

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

IDEALS. DANGER.

[Cooking, dainties is now the fashionable fad in New York society.]

It is talked of in the parlors,
It is whispered in the clubs,
It is written in the papers,
It is gossiped o'er the tubs.
Other topics for the moment
Are forgotten or forsook,
As the news flew to all quarters,
Social queens will learn to cook.

Loud is housewives' scornful laughter,
Joy of fuddlers is intense;
Pride of "womanly" idealists
In the project is immense;
Chefs are swearing mad about it,
But the husbands—ah, the look
On their faces, when they find out
That their wives will learn to cook.

Home will now be place of terrors,
For dyspepsia-looms on high;
Days of leathed food, nights of anguish,
For the victims who can't fly.
But some hurried trips on business,
Many happy homes forsook,
Will result, till fad is over
For the social queens to cook.

NOT HIS FAILING.

"The trouble with most of you young men," grumbled the Ancient Citizen, "is that you all want to begin at the top."

"I can't do that in any case," answered the Young Man, modestly, "because I am an aviator."

TESTED.

"Miss Gladys has a very engaging disposition, hasn't she?"

"Quite so. Her present dance is her fourth this season."

THE REAL THING.

"No Jobbins has a trained dog to sing in vaudeville. What does this singing dog do?"

"I don't exactly know, but I suppose it is a bark-rolle."

NOT YET THE IDEAL.

"I see where we are going to have trackless electric cars."

"Ah, yes, but not yet the fareless trip."

APPROPRIATE EXPERIENCES.

"Did you ever know a man to live up to his name?"

"Sure—our mutual friend Gunn. He got loaded one day, was fired and then kicked."

HIS STYLE.

"I wonder if the weather man thinks this drought is a joke."

"If he does, he must have a great deal of dry humor."

JOSH WINK.