

Merry Moments With Humorists

Buying a Spring Suit

By FRED C. KELLY.

Stokes dropped into a tailoring shop to look over their new spring things. The tailor began to throw the suitings over his knee in his most engaging manner, and Stokes, with a stogie of Pennsylvania manufacture tilted out of his mouth at a saazy angle, looked on critically.

"Who'n thunder ever buys such suits as that one?" inquired Stokes amusedly, as he caught sight of a big green plaid over an ice cream colored effect.

"Oh, you'd be surprised at the number of that kind we sell," replied the tailor apologetically. "You see, we've got to have something for everybody's taste. You, for instance, like the plainer things. Mebby the next man will want something striking. We can take care of either one of you. Fact is, though, that's a pretty swell suit when you come right down to it."

"Gee, I'd think a man would have to choke down a whole lot of self-respect before he could come out on the public thoroughfare lighted up in a thing like that," observed Stokes.

"How much is that serge piece? So much as that? I guess I've got pretty



He Said He Wanted Something Conservative.

never looks good to me. I guess I

Some of the Best Things Written by the Acknowledged Masters.



must have what you call a cultivated taste. Say, by the way, how much is that gambler's pattern anyway? What! It must be one of the highest-priced pieces you've got.

"Honestly I don't know whether to pick out the gray one or the blue one. Don't suppose it would make much difference. I always buy one or the other, anyhow. Lots of times my friends will think I'm wearing a last year's suit when I've got one on just up a good wad for. How's that? Yes, ha! ha! They'd know it was new all right enough, if I ever came out in one like that green plaid."

"Say, actually, I have a notion to have you make that one up for me—just for the fun of the thing. Think it'll be coming? Well, suppose you go ahead and put it together and I'll see what people say about me. You've got my measure, haven't you? All right. S'long. I'll drop in some day next week for the try on."

"That fellow's a pretty slick salesman," muttered Stokes to himself after he got out in the street. "Who'd have thought anybody could have talked me into buying an outfit like that?"

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Irak Biglow's Rainbow Eggs

By HUGH PENDEXTER.

"I'm waiting," grimly reminded Irak Biglow's determined cousin, as he backed the farm wagon to the porch, where waited the old man's trunk.

"Please let down the tailboard," shortly commanded Edgar.

"Hush!" begged Irak, rising one shriveled hand for quiet. "She is so innocent I can hardly bear to complicate her and make her a layer of dollars instead of eggs."

"What in tarnation be you talking about?" cried Edgar, worried for fear his kinsman had gone insane and was destined to remain with him indefinitely.

"I forgot," apologized Irak, futtering his whisker. "I was thinking that hen was mine and that I could test my Rainbow Dyed Food upon her."



You Place a Teaspoonful in Their Basin of Water.

I yum! I wonder if I remembered to put the powder in my trunk as I promised Cousin Freeman I would? I do believe I left it—no, I remember now. It's in there. And he sighed in deep relief.

Edgar slowly approached the veranda. Hens were dear to his soul. "Dyed food," he murmured, resting a heavy foot on the old trunk. "What has Freeman got to do with that?"

"What if there was only one egg in the world of a Alice blue color," reported Irak, "what wouldn't an egg collector give? Say I had eggs in 18 shades of wisteria—that's a color, you know; or in elephant's breath? Worth their weight in gold, eh? I should say so. I figger that a red, white and blue egg with stars—if not duplicated, mind you—is worth \$5,000 in this patriotic government alone. Then get out some in the Lilies of France, the Thistle of Scotland, the Shamrock—"

"Quit it, or explain," gasped Edgar, fanning, his dazed brow.

"Consider for a second the market value of Fourth of July eggs, green eggs for St. Patrick's day, eggs to match a fussy woman's gown, hotels advertising: 'Our women guests served with eggs to match complexion,'" enthusiastically prattled Irak.

"Take an egg in royal purple with salmon trimmings, laid princess, and will—I mean Freeman and me—will get \$5 apiece for 'em."

"By Judas! I like that," passion-

ately cried Edgar. "So that's why you are so keen to get shut of me and snop over to Freeman's, eh? Wal, I guess not."

"I promised—" weakly began Irak.

"Promised nothing," intruded Edgar, yanking the trunk to the door. "You stay here till Thursday and we'll have some pancakes with maple syrup for supper. Now how do you feed that stuff?"

"You place a teaspoonful in their basin of water," carefully elucidated Irak, "and then rub a little under their wings. If you give 'em powder No. 7 you'll get a blend of creamy white with blue stars. It's the action of the di cluckum acid, I guess. But if you give 'em powder No. 31 you'll get a green egg with a yellow harp on each side. Substitute 13 for 18 and the harp will be on the left hand side only. It all depends on the molecules. I'm planning now to have the hens lay a man's initials on each egg. We'd charge \$5 a dozen extra for that."

