

# With the World's Great Humorists

Selections from the Writings of the Best Known Makers of Mirth.

## Reduced to the Ranks

By J. W. FOLEY.

(Being a letter from William Gay-boy, just off the college baseball team, to his brother Bob, written from a small town in the country.)

My Dear Bob:  
Have you a couple of twentys you can send down here into the bush until salary day comes around again? I am out of the major league class and the old gentleman has sent me into the tall grass until I get over my Charley-horse. I am the ostensible manager of one of the old gentleman's branch houses down here, with a devil of a bookkeeper as the watchdog of the treasury. He is one of those old faithfuls you read about in Dickens, and never a scratch of the pen will he make on a check until he gets O. K. from the old gentleman. He is deaf in the sympathetic ear, the bookkeeper is, and when I go to him for an advance on next month's pay he gets writer's cramp in his pitching arm. The old gentleman is hard as a granite wall this time. He says I'm not built for fast company and I'll have to play in a bush league until I get my head and am able to locate them when they come over the pan and don't bite at the wild ones. When he got my batting average from my major league engagement he cut me off the salary list and sent me down here as extra man.

I don't know exactly what was the matter with my playing but the old gentleman said it wouldn't do. He sent me up to Andover when I came out of school and put me up near the head of the batting order with a lot

of veterans who have been on the diamond for 15 years. I made good at the start, drove out a homer or two and cleaned the bases when runs counted, and I had a letter from the old gentleman offering me a place as playing manager of the Andover concern if I held up my average.



"He is Deaf in the Sympathetic Ear." Then I got swelled. Let a fellow make a homer in a close game and he's apt to think he can go through the season on his record. The bleachers will stand that for a while but if you fan once or twice at a critical moment or bunt out a few easy rol-

lers they're apt to rise up and carol for your release. That's the way it was with the old gentleman. I thought I was the only one in the bunch who could stick better than .300 and it was me to the race course on afternoons when the firm needed good men with the willow. The old gentleman wrote up once or twice that he heard I was slow on the base lines and was apt to go out Maying when there was a game on at the dress goods counter. The fans had me swelled with the notion the old gentleman wouldn't dare send me to the bench. I wrote the old gentleman I could drive one to the club house whenever I wanted to, but that I was young, with an infinite capacity for enjoyment, and if he didn't crowd me I'd settle down after while into a steady sticker. But he wrote back that gate receipts were what counted and he bush-leagued me for fair. That's why I'm here.

It's a general merchandise game down here. The diamond is small, and the fence is only about 30 feet back of the base lines. Anybody can drive one over. It takes them about two weeks to get the figures from the big games up on the score board and I feel like Christy Matthewson in the box against the high school team.

If I stay here six months I'll be able to sleep all through a championship series between the Nationals and the Americans in the front row of the grand stand. Have pity, Bobby, and send me the two twentys. I want to run up to the city and see if they still get news by telegraph.  
Your affectionate brother,  
BILL.

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## The King's Kibosh

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS.

Once upon a time there was a king of the east. There was a chalk line running around the earth from north to south, and this chalk line was the king's promenade.

One pleasant spring morning he put on his little green hat with the cute little bow in the back and calling Don John Keep, one of the retainers of the castle and all else that was not nailed down, and said to him:

"John, thou knowest that I am a monarch of great rank."

"That don't bother me none, your majesty," replied John. "You know I ain't got no sense of smell."

"And thou knowest, Don John Keep," continued the king, "that the king of the west is a haughty and grasping man, rooting where he has



"The Kibosh Escaped from Its Den This Morning."

not sown, and butting in where he has not been invited. Now if I could only get the kibosh on him the world would be mine."

"Your majesty, I regret to inform you that the kibosh escaped from its den this morning."

"John!"

"Yes, your majesty."

"Suppose our mother-in-law goes for a walk and runs across that poor kibosh! It is the only kibosh in my kingdom and I don't know how to keep house without it."

"Why not advertise for it, your majesty?"

"Very well, Don John, do that. What is my wife's mother doing this morning?"

"She has been taking chloroform, your majesty, so as to be able to get some rest."

"Never mind, you don't owe the kibosh anything. Go over and call up the King of the West and tell him that we have a sleeping princess over here, and he must come and awaken her."

"But suppose he does awaken her, your majesty?"

"Then he shall have her hand in marriage."

