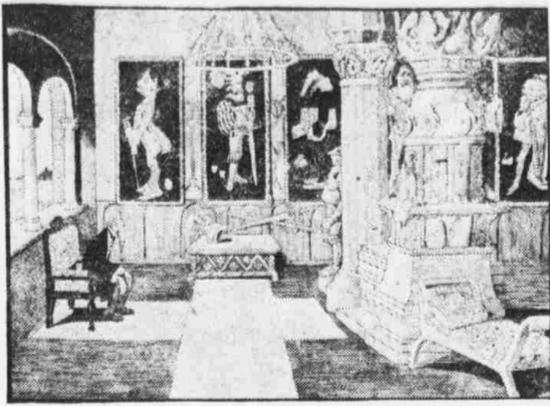


If we were Luther Burbank we should graft the oyster and tomato plants with the pepper plant and raise oyster cocktails.

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

The only time some folks will agree with you is when you say you have made a fool of yourself at different times.

HIS POINT OF VIEW.



"Well," said Mr. Buyitt, "these are supposed to be my ancestors, and I certainly should be the last person to say anything disrespectful of them, but surely they are a funny-looking bunch of people."

COMING FINANCIAL GENIUS.



"When I grow up, mama, I'm going to go to that land where those little heathens live that the preacher told us about today."

"No, mama, I'm going to start a store and get the pennies all the boys and girls keep sending those heathens."

We know a man who can look a month old baby in the face and declare that it is the most beautiful child he has ever seen. Yet this man has never been called to a high diplomatic post. Talent is often unappreciated.

It clothes do not make the man, we should like to know why the average man looks as he does in a bathing suit.

No, child, you are not altogether correct. It is this way: A newspaper man is one who has worked at the trade long enough to know that he is a journalist; a journalist is one who has worked at it long enough to be a newspaper man. Yes, it is an easy business to learn.

Many an otherwise great public career is spoiled because the one who figures in it lacks the ingenuity to take no popular phrases.

It is a poetic thought that the reaper harvests the flowers of the field along with the bearded grain—but it is the bearded grain that makes things lively in the stock market.

O, see the man. He has lost two fingers, has he not? Yes, he has. Possibly when he was a little boy he shot off firecrackers and was thus injured. No? Ah, can it be? Yes. He lost his fingers last year while showing his little boy how to explode fireworks in safety.

The average youth's idea of success is getting a thousand dollars for ten dollars' worth of work.

Every man shudders when he learns that the wife of a friend has purchased something for the house that is new and useless. He does not shudder in sympathy with his friend, but because he knows he, too, must pay for one of the new and useless things before another week.

It must be hard to be rich enough to have four or five automobiles and then have your doctor order you to take long walks for your health.

True to Her Bellef.

We meet the lady dress reformer. She is dressed in a gorgeous, filmy, all-over lace creation, and, really, looks pretty well. Nonetheless, we are surprised, and say so. "Surprised?" she asks, prettily. "Certainly. Didn't you say that you would wear nothing but common sense garb hereafter?"

"Of course. And anybody with common sense would know this dress is a bargain at the price I got it for."

A Warning.

The merchant prince, old Isaac Blimmer, that whom no person could be grimmer, declared: "I'll fire that window trimmer. Unless he trims the window trimmer."

The Habit Was Strong.

"Did you hear about Jiblots and the way he was cured of kleptomania?" asks the gentleman with the discouraged mustache. "No," replies the gentleman with the surplus of freckles. "What did he take for it?" So soon as the gentleman with the surplus of freckles has ceased laughing at his joke (which see), the one with the discouraged mustache replies: "That's just it. He stole the medicine that cured him."

Mad Pursuit of Wealth.

"Talk about frenzied finances," says the street car conductor to us as he comes out to the back platform. "Talk about frenzied finances."

"Thank you," we reply, chillyly, "but we have no desire to enter into a discussion of it."

There is lots of sleep lost by folks writing lullabies.

WHICH?



"They say you have nine lives," said the little girl to her cat. "I don't know whether you are lucky or not. Papa says it all depends upon whether you have to pay premiums on nine life insurance policies."

The man who talks most about having no faith in doctors is the one who will be the earliest when the physician fails to come at breakneck speed when he is summoned.

Somehow or other a prosperous book agent always impresses us in much the same way as a successful gambler.

Many a man makes a lucky blunder and gets credit for good judgment.

A woman who was about to entertain a guest hired two extra maids because the friend was used to a great deal of waiting upon. And then some one was unkind enough to ask if the friend was coming to visit the servants.

If your surplus above expenses is only fifteen dollars a year, devote at least five dollars of that to magazines which will tell you how to manage a country estate or a suburban villa.

Lots of time is wasted in unnecessary talk. Especially explains they have eaten onions.

The Marvelous Echo of Mingo's Neck.

Mingo's neck is a narrow strip of hills where the mountains gaily dip in mock obeisance, as though somehow each would the other a stately bow. And there, like a wrinkle in earth's fair cheek is the rocky bed of a barren creek. Before the Neck is the Mingo Gap—

One day, when a man sought that eminence he found the way barred by a high board fence. On which was the legend in letters queer: "J. MINGO IS BOSS OF THE ECHO HILL. THE WONDERFUL ECHO OF MINGO'S NECK PERFORMS AT THE RATE OF TEN CENTS PER ECK."

Thus, having abiding place and name, the wonderful echo soon rose to fame. And people would journey from miles around to shout and cheer the echoing sound. So soon as a word on the Neck would speak the natural wonder would find its back; in answer sonorous it went across—

For instance, if you should approach the site (first paying your dime, which was only right), and about quite distinctly: "Hello! Hello!" The answers would rise in a rhythmic flow: "Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello!"

