



# Random Stories

## Hit or Miss



**A**N Atchison man tells the Globe about his uncle, an Irishman, who suddenly became rich. The first thing he did was to buy the best pew in the church. When Sunday rolled around the Irishman walked grandly down the aisle, carrying a silk hat and elegant overcoat. He found two strange women occupying his pew. "Come out," he said, imperiously. The women were very much shocked, and walked out, their heads hanging in shame. "Now, then, ladies," the Irishman said, "oblige me by walking back. I just wanted to show you who owned this pew."

### It Was a Stunner.

The following conversation was overheard the other day between two small street Arabs in London:

Bill—I say, 'Array, where's James?  
'Array—James? 'Aven't yer 'eard? James is dead.  
'James dead! Wotever did 'e die of?  
'Well, it was like this, yer see; James, 'e went to a party, and James 'e 'ad six 'elpings of meat, five 'elpings of pudding and three bottles of ginger pop, and wen 'e went 'ome, why James—James, 'e died.  
'Lor! Wot a 'eavingly death!"

### Short and Expressive.

One of the local public school teachers, reports the Washington Star, insists that her pupils shall keep abreast of the times by reading the newspapers every day, and in order to learn if her directions are carried out interrogates the members of the class each morning the school is in session regarding events of general interest.

"What is the name applied to the situation when a man has more than two wives?" Inquired the teacher recently, having in mind the protests against Reed Smoot being allowed to retain his seat in the United States senate.

Nearly all the children present raised their hands, each eager to reply.

"Polygamy," answered the child designated.

"Correct," commented the teacher, very much pleased. "Now, who can tell me the name applied when a man has two wives?"

The raising of hands was not so general, but the pupil called on was rewarded with "That is right" when he replied: "Bigamy."

"Now," added the teacher, "what is the name applied to the situation when a man has only one wife?"

After a long pause a solitary hand was hesitatingly raised.

"Well," suggested the teacher to the lone volunteer, "tell the class what is the word to which I refer."

"Monotony."

### St. Peter "Shows" the Judge.

Judge Spencer, general solicitor for the Burlington road in Missouri, has a reputation among railroad operators on Wall street of being an ardent defender of Missouri, at all times. While a guest of the Omaha club on a recent visit to the Nebraska metropolis, friends who knew his failing began to ridicule Missouri.

"I reckon I'll have to tell you fellows about a dream I had not long since," said the judge, finally. "I dreamed I went to heaven, and that St. Peter showed me all over the place. What surprised me most was a group of men chained to the wall in a prominent place.

"St. Peter," I said, finally, "I've been looking at those fellows chained to the wall for a long time. It seems strange you

should have to chain men up in heaven. I'd be obliged if you'd tell me the reason for it."

"Bless you," answered St. Peter quickly, "the reason is plain enough. Those men are from Missouri, and chaining is the only way to prevent them from returning."—New York Times.

### Didn't Like the Password.

In spite of its annoying features, an amusing incident occurred in connection with a review of Pennsylvania state troops by ex-Governor Pattison and General Guthrie. The governor and adjutant general had been outside the lines one night, and when they returned it was raining cats and dogs. The sergeant halted them for the countersign and General Guthrie gave it, "Chattanooga." The sergeant promptly pronounced this wrong, and the corporal of the guard was called. He, too pronounced "Chattanooga" incorrect, in spite of General Guthrie's assertion that he gave it out that evening. Then a lieutenant was summoned, and with the same result. All this time the rain was coming down in torrents and the two dignitaries were thoroughly drenched. Finally the officer of the guard was produced, and General Guthrie gave him "Chattanooga." "That was the countersign early in the evening, general, but I didn't like it and so substituted 'Antietam' as being more euphonious." The aesthetic young man sought for euphony in the guardhouse for the rest of that night.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### A Green Hand.

President Hill of the Great Northern tells a story illustrative of the way in which American workmen cherish the standards of their handicraft. He believes this zeal in upholding ideals of what constitutes good work permeates all classes.

With one of the section gangs of the Great Northern a raw recruit was set to work cutting weeds and cleaning up the right-of-way. The man worked hard, but, of course, was subjected to critical attention on the part of the rest of the gang.

The division superintendent happening that way, talked to the foreman.

"Pat, how's the new man?" was asked. "Oh, he's all right on straight worruk," was the reply, "but when it comes to trimmin' up 'round a telegraph pole he ain't in it, at all, at all."—Philadelphia Post.

### Chance Not to Be Overlooked.

Senator Cullom has this story to tell of two young friends of his living in Chicago who began their respective careers as physician and lawyer at the same time.

One day the youthful doctor rushed into the room he shared with his lawyer friend and exclaimed:

"Congratulations me, old man! At last I have a patient! On my way to see him now!"

"Delighted to hear it, old chap!" replied the other, enthusiastically. Then, after a pause, he slyly added:

"Let me go with you. Perhaps he hasn't made his will!"—New York Times.

### The Preacher's Treat.

A Coffeyville minister, who is an enthusiast with rod and gun, went down to Choctaw lake the other day.

"Hey, there!" he called to the man who had a lease on the premises, "do you care if I shoot a little on the lake?"

The native spat vigorously, sized the parson up, and said:

"Well, I alius treats them right what treats me right."

"Well, that's a good policy and ought to win," approved the divine. "I would certainly not abuse any privileges extended to me."

