

Sometimes we get interested in showing others where they are wrong, but we fail to mention where we are right.

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

People don't notice you much if you are good; and the trouble is they notice you too much if you are bad.

The Problem Solved.



"Now, professor, if I should get a pound of radium and put it into a glass tube, and place that inside an iron tank, what would be—"
"Wait a minute. Let us take the problem up section by section. If you should get a pound of radium you wouldn't have enough money left to buy the glass tube."

When you see four young men around a table in a café at an hour when all of them should be at work you may bet what you like that one of them is telling what great men some of his ancestors were.

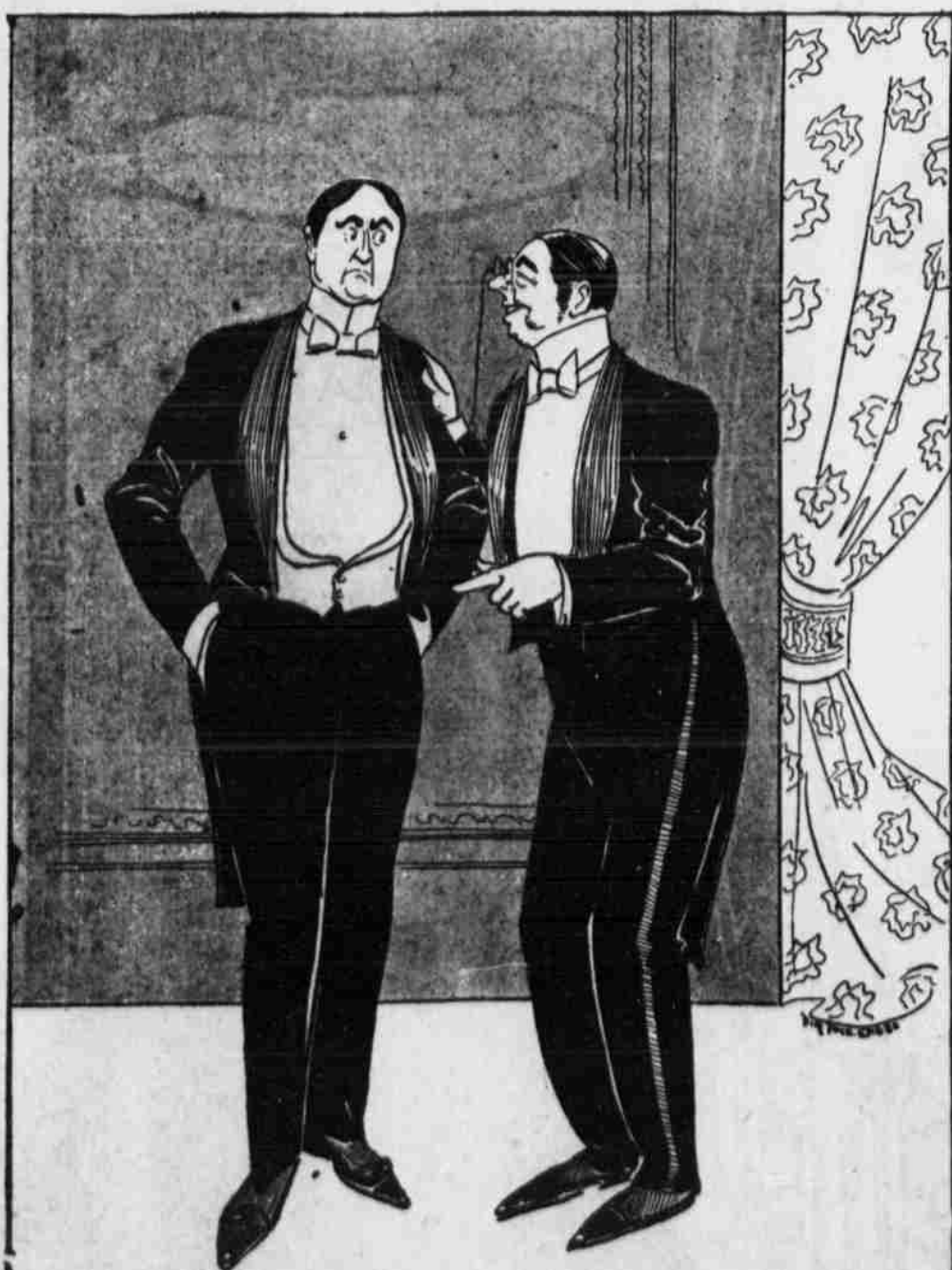
That Long Hair.



"I said the fluffy lady to the gentleman with the long hair, 'it must be splendid to hear the applause of thousands.'"
"You flatter me," sighed the long haired man.
"Indeed I do not. When you kicked the ball from the forty yard line yesterday and all the folks in the grandstand arose and—"
"Pardon me," interrupted the individual with plentiful hair. "Pardon me, but evidently there is some mistake. I am not a football player. I am the author of 'Soulful Sonnets.'"
Whereat the fluffy lady stammered her apologies and hurried away.

