

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Dottie Dialogues

This Talk Was Over the Heads of the Dancers Below.

"I should think that instead of the Grand March they'd call it the Grand April, because of the showers," observed Dottie, hurling confetti from the box seats a politician friend had pressed on me. "Maybe they call it that because it starts like a lamb, and then goes out like a lion," I chuckled.

"Ah, you're filled with carnival spirit," she accused, "flashing at me with a handful of chopped glass." "There! I can hit you, anyway. I've been trying to wing a man marching down there who keeps looking up as though he was afraid his wife might be here," she laughed.

"Throw confetti, but don't throw insinuations," I warned. "This is a perfectly proper political ball, and all the attending politicians have been thoroughly white-washed."

"From the way he dodges these hashed papers you'd think I was a subpoena server," she remarked, letting a handful trickle down on the polished "bean" of a learned judge who ventured out from beneath the balcony.

"What's become of Young What's-His-Name, who took you out for a preliminary dance and seemed so keen to fill your program before he started?" I inquired cynically. "He has left; he didn't come back."

"Rubber," she snapped, rather sulkily. "Yes, quite a number here tonight, but that wasn't the question," I replied.

"I was answering, I discovered after the poor fellow had dragged me all around the place, and had wondered if I was a ton of coal or a battle ship. Until I had forgotten to take off my rubber sandals," she exclaimed.

"Men seem to tire out at one dance, while women can keep it up and be just as fresh at the end of the night," I remarked. "At a dance they seem to have the strength of foot ball players."

"See a number of half backs and quarter backs," she agreed.

"Would you say that that pretty blonde over there in the third box had pressed agent story hair?" I queried, to change the subject.

"Press agent story hair?" she echoed. "Let's put it," I explained.

"No, I should call it a Hamelin coil-fure," she countered.

"Meaning?" I inquired.

"Full of rats, Poof! Toof!" she exclaimed. "That young man rotating around her seems to be wearing those corset coats for men I read about. Do you think corset styles for men will ever come permanently to America?"



"Corsets usually come to stay?" I sidestepped. "According to the advance notices of the new coat, the chest is where the padding will be placed."

"Just how the padding is in the novels and serial stories," she grimaced.

"The proof of the pudding is in the reading of it," I paraphrased.

"Too many books spoil the author," she essayed, in the same vein. "I suppose it must be awfully easy to write a book."

"Yes, the hard part is getting anybody to read it," I responded. "Why?"

"I was just thinking about that story—could be made a good scene for a story—handsome young reformer fighting wicked politician boss falls in love with boss' daughter," she began.

"Idea never used before?" I jeered. "Plot with all the modern improvements."

"But," she continued, with rebuking emphasis, "this doesn't turn out the same way. He attends ball, just like this, sees another beautiful girl in box with vapid young idler."

"Young idler, you mean, don't you?" I interrupted. "But that's no reformer looking up here. He's a ky cop. Or am I the reformer?"

"You certainly have enough conceit," she cried.

"But you always have conceit checks," I protested. "Shall we wait?"

"I will not stir from here," she answered.

