

The Joker Club.

"The Bun is mightier than the Sword."

The Editor.

By E. E. Edwards, Boston Transcript.

The editor, children, is a member of that race of animals called mankind. He is invariably a kind man.

He is perfectly harmless. You may go into his den without fear. But he has peculiarities. The sight of a poet makes him wild. He is then very dangerous, and is apt to do bodily harm to all within reach. He is also much wrought up when a man comes in with a little trifle he has just dashed off.

There is one thing that must be said in the editor's dispraise. His mind is so biased by long thinking in a certain direction, that he dislikes very much to look upon both sides of a question. Therefore if you value your safety, never approach him with manuscript written on both sides of your paper.

The editor usually writes with a pen, but his most cutting articles are the product of his shears.

And let me say right here, children, that a good deal of sheer nonsense has been printed about the editor. He uses his shears only when composing an entirely original article.

The editor would make a good public speaker, but for his propensity for clipping words.

The editor's hardest task is to dispose of his time. His would be a monotonous life indeed, were it not for the kindness of the few hundred people who call upon him every day, to enliven his dull life with stories of their grievances, of their brand-new enterprises and with antediluvian anecdotes. When you grow up to be men and women, children, remember this, and spend all the time you can in the sanctum of the editor. He loves company so much, you know, and sometimes he has to sit silent and alone for a whole half minute. Is it not too bad?

The business of the editor is to entertain itinerant lecturers, book canvassers, exchange-friends and other philanthropists. He gives his whole day to these. He writes his editorials at night after he has gone to bed.

The editor is never so happy as when he is writing complimentary notices. For ten cents' worth of presents he will gladly give ten dollars' worth of advertising—all on account of the pleasure it gives him to write, you know, children.

He loves also to write neat little speeches and bright witty poems for people without brains who wish to speak in public. It is so easy for him to do this, that he is sometimes quite miserable when an hour or two passes without an opportunity to do something of the kind.

The editor dines at all the hotels free, he travels free, theatres open wide their doors to him, his tailor clothes him gratis, his butcher and grocer furnishes him with food without money and without price. In short, his every want is provided for. He spends his princely salary in building churches and schoolhouses in foreign lands.

By all means, children, be editors. Of course it would be better if you could be hod carriers or dray horses. But as that is impossible, by all means be editors.

The Electric Cat.

(N. Y. Hour, Oct. 8.)

The average dog and the ordinary cat are not, as a rule, observed to lavish on each other any superabundant ardour of affection. Indeed, so far is the converse true, that married couples whose souls have ceased to have a single thought, whose hearts no longer beat as one, are proverbially said, by their interested and

sympathizing neighbours, to lead a cat-and-dog life.

Of late years, however, numbers of close scientific observers of that amiable school which delights in showing that the exception is really the rule, that things are always better than they seem, and everything we have hitherto believed is altogether different and quite the reverse—as, for example, that Henry VIII. was really a hen-pecked martyr, and Judas Iscariot a persecuted saint—have been engaged in accumulating evidence to prove that the dog and the cat, so far from being hereditary foes, are really by nature designed to be the most inseparable and steadfast friends. Not Hermin and Holena are more beautiful instances of mutual devotion; two school girls on their first vacation are not on more intimate and gushing terms than our much maligned Puss and Ponto. Now it is a motherly tabby who takes into her care a litter of orphan pups and rears them even to the neglect of her own offspring; now it is a huge Newfoundland, the favourite hero of these touching legends, who adopts a helpless kitten, delighting to have it ride everywhere upon his back and growling and showing his teeth if one but looks askance at it; anon it is a tender-hearted grinnalkin who abandons her own particular dish of milk to some starving and wistful cur. What need to multiply instances? Every one who reads the newspapers can recall a dozen such, a dozen times as affecting, for himself.

