THE HUMOROUS SIDE of LIFE.

Curious Conceits of the Funny Men Seen and Described.

"Five hundred dollars or not a man will show up for work in the morning," was the walking delegate's ultimatum.

"But why?" asked the bewildered employer. "Surely I pay higher wages than the union requires, and ——"

"Yes, the wages are all right."

"And the hours are shorter than——"

"The hours are all right, too. It's the men you employ."

"But I surely employ enough men. Every mother's son of 'em has three assistants two helpers and a substitute, as required by the union."

"That's all right," growled the walking delegate. "'Taint the number of men yer got workin'; it's the men themselves. Four of 'em is scabs; they was on th' Confederate side durin' the civil war and fought with non-union forces. Put that in yer pipe and smoke it. Do I get my five hundred dollars, or do I call the whole blamed gang of 'em out on strike?"

An Exception.

Mrs. Casey—Yis, an' I think it's a good husband he'll make her, too. Ye can always tell what's in a man from the look uv his eye.

Mrs. Kelly—Maybe, Ellen, maybe. But many's the time I've seen the tears rise in Denny's when it wasn't salt water he'd been drinkin'.

One Man's Poison Is Another's Meat.

"You're standing on my feet!" he cried.
Now why should he complain?
When e'er I stand upon my own
It causes *me* no pain.

The Cannibal Island Version.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean.
Thus neither feared the other and
Each lived a life serene.

WASN'T ASKING CHARITY.

Dusty Degnan—I can't plough much on account uv dis wooden leg, an' of course dis busted arm puts wood-choppin' outer de question, while as fur milkin' cows dese t'ree missin' fingers is considerable uv a handicap. But me mental faculties is unimpaired, ma'am, an' I ain't lookin' fur no charity. If you'll give me a good square meal I'll be glad ter superintend de farm fur youse for an hour or so.

EXPECTED OIL IN 'EM.

The Unreasonableness of a Man Who Purchased Oil Wells in Texas.

"Well, now what do you think of that?" said Lochinvar Leary, tossing the letter he had been reading over to the bartender. "All the whiskers in Kansas wouldn't cover that man's cheek.

"Read it. Did you ever give your eyesight the freedom of anything quite so unreasonable? Some people expect to buy a polka dot and find a roll of dress goods on it.

"You see it happened this way. When the oil craze struck Texas and they began finding oil on all the farms on both sides of me, I began to wonder if there weren't a few gallons of hidden wealth bubbling around for freedom under my little patch of ground.

"Sure enough, my wonder came true. The oil poured into every well I sunk almost the minute I'd finished it. When I'd sunk as many as twelve I sold out to the guy that wrote this letter.

"Of course I got a pretty fair price for my place, some few hundred thousand dollars more than I'd paid for it as mining property, the year before, but why shouldn't I? Didn't it have twelve oil wells on it, and room for twice as many more? I'd have sunk the others myself if I'd only had the oil to fill 'em with.

"And now here's this guy writing to me almost every week, kicking because when he took the oil out of the wells it wasn't still in 'em. He evidently expected me to pay for the stuff to keep his old wells filled with, just because I once happened to own the land they're built on. Wouldn't that rattle the shingles off the roof of your mouth, though?"

The Little Things That Shape One's Life.

Kind Old Lady—It grieves me deeply to see you coming out of such a place.

Muggsy—Madam, I share yer sorrow. Why, fur de mere price uv a drink I wouldn't have done it.

Superfluous.

Duffer—You ought to buy a talking machine. There's nothing like one to keep a fellow home nights.

Suffer—Buy one? I married one. That's what keeps me out.

Not a Railroad Accident.

Puff, puff, puff, puff!
A thin column of smoke arose.
Puff!
Could he make it in safety?
Puff, puff, puff!
It was getting nearer and—puff, puff—nearer.
Puff!
He would try for it if he lost his life in the attempt.
Puff, puff, puff!
Ah! Another box gone. Now he only needed 3,678 coupons. Every cigarette was bringing that 675,000-coupon piano just that much nearer.
Puff, puff, puff, cough, puff!

Two Pictures at Once.

From M. A. P.

A well known landscape painter was busy "dashing in" the colors of a sunset. The tints were hurriedly conveyed from tube to palette, and from palette to canvas, for the artist was anxious to catch the effect.

A rustic standing by observed the operation for a little while, and then remarked: "Ah, you be a painting two pictures at once. That's clever." He paused a moment, and blurted out: "I like that picture best—the one you've got your thumb through!"

