

AFTER DINNER ORATOR

Witticisms of Patrick Murphy, a Horse Show "Find."

NEVER SMILES WHEN SPEAKING

Extracts From His Speech at the National Horse Show Luncheon in New York, Which Stamped Him as a New Arrival in the Ranks of Fun Makers.

While it is true that the annual horse show usually makes a "find" of some kind that adds new interest to the entertainment held in Madison Square Garden, New York, this is the first time that the "find" has been an after dinner orator of the first order, and there is no doubt in the minds of those who heard Patrick F. Murphy, president of the Mark Cross company, speak at the horse show luncheon the other day that the show of 1903 will be remembered after the memory of subsequent exhibitions has passed into oblivion because of Mr. Murphy's witticisms, says the New York Telegram.

Mr. Murphy, when he arose from his seat at the table to respond to the toast, "The National Horse Show association," to use his own words, was "known to but a few," and when he resumed his place at the close of his speech had won his way into the hearts of not only those who were privileged to hear him, but also into the affection of the fun loving American public.

Mr. Murphy looks the humorist, and even in ordinary conversation keen flashes of wit that make it impossible to keep a straight face are continually shown. His eyes seem to laugh, while his face is perfectly serious. He makes remarks that cause those around him to go into convulsions, never so much as smiling himself and only showing his enjoyment of the fun by the twinkling of his light blue eyes.

The speech which made Mr. Murphy famous was in part as follows:

"This is my first appearance at any of these gatherings, and in this great city of New York a man has about as much choice of what is going to happen to him before the sun goes down as he had about the selection of his name at baptism. I had no expectation of being called on to respond for the National Horse Show Association of America. I am somewhat in the position of the parents at the college meeting where the students were thundering against the stinginess of their fathers and one of the undergraduates arose and said, 'Let us not forget, boys, that these men are our fellow creatures.' And so I would wish to claim the same protection from you, a stranger to most of you, having been born in Edinburgh, county of Cork, England, with a name that is distinctly and deliciously Hibernian.

"I really can offer no satisfactory reason for addressing you. I can say nothing to recommend me to your particular attention except that I am a Caucasian and a member of your own sex. I should be pleased, very pleased indeed, to say something in praise of the gentlemen who have created this National Horse Show association. I understand it is the nineteenth luncheon and its twentieth year. Men from all parts of the country are welcomed by you. Some men eminent in other cities, weary with unsatisfactory prosperity, have come to New York. For instance, there is Mr. Rockefeller, that young Lochinvar who has come out of the west and whose chief mission on earth seems to be the pouring of Standard Oil on the troubled vineyard of Sunday school problems, and he incidentally mentions that money is not all. But, gentlemen, many things can be bought with money.

"If money is not all, it takes a man with money to find it out.

"Then there is that other gentleman we have from across the water—Mr. Carnegie, the star spangled Scotchman, handing out libraries. He is what you might call a humorist in money, giving away great sums to the confusion of all statistics and the despair of all readers of the 'Arabian Nights.' I do not know what we are going to do with the overeducation that will result from his labors. He really should take a leaf out of the book of that Boston lady who used to have separate bookcases for the male and female authors. An Irishman, a countryman of mine, could only explain by supposing that she did not wish to increase her library."

This horse show speech was not Mr. Murphy's first after dinner speech, by any means.

"I used to speak quite frequently when I was in Boston," said Mr. Murphy. "I had occasion to speak there very frequently, but since I've been in New York I've opportunities have been more limited."

His Fountain of Youth.

Alexander Ferguson, living eight miles east of Alexandria, Ind., has just completed his one hundred and sixteenth year and is a pretty smart boy yet, says an Indianapolis dispatch to the Chicago Inter Ocean. His wife is ninety-six. Ferguson was born in the County Clare, Ireland. A few weeks ago he drove to Muncie, ten miles, and did not show any fatigue on his return. He has always been a Democrat and ever since he can remember has taken his toddy three times a day and has used tobacco since early boyhood. He attributes his long life and exemption from disease to his Democracy and his constant use of liquor. He comes of a long lived family and shows a record in a Bible where his sister, Betty Carleton, died at the age of 112 and a brother at the age of 115.

