

Some men can get so wrought up over the future of the country that they forget they must pay next month's rent.

# The Top o' the Mornin'. By W. D. Nesbit.

You may be able to take a drink and then let it alone, but if you buy some people a drink they won't let you alone.

## Elizabethan Roughness.



"Your Elizabethan ruff makes you look fetching," said the wife as they were about to start for the fancy dress ball. "How do you like my costume?" "It's the first dress you ever wore that made you look natural."

## FABLE OF THE FOOLISH GIRL.

There was once a foolish girl who was, however, beautiful. Having heard that men admire women who know something, she determined that she would always pretend to knowledge, even if she did not possess it. So one day the catch of the season happened her way and he asked her if she understood football. "O, yes, indeed," she answered. "I know all about it." Thereupon he excused himself and went his way. And he found another girl who said she didn't know anything about football but that she dearly loved it and always wanted to meet some one who would explain it to her. So he took the other girl to the game and she gaped with admiration while he explained the different plays. Naturally, he married the other girl. Moral: A man wants a wife who is smart enough to make him think he is smarter than she is.

There is a great deal of difference between a friendly critic and a critical friend.

Some people seem to think that patience is a quality that only their friends need have.

The world is well balanced. Half of us are happy when we give our class yells and the other half are happy when kicking about them.

## That Helps Some.



"My goodness!" exclaimed the husband. "You have bought a lot of things you don't need at all. Why did you get them?" "Well," explained the gentle wife, "they were so ridiculously cheap. Why, I saved at least forty dollars by buying them. So there, now, I am not so terribly extravagant, am I? I may spend a good deal, but you can't deny that I have a saving disposition."

## The Color Scheme.



"Yes," said Mrs. Buyzitt, "I have ordered another new brown frock. It will make my rivals green with envy, because it is to be the pink of fashion." "And it will make me mighty blue," mourned Mr. Buyzitt.

## A Great Invention.

Our friend the inventor takes us into his workshop and exhibits a queer contrivance composed of wheels and brushes and towels and atomizers and razors. "What is it?" we ask. "You remember when I invented the dumb waiter?" he asks. "We do." "And don't you remember that at the time I said I was some day devise something even more wonderful?" "Yes." "Well, this machine is a dumb barber."

## Why He Did It.

There was once a man who owned a large building, and he had a clock set in the wall at each end of it. So large was the building that it required five minutes to walk from one end to the other. One time the clocks got out of order, so the man employed an intelligent person to repair them. When the job was done and the clocks were running again the man inspected them. He went to the person who had repaired them, and said: "Look here, the clock at one end of that building is five minutes slower than the other." "That is proper," answered the person. "Proper?" "Certainly. You said the clocks must agree as to time. Now, when you are looking at this one you know that if you took time to walk around and see the other it would agree perfectly with the time you see here."

## GREEK MEETS GREEK.

"I say," declared the man with the eye-glasses and the long hair, "that you have never handled a case in the proper way. What if you do catch the man you are after? What has that to do with the correct method of solving a mystery?" "And I say," argued the man with the soft hat and the black mustache, "that you have never written a story that gave the real system of ferreting out the man wanted. Suppose you do catch the villain in the end? What has that to do with the right way to sift a mystery?"

While they glared at each other a bystander whispered to us that they were Hawshaw the detective and the author of Humlock Shomes.

## AN OCCASIONAL HAPPENING.

"Clothes," averred the man with the long white beard and the meditative eyes, "do not make the man." "No," agreed the man with the shiny coat and the buggy trousers. "No, but his wife's clothes often break him." To this the man with the long white beard and the meditative eyes could only reply by smiling sardonically, for he had been in his time a ladies' tailor.

## HER PLAN.



"Isn't it awful the way she has to fight her boy to get him to stay at home?" "Yes, I tell you, if I had a child like that I'd whip him until he realized what a good home he had."

Do not criticize those who overdress. A fifty dollar saddle on a two dollar horse makes the outfit worth fifty-two dollars.

You cannot eat your buckwheat cake and have it too because most buckwheats are imitations.

