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A HINT TO HOTEL PROPRIETORS.

CLERK!—BOY, SHOW THIS GENT TO No. 11,568.



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Hotel Death Traps.

The recent burning of the Newhall House in Milwaukee, and the scare in the Planter's Hotel in St. Louis, ought to be sufficient warning to the authorities in every city, town and village in the Union to see that the hotels there located are provided with every means of escape in case of fire. Too much care cannot be taken for the protection of the guests of such establishments from the horrors of a conflagration. In this city guests are daily and nightly received in hotels that are merely death-traps. The proprietors know that in case of fire that nine out of every ten of the guests would perish in the flames or be terribly mangled. The authorities whose duties call them to inspect hotels as well as other buildings must find it agreeable to wink at the death-traps to which we refer.

We need not point out to the authorities the location of these death-traps. They know as well as we do that there is hardly a hotel in this city that is not a death-trap, but they lack the manhood and common honesty to say so, and to order that the needed improvements shall be made. It may become necessary for hotel proprietors to provide their guests with flying machines, balloons, extension ladders, axes, fire extinguishers, etc., as is shown to THE JUDGE'S constituency this week. Something should be done, and now is the time to do it, in the work of remodeling hotels so that guests may fly from them in safety when a fire is discovered. Hotel clerks, porters, and watchmen who are paid wages insufficient to keep a district telegraph boy in cigarettes, cannot be expected to keep awake at night and sound an alarm when the "fire fiend" (borrowed from the New York Herald for this occasion only) makes his appearance in the hotels in which they are employed. Let hotel proprietors pay their employees wages that will insure their wakefulness.

A Surprise Party.

Yes, indeed, Mr. Jay Gould, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, Mr. Russell Sage, Mr. August Belmont, Mr. Rufus Hatch, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, Mr. A. A. Low, Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, Mr. Frank Work, Mr. Sidney Dillon, Mr. Peter Cooper, and many others whom we might name, you might surprise the poor, and create a wholesome and everlasting feeling in your favor by giving the poor, young and old, a chance to enjoy an old-fashioned sleigh-ride, such as you will see pictured in this number of THE JUDGE. But we fear that the suggestion here so kindly made will not meet with your approval, and that if it does meet with such approval, you will not act upon it at once, as you should. If the drives in and out of the Central Park are not covered with snow when these words meet your searching eyes do not think that there is to be no more of it.

Prepare for the next opportunity for sleighing, and let that experienced driver, Mr. Gould, handle the

reins. Mr. Vanderbilt and others can supply the lunch. In all seriousness, Messrs. Gould, Vanderbilt & Co., it would be a neat and clever thing to do, and it would redound to your credit for all time. THE JUDGE has oftentimes informed you that he has no sympathy with communists, who await an insane moment when they may flaunt a red flag, and deal death and destruction around them. He has no affinity with the Herr Mosts and Justus Schwabs, who demand that you shall divide your wealth with a lazy, scurvy crew, who should be buried at the bottom of the North River.

He does not, after the manner of pot-house politicians, declare that he is the "friend of the working-man." He knows, as you do, that thousands of poor women and children, through no fault of their own, suffer in this great city because of a lack of the most ordinary necessities of life. It would be no incentive to laziness or carelessness to do a kindly act towards such as these. You may say with your well-fed stomachs, sitting in parlors such as kings might envy, that sleigh-riding is not one of the necessities of life, and then you would laugh until you became red in the face.

No, Messrs. Gould, Vanderbilt & Co., sleigh-riding is not one of the necessities of life. But how delightful it is, and how much you enjoy it! Therefore, THE JUDGE reminds each of you that you can make others happy besides yourselves, and win crowns of glory in the great hereafter by so doing. One simple act of kindness upon your part will go far towards awakening kindly sentiments for you, and the expense would be scarcely worth mentioning. As you stand to-day, the poorer classes look upon you as their avowed and relentless foes. In your interest, as well as for the interest of the antagonized classes referred to, THE JUDGE asks you to pause and consider the subject.

Which is Rapid Transit?

WHEN we see an elevated railroad station platform crowded with persons waiting for a train, and observe a street car rattling along as though in a hurry, we are compelled to wonder whether the elevated system is the long hoped for rapid transit!

The elevated system is a good one if it were conducted according to promise. But do the managers of the great enterprise keep faith with the people? Decidedly not. In order to meet the convenience of the people who patronize the elevated roads, trains should be run in more rapid succession than at present. Passengers should not have time to gather and shiver in this cold weather on the station platforms. Trains should be so frequent that passengers might step aboard as soon as they reach the ticket-box. Thus would rapid transit be a fixed fact, and the passengers would not hear the mocking rumbling of the street cars, as they now do, when they stand on the station platform and await the coming of the trains.

Another thing is required: trains should be run all night. Recently the Sixth avenue line discontinued trains which were run between midnight and five A. M., and many men who are compelled to attend to business after midnight are forced to take to the street cars as of old. The managers of this elevated road will doubtless be compelled by the Legislature to run their trains all night, and while the legislators are at work upon the job it would be well for them to order that the fare at all hours on each of the elevated roads shall be five cents.

We do not imagine that the Legislature has power to compel the employes of the elevated roads to be civil to passengers, but we would be greatly pleased if that body could be clothed with such authority.

Put Mayor Stowel on Ice.

We trust that the friends of Mayor Stowel, of Milwaukee, will take him in out of the wet, and give him a chance to recover his reason. It seems that that eminent philanthropist, Mr. Jay Gould, of New York, sent \$500 to Mayor Stowel, to be added to the relief fund gotten up for the benefit of those who were injured in the burning of the Newhall House. The mayor's acknowledgment of Mr. Gould's subscription has been telegraphed far and wide, and contains the following remarkable sentences: "Please accept my thanks

and the thanks of all our citizens for your munificent gift. It is timely, and should rank you with the noble philanthropists who distinguish this age above all previous eras in the world's history."

Had Mayor Stowel written to Mr. Gould: "The sample forwarded by you received; please send on the goods," he would have properly acknowledged receipt of Mr. Gould's paltry subscription. Put Mayor Stowel on the ice, and let him cool off!

Those Storm-Doors.

SINCE we were a boy and used to be greeted with the familiar growl of the old settlers who inhabit grocery store flour-barrel-heads, and used to hear the query—"Were you born in a barn?" and "Don't they have any doors on the house where you live?" and similar expressions calculated to stimulate a person to close a door after him, things have changed wonderfully. Nowadays a door to be in any kind of standing with the community at large must be equipped with an automatic, syringe-like attachment, which will resist the most determined efforts of a man to squeeze through, and as he has got himself by herculean strength half way through the door, fly back on him like an enraged panther when her cubs are attacked, and almost annihilate him by a Sullivanic blow.

The ordinary door-closer of the present day appears to be a brass syringe, with a brass arm, manufactured by a man with a face of brass, and intended to be operated only by men who are made of brass, and can stand being struck, pounded, jumped upon, kicked, mauled and squeezed until he thinks that the intention of the manufacturer of the automatic door-closer was to spring an infernal machine on the unsuspecting public. When you want to open one of these doors, you get at the head of a line of people and push. The line of humanity behind you push. It is a long push, a strong push, and a push all together, with the chance that the head man of the line gets out alive and all the rest get knocked down. If you are alone you will push with all your might. The brass syringe resists. You push harder—the syringical attachment braces itself, and resists as if it was a struggle for life.

At last you overcome the arch enemy. You squeeze through. The door flies back, and the brass attachment emits a groan of disappointment and baffled rage, which sounds like the long-drawn sigh of the discomfited villain in a melo-dramatic play. These door-closing attachments work by suction. No matter which way you stand the suction is against you. It is like the suction of the classic whirlpool of Scylla; when you once tackle it you're a goner. It is on the suction question that the attachment gets in its best work. It pushes the door to with a squeezing sort of softness, and a sighing sound that reminds one of the oily pressure of a sheriff when he's got you dead solid, and puts on assumed commiseratory sort of fellow feeling, calculated to calm your despair, but, at the same time, to do every bit of the business he came to see you about. Some young men compare the suction of these doors to the kiss of their best girl, calculated to pull the filling out of your back teeth or the last dollar out of your pocket. It resists, then advances, hesitates blissfully pausefull, and then bounds into your arms like a specimen of 250lb. sweetness, and the sound of the paroxysmal finish is just the same.

A CINCINNATI man has just ordered a tombstone for his fourth wife. As he is still in his forties, it would be a brilliant stroke of economy if he were to charter a marble quarry.

A WESTERN boarding-house keeper shot one of his boarders because he adversely criticised the hash. Boarders should never speak in uncomplimentary terms of the hash. If the dainty delicacy doesn't agree with them, they should throw it under the table, and call for a piece of roast duck.

A MEDICAL journal says: "It takes six ounces of chloroform to amputate a leg at the thigh." Many persons supposed that it also took a surgeon, and a knife, and a saw, but medical science is making such rapid strides that pretty soon a man can amputate his leg by simply swallowing a dose of "beware of counterfeiters" patent medicine.

