

On the Sunny Side of Life Bits of Fun Here and There

That "Voice" Again

FOR many weeks the town had been ornamented by bills announcing that a lecture on the value of vegetarianism would be delivered by Prof. P. Knut. There being nothing else going on in the town at the time, quite a respectable crowd filed into the hall.

The professor was eloquent, and before he had finished his lecture, many of the people present had decided to give his teachings a trial when—alas! the "voice" interfered in the proceedings.

Getting worked up as he heard the closing passages of his oration, the professor said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I do assure you that I never cease thanking the good soul who first persuaded me to give vegetarianism a trial! I have never for an instant regretted the day when I decided to give up meat eating forever! Before I took this step I was a wretched, ailing creature—a thing of aches and pains; an undersized, mealy, hesitating mortal, more like an animated scarecrow than a man. To vegetarianism alone can be given the credit for this change—this—"

Here the horrible "voice" interrupted with:

Surely Hard Enough

A PROPOS of the German spy scare in France and England, Lapsley Wilson, a luncheon at Nice, on the French Riviera, told an anecdote.

"It was at the time," said Mr. Wilson, "when concrete beds for guns were being found—according, at least, to rumor—all over the allies' territory. At this time some time an American in Paris went up to a policeman and said, mysteriously:

"Pst! Are you looking for German spies?"

"Mais oui!" said the policeman, taking from under his cape his notebook and pencil.

"Then," said the American, "go to the Hotel de Blanc and arrest the proprietor. He's put up at least two concrete beds there. I know, because my wife and I slept in 'em last night."

Perhaps It Was

IN Washington William Collier was once conversing with a man of much scientific attainment. The scientist narrated in detail a series of experiments he was conducting with the microphone.

"The microphone," said he, "magnifies sounds to the ear as the microscope magnifies objects to the eye. The footfalls of a spider heard through the microphone sound like the tramping of marching infantry."

"That is amazing," politely commented Mr. Collier.

"This afternoon," continued the man of science, "I heard a fly walking across the pane. The noise resembled the hoofbeats of a cavalryman's mount."

"Perhaps it was a horse fly," suggested the actor.

When Crops Are Poor

QUIET and confident, the young traveler for the patent fertilizer determined to sound Farmer Filbert as to his firm's latest production.

But the farmer saw him coming ayont the turnips, and knew him and his ilk of old.

"No, young fellow," he finished up, after a lengthy argument. "These new-fangled ideas don't appeal to me. Nothing can beat the old natural fertilizer."

"Good heavens, sir!" exclaimed the exasperated young patent-pusher. "The day is coming when a man will be able to carry enough fertilizer for an acre of land in his watch pocket!"

"Maybe he will, my boy," allowed Filbert, as he chewed a fresh straw. "And I reckon he'll be able to carry the crop in the same pocket, too!"

Fair Warning

THE lanky youth who occupied a seat in a passenger coach persisted in sticking his head and shoulders out of the window. The brakeman was passing through the coach, and he touched the youth on the back.

"Better keep your head inside the window," advised the brakeman.

"I kin look out the window if I want to," answered the youth.

"I know you can," warned the brakeman. "But if you damage any of the iron work on the bridge you'll pay for it."

Wouldn't Be Missed

A FRIEND of Nat Goodwin's was staying with the actor at his home in California, in the hope of obtaining relief from chronic dyspepsia. One day he was taking a walk along the beach with his host.

"I have derived relief from drinking a glass of salt water from the tide," said the invalid, solemnly. "Do you think I might take a second?"

Goodwin reflected deeply. "Well," he replied, with equal seriousness, "I don't think a second would be missed."

Generosity

MRS. BLACKINGTON was collecting funds for a widow and orphans who had been suddenly left destitute by the death of their provider. Meeting Mr. Cronin, she asked if he wished to contribute a few cents toward the fund.

"Now, Mr. Cronin," she said, "can I put you down for a small subscription?"

"Shure, mum," replied the old Irishman, "an' it's a very laudable object, and ye kin put me down fer a couple av dollars, an' th' Lord knows I'd give ye th' money if I had it."

Not His Style

ANDREW CARNEGIE celebrating his 79th birthday in New York, said to a reporter:

"I impute my good health to my activity. I have always kept active. Nothing ages you, you know, like shiftlessness—like the shiftlessness that is found in certain parts of Florida."

