

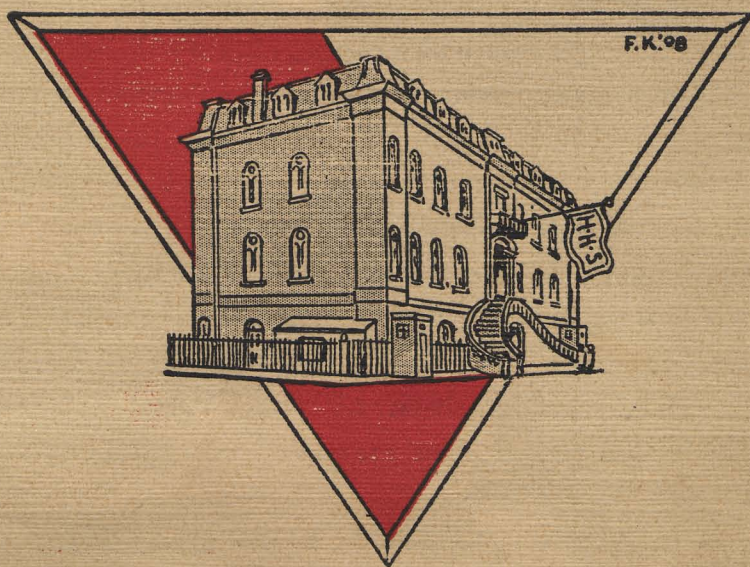
Lourence Miller.

Vol. II. ←

→ No. 7.

MARCH, 1908.

THE TATLER



PUBLISHED MONTHLY
AT THE
HOBOKEN HIGH SCHOOL

PRICE PER COPY, * * FIVE CENTS.



YOUNG men, young women immediately after their graduation from public schools are confronted with the perplexing queries as to what course to pursue.

It is obvious to both sexes that the field covered by the present business schools is entirely overrun with students, with the ultimate result that positions which grant sufficient remuneration are difficult to obtain. One of the most profitable professions for both sexes to-day is telegraphy. It can be acquired by any average student by five or six months diligent work, and prepared to accept a position.

The telegraph companies cannot obtain sufficient operators at the present time. A continuous demand is made for them but without result. The railroads, the telegraph companies, the wireless companies will immediately employ any number of telegraphers if they can obtain them.

The student to become efficient in the profession requires the attention and instruction of competent and experienced teachers. Our students are instructed by MR. M. JURIST, who has been with the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company for 10 years, and who is an expert in the study.

The work is very agreeable to the students and the salary paid amply repays the students for the energy expended in mastering the profession.

Our school has the strong approval and endorsement of the railroad and telegraph companies.

**MORSE TELEGRAPH SCHOOL,
332 Hudson Street,
HOBOKEN, N. J.**

THE TATLER

VOL. II.

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His Heart's Desire.

TWO more weeks—fourteen days—three hundred and thirty-six hours—and Petroff would leave the abyss of darkness and despotism for a world of light and liberty. He had figured it all out while counting the passing hours with almost frenzied delight. But how slowly they moved! How he longed for them to pass!

At last the day when Petroff would depart, arrived. He had spent a most restless night before it. How could he rest when a thousand dreams crowded his mind? O! that land to which he would go, no more to suffer! Liberty! How he had yearned for it in bygone years! Now he would have it, and Petroff dreamed of the blessings of freedom. Morning came and Petroff arose with it. The sky was darkened by heavy clouds which announced a storm. The wind blew fiercely. But Petroff did not feel all that. He was happy, so what mattered the weather to him. Soon, soon, he would leave these skies behind! A few minutes later Petroff was on his way to Hamburg, where he would board a steamer for America, the land of his dreams, the object of his admiration. A fearful storm broke and beat fiercely against the windows. Lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the wind howled, and Petroff could see through the window, broken trees, telegraph poles destroyed, and the whole country a scene of devastation. However, he was not superstitious and the storm did not abate his spirits.

