

With the World's Great Humorists

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

Addison Spriggs in Love

By S. E. Kiser.

Within the breast of Addison Spriggs was formed a great and glorious resolution. He had lived for 42 years in single blessedness, or what he had always supposed was single blessedness. Now, however, it occurred to him that it had really been single selfishness.

"What right have I," he asked himself, "to deny to the woman who was intended for me the happiness she was born to inherit? It is my duty to find her out and give her the gladness for which she is waiting. I feel within me stirring the spirit of love. It is a sign that I should be up and doing. Who knows that she may not at any moment be pining for my caress?"

For two weeks Miss Beatrice Bonner had been officiating as stenographer for the firm in which Mr. Spriggs was a silent partner. Thrice within a few days she had looked up at him and smiled in a way that had caused him to experience certain thrills within the region of the solar plexus. As he reflected upon these occurrences it became clear to him that Miss Bonner had been sent into the world to become his soul mate, and, gazing at her where she sat reading "Beautiful Nell the Millhand's Daughter," he decided to permit her to have immediate cognizance of the good fortune that was about to befall her. Approaching her and tenderly placing a hand upon one of her shoulders, he said:

"Miss Bonner, I have decided to call on you this evening. Will you please tell me where you live and how I can get there?"

After she had finished the directions he returned to his desk, leaving her somewhat perplexed but hopeful. At eight o'clock that evening Addison Spriggs was ushered into the small

parlor maintained by the Bonner family, and little Lancelot Bonner informed him Beatrice would come in as soon as she could get all her hair on. Mr. Spriggs was not inclined to waste valuable time, and as soon as the lady of his choice appeared he



"Come and Sit Beside Me."

drew a long, deep sigh, at the same time wondering what he had ever done to deserve one so sweet and so beautiful as she who stood before him.

"Won't you take the rocking chair, Mr. Spriggs?" Miss Bonner asked, after she had persuaded little Lancelot to leave them alone together.

"No," he replied, "the settee looks better. Come and sit beside me. I have something important to tell you."

She sat down, and again he saw in her soulful eyes the look that had previously thrilled him. Cautiously he slipped an arm around her waist and

gradually he drew her to him. For a few minutes they sat in silence, and she permitted her face to incline toward him until her cheek rested upon his shoulder. At last he pushed her gently from him and said:

"Miss Bonner, I have come to bring you glad tidings of great joy. Your parents are not rich, are they?"

"No, I am sorry to say that my father has been rather unfortunate. The firm he works for has never appreciated him."

"I judged by the furniture here that you were in poor circumstances. Beatrice, I wish to ask you something. Has any man ever told you that you were beautiful? Has any man's lips ever been pressed to yours? Has any other man ever caused your heart to beat gladly? Have you ever thought before to-night that you would care to hear a man say he loved you? Has any other man's arm ever been around your waist? Have you ever before felt that you were ready to surrender yourself to the care of one of the opposite sex?"

"Before I answer your questions," she replied, "I wish to say something. You have never before told a girl that you loved her. You have never before had your arm around the waist of any girl. You have never had your lips so close to the sweet mouth of a beautiful girl that you might have kissed her, whether she wished to be kissed or not. You have never before been ready to ask one of the opposite sex to surrender herself to your care, have you?"

"No, never before. But what has caused you to think so?"

"You're such a rank amateur at love-making."

As he was dejectedly walking home that night Addison Spriggs said to himself:

"Confound it, I wonder if there is left in the world a girl who is really worthy of me?"

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Irrigating Balloons

By William J. Lampton.

"There are so many balloonatics around these days," said Artemus C. Johnson, president of the Near-aero club of Colorado, situated a mile and a half from Pike's peak or bust, "that you can't throw a brick without hitting one."

"A gold brick?" interrupted an eager listener.

"They hit harder than the other kind," laughed Mr. Johnson without resenting the interruption; "but what I have on hand is no gold brick proposition. On the contrary it is a sure winner."

"It isn't an asylum for balloonatics, is it?" some other eager listener inquired.

Mr. Johnson laughed again. He was proof against scurrilous attack.

