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# CHAMP CLARK STORIES

## Judges Sometimes Indulge In a Little Dry Humor.

**Poorhouse a Poor Place to Capture the Elusive Dollar—Anecdote of Early Campaigning in the Hoosier State—Tale of a Barefoot Candidate. Abigail Adams' Character—Trouble Raised by a Profane Crow—An Old Woman's Alibi.**

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Most people harbor the delusion that all judges are dry as dust and that service on the bench kills a man's sense of humor even if richly endowed with that quality originally. This is not true, however. Hon. William W. Rucker of the Second Missouri district was for many years a circuit judge, but he still indulges occasionally in a little dry humor.

### A Poor Place to Make Money.

During the campaign of 1900 Judge Rucker in debate with his Republican opponent attacked the agreement entered into by General Bates and the sultan of Sulu as authorizing slavery. His antagonist replied that under that agreement provision was made whereby the slaves can buy their freedom, whereupon Rucker said: "That reminds me of the story of a pauper named Smith who was in the Livingston county poorhouse. One of the county judges was out there on a tour of inspection. He asked Smith how he was getting on. He answered: 'Oh, fairly well, judge. I have plenty to eat, plenty to wear and a good bed to sleep in, but this is the poorest place to make money in that I ever saw.' So it appears to me that the provision as to the Sulu slaves purchasing their liberty places them in as poor a situation for making money as was Smith while in the poorhouse."

### Judge Robinson Chips In.

After listening to Judge Rucker's story Judge J. M. Robinson of Indiana related this: "We hear many pleasing tales of early campaigning in Indiana. In my district many years ago two candidates of different types contested for the honor of a seat in congress. One was a genteel good dresser and belonged to that class in politics somtimes denominated 'kid gloves' or 'silk stockings.' The other was just the reverse and made his campaign on foot, barefoot at that. On one occasion he won the esteem and support of the people in a certain neighborhood by running a race with the fleetest person thereabouts, the candidate carrying a heavy weight—to wit, another man—on his back. The diamond in the rough candidate was elected and thereupon went promptly barefoot to his opponent and told him that he had no hard feelings because the latter ran against him."

### First Mistress of White House.

One of the great figures and characters of Washington society in 1800 was Abigail Adams, wife of John Adams and the first mistress of the White House. The love of John and Abigail deserves to be embalmed in immortal verse. It would be a prettier tale than that of Abelard and Heloise or any of the other love stories over which we cried in our earlier days and, if the whole truth must be told, over which we still drop a tear when we can snatch a few moments from what Mr. Mantalini would call "the demnition horrid grind of earning our bread and butter."

I honor Abigail Adams as one of the sages and patriots of the Revolution even if she did hang out the family linen to dry in the handsome and stately parlors of the White House. She is one of the most admirable characters of that heroic age.

I don't believe that her husband, old John, and her more brilliant son, young John, known to history as John Quincy, would ever have stretched their legs under the presidential mahogany if it had not been for her strong mind and for her brave, unfaltering heart.

### Odd Love Letters.

If young people would know what love really means, they ought to read the letters which passed between John Adams and Abigail, his wife. They constitute one of the most readable and soul stirring books in our vernacular, completely answer the idiotic and pessimistic question, "Is marriage a failure?" and give the reader a higher and finer conception of human nature itself.

Abigail deserves well at the hands of posterity.

During all the struggle between America and Great Britain she was animated by the same spirit as the Spartan mothers who sent their sons to battle, bidding them return either with their shields or upon them, and of the Carthaginian women who cut off their hair and made it into bowstrings in defense of their country.

Yes, young ladies should read the letters of Abigail Adams and ponder the lessons of her busy and glorious life. It will do them more good—it will make better wives of them—than boohooing over wrongs, real or imaginary, deserved or undeserved, of the beautiful and fascinating Mary, queen of Scots, or of that other great historic tear pumper, the Empress Josephine.

Her maiden name was Abigail Smith. She was a New England preacher's daughter.

### Wedding Sermons.

It's an old saying that "the course of true love never runs smooth," and it may be an abiding consolation to the young men who read these "Cloakroom Stories," in certain aggravating exigencies of their own lives, to learn that when John went courting Abigail and when her father, the preacher aforesaid, found it out, he raised such a rumpus that it warmed the chilly atmosphere of Massachusetts to a rather unpleasantly hot temperature and caused the waves to dash higher than usual "on the wild New England shore."

He had no faith in John, no use for him, and did not look upon him with any degree of allowance. The future president was then a briefless barrister. His father-in-law in posse didn't believe he could make a living for a wife, refused to invite him to dinner and peremptorily forbade the banns.

In those days they had a cruel custom—now, thank heaven, fallen into "innocuous desuetude"—of preaching a wedding sermon. It must have been a dreadful ordeal to "the high contracting parties." Speaking for myself alone, it was a tremendous undertaking to ask the consent of my mother-in-law.

