

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

THE OLD STORY.

Hover, little war cloud,
You have had a rest,
But work your way's coming,
Do your little best;
Hover over England,
Then skip on to France;
Not forgetting Germans
In your new war dance.

Over Afric regions
Where the Congo flows,
You must hover also;
Morocco looms likewise.
War cloud, get you busy,
There's some range to this,
Back and forth returning,
Do the lightning whiz.

Hover, little war cloud,
Peace has had it all;
Your vacation's over,
Now you've got the call.
Hover, then, and hurry,
They all look for you;
Do your stunt and hover,
For that's all you do.

ON THE FARM.

"One could easily guess those city children had a financier for a father."

"Why?"

"Because they are either in the barnyard speculating about the stock, or gambolling in the wheat and corn."

VAIN APPEALS.

"Yesterday I heard a man calling for help, and not a soul responded."

"Was he calling for help in the surf?"

"No; he was calling for it at an intelligence office."

HIS TITLE.

"Isn't Smythe devoted to the races?"

"So much so that his wife calls him her better half."

A HORRIBLE POSSIBILITY.

"Suppose they were to start an investigation of a boarding-house trust."

"Heavens! Wouldn't they get awfully mixed up when the probe went in the hash?"

ITS KIND.

"The flag-making business ought never to be dull."

"Why not?"

"Because the goods it deals in are always going up."

A LACK.

"It would be a good thing if pulpit oratory were more like baseball."

"In what way?"

"If in addition to effective delivery, it would also pay more attention to short stops."

THE TEST.

"There were bad—very bad spirits at the seance I attended."

"Did you see them?"

"Didn't have to; I could smell 'em."

GOOD EXAMPLE.

"How is it your parrot talks so incessantly?"

"I bought him from the janitor of a woman's club."

SLIGHT ERROR.

"That tall blonde is a perfect ox-eyed Juno."

"Not ox-eyed—peroxyde."

HIS LOCATION.

Lawyer—And you say your neighbor's dogs are vicious and dangerous? Do you mean to say that you live in a state of perturbation?

Witness—No, sir; I live in the suburbs.

JOSH WINK.