The Power Behind the Throne.

Houselotts—Do you own your own house?

Townsites—Only nominally. We keep a cook, you know.

An All Around Prizefighter.

Toutly—What a versatile fighter that Fitz Jefbett is.

Foole—Yes, he not only acts and wrestles and plays baseball, but they say he fights quite a bit, too.

Aboard the Erin.

Hal Yard—They say that there are so many people sponging bids off Sir Thomas, and so many invitations that he sends out merely as a matter of courtesy, that he doesn't get time to ask half the people that he'd really like to have on board.

Bob Stay—I believe you. Why, I had to come without an invitation myself this time.

It Didn't Inconvenience Him.

Miss Scraggleigh—Heavens! You're spilling your champagne all over my gown!

Jagleigh—Don't mention it. No trouble at all to get another glass, I assure you.

ON THE WATCH FOR TORPEDOES

TIME THAT TRIES MEN'S SOULS ABOARD THE NAVY BOATS.

That's Why Gongs Sounded, the Men Turned Out and Guns Barked on the Boston and the Concord the Second Night After Dewey's Victory at Manila.

Cavite was in our possession. The Spanish ships were destroyed or sunk, the white flag had flown for hours over the walls of Manila and the guns on the Luneta and at Corregidor and El Fraile had been silenced forever by order of the Spanish General upon Dewey's threat to hammer down the walls of the city if any of them was fired again. There still lingered in the mind of the American commander, however, a suggestion of a suspicion that there might be something down in the region of Corregidor Island that had the potentiality of trouble.

To make assurance doubly sure therefore, he sent the Boston and the Concord out on the afternoon of the day after his fight with orders to look carefully about the islands at the entrance to the harbor to discover if there were any indications of the presence of any Spanish vessels, and particularly torpedo boats.

Nothing happened during the afternoon to cause any excitement, but there was observed from the Boston something that started a great deal of speculation and discussion in the ward room of the cruiser. As the ship passed the western end of Corregidor, steaming slowly through the Boca Chica, there was seen protruding slightly from a small cove, partly hidden by a rise of ground that came close down to the water, what looked like the prow of a small boat. Instantly it went about among officers and men of the Boston that there was what might very well be the torpedo boat for which they were all looking so eagerly. But to the surprise of most of them the Captain gave no orders looking to a closer inspection.

The two ships steamed on past Corregidor and out into the China Sea, cruised around for a few hours, and then returned to the entrance of the bay, coming to anchor on the north side of the island, in the Boca Chica, where it was not possible to see the little cove where the fancied torpedo boat lay. The officers were the more surprised to find the anchorage rather close in shore and in sixty fathoms of water. With all that cable out it would be impossible to get under way quickly, and if the thing they had seen should turn out to be a torpedo boat its commander would have a fine opportunity to destroy the Boston before she could prepare to help herself.

The result was a state of nervousness aboard the cruiser when night fell such as there had not been at any time before or during the fight off Cavite. The watch on deck spent no time sitting down and waiting for the quartermasters on lookout to report what was going on. He devoted himself to the business of keeping a sharp lookout on his own account. There was not much sleep in the ward room. Most of the officers had one eye open and the other only half closed, and some of them did not turn in at all, but sat up reading or playing cribbage.

Two bells in the midwatch had just struck when the young ensign who had the watch saw something in the water, close in shore up by the west end of Corregidor, that made him start and turn his night glass on it in an instant. At the same moment the lookouts on both ends of the bridge reported seeing the same object. All started hard at it, but none could tell what it was. It was something bright and shiny, and on the ebb tide, which was running rapidly out, the thing floated well clear of the island and bore steadily down on the cruiser.

The young ensign ran up on the bridge to get a better view of the suspicious object. Through his mind there flashed all sorts of possibilities, but uppermost among them was the thought that the thing might be a torpedo or some sort of devilish machination set afloat by the Spaniards to drift down on the cruiser with the ebb tide and blow her out of the water.

Just as he had made up his mind to send word to the Captain there was a rift in the clouds, and the moon shone out clear and strong. In the bright light the thing drifting down on him seemed much larger than before and now it took on the definite shape of a submarine mine. With a sudden rush of impulse the young ensign reached for the electric button that sounds the call to general quarters and gave it a push. In an instant the gong was thundering out its dreadful summons, and the ship was in the momentary maelstrom of confusion that always follows that call.

