

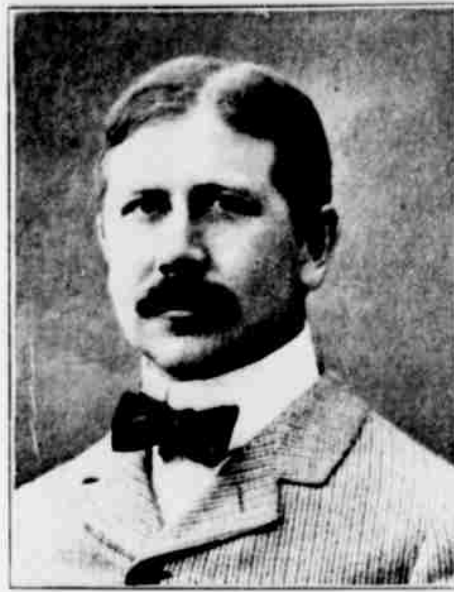
Republican Candidates for Legislature in Douglas County



ALBERT J. COLESON—Photo by Hughes
For State Senator.



JOHN F. SCHULTZ—Photo by Heyn.
For State Senator.



HOWARD H. BALDRIGE—Photo by Heyn.
For State Senator.



MEL UHL—Photo by Rinehart.
For State Representative.



PATRICK M. MULLEN—Photo by Rinehart.
For State Representative.



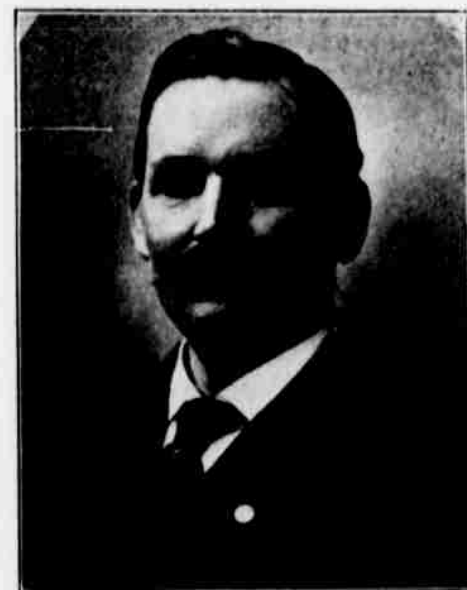
CARSTEN ROHWER—Photo by Heyn.
For State Representative.



HENRY M'COY—Photo by Heyn.
For State Representative.



FRED M. YOUNGS—Photo by Hughes.
For State Representative.



VACLAV BURESH—Photo by Rinehart.
For State Representative.



GEORGE MEAD—Photo by Heyn.
For State Representative.



SAMUEL A. CORNEER—Photo by Rinehart.
For State Representative.



BURTON E. WILCOX—Photo by Petersen.
For State Representative.

Short Stories Well Told

A stranger got off the car and accosting a newsboy asked him to direct him to the nearest bank, relates the Chicago Tribune.

"This way," said the "newsie," and turning the corner pointed to a skyscraper just across the street.

"Thank you and what do I owe you?" said the gentleman, pulling a penny out of his pocket.

"A quarter, please."

"A quarter! Isn't that pretty high for directing a man to the bank?"

"You'll find, sir," said the youngster, "that bank directors are paid high in Chicago."

A well known business man, who is afflicted with the unfortunate and too painfully common delusion that he possesses unusual literary attainments, especially in the line of poetry, is an inveterate smoker, relates the Detroit Free Press. The other day he was complaining of nervousness to a friend, upon whom he has inflicted many of his productions, and he attributed his condition to an over indulgence in tobacco.

"Yet," he added, "it helps me out wonderfully in my literary work. My old pipe is a great soother. Do you know that often when I am lost for an inspira-

tion all I have to do is to light my pipe and the most beautiful word pictures come to me. Actually, I don't believe I could write without my pipe."

