

LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU

BY JOSE WINK.

A DRY-LAND MERMAID.

(According to the Salt Lake Herald, there is now in Salt Lake City a young lady of sweet sixteen who is almost a mermaid. Her body is covered with fine, silvery scales and she has web feet. When she was a child her parents were visiting on the Coast of California. One day she escaped and swam into the ocean near a quarter of a mile before she was overtaken. She is very pretty and seems to be unable to exist without frequent immersions.)

GENTLE reader, here's a ditty of a maid in Salt Lake City;

Or rather of a mermaid, as the case has proved to be.

WE can state without misgiving that she is the only living

Member of her race who doesn't sojourn in the sea.

LIKE every other mermaid, in the water she would have staid,

But for the fact that she was born and bred upon the land;

AND though exiled from the water, still she is a favorite daughter

Of old ocean and is happiest when sporting on its strand.

THERE'S a secret deeply mystic in the very realistic

Way in which the mermaid marks this pretty maid adorn;

DAINTY little scales that glimmer like the sparkling sunshine shimmer

That glints upon the spray that sweeps the beach at early morn,

FORM the armor that encases her in funny, funny traces

Which are but an indication of the maiden's natural bent;

COULD this nymph, as one may term her, have her way, where wild waves murmur

Every day of her existence would undoubtedly be spent.

DEAR male reader, it's a pity that this maid of Salt Lake City

Must lead a life that to her is as dry as a dry sponge.

DON'T you think that if you know her you'd have nerve enough to woo her,

And hasten to her natural realm and with her take a plunge?

WHAT a joy 'twould be to marry this dear, sweet salt-water fairy,

And with her seek the emerald caverns of the briny deep;

SHE might know of fields elysian where they live in style Parisian,

And where the hotels are first-class and reasonably cheap.

TO MILDRED.

"What is the best and easiest way to wash lawns? MILDRED."

If you don't care to wait for the next rain, about the best and easiest way is to use an ordinary garden hose on them.

DISCOURAGINGLY FRANK.

"Darling," asked the fuzzy-lipped young man who had just proposed and had been accepted, "what is the least you think we can live on a year?"

"Why, Bertie, dear," replied the young thing with the rat coil on the back of her neck, "that depends entirely on how much you can earn and on how much credit you can get."

PLANS NOT COMPLETED.

Cumon—That man addressing the audience now is making himself; he's the architect of his own destiny.

Bangs—I see. He talks as if he hasn't got his plans entirely completed.

UP TO THE SULTAN.

To the Sultan's dispatch to Sofia

The Bulgarians made this reply:

"We're delighted to state

What you say is not straight!"

In plain words, they called him a liar.

A HERO.

Recent Arrival—Why do all the people cheer every time that man comes on the beach?

Regular Resident—He made a rescue yesterday which taxed to the limit his unselfishness and heroism.

Recent Arrival—What did he do?

Regular Resident—He swam out and rescued his mother-in-law.

UNBREAKABLE.

Peters—Do you think the court will succeed in breaking the will?

Parr—It's doubtful; it was made by a woman.

THREE STRAIGHT SHAMROCKS.

Mark—Lipton says it will be three straight for the Shamrock.

Wagg—Of course; this is the third one.

A NEW VERSION.

Apostle Reed Smoot (senator-elect from Utah)—What is the meaning of those letters, W. C. T. U., used by those women whom I see are going to object to me taking my seat?

Another Mormon (meditatively)—From the way the women are acting it looks like they might mean Women Can't Trust Us.

JOSH WINK.