

Larry Kisses the Right Way.

How do I know that Larry loves me,
How does he his love betray?
How do I know that Larry loves me?
Larry kisses the right way.

"An' how—an' how does Larry kiss thee—
Kiss by candle-light or day?"
Only this my tongue can tell thee:
Larry kisses the right way.

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

Matinée Criticism.

Scene: *Street-car.* Young man is seated, reading. Enter young woman. She has just come from a matinée at a Broadway theater. Recognizes young man. He gives her his seat.

She. Thanks, awfully. Oh, I've been having the very loveliest time that ever happened.

He. What have you been doing—dancing?

She. No, indeed; dancing is n't in it. I've been to see that lovely Montague Pierrepont in that new play.

He. What's the name of it? Oh, yes, I know. I read a very able and commendatory criticism of it in the "Radiator." It's by Sardou, is n't it?

She. I don't know. I never look at the name of the author. But Pierrepont is just too lovely for any use.

He. I hope to go and see it. Very strong, is it not?

She. I should think it was! Why, that scene where Pierrepont stands by a mantel and twirls his mustache is just too much for words.

He. What happens?

She. Oh, nothing; but then, he looks so handsome, and his face is reflected in the mirror, and you see him twice, and I just felt like kissing it.

He. What—the reflection?

She. No, no; his face. Oh, he is so lovely.

He. The dialogue is very witty, is n't it?

She. Mmm. I guess so. (*Laughs.*) I did n't pay much attention to that; I was thinking about him. The way he says "Heigh-ho" is really too pathetic. All the girls were crying.

He. Marie Dobson has a fine part, I understand, and, as usual, makes a careful character-study of it.

She. I believe so. She plays an ugly old woman, I think. But it's just too splendid where Pierrepont changes his necktie right before the audience, so the villain won't recognize him, you know. He did it just as naturally as my brother Tom does in real life. I think he's the greatest actor I ever saw, besides being simply the handsomest man in the world.

He. What did you think of Le Roy Thompson? The "Radiator" says that he brings as much art to the delineation of his small rôle of the actor as if he were depicting the chief character.

She. Oh, I guess he was all right. He had a scene with Pierrepont.

He. The one where he has to simulate merri-ment while his wife is dying in the next room?

She. Yep. Pierrepont smokes a cigarette in that scene. He was perfectly gorgeous.

He. Who—Thompson?

She. No; Pierrepont. The audience called Thompson out, and I thought it was awfully unfair, as Pierrepont is the leading man, you know. Why, the smoke curled up just as naturally from that cigarette as if he was here, you know.

He. I think the conductor would have something to say about its curls in that case.

She. Well, speaking of curls, his hair is just as curly as anything at all. And in the last act, where he hands his wife the letter, oh, I think that was just the grandest scene of all!

He. She has a fine death there, does n't she?

She. Huh! huh! But he holds the letter out, and he smiles, and—well, if he smiled that way at me, I'd just think I was in—

Conductor. Fiftieth street!

(*She bows, and exits hurriedly.*)

CURTAIN.

Charles Battell Loomis.

Two Poets.

HE writes great odes which critics praise
And friends place on their table,
While I turn every thought and phrase
To make a song to Mabel.

Fame is his guerdon, art his creed,
He wears distinction's label;
But I—I have the greater meed
When I win praise from Mabel.

Fair is the maid, more fair by far
Than aught in fact or fable;
There ne'er had been a Trojan war
Had Paris first seen Mabel.

Oh, were my castles *not* in Spain,
What gems and costly sable
And priceless lace would I obtain
As fitting gifts to Mabel!

So when I read how papers vie
For news of him, by cable,
"Poor fellow!" I can only sigh,
"You are not loved by Mabel."

Though fame attaches to his name
In all the tongues of Babel,
My own shall greater honor claim
When it is borne by Mabel.

And though he's reached Parnassus' height,
Though critics call him able,
Some much prefer the songs I write—
I do, and so does Mabel.

Beatrice Hanscom.

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