Two restless days and two sleepless nights, spent on a hard wooden bench, and with no food but a crust of bread, Petroff passed before he arrived at Hamburg, worn out by excitement and lack of food. He dragged himself to the steamer, but, lo! as he saw the silvery waves dash against the ship which would carry him to his destination, his cares vanished, his eyes sparkled, his cheeks glowed, his lips moved as if in thanksgiving, and bright tears stood in his eyes. To-morrow he would sail away on the ocean.

To-morrow arrived, clothed in the greatest splendor: the sky was clear; the sun shone pleasantly on the dancing sea; a soft breeze whispered into Petroff's ears songs of hope, joy, happiness. Standing on the deck looking westward, as if, to catch a glance of his Land of Promise, or may be to feel nearer his Paradise, Petroff sailed away. The very birds flying overhead, seemed to chatter and talk of liberty. Petroff envied them. But no, why need he? One more week and he, too, would be free; free to live, to think, to love, to pray, to be happy. His heart beat high at the thought, warm streams of tears started from his eyes, and he wept for a long time. After he had thus given vent to his emotion, he became more conscious of things around him. It was getting very warm. The sun shone fiercely; no one was on deck; yet Petroff was unconscious of the fact until now. The air weighed heavily upon him; his head was dizzy; his eyes were swollen red when he went down to his berth. The weather had been steadily growing hotter for two days, when there came a sudden change. A fearful gale drove the ship onward and rocked it to and fro; the sky threatened to pour upon the sea oceans of water; the waves' sole purpose seemed to swallow the ship. Petroff was lying in his berth, too sick to eat; food prepared for steerage passengers was not intended for an invalid. The little room, which resembled a closet, was occupied by six persons. Through one small pane of glass, he could get a glimpse of the world outside. Big drops of rain beat furiously against the window which shrunk beneath its blows, and moaned, shrieked and struggled to save itself from destruction.

Now the ship rocked over to one side, then to the other, while big waves washed even the upper decks, and the little rooms of the steerage were darkened for moments. The captain cheered the passengers. But what cheer is that which is given with a foreboding of evil? Petroff was seized with almost mad despair. Would he die before reaching America? Oh no, he did not want to die. He wanted to live. Twenty-five years is too early to finish life's journey. Besides he had suffered so much. His life had been one dreary, dark, rocky path; a little yellow dross he had gathered, but it was fast in the rock, and could not be taken out, unless moistened by his blood. He had willingly given it. What if it were dross, if it had cost him the best blood of his heart? Would it not pay his passage to a better and happier world? Had all his sufferings been in vain? Would all his

dreams be shattered, his hopes destroyed? Things began to dance dimly before his eyes; he passed his hand over his head again and again, as if to chase away some maddening thought. Yet, at times his hopes returned, for Petroff prayed.

"O God, who claspeth the oceans in thy grasp; who ruleth land and sea, who saveth thy children from destruction, work upon us thy miracles."

It seemed as if God had heard his prayer. The storm poured down less fiercely; the waves retreated, the gale was not so furious. They would live! Petroff was thankful. He would yet see the Statue of Liberty beckoning to him. That statue whose torch gleamed to him across the ocean, he would now behold. He had seen it many a time in his dreams—beautiful, pure, symbolic.

O glorious day when Petroff stood on the deck approaching the harbor of rest, the haven of happiness. All his trials were forgotten; joy alone filled his heart. He would now enjoy the liberty so dearly bought. But his trials were not ended. When he reached the harbor he was sent to an island, where his fate was to be decided. When Petroff learned this, his heart sank within him. What crime had he committed to be sent to prison? What else but a prison could a place be whose every window was grated, so quiet, so lonely? And now the officials came. One word would seal his doom or his happiness. How he trembled! What if—O God, he could not finish the thought. He suddenly grew so weak, he could scarcely stand; his mind was clouded by a mist of doubt, and when the authorities examined him, Petroff could no longer understand. Tears stood in his eyes, he tottered, looked around him with a blank gaze while awaiting the final word.

"Insane—to be deported," a thick voice said.

"My God! No! Don't!" came almost in a shriek as he fell senseless in the arms of the officials.

God had heard and answered his prayer. No, he would not be deported. He had come to a place where that insanity which yearns for liberty is not debarred—his Land of Promise, his Home—Heaven.

