

The amateur land-  
scape gardener is a  
man who cannot re-  
strain from putting  
the powder puff to the  
face of nature.

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

Simply because peo-  
ple are obliging to  
us, let us not make  
that an excuse  
for working them to  
death.

## WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.



It so happened that the good sheik, Ali Kazamm, announced that he would be glad to purchase a poem dedicated to his reign. And many were they who submitted odes and epics and the like. Now, there came also one who lived at a great distance and who had walked the entire way to hand in his poem.

"But," said the sheik, "your verses are not worth anything."

"True, O excellent sheik," responded the unhappy poet, "but I have come a great distance and am in need of funds."

"Yet, your poem being valueless, wherein do you expect me to reimburse you?"

"At least pay me the price of the paper the ode is written upon."

"Alas, you have ruined the paper by covering it with your writing."

This teaches us that it is better to eat raw hamburger steak than to have the meat burned to a crisp by an ignorant cook.

## WAS THIS WRONG OF WILLIE?

Willie Johnson, aged thirteen, while on his way home last Thursday afternoon, passed a windmill, which structure was surmounted by a huge water tank. The windmill was pumping water into the tank, and while Willie was looking at it the water overflowed and he was thoroughly soaked.

Hurrying on toward home, he found his shirt was completely soaked, so he took it off and wrung the water from it, twisting the sleeves until they were full of wrinkles. He smoothed his hair as best he could and shook the water from his hat.

Now, when he went into the house, his mother asked:

"Willie Johnson, where in this world have you been? Didn't I tell you not to go swimming again without my permission?"

Here, gentle reader, a puzzling question presented itself to Willie Johnson. If he should tell his mother that he was standing looking at the water tank when it overflowed and that the water thus got on him, she would instantly point an accusing finger at his wrinkled shirt sleeves and demand to know what left the traces of knots in them. Then, after he had told about taking off his shirt and wringing the water from it, she would pin him down about his hat and say it looked as if it had been thrown into the water by some reckless playmate—only she would have said "some little scamp," instead of "reckless playmate."

These questions would have led to others of an inquisitorial nature, and Willie Johnson would have been discredited with his mother, and most likely, would have been punished severely; first, for going swimming without permission; second, for telling stories about it; and third, for getting his clothes wet.

So Willie Johnson looked his mother squarely in the eye and sought to avoid all the talk and have the whipping over by saying:

"Mamma—I-I went in swimming."

Then his mother took him by the hand, led him to the kitchen—and gave him a huge piece of cold apple pie for being a truthful boy.

Now, his mother is proud of him and tells the neighbors what a manly, honorable lad he is to own up to wrongdoing. But if he had told her the truth she would have believed him and would have whipped him.

Should the conscience of Willie Johnson trouble him? Remember, he expected to have to take a whipping that would be undeserved, and remember that his mother thinks he deserved one but because he was frank and honest, she would not whip him.

Should Willie Johnson's conscience keep him awake nights?

## Losing Faith.



Tuesday afternoon we were served with the following intellectual menu: One man told why he bought his auto; another man told why he did not buy any one of ten makes of autos; two men told what they thought before and after being operated on for appendicitis; one man told how many cigars he smoked in a day, and how he suffered one time when he swore off for a week; six men told whispered rumors about six others—and up to that time we had always thought of "woman" when we thought of "gossip."

The average woman wants her husband to be elected president so that she may tell the reporters how she encouraged his ambitions.

We laugh when some one wonders who is sick if he sees a man hurrying to a neighbor's, but we read with deep interest the cablegrams telling about Minister So-and-so making a brief call at some palace.

The men who became bridge-keepers in June are still endeavoring to figure out why they lost popularity with all the other women so suddenly.

Another solemn truth is that nobody ever found a watermelon that tasted as good as the watermelon poems claim it does.

Inborn dignity is that which keeps people from laughing at you when they see you in a bathing suit.

It is all right to say that riding in an auto is like riding on the pilot of a locomotive, but it is all wrong to reverse the comparison.

"But, Mr. Bluzzer, you must not be morose because I cannot accept you. Some time you will find the very woman intended for you, and then you will wonder why you ever thought—"

"O, I'm beginning to think you women are all insincere. Do you know every girl I've proposed to has said the same thing to me."

## Just as Good.

"That druggist down on the corner has his own substitute for anything you want to buy," asserted the man with the positive chin.

