

With the World's Great Humorists

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

Reduced to the Ranks

By J. W. FOLEY.

(Being a letter from William Gay-boy, just off the college baseball team, to his brother Bob, written from a small town in the country.)

My Dear Bob:

Have you a couple of twenties you can send down here into the bush until salary day comes around again? I am out of the major league class and the old gentleman has sent me into the tall grass until I get over my Charley-horse. I am the ostensible manager of one of the old gentleman's branch houses down here, with a devil of a bookkeeper as the watchdog of the treasury. He is one of those old faithfuls you read about in Dickens, and never a scratch of the pen will he make on a check until he gets O. K. from the old gentleman. He is deaf in the sympathetic ear, the bookkeeper is, and when I go to him for an advance on next month's pay he gets writer's cramp in his pitching arm. The old gentleman is hard as a granite wall this time. He says I'm not built for fast company and I'll have to play in a bush league until I get my head and am able to locate them when they come over the pan and don't bite at the wild ones. When he got my batting average from my major league engagement he cut me off the salary list and sent me down here as extra man.

of veterans who have been on the diamond for 15 years. I made good at the start, drove out a homer or two and cleaned the bases when runs counted, and I had a letter from the old gentleman offering me a place as playing manager of the Andover concern if I held up my average.



"He is Deaf in the Sympathetic Ear."

Then I got swelled. Let a fellow make a homer in a close game and he's apt to think he can go through the season on his record. The bleachers will stand that for a while but if you fan once or twice at a critical moment or bunt out a few easy rol-

lers they're apt to rise up and carol for your release. That's the way it was with the old gentleman. I thought I was the only one in the bunch who could stick better than 300 and it was me to the race course on afternoons when the firm needed good men with the willow. The old gentleman wrote up once or twice that he heard I was slow on the base lines and was apt to go out Maying when there was a game on at the dress goods counter. The fans had me swelled with the notion the old gentleman wouldn't dare send me to the bench. I wrote the old gentleman I could drive me to the club house whenever I wanted to, but that I was young, with an infinite capacity for enjoyment, and if he didn't crowd me I'd settle down after while into a steady sticker. But he wrote back that gate receipts were what counted and he bush-leagued me for fair. That's why I'm here.

It's a general merchandise game down here. The diamond is small, and the fence is only about 30 feet back of the base lines. Anybody can drive one over. It takes them about two weeks to get the figures from the big games up on the score board and I feel like Christy Mathewson in the box against the high school team.

If I stay here six months I'll be able to sleep all through a championship series between the Nationals and the Americans in the front row of the grand stand. Have pity, Bobby, and send me the two twenties. I want to run up to the city and see if they still get news by telegraph.

Your affectionate brother,
BILL.
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The King's Kibosh

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS.

Once upon a time there was a king of the east. There was a chalk line running around the earth from north to south, and this chalk line was the king's promenade.

One pleasant spring morning he put on his little green hat with the cute little bow in the back and calling Don John Keep, one of the retainers of the castle and all else that was not nailed down, and said to him:

"John, thou knowest that I am a monarch of great rank."

"That don't bother me none, your majesty," replied John. "You know I ain't got no sense of smell."

"And thou knowest, Don John Keep," continued the king, "that the king of the west is a haughty and grasping man, rooting where he has

"Don't be a fool!" snapped the King of the West. "If you have ever read a fairy story you know the hero never turns back! Lead me to her!"

"Well, where is she?" asked the King of the West when they were gathered about the couch whereon reposed the royal mother-in-law.

"That's it."

"Are you trying to hand me a lemon?"

At this remark a shudder shook the form of the sleeping mother-in-law.

"Her nose is crooked!" continued the king.

At this remark the mother-in-law's hand went to the sleeping mother-in-law's nose.

"She has false teeth!"

"Thou liest, calf!" hissed the mother-in-law without batting an eye.

"And she is sixty if—"

A miracle! The mother-in-law awoke

and struck the floor running, and it was the King of the West whom she was after, though the King of the East left so suddenly that he did not know this.

He went out of the door going due north and he came into his back door, through the summer kitchen, the hallway, the bathroom, the best parlor, over the center table and out into the hall just in time to see his own coat tails disappearing out of the front door. As he sat on the back steps that night knocking the sand out of his shoes there was a royal flush of pleasure on his cheek and he told himself: "Well, I got the kibosh on both of them all rights! And I am just bound to be called 'The Roosevelt of my generation!' The trouble with me has been that I never had the right incentive to make that run before to-day."

With a sigh of satisfied ambition he went upstairs, slapped his wife, kicked the cat and went to bed, and lived happily forever after.

