

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

MR. AND MRS. SPOOPENDYKE DISCUSS THE LATEST INVENTION.

"I see a Frenchman has got a patent for canned energy," observed Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she picked up a lot of cut steel beads on a needle and began sewing them on medallions for dress trimming.

"Got a what?" interrogated Mr. Spoopendyke, who was blacking his boots.

"Yes. He says he can put strength up in bundles and send it anywhere, so they can run ships and things without steam. He has sent ever so much over to Scotland."

"What circus bill have you been reading now?" queried Mr. Spoopendyke, glaring at his wife.

"It's so," she replied. "I saw it in the *Eagle*. He does it up like preserves and it lasts ever so long, and it's just as fresh and strong when they open it as it was at first."

"Who puts it up? Who're you talking about?"

"A Frenchman. He gets a lot of strength and fixes it with electricity, and you can buy it anywhere. I'm going to get some and take it. It'll be just as good as going in the country, and may be it'll help my headache. I suppose the government will buy a lot of it for tramps."

"You gone crazy again!" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "What d'ye mean by putting strength in boxes? Think energy is some kind of a dod gasted fish? S'pose you can put main strength up in bottles like a measy shrimp? If you're going to read, why don't you read straight?"

"Why, I did. He has some kind of a machine and he makes energy so it will last, and then he solders it up in tins, or something, so you can keep it in the house. I'm going to have some to do the washing."

"Does it strengthen up the mind of a dod gasted idiot?" blurted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Can it make a measy Spoopendyke woman talk sense?"

"The paper didn't say; but if it is all they claim for it, it will be a great help in house-cleaning and moving the step ladder around when you want to hang pictures. And then it saves boiling beet tea. Oh, you ought to read about it. They say it is the greatest invention of the age."

"D'ye mean to tell me that they are selling muscle by the keg? Want me to understand that some frog eater is keeping industry on draught? Think I'm an ass?"

"That's what the *Eagle* says," rejoined Mrs. Spoopendyke, with a woman's implicit reliance on anything in print. "And they can make it in any quantity cheap, so we can have all we want. I wish you'd get some right off, and we'll try it on the Friday's sweeping."

"Quit!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Stop making an idiot asylum of yourself! S'pose you can make me believe that a week's wash comes in a box, like measy pills! I'll pay you want me to think you're dod gasted stuff will pay the rent and run my business! Next time you strike a corn salve you read it understandingly, ye hear? Energy by the pint! Strength by the yard! Got that rip sewed up in my pants?"

"Yes, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, meekly, and Mr. Spoopendyke, having arrayed himself, plunged out of the house and made for the ferryboat.

"Hello, Spoopendyke!" saluted his friend Specklewottle, "see this thing in the paper about the Frenchman who is boxing up energy?"

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, "and I've been all the morning trying to explain it to my wife, but these women can't understand such things. How's stocks?"—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"MASTERS."

There has been a great deal of talk in the papers about arresting "mashers," that is, young men who stand on the corners and pulverize women, and a great many good people got the idea that it was unsafe to travel the streets. This is not the case. A woman might travel all day and half the night and not be insulted. Of course, once in a great while, a woman will be insulted by a man, the same as a man will be by a woman. No woman, unless she throws out one eye, kind of cunning, is in danger of having a male man throw out his other eye the same way. There has got to be two parties to a mashing match, and one must be a woman. Too many women act sort of queer just for fun, and the poor male man gets to acting improper before he realizes the enormity of the crime, and then it is everlastingly too late. But a female masher, one who is thoroughly bad, like the male loafers that have been driven from the corners, is a terror. She will insult a respectable man and laugh at his blushes. One of them was arrested the other day for playing her act on a policeman who was disguised as a respectable granger from Steven's Point. These female mashers are a tornado. Why, one of them met a respectable church-member the other night, and asked him how his liver complaint was. He was a man who had been troubled with the liver complaint, and supposing she was some acquaintance, he stopped on the corner and talked with the pullet for about ten minutes, explaining to her the course of treatment he had used to cure him, and dozens of people passing by knew him, and knew that she was clear off. Finally she asked him if he wouldn't take her to a restaurant and buy her a spring chicken and a small bottle. He told her if she would come up to his house she could have a hen, and there were lots of bottles, both large and small, that she was welcome to. She told him to go to hades, and he went into a drug store and asked a clerk who that lady was he was talking with, and when the clerk, who knew her, told him she was a road agent, a street walker, a female masher, the old man had to sit down on a box of drugs and fan himself with his hat. We mention this to show that ladies are not the only portion of our population that is liable to be accosted and insulted. The other night a respectable merchant was going to the opera with a friend from the country, when a couple of sirens met them and one said to the other, "Look at his Nibs," and she looked arms with him and asked him if he was not her darling. He said his name was not "Nibs," and he would have to look at his memorandum book before he could tell whether he was her darling or not, but from the smell of gin about her person he should blush to extemporize. We do not give his exact language, but in the heat of debate he shook her and told her if she clawed on to him again he would everlastingly go and tell her parents. And while he was talking with her the other one had seated herself beside his country friend on a salt barrel in front of a grocery, and was feeling in his vest pocket to see if he had any cloves. A female masher as you can imagine. Who ever heard of a male masher feeling in an unprotected female's vest pocket for cloves? Oh, the men are simply unprotected, and at the mercy of wicked, designing women, and the police ought to protect them.—*Peck's Sun*.

