

Merry Moments With Humorists

The Lodgers' Union

By H. M. Egbert.

I am one of that large and unfortunate class that lives in hall bedrooms and "square" rooms—invincible title; our meals being composed of a preponderance of prunes and hash, while for breakfast we have the alternative between ham or egg. In other words, I am a lodger in boarding houses.

I had been out of the city for a few months, and on my return was startled by the alteration in Mrs. Prun's appearance. Her buxom figure had shrunk to moderated dimensions; her face was wreathed in smiles; while the house seemed to have been freshly decorated and painted.

"I'd like to take you in, Mr. Firstfront," she said flatteringly, "but are you a member of the Lodgers' Union?"

"What's that?" I inquired.

Then she explained. The lodgers, it appeared, had formed a union for the preservation of their rights, and I must prove to the secretary that I had had the lodger habit for six months or more; upon which I could receive a card; pay my dues and become a resident in Mrs. Prun's boarding house until called out to sleep in the parks in the event of a strike.

After being browbeaten by a beetle-browed individual at the union's offices I secured my card. I noticed on it the following rules:

"Boarding houses of the class A" (my class) shall charge the following terms, to wit: Five dollars a week for

a large room with not more than four or less than three windows; four dollars for rooms known as square; three dollars for hall bedrooms.

"Hash shall be served not more than once a month.

"Prunes are restricted to the first Monday in Lent and such days of



"Shall Sit Next the Landlady's Youngest Daughter in Rotation?"

national humiliation and prayer as the president shall see fit to appoint.

"Whereas ham and eggs are the

Some of the Best Things Written by the Acknowledged Masters.



natural sustenance of the human race, they shall never be divorced.

"An unlimited supply of hot water shall be provided at every hour of the day and night; nor shall the said water ever refuse to flow by reason of its being drawn off in the basement.

"Rents may be paid monthly, at the end of each month; but should the boarder be temporarily inconvenienced, credit may be extended at the discretion of the union.

"Every boarder shall be of the variety known as 'star,' and shall sit next to the landlady's youngest daughter in rotation."

"I hardly dare to offer you this apartment, Mr. Firstfront," said Mrs. Prun, indicating a spacious, newly decorated apartment extending along the entire length of the house. "The furniture, as you may see, has not been renovated for several weeks, and the silver plating on that left faucet is slightly dimmed. Nevertheless, if you will condescend to pay me four dollars a week for it, I shall be proud to place it at your disposal, with meals, of course, thrown in."

I was too stunned to speak.

"My housekeeper will bring you hot water for shaving at any time you wish to be called," Mrs. Prun continued. "And will you kindly indicate the hour at which you wish your shoes polished and your clothes valet?"

Then I awoke. I had to know that I should, because it was too good to last. But I shall never forget Mrs. Prun's charming smile.

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A Corner in Northern Lights

By Hugh Pendexter.

Old Irad Biglow's aged eyes became pathetic behind his bushy thatch as he readily deduced his welcome had been exhausted. But he had no settled home and it was imperative that he remain under his Cousin Edgar's roof a bit longer.

"I s'pose you've heard how Jim Witham, over in Porter, paid off his mortgage by gitting a corner on the Aurora Borealis," he carelessly observed after a long and gloomy silence.

Despite his hostility to the old man's protracted visit, Cousin Edgar was compelled to demand: "What in sin is a Roaring Borealis?"

"It's what we call northern lights," gently explained Irad. "The village had to pay Jim to quit."

A warm glow of aversion filled Cousin Edgar's eyes, and almost stifled his inquisition: "But how can money be made out of 'em'?"

Settling back more comfortably, Irad lazily continued: "Jim must have

ously began Irad, "where the magnetic pole lives when it's at home. This pole, you know," and he sneezed to gain time, "is here to-day and there to-morrow, always loading in different parts of the country."

"A vagrant, eh?"

