Mankind has seven ages, and womankind has but one—averaging somewhere around 28 until she is past 50.

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

Good nature, child, is that which few of us possess when caught in the rain because we have lent our umbrella.

Qualified.

"But you'll not do," said the artist to the applicant who wished to pose. "I advertised for a model for Ajax defying the lightning."

"I'm the man, sir. I'm a teamster, and I've held up ten blocks of street cars every day for a year."

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Obeyed Orders.

"What I want you to do," said the man who had engaged the new stenographer, "is to transcribe my letters exactly as I dictate them. I don't want any of these stilted forms in my correspondence. What I believe in doing is putting my own personality in my correspondence."

"Yes, sir," said the new stenographer, meekly. And this is the letter that went forward to a new customer of the firm that afternoon:

"Mr. John B.—what the dickens is the name of that fellow down at Bingville—O, Smith, who was that man at Bingville that asked for prices?—What?—Skidmore?—Sounds like Skiddoo—All right—Let me see; where was I?—John B. Skidmore, Esq., Bingville, Texas. Dear Sir—Wait a minute. Better jolly him along a little. My dear Mr. Skidmore—Replying to your valued letter of the—What date was his letter? Where is his letter, anyhow? Here it is. Writes like a hen walking across a barnyard. Can't make out the date. Looks like '44th.' Well, just say, replying to your valued favor of recent date we take pleasure in saying that we can quote you the following prices: Say, Smith, what will this duffer stand for? O, give it to him harder than that. He lives at Bingville. If I lived in Bingville, I'd thank anyone for soaking me so hard I'd have to leave town. In car lots, $53 a ton. There, that's about 40 per cent higher than we'd charge anyone else. Now, finish it up with Awaiting your further requests, we beg to remain yours sincerely."

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DEFENSE.

"Huldah, I find this vile cigaret in the pantry. I hope you do not smoke these."

"I do, mum."

"You do? Merciful heavens!"

"Well, mum, you wouldn't expect me to smoke gold tipped ones on the wages you pay me, would you?"

It Puzzled Him.

"What were the students giggling at Prof. Twiggitt about?" asked the member of the grammar class.

"He is so absent minded, you know; and a new fire hydrant has been put on the campus, and he examined it for an hour and a half trying to determine to which family of cactus it belonged."

CANDOR.

"Do you know, when we went into the conservatory I was afraid you would propose to me?"

"How odd! I meant to, but I was afraid you would accept me."

He Got It.

"Who's the new scrub the captain is putting on the practice team today?" asks the hucky center rush of the bulky right guard.

"That fellow with the eyeglasses?" asks the right guard. "That's one of these authors who write football stories wherein the hero carries the ball around the end and runs two hundred yards, upsetting all the men on the field, and kicks goal, and does a dozen other desperate feats, and wins the haughty heiress who is watching him from the grandstand. He is going to try the game for a little while so that he may have the actual experience."

Two hours later the author of football stories looks up into the face of the white robed nurse and asks her to bring him the package of manuscript from his grip, as he desires to burn it.

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Might Do.

"I've perfected a scientific system of making people glad," announced the man with the high forehead. "By my method the most depressing attack of the blues may be dispelled within ten minutes, and all cases of melancholy, unhappiness, and similar afflictions can be eradicated quickly. But the trouble is I don't know what name to give my profession. I want a word that will tell the whole story at a glance."

"Why not," asks the man with the discouraged whiskers, "why not call yourself a cheerupodist?"

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The Modern Way.

"Young man," said the old person who had attained considerable wealth and fame, "you must climb the ladder of success round by round. It will not do to——"

"Skiddoo for you, uncle!" airily replied the earnest youth. "What's the use of plugging along on a ladder when the express elevators stop at every floor."

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It is easy enough for the innocent bystander to explain why he is innocent but the difficulty lies in making plain why he is a bystander.

HIS SYSTEM.

"How do you manage to catch your fleeting fancies?" asks the editor.

"I write them on fly paper," explains the contributor.

Did you ever stop to think that you may grow old, and thereafter be remembered by some prattling child as a being with gray hair and an unfathomable pocket filled with pennies.

—o—

We know one man of fine physique who habitually walks sag backed so that no one by any possible chance will think he wears a corset.

—o—

We are an ingenious people. Now there is no phase of enmity or friendship or even love that may not be expressed (or mailed) by means of a post card. (Owing to the demands of space we refrain from writing "ha ha" after the words "or mailed" in parantheses.)

—o—

We are going to shudder once more. We have again been thinking of the young man who wears coats padded to twice his shoulder width and possibly condenses his waist in stays.

—o—

Some folks' fondness for literature is confined to the newspaper that is big enough to start the grate and range fire with.

—o—

You can excuse a great many shortcomings by claiming to be a person of high ideals.

—o—

Young man, you will realize some day that the folks who talk so much about the joy of painting the town red are directly or indirectly concerned in the manufacture and sale of the pigment used in such decorative efforts.