THE RIDE TO THE BALL.

Up from the street at close of day,
Came the loud summons, "Make no delay!"
The quivering air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the maiden's door,
The call of her escort, the rumble and roar,
Telling the French ball was on once more,
And th' Academy twenty blocks away.

And louder still the ring of the bell,
On the ear of the hurrying maiden fell,
And faster and faster the nimble hands went,
For well she knew what that summons meant,
Her beau in a hurry, 'twas evident,
No time for thinking nor delay,
With th' Academy twenty blocks away.

There is a street from Murray Hill down,
Leads to the lower part of town,
And there through the clustering shades of night,
Sped a close carriage in rapid flight.
The coachman whipping with all his might,
As if he knew they were behind time,
Awaiting the hour of midnight to chime,
Impatient to be at the *bal masque*,
An' the Academy fifteen blocks away.

Policemen threatened and drivers aware,
As the swift steed towards Irving Place bore,
A shriek, a curse, an apple-cart gone,
Unheeding, uncaring, the cry is "On! on!"
The youth and the maiden with hearts so gay,
And th' Academy only ten blocks away.

Under their spurning feet the road,
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the team left the officers far behind,
Like ocean racers before the wind.
And the young man examined his pockets with care,
On his head then uprose each particular hair,
For he hadn't enough there the score to pay,
And th' Academy only five blocks away.

The carriage drew up at th' Academy door,
The despairing eye of the youth roved o'er
The crowd at the entrance in search of a friend,
Who would be willing a twenty to lend.
Up stepped his tailor with smile so bland,
And never that little bill did demand,
But thrust a twenty into his hand.
Hurrah for the ball! the friend in need,
Hurrah for the ball! hurrah for each steed!
That brought youth and maiden without delay,
From Murray Hill full twenty blocks away.

—M. A. C.

OUR CARD RECEIVER.

MR. EDITOR.—Is Miss Kate Field really a man?

PETER.

Oh, ain't you awful! Miss Field must not be trifled with in that manner. Until recently she was the head and front of the Co-operative Dress Association of this city. She purchased goods on credit, and when her notes became due, and real men, in a business-like way, asked her to pay up, she fell in a fit and the Co-operative Dress Association was no more.

DEAR JUDGE.—When I am bullied and knocked about by a Fulton ferry-boat employe, what should I do?

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS.

We once saw a man bullied and browbeaten by a ruffian wearing the uniform of a Fulton ferry-boat employe. The unoffending citizen of Brooklyn knocked the ruffian flat upon his back, and then washed the windows and wiped the decks of the boat with his almost inanimate form. Anything more you want to know?

EDITOR OF THE JUDGE.—How can I become popular with the masses?

SALMI.

Frequent the gorgeous establishments where fiery liquids are for sale. Invite everybody within gun-shot distance to take a drink at your expense. Repeat this act from sunrise until sunset, and until long after dark. Do this every day for two years, at all times and in all places, and when at length you fall in a fit of apoplexy and expire, your funeral will be largely attended by the masses, and everybody will say of you: "He was a good fellow."

TO THE JUDGE.—If a married woman asked you to elope with her, what would you do?

HARRY.

Hush! Not quite so loud. Don't ask us what we would do. Rather ask us what you should do. We



PREPARING FOR A MASQUERADE.

COSTUMER.—"Yes, sir; what kind of a costume would you like, sir?"
YOUNG VAN BOYLE.—"Well, I want one that will make me look as homely as possible. The fact is, I don't want any one to recognize me, you know."

would not advise you to tell her husband. If you did, Australia would not be sufficiently far away as a place of shelter for you. Go West and grow up with the Indians.

WINDSOR HOTEL.

EDITOR OF THE JUDGE.—Because I failed to keep an appointment with Jimmy Lynch to attend a dog-fight, has he the right to abuse me?

EDGAR.

This is a very delicate question. We have submitted it to some of the most learned jurists and dealers in etiquette in this metropolis, and yet we are not clear as to Jimmy Lynch's rights in the matter. We have not the honor of Mr. Lynch's acquaintance, but presume that he and Mr. Bergh are not boon companions. If Mr. Lynch invited you to attend a dog-fight, and you accepted the invitation, then you were, as it were, *particeps criminis* with Mr. Lynch, and cannot claim that you sustained your moral character by failing to keep the engagement with him. We are not inclined, however, to the belief that Mr. Lynch has any right to abuse you, but we think that you should refer the matter to Mr. Bergh.

A Sure Cure.

THE other day a gentleman was so amused at a little incident that occurred, that he was taken with a hysterical fit of laughing, and laughed so hearty that he swallowed his false teeth, shook the pasted-licked-down hair all over the bald spot on his head, got a pain in the side, doubled up so convulsively that he cracked his biled shirt front, burst the top button off his pants, flopped his watch-fob up against his nose, and broke the leather center piece of his suspenders, all at one motion. He kept on laughing and doubling up at this rate until his friends momentarily expected to see him split his wearing apparel into shreds and fall into a fit of blind staggers. They tried everything possible to stop his merriment. They started an alarm of fire, told him a cop was coming for him, told him his mother-in-law had just been burned to death, and that four of his creditors were on the other

side of the street, that a book agent was behind him taking his name for six copies of the revised Testament, that a full-grown William goat was preparing to make a flank attack on him, and that a Nihilist had placed a dynamite cartridge in his pocket. All their efforts failed, however, and his friends began to fear he would laugh himself to death before they could help him, when suddenly an idea struck one of them. Rushing to a news-stand, he bought a copy of *Puck*, ran back, opened it, and commenced to read. The man with the hysterics shuddered; slowly he began to grow quiet, his form became rigid, his laugh ceased, and in two minutes he was groaning for them to stop. The cure had been effected.

MR. FREDERICK GEBHARD having acquired a national reputation for defective orthography, many persons were surprised to see his name attached to a well-written and properly spelled note in a Chicago paper. They are not aware that the editor always revises communications before they are given to the compositor, and often makes an ignoramus appear in the role of a scholar. When the Chicago editor was handed Mr. Gebhard's contribution, he could not determine for some time whether it was one of Josh Billings' original efforts or an essay from a Spelling Reformer. The following extract from the note, as originally written, will show that the Lily's friend has not recovered from his bad spells:

"My attentshuns to Missis Langtre is just what they ought to be, and so is hern to me. She is a stranger here without her Husban, an' Ime not the sort of man to see her suffer fer want of a frend an a fu dimens an' a pare of hosses an' a karridge. My objek in follerin a marrid woman all over the states, an forcin my attentshuns onto her ort to konvinc peepil that my soul objek is to make it pleasant for a stranger in a strange land, whose Husban' is knot within kickin distans by about 3000 miles. Mrs. Langtre needs a few hours relaxashun after her dooties on the Stage, an' Ime simply helpin her to relax 'em. A little reflexion wood suggest to the publik to mine its own Bisness, as long as Mr. Langtre dushn't get up on his ear. Pleas korrekt spellin, Mr. editore, and oblige yours," etc.

NO GOLDEN PANTS FOR DINAH.

"Dis long w'ile I've bin tinkin',
Ole Dinah, in my min',
Dah niggah race hab suffahd
Moah dan all mankin'.
We cannot hook a turkey,
By de slippy light ob de moon,
But sum yer white perlicemen
Cums flop on der shins ob a coon!"

"We dassent go an' bag a
White man's cawn on de sly,
Fo' we'd git shot'n de coat-tail,
An' plugg'd squar in de eye.
W'en cums de day of Jedgemint,
Den de gud Lawd, I hup he grants,
Fo' w'ite folks tah an' feddahs,
But fo' niggahs de golden pants."

"Yew shet yer mouf!" cried Dinah,
"I heent no cullah'd he!
I'll war a gownd in hebbin,
But no gold pants fo' me.
De Lawd, He knows His bizness,
An' is gwine to do w'at 's right,
In markin' sinnahs doin's,
Mighty squar' down in black an' w'ite."

Fashionable Fashion Notes.

House aprons of lace are among the latest novelties. —Yes, Biddy says she must have half a dozen for kitchen work, "they look so much neater than old sacking, you know!"

Barbotine is the latest craze in decorating old China. —The idea and name were evidently modeled after bandoline, which at present is used very largely to decorate empty calabashes and stick the water-wave crimps to them.

There is nothing so offensive to taste as an over-dressed young girl,—or an old one, for that matter, but we'd rather see one over-dressed than un(der) dressed. However, the fashion editors know what they're writing about probably, but we thought over-dresses had gone out of fashion.

The adoption of velvet for evening dress has led to its being used largely for bridal toilets.—Which reminds us that a bride who can't swing 'round in a silk velvet worth \$16 a yard, with forty yards in it, is about as unhappy a creature as the poor girl who sees her in all her finery and can't see the slightest flaw to pick in its cut, fit, fashion or make, and has to acknowledge it is superb.