"We'll get around to that later," he said. "But what I have now is of more importance. The balloon, as well as the heavier-than-air ship, is everybody was listening, but Mr. Johnson had the habit, and couldn't well begin

mer, which cannot be said of all the streams of the arid region. Now, from our central station we propose to send out huge balloons, dirigible balloons, of course, going in every direction where water is needed. To each of our balloons is attached a tank with a wide-mouthed sprinkler below it. That is the entire mechanism. We will fill these tanks at Green River and the balloons will sail away through the blue empyrean distributing water which shall fall as the gentle rain making the desert to blossom as the rose. Do you get the idea? Natural irrigation by artificial means. Isn't it the

Uncle William's Nature Story

By W. D. Nesbit.

The children clustered about Uncle William's knees and demanded that he tell them a really truly true animal story before they should go to bed, and Uncle William, being a kind-hearted old fellow, told them this:

I don't believe I have ever told you about the three pets I had once upon a time—the pet elephant and the pet mosquito and the pet bumblebee. I had caught the bumblebee when it was too young even to tumble at all, and the mosquito I had taken in one chilly evening and treated so kindly that it would eat off my hand. The pet elephant was one that I got in Africa on one of my hunting trips. While there one afternoon I came upon an elephant's nest and in it was the little elephant, the cunningest little baby elephant you ever saw. So I took it and brought it home with me. At first it was so small that it trotted after me like a pet dog, but it grew rapidly and finally became a full grown elephant, and it would have done your hearts good to have seen the way people would stare at me when I would stroll down street with my huge elephant pacing contentedly after me, or could have heard the objections of street car conductors when I would insist upon taking the elephant aboard with me. I called the elephant Bumploo and the bumblebee Bumbyloo and the mosquito Buzzyloo.

But, alas! they fell out once and that broke up the happy family. My pets had grown so fond of each other and I of them that I allowed the three to sleep together. I had a comfortable big bed made for them, and Bumploo slept next the wall, Buzzyloo in the middle and Bumbyloo on the outside. Bumploo may have been growing again, but one night Buzzyloo began whining and complaining that he was being crowded, and Bumbyloo set up the same complaint. Bumploo paid no attention to them, being rather petulant that evening, and from my bed in the other room I listened with amusement, thinking that soon their little quarrel would end in peaceful slumber. But evidently Bumploo was obstinate; maybe he intentionally took up more than his share of the bed. At any rate I heard Buzzyloo demanding that he lay over and Bumbyloo saying if he was crowded any more he would show somebody what was what. Suddenly I heard Buzzyloo and Bumbyloo scolding Bumploo angrily, and then Bumploo snorted with surprise and pain, for Buzzyloo had bitten him, and the next instant he snorted even louder, for Bumbyloo had stung him. This shows what happens if we let our angry passions rise, children. I got up and started in to quiet them, when Bumploo snorted again and jumped up, with Buzzyloo and Bumbyloo after him, and the next thing I knew Bumploo had charged right through the wall and was out, running down the big road waving his trunk wildly to one

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"They Sat Up Too Late One Evening."

side and his tail wildly to the other, with Buzzyloo biting him and Bumbyloo stinging him at every step. I pursued them as far as I could, but eventually had to give up. Last summer I saw an elephant in a circus and he looked at me so sadly and reminiscently that I am sure it was my little pet, Bumploo, for an elephant's memory is long. But it had been many years since he had been with me, and of course I could not be sure. But, children the thing that caused this terrible quarrel between Bumploo, Buzzyloo and Bumbyloo was that they had sat up too late one evening and were cross and tired when they went to bed, so let us not run any risks of that sort.

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Indoor Dresses



The first is an elegant dress in dragon-fly blue cashmere. The long, slightly trained skirt is trimmed near the foot by two deep tucks and a deep hem, which give the appearance of an additional tuck. The bodice has two wide folds on each shoulder; the inner one is trimmed at the edge by buttons, the outer one rests slightly over the sleeve, which is composed, as far as the elbow, of narrow material folds, piped with velvet; a strip of embroidered galloon is sewn down the middle, finished by a silk ornament; the remainder of the sleeve is of tuck material. Piece lace is used for the yoke, with a waistcoat of blue velvet below it; a bow of velvet is worn at the neck.

