GOOD STORIES TOLD BY WASHINGTONIANS

"Windy," now publishing the Critic, in Crenshaw county, Ala., has this one told on him During his canvass for votes for ddegate to the international union he made a speech to a group in the Government Printing Office to the effect: 'Gentlemen, my name will be on the ticket."

"Not after I get through with it," was the reply of one of the audience.

Conditions of the Offer.

To secure for publication an interesting collection of short stories or anecdotes, THE WASHINGTON SUNDAY TIMES makes the following offer:

Eight prizes will be awarded each week to the eight readers of The Sunday Times who submit the best original stories dealing with anecdotes of well-known people, incidents of everyday life, bright sayings, queer doings, jokes, and jests.

Each week, until further notice, for the best short story or anecdote The Sunday Times will pay $5; for the next best $3 will be given, and for the next, $2. Five awards of $1 each will also be made, making eight cash prizes in all each week.

The Sunday Times reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted, both the prize winners and those which receive no award.

It is desirable that, whenever possible, the names of the persons concerned in the story be given.

Make your stories as short and to the point as possible. No story of more than three hundred words will be considered, and brevity under that limit will count as a point in awarding prizes.

Write on one side of the paper only, and, if possible, get your story or anecdote on one or two sheets.

Do not fail to write your name and address plainly at the top of the first page of every story, no matter whether you send a dozen in the same envelope. Each must be considered separately.

Under no circumstances will stories or anecdotes be returned, even if stamps are inclosed.

Address SHORT STORY PAGE, Washington Sunday Times.

Payment of prizes will be made on application to the Editorial Department of The Times.

One on the President.

By FLORA C. SCHULDT, 317 Fourth Street Southeast.

(Awarded prize of $5.)

A delegation of Indians recently called at the White House and were cordially received by the President. In the course of his address the Great Father made many flattering remarks about the Indians, which were always received by cries and grunts of "Baruki! Baruki!" In fact, the cry was repeated so often during the President's flowery speech that it made quite a favorable impression on him, and he was much pleased with the hit he was making with the Indians.

"Mr. Interpreter," he said, at the conclusion of his speech, "what do they mean by their 'Baruki! Baruki!'"

"That, Mr. President," answered the interpreter, "is the Indian word for 'hot air.'"

Positive Identification.

By ELSIE M. PINNEY, 709 Eighth Street Northeast.

As an illustration of the ignorance of many well-educated people, of the simplest business matters, may be cited a little incident which occurred quite recently in one of the up-town stations of the local postoffice.

One evening, two or three weeks ago, an elderly gentleman of clerical dress and manner walked into this station, a few minutes before closing time, and after carefully studying the signs over the different windows, stepped up to the money-order counter, and handed in an order for $85.

"Do you know anyone in the neighborhood who can identify you?" asked the money-order clerk. "You have to be identified, you know, before I can pay you."

The holder of the order shook his head. "I am a stranger in the city," he said, "and don't know a soul."

"I am sorry," replied the clerk, "but I can't pay you this unless you are identified by some one known to me."

The clerical gentleman was obviously worried. "Can't you fix it up for me, some way?" he anxiously inquired. "I must leave for Chicago this evening, and have barely time to catch my train, so it is imperative that I get the money at once."

"Perhaps you can show me some letters or documents, bearing your name, that will satisfy me that you are the right party," suggested the money-order clerk.

The worried look on the clergyman's countenance gave place to a smile of relief. Fumbling in the pocket of his long frock coat, he drew forth a small photograph of himself which he shoved through the grating, remarking triumphantly, "There; I guess that will convince you."

"A very good likeness, indeed, sir," remarked the puzzled clerk, "but I don't see how it can be of any use in identifying you."

"You don't see how it can be of any use in identifying me?" cried the other, in unfeigned astonishment. "Why, man alive, if I am not myself, how could I get a photograph of myself."

The Ruling Passion.

By JOHN R. MOSS, 265 N Street Northwest.

Senator-elect James B. Frazier, of Tennessee, is credited with the following story on the stingiest man this side the River Styx:

An old farmer who had, by the exercise of thrift and economy unparalleled by the Merchant of Venice, accumulated considerably over his proportionate share of the coin of the realm, lay dying at the close of the day in his lonely farmhouse. The distant neighbors had gathered around for the purpose of taking a last look before his wearied spirit took flight. The minister was present to give spiritual counsel and comfort to the sojourner to that bourne from whence no traveler returns and to the faithful wife, who had been his constant companion through this vale of tears and who was even now bending over the bedside of the dying.