My leaving the city is largely, I still believe, due to my boss's eccentricity. His ideas of work did not in any degree coincide with mine, try as I might to make him see the error of his ways. He held an old-fashioned notion that an employe should arrive at work about beginning time, work steadily through till luncheon, then return and work till closing time. He even held to the extreme and absurd theory that when business was rushing the employe should exert themselves to accomplish more work in a given time than they ordinarily produced.

At length, one morning when I had grown especially sick of the hurry all about me and was filled with a vague uneasiness lest I might catch this spirit of endless rush and vulgar pandering to what the world calls Success, my boss came to see me, and said:

"The quantity and quality of your work of late have been very disappointing. We have another man to take your place. Go, get your time."

His remarks were so unbearably offensive to me, and so full of downright insolence and assumption of inequality between us, that then and there I determined to quit working under this man.

About this time, when the pussy-willows were mewing softly in the park, I was taken with fever of the kind called "spring." It was a violent case. I could not move without great effort, and the more sassafras tea I drank the worse I felt. An inordinate

desire to play marbles came over me, and I knew when, what the malady was. The disinclination to work grew on me, so that the mere thought of toiling between meals nauseated me. I scarcely knew what I should have done had it not been for the nourishment I took in large quantities three times a day, at my mother's (father still had his job). So fortunately I could indulge my own lofty ideals in the matter of relations between employer and employe, without getting out of the habit of taking nutriment.

One morning he arose early and called me though it was only six-thirty, even though I had been having my four eggs, six cakes and two cups of coffee in bed, hitherto. I arose with some astonishment and with a noticeable increase of that vague premonitory foreboding.

"My son," said father, in that tone of voice I know so well, "I am tired of seeing you suffer so. I fear that some day you might have an especially severe attack of hunger and kill yourself eating right before my eyes. I am too sympathetic and tender hearted for my own good, I know, and to see any member of my family go through the ravages of disease such as are now wasting your young life is more than I can bear. It hurts me to see you so palpably too strong to work. So I have bought you a ticket on the train. Notice, I beg of you, that it is not that breed of ticket known as 'round-trip.' Go, my son, and heaven send you better health and a smaller appetite, or a desire to rustle."

Father's will has ratchets on it, so it can run in but one direction. I took his ticket, left his blessing on deposit, and went away, father saw the off—

That is how I came to alight on the abandoned farm which was near the railroad station where my ticket just had my alighting from the train.

In three or four years I may save up enough to buy a return ticket back to town.

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Adventures in Discontentment

By STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

I came here eight years ago as the ostensible renter of this farm. I now, alas, own it. This came about through the trickiness of the former owner, who showed me the lease and, at the last moment, substituted a deed for it. Next day when I discovered the swindle I hunted the owner, but he had gone. Yet by borrowing a little each year and writing magazine articles on agriculture (of which I am sufficiently ignorant to do so) I am managed to keep the taxes paid.

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HAD COMPANIONS.



He—Ah, this, Honoria, 'tis a long journey for was little drop to go to me left.
Honoria—Sure an' it is! But judging from your disgrateful condition last evening, it is not lonesome it'll be.—Harper's Weekly.

SUGGESTIONS THAT WILL PROVE OF GREAT VALUE TO HOSTESS

Ideas for Practical and Pleasing Entertainments for Various Seasons and Occasions—By Madame Merri, the Well-Known Authority.

A Croquet Luncheon. Along with other old-fashioned things the time-honored game of croquet has been revived. These suggestions are for a luncheon to follow a match.

The table should be a long one to carry out the scheme with best effect, and a miniature set of croquet can be purchased it will also simplify matters. Eight small wickets will be needed and they are to be arranged on the table just as on the ground. The cage or crossed arches should be quite tall, as they will form the centerpiece. Any handy man (or woman) can make these wickets with blocks of wood and wire. Wind the wickets first with green crepe paper, then with fine picture wire or florist's wire. Cover them with sweet peas or any other flower that may be preferred, but the sweetpeas are especially pretty when the delicate pink, white and lavender are combined. Each wicket may have a ribbon bow on top. The tiny croquet mallets are laid at each place with name cards tied to the handle. For bonuses have hard candy balls flavored with fruit juice; the confectioner will make them in all the delicate shades. The croquet stakes, ribbon-bound, should be at the head and foot and the successful players have these seats.

A Bit About Ages. The following questions, which may form part of a very pleasant entertainment, are answered by words ending in "age."

