

With the World's Great Humorists

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

Addison Spriggs, Friend of the Toiling Masses

By S. E. Kiser.

Laying aside his paper, Addison Spriggs leaned back in his chair and indulged in solemn thought. Gradually he became possessed of the conviction that he had a duty to perform. He had just read a "Household Hint" in which it was candidly stated that there was more sustenance in five cents' worth of peanuts than in a pound of beef. Having pondered for a time he reached for his hat, saying: "I have no right to keep this knowledge from the oppressed and unenlightened masses. It may be that I have it within my power to become a liberator. Indeed, I may have been sent into the world for the purpose of lifting the populace out of bondage. Who knows that the chance which placed the page containing that item beneath my eye was not providential? If the horny-handed son of toll may by purchasing a five-cent bag of peanuts for his loved ones be relieved of the necessity of submitting to the arrogance of the butcher we shall have a social upheaval such as has never hitherto been upheaved. It is my duty to act."

Clapping his hat upon his head, Addison Spriggs went forth for the purpose of preaching the value of the peanut and thereby dealing a death blow to the meat trust. From a descendant of the Caesars he purchased a bag of peanuts for the purpose of relieving distress and making such demonstrations as might be necessary. He had not proceeded far when he perceived a poorly dressed woman who was entering a butcher shop. Following her inside, he waited for her to give her order. A large red-faced man with bloody hands, after sawing through a bone, made a few deft flourishes with a long knife, and then flung a hunk of beef upon the scales.

"Just 80 cents' worth," he said. "Anything else?" "Madame," said Mr. Spriggs, holding out a double-jointed peanut, "do you realize that you are indulging in a foolish waste of your husband's hard-earned cash? Does it occur to you that in making this purchase you



"Permit Me to Call Your Attention to This Edible."

are presenting—and I speak advisedly when I say presenting—75 cents to the glutted possessors of predatory wealth?"

He paused for the purpose of permitting the woman to get a full understanding of his impressive words. She gazed at him as if she remained in doubt, while the butcher, with his cleaver in his grasp, leaned across the counter with a look that would have caused a less determined man than

Addison Spriggs to await a more favorable opportunity for the enlightenment of the toiling masses. But he was there to do his duty as an emancipator, whether it happened to be a propitious time for emancipating or not.

"Permit me," he continued, "to call your attention to this edible, and I may say delicious, nut. When I say that five cents' worth of peanuts will afford to you and your children as much nourishment as a pound of beef I am but stating a fact which science has demonstrated. Will you, then, continue to encourage those who lead the innocent bovine to the shambles, who wantonly slay for their own aggrandizement, who shamelessly foster a taste for blood, and who demand an outrageous profit at our expense? Give back the pound, or, I should say two pounds, of flesh that this man would thrust upon you, and take to your dear ones two bags of peanuts such as I hold in my hand. You shall not permit this man to press a crown of thorns upon your brow. You have it in your power to circumvent the soulless corporation of which this person is the hired creature."

He would have said more, but the hired creature laid down his knife, walked around a chopping block and, grasping Addison Spriggs in the two most convenient places, helped him to leap from where he stood to the middle of the sidewalk. There his feet slipped in such an unfortunate way as to make it impossible for him to avoid falling upon his back in the unattractive gutter. Owing to the fact that his peanuts were scattered when he went down he found when he succeeded in getting upon his feet again that he lacked materials for making further demonstrations; wherefore he returned to his office firm in the conviction that toiling masses that insisted upon standing around and waiting to be saved did not deserve saving.

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A Look Ahead

By R. K. Munkittrick.

