



TURNING THE TABLES.

VANDYKE DE DUSKY, our rising colored painter, makes a specialty of "The White Chicken Thief" as a subject for his pencil.

copper-stilled consoler, that Mr. Weaktear's advisers suggested the change.

So Mr. Weaktear wrote a nice little note to a budding poet of his acquaintance, and requested him to reel off a few yards of soul-suds and heart-foam for the next issue of the *Guide*. The poet was a nice young man. He looked something like a cross between a dissipated bank-clerk and a baseball player with the Charley Horse. He loomed into the *Guide's* dingy editorial room resplendent in a new suit, and a diamond ring, like a man who is lost to shame and the bill-collector.

"I haven't got any temperance poems on hand just now, and I ain't very well posted on the temperance question, anyhow," he explained. "What do you want? The same old business—'Father, dear father,' and all that sort of thing—or would you like a new racket? Have a nice little comic snap, with an acrobatic ending up home, that'll probably catch you. It's not a temperance poem, but I can fix it up for you without much trouble. I might wind her up something like this for you :

Beer
Will make you feel queer.

If
You drink it until you are stiff
Drunk

You will lose all your backbone and spunk,
And

Have no cash on hand
When

You are sorry and sober again.
Which

Is apt to occur about the time you wake up and discover yourself in the ditch.

With the major portion of your inebriated anatomy immersed in water, and your new \$10 plug hat furnishing recreation and amusement to several small boys who are just learning to play football, and I might wind up this suggestive and highly philosophic and also somewhat humorous lay, by remarking that at this rate you will never get rich.

Now, how does that strike you? Something like that what you want? Light and sparkling, and yet teaching a healthy moral to the readers of your valuable paper."

"What kind of an ending did you say that was?" asked the editor, somewhat hesitatingly.

"It's what we call an acrobatic ending, in the biz."

"It seems to me to be rather uncertain in its metrical construction."

"That's one of the beauties of it. It attracts by reason of its oddity. Poetic license allows us to do that right along."

"That don't go," said the editor, quietly but determinedly.

"What don't?"

"Poetic license. This paper is opposed to license, high, low, jack or the game. We can't have it at all. Any poet employed on the *Guide* has got to have a good moral character as well as whole loads of divine afflatus. No, sir, poetic license is barred out. If I let you get the wedge in this way, what's to prevent you coming around some morning with a head like an ash-barrel and breath strong enough to hang clothes on, and excuse yourself on the ground of poetic license? No, sir, we must draw the line somewhere, and right there is where we draw it."

"But I don't drink," said the poet, hastily.

"I'm glad to hear it. Drink is a vice. It is a hollow mockery full of wild thyme and creeping things. You must bury all craving for it in the eternal rearsness, like a buttered memory that has slipped away into the back yard of the dead past and crawled under the canopy of oblivion. It——"

"I didn't come here to listen to that kind of talk," interrupted the poet. "I came here to talk biz. If I happen to load up once in a while, that's my own affair. Everybody gets full sometimes. Even the moon gets full. My soul is full right now. It is seething with thoughts which yearn for daylight. I must poet, and poet promptly. If you'd like another sample——"

"Spring me one or two," said the editor. "You don't seem to grasp the idea quite right yet, but I'll give you another crack at it."

"Do you want 'em comic or sentimental?" asked the poet.

"I don't care," said the editor, "s'long's they're good."

"The prospects stack up beautifully," murmured the poet to himself. "I'll take him into camp now for a dead moral certainty. How'll this suit your refined taste :

A native of Saginaw, Mich.,
Who lived on potatoes and fich,
Has taken to drink,
And why, do you think?
Because the cook sugared the dich.

"That's not exactly what I want," said the editor, dubiously. "Can't you fix up something a little more human and touching in sentiment? Something that will appeal to the heart as well as to the intellect? That is very funny, I daresay, but this temperance evil is too great an evil to make fun of."

"Pathos, eh? Well, if its pathos you want, I'm your bird. Get your intellectual forceps on this and yank the subtle beauty out of it :

When little Willie's pa got full—
Which often was the case—
His father's coat the boy would pull,
And say, "Let's have a race.
We'll run as hard as we can go,
And see who gets home first."
But Willie's pa just looked at him,
And cursed, and cursed, and cirst.

"I don't call that poetry at all," said the editor. "I could write better poetry than that myself, and I don't profess to be a poet. I guess we can't come to an understanding. I'll have to try someone else."

And the poet departed with a sullen countenance.
CECIL STREET.

OUT OF PLACE.

JIMMY—"I dreamt I was among angels last night."
SAMMY—"Didn't you feel mean?"