

The Gentle Giant by HENRY

Hand That Riles the World

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"MANY of our greatest men," said I (appropos of many things), "have declared that they owe their success to the aid and encouragement of some brilliant woman."

"I know," said Jeff Peters. "I've read in history and mythology about Joan of Arc and Mme. Yale and Mrs. Caudle and Eve and other noted females of the past. But, in my opinion, the woman of today is of little use in politics or business. What's she best in, anyway?—men make the best cooks, milliners, nurses, housekeepers, stenographers, clerks, hairdressers and laundresses. About the only job left that women can beat a man in is female impersonation, in vaudeville."

"I would have thought," said I, "that occasionally, anyhow, you would have found the wit and intuition of woman valuable to you in your lines of business."

"Now, wouldn't you," said Jeff, with an emphatic nod—"wouldn't you have imagined that? But a woman is an absolutely unreliable partner in any straight swindle. She's liable to turn honest on you when you are depending upon her most. I tried 'em once."

"Bill Humble, an old friend of mine in the Territories, conceived the illusion that he wanted to be appointed United States Marshal. At that time me and Andy was doing a square, legitimate business of selling walking-canes. If you uncrewed the head of one and turned it up to your mouth a half pint of good whiskey would go trickling down your throat to reward you for your act of intelligence. The deputies was annoying me and Andy some, and when Bill spoke to me about his officious aspirations, I saw how his appointment as Marshal might help along the firm of Peters & Tucker."

"Jeff," says Bill to me, "you are a man of learning and education, besides having knowledge and information concerning not only rudiments but facts and attainments."

"I do so," says I, "and I have never regretted it. I am not one," says I, "who would cheapen education by making it free. Tell me," says I, "which is of the most value to mankind, literature or horse racing?"

"Why—er—playing the po— I mean, of course, the poets and the great writers have got the call, of course," says Bill.

"Exactly," says I. "Then why do the master minds of finance and philanthropy," says I, "charge us \$2 to get into a race track and let us into a library free? Is that distilling into the masses," says I, "a correct estimate of the relative value of the two means of self-culture and disorder?"

"You are arguing outside of my faculties of sense and rhetoric," says Bill. "What I wanted you to do is to go to Washington and dig out this appointment for me. I haven't no ideas of cultivation and intrigue. I'm a plain citizen; and I need the job. I've killed seven men," says Bill. "I've got nine children; I've been a good Republican ever since the first of May; I can't read nor write, and I see no reason why I ain't illegible for the office. And I think your partner, Mr. Tucker, goes on Bill, "is also a man of sufficient ingratiation and connected system of mental delinquency to assist you in securing the appointment. I will give you preliminarily," says Bill, "\$1000 for drinks, bribes and carfare in Washington. If you land the job I will play you \$1000 more, cash down, and guarantee you impunity in bootlegging whiskey for 12 months. Are you patriotic to the West enough to help me put this thing through the Whitewashed Wigwam of the Great Father of the most eastern flag station of the Pennsylvania Railroad?" says Bill.

"Well, I talked to Andy about it, and he liked the idea immense. Andy was a man of an involved nature. He was never content to plod along, as I was selling to the peasantry some little tool like a combination steak beater, shoe horn, marrow waver, monkey wrench, nail file, potato masher and Mulum in Parvo tuning fork. Andy had the artistic temper, which is not to be judged as a preacher's or a moral man's is by purely commercial deflections. So we accepted Bill's offer, and strikes out for Washington."

"Says I to Andy, when we get located at a hotel on South Dakota avenue, G. S. S. W.: 'Now, Andy, for the first time in our lives we've got to do a real dishonest act. Lobbying is something we've never been used to; but we've got to scandalize ourselves for Bill Humble's sake. No use fooling with. Territorial dele-

phone with one hand, and drinking tea with the other."

"Well, boys," says she after a bit, "what is it?"

"I told her in as few words as possible what we wanted for Bill, and the price we could pay."

"Those Western appointments," says she, "are easy. Let me see, now," says she, "who could put that through for us. No use fooling with. Territorial dele-

JEFF PETERS AS A PERSONAL MAGNET

promptly and spread a report that the other candidate's wife had once been a shoplifter. They are no more adapted for business and politics," says I.

"Than Algernon Charles Swinburne is to be floor manager at one of Chuck Connor's annual balls. I know," says I to Andy, "that sometimes a woman seems to step out into the kalsomine light as the charge d'affaires of her man's political job. But how does it

work?"

postal cards to the Chinese Minister asking him to get Arthur a job in a tea store."

"Then," says Andy, "you don't think Mrs. Avery will land the Marshalship for Bill?"

"I do not," says I. "I do not wish to be sceptic, but I doubt if she can do as well as you and me could have done."

