

Many a failure may be summed up in: "He confused bustle with bustle."

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

Looking for trouble, brethren, is in no wise similar to looking for a gold mine.

He Wants a Disguise.



"I suppose you like to use living models for your comic pictures," says the friend to the artist.
"Yes; it is a help," replies the artist.
"Well, some day I'll come around and pose for you if you'll rig me out in some kind of an outlandish costume."

FLIGHT OF THE CASH BUYER.

"No," says the credit man, regretfully, "we cannot open an account with you! You see—"
"But, great Scott, man! I've been trading with you for a year, and I've bought lots of things from the other stores."
"That's just it. You don't owe anything anywhere, so there's no book accounts on which to establish a line of credit for you."

Similarity.

"Yes," says the close friend, looking at our new photograph, "it is a speaking likeness, indeed."
"Speaking likeness?" we ask, merrily. "Ha, ha! It never says anything, does it?"
"No. And neither do you," the close friend asserts, with that confidence of freedom from harm which only a friend possesses.

A Luxury.

"Father," said the son of the Kansas farmer, "why don't you get in line with modern systems of managing a farm and buy a wind pump?"
"Wind pump?" says the father. "Wind pump? Gosh all over! Who wants to pump wind out here, when it blows in so dummed fast its hard for a body to keep his hair on?"

A Veiled Threat.



"You'll have to stay a little longer," said the monkey artist. "Unless you remain until after luncheon I can't finish this portrait."
"If I have to stay here until after luncheon," growled the lion, "you'll never finish that picture."

You are wise if you can live within your income; you are fortunate indeed if you can live without it.

Have you ever noticed that the heroine in the book—the Lady Amariyllis or Gladys, or some such name—usually resembles a girl in real life named Sophy or Mchitable?

We have always thought that Darwin never had to wait until an organ grinder got through playing in front of his house.

You may know that a thing is thoroughly artistic when you cannot tell for the life of you why it is artistic.

A good many unhappy homes are caused by people absenting themselves to fill lecture dates and tell why home is not as happy as it should be.

The man who insists upon rehearsing his troubles manages to create a mountain of talk out of a mole hill of affliction.

DEVELOPMENT.

"Sir," said the agent, entering the office of the business man, "I have called to interest you in one of the greatest time and labor saving office fixtures ever invented."
"Don't want it," replied the man. "I've got so many helps of that sort now—files, cabinets, card boxes, and all that sort of thing—that I can't find the one I want when I'm in a hurry."
"Just what I was coming to," remarked the agent, opening his sample case. "I've got a new and novel system of keeping the labor and time saving contrivances in convenient shape."

HOUSEHOLD HINT.



"I wonder why mama dresses us this way."
"I heard her say that if she put these clothes on us we'd be so ashamed of our looks that we wouldn't be bothering the company this afternoon."

"The Last Survivor."

"The last survivor of the charge of the Light Brigade is dead,"—News item.
What shall we write of them? Now none is left of them! Think of the stunt of them—Noble six hundred. Ah, what a stand they made! Seemed that they could not fade, Through all the years they stayed, And the world wondered.

In the last century One sang that venture, he saw days arriving When the grim hand of Time Should end the life sublime Of one then in his prime—"Last man surviving."

What shall we say of him? His fame shall never dim; Ah, but his face was grim—Great his endurance, Did then the throbbing drum Echo when he would come To pay the premium On life insurance!

Aye, when we went to school, Mingled with rote and rule And lessons cherished, Came then the statement sad, Thrilling each lass and lad: The "last survivor" had Finally perished.

Sing, then, a requiem; Sing now in praise of them—Ha! What's this comes to stem Our song? Who's blundered? We are not yet bereft Of men of noble left. Word comes: "There's one more left Of the six hundred."



An Alphabet of Jokes



AMATEUR

The Amateur Pianist, she Lets naught her fervor balk— She wakes you with a "Lullaby," Plays galops in a walk; Her right hand never knows just what Her left hand tries to do— It was such facts as these that brought The joke on her to view.

A sample of the joke we write And give it to you here: Fond Mamma says, with much delight: "My daughter plays by ear!" The Caller never blinks her eyes To show she understands— She asks, in tones of mild surprise: "Why don't she use her hands?"

COULDN'T.

"Yes, I remember Blinks," says Blanka. "I suppose he will turn up again. He is a bad penny, you know, and they always—"
"No, he won't," answers Blanka. "He has been turned down everywhere."

WHO SHE WAS.

"Good mawnin' euh," said the lady of color to the stranger whom she met on the country road.
"Good morning, aunty. May I ask who you are?" replied the stranger.
"Who I is, euh? I se de lady what does de washin foh de woman dat board's wif dat white pussen in de big house on de hill."

When a woman gets a set of proofs of her new photographs, she studies them for a moment, then turns with renewed faith and trust to her mirror.

Although most of us expect nothing from fortune, we are always looking for something else.

When a man tells you that he can recall no perfect day in his life ask him if he remembers the day he wore his first long pants.

A man never acknowledges that a woman made a fool of him. He is willing to concede, however, that he made a fool of himself.

