

# Funny Happenings of Real Life

## Nothing Doing.

**T** DART WALKER, art editor of Leslie's Weekly, has been persuaded to make a monograph of his year's experiences with the navy as an art-seaman.

He saw many things aboard ship that have escaped the eyes of the layman. The Kearsarge was his marine home for some time.

"One of the quaintest characters," he said, "that I knew was O'Brien, the navy who policed the ship. He was chosen because he could lick any man on board. The spirit of fight is developed, not squelched, in the navy, but there must be some one who is able to silence the biggest man that walks the deck.

"O'Brien's methods were simple but sure. One afternoon two men got into a row and O'Brien, who was in my stateroom, was sent for. He excused himself, walked down the deck and in five minutes returned as if nothing had happened. Two things had happened if not more, a bump over his left temple and the beginning of a black eye.

"How about it, O'Brien?" said I.  
"Nawthin," he replied.  
"Nawthin," I repeated, pointing to eye and temple.

"Nawthin" much," he went on; "I had a quiet conversation with Jake in his bunk. I took him below and shut the door, and we labored religiously together. We're both believin' more in the power of God and Old Ireland and less in the devil now than we did afore our tate-a-tate."—New York Times.

## Good Little Boy.

"The widow," said L. W. Read of Nashville at Seelbach's last night, "furnishes the most delightful study to the observer of tricks and manners of human beings."

Mr. Read is more than a casual observer. "One summer," he continued in a ruminating manner, "I was spending some time at White Sulphur Springs, Va.—I only tell this as an illustration of the acumen and intelligence of the genus widow—and one afternoon a handsome young widow and her little 6-year-old son sat near me on the veranda. The little fellow trotted up to me and I patted him on the head.

"What's your name?" he asked.  
"I told him.  
"Is you married?" he hisped.  
"No, I'm not," I replied.  
"Then the child paused a minute, and turning to his mother said:  
"Mamma, what else did you tell me to ask him?"—Louisville Herald.

## She Kept Still.

A certain gushing lady took her 4-year-old daughter to a photographer. The little one could not be made still. The camera man was as nice and suave as he could be, called the child all the sweet, endearing names he could think of, while using every device of gentle persuasion to make the little wiggler keep still. Finally he turned to the despairing mother and said:  
"Madam, if you will leave your darling with me for a few minutes I think I can succeed in taking her lovely face to perfection."

The mother withdrew for a short time. Soon the photographer summoned her back and exhibited a highly satisfactory negative. When they reached home the mother asked:

"Nellie, what did that nice gentleman say to you when I left you alone with him?"

"Well, he thaid," hisped Nellie, "if you don't thit sthll, you ugly, squint-eyed monkey, I'll thake the life out of your trembling carath." Then I that very sthll, mamma!"—New York Tribune.

## Banished the Squeak.

The Rev. Madison C. Peters of Philadelphia, who believes that churches, like other properties, should be taxed, is a favorite with the boys. Talking to a group of boys one day, he said:

"When I was a youngster I wanted to be a ventriloquist. I wanted to play ventriloquial jokes on every one in the world.

"So I bought a book on throwing the voice, and, with a friend named Jake, I began to study the difficult art. I had poor success, and Jake also had poor success. He, though, imagined he was doing well, and one day he declared that he was a quite good enough ventriloquist now to begin to do a little fooling.

"Jake knew an old engineer in a factory, and the next afternoon he visited him. He seated himself in a corner, and, after a little conversation he imitated the squeak of badly oiled machinery.

"The old engineer trotted to a certain valve and oiled it.

"Jake let a few minutes pass and emitted another series of squeaks.

"'Drat that valve,' said the engineer, and he oiled it again.

"A third time there came the squeak, and now the engineer saw through the joke. He walked up quietly behind Jake and squirted a half pint of oil down the back of his neck.

"There," he said; "there'll be no more squeaking today I'm sure."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## A Change of Scene.

Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia is noted for the fatherly interest that he takes in the members of the clergy; but with it all he has the faculty of administering a rebuke when it is necessary in a shrewd, kindly way.

One of the clergymen who has a parish on the outskirts of the Quaker city was noted for the long periods of absence that he took from his parish; in fact it occurred so often that it became a matter of common talk. One day this man called on the archbishop and asked for a month's leave of absence, saying that the doctor had recommended a change of air and scene.

The archbishop looked up with a quizzical look in his eye and said:

"Well, I make the suggestion that you go to your parish and stay there. I think that would be a complete change of air and scenery."

## Just Dead.

Since William A. Stone retired from the governor's chair in Pennsylvania, eighteen months ago, he seems to have lost all his political ambitions.

Happening into Philadelphia recently the ex-governor was approached by a newspaper reporter who couldn't understand why a man who once had an eye on the United States senatorship and who was regarded as a strong state leader should be so consistently quiet.

"What is your place in politics, Governor?" asked the reporter.

"I'll tell you a story," replied the ex-governor. "A friend of mine up in my county of Tioga was driving along a lonely road. Arriving in a small town he saw a group of men standing on a street corner talking. He drove to the curb and asked what was the trouble.

"Oh, nuthin'. Bill Jones is dead."  
"My friend assumed a sad expression, said he was sorry, and continued:

"What's the complaint?"

"No complaint," responded one of the farmers, "everybody 'round here's satisfied." And I guess they are in my case."—New York Times.

## He Knew All About It.

Burton Holmes, the lecturer, says that the Indians of Alaska regard white men

and canned goods as so closely associated that they are nearly synonymous. Wherever the white man is seen canned meats, fruits and vegetables are found.

