



JUST INCIDENTAL AND ACCIDENTAL

Being Merely Little Quips and Jests About People You Know. Mostly Sent in over the Phone
But a Few Evolved from Dreams and Visions.

In a Far Country.

Councilman Mike Bauer returned a couple of weeks ago from his visit to the Fatherland. He confesses that after having visited with his good old mother, and renewed a few boyhood acquaintances, he began honing for the little old United States.

"I was walking up a busy street in Berlin one day," says Mr. Bauer, "when a man noticed that I was using a cigar lighter in a way to conflict with the rather strict regulations of that country. He stopped me and gave me a caution and then said:

"I judge you are from the United States."

"I said I was and added that I was from Lincoln, Nebraska.

"Why, I'm from Geneva," exclaimed my new found acquaintance. "I was born in Fillmore county. Do you know Frank Brown of Lincoln?"

"Sure," I said.

"Say, it was good to meet somebody from home, and we two stuck closer together than a cocklebur to a sheep's pelt after that. We were together in France, and we sailed for home on the same boat. And when we caught sight of the Statute of Liberty in New York harbor, and saw the old flag floating near by, we just shook hands, wiped a few tears from our eyes and declared with emphasis that there wasn't a prettier flag anywhere, nor a country half so great and neither is there any particular force in the good as this good old United States of ours."

Good Enough Mroagn.

Col. Al Sorensen of Omaha still continues his bushwa about being the will-be senator. The other day a friend who seems deficient in the sense of humor met Col. Sorensen on Farnam street and said:

"Al, you really don't stand any show of ever being senator from Nebraska. Why do you keep that sort of thing up so long?"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Colonel Sorensen. "Did you ever try to fill the columns of a weekly newspaper with bright stuff every week?"

"No, I never did," confessed the journalist's friend.

"Then that explains your fool question!" said Colonel Sorensen. "When I can't think of anything else to fill up I can always fill a lot of space with stuff about being the will-be senator."

Great Parade.

An inebriated individual who had accumulated his load by drinking the usual kill-at-forty-rods brand of whisky retailed by "bottleggers" in this drouth-stricken city, was weaving westward on O street the other evening, just as the ornamental street lights were turned on.

"B'gosh, here comes political proshession," murmured his jaglets. "Reg'lar old-fashioned torshlight parade. Guess I'll have t' watch it."

Leaning up against a letterbox his jaglets

watched the "parade" for quite a bit, then he balanced himself precariously on his unsteady legs, and started on with the remark:

"Won'ful prade. Ish already taken hour to pash given point an' still comin'. I gotter fin' out whosh candidate it th' club's b'oshin."

Statistical.

"I noticed your article about the Beatrice Creamery Co. having sold 5,000,000 pounds of butter in one sale," remarked Fred Kind the other day. "Having some little knowledge of figures I got out my pencil and went to work.

"Now I calculate that a pound of butter will butter 120 buskwheat cakes, and that buckwheat cakes, such as we get at the restaurants, will average about six to the inch in thickness. Therefore a pound of butter will lubricate just twelve inches of buckwheats. Five million pounds of butter would lubricate sixty million inches of buckwheats. That would be a stack of Meadow Gold lubricated buckwheats 947 miles high. If each cake averaged six inches in diameter this bunch of cakes would, if laid edge to edge in a straight line, reach 56,810 miles. This would put a girdle of cakes twice around the earth, and leave a few thousand miles of cakes over to form a bow-knot. There's something fascinating about this statistical game, especially when one is dealing with such a toothsome dainty as buckwheat cakes properly spread with Meadow Gold butter."

Digital Vociferation.

Here is a good story that is worth repeating, and it will be enjoyed by all lovers of the good ones, regardless of race, creed or color:

A couple of Hebrews started down town one bitterly cold morning, and found to their dismay that cars were not running. So they started off on their long walk, hands thrust in pockets and heads bent over to avoid the chilling wind. Not a word was said for several blocks, then Ikestein turned to Blockstein and said:

"Vy don't you said something. Blockstein?"

"Say it yourselluf an' freeze your own hands," growled Blockstein.

The Point of View.

"That good luck or ill luck depends wholly upon the point of view is illustrated by a true story," remarked Pell Barrows the other day. "Last Sunday in the game between the Antelopes and the Detroit Tigers at Capital Beach, Jack Thomas slammed the ball into deep left. 'Wild Bill' Donovan went after it. The ball lit near the fence and rolled nearer. There happened to be a hole under the fence. Just as Donovan

reached for the ball a boy's hand was thrust through the hole and grabbed it. The boy's hand was quickly withdrawn and Donovan was compelled to get back to position without it.

"Now that was a bit of luck for Jack, for it allowed him a home run. It was hard luck for Donovan, for it deprived him of an opportunity to hold Jack at third base."

Delayed in Transmission.

A few weeks ago Will Maupin's Weekly quoted Leo Soukup as a witness for the prosecution in the charge that the average Englishman is slow to catch the point of a joke, Soukup's partner, Truman, being used as an example. Now here is another one that Soukup tells on Truman, and says that Truman is the one who confessed it.

While an apprentice boy in a London institution years ago Truman was stricken with a severe toothache. The landlady where he roomed told him that rum held in the mouth would cure the ache, and kindly gave him a bottle of it. Truman wouldn't use liquor, but he had a roommate who would. The next morning the rum was gone, and Truman's roommate and declared that rum evaporated something frightful.

"Yes, sir," said Truman's roommate, "that rum just naturally evaporated last night. It's ust awful the way rum will evaporate."

Truman accepted the explanation. Just eight years later, while Truman was working in a shop in Baltimore, he suddenly laid down his tools and began laughing.

"What's the matter?" asked a fellow workman.

"Why, that fellow drank that rum!" shouted Truman.

Bartling for Governor

Unconsciously, perhaps, Senator Bartling has launched a rather promising gubernatorial boom for himself. Not only has he made a host of friends among the lovers of clean and healthy sport, but he has added to the hold he already had upon the organized wage earners of the state. Senator Bartling introduced the Sunday baseball bill and made a gallant fight for it. Had it not been for petty politics on the one side and on the other side an executive search for any old excuse to defeat the measure, it would have carried. That the bill meets with the approval of two-thirds of the people of the state is beyond question. In addition to making staunch friends of the lovers of the national game, Senator Bartling already has a host of friends in the ranks of organized labor. He is a member of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, and through his efforts the railroad men have secured several beneficial measures. Notable among these is the "service card" law and the sixteen-hour law. Senator Bartling is a virile upstanding young man of more than ordianry ability, who has a happy knack of making friends and holding them. He is going to be talked about in connection with the republican nomination for governor in 1912.