But now comes one of those pestilent fellows of another scientific order, hard-hearted iconoclasts, who also take their malign pleasure in jeering at and overturning all such harmless little sentimentalities, and tells us that our fraternizing cat and dog are really actuated by as purely selfish and sordid motives as any Damon and Pythias of human kind. When they seem to be caressing one another they are but holding a hollow and temporary truce for the purpose of exchanging such animal comfort as their diverse natures will allow. And he pitilessly explodes the pathetic story which has been going the rounds of the press, of the aged Newfoundland who was observed to spend hours at a time passing his paw affectionately over the back of a neighbour cat. This unfeeling cynic affirms that the aged Newfoundland really had the rheumatism and was simply treating himself to an application of the electricity which, it is well known, resides in large quantities on every well regulated cat's back, as well as in her claws, where dogs of less intelligence usually discover it first. Indeed, he goes so far as to affirm that in every case the canine member of those ill-assorted alliances is well advanced in years and, therefore, not only a probable martyr to rheumatism, but much more likely from experience and reflection to have discovered the electrical deposit in the cat's back than a young and giddy dog.

The scientific person who makes known this most interesting and important fact in animal biology is a member of the Congress of Electricians lately in session of Paris, and ought to know what he is talking about. His discovery may be ranked with the proudest scientific achievements of the day. On the one hand it gives us increased admiration for the intelligence and medical knowledge of the dog, which, indeed, many biped physicians might envy. On the other, it opens up to the domestic cat a vast and hitherto unsuspected field of usefulness, while it adds a new lustre to those triumphs of electricity which have already so amazed and delighted men. If dogs may use the cat as a patient cure for rheumatism, why not the human patent as well? Every mother of a family will be rejoiced to learn that she possesses in her own household a complete magneto-electric apparatus, neat, compact, often beautiful, fairly safe to handle and essentially harmless except when the baby

excites and adverse current by too persistently rubbing its fur the wrong way. But if the baby were allowed to play in like manner with the cumbrous and dangerous electro-magnetic machine hitherto in use, the result would be no less disastrous.

Henceforth, no doubt, the cat will be cultivated for her electric properties alone. The vulgar domestic duties of catching mice and accounting for broken crockery and the missing claret will be relegated to the inferior and less valuable animal, the dog, and the cat will assert her rightful pre-eminence in the household. The time will come when a cat-battery will be as essential and indispensable a feature of the family pharmacopœia as syrup of squills or calomel. One cannot help being struck alike with the admirable providence of nature and the stupidity of man in reflecting that the cat for centuries, in rubbing up against people's legs and curving its back for the friendly stroke, has not been seeking its own material comfort, as the world blindly imagined, but was really offering itself as a new therapeutic agent for the amelioration of human woes. The legendary pig who ran about with a knife and fork stuck in him, crying out, "Come, eat me!" offers the only parallel to this touching self-abnegation on the part of what we are pleased to term the lower animals.

He who gives soft hats to his friends makes his presents felt.—N. Y. News.

The glove-makers say that dear-skins are scarce, and we suppose scarce skins are dear.—Lowell Journal.

It is now said that the reign of the horso disease was an equine-noctial storm.—Newton (Mass.) Republican.

Maid of Chicago, ere we join our forces, tell me, who shall pay for the divorces?—Williamsport Breakfast Table.

Sometimes they serenade a shooter, and again they shoot a serenader. They are good ways to pass the time.—Modern Argo.

Fenderson says he wishes he was a rumour, for a rumour soon gains currency, and that he has never been able to do.—Boston Transcript.

It is the organist's fault that the church-goers are always played out. Don't lay everything to the preacher.—Cincinnati Musical People.

The mouse said he thought the trap rather small for comfort, but while there he felt safe beyond any purr-adventure.—Boston Transcript.

An actress fainted away on the stage before it was her cue to do so, and the manager declared she had flopped too soon.—Andrews' American Queen.

The author who was in a brown study complained that everything was of a dun colour even to the letters from his landlord.—Boston Transcript.

A schoolmaster says her apt scholars are not generally her rapped scholars, although sometimes they are rapt ones.—Marblehead, Newton (Mass.) Republican.

"I'm quite a rheumatic sort of a fellow," as the old beau remarked when he plumped down on his knees before sweet two and twenty.—Andrews' American Queen.

In æsthetical Boston when a man steps out to stretch his legs, they don't use that horrid expression. They put on the "too too," and say he has gone out to bifurcate.—Greenbush (N. Y.) Gazette.

Young swell, who has just obtained a clerkship: "I've got a soft thing now, Jones." Jones, looking hard at his informant's head: "Yes, I see you have."—Tarheel, Chaff.