

Short Stories About People



BISHOP ETHELBERT TALBOT

THE experiences of Bishop Talbot, long the "cowboy bishop," but now bishop of central Pennsylvania, have been many and varied, and his book, recently published, "My People of the Plains," gives a fascinating picture of life in the earlier days of the great west.

Miners, cowboys, all loved him, and they still tell a host of stories about him. Once while still bishop of Wyoming and Idaho he went to St. Paul to attend a meeting of dignitaries of the church. There one noon on the porch of the hotel a tramp approached a group of bishops and asked for aid.

"No," one of the churchmen replied. "I don't think we can do anything. But down there is the youngest bishop of us all," pointing to Bishop Talbot, "and he's a very generous man."

The tramp went to Bishop Talbot, and the others watched with interest. They saw a look of surprise come over the tramp's face; they saw that the bishop was talking eagerly, earnestly; they saw the tramp look perturbed, but they finally saw that something passed from hand to hand.

The tramp tried to get away without speaking to those of the group, but the former spokesman called to him: "Well, did you get something from our young brother?"

The tramp grinned sheepishly. "No; I gave him a dollar for his blamed new cathedral at Laramie!"

The case of Lebbius R. Willey, judge of the United States court in Shanghai, China, has attracted unusual attention. In the first place, it may be news to many that there is such a thing as a United States court in China. It was only recently established, and Mr. Willey was appointed by President Roosevelt to the newly created judgeship. Since his appointment he has done some things which on the face of the matter appear harsh and arbitrary. The state department, under whose jurisdiction the new court is placed, does not regard the matter in that light, however.



LEBBIUS R. WILLEY

Colgate Hoyt, who was sworn in as a special police officer in New York recently, is a Wall street banker and president of the Automobile Club of America. He is an officer in a dozen railway, banking, insurance and mining corporations, is a yachtsman and popular in club circles and has a country seat on Long Island, but he wears police badge No. 27 and may carry billy and pistol. He will have to call at police headquarters once each month to sign the roll book and is liable for emergency service, day or night, to help in the suppression of riot. Mr. Hoyt joined the New York police force because the Automobile Club of America decided to do something to prevent users of motor vehicles from abusing their privileges on the public highways. A committee of safety was appointed, consisting of five members, with Mr. Hoyt at their head, and the members of this committee made application for appointment as special policemen. At the Madison Square Garden automobile show a college graduate who was ex-

hibiting the merits of an American six cylinder car was asked what the appointment of these automobilists to the police force meant. "It means," said he, "that 'Prosy' will nab you if you foot your motor horn too loud, if you try stunts like turning a corner at high speed and on two wheels, if you let the exhaust befoul the pure air of the city streets—in other words, if you don't watch out for anything and everything from the minute you get into an automobile until you see it safely stored for the night in a garage."

Alexis Aladyin, who is known as the leader of the group of toll in the Russian douma and who is now on a visit to this country, came here in the interest of the cause of liberty in Russia and to raise funds for the relief of the millions suffering from famine. He hopes that whatever money is contributed in America for starving Russians will be distributed by a committee of Americans and not sent to the Russian government. He says:

If it goes to the government it will never be used for the relief of the people. The dishonesty of the Russian officials is unbelievable to one not conversant with the system of government that prevails in my unfortunate country. It is true that the government appropriated a sum approximating \$60,000,000 to relieve the distress caused by the famine. At a safe estimate, 90 per cent of this will be stolen by the officials to whom it has been intrusted.

Mr. Aladyin was in London as a delegate to the Interparliamentary conference when the douma was dissolved by the czar last May. Seeking to return to Russia by way of Finland, he happened to reach Helsingfors during the Svenborg mutiny and, being suspected of connection with it, was not allowed to return to his home. The length of his stay here will depend on events in Russia. He hopes to be a member of the second douma, in spite of the opposition of the government, as he has been elected on the first stage, equivalent to a nomination here. Though born a peasant, he studied at the University of Kazan, from which he was expelled for voicing liberal opinions, and he speaks English, French and Italian as well as his native tongue.

The picture shows him in an English athletic costume. Having lived much in England, he has become somewhat Anglicized in manners and tastes.