A YACHTING CONGRESSMAN

Representative Sibley's Latest Method of Coming to Congress.

Representative J. C. Sibley of Pennsylvania is a horseman, but he likes automobiles and yachts and other things like that, and he has them, says the Washington correspondent of the New York World. He came to Washington to attend the extra session of congress in his yacht, which, in horse language, he says is "now hitched to a post out in the Potomac." He takes out parties of representatives on dull days.

Representative Beldier of Ohio, who, like Sibley, is a millionaire, was talking about these trips the other day.

"First time Joe came to congress," he said, "he came on a common railroad train. Then he tried twice to come and did not get here at all. Then he came on a trolley and then in an automobile. This time he came in a yacht."

"He'll show up in a balloon next time," said John Sharp Williams.

How a Crow Helped a Golf Player.

An extraordinary incident occurred during a recent game on the Cairo golf links in Egypt, says the New York Herald. One player had just driven off from a tee. He had made a splendid drive and was watching the trundling ball with satisfaction when suddenly a large crow swooped down on it and bore it off. The player and his caddy gave chase, the latter cursing volubly in Arabic. This evidently had its effect, for the crow dropped the ball on the putting green within a few inches of the hole, and the delighted player holed it out in two, while his opponent looked on gloomily and made uncomplimentary remarks about the bird.

Husking Corn Better Than Teaching.

When the pupils of a rural district in Nemaha county, Kan., went to school the other morning they found the schoolhouse locked and this placard tacked on the door: "Quit Teaching and Gone to Husking Corn. George Richmond." This tells the story of the shortage of schoolteachers in Kansas at the present time, says a Topeka dispatch. Most any employment is more remunerative than schoolteaching. It is conservatively estimated by the state superintendent of schools that at least 200 rural schools are closed now because of the scarcity of teachers. Salaries for teachers range from \$10 to \$40 in the rural districts.

ART NOTES.

Under the title of Palette et Ebanchoir a society composed of women painters, sculptors and engravers is being started in Paris. No man will be admitted.

Weazel Hagelstam, a Finlander expelled by the Russian government, has begun in Stockholm the publication of an art magazine, Atensennu, in the Swedish language. It will be an organ for those Swedes and Finlanders who are interested in the arts.

A traveling art gallery is a new idea in Minnesota, where the traveling library has reached a high degree of development. A state art society will have charge of the work. It intends to arrange a series of exhibitions in art, no two occurring in the same city during the same year.

THE COOKBOOK.

A pinch of cayenne pepper in the water in which turnips, cabbage or onions are boiled will neutralize much of the disagreeable odor.

When in doubt as to which of all the ways invented for cooking a vegetable to use, fall back on the savory, simple, boiled article, serving with a fitting sauce.

A plain rice pudding, the variety that is made with rice and milk and without eggs, is much improved if a cupful of almond meats, blanched and chopped very fine, is put in to be cooked with the pudding.

Speaker Cannon and His Cigar.

"Boy, go down to the restaurant and get me some cigars. They know the kind," Uncle Joe Cannon told a page, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Herald.

The youngster scampered off and, returning, handed two cigars to the speaker. Uncle Joe bit off the end of one, jammed about half of it in his mouth and blandly surveyed the house. Then he remembered his excited and conspicuous position and stealthily took the cigar out of his mouth and put it in his pocket.

"This being speaker ain't that here is in coming to congress," Mr. Cannon said as he adjourned the house and again stuffed the cigar in his mouth.



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ROCKEFELLER AT GOLF

His Close Friend Describes Oil King's Method of Playing.

THE LINKS A DEBATING GROUND.

Six Caddies Wait While the Great Financier Listens to War Stories and Expositions of the Mysteries of Religion--Functious of Caddies.

When John D. Rockefeller, the millionaire, financier and oil king, plays golf it is one of the oddest games in the world, says the Chicago Tribune.

He has two homes at Cleveland—one on Forest hill, surrounded by fifteen acres of land, and the other a down town residence, where he gave \$50,000 for a piece of property that he might tear down the house to give his residence the benefit of the morning sun. It is at his Forest hill residence that he plays golf most.

