

Short Stories of Life as We See It

"Why are we like Pharaoh's daughter?" inquired the man with the white coat and apron as he wiped up the glasses left on the bar by the crowd which had just gone out the front door. It was a long time ago—years and years ago—but the incident was recalled a day or two ago in discussing the various developments in the Plankinton bank case, relates the Milwaukee Sentinel. The man with the white coat and apron was an old-timer, and he remembered back in the early '60s, when there was a long line of people in front of the bank building at Grand avenue and Second street, and the anxious, nerve-tearing strain upon those who waited in line to get their money. Every once in a while one or two of the anxious depositors would give up their places in the line to a boy, who promised to keep it until they returned, and go across the street for a drink.

"Why are we like Pharaoh's daughter?" asked the genial dispenser of them. No one knew why they were like Pharaoh's daughter.

"Because we find little profit in rushes on the bank," replied the bar boy, and then made good again by asking: "Have another?"

The wit is more to be dreaded than your worst enemy. Witty people have a way of slapping a title on you which sticks for life. These things bubble up on their lips and woe to the victim. He or she is ruined and made a public laughing stock, even your best friend will giggle on the sly. One society girl here, a really nice girl, reports the Louisville Times, has the habit, however, of sitting in judgment on the family standing of other people. She will make some disparaging remark and conclude with: "Oh, well, you know and I know they are really not to the manner born."

Now this girl does not come of aristocratic blood on her maternal side. Her ancestors were simple, honest tradesmen, who never pretended to style or had any ambition to pose as aristocrats. They were in the shoe business. One day the girl was talking much as usual. The wit, alas, was on deck loaded with back-number facts. "Oh," said Miss Critic, with a toss of her head, as she mentioned a debutante, "of course she is not to the manner born. I always like to express myself in quotations."

"So do I," said the wit, softly and wickedly, "my favorite is 'let not the shoemaker go beyond his last.'"

A traveling man who is absent from the city about sixty days on each trip carried a pair of shoes to a German shoemaker to be half-soled before leaving on a tour through the country towns, reports the Memphis Scimitar. The shoemaker was accustomed to selling articles left with him for repairs if not called for in thirty days.

land on his face," and he knew of no Irishman named Brazee. The attorney, again told him he was mistaken and that his real name was Brazee. The stranger was so insistent that he became annoying to the

ever knew?" said the postman. "His name was John Smith, and he was cheaper than pins on bargain day. He used to get letters from his brother-in-law, and would open the envelope by holding it over a tea kettle. Then he would take out the letter and read it, write an answer, put the answer in the same old envelope and seal it up again. This done, he would take it to the postoffice, explain that the letter couldn't possibly belong to him, and he didn't want to open another man's mail.

"Lor, Miss Mary," returned the widow with a broad grin "ev'body knows there ain' no happiness in married life till one ob 'em's done 'ceased."

One of the girls in town came home from Wellesley for the Easter vacation, having dismissed her latest suitor not long ago, reports the Boston Journal. The boy who supplies her parents with milk has a younger brother of about 14 who has been traveling upon the arduous road of his

doubts to the existence of this paragon of a man.

A woman fainted in this town yesterday, as women faint in every town every day, relates the Birmingham (Ala.) Age. She came in with her husband from a suburban village to see the circus—any circus is "the" circus, you know. Under the acres of canvas—every circus spreads "acres of canvas," you know—she became suddenly ill, whether at sight of roaring lion or



FEATURES OF THE ODD FELLOWS' CELEBRATION.

Ruth Rebekah Lodge, Omaha—Joy Rebekah Lodge, Omaha—Group at the Ball at Creighton Hall.

attorney, and the latter finally lost all patience. "I tell you my name is Brazee, and if you say again that it is Brady I will give you a smash in the face," he declared. The other man laughed. "Now I know that your name is Brady," he said.

Of course, as his brother-in-law's five-day return card was on the envelope, the post-office officials would send it back."

Hearth and Home

A southern lady met a colored widow, gaudily attired, laughing and talking and seemingly in the best of spirits, relates Harper's Magazine. "Why, Lizzie," said the lady, stopping the horse she was driving, "how is it that you are so cheerful when your husband died only three weeks ago?"