Actually, "please" will buy more than a dollar half the time.

The Forgetful Story Teller.



"Decidedly funny story, don't you know. Heard it only this morning. It's about a man who is always forgetting the end of the story—the joke and, you know. And he starts in on the story, and then just when he has his listeners at the top pitch of anticipation, he—bless me, I don't remember exactly how the anecdote finishes, but it is positively sidesplitting."

THE SADDEST DAYS OF ALL.

"Ah," sighed the romantic maiden, "these days of fall seem to be permeated with an inexplicable, indefinable melancholy. Mr. Busted, do they not bring to your mind many sad, solemn thoughts?"
"They do, indeed," answered Mr. Busted.
"The saddest and solemnest thoughts of the year come to me at this season, when I am wondering why I pawned my overcoat last spring and how in the world I am going to redeem it."

IT HELPED.

"Hello," says the landlord of the village inn, "there goes old Corporal Jones. I declare, I hardly knew him; he is wearing such good clothes nowadays."
"Yes," answers the man who runs the corner grocery. "He got a back pension and now he can make a good front."

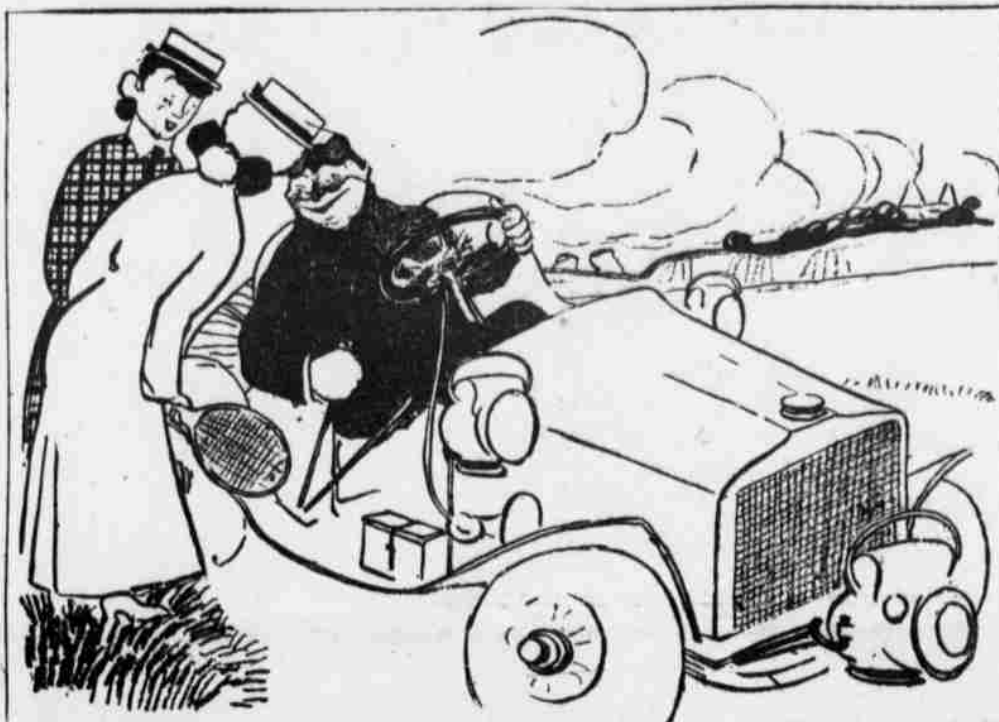
Polished the Tooth.

"Isn't it remarkable," said the man in the front row at the theater, "how she holds her youthful appearance?"
"It is truly wonderful, indeed," replied the man next to him.
"I wonder what she uses to defy the tooth of time."
"I have understood that she uses dental powder as a cosmetic."

A RAINY DAY SKIRT.

One morning in the garden of Eden, Eve strolled over to the rubber plant and began "clucking" its leaves.
"What are you going to do, my dear?" asked Adam.
"Why, you said last night that we should have rain today, so I thought I would make a rainy day costume."

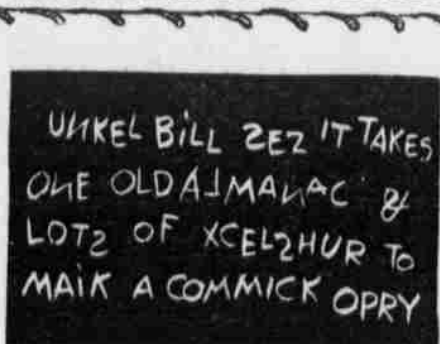
ITS SPEED RECORD.



"Has your machine ever gone sixty miles an hour?"
"I should say so. It was shipped to me by express, you know."