"But I can ask for one thing he won't have a substitute for," offered the man with the sporting expression.

"Done."

They went to the drugstore, and the man who had proposed the bet asked:

"Can I buy a stamp here for this letter?"

"Is it a drop letter?" asked the druggist.

"Yes, but why?"

"My delivery boy will take it around for you for two cents and save you the trouble of licking the stamp."

## CONFESION.

I hurt a brick at those who ride  
In autos fast and free—  
Then sit beside the street and think  
How splendid it would be  
If I were in an auto and  
Folks chuckled the bricks at me.

## Willie's Essay on Essays.

There are many kinds of essays, such as the magisterial essay, the religious essay, the literary essay, the school essay and so forth, but the funniest essay is the small boys' essay. The small boys' essay is written by a boy after he grows up. At the time he gets bald headed and is so old that he wears shoes that are not too small for his feet he begins to write boys' essays and sell them to the palpers. Real boys' essays are on trees and home and hope and why we should ever strive to be good and true, but when bald headed men write boys' essays they write about women and stiles and howse-cleaving and so forth. The funniest thing about boys' essays that bald headed men write is that everybody sex-aint that just like a boy.

## BIDDY'S MISTAKE.



"I told you to polish the floor till you could see your face in it."

"So I did, mum. But my face was dirty."

## UP WITH THE TIMES.

"I suppose," says the lady with the eye glasses to the man with the chin whiskers, "that you read all the latest novels?"

"No, I don't get the time," responds the man with the chin whiskers.

"Surely you do. You seem perfectly familiar with all of them."

"Thank you. I have a little plan that obviates my reading them. I simply read the advertisements about them."

## A POSSIBLE BLUNDER.



"Why are you taking your carpet slippers?"

"Because Jiggs and I are going to spend the evening going over his new book in his den."

"But why do you take carpet slippers when you know they have hardwood floors all over the house?"

## LITTLE HENRY'S SLATE.

UNCLE BILL ZEZ HE DONT SEE  
WHY A ZKINNY GURL THINKS  
A DROP STICH MAKES HER  
LOOK PLUMP

## Method in Their Midsummer Madness.

"But," says the friend, "it is so beautiful and cool right there in the town where you live that I do not see why you go away to spend the summer. You have plenty of water for bathing and boating, the scenery is magnificent, the roads are good, the society is pleasant, and—"

"I know all that," explains the other. "But don't you see, if we would all stay at home, then some one would make a summer resort of the place, and before long it would be so crowded none of us would get any comfort out of living there."

Myself, the friend watched the work of packing the trunks.

## BY THE AID OF SCIENCE.

"Ah," said the fair palmist at the church festival to the sweet young thing who presented her hand to be read for the benefit of the poor, benighted heathen. "I see by your hand that you are engaged to be married."

"O, how wonderful!" giggled the sweet young thing.

"And," continued the palmist, her voice taking on a cutting tone, "I see further that you are engaged to marry Mr. Popoffen."

"O, how in the world could you discover that?"

"By my science."

"But surely the lines in my hand do not—"

"Who said anything about the lines in your hand? You are wearing the engagement ring I returned to him last week."

## RECOGNIZED THE DESCRIPTION.

The man with the pessimistic hair happens to overhear the conversation of the gentlemen on the seat ahead of him. The one who is doing most of the talking is saying:

"And so there is a constant current of cold air circulating inside of it. This is distributed over the house by pipes which lead to whatever point you desire. But always it will produce a sufficient supply of cold air to—"

"Excuse me," interrupts the man with the pessimistic hair, "aren't you Mr. Githers, the hardware and stove man?"

"Yes, sir."

"And may I ask what contrivance you are describing?"

"A cold air plant for a meat storage house."

"ardon me again. I thought perhaps you were telling your friend about the furnace you sold me last winter."

The man who stands patiently on the corner watching workmen hoist a beam into place on a new building, or trying to see what the rest of a crowd surrounding two fighting bootblacks is gazing at, is the same man who never stops to pick up his hat when he loses it racing for a trolley car.

We never could understand why the girl who puts up lettuce leaf sandwiches for the picnic gets married sooner than the one who prepares the satisfying ones of ham and mustard.

If serving on a jury carried with it the vested right to wear a silk hat and a frock coat and sit on a platform in front of an audience of a thousand people there would be fewer jury dodgers.

