

Stories With a Smile

Right to Title.

STRANGER—Why is Jones conceded to be the leading lawyer in this vicinity?

Local Resident—Why, mister, Jones can holler "I object!" louder than any other man in these parts.

He Could Sleep.

"No, Willie, dear," said mama, "no more cakes tonight. Don't you know you cannot sleep on a full stomach?"

"Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."

The Reason.

"It must be great to be a man! One dress suit lasts you for years and years—and a woman must have a new dress for every party."

"That's why one dress suit lasts a man for years and years."

Ingenious.

"I always tell the waiter when I'm going to tip him."

"Why?"

"So he won't keep me waiting half an hour while the cashier splits a \$10 bill into dimes."

Beaten To It.

Golfer (who has fozzled his drive and expressed his disgust with a strong word)—Oh, I beg your pardon for swearing before you.

Lady (his partner in foursome)—Oh, you didn't; I said it first.

Effective.

Salesman—Here's an alarm clock that's guaranteed positively to make a fellow jump out of bed.

Mr. Tardee—That's what they all say—but let's hear it ring.

Salesman—It doesn't ring—it honks.

Obliging.

"Well, dearest, I'll speak to your father tomorrow; you might put him in

a good temper for me."

"Yes, I'll be so beastly obstinate that he'll be positively grateful to you for taking me off his hands."

Making Up.

Passenger—Your trains always used to be late. Today I arrived twenty minutes before departure time and find my train gone.

Station Master—Ah! Since our new manager took charge we are trying to make up for lost time.

Bravery.

Aunt Ethel—Well, Beatrice, were you very brave at the dentist's?

Beatrice—Yes, auntie, I was.

Aunt Ethel—Then there's the half-crown I promised you. And now tell me what he did to you.

Beatrice—He pulled out two of Willie's teeth!

He Should Worry.

Hotel Waiter—Come, sir, you really must go off to bed, sir. (Yawns.) Why, the dawn's a-breaking, sir.

Late Reveler—Let it break—and put it down in the bill, waiter.

Stumped.

An English bishop, offering an orange to a little child, remarked sweetly:

"Now, my little man, I shall give you this orange if you tell me where God is."

"My Lord," answered the child, son of a clergyman, "I'll give you two oranges if you'll tell me where He is not."

A Difference.

Simms—You're a poor sort of a club member. I very seldom see you around at the clubhouse.

Timms—Why, I get around once or twice a week.

Simms—Well, look at me—I'm there every night.

Timms—Yes, but you're married, and I'm single.

Complimentary.

Parishioner (to departing minister)—We're all very sorry to lose you, Mr. Foodle.

Mr. Foodle (modestly)—Never mind, Mrs. Foodle. I've no doubt you will get a better man next time.

Parishioner—Ah, no, Mr. Foodle. That's just what the last minister said when he left.

Sherman Was Right.

"What? No more peroxide?" asked the blonde actress.

"Very sorry, but the war has cut off the supply, completely," said the apologetic drug clerk.

The delicate and petted darling of the stage glared speechless for a moment. Then she said, emphatically:

"I agree with Gen. Sherman."

The Possum's Tail.

Captain Brinton B. Davis has returned from his annual outing with the Juniper Hunting Club on Lake George, Florida, with a batch of anecdotes. Several of them relate to Jim Rogers, an ancient negro survival of "de days befoh de wah," who still holds forth on the Juniper hunting preserve and pilots the Louisville Indians, who otherwise might end up heaven knows where.

Jim went out with Hugh Nevin one day. The two found a peculiar track. Following the line of what were plainly foot prints was a small, continuous furrow.

"What kind of a track is that, Jim," asked the puzzled Mr. Nevin.

"Dat's a 'possum track, sah," explained the old negro.

"But how does he make that furrow?"

"He makes dat furrer wid his tail,"

"With his tail?"

"Yes, sah. He lets his tail drag."

"Why do you suppose he lets it drag?"

"Ah doan' know, boss. I jes' reckon he doan' pay no 'tention to dat tail. Seems he thinks it'll come along, anyhow."

A Horse for Sale.

The late Senator Elkins used to tell a story of Bige Brown.

Bige, he explained, lived in Elkins. Meeting him one day in the main street the Senator said:

"Bige, do you know of anybody that's got a horse for sale?"

Bige, chewing gum, gave the Senator a patronizing smile.

"Well, Senator," he said, "I guess Bill Hurst has. I sold him one yesterday."

At a luncheon in New York Mr. Damrosch said politely to an old lady: "Your daughter doesn't sing any more!"

"No," said the old lady. "Since the birth of her two little girls Mary has been so occupied that she's had to give up her singing."

Mr. Damrosch sighed. "After all," he said, "children are a great blessing, aren't they?"

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