### A Daughter's Defiance.

When Parson Smith's other daughter, Mary, was about to marry young Mr. Cranch, the father, who liked Cranch, permitted the saintly maiden to decide on her own text for the sermon, and she meekly selected "Mary hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken away from her," and the discourse was duly pronounced. But when Abigail's turn came she defiantly suggested the text, "John came, neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil." Love laughs at locks and bars, and Abigail, despite the wrath of her theological father, clung to John and became the wife of one president of the United States and the mother of another, as well as the grandmother of one candidate for vice president and minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to the court of St. James and great-grandmother to still another vice presidential candidate.

So they loved, married and were happy ever after.

### A Patriotic Woman.

By circumstances over which they had no control and against which they were always rebelling they were separated a great deal, so it came to pass that they were eternally writing letters to each other—genuine love letters at that—when he was away riding the circuit, serving in congress or representing his country abroad, for she stayed at home and took care of the babies, the farm, the calves, the colts and the pigs while her liege lord was climbing the golden ladder of fame.

It was in a private letter to his dear Abigail—intended for her eye alone—in which brave old John made that famous and gorgeous prophecy as to the high place the immortal deed of the fathers, done July 4, 1776, would hold in American history.

The name of Abigail Adams is not so widely bruited as that of Zenobia, Semiramis, Catherine the Great, Maria Theresa, Queen Elizabeth or Joan of Arc, but she has her ample reward in the heartfelt admiration of all who know the simple story of her pure, patriotic and heroic life.

### An Administration Candidate.

Members of the cloakroom coterie were detailing the woes of campaigning for election to congress. Judge Shackleford of Missouri said that the thing his enemies used against him most in his first campaign was that he was the candidate of the state administration, whereupon Colonel Patrick Henry of Mississippi said: "I once had a similar experience. When I went home to campaign for my first re-election, it was everywhere charged against me that I belonged to the statehouse crowd and had helped elect Governor McLaurin. Even some who had also helped McLaurin, but who had turned against him, brought the railing accusation against me. I said to one who was loud in abuse of McLaurin, 'Didn't you help elect him?' 'Yes.' 'Did you ever go to the governor and protest against the acts you complain of?' 'No.' 'Then you are particeps criminis with him in the very things you now condemn so roundly.'"

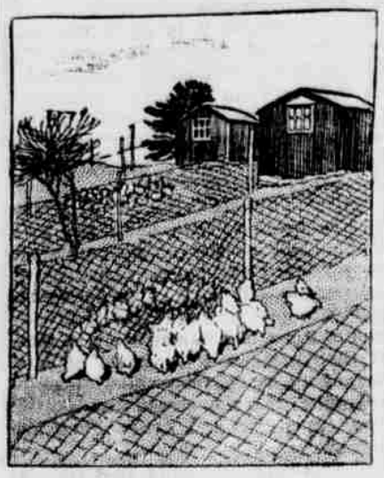
### The Barkeeper's Crow.

Colonel Henry continued: "That man was not in as good a situation as an old woman I heard of down in Mississippi. A barkeeper had a pet crow which he kept about the saloon and which had picked up a good deal of profane lingo, common to such places, which he was very fond of rattling off on any and every occasion. The crow escaped from the saloon one Saturday night and took shelter in an old country church near by. Sunday the young preacher delivered a rousing sermon on the good spirit and the evil spirit, declaring that the former appeared to people in the shape of a beautiful, gentle, innocent dove, while the latter came in the shape of an ugly, cawing, black crow. Just about the time he had wrought his audience up to a high pitch of excitement the crow from his perch in the loft espied the water pitcher and glass on the pulpit. These things were all that had a familiar appearance amid his new surroundings. Being thirsty, he flew down, alighted on the pulpit to get a drink, looked up in the preacher's face and said, 'How are you, you old rascal?' Preacher and audience took to their heels. One old lady, who had a front seat and who was lame, was left behind, much terrorized by the inopportune appearance of the sable bird. The crow hopped up in front of her and said, 'How are you, honey?' The old lady, thinking the crow was mad about the sermon and being nearly crazy herself, turned around, struck at him with her crutch and shrieked, 'Confound you, whether you are the devil's messenger or not, I want you to understand that I had no more to do with getting up this meeting than you did!' That was her way of establishing an alibi," concluded Colonel Pat.

CHAMP CLARK.

### On Pollard's Poultry Farm.

Pollard's poultry farm in South Attleboro, Mass., is well known by reputation to all readers of poultry papers. There are fifty acres in the farm, and it is devoted entirely to White Plym-



WHITE WYANDOTTES AND THEIR RUNS

outh Rocks, White Wyandottes and White Pekin ducks. The illustration shows two houses with runs and their respective flocks of White Wyandottes. The picture is reproduced from The Poultry Keeper.

