

SCRAPS OF HUMOR



More Shape. A boy was presented with some guinea pigs by his father's friend. Meeting the boy soon after, the friend inquired about the pets.

Disappointed. Bride—Sometimes I think that you don't love me any more. Groom—Why, I love you just the same as ever.



BITTER THOUGHTS. Mrs. Pester—Have you forgotten that this is our wedding anniversary?

Advice. Remember this, when duty calls it never pays to shrink; you've dodged opportunity when you are dodging work.

What a Dreadful Mistake! Jack Potts—Sorry I couldn't get here earlier, my dear. Poor old Pete Faraway is dangerously sick in bed and he sent for me to come and see him. Anyone here while I was out?

Not Even Started. "What remedy do you suggest for economic ills?" "None. I haven't even been able to discover an absolutely reliable remedy for a cold."

A Painful Operation. "Did you hear that our old friend had been superseded?" "You don't say so? Did they give him an anesthetic?"

The Help There. "I suppose they make up the oysters with sheets of water, but who does it?" "The mermaids, of course, booby."

The Reason. "Nervous exhaustion seems so prevalent just now." "Yes, since the automobile came people are a lot more run down."

It Never Fails. Mrs. Pester—I wish you'd wake me these for me to catch the 7 o'clock train in the morning. But don't rouse a whole household while you're doing it.

Couldn't Afford It. Hewitt—Do you believe in physical fitness? Jewett—No; I joined a class once and I outgrew my clothes like a small kid.

An Indication. "Do they take children in this apartment house?" "They must. Some of the rooms are large enough to accommodate anybody but a child."

How He Got the Last Word. "Well, I had the last word in an argument with my wife last night." "That so? How did you get it?" "I admitted I was entirely to blame."

The Way of It. "That young man is very logical in his preference for blondes and brunettes." "How do you mean?" "He prefers blondes, he keeps it dark secret, and when he's flirting with brunettes, he makes light of it."

Her Experience. "I see where a lot of military commanders have gone on a hunger strike." "I'll bet none of 'em is mar-

Tract Is Added to National Forests

1,116,000 Acres in Thunder Mountain Region of Idaho Set Apart.

HAS LONG BEEN A MENACE

Recurring Forest Fire Have Endangered Adjoining Portions of National Forests—Great Tract Is Difficult of Access.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Washington, D. C.—In accord with almost unanimous sentiment in Idaho and in response to considerations vitally affecting adjoining national forests, congress has set apart 1,116,000 acres of land in Idaho known as Thunder Mountain region, as national forest lands. This great tract, difficult of access and having not over 1 per cent of its area suitable for agriculture, has for years been the scene of destructive fires and devastation due to overgrazing.

Swept by Forest Fires. What has taken place in the Thunder Mountain region, according to officials of the forest service, United States department of agriculture, is typical of what would have taken place in most of the national forests had these areas not been protected.

There are no towns or villages in the whole region. The log buildings of the first settlement on Monumental creek still stand—vacant, specter-like reminders of the boom days of many years ago. Hundreds of claims which

were located during the rush of 1901 have been abandoned. Some high-grade ores have been found, and the general belief is that the region contains an abundance of low-grade ore, but its commercial use has not been possible because of inadequate transportation facilities.

Travel is Difficult. At present the roads, trails, and bridges are in a sad state of disrepair, making travel over them on foot or by horseback impossible.

A large and important watershed is included in this area, which is estimated to supply at least 1,000 second-feet of water to the Columbia river at low-water periods. It is roughly estimated that more than 100,000 horsepower could be generated from waters rising in the area.

Mishap to Auto Stirs All Slovakia

Soldier Cuts Telegraph to Make Repairs and Results Are Astonishing.

HAS DIPLOMATS WORRIED

Ties Up Railroad Traffic and Results in Congestion That Takes Month to Straighten Out—Week to Restore Wires.

Szabadka, Slavonia.—When a wheezing little automobile of American make, driven by a Serbian soldier, broke down on a country road 40 miles from here, it started an international tangle which rolled up until it had the diplomats of four countries worried.