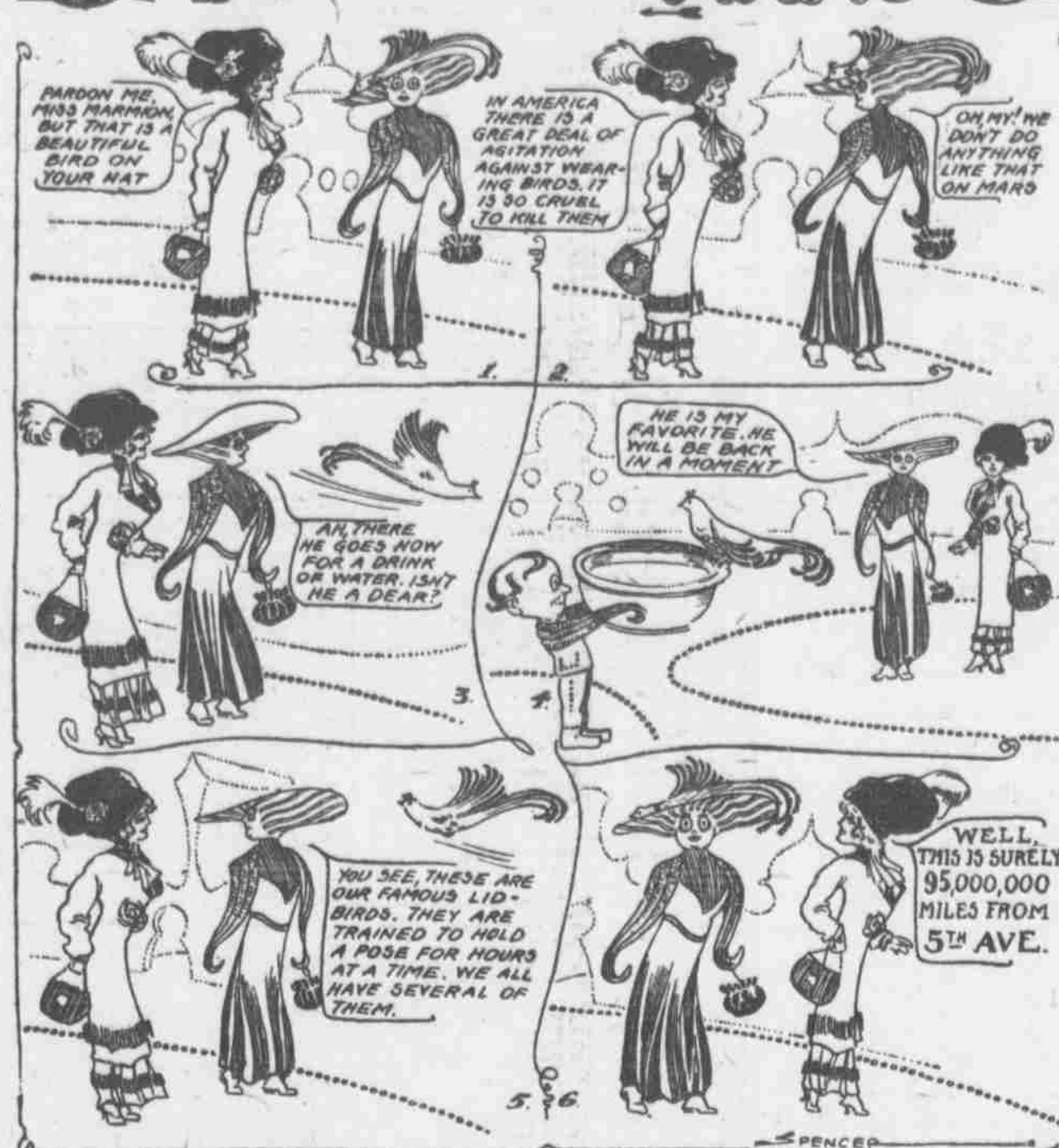
"Oh, don't be stubborn—come on!" I pleaded.

"Until you take your chair off my train," she finished.

"I got!"

(Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

A TRIP TO MARS



Any Woman Can See Them

"It has come to that point in artistic development that a woman need not look stout unless she wants to," says a writer in the New York Sun. "I would first say to a woman: 'Go and weigh yourself; note the table of weights and heights and see whether you are at normal. A few pounds more or less will not make any great difference. But if there is any great deviation, say if you are fifteen pounds over weight, then it is necessary to reduce.'"

"Loosening the waist will generally make a woman look slimmer. Take a woman whose waist is drawn in like an hour glass and get her to let it out, tying a broad band of something around her waist and she will immediately look slimmer."

