

VARIOUS

GOOD STORIES
REPRINTED FROM THE
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
OF PHILADELPHIA

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**Good Stories Reprinted from the
Ladies' Home Journal of Philadelphia**

«Public Domain»

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Содержание

GOOD STORIES	5
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	17

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GOOD STORIES from THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Warding Off a Catastrophe

A fat woman entered a crowded street car and, seizing a strap, stood directly in front of a man seated in the corner. As the car started she lunged against his newspaper and at the same time trod heavily on his toes.

As soon as he could extricate himself he rose and offered her his seat.

"You are very kind, sir," she said, panting for breath.

"Not at all, madam," he replied; "it's not kindness; it's simply self-defense."

Not What She Expected

A charming, well-preserved widow had been courted and won by a physician. She had children. The wedding-day was approaching, and it was time the children should know they were to have a new father. Calling one of them to her she said: "Georgie, I am going to do something before long that I would like to talk about with you."

"What is it, Ma?" asked the boy.

"I am intending to marry Doctor Jones in a few days, and—"

"Bully for you, Ma, Does Doctor Jones know it?"

Of Course

The morning class had been duly instructed and enlightened upon the subject of our national independence. Feeling sure she had made a real and lasting impression with her explanations and blackboard illustrations the young teacher began with the usual round of questions:

"Now, Sammy Smith, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Sammy, with a shout of glee: "At de bottom, ma'am—that's what you said!"

He Had Certainly Met Him

A traveler going to New Zealand was asked by a friend if he would inquire, while there, as to the whereabouts of the friend's grandfather, Jeremiah Thompson.

"Certainly," said the traveler, and wherever he went he asked for news of the ancestor, but without avail.

One day he was introduced to a fine old Maori of advanced age. "Did you ever meet with an Englishman named Jeremiah Thompson?" he asked.

A smile passed over the Maori's face. "Meet him?" he repeated. "Why, I ate him!"

No Place Like Home

A Bostonian died, and when he arrived at St. Peter's gate he was asked the usual questions:

"What is your name, and where are you from?"

The answer was, "Mr. So-and-So, from Boston."

"You may come in," said St. Peter, "but I know you won't like it."

She Felt Bad When Well

An old lady, really quite well, was always complaining and "enjoying poor health," as she expressed it. Her various ailments were to her the most interesting topic in the world. One day a neighbor found her eating a hearty meal, and asked her how she was.

"Poor me," she sighed, "I feel very well, but I always feel bad when I feel well, because I know I am going to feel worse afterward."

Drove Him Mad

They took him to the sanatorium moaning feebly: "Thirty-nine, thirty-nine."

"What does he mean by that?" the attendant inquired.

"It's the number of buttons on the back of his wife's new frock," the family doctor explained.

Tweedledum or Tweedledee

Joseph Chamberlain was the guest of honor at a dinner in an important city. The Mayor presided, and when coffee was being served the Mayor leaned over and touched Mr. Chamberlain, saying, "Shall we let the people enjoy themselves a little longer, or had we better have your speech now?"

It Was Mary's Own Idea

"Did you mail my letter, Mary?" asked her mistress. "It was an important one, you know."

"Yis, mum, indeed I did."

"But why have you brought back the two cents I gave you for the stamp?"

"Sure, I didn't have to use it, mum," replied Mary. "I slipped th' letter into th' box whin nobody was lukin'."

He Couldn't Very Well

A husband was being arraigned in court in a suit brought by his wife for cruelty.

"I understand, sir," said the Judge, addressing the husband, "that one of the indignities you have showered upon your wife is that you have not spoken to her for three years. Is that so?"

"It is, your Honor," quickly answered the husband.

"Well, sir," thundered the judge, "why didn't you speak to her, may I ask?"

"Simply," replied the husband, "because I didn't want to interrupt her."

A Coat That Wouldn't Come Off

The inspector asked the boys of the school he was examining: "Can you take your warm overcoats off?" "Yes, sir," was the response. "Can the bear take his warm overcoat off?" "No, sir." "Why not?" There was silence for a while, and then a little boy spoke up: "Please, sir, because God alone knows where the buttons are."

