

## THE JAPANESE CRAZE.



and a supper "petit swalthee"; 'tis enough to make one curse.

N many a variety of what is called "society" I've moved, and a satiety I now begin to feel

Of the vapid imitations of the ways of other nations, till I really haven't patience any longer to be still.

And what much my anger raises, and makes me mad as blazes, is to hear in foreign phrases my countrymen converse,

Calling Mary "Ma'mselle Mahrie," and Paris "La Belle Pahlree,"

But I think the latest craze is the daisiest of daisies; I declare it much amazes me, a simple Englishman, To see folks grow sentimental o'er that most unornamental and moon-eyed oriental, the native of Japan.

And affecting quite a passion for each Yokohama fashion, spending pocketfuls of cash on queer things from o'er the seas.

And evincing by each action the greatest satisfaction in procuring some attraction that is purely Japanese.

Plastering all their habitations with the queerest decorations of that strangest of all nations, the people of Japan,

And wearing such odd dresses, figured all with Z's and S's, that a stranger merely guesses which is woman, which is man, Which is father, which is mother, which is sister, which is brother, for they're all like one another; for therein lies the cheese.

And if you'd be aristocratic you'll affect to be ecstatic and a regular fanatic in all that's Japanese.

Man's a creature imitative—not an animal creative—and by right he is a native of the woods and jungles wild;

Darwin long ago has said it and its greatly to his credit, and if he wasn't dead it would please that savant mild

To see us human creatures, with the Japanese for teachers, distorting form and features, like the mild *Simiades*;

Striving hard to show most clearly that we're acting quite sincerely, when we try to be most nearly like a yellow Japanese.

—SWIZ.

## CHIRPINGS FROM OUR "COCKNEY SPARRER."

DEAR GRIP,—I know—of course you know—that compared to you Sparrers is very small fry. Prose writers 'as rit "rheims reams on the Jackdaw." Poe-its 'as gone off on the raven. We can't all crow with the blackbird's notes; but put me in a pie (a mag-pie monthly) if you like. If a bloomin' sparrer can't 'old 'is own with any of the big pots aforenamed, though some conceited cusses won't allow we is birds at all, sends sparrer 'awks arter is, which me an' my pals makes it awkward for 'im. Says we is sich dicky birds—meanin' no afront, so don't git yer shirt out. But this yer is digressin', aint the sort of *de-but* to make with *he daw*. What I meant more like bein' 'ad hup afore the beak by some downy cove wot thinks he's in 'igh feather. So I makes my bough (fonetic spellin—d'yer twig) and commences to chirp. Fust thing wot strikes me (arter the rock a "Canuck" fired, which didn't strike me) fust thing is, 'Ow this slushy mild wether reminds me of dear old Londin. I'd like to be landin' there agin—which I means London—only that's 'ow you says I says it. D'ye moind bank 'oliday at 'Appy 'Amsted, and 'igate 'ill? The walks round 'Orncy Rise, 'olloway an' 'ighbury, with the gals in their new summer muslins and blue noses, and sunshine (five minutes at a time full) and east winds, snow storms and rain the rest

of the day. Them was the times on Easter Monday, named arter the easterly breezes. Then these yer sharp frosts with the roads all slippy like an' slides on the pavmint for old gents to risk themselves, and the poor 'osses floundering in the road. When I sees a small crowd round a fallen equine, givin' 5 different kinds of advice, an' actin' on it in course, it reminds me o' that familiar spot called 'orse lay down. Chip! chip! 'ow's that for a real start on the course. Talking of 'amsted 'eath, etc., an' droppin' a bit of the lingo, doesn't it occur to you that the levelling tendencies of the age are illustrated by the fact that the dropping of h's so prevalent with hus brings the Ari stoc racy on the same platform as 'Arrey stuck crazy. Chip! chip! Whilst on this theme let me-hear clean up a point or two. It has grieved your sparrer to find the unsuspecting Canadian being imposed upon by sparrers wot aint cockney. Low bred, ornithological impostures, hailing from such villages as Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham. Especially inviting to the genuine cockney is the cheek of the denizens from the last named low-cality, who plume themselves on their brazen imitations of our refined gold. Canucks are respectfully warned of this difference, and they are requested to note, especially in the matter of pronunciation, the distinction between their tinsel and our gold, their flickering paste and our sparkling genuinity, between the pure gem and the bruma gem. Chip! chip! chip!

## UNCLE SAM'S OPINION.

\* \* GRIP 'is now certainly the finest thing in Canada, and equal to anything on this side.

New York, Feb. 3.

W. B.

## KARL'S RUMINATIONS.

THE Bored of Education—The lazy youngster.

Some men have so much fear implanted in them that they become rooted to the spot.

Does a man always give himself a weigh when he gets sold? Of course he feels cheap and like a person of little sense.

WHAT is the difference between a house being burned *up* and a house being burned *down*? Well, not very much, in our opinion, so long as the insurance policy is safe.

WE sometimes recover what we have never lost, for instance, in the case of our valuable and much-handled old books—"Fast bind, fast find, a proverb never *stale* in thrifty mind." Shake again!

FORMERLY they punished criminals by putting their feet into the stocks. Now the man who gets ahead in stocks had better step out for a change, for if he stays in he may put his foot in it and cripple himself and lame self up financially. Beware of brokers and bulls.

WE would like to ask the fellow who "caught a cold," how he did it. Did he use a patent spring trap? Or did he run it into a corner? Or did he get his wife to shoo it while he went for the dog, or the police, or a man? Or how? Perhaps how. Well, where did he catch it—by the tail, by the throat, by the head, or by the nose? Perhaps he knows not; and again, perhaps he does. For any information I'll—ca-ca-catchoo! Thanks: you need nod—ca-ca-ca-catchoo!—min', I hab id dow byself—ca-ca-ca-catchoo!!