

You can come pretty near to judging a man's past by what he fears in his future.

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

We have wasted many an hour listening to some one dilate upon the flight of time.

SHIFTING THE RESPONSIBILITY.



"Missus Blumpers says she isn't to home, mum."
"Isn't at home? I don't believe it."
"That's between you an' her, mum. Thanking you kindly, mum. Was there any other word you wished to leave?"

HE WON HER.

"Harold Montmorency de Hackensack," said the haughty damsel, after Harold had poured forth his burning words of affection, and had made many extravagant promises, such as that her life would be one grand, sweet song, that her lily white hand should never feel a burden, and that her damask cheek should never be suffered to grow pale through care.

THE NEW KNIGHT.



"A mort! A mort!" cried the Knight of the Ebon Garb, riding lustily toward the strange knight who had entered the lists.
"Mort?" yelled the strange knight. "Mort? Come on, you hodcarrier!"

over yonder?" asks the host, indicating a proud person who has just entered.
"Yes. You mean the man who walks as if he were afraid he would spill some laurels off his head?" asks the guest.
"That's the man. That's Duxit, the great song writer."
"I never heard of him. Are his songs popular?"
"Not yet. But he is the only man who ever succeeded in writing a sea song without referring to the ocean as the 'briny deep.'"

MISSED THE CHANGE.

"There hasn't been much change in the town," said the man who had gone away some years ago and had returned for a visit.
The native looked at him and nodded agreement.
"Not much change," continued the returned one, drawing himself up with a proud air. "I should naturally have expected to see more change here."
"Well, Joe," said the native, "there hasn't been as much change as there might have been. You went away owing me eighty-five cents, an' of course that's been kept out of the town ever since."

AN ALPHABET OF HISTORY



WATT

When Watt was but a little boy—
His papa's pride, his mama's joy—
He sat beside the kitchen fire—
The bubbling teapot to admire;
And as he watched the hissing steam
He straightway then began to dream
Of what the vapor hot could do
If how to use it he but knew.
Eventually he devised
A neat invention which surprised
The people of that early day—
He made an engine, anyway.
This poor contrivance he improved
Until by it great loads were moved
And horses were displaced by rails,
While sidewheels took the place of sails.
Observe, my child, how one small thing
A wondrous lot of change will bring:
Because wise little Jimmy Watt
Could turn to some account his thought,
Today the trains go whizzing through
The land, and o'er the ocean blue
The mighty ships scoot right and day
From here to countries far away.
Great thanks are due to this James Watt,
Also to his mama's teapot,
By porters who on every trip
Hold up the tourist for a tip,
And also by that mighty mass
Of folks who travel on a pass,
Or folks who rake in rocks
Through squeezes that they work in stocks.
But that it would like punning seem
We'd say Watt has the world's esteem—
(But since we've said it that way now
We'll let the pun go, anyhow.)
But, somehow, when we chance to stop
Beside some busy boiler shop,
We cannot say that peace was brought
To all of us by Jimmy Watt.

So many things depend upon a proper combination of circumstances—also upon who can work the combination.

Flattery generally is praised done by request.

The man who says life is a joke usually banks a great deal on his own sense of humor.

The first step in humor is to don the cap and bells; the second step is to discard them.

It is hard to understand woman, because she always says her most impressive things when her mouth is full of hair-pins.

Some men are crabbed enough to berate women for running to bargain sales, but other men are wise enough to get up the bargain sales.

Cautious Ancestor. "No, we cannot exactly claim that one of our ancestors signed the declaration of independence," says the first man, "but he was present when the document was drawn up."

"Then why didn't he sign it?" asks the listener.
"Why, you see, he had just purchased a gold brick from a clever traveler who was assisted by two Indians in the woods, and he had, the day before, been taken down to the harbor in Philadelphia to see the hole where the explosion was, and he was in such a resentful state of mind that he was afraid the declaration would later turn out to be a promissory note of some kind. But for that our family would have had more distinction."

HOW TRUE.

