

Short Stories of Life as We See It

A sporty young gentleman of the city who drives a dainty runabout, which is the envy of the other young men of his set, reports the Memphis Scimitar, was driving down Main street the other day, when he nearly ran over a six-foot countryman.

The countryman caught the bit and sat the horse upon its haunches without a parent effort, and then complacently remarked to the driver:

"Sonny, you had better be careful how you drive that doll buggy of your'n. If I hadn't collared this here horse you would a run that thing into me and smashed it all to kindling."

Former Judge Henry E. Howland has a deservedly high reputation as an after-dinner speaker, says the New York Mail. It is his practice to connect five minutes of serious talk with twenty-five minutes of story-telling. All his stories are apropos, and most of them are new. At the dinner of St. David's society the other night, the judge was in a happy vein. The anecdote which was received with the greatest laughter was that of the little boy who was

part of the city editor's remarks as his text and acted upon them. He promptly went to an asylum, had himself thoroughly examined by three or four alienists and secured from them an official certificate to the fact that he was sane. With this he appeared at the office of his paper the next day, and, entering at the city editor's sanctum, he slapped it down before his astonished and dismayed superior.

"Now, you go and get one," was his only comment, and for once that city editor capitulated.

In a drug store not many hundred yards from the capitol, relates the Albany Journal, is employed a clerk, who on tomorrow night will have been just three weeks learning how to mix soda, in anticipation of the summer rush of business in that particular line. He is an apt student of things pertaining to the drug business, and according to his employer, he does just as he is told. His employer told him when he came to work that if anybody ever asked for anything that he didn't keep he was to say, "We're just out of —, but we have something just as good." The young man caught on exactly. Yesterday afternoon a young woman entered the store and inquired of the new clerk:

"Have you any postage stamps?"
"No, ma'am, we're just out of postage stamps, but we have something just as good."

While it is generally admitted by the sculptors of Washington that the equestrian statue of General Logan is a fine piece of work, there are those outside the ranks of the artists who find fault with it. Franklin Simmons, the sculptor, has had the doubtful pleasure of hearing about as frank a criticism of his production as he could ever wish to have made, relates the Washington Times. The critic was an officer in the army, one who had known General Logan during his lifetime quite well. At the close of the ceremonies of unveiling Mr. Simmons approached the officer and asked him what he thought of the statue.

"That hat is tilted too far over his nose," replied the officer. "It is too low in the crown. No one ever saw a cavalry officer carry his sword like that, off to one side, and one leg is longer than the other."

With these blunt comments the officer walked away.

