

# SOME SMILES

**DOMESTIC NOTE**

"Poor Mrs. Jones!" sighed the sympathetic neighbor. "She must lead an awful life. She tells me her husband hasn't a single fault; he is a perfect man."

"But that should make her happy!"

"Not any. Why, what on earth could she have to keep up a conversation with him?"

**Up to the Minute.**

"So your son Bill is going to law school?" asked a neighbor of Farmer Furligh.

"Yes," answered the farmer. "But he don't pay no attention to his books. I reckon hebbe he's goin' to be one of these unwritten lawyers I've read about."

**An Appropriate Title.**

Perkins—I wonder why they named this picture theater the Beehive?

Parkin—Have you ever seen any of their pictures?

"Never."

"Well, if you ever do you'll know the reason, all right, because after each one you feel as though you'd been stung!"—London Answers.

**Services in Demand.**

"How rich is Mr. Wadleigh?"

"He must have a great deal of money."

"Yes?"

"I understand he has been invited by a number of candidates to become the master mechanic of their political machines."

**The Big Expense.**

What a very stunning coat of arms. I'm sure you ought to be very proud of it."

"We are. But George says it will cost a lot to put it on the door of the limousine."

"Why? Because it's so intricate?"

"No. Because we have to get the limousine first."

**Misleading Applause.**

The orator the public notes and to applause is stirred; And yet some chap will get the votes Who scarcely said a word.

**Right at Hand.**

Irish Boss (to caller who has left the door wide open)—Sir, do you know what good manners are?

The Caller—I'm just your man. I have here for your consideration the best book on etiquette that was ever published.

**Spills the Beans.**

"I've given up telling my wife anything."

"So have I mine. It simply goes in at one ear and out at the other."

"That isn't the trouble with my wife. It goes in at one ear and comes out of her mouth."

**Forecasting a Touch.**

"Morning, Mr. Duddleigh."

"Good morning, sir."

"Could you lend a little financial assistance to a friend?"

"Thanks, I need—"

"The friend I have in mind is now touring Europe."

**Incorrigible.**

Teacher (to literary class)—Now, give me some word like 'bemoan.'

First Pupils—Bedew.

Second Ditto—Bedaub.

Third Ditto—Bespatter.

Fourth Ditto—Begorra!

**According to Quality.**

Flubb—Brown paid \$25 for one of his photographs.

Dubb—Wasn't that rather steep?

Flubb—Not at all! It happened to be a snapshot of himself kissing a bathing beauty at the beach!

**Largely True.**

"They have a new car."

"They have? They can't afford it!"

"I know; it's always the people who can't afford them who are buying cars nowadays."

**More Like It.**

"A scientist claims he can weigh one's conscience."

"By the ounce?"

"No; by the scruple, I imagine."

**Few of Us Are.**

"This is a man's world," she complained.

"Maybe it is," he replied, "but don't blame me. I'm not guilty."

**DEADLY OVERDOSE**

"What experience did you have with the roach poison I sold you last week?"

"No so good, not so good. All the roaches did well on it, and I think are looking better, except one. He liked it so well he made a durned pig of himself and foundered. I'm afraid I'm going to lose him."—Philadelphia Retail Ledger.

**No Chance Left.**

"I think he must be a hopeless failure."

"Hopeless? Has he tried many things?"

"Everything. Even to the writing of moving picture scenarios."

"And failed at that?"

"Absolutely."

"It does seem that there is nothing left for him."

**Descriptive.**

A small Glenwood avenue boy went with his mother to see the nature picture called "The Four Seasons."

In the "Spring" section was shown a handsome buck which had just lost one of its antlers.

"Oh, lookie, maw," the boy cried, "that deer is on'y got one hatrack."

**BUT THE STAKES WERE BIG**

"They say Hunter had to propose to Miss De Rich six times before she accepted him."

"She certainly gave him a run for her money."

**Coward.**

He wants to be a hero bold, And go where dangers lurk, But he will run away and hide From anything like work.

**Might Never See the End.**

Willson—Dubb is certainly an optimist.

Billson—How's that?

Willson—His doctor told him he wasn't likely to live very long, yet he started two continued stories this week.

**A Real Regret.**

Editor—I am obliged to return your poem with thanks. I am very sorry, but—

Poet—But what?

Editor—The management insists upon my declining all poems that way, you know.

**Not the Right Kind.**

She—John, I found mice in the pantry this afternoon.

He—Well, what do you want me to do about it?

She—Couldn't you bring home that kitty from the club I heard you talking about in your sleep?

**A Gentleman.**

"He's a gentleman of the old school."

"That so?"

"Yes; whenever he calls for you in his car he doesn't sit at the wheel and honk his horn, but gets out and comes to the door and rings the bell."