The men sprang from their hammocks and ran barefooted and often without their clothing to their stations at the guns, in the engine room, the magazines or the ammunition hoists. The officers came dashing up from the ward room animated only by the thought that the dreaded attack had materialized. It seemed to the ensign like a quarter of an hour, but the record showed that it was only a little more than a minute before the report came that every man was at his post and all divisions were ready.

Meantime there had been action on the Concord, lying astern of the Boston. The noise of the rush to quarters on the Boston had carried distinctly to the gunboat, and the watch-on-deck of the Concord, recognizing instantly the purport of the sounds he heard from the cruiser, turned in the order for general quarters also on his ship.

Then it appeared to the men on the Boston that the watchers on the Concord had seen the thing that had caused the trouble. For as the men on the gunboat reached their stations, they on the Boston saw through the dim light the big guns swing toward the shiny thing in the water, which was now well within range. It could almost have been hit by their revolvers.

Just as the Captain of the Boston reached the bridge, mounting the steps of the ladder three at a time, one of the men in the crew of the Gatling gun on the Concord swung his gun down on the shiny thing in the water and gave the crank a sharp twist.

"H-r-r-r-u-u-m-m-p! H-r-r-ru-u-m-mp!" grumbled the Gatling, and a hail of bullets spattered all about the thing.

To the amazement of the watchers no explosion followed, and before there could be a repetition of the firing there floated across the night to the Boston from the gunboat the voice of the Captain of the Concord, roaring out as he ran up the bridge ladder:

"What damned idiot fired that gun?"

The spell was broken. The strain was over. Somebody on the Boston laughed at the energy and the explosiveness of the Concord's Captain's query. The clouds drifted apart and the bright moon shone through, the light falling clear on the shiny object in the water, which was now near enough almost to reach with a heaving line.

"It's a biscuit tin, sir," called one of the lookouts on the Boston to the young ensign who had the watch.

A general shout from the crew followed the call, and then as silence settled down on the two ships again the silver-voiced bugle of the Boston sounded the recall from quarters, and the two ships settled down to peace and quiet for the remainder of the night.

PRINTERS AND THE OATH.

President Lynch Says There Is No Reason Why the Obligation Cannot Be Taken.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 27. Much surprise was expressed at International Typographical Union headquarters here to-day when it was learned that Public Printer Palmer had issued an order that all printers in the Government employ at Washington should take the oath of allegiance to the Government. The suggestion was made that the Public Printer may have supposed that the printers' union required an obligation of members which might be in conflict with their duties to the Government, but it was said that no such obligation is taken by a printer when entering a union.

"Of course I know nothing about the reasons leading to the new rule in the Government Printing Office," said President Lynch of the International Typographical Union, "and I certainly have no criticism of it to offer. A printer is a citizen of the United States and there is nothing in his obligations to his union to prevent him from taking an oath of loyalty to his Government. The oath, as I understand it from a casual reading of the reports from Washington, is one of mere loyalty to the Government and this any union printer can take consistently. It might be different if the oath required a union printer to abjure his union, but nothing of this kind, I am sure, is attempted".

The Trunk Tide Turns Back.

The wagons that, only a few weeks ago, were carrying mountainous loads of trunks, the baggage of summer travellers and vacation goers, to wharves and railroad stations, are now beginning to carry trunks from wharves and railroad stations to city dwellers' homes. The trunk tide has turned, and is now setting strongly this way.

DIVIDED THE POT WITH A BAD ANGEL.

Beneficiary of a Cold Poker Deck Meets the Dealer in a Dark Hallway.

"It is no trouble for a man who has played much poker to step into a room where six or seven men are sitting around a table rattling chips and pick the losers," said the Angel of Commerce, as he lit a fresh cigar and cocked his feet at an angle of forty-five degrees—indicating that a new poker story was to be sprung. "I mean it is no trouble to pick the winners and the losers, even if the stacks of chips are about evenly divided.

"Not many years ago I was travelling in Texas, and stopped at one of the largest towns, to remain over Sunday. It was Saturday night, and I asked the clerk at the hotel if there was anything going on that would entertain a fellow for a while. He told me there was a poker game in room 113, knowing that I had a taste for a little game of draw occasionally.

"We went to the room designated, and found there seven men. I sized up the crowd that there were two winners and five losers in the game, although two of the losers had stacks more of chips than the winners. There were two 'cowmen' in the game, one local merchant, one lawyer, one 'retired capitalist' and two 'drummers,' like myself.

