

SNAP SHOTS OF
SPECTATORS AT THE
MANAWA REGATTA
PHOTO FOR THE BEE BY BOSTWICK



Selections from the Story Tellers' Pack

ONE night last week a vaudeville actress, who was playing in one of the Chicago theaters, walked out on the stage to do her "turn." She came out smiling and began to sing a ragtime song. When she finished the song she waited for the applause, but as it was not forthcoming she turned to the audience and said:

"I know I can't sing, but what am I to do? I can't cook."

This remark made the audience smile. But just then something happened which put the house in an uproar, for just as soon as the actress had said "I know I can't sing, but what am I to do? I can't cook," a newsboy, who was sitting in the top row of the gallery, yelled down to her:

"Go and peddle papers."

The actress turned red and immediately began singing a "coon" song to drown the laughter.

It happened at Camp Lincoln, when the Fifth Illinois was in camp at Springfield, relates the Chicago Tribune.

After the sunset gun has been fired the camp takes on all the appearance of grim-visaged war. Pickets are posted and no one is allowed to pass without first being challenged and explaining to the satisfaction of the sentry his identity and business. One evening soon after sunset one of the officers of the regiment, who had been in town with his pretty daughter, approached one of the sentries on guard at the camp and was promptly challenged.

"Who goes there?" rang out the sharp challenge as the musket came to present.

"Officer of the Day," was the answer.

"Advance, Officer of the Day, and be recognized," said the business-like picket.

The officer and his pretty daughter promptly walked forward and passed through into the camp.

A little later the same evening the young woman had occasion to pass through the line for a moment. When she started to return she was challenged by the same sentry who had stopped her when she was accompanied by her father. This time she put on a bold front and determined to do just as he had done before.

"Who comes there?" cried the sentry fiercely in the gathering twilight.

"Officer of the Day," answered the girl, as she had heard her father answer.

For half a minute the sentry was puzzled. Then he recovered his wits.

"Advance, Officer of the Day," he called, "and kiss the guard."

Whether the young woman's military training had been sufficiently advanced to make her realize that a soldier's first duty is obedience to orders is not recorded.

"The languor of the soft spring days carries me back in memory to the beginning of my professional career," said ex-Senator Chandler of New Hampshire the other day to a friend.

There used to stand in the streets of Portland, not far from my office, some dry goods boxes, which were much sought by citizens when the weather was fine and time hung somewhat heavy upon their hands. When the "spring feeling" was strongest on me I used to think, from my perch on one of these boxes, that life would be a doleful grind if I must go back to my desk and work. Since then I have learned

that there is such a thing as a habit of duty.

"When a man has once acquired it he can no longer sit quiet on a dry goods box and sun himself. He must always be doing something or he is uncomfortable and enforced leisure is more irksome to him than the hardest of labor. I acquired the duty habit forty years ago, and a balmy spring day, though it never fails to call up memories of my youthful love for a loaf in the sunshine, inspires me with no temptation to repeat that experience."

One day recently President Elmer H. Capen of Tufts college was addressing the Massachusetts Dental society and explained his lack of technical dental nomenclature, expressing the hope that if, on this account, he made a poor speech, it would not be assumed that he always made poor speeches. In making this point he told a nautical story.

"The mate of a certain schooner," he said, "was in the habit of drinking more than was good for him. On one occasion, after he had recovered from an unusually severe attack of intoxication, he was looking over the log and found that the captain had inscribed therein on a certain date:

"Mate drunk."

"The mate promptly went to the captain and asked why such a statement had been written down.

"It is true, isn't it?" asked the captain.

"Yes," said the mate.

"Then let it stand," said the captain.

"A few days later the captain in looking over the log found this inscription: 'Captain sober.' He summoned the mate and asked him what he meant by taking such a liberty.

"It's true, isn't it?" asked the mate.

"Yes," said the captain, "but—"

"Then let it stand," said the mate."

One of the great turning points in the early life of Admiral Farragut is told in the August issue of Success, which publishes a series of new stories of the great American.

