

Light cures disease now. Love is a disease—possibly this is why the cure is always turned low.

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

We have discovered why Job was such a patient man. In his days there were no fire insurance agents.

Hurts His Business.

"I hear that Larist Luke got religion over to this here revival at Groggy Gulch last fall."

"Well, I hope he backslides before the week is out. Them there reformers is doing more to ruin my business than the climate."

MAYTIME.
The found lamb's new gambles on the grass
The jivis and new sports upon the lawn
The must springs up all ready for the season
The birds do tipple dances in the trees—
All nature seems to be attuned to glee.
The winds are whispering that it is playtime!
The blossoms woo in vain the humble-bee—
We all are rather lazy in the Maytime.

The clouds refuse to rain—they only pass
Like leaflets floating on an azure sea.
The hammock has a charm for each fair lass
And thus an added charm for you and me.
The golfer has his caddy by his side
The idler o'er the links all through the day
And makes the course, perhaps, in ninety-three—
We all are rather lazy in the Maytime.

The fisherman has dreams of striking bass
But cuss himself beneath a spreading tree:
The rook quits using coal and taps the gas—
As independent person, too, is she:
The gamins whistle ragtime of the key
And make a dirge of what is meant for gay time.
Some lazzitude affects the similes too—
We all are rather lazy in the Maytime.

ESTIV.
O gentle Muse, to whom we bend the knee,
We cannot work like farmers when it's hot time—
We think we've made it plain as A. B. C.
We all are rather lazy in the Maytime.

Bobby Explains.
"Sister says please to excuse her, but she can't see you tonight," said little brother Bobby. "She lost her gold hair pin and she feels so bad about it she's staying in her room."
"That's too bad," said the young man. "But you run up and tell your sister I asked her if she wouldn't come down anyway—I came to see her and not the hair pin, tell her."
"But you can't see her without the hair pin tonight, because it was sticking in her switch that was lying on the chair and the dog came in and he grabbed it and ran out of the house and down the street with both of them."

The Pursuit of Art.

"Is your papa making any purchases from the exhibits?"
"Not yet. It is so hard to find what he wants?"
"What is he looking for? Landscapes or figures?"
"It really doesn't matter so much, if the picture is of a size that will fit the odd shaped space on the wall over the fireplace?"

Her Speed.
"This is wonderful," says the man at the end of the trolley car to no one in particular, and without looking up from his paper. "A man has invented a telegraph instrument that will send 40,000 words an hour. I wonder what that contrivance looks like."
"I'll bet," mutters a little, hurried looking man at the other end of the car as if he were speaking to no one in particular, that one being himself, "I'll bet it looks a good deal like my wife."

The Personnel.
There's a lady who washes, a lady who scrubs,
A lady who cooks all the dishes,
A lady who irons down there amongst the tubs,
A lady whose dusting brush swishes,
A lady who answers the bell at the door—
(This servant affair is plain hocus)
As other great thinkers have mentioned before,
And a woman who pays all these ladies.

An Alphabet of Jokes

JUNE BRIDE:

The June Bride joke is like the jest
On graduates, and all the rest,
That base their fun on women's whim—
In humor it is gay or grim.

For instance, if some time in May
A young man to a maid should say:
"Are you to be a bride in June?"
She might reply: "This is so soon."
Or, should the bridegroom, say, suggest:
"Let's make a bridal trip out west,
To South Dakota." "Bride: "Ah, John,
I've planned to go there later on!"

Serious Mistake.

The man who has been taken from the wreck of the automobile and carried to the hospital is asked what his name is.

"Spuddegot," he whispers.

"Spuddegot," whispers the surgeons one to another. "This must be the multimillionaire. We must operate on him."

Rushing the patient to the operating room they remove his appendix and are cleaning their instruments when one of the nurses, who has been brought himself to notify the family by telephone rushes into the room and shouts:

"This is a terrible mistake! We have made a wrong diagnosis."

"Impossible!" cry the others.

"But we have, it is this man's brother who is the multimillionaire."

Chagrined, the surgeons attempt to palliate the patient by offering him his appendix neatly preserved in a cut glass jar of alcohol.

Little Henry's Slate.

