The Evening World Daily Magazine

FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1919

How to Read Character At Sight

CHARACTER IN CLOTHING.

What Does YOUR Clothing Tell About YOU? To a Trained Observer It Tells the Story of an Individual's Self-Respect, Refinement, Prudence, Modesty, Rationality, Accuracy, Carefulness, Neatness, Dependability and Even Morality.

Fourth of a series of articles, extracts from a course of lessons prepared by Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford, the famous character analyst, whose observations are the result of studying 18,000 men and women.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

DIRTY shoes, pink neckties with purple spots, hair cut too long, wide soft collars—these apparently unimportant details are in reality valuable clues, by means of which the character detectives "get a line on" the persons they meet.

It is possible, Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford assures us, to judge an individual's self-respect, refinement, prudence, modesty, rationality and even morality by his clothes and the way he wears them. How this may be done she explains in an especially interesting chapter of her course of lessons, "Reading Character at Sight," founded by the Independent Corporation.

Her suggestions along this line seem to me valuable because they not only aid the reader to judge accurately his associates—he is enabled to judge and, it may be, to reform himself. Changing the expression of one's eyes or mouth, while not impossible, may be a long and difficult process. But any one who is making a wrong impression on his world because of unpolished shoes or flamboyant neckwear may effect easily the necessary sartorial changes to correct that estimate, if his attention is once called to his error.

Read what Dr. Blackford has to say on "character in clothing"—then consider what sort of character YOUR clothing shows.

"If you are selecting employees for work which requires neatness, carefulness, accuracy and dependability," Dr. Blackford begins in "Reading Character at Sight," "you can save yourself a great deal of time and trouble by eliminating without further examination all those whose clothing is soiled, rumpled, torn, ripped and otherwise shows habitual neglect.

"Clothing may be ever so worn, ever so inexpensive, and ever so out-of-style, but if it shows evidence of painstaking care, you are warranted in going further in your examination of the wearer.

"On the other hand, if clothing is expensive and showy, or cheap and showy, and at the same time is soiled and neglected, the individual may have some very remarkable and valuable capabilities, but they are not those of neatness, accuracy, methodical ways of doing things and dependability.

"A man who hires a very large number of applicants every year tells me that for a position where self-respect, personal pride and a sense of duty are required, he absolutely refuses even to consider any applicant whose shoes show neglect.

"'A man may have been in hard luck,' he says, 'and his shoes may be very much worn, they may even be torn and broken, but there is absolutely no excuse for their being dirty and unpolished. If a man gives other evidences of having enough money to keep his feet decently shod and still has worn, rundown, wrinkled or otherwise neglected looking shoes I know that he is not qualified for any position that requires self respect and dependability. This down-at-the-heel business is one of the best possible indications of a shiftless nature.'

"If an individual wears gaudy, glaring colors and extreme styles he proclaims even more loudly than if he were to wear a sign on his back, printed in big letters, that he wants to be conspicuous, that he likes to have people look at him and that his taste is coarse, crude and vulgar.

"The man who wears neutral and sombre colors, strong, durable material and very conservative styles, does not need to tell you or any one else that he is serious, sober, prudent, cautious, severe and perhaps stern.

"If you want to know how an egotistical, bombastic, flamboyant, inordinately vain and pompous fellow gets himself up, just study the pictures of Wilhelm Hohenzollern in his various uniforms.

"Anything extreme or conspicuous in the dress, the hair, the carriage of a man or woman instantly indicates a lack of balance. It is well to bear in mind in this connection that these eccentricities are sometimes merely the exuberant affectations of adolescence. The youth who wears long hair, flowing ties, tortoise-shell rimmed glasses with a big flat ribbon on them, and wide, soft collars, may grow up to be a solid, sensible, respectable citizen. On the other hand, when a grown-up man shows off in this way, expect anything else you like from him, but do not expect him to be well balanced, moderate and sensible.

"The man who is filthy in his personal habits, who neglects his teeth, his fingernails, his hands, his neck, his linen, his clothing and his shoes, or any of these, has something of moral filthiness in his soul.

"I know it is said that many excellent men are so deeply engrossed with higher humanitarian, artistic, philosophical or spiritual things that they cannot pay attention to the cleanliness of their bodies. This may be true. But I have often known men who gave so much time and thought to these higher philosophical, spiritual things that they could not give attention to their own spiritual thoughts and acts.

