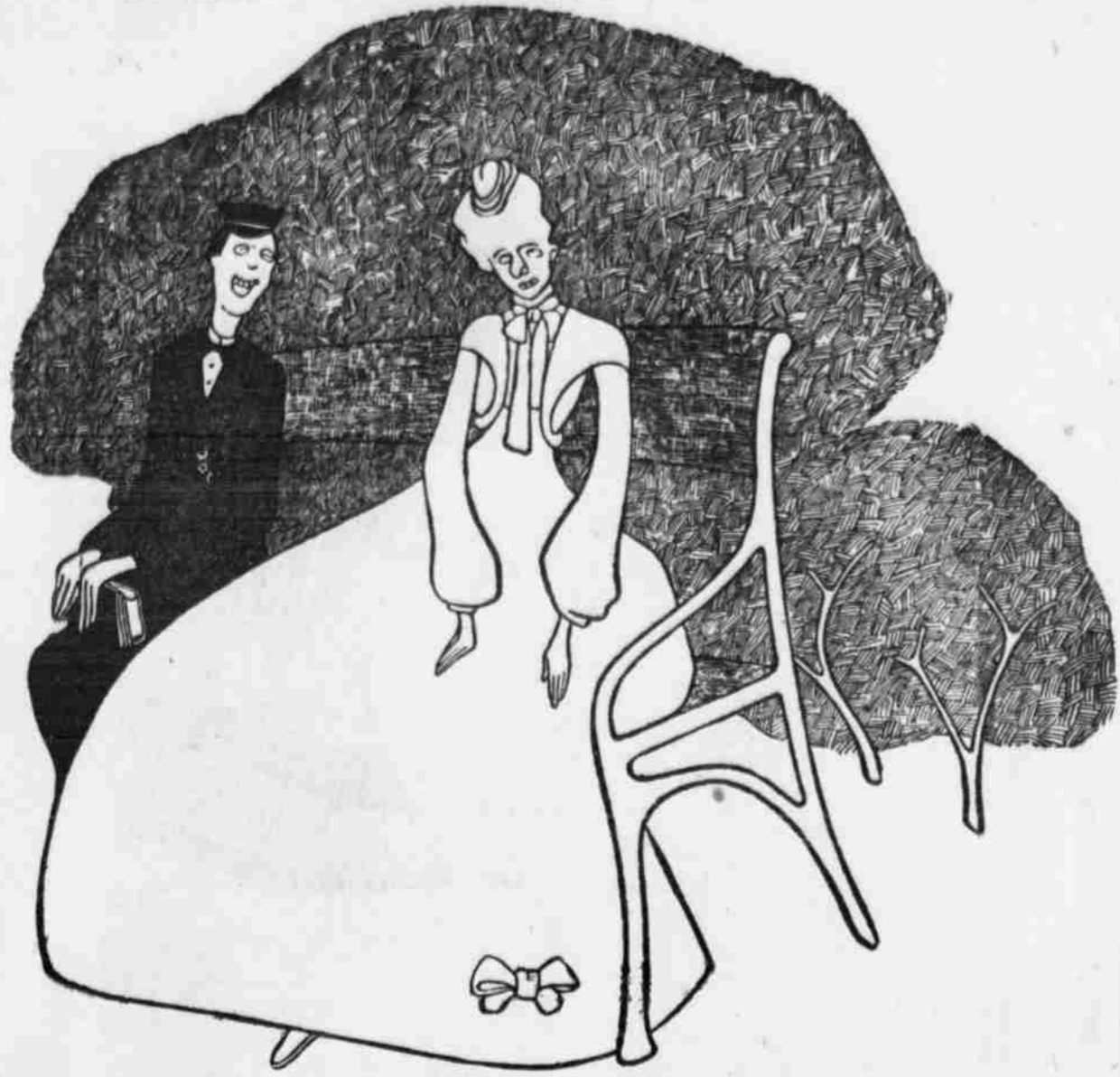


The election fore-caster now turns his attention to the goose home and issues estimates on the winter.

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

Wonder how many copies would be sold of a magazine that featured an article on good men and good corporations.

## UNGRAMMATICAL BUT SINCERE.



"And don't you think you could learn to love me?"  
"I—I—don't know."  
"If you could learn to love me I should love to learn you to."

### ONE MORE.

"I suppose," said the cable operator, when the famous war correspondent placed forty closely written pages before him. "That's a big story you're sending about the battle, isn't it?"

"O," explained the correspondent, "I haven't begun the story of the battle yet. This is simply the narrative of how far I had to ride in order to file the dispatch."

### THE HORRORS OF WAR.

"My!" said the cable operator, when the famous war correspondent placed forty closely written pages before him. "That's a big story you're sending about the battle, isn't it?"

