

With the World's Great Humorists

Selections from the Writings of the Best Known Makers of Mirth.

The Jinxs' Quarrel

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS.

Jinx looked up from the paper he was reading, and his wife laid her book aside and waited.

"Well?" said she finally when Jinx had watched her unseeingly for at least a minute. "You showed all the symptoms of getting ready to read a joke; go ahead and read it."

"This is no joke, dear; I have just been reading where a whole regiment of school-children have been vaccinated. These poor innocent little children were compelled to bare their tender little arms and submit them to the cruel knife."

"Well, what of it? There is no more dreadful disease than smallpox, and now those dear little children with the tender arms are forever proof against that terrible disease."

"But, dear, you don't seem to understand."

"It is you who don't seem to understand."

"But I do understand! That virus which the doctors introduce into the veins of the poor little children is the most deadly kind of poison and is likely to kill these children!"

"I don't care; vaccination is all right!"

"But, dearest, it is not all right, it is all wrong! Think of the hundreds of innocent lives of little children that have been sacrificed. I tell you that the doctors who vaccinate, the men who pass the compulsory laws and the parents who submit to it are no better than murderers!"

"Jinx, do you dare to stand up there and tell me that I am not better than a murderer?"

"Why, dear, you know I didn't! But just think dear of all those little green graves!"

"Where did all those terrible deaths happen that have worried you so?"

"All right, sneer if you want to! Our children shall not be vaccinated!"

"They shall be vaccinated!"

"I say they shall not! I will prevent it if I have to fight all the courts in Christendom. The chance of their ever catching smallpox is not greater than one in a million, and even if they do catch it science is so far advanced

have to take them from their little beds and fly with them through the night to the home of my father!"

"Oh, look at Eliza crossing the ice!"

"That's right, sneer at me! Poke fun at me! Abuse me! But I stand here, by Jinx, and I tell you that they shall be vaccinated!"

"All right, we shall see about that! I'll show you whether I am a man or whether I am a mouse!" and Jinx went out to feed the chickens. When he returned to the house supper was on the table and he sat down to eat, while Mrs. Jinx, with red nose and swollen eyes went and threw herself upon the bed.

Jinx munched a few mouthfuls in silence; but the steak seemed to be full of cries, the coffee tasted of tears and the first muffin he broke apart made him think of a broken heart! He sat with his chin in his palms staring at the wall for fully five minutes. Then with a sigh of resignation he arose and went into the bedroom and kneeling by the bed put his arm about his wife's neck and drew her to him.

"Dearest!" he whispered in her ear.

"You don't love me!" sobbed she.

"They shall be vaccinated," said Jinx.

"N-no they shshan't!" sobbed she. "I think vaccination is horrid!"

"Dear! We will let them decide it for themselves!"

Suddenly Mrs. Jinx sat up and smiled through her tears until her face looked like a June day after a sun shower.

"My goodness!" exclaimed she, "I have just thought of something!"

"What is it, dear?"

"We haven't any children!"

"By George!" was all Jinx could say.

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her first proposal, though it was different. She looked up at him and smiled. Jinx began to feel wobbly in the knees.

"Well, Jinx," she replied slowly, "if I can give you one good reason will you forgive me?"

This sounded like Sunday-school talk and Jinx felt the seriousness of it.

"Of course, I will, Mollie, but—" he hesitated.

"The reason is, Jinx," she interrupted, "that you never asked me."

After that it was so plain that even Jinx could grasp the situation, which he did, including Mollie.

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in his little bed.

But when Mrs. Uptosnuf returned from the club, there was much commotion and running to and fro.

Baby had erupted with a rash resembling measles or scarlet fever.

The family doctor was summoned hastily, looked long and marveled much. "Let me see the nurse," he said gruffly.

Clarissa came timidly, but with that calm confidence born in the Fuzzywuff diploma. Being a plain man the doctor said: "What in blazes did you put on the baby?" And being a truthful

girl and thoroughly competent to speak in polite circles, Clarissa said: "I bathed him in one gallon of warm water, a bar of shaved soap, a quart of gasoline and a teaspoonful of borax."