T. H. '10.

TEACHER—"What would be your thoughts if you were ascending a high mountain on a beautiful summer day?"

PUPIL—"O if I were only at the top."

Assembly Echoes.

The students are much interested, as we go to press, in a series of assembly lectures now being given by Dr. Talbot, the principal, on Civics and Law.

Needless to say the average High School student knows far too little of these important subjects. In the field of Law, our ignorance may be excusable, for this is a profession in itself; but surely every High School student should be familiar with the principles of Civics. Such, however, we are frank to confess, is not the case, and these lectures bid fair to fill a real need, as well as to arouse interest in a most fascinating subject.

Life at Princeton.

(Conclusion.)

AGAIN, on visiting another room, we find a number of fellows gathered together talking about everything under the sun. They are having a "pow-wow," and in all probabilities will keep it up till midnight. We leave them, and as we go across the now silent campus perhaps a cry of "fire" startles us. One of the entries of Old North is all ablaze, and, apparently, on fire. There is no need for alarm, however, for it is only a bonfire that some of the fellows have made upon the brick floor.

It has long been the custom for the freshmen to steal the clapper from the bell in the tower of Nassau Hall and have it made into small clappers for a watch charm. Each member of the class purchases one of these as a keepsake. The college proctor is always absent when this is done.

The dormitory life is one of the pleasant features of the college. Each dormitory is a university in itself. A college without dormitories, in the opinion of a Princeton man, is a poor sort of college. It seems to him nothing more than a school on a large scale. Take away the dormitory and half the joys of college life are gone.

The spring term is the best time of the college year. The Seniors gather upon the steps of Old North in the evenings and sing college songs, while the other classes stand in groups about the campus or lie postrate upon the grass listening to the tunes which are so dear to every college man's heart.

Time will not permit to describe the cane sprees, horn sprees,

oratorical contests, commencement exercises, class day, Washington's birthday, and many other happenings of college life interesting to outsiders. We must not neglect, however, to give some idea of a football match, a game in which Princeton is justly famous. A few days before the game the fellows go about singing "We're going to win the championship," "We love our Princeton football team," "We'll wipe the ground up with Old Yale," and the one topic of interest is the game. The friends and graduates of the college pour in by the hundred to see the contest. The ladies come bedecked with orange and black, while the gentlemen support a banner of the same colors, bearing the name of Princeton. Others may be found wearing an orange ribbon around their hat or a bow upon the laplet of their coat. The assembly presents a pretty sight with all this gay coloring. Of late years the Yale game has been played at New York, and the college almost to a man, goes down to the great metropolis to support the team by enthusiastic cheering. At such games nearly every tally-ho coach in the city is pressed into service, and decked with the Yale blue or the Princeton orange and black.

A smile is brought to many a countenance as the coaches roll through the streets with a lot of enthusiastic college men cheering for their respective colleges. But whether the game be played in New York or Princeton the enthusiasm is the same. As the teams come on the field the cheering is deafening. "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, tiger, siss, boom, ah, Princeton!" and "Rah 'rah 'rah, Yale!" is heard all over the field, and is kept up throughout the game. When the end comes, the field looks as if bedlam had been let loose. The supporters of the victorious team hug one another and dance around with glee, while their team is carried off the field on the shoulders of admiring friends. Should Princeton be the victor, the college bell is tolled in recognition of the event, and the Freshmen build an immense fire around the cannon. True the world is apt to criticise our college for devoting so much time to athletics. It reads of the great games that are played, and then says that too much time is wasted in this way.

If they could look in upon the boys in their college home and see the hard, faithful study, the late hours and the examinations with their great strain and worry, they would not then grudge the brain workers a little healthy relaxation. Let them have their fun, and they will repay you for it by being better

ministers, lawyers, and professional and business men. Oh, Princeton! what more shall we say in thy praise? The half has not been told. The days of the years of thy life have been many and useful. Thou art a fountain of wholesomeness and a source of blessing to mankind. Thou hast nourished many a son in thy bosom, and sent them forth to be leaders in the world. They all unite in wishing long life to thee.

