

In Lighter Vein

A Misfit

Tom the Piper's Son: "How do you like your quarters?"
The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe: "Oh, dear! The basement should be half soled and we're so crowded I really ought to have an E width."

The Song of the Dental Demon

Oh, blithe and gay is the roundelay
Of one of my profession,
For what more fair than a dental chair
And a victim in possession?
I bind him firm, so he cannot squirm,
And then prescribe a filling;
Oh, sweet the sound when the wheels fly round!
A dream of delight the drilling!

I swoop and swerve till I find the nerve,
His frantic sobs unheeding;
Then slide and slip while I catch his lip
To leave it bruised and bleeding!
I jab my thumb in his tender gum,
The probe and file applying;
A skilful punch or a sudden crunch—
Ah, see the splinters flying!

I spring a joke, while I pick and poke,
And chuckle appreciation;
His swollen tongue, adroitly wrung,
Forbids vituperation!
A careless lunge or an artful plunge
His aching face enlarges;
A final rasp and a parting gasp,
Then he pays me the charges!

Why He Wept

He was a hard-looking ruffian, but his counsel, in a voice husky with emotion, addressed the jury.
"Gentlemen," said he, "my client was driven by the want of food to take the small sum of money. All that he wanted was sufficient money to buy food for his little ones. Evidence of this lies in the fact that he didn't take a pocketbook, containing fifty dollars in bills, that was lying in the room."
The counsel paused for a moment, and the silence was interrupted by a sob of the prisoner.
"Why do you weep?" asked the Judge.
"Because," replied the prisoner, "I didn't see the pocketbook."

Really Crowded

A friend was complaining the other day to Captain Barber, Port Captain of the State pilots, about the crowded condition of the steamboat on which he recently made a trip.
"Four in a room?" replied Barber.
"That's nothing. You should have travelled in the days of the gold rush to California. I remember one trip out of New York we carried more than one thousand passengers, and if you put fifty on that ship to-day there'd be a holler that would reach Washington and make trouble for somebody. To show you how crowded it was, and what 'crowded' really means, three days out from New York a chap walked up to the old man and said: 'Captain, you really must find me a place to sleep.'
"Where in thunder have you been sleeping until now?" asked the old man.
"Well," says the fellow, 'you see it's this way: I've been sleeping on a sick man, but he's getting better now and won't stand for it much longer.'"

Out of the Mouth of Babes

A clergyman famous for his begging abilities was once catechizing a Sunday-school. When comparing himself as pastor of the church to a shepherd, and his congregation to the sheep, he put the following question to the children: "What does the shepherd do for the sheep?"
To the confusion of the minister a small boy in the front row piped out: "Shears them!"

Quite a Flock

Census Taker: "How many are there in that bunch of Portugese?"
Landlady: "Six. A Portugoose, a Portugander, and four little Portugoslings."

BRAVO!

(Fréd. E. Weatherly in the London Daily Mail.)

Kitchener sat in his London den,
Silent and grim and grey,
Making his plans with an iron pen,
Just in Kitchener's way.
And he saw where the clouds rose dark and dun,
And all that it meant, he knew:
"We shall want every man who can shoulder a gun
To carry this thing right through!"

Bravo Kitchener! say what you want,
No one shall say you nay!
And the world shall know, where our bugles blow,
We've a Man at the head—to-day!

Jellicoe rides on the grey North Seas
Watching the enemy's lines,
Where their Lord High Admirals skulk at ease
Inside of their hellish mines.
They have drunk too deep to the boasted fight,
They have vowed too mad a vow!
What do they think—on the watch—to-night?
What toast are they drinking now?

Bravo, Jellicoe! Call them again,
And whenever they take the call,
Show them the way, give them their "Day!"
And settle it once for all!

And French is facing the enemy's front,
Stubbornly day to day,
Taking the odds and bearing the brunt,
Just in the Britisher's way.
And he hears the message, that makes him glad,
Ring through the smoke and flame.
"Fight on, Tommy! stick to them, lad!
Jack's at the same old game!"

Bravo, Tommy, stand as you've stood,
And, whether you win or fall,
Show them you fight as gentlemen should,
And die like gentlemen all!

So Kitchener plans in London Town,
French is standing at bay,
Jellicoe's ships ride up and down,
Holding the seas' highway.
And you that loaf where the skies are blue,
And play by a petticoat hem,
These are the men who are fighting for you!
What are you doing for them?

Bravo, then, for the men who fight!
To Hell with the men who play!
It's a fight to the end for honor and friend,
It's a fight for our lives to-day!

Faithful

Representative Fitzgerald, of Boston has a story of an Irish couple in that city who, despite a comparatively happy married life, were wont to have violent misunderstandings. Nevertheless, the pair were devoted to each other, and when the husband died not long ago the widow was inconsolable.
"Well, there's one blessing, Maggie, for they do say that poor Mike died happy."
"Indade he did," responded the widow.
"The dear lad! The lasht thing he done was to crack me over the head wid a medicine-bottle."

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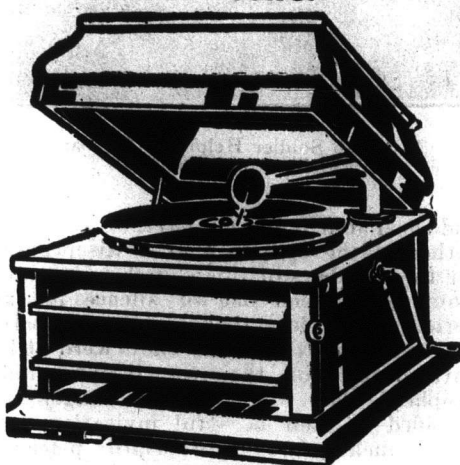
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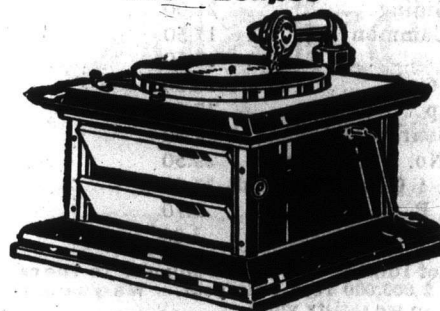
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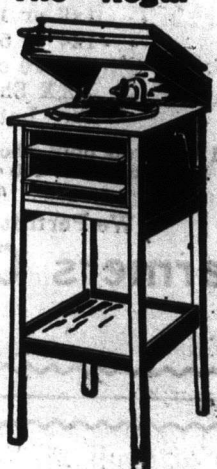
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