



WAITING ORDER TO FALL IN.



PORT ARMS.



OUT FOR A PRACTICE MARCH.

MILLARD RIFLES OF OMAHA THE BABY COMPANY OF THE NEBRASKA NATIONAL GUARD PHOTOS BY A STAFF ARTIST



AT PARADE REST



UNTO THAT WILL NEVER CALL RETREAT



CAPT. BAUGHMAN LIBUT. STAFFORD LIBUT. RICHARDS



CHARGE OVER A HILL

Gleanings from the Story Tellers' Pack

THE banquet tendered Ambassador Choate by the Lotus club, New York, Mark Twain worked off this story: "A firm of lawyers—we'll say Mr. Choate was one of the members of the firm, the other partner being a Hebrew, Mr. Choate's co-respondent—were talking one day over the amount they would charge a client for their services—services is what they call it. The Hebrew drew up a bill for \$500 and Mr. Choate said: 'You'd better let me attend to that.' And the next day Mr. Choate handed him a check for \$5,000, saying: 'That's your share of the loot.' Then this humble Hebrew gentleman in admiration said: 'Almost thou persuaded me to become a Christian.' And the world said: 'This is a rising man. We must save him from the law. He should be a diplomat.' The world looked beneath this anecdote and reasoned that a man who could thus take care of his private interests could well look after the commercial interests of a growing country of 70,000,000."

At the same gathering Senator Depew told a story that was about a dinner given in New York some years ago to the earl of Aberdeen, governor general of Canada and head of the Clan Gordon. The earl attended in full regalia, "the wearing of which," said the senator, "consists of leaving off some articles of dress we deem quite essential. At the dinner," he continued, "I sat on the earl's right. Choate was next to me. Just after the earl seated himself Choate whispered to me: 'Chauncey, are Aberdeen's legs really bare?' I raised the tablecloth cautiously and gave that scratch that all Scotchmen appreciate and said: 'Yes, Joe, they are.' When Choate got up to speak he said: 'Gentlemen, my invitation did not convey to me the information that the earl of Aberdeen was to be here tonight in full regalia. If I had known it I would have left my trousers at home.' Well, you

never saw a madder crowd of Scotchmen. They thought it a reflection on the national costume of the earl, who had done the honors the honor to appear in it. Well, four years have passed since then and now the earl regards that as a joke and tells it at least once a day, 365 days in the year."

The torn and tattered remnant of a confederate regiment one day, toward the close of the war, was lined up by its colonel and told that the commanding general was to pay a "visit of inspection" on the following day. The soldiers were admonished to "do their prettiest," relates the Baltimore Sun.

"Just brace up as though your clothes were brand new uniforms and as though you had the best on earth to eat and plenty of it. We haven't any bugles left, but Smith there has got a drum and it's a plumb fine one—big as a barrel. Now, Smith, when I give you the word tomorrow you let her go for all she's worth." Thus spoke the colonel.

The next day came the general to "inspect" the poor, half-starved fighters, and as he appeared in the distance the colonel gave the order to "line up." As the commanding officer drew near the colonel shouted, "Now, Smith, let her go!" and turned to salute the general.

But not a note came from the big barrel drum.

The colonel, red in the face, turned toward the drummer and again shouted his order for "music."

But still the drum remained as mute as the harp of Tara's hall fame.

"Furried at this open disobedience of orders, and in the presence of the commanding officer, too, the colonel rode down the line, and, as he reached the refractory drummer, cried out:

"Say, Smith, what in — and — do you mean by not beating that blankety-blank drum?"

"I can't, colonel," whispered Smith.

"The old drum is full of chickens and half of 'em are for you."

The colonel paused but a moment before he shouted so that the general and the soldiers might hear:

"All right, Smith, but if you were too sick to play the — drum, why in — and — didn't you say so?"

One day last week, relates the San Francisco Wave, a Berkeley student in one of Prof. L. Dupont Syle's classes came into the recitation room so late that the English teacher made a mild remonstrance at the extreme tardiness of the young man.

"Professor," replied the young fellow in excusing himself, "my watch was slow. I shall have no faith in it after this."

"My dear fellow," said Syle, "what you need is not faith, but works."