"If you were to ask a Parlor how she makes herself look tall and slim she would stretch out her bejeweled little hands and check off her fingers the following: 'A long chain or string of beads. 'A wide, loose mesh effect around the waist, but neither wide enough to be cumbersome nor loose enough to hide the figure. 'Something floating around the neck, neatly arranged to float in a certain fashion or hang in a certain way. 'An unbroken hip line, something which exhibits the length from the waist to the floor; it may be only a panel or it may be a long giraffe; but there's always something. 'A wrist ornament, something that dangles and makes the arm look long and slim; it may be a bag with a long gold chain or it may be a reticule with silk strings, but there's sure to be that long, slim arm effect. 'Other things make a woman look tall, a train for instance; but it mustn't be too long; the little woman with a very long train is ridiculous; the tall woman with the long train is grotesque; but there is a medium which should be carefully studied.'"

"Taking No Risks. A Philadelphia woman who is exceedingly fond of animals had an odd experience while waiting at a city railway station for a belated train. In the seat next to her sat a small dog, which evidently belonged to an elaborately dressed woman just beyond. He was a friendly little fellow, and looked up at the first mentioned lady with a wag of his tail, as though desirous to make friends. She leaned down and patted him on the head. His mistress immediately reached out and took her precious pet into her lap. 'Pardon me,' she said apologetically, 'but my dog is not allowed to kiss strangers.'—Lippincott's.

"Say, I don't know just how to take Miss Cutting's comment on my singing." "What did she say?" "She said Caruso's voice was excellent, but mine was better still."—Lippincott's.

"A New England mother had come upon her 8-year-old son enjoying a feast whereof the components were jam, butter and bread. 'Son,' said the mother, 'don't you think it a bit extravagant to eat butter with that jam?' 'No, ma'am,' was the response. 'It's economical; the same piece of bread does for both.'—Lippincott's.

"Another new hat. How in the world am I to pay for it?" "How should I know. I'm your wife, not your financial adviser!"

"I have been thinking if over and fear you are not steadfast." "Oh, but I am. I have smoked the same brand of cigarettes for four months, now."

"From the way persons gaze at my new gown I guess they think I've been shopping in Paris." "Or else that your husband's been robbing the bank."

"Why don't you pick out some nice girl in your set and marry her?" "You don't know the girls in our set—they do the picking out!"

"Hold your foolish tongue!" said a plowshare, which had sent to the shop for repairs. "Hold your tongue unless you can talk more sensibly. Both you and I have been greatly benefited by the ordeal through which we have passed. Once, and not so very long ago, we were useless pieces of iron; but now, look at us—we are a useful plowshare and I am a respectable plowshare. Men need me, and men need me. To be sure, it took much pain and trouble to get us into shape, but it was worth the effort. You will find that fire purifies and pain strengthens for future good." The plowshare was never heard to complain again.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"My wife always kisses me when she wants money." "Well, she certainly earns all she gets."

"Where in thunder was Leake?" asked the president of the road next morning. "Leading a German," said the general manager. "Which," commented the president, "was a dirty Irish trick."—Popular Magazine.

"Wu's Queerest Now? His excellency, Wu Ting Fang, formerly minister to the United States, will have his queue removed January 30.—Daily Papers.

"Oh! Master Wu has cut his queue. The thing to do in China New. His button blue. And feather, too. May up the flag. Depart the true. But, then, 'Pooh! pooh!' He'll softly say. Those in 'Wu's Who.' A favored few. All hope (don't you?) That Master Wu Won't follow his queue."—New York Telegram.

"The feller that gits!"—Lippincott's.

