

JINGLES.

Since Maw Joined the Club.
 My maw has joined some woman's club, an I
 ain't doin a thing
 But havin just the bullicest time I've ever had, by
 jing!
 I go out every day an play all around the neigh-
 borhood,
 An no one tells me when I start. "Remember,
 now, be good."
 If I feel like it, I believe, an if I don't I'm tough,
 An when the other kids get gay I give their ears
 a cuff,
 For I'm the whole thing round here now, an I
 ain't no cheap dub
 Since my maw went down town one day an joined
 a woman's club.
 I can't spend time to go to school. I have to stay
 at home
 An mind the bell an take the cards of visitors
 that come.
 It's heaps of fun to meet a lot of ladies at the
 door
 An tell 'em that my maw is not a-divin here no
 more.
 I gab about my paw an me an sometimes almost
 die
 To see 'em wiggle round an try to find the reason
 why.
 I 'spose they think she's been divorced an all that
 sub-a-dub;
 I tell you, life's a picnic since maw joined a wom-
 an's club.
 My paw an I get dinner now down to a restaurant,
 An he's as good as he can be an gives me what I
 want.
 I have ice cream—all I can eat—an oranges an
 such,
 An every night I eat enough, paw says, to kill the
 Dutch.
 I get plum puddin, pie an cake an coffee strong
 an black,
 Just like the kind they bring to paw, an he don't
 send it back.
 I like to live like this, you bet, we have such
 bully grub,
 An I shan't kick if my maw goes an joins an-
 other club.
 —Minneapolis Journal.

The Placid Spectator.

Human nature can't keep still.
 Never did an never will.
 Must be findin, there's no doubt,
 Somethin new to argue 'bout.

Things that raise a dreadful row
 Often seem quite small, somehow.
 Folks are whoopin fur a day,
 Then the trouble fades away.

So when'er a fuss is raised,
 I don't yell an feel amazed;
 I have heard sech things before,
 An I'll likely hear some more.

Let 'em come an fade away,
 New sensations, every day;
 Time keeps grindin of 'em out
 Jes' fur folks to argue 'bout.
 —Washington Star.

The Promoter.

Who is it that with oily tongue
 Displays a mighty depth of lung?
 The promoter.

Who is it argues black is white
 And keeps it up from morn till night?
 The promoter.

Who is it petty detail spurns
 And talks so glib of quick returns?
 The promoter.

Who has the biggest thing on earth
 And revels o'er its dazzling worth?
 The promoter.

Who is it touches you for cash
 And knows you'll cut a gilded dash?
 The promoter.

Who is it never puts a cent
 Into schemes he lauds to such extent?
 The promoter.

And who when things don't go just right
 Is sure to hid' himself from sight?
 The promoter.
 —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

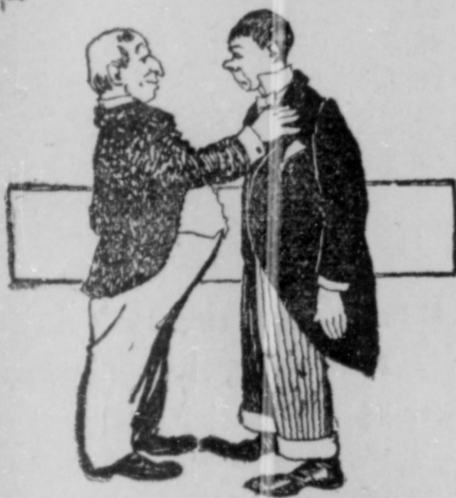
Wardrobe.

Madge defies my penetration;
 Clothes she has—no limitation—
 But when invited, with a frown,
 She vows she owns no decent gown!
 And for her head, oh, grim despair!
 There's not one hat that's fit to wear.
 —Detroit Free Press.

Life.

Life is a race between the hearth and mart.
 Spoils are for him who gets an early start.
 —Chicago Record.

A Compromise.



Clerk—You've called me an idiot, and
 if you don't take it back you may look
 for another clerk.

Employer—Very well, I'll take the
 idiot back. So you'll stay!—Unsere Ge-
 sellschaft.

A Dog Shed.

Ida—Maud Beulah is going to cut all
 the fur trimming from her skirt.

May—Is it moth eaten?

Ida—No, indeed! But her French
 poodle shed all his fur, and Maud says
 she'll have to get rid of hers to har-
 monize the effect when he trots by her
 side.—Chicago News.

Belated Inspiration.

"We called up Aesop at the seance
 last night."

"What did he tell you?"

"He said he was mad all over be-
 cause he didn't think to write his fa-
 bles in slang."—Chicago Record.

Happy Fire.

"They actually extinguished a fire
 with champagne in New York the oth-
 er day."

"Say, how these red tongues must
 have licked it up!"—Cleveland Plain

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