The Young Housewife's Latest

In the cook's absence the young mistress of the house undertook, with the help of a green waitress, to get the Sunday luncheon. The flurried maid, who had been struggling in the kitchen with a coffee machine that refused to work, confessed that she had forgotten to wash the lettuce.

"Well, never mind, Eliza. Go on with the coffee, and I'll do it," said the considerate mistress. "Where do you keep the soap?"

He Did His Best

A hungry Irishman went into a restaurant on Friday and said to the waiter:

"Have yez any whale?"

"No."

"Have yez any shark?"

"No."

"Have yez any swordfish?"

"No."

"Have yez any jellyfish?"

"No."

"All right," said the Irishman. "Then bring me ham and eggs and a beefsteak smothered wid onions. The Lord knows I asked for fish."

The Power Behind

At a prayer-meeting a good old brother stood up and said he was glad to give the following testimony:

"My wife and I," he said, "started in life with hardly a cent in the world. We began at the lowest round of the ladder, but the Lord has been good to us and we have worked up—we have prospered. We bought a little farm and raised good crops. We have a good home and a nice family of children, and," he added with much emphasis, "I am the head of that family."

After he sat down his wife promptly arose to corroborate all that he had said. She said that they had started in life with hardly a cent, the Lord had been good to them and they had prospered; they did have a farm and good crops, and it was true they did have a fine family of children. But she added with satisfaction, "I am the neck that moves the head."

Easy Enough

Some visitors who were being shown over a pauper lunatic asylum, says "Harper's Weekly," inquired of their guide what method was employed to discover when the inmates were sufficiently recovered to leave.

"Well," replied he, "you see, it's this way. We have a big trough of water, and we turns on the tap. We leave it running, and tells 'em to bail out the water with pails until they've emptied the trough."

"How does that prove it?" asked one of the visitors.

"Well," said the guide, "them as ain't idiots turns off the tap."

He Had Left the Cards All Right

The high-born dame was breaking in a new footman—stupid but honest.

In her brougham, about to make a round of visits, she found she had forgotten her bits of pasteboard. So she sent the man back with orders to bring some of her cards that were on the mantelpiece in her boudoir, and put them in his pocket.

At different houses, she told the footman to hand in one, and sometimes a couple, until at last she told Jeames to leave three at one house.

"Can't do it, mum."

"How's that?"

"I've only got two left—the ace of spades and the seven of clubs."

And That Settled It

"If ye please, mum," said the ancient hero, in an appealing voice, as he stood at the back door of the cottage on washday, "I've lost my leg—"

"Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman fiercely,

And the door closed with a bang.

What Do You Think the Porter Did?

A lady in the centre seat of the parlor car heard the request of a fellow-passenger directly opposite asking the porter to open the window, and, scenting a draft, she immediately drew a cloak about her.

"Porter, if that window is opened," she snapped testily, "I shall freeze to death."

"And if the window is kept closed," returned the other passenger, "I shall surely suffocate."

The poor porter stood absolutely puzzled between the two fires.

"Say, boss," he finally said to a commercial traveler seated near by, "what would you do?"

"Do?" echoed the traveler. "Why, man, that is a very simple matter; open the window and freeze one lady. Then close it and suffocate the other."

She Said It

A visitor of noble birth was expected to arrive at a large country house in the North of England, and the daughter of the house, aged seven, was receiving final instructions from her mother.

"And now, dear," she said, "when the Duke speaks to you do not forget always to say 'your Grace.'"

Presently the great man arrived, and after greeting his host and hostess he said to the child, "Well, my dear, and what is your name?" Judge of his surprise when the little girl solemnly closed her eyes and with clasped hands exclaimed, "For what we are about to receive may we be truly fankful, amen."

His Idea of Genius

A young man once said to Thomas A. Edison, the inventor; "Mr. Edison, don't you believe that genius is inspiration?"

"No," replied Edison; "genius is _per_spiration."

Took the Wrong House

On one of the Southern railroads there is a station-building that is commonly known by travelers as the smallest railroad station in America. It is of this station that the story is told that an old farmer was expecting a chicken-house to arrive there, and he sent one of his hands, a newcomer, to fetch it. Arriving there the man saw the house, loaded it on to his wagon and started for home. On the way he met a man in uniform with the words "Station Agent" on his cap.

