GENE FIELD'S PLATFORM.

I am six feet in height; am of spare build, weigh 160 pounds, and have shocking taste in dress. But I like to have well-dressed people about me. My eyes are blue, my complexion is pale, my face is shaven and I incline to baldness. It is only when I look and see how young and fair and sweet my wife is that I have a good opinion of myself.

I am fond of the companionship of women, and I have no unconquerable prejudice against feminine beauty. I recall with pride that in twenty two years of active journalism I have always written in reverential praise of womankind. I favor early marriage.

I am fond of the quaint and curious in every line. I am very fond of dogs, birds, and all small pets—a passion not approved of by my wife. My favorite flower is the carnation. My favorites in fiction are Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," "Don Quixote" and "Pilgrim's Progress." I greatly love Hans Christian Andersen's Tales, and I am deeply interested in folklore and fairy tales. I believe in ghosts, and witches and fairies. I should like to own a big astronomical telescope and a 24-tune music box. I adore dolls.

My favorite hymn is "Bounding Billows." My heroes in history are Martin Luther, Mme. Lamballe, Abraham Lincoln; my favorite poems are Koerner's "Battle Prayer," Wordsworth's "We Are Seven," Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," Luther's Hymn, Schiller's "The Diver," Horace's "Fons Bandusiae," and Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night." I dislike Dante and Byron. I should like to have known Jeremiah, the Prophet, old man Poggio, Horace, Walter Scott, Bonaparte, Hawthorne, Mme. Sontag, Sir John Herschel, Hans Andersen. My favorite actor is Henry Irving; actress, Mme. Modjeska.

I dislike "politics" so called. I should like to have the privilege of voting extended to women. I am unalterably opposed to capital punishment. I favor a system of pensions for noble services in literature, art. science, etc. I approve of compulsory education. I believe in churches and schools. I hate war, armies, soldiers, guns and fireworks.

If I could have my way, I should make the abuse of horses, dogs and cattle a penal offense. I should abolish all dog laws and dog catchers.

1. Auctioneer—What is bid for this piano? Going! going! going! (you can't open it; the key's lost) going! going! Sold for two-fifty. NEXT!!!

SONGS OF SERENADE.

One night beneath my window, when
　The stars were bright above,
The music of a mandolin,
　Blent with a lay of love,
Came stealing through the stillness like
　The balmy breath of spring;
I opened up my window blinds
　And heard a singer sing:

"Cupid is an archer, and his arrow's ever set,
And swift and sure the arrow flies, as from a falconet;
His bow is ever trusty and his aim is ever true.
Be wary of the archer when his arrow's aimed at you!"

　At first I only lingered there
　　To listen for a while,
　And thought the singer only sang
　　The hours to beguile.
　My heart began to tremble with
　　The touch of every string.
　I opened wide my window blinds
　　And heard the singer sing:

"Cupid is an archer, and his arrow's ever set,
And swift and sure the arrow flies, as from a falconet;
His bow is ever trusty and his aim is ever true.
Be wary of the archer when his arrow's aimed at you!"

　The weary day I'm waiting for
　　The twilight shades to fall,
　And where the tangled woodland waves
　　I hear the lone dove call.
　The song of running brooklets and
　　A thousand birds a-wing
　My eager ears will hear not,
　　When my love begins to sing:

"Cupid is an archer, and his arrow's ever set,
And swift and sure the arrow flies as from a falconet;
His bow is ever trusty and his aim is ever true.
Be wary of the archer when his bow is aimed at you!"
　　　　　　　　　　—CY WARMAN.

IN THE DAYS OF DIVORCES.

He—Will you be my wife some time this year?
She—I will. But I can't answer for any time later than that.

HOW IT WORKS.

The tippling farmer plants his corn,
　And though the crop be slim,
He turns it into golden juice,
　And then his corn plants him.

2. Mr. Short—Well, Mary, as long as the key's lost, I'll open it with this crowbar.

3. Funny it doesn't open.

4. BANG!!!