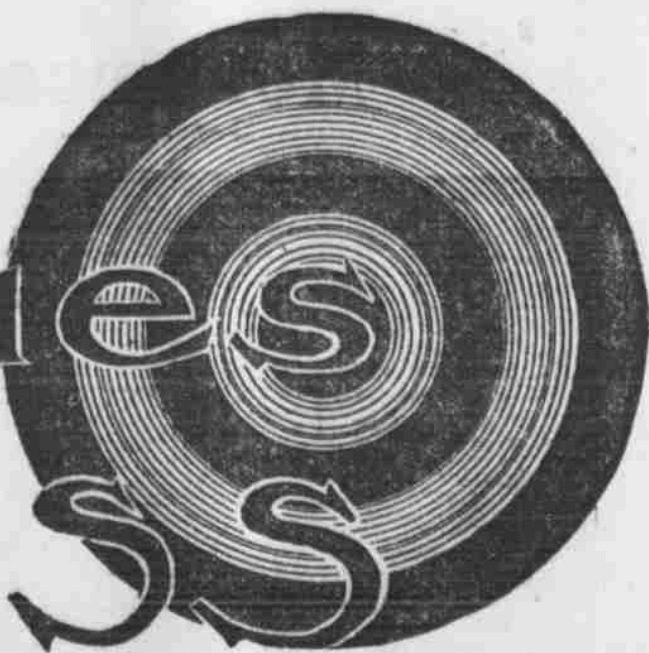




Random Stories

Hit or Miss



Both Couldn't Join Church.

EX-SENATOR MASON of Illinois has two cousins—brothers—who keep a general store in a southern Illinois town. One of the biggest features of their business is the purchase and sale of wool, the wool being bought in small lots from neighboring farmers. There came a revival of religion in the town and one of the brothers joined the church. Then he took to importuning his brother to do likewise, pointing out to him the beauty and comfort of a religious life. One day he grew particularly eloquent and said:

"Oh! Jim, it is glorious to be a Christian. It brings such a peace to one's soul. One feels better, lives better, is better. It is uplifting and refreshing. It exalts one's life and makes him see things in a brighter light. The little annoyances diminish to nothingness and it makes one happy. Even now I feel its glow in my heart. You ought to join the church, Jim."

To which Jim most seriously replied: "Yes, Bill, I know it is a good thing to be a Christian and belong to the church, and I would like to have all of those benefits, but the fact is that somebody has got to weigh the wool that we buy, Bill."

Substitute for Prayer.

The late Dr. Otis Avery of Honesdale Pa., was the oldest dentist in America, and he was also the first American ever to receive a dentist's certificate.

Dr. Avery was talking one afternoon to a reporter about the earlier, unenlightened days of Honesdale.

"We had not then," he said "as much religious feeling as we have now. I remember a revival service, very poorly attended, that was held during a certain winter. The revivalist, since the people would not come to him, went to them, and on the street corners he would halt and question them concerning their religious beliefs.

"I haven't seen you at our revival," he said to one very old, bent man.

"What would I be doing there?" the other answered.

"Don't you ever pray?" said the revivalist.

The old man shook his head.

"No," he said; "I carry a rabbit's foot."

Mrs. Stanley's Rebuff.

The death of Stanley recalls many anecdotes, not only of the great explorer, but of his beautiful widow, who was Miss Dorothy Tennant. She and her sister were brought into some unenviable notoriety by E. F. Benson's "Dodo," which one of them is said to have inspired. While the novel was the rage the author wrote to Miss Tennant:

"Dear Miss Tennant: The whole world is talking about you and about my book. When may I call?"

For reply he was told: "Dear Mr. Benson: Have you really written a book? How sweet of you! Call at any time."

But she was never at home.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Really a Mismomer.

Senator Hale claims that the fate of the Petropavlovsk proves that battleships are obsolete.

"The word battleship," he said the other day, "is now a mismomer. This big and costly and helpless sea monster, that at a touch of a \$4 mine or torpedo turns turtle

and sinks—what right has it to call itself a battleship any longer?"

