

Merry Moments With Humorists

Fixing the Furnace

By William J. Lampton.

It was a cold day for Mr. Yapperson when he got home after office hours for his wife had spoken to him in the morning about the furnace. She met him as he came blustering up stairs. She was not as cheerful as he was. On the contrary she was positively blue—with cold. She had a rug around her shoulders.

"Gee, Susan," he puffed, "what's the matter? You look as though you were a carpet peddler."

Mrs. Yapperson did not go into roars of laughter over this joke. "I'm frozen, that's what's the matter," she replied coldly. "You've got to go down and fix that furnace."

"I thought it was all right when I left it this morning," he explained, with an air of confidence not justified by the facts as Mrs. Yapperson was acquainted with them.

"I know you did," she said; "but what do you know about a furnace? You don't know enough to think when it is right or wrong."

"Tut, tut, Susan," he spotted her. "Don't tut, tut me, Mr. Yapperson," she snapped. "You seem to think freezing is a pleasure."

"But I'm not cold, Susan," he argued.

"Well, I won't bandy words with a person as disagreeable and canting as you are," she exclaimed. "There is



"You Look Like a Carpet Peddler."

Jim Witham's Cotton Trees

By Hugh Pendexter.

Aged Irad Biglow's face grew doleful as he realized his cousin had harnessed the horse preparatory to taking him and his old trunk away. And he could think of no haven ready to receive him.

"Wal, Irad, the wagon is waiting for your trunk," stifferly informed Edgar.

Irad sighed. If he could but remain a few days. "Jim Witham is the luckiest man I ever see," he mused.

Edgar sneered bitterly. "He's been getting a monopoly on some more northern lights, eh? A monopoly no one else can get till winter, with you breaking the newsy secret in June. I don't care to listen to any more money-making schemes. Trunk is ready."

"There was a time Imit on the northern lights deal," winced Irad. "However, I won't bother you no more with Jim's good luck. Now, we'll fetch the trunk."

Edgar bit a straw and leaned sullenly against a post. "I guess he's welcome to it. Up at the north pole, prob'ly."

The old man turned from the door and mildly corrected: "No, nothing with winter or long distances in it. Only a secret of growing cotton."

"Cotton?" muttered Edgar, sinking to the step. "Is he going south?"

"No," listlessly replied Irad. "Jest going to grow it on his farm over in Porter. Will you take the hind end of the trunk?"

"Let the trunk wait a bit. It's too hot jest now," frowned Edgar. "How can a man grow cotton in the state of Maine?"

"You can't grow it in northern soil," slowly replied Irad, gratefully resuming his chair.

"Wal, did rot it! What d'ye mean? You said—I'll take the hind end of the trunk."

Irad rose. "Of course you can't grow cotton up here in the soil. That's where Jim's secret and fortune comes in."

"What in sin—You don't pretend Jim's going to grow it in a hot-house like early garden truck?" gasped Edgar, sitting.

"He's going to grow it on trees," whispered Irad.

"Trees?" mumbled Edgar, mopping his brow.

"Apple trees," murmured Irad.

"How in Sam Hill—Why—wal, can't you explain?" stuttered Edgar.

"Wait till I come back from Freeman's. Besides, it's Jim's secret."

"You seem in a awful hurry to quit here," cried Edgar. "Ain't this place home-like?"

"Why, yes, Edgar," sighed the old man.

"Then don't be in a rush to git-away. I guess you can stand it the week out. Lawd! if you had your way you'd stay a night and then skeddadle. You don't leave here till Saturday. That's settled. Now, what about Jim Witham?"

Irad coughed gently and explained: "Jim is going to graft cotton onto his

Bound to Make a Blunder

Elderly Lady Meant Well but Evidently This Was One of Her Unlucky Days.

The daughters of a certain charming old lady in Washington are frequently much upset by the odd sallies of their parent, whose failings in this respect are, however, more than offset by her kindness of manner.

Among the callers to the house of this family was a Mrs. Farrell, who, after some years of widowhood, again married, this time becoming the wife of a Mr. Meggs.

