



MRS DR. SHERLOCK HOLMES.

SHE COULD READ HIM FROM HEAD TO FOOT, INSIDE AND OUTSIDE, AND THERE WAS NO USE DENYING IT.

ALL of a sudden she turned to the man in the tramcar on the left and said:

'You were putting down an ingrain carpet at your house this morning. Don't attempt to deny it, for I have the most conclusive evidence.'

'How do you know?' he stammered in surprise.
'There is lint on your knee, sir, showing the kind of carpet, and your thumb is done up in a rag to prove that you hit it with a hammer. You have a bunion on your left foot. Deny it at your peril!'

'Yes; I have a bunion, but—'
'I knew it, because you cannot keep that foot still, while now and then you utter a cusa word below your breath. You are living with your second wife. Admit the truth of what I say, or take the consequences.'

'How on earth can you tell that?' he asked, as he began to turn pale round the mouth.

'By the hairs and dandruff on your coat. Your first wife always brushed you before you went out. Now, sir you have a small child at home.'

'Yes, a boy three years old, but—'
'I knew it, because he shoved that jumping jack into your pocket while you were playing with him just before you came out. You are also an absent-minded man. Denial will be useless, and may get you into serious trouble.'

'I—'
'If you were not an absent minded man you would not have pocketed that table napkin for a handkerchief, nor come out with your old hat on. While your first wife has been dead for several years, you have not yet placed a tombstone at her grave. Don't try to bluff me, sir.'

'You are right, but—'
'Of course I am. When we passed that marble shop you gave one look at the tombstones, and placed your hand on your wallet. Your present wife is not domestic.'

'No, she is not; but how on earth can you tell?'
'The moths have eaten your coat, there are two buttons off your vest, and from the way you wriggle that right foot I'm sure you have holes in your stockings. Think not to deceive me.'

'Great lands, woman!' he gasped as the perspiration stood out on his forehead, 'but you must be—'

'Mrs Dr. Sherlock Holmes, sir,' she finished. 'I have to get out here to solve a mystery in a butcher's shop. Blood has been found on a cleaver, the butcher's wife has got a new sealskin jacket, and the errand boy has a boil on his leg. "Seeth!" I will unravel the whole affair in five minutes, and spot the murderer! Good day, old man. By the way, don't use sandpaper on your celluloid collar, as it leaves scratches!'



UTTERLY ROUTED.

THE AUTHORESS: 'Yes, Mr Fling, I have just begun another book, but did you read my last?'

MR FLING: 'Well—er—ah, only the first few chapters.'

THE AUTHORESS: 'But there are no chapters!'

MR F.: 'Um—I should have said, I meant the opening descriptive passages.'

THE AUTHORESS (coldly): 'There are no descriptive passages.'

MR F.: 'Oh, yes, of course I meant the preface.'

THE AUTHORESS (icyly): 'There is no preface.' (The last that was seen of him he was edging toward the door.)

AGAINST THE NEW WOMAN.

THE Anti-New Womanite is growing quite desperate. Ha—er is it she!—has taken to pillory the girl of the period in the 'agony column' of the *Standard*, from whence I culled this awful warning—

DEUTERONOMY, 5th Verse, 22 Chapter.—'The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth to a man. . . for all that do so are an abomination unto the Lord thy God.'

Of course, there is another side to the question—

The modern woman thinks that trows
Would add to human bonhomie;
And so she practices her views
In spite of Deuteronomy.

One Little Girl in the Slums: 'Wot yer say she died of?' The Other One: 'Eating a tuppenny nic on the top of 'ot pudden.' The First-mentioned: 'Lor! what a jolly death.'

A TRIFLE TOO TOUCH.

THE cannibal king sat upon his bamboo throne, clothed in the awful dignity of his position, and a faded silk scarf. His eye was fastened upon the entrance to the throne room as if in expectancy. Presently it opened, and the secretary of state entered and bowed to the earth.

'A deputation awaits without, your majesty,' said the secretary.

'What kind, slave?' inquired his nibe.
'Of white persons, your majesty.'
'Would they minister to my spiritual or physical wants, dog?'