When Fitzhugh Lee was governor of Virginia, relates the Saturday Evening Post, he responded to an invitation to attend a reunion of veterans in one of the cities of Florida. He went to a fashionable hotel, expecting to have to pay a fancy price for accommodations, but not prepared for the staggering rates he found framed on the door of his apartments.

"I was not, at that time, in a position to incur extravagant expenses," he says, "and the only way that I could see out of my predicament was to go to the clerk and state that an unexpected matter of pressing importance demanded my immediate return to Richmond. This program I carried out, and then, bracing myself, asked how much my bill was.

"Your bill?" said the hotel man. "Why, you don't owe us anything. It's an honor for this hotel to have the governor of Virginia as a guest and we could not think of accepting pay from you."

"No, there wasn't much romance about Ephraim, said the postmaster, stroking his beard thoughtfully. Ephraim had been the great man of the town, relates Youth's

Companion, and his death the day before had called out reminiscences to which the postmaster seemed anxious to contribute. "I don't s'pose if you'd biled Ephraim or put him under the stone breaker you could have drawn a tear out of him. Never saw him laugh. Likely enough he never kissed his wife or one of his children.

"And yet he wasn't a hard man. I cal'late he often cried or laughed inside, but 'twasn't his way to show it. And he was a natural-born business man, up and down, top to toe, and that partly accounts for it, too. 'D'ye ever hear how he popped to Aunt Eleanor, his wife? Happens I know, because she and my wife was cousins, and the per-seed'n tickled Eleanor so't she had to tell of it.

"Ephraim wasn't ever a talkative feller, and he didn't go around much with the other young folks. Jest stayed home and tended to his knittin' work, as it ware, but he was well thought of by everybody and Eleanor and her pa and ma always made him welcome.

"So he came in sort o' casual one p'tic'lar Sat'day night and sat around as usual, puttin' in a word now and then till Eleanor's pa went out to see a sick cow he had and Eleanor's ma started off up chamber somewhere. And then Ephraim speaks up all at once and he says:

"'I'd kind o' like to marry you, Eleanor,' says he.

"'Sho!' says she. 'Would ye?' She was dumbfounded and couldn't think of anything else to say.

"'Yes, I would,' says he. He never moved out of his chair, but he looked her right square in the eye, real friendly. 'I've got a place o' my own, ye know—rented, but I can take it back 'most any time—and \$250 out on interest, and enough besides to stock the place. I make ye an offer,' he says, 'and I'll hold it open for ye till next Sat'day night.'

"Eleanor was starin' at him all the time, mind ye, with her mouth open. And before she could get any word to put into it, 'It's time I was gettin' along home,' Ephraim

says, 'so I'll bid ye good night, Eleanor.

"Well, that was all there was to it. First off, Eleanor was mad at his makin' an offer so-fashion, an' leavin' it open jest sech a time, 's though he'd been dickerin' for a yoke of steers. But when she came to think it over she realized it was only Ephraim's way and she believed he liked her, and she knew she liked him, and so she took him up, and neither of 'em was ever sorry for it.

"No, Ephraim didn't make lowe romantic—no gettin' down on his knees and writtin' poetry and sech-like doin's. But if you ever see a woman better provided for and more uplifted and more waited on by inches than Aunt Eleanor was, I'd like to have ye p'int her out.

"Actions speak louder'n words, they say, and I cal'late that's true. There's women in this town would be willin' to forget they was married if they could be treated like human bein's now."

It was a long ride through a desolate and dangerous country, reports the Philadelphia North American, and the politician sought to relieve the monotony by philosophic musings on his recent victory and embarrassments that even success brings.

"Hold up your hands!"

The stage coach gave a lurch and stopped. The ray of light that shot into the vehicle turned the spattering rain into myriads of evanescent gems.

"What do you want?" asked the politician, with a firmness that showed that he had faced danger before.

"Your money."

"Here it is."

"Your watch and diamond ring."

"They are yours."

"I must say yer good-natured, anyhow," said one of the highwaymen.

"Not at all. Are you sure that's all you desire?"

"What in thunder did you think we wanted?"

"I was afraid"—and the politician's voice trembled a little—"you wanted an office."