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FARMER HAYSEED: "Wal, I swan, I've heerd a good deal about city style, but that feller's wearin' a hat I'd be ashamed to show down at the Corners."

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# The Moon

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**THE AMERICAN GIRL.—(No. 6.)**

**Minnie-ha-ha, the original American girl.**

"There is a pleasure in being mad which none but madmen know."—Dryden.

Vol. 1.

JULY 19, 1902.

No. 8.

48 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

*THE MOON is published every Week. The subscription price is \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single current copies 5 cents.*

*All comic verse, prose or drawings submitted will receive careful examination, and fair prices will be paid for anything suitable for publication.*

*No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.*

**A**FTER the Yankee, the Canadian is the man most easily duped. He has acquired this undesirable quality from his southern cousin, from whom he has also borrowed the faculty that prevents his becoming aware of the fact.

The "American" has the reputation of possessing an extremely well-developed sense of humor. The Canadian has "caught" this. This sense of humor it is that makes its possessor an easy victim. If you swindle a Yankee, you may slap him on the shoulder the next moment, explain to him how the trick was done, and he will join you in your laugh and say: "Mighty sharp trick that, old man. Ha, ha! Mighty good! But I'll get back at you next time! Ha, ha! Give and take is fair play! Ha, ha!"

This no doubt makes him a very pleasant and popular fellow—and no one will deny his being both—but, how are his rights protected? Read in his own papers of the state in which his public work is done. In what condition is American politics? Unspeakable!

Now turn to the Englishman. He is possibly the most unpopular man under Heaven, with one exception—the Turk. And the chief cause of his unpopularity is great deficiency in humor. Take a liberty with an Englishman—a liberty that an "American" would treat as a huge joke—and what is the result? He demands an apology and justice. How is his politics? Almost faultless! How are his rights protected? Everyone knows:

It is not hard to see now what is to blame for this present condition of Canadian politics. It is the sense of humor that we have borrowed from the States.

Imagine the two political parties in England joking with each other about their charges and counter charges of tampering with the ballot, etc. If such practices as we are expected to laugh at here were so much as attempted across the water, rifles, and not good-humored protests, would be called into play.

The man who tampers with the ballot is ten times more dangerous than the armed rebel, and is by far more deserving of the hangman's rope than is his more manly prototype.

**T**HERE was a time when religion was persecuted, when anyone detected in the act of performing religious exercises that he thought it his duty to perform was crucified, wrapped in combustibles and burned, or thrown into a den of ravenous, savage beasts to be torn into fragments and munched by mighty jaws. The human race has become more refined. To us it would now be shocking, yes, sickening, to be forced to behold such horrors as once delighted the softest-hearted Roman maiden. Today we have a more refined—possibly a less manly—form of persecution. And who are the persecutors? Pagans, stupid in superstition? No! They are men that are supposed to be enlightened, men that pose as lovers of liberty, men that profess the same views that the martyrs of intolerant pagan Rome professed! They call themselves "The Lord's Day Alliance" and "The Dominion Alliance," and their chief work is to prevent other persons from doing what they, the dictators, have no desire nor energy to do themselves.

A man who is forced by necessity to work like a slave six days of the week, is on the seventh compelled to submit to practical imprisonment because some men that do not have to work very hard tell them that they must stay at home.

And yet we say we have liberty in Canada! We soon should have, if Canadians would become a little more aggressive and jealous of their rights. It is our listlessness that is paralyzing our energies. Let us wake up and move on.

**N**OW that Salisbury and Hicks-Beach have resigned, the opportunity of G. W. Ross is at hand. Balfour is, no doubt, a fairly-good statesman, but he leans more to the literary than to the practical. Ross, on the other hand, is all business. His mixed metaphors clearly prove that he scorns things literary. We are glad to be able to say that cables from London this week show that Mr. Ross seems not unwilling to assume the responsibility of taking Lord Salisbury's place. In fact, special cables to THE MOON go so far as to state that Salisbury's resignation was not due to the weight of years with which the venerable statesman is bent, but to the fact that he permitted his jealousy of Mr. Ross to influence him so much that he struck the great Canadian's name off the list of new knights. On learning of this slight, Mr. Ross, though he cared not a fig for the petty distinction, informed his lordship that the King would accept his resignation. Then Ross was forced to flee to Norway that he might escape the acclamations of the British people.



### In Dryville.

Deacon: "Brother, I am convinced that liquor is still being sold in this town."

