

A synopsis should contain the cream of a story, but sometimes it is merely condensed milk.

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

Man is made of dust, and this is the time of the year when his dust is in demand.

HIS AMBITION.



"Young man, it should be your aim at present to get a good start in life."
"I don't know, sir. Wouldn't it be better if I laid my plans so as to be sure of a good finish?"

Too Much Like Business.

"No," said the lady with the frizzled hair, when the currants were passed to her at the summer boarding house, "I don't care for them."
"They're nice as if they were fresh," said the landlady. "I cannot blame myself."

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.



"Isn't the music divine tonight! I can fairly drink it in."
"I suspected that you had been to several bars."
"Still, there seems to be something lacking."
"What is it?"
"I hardly know. O, I've got it. You can't hear the chatter in the boxes."

It may be all right to compel a boy to work from sunrise to sunset in the fields, but it is downright cruelty to compel him to learn that song about "A farmer's life is the life for me."

Many a man who is a good risk for a life insurance policy is a mighty bad risk for the premiums.

Too many of us base our opinion of country life upon the impressions we get from cold storage cases.

Man, having at last decided upon his spring suit, is now ready to read and laugh at the spring dress jokes.

Little Henry's Slate.

AWT JAME ZEE ZHEIR
ZPISHVZ OF FOKEZ THAT
DONT ZEEEM TO DO NOTHIN
TO BE GOZZUPPED ABOUT

Merely the Preliminaries.

"My dear," asks the anxious husband, "haven't you finished your spring shopping?"
"Not at all," answers the happy wife. "I've merely looked at the things I don't want and those I can't afford. Tomorrow I'll look at a lot of things I ought to get and maybe by the end of the week I'll be ready to decide what I want the salespeople to show to me."

The joyous lamb now gambols on the sea, until the beef trust gets on the lee side of him.

MUSICAL CRITIQUE.



We coaxed the maid to play, and then
We watched the mangled moments flit
And wished, and wished, and wished again
We dared to coax the maid to quit.

IN TRAINING.

"I wish you'd send that big dry goods box up to my house," says the wealthy citizen to the merchant.
"Glad to do it," replies the merchant. "Going to ship some goods of some sort away?"
"No. We're planning to spend a few weeks in a summer hotel, and heretofore just about the time I'd get really used to the room we'd be ready to come home. I'm going to begin sleeping and living in that box now and by the time we go away I'll be thoroughly trained for the hotel rooms."

AS A FAVOR.

"There's just one favor I'd like to ask of you, doctor," said the patient when they brought the chloroform cone and prepared to operate on him for appendicitis.
"Yes?" asked the doctor, arranging his implements.
"If I understand it properly, I won't have any sense of feeling at all after I yield to the influence of the chloroform?"
"None at all, sir. Certainly not a bit of feeling."
"Well, while you're at it, will you please pull the porous plaster off that is right in the small of my back. I've dreaded taking that thing off more than I have being cut up for this appendicitis."

HIS DEGREE.

"Is young Binkley going to take a degree when he leaves college?" asked the man with the eagle eye.
"Yes; I hear they're going to give him the 32d degree, Fahrenheit," said the man with the incandescent whiskers.
"Thirty-second degree, Fahrenheit? I never heard of that honor."
"Yes. He played freeze out so much that he failed in his exams."

What Got Them.

The minister has labored long and earnestly in the effort to get the men in his audience to join the church. In glowing words he has described the joys of heaven, but the men still sit unmoved. At last an inspiration flashes to the mind of the preacher.
"Best of all, my dear, do brethren," he cries, "I would tell you that in heaven there is never any housecleaning."

As one man the men come forward and become members of the church.

Has anybody ever explained why life insurance agents swarm on a man as soon as he gets married?

THOSE DEAR GIRLS AGAIN.



"But you can't believe a word he says."
"I know it. He told me you were the sweetest girl here tonight."

DON'T WORRY VERSES.

The dog is in the bedstead.
The cat is in the lake.
The mouse is in the hammock.
What difference does it make?
—From Satisfied Songs of Somebody Else.

