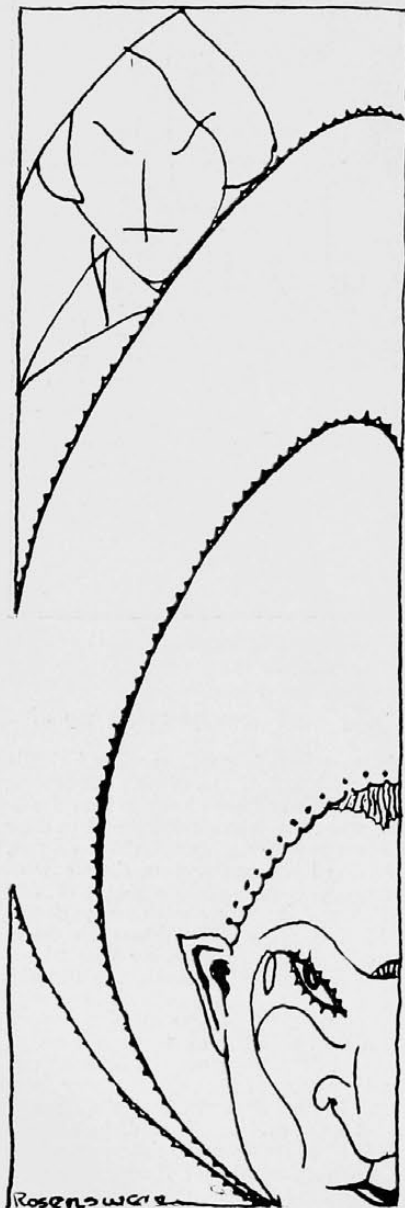


"Why do you call your little brother asthma?"

"Because he's always in short pants."



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EVENING THOUGHTS

The silver sheen of the crescent Moon
O'er the west sheds a halo of light.
The golden glow of the fleeting Sun
Gleams soft; 'tis a warning of night.
The white of the Moon, and the gold of the Sun,
With the blue of the western sky,
All blend and glow and live as one
Smooth lake, where tinted clouds sail by.

The water-nymphs of yon far lake
Are bright wee things; the stars that laugh
And dance and sing for laughing's sake.
But oh, at times they can be sad,
And droop their filmy, shining wings
And veil their twinkling lights. Oh, glad
I am to have you, pretty things,
To weep with me when I am sad.

DON A. MCKENZIE.



LET ME DREAM

Let me keep my dreams, kind friend,
Do not wake me;
Well I know how, in the end
They'll forsake me,
But I will not look ahead.
To more sorrow;
I'll taste the sweetness without dread
Of the morrow.
Far rather would I bear awak'ning's blow,
'Tis in the scheme—
Than neither strangling joy nor pain to know—
—Let me dream.

Man in crowded car: "Conductor,
I want Liberty!"