Parson: "Oh, impossible, Deacon!"

Deacon: "But I am sure. I have been watching the development of Blob's nose lately."

### Brief Biographies.—No. 1.

By Sam Smiles, Jun.

J. P. W. was called after three great men—an apostle, a philosopher and old Mr. W.

J. P. W. possesses the best characteristics of all these—he is good, he is wise, he is paternal. It is on account of his goodness that he denounces machine politics so bitterly. It is because he is wise that he refuses to "show his own hand," and it is for the purpose of acting the part of a father to the province that he is willing to sacrifice a practice worth \$5,000 a year where he can live cheaply, and to accept a pittance of \$7,000, with some other allowances, while acting as Provincial Pater; which is another proof of his wisdom and his goodness.

When a boy he attended public school. His old teachers state that he was not a very good boy. He was a dab at taw, and could "skin" all his school-fellows easily. He thus became a politician quite naturally. He also became a lawyer in course of time, but this was an artificial operation, for, as Lord Brougham said, "The study of law is the most unnatural of all studies." It was before this that he was such a pronounced success as a Sunday School teacher, and long

afterwards he became a lay reader. As teacher of a rural school he did not distinguish himself at all.

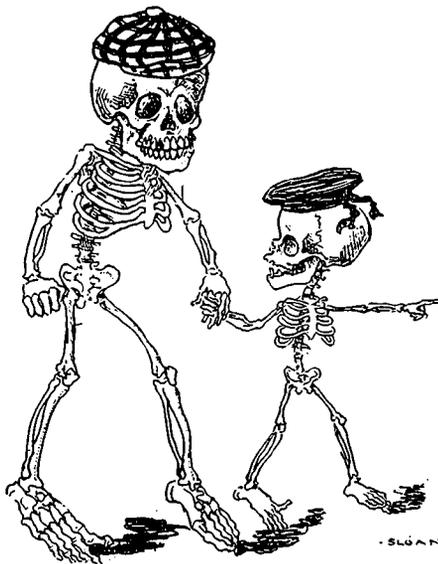
Once he was a Q.C.; he is now a K.C., which of itself is proof enough of his ambition and progressiveness.

He is a Lt.-Col. of the volunteers, although no one ever addresses him in this way, as we all do Col. Matheson. He was "out" on active service in 1866. He has been similarly engaged many times since, and like Samson (not the late U.S. admiral) he has "slain his thousands."

For a long time he suffered Marterdom without a flinch. On the contrary, it was during this period that the *Globe* spoke of him as "possessing a courtesy and good nature which have always made him popla'r on both sides of the House." We did not know him then, that is, not personally, and now it is difficult to appreciate fully that this was the character of the present leader of the Opposition—perhaps that is because he was not leader at that time.

There is a rumor that he hopes to be Premier of the province before he leaves it. If there be any truth in this, many of his supporters will rejoice with exceeding great joy should he begin at once to cultivate the *suaviter in modo* as an adjunct to the *fortiter in re*.

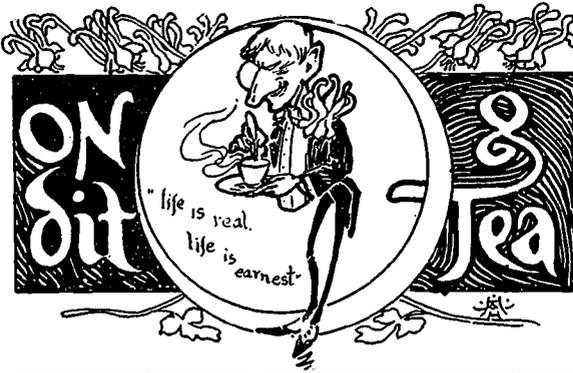
It remains only to add that quite a long time before many of these events happened, Mr. J. P. W. was born at a place called Williamsburg, on the 2nd of October, 1843. He is a kind husband and father.



"There he is, Bobby."

"Who?"

"The boy wot said you an' me ought to be upholstered."



