

Stories World Meets With Smiles

King's Private Barber.

An undersecretary of the Spanish legation told at a dinner party a little story about the King of Spain.

"King Alfonso," he began, "is fond of taking motor trips incog. He motored recently through a wild region of Castile. He put up with his modest entourage at a more than modest inn.

"I am sure," he said, laughing, "that they won't know me here!"

"Well, they did not know him there. They treated him like an ordinary traveler. So much so, in fact, that when he went to shave the next morning he found there was no mirror in his room. So he went down into the inn yard in his shirt sleeves and there a chambermaid brought him a broken piece of mirror, which he set up beside the well and proceeded to lather cheeks and chin.

"The girl stood chatting with him. Finally she said in an odd voice:

"You are not just an ordinary traveler, are you?"

"Why do you ask me that?" laughed the King.

"I don't know," said the maid. "But there's something about you—perhaps you belong to the royal court at Madrid?"

"Yes, I do," he answered.

"Perhaps you work for his Majesty himself?"

"Yes, I do."

"And what do you do for him?" asked the pretty chambermaid.

"Oh, lots of things," the King replied. "I'm shaving him just now."

Worth the Price.

An officer who is a member of the G. A. R. tells the following: "In a Phoenix hotel one night," he said, "a number of veterans got into a dispute about the battle of Bull's Run. The veterans—all men of high rank—argued at length, but a quiet man spoke up and said:

"Gentlemen, I happened to be there, and I think I can settle the point at issue."

"And settle it he did. He settled it in a masterly manner. The hotel proprietor, much impressed, said to him when he got through:

"My dear sir, what was your rank in the Army?"

"I was a private, sir, a full private," was the calm reply.

"A short time afterward the private asked for his bill, since he was about to leave, but the proprietor said to him:

"Not a cent, sir! Not a cent! You owe me nothing."

"Why, how's that?" the other demanded in bewilderment.

"I couldn't dream of charging you sir!" said the proprietor warmly. "You are the first private I have ever met."

A Possible Chance.

A young man who received his diploma in June has been looking around successfully for a position, employment and a job. Entering an office the other day, he asked to see the manager, and while waiting for that gentleman to become disengaged he said to the office boy:

"Do you suppose there is any opening here for a college graduate?"

"Well, dere will be," was the reply.

"If de boss don't raise me salary to 'tree dollars a week by termorrer night."

Responsibilities.

"Didn't you ask me why I paid rent instead of owning my own home?" asked Mr. Crosslots.

"I made that inquiry," replied the real estate man.

"Well, I'll tell you. When the roof leaks or a shutter drops off it's mighty handy to be able to ask your wife not to bother you, but go and tell her troubles to the landlord."

H. C. of L.

Employer—"Want more pay? Why, I only hired you last week."

Office Boy—"Yes, but it costs me more to live now! I used to let my mother cut my hair 'fore I got this job."

Busy Days.

"Gent uptown telephones for an officer at once. Burglar in the house."

"Let me see," said the captain, re-

flectively. "I've got four men censoring plays, two inspecting the gowns at a society function, and two more supervising a tango tea. Tell him I can send him an officer in about two hours."

Fourteen-Karat Love.

Into a jewelry store there came a shy, pretty young lady with her engagement ring, which had been bought there and which she would like to have changed.

The ring fitted her exactly and she was greatly pleased with the noble sentiment of the inscription. "What-e'er betide, let love abide"; but she did not like its arrangement.

Examination showed that the stolid, unimaginative old German engraver had carved in the sentence regardless of the ring-maker's little stamp of quality, and so it read: "What-e'er betide, let 14-K love abide."

A Milk Shortage.

While travelling through Alabama a young salesman was one day forced to dine at a farmhouse. Not being very well satisfied with his meal of corn bread and bacon, he asked if he might have a glass of milk.

"No," replied his host. "Ah don't reckon you'll find any milk around here since the dog died."

"Since the dog died!" echoed the stranger. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Why," replied the farmer; "who do you-all reckon's goin' to go and fetch the cow?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Useless Request.

"Now, Tommy," reprimanded his mother, "don't let me catch you throwing any more stones."

"Well, what will I do when the other fellows throw 'em?" asked Tommy.

"Just come and tell me," his mother replied.

"Tell you!" he exclaimed in astonishment. Why, you couldn't hit the broad side of a barn."—Lippincott's.

Taking No Chances.

Dinny was taking dinner with Hogan at a brilliant cafe. They weren't accustomed to eating at such a place, but they got along fairly well. When they had finished the waiter said:

"Shall I bring you a couple of demitasses?"

"Not on yer life," exclaimed Dinny. "Our wives might come in an' see us sittin' wid them."

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