The soap is in the butter.
The broom is in the hall.
The rugs have all been stolen—
Why should you care at all.

The cook is in the parlor.
The dough is on the floor.
The cake is full of thumb tacks—
But why should you feel sore!

They've broken the piano.
They threw it down the stair.
They've scratched the hardwood flooring
It does no good to swear.

The books are in the cellar
Above the furnace coal.
There's coal oil in the water—
Why need that irk your soul!

It's raining on the bedspreads.
The sheets are in the mud.
The portieres are bedraggled—
Why do you thirst for blood!

Two of the children missing!
The parrot has been killed.
The pictures have been stepped on—
With joy you should be filled.

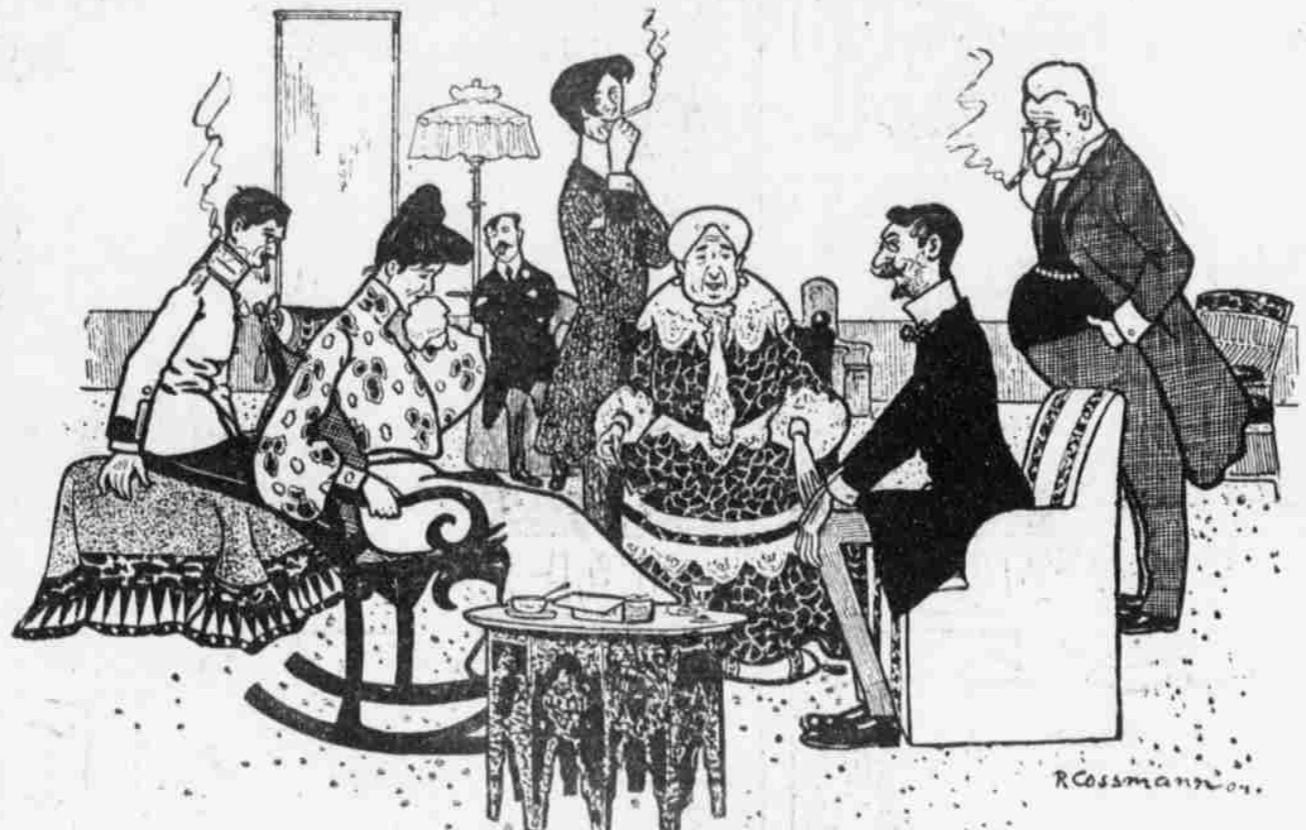
You fell into the dishpans.
There's glue upon your hair.
They've sold your Sunday trousers—
O, why be slaves to care!

