

The Cobbler And Society

His Old Friend Mr. Dinkman Advises Him to Get Into It For Business' Sake.

SOME day when I don't haf no cobbling to do and belief I shall bring up in der poorhouse my old friend Dinkman comes in and says:

"Hans, I tell you vhat vhas der matter. You don't make society enough. Society means peesness. Der more society der more peesness. If you enter taint society in der evenings society brings you shoes to mend by daylight."

"But how can I be society?" I says.

"Shust ash easy ash grease. Do you know vhat some phonographs vhas?"

"Seems to me I hear about her, but I dunno. Does she safe 10 per cent in fuel?"

"No, no. She vhas some machine like a corn sheller. You speak into der hop



"I show you how she works."

Der, and your voice comes back to you. I haf one at my house, and if you vhill gif a leetle party I vhill bring her oop and we shall haf more fun ash seven goats and a monkey. You can invite ten peoples, and dot vhill be society. Go and speak to your wife about her."

I talk mit my wife for half an hour, and she says it vhas all right. After washing and ironing all day and minding der dog and der baby she likes society in der evenings. Dot pleases Mr. Dinkman, and der next night he vhas on hand mit his wife and phonograph, and I haf eight more peoples. After we haf some beer and ice cream and speak a leetle politics Mr. Dinkman stands oop and says:

"Ladies and shentlemen, dis party vhas gifen by Hans and his wife to be in society and haf more shoes to cobble. She vhas a phonograph party, and when she vhas offer Hans vhill surely be in der swim."

Dot makes me and my wife and esaferybody else feel good, and Mr. Dinkman stands oop some more like a leetle man and explains dot machine. It vhas one of der greatest things on earth. She vhas bigger dan Napoleon or Christopher Columbus. If der Spanish haf dot machine at Manila, Dewey vhas gone in two minutes. If Blanco haf him at Havana, we shall not take Cuba in one hooneered years. Dinkman makes it all so nice dot if he asks me to lend him two dollar till next week I shall cheerfully do so. When he doant speak any more he says:

"We shall now listen to dot song of 'Der Sweet By and By' ash sung by my friend Hans a few days ago. I like to haf esaferybody keep still and shed some tears."

He stands back, and der machine goes off, and in ten seconds my hair stands oop. Dot voice vhas shust like my voice, though it sings some songs I never heard. It vhas all about how I meet some young wumans by der moonlight and der cider mill and how my heart vhas breaking if she doant fly avhay mit me. Und when dot song ends oop it makes me say dot my old wumans vhas cross eyed and red headed and I like her to fall down a well. Esaferybody looks at me and can't make him out, und der old wumans says she vhill see me later about 'dot moonlight peesness. I tries to stop Mr. Dinkman by winking and shaking my head, but he goes ahead shust der same und says:

"We shall now listen to anoder song by dot same German cobbler whose voice you all know so well und who vhas like some nightingale. She vhas a song called 'Dose Harbor Lights Vhas Burning,' und if anybody vhas crying when she vhas finished it vhas all right and a great compliment to our friend. Now listen."

Dot machine goes again, und dot song vhas all about an old sport who put his last dollar on a game of poker und though he held three aces he vhas bluffted out by a mans mit only a pair of ten spots. Esaferybody turns and looks at me again, und my wife vhas crying und says it vhas better if I bang myself in der wood shed. I can't see how he vhas, und I wave my hand at Dinkman to stop her, but he only smiles und says:

"Maybe dot singing vhas enough for one evening, ash it seems to haf made esaferybody werry sad und tearful. I shall now let dot phonograph speak to you, und you vhill recognize der well known voice of our friend who likes to get into society und cut a dash. Hear vot he says."

Und dot speaking almost knocks me out. Dot machine yells und whoops und swears like some pirates. It makes me call names on myself; it makes me swear on my old wumans und der preacher, und it makes me say dot my good friend Carl Schmidt

vhas a gay old sport, a masher und a biker; it makes me pitch into Peer Littlefield und call him a thief; it makes me say dot Henry Klienfeldt stole cows; it yells out dot all wumans vhas gossips und liars, und dot all men ought to be in state prison."

I feel dot I like to be a t'ousand miles avhay und hit Dinkman mit a club. But der baddest vhas still to come. Der machine winds oop by saying dot Sing Sing vhas my home und dot I don't care for nobody nor nottings so long ash I can get all der whisky I like to drink. I vhas so mad I like to go oafar und kick it all to pieces, but my old friend Schmidt steps oop to me und says:

"Hans, you vhill sit down some more und keep a leetle still. If you vhas some villans in disguise, und it seems like you vhas, it vhas time der pooble knows about her. I haf known you feefteen year, und I belief you vhas a sober, hardworking mans, but it seems I vhas deceived. I like to go out und get a policemen and haf you sent to shall."

