

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"Henry," whispered the bride of two hours, "you don't regret marrying me, even yet?"
"No, darling," replied Henry. "Not even yet!"
The train sped on, and she was happy for another five minutes.

A Little Ruse.
Mrs. Witherly—I bought this ring for the baby to play on.
Witherly—Well, don't let her know it.

Doing His Share.
Angry Father—Young man, you are sitting up too late with my daughter. Last night I heard you kissing her.
Caperton—Well, sir, some one has got to.

No Titles.



Willie Winterman—And so you won't marry me?
Mamie Montana—Why, how perfectly ridiculous you are, Willie. Why, you're nothing but an American.

Why It Tasted Bitter.
A physician had occasion to prescribe quinine to a patient, an elderly lady who was not used to modern ways of administering medicine. The quinine was ordered in capsules—twelve, each containing four grains. About a week later the doctor was called to attend a daughter of the old lady, and he noticed what he supposed were the quinine capsules he had prescribed. Turning to the mother, he asked why she had not taken the medicine.
"Sure, doctor, do you mean that bitter powder? Yes, I took it, but had hard work getting it out of those little glass things it was put up in."—Philadelphia Ledger.

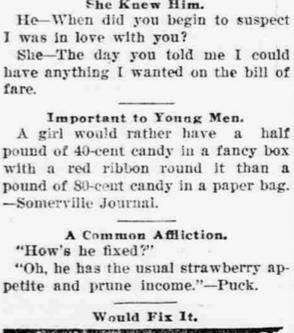
Pressed.
"Why, how rumpled your shirt waist is, Edith!"
"Dear me! and it has only just been pressed, too."
Edith was quite as self-possessed as ever. But St. John colored deeply.

She Knew Him.
He—When did you begin to suspect I was in love with you?
She—The day you told me I could have anything I wanted on the bill of fare.

Important to Young Men.
A girl would rather have a half pound of 40-cent candy in a fancy box with a red ribbon round it than a pound of 80-cent candy in a paper bag.—Somerville Journal.

A Common Affliction.
"How's he fixed?"
"Oh, he has the usual strawberry appetite and prune income."—Puck.

Would Fix It.



Miss Matilda—Your company is distasteful to me.
Corporal Pinhead—Then I'll resign from it. I don't like being a soldier, anyway.

Servants.
First Housewife—Some days I undo about everything the servant does.
Second Housewife—Gracious! How do you dare?

Behind the Scenes.
Sweet Singer—The tragedian says in coming through the Rockies on a train last winter he couldn't see out of the windows.
Soubrette—Terrible snowstorm, I guess.
Sweet Singer—Box car, more likely.

End in Sight.
Count Vacuum—Ah, eet seems zat ze rich American girls are getting scarcer and scarcer for us.
Count Dodo—Yes, monsieur, all ze "get-rich-quick" concerns are receiving hard blows in America.

Time to Run.
Sandy—Why are yer running so fast, pard?
Cinders—Dere's a lynchin' mob behind me.
Sandy—Dey don't want to lynch yer, do dey?
Cinders—No, but dey want dis clothes-line I'm wearin' as suspenders fer de rope.

Scheme That Failed.
"Say," exclaimed the man in a hourse whisper, as he met his wife at the depot, "didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother?"
"Yes," answered she, "but she opened the message and insisted on coming along to investigate."—Chicago Daily News.

A Change of Opinion.
"So they named a cigar after you?"
"Yes," answered the sporting man, in a dubious tone.
"Quite a compliment."
"I thought so till I smoked one of the cigars. Then I concluded it was a libel."

Feminine Charity.
He—Miss Elderleigh certainly has a very expressive face.
She—Yes, indeed. It's the very best money can buy.

One of Many.
Rubberton—Did Jones die without a will?
Dr. Quackem—No, indeed. He died very much against his will.

Terrible to Contemplate.
LaMont—I see some one has invented a projectile in the shape of a cigar that will annihilate an army.
LaMoyné—You don't say! I bet if they made it in the shape of a racing automobile it would kill twice as many.

Quite Another Matter.
"Before I give you my answer," said the fluff-haired summer girl, "I would like to know if you are in a position to keep me in the style to which I have always been accustomed."
"If the styles don't change too often I am," replied the wise youth. "Otherwise the odds are in favor of my going broke."

A Severe Test.
Her Father (protestingly)—You wish to marry my daughter, eh? Why, she has only just graduated!
Sutor (magnanimously)—I know it! And yet I love her!—Puck.

A Comparison.

Stout Man—Hullo! You look as if you had been riding on a barrel.
Bow-Legged Man—You look as if you had swallowed one.

