

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

HE WISHED ADVICE.

"I believe you write the theatricals," said a little gentleman in a somewhat lively suit of clothes, as he bustled into the dramatic editor's room.

"Yes," said the editor.

"Well, I'm rather anxious to obtain your advice in a little matter," said the visitor. "You see I have lately come into a little fortune, and I thought it would be a good thing to invest a few dollars in the theatrical business."

"Keep your money in your pocket," said the editor.

"But I have a novel scheme——"

"Of course you have," said the editor; "you are sure you have struck something entirely new in the theatrical business. That's the old story with you amateurs. Now, of course, you wish to build a theatre."

"Yes; that's my idea," said the visitor.

"Exactly," said the editor, "you feel that art is not properly looked after in the dramatic world. You are willing to make little or nothing in your enterprise, providing your ideal is reached. You will go in for playing nothing but educational productions—something elevating and ennobling. You will have none but the best people in your company; your costumes will all be of the best material, your stage settings as realistic as money can make them, and——"

"But you have heard of my scheme before," said the visitor. "That is just what I wish to do. I——"

"Yes, I know all about it," said the editor; you find the stage going to the dogs, and you feel that you have been sent upon earth to lift it up and place it where it belongs among the arts. You feel that the present state of the drama is demoralizing to the country, and that it is your duty to save the people from its evil effects."

"My very words the other evening," said the visitor.

"Yes, you are full of reform," said the editor. "But take my advice and stick to theory."

"But I have plenty of capital, and you know I might double my fortune."

"I understand all that," said the editor. "You talk art but you mean cash. You feel that it is as easy to be a theatrical manager as a gentleman of leisure; that all you have to do is to pass a certain time each evening in finding out how much richer you have grown; and the that you can hire people to do the rest of work."

"Money will do a great deal," said the visitor.

"Then hold on to your cash," said the editor, "and don't make yourself another victim in the long list of amateurs who have attempted the reformation of the stage."

"But I have some good friends in the profession," said the visitor.

"Don't doubt it," said the editor. "And if you want to keep them just stay where you are—on the outside. In less than a month after you have gone into the business you will be rushing down here with grievances and swearing the entire theatrical profession are in league against you, when the fault will be all on your side for going into a business you know nothing about."

"But I have an idea in my head of what a temple of the drama——"

"Temple fiddle sticks," said the editor.

"Then you advise me to keep out of theatricals?"

"Yes," said the editor.

"I am a thousand times obliged," said the visitor. And then he marched straight to a theatrical agency and negotiated for a company.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

TWO EPISODES.

"Imogene."

"Reginald."

For a brief, blissful moment Reginald Montague clasped Imogene to his broad, manly breast. Then he laid aside his dark felt reversible overcoat, and the two sat down on a chair. Imogene had turned down the gas when she heard the servant let him into the hallway. She was dressed in a tea-green cashmere trimmed with piled plush and satin to match. Dark rich bangs clustered about a quarter of an inch above her eyebrows covered with an invisible net. A wide linen collar encircled her swanlike throat. It was caught in the front with about three-and-a-half yards of Wabash & Michigan Central lace. In this elegant costume Imogene looked fine.

Reginald was the first to awaken the silence with his rich tenor voice.

"Imogene, what does the old man say now?"

"He says, pet, that when you knew he was short on January wheat that you scooped him on the deal, and wouldn't let up worth a cent."

"Ha!" said Reginald. "Dost think that will militate against his strenuous opposition to our union?"

Well I should pause to consider. He says the man who can call the turn on him in that style is worthy of the broker's daughter. It's a cold day, Reginald, when you get left, isn't it?"

"Verily," murmured Reginald in a husky voice. "Shall we say this day month?"

"This day week would sound a trifle more thrilling," said Imogene; while a warm, solid color blush stole over the sweet young girlish face.

"So be it, light of my heart," said Reginald. "Our future life shall be attuned to the music of the spheres. But I must away! I hear the warning tocsin of the last green car. One, two, three; *au revoir, phi beta kappa oriental de fricasse!*"

'Tis sunset in Kansas. No more the lengthened shadows cast themselves along the dry and dusty road. The last rays of the extinguished sun had just shot themselves down on the humble roof of a small sod house standing on a broad and boundless prairie. A man came up from a low piece of swamp land driving two cows before him. He got them ranged in front of the sod house door. Then he sat down on a plough beam. A small colony of dirty-faced children swarmed around him.

"Go tell yer mother to come out and pail these cows," snarled the man.

"Pail 'em yerself, Reg. Montague. I've fed the pig and split a cord and a half of cottonwood while you was a loafing down in the swamp."

"Well, Imogene, yer can do jist as yer durn please. If supper ain't ready in fifteen minutes yer'll hear from me."—*Check*.

Beer may not be intoxicating, but it will make a delegate to a convention look as if he was threatened with sunstroke.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

A Main schoolboy has gone insane. The calamity was occasioned by his sitting up nights to find the streams mentioned in the river and harbor bill.—*Boston Post*.

This is about the season of the year when the coal dealer comes out in the extra heavy overcoat, and advances the price of coal fifty cets a ton.—*Middleton Transcript*.

Large assignments of American canned preparations are being exported to Russia. It is hardly possible that the Nihilists intend to use them to further their deadly purposes.—*Lowell Citizen*.

"What station is this?" asked a lady passenger of an English tourist near by. Looking out of the window and reading a sign on the fence he replied: "Rough on Rats, I guess, mum."—*The Eye*.

Madame G. called at a friend's house on a wet day, and her feet being damp, she said to her friend: "My dear, will you let your maid bring me a pair of your slippers?" "My love," replied her friend—there were several people in the room—"do you think my slippers will fit you?" "Oh, I think so, my darling, if you will tell her to put a cork sole inside of them."—*Boston Times*.

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