



THE CRUEL CARTOONIST.

THE cruel cartoonist may caper with glee,
As he screws on his glasses the better to see
Each fault in the form and the face of the man
Who's unlucky enough to come under the ban;
But his wit and the work that he puts on the sheet,
From the droop in the nose to the corns on the feet,
Help many a fool to perceive in the glass
That he's not ready yet for the thoroughbred class.

The cruel cartoonist's not cruel at all,
And his heart's just as big as his income is small,
For he follows Bill Shakespeare, and works with his pen,
Upholding to nature the meanness of men,
Their faults and their frailties, their pomp and their pride,
He opens them up and shows what's inside,
For there's lots of balloons puffed away up with gas,
That when pricked collapse out of the thoroughbred class.

COOKING BY SCIENTIFIC METHODS.

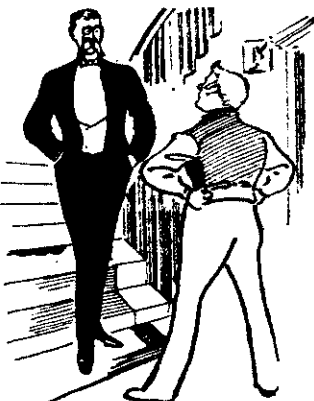
GIVE me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to bake a pie, mamma,
I'm going to bake a pie.
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose;
So give me a gramme of phosphate
And the carbon and cellulose.

Now give me a chunk of casein, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat;
And hand me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat;
And if the electric oven's cold
Just turn it on half an oim,
For I want to have supper ready
As soon as John comes home.

Now pass me the neutral dope, mamma,
And rotate the mixing machine,
But give me the sterilised water first
And the oleomargarine.
And the phosphate too, for now I think,
The new typewriter's quit,
And John will need more phosphate food
To help his brain a bit.

EXCUSE REJECTED.

'Why didn't you come when I called?' asked the angry papa.
'I didn't hear you,' whimpered Willie.
'That's no excuse at all. Hereafter when you don't hear me call I want you to come and tell meso.'



A FAITHFUL RETAINER.

SIR RALPH: 'Bacon. I saw you in a very drunkest condition in the street the other evening.'
Servant: 'Yes, Sir Ralph.'
Sir Ralph: 'Aren't you afraid of something happening to you when in that state?'
Servant: 'Oh, no, Sir Ralph; you see, I always take care to carry one of your cards with me.'

MALIGNITY.

'If you hate him,' suggested the chief counsellor of state, 'why don't you command him to get hence?'
The tyrant laughed ferociously.
'I propose,' he hissed, 'to command his neighbours on both sides to get hena.'
Every man's house was his castle, even now; but just what his vegetable garden was, was not exactly clear as yet.

OLD KING COLE.

OLD KING COLE
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

So Old King Cole
Got his pipe and his bowl,
But his fiddlers, where were they?
They had mounted their wheels, each jovial soul,
And merrily ridden away!

So old King Cole
Spurred his pipe and his bowl,
And he said to his slave, said he
'Well, I guess I'll go for a bit of a "roll,"
So fetch my bike to me!'



CRUSHING—BUT ASKED FOR.

YOUNG ARTIST: 'Charming! Glorious! Not another man in Europe can handle a brush like that!'
Old Critic: 'Certainly not; you have a touch which—but why waste yourself on common canvas?'
Artist: 'Why, what do you recommend?'
Critic (severely): 'I recommend, sir, that you should stand at the corner of a street and use your brush to black people's boots.'

APPEARANCES AGAINST IT.

'I THOUGHT you said you'd never ride a wheel,' said Sprockett to Davvy, when the latter had returned to consciousness after his first attempt.
'And I don't think I ever will,' groaned Davvy.'

FEMININE AMENITIES.

'TROUBLE,' repeated the hostess in speaking of it afterward, 'you don't know what trouble is until you try to give some function. You lie awake nights to make up the list of those whom you won't invite, and even then there will be painful omissions. It is so provoking to please somebody you really wanted to hurt.'

TOO TRUE.

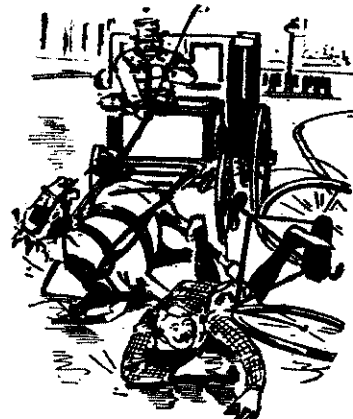
MR WATTS: 'I don't see why weather was invented, anyway.'
Mrs Watts: 'If it were not for the weather there are a good many men who would never turn their eyes heavenward at all.'

A GOOD REASON.

VIOLET: 'How did Mr. Bighed come to accept the doctrine of re-incarnation?'
Rose: 'Well, you know, he always had an impression that the world couldn't get along without him, and if that is so, it stands to reason that he will have to come back.'

'TWAS HER WORK.

MANAGER: 'I wish to congratulate you. You have managed to draw a picture of absolutely commensurate repulsiveness for your villain.'
Author: 'Thanks, awfully; but the compliment is due to my better half. It is a description of me by my wife when I refused to buy her a new bonnet.'



ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

ADMIRING CARMAN: 'Good old horse! That's the fourth time he's fallen down to-night, and blowed if he ain't upset a cyclist every time!'

MIGHT MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

'I'LL tell the people who talk about employing you that you are incapable of a falsehood!' said the warm friend.
'Thank you, ever so much, only express it carefully. There's a good deal of difference, you know, between saying that a man "cannot tell a lie" and declaring that he "has no diplomacy."'

ALL FOR SCIENCE.

SHE: 'Do you really believe there is anything in the story that kissing is unhealthful?'
He: 'I don't know—suppose we try the experiment.'
She: 'The idea! However, in the interest of science, I don't know that there is any objection.'

THE SARCASTIC GIRL.

HE: 'I—ah—have always had a horror of premature burial—being buried too soon, you know.'
She: 'Oh, pshaw! Such a thing is impossible.'

SO FOND.

MRS FERRY: 'I never saw a boy so fond of pets as Bobby is.'
Mrs Wallace: 'Really?'
Mrs Ferry: 'Yes; he has worn out a kitten and two pups in the last three months.'

INDIGENT, BUT INTELLIGENT.

'THOSE people next door lead a sort of hand-to-mouth existence, don't they?' said the president of the Helping Hand to the Worthy Poor Sewing and Mission Society.
'No,' responded the good dame addressed; 'they're awful poor, but I guess they know enough to handle forks properly.'

HER PRINCIPAL THOUGHT.

THEY sat in silence for some time.
'Of what are you thinking?' he finally asked.
She blushed and fidgeted uneasily in her chair for a minute.
'Never mind,' she returned, sharply. 'It's your business to propose; not mine.'



'FILLING A LONG-FELT WANT.'