

# Funny Happenings of Real Life

## McKinley Was Generous.

**S**ENATOR FRYE was in a reminiscent mood the other evening and told me of McKinley's first appearance on the floor of the house of representatives.

"He was genial, yet somewhat shy," said Senator Frye, "and when we drew lots for seats he drew a very good seat and I drew a poor one. The next morning I found all his things in my seat, and my books and papers had been removed to the better seat that he had drawn."

"How is this, major?" I said; "there's some mistake."

"Not at all, congressman," he replied graciously; "this seat belongs to you."

"No, this will not do," I said; "you drew this seat, and I must insist upon your keeping it."

"Now, look here, congressman," said McKinley, "you have been here before and you are likely to obtain the attention of the chair and address the house, while this is my first term and I am expected to do nothing but look wise."

"Yes, but the rules of the house?" I replied.

"What are the rules of the house between friends? You take the seat," was the answer of the future president.—National Magazine.

## How Misunderstanding Arose.

A principal in one of the primary grades of a school in South San Francisco tells a story which illustrates the readiness of the Hibernians to find and resent an insult.

"One afternoon," he said, "a daughter of the Emerald Isle rushed into my office and said that one of the teachers had insulted her child by asking it foolish questions. I asked her the nature of the question, and she said the teacher had asked the child to tell how many carrots there were in a bushel. I told the excited mother to accompany me to the class room and we would question the teacher."

"After considerable reflection the teacher could not recall having asked the child any such question. We were about to leave the room with the anger of the parent still unsatisfied when the teacher said: 'I think I know now what Mrs. McCann means. Yesterday, while teaching the class the rudiments of music, I did ask as a general question, "How many beats are there in a measure?"'"—New York Tribune.

## He Looked Like Clay.

Former United States Senator Vest was one of the most popular members of the upper branch of the national legislature. He always had a stock of stories on hand, and the best of it was that they were always to the point. One of them concerned the Kentucky hotel clerk who imagined that he resembled Henry Clay. A belated traveler who arrived at the hostelry one night found the clerk busily engaged in discussing politics with one of the office loungers. He rapped on the desk, but the clerk paid no attention to him. Finally he called out sharply:

"Can I register here?"

"Book's on the desk," was the languid reply.

When the guest had inscribed his name on the register the clerk strolled over in the most languid style, and looking the visitor over from head to foot, said: "I don't know whether we can room you to-night or not."

"Well," said the now irate traveler, "I wish you would find out as soon as you can."

The clerk pawed over the register leisurely, adjusted his tie, glanced admiringly in the mirror at the reflection of his diamond pin, juggled with a handful of room keys, and said finally:

"Here, take #7, fourth floor back."

Taking the key, the guest drew himself

up like a pugilist getting ready for battle, and said to the clerk, in rasping tones, "Say, do you know you remind me very much of Clay?"—New York Herald.

## Smoothing Trouble at Sea.

Harry Lehr and John Jacob Astor visited Philadelphia recently in a motor car. They stayed overnight in Philadelphia and during the evening a number of young men called on them.

Mr. Lehr was in good spirits. His conversation was amusing. The talk happened to turn on sea voyaging, and he said:

"Once, crossing the Atlantic, a tremendous row arose among the sailors. They fought down in the fore-castle like a pack of wild beasts. Luncheon was going on at the time, and the first officer left the table to see if he could quell the disturbance. He had only been gone a little while when the hubbub began to die down. Everything was quiet when he returned. The captain called across the saloon to him, in an approving tone:

"Things seem to be smoother now."

"Yes," returned the first officer, "we have ironed the sailors, sir."—New York Tribune.

## An Opening.

James R. Keene is a man of few words, but can be as courteous as a cavalier or as acridly sarcastic as the late Mr. Whistler. The financier was cornered in his office one day by a woman with a social economy hobby, who talked away much of his valuable time. During a half hour Mr. Keene had not a single chance to get in a word, so voluble was his visitor. But in telling of a surprise she had experienced she said: "Why, Mr. Keene, my heart was in my mouth; I couldn't speak." "Marvelous!" exclaimed the big operator, rising. "I regret it was not my pleasure to have met you then."