—o—

Some women can appear soulful when they turn their eyes upward; others merely attain the expression of looking for a balloon.

—o—

Just because it rains on a day that you plan to take a drive, do not decide that you are a victim of fate.

Drinking In Her Beauty.

Her lips are red as claret is,
And she does not grow vain
If you assert her glowing eyes
Are brighter than champagne.

Her beauty will intoxicate—
And O, this cunning girl
Lures on her victims one by one;
She wears a corkscrew curl.

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Hard luck makes more friends than prosperity.

—o—

It is better to be forgotten utterly than to be remembered only through a lot of fool things you have done.

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There are many kinds of reform, but we hope and pray we may never be so thoroughly changed as to give the impression that we never were young.

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MYSTERIOUS.

Lillie and Lou are the selfsame height
And the selfsame size as well,
But Lou is heavy and Lillie light
By the tale the scales will tell.

Lillie and Lou wear clothes alike
As to hat and shoes and dress—
But that one balance alone they strike,
For Miss Lou weighs ten pounds less.

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A woman can get just as angry over not getting a new dress as if she had been able to get it and then it had been rained on and spoiled.

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One of these days some man will become independently rich by inventing a toy that will look as if it were something a child should not be allowed to play with.

The Early Bird.

The early bird went forth one morn
To test what it had heard—
Alas! Its fate was most forlorn!
The worm 'twas caught the bird.

Taint.

"No, sir," says the horny handed, unconventional chairman of the charity committee to the visiting plutocrat, "we can't accept your money for the benefit o' the cause. We ain't goin' to have no tainted money in our treasury."

Discomfited, the plutocrat is about to depart, when the chairman resumes:

"But, while we can't take tainted money, you might give us your check. 'Tain't money, you know."

DEEP DISTRESS.

"And when you got his note breaking the engagement," asks the lawyer of his fair client, who is getting ready to demand damages for breach of promise, "when you got the note it broke your heart?"

"It did. It seemed to me as though the sun, and moon, and stars were blotted out of the sky, the world grew cold and dark and void of happiness, I was simply stricken with a great and undying sorrow."

"Yes, yes. Very sad."

"There was no more music for me in the songs of the birds, there was no charm for me in the beautiful flowers, there was no peace for me in all the earth. Life was a vacant, purposeless thing, and I had no further interest in anything at all. O, I was crushed."

"And what did you do then?"

"Why, after I had a good cry I telephoned for you and then went to the matinee with Mr. Blubbs and to dinner with Mr. Glipps, and spent the evening auto riding with Mr. Whizzer."

Noncommittal.

"Have you read my book of poems?" asks the individual with the hungry eyes and the long hair.

"In a way, yes," answers the cross person to whom the sough of the wind through the apple trees is merely a hint that apple pie ought to be on the menu. "In a way, yes. And, while I am no judge of such things, I don't mind saying to you that the index to that book is one of the best arranged, and most tasteful indexes I have ever seen."

Little Henry's Slate.

Dramatic.

"Who is the lady over there, with the purple hat and the costly furs?"

"She's a prominent actress."

"I thought as much. She seems to receive a great deal of attention. What does she play in?"

"Well, she is in the chorus of 'The Grizzly Umph,' but she has a line in it. She says 'Why not?' during the second act."

"And who is that lady sitting alone over yonder?"

"That? O, that's nobody but Miss Wuzzit, who used to be celebrated for her rendition of Shaksperean rôles. She doesn't cut much ice nowadays."

It May Happen.

"Your education seems to have been sadly neglected," says the candid person. "I am surprised that a man of your birth and breeding and evident station in life is unable to read or write and knows absolutely nothing about even the most elementary sciences."

"I am ashamed of it," confesses the other. "But you see when I was small there was no correspondence school that taught the alphabet and penmanship, and so I was deprived of the fundamentals of an education."

Unlucky Pete Skidder, who fretted all last winter because he had such a poor corn crop, is madder than ever this year. He had more corn than he could handle properly.

Unfailing Test.

"Yes, there are many quaint old methods of finding out whether or not the girl loves you," says the young man. "On Halloween it is the custom to throw an apple peel over the shoulder, and when it comes down it will curl into her initial; then one can walk downstairs backward with a mirror and a candle; or one can name an apple seed for her and put it on the stove and if it bursts she loves him; and then——"

"But there is one really sure test that is older than any of those quaint ceremonies," suggests the shy damsel.

"What is that?"

"Ask the girl."

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Beautiful Snow.

"Student" writes to ask "Who wrote 'Beautiful Snow?'"