"Well, for heaven's sake, stop smoking," quickly interposed the suffering friend.

J. E. C. Bodley, the well known author of the clever and exhaustive book on France lately published, was distinguished in London society as a sayer of witty things, reports Justin McCarthy. At a luncheon party one day a woman was describing a visit she had paid to the house of a then famous aesthete, who was supposed to have a greater taste for house decoration than for habits of frequent abluion. Among other things, she described the harmonious coloring of his bath room. Bodley expressed incredulity as to the aesthete's use for the bath room. The woman indignantly repudiated the insinuation and said: "I am sure he bathes a great deal."

"In that case," said Bodley quietly, "he must be an even greater artist than I gave him credit for."

"I was out in the western part of the state the other day on a matter of business," said Brown to a Detroit Free Press man. "I expected to get back the same day, but I missed my train and was forced to put up at the alleged hotel that the little town where I was boasted of. I knew that

there was another train due at the little burg at 3 in the morning, so when I retired for the night I left orders with the old man who ran the hotel to be called in time to catch it, as, my business being finished, I wanted to get away as soon as possible.

"Goin' ter try an' catch that train, eh?" said he. "Well, I don't think ye will."

"Well, you attend to your part and I will attend to mine," I answered shortly.

"Well, the old man called me about 2:30 in the morning and I started for the station, arriving there in time to stand on the platform and watch the train pass by without stopping. Then it dawned upon me that it was a limited and was not in the habit of stopping at small places. To say that I was mad does not express it and I charged back to the hotel with the idea of reading the riot act to the old man for not telling me of the fact.

"Didn't you catch the train?" he asked when I came in, primed to the exploding point.

"No, I didn't," I snapped.

"Well," he drawled, "I didn't think ye would, unless ye wuz an all-fired fast runner. But I wuz willin' ter see what ye could do."

General Henry Kyd Douglas was one of the most heroic soldiers in Stonewall Jackson's command during the civil war. He has since been a jurist, statesman and

social lion and, added to his long and interesting career of versatility last summer by winning great applause and golden comments at a fashionable cakewalk given at one of the northern resorts. There is very little that General Douglas cannot do. He was the chief of staff under Stonewall Jackson and learned the art of war from that great general. He was called one of the most fearless and dashing riders in the whole southern army. He is the kind of hero who would meet death as cheerfully as he would pick up a perfumed handkerchief from a ball room floor. Every year his engagement to some prominent woman is announced and promptly denied. He is one of the men who happen to be happy though bachelors.

Among the stories he tells of his army experience is that of the bravest man he ever knew. He saw a young fellow start to run, then halt and go forward, marching into what seemed to be the very jaws of death. He expected as a matter of course that he would be killed and gave no more thought to him until after the battle. Riding over the field he recognized the rash youth. He asked him what had impelled him to do such a brave thing. The reply, after some hesitation, was as follows:

"Well, colonel, it was just this way. I am the worst coward on earth and I

started to run and I intended to keep on running 'til I got home, but all of a sudden the face of a little girl rose before me and when I saw her I knew I just had to fight and then I waded in and did my best."

His Pedigree

Atlanta Constitution: "Is airy letter here for me?"

"Who's you?"

"I'm Bill."

"An' who's Bill?"

"Fer the lan' sake, don't you know me? I'm Bill, that married Susan, that married Tom, that died last harvest, when cotton wuzn't fetchin' enough ter pay fer the pickin', an' of Jones shot a nigger fer stealin' of a mule that wuz lame in one leg an' foundered in all fours; an' ef you hain't got no letter fer me gimmie a postal card!"

The Cod

Detroit Journal: In the capitol at Boston we saw the famous Stuffed Cod.

"Was that put up with a serious purpose or just for a cod?" we hastened to ask.

Whereupon the guide became very angry and threatened to have us arrested, until we calmly reminded him that the copyright of this joke had expired by limitation.

Seeing that we knew our rights the fellow apologized.

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