

WIT, HUMOR AND SARCASM FROM THE CARTOONISTS AND FUNNY MEN



FROM THE POLITICAL SIDELINES. G. O. P.—These fellows are running well, aren't they? Dem.—You bet. Say, it's great sport being out of politics and watching the fun. (Lincoln (Neb.) News.)



CAN THE TIGER CHANGE HIS STRIPES? WELL, HE MIGHT. (Minneapolis Journal.)



WHY NOT? France (to Russia)—Aren't you going to dance with Mr. Bull? Russia—I think I should rather like to, if he wouldn't tread on my toes. France—Oh, but he won't. He's improved immensely. I find him adorable! (Punch.)



Proud Husband—That is a photo of my wife. Elder McNab—Awel, mon, we all has our troubles! (Illustrated Bits.)



A SAINT AMONG SINNERS. Parson—Well, John, I hear you distinguished yourself at the "Three Moons" last night by dancing among the glasses on the table. What did your friends think of the performance? Parson—Indeed, and how was that? John—Cos they was underneath. (The Sketch.)



Errand Boy—The gov'nor said I wasn't to come back without the money. Our Artist—Then I'm afraid you must consider yourself sacked, sonny. (The Titler.)

BEST THINGS CULLED FROM THE BRITISH MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

IRVING AND HIS FRIENDS. His earliest meeting with Disraeli formed an incident of which the present writer had personal cognizance. The statesman had witnessed from Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's box the performance of "The Corsican Brothers" at the Lyceum. At the fall of the curtain Beaconsfield expressed his delight to the actor. "The piece," he added, quaintly, "gives me an allegorical reminder of some episodes in my own career. During the same conversation Irving, with deferentially demure humor, suggested a possible biographical analogy between the part of Mr. Washington Wells in "The Sorcerer" and the popular idea of the Disraelian policy. The great man was delighted. Subsequently he invited the actor to Hughenden. Of the conversation there I recall one detail from the visitor's account: "Whom do you consider the greatest orator you ever heard?" "I should say," after a pause came the answer, "Daniel Whittle Harvey." Regularly invited, like his friend Toole, to Gladstone's Downing-st. breakfasts, Irving rarely attended them. Regretting on one occasion his absence, the host remarked: "Irving's success in any kind of career or later brings its own reward. He may have exalted his art. He has certainly taught his age." The Irving-Tennyson meetings were fruitful in memorabilia had any record of them been kept. Here is one specimen, recounted in his most amusing manner by the actor and afterward confirmed by the poet. Habitually preoccupied at table, the laureate on this occasion had shown exceptional absence of mind. After dinner a pint of the port, immortalized in the verses of the Head Waiter at the Cock, made its appearance. The guest entirely avoided the wine. Presently the bottle was empty. Holding it up to the light, the bard, with a sort of comic ruefulness, remarked, "Do you always take a bottle of port after dinner?" "Every drop, of course, had been consumed by the host. These and other Irvingian anecdotes depended so much on the histrionic accompaniments of their recital as, when written down, to seem baldly devoid of point. With no preparation Irving could so control his facial muscles as in a moment to reproduce the countenance of Gladstone or of his great rival. Between the latter and the actor there existed a certain similarity of feature that sometimes produced a startling dramatic effect. In 1855 the second Duke of Wellington had secured the artist for his visitor at Stratfieldsaye. When in evening dress the guest entered the room an indescribable expression of awe and amusement went round. Lady Dorothy Nevill, who had than any of those present, interpreted the general feeling with words—"It might indeed be Disraeli himself." (T. H. S. Escott, in The Fortnightly Review.)

