

"Er—but—or—you would not exactly—er—call yourself slight, would you, colonel?" a venturesome major once asked Shafter after one of these outbursts.

"Slight? No!" Shafter thundered in reply. "H—ll no! I've been a fat, blooby old nussel ever since the day I tipped the beam at over 200 pounds, and right then I ought to've been court-martial and cashiered for outrageous and malicious adiposity, sir—for scandalous corpulence to the prejudice of military discipline."