



Burton Mendick

MAIL ITEM.

FRIAR TUCK—"Have another piece of the pastry, my liege."

KING RICHARD—"Fain would I, but I have on my unyielding corslet of steel."

"Yes," returned Mangs, with the deep content of a child whose wants are understood, "what necktie, Joe?" "I should think any of these would do."

Mangs looked at the neckties unhappily. "But which would you wear, Joe?"

By this time Smith, who had been looking into the Mangs wardrobe, began to take a clearer view of the situation. "True as you live, she had all his things laid out in sections and labelled," he confided afterwards to a friend. "Wear the red one, Mangs."

"You think that one would be best?"

"Oh, undoubtedly."

"I had to dress the fellow completely," he went on to the same friend. "She actually had little dusters for each separate pair of boots, and he used them, too"

It was half-past ten when he left Mangs, a desolate man, faltering on the edge of the pavement.

"Joe, what would you have for breakfast?"

"Eggs, hen's eggs, boiled, brown ones, but take white if you can't get brown. Ask the waiter about the rest." Then Smith dashed madly in front of an electric car.

PENNY.

"NOTHING IN THE PAPERS."

ST. PETER he sat by the heavenly gate,
And his face wore an ominous frown;
"There's nothing at all in the papers of late,"
Said he, and threw one of them down.

"I have read my exchanges all over with care,
That of interest used to be full,
If I wasn't a saint I should certainly swear,
They are most unaccountably dull.

"Yet I don't think that crime has a great deal decreased,
And political scandals are rife;
Old Nick's hard at work—yet there seems at least
Less interest in human life.

"The editor bravely continues the fight
With his low-lived and pestilent foes;
The fashion-plates bright still the females delight,
With their visions of new Easter clothes.

"Yet something is missing which used to give zest
To my reading—now what can it be?
Oh yes—when the newspaper funny men jest
They no longer make jokes about me.

"I used to get mad at their scurrilous jokes,
And for vengeance upon them did call.
But I'd sooner be g'bed at, like some other fof
Than never be noticed at all."