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The Third Ingredient

By H. M. EGBERT.

"I told you, Peter, folks what uses dynamite is fools," said Clansky, of the third section of the Universal Brotherhood, leaning at his companion through the darkness of the cellar. "You can't buy picric acid and them things without the policemen get after you. Gunpowder is made easy, and it's just as good, if you mix it well and use enough."

"I tell you I don't like to do it, Meester Clansky," his companion whimpered.

"What?" hissed the Russian, assuming a minatory attitude, at which his tool covered instinctively. "What did you say? Ain't you a downtrodden proletarian?"

"Dot's so," muttered the German.

"Then be one, Peter. Arouse, ye slave. Isn't Schmitz a greedy, grasping, bloodsucking landlord? Didn't he fire you out of your job because you let the policemen find you putting that horse into his sausages? Ain't he turned you out of this very basement, to starve in the streets tomorrow, while he fastens like a leech on the palethroat of the proletarians?"

"Dot's so," said the German, his face flushing with anger at the remembrance of his lost job in the delicatessen shop overhead where Schmitz, ignorant of the conspirators below, was counting up the receipts of the day.

"You come to me, your friend," said Clansky. "I said, the Brotherhood will stand by you in your struggle against the capitalists. Wipe your hands in his gore. Get sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre at three different shops, and I'll show you how to mix them. And now you falter and cringe before the oppressor."

"No, I don't, Clansky," said the German, fired to resolution. "Where's the bomb?"

"It is here," said the Russian, dramatically, opening the grip he had brought with him. With infinite care he took from it a heavy metallic object like a cannon ball, from one end of which depended a long wisp of fuse. He placed it firmly in position against a cross beam.

"Down with the capitalists," he cried, lighting the fuse; and with hasty accord they sought the refuge

of the streets. From the corner of the block they awaited the inevitable explosion. Nothing occurred. Clansky turned pale.

"Mein Gott, she's gone out," he whispered. "Come back and light her again."

They hurried into the basement. And suddenly a figure leaped out of the darkness like a tiger and felled them to the ground.

"Trying to stink out my business, you scum, are you?" roared Schmitz.

"Burning your punk balls under my



"Where's the Bomb?"

delicatessen store." And with the unrestrained fury of 200 pounds of sinew and bone he trounced them and flung them groaning into the passage way. The basement door slammed in their faces.

"You miserable fool, Peter," groaned Clansky, as they nursed their bruises in the corner saloon. "The fuse was right. You must have bought the wrong materials. What did you get?"

"I got sulphur and charcoal and salt," said Peter, dolefully.

"Salt, you blockhead!" cried Clansky. "I said saltpetre. Not salt, but saltpetre, petre, petre."

"Ja," answered the German. "You said: 'Go to three different shops and buy some sulphur, some charcoal, and some salt, Peter.'"

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THE VOGUE IN PARIS



DAINTY, dazzling, delicious, such are the creations which Dame Fashion has introduced for the summer of 1909.

To accommodate the clinging, slinky, floppy styles now in vogue, materials are all of a kind calculated to fall in soft folds and drape in folds known as "classic," and which are purely Parisian, and as much superior to classic folds as the smart Paris gown is to the cumbersome toga, writes Marie de Montaigne.

Sheer white embroidered robes are features of this and the coming season, and these are distinguished for the delicacy and exquisite workmanship of the embroidery. This, in the better class of machine-made embroidery, rivals hand work in beauty, and only an adept or the person who paid the bills could tell the difference between them.

Our first illustration shows an admirable design in the latest mode for our warm season. It is a gown that may be made up in a wide variety of materials, from cloth to chiffon, or linen to mull. A gorgeous dinner gown could be created by making the guimpe and stock; the full drawn puff across the front between the empire band and sash, and the sleeves of silver tissue with a gown of thin blue satin; or of gold tissue with any kind of black evening material. In the first case the empire bolero with its short upper sleeves; the sash, cuffs, edge of overskirt and bottom of skirt would be embroidered or braided in silver. In the next instance the black gown would be embroidered in gold.

To make an afternoon gown of this model use soft silk or satin, and work an elaborate pattern of hand-embroidery or soutache braid over the broad part of the bodice, which is formed somewhat on the bolero order in regard to brevity, and which serves to support the skirt by means of two broad, embroidered straps which are buttoned to the top of the sash. Of course, the strap is usually sewed firmly to the sash, but it is quite possible to fasten it on the button and with a concealed hook and eye in each corner. This would permit one to wear a sheer blouse on a warm day without the embroidered covering.

The overskirt is looped in upward folds on each side, and is embroidered to harmonize with the design used upon the bodice. This begins in a tiny scallop high up the front of the overskirt, and increases in the size of scallops towards the bottom. Buttons or button effects are set in

each scallop. Usually these are of raised embroidery, beginning with a mere dot and growing to quite a large disc lower down on the overskirt.

Upon the skirt is repeated another harmonizing embroidery or braid design that extends around the bottom on and above the hem and straggles up charmingly into an irregular point upon the front of the skirt.

The bottom of the skirt lies on the floor in full, floppy folds all around and has a slight trail in the back.

Between the embroidered bolero sleeves and cuff is a plain sleeve, fitted and buttoned down the outer side. This may be of the dress material or of the sheer fabric used for the collar and front of the gown.

When built of thin white or flowered summer cotton fabrics the embroidered portions of the gown may be cut out of all-over embroidery or lace and supplied by edgings and flouncings to match.

Striped linen is used in making up the gown shown in the illustration on the right. A combination of plain and striped linen would also be most effective in this model, while silk, in the same plan, would also serve charmingly.

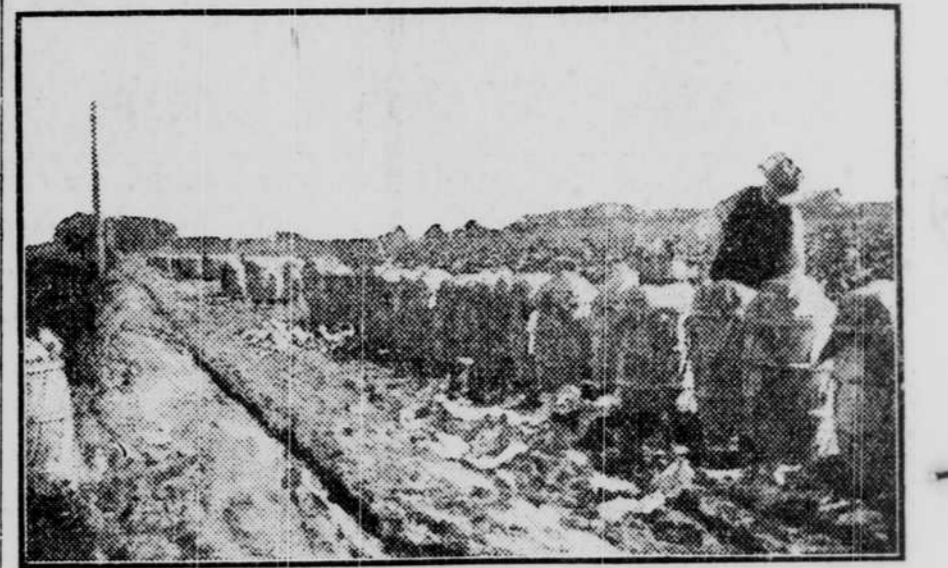
The coat is built to fasten at one side under a panel front, in each of which is inserted along the middle a piece of trimming material. A semi-fitted effect is given the garment by means of narrow plaits or pin tucks that extend from below the bust down and emphasize a short-waisted appearance. A babyish round collar is edged with trimming, which may be either a striped material or tucking, similar to that used upon the coat panel. Large buttons decorate each shoulder and also the sleeve cuff and straps around the upper arm. Perhaps the most striking feature in the gown is its pretty sleeve. This is mousquetaire, of three-quarter length, and shows, below it, a fitted cuff of lace or such embroidered material as may be selected to trim the dress with. A plaited skirt, made of walking length, completes an effective costume, which might be made up attractively in any cotton, linen, silk or thin wool goods suitable for a dress to be worn in the forenoon.

With this costume is shown a basin-shaped hat with flowers around the crown and big loops of soft ribbon hanging over the back.

Linen is an admirable material in which to build the model shown. It is a style equally adapted to light wool and silk fabrics.—Boston Herald.

PROFITABLE TRUCK FARMING IN ATLANTIC COAST STATES

Besides the Staple Market-Garden Crops Grown, There Are Many Others Which Are Peculiar to Certain Localities and Climate.



One Day's Harvest.

The development and extension of truck farming in the Atlantic coast states has been coincident with the development of transportation facilities throughout that section. The phenomenal growth of the great consuming centers of the country has stimulated a corresponding growth and extension of the food-producing territory, especially of that capable of producing perishable truck crops.

Transportation facilities, together with cheap labor and cheap lands at the south, have made it possible to produce products out of season at the north in competition with greenhouse products.

The first development of truck farming, as we now recognize it, as distinguished from market gardening, took place about Norfolk, Va., and Charleston, S. C. Both of these places were provided with steamship connections to northern ports before rapid railway transportation became a feature in the moving of perishable products and as a result of these advantages for reaching the markets these two ports became important truck-producing centers for supplying the northern trade.

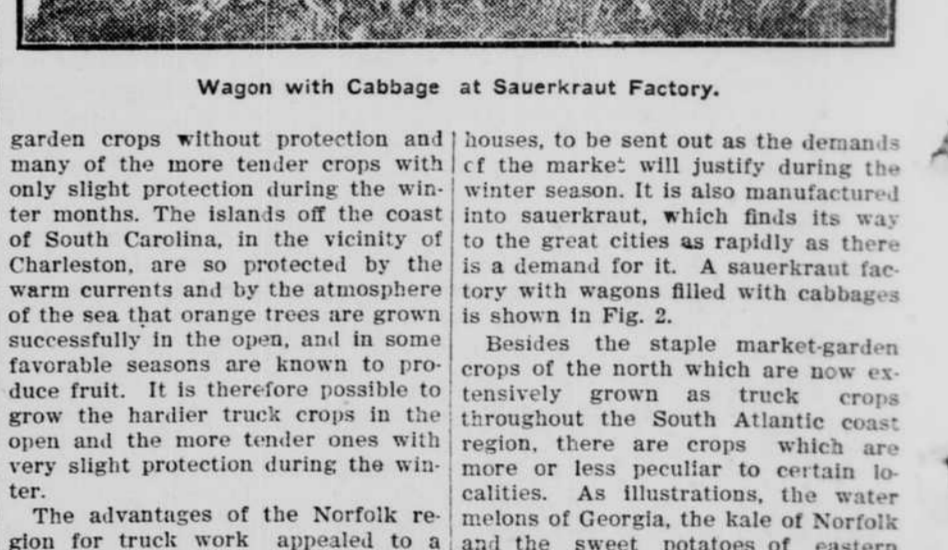
Besides these advantages, the peculiar geographic formation of the territory immediately surrounding Norfolk gives it a winter climate characteristic of sections many miles southward.

The fact that the coast line of the United States at this particular point is very broken, together with the proximity of the Gulf stream, gives this area a winter climate which enables it to produce some of the standard

each forms a chapter in the cultural history of this important truck crop. For instance, at the south cabbage is a winter crop, seeds being sown during September and October, the plants transplanted to the field at the beginning of winter, and kept in a slowly growing condition throughout the colder portion of the year, to be forced rapidly by the addition of stimulating fertilizers early in the spring to supply the demands of the market as the warm weather comes on. This product is naturally very soft and must be consumed with little delay; and, since it is grown on a very extensive scale (see Fig. 1), it must be so distributed as to meet only the immediate demands of the market to which it is sent.

At the north the crop is of a very different character, both in variety and in the method of its cultivation. The great bulk of the northern-grown cabbage may be considered as a truck-crop feature of the general farming in sections where the industry has gained a foothold. The cabbage crop takes a regular place in the farm rotation in those communities where the industry has become a permanent feature. In some sections it forms the chief money crop of the fall season, occupying a position similar to that held by potatoes in other sections.

This great crop is measured by thousands of acres and millions of tons. At harvest time, in October and November, it is shipped to the great consuming centers in bulk in carload lots. It is stored by thousands of tons in specially constructed ware-



Wagon with Cabbage at Sauerkraut Factory.

garden crops without protection and many of the more tender crops with only slight protection during the winter months. The islands off the coast of South Carolina, in the vicinity of Charleston, are so protected by the warm currents and by the atmosphere of the sea that orange trees are grown successfully in the open, and in some favorable seasons are known to produce fruit. It is therefore possible to grow the hardier truck crops in the open and the more tender ones with very slight protection during the winter.

The advantages of the Norfolk region for truck work appealed to a Jerseyman by the name of Hugh Bates, who went to this section about 1840. Naturally he followed the practices of his home people of New Jersey in the new territory, and, while he found some of his precautions unnecessary, his work on the whole was successful. He was followed later by other growers from the same territory.

It was not until 30 years later that the first all-rail shipments of truck were made from this territory. Railways began carrying the products from Norfolk to northern markets in 1855, and from Charleston in 1858.

The methods employed to adapt cabbage to the requirements of the market and to the different areas in the trucking region are distinct and

houses, to be sent out as the demands of the market; will justify during the winter season. It is also manufactured into sauerkraut, which finds its way to the great cities as rapidly as there is a demand for it. A sauerkraut factory with wagons filled with cabbages is shown in Fig. 2.

Besides the staple market-garden crops of the north which are now extensively grown as truck crops throughout the South Atlantic coast region, there are crops which are more or less peculiar to certain localities. As illustrations, the water melons of Georgia, the kale of Norfolk and the sweet potatoes of eastern Maryland and of New Jersey stand out prominently. The northern areas of the trucking region also are characterized by particular crops adapted to comparatively restricted areas.

Feeding the Horse.—A horse needs much less grain when fed alfalfa hay, and has more life and spirit than when fed upon any other hay. Alfalfa has fed restorative powers, and having no hairs upon stems or leaves, has no tendency to cause heaves in horses.

New York has enough water stored up to last it 250 days. New York's thirst for water never was the marvel of two hemispheres.

tween the bar and wall is a deposit of blood after rupture of the blood vessels, which form such a complex network around the foot. This part of the foot has to do more than its share of work. Corns are chiefly found on the inside of the foot because of the habit of fitting the shoes closer to the center of the frog than the outside, thus throwing the work on the inside heel.

Another error is making shoes right and left. Why should this be done when there is no distinction in the anatomy? The foot has as many points of observation as a marine compass and each point must be rigidly observed if we wish to be successful in manipulating the ailments of the foot.

The shoe must be an equal distance from the center of the frog in order to balance the foot. If this cannot be done by nature mechanical rules must be followed.

When it is announced that two hearts are made happy nowadays it is difficult to tell whether a marriage or a divorce has been pulled off.



"The Kibosh Escaped from Its Den This Morning."

not sown, and butting in where he has not been invited. Now if I could only get the kibosh on him the world would be mine."

"Your majesty, I regret to inform you that the kibosh escaped from its den this morning."

"John!"

"Yes, your majesty."

"Suppose our mother-in-law goes for a walk and runs across that poor kibosh! It is the only kibosh in my kingdom and I don't know how to keep house without it."

"Why not advertise for it, your majesty?"

"Very well, Don John, do that. What is my wife's mother doing this morning?"

"She has been taking chloroform, your majesty, so as to be able to get some rest."

"Never mind, you don't owe the kibosh anything. Go over and call up the King of the West and tell him that we have a sleeping princess over here, and he must come and awaken her."

"But suppose he does awaken her, your majesty?"

"Then he shall have her hand in marriage."

Later on the King of the West rode into the castle yard and asked to be shown to the couch of the sleeping princess.

"Let me beg of you not to make this hazardous trial in which your life is at stake!" begged the King of the East, trying to keep a straight face.

Fond of Appealing to Law

Anecdote Shows Litigious Nature of South African Natives.

The Diamond Fields Advertiser, referring to the litigious nature of the natives of South Africa, gives the following as an instance: "A native had fought and lost an action in the magistrate's court in one of the small towns in Griqualand East, the articles in dispute being a slate and an alba-

trical primer of the total value of sixpence. He, immediately after the judgment was given against him, started on a journey on foot to the chief town, about 30 miles distant, in order to instruct an attorney there to appeal from the judgment given. The attorney laughed at the man and told him he should desist, as he would only be wasting his money over a trivial matter, but he tendered the costs of

the appeal to the attorney and insisted, otherwise he would consult another lawyer. After a long consultation and endeavor to advise his client to act as was thought best, the attorney complied with the native's wishes. The native won his appeal."

Logical.

"You refuse to cash my check for \$100?" "Yes." "And yet you offer to lend me \$10?" "I do." "I don't understand you." "Well, isn't \$90 worth saving?"—Cleveland Leader.

ORNAMENT FOR THE HAIR.

Chamois Gloves.

Chamois gloves are again gaining popularity. They look well in warm weather and are not half as extravagant as kid ones. They come in white and several shades of yellow.

The wise girl keeps two pairs of these going at once, and each day washes one pair that they may be dry to wear the following day. To wash them cold water must be used and a white soap.

Put the gloves on and give them a thorough washing as you would your hands. Do not put them near the heat while drying.

To Keep Shoes White.

White shoes, which always are in favor in summer, will yellow with repeated cleanings. This trying period will be postponed indefinitely if the shoes are occasionally scrubbed off with a good soap and water before applying the cleansing paste.

It pays to buy shoe trees to slip into the shoes during the cleaning process. If a drop or two of bluing is added to the cleansing mixture, the shoes will be much whiter.

A Becoming Coronet of Silver Filigree and Seed Pearls.

Dainty gloves for summer evening wear are of delicately tinted silk, em-

