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Great Excitement, But the Goat Was Serene

WASHINGTON.—This is about a lawyer and a goat. Not the lawyer's goat, but a real Billy that belonged to a boy. All the lawyer had to do with it was to tell what happened to show the serenity of a goat when subjected to excitement. And as a serene goat isn't an everyday affair, here goes:



Scene, Massachusetts avenue as it enters Scott circle. Hour, about 2:15, when bankers, brokers, corporation lawyers and capitalists of early bird habits were whizzing downtown in their limousines, touring cars and what not—which means any vehicle above a street car—until they came to the goat.

He was on the wrong side of the street. And he wouldn't budge.

The conveyance to which he was hitched—a box on wheels, 1914 model—was crowded with sections of six small boys whose legs were dangling outside. They urged and beseeched, cajoled, threatened and whacked, but the goat calmly chewed his gum and stayed put.

There's never any telling what goes on under the horns of a billy goat in the brains we don't concede him.

Perhaps he had a hunch that his one best way to get rid of hauling six boys was to refuse to haul one. So he stood and stood and stood, until—

The composite banker, broker, corporation lawyer and early bird capitalist canned in his nifty machine had blocked the asphalt, and the street was fringed with mere everyday humans, who will have to walk until they acquire wings. No reference whatever to airships. Then a blue cloth guardian of the law breezed into the foreground and—

Got his goat.

Call Him the Story Teller in Chief to the House

ONE funny story in one ten-minute speech, by all tradition, unwritten rules and precedent of the house of representatives, is amply sufficient. But since this administration has set its face against following precedent, Tom Heflin, representative from Alabama and story teller in chief to the house, has started out loyally to upset tradition. He has taken to telling two stories instead of one in the time mentioned. Here are two samples Mr. Heflin recently interjected into debate:

"A fellow had lost an eye, and he said to the surgeon, 'Doc, I have just naturally got to have another eye, and I don't want any glass eye. I want a flesh eye.' The doctor replied, 'I can put a cat's eye in for you.' The man said, 'All right, just so I can see with it.'"

"So the surgeon very skillfully transplanted the cat's eye in the place of the one the man had lost. In about three months the surgeon saw his patient and said, 'Bill, how is your eye?' Bill replied, 'Well, Doc, it is all right, I guess. The only objection I have got to the darned thing is that it is always looking for crickets and mice.'"

The second one:
"On one occasion a dyspeptic preacher went home with a member of his church for dinner. The good wife had prepared a feast fit for the gods. There was fried chicken, round, robust biscuits, red ham swimming in red gravy and the finest coffee that ever flowed from a spout. The good lady was justly proud of what she had spread before the parson.

"Bud, the nine-year old son, with fork in hand, was just ready to do battle with the good things before him, when his mother said, 'Parson, won't you have some of the chicken?' To their surprise and the utter bewilderment of Bud, the parson replied, 'No; I never eat chicken.'"

"The good lady then asked, 'Parson, have a piece of ham.' But the parson answered, 'No, I dare not eat ham.' Bud dropped his fork.

"The good lady then said, 'Won't you have a biscuit?' and the parson replied, 'Did you use soda in the composition of those biscuits? Well, then, I cannot eat biscuits made with soda.'"

"Bud, in wide-eyed astonishment, looked at his mother and exclaimed, with anger and earnestness, 'Ma, maybe the darned old fool would suck a raw egg!'"

How a North Carolina Moonshiner Won His Case

REPRESENTATIVE E. W. POU of North Carolina tells a good one on him self. He says: "In my home county was a man by the name of Reaves, who was indicted for a violation of the revenue laws, and retained me to defend him. As he was regarded as a weak-minded man, the judges were disposed to be lenient, though the evidence was conclusive as to his guilt.

"I told Reaves that he must act as foolish as he could in order to help his case. So on the day the case was tried Reaves appeared in court—it was a roasting summer day—wearing a heavy overcoat buttoned up to his throat.

"When the court was opened by the marshal Reaves jumped up and made a spectacle of himself by calling out foolish statements. As the judge would have to take action, I rose and told the judge that he could see for himself that my client was not a responsible person; so the case was nolle prossed and Reaves told to go and sin no more.

"Several years later, when I was the prosecuting attorney, I found that Reaves had been up to his old tricks and was in court for trial on another violation of the revenue laws. When he took the stand I asked him the following questions:

"'You have frequently been indicted for this offense?'"
"'You ought to know,' replied Reaves. 'You were my lawyer.'"

"'Yes,' I returned, 'but did you not go in court and play the fool to get out of trouble?'"

"'No, sir,' said Reaves, quickly. 'As for playing the fool, it was you, sir, did that!'"

Why John Sharp Williams Never Joined the Army

SENATOR JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS was never in the Confederate army. But the fault is not his. He started with the best intentions, as well as with a knapsack filled with a good lunch. The war was at its height when he was a big boy of eleven, and as his father was in the army, and dozens of friends and relatives had gone forth to battle against the dreaded "Yank." John Sharp one night decided that his country called him to arms. The fact that he was only eleven, and about the only road he knew was that to the candy shop, did not deter him. Out in the darkness of the night the "call" of his country sounded as loud as the dinner horn to hungry hands in the harvest field.

So young Williams arose and set forth down the road in the early dawn. And as he tramped down the lanes of dust, past the still farmhouses over which hung the early smoke from the kitchen chimney, he dreamed dreams of how he would come back on a prancing charger covered with glory, gore and gold lace. Then suddenly behind him he heard the lops of an approaching horseman. Looking back, he saw it was old Uncle Zeph on the blind mule. Uncle Zeph pulled up the mule with a jerk beside his young master. "John, your maw says as how you better be gittin' back home in a hurry. She ain't er goin' ter stand fur no sich goin's on!" exploded Zeph. "You jes' clim' up here 'hind me on dis mule and he'll tote us home ter breakfast!"



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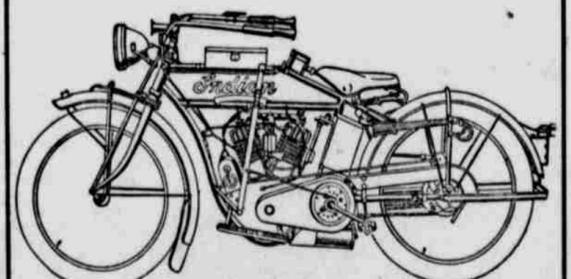
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