smile of delight. Just before the saw mill whistle tooted, and while the slave halted near to gather up a bunch of angle worms for the tin can which dangled from the plough handle, the terrific theorist said with his old drawl:—

"I say, Poots, this pushing a plough all day is hard on a man."

"Dern sight harder on the hosses. Guess the bullheads'll bite to-night."

"Working as hard as you do, Poots, is foolish. My theory is this—Put some dynamite in the soil, explode it, and presto! your ploughings is done. See?"

"Yep, only the stuff blows down instead of up. Theory's no good. G' day, Jim; g' day, Kate." And Theophilus wandered from the scene with another exploded theory in his skull.

Terrible Theophilus was so busy thinking that he had to work overtime to keep his theoretical brain in trim for passing events. The only life affairs that he did not seem to care to improve upon were eating and sleeping—he was a past master at both and had graduated with high honors in each. Such strenuous labor as splitting wood, milking cows, weeding the garden and mental tasks like those only served to keep him busy working out problems on the theoretical plan while the rest of the folks attended to their toil.

At the village store he built up a great reputation telling about how man could best elevate himself, how the government should be run economically, how the tax rates could be lessened, and why all of the good people should rise up and protest against the new railroad crossing the flats—because it spoiled the scenic effect, thereby lowering the value of property from an artistic point of view.

One of his strongest points was telling just how he should act if a husky fellow attacked him and wanted a fuss. "Before he could reach me I'd step back two paces and fasten my eyes on his, dare him like, you see. My hands would hang by my side as if I wasn't expecting him to come at me. Then just as he made a rush I'd lift my right leg and presto! he would fall to the earth an inert mass of clay. Kicked right under the jaw, you see, he'd carry his head in a sling for six months, such would be the terrific impact of my secret stroke. Easiest thing in the world to do."

Just Imaginary.

Eve—I wish you would put things back in their place.

Adam—I wish I could put my rib back in its place.

Shade of Shakespeare—That idea that you wrote some of my plays seems to be dying out.

Shade of Bacon—Well, I didn't care to keep it alive; there wasn't anything in it; there weren't any royalties coming from the plays.

Carrie Nation—I think I've done a charitable act in smashing things.

Mr. Nation—I'm glad charity didn't begin at home.

Shade of Nathan Hale—I'm sorry that I had only one life to give for my country.

Shade of George Washington—It wasn't your country; please remember that I was the father of it.

Roosevelt—You're the only living ex-President.

Cleveland—Well, I won't be long.

Roosevelt—Going to die?

Cleveland—No, going to be President again. Then you'll be the only living ex-President.

H. I. HORTON.

One Thing Lacking.

He wrote such gay librettos
And such sparkling operettos
That you would just die a-laughing to hear
The jokes explode.

His lyrics were tuneful
And his love songs very moonful;
Where'er his loud songs were heard dull
Care could not corrode.

He arose in his pajamas
And turned out thrilling dramas
So full of serious interest they would turn
An audience wild.

Or a piece with pathos brimming
With tears would set eyes swimming,
When the persecuted heroine cried out,
"Me child, me child!"

He could reel extravaganzas
With gay rhymes for all the stanzas,
As many yards as you would wish at so
Much cash per yard,

And with tragedy could harrow,
Melodrama freeze your marrow,
Or sweet bucolic dramas with nasal good
And hard.

His pen was never tired
While with fervor he was fired,
And he wrote and wrote the livelong day
And also half the night;

But though he used much postage
His stuff was held in hostage.
For he didn't send the sort of stuff the
managers thought right.

—H. W. R.

IN THE SECOND BALCONY: By Marie Rue

"WASN'T that first act grand? I think that the tenor is just lovely, but I don't like the soprano. . . . she hasn't any soul. . . . Look at that lady in the box, the one with the biggabo in her coiffure. Well, I must say that if I had such thin hair I wouldn't wear a tiara. My! Hasn't she lovely jewels, though! I guess that thing on her waist is what they call a stomacher—stomach acher! I should think they'd say. . . . Yes, that's her husband with her. He's awfully old. Well preserved, you say? In alcohol, I guess if he were any better preserved he'd be pickled. I've read all about them in the papers. . . . Hasn't that young man over there got splendid shoulders? I wonder if I stuck a pin in them if it would hurt. . . . I should think that men would get tired of always wearing dark colors. Their clothes aren't half so showy as those that girls wear, and I believe they're more expensive, for women can make their old silk dresses into petticoats, but of course men can't use up their trousers in any way like that. . . . What was the first play you ever saw? When I was a little bit of a girl I went to see Joseph Jefferson in 'The Critic on the Hearth.' What is that? You say it is 'The Critic on the Hearth?' Of course it isn't 'Critic,' gee, gee. It's 'Critic—C-r-i-t-i-c. Jefferson plays the title rôle.

"Did you go to Mr. Wilson's funeral? His death was such a shock to his wife. Why, he was washing his hands two minutes before he died. . . . Yes, he was cremated. I remember once we were talking about that sort of thing, and he laughed and said that when he died he was going to be cremated, but that his wife was such a good housekeeper that she probably wouldn't want his ashes around even in an urn.

"I wonder what the folks behind us are talking about. I just heard that man say, 'All the trees in the Garden of Eden should have been apple trees, or none should have been.' Now, what do you suppose he meant? I guess he must be a minister or a professor, but he looks more like a man about town.

"In the next act the hero. . . . Oh, the curtain is going to go up! . . . This next act is just simply thrilling. Have another chocolate, Mame."

The Nightly Farewell.

Father—Mary, eleven o'clock is altogether too late for that young man to stay; he ought to start for home at ten.

Daughter—But he does, papa.