



WIT AND WISDOM



A TANK DRAMA.

(Dramatis Personæ.)

A LITTLE boat,
Serene afloat,
Upon the moonlit water;
A nice young man,
Of modern plan;
An old gent's pretty daughter.

(The Action of the Play.)

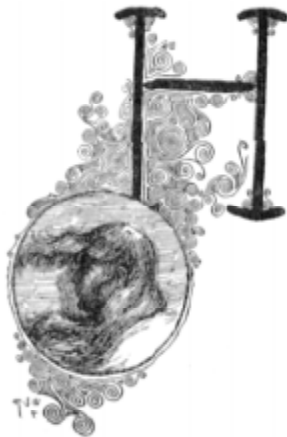
A while he rows
'Midst lambent glows,
Along the laughing water.
He hugs the shore
A while and—more:
He hugs the old gent's daughter.

A GOOD RETURN.

"Be mine, fair maid!" cried the
ardent youth,
"Be mine, and I promise thee
That our life shall be one long *love*
game
O'er the *net* of constancy."

"Thanks, no!" she said, "though the game
would be
As you say I can well believe;
You mean, of course, that I'd always
serve,
While you would merely *receive*."

CORNELIA REDMOND.



I, pretty Mabel, plump
and sweet,
I watch you walking
down the street.
Sharp the scream and
prompt the squeal.
You've slipped upon
an orange peel.

Tears will rise,
And folks will stare—
Two ankles twinkle in
the air.

HARVEY N. BLOOMER.

"HEROICS."

HAIL to the chief who in triumph ad-
vances!
List to the cheers down the length of our
line!
Long may his brow wear the crown of the
victor—
Smithers, the pitcher on our baseball nine!



"NOT THE SAME."

TOMMY," said mam-
ma, tearfully, "it
gives me as much
pain as it does you
to punish you."

TOMMY (also tear-
fully)—"Mebbe it
does, but not in the
same place."

"EYES RIGHT."

GIGANTIC Lady to
Policeman—Sir, can you not see me across
the street?

POLICEMAN—See yez across de streate,
is it? Sure, mum, I can see you a mile
off.

"TIMELY."

PLACE bets on sprinters
Or tennis sets,
And if you lose at that,
Try backing horses,
Crews and nines,
But never bacca-rat.
—*Outing Tennis Record*.

RICHERS AT THE SEASIDE.

ALL winter long the cold sea's roar
Falls on a flat and sandy shore;
All summer long the warm sea knocks
Upon a shore just lined with "rocks."