"Now, that expression, 'retired capitalist,' in a poker game always means one thing to me, and that is that the fellow who is a 'retired capitalist' retires from every poker game he plays in with plenty of the capital. I had already picked the 'retired capitalist' for the biggest winner of the bunch, and the lawyer I sized up as the other winner. I figured it out that there was somewhere in the neighborhood of $5,000 worth of chips on the table.

"Three hands had been played, and the little man on my right had had three good hands beaten. Consequently his stack was getting low. I had been told that he was a commercial man, like myself, and I saw that his losses were pinching him.

"I played along a few hands, winning some pretty fair pots, getting tangled up with the 'retired capitalist' three or four times, and always quitting my hand when he made a play at me. I was a little bit leary of the 'retired capitalist' chap, and kept out of the same water he was swimming in as much as possible. Luck had come my way, however, and I had multiplied my original capital by three, and was sitting easy in the game. The little loser at my right saw that I was sorry for him, but I could not tell whether it angered or secretly pleased him. I bluffed out three or four small pots when he was all in and let him win them on the show down, because I wanted to see that strained look vanish from his face.

"He finally excused himself for a few minutes, and when he returned I noticed that his face wore a more tense, set look, and I decided that during the few minutes he had left the game he had reflected upon the losses he had sustained, realized the extent of the embarrassment they would cause and was in greater danger than ever of losing.

"Finally the little loser dealt. Seven men passed it up, declaring they could not open the pot. It got around to the loser and he quietly remarked:

"'I open it for $2, the last cent I have, and I'll bet seven men stay and draw out on me. That's been my luck in this game.'

"The pots had been opened for $10 each time, and $2 was a low price for which a draw could be purchased. I looked at my hand. There was not a pair, no signs of a flush, no chance for a straight. But I had the joker, and in that game the joker was an ace of any suit. I thought that the loser had a right to get the benefit of a 'short card' draw, so I tossed in $2. Every man around the board stayed.

"I had decided that I would not look at my hand after the draw. It was the loser's first bet, and he, having no money, could bet no more than a windy, and this would leave it up to me to make the first money bet. This I decided not to do. I was sorry for the loser, and determined that if anybody around the board made a bet I would drop in a stack and run them out, making them believe I had caught a phenomenal hand drawing four cards. I passed it up to the next man. He had evidently caught something, for he reached for his stack and bet $50. The next man, one of the cowmen, stayed, and then it came the turn of the 'retired capitalist,' who raised it a hundred. The other cowman was in, and the lawyer, who had the last say, saw the bet and the raise, and after making a little talk about not showing down his hand against every sucker without some money being bet, he put in an extra hundred.

"I thought 'Well, Johnny, here is where you jump off the little red wagon and run,' and felt like throwing my hand in the discard without looking at it. The loser was all in, and it was up to me. It required $250 to call. That was about one-third of my capital. I picked up my hand and started to 'skin' it down when I caught sight of an ace keeping company with my 'outer card.' I looked a little further and found still another ace—then hoping that I could 'skin out' another good ace or a pair, I flashed the other two cards before my expectant eyes, for I was in a fever of excitement now. What I saw froze every nerve in my body.

"I reluctantly shoved in $250. The man to my left counted out $250, said something about a lot of 'pikers,' counted off another $250 and shoved it all in. The man sitting next to him didn't have enough to cover the bet, but he made the call for all his capital. The next man, who had raised it first, dropped in enough to call this raise, but when it got to the lawyer, he contemptuously turned up his nose and said that $250 was too small a bunch for a thoroughbred to bet, and he raised that $500 more.

"It was up to me and, kicking like a bay steer about getting into a game, making a good winning and not having sense enough to quit with the boodle, waiting to get tangled up in a freak pot, &c., I shoved in all my remaining chips—by the way not enough to call the whole of the bet.

"The man who made the first best laid down his hand. The next man hadn't anything to say. The 'retired capitalist,' after long, serious thought and a careful survey of the ceiling, called the lawyer's bet. Cowman No. 2 had quit.

"Then came the exposure of the hands. The second man to make a bet, who had all his money in, quietly spread out four tens, remarking with a very pleasant smile, 'You fellows played those four tens for me to a finish,' and was about to take in the chips when the 'retired capitalist' spread out four jacks, beamed on the man with the four tens and told him it would be a good idea to stay out of a big pot till he got something to bet on.