"A Florida cracker and his wife were sitting on their stoop one day. The man

was chewing tobacco, and the woman was dipping snuff. Suddenly a loud blare of music was heard, and a political procession passed by.

"Waal," said the man, "consarned ef that thar ain't the finest political parade I've seen since our winter in Jacksonville."

"Fine parade, is she, Bill?" said his wife.

"You bet!"

"Then I'd sartainly like to see her," said the woman. "Pity I ain't facin' that way!"

A Military Offense

DURING the annual maneuvers of the British territorial, a private was riding one day in a train with his uniform coat unbuttoned. This caused a sergeant to say:

"Button up that coat! Haven't you got any sense of military decency at all?"

But here a gentleman on the left interfered, saying to the sergeant:

"How dare you give commands with a cigar in your mouth? I am Major Fitzhugh Calbraim."

At this point an elderly gentleman with a white mustache leaned over and murmured in the major's ear:

"Colonel Brewster Farfax is sorry to remind you, sir, that to scold a sergeant in the presence of a private is a military offense hard to overlook."

Hotel Humor

JOHN McGLYNN, of Troy, president of the New York Hotel association, is noted for his witty stories. Here are a few of his epigrammatic conclusions:

"A sunken garden is one in which you sink a lot of money."

"If an apple a day will keep the doctor away, why stop there? An onion a day will keep everybody away."

"A pessimist is a man who pulls down the blinds and then complains of how dark it is."

"Over in Germany when a general does something brave, they give him the Iron cross. In Mexico when a general performs a great service, they give him the double cross."

Another Voice

A GIRL in an "up-state" city was called to the telephone, or, rather, she answered the family telephone, and thought she recognized in the terse "hello" at the other end of the line the voice of her fiancé, so she said, "Hello, is that you, Sweetie?"

The voice at the other end suddenly turned gruff and replied:

"No, this is not Sweetie, by a blamed sight. It's the gas company collector, and if you don't pay yer bill at the office by this afternoon, yer gas'll be shut off."

No Returns

AN interested visitor who was making a call in the tenement district, rising, said:

"Well, my good woman, I must go now. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank ye, mem," replied the submerged one. "Ye mustn't mind it if I don't return the call, will ye? I haven't any time to go shumm'n' meself."

STATESMEN, BY FRED C. KELLY REAL AND NEAR

The Tell-Tale Wax

AT the time the Hay-Pauncote treaty was the big talk about the state department, the newspaper correspondents were wondering what day it would be signed. There was a possibility that the information would not be made public until some days after the signing was done, and such a delay seemed to the respondents highly objectionable. They desired to know at once. Elmer Payne, who was covering the department for the Associated Press, found out by means of a funny little bit of observation. He happened to notice a colored messenger walking briskly along the corridor with a stick of sealing wax in his hand.



"Where are you going?" asked Elmer gruffly.

"I'm taking this into the secretary's office, frankly, replied the messenger. "They's fixin' t' drap some wax on sump'n'."

Elmer was able to make a good guess as to the paper on which the wax seal was to go. And he succeeded in verifying his guess. It was the Hay-Pauncote treaty.

Sick--Very Sick

THEN there was the case of a certain senator who said that he could not be in Washington at the time of the most heated part of the fight on the ship bill because of illness. One of the leaders of his side telegraphed him to make his way back to Washington, but he wrote a letter telling about his symptoms and showing conclusively that it would be impossible for him to leave his bed under at least a fortnight. Then several other senators wired the member, berating him for his absence, and he came back to Washington after all. He got there on the same train that bore his letter showing how utterly impossible it would be to leave his bed for a fortnight.

Cheers for Jimmy

TO look at Jimmy Gallivan, member of congress from Boston, New England, is to know instinctively that Jimmy is a live wire. He is the type of man who, on finding that one way to do a thing will not do, promptly tries another way. In the course of his campaign last fall, Jimmy and his opponent held outdoor meetings one night almost within a hundred yards of each other. Jimmy's opponent had some good cheer leaders, and they sent up a rousing cry of exultation that was extremely vigorous to the Gallivan crowd. All that the Gallivanites needed was a leader and they could have cheered loud enough to drown out the noise of the rival gathering. Suddenly they had a leader. A brisk, athletically-built little man with a sandy mustache

stepped forth, began to gyrate his arms and yelled:

"Come on now, boys. Three rousing cheers for Jimmy Gallivan."