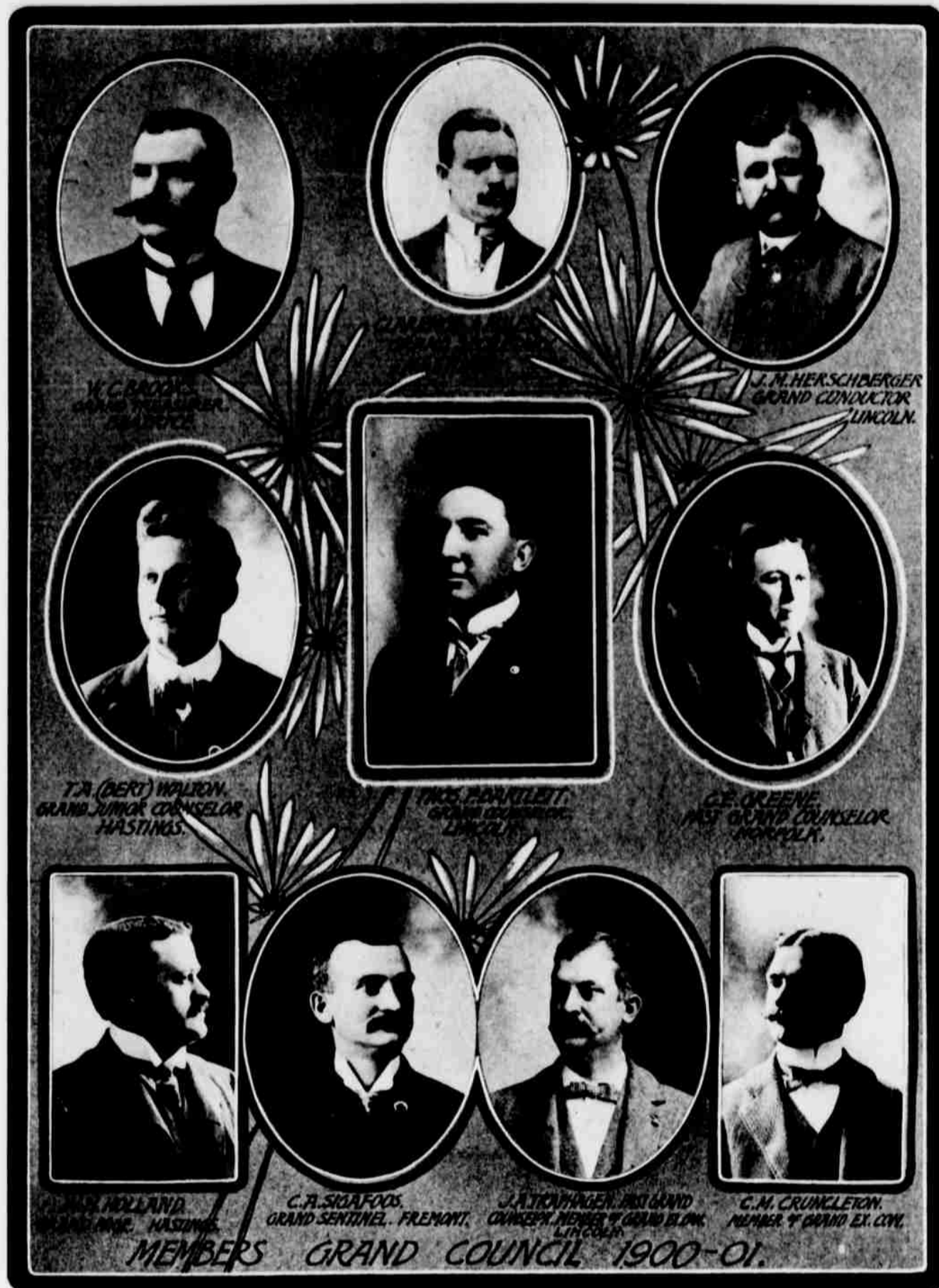
Anecdotes of Horace Greeley are not very numerous these days, but here is one that is thoroughly characteristic of the man and has never before been told: Offended by a pungent article that had appeared in the columns of the New York Tribune, a gentleman called at that office and inquired for the editor. He was shown into a small sanctum, where Horace Greeley sat, with his head close down to his paper, writing very rapidly. The man began by saying: "Is this Mr. Greeley?" "Yes, sir; what do you want?" said the editor quickly, without looking up from his paper. The irate visitor then began using his tongue, with no reference to the rules of propriety, good breeding or reason. Mr. Greeley meanwhile continued to write. Page after page was finished with no change of features and without the slightest attention being paid to the visitor.

Finally after the most impassioned scolding ever poured out in an editor's office the angry man became disgusted and abruptly turned to leave the room. Then for the first time Mr. Greeley quickly looked up, rose from his chair and, slapping the gentleman familiarly on his shoulder, in a pleasant tone of voice said: "Don't go,

friend; sit down, sit down and free your mind; it will do you good—you will feel better for it. Besides, it helps me to think what I am to write about. Don't go."

In China

Detroit Journal: The dowager empress was in a droll mood today.
"A note from the German emperor!" announced the chamberlain.
"A Billy doux!" observed her majesty.
"And a note from the United States!"
"A Yankee Doodle doux!" cried this remarkable woman, while gales of merriment swept over the servile court.



UNITED COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS' GRAND COUNCIL FOR NEBRASKA.