"The lawyer, though, was the prize pigeon in the coop. He stuck out his chest, exposed four kings face up, and remarked that the legal profession was the only thing when it came to a game of poker. He reached out his arms, embraced the chips and started to rake in the pot, and had it half way to his side of the table.

"'Aren't these four aces of mine any good?' I asked. A look of anguish swept over the countenance of the lawyer, who never figured on my being a contester in the pot, as he relinquished his hold on the chips and leaned back in his chair, limply staring vacantly at my four aces.

"I took in the chips. The play broke two men and sent them adrift. The cowman who held the four tens remarked that he was done with poker forever. He declared he never would touch another card. The 'retired capitalist' had lost heavily in the pot, but was still a few hundred to the good. The phenomenal hand seemed to have taken all the nerve out of the players, and the play after that was listless. The little loser had put on his coat and quit the game after the phenomenal hand he had dealt, and it looked to me like the tenseness about his face was greater than ever when he left the room without a word.

"'He was a heavy loser, wasn't he?' asked the cowman, who had remained in the game.

"'Lost an even thousand,' said the 'retired capitalist,' who had banked the game, 'and it seemed to hurt him, too.'

"I was exactly $3,000 to the good for about seven hours' play when I left the room and started to the office of the hotel to deposit my money. The elevator had stopped running and most of the lights were out. I went down a flight of stairs and turned the corner in the dark corridor, where I stumbled into some one.

"'Hello,' came a soft voice out of the semi-darkness of the corridor. 'Game broke up?'

"'Yes,' and as I answered I recognized the little loser.

"'Great play you got on that hand,' he remarked.

"'You bet! Greatest play I ever had.'

"'Queer that there should be so many big hands out and yours the best, wasn't it?'

"'That's what it was—just one of those freaks of a poker game.'

"'It wasn't any freak,' said the little man, and in the half light it looked like all the lines were gone out of his face, and it was flushed, like the face of a winner.

"'What was it, if it wasn't a freak?'

"'A cold deck.'

"'Where did the cold-decking come in?' I asked, amazed.

"'I did it. You were the only man in the game who had not pestled me and I wanted to get even. When I left the room a few minutes I fixed up that hand in another deck, stuck it in my bosom to get it as warm as I could, and when the time came for me to deal, I dropped some cards on the floor out of the deck we were using, stooped to pick them up, left the old deck down there with some we had discarded, took the cold deck from my bosom and went on with the deal. The lawyer was a big winner, and was very careless about cutting. I figured the whole play out to a cent, and down to the smallest card. There were three flushes and four sets of fours out.

"'Why did you do it—just to get even with those who had been beating you, and help me because I had helped you?'

"'When you saved a few pots for me, I saw you had a kind heart, and when you got your money where you could make a killing if you could come out with the best hand, I worked off the cold deal, knowing that when I told you, you would split your winnings with me.'

"'But I'll do nothing of the sort. That was a gentleman's game. If those men were swindled that way I'll give them back their money.'

"'Not all of it. Poker is a game in which all kinds of tricks are worked if a man has no one to catch him. You owe me half that money, and I want it. You may do as you choose with the remainder. You observed that "capitalist" and the lawyer "cross-lifting" didn't you? I did; they robbed me out of my money, and I had a perfect right to get even this way.

"'But I'm not going to divide the money with you,' I cried, exasperated.

"With that the little man pulled a six-shooter from his hip that looked as big as a cannon. He threw it down in my face, and in the calmest, coolest tones I ever heard he remarked: 'You were lucky in that game, and, although you were lucky you were robbed, and would have been fleeced right if I hadn't saved your bacon as I did. That 'retired capitalist' is nothing more than a professional gambler who makes his money cheating poor devils like you and me. He knows more about cards in a minute than you will know in a lifetime. I figured out that you would clean up a good $3,000 on that play. Now count out $1,500 to me, and you may go on.'

"'But I won't do it.'

"'You have fooled long enough about this. Half that money is mine. Give it to me. There are six bullets in this gun. I will put three through your heart and take the rest if you refuse.'

"I counted out the money."

CAN'T CUSS ON THIS JOB.