David was acting as cabin boy to his father, brave George Farragut, who had taken part in the revolutionary and the Indian wars, and who, on this occasion, as sailing-master of the fleet, was on his way to New Orleans with the infant navy of the United States. The boy thought he had the qualities that make a man. "I could swear like an old salt," he says, "could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards and was fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of dinner one day," he continued, as the story is related by William M. Thayer, "my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door and said to me: 'David, what do you mean to be?'

"I mean to follow the sea," I said.

"Follow the sea?" exclaimed father: "yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world and die in a fever hospital in some foreign clime!"

"No, father," I replied, "I will tread the quarter-deck and command, as you do."

"No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You will have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man."

"My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification. 'A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world and die in some fever hospital!' That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life and I will change it at once. I will never utter another oath, never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor, never gamble," and, as God is my witness," said the admiral, solemnly, "I have kept those three vows to this hour."

"To most people the late General George Crook, the Indian fighter, was a solemn man, but he loved a practical joke," said Colonel "Joe" Her to a Chicago Tribune man.

"Back in the '70s, soon after he was made a brigadier general and stationed at Omaha, General Crook organized a wildcat hunting party among a lot of us and one moonlight night we started across the prairie from Omaha for the fort. The plan was to sleep at the fort and at daylight start for the wildcats. After we were all fast asleep General Crook came down stairs without any shoes on and took from our rifles the ball cartridges, replacing them with blanks. On the way to the woods the general indicated the order in which he wished us to fire on the first wildcat in case we should see the beast. We had hardly reached the woods before General Crook rose in his saddle and said:

"By thunder, boys, there's a cat right in the crotch of that fir! Drop off your wagon and bag him!"

"We were on the ground in a twinkling and in less time than it takes to tell it we were blazing away at a monstrous big wildcat which was hugging the limb of the tree. The cat never stirred as the successive shots were fired and the hunters looked at one another in open-mouthed astonishment. We looked around for General Crook and found him behind a stump, laughing away to beat the band. At once it flashed on us that we had been hoaxed. The general had just straightened up and was beginning to explain the joke when the driver, a hired man at the fort, pulled from under a blanket in the wagon a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot.

The general didn't see him fire, but he turned around just in time to see tufts of fur and hair fly from the wildcat as it dropped from the tree.

"Off went the general into another fit of laughter. But this time the laugh was on himself, for the hired man had poured both charges of buckshot into a beautifully stuffed wildcat, completely ruining it, and the general subsequently paid the saloon keeper from whom he had borrowed it about \$15. All that Crook said was:

"Boys, it was worth \$100 apiece to see five good marksmen miss a wildcat in broad daylight at thirty paces."

The sudden death of Historian John Fiske brings out stories of his wonderful precocity as a child. At 7 he was reading Caesar, at 8 he had read the whole of Shakespeare and a good deal of Milton, Bunyan and Pope. He began Greek at 9. By 11 he had read Gibbon, Robertson and Prescott and most of Proissart and at the same age wrote from memory a chronological table from B. C. 1000 to A. D. 1820, filling a quarto blank book of sixty pages. At 12 he had read most of the "Collocanea Græca Majora" by the aid of a Greek-

Latin dictionary, and the next year had read the whole of Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, Sallust and Suetonius and much of Livy, Cicero, Ovid, Catullus and Juvenal. At the same time he had gone through Euclid, plane and spherical trigonometry, surveying and navigation, and analytic geometry and was well on into the differential calculus. At 15 he could read Plato and Herodotus at sight and was beginning German. Within the next year he was keeping his diary in Spanish and was reading French, Italian and Portuguese. He began Hebrew at 17 and took up Sanskrit the next year. Meanwhile he was delving also in science, getting his knowledge from books and not from the laboratory or the field. He averaged twelve hours study daily twelve months in the year, before he was 18 and afterward nearly fifteen hours daily, working with persistent energy, yet he maintained the most robust health and entered with enthusiasm into out-of-door life.

