

# RAW

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# FURS

## WIT AND HUMOR

A reader sends a story from the *New York Sun* for me to put on the Indian list, stating that he heard it in Shea's theatre in Toronto ten years ago. It is a new one on me, however, and I think it is too good to be given "one pillitory," as the typo and proof-reader conspired last week to describe the process to which I subject ancient humor. It was told the *Sun* by a school teacher in a foreign district in New York.

"In the English work," she said, "I often give my pupils half a story and ask them to finish it in their own way. I did that yesterday.

"I told them about a little girl named Elizabeth, who started out one morning with the resolve that she was going to be good all day long as if it were Sunday. Her Sunday-school teacher had told her that little girls should behave as if every day were Sunday, not put on their kind and polite manners only when they put on their Sunday dresses. So when Elizabeth put on her school dress, she resolved that she was going to be very good all day.

"She had not gone very far—only to the first corner—when she saw another little girl standing there, crying.

"That is where I left the story for them to finish. They were to tell what Elizabeth did. This is the way the most serious boy in school completed the plot:

"Elizabeth saw the little girl crying, so she went up to her and asked her what was the matter.

"I had two quarters," sobbed the little girl, "and a big boy took one of them away!"

"Oh, that is too bad!" said Elizabeth. "What did you do?"

"Oh, I cried, 'Help! Help!' just like that," said the little girl.

"Why, is that all the loud you called?" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"Yes," replied the little girl. "I have a bad cold and can't call any louder than that."

"So Elizabeth took the other quarter away from her."

Said an old salt, "I remember once when the Britannic was thought to be sinking a woman ran up to me, grabbed my arm and yelled, 'Oh, oh, oh, we shall all go to the bottom! Mercy on me! How my head swims!' The mate, overhearing her wail, growled, 'Hang it, madam, never fear! You can never go to the bottom while your head swims.'"

"To think," sighed the disheartened

poet, "of having to write a bushel of love-songs for a barrel of flour!"  
"Why," said the other poet, "you're in great luck, my friend. I've got two bushels of returned love-songs on hand, tell me where your groceryman is!"

Jack—"Smith asked me to come to his home this evening. Says he's going to celebrate his golden wedding."

Gladys—"Why he's been married only three years."

Jack—"That's what I told him. He said it seemed like fifty."

"Here, Willie!" cried the boy's father, "you mustn't behave that way. Everybody will be calling you a little glutton. Do you know what that is?"  
"I suppose," replied Willie, "it's a big glutton's little boy."

Two young merchants, Clint and John who occupied adjoining stores in a small town, were intimate friends. When business was dull they visited back and forth. Each was fond of a joke. One cold, blustery day, when customers were few, Clint sat behind the stove in John's store. A young woman, a stranger, came in and John stepped forward to wait on her.

"I am soliciting subscriptions for the Fresh Air Fund," said she.

"You'd better speak to the proprietor about it," John said, politely. "You will find him a very liberal man. He is back there by the stove."

John grinned as the young woman approached Clint and restated her case. "How much are the merchants generally giving?" Clint asked, with grave interest in the cause.

"Some are giving as much as a dollar, but we are grateful for any sum, however small."

"John," said Clint, with an air of authority, "give the young lady two dollars out of the drawer."

And John, of course, had to fork out.

A certain humorist, who is, as a rule, extremely averse to social functions, was induced to attend a 'literary' dinner given in honor of a novelist. He had been told off to take in to dinner the sister of the host, an excellent woman, though anything but 'literary.' The conversation touching upon the beauties of Chaucer, about whom a certain set was then cultivating a fad, a spirited discussion ensued, during which the bewildered sister caught from time to time only the name 'Chaucer.' At last she whispered to the humorist:—

"Who is this Mr. Chaucer they're talking about so much? Is he very popular in society?"

"Madam," solemnly responded the other, "that man did something that forever shuts him out of society."

"Oh!" exclaimed the worthy dame, and what was that?"

"He died several hundred years ago."—*Tu-Bits.*

A small girl, lost at Coney Island, was kindly cared for at the police station until her parents should be found. The matron, endeavoring to keep the child contented, had given her a candy cat, with which she played happily all day. At night the cat had disappeared, and the matron inquired if it had been lost.

"No," said the little maid. "I kept it most all day. But then it got so dirty I was 'shamed to look at it, so I let it."—*Youth' Companion.*

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The pensive afterthoughts of sundown sink  
Over the patient acres given to peace;  
The homely cries and the farmstead noises cease,  
And the warm day relaxes link by link.  
A lesson that the open heart may read  
Breathes in this mild benignity of air,  
Those dear, familiar savors of the soil—  
A lesson of the calm of humble creed,  
The simple dignity of common toil  
And the plain wisdom of unspoken prayer.  
—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

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