

LAUGH & THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU

BY JOSH WINK.

THE FATE OF MOLLY CULE.

Young Mike Crobe met Miss Molly Cule
Whose worth is known full well,
And straightway he pursued her
His devouring love to tell.

"Oh, Molly Cule," he cried to her.
"Come be my little wife,
I can not live without you
For you are my very life!

"I adore each dainty atom
In your lovely form, and I
Will be devoted to you
Till the moment that I die.

"Your beauty overwhelms me
And your features are so fine,
I'll never be myself again
Unless you will be mine.

"You are the structural unit
Of the animate, I know,
But I'm of some importance,
As my Latin names will show.

"I'm much sought after, too, you see,
For, though I don't look grand,
With doctors and with scientists
I'm always in demand.

"So don't reject me, Molly, dear,
And make me thin and sour:
Be tender with the one you hold
Within your magic power!"

Miss Molly Cule was flattered
And she answered: "I'm afraid
I really am not worthy of
The half that you have said.

"Although you're quite unknown to me,
I've often heard your name
Discussed at length by persons who
Are not unknown to fame.

"And though your face is somewhat strange
And startling to my sight,
I know you must be very nice
Because you're so polite.

"And since you're so persistent,
And have Latin titles, too,
I guess—well—I just guess I'll have
To leave my fate to you."

So Mike Crobe took Miss Molly
Who discovered mighty soon,
To her dismay, that she, alas,
Was something of a loon.

His intense, absorbing passion
She couldn't long survive,
For at last he fell upon her
And devoured her alive!

IN THE RAW STATE.

"That new breakfast food," remarked the
whale that had swallowed Jonah the pre-
vious day, "tasted all right, but from the
way it's affecting me I have a strong sus-
picion that it was not the pre-digested
kind."

THE "EXTRA!" OF LITERATURE.

Dolly—Have you read the latest novel?
Kitty—Not yet. It came out while I was at
tea.

FULLY PROTECTED

Bosom Friend—But, my dear, don't you
think it would be an awful risk for one as
young as you are to marry a man so old
that one foot is already in the grave?

Miss Youngthing—The risk is fully pro-
tected by insurance.

"HEART TO HEARTS" WITH AUTHORS.

Josephine Daskam—Your press story of
how to keep house for your father is the
best you have ever written. Of course, you
cook beautifully. By the way, why do you
try to dodge your middle name?

Churchill Williams—Every time I read
"The Captain" I can't help thinking what a
splendid advertising man you'd make.

Cyrus Townsend Brady—Your tales in
"The Bishop" are far better than anything
Nick Carter ever did. I hear you are writing
a novel on slum life in Pennsylvania.

John Kendrick Bangs—I hope that "In Lim-
blem Land" will find a place in every nur-
sery in New Jersey. It's the baby food
of literature.

Mary Francis—"A Son of Destiny" cer-
tainly would make a great plank for the
Democratic platform. I think you could
write a splendid society novel.

Halle Ermine Rives—Please do go on the
stage. You would be simply immense as a
soubrette!

Molly Elliott Seawell—"Children of Des-
tiny" deserves to rank with "Uncle Tom's
Cabin." I think you write very much like
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

JOSH WINK.

Suggestion for Carnegie.

President Roosevelt will never get rich
quick. He buys all of the new athletic
goods as fast as they come out.—St. Louis
Globe Democrat.

And Wind Up His Ashes.

Jeremiah Beveridge imagines that his nom-
ination would cause the ticket to spread
like wildfire.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.