Some folks are in favor of short courtships, others demand long courtships, while still others say nothing as to choice but are satisfied with any kind of a courtship.

LITTLE HENRY'S SLATE.



MESSAGE.

"No use talking to me about hair tonics," said the first man. "Every one of them must be thoroughly rubbed in, the instructions say, and it is the rubbing in that does you good, if anything."
"As far as that is concerned," remarked the man with the thin spot at the crown of his head, "as soon as your hair begins to fall your friends will keep rubbing the fact in upon you."

If a man really knew the whereabouts of everything in a department store he would be far too valuable a man to be a floorwalker.

This has been handed in, with a request that it be printed: "Poker axiom—You are a Good Fellow if you lose and a Bonafide if you win."

Poker is a bad game. Not only do you waste your time in it, but there are occasions when you will also waste money.

Poor relations cannot help thinking rationally when listening to their rich uncle asking the blessing over the family dinner.

It seems to us that the mosquitoes of summer are not half so aggravating as the unexpected sick spot on the sidewalk in winter.

Some people only hold a job long enough to get references.

Darwinian Items.



"Well," said the monkey, "it is pretty well conceded that man is descended from my ancestors. Nothing has been handed down from your section of the creatures."

"O, I don't know," answered the parrot. "Quite a bunch of tea table talk has a parrot tinge."

THEM.

THEM.

(Another interpretation of Mr. Kipling's "They.")
I had put on the high speed and was spinning merrily across the ups and downs, when suddenly the whole landscape slid beneath me and I then whirled around on top of me and biffed me as hard as Leary did Mulvaney in—. But that is another story about another story.

Soon I realized that I was obstructing the highway, so I got up and walked over to the ditch, where the machine, a frying pan with a tin-and-a-half-sau detached, was standing, grinning obstinately at me, all the claims in claim as the choicest Hoosier dialect. Where was I? I did not know. I took out my road map, with the little red road indicators slipping up and down across the township lines like the record on a fever chart, and studied it attentively. It told me nothing. I might as well have tried to gather the symbolic interpretation of a time table.

Suddenly I realized that I was not alone. Over between the trees I saw a flashing of color that bespoke the peering of a redheaded boy. Still further on I could see a checked gingham skirt flitting among the bushes. One moment I could see them; the next moment they were invisible. Yet I could have sworn there were children about. I could have sworn then, and doubtless I felt a great deal like doing so, but I checked myself. I opened the tool box and laid out the stethoscope and the monkey wrench and the hammer and cold chisel and the hydraulic jack and other things and began to meditate upon how much the repair man would charge me for fixing the auto. Whilst I was wondering the subject there came a clear, boyish treble from the darkness of the woods. It cried: "Gettahoo! Gittahoo!"

I could have sworn, as I said, that there were children about, and now I did swear. Some eighty rods back on the road I had run into a dog and his bark was now on the sea of eternity.

An indignant "Yah-h-h!" that succeeded the dog's last yelp had impelled me to give the machine the highest speed, and had caused the marvelous mobility of the landscape.

Now the children, I could almost feel, were creeping closer and I closed, watching them and not what I would do next. I had raised the rear wheels from the ground and was unplugging the spark plug when a woman's voice came from the wood.

"Have you seen them?" she asked.
"Who?" I asked, in return.
"Them."
"No, but I have heard them."
"Ah, and then you, too, understand."
"I do," I said, looking beneath the machine at her, but seeing nothing except the hem of her skirt and the toes of her shoes. I worked on, slowly, wondering where I was, while she sat down on the bank at the roadside and said many things. But I refused, between my clenched teeth, to pay for the dog. Soon there was another childish exclamation from the hidden depths of the forest and an intangible something broke upon me.

I crawled out and rose to my feet, talking rapidly and waving the monkey wrench toward the woods.
"Don't!" she begged. "When you talk that way you make even the Egg look more awful."
"Of course it looks awful," I replied. "It was an awful egg. Why did those imps throw it at me?" She smiled vacantly. Ah, I missed the emptiness of her life, when even her smile is vacant.

"The Egg," she resumed, presently, "is as old as the hills."
I merely sniffed.
"I was keeping it until cold weather, when they will be worth forty cents a dozen," she confided, with that frankness which characterizes those who dwell in quiet places.
"I would rather have bought it than caught it," I answered, climbing aboard the auto and twisting the lever.
"Yes, you must never come back this road again," she told me, as I started away. Further, she mentioned something about constables and dogs and damage suits for running into buggies. There was a mysterious portent in what she said. I went on.
As I turned into the cross road I felt a quick, brushing kiss on the back of my head.
Again there was that childish treble laugh from the woods. A brickbat had zipped through my hat.
Then I understood that I must never go back—that it was not for me to see Them any more, unless I settled for the dog.