"I don't agree with you," says Andy. "I'll bet you she does. I'm proud of having a higher opinion of the talent and the powers of negotiation of ladies."

"We was back at Mrs. Avery's hotel at the time she appointed. She was looking pretty and fine enough, as far as that went, to make any man let her name every officer in the country. But I hadn't much faith in looks, so I was certainly surprised when she pulls out a document with the great seal of the United States on it, and 'William Henry Humble' in a fine, big hand on the back."

"You might have had it the next day, boys," says Mrs. Avery smiling. "I hadn't the slightest trouble in getting it," says she. "I just asked for it, that's all. Now, I'd like to talk to you a while," she goes on, "but I'm awfully busy, and I know you'll excuse me. I've got an ambassadorship, two consulates, and a dozen other minor applications to look after. I can hardly find time to sleep at all. You'll give my compliments to Mr. Humble when you get home, of course."

"Well, I handed her the \$500, which she pitched into her desk drawer without counting. I put Bill's appointment in my pocket and me and Andy made our adieu."

"We started back for the territory the same day. We wired Bill: 'Job landed; get the tail glasses ready, and we felt pretty good."

"Andy joshed me all the way about how little I knew about women."

"All right," says I. "I'll admit that she surprised me. But it's the first time I ever knew one of 'em to manipulate a piece of business on time without getting it bungled up in some way," says I.

"Down about the edge of Arkansas I got out Bill's appointment and looked it over, and then I handed it to Andy to



"SELLING WALKING-CANES"

read. Andy read it, but didn't add any remarks to my silence.

"The paper was for Bill, all right, and a genuine document, but it appointed him postmaster of Dade City, Fla."

"Me and Andy got off the train at Lit-

tle Rock and sent Bill's appointment to him by mail. Then we struck northeast toward Lake Superior."

"I never saw Bill Humble after that."—Copyright, 1907 by S. S. McClure Co. in the United States and Great Britain.)

Remarks by John L. Sullivan

MY father was a typical Irishman, and I'm glad he was. I don't mean he was the kind you see on the vaudeville stage, but the real article. He came over here because the British government was hounding him and his tribe so many times that he wanted a change to healthier food. After he landed the country may have owed him a living, but he had to go out and show them before the bread and butter was passed to him and the pie was a long time coming. After a while he got along fairly well, his old age was comfortable and he was satisfied to let the public with a party to them."

There are too many "practical" men managing fighters. It would be a lot better if there was less managing and more straight fighting. The promoters' itch is costing the American public a heap of good scads.

Where Search for an Old Friend Led. I've never figured it out but in my time I must have traveled half a million miles. There's hardly a large town in this country I haven't been in at least once, and all the places across the water that are worth while I've seen. As I go about I find that a lot of my old friends have passed in, a lot of them who expected to bury me. But I fooled them all. While in a town in Michigan, I asked a hackman if he could take me to Mike—

"Place."

"It's about half an hour's drive, but I can take you there all right, all right," said the coachman.

"He's moved since I was here," said I. "O, he's moved, no doubt about that," replied the hackman.

I told him to go ahead. As we drove along in Baltimore some weeks ago, and during the visit, as he treated me handsomely, I got back by telling him some funny stories and got his mind off his troubles—if such a good man has troubles the time being. One story that made the Cardinal laugh to the limit was one that a friend of mine named Madigan in Milwaukee handed me.

Madigan is a contractor and he had a couple of Irishmen working for him. One day Madigan asked them what two men in the world they'd like best to see.

"The Pope and John L. Sullivan," was the answer from one Irishman.

"Them two'd suit me," said the other, "but if I couldn't see both I rather see John L."

"Why would you rather see John L?" asked Madigan.

"Because," said the wise Mike, "they'll be Popen at the time, but they'll never be only one John L."

I showed the Cardinal that I was acquainted with a lot of big men in the church, and I told him some things about priests I'd met in Ireland, passing out a few corking good stories about the latter.

"There used to be a man named Kilrain in your profession," asked the Cardinal, but I'll tell about that another time. When I was leaving the Cardinal said he had had a pleasant time, told me I'd be welcome to call again, and gave me his blessing. He's a fine gentleman, is Cardinal Gibbons, one of the salt of the earth.

How to Cure Promoters' Itch. Tommy Burns, the patriot, is going to defend Australia, against Bob Squires, the invader from Australia, on the Coast July 4. Tommy was always patriotic, and darn the expenses. There's another boy coming off on the Coast, the night before the Fourth, between Britt and Nelson. They are saying that bout for the night before was put together to queer the one on the glorious. I don't know how that is, but these ducks of promoters ought to stop their fooling with anniversaries like the one to be pulled off. April 1 is the time for them to shine, not July 4.

