

New News of Yesterday

By E. J. EDWARDS

Chat With David Dudley Field

Great Law Reformer's Rules for Living Simply and Wisely and Reaching a Ripe and Happy Old Age.

Probably the foremost law reformer of modern times was David Dudley Field, brother of the Field of Atlantic cable fame and of Justice Stephen J. Field of the United States Supreme Court. For forty years of his long life—which began in 1805 and ended eighty-nine years later—he devoted the greater part of his time to the reform of the law. Today his system of civil procedure is in force in most of the states of the Union and is the basis of the reformed procedure established in England in 1873. His influence in the law of today is as great as the influence of his brother Cyrus in the field of world communication.

Mr. Field was in his seventy-ninth year and had just returned from England, where he had been showered with distinguished honors by reason of his work as a law reformer, when I had the pleasure of an informal chat with him.

The name of his brother Cyrus came up. "One of the lessons I have learned in my long life," said the great law reformer, "is that it requires more ability to stick to a great thing than to plan it. This was the kind of ability Cyrus showed and the advantage in the case of the Atlantic cable. It was this sort of ability, and his ability to keep around him a group of men into whom he instilled his own confidence in the ultimate success of the cable, that really has brought him his fame. His work in promoting and perfecting the cable was of secondary importance; yet the public looks upon him largely as the promoter of the cable, paying no attention to the greater side of his achievement."

"Mr. Field," I said, "the ability you have just attributed to your brother may also very properly be affirmed of yourself, for it is universally recognized now that your codification of laws was a stupendous undertaking and that your persistence in the work has been regarded by American lawyers as one of the most astonishing of all professional achievements."

Mr. Field smiled faintly. "What you have said reminds me of another les-

son which I have learned," he replied, "and that is if you rejoice in your work, take pleasure in it so that it becomes really a mental recreation, then it is no longer work. That is the feeling I have had since I first contemplated my code, and it is a feeling that has helped to keep me in perfect health at my age."

"In the first place," was the reply, "I think it is essential that if old age and accompanying mental and physical vigor are to be attained there must have been an inheritance of a good constitution from parents and from ancestors who have lived simply and wisely. And simply and wisely a man should live himself."

For myself I believe that I have lived simply and wisely—I use the dumbbells a little every morning. Just enough to set my blood in circulation after the night's sleep; I am careful in the use of beverages, though I have never practiced total abstinence;

I eat plentifully of plain food, and I have always found that there are numerous very attractive and appetizing dishes which come under that head.

"I have also kept my mind active, and now, as I look back on my life, I am convinced that constant mental and physical occupation are absolutely essential if one wishes to live to old age and then to be in good mental and physical condition. The idle life, my friend, is rarely the long life. In my own case I find my mental faculties are as acute today and as capable of sustaining prolonged labor as they were forty years ago, when I was in the prime of life, as it is termed."

"But, after all, the chief rule to be followed if one wants to live to a green old age and be a burden to no one, I can express in five words: 'Always have a good conscience.' If a man has that, he will not worry, and I believe it to be a true saying that worry has killed more men than strong drink. These are the rules which have made it possible for me to do a man's work at seventy-nine, and a man's work I confidently expect to do for a number of years to come."

For another decade Mr. Field did a man's work daily, and then he was gathered to his fathers.

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Gratitude of Famous Actor

How E. L. Davenport, Finding His Old School Teacher, John E. Lovell, in Poverty, Provided Him With Home.

Although the late E. L. Davenport (1816-77) was for nearly forty years regarded as one of the greatest of American actors, especially in tragedy parts, and although he gained international fame through his portrayal of the character of Bill Sykes in a dramatization of Charles Dickens' novel, "Oliver Twist," yet he is now almost forgotten, and his reputation was only second to that of Edwin Forrest and until the latter years of Edwin Booth's life upon the stage, E. L. Davenport was regarded by many competent critics as the superior of Booth, at least in certain parts. When old age

came upon Davenport he sometimes said to his friends that if there were any memories or memorials of his career as an actor, those would be preserved through the artistic triumphs of his daughter, Fanny Davenport, and it might also be recalled that he was one of those who took part in a tribute of acknowledgment to the great service that had been done them by a teacher, John E. Lovell.

"I was once playing a portion of my repertoire at New Haven," Mr. Davenport said, explaining the part he took in the memorial to Lovell, "when I was told that my old teacher was in great poverty. It had been my habit a few years earlier, when upon professional visits to New Haven, to call upon Mr. Lovell, but for some years my visits to New Haven were rare and of short duration, so that I had not been able to see him. But as soon as I heard that he was in pecuniary distress, I searched him out, and I found that the story had not been exaggerated. But the little man, for he was of very diminutive stature, would not complain. He insisted upon talking about my professional career, of which he had been very proud."

