

The pale blue tint of your Easter egg comes from the trapped compartment of the cold storage house.

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

The ending of Lent, with its concomitants of new hats and dresses, is often the beginning of borrow.

### Same Old Trimming.

Good girls, a many hats there be—  
Hats sold to dams or coy young maid,  
Such hats as on all heads we see,  
Of wire or cloth or fancy braid  
With lace and ribbons overlaid,  
Toque, turban, farding brims, or flat—  
But jokersmith's every year are paid  
For last year's jokes on this year's hat.

Dame Fashion's ways are large and free,  
Her hand by no conceit is stayed—  
An independent dame is she  
Whose lightest wish must be obeyed.  
Ah, grim the game that she has played,  
But odd the sequel, as to that—  
Each spring you summon forth the shade  
Of last year's joke on this year's hat.

The milliners must bend the knee  
When Fashion draws her hatpin blade;  
They chant in whatsoever key  
She tells them, though protesting they'd  
Prefer to work without her aid;  
She makes a bonnet like a mat  
Or set piece; still you keep the grade  
Of last year's jokes on this year's hat.

**ENVOY.**  
And so my Pegasus has neighed  
To step this reminiscent chat,  
And I've committed, I'm afraid,  
A last year's joke on this year's hat.

**A Perfect Picture.**  
"Miss Beloozeum is a perfect picture today," says the callow youth as Miss Beloozeum appears.  
"So?" remarks the jealous maiden. "A perfect picture? Do you mean that she is all cloth and paint?"

### Those Fond Girls.



"Mr. Sezzit told me I was a dream in my new spring suit and bonnet."  
"Did he? He told me that when he saw me he woke up."

### His Ruse.

It was on Easter Sunday morn—  
The church was filled with folk.  
The minister, with air solemn,  
Observed that as he spoke  
No woman in the audience  
Gave him the slightest heed.  
He thought it was an evidence  
That he was poor, indeed.

Each woman kept her head half turned  
And glanced back down the aisle—  
The parson in a moment learned  
That they all thought of style,  
That it was useless, hopeless, quite  
For him to preach of sin  
When every woman sought for sight  
Of others coming in.

The late arrivals rustled through  
The doors, and to their seats;  
The choir was inattentive, too,  
And dropped its anthem sheets  
And let them scatter on the floor  
While watching—could you guess—  
To see what all the late ones wore  
In bonnet and in dress.

The parson stammered through the hymn  
And then announced his text;  
His countenance grew very grim,  
His face was greatly vexed.  
At last he paused and hummed and hawed  
Then cried: "I'm greatly pained."  
The audience was rather awed  
And all its ears were gained.

"I'm greatly pained," the preacher said,  
"To see that here today  
There is a certain woman's head  
That turns the other way.  
I shall not name the lady, though  
I'll make it very clear,  
She wears the cheapest hat, I know,  
Of any woman here."

He preached an hour, and nearly two,  
But some looked at the door,  
Each woman smiled as if she knew  
Just who it was that wore  
The hat that was so very cheap  
And so she kept her eyes  
Glued on the pastor—he was deep  
And very, very wise.

**A Difference.**  
"Miss Rippen mentioned you very often during my talk with her."  
"I have heard that she frequently speaks of me. She must think a great deal of me."  
"I don't know. She talks a lot about you, but from what she says I do not gather that she thinks anything of you."

### A FISH STORY.



"Old Pickeral is going around, telling how he escaped from a landing net after having been hooked on four different lines at once and being gaffed as well."  
"Old Pickeral makes me tired. As soon as the fishing season opens he begins thinking up marvelous stories of great fishermen he has got away from."

ye takin' my purty' daughter away from her all its—"  
"But we are not going to live in the city, Mr. Meddergrass," interrupted the enamored youth, who was a good business man also.

"Not goin' to live in the city? Then how be ye goin' to make a livin'? Young folks ought—"  
"Don't worry about our future. I'm going to stay right here and organize a combination of the country boarding houses."