"Dorothy, Della, and Daisy, three youngsters of a New Jersey town, were discussing about the baby brothers who had taken up their residence in the three families during the past year. 'My little brother Tom's got a lovely silver mug that Grandfather just sent him,' said Dorothy. 'It's a beauty; and he had a silver knife and fork from Grandma, too.' 'My little brother Harry's got a beautiful carved rattle that Uncle Dick sent him from Japan,' said Della. 'It's the prettiest rattle that ever was.' 'My little brother Willie's not so big as your brothers,' said Daisy, 'with an air of endeavoring to conceal a feeling of triumph, 'but the doctor says he's had more spasms than any other baby in this whole neighborhood, so there!'—Lippincott's.

"The fortune teller's always poor. The doctor's generally ill. Oh, let's be glad for one thing sure—We fools have got our folly still!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Vive la Bagatelle. How queer life's curious contrasts are! The short man has the tallest debt. The tall man smokes a big cigar. The fat man puts a cigarette!"

"The bad man's purse is to the good. The good man's roll is to the bad. The who man's saws will saw no wood. The gay man's jokes are very sad!"

"The bookish man can keep no books. The knobby man can make no dough; The seer is awfully short on looks—The actor never has a show!"

"The fortune teller's always poor. The doctor's generally ill. Oh, let's be glad for one thing sure—We fools have got our folly still!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Fable of Pain and Parity. In passing a blacksmith's shop the other day I heard a queer conversation. It went something like this: 'No one,' whined an old horseshoe which hung against the wall, 'has endured the fiery trials through which I have passed without any respite being allowed. The sledge hammer and the anvil were my enemies, and between the two I was cruelly treated and found no pity. I was beaten by them most unmercifully, and the blows I received at their hands would have killed an ox. I'm disgusted with life, that's what I am!' 'Hold your foolish tongue!' said a plowshare, which had sent to the shop for repairs. 'Hold your tongue unless you can talk more sensibly. Both you and I have been greatly benefited by the ordeal through which we have passed. Once, and not so very long ago, we were useless pieces of iron; but now, look at us—we are a useful plowshare and I am a respectable plowshare. Men need me, and men need me. To be sure, it took much pain and trouble to get us into shape, but it was worth the effort. You will find that fire purifies and pain strengthens for future good.' The plowshare was never heard to complain again.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"My wife always kisses me when she wants money." "Well, she certainly earns all she gets."

"Where in thunder was Leake?" asked the president of the road next morning. "Leading a German," said the general manager. "Which," commented the president, "was a dirty Irish trick."—Popular Magazine.

"Wu's Queerest Now? His excellency, Wu Ting Fang, formerly minister to the United States, will have his queue removed January 30.—Daily Papers.

"Oh! Master Wu has cut his queue. The thing to do in China New. His button blue. And feather, too. May up the flag. Depart the true. But, then, 'Pooh! pooh!' He'll softly say. Those in 'Wu's Who.' A favored few. All hope (don't you?) That Master Wu Won't follow his queue."—New York Telegram.

"The feller that gits!"—Lippincott's.

"Dorothy, Della, and Daisy, three youngsters of a New Jersey town, were discussing about the baby brothers who had taken up their residence in the three families during the past year. 'My little brother Tom's got a lovely silver mug that Grandfather just sent him,' said Dorothy. 'It's a beauty; and he had a silver knife and fork from Grandma, too.' 'My little brother Harry's got a beautiful carved rattle that Uncle Dick sent him from Japan,' said Della. 'It's the prettiest rattle that ever was.' 'My little brother Willie's not so big as your brothers,' said Daisy, 'with an air of endeavoring to conceal a feeling of triumph, 'but the doctor says he's had more spasms than any other baby in this whole neighborhood, so there!'—Lippincott's.

"The fortune teller's always poor. The doctor's generally ill. Oh, let's be glad for one thing sure—We fools have got our folly still!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Vive la Bagatelle. How queer life's curious contrasts are! The short man has the tallest debt. The tall man smokes a big cigar. The fat man puts a cigarette!"

"The bad man's purse is to the good. The good man's roll is to the bad. The who man's saws will saw no wood. The gay man's jokes are very sad!"

