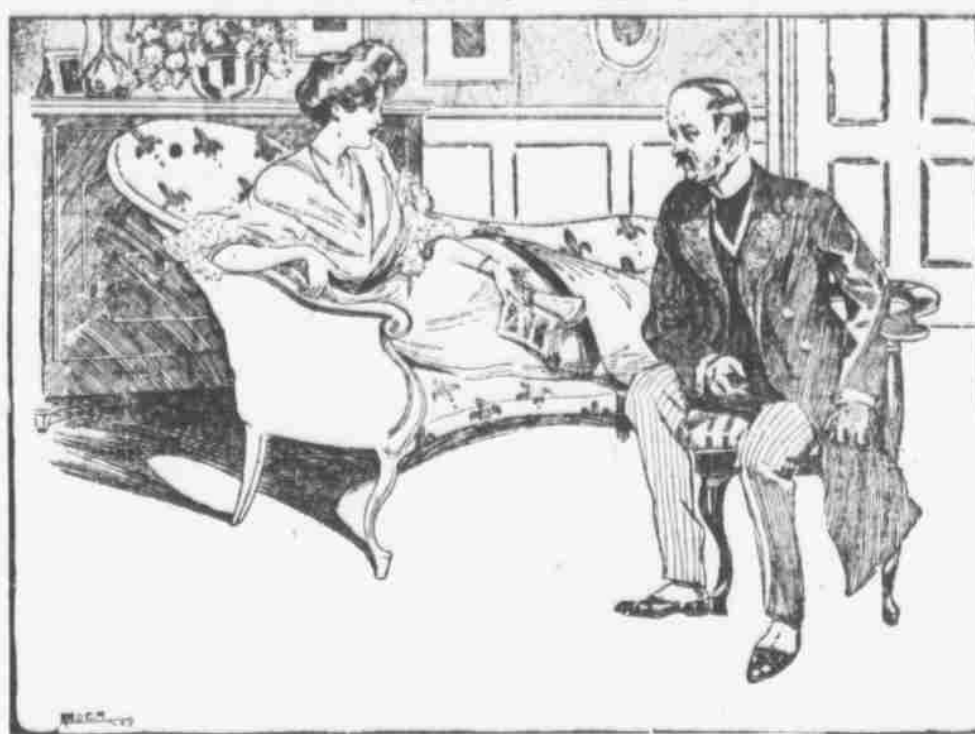


WEATHER NOTE.
He suffers and he squirms
About the weather;
He speaks in heated terms
About the heated term.

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

HOW HE WON HER.
He dyed for her, 'tis said,
He dyed to win her heart;
He changed his snowy head
And played a youthful part.

WHAT SHE NEEDED.



"What you need," said the doctor, "is country air. Evidently you are in a sadly nervous state. What brought it about?"
"Just because I wanted country air, doctor. My husband absolutely refused to buy me an auto."

A HEART TO HEART TALK.

So, Alfaretta, you vain would be married?
And to the young man of the Noble Character? Yes, we know him. You mean the youth who is always saving folks from drowning, rescuing others from peril, lending a helping hand to the weary, and succoring those in distress. No day is too hot or cold and no night too stormy or dark for him to set forth upon a mission of kindness.

NARROW ESCAPE.



"Wot are you wasting so much time readin' those papers you pick up for? While you're doin' that you might miss a good thing."
"Now, this is wot I call a rare stroke o' luck. This here paper says the people in Greenville are payin' fab'lous prices for laborers. An' we was jest headin' for Greenville!"

The Story of Misplaced Effort.

There was once an advertising genius whose ideas really rose to the heights of inspiration. After erecting signboards all over the beautiful plains and valleys, along the wooded shores of rivers, on floating buoys in the ocean, and amid the shifting sands of the desert, he learned of one lovely spot where as yet no one had put up a request that you try Bingle's Blacking, in blue letters on a yellow background that shut off half the vista. It was a mountain range, marvelous for its majestic contour and rugged beauty. He hastened to the spot, and stood for some moments entranced.

Little Henry's Slate.

UNKEL BILL ZE POLLY.
TICZ CAUZED MORE LATE
HOURZ THAN ZTRANGE
BEDFELLOWZ

No Alternative.

"Are you the person who answers questions?" asks the worried looking man who enters the office of the answers-to-the-questions editor.
"I am," replies that individual, answering a question right away, as you see.
"Then what I want to know is, will it be wrong if I wear a pair of plaid brown trousers to a morning wedding?"
"It certainly will. You should wear a light gray stripe."
"But the plaid brown ones are the only ones I have."