A reformer took two hours of our time, and none of his, day before yesterday, trying to convince us that "Good gracious" is profanity. Good gracious!

PAPA'S HOPE.



"You look so beautiful in that dress that it will be a wonder if some man does not elope with you to tonight."
"Papa says he hopes some man will before he has to pay for another dress like this."

HER CALENDAR.

"When does spring begin, anyhow?" asked the husband.
"I don't know when it begins in the almanac," replied the wife, "but it already has begun in the advertisements."

Success is the ability to determine which is a golden opportunity and which is a goldbrick one.

When we hear a man objecting to stories of bright children, we wonder what his father and mother used to tell folks about him.

HE REMEMBERED.

A happy inspiration strikes the lad as he is being led into the woodshed by his father, who holds a long switch in his hand.
"Remember, father," says the boy, "that you were a boy yourself once."
"I hadn't thought of that," replies the father. "Come to think of it, I was. And when I got into such mischief as you have my father always licked me a good deal harder than I meant to whip you."
Cautioning the youth to wait, the father goes to get an additional switch.

The man who complains that he is "misunderstood" is usually one who misunderstands himself.

COMFORTING.

The best man is doing his best to make the groom brace up.
"Where's your nerve, old man?" he asks. "Why, you're shaking like a leaf."
"I know I am," chatters the groom. "But this is a nerve wracking time for me. I've got some excuse to be frightened, haven't I? I've never been married before."
"Of course you haven't," soothes the prospective father-in-law. "If you had you'd be a darned sight worse scared than you are."

A Lawsonite.

"I see where somebody has proposed to divide the year into ten months, instead of twelve," said Mr. Megribbers.
"Yes," replied Mr. Faddies, "and I'll bet a dollar it's a scheme of the insurance companies to save more money by not having to put so many leaves on their calendars."

NAMED THEM.

"I hear you have twins at your house," says the neighbor to the little boy.
"Yes, sir. They come yesterday."
"And what do you call them?"
"Pa named them as soon as he came home from the office. When the nurse told him we had twins he said: 'Bakes-alive and Goshallover!'"

We have always envied Adam. He didn't have to interrupt his spring gardening to listen to the advice of some one leaning over his fence.

You don't get much enjoyment out of a fad if others don't notice it.

We often wonder if the reason charity begins at home is that she covers a multitude of sins.

The Rocky Road.

Upon the path of peasy How many folks we meet Who have the frenzied, rolling eye, And trouble with their feet!

Society will be more satisfactory to all concerned when it includes in its invitations the particular clothes it wishes to attend its affairs.

Conscience is that attribute which convinces you that people should be talking about you whether they are or not.

People are not always what you think they are, but they might as well be, so far as you are concerned.

For everything that you enjoy there are all the way from two to ten people to tell you that it is harmful to you.

The wisdom of age consists in learning why you did not know what you thought you knew when you were young.

What would be the good of having a lodge in some "what wilderness"? We then would waste our savings buying excursion tickets to the haunts of the maddening crowd.

We can answer the question: "What has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to coerce her husband with the rolling pin?" She is reading papers on the servant problem before her clubs.

When a man tells us that he is going to give us some sound advice we generally observe that he delivers more sound than advice.

The road to a man's heart is through his stomach, which is also a way station on the line to his pocketbook.

A hobby is not something to ride—it is something to talk about.

The world takes you for what you seem to be, but it only takes you as far as you can keep up the semblance.

Come to think of it, the golden moments are always the ones which have been spent.

The trouble today is not that so many of us want to begin where others leave off, but that others will not leave off and let us begin.

You never know what some folks will do next—and possibly they wonder a bit about it themselves.

Young man, you are not entirely fitted for a business career when you have succeeded in inventing a cost-price cipher.

Birdsong.

The jallbird sat in his little cage Until one lucky day The keeper struck for a higher wage Then the jallbird flew away.

You jump at conclusions, perhaps, but there are others who are more methodical about making their mistakes.

When a man becomes a victim of his own foolishness he begins to make moan about destiny.

Science.

My son, observe the oyster well; See how it gets in action And swiftly closes up its shell Bivalvular contraction.

It is as wrong to steal a pin as to steal a million dollars—besides, it is a waste of time.

When a man tells us how he overcame all obstacles and rose to the heights of success we know without investigating that he thought the stair steps were put there to block his way.

The higher education, my child, is that which enables us to confuse the hot polloi by remarking "Peccavi" instead of entering a plain old-fashioned plea of guilty.

Expensive Prescriptions.



"Doctor, can't you tell my husband I'll simply have to be sent to the seaside or to Europe for the summer?"
"I'd like to, but you remember I told him he must send you South for the winter and he complains that it cost so much to fill my prescription that he couldn't pay my bill for giving it."

A SAFE GUESS.

"I," said the cryptographer, "have discovered a cipher which shows that Locke did not write all of the volume on the Understanding, but that he was only one of half a dozen authors."

"You don't say," commented the listener. "Sort of a combination Locke, was it?"

THE LIMIT.

"This is simply the limit," said the answers-to-the-anxious editor.

