

THE BALLAD OF THE DÉBUTANTE

By Gelett Burgess

“**N**OW bring me my stunningest, swellest gown,”
Said the bud to her maid, Louise,
“For I’ll dance with the loveliest man in town,
And I’ll bring him unto his knees!
That blue silk frock, with my tresses brown,
Is a garb that will surely please.”

They have brought her a silken gown of blue,
They have buttoned her up behind,
With many a squirm, and a writhe or two,
And an “Ouch!” and a “Never mind!”
Till her mirror has given a finished view
Of a maiden unresigned.

“I’ll look like a fright,” said the scowling belle,
“And I never did like this thing!
Quick! bring me another, more smart, more swell,
If there is a dress to bring;
That Point d’Esprit should become me well,
And should earn me a diamond ring!”

They have brought her her delicate Point d’Esprit,
They have fastened the hooks and eyes,
They have pinned and patted till clad is she,
And painted, up to her eyes;
But her face is a ludicrous sight to see
As she tearfully moans and sighs.

“It will never do!” says the débutante;
“It is soiled, and it doesn’t fit!
And wear this garment I won’t and sha’n’t,
For I look like a country chit;
My little white organdie frock! . . . Why *can’t*
You hurry and fetch me it?”

The little white organdie’s laced at last,
With a chorus of “Ah’s!” and “Oh’s!”
Her face is powdered, her hair is massed
In a pompadour, over her nose;
And her hopes are high, and her heart beats fast,
As off to the dance she goes.

THE SMART SET

Now, her little maid has an evening free,
 With no one to say her nay,
 With her lover—a plumber's man is he,
 And he earns his five per day.
 And the maiden the plumber's wife would be,
 So she's laying her plans alway.

She has slipped her down to the dining-room,
 She has stolen some good cigars;
 She has entered the pantry's ghostly gloom,
 Where the apricots stand in jars;
 She has opened a bottle of beer—for whom?
 Let somebody thank his stars!

And now in the kitchen below, so gay,
 Are the maid and that plumber caged,
 Till the bud comes back, at the break of day,
 In a state of mind enraged;
 For the lady's maid, she is *fiancée*,
 And the *débutante* unengaged!



BESSIE'S REPLY

LITTLE FREDDIE—Did your papa make his money before you were born?
 LITTLE BESSIE—He married my mama for her money before I was born.



BOTH SERIOUS

AUNT GRIMM (*in an admonitory tone*)—Getting married is a v-e-r-y serious matter!
 NIECE HETTY—Yes, but staying single is a great deal more serious.



HER PLACE

“HOW old is she?”
 “I do not know how many years she has seen, but she is in her second gigglehood.”

THE DIVVIL-WAGON

A TALE OF LOVE

By Ernest Jarrold

THE Beaumonts had gone to the old-fashioned Colonial town of Kingston, nestling at the feet of the Catskills, for the Summer, and had taken Mary Ellen Ryan, the female Savarin, with them, to do the cooking. Her lover, Roger Haley, was the head-waiter at Martin's, twelve miles away, on the Saugerties road, and her brother, Michael, was a hostler at the Red House, half-way between Kingston and Martin's.

At the time our story opens, Mary Ellen was lying in a cot in the Kingston hospital, with a dislocated hip, two black eyes, and with three teeth in her stomach, where they had been forced by the "divvil-wagon," as she told her sympathizing friend, Alice Reagan, who sat beside the cot. Mary Ellen was wrapped to the chin in bandages and lint.

"What happened you, Mary Ellen?" said Alice. "Did a locomotive hit you?"

"'Tis all on account of the dinky little Frinchman, Gaston, that drives the divvil-wagon," said the sufferer.

"Oh, no, you mean Mr. Beaumont's chiffonneer, me darlint," said Alice. "And how did he do it, wid an axe or a hammer? Oh, but you're a beauty!"

"Yes," said Mary Ellen, sadly; "but me beauty's gone."

"Well, I wouldn't mind that, if I were you, Mary Ellen. Nobody knows you had it but yourself."

"You wouldn't say that if I were on me feet, and a poker in me hand."

"'Tis a small matter annyhow," said Alice, soothingly. "Go on wid your story."

"'Twas all on account o' me foolishness," resumed Mary Ellen. "I smiled at Gaston, he was such a dinky little chap, and he wore shiny leather shoes, and a clean collar every day. He brought me bokays and candies, and told me that me two eyes looked like star-rs in a lake."

"They look like two holes in an ironing-blanket now," said Alice. "But why did he hit you?"

"Sure, he didn't hit me; 'twas the feather-bed hit me."

"The feather-bed! This is the first time I ever heard of a feather-bed givin' a woman two black eyes," said Alice.

"You'd hear more if you'd say less," said Mary Ellen, irritably. "Is it you was in the divvil-wagon, or is it me? Gimme some o' that lemonade; me throat is like the inside of a stovepipe."

After a pint of lemonade had rippled over her palate, Mary Ellen resumed:

"'Twas the day behind yesterday, Alice. The masther and the mistress and the babby were out, whin who should drive up to the gate but me bold bucko Gaston, in Mr. Beaumont's new divvil-wagon, Satan, painted red as fire, and wid cushions on the seats like they have in church. I was afeerd to go at first, bekase the character of the baste was bad—havin' killed three cows and two goats—but Gaston made it run around like lard on a hot fryin'-pan, and at last I got in. I had on me more anteenk that the mistress gave me, Alice, wid bokay wather on it that I bought from a peddler last week, and me Easter hat, and Gaston says, 'We tak' ze spin by ze Red House, for ze lemonade and ze ice-cream,' he says.