"Say, hold on. What have you got on that wagon?" he asked.

"My chicken-house, of course," was the reply.

"Chicken-house be jiggered!" exploded the official. "That's the station!"

And Tommy Did

"And now," said the teacher, "I want Tommy to tell the school who was most concerned when Absalom got hung by the hair?"

TOMMY: "Abs'lom."

The Prayer of Cyrus Brown

"The proper way for a man to pray,"

Said Deacon Lemuel Keyes,

"And the only proper attitude,

Is down upon his knees."

"No, I should say the way to pray,"

Said Reverend Doctor Wise,

"Is standing straight, with outstretched arms,

And rapt and upturned eyes."

"Oh, no; no, no," said Elder Slow,

"Such posture is too proud:

A man should pray with eyes fast closed

And head contritely bowed."

"It seems to me his hands should be
Austerely clasped in front,
With both thumbs pointing toward the ground,"
Said Reverend Doctor Blunt.

"Las' year I fell in Hodgkin's well
Head first," said Cyrus Brown,
"With both my heels a-stickin' up,
My head a-p'inting down,

"An' I made a prayer right then an' there—
Best prayer I ever said,
The prayingest prayer I ever prayed,
A-standing on my head."

—SAM WALTER FOSS.

Couldn't Tell Which

Jones had come home later than usual and had ready a good explanation, but his wife gave him no chance, and immediately began to tell him what she thought of him. He endured it patiently all evening, quietly read his paper and went to bed. His wife was still talking.

When he was almost asleep he could hear her still scolding him unmercifully. He dropped off to sleep and awoke after a couple of hours, only to hear his wife remark:

"I hope all the women don't have to put up with such conduct as this."

"Annie," said Jones, "are you talking again or yet?"

The Greater Calamity

Two or three urchins were running down a long and very steep flight of steps, when the foremost stumbled and fell headlong twenty to thirty feet, and was only stopped near the bottom by doubling backward around the newel-post. It looked as though his back was broken, and that he was a dead small boy, but he gathered himself up, thrust his hands anxiously in his trousers' pockets, and ejaculated;

"B' gosh, I b'l'ev'e I lost a cent."

Her First Railroad Ride

An old lady in Missouri took her first railroad trip last week, says "The Butter Democrat." She noticed the bell-cord overhead, and, turning to a boy, she said: "Sonny, what's that for?" "That, marm," he said, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "is to ring the bell when you want something to eat."

Shortly afterward the old lady reached her umbrella up to the cord and gave it a vigorous pull. The train was in the middle of a trestle. The whistle sounded, the brakes were pulled on, the train began to slacken its speed, windows were thrown up, questions asked, and confusion reigned among the passengers. The old lady sat calmly through it all.

Presently the conductor came running through the train and asked: "Who pulled the bell?"

"I did," replied the old lady meekly.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the conductor impatiently.

"Well," said the old lady meditatively, "you may bring me a ham sandwich and a cup of tea, please."

The Parson and the "Light"

A parson had had a call from a little country parish to a large and wealthy one in a big city. He asked time for prayer and consideration. He did not feel sure of his light. A month passed. Some one met his youngest son. "How is it, Josiah; is your father going to B—?"

"Well," answered the youngster judiciously, "paw is still prayin' for light, but most of the things is packed."

Turn About is Fair Play

Last Christmas a middle-aged tinsmith married a widow whose acquaintance he had made but a few weeks before while working some little distance away from home.

"Sarrah," he said nervously, after the guests had departed, "I 'ave a weddin' present for ye."

"What is it, John?" said Sarrah with a smirk.

"I 'ope ye won't be 'fended, Sarrah," said John, more agitated than ever, "but it is—er—er—it is five of 'em."

"Five of wat?" asked Sarrah.

"Five children!" blurted out John desperately, anticipating a scene.

"I didn't tell ye I 'ad children—five of 'em."

Sarrah took the news quite calmly; in fact, she appeared relieved.

"Oh, well, John," she said, "that do make it easier for me to tell ye.

