

# With the World's Great Humorists

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

## The Perfect Brew

By Ed Mott.

"Ah, exclaimed the head brewer in his laboratory, holding the foaming glass up to the light, and gazing fondly at its amber transparency. 'Here is as fine a glass of beer as you will find in all this town! To look at it you would never suspect that it would not be quite so good as it is if it were not for the tansenguldenkraut and the karobenediktenkraut that lend their invaluable aid in its composition, would you?'"

The lay taster of the beer admitted that he never would.

"And tasting of it," continued the brewery expert, after a sip at his glass, "few men, I think, would miss the starkezucker, the weidenschalen, or the hazelnussplan, if I had forgotten to put them in."

He sipped again critically, and said: "But I haven't forgotten it! They are all there, safe enough! Do you detect the moussirpulver, the karagenmoos, the laugensalz, and the kartoffel-zucker?"

The layman sampled a half glass or so of the beer and was obliged to confess that neither of those simples stuck to his palate so he could notice it.

"No?" said the head brewer, seemingly surprised. "Why, that's odd! Let me see."

He slipped at his glass.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, looking pleased. "They're all in. And how about the hebszeitlose, and the blisenkraut, and the schaffgarbe, and the buchen-spanne? Recognize those, don't you?"

The layman tried to but couldn't.

"Singular!" said the adept one,

"None of 'em is missing. But you get the flavor of the kokelskorner, the ignatiusbohne, the medallsalze, the lakritzensaft, the pikrinsauer, the aies-wurz, the fischerlein, and the zucker-couler? You must have drunk beer enough to be familiar with those portions of the brew."

The lay beer-sipper said that he



"The Expert Manipulator Paused."

might have drunk beer enough, but if he had ever noticed any of those flavors he had forgotten it; and a fresh and ample quaff of beer, taken with the sole purpose of getting one of them, failing to give him even a

suspicion of one, he told the head brewer so.

The brewer seemed disgusted. He pondered a while over his glass, and then said:

"Now, suppose there wasn't any kololoquentin, or starkmahel, or wachholder, or bitterklee, or fichtennadeln, or gogel, or hausenblase, or stuzien, or salicylsauer, or althoffenool, or waldmeister, in this glass of beer? Do you think you would like it? Not a bit of it! You would throw it away and call it slops! That's what you would do! When we make beer nowadays we've got to be mighty careful and not leave anything out, and here you don't know they are all in it, after all! Even such little things as ingwer, natron, wermuth, koriander, mohn, kamomille and brechnutz have to be put carefully in or we'll hear from it."

The layman was almost sure that from the taste of the beer some of those ingredients had fallen into it somehow but he wasn't sure enough about it to say so, and he denied to the brewery adept that he could prove their presence by him.

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the brewer. "Not one of 'em?"

"Not even one of 'em."

"A heap of satisfaction it is to brew a first-class, up-to-date glass of beer. I must say," cried the expert, mad all the way through. "You don't even recognize the strychnine, the tannin, the aloes, or the belladonna! Pah!"

Apologetically and meekly the layman said:

"I thought it was—the hops."

"Hops?" exclaimed the brewer's beer concocter, staring at the layman. "Hops? Hops? What's hops?"

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## A Critical Moment

By Thomas L. Masson.

"Impossible! How did it happen?"

Mr. Catnappe had just come in. He gazed at his wife in the utmost consternation and astonishment. In the course of a long and successful married life such a situation had never arisen. He simply couldn't believe it.

The Catnappes were New Yorkers. They had never lived anywhere else. Even in the summer, when they went to Europe, or in the winter, when they went to Bermuda, Palm Beach or other similar places, they were still in New York. For did they not associate with the same people?

"Do you mean to say," went on Catnappe, "that we have absolutely no engagement for this evening? Never heard of such a thing!"

"We had, of course," replied Mrs.

"Do you realize," he almost shouted

—just as if he were once more calling off orders on the stock exchange floor—"what can happen in four hours? Why, it didn't take Washington any longer than that to cross the Delaware. The battle of Waterloo was lost in less time. The battle of Salamis—or was it Marathon?—I'm a little rusty on Greek—was lost in less time. I tell you something has got to be done. Why, if we should stay here all alone, together, what could we do? We certainly couldn't talk to each other. We couldn't sit and look at the family album. We'd get into a fight in no time. Two people with nerves on edge—you know what that means."

Catnappe looked at his wife with some show of pride, shining through his intense anxiety.

"You know we have never had a quarrel—never had time. No, my dear, it would be fatal. It might break up

our whole married life. I wouldn't risk it."

At this moment the telephone rang. Catnappe answered it.