HE TUMBLED.

As twilight began the other evening a woman halted a boy on Lafayette-street East and asked him if he had seen the police arrest a drunken man in that neighborhood within an hour or two.

"Don't think I have," he replied as he scratched his head and made an effort to remember. "Was he pretty drunk?"

"I guess he was," she answered as she turned away her head.

"Had he a plug hat on the back of his head, and wore sandy whiskers, eh?"

"Yes, that's the man."

"Had a black coat and linen pants?"

"Yes, he's the one."

"Is he any relashun o' yours—uncle, brother, husband, or so on?"

"I should like to find him," was the evasive reply.

"Well, that's easy enough; but you can't get him home."

"I don't want to."

"Ah! Um! I tumble!" chuckled the boy as he shifted three toy pistols from one hind pocket to the other. "Come along and I'll show you where he fell down in a vacant yard and went to sleep. You can go through him for his wealth, give him a rap on the nose for his mother, and he'll come home thinking he was robbed by some purfesh. If I had a husband who would go on a blizzard and try to step over fences I'd go through him even to a three cent piece with a hole in it."—*M. Quad*.

THE REASON WHY.

"Yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Montague, as she pinned the last "rag" on the clothes line and settled down to a tete-a-tete over the rear fence with her neighbor, Mrs. Bangerhar. "My husband is smart enough at home, but when he goes out in society he's very quiet. Now, why's my husband like a kerosene lamp?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Bangerhar, hesitatingly, running a hair-pin through her glossy locks as if in search of an answer, "I suppose because he is apt to blow you up."

"Not much," returned Mrs. M., "he's acquainted with me."

"Well because he's a little light," suggested Mrs. B.

"No, no," said Mrs. M. quickly.

"Because he uses so much oil?"

"Not right yet," replied Mrs. M. with a smile.

"It isn't because he gets full, is it?"

"Oh, no," exclaimed Mrs. M. impatiently.

"You're awful stupid this morning. I guess you'll have to 'call' me."

"Well, then, I resign!" ejaculated Mrs. B.

"Why is he like a kerosene lamp?"

"Well, you see, he never shines when he goes out," and Mrs. Montague walked off with the air of a conqueror and the clothes basket, while Mrs. Bangerhar repaired to the house to look over aged alumnines so that she might get even with her neighbor on the morrow.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

"This was some time a paradox." When you begin to tire the company you should retire.

The man whom no one thinks it worth while to lie about is of mighty little importance.

A loquacious man suffering from insomnia, was advised by his physician to get married. He took the advice, and meeting the doctor some time after was asked: "Are you troubled with sleeplessness any longer?" "Thank heaven, no," he replied, "but my wife is."

Our contemporary the *Toronto News* proposes to "have notes taken of the costume of all counsel attending the courts, and will give the public specific information which will shock them as to the state of the clothes of a noble profession." And what about "our noble selves," brother Falley? Once upon a time when you rejoiced in the euphonious title of "a country buck" long before you began to put on city airs, we can remember that you considered yourself dressed when your ugly nakedness was concealed with naught but a blue flannel shirt, a pair of well worn trousers, and a ten-cent cow bite. Perhaps, however, it is different with you now since you have become a *Maid* pink. If this be so, you should be more considerate and remember that the poor lawyers can't afford to be just quite as swell as high-toned literary nobs.—*Dundas Banner*.