

Solomon was the wisest man. He married enough wives to do the housework and thus evaded the servant problem.

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

Really, there are lots of times when we feel that we can do the other fellow's work as well as he thinks he can do ours.

## PRESERVING THE UNITIES.



"Pardon me," said the musical director, "but you should take that note more slowly."  
"But the music is marked 'accelerando.'"  
"I know. But remember that in this song you are supposed to be a messenger boy."

One man will wear a thin watch chain that loops twice across his vest and will finger the chain, too, while asking another man why he carries a cane.

## Little Henry's Slate.

UNKEL BILL ZEZ BUYN  
CHRIS MUZZ PRERAZTZ IS  
LIKE PAYIN FLECKZHU  
BETZ

Rest assured that as soon as a man tells you he wouldn't say anything behind your back he wouldn't say to your face he is going to tell you something you will wish he had said behind you.

## PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECT.



"The lodger in the next room asks if you will kindly play the piano for an hour just before he leaves tonight."  
"Certainly. But may I ask why he requests it?"  
"He is a prize fighter, and has a fight on for tonight, and says if you play the way you usually do he will be so mad he could whip a mule."

## A CALL FOR ARBITRATION.



"I don't think it's right to fight."  
"O, come on out and lick him. He's waiting in the alley."  
"No. Let's get up an arbitration committee."  
"Shucks! This isn't any war, is it?"  
"No. But it's a good deal the same. It's one of them cases that calls for arbitration. He might lick me, and even if he didn't, his big brother would."

## ALMOST AN INVALID.

"Freddy Lunk says you told him he ought to consult an oculist," remarked the first fair young thing. "His eyes are not falling, are they?"  
"Well," answered the second fair young thing, "there is something wrong with them. We were out walking yesterday and came to an oak tree, and I tried to show him some mistletoe clinging to one of the boughs."  
"And couldn't he see the mistletoe?"  
"Worse than that, even! He couldn't see that I was standing directly under it."

## The Honest Marketman.

"I declare!" exclaimed the market man, consulting his order sheet. "Here's Mrs. Easleigh's order for a five pound roast, and I promised she should not have to wait more than ten minutes for it, and she gave the order two hours ago. Well, I must keep my word and give her a short weight."  
Saying which, he weighed his hand in with the roast.

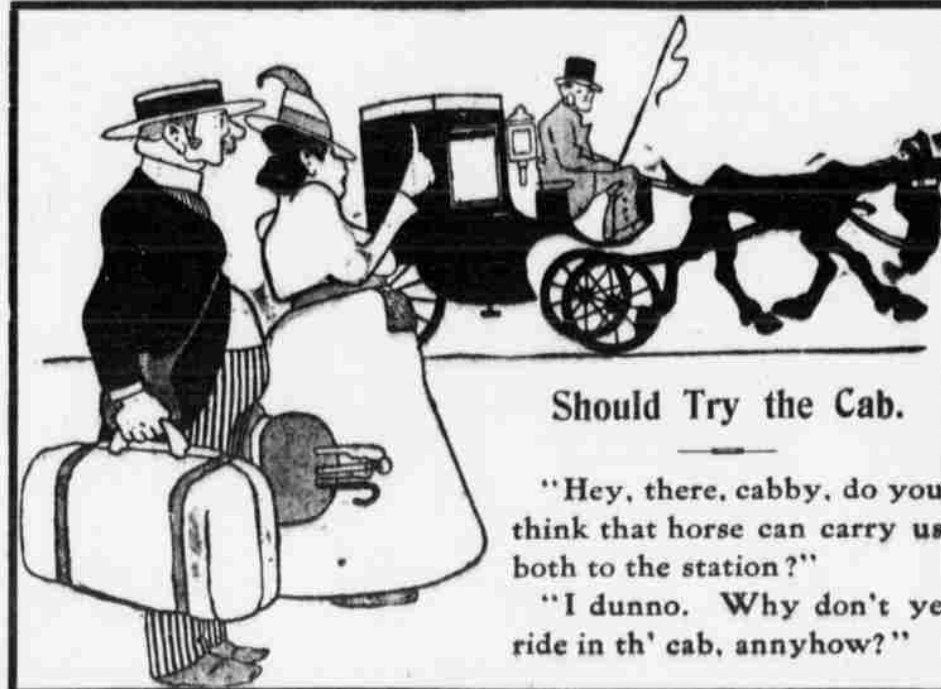
## Machinery Broke Again.

