

President No Yachtman

If you want to make a navy man feel restless just sit down and begin to talk to him about "the President's yacht."

Politely—or it may be merely plain scorn of you as a landsman—may keep him quiet a while.

But do not be discouraged. Go right on using the phrase mentioned above. He will take it out in squirming for a while. Then he will break out:

"The President hasn't any yacht!"

"No, of course not, strictly speaking," you admit. "But the Mayflower—"

"Isn't the President's yacht at all?"

"Well, not his private property—naturally. But, isn't it set aside for his use?"

"No, it isn't!"

By this time scorn has triumphed in the naval mind.

"The Mayflower," he continues, impressively, "is sometimes—only sometimes—detached for the President's use at reviews or on some similar occasion. Occasionally members of his family go on her. But as for the President using her for the simple joy of it—why, don't you know that he hates yachting?"

You admit possibly that you hadn't known it.

"Well, he does," says the naval person. "He hates it. As for the Mayflower, he goes aboard her only when he has to and he gets off the minute he can."

"Perhaps he isn't a good sailor?" you suggest.

"On the contrary, he's a first rate sailor. But sitting around the deck of a yacht is too tame for him. It bores him to death."

The naval person smiles reflectively.

"Did you ever hear the story about the President's one and only yachting trip for pleasure?" he goes on. "Somebody invited him to go a few years ago and the invitation must have struck him when his stock of excuses was phenomenally low. At any rate, he couldn't seem to beg off, so he very reluctantly went aboard and the yacht started."

Sidestopped the Trip.

"But just as it left its anchorage the President suddenly declared that he had forgotten something of the utmost importance, and that he'd have to go back after it. Tarets, prayers, entreaties—all were in vain. The mysterious something must be got, and by no other hand than his."

"A small boat was called for. The President insisted on rowing himself ashore in a local boat, and he went. Yes, sir; off he went—and he never came back. And that, you understand, was his one and only yachting trip for pleasure."

"If he could whang the whole ship around, maybe he'd like it better. But when he has a voyage of any consequence to make, as the cruise to Panama, he doesn't go on the Mayflower anyway. He goes on a big battleship, where there are plenty of things to keep him interested."

"As for the Mayflower, she is sent off on plenty of other missions besides that of carrying the President. She is sent on very many missions when a less expensive vessel is not available. She is an 1,800-ton ship, and, of course, it costs a good deal to run her, but she is often sent on special service without any regard to the President."

At this point there is another excellent opportunity to stir up the naval person. Just intimate that the Mayflower is pictured by the popular mind as a sort of floating palace furnished and maintained most luxuriously for the President's use.

Never mind the actual language, but here are a few simple facts drawn out by the above remarks. "The Mayflower was not used by the President until after her commission in 1902. Something less than two years later there was a good deal of political talk about the extravagant (tongue up of the vessel and her use as a sort of pleasure boat by the President."

That was just before the national conventions four years ago, and John Sharp Williams got wrought up over the avowed sinfulness of the President picnicking in a floating palace at the public expense. John Sharp said so in Congress. To which Moody, then secretary of the navy, replied with these facts:

Some Significant Facts.

"During the 21 months which had elapsed since the President's first use of the Mayflower, he had traveled on her just 94 miles. During that time the vessel had sailed 22,000 miles. Even the mind of a party opponent could grasp the fact that she had been doing a little something during those 21 months besides carrying the President around."

"During that period he had spent upon her a total of 40 hours. That was less than two days. And of those 40 hours, all except upon one occasion, were spent in the performance of official duties."

The President was not there on pleasure—except that unfading rapture, which he takes in the performance of his official duties.

"But," say the John Sharpses, "how about the President's family and friends?"

Thereupon more figures were produced. During those 21 months the total time spent on board by any members of the President's family or their guests was one week. And the distance traveled while these persons were aboard was 416 miles.

But the expense? The eggs and bacon for breakfast. The potatoes? The trip? The macaroni? The boiled beef? The canned succotash? The pepper sauce? The pigs feet and blackberries?

Answer Mr. Moody: "All expenditures of every nature occasioned by the visit of the President or any of

his family or guests have been paid by him."

