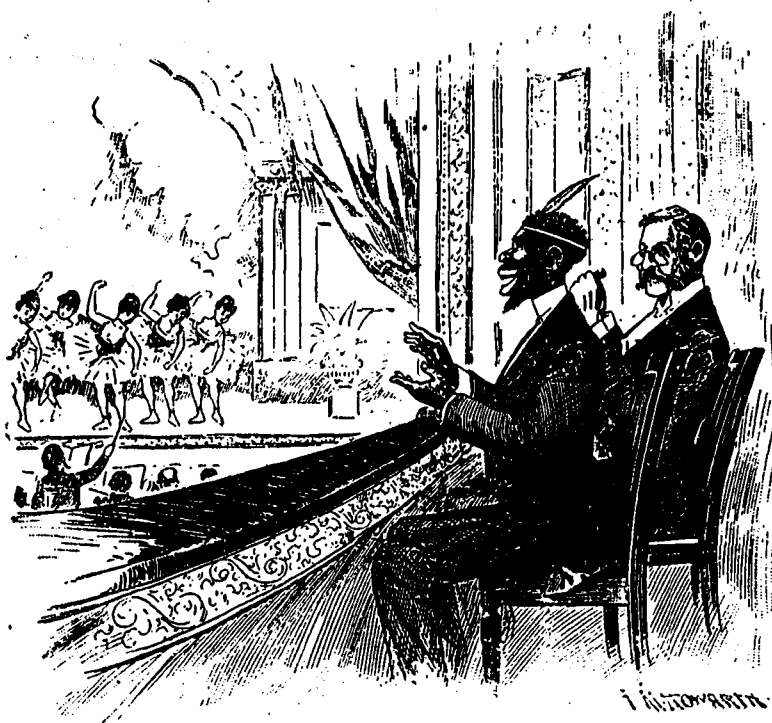




VISITING SOUTH AFRICAN POTENTATE: *Ah, my country's style of dress is the most beautiful after all.*



A FREE PATENT MEDICINE AD.

MAMMA: *Ah, a note from George! (READS.) "I noticed that baby looked a little peaked this morning, so I bought this Samson Strengthening Food. Try a dose or two on him before I get home. Lovingly, Henry."*

HIS FATE.

HARD hit! And you ask what she's like
Jack.

She's like sunshine and violets and dew;
Like rich rose leaves and passionate perfume;
Like joy and delicious pain, too!

You should see her, Jack, piquant and lovely,
With the sunshine and sheen in her hair,
And her eyes just like pieces of heaven,
With some of its stars hidden there.

No one ever dressed like her, old fellow;
Such soft, dainty, lace-covered things,
All ribbon and drapery-business,
And perfume and satin that clings.

But it's rough on a fellow like me, Jack,
For I thought I'd passed that long ago,
That I was all settled for life with my clubs
And my dogs and my horses, you know.

But my bachelor peace is all over,
And her eyes and her lips and her laugh,
Are all that are worthy of thought in my life,
'Tis the draught that I constantly quaff.

You may laugh, if you want to, old fellow;
You may get there yourself, don't you know;
For I was as hardened as you are,
And her eyes smashed it all with a blow.

And my soul is consuming with passion;
The joy in my heart throbs to pain,
Because deep in her pure eyes to-night, Jack,
I shall see the sweet love-light again!

M. P. H.

THEY had perpetual Spring in the Garden of Eden;
"Come off. They had at least one Fall."



At 6 P.M.: *Howdy, Pop! Come right in.*