

# FRENCHY AND PARTNER

BY HUGH HERDMAN

"Well," said Dick, "I'm mighty glad you boys run across them two mules today. They look pasture last July, and I haven't seen half of them from that time to this. I want to tell you, boys, the slickest thing on this earth is a mule. The only slickest thing is a mule. I wonder they let you round 'em up. How did you do it?"

"We worked a game on 'em," replied Hen. "Me and George was ridin' Long Antelope Creek this afternoon, when we run across a bunch of horses. We looked 'em over pretty careful, but couldn't see none with our hands on, and we was a-goin' to ride away, when George he says, 'Hen, I believe they's a mule in that bunch. I'm a-goin' to cut in and see.' So in George goes, and by grab, if he don't scare up two mules, both of 'em with our brands on. Them two ornery, long-eared cusses was a-buggin' the middle of that herd and a-keepin' their heads down close to the ground, so as we couldn't see their ears. We tried to cut 'em out of the bunch, but it wasn't no go. So, finally, I tells Hen to pretend we was after something else, and then when we got a good chance to rope one of the rattals. And we did. We chased a old feather-mare 'round there for a while, till the mules got to thinkin' we'd give them up. Then all of a sudden, I roped one of 'em. Jumpin' Jeremiah, but you oughter seen him tryin' to get out of that noose before it tightened on him. Talk about your contortions. They ain't in it with that mule. But it didn't work. I had him, and as soon as the noose begun to shut his eyes off, you oughter seen him come trottin' to me and sayin', 'Please, mister, don't choke me.'

"He was plum eager to be nice then," George interrupted. "And you oughter have been there and seen that other mule. Soon as the one was caught, the other one stuck up his head and blew his dinner horn some strong. Seein' the friendship between 'em, we thinks the other one will maybe follow if we takes the one off. So away we goes. It looks for a while as though we'd missed our guess. The other one didn't budge. He just stood there with his snout up in the air a-singin' 'When Johnnie Comes Marchin' Home,' while the one we was leadin' answered back with 'Good-bye, Little Girl, Good-bye.' till we was out of sight. But we hadn't no more than got over the hump of the hill till here comes that other mule, hell-bent-fer-election on our trail. No single blessedness fer that mule. He'd stay with his partner, even if it meant work."

"You bet," replied Dick. "They are mighty chummy, and always were. Even when they were out of sight. But we hadn't no more than got over the hump of the hill till here comes that other mule, hell-bent-fer-election on our trail. No single blessedness fer that mule. He'd stay with his partner, even if it meant work."

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"He just took down his rope, spread out his noose and roped Frenchy and Partner."

"That's the man. This was in early days out here on the plains. The construction gang was at work on the railroad in Dakota and Montana, and of course there were a lot of all kinds of people followin' 'long the line. Frenchy and partner were among this crowd of camp followers, only they were a little bit better than the average run of 'em. Most of 'em were mavericks from the States, and were good and careful that nobody put a brand on 'em."

"Well, they were just like these mules, always together, always sharin' what they had or hoped to have, and pretty near always in trouble, 'cause between 'em they could stir up enough devilment to keep a whole regiment busy straightenin' out. And when one got into trouble, that meant that the other would get into more tryin' to get his chum out. So, it came pretty near bein' a continuous performance with them. But they kind of seemed to enjoy it; in fact, I don't think they ever were happy unless they were in some sort of mix-up."

"Frenchy was a French-Canadian, and had trapped all over this part of the country. He was 'bout six foot three and weighed 300 pounds, and wasn't afraid of anything that ever lived. The other one of the pair was a little, awed-off, dumpy feller. Nobody knew where he come from—but that was the way with most men here in these days—and nobody knew his name. They 'ways went by the firm name of Frenchy and partner, and as Frenchy always spoke of his team-mate as 'Him,' we gained no information from that source."

"One day down in Dickinson Frenchy got to tryin' to drink the barkeeper out of business, and of course, like everybody who goes up against that game, he was gettin' the worst of it. Now, Frenchy, when he got full, had a habit of gettin' in the middle of the street, takin' off his hat and carefully layin' it down, and then struttin' up and down and wavin' his fists in the air. Every once in a while he would stop, look all around jump up in the air, let out a warwhoop, and yell, 'I'm the best man in se country. Kees me, Anne. And the feller he got the carefuller he was about partner. He became awfully afraid something would happen to 'Him,' especially that he would get too much nose paint. After every proclamation, if he didn't see 'Him' anywhere, he'd make as straight a line as he shifitin' load would let him for the nearest saloon, and had partner out, oftentimes much against partner's decided preferences."

