

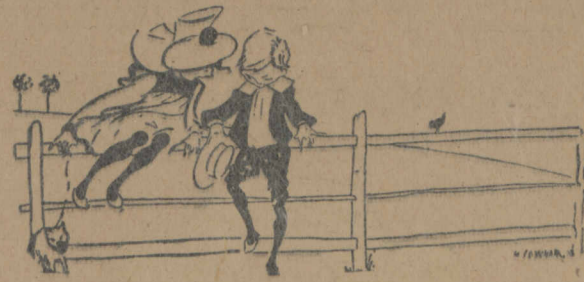
hing you THE TOP O' THE MORNIN'. By W. D. Ne

MUTUAL CONFIDENCES.



"It has always been a wonder to me," confessed the fond wife, "what you could have seen in me to make you choose me for your bride."
"How strangely the thoughts of husband and wife acquire similarity," mused the kind husband.
It took him some time to argue her out of the idea of going home to mother.

The Candor of Youth.



"Big girls," announced little Merribel, while polite Reginald was helping her over the fence, "sometimes kisses big boys that is nice to them when they are climbing fences."
"O' course," said little Reginald. "O' course. They git the big boys on th' fence, an' if they don't kiss the girls they'll fall, most likely. It ain't fair."

KISMET.

Observe this little boy,
Upon his teacher's chair
He placed a little pin,
With point up in the air.

But, absentmindedly,
This wicked little elf,
Forgot what he had done,
And sat on it himself.

He Owned It, Too.

The eclipse of the moon was on.
"Is that the earth's shadow?" asked the little boy.
"It used to be, my son," was the instructive answer. "But it belongs to Mr. Morgan now."

Woman strives to be good-looking.

The Eternal Feminine.

In fair Japan the maidens pose
Like this, in clinging robe,
And juggle spheres, the while their toes
Kick at a tricky globe;
With joyous smile they hold your eye,
And they deceive it, too.
The damsels! Ah, 'tis what they try
All o'er the world to do.

Right here at home the maidens fair
Play many juggling parts;
With nimble hands they fill the air
With hosts of whirling hearts;
The globe is at their feet, and they
Deceive the eye of man.
It has been gentle woman's way
Since first the world began.

Passing It Along.



"Who is it?" asks the gruff poet, as the butler brings a card. "Is it that barber I sent for?"
"Yes, sir," is the reply, "and he has brought with him the buying agent of a hair-pilow manufacturer, who requests to be permitted to bid on your surplus hair for the next year."

ANOTHER WIRELESS SYSTEM.

"Mr. and Mrs. Grouch," says the neighbor, "have not spoken to each other for ten years. They send all their messages to one another by their young son."
"Ah," we comment, "sort of a wireless system."
"Wireless?"
"Yes. They communicate through the hair."
Then we got out the blackboard and the chalk and made it all plain to him.

One of the saddest things in life is a man with onions on his breath cursing a brother who carries an aroma of liquor with him.
An "impromptu" speech calls for just as much mental ingenuity beforehand as the setting of a spring gun.
"Ah, yes," comments the colonel, "but would it not be more appropriate to call her a briquette?"

IN BERLIN.



"Here's your party," was the only reply.
"Hello!" yelled Cesar, "is this Rome?"
"Yes."
"Gimme the palace."
The connection was made.
"Hello! Is this the palace?"
"Yes."
"Who is this?"
"Horatius Claudius, the messenger."
"Hello, Rattus. Know who this is?"
"No, sir."
"Guess."
"I can't guess. Who is it?"
"Don't you know my voice?"
"No. Who's it?"
"Aw, can't you guess who it is?"
"Tell me who you are and what you want, please."

"Well, that's a good joke on you."
"Who is it speaking, anyway?"
"Why, this is Cesar."
"Cesar?"
"No! Cesar!"
"Where? I don't know any Where!"
"I said Cesar!"
"Cesar? Who is the war?"
"Cesar! O-A-E-S-A-R! Dadgum! You! Can't you hear thunder? Julius Cesar! Me! It! The whole thing! Got it now! Understand who you're yelping to?"
"Yes, sir."
"That sounds more like it. Pretty state of affairs when I have to identify myself every time I want to issue an order! Nice state of things, I must say! Now, listen—"
"Yes, sir."
"We've just won a great battle—"
"Great rattle?"
"No. Confound your muckleheaded ears! B-a-t-t-l-e! Get that!"
"O, battle. Thought you said—"
"Never mind what you thought. I'm doing the thinking for this community just now. We've just won a great battle, and I want you to put up a bulletin on the walls of the city where everybody can see it."
"Yes, sir."
"Write it down now, so you'll get it right. Listen, now. Are you ready?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, say 'Veni, vidi, vici!'"
"Yes, sir. I have it. Beany. Bidy. Bley."
"No, no! Veni. Vidi. Vici!"
"Shesny, shidy!"
"Great heavens! Where you never at school? Veni. Vidi. Vici. Wifey. I'll go and tell Mrs. Calphurnia—" You haven't got it at all! I said Veni. Vidi—" "
"I have it now. Clean eye, cried I—" "
"Now, by the shield of Mars, this is too much! Out upon these dogs! Would that my fist could reach these heads, even as my voice doth! Back to the woods, for thou art a shine listener!"
"Tell me once again, and I—" "
"I'll tell you to—" "
"Here Central broke in, asking: "Did you get your party?" "
"Then did the royal rage of the late J. Cesar manifest itself, and the telephone building was scattered over the plain, while the Central girl tied shrieking for home and mother."
"And thus it was that the loyal populace of Rome must needs wait until the slow feet of a messenger brought them the tidings of the glorious victory."