Und den Dinkman puts in und says he hears me speak a poem into dot machine at 12 o'clock at night, when I should be home und in bed mit my wife. Dot poem vhas called "Bingen on der Rhine," und he says I haf tears in my eyes ash I speak him. He likes esaferybody to listen vhill dot machine goes ahead. Maybe I vhas not sooch a bad mans dot I cannot be reformed. Vhill, dot machine goes along, und I tell you I vhas like fainting avhay in my chair. It vhas sooch awful language dot esaferybody turns pale und stands oop, und when I calls out to stop her Carl Schmidt stands oop und wafes his hand to me und says:

"Cobbler, I demand dot you keep quiet. Now dot I see vhat a villans you vhas I wonder dot you don't cut your wife's throat some night. Keep it oop, Mr. Dinkman. Let us know der worst about dis mans."

Und Dinkman vhas so tickled dot he can't stand still. Dot phonograph makes me sing und swear some more, und it makes fun of all my friends und says I shall run avhay from my wife next week. It sings und swears und whoops und yells, und by and by it calls out to all der peoples in a loud voice:

"Hello, you crowd of Dutch duffers! How you vhas? I like to see how you would all look in some dime museum."

Mit dot esaferybody shumps oop to go avhay, und my old wumans falls down und wants to die right off. My friend Dinkman likes to go avhay mit der rest, but I catch him by her neck und say:

"My friend, I vhill now speak some more into dot phonograph. She vhas a wonderful machine. You vhas a shoker, und dot machine vhas a shoker. Ha, ha, ha!"

"How you mean?" says Dinkman.

"I mean dot I vhas some shoker, too, und I new gif you anoder song. She vhas called 'How Dinkman Goes Outdoors,' und I show you how she works."

Und I take dot shoker by her neck again und slam him around und bang him oop till he yells for mercy und says he vhas sorry und vhill never be funny again.

He tells all der peoples dot it vhas only some shokes, but nobody believes him, und dot night my wife vhas fainting avhay most all der time. It vhas awful bad for me. I doant get into some society, und I doant haf some shoes to mend next day, und Carl Schmidt says I lose my reputation und bring up in state prison for der rest of my days.

M. QUAD.

Mental Effort.

"It is stated," we observe to the bald-headed man, "that the hair of mental workers falls out sooner tifen that of men in other lines of endeavor. Is your profession one of great mental effort?"

"It certainly is," he replies. "I compose the glowing advertisements of hair tonics."

—Judge.

There's the Rub.

Dremer—If I could only acquire a nice pile of money I wouldn't do a thing but travel.

Skemer—Yes, but maybe the police wouldn't do a thing but stop you.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Papa's Idol.

"How ridiculous for you to fall in love with that artist! I don't believe he ever sold a picture."

"But, papa, he says if he marries me he won't have to."

Flight of Wild Geese.

high heads
no heads
our heads
Above
We hear your pinions hiss
As northward now you fly
In
arrows
just like
this.
—Chicago Chronicle.

Some Clever Sayings

By Bright Little Tots

MARGIE—Do people get into heaven free?

Johnnie—No, of course not. They have to be good.

"Papa, are there such things as locks of hair?"

"Certainly, my son."

"And is a wigmaker a locksmith's papa?"

"Tommy," said the teacher, "can you tell me the meaning of 'repentant'?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Tommy. "It's how a fellow feels when he gets caught at it."

Mamma—Willie, did you see any one take my blackberry jam from the pantry?

Willie (whose mouth looks suspicious)—Mamma, I guess I must be like some of the Bible people who had eyes und saw not.

Doctor (to Gilbert, aged four)—Put your tongue out, please.

Little Gilbert protruded the tip of his tongue.

Doctor—No, no; put it right out.

"I can't, doctor; it's fastened on to me."

"Now, Freddie," said his mother, who was entertaining company, "you must not talk while the ladies are talking. It isn't polite."

"Iuh!" exclaimed Freddie in disgust. "Do you want me to grow up and be a dummy?"—Chicago News.

His Guarantee.

A local horse dealer recently bought a horse of a colored citizen and suggested that the latter give a guarantee that the animal was as good as represented.

To this the colored brother demurred. "I don't nevah give no guarantees when I sells a hoss," he expostulated.

"Well, I want a guarantee," the dealer persisted. "It's largely a matter of form, perhaps, but I want it just the same."

So the colored man sought pen, ink and paper and presently returned with this somewhat surprising document:

"To whom it may concern: I heahly agree dat he said boss is free from all incumbrancs whatsoevah."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Strange Animal.

Mrs. Johnson was the owner of a factory building which brought in more trouble than rent. To cap the climax an unknown man sued her because his son had fallen down the cellar stairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson discussed the impending lawsuit in all its phases without noticing the interest of their five-year-old daughter. To their great surprise, the child suddenly exclaimed at breakfast:

"Oh, mamma, I wish I could see your lawsuit!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Vital Question.

She—I learned so much at cooking school!

He—Did you learn how to keep a cook?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Already There.

"Of course," said Miss Pert. "if he should propose to you you will accept him."