"Tune every heart and every voice,
Bid every care withdraw;
Let all with one accord rejoice
In praise of Old Nassau."

"Let music rule the fleeting hour—
Her mantle round us draw;
And thrill each heart with all her power
In praise of old Nassau."

"In praise of Old Nassau, my boys,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Her sons shall give while they shall live,
Three cheers for Old Nassau."

Zeta Phi Sorority.

The first Saturday of March saw a regular meeting of the Zeta Phi Sorority at the home of Miss Charlotte Thaw. After the business of the chapter had been transacted, a dainty luncheon was enjoyed by the members. The society welcomed the presence of Miss Lorena Decker, who is in the city completing her active teaching service, in preparation for graduating from the Trenton Normal School.

Class Clubs.

The February and June '09 classes, which heretofore were united in one Class Club, at a meeting on March 17, agreed to separate as they are confident that future difficulties would arise from the union.

The February '09 class at a meeting on March 18, resolved to reorganize its old club, and re-elect its former officers. The officers are the following: President, Miss Hazel G. Deyo; Vice-President, David Walsh; Secretary, Whitfield Bell; Treasurer, Albert ter Meer.

"Class, take down the Sunday Measure (Dry Measure.)"

Class Notes.

At a meeting of the June '08 Class Academic, the following officers were elected: President, Mr. L. Taistra; Vice-President, Miss H. Lankering; Secretary, Miss R. Pflug; Treasurer, Mr. Frees.

The following were elected to arrange for the final entertainment of the '08 Class. The Misses H. Foltz, N. Smith, H. Matthes, A. Koch, R. Pflug, and Wm. Trapp, and A. Jubitz.

Commercial Notes.

SENIOR A DEBATE.

An interesting question, "Resolved: That immigration should be restricted," was ably debated by members of the Senior A Commercial Class on Thursday afternoon, April 2nd. Those who discussed the question were as follows:

AFFIRMATIVE.

Oswald Settle, leader.
Henry Canby,
Anthony Sumfleth.

NEGATIVE.

Nicholas Pinto, leader.
John Ryan,
Walter Stamberger,

The debate was spirited from start to finish and showed that the participants had spent much time and thought in preparation. The judges, who were Dr. Talbot, Miss K. Hicks, Mr. Pflug, Miss Kornahrens and Miss Levenelm, found it impossible to agree, and the vote stood three to two in favor of the affirmative.

At the first meeting of the Senior B Commercial Class, held on February 13th, the following officers were elected for the term: President, M. J. Tackella; Vice-President, Meta Kopf; Secretary, Justine La Pointe; Treasurer, H. Frielinghaus. The meetings will be held every second Friday.

A Glee Club has been formed in the Senior B Com'l, and they are practicing every day. They hope to make a fine showing at their graduation exercises.

TEACHER—"Give me a sentence in the indicative mood."

BOY—"The horse draws the cart."

TEACHER—"Now change the sentence to an emphatic imperative."

BOY—"Gee-up!"

The Tatler.

PUBLISHED AT THE HOBOKEN HIGH SCHOOL EVERY MONTH DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR.

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SUBSCRIPTION, 40 CTS. IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

Literary contributions are earnestly solicited from the Students and Alumni of the Hoboken High School.

Address all matter submitted for publication to the Editor-in-Chief, Hoboken High School; and business communications to the Business Manager, at the same address.

EDITORIALS

Fame.

How beautiful is youth! How bright it gleams,
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams.

—*Morituri Salutamus.*

In every class in every school, there is at least one young man who believes that he is "the coming man;" that it is preordained that he shall accomplish wonders not attained by the average individual. His goal is Fame.

Of this desperate contest for Fame and Position, is the reward worth the labor? What good is Fame going to do, that one should turn his days and nights into days and nights of ceaseless drudgery? Is there any reward at all that repays the health and the happiness and the peace sacrificed for it?



Napoleon believed that Fame was the only immortality. He had no belief in the soul. Yet, after pouring over his books until he stunted his growth; after reaching supreme power by such a career of genius, labor and blood, as the world never before saw; after marching triumphantly from one end of Europe to the other, he, the "Great Napoleon," had the mortification to learn that there were people living in the suburbs of Paris, who had never heard of him.