The opposition made a last stand, however. They said that the boat was fitted up in extravagant luxury for the President's use. And they threw, so to speak, several solid marble batons at the head of the secretary and defied him to explain them away. Nobody wants to explain them away, but if any accommodating person will come around with a tray and a plunger, remove the marble tubs, and substitute first-class porcelain ones, why, they won't find half as much trouble penetrating to the interior of the Mayflower as a newspaper reporter has on the same errand.

Built for Ogden Goelet.

The Mayflower was built in 1896, at Clydebank, Scotland, for Ogden Goelet. The Thompsons were her builders, and she was one of the handsomest vessels of her kind afloat when she was finished. She made her first and only cruise under private ownership when she brought the body of Ogden Goelet to this country in 1897.

When the war with Spain began the Mayflower was bought by this government, and is the largest and finest, though not the fastest, of our converted yachts. All her fine fittings were taken out of her before she was put into commission. But after the war many of them were restored.

When she was built her various rooms were finished in different woods, but they are now uniformly covered with white enamel. She has several beautiful marble mantelpieces, and her interior woodwork has some good carving and moldings. The former library has been made over within the past year or two and is now transformed into two staterooms for the use of the President and his wife or his guests.

The china, linen, and such furnishings are different from those which the vessel would receive if she were not used by the President. But the difference is only to this degree, that they are the special linen, china, &c., provided for use by an admiral. These are all especially made for the use of our admirals, and display the emblem peculiar to that rank.

The vessel, however, is not commanded by an admiral, nor does any special rank go with its command because of its occasional use by the President. It has a complement of 8 officers and 165 men, is built of steel, is 2,690 tons displacement, has a speed of 16.8 knots, is 273 feet long, 36 feet in breadth, and has a mean draught of 17 feet 4 inches.

THE HARP.

I heard a murmurous sound of throbbing strings

That quivered in the sunlight by the stream—

Sad notes that fluttered like a young heart breaking.

The dim blue hollows of the woodland waking

With sorrows from the shadow world of dream.

And tales of shadow-haunted queens and kings.

Over your harp you bent; but when I came

You lifted your dark eyes, and your song died—

Although your fingers in the strings yet straying

Thrilled the hushed woodlands with enchanted playing—

As you arose to wander by my side, Breathing sweet words that set my heart aflame.

From cups of crystal and of amethyst

And golden bowls of summer, sap-phire-lipped,

We drank deep draughts of life, O Love, together;

We wandered through dim nights among the heather.

In late September when the young moon dipped

Her amber horn in dewy silver mist, And now, when winter comes, and wood and fell,

In one whirl, are hidden from our eyes,

Dreaming together by the sparkling embers,

You touch, once more, the harp that still remembers—

Though in our hearts no shade of sorrow lies—

The dark-eyed sorrows that in dreamland dwell,

I hear once more the tale of queens and kings

Caught in the nets of love; and how they died;

Yet—though for all the sorrow of the telling

Tears of compassion in my eyes are welling—

Because we two have wandered side by side,

My heart may grieve not with the grieving strings.

—London Daily News

Stern Texas Justice.

Down in Reeves county, Tex., a man named Riggs killed a friend named McCutcheon. He claimed Mac had hit him with a switch, and in fear of his life he had shot him. A switch is not a deadly weapon in Reeves county, so Riggs got the case transferred to Tarrant county on a change of venue.

The records showed that in Tarrant county switches were used in the schools and considered innocuous; and Riggs thought he was up against it and got the case transferred back to Reeves county. About this time Riggs lawyers heard of El Paso county, where a hard word is considered a deadly weapon, and got the case transferred to that county. Riggs was tried last week and was acquitted.—Lordsburg (Tex.) Liberal.

The Main Trouble.

Most people would be satisfied with the kind of living they are making if other people were not living better.

MISS CORNWELL IS AN ATHELETIC WONDER

Swims Like a Fish, is Expert Motorist, Plays Ball and Holds Many Records.

Chief of the "Olympiad" of the Shrewsbury is one of the best all-around athletes of the Jersey coast, who happens to be a girl. She is Miss Edith Cornwell, who has known eighteen summers, and this is an exceptionally vigorous one. In any tabulation of her prowess she could have points for long distance swimming, baseball, rowing, canoeing, motorcycling, automobile and tennis.

