Marie Dressler a Faun! Sure! In Mrs. Belmont's Suff Play

She Will Do a Real Ballet Russe Dance in Operetta to Be Given at the Waldorf-Astoria

THERE are several cures for melancholia in little old New York, but the most efficacious is Marie Dressler at Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's votes for women shop impersonating the faun in the Serge de Diaghileff Ballet Russe—the one that Magistrate McAdoo censored the other day.

Some may be inclined to ask what fauns have to do with suffrage and why Miss Dressler is adapting the Ballet Russe in a place that hitherto has been dedicated to speeches on the enfranchisement of women and the sale of books by Emmeline Pankhurst and other leaders of the cause. The answer is simple. The suffragettes want money with which to educate Congressmen to vote for the Susan B. Anthony amendment, and so Mrs. Belmont cabled to Elsa Maxwell, a California girl who was over in England writing songs about soldiers and singing them before the Queen—cabled to her:

"Come back and let us write a suffrage operetta and produce it at the Waldorf-Astoria."

Miss Maxwell came, and "Melinda and Her Sisters" was written. It is announced that Mrs. Belmont and Miss Maxwell collaborated, but just how they divided up the work is a sort of mystery. But there is one thing in the operetta that unmistakably is Mrs. Belmont's—the inspiration of the soapbox on which Marie Doro, the suffrage heroine, stands while she makes her speech in the last act. From the moment Miss Doro and the soapbox appear Miss Dressler, who is directing the rehearsals, drops into the background and Mrs. Belmont takes the reins.

But to return to the faun.

Of course the faun isn't in "Melinda and Her Sisters." Fancy a convinced suffragist like Mrs. Belmont putting a Ballet Russe faun into an operetta meant to show the right relation of men and women! No, the faun is just an idea of Marie Dressler's.

Since she took charge of the rehearsals Miss Dressler has just bubbled with ideas. She has so embroidered "Melinda and Her Sisters" with special features that there can be no doubt that Gov. Whitman and the rest of the box holders and seat holders at the Waldorf-Astoria on February 18—that's the great night—will get the worth of their money and then some. Not satisfied with coaching the cast and playing *Ma Pepper*, mother of the heroine, Miss Dressler decided to do a song and dance at the end of the first act, and so she said to Miss Maxwell:

"Hand me a good one, Elsa."

So Miss Maxwell sat down at the piano with pencil and paper and evolved a combined takeoff on Ibsen and Maeterlinck and the Ballet Russe and a few other modernities, and when Miss Dressler practises it at the afternoon rehearsals at 13 East Forty-first street Arthur Brisbane and Preston Gibson and Addison Mizner and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and the rest of the people who have dropped in to rehearse or look on double themselves up and shriek till, somebody declared, the statues on the front of the Public Library look down in mild surprise.

Be it stated for the good repute of suffrage that Miss Dressler's faun dance is perfectly proper. The Society for the Suppression of Vice couldn't possibly object to it—nobody could object to it, except maybe Mr. Diaghileff. Didn't he tell the critics that his faun was poetic grace and beauty incarnate, or something like that?

Rehearsals begin every day at 2 P. M. The rash persons who have undertaken to satisfy Miss Dressler in "Melinda and Her Sisters" are hammered into shape downstairs, while the debutantes and Florence Fleming Noyes, dancers who are to appear in the song and dance extras, skip and warble under the direction of Miss Maxwell and a long haired accompanist in the big room upstairs where Mrs. Belmont gave out soup and shoes and stockings to poor women last winter.

Preston Gibson, clubman and playwright, who has come over from Washington, D. C., to help the cause, is one of the first to appear. He strolls in with a bunch of violets in the buttonhole of his coat, looking sad and pensive. He is sad because he cannot remember his lines—at least that is his only reason till he begins to try to act *Pa Pepper* to Miss Dressler's *Ma Pepper*. Then she gives him several other reasons.

