

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

Some people don't see how you can get the song of a bird if you do not know the name and history of the species.

A good deal of us never believe the half that we hear, but we try to hear twice as much as is good for us.



An Alphabet of Jokes

Z STANDS for Zero—irrigid spot That we view, sighing, when it's hot. 'Twas the late Mr. Fahrenheit Who figured Zero out one night; He sought a symbol for what we Would want, and then not want to see; In summer time we sadly sigh That it might top the mercury, In winter time we sometimes swear Because the mercury is there.

And then, again, this is the truth: The Zero mark suggests the youth Who boasts his worth, and says, "You bet; You'll see, I'll cut a figure yet." Alas! Off luck and fate combine To make him out a Zero sign.

Nobley's Campaign of Education.

For some time Nobley had been exasperated with his wife's indifference as to grammatical construction of her sentences. Often he had spoken gently to her about it, only to be laughed at or as a crank. At last he had decided to attempt a reform.

"That was an awful accident in Memphis," Mrs. Nobley said, after glancing over the paper. "A little boy with a nurse four years old was run over by a street car and—"

"Serves 'em right," Nobley declared. "Any parents that would trust their child with a nurse four years old are not entitled to any sympathy."

"It was the child that was four," Mrs. Nobley stated.

"But you said 'a nurse four years old.'"

Mrs. Nobley smiled, and resumed reading the paper. Nobley smiled, also, and continued puffing his cigar. After some moments his wife spoke:

"Here's a romantic story. It shows that the world is not so materialistic as is claimed. A poor girl in Denver who was famous for her beauty was employed as a cloak model in a store and was seen by a man who fell in love with her with a fortune in his own right who went to the store to buy a cloak for his aged mother—"

"Stop right there. Why did the fortune in his own right go to the store to buy a cloak for his aged mother?"

"I refuse to talk with you any more." And she didn't, that evening, but the next morning she told him: "Yesterday there was a man come here to put in the window screens with a bold head and—"

"I will stand for a great deal, but I'll be hanged if I'll have any bald headed window screens on my house," Nobley declared.

Mrs. Nobley meditated for a moment, then his meaning flashed upon her. She smiled sweetly and remarked, merrily:

"How much attention do you suppose ought to be paid by a wife to her husband's advice who has had but one hat in two years, and who is married to a man who never even brings her a box of candy on her birthday worth fifty cents? Now, Alfred Bitters Nobley, you can figure that out for yourself, whether it is her husband or his advice that has had one new hat in two years and whether her birthday is worth fifty cents or not worth remembering."

Why the Man's Single.

Once there was a widower who had begun to sit up and take notice again, but before he set forth upon his campaign for Number Two he held communion with himself, and said:

"Now, I'm going to profit by my previous experience. This time, while I am wooing the fair young miss, I shall do nothing and say nothing that will make me feel like a silly ass when my wife reminds me of it in after years. I'll carry on a safe, sane and conservative courtship."

So he spruced up a bit, had his beard shaved off, his hair trimmed neatly, got a new cravat and some high collars, and settled forth among 'em.

And he stuck to his resolution. No matter where he was or who it was wooing—poor girl or heiress, blonde or brunette, spectacled wisdom on the links or over the coffee cups, he never, never said or did a silly thing.

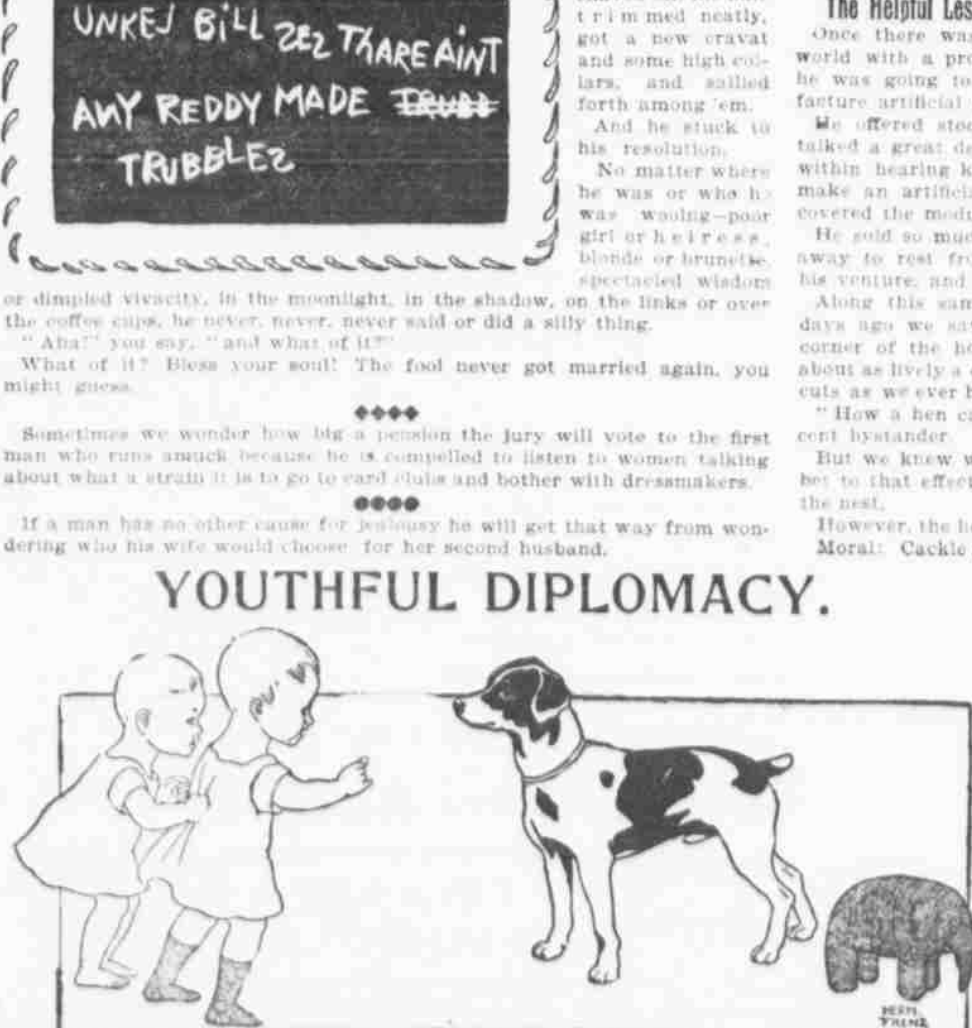
"Aha!" you say, "and what of it?"