The man who frankly acknowledges that he is afraid of lightning stands a good chance of going down to fame as "Honest" Beards-So.

Also, this is the time of the year when we begin to realize that Cousin Ezra of Backyonder has a country place, instead of living on a farm.

## An Alphabet of Jokes



It is the Time-is-money joke—  
As old as Father Time.  
No man is ever wholly broke;  
He always has a dime,  
A nickel, or a dollar, in  
The time that he may kill—  
But after that he must begin  
No pay the burial bill.

If Time is Money, one might say  
That each one from his birth  
Grows very wealthy, day by day,  
Till none knows what he's worth.  
Some people seem to think it prime  
To help you cut a dash—  
They are content to spend their time  
And let you spend your cash.

## AS IT TURNED OUT.

Eventually, the apostles of plain living and high thinking had converted everybody to their way of believing. People began eating simple, common fare, eschewing the rich and luxurious dainties whereupon they had hitherto regaled themselves.

Pâté de foie gras, bar de juv, équar en casserole and the like remained unsold for and unsold, while wheat wheat bread, corn pone, huts, and common fruits, cheap, easily served and perfectly digestible, became the sole fare of the populace.

Then was seen a remarkable thing through absence of demand and excess of supply the former luxuries dwindled in price until 10 cents would buy as much as \$10 had bought five years ago.

Then a trust got hold of the common items of the menu and shot the prices up until it hit the sky a resounding whack.

The necessities of life became for a while, and the public turned once again to its luxuries, which were now so economical in cost as to be within the reach of all.

And so the wheel kept turning. Five years later luxuries were luxuries and necessities necessities once more.

## How to Keep Cool.

Don't drink ice water. Don't get mad; Don't heat the frets of him or her; Don't think of cold waves we have had—  
DON'T LOOK AT THE THERMOMETER!

## PREVENTIVE.

"Well, say what you like," remarked the man in the white yachting cap, "but champagne kept me from being seasick when I started for Europe last summer."

"I have heard that it was a preventive," comments the man with the horse shoe scar on his chin.

"Did you take it regularly, or just when you began to feel ill?"

"I began taking it the night before the boat sailed, and—"

"And that kept you from—"

"Kept me from sailing. When I woke up the boat was somewhere off of Sandy Hook and I was still in bed in the hotel."

## SEISMOLOGICAL NOTE.

The earthquake, with a gentle sweep, And with an idle, swaying motion, First rocked the cradle of the deep, And then it had another notion.

It hastened out upon the land, And with a sharp and shaking quiver It folded up with sturdy hand The bed of many a drowsing river.

## Some Consolation.

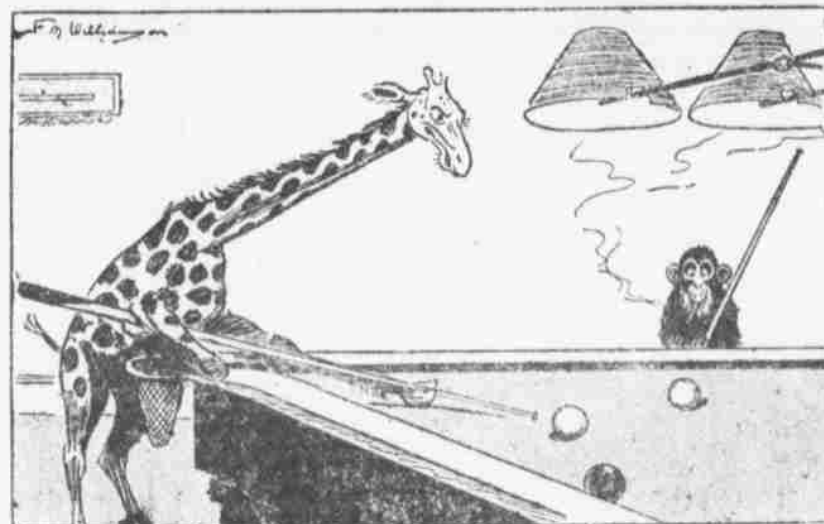
"Say, boy, how far is it from Collinsville to Brimston?"

"Twenty miles. You're just half way there."

"Twenty miles? If I'd known it was that far I'd never started. Now I'll have to walk all the way back."

"It ain't as bad as it might be, mister. You're half way back."

## ENDED THE GAME.



"What was the score in that game between you and the ostrich yesterday?"

