



NONE REQUIRED.

SKAGGS—"Boss, lemme sell you one of my new patent burglar alarms."

CHADWICK—"Don't need one. We've got a baby at our house."

corner, in a state of emaciation. Fed her and shut her up.

May 26th.—I'm not in it any longer. We are going out of the poultry business. Just think of it—I happened to leave the gate out of the hen-ranch into the garden open for a short time, and in half a minute the whole blooming outfit were scattering over that garden and converting it into a howling wilderness and scene of devastation. Even the sitters, who usually can't be driven off their nests, seemed instinctively to know there was a chance to do some mischief, and joined in the carnival of destruction. Every seed that we spent the Queen's Birthday in sowing has been raked up. This is the last straw. I'll wring the necks of the whole lot and we'll live on chicken pie for the next few days.

May 28th.—The first two we tried were so terribly tough that we couldn't eat them. Have sold the balance to a neighbor's boy for fifty cents and given him two weeks to raise it. Anything to get rid of the brutes! No more hens for me if I know it, and Maria says so too.

THE COMMENCEMENT.

IT is just at this time, when summer is bursting upon the world in all her splendor, that the 'class of '91' stands in the glory of finished culture at the portals of *Alma Mater*, face worldward, ready to make their Commencement in the journey of life. Eager and happy throngs of friends surround them, to marvel at their erudition, and to applaud the essays and orations in which the wisdom of the ages is gathered to a focus. There stand the young men in cap and gown, diploma in hand, and beside them the sweet girl graduates, who probably beat them by several points in the exams. Before they have travelled very far on the commonplace path of life most of these B.A.'s and M.A.'s may come to find out that after all they do not "know it all," and that a great deal of the University stuff they are loaded with is of no earthly use to them. Here and there a grad. will grasp the thought that he is now just on the threshold of real study, but most of them will wonder why the professional, scientific and state affairs of the world are not at

once handed over to them by the inferior persons who are now running things. Truly wise have been those of them who have in their academical course mastered the mysteries of base-ball, football and cricket. Professionals in these lines command steady work and good wages, whereas there is no demand at all for journalists who can write editorials full of Latin and Greek quotations. As for the dear girls, bless their learned little hearts, those of them who escape the fate of being seminary professors with gold-rimmed spectacles, will just get married like other girls, only that they will be able to entertain their husband with interesting dissertations on the Whenceness of the Wherefore instead of everlasting babble about the hired girl and her shortcomings. For which the husbands in question ought to rise up and call the University blessed!

GOING HIM ONE BETTER.

EMPEROR WILLIAM (*of Germany*).—"We monarchs ought to provide for anything that may happen in these uncertain times. It is a tradition of our house that all princes must be taught some useful trade, so that in the event of a revolution they would be able to earn their living. Why don't you Guelphs do that?"

PRINCE OF WALES.—"You are too fresh, young man. We do a great deal better than that. Why, what I don't know about cards isn't worth knowing—and if we lost the throne I could make more money travelling with my baccarat-lay out in a day than you'd earn at any useful trade in a year."

HIS HATED RIVAL.

THE portrait painter idly sat
For tardy custom waiting;
The times were dull and business flat—
His prospects not elating.

The photographic stand next door
A lively trade was driving,
Its owner hardly wished for more,
His business was so thriving.

The artist sighed and said—and this
Methinks was really smart—
"This photographic business is
A foe-to-graphic art."



"HEDDA GABLER."

The critics say the heroine of Ibsen's play, "Hedda Gabler," is a very real woman. She is also well-named!