It was from Skipperly.

"That you, old man? Yes. Well, you were going to the Puffer dinner weren't you? Yes. So were we. Leaves me high and dry. Wife alone crazy at the prospect of our staying home alone. Thought you might be in same box. Shall we join forces? All right. Meet me at the club in half an hour. We'll have a night of it. Good-by."

Catnappe came back rubbing his hands.

"It's all right," he exclaimed gleefully. Skipperly was going along. Wants me to join him. That saves the night, only—"

He looked with polite concern at his wife.

"Not at all," smiled Mrs. Catnappe. "Any port in a storm. Besides, the main point was that we should not be home together."

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## Puzzle Letter: Find John

By J. W. Foley.

Dear Aunt: I promised to let you know as soon as I was comfortably settled and had steady work and I am now permitted to write you to that effect. I have a place with one of the big, public institutions in the west, and unless something unforeseen happens, I shall stay here for two years at least. The position I have now came to me unsought and I am under a sort of contract with the state to stay my two years. If I see a good opening I may leave before my time is up and get into something else, but nothing has offered itself so far. The people here are anxious for me to stay and while there are, of course, some features of my present situation that I do not altogether care for, I presume that it is true of almost any place, and I shall not complain.

There are several hundred of us here, all engaged for various periods. Many of the men here have been with the same institution for years and show no signs of leaving so you must know that a position here is, in a measure, permanent.

I know you will be pleased to know that I am keeping good hours. The nature of our engagements here is such that we must be in bed early and rise early. I am in bed at nine o'clock every night and rise at six o'clock every morning. I have left off drinking entirely as it would not be tolerated for a minute by the management, and they discourage the use of tobacco as far as possible.

I do not remember to have told you how I came into my present situation. You know, my funds were at low ebb when I came here and I resolved to take anything that offered. In doing a little moving of household goods early one morning I slipped while carrying some stuff out of a back window and the lady in whose house I was doing the moving, finding me with a broken leg under the window, insisted upon my coming here, where I could have steady employment and the treatment that I needed. I have become so attached to the place and they look after us so carefully that it is hard to break away from the surroundings. Indeed, several who have

left before their terms of service expired, have come back to finish out their terms and in every case have taken another term of service.

You spoke of sending me some clothes, but as I told you, I think I have all I shall be able to wear this winter. My room is small and there is no clothes-press, so they would only be in the way. The suit I have



"The People Here Are Anxious for Me to Stay."

was made for me by our tailor here. His stock of goods was limited, so I took the best pattern I could get, but I am sure I look as well dressed as any one here.

About my work: I have gone in for architecture a little and now I am making plans for an exit from our main dormitory. If I am successful in getting these plans matured I shall probably not finish my work here, as it will give me the opportunity I have sought to go elsewhere and begin work for myself again.

Address me when you write, No. 333, Overtheroad. My number is 333, and be sure to address me so, in order that the letter does not miscarry.

As ever,  
Jack House Chapman.  
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"We'll Have a Night of It."

Catnappe. "We were, as you remember, invited—"

"Don't ask me to remember anything. You have charge of the engagement list. I rely upon you for that."

"Well, we were going out to the Puffers to dinner, and I got a telephone message not half an hour ago saying that Mrs. Puffer had been suddenly taken ill, and was to be operated upon."

"But what are we to do?" asked Catnappe, ignoring the situation of poor Mrs. Puffer. "Great heavens! It's too late to get theater tickets anywhere. You know we never sit any farther away than the fourth row. Besides we've seen everything that's good."

"I know it," mused Mrs. Catnappe. "This isn't our opera night either. We can't ask anyone in to dinner at this late hour. I don't see but what we will have to stay home."

"Stay home!" repeated her husband. "Never! We simply couldn't! Why, there's no telling what would happen. Let's see. From eight to twelve—four hours to fill in! This is a pretty pass."

"We could go to bed early. That might cut off—"

"Early. Never heard of such a proposition. Why, I haven't been to bed before midnight for 15 years. I don't believe I ever did it. It would upset me completely. Wouldn't get over it for a week."

"Well, I suppose the time will pass." Catnappe was momentarily growing more "rattled."

## HAT BROKE UP THE CONCERT

Remarkable Headgear Responsible for Spoiling Performance.

A story has reached this country of a hat which spoiled an afternoon performance at a small French playhouse. It appears that in the absence of an orchestra a lady presided over the piano. She was neither young, pretty nor talented, and not wishing to pass unnoticed conceived the idea

of wearing a hat that would attract the attention of the audience.