### A LAMENT.

Times are not what they used to be—  
When we would have a holiday  
We hailed its dawn with hearty glee  
And warbled measures glad and gay.  
But now each festal day that comes  
Brings frets and worries without end—  
The Easter eggs and Christmas drums  
Speak of the coin that man must spend.

The New Year's evergreen and vine  
No sooner fade to dingy brown  
Than straightway comes St. Valentine  
With lots of schemes to shake us down  
Fast on the heels of solemn Lent  
Speeds Easter day to our distress—  
Each penny we have saved is spent  
For hat or shoes or gloves or dress.

Commencement day, the brides of June,  
Fourth of July, vacation trips—  
We see them coming, late and soon,  
And mutter things with scornful lips.  
Thanksgiving day is far ahead—  
But O, already we commence  
To view the prospect with much dread  
And mentally to count expense.

Then Christmas! But we draw the veil  
Upon this list of holidays  
Lest by our pessimistic wall  
Some other sighing soul we cease.  
But, anyhow, it seems to us  
The fat should compensate the lean,  
We might have breathing space, and thus  
Catch even in the times between.

It is all right to tell the girl in Easter garb that she looks a perfect poem—but be sure she thinks you a judge of poetry.

### Little Henry's Slate.

MY PAW ZEZ JOAKZ  
ABOUT EASTER HATZ  
I'Z RITTEN BY ZINGLE  
MEH

### THE SMOKER'S MUSINGS.

If what we do in this life shows  
What we'll do in the next,  
Then I am worried, goodness knows,  
And very much perplexed.  
I wonder if because I puff  
To drive away dull care,  
I'll find the next life to be rough—  
If I'll keep smoking there!

### IN ONE PARTICULAR.



"How do you like your Easter eggs, Mr. Grummleigh?" asked the considerate landlady.  
"Ma'am?"  
"How do you like your Easter eggs? Hard or soft?"  
"Neither, ma'am. Fresh."

### HAD ITS EFFECT.

The man observes that his wife, on her return from the Easter services, seems greatly uplifted in spirit.  
"The services evidently have had a good effect upon you," remarks the man.  
"Yes, it was so helpful to me to go to church this morning."  
"I'm glad of that."

"I don't know when I've been so cheered and helped. Mrs. Neadore is wearing her last year's bonnet made over. Mrs. Dounstret is wearing her old crêpe de chine dyed blue. Mrs. Duganous had on a hat she got two years ago at a bargain sale, but she has sewed some blue ribbon and a plumb on it, and—"  
But her husband has immersed himself once more in his paper.

### HATCHING A SCHEME.

"Now," said the first promoter, after studying the reports of the quantities of eggs their agents had purchased. "we've got control of the egg supply of the country."  
"But let's be careful," urged his partner. "Let's not put all our eggs into one basket."  
"We won't. We'll get them all into one corner."

### HIGH FINANCE.

"Well," said honest old Farmer Meddergrass to the young man from the city, "I s'pose if Sally wants I'll hev ter say it's all right, but I certainly do hate to think o' old home to live in that great big city, with—"  
"But we are not going to live in the city, Mr. Meddergrass," interrupted the enamored youth, who was a good business man also.

"Not goin' to live in the city? Then how be ye goin' to make a livin'? Young folks ought—"  
"Don't worry about our future. I'm going to stay right here and organize a combination of the country boarding houses."

### Papa Knew.



"But I thought your papa said you couldn't have a new dress this spring."  
"He did. But I told him in that case I would just have to have my old one made over; and papa is an architect and knows how expensive it is to remodel old structures."

### MUST CHANGE THE PLOT.



"It will not do for me to marry the heroine and hero at Easter time," mused the crafty lady novelist. "Any woman would know that the heroine could get all the new clothes she wanted then, anyhow. I'll let them quarrel and then have the reconciliation and wedding some time in the fall."

### No Trumps.



Have plenty of push, young man, but be sure you know who you are pushing.

Every time any one talks of the blessings of civilization we think of cold storage eggs and imitation butter.