Suddenly the eyes of the emaciated figure on the couch opened and peered about the room at the kindly faces of the neighbors.

An inspiration, a flash of light, flitted across his countenance as he turned his wan face slowly toward his wife and said, in a feverish, broken breath:

"Go down stairs and get some cheese out of the cupboard, Samanthy; they—might—buy—some."

Willing to Learn.

By MRS. I. H. LOUGBOROUGH, Bethesda, Md.

(Awarded prize of $1.)

A friend of mine, a foreigner, went to an intelligence bureau in Washingington for a servant. The first one they sent her, a colored girl, came on a bicycle and was very airy. My friend told her her duties. To everyone of which the would-be hireling objected on the ground that she was not accustomed to such work.

"In fact," said she "I have a parlor much nicer than yours"—looking around—"and a nicer piano. All I want to work for is to get a grand piano as I am no mean musician."

My friend told her she would not suit and went again to the intelligence office. She requested the head of it to send the direct opposite to the girl they had sent before.

The next day the new servant arrived apparently from the wilds of Virginia. My friend commenced first with:

"Do you ride a bicycle?"

"No'm," was the reply.

"Do you play the piano?"

"No'm," was again the reply, "but I kin learn."

Ran Out of Cards.

By A. H. PINNEY, Station B.

Last winter a well-known woman resident of Mt. Pleasant, who had experienced great difficulty in getting a footman who would remain sober enough to properly attend to his duties, employed a young man from Baltimore, recommended to her by a friend in that city.

He was a little green as to the functions of a footman at first, but was quick to learn and so anxious to please and above all so temperate in his habits, that the lady soon was congratulating herself on obtaining so exemplary an attendant.

One morning, shortly after the new footman's arrival, his mistress, starting out to repay a number of calls, discovered that her card case was empty. "John," she called, "I find that I have no cards. Go back and get me a package. Now John," she explained when he returned to the carriage, "here is a list of the addresses which I wish to visit. As I have not time to stop at all of them I have marked those where I desire to alight with a cross. At the others you will simply hand in a card and then go on to the next."

Late in the afternoon, when all the people on the list had been called upon, the society lady remembered that she had failed to set down the names of a few acquaintances, to whom a visit was due.

"John," she said, "we will now drive over to Mrs. X, on Connecticut avenue, and on the way I will write down three or four more addresses at which I wish you to leave cards."

"We can't do it," excitedly cried the footman; "we can't do it, ma'm, I have only the ace of hearts and the jack of spades left."

Undoubtedly True.

By ELSIE M. PINNEY, 709 Eighth Street Northwest.

A clergyman of Richmond, Va., while out driving late one evening, recently, happened to pass the home of an old ante-bellum servant of the family, whose son he had heard was very sick.

"Good evening, Mammy, how is Richard this evening?" inquired the minister.

"Pohly, sah, very pohly," replied the old negress. "De doctah say if he lib till mawning he may rekubber, but if he don't we kin gib up all hope."

Proud of Her Race.

By A. C. QUISENBERRY, Hyattsville, Md.

(Awarded prize of $1.)

Gen. J. C. Breckinridge, late inspector general of the army, has had in his employ for a great many years a most estimable old colored woman for whom he and all his family feel the sincerest attachment. Some years ago he took her to see the Corcoran Art Gallery, and showed her through the entire collection of pictures and statuary. Never during the whole time did she make a single comment, but remained as stoical as an Indian. After they were through she asked whether "dem young lady arts without clothes on" were made up by the artists out of their own heads, or whether they had "sho nuff young ladies for patterns." The general informed her that the artists had "sho nuff" young ladies for models. Aunt Lucy then heaved a deep sigh, and said:

"Well, all I can say is dat I am mighty glad dey ain't none o' my color among 'em."

Absolute Proof.

By A. WHITTE, Eighth and S Streets.

Lieutenant Jones was third officer of his ship and was being courtmartialed for being inebriated while on duty. He asked permission of the court to call his man, who, he said, could prove that when he retired to rest he gave instructions to be called early in the morning.

The Court (to the servant)—Is it a fact that your master instructed you to call him early in the morning, following his alleged breach of duty?

Servant—Yes, your honor.

The Court—Did he assign any reason for being called early?

Servant—Yes, your honor. He said he was to be Queen of the May.

