

In some places you have to pay as you go, and in others you must pay if you stay.

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

Most of these "true love" valentines read like exhibit A in a breach of promise case.

## FRENZIED FASHIONS

BY THOMAS LOSEM.

"Before I have condescended this nerve-racking task of shall drag the discarded hoopskirts from the parlors of the palaces of the kings of the system that is compelling husbands to work a month to earn money to buy a dress their wives will wear for one afternoon!"

Men of America, I have put a fresh ribbon on my typewriter, oiled up the cap key, and am going to take the lid off.

Have you ever stopped to think why it is that your wife barely has time to get her new bonnet home and try it on and conclude that she doesn't like it half as well as the one Mrs. Jones has, when the styles change and she has to give the bonnet to the cook? NO! BECAUSE YOU DON'T GET TIME TO STOP OR TO THINK!

I can't stop, but I can think.

I am a stepless thinker. Have you ever given patient contemplation to the phenomenon of fashion? Have you ever patiently contemplated the way sleeves are big this spring, little this summer, half-and-half this fall, and mabe-so this winter? NO! Because no human being can PATIENTLY CONTEMPLATE it. Women can. They are angels.

Who is the hard-hearted dictator that is responsible for the high-heeled shoe, which hurts our women's feet so much that they have to ride in carriages instead of on the street cars?

Who was it that unloaded seventeen million hales of burnt orange ribbon on the tin world's shipping supply of the next fall?

Who is the absent treatment specialist that sends out etheric waves that surge against the subliminal consciousness of our womankind, conveying such messages as: "Brown is to be all the go this season," or "Better be dead than not to wear black eye purple"?

What started the "Tribly heart" fad of a few seasons ago? It must have had a start somewhere.

Who is the moving genius of the open work stocking and the porous plaster shirt waist? Who plans the artificial flowers and vegetables that mark the difference between this spring's bonnet and last year's bird's nest?

Who had the fiendish confidence in his ability to control the world of fashion, that enabled him to induce the women to think that they could wear sky blue and bright green in juxtaposition, also on the bias?

Who gets up the names for ribbons and dress goods, so that a mere man, though he have the Encyclopedia Britannica by heart and have a string of degree letters as long as "good mornin'" in Welsh after his name, is unable to tell the salesperson what he has been told to get, or to kick about the price?

FOLLOW ME, my brothers! I will put you right. I am on the inside. I made the GROUND FLOOR—that's how I got in on it. I don't know whether I've repented, or what is the reason I'm going to tell all I know, but something is wrong inside of me. My conscience begins sending one hundred words a minute every time I hear some one say: "It's what they'll all wear this year."

Sit steady and hold tight, for I am going to tell you who makes your medicine and who makes you take it.

Within the next month the air will be full of FRENZIED FASHIONS.

Stand firm under!

[Note by the editor—Mr. Losem was interrupted at this point by his wife and daughters, who asked him for the money to buy their spring outfits. The succeeding pages of his manuscript are scorched and burned into holes. We shall try to induce him to rewrite it.]

**A COMPROMISE SUGGESTED.**

Portia having missed her cue, it began to look as if Shylock would get to use his knife on Antonio a' fr all.

"Look here," said Bassanio. "Shylock, why don't you operate on him for appendicitis?"

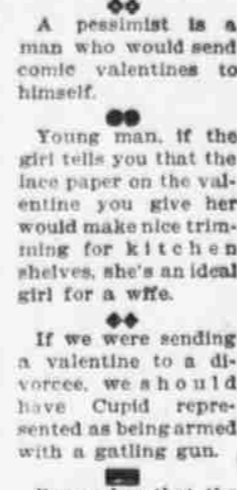
Only the sudden appearance of Portia saved Shylock from the further mortification of losing the exorbitant fee for such a surgical operation.

## How They Look.



"Us folks has got twins to our house."  
"O, goodness! What do they look like?"  
"Like when you don't sit still when your picture's took."

## The Untold Story.



Which I was a thinkin', Captin, Of the good brig Sound Advice At the time she sailed to Greenland With her hold chockfull of ice.

## Changed the Name.

"Pa," asked little Cain, when a polecat trotted slowly across the lawn, "what did you say was the name of that animal?"  
"That, my son, is the polecat," Adam replied.  
"But, pa, I'm sure that isn't what you called it the day you stroke its fur!"

## Protected.

"Young man," said the agent, "can't I interest you in a new form of insurance? We will write you a policy which will become payable in the event of your being discharged from your present position."