Miss Emmy Wehlen, who plays *Mollie Pepper*; Miss Dorothy Bigelow, who plays *Dollie Pepper*; Miss Ruth Cunningham and Miss Josephine Hall, who play *Mrs. Grundy* and *Mrs. Malaprop*, the village gossips, these and the rest of the cast trickle in gradually. The cast was originally made up of amateurs mostly, but one day Miss Dressler said that while these men and women in society are smart they need to learn something before they can shine behind the footlights, and art is long and her time was fleeting, and she didn't wish to go to a madhouse after February 18. Then professionals gradually appeared in the cast and the amateurs faded away or got walk-ons in the suffrage parade that ends the operetta.

The rehearsal opens with the scene between *Mrs. Grundy* and *Mrs. Malaprop* at the *Pepper* home in Oshkosh, whither they are invited to a party to celebrate the home coming of seven of the *Pepper* daughters, who have been abroad studying music and dancing and sculpture and so forth. Miss Cunningham, a tall girl who says she doesn't know how she got dragged into this comedy, because she always acted serious parts in London, and Miss Hall, a short woman in a mannish hat and coat, warm up to their parts and really quite fancy themselves in them; but their satisfaction is short lived. Miss Dressler's voice, kind but relentless, rings out.

"If you don't talk up better than that at the Waldorf," she says, "you're not going to get your points over to the audience. And more action, darlings! Do you suppose anything but action ever got me across the footlights? Say those lines about Melinda again, Jo, 'Where is Melinda; what's the disgrace about her?' and put in some action, do!"

Miss Hall obediently shoots across to an imaginary door to listen for her hostess, scuttles back to *Mrs. Grundy*, hisses her question in the latter's ear, and looks, panting, at Miss Dressler for approval. Miss Dressler sweeps her aside and does the bit herself, the floor creaking, and instantly everybody visualizes *Mrs. Pepper* around the corner, and *Mrs. Malaprop's* horror lest she has overheard.

Mrs. Belmont listens with an approving smile to the gossip of Mrs. *Grundy* and *Mrs. Malaprop*, for it was her own idea to have the operetta a social satire as well as suffrage propaganda. The gossip ranges from a discussion of their hostess's hair—*Mrs. Grundy* maintaining that it cannot be the color it looks, because "a woman's hair never tells the truth; it is the thing to have it the color of the dog she is wearing"—to criticism of the way their host made his money. *Mrs. Malaprop* lays down many moral axioms, as that "the wife who spends much time with her husband is declassic," &c.; but this scene is interrupted by the entrance of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Pepper*.

Mr. Gibson doesn't know his lines, but he substitutes thing-gummy and whachacallit and er-ah for the words and gets along. Miss Dressler has to read her own lines, holding the script with one hand while she admonishes Mr. Gibson with the other.

"Action, Pressy, dear!" she implores. "Begin again—'but, my dear'——"

"But, my dear, with whom should a thing-gum-bob—wife—spend her evenings if not with her husband?"

Miss Dressler turns a roguish eye upon him. "Pressy, you ask me that?" she murmurs; and the room rocks with merriment, while Mr. Gibson blushes above his violets.

Miss Ruth Cunningham, Miss Josephine Hall and E. W. Morrison reading the manuscript of the play.

Anxiety now possesses all, because the butler is not there to announce *Dr. Doolittle* and *Mayor Doolcss* and other guests, who can be seen behind a screen, more than ready to take their cues and burst upon the festive scene. Suspense ends as Mrs. Belmont throws open the door and pushes in Addison Mizner. Miss Dressler falls upon Mr. Mizner, saying she doesn't see, Addy, why people can't be on time. Mr. Mizner wipes his perspiring brow and apologizes.

"Marie," he pleads, "I was earning my dam bread 'n' butter."

Miss Dressler forgives him, because he makes such a capital butler. He does the English butler act with a simple impressiveness that wrings from her the encomium:

"Addy, if you get tired of architecture and I can ever afford to keep a butler I'll be glad to give you a job."

The rehearsal moves on to the sound of tapping feet and singing upstairs, where Miss Maxwell, swinging an imaginary baton with one hand, playing the piano with the other, singing, directing, adjuring, all at once, is giving an example of resistless energy equal to Miss Dressler's.