Some day we're going to trace a lot of these fakes to the promoters, and not put so much blame on the boxers. Of course, superior gent, like Philite Jack, Tommy Burns and Jim Corbett, who claim better brains than some of us, and are business men, are never under the thumb of any promoter, and they can squirm away from the dirty work they've been in. But it's different with

some of the other scrappers, who are just plain tools for the sharp managers to play with.

By and by we will have to make the promoters give bond for good behavior, and if they break parole, put the boots to them. They ought to be licensed, too, and if they had to wear muzzles there wouldn't be so much bad language loose.

Promoters and managers never made me lose any sleep when I was a colt and able to kick up my heels. After I dropped one fellow, who thought he was a fight manager, over the banister, the rest of them were good ever after, and I never let anybody go out to put up jobs against the public with me a party to them."

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into a cemetery, and soon we stopped among the gravestones. The hackman got down and opened the door.

"What's the matter, has the nag gone on a strike?" I asked him.

"You wanted to go to Mike—'n place, and here it is," and he pointed to a gravestone with Mike's name on it.

"Sure enough, here was my friend under the sod, although when I saw him less than two years before he warned me to take care of my health, that I couldn't stand the pace I'd been going. The hackman wouldn't take the \$5 note I offered him, wouldn't take a cent. He said Mike was a friend of his and he'd like to treat me as a friend of Mike's."

Some Negro Opinions of Sullivan. A negro in Jacksonville, Florida, had some hard luck during one of my visits to that town, his wagon falling to pieces on the street. The chocolate-colored brudder looked as broken up as his wagon. It was about all the coon had in the world, that wagon, and when I heard the story, I said the moke \$50 to buy a new wagon. There was a funny story out of this, as I heard afterward. A colored preacher heard of me helping out the brudder and he began to say all kinds of nice things about me. He was telling about it to a member of his congregation.

"'digher, de yer Mr. Sullivan am suah de fren' ob de culled race," said the preacher.

"What, dat ar Sullivan, he no fren' ob de culled race. Why he neber wouldn't fight with no culled man," said the other.

"Yab, dat's hit, he gibs money to de culled people and won't fight none of dem, he am suah de culled man's fren'," said the preacher.

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"I'M A PLAIN CITIZEN; AND I NEED THE JOB"

In a straight and legitimate business," says I, "we could afford to introduce a little foul play and chicanery, but in a disorderly and heinous piece of malpractice like this it seems to me that the straightforward and aboveboard way is the best. I propose," says I, "that we hand over \$500 of this money to the chairman of the National campaign committee, get a receipt, lay the receipt on the President's desk and tell him about Bill. The President is a man who would appreciate a candidate who went about getting office that way instead of pulling wires."

"Andy agreed with me, but after we talked the scheme over with the hotel clerk we gave that plan up. He told us that there was only one way to get an appointment in Washington, and that was through a lady lobbyist. He gave us the address of one he recommended, a Mrs. Avery, who he said was high up in social and diplomatic rings and circles."

"The next morning at 10 o'clock me and Andy called at her hotel, and was shown up to her reception room."

"This Mrs. Avery was a solace and a balm to the eyesight. She had hair the color of the back of a twenty-dollar gold certificate, blue eyes and a system of beauty that would make the girl on the cover of a July magazine look like a cook on a Monongahela coal barge."

"She had on a low-necked dress covered with silver spangles, and diamond rings and ear bobs. Her arms was bare, and she was using a desk tele-

gates. I guess," says she, "that Senator Snipser would be about the man. He's from somewhere in the West. Let's see how he stands on my private menu card. She takes some papers out of a pigeon-hole with the letter 'S' over it."

"'Yes,' says she, 'he's marked with a star; that means 'ready to serve.' Now, let's see. 'Age 55; married twice; Presbyterian, likes blondes, hobbles, Tolstoy, poker and stewed terrapin; sentimental at third bottle of wine.' 'Yes,' she goes on, 'I am sure I can have your friend, Mr. Sumner, appointed Minister to Brazil.'"

"Humble," says I, "and United States Marshal was the berth."

"O, yes," says Mrs. Avery. "I have so many deals of this sort I sometimes get them confused. Give me all the memoranda you have of the case, Mr. Peters, and come back in four days. I think it can be arranged by then."

"So me and Andy goes back to our hotel and waits. Andy walks up and down and chews the left end of his mustache."

"A woman of high intellect and perfect beauty is a rare thing, Jeff," says he.

"As rare," says I, "as an omelet made from the eggs of the fabulous bird known as the epidermis," says I.

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"WELL, BOYS WHAT IS IT?"