Which was the cook's favorite prescription for delicate fabrics.

So the doctor wrote a prescription and handed it to Mrs. Uptosnuf, headed, "For Mrs. Uptosnuf's Baby," and which read:

(Rx) Personal attention of mother, 24 hours.

Sig: Apply every day.

And for Clarissa he advised light work in the family laundry where her genius might flame unquenched.

But when the brute Uptosnuf heard of it, he kicked the Subagency of the Manifest into the grate, where the yellow and white ribbon (club colors) perished miserably.

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A Whole Regiment of School Children Have Been Vaccinated.

that it is no longer dangerous or dreadful. No pits remain, and it is no worse than a bad cold."

"Now you are talking silly! Our children shall be vaccinated even if I

Jep Moore's Courtship

By J. W. LAMPTON.

Jep Moore was in love with the girl. That was as plain as the nose on his face which was about the plainest that ever a man stuck into a handkerchief. But he was not to the manner born and although he feared no man, he had been mortally afraid of women as far back as he could remember, say about 27 years, come next month. If he could have shoved out his good right arm and punched the lady in the face he would have been at ease, but to shove it out to put it around her waist was too many for Jep. That was the reason he had been courting Mollie Stewart for nearly two years and had arrived nowhere much. But a girl, and a pretty one at that, won't stand for everlasting procrastination whatever she may think of the man,

versation would lead and he was wholly upset by her answer. He sat speechless.

"But, I'm not the moon, Jep," she added quickly, "because you see I didn't go away when you come."

"Dern the sun and the moon, Mollie," he said, hitching his neck up through his collar so he could get more air; "I didn't come over here to-night to talk astronomy. What I come fer was to know why the dickens you don't marry me!"

Mollie was not agitated. It was not

The Subagency of the Manifest

By J. W. FOLEY.

Being inspired to nobler and higher things, Mrs. Uptosnuf laid off her corsets, gave her switch to the cook, invested her feet with flat-heeled broad-soled shoes and became a clubwoman.

The switch was brown and the cook's hair was red, but Mrs. Uptosnuf's generosity did not aim to be logical.

To Mrs. Uptosnuf was assigned the task of preparing a paper on the Subagency of the Manifest—an engaging topic, to be sure. She did not know what it might be, but it was splendid club stuff and gave her much opportunity to make a hit.

In the meantime, there was the baby, to whom the Subagency of the Manifest was not so necessary as occasional baths and uncontaminated milk. Mrs. Uptosnuf engaged a nurse girl from Mrs. Fuzzywuff's School for Daughters of Splendid Families in Temporarily Reduced Circumstances.

The nurse girl's name was Clarissa and she was shy, sweet and unsophisticated as her name. "I will be just as good to it as its own mother," she declared, when she saw the baby, which was saying much or little, as you choose. Then she goo-gooed to the baby and Mrs. Uptosnuf went to the club meeting perfectly satisfied the baby was in competent hands. For had she not seen the Fuzzywuff diploma?

"And nurse," Mrs. Uptosnuf called back from the front hallway, where she stood with a bulky manuscript, tied with yellow and white ribbon (club colors), "you might give baby a bath this afternoon and then put him in his little bed."

Now the Fuzzywuff school, being for the daughters of Splendid Families in Temporarily Reduced Circumstances, taught much of removing spots from soiled velvet but little of bathing babies, and Clarissa pondered much and long.

How to prepare a bath? She had never seen it in the Fuzzywuff manual of domestic forms. She would see the cook. But the cook must not know she was ignorant. She must inquire diplomatically. So she went timidly down to the cook with the red hair and the brown switch and asked her how to prepare a bath for soft and delicate things—something that would cleanse thoroughly and not injure the softest fabrics.

Clarissa was a born diplomat. When the cook told her, she went back upstairs and rejoiced much.

So baby had his bath and was put



She Welcomed Jep Cheerfully.

and Jep began to observe that Mollie was having more gentlemen company than he liked to see around so often. He didn't dare say anything, but he proposed to do something and that immediately.