The best authorities differ widely on this point. Others do not take enough trouble to differ. We have gone to considerable trouble, however, and have delved deeply into the history of the poem. For a time we were inclined to ascribe the authorship to Shakspeare, and, indeed, at one time we had worked out a seeming cipher in the rhythmic lyric. But the most coherent form in which the cipher worked out indicated that the hidden message was something about taking three cups of flour, one cup of butter, and certain quantities of sugar, etc., to make a snow cake. After long and painstaking study we have been forced to the conclusion that "Beautiful Snow" was written jointly by Francois Villon, the Sweet Singer of Michigan, Pat Sheedy (see his article on "Freeze Out"), Richard Canfield (see his discussion of "Cold Feet as an Indication of the Hour to Go Home"), Laura Jean Libbey, and seventeen Indiana poets who cannot now be located. We shall hold to this belief unless we are successful in working out a theory that "Beautiful Snow" was composed by the author of "Mary's Lamb," after her reversal of form. In further answer to "Student" we might state that parodies on "Beautiful Snow," in odd sizes and shapes, are sometimes utilized as filling for what would otherwise be blank space.

Hard to Understand.

"Willie, do you not feel remorse that I have discovered that you told me a story this morning?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'm ashamed of myself. Why, many a time a poorer story than that has made good with you."

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PERTURBING.

"Busy?" sighs the eminent specialist. "Busy? Why, there are such great demands on my time that I have been unable to give proper attention to seven of my wealthiest patients, and now I have lost them."

"Too bad," sympathizes the friend. "And so they died?"

"No. They got well!"

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Evolution of a Word.

"Lexicon" drops us a note to ask if there is any connection between the words "ante," "andante" and "Dante."

It may be that "Lexicon" is four-flushing to some extent in this query, or that he or she is indulging in a quiet little pleasantry at our expense, but for the information of sincere seekers after knowledge we would say that there seems to be some sort of derivative element in the three words. "Ante," which is the root, implies fast; "andante" is slowing up, and Dante saw the finish of those who did not inject enough andante into their anteing. That'll be about all for that.

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Faithful View.

"This," said the man, unrolling a sheet of drawings, "is the architect's picture of the new house I expect to build. This is a front and side elevation. You see, the porte-cochère will be here, and the main entrance will have——"

"How natural!" interrupts the friend. "The architect has drawn it true to life."

"Yes, it is a very good illustration."

"Why, he even has drawn in the people who sell building materials and the contractors coming up the street and along the walk to the house with their bills in their hands."

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Lost His Enthusiasm.

"What we want," shouted the candidate, "is truth! Let us have the truth concerning the issues at stake. Let us go forward into the battle with but one thought and purpose actuating us—to achieve the truth!"

"All right," whispered a pale gray apparition that arose before him. First thing we'll do will be to tell the truth about you."

Pleading sudden illness and a previous engagement, the orator left the rostrum.

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In the Future.

"And may I ask what line of lecturing you follow?" inquires the casual acquaintance of the man who has stated that he does a great deal of platform work.

"I'm a beauty lecturer," explains the other.

"Beauty lecturer?"

"Yes. I show men how to get the best results from their stays, also how shoulder pads should be used to get the most natural effect."

An Alphabet of Mottoes

HAVE what you want and maybe you will have what you want.

POSSIBLY.

"Why is it," asks the portly customer, "that fleshy gentlemen seems to be the best patrons of a jeweler?"

"I suppose, sir," ventures the salesman, "that it is because they have—er—more space to display the goods on."

MERE CURIOSITY.

Mr. Blimm—"If both of us were to propose to you right now, which of us would you accept? Myself or Mr. Blamm?"

Miss Shigh—"Mr. Blamm."

Mr. Blimm—"Well, I was merely curious to know."

A RED LETTER DAY.

One day last week my ma she goes
To Connersville to see my aunt,
An' pa stays home; ma says she knows
He won't do things right, 'cause he can't!
But pa just laugh, an' say "Go on,"
He guess 'at he is old enough,
An' nen, as soon as my ma's gone,
Light his cigar an' puff an' puff.

He promise ma he'll watch me, too,
An' see 'at he makes me buhhave—
He say do what I want to do,
An' so I play I found a cave
In our back yard 'at's full o' gold
Or mebbe's got a pirut chest
'At's jammed 'ith gems all it 'll hold—
I don't know which 'll be th' best.

An' so I dig a gre' big hole,
An' nen p'tend 'at I'm a man
A diggin' out a lot o' coal
An' nen I get a sprinklin' can
An' pour th' water in th' place
P'tendin' it's a nocean now—
An' I get mud acrost my face
An' on my waist an' pants, somehow.

Nen purty soon th' mud's so much
It gets all on me ever'where
An' stay right on me where it touch,
My feet an' arms an' hands an' hair—
Nen pa he come an' look at me
An' laugh an' laugh an' laugh an' say:
"You're like your papa useto be
When he was turned out loose this way."

An' nen he put me in th' tub
An' hung my clo'es up on th' hooks,
An' scrub an' scrub an' scrub an' scrub
An' say: "I reco'nize your looks."
An' when my ma come home I'm clean
An' she say: "My, you got on fine!"
An' pa he whisper: "Don't be mean,
An' tell those pranks o' yours an' mine."

I wisht my ma would go away
A whole day like she did buhfore
An' tell my pa he's got to stay—
So I can get in mud some more.

Colored Ink

Defective Page