

Funny Happenings of Real Life

WHEN Senator Thomas C. Platt of New York was enjoying his recent honeymoon he was approached by a Pennsylvania politician of note, an old personal friend, who said: "See here, senator, you won't mind if I say confidentially that you're no raving beauty. Now, what I'd like to know is how your wife was ever attracted to such a plain person as you are?" "I'm glad you asked me," returned the senator, smiling broadly, "and I'll tell you in the strictest confidence, of course: She first fell in love with me through seeing the newspaper pictures which the cartoonists make of me."

It Was Good.

A Kentucky distiller tells this story at the expense of Justice Harlan, of the United States supreme court. They were fellow guests at a reception in Washington, and the hostess rallied the justice on his failure to drink more than one glass of punch. He replied that as a Kentuckian he felt disloyal to drink his other than straight, adding that just then he was out of the genuine tippie in his home. The distiller that evening telegraphed to his manager, who sent the justice a case of his best. Next Sunday the two men met in the church of which Mr. Harlan is a deacon. The distiller was coming down the steps when the justice called to him, "That was splendid." Then remembering where he was, he added hastily, "The sermon, I mean, of course."

Proof Conclusive.

An amusing story is told of "Uacle Dick" Oglesby, once governor of Illinois. He made a tour of inspection of the Joliet prison, and came to a cell in which a hideously ugly man was confined. The man was so ill favored that the governor stopped to ask about him.

"What's he in for?" he asked.
"He forced a young woman to elope with him at the point of a pistol," the keeper replied.

"Well," said Oglesby, "I guess I'll pardon him."

"Pardon him!" protested the warden. "Why, governor, the proof against him is absolute."

"I know," said the governor, "but he couldn't get her to marry him in any other way."

One on Jefferson.

Not long ago Joseph Jefferson took part in a benefit in aid of a New York hospital. He opened the entertainment with a short talk, other noted players crowding at the wings to hear his remarks. Just then two highly rouged girls of the song and dance persuasion came down the winding staircase from their dressing rooms. One of them came over to the wings, listened for a moment and then went back to her companion. The latter said: "Who's on now?" Some old guy doin' a monologue," was the reply, "and, say, he's doin' fierce. Been on ten minutes and ain't had a laugh yet."

Happiest Moment to Come.

The late William E. Elkins, the street railway magnate of Philadelphia, was gifted with a grim humor. This humor a certain Philadelphia reporter has cause to remember.

He visited Mr. Elkins some years ago to procure one of those bizarre interviews requiring the asking of a number of peculiar questions, and the reporter opened fire in this way:

"Mr. Elkins, how did you earn your first thousand dollars?"

The millionaire frowned, then smiled.

"By hard work," he answered.

Daunted a little, the reporter, in silence,

tried to think up the next question. Presently he found it. It was:

"Mr. Elkins, you have lived a good many years; now tell me—what has been the happiest moment of your life?"

"It hasn't come yet," said Mr. Elkins.

"Not yet? When, then, will it come?" The reporter's eyes shone. Now he expected something good.

"It will come," said Mr. Elkins, "when people cease asking foolish questions."—Boston Post.

Pickles and Choo-Choo.

It was a little thing of this kind that first made the name of Finley P. Dunne famous among Chicago editors. The creator of "Mr. Dooley" was sauntering down Dearborn street one afternoon when he saw a horse suddenly disappear into the bowels of the earth. Hastening up to the edge with a score of others he was warned away by Steve Rowen, the policeman who was subsequently to become the famous Hennessy of the Dooley papers. Mr. Dunne stood back in deference to authority, but an excited woman persisted in giving instructions to Officer Rowen. "Why don't you get that horse out of that hole?" she demanded. "Here, coax him out with this lump of sugar." Steve waived off the proffered lump and, with the greatest courtesy, responded: "Horses don't like sugar, ma'am—only pickles and choo-choo." About ten minutes later Dunne sauntered into the office and wrote the story just as it happened, only with that difference which is always manifested between art and craftsmanship. The city editor told him that it was too late for anything, yet glanced idly over the copy. Two minutes later he was making tracks for the composing room and got the story in. The next day about a hundred people asked the editor who wrote the tale of Steve Rowen and the horse, and thus was Dunne's fame born.

Reversing the Order.

Senator Sullivan of New York was recently a guest at a banquet of homeopathic physicians. During the banquet the usual toasts were drunk. To the health of "the ladies," of "the president," of "Hahnemann, the father of homeopathy," and of a dozen other persons and subjects glasses were drained duly, and then, all of a sudden, the toastmaster remarked that the witty Senator Sullivan had not yet responded to a toast. "Senator Sullivan," he said, rising, "has not yet been heard from Senator Sullivan will now propose a health." The senator arose and beamed upon the assemblage of physicians. "I propose," he said, "the health of the sick."

Making Room for Hosea.

This is one of Dr. Lindsay Parker's after-dinner stories:

An old Irish Protestant preacher had announced the major and minor prophets as the subject of his discourse for a certain Sunday. For an hour and a half he talked of the major prophets, assigning each to his proper place. Then taking up the second division of his sermon, he said:

"And now we come to the minor prophets. First, then, what place shall we give to Hosea?"

A tall man arose from one of the back seats, and, with a reverential bow, politely said:

"If you please, sor, he can have my place. I'm going out."—Brooklyn Eagle.

As to Platforms.

Senator Stewart, while traveling in Nevada, stood on the platform of the coach and was approached by a conductor.

"Senator," began the employe, touching his cap respectfully, "I dislike to remind you of rule II, which requires passengers to ride inside the coaches."