Which was why he hitched his horse at her gate that evening and pounded up the walk to the porch where she sat all alone waiting for him. He had informed her by the Farmers' Telephone line, in which he owned stock, that he was due to arrive at that hour.

"Say, Mollie," he said with sudden energy, "what would you do if you was the moon and I was the sun?"

It was not quite the flattering way to put it, but Jep was awkward and all he thought of was that the moon was mighty pretty just then and so was Mollie.

"Really, I don't know, Jep," she replied, perplexed by the unexpected inquiry.

"Can't you guess?"

"Of course I can't. I couldn't be the moon, could I?"

"You could be the moon as easy as I could be the sun, couldn't you?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, just let's s'pose we was them; then what?"

Mollie studied a moment and the feminine in her asserted itself.

"Well, I suppose, Jep," she said laughing lightly, "if I was the moon and you was the sun, I'd go away when you come."

Jep hadn't thought where the con-

RUSSIAN OFFICERS PARDONED.

Lieut. Gen. Stoessel and Rear Admiral Nebogatoff Are Released from Prison.

St. Petersburg.—Lieut. Gen. Anatole M. Stoessel and Rear Admiral Nebogatoff have been released from confinement in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul by order of Emperor Nicholas. The health of both men has been gravely affected by their confinement.

Gen. Stoessel was found guilty by court-martial of surrendering the fortress of Port Arthur to the Japanese and was serving a sentence of ten years. Nebogatoff was sentenced for the same length of time for surrendering to the enemy at the battle of the Sea of Japan. Stoessel began his sentence March 29, 1908, while Nebogatoff took up his quarters in the fortress April 15, 1907.

Rear Admiral Gregorieff and Lieut. Smynoff, subordinate officers under



Gen. Stoessel.

Nebogatoff in the Russo-Japanese war, were pardoned and released from the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul a month ago. These officers had been sentenced to death for having surrendered their commands, but in view of extenuating circumstances their sentences were commuted to ten years' imprisonment, which they began serving in 1907.

During their stay in the fortress each prisoner had a large, bright, well warmed room. Before their windows the fortress gardens stretch down to the Neva, beyond which stands the winter palace, once the winter home of that other prisoner who spends most of his time in Tsarkoe-Selo.

In each room were a field bed, a large and a small table, a few chairs, a wardrobe and a washstand. The windows are covered with iron lattice work. At eight o'clock in the morning the prisoners were served with tea and their newspapers were taken in. The sailor takes four newspapers and is a keen follower of politics. The soldier scarcely manages to get through one journal.

At one o'clock luncheon of meat and soup was served. The meal was not varied much, but the food was excellent. After luncheon the prisoners generally walked in the gardens. At six dinner was served, a light meal. At nine tea was served for the last time.

The prisoners read as late into the night as they cared to. Twice a week visitors were admitted, the first day being confined to their wives. Twice a month the prisoners took a bath in the fortress bath and on great holidays they attended service in the famous fortress cathedral under a convoy of soldiers.

BULL TO PACE HORSES.

The Animal Is a Four-Year-Old, Full-Blooded Jersey, and as Docile as an Old Cow.