I ask, O Reader, where is the recompense which repays to the slave of ambition the loss of the leisure hour at the fireside of a happy home, the loss of the hour that belongs to friendship, the loss of the hour that should be devoted to solitude and reflection? Shall there be no rest for weary feet in this mad race for Fame?

We pay dearly for a famous reputation, but it is not worth the price so often paid for it; for the real value of a man is his character. Get all the fame that flows from a good, industrious life.

We must not underrate the importance of Fame, or of Position; but the man who gives his health, and his happiness, and his life for them, gives too much. "He pays dearly for his whistle."
"Inconnu." '08.

The Commercial Class Entertainment.

Before one of the largest audiences that has assembled in the High School auditorium in a long time, the members of the Senior Commercial Class presented a very cleverly arranged farce and entertainment.

There was not a seat to be had and standing room was difficult to obtain. Many of the alumni were on hand and assisted the ushers.

The stage was draped very elaborately, in the school colors and handsome Gibson pictures hung from the walls.

The first farce entitled, "Who's to Win Him," in two acts, was warmly received. Mr. John Ryan who played the part of Cyril Dashwood, is busy receiving congratulations for the inspiring way in which he acted his part.

Mr. Walter Stamberger as Prattleton Primrose, showed unusual ability as the eccentric comedian.

Mr. Nicholas Pinto as Squire Brushleigh, also presented his part in a very creditable manner.

Miss Marion Milligan, the heroine of the play (Rose), was sweet, graceful, attractive, well worthy of Cyril's attachment, and the bouquet which was presented to her.

Miss K. Stuhmann, was also very attractive, and showed remarkable ability in taking the part of Sylvia.

Miss Edna Fall played Musidora, and danced in a graceful and methodical way.

Miss Pearl Driesen, a little genius as an actress, played the part of Arabella, and presented it in an excellent manner.

The second farce, "Two Lunatics," presented by Mr. John Ryan and Miss Meta Kopf, was very well acted and was extremely laughable. Miss Meta Kopf as Minuetta made an excellent showing.

The other entertainers during the evening were Miss M. Deyo, who gave an interesting recital and Miss Hahn sang effectively "Just a Dream," and "I really Oughtn't Auto Any More," and Miss Corsiglia of New York, also sang. A Quartet, which consisted of young men from West Hoboken, were heartily applauded.

Much credit is due to the teachers of the Senior class, Miss Borthwick and Prof. A. J. Dillon, an experienced coach, who does considerable work in this line, for their diligent work. Both teachers spent much time in drilling the members of the farce, which proved a grand success in every way.

The productions showed a vast improvement over preceding efforts in this line of entertainment, the humorous features being much stronger in every respect. One can hardly appreciate the extent of these farces until seen, then the conviction will come that no more seemingly funny performance was ever devised. It was not alone to the lines of the plays, but to the clever presentation of them, that their success is attributed. Both plays were re-written and made more up-to-date, by the coach Prof. Dillon, by the inserting of numerous local grinds and individual musical monologues and dances.

Everybody worked hard from the rise of the curtain to the time when it was rung down on the last act. It was *go* from beginning to end, and so humorous and witty were some of the situations and sayings, that the audience was frequently convulsed with laughter.

Taken in its entirety, the affair was probably the most entertaining and catchy performance ever given in the "Old Mill's" Hall. The light fantastic toe was introduced in a graceful man-

ner. The flying feet chasing the glowing hours, with terpsichorean charm, performed well when the "Merry Widow," that lone-lively waltz, was eventually played by the orchestra. Such agile grace—such flexibility of limbs—it was excellent!



CHAT

Miss M. Butler of '11, would like to know who the "Specials" of High School are.

PROF.—"How long should the average man's legs be?"

STUDENT—"Long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

MISS B——, "Take that pen out of your mouth, should you swallow it, you would probably get a-pen-dicitis."

PUPIL—"Lobsters are exported to us from the British coast."