In this she was successful. The hat looked like a good-sized umbrella covered with flowers, ribbons and birds. As the lady took her seat the surprise it caused hushed the audience into silence; when, however, the pianist struck the first notes and the flowers, ribbons and birds began a mad dance, the storm broke loose and the laughter

at last grew so terrific that the curtain was lowered to give the spectators an opportunity of regaining their composure. They never regained it, the performance was spoiled and the authors are suing the director for damages.—Millinery Trade Review.

Compulsion.

A minister once rebuked a farmer for not attending church, saying: "You know, John, you are never absent from market." "Oh," replied the farmer, "we must go to market."

## Home Comfort



The Effective Use of Cretonne as Window Drapery.

Pretty over-curtains for service at bedroom windows are made from cretonne lined with cheese cloth in some tone which appears in the cretonne pattern. Used over ruffled Swiss or muslin curtains, these give the room a very dainty appearance. For small windows, where two sets of curtains would look heavy, curtains made of dainty sprigged dimity, such as used for summer gowns, and costing from eight to fifteen cents a yard, make very desirable sunlight filters, writes Bessie Blanchard in the Home Magazine.

If a choice delicate pattern of dimity can be secured, a bed spread, with valance and bolster roll, should be made of the material, and one or all leaves of the screen filled with the same. The very cheap, loosely woven crash, such as is used for dish towels, makes very attractive curtains and bed spread when set together with cheap torchon insertion or fagoted together. If a special color scheme is to be carried out, this crash and insertion combination is very effective, since it can be successfully dyed by the veriest amateur. White or cream-colored bed spreads are generally more satisfactory than colored ones, especially if there is much coloring in wall paper and draperies.

Utility boxes are now recognized as being as necessary as a bureau in the house. The most expensive are covered with leather and used in hall or library. The woman who is proficient in the delightful art of woodcarving has a chest in her dining room for the table linen. If she be a bride, she will have one in her boudoir that will be lined with white satin and be called her "dower box," holding the lingerie of her trousseau. In midland's bedroom the box is covered with cretonne matching the other furnishings and neatly lined with cambric, with a satchet pad covering the bottom. In this shirtwaists are kept free from dust and wrinkles, and if the room is large enough there will be a shirt box to hold the dainty thin gowns that are apt to look unkempt if kept in a crowded clothes closet.

If furnished with springs in the lid, a heavy box of good size serves as a bed when a thin mattress is placed over the springs. Such a couch covered with corduroy or velour and supplied with a generous number of pretty cushions adds considerably to the furnishing of any room, as well as supplying a dust-proof closet for seldom-worn clothing. Two shirtwaist boxes with cushions galore form an attractive cozy corner in a girl's room, and if one has a tray fitted in, made with tiny bamboo rods laced together with broad ribbons, resting on brass screw-eyes in each corner, ribbon, stocks, collars and belts can be kept with the waists. A shirtwaist box will be found invaluable for keeping the wash dresses of the small daughter, and should be mounted on casters so it can be easily moved for the weekly sweeping. A large packing box having the cover hinged for a lid that will fit closely provides a desirable chest for winter clothing, if carefully lined with tar paper throughout. Sacks made of several thicknesses of newspaper pasted together are moth proof for clothing, provided the garments

sets edged in gold. The collar and cuffs on the long coat were of pique and the same panel effect was noted down the back and on the fronts of the coats. The waist was of soft silk with the same pique insets and a collar of gold braid.—New York Press.

To Patch Wall Paper.

It is sometimes necessary to patch the wall paper where it has become defaced or torn, and the new paper of the same pattern is much too bright to use. Try hanging the new paper in bright sunshine until the colors are faded or dulled and it can be applied to the damaged paper on the walls and will match it perfectly.—Good Housekeeping.

Tendency Toward Fullness.

A great many of the skirts hint at drapery, which emphasizes the fact that the tendency is toward more fullness.

Small Brims on Straw Hats.

The new straw hats have brims not over two inches wide, and some of them have no brims at all.

## OXEN TRAINED TO DRIVE LIKE OTHER ANIMALS

As Much of Science in Driving Them as Horses and Requires Much Patience and Self-Control in Education.

Driving oxen is as much of a science as driving horses, and in their education much patience and self-control are required to make a success and have what we in Vermont call a "good team." Their education for work should begin as soon as they are six months old; they should be yoked and handled till they have perfect confidence in their driver. They will learn the words of command as quickly as a team of colts will the bit and words, says a writer in the Breeders' Gazette. Always use the same terms of command, and attract their attention with a light whip or switch, but never use a whip, as the boys say, to "lick them" with. They do not need it. They are as ready and willing to obey as a well-handled team of horses, and learn the words of command the same as a dog or any animal.

