

chewed his cud that he was about the best thing that ever came down the pike. Finally his owner concluded to go out of the show business and decided that he would sell the steer at auction. There was a rattling big crowd at the sale, for everybody in the state had heard of the steer. The crowd, in fact, was so big that it blocked the street so that it was necessary to call the police to clear the road for the street cars. As the fat steer looked around on that crowd and heard the bids he said to himself, "I am certainly a very warm number. The governor couldn't attract half as big a crowd as this." Finally he was bought by a local butcher and led carefully away to a stall in a cattle shed. In the next stall was an under-sized runt of Alberta parentage which would weigh about 550. The great steer sniffed at the runt as he was led into his stall, but the runt only said as he gathered in another wisp of prairie hay, "You think you are a great many just now, my beauty, but unless I am badly off my trolley I can see your finish within the next 24 hours." And within ten hours after this the carcass of the great steer was hanging up on exhibition in front of the butcher shop with a tag attached stating that choice cuts from this carcass could be had for \$1 per pound. Then the runty Albertan steer tossed his head in triumph and said, "What did I tell you?" In less than two months the runty Albertan was filling tin cans and being devoured by an unsuspecting public under the impression they were eating choice roast beef. Moral: All classes get it in the neck sooner or later.

Anecdotal.

The conversation turned to the war with Spain and the part played by the colonel of the Rough Riders in the battle at San Juan Hill. There are two widely varying stories concerning the part I took in that affair," said the President. "One is to the effect that when the charge up San Juan Hill occurred I was two miles in the rear of our men, and did not get into action at all. The other is that I was far in advance of the men as the charge up the hill was made, and that while conspicuously in view of both armies I shot a Spanish officer in the back. Both of these stories," added the President, with a grim smile, "the democracy as a whole accepts as literally true."

Talking about the various persons who make the life of an editor obnoxious to him, by telling him how to run his paper, Colonel Charles A. Edwards, of Texas, said the other day: "I know all about it. I was an editor myself once down in Texas. One day a man came in and said to me: 'I have come in here to complain about this article you have in your paper to-day. I don't like it; its tone is undignified; its diction poor; its—' I pushed a button on my desk, and when the office-boy leaped in I let out all the notches in my voice. 'Bring me,' I thundered, 'an axe, a hammer and a six-shooter.' 'Good Lord,' said the kicker, pale-faced and astounded, 'what are you going to do?' 'I'm going, sir,' I replied, 'to kill every printer and reporter in the place, and to smash every blank press and throw it in the river. What am I running a paper for, except to please everybody?'"

A story was told by the late Admiral Murray about the much-lamented King Christian of Denmark. A small fleet of American ships visited Copenhagen, and the King invited the principal officers to dinner. "From my seat at dinner," related Admiral Murray, "I looked out on the pleasant lawn where the band was stationed. After the principal business of the dinner was over, at the invitation of King Christian the glasses were filled, and, all the table being at attention, his majesty arose and, with due formality, proposed 'The President of the United States.' Glasses were raised, but the King paused, glared over his shoulder, and abruptly left the dining-hall. The guests, upon invitation of an aide, reseated themselves. In a few minutes I saw the bandmaster come hurriedly into sight, followed by the King, who kicked him across my field of view. Shortly after, the King returned to the dining-hall, took his place at the head of the table, and the guests having risen, again proposed 'The President of the United States.' As he raised his glass the band struck up 'The Star Spangled Banner.' With a satisfied smile His Majesty emptied his glass."

One day in the United States Senate when Senator Beveridge was in one of his most eloquent flights, old Senator Pettus of Alabama got up and asked leave to interrupt. "Does the Senator from Indiana yield to the Senator from Alabama?" thundered the Vice-President. "Nothing," replied Beveridge, "affords or can ever afford the Senator from Indiana more pleasure than to yield to the distinguished and able Senator from Alabama, who never makes a speech himself or interrupts the speech of another Senator without adorning it with brilliant radiance." Pettus stood there with his jaws wagging with the inevitable cud of tobacco until Beveridge had finished the sentence and then said: "Mr. President, I move we adjourn." And they adjourned.

"Seamen's return" tickets are issued by most British railways at seaport towns to sailors at reduced rates. When a somewhat stylishly dressed young man demanded one to Birmingham, the booking clerk at a southern seaport town demurred. "Seamen's return" are only issued to sailors," he snapped. "Well, I'm a sailor," was the reply. "I have only your word for that," said the clerk. "How am I to know it is correct?" "How are you to know?" came the answer. "Why, you leather-necked, swivel-eyed son of a sea cook, if you feel my starboard boom running foul of your headlights you'll know I've doing more than sit on a stool and bleating all my life, and you'll haul in your jaw tackle a bit."

During the siege of Kimberley the editor of the only daily paper there was often hard put to find enough news. One day in a clubroom he found Cecil Rhodes reading a fairly new paper from Cape Town. He borrowed it and rushed to his own office, where it soon appeared as a special edition, selling like hot cakes. That same evening he met Mr. Rhodes, who inquired: "Where's my Cape Town paper?" "Oh, I cut it up for the printers," was the reply. "Please don't do that again," said Rhodes, mildly. "That paper came through by native runners and cost me \$1,000."

A well-known American writer auto-mobilized through Scotland, and at a hotel in the highlands was treated with the greatest incivility. "I complain in particular," he said to the manager, "about my waiter in the dining-room. The inattention and insolence of this man are insupportable." The manager sought out the waiter, a raw-boned, red-haired highlander. "Dugald," he said, "the American visitor accuses you of inattention and insolence. What have you to say?" Dugald snorted and hotly replied: "It's no' to be expectit that a self-respectin' Scot could wait on him wi' civility. Wasna it he that said we took to the kilt because our feet were too large to get through trousers?"

The late Senator John Sherman, whenever he went to New York City, nearly always consented to see and submit to an interview with Homer Fort (a journalist who knew more public men by sight and has interviewed more prominent people, perhaps, than George Alfred Townsend). Mr. Sherman's friendliness for Mr. Fort began in an amusing way. The latter sent his card to the ex-Secretary of the Treasury, who was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He was invited to the Senator's room and found the Ohio statesman in a gloomy, reticent mood. After some preliminary interrogatories that resulted in negative replies, the newspaper writer told a few jokes to his apparently cold listener. This is the one that caused the Senator to laugh and melt sufficiently to give a long and important interview. An Anglo-Saxon citizen in New Orleans attended the funeral of a Frenchman's wife. Several days afterward, meeting the bereaved husband on Canal Street, the latter asked, with Gallic jauntiness, "Ah, were you at ze funeral?" The American said "Yes." "How you tink I did?" "Oh, splendidly. You appeared to be fond of your wife, as it took four men to hold you and control your grief and active emotion." "You were only at ze house, eh? You should have gone to ze cemetery, for there I raise ze Cain—it take ten men to hold me!"

Willie (very seriously): "Papa, I had a strange dream this morning." Papa: "Indeed! What was it?" Willie: "I dreamed, papa, that I died and went to heaven; and when St. Peter met me at the gate, instead of showing me the way to the golden street, as I expected, he took me out into a large field, and in the middle of the field there was a ladder reaching away up into the sky and out of sight. Then St. Peter told me that Heaven was at the top, and that in order to get there I must take the big piece of chalk he gave me and slowly climb the ladder, writing on each rung some sin I had committed." Papa (laying down his newspaper): "And did you finally reach Heaven, my son?" Willie: "No, papa, for just as I was trying to think of something to write on the second rung I looked up and saw you coming down."

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