

With the World's Great Humorists

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

The Months of the Year

By W. J. Lampton.

There are 12 months in every year. If you do not believe it you may count them without its costing you a cent. Every almanac contains a complete set. Almanacs may be had at all drug stores free. There is nothing else free at drug stores except the atmosphere, though that ought to be worth at least a quarter for it never has less than 25 scents in it. Phew!

January, the first month, has 31 days. It has so many because being first on the ground it has opportunities to grab all it can, and it does. January is a very human month. There is no telling what sort of a record some of the other months would have if they had the chance January does. Anyway, none of them gets any more than January.

February, the second month, is the smallest and modestest month in the entire collection. While all the others take from 30 to 31 days as their share, little February takes but 28, except once in four years when an extra day is forced upon it.

March is the third month of the year and the first month of spring. March is the bluest month of all.

April, the fourth month, contains 30 days and is the first month of that size in the year. April showers are the chief ingredient of this month, and they are usually quite wet. They have to be wet in order to supply the incipient vegetation with growing water. In desert regions where there is no incipient vegetation the April showers are not wet. They are not anything except absent.

June, the first month of summer, contains the longest day in the year. Though it has more long days than any other month it is not the longest months, several having 31 days to its 30.

July, the seventh month, has 31

days, but notwithstanding this plain statement of undeniable figures, it is well known that one day is the fourth of July. This could never be proved by almanac, arithmetic or analogy, but history proves it, or has proved it since 1776. Meteorologically, physiologically and historically, July is hot stuff.

August, the last summer month, has



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31 days, most of them dog. It has been proposed tentatively to change the name of the month to D'August, because it is the dogdest of the year, but it will be a long time getting here because the almanac is proverbially slow and conservative and the moon is about the only thing in it that changes much.

September, the first month of autumn, has 30 days, one of which is of

the same length as the night that goes with it. March is the only other month that makes a similar showing. In March this is because the constant winds blow the long end off of the nights, but in September it is because the melancholy days have become desperate and are ready and willing to get even with anything, even the nights.

October contains 31 days and more settled weather than any month of the year. One might suppose that the weather would naturally settle toward the end of the year, but why it settles in October, rather than in December, is not stated by weather sharps. Maybe there's a reason, but who stops to know why when the weather is fine and dandy?

November, the last month of autumn, has but 30 days and most of us wish it didn't have that many, they are so drear and dismal. Just where November found such a punk lot of days nobody knows and wouldn't tell if he did. It would be incriminating. We are commanded by law to give thanks in this month. Otherwise we would pick some other month. Indian summer comes in this month; Angel summer couldn't.

December is the last month of the year and the first of winter. December 21st is the shortest day of the year. December has to have 31 days to balance the year out because it has more short days than any other month. It seems like it ought to be the shortest month, but it isn't. Christmas is one of December's, and more money is spent on its celebration than on any other day, or all of them in the year. Nobody knows just how much it amounts to, but everybody feels like he had given up every cent he had on earth. Christmas really ought to fall on the 29th of February, and we think some time it will. The old year goes out in December, but nobody knows where it goes.

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Two Costumes



HOME DRESS—For a dress of this description, Nankin-blue cashmere would look very nice. The high-waisted skirt is trimmed with black silk cordings put on in twists. It also trims the material part of bodice. The vest and sleeves are of silk, finely tucked. The over-sleeves are cut in with the material waist.

MATERIALS REQUIRED: Seven yards cashmere 46 inches wide, 1 1/2 dozen yards cord, 3 1/2 yards silk.

WALKING COSTUME—A rough tweed is employed for this costume; the skirt is trimmed at the foot by a six-inch band of velvet, either black or the predominating color in the tweed might be used.

The coat has a waistcoat of velvet. It is also used to edge the revers, and for the cuffs and pockets. A button is covered and sewn on either side of front.

Hat of felt, trimmed with ribbon and flowers.

FASHIONS IN BABIES' CLOTHES. Styles Closely Follow Those Adopted by the Grown-Ups.

Perhaps the young mother may think that when she comes to make clothes for her baby she won't have to worry her head very much as to what's the fashion of the day. Perhaps she thinks that baby clothes are always the same. If she does, she is a very mistaken little lady, for clothes for the little folk show from time to time many of the innovations which make the garments for grown-ups in the mode. This is especially so this spring. Even the long dresses for infants show the princess and empire lines, and sleeves have diminished greatly in size. The vogue for hand embroidery is also emphasized in baby clothes; not only is it used on the little dresses, but on the long cloaks and the dainty little flannel wrappers and saques.

It goes without saying that if baby's mother is the sensible little woman that she is quite sure to be, baby will have no frills and furbelows on his clothes. Simplicity is the fashion today. And baby clothes reflect the trend of the modes. Generally speaking, the distinction between baby's every day clothes and his dresses for best wear is merely in the quality of the fabric. When baby is expected to look his finest his dress is of the sheerest of muslin, lawn or long cloth, and sometimes washable cotton chiffon.—Woman's Home Companion.

Morning Glory of Gauze for Hair. As a rival to the cloth of gold rose with its beaded center, and the black gauze rose with its gold rim, comes the morning glory of gauze.

This is to be worn in the hair as an ornament of the Grecian knot. It is also to be used, as the other flowers are, in the front of the corsage for all social and evening affairs.

It is in perfect coloring and gives a charming touch to filmy gowns of white or cream or pale blue.

If a girl wonders just what little new touch she would like to have she should get one of these flowers. The morning glory goes with youth better than the black or the gold rose.

To End Magazine Worry. One family has solved a magazine controversy very cleverly. The men in the family complained that the women loaned or gave away the magazines before they had all finished with them. So this plan was devised: As the men and women finish reading a magazine, they put their initials on the first page. When each one has added his or hers to the page, that gives permission to loan or give the book away.

