

## Stories With a Smile

### Yes, How Did He Know?

**A** SUNDAY SCHOOL superintendent, named Mead, who was a graduate of Yale, was deploring the fact that the children of the present generation do not memorize the scriptures as they did a generation ago. "Now, I'll tell you of a practical joke," he announced to the scholars, "that a student once tried to play on the old president of Yale."

"He removed the Bible from the desk and put a dictionary in its place. Next morning at chapel the president announced that he would read the 1119th Psalm, before he discovered the trick. He opened the dictionary, and so perfectly had he committed the Psalm that he could repeat every word, and no one ever knew that the change had been made, except the president and the boy who did it."

He paused a moment for this to take effect, when a small voice piped up: "How did you find it out, Mr. Mead?"

### Looking For Quail.

The tourist who was anxious for game entered a Western Texas hotel, paused, and looked around. Then he quietly approached the desk and addressed the proprietor:

"Any quail about this neighborhood?"

"Quail!" echoed the proprietor, with an indulgent smile, "they have become so numerous around here that they are a nuisance. The cook complains that she can't throw a piece of toast out of the kitchen window but four or five fat quails fight to see which one shall get on it."

### Father's Ultimatum.

The father of a large family of children was trying hard to read the evening paper.

"What's the terrible racket in the hall, Martha?"

"One of the children just fell down stairs."

"Well," he replied, turning over another page of the paper, "you tell the children if they can't fall down stairs quietly, they'll have to stop it."

### No Chance for Sandy.

Sandy McTavish was sitting weeping at his fireside.

"Eh, Sandy, mon," said a neighbor, peeping in at the window, attracted by the sounds of woe, "what's allin' ye?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sobbed Sandy. "Donald McPherson's wife is deid."

"Aweel," said the neighbor, "what o' that? She's nae relation o' yours, ye ken."

"I ken she's na," wailed Sandy. "I ken she's na, but it jist seems as if everybody's gettin' a change but me."

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### Precious.

The corn crop of a certain Western county is nearly a total failure this year. One morning a short time ago a farmer took a sack and went to his sixty-acre sweet-corn field to see if he could find enough roasting ears for a meal. In going over the field he found that each ear had only a couple of rows of corn, so he cut the corn off the cobs and had it cooked for dinner.

About dinner time a young fellow who lived near drove up, and the farmer invited him to stay. At the table he passed the corn to the young man first, and the visitor took one spoonful of corn and started to take another, when the farmer stopped him and said:

"Don't you think you are going a little strong on the corn?"

The young man was very much embarrassed. "Why?" he stammered.

"Well, you have about fifteen acres of corn on your plate now."

### No Need to Fear.

Early one morning, on the second day out, a terribly seasick passenger, pale and hollow-eyed, came out of his stateroom and ran into a lady who was coming along the passageway clad in the scantiest raiment. She screamed and started to run.

"Don't be alarmed!" groaned the man. "Don't be alarmed, madam; I shall never live to tell it."

### She Couldn't Have It.

A small boy, who was sitting next to a very haughty woman in a crowded car, kept sniffing in a most annoying manner. At last the lady could bear it no longer.

"Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded.

The small boy looked at her for a few seconds and then, in a dignified tone, came the answer:

"Yes, I 'ave, but I don't lend it to strangers."

### A Fashionable Practice.

"Doctor, I want you to look after my office while I'm on my vacation."

"But I've just graduated, Doctor. I have had no experience."

"That's all right, my boy. My practice is strictly fashionable. Tell the men to play golf and ship the women off to Atlantic City."

### Something Doing.

It was a busy day in the butcher shop. The butcher yelled to the boy who helped him out in the shop:

"Hurry up, John, and don't forget to cut off Mrs. Murphy's leg, and break Mrs. Jones' bones, and do not forget to slice Mrs. Johnson's tongue."

### He Got Plenty.

They had just become engaged.

"Oh, Will," she said, moving a trifle closer to him. "I am so glad you are not rich! They say that some of those millionaires receive threatening letters saying that something dreadful will happen to them if they don't pay the writers sums of money."

"Oh, is that all?" replied Will.

"Why, I get plenty of such letters."

### To the Point.

A lawyer residing in Washington, and noted for his laconic style of expression, sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client who would not comply with his reiterated demands for the payment of his bill:

"Sir: If you pay the inclosed you will oblige me. If you do not I shall oblige you."

### Domestic Science.

Mrs. Burns—Rose, what a kitchen! Every pot, pan and dish is soiled; the table looks like the day after a cyclone! What have you been doing?

Rose—Well, ma'am, the young ladies are just after showing me how they bile a pertater at cooking school.

### Could Be Improved.

A Dane who owned a farm in Kansas applied for naturalization papers, says an exchange.

The judge asked him: "Are you satisfied with the general conditions of the country?"

"Yes," drawled the Dane. "Does the form of government suit you?" queried the judge.

"Yes, yes; only I would like to see more rain," replied the farmer.

### One of the Family.

The maid-of-all-work in the service of a provincial family, the members whereof are not on the most amicable terms, recently tendered her resignation, much to the distress of the lady of the house.

"So you are going to leave us?" asked the mistress, sadly. "What's the matter, Mary? Haven't we always treated you like one of the family?"

"Yis mum," said Mary; "an' I've sthooed it as long as I'm goin' to!"

### The Cause.

Not long since a Scotch school board inspector asked the members of a class that was under examination:

"What is the cause of the saltiness of the ocean?"

Flushed with the discovery which had flashed upon her mind, one little girl raised her hand.

"You may tell," said the inspector. "Salt fish, sir!" exclaimed the pupil triumphantly.

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