THE SOUL OF CROESUS

BY GERALD VILLIERS-STUART.

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CHAPTER XV—Continued.

Beginning life as clerk in a shoe store, he exhibited such zeal that after a few years his aged employer took him into partnership; then he worked up a pretext and threw the concern into the hands of a receiver, he being appointed receiver. In a few months he was able to put the business up for sale, and buy it in. He next organized all the shoe stores of the town into a little trust, and built a factory, and that was the nucleus of the United States Boot and Shoe Trust, which, combined with a leather trust, gave them a monopoly of the business. Bulpitt had organized it all, and was president. He had become great by dint of always getting angrier than the other man, and knowing whom to kick. But it was not by tact, but ruthless force, that he had broken through the crowd at the bottom of the ladder and reached the top, where there is always room—for those who can get there. However, he had a great reputation for always getting his own way and for the possession of dynamic force.

Vandraken was much surprised to see Mr. Bulpitt deposit his ponderous form in a chair before going through the usual formulae of salutation. He regarded the big, puffing gentleman with curiosity mingled with the contempt of the thin for the fat. Bulpitt, on his part, gazed fiercely at Vandraken through protruding eyes, resting the backs of his hands on his widespread thighs.

"What can I do for you to-night, Mr. Bulpitt?" said the young man, genially, wishing to put him at his ease.

Mr. Bulpitt waved a heavy forefinger in a hypnotic gesture of command. "Sit down, young man! Sit down right there!" and he indicated a chair in front of him.

In his astonishment, Vandraken sat down. "You—you have a letter of introduction, I believe, Mr. Bulpitt?"

The big man produced a letter from a wallet and reached it over to Vandraken, keeping a suspicious eye on him as he read it, and puffing at intervals.

"This letter gives no reason for the introduction," said Vandraken, looking up from it. "What can I do for you"

"Come back to America with me?" replied Mr. Bulpitt, abruptly, in his domineering voice. "Come back to where you belong. That's what I want with you, young man!"

"Come back to America! What are you—a detective?"

"Detective nothing! I am president of the United States Boot and Shoe Corporation—what the papers call a captain of industry."

"Look here!" said the young man, beginning to lose his temper. "I wish you would get industrious minding your own business. I don't allow any man to take the tone with me you are taking."

Vandraken had, of course, met some of the great captains of industry in New York, but they had all been of the suave, polished type. This was his first experience of the self-made, rough-diamond kind, and he did not know how to take him. "I suppose my uncle sent you on this delicate mission?" he added.

"No, sir," replied the big man, pompously. "I am a committee of one, representing the Society of Industrial Corporation Presidents. At a meeting of the society, held two weeks ago, it was unanimously decided that the life you are living is a menace to the existence of concentrated wealth. The American people are getting aroused—they are rearing up on their hind legs, and, if they start, something will give. I suppose, young man, you read the American papers?"

"Read the papers!" answered Vandraken, scornfully. "Does a man read his own obituary notices?"

"If you don't read the papers how can you know what you are doing? That makes you more dangerous even than we had figured on." Mr. Bulpitt made a note in a little book. "The long and short of it is, that while your morals are no concern of ours, the effect of your morals is very much our concern."

Vandraken opened his mouth as if to speak, but the big man silenced him with his fat forefinger. "You let me make my 'spiel.' When I've finished, you'll be given an opportunity to say your little say."

To Bulpitt and his type, all rich young men who did not work in offices were "dudes," and dudes were young men who had no force of character, and young men who had no force of character were best treated like children: given their orders, and told not to ask questions. Bulpitt had a son who had tried, ineffectually, to be a dude, but Bulpitt rounded him up, and had him caged in an office. So he thought he knew how to handle Vandraken's case. "But when I've said my say, young man, I calculate there won't be much left to you to say."

Vandraken lit a cigarette, to annoy his visitor. "Go ahead, Mr. Bulpitt. You begin to interest me."

The big man glared at him. "It's just this: the American people aren't really down on trusts and big fortunes; they know well enough that the men who are making them are only themselves as they would like to be. We hired one of the biggest novelists of the day, a psychological expert he called himself, to figure out just how much the people would stand, and it comes to this: as long as we represent what he called the American spirit, it's all right. The peoples of the East and the peoples of the West are kindred spirits, according to his report. The Oriental, he claims, don't mind the High-muck-a-muck and his grand vizier having all the wealth of the country, because any donkey-boy may become vizier, and any donkey-boy's daughter may become the mother of the next High-muck-a-muck. 'Tain't likely, but it's possible. Well, same way in America. It's all an elegant gamble, and what's a gamble without long shots and big odds? All we got to do, this novelist figured, was to let the people win just once in a while, like the confidence men do. That's why we started off the metal trust with a laboring man for president, at a salary of a million a year. We had to thank the novelist for that idea. I tell you, some of them novelists ain't such fools as I used to think. The laboring men craned their necks so hard looking up at that president, they ain't never looked down since.