"If you love us, mother," said one of the girls, when the newly married lady's card had been brought in one afternoon shortly after the completion of the honeymoon, "don't make the mistake of calling her Mrs. Farrell."

The mother solemnly promised to commit no fauxpas and as she went downstairs was heard to repeat to

herself, "Meggs—Meggs—Meggs—not Farrell."

At the conclusion of the call, the old lady was met at the head of the stairs by the daughter, who at once observed an ominous expression of despondency on the old lady's face.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "surely you didn't—"

"No, Clara," replied the mother, emphatically, "I didn't. I was so careful to call her Mrs. Meggs all the time."

"Well, what's the trouble, then?"

"Oh, dear!" she murmured the kindly old lady, as she sank into a chair. "It was awful of me, I know! When greeted her I said: 'I am glad to see you, Mrs. Meggs. How is Mr. Farrell?'"—Harper's Weekly.

Blood Will Tell.

Milkman—Our cows are all blooded stock.

Customer—I believe you. Blue-blooded, if one may judge by the appearance of the milk.

Some of the Best Things Written by the Acknowledged Masters.

She would try a bluff.

"Very well, Mr. Yapperson," she said, imperiously. "Very well, I shall go to a hotel. You can stay here and freeze if you want to. It is a matter of perfect indifference to me."

"Thank you, dear," she said, turning away to hide her feelings, whatever they were. "When will you go, and would you mind leaving your future address so the postman will know?"

This kindly inquiry did not serve to assuage the lady's overwrought feelings.

"No, I shall not, and I shall leave immediately," and whirling around she headed for the door.

"Good-by, Susan," he murmured, putting out his hand timidly, and Susan, he went on, as she paused a moment in her flight, "as you go out, please step down into the basement and ask the furnaceman what's the matter with the fire-works. I brought him up with me and he is the best one in town. He says if he can't make it blaster the paper on the walls he won't charge a cent for taking care of it. I've got him nailed to a contract till spring."

Mrs. Yapperson stopped short and looked steadily, but doubtfully, into the eyes of the man she had promised to love, honor and obey. Then she went to the register and held her hand to it. She took it away with a jerk.

"Oh," she cried, looking at him reproachfully, and Mr. Yapperson snorted with joy over his little joke. (Copyright, 1929, by W. G. Chapman.)

bitterly rebuffed Edgar.

"And so it will," affirmed Irad. "But first the tree must be took south and given a taste of the soil. Then you bring it back and set it out."

"By Judas! D'ye mean I'd have to take my two orchards, tree by tree, down south, and then fetch 'em back?" choked Edgar, rising.

"Why, that's what Jim Witham is bound to do to make a success of it," replied Irad. "You see, the cotton soil gives the tree—"

"Bah!" cried Edgar, in great acerbity. "We'll both keep next Saturday in mind." (Copyright, 1929, by W. G. Chapman.)

Medium-Sized Journeys

By Strickland W. Gillilan.

Elmer J. Dante, inventor, explorer and promoter of a spiral wheel, was formerly named Durante, but removed the "u," as his folks were Quakers and preferred "thou art."

His great, great grandfather was a crusader, which was about as bad an occupation from the moral standpoint as there is; but the young man was a self-taught poet. He had had only three lessons in verse-making from a correspondence school at Scranton, Bavaria, but was a crack rhymier. At the age of only 15 he wrote in his copy book:

"Many men of many minds,
Many birds of many kinds,
Which has become immortal."

Young Dante's poet-companions had names that sounded like brands of pre-digested spaghetti, and need not, nay must not—be mentioned here. They were famous for their finished verse, and it is our duty and pleasure to rejoice over its finish.

Dante had a sweetheart named Beatrice, for whom the town of that name in Nebraska was christened. But she was a nice girl every other way.

Shortly after he was married and became several fathers, a war came to his rescue and he enlisted. He was one of the priors of Florence, or wherever he lived then. A prior was a sort of tax-collector, so-called because in those days, the same as now, they had to pry the people loose from their impost contributions. The Guelphs, whoever they were, were divided into two factions—the Neri and the Ghibellines (pronounced chib-lains), and Dante was sympathetically allied with the latter.

