

**Grip's Clips.**

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

**DO CARICATURES COUNT?**

The effect of caricatures on national and other questions is very differently estimated by different people and one of the papers with whose judgment we disagree is the *Denver Inter-Ocean*, which says:

"There is considerable debate going on as to what influence the caricaturists will have in the Presidential campaign. The two that have stood highest in popularity are Joseph Keppler of *Puck*, and Thomas Nast of *Harper's Weekly*, and both of these are bitterly satirizing the republican candidates. We doubt if laughter hurts any candidate, and certainly persecution does not. Except in cases where life, property and liberty are at stake, as was the case during the war, the American people do not take kindly to bitter assaults of any kind, and very few extremists have been successful in American politics. We have watched the staunchest of republicans as they laughed at *Puck*, and not one was at all influenced in his support of Blaine. The success of humorous literature in this country is proof that the people enjoy broad burlesque; but the comedians, though they fill their purses, do not carry elections. A man may laugh at a joke even if it be at his own expense.

True it is that "comedians do not carry elections," but in elections as in everything else ridicule has a certain weight which should not be underestimated. That astute politician, William M. Tweed, attributed his downfall more to the graphic pencil of Thomas Nast, than to any other one cause, and is reported to have said: "I don't care what they write about me, but I hate the pictures, for my constituents can understand them." What was true then is true now, and the man who refuses to read a line against his favorite candidate will examine and laugh at the cartoon attacking him in a humorous way, until that very cartoon provokes investigation, and investigation leads to a change of heart. We differ with the *Inter-Ocean*, and when we run for president we hope to have the caricaturists on our side.—*Chaff, Detroit.*

**WANTED A BIRD.**

Colonel Clockwell is very proud of his little son and never loses an opportunity to exhibit his precocity. Several nights ago the colonel had company. George, the bright youngster, entered the room.

"Don't you see the ladies and gentlemen, George!"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you speak?"

"Cause I don't want to."

"You must not talk that way. What have you learned at kindergarten?"

"Ain't learned nothin'."

"Oh, yes, you have. Who is the President of the United States?"

"Arthur."

"That's right."

"Say," said the boy, looking up with an air of sudden interest. "I want you to get me a bird."

"What do you want with a bird?"

"Ride on it."

"You can't ride on a bird, son. You are too heavy."

"No, I ain't, 'cause mamma said you went on a lark."

The examination was brought to a precipitous close.—*Arkansas Traveller.*

The roadster takes his summer sport industriously.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

**WHY HE WENT TO THE CIRCUS.**

There was a circus in the city and old man Primus, who had braved the blasts of seventy winters, took a front seat at the performance. A young acquaintance, who came in and took a seat beside the old man, exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Primus! I am surprised to see as old a man as you at a circus performance."

"I always come," said the old man quietly.

I care nothing for the general performance, but I came to hear the clown."

"So you come to laugh at the jokes?"

"Oh, no! I don't laugh at them any more," replied the septuagenarian, "but I enjoy the jokes because they revive old memories, and take me back to my childhood days, when I used to sit on my grandfather's knees and hear him tell them as they were told by the clowns when he was a boy."—*Chattanooga People's Paper.*

**WAS IN A HURRY.**

"Say Bill, remarked one messenger boy to another, as they started out from the telegraph office; "what time is it?"

"Just nine o'clock. Why?"

"The boss is gittin' awful pertic'ler. Here I've got to go six blocks, an' he says ef I ain't back before night he'll bounce me."

"Well, I should smile, but he's puttin' on lots of style. Ef he keeps on that way, fust thing we know, he'll want us to run ourselves to death gittin' 'round a block in less'n half a day."

"Wouldn't be surprised. It's allus the way with some fellers. When they get a little authority, they expect poor messenger boys to skip about quicker'n a lightning express. An' the circus comin' next week, too. I think I'll resign."

