

Stories With a Smile

A Fuddled Politician.

SENATOR MILES POINTDEXTER told this one to four other Senators the other day and they laughed as if perhaps the story is new.

Last November the leading bon vivant of a certain town out in Washington State proceeded joyously and faithfully to go in on a larger scale for strong drink than was for his own best interest. His travels then took him to the headquarters of the County Republican Committee, where he sat and listened to the election returns. All night long he heard the precinct figures counted off—so many for Hank Hicks and so many for Bill Jones for this or that office. Then he started homeward, steering his course along a street that was rough, as it seemed to him, like a sea.

As one great billow pushed him against the plate glass front of a restaurant he glanced at the signs that gave the prices of various food dishes offered in that caravansary. He read:

"Pork and apple sauce, 25. Ham and eggs, 35."

"Hurrah for ham and eggs!" shouted our hero as he continued on his way.

Good Growing Weather.

The old farmer was making his usual weekly call on Mrs. Wiggins.

"P'taters is good this mornin', madam," he said, casting an admiring look at the basketful he had brought.

"Oh, is they?" retorted Mrs. Wiggins; "that reminds me. I want to have a word with you about them you sold me last week. How is it that them at the bottom o' the basket is so much smaller than them at the top?"

"Come about like this," replied old John, with a knowing look on his face. "P'taters is growin' so fast now that by the time I get a basketful dug the last ones is about twice the size of the first!"

Paid for His Mistake.

"Joe" Coyne tells a story about a seedy-looking individual who got into conversation in a railway carriage.

"Ah, sir," he said, sadly. "I've seen changes. I was once a doctor with a large practice, but owing to one little slip my patients began to leave me, and now I'm just living from hand to mouth."

"What was the slip?" I asked.

"Well, sir," he replied, "in filling in a death certificate for a patient who had died, I absent-mindedly signed my name in the space headed 'Cause of death.'"

An Eye to Business.

When she returned from her long stay at a resort hotel, she received him with an icy demeanor.

"I'm going to give you back our engagement ring," she said. "I love another."

"Will you give me his name and address?" he inquired, as he took the ring.

"His address!" she exclaimed, in surprise. "What are you going to do? Kill him?"

"No, indeed," was the reply. "I want to sell him this ring."

She Tried.

Mrs. Flint, a kind-hearted mistress, was much disturbed that Martha, her new maid, was obliged to sleep in a cold room on the top floor.

"Martha," said she, remembering the good old-fashioned custom in her girlhood, "it is going to be a very cold night, and I think you had better take a flat iron to bed with you."

When Martha announced breakfast the following morning the mistress asked:

"Well, Martha, how did you get along with the flat iron?"

Martha breathed a deep reminiscent sigh.

"Vell, ma'am, I got it 'most warm before morning."

A Hard Question.

In a southern city Mrs. Ebenezer toiled in the sun over her washtub, while Ebenezer sat on the woodpile and gazed into space. At last, unable to bear his inactivity in silence, his busy wife asked: "Why doan y' clumb down off'n dat air woodpile an' he'p me wif dis beah washin'?" He lazily shifted his gaze and directed it upon his laboring spouse. "Ah kaint, 'cause Ah'm vely busy," he drawled. "Busy!" she snapped. "Whut doin', Ah'd laik to know?" "Busy thinkin'," he retorted. "Thinkin'?" she repeated scornfully. "What yo' got to think wif?"

The Difference.

A story is told of an Irish sailor who decided to walk from Newport to Cardiff. He met a cart driver and asked:

"How far is it from Newport to Cardiff?"

"Twelve miles, mister," was the reply.

"Thankee," said Pat. "An how far is it from Cardiff to Newport?"

Driver: Didn't I tell you how far it was from Newport to Cardiff? Do you suppose it is any farther the other way back?

Irishman: Sure, and I don't know. I know it is a great deal farther from New Year's Day to Christmas than from Christmas to New Year's Day.

For the Heathen.

A certain millionaire did not approve of foreign missions. One Sunday at church, when the collection was being taken up for these missions, the collector approached the millionaire and held out the collection box. The millionaire shook his head.

"I never give to missions," he whispered.

"Then take something out of the bag, sir," whispered the collector. "The money is for the heathen."

Has Made Improvement.

When little Bennie brought the milk in off the front porch one cold morning, he found a pillar of the frozen fluid sticking out of the bottle.

"Oh, mama," he cried, "I like our new milkman!"

"Is that so? Why?" asked the mother.

Showing her the bottle, Bennie exclaimed: "Our old milkman barely filled the bottle, but this one heaps it up."

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