"You had the chance of your lifetime," says the friend of the airship inventor, "when you had that audience of capitalists to witness the trial flight of your machine. Yet you failed to rise to the occasion."  
"How could I rise to it?" petulantly asks the aeronaut. "How could I rise to it, with one propeller broken, the rudder twisted and no gas for the bag?"

## IT WORKED.



"Why don't you try horseback riding?" asked the slim man. "They say that will reduce flesh."  
"I did," tersely answered the fat man. "Did it have any effect?"  
"Made the horse skinnier."

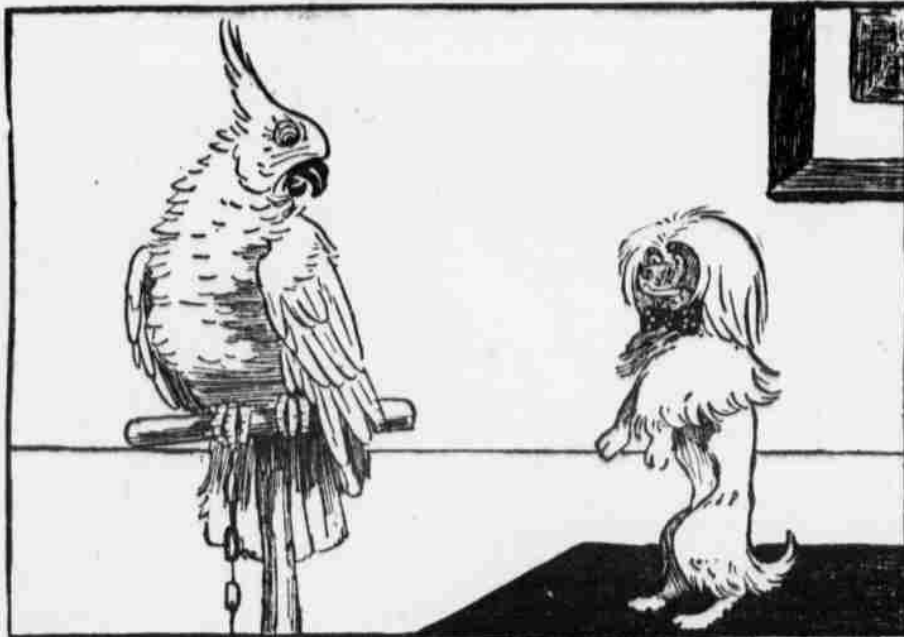


## Should Try the Cab.

"Hey, there, cabby, do you think that horse can carry us both to the station?"  
"I dunno. Why don't ye ride in th' cab, annyhow?"

Literature is a boon to woman. Last week a lady, while listening to a paper on "The Influence of the Realistic School Upon Modern Novels" thought out a splendid way to have her new accent trimmed.

## HER PART.



"Let's you and I get up a football team," said the parrot. "You've got the hair, all right enough."  
"But what could you do on a football team?"  
"I could swear at the referee."

## AN AID TO HIS ART.

"This Christmas story," says the editor, "is a marvelous one. I do not understand how you were able to make such a realistic picture of the raw, blustering, cold weather, of the long drifts of snow that swept in billows across the bleak fields, of the pitiful plight of the heroine, far from home and friends, lost on the prairies, chilled to the marrow—I do not see how you could write it so vividly."  
"Easy enough," modestly replies the eminent author, albeit he swells a trifle with excusable pride. "I wrote the story one blistering hot day last summer, and I just imagined what kind of weather would make me happiest that day. Then I let my fancy have full swing along that line and it resulted in the chapter you mention with such kindness."

