

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

THE PLACE FOR HER.

Oh, she was a woman of fighting blood
Of a pure Milesian strain;
People might try to oppose her once,
But they never did it again.
She hoisted her social and ran her club,
Once at a debate she called Browning a
"dub!"
And against her everyone feared to rub,
For she argued with might and main.
At home she was always in a spat,
And life was a constant fray;
She bullied her husband, poor cowed man,
Afraid just one word to say;
Her voice was like a horn in a fog,
She could scold like rolling off of a log.
She spanked the baby and beat the dog—
E'en the tax man she drove away.
What could be done with this warlike
dame
Was the problem, early and late.
Why, she had even terrorized the cook,
Till she dared not break a plate.
The neighbors they wanted some rest
from the strife,
They wanted to snatch some quiet from
life,
So they sent her off with flag, drums and
fife,
To be a peace delegate.

HIS WAY.

"Pat, are you in favor of this movement
for world peace?"
"Sure, sor, if we have to lick all crea-
tion to git it."

FORCE OF HABIT.

"Ah," said the friend of the big Wall
Street magnate when he visited the latter's
country home, "I see you carry your busi-
ness habits even into your ideas of plant-
ing."
"What do you mean?" asked the puzzled
magnate.
"Why, I observe that all the vines you
have selected are suckers."

THE VARIETY.

"What special kind of beverage do you
suppose the poet thought of when he
wrote, 'Drink to me only with thine
eyes?'"
"I guess he meant what an Englishman
would call 'igh balls.'"

AN ANTIQUE JOKE.

"Punny, wasn't it," remarked Hercules,
as he dropped into the office of the Ely-
sium Herald.
"What?" asked the editor, looking up
from the article he was polishing up on
the last matrimonial shindy kicked up by
Jupiter.
The strong man laughed like a child.
"Why," he answered, "that my twelve la-
bors should have made a ten strike."

HIS CLASSIFICATION.

"Oh, I don't intend to be scrupulous
about the way I get on," said the young
lawyer, who thought himself the greatest
ever. "I frankly intend to rent out my
head to anybody who wants to make use
of it."
"Then, if you advertise it," replied his
cynical friend, "they'll put you under the
heading of 'Empty Plate.'"

MISPLACED AMBITION.

"What possessed that bums tragedian to
stick on the stage when he saw the busi-
ness end was losing all the time?"
"His ambition, you see, egged him on."
"Yes, until the audience egged him off."

JOSH WINK.