OF COURSE.

"What we want," said the railway manager to the conductor of catchy advertising, "is a phrase to advertise our road. The trouble is that our line runs through tunnels nearly all the time, so we can't use an expression that refers to scenery or anything of that sort."
"Tunnels, eh?" remarked the advertising genius. "That's easy. Call it the 'Bridal Path.'"

Health Hint.

"Sir," says the lady with the longnetts to the gruff old doctor, "I do not appreciate the way in which you speak to me, as if I were one of the common herd. And you have kept me waiting for an hour. I wish you to know that I have blue blood in my veins."
"Humph! I'm going to fix that," growls the doctor. "You'll have to quit eating so much trash, and take some iron and quinine."

He Sold the Play.

"No, thank you," said the eminent actor. "I really cannot consider any new plays. You see, my repertoire is already too large. I must stop somewhere. No matter how excellent your play may be, I absolutely could not contemplate using it."
"But," urged the faithful author, "this play of mine is different from any other."
"That's what they all claim," went on the eminent actor.
"But this one has only half an hour of dialogue. The other hour and a half is taken up with before-the-curtain speeches by the star."
The minutes later the author left the room with a surprised and an advance check on the royalties.

Too Great a Chance.

"Can't I write you a policy on your life?" asks the insurance agent.
"Not today," answers the business man.
"I'd like to do some business. It's mighty hard to get any now."
"Tell you what I'll do. I'll take the other end of the bet and insure your company against investigation."
But the agent basted on his way.

FORCE OF HABIT.

The customer who is visiting in Kansas is unexpectedly lifted up by a cyclone which throws him against a stone wall, rolls him across a cornfield and slams him headfirst into a farm house.
After the rattling party has worked over him for an hour he gasps for breath, sits up and feebly demands:
"Did anybody get the license number of the auto that hit me?"

Changed Her Mind.

"So you wish to break our engagement?" he asked, bitterly.
"I do! I feel that you do not appreciate me as you should," she responded.
"Then I shall sue you for breach of promise, for a hundred thousand dollars damages!"
With a cry of delight the fair young thing threw herself into his arms.
"Forgive me, George," she murmured. "I was mistaken. If you think my affection is worth that much to you, I am yours."

ITS NATURE.



"What does Mr. Henpeck call his auto? Some absurd name, I suppose."
"He calls it 'The Wife.'"
"How odd!"
"Isn't it. He says he's afraid to try to run it, because if he does it may blow him up."

All in the Family.

The shade of Paul Jones is walking about gloomily in Styxville.
"What seems to be on your mind, Mr. Jones, Admiral?"
"I want Adam."
"Why, they've taken some remains to America and have buried them for mine-and I'm not dead sure they got the right ones."
"Well, I wouldn't worry over it if I were you. My recollection is that I bunched quite a lot of people under the name of Jones, so you may be sure that the chances are very much in favor of their having found one of the Joneses, at any rate."

How to Know.

"Be sure you are right," advised Davy Crockett, "and then go ahead."
"But," asked a man with an undecided look in his eyes, "how is one to know when he is right?"
"Easy," replied a hardy pioneer with flinty whiskers. "Easy. You may be sure you are right if you come out ahead."

If someone will write a high society novel that will not read as if the author were determined to show how much he knows about servants this world will be more like a place worth living in for those who try to keep pace with literature.

Misnomer.

Some men who look extremely bored.
Some women stifling half their yawns.
And thinking that they can't afford
To let their necks be tanned a bronze.
Some rapid youths who think that they
Are being fished for by a girl.
Not very lively? No? But say,
This is the dizzy social whirl.

After trying to remember every good thing we have ever eaten, we have come to the conclusion that about the best there was going were the green apples and salt of the good old days.

Them Was His Sentiments.

The member of the committee handed to the busy man a blank which read:
"I hereby subscribe the sum of ——— dollars for the fund for the benefit of the ——— natives of Wayoff Islands."
The busy man studied the slip of paper for a moment and then chuckled.
"Does it appeal to you, sir?" asked the committeeman.
"You bet. It hits me. Fellow doesn't even need to fill in those blanks. As it stands it expresses my feelings."

A Correction Needed.

"Giddums & Co., Inc.," read Mr. Spilgus, as he passed the window of a firm that dealt in writing supplies.
"Well, they may know their business," he commented, "but that's a mighty funny way to spell ink."