Later on the King of the West rode into the castle yard and asked to be shown to the couch of the sleeping princess.

"Let me beg of you not to make this hazardous trial in which your life is at stake!" begged the King of the East, trying to keep a straight face.

"Don't be a fool!" snapped the King of the West. "If you have ever read a fairy story you know the hero never turns back! Lead me to her!"

"Well, where is she?" asked the King of the West when they were gathered about the couch whereon reposed the royal mother-in-law.

"That's it."

"Are you trying to hand me a lemon?"

At this remark a shudder shook the form of the sleeping mother-in-law.

"Her nose is crooked!" continued the king.

At this remark the mother-in-law's hand went to the sleeping mother-in-law's nose.

"She has false teeth!"

"Thou liest, scound!" hissed the mother-in-law without batting an eye.

"And she is sixty!"

A miracle! The mother-in-law awoke

of the streets. From the corner of the block they awaited the inevitable explosion. Nothing occurred. Clansky turned pale.

"Mein Gott, she's gone out," he whispered. "Come back and light her again."

They hurried into the basement. And suddenly a figure leaped out of the darkness like a tiger and felled them to the ground.

"Trying to stink out my business, you scum, are you?" roared Schmitz. "Burning your punk balls under my

delicatessen store." And with the unrestrained fury of 200 pounds of snow and bone he trounced them and flung them groaning into the passage way. The basement door slammed in their faces.

"You miserable fool, Peter," groaned Clansky, as they nursed their bruises in the corner saloon. "The fuse was right. You must have bought the wrong materials. What did you get?"

"I got sulphur and charcoal and salt," said Peter, dolefully.

"Salt, you blockhead?" cried Clansky. "I said saltpetre. Not salt, but saltpetre, petre, petre."

"Ja," answered the German. "You said: 'Go to three different shops and buy some sulphur, some charcoal, and some salt, Peter.'"

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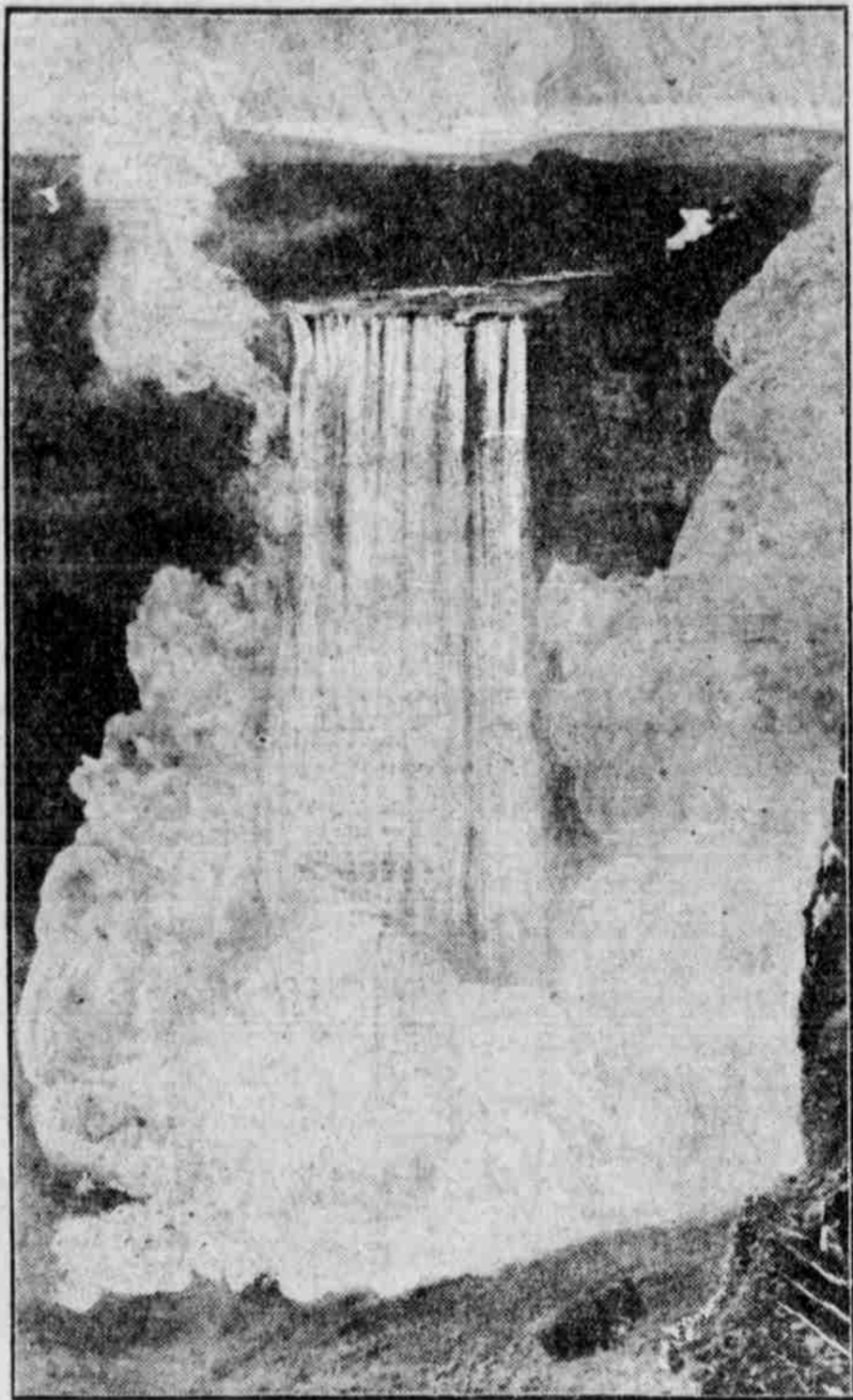
"Where's the Bomb?"