### Up to the Times.

The commencement exercises of the Grassville academy were in progress. Miss Tessie Jones had just finished reading her composition on "Rome Was Not Built in a Day," and the quartet was stepping forward to render "Come Where the Lilies Bloom" when the principal of the academy arose and announced:

### Benighted Passion.

"Deed, dat ah man down ter de hindwash sto' ain' got no sense 't all," declared Mr. Eklum Snowball.  
"Whut de man dah wid him?" asked Mr. Elazarus Washuntum.  
"Why, ah done tomluphone down ter him en ast him please sah won' he be so kind ex ter sen' me er razzan case ah hatter go ter de dance dis' evening."  
"En he didn' sen' nitt."  
"Dat ain' de haif. He done sent me er safety razzah!"

### Unpublished Letters of Famous Men.

Dear Sir: I am sorry I cannot settle your bill for months today, but am unexpectedly embarrassed financially. I enclose a dollar on account and will remit the balance so soon as it is possible.  
Yours truly,  
BYRON LORD SHELLEY.

Dear Mrs. Sticheim: It is with great regret that I apprise you that I am unable to pay your bill for Mrs. Skayson's dresses this month. I am now doing one epic, four-teen sonnets and ten ballads, in the hope of receiving sufficient remuneration to liquidate your account.  
Very truly yours,  
ALF. SIXYSON.

Dear Ben: Let me have two pounds until a week from Saturday. I've got into a poker game and at this writing am holding kings full, but lack the wherewithal to follow my advantage. A reply by bearer will oblige.  
Yr. hbh. sv.,  
COLLY CIBBER.

Dear Mr. Borrowsitt: Permit me to refresh your memory concerning the fact that on the 13th of last month you borrowed a dollar and eighty cents from me, with the promise to repay it before night. To the best of my information and belief the sun has gone down several times since then. I need the money. Please remit.  
Yours truly,  
MOORE KEATS BURNS.

### In Study and Seclusion.



We never could understand why women can wear winter furs with spring clothes, but absolutely refuse to wear a spring or summer hat with a fall suit.

A woman dreamed the other night that she had the only new Easter bonnet on earth. But she cannot remember what she ate that caused the dream.

This is the time of year when all the Don't Worry clubs lose their charters.

Also, a woman would rather than you told her her new bonnet was pretty than that you told her she was.

But then, there are lots of egg shaped men who think they look like maxine heroes in these away backed overcoats.

How many women can tell you what the text was after church services today? And how many cannot tell you what the trimmings of the bonnets ran to?

### TAKING PRECAUTIONS.

Mr. M. I. Nott, the famous writer and diplomat, observing the growing tendency to compile the correspondence of great people after they have passed away and are unable to protect themselves, has adopted what he considers ample protection against such a possibility. In each letter he writes, he works in some such sentence as this:

"And I wish to say further, that no matter how big a fool I may make myself seem to be in this letter, I am not half as big a fool as the one who will try to publish a collection of my letters forty or fifty years after I am dead."

### MARITAL DIPLOMACY.

"Why, we ask of the young physician, 'do you announce on your sign 'Practice Confined to Illnesses of the Aged'?'  
The fidgets for a moment, then confesses:  
"Well, you see, I've recently married a young and pretty woman, and she is a trifle-well-or-jealous, and whenever I treated a young woman I really lost money because my wife objected to my making more than one or two calls."

### Three Wise Men.

I.  
There once was a person named Frye  
Who wore quite a clever glass eye;  
With that orb he would look  
At his paper or book,  
Then say: "I don't see why to buy."

II.  
A crafty old codger named Weir  
Kept cotton plugs stuck in his ear;  
Should you ask him to drink  
He'd observe with a wink:  
"Come around; I can hear better here."

III.  
A citizen down in Montrose  
Attache'd a clothespin to his nose.  
He explained thus: "I've got to  
To ride in my auto."  
Was he saving a scent, d'you suppose!

### TOO MANY SIDE GLANCES.

"Ah," moaned the wife, when her husband accused her of having flirted too much at dinner, "to think that it is you who used to tell me my eyes were like stars!"  
"Huh!" growled the brutal husband. "They're stars all right, but they're not fixed stars, and you don't seem to be able to keep them in their proper orbits."