"Well, sir, we hired this novelist to make a report on you, and he says if we don't suppress you, the American people will suppress us. 'We,' he says, 'are only the people themselves carried to extremes, but you are us carried to extremes, and at least one generation ahead of the game.' The American people ain't ready for you yet, and they see in you themselves as they may become if they don't take a tumble to themselves. And rather than come to that, they will save themselves by kicking over the machine that has ground you out." He puffed a little and got his breath again. "And that's why I've come to take you back to the United States, and set you to work at the only game fit for a man—the game of dollar-making. You'll take to it easier than you think; and if you buy the people a few buff-brick churches, with Sunday school attachments, and a few pink-stone colleges to grind out divinity students for the same, it will make you square with the people who have started this howl. You may have to throw in a few libraries for those who don't go to church, but throw 'em in right—don't just give the site and the dedication stone, and leave the taxpayers to do the rest—that won't go any more. Give the whole durned thing—books, building, and endowment fund. Buy a hell-for-leather race horse, and pay the papers to advertise it; there's nothing so democratic as a good trotting horse. That will set you right with another section of the community.

"Of course"—here he lowered his voice—"we ain't going to ask you to specially alter your morals; there's nothing unreasonable about the American people. But there's a moral way of being immoral, and there's an immoral way of being immoral. It's the damned openness of your methods we object to. When a man has big wads of money, it naturally attracts women to tempt him a bit, and a busy man hardly has time to resist temptation." Mr. Bulpitt licked his lips, and his eyes watered. "As long as a man keeps a wife and family, and don't stint them in diamonds and sealskins—what if he does have a few friends in the localities where his business takes him? But you are devoting your life to this sort of business, and ain't making no decent concealment, except in your face. You look like an innocent cherub." Mr. Bulpitt glanced at Vandraken enviously. "I don't know how you manage it—but that ain't the point. The point is, you have got to come right back to the States with me and square yourself and us with the American people, before they do something ugly."

"Is that the end of your 'spiel?'" asked Vandraken, calmly, "or are you merely pausing for breath?" Mr. Bulpitt was amusing. He looked at him indulgently.

"Well! ain't it enough?" replied the big man, in the tone of a lawyer who rests his case.

"Quite! But as you have finished, there is one question I would like to ask you. How do you propose to get me back to America?"

Mr. Bulpitt began to swell up again. "You don't mean to say you think you can set up your little boy's-size will against the decisions of the Society of Industrial Corporation Presidents, represented by Obed K. Bulpitt, commonly called O. K. Bulpitt, because he never loses? If you think you can do that, you are badly mistaken, and the sooner you find it out the better. Why—damn it!—we've made the whole American nation dance to our music, and you needn't think you can stand out against us—not for a moment, young man—not for a moment, even if you have got your pa's money at your back! You want to know how we propose to make you come to time? Well, I'll tell you. We'll turn loose the billions we control against you, and we'll depreciate your investments till that two hundred millions gets to look like a last year's $5 bill. We'll hang up the dividends on the stock of everything you are invested in. If you don't do as we want, we will smash you so fine that it won't matter to us whether you live in America or hell. We'll——"

But at this point Vandraken lost his temper. His dark eyes began to look red. He got up and stood in front of Mr. Bulpitt, very close to him, and held up his hand for silence. The big man threw himself back in his chair, with his mouth open.

"You want me to come back to America, do you? Well, I'll come, and you can tell this to your gang—that it will be a bad day for them when I do come. I have got about three years more of this razzle-dazzle life planned out, then I'm through with it forever, and I can attend to your case. I'll fight you on the lines you have laid down, and I'll smash you! I'll take that $200,000,000 I got from the American people, and I'll use it in buying back America for them. My money can buy court decisions for the people as well as your money can buy it against them; and Senators and Congressmen—the pay being equal—they would rather act on the square. I'll set up a meat business that won't care how low the price of meat is; and I'll buy oil lands and build refineries, if we haven't found a substitute for kerosene by that time; and I won't forget boots and shoes, Mr. Bulpitt. What's more, I won't be alone in the fight. When one man comes forward with two hundred millions as a nucleus, there will be plenty to help him. Those are the terms on which I will come back to America."

Vandraken swung round and went to look out of the window, leaving Mr. Bulpitt aghast at the sacrilegious profanity of his remarks.

