

Merry Moments With Humorists

Some of the Best Things Written by the Acknowledged Masters.

Benefits of Philosophy

By RICHARD S. GRAVES.

After having observed such other members of the human race as have come within my sight during the past 30 years I have come to the conclusion that philosophy is a good thing for us to use every day. Too many of us go through life without its benefits. We turn away from it in repugnance and around the corner meet disappointment and regret.

All of us do not know that wisdom may be extracted from the small things of life, and that its application, like the humble mustard plaster, often brings contentment and peace. Nobody would expect to be taught philosophy by a hornet, for instance, but a hornet can teach it and impress a lasting lesson, although a hornet is but a little thing. A hornet is but a trifle in the great universe—just a detail in the insect world, with the accent mostly on the last syllable.

I do not remember having seen a more lasting or thorough lesson than the one that was taught to me by a hornet.

When I met the hornet he was on his nest, apparently in a bad frame of mind. At least he seemed to be that way. I was not in a hurry, so I stopped to look at him and make an investigation as to the cause of his unhappiness. I noted his keen glance and angry aspect and they appeared to be out of place in one so small and

insignificant. He reminded me of an army officer returning from the cap-



I Decided to Go Away from There Immediately.

ture of Aguinaldo, or swimming the Bagbag. It is not wise to look a bald hornet in the face at close range and make grimaces at him. That is one chunk of wisdom I tore off that day and

carried away with me. It was jabbed into me and permeated my system thoroughly.

The hornet walked up and down his nest on the outside of the nest, like a new policeman, and kept his eye on me all the time. I cannot say it was a defiant look he gave me. It seemed to be more in the nature of a warning. I think now that he was saying to me by his actions, just as plainly as he could have said in words:

"You tear out of here! Fade away! Duck!"

Just as I stopped to pick up a rock the hornet must have said something to the other half million hornets inside the nest, concealed there without my knowledge or connivance, and they came out to see what he meant. They knew at once that he meant me, and an instant later 40 or 50 red-hot musket balls struck me. I decided to go away from there immediately, and I think I went just as immediately as anybody of average agility could have gone.

Time has softened the memory of that awful experience, but across the years come to me a distinct recollection that I applied the theory of cause and effect, perhaps for the first time in my life. As a result I tore out. I ducked, and faded away, or at least I made heroic and frantic efforts to accomplish all three feats at one and the same time. (Copyright, 1920, by W. G. Chapman.)

Irad Biglow's Criminal Barometer

By HUGH PENDEXTER.

"Trunk packed?" angrily demanded Irad Biglow's cousin, now resolved to be rid of the aged kinsman's unwelcome presence.

Irad, disconsolate because there was no shelter to receive him, remained in the splint-bottom chair and swallowed convulsively. Then he pleaded: "Wait a moment, Edgar, till I think out in detail that danged barometer of mine. Say, 1,500 families in this section, each buying one for \$2.50 apiece—"

Edgar mentally cast up the total, but wise from past experiences, he repeated: "Trunk ready for the wagon?"

"Giving a profit of \$3,700 on the first batch," mused the old man, "figgering that we peddle 'em ourselves."

"Peddle what?" asked Edgar, forgetting his resentment enough to take a chair.

Irad cocked his feet on the worn trunk and replied: "Why, my Criminal Barometer I was telling you about. By Judas! It was Cousin Freeman,

"If you command it in the name of duty I s'pose I must," sighed Irad. "And I do," grimly assured Edgar. "Now what about this barometer?" Irad combed his whisker thoughtfully and explained: "My Criminal Barometer prevents crimes, accidents and sickness. For \$2.50 a family can avoid doctor's bills and losses."

"How?" gasped Edgar. "It will look like any barometer, except on the side will be marked: Sickness, Fires, Drouths, Brown-Tail Moths, Potato Rust, Hen Thieves, and so on through the scale of all misfortunes. The liquid in giving 48 hours' warning turns cloudy opposite the different words."

