

Two nice things about rhesusism: It gives you something to talk of; and it gets you lots of sympathy.

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

We would think more of classical music if some of the critics did not insist upon telling us why we like it.

## HEREDITY.



"John, what do you think little Rosie says? She says she doesn't want to go picnicking one bit."

"Rosie always did resemble me in matters of taste."

### Foolish Youth.

"The moon is beautiful," he said, "The moon is beautiful tonight—See how it gleams high overhead. All pure and clear and silver white." She merely murmured soft and low: "The moon—The moon—Ah, is that so?"

"The stars are lovely, too," he sighed. "How marvelously they gleam! As jewels scattered far and wide Upon the robe of night they seem." Her voice was like a babbling brook's: "I'm very glad you like their looks."

And so he raved about the sky And all the lovely stars that shone, Until she asked him by and by In somewhat of a freeing tone: "Yes, they are very fair to see, But, Oscar, have you noticed me?"

This life is but a fleeting show, but very few of us are lucky enough to be the matinee heroes.

### The Busy Druggist.

How both the busy druggist man Improve each shining minute—By looking wise and charging you a dollar and a half for filling a prescription that only has About three cents' worth in it.

Vocation means work, and vacation means another form of work.

### Except.

With nature I would fain commune— I fain would lie beneath the boughs With all the peace of afternoon My ready fancies to arouse.

With nature I would fain commune— I fain would lie beneath the trees, And would, did not the festive June Bug and the goat and blithe mosquito, And the flies in ecstasy Come buzzing to commune with me.

But you cannot tell by examining the foot-prints on the sands of time whether or not the shoes pinched the feet that made the prints.

### Closer.

"I would be near to nature's heart, How may I make that goal of mine?" "You'll find that you will get a start By working in a coal mine."

About this time of the year the graduates of last spring have overcome the surprise caused by seeing the world persist in its errors.

### How It Happened.

She wore her heart upon her sleeve, And that is now, we understand, She happens to display today A gorgeous diamond on her hand.

Success, child, is largely making good on your egotism.

## One Way Out.



"What?" exclaims the vexed wife. "You forgot to get the tickets for the matinee, after we have asked our friends to go with us? O, you dummy! Now, what excuse can we make to them? It is too late to get seats."

"Well," stammers the husband, "I couldn't we tell them we forgot they were going?"

The world must be getting better, when we see more attention to the man who moves for peace than to the man who brings on a war.

Another thing that endures the honest sweat that drips down the face of the harvest hand is that he knows some one will give by the field and refer to him as a horny-handed son of toil.

But maybe Lucullus did not tip the waiter and so was able to spend more money on his feasts.

We have a lot of fool friends, but I think heaven sends some of them in the variety that want to talk loud and funny on a street car.

Outside of novels and the drama, did you ever know a girl named Gladys?

If you investigate their lives, you will find that half the women who want divorces are married to men who rocked the boat at picnics.

After visiting twenty seaside resorts, Mr. E. Eleventh has fallen into a bewildered wonderment as to the whereabouts of the original of the bathing suit girl in the illustrated advertisements.

Every man can remember at least one when he played a hero's part.

## Unselfish.



"Why, howdyedo," says the former adorer, meeting the bride. "I am so glad to see you. I must congratulate you and wish you all happiness." "O, that is very kind of you," responds the bride, "and I hope you are sincere." "I am, truly. I hope you'll be as happy as if you had married me."

### THE UNATTAINABLE.

Our friend, the inventor, is telling with pardonable pride of his success in getting up a new washing machine, a contrivance for washing dishes, another for cleaning windows and still another for scrubbing floors.

"Good," we say. "Now go ahead and invent something that will wash a boy's face as often as it needs washing, and your fortune is assured." "I can't," he replies, sadly. "There isn't any way to combine the dishwasher, clotheswasher, window cleaner and floor scrubber."

And nobody will feel good over it except the boy and the barber.

### Expert Evidence.

"I want you to go through town," says the charitable magnate to his secretary, "and find the very poorest family here. I want to make a gift to that family, but I must be sure that it is absolutely the most poverty-stricken we can find."

"The secretary makes the necessary investigation, but returns discouraged.

"Didn't you find any poor families?" asks the philanthropist. "Lots of them, sir, but I can't decide which is the poorest."

"And why?" "Well, I find three families in great destitution; each of them owns eighteen dogs, and there is one extra dog that seems to make itself at home with all three of the families. None of them will claim the dog. If I could find which one really owns that extra dog it would be simple to decide which is the poorest."

### Taking Chances.

There was once a young man who met two girls who were constantly together. Now, he was an astute young man, and he desired to say something nice and agreeable to the ladies, but he knew that if he said a compliment to one of them, the other would instantly be hurt.

So he thought rapidly for a moment and they said: "Ah, I know why you two girls are always together."

"And why?" asked

the two girls together. "Because everybody says that a handsome girl always chooses a homely one as a companion, so that her beauty may be enhanced by the contrast."

Either both girls would be angry with him, or delighted, after such a remark. And what do you think happened? The two girls blushed and said he was a flatterer and went their way together, each happy for herself and sorry for the other.