Power is power, whether derived from the divine right of kings or the control of all the sources of life, and no flouted monarch in the days of absolutism could have felt more outraged than this footwear king.

Vandraken hated losing his temper; he was quite calm when he turned back to Mr. Bulpitt. "I imagine," he said, politely, to that gentleman, who was snorting and shaking like a motor trying to start, "that there is nothing left to be said, and that this conference may be considered at an end."

But Bulpitt had much talk still left in him. These noises he was making only indicated that it was surging to the surface. He lurched forward to his feet, shook his fist under Vandraken's nose, and exploded: "Do you know who you're talking to? Do you know what you're up against? You fight the Associated Trusts! You—you pinhead dude! You'll come back to America sooner than you think, and it will be in cold storage! We'll refer your case to the strong-arm department, my friend. If we let you rip, you'd be in a funny house, with paresis, before three years—but the American people would do us dirt long before that. We'll deal with your executors."

Vandraken started. "Assassination, eh? Hired assassination?" He faced his adversary excitedly. "I can play that game, too. I shall put a price on your head, Mr. Bulpitt, and go on raising that price till I get the damned thing. All I have got to do is to finance a brace of anarchists, and, if necessary, I can do the same for each of your accomplices. I'll buy the whole Mafia organization and turn it loose on your Amalgamated Society of Industrial Corporation Presidents. I'll get you first, though, Mr. Bulpitt! I'll orphan that footwear trust!"

The big man turned pale. It had not occurred to him that a dude would show fight. He had applied the time-honored methods which had never failed before to crack the toughest nuts of opposition, but instead of submission, defiance and blood-curdling threats had resulted. Wholesale assassination of the greatest men in America was referred to as lightly as though they were Kentucky feudists, whose lives weren't worth anything; and he, the great O. K. Bulpitt, was to be put in the forefront of the battle! A horrid feeling, as of a knife feeling its way through the folds of fat to some vital spot, gave him a goose-flesh sensation. He looked at Vandraken, as though to assure himself that the young man was only joking, and perceived that he seemed to be already lost in calculations, with a most bloodthirsty look in his queer brown eyes. He changed his tone completely.

"Have you no feeling, Mr. Vandraken? Have you got no conscience? I allow I shouldn't have said what I did say, but a man ain't used to opposition. Of course, about that strong-arm department, I was only joking, just as your were joking. You were joking about financing anarchists, and that?"

"Not in the least, Mr. Bulpitt. I hadn't thought of it till you made the suggestion, but I realize that wealth has its duties as well as its privileges, and I don't see to what better use I could put some of the wealth the American people lavish on me than exterminating men like you, Mr. Bulpitt."

"But you're one of us, Mr. Vandraken, and your money was all made by our system. You oughtn't to go back on us—you really oughtn't!" The big man dropped his domineering tone, and spoke pleadingly, even tearfully.

"That's where you are wrong," answered Vandraken, walking up and down the room. "I'm not one of you. I got a lot of money without working for it; that, however, is only a question of degree; thousands do the same on a smaller scale. But I don't use that money to fasten a system of business feudalism on the people against their wills. I'm satisfied with what I've got; but you chaps are money-hogs, that's what you are—money-hogs, and the people never will be able to satisfy you. Have I any conscience? No, I haven't; but I've got a certain amount of gratitude, and I am thankful for that strong-arm suggestion. I see my duty clear before me. If the American people once take to lynching you chaps, as they always do in the end, when the law has been proved ineffective, they will go and lose their heads, strike blindly, and upset the milk jug. Whereas, if I attend to it, it will be done in a calm, business-like way. I may be a menace to you, but you are certainly a menace to me and all other property owners. If the life I am leading stirs up the people to smash your system, and I lose three-quarters of my fortune, I'll still be able to rub along. I'm not spread all over creation on a 10 per cent margin, as you fellows are. And the way I feel now, I'd give three-quarters of my fortune to see you smashed. I don't know when any one has rubbed me the wrong way as much as you have done, Mr. Bulpitt. They should have chosen some one more suave—not that it would have made any difference in my decision, but I wouldn't have had that strong-arm idea suggested to me. I believe bombs in your bedroom are the latest fads of the enterprising anarchist. Good afternoon, Mr. Bulpitt!" and he threw open the door.

The unhappy footwear king passed out in a dazed condition, leaving on the floor a typewritten paper which had fallen from his wallet.

Vandraken picked it up, and, seeing his own name on the outside, had no hesitation in reading it. He found it contained notes from the psychological author's analysis of the effect of his character on the American people. One paragraph in particular attracted his attention:

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

FIRST FREE SCHOOL

Catholics Established It in New York in 1800.

