

In these spring bonnet days the two-headed women must be an object of envy.

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

Some folks never lose an opportunity to tell you about opportunities you have lost.

## FEARS FOR THE FUTURE.



"Isn't it noble of the heroine to declare that she will marry the poor hero, even if she has to live in dire destitution the rest of her life?"  
"Yes, but if that policy were carried out in real life there wouldn't be many of us to come to the theater and applaud the noble heroines—we couldn't afford the tickets."

### HOPE.

"Look here," says the constituent, "did you read that article which said that within ten years ten men would own this whole country?"  
"Yes," replies the congressman.  
"Well, what are you fellows there in congress going to do about it?"  
"Do about it? We don't need to do anything about it. Wait until those ten fellows have to pay all the taxes for the rest of us."

Lines on a Belated Snowstorm.  
Out from the north in Sustered state  
A wee, belated snowstorm hurried.  
You see, the snow had missed its date  
And that was why it was so hurried.

### HIS PRESENT ATTITUDE.



"O—Mrs. Crusher, does your husband quarrel with you when you want to buy a new frock?"  
"No, indeed. Long ago he learned that that was a waste of time, and now he only quarrels with me when I get the new frock."

### What Made the Match?

"What made the match?" her mother said,  
"Without displaying great conceit,  
'Twas I who made the match: I led  
The young man straightly to her feet.  
I made him think she was too good  
For such a common man as he—  
And he proposed; I knew he would,  
The credit all belongs to me."  
"What made the match?" her father laughed.  
"Why, I'm the one that made it. Say,  
I think I showed my cunning craft—  
When he was here, I kept away."  
"What made the match?" her sister smiled.  
"I think the facts will show that I  
By acting as a prattling child  
Made him give her each glance and sigh."  
"What made the match?" His folks and hers  
Their uncles, cousins and their aunts  
With happy smiles and gentle purrs  
Told how they laid their little plans—  
Told her they mentioned this and that  
To her and him, concerning each.  
Conceded what they were driving at  
Within their cautious, hinting speech.  
"What made the match?" Their faithful  
Friends  
Told how it was through them they met,  
And how, to help out Gagli's ends  
A hundred artificial plans were set.  
But, after all, the happy pair  
Said: "Now, who made this match?" "Ah,  
who!"  
And, in the blissful silence there,  
Each told the other: "It was you."

### Notes of Nobby Things.

A quaint conceit in spring modes is the concealed price mark. It is hidden in the crown of the bonnet and is not displayed until the husband of the shopper has agreed that she may have the bonnet.

Some of the latest price marks from Paris and London are outlined on a dull gold ground with seed pearls. These are designed for wearing with the article purchased.

It is whispered in the upper circles that society will from this season upon the custom of inadvertently leaving the price tag on a lace collar.

A petition which is finding many signers is one being circulated among the shoppers urging the government to issue bank notes whose face value will be 98 cents, \$1.49, \$1.98, etc.

Owing to the wear and tear on the hat pin it is not advisable to fasten on a \$3.50 bonnet with a \$55 pin.

Clerks in many of the stores are instructed to sell bargains to all shoppers who say they are: "Just looking today."

Nearly all the price marks on articles selling at more than \$10 are painted on red or yellow cards, psychologists having discovered that these hues assuage wrath. It is thought this precaution will prevent many men losing their tempers.

### A SUBTLE HINT.

Tenderly, the backward lover takes the taper fingers of the coy damsel in his palm, and murmurs:  
"Ah, would this little hand were mine!"  
After waiting several seconds for him to continue his remarks, the coy damsel sighs:  
"Just that hand?"  
"Yes," he vows, looking unutterable things into her eyes.  
"But," she says, dropping her head, "if you had that hand, both of us would have an odd set of them wouldn't we? Why don't you—"  
And in another moment they are talking of whether they will have the parlor furnished in mahogany or vernis martin.

### The Household Class.

"What," asked the teacher of the class in household management, "what is economy?"  
"Economy," answered a bright miss, "is eating hash for breakfast and stale bread for luncheon so that the grocery and meat bill may be reduced \$3 on the month, thereby enabling you to pay \$15 more than you had expected to pay for your new hat."

### AN UNFRENZIED FINANCIER.

"No doubt," we say to the man who has begun taking flyers in stocks, "by this time you have become so used to large deals that you can talk of millions as if they were hundreds."  
"Yes," he confides, "and I've got so used to the markets that I can win hundreds with more joy than if they were the millions I talk about."

### Why, Then?

"Did you finish your shopping today, my dear?" asks the model husband.  
"Yes, I think so," answers the trusting wife.  
"You think so?"  
"Yes, I don't know, though. You see, I went to get my hat, and there were so many, and all of them so pretty, that I got five of them."  
"Five? Why did you do that?"  
"— Really, I must have lost my head."  
"In that case, why get a hat at all?"

