

# Funny Happenings of Real Life

**P**HILIP KING, formerly of the Princeton eleven, relates how while a crowd of Harvard boys was celebrating the result of a game with Pennsylvania some years ago one Cambridge man was much taken with the white waistcoat worn by a waiter in a Boston cafe. The Harvard man called the waiter to him, saying, "I want to buy that waistcoat!"

"Why, what do you want it for?" asked the astonished waiter.

"Never mind what I want it for," continued the Harvard man. "What will you take for the waistcoat?"

After some spirited bargaining on both sides the waiter consented to accept \$5 in payment for the garment. Whereupon the Harvard man shouted "Done!" and gave the waiter the sum mentioned.

"And when do you want it, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Oh," replied the collegian, "I don't want you to give the waistcoat to me—not at all! I merely wanted to feel that I owned it."

At this the waiter bowed and was about to walk away, when the Harvard man called him back. "Don't be in a hurry," said he, "there's something else." Whereupon, motioning the waiter to draw nearer, the Harvard man took a piece of celery, dipped it into the cranberry sauce and proceeded to mark a big "H" on the middle of the front of the white waistcoat that he felt was his own.

### Not So Bad After All.

It was at the close of the campaign in which Mr. Harrison defeated Mr. Cleveland for the presidency. Senator Blackburn and "Private" John Allen, the keen tongued representative from Mississippi, were standing together in the capitol at Washington when W. R. Hearst hurried up and excitedly displayed a telegram from his father, Senator Hearst, in California. The message read:

"As sure as there is a God in heaven, Grover Cleveland has carried California."

It was already known that New York had gone for Harrison, so that it really made no difference which way California cast its vote. Mr. Allen solemnly folded the telegram and handed it back, and remarked:

"Your father's telegram reminds me of a friend of mine who went to Colorado. Not long afterward his wife received a telegram which read: 'Jim thrown off a broncho and his neck, both legs and one arm broken.' A little later, in the midst of her tears, the widow received another message from the sympathetic cowboys. It read: 'Matters not so bad. Jim's arm not broken.'"

### Could Prove an Alibi.

"I was trying to impress on my class the fact that Anthony Wayne had led the charge up Stony Point," said J. L. Pembroke, a professor in a primary school in Paducah, Ky.

"Who led the charge up Stony Point?" I asked. "Will one of the smaller boys answer?" No reply came. "Can no one tell me?" I repeated sternly. "Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the charge up Stony Point?"

"I—I don't know," replied the little fellow frightened. "I—I don't know. It wasn't me. I—I just comed yere last month from Texas."

### She Told the Truth.

Frederick Ward, who, in conjunction with Louis James, has been acting in "The Tempest" the last winter throughout the west, was much amused by a mistake of the compositor in a small town of Illinois. The character enacted by Mr. Ward is that of Prospero, "The Rightful Duke of Milan." The compositor had made the line

read: "Prospero, Frightful Duke of Milan—Frederick Ward."

Mr. Ward was so struck by the humor of the mistake that he sent a copy of it to his daughter in the east, directing her attention to the error. This young woman, being of a waggish turn of mind, wrote a little note to her father, which read as follows:

"Dear Father—Having seen the performance, I fail to see wherein the program was wrong."

### Quay Agreed with Him.

The late Senator Quay once described an incident wherein he figured with President Roosevelt.

They had met at a certain unheralded dinner arranged for the purpose of discussing a sensational political occurrence. After the dinner had adjourned the president remained alone with Senator Quay debating the subject until a late hour. When finally they left the club together the president was still talking. They proceeded along the deserted street on foot until the senator had reached his destination. The president, who was still full of his theme, finally said:

"Perhaps it is wiser to be of calm mind and rest the nerves with sleep instead of worrying over events. Everything now appears distorted as though the country were in a bad fit for its economic system, but tomorrow morning, when we wake up with our judgment cleared, we shall read appearances differently and find that there is a good fit after all. Then things will seem restored."

"True," assented the senator quietly. "For instance and illustration, you appear out of plumb in my coat, which you seized from the club attendant while you were talking; but tomorrow I will send a messenger with the one I am carrying, and you will be normal to the eye again."

The president laughed heartily at the discovery of his error and the senator's method of making it known.

### Missed the Moral.

J. H. Canfield, librarian of Columbia, tells the following story of an attempt "to point a moral," etc. He was in the country for a few days, and was directing the work of a new "hand," a boy of about 17. Like all boys of that age he was forgetful, careless and heedless—though good-natured and willing. Working with him one morning the librarian thought he would indirectly give the lad something to think about, and so said:

"I did my first day's work when I was 21, just out of college, and I got only \$1 a month more than you are getting. But I was steadily advanced by the firm, till I was soon getting \$100 a month. I am not sure, but I always thought I got on because I took an interest in my work, remembered my instructions, kept tools picked up and let my head save my heels," etc.

At the close of the "lesson" the lad looked up with an interest which was encouraging and said:

"Say! Wasn't you darned lucky not to have to do a lick of work till you was 21?"

### Peculiarities of the Tariff Law.

Appraiser Whitehead in discussing the other day some of the peculiarities of the tariff law told the following story of a newly appointed deputy collector at a sub-post on the Canadian border. The post was in the woods, and hundreds of miles from the coast.

The customs officials are furnished with blanks on which to make their reports, and in cases like the one in point there are many items on the blanks which it is never necessary to fill. The new deputy collector's report contained the information that he had collected \$4 for "tonnage," which in customs parlance means dues on vessels.

