

ITALY SEEN THROUGH AMERICAN EYES.

Continued from ninth page.

argument that when on the Continent of Europe a man is intrusted with high office the first question always asked is as to his resources, and the knowledge that he is independent of its emoluments, and that either through inherited or self-acquired wealth or thanks to some profession other than politics he enjoys pecuniary independence, has the result of inspiring confidence, not only to the classes, but also to the masses. For while the former feel that he has vested interests like themselves to safeguard, the people at large feel assured that he is less likely to become the tool of some trust or of some corporation than if he was devoid of private means.

Far be it from me to argue that all legislators who have no income aside from that which they derive from the government are necessarily corrupt. This country in particular furnishes many striking and illustrious examples of men who have spent their entire political life at Washington, living well within their relatively small stipend, and so irreproachable in their dealings that no breath of suspicion has ever tarnished their fair name throughout their public career. But it is only by degrees that they acquired that confidence of their fellow citizens which proved the crowning glory of their political life, and at the outset thereof they were, like so many others, objects of distrust, curiosity being expressed as to what they expected to make out of their jobs. This indeed is an injury which is likely to be put in one form or another with regard to every man who adopts politics as a profession without having an independent means of livelihood. Does not the fact that it occurs demonstrate the sagacity of Dr. Hadley's advice, when he urges young men while fulfilling their duty as citizens to abstain from embarking upon a purely political career until they have an independent income of their own?

Then, too, there is always the feeling that the man who has achieved sufficient success in business to acquire pecuniary independence is likely to bring into the councils of the nation more valuable fruits of hard earned experience as regards both men and affairs than the politician pure and simple. The extent to which this is felt in this country was shown in a very conclusive manner in connection with the death of William C. Whitney, when scores of newspapers gave editorial voice to the popular feeling of regret that the wonderful talents which he displayed in business matters should have not been more freely given to the affairs of the nation.

EX-ATTACHE.

HE DIDN'T WANT TO BE PAINTED.

The director of the Corcoran Gallery of Art at Washington says that one day while on the way to their studios three young women pupils of the Art School maintained in connection with the institution named chanced upon an especially picturesque old darky. One of the young women, who had immediately perceived the artistic value of the old colored man, stopped him and asked:

"Would you like to make a little money?"
 "Yes, indeed, miss!" eagerly exclaimed the old fellow. "Whatcher want me to do?"
 "Just come with us. We'd like to paint you."

The aged negro hesitated a moment.
 "Oh," said the young woman who had accosted him, "it's very easy, and it won't take long."

"I wasn't thinkin' 'bout dat, missy," finally replied the old darky, "I was jest wonderin' how I gunner git de paint off!"

EVENING SERVICE FOR MORNING.

One of Senator Depew's stories is about a young man, a native of Peekskill, who just after being ordained returned thither in order that he might take charge of the morning service in the Episcopal church. The young clergyman was exceedingly nervous and got through the service with difficulty. After the service he said to one of the deacons:

"I was pretty nervous, yet I flatter myself that I managed to pull through without a mistake."

"Well, I'll admit that you did first rate," replied the deacon. "In fact, I'll say that the service couldn't have been better done; but," he added dryly, "this is the first time I've ever known the evening service to be given in the morning!"

A LIMIT TO THE DIVISION.

During a recent session of the House of Representatives Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio, arose in his place and intimated that the gentleman who had the floor was transgressing the limit of debate.

"I thought it was understood," said the offending member, "that the gentleman from Ohio divided his time with me."

"True," responded Mr. Grosvenor, grimly, "but I did not divide eternity with you!"

WAS WORTH THE MONEY.

John D. Rockefeller, while golfing one day, it is related, struck a ball which landed on his caddy's head.

To soothe the lad, Mr. Rockefeller gave him a two-dollar bill.

The boy's face lightened as he looked at the note.

"When will yer be playin' here again?" he said.

DISTRUSTED THE EPITAPH.

Gray was writing his elegy, "Written in a Country Churchyard."

"You see," he explained, "I notice that is where they always say the nicest things about a person."