John Barrymore, who has figured in the testimony in the Shaw case as one of Evelyn Thaw's former admirers, is an artist. He is a brother of Ethel Barrymore and Lionel Barrymore, who are winning fame in the field chosen by their father, the noted actor, Maurice Barrymore, who died about four years ago. John Barrymore, or Jack, as he is affectionately known by his friends, is the youngest of the late Maurice Barrymore's children, was born about twenty-five years ago and as a boy was in the care of his grandmother, Mrs. John Barrymore. Drew. He went to Georgetown college, but was expelled for a boyish prank. He then went to London and studied art and since his return to this country has done some things which have occasioned discussion in the art world. One of his paintings, entitled "Despair," has been characterized as "a bold departure from the beaten paths of art," indicating "a new symbolism, almost a new school."

M. Coquelin, the celebrated French actor, on his last visit to England traveled from Vienna and arrived in London just before he was due at the theater. He was so tired that in the second act of the play, in which he was supposed to go to sleep, he went to sleep in reality and had to be aroused by vigorous prods from the back. In one of the papers the next morning a critic complained that his slumber scene was obviously overacted.

The recent senatorial election in New Jersey attracted national attention because of the fight for re-election made by the present junior senator, John F. Dryden. After a prolonged battle Senator Dryden retired from the contest, and the choice fell on the treasurer of the state, Frank O. Briggs. The successor of Senator Dryden has declared that he is in general sympathy with the policies of President Roosevelt. He was born in New Hampshire in 1850 and studied at Phillips Exeter academy, going from there to West Point, where he graduated in 1872. Next followed a career as a FRANK O. BRIGGS, military officer lasting until 1877. He served in the Second United States cavalry as second lieutenant. On his resignation from the regular army he entered the employ of the John A. Rowbling Sons' company of Trenton as an engineer and is now assistant treasurer of the concern.

Since leaving the army Senator Briggs has been identified with the politics of his state and since 1904 has been at the head of the Republican state committee. He was elected mayor of Trenton in 1890 and in 1902 was appointed by Governor Voorhees to the post of state treasurer, which he held on election to Mr. Dryden's seat.

Dear Sir—I hear you are in need of a wife. Well, I am just the one you want. For I am looking for a husband. I feel sure we can make life one long dream. When can you come to see me? I will be home every night this week. I enclose my photo, which will speak for itself. Hoping to see you soon, I am yours.

Dear Mr. M.—Having seen your advertisement, I am anxious to be your wife. If we can make the necessary arrangements, I am a good looking and a good housekeeper and have a little money. Let me know when and where I can see you. Yours truly.

My Dear Mr. Moon—Your ad. has just been brought to my notice, and I hasten to answer it before it is too late. I am a widow, but have no children; am twenty-nine years old, fair and of a happy disposition. I feel sure I could make a nice home for you. Let me know about it as soon as possible. Sincerely,

Dear Friend—I send you my picture, which I had taken in Boston. If you say the word, I will marry you at once. I am sure that neither of us will ever regret. It must have been ordained that we should meet and wed. Awaiting your answer. Affectionately,

Dear Sir—I should very much like to make your acquaintance. I think we could agree on first sight. Please send me your picture. I can picture in my mind just how you look, and I feel sure that you would be a good husband to me. Yours in respect,

"NO WIFE WANTED."

Man Who Advertised For Spouse Has to Hang Out This Sign.

BESIEGED BY APPLICANTS.

Every Train Brings to Derby, Conn., Women, Old and Young, Pretty and Otherwise, Who Would Share the Lot of George Moon, Esq.

Derby, Conn., is in the throes of a matrimonial bargain rush. From the four corners of the state women, young and old, are arriving. They seek to wed George Moon, the widower, who advertises for a wife. Mr. Moon told the public that he wanted a young woman between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, but the "ad." has brought to his door every day for the past week widows of fifty, maids of sixteen and spinsters of uncertain age. Every incoming train has some aspirant for the heart of the lonely Moon, who admits forty-one years of age. His mail has been something enormous. Nearly every letter has contained a photograph. The latter were promising, and, not finding his ideal among the army of personal applicants, Moon has traced the photographs from one end of the state to the other in hopes of locating his affinity. But the trip failed. In one place he found a woman of sixty or so shyly admitting she had sent him a picture taken when she was thirty. In another place it was a giggling country lass who saw visions of the gay life of Derby.



IT WAS A GIGGLING COUNTRY LASS.

