

A Bunch of Short Stories

Mr. Reed had a great moral influence over the members, and, whether willingly or unwillingly, they were wont to obey his requests. One afternoon, when the house lacked a quorum, relates the New York Tribune, one of its messengers was dispatched to hunt up an M. C. at Harvey's, a famous restaurant in town.

"The speaker would like to have you come up to the house, as there is no quorum," said the messenger to the member, who was found enjoying a broiled lobster with a visiting constituent.

"You tell the speaker to go to the devil," said the diner; "I'm going to finish my lobster."

"Very well, sir," assented the messenger, "I will do so," and he left the room hurriedly; but as soon as his back was turned the belligerent member rushed down by the back stairs, through a side door into a cab, and was up at the house long before the arrival of the messenger.

A better story is told by the Washington Post of a member of the last congress, who enjoyed the reputation of being able to drink more whisky without showing it than any other man in the house. It told on him in other ways, however.

One day he visited a barber shop for the purpose of getting his hair cut, and was ministered unto by a colored artist, who made two or three attempts at discourse on different subjects, finally remarking that his customer was by no means the only distinguished man who had occupied that particular chair.

"I suppose not," grunted the congressman.

"There was Daniel Webster, sah," said the negro, starting in on the shampoo. "He has done sot in this chair dozens of times."

"Indeed," replied the customer.

"You remind me very much of him, sah."

"In what respect?" asked the statesman, waking up. "In the shape of my head."

"No, sah."

"In my manner of speaking?"

"No, sah."

"In what way, then, do I resemble the immortal Daniel?"

"In your breff, sah."

One of the best things which has come out about the late Vice President Hobart is that he was able to cut the ground out from under Matt Quay's feet at the time he was nominated. Quay had first suggested him as a candidate and pledged him the Pennsylvania vote in the convention. Hobart conferred with McKinley and decided to go after the nomination, but realizing that politicians of the Quay stripe are unreliable he secured sufficient strength outside of Pennsylvania to insure his nomination and did it so quietly that Quay's suspicions were never aroused. The sequel to the story was told by Mr. Hobart last summer as follows:

"The next meeting between Quay and myself occurred in St. Louis on the 17th of June, 1890, as I remember it. I was ill in my room at the Southern hotel when Quay came to see me.

"Hobart," said Quay, "you remember my promise made on a railway train early this year?"

"I recalled it vividly.

"Well, Hobart, my friend, I'm sorry I won't be able to keep it; there are certain reasons which compel me to place the Pennsylvania vote elsewhere."

"That's all right, Quay. Go ahead and do as you please with your votes. I want to say to you, however, before you leave this room, that I don't need your votes. I'm nominated without them."

"Well, sir," continued Hobart, laughingly, "do you know, this took Quay clear off his feet. He was almost speechless, dumfounded, amazed. He had been scheming with Platt to nominate Morton again."

Henry Mayer, the international cartoonist, was enlarging upon the advantages of war in his most exuberantly grotesque manner at Verrey's the other night, says a London letter. "This war, at any rate," said he, "has increased the number of words in use in the language. We now read in the papers of kopjes and veldts, and kraals, and treks, and kloofs, and spruits. Now, that's what I call enlarging and enriching the vocabulary of the vernacular. Those words



GROUP OF EMPLOYES AT NEW UNION DEPOT, OMAHA.

will stick in our throats and adhere to our tongues, even when the war is over. The other day I was in a restaurant. Opposite me sat an old gentleman. I watched him closely. He was meditatively trying with the point of his knife to head off the retreat of a chunk of gorgonzola, which was trekking across his plate.

"Waiter!" suddenly exclaimed the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir," promptly answered the menial.

"Waiter," pursued the old gentleman, "when was the last census taken in this cheese?"

A conspicuous figure in the house on opening day, reports the New York Tribune, was the former speaker, Mr. Reed, who looked with eager interest at the scene in which he had so recently played a leading part.

"Where is Mrs. Reed?" asked an old friend of the "Czar" whom he encountered in the house lobby.

"She has no more use for politics than I have," responded Mr. Reed.

"And have you no further use for them?" asked his friend.

"No," said Mr. Reed. "I've given up politics and am going to become a bishop and let the souls into heaven."

