For the first time in the history of the nation we have a president who is a professional literary worker.

A New Epoch in American Literature

By FORREST CRISSEY,
Author of "Odd Adventures in Queer Callings," Etc.

This fact is full of significance to the general public, but it has especial interest for the whole craft of writers and editors, for it means that A STIGMA HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM THEIR PROFESSION.

The members of this fraternity, without respect to party affiliations, feel that this unique occurrence not only implies a notable recognition of a fellow worker, but also that it marks a new epoch in the attitude of the public towards the profession of literature.

In this step the literary fraternity recognizes a powerful blow to the ancient and popular superstition that the man of letters cannot be a man of affairs; that the possession of literary talent is a taint of the blood fatal to the development of a high and sound genius for the stern and practical demands of business or statesmanship.

To put the case more bluntly, THE IDEA HAS PREVAILED THAT THE MAN WITH BRAINS ENOUGH TO PRODUCE AN ACCEPTABLE PIECE OF LITERATURE MUST BE A BABE IN BUSINESS AND A FOOL IN AFFAIRS!

This silly sentiment has even been shared by members of the higher professions. It is not so very long since the public was treated to a notable example of this sort. A novel called "The Breadwinners" attained phenomenal popularity and the reading world clamored for the name of its author. Finally the publishers of the novel stated that the author was a professional man—presumably a lawyer—and did not dare divulge his identity, for the reason that he feared a public knowledge that he dabbled in literature would injure his practice.

No man has done more to demolish this absurd superstition than President Theodore Roosevelt. For this reason the fraternity of writers owes him substantial gratitude. He has shown to the world that a man may be equal to the severest demands of "THE STRENUOUS LIFE" and at the same time have sufficient sentiment and imagination to handle a literary subject with the deft touch of a true artist.

It is not claimed that Mr. Roosevelt has thus far displayed literary genius of a high creative order; but he has shown himself a skillful and approved craftsman in lines of effort which demand a talent approaching the creative.

His sympathy with out-of-doors life has found delightful expression in numerous magazine articles and books. His descriptions of the grander aspects of nature are among the most vivid and virile in current literature, and the man who is unacquainted with the descriptive powers of Roosevelt the writer cannot claim to be up with the times. But the departments of letters in which President Roosevelt has reached his highest attainment and done his most serious work are those of history and biography. His contributions to this field of literature are entitled to be called important.

The day when a writer must be suspected of incapacity for the material Affairs simply because he is a writer is well-nigh over, and those who still cling to this superstition should TAKE A LONG look at the WHITE HOUSE.

Forrest Crissey

Many a Politician by persistent defense of his party's principles has convinced himself that his party was right beyond question.

There died the other day a man of world-wide fame, whose very features were unknown to many who did business with him. The man was Charles Crist. That's not the name men knew him by; for at his dying uncle's wish he assumed the name DELMONICO, to become the head of the great house of restaurateurs in New York.

A LESSON FROM THE HOUSE OF DELMONICO

By JOHN LANGDON HEATON,
Author of "The Quilting Bee," Etc.

A GOOD NAME IS A TREASURE. This name was worth assuming. It is now left to Lorenzo, born Crist, but now also named Delmonico; to a couple of women of retiring manner and tastes, and to a schoolboy. Combined, these four people are Delmonico.

The house is about as old as that of Rothschild or Astor. It has, like them, its traditions.

For a century the Delmonicos have been restaurant keepers, AND NOTHING ELSE. Nobody ever heard of a Delmonico speculating in Wall street, or making big bets on horse races, or getting options on real estate. They have known their business and they have STUCK TO IT.

Their policy has always been the same. They have moved uptown as patrons moved, but their rules have moved with them. The first of these has always been to permit nothing that might even hint of moral laxity. No private dining-room, for instance, for a man and woman together, even if they were known to be man and wife. A patron who saw the couple might not know them to be married.

Another rule is never to dun a man for payment of a debt for food eaten (this might not work well in all businesses, but it has served the Delmonicos fairly well). Another has been to run a good restaurant, without caring too much whether it became fashionable or not. Anyone of decent behavior, no matter how poorly dressed, can dine at Delmonico's and be as respectfully treated as if he were rich and famous.

Another rule has been not to raise prices outrageously just because rich or foolish people would pay them. Half a dozen restaurants in New York now get higher prices than Delmonico's. Perhaps the owners are wise, perhaps not. The great public keeps away from them; if capricious fashion deserts them, they may prove patronless.

John Langdon Heaton.

In a word, here is a conspicuous case of century-old success won for a BUSINESS CONDUCTED ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES BY BUSINESS MEN.

That is not a bad prescription for success anywhere.

Bowling Grows In Favor

The Growth of This Popular Game Has Been Remarkable.

ADHERENTS of the sport of bowling are "hard at it" all over the United States. More popular than ever, the game has spread to such an extent that it would require an identification bureau expert to keep track of the many leagues that are playing scheduled games in the big cities. Secretary Sam Karpf, of the national organization of bowlers—the American Bowling congress—is in a position to tell a great deal about the growth of the game. He told me the other day that if he had all the money that he has invested in bowling alleys and balls, pins, supplies of all sorts and in building improvements for alleys, he would build cup defender yachts, buy great masterpieces of art and become a great philanthropist.

"The game cannot die out if it proceeds as it has for two years," said Mr. Karpf. "It has got to such a state that the business men of small cities are putting in alleys of the standard up-to-date pattern to hold trade that might otherwise be lost on account of people going to the clubs. Aside from thousands of new public alleys that have been put in since last spring, there are hundreds of

Champion Brill's suggestions to beginners—the position for novices, the backward swing and the delivery down the center.

club house alleys on my list. Each has its following and roughly speaking I should say that this winter there will be 1,000,000 bowlers in the United States. It will take a small forest to supply wood for the pins that are going to be put 'out of the ring' this winter."