"Hardly any more right," the senator went on, "than the child of a certain Ellsworth couple had to call itself Methuselah. The parents of this child liked Biblical names, and their children as they appeared were christened Noah, Ruth, Shem and so on. Finally a baby boy arrived and the name of Methuselah was bestowed on him.

"But poor little Methuselah did not live up to his name. On the contrary, he died in his infancy—and in one of our Ellsworth cemeteries you may see his tomb with the epitaph:

"Methuselah Carney, aged 9 months."

"I think of the epitaph," concluded Senator Hale, "whenever I think of modern battleships."—New York Tribune.

A Chilly Reception.

George Ade, at a recent banquet, was asked to speak on success. "I suppose that failure is more familiar than success to all of us," he said. "We work away. Four things fail. The fifth thing succeeds. The hardest workers have the most failures, but, then, they have the most successes, too.

"One of my early failures was a melodrama that I traveled all the way from Chicago to New York to sell to a manager. This was in my youth, when I had confidence in myself. The manager returned my melodrama. He said he didn't care for it.

"I pointed out the merits in it which he had overlooked. I proved that he would make a great mistake if he should not accept this work. But he shook his head.

"Can't you use it at all?" I asked, desperately.

"Well," said he, "I might grind it up and use it for a snowstorm."—Success.

Had Made a Mistake.

The following is told of an American gentleman who was recently stopping with his wife at the Hotel Cecil in London. On their first evening there he happened to retire somewhat earlier than his spouse. Arriving at the door of what he imagined was his own room and finding it locked he tapped and called "Honey!"

No answer came, and he again called more loudly "Honey!"

Still he got no reply, and becoming somewhat uneasy, he shouted the endearing term with his full lung power.

This time a reply came, and in a male voice.

"Go away, you blithering idiot! This is a bathroom, not a blooming beehive!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Limit to the Game.

Here is another "war story"—attributed to the Chinese minister, Sir Chen Tung. He was being entertained in Washington recently, and the conversation turned upon the cabled expression of Russian opinion that the farther Kourapatkin gets away from Kuroki the harder it will be for Kuroki to reach him.

Sir Chen Tung, with the prudence of his race, did not so much as smile, but made the following contribution:

"When I was at Phillips Andover I went strolling one day in the fields with a young woman I admired. We encountered a very vivacious bull, which undertook a flank movement. The farmer, who saw the situation, shouted, 'Fall back, fall back.' We fell back. But the creature came on. 'Fall back, fall back,' he cried again. 'I can't fall back any farther,' I replied. 'We have reached the limit.' 'Limit! limit!' screamed the farmer, 'Gosh blame your darn fool

eyes! There ain't no limit to a game with a bull.'—New York Mail.

Hard Luck.

While on a visit in New York the other day ex-Senator David B. Hill met an old-time acquaintance and asked him how he was "getting along." The gentleman complained that he was in "hard luck," and said:

"Things have been going very badly with me lately. The fact is, if I were Lazarus, and the Lord said, 'Come forth,' I would come fifth."—New York Times.

Poor Lo Was Wise.

Senator Hansbrough of North Dakota tells a funny story of an Indian on the Devil's Lake reservation. The Indian had paid a white man some money and wanted a receipt. In vain the white man told that a receipt was unnecessary. "He must have paper to show owe white man nothing," said the Indian.

"Why?"

"If me go to heaven," replied the Indian, "good Lord ask Injun if he pay his debts. Injun say yes. Good Lord ask Injun where is receipt, and what Injun going to do then? Injun can't go all over hell looking for you."

The white man wrote the receipt at once.

Made It Plain.

Jacob H. Schiff, the New York banker, was talking about plain and direct speech. "To be plain and direct is always best," he said, "but to be too plain and direct is to be uncouth—to be ludicrous.

"A good example of that was afforded by a clergyman. He was addressing a congregation of fishermen, and he wanted to be sure they would understand him.