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FIVE TIMES HIGHER THAN NIAGARA.



The above is a photograph of the Kaiteur fall on the Potaro river, Essequibo, British Guiana. The perpendicular height of the fall is 741 feet, or nearly five times that of Niagara. The width varies from 350 feet in the dry season to 400 feet in the rainy season, and the depth of water passing over similarly ranges from a few feet to 20 feet. Even in very dry seasons, the river has a depth of 65 feet about a quarter of a mile above the fall. The face of the fall is of sandstone with a capping of harder conglomerate. It is suggested that the falls may be used to provide power, and it is pointed out that the chief fall alone would supply 2,125,000 horsepower.

## WANTS MEN FREED

### Aged Minnesota Ex-Judge Would Ease His Conscience.

After Thirty-Four Years He Seeks the Release of Two Negroes Whom He Prosecuted and Had Convicted.

St. Paul, Minn.—Bowed and bent and only a memory of his former brilliant self, Judge James Egan has lifted a weight which has lain upon his conscience for 34 years by appearing before the state board of pardons and pleading for the release of two negroes, serving life sentences for murder. They were incarcerated when Judge Egan was only a young prosecuting attorney. Between the day of their judgment and now lies a lifetime, and now the prosecutor confesses that they were unjustly imprisoned and asks their freedom. Behind an act which casts a shadow on an exceptionally brilliant career lies a dramatic story.

The two negroes, R. L. Underhill and George Washington, were arrested and tried principally upon circumstantial evidence. A house upon Summit avenue had been robbed and the burglars, escaping in the darkness of a storm and overcast night, shot at a policeman who attempted to intercept them. He died without being able to make a coherent statement. Later, after two vagrant negroes had been jailed by the police, a woman living in the house where the robbery had occurred, identified them as the burglars. She admitted that she had caught but a glimpse of the men at work, and that in the dark.

As Prosecuting Attorney Egan vigorously pressed the case against the two men, and with the city deeply stirred by the crime convicted them and sent them up with life sentences.

Years passed and the prosecuting attorney became a judge, noted for his keen wit, his marked ability and a clear far-seeing judicial mind. After many years Judge Egan retired, and for nearly a decade had not been a figure in public life. Before the pardon board a bent and enfeebled old man, his mind clouded on many subjects, but entirely clear on this, begged that the governor and the members of the pardon board free his soul from the weight of the knowledge that the two men were frightened into making false confessions and unjustly committed to a life of harsh confinement. The board was astounded by the confession and has taken the case under advisement, to thoroughly investigate it.

### GIRL TO FLY IN AN AIRSHIP.

Berkeley (Cal.) Young Woman Is Enthusiastic Promoter of "Heavier-Than-Air" Machine.

Berkeley, Cal.—Miss Bernice Cunningham, the 19-year-old daughter of James R. Cunningham of this city, is an enthusiastic promoter of a new fly-

ing machine now being constructed in a suburb and has announced her intention of making a flight alone in the air craft.

