

A word to the wise is sufficient, and sometimes we are fool enough to stumble on the word

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

Patience is a virtue, but the patience with which a life insurance agent pursues you isn't.

THE UNFAILING PLAN.



"I read today an article which says that the loving wife will never upbraid her husband for staying out late at night."
"Humph! I've been married ten years, and I'd like to know how else a woman is going to get the new dress she has set her heart on."

Can't Please Them.
"May I ask," inquired the magnate who was defendant in proceedings in which he was sued for merging a lot of corporations, "may I ask what brings you to court?"
"Yes, sir," answered the man sitting next him, "I'm defendant in bankruptcy proceedings."
"Huh," commented the magnate. "It's a funny world. Here they are suing you because you didn't make money and suing me because I did."

IN THE GUN.
"This beast," said the guide, "is a gun which lately arrived in the gun."
The camel and yak
Said "Hello" through a crack
For it seems that they knew the gun gun."

She Knew Papa.

"Mama, I wish I had mailed my letter to Santa Claus, too."
"O, it will be all right. You gave it to papa to mail."
"Yes, but we may find it in his pocket next summer"

BETTER YET.
"Thank you," says the man who is invited to drink, "but I have stopped altogether."
"Cut your eye-teeth, have you?" asks the other.
"Better than that. I've cut my 'No' teeth."

HIS ERROR.

"What do you mean by having such a story printed about me?" asked the star of the press agent. "The idea of letting the papers publish an account of my having fallen heir to a business block!"
"But it was true," argued the press agent, "and I thought that, considering the fact that it was real and no fake, it would be—"
"Yes?" she sniffed. "And the tax assessor was around to see me before noon!"

His Predicament.

Minerva was called the goddess of wisdom—but that was before the days when she might have been induced to buy an encyclopedia and write club papers.

LED THEM ALL.
The thespians were exchanging boasts of their achievements. One had memorized a whole play in one night and still could remember every word of it. Another had the faculty of remembering whatever he heard anywhere at any time and so on.
"Well," said Rose de Hamme, after they had all told how much and how long they could remember, "I never laid any claims to having a memory. I never could remember my parts. I'm a little better about it now, but there was one season when I forgot so blamed fast that I had to have six understudies."

A fool and his money are soon parted; but a wife's money and his money sometimes are never introduced.

A Disadvantage.
"I simply adore that young Mr. Jony-sent," gushed the first girl. "Don't you think it is simply lovely the way he blushes whenever you say anything to him? It is such an unusual trait in a man."
"Maybe," cynically observed the second girl. "But when a man blushes that way and anybody is looking at the two of you, it always seems to me that his blushing is a dead giveaway."

THE JUDGE'S MISTAKE.

"Haven't I seen you here before?" asks the judge, sternly, of the man who has arisen before the bar.
"Yes, sir," answers the man. "I have appeared before you several times."
"I do not like your calm, unconcerned way of replying to me," says the judge, frowning. "It shows that you do not realize the harm you are doing yourself by permitting yourself to be haled before the bench so often."
"But, your honor, you do not seem to understand—"
"I understand perfectly. You ought to be ashamed. If you had a spark of manhood left in you you would hang your head with humiliation at the thought of being recognized by the court. Your face, however, shows that you have long bidden farewell to—"
"If it please the court, the court is—"
"The court is not, sir! The court will not be interrupted, either. The court recognizes you, sir. You have been here so often that the unscrupulous expression of your face is too familiar to it. The court would, if it had not that respect for the law which you utterly lack, dispense with the formality of a trial and sentence you forthwith. Let the case be heard."
"Your honor—"
"If you speak to the court again you will be committed to jail for contempt."
"All right, your honor, but I'm the attorney for the defendant there, and I've got to speak if I defend him. The court has seen me try five cases before it, and that may be—"
At this point the judge ordered the clerk to enter a change of venue in the case and took the attorney outside to endeavor to explain matters.

Unfathomable Man.

Into His Pocket.
"Can you give me any idea which way wheat will go today?" asked the shoe-string speculator, handing over his money to the broker's clerk.
"No," answered the clerk. "But I might be able to tell you which way your money will go today."
Saying which, he dropped the cash into the till.

Thought of Posterity.
"But why," asks the young husband, before he goes out to buy a lot of canned goods to run the table until a new servant may be hired, "but why did you never learn to cook?"
"You had every opportunity."
"I know I did," acknowledged the young wife. "But I always said that no son of mine should ever be able to taunt his wife with stories of how his mother could cook things."

He Got the Hearing.
"Mine," sighed the heroine, while the orchestra whispered along through a melancholy combination of chords. "Mine is a long, sad story. Listen, and I will—"
"One moment," blazed the villain, appearing suddenly from the wings. "Mine is a short, funny story. I—"
At this point the audience began cheering the villain and the leading lady left the stage in wrath.

HE MISJUDGED HER.
"No wonder you look poorly," said the bookkeeper to the stenographer. "The idea of your lunching every day on pickles and pie."
"Now, you are unjust," replied the stenographer. "The idea of my eating such a lunch. I know the pie wouldn't agree with them, so I never eat anything except the pickles."

The Joy of Riches
"And is he truly so wealthy as is reported?" we ask.
"Indeed, yes," they tell us. "He makes Croesus look like a hobo."
"Has everything he wants, and never lifts his hand to do a thing?"
"Sure. Why, he even pays a dentist ten thousand a year just to pick his teeth for him."

HOYLE?
Sir Knight Alcibiades was engaged in a poker game in Algiers. The day of that country had been showing in his cash pretty lively, but at last was at the end of his resources.
"Ah," murmured Alcibiades, pushing a stack of blues to the center of the table, "when the day is done the knight comes in."
Just for that the knight was soon rendered gloomy.
Of times when we answer the call of duty the line is crossed.