"It is a very safe general principle that a man or woman with a clean soul and a clean mind cannot habitually tolerate uncleanliness in person, in clothing or in personal or business surroundings. It is true that it takes money, time and effort really to keep clean, but any one who has visited much among the poor knows that he finds those who are neat and clean even among those who are the very poorest.

"Clothing is often a very excellent indication of the individual's sense of financial values, his judgment in handling money, and his capacity for economy or extravagance.

"In the first place the person who dresses beyond his means is always open to suspicion. He is not only extravagant and vain, but he lacks self control. The man who dresses beyond his station in life shows poor financial judgment as well as poor taste. The shipping clerk may, perhaps, on account of independent means, be able to afford to dress as well as the general manager. But there is no good reason why he should so dress. He could certainly invest the money in a way which would pay him much better returns, and if properly handled permit of his seeking a station in life equal to that of his general manager.

"In the same way an individual who dresses far below his means and station in life shows, to say the least, an exceedingly severe economical streak or an undue expenditure in some other direction.

"The individual of small salary who buys flimsy, delicately colored clothing, which can be worn only a few times, advertises himself or herself as a silly creature with very childish judgment.

"On the other hand, the individual on a small salary who buys only the best, so far as texture, color and durability are concerned, and for that reason is able to wear a suit or a dress for years and keep it looking spick and span all the time, shows both financial judgment and the ability to save up enough money to make such a purchase."

POSSIBLE GROUNDS.

NEAR the entrance of the Dollar Bank building the other day a colored man hesitated in front of the office directory and carefully scanned the list of names.

"Can I do anything for you uncle?" asked a thoughtful young man who stood near the spot.

"Ahm lookin' foah a good attorney," the man explained.

"Well, you'll be safe in taking almost any on the list."

"But Ah wants a fus' class man."

"Well, why not go to Umson?"

"Is he fus' class?"

"Best there is."

"Well, Ah'll go to see him, 'cause my case am impohtant."

"What's the trouble?"

"Ah thinks Ah kin git a divo'ce fum my wife, 'cause Ah jes heard she went and got married again."—Youngstown Telegram.

George H. Primrose Is Dead——
And the Old-Time Minstrels Are Passing

One by One the Great Interlocutor Has Called Them—Jack Haverly, Billy West, George Thatcher and Their Famous Contemporaries, Leaving but a Scattered Few to Revive Old Memories—George Wilson, Dean of the Survivors, at 72 Is Still at the Old Job

By Bide Dudley

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

"When the moon comes up behind the hill."

WHERE is the American, over fifteen years of age, who doesn't remember the song which ended with this line? And where is he who cannot call to mind the singer and who cannot, by shutting his eyes and looking back a way, see George H. Primrose dancing gracefully, yet noiselessly, to its strains? If he exists he is a rare specimen.

The Primrose presentation of this number was one of the classics of minstrelsy. The strains of the song will remind hundreds of thousands of an exhibition of Terpsichorean grace without equal in the realm of burnt cork.

The moon has come up behind the hill the last time for the famous minstrel. George H. Primrose died Wednesday in San Diego, Cal., after an illness that had its start in stomach trouble. Minstrels may come and minstrels may go, but none will ever be rated as highly as a dancer as was Mr. Primrose. He invented the soft-shoe style of dancing—the kind that he made lend the velvety touch to the entertainment—and it brought him fame.

"Do you know," he said to the writer of this a few months ago, "I'm going to dance until I die, and, if they'll let me, I'll dance in the next world."

"But," we asked, "isn't dancing rather strenuous for a man of sixty-five?"

"A man who dances all his life isn't sixty-five at sixty-five," said the minstrel. "I could dance all day and never draw a quick breath. Dancing has kept me in perfect health all my days and it will keep anybody well. One of my mottoes is: 'A few steps a day keeps the doctor away.' When I pass on it won't be as a result of over physical exertion."

Mr. Primrose wasn't the dean of the minstrels when he died, but he came very near deserving that designation. One man, just one, is there who is still in the game and can lay claim to six years more of it than the deceased black-faced artist totalled. He is George Wilson, of "Waltz Me Again" fame. Mr. Wilson spent last season as the featured member of Gus Hill's Minstrel Troupe, and has been engaged to entertain in the same capacity during the coming season. He is seventy-two years old, healthy and able yet to explain exactly why a chicken crosses the road. Mr. Wilson is resting at his home in Rochester at present, but will come to New York soon to rehearse with the Hill company.

