

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

THE CRY OF THE COMMONS.

We are in a pickle! Save us!

Woe is us! Our fearsome fate,
Is the near thing in sore trouble—

As a fact, 'tis double plate.

We have deadly peril 'round us

Whichever way we look.

There is no use getting 'round it,

We are down in bad luck's book.

There's that awful thing of terror,

Which at any day may come.

The German war invasion

Wrecking every English home.

Then when here we sit in council

While the anxious nation frets,

'Taking steps for public safety.

We're beleagued by suffragettes.

At the one door roars the Teuton,

At the other, pounds the band

Which wants a vote within it

Of the strong-willed female band.

Let us vote good stout defences

Which will help to keep the peace.

And make our power—That racket!

They are coming! Help! Police!

A DELICATE ALLUSION.

"Here in the description of Sadle's party, one of the reporters, whom she asked to be nice to everybody, says that Miss Oldgirl formed one of the most prominent mural decorations of the occasion."

"Well, she was a wallflower all right, wasn't she?"

BUT WELL EARNED.

"Can a doctor's profits be honest money?"

"If he is a conscientious and capable one, why not?"

"He makes his money off sick people, doesn't he?"

"Of course."

"Then are not his, ill-gotten gains?"

THE REAL TUNE.

"They say everything in life is attuned to certain keys. What keys are the slippery places in life tuned to?"

"I guess they are see sharp or be flat."

LIKE CAUSING LIKE.

"Why do the country people roast automobilists so much?"

"Possibly, for burning up the roads."

LOVE IN THE HEAVENS.

"There is one phenomenon which takes place only in the theatrical firmament."

"What is that?"

"When the stars get moonstruck."

HIS PROPER PLACE NOW.

"That government official we met the other day is a very cold man. His manners are positively icy."

"I wish they would put him in charge of the weather bureau."

JOSH WINK.