

THE SQUIBOGRAPH.

MR. P. KUS, who has for some time been trying to make a deal with GRIP for a machine for writing poetry, called at our office the other day. His outward appearance is that of a confidence shark or book-agent, and his voice sounds as soft as the gurgle of the goose oil that used to cure our croup. After he had been formally introduced to the Raven he was requested to produce his machine so that it might be thoroughly tested. Without hesitation he hung his shiny plug hat on the gas jet and began to open a huge hand-bag that he had brought with him.

Presently he produced the machine, straightened up, grasped a couple of the levers, and said—"Now I'm ready for the test."

We pulled up our collar, smoothed our necktie, and prepared to furnish facts to the phonographic part of the machine. Assuming a very sarcastic tone we said, "The National Policy originated with the monopolists, and it is a scheme for the protection of the laboring classes."

Mr. Kus then turned on the electric current and awaited results. In a few moments we got this:—

There's many a love that's unspoken,
There's many a love that's unknown,
There's many a heart has been broken
Though the world has ne'er scoffed at its moan.

As soon as Kus read this stanza he snatched it out of our hand and blushed like Aurora when she throws her arms around the neck of the morning star. "Confound it," he stammered, "I choked off the Squibograph too soon when I was having it grind out a love song for a friend of mine."

We pretended to believe him and held our peace.

"Never mind, it will be all right this time," he said, as he turned on the electric current again. Here is what we got—

Ye potent juices that till now unsung
Have swayed the fate of empires, and have turned
The course of destiny; full well you've earned
A master's praises, when with lyre full strung
And calling on the gods for high support,
His soul he rouses and will brook no rival.
Yea! even your names are sounds of large import.
Gastric, pancreatic and salival.

"It reads as if it were going to be an Ode to Digestion, we remarked, handing the paper over to Mr. Kus, who looked about as perplexed as a cat listening to Wagnerian music. When he came to himself he didn't kick the



PRACTISING ECONOMY.

JIMMY RATS—"Huh! you told me your folks was rich."

ALGERNON PERCY UPPERTEN—"Well, so we are."

JIMMY RATS—"O, get out! I looked in your front winder las' night an' seen your two sisters playin' on the same pianny!"



ART.

LADY VISITOR—"How very sweet you paint, Mrs. Brown; and did you make the frames, too?"

machine into yawning oblivion and then sow our office with salt; but—we regret to say it—he *cussed*.

"Now," said he, when he evidently felt that he had done the matter justice, "I understand this. After using the Squibograph last I negligently left it in such a condition that it has been gathering material for poetry ever since. Every fact uttered in the room in which it was placed has been stored up, and I have no doubt that yards of rhyme will have to be written on various irrelevant subjects before it will be in working order again."

We accepted his explanations and agreed that if he gets the machine into shape for regular work before next week we will purchase it. At present Mr. Kus is filling our waste basket with stuff like this—

Mary bring the frying-pan
And poke the kitchen fire—
Of getting into libel suits
The *World*, perhaps, will tire—
The lovely snow that fell last night
A cold to me has brought—
When GRIP buys up my Squibograph
I'll buy a house and lot.

He has now been working his machine for two days, and it seems as far from being empty as ever. He has just handed us this piece which it has ground out during the last few minutes. The rhyme evidently refers to the opening of Parliament:

We had no cavalry nor guns,
Oh, woe is we!
From bad to worse our country runs.
Where will we be
Ten years from now if this keeps on?
All glorious farces will be gone.
We surely should
With pomp, and pride, and circumstance,
The glory of our work enhance,
Or we will soon be democratic
And sensible—

What follows, being unusually irrelevant, we give no more of the production.

After this week we expect to have the Squibograph in working order again, and friends who wish to see it will be welcome to call at our office and examine it thoroughly.