Dante, as one of the priors, had to take action in the matter. Being a poet and impractical, he advocated firing both bunches, the former of which contained his wife's brother, and the latter containing most of his own friends. This, of course, made life at home such as to suggest the inferno book for which he is most famous. The Ghibellines, or Bianchi, came back, after awhile, by government's permission, and this time Dante himself was banished with them because he hadn't made them stay banished. Dante said afterward that he would have given almost anything if they hadn't come unbanned. Dante



Dante Had a Sweetheart Named Beatrice.

Strong Game.

Cupid and Hymen were talking about cards.

"Ever play yourself?" asked Cupid.

"Sometimes," responded Hymen, cautiously.

"Indeed! And what is your strongest hand?"

"Oh, when kings find they are beaten by queens and then turn into Jacks. How about you?"

Cupid laughed a silver laugh.

"Oh, I have a hand that can't be beat."

"Really? And what is it?"

"Why, a pair in a parlor. That has been a winner since the world began."

Grim Reality.

The Friend—Why don't you funny men write any more jokes about plumbers' extortionate bills?

The Humorist—We've found out that they're no joke.

Accounting for It.

"That lady certainly has an extraordinary amount of animal spirits. Who is she?"

"I think she is the animal trainer at the Zoo."

FOR THE WRIST TIME WELL SPENT

Bracelets Are Worn, Though Fashion Decreases Change in Materials.

WHEN fashion decreed that short sleeves were soon doomed to extinction, feminine lovers of bracelets, that truly barbaric form of adornment, sighed many sighs and thought regretfully of money expended on golden circlets. For it was taken for granted that the knell of elbow-length sleeves meant also the knell of the bracelet.

But fashion fooled them once again. Bracelets, as a matter of fact, are as much in vogue as ever. To be quite truthful, they are not the bands of heavily-chased gold, twinkling with precious stones which modish women have been clanking against bridge tables, but bracelets made of silk, of velvet, of artificial flowers, of tulle and even of broad bands of the old-fashioned bead work beloved of our grandmothers.

Observers of the first-arrived model gowns from the great dressmakers of Paris noticed a peculiar trimming just at the wrist of the long, close-fitting sleeves. This trimming frequently was the same as that employed elsewhere on the blouse, it always was put on in bracelet form and generally ended in a demure little bow at the outside of the wrist.

This bracelet trimming was but the forerunner of many other bracelets made of materials distinctly new to this peculiar use. Now we see the debutante coquettishly banding her wrist with a circle of blue forget-me-nots or tiny pink "button" roses. She wears them over her sleeve if a long-sleeved gown is worn, or over her glove if in a décolleté gown. There is even a hint of a revival of wrist length gloves with very short puffed sleeves. In that case the bracelet of flowers will be still more in evidence, for it is necessary to wear something to break the hard line of the glove against the bare arm.

Black velvet ribbon, so long worn clasping the neck, now forms bracelets, pinned with a small brooch in the good old-fashioned way. If the brooch is a quaint antique, so much the better. A length of tulle in white or colors is affected by the girl who goes in for picturesque effects. She ties it closely around her wrist with long ends hanging from a tight little bow.

Curiosity shops that make a specialty of old-fashioned jewelry have been searched lately for the bands of woven beads clasped with old chased gold clasps which were so much prized by our grandmothers. They bid fair to be quite as highly prized by the girls of this generation, for great is the rejoicing of the woman who finds a bead bracelet of particularly quaint design. A pattern of red roses on a background of turquoise blue beads is an effective combination which age tones into quite a good scheme of color and the discovery of a bead bracelet bearing a motto, sentimental or scriptural, is considered very lucky.

THE coming vogue for snug-fitted bodices is going to disclose some distressingly rounded shoulders that our kindlier blouses and baby waists concealed. The young woman who values a good appearance will therefore spend her time most profitably in strengthening those muscles which hold the shoulder blades in place. A little set of exercises for this purpose would take up very little of her time, perhaps ten minutes night and morning, and the benefit derived would be both lasting and far-reaching. The exercise must of course be taken en pointe in order to get the full benefit of it, and preferably just before the bath.

