

Stories With a Smile

Has a Boss Now.

LAPE CHOATE, the man who hitched his wife to a plow with two mules and plowed with her in the fields three years ago, has taken a second wife—and there's another story.

Choate got married again last week, Miss Bessie Evans of Kansas City being his bride. At the time Judge John Steep warned Miss Evans of Choate's character.

"Oh, I know all about him," she replied. "If there's any plowing to be done he'll do it."

She apparently has made her threat good. Choate, the terrible, is waiting on his wife as a courtier waits on a queen, the neighbors say.

Perhaps the reason is that his bride weighs 200 pounds. Choate was nearly lynched by the farmers of Clay county three years ago, and the fright also may have tamed his disposition. A divorce followed his prosecution and term of ten days in jail at that time.

Called Him Down.

At a social affair the other night the conversation turned to justifiable re-monstrances, when Congressman Frank B. Willis of Ohio was reminded of the rebuke administered by a pretty girl named Marie.

One afternoon some time ago Marie called on her dearest girl chum, and soon the two fairies were deep in the details of the gowns and things seen at a reception the evening before.

"And do you know, Alice," confidentially murmured Marie, when the subject reverted to the guests, "Harry had the nerve to kiss me on the forehead."

"You don't really mean it!" was the horrified rejoinder of Alice. "I suppose you called him down?"

"I certainly did," sweetly answered Marie. "About four inches."

She Meant Well.

Bishop McDowell has recovered from recent illness sufficiently to receive his friends and entertain them with a story now and then. Some years ago the bishop was presiding over a conference in the South. At the close of the session an old negro mammy who had been an interested listener throughout the proceedings approached the bishop to congratulate him.

"Ah's done attended conferees hyah since befo' de wah," she said. "Ah's seen Bishop Simpson an' Bishop Fowler an' Bishop Merrill, but Ah nevah saw no bishop who could preside lak you."

Bishop McDowell thanked her for the compliment and was about to turn away.

"But," added the old regress, "Ah'm getting on in years now; Ah's pretty old, an' Ah speekt mah judgment ain't so good as it once was."

Unnecessary Noise.

The young man and the girl were standing outside the front door, having a final chat after his evening call. He was leaning against the doorpost, talking in low tones. Presently the young lady looked round, to discover her father in the doorway, clad in a dressing gown.

"Why, father, what in the world is the matter?" she inquired.

"Jahn," said the father, addressing himself to the young man, "you know I have never complained about your staying late, and I am not going to complain of that now; but for goodness sake stop leaning against the bellpush and let the rest of the family get some sleep."

Lowest Bidder.

"I have come to ask for the hand of your daughter," announced the young man.

"Have a chair," said her father, kindly. "I presume you have made an estimate of what it will cost to keep my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"I have, sir."

"And your figures?"

"Ten thousand dollars a year."

"I'm sorry, my boy," said the older man, "but I cannot afford to throw away \$2,000 a year. Another suitor has figured he can do it for \$3,000."

No Wonder She Blushed.

"That's a nice looking fellow who's just come in," said the young man

who was dining with his best girl. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"Yes, indeed, I know him well," laughed the maiden.

"Shall I ask him to join us?"

"Oh, George!" said the girl, blushing; "this is so sudden."

"Sudden? What do you mean?" he asked in surprise.

"Why—why, that's our young minister."

Classification Desired.

It may be a perennial, but it sounded good in the Stock Exchange smoking room, where the broker told it as the output of his own offspring.

"Pop, are you a bear or a bull?" asked the young hopeful at the breakfast table.

"How can that possibly interest you, my boy?"

"'Cause I've heard you called both by gentlemen visiting here, and I'd like to know whether I am a cub or a calf."

Evidently Used Up.

Mrs. Meadowland (early morning)—"I guess that city gentleman we took to board for the summer ain't much used to travelin' in the cars. He must 'a' been all fagged out when he got here yesterday, though he didn't say nothin' about it."

Farmer Meadowland—"He looked cheery enough."

Mrs. Meadowland—"Yes, but there it is 'most four o'clock and breakfast all ready, and he ain't waked up yet."

Happy Man.

The school teacher was trying to find from a tiny child the name of his father. He seemed quite unable to think of it, so to help him she asked:

"What do you call him?"

"I call him father," was the reply.

"Well, what does your mother call him?"

The response was eloquent.

"She doesn't call him anything—she likes him."

The Kind He Wanted.

"Why are you so quiet?" he asked.

"There's nothing the matter," she replied.

"But you haven't said a word for twenty minutes."

"Well, I didn't have anything to say."

"Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?"

"No."

"Angel! Will you be my wife?"

Then He Could Sleep.

"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise, such as a cat on the back fence, for instance."

"This powder will be effective," replied the physician, after compounding a prescription.

"When do I take it, Doctor?"

"You don't take it. You give it to the cat in a little milk."

Shady.

"Well, did you discover anything in Stump's past life that we can use against him?"

Detective: "Not a thing. All he ever did before he came here was to sell awnings."

Election Agent: "Why, that's just what we want. We'll say that he has been mixed up in some decidedly shady transactions."

An Installment.

It was on a Broadway car. A passenger stooped and picked up a coin from the floor. Three of the other passengers eyed him with envy.

"Which of you people dropped a five-dollar gold piece?"

"I did!" yelled each of the three.

"Well," said the finder to the man nearest him, "here's a nickel of it."

A Poet's Dream.

Apropos of Marshall R. Kernochan, who makes \$30 a year by writing music, a magazine poet said:

"To make \$30 a year out of music is pretty good. It's as much as I, a successful poet, make out of verse."

"When they see my poetry in all the magazines people think that I live at the Ritz-Charlton. Alas, they don't know the magazine poetry rates."

"A young lady said to me the other day:

"I like your poetry so much. I have often heard the expression—beautiful as a poet's dream. Tell me, what are poet's dreams like?"

"Well, my dear young lady," I replied, "mine are usually about three square meals a day, clean linen and an occasional 5-cent cigar."

An Ancient Calf.

Awkward mistakes occur sometimes through falling into certain mannerisms of expression. A parson had a habit of frequently saying "for years and years and years" in the course of a sermon. He was preaching on the Prodigal Son, and spoke of him sitting down in that far-off land thinking of the home that he had not seen "for years and years and years."

This was all right, but presently he spoke of the welcome to his old home, and of the calf which his father had kept in anticipation of that happy day.

"Yes," said he, dropping into his favorite cadence for the winding up of a sentence, "yes, the calf which he had kept for years and years and years!"

Then somebody laughed.

Running No Risk.

One gloomy day a young countryman went to a dentist to have a tooth extracted. Seeing the patient's obvious nervousness, the dentist inquired:

"Would you like gas?"

"Would I like gas? Of course, I'd like gas," exclaimed the irate patient.

"Do you think I'm going to have you yanking out my teeth in the dark?"



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