

Mark Twain Unloads Crop of Lemon Jokes On Easy Mark King Ed

His Majesty Has to Endure the Agony of the "Take Two Chairs" Gag and the Rest of the Gamut to the Tale of the Wrong Font Pants.

You heard that Mark Twain met King Edward in London? Not yet? Well, it is this way. Whenever King Edward meets an American—especially when he meets an American humorist—he wants to hear a story, a funny story. Some there be on this side of the water who allege that King Edward wouldn't know a funny story if it walked up to him and pulled his whiskers, but of such is the Clan-na-Gael.

Of course, the King wanted to hear Mark Twain say something laughable. Mark hit one of the King's superior cigars and sprung this: "The Tale of the Two Chairs."

"Joseph H. Choate was seated in his law office one day, when a young man entered and in a rather pompous manner announced: "I am John Jones!" "Ah!" said the lawyer, "take a chair."

"Yes," continued the young man, "I am the son-in-law of Gen. Smith." "Indeed?" replied Mr. Choate, bowing low. "Take two chairs!"

His "Ighness" was pop-eyed but game. He was just about to inquire if Mr. Choate's caller was a Siamese tyin or something on that order, don't you know, when our beloved humorist cut loose with the following: "The Water Route to Heaven."

"A negro exhorter at a great revival in the South shouted: "Come up, and Jine de army ob de Lord!" "Ise done jined," replied one of the congregation. "Whard you jine?" asked the preacher. "Baptis church."

"Wy, chile," replied the exhorter, "yob ain't in de army—yob's in de navy!" This one sent the King to the ropes, but he returned as gamely as an old man could. Just as he had framed a question relative to the connection between a baptism and a battle-ship, the merciless humorist handed out one that had never failed: "And This Old Timer, Too."

"Abe White, a Virginian dandy, was arrested on suspicion of having stolen chickens. When he was brought before the Squire the next morning he was asked: "Abe, are you the defendant in this case?" "No, sah. You 'onor," replied Abe. "Tse de man what stole de chickens."

The King started toward a push button in the wall to summon the captain of the guards. Twain headed him off. His Majesty's rubund countenance was wrinkled into lines of perplexity. Bracing himself with a palpable effort he prepared for the next. "Wise Little Johnny Jones."

"A school teacher was lecturing on natural history and told how the English sparrows had been imported to kill the worms on the trees in the parks. "The sparrows," she said, "have become almost as numerous as the worms were." "Noticing that Johnny Jones was inattentive she suddenly asked: "Now, Johnny, which do you think are the worst—the worms or the sparrows?" "Don't know," answered Johnny. "I never had the sparrows."

At the mention of English sparrows King Edward perceptibly brightened. He imagined he was going to hear something that would allow him to twit Mark Twain with being a nature faker. As the story proceeded tears filled the royal eyes and at the wind-up he was weeping. "Was there not something of that kind in a song in the Mikado?" he inquired.

Mark Twain declined to answer, but hurried him along to the fifth yarn. "Djever Hear This One?" "My friend Senator Depew boarded a street car one day. A politician was with him and the Senator handed the conductor ten cents. "A block or two further on the conductor went through the car again and Depew handed him another dime. "But I have your fares already," protested the conductor. "I know it," answered Depew, "this money is for the company."

"I thought Mr. Depew had told me everything," sobbed the King. "But he never told me that. Is it true that Mr. Depew rides in a tram?" "There was a time in New York not long ago," responded Mark. "When they wouldn't have let him aboard a car on the Canal street cross-park line. But here is our Your Majesty, that I am sure will fit you in Buckingham Palace in other words right where you live."

And then, pitilessly and concisely, he put this one over the plate: "Not That Kind of Pants." A tramp rang Dr. Smith's bell and a woman came to the door. "Madam," said the tramp, "will you please let me in to give me a pair of old pants?" "She smiled and said: "I don't think I can answer. "Why not?" whined the tramp. "Because I am the doctor," said she. "There was a loud crash. When assistance arrived the King was found with out. "Suffragette! Suffragette! Suffragette! Suffragette! Why don't these American humorists say at home?"



PICKED OUT TAR AS HIGHWAYMAN IN COURT LINE

Le Ban's Indentification Leads to Arraignment of De-sertor.

Harry Le Ban, a wealthy linen importer, who was held up, brutally beaten and robbed by four armed thugs, three of them wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam's Navy, on Riverside Drive, the night of May 22, identified one of his assailants in the Centre Street Police Court to-day.