## WOULD STILL THINK OF HER.



**Indomitable.** The king of Sumwhaire was seeking a man to lead his armies in what promised to be a long and discouraging campaign. "We must find a man who will keep plugging along," he said, "through sunshine and rain, through joy and sorrow, through laughter and tears, unmindful of curses and imperious to the smiles of flatterers. Find me such a man, and whether he has any military genius or not he shall command my armies. For he can learn the war game quickly enough." The champion went out into the city and returned at dusk with a common looking man. "Here," he said, "here is a person who fills all the requirements you have laid down for the commander of your armies." "How so?" asked the king of Sumwhaire. "He has been trying for four years to learn to play the concert."

If it wasn't for the foolishness of the guests, a very man knows he could make an oration that would sway an audience as he wished.

If you see a man endeavoring vigorously to get the attention of a few people who seem to want to talk about something else, he is either telling about his trip to Portland or he is a war correspondent talking about Manchuria.

Most ambitions are merely variations of counting your chickens before they are hatched.

"Although it is true you give me beautiful presents, yet how do I know you may not forget me within a short time? Men are so fickle." "Don't worry. I've got to keep paying a dollar a week on that necklace for three years."

## Out of His Territory.

"But," says the kind-hearted Kansas woman to the individual who has applied at the kitchen door for any old clothes or food that may be obtained, "I don't see why you have to beg for a living."

"I wouldn't do it," responds the gentleman of leisure, "if I could find any work to do at my trade."

"Well, now, I'm sure if you just looked around town a little you could pick up a job at your trade. What is your line of work, anyway?"

"I'm a deep sea diver, ma'am."

A friend in need is often a friend in dread.

## THE STRONGER SEX.

See the man.

Observe his craven air, his look of guilt, his expression of dread.

Who and what is he? Is he one who is being spreadeagled through the magazine as the head copyist of some kind of a system? Is he an escaped malefactor? Is he a lost rocker?

No, he is none of these. Then what?

He is simply a plain, common, every day man, who has taken his little boy to the barber shop and had his curls clipped off, without consulting his wife about it.

How strange!

And nobody will feel good over it except the boy and the barber.

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## GEORGE'S PREDICAMENT.



"Yes, I thought it would be a novel idea, as well as loyal to our woman's club constitution, to be married by a woman preacher, so I made George promise to have the Rev. Mrs. Pulpit perform the ceremony." "How unique!" "Do you think so? Well, she is a widow, and George went to her and said he wanted her to marry him, and she said she would—and now he's afraid she'll have him arrested for bigamy or breach of promise or something like that."

## An Unfailing Rule.

"I can always tell if a watermelon is ripe or not," says Fadoogus.

"I learned how when I was a boy."

"What's your plan?" asks Madogus.

"You just thump the melon with your fingers and if it goes plunk it is ripe, but if it goes plunk it is green."

"That may be all right," comments Madogus, "but I've got a surer test than that."

"You have?"

"Yep. When I go to buy one, I notice that the green ones are always fifteen cents cheaper than the ripe ones."

## An Alphabet of Jokes.



**U** IS your "Uncle," mild and bland, With lifted and outwaving hand, Who views your watch or pin or ring Or overcoat—or anything You want to get a hundred on (In other words, to put in pawn) And softly tells you he might lend A dollar on it—you're his friend.

If 'tis your watch that goes in soak Because, forsooth, you have gone broke, Then every friend you chance to meet In church, at home, or in the street Will stop and chat a little bit Then ask you: "Say, what time is it?" Too, in the U jokes every year The Useful Christmas gifts appear.

## "C-A-A-S-H!"

"I want you to meet my brother Cassius," says the lovely heiress to Percy Bedoo, as they sit on the sand at the seaside resort.

"I shall be delighted to know him," responds our hero, idly digging a hole in the sand. "I used to have a very dear friend in N'York named Cassius Blanderbilt—one of the railroad Blanderbills, you know."

"Ah, indeed?" responds the heiress.

"O, yes. He, and I, and Jimmy Merpoint Porgan, and Russell Scrage, and Wally Gaster and all that crowd of fellows are such chums."

"How interesting it must be to know all those famous men."

"O, not so very. They are much like everybody else. After all, as one goes through life, he learns that there is but one person who really fills his ideal, and that person, Miss Muchcoyne, is yourself. I have never seen—"

"Wait just a minute. There goes Cassius now. Cassius! O, Cassius! Cash! Cash!"

"Will you have it delivered, or carry it home with you?" mildly inquires Percy Bedoo. Haughtily tossing her proud head, the lovely heiress is about to arise and leave, when a wave of recognition surges over her and she exclaims:

"Merely! I know you now. You are the new floorwalker in the carpets. I was in the leather goods until week before last, and I'm going to be in the umbrellas as soon as my vacation is over."

But Percy, ere the sun went down, had convinced her that she would better accept a life position in a cozy little flat.

## WHAT AUNTY LACKED.



"Children, when I was your age I would not have laughed as you do at my old aunty." "But, aunty, maybe you didn't have an old aunty that was as funny as ours."