Anecdotes and Sketches

AVOIRDUPOIS.

The poor little school-ma'am of the way-back school in one of the Colonies having been carted off to the hospital with a melon seed or something in her appendix, a substitute was appointed who, like the proverbial Mullingar heifer, was beef to the heels.

When the son of the house, aged nine, came back from school the first day the ranch hands evinced some curiosity.

"How d' ye like yer new teacher, Bertie?"

"Oh, all right!"

"What's she like?"

"She's big, when she sits on the stool in front of the organ there's an awful lot hangs over."

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IN A DILEMMA.

The late Lord Londonderry once looked very embarrassed, and no wonder. He opened a letter from her ladyship in which she said: "Give the bearer a good thrashing for having had the impudence to open one of my letters." He looked at "the bearer," and saw that he was a massive footman standing six feet three, and he did not like the job. The matter arose this way. The page boy had handed to her ladyship a letter which had most clearly been tampered with. She read it and inserted in the envelope the message stated above, and told the boy to take it to his lordship. The boy, surmising that there was something wrong, gave it to the biggest of the footmen to deliver, and this will explain the difficult position in which his lordship was placed.

A BRIGHT SUGGESTION.

The lamentable lack of uniformity in the use of words descriptive of numbers, in the sensational newspapers, justifies a little attention, perhaps. At a street fight, a hotel fire, or a political meeting, there is seldom time to ascertain the exact number of persons present, to be sure, but the following scale might be used in approximation:

Over 3, but less than 10.....a crowd
Over 10, but less than 20.....scores
Over 20, but less than 50....a myriad
Over 50, but less than 100....thousands
Over 100.....a vast concourse

The list would undergo a radical change, however, in case the paper was reporting a political meeting of its opponents. It might then be abridged:

100 or more.....empty house
300 or more.....a few stragglers
500 or more.....a small gathering
1,000 or more.....a small audience
3,000 or more..only the front seats filled

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BERNARD SHAW AND THE CONCERT.

Bernard Shaw happened to be beguiled to a feeble concert given by a prominent London society woman, who, during the evening found the author sitting disconsolate and bored in a corner of the room.

"Now, really, Mr. Shaw," said the hostess, "don't you think this orchestra plays beautifully? These men have been playing together for eleven years."

"Eleven years?" repeated Shaw. "Haven't we been here longer than that?"

NAMING THE PICTURE.

The artist was of the impressionist school. He had just given the last touches to a purple and blue canvas when his wife came into the studio.

"My dear," said he, "this is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for."

"Why not call it 'Home?'" she said after a long look.

"'Home?' Why?"

"Because there's no place like it," she replied meekly.

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TUNE KERMIT WHISTLED.

Mr. W. W. Miller, a well-known American lawyer, tells an anecdote of Kermit Roosevelt, the President's son.

"I was acting as steward," says Mr. Miller, "in some gymkhana races at Oyster Bay a few weeks ago, and one of the events was a race in which the contestants had to ride a given distance to a certain spot where an equal number of young ladies stood with pencil, paper and envelope. Each rider had to dismount here and whistle a tune, the lady writing its name down on the paper. She then had to seal it up in an envelope and hand it to the rider, who remounted and finished the race, delivering the envelope to the judges' stand. The first one in with a correct answer won the event.

"As steward I was deputized before the race to write down the name of the tune each entrant would whistle!"

"What are you going to whistle?" I asked young Kermit.

"I'm going to whistle 'Everybody Works but Father,' said the President's son."

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WOULD HAVE IT MENDED.

One day, as a farmer of extraordinary meanness was starting out for the town to do his weekly shopping—for even he had to buy something for the support of his family—his wife came out and asked him to buy her a darning-needle.

"What's the matter with the one I bought you last winter?" asked the farmer.

"The eye's broken out," she replied.

"Bring the needle here," he said. "I'm not going to allow such extravagance. I'll have the needle mended."

The woman was wise in her generation, and made no protest. She brought out the needle.

The economical farmer rode away into the town and stopped first of all at the black-smith's shop. He took out the needle and handed it to the blacksmith. "I want that mended," he said.

The blacksmith knew his customer, and, keeping his face perfectly straight, said the eye should be mended in an hour's time.

The farmer rode away, and the blacksmtih walked across the street and bought a new needle for a farthing. When the farmer called again the blacksmith gave him the new needle.

The farmer looked at the smooth, polished surface of the steel, and remarked that it was a good job. "How much will it be?" said he.

"Twopence," said the blacksmith, and the farmer as he paid it, remarked that he knew that the needle could be mended, but his wife would have gone to the expense of buying a new one if he hadn't interfered.

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COULDN'T OFFER HIM SOAP.

An English nobleman noted for his wealth, and for his disinclination to part with it, once attended a bazaar promoted by Princess Metternich in aid of a hospital.

"Will you buy this cigarette case?" asked the Princess, offering a very pretty article to the peer. No, his lordship did not smoke.

"This penholder, then?" said the Princess. No, his lordship never wrote.

"A bonbonniere? Surely?" "No," said his lordship; "he never ate sweets."

The Princess then took up a cake of soap. "I shall not ask you to buy this soap!" she remarked.