## NOT FOR THEM.

"Won't it be a good idea," says the friend of the cold storage magazine, "for you to donate a turkey to each of your employees on Christmas day? You tell me you have a large stock of the fowls."  
"I hardly think it would be advisable. The men would not accept the turkeys."  
"Not accept them?"  
"No. You see, they know pretty well how long those birds have been in the refrigerators."

## The Last Chance.

"Leap year is drawing to a close," muses the damsel of an uncertain age. "There remains but one hope for me. I must induce some man to teach me how to skate."  
She gracefully hints to the next caller that she would dearly love to learn to skate.  
"But I never could teach a girl how," sighs the youth.  
"Then," she murmurs, her face suffused with blushes, "will you permit me to teach you how to teach me to skate?"

## ROLLING IT IN.

"Did you notice that fellow who came over and touched me for a dollar?" asks the department clerk in Washington of the visitor whom he is showing the sights.  
"Yes. Who is he?"  
"An old friend of mine. When I first came here he was rolling in wealth every day."  
"You don't tell me! And he lost it all!"  
"No, he lost his job. He was pushing truckloads of paper money through the treasury building at that time."

## IN HIS LINE OF WORK.

"No, he's not what you would call an egotist," remarks the man with the funny column face, "but there are times when I think he is simply wrapped up in himself."  
"That indicates a good deal of conceit," comments a listener.  
"O, no. You see, he is a contortionist."

## THE REASON FOR THE NAME.

"I wonder," observes the man who is wiping the cinnamon from his mustache and eyeing himself in the big mirror back of the bar; "I wonder why they call this drink Tom and Jerry?"  
"I suppose," says the bartender, "that it is because if it were called Thomas and Jeremiah nobody could order one after he had had four or five."

## THE RISKY SPOT.

The eloquent orator has concluded his peroration, referring in soul-stirring terms to "the man behind the sun."  
Amid the vast audience, which is pounding the floor and shouting itself hoarse, there is one man who remains coldly silent.  
"Why don't you cheer?" asks a person beside this individual.  
"Huh! I'd a heap sight rather be behind a gun than in front of it. I can tell you that!"

## NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

"Your majesty," says the tourist to the oriental potentate, "you will pardon me for referring to the fact that your hair is falling out."  
"O, I know it as well as you do," replies his majesty, moodily puffing at his narghile.  
"Would you graciously permit me to offer you a bottle of my justly famous remedy, which is guaranteed to prevent the hair from falling out?"  
"Yes, I'll accept it," wearily says the potentate, "but what I really need is some kind of medicine that will keep my harem from falling out. Stop that and I'll stop getting bald."

## PEROXIDE.

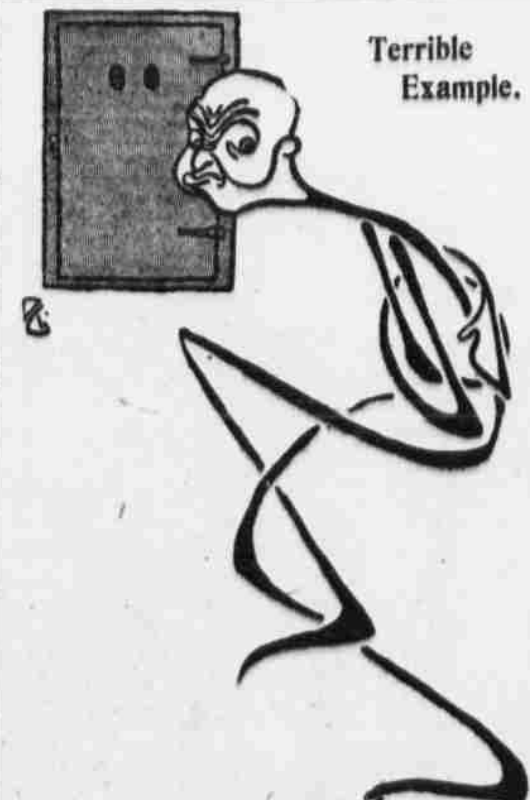
"You remember Mollie Brune, who used to worry so much because her hair was too dark?" asks the girl who is eating chocolate creams.  
"Yes. Didn't you tell her to consult a hair specialist?" asks the girl who is toasting marshmallows.  
"Um-huh."  
"And she still worrying about it?"  
"No. She told the specialist how much she was worried about her hair, and he made light of it at once."