More people arrive. Jack Dalton, Miss Dressler's husband, drops in to see how his wife is standing it. Miss Dressler isn't up to her usual form, for a cabman broke two of her fingers in his cab door, and besides she says she has a weak heart. Now and then she stops with a worried expression and counts her pulse and everybody looks anxious, but she is at it again the next minute.

The rehearsal moves on. The seven Pepper girls, with the names they have acquired abroad, Atalanta, Sappho, &c., arrive with their friends. And then *Melinda*, whom her mother has disowned because she is a suffragist, bursts upon the scene. Clinging to her skirts are little factory children, to protect whom she asks the vote. After her march, with suffrage flags, Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, Mrs. Harry Oelrichs, Miss Maud Kahn and Miss Barbara Cushman and Miss Marion Tiffany and a score of others.

Melinda—Miss Doro—carries a soap box. That is to say it is a sort of astral soap box, because the one she will carry at the Waldorf is being made into a soap box de luxe with yellow flowers in water colors by a Fifth avenue firm of decorators. She deposits the astral soap box on the stage, up centre, and mounts it, while Mrs. Belmont issues staccato directions.

"Put the soap box further back. No, forward. Don't get on it now. Wait till your father has embraced you——"

Miss Doro obeys, deferring to Mrs. Belmont's superior knowledge in soap boxes. She begins her suffrage speech.

Alas and alack! that with the entrance of the big eyed little star "Melinda and Her Sisters," clever and sparkling up to that, should fall flat. It is no fault of Miss Doro's. But——

When is a play not a play?

When it is a little sermon.

Copyright, Underwood & Underwood.

Addison Mizner, Miss Elsa Maxwell and Miss Marie Dressler.

"AFTER SKATIN', RASSLIN'"—A PROPHECY

THIS is phophecy. For mask manufacturers, Poles, skating instructors, mat makers and surgeons it is of the greatest import.

Chance gave me the key to the Delphic temple. Professional peerers into the seeds of time will scoff at this soothsaying essay of mine as the work of a mere amateur. Let them. What correspondence school taught Habakuk scientific prophecy? At what business college did Cassandra learn efficient prefiguring?

Chance in my case was embodied in the vague form of Alstyne van der Wyck Blithers, corresponding secretary of the Society of the Sons of the Survivors of the Alamo (a most frightfully exclusive organization, by the way). Blithers had been dining. I ran into him as he swayed into me in front of the society's building. He held me by the lapel and then and there in the otherwise deserted street hissed into my ears these portentous and seemingly cryptic words:

"After skatin', rasslin'."

I lowered him tenderly into the subway and thought nothing more of the occurrence until I was safe in bed about to sink into my customary resounding slumber. Like a flash the tremendous meaning of that message came to my otherwise deserted brain. "After skatin', rasslin'." I saw it all! How strange that out of a city of six million people this awful intelligence from the upper strata should be entrusted to my humble and undeserving ears.

Yet after all, what more natural than the Revival of Rassling? Everything favors its enthusiastic indorsement by society. In the first place, like the tango, rassling springs from comparatively humble sources. Any low pressman will tell you that no Hungarian christening is complete that omits rassling between the father of the christened and at least two of his male guests. Bellevue Hospital ambulances are nightly filled with all too zealous devotees of the sport. Of course the fact that knives and beer bottle necks have occasionally been pressed into service does not confound the student of the Origins of Rassling. These are but meaningless by-products of an essentially vigorous sport.

We have then a fad with just enough of the tang of the lowly to give it the necessary quaint flavor. There is yet another feature to recommend it. Once more like the tango, rassling, or at any rate its chief exponent, comes to us from out of the progressive West. For those who lately saw the lithe limbs of Mr. Joe Stecher, Nebraskan Lochinvar, twine anacondalike around the stout trunks of his helpless victims there was the same ecstatic thrill as assailed them the first time they saw Vernon and Irene at the tango, back in the good, old ante-bellum days.

But it was not until the Western "aspirant for the world's wrestling championship," as the stolid press agent put it—deigned to grant an interview to a woman reporter that the full possibilities of rassling as the Next Fad broke upon Blithers and his delighted fellow Olympians. Up to that time, despite the fact that some one hundred and ninety thousand men, women and exultant small boys had paid real money to behold completely consonanted Czechs fling one another about an opera house, our fad makers had felt that rassling might possibly lack that appeal to the feminine heart that made dancing and skating so popular.