"For instance, you git up in the morning and find the fluid milky up to Measles. You've got 48 hours' start of the disease. What if it climbs to Fires? Be careful till it goes down. A clear tube means all humkey dory. If the tube registers Horse Thief, just keep the barn door shut and your eyes open."

"Will it tell about crops?" greedily asked Edgar. "It gives six months' warning," readily assured Irad. "Outcome of

village elections told three months ahead. I tried to git it up to five, but there's a psychology about elections that's—"

"What about hoss trades?" feverishly obtruded Edgar.

"The hardest problem I have," whispered Irad. "I can guarantee only 15 minutes. It ain't a regular disease like measles, you see. A man would have to do his swappin' in sight of it."

"Or carry it with him," hungrily suggested Edgar.

Irad pursed his lips and shook his head and unstrapped the trunk, and corrected: "Hardly! on account of the wires."

"Wires?" choked Edgar. "Wires leading from the electric motor to the barometer," informed Irad.

"Do you mean this contraption must be run by a motor?" thundered Edgar. "By a 75-horse power non-flexible motor," mildly explained Irad. "But the householder puts it in and it's nothing out of your pocket."

"How much would the motor cost?" grieved Edgar. "Figgered on between \$1,100 and \$1,124."

"But the rest was lost as Edgar clattered down the attic stairs. (Copyright, 1920, by W. G. Chapman.)

Medium-Sized Journeys

By STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

Joan of Arc was born in Domremy in 1412, thus carefully antedating the hipless form, the merry widow hat and the directoire gown. She knew there were other matters she would have to attend to, so she chose an age when she wouldn't be bothered so much to keep up with the style.

She was a peasant girl of honest, therefore poor, parents, and had to do the milking. Like other husky farmers' daughters, when Bess would not "go," Joan would vouchsafe the old heifer a swat over the perceptive that would make her sorry she hadn't died in veal-hood.

Once, just when she had handed the line-back mooly a clout in the flank-steak that would hold her awhile, she thought she heard someone speaking to her. Further investigation convinced Joan that the speaker was an angel. This made her apologize to the cow. Further chat with the angel gave her to understand it was St. Michael, and at length she grew so at home in his society she called him Mike.

The message delivered by this angel was, "Go; put on a business suit, and fight for France."

Joan was at first reluctant about it—not that it would be any undesirable change from milking in fyt-time, to real war, but because she didn't like to wear a three-button sack-coat and a derby hat. But the voice persisted, so she rolled down her sleeves, went and bought a suit and told the French commander she was ready to enlist.

Naturally the commander, harried

as he was by the duke of Bedford's English regency, thought the girl was very much Ophelia, and wasn't inclined to listen to her funny talk.

Her first job was to lick the English at Orleans. She had no cotton-bales and sand-bags as Jackson had when he fought the same folks later at New Orleans, but she had her hat-pin, of which, naturally, the British were slow to see the point. She made frequent sallies. At first, being unfamiliar with them, she called them Sarahs. But later she was on better terms with that mode of warfare. After while the English grew dissatisfied with her attacks and went away from there.

Then she took Charles VII. to Rheims and had him fitted with a crown, and thought her checkered career was done. "Isn't my man in the king-row?" she asked.

They convinced her that the trouble was only beginning, and that she ought to fight right on.

Eventually she was captured when she hadn't said "King's ex" or crossed her fingers and wasn't standing on wood, and they took her and burned her at the stake.

Recently a very ignorant friend of mine, in buying some portierhouse, remarked that if Joan of Arc had lived to-day they would have found something cheaper than steak to burn her at.

It is terrible not to know how to spell. (Copyright, 1920, by W. G. Chapman.)

began overhauling the soda fountain, as I am doing now."

"But that couldn't have anything to do with the town ordinances," replied the party addressed.

"You wait a minute. I noticed that customers who came in looked at me in a queer way, but I did not give much attention until a constable came in and informed me that I was under arrest."

"But what for? What had you done?"

"Overhauled my old soda fountain."

"But hadn't you a right to do that?"

"But it was only the middle of May, you see."

"But what had that to do with it?"

