



A SPECIALTY.

BOARDING HOUSE MISSUS (to Boarder, a learned Phrenologist)—“What do you think my boy would be best fitted for?”

PHRENOLOGIST (who knows her ways)—“Er—well, ma'am, if he inherits your talents, he ought to make an excellent kleptomaniac.”

THE DINNER PARTY.

THE intellectual end of a Dinner Party—the feast of reason and flow of soul—is of course the part of that social function which is most appreciated by people of culture, though a person of culture, if he happens to have a good appetite, does not entirely ignore the exercises which begin with soup and go through the various courses to coffee. It would not be true to say that the post prandial exercises of a dinner party are always interesting—any more than to assert that the cooking is always good, but, generally speaking, to the student of human nature, there are some things worthy of attention. To the ladies—whom a barbarous custom still excludes from seats at the table on such occasions, and who have too much spirit to accept places in the gallery where they are permitted to see the lions feed—a dinner party may be something of a mystery. It is, therefore, for the benefit of the excluded sex that we undertake to give a sketch of one of these affairs.

The gulging and guzzling being over, and the wine and cigars being brought on, the intellectual exercises are formally introduced by a vigorous tattoo played upon the table by the chairman with the handle of his knife. This brings the company to attention (more or less) and the chairman—usually a gentleman of some girth and dignity, rises and says: “We will open the toast list with—er—the first toast, which of course is that of Her Majesty the Queen. I need not say a single word about the Queen, before this loyal and intelligent—er—assembly. I ask you to honor the toast of ‘The Queen.’”

And if her Majesty, in the seculsion of Windsor, could be made conscious by some telepathic message, her heart would palpitate with pride at the tremendous clattering of dishes and shuffling of feet as the company rises with confused mutterings and shoutings of “The Queen,” “er Majesty,” “Queen,” “Queen,” with perhaps the suggestion from some exuberant vocalist of, “She’s a jolly good fellow.”

This may be considered the formal religious opening, and when our Gracious Sovereign has been duly toasted and the company is reseated, the chairman announces the Army and Navy, coupled with the name of some gallant veteran—say Maj-Gen. Pompers, late of the Home Guards, This distinguished officer is a person with a red face and

thick neck. He has lost an arm in the wars, and wears an artificial member which appears to be constructed with a special view to oratory. His speech is about to this effect:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—I thank you for the hearty way you have drunk the toast of the Army and Navy. The Army is a great and glorious institution, Mr. Chairman, and if the Army is a great and glorious institution, what shall I say of the Navy? I shall say the Navy is, er—so is the Navy. What would the world do without armies and navies, if our country was attacked? We would be licked, Mr. Chairman, disgracefully licked. It is a glorious thing to die for your country—to go to the front at duty’s call and foremost fighting fall. I know it, Mr. Chairman, for I have often done it. As the poet says, sir:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own my native land?
Who would be a traitor knave,
Who would fill a coward’s grave,
Who so base as be a slave,
Let him follow me!

Gentlemen, I thank you for the toast.

The next toast announced is that of “Commercial Interests.” It is responded to by Mr. Sniffles, a prominent merchant, whose fort is not oratory. In fact it is pretty difficult to catch what the gentleman says, and while he is on his legs his speech is punctured by cries of “louder” from various parts of the room. The effect is about like this:

Mr. Chairman, I thank you for
trade of the country (louder!). Whether we
. (louder!) I say, Mr. Chairman,
. (louder) I repeat that (louder).
It is not my intention (louder)
thank you (louder) commercial inter-
ests (louder) (louder) thank you
gentlemen commercial interests (louder)
. take my seat.

[Tremendous applause.]

The Chairman next announces the toast of the evening—“Our Distinguished Guest.” The distinguished guest is Demosthenes G. T. Greene, of Ohio, known as the golden



SUMMER IS ENDED.

And the summer girl, in the privacy of her boudoir, exults over her numberless conquests.