THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

Short Stories of Life as We See It letters from his brother-in-law, and would open the envelope by holding it over a tea

the front door. It was a long time ago insistent that he became annoying to the didn't want to open another man's mail, traveling upon the arduous road of his ill, whether at sight of roaring lion or 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 '90s, 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 daugh-

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

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 wos 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 both.

Now this girl does not come of aristoeratic 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. always like to express myself in quotations."

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

A traveling man who is absent from the patience. 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 you a smash in the face," he declared. 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.

'Why are we like Pharaoh's daughter?" land on his face," and he knew of no Irish-

name was John Smith, and he was cheaper with a broad grin "ev'ybody knows there of a man. than pins on bargain day. He used to get ain' no happiness in married life till one letters from his brother-in-law, and would ob 'em's done 'ceasted." kettle. Then he would take out the letter One of the girls in town came home relates the Birmingham (Ala.) Age.

ever knew" said the postman. "His "Lor', Miss Mary," returned the widow, doubts to the existence of this paragon

A woman fainted in this town yesterday, as women faint in every town every day. and read it, write an answer, put the an- from Wellesley for the Easter vacation, came in with her husband from a suburban swer in the same old envelope and seal having dismissed her latest suiter not long village to see the circus-any circus is inquired the man with the white coat and man named Brazee. The attorney, again it up again. This done, he would take it ago, reports the Boston Journal. The boy "the" circus, you know. Under the acres apron as he wiped up the glasses left on the told him he was mistaken and that his real to the postoffice, explain that the letter who supplies her parents with milk has a of canvas every circus spreads "acres of bur by the crowd which had Just gone out name was Brazee. The stranger was so couldn't possibly belong to him, and he younger brother of about 14 who has been canvas," you know she became suddenly



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 Of course, as his brother-in-law's five-day first year in the high school, where he has sound of moaning whangdoodle was not dis-

"I tell you my name is Brazee, and if office officials would send it back." you say again that it is Brady I will give

The other man laughed. "Now I know that your name is Brady," he said.

return card was on the envelope, the post- taken the English course. No Latin or covered, but, becoming ill, the good woman

Hearth and Home

A southern lady met a colored widow, Indianapolis Sun: "The cheapest man I gaudily attired, laughing and talking and seemingly in the best of spir-

> its, relates Harper's Magazine. "Why, Lizzie," said the lady,

French is taught the first year, but the promptly fainted. purest English is aimed at the boys and A cab was called hurriedly, and the husgirls and occasionally hits them. The Wel- band, placing his wife in the cab, they were lesley girl bit her lips the other morning driven hurriedly to the office of a physiwhen the milk boy handed her a note cian. The physician felt of the wife's from his younger brother. This was the pulse, tested her heart action, and then way it read: "Dear Miss Jones, please ex-placing a febrile thermometer in her mouth cuse my writing, but who is your chere he bade her close her mouth and keep it homo now?"

Women are proverbially careless about doctor looked steadily at his watch, his are so cheerful when your the Philadelphia Record. Two of them onds run into a minute, two minutes—three! were seated in a Chestnut street car one And then the husband asked eagerly and morning recently, talking about the proba- anxiously: bilities of a marriage between two of

fine man and a good man." "Oh, yes," replied the other, "but he doesn't go to the theater, he 'er to hol' 'er tongue that long." doesn't dance, nor smoke, nor drink. What would she do with a man like that?

shut, she having recovered her senses.

The wife did as she was bidden, and the stopping the horse she was discussing domestic matters in public, says finger on her pulse, and counted the sectiving, "how is it that you discussing domestic matters in public, says finger on her pulse, and counted the sectiving, "how is it that you discussing domestic matters in public, says finger on her pulse, and counted the section."

"Say, doc, what'll yer take fer that their friends. One said: "He is a thing?" pointing to the thermometer.

"Why?" demanded the physician.

" 'Cause hits the first time I ever knowed

"He doesn't eat meat The experience known as " or drink coffee, either," chimed in question" is the bugbear of every man. the first speaker. "I should be however confident of his charms or fluent afraid he wouldn't be cheerful." of speech, relates Youth's Companion. "Of course, it doesn't seem 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, baying 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."

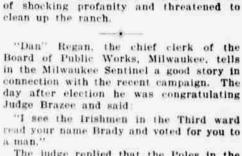
A Bachelor's Reflections

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

A woman never punctuates a business out Fifteenth street, and they letter, but she gets even with herself by got off, without once men- never punctuating a love letter, either. For every three women who are afraid

don't believe there ever was A man will never admit his business is any such a man," commented one good for fear another man will start up in elderly matron. The others the same neighborhood. In love a man will shook their heads gravely, as never admit he isn't right in it, for the though they, too, had their same reason.





"Ya, I haf-soled them," replied the shoe-

"What in blazes did you do that for!"

And then the drummer engaged in a bit

drummer.

yelled the traveler.

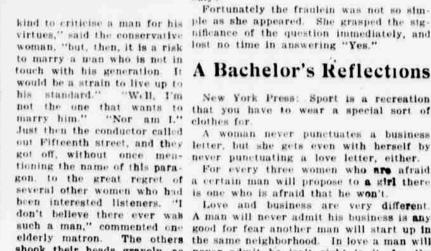
"You told me for to do it."

maker.

"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.