One trouble about being a really great soldier is that in the rush and bustle of retreat or victory you have to stop for a few moments to think up a historic expression, or one that will become historic. And in those few moments the other fellows may win.

AN ALPHABET OF HISTORY



METHU- SELAH

Methuselah lived long ago—
He was the Old Inhabitant
Those times, but never had a show;
His opportunities were scant,
Although he lived nine centuries
And three score years and nine beside,
The times he saw were not like these,
A chance to spread he was denied.

He could not seek the corner store
And lunch on crackers, cheese, and prunes,
And there display his helpful lore
Through mornings and through afternoons;
He could not talk about the days
When folks first saw the telegraph
Or telephone; how their amazement
Made better posted people laugh.

He could not take the stranger out
To some tall building, then say: "Here,
An' for a good ways hereabout
I use to shoot the bear and deer."
Skyscrapers were an unknown thing,
Excepting Babel, in his land
And Babel only served to bring
Speech that he could not understand.

(Perhaps this Babel item is
Anachronistic; as to that
We'll say one pleasant thing was his;
He never had to rent a flat.)
Another joy in his career
Was this: nobody ever told
Methuselah the stabled year
When he should be considered old.

At thirty-five he was not barred
From working if he wanted to;
He did not need a union card;
His daily labors to pursue;
And when his hair was snowy white
And age his manly form had bent
Nobody called him young and bright
And ran him for vice president.

It seems to us that in a popular novel the bigger fool the hero is the bigger success the book makes.

THE BUSY BAKER.
How doth the busy baker man
Improve the shining minute!
He makes a batch of pumpkin pie
And puts no pumpkin in it.

Once in a while you meet a man whose idea of being a patriot is not to be talking about it all the time.

After a man's name has been inscribed on the list imbedded in a corner stone he thinks all the time of the amazement that will strike somebody a hundred years later.

WHEN THE IDOL WAS SHATTERED.
He was a football hero,
With pride his name was called,
Until one day his wig blew off
And showed that he was bald.

Cesar's neighbors should be above suspecting his wife.

Horse sense teaches you what is right and mule sense helps you to kick when you do not get it.

The Gobbler's Nightmare.
At midnight, in his guarded coop,
The turkey, dreaming of the day
When he at last should fade in soup
In boarding houses' good old way.

Clean linen keeps you from telling hard luck stories.

A Successful Operation.



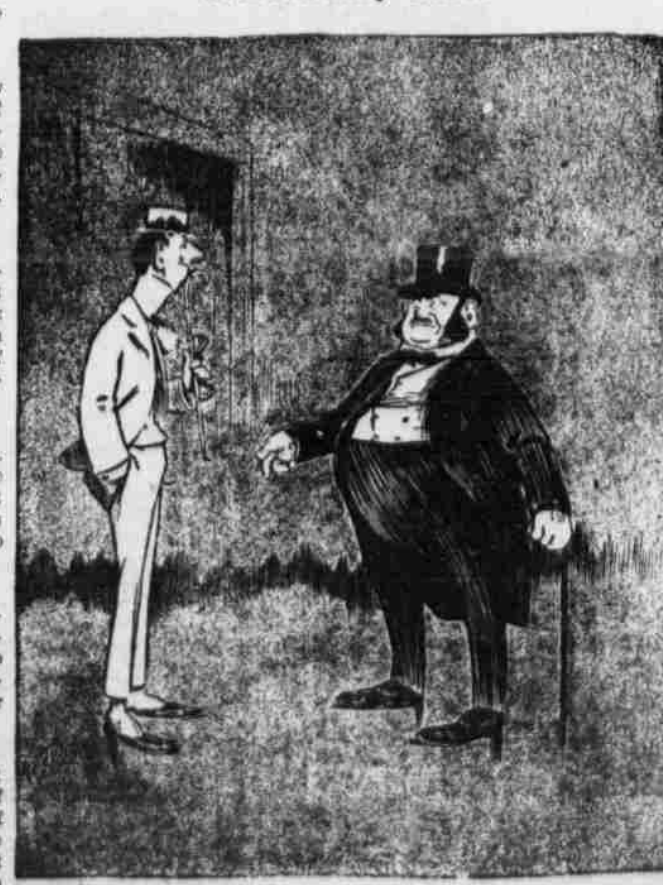
Doctor Squills—"So you operated on the millionaire for appendicitis. What did you remove from him?"
Doctor Knifem—"Ten thousand dollars."

Carries a Moral.



"They say he gets a fabulous salary," murmured the first auditor while the celebrated tenor was singing.
"Well, you know what a fable is," replied the second auditor, who was beginning to feel that his \$5 had been wasted.

Naturally Not.



"When you get to be my age, young man, you will not think of wearing such clothing as you wear now."
"Why, good gracious, gov., if I get to be your size, too, how in the world could I get into the things?"