

Funny Happenings of Real Life

COMMENCING on his first meeting with James McNeill Whistler, Mark Twain is reported as saying: "I was introduced to Mr. Whistler in his studio in London. I had heard that the painter was an incorrigible joker and I was determined to get the better of him if possible. So at once I put on my most hopelessly stupid air and drew near the canvas that Mr. Whistler was completing. 'That ain't bad,' I said; 'It ain't bad, only here in this corner'—and I made as if to rub out a cloud effect with my finger—I'd do away with that cloud if I was you.' Whistler cried, nervously: 'Gad, sir, be careful there. Don't you see the paint is not dry?' 'Oh, that don't matter,' said I, 'I've got my gloves on.' We got on well together after that."

Didn't Change Her Name.

General J. B. Gordon tells in his recently published autobiography the romance of gruff old General Ewell of the confederate army. In his early manhood he had been disappointed in a love affair. When he was promoted to the rank of major general he evidenced the constancy of his affections by placing upon his staff the son of the woman whom he had loved in his youth. The fates decreed that Ewell should be shot in battle and become the object of tender nursing by this lady, who had been for many years a widow—Mrs. Brown. Her gentle ministrations soothed his weary weeks of suffering and a marriage ensued. Ewell never seemed to realize, however, that her marriage to him had changed her name, for he proudly presented her to his friends as "my wife, Mrs. Brown, sir."

Miss Anthony Outdone.

An amusing anecdote is told of Susan B. Anthony, illustrating her keen sense of humor. In company with her niece and a party of tourists she was sightseeing in Europe. A Capucian monastery was included in the tour. They had scarcely entered the monastery before they were presented with that bane of travelers—a book for the registering of names. The pen presented was an especially refractory one, and it was with a great deal of pain and labor that the names were written out. Then the visitors were invited to inspect the building.

The party had proceeded some way when Miss Anthony's absence was noted. "Where is Miss Anthony?" "Where's Miss Anthony," was the cry. No one knew. A searching party was instituted. After a long hunt they discovered Miss Anthony leaning over the register, slowly, deliberately and painfully writing the following incendiary words: "Perfect equality of rights for women—civil, political and religious—is today and has been for the last half century the one demand of Susan B. Anthony."

But it was demonstrated that even the Capucian monks do not entirely sympathize with "advanced" women. Shortly afterward the same party returned and looked with curiosity to see what had become of the daring inscription. With equal painstaking care and determination as that displayed by the great "suffragist" a member of the order, bent on expurgating dangerous heresies, had taken his pen and crossed and crisscrossed the words so that nothing remained of Miss Anthony's famous sentiment but an ignominious smudge.

Jarring Naval Dignity.

A little story involving Rear Admiral Rodgers, the commandant of the Brooklyn navy yard, and a very raw marine recruit came out recently, when Colonel Spicer called the green marine before him to be lectured. Admiral Rodgers and Captain Perry, the captain of the yard, were

making a tour of inspection, when they passed the marine doing sentry duty, who failed to salute them.

"Don't you know enough to salute when an officer passes you?" asked the admiral, going back.

"Gee!" exclaimed the marine, in a tone of most uncomplimentary astonishment, "are youse fellers officers?"

The admiral ordered him to present arms, and the man nearly fell over himself in his awkward efforts to obey the command.

"Here, let me have your gun," and, taking the piece, the admiral showed the man how to present arms gracefully and properly. "Now," said the commandant, handing back the gun, "let me caution you that a sentry must not under any circumstances ever give up his arm."

"I seem to be putting my foot in it for fair," said the green marine, looking discouraged.

An hour later the admiral and the captain chanced to pass the same sentry again. This time he presented arms with a flourish that almost knocked his head off.

"Hey, did I do it all right that time?" he yelled after the admiral, seeming to feel hurt when he received no answer from the dignified commandant.—Philadelphia Ledger.

