

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

THAT VETO.

They are raising rows in England,
All about their blooming peers,
And the noble lords are having
Quite a storm about their ears,
Which is rising high and higher,
All the more for lying low,
For the public is objecting
To their always saying "No!"

They ought to learn a lesson
From the doings of the past,
When the same old stubborn spirit
An empire lost at last,
Its moral still is living
Though it happened long ago,
When their colonies asked justice—
Got the same old answer, "No!"

The time has passed and gone by
When law-making could be done
By a man for no more reason
Than he is his father's son.
Modern progress is too rapid
For its pace to stop or slow,
Because a name's mere handle
Blocks the way with just a "No!"

ITS NATURE.

"Fencing is a contrary sort of art."
"Why so?"
"Because often a strong effort is a
feint try-out."

NO BRIDGE.

"It seems a chasm is opening between
the King of England and the people."
"Yes, and apparently, he won't bridge
it with new peers."

HER MERITS.

"I wonder why Mrs. Lockett is so
popular in society? She is as deaf as a
post and as blind as a bat."
"Can't you see, man, she makes an
ideal chaperon?"

FULL AND PLENTY.

"The moon is very different from men,
Isn't she?"
"Rather, but in what particular way
do you mean?"
"She never is full until she gets to her
last quarter."

CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

"What did that automobile fend say
when they took him from under the
wreck of his machine?"
"The accident must have mixed him
up, for when he recovered conscious-
ness he muttered, 'That's a horse on
me!'"

SUSPICIOUS.

"That picture establishment is a fraud."
"How can you say so?"
"Isn't it a frame-up establishment all
right?"

—JOSH WINK.