The game is usually participated in by Mr. Rockefeller and Levi Scofield, a close personal friend of the financier. Mr. Scofield is a retired merchant who owns a skyscraper in the heart of Cleveland. He is a veteran of the war of 1861 who has plenty of stories which he most thoroughly enjoys telling and to which Mr. Rockefeller never tires of listening. These two men toddle about the links and talk mostly, playing at golf incidentally.

Meanwhile in the palatial residence near by are a score of clerks, telegraph operators, stenographers and secretaries who are keeping in touch with the outside world effectively. Mr. Scofield says:

"One time we were playing golf together, at least we were standing with our golf sticks ready to play. I was telling an incident of the war of 1861, and Mr. Rockefeller was listening. A girl came riding up on a bicycle, and Mr. Rockefeller turned to me, saying, 'Excuse me a moment.'"

"The girl gave him some information. It is usually carefully prepared before being given to him, the whole matter being condensed into a mental pellet. He received the news and made some remark. The girl said, 'But Consolidated Gas is selling at 96.' 'Buy,' said Mr. Rockefeller. The girl turned and was away, and I continued my story."

Most men are satisfied if they can get along with the assistance of one boy while playing golf. Mr. Rockefeller has six with him all the time. Mr. Scofield is likewise authority for this statement of the functions which each performs. Two boys carry the sticks, which are of great variety; a third carries a basket of balls for use in case one is missed; the fourth runs after the balls when they have been hit wild, for Mr. Rockefeller is not a scientific golf player and often makes a wild shot; the fifth pushes a bicycle, upon which Mr. Rockefeller rides from one part of the links to another, and the sixth carries a basket containing a large piece of immaculate cheese cloth with which Mr. Rockefeller removes the perspiration when he is warm. The bicycle boy must be a steady chap because the richest man in the world seldom pedals his bicycle, having the boy push him from one place to the other.

But boys are irresponsible animals and care as little for the comfort of the founder of the Standard Oil company as they do for any other taskmaster. Consequently when the war stories of Mr. Scofield are too long and not interesting enough to hold the boys themselves they wander off to be recalled presently by the stern tones of their employer. The latter might possess histrionic powers judging from the deep, resonant tones he uses in recalling turbulent young America.

The golf links seem to be the debating ground for the great financier and his closer friends. Mr. Scofield displays his war record, while the Rev. Charles A. Eaton often expounds there some of the mysteries of religion, engaging the great financier in debates upon some of the technicalities of theology. Mingle these with the pastime, add stock buying and selling, and golf becomes really an interesting and a complicated game worthy of even a great financier.

But his stomach—what about that all important organ? The world has gone mad over the Rockefeller stomach. It is the most important and most discussed center of digestion in the world today. Mr. Scofield says it is an orderly, well behaved stomach, performing its functions splendidly. He says that, of course, Mr. Rockefeller has to eat with care, as every man should, but he denies himself nothing and suffers nothing.

A Lively Corpse.

"Taking me to the graveyard?" asked John Nelson of East St. Louis the other morning when he awoke in Kurru's dand wagon.

The driver almost fell off his seat. Looking around, he saw Nelson sitting upright in the wagon, rubbing his eyes in a dazed manner.

"No! I'll take you home now," the driver answered.

"Isn't necessary," said Nelson. "I'll walk there."

And he jumped out and disappeared down the street.

Tendency Toward Red.

Certain tints of red are having a great vogue, though other shades are considered in bad taste, says the New York Press. The purplish tinge is fashionable, but the pure vermilion seldom is worn. The most daring frocks in ecru and plum color are worn in the street.

CELEBRATION OF TIGERS.

Princeton's Football Captain Starts Bonfire and Then the Fun Begins.

To celebrate the great victory over Yale the other day by which Princeton won the title to the football championship for 1903 a great bonfire was built around the historic old cannon back of Nassau hall and at the top of a match by Captain De Witt went up in a blaze of glory, towering above the massive chim on the Princeton campus and shedding its light for miles, says a special dispatch from Princeton to the New York World. All day the Princeton undergraduates gathered wood and piled it up in a great heap, and to offset the effect of the rain that fell all the time barrels of tar and kerosene were poured upon it.

