

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 29, 1896.

ADYLL OF APRIL 1--WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!

Once upon a time... in truth, quite recently... were some fish that were said to be of great depth...

Fooling the Fishes--Bait Without Hooks.



On that same day a man went fishing for suckers...

Now there is a moral in this story. There was no hook in the fisherman's bait...

On the 1st of April last, a young woman who lives on New Hampshire avenue...

So when the bride of only two Aprils... was surprised to find her husband in New York from Washington...

These historical... are recalled by way of prelude to the statement that April Fool's Day is again with us...

One half of the world will begin on Wednesday to play pranks on the other half...

The misfortunes of the day are like the premonitions of sneezes. You know they are coming, but you can't prevent their arrival...

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THE SAME OLD BRICK IN THE HAT JOKE



THE COTTON APPLE DUMPLING

Some Old and New Jokes Suggested by The Times for Next Wednesday.

Of Course the Small Boys' Well-Tried and Proven Schemes Will Hold Sway, but There Is a Chance to Extend Them into Municipal and National Life



Some Ancient and Honorable April Fools Jokes.



PUT WALLET WITH A STRING TO IT



DOCTORED CANDY AND OTHER JOKE

art" and "Teller" having done which he wrote out of the room, leaving the second fiddle to play out the score.

It will probably be a hot day for king-makers, however good it may be for political foot markers. In a quiet, cozy room in a Philadelphia hotel there are gathered together the elect of the Warwick of this day and generation, foremost among whom are Platt, Quay and Clark.

They are not afraid of any crowd of bores, or a knife up the sleeve of Craver, or any other gift of the Greeks. But they didn't reckon on the "deus ex machina" of this day and generation, foremost among whom are Platt, Quay and Clark.

With a rattle of plates and a creaking of wooden cox-gears, down comes Mr. McKinley, stuffed full of the "looks that way" and the "front and fun" and the "lights - a d that is no joke."

The houses of April Fool's Day are many and valuable if studied practically. A man should not let his house burn down because, was in his own conceit, his neighbor tells him that his house is on fire. At the same time, if all the night caps and night dresses in Paradise alley are sprinkled from the hose of the small boy on the roof who has been paid to shoot "fire," it only goes to show that there is a certain degree of insurance in trying to find out whether there's a fire in your own house by looking out of the window.

The place to look is in the back of the head, or any other inside precinct. Again, the man who passes a silver dollar on the pavement feels bad when he looks back and sees that another man has picked it up safely. If it's a pocketbook the case is all the sadder, or if the man who believes that it is better to take in the baby off the doorstep takes and tells his wife about it, may open the bundle to find it one of our old friends, the rag baby. So, again, the brick in the hat is inevitable, but it is no use to go home in that condition.

It, of course, requires a good deal of fortitude and saw teeth to eat a cotton batting dumpling, or to chew, with a scintillating face even a small piece of candy with a yarn inside, but it is said that it has been done rather than acknowledge the joke, but it is nearly all of the instances the patients died as martyrs like the Spartan boy who let the fox eat out of his breast rather than let a rat rather than be judged for stealing the fox.

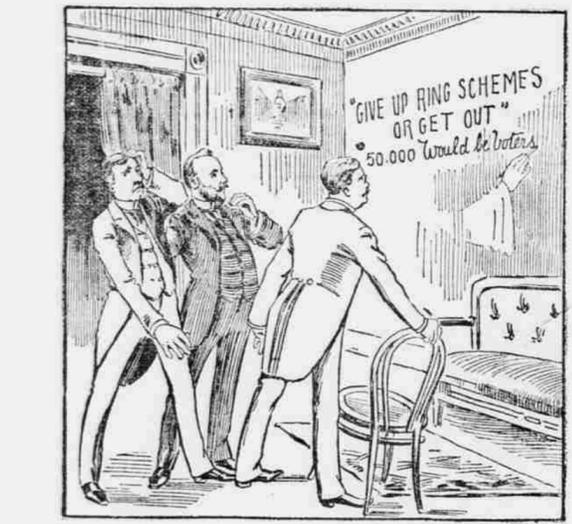
If you find it yrn or cotton, spit it out like a man. Ketch for all the money in sight, plus up all the pocket-books, pen all your letters, receive all the visitors in or out of outrageous berles, for on this particular day it's the only way to save the problems of the other folk. It is somewhat strange that a person who believes that it is the only way that always happens seems to look behind him when a small boy says to him confidentially: "Master, your horse has dropped his tail." It is human nature to look back when he has turned the corner.