After the crowd had raised a stirring cheer, the leader signalled for them to do it all over again. They did it in a manner that was a tribute to the skill of the cheer-master.

There will now be a brief pause for the benefit of those who desire to know who the alert young leader was who stepped forth and saved the day, or the evening, for the Gallivan side.

The leader was Mr. Jimmy Gallivan—none other.

"Somebody had to do it," explains Gallivan. "How could I expect some other fellow to holler for Gallivan if I wouldn't do it myself?"

Exercise for the Dog

CONGRESSMAN GEORGE R. SMITH of Minneapolis is fond of hunting and takes great pride in the ownership of a costly setter dog of noble birth. One day an old man who was acting as guide for the hunt, came near making a lifelong enemy of Smith by criticizing the dog's technique in the field.

"The dog's perfectly all right," declared Smith, indignantly. "I wouldn't trade him for any dog I ever saw, only he doesn't get quite enough exercise. I'm busy and have to keep him penned up a good deal. He ought to have more exercise and that would improve his hunting."

"Has he got any fleas?" inquired the old man.

"Should say not," replied Smith, insulted. "That dog has his bath every week the same as I hope you do."

"Why don't you give him a few fleas?" "What do you mean, give him fleas? Why should I want a dog like him to have fleas?"

"Well," opined the guide, thoughtfully, "they'd give him exercise."

One Point

J. D. POST is a member of congress from Washington Court House, Ohio—often referred to by facetious persons as Washington Clothes Horse. He will retire from office on March 4. The other day, noting the rapid approach of that date, he began to make comparisons of Washington, D. C., and Washington C. H.

"In many respects," remarked Post, "I like it here much better than I do our Washington back home. But the thing appeals to me most of all is the clean streets. When I return home I'll have to shine my shoes every day. Here I don't have to shine them more than once a week."

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Dutch Customs Are Pleasing Old and Young Dress Alike

A PLEASING picture of Dutch life is drawn by Mrs. Florence Craig Albrecht in a paper prepared for the National Geographic society, in which she describes the tidy housewife, shows how the little girls exactly duplicate their mothers in dress and the little boys must be apparelled exactly like their fathers or be hopelessly out of fashion.

The writer shows how formerly every one of Holland's many islands and most of her many towns had their own particular and distinctive dress, and how, even to this day, in a little country less than an eighth as large as Oregon, one may still recognize the places from which many people come by their costumes. She draws a picture of the Walcheren dames who drive to the butter market at Middelburg, descend from their wagons and chais with much shaking of voluminous skirts and aprons, much patting of their comely wrinkled caps, and much smoothing of their faces.

"When the farmer's wife comes to town, she replaces her workday apron with one of black sateen," says Mrs. Albrecht, "almost as long and full as her skirts; it is close shirred at the waist in many fine, even rows. Her bodice is black likewise; but a shield-shaped tucker is frequently of gay colors, and the sleeve is but an apology, ending far above the elbow in a broad and very tight black velvet band."

With all their demureness of dress and bearing, the Dutch girls are fond of banter and fun. Ask one her name and she is likely to answer that her mother can tell it better than she can, as "mother knew it first." She has no objection to your knowing her name, but she is a great tease at all times, says the writer.

"A tiny maid of 4, a wee laddie unable to speak plainly, wear precisely the same

costumes as mother and father—full, long, black skirts white cap spiral coral beads and apron for the one; black cloth or velvet trousers and jacket much adorned with silver buttons silver-buckled shoes and queer black hat for the other.

"The tiny baby pats and smooths and settles its many wide skirts adjusts its beads and feels its gold spirals to be quite sure they are all as they ought to be, with as much care as its mother. It must be confessed that this anxiety of dress is much more developed in baby girls than in boys. Perhaps it is only another example of masculine conceit, this seeming indifference. The little boer, as the country boys are called, may think that he cannot fail to look well under any circumstances, and his principal purpose seems to be to have his hat tilted over his eye at just father's angle. But the little girl simply must know that her cap is straight and her skirt even and unwrinkled before she can be happy."