'Your physical wants, your majesty.'
'Ah, then they must be missionaries.'
'No, your majesty.'
'What, bound; not missionaries?'

'No, your majesty, they are here on business of state from the white country. They are politicians.'
A look of disappointment clouded the face of the king.
'Go, slave,' he said, waving his hand with an imperious gesture, 'and command the secretary of the culinary department to put out the fire in the kitchen stove.'



EACH SEEK THEIR PLEASURE WHERE THEY FIND IT.

SHE: 'Oh, Charles, look, quick!'
HE: 'Where, what, I can't see anything.'
SHE: 'No! Not the girls on the stage, but at that handsome fellow in the box over there.' (Charles mutters something inaudible.)

WEEKS V. YEARS.

HE (five weeks after marriage): 'I have brought you a birthday present my angel—a diamond necklace, which, however, will pale before the brightness of your eyes.'

HE (five years after marriage): 'I have brought you a birthday present—an ash-tray.'

SHE: 'But, my dear, I do not smoke cigars.'

HE: 'No-o; but if you have an ash-tray for me to put my cigar ashes in, it will save you the trouble of sweeping them up you know.'

TOD MUCH.

THE wayworn man had fallen in the street in a very good swoon.

The usual crowd gathered and the usual man-who-knows-what-to-do shouted:

'Stand back! and give him air.'

The wayworn man got up.

'Air!' said he, with fine scorn. 'Air! When I ain't had nothing but air for three days!'

THE MAIDEN AND THE MIRE.

'DEAR me, how dreadful!'

The street crossing lay thick with mud.
'My new silk stockings, too, and—'

A sigh escaped her.

'Not a horrid man in sight!'

Stiffing a sob she seized her skirts and tripped over.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER (to the Boots of the hotel):

'Call me at six in the morning.'

Boots: 'Yes, sir; but is not that very early for you to rise, sir?'

Commercial Traveller: 'I don't want to rise; I only want the pleasure of rolling over and going to sleep again.'



QUITE OFF.

HE: 'If you would but say yes, Amanda, my love, I would treat you like an angel.'

SHE: 'Yes, I believe you. Nothing to eat, and less to wear! Not me.'

THE BOOK:

OR TO SPEAK MORE CURIOUSLY, THE SEX-MANIACAL NOVEL, AS IT APPEARS TO THE UNENLIGHTENED INTELLIGENCE OF BOWDLER, JUNIOR.

Author loquitar:—

I COME from haunts of prig and crank,
I fill half-cultured crams—
By booming notions 'new' and 'frank,'—
With morbid monomania.

Though freed from humour, style, or taste,
And all such superlatives,
My stories go with breathless haste
Through half a score editions.

And I intend to break in two
Decorum's rusty fetter;
For books may come, and books be blue,
But I will go one better.

I chatter lovingly about
Neurotic noodles' quarrels;
I babble, gabble, equal, and about
Eternally of morals.

And there I draw a fractions wife
As balmy as a hatter,
Who'll rave about the Sexes' strife,
Through reams of risky chatter;

And here I Jeck my pages o'er
With tags from jaundiced rhymers,
And scraps of social science lore
Mislearned from shilling primers

And blend the whole, to break in two
Decorum's rusty fetter;
For books may come, and books be blue,
But I will go one better.

You'll never find a single word
Between my faring covers
Of anything so quite absurd
As sane and happy lovers.

I presch, I screech, I storm, I wail,
O'er marriage and its terrors;
I make the wretched critics pale
With orthographic errors.

I maunder on through arid tracts
Of gloom past comprehension,
I linger round unpleasant facts
With very marked attention.

And do my best to break in two
Decorum's rusty fetter;
For books may come, and books be blue,
But I will go one better.

BOWDLER, JUNIOR.



A KEEN OBSERVER.

GRANDPA: 'Now Willie, you say you've been to church. Well, let me see what you can tell me about it.'

Willie: 'Well, what I thought most strange was that the man in front of me had ears that weren't alike.' (Spanked.)