



Random Stories Hit or Miss



The Merger Governor.

GOVERNOR S. R. VAN SANT of Minnesota tells a story of his experience with a tall, lank resident of Otter Tail county who walked into his office recently, and, accidentally meeting him at the door of the private executive office, asked for the governor. Governor Van Sant is somewhat less than average height, stockily built and round. His appearance is that of a prosperous business man.

"You the governor?" the visitor asked.
"Yes," Governor Van Sant responded.
"You fit the merger?" the man asked, doubtfully.

"Our state was concerned in the fight," the governor replied.

"Well," the stranger retorted, "I walked in ninety-one miles to get a look at you. I jes' want to say, though, that if that merger had ever got a look at you they wouldn't ever been any victory. They'd a jes' stomped 'long about their business. You ain't big enough to buck even a wood saw."

Sized It Up.

A story is told in the house democratic cloakrooms of Representative Bankhead's appearance at one of the registration places of Alabama. He found the registration officials busily engaged in ascertaining a negro's qualifications for exercising the right of suffrage. One of the requisites, under the new constitution, is ability to read or interpret any part of that document.

Mr. Bankhead was standing at one side, observing the proceeding, when a registration official approached in great perplexity. "Mr. Bankhead," said he, "this is a very smart negro. We have asked him every question we can think of. He answers them all. Can you suggest anything?"

"Why don't you ask him to explain a writ of certiorari?" responded the astute Alabama member.

That was done. The negro scratched his head for a time, very much in doubt what to say.

"Deed, boss," he finally replied. "I guess you've done got me. I doan know what dat is 'cept it be something to keep a nigger from voting."—Washington Post.

Calls for the Cook.

Mark Twain and W. D. Howells were one day lunching in a cafe in New York. Two overdressed young men entered, and the first said in a loud voice: "Waiter, bring me some bisque of lobster, a bottle of wine and a chop. Just mention my name to the cook, too, so that everything will be done to my liking." The second young man said: "Bring me some sole with peas, and tell the cook who it's for." Mr. Twain gave his order a moment later. He said in a loud voice: "Bring me a half dozen oysters, and mention my name to each of them."

Equal to the Emergency.

"I have just found the especial difference between the Boston & Albany railroad and the road of which I'm president," said President Charles S. Mellen of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad. "A friend of mine who lives in Springfield, Mass., has shown me the difference. He says that the New York, New Haven & Hartford sells a ticket bearing the words 'Good in either direction,' while the Boston & Albany does nothing of the sort. If the ticket says Worcester to Springfield, the traveler may go from Worcester to Springfield, but not from Springfield to Worcester."

My friend said that a good woman of his acquaintance once got the better of the conductor when she found herself going in the opposite direction from which the ticket read. The conductor insisted that she pay fare, because her ticket bore the words 'Springfield to Worcester,' when the woman was traveling from the latter place to Springfield.

"You are going the wrong way," insisted the conductor. "Your ticket's no good. You should be heading in the other direction."

"The woman shut her lips tightly and the conductor passed on, remarking that she could think it over and he would collect her fare the next time he came through. The next time he came through he found the woman still holding out the refused ticket, but she had turned her seat over and was facing the opposite direction."—New York Times.

On His Mind.

Someone asked Representative Watson what he had on his mind.

"That reminds me," said Mr. Watson, "of a story I heard about the vice presidency. One day Adlai E. Stevenson, when he was vice president, was walking along the street and one passerby remarked to another:

"There goes the vice president."
"The vice president, eh?" retorted the man addressed. "Well, he doesn't appear much different from other men. He seems to wear about the same sized shoes, and about the same sized hat. In fact, he doesn't look as if he had anything in the world on his mind except the health of the president."—Washington Post.

Outside His District.

During a recent visit of James Hamilton Lewis, formerly a member of the house, to Washington, he told this yarn as illustrating the inability of the average congressman to give consideration to anything outside his jurisdiction.

"There was once a western member," says Mr. Lewis, "who was strolling in the moonlight with the young woman whom he had just asked to become his wife.

"The member was too full for utterance, but the young woman was disposed to give vent to her sentimental thoughts. Pointing to the stars above them, the young woman said:

"See those beautiful stars! Then, soulfully, she added: 'Have you ever reflected that they may be worlds such as ours?'"

"Yes," replied the member; "some such thought has occurred to me."

"Also," continued the young woman, "that they may be inhabited by human beings such as we, who struggle and hope after our own manner?"

"Well, no," said the member; "I must confess that I have given them little thought."

"And why not?" asked the young woman, with a note of reproach in her voice.

"Well," rejoined the member, laconically, "I suppose one reason is that they don't vote in my district!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Party Disintegration.

William Jennings Bryan was telling a party of friends about a chat he had with a long-whiskered populist he met on the steamer returning from abroad.

"Don't you think the mission of the populist party is about ended?" asked Mr. Bryan of the bearded man.

"I wish I knew for sure," replied he, "if there ain't any chance for my party I'd marry a widow worth a fortune."

"What's that got to do with politics?"
"Well, you see, the widow would accept me if I'd shave," said the hirsute populist.—New York Times.