"I don't know," replied Miss Passay. "I should want to be sure that he will love me when I am old."

"But his proposal will be proof that he does, won't it?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Point of View.

The Beauty—I've had lots of poems written to me, both serious and humorous, but I've kept only the serious ones.

The Other Girl—They were better than the others?

"Oh, no, but they were much funnier."—Smart Set.

A Sure Sign.

When the grass is faintly green in the shelter of the fence,
When the daring maple blossoms make the tree top's shadow deep,
When the baby dandelions peep above the chilly mud,
Hiding in their startled bosoms all their wealth of splintered gold,
Then we rightly may conjecture that the spring is drawing nigh,
With its snowy clouds a-sailing in a sea of purple sky.
But the only sign that's certain—you've observed it, like as not—
Is the bunch that's batting grounders on the old back lot.

Mickey Peters. Fatty Johnson, Skinny Brown and Nosey Watts, Limpy Wilson, Buster Thompson and that sassy Rabbit Potts—
This the gang that pools their pennies and their nickels and their dimes, Kicking, as they note the total, on the hardness of the times.
Then they go and buy a bat or two and bargain for a ball,
Though they owe the man a little when they've pungled up their all.
But we know that spring's approaching—that it's nearly on the spot—
When we see the bunch bat grounders on the old back lot.
—Baltimore American.



Something Doing Right Away.

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Spider to Mr. Spider, looking down from her web on the shelf of the dry goods store. "I am afraid that we have got to move."

"What's the trouble now, dear?" asked Mr. Spider in surprise. "We have lived with this kind storekeeper for many months."

"Yes, dear, I know we have," said Mrs. Spider, with a sigh. "But he has begun to advertise."—Somerville Journal.

These Pleasant Happenings.

Annie at the dinner table had kept her hands under the table, when she suddenly popped out the question: "Guess what I have under the table."

"Why, your hands, of course," answered mother.

"No," she almost yelled; "I've got a belly ache."—New York Globe.

Strategy.

Borroughs—Hello, old man! They say you lost a lot of money on the races.

Gayman (displaying his roll gleefully)—Ha, ha! That doesn't look like it, does it?

Borroughs—No. Say, lend me ten, will you?—Catholic Standard and Times.

Not Particular.

He—Which one is she going to accept—the lieutenant or the colonel?

She—Oh, it isn't a question of rank, you know!

He—No? What is it then?

She—It's a question of which one proposes first.—Detroit Free Press.

Numbered.

Deacon Jones—The hairs of our head are all numbered, you know.

Pewbury—So are the automobiles; but, then, there's so much grease on them you can't read them half the time.—Boston Transcript.

Wise Child.

"Mother," said Mr. Popley guardedly to his wife, "why not take the y-o-u-n-g-s-t-e-r to the m-a-t-t-i-n-e-e tomorrow?"

"Pa," chimed in the youngster quietly, "there is only one 't' in matinee."—Philadelphia Press.

"Owed" to Spring.

IN the early days of April, Days of sunshine and rain, Mother rallies all her forces, Opens up the spring campaign.

First we carry out the sofa,
Blank it round with every chair,
Bedstead, bureau, mattress, table,
Till the house looks gaunt and bare.

Still we show no weak relenting
For the carpets still or floors,
And all down things must come upward
And be carried out of doors.

When the rooms are bare and empty,
'Tis the point where mother looms
Large upon our near horizon
Armed with rags and mops and brooms.

Also pails of soapy water
And perhaps some air stacked lime
Go to swell enthusiasm
In the glad house cleaning time.

Oh, the joy of pasting paper
On the ceilings and the walls!
Oh, the sweet smell of the varnish
On the woodwork in the halls!

Oh, how nice to sort the cupboard
Where we keep our cures for ills!
See the lotions, powders, potions,
Liniments and salves and pills!

Now we eat our dinner standing
All around the kitchen range,
If we get too tired on one foot,
Then we "make a little change."

With our lumbar muscles aching
And the biceps like to crack,
With what joyous looks and actions
We begin to put things back!

Oh, the gay and glad house cleaning:
All its joys I may not speak.
I must save my breath and muscle—
We expect to clean next week!

—Wallace Martin in Chicago Record-Herald.

Merely Mislead.

"Doctor," said the man who several weeks before had been operated on for appendicitis, "I'm all right except for a heavy feeling in the pit of my stomach and a slight metallic rattling when I walk."

"There!" exclaimed the M. D., slipping his thigh. "I knew that case of surgical instruments would turn up eventually. Will you pay me for them and keep them or shall I remove them? The cost will be about the same."—Houston Post.

Shakespearean.

Father in the hall has been standing for half an hour while Millicent and Harold bid each other good night in the doorway.

"Parting," quotes Harold, "is such sweet sorrow" that I could say good night till!"

At this speech father gets a Shakespearean inspiration of his own and tramps down the stairs.

"Seems to me," he asserts, "that there is too much adieu about nothing here."—Judge.

A Church Fare.

—Leslie's Weekly.



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