"All right," responded the farmer. "Got anything to drink?"—Coffeyville (Kan.) Journal.

### Natural Inference.

Miss Gladys Deacon, the American girl whose originality keeps her in the public eye, amazed a scientist whom she met recently at a London dinner party.

The scientist narrated in great detail to the girl a series of experiments he was conducting with the microphone.

"The microphone," he explained, "magnifies sounds to the ear as the microscope magnifies objects to the eye. The footfalls of a centipede, heard through the microphone, resembles a tattoo on a kettledrum. The dropping of a pin is like the report of a cannon."

"That is very interesting and odd," said Miss Deacon.

"This afternoon," resumed the scientist, "I caught a fly and studied its note. The note resembled the neighing of a horse."

"Perhaps," said the young girl, "it was a horsefly."—Boston Post.

### One Look Sufficient.

The other day when Charles Renner was on trial in the criminal court at St. Joseph, Mo., for highway robbery, Grant Lawhorn, a bartender, was called to the witness stand. "Did you have a revolver on you that night?" asked A. W. Brewster, one of Renner's attorneys. "I did," answered Lawhorn. "Where is it now?" "I still have it." "Well, where is it?" persisted the lawyer. "Well," replied the witness, hesitatingly, "I've got it here," and he reached down into his hip pocket and drew forth a pistol that looked to the court and spectators a yard long, and held it toward the lawyer. "Here, here," yelled Judge Castell, perceptibly sliding down the chair, while Brewster ducked; "put that thing up, Mr. Sheriff, for heaven's sake take that weapon." The curiosity of the attorney for the defense was entirely satisfied.

### Extending a Welcome.

"Tom Turner and I boarded at the same shack in a raw western camp one winter," said Senator Clark the other day. "We paid a big price and got mighty little for our money. One day Tom came home with two or three fingers (lengthwise) of liquid courage under his vest, and said something about the money the landlady must be making out of us."

"Why, Mr. Turner," said she, indignantly, "I am barely keeping the wolf from the door."

"Well," Tom responded recklessly, "if that's what you're trying to do, just open the door and invite him in to dinner once. I'll bet he'll never come within four miles of the place again."—Brooklyn Eagle.

### A Soothing Interrogation.

Senator Bailey of Texas is responsible for this story, which is going the rounds of the railroad offices down town:

Not very long ago an ex-member of the Texas railroad commission was visited by a representative of a certain railroad corporation which wanted the support of the commission in the matter of certain franchises and land grants then in the courts.

"And I shall be glad to let you have, say, 1,000 shares of stock, if all goes well," said the visitor in conclusion.

The commissioner was indignant. "That, suh," said he, "is an insult. It is an insult,

suh, that you shall pay dearly for. I want you to understand, suh, that I am not to be bought. You shall pay for that word, suh!"

"How much?" said the visitor coolly. The commissioner paused. The question took him unawares. Then a smile came over his face, and he answered: "Well, suh, I can't say just exactly how much, but if you tell me what the stock is worth, suh, it might help me to find out!"

And history says the franchises are now "O. K."—New York Times.

### He Found the Trouble.

In an address that he recently delivered on the labor question, W. Bourke Cockran told a story of his boyhood.

"I was born in Ireland," he said, "and in Ireland I obtained a part of my education. I remember well the school I attended, and I remember well a school fellow of mine named Michael, a lad who was always talking about trouble and always looking for it. We are on the question of trouble now, and therefore in Michael's experience it may be that there is something to profit us."

Michael boasted constantly that the master was afraid to flog him. Why? Oh, because his father had said that if a hand was ever laid upon the boy there would be trouble. But one day Michael misbehaved, and the flogging due was not long in coming.

"The boy went home indescribably enraged. He sought out his father."

"Father," he said, "didn't you say that if the schoolmaster ever licked me there would be trouble?"

"I did," the father answered.

"Well, I was licked today, and only for throwing paper pellets about the room."

"The father frowned.

"I never fall, my son, to keep a promise," he said. "There is going to be trouble. Fetch the strap."—New York Tribune.

### Dissect.

At an army post less than a thousand miles from Governors Island there is a non-commissioned officer of German birth whose wife is of even more pronounced German speech than he. Enjoying her privilege of trading at the post exchange, this lady called for talcum powder.

"Oh, yes," made answer the attentive attendant. "Mennen's?"

"Nein, Vimmen's."—New York Times.

### Elopers Outwitted.

With the supposed form of his sweetheart in his arms, Eddie C. Rowerly, a Baltimore & Ohio railroad telegraph operator at Farmington, O., descended a ten-foot ladder from a window at the home of James Hagerty. When terra firma was reached instead of a lover's kiss he faced a loaded revolver in the hands of an irate father.

In company with Miss Dayton young Rowerly cautiously proceeded to the Hagerty residence, and Miss Dayton placed a ladder to the girl's window. Young Rowerly mounted to the window, and taking the form heavily wrapped in a cloak started to descend the ladder. The prospective groom was radiantly happy for only a short period.

As they reached the ground the cloak was thrown off and the father of the girl, with pistol in hand, stood before the frightened lover, who took to his heels with his companion, and nothing has since been heard of the pair. Hagerty had been apprised of the scheme, and succeeded in outwitting the plans of the lovers.