OLD-TIME LAYMEN RECALLED

Celebration of Centenary Brings Up Recollections of Early Days in Ancient St. Peter's Church—The Best Remembered Is Pierre Toussaint, Colored Man from West Indies.

New York, May 30.—The magnificent Catholic celebration in New York recalls to mind a galaxy of eminent laymen who were prominent in the history of the archdiocese during its first hundred years, an archdiocese which enjoys the distinction of having opened the first free school in New York State in old St. Peter's Church in 1800, six years in advance of any State public school.

Her laymen were found in all the walks of life. But we feel strongly inclined to place at their head, in order of merit, although not in order of time, the well-remembered Pierre Toussaint, a colored man and formerly a slave in the West Indies. He was one of the early members of St. Peter's congregation on Barclay street. He was the fashionable hairdresser of the day, and the money thus earned was spent unsuntingly in works of charity. For sixty years he never once failed to attend daily mass at St. Peter's. He died June 30, 1853, aged eighty-seven; and the speaker at his funeral declared that "there were few left among the clergy superior to him in devotion and zeal for the church, and for the glory of God; among laymen none."

First Native Priest.

Rev. James A. Neill was the first native New Yorker ordained to the priesthood. The list of physicians included Joseph O'Dwyer, whose intubation tube has been considered one of the greatest contributions to modern medical science. Charles O'Connor stands at the head of the distinguished members of the bar, the list including Frederic R. Coudert, George Bliss, and many others. The first Catholic to be chosen as a judge was Charles P. Daly, elected to the Court of Common Pleas in 1859, who served for forty-five years. John R. Brady was the first Catholic judge of the Supreme Court of New York. John Kelly and William R. Grace are, of course, well remembered among the politicians.

Bernard Dornin was the first Catholic publisher; Thomas O'Connor, father of the great Charles, the first editor. Others following include James A. McMaster, of the Freeman's Journal; Orestes A. Brownson, the philosopher and essayist; J. Max Oertel, a convert from Lutheranism; John R. Hassard, first editor of the Catholic World, and an editor of the New York Tribune; John Gilmary Shea, the historian; George Parsons Lathrop and Lorenzo Da Ponte, who wrote the librettos for Mozart's operas, "Don Giovanni," "La Nozze di Figaro," and "Cosi Fan Tute," and who is buried in the old Eleventh Street Cemetery. His daughter was the wife of Dr. Henry James Anderson. He was the first to teach the beauties of Dante to American pupils.

Many Old-time Teachers.

Among the old teachers may be recalled Charles Coudert, father of the lawyer, and Mrs. Catherine Melmoth, a retired English actress, who was the first instructor of Cardinal McCloskey, and to whose lessons he attributed the perfect articulation for which he was noted in his public speaking. She was buried in old St. Patrick's graveyard. Gens. John Newton and Thomas Francis Meagher are the only two of a long list of brilliant military characters.

It has been said that during the century the four greatest demonstrations among the laity were at the laying of the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in 1858; the Columbus procession, in 1892; the opening of the new diocesan seminary at Dunwoodie, in 1896, and the mammoth protest, in 1907, against the persecution of Catholics in France.

According to official records, more than a million persons are at rest in old St. Patrick's, the Eleventh street, Calvary, St. Raymond's, and other burying grounds. It has, therefore, been well remarked that "at the close of its first century the quick—1,000,000—and the dead of the diocese of New York about balance numerically."

Thomas Lloyd lies buried at old St. Augustine's, Philadelphia. About three years ago the National Association of Shorthand Reporters erected over his grave a memorial in recognition of his official posiiton as the first reporter of Congress, and of his being the founder of the first American system of shorthand reporting. He is one of the laymen recalled by the New York celebrations.

When Washington was inaugurated for the first time in Federal Hall, New York, it was Lloyd who, as official stenographer for Congress, took down his historic address. Lloyd was born in England, and educated at the Jesuit College at St. Omers, which had so much to do with the foundation of the church in the United States. There he learned shorthand, and he declared that there he was "trained not only in religious and scientific knowledge, but in Republican principles" also. John Carroll was one of his teachers and Leonard Neale his intimate friend.

He came to Maryland in 1771, served as a lieutenant during the revolution and then became secretary to Michael Hillegas, the first Treasurer of the United States.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Luna Park will next week present a vaudeville bill, including the following well-known artists: Tom Waters, comedian pianist; Reno and Smith, acrobatic comedians; Girdella's comedy dogs; Miles and Raymond in a sketch; Little Chub, lilliputian comedian, and De Angelo and Alberto in novel bar act.

