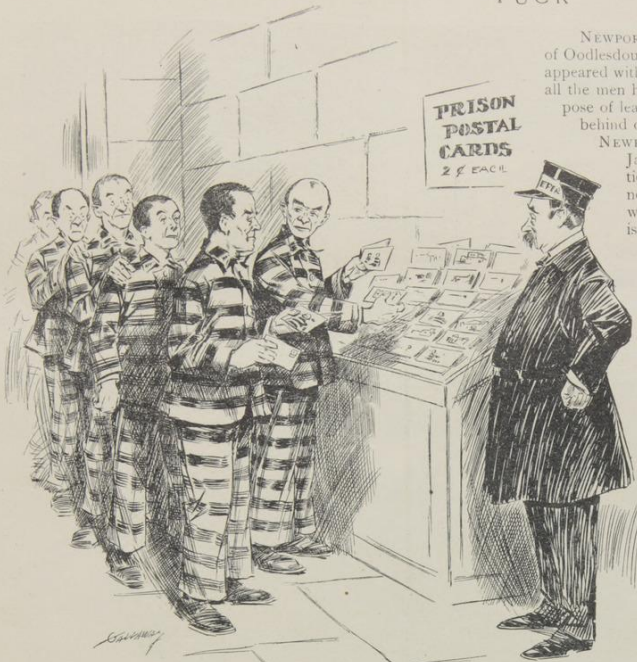




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PUCK



NEWPORT, R. I., Friday.—At a recent charity fête, Lord Myword, of Oodlesdough House, Stoke-Pudgy, Puddleford-on-Tyne, England, appeared without his monocle. Since this never-to-be-forgotten day all the men here have purchased monocles for the purpose of leaving them off. Biffany's is three weeks behind on orders.

NEWPORT, R. I., Saturday.—Young Jack Assjack created a sensation on the promenade this afternoon by appearing with his socks wrong side out—the result, it is suspected, of a champagne hang-over. Be that as it may, it has set the pace for our smartest bachelor dressers. More drool anon.



“OF THE MAKING OF MAGAZINES.”

PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMER.—Have you the *Upton* magazine?
NEWS STAND PROPRIETOR (to assistant).—Billy, refer to your index and see if we have the *Upton*?

SUMMER MOTHER GOOSE.

SING a song of six-pence
Or, if you wish, a dime;
The last is more American—
And then I need the rhyme.
And when you've got this silver piece,
Just order up a stein—
Got to with songsome black-bird pies—
The frosty stein for mine!

THE WAY IT WORKS.

SLOWBOY has been slaving away at that desk for twenty years or so. Wonder why he's never been promoted.
“Why, he's always taken a pride in doing more than he's paid and his employers have been afraid they couldn't find a man to fill his place.”

AT OSSINING-ON-HUDSON.

SUMMER GUEST (peculiarly).—De souvenir postcard punk at dis here place. Dey ain't in it wid de ones yer kin or Snake Hill.

NEWPORT NOTHINGS.

(Special Despatch to the N. Y. Herald.)

NEWPORT, R. I., Sunday.—It may be a coincidence, but it is none the less interesting, that since Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, though smartly gowned, chose to discard gloves as a part of her costume on the occasion of her charity fête on Wednesday several young society girls have appeared walking and driving without the usual covering of kid for their hands and forearms.

(Special Despatch to PUCK.)

NEWPORT, R. I., Monday.—Possibly the hot weather had something to do with it, but it is rather interesting that since Mrs. Van Fisher chose to omit her usual lingerie, several of our smartest maids have presented an unusually sylph-like appearance.

NEWPORT, R. I., Tuesday.—It may have been absentmindedness on the part of Larry Hehr, but since it got out that he appeared at a lawn fête without his knee-lengths, this hitherto popular garment has been practically neglected.

NEWPORT, R. I., Wednesday.—A vagrant breeze having revealed the absorbingly interesting fact that Miss Lily Bart had a hole in her right stocking, it is now quite the thing to exhibit a peekaboo spot of pink.

NEWPORT, R. I., Thursday.—Of course it may be the merest coincidence, but from the afternoon that Mrs. G. Watt Munn, smartly gowned, appeared at a tennis tea with all her autohooks unfastened, our swaggiest matrons have attracted an unusual amount of scrutiny.



HUMANE.

BIG GAME AMATEUR (with great presence of mind).—Really, you do me an injustice when you glare at me like that. I—I do all my hunting with a camera.

It is not necessarily pot-luck to hold the requisite openers.