"Well, this day he had pulled partner away from the third-quencher 'bout a dozen times. But partner was dead set on helpin' Frenchy reduce the supply of the red and nery, and every time Frenchy would let go of him he'd wobble back to the saloon. Then Frenchy would repeat the performance. Finally partner begun to get tired of the interruptions and got mad. But Frenchy wouldn't listen to a partner. Then partner sallied into him. He couldn't reach high enough to hit Frenchy in the face, so he started in by kickin' him on the shins. Frenchy was so much surprised at first that partner got in several dick-nalls' raps before Frenchy woke up to what was goin' on. Then he grabbed partner by the shirt collar and shook him. Did you ever see a great big Newfoundland dog shakin' a little bit of a foe? Well, that's what this looked like. Frenchy kept a-shakin', but partner kept a kickin', and we all a-pretty near dyin' from laughin'. But it wasn't no laughin' matter with them; they was dead in earnest."

"Well, I don't know how long they would have kept that up, if somebody hadn't stopped them. We was all a-bagin' onto posts to keep from fall-

in down, when Laramie Joe come round the corner on his company. He was one of these fellers that has lots of fun, but never do any laughin'. He just took down his rope, spread out his noose and roped Frenchy and partner. They were both so drunk and so much interested in tryin' to make the other stop that before they knew what had happened Joe had loped round them four or five times and had them wound together so tight they couldn't move. Then he sets on his horse and as solemn as a preacher gives them a lecture on how little Joe partners mustn't get mad at each other and fight. All the time they were swayin' back and forth, just about fallin' clear over, only Joe would hold them up with the rope. But pretty soon they

do topple down in a heap. So we go out, pick them up and carry them over into the shade and lay them down. I can see them now, with their arms tied round each other as though they were makin' love, but still mad as hornets. But pretty soon they both go to sleep like two good little boys in a little white bed. And when they woke up they were as friendly as ever.

been allowed to keep on racing his horses in England. Sir Thomas, it will be remembered, got his title by contributing a large sum of money for a dinner to the poor at the time of the Queen's Jubilee. Croker's retirement to Ireland after the King had snubbed him, and his rumored impending return to America are well known to the public.

Lehr is known as the "lamb" by his intimates, because of his almost invariable good nature, but he sometimes loses his temper, nevertheless. He is particularly averse to being "snapped" by amateur photographers, and once at Newport, when a woman not in society pointed a camera at him and his wife while they were out driving together, he stopped the horses, jumped to the ground, rushed up to the amateur photographer, and roundly scolded her until far enough to get his toes. He should have insisted on taking her camera away from her to find out what was inside.

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## Things Money Cannot Buy

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big ocean-going tug, a tender, various launches, etc.

Sir Thomas has spent a vast deal more money to win the cup than any other man has laid out, either to win or to keep the cherished piece of silver. The cup has been defended by syndicates for many years, thus dividing the expenses among a number of men, each of whom has amply rich enough to stand the whole cost of the defense if he wished to do so.

Sir Thomas's expenses have always been heavily augmented by his lavish hospitality on board his yacht. No doubt, say his friends, he has understood very well that his guests have included many never invited, but that has made not the slightest difference to him. His expenditure of good nature has been as remarkable as his pouring out of good money, and not a few American have acquainted with him in his three crushing defeats.

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## Mere Money, Society and Harry Lehr

THE cynically-minded often point to the career of various millionaires not born to the social power who get into the most exclusive circles apparently by reason of their wealth alone.

But the society-folk laugh this assumption to scorn. They say that mere money never got any one into society, no matter what the public believes, and declare that without tact and some knowledge of the society game the richest man that ever lived never could get in. For every millionaire's family name has made its way to social prominence they point to some one else, either now living or of a past generation, who failed, in spite of great wealth, to get into the society of those who have failed in the past doesn't count, they say; it only proves that the descendants learned the game before making the attempt.

It would be perilous to name any of those now living who are said to have tried and failed, because tomorrow morning's paper may tell of the engagement of the son of some one generally supposed to be hopelessly out of the running to some girl whose family is a pillar of the society structure, or of the sudden social acceptance of some entire family whose members have been supposed to be permanently distasteful to the elect.

But that money in great amount is not at all necessary to acceptance by the elect is clear from the careers of two men—Ward McAllister, deceased, and the living but astonishing Harry Lehr. McAllister was a native of New York, and his standing very well aver that his social success was due mainly to the fact that most society folk are much like the fowling Mr. Astor in being short of amusing ideas as they are long of cold cash. Lehr is profuse of the sort of ideas that make them laugh.

