

Expecting a Couple to drop in for Dinner

Fortified

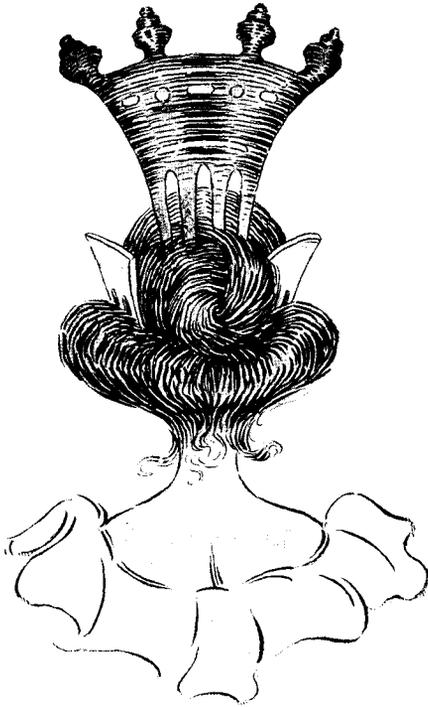
BY BURGES JOHNSON

LITTLE dear-heart, tiny wanderer—
Wide blue eyes that search clean through one—
Little tender-fisted sunderer
Of my old world and my new one,
Whence the sunbeam warm that dances
In those mirthful baby glances?

Though that other world endowed thee
With a soul of crystal clearness,
This dull earth will soon have cowed thee
By its mortal burden's nearness;
Who am I to give thee training
To withstand a life's explaining?

Even now I see an answer
In the little arms upflinging;
In thy dimples, wee entrancer,
And thy blithesome, wordless singing,
Love and gentleness and joying
May withstand old Earth's annoying.

Though this life's thick fogs be clouding
Recollections of some other,
May no mist-bank e'er come crowding
'Twixt thee, wee one, and thy mother.
Hers the gifts for thy preserving;
Mine the chance to share in serving!



The Hair and the Tortoise

Not Worth Listening To

A VIRGINIA lawyer tells of a prominent jurist in that State who, while yet a very young man, was made judge of an Eastern circuit court. Before his appointment the jurist had led a quiet, studious life, and had attained no extended reputation except among lawyers.

Shortly after his rise to the bench, the judge had occasion to pronounce a life sentence upon a notorious offender. In the course of his remarks the judge spoke with so much feeling and eloquence that many of the listeners were deeply affected. The prisoner, on the other hand, seemed to be quite indifferent, looking at the ceiling and apparently giving no attention whatever to what was being said.

After he had been remanded to jail one of the young lawyers had gone into the cell, curious to know how the criminal had felt when his Honor was passing sentence upon him.

"What do you mean?" asked the convicted one.

"I mean when the judge was telling you you must go to prison for life."

"You mean when he was talking to me?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I never paid no attention to Dick Coleman; *he* ain't no public speaker no-how!"

A False Alarm

A PROMINENT Western attorney related the following story recently at a dinner in Washington:

"At the end of the first act of a drama that I attended in New York City a short time ago, a man sitting next to me leaped hurriedly to his feet and said to his wife, who was with him:

"My dear, I hear an alarm of fire, and must go and see where it is."

"His wife, whose hearing was less acute, made way for him in silence, and he disappeared.

"It wasn't fire," he remarked on his return.

"Nor water, either," said his wife, coldly.

Simple Arithmetic

A PHILADELPHIAN of some scientific attainments was one evening poring over the wine list at his club, when his interest was excited by the prices shown.

"Barker," said he to the waiter, "I observe that the list offers some sherry at seventy-five cents and some at four dollars. Now, what is the difference between the brands?"

The waiter looked surprised. "Beg pardon, sir," said he, with that frankness permitted an old servant, "but it does seem remarkable that such a highly educated gentleman can't do a simple bit of arithmetic like that!"



Adding Insult to Injury



The Bumblebee

*Bobbie says that bumblebees
Go find honey in the flowers.
I can't find a single bit,
Though I've looked in most of ours.*

*When they're got about enough,
So's to fill a great big jar,*

*Katy puts it on the shelf
Where the other good things are.*

*Now, if I was big as Bob
And could reach that pantry shelf,
I'd just play I was a bee
And I'd go and help myself.*

M. D.

He Trusted

THE pastor of a negro church in a Southern State was one day making his weekly visits, when he dropped in upon a member of his congregation who was a shoemaker. The preacher was surprised to find that his parishioner, usually of a bright and lively demeanor, was on this occasion in an extremely despondent mood.

"Well, doctah," explained the shoemaker, sadly, in response to the divine's question, "I've just got a rival shoemaker dat's set up ag'inst me down the street, an' mah trade is already beginning to leave!"

"Come, come, man," expostulated the clergyman, "you mustn't allow yourself to be cast down like that! Meet your troubles like a man, and, above all, trust to Providence and all will come right."

When, on the next round of visits, the minister again called upon the shoemaker, he was delighted to find the cobbler as cheery and gay as ever he was.

"I told you your troubles would vanish if you trusted in Providence, didn't I?" demanded the preacher.

"That's right!" quickly assented the other. "And I took your advice." Then, after a bit, he added, significantly, "The other shoemaker's dead!"

Tit for Tat

AN Irishman was sitting in a depot smoking, when a woman came and, sitting down beside him, remarked:

"Sir, if you were a gentleman you would not smoke here."

"Mum," he said, "if yez was a lady, ye'd sit farther away."

Pretty soon the woman burst out again:

"If you were my husband I'd give you poison."

"Well, mum," returned the Irishman, as he puffed away at his pipe, "if yez wus me wife I'd take it."



The Latest Popular Heir

The Scissors Grinderman

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

TH' scissors grinderman comes here
 'Bout ever' month or so,
 An' long afore he has got near—
 W'y, ever'body know
 'At he is comin'. They can tell
 Bucause he play a tune
 'Ith nothin' but a little bell
 'At say he's comin' soon.

“Tinkle-inkle-tink-tink,
 Tinkle-inkle-tink-tink”—
 Folks bring all th' scissors 'at they can
 When they hear th' “Tink-tink-tinkle-
 inkle-tink-tink”
 Sayin' it's th' scissors grinderman.

Th' scissors grinderman is old—
 'Most old as grampa is! An' he
 Say sometimes 'at it's hard to hold
 Th' scissors so's 'at they can be
 Ground right, bucause his hand it shakes,
 An' he says scissors grindin's hard
 To do, bucause, you know, it makes
 A dull place if his hand is jarred.

“Tinkle-inkle-tink-tink,
 Tinkle-inkle-tink-tink”—
 Me an' sister Bess an' Cousin Dan
 Like to hear th' “Tink-tink-tinkle-inkle-
 tink-tink”
 Sayin' here's th' scissors grinderman.

Just yesterday—w'y, he was here
 An' grind our scissors, nen he goed
 Away, an' we think he looks queer
 A-hurryin' along th' road;
 But he say he ain't goin' far,
 Just down to where th' poorhouse is—
 An' since, wherever us boys are,
 We hear 'at little bell o' his:

“Tinkle-inkle-tink-tink,
 Tinkle-inkle-tink-tink”—
 We're all glad to-day to think we ran
 Callin' to th' “Tink-tink-tinkle-inkle-tink-
 tink,”
 Good-by to th' scissors grinderman.