

# Playful Children and Their Pretty Pony Pets



LOUISE PECK ON HER PONY "SNOWBALL"—Photo by a Staff Artist.



HAZEL FORD ON HER PONY "KING"—Photo by a Staff Artist.

## Snap Shots by the Camera At Little Equestriennes Seen on Omaha Streets



OFF FOR A PONY RACE AT THE DROP OF A HAT—Photo by a Staff Artist.



MARIE AND LEE HOLLINGER, DONALD M'WHORTER AND PONY "BESSIE"—Photo by a Staff Artist.



BROWNIE BESS BAUM ON HER PONY "FRISKY"—Photo by a Staff Artist.



EUGENIA MORAN ON HER PONY "JOKES"—Photo by a Staff Artist.

## Gleanings from the Story Tellers' Pack

**A** COMMERCIAL traveler well known in the cycle trade on both sides of the Atlantic adds this to the collection of jokes on newly-made happy fathers:

The hero is the manufacturer of the wheel which the narrator sells. Being compelled to go away on a business trip about the time an interesting domestic event was expected, he left orders for the nurse to wire him results according to the following formula:

If a boy: "Gentleman's safety arrived."

If a girl: "Lady's safety arrived."

The father's state of mind may be imagined when, a few days later, he received a telegram containing the one word "Tandem."

Late one Saturday night one of the Washington newspaper offices was put in telephone communication with the residence of Senator Chauncey M. Depew, where the senator's dinner to male friends before going to Paris to get married, was in progress.

"Is this — —?"

Pebbles of laughter came thick and fast over the wire.

"Can you tell me — —?"

More laughter.

"Will you please — —?"

Nothing but laughter.

"Funny, isn't it?"

"Very," it was the senator's voice at the telephone at last.

"Was it yours?"

"Oh, no, it was the president's. He's here. Not very good, but we all have to laugh, you know. Besides, I have not had a new one for a year."

Two young men sat through the first act at a Boston theater, then adjourned to a neighboring tavern for refreshment. The

acting was bad, and would have excused the use of stimulants by any but the players. When about to re-enter the building only one could produce his return check.

"It's all right," said he of the check airily. "You remember him. He's with me."

"Yes," answered the gatekeeper, more doubtful than polite, "but he may have given his check to some other person."

"But he didn't," was the convincing reply. "He's a stranger here and hasn't an enemy in the city."

The gate opened wide.

Colonel R. C. Kerens of St. Louis tells a campaign joke in connection with Attorney General Edward Crowe and the recent Missouri elections.

Mr. Crowe is an unusually good speaker and singularly free from oratorical errors. However, at a political meeting one night last fall he overlooked the similarity of his name and that of the bird with the harsh note, and in an effort to win his hearers exclaimed:

"Fellow Citizens: Hear me for my cause!"

"He laugh that followed broke up the meeting."

Now that Ambassador Choate has returned from "near the court of St. James" the following story, among many others about him, is put in circulation by the Brooklyn Eagle: A semi-state reception was given at the residence of a certain lord and Mr. Choate, in his "court dress" of plain broadcloth, was inconspicuous in comparison with the gold laced and insignia decorated representatives of other countries.

When the night was waning one of the departing guests, whose indulgence probably made him forget that English lackeys on such occasions wore the livery of their

office, approached Mr. Choate and requested him to call a cab. The response was a blank stare. Upon his repeating the request, "Won't you call me a cab, please?" Mr. Choate responded: "Certainly, you're a cab." Imagine the indignation of the insulted Englishman, who, upon making complaint to the host, was asked, as a favor, to point out the offender.

After a search through the crowded salons the Englishman was quite at the elbow of Mr. Choate when he exclaimed: "That's the man!" The whispered reply: "Why, that's the United States ambassador," was heard by Mr. Choate. Then a presentation and explanation of the unfortunate mistake. Mr. Choate, in his characteristic way, said: "My lord, the gentleman need not feel at all disturbed. I remember the circumstance very well. If the gentleman had just been a little more polite I should have called him a 'hansom cab.'"

"Sitting one night in Chamberlain's hotel in Washington," said Amos J. Cummings, who has just resumed his seat in congress,

"were John Allen, the Mississippi wit; Senator Vest and several other men of more or less national distinction, when the conversation turned upon violin music. Vest is noted for his skill with the horse-hair bow, and the upshot of the discussion was that he challenged me to a duel on the violin."

"I sent a servant around to a pawnshop and got an instrument which looked as if it had been used to bail out a boat. Vest had a 'Strad' or a Guarnerius or an Amati, and he played a selection by Vieuxtemps. It was highly classical and beautifully done."

"I tucked my old fiddle under my chin and scraped away at 'The Arkansas Traveler.' I had not been playing for a minute

when twenty feet were keeping time to the noise and several negro waiters were doing Jubas. Of course I won the prize, but Vest said:

"You're no violinist, Amos; you're nothing but a measly fiddler."

It is related that on the last tour of President McKinley in the south Andrew Carnegie was in the party, and all were asked to attend a negro church in Thomasville, Ga., where a very fervid colored minister officiated.

It is said that whenever a full came in the services the deacons took up a collection, but through hospitable motives avoided passing the box to the white visitors. The old pastor arose at last and preached a sermon that was at the same time eloquent, earnest and ridiculous—preaching right at the white folks, and his description of the poverty of the church was so impressive that when the deacons passed the contribution boxes around for the third time Mr. Carnegie intercepted one and dropped a \$20 bill in the box.

The old preacher counted the contents. When he had finished he placed a handful of small change on one side and a crisp greenback on the other. Clearing his throat he said:

"Breddern, we has been greatly blessed by dish yer contribution. We has heah fo' dollahs an' fo'ty cents dat is good, an' if de fifty-dollah bill put in by de white gemmen wid de gray whiskers is also good, we is blessed a whole lot moah," and he looked suspiciously at the giver of libraries.

"I am sick and tired," said the cynic to a Chicago Tribune man, "of hearing wise millionaires throw con-talk advice to ambitious young men. 'Don't watch the clock.' 'Do more than you are paid to do.' 'Industry, thrift and perseverance,' and all that

string of fish. The young man of my acquaintance who has made the most rapid success in life owes his start to a box in a safety deposit vault.

"When he first struck the town he had enough money to go down and rent a \$10 box for a year. He was wise enough to pick out the vault chiefly patronized by extremely rich men, and he spent time enough sitting around to determine just when there was likely to be most of them in the vaults.

"Then he got hold of about \$1,000,000 worth of Confederate bonds, which he kept in his box, and when there was a crowd of near-sighted millionaires in the place he'd get busy and clip coupons for an hour as if it was a terrible bore. By and by he began to get on nodding terms with some of the old boys with white chinchillas and big bank accounts.

"Finally, when he had worked it up for several months and was getting down close to his last dollar, he called on one of his old safety deposit vault friends and struck him for a job. The old man looked at him for a moment over the top of his glasses and then spoke up:

"Let me see. I've seen you over at the safety deposit vaults, haven't I?"

"The young man admitted the charge, and was given employment a few weeks later at a salary of \$100 a week to start with. He's a partner in the firm now. Of course the box wouldn't have done him any good if he hadn't been able to make good, but there are plenty of \$20 a week clerks in this town right now who could put up just as rich a front as he if they only had a chance.

"Perseverance and thrift are all right in the rural districts, but when it comes to this man's town you've got to get next to the right people, and it takes a smart man to do that in a couple of years."