TEACHER—"No, they are not. We have enough of them here."

TEACHER—"Who bought lands from Richard I?"

PUPIL—"The people who had the money."

We certainly admire the Freshman Class, in the way of organizing, and wish that some of the other classes that are not organized, would follow their example.

TRANSLATING IN VIRGIL—"Uti bellantes Pergama circum hac Grai fugerent." Trans. (Aeneas saw how the war-like Greeks were fleeing about the walls of Troy.)

PONY TRANSLATOR—"Aeneas saw how the war-like Greeks were fleeing about in their pajamas."

While Miss Koeller was taking a dynamo apart, in order to show the construction, she said: "See now I've got one screw loose!"—and etc.

High School girls have certainly been showing great school spirit down at the games. Keep it up!

St. Patrick's Day—Green Socks—Quite ambiguous?

GERMAN TEACHER (translating)—“I shall be shot.”

FLUNKING PUPIL—“Good.”

MISS D——(in typewriting room to Mr. S——)—“You better stop hugging that type-writer.”

(Too deep for you.)

MR. S——(reflectively)—“Yes, next Wednesday will be the last Thursday of the month.”

HISTORY TEACHER—“What is a boycott?”

PUPIL—“An animal.”

GEOGRAPHY TEACHER—“What planet comes next to Jupiter?”

MR. C——(meditatively)—“Satan.”

SEEN ON MISS DEYO'S BOOK COVER.

MISS HAZEL G. DEYO

“ALICE M. DORAN

“FRANCES STUART

} FOREVER SPINSTERS

notwithstanding the blandishments of all men, HANDSOME or otherwise.

(Signed)

Miss Hazel G. Deyo,

Miss Alice M. Doran,

Miss Frances Stuart.

DR. T. (of pupil transcribing shorthand notes)—“What is Elbow-greece?”

READY PUPIL—“It's a nickname for some kind of greece used on a machine.”

TEACHER—“Why don't you get busy?”

PUPIL—“I can't, I'm hungry.”

TEACHER—“You look so.”

TEACHER—“What is a court martial?”

PUPIL—“One who conducts the court.”

MR. C.—“What did the praetors do?”

MISS W.—“I didn't say they did anything.”



Candidates for the team came out for practice during the last week of March and made a most favorable impression upon the faithful who were present at the Clyde Line yards. In a few days we shall play our first game at home and from the middle of April, contests will take place at least once a week and in some weeks local fans will have the pleasure of seeing the Maroon and White on two days. Below will be found the schedule, which barring rain and other exigencies, will be carried out by Manager Trapp.

April 4, Bryant High School, abroad; April 11. open; April 15, St. Francis Xavier Prep., home; April 18, Bayonne High School, aboard; April 21, Belleville High School, home; April 25, Mt. Vernon High School, home; April 29, C. C. of N. Y. 1911, home; May 6, Jersey City High School, home; May 13, Clason Point M. A., home; May 15, Bayonne High School, abroad; May 22, Englewood High School, abroad; May 27, Montclair Academy, abroad; May 29, St. Benedict Prep., home; June 3, Manhattan College Prep., home; June 5, Loyola School, home; June 10, Montclair High School, home. Return games with Jersey City and Belleville High Schools to be scheduled abroad.

Our readers will undoubtedly notice that, with this issue, we print a short column of athletics. This is because the members of the basketball teams, which have done High School so much credit this year, have requested us to hold over the resume on basketball for next issue, in order that it may accompany the pictures of the teams, for which we are having cuts made. With next month will also appear a full account of baseball and games played in the meantime. We hope that this explanation will suffice.

—ED.

-EXCHANGES-



THE TATLER acknowledges with thanks the following:—Apokepsian, Academy, Advocate, Biograph, Bulletin, Campus, Cadet, Commerce Caravel, Critic, Comus, Clarion, Columbia Life, Chat, Dial, E. O. H. S. News, Farnum Tatler, Graduate, Interlude, Junto, Madisonensis, Maple Leaf, Mirror, Nugget, New Yorker, Orange and Blue, Oracle, Orange and Purple, Res Academicæ, Review (Ball H. S.), Review (Shamokin), Review (King School), Review (Norfolk), Signal, Sphinx, Shucis, Techtonian, Trident, Tattler, VailDeane Budget, White and Blue.

