

**Stories With a Smile**

**S**OME employers in New York City—like some employers in other cities—are not as polite to their office force as they should be, even though some of their forces may be of the feminine gender. Much of it, however, is more the result of careless speech than bad temper, and in such cases it may be cured. One such employer in Courtlandt street has been cured. At least he says he has.

It happened thus: He had taken in a new stenographer, a very quiet, steady young woman of about 25, and very efficient. But he never thought of that. As soon as he got used to her he fell into his habit of blurring out anything that came to his mind when he was not pleased, and one day she asked him a question he thought she should know.

"Oh, say," he snapped at her, "any damn fool ought to know that!"

It is not an original expression by any means, and the girl had probably heard it many times, though possibly not in such a personal manner, but she was equal to it. She looked him square in the eye, un-a-raid, and still the lady.

"Yes," she replied pleasantly enough; "you seem to know it, but, you see, I'm not a dama fool."

It gave a new turn to the expression which had not occurred to him before, and he was staggered but he knew she had him and he was gentleman enough to apologize. Now he is much more particular in his office language and says he is glad she called him down as she did.

**Prodded His Father's Memory.**

Mr. Urban was always late to dinner. He lived on the Fort Worth Interurban and arrived home one evening, as usual, twenty minutes behind-hand. His wife was entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Fortune. Greeting the guests with effusive cordiality, he said:

"If I had known this pleasure was in store for me I should certainly have arranged my business so as to be at home earlier."

"Why, Harry," sighed his wife, "I told you."

"I beg your pardon, love; but you are certainly mistaken this time. You probably forgot to mention it. On the whole, however, I am glad you did. It is a delightful surprise."

Mrs. Urban was a spirited woman. This unjust accusation came ear-throwing her courtesy. Her lips parted, then shut decisively; but a slight frown lingered on her forehead.

Little Tommy read her face. He knew all about his father's poor memory, and he felt it his duty both to refresh it and to defend his mother.

"Why, papa," he piped, "don't you recollect? Mamma told you to be sure to come home early tonight because the Fortunes were going to be here, and you said, 'Oh, the devil!'"

**Ceremonious.**

If there is one thing a commercial traveler dislikes more than another it is elaborate ceremony; and if the spirit of his profession is in him he generally finds some way to let his prejudices be known.

One evening a traveling salesman from Cincinnati happened to sit down at a hotel table in company with half a dozen state legislators, who talked with excessive formality. It was "Will the gentleman from Hardin do this?" and "Does the gentleman from Franklin want that?" the ordinary form of direct address being carefully eschewed.

For nearly ten minutes the commercial traveler suffered in silence. Then he turned to the waiter and said in deep, oratorical tones:

"Will the gentleman from Ethiopia please pass the butter?"

The remedy was effectual.

**The Trump Suit.**

Jones didn't want to play cards; never had wanted to play cards in his life and said so. But to no purpose. His objections, conscientious and otherwise, were waived on one side by the red-faced person who was looking for a partner.

Jones took his seat at the card table. Before they had been playing

fifteen seconds Jones and the red-faced person took a 20-horsepower disk for each other. Then the wretched Jones made his first serious mistake. He of the ruddy complexion banged the table.

"Why on earth didn't you follow my lead?" he shouted.

"If there is one man in this world today whose odious example I would not follow in any circumstances you are the man!" retorted Jones, with dignity.

After that the jolly pastime proceeded. Then Jones put his foot in it again, and again the rubicund one banged the table.

"Couldn't you see me calling for a spade or club?" he boomed. "Haven't you got a black suit, man?"

"Yes, I have," said Jones, rising from the table, "and I'm jolly well hanging on to it for your funeral!"

**One Means of Support.**

Miss Campoell, the Sunday school teacher, discovered, to her horror, that some of the small members of her class had taken as literal truths the tales of ancient gods and goddesses which they had read in a child's mythology at school.

