

Short Stories

Something to Interest the Boys and Girls.

NOT FAR WRONG.

The New Year was being ushered in with a great clanging of bells, blowing of whistles and horns and ringing of chimes. Ruth slept peacefully through all the clamor, until a loud blast from the horn of some celebrator passing the house awakened the small maiden, and sitting up in her little white bed she cried in affright:

"Mother! Has the end of the world come? Is that the Angel Gabriel blowing his trumpet?"

THE LATEST STYLE.

Little Boy—What's all these women here for?

Little Girl—They've been upstairs to see the baby.

Little Boy—Babies is plenty 'nough.

Little Girl—Yes; but this is a new one, an' I expect they wants to see the latest fashion.

SUNK A YACHT.

Some years ago the New London sloop yacht Redhot, while cruising off Martha's Vineyard for swordfish, was struck by a wounded fish and so badly injured that she sank. The fish had pierced her bottom with his sword, and in his blind attack had butted his head so hard against her timbers that they were started.

Actually not one of the fifty or sixty vessels that cruise for swordfish has a record for complete immunity. One craft was struck and rammed by swordfish 20 times in one cruise. Luckily none of the attacks was delivered under such circumstances that the fish succeeded in piercing her hull entirely, but the vessel was injured so badly that she needed a thorough overhauling after she made port.

MADE THE OTHER NECESSARY.

Not long ago a lank, elderly man entered a shop where all sorts of drugs and patent medicines are sold.

"Three weeks ago you sold me a bottle of Henry's Harmless Hair Restorer," he said, leaning over the counter and addressing one of the clerks with a friendly air.

"Certainly, I think I remember you," said the clerk. "Want another bottle?" and he half turned toward the shelves.

"No," said the friendly man. "I just called in to tell you that if you continue to carry that hair restorer you'd better lay in a line of wigs. There'll be a great demand for 'em."

—Youth's Companion.

DAILY CHILD STORY.

Rev. S. P. Cadman, of Brooklyn, tells this story of a young matron of his congregation who is earnest in her endeavor to instill religious ideas into the childish mind of her daughter. As a prayer this little one was taught to lip a stanza of the hymn—Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me.

Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,

Keep me safe till morning light,
And among the rhymes of the nurse—

ery was one about "a little man who had a little pig, which was neither very little, nor yet very big." When it came time for the evening devotions one night the small girl said, to her mother:

"Mamma, don't let's say that one about the little lamb to-night. Let's say the one about the little pig."—New York Times.

COULDN'T FORGET HIS PET THEME.

Down in Virginia, says Thomas Nelson Page, there was an old darkey preacher, who had preached about infant baptism morning and night until his congregation couldn't stand it any longer. They told him to preach something else or they would have to find someone who would. He promised, and the next Sunday announced his text, "Adam, where are thou?"

"Dis, brethern, can be divided into foah heads," began the domine. "First, every man is somewhar. Secondly, most men am where dey ain't got no bus'ness to be. Thirdly, you'd better look out or you'll be gittin' there youself. Fo'thly, infant baptism, brethern, I guess we might's well pass by the three fust heads, and come immed'tly to the fo'th, infant baptism."—New York Exchange.

A NEW YORK STREET INCIDENT.

One incident for the moralists: A tiny shop girl in a sleazy black dress in the forenoon when the wind nipped, came out of one of the fur shops near University Place and walked east toward Broadway. Around her neck was a sable boa, her ungloved hands were stuffed into a big muff. Under her arm she carried a seal coat. She made a queer little figure. Because she was a child in a land of imagination, the pride of possession entered her soul, her back stiffened, and there was a haughty lift to her head. She walked as became a grand dame under the eyes of the populace. Her errand of delivery took her into one of the big retail shops near by. In a few moments she emerged without her finery, wrapped her hands in her apron, and scudded back to her work. More than one person who saw and understood envied her the interlude.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

A kindly disposed old gentleman who lives in the vicinity of Fairmount Park, came out on his porch the other day, and, looking up at the cloud-laden sky, said to a party of boys who were playing on the sidewalk: "It's raining, boys." "No, sir," piped one of the smallest lads of the party; "it's raining water."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

HIS LUCK.

The luck of Warren Toole has changed.

Warren is the 10-year-old son of former Gov. Joseph K. Toole, of Montana, prominent for years in national politics. In the last four months the boy has been the victim of three accidents, each of which bore serious consequences for the little fellow.

The other night, when he knelt down at his bedside in the Auditorium hotel to say the evening prayer which his mother had taught him, he mumbled:

"I thank you, God, that you did not let me go to that theatre last Wednesday afternoon. You see, if you had not delayed my mamma when she went down town shopping that day, my little brother and I would have been in the fire. I thank you, God, for changing my luck."

Warren's mamma and papa heard the prayer. Before he had reached the "Amen" both had silently bowed their heads.

"Yes, Warren, your luck has changed," said the former governor, as he bent over his son to say "good-night."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

WEI-HAI-WET BABY

Perhaps the strangest incident of the Chinese-Japanese war was the appearance of the famous Wei-hai-wei baby. It is discussed to this day in every Japanese barracks, and the story is told to the tourist who foregathers with the soldiers.