### Turkey Hen Makes a Record.

I have a turkey hen that I think has broken the record. During the spring of 1900 I received from Charleston, Ill., nine Mammoth Bronze turkey eggs. Seven turkeys hatched out. A dog killed one. I raised three hens and three toms. The hens had the range of the farm. One of them laid close to the house. She laid twenty eggs and then wanted to sit. I put her on eighteen eggs. She laid three eggs before the eggs on which she was sitting hatched out—that is, during the last week. She laid all the time she was raising her brood of little turkeys—at first one egg every other day, then one every day, then one egg in three days until she had laid fifty-four eggs, making seventy-four eggs in all.

No small achievement for one hen! She is a fine, large hen, with bright pink legs. I have been raising turkeys fifteen years, but have never before had a turkey like her. The other two laid at a distance from the house, and the crows got some of their eggs. Next year I will try to keep a record of their eggs.—Mrs. A. S. Devore in Reliable Poultry Journal.

### A Lay Opinion.

The illustrations used in the United States department of agriculture's bulletin No. 29, "American Breed of Fowls," are far from true to nature. No one ever saw such plumaged Dominiques as the cuts represent. The colored pictures of Barred Plymouth Rocks are misleading in both color and barring. The hen is greatly "off" in shape. It is a pity that such a good work should be marred by unfaithful pictures of the breeds when there are so many excellent pictures made from photographs of prize birds accessible. Ideals even should be representative enough of a breed to cause recognition wherever seen.—Baltimore Sun.

### Woman's Curiosity.

As good an instance of New York wit as can be found is told about the staff of the Roosevelt hospital. A dangerous operation was being performed upon a woman. Old Dr. A., a quaint German, full of kindly wit and professional enthusiasm, had several younger doctors with him. One of them was administering the ether. He became so interested in the old doctor's work that he withdrew the cone from the patient's nostrils, and she half roused and rose to a sitting posture, looking with wild eyed amazement over the surroundings. It was a critical period, and Dr. A. did not want to be interrupted.

"Lay down dere, voman," he commanded gruffly. "You haf more curiosity as a medical student."

She lay down, and the operation went on.

### An Important Qualification.

First Burglar—What did yer take that brickybrac for? 'Tain't no good.

Second Burglar—'Tain't?

First Burglar—Naw. I tell yer, Jimmy, if yer wanter make a fust class success in dis business yer got to know somethin' about art!—Puck.

## SILK TAILOR MADES.

**Moire Jackets and Skirts to Be Ultra Fashionable.**

Dresses of black moire and coat and skirt costumes of the same material are to be very smart next summer. These jacket and skirt suits are to be made on the Eton and blouse order,

VISITING TOILET.

and they will be very dressy for visiting when combined with a rich blouse.

Tailor mades of taffeta and peau de soie are also to be worn and are trimmed with bands of velvet and satin, together with beautifully jeweled buttons.

Lace collars are being shown in the greatest profusion. Carefully selected an inexpensive collar may be turned into quite an elegant one for a bolero or blouse. Some cream or biscuit colored silk is all that is required, and all the unimportant parts are cut away, leaving the chief design and border applied to the silk. A collar of this type is charming laid on a border of velvet.

The visiting toilet of taffeta in the illustration is very smart. The skirt is made with a wide flounce, all laid in tiny tucks and headed by two bands of chiffon applique in a leaf pattern. The waist is composed of an underbodice of embroidered chiffon and a short Eton appliqued in narrow white silk braid and the leaf applique. The hat is of white chiffon trimmed with a black ostrich tip and a wreath of autumn leaves.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

### A Normandy Injunction.

A strange old world privilege, dating back to the time when the Norsemen came to Normandy, was exercised last year in the island of Guernsey. It is called the "Clameur de Haro." By the ancient law of the island a person who thinks his land rights are being infringed upon has only to draw up a statement of the case, which he swears to before two witnesses. This he then presents to the bailiff of the island and, dropping upon one knee, cries out in French: "Oh, Rollo, my prince, succor me! I am wronged!"

This proceeding acts as an injunction, and the person complained of as trespasser has to stay his trespass until the matter has been adjudicated upon by the courts. This right of issuing one's own injunction by calling unto Rollo was given to the people of Guernsey by Rollo or Hrolf, the Norwegian pirate who made himself the first Duke of Normandy in 911, and there is probably no example of a legal procedure of like antiquity which is today carried out in the same way as that in which it was first instituted.

### What Was Scarce.

Once a distinguished Russian grand duke found himself charged 20 francs apiece for hothouse peaches at the old Cafe de Paris, in the French metropolis.

"Are hothouse peaches so scarce, then, even in midwinter?" he asked.

"No," replied the maitre d'hotel, "but grand dukes are."

### The Worm.

She—Yes, I am sorry I married you; so there!

He—Oh! You were glad to get anybody, I guess. You were no young bird when I married you.

She—No? But, considering what I got, you must admit I was an early bird.—Philadelphia Press.

A woman the other day gave a London cabman 2 sovereigns in mistake for 2 shillings. When he discovered the mistake, he returned to the house and handed over the money to the woman's husband, who, with tears in his eyes, said: "You shall not be a loser by your honesty, my man. Your fare was a shilling. Here's one and fourpence for you."



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