## HER SMILE.

"My wife," says the first man, "always greets me with a smile."  
"Even when you come in at 2 or 3 a. m.?" asks the second man.  
"Sure. Then she smiles sarcastically at the different excuses I think of for being out so late."

## Spilled the Show.



"Was the opening of the dog show a success?"  
"Hardly. A lot of common people came, and they actually looked all the time at the dogs and neglected to notice the gowns of the lady patronesses."

## HOW HE DID IT.

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"And then?"  
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## CHANGED NOTE.

He got a tenner from the tenor.  
Stacked the ten was in his face,  
Until he learned the tenor's tenner Was counterfeit, and bass.

## A BRAO.

Now, there is Dr. Pollyfox,  
A most combed chap.  
He says: "I cured the chicken-pox—  
A feather in my cap!"

## EXCELLENT WORK.

"He is an artist at tying cravats."  
"He is!"  
"Yes, indeed. Why, he can tie a four in hand so that it will look as perfectly artificial as a readymade one."

## Little Henry's Slate.

MY DUTY IS BRITIA A NOVELLE SHE WILL DE-SIDE ON THE HEROES HARE AS ZORN AS ONE OF HER BOZE PROPOZES

## A HINT.

"Can you tell me where to find a nice switch of blonde hair?" asks the lady, entering the department store.  
"Well," said the new floorwalker, confidentially, "I've only been here this morning, but I don't mind telling you I've got my doubts about the pompadour bang on the dizzy blonde selling silks over in the fourth aisle."

## NOT A SUCCESS.

"I must give it up," moaned the student. "I never can become an artist."  
"Don't be despondent," urged the friend. "Maybe you have failed to get into the right atmosphere."  
"I'm o s p h e r e !" retorted the dejected one. "Have you heard of Van Dyeck beard, worn a Rembrandt hat and a Michael Angelo robe and Glott shoes, and eaten Murillo cherries for a year? I tell you, I've no talent to develop!"

## AT ONCE.

"And what effect did the organization of the union have upon your business?" asks the sociologist of the manufacturer.  
"A striking effect," replies the magnate. "The men staid out until we gave them the wages they demanded."

## THAT BEING THE CASE.

"So you say her complexion is natural, does she?" asked the first fond friend. "And she says all the rest of us use powder?"  
"She does," replied the tale bearer.  
"Why, the two-faced thing! She uses twice as much cosmetics as any other woman in town!"

## LITERARY POINT.

Some people spend a thousand dollars For just one book—they do, indeed, It gives them much repose as scholars— And yet that book they never read. Again, some people talk of buying A dollar book. It might be said That after while they will be sighing: "'Twas one that I need not have read."

## THE MINOR POET.

"What is a minor poet, anyway?" asked Fluggins, looking up from the page of book reviews.  
"A minor poet?" repeated Fluggins. "A minor poet must be one that gets down and digs hard whenever he has struck a good vein."

## The Doubtful Patient.

"What does the doctor think is the matter with you?" asked the caller.  
The patient, who is propped up on three or four pillows, smiles wanly, then replies:  
"He gives it some long Latin name and I don't know whether it is something terrible, or if it is some simple little everyday trouble and he doesn't want me to get onto the fact that he is making his money too easily."

## THE SPOILSMEN.

"War is an awful thing," said the man with the white tie and the frock coat.  
"O, I don't know," said the man with the heavy gold watch chain. "If it weren't for war, business would grow mighty dull for me!"

## THE SPOILSMEN.

"Let us not laugh so much at airship inventors. There are about two thousand different can openers on the market.  
The damocles whose father has the reputation of being fierce and stern is always married early in life."

## A PRACTITIONER.

"Why do you style yourself 'Doctor'?" we ask of the upholsterer, who has affixed that title to his name on his signboard.  
"Why? Because I treat invalid chairs at times," he explains.

## The Two Travelers.

"I'm headed for San Francisco," said the man in the smoking cap, putting his feet on the plush cushion of the Pullman seat, "and it only cost me \$50."  
"I'm going to San Francisco, too," answered the second passenger, "but it doesn't cost me a cent."  
"It doesn't?"  
"Nope, I'm deadheaded."

## Explained.

"Maria," asked Mr. Fazio, "what is meant by the expression 'advance styles in spring bonnets'?"  
Mrs. Fazio looked at him pityingly.  
"Goodness me!" she said. "I supposed everybody knew what they were. They are advance styles of the spring bonnets, but they are sold so far ahead of the season that when they come into fashion they are out of style."

