

**A NEED CONFESSED.**

**Senator Sorghum on Interviewing as a Fine Art.**

"It's terrible," said Senator Sorghum as he looked at the paper, "to see how some of us public men suffer at the hands of those interviewers!"

"Are you the victim of another base fabrication?"

"I dunno's it was any fabrication." "But the report was somewhat garbled."

"No; it wasn't garbled; not a bit."

"Do you—do you regret having expressed the opinions attributed to you?"

"No; they're all right."

"Well, if you admit having given the interview and that it wasn't garbled"—

"There's just the point. I don't know when I have been more disappointed than I was when I took up the paper. There it was, just plain talk. Not an epigram in the whole business; not a flashing sally of satire nor a bit of pungent philosophy in the whole thing. It made me sleepy to read it. The man that interviewed me before put all them things in, and folks were talking about it for a week after. But this chap wrote every word down straight-forward just as I said it. I tell you, it has taught me a lesson. I won't be so confiding another time. The next time anybody tries to interview me I'll find out something about him beforehand. I'll make dead sure that he understands his business and knows how to garble and do it right."—Washington Star.

**Gross Flattery.**



Hippo (reading)—And with kind permission of our gentle reader, etc.—New York Journal.

**His Assignment.**

"Hello, Griggs! What are you doing with that valise?"

"I am just starting for Brazil."

"For Brazil? Isn't that rather sudden?"

"Yes, but a newspaper reporter has to be ready for such things. He never knows when or where he is going to be sent till the order comes. I'd like to talk to you longer, but my train leaves in ten minutes. Goodby."

"Goodby, old man. Safe journey to you. How long do you expect to be gone?"

"Coming back tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? From Brazil?"

"Yes. Brazil, Ind."—Chicago Tribune.

**The Run Off.**

"Once," said the dreamy tragedian, "I toured the great state of Illinois in less than a week."

"Who was your backer?" inquired the press agent.

"Beg pardon?"

"I say who backed you on this tour?"

"I really do not grasp your meaning."

"Who was behind you on this meteoric tour?"

"Oh, the sheriff!"

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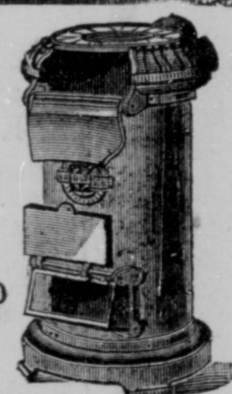
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**He's a Cuckoo.**

This story was told recently at a dinner given by the alumni of the University of Michigan at Chicago.

"A young man and his wife, not long married," said the relator of the incident, "lived down on the South Side, where they had a pretty little two-story brick. One of their wedding presents was a large clock which told the hours and the half hours by means of the cuckoo's cry instead of by the usual chimes or the sounding of a bell. One night the college fraternity of which the man was a member gave a banquet, and it was accordingly late when he arrived at the front door of his home. He thought that discretion was the better part of valor, so that when he got inside he began to remove his shoes before going up the stairs. Unfortunately he was not very happy in his execution of this act, for one of the shoes slipped and made a noise that could be heard all over the house. A moment later his wife's voice came from the head of the stairway.

"Is that you, Charles?"

"Yesh, dear."

"What time is it, Charles?"

"'Bout 12."

"And then," said Charles in telling the incident afterward, "that blamed clock began to cry out. But it cuckooed only three times, and I had to stand there like a fool and cuckoo the other nine."—Detroit Free Press.

**How He Spent the Balance.**

"No," said Zeke Perkins as he cleaned the mud off his felt boots on to the floor, "I ain't a-kickin a feller when he's down, but Ab Simpkins ain't a-deservin of charity. You know the deacon give him a order on the grocery for \$1 to help his fambly out or, the same day that phonograph feller come to town?"

"Yep," said the man with the uncultivated lilacs; "that was all right, wasn't it?"

"Sartinly, sartinly, it was all right. As I said afore, charity's a good thing. But Ab goes down to the grocery an buys a half bushel o' potatoes, sack o' cornmeal, a hunk o' side meat an a big chunk o' tobacker. Then he says to Smith, 'How much does that come to?' says he. 'Seventy-nine cents,' says Smith. 'What more do you want?' he says. Ab stood an thought for a long spell. 'Well, Smith,' he says, 'I don't know as we're needin anything else a-tall. If you can give me the balance in money, it'll be better fer me an better fer my fambly.'

"Smith gives him the balance, of course, out o' pure charity, an I'll be doggoned if he didn't go an spend it to hear the band play in that phonograph machine!"—Edward Singer in Indianapolis Sun.

**In Doubt.**

"I'm a little puzzled," said Senator Sorghum. "The remarks which have reached my ears from that old henchman of mine have worried me a great deal."

"But he merely said he did not regard you as a political boss."

"Exactly. Now, what do you think he meant to imply by that; esteem or subordination?"—Washington Star.

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