Five is not so bad as me, watever. Seven I 'ave got!"

"Wat!" howled John.

"Seven," repeated Sarrah composedly. "That is my weddin' present to ye, John."

His Only Chance

"Is there a man in all this audience," demanded the female lecturer on woman's rights, "that has ever done anything to lighten the burden on his wife's shoulders? What do you know of woman's work? Is there a man here," she continued, folding her arms, and looking over the assembly with superb scorn, "that has ever got up in the morning, leaving his tired, worn-out wife to enjoy her slumbers, gone quietly downstairs, made the fire, cooked his own breakfast, sewed the missing buttons on the children's clothes, darned the family stockings, scoured the pots and kettles, cleaned and filled the lamps, and done all this, if necessary, day after day, uncomplainingly? If there be such a man in this audience let him rise up! I should really like to see him!"

And, in the rear of the hall, a mild-looking man in spectacles, in obedience to the summons, timidly arose. He was the husband of the eloquent speaker. It was the first time he had ever had a chance to assert himself.

He Saw Them, All Right

Two officers were sent to arrest a Quaker; his wife met them at the door and said, "Walk in, gentlemen; my husband will see thee."

After waiting some time they got impatient and called the woman, saying, "You said we should see your husband presently."

"No, friend," she replied; "I said he would see thee—he did see thee, did not like thy looks, and went out by the back door."

An Easy Way to Stop It

William Penn was once urging a man he knew to stop drinking to excess, when the man suddenly asked:

"Can you tell me of an easy way to do it?"

"Yes," Penn replied readily, "it is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend."

"Convince me of that," the man exclaimed, "and I will promise upon my honor to do as you tell me."

"Well, my friend," Penn answered, "whenever thee finds a glass of liquor in thy hand, open that hand before the glass touches thy lips, and thee will never drink to excess again."

The man was so struck by the simplicity of the great Quaker's advice that he followed it and reformed.

What Brought Them?

A rural school has a pretty girl as its teacher, but she was much troubled because many of her pupils were late every morning. At last she made the announcement that she would kiss the first pupil to arrive at the schoolhouse the next morning. At sunrise the largest three boys of her class were sitting on the doorstep of the schoolhouse, and by six o'clock every boy in the school and four of the directors were waiting for her to arrive.

Give and Take

An English statesman on one occasion, when engaged in canvassing, visited a working-man's house, in the principal room of which a pictorial representation of the Pope faced an illustration of King William, of pious and immortal memory, in the act of crossing the Boyne.

The worthy man stared in amazement, and seeing his surprise the voter's wife exclaimed;

"Shure, my husband's an Orangeman and I'm a Catholic."

"How do you get on together?" asked the astonished politician.

"Very well, indade, barring the twelfth of July, when my husband goes out with the Orange procession and comes home feelin' extry pathriotic."

"What then?"

"Well, he always takes the Pope down and jumps on him and then goes straight to bed. The next morning I get up early, before he is awake, and take down King William and pawn him and buy a new Pope with the money. Then I give the old man the ticket to get King William out."

Too Much of a Good Thing

"I've got the very thing you want," said the stableman to a ruralist in search of a horse; "a thorough-going road horse. Five years old, sound as a quail, \$175 cash down, and he goes ten miles without stopping."

The purchaser threw his hands skyward.

"Not for me," he said, "not for me. I wouldn't gif you five cents for him. I live eight miles out in de country, and I'd haf to walk back two miles."

Had Missed It

"What are you crying for, my poor little boy?" said a man to a crying boy.

"Pa fell downstairs."

"Don't take on so, my boy. He'll get better soon."

"That isn't it. Sister saw him fall—all the way. I never saw nuffen."

Denied the Only Shade

It was a broiling hot day in the park, and those walking therein were well-nigh exhausted, when a very stout old lady came bustling along one of the paths, closely followed by a rough-looking tramp.

Twice she commanded him to leave her, but Still he followed just behind.

At last the old lady, quite disgusted, turned angrily around and said:

"Look here, my man, if you don't go away I shall call a policeman."

The poor fellow looked up at her with a tear in his eye, and then remarked:

"For goodness' sake, mum, have mercy and don't call a policeman, for ye're the on'y shady spot in the park."

