

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

WASTE FORCES.

How to apply and economize the waste forces of the world are the problems which scientists and mechanics are constantly trying to solve. It is an undisputed fact that the most powerful natural agents have altogether escaped, or but reluctantly succumbed to, the guiding hand of man.

The force the young men spend in twirling their canes listlessly in the air, if seized upon and concentrated, would turn all the grindstones in the world, but it would not necessarily sharpen the wits of the cane twirlers.

The amount of breath blown through the lips of the world's whistlers, exclusive of that which shapes itself into a tune, would make a continuous trade wind that would send all the shipping of this country, including the navy, around the world and back.

The amount of wind "drawn in" on the off notes, if attached to an automatic pair of forceps, would draw all the aching teeth of the universe, "without pain."

If the quick, jerky motion the young men affect when tipping their hats to their lady acquaintances could be utilized, it would furnish power for a catapult that would send every circus performer in the country clean through the canvass in search of a \$200 prize comet.

The time wasted by young ladies in preparing their toilets that they may make a sensation on the street would give three days extra "grace" to every outstanding liability in the world.

The smoke from cigars, pipes and cigarettes, that is now all mingled with the atmosphere to its great detriment, if condensed and used would smoke all the bacon Chicago and Cincinnati cure.

The morning "chin music" over kindling the fire, which always results in an unpleasant, cross breakfast, could be attuned into one grand anthem of discord that would establish shouting communication with the moon.

The steady rise and fall of the maternal hand upon the rear basements of the young hopefuls of the land, all wasted, would furnish a trip-hammer with force enough to forge an axle on which the world might turn.

The gentle swaying to and fro of the fan by the women of the world, if harnessed into one grand hurricane, would set every windmill in creation running at such a lively rate that all the corn and wheat could be ground into flour by them.

The turning of the gates on their hinges as Arabella and Augustus fondly lean upon them would furnish power enough to saw all the wood in the country. This doesn't say that Augustus had better be sawing wood, but we think he had.

The burning of needles, gas and kerosene, even though burned low, for the benefit of our courting population, is an awful waste. If it could be concentrated into one grand calorific furnace it would boil all the potatoes and roast all the meat that a world could eat at a picnic.

The continual stream of beer, gin and whisky that is pouring down the throats of our young men would turn all the water wheels in creation, and we are not sure but it would, if applied to the Keeley Motor, start the solar system along at a more rapid rate.

This list of waste forces could be extended without limit. We only drop these few hints in order to give a practical turn to the minds of those thoughtless individuals who are, for the most part, responsible for the great waste of power that is going on in the world. If you imagine that you were placed in the world for any purpose whatever, look out for the waste forces, and get about the business of your life in an earnest manner, the quicker the better.—*New Haven Register.*

ESSAY BY LITTLE JOHNNY.

A pig has got bristles on his back and hair brushes they are made out of bristles too, and Missis Dobby she has got red hair, like fire and a curly tail, wich is good to eat roasted, but if I was a pig and a little boy wude eat my tail I wude tell his father and his father wude say it was mitty wicked not to give him some.

One time me and Billy we went to the slotter house and got some tails, and we was a playin marbles for em, and the tails they was a lyn on the ground for to be plade for, and a ole hog he cam along and wank his eye like sayin, "He hold the stakes" and he et up the tails in a minit. Then the hog he chawed his teeth and shook his head, much as to say a other time, "Them oels of yourn taste like they was fishd out of a hog pen."

Pigs wollers and Franky, thats the baby, he wollers to, and then mother says he is a nasty little sweet precious, but wot for does he eat dirt, cos dirt is pisen.

One day me and Sammy Dobby we had made mud cakes, and wen we had went to git a match for to bake em Franky he et em and made hisself sick, and the dockter he sed wot was the matter, and Uncle Ned sed he et too much cake. The dockter he felt Frankys pulce and sed, "Yes, I cude have tole you that my own self, but wot kind of cakes was they?" And Uncle Ned he sed they wasent baked.

Then the dockter he loked at Frankys tung and sed, "Of course they wasent, cos I seen as soon as I loked at him that he was full of doe, and some kinds is fatle, I got to see some of that wich he left."

Then Uncle Ned he sed to me, Uncle Ned did, "Johnny, you go out to the canal and fetch in the topath."

Pigs roost, but the rooster he croes wen he thinks he can lick a other rooster, and the jackus he hollers like he had a cold, and the potato is the king of beests!

Ole Gaffer Peters he was a diggin his potatoes, and Jack Brily, the joker he went a head of ole Gaffer and filled a potato bil with nice fride ones, and when Gaffer he dug out the fride he was a stonish and come to my father. My father he said, "Gway, you old fool, how could they be fride?"