Miss Cornwell is the daughter of a wealthy contractor, who divides his time between his city home, at No. 69 East One Hundred and Twenty-third street, and his newly built cottage on the shore of the Shrewsbury River at Highlands. He is interested in yachting and his two sons are athletes. His daughter the other day leaped from the end of the pier at her father's place and with strong, even strokes made for midstream.

"The tide is so strong in that portion of the Shrewsbury that craft are often carried by it against the drawbridge. The sight of the girl in the whirl of waters threw the whole summer colony into a state of panic. Several boatmen rowed with all their might to where she was, but she waved them lightly aside with one hand. Miss Cornwell returned unaided to the landing, bucking the tide with the same even strokes and apparently without experiencing fatigue."

At the Wadleigh High School, which she attends, Miss Cornwell distinguished herself in the gymnasium drills, and she continues physical culture, with abundant exercise, during vacation. She plays baseball every day with her brother Frank, formerly of the Fordham College team and now captain of the Highlands club. She is a living refutation of the oft repeated story that a girl cannot throw, for not only can Miss Cornwell use her arms with masculine certainty, but she pitches with accuracy.

Aquatic sports of all kinds appeal to her. She drives her motor boat, the Polly, equipped with a 24-horse power engine, and leaves the swells for nearly every speed launch in the river. Miss Cornwell has been a pilot of small craft for five years and, if anything goes wrong with the machinery of her latest boat, she is able to make repairs and flys no signal of distress. She has also won every canoe race in which she entered.

Miss Cornwell is equally at ease in an automobile, and, with a flash of wheels and a flurry of dust, her runabout skims along the shore roads from Highlands to Seabright and back under her exclusive guidance. When she comes to earth she defeats every one at tennis who dares oppose her.

Every hour of the day is replete with interest for this sprightly girl slight of build, crowned with red gold ear and tanned by the sun, who holds the all-around athletic record of the Shrewsbury.—New York Herald.

A Side Issue While Motoring.

"Once our boatman directed us to a tavern where we found a huge, handsome woman," writes Henry C. Rowland, in the August Appleton's, "cooking schnitzel over a charcoal fire. She was a blond, blue-eyed Brunhilde, and looked, even while frying schnitzel, as if she had just escaped from Wagnerian opera. Observing our admiration as she served our beer, she informed us that she was twenty-five years old, weighed one hundred kilos (or it may have been two hundred), and was very lonely, as her husband was off in the Austrian Tyrol on his military service."

"Tell her," said I to Ranney, "that if he were any kind of a man he would desert."

"Ranney did so, whereat she smiled at him. Then Pomroy told her that we were from the motor boat which was hunk up to dry in the river, and she replied that she had observed our predicament, and that we would never get the boat off."

"There," said the artist, pessimist again, "that is what I told you."

"Tell her," said I to Ranney, "that since we have seen her we don't want to get the boat off."

"Ranney told her, and she smiled and turned her blue eyes on him again."

"Tell her that I said it, I snapped. 'Tell her yourself,' said Ranney. 'I turned to Pomroy. 'You tell her.'"

"Do not annoy me with such trivial matters," said he. "This is a crisis in our lives."

"I saw that his mind had gone back to the boat. I will never again travel through a country the language of which I do not speak and with two companions who speak it fluently."

"Brunhilde told us that there was to be a dance that evening, and cordially invited us to the party. Ranney and I accepted and had a very pleasant evening but a prelude of ill had descended upon the artist, who refused to quit the terrace where he sat in solitude, imbibing large tankards of the spiritless beer of the country. Ranney, who is a very good dancer, made a great hit and was strongly urged to execute the national dance of America, which they understood to be 'star kak volk.'"

HOW TO LIVE ON \$5.

If a person who is weak or nervous desires robust health again, the small sum of \$5 when spent for Sex Pills, will bring new strength in a very short time. These great tonic pills have without question done more than any other remedy in producing steady nerves. Price, \$1 a box, six boxes for \$5, with full guarantee for all forms of weakness. For sale by all druggists.

LOST.

"Queen Elizabeth was the greatest woman the world has ever seen," remarked the historian.