The Treasury department had visions of

a tidal wave which had changed the face of the map on the northern frontier and made the little "port" in the woods a veritable seaport. An agent was dispatched to the scene to investigate. He found no change in the physical characteristics of the region, and the first question which he asked the new official was how he had managed to collect \$4 for tonnage.

"I collected duty on two tons of hay at \$2 a ton," he replied, "and if that isn't what you mean by tonnage on your old blank I'll be d-d if I know what it is."

### He Won His Spurs.

Lieutenant Loyall Farragut, one of the officers of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion and a son of the naval hero, Admiral Farragut, has the double honor of having fought in the army and navy both in the civil war, and it is an interesting fact that he won his commission in the army through a challenge by his father when the latter's fleet was in the Mississippi and about to pass up to Port Hudson. Loyall, then a lad about 12 years of age, had been importuning his father that he might be sent to West Point, when the old admiral replied:

"I don't know how that would do; I'm not so sure whether you could stand fire."

"Oh, yes, father, I could do that," said the boy.

"Very well, my boy, I'll try you. Come up with me here."

The old navy hero and his son went up together into the mainport, and there they both remained till Port Hudson was passed. The lad never flinched while the shot and shell flew thick and fast about him. Then the father said:

"Very well, my boy, that will do; you shall go to West Point."

And the boy was made a cadet and rose to be a lieutenant, after which he resigned.

### A Wise Spender.

William Gordon of New Orleans, who is spending the summer in New York, has added a new phrase to the lexicon of slang, and a fellow-townsmen supplied it.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Gordon, "there are few people who could, if requested, define the meaning of the term, 'A wise spender.' I couldn't this morning, but I am able to do it now. I met a Louisiana boy who is here on his vacation, and he was telling me of a trip he made to Coney Island with a young New Yorker and two girls to whom the New Yorker had introduced him.

"I had a great time," he told me. 'But I spent a bunch of money.'

"Wasn't your friend a good spender?" I asked.

"'He was a wise spender,' was the reply. 'He was very speedy when it came to paying carfare, but anybody could beat him to a dinner check.'"

### Serve.

Pierpont Morgan says that the nerviest man he ever met was with him in a railroad car while traveling in Europe. The stranger, a German, took a seat opposite him, and was much interested in the big, black cigar the financier was smoking. "Would you mind giving me one like dat?" he finally said. Although much astonished at the bluntness of the request, Morgan readily complied therewith. The German lighted the cigar, took a few puffs, and, beaming with good nature, said: "I would not haf doubted you, but I had a match in mine poggid and I did not know vat to do mit him."

### Howells Not an Authority.

Mr. Hamilton Mabie tells of a genial dispute with reference to the words "lunch" and "luncheon" that once arose between Mr. and Mrs. William Dean Howells.

The novelist contended that "lunch" was proper, while his wife favored "luncheon."

Finally the dictionary was consulted.

"Well, I was right," chuckled Mr. Howells, when he had found the reference, and he read aloud an extract quoted as showing the correct usage:

"We lunched fairly upon little dishes of rose leaves, delicately prepared."

"From what author is the extract taken?" queried Mrs. Howells.

"William Dean Howells," was the smiling reply.

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed the wife. "He's no authority!"

### Natural Bridge

Here, across a canyon measuring 235 feet seven inches from wall to wall, nature has thrown a splendid arch of solid sandstone, sixty feet thick in the central part and forty feet wide, leaving underneath it a clear opening 357 feet in perpendicular height. The lateral walls of the arch rise perpendicularly nearly to the top of the bridge, when they flare suddenly outward, giving the effect of an immense coping or cornice overhanging the main structure fifteen or twenty feet on each side, and extending with the greatest regularity and symmetry the whole length of the bridge. A large rounded butte at the edge of the canyon wall seems partly to obstruct the approach to the bridge at one end.

Here again the curving walls of the canyon and the impossibility of bringing the whole of the great structure into the narrow field of the camera, except from distant points of view, render the photographs unsatisfactory. But the lightness and grace of the arch is brought out by the partial view which Long obtained by climbing far up the canyon wall and at some risk crawling out on an overhanging shelf. The majestic proportions of this bridge, however, may be partly realized by a few comparisons. Thus its height is more than twice and its span more than three times as great as those of the famous natural bridge of Virginia. Its buttresses are 118 feet farther apart than those of the celebrated masonry arch in the District of Columbia, known as Cabin John Bridge, a few miles from Washington city, which has the greatest span of any masonry bridge on this continent. This bridge would over-span the capitol at Washington and clear the top of the dome by fifty-one feet. And if the loftiest tree in the Calaveras grove of giant sequoia in California stood in the bottom of the canyon, its topmost bough would lack thirty-two feet of reaching the under side of the arch.

This bridge is of white or very light sandstone, and, as in the case of the Caroline, filaments of green and orange-tinted lichens run here and there over the mighty buttresses and along the sheltered crevices under the lofty cornice, giving warmth and color to the wonderful picture.—W. W. Dyer in the Century.

### Breaking it to Him

Solemnly, slowly, the dignified body of men walk up the steps and into the house. Surrounding the man, they regard him with pitying glances for a time. One after the other seems about to speak, but refrains. Finally the man breaks the silence.

"What is it, gentlemen? Tell me the worst. Anything is better than this suspense."

"Mr. Hurdov," murmurs the bravest of them, "are you prepared to hear the crushing news we must convey?"

"I—I hope so," he whispers.

"You have been nominated for vice president!"

"Well," says the man after a pause, "Better men than I have lived through it."

"But that is not all. You have been nominated on the prohibition ticket."

Realizing that the anguish of a strong man was too sacred to witness, the committee of friends turned and departed as they had come.—Brooklyn Life.

