

The man who paddles his own canoe isn't half so independent as he who hires a man to run his own electric launch.

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

Yes, and if you do not believe more than half of what you hear, why do you tell more than half of what you believe.

ALL RIGHT.



Ah, Mrs. Divorsee, you look sweet enough to eat this morning. "To eat? Why, Mr. Giddies, I thought you were a vegetarian."

"So I am. But you are a grass widow, you know." Followed instructions. "What on earth have you been eating, Brown?" asks the doctor who has been called in hurriedly at midnight.

"What?" groans Brown. "You must have been eating something that was eminently unfitted for your digestion. How many times have I told you to confine your bill of fare to fruits and vegetables, and—"

"Look here, Doc. If I hadn't followed scientific suggestions I wouldn't have had you rush over here tonight. First thing, I ate some apples and berries and nuts and raisins, because you said they were fine to begin the day on. I was still hungry, so I tackled a grape fruit and some early cantaloupe; then some oatmeal and wheat and other grain preparations; for lunch I had spinach, dandelion, nut cutlets, fruit salad, more berries and plenty of whole wheat bread; then I was hungry this evening and ate plentifully of water cress, bananas, apples, nuts, spinach, kale, cabbage, potatoes, young onions, lettuce, radishes, cherries, tomatoes, and all the rest of the blood cooling, flesh making, nerve building fruits and vegetables, just the ones you have so constantly and consistently recommended to me. And now—"

But the doctor, lost in thought, was trying to figure out what sort of a div to put the man on.

A LULLABY. The wolf at the door howled balefully all night long. But the man in the house slept peacefully until the morning. Then he went to the door to get the paper, and was confronted by the weary, hoarse wolf, whose endurance had been exhausted.

"Get off my steps," said the man. "Didn't it disturb you when I howled?" asked the wolf. "Why, no. My wife has taken the baby to visit her mother, and your howling made things so homelike and natural that I forgot my loneliness and slept the sleep of the just."

Strings and Things.

Miss White, the dress expert, has demonstrated that a judicious administration of cosmetic tapers, etc., will transform the most shapely woman into a thing of beauty. O, lady of the lissome grace, How wondrously you catch my eye When with your sweeping, stately pace You move among the passersby. And yet, and yet, I may but sigh—I make no rude, sarcastic flings Of powder puff, and rouge and dye, I only think of strings and things.

If in my lines I mention "lace" I do not mean the sort you tie But that which sometimes frames your face Or foams when skirts are lifted high Where crossings never are kept dry. My muse is one who only sings Of loveliness— My fancy? Fie! I only think of strings and things.

This disillusionment is base. Why should the fashion makers try To make us know of plans and place And purpose? Echo answers "Why?" And other echoes so reply. Once women had angelic wings But now that thought is knocked awry, I only think of strings and things.

L'ENVOI. Princess, the Sunday papers trace The process of your fashionings, Whose fault is it, with that the case, I only think of strings and things!

Rather Wear Hats. "You shall be my queen for life," declares the accepted lover. "I shall crown you with a crown of—"

"But I don't want to be your queen," interrupts the fair young girl. "No? Not my queen?" "No. You silly man. A queen gets a crown and has to wear it all her life. I'd rather be a woman and be able to keep up with the styles in hats."

Some Excuse. Let's wife looked back—her figure stands Where none of us may gaze upon it. Perhaps she did not look at lands But at some other woman's bonnet.

Fair Play. "Mr. and Mrs. Jiggson seem to be a happy couple, yet I understand that he keeps very late hours." "Yes, they have an agreement that he may stay out as late as he likes at night provided that she may talk as long as she likes about his lateness after he has come home."

THE LAMB'S ADVANTAGE. The gay and giddy lamb ows skips And gambols on the sea; "The wagon" would be making trips If it were you or me.

Way Back. "But," we ask of our friend who is speaking of the gentleman we met yesterday, "is he so terribly behind the times as you say he is?" "Behind the times? Say, he's never been operated on for appendicitis, and he is just beginning to read 'The Simple Life.'"

A Change of Program.



"I've got such a bad cold I bark all the time," said the elocutionist to the stage manager of the vaudeville house. "Can't you leave my turn out today?" "No, but I'll make it easy for you. You go on with the educated dog, and let him read your stuff while you bark."