"At last I told him that if he were as proud of my career as he said he was, he was justified in that, for I owed very much of my success to him."

"I said that he had taught me how to use my voice, and that he had first impressed upon me the fact that the speaking voice is as admirable an organ as is the singing voice. I recalled how many times he had told his scholars that it was a sin to neglect the voice—how he had frequently said to us that it was more important to speak distinctly and in tones that were free from nasal twangs, than to call a Yankee characteristic, than it was to speak with grammatical correctness, even."

"These were the instructions which I received from my old teacher to which I owed much of my success as an actor, for whatever other criticism may have been made upon my acting I had never heard any but words of commendation for my enunciation and the manner in which I used my voice. So I told Mr. Lovell that I was going to try to repay him for what he had done for me. And I went out and found some of my old schoolmates and we began a plan for a subscription sufficient to buy or build a home for Mr. Lovell, having in mind also a fund from which he could receive an income sufficient to care for him."

"Many and hearty were the responses to this appeal. The money was raised, a house and plot of ground in the suburbs of New Haven not far from East Rock were bought, and the little school teacher received it as a tribute from the men who, even in their schooldays, had learned to respect him greatly and afterwards to look back upon their experiences at his school with affectionate recollection."

"As for my part in this testimonial, it was simply a repayment of some portion of the debt which I owed to John E. Lovell."

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The Lady and the Car



After much experimenting on the part of milliners, and many trials on the part of devotees of the automobile, the problem of the hat for driving appears to have solved itself in a compromise between hat and bonnet shapes. The veil, which is as essential as the hat, is usually not fastened to it, but removable. There are, however, numbers of auto hats shown, in which the veil forms a part of the trimming. They are designed for long runs and tours, not for short excursions. By far the better plan for those who buy but one hat of this kind is that of wearing a removable veil. Such hats are suited to other wear and, therefore, more practical than those in which the veil is part of the trimming.

Speaking of veils, it is too bad that anything so beautiful and beautifying should be worn in an unbecoming, not to say disfiguring, manner. Women whose instincts should teach them better tie them tightly about the head, dispensing with hat or bonnet, and betakes themselves to ride when the wind bloweth whither it listeth (as usual). And they appear to gather more than the usual amount of dust on their unprotected faces. With an unconsciousness only blissful to themselves, they join the throngs of carefully groomed and beautifully dressed diners in the fashionable cafes and summer gardens, and are blots upon the assembly, for a frowsy appearance has no attractions, and there is no galsaying that women

must manage to look neat always—of lose out when comparisons are made. Little auto bonnets are most becoming and fetching, most simple and not expensive. The illustrations given here show how well the small hats and bonnets protect the head and face. Why (in the name of good judgment) should women go hatless to ride, when they are much prettier with their millinery than without it?

Three types of hats are shown here, suited to the car. The smoothly-covered bonnet-like shape of velvet and silk, with a velvet rosette, is to be worn with a veil pinned on for motoring. It is comfortable and becoming, an altogether practical affair.

The bonnet of silk braid with puffed crown of velvet is trimmed with narrow bands of marabout outlining the veil, which is draped about it. This is a beautiful model in mink velvet with natural marabout and Persian braid. The veil matches the velvet in color, and is long, so that it may cover the face and be wound about the throat, where required. It is distinctively an auto bonnet, but an exquisite piece of millinery as well, always an adornment.

The small, round, turban-like shape is of velvet with two soft and flexible quills and a bead buckle. It does not suggest the auto at all, but with the addition of a veil, prettily adjusted, is as complete as the hats, which are designed solely for motoring. This hat is just the thing for those who ride only occasionally.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

NEW MODEL HAT.



Furled up at the back to show a cluster of curls.

Value of Cleanliness. Teeth kept clean mean small dentist's bills, and little time wasted in toothache. Hair kept clean means that no time be wasted for the prevention of baldness later on. Skin kept clean means no loss of time in illness.

HEELLESS SHOE COMES AGAIN

Victorian Style Is Latest Fancy in Paris—Smart Footwear Favored by Americans.

It was to be supposed that with the addition of so many Victorian fashions the heelless slipper, with its broad toe, laced around the ankles with silk ribbon, would come back into style.

These are now the latest fancy in Paris. The shoe is exactly like the one worn decades ago. The leather is soft, and the only difference between it and its ancestor is a wide cut steel buckle which is put at the end of the vamp.

Among the smart shoes which Americans are wearing at resorts there are low cut ones of patent leather which are curved in under the instep and which have an upper one inch deep of gray suede. They have two eyelets in front, which are laced with elastic to hold the shoe tightly to the foot, so that it will not slip at the heel.

This elastic is covered with a long

The Girl of His Dreams

By IDA DONNELLY PETERS

Herbert Dayton was feeling very blue and low in his mind, so blue in fact that as he stood on the rear platform of the last car of the fast flying express thinking of the rapid rate at which he was leaving the girl of his dreams, indignation would have seemed illy written in comparison.