## FRIENDS ON BOTH SIDES.



"I tell you," said the husband, glancing at the paper, "that war in the far east is an awful thing."  
"Isn't it, though?" said wife. "Why, some of my friends sympathize with one side and some with the other, and so I have to wear a Russian blouse with a kimono when I have any unexpected callers."

Young woman, about the time you become convinced that you can wrap that young man around your little finger you are going to be surprised at the resiliency of that young man.

The same people who kept us posted on "How to Keep Cool" during the summer are now hard at work on "How to Avoid Catching Colds."

**He Made His Bow Wow.**  
We meet the gentleman who delights thousands each night by his clever impersonation of a dog, in appropriate costume, in the great extravaganza and spectacular production.  
"Yours must be an exacting role," we say, seeking to seem interested in his work.  
"Indeed, yes," he replies. "It is Sirius work to be the dog star."

Beauty may be only skin deep, but the women realize that most men don't mind if it is only outside deep, so long as it is beauty.

Sometimes we get so flustered hunting up a synonym that when we have found it we have forgotten what we wanted to say.

**Better Yet.**  
"I am glad you like the pie," said the bride, as her husband helped himself to another slice of her first effort in the pie line.  
"I do like it, and that's the truth," said the groom, between bites.

"Is it as good as your mother used to make?"  
"Better" that. It's as good as the pies father used to say mother ought to make."

### SHE WONDERED.

The captain of the ship has just finished explaining to the coy young thing with the lambent optics all about the gulf stream, how it follows a channel of its own through the ocean and makes the temperature pleasant wherever it goes.  
"O, captain," she exclaims, clasping her hands with enthusiasm. "Why don't you go to work and get up a company and have a canal cut right through all the cold water in the ocean, so that the gulf stream may run everywhere and make everything nice?"

### UP TO HIM.

"George," she said, shyly.  
"Yes, Ethelinda?" he responded, gently.  
"The year is drawing to a close, is it not?"  
"It is, Ethelinda. But a few weeks remain of it."  
"And it is leap year, is it not?"

She blushed suddenly, while George fidgeted with his fingers and got ready to hear the all important question.  
"It is leap year, Ethelinda," he said, encouragingly.  
"Well, George, do you want me to go through life with the constant knowledge that I am married to a man who didn't have sense enough to propose, himself?"  
George didn't want her to.

### AT LEAST.

"Doctor," says the man who has suffered paralysis of the arms.  
"Do you think you can do anything for me? Will I recover the use of my hands and arms?"  
"Why, I think," says the doctor, gravely, "that already your right hand is improving and that no doubt within a week you will be able to sign checks."

### "Bright and Fair No. 2."

(Contributed in reply to "Bright and Fair," which recently appeared in the Line-o-Type or Two column of The Daily Tribune.)  
Yes, "bride and fair" those boyhood days!  
Our thoughts with pleasure turn  
To rambling in the mountain ways  
And by the flowing burn.  
Our thoughts turn backward, and it seems  
Those joys again we feel;  
We limp once more, when in our dreams,  
With "stone bruise" on our heel.  
Yes, "bride and fair" those golden hours:  
Few clouds to intervene;  
Our griefs like short, sunshiny showers  
With fairer skies between,  
Made boyhood's life a pleasant song  
We would not well forego.  
Our greatest pain, not lasting long,  
Was "when we" "stabbed" our toe.  
Yes, "bride and fair" may tell the tale  
Of happy days long gone,  
But every boy recalls the wail  
Which after morning's dawn  
Came ringing from the old woodshed  
As o'er his father's knee  
He was in "wisdom's" pathway led—  
Ah, bygone memory!  
Yes, "bride and fair." How short the time  
Since we were restive boys,  
And how we longed, with faith sublime,  
To share in manhood's joys!  
Compelled man's burden once to bear  
Our sorrows had begun.  
Then disappeared our boyhood's care  
As dawn before the sun.  
R. H. L.

## Worse Yet.



"Madam, I am sorry to inform you that your husband, while carrying the bowl of punch to another room, slipped and fell and broke—"  
"His leg?"  
"No. The punch bowl!"  
"Awful! Where is my smelling bottle!"

The old fashioned husband permitted his wife to build the fire; the modern husband allows her to scold the janitor because there isn't enough heat.

Take one of these men who are always telling their troubles, and after he gets through bewailing them he goes on for a while about the lack of sympathy for him.

But sometimes it is just as pestering to meet men who are forever rehabilitating their good luck.

Many a woman smother her literary talent because ink stains do not look well on pretty fingers.