"As well put as if you'd studied botany all your life," admired the old man. "Well, Jim began to study the ways of the cuss. He knew wherever the pole camped all the electricity of the globe would pass through. The pole is a clearing house for electricity and the juice, when on a jamboree, paints the sky several colors. So Jim found a place where the pole had been the year before and being a fox hunter he decided to wait for it to double back."

"Sure enough, it came back one night and started in painting the heavens. Jim, with a big electricity box said, 'Now I have you,' and yanking lever number 2 he sucked into that box 20 quarts of simon-pure, Borealis electricity. Yes, sirree! had it all tanked before you could wink an eye. Of course the rest was simple."

"Simple!" stuttered Edgar. "How? Where? When?"

Irad squared his jaw and continued:

"Why, Jim come home and on the first night let a little of the stuff loose. In a second the sky was full of the most amazing lights you ever see. People set up all night to watch. The next he turned on some more and the whole village was as light as day—only it was the delirium tremens of natural light and folks couldn't sleep. Roosters crowed all the time. Hens laid eggs till they died of exhaustion. And—"

"But, Irad, the money!"

"Eh?" murmured the old man. "Money? Oh, they paid Jim to quit."

"If he got it, I can get it," cried Edgar, rising.

"S'pose we talk about that when I come back from Freeman's."

"You are to stay here another week," grimly declared Edgar.

"Then I'm free to confess you can get it as well as Jim did," said Irad, breathing in deep relief. "Hm! It's June. I swan! Too bad."

"Why too bad, Irad?" pleaded Edgar in dismay.

"It's too bad this way," gently explained the old man. "While you can let that stuff loose any time, you can only capture it in January."

Late into the evening the harsh observations of Edgar, as he rebuked the placid-eyed cattle, made a discord of the night.

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Medium-Sized Journeys

By Strickland W. Gilliland.

John Q. Pestalozzi was born in 1746 in Zurich, Switzerland, the country in which, through natural processes of decay, Roquefort cheese was unveiled to the succeeding centuries. People who knew Pestalozzi best accented his name on first syllable.

Pestalozzi farmed awhile, but failed to make it pay. This experience is common, especially among those who take to farming because they are, too impractical to do anything else successfully. Failure is largely a disease, and until you get cured of it you might just as well remain out of any regular business. People who noticed the pedagogical-looking gentleman trying to farm while wearing congress garters, a collar and tie, and planting dried apples in alternative rows with the pieplant in an effort to Lutherburbank a few dried-apple pies, had all they could do not to believe the old man a little mite dippy.

Falling at the farm work he again went to teaching, reasoning thus: "I'm too intelligent for this kind of work. It needs a lower order of intellect. Me to the young idea and its shooting-lessons."

So he tried to combine the farm of 100 acres, which he couldn't sell, with the teaching game. He had a sort of a Squeers scheme of making the pupils hoe the lettuce and bug the potatoes and weed the spinach while he taught them how to extract the cube-root from numbers that were suf-

fering from that malady. Finally the parents of the little Smikes and Nicholas got hep to the old man's graft and took the children home.

In 1780, after the kid-farm had failed, he was down to cases financially, and consequently wrote a good deal. He stated in his writings at that time that education should begin at the cradle. He reasoned that if the unweaned infant knew the multiplication table the sorrows of the world would pack up and go elsewhere. No ble thought.

He wrote a book on "psychologizing education" that nobody understands. It was published in installments in the puzzle department of the Zurich Evening Palladium, and Sam Lloyd is still jealous of Pestalozzi. As a systematizer, he was a failure and everybody said that all his system of education needed was systematizing.

He did very little harm in a special way, his only bad break being the founding of the child-study fund, which has been a great thing for people who have one or fewer children and aren't such very good parents of even the solitary chick they have. He could talk meaningless mother talk longer, without stopping for breath, than Eddie Howard Griggs of the present day, which is going some.

He died in 1827, in the firm belief that his life had been a failure. It is rude to contradict our elders.

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FOR THE HOSTESS

Advice and Instructions on Matters of General Interest—Suggestions for Entertainments, Etc., by Madame Merri.