It is "bad form," as well as bad taste, for a girl in her teens to wear a dress that would become a woman of thirty-five or forty—or, *vice versa*, but the burlesque actresses never see it in that light.

Gauze Balbriggan stockings are worn inside of silk and cashmere stockings, giving additional warmth, and protecting the skin from the dye or roughness of the outer stocking.—Now here's a concession; now keep right on in the good way you've started, and own up to all the rest of the padding deception.

Buttercup and jonquil yellow have been discovered to be very becoming evening colors, particularly when trimmed with tinsel and white marabout feathers, or with humming-bird and Imbeyan crest and neck feathers.—Yes, very pretty indeed, but the effect is greatly heightened by the substitution of a gaudy-hued game rooster for the humming-bird, and if you can't get an Imbeyan crest, try the natural imbecile top-knot and tell the rest of the fashionables that you came as near to the style as the market would afford.

Full and bouffant trimmings, ruches, shells and puffs, adorn the bottom of many fashionable skirts.—Correct in part, but you omitted to mention the large number decorated with old fringy braid and Broadway mud, while if the wearer has been away at the seaside, she also has a collection of shells, dried seaweed, "tormentor" burrs, old fish-bones, sand and relics of past wrecks. No, Mr. Fashion Editor, you omitted a large part of the stuff that collects in the bottom of a female's dress, not taking into consideration the different sizes

of masculine shoes when the aforesaid dress happens to be sitting in a fellow's lap.

Lace ruches, high in the throat, remain the favorite lingerie of ladies with long, slender necks.—Very sensible, indeed! We think the saddest sight we ever beheld—barring a defeated candidate—was a lady with one of those aforesaid long, slender necks. She was arrayed in a ball costume, and looked to us as if she was trying to crawl out of it in an unconstitutional manner. Beside this she looked like the shirt-on-a-bean-pole ideal, with the suggestion of a pan-cake-on-a-shingle in the background. No, long, slender, attenuated, lengthy, oesophagusated female, do not linger to sling in the ruches, they are more valuable than a porous plaster.

EXTRACT from a modern novel: "She had thrown her heart at his feet, only to be rejected. What greater punishment can any woman have to bear?" Well, he might have picked up her heart, carried it home, and given it to his dog. Or he might have put his foot upon it, and gr-r-r-round it into the dust. Or, worse still, he might have lifted it up tenderly, placed it in his coat-tail pocket, married her the next day, and made her work in a shirt factory while he fooled away his time and money in a pool-room. That would have been something like punishment.

A CONTEMPORARY prints a picture of a spider's web, and calls it a map of Boston. We didn't suppose the streets of Boston were so straight.

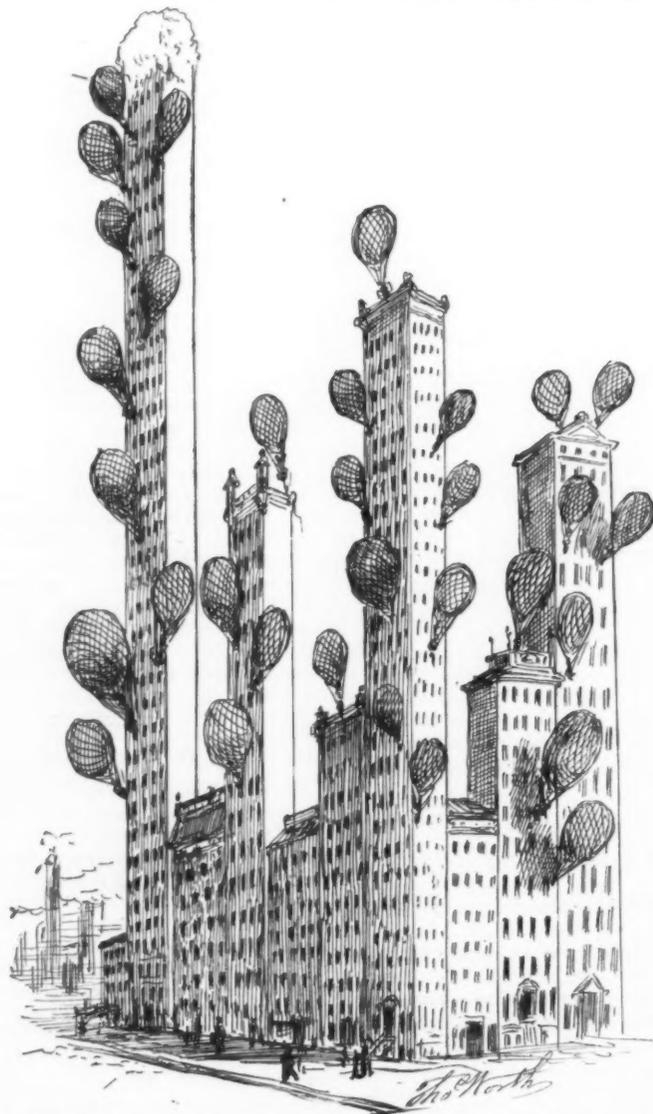
A DANGEROUS old rampart—that part between the ram's ears.

"It is said that a silk dress contains enough poison to instantly kill a man." A man who would eat a silk dress deserves to be killed a little quicker than instantly. Frequently such a dress contains an article that gives a young man palpitation of the heart the worst way, and causes him to lose many nights' sleep; but he generally recovers without the aid of a physician, though the services of a clergyman may be necessary.

A young lady leaned so far out of a second-story window to listen to her lover singing a "Come, Love, Come" serenade, that she lost her balance, and alighting on the youth's head, nearly drove it into his shoulders up to his ears. He was so mad that he refused to finish the song. He said he was only joking, anyhow, when he invited her to "come, love, come," and she should have had sense enough to know it—or else come a little less tumultuously.

A young man—we judge he is young—who sent us a poem on "The Birth of the Year," forgot to inclose his name, and twenty-five dollars for inserting his lines. A poet with such a defective memory will never wear the mantle of Longfellow. We might overlook the omission of his name, but the cash—never.

An editor, referring to a French ball, says it was demoralizing; "and if anything sanctioned by law," he adds, "could be more indecent, we should like to see it." No doubt of it—and pay three dollars for a ticket, too, if he couldn't get a free pass; but it doesn't look well for an editor to thus boldly state in his own paper that the more indecent a show is, the more he hankers to see it.



If they keep on building up in the air much higher, the only resource the tenants will have in case of fire is each one to own a private balloon.



RAGE OF THE EDITORS OVER THE NEW MAYOR'S NOMINATIONS.

BENNETT, *Herald*, "Shameful."—DANA, *Sun*, "Outrageous."—REID, *Tribune*, "Distressing."—JONES, *Times*, "Shocking."—HULBERT, *World*, "Awful." SCHURZ, *Evening Post*, "Schrecklich."
THE JUDGE.—What can you expect under the circumstances.

HER PAINTED MUG.

WHEN home came Darby Stiggins,
The other chilly night,
From labor very wearied,
What met his sadden'd sight,
But his dear wife a-weeping
Upon her Turkish rug,
"Because them horrid Joneses
Said she'd a painted mug."

Stiggins, in indignation,
Rush'd to Joneses' abode,
And ask'd an explanation,
Why they his wife did goad
Talking of her complexion?
Then Joneses did explain,
"How they'd but said she painted
Her mug de porcelaine."

CONUNDRUMS

- Who is the wickedest man?
- WHERE is the Widow Oliver?
- WHERE is Old Simon Cameron?
- WHERE is ex-County Clerk Butler?
- Who is the biggest liar in New York?
- WILL Fitz John Porter win the Fight?
- ARE there any reporters in State prison?
- ARE there any politicians in State prison?
- WHY politicians say that reporters are bad men?
- IF Americans are not better actors than foreigners?
- How many unsafe hotels may be found in this city?
- WOULD it be proper to hang defaulting Bank Officers?
- Do the Inspectors of the Building Department really inspect?
- WHY are American actors called "hamfatters," by Englishmen?
- IF there are not many men more wicked than Commissioner Nichols?
- WHY do the "envelope games" flourish in the Bowery museums?
- WOULD the people rejoice if O'Donovan Rossa and Daly killed each other?
- Do Elevated Railroad employees gloat over the mishaps of passengers?

A BROOKLYN editor is losing subscribers because he urged his readers to "look well to your fleas." He says he wrote it "fines."

A PENNSYLVANIA newspaper tells of a man "who shot his companion for a deer." He was a very accommodating man. A deer might go through this world yearning for a companion until its tongue hung out, and we wouldn't shoot one of our companions for it.

Not content with attempting to scare people with Mother Shipton's rhyme, some fellow has discovered a French prophecy which will wind us up in 1886, provided we have a certain storm in March.

"My cigars rank very high," remarked the cigar dealer. "Yes," replied the purchaser, "they are the rankest I ever tackled."



MANNERS IN PUBLIC.

SCENE: FASHIONABLE CONCERT HALL.