Mr. Mr. Stecher stilled that doubt by his first words reverently inscribed for posterity by the human interest sister.

"Sure ladies should rassle," Mr. Stecher had said. "I have learned my sister a lot of holds."

Of course no one can say to a day when the side rollers with their mats will drive the Dutch rollers from their tear thawed rinks. It may not be until Mi-Careme. It may not be until the heading "Post-Lenten Activities Begin" takes its stand at the top of the Society Page. But come it will. Take Blithers's word for it.

From our knowledge of the development of the Modern Dance and the Skating Craze it is simplicity itself to trace the future progress of Society Rassling. The effetely powdered floor of the cabaret will be hidden 'neath the grim mats of the professionals. For a time Society will content itself with watching the nightly bouts between the Saxon Sisters or the Boer Brothers. But soon mere onlooking will pall.

Some fine night, inspired by the lights and the music, Mrs. Bawlanbe-broke Fotheringay will arise and pin the shoulders of the head waiter to the floor with a double reverse hammerlock and the Next Fad will be officially removed from the hands of trade. Then into every ballroom will swarm a devastating horde of carpenters. Tapestries will be effaced by heavy pads; galleries for the onlookers will march triumphantly about the walls. Then you may expect to read fresh from the typewriter of the socio-sporting writers such items as this:

"A charming rasselrie for the benefit of the Association for the Moral Uplift of the Kurds was held last evening at the palatial residence of Mrs. Sharpe N. Axe. The gymnasium was delightfully decorated with festoons of Indian clubs intertwined with blooms of dragon's-blood. The receiving line carried bouquets of mingled dumbbells and chestweights.

"Rassling commenced at 10 o'clock and it was long after midnight before a dainty supper of mixed grills served on the famous Axe skull plates was enjoyed by all.

"The hostess started the evening's gayety with her customary grace by throwing the Domino Devil in 5 minutes 15 seconds. Mrs. Axe secured a half-nelson before the bout was a minute old and wore down her opponent by her clever attrition tactics.

"One of the most brilliant exhibitions of the season was given by Miss Violet Shrink in the All-Comers catch-as-catch-can event. Miss Shrink throwing six of her antagonists in an equal number of minutes.

"One unfortunate incident marred the pleasure of an otherwise ideal evening. Mr. Mawking Mokes, the well known Blowing Stone Club welterweight, became so enthused by the sport that in a playful moment he attempted to throw Michael J. Mahoney, 35 years old, a caterer's assistant of 1316 Third avenue.

"It was said at the Roosevelt Hospital late last night that there is every hope of Mr. Mokes's early recovery.

"The cards for Mrs. Axe's affair read as follows:

Mrs Sharpe N. Axe

Requests the pleasure of your company

at her residence on Friday evening.

P R R T* R S V P.

(*Please Bring Rassling Trunks.)

"It is understood that sufficient money was contributed as a result of the successful rasselrie to pay for the support of two missionaries to work among the needy Kurds."

A. Carnegie, Phrase Maker, Laird of Skibo's New Role

Epigrams of Philosopher of Big Business, One for Every Day of Leap Year, Put Into a Book

THE country has known the little gray laird of Skibo in many guises. As the iron master, as the builder of libraries, as the Maecenas of arts and letters, as the patron of colleges, as the protagonist of world peace, as the friend of heroes and superannuated ministers and as a quaint moralist on all things mundane the name of Andrew Carnegie has long been a household word.

His ambition to die poor and his Quixotic tilting at the windmills of English orthography have been widely heralded. His race with another well known captain of industry in the dispensing of millions has been marked up with all the eclat of a great sporting event. In fact, the public thought it knew its Carnegie in all his various and picturesque phases.

Comes now Margaret Barclay Wilson in an ornate volume bearing the title "A Carnegie Anthology," privately printed, and presents the Iron Master in an entirely new and unsuspected role, that of a sort of Scotch American La Rochefoucauld, a maker of deftly turned phrases, a moulder of sharpened steel shafts of wit and wisdom rather than of steel billets.

