



THE TELEPHONE PEST.

I know where there is a charming young wife,
Who spends about one-third of her life
Talking over the telephone,
When she ought to be tending to
duties at home.

At eight in the morning her first mes-
sage she sends,
Business stops at the other end.
Drivers and teams cannot start on the
run
Until the first conversation is done.

At ten in the morning comes ring
number two,
At twelve or later this second talk is
through.
She explains how she hates to leave
the line,
But he understands that hubby must
dine.

She can hardly wait for the old man
to get done,
For call number three begins at one.
She tells him what she had to eat,
Speaks of dancing and shuffling feet.

The above call comes on a different
'phone,
When he goes to eat she must ring
him at home,
For it would be one of the awfulest
things
If twenty minutes elapsed between
rings.

Call number four comes promptly at
three;
They laugh and talk, Lord deliver me.
From what I consider the worst of
germs,
The worm you could call a "telephone
worm.

At four-forty comes call number five,
Just wanted to tell him she's still
alive;
This is wound up rather close to six,
My appetite's ruined, their—makes me
sick.

My day's work ends about six-ten,
I don't know just what happened then,
But I know what is a good safe bet:
If we were open till midnight, they'd
be talking yet.

I then go home and sit and think,
What she can see in that big tall gink,
Lucky old hubby! He won her hand
Before she met this other man.

Then I think of that poor simp,
Who sits at his desk till his arms are
limps,
Busy pushing away at his pen—
While his wife is talking to other
men.

And me! Poor me! Is the one to
suffer,
On account of her talking to this tall
duffer,
The telephone is now moved to my
desk,
Depriving me of my usual rest.

I never was much on this telephone
game,
But I paid a few visits on it just the
same;
I like to call where you get kissed and
hugged,
And you can't enjoy these from a tele-
phone bug.

—W. S. GILLESPIE.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A man may have a sounding name
And still be quite unknown to fame;
Napoleon St. Clair Bronson Greggs
When last we met was peddling eggs.
Birmingham Age-Herald.

One would suppose a name so fine,
Must be that of some great divine,
But Chesterfield Maximilian Bates
Each morning shines our number
eights.

—Youngstown Telegram.

We've heard that in this life's great
game
There's very little in a name.
Now, Constance Charity McNair
Can heave a rolling pin for fair.
—Yonkers Statesman.

We'd say in such a circumstance
The bearer never had a chance.
Thus Andrew Jackson, never fear,
Shall cut our yard again this year.
—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

We've waded through this bunch of
stuff
And really think they've said enough,
But Ophelia Marguerite McIntosh
Continues to do our family wash.
—Mineral Wells Hustler.

She Knew.

Fashionable Lady—Give me five
yards of this goods, please.
Clerk—But, madam, you will not
need more than half a yard for a veil.
Fashionable Lady—I don't want it
for a veil. I want it for a dinner
gown.—Chaparral.

At that, she didn't need five yards.

The Dutiful Knight.

There lived a gallant cavalier,
In all the land was not his peer,
And ever did he without fear
His knightly duty.

But when, full oft, upon the stroke
Of two his son and heir awoke,
He walked the floor. It was no joke—
His knightly duty.

—Illinois Siren.

With Apologies.

Staff Artist—How about another
take-off on September Morn?
Editor—Impossible!
Staff Artist—Well, don't get sore;
that was merely a bare suggestion.

Misunderstood.

'16—I want some winter under-
clothes.
Clerk—How long?
'16—You boob, I don't want to rent
'em; I want to buy 'em.—Tiger.

Artificial.

Eight-fifteener—Hasn't your girl
any class this hour?
Queener—Nope. She doesn't get up
till nine o'clock, so it's still on her
dresser.—Stamford Chaparral.

He—What's the best way to tell a
bad egg?

She—If you've got anything to tell
a bad egg, there's only one way—
break it gently.—Princeton Tiger.

Gasbag Bill—Why, when I was in
Arizona I used to drive a cultivator
over fifty acres a day.

Cynical Sim—That must have been
a harrowing experience.

At the Infirmary.

Fish—Doctor, will you please give
me something for my head?

Doctor—My dear boy, I wouldn't
take it as a gift.

"Have you any valid reason for
hanging around that convent the way
you do?"

"Nun."—Minne-Ha-Ha.

WITH A FAR-OFF LOOK.

He—I wish I had money. I'd travel
She—How much do you need?—
Judge.

Out, Damned Spot!

He—Have you read "Freckles?"
She (quickly)—Oh, no! That's my
veil!—Sun Dial.

I Should Smile.

Maiden—Do you day-dream much?
Man—Oh, my, yes—you see, I'm a
night watchman.—Chaparral.

HOMICIDAL IMPULSE.

A young lady asked the prayers of
the congregation because she could
not set eyes upon a certain young man
without feeling as if though she must
hug him to death.

ELECTRIC.

Charley Davis says he doesn't won-
der that his sweetheart is afraid of
lightning—she is so awfully attract-
ive.

His View.

Friend—And were you ever in
Venice?

Mr. Richquick—Yes. Slowest town
I was ever in. The sewers were bust-
ed all the time we were there!—Puck.

"No man can serve two masters,"
observed the good parson who was
visiting the penitentiary.

"I know it," replied Convict 1313.
"I'm in for bigamy."—Cincinnati En-
quirer.

"Why so sad, Archibald?"

"A friend of mine has gotten en-
gaged."

"Cheer up, you'll get another girl."
"Girl, hell!—where will I get a pres-
ent?"—Cornell Widow.

First Stude—What are you going
to do this summer?

Second Stude—Take a good loaf.
First Stude—Good! I'm going to a
summer school, too. — Wisconsin
Sphinx.

Old Lady Visitor—Poor man, what
ever made you take up such a pro-
fession?

No. 99765—Well, mum, I found I
could open me gym locker.—Cornell
Widow.

He—Darling, why are you so sad?
She (gulping down a sob)—Oh, dear-
est, I was just thinking this will be
our last evening together until tomor-
row night!—Puck.

Close.

Star—Is your boarding house man-
ager stingy?

Ving—Stingy! Why, it breaks his
heart to feed the furnace.—Chaparral.

OLD MAIDS.

Some wicked wretch has most un-
kindly said: "Old maids are ember
whence the sparks have fled!"

SHORT CEREMONY.

"Have 'er?" "Yes." "Have 'm?"
"Yes." "Married—two dollars."