

THE LATEST QUESTION.

'SHALL woman ride the bicycle?' is the problem of the hour. For women must have problems—'tis a part of woman's dower.

'Shall woman smoke?' has gone quite out; 'Shall women vote?' also. But 'Shall she bike?' 's the point 'bout which just now she wants to know.

'She shall,' 's the answer I would give; because I would not like to see the woman I admire perched high upon a bike; From what I know of woman's will, of what she does and don't, I'm certain if man says she 'shall,' she'll tell him that she won't!

And, further, I would like to see the point vetoed or signed. For I would really like to know what next will vex her mind.

Will it be, 'Shall she drive a cab?' or, haply, 'Shall she cuss?' What other of our follies will she want to share with us?

Is it to be, 'Shall women join the forces of the state?' 'Shall women fight the Indians?' 'Shall women handle freight?'

'Can woman baggage smash?' or else, 'Shall woman gather fares Upon the cable cars?' perhaps, 'Shall woman deal in shares?'

So settle up the problem that doth wrinkle up her brow; Just buy a wheel, and say, 'Come! Ride,' to your ambitious frau. That we may meet these other points that must be settled up If we would have less bitters and more sweets within our cup.

Get all the problems settled. Let us know just where we stand. So that we all may reach at last the happy promised land. But mark my words, how'er 'tis solved, on cabs or votes or bikes, I think that woman's sure to do exactly as she likes.

THE LAST OBSTACLE REMOVED.

HUSBAND: 'I think it very probable that the divided skirt will be generally adopted now.'

Wife: 'Why do you think so?'

Husband: 'The paper says that a Parisian dressmaker has at last found a way to make it cost as much as the other kind.'

AWFULLY EMBARRASSING.

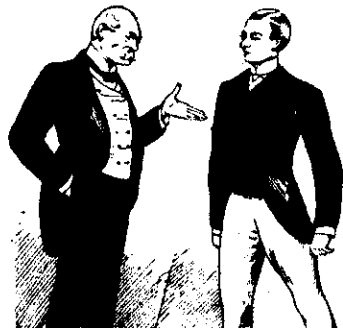
SUE: 'Did you hear about Blanche's terribly embarrassing experience at the theatre the other night?'

'No; tell me about it.'

'Her hair came down.'

'How excessively annoying.'

'But that wasn't the worst of it. It rolled under the seats, and was only recovered after a good deal of trouble, and then you can fancy what a condition it was in.'



FOILED.

'Look here, youngster, you don't get the best of an old 'un like me. You don't leave this house until you've paid up that five you owe me.'

'All right, major, just put that in writing, and I'll stay here the whole of my life.'

BEFORE IT DEVELOPS.

FOND MOTHER: 'Yes, sir; I have a little fellow who is only ten, and yet he writes beautiful poetry.'

Editor: 'Well, there's some hope for 'em when you catch 'em young; you can whip it out of 'em easier then!'

AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S.

MISS SNAPPERLY: 'Now don't begin taking my picture with that old chestnut of asking me to look pleasant.'

Operator: 'No, miss; we never ask impossibilities of our subjects.'



'BRIDGET, the coffee you are giving us is very good. What kind is it?'

'It's no kind at all, mum, it's a mixer,' said Bridget.

'How do you mix it?'

'I make it one quarter Mocha, one quarter Java, and one quarter Rio.'

'But that's only three quarters. What do you put in for the other quarter?'

'I put in no other quarter at all, at all, mum. That's how so many shaples the coffee, mum—by putting in a fourth quarter.'

A PLEASING VARIETY.

'WHY do you make some of your dumplings small and the others large, cook?'

'Because my master has been complaining lately of having too little change in his diet.'



UNKIND.

ANGELINA: 'I rather like Captain Foster, he danced with me four times last night.'

Frisella: 'Oh! but you must remember it was a charity ball, dear.'

EDITOR: 'You say you wrote that joke yourself?'

Contributor: 'Yes, sir!'

Editor: 'Then I reckon you must be about 250 years old.'

HE WAS FIXED.

THE young man essayed to win the daughter's hand from her father, inasmuch as he had already won her heart from her, but the old man was obdurate and had made up his mind not to be persuaded. However, the young man went at him.

'So,' stormed the old man, 'you want my daughter, do you?'

'That's what,' responded the youth in a dreadfully fresh fashion.

'Don't be impertinent, sir,' sternly commanded the father.

'That's all right,' smiled the youth. 'What objection have you to me as a son-in-law?'

'You don't work.'

'What's that got to do with it?'

'A good deal. You can't support her, can you?'

'Of course not.'

'Well, you don't expect me to, do you?' raved the old gentleman.

'No, but I've got something that can.'

'What's that—your father?'

'No, it's \$250,000 in 6 per cent. bonds, and it beats anybody's father all to pieces, and I don't do a lick of work. I even hire a clerk to cut off the coupons for me.'

'Um—er—er,' hesitated the old gentleman, and he took a reef in his temper until he could investigate.

THE SUMMER GIRL AT HOME.

No more the maid permits the youth
To tell her she's a poem;
And if she meets him on the street,
She doesn't even know him.



THE UNEXPECTED.

MARY: 'Please, mum, might I ask yer a favour?'

Mrs Prim: 'Certainly, Mary, what is it?'

Mary: 'Please, mum, my young man's just called, and as I'm a scrubbing the kitchen would yer mind benteraining him for a few minutes whilst I finish up?'

TURNING THE TABLES.

EDITOR: 'Great Scott! I shall be ruined. Why did you buy all those things?'

Wife: 'Did you see that thing in your paper?'

Editor: 'See what?'

Wife: 'That paragraph about foolish women spending all day shopping without buying anything. I'd have you know that I'm not one of those foolish women; no, indeed!'

IN THE MORNING.

Sing a song of penitence,

A fellow full of rye!

Four and twenty serpents

Danced before his eye.

His hat was in the parlour,

Underneath a chair,

His boots were in the hallway,

His coat was on the stair,

His trousers in the kitchen,

His collar on the shelf,

But he hadn't any notion

Where he was at himself.

When the morn was breaking,

Someone hear' him call;

His head was in the coat-box,

And that was best of all.

JACK SPRAT.

A LONG TIME.

THE eastern visitor had arrived in the energetic and enterprising southwestern town that evening at supper time, and after he had eaten his vesper meal he was talking with the landlord.

'You've got a good town here, haven't you?' he said.

'We think so,' replied the landlord, diplomatically.

'Business seems to be lively.'

'Yes, we're enjoying a boom.'

'It appears to be improving rapidly.'

'That's what.'

'You don't have any lynchings here, do you?'

'No, not like we used to.'

'I've heard that it was once very bad in that line.'

'Well, yes, we used to have a hanging every now and then, but it's been a mighty long time now since we had one.'

'When was the last one?'

The landlord studied a moment and counted on his fingers.

'I ain't shore,' he said at last, 'but I think it will be two weeks day after to-morrow.'



THE NEW WOMAN.

UNCLE CHARLES: 'I noticed a tell-tale blush on your cheek when Fred was talking to you.'

Mabel: 'Really! I tried to blush, but I was afraid it passed unnoticed.'