These are supposed to be gentlemen putting on their coats and rushing out before the last solo is finished—so polite and considerate.



FOREMAN.—"Hold on there—the blast is going off."
"CABBY."—"To the devil with yer blast. I'm in a hurry."



After the blast.—Not so successful a passage after all.

A CITY BLAST.

SPOOPENDYKE'S PRINTING PRESS.

BY BOB BRAIN.

A TRAMP came into our office recently, and offered to bet us five dollars that he could write better stories in the Spoopendyke style of architecture than the inventor himself. Although we are a member of five churches, and a synagogue, we took this worldly young man's bet, and lost. We got the story, however, and here it is.

The other night Mr. Spoopendyke arrived home with a very heavy package, which he proceeded to set in the sitting-room with a very mysterious air. "There, Mrs. Spoopendyke," he remarked, as he put the object down and mopped off his streaming brow with a napkin, "there is a grand surprise for you."

"Oh, what can it be?" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke, in a hysterical fit of delight; "oh! I know, it is a new carpet for the hall. How perfectly sweet of you to think of it."

"It is not that," said Mr. Spoopendyke, gravely. "You will have to guess again."

"Well, what else could it be?" simpered Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she started to crochet a tidy, with a blue worsted stork standing on one leg in the midst of some substance which might be taken for grass, clouds, or a blackberry patch; "maybe it's a hat-rack, or a washing-machine."

"No, Mrs. Spoopendyke," said her husband, "it is not a washing machine, neither is it a kitchen-range, or a chain-pump. Your guess also falls short if you think it's a refrigerator, or a fire-extinguisher. It's a printing-press, on which I expect to do all my own printing hereafter."

"Oh, but isn't that lovely!" fluttered Mrs. Spoopendyke, dropping the stork and rushing to her husband's side, "and can't we do the loveliest things with it! Is it the kind that the *Herald* and *Bazar* and all those nice papers are printed with?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Spoopendyke," growled her husband, "you've hit it exactly. This is the very kind. I got Mr. Bennett to kindly try it on, so as to get it the same size as the *Herald* is printed on."

"And will you print papers with yours like Mr. Bennett and the other editors?" continued Mrs. Spoopendyke timidly.

"Oh, but won't I, though?" yelled her husband. "It needed a dod gasted femal e idiot to think of that; you've struck the proper plan. We'll knock the kitchen and woodshed into one, and publish *The Daily Washboard*, price three cents, invariably in advance, edited by Mrs. Spoopendyke; choice literature and editorials by a trained corps of competent literateurs, etc. Subscribe now, and get two quarts of premium potato seed, etc. If I had your literary genius and knowledge about printing I'd get a yellow paper and distribute myself through the mails as a moral family newspaper. What d'ye think a printing press is, anyway? Got an idea

it's like a whitewash brush? Think you can print a 50x60 show-bill with a 3x4 press? Well, I tell ye that ye can't. Can ye get it into your measly head that this is a card press, and can only print a card three inches by four inches?"

"Oh, it's a card press, is it?" ventured Mrs. Spoopendyke; "then we can print those beautiful Christmas cards on it, can't we?"

"Now you've got it," yelled her husband, "that's the idea. It prints in thirty-five different colors at one impression, and any design, from the picture of an old crank with a sealskin overcoat, loafing round somebody's chimney with a game-bag full of jumping-jacks, to the New Year, 1883, represented by a hump-backed baby dressed in a broad grin, and a napkin tied round his waist, driving out the old year, dressed as an old tramp with a mowing machine and a gallon jug of whisky under his arm. That's the idea, exactly. Think you can print chromos and lithographs on it, don't you? Well, you can't. You can only print one color, and that is black. Think you grasp it now?"

"Well," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I suppose you can print visiting-cards on it?"

"Yes, Mrs. Spoopendyke, I can," said her husband, in a softer tone, and he grew in a much better humor as he proceeded to show his wife the press and exhibit his dexterity in the use of the type and press.

At last he got his worthy helpmeet's name set up in type, and proceeded to put the chase on the press with a grand flourish. But in an evil hour he had neglected to key it up, and at the first touch the whole business went to pi, and at the next fell in a confused mass all over the carpet.

"Why, what makes it do that?" said Mrs. Spoopendyke, laughing.

"What makes it do what, Mrs. S.?" sneered her husband, as he hit his head on a corner of the table in a mad dive after the type. "What d'ye s'pose makes it do it? What makes anything do anything? If I had your talent for asking idiotic questions, I'd get a glass of beer and a three-inch paper collar, and live out as a prosecuting attorney."

By this time the worthy gentleman had got the name set up and securely fastened, and was printing with great gusto; but he had, unfortunately, set the types in wrong order, and the first eight perfumed visiting-cards came out like the following:

ekydnepoopS .srM

When Mrs. Spoopendyke saw it she set up a little scream; "Oh, but isn't that funny though. What makes it be wrong side up?"

"Funny!" howled her husband with horrid derision, as he grasped the situation. "It's a perfect thunder-bolt of fun. It's the most deliciously humorous thing of the century. It's Mark Twain and Artemus Ward consolidated. All you need is an advertisement of liver pills on the cover, and a joke about a goat on the first page, to be a comic almanac. With your ap-

preciation of humor, all you need is a broad grin and \$3,000 worth of stolen diamonds, to be the leading comedienne of the American boards. Can't you see the measly type's turned wrong? They've only got to be turned round the other way."

After half an hour of diligent labor, the types were again in position, securely keyed up, and put on the press.

When the final arrangements were completed, Mr. Spoopendyke turned round to wink at the baby, and incautiously left his thumb over the edge of the press. As luck would have it, Mrs. Spoopendyke, in her anxiety to show her husband how well she understood and appreciated the press, commenced to work it with her foot with great vigor.

It closed with a dull thud on that gentleman's thumb, making him jump four feet high, and utter an exclamation that would have made the second lieutenant of a company of pirates blush! "Dod gasted the measly printing press," he shrieked, as he smashed the base-burner with it, and then he threw it in the alley. "Haven't ye got any sense scarcely? Why don't ye go on with the entertainment? The measly thing only got as far as the bone. Why don't ye begin on the skeleton? Why don't ye finish the chapter?" and Mr. Spoopendyke danced up-stairs, five at a time, with a parting injunction to his wife to hire out for a slaughter-house.

"Well," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she picked up the baby, and put a pitcher of water where her husband would be sure to fall over it when he went down-stairs in the morning, "if we have so much trouble in printing one word, I wonder how Mr. Bennett and THE JUDGE get along with a whole newspaper to print."

ONLY gammon: Talking up oleomargarine.

THE *Calico Print* is the name of a new California newspaper. We suppose it won't be long before some rival editor will be alluding to it as a dirty rag.

THE much-abused mother-in-law comes up smiling, with the following left-hander: "I thought my son-in-law was an angel before he was married, and now I wish he was one."

QUERY for country schoolmasters: Can the man who boards round ever be said to get a square meal?

"I know not what other men may say," exclaimed the immoral Henry (Fleming), "but for me—give me liberty or give me—a much lighter verdict for damages, *in re* Livingstone.

BURIED secrets: The actual expenditures of the Brooklyn bridge.

A FLUSH hand: That of the bashful young man.



MAYOR EDSON, it will not be in the interest of civil service reform to retain in office many of the men who obtained official positions in the City Hall through the grace of Mayor Grace. You will find that nearly all of them are barnacles upon the City's Treasury, and ought to be removed.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR, we understand that you are trying to screw up your courage to the sticking point, and that you contemplate following THE JUDGE's advice to you to cast out of office all who are not in hearty accord with you. Let no time be lost, Mr. President. Out with them at once! The people like a "game man." Show them, then, that you are one of that stamp.

MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATURE, you have a chance to do a great service to the people of this city by taking the power of creating police justices away from the Mayor and Board of Aldermen. Police justices should be elected by the people, and we are very sure that few, if any, of the present justices would receive sufficient votes to elect them.

BALLARD SMITH, you are well known as a newspaper man. Your early education in that life was gained in Kentucky. You came to New York, and was appointed managing editor of *The World*. Under your regime *The World* saw the brightest days of its existence, and you showed yourself capable of managing a far greater newspaper. You were engaged as the managing editor of *The Sun*, but there the freedom that had once been given to the king of managing editors, Amos J. Cummings, was denied you, and you were not permitted to show your real worth. Now you are City Editor of *The Herald*. You have an opportunity, we hope, to make the columns of that drowsy journal bristle with well written, live news matter. Shake up the old paper, and let the readers see that it can be, after all, a local newspaper, as well as a receptacle for information concerning foreign affairs.

