

BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY



Short and Sweet

SENATOR SPOONER of Wisconsin says the best speech of introduction he ever heard was delivered by the German Mayor of a small town in Wisconsin, where Spooner had been engaged to speak. The Mayor said:

"Ladies and shentlemens, I haf been asked to introdooose you to the Honorable Senator Spooner, who vill make to you a speech, yes. I haf now done so; he vill now do so."—*Everybody's*.

Not the Rosary

The socks I darn for thee, dear heart,
Mean quite a pile of work to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
Thy hosiery, thy hosiery.

Each sock a mate; two mates a pair,
To clothe thy feet in storm and cold;
I count each sock unto the end, and find
I've skipped a hole.

Oh, carelessness, this thy reproof,
See how it looms across my sole.
I grind my teeth, and then in very truth
I darn that hole, sweetheart, I darn
that hole!

The Village Choir

Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward;
Into an awful ditch,
Choir and precentor hitch,
Into a mess of pitch,
They led the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, that precentor's look,
When the sopranos took
Their own time and hook
From the Old Hundred.

Screeched all the trebles here,
Bogled the tenors there,
Raising a parson's hair
While his mind wandered.
Theirs not to reason why
This psalm was pitched too high;
Theirs but to gasp and cry
Out the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Stormed they with shout and yell
Not wise they sang nor well
Drowning the sexton's bell
While the church wondered.

Dire the precentor's glare
Flashed his pitchfork in air
Sounding fresh keys to bear
Out the Old Hundred.
Swiftly he turned his back,
Reached he his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack,
Himself he sundered.
Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discords behind
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the wild howls they wrought!
Right to the end they fought
Some tune they sang, but not,
Not the Old Hundred.

—Anonymous.

Not What He Expected

IT was the day after Christmas, and the hard-working postman plowed his way through snow and a cold wind, a sack of unusual size on his back. He ascended the spacious steps of a west-end residence, and in answer to his ring a man-servant in rich livery appeared. "Wait a moment, please," said the servant, as he took the letters. "The mistress wishes to speak to you." The postman's eye brightened. It was the holiday season. Now, no doubt, in recognition of his regular and faithful—"I shall be glad," he said politely, "to await your mistress' pleasure." In a few moments the lady appeared. "Are

you," she asked, "our regular postman?" "Yes, madam," he answered, bowing. "Do you come in the morning?" "Yes, madam." "And in the afternoon and evening?" Again he assented, smiling eagerly. Then the lady said: "Well, was it you who broke our bell?"

Going East

THIS, says a United States paper, has been found on the wall of a deserted shanty in the heart of Dakota:

"Fore miles from a naber; sixteen miles from a post offis; twenty-five miles from a railroad; a hundred and atey from timber; half a mile from watter. Heaven bless our home. We're going East to get a fresh start."—*Tit-Bits*.

No Name for a Christian

THE christening party consisted of the proud father, the baby—a girl—the grandfather and all the rest of the folks. The grandfather stood nearest to the priest during the ceremony. "What d'ye think av that?" asked the priest of the grandfather at the appropriate moment.

"I dunno," the grandfather replied. And he turned to the father and whispered hoarsely: "What's its name?" "Hazel," repeated the father. "What?" asked the grandfather. "Hazel," repeated the father. The grandfather threw up his hands in disgust.

"What d'ye think av that?" asked the priest. "With the calendar av the saints full av gur-rl names—an' him namin' his after a nut!"

Food With Frills

A WOMAN instructor at Wellesley College, who presides over one of the dining tables at which sit a dozen students, says that one day some curly lettuce was brought on.

A freshman looked at it, then exclaimed: "How clever of the cook to crimp it that way! I wonder how she does it?"

Aggravating Submission

TOMMY: "One of the boys says I look like you."
Tommy's Papa: "And what did you say?"

Tommy: "I couldn't say anything—he's a good bit bigger than me."

She Left Her Feet Behind

A GOOD old Scotch minister, calling unexpectedly on a widow who lives in a cottage on the outskirts of the village, surprised her in the midst of washing a lot of clothes. She hurriedly hid behind a clotheshorse and told her little boy to say that she was out.

The visitor knocked at the door. "Well, Jamie," he said, "and where is your mother?"

"My mother's not in; she's down street on a message," promptly replied the lad.

"Indeed," replied the minister, with a glance at the bottom of the screen. "Well, tell her I called; and say that the next time she goes down to the village she should take her feet with her."

Couldn't Help It

A MAN traveling on a through express left his chair in the crowded dining car just after he had ordered his luncheon. He went to get something he had forgotten in the Pullman.

When he returned, in spite of the fact that he had left a magazine on the chair

in the diner, he found a handsomely dressed woman in his place. He protested with all the politeness he could muster, but the woman turned on him with flashing eyes.