The door of the palace is assailed by a succession of impetuous knocks. The warden peers cautiously forth.
"What is it? Who knocks, sirrah?" calls the king from an upper chamber.
"Tis the purveyor of crown jewelry, sire," answers the warden. "He says the last installment is two days overdue."
"Alas," moans the king, going to his treasure chest, "how true it is that uneasy rests the head that wears a crown."

DESPERATE MAN.

"Ha!" cries the rejected lover. "You spurn me! Then, farewell, I shall leave this vale of tears."
"So?" smiles the hard-hearted maiden. "Will you try poison or a pistol?"
"Neither," responds our hero, for he is a cultured person, and never forgets his style even in moments of great stress. "Neither. See, here is an excursion ticket over the Rip, Rap & Wreck railway. I shall board the train at once."
He hastens out, and the damsel, numb with dread, swoons on the tessellated floor.

GEOMETRICALLY EXPLAINED.

"Old Blunderby insists on fishing for bass in that pond in the abandoned stone quarry," said Ike Walton. "I've demonstrated to him time and again that bass cannot be found there, but still he sticks to his notion."
"Ah," observed the schoolmaster, "that is an obtuse angle, and it is hard to show the point in that case."

The Knowledgeous Book Agent.

He was a dapper, well-groomed individual, with a Van Dyke beard and a prosperous air, and he entered the private office confidently. Once in, he drew from beneath his overcoat a flat package containing a prospectus.
"Mr. Rushem?" he asked of the man at the mahogany desk.
"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"
"Your friend, Mr. Candelpower, asked me to call on you."
"O, Candelpower? Sit down." Mr. Rushem's expression became pleasant. "Candelpower's a good fellow. Glad you know him."
"Yes, sir. He's a splendid fellow. He told me that he knew you would be interested in my proposition, and that he sincerely wished you to become the possessor of a set of the 'opening his prospectus'—the Condensed Wisdom of All Ages, in ninety-two volumes and four appendixes, with two volumes of index, and—"
"Well, I don't want it," Rushem replied, turning to his desk with an irritated air.
"Here, Rushem, thought he had an inspiration. He knew that the agent would overwhelm any reasonable excuse he gave, so he said:
"Because I already have them."
Looking him in the eye, the solicitor said quietly:
"You must pardon me for doubting your word, sir."
"Doubting my word? Why, what do you mean?"
"Because if you already had a set of this work in your house you would have fired me out of the office as soon as I came in."
And before Mr. Rushem had got through laughing he had signed the little contract that the agent pushed toward him.

In the millennium, doubtless, there will be reform waves that will roll after election day is past.

DESPERATION.

"Did you read that article in the paper about the man who sent all the way to the Arctic regions to catch a couple of fleas?" asked Migglebury.
"No. But I know how he felt," answered Fadogous. "Many a time I've got so mad at them I'd have chased them a million miles but what I'd run them down."

While the constant dropping of water will wear away the stone, a swift lick with a hammer will also perform the task.

Tears are to woman what swear words are to man.

Did Him.

"Yes," says the convalescent. "I took a special course of treatment from Dr. Charginem."
"Did he do you good?"
"Do me good? Do me? You ought to have seen his bill."

Some preacher ought to deliver a sermon which would hit only the man who sits and listens to the minister with the view of detecting how many others the sermon is aimed at.

THE REASON.



"My husband says he doesn't see any sense in our buying spring dresses the last of January."
"But, my dear woman, what are we to do when they are on sale at that time?"

RECIPE FOR NONSENSE VERSE.

If nonsense verse you wish to write,
You must obtain a fibbit
And mix it with a milligrimite
Also with one gebribbet.
Upon the whole pour whimwham juice
And stir it with a juke.
Then boll it down—but what's the use
Unless you have a smooju!
You tie all this upon a stark
And beat it with a bingso—
(It's best to do this after dark
If you're inclined to sing so.)
Hang all upon the Jee Jee tree
Where bim bam birdlets carol,
Then nail it in a barrel.
Now, write it with a scriggled pen
Upon some idjus paper,
And send it round and round again—
That is the proper caper.
Gadsooks! Why write nonsense verse
When no one seems to need it?
Yet he who writes it is no worse
Than he who longs to read it.