How to Be Sure to Get Married.

Like the president of the United States, Senator Cockrell of Missouri is a warm advocate of early marriage and the large family.

In conversation not long ago with a successful young business man of Kansas City, in whom the senator has been interested since the former's boyhood, Mr. Cockrell bluntly inquired of the young man why he did not marry. "You're doing quite well," said Mr. Cockrell, "but you would do better if you got a wife. Take my word for it, she would help you mightily."

An incredulous smile came to the face of the young fellow. "Perhaps you are right, senator," he responded, "but I am not sure that I could find one. You see, my life has been such a busy one I've had little opportunity to cultivate the qualities that attract a woman. I'm that diffident where women are concerned that I doubt I should know the way to go about securing a wife," he added, somewhat jocularly.

"Tut, tut, young man!" exclaimed Mr. Cockrell, grimly. "If the worst come to the worst you might, bearing in mind the rule of following the line of least resistance," get acquainted with an old maid!"—New York Tribune.

Raked in the Pot.

The visit of Joseph Jefferson to Washington has revived a story related by "Billy" Florence, with whom Jefferson was associated years ago. Poker was a hobby with Florence and he used to tell poker stories by the yard. One of his favorite anecdotes told during his last visit to Washington had Senator Vest of Missouri as its hero.

According to Mr. Florence, Senator Vest once sat in a poker game in which it seemed he had not a ghost of a chance to win. He was a young man and the other four men were old stagers. They knew Mr. Vest had just been paid a large legal fee and they set about relieving him of the responsibilities of so much wealth. The place was a little town and the game was played in a small shed, which had no other covering for the earth floor than a lot of fresh wheat straw. A dry goods box served as a table. The cards were "stacked" and almost at the beginning of the game there was a jack pot. Mr. Vest opened it on three queens. As the cards were "fixed" the other men held even better hands and raised before the draw.

Mr. Vest stood the raise and drew two cards, one of which happened to be the fourth queen.

The gamblers, not expecting that chance would so better young Mr. Vest's hand, went after him warmly. An outsider, who was a confederate, looked over Mr. Vest's shoulder and saw his hand. He held up four fingers, nodded, winked, coughed and did everything else he could think of to warn his friends, but, confident in the success of their card stacking, they paid no attention. He saw that Mr. Vest would break the whole party before the betting ceased, and in desperation he lighted a match, dropped it on the straw-covered floor and made for the door. The gamblers sprang to their feet, but Mr. Vest remained perfectly cool. He took time to call, laid down his invincible queens, raked in the stakes, and as he went out the door, his coat tails on fire, he remarked, blandly: "Let her burn, I take the pot."

Enemies Become Friends.

In the early days of North Dakota Senator Jud La Moure and Alexander McKenzie, the latter famous as the most daring sheriff in Bismarck, were bitter personal and political enemies. Whatever one wanted done was sure to be opposed by the other, and they carried their enmity to each other to great and sometimes ridiculous extremes for men as level-headed as they were in ordinary matters. Each had a host of friends and these were arrayed in hostile camps, political, social and business. The two men have become reconciled, however. Some time ago McKenzie got into trouble in Alaska and narrowly escaped a prison sentence for contempt of a local judge, from whose jurisdiction the Bismarckian removed a prisoner. After a hard fight McKenzie was released and returned east, broken in health. For months he has been lying in a St. Paul hospital, hovering between life and death and deserted by a majority of his former friends. Here his old enemy, La Moure, found him and at once took up his station at the bedside of the stricken man, ministering to his every want with the solicitude of a mother. Mainly owing to La Moure's careful nursing McKenzie is recovering his health and expects to leave the hospital in a week or two, when his old-time adversary will escort him to Bismarck. It is safe to say that the friendship thus established will never be broken. McKenzie a few years ago was a perfect specimen of physical manhood, standing six feet four inches and being built in proportion.

An Amusing Breach.