"Why, I spotted the sleighing. Yes, sir, I invited summer to come and summer came, and the snow and the sleighing disappeared fully two months before the usual time."

"And you—"

"Oh, I paid the \$15 fine and promised never to do so again, but between you and me that had a good deal to do with my selling out and leaving the state."

ABOUT THE HOME

Timely Chat on Matters of Entertainment and Etiquette, by Mme. Merri

A Fad Party.

Spoon grasses and monogram fan epigrams have been succeeded by a rational and useful mania, for each person now has her own special hobby; the more practical the better. With this in mind a young hostess sent out invitations asking each one to come prepared to tell of her own particular fad; if possible, to bring a specimen, and be prepared to talk five minutes about it.

It was a very interesting afternoon. One lady had selected plates for her specialty and she brought a most beautiful old Sevres piece that will some day be worth a king's ransom. In her travels plates are always her quest and her dining room testifies to her success. Anniversary cups and saucers was one woman's fad; as each wedding day comes she adds an exquisite cup to her collection. They are for after-dinner coffee and show off to advantage when she serves black coffee in the drawing room.

A prospective bride adds a towel to her linen chest every trip she takes; these are monograms in the colors of her bedrooms to be. A dime bank was the source of one guest's finances with which to indulge her fad of tea-pots; many of these she bought at auction shops. Handkerchiefs was the hot hobby of a dainty little maiden dressed in blue, and she had them from all over the world, besides many fine creations of her own fair hands. The intellectual girl confessed that books were her particular weakness, and she has many of them inscribed with the author's name; also rare first editions, and a splendid bookplate drawn by a famous illustrator she was justly proud of.

Chinese carvings was another fad, and rare Japanese and Chinese pottery still another. Prints and engravings were the special love of a lady who nearly always wore gray, which exactly matched her beautiful hair. All this led up to the fact that every one needed a hobby, something to add zest to one's journey; occupy the mind, and provide always a topic for entertaining conversation.

Chafing Dish Fudge Party.

"Bring your chafing dish and aprons for two on Saturday night at eight."

This was the message four girls and four lads of congenial minds received not long ago. And what a jolly time they had! The helpful boys donned the aprons and the girls amid much merriment instructed them into the mysteries of fudge building.

There was divinity fudge, which is the very latest addition to the fudge family, and all sorts of concoctions that made the plain chocolate fudge of—well, I'll say "my school days," instead of how many years ago, look like a plain little Quaker lady amid the new fluffy masses filled with nuts and candied cherries.

The making and selling of fancy fudge has proved quite a financial attribute to one "guild" that numbers a goodly array of South side girls among its members.

Even grown-ups enjoy "fudge" parties, as I can cheerfully testify. Things constructed upon a chafing dish bring with it an element of sociability and cheerfulness that is hard to attain in any other way. Long life to it and its pretty schoolgirl champions.

To Find Partners.

Make balls of cotton, tie them with different colored ribbons two of a kind, then give the two balls that are alike to a man. Have the men on one side of a door or room separated by portieres over which there is a grill or opening. The man is to throw over one ball, the girl who catches it being his partner. Another way is to wrap a half a quotation in one ball and then match the quotation halves.

A Red Geranium Luncheon.

The most stunning table imaginable is achieved when red geraniums are used exclusively as the decoration for the luncheon. They are available alike to both city and country hostesses, as nearly every one has a bed of these brilliant garden flowers and they are usually at their brightest when other blossoms are on the wane.

Fill a large glass bowl with the scarlet posies, using their own rich leaves for the green. Red candles in holders of glass, scarlet paper bonbon and nut boxes, with ribbons of the same hue leading to the place cards, which should be white with a red geranium thrust through the corner. The hostess should be gowned in white, with red belt, stock and slippers; or the dress may be of red muslin with white accessories. First serve a cherry cocktail, then tomato bouillon, salmon croquettes with Julienne potatoes, beet salad and raspberry sherbet. The cakes may be iced in red, as there is a harmless fruit coloring; a confectioner will make cream patties to match in coloring if the order is given a few days ahead.