1. To what age will people arrive if they live long enough?

1. To what age do most women look forward?
2. What does the soldier sometimes wish for?
3. What age is required on the high seas?
4. What age are we forbidden to worship?
5. What age is neither more nor less?
6. What is the age people get "ateck on?"
7. What is the age of profanity?
8. At what age will vessels ride safely?
9. What age is necessary for a clergyman?
10. What is the age of communication?
11. What age is most important to travelers?
12. What is the most popular age for charity?
13. What age is shared by the doctor and the thief?
14. What age do we all wish for?
15. What is the age of slavery?
16. What age is most enjoyed at the morning meal?
17. What is the most indigestible age?
18. What age belongs to most travelers?
19. What age signifies the farmer?
20. What age indicates the rich farmer?
21. What age is unfrayed and smoothest?
22. What age do milliners delight in?
23. What age do a number of people enjoy in common?

Answers.

1. Dotage.
2. Marriage.
3. Courage.
4. Tonnage.
5. Image.
6. Average.
7. Mucilage.
8. Damage.
9. Anchorage.
10. Parsonage.
11. Postage.
12. Millage.
13. Coinage.
14. Pillage.
15. Homage.
16. Bondage.
17. Sausage.
18. Cabbage.
19. Longage.
20. Tillage.
21. Acreeage.
22. Sbravage.
23. Plurimage.
24. Village.

MADAME MERRI

THE SUNSHADE



Designs for Modish Parasols of This Season.

MORE than usual originality and taste are shown in this season's designs for parasols, both shapes and materials appearing in varied conceptions. The form of the most flat parasol with a large number of ribs. It is picturesque in the extreme for country use, and is presented in charming materials. That illustrated in the first sketch is made up in a fabric not seen heretofore in sunshades, it being a printed scrim. Its texture is quite coarse and almost transparent, deep cream in color, with great poppies in rose, backed by a fern-like green foliage. The lining of this is green, the frame gilt tipped, and the handle plain in light wood. Scrim is warranted to give the best possible service and cannot be excelled for every-day use.

The handkerchief parasol, the original of the drawing, No. 2, takes its name from the shape of the frame, which is like two squares laid one over the other, the eight corners forming the tips. Every other tip is unlined, a rich red maulin lining the underneath square. For the top is used one of the prettiest patterns in the fancy scrim, a conventionalized rose and foliage motif, on a slender latticed background. The long stick is stained a deep red, matching the roses. The entire frame is gilt. This

promises to be a very well-liked sunshade.

The much-curved shape of this No. 3) is in strong contrast to the flat and shallow Japanese. Its much-curved ribs terminate in a sharply-pointed tip, accentuated by a long gold ferrule. In character it is the substantial and trig affair suitable for tailor-made gowns and coaching use, and is to be had in all colors. That illustrated is in a strong green taffeta of rich quality, the material put on with several tucks and rows of hemstitching. A self-tone silk fringe borders it. Such simplicity of treatment allows for some elaboration in the handle, which is in teak-wood, manipulated so that light-colored rings and scrolls appear on the surface. Price, \$3.50. Handles this year are very slender and very long.

The fourth sketch shows one of the most attractive new ideas, that of using a covered ribbon as a panel around the center of the parasol. The effect is lovely and one may find any and all combinations of color to choose from. The one shown is finely-striped black and white taffeta, the pompadour ribbon in shadowy pinks and blues. The stick is in very light natural wood, a four-sided handle that slopes off into an oval top. Most expensive is this fetching model, costing only \$3.50.—Vogue.

ings, forming the design from tiny blue forget-me-nots or pink rosebuds. The fabric applique is improved if small embroidered dots or circles are combined with it. Thus three or four medallions of the applique can be used, alternating with dots or circles on either side.

Among the new stockings a clever needlwoman can work for herself.

These designs are generally applied in self colors. Thus the bride will prepare for her trousseau white silk stockings embroidered with an elaborate floral design combined with bows-knots worked in narrow satin ribbon.

Black silk stockings with small sprays of flowers in black ribbon, and brown stockings with bunches of rosebuds, or Nipoleonic wreaths in brown ribbon, are exceedingly up to date.

Another novelty is to applique to stockings small medallions or geometrical designs cut from battle embroidery. These figures are basted to the stocking to give a good effect, and the edges are then worked in a fine buttonhole stitch, or in over-and-over stitches.

Another pretty fancy is to make

Black hats have never been so high in favor. Wide velvet ribbons on hats are a sudden fad. Hat feathers are long and stand almost straight up.

Smart men are wearing colored collars in the morning. Patches of embroidery appear at random on spring gowns. There is a turquoise fad in jewelry. New corsets are long and are almost without curves.

Roomy armchairs are appearing in wraps for dress wear. Some parasol handles are covered with kid to match the costume. Mulberry, mauve, taupe and leather

ABRUZZI CLIMBING HIMALAYANS



THEBETANS IN LADKAR



DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI

The duke of the Abruzzi is either at or near Bombay, which city is to be the starting point of his expedition to the Himalayas.

