



CLARA (on the wrong side of 30); I am sure I don't know what he sees in her.

CHOLLY Well, they say love is blind.

CLARA: Blind! nonsense; I never saw a man in love yet, who did not see TEN TIMES as much in his sweetheart as I could.

CRUSHED.

THE editor knew him—not by his hair particularly, for its length was effectively disguised by a Psyche knot thrust under his hat. But the light écreu manuscript with a pink sash that he exposed to view when it was safe to do so, unmistakably fixed his identity. A poet. And one of terrible ingenuity at that, for he had penetrated to the sanctum!

"Next room for the business manager," advised the editor, darkly. "Literary department closed."

But the delicate intellectual features did not wince. No shrinking eyes implored recognition. He was in now—let the other man tremble.

He went over and sat down.

The editor closed his eyes and waited for the speaker to come thus:

"I have heard you highly spoken of as a literary engine!"

The speaker leisurely removed his hat, and undid his coiffure. Like an indistinct echo from a tired phonograph, the editor feebly replied, "Literary department closed." The poet heeded not.

He said:

"I have resolved to make you the beneficiary of my genius. I will read to you the bright and consummate flower of my thought—an Idyl!—HEAR ME OUT!"

The last three words were fairly thundered and lightened. The editor had made an attempt to rally and the celluloid paper cutter would have done its deadly work. But the poet was too sultry. The weapon fell from a nerveless grasp.

The lightning went on!

"I, sir, am no ordinary poet—no common rhymster. I came here, as I said, to make your fortune. Never before have I honored my publishers with a visit."

The expression on the editor's face curdled the mucilage—but the poet was inclement still.

He continued:

"I came here with the intention of aggrandizing your miserable periodical, and was compelled to disguise myself to get an audience. That I excused as the ignorance of the brutish horde. But your personal conduct is insufferable and I have abandoned my charitable intentions. A—ban—don—ed them—m—m!"

And with a form full of majesty he rose to depart.

The mind of the editor reeled.

At the door the poet stopped, and one by one these crushing words were uttered:

"Know that he thou turnest away could have made thee! I am the advertising poet of Scourine, the Dirt-Germ Killer! Villain, I go."

And the ad. was canceled—so was the editor.

Morill Hazard.

BY PROXY.

"THAT woman over there does all the washing for a family of ten."

"Gracious! Don't the family ever wash itself?"

A REBUFF.

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?" asked Chollie,

"The other way, whichever that is," replied the young woman tartly, and before Chollie knew it he was alone.



"Dennis, I hear that you have been drinking again; if you can't do better I shall have to let you go."

"Sure, sir, it was against me will that I got off this time, sir."

"Nonsense! no man can do things against his will."

DENNIS (grasping at a straw); Faith, I had a brother who went to prison against his will.