

Exhilarating Fun and Frolic at the Policemen's Picnic

It was the hottest day of the year to date, but more fun than a jolly lot of "coppers" could shake their sticks at. The outing of the Omaha Metropolitan Police Relief association at Sarpy Mills has passed into history as the merriest, happiest and most jovial spread of all.

The recent rains had swollen the creeks to overflowing and the grounds about the old mill were muddy, but not wet enough to dampen the enthusiasm of about a thousand picnickers with well filled lunch baskets who had left the busy city for an outing. More than 2,000 tickets had been sold, but the thousand who responded got their money's worth.

Buxom, rosy-cheeked girls with their best beaus were out for a good time and they didn't care who knew it. Some wore their prettiest summer dresses, with white stockings and white slippers, while others came in golf skirts and heavy shoes. The sandwich man had anticipated an abnormal thirst and guessed right the very first time by doing a rushing business in pink lemonade and brown soda pop with the youngsters, while a dozen kegs of the amber liquid failed to satisfy the thirst of the older crowd. As the sun climbed in the sky the collars and ties were cast aside and coats hung on the nearest tree.

After luncheon the athletic events were opened by the illustrious Daniel Baldwin, whom our artist has caught in a typical attitude. The fun began with a 100-yard dash, followed by a ladies' foot race, with a dozen vigorous girls lined up for fifty yards down the cinder path. Billy Kierstead almost burst a laughing when three of them got so tangled up in their skirts that they had to bite the dust. Dan Baldwin put the shot so far the rest couldn't reach him and Henry Dunn hit the bull's eye fifty-nine times out of a possible sixty, range fifty feet, with Captain Her second. Mrs. Creighton won the ladies' pistol shot with Mrs. Henry Dunn second. H. Weisenberg had the majority as the homeliest and jolliest policeman, little Miss Hattie Luckowitz capturing a cut glass dish from the girls.

Jake Rosenthal and Arthur Metz looked the sweetest, while Adam Morrell and Harry Haskell were much worried about the weather. Cora Beckwith wished for a cool, clear lake and Judge Cooley rushed the can. There were no fights, no accidents and nothing dull about it.

Bunch of Short Stories

A determined woman from the west visited Washington not long ago for the purpose of interviewing a member of the cabinet on a subject of interest to her. She called, as it happened, just at the time when the frauds in the Cuban postal department were made public and the majority of the president's advisers, absorbed in considering the matter, had given instructions that they were not to be disturbed.

"So you refuse to take my card to the secretary?" asked the determined woman of the messenger.

"It would be against my orders and I don't dare to," replied the messenger, politely.

The visitor turned away in high dudgeon,

but a happy thought occurred to her and she retraced her steps. "Here, my man," she said, insinuatingly, "here is 50 cents. Now will you take my card in?"

"I'm paid a bigger salary than that to keep your card out, madam," responded the darky, shaking his head.

Mr. Reed's contempt for the senate was well known and has been widely commented upon, relates the New York Tribune. Apropos of this the following story was told at one of the New York up-town clubs the other night:

Just before the adjournment of the last congress in which Mr. Reed served as speaker he was approached by a member who begged to be recognized that he might call up a certain measure in which he was interested.

"I would not ask you," explained the member, "but the bill is all right and passed the senate without a dissenting voice."

"Did it, really?" asked Mr. Reed, scornfully. "Well, then, that's the very reason it should not pass the house," and it did not pass at that session.

"It was during the silver and gold campaign of 1896," says a writer in the July Success, "that an Indiana congressman came home from a tour of speechmaking for Mr. McKinley. He was glad to get home to his vine-clad cottage; glad to get away from



"RING AROUND THE CHIEF OF POLICE"—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.



BELLE OF THE POLICEMEN'S PICNIC—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.



TWENTY MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

the never-ending discussion of the coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. He wanted to be free from the hated question, for a week at least.

"His 5-year-old girl, a winsome and intelligent miss, ran to meet him, leaving her playmate at the gate. This playmate was the 4-year-old daughter of a democratic neighbor, an active politician named Schultz.

"Oh, papa," said the congressman's daughter, clasping his neck, "I have something dreadful to tell you!"