The crocus now begins to blow, or to put it in more picturesque phrase, its lamp of golden beauty is decorating the wind-swept meadow, where it gleams through the casual snow-drift, until the two suggest in combination a poached egg to the lively imagination of the poet. The short-haired dog is made happy by this sign that winter has about made ready to wrap the drapery of the buckwheat cake and sausage about itself and give us a chance to lie down to pleasant dreams of the coming days when the coal bill must dwindle into next to airy nothingness.

shortly decorate the wayside barn and fence, and that the freshets of spring medicine will flood the land in the very near future. The tennis court is beginning to take on a finer green to tell us that the mince pie and pork chop are about past due. And then comes the blast of Martins discoursed in his finest manner on his brand new trumpet.—Or is it the horn of the

vender that pierces the air like a schoolboy's shriek when school is out? We do not know exactly which it is, for the reason that it seems like both. We listen and listen and rejoice, for the notes seem to shape themselves into light and airy syllables which echo in our hearts:

"Shad! Shad!! Shad!!! Fresh shad, here you are!"

And so we know that shortly now the birds will in the grove pipe: And man, proud man, will very soon take down the dash old stove pipe. (Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

An Exhibition of Nerve

By Peter Newell.

The other night I had a toothache and stayed awake to see how it felt. The ramifications of that tooth must have been like the roots of a blackberry vine for the ache involved all that portion of my anatomy lying above my shoulders. Along about two o'clock in the morning I decorated the territory adjacent to the offending molar with a coat of iodine till the gum was blistered, and the atmosphere adjacent with sulphur. And then I had a toothache plus a blister. Well, the night wore away but not so the pain, and I decided to make an early call on a near-by dentist. In accordance with this determination I presented myself at Dr. Pullum's office door, and was received by the young lady attendant and given a chair in the midst of several other sufferers.

"What time is your appointment?" said she as she handed me the morning paper.

"I can't tell you," replied I, "I forgot to wind it last night and it isn't running."

You see I can be facetious even under distressing circumstances. And then I continued: "This is an emergency case and comes in the class of first aid to the injured."

"Oh, I understand," said she. "Tooth-ache."

In the course of an hour I was ushered into the operating room and took my place in the fatal chair. Dr. Pullum made a preliminary examination with a miniature crow-bar heated to incandescence, as it seemed to me.

"It will be necessary to kill the nerve," was his verdict.

"All right," said I; "go ahead with the murder."

And then he sank a shaft in the tooth to a depth of about four feet with a drill that buzzed like a cast-iron hornet in the throes of a brain storm. Again he had recourse to the crow-bar, or some other similar instrument of torture, and after a season of exploration drew out the nerve between his fore finger and thumb. And then the excitement began.

The nerve bit him on the hand and wriggled out of his grasp onto the floor. He tried to step on it but the thing eluded him and took refuge under a stand. Then he took an umbrella and poked at it and only succeeded in overturning the stand, on which were several sets of false teeth besides a choice assortment of dental instruments. One of the sets of false

teeth bit at the nerve, but in the confusion it escaped through the debris and lodged in the gizzard of the dental chair. Just then the young lady attendant came in to see what the riot was about. She saw and with a little scream hopped up on a cane-bottomed chair, and gathered her director's skirt about her.

"Don't be a fool, Miss Cooper," said the doctor. "Go and get me Rudolph's ammonia gun."

Miss Cooper obeyed with consider-



Then He Took an Umbrella and Poked at it.

able alacrity, evidently considering celerity of movement as tending to promote her safety. Presently she returned with the gun and handing it to her employer beat a hasty retreat. The doctor stooped down and taking careful aim at the nerve, which entwined itself in the vitals of the chair, pulled the trigger. Instantly there was a muffled report and I, even though remotely in range, was moved to tears by the acrid fumes discharged from the gun. However, through the mist I was able to see the doctor grinding the nerve to dust beneath his heel. And then except for my smarting eyes, I felt better and thanked my benefactor warmly for giving me relief.

"The nerve of the thing!" muttered he in response, and I went out reflecting that my gratitude was rather coldly received.

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

For the Street



The first costume is both smart and useful and is a style well-suited to serge. Our model is in navy blue. The plaited skirt is cut in comfortable walking length, and has the plaits stitched down about halfway. White cloth is used for the waistcoat fastened down the center by small buttons and buttonholes. The fronts of coat are cut away and semi-fitting, fine braiding completely edges coat, while buttons and cords add further trimming. The sleeves are elbow length and quite loose, they are trimmed to match. Hat of stretche satin, trimmed with beads and feathers.