The old lady who lived in a shoe, had she lived today, would have gone in for high heels and talked about her skyscraper.

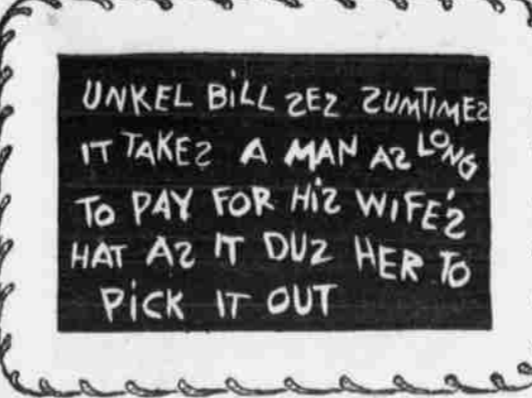
Let us remember that a servant is a human being, and continue to wish that two out of ten of them would show human instincts.

Why should we praise a woman's dress or bonnet? Would it not be better to drop a complimenting note to her modiste or milliner?

No accident policy covers falling in love. This may indicate that the banana peel is considered a greater danger than the goo goo eye.

Having \$12 a week ideas and \$200 a week income is almost as bad as having \$200 a week ideas and \$12 a week income.

## LITTLE HENRY'S SLATE.



## ALMOST THE SAME.



"Flea as a bird," read the big sister from her little brother's exercise book. "Why, Tommy, you don't spell the word correctly. It should be 'f-l-e-e.'" "But the teacher said that 'flee' meant going somewhere else in a hurry, and a flea is always doing that."

## CONDOLENCE.

"My boy," said the grouchy old man to his nephew, who was bewailing the fact that a fair young girl had given him a negative, "you have no cause to mourn that." "Ah, uncle," sighed the youth, "think of one having to endure such bitter disappointment just at this season of the year." "I know. I know you are downhearted because the other fellow is thankful that she accepted him, but you wait a few years and you will be thankful also that she accepted him."

Character is best estimated by the mouth. That is, if the subject of the estimate talks too much.

By saying things you do not mean and by meaning things you do not say you may generate the impression that you are pretty deep.

## Mary and Ann Again.

"Are you sure this is a young turkey?" asked Mrs. Fadougus, pinching the wattle of the fowl. "I think so, mum," answered the honest market man. "But don't you know?" "No, mum. Not exactly." "Well, how old do you suppose it is?" "Whit—er—you see, mum, that there turkey is one of them Ann turkeys?" "Ann turkeys?" "Yes, mum. They come in pairs, Marys and Anns. Nobody ever could tell how old Ann is, and all the Marys are taken first."

Lots of men pad their shoulders, wear shoes too small for them, collars too high for them, and all that, and then stand in front of a department store and scoff at the women's frocks there shown.

## Those Dear Women.



"I am so glad you like my new gown. My husband just dotes on it. He says it makes me look like another woman."

"How happy you must be! He is so fond of other women."

## AN ALPHABET OF HISTORY



## LAFAYETTE.

Long years ago in France A pretty babe was christened. His name brought forth a glance Of pride from those who listened. For when they asked his name From his delighted father, These were the words that came With quite a lot of bother: "Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier de Lafayette."

The babe grew, as babes do; He waxed fat and he chuckled; Each day he was on view. In his wee carriage buckled, And those who saw his face Declared that he was handsome—His name, worked in his lace, At times almost unmanned some— "Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier de Lafayette."

Well, then, the babe grew up, Thanks to his constitution, His bottle and his cup— Then came our revolution, A gallant youth, he sailed Across the briny ocean; George Washington he hailed: "For warfare I've a notion," — "Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier de Lafayette."

Now, mark the course of fate, He helped win independence, And won an honored name In Washington's attendance. His name we can't forget; One always has attention Who mentions Lafayette— But people never mention Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier de Lafayette.

Thus, started out in life Full strong on nomenclature, He made a name through strife— His was a fighting nature. He made a name, we say, A name of glory's choosing— He made one name to stay While seven he was losing. For no one knows of Jean Paul Roch Ecetera de Lafayette.

