

The Blue Ribbon Pumpkin

It was Moses Smith who founded and named the village of Unity in a western state. Moses was the head of the...

The soil around Unity was fine for all sorts of vegetables, but particularly pumpkins. Pumpkins had been grown there that had been the wonder of four counties...

Friends, I have sorer planned this thing out for all of us. Aaron Tompkins will grow the prize squash...

One day it was reported that at night some one was to make a raid on every pumpkin patch in the village and break his spite...

By the date of the fair a stranger coming into the village would have found everybody down on everybody else. He would also have learned that forty-one families were growing prize pumpkins...

The fair over and the pumpkins returned home to be made into pies, the common sense way would have been to drop the whole matter and let unity prevail in spirit as well as name...

Yes, all those plaguesy stiff necks were right in it and up till the prettiest little town in the state with their blundered old pumpkins business...

Uncommercial List

Artistic folk frequently have some what vague notions about business. Some of them are quite ignorant of it...

The Names of Moses. Moses of Scriptural fame is called by eight different names in various places in the Bible...

Dot and Troussau. Dealing with the weaknesses of Paris, some noted for meanness a Paris contemporary relates a good story of Frederick Lemaitre...

The Cry of the Loon. The cry of the loon is one of the strangest, weirdest sounds in nature. Those who have heard it can scarcely wonder that it has so often been woven into song and legend...

Four Kinds of Liars. The late Sir Frederick Bramwell was famous both as a witness and arbitrator in engineering disputes. It is recalled that his brother, the late Lord Justice Bramwell, on giving advice to a young barrister told him to be careful of four kinds of witnesses...

Extra Hazardous. Beers—Poor Mrs. DeAlteris has always been unlucky in the selection of her husbands. Townsend—Why do you say that? Beers—Her first husband was a guide in the Adirondacks, her second was a baseball umpire, her third was a manufacturer of dynamite and her last was an aviator—Chicago News

A Genuine Spirit. "Henry, I want \$2 this morning." "What for?" "Must I account to you for every penny I spend?" "I don't insist upon knowing about every penny, when it's less than a nickel you can bunch it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Wanted It Abbreviated. Jeweler—What shall I engrave in it? Customer—G. O. to H. L. Jeweler—What's that, sir? Customer (meekly)—George Osborne to Harriet Lewis; but just the initials, please.—Lippincott's

His Son's Dress. Hammond—Don't you dread the silent watches of the night? Martin—No! It's the creaking clocks that give me away.—Harper's Bazar

Good intentions will never justify bad actions.

A Singular Dress Parade

It was in the year 1920 that the matter of woman's suffrage came to a head, woman agreeing to accept all duties of citizenship the same as men. A battalion of volunteer infantry was organized by the government...

The members of the regiment were ordered to rendezvous in camp. The quartermaster, a man who had been charged with the work of establishing the camp, provided only such equipment as he had been used to providing for men...

He telegraphed at once for 500 hospital tents which gave each woman one for her baggage. Fortunately the tents arrived while the weather was yet fine, and no damage was done by exposure. A dress parade was ordered for 5 o'clock in the afternoon...

As he passed along at the rear his position might be noted by the woman he was behind putting her hand to her back hair. Having gone through the inspection perfectly he assumed his original position, and the major commanding was directed to put the battalion through the manual of arms...

The situation was very embarrassing to the commander. How to get the hats back on the women's heads involved a puzzle. The women's heads during a dress parade would be unutilized, yet the hats could not be permitted to remain the sport of the wind...

Finally the hats were recovered, the women "fell in" and the ceremony proceeded. When the band paraded the drum major, who had been selected of course, for her height, produced a very marked impression on the spectators...

But all this happened before the woman question was finally settled.

A Sudden Transformation

I went from America to South Africa, leaving my wife and children at home. I was run down in health, discouraged and felt that the only way to pluck up courage and get on my feet was to light out leave all cares behind me and strike a new field...

I made up my mind to return to America with my find. So, carrying a little chamcha skin bag, I put the diamond in it, first marking my name on the bag in ink. Then I took a trusty eling wagon for the coast. There were half a dozen of us traveling together, but only two of us fellow passengers attracted my attention...