Some have an idea that an ox team is made to be whipped and yelled at as loud as possible, but a yoke of cattle can be trained to do their work without noise or bluster. It is all in the driver and their early training.

Again in their education careful attention should be paid to their walk. As this is the only gait they have it is very important that they should be taught to walk very fast. By inclination they will not do this unless educated to it. A careless driver will soon get an ox team in the way of loafing along, or in plowing to go so slow as to offset all other advantages claimed for them, so that a team educated to

broken pair of oxen will do their work quickly and with all the intelligence of a good pair of well-broken work horses, and be pleasure to their driver and owner.

I do not think it possible for anyone to lay down rules for breaking an ox team. Some are born drivers and love their team, just as much as a good horseman does, and when such a driver is given an intelligent pair of young oxen it will be a pleasure to see them work, and the amount of work they can do is governed only by the length of the day. Such a team will be alert, the same as the driver; it will obey his commands quickly and swing along with a show of strength and with a willingness that cannot be excelled by any working team. Again, an ox team is entitled to good care and some grooming. To do their best work they want grain and regular feeding as well as horses; they will also appreciate grooming the same. Many a yoke draws a plow all day without a grain feed or even water at noon, and at night is unyoked and turned out in the yard with only a poor feed of hay or grass. This is not fair to the oxen. They cannot under such conditions do their best, and then it is said that cattle are no good for farm work, are too slow and cannot begin to do the work of horses. Here in Vermont on our hill farms we can hardly do all kinds of farm work without oxen. When getting up wood and logs in the winter they can be



Oxen Broken to Ride or Drive Like a Horse.

a fast walk is much more valuable than a slow team. Of course it is understood that some of the large, heavy breeds of cattle can never be made to walk as fast as the lighter ones, but even they can be made faster than their natural inclination.

Often young cattle when first put to work are overloaded and overworked. This hurts their courage and will surely lessen their value as a farm team. Never make them try a load when they cannot start it by two or three trials, but rather lessen the load. By so doing they will get in the way of doing their best, and will have the courage to try. A well-matched, well-

taken into rough woodlots and rough roads covered with deep snow, where it would be impossible and unsafe to use horses, and many of our hillside tillage lands can be plowed to better advantage with oxen. They carry a plow steady and sure and can get over rough ground with as much speed and with more safety to the plow and driver. And if a team is well kept they are not much of a loss if by accident they have to be killed, and again a well kept yoke will command almost their cost value as beef at any time when they become incapacitated for work by age or other wise.

## GARDENER'S BEST FRIEND IS TOAD

Large Portion of Its Customary Ration Consists of Injurious Insects.

The toad is a very valuable friend, especially to the gardener. Toads live for several years and by preference remain on the same feeding grounds from year to year. About 88 per cent of the toad's food consists of animal matter. Among the forms regularly eaten are angle worms, snails, sow-



The Gardener's Friend.

bugs, thousand-legged worms, spiders, ants, grasshoppers, crickets, cutworms, beetles and various caterpillars. From 60 to 80 per cent of injurious insects and a small per cent of beneficial insects go in with its customary ration. The stomach is filled and emptied about four times in each 24 hours. Upon the basis of stomach examinations, it has been estimated that during the 90-day period extending over May, June and July, a grown toad will consume 2,160 cutworms, 1,800 myria-

Best in Philosophy.

There is humor in all things, and that is the truest philosophy which teaches us how to find and enjoy it.—W. S. Gilbert.

Alberta and Saskatchewan Settling Fast.—Four years ago the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan were carved out of a vast area formerly known as the northwest territories. Their population at the time of their organization as provinces was probably about 70,000 for Alberta and 90,000 for Saskatchewan. The number to-day is somewhat problematic, but a guess of more than half a million for the two provinces is quite reasonable. Saskatchewan is now producing crops worth nearly \$40,000,000, and Alberta, which is a cattle country rather than a crop country, values its harvest at \$15,000,000.

Plant Gladioli from Bulbs. Gladioli may be grown either from bulbs or bulbets. Bulbs will produce flower spikes the first season. Bulbets must be grown one or two years before they produce blooms. Full-grown gladioli bulbs produce many little bulbets each season which should be saved and planted for future stock.

Separating Grain.—How many farmers select good seed in a practical manner? Every bin of grain has kernels in it which differ in producing power. Grain can be separated in ordinary fanning mills by weight and by size of kernel. The average farm fanning mill will handle about forty bushels per hour. At this rate in eight hours two men can clean 320 bushels. This will make the cost something less than one cent per bushel.