Of course Carnegie the phrase maker has been with us all the time and all that his literary reflector has done has been to collate from his written and spoken words the white meat of wisdom. And how extensive the activities of the phrase maker of Skibo have been, the wide range of interests he has fathered and of topics he has discussed is evidenced more pointedly than in the La Rochefoucauldisms themselves by their collector's acknowledgments of their sources. The institutions before which Mr. Carnegie has spoken and the publications in which he has written seem to grow, before the end of the page and a half of acknowledgments is reached, into a directory of the educational and eleemosynary institutions, the magazines and newspapers of America.

The volume is illustrated with photographs of a number of the institutions that Mr. Carnegie has endowed or aided, with a camera record of his diversified activities and with an astonishing number of photographs, paintings and sculptured busts and statues of the phrase maker himself.

The form in which the collection is presented is unique in that it is virtually a Carnegie Calendar with an appropriate Carnegieism for every day in the year and an extra measure, on the deplorable misfortune of being a millionaire, for February 29. The volume is, in fact, so the editor states, a development from a little typewritten "Carnegie Yearbook," which she compiled and presented to Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie, her friends of many years standing, in 1898.

But meanwhile the reader is patiently waiting for his portion of the white meat and, disregarding the calendar, the feast cannot better begin than with the above mentioned aphorism for Leap Year Day. Mr. Carnegie's friends will apply Mr. Kipling's disclaimer that the Laird of Skibo "does not sing of personal and private things."

February 29—"Wealth lessens rather than increases human happiness. Millionaires who laugh are rare. The deplorable family quarrels which so often afflict the rich generally have their rise in sordid differences about money. The most miserable of men, as old age approaches, are those who have made money making their god; like flies bound to the wheel, these unfortunates fondly believed they were really driving it, only to find, when tired and craving rest, that it is impossible for them to get off, and they are lost—plenty to retire upon but nothing to retire to."—*Problems of To-day.*

Then, skipping chronologically through the pages, the following Carnegieisms catch the eye:

January 8—"Dealing with petty affairs tends to make small men; dealing with larger affairs broadens and strengthens character."—*The Gospel of Wealth.*

January 10—"No man is a true gentleman who does not inspire the affection and devotion of his servants."—*Problems of To-day.*

January 17—"A chaperon's duties—are often most successfully performed by a wise and salutary neglect."—*An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.*

January 20—"It is no argument against a gospel that it is not lived up to; indeed, it is an argument in its favor, for a gospel must be higher than the prevailing standard. It is no argument against a law that it is broken; in that disobedience lies the reason for making and maintaining the law; the law which is never to be broken is never required."—*Gospel of Wealth.*

January 23—"The only point the wise man guards is not to make the same mistake twice; the first time never counts with the successful man. He both forgives and forgets that. One difference between the wise man and the foolish one!"—*James Watt.*

January 31—"The never to be forgotten truth is that huge fortunes, so far as their owners are concerned, are as useless as the Star and Garter are to their possessors, and not so ornamental; and * * * these fortunes cannot give their owners more out of life worth having than is secured by a competence so modest that men beginning as workers can, with health, ability and sobriety win it for old age. —*Problems of To-day.*

February 13—"Your always busy man accomplishes little, the great doer is he who has plenty of leisure."—*An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.*

February 14—"Life must not be taken too seriously. It is a great mistake to think that the man who works all the time wins in the race. * * * I attribute most of my success in life to the fact that, as my partners often say, trouble runs off my back like water from a duck."—*The Empire of Business.*

March 2—"All real reformers are cranks in their day. Pym, Hampden, Cromwell were, and John Bright himself was a very pronounced one till he brought the nation up to his level."—*Triumphant Democracy.*

March 4—"There is one difference between the parties in the republic—the one is in and the other is out."—*Some Facts About the American Republic.*

March 10—"'Stick to your last' is only fit for monarchical countries, where people believe in classes."—*An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.*

