



SUMMER BOARDER: Do you find that that scarecrow really keeps off the birds?

"Scarecrow! That ain't a scarecrow that's my husband."

—Life

TIME TO GO

"Pa, is a vessel a boat?"

"Er—yes—you may call it that."

"Well, what kind of a boat is a blood-vessel?"

"It's a life-boat. Now run away to bed."—*Boston Transcript.*

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HE WOULD

"When they take woman away from the co-educational college," said the speaker, "what will follow?"

"I will," cried a voice from the audience.—*Success.*

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UP AGAINST IT

"John," asked Mrs. Dorkins, "what is a 'political con game'?"

"Why, it's—it's a frame-up, you know."

"Yes, but what is a frame-up?"

"A—er—piece of bunk, of course; can't you—"

"What is a piece of bunk?"

"Oh, shucks!" exclaimed Mr. Dorkins. "What's the use of trying to tell a woman anything about politics!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

PRETTY QUICK

He—"But couldn't you learn to love me, Anna?"

She—"I don't think I could."

He (reaching for his hat)—"It is as I feared—you are too old to learn."

—*Harper's Bazar.*

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A FALSE IMPRESSION

"What sort of a magazine do you publish?"

"The official organ of the dentists."

"I see. A sort of mouth organ, eh?"—*Toledo Blade.*

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IF YOU WANT A KISS, WHY TAKE IT

There's a jolly Saxon proverb

That is pretty much like this—

That a man is half in heaven

If he has a woman's kiss.

There is danger in delaying,

For the sweetness may forsake it;

So I tell you, bashful lover,

If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Never let another fellow

Steal a march on you in this;

Never let a laughing maiden

See you spoiling for a kiss.

There's a royal way to kissing,

And the jolly ones who make it

Have a motto that is winning—

If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Any fool may face a cannon,

Anybody wear a crown,

But a man must win a woman

If he'd have her for his own.

Would you have the golden apple,

You must find the tree and shake it;

If the thing is worth the having,

And you want a kiss, why, take it.

Who would burn upon a desert

With a forest smiling by?

Who would change his sunny summer

For a bleak and wintry sky?

Oh, I tell you there is magic,

And you cannot, cannot break it:

For the sweetest part of loving

Is to want a kiss, and take it.

—Anonymous.