Materials required: 8 yards serge 48 inches wide, 3 dozen buttons, 1 dozen yards cord, 4 yards cord lining.

The second is a princess shape; cloth or serge might either be used. Straps of material trim the front of skirt part, two box-plaits are arranged under the strap in front. Braiding trims the back and sides of bodice part, also the revers and cuffs, which are of some light cloth, the buttons are of the same. Hat of light felt trimmed with ribbon and roses.

Materials required: 6 yards cloth, 46 inches wide, 4 buttons, 4 yards lining, 1 dozen yards braid.

HIGH COLLARS ARE HARMFUL

Permanent Dark Mark Made if the Neck Garniture is Worn Too High.

The fad of wearing extremely high collars will have a hurtful effect upon the flesh of the throat unless special care is given to prevent it, because through stoppage of circulation, a condition brought about by high collars, a permanent dark mark comes, and some remedy to obviate the trouble must be employed. It is not expected that a girl will select a neck dressing that is a misfit. But she may take the happy medium of one that is not too close to her throat. For example, if 13 is the usual size, it is the part of wisdom to take 13½ when the height of the linen is excessive. It is precisely the same theory that causes one to wear longer boots when the toes are excessively pointed.

In order to preserve its roundness and softness the throat must have some air and freedom of movement. Undoubtedly an aid to freshness is occasionally to change the style of collar worn and for a day to use one that is not extreme. This relaxes and tones muscles that may have become cramped.

SUITABLE IN MANY MATERIALS

Are a Distinct Improvement on the Tight Garment That Extremists Favored.

The absurdly narrow skirt that one could hardly step in and that was only worn by the extremists, fashionable or otherwise, has had its day. All the new skirts have width at the hem. Even the street ones are three and four yards wide, and the house ones are from six to seven yards at the hem.

They are not lined or stiffened or worn over petticoats, but they have a graceful fullness. They are not held back by elastics, and give no appearance of the grotesque.

They are quite ample, easy to walk in and more graceful on every figure than the extra tight ones.

There are all sorts of rumors that the new skirt at the Paris races will be ten yards wide, but if one listened to all rumors these days no one would buy a gown with any feeling of security.

Linen and Canvas for Book Covers.

Attractive adjuncts to the living room are magazine covers made from heavy linens and craftsman's canvas. For the postcard albums the latter fabric is preferred. Both materials can be had in a variety of colors, and an applique of cretonne is a popular form of decoration.

Book covers in a cool gray linen, adorned with a spray of purple orchids cut from cretonne, are pretty, and so are those in terra cotta craftsman's canvas, displaying a swastika cross cut from cretonne in dull oriental colorings.

To Keep Rugs Flat.

Girls who have a habit of shuffling their feet, thereby incurring frequent scoldings for kicking up rugs, will find life pleasanter if they cut triangles of medium weight cardboard, and sew them on the under side of rugs at each corner.

ALTERING AN EVENING GOWN.

Scheme Very Much in Fashion and One That is Quite Easy to Carry Out.

If the girl who indulged in a scanty, slimly cut sheath gown last winter wants to change it a bit to give more of the classic suggestion, she can do this by using two veils as drapery.

The idea is very much in fashion and is easy to carry out. The veils themselves are often used by high-priced dressmakers instead of buying chiffon cloth and hemming it. The veils have a selvage which makes them quite effective.

One of the attractive ways of draping them is to catch one at each shoulder, drawing it up under the arm and fastening on top with a paste buckle. The edges lower down may be lightly caught together over the arm a little above the elbow. This gives filmy but straight drapery from shoulder to hem which puts one in the picture this season.

Again, an extra long veil is dropped across the back and caught at the back of each shoulder with a buckle and the ends left to hang straight.

SKIRTS WIDER AT THE HEM.

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PROOF FOR TWO CENTS.

If You Suffer with Your Kidneys and Back, Write to This Man.