The amount to be taken by any one person can best be measured by the fatigue that it brings on the muscles, all things in moderation being a very wise rule.

First, to develop the shoulder muscles, assume an erect standing position, then bunch the shoulders as high as possible at the same time that the head is thrown slightly upward and backward. Now rotate the shoulders forward, downward and backward with vigor, remembering that it does the most good when it nips. In repeating this cycle of movements be sure to maintain the body in its original erect position, with chest high and head back.

Secondly, double your fists, bring your knuckles together on your chest with thumbs downward, raise the elbows to the exact level of the shoulders, and then with one quick, vigorous movement bend your elbows backward until your fists touch your shoulders and your shoulder blades nip. Repeat by bringing your fists together again over your chest and then nip-nipping, with your elbows on the level with your shoulders.

To counteract the tendency to drooping head that so often accompanies round shoulders, stand erect, place the clasped hands on the back of your neck, and with chin in and every muscle tense bend your head backward, then forward, as far as possible. Remember that the head is pushed backward without the face turning upward at all.

To widen the chest that so inevitably narrows with stooping shoulders—and incidentally to place the collar bones less prominently—place your hands on your hips, or rather just your finger tips, as the elbows should be kept as high as possible, and slowly take in a deep breath, at one and the same time rising on tiptoe and bending your elbows back sharply. Then as you exhale let yourself down off your toes and bring the elbows back to their normal position. This exercise will do little good unless you are careful to press the elbows neither up nor down, but horizontally backward.

For the Children



Man-of-War Suit for Boy 6 to 8 Years. Coat for Girl from 6 to 8 Years. Coat for Girl from 8 to 10 Years.

WHITE or navy serge, or white duck are the materials generally chosen for this style of suit for a boy. The blouse is made to slip over the head and hangs quite loose, so that it is really quite easy to make up; the collar is adjustable and may be either of linen or serge. A straw hat is worn. Materials required: 2 1/2 yards 46 inches wide.

Coats for Girl from Six to Ten Years.—These coats may either of them be made up in cloth, serge, or coating. The first, which is modeled for a girl of six to eight years, has three flat pleats each side front and back, turning from the center; the collar and waistband are ornamented with braid trimmings. Hat of straw, trimmed with chiffon and bunches of daisies. Material required: 2 yards 46 inches wide.

The second is for an older girl, from eight to ten years; it is double-breasted and has inverted pleats on each side of front and back; straps of galloon are carried over the shoulders, the collar and sleeves being trimmed with the same. Hat composed of pleated lace and trimmed with silk rosettes. Materials required: 2 1/2 yards 46 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards galloon.

Square-Cut Bodices Get Sleeves Lower.

It is said by those who know that bodices are to be cut more squarely across the shoulders, and therefore the sleeves will be set lower on the arms. This will be accomplished by running the shoulder seams much longer than we have had them during the directorate period.

This smacks something of the second empire. But everybody is prepared for anything just now.

White Serge Smart.

White serge is going to be smarter than ever.

A white serge princess dress made with big button molds and a Dutch neck makes any woman look charming.

This can be relieved if necessary by a tie of black satin having for a finish two little gilt tassels.

House Purge Down-Stairs.

It is an excellent plan, if you live in a house, to have a "house purge" downstairs in a convenient place, so that when a little change is needed for something you are not obliged to run upstairs for it.

THE FIRE REKINDLED

A MEMORIAL DAY STORY

BY Claire Wallace Flynn

HE rat-a-tat of the drums and the dauntless voice of the fire began to awaken the quiet streets early in the morning. Adam Roth, brought to his window by the insistent call of the fires, raised his eyes to the cloudless blue of the spring sky, and then let them shift back wearily to his shabby room.

As the sounds died away, Adam went and stood beside the bed. On it was laid the full uniform of a Zouave, discolored with the smoke of many battles, ragged and worn with the stress of weary marches. Near one shoulder a faded stain spoke of a wound received at Alexandria.