Women are proverbially careless about discussing domestic matters in public, says the Philadelphia Record. Two of them were seated in a Chestnut street car one morning recently, talking about the probabilities of a marriage between two of their friends. One said: "He is a fine man and a good man." "Oh, yes," replied the other, "but he doesn't go to the theater, he doesn't dance, nor smoke, nor drink. What would she do with a man like that?" "He doesn't eat meat or drink coffee, either," chimed in the first speaker. "I should be afraid he wouldn't be cheerful." "Of course, it doesn't seem

sound of moaning whangdoodle was not discovered, but, becoming ill, the good woman promptly fainted.

A cab was called hurriedly, and the husband, placing his wife in the cab, they were driven hurriedly to the office of a physician. The physician felt of the wife's pulse, tested her heart action, and then placing a febrile thermometer in her mouth he bade her close her mouth and keep it shut, she having recovered her senses.

The wife did as she was bidden, and the doctor looked steadily at his watch, his finger on her pulse, and counted the seconds run into a minute, two minutes—three! And then the husband asked eagerly and anxiously:

"Say, doc, what'll yer take for that thing?" pointing to the thermometer. "Why?" demanded the physician. "'Cause hits the first time I ever knowed 'er to hol' 'er tongue that long."

The experience known as "popping the question" is the bugbear of every man, however confident of his charms or fluent of speech, relates Youth's Companion. Many original ways of asking young women to marry them have been resorted to by bashful men, but perhaps the most brilliant suggestion came to a learned German professor, who, having remained a bachelor till middle life, at last tumbled head over ears in love with a little flaxen-haired maiden many years his junior.

One day, after vainly endeavoring to screw his courage to the sticking point, the learned man came upon his Gretchen as she sat alone, darning a stocking, with a huge pile of the family hosiery on the table. The professor aimlessly talked on general topics, wondering how he could lead up to the subject nearest his heart, when all at once a happy thought came to him.

Leaning forward, he put his big hand on the little fist doubled up inside the stocking and said, hesitatingly:

"You darn very beautifully, fraulein. Would you like to darn my stockings only?"

Fortunately the fraulein was not so simple as she appeared. She grasped the significance of the question immediately, and lost no time in answering "Yes."

A Bachelor's Reflections

New York Press: Sport is a recreation that you have to wear a special sort of clothes for.

A woman never punctuates a business letter, but she gets even with herself by never punctuating a love letter, either.

For every three women who are afraid a certain man will propose to a girl there is one who is afraid that he won't.

Love and business are very different. A man will never admit his business is any good for fear another man will start up in the same neighborhood. In love a man will never admit he isn't right in it, for the same reason.



The drummer stated to the shoemaker he would be absent from the city for at least sixty days, and would not leave the shoes to be repaired unless he was assured that they would not be sold.

The traveler's trip was prolonged to ninety days. When he returned he went immediately to the shoemaker for his shoes.

The shoemaker's inability to distinguish between have and half came near resulting in his receiving a thrashing.

"Have you sold my shoes?" asked the drummer.

"Ya, I haf-soled them," replied the shoemaker.

"What in blazes did you do that for!" yelled the traveler.

"You told me for to do it."

And then the drummer engaged in a bit of shocking profanity and threatened to clean up the ranch.

"Dan" Regan, the chief clerk of the Board of Public Works, Milwaukee, tells in the Milwaukee Sentinel a good story in connection with the recent campaign. The day after election he was congratulating Judge Brazee and said:

"I see the Irishmen in the Third ward read your name Brady and voted for you to a man."

The judge replied that the Poles in the Fourteenth ward read his name Brazeenski and voted for him too.

Mr. Regan later recalled an incident in Judge Brazee's earlier career. There was a big burly son of Erin who once told the little attorney that he believed his name was Brady. Instead of Brazee, the statement was allowed to go with a simple denial, but the big man insisted upon it. He said that he knew the name must be Brady, because the lawyer "had the map of Ire-



SNAP SHOTS AT THE ODD FELLOWS' PARADE.

South Omaha Lodge—The Patriarchs Militant—Canton Ezra Millard of Omaha—Colonel John W. Nichols and Staff.