A considerable and unnecessary amount of mystery has been thrown around the plans of the ducal explorer, who has been romantically supposed to be seeking relief from his love misadventures by braving the dangers of the Indian glaciers, but the following details can be considered authentic:

The party which accompanies the duke of the Abruzzi consists of Marchese Negrotto, Cavalier Vittorio Sella, Cavalier Filippo de Filippi, Signor Botta, and seven guides from the Courmayeur. Marchese Negrotto is the duke's flag lieutenant in the Italian navy. Cavalier Sella accompanied the duke on his former expeditions at Mount St. Elias in Alaska and to Ruwenzori.

His illustrations added not a little to the interest of the book published on the Ruwenzori, and were one of the chief attractions of the account given by Douglas Freshfield of his explorations round Kunchinjinga. Cavalier Filippo de Filippi also was a companion of the duke on his Polar exploration, and though he could not accompany him to Ruwenzori, wrote the history of that expedition which has since been published.

Signor Botta goes as assistant photographer to Sella; he, too, was a member of the earlier expeditions to Alaska and Ruwenzori, and has had moreover some mountaineering experience in the Caucasus and the Himalayas.

Besides Sella and Botta, four of the seven guides have had Himalayan experience. Joseph Petigax, who accompanied the duke on his former expeditions, was for some time with Dr. Bullock Workman in his expedition in 1903 in Baltistan. Alexis and Henri Brocherel were with the expedition of Messrs. Longstaff, Mumm and Brace to the Nanda Devi group in 1907; and G. Saviole was with the two Swedish mountaineers who established a Himalayan record by climbing Kabru, 24,000 feet, in Sikkim.

The fact that the duke has arranged for the collection of coolies at Srinagar leaves, of course, no doubt as to the Karakoram range being the scene of his explorations, and the large proportion of guides among the members of the party would show that his main object is climbing.

Now, the western part of the Karakoram has recently been explored by the Workmans. The central part of the range, however, contains the highest peaks of all, grouped round the great Baltoro glacier; and, as it offers the most tempting ground for a mountaineer of the duke's ambitions, one may safely assume that it is here that the choice of mountains to ascend will be made.

The Baltoro glacier explored by Sir W. Martin Conway in 1892, when he climbed Pioneer Peak, 22,000 feet, to its south. It was revisited in 1902 by the Eckenstein-Guillarmod expedition, of which an account was published by Dr. Guillarmod on their unsuccessful attempt to reach K2. To judge from the photographs which have been brought back both of K2 and of other glaciers of the range, the formidable character of the climbing can hardly be exaggerated.

In spite of the assurance that the duke of the Abruzzi has not yet fixed his hopes upon any particular summit, one cannot doubt that Mount Godwin Auston, or K2 as it is more familiarly called, is the peak which he will first reconnoitre. Should nearer examination prove that it is hopeless, even for an expedition so experienced and thoroughly organized as that of the duke's, one may still be sure from his previous reports that he will not return empty-handed.

Even if he does not succeed in scaling the 28,500 feet of K2, there are plenty of geographical discoveries to be made and other virgin heights to be climbed in, and especially beyond the main range.

island All Their Own. When the New Zealand army in New Zealand proposes to save inebriates from their worst enemy by sending them to a newly completed resort with the appropriate name of "Drunkards' Island."

Pakistan is the chest name of "Switzerland" in India. It is an ideal little colony of seventy acres, set in the Hurak Gulf, twenty-five miles from Auckland. The only communication with the mainland is by the Salvation army motor boat, and the residents have no means of reaching a public house. All spirits and alcohol in any form are forbidden on Pakistan, and the colonists lead the simple life on a fruit diet, without drugs or policemen. The New Zealand government recently passed an act giving magistrates power to commit persons who have been four times convicted of drunkenness to Pakistan. The residents work at market gardening, fruit culture, frame making and the manufacture of children's toys.

For Purchasers of Nubian Goats. Consul General L. M. Iddings of

Cairo writes that Nubian goats of the Zariabi variety may be bought at Cairo. The price of a sheep, buck or ewe would be about \$14.00, and it would cost about \$19.46 to send each animal in a separate cage to New York via Rotterdam on deck at consignor's risk. In addition, each animal's food would be about ten cents a day. In the Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington there are photographs of these sheep, which have a peculiar nose. Purchasers should send photographs to whosoever attends to their orders for purchase so that no mistake can be made in the animal.—Consular Reports.

Driving a Fish-Bone. Bill—I see the use of fish-bones as nails was common before the time of Noah.

Bill—I suppose then it was common in those days to say that a cigarette smoker was driving another fish-bone in his coffin.—Yonkers Statesman.

Characteristic. "He is very proud of his lineage." "That is usually the case with a man who is worthless himself."

Classes in Playgrounds. The educational committee of the London county council has decided upon the formation of classes in the school playgrounds for the summer months.

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