Reducing Flesh. Whatever else fashion hints there is not the slightest rumor that flesh is to be stylish in the near future.

Therefore women who are not thin are keeping up all kinds of methods to make them so.

Live on noodles, is the cry. Consequently this diet is strictly kept by women who are willing to sacrifice anything to be thin.

The latest remedy, however, is to drink camomile tea without sugar, an hour after eating.

This is said to cure the most rebellious case, and turn one of barrel-shaped proportions into sylph-like lines.

Three-Piece Costumes. Many of the tailor-made costumes being brought in from advanced spring trade are of the three-piece kind. Bodices, even those intended for wear with linen suits, are of net dyed the color of the costume.

Not Self-Collected. "A young man has telegraphed me that he has just wedded my daughter." "I hope he's a good, practical man." "I guess he is. He wired me collect."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Tailor's Dilemma

By H. M. Egbert.

A little boy came in and deposited a suit of clothes on the tailor's table. "Father says, please will you press this suit and bring it to him at the Hotel Willoughby by nine o'clock tomorrow morning," said the boy. "Father says, see you don't make no mistake, because he's staying in New York for the week and it's the only suit he's got."

"Don't you call that tempting fate?" asked one of the loungers who made the tailor's shop his place of diversion. "Nah!" said the tailor, lighting the fire under his irons. "That can't go wrong, unless my place is broken into during the night and all the goods stolen. You got to take some risks every where."

"That reminds me of something that happened to a friend of mine," said



The Baby Recognized the Key and Gave it to His Aunt.

another man. "He was the metropolitan bishop of Pittsburgh, in the Greek church, so when the consul's son got married to a girl of the Greek Catholic persuasion of course they had to send for the bishop to perform the ceremony."

"The bishop was a simple old man, and he came from Pittsburgh in his full ecclesiastical outfit, which was full of creases when he arrived, so he arranged to do what your friend did here; he would go to bed at his hotel and have the tailor call for his clothes and bring them back neatly pressed first thing in the morning."

"Yes?" said the tailor, folding the trousers and taking up the second iron to press them on the other side. "All would have gone well, but for

one thing. The tailor was an Old Believer, one of a sect which the Russian church has always persecuted. He recognized the garments at a glance, and saw his chance to get back at the bishop. So he sent back the coat all neatly pressed, but instead of sending back the lower portion of the voluminous robes he sent a skirt, as if accidentally."

"Yes?" said the tailor, ironing vigorously. "The bishop had to put it on, because it was all he had. He hired a cab and drove round to the tailor's shop. The tailor had expected him and had put up his shutters and gone away for a day's jaunt in the country. The bishop telephoned to the consulate, and the consul telephoned for the police. But they couldn't break open the shop, so they went after the tailor."

"Yes?" said the tailor, pressing down hard on the creases. "They found the tailor, but he was drunk and had mislaid his key. At last he learned that he had given it to his wife, who had gone to visit her sister in Hoboken. They got the wife, but she had given the key to her sister's baby to play with, and the child was supposed to have swallowed it. The doctor X-rayed the child and found that it wasn't there. He had

thrown it down a grating into a sewer."

"Ha! ha!" said the tailor, pausing in his ironing to look round and smile appreciatively.

"They took the sewer up and found the key. The baby recognized the key and gave it to his aunt, and the aunt took it to the tailor, who was still drunk. Then they found that it was the wrong key. The tailor had the right key in his hand and was trying to wind his watch with it. They got the right key at last and opened the store and got the bishop's garment."

"And they were happily married?" asked a listener.

"No," said the man. "By that time the bride had got tired of waiting and thought she preferred the single state. So she jilted the bridegroom."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the tailor, resting his iron upon the cloth and doubling himself up in inextinguishable laughter.

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared his companions, rocking themselves in their chairs.

It was several moments before the tailor recovered his self-possession. Then he took up his iron and raised the cloth. He uttered a scream and began tearing his hair.

"Look, look!" he shrieked, pointing to the ironing board.

He had let the iron stand and it had burned an enormous smoldering hole in the trousers.

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Beginning the Quarrel

"My dear," said young McBride to his wife, "when I come home, you know, I always kiss you."

"Certainly, love. That is a proper way to show your affection."

"Exactly. Now, when I come home and there happens to be a lady here calling upon you, am I to kiss you before her?"

"Mr. McBride," interrupted the gentleman's wife, sternly, "you are not to kiss the other lady at all. I never heard of such a thing."

"Who said anything about kissing the other lady, I should like to know?"

"You did!"

"I didn't!"

"Eidin'!"

"What did you say, then?"

"I wanted to know if I ought to kiss you in the presence of the other lady?"

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"I did!"

"You didn't!"

"Did!"

"Didn't!"

"What did I say, then?"

How kind wives and mothers of drinking men are to them if they do drink, fearing lest a scolding drive them to worse excesses!

How glad wife and mother are to see them come home sober once or to come at all!

Yet let the family potato attend even a coffee hall, and so neglect covering the fire, putting out the cat and seeing doors and windows are unfastened!

Ah, Dearly Beloved, being a potato is hard lines! We are not appreciated even after we are cold!

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

Big Job. The American—I always try to wear clothes to conform to the weather.

The Briton—What are you—a lightning change artist?—Life.

Dull. "I think her friends are all dull and uninteresting."

"They are. Not one of them ever figured in a divorce case."—Detroit Free Press.

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Tad—Yep. If they tell good ones, they get away with it.—Cleveland Leader.

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Adversity is a searching test of friendship, dividing the sheep from the goats with unerring accuracy; and this is a good service.—John Watson, D. D.