For the second week of her engagement at the Belasco Theater, Miss Charlotte Walker will appear in "Candida," Bernard Shaw's brilliant comedy, which was the first big success ever achieved by the celebrated Irish playwright. The remarkable vogue of "Candida" did much to establish Mr. Shaw's reputation as a playwright and wit. The comedy is one of the most brilliant satires ever written. In the leading role of "Candida," Miss Walker will have exceptional opportunity to further endear herself to her numerous admirers. Seats for "Candida" go on sale at the Belasco Theater to-morrow morning.

Chase's will come to a close next week with a polite vaudeville programme of memorable and magnificent proportions, judging from the distinguished attractions secured, comprising Almas Temple Arab Patrol, making their first and only vaudeville performance, and giving their wonderful fancy drilling; Laddie Cliff, the little English boy comedian, the biggest hit New York has seen in years; Simon, Gardner, and company, fresh from London triumphs, in "The New Coachman;" Sam Watson's Farmyard Circus, with the little pink pig; Espe, Dutton and Espe, in an acrobatic comedy diversion; Nettie Vesta, the Broadway musical comedy divinity; Eldridge, the sand man, and the motion pictures. The advance sale of reserved seats for the farewell week opens to-morrow.

For the second week of the season at the Columbia Theater Guy Standing and the members of his company will present, beginning Monday evening, June 8, Augustus Thomas' famous laughing hit, "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." It was the comedy triumph of Broadway three seasons ago. In finding a plot for "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" Mr. Thomas went far off the beaten path of conventional theatrical material, with the result that he has given the play-going public an entertainment the popularity of which will continue for a long time to come. Its presentation by Mr. Standing and his company will mean the most ambitious undertaking they have yet essayed, as in acting and equipment "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" calls for efforts of the very first order. Miss Dorothy Hammond, Mr. Standing's leading woman, finds in the role of Mabel Ainsley the best part she has had this season, inasmuch as she scored a personal success in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" when it was originally produced at the Lyceum Theater in New York City. Miss Vira Stowe will appear as Mrs. Bonner, while the male element of Mr. Standing's company will all be fitted with roles to their liking.

Another of the Augustin Daly musical successes, "The Geisha," will be the seventh weekly offering of the Aborn Opera Company at the New National Theater, following the week of "A Runaway Girl." George W. Leslie will again be seen in an amusing comedy character, as the slyly humorous Chinaman, Wun Hi, in which he will have opportunities equal to those in the role of Flipper, the jockey, though of an entirely different style. H. W. Tre Denick's dry humor will be displayed advantageously in his old part of Marquis Imari; Harry Benham will make a handsome young English naval officer as Dick Cunningham; Edna Reming will have another lively soubrette role as Juliette, the little French interpreter; May Bouton will be appropriately placed in the prima donna role of O Mimosa San, the dainty and fascinating Japanese Geisha girl indicated in the title of this musical play; Agnes Finlay's vivacity and personal charm will have ample play as Molly Seamore, in which she has been most successful; Forest Huff will have the leading male role of Fairfax, with excellent vocal and histrionic opportunities; Greta Risley will again be cast appropriately as Lady Constance, and George B. Jackson will have his former assignment of Takamine. "The Geisha" will be staged with the usual care and liberal expenditure, presenting two artistic pictures of Japan in the costumings and scenery of its two acts, and the usual vocal and terpsichorean opportunities will be afforded the clever and much admired chorus.

JUNE IS MONTH OF ROSES

By RUDOLPH DE ZAPP.

June is the month of flowers, and the different florist shops in the city at this time of the year present a beautiful sight with blooms of all colors and descriptions banked about, filling the air with their sweet scent.

Flowers, more than possibly any other handiwork of Providence, have been the inspiration of poets, of painters, of musicians, of statesmen, and soldiers. Flowers have always occupied the front rank in functions of joy and sorrow, public as well as private. They have always played a significant part in the higher culture of civilized peoples, and in some instances even had a bearing in the formation of countries and nations. History records that a few bundles of parsley once threw a whole Greek army into a panic, because in Greece the tombs of the dead were strewn with the herb. With them "to be in need of parsley" was equivalent to being beyond hope.

According to the myth, it sprang from the blood of Archemorus, or Orpheltes, the son of Lycurgus, of Nemaea. Archemorus was killed by a serpent while his foster-mother was showing the soldiers of Adrastus where they might find a fountain. On the place where he died there sprang up the parsley, which the Greeks, in grief for his loss, wove into chaplets for the victors at the Nemaean games.

Funeral Oration at Games.

