



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The *esprit d'corps* displayed by the humorists of the American press is most admirable. It ought to bring a blush to the cheek of the party politicians—(if the p.p. have any cheeks). In illustration of this good fellowship, it may be mentioned that Mr. GRISWOLD (the "Fat Contributor") recently enlarged his paper, the Cincinnati *Saturday Night*, and the first page of the new issue was composed entirely of witty pieces, in prose and verse, sent in by the members of the happy fraternity from all parts of the country. Our readers will thank us to supply them with a taste of this unique dish, which we proceed to do:

(Chas. C. Johnson, Wheeling Leader.)

Why do we laugh? Aye that's the question!
DARWIN, who hath mounted the step-ladder of science,
Holds forth in books, at two dollars each,
Sold only by subscription, that man is but
The descendant of an animal, and yet BARNUM
Would give half his kingdom for any four-legged
Beast that could "haw-haw" even as badly
As a circus clown.
The truth is, for statistics of which please address
E. J. PERKINS, that laughter is heaven-born—
But to the conundrum hinted at in the first line!
(No prizes given for successful answers, as
This paper is not "Puck" nor the N. Y. "World.")
We laugh because about fifty paragraphers
Of the American press, hold a concave mirror
Up to nature, and make current topics as pleasing
As a big insurance policy to the widow of a dead husband.
Their quirks, their puns and queer conceits,
Are, to a newspaper, what the sparkle is to champagne,
Without which, we would hold it cheaper
Than a poor article of St. Louis whiskey.
"Let me write the paragraphs of a paper,
And I care not who writes the editorials,
Said one of the happy philosophers whose head
Is a level as the composing stone
Of a first-class job office.
Therefore, it is decided that a man
Who makes a nation laugh is entitled to
About \$100 a week damages. Yet the fact is
That he can only recover about \$15;
But he is bound to get justice in
The higher court above, and
Don't you forget it.

(De Witt G. Ray, Utica Observer.)

You always find a Rear Admiral in the front rank.

"I've enjoyed this tete-a tete," as the cow said when the milk-maid left her.

Three lumps of coal soaked in kerosene, and a chimney with a good draft, are warranted to create a grate few-roar.

He was a callow youth just from college and as he stroked his upper lip he murmured: "I have a hard time getting down to work."

(W. E. Williams, Fulton Times.)

The American citizen is no less distinguishable for the number of pockets he has in his pants than he is for invariably depositing his wealth in that particular one which has a hole in it. The fact is an awful warning to men to keep their pants tucked in the top of their boots.

(E. P. Brown, of the late Cincinnati Breakfast Table.)

Edison keeps on inventing, without scarcely stopping for meals and sleep. Mark it—that man will yet stumble on some means of making a wife's millinery bill seem reasonable to her husband.

"When the swallows homeward fly." If this is a conundrum our guess is that the circus begins about the time a growing boy shoves his knees under the dinner table and gets his elbows well in play. If they don't fly then, the boy ain't well, that's sure.

(W. J. Lampton, Steubenville Herald.)

Roll on thou deep and sharp old paragraph-er, roll! ten thousand subs sweep up to thee a payin'; man marks the earth with ruin, you mark his name off the book when his time's up—unless he pays.

(E. P. Nowell, Chicago Commercial Advertiser.)

A dissipated individual is dizzy pated.

The sea-sick man finds it hard to hold his own.

An imposing ceremony—the marriage of a bigamist.

Can a man who rightly divines the location of a rich mineral ledge be properly styled one of the miner profits?

The Texas Legislature has enacted that all trains shall come to a halt before crossing the State line. Many people come to a halt after crossing it.

(Eugene Field, St. Louis Times-Journal.)

With stealthy gait she sought the gate,
To see the distant sea—
The scene there seen was of a seine
Dragged leeward o'er the lea.

The bell that tolled told that 'ere belle,
That evening dew was due,
But still in still of eve she waits,
With blushing hue for Hugh.

(J. L. Thwing, Fond-du-Lac (Wis.) Reporter.)

A comma may be the shortest pause known to man, but from the brevity of the stay of old Tray, who thrust his nose into a dish of milk at which puss was feeding, the other day, we are led to doubt if in the experience of the dog he ever found anything to make a shorter stop at than the cat's paws.