Wanted to Make Her Happy

In one of the many hospitals in the South a bright, busy-looking and duty-loving woman hustled up to one of the wounded soldiers who lay gazing at the ceiling above his cot. "Can't I do something for you, my poor fellow?" said the woman imploringly. The "poor fellow" looked up languidly. The only things he really wanted just at that time were his discharge and a box of cigars. When he saw the strained and anxious look on the good woman's face, however, he felt sorry for her, and with perfect froid he replied: "Why, yes; you can wash my face if you want to."

"I'd be only too glad to," gasped the visitor eagerly.

"All right," said the cavalier gallantly, "go ahead. It's been washed twenty-one times already to-day, but I don't mind going through it again if it'll make you any happier."

Easy Enough

A noted mathematician, considered by many a wonder, stopped at a hotel in a small town in Missouri. As usual, in such places, there were a number of drummers on hand; there was also a meeting of some medical men at the place, who used the hotel as headquarters. One of the doctors thought it would be quite a joke to tell the mathematician that some of the M.D.'s had concluded to kidnap him and take out his brains to learn how it was he was so good in mathematics. He was then asked by them what he was going to do about it. He replied: "Why, I shall simply go on without brains just as you doctors are doing."

Not a Complaint at All

The good priest had come to his parishioner after the funeral of the latter's mother-in-law to express condolences.

"And what complaint was it, Pat," he asked sympathetically, "that carried the old lady off?"

"Kumplaint, did yi ask, father?" answered Pat. "Thir wuz no kumplaint from anybody. Everybody wuz satisfied."

He Caught It, But—

The ferry-dock was crowded with weary homegoers when through the crowd rushed a man—hot, excited, laden to the chin with bundles of every shape and size. He sprinted down the pier, his eyes fixed on a ferryboat only two or three feet out from the pier. He paused but an instant on the string-piece, and then, cheered on by the amused crowd, he made a flying leap across the intervening stretch of water and landed safely on the deck. A fat man happened to be standing on the exact spot on which he struck, and they both went down with a resounding crash. When the arriving man had somewhat recovered his breath he apologized to the fat man. "I hope I didn't hurt you," he said. "I am sorry. But, anyway, I caught the boat!"

"But, you idiot," said the fat man, "the boat was coming in!"

He Didn't Mind

A certain railway in Michigan has a station entitled Sawyer's Mills, but usually entitled, for short, Sawyer's.

A rural couple on one of the trains attracted much attention by their evident fondness for each other until the brakeman thrust his head in the doorway of the car and called out, "Sawyer! Sawyer!"

"Reuben" suddenly assumed the perpendicular and indignantly exclaimed,

"Well, I don't care if you did; we've been engaged three weeks."

He Announced His Intentions

Young man and his lady-love attended a protracted meeting which was being held in the village church. Arriving late they found the church filled, but a gentleman arose and gave the lady his seat, while the young man was ushered far away to a seat in another part of the building.

The service grew warm and impressive.

"Will those who want our prayers please stand up?" said the preacher.

At this juncture the young man thought it was getting late and he would get his sweetheart and go home, but not just knowing where she sat he rose to his feet and looked over the audience.

The minister, mistaking his intentions, asked: "Young man, are you seeking salvation?"

To which the young man responded: "At present I am seeking Sal Jackson!"

As a Last Resort

"Well, doctor," said the patient who was an incessant talker, "why in the world don't you look at my tongue, if you want to, instead of writing away like a newspaper editor? How long do you expect I am going to sit here with my mouth wide open?"

"Just one moment more, please, madam," replied the doctor; "I only wanted you to keep still long enough so that I could write this prescription."

He Got the Information

At a country fair a machine which bore a sign reading, "How to Make Your Trousers Last," occupied a prominent position in the grounds and attracted much attention, says "Harper's Weekly." A countryman who stood gaping before it was told by the exhibitor, a person with a long black mustache, a minstrel-stripe shirt, and a ninety-four-carat diamond in a red cravat, that for one cent deposited in the slot the machine would dispense its valuable sartorial advice. The countryman dug the required coin from the depths of a deep pocket and dropped it in the slot. Instantly the machine delivered a card on which was neatly printed:

"Make your coat and waistcoat first."