"The bookish man can keep no books. The knobby man can make no dough; The seer is awfully short on looks—The actor never has a show!"

"The fortune teller's always poor. The doctor's generally ill. Oh, let's be glad for one thing sure—We fools have got our folly still!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Fable of Pain and Parity. In passing a blacksmith's shop the other day I heard a queer conversation. It went something like this: 'No one,' whined an old horseshoe which hung against the wall, 'has endured the fiery trials through which I have passed without any respite being allowed. The sledge hammer and the anvil were my enemies, and between the two I was cruelly treated and found no pity. I was beaten by them most unmercifully, and the blows I received at their hands would have killed an ox. I'm disgusted with life, that's what I am!' 'Hold your foolish tongue!' said a plowshare, which had sent to the shop for repairs. 'Hold your tongue unless you can talk more sensibly. Both you and I have been greatly benefited by the ordeal through which we have passed. Once, and not so very long ago, we were useless pieces of iron; but now, look at us—we are a useful plowshare and I am a respectable plowshare. Men need me, and men need me. To be sure, it took much pain and trouble to get us into shape, but it was worth the effort. You will find that fire purifies and pain strengthens for future good.' The plowshare was never heard to complain again.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"My wife always kisses me when she wants money." "Well, she certainly earns all she gets."

"Where in thunder was Leake?" asked the president of the road next morning. "Leading a German," said the general manager. "Which," commented the president, "was a dirty Irish trick."—Popular Magazine.

"Wu's Queerest Now? His excellency, Wu Ting Fang, formerly minister to the United States, will have his queue removed January 30.—Daily Papers.

"Oh! Master Wu has cut his queue. The thing to do in China New. His button blue. And feather, too. May up the flag. Depart the true. But, then, 'Pooh! pooh!' He'll softly say. Those in 'Wu's Who.' A favored few. All hope (don't you?) That Master Wu Won't follow his queue."—New York Telegram.

"The feller that gits!"—Lippincott's.

"Dorothy, Della, and Daisy, three youngsters of a New Jersey town, were discussing about the baby brothers who had taken up their residence in the three families during the past year. 'My little brother Tom's got a lovely silver mug that Grandfather just sent him,' said Dorothy. 'It's a beauty; and he had a silver knife and fork from Grandma, too.' 'My little brother Harry's got a beautiful carved rattle that Uncle Dick sent him from Japan,' said Della. 'It's the prettiest rattle that ever was.' 'My little brother Willie's not so big as your brothers,' said Daisy, 'with an air of endeavoring to conceal a feeling of triumph, 'but the doctor says he's had more spasms than any other baby in this whole neighborhood, so there!'—Lippincott's.

"The fortune teller's always poor. The doctor's generally ill. Oh, let's be glad for one thing sure—We fools have got our folly still!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Vive la Bagatelle. How queer life's curious contrasts are! The short man has the tallest debt. The tall man smokes a big cigar. The fat man puts a cigarette!"

"The bad man's purse is to the good. The good man's roll is to the bad. The who man's saws will saw no wood. The gay man's jokes are very sad!"

"The bookish man can keep no books. The knobby man can make no dough; The seer is awfully short on looks—The actor never has a show!"

"The fortune teller's always poor. The doctor's generally ill. Oh, let's be glad for one thing sure—We fools have got our folly still!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Fable of Pain and Parity. In passing a blacksmith's shop the other day I heard a queer conversation. It went something like this: 'No one,' whined an old horseshoe which hung against the wall, 'has endured the fiery trials through which I have passed without any respite being allowed. The sledge hammer and the anvil were my enemies, and between the two I was cruelly treated and found no pity. I was beaten by them most unmercifully, and the blows I received at their hands would have killed an ox. I'm disgusted with life, that's what I am!' 'Hold your foolish tongue!' said a plowshare, which had sent to the shop for repairs. 'Hold your tongue unless you can talk more sensibly. Both you and I have been greatly benefited by the ordeal through which we have passed. Once, and not so very long ago, we were useless pieces of iron; but now, look at us—we are a useful plowshare and I am a respectable plowshare. Men need me, and men need me. To be sure, it took much pain and trouble to get us into shape, but it was worth the effort. You will find that fire purifies and pain strengthens for future good.' The plowshare was never heard to complain again.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"My wife always kisses me when she wants money." "Well, she certainly earns all she gets."