Adam looked long on this uniform, and then, brushing away a mist before his eyes, he whispered the name "Dan!" Dan, the brave brother who had first donned them in '61, who had with unabated love and energy and pride worn them on every Memorial day since the first, had gone to the great "assembly," and only Adam was left.

And Adam! There was no part for him in all these half-pleasant, half-



"There Goes One of Those Grizzly Fighters, Boys."

reunions, these enthusiastic parades through the great city, these glorious awakenings of memories of deeds well done in the past. That was what ate into his soul and blotted out the light in his face. He had been a coward—coward! In those days, when the uniform before him had been a bright red, and the gun, leaning against the foot of the bed, had sparkled and shone, he had failed to answer the bugle call of his country.

The sounds in the street below grew louder, and the sun streamed into the room, sending a sudden riot to Adam's heart. The veins in his temples throbbled like ceaseless threshing machines, separating all the chaff of his long life of failure and cowardice from this strange, burning prayer that sprang up within him, that he might once, only once, go forth in the uniform of the country he loved, to march behind the flag he had failed to protect, to be an American soldier!

He found himself taking off his coat with shaking hands, and, almost before he realized it, he was hurrying into the uniform. He dusted the moth-eaten fer and put it on his head. The worn tassel fell over his ear, and he tossed it back with a new, free fling of his head. The mantle of Dan seemed truly to have fallen upon him, bringing with it the spirit of '61.

He went down into the street, Dan's rifle across his shoulder, his Zouave jacket lending strength and erectness to his weary back.

A man leading two little boys by the hand pointed him out to the children. "There goes one of those grizzly old fighters, boys. I tell you, they did great work!" The words reached Adam and sent a gleam to his eyes.

He saw the lines of silent people on each side of the avenue, and the crash of a military band sounded in his ear. The parade was passing. Adam grasped his gun with nervous, tense fingers. The men wore the familiar baggy red trousers, the short jacket, the jaunty little cap. They were the Zouaves.

With one great throb of his heart Adam stepped into the street and swung into line. The men next to him glanced in his direction, and his face whitened.

Dan Roth! Surely old Dan Roth was dead! The whole post had heard of it nearly a year ago. Who, then, cried out from all his features. With some fascination Adam noticed that his eyes were fastened upon the flag, or all that was left of it. But what was his gaze. His glance was a menace, his look burnt with the hatred of one whose hand is forever set against the insignia of law and royalty.

The ceremonies were drawing to a close. A bugler stepped forward and played the first bar of the "Star Spangled Banner." From his higher place Adam saw the man whom he had been watching push his way to the edge of the crowd, directly facing the flag. The people were singing now. The man laughed. Above the voice of palpitating youth and earnest age Adam heard it, and clutched his hand at his side. What did this man mean to do? Such wildness, such enmity, would not go unaverted. The man's hand went to his pocket. Adam took a step nearer the standard-bearer, whose dim eyes were ignorant of danger. Adam seemed to feel in some intuitive way what this poor, fanatic creature below meant to do. But he must not be allowed to do it—he must not!

The man's arm shot out. Something gleamed in the sunshine, something sang in the air above the words "in triumph shall wave," and an old Zouave stumbled and fell forward upon the white stones.

The commander of the post stooped over the fallen man and lifted his head. The man was a stranger to him. He looked at a Zouave standing near, silently questioning him.

"He pushed in front of Peterson, sir. Just as that scoundrel fired. He tried to grasp the flag, sir. I guess he saw what the fellow aimed at."

"Who is he?" asked the officer. "And what is he doing here? He is not one of my men."

"He was Dan Roth's brother. We have all heard of him—he was the boy that wouldn't join in '61. But today—he—"

The old man knelt down beside Adam. Just below the dim stain on the shoulder of Dan's jacket, the stain which marked that day at Alexandria, there was a new, fresh one. The heart that lay beneath it was at peace.

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Every noble life leaves the fiber of it interwoven forever in the works of the world.—Ruskin.