Later, he went down to the village to get the true versions.

answered never a word, and, reconciled to disappointment, I settled to work upon a sketch; but presently he came from somewhere with a key the size of a crowbar, with which he unlocked the great front door, and together we went up the winding stone stairway and entered the principal apartment of the palace. It was vast in extent and lofty, and the three arches of the loggia framed a view fair as one of Pintoricchio's frescoes in the library of the Duomo. In the centre of the room two peasants were seated eating at a table, and a homely, sociable dog begged for the scraps.

The scene presented one of those dramatic contrasts of which Italy affords so many that they soon cease to be remarked, such as the steamboats (so alien to the spirit of the place), churning up and down the Grand Canal of Venice, Cook's tourists herded through the state

apartments of the Popes, old palaces converted into hotels, old churches into stables. I dismissed my ancient guide with the gift of a lira, and abandoned myself to the reflections which the place and circumstances suggested. Like the old man who had left me, Italy inhabits, as I were, an abandoned palace, and levies tribute from the representatives of that dominant civilization of aggressive industrialism which, ministering to every need of the mind and body, cannot produce a single necessity of the soul. Americans come to Italy impelled by a need which they themselves are often the last to understand—the need of wonder, mystery and beauty. They return laden with souvenirs and kodak negatives, and perhaps harboring some seeds of beauty which in the fresh soil of a new continent, unwatered by men's blood and women's tears, may take new root and put forth, some day, some rare blossom.



ART SPARED BY THE FLAMES.

A panel from "Barter with the Indians for Land in Southern Maryland."

(Copyright, 1902, by C. Y. Turner.)

The great fire in Baltimore last week fortunately swept around the Courthouse, thus sparing the mural paintings on its walls which are being executed by C. Y. Turner, of New York. On one wall the purchase of Southern Maryland is portrayed in a great frieze, sixty feet long, including the meeting of Leonard Calvert and the chief of the Yaocomco Indians. On the other wall another picture of similar size is now being completed, in which the burning of the tea ship *Peggy Stuart* is portrayed. The central panel, showing the ship in flames, is likely to have a new significance for all Baltimoreans.

What Willits Did.

When young Dr. Willits put out his brass plate in the exclusive Royal-ave. there were those who said it was utter folly. For young Willits was entirely dependent on his own exertions, having run through most of a small capital in the years that made up his medical course.

He was a thorough youth who believed that he needed Vienna and its schools at a time when all his advisers told him that he needed the beginnings of a practice. He took Vienna.

After two years there he was back in town, ready at last in his own mind to begin the practice of medicine.

Here again he found his critics. They said it behooved young Willits, in his almost penniless condition, to get a small hospital position or to go out in some rapidly growing suburb and make a quick start of some sort.

Cheap buildings were mentioned; partnerships were suggested. In the very teeth of his friends young Willits took a small but flawless West End apartment and waited for patients—waited because professional ethics forbid advertising.

He waited six months—nine months. Then he began to allow himself to wonder if, after all, those friends of his had been wise and he had been foolish.

He went out walking one afternoon simply because he could not stay indoors. On that afternoon he met for perhaps the seventeenth time in as many days Miss Ethel Wynne, a young woman of much beauty, whom he remembered in his dancing school days, and who evidently remembered him.

She greeted him this afternoon with a shade more cordiality than she had ever shown him before. She stopped the carriage and beckoned

to him, and in another moment he was whirling down the road beside her.

It was on this afternoon that Miss Wynne realized that the suit which Dr. Willits was wearing then was the identical one that he had worn on every one of the consecutive days of the last three weeks in which she had seen him.

Miss Ethel was a young woman of a logical bent, and she swiftly deduced the painful fact that it was the young doctor's only suit—a state of affairs which meant to her intolerable poverty.

Now, the Willitses were an old family which had all but died out, and in their day they had owned the very spot where the Wynnes' house stood at present. So Miss Wynne planned swiftly and executed with dispatch.

Paul Willits must be helped to speedy comfort—helped professionally, for, unfortunately, he was not a church, to be aided with a bazaar nor an orphan asylum, to be aided with a lawn fête.

The next day Dr. Willits received a sudden call to the Thrashers' home. That Miss Maude Thrasher was Miss Wynne's bosom friend he could not be expected to know. The Thrasher governess was ill, and Dr. Willits easily rose to the occasion.

