

# NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

## THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

"Now, girls, come to order,"

The chairman rapped out.

"We have such great subjects  
To talk now about.

We'll take for discussion

The Objective View

Of this Psychic Aura,

If that pleases you."

"Oh, that's just too lovely,

Just in Portia's line,"

Said Portia (not heeding),

"That shy lock of mine"

(Her busy hair fixing)

Won't wave like the rest."

Then turned to Ophelia,

"Which do you like best,

The country or city?

In both I can be."

Said Ophelia, "I'm simple;

A Hamlet suits me."

"But what of that picnic?"

Cried Juliet. "Let's go.

I just love the water,

Oh, dear, row-me-O!"

Said Rosalind, "In forests

Nice heroes you see."

Laughed Beatrice, "No man is

A Hero to me."

Helena was whispering,

"Why, there's Isabel.

You know, girls, she's going

In a convent to dwell."

But Isabel heard it,

And said with quaint glee:

"Not while the Duke's courting,

There's 'nun' such for me."

Olivia said Viola

No "piker" would prove,

Since by her own showing

She'd not tolled her love.

Then her Japanese spaniel

Came hunting for her,

And scared all the others,

Till she called, "Come, Spot, dear."

Lady Macbeth her manners

Entirely forgot:

Plagiarizing Smith's wit, called,

"Out, out, damned Spot!"

The club was in uproar

By tart tempers tossed;

One yelled, "Let's adjourn, girls,

'Tis Love's Labor Lost."

But the chairman cried, "Order!

Nor let passions swell,

Come back to our Aura—

All's Well That Ends Well."

## THE LAST TEST.

"There is a great deal of realism in that play."

"I should say so. You ought to see the real money they took in at the box-office."

## ANOTHER BATTLEGROUND.

"Why did you smile when that woman at the counter just now was talking about the development of the brute over the human in the modern game of football?" asked the lady clerk of the floor-walker.

"I was only thinking," said he, "of our Monday rushes at the marked-down bargain counters."

## NOT LITERARY.

"Do you see that man walking along there?"

"Yes; who is he?"

"That man is one of our highest-standard authors."

"Indeed. Who is he?"

"He runs a flag factory on the top story of that skyscraper."

## WOMAN'S WAY.

If his heart a sound organ a man he can bring it.

The greater inducement a belle has to wring it.

## THE FIRST ONE.

"I am the original kid-napper," whispered the cradle as it rocked the baby to sleep.

## THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

"Do you want a fat, dear?"

"Why should I? Didn't I marry you?"

JOSH WINK.