one only interview with Nelson. The anecdote is too familiar for reproduction here. Less well known, probably, or less remembered, is a similar testimony borne by two officers, Captains Layman and Sir Alexander Ball, who served with him under varying circumstances. One day after tea in the drawing room at Merion Lord Nelson was earnestly engaged in conversation with Sir Samuel Hood. Mr. Layman observed to Sir Alexander that Lord Nelson was at work, by his countenance and mouth; that he was a most extraordinary man, possessing opposite points of character—little in little things, but by far the greatest man in great things he ever saw; that he had seen him petulant in trifles and as cool and collected as a philosopher when surrounded by dangers in which men of common minds with clouded countenance would say, "Ah! what is to be done?" It was a treat to see his animated and collected countenance in the heat of action. Sir Alexander remarked that the other captains to ask him when he intended to begin; to which the answer was, "Never." Sir Alexander said he stared and they all stared, but the artist continued: "There is such a mixture of humility with ambition in Lord Nelson's countenance that I dare not risk the attempt!" Contrast with such an one the usual equable composure of Washington or Wellington, and the difficulty of a truthful rendering is seen; but reflection reveals therein likewise the intensely natural, spontaneous, impulsive character, which takes hold of our loves and abides in affectionate remembrance.—(Captain Alfred T. Mahan, in The National Review.)

the English section, the Anglo or Irish-American, Washington the real power lies with the sixty-four chairmen of committees. Go through their list. You will meet with exceedingly few German, French or Swedish names. Let alone the negroes. It is even so with the forty odd chairmen of committees in the American Senate. They are all Anglo or Irish-Americans. Look at the chief "movers" of the caucuses and conventions; they are nearly all Anglo or Irish-Americans. The simple reason of this fact is that the Anglo and Irish-Americans are incomparably superior, in point of political capacity, to all the other nationalities in the States put together. Now, the same thing would happen in Hungary should universal suffrage be introduced. The Magyar language, like English in the United States, would fast become the only language used by the people. The Magyars proper, infinitely superior in point of political capacity to all the other nationalities in Hungary, would run the country by some new sort of caucuses, conventions, chairmen of committees, just as do the Anglo and Irish-Americans. The Hungarian Parliament would indeed change in character. It would approach the style and structure of the American Congress much more closely than it has ever done. It is doubtful whether that is desirable. It is, however, certain that universal suffrage would indefinitely strengthen in Hungary, as it does in America, the hands of the politically able leaders, that is, of the Magyars.—(Dr. Emil Reich, in "The Contemporary Review.")

NELSON'S BAFFLING MANY-SIDEDNESS. Great indeed must be the difficulties of the artist or the writer who has to portray the man capable, within a half hour, of such diverse moods as Wellington witnessed in his

Why Arnold Boecklin used no models. He first fell in love with the daughter of a trunk maker, but she got inflammation of the brain and died. In 1852 he became enamoured of the daughter of a well-to-do Basle burgher, but the girl refused to marry a penniless painter. This circumstance, it seems, prompted him to leave Basle and to go to Italy, where he was more fortunate in his wooing and soon married a young Roman girl, Angelo Lorenzo Pasoucci, who was remarkably beautiful, brought him a small dowry, together with good luck, and remained his true and staunch friend throughout his whole life, which is more than the majority of husbands can say. She took care of his finances and of his bad health, and but for her probably the artistic world would never have heard of Boecklin. She bore him fourteen children, of whom six only are alive. But the misfortune was, as he said himself, that his wife had the ideas of the ancient Roman matrons, and would not permit any female model in the studio. Without a model he could not paint, and had he insisted on having a model there would have been trouble in store for him. As he deeply loved and respected his wife, he was obliged to act according to her

traced to the operation of the new established faith that the principles of law and order had been once accepted, national prosperity depends mainly on the development of national resources, and to the consequent transfer of wealth and power from the governing class to the classes by whose industry the economic necessities of mankind are supplied. The effect of these transmutations on the public schools has been great, and among all the material and social changes of the period none perhaps has been more powerful than the abolition of patronage and the extended use of the instrument of competitive examinations for admission into the service of the State. While only an insignificant fraction of public school boys can now look forward to appointments in the public service, the professions are overcrowded, and probably not 10 per cent of the boys who still proceed as of old to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge can hope to earn a living by their degrees.—(Sir Charles Bruce, G. C. M. G., in Macmillan's Magazine.)