There have been very many sage tomes written about the origin and use of April Fool's Day. Some writers ascribe to it a Roman and others a Greek origin. It is more than likely that it began on the day when Esau tried to pass himself off for Isaac with their hand placed, Abraham, Isaac, however, discovered that the original Esau had hair on his brain and the room of Esau was inhaled for all the eyes. They have had hairs on their brains ever since.

April 1 at the District Building.

A Neat Little April Effect in the Senate.

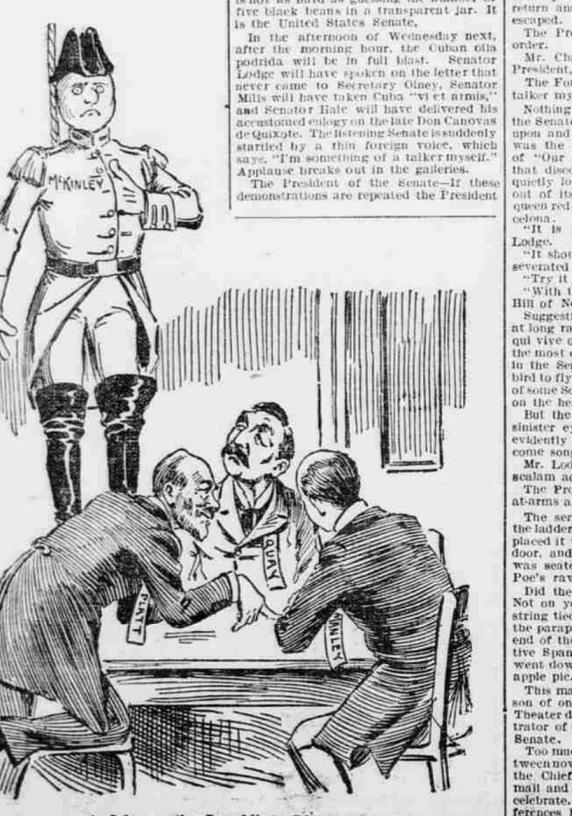
Somebody's Little Joke on Grover.



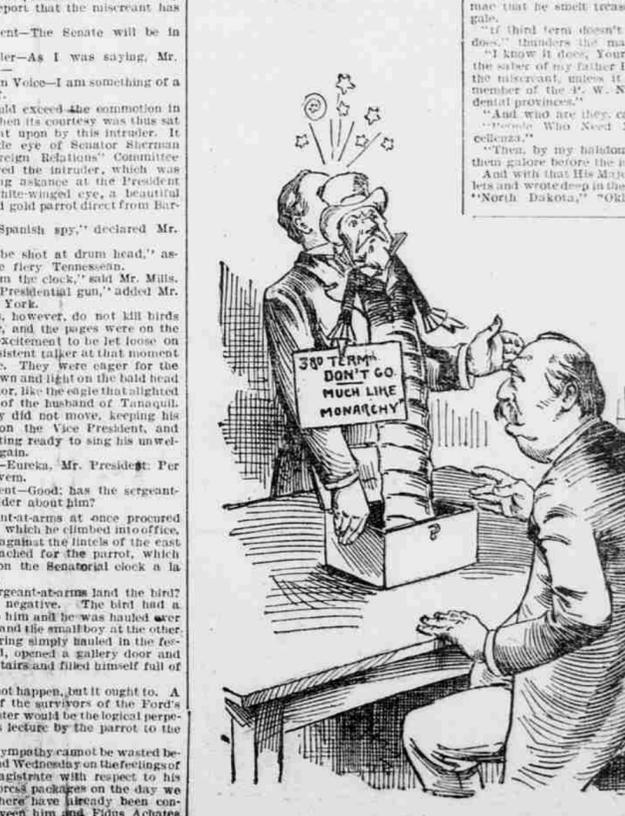
April 1 at the District Building.



A Neat Little April Effect in the Senate.



A Joke on the Republican Ringsters.



Somebody's Little Joke on Grover.

the little stranger into the street. There may be millions waiting the long-lost heir before you die.

