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# Funny Happenings of Real Life

## Stories About Tim Campbell.

**T**IM CAMPBELL is no more. In his native heath Tim ruled a subdistrict in Tammany's ball-wick. In the height of his prosperity and glory he held down a seat in congress. He was the personification of rough tact. While he was justice of the civil court in New York City two friends of his came into violent litigious collision. Said Mr. Campbell when they appeared before him:

"Now, what do the likes of you mean by this? I'm horror struck. You ought to know better than to ask me to decide between you. I demand of you two that you settle this case out of court." They did.

In 1885 Campbell was elected a congressman to succeed Sunset Cox, who had been appointed minister to Turkey. Mr. Campbell was three times elected to congress. It was told that he once had a dispute with the late Thomas B. Reed as follows:

"What," asked Mr. Campbell of Mr. Reed, "do you think of the action of this man Cleveland against Venezuela?"

"As an Irishman," said Mr. Reed, "I am more than satisfied. But what do you think of this man Benjamin Harrison?"

Mr. Harrison had just then taken a prominent part against the Chinese exclusion bill.

"As a Chanyman," said Mr. Campbell calmly, "I rejoice."

The famous story about "Tim" Campbell, in which he abrogated the constitution, dates back to the time when he was in congress. It was said that he asked Mr. Cleveland, who was then president, to make a certain appointment.

"But it would be unconstitutional," said Mr. Cleveland.

"Ah! Mr. President," expostulated the congressman, "what is the constitution between friends?"

Mr. Campbell denied this story to the day of his death.

"I have been guilty of a million crimes," he was wont to say, "but never did I cast contemptuous scorn upon the constitution of the United States."

## Sensitive About It.

John S. Sargent, while he was painting the portrait of James Whitcomb Riley in Philadelphia, narrated some of the vicissitudes of a portrait painter's life.

"Once I remember," he said, "I did a half length of a rich Londoner. The man was a coarse, high-colored type; he made rather a good subject. When the portrait was done he stood off and studied it very closely."

"Well?" said I.

"Well," said he, "it is excellent. Only," he added, "you have left out one very essential feature."

"Excuse me, but," I faltered, "I thought you wouldn't care to have the—er—er—wart reproduced."

"Hang it," he said, "I'm talking about the diamond pin, not the wart."

## Disguising the Act.

Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the executive committee of the Steel trust, used to live in the Illinois town of Wheaton.

"One day in Wheaton," Judge Gary said recently, "I took dinner with a clergyman and his family. The clergyman had an 8-year-old son called Joe, and Joe was a very bright boy."

"Look here, Joe," I said during the course of the dinner, "I have a question to ask you about your father."

"Joe looked gravely at me."

"All right; I'll answer your question," he said.

"Well," said I, "I want to know if your

father doesn't preach the same sermon twice sometimes."

"Yes, I think he does," said Joe, "but the second time he always hollers in different places from what he did the first time."—New York Tribune.

## Soft Snaps.

Ex-Senator Mason of Illinois was seated with a party of friends in a Washington cafe one evening, when the circle was joined by the son of a big western capitalist, whose main aim in life seemed to be a continuous jubilee. He was of that class inelegantly known as "butter in," and it was soon evident that his presence was distasteful to the senator.

"My old man doesn't put up a cent for me," said the young man, displaying a fat roll of greenbacks. "I'm on my own resources."

"How do you manage it?" asked one of the party. "You must have some sort of a 'snap.'"

"This is my 'snap,'" said the gay spendthrift, impressively touching his head.

"And there's not a softer 'snap' in the world," assented Senator Mason.

## Fitzsimmons Waxed Merry.

Robert Fitzsimmons is not a habitual wit, but he has the faculty of arousing laughter with a quip once in six months. There is no one better known in the collegiate and amateur athletic circles of Philadelphia than George Brooks.

He is a squash champion—which, Homer Davenport to the contrary notwithstanding, does not mean a champion judge of squashes.

He made the acquaintance of Robert Fitzsimmons, and Freckled Faced Bob highly approved of him.

So much so that he gazed at him long and earnestly, and said:

"Squash champion, are you? Right? Oh, well, Mr. Brooke, 'ere's a little present I'm a-going to give you."

"I got two howls over to Bensonhurst, and I'm goin' to give you one."

"One what?"

"One howl. A bloomin' fat bird that sleeps all day."

"Oh!" said Mr. Brooke, "an owl yes?"

"You shall 'ave it tomorrow."

"But look here, Mr. Fitzsimmons, why the deuce are you going to give me an owl?"

Bob's little eyes glinted and his thin lips compressed.

"So you can smack 'im on the eye with your bloomin' squash bat an' 'ear the beggar 'oot!"—Boston Post.

## Then Came Silence.

"I was at a dinner in London last spring," said the Chicago lawyer, "and almost directly opposite me sat a countrywoman of mine from Kentucky. One stout, red-faced Englishwoman in the party persisted in baiting the Kentuckian till I looked to see her lose her temper long before she did. The English woman talked about America and the Americans as if the Kentucky woman had invented the country and was responsible for everything from Tammany to Pullman cars. Nothing American escaped her censure, and at length she began on the race question in a way that isn't heard at American dinner parties. She went on and on, and the Kentuckian began to look dangerous. At last the Englishwoman said:

"But you can't deny that you actually burn niggers in the states."

"The Kentuckian smiled deliberately."