"I own this road," replied the senator

gruffly. "But even if I didn't own it, am I not a privileged passenger by reason of being a prominent politician?"

"I believe that platforms are for politicians to get in on, but not to stand on," replied the conductor.

The senator promptly stepped through the door.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Two Kinds.

Congressman Williams, the new democratic leader, tells of a party of English noblemen who were traveling in Texas. They visited one small town where the local magnate took them to the best saloon in the place and introduced them to the bartender, saying: "Jim, these gents are marquises and earls and lords. What do you think of that?" "Well, Bill," answered the bartender, "they ain't but two classes in this here place. One is them that take sugar in their and the other is them that ain't so dam particular. Wattleyeave, gents?"

Short and Sweet.

Lucie Felix-Faure, the daughter of a former president of France, who lately married George Goyau, is a distinguished woman of letters. She has studied the philosophy, literature and theology of many countries.

Miss Florence Graham Offutt of Lexington, Ky., where she is a directress of physical culture in a girls' seminary, has broken off an engagement to wed a young man of good family because he insisted that after marriage she should abandon her occupation.

Miss Jennie Foss, a school teacher of Florence, Wis., some time ago had an encounter with a wildcat, vanquishing the animal and displaying great bravery. An account of the incident was read by John E. Bower, a wealthy farmer of Madison, Ind. He paid court to Miss Foss through the mails, his suit was favorably received and the other day they were married.

Rev. Frederick C. Smielau, pastor of an Episcopal church in Carlisle, Pa., was married a few days ago to Miss Grace Parkinson, the ceremony being performed by Bishop Talbot. The bride and groom are both deaf and dumb. Mr. Smielau is prominent on account of his remarkable work as a missionary to the 400 deaf and dumb communicants of the church who reside throughout the state, to whom he preaches in the sign language.

Picture of the Performance.

The late George W. Childs, the proprietor of the Philadelphia Ledger was a man who supported his subordinates when they were in the right.

During a bitter congressional campaign one of the candidates called upon Mr. Childs and said:

"Mr. Childs, I have always considered you my friend. Am I right in that assumption?"

"Yes," said Mr. Childs, in his quiet way, wondering what was coming.

"Well, I come to complain about your political reporter. His reports of my campaign have done me much damage."

"I understand," said Mr. Childs, "that our reporter has been printing your own speeches. Is that true?"

"Y-e-s," was the hesitating reply.

"Then," said the publisher, "you are the guilty man. You are killing your own candidacy and the Ledger is simply giving a faithful picture of the performance. Blame yourself and not the Ledger reporter."

And that was all the satisfaction this influential politician could get from the publisher.—Collier's Weekly.

Approved by Morgan.

An old Washington gentleman tells a story which he overheard President Lincoln repeat, and which he believes has not been published.

During one of his busy reception hours, when the president was talking first to one, then to another of the many who filled the room in the White House, a gentleman asked if any news had been received from John Morgan, whose confederate cavalry were raiding Kentucky and Ohio.

"We'll catch John some of these days," replied Lincoln. "I admire him, for he is a bold operator. He always goes after the mail trains, in order to get information from Washington. On his last raid he opened some mail bags and took possession of the official correspondence."

"One letter was from the War department to a lieutenant in Grant's army; it contained a captain's commission for him. Right under the signature of A. Lincoln the audacious Morgan wrote, 'Approved, John Morgan,' and sent the commission on its way. So there is one officer in our army whose commission bears my signature, with the approval of that dare-devil rebel raider."—New York Tribune.

Beginning at the Bottom.

W. J. Arkell, formerly publisher of Judge and Leslie's Weekly, tells this story apropos of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer's gift to Columbia university:

"When Joseph Pulitzer came to New York to take the World out of the hands of William Huribert and Manton Marble he invited a notable company to dinner on the evening after the first paper was issued under his management. The party included, as nearly as I can remember, John A. Cockrell, who afterward died in Alexandria, Egypt, while in the service of the New York Herald; Ballard Smith, who was for a time managing editor of the Sun; Charles Brooks, the criminal lawyer; John R. Fellows, the talented district attorney, and others whose names I cannot now recall. Instead of taking them to Delmonico's, where they all expected to go, Mr. Pulitzer conducted them to Hitchcock's famous beanery, then occupying a cellar on the spot where the Pulitzer building now stands. Said he, as he ordered beef and beans and 'sinkers' and coffee for the whole party:

"Gentlemen, when the Princeton or Harvard graduate comes to New York to enter journalism he dines first at Delmonico's and ends up at Hitchcock's. We will begin, with your permission, at Hitchcock's, and we hope to end at Delmonico's."—New York Times.

Premature Obituary.

One of the New York papers printed a half-column obituary of J. L. Mott, a well known citizen. Mr. Mott saw the obituary on the morning it was printed and was perplexed. He took the paper and went down to the editorial rooms. After much travail he got in to see the city editor.

"I came in to see if you can tell me anything about this," said Mr. Mott, humbly.

"About what?" asked the city editor, raptly. He took the paper and read the article hurriedly. "It seems to be an obituary notice of one J. L. Mott," he said. "What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing that I know of," answered Mr. Mott, "but I want to know how it came about."

"Came about? Why, the man died, I suppose. We don't usually print obituaries of live men."

Mr. Mott was impressed. "Probably not," he said, "but you did this time. I am J. L. Mott."

The city editor made many apologies. "We will print a correction if you like," he announced.

"No," said Mr. Mott, after hesitating. "Let it go as it is. I'll show it to people when they try to borrow money of me."—Saturday Evening Post.

