

## ETIQUETTE



CEREMONIOUS INSISTENCE



SIMULTANEOUS ACCEPTANCE



CEREMONIOUS SIMULTANEOUS REGRETS

## The Old to the New.

WHEN the breath of the winter has coated the earth,  
And the air is a-riot with tingle and mirth—  
A carnival time when each highway foretells  
The rush of our flight and the dash of our bells;  
Till everything fitted with runners is out  
To join in the racing and romping and rout;  
When, sky-line to sky-line, there 's nothing on wheels—  
Say, where are you chaps with your automobiles?

In summer, I grant you, your newfangled cart,  
Which merely the twist of a lever will start,  
All nicked and polished and geared like a bike,  
Is really the nobbiest thing on the pike.  
But here is a season which nature has wrought,  
When glitter and "bearings" and tires go for naught.

Why, even staid Dobbin now kicks up his heels—  
Yet what can you say for your automobiles?

Can all of your patents and mountings galore  
Supply the sweet music of bells, just before?  
The cold, pulseless lever your vehicles own  
Make up for the pull of the gallant old roan,

As, laying his ears back and flinging the snow,  
He passes the best that the neighbors can show?  
Now, had n't *you* rather have something that *feels*  
For winter—you praters of automobiles?

And Lucy, I reckon she 'd always prefer  
The old-fashioned cutter—for me and for her,  
With buffalo-robos and a brick for our feet,  
And drawn by a flier that lightning can't beat,  
And a long country road, in the moonlight, the  
whiles  
Through drift and through hollow we cover the  
miles;  
And a deep, cozy seat, with a back that conceals  
Our doings—no, thank you, no automobiles!

*Edwin L. Sabin.*

## Oh, Fair Ellen Bahn.

OH, fair Ellen Bahn, when parted from thee, love,  
Me heart it does ache to a painful degree, love;  
An' sure 't is I feel that you will agree, love,  
To save me such pain, your sight I should see, love:  
An', vourneen, I fear me heart it will break,  
An' you, an old maid, will weep at me wake.

Oh, fair Ellen Bahn, when you frown upon me,  
love,  
More black than the night is the day unto me, love;  
Sure so heavy my grief, I keep from the sea, love,  
Lest, slipping within, I sink forty degree, love:  
An', vourneen, I fear wid your frowning I 'll die,  
An' you, an old maid, will wake me an' cry.

Oh, fair Ellen Bahn, when you don't speak to me,  
love,  
The sweetest of music is sour unto me, love;  
An' when from this earth wid me wings I do flee,  
love,  
Though softly you t'ase, I can't come to thee, love:  
An', vourneen, och hone! you 'd thremble wid fear,  
An' you, an old maid, to weep at me bier.

Oh, fair Ellen Bahn, give one kiss unto me, love;  
Wid the greenwood me roof, I happy would be,  
love;  
Say one kiss a day, one sweet kiss from thee, love,  
An' I 'd live widout doubt to a hundred an' three,  
love:  
An', vourneen, an' when I 'm a hundred an' three,  
Than to be an old maid, you 'd wed 'long o' me.

*Jennie E. T. Dowe.*

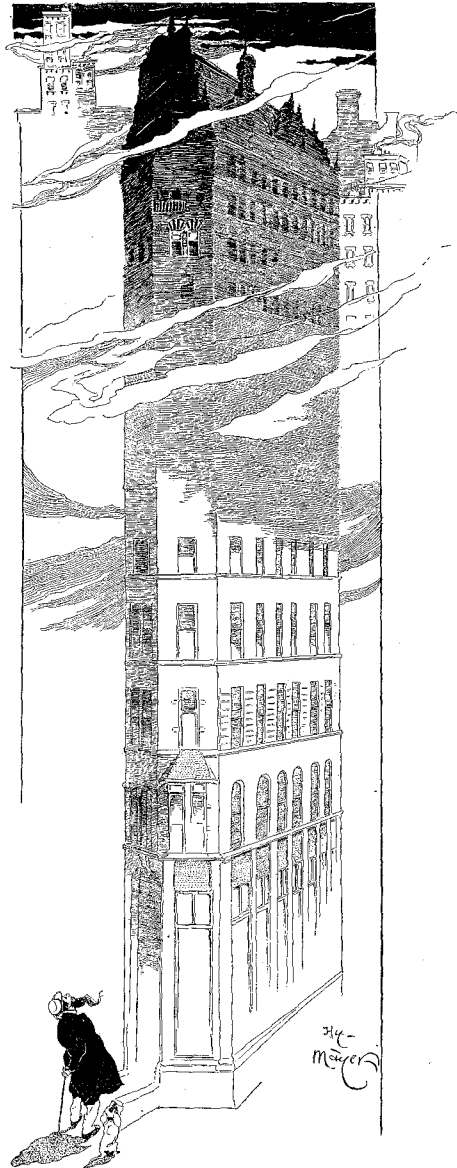
## Talk on Tap.

