

It is impossible to serve two masters and it is next to impossible to boss one servant.

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

The average woman dislikes the man who is always paying compliments to others.

HIS IDEAL.



"Mamma says," sighed the coy damsel, "that your proposal is a great honor, but she fears we would not be happy if married, for I am too young to know my own mind."
"Happy?" replied the swain. "Ask your papa if any man wouldn't be happy with a wife who did not have a mind of her own?"

FRENZIED FASHIONS.

BY THOMAS LOSEM.

"The way to get an end to the spring bonnet imposition is to make Mrs. Jones quit buying the most expensive one she can find."

Reader, wherever you are, whether in the sun-kissed clime of Florida or the blizzard-blasted realms of the Dakotas, whether you are working a graft in New York or being grafted in Kansas, if you, like all your brethren, are sitting today helplessly viewing the onward march of the spring bonnet, unable to get the section of the paper holding the advertisements of spring goods; if you are reflecting that one trouble follows another so rapidly that the coming one kicks the heels of the going one—if your heart is heavy and your purse is light—peruse the following chapter. It can't make you feel any worse.

First: WHO IS MRS. JONES?
Ah, innocent, unsophisticated, guileless man, you ask me what has Mrs. Jones got to do with Frenzied Fashions.

Everything!
Since that damp day when Noah Jones and his family left the ark, Mrs. Jones has been the arbiter of fashion.

You may not know her as Mrs. Jones—but a Jones by any other name, would buy as rashly.

Let me spur your wits a bit. When your wife or your daughter learns that you have paid the last of the Christmas bills, what does she begin talking about?

She says: "I saw Mrs. Jones today. She has begun her spring shopping already."

You, not being acquainted with the machinations of the system, do nothing but swear inwardly, or wend at the shopping propensities of woman. Instead of girding on your armor, instead of lifting aloft the glittering lance of combat, instead of buckling on your shield and sword, and hurling defiance along the line of least resistance, you resign yourself to doing without a spring overcoat.

YOU NEVER TRY TO IDENTIFY MRS. JONES.

Man, if I were to unveil to you at this moment the whole, awful, far-reaching, involved, unfathomable plot that is in existence against you, your hands would shake like the tail of a happy dog, your hair would frizzle up against your scalp and your blood would course through your veins like a trolley car going to the barns.

Suffice it to say that the System—the great, bold, daring combination which hides behind the name of "Dame Fashion," or the cant phrase "This is to be all the go this season,"—suffice it to say that the System has spattered the fair face of our beloved land with myriads of Mrs. Joneses. Who goes to the stores to all the openings? Who buys the most beautiful frocks? Who buys the highest-heeled shoes? Who buys the gaudiest bonnets? Who buys the VERY LATEST OF EVERYTHING, and then TELLS YOUR WIFE ABOUT IT?

In plain tones I reply, "MRS. JONES!"

Had I the pen of a poet I should act upon the fitful hint in the preceding paragraph and compose a scathing epic which should shake the world from equator to the poles.

Now! Now, what are we going to do? We are, figuratively, face to face with Mrs. Jones. With beckoning hand she lures our wives and our daughters to the mart, to the counter where the highest price marks flaunt their welcome. Men and brethren, will we sit supinely by, while she sets the pace for—

(Editor's Note:—Again Mr. Losem's manuscript is incomplete. The only explanation we have is a brief note which was lying on top of the manuscript. It is signed by Mrs. Losem, and reads: "I won't be home to lunch. Mrs. Jones just 'phoned me that she had selected her spring bonnet, so I'm going shopping.")

A Crusher.



"Don't you know, I think you would be an ideal valentine."
"Yes? And to whom would you send me?"

While men's good traits are written in water, most of us think that the recording of them is deferred until the water freezes.

While we are making excuses for one mistake we might be taking steps to avoid another.

We think a man is overly conscientious when he refuses to do something we know we haven't any right to ask him to do.

While Ajax got a good deal of notice by defying the lightning, it should be remembered that the lightning continues to do business at the old stand.

Not Afraid.

"Say," says the man with the large jaw to the man with the belligerent eyes, "I understand that you carry a chip your shoulder."
"You bet I do," responds the man with the belligerent eyes, shutting his fists.
"Well, while you were getting timbered up why didn't you see to it that you had a little shaving on your face?"
By the time the man with the belligerent eyes had reasoned this out and gotten properly angry; the man with the large jaw had rambled down the crowded highway.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.



"Daughter, you had better go to the party in the carriage, since you have your pretty new logs on."
"O, papa, I'd rather go on the trolley cars. If I go in the carriage nobody will see the dress and hat."

FAILED TO GRASP IT.

