

# Funny Happenings of Real Life

## Gentle Repulse by Lincoln.

**S**ENATOR Cullom was one of Lincoln's intimates. On Lincoln's birthday he told an interesting story about the great president.

"There was an ignorant man," he said, "who once applied to Lincoln for the post of doorkeeper to the house. This man had no right to ask Lincoln for anything. It was necessary to repulse him. But Lincoln repulsed him gently and whimsically, without hurting his feelings, in this way:

"So you want to be doorkeeper to the house, eh?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Well, have you ever been a doorkeeper? Have you ever had any experience of doorkeeping?"

"Well, no—no actual experience, sir."

"Any theoretical experience? Any instructions in the duties and ethics of doorkeeping?"

"Umh—no."

"Have you ever attended lectures on doorkeeping?"

"No, sir."

"Have you read any text-book on the subject?"

"No."

"Have you conversed with anyone who has read such a book?"

"No, sir; I'm afraid not, sir."

"Well, then, my friend, don't you see that you haven't a single qualification for this important post?" said Lincoln in a reproachful tone.

"Yes, I do," said the applicant, and he took leave humbly, almost gratefully."

## Fooled the Mules.

The mine workers at Pittston, Pa., are telling of the clever way in which the strike of the four mules at the Diamond shaft of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western company was broken by Jack McAnaney, the mule boss. It is not often that mules strike, but when they do there is trouble.

Old Boxer, the lead mule of the four which draw the cars into the West Park slope, took sick and could not work, so McAnaney promoted another mule to the lead and put in a green one. The lead mule would not start, however. All kinds of whipping and coaxing would not move him and the others were just as stubborn.

McAnaney ordered all lights out. He put a couple of driver boys in Old Boxer's place, covered them with a big leather apron and using a whip freely on the fake mule, cried out: "Get up, Boxer, you old cuss! Gee up there!"

The first mule was fooled and he tugged and the others followed. The operation was repeated each time the mules came out to the head of the slope because they balked again when there was no imitation Old Boxer in front, and the cars were drawn in that way all day long. The next day Boxer was better and took his old place at the head of the team.

## Bound to Keep Up.

Several years ago the late Colonel Gabe Bouck of Oshkosh, Wis., was trying a case before a judge noted for his arbitrary rulings. The judge, becoming weary, said he would postpone a further hearing till the following Friday. "But that is Good Friday," suggested Colonel Bouck. "We'll hear the case then, anyway," said the jurist. "You'll break a record that has stood since the Christian era," said Bouck. "Pontius Pilate is the only judge who held court on Good Friday."

On one occasion during the civil war it was reported in camp that six men of a New Jersey regiment in the brigade had been baptized that morning. When Colonel Bouck heard it he called his adjutant and issued this command: "Adjutant, detail twelve men for baptism tomorrow morning. I'm not going to have any blank New

Jersey regiment get ahead of the Eighteenth Wisconsin."

## He Won by a Nose.

Davidson, the ex-University of Pennsylvania foot ball player, who was recently married, played professional foot ball after leaving college. Mr. Davidson is a good-natured, curly-headed giant. He had, according to the story, courted his present bride for some time and had made but little progress. Finally, in a fierce foot ball scrimmage his nose was broken. Now, Mr. Davidson's nose was never his strong point in personal beauty, so he seized the opportunity, and, so say his friends, sent his girl the following telegram:

"My nose is broken. Shall I have it set Greek or Roman?"

The reply came back:

"Greek."

It was set Greek.

Shortly afterward the engagement was announced.

His friends said that Mr. Davidson had won by a nose.—Philadelphia Press.

## He Did His Best.

Judge Parry of the English judiciary, who enjoys the distinction of being the only judge who has written a play in his judicial days, gives, in the Corahill Magazine, an amusing account of his daily experiences as a county court judge in Manchester. One of his best stories relates to a feeble looking man, who was rebuked for supporting a ridiculous claim made by his wife. "I tell you candidly I don't believe a word of your wife's story," said Judge Parry. "Yer may do as yer like," replied the man, mournfully, "but I've got to." It was once the doubtful privilege of Judge Parry to overhear the comments of two men against whom he had decided. "E's a fool, a — fool, but 'e did 'is best," was the verdict of these disappointed suitors. "One might sleep under an unkindly epithet," is the philosophic comment of the judge.

## Where Flanagan Made a Mistake.

Murphy has a friend who has been as regular as clockwork for years in his daily visits to Murphy's "sample room." The friend's name is Flanagan. Flanagan says he has known Murphy ever since he has been in business. In all that time, says Flanagan, Murphy has never treated him to a drink.

"He almost did it once, though," said Flanagan the other day.

"It happened this way: I went into Murphy's saloon for my usual cycloper and found Murphy all smiles and joviality. 'Flanagan,' says he, 'this is me birthday. I am 55 the day. Purty spry fer an old man, eh?' 'You don't look it,' says I. 'I wouldn't take you to be a day over 45.'

"All on account uv good habits," says he. 'I feel foine on me birthday. What'll we hov this mornin'—Rain or snow?'

"And I thought he was going to treat."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## The Bishop and the Duke.

Bishop O'Gorman is a jovial clergyman whose clever repartee has become proverbial. During his stay in Rome he was much sought after and attended most of the big social functions. At a reception given by the Spanish ambassador he was entertaining a few of his friends with anecdotes, when a rabid anti-clerical member of the Roman aristocracy, renowned for his wit, approached the group with the set purpose of rendering the American bishop ridiculous.

"I have just heard a riddle," he announced, "and I could not find a better audience. Can your Grace tell me the difference between a bishop and a donkey?"

