



### A CASE FOR COMMISERATION.

MESSRS. FLASHPAN and Thinkless take not the slightest interest in the Jesuits' Estates Question, and yet at their club, in the papers, and throughout society, nothing else is being talked about. The unhappy gentlemen are profoundly cogitating on the question—Is life worth living?

### A STUDY IN HUMOR.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

"LOOKING at it reasonably and calmly," resumed the editor, "don't you consider that an exceedingly undesirable impression to give. And besides that, it is devoid of truth. You know that I would never offer violence to the meanest of living creatures, while personally I know of no one more milder mannered and less aggressive than yourself. So you see that that part of your paragraph is made out of whole cloth."

"I see," replied the humorist.

"For these reasons," continued the editor, "I think the paragraph had better be left out."

"Better leave the whole paper out," muttered the humorist below his breath.

"Don't you agree with me?" asked the editor in mild surprise.

"Cert, cert," said the humorist. "Don't get the idea in your head that I don't agree with you. Your words are fragrant with the perfume of wisdom."

"Thank you," replied the editor modestly. "Now, there's just one thing more. Looking at the paragraph as a whole, I think it's deficient in humor. Humor, I find, by reference to the dictionary, is that quality of the imagination which gives to ideas a ludicrous or fantastic turn, and intending to excite laughter or mirth. It may be employed solely to raise mirth, and render conversation pleasant, or it may contain a delicate kind of satire. Now, while not depreciating your ability in any way, I do not think your paragraph contains any ideas with a ludicrous or fantastic turn. I do not think it would excite

mirth, and it certainly has not a hint of satire—delicate or otherwise. Its only effect would be to offend our readers. Do you follow me?"

"Yes."

"You see, it doesn't do to slap things into a paper hap-hazard. The work requires thought and judgment. I rather pride myself on my judgment."

"You have every reason to," said the humorist. "If I had a judgment like yours, I'd be proud of it, too. I'd do it up in pink cotton wool and set it in a glass case for the bewildered admiration of the promiscuous crowd."

"Thank you very much," said the editor. "Now, as you seem so willing to learn, I'll write the funny column for to-morrow's paper myself to give you a more detailed idea of the requirements. I see you have your paragraphs headed Crackers and Caramels. I don't see any sense in that. It is altogether irrelevant."

The *Car's* funny column came out next morning headed Wit and Humor, probably to convince people that it was not the Obituary or the Fashion department. It started off thus:

"Wit and Humor.

"Here we are Again!

"This column contains a laugh in every line.

"We shall be glad to receive contributions for this department. Our readers will oblige us by sending in anything of a humorous nature which may suggest itself to them.

"A bright little child of our acquaintance—we will not deny the imputation that the child is our own—remarked the other evening on her return from school: 'Asthma (has ma) got over her asthma yet?' Her mother had been afflicted with this unpleasant affection for some days.

"The same bright child on another occasion, not so many days ago, was overheard to say to a companion, as they stood chatting together on the street corner, as children will, 'Hearse (here is) the funeral procession coming back again.' Thus early the child shows its predilection for the merry quips which excite laughter or mirth."

Mr. Gosh concluded that as a wrestler with an article of wit calculated to please the bulge-browed cult of the *Car's* effete readers, he would never make his mark when Macguffin was around, and consequently resigned.

CECIL STREET.



### MEM. FOR HON. MR. ROSS.

MISS GUSHER—"Do you know, I believe that the English language is easier to acquire than any other in the world."

MRS. NEWLOVE—"Of course it is. Why, even our baby is learning it!"