MADAME MERRI.

ACROSS FRANCE

BY CANAL AND RIVER



THE MISSION BOAT "LA BONNE NOUVELLE"



A FRENCH VILLAGE ALONG ONE OF THE CANALS

time, and heard it "gladly." Night after night the chapel, seating about 150 people, would be packed with 200 or even 250 people, wedged beyond the possibility of the place, perhaps as many more covering the roof of the boat and the river bank and the bridge connecting "twin" villages on opposite banks of river or canal. When the boat moves on to the next village the people follow it, three miles, six, nine and even 12 miles. But it is impossible, with only two boats, to visit all the riverside villages and hamlets of France, even once, much less to return for the ingathering of the spiritual harvest. It is impossible to know in any detail what are the results of all this work. The majority of the French people seem to believe that religion is the enemy of republicanism and that a republican form of government cannot exist where religion is tolerated. And, in the minds of the majority of Frenchmen, the word "religion" is synonymous with "Catholic."

But all this time the McAll Mission has suffered under no such disability. It is not a church, but a People's Mission, and being by definition a friend of the people it is therefore a friend of the republic. "I like to come here because there is no religion here"—meaning no ritual or ceremonial—is frequently said in a mission hall. No penalty, social or legal, is visited upon the man who enters a hall of the McAll Mission, or walks with one of its missionaries, or calls one of them to officiate at a funeral. To those who know it, the mission is a friend, an agency for their instruction and for the moralization and the safe and innocent recreation of their children.

Soap Tree in Florida.

Side by side grow the soap tree and the tallow tree. The soap tree yields a product from which is manufactured the purest article of soap that is possible to be made. Indeed, the pulp of this berry is a natural soap and will make a lather almost like the manufactured article. The soap berry tree is now creating widespread interest and the berries are being imported from Algiers and China.

It will pay to plant the trees and look after their cultivation. The product of the tallow tree also enters into the product of soap and the two together make a nice combination, and their cultivation should be looked after by those interested in new industries. Besides soap the soap berries make a fine oil, and when the virtues of the tallow tree are fully known it may also yield a fine and profitable oil. The young man who now plants out a ten or twenty-acre orchard of these two trees may drop into an easy fortune.—Ocean Banner.

Began to Be Worried.

Little George, who was four years old, had been told many Bible stories. Among them was the story of the flood and the building of the ark by Noah.

One day a storm threatened. The clouds grew darker, the wind arose, and suddenly the rain began to fall.

"Auntie," said George, "do you think it is going to storm?" "Yes, I think it will," was the reply.

"Do you think it will be a hard storm?" asked the little fellow.

"Yes, I think it will be a hard storm," the aunt replied.

"Well, don't you think some of us had better begin building an ark?" he asked.—Los Angeles Herald.

An Early London Motor Car.

Motor cars are not quite the novelty that some of us suppose. In the London Daily Advertiser of March 4, 1712, there is a description of "a curious chaise that travels without horses, lately arrived from Berne." It was claimed for this pioneer automobile that it could cover 40 miles in a day, and it actually ran from Hampstead to Tottenham Court in less than 40 minutes. This vehicle is said to have run with "charming ease," which is more than can be honestly said of some of its London successors of to-day.

For the Serviette



In many homes, a serviette has to last each person for a week, or, perhaps, one is allowed for breakfast and lunch, another for dinner, to serve the week; these often become more soiled on the outside by handling than they do from use; and a little contrivance, such as we show here, and which is of French origin, is very practical. It is made like an envelope, of fine linen or cambric, the width that of a serviette folded in three or four, as preferred, the depth to correspond; the size must, of course, be regulated by the size of the serviette it is intended to hold. The edge is ornamented all round by a drawn thread hem, one end is turned up to form a pocket, the other which forms the flap is worked with the spray shown below in open hole embroidery; the case is fastened by a loop and small button under the hem.

A washing glove or handkerchief case could be made on these lines, and might be ornamented with the embroidery design, either worked in open holes or in raised satin stitch.