According to Mrs. Albrecht, many of the women and men of Holland proclaim their adherence to Catholicism or Protestantism by their dress. The lace cap coming down smooth and straight, and ending squarely across the shoulders denotes a Catholic woman; the cap that is gathered or plaited to flare widely denotes the Protestant woman. The Protestant gentleman wears his beaver hat with brim rolled up all around; the Catholic gentleman turns his down in front to form a visor.

"The Zeeland farmer takes kindly to progress," says the author, "in spite of his conservatism in the matter of costume. American farm machinery stands in many a farmyard; and he has quickly adopted the American bicycle, the American alarm clock, the American street car, and the American telephone."

Brussels Was Belgians' Indulgence

DRAWING a picture of Brussels as it was before the present war, the National Geographic society describes the capital of the Belgians in the following terms:

"The Brussels of before the war was the one indulgence that the industrious Belgian folk permitted itself. Other Belgian cities were built for practical purposes—for the Belgians are the hard-headed folk of the centuries—but Brussels was built to please. Strategic sites near the raw materials of industry or upon the lines of trade, ports and vantage points for the distribution of agricultural produce explain every Belgian city, except Brussels and Ostend—and Ostend was built exclusively for the benefit of rich foreigners with money to spend. Brussels was the weakness, the luxurious foible of the hardest-working people.

"Brussels had the charms of a miniature. It reproduced, feature for feature, the breathless pleasure of Paris, the bright art and student bohemia, the teeming night-life, and all of the bewildering pastimes of the ultra in fashion and fortune. These things were just as in Paris though drawn to a much smaller scale. But proportionately there were more Belgians in Brussels than Frenchmen in Paris or Germans in Berlin or Englishmen in London.

Those three greater war capitals have the peoples of the world among them. Brussels was primarily Belgian.

"The population of the city, together with its immediate suburbs, exceeded half a million. Brussels was considerably larger and livelier than the American capital, Washington, which, it might be noted, is the smallest and most sedate of all the important capitals of the world. Nevertheless, even Washington has a more solid, a more extensive appearance than the chief city of Belgium.

"The city lies on the navigable river Senne, 50 miles from the sea. Old Brussels is pentagonal, and magnificent boulevards mark the sites of the old fortifications. New Brussels lies on high land, it is dry and healthful, and contains the finer residences and most of the beautiful public buildings. The lower town is devoted to business and to the canals which reach to Ghent, Bruges, Antwerp and Charleroi.

"Brussels began somewhere in the seventh century as a congregation, a congregation which gathered to hear St. Gery, Bishop of Cambrai, preach. St. Gery was one of those rare old heroes of young Christianity, who matched their teachings with their lives and who were in command of an irresistible eloquence. The camp of religious enthusiasts grew rapidly into a village, which early distinguished itself in manufacture and trade. Brussels has had a changeful history. By the early middle ages it had grown wealthy, and it has always since remained a home of wealth and of splendor. It has been twice destroyed by fire, and has acknowledged many masters.

"Belgium is a land of the workingman. There was, probably, hardly a drone to be found in all the little kingdom. Everybody was in business in Belgium, everybody was bent upon making money, and everybody was proud of his business and his bent. In short, the whole country was self-made, and, therefore, democratic. Brussels, on the other hand, the national luxury, has always been aristocratic in tone and feeling. The symbols of labor and of practicality were not allowed to obtrude in Brussels, which stands like an oasis in the desert with its savoir-vivre, its pure taste in architecture, its devotion to art, music and the theatre, its light gaiety, and its gracefully-worn luxury. The splendor of Brussels is not the crass splendor of the upstart; it is rather the pleasing elegance of an old Kaiserstadt like Vienna."