Boston.—A four-year-old full-blooded Jersey bull will pace to harness in the

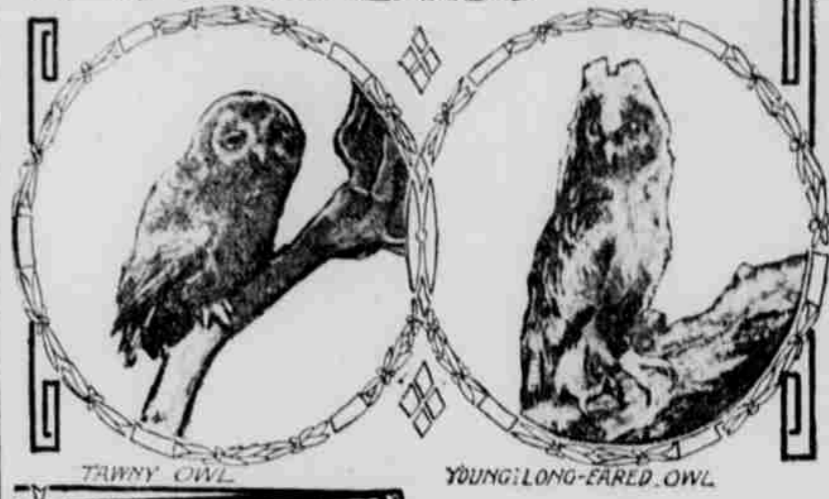


Four-Year-Old Bull, Which Is to Pace Against Horses.

2:30 class in Pennsylvania this year. The bull is owned by Dr. James G. Chaney, an old horseman, and John H. Ross of Waynesburg. These men discovered the bull when a year old in Maryland. At that time some boys were breaking him to harness, and several months later the animal was purchased and his training was continued. He paces to a track sulky in a two-minute harness, with bits and hoppers, such as any light horse would have. He is docile as an old cow, according to Mr. Ross, and for pasture he is ridden to saddle by the owners. He is the idol of children, who frequently ride astride his back. The bull has done the half mile in 1:22 and his owners are confident he can do the mile in less than 2:30. He has wind as good as any horse, and Dr. Chaney and Mr. Ross are now making arrangements to match the bull against trotting horses as an exhibition.

The latest Japanese bank notes are printed in English as well as Japanese characters.

BIRDS OF PREY IN THE HIGHLANDS



YOUNG PEREGRINE FALCON

The distribution of birds of prey in the Highlands at the present day furnishes a striking object-lesson in the effects of protection on any given species, says a writer in Country Life. In the middle of last century, when game preservation as a source of income began to be considered an asset of the country, there were few sportsmen who realized how easily and quickly any non-migratory bird could be exterminated. At that period birds of prey were unquestionably too numerous, and game could scarcely have been expected to flourish under such conditions. Our forefathers, perhaps better sportsmen than their descendants, skilled in all manner of woodcraft and content with small bags obtained by their own unaided efforts, were more tolerant and forbearing towards the birds and beasts of prey than we have since proved ourselves to be. The rising value of sport, however, marked the commencement of a relentless warfare against all marauders other than man himself, a warfare which has continued to the present day and threatens to exterminate many of our most interesting species, which, once vanished, can never be replaced.

The position of many of our birds of prey is a matter of the greatest concern to ornithologists and sportsmen alike, for there are few sportsmen who would knowingly exterminate a species whose members are already so few as to cause no concern to game preserves. The harm done by the few pairs of eagles, peregrines and buzzards which still survive is not worth consideration, and the fact that most of their prey is obtained in the deer forests renders their presence desirable, rather than otherwise, in many of the latter.

Of the British eagles, two species have already vanished, or almost vanished. Experience shows that we cannot hope for migrants to take their place. The sea eagle is now but rarely seen on our coasts, and the fishing eagle, the graceful osprey, is no longer a familiar feature of our inland lochs. On some lone islet or surf-beaten rock an odd pair may survive, but for most of us they are but memories of the past, and never again may we watch them as in days gone by. The golden eagle is the only one remaining to us. For him alone of his race protection came not in vain. The preservation of this grand species is the only bright spot in the history of the British eagles. In some districts the king of birds is actually increasing; almost everywhere he holds his own. This is due entirely to the action taken by proprietors to protect the eyries, and to the courteous forbearance shown towards the birds by the great majority of shooting tenants—f forbearance which is, unfortunately, not accorded to them in the south, where the appearance of any large bird of prey seems to be regarded as the signal for its destruction. The buzzard, in appearance closely resembling the golden eagle when on the wing, though easily distinguished by its smaller size, has in the past suffered for the sins of its bolder neighbors, for of all birds of prey this is the least harmful to game; mice, voles and carrion form its diet, and it is probably quite incapable of striking down any game-bird on the wing unless the latter is weakly or wounded. In flight slow and heavy and by nature a coward, common sense would show us that the character of this species quite belies its predatory appearance. Yet in spite of these facts, which have been proved times without number, keepers continue to shoot these harmless birds on their migration in autumn, the period when the young birds, driven away by their parents, are seeking fresh quarters. If proprietors would include buzzards in their orders for the protection of eagles something might be gained. Of all our birds of prey, the buzzard is, at the present moment, most in need of protection.