## 'S A FACT.

Man has much trouble with his nose if they would not be smoothly yarned; And yet, indignantly he goes And darts them when they are not darned.  
NOT LITERALLY.  
See the man.  
What is the man saying?  
He is saying that he is intoxicated with the beauty of the scene.  
He seems to be drinking in the beauties of the view, does he not?  
He does.  
And what is the view?  
No, it is not a painting of a rye field. It is an academy prize winner entitled "The Hourbons."  
But is this the picture that intoxicates him?  
No, he was soaked when he bought one a few moments ago.

## NO SLEEVES.

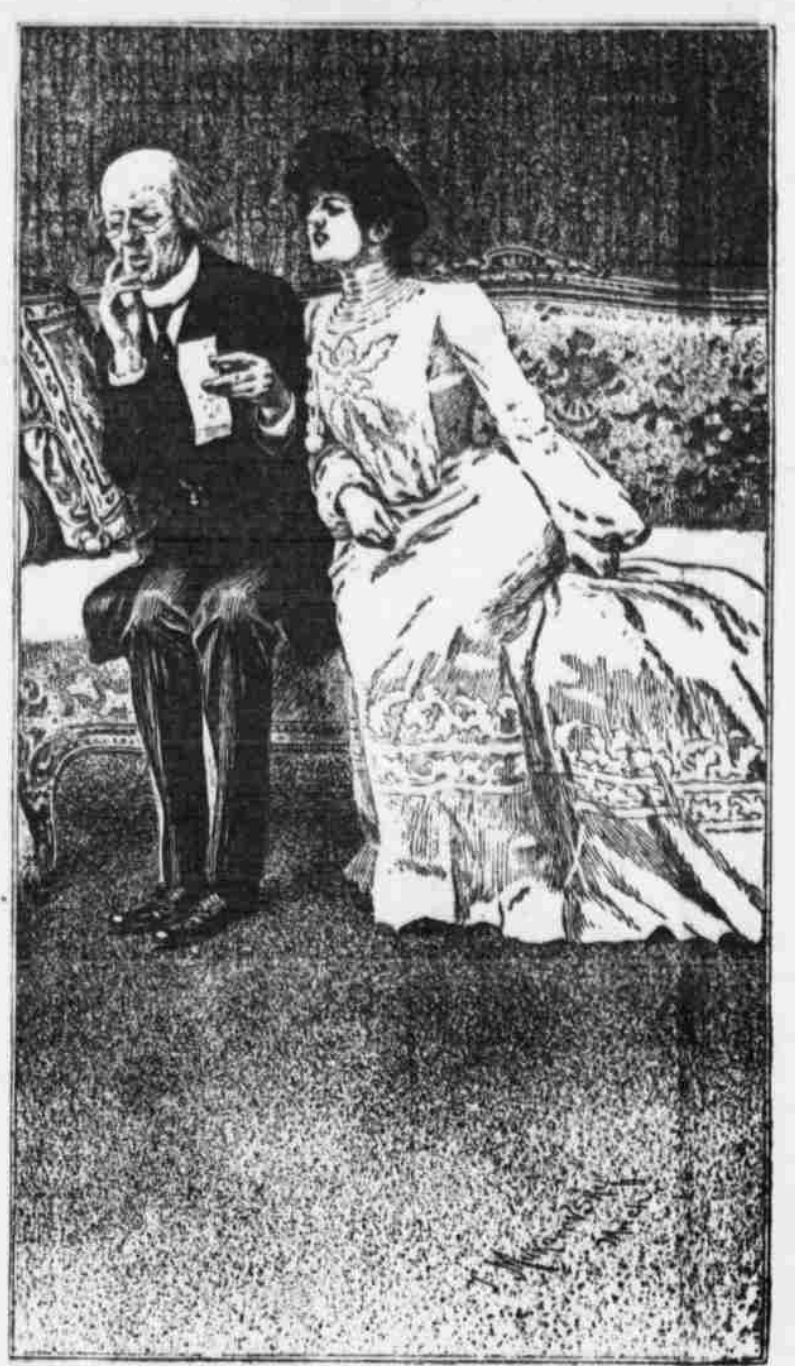
"Don't wear your heart on your sleeve tonight," we said to the damsel gay.  
"My heart on my sleeve!" she observed. "Not quite—My dress is decolletee."  
Mistletoe is only one of the fifty-two varieties of excuses for kissing.  
Do you ever stop to think that you often say "They say" as if it really meant "I know?"  
Men use to wage war as if they felt that they were making history; now they shudder through battle, feeling that they are contributing a few more historical novels to the Carnegie libraries.  
The difference between amateur and professional actors is that the amateurs do not get so many chances to tell of their histrionic successes.  
Young men, folks will tell you that you amount to something until you believe it, and then they will say you amount to nothing for that reason.  
There are two things we have never been able to understand: How a hotel has the nerve to ask forty cents for a baked potato and where a florist gets the courage to take a dollar for a chrysanthemum.



