

There is nothing so aggravating as to have people point out the faults you think you have hidden successfully.

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

You can guess with in two dollars of a man's salary by the way in which he says: "I was raised in the country town."

THE REAL EFFORT.



"It is such an effort to keep cool nowadays, isn't it, Mr. Shubbs."
"Not half so much an effort as it is to keep from making an effort to keep cool."

ALMOST.

"I bought a new clock the other day," observes Hejiggers, "and had it set up in the hall. That very evening my wife and I went for a short walk, and when we returned we found the clock—"

Supporting the Theory.

"Yes, I am a twin," says the man with the mole on his ear. "Well, pardon me if my question is personal," says the man with the undecided eyebrows, "but I have read that twins always experienced the same sensations of pleasure or pain. Is that true?"

UNHAPPY LAD.



"Dere, O' course me Sunday school teacher 'd have to come along just as I'd studied up a brand new cussword to say at Hicky's gunny. An' now dat she's gone by I can't remember what de word was!"

An Open Question.

Our friend, the famous wit and raconteur, has been sitting in studious silence for upwards of a quarter of an hour. Fearing that he may at any moment break forth with the story he has told us over fifty times already, we ask:

DRAMATIC NOTE.

We meet our friend the eminent tragedian, who started out last spring with a tent show version of Hamlet.

Little Henry's Slate.



How to Be Popular.

"The way to be popular with a man," asserted the girl with the beauty patch on her chin, "is to make him think you think he is very clever."

His Joy.

The busy bee is flitting from flower to flower, industriously accumulating honey as rapidly as possible.

An Alphabet of Jokes



X IS an unknown quantity— We used to know, but we forget, Why it, preceding Y and Z, Was thrown into the alphabet. It represents the thing untold; For instance X might represent The store of Rockefeller's gold That in his chilled steel safe is pent.

AIDS TO POPULARITY.

"I haven't decided just where I shall go during August," says the possible tourist. "Better decide to stop at our place," urges the advance man of the summer resort.

The Facts in the Case.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day Stood in the meadow, raking hay.

The judge rode up, and stopped to chat; Maud said: "I did I'm getting fat."

"And so I work—but what's the use! It seems I simply can't reduce!"

The judge replied: "You fat! O, judge! You're simply plump, or I'm no judge!"

Maud sighed: "I'm not bones and skin! The sad part is: I might have been."

Enjoyable Outing.

We meet our friend who has been spending two weeks at the resort famed for its scenery and outdoor attractions.

"Have a good time?" we ask. "Great," he replies.

"They say 'Tipp-There-by-the-Lake is a pleasant place for a vacation.'"

"It certainly is. Why, the night clerk at that hotel is the best partner at bridge I ever found."

Her Limitation.

"This most unanny," she replied; "With canning things I'm losing hope. Since after all my work I find I simply can't can cantaloupe."

As It Will Be.

"I know it sounds unkind," remarks the man with the uncertain eye, "but I shall be glad when there are no old inhabitants left to tell us about how they remember shooting deer where the heart of the city now is."

"Well," observes the man with the false shirt front, "when that day arrives there will be an entirely new lot of old inhabitants who will remember the days when the original old inhabitants told about those deer being shot."

Why give medals to heroes? If they wear them we are sure to say they are terribly conceited.

INFORMATION WANTED.



This, gentle reader, is a picture of a young man and a young woman who recently started out for a spin in an auto. At a point where the road wound around a steep hill, the young man demanded a kiss, threatening, if he were refused, to run the auto over the embankment and plunge headlong to the valley below, with auto, girl, and all.

Have you heard of any such auto wrecks in your neighborhood? Neither have we.

Thursday a friend came home from a three weeks' fishing trip. He took two hours to tell the story of his experience, and not once did he mention any big fish that got away.

Friday I befriended a poor man who was making a livelihood by sharpening knives. Out of charity, I let him whet mine for me, and he took advantage of my soft-heartedness by talking horse races to me all the time he was grinding the knife.

Like for Like.

"Here is a million dollars for the heathens in Gooloolooland," says the philanthropic magnate, hurrying into the mission office.

"Sorry, sir," replies the clerk, "but we can't take your money. It is tainted."

"Huh. So's your blamed old heathens. I just got back from a tour through Gooloolooland, and I saw 'em."

A wise woman says that the trouble about marrying a man who acts and talks like the hero in a book is that before long he wants to act and talk like the hero in another book.

What we should like to see is a tele-tele between the man who insists upon telling about his appendicitis and the man who compels you to listen to the story of the last time his auto broke down.

THE BETTER PART.



"If you knew which horses were going to win, and could always bet on them, couldn't you—"
"No. It would be better if you knew which horses were going to lose and could always keep from betting on them."

Almost any man is willing for you to argue that he is happy.

Isn't it astonishing how you tolerate food and folks that don't agree with you.

Sometimes you are out with a theory on how to live forever. One benefit, if it could be worked, would be the abolition of the epitaph.

Fifty per cent of what is termed "hard luck" is simply a herd of fatness and poor judgment.

But we cannot see why a man should be laughed at for using hair tonic any more than for wearing a wooden leg.

While the women are talking about honoring the memory of this and that great benefactor of their sex, how is it that they never have erected a monument to the man who invented mirrors?