Edmund Vance Cooke, a platform poet and contributor to magazines, during a recent tour through Texas, was accosted by a drummer in the usual fashion of "What do you sell?"

"Hot air," answered Mr. Cooke in a very matter-of-fact way.

"Hot air?"

"Yes."

"Gee, I hope you don't sell any in the country. We want rain down here."

"Where do you reside?"

"San Antonio."

"Well, I sold a couple of lots there."

"Who did you sell?" the drummer inquired, in a characteristically ungrammatical manner.

"Franklin and Shaw," mentioning the names of the president and secretary of the San Antonio Lyceum.

"Franklin and Shaw? Don't know them. You don't mean Lawyer Franklin, do you?"

"Yes."

"Well, pardner, I can sell a ton of coal to a man that's looking for a load of ice; I can sell men's shoes to a woman milliner, and once I sold a man a barrel of salt for confectioners' sugar, but if you can sell hot air to a lawyer you can go to the head of the class."

One of the most courteous and considerate railroad men in the country is M. E. Ingalls, president of the Big Four. No matter what the circumstances he has never been known to give anyone a brusque or impolite answer. In this manner he is a Chesterfield and in talking with his subordinates he issues orders as if his employees were doing him a favor in obeying him. One time when he was president of the Chesapeake & Ohio Mr. Ingalls was going over the road in his private car, accompanied by his two sons, Albert and George. At a little station out in the mountains of Virginia the train was sidetracked and everything pointed to a long stop. The passengers were, as they always are, impatient at the delay and the telegraph operator was bombarded with questions.

Now this operator, like the operators at most small stations, was the whole thing. He had everything to do: sell tickets, load baggage, dispatch trains—in fact there was hardly a railroad department that he did not have his hand in. And, of course, he was not in the most amiable frame of mind

from the questions that had been asked him.

Albert Ingalls—who, by the way, is now superintendent of the Indianapolis division of the Big Four—became impatient and went to the telegraph office to ascertain the cause of the trouble and learn how long the train was to wait. Something in his tone or dress did not please the operator and he said things to the son of the road's president that sent him back to his father's car in a hurry. He explained that he could get no satisfaction from the operator.

"Perhaps you were to blame," said Mr. Ingalls, kindly. "Maybe you did not approach him in the right way. You ought to remember that the young man has a great deal to do and he has to be very particular and the least little thing will annoy him. Now I am satisfied that if I had gone he would have told me."

"Suppose you try it, father," remarked young Ingalls, seating himself to await developments.

An hour or more passed and the president began to get a little restless himself and concluded he would see if he could get any information. So he went up to the telegraph office. The operator was "pecking" away for dear life. His face was red and it was plain to be seen that he was not in a very good humor. Two or three trainmen were standing around and they had been pestered with questions until they were about ready to fight.

"Say, young man," said Mr. Ingalls, in his softest and most courteous voice, "will you kindly tell me how much longer we will be detained here?"

The operator continued "pecking" away and at last, after several minutes' wait, turned around and blurted out:

"How many more of you guys are coming in here to devil me with your d— questions? How the h— do I know when you are going to start? Do you suppose I'm holding you here because I'm stuck on you?"

"Did you find out how soon we would start, father?" asked Albert as the president came back to the car.

"The young man was very busy, Albert," responded his father, "and I did not want to interrupt him. We shall have to wait until we can get away."

On one of the hottest days recently, a prominent Wall street man walked into Delmonico's with a friend, relates the New York Times. The latter was a member of the shirtwaist brigade. Taking seats at a table, refreshments were about to be ordered when a waiter remarked:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to say I cannot serve you. The rule is strictly observed here to serve nobody who is without a coat."

The gentlemen were annoyed and expressed their amazement that such a rule should be enforced against two regular patrons. Finally the broker said to the waiter: "You can serve me?"

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"Well, bring me a Scotch high ball."

After enjoying the beverage, he cordially removed his coat and handed it to his friend with the remark:

"Put on my coat and order what you want at my expense."

The shirtwaist man did so and got his drink.