Queer Provision in the Contract for Building an Indiana Church.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 27.—The novel provision in the contract for the erection of a new Methodist church at Logansport, to the effect that no man employed upon any part of the construction shall either swear or drink while so employed, is causing no end of inconvenience to John E. Barnes, the contractor. His first trouble resulted from disinclination on the part of men, even though they were not addicted to swearing or drinking, to bind themselves absolutely to refrain from the exercise of these privileges should a seeming necessity for them arise.

The church people wanted a provision in the contract to the effect that the mechanics should neither chew nor smoke, but no contractor would bid on the work under such conditions, and chewing and smoking are not prohibited.

The day before he began work Mr. Barnes called his men around him and told them the conditions under which the contract had been secured. Some of the men, who had worked for him for years, shook their heads ominously and confessed that they did not know whether they could stay on the job if they were not permitted to swear. One of them asked that a "swearing line" be drawn within which oaths must not be uttered and the workmen be required to go outside of this if they wished to use the prohibited words. The contractor thought this might be construed into an evasion of the contract and insisted that the men pledge to abstain absolutely from profanity while working on the job.

The stonemasons who were employed to lay the foundations positively refused to be bound by such conditions, and it was arranged to get out the stone at the yards of the company. All the cutting will be done some distance away from the "consecrated ground," as the men have come to call the site of the new church. The same artifice was employed by some of the men who are getting out the heavier timbers for the new structure, that work being done ten squares from the site and the timbers being ready for putting in place when they are delivered at the church.

The contract not only requires that the workmen shall refrain from swearing and drinking, but Mr. Barnes agrees to discharge any man who is guilty of either offence while employed on the structure. So far he has had only one case to deal with. A young carpenter struck his finger with the pole of his hatchet and before he thought he uttered the fatal "cuss word." The foreman reported the act and tried to excuse the offender, but Mr. Barnes said he had made the contract in good faith, all the men had agreed to its terms and he could not make any exception to the rule. The carpenter took his discharge gracefully, but said that it was such a relief to swear when he struck his finger that he did not regret it, even though it deprived him of work.

NO REMEDY FOR BOLL WEEVIL.

Texas Committee Not to Award Its $50,000—Cotton Crop Damaged Badly.

AUSTIN, Tex., Aug. 27.—The State Boll Weevil Committee authorized to make the award of $50,000 to the person who discovers a practical method of remedy for eradicating the cotton boll weevil announced to-day that they will conduct no further tests of the proposed remedies and mechanical devices this season owing to the advanced growth of the cotton plant. Scores of remedies have been submitted to the committee, all of which have had a practical test. None of them proved successful. Two mechanical devices for removing the weevils from the plants were submitted and stand a chance of being successful when improved upon.

The boll weevil is committing ravages in nearly every part of the Texas cotton belt. Three weeks ago the indications were very favorable for one of the largest cotton yields ever produced in this State. It was then freely predicted by experts that the yield would exceed 4,000,000 bales. The most liberal estimate now places the yield at 3,000,000 bales, and it is believed by many that it will fall several hundred thousand bales short of that number.

BOSS OF YACHT RACE FLEET.

AS A COURSE-CLEARER CAPT. WALKER IS ACE HIGH.

He Managed to Keep the Great Flotilla in Order, Too, Without Incurring Any Skipper's Ill Will—His Task a Hard One in Tuesday's Three-Cornered Race.

Capt. Thomas D. Walker of the revenue cutter Gresham has had a job since a week ago last Thursday which would have made for a less amiable and business-like man many enemies. But any observing person who has been to the international yacht races must have noticed that Capt. Walker has had not only the respect, but also the good wishes of every skipper on the course.

As Captain of the Gresham, flagship of the revenue squadron, Capt. Walker has had charge of policing the course for the Cup races. That he has given entire satisfaction is the general verdict.

Never in the history of the Cup races has there been afloat such a fleet of craft of every description as that which turned out this time to see Sir Thomas Lipton make his third attempt to lift the Cup. A person of statistical turn of mind estimated on the day when the Reliance won the first of the series that there were grouped around the two suberb racers at least 140 boats. That, too, was only a rough guess.

From the big excursion steamers with their thousands of enthusiasts, many of whom paid as high as $5 to see a race, to the tiny catboat with two venturesome persons aboard, every one started out with the set purpose of getting as good a view of the race from start to finish as possible.

To handle this flotilla Capt. Walker had eight revenue cutters and ten yachts carrying the revenue or "guard flag." These made up the patrol.

