

HUMOR

Writing this way at so much a line would hardly pay. Never! Nay, nay! It would be absurd!

Still,
I am of the opinion
That
It is a great deal honester
Than calling this kind
Of
Stuff poetry,
And getting so
Much a
Line For it.
Eh?

"G-G-Good evening!" said Stevens, who had come to speak to her father.
"Good evening," replied the old gentleman. "You look a bit nervous."
"Oh, you flatter me. I was afraid I looked scared to death."

"Stennet, dear, the cook has left—"
"Now Gwendolyn, is it right to meet me with such news when I return home late from the office, all tired out and hungry—"
"But, Stennet, dear, I merely want to say the cook has left—"
"Yes, I know you 'merely want to say'. And I merely want to say that it's a great shame this house is eternally disorganized. Other women manage to keep their servants. Why can't you? Why—"
"Stennet Hulburt, I tell you that the cook knew you would be late, so she left a cold chicken, a custard pudding, and a pint of claret on the dining room table for you."
"Well, in the name of common sense, why didn't you say that at first?"

THE POOR ARTIST.

