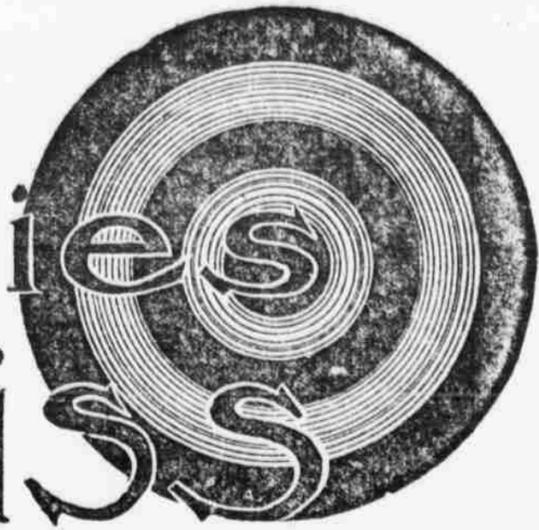


Random Stories Hit or Miss



One on Grosvenor.
SENATOR FORAKER tells of an amusing incident that occurred during a political meeting in Kentucky to which Representative Grosvenor, the republican war horse of Ohio, had been invited for the purpose of making a speech.

The suave chairman of the meeting arose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is needless to observe that we are fortunate, most fortunate, in having with us tonight the most eminent of republicans from the imperial state of Ohio. We shall have the great pleasure of listening tonight to a man whose name is a household word throughout this great country—a man who is probably as well known in this state as he is in his own. You all know him. This man is our friend; his name is ever on our lips. Ladies and gentlemen, I have the very great pleasure of introducing to you that staunch patriot, that sterling republican, that unsurpassed statesman, General, General—"

Here the chairman became very red, stammered, turned pale and then red again. Finally, the suspense of the thing becoming too intense for him:

"General Gossamer of Ohio!"—New York Herald.

Funston on Valor.

General Funston, at a dinner party, commented the valor of the Japanese.

"Their valor," he said, "is not like that of a certain captain of the past.

"This captain was about to lead his company into battle. He drew his sword and waved it.

"Now, my brave fellows," he shouted to his men, "you have a tough struggle before you. Fight like heroes until your ammunition is gone, then run like antelopes. I'm a little lame, so I'll start now."

Shot at the Miller.

Congressman Wade of the Second Iowa district has a well established reputation as wit and raconteur. Especially in the latter role does he show to advantage. One of his best stories is about a young man who took a sack of grain to an old-fashioned mill to have it ground into meal. The ponderous wheels revolved so slowly that only a tiny stream of meal trickled feebly, while the young man patiently waited. Finally his patience was exhausted and he complained to the miller. "Do you know," he said, "I could eat that meal faster than your old mill can grind it." "Yes," replied the miller, "but how long could you keep on eating it?" "I could keep on eating it until I starved," was the conclusive answer of the young man.

Lincoln's Passes.

Lincoln's humor armed him effectively against the importunate persons with whom, as the head of the nation, he was during the civil war a gentleman asked him for a pass through the federal lines to Richmond.

"I should be happy to oblige you," said Lincoln, "if my passes were respected. But the fact is, within the last two years I have given passes to 250,000 men, and not one has got there yet."—Youth's Companion.

He Was Economical.

Thomas W. Lawson, the Boston millionaire, believes that it is rather through enterprise and originality than through econ-

omy that financial success may be attained.

"The time is past," he said the other day, "for such economy as used to be practiced by an old Boston restaurateur, who recently died.

"The old fellow was economical to excess, but while he pattered about his kitchen, trying to make one egg do the work of two, his neighbor across the way was introducing a roof garden and a mandolin orchestra, and the economist, I understand, hardly left enough on his demise to pay his debts.

"He was, beyond any doubt, an economist. A couple of plumbers were working one day in his cellar. It was too dark there to see, and the men asked for some light.

"Well," said the old fellow, "here's a candle. Make it go as far as you can."

"One candle won't do," said the plumbers. "It won't give us sufficient light. We must have two."

"The old man knit his brows and thought.

"How long, boys, will you be working down here?" he said.

"About fifteen minutes," said the plumbers.

"Then," said the restaurateur, "cut the candle in two."—Boston Post.

An Unusual Sight.

Shortly before he sailed for Europe Colonel W. H. Cody (Buffalo Bill) was entertaining Dr. J. L. Girdner with a few lessons in ethnology gleaned from his experiences among the Indians in the early days.

"By the way, Doc," he asked abruptly, "ever see a red-headed Indian?"

"Never did, and never heard of such a freak, colonel."

"I saw one, a Cherokee, down on the Fort Scott trail," quietly answered Cody, and then stopped, waiting for "a rise."

It came. "Rather unusual sight, that, wasn't it?"

"Rather; but, you see, this Indian was bald."—New York Times.

Told by Satoll.

At a reception that was tendered him in the mayor's office at Buffalo, Cardinal Satoll praised the fearless, independent, hopeful character of the typical American.

"This independence and hopefulness and confidence," he said, "are to be found here, I have been told, even in the little children of the poor.

"The bootblack, the newsboy, the vender of shoelaces never repines or desponds, for he knows that he will save enough money to go to college and, eventually, he will graduate in law or medicine.

"I have a friend in America, a rich merchant, who bought a paper one morning from a newsboy whose nature must have been admirably confident and hopeful.

"My friend had not the money to pay for his paper, and the newsboy said:

"I'll trust you, sir."

"A day or two afterwards, passing down that way, my friend singled out the newsboy and accosted him.

"You, I believe," he said, "are the boy I bought a paper from the other day when I had no change. I owe you a penny. Here it is, and thank you."