The identification was dramatic. A group of more than twenty prisoners were "lined up" in the court-room. Lawyers, clerks and detectives were scattered among the prisoners. Mr. Le Ban was escorted by Lieut. John Stapleton and told to look over the line. Walking straight to one of the prisoners, Martin Mullin, Mr. Le Ban pointed him out and said: "Have in the man I have tried to describe to the police and one of the four I have been looking for. He is the man who assaulted me."

Mr. Le Ban lives at the Schuyler Arms, Ninety-eighth street and Riverside Drive. He left his club early on the morning of May 22 and encountered the four ruffians. One pinned his arms while the other three beat him when he resisted and left him unconscious.

When Mr. Le Ban recovered he was almost nude. The robbers had taken his clothes, jewelry and \$90 in money. He reported the robbery at the Detective Bureau the next day. Since then he has visited the Brooklyn Navy Yard and all the naval vessels in the harbor. Every night Mr. Le Ban, with Lieut. Stapleton, Reap and Harvey, has searched the Bowery and the haunts of sailors through the city. They tell in with a score of sailors at No. 23 Bowery, with the sailors were a number of men dressed in civilian attire.

"That fat fellow looks like one of the men," Mr. Le Ban told Stapleton. If he is the man he was dressed in sailor's togs that night. Inquiry developed that the "fat fellow" was a deserter from the 1st Connecticut, leaving at Hampton Roads, April 22. He was kept under surveillance and when it was ascertained that he had disposed of a sailor's uniform in a pawnshop he was arrested.

Magistrate Walsh complimented the lieutenants on their work and sent Mullin to the Tombs in default of \$200 bail for examination on Wednesday.

BLACK CIGARS HELPED MALADY OF LEWISOHN

Millionaire Is Recovering From the Effects of Drastic Operation.

Excessive smoking of big, strong cigars, the kind that cost \$1 or \$1.50 apiece each, and a general breakdown of the digestive organs made necessary the operation from which Jesse Lewisohn is now recovering at Mount Sinai Hospital. Dr. Morris Knicker, of No. 71 East Seventy-ninth street, Mr. Lewisohn's family physician, said to-day that his millionaire patient is very much improved, and that satisfaction is felt over the operation.

"I wish to say emphatically that Mr. Lewisohn is not suffering from cancer of the tongue, as has been reported," said Dr. Knicker. "For a time on Sunday it was believed that the patient would die, but his recovery is gratifying. He has been operated on and is in wonderfully short time. Mr. Lewisohn is perfectly conscious of all that is going on in his bedside, but is forbidden to talk even in a whisper by the surgeons. The operation was performed last week. Mr. Lewisohn is visited by the operating surgeon three times a day, and Dr. Knicker at least once every six hours through day and night. That the work of the surgeon's knife will prove a complete cure for the malady the physicians do not care to state as yet. They will not admit that he is out of danger. The sick man is the son of the late Adolph Lewisohn, and is a member of Lewisohn & Bros. bankers and brokers, No. 11 Broadway. His wealth is composed of copper holdings. Miss Lillian Russell, the comic opera star, is in communication with the patient's room and calls each day.

GRANDSON OF HERO IS HELD FOR THEFT. Alleged Descendant of Marshal Ney Caught With Typewriter (Machine) in Possession. Patrick Ney, a dried-up little old man, who talked volubly with a pronounced brogue, was in the line of prisoners lined up in the Central Office at Police Headquarters to-day. He said he was a grandson of Marshal Ney, the renowned soldier of France, and offered to bring papers to prove it if the police would release him for a couple of hours.

Policeman McManus, of the Delancey Street Station, passing the courtyard of John Milan, at No. 35 Tompkins street, to-day, saw Ney climbing through a window with a typewriter machine under his arm. McManus nabbed the old man and found that the window had been forced. Ney said he repaired the machine to have it repaired.