About the time a man comes to be known as a Guiding Star for youth, he is exposed and then he is a Warning Signal.

SUPERSTITIOUS.



"O, Mr. Softly," said the coy young thing, "I don't know whether or not to sit in the conservatory with you. You know they say a young man is so apt to propose to one in there."
"Not me. I think the place is hoo-dooed. I never had a bit of good luck proposing to girls in conservatories."

"Where are they, ghosting?"
"Through my head!"
"I wouldn't worry if I were you. They'll not hit anything."

THE ADVANTAGES.

"Did you enjoy the advantage of a college education?" asks the interviewer of the man who has suddenly become prominent.
"That depends on how you look at it," replies the eminent person. "My older brother went to college and he always sent home his cast off tennis suits and other clothing, and I had to wear them. But I can't say that I really enjoyed it."

Why Ask?

"There goes Mr. Spouter," says the first person.
"Did you ever hear him deliver a public address?"
"I should say so, and he is a fine orator, too. But why is it that while he is always at his post on the platform, and can deliver a lecture or a speech on any topic, at home he is as quiet as a church?"
"He's married, isn't he?"

She Paints.

Yes, she paints china.
Ah, you shrug.
Because you think she paints her mug!

The Pace of Fashion.

"Where's Mrs. Skeeter this morning?" asks the neighbor of the mosquito that is sitting on the window screen with a grin.
"O, she's off adding gab!" that laboratory with her cousin.
"What's she doing?"
"Shopping. They said they simply had to have some of those new norms the professors discovered yesterday."

The Difference.

"Because a woman is married to one man," observes the individual with the uncertain eyebrows, "she thinks she understands all other men."
"And because a man is married to one woman," remarks the graybearded philosopher, "he never can understand any woman."

A Vacation Thought.

The lake is placid, fair and clear,
I fish, and watch my line and bob,
And wonder, while I loiter here
Who'll try to steal away my job.

To drive along the shaded road
Behind a nobly prancing cob
Is fine, but gloomy thoughts forebode
That some one's legging for my job.

At night the purple sun goes down
And zephyrs sing and sigh and sob
And then my thoughts fly back to town—
Who's trying now to steal my job.

Every girl has picked out a romantic stage name that she will use when she realizes her ambition to tread the boards.

The Social Lapidaries.

"Yes," says the lady in the blue voice, "he tries to act as if he were a diamond in the rough."
"That," comments the one in white slippers, "must be why so many people have cut him."

The Builders.

The cats put up a building
To shield them from the dogs—
For weeks and weeks they labored
To out the catalogue.
And then all through the summer
We heard the boss cat-calls:
"Raise up the caterpillars
And build the caterwalla."

The Question.

"There goes Miss Frizface. They say a man proposed to her to win a bet once, and jumped into the river afterwards."
"Did she swim him?"

Then and Now.

He used to call her "birdlike."
But time's grim work is mighty;
Today he views her actions
And swears that she is flighty.

Too Much.

He wrote a poem to the sea
And then he climbed aboard
A ship and read his verse, did he—
And then the ocean roared.

An Alphabet of Mottoes

ASK for What You Want—with the Exception of Advice.

Mr. Miggelbury on Etiquette.

"Etiquette," said Mr. Miggelbury, "is a queer thing. I've been reading the expert advice on etiquette in the newspapers and magazines, and I've learned that most etiquette is for the women. I find that it is highly improper for a young woman to allow a young man to hold her hand the first time he calls, but there is nothing to inform me whether or not a man should offer to hold the lady's hand the second, third, or even the tenth time he calls. Surely, if it is necessary to give rules and regulations for handling, there must be a certain stage in the affairs of a couple when for the man to neglect to reach for the lady's white hand of the girl is a grave breach of courtesy in such cases made and provided.
"Then, I see that the young woman need not go to the hall with the young man when he is leaving, but should let him find his hat and cane and get out by himself. Always she must let him get his hat and cane. Most men take along their hats when they make calls, but it is the pure stuff in the etiquette for the gentleman to provide himself with a cane. I want to know.
"Also, the inquiring female is warned never, never, never to speak to a strange man. Maybe I have the right line on this. I do not recall any woman ever thanking me for giving her my seat in a car. Possibly, instead of overlooking an opportunity to thank me, she was bearing in mind the ironbound conventionalities, and wishing in her heart that we had been properly introduced, so that she might express her gratitude."