Helped Business. The First Amazonian artillery had gone into action. The gunners load and fire with ceaseless energy. The lady colonel rides up to ask: "Why do you fire so rapidly and so recklessly? Don't you know that it costs the country a hundred dollars each time you fire a gun?" "Yes, colonel," answers one of the lady gunners, "but the ammunition manufacturers are giving trading stamps now."

Ahal. "Beware," we say to the beautiful chorus girl. "Beware the attentions of that young man of wealth. Remember the saying about the moth and the flame." "Yes," she titters, "but isn't it natural for a moth to want the chance to get into a sealskin coat?"

Qualities That Appeal.

With some surprise we listen to the beautiful girl's statement that she is going to marry old man Richerette. "But you told us," we argue, "that you considered him as the dirt at your feet." "So I did," she blushes, twirling the huge solitaire ring he has given her. "So I did, but don't you know he wouldn't take 'No' for an answer and finally I grew to admire his sand—and his rocks."

Man. He will not spade a flower bed; That is too much—but wait. He'll spade an acre plot instead For worms to use for bait.

Still on the Free List. "The world grows worse and worse," means the pessimistic patriot. "Everything seems to be in the hands of some controlling interest. Is there anything in the wide, wide world that is still free to us?" "O, my, yes," answers the optimist. "There are two things that are free. One is air and the other is advice."

More than That. She has artificial roses on her hat; Her blush is very coy and shy and meek— But here it may be noted, as to that, She's artificial roses on her cheek.

The Parson's Mistake. The earnest minister, having announced a sermon especially prepared for the women, is gratified at seeing the church well filled with them. In the hope of showing them the foolishness of modern fads he talks for an hour on the folly of fashion and the senselessness of style, mentioning different things by way of illustration.

Mr. and Mrs. Fadoogus, on their way home, are discussing the services. "The preacher certainly scored a lot of good strong points in that sermon," comments Mr. Fadoogus. "Boosh," scornfully replies Mrs. Fadoogus. "If he thinks that sermon will have any effect he is making the mistake of his life. Why, it was perfectly useless."

"Useless?" "Yes. He didn't preach about a single thing that wasn't so far out of date not a woman in town would be seen wearing it."

AN ARGUMENT THAT FAILED.



"Your father says I am too young to have you," says the young man, "and, besides, he says I am too much of an unknown to aspire to a union with one of his name." "And what did you say?" "I told him if I became engaged to you my picture would be in every paper in the country within a week, but that didn't seem to convince him very much."

GOOD WORK. "You will become the wife of a famous man," says the fortune teller. "But I don't want to be the wife of a notable, and be unheard of at the time for that reason." "Ah, miss," explains the soothsayer, "your husband will be famous only because he has such a beautiful wife." With a pretty smile of deprecation, the damsel inadvertently pays the fortune teller twice his usual fee.



An Alphabet of Jokes. IS the Little Brother quip— And really, most folks believe, The only woman who escaped The Little Brother pest was Eve. The Little Brother hangs around Within the parlor or the hall And makes embarrassing remarks When sister's beau has come to call.

Unaccounted aggravating things The Little Brothers say or do— And, seriously, we may say That all the L. B. jests are true. Example? Little Brother says: "It's hard to tell, sir, when you go, We don't hear sister say: 'Just one, Like she does to her other beau.'"

Answers for the Anxious. PEARLIE—One of the best ways to straighten a pug nose is to attach a five pound weight to the end of the nose and let it hang there for a day and a half.

HOSTESS—No, you should not put the shells of English walnuts in the salad. Whoever told you to put the nuts in whole must have been indulging in a peasantry at your expense. You should crack the nuts and extract the kernel. Use a nut cracker. Neat and serviceable articles of this description may now be obtained for a nickel, besides, cracking nuts with the teeth is apt to damage them.

DOUBTFUL DANIEL—We do not often consent to give advice in love affairs, but yours seems to be unusual. If, as you say, the girl laughed merrily while her father was kicking you down the front steps it may indicate that she was assuming hilarity in order to conceal her true feelings from her father. Again, it may indicate something else. You should ask her to tell you plainly and frankly why she laughed.

POLKA DOT—Freckles are hard to get rid of. It is painful, if efficacious, to cut them out with a knife. Perhaps as good a plan as any is to color the face with a pigment the same hue as the freckles.

