

MEN OF TO-DAY WHO MAKE THE WORLD LAUGH.

Interviews with Famous Humorists—Written by Roy L. McCardell and Illustrated by the Caricaturist, Gene Carr.

"The Starbuck's" Author Has Brought to New York a Large Assortment of Stories—Some of Them Bear the 1903 Brand, While Others Were Past Their Youth in 1836.

LAST Saturday afternoon Ople Read, of Chicago, Arkansaw and Tennessee, walked into the Waldorf-Astoria and hung his hat on the hyphean. Since then the Waldorf-Astoria has been the storm centre for big, breezy men who wear slouch hats, frock coats and say "suh" to each other at courteous intervals.

"I'm glad to meet you all," he said suavely, when the interviewer and his pictorial accomplice were introduced. Evidently he did not catch Carr's name, for he added, "a fine boy. He'll be a great help to you when he grows up."

"I do hope it will take," said Mr. Read. "You will excuse me speaking of it myself, except it be Col. Bill Viescher. You know Col. Bill is a newspaper man, a poet and a good fellow, and I know you enjoyed his playing of the part of the wheedling old negro, Kinchin, in 'The Starbuck's.'"

"Did I ever tell you how Bill Viescher and Capt. Jack Crawford, the poet scout, got acquainted?" "Well, it was years ago. Capt. Jack was a prominent citizen of Coffeyville, Kan. He was hospitable to a fault. In fact, he would not be denied in matters of spirituous courtesy. And stories went abroad that Capt. Jack had even persuaded people with a pistol to drink with him."

"Col. Viescher struck Coffeyville in dire financial straits. He was both hungry and thirsty, but mostly he was thirsty. "He had heard about Capt. Jack's enforced hospitality. He went to the most elegant cafe in the town, where he was informed Capt. Jack was sure to be."

"Striding into the ballroom he exclaimed, 'Woe unto those who drink rum! Repeat before it is too late!'" "At these words Capt. Jack Crawford approached with his artillery unlimbered. "Do you object to rum, suh?" he asked.

"I do, suh," said Col. Viescher. "You must take a drink with me, suh!" said Capt. Jack. "Col. Viescher almost forgot his lines at these words, and clasped his hands over his mouth just in time to prevent himself saying, 'With pleasure, suh!'"

"When he could command himself he shook his head and groaned and said, 'I have been a temperate man for a long time, suh!' (which was true, but through no fault of Viescher's). "You shall make up for it, suh!" said Capt. Jack. "Bartender, put five

"MR OPIE READ, OF CHICAGO, ARKANSAW AND TENNESSEE"

"I'M GLAD TO MEET YOU ALL"

"WHAT A FINE COP HE'D MAKE."

"OPEN THE DOOR I'M IN THE BALLROOM!"

"WHAT IS THE TROUBLE JUDGE?"

"IT WAS A PLEASURE TO MEET MR. READ"

"IT'S JUST AS I TOLD YOU, THE TROUSERS HAVE RIPPED"

"I HAVE PROVIDED FOR JUST SUCH A CONTINGENCY."

GENE CARR

As if it were a vaccination, but if it doesn't take it will be a sore spot for me. "I like New York and I want New York to like my play. I've been in the city many times before, as a writer, a lecturer and a visitor, and I would like to feel I was as welcome as a playwright as I was in the other capacities."

"Now, suh," said the waiter, "ask the gentlemen what they will have and bring me some liquor. You have liquor here, haven't you?" "Yes, sir," said the waiter. "What kind of liquor do you want—Benedictine, Curacao, Chartreuse?"

"No, suh," said Mr. Read, suavely. "I do not want that kind of liquor. A little plain or cooking whiskey will do for me."

"As I was saying, suh," he continued, "I like New York. I like it very much. I'm a citizen of the world as well as of the South, and I like everything about this town, except that I cannot reconcile myself to evening dress. I am like my old friend Judge Watson, of Memphis, in that regard."

One of Ople Read's Good Stories, Though Not of the Vintage of 1908. "He had got out of the habit of wearing his dress clothes, when he was invited to an inaugural ball. His wife insisted he should go. So he put on his evening togs with many forebodings, for he had grown stouter since he last had worn them."

"Sure enough, when he got in the ballroom he backed against the wall and started making signals of distress. "What is it, Judge?" asked his wife. "It's just as I told you," was the reply. "The trousers have ripped."

"I've provided for just such a contingency," said his wife. "I have a needle and thread. There is a little dressing-room that's deserted right outside. I'll fix them for you there."

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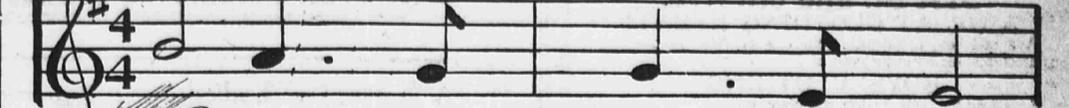
"I've provided for just such a contingency," said his wife. "I have a needle and thread. There is a little dressing-room that's deserted right outside. I'll fix them for you there."

"I don't know anybody that hates a dress suit more than Judge Watson and

glasses of whiskey on the bar. And now," he says, covering Col. Viescher with his arm, "you will proceed, suh, to drink down the line, and you will have all five drinks, suh, by the time I have counted twenty, suh, or the fireworks will begin."