That afternoon he was called to the Caldwell mansion, to prescribe for Miss Edith Caldwell's little dog, and Miss Edith held the strangely calm animal herself and eyed Dr. Willits with interest.

Those girls worked like Trojans. Dogs, governesses, all were grist, and when one day Corinne Bertram happened to put her wrist out of joint she was incoherently begged to do it again and send for Dr. Willits.

In six months' time Dr. Willits had been advanced, solely through the media of Miss Wynne's interested circle, from dogs to children, and from governesses to unimportant members of great families.

By the end of the year he was the Hon. of a select portion of Kensington. He had become the fashionable fad, professionally and personally. His practice was worth his time and much money, and his whole method of study and practice had become justified.

Then what did young Dr. Willits do? Not what he might have done. He went back to Vienna again—a trip made possible only because of the dogs and governesses that were thrown in his way—and he brought back with him the fair German girl who had waited for him all those years to enjoy the prosperity which he owed to—

Whenever Dr. Willits told the story he always called it simple luck.—(Illustrated Bits.)

WAYS OF FRENCH CLERKS.

How They Differ from the American Type.

Written for The Tribune by the wife of the American Consul at Rouen, France.

A stranger visiting France for the first time will probably be struck by learning that horse-flesh is served as beefsteak and that one must board a train from the side, but nothing will appear more remarkable than the methods of French clerks.

An American passing through Rouen some time ago remarked to me: "I lost sight of my baggage, which was sent on to Paris, and needed some handkerchiefs, but the clerk refused to sell less than twelve. He showed the same impoliteness when I asked for a collar. Why, not knowing how collars are numbered in France, what use had I for a dozen, which I might find too small or too large?"

I replied that later she would perhaps find the clerk quite right, and related to her the story of the shopper who, stopping in a dry-goods store, asked to be shown dress patterns suitable for winter wear. The clerk began on the lowest row of shelved compartments, and pulled out and opened box after box until the counter on either side of him was piled as high as his head with goods. Three times he climbed a ladder to the upper rows and staggered down under a weight of box patterns, until, when the woman took a survey of the shelves, but two patterns remained unopened. Then she said, very sweetly:

"I don't think I'll buy any to-day. I am sorry to have troubled you, but, you see, I only came in to look for a friend."

"No trouble whatever, madame," he replied, politely. "If you think your friend is in either of the remaining boxes, I will open them, too."

After a French clerk is known his manners are less abrupt. Why should he, or any other clerk, be expected to tear down half the stock to show to some one who never buys, and leaves without a "Thank you"? A person who does that is termed an "impolite passer through." In some American cities the clerk must not stand outside the front door, for fear that business may appear dull. When not selling he must be dusting or tearing down well arranged shelves and rearranging them, in order to appear busy; and never, upon any consideration, is he allowed to sit down. If in a furniture store the shopper admires designs of Louis XIV and Louis XVI equally well, and asks: "Do you think they would harmonize in the same room?" the poor fellow is expected to answer: "Oh, yes, madame! You see, there's only two years between them." But in France he is independent enough to laugh at a buyer who would ask such a question. He is not hired to make a sale, whether or no. If the article does not fit, if it is unsuitable, if it has any defect, he usually says so. He does this because French politeness, despite what many say, is more than skin deep.

Most stores here are small, with the father or mother as cashier, with son or daughter at school, and a hired clerk, whose hours are not early or late, and through whose hands no money is allowed to pass. The American counter, so far as Northern France is concerned, is unknown. All purchases are paid for at the desk of the proprietor, to whom, when a sale is effected, the clerk calls out the amount to be paid. An electric carriage for cash sales or the change of money is never seen, and a clerk who would cry "Cash!" expecting a boy to come, would be considered crazy. Goods are shown with a knowledge that a sale will be effected.

Foreigners entering a store are met with a smile, but when they depart without buying they receive only frowns. Some few stores have a notice, "Enter free." What would Americans think of a sign like that before a shop or drug store? The reason is that the entering of a store means a purchase.

As regards salary, the American salesman has more; but the Frenchman sits whenever he

BOOKBINDING

Plain and Artistic, in all Varieties of Leather.

HENRY BLACKWELL,

UNIVERSITY PLACE AND 10TH ST., NEW YORK.