

GOOD JOKE ON ITS TRAVELS

Public Speakers Hail it as a Welcome Life Saver.

PUTTING ON THE "LOCAL COLOR"

A Story of a Story as It Moves from the Original Through the Various Dressing Rooms.

If Solomon had not "slept with the fathers" Holy Writ style of saying that a man was dead—and had continued to ladle out his wisdom to the generation now in business or on vacation he might still be writing or rewriting, or thinking of that paragraph somewhere in the first chapter of Ecclesiastes, to wit: "The thing that hath been, it is that shall be."

And Solomon wrote this when he had seen a whole lot. It was at the close of his splendid and eventful career as monarch of Israel.

If still living, and if he read the "funny" departments of the publications of the day—dailies, weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies—he would probably add especially in jokes.

Dear, beloved, as the minister frequently begins after the announcement of his text, this was the antiquity of any one joke or bunch of jokes, rearranged, reconstructed or refurbished and sold at schedule rates.

It is a story of a story, its origin and travels and of its reappearance to the man who created it as he made pilgrimages up and down this verdant earth.

A traveling correspondent of a really great newspaper was returning from a journey that had taken him far from the home office. By some slip he had failed to connect with a through train on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad.

He boarded the next train, which was some sort of a local mix-up with a chair car attachment. The engineer was doing his best to make good a lot of lost time.

An Ebony Flash. The correspondent was hungry. He had traveled over the line many times and knew that there was an eating house at the station not far ahead. In a moment of near-starvation he hailed the sable whistler, who was even then in a state of glibful anticipation of the time when he would reduce the funds of the lone occupant of the coach.

"Does the train stop at Harvard?" "No, sah, she don't even hesitate."

The answer was as quick as the powder flash that makes a snapshot salient. It was a half-trigger return. Its originality was not debatable. The ebony flasher didn't know it, but he started something that beat Puck's scheme of putting a girde round about the earth without, of course, any expectation of beating Puck's proposed time.

This story started ever so many years ago. The correspondent put his head against the toweled rest of the chair and closed his eyes. The Senegambian reply stuck in his brain like a feather in a bucket of tar. It appeared in the next Sunday issue of the correspondent's paper. It hit the town, and a big city it was as far back as that—Chicago. Before night the story was read and told in hotels and clubs.

Did you ever hear of Billy Mason, a United States senator from Illinois? He was familiarly called Billy before he put on the toga, and it sticks to him. He caught a good story quicker than the champion behind the bat. He knew such a story on sight, and when he repeated it you thought it was original with him. He took this Senegambian story as a fish takes the fly. Or as a woodpecker surprises a worm.

The story got another send-off in a Washington newspaper. The paragraph began "Senator Billy Mason of Illinois, while in the cloakroom today told a new story." Then followed the Senegambian reply, and of course, Senator Mason was the traveler to whom the reply was made.

Worked Over for \$5. The correspondent was hurried to Galveston, Tex. While waiting for his breakfast he looked over a morning print of the city. He read that "Representative Bailey (he was not then senator) arrived in the city last night from Washington. He got here twelve hours sooner than he expected because his train did not "hesitate." Then the story as told by Representative Bailey, what the porter of his car said to him, etc.

The correspondent thought it was about time for him to rope the yarn before it went any further. He elaborated the yarn and rushed it to a New York publication that was then paying I cents "the word" for good original stories. A few weeks later he received a check for \$5 and something over, enough to pay exchange.

The story was in the first person, singular, and the writer's name was printed at the bottom. He looked at himself in a mirror and his face reminded him of something he had heard about a certain little Jack Horner. He reckoned that he had this story lashed to the mast at last.

Something happened in Philadelphia and he was sent there in "unusual" such an unusual thing. It was the day of Mr. Hok's publication of that wonderful mix of high-brow fiction, layouts of lingerie and stories of famous people. The story of a colored porter of a Pullman "sleeper," as related by Senator Depew, was the Abou Ben Adhem of the page.

The correspondent chanced to look at a calendar. It was the day before New Year. He sat down and wrote his wife: "I shall swear off tomorrow, not to drink anymore, for drink I never do, but never again to write a funny story. I can't run counter to Chauncey Depew. He has kidnaped my first-born, and there's no use."