Materials required: Eight yards cashmere 48 inches wide, one yard velvet, three-eighths yard galloon, two ornaments, one-half yard piece lace, 1½ dozen buttons.

The second is an equally pretty style in oak-apple brown chiffon-faced cloth. The long skirt has wrapped seams, which are trimmed with buttons at the foot. One fold is made over the shoulder, resting slightly over the sleeve; the openings are just stitched round and trimmed in parts by buttons; the over-sleeve is trimmed in the same way. Spotted net to match is used for the under-slip; it is tucked across the front as far as the bust, and all the way down the back, also for the under-sleeves.

Materials required: Seven yards cloth 48 inches wide, two yards net, about one gross of buttons.

THE CANDLE BACK IN FAVOR.

Artistic Holders Employed for the Illuminants of a Past Generation.

The woman whose aim is to reveal a touch of the artist in her home just at present is interested in the old-fashioned candlestick. It is a revival as happy in its way as that of the return to favor of Sheffield or pewter-ware. The candle held its own against the oil lamp, but lost its popularity when gas came in, and it was practically outlawed when electricity came into general use. Now, however, many women of society are using candles extensively. One society leader, in fact, has gone to the extreme of having electric fixtures removed from several rooms, relying entirely upon candles for lighting. These candles she displays in antique candlesticks of beaten brass. Tall Russian candlesticks are seen on many library tables and tall silver colonial sticks are on many dressing tables. New candlesticks are shown in pottery and wrought iron, but antiques are first in favor. The prices of old brass candlesticks have advanced greatly in the last few weeks and few now are to be found in the antique shops.

A Smart Touch for a Handbag.

A New York woman recently discovered a use for a heavy gold link watch-chain (of the style long ago discarded) belonging to her husband. She had a small, gold-mounted handbag, with a leather strap. The latter having become rusty from constant friction with the hand, she removed the strap, riveted the gold chain on with gas pliers and, behold! an added smart touch without expense or recourse to a jeweler. Since the passing of this style of chain those who own ornaments of the kind find them something of a problem. The splendid workmanship often makes the smelter's office seem a sacrifice, and to convert them into bracelets at a jeweler's is costly. Here for more than one of us is a really practical suggestion requiring no outside assistance.

Variety in Sleeves.

Sleeves are fuller, especially from the elbow to the wrist, and with the lighter dresses a long three-quarter sleeve is much in vogue, though the long sleeve over the hand is as much seen as ever. The wise woman makes it a question of individual judgment. For instance, a frothy muslin garden party frock seems to always look smarter with the shorter type of sleeve, whereas nothing looks worse than the sleeve of a tailor-made that displays an expanse of bare arm.

HANDSOME FROCKS FOR BABY.

Designers of Talent, Have Put Forth Their Best Efforts for Little One's Adornment.

A little empire frock for the baby is one of the season's new wrinkles. It has the tiniest, shortest yoke, cut square and outlined with a band of beading run with blue ribbon.

The full little skirt is gathered to the yoke and finished with a deep hem, feather stitched. Above the hem is a band of valenciennes insertion with three tiny tucks above and below it.

The sleeves are merely little puffs gathered into beading run with ribbon tied in a rakish bow and finished with a lace frill. Tiny pearl buttons fasten the frock at the back.

Another equally attractive little frock is cut with a front and back panel and sleeves in one piece. The panels run from the neck to the hem of frock and are outlined with fine feather-stitching, and have scattered tiny blossoms and French knots

EASILY MADE PINAFORE.



This is an easily made pinafore, suitable to be copied in washing silk or nainsook. The square band or yoke at the neck is of embroidery; insertion might be used and sharply mitred at the corners to bring it to shape; the material is gathered to this and is hemmed at the foot; a frill of material edged with embroidery finishes the armholes.

Materials required: One yard 36 inches wide, three-quarters yard insertion, three-quarters yard embroidery.

