



## SCANDALOUS.

MRS. HAMFAT—"Just look at that girl—the hussy! I wouldn't ride one of them bicycles on the public street—not for——!"

MRS. FULLWAIT—"Nor me, neither!"

## LETTERS TO ABSTRACT NOUNS.

*To Boodle.*

SIR—As one of the most popular notorieties of the day, you are entitled to the honor of having one of these letters addressed to you. Please do not suppose it to be in the slightest degree a mark of respect, for your very name prohibits any feeling of that sort. And speaking of names, I have more than once expressed my astonishment at Shakespeare for being author of that very silly question—what's in a name? William was a man of remarkable discernment (at least he always gets that credit) and he must have known that there is everything in a name—whether a rose would smell as sweet if you called it an onion or not. Take your own name for example. "Boodle!" It is brimfull of meaning. It calls up courts of justice and investigating committees, lawyers, perjury, prison and a whole host of similar mental pictures. It expresses whole volumes of unpublished and unpublishable rascality. It is a sort of verbal wink, suggesting vast things that might but must not be told. How tame and weak beside it is the name "money," which in reality means the same thing! There is a world of moral difference between the two words. "The love of money is the root of all evil," we are told. This is for individual application. In the case of corporations it should be read "the love of boodle," etc. You are *par excellence* a public character, and if you should defer to the prevailing fashion amongst celebrities, and write your Reminiscences of Parliaments, City Councils, Street Railway Companies and what not, I have no doubt it would eclipse any similar work of the season for spiciness. As a public character you enjoy an influence greater than that of any other abstract noun I can think of. Before your wiles Oratory is just wind gone to waste; Patriotism, Honor, the good of the people—how often all these have fallen at your touch! Not that any

real Patriot or Honorable man blanches before you—but alas, there are so many of the spurious pretenders who are reachable and whose votes count. It must make you swell with pride to know how easily you can overcome mere logic in the settlement of great issues, and to know that you are ranked amongst the most potent of modern political agencies. But politics is not your only field. You take some interest also in tenderer affairs. It is commonly believed that you have supplanted Cupid in the courts of Hymen; or at least that many of the most fashionable marriages of the day are brought about by your influence, and owe nothing to Cupid's dart. I suspect that this is true, at least, in nearly every one of the matches made between European aristocrats and American heiresses. These unions are arranged at the agency which you have opened in partnership with Ambition—it being your part to transfix the titled personage, and Ambition's to capture the willing victim who is always, according to Mr. Jenkins of the press, beautiful as well as rich. (At which stereotyped statement you must often laugh, knowing the facts). Well, it is to be hoped you get some satisfaction out of your doings in the world, for you are the cause of a vast deal of misery. You have unquestionably made the human heart harder than it was ever before, and developed human greed and cruelty to a terrible degree. But I suppose it would be as useless to curse you, as to plead with you to give up your evil work, so I do neither. I simply remain, Yours indifferently. JUNIUS, JR.

## RE THE BOODLE.

(MR. O. E. MURPHY IS ACCOSTED ON THE STREET BY A WOULD-BE WELL-WISHER OF THE HON. TOM, WHEN THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE ENSUES):

*Well-wisher—*

NOW, Murphy, you rascal, what is it you're trying to make us believe, when we know that you're lying, When you swear that poor Mac, honest Tom 'tis, I mean, In collusion with some other boodlers has been; 'Mongst whom was yourself and the Connolly Brothers, Bob the Skunk, Sir Hector, besides a few others; Each of whom, as you tell us, has made quite a haul From the funds that were voted to build the cross-wall And the other improvements; come now, Murphy, come! You're an infernal liar, as sure as a gun. Do you think, for a moment, we mind what you say, When you'd have us believe Tom would act in this way? We will not believe you though you swear on a stack Of Bibles a yard high, when you charge our poor Mac, Whom we've always respected, with being a thief; Why, the thing is preposterous, 'tis past all belief; Tom McGreevy's character to us is well known, And of this we're quite certain, 'tis as good as your own.

*Murphy—*

I care not a fig what you think of McGreevy, But I know that the Lib'rals at least will believe me When the whole facts come out and the proofs I adduce In the shape of some letters which may be of some use In bringing about—well, let us say the downfall