There are other contemporaries of George H. Primrose still using the black, but the ranks of the old-timers are thinning rapidly. Al G. Field, whose minstrel show hasn't known a week's loss in fifteen years, is busy to-day getting his troupe ready out in Columbus, Ohio, for its annual trip South and West. Lew Dockstader, former partner of Mr. Primrose, is going along in vaudeville with his monologue, and McIntyre and Heath are still appearing on the stage. Neil O'Brien is of a later generation, as was "Honey Boy" George Evans, now dead. Jim Gorman is still alive, but he has quit minstrelsy to be a stage director.

Mr. Primrose, as well as nearly all the great minstrels of the past forty years, was a graduate of the famous Jack Haverly show. It was this organization that started Charles Frohman in the show business. Mr. Frohman was once advance agent for Captain Jack and went to Europe with Haverly's Famous Forty, the first minstrel show to cross the Atlantic. Haverly was a teacher of minstrels and, to the training he got in the Haverly troupe, Mr. Primrose used to ascribe much of his success.

George H. Primrose was born in London, Ontario, on Nov. 12, 1852. At an early age he was taken to Detroit, and there he developed the longing for the black-face life that eventually drew him into minstrelsy. Billed as "Master Georgie, the Infant Clog-Dancer," he joined McFarland's Minstrels in Detroit in 1867 and later appeared with the New Orleans Minstrels. After that it was easy for him and he advanced rapidly to the top of his profession.

"I was a natural dancer from boyhood," said Mr. Primrose to the writer one time. "As a barefooted urchin I could match the expert clog-dancers. Finally I got a job as call boy at the Casino in Detroit and I used to dance all over the stage behind the scenes. One night I was told to go out and do a Juba dance; also 'The Essence of Old Virginia.' I made a hit, but got no pay. However, from that time on I was in demand as a clog and jig dancer at entertainments given by firemen, policemen, &c.

"Next I went to Buffalo and started on a hunt for work. I found a music hall and was hired at $5 a week to do five turns a day. That was my real start. After that I got a place on a regular variety bill. Since those days I have danced my way all over this world and I will likely dance my way into the next."

For twenty-five years Primrose was the dancing partner of the late William H. West. He used to love to tell of their early experiences.

"We had a strange way of learning new steps," he said one time. "Billy and I used to get a room with an old-fashioned bed in it whenever we hit a town. The bed had to have a foot-board—for a reason. After we'd get in it we'd practice new steps up against the foot-board. While one of us would whistle, four big, bare feet would twist about on the foot-board. It was a dandy way to get the steps down fine as we could see every move our feet made. I gave it up one winter when I froze a toe practising in a heatless hotel in Philadelphia."

Mr. Primrose knew all the famous minstrels from Dan Emmett down. In his early days he danced in a Chicago beer hall and the man who played the fiddle for him was Emmett, writer of "Dixie." It was after an exhibition in this place that he met Billy Emerson, his idol. Emerson said to him:

"My boy, if I had your feet and my pipes I wouldn't want anything better in this world."

It was shortly after his meeting with Emerson that Primrose ran across West. They joined forces and travelled all over the country. In 1877 Barlow and Wilson formed a minstrel partnership with Primrose and West and the result was the Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West troupe. When this firm dissolved Primrose went back with Haverly as a partner. He was with Haverly when he first met Billy Rice, who joined the Haverly show and remained with it five years.

Never, since 1877 until he went into vaudeville a few seasons ago, did George H. Primrose receive a salary. He was always the boss. He used to say he'd rather sell peanuts on a corner and have a chance of making money for himself, than to work for anybody else at a princely salary.

The organization known as Primrose & West's Minstrels was formed in 1889 and lasted until 1898. West always played the role of interlocutor and invariably in white face. The partners dissolved the firm by mutual consent. West launched William H. West's Minstrel Jubilee and Primrose formed a partnership with Lew Dockstader. The Primrose & Dockstader Minstrels were very successful for a number of years.

George Thatcher was at one time associated with Primrose in the minstrel business and so was George Wilson, if memory serves us aright. Later, George Wilson had his own show, as did Thatcher.

When Lew Dockstader, Jim Gorman, Al G. Field, Willis P. Sweatnam, McIntyre & Heath and George Wilson pass on it may be said that the last of the old time minstrels is gone.

