

Widow Tragedies

HARRY, THE CEMETERY, OR LITTLE MARJORIE'S PLEADING,

One night when Mr. Brown came home from work, he was met at the gate by little Marjorie. "Oh father!" said she, "Harry has eaten grandma." "Now," said Mr. Brown, "I *am* mad." And he reached for his gun and was just about to shoot Harry, but the pleadings of little Marjorie, who begged that he might be spared deterred him and he did not shoot Harry. The next night when he came from work Mr. Brown was met again by little Marjorie. "Oh father," said she, "Harry has eaten mother." "Now," said Mr. Brown, "I *am* mad." And he reached for his gun and was just about to shoot Harry, but the pleadings of little Marjorie, who begged that he might be spared, deterred him and he did not shoot Harry. The next night when Mr. Brown came from work, he was met again by little Marjorie. "Oh father," said she, "Harry has eaten grandfather." "Now," said Mr. Brown, "I *am* mad." And he reached for his gun and was just about to shoot Harry, but the pleadings of little Marjorie, who begged that he might be spared, deterred him and he did not shoot Harry. But the next night when Mr. Brown came from work there was no little Marjorie to meet him and he knew that Harry had eaten little Marjorie. "Now," said Mr. Brown, "I *am* mad." And he reached for his gun and was just about to shoot Harry, when he remembered the pleadings of little Marjorie and knew that if she were alive she would beg that his life be spared. So he did not shoot Harry. And the next night when Mr. Brown came from work, he was met by a circus man who wanted to purchase Harry for a side-show. "What!" cried Mr. Brown, "ask me to sell my private cemetery! Now I *am* mad." And he reached for his gun and shot the circus man.

MORAL—This goes to show that a little peculiarity can be condoned as long as it's in the family.