"The Bible tells us," said this clergyman, "that it is as difficult for a camel to pass through a needle's eye as for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. That though, is a roundabout, confused way of stating the case. I should state it like this:

"It is as difficult for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven as for a shad to go up a smooth bark apple tree tall foremost."

Differentiation in Ethics.

"Down in my country," said William Zevely of Muskogee, I. T., "there was a lawyer named McGann who was retained to defend an old chap charged with killing a man. McGann got his client out on bail, and the client, not satisfied with the slow working of the law, thought to settle things for himself and in his favor.

"He went out one day and killed the chief witness for his prosecution. The sheriff went after him, but he lived near the Arkansas line, and hopped over into that state every time a posse approached. Finally a reward of \$300 was offered for the murderer. McGann was short of money and went to the sheriff. 'Bill,' he said, 'will you give me that \$300 reward if I get that man for you?'

"Sure," said the sheriff. McGann drove out to the old fellow's place and found him in one of his fields, but carrying a rifle. When the man saw his lawyer he put down his rifle. McGann drew bead on him with his own rifle and ordered him to throw up his hands. The old man began shooting, and McGann shot him through the head and killed him.

"He toted the body in and claimed his reward. The sheriff gave him an order on the county treasurer for the \$300. As he was going to collect the money McGann met another lawyer. 'Say, McGann,' said

the other lawyer, 'was it right for you to kill that man? Was it in accordance with the ethics of the profession for you to get him when he was your client?'

"Ethics thunder!" shouted McGann. 'I killed him in another case.'—Pittsburg Gazette.

His First Experience with Wagner.

A humorous writer of reputation, whose operatic experience has been limited, was induced to accompany his wife to a performance of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" during the recent opera season in New York. A friend, meeting him the following day, asked, with interest, what his impression had been.

"Well, it didn't hit me," remarked the writer, musingly. "I couldn't see it at all. I didn't mind so much when the captain steered the ship for ten minutes, standing with his arms folded twenty feet from the tiller. But when they came to the place where Isolde puts poison in her lover's tea I threw up the game and smoked in the lobby till the act was over."—Harper's Weekly.

Clock to Run About 30,000 Years.

A radium clock, which will keep time indefinitely, has been constructed by Harrison Martindale of England.

The clock comprises a small tube, in which is placed a minute quantity of radium supported in an exhausted glass vessel by a quartz rod. To the lower end of the tube, which is colored violet by the action of the radium, an electromagnet formed of two long leaves or strips of silver is attached.

A charge of electricity in which there are no beta rays is transmitted through the activity of the radium into the leaves and the latter thereby expand until they touch the sides of the vessel, connected to earth by wires, which instantly conduct the electric charge, and the leaves fall together.

This simple operation is repeated incessantly every two minutes until the radium is exhausted, which in this instance it is computed will occupy 30,000 years.—Scientific American.

Hitting the Bachelors.

One of Joseph Jefferson's pet abominations is a bachelor. The venerable actor believes in early marriages and recently advised a group of Yale juniors to marry as soon as ever they could afford it. "Bachelors—why, I have the utmost contempt for the whole breed of them," he said. "The older they grow the more conceited they grow. I took one down a peg, though, the other day. He was talking about this woman he had known and that woman he had known, and these women, it seemed, had married. 'Why, you,' I said, 'are in danger of getting left. Why don't you, too, get married before it is too late?' 'Oh,' said the bachelor, with a chuckle, 'there are still plenty of good fish in the sea.' 'But the bait,' said I, 'isn't there danger of the bait becoming stale?'

His Degree.

Dean Russell of the Teachers' college has had a new honorary degree thrust upon him by a cockney serving maid in his employ. She was showing his gown to a visitor the other day. Taking it down from the place where it hung, she turned it about to display all of its points, and exclaimed, with the ring of intense pride in her tones:

"That's the robe he wore when he took his Hell, Hell, Dee."—New York Commercial.