A Cautious Postmaster.

By HARVEY G. ELLIS, 700 G Street Northeast.

(Awarded prize of $1.)

Special examiners of the Pension Bureau have circular letters to send to different postmasters in their districts, asking for information as to address of witnesses they desire to interview in cases in their hands for special examination. Recently I sent one of these circulars to the postmaster at Saranac Lake, N. Y., asking for the postoffice address of a man that formerly resided there. This is his reply:

"Saranac Lake, N. Y., Aug. 4, 1905.

"H. G. Ellis:

"Dear Sir—Would say in reply to your inquiry about Mr.——, the cars ran over him and killed him two years ago. In regard to his postoffice address, the Bible says: 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' Respectfully,

"WILLIAM F. ROBERTS,
"Postmaster."

Two Campaign Incidents.

By H. S. SUTTON, 907 I Street Northwest.

(Awarded prize of $2.)

Voting in the District of Columbia being confined to the annual elections of officers in the several labor, fraternal, and patriotic organizations, necessarily increased interest attaches thereto. A few years since Dexter Kehoe, now of the Treasury Department, ran for president of Columbia Typographical Union, and was elected, by the way.

On his rounds he buttonholed an obdurate proofreader without avail. Noting a bunch of cigars protruding from Mr. Kehoe's pocket, his friend, reaching for one, asked: "I suppose this goes?"

"Of course," replied that gentleman, "but it does look like foraging on the enemy's country."

H. Y. Brooke, familiarly known as "Windy," now publishing the Critic, in Crenshaw county, Ala., has this one told on him During his canvass for votes for ddegate to the international union he made a speech to a group in the Government Printing Office to the effect: 'Gentlemen, my name will be on the ticket."

"Not after I get through with it," was the reply of one of the audience.

Didn't Want the Job.

By MILTON MARTELLE, Falls Church, Va.

A simple-minded man from Virginia found his way one day into the office of the vice president of one of Washington's street car companies, and asked him for a place as motorman on one of the cars of the company. The vice president saw that the man was not capable of running a car, so he told him, in order to frighten him away, that every employe of the road had to advance $25 to the company before he could take a place.

"Hum!" replied the man, "if I had $25 I wouldn't want your d—n job," and stalked from the room.

The Safest Place.

By W. H. WRIGHT, 631 Twelfth Street Northeast.

Gen. Robert E. Lee used to tell a good story about a darky who served in the civil war. It seems that during the heat of batle the general and his attendants wre posted on a small knoll, watching the course of the action. They described a colored soldier running toward them, leaping over obstacles in his path, his face blanched with fear. He rushed up to Lee and fell headlong on the ground crying. "Oh, Massa General, let me stay here!" Lee saw at once that the man was almost frightened to death and useless as a soldier. It disgusted him, but his curiosity was aroused, and he asked, "Did you come here to get out of the way of the bullets?" "Yes, Massa," said the darky, "where de generals am is de safest place on the field."

Got What They Wanted.

By GEORGE E. BAILEY, Benning, D. C.

(Awarded prize of $3.)

The firm of Case & Goddard, of Hartford, Conn., has long been out of business, but some years ago it was one of the leading wholesale grocery houses of New England.

The members of the firm, distrusting lawyers, made it their policy to avoid all litigation, if possible, and for awhile they succeeded in so doing.

Finally, in spite of their care, they became involved in an extensive lawsuit, over the title to a piece of property next to their store, which they had purchased, and employed an attorney named Hungerford, who was famous for his wit and sarcasm, to represent them.

After a protracted legal battle, Hungerford won the case. The fee he demanded was a large one, but the firm made no objection on that score. The senior partner, however, was a merchant of the old school and a stickler for form, and the lawyer's bill, rendered in general terms "For services rendered" roused his ire to the boiling point.

He immediately sent it back, demanding an itemized statement. "Put down everything that you have done," he wrote, "and describe every paper you have drawn up."

In a few days the bill came back, carefully itemized, as directed, but it had increased considerably in that time.

At the bottom of the long list Hungerford had placed an item not included in the first statement.

It was "To preparing itemized statement, $250.00."

After a good deal of wrangling Case & Goddard paid the bill, as thus amended. They were never known to ask for an itemized statement again, and their opinion of lawyers sank so low, after this, that it was considered unsafe for an attorney to enter their store.

Conductor Was Willing.

By JOE DUNCAN WILLS, Takoma Park, Md.

