

Stories World Meets With Smiles

Her Prerogative.

MISTRESS—Are you the mistress of this house, Mary?
 Mary (who has been rather impudent)—No, ma'am.
 Mistress—Well, then, don't talk like an idiot.

Of Course.

"What is this moratorium they're talking about in the papers, pa?"
 "Why, it's a place where they put dead people. Don't bother me with such foolish questions."

The Difference.

Figgs—That Paris editor who was assassinated left a fortune of \$2,000,000.
Griggs—He wasn't an editor. He was a journalist.

Oh My!

Mrs. Gramercy—I suppose you feel the business depression.
Mrs. Park—It's just terrible, my dear! We're still using our last year's car.

Stuffed Sage.

At a Christmas dinner in Washington a statesman was called upon after the meal to make a speech.
 He rose and began:
 "You have been giving your attention so far to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now about to give your attention to a sage stuffed with turkey."

No Place Like It.

Fred Bromley was an artist of the impressionist school. He had just given the last touches to a purple and blue canvas when his young wife came into the studio.

"This is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for, dear," said he, standing aside and proudly surveying his work.

"Why not call it 'Home'?" said she, after a reflective look.

"Home? Why?"
 "Because there's no place like it," she replied meekly, as becomes a wife who is entirely without the finer feelings of imagination.—Lippincott's.

It Made It Easy.

Mrs. Smith had recently moved into the neighborhood.

"I thought I would come to tell you that your James has been fighting with my Edward," said one of the neighbors one morning, as she called at Mrs. Smith's door, "and settle the matter if I could."

"Well, for my part," responded Mrs. Smith, haughtily, "I have no time to enter into any discussion about the children's quarrels. I consider myself above such trifling things."

"I'm delighted to hear it," was the reply. "I'll send James over on a stretcher in an hour or two."

The Finishing Touch.

The young man hesitated to believe the statement of her little brother that the young lady was not at home. He repeated the question, at the same time displaying a quarter. The boy eyed it longingly and again replied in the negative.

"But didn't she leave a message for me?" asked the disappointed swain.

"Yes," said the lad—and nothing more.

As one who sees a great light, the young man tossed him the coin. "Now," he said, "out with the message."

"She said she's not gonna see you any more and you're not to give me any money."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Buying Experience.

Some men seem to get through life more or less comfortably by taking as their guiding principle the old saw about any excuse being better than none.

Young Albert was like that; every day strengthened his belief in the wisdom of the wise man who had first uttered the remark. The last job he had was that of a waiter at a small restaurant.

One day he served a peppery old gentleman—one of the sarcastic kind who glare over the tops of their spectacles—with an ice pudding. Albert

was just retiring when the old gentleman called him back.

"There's a fly in this ice pudding!" he remarked coldly.

Albert saw it, and immediately remembered his great motto.

"Well, let him stay, sir, and catch a chill," he said darkly. "The idiot was in a plate of soup a few minutes ago. Does he take the place for a Turkish bath?"—Answers.

A Patient Dentist.

Victim—Mercy! That isn't the right tooth you've pulled.

Dentist—Be patient, madam; I'm coming to it.

Didn't Know Her.

She—Before we were married you called me an angel.

He—I know I did; but it was a case of mistaken identity.

A Good Price.

Mrs. Wheeler's family and the new baby were being freely discussed by their next door neighbor.

"Isn't it strange they didn't name the baby after her rich uncle?" said one.

"No; he looked at it and said he'd give them \$15,000 not to."

A Late Stayer.

Irate Colonel (to his daughter)—Elizabeth, how could you be so inhospitable to that young man who called last night?

Bess—Inhospitable! Why dad—Pater—You should by no means let him go without asking him to breakfast.

The Doctors.

Two Manhattan physicians were enjoying the breeze from the front seat on the "hurricane deck" of a Riverside Drive bus one sultry afternoon last week when part of their conversation was overheard. It ran like this:

"I performed an operation for appendicitis on the wife of a millionaire yesterday," said the stouter of the pair.

"Yes," said the other. "What was she suffering from?"—Boston Advertiser.

Too Full to Talk.

Mattie was recently employed by a Boston matron. As might be expected, she has many admirers—so many, her mistress asserts, that the kitchen is seldom without some male aspirant for her hand.

On one occasion the mistress of the house, who, though she thoroughly disapproves of her cook's extensive calling list, hesitates to make too strong objections, lest she thereby lose the valuable girl's services, referred to the advent of a new admirer.

"Why is it, Mattie, that your latest caller keeps such a deathly silence with you when he calls?"

"Oh, ma'am," said she, "as yet the poor fellow is that bashful he does nothin' but ate!"

Enough.

The King brought down his mailed fist and the heavy table groaned at the impact, relates the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Let's have a war," he cried.

The senior adviser stepped forward.

"There should be some excuse for it," he mildly declared.

"Race hatred," said the second adviser.

"Self-preservation," said the third.

"Diplomatic deception," put in the fourth.

"Impending aggression," added the fifth.

The King laughed scornfully. And all the men-at-arms in the ante-chamber clashed their weapons and echoed the laugh.

"Let's have a war," he roared.

So they had a war.

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