He Was a Rude Man.
"John," said the young wife who prides herself on being sensible right up to the limit, "just notice how easy-fitting my new shoes are."
"Yes, I see," answered John.
"And John," she continued, "do you know why I always get my shoes so large?"
"Oh," replied the ungallant other half of the sketch, "I suppose it's because you have such big feet."

Her Only Comment.
"Nevertheless, my dear," said the masculine portion of the combine, "there are a number of men in the world who are my mental inferiors."
"John," rejoined the wife of his bosom as she looked him square in the eye, "you were always a confirmed cynic."

Out at First.
"Sir," began the young man, "I came to ask your daughter's hand in marriage. I feel that I am not worthy of her, but—"
"Young man," interrupted the stern parent, "I fully agree with you on that point, and there is nothing further to be said on the subject. Good-evening, sir."

Expensive Luxuries.
Vera Hitone—Will you keep your promise and resign from your club just as soon as I become your wife?
Cal U. Mette—I'll have to. Couldn't afford both, you know.

All Scraps.
Pete—Dey tell me dat bully was always coming around here looking for scraps. Did yo' accommodate him?
Sam—Should say so. Ah hit him wid a bowl ob hash.

The Next Best Thing.
"Polehunter talks about making an Arctic trip in an automobile."
"Why, he couldn't reach the pole that way."
"No, but he could come back and tell how he didn't."

Hot Draft.
Mahoolé—Ain't yez th' wan that towld me niver to drink wather wid out bollin'?
Physician—Yes, sir.
Mahoolé—Thin Oi hov a mold to murther ye. Oi dhrank bollid wather awn almost burned me mouth off.

LIKES THE ARMY LASSES.

Millionaire Manufacturer Says They Are His Mascots.

"Here, miss, take this money! For the love of heaven, don't go away without taking this money."
So yelled J. C. S. Johnstone, a Minneapolis manufacturer, as he ran through the corridor of the Auditorium.

"Have you seen her?" he demanded, as he rushed to the desk and accosted Clerk Shafer.
"Who?" inquired the latter.
"Why, the Salvation Army miss that just passed through."

"Went over to the Annex," answered the clerk and the Minneapolis man ran through the tunnel.
"Have you seen her?" he queried of the first bellboy he met.
"Who?" inquired the bellboy in amazement.

"The Salvation Army lass that collects money."
"Just gone up the street," answered the latter, and the man from Minneapolis might have been seen chasing up the avenue a minute later.

He caught her just as she reached Jackson boulevard.
"Here, take this dollar," he said as he pushed a bill into her hand. "I don't know what I would have done if I hadn't caught you," and then he returned to the hotel.

"I'd been a pauper in twenty-four hours if I hadn't given that girl some money," he explained to the people who had watched the chase. "They're my mascots, those Salvation Army lasses. I know that I would have been hoodooed if I hadn't caught her. I'd been broke sure."

He was silent a long time. "Haven't seen one in ten years without giving her money."
"Superstitious?" inquired one of his friends.

"Call it that if you want to, but it's a conviction with me. I was sitting right here about ten years ago when one of them tapped me on the shoulder and asked me for a contribution. Had a dime in my pocket; no more, and no job. Hungry and room rent staring me in the face. Wondering what I would do with that dime. Didn't see why I shouldn't as well be broke as have a dime, so I turned it over to her."

"That left me without a cent. The Lord won't forget," she said.
"Neither will I," answered, only I meant that I wouldn't forget that I was broke. A man had just turned me down for a job. Turned me down cold. I was worrying, but I had time to watch that girl. I saw her strike thirteen men without getting a cent, and I saw the fourteenth man give her \$1. There was a lesson for me. I got up and tried that same man again. I had resolved to try him fourteen times, if necessary. But it wasn't. He gave me a job because he liked my nerve, and I want to tell you that I have been mighty prosperous ever since."

"Almost a millionaire now, ain't you?"
"Well, close onto it, and all because that girl happened to strike me that afternoon. And since then no Salvation Army girl has ever gone away without money when I was in the neighborhood."

"Hereafter I won't go to sleep when I'm in this neck of the woods," he continued. "That girl came near getting away from me. If I hadn't caught her I know that I would have a telegram telling me that my factory had been struck by lightning. Well, fare-you-well," he said, as he walked away.

"But, say, any time that you see one of those girls give her something," was the final injunction. "Best investment you ever made."—Chicago Chronicle.