EX-PARDON CLERK MIGGAEL, the Governor acted wisely in removing you from office, and we commend him for it. You are making desperate attempts to create, through certain newspapers, sympathy for yourself because of your dismissal from the service of the State, and the facts have been misstated, as you know in your interest. As Pardon Clerk under several governors you held a position of much greater importance than the general public has knowledge of. The fate of many convicts serving terms in the State prisons, and many persons under sentence of death, rested oftentimes with you. It was upon your judgment that the Governors acted in nine cases out of ten. It was for you to examine petitions for pardon or commutation of sentences and make reports to the Governors. You had an opportunity to do much good or evil. You had an opportunity to basely deceive the Governor who placed reliance upon you. We charge no wrongdoing against you. If your conscience is clear upon those matters then you may rest easy. You were uncivil, that we know, and Governor Cleveland had a distressing experience with you when he was merely Mayor of Buffalo. Take the advice of THE JUDGE, Mr. Miggael, and be silent.

AN esteemed lady was prevented from joining a secret society by her husband telling her that she would have to walk a two-inch plank *a la ballet*, turn a back somersault off a flour-barrel, hang from the gas-fixtures by her heels, sing "Grandfather's Clock" backwards to the air of "Mary's Gone With a Coon," swear four times in North American Indian, and kiss him ten times. She is now certain her husband has been prevaricating with the truth.

A QUONDAM Beanborough bank cashier is now a hotel porter in New York, says an exchange. We give this information, so that guests can properly watch their baggage.

A YOUNG lady has written the Lord's prayer inside the diameter of an ordinary lead-pencil; it is so neatly done that it may be read with the naked eye. This is very convenient for the worshippers, as the trouble of carrying a microscope or any style of magnifying glass to church with them, to help in deciphering the prayers, often deters many good people from attending divine worship.

A PHILADELPHIA editor, on the witness stand, recently said a certain man couldn't forcibly eject him from his house if he (the editor) "were forty thousand years older and crippled, and decrepit." It is not often a Philadelphia editor reaches such an advanced age, though his paper may indicate otherwise, and when he does he is generally "crippled and decrepid."

HE.

I'm monarch of all I survey;
My right there's none to dispute!

SHE.

And this is the home you have made,
While you treat your wife like a brute.

SEVERAL persons are under indictment for infringing the Goodyear Vulcanite Rubber Patent. They are dentists, not beef butchers. The latter are permitted to infringe the patent with impunity.

A BOSTON man found himself in jail on the day he was to have been married. He took his situation very calmly and philosophically. He said he would have lost his liberty anyhow.

DIFFICULT job: Sweeping the horizon with a glass.

JAY GOULD'S signature is described as an early English scrawl. A sort of Mary Ann style of chirography, we suppose.

GROWING Arizona towns rejoice in the names of You Bet, Total Wreck, and Bob-Tail, and many of the citizens are bob-tailed, total wrecks, you bet!

THE smallest country newspaper is worth more to its subscriber in one month than its price for a year, and does more for its neighborhood for nothing than many a high official does for his munificent salary.—*Printer's Circular*. True, t-r-rue. Bill Jones cut his toe last Saturday.—Miss Sykes' maltese cat dropped a litter of four kittens last Thursday. The editor returns his thanks for the one which was presented to him.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know if "goblasted dum fool" is good English? Better ask Prof. Dana of the *Sun*.

THE late rural subscriber who went into the editor's office to see about something that appeared in the paper felt very much put out about five minutes afterwards.

SHE: "You may be sure, Augustus, that I have my faults." HE: "Certainly, of course." SHE: "But which one have you found out?"

SOME men are known by the company they decline to keep.

How to do a good deed: Help the dilapidated window shutter to a coat of paint.

SORRY compliment that of the young lady at the ball who called her beau an Indian because he was all the time on her trail.

THE acme of human wisdom: To know how and when to hold your tongue.

OF all the men in the world, never ask your milkman to "chalk it up."

NEVER judge a man by his umbrella. He may have taken somebody else's—by mistake.

A GREAT many current rumors turn out to be only gooseberries, after all.

OF all things to be avoided in this world: A religious discussion.

A WESTERN editor threatens to cremate Jay Gould. With all our heart, kind sir,—with all our heart.

THE father of a family, on inquiry into the antecedents of a candidate for the hand of his daughter, desired to know if the young man's family was an elevated one. "Very much so—at times," was the prompt and ingenuous answer.

How not to do it: Don't.

THE German government, in excluding American pork, will find out they have got the wrong pig by the ear—or tail; it doesn't make much difference which.

"CONDUCTOR, is it permitted for persons to spit on the floor?" angrily demanded a female passenger. "Yes, ma'am," gently responded the meek official; "spit where you like, ma'am."

A THEATER curtain is called a "drop curtain" because, when it does drop, most of the male members of the audience drop out to take a drop themselves. See?

ODE (NOW PAID) TO A BOOKSELLER.

SELECT and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Meet for æsthetic charges in thy care,
For many a book sees print that does not pay,
And wastes its sweetness on your counter there.

ONE of the most difficult lessons of life to understand is, how a person who differs from us not only in his opinions but in his principles, may perhaps be as honest and sincere as we are.

"YES," remarked the philosopher, "the moon is far more useful than the sun, because the sun is to be seen only in the day-time, when one doesn't require its light, while the moon comes when it is wanted—to illumine the night."

"THIS boy is rather large to travel on a half-ticket," said the railroad conductor to an economic mother of a family. "Yes, possibly so, just at this moment," she replied; "but he was much smaller when I purchased the ticket."

"Or say, Molke, phawt the divil des thim lethurs mane thare at the tail o' me name?" eagerly inquired one Irishman of another, as he pointed to the letters, Sr., meaning senior, affixed to his name on a letter he had just got out of the post-office.

"It manes sucker, av coorse," responded the party interrogated.

The last seen of the first Irishman he was forcibly trying to yank by the neck three hundred pounds of a postmaster out through a four-by-six letter-delivery aperture in the post-office.



This is the young man who through the long, sweetening days of summer treated his lady friends to ice cream and cool soda water, and now— But it is no use crying over spouted ulsters.



A SURPRISE PARTY TO TH
(WILL IT EVER OCCUR?)



THE POOR OF NEW YORK.

(OCCUR?)



POPULAR POEMS ILLUSTRATED.—"THE RAPE OF THE LOCK."

THE AESTHETIC WAY.

WHEN Jones' wife came home one day,
And on the mantel-shelf did place
Some bric-a-brac, she said: "Dear J.,
How do you like that lovely vase?"

He seemed quite shocked, and looked at her
With sternest anger in his gaze,
And said: "My wife, I mus' demur
To your bad English—call it vase."

Their daughter, who their talk o'erheard,
Made sport of both her pa's and ma's
Pronunciation of the word,
And said to always term it "voz."

—J. H. F.

OUR POPULAR FARCES.

REPORTED BY "ED."

"HOW TO LIVE UPON NOTHING."

CHARACTERS:

MR. SHARP, JAMES, MRS. SHARP,
THE BUTCHER, THE BAKER, THE GROCER.

SCENE FIRST.—Drawing-room of the SHARPS, after their return from their wedding tour.

Mr. Sharp.—Dora, my dear, at last we are in our own home. (Glances about.) And a very nice home it is, too, for a clerk with only fifty dollars a month. Let me see, what is the rent?

Mrs. Sharp.—Three thousand a year.

Mr. S.—Cheap at that! But I would not have hired the house if I had not supposed that you were worth half a million.

Mrs. S.—So I was, but it was all in the Jersey City Savings Bank, which recently went up.

Mr. S.—Well, we've got to make the best of a bad job. How much money have you, pet?

Mrs. S.—Twelve cents.

Mr. S.—And I have thirteen, besides being 'way in debt. There is one thing, sure—we will have to—

Mrs. S.—What?

Mr. S.—Do as one-third of New York does—live upon nothing.

Mrs. S.—How can we?

Mr. S.—I'll show you.

[Enter JAMES.]

James.—Please, sir, fellow at the basement door.

Mr. S.—Who?

James.—Butcher, I think. Anyway, he smells of grease.

Mr. S.—Show him up.

James.—Yes, sir.

[Exit JAMES. Enter the BUTCHER.]

Butcher.—Begging pardon for the intrusion, but bearing that you were to occupy this house, I thought as how I would call and solicit your patronage. I'm just around the corner, and I keep the best that the market affords.

Mr. S.—Certainly, my good fellow. Let me see. I haven't ordered dinner yet for to day. Bring me a nice porter-house steak, and some pork tenderloin. My purse, love.

Mrs. S.—I haven't it.

Mr. S.—Dear me, I left it up-stairs. What a nuisance! Ring for James.

Butcher.—Oh, don't. I prefer, with such gentlemen as yourself, to keep an account. Pay every week, or month, just as you please.

Mr. S.—True, that is the best way. Depend upon it, I will let you have my custom, and mention you to others.

Butcher.—Thanks, sir. [Exit.]

[Enter JAMES.]

James.—Another party to see you, sir.

Mr. S.—Who?

James.—Guess it's a grocer. Smells of onions.

Mr. S.—Show him up.

[Exit JAMES. Enter the GROCER.]

Grocer.—Mr. Sharp?

