

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

THE RETURNING.

Home again! home again! back from the mountains—

Started well in its flight from the sea;
Cityward, cityward, come from the country

Hordes of the urbanites, summer's debris.

Stout-muscled, big-armed, the railway trunk-smashers

Are training for records to public dismay,

Weak women are weeping and strong men are swearing,

And children are screaming, in trains jammed away.

Houses shut up, feel like tombs, dank and dismal;

The cook can't come back till her cousin gets well;

With the carpet men gone on a union excursion

And the plumbers delaying, life seems like one—well,

Another tale that is: Each weary, tired tourist

Vows never again in the summer to roam.

For dirt and disorder, despair and discomfort,

Returning from outings, there's no place like home.

HEARS EVERYTHING.

"Why do you suppose so many people say they like to listen to the rain?"

"Stupid! Because the rain is such an eavesdropper."

NO GOLDEN SILENCE.

"Even tainted money is beginning to talk these days."

"Yes, it talks for publication, but not necessarily as an evidence of good faith."

A SEA TALE.

The sea swells embraced the summer girl,
The surf was her bounden slave;

The whitecaps e'en at her feet went broke,

For her cheer did the ocean wave.

The sea urchins ran at her beck and call,
The boats were manned for her joy;

But she fooled them all, for this summer girl

Eloped with the harbor buoy.

ANIMATED NATURE.

Smarty—Do you know, I saw a tree bough repeatedly when it started to leave.

Tatty—That's nothing. I saw a board walk all along the beach at Atlantic City.

JOSH WINK.