

SMILES AND SUCH

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS FROM VARIOUS
SOURCES

THE MUSIC OF THE BELLS

Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell university, was walking across the campus one day with the dean of one of the colleges, when the chimes in the library tower began to ring. "Dean," said he, "the music of those chimes is so beautiful that it always sets me dreaming of the past. My boyhood days—"

"What do you say?" interrupted the venerable dean.

"I say the chimes are very, very beautiful. They make me think—"

"What?" yelled the dignified old dean again.

"The chimes—the chimes—how beautiful—"

"Speak louder!" cried the dean once more. "I can't hear you for the devilish bells."—Argonaut.

FOREWARNED

Several years ago, before his election to the presidency, Wm. H. Taft was campaigning in the West and stopped at the home of an old friend. The friend's home was small and poorly built and as the presidential candidate walked about in his little room the unsubstantial building fairly shook beneath his tread. When he climbed into bed the dilapidated affair broke down, precipitating him unceremoniously on the floor. His friend hurried to his door to ascertain the cause of the commotion. "What's the matter, Bill?" he asked.

"Oh I'm all right, I guess," replied Mr. Taft good-naturedly. "But say, Joe, if you don't find me in this room in the morning look in the cellar."