"Why, what is it, my dear?" he replied, tenderly patting her head. "You haven't hurt yourself, have you?"

"Oh, no; it's worse than that."

"You're mamma's all right, ain't she?"

"Yes, yes; but this is something awful; I hate to tell you."

"But you must tell me or I shall be frightened. There, there, don't cry; tell me the worst at once."

"The little one dried her eyes and, bending to his ear, whispered, tragically: 'Babe Schultz is for silver!'"

When Mr. Putnam was the head of the public library in Boston, relates Collier's Weekly, a ward leader of that city called on him to recommend a henchman for a place in the library.

There was no reason why the librarian should not have refused at once and peremptorily to appoint him, but he chose to follow another course.

After a few minutes' talk with the politi-

cian, Mr. Putnam asked him whether he had ever been through all the departments of the institution.

"I never have, but I'd like to see it," replied the politician.

"It will give me much pleasure to go with you," said Mr. Putnam.

Mr. Putnam took him behind the counters and through the building from top to bottom, explaining the character and the magnitude of the work in detail. He further pointed out, without seeming to do so, the varied duties of the employees and the attainments they must possess to do the work. When the tour was ended, Mr. Putnam said: "I'm pleased to have had a chance to show the library to you and if your friend will fill out an application blank and send it, and if he passes the necessary examination, I think there will be no difficulty in placing his name on the waiting list."

The politician, however, had seen enough of library work to convince him that his constituent could find no place on the staff and the blank was never filled out. But, to the day he left Boston, Mr. Putnam had no warmer admirer in that city than this ward leader.

Told Out of Court

Texas has a Solomon in the person of Justice I. P. Franklin of Brownville, known to the inhabitants as "Josey." Recently two women, next-door neighbors, came before

the court, each claiming ownership to a hen worth about 25 cents. "Josey" heard the evidence and reserved decision. That evening at sunset he appeared with the duly accredited officers of the court and with the subject of debate shut in a box in the road before the houses of the claimants. Just at roosting time he turned Biddy loose; she shook her feathers and made straight for her own perch. "You get the hen," said "Josey" to the successful claimant, "and I assess you \$5 costs, judgment suspended until you come into court again."

"What makes you think that he is insane?" said one Detroit attorney to another, who were discussing their client in a heart-to-heart talk.

"Why, the idiot actually wanted to plead guilty."

A horse from a livery stable died soon after it was returned and the man who hired it was sued for damages. The question turned largely upon the reputation of the defendant as a hard rider, reports Collier's Weekly.

The stable boy was called as the first witness.

"How does the defendant usually ride?"

"Astraddle, sir."

"No, no," said the lawyer. "I mean, does he usually walk, or trot, or gallop?"

"Well," said the witness, apparently searching in the depths of his memory for facts, "when he rides a walkin' horse, he walks; when he rides a 'trottin' horse, he trots; and when he rides a gallopin' horse, he gallops; when—"

The lawyer interposed: "I want to know at what pace the defendant usually goes—fast or slow?"

"Well," said the witness, "when his company rides fast, he rides fast; and when his company rides slow, he rides slow."

"Now, I want to know, sir," the lawyer said, drawing a long breath, "how the defendant rides when he is alone?"

"Well," said the witness, very slowly, "when he was alone I warn't there, so I don't know."

There must be truth in this story, for it is told in the Free Press by a veracious Detroit lawyer who was in northern Alabama looking at some of the rich mineral lands located there.

"Am yo' guilty o' not guilty?" asked the colored justice of the peace, whose head looked like a cotton ball and whose eyes glared sternly at the prisoner over a big pair of steel-framed spectacles.

"Not guilty, sah," responded the prisoner. "I neber did lif' dem tu'keys, you' honah."

It was clearly shown that he had stolen the turkeys, but the defense went right to work putting up one of the most remarkable alibis on record. Seven men, all living in different parts of the section, made



JUDGE JULIUS S. COOLEY IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.



WOMAN'S 50-YARD DASH—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.



DAN BALDWIN—MASTER OF CEREMONIES AT THE POLICEMEN'S PICNIC—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.