March 18—"Socialism versus Individualism is the race between the hare and the tortoise over again. Individualism—the tortoise—has found and kept the path upon which it has made and is making steady progress upward. * * * The hare has not yet made a start. It remains just where it was years ago, frisking round a circle."—*Problems of To-day.*

March 23—"Labor, Capital and Ability are a three legged stool. There is no first, second or last. There is no precedence! They are equal members of the great triple alliance which moves the industrial world."—*Problems of To-day.*

March 25—"The pleasure of walking should rank as one of the seven distinct pleasures of existence, and set I have some friends who know nothing of it."—*An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.*

April 8—"People never appreciate what is wholly given to them so highly as that to which they themselves contribute."—*An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.*

April 30—"'I never regard trifles,' says the so-called practical man. Neither would the philosopher, if he were not so wise as to know that mortals have no means of divining what is a trifle in the mysterious drama of life." —*William Chambers—An Address.*

Mr. Carnegie lets us into the secret of his own business success in much that he writes. Thus in the quotation for May 7 he confesses:

"I was never quite reconciled to working for other people. At the most, the railway officer has to look forward to the enjoyment of a stated salary, and he has a great many people to please; even if he gets to be president he has sometimes a board of directors who cannot know what is best to be done; and even if this board be satisfied he has a board of stockholders to criticise him, and as the property is not his own he cannot manage it as he pleases. I always like the idea of being my own master, of manufacturing something and giving employment to many men." *The Gospel of Wealth.*

May 19—"You cannot push any one up a ladder unless he be willing to climb a little himself." —*The Empire of Business.*

May 20—"It seems to me it is not God but men who are disposed to make the path so very thorny."—*An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.*

May 27—"It is the stagnant pool of Contentment, not the running streams of Ambition, that breeds disease in the body social and political."—*The Gospel of Wealth.*

June 1—"No doctor like Doctor Golf—his cures as miraculous as those sometimes credited to Christian Science, minus its unknown and mysterious agencies, which are calculated to alarm prudent people."—*Dr. Golf, The Independent.*

June 3—"Two women, my mother and my wife, have made me all that I am."—*The Founder's Visit.*

June 11—"Put all your eggs in one basket, and then watch that basket." —*The Empire of Business.*

July 28—"The Englishman regards every new question as a bogy, and has to be lead up quietly to the object, and accustomed to it before he can be driven on."—*The Gospel of Wealth.*

August 3—"It may fairly be said that no man is to be extolled for doing what he cannot help doing, nor is he to be thanked by the community to which he only leaves wealth at death. —*The Gospel of Wealth.*

Not until August 26 is the reader treated to a Carnegieism in the characteristic Carnegie orthography. Mr. Carnegie is speaking of his dearly beloved Scotch game.

"Not the least of its virtues is its power to affect the temper and especially the tung. We hav only to remain silent to produce unusual results."—*Dr. Golf, The Independent.*

And Carnegie the fisherman crops up only three days later:

August 29—"It was Izaak Walton I believe, who when asked what he considered the most thrilling sensation in life answered that he supposed it was the tug of a thirty pound salmon. Well, that was not a bad guess. I have taken the largest trout of the season on bonnie Loch Leven, have been drawn over Spirit Lake in Iowa in my skiff for half an hour by a monster pickerel, and have played with the speckled beauties in Dead River. It is glorious; making a hundred thousand is nothing to it."—*An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.*

Sept. 2—"The workman who rejoices in his work and laughs away its discomforts is the man sure to rise, for it is what we do easily, and what we like to do, that we do well."—*The Empire of Business.*

Sept. 18.—"A great man settles things; a small one nibbles away at petty reforms."—*An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.*

Sept. 20—"One man or woman who succeeds in living comfortably by begging is more dangerous to society, and a greater obstacle to the progress of humanity, than a score of words socialists."—*The Gospel of Wealth.*

Sept. 26—"It is not the submerged but the swimming tenth that can be steadily and rapidly improved by the aid of their fellows. The former should be the special care of the State, and should be isolated."—*Problems of To-day.*

Sept. 29—"As far as I have known millionaires, the library is the least used part of what he would probably consider 'furniture' in all his mansion."—*The Empire of Business.*