United Commercial Travelers' Meeting

One of our illustrations this week is a group picture of the officers of the grand council of Nebraska of the Order of the United Commercial Travelers of America. This council was organized on February 6, 1898, at Lincoln, with about 150 members, represented by five subordinate councils, namely: Beatrice, Lincoln, Hastings, Omaha and Norfolk. Grand Island and Fremont councils have since been added to the list. The present membership in good standing is something over 600. The first meeting of this grand council in Omaha will occur on Friday and Saturday of the coming week. The attendance will not be confined to the Nebraska jurisdiction alone, for the reason that a large number of United Commercial Traveler men from the adjacent jurisdictions have signified their intention to be present. These will all be the guests of Omaha council No. 118, and many women are expected also to be present, as a special invitation has been sent out by the local council for all members of the grand council to bring their wives, sisters and sweethearts with them, promising them special entertainment and a good time generally during their two days' visit in Omaha.

Altogether there will be probably 1,000 gentlemen and women in attendance at this meeting. The local council has appointed a number of committees to take care of the work of preparation and arrange a program that will combine both business and pleasure for all who attend.

The business session will be held in the Royal Arcanum hall in The Bee building on Friday and Saturday, both forenoon and afternoon, and at the last named session the members of Fremont council will initiate a large class of candidates. There will be a banquet at the Paxton hotel Friday evening and a theater party at the Orpheum on Saturday evening.

The traveling men of Omaha are arranging several little surprises for the delegates

who will be in attendance, which do not appear on the official program, but which will be greatly enjoyed and appreciated, perhaps all the more for the reason that they were sprung in the nature of a surprise. The subordinate lodges are all responding enthusiastically to the official invitation they have received and they are promising a large attendance, much in excess of that at any previous grand council of the state. The headquarters of the grand council will be at the Millard hotel, and all the hotels will be overflowing with traveling men during the grand council session.

Got the Senator's Hat

Among the stories that are retailed in the cloak room of the senate when that body is in session at Washington is one of how William H. Crane, the actor, put the finishing touches upon his great character study, "The Senator."

"As you well know," said one of the group, "Crane took his character almost directly from Senator Plumb of Kansas. Crane had just started out with 'The Senator' and had opened in Washington. We had all seen the performance and liked it immensely. But I thought I saw one defect. Crane wore a high silk hat, which was not at all, according to my thinking, in keeping with the imitation of Plumb, who always wore the characteristic broad-brimmed felt hat of the southerner. One evening when Crane, Ingalls, Plumb and myself happened to be dining together I remarked to Crane about the matter of the high hat.

"You really ought not to wear it, for it is not in keeping with the character," said I. "You ought to wear one like Plumb's."

"Crane did not say much in answer, but when we arose from the table he reached out for Plumb's hat and calmly put it on. Leaving his own hat for Plumb, Crane went off down the street with the old felt affair jammed down over his forehead. The senator was too surprised to offer objection. The next night Crane appeared on the stage with Plumb's hat on his head and thereafter wore it at every performance."



TRAVELING COSTUME FOR A GIRL OF TEN YEARS.

considerably puzzled by the theory of evolution. One day he said to his mother: "Mamma, am I descended from a monkey?" "I don't know," she answered; "I never met any of your father's people."

Among the duties of the city editor of a great daily fell the lot to take to task one of his reporters, relates the New York Tribune. The reporter in question was an Englishman, slow of thought and action and miserly of speech. Through the trade to which he was subjected he said nothing and when it finally ended he left the presence of his superior without any comment. But, as the result proved, he did some tall thinking.

City editors, when "riled," as is well known, are not particularly choice or economical in the language they bestow on their unfortunate reporters, and among other things the Englishman had been told that he was no better than—in fact, was—a crazy man, and that his proper habitat was a lunatic asylum and not the hall bedroom of a Chicago boarding house which he occupied. The Englishman took this



ARBOR DAY EXERCISES AT CASS SCHOOL.