Omens of the Wedding Day.

June—the month allotted to brides and roses—is probably the most popular season of the year, as it brings to many the fulfillment of heart's desires. It is said—by whom no one seems to know—that if the day chosen by a girl for her wedding proves to be rainy that her life will be filled with more sorrow than joy. Be that as it may, one of the very happiest of marriages was made on Friday, on the 13th day of the month and at the hour set for the ceremony there was a most terrific thunderstorm. In spite of the fact that for years Saturday was considered the most unlucky of wedding days, of late it has been chosen by brides of even international fame.

If the carriage containing a bride should meet a funeral procession the driver must be instructed to turn some other way. If he does not, fate decrees that the bride will soon die.

To avoid the possibility of any bad luck on her wedding day, the bride-elect should not offer to assist in washing or wiping the family dishes, for if by chance she should happen to break a bit of china it would be an exceedingly evil omen—the old record does not say what, but it would be prudent not to tempt fate.

Gray is the color a bride should choose for her going-away gown if she wishes to wear what for ages has been considered the proper thing to insure good luck. Perhaps that is the reason that there is always a steady demand for this color.

Fate was certainly kind when she decreed that for a bride to shed tears on her wedding was a good omen, for it would take a pretty stoical young woman to go through breaking homes ties without a few tears, no matter how alluring the prospect of the new life.

Snow falling on a wedding day augurs well for the happy couple, being a prophecy of great happiness.

For girls who have been asked to set the day it might be well to remember that June 3, 11, 19 and 21 are considered by the fates to be especially propitious on which to have the knot tied.

June Birthday Party.

June, the time of roses and perfect days, is a favorite month for all sorts of delightful parties. It is the season for departures to shore and country, and many of the functions are in the nature of farewell parties.

A little girl whom the gods favored by ushering into this mortal sphere on a sunny June day always has her birthday celebrations on the lawn. Back year this affair, which was al-

ways a costume party or a character party of some kind, was looked forward to not only by the participants in the pretty pageant, but by the grown-ups who were asked to view the scene from the broad piazzas.

The invitations, which were issued two weeks in advance, requested the guests to come costumed as the flower designated. These notes were written in gold ink on pale pink paper, tied to a pink rosebud; they were delivered from a rose-trimmed basket.

The girls came as roses in all varieties. Then there were lily of the valley, violet, tiger lily, daisy, pansy, black-eyed Susan, etc. The boys were sunflowers, bachelor's buttons, tulips, red carnation and chrysanthemums and nasturtiums. Jack-in-the-Pulpit and Johnny Jump-Up were also represented. Crepe tissue paper and cheap gauzes, tinsels and cambrics entered largely into the construction of the costumes worn.

Soap bubbles occupied the first part of the afternoon, the tennis court being the place selected for the contest. The girls blew the bubbles and the boys fanned them over the net; the opposite side tried to keep the bubbles from going over. The side getting ten bubbles over the first won a prize. Then things were reversed, and the boys blew and the girls fanned. Glycerin in the proportion of a table-spoonful to a pint of water was used for blowing the bubbles and the pipes had a rim of soap around them inside the bowl which causes the fairy balls to grow to immense size; the glycerin gives lasting qualities unknown to plain water. There were prizes for this contest, consisting of flower shaped candy boxes filled with candied violets and rose petals.

At five o'clock supper was served from a long table over which a canopy of paper roses had been made by putting up tall stakes at regular intervals from which these garlands were festooned; the roof was made by criss-crossing heavy wire and covering with vines. The roses were suspended by fine wire. The effect was excellent.

Making the roses had furnished the children of the house pleasant occupation for more than one rainy spring day; having helped in the preparations, they were most keenly interested in the success of the party.

The refreshments consisted of minced chicken sandwiches, lemonade, sugar wafers, strawberry ice cream and a huge birthday cake wreathed in pink roses. Pink rose holders held the candles and each child had a wee pink iced cake with a wee pink candle in front of his place to take home.

