

## Anecdotal

### A Surprising Weight

A young couple out in Osborne County became the proud parents of a little girl the other day. They wanted to weigh the youngster as soon as it was dressed, but had no scales. Just then the iceman came along and they borrowed his scales. To their surprise the little one weighed forty-four pounds.

### Daniel in the Wrong Place

A religious controversy had been raging in the local village press between two ministers of different beliefs. About midnight, just before going to press, the telephone bell in the editor's room rang furiously. "I am sorry to trouble you at such a late hour," said the cleric, whose article was in type, "but I am in very great trouble."

"What can I do for you?" asked the editor.

"In the manuscript I sent you to-day I put Daniel in the fiery furnace. Please take him out and put him in the lions' den."

### A Hungry Ear

In a little school house in the north of Scotland, the school-master keeps his boys grinding steadily at their desks, but gives them permission to nibble from their lunch-baskets sometimes as they work.

One day, while the master was instructing a class in the rule of three, he noticed that one of his pupils was paying more attention to a small tart than to his lesson.

"Tom Bain," said the master, "listen to the lesson, will ye?"

"I'm listening, sir," said the boy. "Listening, are ye?" exclaimed the master. "Then ye're listening wi' one ear an' eating pie wi' the other."

### Point in Stories

W. W. Jacobs has said that it is only their surprises that make the stories take. To illustrate what he means, he told a story of a lawyer defending a man accused of house-breaking who spoke like this:

"Your honor, I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlor window open and merely inserted his right arm, and removed a few articles. Now, gentlemen, my client's arm is not his himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole individual for an offence committed only by one of his limbs."

"That argument," said the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the defendant's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses."

The defendant smiled and with his lawyer's assistance unscrewed his cork arm, leaving it in the dock, walked out.

### A Dangerous Luxury

Quite recently into a railway carriage at Oltham stepped a young man, fresh from school evidently, and wearing his first watch. The very many proud glances which he cast on the gold chain raised a smile on the faces of his fellow-passengers. Apparently by accident, though mischief might have been at the bottom of it, the subject of watches was "brought on the carpet."

"Ah!" sighed an old farmer, giving the

watch back to the young man, who had handed it around for the inspection of the company, "that their watch 'minds me o' my own son."

"How's that?" asked several passengers. "Why, I gave 'im a watch when 'e wur fifteen year owd, an' it wur th' ruin o' 'im." Being asked for an explanation, the farmer continued: "Afore I give it 'im 'e wur the straight-est-built lad for miles around; but 'e adn't 'ad that watch above four months afore 'e growed 'unpacked wi' lookin' at the chain so much."

### A New Use for the Phonograph

An amateur flutist once stopped in at a fair where a phonograph company had an elaborate exhibit, and showed such an interest in the talking machines that the attendant thought a sale was imminent, and worked very hard to effect it.

"I see you have your flute with you," he said, finally. "Suppose you play a brief selection, and I will make a record of it, and you will then be able to hear the phonograph reproduce it exactly."

The suggestion pleased the amateur musician, and the idea was carried out. "Is that an exact reproduction of my music?" he asked, when the tune was finished.

"Yes, it is," replied the attendant. "Do you wish to buy the phonograph?"

"No," said the other, sadly, as he slowly moved away. "But I'll sell the flute."

### Not Up to Label

Professor Brander Matthews, the chairman of Mr. Carnegie's movement towards the simplification of spelling, was talking recently about exaggeration, says an exchange.

"We are too prone to exaggerate," he said. "We exaggerate in our advertisements. We exaggerate in our trade-marks and labels. Is a ninety-horse-power engine really as strong as ninety-horses?" Professor Matthews laughed.

"I entered, one night," he resumed, "the study of a friend of mine. He sat at his desk writing. An electric fan on the desk top gave a fair light, and beside it flamed a large wax candle."

"Why are you burning that candle there?" I asked.

"Well," said my friend, "I know the electric light is sixteen candles, but you've no idea what a difference the seventeenth makes."

### A True Bill

W. Bourke Cockran, at a banquet in New York, deprecated long speeches. "He who makes short speeches," said Mr. Cockran, "will never find himself in the embarrassing position of a friend of mine last month."

"My friend, when a certain case of his was called, rose and pleaded in a husky voice for an adjournment."

"On what ground?" asked the judge.

"Your honor," was the reply. "I have been making an address in another court all the morning, and find myself completely exhausted."

"Very well," said the judge. And he called the next case.

Another counsel rose, and in his turn asked for an adjournment.

"Are you exhausted, too?" said the judge. "What have you been doing?"

"Your honor," was the answer, "I have been listening to my learned brother."

### The Growing West

Appropos of the mushroom growth of new towns in the West, a locomotive engineer relates the following:

"One day I was driving my engine across the prairie when suddenly a considerable town loomed up ahead where nothing had showed up the day before."

"What town's this?" says I to my fireman.

"Blamed if I know," says Bill. "It wasn't here when we went over the road yesterday."

"Well, I slowed down, and directly we pulled into the station, where over five hundred people were waiting on the platform to see the first train come in."

"The conductor came along up front and says to me:

"Jim, first we know we'll be running by some important place. Get this town down on your list and I'll put a brake-man on the rear platform to watch out for towns that spring up after the trains get by!"

### Believed in Eight-Hour Day

A Chicago teacher gave a boy pupil a question in compound proportion for home work one evening, which problem happened to include the circumstance of "men working ten hours a day to complete a certain job."

The next morning the unsuspecting teacher, in looking over his pack of exercises, found one pupil's problem unattempted, and the following note attached to the page:

"Dear Sir, I refuse to let my sun James do his sum you give him last night as it looks to me like a slur on the 8-hour system, enny sum not more than 8 hours he is weicum to do but not more Yrs trooly, Samuel Blocksy."

### A Geometrical Error

A Yankee lawyer, who held a high position at Washington, was witty and fond of a joke. One evening he attended a reception given by a lady somewhat noted for slips of the tongue. While in conversation with his hostess a young lady who was present and whom both knew and admired, became the subject of discussion.

Becoming enthusiastic in praise of her friend, the lady exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Tenney, she is a perfect paragram," meaning, of course, a "paragon."

"You mean 'parallellogram,' madam," wickedly suggested the gentleman.

"Drawing herself up haughtily she replied, 'I said 'parallellogram,' Mr. Tenney."

### An Unfortunate Child

The Lady—You're a smart little girl. What's your name?

The Little Girl—My name's K. K. K. Katherine Hawkins.

The Lady—What do all those K's stand for?

The Little Girl—O, nothing. Only the minister who christened me stuttered.

### Somebody's Blunder

"I want to complain of the flour you sent me the other day," said Mrs. Newlived, severely.

"What was the matter with it, ma'am?" asked the grocer.

"It was tough. My husband simply wouldn't eat the biscuits I made with it."