"What of it? Bless your soul! The fool never got married again, you might guess."

Sometimes we wonder how big a position the jury will vote to the first man who runs amuck because he is compelled to listen to women talking about what a strain it is to go to ward clubs and bother with dressmakers.

If a man has no other cause for jealousy he will get that way from wondering who his wife would choose for her second husband.

YOUTHFUL DIPLOMACY.



"Do you think it will bite?"

"I don't know, I'm afraid."

"Let's get Freddie Jones to come over and play with the dog and see."

Staunch in the Faith.

"For you, Miss Theory," said the gentleman modestly, "I should suggest a full costume of ex-blood chevise. You should have leg of mutton sleeves and a pork pie hat, of course—"

"O, my dear sir!" she exclaimed. "Ox-blood? Leg of mutton? Pork pie? Never! I have just been elected secretary of the new vegetarian club!"

A Paradox.

A paradox! Here let me state At that I do not need to guess: It is a girl who's up-to-date Because she wears old-fashioned dress.

In the Gloom.

"Who was Mingo?" asks the man with the disconcerted whiskers.

"Mingo?" repeats the man with the cant-lever nose. "Mingo? Seems to me I've heard the name before, but I can't place it at this moment. Why do you ask?"

"Went to a concert last night, and some one sang a song about 'In the Glow, Mingo, My Darling.'"

Watered.

"How much rolling stock, have you?" asks the possible investor of the promoter of the Yukon & Ypsalanti railway.

"Rolling stock?" replies the promoter. "We haven't got along that far yet. We're busy hauling out the floating stock just at present."

AS TO THE GOOD OLD TIMES.



The good old times were not, I wis, Entirely good enough— The collars would prevent a kiss, Ruffs made the old times rough.

The Helpful Lesson of the Artificial Egg.

Once there was a man who startled the world with a prospectus setting forth that he was going to discover a way to manufacture artificial eggs.

He offered stock in his scheme, and he talked a great deal about it, and everybody within hearing knew that he was going to make an artificial egg as soon as he discovered the modus operandi.

He sold so much stock that he had to go away to rest from the effort of promoting his venture, and he is still resting.

Along this same line of thought: A few days ago we saw a hen come around the corner of the house. She was sending up about as lively a cadenza of cut-cut-dab-cuts as we ever heard.

"How a hen cackles!" muttered an innocent bystander.

But we know well enough to have made a bet to that effect that there was an egg in the nest.

However, the hen never goes away to rest. Moral: Cackle first. Curiosity and rash go hand in hand. Also, if you hitch your wagon to a star you can always get horse feed.

Superlatively So.

"And so you tried living the simple life?" we say to the once enthusiastic lady who had joined the colony of teni dwellers far from the madding crowd, also far from ice chests, telephones, mail-carriers, shops, and other annoyances of civilization.

"I did," she responds tersely.

"And was it simple?"

"Simple? It was perfectly idiotic!"

The Fitness of Things.

"Don't do that, James," says the proprietor of the soda fountain.

"Don't do what, sir?" asks the attendant.

"Don't put that straw in that glass of lemon phosphate."

"But why not? We always do."

"After you've been in the business a while you'll learn a few of the important details. The lady who is to have that phosphate is a GRASS widow."

We can understand how anybody could invent a breakfast food, but we always wonder at the ingenuity of the man who invents a new name for one.

It is argued that everybody does at least one fool thing a day. We see no necessity for establishing a fixed average.

A philanthropist, child, is a man whose address is often asked for in the query column.