Those were the good old times, when a man got respectful attention by telling how he learned to ride a bicycle in one lesson.

The finish of a great many real life romances reminds us of a man who runs like mad to catch a trolley car that is stalled in the next block.

Nowadays the women talk as much about how much jelly and canned fruit their cooks put up as the women of twenty years ago talked of their own work in that line.

Things are so arranged now that it costs you as much for clothes for "roughing it" on your vacation as for clothes to swell around in at some place of fashion.

At the Bookstand.

"Is that last month's Ruster magazine?" asks the patron, indicating the periodical in question.

"Yes, sir, but it is a back number now," says the dealer.

"A back number? Why it is only the first of this month, and that magazine is dated for next month."

"I know, but nowadays the magazines for two months from now come out the week before the current month, and a magazine that is only a month ahead of time is really six weeks old."

Migglesbury's Musings.

Monday morning I met the king of the pessimists. He claimed that if a man didn't have time to go away on a vacation he could attain the same result by scratching the back of his neck with a burning glass, losing his money out of a hole in his pocket, and eating nothing that agreed with him.

Tuesday it was the other way about. This time it was an optimist who overworks his optimism. He insisted upon being optimistic over my misfortunes. We usually can tell the other man how he could have avoided the banana peel that threw him.

Wednesday afternoon a peddler tried to sell me a blank wherein I might record the condition of the weather daily, and thus be able to forecast it. But a man who wears tight shoes has no need of statistics.

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THE DEAR GIRLS AGAIN.



"Isn't it terribly quiet here? Not a thing going on, and no men about but that Mr. Hazzit."
"O, I can't say that it is altogether unbearable. Mr. Hazzit proposed to me this morning."
"Yes? He told me yesterday evening that he was almost distracted trying to think of something to do to relieve the monotony."

The Gambler's Face.

"That man over there always has such a cool, unmoved expression," observes the man with the discouraged hair.

"Cool?" repeats the man with the gold tooth. "Cool? It's easy for him to be cool. It is said that he is a shifty character."

MISTAKEN SOMEWHERE.



Suspicious Action.

We come upon the auto, standing at the brow of the hill.

"Hello," we say to the chauffeur. "Broken down?"

"No, sir," he responds. "Out of gasoline?"

"No, sir. We have plenty. 'Tee punctured?"

"No, sir. The tires are in perfect condition."

"Lost your way?"

"No, sir. The country hereabouts is very familiar."

"Dropped something from the auto?"

"No, sir. Nothing of the sort."

"Then why are you standing here? Why are you not shooting down the hill and across the level at a terrific speed?"

"I do not care to do that," says the owner of the machine, who has been silent until this moment.

"I had my auto stopped here so that I might enjoy the magnificent view from this elevation."

With a frightened glance at him, we turn and hasten to the nearest town, to warn the officials that an evidently insane person is at large in an automobile.

Can't Stand Prosperity.

"Is Scribblett working now?"

"No. His friends can't get him to settle down to work again."

"What's the matter?"

"He made five thousand dollars out of his book on 'How to Be Economical'; or, the Royal Road to Riches,' and he won't work a lick until he goes broke."

Progress.

"Is your son taking lessons in Jiu Jitsu?" we ask of Mr. Blitser.

"Yes, I believe he is taking a course of instruction in it," he replies.

"Is he making much progress?"

"Well, I don't know whether he is or not, but at last accounts he had learned six different ways to pronounce the name of the science, or fist, or habit, or whatever it may be."

A Daring Costume.

"They say Mollie's bathing suit is very daring."

"O, you should see it. Daring doesn't describe it."

"Is it possible? Is it so short as all that?"

"Why, it is not short at all. But it is a vivid yellow and green plaid, trimmed in red and blue."

"That doctor promised me a year ago that he would give me a new crop of hair, and now he says I've got to quit smoking or have heart disease. If he isn't any better on hearts than he is on hair I'm going to make a change."

A man in Indiana thought he was suffering from unrequited love and wrote several very sad poems, but the doctors diagnosed his trouble as appendicitis, operated on him, he got well—and is trying to figure out how to change those poems into soap advertisements.

IN THE STUDIO.



"So few artists have been able to paint my face as I—"
"As you could paint it yourself? Quite so, madame."

Room for Speculation.

"Ah, madam," says the gentleman of Chesterfieldian demeanor, "certainly you must have quaffed of the fountain of eternal youth. Your—"

"Sir!" interrupts the lady.

"Pardon me. Surely you have not taken offense?"

"I don't know whether I have or not. Do you mean that I am young, or that you think I am old and don't look it?"

No Fellow Feeling.

"No, sir," says our friend, Colonel Bluddog of Kentucky. No match what you say about the Japanese. I cannot feel any admiration or appreciation of their exploits."

"But," we argue, "it seems to us that any one would thrill with enthusiasm at reading their remarkable exploits, and their—"

"No, sir," he interrupts. "No Ken-tuckian, sir, would ever feel any thrill when reading about people who do their best fightin' on watah, sir."

But, poor fellow, why do you not wear better garments? Surely some charitable persons would give you—

"Ah, kind lady, if I did not wear these rags an' tatters—if I wore more presentable attire—what would de neighbors say if dey saw me talkin' to you on your side porch?"

SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE.

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