## Terrible Example.

This man, my child, is almost wild, Because he longs—it's funny— To have and hold the notes and gold Of other people's money.  
Now had he brought the time and thought To earning plenty of it, Much goodly pelf he'd had himself And not so fiercely covet.

## Helpful Hint.



"O, papa!" cried the daughter of the eminent scientist. "A check for a thousand dollars, just for that article on the X-Rays? Why don't you write articles about the A, B, C, D, and all the rest of the alphabet rays, and get a whole lot of money?"

## BEFORE AND AFTER.



"No, daughter, you mustn't drink coffee. If you did you might grow up into a sallow, unlovely woman whom no man would fall in love with."  
"Yes, mama. Papa said a girl had to be careful what she drank before marriage and a man had to be careful what he drank afterwards."

Don't suggest Christmas presents for others. They may hear of your part in it after Christmas.

## AN ALPHABET OF HISTORY.



## Quintilian

Quintilian, years and years ago, Was it on oratory; Demosthenes and Cicero He studied can amaze; And taught the Roman lipsers The reason and the rote and rule For requesting father, dear father, to come home with me now in most pathetic whispers.  
'Twas he who showed that thus and thus One should appear when standing The last remarks of Spartacus On ceasing gladiating. (Perchance the word we just have used Escaped your dictionary. We mean when Spartacus refused To be butchered to make a Roman holiday exceedingly exciting and otherwise gladsome and merry.)  
Quintilian's book on How to Speak is classic at this moment; It tells the speaker when to shriek And when his rage to foment. The boy who on commencement day Cites Patrick Henry's speeches Must do so in Quintilian's way When a single order of liberty, with a supplemental second choice of death, he beseeches.  
The actor who would thrill the crowd (A blood and marrow freezer) By handing out in accents proud "Mark Antony on Caesar," Must heed the rules set down by Quint., And so must he who rises To heights of glowing fame by dint Of the justly famous to be or not to be, center of the stage, two spot lights sizzling, when he as Hamlet soliloquizes.  
Quintilian, we are fain to say, Was it on oratory, And even in this later day Receives his share of glory, Except when elocutionists Our peace and comfort mangle, By showing how fair Bessie's wrists Were strained and bruised while swinging around in the belly the time she said the curfew should not jangle.