After Many Trials

He WAS a sad-faced American tourist, and as he seated himself in a London restaurant he was immediately attended by an obsequious waiter.

"I want two eggs," said the American—"one fried on one side and one on the other."

"Ow is that, sir?" asked the astounded waiter.

"Two eggs—one fried on one side and one on the other."

"Very well, sir."

The waiter was gone several minutes, and when he returned his face was a study.

"Would you please repeat your order, sir?"

"I said, very distinctly, two eggs—one fried on one side and one on the other."

Oppressive silence, and then a dazed "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone longer, and when he returned he said anxiously:

"Would it be awsking too much, sir, to 'ave you repeat your order, sir? I cawn't think I 'ave it right, sir, y'know."

"Two eggs," said the American sadly and patiently—"one fried on one side and one on the other."

More oppressive silence and another and fainter "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone still longer. When he returned his collar was unbuttoned, his hair disheveled and his face scratched and bleeding. Leaning over the waiting patron he whispered beseechingly:

"Would you mind tyking boiled heggs, sir? I've 'ad some words with the cook."

It Was His Only Tie

One morning, as Mark Twain returned from a neighborhood morning call, sans necktie, his wife met him at the door with the exclamation; "There, Sam, you have been over to the Stowes's again without a necktie! It's really disgraceful the way you neglect your dress!"

Her husband said nothing, but went up to his room.

A few minutes later his neighbor—Mrs. S.—was summoned to the door by a messenger, who presented her with a small box neatly done up. She opened it and found a black silk necktie, accompanied by the following note:

"Here is a necktie. Take it out and look at it. I think I stayed half an hour this morning. At the end of that time will you kindly return it, as it is the only one I have?—MARK TWAIN."

Playing Doctor BILLY: "Gentlemen, before we begin to operate, if you will hold the patient's hands and feet I'll get that four cents out of his right-hand pocket."

The Feminine Point of View

The Willoughbys had said good-by to Mrs. Kent. Then Mr. Willoughby spoke thoughtfully:

"It was pleasant of her to say that about wishing she could see more of people like us, who are interested in real things, instead of the foolish round of gayety that takes up so much of her time and gives her so little satisfaction, wasn't it?"

His wife stole a sidewise glance at his gratified face, and a satirical smile crossed her own countenance.

"Very pleasant, George," she said clearly. "But what I knew she meant, and what she knew that I knew she meant, was that my walking-skirt is an inch too long and my sleeves are old style, and your coat, poor dear, is beginning to look shiny in the back."

"Why—what—how—" began Mr. Willoughby helplessly; then he shook his head and gave it up.

He Had Faith in the Doctor

A young English laborer went to the register's office to record his father's death. The register asked the date of death.

"Well, father ain't dead yet," was the reply; "but he will be dead before morning, and I thought it would save me another trip if you would put it down now."

"Oh, that won't do at all," said the register. "Why, your father may be well before morning."

"Ah, no, he won't," said the young laborer. "Our doctor says he won't, and he knows what he's given father."

What He Used the Milk For

A clergyman had been for some time displeased with the quality of milk served him. At length he determined to remonstrate with his milkman for supplying such weak stuff. He began mildly:

"I've been wanting to see you in regard to the quality of milk with which you are serving me."

"Yes, sir," uneasily answered the tradesman.

"I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for drinking purposes exclusively, and not for christening."

Nothing if Not Polite

An interested visitor who was making the final call in the tenement district, rising, said:

"Well, my good woman, I must go now. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank ye, mem," replied the submerged one. "Ye mustn't mind it if I don't return the call, will ye? I haven't any time to go slummm' meself."

Her Little Game

As a married couple were walking down one of the main thoroughfares of a city the husband noted the attention which other women obtained from passers-by, and remarked to his better half:

"Folks never look at you. I wish I had married some one better looking."

The woman tartly replied: "It's your fault. Do you think a man will stare at me when you're walking with me? You step behind and see whether men don't look at me."