Representative McClellan of New York is one of the best story tellers in the house, reports the Washington Post, and he regales some of his friends occasionally with choice anecdotes. Since Speaker Reed left congress Mr. McClellan delights to tell the bright things the great czar is forever saying. According to his latest in this line, he met Mr. Reed one day not long ago on Broadway.

"How do you do, Mr. Speaker," said Mr. McClellan.

"I am not Mr. Speaker any longer," said Mr. Reed, in his lazy, drawling voice.

"Then, how do you do, Mr. Reed," continued Mr. McClellan, with a military wave of the hand.

Mr. Reed returned the salutation.

"What do you think of politics?" asked Mr. McClellan.

"I am not thinking of politics," answered Mr. Reed, in the same character of voice. "I am a reformer now, and a reformer has nothing to do but make money."

Some time ago a passenger train in Arizona left the rails, rolled down the bank and landed in three feet of muddy water at the bottom of the river bed. Within the cars there was some natural confusion. Men, women and lunchboxes were thrown into a heap and not an umbrella or parcel was left in the racks. One by one the occupants of the rear car extricated themselves from the mass and sought for means of escape, while stanching various wounds caused by broken glass. Every exit was

jammed tight. Just then in the midst of the doubt and confusion rose a woman's voice in emphatic demand: "Let me out! Let me out! If you don't let me out I'll break a window!"

Real Christmas Children



WILLIAM BENNETT FOSTER, BORN DECEMBER 25, 1897—SON OF W. B. FOSTER, 4226 DOUGLAS STREET, OMAHA.



HARRY B. PAYNE, BORN DECEMBER 25, 1896—SON OF ANTHONY PAYNE, 212 SOUTH TWENTY-FIFTH STREET, OMAHA.

About Noted People

A humorous touch in connection with Lafayette Hearn's naturalization as a Japanese was the reduction of his professional salary from 150 to 50 yen a month. As a foreigner he drew a larger salary than the native instructors, but at the dinner in celebration of his change of nationality the president of the university rose and observed that now that Prof. Hearn had become one of them the "last insidious distinction would be removed by cutting down his salary. And the American-born professor tried to look as though he enjoyed it.

Senator Allison, speaking of Speaker Henderson as a soldier, says: "When told that the leader of a student band of recruits wanted to see me, I asked that he be shown in, and a tall, clean-limbed, clear-eyed youngster entered. He had a lot of recruits with him, and he said his name was Henderson. I looked at the recruits; they were all right. Henderson had not only brought those boys in on his own responsibility, but he had done it with almost no expense to any one; his enthusiasm had been so infectious that the farmers had been glad to feed and transport them free."

There is talk now that Mrs. Mattie Hughes Cannon, who has already served as a state senator in Utah, may be elected a member of the United States senate from that state, which happens just now to have a vacancy. This would be regarded by the Mormons as a "vindication" of Roberts, especially since Mrs. Cannon holds steadfastly to the early tenets of the Latter Day Saints. George Frieble Hoar has expressed the opinion that nothing in the constitution forbids the admission of women to the senate of the United States.

James P. Reed, who was at one time champion checker player of the world, died the

other day in Pittsburg, of which city he was a native. "He began playing checkers," says the Pittsburg Dispatch, "when he was 14 years old. But it was not until Robert Martin of Scotland, formerly champion of the world, passed through Pittsburg that Reed became any way well known. That was in 1876. They played several friendly games and Martin had rather the better of them, but Reed was the only man west of the Allegheny mountains who had been able to win a game from him." He played in Great Britain in 1887. He defeated Barker, the champion of the United States, in 1888, and the next year a match was arranged between him and James Wyllie of Scotland, the champion of the world. For some reason the Scotchman failed to play and Reed's friends therefore claimed the world championship for him.

Mr. Julian Ralph in a letter dated Cape Town gives a glimpse of Sir Alfred Milner as he appeared at the height of the crisis. The writer, who called upon the high commissioner, says the visit was exceedingly brief because Sir Alfred is working sixteen hours a day. "He shows the consequence of his toil in a face and frame so thinned that his friends in London would scarcely know him. Care, too, has written its lines deeply upon his face. He makes such an impression upon a visitor that not even a Little Englander who saw him here could carry criticism very far in writing of him afterward. His modesty is his most remarkable characteristic and next to that, I think, one notices his earnestness and the degree to which his mind is concentrated upon the situation around him. In the play of his features and voice one notes a great measure of kindness and sympathy. These, with a modicum of humor thrown in, are the chief ingredients in what is called 'fact,' so that you cannot see him, talk to him or be with him without feeling that since diplomacy has failed to relieve the tension here and war has followed it cannot have been the fault of so gentle, so self-possessed and calm a man."

