

Stories the World Meets With Smiles

Last One Escaped.

IN the old days when there were school-masters in our public schools instead of the neat young schoolmistresses, whom the magazine stories insist today control the ruffianly scholars by kindness—in those days, according to an old-timer, the schoolmaster had been disobeyed and was very angry.

"Once again," said he, "my orders have been flagrantly violated. Who is the miscreant?"

Not a soul answered. A tragic silence prevailed.

"This matter shall be settled at once," the teacher declared firmly. "If no one will tell, every boy in the class shall be thrashed."

No one spoke up, and one by one the lads were soundly caned. The last boy was about to receive his punishment, but suddenly the cane was withheld. Fixing a keen look on the lad, the master said: "Now, if you will tell me who did this action I shall not punish you."

"All right, sir," came the unhesitating reply. "I did it."—Louisville Times.

Long-Winded.

"Travelers' tales, which often add charm to the conversation of an agreeable and interesting person, frequently render a bore more tiresome than ever," said Rex Beach, and illustrated as follows:

"A long-winded narrator had droned on at the club the other night for an hour or more about his recent trip to Switzerland."

"There I stood, gentlemen," he said, "there I stood with the abyss yawning in front of me."

"Pardon me," interjected one of the unfortunates who had been obliged to listen to the story, "but was that abyss yawning before you got there?"—Everybody's Magazine.

Custom Puzzled Him.

It was the kindly custom in the village for the well-to-do inhabitants to make good any loss which the villagers might sustain through the death of any livestock. The retired manufacturer who had only recently settled in the village

was ignorant of this laudable proceeding, and was considerably puzzled by the visit of a laborer's wife who explained that she had lost a pig.

"Well, I ain't got it," explained the bewildered newcomer.

"What I mean, sir, is, of course, the pig died," nervously explained the woman.

"Well, what do you want me to do," cried the thoroughly exasperated man, "send a wreath?"

Cautious Tommy.

Sunday School Teacher—Once upon a time there were two rich men, one of whom made his fortune by honest industry, while the other made his by fraud. Now, which of these two men would you prefer to be?"

Tommy (after a moment's hesitation) —"Which made the most?"

Wished Borrowing Eliminated.

The new play was in rehearsal, and a delegation of actors approached the manager. On being received, the spokesman said: "Sir, we have come to ask that a portion of Mr. Brown's part be cut out."

"What's all this about? What do you want cut out?" asked the manager.

"The part where he, as the disguised, borrows \$5. Every time he thinks any of us has any money he calls a rehearsal."—Chicago Daily News.

Sarah's Gloves.

A family in the South had a coal black cook named Sarah, whose husband was suddenly killed in a quarry accident. For the time being her grief was allayed by the preparations for an elaborate funeral, and on the day of this event, so dear to negroes who desire to show their importance, she appeared before her mistress in deepest black, but on her hands were a pair of white gloves, such as soldiers wear at dress parade and guard mounts.

"Why, aunt," exclaimed her mistress, "what made you get white gloves?"

Sarah drew herself up indignantly, and said, in the chilliest tones: "Don't you suppose I wants dem niggahs to see dat I'se got on gloves?"

How Jones Explained It.

Recently Jones collided with a spell of hard luck, and in order to make his pork and beans and his appetite meet he was compelled to pawn his watch. While the watch was yet in hock, a friend asked him the time of day.

"Why, what in the world has become of your watch?" asked the surprised friend, seeing Jones yank out a time killer of the turnip brand.

"Here it is," smiled Jones, extending the cheap ticker. "Anything the matter with your optical apparatus?"

"Yes; but that's a silver watch," persisted the friend. "The one you used to have had a handsome gold case."

"I know it did," was the grateful rejoinder of Jones; "but circumstances alter cases."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Fixing the Amount.

One afternoon the bookkeeper employed by a certain concern bulged into the private office and timidly approached the desk of the boss.

"Mr. Jinks," said he, after some hesitation, "during the past week I have been doing the clerk's work as well as my own, and this being payday, I thought I would remind you of that fact."

"Let me see," responded the boss, thoughtfully. "You make \$10 a week and the clerk makes \$5. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir," answered the bookkeeper, with a hopeful expression.

"Good!" smiled the boss. "Then, as I figure it out, you made half a week for yourself and half a week for the clerk. I will tell the cashier to fix the amount at \$7.50."

Too Soon to Write.

Congressman Joseph A. Golden, of New York, smiled largely at a social affair the other evening when reference was made to sending little wifey away for the Summer. He said he was reminded of the consternation of Smith.

Mrs. Smith was going to the mountains and the old man had accompanied her to the depot to look after the baggage and whisper a tender farewell.

"Goodby, dear!" said father, affectionately kissing her as the train drew in. "Take care of your health and have a good time."

"Goodby, papa!" returned little wifey, pasting on a few extra kisses and hustling for the car steps. "I will write to you the day after tomorrow."

"What's that?" exclaimed father, with a look of consternation. "Why, the money you have with you ought to last at least two weeks."—Philadelphia Telegraph.



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