



## Peelings



## To Be Or Not to Be

I'd rather be a Could Be  
 If I could not be an Are;  
 For a Could Be is a Maybe,  
 With a chance of touching par.  
 I'd rather be a Has Been  
 Than a Might Have Been by far;  
 For a Might Have Been has never  
 been,  
 But a Has was once an Are.  
*Stanford Chaparral*

"There is said to be a great demand for \$10,000 a year men," remarked Mr. Gadspur.

"So I hear," said Mr. Dubwaite. "Any special requirements?"

"Well, I understand there isn't much talk about a five-day week and a six-hour day in \$10,000 a year circles. The idea seems to be that a man can work six days a week for eight or ten hours a day without wrecking his health, and he might even look in on the job for an hour or two Sunday, if necessary."

*Birmingham Age-Herald*

"Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm on?" asked the hardware clerk, as he wrapped up the nails. "They're cheap now. I can let you have a first-class one for \$35."

"I'd rather put \$35 in a cow," replied the farmer.

"But, think," persisted the clerk, "how foolish you'd look riding around on a cow."

"Oh, I don't know," said the farmer, stroking his chin; "no more foolish, I guess, than I would milkin' a bicycle."

Think of what you are doing. You may rub out a blot, but the paper will never be as clean as the original sheet.

A Brooklynite recently sent in to the *New York Evening World* a rhyme which he says he wrote to relieve his mind. Read it and see if it will relieve yours:

"I'd like to take a trip  
 On an old banana ship  
 Where the deck with ripe bananas  
 glows and glitters.  
 Where the captain and the crew  
 Live on green banana stew,  
 Interspersed, at times, with ripe banana fritters."

Two sailors, at a dog show, were gazing at a valuable sky terrier which had so much hair that it looked more like a woollen mat than a dog.

"Which end is 'is 'ead, Tom?" asked one.

"Blowed if I know," was the reply. "But 'ere, I'll stick a pin in him, and you look which end barks."

Don't think that every sad-eyed woman has loved and lost. Perhaps she loved and got him.

"Got any mail for Mike Howe?" asked the stranger at the small town post office window.

"No, nor anybody else's cow," retorted the indignant postmaster.

*U-Between-S*

## Don't Do It

We have yielded their plums to the plumbers; and added the sums of some summers. To the mitre give might, to the nightingale, night; and even the drums to the drummers. But we never shall greet with hosannas the attempt to rob man of mañanas. And we swear we shall take a fast boat to Jamaica, if they put this new "ban on bananas"!

*—The Evening Sun*