MADAME MERRI.

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Slack coal is good for the hogs.

Spray or whitewash the henhouse this spring.

Good pasturage is essential to successful hog raising.

Cold winds and sudden rains cause many a loss to the chicken raiser.

It takes 31 days to hatch goose eggs, ten days longer than with those of the hen.

Heavy roads make hard pulling for the horses. Remember that, and go easy on them.

Don't touch the land when it is wet. It will practically ruin it if it is a clayey loam if you do.

Spoiled grain and dirty water are poor encouragement to the cow to give either quantity or quality milk.

Calling the unseasonable weather names and going around with a thunder cloud on your brow and anger in your heart never changed the weather or made crops grow.

Don't think you know more than the maker of the separator you use. Follow the directions which came with it, and follow them explicitly if you want to get good results.

The farmer who is considerate of his teams during the early work of the spring is the farmer who is going to get better and better work out of them as the season progresses.

All the tools and machinery in good repair? Use the bad days to look after these things, if you have not already done so. Such work should have been done months ago.

It is a good plan to rub the horses off at night; to wash off the shoulders under the collars with cold water, and to let stand for half an hour or so before giving the grain feed.

Turkeys like secluded nests. A nook in the brush heap or thickets is much to their liking. But they will also take kindly to an overturned larret, or to an inverted V-shaped coop. It must be of ample size, of course, to give the turkey easy entrance.

Preparation of the soil is the first step towards the raising of a good crop, but it is of no avail unless you plant good plump, healthy seeds that possess a strong vitality and are free from all hereditary diseases. All small grain seed, such as oats, barley, rye and wheat, should be run through a fanning mill and all weak and light seeds and all dirt and weed seed separated.

Manure is one of the by-products of the dairy which should be figured in, in estimating the profits. As farming land becomes more scarce and high-priced, farmers in general are coming to realize the importance of making their land as fertile and productive as possible. The large, final profit of the dairy to the man who owns his own land is the manure by which he is not only able to grow larger crops, but to increase the fertility and actual money value of his farm.

Look after the collars. A majority of the shoulder troubles arise from using collars too large. These move and shift with every motion of the horse. Even collars that fit reasonably well at first sometimes stretch and enlarge with use, while the necks, as they harden, grow smaller; even if the horses keep in good condition, hence chafing soon wears the neck, or creates shoulder boils, and the suffering that follows increases the stress and wear upon the animal's vitality, often to such an extent that great loss of flesh follows. Frequently, even if there is no break in the skin, it is practically impossible for an animal to do its best in a collar that bears chiefly on the outside front of the shoulders, or against the points of the lower shoulder, rather than close up all around the neck.

The rolling of winter wheat in the spring has never failed to increase the yield in experiments by the Nebraska experiment station during four years, it showing an average of 5.1 bushels per acre increase. The rolling was given early in the spring, soon after frost was out and about the time growth started. Harvesting after rolling was not as good as rolling alone, probably due to loosening up the plants again after the roller had pressed them firmly into the soil. Early spring rolling of winter grain, pressing the earth as it does firmly about the plant roots, produces good results. When frost comes out in the spring it is very apt to leave the soil filled with small cracks or checks, especially around the plants. If these checks are examined closely it will be seen that a large number of roots are thus exposed, and if the weather continues dry they are killed or at least injured. We have taken up plants in the spring where half of the roots were injured in this manner. If the soil is not wet at the time of rolling—and it should never be rolled when wet—rolling aids in no small degree to form a surface mulch. It does this rather than compact the surface.

The use of wide tires helps to keep a road in good condition.

Always be on the lookout for the development of a brood sow with a gentle, intelligent disposition.

No better way of maintaining the fertility of the soil than by stock raising.

Why not try and get a stand of alfalfa this year. It will prove one of your best investments, if you do.

Sow rape for the hogs and when it has had sufficient growth turn the hogs on it.

Don't let the drinking vessels in the poultry yard become foul. Clean every day.