### JUST GETTING AROUND.

We see the men arranging the ladders and mixing paints at the Blinkery house. Blinkery is looking on with a satisfied air.  
"Hello," we say to Blinkery. "Aren't you having this done a trifle early?"  
"No," he tells us. "This is late. These fellows are now doing the work they promised to do last spring."

### The Modern Maid.

"Of course," said the elderly adviser to the lissome maiden, "one should not marry without love. But then, it is well to marry a man with plenty of money. One should always think of the future."  
"Certainly," agrees the girl. "Why, do you know, I know three or four girls who married men who were too poor to pay the alimony after they were divorced, and those girls are the unhappiest creatures that ever existed."

## HIGH ART.



"But I understand the concerto and you do not. That shows that I know more about—"  
"It shows nothing of the kind. I understand why I do not understand the concerto!"

### The March of Surgery.

In time we became a nation of baldheaded men.  
But why?  
Well, the surgeons kept on finding out that we were equipped with useless things. The appendix, the tonsils, the spleen, the liver, the nose—and so forth—were removed one by one. And at length it was demonstrated that it was simply a waste of time for a man to have hair to comb.  
With the removal of scalp began the real work of openly skinning the patient.

Joyous Childhood.  
Spring comes with her nodding blossoms  
And zephyrs that wildly frolic—  
And Johnny gets over the chilblains  
In time for green apple colic.

There are two degrees of vanity: One prompts a man to think that he can always borrow umbrellas; the other induces him to boast that he never borrows umbrellas.

### THE UPLIFT.

"I hold it in truth with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That we may rise on stepping stones  
Of our dead selves to higher things."

But we may rise to things much greater  
Than what we know, this is the truth,  
If we but watch from early youth  
And never miss the elevator.

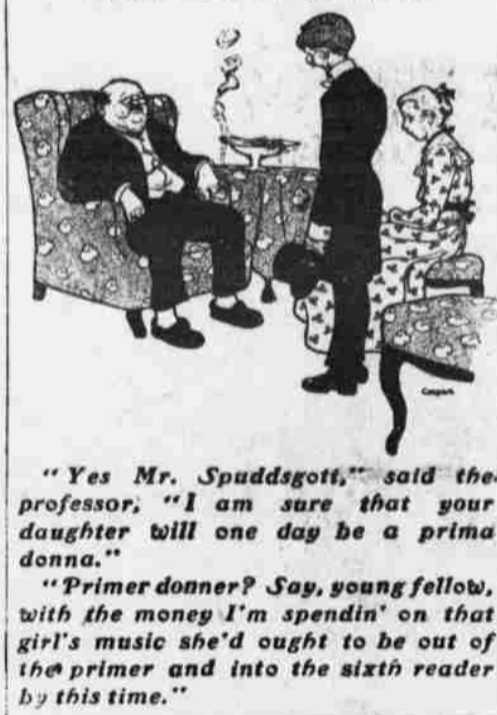
### Facts.

"I understand that a dramatized version of your novel is to be put on the stage soon," says the friend to the writer.  
"Dramatized?" sighs the author, who has not been consulted as to royalties or permission to use the story. "Dramatized? It's a burglarized version."

### Taking No Chances.

"This fellow you've got promoting your trust," said the caller to the capitalist, "is one of the most ignorant men I ever met. Why, he can hardly spell, and barely knows how to write his name. How did you ever happen to engage such a promoter?"  
"I think I know my business," replied the magnate. "I'm not taking any chances on hiring a man who can later on do a series of magazine articles about me."

### Wanted Her to Graduate.



"Yes Mr. Spudsgott," said the professor, "I am sure that your daughter will one day be a prima donna."  
"Primer donner? Say, young fellow, with the money I'm spendin' on that girl's music she'd ought to be out of the primer and into the sixth reader by this time."

### WOOF.

"But it is extravagant to keep an automobile," urges the friend. "The things are so expensive; the bills for operation and repairs are so high that in time they will exhaust your fortune."  
"I can't agree with you," argues the frivolous person, turning the leaves of the catalogue. "No matter how penniless one becomes his auto will always give him a scent."



## An Alphabet of Jokes

**C** STANDS for Cow that crossed the road,  
Also for Chicken that did, too—  
Within the Ancient Jesters' Code  
These jokes were marked: "To  
make folk bine."  
But, Ah, if one should start with C  
He might compile a weighty book  
Of the unchanging jeu d'esprit  
About that potentate, the Cook.  
The Cook Joke has a standard form:  
A sad, dilapidated man  
Who seems a victim of a storm  
Of rolling pin and frying pan;  
His friend—a dapper person, bright  
With subtle flashes of rare wit,  
Asks: "Have you fooled with dynamite?"  
The man: "Yes, told our cook to quit."