General Ian Hamilton, recently visiting in this country, figures in one of the best campaign stories of the Boer war. The incident happened during the campaign east of Bloemfontein, when Hamilton had command of an assorted column, half Canadian, half regular, that composed the extreme right wing of Roberts' army.

General Hamilton reviewed the Canadian infantry one day in a small village for the purpose of telling them they must stop the plundering for which they were so notorious that they had earned the nickname of "the Thousand Thieves."

The column had just drawn up and was waiting for Hamilton to begin the review when a ragged rooster ran out from a hut and across the front of the line. A kind of shiver ran through the volunteers. Suddenly a private left the ranks and took after the rooster.

"Halt!" shouted Hamilton. The soldier ran on. He shortly overtook the rooster and turned back, wringing the neck of the fowl. As he passed the general he noticed the fierce scowl on his face. The soldier was an Irish boy from Toronto and not easily daunted, but this time he

temporized. Throwing the defunct rooster at the general's feet, he said:

"There, now; I'll tacha ye t' halt whin the general says so!"

History records that the column laughed and the general smiled. Also that the soldier got only two days in "quad" for one of the most bare-faced breaches of discipline in the records of the most irregular corps in the army.

New Impressions of America.

New Impressions of America are being borne in upon the Baron Cederstrom, Patti's husband, daily. His latest strengthens his belief that the American people are thoroughly accommodating.

The baron was walking up Broadway with Mr. Francke, treasurer of Patti's company, when a number of pieces of the fire department apparatus dashed by. The baron stopped short in admiration.

"Wonderful!" he ejaculated, admiringly. "Wonderful! What magnificent horses!"

He watched the apparatus out of sight and was greatly surprised when, a few blocks further up the street, he met it coming back. He remarked to Mr. Francke that he thought it was a great deal of fuss to make for what appeared to be nothing, and Mr. Francke replied, carelessly:

"Oh, didn't you understand, baron? I arranged that for you. I thought it might please you."

The baron's gratitude almost caused him to fall on Mr. Francke's neck. "That was more than kind of you," he exclaimed, "and I appreciate it highly. This is certainly a wonderful country and you Americans are wonderful people. I have never before seen any so hospitable and accommodating and so willing to put themselves out to oblige a stranger."

When Miss Patti heard of the exhibition arranged for the baron's benefit, however, and heard his praises of Mr. Francke's kindness, she had no comment to make, not even thanks for the baron's entertainer. She merely looked at her husband. That was all.—New York Times.

It Wouldn't Do.

The late Dr. Cyrus Edson was a great athlete in his youth, and to the last he was not prouder of his fame as a physician than of his fame as a oarsman. Dr. Edson rowed in the notable Columbia crew of 1878 at Henley.

Talking one day about athletics abroad, Dr. Edson said: "Our college yells are an amazing thing to foreigners, who have no yells themselves. The 'tiger-ah-boom-ah' of Princeton the yell 'I yell, yell, yell,' of Cornell and our 'brek-ek-ek-co-ax' and 'whorah' and so on amuse the good people across the water enormously."

"I well remember the visit of the Cornell crew to London some years ago, and the comments on this crew's yell that an Englishman made. Cornell was to row the London club, to which the Englishman belonged. He repeated with a laugh the Cornell slogan—'Cornell, I yell, yell, yell, Cornell,—and then he said:

"'It would never do for us to adopt a similar yell, would it? It would never do for us to shout: 'London, done, done, done, London!'"

Some Things Omitted.

Returning voyagers from England bring back this story, told by H. Clay Evans, consul general at London: An American from Buffalo went abroad. He visited Paris and afterward fell on London, where he boasted of his knowledge of Parisian customs, meals, wines, pictures and everything else the traveler sees and gets. "Of course," said Evans, "you enjoyed some pommes de terre in Paris?" "Not at all, not at all," replied the man from Buffalo. "My wife is traveling with me."

