



When a man marries he should resign himself to the inevitable and defy Fate to do its worst.

Love oft runs a madd'ning course, Matrimony, alimony and then divorce.

Uneasy lies the head whose tongue lies harder.

The most interesting book is a bank book.

The man who jollies other people along generally manages to jolly himself along with them pretty well, thank you.

Clothes do not make the man, but they do make other people put a price on him.

We know, that summer, after fooling around so long, is ringing the doorbell at last. The circus and the dude with spats are in evidence.

When a man has so much money that he does not know what to do with it, he generally starts out to do other people.

Some people live; others just worry along.

Glad rags and plenty of nerve is a combination that is pretty hard to down.

A man in Philadelphia applied for a divorce because his wife had cold feet. Served her right.

The difference between a man's kick and a mule's kick is: The man kicks from habit, the mule because he is built that way.

Congress has had a shot at polygamy with the lid off in Utah. What's the matter with Utah having a shy at polygamy with the lid on in Congress?

Love is an appetizer, but money pays the check.

They say that there are no asses in Japan. For heaven's sake let's corner the market and send them the entire outfit.

NEVER trust one who wears a continual "I've eaten the canary" smile.

When a man's broke, the woman who broke him thinks she's had enough.

No matter how silly a woman may be, she can always find a man who will let her make a fool of him.

People who live in the eleventh story are not necessarily high livers.

Never make a fool of yourself to please other fools.

It is awfully aggravating for any one to insinuate that they know more about you than you know yourself, and then to persistently refuse to tell you what they know.

It remaineth to be seen whether the real bachelor will succumb to the Leap Year bachelor maid.

The athletic woman who thrashes hubby in the street and in his office will do much toward putting matrimony out of business and making divorce popular.

Breach of promise suits tear the bondage from poor blind Cupid's eyes.

There cometh the gentle days of summer, when the borrowed umbrella findeth its way to the loan office.

When a man is just swearing mad and the wife says nothing but smiles knowingly, he will either kill her or rush out into the cold world and slam the door.

If we had our lives to live over again, we would either be too cautious or so reckless that we would make a worse mess of the second venture than we did of the first.

Is an all-round "good fellow" ever real square?

When an American girl wants to marry a title she should make sure that both the title and the man are genuine.

A man should never despise small things. Even an icecream soda may lead to a divorce.

A woman always believes all the scandals she hears of her neighbor. The good she hears she sneers at as "posing for effect."

A mirthless laugh is like the smile on the face of the dead.

Love is like quinine in whisky. A little bitter, a good stimulant, but a better tonic.

Mr. Rockefeller says, "You can't purchase heaven." Oh, my. How does he expect to get there? If heaven

could have been purchased he and a man named Morgan would have juggled for a bargain sale long ago.

Those rich people who rave so about money being such a curse don't seem to be doing the "strenuous" in getting rid of the curse.

They are making an awful howl about Reed Smoot's bunch of matrimony, yet Old Man Solomon had a much bigger bunch and he was wondrous wise.

Extravagant speeches are often very economical with the truth.

When a girl falls in love, mommer and popper might as well throw up their hands and trust to Providence. Financiering is often another name for "Find the robber."

WHY SO MANY SHEEP ARE BLACK

Fable for the Foolish by Nicholas Nemo

JOHAN HENRY was a black sheep, while his brother George was the other kind. At this point let us pause for a moment, or possibly two, to reflect on the remarkable fact in human psycho-physiology, if any one present knows what that means, that black sheep are almost always less sheepish than their white brethren. But to proceed, if we can get the right of way. John Henry devoted most of his waking hours to putting in an extra large crop of wild oats, while his brother was attending strictly to business and gradually working up to the point where he would be known as the teacher of the largest Sunday-school class in town and so admirable a young man that he wouldn't be able to get any one except the minister and the president of the Woman's Aid Society to talk to him for more than ten minutes at a stretch.

The theory upon which John Henry regulated his actions was that life is necessarily more or less limited in its scope and that when we are through with it we are likely to be unoccupied for a considerable time. Furthermore, he reflected, the money that we leave behind us doesn't do us any sort of good and is likely to be the source of no end of trouble to our heirs. George, on the other hand, was everything that a really good young man should be, except popular. He was slowly but surely building up a balance in the bank that would enable him to purchase at least an umbrella and a raincoat when the inevitable rainy day should blow in. He worked from nine to five six days in the week and then carefully cleaned off his desk and walked home to get the air. In the evening he played checkers with his father or steered his mother and sister around the corner to a pale tea at the rectory in aid of the crippled children of Samaritand. He was the sort of chap who always wears rubbers when it rains and never goes out in cold weather without an overcoat and a pair of yarr gloves. His idea of a wild time was to put on a black cutaway and a white tie and play charades and ask riddles from eight to ten, with an intermission for coffee and salad sandwiches.