KATE HARRIGAN, fat, fifty, and voluble, hails  
Bachelor Reynolds, who is on his way down to town.

"Whoa! Hullo, there! Good marnin', Mr. Reynolds. 'T is a lovely cool marnin', barrin' the hate." (Lowering her voice as she approaches his wagon.) "Mr. Reynolds, can you tell me what 's good for the croup in a baby? Me Mike has n't got it yit, but

I tharht he might git it, an' 't is bish to be prepared. Was n't it arfil about the deat' of Mrs. Cassidy? Only fifty, an' arftin women of her age lives to be eighty. Father Ry'n says it's th' on-dootifulness of the childher that do be makin' the parents oulder than they was yairs ago—sure, I dunno. You 'd not know anny one that wants to buy anny hay? We have none to sell, but I might hair of some one wantin' to sell, an' 't would be aisy tellin' him if I knew. Did you hair about Mamie Cauty? She ran away wid a man ould enough to be her brother-in-law. An' they do be sayin' that the peopil that barght the Mills place is Hoongarians. Sure, 't is a pity we can't kape furriners out. Some that you meet talk English that it would puzzle an American to understand. Well, it does be harrd gettin' along these days. You 'd not be havin' an ould refrigerator you 'd want to sell? I'm tellin' ould Mike that ours milts the ice faster than we can put it in, an' between that an' the rheumatism an' the taxes bein' due, an'—oh, Mr. Reynolds, can you tell me what's good fer feather-atin' in hins? I have a rooster that the hins has pecked as bare as a—I was tellin' Mike about it, but he's busy plantin' pertaties, an' what do you think of the chance fer a crop?—I dunno. Sp'akin' of pertaties, my boy Jimmy do be worryin' me wid goin' arf bathin'. Sure, there's enough things that needs doin' widout bathin'. Can you tell me is cod-liver oil good fer mowin'-machines? Mike ran out of oil, an' I was offerin' him the cod-liver oil I used whin Jimmy broke his leg fallin' out of the cherry-tree last April. Sure, that b'y 'll be the deat' of me wid his venturesome ways. Was n't it arfil the Jones losin' their calf? They 'd been yairs, ye might say, raisin' it fer the market, an' to have it killed that-a-way! I think it was a weasil that done it. I suppose you must be in a hurry, so I 'll not kape you, but can you tell me what's good fer chilblains in winter? Last winter Michael soofered arfil, an' it's June now. But June is the month fer butter. You 'd not care to buy anny, I suppose? In May it's grass butter an' not fit t' ate, an' indade it's only in June an' October it's fit to put down. Michael's father's aunt's cousin used to make illigant butter, but she got consumpted an' died, an' gev up makin' it. Do you want anny kittens? I have five, an' barrin' they're sickly, they 'd make nice companny fer you in th' avenin'. An' how's your little b'y?—ah, sure, I forgot you are n't the marri'd wan. You look like your brother—I wonder how your little b'y 'd be if you had wan." (Mr. Reynolds starts his horse.) "Well, good-by, an' thank you kindly fer callin'. Oh, an', Mr. Reynolds, if you see anny paint that 'd do to paint the ice-house an' it's chape, will you mind askin' if they 'd be willin' to sell anny? Times is so harrd, an' Michael wid the rheumatism" (raising her voice as the wagon recedes), "an' baby comin' down wid the croup like as not, an' the hins nakid, an' the weather so dry, an' Mrs. Cassidy dead,—rest her sowl!—an' I think we 'll have rain wan of those fine days." (Shrieking.) "Good-by, an' God bliss you."

Charles Battell Loomis.



SIGHT-SEEING IN THE METROPOLIS.

#### The Nodding of Homer.

THE erring tyro nimbly cites—  
Whose Pegasus goes roughly shod,  
Who blunders much, when much he writes—  
That Homer, too, was known to nod.

O reckless bard, what vain excuse!  
(Though "bard," I fear, 's a mild misnomer;) Take heed of this for future use:  
'T was not his nodding made him Homer.

Joseph Jastrow.