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING URGED ON METHODISTS

New York.—Collective bargaining "as an instrument for the attainment of industrial justice," is recommended in a report by the executive committee of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, which requests ministers and members of the church "steadfastly to insist on its application and constantly to promote in the Christian spirit discussion of the methods by which it might be applied."

features of special scenic interest. Deer and trout are plentiful, and there are said to be a few wild sheep and goats.

AIRPLANE IN CHURCH WINDOW

One in London Dedicated to Saint Michael, Patron Saint of Airmen

London.—The church in Spanish place which King Alfonso attended on his visit to London has received recently a new window in honor of St. Michael the patron saint of airmen. It shows an airplane with the inscription, "Defende Nos in Proelio."

It is said to be the first window in which a flying machine has been a feature of a church design.

on the four switches of the railroad yards here and congested things until not a wheel could move.

A Red Cross supply train of 30 cars, bound for Bucharest, came up behind the French trains and completed the tieup of communications.

Ten Americans were marooned for nine days on board the Red Cross train.

Sends Train to Investigate. Roumanian merchants who were relying on the prompt delivery of the French goods sent a special train from Bucharest to investigate the delay.

Szabadka, an important town on the frontier between Hungary and Serbia, was cut off from all communication with the outside world.

The Serbian soldier who was the innocent cause of all this trouble was driving his car merrily northward one day when the steering gear went wrong. He stopped, found the cause of the difficulty and decided that he needed a piece of stout wire to repair the damage.

He reached up to the long-hanging, single-wire telegraph line and cut off a generous section. Having fixed his car, he drove blithely on. The wire gave out presently and he renewed it twice, three, four or five times, from the telegraph line beside the road.

Meanwhile the trains of French merchandise had begun arriving at Szabadka. Official sanction was necessary for the cars to proceed. The frontier officials framed the proper sort of telegram, and it was duly countersigned and presented to the operator.

He reported that the wire was "not working." So the frontier officials decided to wait until it began to work. They waited two days, while more and more trains drew into the congested yards. Szabadka was cut off from wire communication. Mails go only once a week, and then only if trains are running.

The telegraph officials finally decided to send out a line-repairing party. The party returned after another day's delay, with the announcement that so many breaks had been found their supply of spare wire had given out.

Meanwhile, congestion in the yards increased and the appeals from the French conveyors, the American conveyors and the Roumanian merchants became more urgent. It was a full week, however, before the wires had finally been restored and the official visas obtained. By that time the blockade had become so complicated that it will probably take a month to put Szabadka back on a normal basis.

GENERAL WOOD AND FAMILY



Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, Mrs. Wood and their family, in the first photograph taken of them together since the general's return from France. The sons, Capt. Leonard Wood, Jr., and Lieut. Osborne C. Wood, went into the service at the outbreak of the war, the captain serving with the Eighty-first division in France. The daughter, Louise, is still in school.

Must Ride Wild Moose To Be Member of Club

Nipisiguit River, Can.—One of the most unusual sportsmen's associations is the Moose Riders of the Nipisiguit. To qualify a man must ride moose in the presence of a guide in good standing. He must get a photo and have this placed in the book of records there, together with the signatures of witnesses and guide. He then receives a metal badge picturing a man riding a moose and the words "Moose Rider of Nipisiguit."

Wore Father's Shoes to Fool Police. Camden, Pa.—For months detectives followed what were evidently the footprints of a woman burglar. Five small boys were arrested and confessed to a long series of housebreakings. One of the youngsters said that he always wore his sister's shoes while on the job.

FACE MUCH RED TAPE

Americans Find Travel in Germany Is Difficult.

Absence of Official American Representation in Berlin Causes Embarrassment.

Berlin.—Lack of American official representation in Berlin is causing American travelers considerable embarrassment.

The Spanish embassy representing American interests can sometimes help the traveler, but more often not. It has too much business to handle, and red tape unwinds slowly in Germany.

As a result of this situation Americans coming here are complaining considerably of the situation.

England and France are liberally represented on missions here. America has none. And its interests have to be conserved mainly by the Amer-

ican legations in The Hague and Copenhagen.