Salt, charcoal and ashes should be kept where the hogs can help themselves.

It is an easy thing to push the horses so hard with the early work as to put them out of condition. Such methods do not pay.

When the horses come in all tired out and covered with sweat don't let them stand in the raw winds. They will be sure to catch cold if you do.

Did it ever occur to you that dirty, foul-smelling troughs are the source of many disorders among the animals using them?

Mark the sow which proves a good mother and treat her with special regard. She will prove a splendid partner in the farming business.

Be ready for the dry spell when it comes: this summer and have green food for your cows by planting a special patch for them now.

There is this to say in encouragement of spraying for San Jose scale. It not only keeps the pest in check, but destroys many other insects.

The only way to accurately judge a cow is by weighing and testing her milk. Guess methods will prove most unsatisfactory.

Plan to build a silo this year and plant the field with corn against the time it will be ready to go into the silo for winter use.

Something from nothing never works out in the dairy. You must put the feed into the cows if you are going to get the milk out of them.

The successful farmer is he who is quick to observe, slow to run after innovations, and patient in following out the practical lines of work on his farm.

In speaking of the difference between the feeding value of fresh skim milk, warm from the separator, and the same milk cooled and then reheated to the same temperature when it was desired to feed it, D. H. Otis declares that there is practically no difference. He says: In a test I have fed two lots of calves in comparison giving one fresh hand-separator skim milk still containing the animal heat, and feeding the other lot sterilized creamery skimmed cooled to about 58 degrees F., to keep it sweet from 12 to 14 hours. As good results were obtained with one as with the other. Under ordinary farm conditions it is difficult and often inconvenient, to keep skim milk sweet, and for this reason better results are usually obtained with hand separator skim milk. Sufficient heating will, however, prevent the transmission of tuberculosis, which is quite frequently spread through skim milk.

Sows that have been fed an almost exclusive diet of corn during pregnancy, reach the farrowing period in a highly feverish state, are irritable and nervous and crave some flesh-forming food. They very likely kill one of the pigs and eat it and having once tasted flesh the chances are they will devour the entire litter if left to them selves. Other troubles at farrowing are also frequent where sows have been fed too much fattening food and have had little exercise. The pregnant sow is a pig factory that will make, demand, muscle and gristle, for that is what the pig consists of. Feed her whole oats, barley, shorts, a little oil meal, etc., and only enough corn to keep her in good condition. See that she takes ample exercise. Feed her some distance from her pen and scatter her whole grain thinly on the ground making it necessary for her to spend considerable time in gathering enough to satisfy her. Sows fed in this way will seldom have any trouble at farrowing or evince any desire to eat their young.

There are several cardinal reasons why the separator is needed on every farm where cows are kept: 1.—It saves lots of time over the old method of raising the cream. 2.—It saves work, as there are no jars or pans to fuss with and wash. 3.—It is easier to carry the cream to the creamery two or three times a week than it is to send a wagon load of milk cans each day. 4.—It saves money in the amount of extra cream which is obtained. 5.—The warm skim milk is better for the stock, whether it is calves or pigs. Statistics show that the feeding value of separator skim milk is from 20 cents to 40 cents per hundred-weight. Therefore, by feeding it to the young stock with a little oil cake, they will get fatter than they did by the old method, and with separator skim milk they escape the sickness that comes from the gravity milk. 6.—The cream from the separator makes better butter than that which is raised by the old pan methods. It is a well-known fact that butter fat with impurities in it will not make as good butter as butter fat with the impurities taken out. The separator removes all these natural impurities. 7.—There is more money in it all around where the farmer uses a separator, for he gets more cream, better cream, hence makes higher grade butter, and gets better returns from his stock because of the fresh skim milk which is fed.



"Had It All Tanked Before You Could Wink an Eye."

made high out of the Aurora. He'd been a scientist if he hadn't been forced to work for a living."

"But how did Jim do it?" begged Edgar.