"But the newsboy waved aside the penny. "Oh, that's all right," he said. "Keep it for your honesty."—Philadelphia Record.

Story from 'Way Back.

"Private" John Allen tells the following as illustrative of the partiality of the

southern dandy for long words of whose meaning he is absolutely ignorant:

"A negro named Elijah Thomas, living in Tupelo, Miss., recently chanced to meet a friend who complained of feeling miserable. In fact, Thomas' friend feared for his life, so 'tuckered out' was he.

"'Wot's de matter wif youp' inquired Elijah.

"'Lije,' moaned the second negro, indicating the region where the pain lay. 'Ise got such a awful pains in mah back head!'

"'In dat case,' responded Elijah solemnly, 'I knows what you oughter do! You oughter go over ter Jackson. Dey says dat dere's de finest backterologist ever dere in de whole souf!'

Alive and Dead Passengers.

Carter Harrison, mayor of Chicago, while on his way west, chanced to meet an acquaintance, and together they traveled, chatting about boyhood days. The conductor came along, took up the ticket of the acquaintance, placed a tag on his hat, nodded pleasantly to the mayor and, without examining the latter's pass, went on.

"Thank you," said the acquaintance to the conductor.

"What did you say that for?" asked the mayor.

"Why, for the manner in which he distinguished between us and for indicating that I am still classed among the living."

"I fail to understand," declared the mayor.

"It appears to me as very evident," observed the mayor's companion cautiously, "that the conductor does not consider it necessary to label a deadhead."

Perfectly Satisfied.

Felix Adler, notably witty in his lectures, has, too, a decided humorous vein in conversation. Here is one of the stories he tells on himself in casual talk: Two women who had attended Mr. Adler's lectures at Carnegie hall, New York, for many consecutive Sundays with unflinching regularity finally called on the lecturer one day at his home. "We wish to tell you in person, Mr. Adler," they said, "how much we have enjoyed your lectures. We wish to thank you for them. We have enjoyed them for months, and now we go back to our own church perfectly satisfied!"

Couldn't Lose It.

Ament the ease with which some politicians, both democrats and republicans, ignore the principles of their party, yet claim to be loyal thereto when there are spoils to be divided, Senator Bacon of Georgia recently told this story:

"An old negro down my way arose at prayer meeting one night and delivered himself thus: 'Bredderin an' sisterin, Ise been a mighty mean nigger in my time. Ise had er heap er ups an' downs—specially downs—sence I jined de church. Ise stole chickens an' watah millins. Ise cussed. Ise got drunk. Ise shot craps. Ise slashed udder coons wid my razah, an' Ise done er sight er udder things, but, thank de good Lawd, bredderin an' sisterin, Ise nebber yet los' my religion.'—New York Times.

An Omen.

General F. S. Dodge sat in the lobby of the Grand hotel of New York. "As a rule," he said, "I don't believe in omens. Once, at a wedding, though, I heard a sentence that I considered ominous indeed—a sentence pregnant with prophetic meaning. "This sentence, just before the ceremony began, was directed in a stern voice by

the officiating clergyman to the mother of the bride. It was:

"Step a little farther back, madam!"—New York Herald.

Fixed.

Sir Conan Doyle recently told a story of an English officer who was badly wounded in South Africa and the military surgeon had to shave off that portion of his brain which protruded from his skull. The officer got well, and later on in London the surgeon asked whether he knew that a portion of his brains was in a glass bottle in a laboratory. "Oh, that does not matter now," replied the soldier, "I've got a permanent position in the War office."

Second-Hand Sermons.

Cyrus Townsend Brady, when in the west as a young clergyman, met a negro Methodist circuit preacher whose district also covered a vast expanse of territory, and who, in consequence, was able to use a sermon a long time, so many different communities did he visit on his rounds. He had gone about three-fourths of the way 'round on one occasion when, coming from his church after the service, he encountered an old negro, who, hat in hand, approached and said:

"Dat's mighty fine sermon, sah, ol' yob's. Ah likes it ebery time Ah hear! It seems we cross each other's track pitty often, sah, fo' today makes the seventh best time Ahse heard yo' preach it. Ah'm a bit uv a preacher myse'f, sah; an' Ah wants ter say dat when yo' gits fru' wid dat sermon, Ah's ready ter buy it, sah. Ought ter last a long time yet, sah; it am such good stuff. Deed, sah, Ahse willin' ter gib yo' fo' bits now, jes' to bin' th' bah'gin, sah."—New York Times.

Would Displace a Star.

Representative Charles F. Landis, of Indiana, one evening sought rest at a rural inn, the proprietor of which was opposed to him politically. While seated on the veranda a star fell and elicited from the landlady's wife the comment, "Another soul has gone to heaven."

"Madam," asked the statesman good naturedly, "will a star fall at my death, and indicate that I, too, have gone to heaven?" "Mr. Landis," said the woman, haughtily, "to make room for such a big man as you in heaven a star must fall."

It Was a Sure Cure.

"There is no excuse for illegible handwriting," said Miss Jeanette L. Gilder, editor and critic. "A typewriter is one cure for illegibility; cure is another cure, and a third cure has been devised by a friend of mine.

"My friend writes well enough herself; she applied the cure to a certain woman who writes miserably. This woman had bothered her with a number of illegible notes, and finally, when one came that was unusually hard to read, my friend sat down and wrote in answer to it:

"I take great pleasure in accepting your kind invitation to dinner tomorrow evening at 6:30.

This brought a quick call on the telephone. "My note asked you to subscribe to our free ice fund," the woman said. "It was not a dinner invitation."

"You write so badly," said my friend.

"Oh, I'll be very much more careful in the future," said the woman.

"And since that time, I understand, her writing has been legible enough."—New York Tribune.

