



"So the world wags."

Shakespeare, who created me, asked "what's in a name?" I think there is a great deal, and Mither O'Callaghan McGee, the hero of the following poem, was evidently of my opinion. Space will not allow this question to be more fully treated of, but if the divine William imagined there was nothing in a name, he was, to speak slangily, away off.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

In letters large upon the frame,
That visitors might see,
The painter placed his humble name:
O'Callaghan McGee.

And from Beersheba unto Dan
The critics with a nod,
Exclaimed, "This painting Irishman
Adores his native sod."

"His stout heart's patriotic flame
There's naught on earth can quell;
He takes no wild romantic name
To make his pictures sell!"

Then poets praised in sonnets neat
His stroke so bold and free;
No parlor wall was thought complete
That hadn't a McGee.

All patriots before McGee
Threw lavishly their gold;
His works in the Academy
Were very quickly sold.

His "Digging Clams at Barnegat,"
His "When the Morning Smiled,"
His "Seven Miles from Ararat,"
His "Portrait of a Child"

Were purchased in a single day
And lauded as divine—

That night as in his atelier
The artist sipped his wine,

And looked upon his gilded frames,
And grinned from ear to ear:—
"They little think my *real* name's
V. Stuyvesant De Vere!"

—R. K. Munkittrick, in *Century*.

The following anecdote might be considered profane were it not an actual fact, and is illustrative of the way in which many children give answers to questions without really understanding them.

WHO HE WAS.

A primary school-teacher, in one of our New England cities, met with a strange experience. Having taken pride in imparting to her pupils much information not contained in their spellers and readers, she thought she would show this to the visitors on examination day, and framed a set of questions, such as "Who made you?" "What are you made of?" etc., and so drilled the scholars in the answers that each child knew the question coming to him and its answer.

The room was full of visitors who had heard of the teacher's new method. She called up the class and gave the first question, "Johnnie who made you?"

No answer. Johnnie was dumb as a fish.

"Who made you?" the teacher repeated, in

a tone intended to reassure the frightened child. But he only stared.

"Why, don't you know who made you, Johnnie?" asked the puzzled teacher for the third time.

"Please, ma'am," exclaimed Johnnie, "I am the little boy what is made of flesh and blood; and—and—the little boy God made has got the mumps."—*Ec.*

* *

Some store clerks are exceedingly smart, but for genuine, go-a-head business ability commend me to the youth spoken of in this extract. It is needless to remark that goods of any description would go off like hot cakes were they offered at the very reasonable rates that the pails spoken of were.

A GREAT DEAL OFF

An Ohio man who visited Gotham and got many new ideas, returned home and re-marked most of his goods, so that he could say the price of this and that was so much, with so much off. Everything seemed to work pretty well for a week or so, when one of the clerks said he needed a little more posting.

"For instance," he exclaimed, "we are giving twenty off on all wooden ware."

"Yes."

"And pails are twenty cents apiece?"

"Yes."

"Then every time a man wants a pail he gets it for nothing, and if he takes two I give him twenty cents."

"James, are you a born fool?" demanded the merchant.

"No, sir!" was the prompt reply. "I've got rid of the eight dozen pails we had stored upstairs in less than a week, and have promised five dozen more." If you have a clerk that pleases customers more than I do trot him out."—*Wall Street News*.

The publishers of *Rutledge's Monthly* offer twelve valuable rewards in their *Monthly* for October, among which is the following:

We will give \$20.00 in gold to the person telling us how many letters there are in the shortest chapter in the New Testament Scriptures by Oct. 10th, 1883. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner Oct. 15, 1883. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver, or postal note (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the Nov. *Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published, and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address, RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Easton, Penna.

HON THE USE OF THE HASPIRATE.

(BY THE BLOOMING HENGLISHMAN).

Hi cant understand why these blooming Canadian swells sneer so at those they call "Cockneys," simply because they don't use the letter "H" in the same way that Canadians do.

My pal 'Arry who has been to College tells me that the hancient Greek chaps, 'Omer and 'Orace I think it was, anyway some of their best writers, and thousands besides in them antediluvian times made a practice of not using "H" or the Haspirate only when they pleased, and he says they called it a peculiarity of idiom.—The Haspirate was written but all the nation perhaps never sounded it.—Now wot I want to know is, hif it was the custom ever since Hinglish was invented not to sound H when it wasn't convenient to do so, and to put it hin when you liked, ain't it just as good a hold custom as those Greekish hidioms? Ow do we know if even old Shakspeare imself pro-

nounced his haspirate, tho' he wrote it all right? If they think so much of their hancient Greek writers, what they call classics I think, and don't call it snobbish for the old Greek buffers to leave a Haspirate or two out, why hin the name of goodness, should hour beautiful Henglish hidiom be considered so dreadfully shocking? Hey?

[We believe that the ancient Greeks did sound the aspirate whenever it was proper to do so. We are aware that they had no letter H, but they had an equivalent called the aspirate. However, don't be exasperated about the matter, as nearly all the Greeks who died long ago, are not living—pshaw! we mean that none of those are living now who died—bah! we mean that—that—oh! speak as you please, anyhow. It doesn't matter.—ED. GRIP.]

WHAT IT'S COMING TO.

Of course every one should read the papers, but doing so, just at present, is very likely to lead to some such thing as the following:

SCENE I. BREAKFAST.

PAPA.—I wonder what makes me so nervous this morning, I'm shaking like a leaf.

MAMMA.—It must be the tea, dear. It destroys the nerves, the *Health Journal* says so.

PAPA.—Then let us have coffee.

MARY.—Oh! pa, didn't you read that piece in the *Bugaboo* pointing out that pure coffee is a deadly narcotic.

PAPA.—But we can't get it pure: I read that in—oh! several papers.

MARY.—No, papa; but the stuff they use for adulterating it is a more deadly poison than the coffee itself.

PAPA.—Well, cocoa, then.

MAMMA.—Why, papa, it is a terribly fattening thing, and you know the doctor said you had a tendency to apoplexy.

PAPA.—Oh! bother the doctor; give me water then.

MARY (*reading from morning paper*).—"The water at present supplied to the city abounds in animalcule: several lizards have also been found in the pipes connect—"

PAPA.—Well then I'll drink beer.

MAMMA.—Why, my dear, you must be crazy. Beer! here is what the *Household Purifier* says: "Beer, nowadays, is a vile concoction of chemicals, coloring matter and—"

PAPA.—That'll do. No more papers shall come into this house. Mark my words.

SCENE II. DINNER.

CHARLES.—Please pass me the mustard, Mary.

MARY.—Mustard, Charlie! a compound of turmeric, red pepper and filth of every description! the *Medical Indicator* says so: please don't take any.

CHARLES.—But I can't eat ham without mustard.

PAPA.—What! are you eating ham? Why it abounds in trichine, and—stop, Mary: do I see canned corn beef on your plate.

MARY.—Yes, pa.

PAPA.—My pet, a whole family and 100 prisoners were poisoned from eating canned corn beef a day or two ago. Throw it away, child.

MARY.—But I'm hungry.

PAPA.—Well, eat bread and butter.

MAMMA.—Worse and worse. Hear what the *Scaricator* says about bread: Alum, chalk,—

MARY.—Please stop, ma, do not—

MAMMA.—And butter is made up of the most atrocious mixtures; filthy grease, rancid lard, saffron—

MARY.—Well, what are we to eat, then.

PAPA.—Salt, potatoes and fruit. These are about the only things, I believe. Mamma, lay in a stock of ten tons of salt and let us go out into the kitchen garden and graze.

(They go out and Nebuchadnezzar-ize.)