Oct. 12—"Never speculate. The man who gambles in stocks in Wall Street is not more capable than he who gambles at Monte Carlo; but he has much less sense, because the chances between winning and losing are not as equally divided in New York as at the regular gambling establishments. —*Wealth and Its Uses—Lecture at Union College.*

Oct. 26—"Without imagination and something of the romantic element little great or valuable is to be done in any field. He 'runs his business' as if it were a romance,' was said upon one occasion. The man who finds no element of romance in his occupation is to be pitied."—*James Watt.*

Nov. 3—"The name philanthropist is a very dubious one to apply to any one. * * * It usually means a man who has more money than sense."—*Speech at the Lotos Club Dinner, January 27, 1900.*

Nov. 11—"Jewels are to women what wine is to man—not recommended till after 40, and a poor help at any age." —*Round the World.*

Nov. 29—"I always pity the sons and daughters of rich men, who are attended by servants, and have governesses at a later age, but am glad to remember that they do not know what they have missed."—*The Gospel of Wealth.*

That Mr. Carnegie's attitude toward peace does not comprehend peace at any price may be gathered from the following:

Dec. 3—"That it is every man's duty to defend home and country goes without saying. We should never forget, however, that which makes it a holy duty to defend one's home and country also makes it a holy duty not to invade the country and home of others; a truth which has not hitherto been kept in mind. The more's the pity, for in our time it is one to be bent upon the thoughtful peace-loving men to remember."—*A League of Peace—Lord Rector's Address at the University of St. Andrews.*

Dec. 29—"If all is not well, we are coming well. In this faith we live, in peace."—*Round the World.*

And for the year's final day:

Dec. 31—"This is man's world, earth, one of development towards a more perfect day; nothing yet finished, but all growing better through strenuous exertions. 'Rest and thankful' is for another existence." —*Problems of To-day.*

NEW YORK'S SCIENTIFIC KITE FLYERS

TWENTY-TWO stories above Forty-second street and Broadway is a workshop which would delight the heart of a boy. In it a dummy aviator and his flimsy aeroplane hang from the ceiling, the kites of every kind are stacked around the walls, dangling from improvised rafters and protruding importantly from corners.

From 2 o'clock in the afternoon until 10 o'clock at night, weather permitting, which means in this case that the wind must be blowing, two men are engaged in making these kites carry advertisements of everything from hair tonic to a medical college over Broadway's crowds. Because the nature of kites is to fly and the nature of human beings is to stare at anything new these two men are making money in the only business of its kind in the world.

Both are former balloonists, which explains why they get their inspiration from the upper air. Two years ago they tired of going up in balloons and coming down almost anywhere on a'most anything. On one particularly discouraging day they amused themselves by sending up a balloon with a dummy and parachute.

When the balloon was pretty high they pulled a cord and the dummy dropped with the parachute. That gave them an idea—a twentieth century advertising idea.

"It'll make 'em gaze for hours!" exclaimed one of them. "Just get enough kites in the air to send out a dummy and a banner or two on the cord and we'll have 'em standing dumb like sheep. Why, it's got all the other kinds of advertising beaten to a frazzle. No one is forced to look at one of these ordinary sign boards, but believe me, they've got to look at our dummy or we'll drop it on their heads!"

Scientific kite flying above the Great White Way by Frank Seyfang and J. H. Willis is the result. Kite flying from narrow, dizzy footings on the very edge of skyscrapers and in the treacherous and exasperating air currents that swirl and shift around the high buildings requires the kind of nerve that former balloonists possess.

"The principal thing we're trying to do now—in fact, we've been trying to do it ever since we started this advertising trick—is to keep from falling on the unsuspecting heads of people twenty-two stories below," said Seyfang the other day as he held on to twenty square feet of kite on a roof twelve feet square. "Yesterday a puff of wind caught a big five footer I had out and nearly spilled me. Before I could wink an eye I was dragged to the very edge of this roof. If Willis hadn't come along—well, kite flying has its thrills, you can bet!"