She Was Fired.

He was a traveling man, and it was the first day of their wedding trip. The train had stopped at a supper station where the groon had often eaten, and where he assured her they would have some of the sweetest honey ever brewed by busy bee. As he seated his blushing bride he looked the table over, frowned, and calling a waiter whom he evidently knew, said:

"See here, Johnson, where's my honey?"
Johnson eyed the lady doubtfully and seemed ill at ease; but finally making up his mind that he had sized up the situation correctly, replied in a stage staccato:

"She doan wuk heah no moah sah—done got too flip an wuz flah'd!"—Bill Barlow's Budget.

Butler Deeply Impressed.

A butler hired by the Preston Gibbons as "extra help" during Miss Roosevelt's stay in Chicago recently, resumed his duties at the Auditorium Annex. His name, or at least all that is known of it downtown, is Gibbs.

"Miss Roosevelt his a fine lidy, she is," said Gibbs. "Hif I was a young man with a rich father like young Master John Greenway, I'd would marry 'er myself hif she would 'ave me.

"May be you think that hany person hin my position, has sort hof supernumerary butler, doesn't know a lidy when 'e sees 'er. But that his where you hane mistaken. She give me \$10 when she was getting ready to drive to the stition, hand she give me a sweet smile and a 'thank ye' like a Henglish lady, too."

An expression of profound appreciation and delight spread over the countenance of Gibbs at the recollection.

"The cook, she was remembered halso," he continued. "Hand hall the others the same. Miss Roosevelt, she did not forget hany one. Hand the best hof hit hall was that she remembered me hand the hother butler, because we were not regular hemployes, you know, although, hof course, Miss Roosevelt did not know that, probably.

"Hif hany one hasks me habout hit, I'll will tell them the daughter hof the president of the country his just like a princess hin Hengland."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

He Wanted to Choose.

George Lawler vouches for this, but he balks at telling the name of the doctor. A small boy was told by his mother that there would be a new baby for him to play with, as the doctor was going to bring it in his black bag. That afternoon the youngster appeared at the office of the family physician and said:

"Are you going to bring a new baby to our house?"

"Yes, my little man," replied the doctor, highly amused.

"Then," returned the small boy, "let me have a look at the kids you have in stock, and I'll pick out the one I think I'll like best."—Birmingham Post.

Home-Grown Poetry.

A member of the Georgia delegation says that at Marietta, his state, where the National cemetery is located, about 30,000 federal soldiers are buried, and the cemetery is under the care of a one-legged confederate who is a general favorite with visitors. He is known as "Uncle Peg," and is something of a poet. Recently some northern visitors were shown through the well

kept city of the dead by the old man, and he was asked to give them a specimen of his poetry.

"I can't make poetry," said the old man. "That is just a joke these boys around here get off on me."

"I felt you would be modest about it," replied one of the visitors, coaxingly, "but I am sure you possess some of the talents of Burns or Moore."

"I don't think so," said Uncle Peg, "but I do know a piece which I can recite by heart, as the school children say. Here it is:

The Yankees came in numerous bands
To free our niggers and steal our lands;
But these little mounds mark the spot
Of all the lands these Yankees got.
The visitors smiled and departed.—Washington Times.

Bananas, Not Pajamas.

Walter Camp, the athletic adviser of Yale university, was recently entertaining a gathering of his under graduate friends with experiences of his own.

He told of a dinner where a charming young woman was seated next to an exceedingly deaf old man. She had done her best to interest him, but found it necessary to shout out each remark unto the third and fourth narration before the old man could catch the point.

So the time dragged along, till the dinner was wanting and the fruit was passed.

The young woman determined to make a final effort at being agreeable, so she threw her voice into saying:

"Do you like bananas?"
"How's that?" asked her neighbor in a surprised tone.

"Do you like bananas?" she repeated.

"Well, my dear," he replied, "so long as you have introduced the topic, I will say that I much prefer the old-fashioned night shirt."—New York Tribune.

Editorial Consolation.

Senator Cullom tells of an amusing incident that occurred in the editorial office of a paper published in Bloomington, Ill.

The senator had dropped in for a friendly chat with his friend, the editor, and had hardly seated himself when there appeared a well known character of the town—a type of individual common to every locality, the man who knows "how the paper ought to be run."

Without noticing the presence of Mr. Cullom, the man launched into a complaint that the paper had not printed certain articles he had written for it.

"Why," said he, "I gave 'em to you months ago! What have you done with 'em?"

The editor smiled sadly. "I'm holding them," he replied. "And they serve a very good purpose, too. Now and then I get to thinking that perhaps we are not offering the public as good a paper as we ought to. At such times I look up your articles and see how much worse the sheet might be. So I become real cheerful again! Please don't take them from me!"

Art.

The man of affairs having come to the age when, by all the canons of polite usage, he should make an art collection, he had recourse to connoisseurs.

"Gentlemen," said he to these, "I give you carte blanche, but I shall watch you. If I find you are filling my house with a lot of stuff that doesn't bore me, I shall drop you and get somebody else."

The connoisseurs listened respectfully, perceiving that they had an extraordinary mind to deal with.—Life.

