

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

THE MODERN WRITER.

If you want to be an author of the up-to-datest type
And find your work among the six best sellers,
You must take an altogether melancholic view of life
And top gloom's notch past other fiction-tellers.
You must get your local color from the jaundice and the blues,
And select a phase of life that's very yellow,
Or otherwise you cannot teach a moral lesson great,
Or have your books like very hot cakes sell, oh!

Don't let a gleam of humor or a healthy human throb
Of any kind get in your style of writing;

Don't picture men and women who are neither rakes nor snobs;
From your love tales take out all that is inviting.

Remember, love and cheerfulness and wholesomeness of taste

Are deadly sins in modern story-telling.
For the epicurean palate of the reading public now

There must be a taint to help along the selling.

Avoid romance as you would fly a plague—it isn't style;

Dissect society—or vivisect it, rather;
'Tis the only life worth noticing in this big world of ours—

The only field in which real life to gather.

Avoid the light and flowers—seek the gloom and gather weeds;

If life is clean and happy, never tell it.
Both are most inartistic, and the artist's touch you need

In your novel—or, my dear, you'll never sell it!

MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

"What is that swordsman doing now?" asked the old man, who couldn't see very well, at the athletic exhibition.

"He's fainting," was the answer.

"Dear me!" said the sympathetic old lady. "Can't somebody take him my smelling salts?"

NO MORE WORK FOR HER.

"Is your daughter going to make her debut this season, Mrs. Parvenue?"

"No, indeed! Madame Pakin attends to all that. We don't have to do our own sewing no more."

NOT THE MARINE VIEW.

"I don't see why it is any detriment to a vessel to part with her anchor."

"Oh, you don't! May I ask why not?"

"No matter what happens she can always keep her hold, can't she?"

A SOCIAL DRAWBACK.

"She'll never be a success in society—she doesn't know what people to be polite to."

"You mean she's rude to people who can help her along?"

"No, it's the other way. She's polite to everybody alike."

THE USUAL GAME.

"Young Spendthrift and his father are always having a game of seesaw together."

"I didn't know they were that playful at home."

"Oh, yes; every time the young man settles down the old man settles up."

A DOGBERRY DOUBT.

"What's the charge against the prisoner, officer?"

"Uttering forged notes, Your Honor."

"What defense have you to make, prisoner? Nothing to say, eh?"

"No, Your Honor; I'm dumb."

"Then how could he utter any kind of notes, officer? Discharged."

LOGICAL PLEASURE.

"How can you keep up such a constant round of gaiety?"

"What else can you do when you move in social circles?"

SOMETHING THAT WAY.

"Conditions at Annapolis are getting something like bad weather, aren't they?"

"In what way?"

"First comes the haze, and then the missed."

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