

O, kind sir, did you ever realize that you are one of the People you spend so much time criticizing?

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

Fortunately for the human race, not all of the Theorists on How to Raise Babies are put into practice.

## PUT OUT.



"O, very well," says the browbeaten husband, "you may say what you like, but I would have you know that there have been many other women who said I was the light of their life."  
"The light of their life!" sniffs the strenuous wife. "Humph! And I don't doubt that each and every one of them turned you down."

## Couldn't Find It.

The neighbors having dropped in informally upon the Sutherstons during the evening, Mrs. Sutherst suggests that if her husband will rather come from the infant bed in the garden she will talk to him a genuine Kentucky julep. Mr. Sutherst, who has indulged in a matter of seven or eight genuine Kentucky juleps prior to the arrival of the guests, goes willingly in search of the desired garnishment for the drink. He returns in the garden quite a while, and finally the others are out to ascertain what causes the delay.

## The Law's Extremities.

Mr. Percival Fitzrusher wore a frock and his automobiling costume when he took into the justice court on a charge of exceeding the speed limit.

## FOOLED THE HORSE.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the philosophical man, after his horse had thrown him. "It's a good joke on you. You are running to Greenville, and I am going to Jonesboro."

## ATAVISM.

"It is odd about Prof. Bopp-nachmidt, isn't it?" asks the philologist. "As a usual thing he converses with me in broken language, but when he becomes excited and swears, his profanity is confined always to the German words. I wonder why that is?"

## The Difference.

"When we were married," said the first woman, "we went to a quaint, quiet little country boarding-house, and remained there for—"

## Little Henry's Slate.

LIVES OF GRATE MEN OF REMIND US THAT THE NEXT INSTALLMENT IS DUE ON THAT SET OF BOOKS?

## NO HOPE.



"But, papa, I would be content to live on a crust with Harold."  
"On a crust? Huh! Harold couldn't raise the dough."

**Speed.**  
"I hear that young Spenditz is looking for work of some kind," says the man with the embrowned vest. "Didn't he fall heir to a fortune last year?"  
"Yes," answers the man with the open-work hair. "But he hasn't any money now."  
"It must have got away from him fast."  
"No wonder. He had an auto that went sixty miles an hour, a yacht that went twenty miles an hour, a horse that went a mile in two minutes—and he backed a comic opera company that produced a show that didn't go at all."

## A Postscript.

"Who loves not wine, women, and song, Lives a fool his whole life long—"  
But you will find me very long  
That you have quite forgot the song,  
Also the woman—this is true—  
One day will not remember you.  
One of the three will haunt you still:  
"You'll have to pay the wine man's bill."

## Like Cures Like.

"Yes, sir," says the man with the determined air, "I heard my boy using slang last week, and I soon put a stop to it."  
"Children are apt to pick up slang expressions very readily," something says the man with the benignant look.  
"Well, I didn't bother about investigating as to where he got on to such a line of talk. I just treated the youngster into the bathroom, took up my slipper and told him this slangy way of handling out conversation didn't go in my neck of the woods, and he had to cut it out forthwith or else he would get what was coming to him. And you can bet your life he laid down his hand right away."

## FIGURED UP.



"Who is that homely girl?" asked Coinchaser.  
"That's Miss Eyress, who has just fallen heir to two millions," answered Miss Newsgive.  
"Hum! As I was about to say, she she has a good figure."

## PURELY PERSONAL.

Obed Angel of East Liverpool, Ohio, says he will not have his hair cut until the prohibitionists elect a president. He is bald.

J. P. Conroy of Melville, Minn., always eats cream on his oatmeal for breakfast.

Otis Bales of Greenwood, Ind., has not had a tooth pulled for thirty years.

Tene Rivers, an eighteen year old girl of Millersburg, Pa., has never wanted to go on the stage.

John Jones, the oldest inhabitant of Alexandria, Va., can remember nothing about George Washington.

William Pratt of Solon, Ala., ran away ten years ago to make his fortune. He has not yet returned.

Mrs. Pearl Priddy of Connersville, Ind., claims to have been the first woman in the world to adopt the style of sticking out the little finger while holding a fan.

Henry Gillmore of Huntington, Ia., is said to be a perfect double of King Edward, although Mr. Gillmore never saw the king.

Elmer Sharp of Whiting, W. Va., says he does not know how the government should dig the Panama canal.

Arthur Allen of Elkhart, Ind., is heading a movement against fly fishing. He says there is no sense in catching flies.

## Fond Recollections.

Even when we ask the man if it is not enough for him he does not permit his angry passions to rise, although it is plainly to be seen that the heat has almost killed him. Instead of swearing, he smiles.  
"How in the world can you smile on such a day as this, with the sun beating down for all its worth and the air like the inside of an oven?" we ask.  
"I was just thinking," he explains, "of one day last December when I slipped on the sidewalk and fell into a snowbank."

## Insolvent.

"And," asks the referee in bankruptcy, after the lady has given, as best she can, a list of her debts, "is this all you owe?"  
The fair one bites her lips and thinks hard for a moment, then answers:  
"I owe partly calls to almost everybody in town, Judge. Must I put them down, also?"

## Society Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Kneerly-Busted are spending eighty dollars and fifty cents at Takem Inn, New Hampshire.

Mr. Peerce Titewadd spent fifty dollars at Atlantic City. Otherwise he had a good time.

Mrs. O. Watternaim wore her two hundred dollar dress at the matinee Wednesday. She paid \$4 for her box seat.

Miss Vera Giddigh wore her spring complexion at the golf dinner Tuesday. Miss Giddigh is always unconventional.

Mr. Dommor Yett has purchased two new pictures for his art gallery. They are very attractive. One cost \$2,500, the other close to \$4,000.

