

conductor, who was standing on the rear platform. The door was open and the conductor, with a bored expression, was whistling softly to himself. At last he observed that Socrates was eyeing him very closely.

"Now, by Dionysus, my friend," said he, "please look another way,—you've got a face that makes my hair ache. Did I ever do you any wrong that you should glare at me as you do?"

"Well," replied Socrates affably, "I can't say that you did. But I was just going to warn you against doing me one now, by carrying me past my street. Try to keep in mind that I want to get off at Acropolis Avenue."

"Oh, I can't take care of everybody's business that rides on this line," said the conductor. "If you don't know enough to last you till you get home, that's none of my funeral. We don't run a department for idiots, by Zeus!"

"If you would tie one side of your mouth to the back of your head, my friend," answered Socrates sarcastically, "perhaps then you might remember, when we reach Acropolis Avenue, that there is somebody on the car who wishes to get off there."

"It would ill become one in my position to exhibit myself so to the Athenian public. But if *you* will kindly wrap your ears around your neck a couple of times," the conductor suggested politely, "and then tie them in a bow knot under your chin, I think I will remember not to carry you past your street." And there was much merriment in the car.

W. J. H.

VERY EXCLUSIVE.

ME next dure neighbor indade!

Is it me ud be afther spakin' to the likes av *that* woman—afther the way meself was tuk in wid her the very jay she cum there? No ma-am! I never takes up wid the likes av sich truck, savin' yer prisince. I prefers to be aixclusive. The way it was ma-am—sure the "let" was down aff the window, an' there was wan load av foine furniture in the house, an' sure an' where was the harrum av meself slippin' in be the back dure—just to see if me cat was afther bein' shut in there, maybe perhaps who knows how? Well, meself goes up stairs, an' down stairs, luckin' fur me cat, an' if I did luck in at the bureau drawers, jist fur the good luck av the thing, sure where was the harrum? An' sure I never thought they'd miss a few nick-nacks out among all thim things. So I jist pinned a few handkerchers an' a few collars an' ribbons round on me petticoats an' just let me gown-tail down cver them quite discrately so you'd niver know, an' out I cum. But who should I meet in the dure but me laddy-bug, an' she drest as foine as ye plaise; an' she sez to me, sez she, "Aixcuse me," sez she, "but may I ax what ye're afther doin' here," sez she.

"Sartainly, ma-am," sez I; "sure its no objections I'd have in the wurld to be afther answerin' a civil question," sez I. "It's me c't I'm afther," sez I. "He's a grate bye to wander round impty houses is Tom, an' sure," sez I, "it's in here I thought I'd find him," sez I.

"Oh," sez she an' wid that she walks in past me widout ivir spaikin' wan word.

Well, ma-am, they moved in all right sure enough, an' meself was just afther thinkin' how it ud be if Tom were to go in be the back cellar dure some afternoon when me laddy-bug was out wid the baby, an' me to go after him loi'e,—sure I couldn't be afther losin' me cat, an' sure they bein' next dure neighbors wouldn't moind me havin' an eye to the place, anyway, whin they were out. Whin who

should walk up to me dure but a grate policeman, an' he'd a warrant to commit meself for pitty larceny if yez plase.

"Pitty larceny!" sez I. "Shure I wouldn't know the woman if she was lookin' into me two oyes this minute," sez I. "Is it *me* you'd be afther takin' up fur kapin a disorderly house, an' meself you'd be arristin', all on account av Pitty Larceny, bad cess to her. More be token, I don't know the woman," sez I. But musha! it was no use at all, at all; sure, meself a poor harmless widdy-woman was actually sint down fur tin days fur stalin' handkerchers an' ribbons from that next dure's bureau—whin I can take me awful davy that Bridgey never put wan av thim ribbons round her neck only wonst, whin she wint to the ball wid Larry Flynn, an' the handkerchers she always dried 'em in the house. An' our Bridgey is a gurrul that was brought up in daycency an' 'annesty, an' niver in all her life wint as far as the corner wid a man. Yes ma am! an' there was me good name spiled, an' me family disgraced all because meself just wint in in a nayborly way to luck fur me poor cat. No ma-am! I've more respect fur meself than spake to the likes uv *her*, if she is me next dure neighbor. I'm very aixclusive ma-am.



HALF-FARE.

Ticket Agent—For adults, one dollar; children half-price.

Yacobstein—Give us three children's tickets.

Ticket Agent—But *you* are not children!

Yacobstein—Of course we are; children of Israel, aind it?

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ETIQUETTE.

FORMULATED FOR THE COMPREHENSION OF THE OBTUSE
WITH AN APPENDIX OF ARBITRARY RULES
FOR BEGINNERS

- I. DON'T allow your guest to become embarrassed. If he should break a champagne glass, immediately contrive to smash the epergne yourself. This conduct will put your guest in countenance, and will also develop powers of endurance in your wife.