Ole Gaffer he sed, "Thats jost wot I come to ask you, but if you are sech a smart man that you wont beleve any thing mebbly you better go and see for your own self."

So my father he went and seen, and then he scratched his head awhile, and then he sed, "Gaffer, there aint any dout bout this, I gess we bettr name this vriety of potatoes the Erlly Jack Brily, and I me now ready to belevee in the eg plant and the saddle tree."—*S. F. Wasp.*

FASHIONABLE CALLS.

(Callers seated in the parlors of an up-town mansion.)

"I've heard she gave \$300 for that group. I'd just as soon have a chromo, wouldn't you?"

"H-u-s-h!"

"And just look at the centre table—looks like a fancy fair, for all the world; one would think—"

"H-u-s-h, she's coming."

(Enter lady of the house.)

"Oh you dear, darling creatures! What an ago since I've seen you! Where have you been? Enjoying the musicale, no doubt. I'm so glad to see you both!"

(Together:) "And we are so glad to see you! How perfectly sweet you do look! What have you been doing to yourself? Oh, it's that lovely new dress! so becoming! but then you look well in everything!"

"Oh! oh! Who's got a new camel's hair dolman? Dear Mrs. Smith, I just envy you; it's a b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l thing!"

Mrs. Smith.—"Well, it ought to be; my husband gave \$425 for it."

"Yes! but that's nothing for *him*, you know."

How is he? I do admire him so much! But then he never looks at anyone but you."

"Oh, yes! make me believe that! He is a regular old flirt! But I can easily forgive him for everything since he's got me this dolman."

"Well, we really must go—ever so many more calls to make. Now, return this soon; there's a darling. By-by, sweetness."

(Lady of the house to next caller:)

"Yes, that Mrs. Smith and her sister—what a dowdy that sister is!—did call here, and do you believe, she had the impudence to tell me—me—that her husband gave \$425 for that shabby old camels' hair dolman, as if I didn't know exactly what it was worth! You might give her every article in Paris and she wouldn't look like anything. She has no style about her, and then she has such a squatty figure and homely face. Ugh! I can't see what ever induced Smith to marry her," etc., etc., *ad infinitum.*—*Ex.*

LETTER TO POWHATAN.

The following ancient letter has been discovered in the archives of Virginia by Bill Nye, of the *Boomerang*:

WEROWOCOMOCCO, Sunday, 1607.

Dear Paw,—You ask me to come to you before another moon. I will try to do so. When Powhatan speaks his daughter tumbles to the racket. You say I am too soft on the paleface Smith. I hope not. He is a great man. I see that in the future my people must yield to the white man. Our people are now pretty plenty, and the paleface seldom, but the day will come when the red man will be scattered like the leaves of the forest and the Smith family run the entire ranch. Our medicine man tells me that after a time the tribe of Powhatan will disappear from the face of the earth, while the Smiths will extend their business all over the country till you can't throw a club at a yaller dog without hitting one of the Smith family. My policy, therefore, is to become solid with the majority. A Smith may some day be chief cook and bottle-washer of this country. We may want to get some measure through the council. See? Then I will go in all my wild beauty and tell the high muck-a-muck that years ago, under the umbrageous shadow of a big elm, I pledged with my hard-hearted parent to prevent him from mashing the cocoonut of the original Smith, and everything will be O.K. You probably catch my meaning. As to loving the gander-shanked Paleface, I hope you will give yourself no unnecessary loss of sleep over that. He is as homely anyhow as a cow-shed struck by lightning, and has two wives in Europe and three pair of twins. Bear not, noble dad. Your little Pocahontas has the necessary intellect to paddle her own canoe, and don't you forget it. Remember me to Brindle Dog and his squaw, the Sore Eyed Sage Hen, and send me two plugs of tobacco and a new dolman with beads down the back. At present I am ashamed to come home, as my wardrobe consists of a pair of clam-shell bracelets and an old parasol. Ta, ta.

POCAHONTAS.

Ex-Governor Garcelon, of Maine, runs a farm, and has a great deal of trouble with boys who Garcelon his apples.

The cheap boarding house hostess cannot be expected to set a good table this weather. She has so many flies to support.

Let others prate of sparkling wine,
Cool beer, and ale, port sangaree,
The drinks that suits this frame of mine,
Just suits it to a nicety,
(An-icy-tca. See? He-he, he-he.)

"Can't see the pint," remarked a Pickleville joker, the other day, in reply to a pun that was too much for him. "No, and no one else could see the "pint" more than two seconds, if you were around, for you would swallow it at one gulp," was the quick retort.