At these games it was always customary to deliver a funeral oration in memory of Archemorus while the participators were dressed in mourning. Hence the association of parsley with death among the Greeks. Even to this day in Devonshire to transplant parsley is accounted a serious offense against the tutelary spirit of the herb, and is certain to be punished within the year by some great misfortune. In South Hampshire the country people will never give parsley away for fear of trouble, and in Suffolk it is believed that if it be sown on any other day than Good Friday it will not grow double.

That the rose should also be associated with death may appear strange, but the Greeks used this flower in their funeral rites and for the decoration of their tombs. The Romans used it for similar purposes, and, it is recorded, often left legacies for the express purpose of keeping their tombs adorned with the flower. Whether it was by them that the practice was introduced into England and from thence to other countries is not capable of direct proof, but it is worthy of note that at Leckley, a place where the Romans were often located in large numbers, it was a custom of comparatively recent experience for girls to plant roses upon the graves of their dead lovers. By some it has been thought that the early association of the rose with death led to the expression "under the rose," applied to anything to be done in secret or silence. Others, again, have ascribed the origin of the expression to the perfect beauty of the flower, which, as language is unable to portray it, is a symbol of silence.

Rose the Flower of Venus.

Sir Thomas Browne, however, says the origin was either in the old custom of wearing chaplets of roses during the "symposiack meetings," or else because the rose was the flower of Venus, "which Cupid consecrated unto Harpocrates, the god of silence." According to the old fable, the rose was originally white until dyed by the blood which flowed from the foot of Venus, pierced by a thorn as she ran to the aid of her lover, Adonis. According to others, again, it was the blood of Adonis which dyed the flower.

History records that the Romans used to place a decoration of roses in the center of their dining-rooms, as a hint to the guests that all that was said at the banqueting table was in the nature of "privileged communications," and in old Germany a similar custom long prevailed. In the sixteenth century a rose was placed over confessionals. There was also an obvious meaning in the adoption by the Jacobites of this flower as the emblem of the pretender, to whose service they were secretly sworn. It was the white rose which was especially affected by the Stuarts, and the pretender's birthday, the 10th of June, was for long known as the "White Rose Day," much as "Primrose Day" is now definitely associated with the late Lord Beaconsfield. In the East there is even more of poetic significance attached to the rose than with us. It is related of Sadi, the Persian poet, that, when a slave, he earned his freedom by the adroit use of the flower. One day he presented a rose to his master, with the remark: "Do good to thy servant whilst thou hast the power, for the season of power is often as transient as the duration of this flower." This was in allusion to the Eastern fancy which makes the white rose the emblem of life—transient and uncertain.

Persian Feast of Roses.

In Persia they have a festival called "The feast of the roses," which lasts during the blooming of the flowers. Of interest is the Oriental tradition of how the rose received its various colors. It is said that when Mohammed was journeying to heaven, the sweat which fell from his forehead produced white roses. But an older tradition is given by Sir John Mandeville. It is that of Zillah, the beauteous maiden of Bethlehem, who, being falsely accused, was condemned to be burned alive. At the stake, the flames passed over her and shriveled up her accuser, while on the spot where she stood, sprang up a garden of roses—red where the fire had touched, and white where it had passed.

The lily symbolizes purity, and, according to one legend, it sprang from some of the milk which fell to the ground as the Virgin Mary was nursing the infant Jesus. The Greeks, however, had a similar legend, ascribing the origin of the flower to a drop of Juno's milk. The Greeks have always made a favorite of the lily, and even to this day use it largely in making up bridal wreaths, while the sacred significance which Christians have found in the flower may be traceable to our Lord's use of it in imagery.

There is also a tradition that the lily was the principal ornament in the crown of Solomon, and typified love, charity, purity, and innocence. The sacred flower of the East—the lotus—is a lily, and even the name seems to convey consolation to the Buddhist. Thus, the universal prayer of the Buddhist—that prayer which is printed on slips and fastened on cylinders which are incessantly revolving in Tibet—"Om mani padrue hum"—means simply, "Oh, the jewel in (or of) the lotus. Amen."

Lotus Sacred in Egypt.

The lily, or lotus, was held sacred also in ancient Egypt, and the capitals of many of the buildings bear the form of an open lotus flower. And naturally, in a land of Buddhism like China, the lotus occupies an important place, in art, poetry, and in popular fancy. It is recorded that the old Jews regarded the lily, or lotus, as a protection against enchantment, and Judith is said to have worn a wreath of lilies when she went to visit Holofernes, by way of counteractive charm. The lily is often associated with the sword of justice, and both the Dominicans and the Cistercians held it in high honor. Tradition says that the lily was adopted by the French kings because it was the emblem of purity, and closely associated with both Christ and Solomon.