(Tom Chrystal, Hackensack Republican.)

"Give me a royal sentiment,"
A captious coquette said
Unto a penny-a-liner bold,
With no sense in his head.

He took some pennyroyal from
A boquet in his hand,
And gave it to her with a smile
So child-like and so bland.

"This is not sentiment," she cried,
"It isn't worth a cent!"
"It may not be," said he, "but still,
It is the scent I meant."

(M. Quad, Detroit Free Press.)

Two Ohio Nimrods, camped in the woods of Michigan to hunt game, followed a bear track for three days before discovering that "Bruin" was a land-looker from Chicago who walked with his toes turned in. They tried a shot at him but he got away.

(Geo. Riley, Jr. Oswego (N.Y.) Record.)

She was a high-born lady,
And her mamma's only darter;
They moved in the best society—
In fact the cream of Tartar.

Sally Ratus was her name—

It made the household gleam—
She never toiled for love or fame,
Not even soda senn.

(Maybury Fleming, New York Mail)

"I've done it," cried Smythekins, interrupting us as we were writing an epic, "I have begun to play the great American game of poker." "Ah!" said we, "how did it happen?" For Smythekins has always expressed the opinion that poker is vulgar. "Why," answered the guileless young man, "As I was passing Pettimore just now in the street, he slipped and fell. He called me and I raised him." Smythekins has the utmost confidence in our forbearance, but he went away as soon as he said that.

(Louis C. Prindle, Bridgeport, (Conn.) Standard.)

A Bridgeport poet says he sings because he can't help it; and, we might add, because his neighbors can't, either.

(H. C. Bunner, New York Puck.)

"I catch your drift," as the man said when the snow from the roof fell on him.

(J. C. P. Holden, Yonkers Gazette.)

A spring opening—the night latch.

None but the drivers deserve the fare.

It's a nil wind that is most popular this month.

Feminine beauty is often obtained through saucer-y.

If thou crowd it too heavily thy wit will be sure to find thee out of ideas.

(Edward C. Edwards, Boston Transcript.)

When James's mamma has company, she does not make James wait till the nice dinner is all cold. She does not give James the poorest piece of meat nor the piece of pudding that is burnt. She treats James as though he were company too. Why, one day, she gave James the only piece of pie on the plate; so that Charles's mam-ma, who was at dinner did not get any. And James's mam-ma knew that Charles's mam-ma was very fond of pie. Now, I think I hear you say, "Why, this story is about my own dear mam-ma. She always does just the same as this James's mam-ma does."

(Geo. W. Peck, Peck's (Milwaukee) Sun.)

A fashion note says: "Square necks are much worn on low corsages. V necks are also seen; but round low necks are preferred by most young ladies for ball toilets." We prefer round, low necks, and object strongly to square necks because the corners cut your arms, and the V necks (which means five dollars we suppose) are too costly.—*Oil City Derrick*. That man is either crazy or drunk. He don't know anything about fashions. A square neck is the upper works of a dress under the throat gashed down about two chains and three links, thence west two chains; thence up there to the place of beginning, leaving a clearing that makes you feel as though the wearer ought the have a window pane in the sash to keep from catching cold, and you think you are just about glazier enough to set the glass. With so many free schools it is sad to see a young man of so bright a mind as the "Derrick" man, so misled about fashions.

(Nat. Burbank, New Orleans Picayune.)

Widows' weeds are easily removed by an active young husbandman.

True journalism shoots folly as it flies; but it is folly to think folly can ever be killed by a wing shot.

(Cecil T. Eagnall, Turners Falls Reporter.)

To the poor all things are poor.

The boy who puts his thumb to his nose has Billingsgate at his fingers' ends.

Shakespeare said that a lion among ladies was a dangerous thing; but Shake had ought to hear them a-lyin' among themselves.

An art critic, who has an unfortunate habit of occasionally indulging in more wine than his health demands, recently determined one day after luncheon, to pay a professional visit to a private art collection. Arrived in the first room, he found himself opposite a large mirror. Mechanically he drew out his pocket book and therein wrote, "No. 1.—Study of head and shoulders; unnamed; an old toper. Fuddled condition excellently rendered; most likely a portrait. Seem to be acquainted with the original."—*Ex.*