

A DANGEROUS SUGGESTION.

The humor of the school-room is too valuable to be lost. Every teacher should record the humorous answers and the amusing incidents in connection with her class. Teachers' Associations should appoint Recorders of Humor, to whom all teachers should send the merry sketches of their schoolrooms.—James L. Hughes in *Canadian Magazine*.

WE are surprised at this display of ignorance on the part of the Inspector. He really seems to think that schoolroom humor is a spontaneous growth, whereas, as every practical humorist knows, it is like all the other kinds of humor, an article manufactured to order at the regular joke factories. A first-class article of school joke can be laid down f.o.b. at twenty-five cents per joke, or \$2 per dozen, in neatly assorted packages. If Teachers' Associations have any use for it they will find it a great saving of time and trouble, and more economical in the end, to order a supply in the regular way of business, rather than to induce teachers and pupils to furnish a crude home-made production necessarily inferior to that turned out by skilled artisans.

In the interests of the profession we protest against the sinister attempt to teach in a slipshod fashion the rudiments of our calling. It isn't a fair thing to spend the public money in turning out a set of half-trained humorists to increase competition in the already overcrowded joke-market. There are too many botches in the business already who are cutting down wages and demoralizing the public by supplying a cheap and inferior class of humor liable to get out of order and become unserviceable after a few months wear. Where will you find any of the productions of these modern scab humorists that can begin to compare in toughness of fibre, durability, succulence, and availability for general purposes, with the mother-in-law, the summer girl or the dude jokes—all the work of well-paid and thoroughly trained professionals, who took a pride in good workmanship.

No, we don't want the profession degraded and the standard of humor lowered by an influx of scab humorists who will joke for starvation prices. The representative of the Humorists' Union in the Trade and Labor Council has been instructed to bring the matter before the Educational Committee of that body, and Bro. Hughes may expect to hear from them shortly in no uncertain tones. We are not going to let ourselves be ruined by cheap schoolboy humor without making a big kick.



IN THE ORANGE PROCESSION.

THE HORSE—"I don't care, anyway. I'm as much like the white horse as he is like King Billy."

AN ORIGINAL ORATOR.

PIGSNUFFLE—"You heard Hon. Flapp Dewdell's great Dominion Day speech, didn't you? It was a masterly effort—so brilliant and original."

PLUGWINCH—"Oh, yes; pretty good speech, but nothing particularly original about it that I noticed."

PIGSNUFFLE—"Why, yes; he said that Canada extended 'from the Pacific to the Atlantic.' I never heard it put that way before."

POOR CONSOLATION.

PIGSNUFFLE—"This business stagnation is terrible. If it keeps on much longer I'm ruined."

BEAVERDAM—"Cheer up, old man. Every cloud has its silver lining, you know."

PIGSNUFFLE—"Humph! Mighty poor consolation that with silver only worth 57 cents on the dollar."

HAD GOT PAST THAT.

BELLA—"Did Willie kiss you when he proposed?"

EVA—"What a stupid question, Bella. Why, we reached the kissing stage months before."