We wonder whether anything like "My Ambition—And Its Decease," in the Techtonian, can have happened to H. H. S. students, and thus account for lack of literary material here. The first number of Volume two is excellent, Techtonian.

We have received two new Exchanges this month, "The Tattler" and "The Review," the former from Greenwich, N. Y., and the latter from Norfolk, Va.

"Vail-Deane Budget" you have our congratulations for the steady improvement being made last year (we will not hesitate to "fess" up) we called you the Children's Book, but we are glad to see that you have grown to long skirts and wear them well.

E. O. H. S. News is a paper to be proud of. We congratulate the school and the Editors.

The "Review" of Norfolk is one of the best papers we receive, lacking only a few department cuts.

"Academy" please pardon our saying it, but when we opened your paper we had a succession of shivers, for this is what greeted our eyes: First, "A Traitor," then "Revenge." Both are good stories, but whom were you "mad at," authors?

NOTICE! H. H. S. STUDENTS!

Please read the very appropriate description on the cover of the March issue of the Danville "Orange and Purple." Stop! Look! Consider! We sympathize with you Danville.

"It's all up with me," said the umbrella.

"How so?" asked the needle.

"It was this weigh," began the scale.

"Shut up," retorted the umbrella.

"Nit," said the yarn.

"Oh, come off," replied the button.

"Hit him," said the hammer.

"I'll stand by you," said the easel.

"You can count on me," said the slate.

"Beat it," said the stick.

"Cut it out," said the knife.

"Kick him," said the boot.

"Paste him one," said the glue.

"Take that," said the pill.

"It's all over now," said the ceiling.

"Stung," replied the bee.

"I'll keep shut hereafter," said the umbrella.

TOAST TO OUR TEACHERS.

Here's to the gladness of their gladness when they're glad,
Here's to the sadness of their sadness when they're sad;
But the gladness of their gladness and the sadness of their sadness,
Aren't in it with the madness of their madness when they're mad.

If men are the salt of the earth, women are undoubtedly the sugar. Salt is a necessity, sugar a luxury. Vicious men are saltpeter, stern men, rock salt; and nice men, table salt. Old maids, brown sugar; good matrons, loaf sugar; and pretty girls, pulverized sugar. Pass pulverized sugar, please.

SIZING UP A NEW BEAU.

RAY—"Better come to choir rehearsal to-night, we are going to try a new hymn."

SUE—"Bless you; I'd dearly love to go, but I'm going to try a new him to-night, and that's the reason I can't go."

DICKENS AND HIS HIRE.

Pasted on the window of a publisher's salesroom was the sign "Porter Wanted" and in the window itself on a pile of

books a card which read: "Dickens's Works all this week for \$4." The robust Irishman read first the sign, then the card, he scratched his head then blurted out: "Dickens can hould the job. Dickens can wurrk ahl wake fur four dollars if he wants to but I'll not touch it, I'm a Union man myself, ye'd betther kape Dickens."

What pupil is the most to be pitied?
The pupil of the eye, because it is always under the lash.
(Too deep for you?)

A teacher showed his small pupils a zebra, saying, "Now, what is this?"

The pupils replied, "A horse in a bathing suit."

Alas for little Willie!
We'll hear of him no more,
He thought he'd drink some H₂O
But he drank H₂O₄.

SHE (leaving the scene of the game)—"And why is that fellow the full back?"

HE—"How can he help it? He's always the half and half."

THE OLD GENT—"Waiter, what's the matter with this eclair? I can't seem to get it off my plate."

THE COLORED WAITER—"Beg pardon, say; dat's mah thumb."

"If conscience speaks when I do wrong"
Said Willie, in great glee,
"I'm glad it doesn't speak to ma,
And only speaks to me."

This course I see is called I B,
'Tis understated sadly,
They must have more than one or else
Why was I stung so badly.

Designs for all occasions.

Choice Cut Flowers.

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