Road Across the Desert.
Work is now in progress in southern California upon a boulevard intended to pass through the Colorado desert in a straight line from the projected town of Rockwood to Calexico, on the Mexican border. It will be 100 feet wide and thirty-five miles long. Along either side of the boulevard and down the center will be rows of trees to shut off the glare of the desert sun. Also on either side will be small canals, which will not only irrigate the shade trees, but also will be utilized to lay the dust when the road is completed. It will require only two men to care for the entire thirty-five miles.

The rapid growth of trees in the desert country will insure a magnificent avenue in a very short time. At the international line 14-month-old willows are growing on the banks of the imperial canal seven inches in diameter and thirty feet high. The boulevard will give access to the towns of Rockwood, Brawley, Imperial, Sillsbee, Calexico, Mexicula, Mexicula and many new villages.

The Fly Was Particular.
A certain spinster in Indianapolis, says the Journal of that city, who has lived alone in her beautiful and stately home for many years, is one of the city's most notable housewives. No child's fingers have ever marred the brilliance of her mirrors and windows or played havoc with the handsome bronzes and vases in the dainty cared for dining room. At the home of her brother, where seven children romp from morning until night, as may be imagined, the same exquisite perfection of housekeeping is impossible. One day her small niece returned home after a tea party at auntie's, and in an awed voice said: "Mama, I saw a fly in Aunt Maria's house, but (thoughtfully) it was washing itself!"

The small boy always wonders if his mother will ever get over being surprised at the things he does.

TALK ON FULL SKIRT.

LOOK ABOUT BEFORE MAKING A SELECTION.

Radical Expression of This Fashion Is Being Very Generally Modified, as the Extreme Suits but Few Figures—Modes from Gotham.

New York Correspondence:
BEFORE settling on just what form of full skirt you are going to have, it is well worth while to take a good look about. Already the early radical expressions of this fashion are being modified in the interest of the many women they did not become. And there are indications of further changes to follow. You see, the new style of skirt as first advanced was a becoming to very few, so after these women had endorsed it, its progress was checked. Then, to draw other women into it, various changes were effected in it. Reduction of the fullness to the point that it did not increase the size of the hips appreciably, and abandonment of the row on row of horizontal



trimmings were early steps. By such processes is the new style becoming suited to the women who revel in tight skirts, and who, unless such concessions had been forthcoming, surely would have arisen in their might and established some radically different style. A result of these processes of compromise is that the full skirt has come to stay. So in your trips about the shops you, who are plump or short, don't try to get on altogether without it, but rather seek some modification that is becoming. Such are obtainable.

It hardly need be stated that the more radical forms of full skirt are poorly

nearly all the richer garments, but the thought that few of these are suited to the one-wrap program should be soothing. Perhaps her greatest danger is of becoming confused in the large and varied showing and of purchasing unwisely. Still, little advice can be given beyond the easy and hardly helpful, select something and according to your wardrobe. Nor can the artist give assistance of far-reaching value; there's too much to be half realized without having a good look at it.

Two pretty wraps of the loose form much favored are seen here. One was biscuit broadcloth heavily embroidered in



STANDING FOR LESSENER TRIMMING.

tan braid and set off with tan ornaments. The other was blue broadcloth laid in pleats and trimmed with buttons and narrow silk pleating. A surprisingly large proportion of these wraps and coats is in light, evening shades. They're the colorings a great many women hesitate over because they're essentially dressy and suggestive of perishability.

Fashion Notes.
Tab stocks hold their own. The becoming feather boa is at hand. On walking hats the fluffy pompon reigns.

Pelicans sweep almost to the elbow on elaborate gowns. One of the queerest belts is a hand-some enameled snake.

Plumes are to have a triumphal career on the winter millinery. If you can't have real fur, the new fur cloth is a good substitute.



TWO FROM A LARGE AND VARIED LOT.

ness, but with good designs set for copying, fine results ought to be obtained.

Three such models appear in the first two of the accompanying pictures. The first was brown chevrot, with finish of heavy brown passementerie and brown buttons. To be in direct touch with current rullings, a brown hat should be worn with such a suit, so that the one-tone scheme throughout could be accomplished. This is another fancy not well adapted to modest wardrobes, especially when no portion of such costume cannot be put to separate use. Yet any scheming economizer will find ways to get around this drawback. At the left in the next illustration is a light tan broadcloth trimmed with stitching and pearl buttons. Opposed to it is a gown of fuschia colored venetian cloth. Several fuschia shades showed in its passementerie. This is another stylish color trick. Its buttons were shaded pearl.