### COMBINING WEALTH.

"Look here," says the excited man, bursting into the district attorney's office, "I've got a law in this country against harmful combinations of wealth and of business enterprises."  
"There certainly is," replies the official.  
"Well, I want to tell you that I have just learned that my wife's milliner is going to marry my coal man and her dressmaker is engaged to the ice man."

### Peg's Day Off.

"Nothing today, Pegasus," said the poet, when his horse came to the door, ready for the matutinal flight.  
Pegasus looked at him inquiringly.  
"I don't need you," the poet exclaimed. "All I've got to do is to write my annual parody on 'The Queen of the May.'"

### WHAT CAUSED IT.

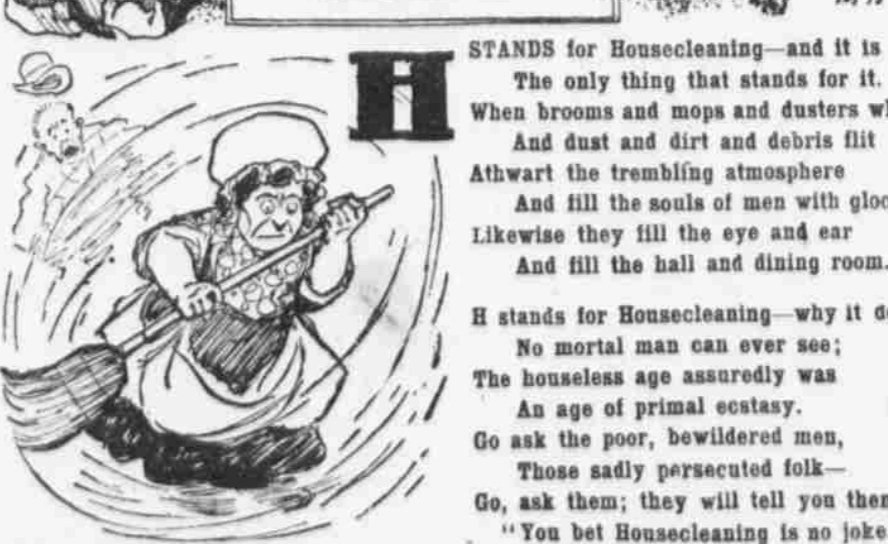


"Yes, doctor," said the perturbed mother, "she has just worried so much over the approach of graduation day that she has become positively ill."  
"Tut, tut," said the doctor, "she shouldn't worry so much about a simple little thing like a commencement essay."  
"Essay!" exclaimed the patient. "It isn't the essay. It's the dress!"

### A CRITICISM.

"Mr. Poland-China saw me perfectly well when I got on the car," said Mrs. Hog, "but he buried his nose in his newspaper and pretended to be reading, and of course I couldn't get a seat."  
"Of course," answered her husband. "Poland-China always makes a regular man of himself."

### An Alphabet of Jokes.



**H** STANDS for Housecleaning—and it is  
The only thing that stands for it.  
When brooms and mops and dusters whiz  
And dust and dirt and debris flit  
Athwart the trembling atmosphere  
And fill the souls of men with gloom,  
Likewise they fill the eye and ear  
And fill the hall and dining room.

**H** stands for Housecleaning—why it goes  
No mortal man can ever see;  
The houseless age assuredly was  
An age of primal ecstasy.  
Go ask the poor, bewildered men,  
Those sadly persecuted folk—  
Go, ask them; they will tell you then:  
"You bet Housecleaning is no joke."

There's one thing we like about the health culture magazines, and because of that we have subscribed for all of them, not one of them published any plans and specifications for Easter bonnets.

It is estimated that enough money is annually spent on millinery in this country to supply the heathen with three times as much stuff that they would have use for.

Two female dress reformers held firm to the faith until a o'clock yesterday afternoon, when they saw a show window filled with marked down Easter bonnets.

Once more, dear patient, while some one explains why the rabbit happens to be a symbol of Easter.