



"THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM AT THE TOP"
(FOR THE BIG STRAWBERRIES.)

HOW WE SWEAR.

THE Greeks all swore by Hercules,
The Germans swear by Thor,
The Romans swore by Jupiter,
The Irish swear by Gor;
But up here in the northern clime
Where life is full of hum,
And three square meals are all the go,
The girls all swear by gum.

Down in Chicago city,
The girls swear by their feet,
An oath devoid of shape and grace,
That moves the whole elite;
While out on Kansas' treeless plains,
Amongst their rakes and hoes,
Neath broad-brimmed hats that look like bats,
The girls swear by their toes.

Milwaukee girls swear by their hair,
An oath of red, red hue,
And, in swearing, sometimes curl their tongues,
When they've nothing else to do;
While away down in Atlanta,
Where life's visions are so grand,
The girls lift up their voice and swear
By the wealth of corn on every foot—of land.

In Boston every well-bred girl
Will swear by Ibsen's "Ghosts,"
And Gotham culture aye condemns
And with her beans she roasts;
But when you reach the Quaker town
The girls all swear by dad,
And laugh at Minneapolis,
That swears by Minnie-Pad.

But in this beauteous city,
That stretches like a dream,
With its miles of streets and avenues.
That glisten, glow and gleam,
The girls discard all foolish fads
But make things howl and hum,
As they turn the quids round in their mouth,
And always swear by gum.

—Thomas O'Hagan, in *Duluth Tribune*.

NOT PATENTED, EITHER.

A MAN in Ottawa is applying for a patent on a machine by which he can bring on a shower whenever required. Mrs. Shoptrotter says she can do the same thing any time by simply going down town without her umbrella and waterproof.

A ROAR FROM JOHN BULL.

A FREE COUNTRY.

COME on, you pauper immigrants,
You chaps without a sou,
With patches in your Sunday pants
And faces pinched and blue.

Old England's shores are ever free
And all may enter in,
To swell the ranks of poverty,
Of misery and sin!

Come in your dirt and rags, for that's
The way to banish gloom;
Come on—and bring your wives and brats—
There's lots and lots of room!

Pick-me-up (London.)

Observe the fine disgust of this—
Of irony it's full,
This wholesale pauper exile biz.
Don't suit old Johnny Bull
It makes a difference, you know,
Whose ox (or Bull) you gore—
John never thought to stop the flow
Of paupers to *our* shore!

THISTLE-DOWN, PUFF-BALLS AND WHIFFETS.

BY ACUS.

IN anticipation of sea-side festivities, the gay and festive are presumably polishing up their patent adjustable affections.

Beyond what is displayed on their shoes, many of our so-called gentlemen manifest little enough polish.

The *Gobble Song* from the *Mascot* would be appropriate music for a banquet.

Time might be said to be punctuated thus: the weeks are commas, the months are semi-colons, the years are periods, the anniversaries are exclamation points, and every crisis is an interrogation mark.

Hearing that I call my dog "Fish," because he does not bite, an intimate party informs me that he calls his dog "Bitters," because he is all bark and w(h)ine.

O, for the wings of a dove to fly away and perch on the north pole till the heat of summer is over.

People who bother us with never-ending anecdotes may be said to be in their anecdotage.

It is no discredit to the best fly-paper to say that there are flies on it.

SUGGESTIVE.

THE abbot of St. Benedict's Abbey, Acheson, Kansas, is Right Rev. Innocent Wolf. This is highly suggestive as the name of a Jesuit leader.

HIS ALTERNATIVE.

IF Tallyrand had failed as a diplomatist he might have made as great a hit as Pete McArthur by contributing biting sarcasms to the comic papers of the day.

A MISLEADING PROVERB.

WHO goes a borrowing
Goes also a sorrowing,
Oh does he? He needn't be fretting.
It's the man who goes lending
For other folk's spending
Who has the most cause for regretting.