It seems to us that about all the fun there is in a nice, well kept, airy house and lawn is enjoyed by folks who drive by and look at it.

It is estimated that \$20,000,000 is spent annually for silk underwear by women who fear that they may figure in a wreck.

Some people laugh at magazine poetry but there is nothing anything funny about it.

"This gown," said the salesman, "is priced at \$235. It is a duplicate of the one made for Mrs. Roxenstox."

After the delighted customer had paid for the gown and gone, he explained to his conscience: "Of course she might have understood that I meant that the price is a duplicate of the one made for Mrs. Roxenstox."

UM!



"Don't you find it a beastly bore to talk to some people?"

"Yes; or to listen to others."

We fancy it must be about as gratifying to be so poor that a lot of people are always trying to split you as to be so rich that a lot of people would always be trying to get you to split them.

Quite So.

As we read the most the sense that drew his cloak more closely about him and the Princess Yolande shudders visibly.

"Be brave, dear heart," murmurs Sir Gowan Witye. "Be brave. My strong right arm and adorning sword are ever ready to be lifted in thy defense."

"O," sighs the princess. "I know it all happens one of royal blood to show the craven spirit, but the alchemy used seems supported by an exquisite feeling."

"And then speaker fight well and truly, princess," blazes Con, the Court Jester.

"How now, sirrah?" demands Sir Gowan Witye.

"'Tis true, valiant knight, that this castle is surrounded by an invisible fear," quoth Con, the Court Jester.

"Knowest thou what it is?" asks Sir Gowan Witye.

"Aye, truly."

"Then speak, sirrah."

"It is the atmosphere."

The portcullis rises with a groan and the noise of our streets loud hollow reforms as we amble over the drawbridge.

No Happiness for Him.

The Eminent Reformer, having died and having gone to heaven, as might have been expected of one who by precept and example and continuous oratory had striven to lead the world into the right path, the Eminent Reformer, we say, having gone to heaven, did not seem to be perfectly happy over the change.

He spent most of his time sitting about moodily, scanning the halcyon for possible specks of rust, and listening to have a discord, if there be one, in it ever so faint.

At last an angel fluttered up to him and murmured: "You do not seem to be enjoying yourself. What is wrong?"

"That's just the trouble. There isn't anything wrong. There isn't the slightest chance for me to start a reform wave here."

A ROCK FOR A STONE.

"Quit that!" screams the wife of the man, who begins rocking the boat. "I never thought I was married to a rock-the-boat idiot."

"You're not, Maria," explained the man, earnestly. "I'm simply paying you in your own coin."

"What do you mean?"

"Didn't you bake a cherry pie for me, and didn't I break a tooth on a seed I found in it?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, if hereafter you'll stone the cherries I'll not rock the boat."

But the wretched woman, realizing that she was linked for life to a punster, began rocking the boat herself in desperation.

Good Intentions.

"That was a fellow down here," says our friend Col. Bluddangoon of Tennessee, "that was a fellow down here last summer, sub, who was the most remarkable instance of good intentions gone wrong, sub, that I ever saw, sub."

"Yes," we murmur, merely to give him time to gather breath.

"Yes, sub. He was one of those persons who are forever afraid that they will fall in some small pottentah, sub, of the customs and manners of whatever part of the country they may be in. And so, sub, he was very anxious not to give offense while amongst us, sub. A congenial party was assembled in one of our clubs, and some punson proposed drinks, and what does this strange do but study for a moment in the effort to think of some drink that would be needably appropriate to this neighborhood?"

"Couldn't think of a Julep?" we asked.

"Wuss'n that, sub. The natchal bohn fool loved he'd take a cotton gin!"

Recognized the Method.

The victim of the holdup man has been resuscitated, and, after giving his name and address, is asked what is his business.

"I am a summer resort proprietor," he says, feebly, "and my assailants got the entire profits of my season."

"Did you observe them closely enough to give us a description of them?"

"No, sir, but from the rapidity with which they cleaned me out I am forced to believe that they must at one time or another have been connected with my line of business."

Gross Dereliction.

"I hear that the proprietors of the Whoopla Magazine discharged their editor in chief last week," says the first literary agent.

"Yes, let him go on a moment's notice," replies the second literary agent.

"What was the trouble? Difference of opinion?"

"No. Worse than that. He let the magazine go to press without having pictures of the Roosevelt family and of John D. Rockefeller in it."

HE KNEW.

"Mr. Blumms, are you one of those men who think woman never has a thought of anything more than dresses?"

"No, indeed, Miss Guizer. They also think of hats."

O, JOY.



Now, Sir Gowan Witye was but just returned from a long campaign wherein he had wrought marvelous deeds of derring doe, and his fair wife greeted him at the gate with a happy smile.

"See," said Sir Gowan Witye, "I have won this golden helmet with his bright white plumes for valor. It was given me with his own hand by our gracious king. Art not glad, wife?"

"Aye, verily I am glad," replied the Lady Gowan Witye. "Have I not been shopping this whole week to get plumes like unto these for my new bonnet and found them not? Now I can use these that thou hast won."

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