

in de compartment ob an English railway carriage to-day, dar will be anoder to morrer. Why? Because dar am contagion in influence, an' dar am fashions in morals as dar am in dress. Why does football an' lacrosse go out all ober dis yer Canada ob ours about de same time? Because what one does oders do. Mutinies wars, rebellions are de result ob individual opinion spread among de masses. Oders would do well to consider what effect dar influence would hab upon us; and so would we.

If we rise in de worl' oders rise wid us; if we fall, oders fall, too; an' so de worl' goes roun'. Ahmen. Push de plate, Brudder Gabriel, an' if any low-down coon tries to ring in any buttons or lozengers on yo', grab him by de collar and protrude him from de sanctuary.

A NEW LITERARY SCHEME.

HE came into my office and sat down to tell me about it. As I wasn't busy I listened.

"I've a great scheme in my head," he began. "A literary scheme." He thought that would catch me, but I merely put my feet up a little higher and said "Yes?"

"It's this," he went on. "You know that a great many good things—verses and stories and so on—are rejected by the magazines." I knew that. "Well, my idea is to start a magazine for the publication of these—call it *The Waste Basket*—and not accept anything that hasn't been already refused by some conceited periodical."

"Would you accept all that had been refused?" I asked.

"That's the difficulty. We couldn't, you know; and some other fellows might start a *Waste Basket of the Waste Basket* on us, and steal our thunder." He paused a moment in troubled thought.

"Well, that's a drawback, certainly," he resumed, "but I daresay there were drawbacks to the building of Rome, and anything we'd refuse wouldn't be worth publishing, anyway." He looked round for a cigar, but not finding one—I never smoke in my office, at least not when anyone's in—he went on:

"You see, we'd state with each article the name of the magazine that refused it. That would make the *Waste Basket* racy—like this, for instance—'The Dudes of Dudeville; by One of Them. A Sketchy Sketch. Refused by Harper Bros.'"

"Rather tough on Harpers, if the article turned out a success," I said.

"Yes," he admitted, "if it did. But they take their chance like the rest of us. Now, what do you think of my plan? Will you contribute? I think literature's more in your line than law, anyway. Have you ever made a cent at law?"

I parried this question; I think it isn't a fair one, when a man's only been practising—trying to—for two years. But I agreed that literature *was* in my line, and promised to get an article refused by a leading magazine—I knew it was a safe promise—and send it to him. Then he went out, with his hat on one side, and the air of a man who was going to be famous in about a minute, but didn't want to be too scornful of the rest of the world.

I wrote my story and sent it off; the leading magazine performed its part punctually; and then the story was sent to the editor of the *Waste Basket*. I am now waiting the appearance of the first number with some anxiety, for I should like to see myself in print at last.

TIMOTHY SCRAP.



FIAT JUSTITIA.

D'AUBNEY (to Crabbe, whom he has called in to criticize his latest picture)—"Well, what's your verdict?"

CRABBE—"Thirty days."

THE GYMNASIUM QUEEN.

MY love is a pert little fairy,
She's a sweet and comely young lass,
Quite skilled in the art of gymnastics,
The pride of the young ladies' class.

Her style is the essence of witchcraft,
Her movements the acme of grace:
A roseate bloom of unparalleled hue
Shines athwart her angelic face.

Ofttimes have I been in her presence,
When her heaven-blue eyes were aglow,
My heart keeping time to the music
As the bar-bells she swung to and fro.

A halo of radiant beauty
Illum'nes her soft golden hair,
And her clubs show the poetry of motion
As they gracefully glide in the air.

There's nought on this sphere that can match her,
Still yet of her praises I'll sing,
As just with the prosaic dumb-bells
She sends forth a musical ring.

And when this angel I've wedded
She'll lighten my sorrow and gloom
With dumb-bells, bar-bells, Indian clubs
And the bald-headed end of a broom!

T. COYLE WHITE.

THE millers will have a happy time if they can get rid of railway discrimination—a sort of Mill-ennium, as it were.