"That shows," remarked Mr. Neek-ton a little laughingly, "that you never met my wife."—Washington Star.

CONDESCENSION OF CUSTOMER DISPLEASED THE LORDLY CHAUFFEUR.

Since it has become usual for young sons of the English aristocracy to engage in the automobile business, it is extremely difficult for the ordinary purchaser to distinguish between the professional chauffeur and the aristocratic driver who occasionally exhibits a car to a client. There are at least 30 young Englishmen of noble families studying the fine points of motoring and taking customers for trial runs, with the result that some amusing mistakes are made.

Recently a young cousin of the duke of Beaufort was instructed by his employer to exhibit a car to one of the London newly rich, the wife of a retired tradesman. The young man made himself agreeable, and when the car returned to the big house in Belgrave, the customer alighted and, pressing a half-crown upon the chauffeur, said: "There, my lad! and take care not to spend it foolishly."

The young man drove back to his employer, a son of Lord Llangatock, and indignantly recounted his experience.

"Well, you can consider yourself jolly lucky," was the consoling rejoinder. "The last time I saw the lady she gave me only a shilling."—Exchange.

ROBIN A FAMED VENTRILOQUIST.

The Most Accomplished Mimic Among Birds.

The familiar robin is at times a ventriloquist. The bird seated only a few yards off is singing and the sound appears to come from some other bird at a distance. When singing thus the beak is kept closed and only the ruffling of the feathers of the throat shows that the robin is singing at all. Such a power might be useful, especially to a bird like the blackcap, which sometimes sings when sitting on the nest.

As regards mimicry the starling is our most accomplished mimic. He will sing so like the song thrush and blackbird that it is hard to tell the difference, and in autumn he gives a fine imitation of the curlew.

The blackbird, as a rule, is not a mimic, yet Yarrow relates that it has been heard to crow like the cock, and the writer of these notes had the pleasure of hearing it do so on one occasion. Sometimes the imitation is unconscious, as in the case of the jackass penguin, which, according to Darwin, makes a loud noise "very like the braying of an ass."—London Field.

What Made the Puppy Sick?

A puppy that was brought to the Animal Rescue League in Boston, suffering from some unknown ailment, had the contents of its stomach removed and there were found the following articles that had been swallowed just in play: One large tack, a large pin, two sewing-machine bobbins, a lump of coal, half a needle with thread and a bunch of something that looked like the bristles of a brush. Those who have the care of puppies should remember that they need watching as closely as babies to see that they do themselves no harm in this way.

Rapid Transit.

Banks and Billings, deeply interested in the automobile question, were discussing the relative merits of electricity and gasoline, when Harding strolled into the club.

"Say, Harding," said Billings, earnestly, "if you were to buy an automobile, to what kind of power would you give the preference, gasoline or electricity?"

"Both too slow," replied Harding. "I'd have mine go by sound, because sound is odorless and travels 743 miles an hour."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Futurity.

Time, 2 a. m. Voice outside second-story window:

"Help! Hello, Jane! Gitme outa tish."

Voice inside window, wearily:

"Tommie, go get the extension ladder and the ironing board and make a bridge to the tree. Your father would go to the club in his airship to-night, and he's been flopping around in a circle for a half hour, and now has lighted in the tree. Tell him not to try to walk on the plank, to crawl, and not to try to bring the airship in the window."

One Point Settled.

And now, Cryptomeria," said the young man, still holding her hand, but with a note of anxiety in his voice, "where shall we go for our wedding journey?"

"Some quiet little place in the country, not far away, Gerald," she answered, "will suit me a great deal better than a long and expensive trip."

"We are going to be very happy, dear!" said Gerald, with a sigh of relief.—Chicago Tribune.

How Did She Know?

The young man carefully removed the cigars from his vest pocket and placed them on the piano.

Then he opened his arms. But the young girl did not flutter to them.

"You," she said, coldly, "have loved before."—Pittsburg Post.

Loyal.

"Queen Elizabeth was the greatest woman the world has ever seen," remarked the historian.

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TIPPED THE YOUNG ARISTOCRAT.

Condescension of Customer Displeased the Lordly Chauffeur.

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