"Now," said the great lawyer to the youth who had been studying Coke and Blackstone under him, "from what you have read and heard during the period of your stay with me, what do you consider to be the highest aims of a successful lawyer?"
"To show his clients how they may obey the laws," replied the conscientious youth.
"Huh!" was the disgusted comment. "You'll find you'll get more fees for telling 'em how to evade it, my young friend."

March, it will be remembered, usually comes in like a spring shopper and goes out like the man who pays the bills.

Her Impression.



"Do you know," said the man, while his glass was being filled for the 'steenth time, "I simply drink all this so that I may stay through the dinner."
"Indeed?" said the girl. "I had formed the idea that you were simply staying through the dinner so that you might drink."

The Dark Ages.

"What are you compiling?" we ask of the clerk in the census bureau.

"Some statistics of the dark ages," he tells us, going on with his scribbling.

Looking over his shoulder, we see that he is entering the birth records of the families of George Washington, John Bull and Ephraim Snowball, the well known whitewashers and general chore men.

The Prescription.

'Twas Dr. Cupid—he who piles His therapeutic arts On those who lean to tender sighs That rise from troubled hearts. Two patients he received and then He chuckled in his throat. Put down his bow, took up his pen And this prescription wrote:

"Take dreamy twilight, quantum suff.
One whisper soft and low,
Four eyes that cannot gaze enough,
One murmured 'I must go,'
One gentle 'Why, it's early yet,'
One blandly beaming moon,
One plump white palm—and don't forget
To mix this with a spoon.

"Add agitation, hope, and doubt,
With just a dash of nerve,
Perhaps put in a pinch of pout—
The weest bit will serve;
Four lips—and choose them all with care.
Selecting two by two;
Fill the prescription then and there,
No other time will do.

"This dose is very nice to take—
Some people think it's fun;
Should pompos papa not awake,
Then take another one."
Each patient asked him: "What's the bill?"
He said: "Why, as to me,
My doses either cure or kill—
So I don't charge a fee."

WICKED MAN.

"I'm sorry, my dear," said the inconsiderate husband, "that I cannot let you have the money to buy the prizes for your euchre club, but I sat in a little poker game over at Mingloby's stag party last night, and the boys cleaned me out. I'm flat broke."

"What?" asked the wife of his bosom. "What? You wretched, wicked man! To think that I should have become the wife of one who is so lost to all feelings of self-respect that he would gamble! Now, what in the world can I say that will make a reasonable excuse for not entertaining my euchre club this week?"
With bent head, the guilty wretch slunk from the house, meditating upon the sorrow and distress that bad habits may plunge a family into.

CONFIRMATION.

"Were you always so slender?" asks the patron of the dime museum, after a long study of the conformation of the living skeleton.

"Always so slender?" asks the living skeleton. "Say, mister, you wouldn't think, to look at me now, that once I was the prize fat boy, would you?"
"No, I wouldn't," answers the patron.
"Well, you're all right. I never was."

There is nothing so aggravating as good advice when you are really in need of such wise counsel.

A Criticism.



"Yas, Mistah Dog, you's des lak de white folks you 'longs ter. Long es you meets me out yah in de street in de daytime you speaks ter me es nice es you please, but let you meet me in the night nex' ter de henhouse en den you ain't gwinc ter be half so glad ter see me."

The Joke Will Turn.

Calling upon the bluff old captain of industry, with a merry twinkle in our off eye, we inquire:

"Are you a self-made man?"

"No," he replies. "Any fool would know that if I were a self-made man I would have put durable shingles on my roof."

We sink away, for he has forestalled our intention to ask him why he didn't fix himself up with a better stock of hair.

QUELLED.

The lone traveler walked bravely against the teeth of the storm.

Taking a small professional instrument case from his pocket, he remarked casually that he was a painless dentist and would extract the teeth of the storm without any suffering whatever.

With one last, shuddering sigh, the storm subsided.
Had it only permitted the dentist to go ahead who knows but the wind might have howled louder than ever that day.

One Way Around It.

"Yes," sighs the leucoteous heiress, "I would be willing to marry you if it were not for the fact that even while we were going down the aisle of the church everybody would be saying you were marrying me for my money."
The ardent swain sat in deep thought for a time. Then his countenance brightened.

"I've got it," he said. "We can easily forestall all such criticism. You need all your property to me in advance. Then, if any one says you are marrying me for my money, I shall simply treat them with silent contempt."

Fable of the Overconfident Scientist.

There was once an Eminent Scientist who claimed to have Discovered a Variety of Stinging Bees.

Naturally, his Announcement occasioned considerable discussion, and in the End he was invited to address the Society for Considering the Remarkable Achievements of Magazine Writers.

During the course of his Speech he produced a Specimen of the Stinging Bee and handled it with Impunity and Great Effect. To show that everything was on the Square he passed the Bee over to the President of the Society, who had been Scoffing Considerably.