But we have seen lots of incidents where impatience was a helpful virtue.

Cheer up! Though you may not possess a noble brow or an intelligent countenance or a superb physique for your friends to talk about, no doubt someone somewhere is saying that you have a lovely disposition.

Human nature is the same in every one. The real difference between individuals is that some are heavier than others.

The bonnet string attracts the youth. Later on it becomes the apron string that fastens him.

When a woman won't she won't—but that isn't the end of it. Later she wants a chance to explain why she did, after all.

Nothing but a wooden figure would emit such humor as is dealt out in a ventriloquist's performance.

Some ward painters seem to forget that their ought to have a good canvas as a foundation for their pictures.

A Husband, anxious inquirer, is a man who reads the Household Hints column; while a Wife is a woman who peruses the articles on what love really is or ought to be.

Because we will not keep what fortune gives us, we say she is fickle.

Occasionally, instead of setting a good example to our neighbors, it is well to set a good example to ourselves.

We are inclined to believe that preachers become popular by saying "One word more," and sticking to it.

GETTING EVEN.



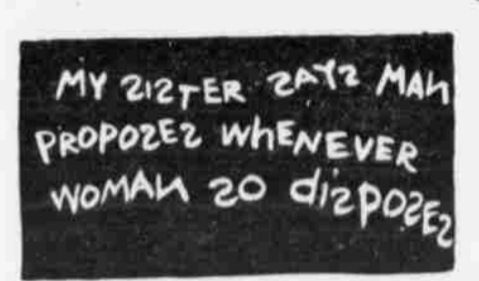
"I must congratulate you on your engagement," said the first sweet young thing. "I am so glad to have you for a sister-in-law."
"But Mr. Toobe is not a brother of —"
"Not exactly. I promised, however, that I would be a sister to him."

TRUE TO HIS ART.

Shakespeare, Romeo, and Juliet were chatting on the banks of the Styx.
"Of course," said Juliet, "it was perfectly adorable of you, Mr. Shakespeare, to write that beautiful play about dear Romeo and me."
"Mighty good of you, old fellow," agreed Romeo.

"O, you do me too much honor," protested Shakespeare. "A dramatist, you know, has to secure his material wherever he can find the best of it. I am glad, though, that you liked the show."
"I did like it," asserted Juliet, "all except that last act. Why did you give it such a tragic ending?"
"Well," Shakespeare replied, earnestly, "I was determined that nobody ever should have a chance to make a comic opera of it."

LITTLE HENRY'S SLATE.



A Salty Statement.

"Women," said the dreamy individual, "give variety to the world; and variety is the spice of existence."
"Huh!" said the man who was paying alimony in four states, "sometimes they make things too peppery."

Account Overdrawn.

"Although you have not amassed worldly wealth," we say to the Old Inhabitant, "you have grown rich in experience."
"Experience doesn't help me," he replies. "Nobody will let me draw on my experience any more. Everybody says he's heard the stories before."

Inexpensive Way.

"How did Joe MacNish get such a reputation for knowing all about games of chance? He never plays cards."
"He succeeded in making people think he's the greatest since Hoyle by always laughing long and loudly whenever the comedian in the play got off a joke about poker."

THE BRUTE.



"Yes, she is simply disappointed in matrimony."
"Has her husband left her?"
"No. He hasn't."

An Amplified Comment.

"You are a peach!" he sighed, but she tossed haughtily her pretty head. And treated him so tartly, he grieved: "Pickled peach, I should have said."

Always.

We read the comic valentines which bear the crude and caustic lines. And think of folks both near and far and murmur then: "How true they are!"

FABLE OF THE FATUOUS FROG.



There was Once a Fatuous Frog, which had an Insatiable Ambition to Mingle in High Society. So it sent out Invitations to a Large Number of Guests, ignoring utterly its Own Set. The first Guests to arrive were the Swans. "What is to be the Chief Attraction?" asked the First Swan. "A Dinner for You," answered the Fatuous Frog. "How sweet of You," commented the Swan, gobbling Him down. "It is the Height of Politeness to Sacrifice yourself for your Guests." Moral:—Always know Why people Like You.