"Col. Viescher had them finished at fourteen. "Now, suh," said Capt. Jack, "have you conquered your animosity to good liquor, suh?" "Yes, suh," said Col. Viescher, "I have; and if you will set 'em up again I think I can go over the course in ten."

WHERE HYMNS AND ANTHEMS ARE "SUNG" BY A CHOIR OF SILENT WORSHIPPERS.



NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE!



THY WILL BE DONE

The Deaf Mute Congregation of St. Ann's Episcopal Church Raise a Noiseless Paeon of Praise.

NEW YORK is the home of many religions and sects; worshippers give expression to their religious emotions in a diversity of ways, but in all Manhattan there is no more devout congregation than the silent parishioners of St. Ann's Protestant Episcopal Church for Deaf Mutes at Amsterdam avenue and One Hundred and Forty-eighth street.

A LUCKY HOLD-UP—BY E. J. WEBSTER

The Story of a Trainman's Fight for Promotion.

Copyright, 1903, by Daily Story Pub. Co. TOM WILLIS, fireman on the Missouri express, was among those hit hard by the reduction in expenses. The consolidation of the two railroads meant that the number of trains on the L. and O. would be reduced. And Tom was among the men who received notice that their services would not be required after the end of the month.

What made it particularly hard was that Tom, after many efforts, had finally persuaded himself to tell pretty Helen Draper—as far as a tongue-tied, bashful man could—how much he thought of her. Tom was big and strong, and had the reputation of being one of the pickiest men along the line.

After he had told Helen what he thought of her and heard her soft-spoken answer, Tom Willis would have strenuously denied the existence of his former state of terror. But this would only have been another case of belittling a danger after it had passed.

Then, just when he and Helen were planning their future, came the news that he was to be laid off at the end of the month. Tom climbed into the cab of the engine in a very despondent mood that evening.

Surely, old John Inglis, the engineer, had evidently heard the news, for as Tom entered the cab he growled out: "Tough luck." That was all he said, but even that was a good deal for John Inglis, who had the reputation of being the surliest man on the road. He also had the reputation of being afraid of no man, whether tramp, train robber or railroad president.

For over an hour the Missouri express sped west. Then just before a little bridge was reached in one of the worst places on the road, a red lantern was seen, swung frantically on the track ahead.

Old John Inglis turned on the emergency brake and reversed the big engine, almost with a single move. The train stopped with a jar which threw the passengers out of their berths. Then, while engineer and fireman were peering into the darkness, trying to see what the trouble, two men sprang into the cab of the engine. Other men were seen running toward the express car. It was plain what had happened. The train had been stopped by train robbers.

The men who had sprung into the cab wasted no time. One of them commanded single to pull ahead with the express car, which by this time had been cut off from the rest of the train. Sure John Inglis grumbled when he took orders from the despatcher. He certainly was not going to take them from train robbers.

"Go to the engine!" was his only reply to the command to cut off the engine. The train robber was on the point of then he changed his mind, and, picking up an iron bar from the ten-

der, dealt the engineer a terrific blow on the head. Inglis slipped to the floor of the cab, where he lay in a little huddled heap. Both robbers turned to Tom Willis. "Cut out the engine. Cut out the engine!" they yelled. "We'll hurt you worse."

Tom Willis hesitated. Should he lose his life for the railroad company, the company which was to discharge him at the end of the month? "Without a word he stepped over the prostrate engineer and climbed into the seat. But his first move was not to open the throttle, but to strain up on the air brakes. The robbers did not notice this. Then Tom pushed forward the lever and opened the throttle. The big engine began to puff. But instead of moving forward the great driving wheels spun uselessly around. The air brakes were doing their work, and both locomotive and express car seemed clamped to the tracks.

For a moment the train robbers waited. Then with oaths they ordered Tom to go ahead. "I can't," replied Tom. "The throttle is wide open and she won't move. Something's wrong here."

"At first the furious puffs of the locomotive and the sight of the spinning wheels again unsettled the robbers. Then shots were heard from the rear. A third desperado rushed up to the engine. "A lot of cowboys in the back car have got their guns out," he called. "Pull out or we'll brain you!" commanded one of the men in the cab, sternly.

Tom only reiterated that he could not. Again the command was repeated. Now more shots were heard from the rear. One of the robbers picked up the bar with which John Inglis had been felled and again, with a fierce curse, told Tom to pull out. Tom pretended to let the throttle out another notch, but as the engine still did not move the train robbers struck fiercely at his rear. Tom caught the first blow on his arm. He felt the bones snap. Then came a second blow and a third blow. Then all was dark.

When Tom opened his eyes he was lying on a berth in one of the express cars. The train robbers were scared away before they could blow open the express safe. He heard some one say, "You showed slightly pluck in not cutting off the engine." Then Tom closed his eyes again. He felt too weak and battered to keep them open.

"Turned on the big engine, did he?" said the division superintendent when the story of the averted hold-up was told him. "That showed presence of mind as well as lots of pluck. He was one of the firemen we were to lay off at the end of the month. Well, we will. He needn't fire any more. Give him an engine of his own."

"The company isn't so bad, after all," said Tom to Helen Draper. Although still weak, he was evidently growing in bravery, for he was losing his fear of her. "Old John Inglis will pull through all right and I get a good run. That hold-up was a good thing. 'Reckon to me," he added, "that we ought to send those train robbers an invitation to the wedding."

But Helen blushed and said it would not be proper.

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