One old legend has it that after one of the great battles of the Crusaders, the French banners were found covered with lilies. According to others, the Fleur-de-lys is merely a corruption of Fleur-de-Luce, or Fleur-de-Louis, and was not a lily at all, but the purple iris, which Louis VII adopted for his emblem on his departure for the Holy Land. On the other hand there is a legend that a shield of azure bearing the device of three golden lilies was presented by an angel to Clothilde, the wife of Clovis, and it is claimed that the lily has been the true national emblem since the time of that sovereign.

Clover Resembles Cross.

It is probable that the association of good luck with the four-leaved clover arose from its fancied resemblance to the cross. Support is given to this hypothesis by the traditional origin of the shamrock as the badge of Ireland. The treefoil is called "shamrakh" in Arabic, and was held sacred in Persia. And it is remarkable that Pliny says the trefoil is an antidote against the bite of snakes and scorpions.

With the emblem of Scotland—the thistle—there are not many classical associations and active superstitions, but yet it is not devoid of folklore. The origin of the name "thistle" is probably Scandinavian, and associated with Thor. The plant was, at any rate, sacred to the Scandinavian god, and was believed by the old Vikings to receive the color of the lightning into its blossom, which thereupon became endowed with high curative and protective virtues. The author of "Nether Lochaber" argues that the cnicus acaulis, or the stemless thistle, is the true emblem of Scotland, and in doing this he founds his belief upon the following tradition:

Once, during the invasion of Scotland by the Norsemen, the invaders were stealing a march in the dark upon the Scots, when one of the barefooted scouts placed his foot upon a thistle, which caused him to cry out so loudly that the Scots were aroused, and, flying to their horses, drove back the Danes with great slaughter.

The first mention of the thistle as a national emblem occurs in an inventory of the jewels and other effects of James III, about 1467, and its first mention in poetry in a poem by Dunbar, written about 1503, to commemorate the marriage of James IV with Margaret Tudor, and called "The Thrissell and the Rois." The Order of the Thistle dates from James VII of Scotland and James II of England, about 1687.

AMERICANS BUSY IN LONDON.

Many Social Functions to Occupy Their Time This Week.

London, May 30.—Despite the numerous State entertainments in honor of the French President, in which Americans were included, this week was also chosen for many dances and dinners in the American colony. At Ambassador Reid's informal weekly reception two Americans, the Misses Sayt, sang for the guests, among whom were the Misses Shipman, Mrs. Herman Oelrich, Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin, and Mrs. Landfield.

Lady Maitland's tableaux, organized for the purpose of providing funds for the purchase of a riding school for London's rough riders, attracted many Americans.

Mrs. James Henry Smith gave a dinner the same night and took to the tableaux. Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Miss Crocker were among the audience.

The opening of the new Anglo-American Women's Club in Grosvenor Square was a smart affair. Lady Stafford made the opening address. She also received guests, assisted by her daughter, Miss Colgate. Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. John W. Mackay, Mrs. Mulholland, and Mrs. Sidney Lee were some of the Americans present who have joined the organizations.