Where It Was New. A few weeks later he was in Detroit, the city made famous by M. Quad and Mayor Pingree. He read in the Free Press: "Mr. —, the well-known story writer and author of several in dialect, not to town last night. He told the following to the reporter, and it is worth telling, for it is new. Coming into the city on a Michigan Central train, he asked the colored bromist if the train made any stops." Then followed the story that he had started, and which had been credited to Senator Mason, Representative Bailey and flagged by Chauncey Depew.

Some miles back I asked the conductor (not the Senegambian) if his train stopped here and he said, "Sorry, senator, but this train doesn't even hesitate at the town you mention."

After the meeting was over the correspondent asked Senator Dooliver where he got his story. Dooliver told him he got it from Senator Stone of Missouri and that Stone got it from Jim Sherman and that Sherman stole it from Mark Twain. "You see," said the sly Iowa orator, "the story has quite a pedigree."

And the poor correspondent hadn't the "sand" to claim his own progeny. Job Hedges, wit of the New York bar, used it on the road and he got the credit of it for quite a while in the boiler plate matter sent out by the American Press association. Finally it got on the expurgator list and then it was captured or rescued by London Tid Bits. The correspondent saw it last in that publication when he was in the British capital to write up the coronation of King George. It was marked up to an Irish member of Parliament.

COYOTE IS NOT A COWARD

One Old Prairie Wolf Stood Off Twenty-Five Fighting Dogs.

The coyote, or prairie wolf, having acquired a bad reputation for cowardice and other unworthy qualities, is being rehabilitated as a fighting animal in the far northwest, where his warfare on sheep has led to the institution of "coyote drives." Rabbit drives are common in the west. Hundreds of men turn out and drive jack rabbits into a sort of corral where they are killed in great numbers. The success of the rabbit drives led many people to suppose that the coyote could be "rounded up" in the same way.

44 Cents Yard

One Special in Kids for Saturday

At 10:00 A. M. Also—Perhaps the most popular glove just now in the east is white with 3 rows black stitching or white with self color; running a close second is black with white or with black stitching. 25 dozen pairs just in, worth \$1.25, to create a little enthusiasm will sell Saturday at... 89c Pr.

One experiment was tried in southern Idaho. Hundreds of men and boys worked all day in driving in the coyotes, which swarmed all through the region, and when they, the men and boys, had all converged at the great they found just one coyote in it and he got away.

When the next great coyote drive took place better precautions were taken to prevent the animals from "leaking" through the lines. This drive was to the Powder River valley, in eastern Oregon. About 200 farmers, all thirsting, as it were, for the blood of the coyotes which had stolen their sheep, were mounted on horseback, and they took with them fifty dogs. They scoured the country and kept well together, and after a good and well managed run, sixty coyotes were rounded up in a field.

There was great excitement now, and some of the younger and more inexperienced men, thought they only had to put these sixty "cowardly" creatures to death, in a heap. They soon found they were mistaken. The coyotes made a grand and concerted rush for the compact line of men, horses and dogs that hemmed them in, and when this rush was over the hunters found that they had sixty-nine wolves within the inclosure. All the rest were roaning the plains of eastern Oregon at their own sweet will.

The hunters now turned their attention to those that were left, and, chiefly by the help of the dogs, succeeded in putting them to death. Only one dog out of the fifty, however, proved adequate, and he killed several of the nine.

One of the coyotes was the most valiant fighter the hunters ever had seen. No gray wolf, no grizzly could have fought with more determination or with more skill and to better effect. At one time twenty-five dogs were engaged in an attack upon this coyote, and such were the extraordinary swiftness of his movements and the sharpness of his teeth that he kept them all at bay.

The men declared they got more excitement out of this raid on the coyotes than they ever had obtained from any other hunt. Acting on the experience gathered in it, they at once organized another drive and hope to do better next time—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Bachelor's Reflections. Women can smile more naturally than if they meant it. Young men seem to think the way to go through college is to go through money.

Every man is an open book to a girl except her own brother, and he isn't only because "the doors" think it worth her while to read him. Telling lies gets to be more of a habit than believing them. An easy way to fool a woman is for her to want to be. The time a girl wants to tell a secret is when it isn't so.

What makes the baby's voice sound so much like his father's? He says so. A man will lie about what good time his watch keeps quicker than about anything else. One thing every man can tell about a woman crossing a muddy street is he ought not to mention it.—New York Press.

The Doctor Knows. "Doctor, my husband is losing his mind. I fear. He continually mutters and mutters to himself."

"Is it possible?" "Yes, he mutters to himself, and when you speak to him he stares at you blankly."