On one occasion, the story goes, he was a guest at a dinner given by a well-known

## Hubbard's "Little Sermons,"

Aphorisms by the Editor of "The Philistine."

**S**OCIALISM is simply the Golden Rule unimproved.

Board of Strategy never fights; a Woman's Congress always does.

That for which we clutch we lose.

Self-preservation prompts men to move in the line of least resistance.

Men do not lack strength; they lack the will to concentrate.

A little seriousness is a dangerous thing; too much is absolutely fatal.

Abolish fear and you can accomplish whatever you wish.

We are not punished for our sins, but by them.

The man who is always having his feelings hurt is about as pleasing a companion as a pebble in a shoe.

Life is expression, and we are endeavoring to express the beauty that is in our hearts. This life is full of gladness and, mayhap, it is the gate-way to another, and to live well here is surely the best preparation for a life to come. God is good, and we are not afraid.

Truth is so mighty that its poisons has sometimes turned the heads of those who taught it.

Speak well of everyone if you speak of them at all. None of us is so very good.

If you would have friends, first learn to do without them.

Priests are not allowed to marry, because if they did the secrets of the confessional would be called over back fences the next day.

Our speech is intelligible only to our own. I enter into no arguments and deal in no apologies. If you do not comprehend me without explanations, you never will with them; explanations do not explain, and arguments very seldom convince.

And as the years go by and count themselves with the eternity that lies behind, I shall not be here; and my laughter will do as I have done and as you have done—stand by an open grave and ask in anguish: "If a man

die, shall he live again? And the falling clouds will give no sign, and the winds that sigh and sob through trees will make no reply; but hope and love will answer yes.

A woman can forgive a beating, but to be forgotten—never.

Many a man's reputation would no know his character if they met on the street.

The province of art is not to present a specific message, but to impart a feeling.

Genius is the capacity for evading hard work.

A CRIMINAL—One who does by illegal means what all the rest of us do legally.

**Sister of the Suds.**  
Brisbane Bulletin.  
The woman of the washbub,  
She wears ill-fall of night;  
Her hair is rough and homely,  
Her hands are wrinkled white,  
Her diamonds are the sparkles  
The copper fire supplies;  
Her eyes are the washbub's  
That from the suds arise.

The woman of the washbub  
Has lost the charm of youth;  
Her hair is rough and homely,  
Her figure is uncouth;  
Her temper is like thunder,  
With no one she agrees—  
The children of the washbub,  
They cling around her knees.

The woman of the washbub,  
She, too, had her romance;  
There was a time when lightly  
Your aureole of steam and soda,  
Her feet were silver swallows,  
Her lips were flowers of fire,  
Then came the washbub,  
The blossom of desire.

O woman of the washbub,  
And do you ever dream  
Of all your days gone by in  
Your aureole of steam and soda,  
From birth till we are dying  
You wash your soiled suds,  
O woman of the washbub!  
O sister of the suds!

One night I saw a vision  
That filled my soul with dread—  
I saw a woman washing  
The grave clothes of the dead.  
The dead were lakes and meres;  
And dry were lakes and meres;  
The woman of the washbub,  
She washed them with her tears.

I saw a lion with banners  
Hung forth in proud array—  
The banners of all battles;  
From Calad to judgment day,  
And they were all with slaughter,  
And blood from hem to hem,  
And they were red with glory,  
And she was washing them.

## Croker Failed to Get Into the King's Set

RICHARD CROKER'S fruitless attempt, with the help of mere money, to make his way into the English racing set, headed by the exalted personage who was the Prince of Wales when Croker began and is now King Edward VII, has been almost pathetic.

Through lieutenant of one sort and another Mr. Rockefeller has lately tried hard to stem the flood of public disapprobation. Mr. Addecks was constantly seeing to it that the public knew his side of the story all through his 15 years' Senatorial fight. Lawson and Lipton had their own spectacular ways of keeping the public informed of the progress of their battles, but Croker said never a word about his attempt to butt into Edward's circle from the day he began till the day, a few months ago, when he gave it up as a hopelessly bad job.

Croker went to England, ostensibly to reside there for the remainder of his natural life, some time after the defeat of his candidate for Mayor, Edward M. Shepard, by Seth Low in the memorable Republican tidal wave of 1896. The Tammany chieftain had plenty of money at the time, and apparently he thought that by expending it liberally in patronizing the sport of kings he could get into the circle which thrives on royal patronage.

For a time it seemed that he might be successful. Occasional cablegrams were sent to American newspapers telling how he was getting on with his ambition. One of them said that he had "met and talked with the Prince of Wales." Nothing was

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