

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A Modern Primer.

(Denver Tribune.)



See the Lamp-Post. By its Dim Rays you can behold the Electric Light across the Street. There is a man Leaning against the Lamp-Post. Perhaps the Lamp-post would Fall if it Were not For the Man. At any Rate, the Man Would Fall if it were not For the Lamp-Post. What is the Matter with the Man? He appears Disquieted. He is Trying to Work his Boots up Through his Mouth. He will have a Head-ache to-morrow and Lay it to the Climate.



II.

The Girl is Scratching her Back against the Door. She has Been eating Buckwheat Cakes. Her Beau thinks she is Delicate, but he has Never seen her Tackle a Plate of Hot Cakes on a Frosty Morning. Cakes had better Roast High when she is Around. If we Were the Girl we Would wear Sand-Paper lining in the Dress, and not be Making a Hair-Brush out of the Poor Door.



III.

Here we Have a Baby. It is composed of a Bald Head and a Pair of Lungs. One of the Lungs takes a Rest while the Other runs the Shop. One of them is always On Deck all of the Time. The Baby is a Bigger man than his

Mother. He likes to Walk around with his Father at Night. The Father does Most of the Walking and all of the Swearing. Little Girls, you will Never Know what It is to be a Father.



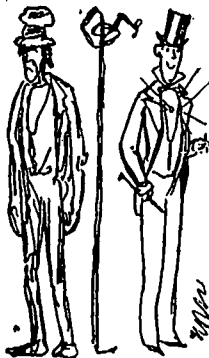
IV.

Behold the Printer. He is Hunting for a Pick-up of half a Lino. He has Been hunting for Two Hours. He could have Set the half-Line in twenty Seconds, but it is a matter of Principle with Him never to Set what he Can pick up. The Printer has a Hard time. He has to Set type all night and play pedro for the Beer all Day. We would Like to Be a Printer were it not for the Night Work.



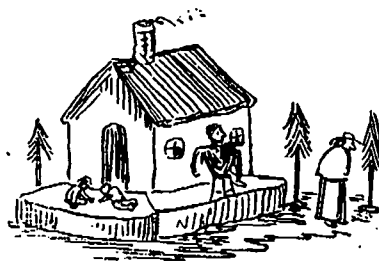
V.

This is the Man who had a Notice in the Paper. How Proud he is. He is Stepping Higher than a Blind Horse. If he had Wings he would Fly. Next week the Paper will say the Man is a Measly Old Fraud, and the Man will not Step so High.



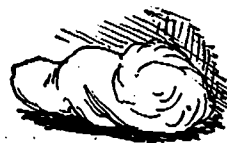
VI.

This sorry Spectacle is a Plumber. He is Ragged and Cold and Hungry. He is Very, very Poor. When you See him Next Spring he will be Very, very Rich, and will wear Diamonds and Broadcloth. His wife Takes in Washing now, but She will be able to Move in the First Circles by the Time the Weather turns Warmer and the Pansies Bloom again.



VII.

Here is a Castle. It is the Home of an Editor. It has Stained Glass Windows and Mahogany stairways. In front of the Castle is a Park. Is it not sweet? The lady in the Park is the Editor's wife. She wears a Costly robe of Velvet trimmed with Gold Hair. The editor sits on the Front Stoop smoking an Havana Cigar. His little Children are Playing with diamond Marbles on the Tessellated Floor. The editor can afford to Live in Style. He gets Seventy-Five Dollars a month wages.



VIII.

Here we Have a Piece of Chewing Gum. It is White and Sweet. Chew it awhile and Suck it on the Under Side of the Mantle-Piece. The Hired Girl will find it There and Chow it awhile Herself and then Put it Back. In this way one Piece of Gum will Answer for a Whole Family. When the Gum is no Good, put it in the Rocking Chair for the Minister or your Sister's Beau to sit Upon.

A Fresh Tragedy.

IN TWO ACTS.

ACT I.

SCENE.—College corridor. Revealed, a gathering of Seniors, in gowns, whose countenances are clouded with wrath and grim resolution. Time.—Friday morning.

1ST SENIOR.—No longer, men, can we endure the check Which these precocious freshmen show to us.

Their Seniors both in years and wisdom vast.

It grows apace and threatens to uproot The deep foundations of our ancient laws, Which, though unwritten, have lived in great respect

To guide the mighty men within these walls.

For many glorious generations past.

2ND SEN.—We'll have their blood, the vile mosquitoes.

3RD SEN.—Nay, But that would be a sorry way to take The colour from their cheek. We must resort

To some more deadly means of making firm

Our dignity, and wiping from our midst The awful freshness that pervades First Year.

2ND SEN.—In my nocturnal ambulations down The street, last e'en, I did behold a sight— But no! Were I to tell what struck me dumb, And seared as with a brand my balls opthalmic, Your blood would boil and murder fill your minds.

CHORUS OF SENIORS.—Tell us. What was it?

2ND SEN.—A thing most horrible; And if you've tears, prepare to shed them now, For, mates, I saw a freshman sport a cane! (Groans)

4TH SEN.—And I, collegians brave, the night before, Did gaze upon another first year imp, Who dared the awful task of seeing home A lady, young and lovely as a rose. (Greens and gnashing of teeth, mingled with yells of "Check, check.")