



SCENES IN WASHINGTON DURING THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY—Photos taken specially for The Bee.

Selections from the Story Tellers' Pack

AN ENGLISH woman lecturer tells two good stories on herself: "I was on tour through the provinces," she says. "One night, as I appeared on the platform in a small town, the chairman introduced me to my audience in the following way: "You have heard of Mr. Gladstone, the grand old man. Let me now introduce to you the grand old woman."

and (hurriedly) they've cut off 'is 'ead." Macready stood for a moment, speechless from disgust, but his sense of humor did not fail him. "Oh, they have, have they?" he replied, ironically, "then you've spoilt the whole blessed play."

It was 1 o'clock in the morning, relates Brooklyn Life. In the deepest shadow of the piazza of

"No price too high." Madame promptly bought the lace and so struck was she by the generosity, not to say gallantry of her husband, that she added to her store \$8,000 worth beside. When her husband returned that evening she learned that the dispatch he had sent read this way: "No. Price too high."

He got on the train at a way station and sat down beside me, relates the St. Louis

Republic. He was long, lean and lanky. First he looked out of the car window and then at me. Sitting deeper into his seat he suddenly remarked: "Dry day, eh?"

I merely nodded my head affirmatively. "Do you drink, young man?" I said I didn't mind if I did.

He said he would mind, though. "Furthermore," he continued, "I am surprised that a man of your modest appearance, with eyes denoting good moral character and a mouth too pure to withstand the taint of intemperance, should be willing to indulge in the flowing bowl."

I could only squirm about in my seat and prepare myself for an 18-carat temperance lecture about to be thrust upon me.

"And, young man, do you know that hundreds of homes have been devastated by strong drink?"

I knew. "Do you realize that the idols of manhood have been shattered and wealth squandered by liquor?"

I realized. "Are you aware that wine is a mocker and drink is the national curse?"

I was aware. "Are you cognizant of the fact that every glass is the foundation stone of intemperance?"

I was cog. "Do you know that wines, liquors and cigars are the advance agents of insobriety?"

And, young man, for the sake of your parents, for the good of your wife—if you have one; for the respect of your children—if you have any, I want you to make me one promise—

"And that is?" I hurriedly interrupted, willing to promise anything, for his words had aroused me and I knew I had been groveling in the dark and that every drink was a blot on the sunshine of my home.

"I want you to promise me that you will not let another drop of liquor pass your lips."

"I won't," I almost shouted, extending my hand as a seal to the faithful adherence to my promise.

"And you will not yield to temptation?" "I will not."

"And you will not ask for a drink should you see some one else imbibing?"

"I give you my word of honor I will not." "Thanks, young man, thanks," and with that the mean, groveling, contemptible, long, lean, lanky hypocrite put his hand to his side pocket, brought forth a pint flask of whisky and drank to his heart's and stomach's content, while I sat up like a buncoed commuter amid the giggling occupants of the train.

The driver of the stage, which was rolling down the Rocky mountains as fast as six mules on the gallop could keep ahead of it, may have noticed that I was, writes a correspondent, a little nervous, for after a bit he soothingly said:

"No use to grip that railing so mighty hard, stranger. We shan't come to the danger point for half an hour yet."

"Then it's on ahead?" I queried.

"Yes, three miles ahead and I may say for your benefit that hangin' on won't do any particular good."

"But I don't want to slide off."

"And you won't. If anything goes it'll be mews and coach and the hull caboodle altogether, and as the drop is plump 300 feet you won't have no use for arnica or sticking plaster afterward."

Baltimore American: There was Once an Energetic Hen who paid Strict Attention to Duty, and never was below the Average in her Daily Output of Eggs.

Each time that she Laid an Egg a Rooster would Crow lustily and excitedly, and Announce the Fact to the World.

Now, there were Certain Hens that belonged to the Gossip Brigade, and they were Filled with Envy because of This.

So they went to the Energetic Hen and said:

"We think it is Just Awful the way Mr. Rooster takes all the Credit for your success. Every day he Crows and Exults over What is Really your Achievement."

But the Energetic Hen smiled Cheerfully and Answered:

"Do not Lose any More Sleep over it, for he is my Press Agent."

Moral: If you Make a Success at Minding your Own Business, all your Friends will Assist you in Minding it.



MISS EDITH SMITH, SEVENTH QUEEN OF AK-SAR-BEN, IN HER CORONATION COSTUME.—Photo by Rinehart.

"This was intended as a sincere compliment. "On another occasion a bluff old farmer, who boasted his ability to look on all sides of a question, announced me as follows: "This lady's come here to talk about her right," he said. "She's hired the hall and so she's got a right to be here and if any of you don't like what she's got to say you've got an equal right to walk out in the middle on't."

The great Macready, in his favorite role of Richard III, was wont to take liberties with his text, apropos of which literary offense an amusing story is handed down among provincial actors, relates London K. g. In Macready's version of the play, a messenger was made to enter in act IV and report: "My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken," whereupon the tragedian would bellow out in stentorian tones: "Then off with his head!" Macready regarded this speech as the concentrated essence of "fat," indeed, it never failed except on one memorable occasion, to "bring down the house." On the night in question the super who played the messenger had resolved to cheat his chief out of the usual vociferous applause. As the story runs, Macready had sternly reproved the man for some breach of duty and the super burned for revenge. The play was received as well as usual, the audience responding with enthusiasm to Macready's robust art.

And the great moment came when, the popular tragedian was preparing to deliver in thunderous tones his order for the decapitation of the shifty duke. (To him enter super.)

Super (in a high squeaky voice): "Me liege, they've caught the duke o' Buckin-am."

the little suburban villa in which our story opens sat two burglars, earnestly discussing the affair that had brought them hither. A light in one of the upper windows, which had only just been extinguished, had made them postpone for a while their attempt, and this delay had given the first burglar an opportunity to ask his partner the circumstances which had led to this particular graft.

"The woman who occupies this house," whispered the second burglar, "has \$10,000 in cash. She drew it out of the bank yesterday and tomorrow she will turn it over to the old and trusted friend of her late husband."

"Who is he?" asked the first burglar.

"He's an old cove they've known all their lives. He's going to advise her how to invest her money. In the meantime, she's got it all upstairs with her in a black bag."

The first burglar was silent for awhile.

"Jim," he said at last, "I haven't the heart to do it. She's a widow. Let's wait."

"Wait!" exclaimed the second burglar. "For what?"

"Why, said his companion, "wait until the old cove has it. Then rob him."

One of the best stories illustrating the danger that lies in ambiguously worded telegraph dispatches is being told about a New York lawyer of large means and adequate knowledge of the value of the dollar. His wife had gone to an auction sale of laces, of which she is inordinately fond, and had seen some pieces which took her fancy. The price was \$2,000 and she hesitated to make the purchase without asking her husband whether she should do so. She did so and received this reply:



FAMILY GROUP AT THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. HENRY BERG.—Flashlight photo by a Bee Staff Artist