Brushing Hair is Essential.

A woman who wears her hair constantly, as one must, during days of many social engagements, must brush her hair carefully at night unless she wishes it to be seriously affected. Combing will not bring back the turn of the hair near the scalp, to the angle at which it should grow, but brushing will overcome the difficulty. The brush must be held to make the hair go up, and when the latter is released there will be a fluffiness and lightness not to be secured otherwise.

The Huge All Black Hat.

Paris has gone stark mad over the all-black hat. Of course, to be modish too, the black hat must be huge. We see these huge shapes in everything—straw, hris, silk, coarse and fine straw—and they really are stunning. No trimming must conceal the high crown, and no matter how bare it appears, that is only an illustration of grand chic.

worked in white mercerized embroidery thread over the entire surface.

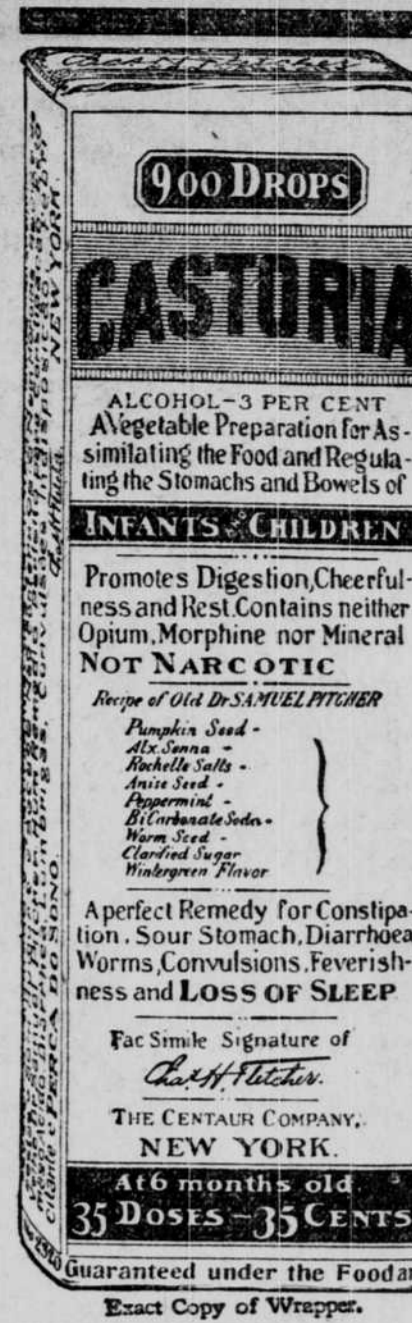
The neck and sleeves are finished with lace insertion and frills of edging and the skirt is gathered at the sides.

A Color Study.

A young woman at the theater the other night had bright red hair—not the lovely auburn or famous Titian, but just plain red, and blue eyes, says the Boston Globe. She would have been hopelessly mediocre had she worn pink, or worse still, light blue. Attired as she was in a long sweeping gown of all black, with not a speck of color anywhere, she was transformed into a striking beauty. Extremely long black jet earrings lent a decorative touch, and brought out unexpected red-gold lights in her hair.

When Stitching Tucks.

When stitching tucks or any seams on sewing machine do not dip and tie by hand, but hold the material so it cannot feed and continue to sew about four stitches. The result will be a tight knot underneath that will not come undone.



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ONE THING THAT WAS CERTAIN

No Doubt in the Baggage-man's Mind as to Contents of What Looked Like Coffin.

In an emergency the manufacturer of Limburger cheese was forced to use strategy with a shipment. Ordinarily his product went in special cars, but in this instance no car was available and the order must be filled. Two hundred pounds of the fragrant comestible was put in a rough, oblong box, and taken to the railroad baggage room. Then the manufacturer bought a ticket for himself and the box, and entered the train. At the first stop he went ahead to the baggage car to see that there was no trouble. He stood by the box in a disconsolate attitude and shaded his eyes with his hand. The baggage-man was sympathetic. "A relative?" he asked. "Yes," answered the manufacturer. "It is my brother." "Well," said the railroad man, philosophically, "you have one consolation. He's dead, all right."—San Francisco Argonaut.