"Where in thunder was Leake?" asked the president of the road next morning. "Leading a German," said the general manager. "Which," commented the president, "was a dirty Irish trick."—Popular Magazine.

"Wu's Queerest Now? His excellency, Wu Ting Fang, formerly minister to the United States, will have his queue removed January 30.—Daily Papers.

"Oh! Master Wu has cut his queue. The thing to do in China New. His button blue. And feather, too. May up the flag. Depart the true. But, then, 'Pooh! pooh!' He'll softly say. Those in 'Wu's Who.' A favored few. All hope (don't you?) That Master Wu Won't follow his queue."—New York Telegram.

"The feller that gits!"—Lippincott's.

"Dorothy, Della, and Daisy, three youngsters of a New Jersey town, were discussing about the baby brothers who had taken up their residence in the three families during the past year. 'My little brother Tom's got a lovely silver mug that Grandfather just sent him,' said Dorothy. 'It's a beauty; and he had a silver knife and fork from Grandma, too.' 'My little brother Harry's got a beautiful carved rattle that Uncle Dick sent him from Japan,' said Della. 'It's the prettiest rattle that ever was.' 'My little brother Willie's not so big as your brothers,' said Daisy, 'with an air of endeavoring to conceal a feeling of triumph, 'but the doctor says he's had more spasms than any other baby in this whole neighborhood, so there!'—Lippincott's.

"The fortune teller's always poor. The doctor's generally ill. Oh, let's be glad for one thing sure—We fools have got our folly still!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Vive la Bagatelle. How queer life's curious contrasts are! The short man has the tallest debt. The tall man smokes a big cigar. The fat man puts a cigarette!"

"The bad man's purse is to the good. The good man's roll is to the bad. The who man's saws will saw no wood. The gay man's jokes are very sad!"

"The bookish man can keep no books. The knobby man can make no dough; The seer is awfully short on looks—The actor never has a show!"

"The fortune teller's always poor. The doctor's generally ill. Oh, let's be glad for one thing sure—We fools have got our folly still!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Fable of Pain and Parity. In passing a blacksmith's shop the other day I heard a queer conversation. It went something like this: 'No one,' whined an old horseshoe which hung against the wall, 'has endured the fiery trials through which I have passed without any respite being allowed. The sledge hammer and the anvil were my enemies, and between the two I was cruelly treated and found no pity. I was beaten by them most unmercifully, and the blows I received at their hands would have killed an ox. I'm disgusted with life, that's what I am!' 'Hold your foolish tongue!' said a plowshare, which had sent to the shop for repairs. 'Hold your tongue unless you can talk more sensibly. Both you and I have been greatly benefited by the ordeal through which we have passed. Once, and not so very long ago, we were useless pieces of iron; but now, look at us—we are a useful plowshare and I am a respectable plowshare. Men need me, and men need me. To be sure, it took much pain and trouble to get us into shape, but it was worth the effort. You will find that fire purifies and pain strengthens for future good.' The plowshare was never heard to complain again.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"My wife always kisses me when she wants money." "Well, she certainly earns all she gets."

"Where in thunder was Leake?" asked the president of the road next morning. "Leading a German," said the general manager. "Which," commented the president, "was a dirty Irish trick."—Popular Magazine.

"Wu's Queerest Now? His excellency, Wu Ting Fang, formerly minister to the United States, will have his queue removed January 30.—Daily Papers.