In cleaning the flour barrel
They found a frightened mouse—
But let us sing with gladness;
They're only cleaning house.

Self Confident.

"I shall, indeed, be proud if you will sing my lullaby at your recital," says the composer, handing the score of the composition to the singer.
"But," ventures the singer, "why have you marked the last stanza to be sung fortissimo?"
"O, I did that so that the audience would be awakened."

HIS REPUTATION.



"O Mr. Proseigh, are you going to tell us a story? My papa says you tell some dreadful stories."
"Why—er—ah—now, Miss Vinnie—I—ah—"
"That wasn't all he said."
"No?"
"No. He said they were dreadful long."

PUZZLE.

"He is my hero," she sighed.
Without finishing this we leave it to the reader to guess whether he was a half back, a college orator, a baseball star, a matinee idol, a naval celebrity, a prize fighter, a novelist, a soda fountain clerk, or just a plain every day and Sunday young man.

Just the same, folks pay a great deal more heed to your criticisms than to your praise.

Familiar.

"This reminds me of the days when Lefty Hinnegan was the star batsman of the league," said the ex-baseball player to his friend, while the exhorter was reading the words of the hymn.

"It does? In what way?" asked the friend.
"He's lining out the bast."

The men who settle public questions by writing magazine articles about them are the only ones that manage to stay in the game.

For which do you know the most remedial-cold in the head or dandruff?

We have been asked for our ideal of a commencement oration for a girl. Here it is: "I made this dress, and now I'm going home to cook dinner."

There is a whole lot of philosophy about the way corn grows, but there is considerable more plowing connected with it.

Housecleaning is usually delayed because folks have to take stock of what the neighbors are displaying in the yard.

Faith is that quality which leads a man to expect that his flower garden will resemble the views shown in the seed catalogue.

Once more arises the unsolved problem: Why do all soda fountain clerks have curly hair?

Half of us are wondering where we will spend our summer vacations, and half of us are wondering if we will have anything to spend on them.

The world is progressing so rapidly that within another year or so we expect to see somebody selling a line of canned roses.

WILLING TO HELP.

"Ah," sighed the benighted dame in distress, also in the wild and woolly west, "I know I might raise sufficient funds to take me to my home if I could once get the ear of the banker, but every time I have called he has been too busy to see me."
"His ear you want, lady?" asked Toothless Timpkins, the Terror of Tombstone. "Just his ear?" He drew his bowie knife and with his eyes flashing, asserted:

"Say the word, and I'll get ye both his ears and one or two of his fingers. It never shall be said that Toothless Timpkins stood by and saw a sufferin' female in need of assistance."

Of First Importance.

"What are they discussing so earnestly?" we ask of the nurse, as the eminent surgeons, after the operation on the notable person, withdraw to a corner and begin shaking their fingers at each other. "Cannot they decide what was the matter with the patient?"
"Oh, they know what was the matter with him," she answers, wearily. "What they can't decide is whose name shall be signed first to the bulletins."

NOT WHAT HE MEANT TO SAY.



"This is my Aunt Sarah. Folks say I look like she did at my age."
"Yes, but she'll never look like you at your age."

AFRAID?



"What should I call my pet dog?" asked the lissome maiden of the slender youth.
"Give him a musical name. Call him Offenbach."

A Lesson in Household Economy.

"My dear," said Mr. Slamsum, "I noticed a package of strawberries among the parcels you brought home from your shopping trip."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Slamsum. "I got them."
"Of course you got them, or they wouldn't be here. I don't want to criticize, but it seems to me that after all my patient and gentle suggestions to you along the line of economy in the household affairs, you would have exercised better judgment than to buy strawberries at such a time as this."