**T**HE Blairs will rent a rough-cast house in Centre Avenue next winter. For the present they will board over the Don.

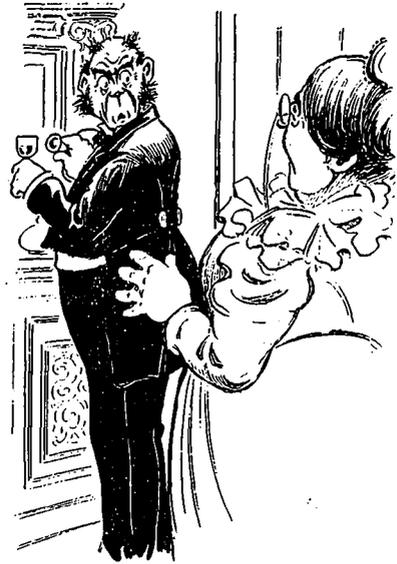
**I**T is understood that the bank officials of the city up to \$300 per annum have decided, that if morning coats are to be worn longer this summer it will have an important bearing on the wearing of trowsers, which can be worn much longer than last season.

**M**RS. SMITH, the Misses Smith, all the Masters Smith and old Smith are out of town berry-picking.



**At Stony Lake.**

Miss Fanny: "Oh, papa, Lord Nozoo, who was up here the other day, was telling mama so much about his English estates. Do you know what he really is worth?"  
Papa: Worth watchin', probably.



**Shattered Idols.**

Mrs. Nugget: "Oh, William, William, and I thought you were to be trusted!"

William (preparing to drink the King's health): "And I thought you was, m'um; you told me you was a goin' hout a wisitin' this hafternoon."

**M**R. BROWN is in town after a visit to somewhere.

**M**R. and MRS. ROBINSON have come into town from somewhere and are residing temporarily as guests of the Government at the Immigration Sheds.

**M**R. CLARA VERE DE VERE SMYTHE, nee Smalley, nee, before that, Smillie, gave a charming pedro party on the evening of the 7th. The first prize, a robe de nuit, purchased on Friday from Eatem and Co., was carried off by Albert Edward Wilfrid Theodore Maginnis.

**T**HE hounds will meet on Saturday next at Harris' horse, hide, and glue factory, when it is expected that there will be a run to cover, with a thoroughly gamey flavor.

**L**ADY WEINERWURST will receive the first Thursday after the fourth Sunday of each month during the dog days.

**A Drop Too Much.**

"I was always addicted to a drop too much," murmured the condemned man as he faced the hangman.



At McCracken's Landin'.

Percy Fitzdub: "Fawncy, landing heah—five miles from wheah ouah fellows are camping—and no bowt to be had. 'Pon honah, me heart was in me mouth till that young fellow at the stoah told me that Capt. McCracken's—aw—stone—bowt was expected every minute—aw."

**S**UMMER-TERM Closing Examinations of the Cosmopolitan Correspondence School at Niagara Bay.

Answers of Senior Fourth Class on things in general:

Archimedes was the first of the Medes to build a bridge with an arch.

The Diet of Worms had the effect of making Luther sic.

Luther was the first of the Quakers and landed at Plymouth dock, anno. d. 1492. He was hanged by a highwayman at Tieburn because he wouldn't join a commonwealth.

Paralax is not a kind of axe, but is a thing astronomers use when lost in the woods.

A Syndicate is a lot of fellows who is trying to beat the other fellows.

Oleomargarine is the art of making pictures

with a plate and leaving a wide margin for framing.

Coleridge is a mild disease of the bowells and is seldom fatal unless they die.

A cereal is a story that goes on in chapters so'as you can't turn up the end to see how it comes out.

A comentator is a potato that is run out.

The Venus of Milo was a French doctor who bled much and was always trying the veins.

A ballot is when girls dance in short close.

Homer was one of the Greek gods and kept pigeons which was flew a great distance.

The Globe is a paper with lots of stuff about them which don't believe in them.

A sphere is the same size and shape as a globe and is divided in too equal parts which is each as big as the hole.

Malta is a port in the Black Sea and is celebrated for landing on Saint Paul.

A Conservative is one who likes to live among old flours.

The Treaty of Paris was when Paris wanted Helen of Troy to go an' be his wife.

Insomnia is the art of not going to sleep.

A Septuagint is a circle with seven sides and every angle is a right angle.

An evangelist is one who goes about without shoes and profesays about angels.

The Ganges is the five sakrid rivers of India.