The compliments of the season are firstly due to the three destinies of Washington, Messrs. Rose, Truesdell and Boyell. They will do a land-office business on April Fool's Day. They will be sitting at a Belshazzar's feast, and let there appear on the wall a strange scroll in the Kalorama dialect.

The Attorney for the District and the interpreter of the elastic law of the local Meers and Persians is called in and he is promised fine riment and an amethystine ring if he expounds the letters of fire on the wall. Reference to the snapshot of the occasion will be found in the margin of this page. Of course, this may not happen, but it ought to, which is a much better consideration.

There is one place in the United States where everything can happen, provided always it is not something practical--even

which to exclude the April Fools Day disasters of the White House peace. In the mind's eye, without even a warm application of the Roentgen ray, it is easy to see the fighters against folly seated at the table in what the President told the delegation of Baptist ministers was his "workshop." In a certain sense, this is true, because it is there he saw wool. The President casts aside carefully all the suspected letters and puts all the packages in a tub of water near him on the floor

to kill the microbes and any incidental dynamite. The morning is passed away pleasantly, and he asks for a cigar. "What kind, excellency?" queries F. A. H. T., in one-third Spanish and two-thirds Bayard. "A look of Virginia," replies excellency, and Five-Thousand-Dollars-a-Year in the future opens a new box. The rest of this story is done in black and white pictorially on this Seventeenth Page. In secret the unfortunate box-opener is on his

will enforce the rules and order the galleries to be cleared. Mr. Morrill of Maine--Mr. President, I have been fifty years in the Senate in the ambassadorial capacity of a Senator from Maine, and I have never yet heard of the Foreign Voice--I am a talker myself. (Renewed applause from the galleries.) The President--The sergeant-at-arms will arrest that obnoxious personage. The galleries are cleared, and the ser-

gent-at-arms and First Assistant Stewart rush up into the podium reservation. They return and report that the miscreant has escaped. The President--The Senate will be in order. Mr. Chandler--As I was saying, Mr. President. The Foreign Voice--I am something of a talker myself. Nothing could exceed the commotion in the Senate when its courtesy was thus sat upon and spat upon by this intruder. It was the eagle eye of Senator Sherman of "Our Foreign Relations" Committee that discovered the intruder, which was quietly looking askance at the President out of his white-winged eye, a beautiful queen red and gold parrot direct from Barcelona. "It is a Spanish spy," declared Mr. Lodge. "It should be shot at drum head," asseverated the fiery Tennessee. "Try it from the dock," said Mr. Mills. "With the Presidential gun," added Mr. Bill of New York.

Suggestions, however, do not kill birds at long range, and the pages were on the quiet vive of excitement to be let loose on the most consistent talker at that moment in the Senate. They were eager for the bird to fly down and light on the bald head of some Senator, like the eagle that alighted on the head of the husband of Tomoult. But the spy did not move, keeping his sinister eye on the Vice President, and evidently getting ready to sing his unwelcome song again. Mr. Lodge--Eureka, Mr. President. Per seculum ad avern.

The President--Good; has the sergeant-at-arms a ladder about him? The sergeant-at-arms at once procured the ladder on which he climbed into office, placed it up against the lintels of the east door, and reached for the parrot, which was seated on the Senatorial clock a la Poe's raven. Did the sergeant-at-arms land the bird? Not on your negative. The bird had a string tied to him and he was hauled over the parapet, and the small boy at the other end of the string simply hauled in the festive Spaniard, opened a gallery door and went down stairs and filled himself full of apple pie.

This may not happen, but it ought to. A son of one of the survivors of the Ford's Theater disaster would be the logical perpetrator of this lecture by the parrot to the Senate. Too much sympathy cannot be wasted between now and Wednesday on the feelings of the Chief Magistrate with respect to his mail and express packages on the day we celebrate. There have already been conferences between him and Fidus Achates Henricus Tiberius on the best manner in

knees asservating in shattered sentences to the accusation of the Potentate of the Potentate that he smelt treason in the tainted gale. "If third term doesn't go, less majeste does," thunders the man of destiny. "I know it does, Your Majesty, but by the silver of my Father I know not who is the miscreant, unless it be some godless member of the Y. W. N. M. of the Occidental provinces." "And who are they, castiff?" "Those Who Need Missionaries, Excellency." "Then, by my halidom, they shall have them galore before the flux of April." And with that His Majesty seized listablers and wrote deep in the wax "Colorado," "North Dakota," "Oklahoma," "Stew-