**Modified Sentiment.**

"Do you believe that to the victors belong the spoils?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; always allowing for the possibility that I may hit an off year; in which event I am strong for civil service protection."

**The Irony of Fate.**

She—It is not easy for a girl to get a husband.

He—Nonsense! Why, a pretty girl can make her choice of four out of every five men she meets.

She—But it's the fifth she wants.

**AND HE'S RIGHT, TOO**

She: Do you like these jazz dances?

He: Yes, I term 'em the freedom of the size."

**And the Further, Too.**

"A standing account is a queer thing," said Duns; "The longer it stands, The longer it runs."

**Explained.**

"I wonder, Jinks, why every epitaph begins with 'Here lies?'"

"I dunno, unless maybe they used to bury a lot of fishermen and lawyers and just got into the habit."

**Saving on Shows and Sweets.**

Ethel—Now that we are engaged you must economize.

Jack—I do already; I'm not calling on any other girls.

**The City Farmer.**

"Some day I want to have a home in the country."

"Better try farming first, in a small way, on the fire escape."

# WITH THE FUNNY MEN

**INHERITED, PERHAPS**

Little Girl (before statue in museum)—Maamma, what's this?

Attendant after pause—That's Mercury, the messenger of the gods. You have read about him, no doubt.

Mother—Of course she has. But, do you know, my little girl has such a very poor memory for Scripture.

**When the Fiddles Moan.**

"Do you care for grand opera?"

"No," said Mr. Dubwite. "I'm afraid I'm not equal to it. I know there must be times when grand opera stars express joyous emotions, but all I've ever heard sing seemed to be terribly sorry about something and I couldn't find out what it was."

**Vague, but Useful.**

"My lute is in the ring!" exclaimed Senator Sorghum.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I don't know exactly what it means. But that phrase is a very valuable one. I have never known an occasion when it wasn't good for a round of applause."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Keeping Her in Gloves.**

"Is your son-in-law a good provider?"

"He can just about keep my daughter in gloves. I pay for everything else."

"Then he deceived you as to his circumstances?"

"No, I distinctly remember he merely asked for her hand."

**Wise Man.**

"Well, anyway, I saved time during that holdup," grinned the first victim of the bandits.

"How's that?" inquired his fellow victim.

"When that robber was going through your pockets I slipped my watch up my sleeve," he replied.

**The Wise Plan.**

"Mr. Meekingham has great presence of mind."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, while he was proposing to Miss Stronghead instead of saying, 'Will you be mine?' he said, 'May I be yours?'"

**A FALL-DOWN**

**Obnoxious Football Player: Look here, coach, there are two fellows not fit to be on our team at all.**

**Coach (calmly): That so? Who's the other.**

**No Devotee.**

He takes his wife on fishing trips— I speak of William Henry Pippis— Which doubtless started the report That he's not been about the sport.

**Get Back at Him.**

Hub—I think I'll get a magnifying glass so that I will be able to see the steaks you cook for my dinner.

Wife—Good idea! It might also enable me to see the money you give me to buy them with.

**Ignorance is Bliss.**

Husband—Synthia, when I looked at my accounts last night I nearly died of fright. Our motor car is costing us over \$500 a year!

Wife—Well, Alec, don't blame me! I advised you not to keep an account!

—Edinburgh Scotsman.

**Sport in the Jungle.**

The Hippo—If I'd known there was going to be such a crowd I'd have bought ringside seats. We can't see a thing from here.

The Giraffe—I think these seats are fine. I can see everything.

**Completing Her Collection.**

Helen—People say it is awfully good of her to marry him. He has an artificial arm and an artificial leg.

Marie (sweetly)—Yes, about the only artificialities she hasn't got herself.

**Just Nothing at All.**

Mr. Cheerup—Look pleasant, my man. The fellows who succeed are those who can smile.

Mr. Lowdown—Sure! That's what makes 'em smile. What have the other guys got to smile about?

**Disagreements.**

"Do you resent the fact that a man does not agree with you?"

"Not at all," replied Senator Sorghum. "In looking over my speeches of a good many years ago I find that I do not always agree with myself."

**Has the Last Say.**

Filler—I must say, Helen, that your husband looks as if he had a will of his own.

How ess—So he has, dearie; but I always had a will to it.

**The KITCHEN CABINET**

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Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life and every setting sun be to you as its close; then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourself.—John Ruskin.