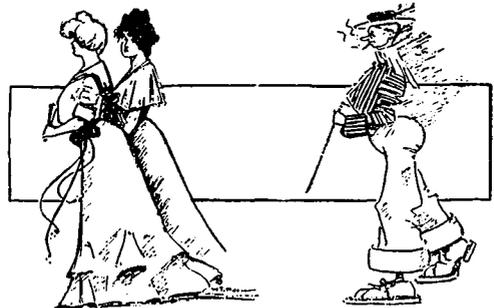
**Ping-Pong.**

In Ping-Pong circles we are told  
How Nero, in the days of old,  
Played Ping-Pong.

And now, though ages have gone by,  
The fever still is running high  
On Ping-Pong.

Ping-Pong allures the rich and great.  
It suits their station and estate—  
Does Ping-Pong.

Lacrosse and baseball are too staid;  
So fools who are but tailor-made  
Must Ping-Pong.

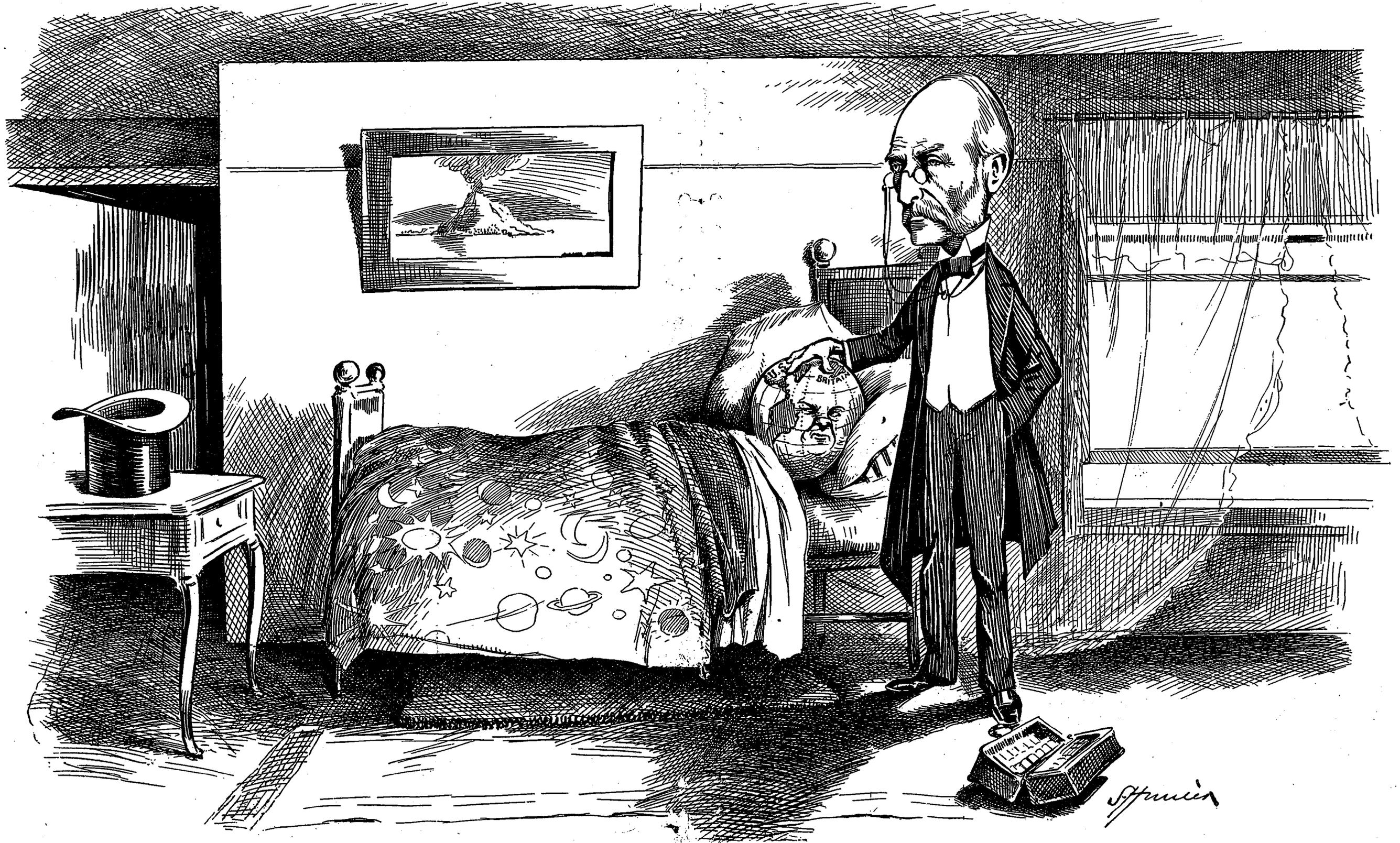


SUMMER GIRLS



SOME'RE MEN(?)

