

The Torn Pants

Jumping to conclusions is always risky business. And yet, we are all prone to do it. Consider the following story:

It was one of a mother's hectic days. Her small son, who had been playing outside, came in with his pants torn. "You go right in, remove those pants, and start mending them yourself," she ordered.

Some time later, she went to see how he was getting along. The torn pants were lying across the chair, and the door to the cellar, usually kept closed, was open. She called down the stairs, loudly and sternly: "Are you running around down there without your pants on?"

"No, ma'am," was the deep-voiced reply. "I'm just down here reading your gas meter."

--Beecher Hunter