Nassau street was a sea of mud, but the enthusiastic students splashed along unmindful of the slush and devoted all their energies to cheering and singing songs of victory. The "Ramble" song, which made such a hit at New Haven, was extemporaneously put in the past tense and the chorus sung as follows:

And then he rambled, he rambled, He rambled through the line, First down every line, And then he rambled, he rambled; The way we beat Old Eli was a crime.

The piazza of the Princeton inn, before which the parade passed, was filled with visitors in town for the evening, and pretty girls waved their handkerchiefs at the football heroes. Along all the streets fireworks and red lights were displayed as the parade went by, so that the blaze of red never faded. There was enough fuel in the fire to burn all night and half of the next day.

In the midst of the celebration, while the members of the eleven were making speeches before the championship bonfire, a telegram of congratulation was received and read from Captain C. D. Rafferty of Yale. A spontaneous cheer from 1,500 undergraduates followed the reading of the Yale captain's message.

One humorous incident of the evening's celebration was a speech from "Hell Devil" Skillman, an old town character who is regarded by the students as an oracle. Old Skillman predicted a few weeks ago that the score with Yale would be 11 to 6 in Princeton's favor. As a result of the fulfillment of his prophecy old Skillman was driven around in the bus with the team and was called on for and oratorical effort.

HONEYMOON ON CHARITY.

Bridal Couple Making an Extended Tour on Nothing.

With their entire wardrobes on their backs and not a cent of money in their pockets Samuel Justus and his bride, Elizabeth, left Louisville recently for St. Louis to continue their wedding trip. The two were married in Edward, N. C., several weeks ago, but the prospects for a honeymoon anywhere except among their native hills looked bad.

Then the bride had an idea that the charity organizations in the various large cities might provide one. The first one they applied to was in Charleston, S. C., and they were sent to Atlanta within a week. The next stopping place was Savannah. From there they went to nearly every southern state, always being well received.

They reached Louisville and repeated their tale. Mayor Grainger gave them passes to St. Louis and wired the charity organization in that city that they were coming. He soon received a telegram saying that the couple had already been in St. Louis and had worked the society for transportation to Kansas City. The two were nicely dressed and appeared refined and educated.

TOM KYLE'S "TILE."

Why the Ohio Representative Now Sports a Silk Hat.

Representative Tom Kyle of Ohio is wearing a brand new glossy silk hat these days to the amazement of those of his colleagues who have heard the sweet singer of the Buckeye State describe the hazing he received the first time he "sporting a silk tile" in his old Dartmouth days, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune. Mr. Kyle protests that it is not his fault that he is wearing a silk hat now. He says he went incautiously into a hatter's with his colleague, Representative Beldier, the latter being intent on purchasing a "Sunday go meetin' hat," as Mr. Kyle describes it.

The foxy tradesman insisted on Mr. Kyle's trying on one of the glossy pieces of head gear, and Mr. Beldier was so impressed with the manner in which it became his colleague that when Mr. Kyle returned to his home he found a silk hat and a card bearing the inscription, "With compliments of Beldier." Of course, being an economical man, Kyle was obliged to wear it, even though it did make necessary the purchase of a frock coat. At least that is the way that the Ohioan will explain it to his constituents.

Peanut Trees.

From seed a pecan tree will begin producing in seven years, and an average tree will yield from one-half to three bushels. A peculiarity of the pecan tree is that it grows a good crop only once in three or five years.

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DOG AND CAT LANGUAGE

Claims of Two Men Who Understand Their Speech.

GLOSSARIES OF EACH PREPARED.

Chief Dog Catcher of Chicago Declares Canines Greatest of All Animal Linguists—Each Breed Has Its Own Dialect—Is Preparing a Dog Grammar—St. Paul Man Says He Can Converse With Felines.