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Moon is now back home announcing that his first list of applicants is not satisfactory. He says he has cleaned the slate and will start anew upon his hunt for Mrs. Moon. All former applicants are barred. Upon the door of his home he has printed this sign, "No Wife Wanted." When he returned he said:

"I am still heart whole and fancy free. Some of the applicants wanted a cash payment in advance as an evidence of good faith. Some were divorcees. I wouldn't have that sort. I want no grass widows. The lot I divided into two classes, the shallow pated and the mercenary. I don't want either."

"I called upon one woman at Wallingford who seemed to fill the bill, but when I got there, expecting to find a woman of perhaps thirty, I met a woman over fifty. She said, 'Well, that was my picture when I was thirty, and if you would like me at thirty, why not like me now?' Moon fled. Here are some of the letters that Moon has received:

Bridgeport, Conn. Dear Sir—I hear you are in need of a wife. Well, I am just the one you want. For I am looking for a husband. I feel sure we can make life one long dream. When can you come to see me? I will be home every night this week. I enclose my photo, which will speak for itself. Hoping to see you soon, I am yours.

Naugatuck, Conn. Dear Mr. M.—Having seen your advertisement, I am anxious to be your wife. If we can make the necessary arrangements, I am a good looking and a good housekeeper and have a little money. Let me know when and where I can see you. Yours truly.

Winsted, Conn. My Dear Mr. Moon—Your ad. has just been brought to my notice, and I hasten to answer it before it is too late. I am a widow, but have no children; am twenty-nine years old, fair and of a happy disposition. I feel sure I could make a nice home for you. Let me know about it as soon as possible. Sincerely,

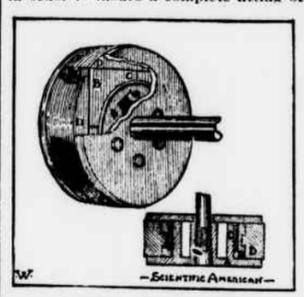
Wallingford, Conn. Dear Friend—I send you my picture, which I had taken in Boston. If you say the word, I will marry you at once. I am sure that neither of us will ever regret. It must have been ordained that we should meet and wed. Awaiting your answer. Affectionately,

METALLIC PISTON PACKING.

Arrangement of Blocks and Springs That Prevents Leakage.

The accompanying engraving illustrates an improved metallic piston packing composed of comparatively few parts and arranged to prevent leakage of steam in the cylinder from one side of the piston to the other. In addition to this, the device is so designed as to compensate for all wear of the interior contacting surfaces of the engine cylinder and the packing, thus requiring no reboring of the cylinder.

As pictured in the engraving, the improved packing is arranged between two heads keyed to the piston rod. The head (A) is formed with a spider, which serves to space the heads apart and provide an outer annular recess between them. In this recess the blocks (B) are fitted, and between them and the spider is a series of springs (C). There are four of these blocks (B), and their inner edges are curved to fit against the springs. The outer edges of the blocks are angular and are formed with dovetailed grooves adapted to receive dovetailed tongues on the segments (D).



METALLIC PISTON PACKING.

the segments on the blocks two opposite segments are formed with longer dovetailed tongues than the intermediate segments. The segments (D), it may be observed, are formed with curved outer faces adapted to engage the inner surface of the cylinder. In practice the springs (C), pressing against the blocks (B), hold the segments (D) in firm contact with the cylinder, and consequently all wear between the contacting surfaces is compensated for, and leakage of steam from one side of the piston to the other is completely prevented.

It will be seen that by providing dovetailed connection between the blocks and the segments they are held together, but allow sliding movement of the segments on the blocks without danger of their becoming disconnected. While this packing is applicable on any engine, it has been designed particularly for use on locomotives. The inventor of this improved piston packing is N. Pflaum, 773 Schmidt building, Pittsburg.

Coalite to Replace Coal.

Coalite is imitating coal and is reputed to exceed the genuine article, writes J. A. Howland in the Chicago Tribune. By a newly discovered process the experts can produce from coal of the cheapest quality this substance of coalite. This coalite produces 20 per cent more heat than coal. So little carbon is emitted that it can be burned in a white stove without discoloring it. So little oxygen is required to support its combustion that the long draft is unnecessary, and the tall chimney is made a thing of the past. It is further declared that the gas produced is stronger, purer and less costly than that to which we have been accustomed. Finally it is said that the by-products of the manufacture of coalite can be sold for more than the original price of the coal, so that coalite costs less than nothing to produce. If only coalite were edible as well the goal of human happiness surely would be looming up in sight.

