

Principal Republican Candidates for Senator From Nebraska



Good Short Stories

Many of the enjoyments of life may be considered as merely negative—enjoyments by contrast, observes the Youth's Companion.

Prof. Harrimore, sorely against his will and in compliance with the mandate of his physician, went away from home for a six weeks' vacation.

"Did you have a good time?" asked one of his friends after his return.

"Splendid," replied the professor, "although I didn't know it until I came back. Then I learned that my nearest neighbor had occupied his entire time during the last six weeks in learning to play the trombone."

Young Brodhead, scion of a wealthy family, cherished journalistic ambitions, and, like a sensible youth, had resolved to begin at the beginning.

He had applied for and obtained a position as a reporter on a daily paper at a moderate salary, where he was treated precisely like any other reporter, shirking no assignment that came his way and putting on no airs on account of his wealth or social standing.

He had not thought it worth while, however, to acquaint the family servants with the nature of his daily occupation, relates the Youth's Companion, and when a fellow reporter came to the house one day with a message from the city editor the flunky in

attendance at the front door took him around the house and brought him up to the young man's room by a back stairway.

"Why didn't you show Mr. Craig up by way of the front hall?" demanded young Brodhead.

"He's only a reporter," whispered the butler.

Imagine the dignified flunky's horror when his master responded in an audible voice: "I'm only a reporter myself, you donkey!"

Nine people out of ten believe that the initials N. B. in Senator Scott's name stand for Napoleon Bonaparte. Mr. Scott denies the soft impeachment. "N. B.," he says, "stand for Nathan Bay—B-a-y—Nathan Bay Scott. Bay is an old-time Baltimore name," relates the Washington Post, "and comes into my family through my mother. And she, by the way," adds the senator, "was the most uncompromising democrat who ever lived."

"Then how did you happen to become a republican?"

"I learned my republicanism," was the reply, "when I went into the union army during the civil war."

"I was in New Orleans a week ago," said a man who travels, "and went to a neighboring city on business. I met the judge of a circuit court and the chief of police of the town and we talked after dinner. We had a drink or two and then the talk turned on guns. The judge reached around

to his hip-pocket and took out a big six-shooter. He showed us how quickly he could draw it and expatiated for fully five minutes on the virtues of the weapon. When he went away I asked the chief of police if there was no law against carrying concealed weapons.

"There is, seh," said he. "Why do you let the judge carry one, then?" I asked.

"The chief looked at me pityingly.

"I do not use the full powah of the law, seh," he answered. "Not with southern gentlemen, seh. I use something more powahful. I use discretion; discretion, seh."

At the recent session of the Genesee Methodist Episcopal conference in North Tonawanda, N. Y., reports the Philadelphia Record, Rev. Dr. James R. Day, chancellor of Syracuse university, made a speech of great energy in behalf of collegiate education. He grouped together the judges of the supreme court, governors of states, ministers of different denominations and other leading men and said: "All of these were college graduates." Then he turned around to Bishop McCabe, who was presiding, and said:

"From what institution were you graduated?"

"From Libby prison," the bishop promptly responded.

The suddenness and fitness of this reply from the "Old Chaplain" convulsed the

conference. There was round after round of applause and much laughter, so that it was difficult for Mr. Day to complete his address.

Frankness of comment is also one of Chinese Minister Wu's points of weakness or of strength, according to the circumstances and results. One day he was visited by a newspaper correspondent, who is perhaps not alone in his profession in regarding himself as a great man. Before he had learned anything whatever from Mr. Wu, Mr. Wu was plying him with his usual questions. When the query as to the amount of his weekly stipend was put, the correspondent heaved up his chest, stroked his mustache with pride and prepared to astonish the simple celestial.

"One hundred and fifty dollars a week!" he exclaimed.

"It is too much," came quick as a shot from the minister's lips: "It is altogether too much—you are not worth more than \$25 a week."

Later on, by dint of cross-examination of other newspaper men, Mr. Wu learned that his \$150-a-week visitor had prevaricated to the extent of about \$90 the week. The next time this gentleman called at the legation and sent his card to the minister, he was accorded an audience, but the first thing the minister said to him was:

"You lied to me about your salary. If you will lie about such a thing as that you will lie about anything. I do not trust

you. I have nothing to tell you. I want to revise my former estimate of your value—instead of being worth \$25 a week you are not worth anything, sir. Good day."

The Uses of Religion

Detroit Journal: "Politics," observed I, "is seemingly your religion?"

It was my purpose to be extremely unkind.

"You are wrong!" protested the man. "I have a wife and four grown daughters and what they would do at Easter had I no religion save politics?"

I regretted my hard words, now. I asked him would he forgive me. He answered that he would think it over and let me know the first of the week.

Not Reduced to That

Chicago Tribune: Mamma—Esther, your papa writes to us from that delightful southern resort, Summerville. You and I are to join him there next week.

Eldest Daughter—What is the name of the hotel?

Mamma—The Market House. Eldest Daughter (highly indignant)—Then, I shall have to tell my friends it's the Marquette House! I don't want them to think you are taking me down there to try to dispose of me!