**WHAT TO EAT.**

A nice emergency dish which takes little time to prepare and cook is:

**Salmon Scallop.**

—Take one large-sized can of salmon, remove all bones and skin and place in a buttered baking dish in layers with corn flakes. Make the white and white sauce. Use two tablespoons each of flour and butter and one and one-half cupfuls of milk with seasonings to taste. Cook until smooth. Bake the dish thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

**Carrot Cakes.**—Select old carrots and boil in salted water until tender. Drain and mash, season with butter, salt and pepper. Make into flat cakes and fry in a little butter. Serve hot.

**Stuffed Onions.**—Remove the centers from six onions with an apple corer. Stuff with the following: Take one-half cupful of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of grated cheese, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Dip the prepared onions, after parboiling them for ten minutes, in a mixture of beaten egg and flour, then roll in crumbs. Stuff and place in a baking dish, adding well-seasoned stock to partly cover. Bake until the onions are tender.

**Parsnip Chowder.**—Fry two tablespoonfuls of onion, two tablespoonfuls of diced salt pork until crisp and brown; add one pint of water, two cupfuls of diced parsnips and one cupful of potato. Cook until soft. When the vegetables are cooked add a white sauce, using two tablespoonfuls of flour and two of butter. When well blended add a cupful of milk and seasoning. Simmer all together five minutes and serve piping hot.

**Graham Bread.**—Take two cupfuls of graham flour, one-half cupful of white flour, one egg, one-fourth cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one cupful of sour milk, one tablespoonful of fat and three-fourths of a teaspoonful of soda. Mix and bake in a well-greased pan forty minutes.

**Nellie Maxwell**

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So long as you think that someone else will do what you neglect—so long as you rail against misdeeds, yet fail to defend your civic rights—so long as you believe that your influence is not needed, and that without you there will be a majority sufficient to prevail for the many, the few shall continue to drag us into the chasm. Herbert Kaufman.

**SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.**

When chestnuts are plentiful and potatoes are selling at high prices, try:

**Mock Mashed Potatoes.**—Cook one pound of chestnuts for a quarter of an hour, peel them and cook in one quart of milk until soft. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, and one teaspoonful of salt. Rub through a sieve and serve the same as mashed potatoes. The advantage of serving this dish is that it may be eaten by those who are denied potatoes.

**Curried Chestnuts.**—Shell and blanch a pound of chestnuts, stew in stock until tender. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, fry in it one small sliced onion, one chopped apple, and a tablespoonful of curry powder and a teaspoonful of sweet chutney; moisten with one cupful of stock and one tablespoonful of rice flour that has been smoothly blended. Cook until the ingredients are soft then put through a sieve; add a squeeze of lemon juice and simmer the chestnuts in this until they have absorbed the flavor. Serve with plenty of plain boiled rice, very hot.

**Chestnut Cakes.**—Shell and blanch some good chestnuts then cook in boiling water until tender. Rub through a sieve and to every half cupful of chestnut pulp add the yolk of an egg, salt, white pepper, celery salt, onion juice and Worcestershire sauce to season rather highly. Make into neat little cakes, brush with beaten egg, roll in fine crumbs and fry in deep hot fat. Serve as a garnish around roast turkey.

**Luncheon Rarebit.**—Melt one-half pound of cheese over a pan of hot water. Turn a pint can of tomato soup into a separate dish. Heat and season thoroughly with paprika. Turn the melted cheese into the hot soup and heat. Have ready rounds of toasted bread. Turn the rarebit dressing over the bread and serve with crisp celery and hot coffee.

**Nellie Maxwell**

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The memories dear that come to us at quiet hour, The dreams we have that do not all come true, The songs we love, a book in shaded bowers, These priceless gifts are all for me, for you."

**SEASONABLE FOODS.**

The following is a different way of serving ham, making a dish which is a whole meal, served in one dish.

**Baked Ham With Vegetables.**

—Take a slice of ham cut an inch thick; place in a casserole and around it place two Bermuda onions sliced, five tomatoes sliced on the same amount of cooked tomato, one-half cupful of water. Cover and bake in a moderate oven one hour.

**Spiced Bread-Crumb Pudding.**—Take one cupful each of bread crumbs, sour milk and brown sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of shortening, one-half cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoonful of cloves, two spoonfuls of soda and three-fourths of a cupful of raisins. Soak the bread crumbs in the sour milk one-half hour. Cream the shortening and sugar together and add the molasses and flour sifted with the spices and soda. Add the raisins, then add to the bread crumbs and milk. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake in a slow oven 45 minutes. Serve hot or cold. This recipe will serve eight.

**Chestnut Salad.**—Shell one pound of chestnuts, boil until tender and remove the skins, being careful not to break the nuts. While hot pour over the nuts one-fourth of a cupful of French dressing and set away to marinate for two hours. Add one tablespoonful of pate de fois gras to one-half cupful of mayonnaise. Mix with the chestnuts and serve on lettuce. Serve very cold.