MY PAW ZEE HE WISHEZ HE CUD SOLVE THE MAGGIEZEEN TRUST ARTICLE PROBLUM

volumes of supplemental information, making a—

"Don't need it," interrupts the man. "My oldest boy goes through college this spring and my youngest daughter graduates from the high school. I'll not even have to ask questions about anything I want to know this summer."

Extravagance.
Droptitch and openwork, as styles,
Are not what fret our souls;
Tis this that freezes all our smiles:
We must pay for the holes.

No Alternative.
The man who has struck his thumb with the hammer removes the injured member at intervals from between his lips and expresses himself furiously.

"My dear! My dear!" cries his shocked wife. "Do, for my sake, be more careful in your choice of language."
"Choice of language," shouts the man, shaking his thumb in agony. "Choice! Madam, in a case like this there is no choice of language!"
Whereupon he resumes the fevered trend of his remarks.

The Health Culturing of Mr. Squinch.

Abelton Squinch hadn't so very much wrong with him. Of mornings he sometimes suffered from a lack of appetite, and maybe a gray cast in his mouth because of smoking too much the night before; also he occasionally arose feeling that he could sleep four or five hours longer if he had been left alone, because of staying up to play cards or billiards. Still, he was not satisfied with his condition. His knees were not as large as the plates and specifications in the health magazine said they should be, and his lung expansion fell short by two inches.

So he picked his grip one day and betook himself to Professor Settem's Health Culture Farm, where a man could get so near to Nature that he could pick Nature's pockets if he were so inclined.

The first morning after his arrival he asked for a cup of coffee at breakfast, and was told that coffee shattered the nerves, turned the stomach into a suit case and affected his thinking powers, and that if he ever expected to become Little Bright Eyes he must abstain the coffee from then on.

So he did the best he could on the tattered wheat and other grain products, and really enjoyed the berries and fruit that were spread before him. Luncheon was more wafers and berries, which he ate with zest because during the morning he had been compelled to go through several different kinds of muscle movements, to say nothing of a nice six mile promenade at what proved to be a heart breaking rate of speed during the fifth and sixth miles.

In the evening he drew his chair to the table and asked the waiter to fetch him a nice thick beefsteak. The waiter read him a solemn sermon on the enormity of eating beefsteak, and after some argument Abelton took what was served to the others, because if he had obtained his beefsteak the milk supply of the health farm would have ended then and there.

The dewy dusk was creeping in and all nature was peaceful and inspiring when Abelton went to his room, got a nice fat cigar, and repaired to the front piazza to have a smoke before going to his little bed good and early. Lighting his cigar was the same as calling out the fire department. The professor, the manager, the steward, and a squad of waiters and attendants rushed him and reduced him to his cigar. He was told impressively that smoke shortened his life and vitiated the atmosphere, and he couldn't smoke there any more than he could strike a match in a powder mill. In spite of this and of being forbidden to read a magazine by gaslight because it would strain his eyes and possibly make him nervous, he managed to get in nine hours of sleep that night. Within two days he had him tamed and he fell into the routine readily.

At the end of a month his family was gratified and surprised to see a straight, husky, tanned person mount the front steps and say: "Hello."

It was Abelton Squinch. His flesh had been taken from where it should not be and replaced where it ought to be. But Abelton had a sad, worn look in his eyes.

"Did it do you good, Abe?" asked his mother.

"Well, yes; I guess it did. I stayed the month out because I had paid in advance and I was going to get my money's worth. But now—" he drew a big fat cigar from his pocket, having stopped at the tobacconist's on his way home—"but now I'm going to get sick again and have a little fun."

Case Hardened.

"I don't know why this novel doesn't attract more attention," says the publisher. "It thrills and what the public wants. It certainly fills all requirements. There are fights, threats, plots, and thrilling scenes on every page. Why, two years ago a story such as this would have set the country by the ears. Why is it that it seems impossible to excite the average reader nowadays?"

"You don't suppose any one can get excited over fiction now, after having read 'Premised Finances,' do you?" asks the friend.

Would Rather Guess at Them.

"Don't you want me to tell you what the long words mean?"

"No, thank you, auntie. When the long words are explained to me they are never half as interesting as I imagine them to be."

Why She Asked.
The woman with the thin lips, the keen eyes, and the sharp nose approached the druggist confidentially and whispered:

"Do you sell hair dye, Mr. Doper?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the druggist, in a tone which was meant to assure the caller that wild horses would not tear the secret from his bosom if she wanted to invest in peroxide of hydrogen.