Pity the man whose impression of pumpkin pie has been gained from the squash confection.

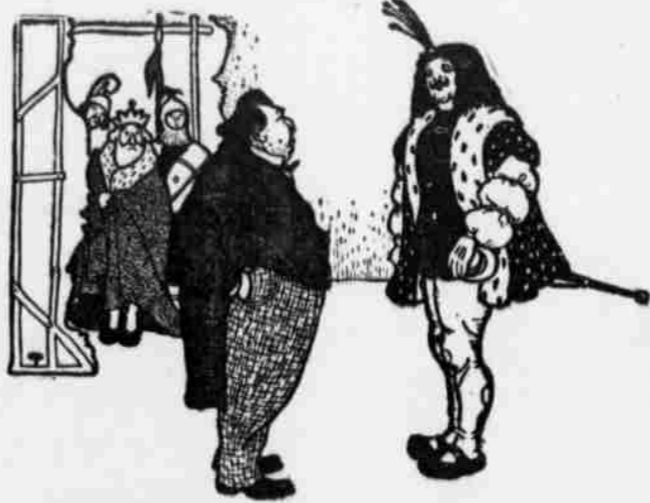
There are some women who would be willing to cook meals like mother used to cook if they didn't have to wash the dishes, like mother used to, also.

We cannot understand the patronizing air of some folks when you tell them you haven't read the novel they think is the latest.

It is astonishing how many reasons a man can give for not having gone to the St. Louis fair.

The payless patient is a painful subject with the painless dentist.

## Back of the Scenes.



"Shakespeare would turn over in his tomb," said the stage manager, "if he could see how you murder this part."  
"He'd turn back again and call for chloroform if he knew how you stage manage the show," retorted the matinee hero.

### In Ostrichville.



Some of us give the credit to instinct when we make a good guess.

All the world's a stage, which explains why so many people do press agent work for so many others.

The longer the courtship, the shorter the married life, if that is going to make people any happier.

### Not Much.

"I understand you had a regular spread over on your island last week," says the first cannibal king.  
"I don't see how you got such an idea," replies the other. "We merely had a little picnic lunch—a few shipwrecked sailors and men."

## AN ALPHABET OF HISTORY



## NEWTON.

Now, Newton, in the orchard felt an apple strike his head.  
"Tis gravity! 'Tis gravity!" excitedly he said.  
Had you or I been sitting there a-thinking of this earth,  
As Newton was, and wondering about its size and girth,  
And just when we were figuring a long and heavy sum  
The apple hit us on the mind and made our bald spot numb!

We say, had you or I been there, as Newton was that day,  
Would there have been much gravity in what we had to say?

This shows how great it is to have a scientific mind—  
An intellect that reaches out to see what it may find.  
Perchance an ordinary man in such a circumstance  
Would have got up and rubbed his head and done a little dance,  
And muttered things that gentle folks should scarcely ever state,  
And not concede the apple simply had to gravitate.

Again, we say, if Newton's place was held by you or I,  
Instead of gravity we might have thought of apple pie.

You see, (again we make the point that scientific minds  
Discover facts which any brain that's common never finds.)  
You see, when Newton felt the jolt his science did not stop—  
He simply meditated on "What made the apple drop?"  
And while in cogitation deep beneath the tree he lay  
He mused: "It's odd that apples never drop the other way."

Once more: If you or I had been beneath the apple tree;  
We might have howled: "Who was it threw that apple and hit me?"

To finish this, however, with becoming gravity,  
We'll state that Newton lingered there beneath the apple tree;  
With logarithmic tables he discovered that the speed  
At which the apple fell was based on whence it fell—indeed,  
Had it dropped from the moon, we'll say, it would have grown so hot  
That it would have been melted up before to earth it got.

Again, and finally, had you or I held Newton's seat,  
We should, like he did, take the apple up and start to eat.

### THE CHANCE.

"I don't think that poker is a game of chance, after all," says the lamb who has been run up against a cold deck in the gambling parlors.  
"No," inquires the dealer, taking them off the bottom as he needs them.

"No," repeats the youth, idly gazing at the two deuces he has been dealt. "Where's any chance about this game?"  
"Wh' my boy, there's always a chance that it will be pulled."

### SPOILS HIM.

"That Mrs. Doughter worries me," says Mr. Knott. "She is so jealous of her husband she won't trust him out of her sight."  
"But do you want to see him away from her?" asks Mrs. Isatt.  
"Never in the world. But her attitude toward him convinces him that he is a perfect lady killer and he worries a person to death with his surreptitious smiles and glances."