## A Civil War Toast.

It may seem rather trite to go back to civil war times for a story, but all the tales of that memorable time have not been told, and as this one was a personal experience of a relative of mine I can vouch for it. I have never seen it in print nor heard anyone else tell it.

My uncle, Major Thomas Ridgely, was a surgeon attached to General Grant's staff. It was after the surrender of Vicksburg. The union forces had entered the city and much merry-making and entertaining were going on. One night a dinner was in progress at which many northern officers and a large number of southern women were present. Many toasts had been proposed and drunk, all of them practically in honor of the successes of the union army and the men responsible for them.

Finally one of the southern women, a great beauty and noted for her intense partisan feeling for the south, arose and said, "Gentlemen, may I propose a toast?"

With natural gallantry and a little trepidation the ranking officer said, "Certainly."

"Well, then gentlemen, I give you, 'The Southern Confederacy.'"

It was an embarrassing situation. But with hardly a moment's hesitation one of the northern officers relieved the tension.

"Down with it, gentlemen," he cried; and the glasses were drained without embarrassment and without disloyalty.—Lippincott's.

## How He Got a Straight Tip.

A prominent New York broker tells the following story at the expense of a Philadelphian: Some time ago Mr. W. gave a dinner, and at it were several Wall street operators. W. is always on the lookout for market tips. As a rule he is rather cautious in his habits, but that night he dined a bit too freely and awoke the next morning in a rather muddled condition.

But he was perfectly clear on one thing.

Somebody had given him a tip to buy corn. Who gave him the information W. could not recall. He knew nothing of corn, or any other grain. But he went ahead and operated in corn with a vengeance, bought 200,000 bushels, and the price began to climb. Then he bought more. The shorts got scared, ran to cover, and on the final jump W. covered and cleaned up \$80,000.

That night he hunted up his guests and tried to find the man who had given him such valuable advice, but in vain. W. was becoming worried. His coachman drove him home, and as he stepped from his carriage his man said:

"Excuse me, sir, but did you order corn? Last night you promised to buy forty bushels. We're clean out, sir."

He gave the fellow a \$1,000 bill, saying: "Buy the corn and keep the change."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## A Draw.

Among the many court legends related by ex-Judge Schatz of Mount Vernon is one of an Irishman called to the bar on a charge of wife beating. The accused, a lightweight, whose manner reflected more of meekness than ferocity, sat quietly nursing a few facial scars as his wife, a burly specimen of her race, excitedly told the story of her grievances. When this, and the corroborative testimony of other witnesses had been heard, the judge turned to the prisoner and sternly exclaimed:

"Stand up there, Holahan, and let the court hear what defense, if any, you have to make to this charge of brutality."

The prisoner staggered to his feet, and as the blood trickled from his wounds as if to emphasize the plaintive tones of his remonstrance, he replied:

"Begg'n' yer pardon, yer honor, but Oi don't 'ink Oi bate her."

"What!" indignantly shouted the judge; "don't think you beat her? After all the damning testimony we have heard have you the audacity to expect the court to believe your unsupported assertion that you didn't beat her?"

"Axin' yer mercy, joodge, for me bowldness," deferentially replied Holahan, "but all the same Oi do be 'inkin' that ef yer honor had been rifeerin' the schrap yer-self ye'd a-called it a draw."—New York Times.

## Unexpected Evidence.

Mrs. Neiswanger of Beloit sued the Missouri Pacific company for \$16,000 damages for injuries received in a fall for which, she alleged, the company was responsible. The case was tried in Rooks county.

