



HE WAS MODERATE.

STERN PARENT (to suitor who has asked for his daughter's hand)
—"Young man, can you support a family?"
YOUNG MAN (meekly)—"Er—I only wanted Sarah"

UNCLE JOHN TO HIS BOY.

HE EXPLAINS HONORARY DEGREES AND OTHER
DESERVED TRIBUTES.

"MY dear Uncle John," said the boy, looking up from the newspaper, "I see that the College of Cavoorters has been conferring honorary degrees on a whole lot of people in town. What are 'honorary degrees,' please? and what good does it do to get them? and what does it mean by 'conferring' them? and why do they confer them? and—"

"Sh! Steady! One at a time is good fishing, my boy! Here, hand me my pipe, and, while I draw at it, you draw at me.

"Question No. 1 is on the paper. Let us consider it: 'What are Honorary Degrees?' Honorary degrees, my boy, are various kinds of taffy they keep in a liquid form at the colleges. They are always on tap, but it is only at the full of the moon, during certain years, that the stuff is allowed to flow out.

"Now for No. 2: 'What good does it do to get them?' It does the taffy good, my boy. Unless drawn occasionally, everybody would forget there was such stuff made, and probably go on forgetting until they forgot about the makers. This would be bad for business. It would hurt the trade of the colleges, and men who hadn't tasted any Honorary Degree taffy would not advertise the colleges for nothing, or send their boys there to board. Then, you know, this free taffy is relished by most persons, and it does them good to get it. It fattens and puffs them out, and makes their names longer to write and sometimes sweeter to pronounce. For instance, 'John Smith, LL.D.' looks nicer in print than 'J. Smith'; and 'Doctor Jabberjaw' sounds more euphonious and elegant than 'L'yer Jabberjaw.' Oh, it does good, my boy—it really does good.

"As to question No. 3: To 'confer' is to give away free, gratis, for nix. Some people have to buy degrees; not many years ago, my boy, you could get an M.D. over the border for a few dollars; while D.Ds and LL.Ds, and Ph.Ds, and so on, were purchasable *pro ratio*—which means for the most they would bring. Free degrees, to be sure, are very inviting. But yet I believe the best way would be to have them for sale at the grocery stores, and then everybody would have a chance to enjoy them. As it is now, a man has got to be

a pretty well-known politician and lawyer, or a painstaking member of Conference, with influence on the Stationing Committee, or a first-class party wire-puller, or the head of some big secret society, or a titled personage with already more degrees than he can conveniently carry round in his trunk, in order to stand a show for this college taffy.

"And now, my boy, to reply to question No. 4: 'Why do they confer them?' Well, the fact is, it would require time to fill out a long and sensible answer to this. But just think of the fun they have, not to mention the fun you and I and the rest of us have when we read all about it."

"Thank you, dear Uncle John, for telling me all this," said the boy with a sweet, sad smile. "But, say, Uncle John, do you know I don't think I'd care to be at one of these Honorary Degree Taffy Pulls?"

"Quite right, my boy! Nor I either. When you are old enough to feel like taking some degrees, be ambitious enough to earn them or sensible enough to decline them as a present. There is lots of fun about the free-gratis-for-nothing business; but, after all, it is not chiefly for fun we are living, my boy! Now, turn over to the local page, and read me the Births, Deaths and Marriages."

MY BIKE.

WHEN I perchance a header take,
And one of the commandments break,
What cleaves the air right in my wake?
My bike.

When I sit on the road so hard
That all my teeth are sorely jarred;
What is quite often bent and marred?
My bike.

What makes my head go round and round,
What often makes me wildly pound
A large dint in the stony ground?
My bike.

The druggist he grows fat and gay
By making sales of arnica,
To that young man, who loves, they say,
His bike.

The wheel is now his joy and pride;
He don't fall—much; and woe betide
The cynic who would dare deride
The bike.

E. A. C.



HIS "OUTING."

JAWKINS—"Hello, Charley, what are you doing—moving?"
SLIMSEY—"Just commenced my vacation, old man."
JAWKINS—"Your vacation? Rather early, isn't it?"
SLIMSEY—"Well, yes, perhaps; but I'm vacating at the request of my landlady, don't you know."