"Well, let's resign, and go to the circus."—*Texas Siftings.*

The policeman is an arrestive sort of a character.—*Marathon Independent.*

Young Mrs. Grasswidow says she separated from her husband for divorce reasons.—*Hatchet.*

A man asks a girl for her hand before marriage and often gets her fist after it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The banana skin, though crushed to earth, has the power to take somebody with it.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Ships now-a-days are steered by a rudder, but the first ark was guided by an Noah.—*Marathon Independent.*

"I'll be blowed if he buys me," said the cornet, as a man asked the price of the instrument.—*Boston Times.*

It is strange but true, that a lady having a pretty foot and ankle can always get up stairs easily.—*Evansville Argus.*

The man who runs for congress, often finds that he might as well have walked, and saved his wind.—*Boston Times.*

A man doesn't need to understand card playing in order to play the deuce with other people.—*Karl Towne in Boston Times.*

"Erastus"—No, a "literary bureau" is not made of mahogany. It is a headquarters for campaign taffy.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Never tell a lady that she is plump as a partridge, for she will be certain to think that you are making game of her.—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

Aestheticism is nothing new to the goat. From his earliest history he is known to have been just so awfully all butt.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Watermelons are said to have cost \$2 50 a piece in Columbus; two dollars for the doctor and fifty cents for the melon.—*San Antonio Daily Times.*

A book agent was struck by lightning last Tuesday night, and on the spot where he stood it looked as if a brass cannon had been melted.—*Paris Beacon.*

Thousands of painted sparrows are sold in London for canaries. Wonder if John Bull will make fun of wooden nutmogs any more.—*Brooklyn Times.*

"Them's my sediments," as the Mississippi river remarked to the astonished farmer who awoke one morning to find a bran-new island deposited in front of his very door.—*South and West.*

A gentleman coming into the room of Dr. Barton, told him that Mr. Vowell was dead. "What," said he, "Vowell dead? Let us be thankful that it was neither you u nor i"—*Bugle.* This was old before the editor of the *Bugle* was born.

No matter what your private opinion may be it isn't safe to call a big man a liar right out. Get a man of his size to make the announcement publicly, and then watch the fun from a third story window with the door locked.—*Painesville Democrat.*

Billows tells one on himself. He says that when he was out west he encountered a severe wind storm, but his dwelling withstood the tempest, and the only reason he can give for it doing so is that there was a heavy mortgage on it.—*Warsaw Wasp.*

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.

"Well, I can't make anything here it seems," said a German peddler, who had dropped into Crimson-beak's office the other day to demonstrate to him the importance of buying some of his goods.

"Yes you can," replied Crimson-beak, glancing in the direction of the door.

"What?"

"You can make your exit."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"At Niagara they throw the electric light on the falls through different colored glasses, and the effect is described as magnificent," says an exchange. Very likely—moonlight has gone out of fashion in these degenerate days. The moon is getting entirely too irregular in its habits to suit the demands of the Niagara hotel-keepers, and the electric light is called in to take its place. Let us who are old enough to remember the falls before they were adorned with the stage gilt and tinsel, thank our lucky stars that we were born before the era of conventionality was ushered in.—*Detroit Chaff.*

Over in Toronto the other day, a Hoosier scribe got acquainted with a portion of the press gang of that handsome Canadian city, and was made happier by learning that the boys over the line are tip-top, sociable fellows. If space would permit, the Hoosier would like to say a good deal about Toronto things, and about the girls in particular. The girls of Toronto have a way of looking a fellow square in the face with a fearless "how'd'you do" smile that makes him stop and wonder where in the world he ever got acquainted with her. It is a pleasant novelty, and makes the observant stranger feel very much at home. Alderman Harry Piper, manager of the Zoological Garden, presented the Hoosier with a season ticket to his popular place of amusement, and other genial gentlemen assisted to make the visit so pleasant that the scribe will hasten to call on them again.—*Hoosier, Fort Wayne, Ind.*