

THE YELLOW AGE ... *Caroline Duer*

This is the age of grasping hearts and hands,
Of hurrying feet and greedy, watchful eyes
Turned to the worship of the golden calf,
Sneering down other idols with a laugh,
Throwing down other prizes for this prize;
Bowing before the priest who understands
Its myst'ries best, in this and other lands.

These are the glittering days of gilded show,
Of brazen tongues—of envy jaundice-eyed
And covetous of all that gold controls;
This is the age of brains instead of souls—
The yellow age, where purses measure pride;
Even the flame of love, blown to and fro
By jealous winds, burns with a saffron glow.

Look well, O World, before time turns the
page,

The gaudy pageant passes through your street;
The envious apes rage in your market
place—

Science and art are breathless in the race
For fortune, where for fame they did compete.
The yellow fever of the yellow age
Has spread from slave to king, from fool
to sage.

BROKEN STOWAGE

Bridget has a kitchen full of her company.
Mistress—(from the head of the stairs)—
Bridget! Bridget—Yes ma'am. Mistress—
It's ten o'clock. Bridget—Thank ye, ma'am.
And will ye be so koind ez to tell me whin
it's twelve?

Assistant Librarian—Where shall I put
this book, Impressions of America by an
Englishman? Librarian—In the fiction
department.

Kind Inquirer—And 'ow be the old man,
Mrs. Quaggins? Mrs. Quaggins—Thankee,
kindly, but I'm afeared he be mortal bad.
Doctor he do sa yas 'ow if 'ee live to morning
'e'll 'ave some 'opes of 'ee; but if 'ee doan't
'ee's afeared 'ee must give 'ee up.

Mrs. Farmer—I'm real sorry to hear of
your bereavement, Miss Dakota-Plains. Was
it a near relation? Miss Dakota-Plains—
Wal, no, Mis' Farmer; only about forty miles.

Patent—Doc'or, I am very short of breath.
Doctor—Oh, well, we'll soon stop that!

"Mary, go into the sitting-room and tell
me how the thermometer stands." "It stands
on the mantlepiece, just again the wall, sir!"

Maude—Oh, Mabel, have you heard?
Charley has broken his nose! Mabel—
Gracious! I shall never get over it. Maude
—I should think not, the bridge is gone.

"Do you and your wife ever have any dis-
putes?" "No, we live in a flat and there is
no room for argument."

"Well," said Mr. Poindexter to Mr. Cling-
stone, as the latter got off the train on his
return from Washington, "are you the ap-
pointee?" "No; I am the disappointed,"
replied the office-seeker.

"What did you stop that clock in your
room for, Jane?" "Because, mum, the
plaguey thing has some sort of a fit every
mornin', mum, jest when I want to sleep."

It is a singular fact that red is made from
madder, and that bulls are made madder by
red.

Prisoner Overseer—You seem anxious to
do better. Is there anything I can do to
improve your condition? Prisoner—Yes,
... let me out.

"Here I am, the owner of an estate of 500
acres and those confounded flies won't go
anywhere else but on the end of my nose!"

"Professor, you have a little son." "Let
him wait in the ante-room!"

Minister—I once performed three wedding
ceremonies in twelve minutes. Miss Saylor
—That was at the rate of fifteen knots an
hour.

Justice of the peace to bride's mother, as
the bridegroom hesitates with his "yes."—
Step a little further back, Madam.

She—So you don't like the hat just in front
of us? How would you like it trimmed?
He (savagely)—With a lawn mower.

"Just think, somebody broke into my
studio last night. Unfortunately I had just
begun a study in still life." "Was it stolen?"
"No, but the models were. A ham and
some sausages."

A political speaker accused a rival of "un-
fathomable meanness," and then, rising to
the occasion, said, "I warn him not to
persist in his disgracefull course, or he'll find
that two of us can play at that game!"

Little Maggie's father was a salesman for a
large baking-powder firm, and one night she
electrified her mother by praying, "Dear
Lord please, make me pure, pure and sure,
like baking-powder."