I hadn't been sitting long by the big rough man whose seat marked him for a Yorkshire man, when in the course of my diamond, which was in one of my pockets next to him, I clapped my hand on the place where it should be, and lo, it was gone!

I knew I had passed into the possession of the Yorkshireman. But what was I to do? I was unarmed and I could see the butt of his pistol extending from his hip pocket. I looked at the passengers to see if there was one I could rely on to help me in case I should accuse the man and claim my property. But two of them were women, and the men in the coach except the two I have mentioned were weak chaps who appeared to have very little stuff in them...

The opportunity came sooner than I looked for. Suddenly the wagon was stopped by a single man who ordered us all out and to the top of the road agents do in western America. Only the curate refused, and he appeared to do so from abject cowardice. Retreating to a far corner, he begged the robber not to kill him.

Light on a Dark Subject. Can Her—There's one question I should like to have answered: When a thought flashes across the intellect does it of fact any molecular changes in the cellular or muscular tissues composing the material substance of the cerebral mass, or does it operate merely in the realm of the spiritual ego, thereby leaving no trace subject to detection or classification in the domain of scientific inquiry? Information Editor through again to his desk.—There is no premium on the coil.—Chicago Tribune

Swell Set Credentials. Mrs. De Bull (making out a list of invited guests for dinner)—Can you think of any others? Mrs. Van Rester—There is Mrs. Kumbac. "I had thought of her, but she did not try to smuggle."—Philadelphia Ledger

One Execution. Neighbourhood Old Man—I say, did you break the record? A—Round—No, but I broke everything else—Judge.

Placed. Mrs. B.—Is she a Mary of the vine-land cottage? Mrs. M.—No, a Martha of the rubber plant dat.—Harper's Bazar

ALL OF ONE NAME

See They Had to Tag Each of the Many Tom Hazards. Perhaps no community more carnestly and frequently set forth its erratic fancy than did the early settlers of Narragansett, R. I., of whom W. W. Weedon tells in "Early Rhode Island." There were so many of one name that the bearer must have a descriptive prefix lest he be lost in a concourse of multitudes. Mr. Updike cites thirty-two Tom Hazards living at one time and thus illustrates a few:

College Tom, because he had been at college; Bedford Tom was his son and lived at New Bedford; Barley Tom, because he boasted how much barley he ruled from an acre; Virginia Tom, because he married a wife there; Let the Neck Tom, from the farm of that name; Natter Tom, the blacksmith; Fiddle Head Tom, an obvious reason; Pistol Tom, wounded by an explosion of that arm; Young Master Tom, his son; Short Stephen's Tom, the father low, against Long Stephen; Tom, the father tall; Tailor Tom needs no explanation.

The Georges were not so numerous, but they were distinguished as Ben-Bird George, of little legs; Sherrington George, Dr. George and Governor George.

A Disguised Toast. At one time the officers under Lord Howe refused to drink his health as their toast, for though a splendid admiral, he was not popular in the navy on account of a certain shyness and want of tact with those about him. The very particular whom to make up for it. "While we were at Hunchobay," says Professor Pratt in the Wide World Magazine, "a Malay died of dropsy. He was the first Malay who had ever come to that part, and the Papuans greatly respected him. 'Very well,' they said, 'we must shoot a Malay with our bows and arrows to pay for his death.' And soon or later some innocent person would be killed to square the account, when everybody except the president, the victim's friends, would be satisfied."

Worth Her Weight in Butter. Curious customs still prevail all over the world. In some parts of Uganda the custom is to offer six needles and a pack of India rubber for a wife. Some of the Kafirs sacrifice oxen. The Tartars of Turkestan give the weight of the prospective wife in butter. In Kamchatka the price varies from one to ten reindeer. Some savages require a certain amount of labor. Among the aborigines it is said the current rate for a wife is a box of matches, which prompted a Paris contemporary to speculate whether one of the French government boxes would be accepted.