Mr. S.—Yes, sir. Your name?

Grocer.—Vunderdunk. I vos keeb a grocery store der sdreet gornery here. If you vos not deal somevheres beside, I would like to request the bleasure mit your batronage.

Mr. S.—Why—well—I have not as yet promised any one my trade in your line. Yes, you can have it if your goods are good.

Grocer.—Dey vos der finest py der land. I send you a book. We puts down when anydings you get, und we saddles up monthly—eh?

Mr. S.—Good as any other way, I suppose. Good-day.

Grocer.—Danks, sir. [Exit delighted.]

[Enter "JAMES."]

James.—A caller, sir.

Mr. S.—Who?

James.—A baker, I guess. Smells like pretzels and hot rolls.

Mr. S.—Admit him.

[Exit JAMES. Enter the BAKER.]

Baker.—Bon soir, monsieur.

Mr. S.—Good-day.

Baker.—I have ze plaisir of speaking with Monsieur Sharp?

Mr. S.—Yes, sir.

Baker.—Pardon me, but I would weesh to speak about a trifle of business. I have ze leetle bakery in ze next avenue, and would monsieur crown me wiz ze

great joy of allowing me to serve him wiz ze bread, ze pie, ze morning roll, ze cruller, ze—

Mr. S.—Yes, my good man. Just leave me your address. By the way, I settle my bills the first of every month.

Baker.—Zat was ze best. I would trust monsieur wiz my life. Adieu.

[Exit BAKER. Flats close.]

SCENE SECOND.—Same place. Time, one month later.

[Enter MR. SHARP.]

Mr. S.—Dora!

[Enter MRS. SHARP.]

Mrs. S.—What, dear?

Mr. S.—Pack up!

Mrs. S.—Are we to leave?

Mr. S.—Yes, the jig's through!

Mrs. S.—How?

Mr. S.—Here's the bills from the butcher, baker, and grocer, from the house-agent, and James is positively getting insolent; he asked me this morning if I could not repay the various sums I have borrowed of him, and also hinted that his wages were due.

Mrs. S.—But where will we go?

Mr. S.—Hire another house in a different part of the city, and repeat the same game. Some may boast of living upon ten dollars a week, others of living upon two, but we, pet, have found out—

Both.—How to live upon nothing.

[CURTAIN.]

A HOUSEHOLD recipe says: "When making wheat bread, mix a little Indian with the flour." If every woman who makes a loaf of bread were to follow this recipe, the Indian race would become extinct, and millions of dollars would be saved to our government annually. But the thing is impracticable. The trouble is to catch the "little Indian."

A FEMALE school-teacher won't abolish the "switch," no matter how obedient her pupils may be. That is, not as long as it is the fashion to wear 'em.

A BABY carriage that "can be folded up the size of a portfolio, and carried under the arm," has been invented. Young men no longer have a reasonable excuse to dodge Cupid's darts, and go thundering down the ages as old bachelors. If they knew what wild delight and soul-satisfying pleasure lurked in the feat of carrying a baby under the arm, in a coach folded up the size of a portfolio, they would enter the matrimonial state next week.

HERBERT SPENCER says that we do not resent with sufficient promptitude and decision infringements upon our rights. And yet it strikes us that there was considerable promptitude and decision in the manner in which a quantity of tea was thrown overboard in Boston harbor once upon a time.

It is said that King William of Germany wrote poetry when he was young. We never read any of William's poetry, unless he wrote "Beautiful Snow," and the chances are that he did—not. The fact that William culminated into a king, and is not compelled to wear boiler-iron clothing for the benefit of his health, would seem to indicate that if he wrote poetry in his youthful days, he had the good sense not to publish it. Nowadays, more poets bring up in the almshouse than in a royal palace.

AN exchange, in an article on ship-building, exclaims: "Give the Roaches their due!" Mrs. Summerbreeze says she will continue to give them an exterminator—"the nasty things!"

REGINALD DE COURCY ST. JOHN is clerking in a Chicago oyster saloon. They do things differently in novels. In a novel Reginald De Courcy St. John would have worn a single-barreled eyeglass, parted his hair in the middle, made love to a dozen girls at one time, and married the richest to save himself from starving to death, or forging a note for \$25,000.

A YANKEE firm is making iron grave-stones. They are warranted to last a dead man a life-time.

A PROPHECIC HISTORY.

A MASCULINE dainty was Freddie,
Was Freddie, was Freddie,
A slim-waisted youth always ready,
Aye, ready, aye, ready,
To jump at a chance
His fame to enhance
By playing up sweet to a "liddy."

Kind fortune at length sent him Lily,
His Lily, his Lily,
Their friendship grew daily until he—
Until he, until he—
Became the grand mark
For every pen-shark
To fire at, will he or will he.

Now Lil was the lass to endeavor,
Endeavor, Endeavor,
Ere she the connection should sever,
Should sever, should sever,
To shake from this "mash"
All superfluous cash,
And then she'd desert him forever.

Her plan was worked out to perfection,
Perfection, perfection,
Though much to our hero's dejection,
Dejection, dejection,
And Lil skipped across
The sea to her boss,
Leaving Freddie much food for reflection.

—H. H.

A Maidenly Fable.

THE gas was lighted. A pretty moth flew into the open window and circled around it. It was attracted by the light. This is not an unusual occurrence. It circled and circled around it. Presently it flew over the flame and was slightly scorched. It kept on circling. Presently it flew close to the flame again. For a second time it got singed. Then it flew off a little distance. Then it returned to the light. The third time it flew into the blaze. This time its wings were badly burned and it lost its power to fly. Then with a sizzle it dropped into the flame. There was a sputter and a fizz and the pretty moth died a terrible death, and its beauty was withered and consumed.

This fable suggests the conclusion, that a fellow who is spending \$150 and two weeks' vacation at the seaside, shouldn't monkey around grass widders or innocent looking "sweet-sixteens" too much, as ten to one they will give him the worst tumble of his life, when he asks them to go West with him and grow up with the settlement.

MEM. for our temperance friends: A New York establishment advertises that its patrons will be most liberally treated—with.

WE often hear of "pictures restored." We wonder if these same artists can do as much for a lost umbrella?

SMALL bores: Average Congressmen—only they don't seem to realize it.

ALL carnivorous persons visiting Paris put up at the Hotel de Veal, of course.

WARNING to base ball players: An amateur, while recently practicing the catch, actually put out his hand.

"PAY as you go," may be all very well, but if the rule was universally adopted we fear some men wouldn't go very far.

COURTSHIP has a very mollifying influence on young people. It subdues their "loudness," so to speak—especially if the old folks happen to be in the adjoining room.

How to get liquor out of a bottle without drawing the cork: Push the cork in, of course. (B.C. 485.)



"Oh, Jimmy, ain't he thin—just for all the world like a skeleton."
"I don't think he's all there, Susy; he must have the rest of hisself in that bag."

A NEW weekly called *Life* has just come among us. Its conductors, being serious gentlemen devoted to art, science, religion, and a few other things, are no doubt familiar with the old scriptural truism, "In the midst of life," etc., and extract what comfort may be attainable from the reflection that "the good die first," while they with columns dry as autumn husks are used for wrapping up old shoes and tinware.

"THE babe is the mother's anchor," pathetically observes a religious weekly. Hence it follows, we suppose, that the mother is the anchor's spanker as well.

THE JUDGE hereby notifies contributors to the wastebasket that the most desirable contributions just at present are baskets, not the wherewithal to fill them. Anybody disposed to do us a real favor will send along the basket first. We will consider the matter of filling thereafter.

MOST men claim to be more philosophical than hens, and yet it is hard to find among the former one who can sit on an egg without getting mad over it.

MACBETH must have been mixed up in some crooked real estate transaction, else can we account for his confession—"To know my deed 'twere best not know myself"?

HEIGHT of impertinence: Poking fun at the Washington Monument.

WHERE to find a mint of money: At Philadelphia.

VERY wonderful indeed: What President Arthur intends doing about several things.

IT is a base and wicked slander on the feet of a Chicago girl to say that, when out walking, she is forced to keep straight on until she finds a public square large enough to 'bout ship in.

REAL ghost story: When a Paterson man tells you he has seen one.

If the earth were to revolve seventeen times faster than its present speed, bodies at the equator would lose their gravity and be flung off. *Happy Thought:* If we could only manage to get some of our politicians to make up an excursion party to the equator, and then induce *Mater Terra* to put on a seventeen power pressure—how easily a very troublesome problem might be satisfactorily solved!

AMONG the latest of industries is the manufacture of artificial eyes for horses. They are said to be so much like the original that even the horse cannot distinguish the genuine from the imitated.

A CONVICTED felon was condemned to imprisonment at hard labor for life. On passing the sentence, the judge inquired of the prisoner if he had anything to say. "*For life*," lugubriously responded the latter. "It is a very long time; would your honor kindly allow me a rest of five minutes before proceeding to business?"