When a man has been ordered to a far off western territory to sell goods just after one glimpse of the girl he has been looking for the country over, the girl for whom he will remain a bachelor forever unless she will consent to make life an earthly paradise, he has a right to be low in his mind.

"Suppose in his absence some other fellow should—" he whispered with a shudder.

"But, avault, blue devils," added he bravely, "in that direction madness lies!"

At this period of his bitter musing, the gloomy mood began to pall on young Dayton's usually optimistic nature, and he looked about him for something to distract his thoughts.

Inside the car in the chair nearest the door reclined a delicate, sweet-faced woman, evidently unaccustomed to traveling and sick from the motion of the train. Her husband was ministering to her tirelessly, devotion in his every touch, while she glanced up at him frequently with an expression of extreme tenderness upon his face.

"By Jove," Herbert exclaimed aloud, as the man turned for a moment toward the rear of the car. "If that model Benedict isn't the one time gray and festive James Halstead. He must have lately taken unto himself a wife."

Then Dayton's eyes traveled to the next seat. And there just behind the Halsteads sat a girl dressed in blue! Her beauty, her daintiness, would have of themselves compelled a lingering glance, but besides all these attractions she was the girl of his dreams, the very girl he had seen in his home town three short days ago, the very girl of girls he had been looking for north, east, and south, only to find her where he least expected it—in a train going west!

The color of his thoughts changed instantly to a more rosy hue. How can I make her acquaintance, he questioned.

Just then the slowing train stopped. The girl came out on the platform and was passing Dayton with unseeing eyes when the train gave a sudden lurch.

She staggered and was about to fall when Herbert caught her, but in doing so he lost his balance and was thrown from the car.

When he opened his eyes he was reclining on a couch in a beautiful room, and a kindly middle-aged man was placing a bandage about his head.

"He will be all right by tomorrow," this man, evidently a doctor, was saying, "and can safely proceed on his journey."

"Tomorrow!" exclaimed the young man. "I shall proceed on my journey tonight."

At that moment a vision in blue appeared in the doorway.

"Is he better, doctor?" asked the dream girl softly.

"Doctor," murmured Dayton, "I shall not be able to leave tomorrow. I must first change a look of scorn into kindness, then to friendliness, then to—"

"He is delirious," said a hitherto unnoticed white-haired gentleman who was standing near the couch on the opposite side from the doctor.

"No," answered the medical man, "with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, 'act delirious' only dreaming, but his case has assumed unsuspected complications and he may not be able to leave tomorrow."

"Thank you, doctor," whispered Herbert.

The happy consummation of his dream of winning the one girl was in sight, and a beatific smile illumined Herbert Dayton's handsome face.

Heroinism to Be Recognized. In recognition of the splendid heroism of a young miner named Frank Smith, a monument is to be set up at Otago, near Dunedin, N. Z. Smith and a fellow miner named Bates were at work the other day sinking a hole in a drifting quicksand. The hole had to be constantly pumped out, and it quickly filled with sludge. Suddenly the men's horror Bates slipped and fell at the mouth of the suction pipe. His toe entered the pipe, and his foot was quickly sucked in, and then his leg was broken. Smith sprang to his comrade's rescue, and wrenched open the mouth of the pipe so as to relieve him. But the drainage water had been slowly rising around, and before the men could escape, cozing slime surrounded their legs encasing them as in plaster of Paris moulds. It eventually shifted discovered the flooded hole and pumped it dry, they found the young hero standing erect, quite dead, still holding his comrade's hands.

OLD AGE NOT RECOGNIZED

Grandma No Longer Sits and Knits in Solitude With Only Memory for Company.

There is no old age in the present day. No longer does grandma sit by the fire sewing, with spectacles and cap, while her grandchildren play at her knee, and look upon her with loving reverence. Few old people sit still by the fire nowadays, unless they are very old indeed and unable to do anything else. Nowadays they are about all day, and most of the night, enjoying life, seeking pleasure, discovering how much there is to be seen, done, and above all, talked about, in a world that no longer craves retirement. Nobody is so young as the old nowadays; nobody loves life as they do; and the reverse holds true of heavily laden, responsible, bored and sensible youth. Nowadays it is youth that sits in the chair knitting, while it is the young grandmama who sports, so to speak, with the kitten on the carpet.

For the Mother. If one pins fresh cap strings to the baby's dainty face or embroidered caps with little gold pins, the life of the cap will be greatly lengthened if tiny pieces of white lawn are sewed with small stitches to the inside of the cap just where the strings are pinned on—Delineator.

