

ÆSOP TO DATE.

NO. 4.

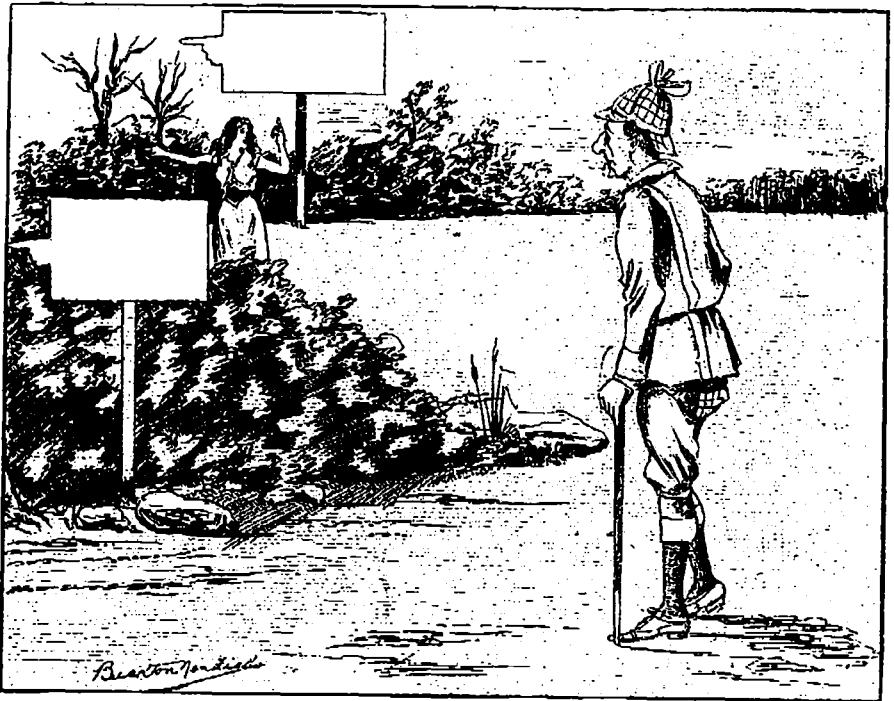
THE TOURIST AND THE CROSS ROAD.

A TOURIST while on a Journey came to a Spot where the Road he was Travelling branched Off in Two Different Directions. At the side of the Cross Road were erected two Large Signs, one bearing The Legend, "Soft Snap Road—you press the Button and We do The Rest"—and the other—"Brimstone Walk—step this way and watch Things Sizzle." For a Moment he hesitated Which pathway to Pursue, strongly inclined to Meander along Soft Snap Road, when the Vision of a beckoning Female Figure standing in the Centre of Brimstone Walk decided Him, and he made all Sail (and retail), after Her. He had not Gone Far when he perceived His Folly in folly-ing the Female Form Divine, for She suddenly Disappeared, and at the same Moment an Esthetic Brick-bat travelling with considerable Velocity scored a Bull's-eye on His Cranium. He was Continually Falling into quagmires and Pits, and evinced an Eccentric Desire to Dodge the numerous Missiles; such as Boot-jacks, Brick-bats, Decayed Hen Fruit, chunks of Rocks and other Bric-a-Brac which Darkened the Air around Him. He began to Fear that he was Intruding. This Maternal Relative would have "shaken" him had she met Him a short time later. His Personal Magnetism had drawn all the Promiscuous Debris for miles around into violent Contact with him, and he was somewhat Toughened, so that he Even Ventured to think a Little Rougher Treatment would have fitted him to Join a Football Team, but his Laudable Aspirations were nipped in the Bud, for while walking along the Base of a Crumbling Precipice it "Got the Drop" on him.

If you are in Doubt as to which Road to Travel just "take ter de woods."

THE European war cloud doesn't seem to affect the reigns much.

It was after the fig tree had been stripped of its leaves that Adam remarked, "It is beginning to look like fall."



MY DAD.

WHO eyed me with no joyful pride
When to his apple-tree I hied,
And kindly hastened to my side?
My Dad.

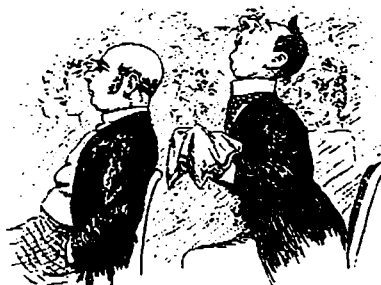
Who gave me on his knee a place,
The way I could not see his face,
For bitch-rod on my pants to trace?
My Dad.

Who, when I grew to man's estate,
Would get home first and lock the gate,
And from the casement call, "Too late!"
My Dad.

Who loved my best girl far too well,
And owned her presence was a spell?
Who proved himself an ancient sell?
My Dad.

Who, with the sleek and smooth bald head,
Did that false damsel choose instead
Of me, and off with whom she fled?
My Dad.

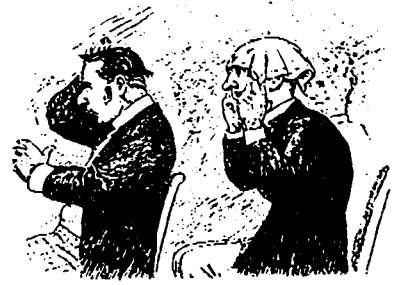
TAKIO.



I.



II.



III.

A FATAL SNEEZE.