



WATCHING THE CIRCUS PARADE

Selections from the Story Tellers' Pack

A STORY was told the other night by a New York friend of United States Ambassador Choate concerning that statesman and jurist's encounter with a young college man years ago. Mr. Choate had gone to New Haven to witness one of the famous varsity boat races between Yale and Harvard, and was returning to the city alone, when he was approached in the car by a Yale student, who was brimming over with enthusiasm and smoking a huge pipe. The loquacious student sat himself down beside the lawyer and recalled to him the fact that he (Mr. Choate) was an old friend of his (the student's) father. The older man acknowledged the acquaintance with pleasure and spoke a few kindly words, when he was interrupted by the loquacious student, who talked on and on without rest, puffing on his huge pipe and blowing the smoke continually into the other's face. The lawyer coughed and choked violently over the fumes, and then put his eyes on the pipe and kept them there. The student noticed this, finally, and mistaking the look for one of admiration for the pipe, removed it from his mouth and gazed at it lovingly.

"A birthday present," said the owner, proudly regarding the reeking bowl.

"Indeed?" said the lawyer, quietly suppressing a cough. "I had no idea you were so old."

There was a laugh all over the car, and the college man finally withdrew, taking the ancient pipe with him.

A collector of bad accounts received a lesson from a delinquent debtor a few days ago that has started him to thinking a bit. The collector had been chasing this delinquent for about six months, relates the New York Tribune, and had become tired of "Call tomorrow," "I haven't it just now" and other excuses of a similar dilatory nature and thought it was time to become "sassy."

"See here," he said the last time he called, "are you ever going to pay this bill?"

"Why, yes," replied the delinquent, "I suppose I will pay it some day or other. But look here yourself, young man, I think I can show you a thing or two. How many bills have you in that bundle?"

"About forty, I guess."

"How long does it take you to visit these people?"

"Generally I can get over my route in a day."

"Suppose every one of them should pay up?"

"That would be fine?"

"Oh, it would, would it? What would you

do for a living if everybody paid promptly?"

The collector turned the thought over in his mind for a moment or two and looked blank.

"Gracious!" he said, "I'd be out of a job!"

"That's exactly my point. Don't, therefore, be so infernally anxious to collect every cent due to your people at one time. A few collections a day are enough. As for my account, come around some day next week and I may help you out of business by paying it. Good day."

He was a dutch man, but he had a loud voice, relates London Tit-Bits, and evidently wanted everyone to know what he said. He and a companion, who, he it said to his credit, seemed ashamed of the company he was in, stood in the hotel rotunda last Saturday night. The little fellow was talking about Ireland and he said many hard things about the country and the people. A great big man stood near by listening to the little fellow's vapourings. He merely smiled until the little fellow said in a very loud tone: "Show be an Irishman and I'll show you a coward."

Then the big fellow slipped up and, touching the little fellow on the shoulder, said in a heavy bass voice: "What's that you said?"

"I said show me an Irishman and I'll show you a coward," said the little fellow, whose knees were shaking under him.

"Well, I'm an Irishman," said the big fellow.

"You are an Irishman?" Well, and a smile of joy flitted over the little fellow's countenance as he saw a hole through which he could crawl. "I'm a coward."

Senator John W. Daniel, the senator-lawyer from Lynchburg, Va., is known in America as one of the most brilliant orators in the United States senate, says the Saturday Evening Post, and he is known both in Washington and the south as one of the most vigorous of southern men. To see him, to hear him talk, to remember the amount of work he has done in his day, is to believe him a man "without a lazy bone in his body."

None of the traditional indolence of the south, therefore, would be associated with Senator Daniel. Yet when he was asked recently what would now give him the most pleasure, he said:

"The very thing which I intend to do and which I always do at the end of every term; go back to Lynchburg and get myself a nice, clean, comfortable soap box and tilt it up against the front door of a grocery shop I know, then sit out there and bask in the sun like an alligator while I whittle a stick with a sharp penknife."

"If you want to know what an absolute

delight life is, come down to Virginia and sit on a soap box with me."

It was Sunday in Pittsburg. DeWolf Hopper and his company were there. Now, Pittsburg is, as are almost all Pennsylvania towns, very "tight" on Sunday.

Mr. Hopper had three friends in his room in the afternoon, relates Short Stories, and the intense heat parched their throats to such an extent that Mr. Hopper touched the button; the bell was answered by a colored bellboy whom Mr. Hopper directed to bring up four quart bottles of Blue Ribbon. The boy departed, but soon returned with the information that as it was Sunday it would be impossible to get any liquid refreshments. Mr. Hopper said to his friends, "I will show you what there is in a name," and turning to the boy said, "Go and tell the clerk that DeWolf Hopper—DeWolf Hopper, understand, wants four bottles of beer."

The boy again went down and soon returned with the much coveted refreshments.

"Now, my friends," said Mr. Hopper, "you see what there is in a name."

"Yes, boss," said the boy. "I done told them dat Wolfe de Copper wanted dat beer and dey said if dat wadn't ernuff dey would set 'em up agin."