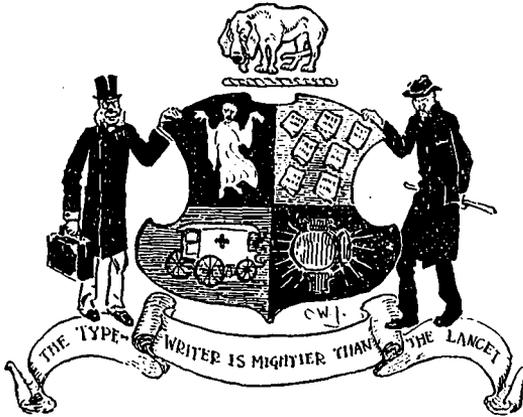
# THE MOON



## HE FEARS THE WORST

DOCTOR GOLDWIN SMITH ("diagnosing" case of Mr. Earth): "You have, I observe, been suffering from internal troubles of late, ending in convulsions. I also foresee a change and a weakening here where I have placed my fingers. Avoid excitement, my dear sir, as much as possible."

## The Moon's Crests for some of the new Knights.



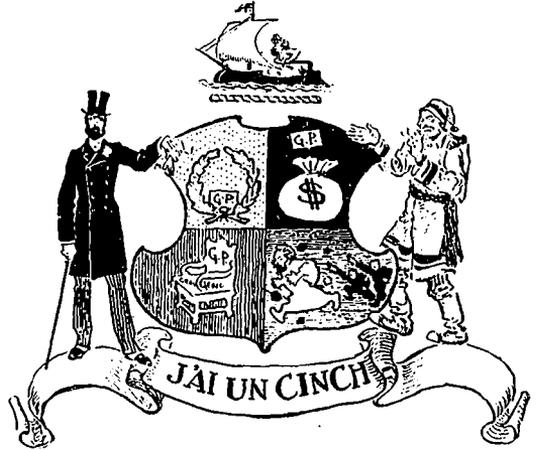
**Doyle, Sir A. Conan**

Arms : Quarterly, 1st, Sable, the Ghost of Edgar Allan Poe, regardant, Argent ; 4th, Sable, a Red Lamp ; 2nd, Boer War Pamphlets, broadcast, Argent ; 3rd, Azure, An Ambulance Wagon, Argent.

Supporters : Dexter, a Doctor ; Sinister, a Slenth.

Crest : A Baskerville Hound.

Motto : "The Typewriter is Mightier than the Lancet."



**Parker, Sir Gilbert**

Arms : Quarterly, 1st, Or., a Laurel Wreath, vert ; 4th, Azure, a Prophet without Honor, Argent ; 2nd, Sable, a Dollar Bag, Argent ; 3rd, Gules, a Parliamentary Seat, Argent.

Supporters : Dexter, a Member of the Imperial Parliament ; Sinister, a Quebec Habitant.

Crest : A Ship of State Steered by an Author.

Motto : "J'ai un Cinch."

The Manse, Manitoulin, July 7th, 1902.

To the *MOON* Editor :

My Dear Sir,—I regret very much having to correct your poet in last issue, who tries to extract levity from the story of Jonah, and signs himself D. A. B. Had he substituted U for the middle letter of his initials it had been more fitting.

He is evidently not an Irishman or he would have known that the practice of crossing, being part of the Roman Catholic ritual, was not established till long after the days of Jonah. He is also wrong in his geography, else he had known that the Jordan does not flow into the Mediterranean Sea, nor was Tarsish on the Atlantic Coast of Africa. Your artist also is blameworthy in his drawing of the Captain. The men on the boat—the Bible story gives no name—were evidently God-fearing men, which the man at the wheel evidently is not. He is, from appearance, of Celtic origin, and to put him as sailing master on a boat in these waters, in these days, is a—I might say—a blasphemous travesty of a most sacred subject. I may say that Jonah was a holy man ; the fish was holy as doing its Maker's work, and the place where Jonah landed would be consecrated ground could we find the exact spot. Lastly, if we assume that the prophet was landed near Jamaica, how could he get back to Nineveh ? Trusting you will see the necessity of prohibiting such a tendency to ridicule holy writ.

Sincerely yours,

REV. M. ALE, D.D.