### ALMOST A NONENTITY.

"Scribbles doesn't seem to have grasped his opportunities as a war correspondent in Manchuria, does he?" asks the friend.  
"I should say not," responds the other friend. "Why, the mac hasn't even—actually, now!—hasn't even had one picture taken showing him and his pack mule and corps of servants."  
Shaking their heads dolefully, the two say that really he was a young man of promise when he went over there and they would have expected better work of him.

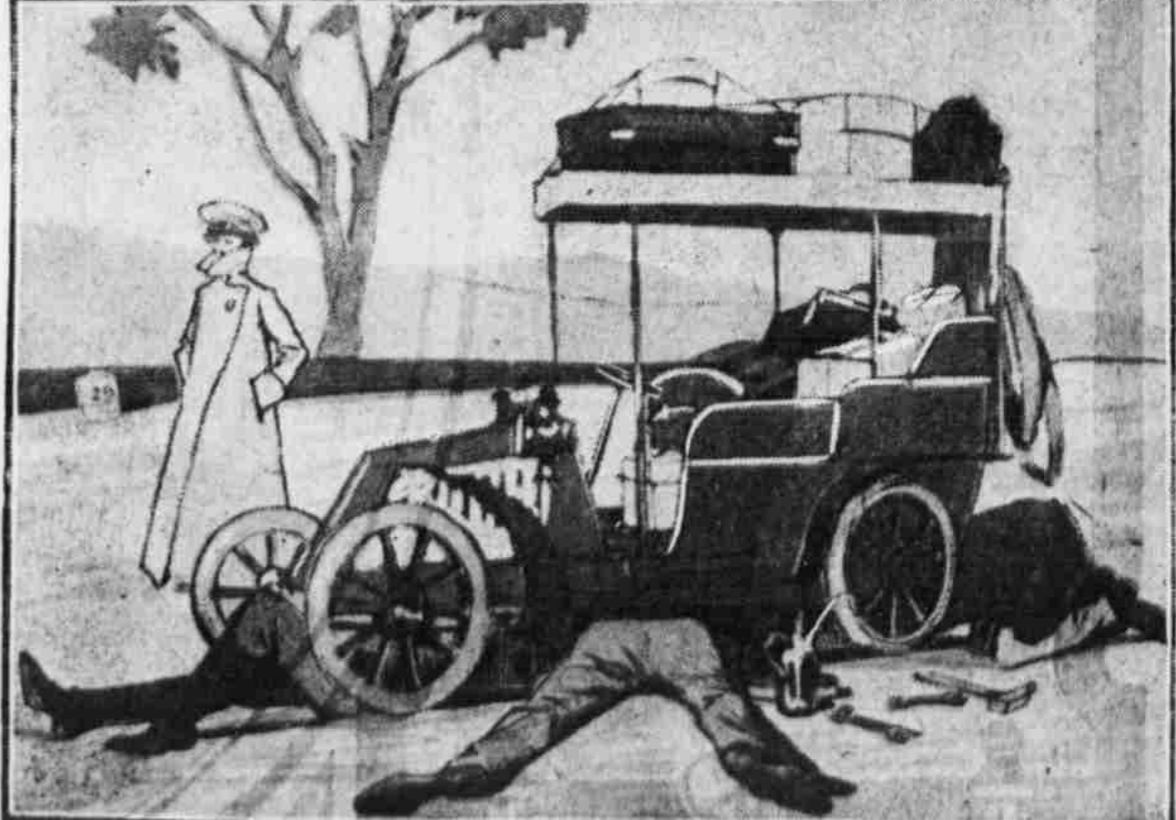
### A GOOD FELLOW.

A good fellow is a man who dines well, tells good stories, dresses well, smokes, drinks—and spends his money freely.  
A good fellow, to make it more brief, is a man who smokes, drink, tells good stories—and spends his money freely.  
But it has been demonstrated by experiment and observation that a man can be a good fellow if he merely spends his money freely.  
After he has spent it he will have a nice stock of stories about what a good fellow he used to be—and nobody to listen to the stories.

### KNEW HIS SAFETY.

The man who had been arrested for having eight wives was awakened by a fellow prisoner, who hoarsely whispered:  
"Come on, sport. We've got some false keys and unlocked the cell doors and we're all going to escape."  
"Look here," said the octogonist desperatly. "Unless you promise me that when you all get out of the jail you will lock the doors carefully again, I'll raise a racket and expose your project."  
"Why, what's wrong? Don't you want to escape?"  
"Escape? You look me in here and go on about your business. Don't you know these steel bars are all that separate me from eight wives?"

## DESPERATE.



"O, do be careful! It would be awful if the auto should start now."  
"Well," came a muffled voice from beneath the machine, "if it starts now, after we've been tinkering for half a day, for goodness sake don't do anything to stop it."