Put Him to Work.

Top o' the Mornin' Correspondence School

TONSORIALISM.

The beginner in tonsorialism should devote two hours each morning to practicing the following remarks:
"Next!"
"Does the razor hurt, sir?"
"You have a delicate skin, sir. It requires careful treatment."
"Have your hair trimmed a little?"
"I see it was trimmed not long ago, but whoever did it did a poor job."
"Looks as if Teddy was going to give them Vennyzielians all that's coming to them."
"Yes, sir; when Secretary Hay tells 'em where to git off, they naturally git off right there, don't they?"
"No, sir; I reckon there hasn't been as good a man in the place since Jim Blaine held it down."
"You're right, sir. Jeffries would make that fellow look like a fried egg in one round."
"I always like to shave moneyed men like yourself, because they know how to appreciate good service. When repeating this, cultivate the habit of extending the right hand, with the palm up and the fingers flexed, but ready to close 'em never a hard, metallic substance touches the palm."
"That's a big murder case down in Arkansas, isn't it?"
"They tell me that this Hermione boss is goin' to walk away from the bunch. If I had a couple dollars I certainly would make a killing."
"Your hair is getting thin on top, but there's lots of young hairs sprouting. We make a tonic right here in the shop that will grow hair in a guaranteed hair mattress."
"Some of the violet water, sir? It's extracted from our own violets."
"How's that, sir? O, you say the bay rum looks more like a sorel to-day? Ha, ha! That's good!" (Go over this constantly, until you can work in the "ha ha" with natural ease and grace and can give your voice the proper expression to convince your customer that he is the first man who ever said anything to you about the soreliness of the bay rum.)
"Well, as long as Dewey's on the boat and the boat is down there where the trouble is, I guess them fellows will keep their distance."
"No, sir; that bald spot isn't any bigger. It may be some brighter, but that's because you are using has a polishing effect. Now, we have a special hair food that absolutely cures baldness. Shall I apply a little? (Remember, when you use this sentence in actual work you should first know to a certainty that the subject is not a regular patron of the house.)
"Leave the mustache on, sir? All right. A mustache would be becoming to a man of your appearance. I wonder that you haven't let it grow long ago."
"Take the mustache off, sir? All right. I see you are up to the times. Mustaches are not worn any more by the leading people, are they?"
"Ever try singeing the hair, sir? (For use on a perfectly bald man.)
Repeat these sentences carefully until you have mastered them and are confident that you can address them to a patron without smiling, unless the occasion calls for a smile. Future lesson sheets will tell you how to judge a man's profession, disposition, etc., from his facial expression, or lack of it. The course in tonsorialism also perfects the student in the art of selling worn out razors, hair medicines, and soap, and gives instructions in the science of keeping up the interest of a bald headed man in scalp tonics.

PELION UPON OSSA.

Stern winter holds us in its clasp,
We shiver when we think upon it,
But soon at other woes we'll gasp,
For there will come the Easter bonnet.

The sun shines on the just and unjust. If it
shone on the just arctic night would be on duty au
over the earth.

THE BRUTE.



"Yes," sighed Miss Lendem, "this divan is an heirloom in our family. There is a legend that every girl for ten has been proposed to while she sat upon it."
"Seemingly obese youth gazed at her dreamily and commented:
"So? Odd, isn't it, how these old families persist in clinging to their banishes and feuds and other 'podoos'?"

Natural as Life.

We stand before the immense water color painting of Niagara Falls. "Is it not natural," we ask of our friend. "It seems as though we really were in the presence of the rushing waters, as though our senses were really being thrilled by the touching display of—"
At this point two attendants, one in the uniform of a hackman, the other disguised as a hotel clerk, step forward and relieve us of all our valuables.
"Natural!" exclaims our friend. "Why, man, it is the same of realism!"

One of the most famous

schoes in the Alps has disappeared. It wore itself out trying to have the last word with a woman.
It often happens that what man thinks are the feathers of angel wings on a woman are peacock plumes.

A woman is thirty-five

until she sees a chance to be known as the oldest inhabitant.

The Dimple.

There's a dimple on her shoulder—
And the dimple comes and goes,
While the swain is widely blushing
And attempting to propose.
There's a dimple on her shoulder,
Why do maidens so deceive?
Though to his she's all attention,
She is laughing up her sleeve.

REVISED.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean—
The Meat Trust was the moving
cause
That kept the platter clean.

Located at Last.

"I have found the germ that causes men to seek the north pole," asserts the first savant.
"You have?" asks the second. "That is a wonderful achievement. How did you find the germ?"
"I was looking for the cause of scrivener's paralysis."
Remembering the tendency of polar explorers to write for the magazines, we wonder that the germ was not discovered long ere this.
Lots of people put in two hours wishing for something they could earn in twenty minutes.

An Alphabet of Girls.

There once was a girl named Amelia,
Who drank half a pint of lobelia,
The doctor came quick,
And declared: "You're not sleet!
So why am I summoned to hell!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TOO EXPENSIVE.

"Five dollars a minute!" said the youth who had asked the long distance telephone rate between him and the town where resided the lady fair.
"Yes, sir," asserted the telephone clerk.
"I guess I am not on speaking terms with her," sighed the youth, sadly counting the \$4.00 which was in his purse.

CORRECTLY ANSWERED.



Teacher (instructing class in physiology)—"Hiram, the utility of the vermiform appendix? What do the students of it?"
Hiram—"Aw, cut it out! I ain't got dat fur yit."