"Oh! Master Wu has cut his queue. The thing to do in China New. His button blue. And feather, too. May up the flag. Depart the true. But, then, 'Pooh! pooh!' He'll softly say. Those in 'Wu's Who.' A favored few. All hope (don't you?) That Master Wu Won't follow his queue."—New York Telegram.

"The feller that gits!"—Lippincott's.

"Dorothy, Della, and Daisy, three youngsters of a New Jersey town, were discussing about the baby brothers who had taken up their residence in the three families during the past year. 'My little brother Tom's got a lovely silver mug that Grandfather just sent him,' said Dorothy. 'It's a beauty; and he had a silver knife and fork from Grandma, too.' 'My little brother Harry's got a beautiful carved rattle that Uncle Dick sent him from Japan,' said Della. 'It's the prettiest rattle that ever was.' 'My little brother Willie's not so big as your brothers,' said Daisy, 'with an air of endeavoring to conceal a feeling of triumph, 'but the doctor says he's had more spasms than any other baby in this whole neighborhood, so there!'—Lippincott's.

"The fortune teller's always poor. The doctor's generally ill. Oh, let's be glad for one thing sure—We fools have got our folly still!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Vive la Bagatelle. How queer life's curious contrasts are! The short man has the tallest debt. The tall man smokes a big cigar. The fat man puts a cigarette!"

"The bad man's purse is to the good. The good man's roll is to the bad. The who man's saws will saw no wood. The gay man's jokes are very sad!"

"The bookish man can keep no books. The knobby man can make no dough; The seer is awfully short on looks—The actor never has a show!"

"The fortune teller's always poor. The doctor's generally ill. Oh, let's be glad for one thing sure—We fools have got our folly still!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Fable of Pain and Parity. In passing a blacksmith's shop the other day I heard a queer conversation. It went something like this: 'No one,' whined an old horseshoe which hung against the wall, 'has endured the fiery trials through which I have passed without any respite being allowed. The sledge hammer and the anvil were my enemies, and between the two I was cruelly treated and found no pity. I was beaten by them most unmercifully, and the blows I received at their hands would have killed an ox. I'm disgusted with life, that's what I am!' 'Hold your foolish tongue!' said a plowshare, which had sent to the shop for repairs. 'Hold your tongue unless you can talk more sensibly. Both you and I have been greatly benefited by the ordeal through which we have passed. Once, and not so very long ago, we were useless pieces of iron; but now, look at us—we are a useful plowshare and I am a respectable plowshare. Men need me, and men need me. To be sure, it took much pain and trouble to get us into shape, but it was worth the effort. You will find that fire purifies and pain strengthens for future good.' The plowshare was never heard to complain again.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"My wife always kisses me when she wants money." "Well, she certainly earns all she gets."

"Where in thunder was Leake?" asked the president of the road next morning. "Leading a German," said the general manager. "Which," commented the president, "was a dirty Irish trick."—Popular Magazine.

"Wu's Queerest Now? His excellency, Wu Ting Fang, formerly minister to the United States, will have his queue removed January 30.—Daily Papers.

"Oh! Master Wu has cut his queue. The thing to do in China New. His button blue. And feather, too. May up the flag. Depart the true. But, then, 'Pooh! pooh!' He'll softly say. Those in 'Wu's Who.' A favored few. All hope (don't you?) That Master Wu Won't follow his queue."—New York Telegram.

"The feller that gits!"—Lippincott's.

"Dorothy, Della, and Daisy, three youngsters of a New Jersey town, were discussing about the baby brothers who had taken up their residence in the three families during the past year. 'My little brother Tom's got a lovely silver mug that Grandfather just sent him,' said Dorothy. 'It's a beauty; and he had a silver knife and fork from Grandma, too.' 'My little brother Harry's got a beautiful carved rattle that Uncle Dick sent him from Japan,' said Della. 'It's the prettiest rattle that ever was.' 'My little brother Willie's not so big as your brothers,' said Daisy, 'with an air of endeavoring to conceal a feeling of triumph, 'but the doctor says he's had more spasms than any other baby in this whole neighborhood, so there!'—Lippincott's.