It would be impossible to describe John Henry's idea of a good time without using asbestos paper. His evening was just beginning, as a rule, when George was laying him down upon his virtuous couch, and it lasted until the waiters began to put the chairs on the tables and turn the lights out. He never drank—more than there was in the house—and his highest ambition was to cradi-

cate the awful curse of gambling—by breaking the bank six nights in succession. It was a matter of history that he had been seen in church at least once in the course of his life, but it was alleged by competent witnesses that that was when he was christened, and as he hadn't been consulted about that it should not be laid up against him. John Henry was very fond of his home, and to prove it he took good care not to wear out the carpet in the front hall by walking over it any more than was absolutely necessary, or to appear at breakfast with the rest of the family often enough to become commonplace.

It would naturally be assumed by those unversed in the ways of the world toward black sheep in general that John Henry would be very unpopular and that the family would play George for favorite on every occasion. This was so far from being the case, however, that it might have been guessed by the same unversed individuals that it was George and not John Henry who scratched all the paint off the front door and tried to take the banisters upstairs with him when he came in after the closing hour.

George did more good to the world in five minutes than John Henry did in a month, but the action of the world in question would have led one to believe that

he was the sheerest cumberer of the ground. Their parents were always telling people how bright a fellow John Henry was and how cute he had looked in kilts when he was four years old; if the visitor didn't believe it they would drag down the chamber of horrors from the marble-topped center table in the parlor and produce the documentary evidence. If any one suggested that George was a fair sort of a chap George's mother would shrug her shoulders and grudgingly admit that he hadn't been in jail—yet. Then she would launch out in a long panegyric of John Henry tending to prove that he was one of the original wonders of the world, although he wasn't doing business at that particular moment.

Whenever they had company at dinner John Henry would come down dressed like the lilies of the field—only warmer—while George would probably dash in at the last minute with his hair standing on end and ink marks all over his collar. Then John Henry would get the glad hand all round while George would be asked why he couldn't get home from the office in time to put on decent clothes and make himself look as though he was a member of a respectable family. That was what George got for tending to business and keeping out of the black sheep class. All the young ladies

thought George was a very nice fellow, but any one skilled in the ways of the sex might have detected that the said young ladies never spent any time talking with George when John Henry was on the horizon. The reason that they gave for this peculiar behavior was that they thought they might be able to reform the latter and turn him from his ways of sin.

Of course it often happened that John Henry got into debt and, equally of course, on each such occasion his father came to the front like a little man and threw him a life preserver that enabled him to make his way back to the terra firma of unimpaired credit again. When he landed in the police station for running off with another man's automobile in an excess of bibulous emotion the whole community shook its head gently and murmured that boys must be boys, even at other people's expense. This feat only made the young ladies more anxious than ever to draw him out of the highway of sin and back to the narrow path of strict rectitude.

By and by, or perhaps a little later, it happened that George got his eye on a particular young lady whom he thought might be induced to sit in the shade of his vine and fig tree if he could guarantee the right kind of a tree. Affairs seemed promising and George had made a date with himself when he intended to ask the young lady the important question, if it wasn't raining too hard for him to go out. Just then John Henry sailed into the game and carried the girl off in a single sitting. He was introduced to her one evening, proposed the next and was married to her a week later.

Of course John Henry hasn't reformed. If he did people would lose interest in him and his wife would have no more occasion to be good to him for the sake of wooing him from the ways of sin. When his father died he left the big end of his bank account to John Henry because George would always be able to take care of himself, thus proving that whatever heaven may do for men who help themselves, the earth is much more careful of the other kind. George has never married because he has never been able to convince any woman that a man who always knows where his umbrella is and saves half of his salary right along needs a wife around to tell him what he ought to do.

To make a long, sad story as short as possible, this little tragedy of real life demonstrates to the entire satisfaction of all reasonably intelligent people that while we must all undoubtedly reap what we have sown, the man who sows wild oats is likely to have a lot more people to help him when it comes time to gather in the sheaves.

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WHEN EASY STREET'S IN SIGHT

Hast ever struggled up against
The toughest kind of luck,
When ev'ry blooming scheme you schemed
Was sure to run amuck—
And then when things seemed at their worst
There shone a ray of light
That sent you tumbling over hopes
Of Easy Street in sight?

Hast ever seen your bills pile up
And grow from day to day,
Till ev'ry ounce of sense you had
You knew was giving way—
When plans zigzagged on bias lines,
Though trying with your might
To straighten them—when, lo! some boon
Showed Easy Street in sight?

There's many who'll appreciate
The humor grim of luck
That goes against you deuced hard,
Despite your nerve and pluck;
When ev'ry effort falls as flat
As wine drawn overnight—
When, lo! surprises bubbling up
Show Easy Street in sight.

You wonder if it can be true,
And fear some devil's joke—
Then cash up all the things you'll want
When you're no longer broke,
And start at once to spend the roll,
Your wants in lists you write—
You'll have a durn'd good time, by Jove,
When Easy Street's in sight.

