

dumped elsewhere. "But don't mention it," he cautioned. "Don't say a word to Mrs. Dugan. Poor lad, I'm sorry for him, and they's no use r-rubbin' it in."

"What did ye do to him?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

"I give it to him," answered the patrolman, "first in th' mouth and thin in th' neck." And he added to himself, "It went down that way, for I saw it go."

Elliott Flower.

Forecast: "Fair."

THE sky was like a leaden pall;
The wind was from the east;
The rain's determined, dreary fall
Abated not the least.
'T was vain the heavens o'er to scan
For happy signs—I swear
I marveled at the weather-man
For prophesying "Fair"!

But lo! within an hour, about,
The weather switched around!
No climate better made throughout
Could anywhere be found!
Such tender air! Such summer blue!
Such buoyancy! I guess
At Washington they somehow knew
That Nell would answer "Yes."

Edwin L. Sabin.

Mixed Maxims.

A PENNY saved spoils the broth.
A FOOL and his money corrupt good manners.
A WORD to the wise is a dangerous thing.
A GUILTY conscience is the mother of invention.

Carolyn Wells.

At Cupid's Counter.

"CUPID," quoth he, "my soul desires
A maiden sweet and rare;
Some sprite that hovers half in cloud,
With brow untouched by care.

"A roguish imp to soothe dull moods,
Sedate in graver hours,
A counselor of wisdom ripe
And keen, instinctive powers.

"She must be beautiful and good;
'T were well if she were rich;
A housewife deft, as maids should be,
To bake, to brew, to stitch.

"And—" Cupid broke in roguishly:
"Your order's understood.
I'm out of angels for to-day;
Here's something 'just as good'!"

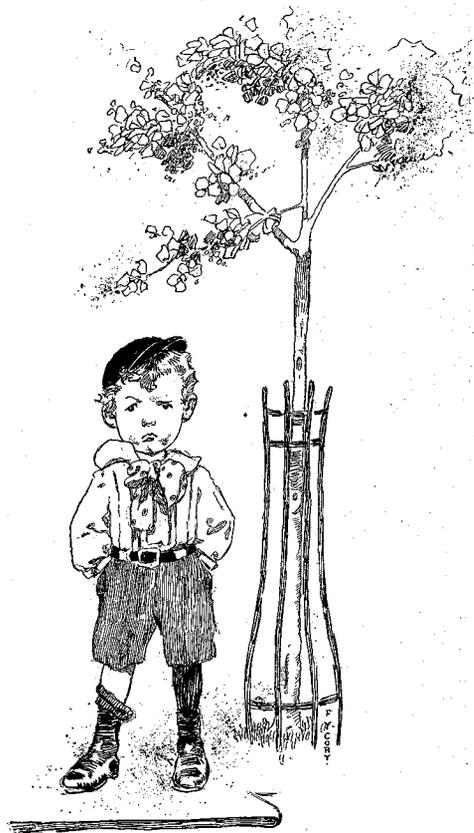
Then Cupid from his shelves took down
A maiden such as grows
Wherever summer sunshine gleams
Or winter sifts its snows.

Tudor Jenks.

Parades.

MAKES no matter where we live,
It's the same old cheat
As it allus is—parades
Don't come down our street.

Never knowed 'em, Fourth-July
Or Election Day.
All we do is hear the drums,
'Bout a mile away.