Capt. Walker had to follow certain regulations. A good deal depended on his tact and judgment, however, and, had he cared to do so, he could have made it much more unpleasant for the excursion fleet than the rules really prescribed. When "Fighting Bob" Evans ruled the excursion fleet a sligh infraction of the rules, even though unintentional, met with a stern rebuke.

For instance, Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht Erin, which carried a patrol flag, crept inside of the line laid out by "Fighting Bob's" flagship.

"Present my compliments to Sir Thomas," came the prompt order, "and ask him please to keep outside of the patrol line."

It was some time before Sir Thomas got over telling of how his friend Evans had brought him up with a sharp turn.

From this it is not to be inferred that Capt. Walker was lax and careless in keeping the excursion boats in order. No boat was allowed for an instant to get beyond where it belonged, and yet he did not drive the excursion fleet so far off that it was impossible to get a good view of the race.

As an example of Capt. Walker's tact, it is only necessary to recall an episode in which the Gresham and Sir Thomas Lipton's tug Cruiser figured. The Cruiser convoyed the Shamrock across the ocean, but, unlike the Erin, did not carry a revenue flag and had no right inside the patrol line.

Through a misunderstanding on the part of her captain, the Cruiser followed the Erin some distance beyond the line. Capt. Walker watched her until it was plain that she did not intend to turn back. Then he sent to the Cruiser a message, which in effect, was as follows:

"Present my compliments to Sir Thomas Lipton's tug Cruiser and tell her that she is inside of the patrol line."

The next day the Cruiser ventured just a wee bit inside of the patrol line and all that was needed was a warning blast from the Gresham's whistle to get her back with the other boats which did not fly a revenue flag.

Not once did Capt. Walker show the least sign of losing his temper. The most trying race was over the triangular course. He realized that it would be a difficult matter to keep a clear area for the racing yachts and he was prepared to meet any exigencies, although sufficient warning to the excursion fleet had been given in the following announcement in the regulations governing the races:

All seafaring men will understand the difficulties in the way of keeping a triangular course clear, and it is hoped that the public will be patient with the rules which must, from the necessities of the case, bar them following the entire course. The fact that the competing yachts will be faster on the second leg of the course, with their sheets eased, than a majority of the vessels carrying passengers, renders it impossible to allow these vessels to follow the entire course

From the start of the triangular race Capt. Walker was on the alert. At no time was any excursion boat or yacht allowed to get past the Gresham, which led the fleet on the first leg. A couple of excursion boats and yachts tried their best to get the better of the vigilance maintained on the Gresham, but they were caught before they had done any harm.

A favorite trick of the offending boat was to get up full speed and make a spurt which would bring them past the flagship. An officer on the Gresham would spy the offending boat, but before she could be stopped she would have a clear, unobstructed view of the race, and then she would gradually fall back into line again. This ruse hadn't been tried often before Capt. Walker called August Belmont's Scout, which acted as a despatch boat, and this message was sent to the skippers of the boats which showed a disposition to viloate the rules.

"You must not go ahead of the Gresham. You fellows must obey orders and there is to be no monkey business."

After that there was very little trouble.

When the yachts turned the second stakeboat it looked for a minute as if the course could not be cleared on time to give the racers a clear space. But gradually the excursion boats came into line, until only a few stragglers were to windward. Capt. Walker put another boat in charge of the squadron, went after the straggler and formed a lane for the racers. His signal to the other cutters was:

"Disregard the movements of my flag."

"That was the signal," said an officer afterward, "that got Admiral Schley into trouble at Santiago, but Capt. Walker came out of it all right."

If it hadn't been for Capt. Walker's prompt action at a critical moment the result might have been entirely different.

Capt. Walker had no fault to find with the excursion fleet. "They behaved finely," he would say. "You know they all wanted to get the best possible view of the race, but they also took into consideration the fact that the yachts had to have room."

What Mr. Hens Laid.

From the Wilmette Local News.

Mr. William Hens has just laid a new concrete walk in front of his place of business.

New Secret Remedy Absolutely Unknown to the profession. Permanent Cures in 15 to 35 days. We refund money if we do not cure. You can be treated at home for the same price and the same guarantees; with those who prefer to come here we will contract to cure them or pay expense of coming, railroad and hotel bills, and Make no Charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair Eyebrows falling out, it is this Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. For many years we have made a specialty of treating this disease with our MAGIC REMEDY and we have $500,000 capital behind our unconditional guarantee. Write us for 100-page book and absolute proofs. Address COOK REMEDY CO., 1929 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

POISON BLOOD