G. W. Winney, Medina, N. Y., invites kidney sufferers to write to him.

To all who enclose postage he will reply, telling how Doan's Kidney Pills cured him after he had doctored and had been in two different hospitals for eighteen months, suffering intense pain in the back, lameness, twinges when stooping or lifting, languor, dizzy spells and rheumatism. "Before I used Doan's Kidney Pills," says Mr. Winney, "I weighed 143. After taking 10 or 12 boxes I weighed 162 and was completely cured."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

UNPLEASANT OUTLOOK.



"I hope it don't rain; it'll take all de starch out of my dress."
"Yes, and if maw sees you in your best dress she'll take de starch out of you!"

CURED ITCHING HUMOR.

Big, Painful Swellings Broke and Did Not Heal—Suffered 3 Years.

Tortures Yield to Cuticura.

"Little black swellings were scattered over my face and neck and they would leave little black scars that would itch so I couldn't keep from scratching them. Larger swellings would appear and my clothes would stick to the sores. I went to a doctor, but the trouble only got worse. By this time it was all over my arms and the upper part of my body in swellings as large as a dollar. It was so painful that I could not bear to lie on my back. The second doctor stopped the swellings, but when they broke the places would not heal. I bought a set of the Cuticura Remedies and in less than a week some of the places were nearly well. I continued until I had used three sets, and now I am sound and well. The disease lasted three years. O. J. Wilson, Puryear, Tenn., Feb. 8, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

The Irreparable Loss.

"What has happened to me?" asked the patient when he had recovered from the effects of the ether.

"You were in a trolley car accident," said the nurse, "and it has been found necessary to amputate your right hand."

He sank back on the pillow, sobbing aloud.

"Cheer up," said the nurse, patting him on the head, "you'll soon learn to get along all right with your left hand."

"Oh, it wasn't the loss of the hand itself that I was thinking of," sighed the victim. "But on the forefinger was a string that my wife tied around it to remind me to get something for her this morning, and now I'll never be able to remember what it was."

How Father Looked.

Mr. Blakenlee was putting himself in readiness, clotheswise, to attend an afternoon tea with his wife, when his small daughter appeared on the scene.

As he slipped into his frock coat, the child looked up and said: "Father, do you know, when you wear that coat you look just like a minister?"

Then, noticing the hatbox on the stand near by, she added: "And when you put on that hat that goes with it, you look just like a hack driver."—Delineator.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALBURN, BRYAN & MERRILL, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle, sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

One of Fashion's Follies.

A lady came on an odd-looking bag the other day in one of the fashionable London shops. It was in expensive leather, and seemed too large for an ordinary hand-bag; also it had a curious opening cut at one side towards the top. "Ladies use it for carrying their little dogs," the salesman explained.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Little*

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

No Escape.

"The smell of smoke certainly does make me ill."

"Then why do you allow your husband to smoke so much in the house?"

"I might as well. When my husband isn't smoking the chimney is."

Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Two is company; three a soulless corporation.



The Circus Poster Will Shortly Decorate the Wayside Barn and Fence.

The skates, the bob sled and the hot drink are hung on the willow, and the seal-skin cap and saque are seeking the camphorated peg of the pawnbroker. The ancient shanghai is spreading herself over so many eggs that she looks as flattened out as a pancake, and seems in great danger of overstretching her ligaments, or of getting herself into proper shape to be fried. And she thus keeps on spreading as if she would finally outspread the spread-eagle, and in so doing become eligible to shine on an American coin. Pretty soon the young ducks and the anemones will dot the grass as they wobble about in the hyacinthine whiskers of the zephyr, which comes hurtling along full of tender messages of lilacs and rhubarb pie. The banging throb and thud of the carpet beaters' wand will soon ripple on the kalsomined bosom of the wind, and the bluebird will gurgle and gargle forth its sweetest lay from the dainty draperies of the land. The whitewash will shortly be brewed, and the ethiopian is already greasing his arm and preparing it for business even as is the baseball pitcher, who is now in pickle in the mud bath of the hot springs.

And how do we know all this? Why, we know it because a subtle mysterious something or other which we cannot put down in cold words tells us that the circus poster will