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, who recently resigned the position of assistant secretary of the treasury to become vice president of the City National bank of New York, is noted among his associates for readiness in repartee. Only once during his career in the Treasury department, relates the Saturday Evening Post, was he known to betray inability to frame a swift and appropriate remark when occasion called. It was on the day his resignation was to take place. A gold and silver loving cup, boxes of roses and other tokens of esteem had found their way to his desk and clerks followed in procession to bid him farewell. Among them was one who had written a brief tribute, which was not without eloquence. It slightly embarrassed Mr. Vanderlip. Looking up from the panegyric to the young author he said:

"I wish I could write English like this."

"And I wish I could inspire it," was the instant reply.

Mr. Vanderlip bowed and smiled. It was the first instance on record of his failure to overmatch the graciousness of a visitor.

Kelecs from his recent European itinerary, which he undertook to study international finance and trade, tell of his ready wit in his meetings with foreign bankers and officials. Walking "Under the Linden" with a German statesman Mr. Vanderlip was contending that, because of the

resources of the United States, the ingenuity of American workmen and the tireless energies of American capitalists, the commerce of this country must gain supremacy over the world. "Already," he declared, "we are sending Russian leather to Russia, Rhine wine to France, cotton fabrics to Manchester and sauerkraut to Germany."

During the discussion they encountered a regiment of infantry, marching with fine staidness and alignment. The band was playing one of Sousa's marches.

"There," said the German sentimentally, waving his hand at the soldiers, "there is the symbol of ultimate dominion in all things, and we, you see, are the military nation."

"Yes, and marching to an American tune," was Mr. Vanderlip's comment.

There were four men in the rear seat of an open car bound downtown on Eighth avenue one morning last week, reports the New York Tribune. A poorly dressed man climbed aboard and tried to crowd into a place alongside another man, whose finely woven Panama hat told of his wealth.

"Here, what are you trying to do?" growled the man with the expensive hat, glancing up from his paper. "There's no room here."

"I thought I could find room," said the poor man, in a tone of apology.

He turned toward the rich man, and in so doing showed him a copper button on the lapel of his coat. The rich man stared for a moment, then held out his hand.

"I say, comrade, we'll make room for you," he said, as he crowded over. "I didn't know you were a Grand Army man."

The poor man in turn saw the copper badge in the other man's coat.

"Where were you?" he asked.

"Gettysburg," answered the rich man. "And you?"

"I was at Missionary Ridge."

At Twenty-third street they got off the car, the old soldier who was poor and the one who was rich, and arm in arm they headed for the nearest drinking place to finish talking it over. The button of copper and the memories it called up had removed the differences which existed between their stations in life.

John E. Wilkie, chief of the secret service division of the Treasury department, never set himself up among his Chicago friends as a prototype of Sherlock Holmes, relates the Chicago Chronicle, but he was dangerously near achieving that distinction the other day. A visitor from a western state entered his office at Washington bearing a letter of

introduction from a common friend. He was accompanied by his daughter, a remarkably pretty girl. The girl had a bad bruise on her cheek near the corner of the right eye and the visitor said smilingly as they were leaving: "I didn't strike my daughter; she got that bruise in another way."

The chief leaned back in his chair, holding his briar pipe in his hand, and looked thoughtful for a moment.

"I think I can tell you how it happened," he said. "On the morning of the day before yesterday she was sitting on the side of her berth in the sleeper from Indianapolis. She leaned over to lace her shoe, the car lurched and she fell across the aisle, striking her head on the arm of the opposite seat."

The visitor was astounded. "Were you on the train?" he asked.

"No," replied the chief, "but I reason in this way: Personal violence in the case of this young lady is out of the question. Painful accidents sometimes occur from colliding with the edge of an open door in the dark, but in that case the bruise would most likely have been on some prominent feature, like the temple, the cheekbone or the nose and not in the slight depression near the eye. You have been on the sleeper for two days, for you told me so early in your conversation here. The bruise is not a very fresh one, so it seemed almost certain that the accident occurred from a fall on the train, as much as, as not more than, forty-eight hours ago. My reasoning is quite simple, you see."

Both visitors expressed their amazement and took their leave. The father then went to the office of one of the higher officials of the Treasury department and in a straightforward way explained that he had called to express his appreciation of the chief of the secret service. "I have just come from his office," he said, "and in my short interview I was convinced that he is the best man who ever occupied the place."

The official spoke about the matter to Mr. Wilkie the next day and the chief told of the visit and of the supposed detective incident.

"But it wasn't a clever thing at all," said he, "and I must write a letter to that man. I didn't think it was going to make such a fuss. Some friends of my family came from Indiana two or three days ago and I heard them up at the house talking about a pretty girl on the sleeper from Indianapolis who fell across the aisle from her berth while dressing and bruised her face. When that man brought his daughter into the office and told where they came from it just popped into my head that here was the girl my friends had been talking about."



First time on fingers



Pulling the pegs