Region of Exiles

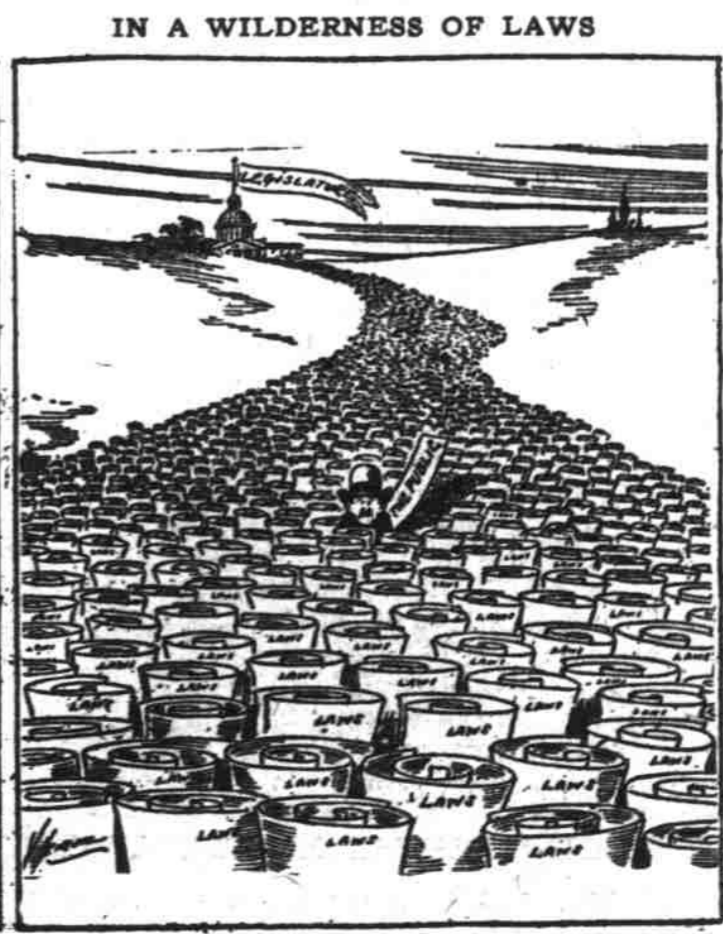
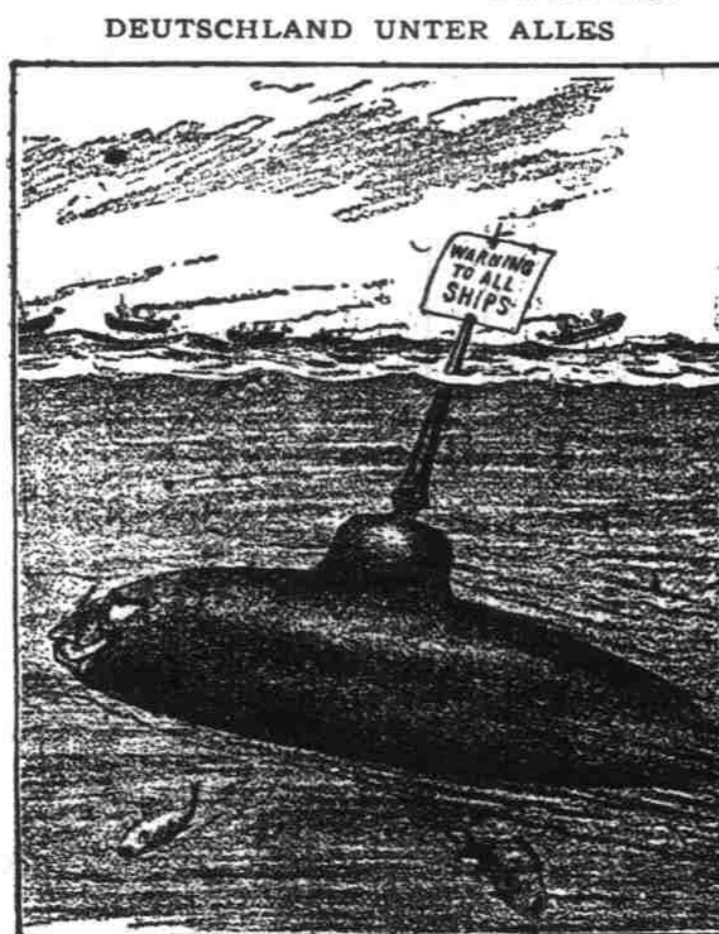
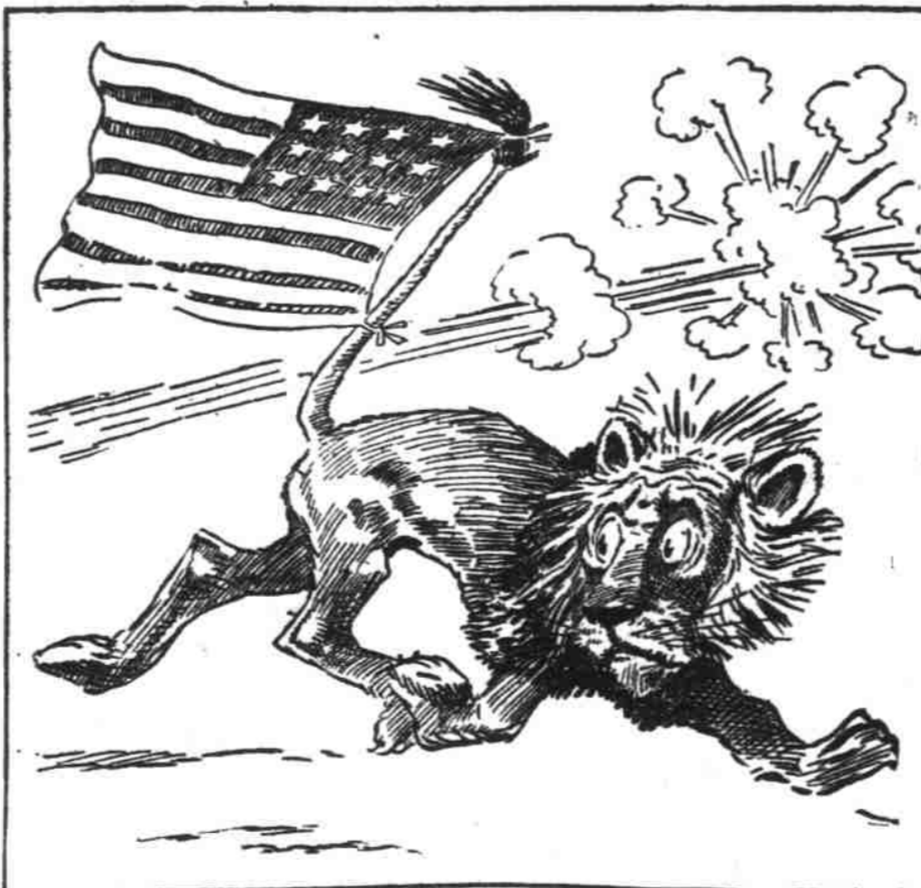
THE following statement concerning the province of Bukovina, the neighbor of Galicia in the Austro-Hungarian empire, which has been figuring in the war news recently, was prepared by the National Geographic society:

"Legend has it that the old gods are in exile in Bukovina. Crowded from their temples in Greece and in Italy and from their halls on Olympus, they fled to the raw mountain forests of Bukovina, where they have since led sadly impoverished lives with no obligations, no hecatombs, no incense, no notice, with nothing but bleak, lonesome beech forests and rocky mountain sides. However true this may be in the case of the gods, it is true in the case of the peoples of Bukovina, that most of them went there in exile. They are the Ruthenian and Roumanian tribes who were crowded out in the bitter struggles through which Europe came to its present apportionment. They, like their neighbors, the exiled gods, lead lean existences in the small, mountainous forest land which lies on the outskirts of every thing.

"Bukovina is an Austrian crownland, with the rank of a duchy, with a few small cities and a population of some 800,000. It presents an unobstructed frontier to the Russian empire, which is cut off from the Austro-Hungarian empire by the Carpathian mountains. Its chief city Czernowitz, is just across from the Russian frontier. Broken spur ranges from the Carpathians, further, isolate much of Bukovina from its neighboring Galicia. It is most easy of access to Russia and to Roumania. The first natural difficulties which the Russians met were the interior mountain ranges, covered with forests, and tangled with underbrush.

"The crownland has an area of 4031 square miles, and lies almost wholly in the Carpathian belt. Its climate is severe, and its soils, except in the larger valleys, are not very productive.

Pictorial Comment on Current Events By the Leading Cartoonists



—New York Globe.

—Columbia Dispatch.

—Des Moines Register and Leader.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

—New York World.

—Boston Statesman.