Alcohol From the Cactus.

Large areas of arable land in western Texas are overrun by growths of cactus. It is esteemed an unutilized nuisance, though in seasons of drought the cactus leaves have been used to feed cattle, the obnoxious spines having been first destroyed by burning. Since the passage of the act of congress providing for the manufacture of untaxed denatured alcohol owners of cactus lands are hoping to make the natural cactus crop valuable by distillation. The alleged fact that the cactus furnishes perhaps the cheapest and most abundant raw material for alcohol making seems to be so well established that roving portable stills are to be set up in the cactus lands for the double purpose of turning the despised plant into fuel and provender.

Leprosy Cure Found.

A commission appointed by the Cuban government has turned in a report to the effect that Dr. Matias Duque, who is in charge of the Hospital For Contagious Diseases, probably has discovered a cure for leprosy. Dr. Duque's experiments have been along the line of what he terms the "red mangrove tree" treatment. He claims to have discovered this treatment as a result of his study to find a cure for his sister, who suffered from leprosy and whom he has succeeded in curing.

A Vegetable Milk.

A vegetable milk is prepared by the Japanese from soy beans, which are soaked, crushed and boiled in water, the resulting liquid resembling cow's milk, but differing much in composition. It contains 62.5 per cent of water, 3.02 of protein, 2.13 of fat and 1.88 of nitrogen free extract.

BOWSER AND ROOSTER

Tried to Teach It to Talk, but Met With Poor Success.

BIRD A PRESENT TO HIM.

It Was a Bantam, and When It Began Crowing in the Night Something Happened—Alimony Question Again Spoken Of.

[Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.] When Mr. Bowser reached home the other evening he was carrying a hatbox with numerous holes punched in the cover, and as he carefully set it down in the front hall, with a complacent smile on his face, Mrs. Bowser queried:

"A new hat, eh? What style is it?" "Never mind the style until after dinner. It's ready, I suppose?"

"Yes, but you have half a dozen hats around the house already. Why did you buy a new one?"

For reply he laughed and led the way down to the dining room. He was in great good nature, but he refused to answer any questions touching the hat. Mrs. Bowser finally decided in her own mind that it was a hat he had taken down to be pressed and reshaped, and the meal had been half finished when something like a scream was heard from upstairs, and with a "By thunder!" on his lips Mr. Bowser rose up and dashed from the room. She followed him, and what she saw on reaching the front hall was the hatbox being rolled over and over on the floor by the cat, while smothered screams came from the interior.

"You villain, I'll have your life!" shouted Mr. Bowser at the cat as he rushed forward.

"For mercy's sake, what have you got in that box?"

"None of your business! It's come to a pretty pass when I can't bring a box



"THE NOISE WAS THE BANTAM ROOSTER CROWING IN HIS BOX."

into my own house without a curious woman and a yaller eyed old cat raising a row about it. By the seven bells of Bashan, I'll have that cat's life before he is two days older!"

Heard a Queer Noise.

The box was placed on top of the bookcase in the sitting room, the cat was hunted into the cellar, and the Bowser family went back to their meal. Mr. Bowser was mad, and Mrs. Bowser didn't think it polite to say anything further, and so there was very little conversation going. For twenty-five minutes after going upstairs nothing was said about the box. Mrs. Bowser heard a suspicious scratching from the interior and thought of pet rabbits, coons and foxes, but made no inquiries. At length Mr. Bowser sat down and took the box on his knee and said:

"There is no great mystery after all. There was a farmer in the office a few days ago, and he was telling me about his bantam chickens. I was interested, and today he sent me a rooster as a present. It is here in the box."

"A rooster?" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser. "Why on earth should he send you a rooster?"

"Oh! Then it is the most wonderful thing that ever happened, is it? If a farmer wants to present me with a bantam rooster, I don't see anything so very paralyzing in the fact."

"But what can you do with it?"

"He said he firmly believed I could teach it to talk if I would spare a little time. Parrots talk, and I know of no reason why roosters shouldn't. If I could be the one to bring out a talking rooster, it would be a thing that all natural historians would sit up and take notice of."

"Let's see him."

Lifted Out a Rooster.

Mr. Bowser removed the cover from the box and lifted out a bantam rooster about as large as a turnip. The bird had been sadly ruffled by his roll on the floor of the hall, but when he had been smoothed down a little he plucked up courage and uttered a defiant crow. It was a small rooster, but a big crow. It rang shrilly through the room, piercing the ears like the sound of a saw striking a nail in a board, and, while it made Mrs. Bowser cringe, it brought a smile to Mr. Bowser's face.