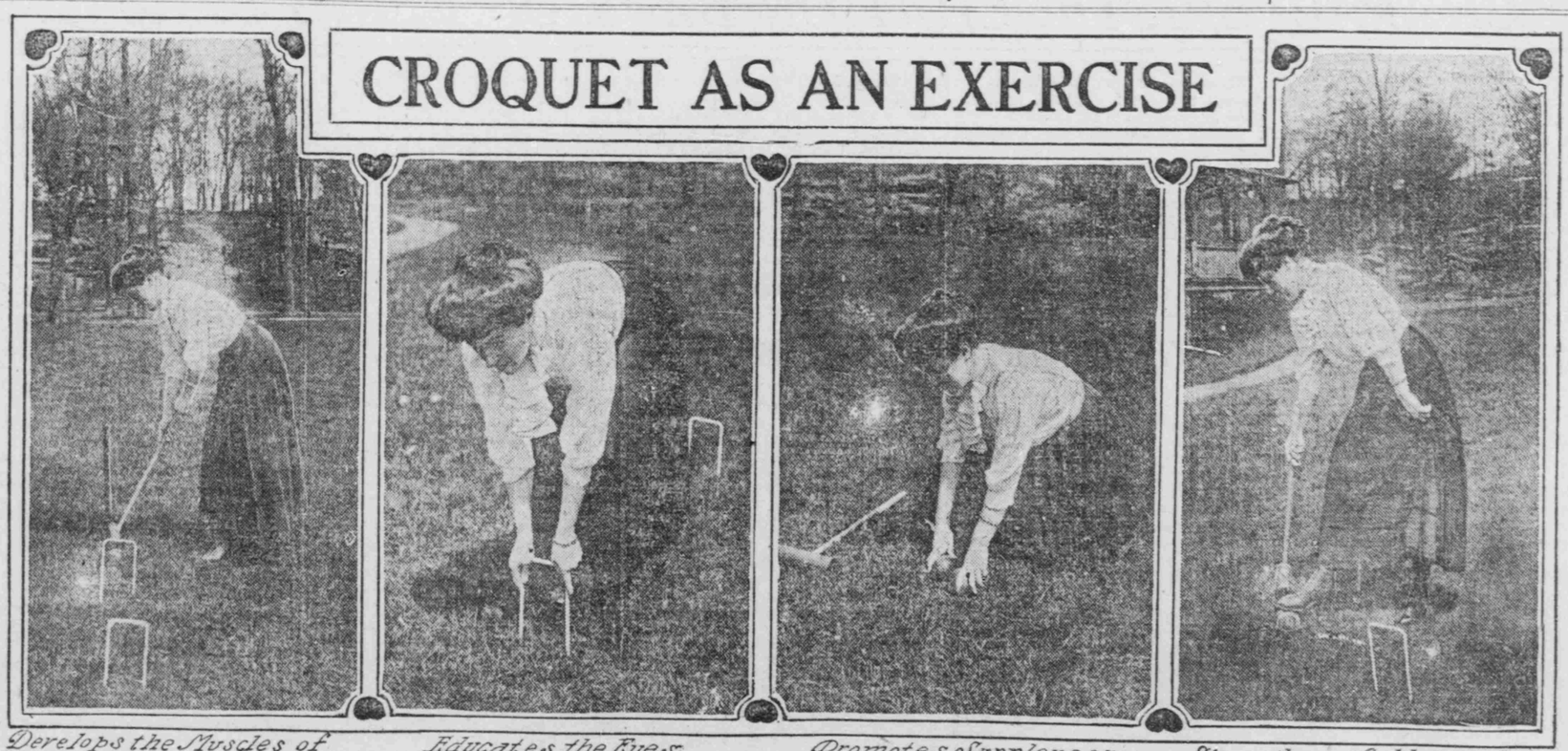
Mrs. Marshall Field gave an informal dinner on Friday.

Mrs. Beatrice Mills and Miss Jennie Crocker have been delighting society.

Mrs. George Gould and family and Mrs. Helen P. Howell have arrived in London for the season.

Only 10 cents a week, delivered at your door—the daily issues of The Washington Herald. 'Phone Main 3300.

CROQUET AS AN EXERCISE



Develops the Muscles of the Arms. *Educates the Eyes.* *Promotes Suppleness.* *Strengthens Ankles and Develops Arch of Foot.*

THERE is undoubtedly a feeling of strength and health that is extremely pleasant; but one may not expect to feel it unless some exercise, gentle or strenuous, is included in the day's schedule.

Men never sit around the house just expecting to feel well. They have found the secret of health in using mind and body. Children are constantly and incessantly exercising. Woman, alone of all the creatures of the world, is the one who expects to be quiet all day and yet feel good, warm blood surging through her veins.

It is needless to point out that such a condition is impossible. Exercise, however gentle, is an absolute necessity to health; and exercise that claims the mind's attention is not only more agreeable, but more beneficial. It is easy to walk, but if there is no objective point, play golf. If there are no links in the vicinity, play croquet. That may sound ridiculous, but it is not. Living in the open air is healthful and lengthens life, while it is far better to be occupied and breathe deeply than to sit on the porch in a more or less crouching position.

Croquet contains the elements of good exercise. Laying out the wickets in itself is useful—it develops the eye by requiring straightness of vision, it induces suppleness and strengthens the muscles of the arms.

The playing increases the strength of the arms, while one must have control of the muscles to direct the mallet. There is no motion that may be gone through that does not help in its little way to build up figure and health. From the time you leave one stake till you reach the other and return, the arms, the ankles, the back, the brain, the eyes—every portion of the body has come into play, and all the while the mind has been occupied so that the lungs may take in the pure air that they so badly need.

The game is interesting, too. If it is too easy, invent variations, play with one hand or use only the left. There are many things that may be done to make it a good game. The ground itself needs to be kept in condition, and it would be beneficial to the women of the house if they were to care for it.

There is no doubt that those who spend their lives in the open are far better physically and mentally, for it is the only normal life, and who is not willing to seek health and strength in pleasant and congenial occupation?