The President of the Society, with a Knowing Smile, poked the Bee once or twice with his Finger, whereupon the Bee retaliated by poking the President of the Society with its Stinger, which had merely been taking a Vacation. The President of the Society bumped his Head against the Ceiling, and when he Lit he was heard to remark that he Never Was so Surprised Before in all His Born Days.

Then the Eminent Scientist, with a Happy Smile on his Face, took the Stinging Bee, put it in his Gripsock, and caught the Train for Home and Loved Ones.

Moral—Let the Other Man have his Theories.

GOT IT FREE.

"Money will buy anything," sighed the plutocrat, "except peace of mind. There are limitations to wealth."
At this juncture a man whom the plutocrat had put out of business the day before entered his office and gave him a piece of his mind, for nothing.

Modernized Shakespeare.

"Out, damned spot!" exclaimed Lady Macbeth, petulantly rubbing her hand.

Frowning bitterly, she dipped a cloth into a chemical solution and continued rubbing her hand, musing:
"If this application doesn't do me any good, I shall certainly write to the editor of that beauty column and tell her what I think of her prescriptions."

The Retort Old Maidly.

"You," sniffed Miss Matilda Oldenseer, "you try to be so kittenish. Why, nobody knows how old you really are."
"Indeed?" amiably retorted Miss Sophronia Yellerleaf. "Indeed? Well, nobody cares how old you are."

One of these days someone will perfect a thornless rose and knock the immortality from under a considerable per cent of the world's poetry output.

Appropriate Term.

"Servants of the people, indeed!" sniffs the angry citizen, discussing the office holders. "Servants of the people! There never was a greater fallacy."

"I don't know about that," commented another taxpayer. "Did you ever try to induce your cook to let you run your own house?"

Acumen.

"Well, I got rid of that reporter in quick order," said the first frenzied financier. "He was asking too many questions about our concern and its methods."

"How did you work it?" asked his partner.

"Did you tell him a lie so that it would seem like the truth?"

"No, I have a better plan than that. I told him the truth in such a way that he was sure I was lying."

Why He Stopped.

"Yes," sighs the noted man, "I was a social lion for two or three years, but finally I got tired of that."

"Tired of that?" we ask, in surprise. "Why, one would think that being a social lion was most enjoyable."

"It is," he says. "It is, until you tumble to the fact that a social lion is expected to make a monkey of himself."

Preparation.



"The doctor says all you need now is some medicine to build up your nervous system."

"Yes; I suppose he's getting ready to tell me how big his bill is."

WANTED INSTRUCTIONS.

"If you are going to have an English lawn," says the landscape architect, "you will have to have a sun dial in it."

"A sun dial?" asks Mrs. Justgrittit.

"Yes, madam. It tells the time, you know, and besides is a very handsome decorative feature."

"Let me see one, if you have any here."
The landscape architect finds an old one in his storeroom and has it brought out for her inspection.

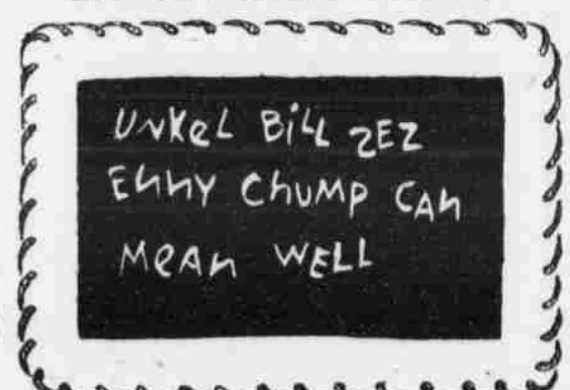
"I see the hours marked on it," she says, after some inspection. "and I guess I'll have one, but you'll have to send some one out to show Josiah how to wind it up. He's always having trouble with the clocks."

The Other Way About.

"It will be just like the bicycle," asserted the man with the keen eyes. "In time the automobile will be within the reach of everybody and then it will lose its popularity."

"As far as I'm concerned," said the man who was using a crutch, "I've been within the reach of too many automobiles, and they've already lost their popularity with me."

LITTLE HENRY'S SLATE.



VALUELESS.

"Old man," said the earnest inventor, "I believe I've hit upon a valuable idea. I'm going to get up a corkscREW that can also be used as a letter opener."

"Rats!" commented the friend. "Who the dickens ever sends liquor in a letter?"

UNLAMBLIKE DISPOSITION.



"So this is your lamb, little boy?" said the lady. "And does it, like Mary's little lamb, follow you to school?"

"Dat's no lamb, leddy," replied the youthful shepherd. "Dat's a kid, an' he follered me ter school las' week so closet dat if I hadn't slammed de door in his face he'd 'a' butted me troo de blackboard."