### A Story With a Moral.

**T**HEY were gentlemen of the wires. By this I do not mean that they were wire-pullers.

Nay ! Nay ! The money which they paid to their landlady for meals and lodging would have been come by easier had it been so.

Now, these two young men used to telegraph across the table at meal times by clicking together the real silver forks of the landlady, and had become the terror of her other boarders ; for what might they not say one to the other ?

One meal time, when they were having their fun, a young lady entered the room. As she was a new boarder, these two men were kept very busy indeed, clicking rude remarks about her dress and appearance.

A few days later, a gentleman friend of this lady's came to take tea with her at the boarding house. Then were these two young men in raptures, and thought that they would be very funny indeed. So they began to telegraph rude remarks about the lady and her friend.

However, just at the end of the meal the young lady picked up her fork, and clicked out this message : "George, please throw out those two thin operators."

Then did the two young men choke over their food and search for excuses to leave the room, for George clicked across :

"All right, as soon as dinner is over." And George was a big, strong man, who looked as if he had been brought up on some of the health foods advertised in the papers.

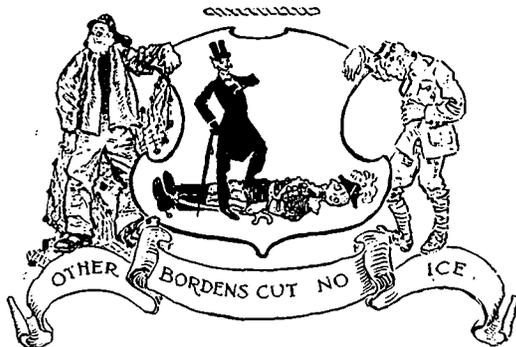
Moral ? Oh, any old thing.

The Moon's Crests for some of the new Knights.



**Mulock, Sir William.**

Arms : Sable, a Post Office Department Surplus, Montant, Argent, between two Canadian Cents, Sanguine ; on a Chief of the Second, an Imperial Penny Stamp, Gules.  
 Supporters : Two Locomobiles Rampant.  
 Crest : A Locomobile Explosant.  
 Motto : " We Haul a Vaster Postage than has been."



**Borden, Sir Frederick W.**

Arms : Argent, a Minister of Militia, Sable, standing upon a Major-General, Recumbent, Gules, Or, Azure, and Sable.  
 Supporters : Dexter, a Bluenose ; Sinister, a Sea Sick Soldier.  
 Crest : An Emergency Ration.  
 Motto : " Other Bordens Cut no Ice."

**A Case of Soap.**

A young man stood in a druggist shop,  
 He bought perfume and soap,—  
 The latter to send to his rival in love,  
 So inside something scathing he wrote.

(Society Ed.—A very ungentlemanly way of getting even with a rival.)

The parcels were papered, sealed up, and dispatched,  
 But the Imp or Mischance being near,  
 The rival received the box of perfume  
 Which should have been sent to his dear.

(Business Ed.—All parcels should be carefully invoiced and properly addressed.)

No thanks he received from this beautiful maid,  
 And his much loving heart was sore grieved,  
 When a week or so later the wedding invite  
 Of his rival and her he received.

(Puzzle Ed.—It puzzled him, but even I cannot tell what a woman is going to do next.)

Six weeks had gone by, he did nothing but sigh,  
 And was fast turning into a mope,  
 When he found that instead of a box of perfume  
 He had sent her a bar of soft soap—  
 Bearing this legend : " WASHING IS HEALTHFUL."

(Printer's Devil.—Hully Gee !)

**A Free Translation.**

" Beyond the mountains are also people " seemed to the German teacher a too literal translation of " Hinter dem Berg sind auch Leute." Several other renderings having been given and rejected, the bold, bad member of the class sought to " Preserve the spirit of the original " by suggesting as a fit translation, " You're not the Only Pebble on the Beach." It went.

**Not on Earth.**

Smith ( Finding Brown looking unhappy. ) : " Why, old chap, what's wrong ? "  
 Brown : " Oh, it's that Simpson girl. Not long ago she told me I was the best fellow on earth. "  
 Smith : " Well— "  
 Brown : " Last night she married a sailor. "

**Change.**

I remember, I remember,  
 Ere my childhood flitted by,  
 It was colder in December,  
 It was warmer in July.  
 In the winter there were freezings,  
 In the summer there were thaws,  
 But the weather isn't now at all  
 Like what it used to was.  
 —The Man in THE MOON.