No one feature of the shops' current offering is more impressive than their supply of wraps and coats. Nowhere do shoppers linger longer than among these garments. Nowhere else is there more to reward study. It would seem as if these pretties would become worn out with handling, for they excite a deal of "just looking," but there are hosts of them, and considering that prices are rather higher than usual for such outfitting, they go fast. Such outsiders are to be a big factor in stylish dressing this winter, and surely, if an elaborate dresser is to own a half or full dozen of such, she who must make one wrap do will want a pretty one. She won't have to look far to satisfy that requirement, for the whole display is marked by excellent taste. Her ideas of price will cut out

Butter an oval mould slightly, then arrange cooked macaroni and truffles around the sides. Grate six cucumbers, add to half pint of water, with slice of onion; simmer five minutes; remove onion and add one teaspoonful salt, one-fourth teaspoonful white pepper, one tablespoonful gelatine, softened, two tablespoonfuls white wine vinegar; line the mould with this, also; then add any preferred meat, fish or fowl, cut fine with celery, green peppers, moisten with seasoned and stewed tomatoes. Set on ice until firm. Garnish with mayonnaise and parsley.—What to Eat.

Mashed Potatoes, Milanaise.
Boil the required number of potatoes till done, drain till they are perfectly dry; then mash with a fork till smooth and creamy, moistening during the mashing process with chicken stock. Season with salt and white pepper and add considerable whipped cream—enough to enable you to beat the potato with an egg beater. Put into a dish, smooth lightly, sprinkle grated parmesan over the top and brown in a rather hot oven.—The Epicure.

Sauerkraut.
Shred fine white cabbage into bits. Put a layer of the cabbage in the bottom of the keg and cover with a layer of salt sprinkled on generously, then add more cabbage and more salt and proceed in this way until the keg is full, pressing down each layer hard. Put a weighted board on the surface of the cabbage and stand away to ripen. The liquid will exude from the cabbage and salt and the scum must be removed. Stand for some weeks before using.

Fried Carrots.
Have very young, small carrots, scrape and clean well and split in two lengthwise. Drop into boiling fat and let cook till tender and brown. If preferred, they may be dipped in egg and crumbs before frying. In arranging for the table scatter chopped chives and chopped parsley over them. If liked, a sauce of melted butter and lemon juice seasoned with paprika may be passed with the carrots.

Spanish Cream.
Put the yolks of eight eggs, four ounces of sugar and a quart of milk into a double boiler and cook slowly till it thickens. Add to it two ounces of powdered gelatine dissolved in a very little water. When this is quite cool add a pint of freshly made strawberry marmalade, and a pint of whipped cream. Put into a mould and set on ice till the cream is quite stiff and firm, which will take probably from two to four hours.

Cucumber Cut-up.
Three dozen cucumbers and eighteen medium-sized onions peeled and chopped very fine. Mix thoroughly with three-fourths of a pint of salt, place in sieve, and let drain over night. Add one-half pint cup of whole mustard seed, ground black pepper to taste (about one-fourth of a cup). Mix all thoroughly and cover with the best malt vinegar. Bottle. A fine relish with fish dishes.

Tipsy Pudding.
Line a glass bowl with thin slices of sponge cake. Moisten each slice with sherry. Put over this a layer of preserved fruit, another layer of fruit and another of cake, and proceed in this way until the dish is filled. Pour over all a quart of good boiled custard.

Gleanings.
Salt in water is the best thing to clean basket-ware and matting. Cauliflower used for pickles should be prepared by first boiling the vegetable.

Quinces and pears should be boiled in clear water until tender before being put in the syrup.

Egg shells crushed and shaken in glass bottles half filled with water will cleanse them quickly.

When juice is left from canning it may be boiled low, made into jelly or syrup for flavoring purposes.

Coffee roasted on a hot shovel, sugar burned on hot coals, or vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor, are excellent deodorizers.

If any foreign substance is swallowed which is sharp, a needle for instance, do not give an emetic, but confine the diet to mashed potatoes for two days.

Many good housekeepers rely altogether on kerosene for polishing furniture, removing scratches and unsightly marks in general.

Books kept in ordinary bookshelves, and thus exposed to the air, will keep much better than those in bookcases with closed doors.

To remove walnut and fruit stains from the fingers, dip them in strong tea, rubbing the nails with it with a nail brush; wash in warm water; the stains come out instantly.

A cement made by adding a teaspoonful of glycerine to a gill of glue is a great convenience in the kitchen and is especially good for fastening leather, paper or wood to metal.

A wooden rolling pin, without handles and covered with flannel, is used by one woman when pressing sleeves and wristbands. The pin is inserted into the sleeve, which, she says, will then press as readily as if it were a flat surface.



Italian Salad.

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