"Do you know, you are looking so charming that it is hard for me to resist the temptation to propose to you?"
"But I never would marry a man who did not have great strength of character."

Little Henry's Slate.

DOCKTER JONES ZEZ
HIZ PILLZ HAZ MOAR
EFFECT ON PEEPLE THAN
HIZ BILLZ

A Boy's Wish.
If I was not a boy, I'd like to be a lot of things
Like millionaires and engineers
An' circus men an' kings.
Sometimes you only get one wish.
If that should be the case
I'd wish to be a bird, 'cause it
Don't hafta wash its face.

We cannot decide ahead who has some people quarrel for the pleasure of making up or make up for the sake of quarreling again.

Truth lies at the bottom of a well, and most of us are afraid to get our feet wet.

The faculty of saying the wrong thing at the right time is merely a variation of that peculiarity which leads a man to light a cigar in a powder mill.

The man who can eat mince pie boasts of it as much as the man who can't.

Sometimes folks who enter an a socialtion find that they have an e le pian on their hands.

Little pl shers have ble cars, but big pl chers pour out more.

There are a lot of e ady made jokes about the self-made man.

Riches take wings—but they buy the rest of the plumage.

What you eat and what you wear is what you get out of life, but the trouble is that what the other fellow eats and wears is what you miss.

That "the end justifies the means" should not be construed into "the end justifies the meanness."

Hadn't Met Them.

"Miss Debbytant," said the erudite man at the dinner, "you will find that the great majority of the entrees are very rich."
"How nice!" exclaimed the damsel. "I have met so few people. Are they here tonight?"
The Troubles of the Druggist.
The druggist had just succeeded in selling a bottle of his own hair tonic to a man who wanted to know why the druggist was baldheaded, and was still feeling sore over the argument when he came up to the cigar counter to wait on the lady who had hurried in as if her errand was of vast importance.
"Have you a directory?" she asked.
"Yes'm. There it is."
"I am looking for the address of Mrs. James Gillidy. May I see the directory?"
"Certainly, madam. It is right over there on the counter."
The lady thanked him, then went to the counter and opened the directory. The druggist had his attention attracted for a moment by a man who wanted to buy a postal card, then turned to see the lady beckoning to him. He went over to her, and she asked:
"Do you know how to spell Gillidy?"
"No, ma'am."
"Are you the regular clerk here?"
"I'm here nearly all the time."
"I thought you weren't the one I always have to wait on me. He has a brown mustache."
"O, he is the night clerk. He comes on watch at three in the afternoon."
"Yes? He is such a courteous man."
The druggist excused himself and stepped to the cigar counter again, to explain to a man who had just come in that the store did not give trading stamps on prescriptions. When the man was gone the woman called to him again:
"I've looked for all the ways you could spell Gillidy, but I don't find it."
"Let me find it for you."
He, in turn, hunted for the name, running his finger up and down page after page, but unsuccessfully.
"I guess it isn't given here," he said, at last. "Have you any idea where she lives?"
"No. You see, she just moved here last week, and I wanted to find her address if possible, so I could write to my folks and tell them where to reach her, because her husband used to—"
But the druggist had gone back of the prescription case and was madly whirling a pestle around in a mortar and saying things to himself. The woman, giving him one look, turned and left, saying so that he could hear:
"Of all the disobliging people!"
Outside the door she suddenly and came in again.
"I quite forgot," she smiled. "I wanted to get a stamp."
"Just out of them," replied the druggist, cracking the mortar by a fierce jab at its unoffending side with the pestle.
When peace brooded over the store again, he muttered:
"But you bet whenever a drug clerk begins taking things for his nerves there's a whole lot of criticism."

The Bewilderment of Woong.

"I never know," sighs the fair young thing, "whether to believe you or not."
"And I," said the swain, "never know whether to believe that you believe me or not."

AN ALPHABET OF HISTORY

Villon

Villon—bard of the early times,
Familiarly called Francois—
'Twas he who juggled so with rhymes
That we regard him now with awe;
His Pegasus knew "Gee" from "Haw";
He drove with all a jockey's art
And ran each race without a flaw—
Villon gave these ballades their start.

Must he flee to some safer climes,
Did hunger at his vitals gnaw,
Or was he jailed for varied crimes?
In that he inspiration saw
And, pen held in a grimy paw
Would let his flashing fancy dart
Of times in measures rather raw—
Villon gave these ballades their start.

His purse was even bare of dimes;
He often felt the grip of law;
Yet he, the fittest of mimes,
Who stole, most nights upon the straw
And wakened to the raucous caw
Of ravens, never shirked his part;
He never stopped at late to jaw—
Villon gave these ballades their start.

L'ENVOI.
Princess, the moral's here to draw:
When poets go into the mart
The editors say coldly: "Pshaw!
Villon gave these ballades their start."

Would Bother Him.
"Lost time," said the sage to the idle youth,
"is never found again."
"Huh," commented the idle youth, reemerging his legs, "it's a good thing it isn't. If I'd find it again I'd have twice as much time to kill, and I'm kept busy as it is now, loafing."

KNOW THE MAN.

"Higgins says you aggravate him."
"I aggravate him? Why?"
"He says you always laugh at the wrong place when he tells a story."
"Bless you, that's the only place you can laugh at his stories."
A Criticism.
A graver who turned out a woodcut
Which was not as good as he should out,
Was asked by his boss
Who became very cross:
"Is this woodcut as good as you could cut!"
The graver replied: "Sir, I would cut
A woodcut as good as I could cut,
If you'd pay the price
For my making the slice
That would cut the woodcut—a good cut."