## SUCH IS LIFE.

"It's a hard struggle to conduct one's business without plenty of capital," observed the man with the ingrowing chin.  
"You're right," agreed the man with the mang nose. "If a fellow hasn't got plenty of backing he has to do a lot of side-stepping."

## Little Henry's Slate.

IT IS HUMAN NATURE to be more anxious to even the scores between us and those who send us comic valentines than with those who send the other sort.

## Little Henry's Slate.

Almost all of the quaint old customs of love and friendship have been converted into cash register attachments.

## Little Henry's Slate.

The average Valentine's day poem is merely the average love poem written with a different excuse for its being.

## AN ALPHABET OF HISTORY

# YVETOT

There was a king of Yvetot,  
And easy was his head,  
Serene his rest—naught would suggest  
The words so often said,  
That crowned heads are not peaceful;  
He never wore a crown—  
He laughed away the night and day,  
With gaily tilted crown.  
The jester of his palace  
Was never forced to work,  
He never had to make things glad  
With oily smile and smirk.  
This jolly king of Yvetot  
Had no need of his fool—  
He made his own jests from the throne  
And pleasure was his rule.  
He never had a quarrel  
With any other king;  
"Why should we fight?" he asked, "De-light  
Is such an easy thing."  
He told no one his troubles—  
In truth, he reigned so well  
No one could know, in fair Yvetot,  
Of troubles fit to tell.  
The little realm of Yvetot—  
A wee spot on the map—  
Has made a name secure in fame  
Because of this rare chap  
Who put his crown on sideways  
And lolled upon his throne  
With scepter set so that it met  
His active funny nose.  
He was to war a stranger;  
His kingdom had no debt;  
Each of his laws possessed a clause  
That barred out care and fret—  
'Tis told that when expiring  
He wasted his last breath  
In one long laugh in life's behalf,  
And thus went to his death.  
There was a king of Yvetot—  
There are such kings today;  
They never sigh for things gone by  
But laugh along the way.  
So, crown yourself with laughter,  
Put pleasure on the throne,  
And you'll possess in happiness  
An Yvetot of your own.

## Keen Work.

"What?" asks the roommate.  
"You're not writing to your rich uncle for a loan, and making the request on a postal card? Don't you know that in such a little place as the one where he lives that card may be read and overheard by the town will know you have asked him for the money?"  
"Certainly," answers the crafty youth. "But Uncle Grimsby will know that, too, and rather than get the reputation of being a tightwad he'll go to the postoffice and buy a money order for a good sum and send it to me at once."

## THE JOKE THAT FAILED.

We turn to the solemn stranger at our side and read to him the gleeful jest about the Russian general whose name was shot all to pieces in one of the battles.  
Observing his evident failure to comprehend the witticism, we go into details.  
"You see," we say, "his name was Sobrikotoffskivitch-lieffobolitskedoohywichooof, and when the battle began he was in an exposed position and his name was shot to bits."  
Patulently we go over the story again, dwelling with emphasis upon each point, and ending with a hilarious outburst of laughter.  
Notwithstanding all this the stranger remains impassive.  
"You are not familiar with American humor?" we ask at last.  
"No," he responds, graciously. "I am merely a tourist here. I am from Lilliwonnoddyfyyfylliicwdbrywil, Wales, and my name is Gwyllwellyffidcwbdrwslmwh-fwlwwwtfffflillwtn."

## Thought There Was an Inducement.

The man with the confident air walked into the tobacco department of the big store, called the manager to one side, and whispered:  
"I've come in to get the prize, but I don't want anybody to know it."  
"Prize? What prize?"  
"Why, my wife gave me a smoking set for Christmas, and I've used it every evening since then. Don't you give a fellow some kind of a reward for that?"

## Excelsior.

Half the world wishes it could forget the other half, and the other half wishes it might be forgotten on these days of giving things.

## Excelsior.

You begin to learn what others think of you when you receive returned comic valentines that you have not sent originally.

## THE JOKE THAT FAILED.

Well, shiver me blomin' timbers! He's walkin' away like mad An' leavin' me medittin' On th' wonderful cruise I had!

## Changed Note.

Hi, lad, 'twas a frosty mornin' We tugged at th' anchor chain An' took out a load o' icebergs On th' good ship Mary Jane.

## How He Did It.

I shall make a name for myself," stated the studious Russian. "But how?" asked his friends. "I shall invent an alphabet without any vowels in it." "And then?" "And then I shall make my name of the consonants."

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