## HER DESIRE.

"Let me look into the future," she asks of the soothsayer. "do you wish to peer into the future? Would you wish to see what mighty changes are to come in the nations of the world? Would you read the fate of your friends? Would you know the good and evil that is in store for yourself? Would you—"

"No, no," she interrupts. "All I want to find out is what will be the style of next spring's bonnets so that I can have one a month ahead of anybody else."

HIS EXCUSE. We meet the famous humorist tinkering at his automobile. He has amassed a fortune by writing jokes and things about the mishaps of automobilists. "Why," we ask, "do you write so many jokes about the auto, when you are so addicted to its use?" "I've got to get some fun out of the thing, haven't I?" he asks, moodily regarding a punctured tire.

HIS CHARACTERISTIC. "I don't like Blow-er," said the first man. "He always knows it all when you are talking with him about anything." "You mistake him," answered the second man. "He doesn't know it all, at all, he merely tells it all."

CONVENTIONAL. They were parting. The light in the hall was dim. "Good night," he said, bending to press a kiss upon her cheek. "Now, if you ever tell any one," she began.

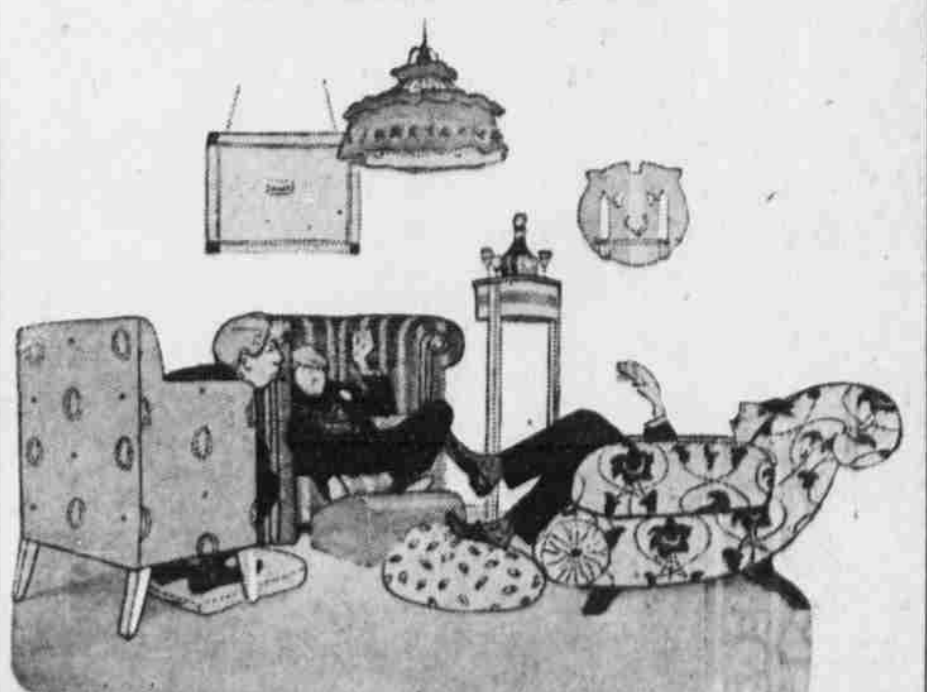
"Ah," he whispered, "I printed that kiss there, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith."

## NOT HER IDEAL.



"He told me his ideal of existence would be to dance this way throughout life." "What did you say to him?" "I told him I was sorry, but had accepted a man whose ideal life is to sit out nearly every dance."

## Education's Progress.



"Yaas," said the first college boy, "ouah clahss is to have the finest yell this yeah it has evah had." "You don't say," answered the second. "Who got it up?" "Doncheknow, we hiahed a clevah fellow to compose it." "Fine, indeed. And when are we to learn it?" "Don't have to learn it, m' deah boy. We've hiahed a numbah of common fellaws with good voices to do the yellin', also."