



### AN UNKIND REFLECTION.

GIRLETTE—"Yes, Tip isn't well just now. You know we have been very careful not to tell him that he isn't thoroughbred for fear of hurting his feelings, and Jack held him up to the glass the other day, and he yawned and saw that his mouth wasn't black inside like it ought to be, and he's been out of sorts ever since."—*Fun.*

if we had never spoken together except in the presence of half-a-dozen people?"

CON.—"Yes, but is it the thing——"

MARG.—"The 'thing' is not a nice expression. That vulgar and immoral—yes, I repeat, immoral—Mrs. Grundy influences you. Are you not a woman? Is Mr. Hudson not a man? Would you consume one another if you were left alone?"

CON. (*humming softly*)—"Blue is certainly my color."

MARG.—"Constance, do stop talking! My head!—Oh!"

CON.—"Will you keep still yourself, you absurd girl!"  
[*She leaves the room humming.*]

SCENE II. — EVENING — *William Scot's apartment. Books, papers, pipes and towels in fearful and wonderful array. HUDSON enters quickly.*

HUDSON—"Do I look all right, Bill, about as usual?"

SCOT—"The devil! no. What is the matter with you?"

HUDSON—"I say, do I look as usual?"

SCOT—"And I say no; your appearance is ghastly. Miss Dith will—(*HUDSON turns to go*)—By the way. I think I'll go up there with you to-night."

HUDSON—"No, thanks."

SCOT—"I think I'll go."

HUDSON—"I am going to see Miss Dith alone."

SCOT—(*portentously*)—"My friend, be advised by me. Go straight to the point. Don't be excited or nervous, don't——"

[*HUDSON goes, banging the door.*]

SCENE III.—SAME EVENING, (*later*)—*The drawing-room at Dith's. The curtains drawn. The soft light of the piano lamp discovers CONSTANCE and HUDSON in earnest conversation.*

HUDSON—"I have long wanted an opportunity to talk with you. As you say, we are good friends, but I think

we are something more. I regard you not merely as my friend, but as——"

CON. (*with a fixed and horrified stare she is looking over HUDSON's head. At this instant she springs in the air with a desperate gesture and then sinks slowly back*)—"There, there! I told mamma how it would be. It is dreadful."

HUDSON—"But—but I am astonished. Surely——"

CON.—"Oh, you don't understand how annoying——"

HUDSON—"But if you will only listen——"

CON. (*She starts forward again, bringing her hands sharply together near HUDSON's face*)—"Do excuse me—(*laughs*)—but I can't bear to——"

HUDSON—"I—I am exceedingly sorry——"

CON.—"Yes, I am, too, but——"

HUDSON (*rising*)—"If I—if you—will you——"

(*Constance swerves about and moves rapidly down the room, clasping her hands convulsively.*)

HUDSON (*to himself*)—"This is really too melodramatic. (*Aloud.*) It is getting late, I think I must go."

CON. (*ecstatically, with her back still towards him*)—"At last! (*turns and advances.*) What, are you going?"

HUDSON (*stiffly*)—"Yes, it is late."

CON. (*looking searchingly into his face*)—"I hardly know whether to ask you to——"

HUDSON—"A—thank you. Please remember me to your cousin. Good evening!"

SCENE IV. (*later*)—MARGARET in bed. CONSTANCE enters on tip-toe.

MARG.—"Hello, dear; did you have a good time?"

CON.—"You awake yet?"

MARG.—"Did you have a good time?"

CON.—"Do not ask me; do not speak to me!"

MARG.—"What in the world has happened?"

CON.—"Don't ask me; I am not going to say one word, not one. But if I could only describe how nice he was until just in the middle of our conversation—(*Suddenly she pauses transfixed, then rushes madly forward, clutching the air*)—Another! Ah! Caught!!"

E.A.D.



### A DEFINITION.

DE JINKS (*who writes the Fokelets column for the Morning Howler*)—"Mr. Solidboy, you're a scholar. Now, how would you distinguish between wit and humor?"

SOLIDBOY—"Easily. Wit is the funny stuff written by men who are dead and gone; humor is the stuff written now-a-days and supposed to be funny."