



A GIRL WORTH LOVING.

Oh, I know a maiden fair
Who inflates the winter air;
With a wondrous wealth of melody a dozen times a day,
She can whistle, she can sing,
She can play on everything;
On at least a dozen instruments I've heard this maiden play.

She can snap the light guitar,
Till its notes are heard afar,
She can plunk the giddy banjo till it's tired in the face;
She can raise a mighty din
On the merry mandolin.

She can pick the lightsome zither with precision and with grace.

The piano she can thump
Till it makes the neighbours jump,
While the jewsharp and harmonica they simply make her smile,
When she tucks the violin
Up beneath her dimpled chin.

All the blackest kind of music she can polish off in style.

She can play the twangish harp,
Knows each little flat and sharp;
She can play the great church organ so it sets your brain awhirl;
And this maiden, who is she?
Why, that's plain enough to see.

She is nothing more than simply just the average London girl.

MAKING LOVE IN A FLAT.

A REPORTER has been studying incidents through open windows lately, and here are some of the results.

The young woman on the floor opposite seemed extremely agitated. She hung a large portion of her rather shapely form dangerously far out of the window, until the onlookers would have been alarmed had they not been convinced that somewhere within the room a pair of pedal anchors were securely holding fast. She looked anxiously up the street and down in a way significant of some one's coming, a waiting and watching that was soon rewarded by the appearance of a tall, thin young man on the horizon. The marvelous occurrences that followed the advent of the tall, thin young man in the parlour, on the top flat, beginning with a series of torpedo-like kisses and the sudden disappearance of gaslight, defy description.

In about three minutes the tall, thin young man and his hostess appeared at the window. They thoughtfully provided against wear and tear on the furniture by using only one chair.

'Awfully glad to see you,' he said, giving the other occupant of the chair an athletic hug.

'You horrid thing!' she screamed.

The thin young man disregarded this remark by administering another large hug, followed by a series of little tremor hugs and ten or a dozen pop kisses.

'Go away!'

'I won't.'

Four toy-pistol kisses.

'I like your cheek.'

'I know you do.'

At this juncture there was a dive and a jump, the external symptoms of a pinching match.

'O-o-oh!'

'Never do it again!'

'Never!' Bang, bang, depreciating into the long rattle of kissing musketry. The opportune arrival of a thunderstorm at this point compelled the shutting of windows, and incidents in the parlour of the top-floor flat no longer engrossed the attention of the opposite community.

O'MULLICAN'S ESCAPE.

THE ALLIGATOR: 'I've eaten some strange things in my time, but hang me if I can go a man with a face like that!'—(Seems away.)



A CAUTION.

GREAT EDITOR: 'I advertised for a private secretary, whose chief duties will be to sit in the ante-room and keep poets, bores, and other undesirable persons at bay. The position requires something of a diplomat as well as a fluent linguist. You would not do at all.' Ricketts (who stutters a trifle): 'That's wh-wh-where you make a mum-mum-mistake, squire! As sus-sus-soon's a bub-hore cuc-cuc-came in I'd bug-bug-begin to tell a l-l-long a-s-story, and before I'd gng-gng-got half through, bub-bub-between whu-wh-what I'd sus-sus-say and w-what I'd cut-try to sus-say, I'd have him cuc-cuc-completely tat-tired out. I ain't mum-mum-much of a dud-diplomat perhaps, but as a l-l-linguist I'm a cuc-cuc-caution!'

NEAR THE END.

'ENGAGED!'

'Yes, last night, and to the noblest and best of men.'

'And you never told me, your old chum, you even had a bean! Pray, who is it? What's his name?'

'Char—Mr Jobwock.'

'What, Charley Jobwock. Still, I don't pity him, because when I refused him he had the impudence to say he was getting mighty near the end of his tether.'



OUR INTELLECTUAL BOARDER: 'Now, Mr Allibone, we will look for a good large piece of clouded red sandstone, and then I think we will return.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHE: 'Have you ever thought what an appropriate type of marriage the wedding ring is? A ring is a thing with no end.' He: 'Yes, and there's nothing in it.'

Chapple: 'It's very disagreeable when a fellow goes into society to meet one's trades-people.' Cynicus: 'Why, they don't dun you before the company, do they?'

Ethel: 'Don't you like those sofas that have just room enough for two?' Maud: 'Yes; but I like those that have hardly room enough for two far better.'