INVIGOR

Cavalier hats are the height of style for morning wear. The low shoe or oxford is just a wee bit smarter than the pump. Pongee serge is a new material, of a texture altogether lovely. Cotton flowers are used more on hats than silk ones. Marvels of beauty are the fairy-like scarves of thistle chiffon with borders of spangled medallions in delicately brilliant colors. Black suede shoes are smart, but look a bit smudgy, and make one want to take a bit of kneaded rubber and pick out a few high lights.

The Parisienne's Newest Shoes.

Some of the newest shoes made for the gay Parisian elegantes are of the variety which the Americans call "low shoes." This is the first time that these have appeared upon the feet of the real Parisian, and they are quite an innovation.

The stockings intended to be worn with shoes of this character are wove so as to form large squares, which are very transparent, while the most novel colors are brick, violet and almost every shade of peacock blue. Many Parisian women are ordering linen shoes to wear with their linen gowns, and these, of course, will be the same color as the dress. The metallic tissues, silver, gold and copper, are being made up into charming slippers for evening wear.

Make Your Hats New.

If the black chip hat which was worn last summer looks a little dingy, wipe and brush off all the dust possible. Then rub it over lightly with a piece of soft silk dipped in olive oil. Wipe it as dry as possible, and keep it where no dust can reach it until all

A LITERARY LION

The late F. Marion Crawford used to tell of a bright girl whom he met at a village in Indiana.

"I reckon you are the celebrated Marion Crawford?" said the stranger.

"My name is Crawford," replied the novelist.

"Allow me to introduce myself," said the other. "My name is Higgs. I am in the book line myself, and know how it goes."

"You are an author?" remarked Mr. Crawford. "I am glad to meet you."

"Yes, I have published a book regularly every year since 1890."

"May I ask the name of your latest book?"

"It's the Premium List of the Jones County Agricultural Fair," responded Higgs. "Allow me to present you with a copy of it. I'm the secretary of the Jones county board. We're going to beat all records this year. Air machines, chariot races, baseball games and trials of speed on track till you can't rest. Come and spend

the day with us, and it won't cost you a cent. Well, this is where I get off. Good-by. Mr. Crawford. Glad to have met you."

The genial secretary of Jones county board wrung Mr. Crawford's hand, pushed his hat further back on his head, strode down the aisle and got off the car, leaving the astonished author of "Mr. Isaacs" gasping for breath.—The Wasp.

She Was Excited.

When an American girl goes to Europe she has to learn to do a great many things she may not have done in this country. For instance, she will often have to make speeches. It is reported that the countess of Grand made her first speech in Horney at a bazaar, the Liberal party having the affair in charge. She stood under the stars and stripes, and for a few moments had a bad case of stage fright, but she soon recovered and made a really good speech.

The House in Three States

Remarkable History of Three Brothers Born in the Same House, But All in Different States.

Montana is believed to possess three brothers with a history more remarkable than has heretofore been known. The story is vouched for by Col. Thomas C. Marshall of Missoula, Republican national committeeman from Montana.

"I believe," said Col. Marshall, "that the history of the brothers stands unprecedented in the annals of American history. That they should be born in the same house, and at the same time, each born in a different state, seems incredible, and all the more so when it is stated that the house stands on its original site."

"These brothers are named Wright, and are now residents of Missoula county, Montana. When the elder of these three brothers was born, that particular section of the county was in Oregon, as a portion of the Louisiana purchase.

"Several years later a second boy was born to the Wright family, but in the meantime Idaho had been segregated from the original territory, and therefore he was a native of Idaho, and his elder brother was an Oregonian."

"Again a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wright, but he was neither an Oregonian nor an Idahoan, but a Montanan, the treasure state having been sliced from Idaho in the meantime. Thus three brothers were born in the same house and each in a different state."

"They are getting along in years, but the house still stands and is still occupied by the Wright family."

An Innocent Victim.

"Speaking of spring," said the druggist, as he rested for a moment from overhauling his soda fountain. "I bought out a drug store in a town in Vermont a few years ago. I was a stranger to the town and its ordinances. About the middle of May I