Two other species claim our attention—the kestrel and the merlin, both

of which the writer has turned out in considerable numbers during the last few years. It is, indeed, a treat for the bird-lover to see these lesser falcons losing their fear of man day by day, to watch them from the window hunting mice in the meadows below hovering, perhaps, within a few yards of the watcher, then pouncing with lightning swoop on some hapless vole, pausing to devour their prey by fore one's very eyes. To naturalists, the fact that the writer had three kestrels' nests under observation in 1908 in a small pine wood may be of interest, as showing that there is comparatively little antagonism between individuals of this charming species. In the case of one of these the bold behaviour of the adult was conspicuous, and the female would almost allow me to handle her on the nest. It was conjectured that she was one of those liberated in the previous year; one of a brood which had become exceptionally tame before being released. With certain exceptions the kestrel is always harmless to game. In the case of 99 nests out of 100 the kestrels will be found to be bringing fur—i. e., mice, voles, etc.—to the young, and the benefit thus conferred on farmers is enormous.

With merlins this is by no means the case, and young grouse are often the principal food of the family; but at no other period of the year are they destructive to game. Owing to the fact that they nest on the ground and in the most secluded places they are not easy to locate, and to this they often owe their safety. The numbers of kestrels in the Highlands are apparently on the increase, and it seems now to be generally recognized that they are worthy of encouragement. Both kestrels and merlins are to some extent migratory, and the latter seem less able to fend for themselves when the ground is covered with snow, departing southward at the approach of winter. It is a curious fact that grouse are aware that the kestrel is harmless, and that the cock grouse will boldly attempt to drive the "wind-hover" away from nest or brood should the little falcon approach too near when hunting for mice. On the approach of the peregrine, however, he crouches close to the ground, well knowing that no courage will avail him here.

A few words in conclusion as to the owls, of which we need only consider three species—the tawny, the long-eared and the short-eared, for the barn-owl, common in the south, is a rara avis in the Highlands. The appearance of the short-eared owls in autumn marks the approach of winter, and the regularity with which they arrive at the time of the flight has earned for them the name of the woodcock owl. A few of these remain to breed with us, and in time more may be induced to follow their example if they are carefully protected.

GOT HIS MORNING'S HOT MILK.

Thoughtful Friend Turned the Trick and Landlady Received Credit for Thoughtfulness.

"Living in a boarding place is not without its objections," confided W. H. McCarthy to his friend over their noonday lunch. "For instance, I'd like some hot milk in the morning. There's no reason why I should have it, health's good and all that, but I've taken a fancy to hot milk for breakfast. When I draw up to the table, I think to myself how nice it would be if I just had a bowl of hot milk. But if I were to ask for it, every boarder in the house would be wanting the same thing. That's the way it goes in a boarding house. And I don't like to make myself a nuisance to the landlady. The other day I said I'd like some toast. No one else had thought of such a thing before, but everybody had to have some of my toast when it came in. And there you are."

"Too bad McCarthy can't get a little swallow of hot milk in the morning," thought McCarthy's friend as he sat at his desk that afternoon. "Mebby I can fix things." He reached for the phone and called up McCarthy's landlady.

"This is Mr. McCarthy's physician," he told her. "I wish you would see to it that he gets all the hot milk he can drink every morning. Give it to him instead of coffee or tea. You see his nerves are in a bad way, and if he doesn't get hot milk for breakfast we'll have to send him off to a sanitarium. Don't say anything to him about me calling. Just see that he gets that hot milk. Thank you very much."

And ever since then, McCarthy has been bragging about what a mind reader his landlady is. "Just sort of knows what I want almost as soon as I know myself," he says. "Never saw anything like it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.