(Awarded prize of $1.)

The following incident occurred on a Washington street car not long ago. The car had been stopped for a lady to get off. The rear platform was full of men, and she could not see that one side of it was closed with a wire railing. When she started as if to get off on that side the conductor said: "Lady, you can't get off on that side of the car." She thought that this was only one of the regulations of the road, and replied indignantly:

"What's the reason I can't get off on that side? I will get off on that side."

"Very well, madam," replied the conductor. "Gentlemen, please stand away and let this lady climb that railing."

Another on Uncle Joe.

By GRETCHEN HOOD, 209 Twelfth Street Southwest.

Uncle Joe Cannon has been the subject of so many jokes, it's a wonder he doesn't get tired; but all big men like notoriety, so here's one more:

Uncle Joe had been stopping at the New Willard for some time, when he invited a party of men to dine with him. The first thing on the bill of fare was creamed corn. Let it be said here that Uncle Joe is a great lover of corn in all styles, shapes, and sizes. The waiter knew his capacity, and served the dinner in accordance therewith. The corn, which was deliciously cooked, was enjoyed by all, who began to look forward to the dinner with increasing appetites. But great was the surprise, when the next dish was corn, also, in another form. Nothing was said, however, although looks were exchanged. But the surprise gave way to open amazement when the waiter next placed on the table a huge dish of boiled corn on the cob.

"Pitch in, boys," said Uncle Joe, seizing a big ear. But it was too much for one gentleman, who leaned over the table and asked:

"Say, Joe, this is a pretty expensive place, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the Speaker.

"How much do you pay here, if you will pardon the question?"

"Oh, about ten dollars a day, I guess. Why?"

"Well, look here, Joe. Doesn't it strike you that you might do better by going to a stable?"

A New Hymn.

By I. M. GIBSON, 716 North Carolina Avenue Southeast.

At a special service in a Baltimore church, a few weeks ago, a young lady was to sing "What Are They Doing in Heaven Today?"

The members of the committee having in charge the printing of the program were not familiar with the exact title of the piece, and in the first copy prepared for the printer they had it: "Anything Doing in Heaven Today?"

No Such Luck.

By MRS. I. H. LOUGHBOROUGH, Bethesda, Md.

(Awarded prize of $1.)

Some years ago a negro man who had been burned out and lost everything but his wife and a number of children, came to my husband for help. After he had related his tale of woe my husband remarked: "But you saved your wife and children." "Oh, yes, Boss," he replied, "I saved them all—a poor man never has no luck."

Second Was Sure.

By M. EDISON PELLETT, 110 Second Street Southeast.

My mother takes great delight in telling a story of her girlhood days. She and her younger sister one Sunday evening went to a negro meeting in northern Illinois.

At the close of the services, the colored preacher arose and made the following announcement:

"There will be 'meetin' a week from tonight, the Lawd willin', and two weeks from tonight, whether or no."

Had Some to Spare.

By FRED M. SHRING, 1910 Third Street Northwest.

A young preacher in delivering his first sermon to a small rural congregation in New Jersey, took for his text the parable of the loaves and the fishes. His sermon was well put up, but in reciting his text he got it somewhat mixed up and credited the Saviour with feeding five people with 5,000 loaves and two fishes. After the services his attention was called to his error by one of the deacons. The next Sunday morning he surprised the congregation by announcing that he would again preach his sermon of last Sunday, as his attention had been called to an error.

This time he was more than particular to recite his text as it should be. Approaching the deacon after service he remarked with a smile:

"Well, deacon, have I made the miracle plain this time?"

"Yes," replied the deacon, "but there is really nothing so remarkable in it."

"Not remarkable?" rejoined the young preacher. "And how many could you feed, sir, on five loaves and two fishes?"

"Perhaps ten," replied the deacon.

"And what would you do with the others, sir?"

"Why," said the deacon, with a twinkle in his eye, "I would give them what we had left over last Sunday."

Lecturer Fled.

By MRS. GEORGE B. VAN DERCOOK, 640 K Street Northeast.

Three tall Americans—Mr. Robinson, who was six feet tall; the Rev. Phillips Brooks, who stood six feet two inches, both of Boston, and the Rev. Dr. McVicker, who was six feet four inches, and of Philadelphia—made, in company, a trip to England. On the way they determined that when they should reach England they would travel apart, lest three such tall men together might provoke remark.