"The fortune teller's always poor. The doctor's generally ill. Oh, let's be glad for one thing sure—We fools have got our folly still!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Vive la Bagatelle. How queer life's curious contrasts are! The short man has the tallest debt. The tall man smokes a big cigar. The fat man puts a cigarette!"

"The bad man's purse is to the good. The good man's roll is to the bad. The who man's saws will saw no wood. The gay man's jokes are very sad!"

"The bookish man can keep no books. The knobby man can make no dough; The seer is awfully short on looks—The actor never has a show!"

"The fortune teller's always poor. The doctor's generally ill. Oh, let's be glad for one thing sure—We fools have got our folly still!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Fable of Pain and Parity. In passing a blacksmith's shop the other day I heard a queer conversation. It went something like this: 'No one,' whined an old horseshoe which hung against the wall, 'has endured the fiery trials through which I have passed without any respite being allowed. The sledge hammer and the anvil were my enemies, and between the two I was cruelly treated and found no pity. I was beaten by them most unmercifully, and the blows I received at their hands would have killed an ox. I'm disgusted with life, that's what I am!' 'Hold your foolish tongue!' said a plowshare, which had sent to the shop for repairs. 'Hold your tongue unless you can talk more sensibly. Both you and I have been greatly benefited by the ordeal through which we have passed. Once, and not so very long ago, we were useless pieces of iron; but now, look at us—we are a useful plowshare and I am a respectable plowshare. Men need me, and men need me. To be sure, it took much pain and trouble to get us into shape, but it was worth the effort. You will find that fire purifies and pain strengthens for future good.' The plowshare was never heard to complain again.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"My wife always kisses me when she wants money." "Well, she certainly earns all she gets."

"Where in thunder was Leake?" asked the president of the road next morning. "Leading a German," said the general manager. "Which," commented the president, "was a dirty Irish trick."—Popular Magazine.

"Wu's Queerest Now? His excellency, Wu Ting Fang, formerly minister to the United States, will have his queue removed January 30.—Daily Papers.

"Oh! Master Wu has cut his queue. The thing to do in China New. His button blue. And feather, too. May up the flag. Depart the true. But, then, 'Pooh! pooh!' He'll softly say. Those in 'Wu's Who.' A favored few. All hope (don't you?) That Master Wu Won't follow his queue."—New York Telegram.

"The feller that gits!"—Lippincott's.

"Dorothy, Della, and Daisy, three youngsters of a New Jersey town, were discussing about the baby brothers who had taken up their residence in the three families during the past year. 'My little brother Tom's got a lovely silver mug that Grandfather just sent him,' said Dorothy. 'It's a beauty; and he had a silver knife and fork from Grandma, too.' 'My little brother Harry's got a beautiful carved rattle that Uncle Dick sent him from Japan,' said Della. 'It's the prettiest rattle that ever was.' 'My little brother Willie's not so big as your brothers,' said Daisy, 'with an air of endeavoring to conceal a feeling of triumph, 'but the doctor says he's had more spasms than any other baby in this whole neighborhood, so there!'—Lippincott's.

"The fortune teller's always poor. The doctor's generally ill. Oh, let's be glad for one thing sure—We fools have got our folly still!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Vive la Bagatelle. How queer life's curious contrasts are! The short man has the tallest debt. The tall man smokes a big cigar. The fat man puts a cigarette!"

"The bad man's purse is to the good. The good man's roll is to the bad. The who man's saws will saw no wood. The gay man's jokes are very sad!"

"The bookish man can keep no books. The knobby man can make no dough; The seer is awfully short on looks—The actor never has a show!"

"The fortune teller's always poor. The doctor's generally ill. Oh, let's be glad for one thing sure—We fools have got our folly still!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.