



THE POINT OF VIEW

MISS GHEST: Do you think that mineral water is good for the health, Jonas?
 JONAS: Oh, yas, 'm. When some gemmen fust comes heah, nuffin' don't satisfy 'em, an' at de end ob a week dey 's foreber tellin' me to *keep de change*.

the original. Let me thank you once more before I forget it.

Gratefully yours,
Sarah Jane Dobbs.

Professor Lose-It.

DEAR SIR: For years I have suffered from frequent attacks of memory. I have been kept awake at night because I was utterly unable to forget some unpleasant occurrences of the day. I tried Lethe Water without success. At last I heard of your marvelous system, and it has worked like a charm. Already I have forgotten everything I ever knew. I can't even remember "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," and only by the greatest effort can I remember the *Maine*. I have strings tied round all of my fingers to remind me of some errands for my wife, but I have forgotten what they are.

Yours in deep gratitude,
A. Freeman.

Carolyn Wells.

Ballade of Perplexed Authors

WE have studied the sinks and the slums;
 We have pictured society's reign;
 We have plucked from the plains all the plums;

We have dipped, we have dabbled in grain;
 We have set forth the passions and pain
 Of the suffering son of the plow;
 We have writ of the man of the main:
 Pray what shall we write about now?

We have gathered the choicest of crumbs
 From the trusts and their tyrannous train;
 We have dwelt on the roll of the drums,
 And the fields of the patriot slain;
 The past,—we have marshaled again
 Every age since the Ark, I avow.
 We have raised—shall I mention it?—Cain:
 Pray what shall we write about now?

We have fed upon Turkey—and Thrums;
 We have taken excursions in Spain;
 We have rifled the land of Begums

Of all of its gems we could gain;
 In fact, there is not a domain
 That is touched by the rail or the prow
 From whose legend and lore we've not ta'en:
 Pray what shall we write about now?

L'ENVOI

Oh, some one of eloquent brain,
 Some one of benevolent brow,
 This awful enigma explain;
 Pray what shall we write about now?

Clinton Scollard.

Told On

(SEQUEL TO "THE REJECTED SCOTSMAN" IN THE SEPTEMBER "CENTURY")

THE hizzy might hae kept it tae herself?
 Sac prood she was, she couldna hellup but tell;
 An' now frae her big braggin' comes tae pass
 'T is knawn tae effery ither village lass,
 Wha, when they see me comin', squeak an' say,
 "I want nae mon wham ithers wadna hae!"

Weel, gang your ways, ye little gigglin'
 sillies,
 An' wed, God rest ye, wi' your ain town
 billies
 (Pale little lads, wham I could mak' tae
 mind me
 An' whip them a' wi' wan han' tied behind
 me),
 An' brag tae them abou' the Hielandmon
 Wham, for their ain slim sakes, ye frowned
 upon!

Tauld it, yiss! an' may a' ill befa' me
 If "H'isted Scawtsmon" isna what they
 ca' me!

I'll hae it on them: in my ain countrie
 Ilk lass wad die tae gang tae kirk wi' me;
 An' there I'll wed some chieftain's sprightly
 daughter—

If this deil's-gossip comes na o'er the
 water!

John Charles McNeill.

Society Note

A MOST charming occasion was the reception held last night at the home of General and Mrs. Hoot-Owl in the old family oak on the main road. The affair was in the nature of a surprise, but the General and his charming wife were equal to the occasion and extended a hearty welcome to those fortunate enough to have perches on the ancestral roof-tree. The General was first serenaded by a carefully chosen quartette consisting of Miss Lark, soprano; Miss Browne-Thrush, contralto; "Fat" Partridge, tenor; and Jim Crow, basso. Their rendering of "Owl Folks at Home" was exceedingly effective, and the General soon appeared in the doorway with his wife on his wing. Older inhabitants of Birdsboro will remember Mrs. Owl when she was Miss Minerva Screecher, one of the most attractive young birds in the country. She has lost none of her charm, and welcomed one and all, saying, with her characteristic hesitancy, "To who—to who—to who—am I indebted for this delightful surprise?" The entire company pointed claws at Mr. Bob White of Meadowbrook, who had arranged the program. The main feature of the evening was a vaudeville

entertainment given in the darkest part of the oak, so that General and Mrs. Owl could see clearly. Herr Heron of Holland sang "The Fisher Maiden," but was not heard to his best advantage owing to a frog in his throat, which he caught while crossing the marshes yesterday evening. The Pigeon brothers, tumblers, won flutter after flutter of applause with their daring somersaults, and the Partridge drum-corps beat out a lively accompaniment to the reels of four Scotch sandpipers. Then Robin Redbreast sang a delightful comic song beginning "T was off the blue Canary Isles." The idea of a "blue canary" set the General hooting with mirth, and he nearly brought down the tree by observing, "He must have been a Jay." Ostrich, the African wonder, next gave an exhibition of glass-eating, and the more formal part of the evening was brought to a close by Miss Nightingale's interpretation of "Had I the wings of a dove," and some clever imitations of human beings by our most talented comedienne, Polly Parrot.

The flock then adjourned to the dining-limb, where a bounteous supper of delicious fried worms, cream of caterpillars, Boston baked bees, bugs-en-brochette, and grasshoppers-au-gratin was served by an able corps of Carrier-pigeons. Then followed general larking while the younger members played at ducks and drakes in the mill-pond. The climax of the evening was a grand cake-walk, the music for which was furnished by the famous Batrachian Band, led by M. Grenouille, the orchestra being artistically concealed behind a bank of potted bulrushes. The greensward, lighted



OUT OF HIS LINE

THE MAJOR: What is the child crying for, nurse?
 THE NURSE: I don't know, sir; I've tried everything to stop him. P-please, sir, would you mind saying "Boo!" to him a few times?