"I know what the trouble is," said the doctor, smiling. "He's memorizing some lodge work. I belong to the same lodge."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Quinine? No! Pape's Best for Bad Cold. First dose of Pape's Cold Compound relieves all misery from a cold or the gripe. It is a positive fact that a dose of Pape's Cold Compound, taken every two hours until three consecutive doses are taken, will end the Gripe and break up the most severe cold, either in the head, chest, back, stomach, limbs or any part of the body. It promptly relieves the most miserable headaches, dullness, head and nose stuffed up, feverishness, sneezing, sore throat, running of the nose, mucous catarrhal discharges, soreness, stiffness and rheumatic twinges. Take this wonderful Compound as directed, with the knowledge that there is nothing else in the world, which will cure your cold or end Gripe misery as promptly and without any other assistance or bad after-effects as a 3-cent package of Pape's Cold Compound, which any druggist can supply—accept no substitute—contains no quinine, belongs in every home. Tastes nice—acts gently.—Advertisement.

A LUCKY BUY

We bought under most fortunate conditions a big assortment of VELVET CORDS

The Old Fashioned English Corduroys

Which practically everybody wore in the British Isles half a century ago, and no fabric is more "en vogue" today.

SATURDAY, STARTING AT 10:00 A. M., Kilpatricks will offer 850 Yards, Made and Dyed by the World's Best Makers

26 inches wide, clear, inside the selvage; 3 shades of brown, light and medium and dark; 2 shades of navy, never more popular than now; 1 Wisteria, the really fashionable shade; 1 Hunter's green (such as the English use following the hounds); 2 black, abroad this year everyone wants one black skirt at least; 2 pure white, makes an exceedingly nobby suit—splendid for children's coats; 2 Taupe—elephant's breath—battleship grey or stone color. A free seller at \$1.00, for one day 69c only, yard

No move of ours has awakened greater interest with the mothers than the additions made in our Children's Section. Saturday, will sell coats for Children and Juniors of all ages, that is from 2 to 17 years—worth up as high as \$20 each, Saturday at 10 A. M., \$8.75 each.

Same Hour--Same Place

Hats for Children. All shapes, colors, sizes. Some were sold as high as \$10.00. What we mean is that similar hats were sold by us as high as that. Many of them \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$7.00, and some down as low as \$3.50—

Saturday—One American Dollar for Pick

The Turkey Has Arrived

Table spread in Center window—places set for Ak-Sar-Ben XVIII, His Gracious Consort Queen Elizabeth. General Welcome, Madame Prosperity, and dear little "Curly locks." Speaking of windows, have seen the Sterling frames for sale on Saturday at \$2.50 each. Bags in wondrous variety also in window \$5.00 for Saturday and a great five's worth. Aprons for everybody—Special sale Saturday \$6.50 down as low as—

25 Cents Each

THOS. KILPATRICK & CO.

HOME FURNITURE CO. SOUTH OMAHA

20% Below Omaha Prices--Not One Day But Every Day

Low Prices on Useful Holiday Presents

Advertisement for Bissell Carpet Sweeper. Includes image of a woman using the sweeper and text: "You should use a Bissell Carpet Sweeper on your carpets and rugs if you want to keep them clean and double their life."

Advertisement for rugs. Text: "Get Our Rug Prices. 9x12 Seamless Brussels at \$8.50. 9x12 Seamless Velvet at \$12. 9x12 Seamless Extra Velvet \$16. 9x12 Axminster Rugs at \$16. See our large line of Body Brussels and Wilton Rugs. Much below Omaha prices."

Advertisement for rockers. Text: "ROCKERS FOR EVERYBODY. Special holiday line upholstered Rockers, Turkish Imperial leather... \$11.00"

Advertisement for kitchen cabinets. Text: "Full car good Kitchen Cabinets just received, complete with tops—\$6.50 Up"

Advertisement for dining chairs. Text: "For \$13.50. We will sell you a set of six oak Dining Chairs, leather seats like cut."

Advertisement for sewing machines. Text: "High grade Sewing Machine, oak case, complete set of attachments—like cut \$14.00. Holiday Line of Ladies' Desks and Music Cabinets, in all sizes."

Advertisement for round table. Text: "Solid oak, 6-foot Round Table to match chairs... \$9.75"

Furniture Prices Will Positively Advance Next Spring

Everybody reads Bee want ads