Many people would strike while the iron is hot if someone would only hold the iron.

### Pointers on Spring Styles.

(It was our intention to publish this week an illuminative article from the pen of our fashion editor, but she has been absent since last Tuesday. Our last knowledge of her was by way of a telephone call which informed us that she was attending a millinery opening and couldn't possibly get to work for several days. Consequently we were forced to assign the financial editor to the task of writing up the spring exhibits. Following is the record of his impressions and observations):

The outlook for business in the bonnets and dress goods lines for this spring makes the prospect of a squeeze and some good picking in May wheat look like pitching pennies at a crack in the floor. Why men are content to waste their lives merging railroads and inflating stocks passes comprehension. How long has this thing been going on, anyhow?

The bonnet pit was a surging mass of buyers from the first tap of the bell yesterday. Heavy prices for small lots was the rule. Fuss & Feathers Unlimited was the favorite, although there was also great activity in Wire & Ribbon.

For a time there were rumors of a sell out in the wide brim line of Artificial Flowers Preferred. The visible supply melted like snow before the sun. Several panic stricken traders, declaring that they would simply die if they could not buy any, were on the verge of prostration. The panic was averted by the announcement that the Paris exchange would come to the relief of those caught in the squeeze.

Lace Yoke and its brother line, Pneumonia Cure, continue to go strong.

### MIGHT DO THAT.



"Aunt, here's a new bonnet sister and I got for you."

"Thank you, Oscar, but that hat is too young for me."

"But you might take it and raise it until it is old enough."

But you never see any callouses on the hands of the man who talks so entertainingly of the hard work he had to do when he was young

Some of us carry mental treatment only to that point where we think nobody else is ever half so ill as we are.

Just about this time of the year, brother, your wife, who, you will remember, purchased you a useful Christmas present, is looking for an Easter Bonnet. Suppose, just for the fun of the thing, you go and buy her a useful one.

When a physician begins telling you how many terribly dangerous diseases you are threatened with, you may jot it down that you are threatened with a heavy doctor's bill.

This would be a fine world if we should refrain from eating, drinking and smoking things that disagree with other people.

Some men acquire the glow of health from the interest they take in telling how many specialists they have consulted

### A Beelet.

Behold the bee!  
There come to me  
Inspiring thoughts of industry.  
When him I see  
A-roaming free  
And humming songs of jollity.  
But, hully gee!  
If ever he  
Approaches me, helm hard-a-lee,  
My cry to thee  
In agony  
Tremendous, will be: "Hold  
the bee!"

In the name of peace, if you can't forget your troubles, let your friends have a chance to forget them.

### ENCOURAGING.

"I scarce can tell you my feelings for you," began the young man. "It is difficult to speak when the heart is affre with—"  
"Don't put yourself out on my account, Mr. Miggley," begged the fair damsel, with downcast eyes and a rising blush.

"Some of the things they say about Mr. Higgo are too good to be true," remarks McFlitters.

"Yes," answers Meduggers, "but on the other hand I've heard a lot of things about him that are too true to be good."

### THE EXTREMES.

"Your new bonnet is a poem!" declares the admiring friend.

"Yes!" says the happy woman who has the bonnet. "It must be blank verse, though, judging by the way my husband talked about it when the bill came."

### Not Real Living.

"And are you going to board?" asks the friend of the bride-to-be.  
"O, no," answers the fair young thing, "we shall take a flat."  
"Yes, but where will you live?"

### Couldn't Turn His Head in That Crowd.

"My dear," said the fond wife to the husband who had been sitting up with a sick jacket the night before, "the front of your shirt is spattered with tobacco juice. What causes that?"  
"That, my dear? Those spots? Why—you see—they are poker dots."

### Had to Have Them.

"This town brags about its backbone," criticized the reformer. "Yet I can name forty well known joints that go unmentioned."  
"Well," queried a red nosed person in a rear seat, "what good is a backbone without plenty of joints?"

"She always wore a smile," is a line in a new story. She was an optimist, not a chorus girl, dear reader.

## Scientific Treatment.



"Get me a package of dog biscuit for the parrot."  
"Dog biscuit? For the parrot?"  
"Yes. It won't imitate the dog's bark, and I'm going to feed it the biscuit until it will."

## INNOCENT INQUIRY.



"Yes, this is the lion that ate a man from Texas."  
"Mercy! Is that what killed it?"

The biggest row we ever heard was between a baldheaded barber and a customer. The barber wanted to sell hair tonic to the other man, who was a get rich quick promoter.