"What's the trouble now?" asked the who-ayed-this-beautiful-xyurl editor.
"Here's a woman who writes: 'Recently my husband and I were divorced, but of late he has been trying to effect a reconciliation with me—calling on me, sending me presents, etc. Is it etiquette for me to have a chaperon in the parlor when he is with me?'"

SUGGESTION.



"Yes, Mrs. Goso was cured at last, after the doctors had given her up."

"You don't say."
"Indeed, yes. They cured her by mental suggestions."

"How did they do it?"
"When it seemed that all hope was gone her mother came into the room and told her that Sils & Wullens were advertising \$50 bonnets for \$14.99 for that day only."

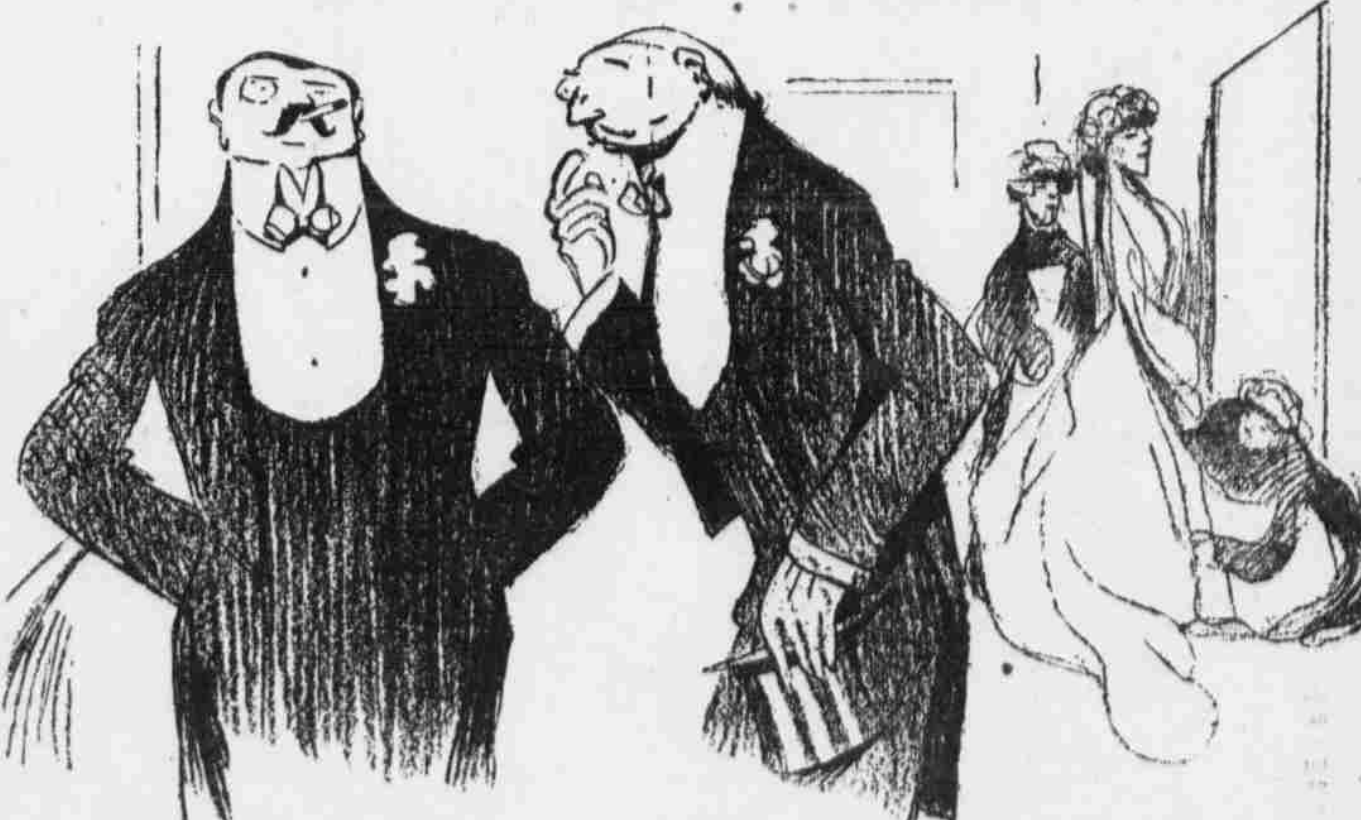
SKELETONIZED.

Wonder what has come over Muggleby of late. A year ago he was one of the most self-confident men you ever saw. But nowadays he seems afraid to say that his soul is his own. He hasn't any backbone at all!
"Didn't you hear about his getting married, and how his wife bossed him around, and—"
"O, he took a rib and lost his backbone."

Campaign Comment.

"This is the most unkind cut of all," said Mark Antony.
Handing the paper containing the redrawn picture of himself to his friend, he continued his remarks beneath his breath.
It is said that this was the only time Mark did not use bad grammar with the intention of catching the vote of the common people.

His Last Days on Earth.



"But," said the about-to-be-benedict, "I can't help feeling nervous, you know. It's all very well for you to—"
"Pull yourself together, old man," interrupted the best man. "You act as if you expected the newspapers to print what you had for breakfast this morning."