

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

THE REAL EXPERT.

[The University of Chicago wants a college established to teach courtship.]

Now they're talking of a college
Where they'll teach much useful knowl-
edge.

All about romance and marriage and of
love's alluring arts.

They'll bring learning quite terrific

To make courtship scientific.

And will give all graduates high degree

Of Bachelors of Hearts.

Well, perhaps they'll get some mam-
mies.

Or a lot of freaks and dummies

To take collegiate courses at this fount
of wisdom's brim;

But never man or woman,

Who's alive and really human;

They might as well establish schools to

teach ducks how to swim.

They needn't try to tell, oh,

Any businesslike young fellow

How to pick his teacher when he starts

to learn of love's sweet lore.

You won't find him an addresser

Of a cranky old professor,

When he wants to add for reasons to

his sentimental store.

No; he takes a teacher girly,

Who has hair that's long and curly,

Bright eyes, witching, dancing drooples

and a dainty figure trim;

Pouting, flirting, frowning, smiling,

Now coquetting, now beguiling.

Sweet and pretty as a picture—that's

the teacher picked for him.

Schools of courtship, when one wishes—

O ye gods and little fishes!

When it comes to teaching men to love

some mite of a slim girl—

Can take all the world's professors,

All of learning's greatest guessers,

And give them points enough to make

their learned noodles curl!

A FAIR VALUATION.

"How do you think stolen kisses ought

to be assessed?"

"At their face value."

BUSINESS REASONS.

"That judge is firmly opposed to the

unwritten law."

"But then, you see, he started in life

as a court stenographer."

HER FOUL RECORD.

"I would like," said the statistician

to the great American hen, "to get a

fair estimate of your output."

"Excuse me," she responded, "but I

have none to give. I have only a fowl

record."

THE COST OF LIVING.

"How is it that so mystic a poet can

afford such high ideals of life?"

"His wife takes in washing."

DEAD EASY.

"What topic of the season do you

think promises the best result on the

face of it?"

"The Easter bonnet."

IN DAYS OF OLD.

The Baronet strode up to the hostelry

in high disdain.

"What wishest thou of us this day?"

they asked him.

"What do I wish this day?" he re-

peated. "Why, a knight's lodging."

A CONTEMPORARY HINT.

"Hilt!" said the Contemporary Ob-

server. "I can put you on to an old

fact. Thomas W. Lawson has no trust

in policemen."

"That's extreme," hazarded the Casual

Observer.

"No doubt of it," replied the C. O.

"Haven't you noticed how down he is

on a 'copper' corner?"

CONVERSATION TECHNICAL.

Young Journalist—Did you often fall

down on assignments?

Old Reporter—No; I always tumbled to

them.

THE PREVAILING TINT.

Father Penn—What's the color of poli-

tics down your way?

Lord Baltimore—Well, they seem to be

doing 'em up Brown.

THE NATURAL RESULT.

"What happened when they tried that

play on the dog?"

"It raised a howl."

JOSH WINK.