"All animals have their own languages," recently remarked Edward Boise, the chief dog catcher for the Chicago dog pound, says the Chicago Tribune. "It is true, as Charles E. Parcor of St. Paul says, that cats have a language, and I do not doubt that he can understand them. I speak a smattering of cat, but that language has but little attractions for me. Dogs, as a matter of fact are the greatest linguists in the animal world. Each breed of dogs speaks a different language or rather each breed speaks a dialect of the dog language. Cat is similar to the Spitz dialect of the dog language."

"From long association with dogs that are brought here I have learned the language and can converse intelligently with a dog of almost any breed," continued Mr. Boise. "I am afraid, though, that the dog language I speak is to a great extent made up of colloquialisms and slang, because the dogs I meet here are mostly of the criminal classes."

"However, I have met dogs belonging to some of our best families, and I can understand them. The dogs of the street speak a lot of thieves' slang, which as yet I have failed to interpret exactly, although many of their forms of speech are ordinary dog. Perhaps the most eloquent of all dogs is the common terrier. He seems to be cosmopolitan. The language of the building is extremely imperfect but forceful. The bulldog uses few words, but those are vigorous."

"I am at work now on a dog grammar—a sort of Volupek dog language—using only the words common to all classes of dogs. I have not yet dared attempt to classify all the dialects, but have taken rat terrier as the basic language. The following howl wows and their equivalents in English will suffice to show some of the commoner forms of expression among dogs."

The list of words supplied by Boise contained the following:

Gr-r-r-r-r-r—What are you doing here? Gro-ugh-ugh-ugh—Don't try to take this bone from me. Yough-yough-yough—That boy threw stones at me. Yough, yough, yough, yough, you—I'll shake the stuffing out of this rat. Oughou ough-u-u-u, ough-u-u, ough-u—That coon has climbed a tree. Bow, ough, bow, ough, bow ough—Get out of this lot.

Charles E. Parcor of St. Paul, Minn., an imitator of animals, says human beings can understand cat language. Mr. Parcor not only claimed to understand cat language, but to talk it. He has studied the habits and utterances of cats for years. Here are some of the cat words he has learned:

Aello—Request for food. Allioo—Request for water. Loo—Desire for milk. Bl—Demand for red meat. Bleen-bl—Kitty wants cooked meat. Plee-bl—Wants house meat and is applied to any food which kitty fondles before devouring. Meaw—Uttered simply, is a greeting; uttered fiercely and with the accent on "me," is an expression of hatred and defiance. Mienow wov, wov, yelwovou, tiow, yow-ehyow—Defiance of battle and is variably accented to tell of the progress of hostilities. Parriere—Request to open door. Purriew—The "I love you" of catland; when uttered with a rolling "r" and a rise on the last syllable is a call from a mother cat to its kitten.

WATER GUARD FOR SULTAN

Submarine Lights Used to Protect Him at Night.

Remarkable measures are being taken for the Turkish sultan's safety, writes the New York World Constantinople correspondent. The night guards have been doubled, as it is believed that any attack on his life which may be contemplated will be attempted at night.

Another measure which the chief of the palace police has adopted is the submarine illumination of the Bosphorus in the neighborhood of the palace. An elaborate system of submarine lamps of great power have been ranged all along the landing stage in front of the palace, and both the surface and the bed of the Bosphorus are a blaze of light.

A Witty Rejoinder.

Representative Fred Landis of Indiana, who said he had come to congress because there was nothing else to do, is thin, says the Washington correspondent of the New York World. He was sitting in a street car when a fat man came in and sat down in his lap. "I beg your pardon," said the fat man.

"It's all right," Landis replied. "But, tell me, did you think I was painted on the bench?"

Many a woman has found a husband in Ayer's Hair Vigor. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Napoleon's Bed For Sale. The bed on which Napoleon died at St. Helena is being offered for sale in Paris, says The-Bits. The bedstead is made of brass and was given by the emperor to Comte de Montholon, who was with him at St. Helena. It is now the property of the Comtesse de Montholon, who is the last representative of the family, and, as she is very old and has no one to leave it to, she is now willing to sell it. The comtesse also has in her possession a dinner service which belonged to Napoleon. The price asked for the bedstead is \$50,000.

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