**Misunderstood.**

George : " You have all that was ever dear to me. "  
 Belle : " Oh ! George, dear, are you sure ? "  
 George : " Yes, you have that diamond ring. "



Maude : " Here comes Willie Syttlerash. Do you think he is good for a treat ? "  
 May : " No, he only made the last payment on his spring raglon yesterday. "

## Kicker's Column

A 'TAK' the leeberty o' writin' tae say that a' dinna like yer tendency to laugh at fowlk that might be ye'r better. Ye have perfec' leeberty tae mak' fun o' the Irish, though it nichtna pay as they bodies are aye sensitive like a' vain and foolish gomerils.

Ye nicht skeep the Sasenach for a' his bad manners and worse grammar, an' a' wad say, "Well done," but ye maun ca' canny wi' the Scotch, for they are tae be considered mentally as the salt o' the airth, and for correc' language there is no' the beat o' them on Goad's futstool.

Ye laugh at yin McAllister for bein' carefu' o' the bottle when ye maun ken that speerits costs cash noo, but the generosity o' oor fowlk is proverbial, especial in Aberdeen. Forby there is no gramaticians in the hole worl' tae equal the Scotch.

Yours in guid faith,

WARD McALLISTER.

### London Letter.

London, July 4th, 1902.

SENCE lawst time Hi wrote, things have took a turn. King Hedward have showed 'is good stock by a pickin' hup like a regular young un. 'Enery, 'e were that afeard that 'is most gracious Majesty wouldn't succumb, but he have, along of 'is 'aving good blood in 'is Royal wains. 'Enery, 'e be that proud an' patriotic about hit, nothink wouldn't do but 'e must get hup a motto, han' does it 'andsome in red letters on w'ite ground, han' tacks it right on't front of t' 'ouse like this yer :

LE ROI WER NEARLY MORT.

VIVA THE LE ROI.

Wich, 'Enery says, has it only means, in plain Hanglo Saxony that " 'is most gracious did 'ave a tough spel for a bit, but pulled through." 'Enery says as they'll coronate the King along of the hend of t' dog days, han' 'e says "Them Hamericans will stay hover yer till hits all did, fer hivery bloomin' one on 'em 'opes to be made a dook," 'e says, "for," 'e says, "though they be democrats through hand through, hand don't believe in monarchy or titles, that's only for the common folks, but heach of 'em knows *one* cove that deserves to be made a knight or a hearl at the least, hand," 'e says, "them bloomin' Yanks is good some ways; they thinks no more of a 'bob' than we thinks of a tuppeny bit. Lor' love

you," 'e says, "I don't know nothink as would come as good as a CORONATION HIVERY YEAR," 'e says.

Hour lodgers is quite chatty folks, but mighty stuck hup. Hi awsk's 'em one diy ef they'd hiver ben to Drury Lane Theatre, but they says as 'ow w'en they goes to a theatre it'll be the "Grand," they says, han' they says they don't take no stock in nothink in a lane, they says. Missus, she says, "Hon the other side," she says, "Hevery body that hain't low down," she says, "lives on a HAVENOO," she says.

Youres,

'ARRIET 'AWKINS.

Toronto Boy : "Wouldn't that freeze you?"

Boston Boy : "Would you mind repeating that short and concise phrase which expresses so aptly, 'Would not that cause a sudden and decided decrease in the velocity with which the molecules composing your body vibrate to and fro until a thermometer placed in your hand would register 0 degrees Centegrade?'"

"An honest man's the scarcest work of God."



### Oriental Philosophy.

Peaceful Mandarin : "Most excellent sir, it is my unworthy self and my people who are privileged now to pay the foreign angels on the instalment plan. This morning we passed over even eight thousand yen. Yet we did no fighting; while thou and thine, which madest all the trouble, pay even nothing."

Fat Boxer Mandarin : "Alas, all of our unworthy heads were ordered to be taken off to appease the wrath of the stranger, hence there be none others left to pay money but only excellent thee and thine people, which were always good. Go to and make glad come. Thou mightest be dead like me and wicked us."

Peaceful Mandarin : "Ah !"

Fat Boxer Mandarin : "Wah !"

—M. T. OLDWHISTLE.



**At the Last Day.**

Uncle Sam (as Gabriel blows the last trump) : "Say, give us a little longer to finish this war, won't you?"