The husband hung back about a dozen yards, and for the length of the street was surprised to see every man his wife passed stare hard at her and even turn around and look after her.

"Sure, lassie!" he exclaimed as he rejoined her, "I was wrong and take it back. I'll never say aught about your looks again."

The wife had made a face at every man she met.

A Case of Adaptation

Two dusky small boys were quarreling; one was pouring forth a volume of vituperous epithets, while the other leaned against a fence and calmly contemplated him. When the flow of language was exhausted he said;

"Are you troo?"

"Yes."

"You ain't got nuffin' more to say?"

"No."

"Well, all dem tings what you called me you is."

What Would Happen

A woman agitator, holding forth on the platform and presenting the greatness other sex, cried out: "Take away woman and what would follow?"

And from the audience came a clear, male voice: "We would."

Couldn't Fool Him That Far

Years ago, when telephones were still a novelty, a farmer came to town one day and called on a lawyer friend of his whom he supplied with butter, and who had had a telephone recently put in his office.

"Need any butter this morning?" asked the farmer.

"Well, I don't know," answered the lawyer. "Wait a minute. I'll ask my wife about it."

After speaking through the 'phone he went on; "No; my wife says no."

The farmer's face was a study for a moment. Then he broke out with: "Look-a-here, Mr. Lawyer, I may be a 'Rube' and have my whiskers full of hay and hayseed, but I'm not such a big fool as to believe that your wife is in that box!"

And They Wondered!

At a banquet held in a room, the walls of which were adorned with many beautiful paintings, a well-known college president was called upon to respond to a toast. In the course of his remarks, wishing to pay a compliment to the ladies present, and designating the paintings with one of his characteristic gestures, he said: "What need is there of these painted beauties when we have so many with us at this table?"

She Had Him That Time

It was the same old story of a man who refused to tell his wife the outcome of a business transaction in which, naturally, she took a deep interest.

"No," he sneered, "I won't tell you. If I did you'd repeat it. You women can never keep a secret."

"John," said the woman quietly, "have I ever told the secret about the solitaire engagement ring you gave me eighteen years ago being paste?"

Necessity: Not Choice

A woman hurried up to a policeman at the corner of Twenty-third Street in New York City.

"Does this crosstown car take you down to the Bridge toward Brooklyn?" she demanded.

"Why, madam," returned the policeman, "do you want to go to Brooklyn?"

"No, I don't want to" the woman replied, "but I have to."

Mr. Beecher's Prescription

A country clergyman once called on Mr. Beecher and asked his advice about what to do with persons who go to sleep in church.

"Well," said Mr. Beecher, "I'll tell you what I do. When I first came to Plymouth Church I gave the sexton strict orders that if he saw any person asleep in my congregation he should go straight to the pulpit and wake up the minister."

A Recipe for a Bridal Couple

It was on a train going through Indiana. Among the passengers was a newly-married couple, who made themselves known to such an extent that the occupants of the car commenced passing sarcastic remarks about them. The bride and groom stood the remarks for some time, but finally the latter, who was a man of tremendous size, broke out in the following language at his tormentors: "Yes, we're married—just married. We are going one hundred and sixty miles farther, and I am going to 'spoon' all the way. If you don't like it you can get out and walk. She's my violet and I'm her sheltering oak."

During the remainder of the journey they were left in peace.

Both of the Same Kind

A lady stepped from the Limited Express at a side station, on a special stop order. To the only man in sight she asked:

"When is the train for Madison due here, please?"

"The train went an hour ago, ma'am: the next one is to-morrow at eight o'clock."

The lady in perplexity then asked:

"Where is the nearest hotel?"

"There is no hotel here at all," replied the man.

"But what shall I do?" asked the lady. "Where shall I spend the night?"

"I guess you'll have to stay all night with the station agent," was the reply.

"Sir!" flashed up the lady, "I'd have you know I'm a lady."

"Well," said the man as he strode off, "so is the station agent."

"Follow the Leader"

A young curate was asked to take a Sunday-school class of girls of eighteen or nineteen years each, which had formerly been taught by a lady. The young clergyman consented, but insisted upon being properly introduced to the class. The superintendent accordingly took him to the class for this purpose and said:

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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