The bystanders were indignant at the insult, but not so the prelate, who thought

for a moment and then confessed that the riddle was beyond him.

"Very simple, though," remarked the nobleman, pointing to the cross that the monsignor was wearing. "A bishop carries his cross on his chest, while the donkey carries it on his back."

Bishop O'Gorman was the only one to laugh, but he did it heartily.

"Excellent!" he cried. "And now, can you tell me, Duke, the difference between a duke and a donkey?"

The nobleman wrinkled his brow and looked nonplussed.

"I really don't see it," he finally admitted.

"No," promptly retorted the American, "nor does any one else."

Then they all laughed.—New York Times.

## Not Wanted.

George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central railroad, was on a trip south not long ago. He became engaged in a discussion with a North Carolinian about the rapid advancement of the southern roads and the marked progress made in agricultural development and in every branch of mechanical industry within the past few years. "All you want in this part of North Carolina," said Mr. Daniels, "is to induce thrifty white families from the north to come and settle here." "Not much," said the old North Carolinian. "That would never do. Why, sir, we have more white men here now than the negroes can support."

## A True Criticism.

George Dalton Morgan, who has brought from the Orient a Japanese bride, told the other day a story about the Japanese sea-fighter, Admiral Uriu.

"In Tokio," he said, "Admiral Uriu is regarded as a kind of Haroun al Raschid. They declare there that he investigates personally—sometimes even in disguise—every detail of the workings of the Japanese navy. Hence many odd adventures befall him.

"Once Admiral Uriu got wind of certain complaints that had been made against the soup served on a torpedo boat in his squadron. He shot from his flagship in a launch one day at meal time and boarded this torpedo boat just as two sailors came from the kitchen carrying a huge and steaming caldron.

"Halt!" the admiral shouted. "Set that caldron down."

"The sailors, with wondering looks, obeyed.

"Now," he said, "bring me a spoon."

"An officer hurried forward.

"But, admiral—" he began.

"Never mind, sir. There's a complaint from this boat, and I'm going to settle it now," said Admiral Uriu.

"He lifted the lid from the caldron, ladled up a spoonful of its contents and, after blowing on the liquid, he swallowed it. Then he made a wry face.

"You call this soup?" he exclaimed. "Why, it is nothing but dirty water."

"Yes, sir," said one of the sailors; "we have just been scrubbing the galley floors."

## Scene in the "Amen Corner."

When Messrs. Odell, Platt and Woodruff were sparring for position in the "Amen Corner" photograph the other day the senator cried, "Get in here, Tim. You've as much right as 'Ben' Odell." After the picture had been secured the governor turned to the senator and said, "Platt, that remark of yours about Woodruff's right to be in the group recalled to me something I heard once under slightly different conditions."

"Give it a name," interposed Woodruff, striking a match.

"I had to visit a certain prison," resumed Odell, "and at the gate I came to finally

there stood a 'trusty.' He opened. I went through, and, as he closed the gate behind me, he said:

"Governor Odell. One good turn deserves another. I let you in. Why don't you let me out?"

"It was a pretty cool request, and I told him so. He must have seen that I was amused, though I tried to keep my countenance, for he added, insinuatingly:

"Governor, I'm no more deserving of being in here than you are."

"Ha, ha," roared Platt. "No wonder he ranked as a 'trusty.' He was a rare judge of men."—New York Mail.

## Won on a Technicality.

Attorney Peyton, one of the most successful lawyers practicing in the police court, is always dealing in fine legal distinctions and has won a number of cases because of the technical points involved. One thing which he is always particularly desirous of ascertaining is just how many drinks the complaining witness had before the trouble.

A complaining witness was recently on the stand, and the usual question, "Now, how many drinks had you taken?" was asked.

"I had two beers in Dugan's," replied the witness.

"Next?" asked Peyton.

"We had a couple of glasses of gin in Mulligan's."

"Next?"

"We had four short whiskies in Mack's."

"Well, what did you have next?" asked Peyton.

"Aw, a fight—and dat nigger bounced dis brick off ma head," replied the witness.

## Mistaken Impression.

Minister Carter of Honolulu was up at Rangeley lakes in Maine one summer with Senator Frye on a fishing trip. He was introduced to the senator's guide simply as "Minister Carter." They visited an adjoining camp one evening and had a most enjoyable time with some good fellows. Mr. Carter being the life of the party, telling capital stories without end. Just as they were about to start back the guide, who had been a delighted listener all evening sidled up to Senator Frye and said in a whisper: "Say, Mr. Frye ain't Mr. Carter the damndest minister you ever saw? Where does he preach?"

## The Two Depews.

Since Mr. Depew's naive admission in the senate chamber that there are two Chauncey Depews—one who says what he has considered carefully and another who is not so particular—his colleagues have had lots of fun with him. Even Mr. Hoar, who usually frowns down levity, has had a whack at the New Yorker. The two met on Pennsylvania avenue. "Good morning, Mr. Hoar," saluted Mr. Depew. Gravely adjusting his glasses and looking around, the Massachusetts statesman eyed the New York man sternly and replied: "To which Depew am I speaking—Jekyll or Hyde?"

## Scrap of Forgotten History.

Crossing the Hydaspes river, Alexander the Great next encountered Porus, the Indian prince.

After a stubborn fight he subdued him and took him prisoner.

"How do you wish to be treated?" he asked him.

"Like a king," replied Porus, with dignity.

"You disconcert me," rejoined Alexander, frowning. "I had thought of using you for a plaster."

Impressed with the idea, Porus at once became his ally and stuck to him faithfully thereafter.—Chicago Tribune.