"But they—"
"Now, wait just a minute. I'm not being harsh at all, and I'm not going to lose my temper. I'm as considerate and self-controlled as any man living, and I think I may say without boasting that I can express my mind on any subject where I feel that I have not been shown sufficient consideration, without uttering a word that would injure the feelings of a babe. I do not think that you show good judgment in investing in strawberries at this season, because—"

"If you'll wait a minute I'll explain—"
"There's no explanation needed, only that I will explain to you, as I have carefully and patiently explained on an average of once a week since we were married, that I am not a millionaire. I can't afford to purchase such luxuries as strawberries when they are almost worth their weight in gold. When people cultivate a taste for delicacies out of season they are prone to turn up their noses at them when they are in season and may be had at prices which put them within the reach of all. Strawberries! It's a wonder to me you hadn't bought three or four watermelons, too. I suppose they can be had, shipped in from the tropics, for about \$5 an ounce at this time. Mrs. Slamsum, to show you that there is at least one person in this house who can restrain his appetite until it is possible to gratify it without risking the danger of ending his days in the poorhouse, I shall not partake of any of those berries. I hope it will remain a lesson to you, and that what poor influence my actions may have upon your future purchases may in some measure be of benefit to you."

"Philip Slamsum, if you'd let me tell—"
"But Mr. Slamsum had left the room, walking with the conscious tread of one who feels himself a martyr, tied to a stake, with those whom he trusted and loved pouring kerosene over him and striking matches on his unshaved cheeks. Mrs. Slamsum muttered to herself for a few minutes, then resumed reading the fashion magazine which had held her attention when her little lord appeared on the scene. In a few moments he rushed into the room again.

"Madam," he cried, "this is worse than ever! Not only have you purchased strawberries at an exorbitant price, but you have permitted yourself to be bilked, swindled, cheated outrageously!"

"Why, Philip, I wanted to tell you—"
"Tell me nothing! Those berries are hard as nails, and they have been artificially colored with some kind of a varnish that has a most disgusting taste. It's enough to drive a man to drink to be compelled to submit to such—"

"Philip Slamsum, if you'll hold your breath for just one minute I'll say what I've been trying to say all this time. I bought those strawberries. They are artificial ones. I got them at the milliner's, and they cost me 20 cents. I'm going to use them to trim my last spring's bonnet, because you have lectured and lectured so much about economy that I was afraid even to spend \$3 for a new hat. There now!"

Least we leave this tale with the impression that Philip Slamsum is a hard hearted wretch, it is only fair to say that the next week he got a bill from the milliner stating that he owed \$22.80 for one bonnet. This he bought on condition that his wife would not tell about the strawberries, but of course she had to tell the milliner.

It is bad enough to hear a girl recite "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," but it is sad to think that she may feel inspired to adopt a dramatic career.

We detest cranks. The other day an automobile fiend held us up and we listened for two hours to his rhapsodies over his machine—and then he whizzed away without asking us to take a ride.

Maybe Not.
"I'm so sorry, but you see I got this dog to help me choose my friends. Dogs are such good judges of human nature."
"But maybe you are not a good judge of dogs."

Of course, young man, you can start at the top—but if you begin at the bottom you'll always remember how far you are getting from the ground.

Speed the day when folks can eat spring onions without feeling as guilty as if they were trying to buy a drink on Sunday.

An Alphabet of Jokes

IS the Iceman—he appears
A hearty, husky, haughty wight,
Much as he was in other years;
His spirit, like his ice, is light.
But yet his strength is very great,
For he can quickly raise the price.
He choruses at your alley gate
That rousing, ranting roar of
"ICE!"
He leaves for you a little piece
Which he avows weighs forty pounds,
And ere your protestations cease
Into the driver's seat he bounds.
Ah, who can tell the rage you've felt—
Before you view it once or twice
The chunk you buy is sure to melt
And you, despairing, shout back:
"ICE!"