It takes from five to eight Malay kites flying at an altitude of from 1,000 to 5,000 feet high to pull hard enough on the cable to launch a big banner and the dummy aviator and his machine. The kites are put out one by one and are allowed to climb into the ethereal blue until the cord registers a tension of a dozen pounds or more. Then the dummy is loosened and also the advertising banners.

Sometimes when everything is going along nicely and Willis is about to light his pipe, the wind suddenly veers, the cable gets caught and the kites shoot upward and then perpendicularly downward to what looks to be certain destruction. How can the whole lot—kites and dummy and aeroplane and banners—be saved? That is when science comes in!

In such an emergency the two men pull in cord fast enough to get their kites within arms' reach before they fall. If arms can't work fast enough they have a windlass and when that gets in action—well, they have never lost a kite, although the dummy and six big Malays settled in a Central Park tree not long ago.

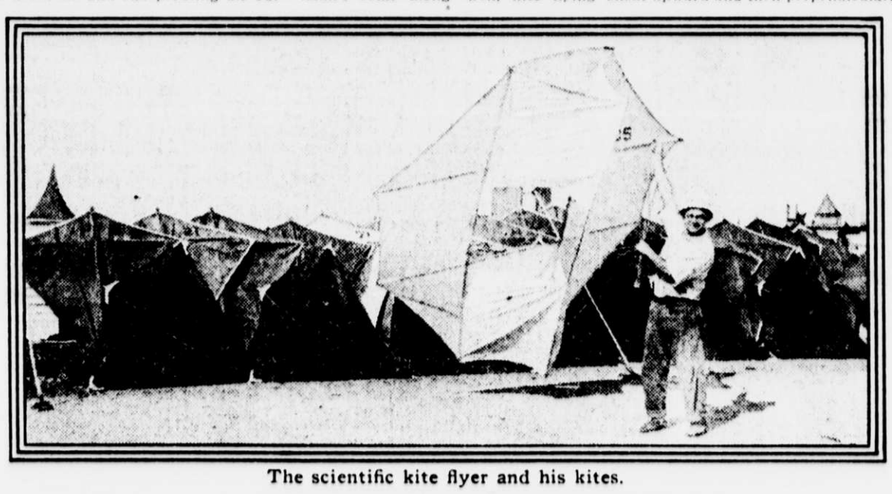
And then these two air romancers don't need a south wind to fly their kites due north. By deftly manipulating the kite bridle they can accomplish this in a west wind. They can also do it by shortening the right lead rope and tacking, as if they were sailing a boat.

Furthermore, they know just what kind of kite matches the wind. It doesn't take a very strong breeze for a Malay, but let that breeze hop along at thirty miles an hour and the little Malay will go round in circles and finally if not diligently watched dash its wood and cloth brains against some adjoining building. Yes, kite flying as Seyfang and Willis do it is scientific.

Willis, who is something of a philosopher when his pipe is lit, thinks that kites are like human beings.

"Take a look at those Malays flying up there," he said. "They look like a harmless bunch of kites, don't they? Well, just let that little kite devil on the very end start his crazy gymnastics and you'll see how quick he'll throw off the whole bunch.

"He's a funny kite, that No. 6. When he's flying best you've got to watch him closest. He's always ready to make trouble behind your back. The other day he was flying peacefully when he got the idea in his fool head that he would break up the meeting. He did that and more. He shot up and shot down and shot everywhere until the other kites began to do the same. Of course we had to pull in the lot to save them, but there wasn't a thing the matter with any of them."



The scientific kite flyer and his kites.

HOBBLED GERMANS

FRENCH official photographs of the battle of Champagne include a picture that may explain why escapes of German prisoners are seldom heard of. The explanation is that they don't escape because they couldn't run if they tried.

The photograph shows a French soldier performing the escort of German prisoners a situation that seems to prevent their cutting their suspenders. The following translation of the legend accompanying the picture speculates for French ingenuity and perhaps for German modesty:

"The best way to prevent prisoners from escaping is to cut their suspenders. A man whose pants threaten to slip down and get tangled up with his legs cannot run far, since his hands are employed holding up his indispensables. The German prisoners have their suspenders severed as soon as they are caught."