**By Wireless Telegraphy.**

The following came by special wireless :  
 Hotel Cecil, London, July 14th, 1902.  
 To Stratton, West Peterborough :  
 Offers being made by intermediaries.  
 Premiership vacant here. Had better take it ?  
 Ross.

The following reply was sent :  
 Peterborough, July 14th, 1902.  
 To Ross, Hotel Cecil, London :  
 Think better not. Recent flood of votes  
 render roads in West Peterborough very bad.  
 Many washouts. Better come back and help me  
 fix up tracks. Will give you anything in reason.  
 Mowat, old fogey. Mum's the word. Boys get-  
 ting restive. Come. STRATTON.

**At Dinner.**

He : "Yes, the single tax movement appears to have made considerable progress during the last ten years.  
 She : "Well, I think single men *should* be taxed, don't you?"

**Ou Vas-tu ma Jolie Damoiselle**  
 OR  
**The Pretty Maid and the Nice Hindoo.**

(From the French.)

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"  
 "To feed the Hindoos, kind sir," she said.  
 "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"  
 "Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.  
 "Shall I assist you, my pretty maid?"  
 "I thank you kindly, sir," she said.  
 "What is a Hindoo, my pretty maid?"  
 "A very nice man, kind sir," she said.  
 "Then I can't tarry here, my pretty maid,"  
 "Nobody asked you, sir?" she said.  
 "Will you kiss me good-bye, my pretty maid?"  
 "Not if I know it, kind sir," she said.  
 She hits him a rap on the tip of his nose,  
 Alas for the maiden who takes to blows!  
 Its worse, by far, than taking to drink,  
 No matter what anyone else may think.  
 In a year or two, or three or four,  
 She went to the church at an early hour.  
 She wedded a Hindoo there and then,  
 And made him the sorest of hen-pecked men.  
 If he turned up his nose at the rice she cooked,  
 She'd talk of the fellow she might have hooked.  
 He smokes away in the twilight dim,  
 And mourns the day when she hoodoo'd him.

Of all sad things that one may scan,  
 The saddest of all is the hen-pecked man.



THE MOON'S picture of the Mayor of Toronto, caught in the act of posing as the principal member of the Board of Trade.



"This edition of the Bible is the very latest."  
 "But surely you can't improve on the Bible?"  
 "I refer especially to the 'Family Register.' Besides a page each for births, deaths and marriages we give three pages for divorces."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Who is the hero of this piece?" asked the man who was coming out of the theatre. And the manager thoughtfully replied:

"The man who is putting up the money,"  
 —*Washington Star*.

In a case being tried before the United States Court at Topeka, one lawyer said to another, "You are a liar."  
 "Do you mean that personally?" passionately demanded the other.—*Kansas City Journal*.

A patriotic Celt, orating at a public function one day last week, informed his audience that the brightest gem in the British crown was the famous coronation stone. "As the stone formed a good-sized seat for some of our ancient kings, one can well believe the remark made by the late Mr. Shakespeare (or was it Bacon?) that 'uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'"—*Glasgow Evening Times*.



Capital to Labor: "What are you squealing about? You get enough to live on, don't you?"

"Have you typewriter ribbons?"  
 "Is she blonde or brunette?"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"You see that lady over there? She is Mrs. A. I fell in love with her at first sight. What do you think of that?"

"I think it would have been better had you taken a second look?"—*Kansas City Star*.



Visitor: "Your wife doesn't seem to be very glad to see me, judging from the way she's arching her back."

Mr. Tom Catt: "Why, bless you, that's an arch of welcome."

Although Mulcahy and Mulhooly were known to be great friends, they were one day observed to pass each other in the street without a greeting.

"Why, Mulcahy," a friend asked in astonishment, "have you and Mulhooly quarreled!"

"That we have not!" said Mr. Mulcahy with earnestness.

"There seemed to be a coolness between you when you passed just now."

"That's the insurance of our friendship."

"I don't understand."

"Whoy, thin, its this way—Mulhooly and I are that devoted to wan another that we can't bear the idea of a quarrel, an' as we are both so mighty quick-tempered we've resolved not to shpake to wan another at all, for fear we dissolve the friendship."

—*New York Tribune*.

A rug peddler called several times at a Wichita (Kan.) house and found the people away from home. At last he wrote and pinned this note on the door:

"Madam: Kindly remain at home to-morrow forenoon. I want to sell you a rug."—*Kansas City Journal*.

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