When Mr. Holmes visited Alaska recently he carried with him a phonograph, and it was exhibited to an old chief who had never seen a talking machine before. When the machine was started and the sound of a human voice came from the trumpet the Indian was much interested. He listened gravely for a time, then approached and peered into the trumpet.

When the machine finished its cylinder and stopped the Indian pointed at it, smiled an expansive smile, and remarked: "Huh! Him canned white man."—Saturday Evening Post.

## No Dude Nor Tenderfoot.

Edmund Seymour, a Wall street banker, is fond of telling how on one occasion he met Theodore Roosevelt without having seen him. Mr. Seymour was out in Wyoming years ago for his health, living on his ranch. One evening he rode to the nearest railroad station and asked for a room in the only hotel. He was informed that every bed was doubly occupied except one, and in that there was a man asleep.

"But that's all right," said the landlord; "he knows that he may have to share his bed." Mr. Seymour turned in with the stranger, who hardly noticed his arrival. Next morning the banker found that his bedfellow was gone. On asking who the man was the landlord said: "I don't know much about him except that he's a ranchman, and his name's Theodore Roosevelt, and he ain't no dude nor tenderfoot, you can bet on that."

Unparliamentary but Congressional.

The Pinkville Debating society was in regular session, and Mr. G. Watkins Spurling was making an earnest plea on the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, that man's every act is the result of a selfish motive."

"I go further than that, Mr. President," he said. "About three-fourths of the things a man does is because he's envious of what somebody else does. The pin-headed speaker that had the floor last on the other side lied like a pirate when he said—"

Here the president of the society rapped on the desk.

"The gentleman must not use such language as that," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because it isn't parliamentary."

"It may not be parliamentary, Mr. President," vociferated Mr. G. Watkins Spurling, loosening his collar and rolling up his sleeves, "but, by gum, it's congressional!"—Chicago Tribune.

## A New Class.

Down in the Old Dominion the people used to set much store by their pedigrees. An anecdote is told of the captain of a steamer plying at a ferry from Maryland to Virginia, who, being asked by a needy Virginian to give him a free passage across, inquired if the applicant belonged to one of the F. F. V.

"No," answered the man, "I can't exactly say that; rather to one of the second families." "Jump on board," said the captain. "I never met one of your sort before."

## Where He Lived.

"One of the thousand suburbs of Boston is called Jamaica Plain," said Anthony Buck, a Bostoner. "You know, Boston is noted for its suburbs. It's got them to burn. Four-burned this summer already.

"Well, one of your Kentucky gentlemen—one of those 'By gad, sah,' gentlemen—visited friends in this little suburb. The first day he was there he went to Boston.

"When he had tasted of the various beverages of the Boston town and was ready to go back to his friend's home, he found himself in the embarrassing position of having forgotten the name of the suburb.

He scratched his head, he looked at the stars, he kicked his feet together, but nowhere could he find the name of that confounded little suburb.

"Finally, in sheer disgust, he went into a hotel and inquired of the clerk there if he could tell him where he lived."

"The clerk laughed at that hard one, but amused at the way the strange gentleman put the question, he asked if he couldn't give some inkling, some idea or some facts which might suggest the name of the place to him—the clerk.

"Well, sah," he said, "I can't exactly recall the name of that infernal place, but, sah, it strikes me that it was something on the order of Whisk Sour."

"Oh," said the clerk, "you surely mean Jamaica Plain."—Louisville Herald.

## Lawyer and Judge Agreed.

The Ninth district of Ohio was represented in congress by Judge Hall, and this good story is told of him while he was on the bench in the court of common pleas.

A case of some importance was reached on the docket and the parties and witnesses were on hand. The attorney for the plaintiff, Charles Brown, was considerably in his cups, a condition which seemed chronic with the really brilliant lawyer. He submitted motion after motion, and the court did not appear to humor his extravagant demands, realizing, too, that the attorney was not in a condition to proceed with the case. Brown was persistent, and Judge Hall, becoming somewhat irritated, said:

"It is the opinion of this court that the counsel for the plaintiff is peculiarly disqualified at this time for conducting this case before the court."

"What's that, your honor?" demanded the intoxicated lawyer.

"The court believes the counsel for the plaintiff entirely too drunk to continue with the case."

"That is the first correct decision I ever knew your honor to render."—Washington Post.

## His Fears Were Realized.

A Georgia statesman says that while he was in the shop of an optician in Atlanta he once heard an amusing conversation between the proprietor of the establishment and an aged darkey, who was just leaving the place with a pair of new spectacles.

As the old chap neared the door his eye lighted upon a most extraordinary looking instrument conspicuously placed upon a counter. The venerable negro paused for several moments to gaze in open-mouthed wonder at this thing, the like of which he had never seen before. After a long struggle with his curiosity, he was vanquished. Turning to the optician, he said:

"What is it, boss?"

"That is an ophthalmometer," replied the optician, in his gravest manner.

"Sho!" muttered the old man to himself as he backed out of the door, his eyes still fastened upon the curious looking thing on the counter. "Sho, dat's what I was afeared it was."—Youth's Companion.

## An Accident.

"Darn!" exclaimed the first summer boarder.

"What's the matter?" asked the dyspeptic looking boarder next to him.

"Oh, I got a piece of egg shell in that last mouthful of omelet."

"Strange! You must have got the portion intended for me. It's always my luck to get those things at home; never knew it to fall."