And grumble and rumble and tumble and bellow: "Hello! Hello! O, he! he! he! he!"

And would swoon in a dulcetly whispering "O," All shattered and tattered to earth below.

"Twas wonderful, yes! On that natural yell was founded the Mingo's Neck hotel. Where rates were high and the beds were hard—

One day—it was morning and half past 6—the crowd was assembled about the sign, and each had paid in his admitting dime. But none got an echo in all that time.

Today, in the branches of Mingo's Neck a tumbled down sign says: "TEN CENTS PER ECK."

Considerate Man.

"There goes Fixem, the celebrated inventor."

"Who? That little man across the street?"

"No; but, of course, he would be kind to her."

"Sure. But she complained because he staid out so late at night and caused her to lose sleep waiting for him. So he invented a phonograph attachment for the clock so that every hour after midnight it would recite for fifteen minutes: 'John Henry Fixem, this is a pretty time of night for a respectable person to be coming home! Where in this world have you been? Don't tell me that. I know you haven't been at the office. If you ever dare to come home this way again I shall go home to my mother. What will the neighbors say? And a whole lot more like that.'"

The Misanthrope.

"Ah," we muse, sitting upon the steps of the porch of our neighbor, "is it not inspiring to recall how but a few short weeks ago the garment of snow shrouded the form of the earth, and then the first faint, green blades of grass, sweet harbingers of spring and summer, appeared?"

"I dunno," grows our neighbor, napping his brow and contemplating the blisters on his hands. "As soon as a man's back gets well of the ache from shoveling snow he has to tax the same set of muscles pushing a lawn mower."

"Naturally Not." "Yes," said the venerable person in the hotel corridor. "I have voted for every republican president since the time of Lincoln."

"That's nothing," observed a shrewd-looking person near by. "I have voted for almost every candidate on every ticket in this city since 1880, but I never say much about it."

"Our students," says the college president to the billionaire, "need education along the lines of the benefit to the community of large families. The decrease in the birth rate in this country augurs ill for the future. I wish we might do something to impress upon the minds of our scholars the great truth that upon the home depends the nation."

The billionaire thinks for a moment then reaches for his check book. "How would it do," he asks, "to endow a fund of multiplication?"

Pessimism, boiled down, is worrying over somebody else's bad luck.



An Alphabet of Jokes

Q IS the Query joke—indeed The Query is no joke at all To those of us who daily read: "How soon should I return a call?" "What will take freckles from my nose?" "What is the mileage to the moon?" "What shall I wear—from hat to hose—for weddings in the afternoon?"

O, aye, the fretful wedding guest—Bound to an afternoon affair! For years he's asked how to be dressed, What coat and trousers he should wear. And day by day he has been told The proper vest and tie and hat, Which glove to wear and which to hold. And low to knot his gray cravat.

Perhaps the ancient mariner Of whom 'tis told he stopped the three, Was really stopped by them with "Sir, On our attire we can't agree. The joke that is not all a joke Is this that comes in late or soon: 'What's the right dress for gentle folk At weddings in the afternoon?'"

NOT AN INCENTIVE TO ECONOMY.



Mrs. X.—"Yes, I tried to make my husband economize in smoking, so I told him if he ever smoked I would never speak to him again."
Mrs. Y.—"What was the result?"
Mrs. X.—"His cigar bill was doubled the next month."

Knew Her.



"I can't decide," she said, "whether to take the hat or not. But it is just the dearest thing I have seen this season."
"The dearest?" asked the husband, with a sardonic laugh. "Then it's a cinch that you'll take it."

LIKE A HORSE.

"Yes, Weeking has lots of horse sense. That's about all he has got," remarks the friend who is discussing about everybody in town.

HIS POSITION.

"Did you ever hear a man who talked as much about how he manages his household as Billie does?" asks Mr. Padoogus. "He is forever blowing his own horn."

GREAT DAY.

"My son," said the patriotic father, "can you tell me why the Fourth of July is the greatest day in the year?"

REALISTIC.

"Yes, the manager of that theater defrauded us," declares the man who has just emerged from the lobby with an air of disgust.

With a gasp the man to our left straightens up and stares intently at the magazine in his hands.

WONDER OF WONDERS.

"Why, here's a full page magazine advertisement that absolutely—yes, sir, actually—hasn't a picture of a pretty woman in it."

"And indeed, he thrusts the magazine into our hands, and we, too, marvel much at the utter unexpectedness of the advertisement."

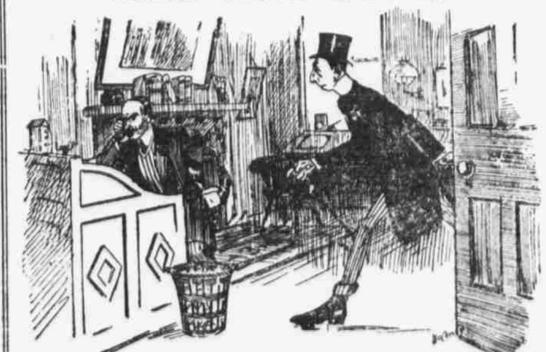
Resented the Tact.

"Melting always hurts my feelings," asserts the sensitive person. "I don't like his manners at all."

"I hope our children may be happy," sighed the mother of the June bride to the mother of the June bridegroom.

"With mutual glances and good wishes, the respective mothers-in-law stepped forward to weep on the necks of their respective offspring."

SAID AND DONE.



"O, I say, Biljums, would you give me just a second of your time?"
"Sure. You've had it. G'day."