



SILENT SUFFERING.

SHE—"Ah! Men don't know what women have to bear; they suffer in silence."

HE—"I know. That's their greatest suffering."

SWEET CHINEE.

(Air—Sweet Marie.)

I'VE a secret in my heart,
Sweet Chinee.
A tale would make you start
Dreadfully.
Every Jap he knows our yell.
Knows our pass-word very well,
And yet he dare not tell
Sweet Chinee.

When I face you on the brine,
Sweet Chinee ;
Then you'll be dead in line,
Come to me ;
Ah the world is full of Sin !
Full of battle's cruel din,
And yet we will Pekin,
Sweet Chinee.

CHORUS.

Come to me, sweet Chinee, sweet Chinee, come to me,
Not because your feet are small,
Love, to see,
But your wig, so long and sleek,
Makes me think it would be neat,
As a halter for our fleet,
Sweet Chinee.

A. H. K.

SUSAN.

SWEET Susan, so sunny, so smilingly shy,
So simple, so subtle, so saucily sly,
Sings, sings so serenely ! (Such silvery sound !)
See ! Seeking such sweetness six suitors surround.
So sapient, sober, so stately, secure,
So sombre, sarcastic, sardonic, so sure.
Suppress, softly sighing so sweetly, such swains !
(Some sympathy, surely, sweet Susan sustains :
Sealed safely, such secret she shrinking should screen.)
Some suitors seem satisfied, smiling, serene ;
Some, sad, solemn, sulky, still sorrowful stray ;
Some, silently scheming, still stupidly stay.
Sweet Susan so scornful should steadily say
"No !"

A BOVINE TRAGEDY.

THE moon shone down most dutiful,
Out of an azure sky,
Full on a creature beautiful,
Who slow my hut passed by.

Her limpid eyes were glistening
As though some grief she'd hide ;
At times she halted, listening,
Anon would onward glide.

An air she had of haughtiness
(The pride of long descent),
And yet a deed of naughtiness
'Twas on which she was bent.

In state, with such celerity,
Towards the shaft she swept ;
On seeing such temerity
Strong men might well have wept.

She glanced around affrightedly,
But climbed the heap of dirt,
Then cast her eye delightedly
On my old flannel shirt !

I'd left it out unthinkingly,
When going home for tea ;
She lifted it unwinkingly,
And chewed it up with glee.

This was a find encouraging,
But more came after that—
She got, by skilful foraging,
My waistcoat, watch, and hat.

Adown her sweet oesophagus
The flannel shirt they chased,
And found a safe sarcophagus
Beyond her slender waist.

With appetite diminishing
Her ardor seemed to flag ;
But wound up all by finishing
That little canvas bag.

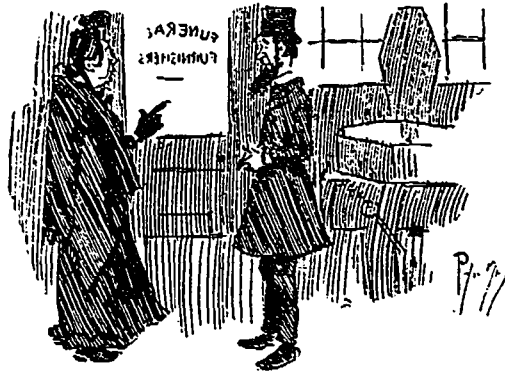
The whole earth shook convulsively,
Destruction reigned complete,
And down there fell, impulsively,
Great gobs of gore and meat !

The resident of China might
Have heard the fearful row :
The bag was full of dynamite,
She was Smith's poley cow !

A. Chic.

WIFE OF CRITIC—"You have been turning the pages of that book back and forth for over an hour. What on earth are you hunting for?"

CRITIC—"I am trying to find a stanza taken at random with which to wind up my notice of it."



JUST PLAIN.

UNDERTAKER (having taken order) "What trimmin's will you 'ave?"

THE WIDOW MULDOON (promptly) "None at all! Sure he died av trimmins. We'll have no more av thim!"