Arriving at a well-known town in Yorkshire, and learning that a lecture was to be delivered to working men on "America," the three went. Entering the hall separately, they took seats apart. As the lecturer proceeded, his utter ignorance of America soon became manifest to the three Americans. Finally, however, a statement concerning the size of Americans was too absurd to be endured in silence.

The speaker had barely time to conclude a sentence asserting that Americans are proverbially short of stature, never exceeding at the utmost five feet ten inches, when Mr. Robinson arose and said:

"My friends, I am an American, and, as you see, I measure fully six feet. If there is any other American who happens just now to be in the house I request him to stand up."

An expression of surprise was followed by roars of laughter as the Rev. Phillips Brooks arose and said:

"I am an American, and my size, six feet two inches, occasions no particular remark in America. If there is any other American in the house, I, in turn, request him to stand up."

After a lapse of a few seconds, in order to give the lecturer a little time to recover himself, Dr. McVicker slowly raised his majestic figure to its full height of six feet four and began:

"I am an Am——"

But this was too much, and he could not get any further. The audience had lost all control of themselves, and the speaker's disappearance from the stage brought the entertainment to a premature close.

Knew a Good Thing.

By KATHARINE SHELBY TODD, Shelbyville, Ky.

The Rev. Mr. Craik, of Louisville, Ky., who visited Washington during President McKinley's administration, had his children with him. One day they were playing on the street as Mrs. McKinley drove by. She was attracted by their bright faces, stopped her carriage and called one of the little boys to her. Then she kissed him on the cheek. At once he began to rub his face.

"Why," said his nurse, "don't rub off the kiss the pretty lady gave you."

"I am not rubbing it off. I am rubbing it in," the little fellow replied quickly.

THE GREAT VICE OF THE MEXICANS

REFORM laws have just been promulgated in the republic of Mexico with a view to striking a deadly blow at the great national vice, the consumption of pulque. Perhaps nothing has done more to retard the advancement of a large proportion of the population of the republic than the habit of drinking pulque. Reformation, however, is regarded as hardly more easily to be accomplished than the elimination of beer-drinking in American cities.

So firmly rooted is the habit among the peons of Mexico that they would sooner relinquish two meals a day than their glasses of pulque. Thousands of them keep themselves in a continuous condition of torpidity from excessive consumption of the deadening liquor. The habit has become a disease and their nerves are powerless to combat the craving for the drink.

Even more difficult to combat than the longing of the lower class for the drink is the influence of the planters, who make fortunes through the cultivation and sale of maguey, the plant from which pulque is distilled. So great proportions have been reached by the trade in pulque that daily four pulque trains run into the City of Mexico with their loads of the intoxicating liquor. The daily volume of the pulque business for the past six months has averaged sixty-two car loads. The Hidalgo, Mexican, and Interoceanic railroads, which handle the bulk of the business, have pooled their interests.

Prohibition to Be Gradual.

The reform laws are not intended to prohibit absolutely the sale of liquor or to make the interdiction extensive in its application. The purpose of the government is to advance gradually. In this city the laws will first become effective. An inner zone will be established within which the sale of pulque is absolutely prohibited. As the drinking of pulque has been particularly general within this zone, this ruling strikes at a vital point.

Outside the zone the sale of the liquor is greatly limited. Sanitary regulations are imposed, which require absolute cleanliness, not only of the saloons, but of the employes within the saloons. Rules are imposed as to the handling of the liquor, and many of the evils attendant upon careless methods of storing and selling pulque are struck deathblows.

At its best, the pulque habit is dangerous in the extreme to the people of the country. Americans are especially subject to mental derangement from indulgence in the use of the liquor, after the use of the comparatively mild liquors of the United States. A few weeks of dissipation, in which pulque plays an important part, is enough to make almost any foreigner a candidate for the madhouse.

Big Revenues for Government.

Pulque has been selling for some time past at 4 cents a liter. The daily sales have averaged $20,000 in this city. The price in some of the lowest dives has not been more than 2 cents, but the average price is not below 2 cents. The government has derived a neat revenue from the business of something like $1,300,000 annually.

Men of great wealth in the district surrounding the City of Mexico have made their fortunes raising maguey. Within a radius of 100 miles of the city there are scores of planters whose business would be practically ruined if the market for maguey were cut off. They view with alarm the first step which has been taken by the government to curtail the sale of the liquor. In the pulque district thousands of acres are devoted to the culture of the maguey plant.