A VERY clever man, indeed, is he
Who can, in lying, out-Dorsey Dorsey.

NATURAL choice: When the small boy takes the biggest piece of pie on the plate.

LIFE may be compared to a railway: Each year is a station on the line, death the destination, and the doctors the stokers of the train.

THE Rev. Robert Collyer has undertaken to instruct his hearers "How to be young at eighty." Well, if your name is Young (a not uncommon one), and you should happen to live eighty years, the problem is not difficult, we should say.

SAID he: "Let's be one." SAID she: "Which one?"

"THE time has been when brains were out the man would die, and there an end." But now they usually send him to Congress.



THE "New Magdalene" having taken her departure, and withdrawn her woes from the stage of the Grand Opera House, her place was filled on Monday night by John T. Raymond, who made his bow (in fact several bows) to a large audience, that did nothing but laugh and applaud from the rise to the fall of the curtain. The cause of this extreme hilarity was Mr. Raymond's first appearance in this city, in his new play by Messrs. Jessop and Gill, entitled "In Paradise."

It is a well known fact that Raymond's admirers are given to laughing at anything and everything he says or does, but in "Paradise" he has a part that fits him like the paper on the wall. As Major Bob Belter, he is at his best, and irresistibly funny, and things go with a roar. The play here as elsewhere is an unquestionable success. The plot, if not original, is amusing, and the story is clearly told. The dialogue is full of humor and the situations are decidedly comical. Major Bob's love scene with the sweet heliotrope of his budding affections, who has for years been tenderly nursing a secret sorrow, must be seen to be appreciated, and Raymond apparently gets a good deal of personal enjoyment out of it himself. THE JUDGE doesn't blame him, though: he only thinks Miss Creese rather too pretty and youthful looking for the part she assumes. Mr. John Marble made a hit in the slangy part of Binks. The rest of the company are fairly good, Miss Boniface appearing to good advantage as Melia. In short, the whole thing is uproariously funny—a play to laugh at and enjoy. Raymond is in "Paradise," so are his audiences, and so was THE JUDGE—for two hours. He was "By Gad, sah!"

But alas, he found himself in quite another place, at the Bijou, listening to "Virginia." "Ringing the Changes," indeed! The plot (or what the authors are pleased to call a plot) is an Olla Podrida of "Billee Taylor," "Iolanthe" and other so-called comic operas, too numerous to mention. Sarah in "Virginia," is but another name for Eliza in "Billee." Digby Bill is a very good Ben Bar—we beg his pardon—Samuel Nubbles, and if his "Sally didn't love him true," it was evidently "All on account of Eliza." Then we have more about the British Peer, and spells are cast by devils or fairies—we forget which, and it doesn't much matter.

The first act is better than the last, but that isn't saying much. Indeed, Paul's speech, early in the play, that "things will be a thundering sight worse before they are better," proves prophetically true. Howson as usual mistakes grimaces for acting, and if we must have a chorus of girls in satin bathing costumes, with very short pantalettes, do let us have something to look at below the lace ruffles besides feet. As for Miss Lucy Couch, who made her "first appearance on any stage," in the title rôle, the least said the better.

Go home, Lucy. Wrap the mantle of your Couch about you, and lie down to pleasant dreams. In fact most any kind of a dream would be preferable to the reality that is here nightly inflicted upon a patient and long suffering public.

"Of a Parisian Romance" at the Union Square we will speak later on. THE JUDGE was there the night of the panic, but wasn't at all alarmed. He thought the rush was made by a few ladies, too modest to listen to the improper allusions, that are decidedly out of place on the stage of a first-class theater—romantic Parisians to the contrary notwithstanding.

Our "English Friend," has left Daly's to make room for Colly Cibbers' time-honored comedy, "She Would and She Would Not." "The Black Flag" waves at Niblo's, and the "Queen's Lace Handkerchief" continues drawing crowds to the Casino.

At Booth's the drama of the "Corsican Brothers" drags its slow length along, Bangs having finally con-

sented to play the dual rôle. Emmet still sings about the violets at Haverly's, while Buffalo Bill and his big Indians astonish the patrons of the Windsor. Mary Anderson is playing her "limited engagement" at the Fifth Avenue, and "Young Mrs. Winthrop" survives at the Madison Square. Tickets for the benefit of the popular Messrs. Lonsdale and Harris, are selling like hot cakes at the Standard, and Wallack "Stoops to Conquer" at his own theater.

"SUCCESS ON THE STAGE."

A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY THE LEADING DRAMATIC LIGHTS OF THE DAY.

Verbatim report.

HARD study and a graceful appearance are the requisites necessary for a disciple of Thespis. Yer gags must always be fresh, if ye want to control the patronage of the gallery. Eny yung man who perspires to the Song and dance biz, should learn Greek and cultivate his mind without a college diploma. No ass-pirant to the Variety perferch can hope for Succiss; and unless his features be of a grecian mould and his costume picturesque, he might as well look for an intellectual nigger in Thompson Street as Succiss on the Stage.

his
PAT + ROONEY.
mark.

A GRACEFUL appearance and hard study are absolutely necessary for success in the dramatic profession. So dear prince Alfred always impressed upon me. Some people have recourse to a paid paragrapher, who kindly informs the public, per press, of the incidents of the star's life; of course, the paragrapher must have a fertile imagination.

An astute manager is another great means of success on the stage. Though, when he will go so far as to burn down his theater to obtain that end, I think he is carrying things to extremes. A raving aesthetic crank will conduce very much to success.

Should an actress be so lucky as to make a mash, the public should be continually informed of Freddie's attentions. Freddy may not like it, but the manager does, and it is one of the numerous means to success on the stage.

LILLIE LANGTRY.

HARD study, an' all dat sort o' thing, is wat ye wants fur succiss on the stage. Hard work and poor pay is wat most stage drivers get; but if he has a graceful appearance, and keeps a sharp lookout fur de spotters, he kin make pretty good succiss on de stage. If ye wants to run a dive all ye got to do is to fix things wid de perlice, and dey won't haul ye in, ner raid ye, no matter fur Comstock or de penal code. A private sewer don't give things away, dat's about all I know about succiss on de stage.

BILLEY MCGLOREY.

Verbal report.

YAAS, a graceful appearance and hard study are required for success on the stage; though these blawsted Americans are so vulgah, that they cannot fully appreciate an aristocratic figure on the stage, and if you want to be successful you must occasionally patronize them. Yaas, actors must have recourse to wadding and black hair-dye if they would be successful. If you desire pecuniary success as a Manager you can import fifth-rate actors from Old England and palm them on the Americans as first-rate actors—they never know the difference—besides it imparts an air of aristocracy to the theater to have them. Milk-and-water comedies and Carpenter Melodramas of foreign authorship are always preferable to American products; in short, a truly English manner is a sure way to success on the stage.

LESTER WALLACK.

HARD study and graceful appearance, a little nimble figure, and a girl that can drink more beer than a Variety actor, is sure of success on the stage.

LENA ABERLEY.

A GRACEFUL appearance and hard study, coupled with mobile features, a small mouth, and much blatant nonsense is how to make success and money on the (clerical) stage.

T. DE WIT TALLMAGE.

HIF heny man 'as ha desire to know about success hon the stage, let 'im witness ha Sunday heve "Sacred Concert hat my 'ouse.

'ARRY 'ILL.

THE CAT-RABBIT.—Post-mortem examinations have been found necessary to determine the species of so-called rabbits lately foisted on to the epicures of London, and in many cases it has been proven that the feasters have been regaling themselves on defunct pussies. If the eating public is to be obliged to gormandize on cat-rabbit, we would suggest that the breed be crossed, as the gentle characteristics of a rabbit engrafted on to the natural proclivities of a cat would be quite charming. Then, again, a rabbit can't climb roofs at night and squall, and then lay all day under the stove to give the idea that the suffering community have been mistaken in the identity of the cat. Then, on the other hand, a cat cannot chew shrubbery, and do infinite garden damage, and a rabbit is precluded by its nature from having kittens in the parlor under the sofa, or in the beaver hat of the head of the house while he is away on a visit. By all means if we are to eat cat-rabbit, let the breed be crossed.

WHY does the failure of the Co-operative Dress Association remind one of a base ball game? Because there is a "left-field."

WHAT is the difference between a baker and a blundering printer? One forms the pie, and the other *pis* the form."

A QUACK doctor who was called on in person by a sufferer, had to decline the job. On being asked what he meant by advertising "to cure fits," replied, "Just leave your coat here over night, and I'll cure the fit for you mighty quick."

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J. E. F.—Declined.

"PEWTER."—No, brass. Declined.

P. W. B.—So good that you are invited to chip in again.

A. N. OLDFELL.—Sorry, "old fel," but we cannot find room for you.

"WESTERNER."—Oh, yes. Billy McGlory is one of our foremost citizens.