They were roasting chestnuts in the fire—'I am going to call that big one by your name,' she said. 'Why?' asked he. 'Because it seems to be cracked and won't pop.' But he did.

Constance wants us to tell her what a honeymoon is. 'Well, Constance, when a man and woman have been made one, the honeymoon is the time spent in endeavouring to discover which is that one.'

A prisoner, on being sentenced to penal servitude for the term of his natural life, was consoled by one of his friends in the court shouting out: 'Be aisy, Tom, me jooil, we'll give ye a foine spree when ye've sarved yer toime!'

A NIGHT OF HORROR.—Dashaway: 'The other night I went to an amateur theatrical performance, and then I went home and had a terrible dream.' Cleverton: 'What did you dream?' Dashaway: 'I dreamt I went to it again.'

Mother (to small son going to the country): 'Frank, have you taken everything you will need?' Frank: 'Yes'm.' Mother: 'Have you your toothbrush?' Frank (very indignantly): 'Toothbrush? Why, I thought I was going away for a vacation.'

JUST AS HE DID AT PRESENT.—Mrs Nubbins: 'Joeiah, are you going to get up?' Mr Nubbins (yawning): 'Well, I have one consolation; I shall have sleep enough when I'm dead.' Mrs N.: 'Yes, and you'll find the fire lit when you awake, just as you do now.'

HIS ONLY NEED.—'Your father is very wealthy, I presume, Miss Makitipork?' 'Very rich indeed. There's nothing, so to speak, he hasn't got.' 'Ah, yes there is. There is something he hasn't got, for all his wealth. I'd like to supply him. He hasn't got a son-in-law.'

Mrs Baggs (married five years): 'Why, Mrs Saggs, what in the world are you sobbing so about? Has anything gone wrong?' Mrs Saggs (married eight years): 'Oh, Mrs Baggs (sob), I can't help it (sob), but my heart is almost broken (sob). My husband kissed me so affectionately when he went away this morning (sob) that I can't help being afraid he is going to do something wrong.'

SHE WAS OUT SHOPPING.

FOGG: 'Yes, the young lady was walking along all unconcerned of danger, when the wretch stole up and seized her pocketbook.'

Brown: 'And with the proceeds immediately took passage for Europe.'

Fogg: 'You are wrong. He boarded a horse tram, but on opening the pocket-book there was not enough to pay his fare. So he got off and walked home.'



DISINTERESTED FRIENDSHIP.

BILL: 'Look, Tom, I took my winter overcoat down to the village, an' swopped it for a bottle of whiskey.'

TOM: 'Take it away, Bill, take it away; (bitterly) if it hadn't been for whiskey, I might ha' been a-rolin' in my own carriage this blessed day, instead of bein' what I am. Take it away, Bill, take it away!—but stop—your birthday's in a couple of months, isn't it? Hand me the bottle, Bill; you've bin a good friend o' mine, an' I'm a-goin' to drink your health, Bill, even if I have to drain the bottle to the dregs!'

THEY GOT UP.

It was on a crowded tram car at 6 o'clock. Among those who had seats were eight men. Among those standing up were two shop girls. After waiting for a reasonable time for some one to offer them seats one of the girls said:

'Mary, it's too bad, isn't it?'

'What, Sarah?' asked the other.

'That they are all bow-legged.'

'Who?'

'These eight gentlemen. I have patronised this line for five years, and I never saw a bow-legged man give himself away by standing up in a car. It wouldn't be reasonable to expect it.'

'Of course not.'

In just five seconds eight men were on their feet, bowing and smiling and asking Sarah and Mary if they wouldn't be so everlastingly kind and obliging as to take seats—take half the car, in fact, and they took it.

ALL WERE THERE.

MR STRAITLACE: 'I understand your first husband was present at the wedding and gave your eldest daughter away.'

Chicago Lady: 'Oh, yes, it was quite a family affair. My second husband played the organ, my third husband served the breakfast, my fourth husband was the officiating clergyman.'

Mr Straitlace: 'And your fifth husband?'

Chicago Lady: 'Oh, I'm getting a divorce from him.'

Mr Straitlace: 'And whom did you come into church with?'

Chicago Lady (surprisedly): 'With my fiancé.'



A PRIVATE REHEARSAL.

SPAZZONI: 'Do you deny your handwriting?'

Veronica: 'Great heavins! Guzman has betrayed me, an' I am lost!'