"Sir," she remarked haughtily, "do you know that I am one of the directors' wives?"

"My dear madam," he responded, "if you were the director's only wife I should still ask for my chair."

Poor Papa

THE teacher had the letters c-a-t on the blackboard and was trying to teach little Pansy Peavish to pronounce the word, but Pansy couldn't come it. "Think," said the teacher. "What is it that has some whiskers and comes up on the porch late at night when it is cold and begs to come into the house?"

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed little Pansy, a great light dawning; "it's papa!"

Eve's Apple

HOW many apples were eaten by Adam and Eve? We know that Eve 81, and that Adam 812, total 893. But Adam 8,142 please his wife, and Eve 81242 please Adam, total 89,384. Then again Eve 814240fy herself, and Adam also 8124240fy himself, total, 8,938,480.—*Fun*.

Frightened Him

LESPES, the French journalist, known as "Timothee Trimm," was once disagreeably intruded on by a creditor, who announced his intention of not departing until he was paid. The creditor planted himself on a chair, and Lespes beheld him, with consternation, draw bread and cheese from his pockets, as though to fortify himself against events. Several hours glided by; Lespes had resumed his writing and finished an article. The creditor showed no signs of moving.

Suddenly Lespes rose, and with bits of newspaper began carefully blocking all the apertures through which air could come into the room. He then made preparations for lighting a charcoal fire; but before applying the match, pasted on the wall, just opposite the creditor's eyes, a paper thus laconically worded: "Take notice that we died of our own will."

"What are you doing?" exclaimed the creditor, uneasily.

"Your society would render life intolerable, so we are going to commit suicide together," answered Timothee, tranquilly.

It is needless to say that the creditor decamped.—*The Argonaut*.

Making it Right

SHE raised her head from his shoulder for a moment.

"Do you believe that exercise and lotions and toilet preparations will improve a woman's looks?" she asked.

He pressed her blonde curls back upon his chest. "They couldn't improve the looks of some women," he said.

"Whose?" she asked.

"Well, yours and Violet Cochrane's, for instance," he replied, thoughtlessly.

"I don't understand you," she said, raising her head for the second time, and chilling him with a look. "We are not at all alike."
"I mean," he replied, turning her head for the second time and thinking quickly, "that your looks couldn't be improved, because they are perfect as they are, and that hers couldn't be improved, because no amount of work could make her pretty."

And the firelight flickered knowingly as she sighed a great sigh of contentment and relief while he drew a deep breath.

Bargain Hunter's Dream of Heaven

When the big, dark store is empty,
And the counters are shrouded in lawn;

When the oldest clerk has departed,
And the youngest floor-walker gone,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it.

Recline for a jiffy or two,
Till the lure of the bargain counter
Shall drag us to work anew.

But our forty winks shall be dreamful;
We shall shiver the still night air
With the notes of a jubilate,
For gloves sell at sixty a pair.

We shall read in our dreamland paper
Real lace can be had for a song,
We shall rise before daybreak, and
breakfast

To be ready to hurry along.

For those who are early are happy,
They may struggle and call for their size,

But if they look sharp and keep busy
They may yet come away with the prize.

And they never will fuss about money,
But just for the joy of the game,
They will wait at the door and then
scramble

With a mob which is doing the same.

And then they'll come home, fagged but joyful,

They shall sit in their rocking-chair
And survey the fruit of their labors
With glad eyes but tumbled hair;
They are six-dollar shoes at four-forty;
They may pinch, but who cares for that?

To save one-sixty it's worth it,
That much more for a new spring hat.

There are handkerchiefs, three for a quarter,

And boot laces six for ten,
And a chance like that collar for fifty
Will never be heard of again.

And they sit in their comfy rockers
Happy at heart, though faint,
For they've bought the thing as it isn't
At the price of things as they ain't.

—*The Globe*.

A Dubious Compliment

WILLIAM LAWRENCE, bishop of Massachusetts, delights in telling this story:

"Once when there was a vacancy in the Massachusetts bishopric, Phillips Brooks was the most likely candidate. I was walking with President Eliot one day, and in the course of the conversation, I said to him, 'Do you think Brooks will be elected?'"

"Well, no," said Dr. Eliot, "a second or third-rate man would do as well."

"Phillips Brooks was elected, and a short time afterward Dr. Eliot and I were walking again."

"Glad Brooks was elected, aren't you?" I asked.

"I suppose so," returned Dr. Eliot, "but, to tell the truth, William, you were my man."

One Little Thing

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN tells of a hard-working farmer's wife, who was asked if she believed in woman's suffrage, and would like to vote. "No, I certainly do not," she exclaimed with a vigorous movement of the churn dasher. "I say, if there is any one little thing that the men folks can do alone, for goodness sake let 'em do it."