Two stranded American sailors reached town recently, expecting passports here. They were penniless but expected a lift. They couldn't get a passport right away; maybe by waiting long enough they might have had one through the Spanish embassy. Probably they passed the borders somehow "on their own." It can be done, but it's unpleasant.

And at the same time an American business man arrived with a perfectly good pass, but found he needed to travel to Czechoslovakia to complete an important deal. Could he get his pass amended here? No, he had to travel to Copenhagen and run the risk of losing his business deal through the delay.

These are only sample cases. Daily Americans with difficulties as bad as or worse than those above cited are here, and find that the U. S. A. isn't among those present.

Decorating for David

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(©, 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Monica was alone in the office when David came in. She was hot and tired and the estimate for the Flynn house at Great Neck must go out in the evening mail.

Her smile of greeting was a bit wan, but held its degree of charm and invitation. Monica's business manner was a comparatively new asset, and it was with extreme difficulty that the mantle of reserve dropped from her shoulders sufficiently to permit her to chat naturally with the strangers who came into the office.

David Trevor seemed to fill the tiny office. His physical being was big, and a second swift glance told Monica that his mentality promised the same broad proportion.

"I saw your sign, 'Interior Decoration on the doors,' he began, 'and have found the courage to plunge in. I have tried for a week to get sufficient pluck to come in.'

Monica laughed softly. "And what were you fearful of finding in this innocent-looking office?" she inquired, with a swift glance into his very blue eyes.

"David Trevor did not voice the reply that came naturally to his lips. The same reply would have flung itself into many masculine minds upon beholding the lure of Monica's eyes and the soft sweetness of her voice. Instead, Trevor laughed boyishly.

"I was afraid of meeting with bobbed hair and a wild Batik—most decorators go in for that sort of thing, you know. However," he added, as if to make good the reason for his visit, "I want to find out if you have time to furnish an apartment for me. My wife is away in the mountains and will be back in—September. I rather wanted her to come home to a wonderful new setting."

"That would give me just August," said Monica. "but I think I can manage nicely." She was all business now and quite forgetful of self. David Trevor found ample time to study her. He smiled from time to time as if glad he had found the courage to enter the office.

He found himself answering a few simple questions as to the size of the apartment, the amount he wanted to spend, what type of furniture he fancied and an idea of color schemes.

His complete disaster when it came to color combinations brought a smile to Monica's lips. He floundered hopelessly.

"Well," she said, finally realizing his utter helplessness regarding interior decorations, "I will assemble a few cretonnes and color schemes for you, and if you like you can send them up to your wife for approval."

"No, no—this is all to be a great surprise package for my wife. I want her to come home in September to an exquisite little home and I want you to do the whole business. I don't mind looking at the cretonnes—you would no doubt feel more satisfied if I approved of them."

So it was that Monica began one of her most artistic bits of work. Trevor's office was just next door to her own, and it was he who took her up first time to see the apartment he had leased.

They went up in Trevor's car and Monica found the studio apartment just such a one as she dreamed of having when her golden ship came into harbor.

There was a huge studio room that would permit of most lovely color effects, and wide couches with heaps of wonderful cushions, a baby-grand, and those great, cozy chintz-clad chairs, and a Chesterfield, with a table behind.

"There will be exquisite rose shades on two lamps," she said to Trevor, "and when your wife sits and sews in the evening she will be so comfy and look so adorable under those lights that—" She stopped abruptly at the queer look in her client's eyes.

"You have the right idea," was all he said.

And Monica found, as the weeks wore on, that David Trevor's apartment was going to be the gem of her career. She found wonderful English cretonnes, gazes of exquisite hues and furniture that seemed just fashioned for a real home—a home where love would reign supreme.

It became their custom as the drapers hung the curtains and the carpet men put down the rugs and the pictures began to appear on the walls, for David and Monica to make an evening visit to the apartment.

"It grows more charming by the minute," David told her. They had discovered that evening the great cozy chaise lounge in the pink bedroom, its back invitingly banked with pillows of softest chiffon and at its side a reading lamp with a chiffon-shaded lamp that made David smile, so feminine was its charm.

"We must have pink roses in that pink vase—when my wife returns," he suggested.