Miss Ray Sueskind Entertains Those Who Have Just Been Graduated With Her. Miss Ray Sueskind, the daughter of Adolph Sueskind, proprietor of Terrace Garden, gave a party yesterday afternoon to her classmates in Normal College, from which institution she has just graduated at the head of her class. Miss Sueskind, who is in her fifteenth year, will enter Barnard College next fall. Her guests yesterday were: Misses Carrie Marx, Ruby Pinkus, Irene Silberstein, Madeline Laurberger, Stella Prokus, Agnes Schickel, Mabel Broker, Jeannette Toepf, Elsie Mulhry, Katharine Braier, Alice Webber, Kate Spilman, Ruth Gausung, Clara Rosenbaum, Marie Cos, Helen Zagat, Blanche Hochstadt, Fanny Ginn, Rebecca Schneider, Emilina Day, Margaret Jeffrey, Almee Lillenthal, Erma Schocier, Jessie Kayser, Ollie Bopp, Olga Weiske, Edith Schenck, Edith Silverman, Ray Rosfeld, Sophie Simmons, Irma Telenius, Helen Wapner, Anna Butz, Gertrude Greenfeld, Lillian Grossman, Thy Putz, Lilla Simmons, Leona Kaufman, Anna Greenfield, Romind Lashor, Estelle Danziger, Flossie Simmons, Metaine Erid, Irene Alkov, Hilfred Danziger, Elm Danziger, Kathryn Wassung, Sylvia Frank, Helen Stein, Henrietta Peppers, Bebeck, Marie Gertrude Simken, Major Simken, Josephine Smith, Sophie Metz and Ida Kruger.

125 STRIKE, THEN HEAR BOSSES AND RETURN TO WORK

Railroad Laborers March Out of Yards, Turn Around and March Back Again.

Angered at being laid off from work for one day, a gang of 125 laborers employed at the Mott Haven yards of the New York Central Railroad this morning quit work and began a march down the main tracks to the Grand Central Station. At various points along the road the strikers were joined by recruits, and when One Hundred and Sixteenth street was reached the crowd numbered 200.

At a tunnel entrance a section foreman threatened the men with arrest if they entered. The strikers, according to the railroad officials, were led by a labor agitator, and when the situation was explained in various languages to the strikers they returned to work. It appears that the rush of business on Saturday caused a scarcity of tracks on which to store passenger trains. The men who quit to-day are at work at the Mott Haven yard on tracks used for making up trains. The tracks, the Central office say, were needed to relieve the rush of business. The laborers were laid off Saturday and told to reassemble to-day. To-day they held a mass-meeting and decided that they had been unfairly laid off from work. Police Headquarters was called on the telephone by General Superintendent Bradfield's office, and Sergeant Connolly and the reserves of the East Sixty-seventh street station were hurried to the station in patrol wagons. In the meantime the strikers had given further consideration to their troubles and decided to return to work. They marched back the tracks and at 11 o'clock resumed work.

NEW STRIKE TALK BY TELEGRAPHERS

Failure of Discharged Operators to Get Work Causes Much Complaint.

Unless the Western Union Telegraph Company takes decisive action in the matter of reinstating men alleged by the union to have been discharged for activity in organizing the operators the efforts of President Roosevelt's peace commissioner, Charles F. Neill, will amount to nothing. Fourteen operators—nine men and five women—called on Supt. Munford to-day, applied for reinstatement and were turned down. Part of the peace agreement signed last week was that these fourteen men and women should get their old places with the company. Acting President Kennenlauf, of the Telegraphers' Association, was in conference with President Clowery, of the Western Union, until late to-day trying to fix up the matter. If the company fails to reinstate the fourteen in question, the telegraphers threaten to strike.

BANKER ISIDOR WORMSER BURIED AT SALEM FIELD. Many Prominent Persons Pay Last Tribute to the Dead Millionaire. The funeral of the late Isidor Wormser took place to-day from the family residence, No. 24 Fifth avenue. A brief service was conducted by Rabbi Dr. Joseph Silverman, of Temple Emanu-El. The body lay in the drawing-room of the house. The black casket, relieved only by the silver casket, was banked with flowers, which came from the family and the host of friends. The most conspicuous piece was a wreath eight feet across, sent by the members of the New York Stock Exchange. The limited accommodations of the house were not sufficient to accommodate all who came to pay their respects, and there was a constant stream of people coming and going. Among the prominent men who were present were Henry Seligman, William Guggenheimer, Samuel F. Schaeffer, W. M. Scherf, M. H. De Young and Park Commissioner Moses Herrman. Following the short service for the dead the body was escorted to Salem Field Cemetery, on Jamaica avenue, East New York. This evening at the family home Dr. Silverman will conduct a memorial service for the immediate family, after the custom of the Jews. This will be private.

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GEN. W. W. DUFFIELD DEAD. WASHINGTON, June 23.—Gen. William W. Duffield, for years supreme in the ranks of the army and a member of the cabinet of President Cleveland, died at his home here Saturday.

DRY SUNDAY IN ST. LOUIS. ST. LOUIS, June 23.—The Sunday closing law was enforced in St. Louis county yesterday, leaving Illinois as the only place where strictly St. Louisians might go.