**Potato Dumplings.**—Grate potatoes and drain in a cheesecloth; squeeze out the liquid and let it settle. Drain off carefully and add the starch which has settled to the grated potato. Season; make into balls the size of walnuts; cook in boiling water 15 minutes. Serve with hot bacon fat or browned butter poured over them. These may be served with crisped rolls of bacon as a garnish for a luncheon dish.

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**KWASIND**

By RUBY H. MARTYN

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Rosemary flushed and stammered over the contents of the parcel which had come by mail; the stout little box and tissue paper wrappings had enveloped a shining new, nickle-key. Least anyone should ask silly questions about it, she dropped the key into her pocket and the papers on a blazing stick in the kitchen range. And she was angry all over again with Ben Baker.

"What an old stick-in-the-mud," she scorned. "I suppose he's up to some stunt with this key and thinks he's being funny! Well, what he gets is a freeze tight."

Illness and a lean purse had driven Rosemary to vacation at her uncle's farm on the Rockdale road. At the end of a previous summering there she had vowed never again to set foot in the remote vicinity of Ben Baker, whose folks owned a farm out Bald Pate mountainway, and with whom she had found cause for quarrel after a true-sweetheating season.

Now time and physical weakness and hunger for the real outdoors had modified Rosemary's former decision to deny herself the hospitality of her uncle's home. By cross cuts it was fully two miles from here to the Baker place and more than twice that distance over the tortuous, sidehill roads.

As her strength returned Rosemary roamed farther and farther from the farmhouse. When the chance item in a local paper informed her that Ben Baker was away on business, she determined to venture a day in the woods beyond the pasture.

As Rosemary went along the wood path that sunny morning she found the woods amazingly transformed. The trees around the farmhouse had been so well trimmed that she had not correctly estimated what damage the sleet and ice storm of the previous winter had wrought. Even here in the woods verdure covered its raw nakedness, and the fresh sap color of the broken limbs had weathered.

But every tree gave its own mute signal of devastation. Rosemary roamed on and on, marvelling at the ruins. She remembered what Ben used to tell her about the winter storms and knew that a giant among them must have been this way. He quoted Hiawatha:

And whenever through the forest Raged and roared the wintry tempest, And the branches, tossed and troubled, Creaked and groaned and split asunder, "Kwasind!" cried they, "that is Kwasind! He is gathering in his firewood!"

And for a fancy she had remembered her "Hiawatha" and called him "Kwasind." For his strength allied to goodness.

Curiosity drew Rosemary on toward the oak knoll where they had often kept tryst together. And when the path opened ahead she stopped in amazement. The oak had been sawed off, chopping-block high; only one had been trimmed and left to cast its shade on the red roof of a bearded cabin. The foundation was of native stones and a trail of stepping stones wound from her feet to the beautifully grained oak door. It was the materialization of what Ben and she had imagined for themselves right here.

For the first time some special significance of the key in her pocket dawned upon Rosemary. Did it fit this door? She slipped along the stepping stones and turned it in the lock. A staunch work bench occupied one end of the interior, and a half-finished piece of furniture stood beside it. The other end had a wide stone hearth, flanked by settles of the same beautifully grained plank that had fashioned the door. Wrought iron dogs, piled with kindling, stood below the yawning mouth of the chimney.

And because, in the midst of her spirit of mischief, Rosemary felt a sweet possession of the place, she touched a lighted match to the kindling and watched it burn. And the corner of the settle where she curled herself was so comfortable that she hadn't moved when ashes began to gray over the smoldering embers. A quick step on the threshold startled her to her feet.

"I saw the smoke, Rosemary, and 'twas to me the sign that you'd come! You can't guess how I've watched for smoke from that chimney. Sure and certain, I built the cabin for you—and me! Sure and certain, I'm an old stick-in-the-mud that doesn't want any girl but you!" said Ben Baker.

Rosemary gripped the settle back. How splendid he was! And full of purpose! He must never know how silly she had been!

"I was just thinking this place was ready for the touches of a woman's hand," she admitted.

"Your hand," corrected Ben Baker, specializing her generosity.

"My hand, then, Kwasind!" agreed Rosemary.

"Don't ever let me fly off the handle again, dear," he said, contritely. "Keep me Kwasind, and write it large when I get heady!"

Straight between us lies the pathway. Never grows the grass upon it; Singing birds, that utter falsehoods, Story-tellers, and witch-makers, Find no easier air to listen. Cannot breed ill-will between us; For we keep each other's counsel, Speak with naked hearts together.

Worth Considering.

"When we lose one portion of the body others become more active."

"Well, if I thought it would help my brains any I might chop off a leg."