"Well, tell me," she said, her eyes snapping, "don't you sell it to that hateful frizzly haired young thing that has moved into the new house three doors above us and who makes eyes at my husband every evening when he comes home from the office? I told him last night he needn't take such an interest in her, because if she didn't dye her hair she wore a wig."

But the diplomatic druggist excused himself to answer an imaginary telephone call.

The Manager About the Chorus Girl.
"These chorus girls of mine are getting on my nerves. Each one begs for a line— We hire them for their curves!"

Hard to Understand.
"Yes," said the man, "I have been thinking about moving to the country. Good for me and the family, you know. To get out where we could have a yard, and a garden, and grass, and lots of fresh air, and all that sort of thing. But there's one peculiar feature about it that I cannot understand."
"What is it?" asked his friend.
"For the last two years everybody I know that has a country place has been urging me to move out of the city, and as soon as they had me converted every man Jack of them wanted to sell me his farm."

From Experience.
"But why do you want to get married?" asks the neighboring woman of the bachelor maid who has been doing her own housekeeping for five or six years. "You have gotten along famously with one or two tenants, and now you want to tie yourself up to a man for life."
"But he is so persistent," argues the bachelor maid.
"He calls afternoon and evening and insists upon an answer."
"They all do," grimly asserts the neighbor.
"And then," weakly, "I thought it would be wise to have a man about the house."
"Well, if that's what you want, don't you ever marry him."

Wingless.
"Our left wing is lost," says the second in command, "and our right wing is shattered. To me it appears that we must fly if we would save the rest."
"Fly? With both wings gone?" asks the commander. "This is an army not an airship."
At this juncture the third in command mildly suggested running, and was immediately brevetted for able action in the line of duty.

Question for a debating society: "Who Are the Most Numerous—the Men Who Believe They Would Have Made Great Editors or the Women Who Know They Would Have Become Great Actresses?"

Boy Wonders are all right, provided they do not become premature Old Fogies.

EASY.

"Is it hard to learn to smoke cigars, Alfred?"

"Easier than the alphabet, Reginald. With but a short study you will soon find that you have it at your tongue's end."

A Strange Place.

"It worries me," she said, "this vexing problem that comes up every year at this time. No sooner do we return from the winter resorts than we must decide where to spend the summer. John, can't you suggest some place that we've never been?"

"I might try," answered her husband.

"I don't mean the mountains or the lakes or the islands—I'm tired of them all. What I want is some place that will be entirely new and strange to us. Do you know of such a spot?"

"Yes. That's easy. Let's stay at home."

APPROPRIATE.

"I don't see why she wears black when she is only a grass widow."

"You never knew her husband, then. He's a dead one."

Making It Even.

"But you tell me so many things I cannot believe."

"You are no worse off than I am. I tell you a whole lot of things I don't believe myself."

Business Proposition.

"Little boy, I'll give you a dime if you'll promise me you'll not smoke those vilecigaretts."

"Make it a quarter, miss. I can't afford any odder kind but de vile ones for a dime—I got to buy big packages."

Frenzied Sport.

"A million you can't!" cries the first man.

"Dope!" ejaculates the second.

Drawing their check books, each writes the check for a million dollars. These are deposited with the clerk of the hotel, together with a memorandum of the bet. When the men have departed we side up to the clerk and ask him the nature of the wager.

"Well, yes; I guess it did. I stayed the month out because I had paid in advance and I was going to get my money's worth. But now—" he drew a big fat cigar from his pocket, having stopped at the tobacconist's on his way home—"but now I'm going to get sick again and have a little fun."

Willing to Invest.

"Yes, Mr. Gillinghoff," says the mental scientist, "it will take but a few absent treatments to restore your wife to her usual health. You see, she merely imagines she is ill, and the thing to do is to make her imagine she is well again. For \$50 I would guarantee—"

"Forty dollars to make her imagine she is well!" gasps the husband.

"Yes, Mr. Gillinghoff, but if you think that is excessive, in your case, I might be well—"

"Excessive nothing!" says, doc, "I'll make it an even hundred if you'll make her imagine I'm head of the house."

A Change of Temperature.

"Ah, Miss Pert, you look as though this balmy air agreed with you. Are you enjoying the beautiful morning?"

"I was."