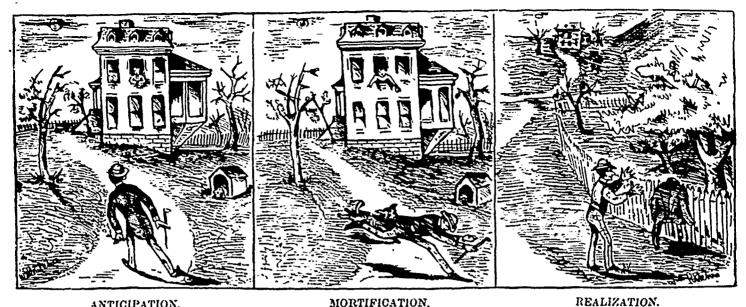
CORTHE JURY AND



ANTICIPATION.

Editing a Funny Column.

In an unguarded moment I applied for a position on a rural paper to open a column of wit, fun and frolic. The editor wrote me a long letter on the subject of wit, and gave me his candid opinion of the aforesaid peculiar bird of the varied hue. He said that his readers were staid, huo. He said that his readers were staid, homoly, plan people, who always looked into the death and marriage items first. He also said that he had produced several funny items that; had gone the rounds of the press until they were baldheaded, toothless, and wrinkled. At the close, he offered me the column, and added the dry fact that I'd have a hard row to hee if I hund to get up a seven story reportation for hoped to get up a seven story reputation for bubbling mirth in his paper. I was eager; I was champing the bit of wit, and longed to open was champing the bit of wit, and longed to open the safety valve and submerge the entire press fraternity with the stupendous quality of my humor. The first week I gave the editor of the paper one entire column of fat, fresh, and frisky fun. I read the mirtheozing items over to my wife and she cried with joy. I gave my mother-in-law a whack at the tunny business, and she busched was the contextable and kicked the fun. I read and the cried with joy. I geve and she and incluse a whack at the tunny business, and she and incluse the coal-scuttle galley west in her contortions of laughter. I knew I was cut out for a Bob Burdette or a Bill Nyc. I got a lovely letter full of Briggs has a boy-baby, about ten months old, taffy from the editor after my initial column had who is admitted to look just like his father and been issued. He said that it took two fanners to be the smarter boy baby of his age. The more that it took two fanners to be the smarter boy baby of his age. The more the control of the compositor of the morning the child was sitting on the floor, material playing with five or six buttons on a string and the compositor of the morning the child was sitting on the floor. read proot, had gone and given her flame the chilly go by, trusting to the fates that the writer read proof, had gone and given her liame the out his first teeth. Mrs. Briggs and a neighbor chilly go by, trusting to the fates that the writer were talking away as only women can goasip, when of the immense brain-matter was single and pin-ing for female condolence. I was puffed up to the save that the spile. A bit of skin got in his the seventh story of conceit. I knew I had struck my forte at last. I was cut out, basted, and dried for a funny man of the great press. I rushed to my den and began another series of button-bursting, side-splitting mirth. I nibbled

the penholder; I looked into the inkbottle; I "Hit him on the back!" yolled the other wo-pulled down the curtain and lighted the lamp; "man trying to hold the baby's legs still. "Run I paced to and fro across the floor and—finally I for the neighbors!" cried Mrs. Briggs. got a pun. I dallied with that pun as a school-boy toys with a green apple. I rolled that pun under my tongue like the sweet morsel we read of. I tossed it to and fro in the confines of my his back, and rubbed his stomach, and jogged mind. It was the best pun of my wife I thought nind. It was the best pun of my ...fe I thought. I used up my column with that pun... It was the windiest pun you ever saw and long drawn out. The editor sent my offering back with a printed slip cut from a famous, leading funny publication. slip cut from a famous, leading funny publication. er, and told them to hold him on his back. It was my pun; but got up far better than my Everybody knew that those six buttons were funny, brain could hope to essay. It was a lodged in the baby's throat because he was red in grounder, and it floored me. I cremated that the face and because he strangled as he howled pun. I sat down again and curry-combed Pegas-and wept. They poured down sweet oil and put us. I put in an occasional slip from a funny a mustard plaster across him, and wept over him, sheet, and added the usual witty response, when I got through with my work, my manu-self. script looked like a map of the France-China. Secar of war. The editor sent it back with re-thinking that he hadn't done anything to deserve grets. He offered me the agricultural depart-such a blow, when one of the women pushed the ment. I took it. I've learned that I know a mat and diacovered the buttons. Then every-sight more about cows, plows, patent-reapers. He offered me the verysight more about cows, plows, patent-reapers, and farm truck than I do about fun.

He also added that his wife's sister, who taking an occasional nibble at an apple to bring proot, had gone and given her flame the out his first teeth. Mrs. Briggs and a neighbor

REALIZATION.

And the neighbors came in and made him lie on his back, and rubbed his stomach, and jugged him about all sorts of ways, and he howled. Then the boy ran for Briggs, and Briggs ran for the doctor, and the doctor came and choked the baby, and ordered sweet oil and a mustard plast-er, and told them to hold him on his back. Everybody knew that those six buttons were

had and discovered the battons. Then every-body laughed and danced, and they kicked the sweet oil bottle under the bed, threw the mus-tard plaster at the doctor, and Mrs. Briggs hugged the howling baby and called him her "wopsy hopsy popsy little cherub."

He. Birdie, aren't you growing tired of me ? She: No, Algernon, no ? Did you think I was? He: No, no; I see it was a false hope.

Blaine, of Maine, does not like to be cartoon-ed. Neither does Mahone, the Readjuster, of Virginia; but with the cartoonists objections are not in order. The caricature exerts a powerful influence in American positics, much more so than the labored editorial. Had cartooning been so much in vogue during Washington's adminis-tration that noble gentleman would no doubt have gone crazy, for 'ie was actually sensitive to ridicule.

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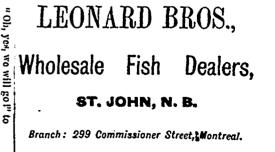
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