Miss Cunningham is enthused over the flying machine and haunts the shops at Sather station, Fruitvale, where the machine is being constructed. She has made herself familiar with every part of the craft and believes she will experience no difficulty in managing the machine in the air.

The machine, the invention of Peter English of Alameda, is a combination of a helicopter, or self-lifting machine, and an aeroplane, and differs radically from any flying machine yet invented.

It is provided with two immense propellers, which supply the lifting and propelling power, and has a greater aeroplane surface than the Wright brothers' machine. It has a tested lifting power of 1,700 pounds.

English asserts his machine will fly just as well at a height of three feet from the ground as at a greater altitude.

### Find Old Fort Became Barn.

Greely, Col.—Fort Latham, built near here in the early '60's for defense against the Indians, was not destroyed years ago, as has been supposed, but is still in existence and is used as a barn. A few days ago the fort was found on the ranch of O. A. Gordan. It is built of sod.

Many a poet finds his convictions determined by the exigencies of rhyme.

## WIFE OF WISCONSIN SENATOR.



Photograph copyright by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

The above is from a recent photograph of Mrs. Isaac Stephenson, wife of United States Senator Stephenson of Wisconsin. Senator Stephenson is one of the wealthiest senators in the upper house of congress and during the Washington social season she entertains lavishly.

## HOTEL GOES BEGGING

Star and Garter Auction Fails to Bring Out Bidder.

House Once Was Resort of Dandies and Many Royal Persons Have Been Entertained in the London Hostelry.

London.—For the second time within two years the Star and Garter hotel, Richmond, was offered for sale by auction the other day at the Mart, following the sale of the furniture of the hotel three months ago. There was no bidding and consequently no sale.

Albert Chancellor, the auctioneer, made an eloquent speech, referring to the hotel as "a far-famed hostelry, a palace of pleasure crowning the hill of delight."

"The view from this spot is," he said, "the finest in England, perhaps in the world. You can motor down from London in a few minutes."

"Yes," interposed one of the company, "and get locked up."

The hotel had cost \$700,000 and could be used equally well as hotel, hydro or skating rink. As a provisional bid the auctioneer suggested the "trifling sum" of \$150,000, and then \$125,000, but there were no offers and the item was declared not sold.

It is just 100 years since the Star and Garter was opened, after being for five years left to decay. Perhaps some clever hotel-keeper may find a good augury in that circumstance. In 1809 Christopher Cream, who had been the duke of York's cook, became proprietor of the hotel, even then 70 years old, and he succeeded in making it a favorite resort of the period—the period of bucks and dandies, of heavy gambling and quick quarrels, of four-hour dinners and wonderful feats in the consumption of port.

The popularity of the hotel continued throughout the century. Queen Victoria and the prince consort, Louis Philippe, Napoleon III. and Emperor Maximilian were among its many royal patrons.

In the '60s and '70s the Star and Garter attained the zenith of its fame. Thackeray mentioned it more than once in his novels; Meredith made Richard Feverel talk to Bellona there, and W. E. Norris makes it the scene of some of his cleverest chapters. But the real revealer of the charms of the Star and Garter was "Ouida."

Who can forget that page in "Under Two Flags" in which the water party at Richmond, who pay seven guineas apiece for their dinner, are pelted with brandy cherries by Zu-Zu, have their best cigars "thrown away half smoked by pretty pillagers" and listen to Lauri Lelas singing a barcarolle? And who does not remember that even more dramatic scene at the Star and Garter in which beauty meets Lady Guenevere?

## GOULD-FISK THEATER SOLD.

Famous Grand Opera House Which Shielded Magnates from Mob Brings \$1,000,000.

New York.—The famous old Grand opera house at Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue has been sold to a company by the executors of the Jay Gould estate for \$1,000,000.

Many memories of Jay Gould and "Jim" Fisk and incidents of the late '60's and early '70's are linked with the famous theater. It was here that Gould and Fisk took refuge from the mobs on "Black Friday" in 1873.

In the building is a vault of heavy masonry extending from the basement to the roof, the floors of which are reached by a narrow circular stairway in the stones. Fisk said that he and Mr. Gould concealed themselves in this vault when the infuriated crowd attacked their offices in Wall street district.

One of the boxes in the theater is known as the Gould box and is kept locked. It seats 20 to 30 persons, but has never been occupied except by members of the Gould family.