

Stories With a Smile

Youthful Critic.

LITTLE Wendell Holmes Emerson of Boston was resting sedately with his book in the park shortly after a picnic dinner. He had eaten too much. He knew perfectly well he had eaten too much and he was very much surprised and shocked at himself. He prayed fervently that no one would notice his condition.

Just then a kindly old lady appeared and sat down beside him. "Ah," thought Wendell, "I have sadly injured her esthetic sensibilities."

By this time the kind old lady was firmly settled. "My little boy," said she, "are you over eight?"

It was wonderful to see how the young Mr. Emerson recovered his dignity. That a woman with such outlandish grammar should dare to criticize him was unbelievable. "No, madam," said he, proudly. "I have overeaten!"

Like a Philosopher.

"John, John," exclaimed little Mrs. Jones, as she rushed into her husband's library in a state of great agitation and excitement, "what do you think the cook has done?"

"Can't imagine," came the reply. "Forgotten to break something—eh?"

Mrs. Jones wrung her hands.

"Oh, John, do be serious!" she begged. "Cook actually poured petrol on the kitchen fire so make it burn up!"

"Petrol! Petrol! And didn't it explode!"

"Yes—I should think it did! It nearly blew the silly woman through the window!"

"Oh, well," mused the husband, "it wouldn't really have mattered if it had blown her quite through, would it? This is her afternoon out anyway, I believe."

Lunch Counter Refinement.

The young man who eats all 'round the circuit ran against this quick lunch incident recently:

A fastidious person made his way charily into the place. A tumbler of murky water was thumped before him by the young woman on the other side of the counter.

"What's yours?"

"Coffee and rolls, my girl."

One of those iron heavy, quarter-inch thick mugs of coffee was pushed over the counter. The fastidious person seemed dazed. He looked under the mug and over it.

"But where is the saucer?" he inquired.

"We don't give no saucers here. If we did some low-brow'd come pilin' in an' drink out of his saucer, an' we'd lose a lot of our swellest trade."

For Sake of Another.

The case had been long protracted, and was going none too well for the defendant. His counsel, therefore, had recourse to bullying methods.

One of the plaintiff's witnesses, a notorious old jailbird, had just left the box, his place being taken by an old plasterer.

"Have you ever been in prison?" asked the barrister.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness, "twice."

"Ah! And for how long, may I ask?"

"First time for an afternoon. Second time for about an hour. You see, sir," continued the witness, taking advantage of the barrister's confusion, "I was sent to prison to whitewash a cell for a lawyer who had been robbing his clients."

Followed Instructions.

She was a little girl and very polite. It was the first time she had been on a visit alone, and she had been carefully instructed how to behave.

"If they ask you to dine with them," papa had said, "you must say: 'No, thank you, I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as papa had anticipated.

"Come along, Marjorie," said her little friend's father, "you must have a bite with us."

"No, thank you," said the little girl with dignity; "I have already bit-ten."

She Earned It.

In a certain home missionary movement every participant was to contribute \$1 that she had earned herself by hard work. The night of the collection of the dollars came and various and droll were the stories of earning the money. One woman had shampooed hair, another had made doughnuts, another had secured newspaper subscriptions, and so on.

The chairman turned to a handsome woman in the front row.

"Now, madam, it is your turn," he said. "How did you earn your dollar?"

"I got it from my husband," she answered.

"Oh!" said he. "From your husband? There was no hard work about that."

The woman smiled faintly.

"You don't know my husband," she said.

Beginning Early.

"Father," inquired the little brain-twister of the family, "when will our little baby brother be able to talk?"

"Oh, when he's about three, Ethel."

"Why can't he talk now, father?"

"He is only a baby yet, Ethel. Babies can't talk."

"Oh, yes, they can, father," insisted Ethel, "for Job could talk when he was a baby."

"Job! What do you mean?"

"Yes," said Ethel. "Nurse was telling us today that it says in the Bible: 'Job cursed the day he was born.'"

Fully Qualified.

Some time since there was an examination in a medical college, when one of the professors turned to a student.

"And now," said the professor, "if a person in good health, but who imagined himself sick, should send for you, what would you do?"

"I would give him something to make him sick," was the prompt rejoinder of the student, "and then administer an antidote."

"Don't waste any more time here, my boy," proudly exclaimed the professor, "but begin practice at once."

In Five Days.

One of the bosses at Baldwin's locomotive works had to lay off an argumentative Irishman named Pat, so he saved discussion by putting the discharge in writing. The next day Pat was missing, but a week later the boss was passing through the shop and he saw him again at his lathe. Going up to the Irishman, he demanded, fiercely:

"Didn't you get my letter?"

"Yis, sur, Oi did," said Pat.

"Did you read it?"

"Sure, sur, Oi read it inside and Oi read it outside," said Pat, "and on the inside yez said I was fired, and on the outside yez said, 'Return to Baldwin's locomotive works in five days.'"

A Successful Remedy.

Two men were talking of the hard times.

"Does your wife ever griève because she threw over a wealthy man in order to marry you?" queried Hall.

"Well, she started to once," was the reply, "but I cured her of it without delay."

"I wish you would tell me how," said Hall.

"I started right in grieving with her," replied the other, "and I grieved harder and longer than she did."

Did as He Was Told.

A woman hustled the length of a Woodward avenue car and confronted the conductor: "Didn't I tell you to let me off at Harper Hospital?"

"I am calling all the streets and

hospitals distinctly, ma'am, and I cannot remember where each passenger wants to get off."

"Don't be impertinent. Stop the car."

The conductor did so and as her foot left the step, she turned and said: "I suppose I will have to walk two or three blocks now."

"Yes, ma'am, in the same direction as we are going. We haven't reached Harper Hospital yet."

Not the Bank.

Mrs. Barrows was worried—that fact was evident to her husband, although she endeavored to maintain a cheerful manner. Before the evening was over, however, he discovered the cause of her anxiety.

"Will," said she. "I am very much afraid that my bank is in a bad way."

"How foolish, Mabel! Don't let that cause you a moment's worry. Why, it's one of the strongest financial institutions in the state. Whatever got that idea into your head?"

"Well, it's very strange," replied Mrs. Barrows, still unconvinced. "They have just returned a check of mine for \$40 marked 'No Funds!'"

Milk by the Yard.

Wiggins is a confirmed practical joker. The other day he strolled into the local dairy, and, with a perfectly solemn face, said:

"I want a yard of milk!"

The dairyman was not to be done. Dipping his finger into the milk, he drew a line of wet milk along the counter, and said blandly:

"There you are, sir. Ten cents a yard."

But Wiggins got one back, after all. "Ah, thanks!" he said negligently, "Just roll it up for me, will you?"

Johnny's Reason.

The lesson was in multiplication, and the teacher sought to impress upon little Johnny that three times two and two times three amounted to the same thing.

"Now," said she, "if you could have two bags with three oranges in each or three bags with two oranges in each, which would you choose?"

"The three bags with two oranges in each," replied Johnny without hesitation; "then I'd have one more bag to bust."

In Kansas City.

In Kansas City they love to tell of a certain wealthy meat-packer, who never loses an opportunity to impress

upon visitors to his house the great extent of his riches.

He was showing a caller from the East through his palatial mansion on one occasion when they stopped before a handsome plate-glass mirror, of massive size, above the fireplace in the drawing room.

"See that mirror?" asked the packer, "it cost me just ten thousand dollars."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the visitor, duly impressed. Then, after a careful examination of the article, he added: "But what a pity it is scratched!"

"Yes," said the packer carelessly. Then, turning to his wife, he said: "Mary, perhaps you'd better not let the children have any more diamonds to play with."



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