"Jim was kind of a Aurora tamer," slowly explained Irad. "He got so he understood the ways of the Aurora. Then he captured it and made it sit up on its hind legs and made a hand something out of it."

"Irad Biglow, do you know anything about this Borealis?" cried Edgar.

"Certainly do, but hadn't we better wait till I return from Cousin Freeman's? I swan! It almost seems as if I'd promised to tell him first."

"Irad, you don't leave my roof till you've paid me a decent visit. As for Freeman, he's looking for the dollars. I'm trying to make you feel at home. Let's see, Jim—"

"Jim Witham went up north," nerv-

ously began Irad, "where the magnetic pole lives when it's at home. This pole, you know," and he sneezed to gain time, "is here to-day and there to-morrow, always loading in different parts of the country."

"A vagrant, eh?"

"As well put as if you'd studied botany all your life," admired the old man. "Well, Jim began to study the ways of the cuss. He knew wherever the pole camped all the electricity of the globe would pass through. The pole is a clearing house for electricity and the juice, when on a jamboree, paints the sky several colors. So Jim found a place where the pole had been the year before and being a fox hunter he decided to wait for it to double back."

"Sure enough, it came back one night and started in painting the heavens. Jim, with a big electricity box said, 'Now I have you,' and yanking lever number 2 he sucked into that box 20 quarts of simon-pure, Borealis electricity. Yes, sirree! had it all tanked before you could wink an eye. Of course the rest was simple."

"Simple!" stuttered Edgar. "How? Where? When?"

Irad squared his jaw and continued:

Proof of Sense of Humor

Its Possession by Women Shown in Their Treatment of Phrases in Marriage Ceremony.

One of the party of English suffragettes that recently visited this country attended a social function, during the course of which there was presented to her a gentleman who seemed desirous to poke fun at the principles so dear to the lady and her following.

"All this goes to show, my dear young lady," said he, "how utterly you women lack a sense of humor."

"I perceive you share the general error in that respect," said the suffragette.

"That women lack humor? Yes," "Really, sir, you're most unobservant," continued the suffragette. "There is in every married woman's life at least one occasion when she evinces the keenest sense of humor."

"You astonish me!" exclaimed the man. "May I ask you to particularize?"

"Certainly. Does she not get by the

"love, honor and obey" part of the marriage ceremony without so much as a snicker?"

The Quippy Ink Thief.

"Women prisoners is quippy," said the jailer. "One had a quip towards writin' and she was always swipin' ink out of the school room."

"She swiped this here ink in her thimble. She'd fill the thimble up to the brim, and then stand it carefully in her hair. Mighty good balance" was required on the way back to her cell. Still, what if she did spill a drop or two on her scalp? A female convict ain't on view like a society woman, is she?"

"Of course, as soon as we got on to the thimble game, we put a stop to it. That didn't put a stop to the ink stealin', though. I says to her one day, on the way back from the school room:—"

"Well, Russell, no more poetry writin' with ink what don't belong to ye, hey?"

"She smiled and mumbled some-

thin'.

