

LAUGH & THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU

BY JOSH WINK.

THE HORSE-SHOW HORSE.

Oh, horsel
Oh, horse-show horse!
I envy you,
I do!
You are a cynosure,
A bona fide cure
For rank conceit.
You can't be beat,
Just now, at least,
You handsome beast!
I truthfully can say
That I'd enjoy being you today.
You'll strut around and prance
And dance
And arch your glossy neck,
And shake the dainty ribbons that bedeck
You for the show.
Oh!
And you'll be petted most to death.
It takes my breath
To think how you'll stand in
And win
The gentler sex,
You equine rex!
Soft hands will smooth and pat your splendid chest,
Your proud head will be pressed
And otherwise caressed.
And pretty lips will primp with words of
praise;
And you will raise
A reg'lar hubbub of delight.
And you'll incite
Such adulations when they bring
You in the ring.
You'll be a "darling thing,"
And "just too cute"
(You lucky brute),
And "sweet" and "dear" and "lovely" and
You'll gladly stand
For all they say.
Go 'way!
If I were you,
Do you know what I'd do
When I get through
A game of admiration of that sort?
Would I cavort?
Well, I should sport!
And neigh!
And give a real display!
I'd institute a jublating tear.
And pitch and rear,
And split the air.
I wouldn't care
What people said.
I'd hold my head
Up high,
And shy,
And be right spry,
And flash my eye,
And chew the bit,
And maybe have a fit
To make them understand that I was IT.
I think I'd go
And smash an automobile at one blow
To let them know
That I was at the show,
And wasn't slow.
Would I cavort?
Well, I should sport!

AT THE CIRCUS.

Ring Manager—What is all that howl about
over there in the side show?

Roostabout—The sword swallower accidentally
got a toothpick in his throat.

COMING EVENTS, ETC.

The curtain of the theater rolled up, revealing
the graduating class of the medical college.

The class looked very happy and proud
and self-satisfied.

At first the audience of fathers and mothers
and sisters and brothers and cousins and
aunts and uncles and grandfathers and
grandmothers applauded lustily.

Then there was a lull and the cousins and
a few others began to titter.

The titter swelled to a loud laugh, which
was somewhat embarrassing.

The class became uncomfortable.

Then the cause of the merriment became
apparent!

One of the drop-scenes which had been
used in a recent performance represented a
cemetery, and as it was directly behind the
young doctors, it made a painfully suggestive
background.

HEARD AT THE HORSE SHOW.

Ethel—That Miss Van Lipp and Charles
Dasher don't seem nearly so devoted to each
other as they used to be.

Clara—Of course not. Haven't you heard
They're engaged.

SECTIONS OF THE GUARD.

Bingo—I read in the papers that the Sul-
tan has had the guards around his palace
trebled.

Jingo—Yes, they're likely to be quartered
next.

"HEART-TO-HEARTS" WITH AUTHORS.

R. Hopkinson Smith—"The Under Dog"
is always sure of sympathy. What now?
Painting, building, writing or thinking?

Alice Duer Miller—There is nothing we
like to meet so much as "The Modern Ob-
stacle." We hope your book will run you
into a pile of it.

Clinton Scollard—What's the matter with
your usual April-May output? Have you
traded your Pegasus for an automobile? It
doesn't seem like spring without your vernal
effusions.

Harry Leon Smith—We read your book
through, thinking all the time that its title
was "The Suspenders." When we discovered
our mistake we read it again, and didn't like
it nearly so much.

A. T. Quiller-Couch—You have an inordi-
nate capacity for killing. If you don't stop
cutting and slashing so much you'll become
known as a back writer.