Eugene Field once wrote a tribute to Jack Haverly and the old timers associated with him. The poet didn't mention them all, but he included quite a collection. One of those he overlooked was George H. Primrose, but the poem seems appropriate at the moment, nevertheless. It follows:

Jack Haverly, Jack Haverly, I wonder where
you are,
Are your fortunes cast with Sirius or 'neath
some kindly star?
How happens it we never see your wondrous
minstrel show,
with its apt alliterations, as we used to years
ago?
All the other aggregations that afflict these
modern times
Are equally unworthy of our prose and of our
rhymes;
And I vainly pine and hanker for the joys
that used to come
With the trumpet's ump-ta-ra-ra and the big
bass drum.

My father used to tell me (on the quiet) that
your show
Wasn't near as good as Christy's was some
forty years ago,
I'm certain he was prejudiced, and when MY
little boys
Beseech me to recount the best of all my
youthful joys,
I'll tell them of Jack Haverly and the silver
cornet band
That were the twin delights of every youngster
in the land,
And we flie around the sitting room and down
the hall we come
To the frenzied call of trumpets and a big bass
drum.

Tell 'em, too, of Arlington, George Thatcher,
Billy Rice,
Luke Schoolcraft, Billy Emerson, Bill Manning and Sam Price,
E. M. Hayne and the Gorman and that
lovely old way back—
Ben Cotton—Hughey Dougherty, the Boulding
and Pete Mack,
Cal Wagner, Willie Sweatnam, Charlie Backman, Billy West,
Lew Benedict, Mahedrown, Frank Cushman
and the rest—
Why, their antics and their finesse knocked
the blues to Kingdom Come,
With defiant ump-ta-ra-ra and the big bass
drum.

Jack Haverly, here's hoping that some bright
propitious star
Beams kindly down upon you, whenever's
your interests are,
For my heart is warm toward you for the joy
you gave me when
I was a little wandling tyke; and I were glad
again
To see you marching up the street with your
dusky knights of song.
By George! I'd heed the gang of hope that
whooped your way along.
And I'd stake my all our plaudits and anything
would overcome
The trumpet's ump-ta-ra-ra and the big bass
drum.

George H. Primrose should have been in that poem. When it was written he was the best soft-shoe dancer in the minstrel business, and even then, from one end of the land to the other, a familiar sight to theatregoers was Primrose gliding about the stage to the strains of "When the Moon Comes Up Behind the Hill."

MADE A HIT.

IKE—"The girl gave me an awful knock the other day."

Mike—How did it happen?

Ike—She sent me a letter on wrapping paper.—Detroit Free Press.

FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1919

Summer Girls of 1919

DIAGNOSED BY A DICKEY-BOY'S DIARY.

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

The Hammock Girl

FOR several days past I've seen a vision moored in the hammock on the Inn piazza. I persuaded one of the old porch dowagers to introduce me last night. She did it rather ungraciously because the dowagers are not quick enough to get the hammock any more since the vision arrived.

Vision's name is Helena. I called her Helena Vision, but she said "Call me 'Lainah.' That's how I like to be called by people I like."

I asked her, "Are all the seats in the hammock in the hands of the speculators now you are playing this end of the porch?" "No," she laughed, "matinees are not crowded, but for moonlight evenings seats are eight weeks in advance."

I immediately applied for the job of "chief hammock swinger."

"Lainah" must have some Italian blood, because she is so romantic. She refers to the hammock as her gondola, and when the moon is up she imagines she's in Venice. How do they get that way? A catty old dowager overheard her remark and suggested that the hammock was a canal-boat, and that I was mule pulling it.

At any rate, if I hope to keep my job as gondolier I'll have to wear a red sash and learn to sing "Funiculi-Funicula."

At present writing "Lainah" holds the hammock against all comers. It was made for her, being green, a good combination for her Titian hair.

TWO MINUTES OF OPTIMISM

By Herman J. Stich

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

"The Customer Is Always Right."

DISPUTATIOUSNESS throttles patronage, while verbal contention viciously prunes profits.

Wrangles and polemics check gains and chalk up irremediable losses. Unconsciously, prospects balk at controversial talk. Harmony and diplomacy are the most successful salesmen.

Argument and debate daily diminish sales. Points won are sorry consolation for business lost. "The customer is always right" was the motto and slogan that developed the largest department store in the world.

Sympathy and amity steadily turn the trick.