Christmas Bits From Dickens

Christmas time again!
Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here!
Of all the good days in the year—on Christmas eve.
Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig!
The day arrived. A day to make home doubly home. To give the chimney corner new delights. Such a wild, wintry day as

best prepares the way for shut-out night; for curtained rooms and cheerful looks; for music, laughter, dancing, lights and jovial entertainment.

I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So, a merry Christmas, uncle!

God bless you, merry gentlemen; may nothing you dismay!

The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune.

All the boys were in great spirits and shouted to each other until the broad fields were full of merry music.

There was a boy singing a Christmas carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something.

There's the parrot! green body and yellow tail, with a thing like lettuce growing out of the top of his head; there he is! Halloo! whoop! Halloo!

Yo ho, my boys! No more work tonight; Christmas eve, Dick! Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up before a man can say Jack Robinson!

In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast, substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke.

There was an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air or brightest summer sun might have endeavored to diffuse in vain.

On the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinkling of his torch.

Apples and oranges were put upon the table and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth.

But every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some bygone Christmas day.

He looked so irresistibly pleasant that three or four good-humored fellows said: "Good morning, sir; a merry Christmas to you!"

I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind! I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Halloo! Whoop! Halloo!

Pile up the fire here! Let it shine upon the holly till it twinkles again! It's a world of nonsense—all nonsense!—but we'll be nonsensical with the rest of 'em and give our true lover a mad welcome!

It was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and of all of us.

Cheer up! Don't give way! A new heart for a New Year always!

I'm glad to think we had muffins. It's the sort of a night that's meant for muffins. Likewise crumpets. Also, Sally Lunns.

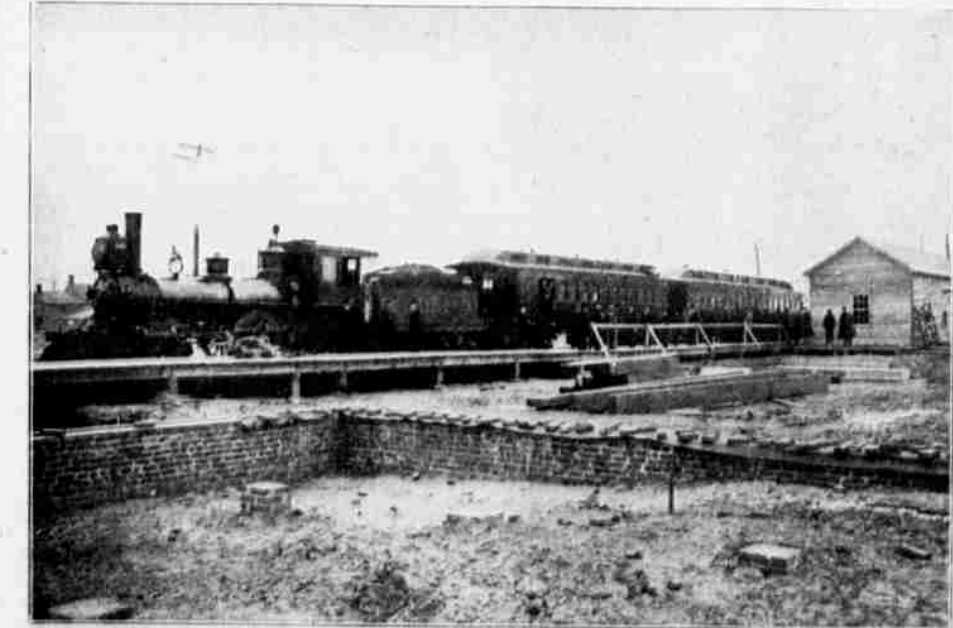
Though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pie, puddings, fruit and punch.

"Oh," said Trotty, "please to play up there, will you have the goodness?"

A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us. "God bless us, everyone," said Tiny Tim.

I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the past, the present and the future. The spirits of all three shall thrive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach.



FIRST ILLINOIS CENTRAL PASSENGER TRAIN LEAVING COUNCIL BLUFFS SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17—DEPOT FOUNDATION IN FRONT—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.



CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS AT THE MAMMOTH STORE OF W. R. BENNETT, OMAHA.