F. L.—The subject is too tearful, but it might be made available and valuable if published during a dry spell.

W. P. CUNNINGHAM.—As a general thing we dislike to decline poetry, but it comes easy to us in your case.

W. PATTERSON.—Wishes to know if "electric lights are healthy?" So far as we have heard there has been no sickness among them.

GEORGE FURLONG.—No publication could tolerate you furlong and keep afloat. By the way, haven't you mistaken your calling or something of the kind?

A. M. T.—"Our New Year's Callers," was much too late, the latest call, in fact, that THE JUDGE received. It will have to lay over until next year, but it is good enough to keep.

PATSY BOLLIVER.—No, Patsy, no. We have too much respect for your old reputation to publish such a joke as the one you send. But perhaps the failure to pay full postage was the joke after all. You may have thought so, but it really wasn't.

Castoria.

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And mamma sleeps at midnight hour,
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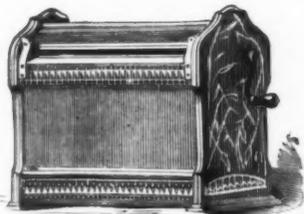
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"CHARITY begins at home," as a man remarked when he gave his wife five cents to buy marketing with.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

PARENTS buy their little sons rubber boots to keep their feet dry and protect them from the snow. A ten-year-old-boy will go out with his sled and his boots, and after a couple of hours' coasting will return home with a quart of snow packed so tightly about each ankle that he can't get his boots off without blasting the stuff out with dynamite or waiting an hour for it to thaw. When a boy takes "abdomen bumpers" on his sled, his gaping boot-legs scoop in two or three inches of snow each trip, which soon becomes a congealed mass.—*Norristown Herald*.

The cable brings the gratifying intelligence that the "Boers have been repulsed by Mapoch." Mapoch, we presume, is an editor; but the man at the other end of the cable doesn't seem to know how to spell Boers—though the word may have slipped a cog in coming over.—*Norristown Herald*.

THERE is some talk of having the tax on carpets removed. When a married man jumps out of a warm bed at 2 o'clock in the morning to get the soothing syrup for a squalling baby, and his bare foot comes down solid on something which to him seems sharper than a serpent's tooth, it is then he begins to realize that it would have been healthier for his new resolution if the tacks had been removed some hours before. *Yonkers Statesman*.

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FAIR Louise, a girl of high station,
Walked down town with attractive gyration;
The men looked on with admiration,
Proud of the maid and proud of the nation
That owns such women. With meek negation
Of modesty, she repels flirtation,
Thinking no doubt of her dignified station,
The style of her hat and ornamentation;
When suddenly, with a quick vibration,
She slips on the pave in wild gesticulation;
And then in a voice of deep agitation,
As she gathers herself up like a lost equation,
And assumes her perpendicularization—
As she looks at the treacherous ice-congealation,
With considerable strength and italicization,
The fair Louise whispers aloud, "Thunderation!"
—Williamsport Breakfast Table.

"CHARLES," said an Austin parent, "you must not allow the other boys to lead you into trouble. When anybody asks you to do anything you do not think is right, learn to say 'no.'" "Yes, father, I'll try." "Now go out, my son, and chop up some firewood." "No." "What do you say, you young scoundrel?" "I don't think it is right, and I say so." Whack! whack! "I'll teach you to be disobedient."—Texas Siftings.

"It isn't that I fear any dangerous turn of the disease," said the man who had the mumps, "or am troubled about my personal appearance. I only regret that my superabundance of cheek makes me for the time being resemble a life insurance agent."—Lowell Daily Citizen.

Who does not love music?—Poughkeepsie News. As for us, it depends upon what kind of music it is. If it is a hand-organ, we beg to be excused; but if it is the musical jingle of silver dollars, we are very fond of it.—Yonkers Gazette.

"Yes, sir, I'm proud of that man," excitedly exclaimed a Western man; "I'm proud of him because he has made a name for himself. Why, sir, when he and I were pard, just before the war, he was simply Sam Smith. Now, sir, begad, he's called 'Cheeky Charlie, from Cheyenne.'"—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

THE African negro is remarkable for the length of his arm and leg. Thus does Nature provide her children with the means for reaching clear up to the top perch of chicken-roosts, and endows them with peculiar powers of locomotion, so they can easily get away with their prey.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

For an example of pure and unalloyed contempt, take a barber's opinion of the man who is growing a full beard.—Lowell Daily Citizen.

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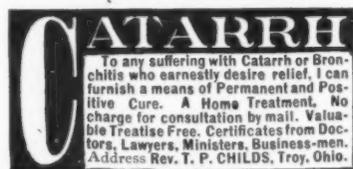
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A WRITER in an exchange speaks of a temperance organization that has advanced "from sneers and jeers to cheers." Now it is hoped none of the members will go from "cheers" to beers, as frequently occurs in some other societies.—Norristown Herald.

TALK about the courteousness of Chesterfield! Why, there's nothing can approach the politeness of a book agent when he imagines a victim is just on the verge of subscribing for a set of encyclopedias.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

At Mineola, Texas, a brakeman was caught between the bumpers, so the local paper says, and crushed to death. As the man's death was caused by bumpers, the temperance folks might utilize the occurrence to considerable advantage.—Texas Siftings.

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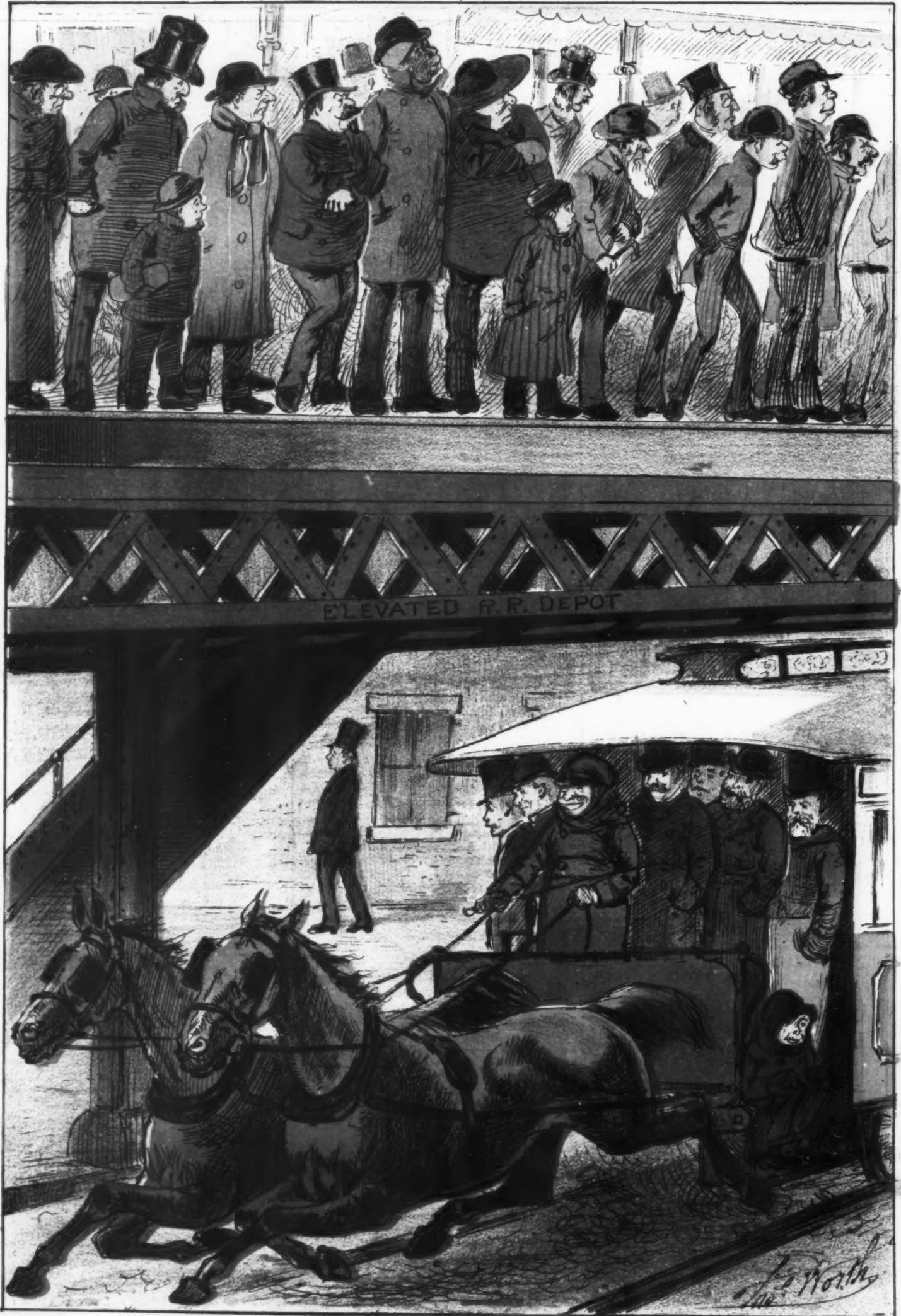
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