



X-Ray Golf.

"What's that, Willie?"

"Shinnie; don't you see they're using shins."

The Coquette.

They met amid the giddy throng ;
Then heard she with derisive scorn,
The heartfelt burden of the song
Of love with which his soul was torn—
Of hopeless and relentless pain—
For fancy spread before her view
Of worshippers an endless train,
And ever as she looked, it grew.

Fain would she wear the coquette crown,
This one would soothe and that one hurt ;
She gained a rather risqué renown,
And by her friends was christened "flirt."
Then when repulsed love was turned
To passionate embittered hate,
The blighting flame of scandal burned ;
She turned to stifle it—too late.

—P. J.

In His Own Coin.

Between my handsome wife and I
There formerly were strained relations,
She'd grow half-mad with jealousy
When I indulged in mild flirtations.

But latterly things seem to change,
I live again my youth's romances,
In primrose paths of dalliance range,
Unwithered by her scornful glances.

To Mrs. Dasher I've made love,
Which doesn't rouse her temper acid ;
With Julia Bates I'm hand and glove,
She sees it all, still calm and placid.

Not long ago with half the cause
Her jealous outbreaks were infernal.

I see it now ! How blind I was !

She's mashed herself upon the Colonel !—P. T.