

On the recent trip to Galena when the Grant monument was unveiled, Gov. Hoard and Chauncey M. Depew both had orations and on their way out regaled each other with stories such as only such raconteurs can tell. One of Gov. Hoard's was this:

"I was down at a little clambake, near Boston, last summer and after dinner was called to make a speech. I started off by saying that I had eaten so many of their low-necked clams that I was'n't in the best of condition to make a speech. When I used the expression 'low-necked clams,' an old yankee, sitting directly across the table from me whose face was long enough to enable him to eat oats out of a churn, scowled at me and then said in a stage whisper: 'little neck clams, little necks — not low necks. After the dinner was over he trailed me out into the hall, and asked: 'You're from Wisconsin, aren't you?' 'Yes' I replied.

'You don't have many clams up there I reckon.'

'Well,' I said, 'we have some, but it's a good ways to water, and in driving them across the country their feet get sore and they don't thrive very well.'

He gave me a look that was worth a dollar and a half, and in a tone of the utmost disgust said: 'Lord! clams ain't got no feet!'

He turned away and approaching one of my friends, inquired: "Is that fellow Governor of Wisconsin?"

'Yes,' said my friend.

'W-a-a-l' drawled the old man 'he may be a blamed smart man in Wisconsin, but he is a — fool on the seashore.'

At the reception given to the Governor by Dr. and Mrs. Armsby, on the eve of his departure from State College he repeated this anecdote by request, and once started kept the guests on the laugh for the balance of the evening. One of his yarns was about the hardened old sinner who got religion at a revival meeting in Winthrop, Maine, and out of the abundance of his heart offered, if he had defrauded any of his neighbors, to make

restitution fourfold. About two o'clock in the following morning he was roused from his slumbers by a furious knocking, and leaning out of his window discovered the town drunkard hammering kindling wood out of his door. "Squire" said his nocturnal visitor "I heard that there prayer meetin' promise o' yours and concluded to git here airy and avoid the rush,"

The following story will be appreciated in State College and Bellefonte, where we pride ourselves on having governors galore, both past and prospective. While Mr. Hoard occupied the gubernatorial chair of the Badger state it chanced that he was passing through a street in Milwaukee late one night when he espied two old friends approaching, one of them three sheets to the wind and the other piloting him. "Brace up Jack" said the sober man, "here comes the governor." "Hic, I doan' care" replied Jack "they've got so nowadays that they make Guvnors out of almost everything."

Story telling is one accomplishment of a versatile orator. Although it is said that orators and poets are born, not made, I notice that great speakers have not thought it beneath them to polish, and work over their finest flights, and metaphors and even yarns. As Gov. Hoard exchanged reminiscences with the President of the College, as to Wendell Phillips, and Tom Marshall and Father Taylor, one could see that he studied orators and dictionaries both, and that he believed that art and nature conspire to make good speakers, just as he had shown us in the afternoon that heredity and attention make good stock.

In other words success worth working for, only comes when it *is* worked for. M. J. T.

The ladies of the Otterbein University have adopted a unique way of assisting the Athletic Association by making a quilt in which they embroider the names of all who send in donations for athletics. Many are sending in gifts in order to secure a place for their names on the Otterbein quilt.