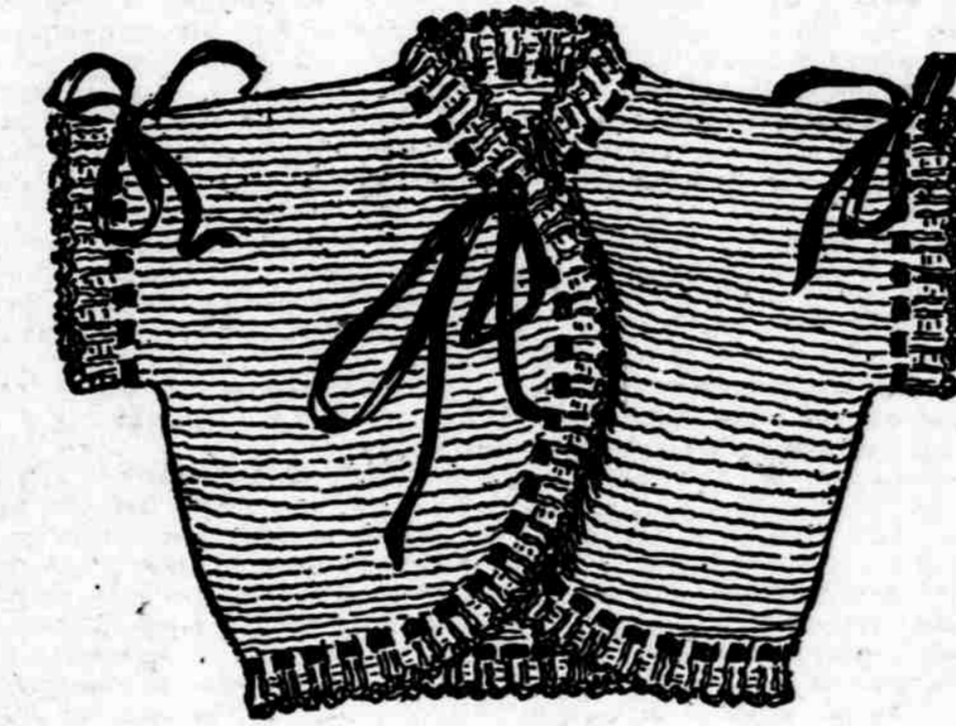
"Speak up," says I. "Do ye miss yer ink, ye or no?"

"Bub-up-up," says she, tryin' to brush past me. But I grabbed her arm. I noticed a thin black thread of sump'n' tricklin' from her lips. Yes, sir! Would ye believe it? She was stealin' the people's ink now in her mouth!"

Getting News About Mars.

Considering that we have been directly interested in the supposed existence of life on Mars for only 32 years, or since Schiaparelli's discovery of the channels or "canals," we have made respectable progress in learning about our celestial neighbors. That Mars has an atmosphere capable of sustaining life, that it has a mild and equable climate, that it supports vegetation and is perhaps peopled by a superior race, we have the assurance of astronomers. As for the soundness of such theories—which requires the greater credulity to believe—that other worlds are inhabited or that ours is the only one which is populated?

Knitted Jacket



Here are directions for a jacket, 38-40 in bust. Cast on 54 stitches. Knit across plain.

First Row.—Knit two, seam or puri two for ten rows.

Eleventh Row.—Holes for ribbon, slip one, over and narrow, over and narrow to end of row.

Twelfth Row.—Knit plain.

Thirteenth Row.—Knit four, widen the fifth by knitting front and back of stitch, widen in tenth stitch, 15th, 20th and so on to end of row. Knit plain for 42 ridges or 84 rows.

Shoulder.—Knit 22 stitches, bind off intervening stitches, knit 22 for other shoulder. Take the first 22 off onto a safety pin. Knit last 22 for six ridges or 12 times across. Then widen one stitch at the beginning of each row toward the neck until you have 42 stitches. Knit 15 ridges or 30 times across. Then narrow one stitch at the beginning of each row at the front until you have 28 left. Take these off on a safety pin. Knit other front and side to correspond.

Border.—Take the 28 stitches on needle, pick up one stitch on each ridge on front. Then take the other 28.

Knit plain.

Second Row.—Knit one, thread over and narrow to the end of needle.

Third Row.—Knit plain.

Fourth Row.—K 2, seam or puri two for eight rows. Knit loose and bind off loosely. Sew up under the arm. Crochet edge of silk tie in the silk, crochet three chain and one slip stitch in every stitch.

Second Row.—Chain four stitches, catch in top of chain. For 32 or 34 bust, use 44 stitches. Take 20 stitches off for shoulder. Knit four ridges or eight rows. For front widen until you have 38 stitches. Then knit five ridges, narrow one until 24 stitches. Follow directions for larger size.

IN VOGUE

Broche fabrics will be much worn in the near future.

In yokes the sun ray platings are the thing just now.

Jet bracelets seemingly cannot be too wide nor too heavy.

For run around frocks nothing is more popular than serge.