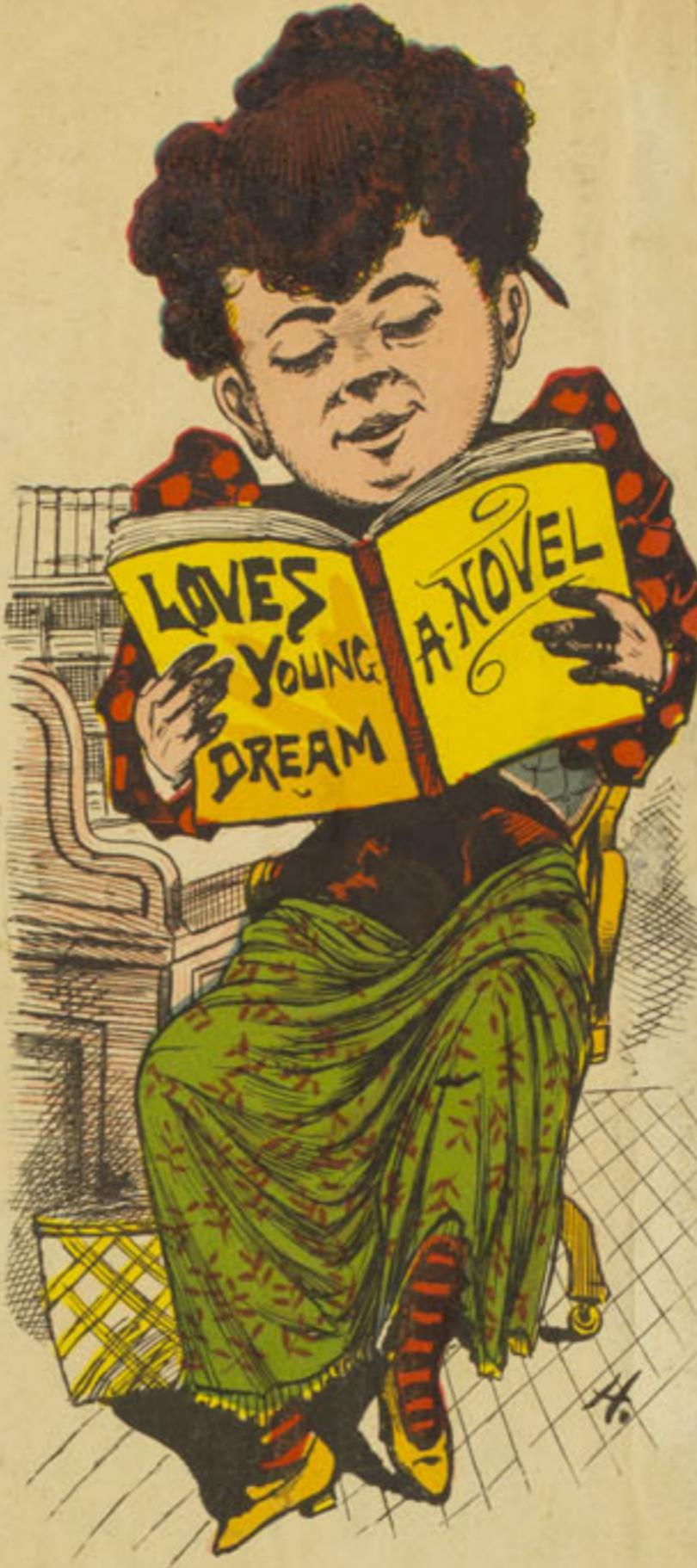




YOU WANT TO BE A HIGH ROLLER, DO YOU?

One would think you'd had your leg pulled
As often as you'd wish,
Yet the plainest bait you'll swallow,
As blindly as a fish.
The result of your ambition
To figure as a "rounder,"
Will be that, sometime, in hot soup
Up to your neck you'll flounder.



THE OFFICE LADY.

AH, what an air of innocence
You fancy you are wearing!
How gentle and seraphic
You try to make your bearing!
But, oh, if some deluded chump
You for an angel takes,
He well may sigh, and long to fly,
When from his dream he wakes!



NOVEL-READER.

You lazy, shiftless, frowsy slut,
With tangled flying hair;
A stupid novel you devour,
Fixed in your easy chair.
Get up, you fool, your dishes wash,
Go make your towzeled bed;
And mend your ragged, slattern dress,
That hangs in many a shred.



YOUR ELEGANT MANNERS.

Fon ways that are nasty and rude you outvie
The greediest grunter that lives in a sty.
You stuff and you gobble, you slobber and swill,
As if time were lacking, your belly to fill.
You're so filthy I wonder how people are able,
Appetite to retain when they join you at table.



OUR FRIENDS.—John Green, the author, has been in Europe two months.
Lee Pre, of Washington street, has started
new City. He will travel consider-
able the West before November.
Frank J. Higgins and Mr. John Ding-
ton, of the Kirk Dramatic Society, will
tour Washington, D. C., in two weeks.

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