UNKIND FAKE.

The Short-sighted Lion—Well, I never dreamed I should find my days behind the bars of a cage.

Is Tired of Praying.

A little girl in St. Louis the other evening was going through the usual form of prayer: "God bless mamma, and papa and make me a good girl," and so on, when all at once she seemed to come to a decision. "Now that is the last time I am going to say that prayer," she said, very gravely, looking at her mother. "You are older than I am and it is your place to ask for all those things and I don't see any use in two people's asking the same thing." Since then she has firmly refused to pray, insisting that it is her mother's place to ask God for blessings.

Continual Doubt.

"How many children have you?" asked the tourist, affably. "I dunno exactly," answered the tired-looking woman. "You don't know?" "Not for certain. Willie's gone fishin', Tommy's breakin' in a colt, George's borrowed his father's shotgun to go hunting an' Esmeralda Ann is thinkin' of elopin'. I never know how many I've got till supper time comes, so's I can count 'em."

Men Can Care for Themselves.

A coal company in the Hocking valley, O., employs both men and mules. One mule costs \$200, and in point of work equals six men. The company has this order standing on its books: "When the roof gets weak, take out the mules."—Vancouver Mining Exchange.

Nothing is so wholesome, nothing does so much for people's looks, as a little interchange of the small coin of benevolence.—Ruffini.

HE PUZZLED THE BRITISHER

Evidently Doorkeeper Had Never Heard of the Lord That American Minister Served.

Judge George F. Lawton of the Middlesex probate court told me a story the other day of an American minister who was spending his sabbatical year traveling abroad. Arriving in London, he made every effort to get an intimate view of the two branches of parliament in session. Of course no stranger is allowed on the floor of the house of lords, but the minister not knowing this, and with the usual amount of American push, tried to make his way in. There is a rule, however, that servants of the various lords may be admitted to speak to their ministers. Seeing the minister walking boldly in, the doorkeeper asked:

"What lord do you serve?"

"What lord?" repeated the astonished American, "the lord Jehovah!"

For a moment the doorkeeper hesitated and then admitted him, turning to an assistant standing near, he said:

"He must mean one of those poor Scotch lairds."—Boston Record.

As the Boy Saw the Lesson.

Prof. Charles Zeublin of the University of Chicago was discussing at a dinner the greatest paintings of the world.

"The legends that are beautiful and immortal," he said, "have in them turths that we all, according to our kind, take home. This is true in likeness of immortal works of art—pictures, poems, songs. For different people they have different messages. For instance, in my native Pendleton some of the mothers used to cut the children's hair. They did it with shears and a bowl. The operation was often painful, and the result was never elegant.

"In Sunday school a Pendleton teacher once told her pupils the tragic story of Samson and Delilah. Then she turned to a little boy:

"What do you learn, Joe," she said, "from the Samson story?"

"It don't never pay," piped Joe, "to have a woman cut a feller's hair."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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WORLD'S CITIES HARD TO KILL

Few of the world's great cities have not faced, at one time or another, total destruction. But a city is hard to kill.

Take Rome, for instance. She has been swept by pestilence no fewer than ten times. She has been twice burned and six times driven to submission by starvation. Perhaps it is in account of her great vitality that she is called the Eternal city.

Paris has gone through eight sieges,

ten famines, two plagues and one fire which devastated it.

Constantinople has been burned on nine times and has suffered from four plagues and five sieges. In addition she has been ruled by monarchs who were worse than a plague. Yet Constantinople still flourishes.

London has been decimated five times by plagues, in addition to visitations of typhus, cholera and other epi-

demics. She has been burned more severely several times.—Str. Stories.

What He Wanted.

"Sir," said the agent, addressing to man who had opened the door in answer to his knock. "I am introducing a patent burglar alarm and thought perhaps you might be interested."

"Well, I'm not," growled the man on the other side of the door. "What I want is a device that will put burglars to sleep instead of alarming them."