"Oh, the reports of that are greatly exaggerated," she said. "The practice isn't general. We only do it in parts of the country where coal is too expensive to use."

"And the Englishwoman didn't speak another word for nearly five minutes."—Washington Post.

## Mr. Spooner's Clothes.

"Who is that little senator with the tousled hair and the sarcastic smile, with his under lip stuck out?" asked a New York woman visitor in the senate gallery.

"That is Mr. Spooner of Wisconsin," said the Washington woman who was showing her around.

"I thought so," she commented. "His clothes show plainly that they couldn't have been made anywhere but in Wisconsin."

Back of them was sitting another woman who overheard the conversation. She compressed her lips tightly, walked out of the gallery with a resolute air, proceeded to the marble room, and summoned Mr. Spooner out of the senate.

"John," she said, firmly, "I have just overheard a conversation which I am going to repeat to you, because it proves that I am right. You know I have always told you that you shouldn't have your clothes made in New York."—New York Times.

## Right to the Point.

He had studied by himself, and came up for examination to college with inadequate preparation. He approached ancient history with fear and doubt, for he had had little time to stuff himself with the history of the Caesars, according to "The Youth's Companion."

The paper contained a question at which the young man looked with dismay.

"What can you say about Caligula?"

He did not remember that Caligula was the worst of a long line of mad and bad Roman emperors.

But a witless inspiration came to him, of the sort that often saves the young and the ignorant. He wrote:

"The less said about Caligula, the better." He passed.—New York Tribune.

## Knew from Experience.

It was at a club—a man's club—and the members were discussing woman, possibly from a realizing sense of how little they could ever hope to know about the subject and with a laudable desire to learn by pooling their general information as much as might be. From women in the abstract the conversation had drifted naturally to a consideration of the more concrete expression of feminine phenomena; in other words, the company was talking wives, and each member was putting in his little claim to reflected glory, even as, long ago, did the happy husband of one Penelope.

"My wife," said the man from Brooklyn, proudly, "has one of the brightest minds of any woman I have ever met."

"Indeed she has," agreed a stranger, who had just been introduced to the club.

The Brooklyn man looked up sharply. There was an authoritative ring in the stranger's voice that he did not quite like.

"Nevertheless," he continued after a pause, "I must admit that she has her faults."

"Indeed she has," corroborated the stranger.

The Brooklyn man started to his feet. "See here, my friend," he exclaimed, "I should like to know by what authority you agree with me so definitely about my wife?"

"The best in the world," said the stranger. "I used to be married to her myself, you know."—New York Press.

## Mr. Cassatt's Omitted Item.

A. J. Cassatt, the president of the Pennsylvania railroad, has a stock farm on the outskirts of Philadelphia, and at a recent dinner of the Philadelphia Clover club, says Collier's Weekly, a friend of

the eminent railroader said: "Mr. Cassatt has a fine stock farm, and he runs it on a businesslike basis. Sometimes he makes money out of it."

"Last year he bought a pig for \$27, fed it forty bushels of corn at \$1 a bushel, and then sold it for \$31.50."

"I made \$4.50 out of that pig," he said to me the day after the animal was taken away.

"But," said I, "how about the forty bushels of corn at \$1 a bushel that you fed him?"

"Oh," said Mr. Cassatt, "I didn't expect to make anything on the corn."—New York Times.

## Viewed Merely as a Pastime.

The man from Chicago looked with some scorn at the Brambleville ticket agent as he handed out a dollar bill and pushed it through the opening.

"You've got a pretty lot of citizens to allow themselves to be charged at the rate of 5 cents a mile from here to Bushby on a miserable little crawling one-horse branch road," he said, bitingly.

The ticket agent looked at him with a calmness which nothing could disturb.

"I'd like to call your attention to one fact before you go on usin' any more language," he said, mildly, "and that is, that while it may be 5 cents a mile, it's only 35 cents an hour."—Youth's Companion.

## He Was a Hero.

Speaking of great civil war stories, Miss Ada Sweet, when in Denver recently, told the following:

Her father, General Sweet, of Chicago, was taking his regiment into action. He sent forward a detail of men to make gaps in a rail fence to avoid the heavy loss sure to result if the whole body of men paused to tear it down.

The coolest and finest man in the detail was a young soldier who had never been under fire before. When he began pulling down the fence he disturbed a nest of hornets, and they sang fiercely about his ears. But the lad was not going to run from hornets when there was more serious business ahead.

Ignoring the angry insects, he opened the fence and rejoined the regiment without being stung.

After a time he was appointed second lieutenant and called on General Sweet to thank him.

"But," he said, modestly, "I don't think I deserve promotion over the others."

"My boy," replied the general, "I saw you pull down that fence. You were the coolest man under fire I ever saw!"

The man gasped, stared and turned pale. "Good God!" he exclaimed, losing all caution and grammar. "Was them bullets?"—Denver Post.

## Saved the Day.

Mark Twain likes to recall and tell of the days when he was a characteristically impetuous reporter. One day he had a note to meet, but labored under a total lack of funds. Half distracted, he was rushing around San Francisco in a feverish hunt for enough cash to tide him over the trying time. He rushed a little too quickly, however, for as he was turning a corner he collided with a little man and overthrew him. The victim regained his feet and yelled: "You do that again and I'll knock you into the middle of next week."

"My dear sir," said the apologetic humorist, "do it by all means. If I can get through till then without breaking I'm safe." The originality of this reply struck the stranger, who after some talk handed Mark a check for the necessary amount.