Monica looked swiftly at him, then more swiftly away. When the pink roses were ordered—then would David Trevor pass out of her life. Something strangely compelling had gripped her heart. She would not allow herself

to realize that out of a whole world of men she had found only one, and that she was furnishing an apartment for that one's wife. The thought sent the blood from her cheeks and David, watching her, felt his own heart beating unsteadily.

He, however, mastered any emotion that made the earth tremble under his feet, and said quickly: "If you don't mind, and if it wouldn't interfere with your ideas—could we not have those four prints you so admired in my office framed and hung in the dining room?"

"I wanted to buy them myself," she said softly, "but I didn't feel I should be so extravagant. They would be just the finishing touch to these walls."

David's business was the handling of old English prints, and it pleased him not a little to know that he could with complete artistic taste use some in his own home.

"I'm hoping when the apartment is finished, and I am no longer your client, that you will come to me occasionally and look over my collection. I am just next door."

"When your wife is back," said Monica in a curiously hard voice, "you will not be knowing who is next door to you—or caring."

This was the only dangerous bit of ground she had stepped on during their acquaintance, and she realized it the moment the words left her lips. She laughed quickly, giving him no time to reply, then went over and let her fingers run idly over the keys of the splendid toned grand piano they had bought together and installed in the big studio. It was dusk now and David switched on the light. One of the exquisite rose shades sent its charm wandering softly through the room. Monica continued to play in order to still the thumping of her heart. She wanted to gain calm before again essaying speech.

David came and stood behind her, looking down at her golden head.

"Now sit in that comfy Chesterfield," he commanded gently, as if for many days he had been picturing her there and was now actually seeing her.

The color flamed swiftly into Monica's cheeks—cheeks that had grown too pale under the strain of David's companionship. She arose, however, knowing that obeying his whims was the better part to play.

"Now," he said softly, and with a great amount of controlled emotion beneath his tones, "if you just had some sewing—"

"David—don't," she cried swiftly. "I will," he said, and held her close within his arms. "I have loved you for ages. I loved your voice over the telephone when I could hear you talking with upholsterers, rug men, furniture men, and too many times with other men with whom you made lunch engagements. All this I could easily hear when our windows were open."

David was speaking swiftly now, for Monica's hair was brushing his face and her lips were trembling, and he had to hold her fiercely in order to still the quivering of her body; "and once I saw you entering your office. It was that day I decided to have a wife—I want you, dear, as soon as you can make up your mind to come."

Monica looked slowly about the wonderful studio—just the kind of home she had dreamed of—then back to the love in David's eyes, just the kind of eyes she had dreamed of.

"September's only three days off," she said, "and I have three estimates to get out before—"

"Then will my wife come home to me?"

"She couldn't help coming even if she wanted to—David."

Economical Heating.

The sun itself heats the hot water used by many residents of Slavonia and other places in Southern California. The sunshine water heater consists of a coil of pipe arranged in a box about four inches deep with a copper bottom and a glass top. The apparatus is usually placed on the roof or in a similar exposed location. The rays of the sun heat the water in the pipe and thus set up a circulation that carries the water to a storage tank, from which it is drawn for household uses. The storage tank is so thoroughly insulated that the loss of temperature during the night is not usually more than 4 or 5 degrees. Southern California is unusually favored with sunshine, but there seems to be no reason why this economical method of heating water should not be used in other parts of the country during hot, sunny weather.

Red-Headed People Feared.

"Salute no red-haired man nearer than 30 feet off," runs an old French saying, "and even so, hold three stones in the fist wherewith to defend thyself." From biblical times to the present day can be traced the prejudice against red hair. "Never lodge at red-haired people's houses," runs a precept in the fifteenth century "Boke of Curtasye," "for these be folks that are to drede." According to one tradition this distrust of red-haired people dates from the time of Judas, who, himself red-haired, caused treachery to be ever afterward connected with hair of that color.

Leaning Tower Centuries Old.

The famous leaning tower of Pisa is of pure white Carrara marble in the Gothic style. Its departure from the perpendicular has been variously interpreted, but there is little doubt that it arises from the softness of the soil on which it stands and which has given way. Notwithstanding its threatening appearance it has now stood for more than six hundred years without decay.