The person who keeps abreast of public affairs nowadays has to peruse a lot of police court news.

Did you ever stop to think that about fifty per cent of your circus money is paid for bows and smiles?

Failure in life is caused by inability to keep promises or by incompetency in making excuses.

When a man offers you something for nothing you should sit down and wonder why he wants nothing more than he does something.

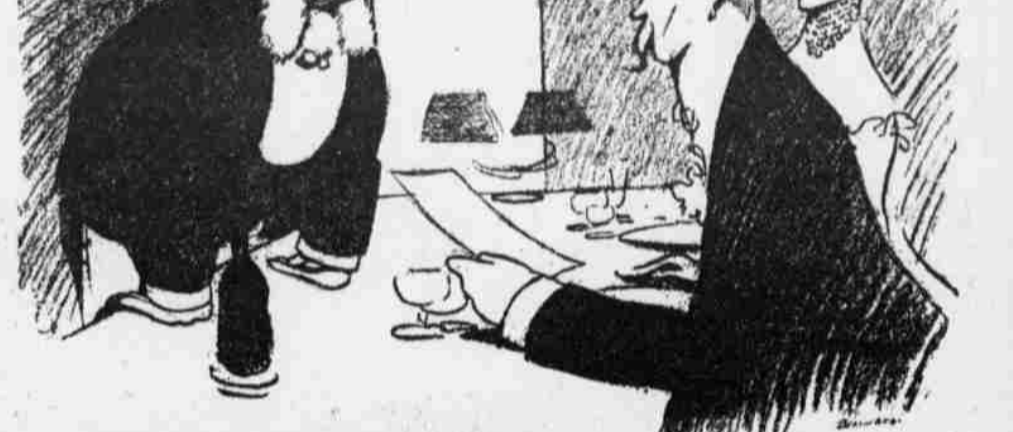
While you can't make an omelet without breaking eggs this day we advise us for leaving less than so many eggs and made so few omelets.

ANT JAME ZEZ NOW  
ADAY? THE DEVYLE  
ISEBT HAF AZ BLACK AZ  
HE OTTO BEVAINTED

## Little Henry's Slate.

ANT JAME ZEZ NOW  
ADAY? THE DEVYLE  
ISEBT HAF AZ BLACK AZ  
HE OTTO BEVAINTED

## Different Families.



"Here, waiter, this check is for \$20.55, when I expressly told you to bring us a simple family dinner."  
"Yes, sir. You see, sir, I brought you the kind of a dinner we usually serve to the Gildervelt family."

### Evidently Not.

"Didn't they try to make the mayor of your town drink his back yard and put his premises in sanitary shape?"  
"Yes, but he fired the health officer and put in a man who would not be so particular."

### SHE GOT THE HAT.

"'Tis the early robin, father,"  
Said the daughter; and her murmur  
Made her father, with a shudder,  
Clutch his purse strings all the firmer.

"'Tis the early robin, father,  
Chirping us his vernal song.  
Can't you understand his warble?  
Listen: 'Bonnet! Bonnet! Bonnet!'"

Then he handed her the money,  
While his rage grew hot and hotter,  
And he growled: "I understand it,  
'Tis the early robin, daughter."

### FAMILY FADE.

"Hub," said the first little boy, "my pa's got a title, he has. When folks write to him they put M. D. after his name."  
"Hub," retorted the second little boy, "my pa's got more of a title than your pa has. When folks send him things they write 'C. O. D.' after his name."

### His Knowledge.

A wise old professor named Emory  
Was proud of his wonderful memory—  
He claimed that he knew  
Each creation that flew  
From the latest airships to ephemera.

### Her Real Effort.

Yonder sits Millie Fazio. Isn't she beautiful?  
Yes, but don't you think she has a very self-conscious pose, as if she were trying to appear as though she did not know she is beautiful?

O, no. That isn't it. She is above such deceit. What she is trying to do is to look as if she did not know other people were talking about how pretty she is.

### Made Him Crusty.

He had the dough to make a roll  
But ere he could prevent it  
His wife—a sweet, well meaning soul—  
Went shopping, and she spent it.

### Eternal Woman.

"What? Are you and Buntie on the outs again?" asks the confidante. "I thought you told me she had consented to don the cloak of friendship once more."  
"So she did, and when she put it on she asked me how it fitted her, and I couldn't resist the temptation to tell her it made her look short waisted."

### THE DIFFERENCE.

"What," inquired the low comedian, "is the difference between vocal culture and physical culture?"  
"The difference is marked," replied the heavy villain. "If you are taking physical culture you talk about it all the time yourself; if you are taking vocal culture, the neighbors do all the talking about it."