Beauty and the Beast. A well known churchman was visiting New York, accompanied by his wife, who is as beautiful as her life mate is homely. They were walking down Broadway one afternoon, and the pair attracted much attention. One of two young "sports," evidently thinking to attract the favorable attention of the churchman's wife, in an audible aside remarked that it was another case of "the beauty and the beast." "Quite as with the husband turned and, as he swung his right to the speaker's jaw, swung a knooker," said, "I am a man of peace, but I won't allow any one to call my wife a beast."

Salutida. Solitude is dangerous to reason with, not being favorable to virtue. Pity, out of some sort or necessary to the intellectual as to the corporal health, and those who resist gravity will be likely for the most part to fall a sacrifice to appetite, for the solitudes of sense are always at hand, and a dram to a vacant and solitary person is a specially and seducing relief. Remember that the solitary person is certainly luxurious, probably superstitious and possibly mad. The mind stagnates for want of employment and is extinguished, like a candle in foul air.—Johnson

Rasmus and His Carrying. "You are charged with carrying a razor," said the magistrate. "What have you to say?" "But his's a safety razor," pleaded Rasmus. "What difference does that make?" the court asked. "Well, y-o' hono., a safety razor am carried only to do moral effect."

A Fair Proposition. "But," the patient exclaimed, "your advertisement said 'no cure, no pay.'" "I shall cure you," the doctor replied, "if you only will be patient and give me time." "Very well, I will pay you if you will be patient and give me time. When shall I call again?"—Chicago Record-Herald

Had the Appearance. Mistress (proudly)—My husband, Bridget, is a colonel in the militia. Bridget—I thought as much, ma'am. Sure, it's th' fine malicious look he has, ma'am.—St. Louis Times

Musicians and Sneezing

Nobody can dispute the superiority of the players in a big orchestra like the Philharmonic or the New York Symphony. Most of the time they take their work seriously, but sometimes the men break loose and play tricks on one another as though they were youngsters in school. Of course the audience knows nothing of these things; they're usually perpetrated in rehearsal.

The red pepper trick is the commonest. The players scatter it where the bassoon and trombone players are likely to sniff it up. The result is sneezes and sneezes. Sometimes the sneezes reach even into the strings, but of course the players on the wind instruments get it worst.

As a matter of fact, the jokers are playing with fire. A confused sneezer can't get a job in a good orchestra, no matter how good a performer he may be. "Think of the sneezes on a rousing sneeze on a rousing sneeze. Why, it would spoil a whole concert, one sneeze would. A conductor has to guard against a sneeze as he does against insubordination."—New York Sun

A Lucky Game of Chess

A story is told of the Moorish prince Abul Hejez, who was thrown into prison for sedition by his brother Mohammed, king of Granada. There he remained for several years until the king, fearing he might escape, played himself at the head of a frog, and seized the crown, ordering execution. Abul Hejez was playing at chess when the pasha came and bade him prepare for death. The prince asked for two hours' respite, which was refused. After earnest entreaty, he obtained permission to finish his game. He was in no hurry about the moves, even as he told, and well for him he was not, for before an hour had elapsed a messenger brought the news that Mohammed had been struck dead by apoplexy, and Abul was forthwith proclaimed king of Granada. If he had indeed a small favor for the pasha to grant, but it altered the whole current of the king's career.

Elephant Humor. The courage of a lion at bay, great as it is, is no greater than that of the buffalo, and he must yield his scepter to the elephant, declares E. L. Tamm in his book, "In the Torrid Sudan," as to courage, size, strength and intelligence. It is a temptation to declare that the elephant possesses a sense of humor. A herd of elephants once fell in with a train of donkeys. Their attention concentrated on the lead donkey, the loads were torn asunder and their contents distributed over half the province. At that, on the Mountain Nile, the elephants were at one time full of practical jokes. Passing at night time through the village they would knock the sleepers up by demolishing their beds above their heads, then contentedly march away.

Meditation. Try to secure some part of each day for meditation. Apart from men we can look ourselves more honestly in the face. Lift up our hearts to God and give our panting lives a chance.—Stevenson

Thoughts never lack words. It is words that lack thoughts.—Joubert