B. P. Waggener wanted to prove that there was a full moon at the time the accident happened and to place the responsibility on the plaintiff. He sent a boy down town to a drug store to get an almanac of that year. Without examining it, except to see that it contained the proof which he desired, he offered it in evidence.

The attorney for Mrs. Neiswanger, in his argument, said that the defendant company was the property of Jay Gould and other millionaires, who had amassed fortunes amounting to hundreds of millions. Mr. Waggener protested against this line of discussion, declaring that there was nothing in the evidence to warrant the statement.

"But there is, may it please your honor," the other lawyer declared. "It is in the evidence offered by Mr. Waggener himself."

"Where?" exclaimed Mr. Waggener. "In this almanac," the opposing lawyer said, and sure enough in the book were pictures and short sketches of Jay Gould, Russell Sage, Henry Marquand and other associates of Gould, and everyone of them

said to be worth from \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000.

The jury returned a verdict of \$5,000 for Mrs. Neiswanger.—Topeka Capital.

## Gastronomy.

David Jayne Hill, now United States minister to Switzerland, used to be president of the University of Rochester. The small daughter of his mathematical colleague was very fond of him and she had a great habit of picking up long words and making him tell her what they meant. "What's the difference between gastronomy and astronomy?" she asked one day. "Astronomy," replied the president, "is the science of the heavenly bodies, Dorothy. Gastronomy is—or, well, a heavenly science of the earthly body."

## How Tim Broke the News.

Mr. Nolan had acquired a great reputation for tact, so that when Mr. Cassidy fell from a ladder and broke his leg it was quickly decided by all the workmen that Mr. Nolan should bear the tidings to Mrs. Cassidy.

"He broke the news gradual," said Mr. Leahy to his wife that night, "and by the time she learned the truth she was as calm as a clock, they say. Oh, he's the great man, is Timothy Nolan."

"How did he do it?" asked Mrs. Leahy, impatiently.

"Like this," said Mr. Nolan's admirer. "He went to the house and rang the bell, and he says, 'Thin Dinis is not dead, Mrs. Cassidy, or you'd never be so gay lookin'.'"

"Dead!" she screeches. "Who said he was dead?"

"Thin it's no thrue he's near to dyin' wid the smallpox, either," said Timmy Nolan, "or you'd niver be lookin' so amazed."

"Smallpox!" she cries. "Has he got the smallpox, Timmy Nolan, an' been tuk to the hospital without me sayin' goodby to him?"

"Sure an' he has not," said Timmy Nolan, in a comfortin' tone. "It's only that he broke a few bones in his leg, fallin' from a ladder, an' I'm sint ahead wid the news."

"It's you that's a thrue friend, an' you've lifted a big load from me heart," said Mrs. Cassidy, and she gave a warm shake to his hand and went back to her washin'."—Youth's Companion.

## Gladstonian Retort.

Mr. Gladstone was once drawing very remarkable conclusions from some figures—an art in which he was an unapproached master. A member on the other side laughed out a "Hear, hear!" ironically. Gladstone stopped instantly and turned and looked with interest at the interrupter, who assuredly would at that moment have given a good deal to recall his words. Then he turned back to the speaker. "Sir," he said, "the honorable gentleman laughs." For a minute or two he quoted from memory a long string of figures proving the accuracy of what he had previously said: "The next time the honorable member laughs," he continued in honeyed tones, "I would advise him—I would venture to counsel him—to ornament his laugh—to decorate it—with an idea."

## Four Ball Toast.

Sir Chentung, the Chinese ambassador, cannot be induced to make a direct reference to the war, but that it occupies a prominent place in his mind was shown at a recent banquet in New York. Several speakers had lauded the ability that Chentung had shown while at college in this country, at baseball and football. One of the ambassador's neighbors, overcome by the occasion, shouted: "Rah, 'rah, 'rah for the three balls—base ball, foot ball and high ball!" "Make it four," answered the Chinese minister, his eyes narrowing in two long lines of grim suggestiveness; "add a fourth—cannon ball."