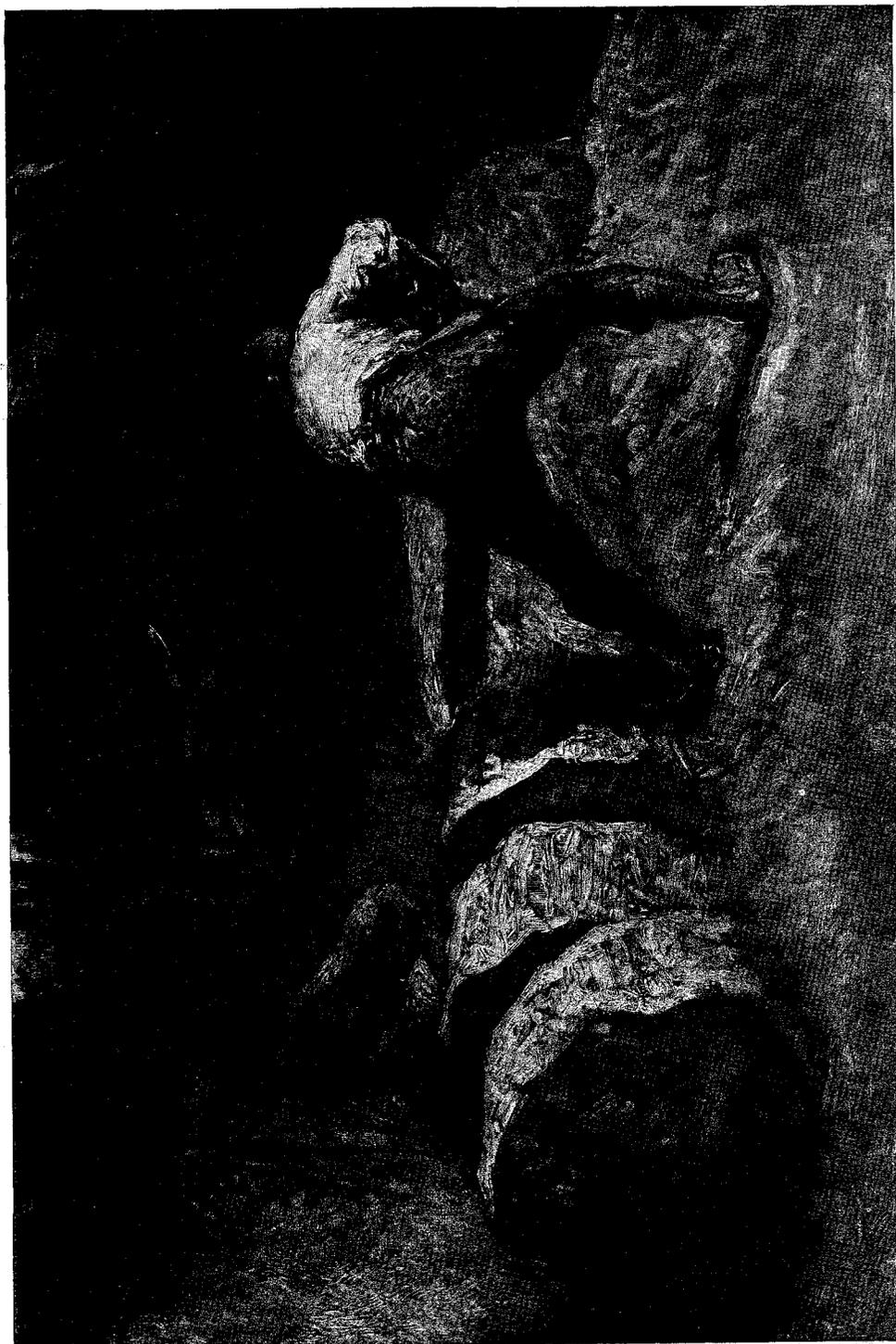


Other chaps can see without
Makin' half a try.
Jest a-look at Billy's luck
When the Six' went by—

(Day they would n't lemme go
'Cause 't was rainin' hard)—
Watched the whole thing, sittin' on
The front stoop in his yard!

Jacky allus gets 'em, Joe's
Corner's where they meet.
Like to know, once, why parades
Don't never come our street.

Catharine Young Glen.



ETCHED BY WILLIAM HOLE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVISON. SEE PAGE 167.

THE WOOD-SAWYERS (AFTER THE PAINTING BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET).