

# Merry Moments With Humorists

## Weighty Correspondence

By Fred C. Kelly.

Bricks are now largely uplanted by paper as a writing material. If a man were to try to buck the paper business with bricks now, he would lose money. When anybody wants to lay in a supply of office stationery he doesn't go and dicker with the proprietor of a brick yard. He knows he would be whisked off to the foolish works in a jiffy.

And yet if one can accept the word of John R. Herodotus, it has been little more than 3,000 years since the Syrians made common use of bricks for business and personal correspondence, books, court records and campaign dodgers. Brick billet-tour were then altogether au fait.

The older residents in Syria tell many strange incidents of the old brick days. It was common then to present statements to delinquent customers, on the street or in some alley, at five yards. After the inquest, arrangements would be made with the customer's administrator to settle the amount.

Only the sons of the extremely wealthy could afford to carry on a courtship with young women living outside the city. Freight charges were high and no rebates went. A

good, fervent love letter would frequently occupy an entire box car, and the draymen in those days were scold souls.

On the other hand, this condition



The First Load of an Eight-Page Letter.

was so conducive to brevity that a skillful lover could tell of his undying

Some of the Best Things Written by the Acknowledged Masters.



devotion in a manner that would convince a young woman that she had all the other girls grasping frantically for the life preserver—and yet use no more than a cart load of ordinary sundried brick.

When it came to wedding invitations, even wealthy citizens would be obliged to place mortgages on their homes before it would be possible to notify all of the relatives at a distance. The only compensation was that it was cheaper for the people invited to send presents than to send regrets.

The arrival of a letter in those days was a distinct event. When a wagon load of brick backed up at the house of a village belle some gossiping neighbor would at once strike up the chords of an anvil symphony, thus: "Well, I see Blanch got another letter from Jimo Gee! I'd just like to know where that fellow gets his money to write letters like that every week or so."

Bricks never made good vehicles for popular novelists. One young man, of poor but honest parentage, started to carry home a certain historical novel an armful of bricks at a time—reading each evening what he had carried home that day. At his death—and he would have had it got far enough into the plot to learn who the girl's father really was. (Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

## Medium-Sized Journeys

By Strickland W. Gillilan.

Zeke P. Diogenes, a person whose portrait you have often seen representing him as a man bearing a lantern and hunting a gas-leak, was born 412 B. C., according to the health-reports of that time, and he registered out about 89 years later.

His father was a counterfeiter; therefore, in his search for an honest man the son didn't swing his lantern about the old home place very much.

Diogenes was a cynic. History does not relate what it was that ruined his digestion. Probably his mother fed him on counterfeited cakes and alloy of maple syrup; but be that as it may, he was a cynic from Sinope, in Pontus, and he went to Athens to enter the boarding school of Antisthenes. They didn't need any more pupils



A Man Bearing a Lantern and Hunting a Gas-Leak.

when he got there, so Antisthenes fired him out. Like Mary's famous little Cotswood, he lingered near, and applied next day. Antisthenes swatted him with a detached chair-rung, but Diogenes was undismayed and kept right on applying for admission until Antisthenes said:

"Well, we might as well take you in, as break up the school having a fight with you every day."

Thus did Diogenes show the winning streak. History says Antisthenes "had compassion" on him, but history has been known to do a lot of perfectly solemn kidding.

After a short time in this school Diogenes began to study austerly, and self-mortification set in. He wore the worst-looking hand-me-downs he could find in the second-hand stores and ate at the worst restaurants wearing and eating only what the associated charities gave him. He would sleep nowhere except on the ground, his favorite roosting place being under someone's veranda. He would take a copy of the Sunday Blast, wrap himself up in it, and sleep. When people woke in the night and heard strange noises downstairs, they didn't tele-

phone for the police, but only muttered, "Diog, is sleeping under the portico again to-night!" If he had lived to-day he would have been a typical Weary Willie, or hobo.

For awhile, so swelled was he on the way the Athenians petted him on account of his crankiness, that he lived in a big jar. He did this, he said, to show his contempt for other people; probably to show how they jarred on him. But the truth was he was only hunting notoriety, like Jake Coxey, Carrie Nation, Steve Brodie, Mayor Jim Dahlen, Emma Goldman, and the divine healers who wear long hair and night-shirts.

He made fun of science, music, art, literature, etc. He took great pride in not knowing Kipling from Mary McLane or ceramics from scatica being unfamiliar with the difference between Mendelssohn and Charles K. Harris, or Sousa, and he didn't care two whoops as to whether the milky way were made of condensed milk, chalkwater or sterilized cow-extract. He handed out a warm one to the musicians, that is, applauded a good deal in secret, yet, "What's the use," said Diogenes with his justly celebrated sneer, "of trying to get harmony from

instruments, when the musicians themselves are the most inharmonious bunch of knockers that ever played the anvil chorus on each other's co- coas?"

He was the Fra Elbertus of his time. He was foxy to the fact that the more he wiped his feet on people, the brighter they would think him.

Some pirates captured him and sold him as a slave, but wherever they put him he talked so much like a harmless ward patient that they were bluffed into letting him do as he pleased. One man in Corinth hired him to teach his children, because the old man acted so nutty he took him for a school-teacher.

There is a story that Diogenes was taken into the presence of Alexander the Great, one time. Diogenes wasn't rattled a bit, and when the big fellow handed Diog. his card, Diog. shied it at a passing citizen and told Alex. who he himself was. That faded Alex. a bit, but when he asked Diog. "What can I do for you?" and the old sass-box said, "You can get out of my sun light," Alex. blushed like a girl and said, "If I wasn't Alexander I'd rather be Diogenes." Alex. meant it as a compliment. Diogenes was very proud of his ignorance and had much to be proud of.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

## A Rare Dog

By Norman H. Crowell.

A lank mountaineer was doubled up like a jack-knife on the lee side of a shack as we drew up and came to a stop. He eyed us narrowly as we faced him and inquired casually as to the likelihood of securing a dog in the vicinity. Then he woke up, stretched himself at least six feet and a half into the air and yawned like a wounded tiger.

"Dawg, hey?" said he. "Waal, I should kalkilate yes to that proposition. Yes, sir! I presume to ejaculate that I have th' knowtrest purp that ever wore his fool laigs off scratchin' fleas. My dawg .s so smart that I'd actoolly hate to have to part with him—honest! Why, it was jest 'otther day, over yender crost th' creek, that air dawg—"

"Pointer or setter?" broke in Smith, with some haste.

"Who? Th' dawg? Oh, he's some pointed that's a fact, but them points is natural—they don't hurt him any. He's perfectly healthy—you jest settin' to hear him roar onct. As fer settin' I guess it's about an even break betwixt that an' layin' clean down. Sport s'nt no ways pertikular now he gits his rest."

"Much on coon?"

"What, coon? Waal, now, I reckon mebbe you've guessed Sport's long suit that time. He's Old Reliable when it comes down to coon, stranger. That thar dawg runs 'em up a tree, climbs th' tree an' yanks th' everlastin' day-lights out of a coon afore he knows he's been follered, yes sir! Why, if it wa'n't for me a-clubb'n' that dawg regular every day he'd be bringin' in

more coon than I could carry away agin. He's a genuine roon-dawg, gents, you kin bet! That dawg will start in—"

"How does he perform on bear?"

"Bear?"

The mountaineer's face turned a livid red in the intensity of his indignation at such a query. He turned and waved an arm at the spotted and freckled relic of mongrelism that was at the moment slouching into view from behind the dilapidated cabin.

"Gents, I hate to tell ye! It's a shame to look that dawg in the face and speck late on whether he's a bear dawg or not. It shows in his features. That animal kin lick any bear that'll stop runnin' long enough for 'im to set up! When Sport jumps aboard of a bear he hits 'im harder'n a mule land in' with both hind feet, an' when he comes away he brings off a pound of raw bear-meat every time! He's so all-fired quick that a streak o' greased lightning'd git apperplex tryin' to overtake 'im. After Sport's been harassin' a bear fifteen minutes what's left of th' bear wouldn't keep a cat alive twenty-four hours, no sir! Bear! Waal, I guess yes. As I said, that dawg'll start in—"

"Quite a dog," said Smith. "I don't suppose he's much at fishing, now?"

The mountaineer straightened up anew and squared his shoulders. A glad light gleamed in his hollow eyes. Evidently Sport was a confirmed Isaak Walton.

But just then Smith spoke to the horse and—the spell ended! (Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

## WHERE TRUE LOVE FALTERED.

Devoted Swain Would Do Much, But the Ordeal Asked Was Beyond His Power.

She looked up at him. "You love me, George," she said. "You have told me you would do any thing to prove your love."

"Anything, dearest," he fervently muttered.

Her steady gaze did not waver. "My new suit from Paris has come," she said, "together with my new hat and my new puffs. I will array myself in these and you will walk down the avenue with me to-morrow afternoon."

He turned pale and hesitated. "This is the acid test of love," she coldly added.

He mutely shook his head as he arose.

"I can't do it," he hoarsely gasped, and went away deeply sorrowing—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The word "cocktail" is derived from "octel," the Astec drink.

# NORTHWEST MEXICO

A COUNTRY WITH GREAT RESOURCES.



A WOMAN OF THE CAVE-DWELLING TRIBE GRINDING CORN

Much interest has been excited by the announcement that an extensive area of Northwest Mexico is to be exploited by British-Canadian enterprise, with, however, American and Mexican co-operation, which is valued for its intimate acquaintance with the country.

Northwest Mexico's attractiveness as a promising field for enterprise has long been manifest, inasmuch as it borders the United States and is known to possess great natural resources as well as a fertile soil and a perfect climate. It has certainly been traversed—at wide intervals—by American lines running southward to the Mexican capital or westward to the Pacific coast, but those lines have been more concerned with their terminals than with the development of the country's resources.

Indeed, the best areas are off the beaten tracks and lie westward of Chihuahua, the capital of the state so named and the chief city of Northern Mexico. In that region—which are sparsely served hitherto—are magnificent pastures and arable lands unsurpassed for fertility in North America. But still more important are the immense forests of white pine and the great abundance of minerals which has made the Sierra Madre region famous even in the primitive times of mule transport.

Local lines operating west and north of Chihuahua, have disclosed the great possibilities that lie beyond. These lines are now the germ of a far-reaching system. Having taken over the existing lines, extensions will be built which will not only give a great impetus to local development but connect with the American and Mexican trunk lines running north and south, east and west, from the great cities of America's middle states to the Mexican capital in the former direction, from the gulf ports to the Pacific coast on the other. The extended system will form connections at various points.

It would be difficult to convey by mere verbal recital what those various extensions and connections imply; but a system so advantageously situated, and working from the interior of a far-reaching network of railways—one which will have 600 miles of its own by the beginning of 1911, of which 200 are in actual operation now—can scarcely be a negligible quantity as principal or auxiliary.

It seems, indeed, to supply the key to great problems in transportation, and, among other possibilities of the future, to assure that there shall be effective northern competition with the Panama canal. Considerable timber traffic and milling profits are assured to the new railroad by its ownership of magnificent forest lands and sawmills. It will convey the immigrants who are already streaming to the interior, and it will carry their produce and their cattle to the markets of America or for shipment to Europe. It will create new industries for the good of the country and its own profit—bring new centers of activity into being, and stimulate towns that have languished for lack of communications.

Mining has hitherto been carried on under difficulties, which would have been insuperable were it not that ore rich enough to bear the cost of mule transport to the smelters were available. Inferior ores which, had there been a railway, might have been profitably shipped, were thrown on the dumps as useless, and mines were neglected which, under more reasonable conditions, would have been excellent propositions. A transformation in that respect will be wrought when the railway is ready

to serve the highly mineralized areas and development begins in earnest on modern lines.

Cattle-raising is already assuming importance in view of the rapid alienation of the cattle lands in the United States for agricultural requirements and the consequent southern migration of the ranchers to Mexico, where the final ideal conditions for the successful prosecution of their industry. The one drawback to its rapid development has been the lack of transport facilities in reasonable contiguity to the finest pastures—a handicap which will disappear when the railway gets to work. Much the same may be said of agricultural settlement. It is true that American farmers have been trekking south, but they could not penetrate far, though tantalized by the knowledge that lands of high fertility must for the time being remain unoccupied.

## METHODS OF CATCHING HIPPO

Grown Animals Are Harpooned While Asleep, and the Young Ones Captured in Pits.

There is a vast difference between the hunter who kills for pleasure and the hunter whose business it is to capture his quarry alive. Carl Hagenbeck, the famous animal dealer, has reduced his method of capturing wild beasts to a science. The method of securing live hippopotami is particularly interesting. The so-called Hawati, or water hunters, of the Sudan, all of whom are excellent and daring swimmers, harpoon their victims at the noon hour, when they are sunk in deep slumber. Then, according to the Wide World Magazine, they pull them to the bank by means of a cord attached to the harpoon and make them fast.

The hunters use for this a special kind of harpoon, made in such a way that it does not make a deep wound. Fully three-quarters of the hippopotami exhibited in Europe have been captured in this way.

Hippopotamus hunts are also conducted on land. Their advantage is taken of the fact that the female hippopotamus makes her young walk in front of her. The reason for this is that the beast, being well protected in the rear by her abnormally thick skin, prefers to have her offspring in front, where she can guard them better against danger.

In spite of her affection for her children, the hippo has no particular desire to meet danger when it comes. So the hunters dig large pits in the forest, cover them over until they are fully concealed, and then lie in wait near by.

Presently a female hippopotamus comes along with her child trotting before her. Suddenly, without warning, the young hippo disappears before its mother's eyes. This is too much for the old animal. She dashes away, leaving the little fellow at the mercy of its enemies.

France Honors Gen. Wood. Maj-Gen. Leonard Wood has been added to the already long list of officers and officials who have had decorations and honors given them by foreign governments, but have had no authorization from congress to permit them to receive and wear them. France has given General Wood the cross of the Legion of Honor for his interest in the great maneuvers of the French army last summer. The various decorations that have been given to American officers and officials are deposited in the state department, where the recipients may see them and show them to their friends, but may not take them away or use them as having possession.

## APPRECIATING ART.



Artist—I will give your little boy one of my drawings. Father—Oh, he will be pleased. He simply loves cutting up pictures.

Giant Flagpole for Exposition. Pierce county will have the honor of furnishing a 200-foot fir flagpole for the Alaska-Yukon exposition. Judge Hanford, of the federal court, has ar-

ranged for transportation of the giant stick to the exposition grounds, where it will be erected with ceremony by the Washington society, Sons of the Revolution.—Tacoma Ledger.

# ADVICE FOR ALL

Madame Merri's Helpful Hints on Matters Interesting to the Matron and the Debutante in Her First Season.

Suitable Gown for a Wedding. I have just learned that I am to be invited to a wedding. I have a new black gown—empire, with all-over lace yoke front and back, and have it finished off with a pale blue milliner's cold. Could I wear that? I really do not feel that I can purchase a new gown especially for that. Still, I want to look right. "EDA."

Your gown will be perfectly correct for either a day or evening wedding. Black with white lace is very popular and will be for some time. The blue is a good combination. So wear it, and feel comfortable.

Visiting Card Etiquette. Kindly answer following question: When a caller making a first call leaves one of her cards and two of her husbands what cards should you leave in returning call? "MRS. J. H. M."

If you are married with a husband living, you leave two of his cards and one of your own when you return the first call, which should be within two weeks.

Again I come to you for help. I find so much that is interesting in your column. My brother's birthday is in April. What would be nice for a party then? The guests will be from about 17 to 22 years old. What games would be nice to play? What decorations would you use, and what would you serve? Also what would be nice for a party for my father? He is over 50 years old. I want something he would enjoy and also all of his old friends. As the arrangement of all falls upon me and I am not very old I would like your help in this matter. ROSEBUD.

You certainly are an ambitious little hostess and I am so glad to help you at any time. For the April birthday why not use the contest in today's paper? Have little Japanese parasols for favors to keep off the proverbial showers; then have a big birthday cake for table decoration surrounded by a wreath of daffodils and a circle of candles. You could use birthday postals for the place cards. I'd have just ice cream and cake with bonbons and salted nuts unless you want to have them to supper. For the father, I could tell better if I knew his likes; if the men play cards, you could have a pretty card party, with chocolate cigars for favors; serve potato salad on watercress, sandwiches, coffee, wee little apple pies, with cheese and coffee. Write again if I can help you.

Lettering for Stationery. What is the best form of lettering for stationery? Should the edges be rough or smooth? HOPE G.

The lettering is purely a matter of individual preference. Either of those you name is correct and good form. Personally, I prefer a heavy cream paper with a slightly rough surface, but with the edges cut smooth. Some very elegant stationery prepared for an Easter bride consisted of a pale

gray paper with the three initials in black type done in royal blue; the envelopes bore the street and number on the upper left-hand corner. An up-to-date stationer will supply you with various samples and designs if you request it with samples of paper.

Quotations for a Farewell Dinner. Please, dear Mme. Merri, help me out once more and print some quotations for a farewell dinner and suggest place cards. "ADMIRER."

Not only "once" more, but I hope many times to be able to assist you in the problems that come to hostesses. Think the following will be what you want: Though lost to sight, to memory dear. Absence breaks slender ties, but rivets strong ones. I court myself in nothing else so happy As in a soul remembering my good friends. Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see, My heart, untraveled, fondly turns to thee. Farewell; a word that must be, and hath been: A sound that makes us linger; yet—farewell.

Though the deep between us rolls, Friendship shall unite our souls; Still in fancy's rich domain Often we shall meet again.

What shall I do with all the days and hours That must be counted ere I see thy face? The place cards may be painted with a bunch of forget-me-nots, or tie a spray of artificial ones on with a bit of "true blue" ribbon.

For Graduates. Is it still the custom to give gifts and flowers to graduates? If so, how should they be presented? TEACHER OF GIRLS.

Flowers and gifts are still the prerogative of the graduate. Gifts should be presented privately, or, better still, sent to the recipient, but flowers may be presented at the commencement exercises. One of the prettiest methods of receiving the flowers is carried out by the class of one of the fashionable schools here. Each graduate appoints two of her special friends as her flower maids. They receive and care for her flowers and present them to her at the close of the program.

Entertaining New England Women. I wish to entertain the New England Women in our club at a breakfast in May. What would you suggest for the menu, dishes and decorations? About 29 guests. NELLIE.

When I was in Massachusetts several years ago on Sunday morning we always had baked beans and doughnuts. Why not try this menu: Clam bouillon, crackers, creamed codfish, Saratoga chips, hot corn bread, baked beans in ramekins, cup custards, unfrosted sponge cake; then have tea during the meal, poured at the table; have spiced peaches, tiny pickles, and, if you wish, doughnuts and coffee also. Use blue dishes, brass candlesticks, and have an old-fashioned nosegay built on a stick at each plate, with a lace paper mat around it. MADAME MERRI.

## Coming Favorites



Costumes That Will Be Popular in the Spring and Summer.

A Suede Pillow. Brown suede leather is the covering of a very convenient pillow for the weary or delicate traveler. This particular small article appeals as the most convenient of its kind. It is about ten by fourteen inches and is covered smoothly on one side with suede leather and on the other with an overlapping piece of the suede, that forms a flat pocket, into which the handkerchief or time-table may be slipped.

There is a small leather handle along the side of the pillow, so that in the hand it looks almost like a brown suede bag.

Dutch Collar Pins. The new Dutch collar pins look most like a belt or old-fashioned slipper buckle—but it is merely a large pin.

The Dutch collar has lacked a finish in the front on the fancy ones a bow did not look quite right, neither did a rabat; it needed something, but not quite so much as either of these.

The new Dutch collar pin is just that "something"—it gives the right finish.

IN VOGUE. Cream, white and biscuit will all be smart. Dainty hand-painted lace blouses are being worn with the dressy tailored suits.

Tulle is to be much worn for sashes and to veil and tone down an otherwise garish gown.

Frilled frocks—not as frilly as of old, but still fluffily charming—have been seen on which little ruffles of lace and gauze trim both skirt and bodice.

Big, round Eton collars will probably hold their own all through the spring. They may be made of plain linen or decorated with squares of lace set in.

Many of the imported gowns are trimmed with silk-covered cord that is very effective and necessarily somewhat exclusive, since it cannot be bought in the shops.