

ODD BITS OF NEBRASKA LIFE.

(Continued from Page Five.)

corners and the street car men are forever deprived of this source of amusement. The children, well as they liked the dog, had not the money nor the foresight to buy him a collar from Beman C. Fox, the treasurer. Herein was the tragedy.

One day "Rounder" got too close to the dog catcher during a trip to enjoy a lark with Lincoln canine companions. For a number of days he lay in prison. The end—alas, don't mention it!

Of good bony physique was "Rounder," partly Shepherd and partly bulldog. The rest was nondescript. He had a good soul and a shrewd head, but he wasn't wise enough to know he needed a collar and that he should have avoided the catcher as a plague. He liked the children but he liked convivial company of his own kind too well. He lived too highly for his delicately poised bodily mechanism. That's why his skin was scabby. But he didn't seem to care, so long as nobody else did.

Not the least among his interests were the street cars. One day he found that it would not hurt him to clamber aboard. When the machine moved and the wheels underneath hummed he looked a little nervous but that was all. It did not hurt him and he was trustful. He stayed right with it. No one attempted to put him off and when the conductor down in the city at last mounted, the animal was nosing the hand of a new found friend so affectionately that the car man thought he was personal property and did not molest him. When it came time to return after a day in the city, "Rounder" remembered where his friend got off and sought out the corner. There he waited until he saw the familiar faces of College View people on a car. That was evidence enough that he was right and he got on too.

And so it went. The car men were not long in learning that their four legged passenger was an intruder, pure and simple. One trip was enough to convince the dog of his power and authority. When at last an effort was made to drive him off the car he crawled under the front seat and wedged himself there so securely that the conductor took pity and ceased the persecution.

Shaggy, brownish hair, pitifully bemired and reduced by mange gave him an unspeakable appearance of dejection when he chose to fit his eyes to the part. He knew how to do it and their deep, solemn effulgence woke compassion in many a car man. But it failed with the heartless dog grabber. He did not pause for the appealing eyes and the bones over which hung the shaggy coat were only additional excuse for slaughter. When he was seen in the fatal pen by one of his old time College View friends, present out of mere curiosity, it chanced that no money was at hand for his redemption. And so he died. Hence the grief of the children who delighted in his companionship.

Anecdotes from Anywhere

Senator Warren had a luncheon party in the senate restaurant that cost him an even \$3. He gave the waiter a \$5 bill. The waiter returned with a dollar bill, a 50-cent piece and two quarters as change.

"Joe," said the senator, "will you tell me why you didn't bring me a \$2 bill or two ones for change?"

"Deed, senatah," replied Joe, "dey ain't no reason 'ceptin' de Lawd loveth a cheerful givah."

A few minutes, more or less, after Justice Bradley of the district supreme court, died, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, who never lets any grass grow under his gum boots, called at the white house and casually remarked that inasmuch as there was a vacancy on the supreme bench of the district he had a candi-

date he would like to propose, one Judge Thompson, of his state, Illinois. He told the president all about Thompson, and the president said he would be glad to appoint him if he could.

Immediately there was a hue and cry from the local lawyers and in the local newspapers. It was stoutly asserted that the place on the local bench belonged by right to a local man. "Uncle Joe" called again at the white house and made a few remarks about Thompson. The president was fairly responsive. A day or two later he called again. This time the president called "Uncle Joe's" attention to the fact that the local bar was rising, but he said he would appoint Thompson if he could.

"Mr. President," said "Uncle Joe," "I am reminded of a story. Once, a few years ago, I went up to visit a farmer in my district who has a very fine farm. He took good care of me and showed me all over his farm. As I was leaving I said to him:

"Jim, come down to Danville and see me. I have a fine farm myself. If you will come and bring your little boy I will give him a nice pony I have there."

"The little boy was along. He tugged at his father's coat tail and said shrilly:

"Pa, make him say when! Make him say when!"

Michael Herbert, the new ambassador for England, is an old friend and chum of President Roosevelt. When Herbert was secretary of the British embassy Roosevelt was a member of the civil service commission. Both are athletic in their tastes, and at that time they were baseball fanatics of the pronounced type. They used to go to the baseball game every afternoon and root for the unfortunate Washingtons. They boxed, fenced and walked together. Consequently when the British government asked the president if Mr. Herbert would be acceptable to this government the president gave a whoop of joy and said he would.

Senators Allison, Platt of Connecticut and McMillan met at the senate elevator. The elevator man opened the door. Senator Allison bowed and motioned Senator Platt to get in. Senator Platt bowed and insisted that Senator Allison get in. Then Senator Allison made a sweeping gesture with

his hand and urged Senator McMillan to enter first.

"After you, gentlemen," said Senator McMillan. Then they all bowed again. Just at this moment Senator Mason hove in sight. He walked into the elevator, said sharply, "Third floor, please," and the elevator went up.

Little Tommy quarreled with his sister, and would not kiss and be friends. His aunt said, "Oh, don't you remember what papa read at family prayers this morning, that we were to forgive seventy times seven?" "Yes," replied Tommy, "but I ticularly noticed it was to your brother, not sister."

Morrell—Well, we always learn by experience.

Worrell—Not always. There was the experience of that careless laborer who smoked his pipe over a keg of powder. He hasn't learned anything since.—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Crawford—Are you going to clean house while your husband is away?

Mrs. Crabshaw—Certainly. That's why he went away.

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