There is too much etiquette for women and not any for men. Is there any reason why men should not be told other things than what to wear at an afternoon wedding? For instance, sensibly tell me this: Is it proper to have the girl hand on a 15 cent cigar when one is smoking it? Is it correct form to wear suspenders with a belt, or a belt with suspenders, or neither with both, or words to that effect? Should I wear my \$50 fall topcoat, even if the temperature is in the 70s? Why can't I fasten my straw hat to me by means of a cord hooked over my coat button? And why am I a social pariah if I go out to dinner wearing a shave, while the man with a full beard, which is less than mine, is all right?

SELF-PROTECTION.



"Robbie, you should be ashamed of yourself for striking your little brother."
"But, mamma, I had to do it to protect myself."
"Why, the idea!"
"I did, though. If I hit any other boy's little brother, the other boy will whip me."

"I did, sir," answered the coal man.
"You did not. I ordered coal and this stuff is in chunks as big as your hat."
"Yes, sir. That's ostrich egg coal. If you wanted any other kind you should have specified it."

Nothing to Brag Of.

"I only know that I love you!" breathes the ardent swain, reaching for the lily white hand of the beautiful damsel.
"That's nothing to brag of," replies the beautiful damsel, putting her lily white hand out of his reach. "Everybody in town knows that. The really bright man is one who knows something that few others know."

HUNTING.

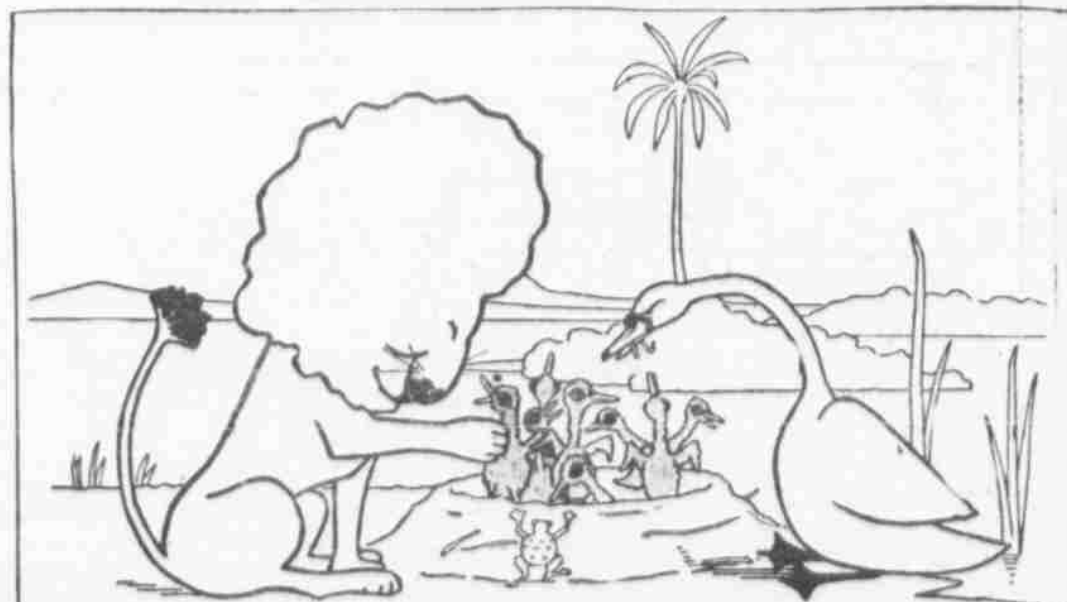
We sit on the broad piazza, in the gloaming. From the parlor comes the strains of a song that is being sadly strained.
"Who is that singing?" asks the man whose cigar has gone out.
"That is Mr. Yeller," explains the man who always tells the same story.
"What's he trying to sing?"
"A hunting song."
"Huh! Sounds as if he was hunting trouble."

A Comb nation.

Eph Snowball and Mandy Green-laying have been joined together in the bonds of matrimony, they decided to erect a sign which would indicate that their respective vocations would still be followed. After a severe struggle with a brush, paint, and the lid of a soap box, Eph pulled up a sign which read:

WHITE WASHIN
&
WHITE FOKES WASHIN DUN

IN THEIR MIDST.



"Such lovely children, Mrs. Goose," purred Mr. Lion.
"It is so kind of you to say so, Mr. Lion."
"Not at all. My little ones are very anxious to have yours for dinner very soon."