

success at the bar and by the increasing confidence of his clients and associates. He would make a good speaker. He has the reflective disposition of a scholar combined with the practical knowledge of men, law and business obtained in the life of a successful lawyer. A life which combines the educational training and opportunities for the intimate study of men and women that the minister and the doctor are supposed to monopolize.

A copy of the Burge's Railway Directory for 1961, only thirty-five years ago, contains some interesting facts concerning some of the systems. In 1961 the Chicago & Northwestern was 193 miles long, from Chicago to Oshkosh; the C. B. & Q. 210 miles long, from Chicago to Burlington; the C. R. I. & P. 182 miles long, from Chicago to Rock Island, and the Chicago & Milwaukee only 45 miles long, from Chicago to the state line of Wisconsin. The New York Central was a magnificent property of 654 miles, and the Pennsylvania gloried in a length of 382 miles.

STORIES IN PASSING.

A sharp nosed, sharp-chinned woman with thin chest and bony hands entered the store and in a rasping voice explained to the clerk that she wanted to purchase a birthday present for her husband.

"About what have you in mind to give him?" asked the clerk.

"Well, I thought a nice suit of clothes would be good—something nice and good and not expensive."

"About eight or ten dollars?"

"Yes, about that."

The clerk pulled out half a dozen suits of that price, which the woman examined as only a woman can, holding them to the light, turning them inside out, and pulling and crumpling them in every possible way.

"But you seem so awful high. Ten dollars? Oh, that is too much. I believe a mackintosh would be better; say, something about five dollars."

Mackintoshes came out next—all colors and grades—which, by the way are the meanest things in the world to show a customer. But these, again, did not suit. William never had had a mackintosh and might not like to wear one. They were very nice, she thought, but come to think about it, William's overcoat was good yet and he could wear that in rainy weather. So she would not take a mackintosh. Instead she would look at some nice woolen underwear.

The clerk gritted his teeth and tackled the underwear. But he had to rip up the entire department before he could find something to suit the woman. Finally she said she would lay aside a suit of fleece-lined, which were selling that day at a bargain for \$1.60. She was not quite certain about the underwear. It was a little more than she ought to spend, but she would just look at some neckwear and then decide.

Every tie in the store came out—puff, teck, club, and four-in-hand—and finally after twenty minutes indecision over the color chose a fifty cent ready made bow. By that time she had determined about the underwear—it was more than she could afford, and William didn't really need any underwear. But a tie would be such a nice present, especially from a wife (they had been married twenty years, she and William had, and she had always remembered his birthday since their wedding, and a good many years before, too). But really was not fifty cents a terrible price to pay for such a little piece of silk as that. Why, she could make one herself a great deal cheaper. No she could never pay fifty cents.

And finally after forty minutes more she purchased a twenty-cent Japanette initial handkerchief, which William

really did not need to be sure, but if he did not use it, she certainly could anyway. It took the clerk four hours to straighten out that tangle of things in the store. And when he had finished he thanked God he was not a salesman in a dry goods establishment.

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown whose words sometimes ran faster than her thought, "Susan B. Anthony must be getting pretty old. Why, when I heard her in Chicago ten years ago she was thirty."

The last evening train on the Burlington was approaching Lincoln. The chair car was filled with a noisy, good-natured crowd. At the rear end four commercial travelers were playing whist. In the front seats a group of University students returning from the Christmas vacation were talking and laughing boisterously and singing college songs. A big man in a white slouch hat leaned across the aisle and discussed politics with a member of the legislature from Douglas county. Two seats in the center of the car were turned together and occupied by a mother and her family. The mother was leaning her head against the casement asleep with a paper thrown over her face to shut out the flickering lamps. A girl of fifteen sat with her reading "A Bow of Orange Ribbon." In the seat opposite were three little girls of seven or eight years of age. They had eaten "crackerjack," played "cats' cradle" and peered out into the darkness at the sparks flying by until they had grown tired and sleepy. Then the youngest, a fair, little thing with laughing eyes and wavy hair, started a simple nursery song, evidently something their mother was accustomed to sing them at bed-time.

In the noise of the car her voice was heard barely beyond the nearest seat. But her sisters took up the lullaby and all three began to attract attention. One after another the passengers turned and listened until even the traveling-men forgot their game and the students quieted down. For a moment there was perfect silence while the clear childish voices singing that sweet simple refrain filled the car.

Then suddenly the door opened. The burly porter bustled in.

"Lincoln!—Lincoln!" he screamed, "change cars for Crete, Hastings, Oxford and Denver, Grand Island, Sheridan and all points west and north. This train goes no further. All out! Lincoln!"

The train drew into the station. There was the rush and hurry of departure. And the mother, the daughter and the three sweet-voiced children were lost in the crowd.

TWO THINGS HEARD AT A RECEPTION.

Large man to small smooth faced man near the door: "Well, this thing's getting mighty slow. Let's cut it."

Small man to large man: "Can't. I'm the host."

Tall slim youth on staircase to rather oldish man just below: "Heavens, what a homely woman just coming out from the refreshment room. She's certainly the ugliest woman I ever saw. Do you know who she is?"

Oldish man quietly and not looking up: "Yes, that's my wife."

Tall slim youth, slightly disconcerted: "Oh, you mistake me. I do not mean the one just leaving the room. I mean that one just behind her."

Oldish man as quietly as before: "Oh, that one. That's my daughter."

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