TENDERHEARTED—You exhibit a noble spirit in insisting that your husband chloroform the angle worms before he uses them as bait. We can only suggest that you go a step farther and compel him to anesthetize the fish before he permits it to take the hook. He could easily do this by lowering a small sponge saturated with ether before the nose of the fish.

A.—It was in 1896 that Bryan ran for president. He walked in 1900. X wins the ball of hay. SKINNY—To broaden the shoulders walk briskly to the nearest dry goods store or ladies' tailoring establishment and secure the necessary filling.

GIDDY writes, asking us to suggest something absolutely novel and unconventional as a disguise for a masquerade party. A fetching costume is made with a spoonful of horse-radish and a piece of rye bread, the wearer representing a wienerswurst.

A SUBSTITUTE. "Is there much demand for health foods down here?" we ask of Col. Lyourgus Whackum of Tennessee. "Health foods?" he echoes, reminiscently. "Well, suh, lemme see now; seems to me I do recall somethin' about some such a thing." The colonel stirs the mint mixture in his glass thoughtfully, nodding from time to time as his memory brings up the incidents he is trying to recall.

"O, yes," he remarks. "Yes, suh, about a year 'n' a half ago thab was a man 'om somehwah came down heah 'n' tried to argue that a mint julep might be made just as well and just as palatable if hahd oideh was used instead of the natural foundation." "And what success did he have?" "It is my impression that he telegraphed 'om Cincinnati or some such place asking that his baggage be sent to him by freight."

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AT HIS CONVENIENCE.



"What did you jump into de river for?" asks Weary Walter. "To wash me shirt," responds Lassitudinous Lewis. "Why didn't ye—" "Because I'd 'a' had to take it off an' put it on again," answers Lassitudinous Lewis, anticipating the remainder of the query.

Rule for a philanthropist: In giving away your money avoid giving away how you got it.

There are people who might do really good work if it did not take all of their time pointing out the faults in what others do.

It has been determined that a broken heart is never so fatal as a broken neck.

Some men have no faith in men or women because they do not begin by having faith in themselves.

Whether or not burning the midnight oil conduces to good work depends upon where you have spent your time from twilight until midnight.

The hoopskirt is in style again. Will the shade of the late Mrs. Bloomer be patient? Its time is coming.

Our theory is that as soon as a man begins trying to decide at what age other men lose their usefulness to the world he has reached the chloroforming years.

We have a lingering distrust of the man who can laugh heartily at a joke on himself.

A man told another that a friend would not take his advice, and then the other told the man not to give advice—and then the man was angry.

Just about the time you fully recover from the strain of overdue Christmas bills, Valentine's day expenses, and spring clothes, comes something equal to all three in one—the June wedding present.

BALANCED EMOTIONS.



"I don't see why you look so displeased with this new bonnet," said the fond wife. "You look as cross as Mrs. Humpin did when she learned that she could not get it at the store because I had gotten ahead of her." "And you," said the brutal husband, "you look as happy as Mr. Humpin must feel when he learns he doesn't have to pay for the thing after all."

Modern Social Requirements. "Ten engagements for this evening?" inquired the husband. "Do you think you can fill all of them?" "Easily enough," replies the wife. "I shall send my jewels to the opera, my French bonnet to Mrs. Swallow's, my last year's ball gown to Uncle Jedediah's family dinner, and distribute others of my costumes among the rest of the places. Then, while they are on exhibition, I shall get into a comfortable wrapper and get a good loaf here at home for once."

Knew His Business. "Senator," says his secretary, "shall I transcribe that list of appointments you want made in your district, and send it in for approval before you go home?" "Not much, young man. Just put that list in the safe and keep it there until I come back. Don't you suppose I want to have a reception committee to meet me at the train, and to be the object of general public welcoming and felicitation when I reach home?"

Interested the Judge. "Your honor," said the plaintiff in the divorce proceedings. "I charge cruel and inhuman treatment. My husband hypnotized me into thinking that my last season's bonnet was just the thing for this spring." "He did?" asked the judge, looking sternly at the defendant. "My man, come here. The court will speak to you privately." Wonderingly the defendant came to the bench, when the judge said: "Say, old fellow, put me next. I've got a wife and four daughters."

Platitude, child, is that material from which the average class song is cut.

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A BIT PERSONAL.



"I can see myself in every line I write," declared the dreamy author. "What do you write on? A mirror?" asked the discerning woman.