"Wasn't any game. The ostrich got hungry waiting for me and ate the balls!"

## HARDSHIPS OF LABOR.

"Why do you make complaint about the hard work?" asks the earnest agriculturist of his hired man as they toil in the harvest field. "Work is ennobling. Labor is elevating. See, yonder in the shade of the tree reposes the emigrant poet who is composing a beautiful effort which is inspired by the sight of us gazing the golden grain into sheaves."

"That's what the matter," replies the hired man, indignantly. "Don't I know that when I go up to the house tonight, tired and sleepy, that there emigrant poet will make me stay awake to hear him read the stuff he is writing about us?"

Really, about the best part of a vacation is studying time tables where others can see you and wish they were planning trips, too.

It is just as embarrassing to be a poor man with rich neighbors as to be a rich man with poor neighbors. Each has to explain why the other is there.

## HER WAY.



"But, Mrs. Gadabout, you were in Florida all winter, and now you say you are going to Canada for the summer. Do you never stay at home?"

"O, yes. I always come home long enough to go away."

## The Crucial Point.

"As for me," said the person with the cigar which had a gilt band on it, "I do not care what people think of me." He tilted back in his chair and regarded his listeners with a calm, contemptuous expression.

"I don't care what they think of me, either," ventured the man with the meerschaum pipe. "I never worry about that. What worries me sometimes is what they say about me."

## WELL READ SCHOLAR.

"Now, children," said the teacher, unrolling the map to show the polar regions, "which one of you can indicate the place where the days are six months long?"

None of the children volunteered, so the teacher handed the pointer to Jimmy Wise, who took it with an air of weariness, advanced to the map, put the tip of the pointer on the state of Pennsylvania, and remarked:

"Aw, I'd think you'd hate to spring that old Philadelphia joke on us, teacher."

## SIC TRANSIT GLORIA.

O, see the man. Observe that we are about the only persons in town who seem to see him.

Yes, he goes his silent way, unknown, unhonored, and unseen.

Yet one short week ago he was the cynosure of all eyes, he was the center of observation of the crowds, hands played for him and people cheered him when he appeared.

But now his glory is fallen from him as a comet, and his grandeur has faded as a puff of smoke in a Kansas gale.

And why? What did he do?

He was chairman of the committee of arrangements for the Fourth of July celebration.

That is a great deal worse than being a popular hero.

## NO DEMAND.

"You needn't trouble to show me your samples of silk stockings, young fellow," said the general store-keeper in Sandy Gulch.

"Why? Seems to me, with everybody striking it rich out there, there ought to be a demand for such fine goods."

"Yes, but generally it never rains here at all during the summer, and so nobody ever wants the things."

## One Kind of Ambition.

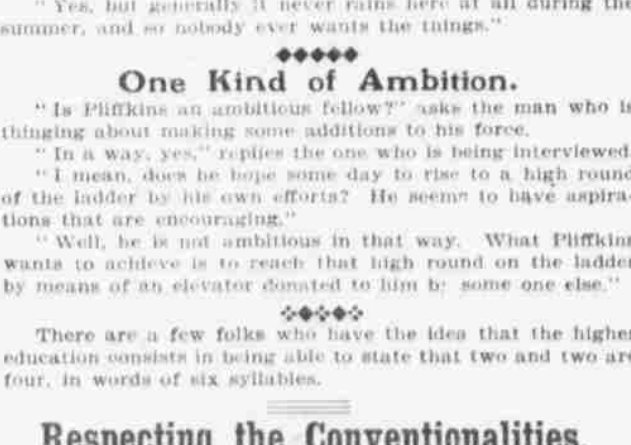
"Is Piffkins an ambitious fellow?" asks the man who is thinking about making some additions to his force.

"In a way, yes," replies the one who is being interviewed. "I mean, above he hopes some day to rise to a high round of the ladder by his own efforts? He seems to have aspirations that are encouraging."

"Well, he is not ambitious in that way. What Piffkins wants to achieve is to reach that high round on the ladder by means of an elevator donated to him by some one else."

There are a few folks who have the idea that the higher education consists in being able to state that two and two are four, in words of six syllables.

## Respecting the Conventionalities.



"Ah, Mrs. Woolfem, I see you have my umbrella that your husband borrowed from me last week. May I walk—"

"O, Mr. Salloosimus, what would people think if they saw us walking together?"