During a lull in the land attack on one of the forts a Chinese woman suddenly made her appearance in the firing line of the Sixth division. She was hurriedly ordered to the rear and disappeared. A few minutes afterward a lusty baby boy was found on the ground beside a gun. Capt. Higuchi Seizaburo, who is a family man, picked up the baby.

The bugle rang out for the advance of a storming party on the fort. The captain tried to hand his tiny captive over to a Chinese prisoner, but the youngster yelled as if he would go into convulsions. He did not want to leave his friend the enemy.

The bugle rang out again, and, with the baby on one arm and his sword in the other hand, the captain led the charge and captured the fort. The baby nestled to his breast, untroubled by the roar of battle, and passed safely through the fight. After it was all over a home was found for him in a Chinese village.

THE REASON WHY

The trained nurse has to meet many curious conditions which arise among her poorer patients. One of these faithful women, who had a sick girl in charge in a miserable tenement house, noticed that the oranges which had been provided for the fever patient were not eaten. They were placed in an old, cracked blue bowl on a little table by the sick girl's bed, and there they remained untouched.

"Mary," said the nurse, one day, "don't you like oranges?"

"Oh, yes'm," answered the girl. "You haven't eaten any of these?"

The nurse suggested. "O, miss," she said, eagerly, "Mary, she et a half, an' me an' Jimmy, we et th' other half; an' Mary an' me, we says we won't eat any more 'cause it looks so nice an' wealthy t' have oranges settin' round."

FOR CHILDREN'S THROATS.

When children go out continually, and are subjected to all kinds of weather, they are susceptible to a sore throat. This, however, can be avoided by any mother who will follow out the directions given here.

The treatment consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mouth and throat with a wash made thus: Table salt, two drachms; black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum, one drachm each. Mix and pulverize, put into a teacup half full of water, stir well, and then fill up with good vinegar. Use every half-hour, one, two and four hours, as recovery progresses. The child may swallow a little bit each time. Apply one ounce each of spirits of turpentine, sweet oil and aqua ammonia mixed every hour to the whole throat, and to the breast bone every four hours, keeping flannel to the part. In case of a severe cold it is better to administer the treatment over night, and in the morning the soreness will be found to have entirely disappeared.

A CLEAR DEFINITION.

To the question, "What is an island?" a primary teacher received the following answer from one of her "young hopefuls": "An island is the bottom of the river out in the water where there ain't any water."

THE BOY.

I wouldn't be a single thing on earth
Except a boy!
And yet it's just an accident of birth
That I'm a boy;
And goodness gracious! When I stop
And think
That I once trembled on the very
brink
Of making my appearance here a
girl
It fairly makes my ears and eyebrows
curl—
Yet I'm a boy.

Just think of all the jolly fun there
is
When you're a boy!

I tell you, you're just full of business
(When you're a boy!)
There's fires to build in all the vacant
lots,

Go swimmin', tie the fellers' clothes
in knots,
Tie tin cans on the tails of dogs—
—why, gee!

The days ain't half so long as they
should be
(When you're a boy!)

There's lots of foolish things that
make you tired
(When you're a boy!)

There's heaps of grouchy men that
can't be hired
To like a boy!

There's wood to chop at home and
coal to bring,
And "Here, do this—do that—the other
thing!"

And, worse than all, there's girls—O,
holy smoke,
Are they a crime, or are they just
a joke
Upon a boy?

And then there's always somebody to
jaw,
(When you're a boy!)

Somebody always laying down the
law
To every boy!

"Pick up your coat; see where you've
put your hat;
Don't stone the dog; don't tease the
poor old cat;
Don't race around the house"—why,
suff'r'n' Moses!

The only time you have to practice
things like those is
(When you're a boy!)

And yet I don't believe I'd change a
thing
For any boy;

You've got to laugh, to work, to cry,
to sing,
To be a boy;

With all his thoughtless noise and
careless play,

With all his heartfelt trials day by
day,
With all his boyish hopes and all his
fears,

I'd like to live on earth a thousand
years
And be a boy.

—W. H. Pierce.

DIDN'T KNOW WHERE HIS WIFE WAS.

A friend of James Whitcomb Riley tells a story of an encounter the bachelor poet once had with a woman reporter. The energetic young woman, after strenuous effort, had finally caught Mr. Riley at the telephone. This is the conversation that followed:

"Is that Mr. Riley?"

"Yes. That is Miss —?"

"Miss Jones, of the Courier-Journal. I've been trying all day to get an interview with you, Mr. Riley."

"Ah, would it were now a view instead of an interview," said the poet gallantly.

"Oh, thanks. How long will you remain in Louisville, Mr. Riley?"

"Only a short time."

"Is your wife with you?"

"No, ma'am, she is not."

"Where is she may I ask?"

"You may ask, my dear Miss Jones, but I find it very difficult to answer. I am in absolute ignorance as to her whereabouts. For aught I know to the contrary, she may right now be at the other end of this telephone."

There was much laughter, and afterwards an effort to resume the interview. But in vain, Mr. Riley had escaped.