She determined, if possible, to destroy this belief by simple logic and with this end in view she asked:

"Who was it, Amelia, that supported the world on his shoulders?"

"Atlas, ma'am," the little girl replied, promptly.

"That is correct," said the teacher. "Now, children, think. If he was supporting the world on his shoulders, of course he could not be standing on it. Now, what supported Atlas?"

"I know," cried Amelia. "He married a rich wife!"

**Came Down Gently.**

Gladys's mother was entertaining visitors, when suddenly the door was flung open and in burst Gladys like the proverbial whirlwind.

"My dear child," said the mother, rebukingly, "I never heard such a noise as you made coming downstairs. Now go right back and come downstairs properly."

Gladys retired, and a few moments later re-entered the room.

"Did you hear me come down that time, mamma?" she asked.

"No, dear," replied the mother. "Now, why can't you always behave like that? You came downstairs like a lady then."

"Yes, mamma," said Gladys dutifully, "I slid down the banisters."

**Not a Direct Answer.**

A lawsuit was recently in full swing, and during its progress a witness was cross-examined as to the habits and character of the defendant.

"Has Mr. M—a reputation for being abnormally lazy?" asked counsel, briskly.

"Well, sir, it's this way—"

"Will you kindly answer the question asked?" struck in the irascible lawyer.

"Well, sir, I was going to say it's this way. I don't want to do the gentleman in question any injustice, and I won't go so far as to say, sir, that he's lazy exactly; but if it required any voluntary work on his part to digest his food—why, he'd die from lack of nourishment, sir."

**His Future.**

"The child is otherwise in perfect health," said the great physician, "but I regret to say that he is afflicted with a curious mental deficiency."

"Explain!" groaned the unhappy father.

"The pietricus mucilo of the medulla geizinkus has never appeared in his brain. That is the nerve that de-

velops the mathematical powers. To your son figures and numbers, order and system will be a conglomerate mass of nothingness."

"Then he can't work in my office," said the father sadly, "but he ought to be great at making up the summer train schedules for suburban railroads."

**A Crushing Reply.**

When Mr. Crockett offered his first book to a certain firm of publishers, they returned it with a curt note informing him that there was "no market for this sort of work." In the corner of the note was the index mark "No. 396C."

Some time later, when Mr. Crockett had become famous, this same firm wrote asking him to allow them to publish his next book. Mr. Crockett, who had carefully preserved their former rude letter, politely replied by asking them to refer to their own letter book under the sign "No. 396C." That closed the correspondence!

**Might Wed a Bachelor.**

A little girl of six sat looking thoughtfully out of the window of her home the other day. Her mother asked the cause of her seriousness.

"Oh," she replied, "I was just thinking that when I grow up to be a big lady I'm agoin' to get married and have three children."

The parent was surprised and amused.

"Well, you will be very fortunate, indeed," she replied.

Then the little girl again lapsed into thought. Finally she said:

"But you can never tell, mother. I might marry a bachelor."

**Playing It Safe.**

The wife of a small farmer in Perthshire, Scotland, some time ago went to a chemist in the "Fair City" with two prescriptions—one for her husband, the other for her cow.

Finding she had not enough money to pay for both, the chemist asked her which she would take.

"Gie me the stuff for the coo," said she; "the morn will do weel enough for him, pair body. Gin he were to dee I could sure get anither man, but I'm no sae sure that I could get anither coo."

**Had Bad Odor.**

With a roar like a gigantic rocket the 100-horsepower motor car tore down the road. Joe and Mike saw it

disappear in a cloud of dust. They suddenly came across the trail and held their noses.

"Them motors must cost a heap of money," said Joe; "the rich is fairly burning money."

"Ay, indeed," sniffed Mike, "and by the smell of it it must be that tainted money we hear so much talk about."

**He Insisted.**

There was a young lady of Siam, Who said to her fond lover, Kiam, "I refuse to be kissed,

But if you insist, Heaven knows you are stronger than I am."



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