Miss Ina Frite was the central figure in a serious accident Wednesday. She was thrown from an automobile and suffered a sprained finger, as well as breaking her \$75 parasol and spoiling her \$375 coat.

## THE NEED OF EDUCATION.



"But, mamma, why should I put in so much time practicing?"  
"My dear child, how will you ever know how to run a mechanical piano player properly if you do not have a thorough musical education?"

## Her Impression.

The pretty summer boarder watched with great interest the working of the hay baling machine which had been hauled to the farm and was being operated in the lower thirty.

## Did Lucius Smithers Do Right?

Lucius Smithers was married to a woman who combined the talents of expert accountant, good housekeeper, judge and jury, helpful companion, detective, friend and critic—also she was a financier and a first class doubter.

## Higher Yet.

"Yes," says the man with the alligator suit case, "I was at the Uptothelimit hotel in the mountains last week, and while there joined a party which attempted to climb the highest peak of the range. We got to an altitude of 14,000 feet, which is about as high as any one has gone in these parts."

## Unchanged.

"Yes," says the advanced farmer, who really should be called an agriculturalist, "there has been a vast change in the methods of those who till the soil. As an instance, nowadays we have machines that cut, thrash, and sack the wheat, whereas in other years we cradled it."  
"Yet I believe there has not been such great progress in other branches of agriculture. Am I not right in my opinion that you still put corn in a crib?"

## An Everyday Affair.

The pale, proud girl turns to the big, heavy browed man who is gazing at her so intently. He has a glittering knife in his hand.  
"Have you no heart?" she asks in low, even tones.  
"No," he tells her.  
"Then give me 10 cents worth of liver."  
Rapidly cutting off the desired amount, the butcher wraps it up for her, gives her her change and trading stamps, and turns to wait on the next customer.



**An Alphabet of Jones**

**W**!  
Essence of trouble, you Simply deceive us by claiming to be Made of a double U—  
Here goes the bubble, you Really come from the doubling of V.

**W**!  
Standing like stubble, you Won't be a vowel, and must interfere, Save in the middle of Llewellynwyllyddle of Wales, Then 'tis said your sound we can hear.

**W**!  
Built up like rubble, you Ramble around and you get in the way. You double trouble, you Worrisome W—  
Can't you get out of our letters to stay?

## CONSIDERABLE.



"You are Scotch, are you not, McTavish?" asked Bigus of the waiter.  
"Partly, sir."  
"Ah, I have a good deal of Scotch in me."  
"Yes, sir; thank you, sir. I've noticed, sir, beggin' your pardon, that you had drank quite a number of Scotch 'igh-balls, sir."

## A Partial Similarity.

"Ah," says the friendly critic and adviser who has been favored with a sight of the first poem of the ambitious youth. "Very fine, indeed. Your writing reminds me of that of Teintyson."

"Really?" exclaims the delighted one of ambition.  
"Yes, you write a grand deal like he did, except that I believe he sometimes forgot to cross his ts, and usually made a more sweeping y."

## Speed No Aid.

"Of course," says the visitor to the employer of a large force, "you must not mind to time instances of crookedness among your many employees."  
"That is, unfortunately, to be expected," answers the employer of the large force. "And do you keep sort of an espionage upon them?"  
"We have to."  
"Naturally, you catch them once in a while. No matter how fast a man may be, sooner or later—"  
"O, the faster the man is, the sooner he is caught."

## HELPFUL HINT FOR THE BALD.



Mr. Gilteddly Miggelbury writes us as follows:

"It is not generally known that it is a simple matter for a bald man to relieve himself of the one great worry of the summer months—i. e., flies getting on his bald head. It is a well known fact that flies have a marked predilection for sugar, and will eat it in preference to almost anything else. If you are bald, and you feel that a fly has alighted upon your head—which is usually ascertained, as the feet of the fly will create a slight tickling sensation as the fly walks around and around looking for trouble—if a fly has alighted on your head, then take out a lump of sugar, which you may carry in your pocket for just such an emergency. Place the sugar on a shelf at the same altitude as the top of your head, and the fly will, nine times out of ten, leave your cranium for the sugar lump. By watching the sugar you can see when it has as many flies as it can hold, then take another lump from your pocket and place it beside the first one. An ordinary lump of sugar will accommodate from twelve to sixteen flies. One hundred lumps of sugar should be a sufficient quantity to carry in the pocket for ordinary emergencies."

## Passed Them On.

"Some shrimps!" asked the man of Antistam.  
"No, thank you; I really can't eat 'em—  
But if you insist,  
I've a notion that—Whist!—  
We'll not waste them; we'll make my aunt eat 'em."

## Just for Spite.

"She seems to be a woman of exceptionally unpleasant disposition," observes the newcomer, referring to an absent one.  
"Pleasant disposition?" echoes the native. "Why, did you never hear of what she did to cause heartburnings among her acquaintances? She announced a big dinner and told for a certain evening, and then never invited a soul to it."

## DIPLOMACY.

"We must give up the open door policy, I am afraid," says the first diplomat.  
"And why?" demands the second.  
"The Ambassador from Kibbwhos will not agree to our plans, and you know the whole open door idea hinges upon his decision."  
"Hinges on it, does it?" asks the second one. "Hinges on it? Tell me what we'll do. We'll make it a sliding door, see?"  
"Thus was shirt sieved statecraft given another grand impetus."

## MUST MAKE ALLOWANCES.



"You are flirting terribly; I do not like it," said the indignant wife.  
"But, my dear," begged the poor husband, "you must be lenient with me. Remember, this is my first attempt at flirting. I'll do better as I get in practice."