Grandmama is no longer old. She is, suppose, still eighty; but what matters? She can still enjoy theaters, dinners, bridge, and, in certain instances, we learn she can still dance at that age. She has not much to worry her, because she is probably now supported by the aged young. She has reached delightful pensioned or fixed income days. And now, after having been old in youth, she becomes young in old age. It strikes her that the world, as Stevenson told the children, is "full of a number of things."

Wonderful grandmama! She will probably marry again. News comes from Boston to the effect that even now two old people—seventy-six, the man; the woman seventy-three—have at last succeeded in getting married and in dodging the worried elderly children who were trying to prevent them.

But why shouldn't old people marry? If they have youth in their hearts there is no reason why they should not emulate the ways of the young.

Luck of a Theater Manager

A. M. Palmer's Story of How He Came to Produce "Alabama," in Desperation to Bridge Over a Crisis.

"No one who has not actually experienced all the trials and faced all the emergencies which are the lot of a dramatic manager can begin to realize what a difficult work his is," once said to me the late A. M. Palmer, who for many years was one of the most successful dramatic managers of the United States. Under his management such great plays as "The Banker's Daughter," "The Two Orphans," "Diplomacy," Bartley Campbell's "My Partner," and later, the first successful dramatization of Du Maurier's novel, "Tribby," were produced.

"I suppose," continued Mr. Palmer, "that if I have had better luck in dealing with actors and actresses and in meeting and mastering sudden emergencies than some other dramatic managers, it has been due to the fact that I began my career in life as a political party organizer associated for some years with the Republican party organization of New York county, an association, in fact, which resulted in my partnership arrangement with Sheridan Shook, who was also a very active politician. A politician, you know, must know how to handle both people and emergencies."

"Shook and I had some very close calls at the time we were managing the Union Square Theater at New York. We were at our wits' ends several times because actors upon whom we relied had disappointed us, or because some of them felt that we had not cast them for parts which were worthy of their abilities."

"But I think the narrowest squeak I ever had was after Mr. Shook and I had dissolved partnership and I was the sole manager of a theater in the vicinity of Madison Square, New York."

"I had decided to put on a play at this theater, and, in fact, had partial-

ly cast the parts when, of a sudden, the author withdrew the play. Fortunately I had not announced the play. But what was I to do, nevertheless? I had at hand no play which had been tried and found satisfactory. I had, however, in my drawer several manuscripts of plays, not one of which had been examined. In my desperation I took these manuscripts for reading to my home in Stamford, Conn., upon the bare chance that I might find one of them good enough to serve as a stop gap until I could get new bearings again.

"There was only one among them which deserved a second and more careful reading. I did not know the author, except in a most casual way. He had no reputation as a playwright. I had been told that he had done some literary work somewhere in the west. I knew, therefore, that the name of the author would serve in no way to advertise the play. And yet this was the only possible chance I had of keeping the theater going until I could make ready a play which I knew would at least pay for its production. Therefore, I decided to put this play on and it went fairly well at rehearsal, but every experienced manager knows that rehearsal is no criterion of the success of a play.

"I went to the theater on the night of the first production, prepared to announce at the close of the last act that the play had been withdrawn. But, to my astonishment, at the end of the first act I saw that the audience was disposed to be pleased with the play. At the end of the second act I felt certain that the play would be good for a week or more; and when the curtain came down upon the last act, I said jubilantly to myself, 'Al Palmer, you went it blind, and fortune has favored you.' The play proved to be a great hit. It was called 'Alabama,' and it ran the season out. And yet but for that great emergency and embarrassment in all probability the play and the author would never have been heard of."

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Radium in Mineral Water

Scientist Has Theory That Emanations Have Something to Do With Benefits.

It is now generally believed that a part, at any rate, of the benefit derived from a course of mineral waters is due to the radium emanations in the same. And this explains why such a course is less beneficial if taken at home, for, in bottling, such waters lose their radium emanations.

In an article in Die Umschau, of which an abstract appears in the Scientific American, Dr. Bickel shows how the advantages of the mineral courses due to radium can be obtained at home. He finds that water impregnated with radium emanations may be taken with good results. The effects are due to the radium emanations in the same. It may also be inhaled in an "emanatorium." But to prevent loss of the emanations such an apartment cannot be properly ventilated.

To obviate this difficulty Dr. Bickel

has invented an apparatus for inhaling them directly from a solution in water. Into a large bottle the solution of radium emanations is allowed to fall drop by drop as required from a smaller one. From the former the emanations are inhaled by the patient.

Artist With Horse Sense. Friend—What on earth are you doing to that picture? Great Artist—I am rubbing a piece of raw meat over this rabbit in the foreground. Mrs. De Shoddie will be here this afternoon, and when she sees her pet dog smell of that rabbit she'll buy it.—New York Weekly.

Tactless Suggestion. Mrs. Stockbroker—Oh, Louis, come out and see the hired man watering the stock. Mr. Stockbroker—No, Rachel; I came out here to forget business!