"Ever hear a parrot get off anything like that?" he asked. "I believe, with the farmer, that this bird can be taught to talk. There was something like human speech in the last notes of his crow. I will place him on the chair here and give him a first lesson. We will begin by giving him a simple word. We will name him Dick, and I

will repeat Dick, Dick, Dick, Dick, Dick, Dick!"

"Dick" was interrupted right there by the cat. He had sneaked upstairs to see what was going on, and the sight of a chicken standing on a chair and peering about under the rays of the gaslight was too much of a temptation. He bounded forward and seized the bantam in his mouth and would have been off with him had not Mr. Bowser made a quick kick.

"By all the horn spoons ever made, there will be murder done in this house tonight!" he exclaimed as he held the rooster up to view.

No harm had been done. The little fellow was game, and he crowed again, while the cat, realizing that his opportunity had come and gone, fled away to be seen no more during the evening.

"You shouldn't have brought such a thing home," said Mrs. Bowser as she looked from the bird to the feathers scattered over the floor.

"What! I can't bring a bantam rooster of any other kind of rooster into my own house? Explain that remark, Mrs. Bowser. I want to know whether I run this house or whether you and that villainous old cat are bossing things."

"You know that a cat will always go for a bird," she replied.

"Then there'll be no cat around here. I'll break his neck before I sleep tonight."

Mrs. Bowser wisely maintained silence, and after petting the bantam for awhile Mr. Bowser got in better temper and observed:

"As I said at the beginning, I should like to make an experiment on this bird. I see no reason why he shouldn't learn to talk. He looks ten times as bright as any parrot I ever saw. If a dunn headed old parrot can chatter, this rooster ought to be able to deliver an oration."

"But has a rooster the same sort of tongue as a parrot?"

Mrs. Bowser Doubtful.

"It is to be presumed so. Why should nature give them different tongues? An American has the same sort of tongue as a Chinaman, hasn't he?"

"Well, you can experiment, and I wish you luck. I'll see that the cat is turned outdoors, and you can leave your rooster in the box for the night."

Half an hour later the Bowsers went upstairs to bed. Mr. Bowser had taken a deep scientific interest in the rooster question, and he was repeating the name Dick, Dick, Dick to himself when he fell asleep. Two hours later Mrs. Bowser awoke him with a nudge and the exclamation:

"For the land's sake, get up! Don't you hear that queer noise?"

"W-what is it?" he asked as he sat up.

"It's either that all the water pipes downstairs have burst or the furnace is getting ready to blow up."

Three minutes later he was downstairs, and the mystery was solved. The noise was the bantam rooster crowing in his box. He crowed as Mr. Bowser stood and looked at the box, and he crowed as the cover was taken off. It was a crow so shrill that it stopped pedestrians on the street.

"What is it?" called Mrs. Bowser over the banister. "Don't you know that people are stopping at the gate?"

"It's this infernal little rooster! There he goes again! By John, who ever heard of a rooster crowing at this hour of the night?"

"Perhaps he's learning to talk."

"And perhaps you get back into bed and stay there!"

Crow Awoke Bowser.

There was another long, shrill crow from the bantam, and then Mr. Bowser's fingers grasped his neck, and the crow died away in a gurgle. The bird was dead before the front door was reached, and the three or four men at the gate caught sight of a man on the front steps as he gave the corpse a fling into their midst. Then the door banged, and they said to each other:

"It's a rooster, and he must have brought the old man down with his crowing, but he didn't give the little feller a fair show."

At the same time, upstairs in the house, Mr. Bowser was saying to Mrs. Bowser:

"I understand just how this thing came about. You sneaked down while I was asleep and stuck a hatpin into that poor bird. In the morning, Mrs. Bowser—in the morning we will consult our respective lawyers and fix the amount of alimony." M. QUAD.

At the Club.



Little Smith—Some clumsy idiot has sat on my new hat.

Jones—I say, old chap, it's lucky you weren't in it.—Tatler.

Going Her One Better.

Housemaid—The postman brings me a letter from my young man every day with heaps of kisses in it. Isn't it lovely?

Cook—Yes, but it's much nicer for me. The postman is my young man, and every day he kisses me himself.—Meggendorfer Blatter.