Another optimist on the success of the winter season of bowling is Champion Bowler Frank Brill. The premier roller of the country will be much in evidence with his team of first-class bowlers this season. He has charge of 30 alleys and has spent many hours figuring how to schedule more leagues than his alley facilities will accommodate.

"How do I know there are more beginners in the game this fall than ever before?" asked Mr. Brill. "Why, never since I was bowling in New York have I been asked by so many people to give them instructions in bowling. That alone indicates that there are novices galore who have the league fever and who wish to roll well so as to make some team. Seriously, I do not know why they should come to me for lessons. It was quite by good fortune that I gained the title of champion. Of course I have bowled many years and have fared well—rolling consistently and about the same average each year, but there are better bowlers than I am.

"Anybody who can send the 16-pound lignum vitae ball down the alley and who is able to make it hit the 1-3 pins, is in line for bowling honors," continued the champion. "There is no sport that I know of in which the participants have such a variety of styles of play that bring results, unless it is golf. You may roll a curve ball, or you may be a straight-down-the-center roller, or you may always deliver the ball from the right or the left hand corner of the alley, and yet you may be a roller who can average over 200 for the season."

Brill may seem modest, but the fact remains that his tips on the game are in demand everywhere. No man can be the "war horse of the alleys" that he has been for years without knowing a great deal about the game. First-season bowlers watch his work and ask all manner of questions. To all he invariably remarks: "Bowling is not hard to acquire proficiency in. Don't try to make it hard. Learn to keep on your feet and above all cultivate the habit of leading with the left foot and sliding a bit on that foot just as the ball is delivered. The eye must help you, for if you do not hit the head pin, you must not expect strikes. Another thing—go after spares with just as much accuracy and earnestness and in the same style of delivery that you use in sending the first ball after strikes. On the same principle that the beginner should not try to imitate the style of Schaefer in billiards—for he will fail—I would suggest that no beginner try to roll after my style. Years of bowling have clinched my style, which does not come easy to the man who is learning. So many beginners do too much useless swinging of the arms. Theoretically they bring their arms to a dead standstill, although they think they are adding momentum to the departure of the ball. I crouch, perhaps not so much as some of the crack easterners, and when I stoop I let my right arm begin to stoop in front of my body. As the ball comes up, I instinctively bring my left hand up until my fingers touch the ball. That touch, coming automatically and with just enough force to steady the ball, gives my aim a little more effectiveness. As the arm starts to return I take the first step. The next step must be taken as the ball comes back on the return trip and the ball is delivered after a short slide down to near the foul line.

"Never attempt to curve a ball. There will be more or less of a natural curve, try as you may to send down the straight cross ball for the crotch, but if you succeed in making good scores this habit of curving will become so fixed that you will do it unconsciously. The alleys sometimes have slight deflections which account for the curving. Don't be afraid of stooping. You are closer to the alley and naturally your aim on the head pin is better than it is in the upright position. Besides, you are more likely to be steadier on your feet. A hard fall on an alley due to crossed feet or slipping is often attended by serious results. Learn to be just as careful in going after spares as in trying for strikes. The fallacy of having to be a strike man to get big scores is exploded. Roll for every spare and aim to keep free from errors.

"It is obvious that the nature of the spare to be made will govern the actual delivery of the ball. The No. 10 means that you have to veer over toward the left-hand side of the alley to shoot accurately for the lone pin. So if the No. 7 is left standing, you will have to deliver the ball from the right hand side. When No. 6 or No. 9 pin is up, the center delivery is best. If you begin a characteristic style in spare rolling, do not shift it for experiments or you will find your score full of breaks.

"The beginner must learn first of all to take it easy. Do not try to slam the end of the alley out into the street. With the ball held firmly with the fingers of the right hand and resting in the palm of the left hand about waist high, you take a position on the runway, standing a good deal more erect than a veteran roller would. Roll the center ball for a time. As you get over your awkwardness, you rapidly develop a style of your own.

"The cross ball and the curved ball together with the pronounced stoop will come later. I never believed in the use of too much speed. You will see by timing my ball down the alley that it is only moderately fast, but does not vary a full second in its journey from one day's rolling to another. It is easily possible to use too much speed and the ball then tears through the pins and leaves disappointing railroads. You may become a very effective roller by the use of the curve, but this efficient delivery is hard to control. Besides, the curve does not work on all alleys. During the national championship my old friends from the New York teams

Brill's "Tournament Position," his aim or the headpin and his style of delivering the ball.

essayed the curve much to their sorrow. Nick Thyne, the veteran of the east, who began to bowl about the time the Dutch discovered Manhattan isle, disdains a curved ball. Thyne has repeatedly shown the critics how good consistent bowling might be played.

"Don't begin to roll with a small ball. Of course the regulation balls seem heavy and some people have trouble in sending them down the alleys. Don't be afraid of the gutters. The balls will do no harm if they roll off the alley. The pins are arranged with scientific accuracy and the full, regulation ball makes strikes where a ball that is a fraction of an inch smaller in diamater will fail to get the pins. It is surprising in what a short time the heavy ball seems to become light. It is not an evidence of supersensitiveness to demand bowling shoes even if you are going to roll but one game. With rubber or elk-hide soles you have an advantage over the bowler who depends upon his street shoes. Besides there is the added element of safety in delivering the ball, to say nothing of the increased accuracy that comes in being well poised. Another thing—don't keep track of your scores and don't figure your average until you are really a bowler. After you have begun to average 165 your satisfaction over the scores will keep pace with your improvement."

E. G. WESTLAKE.

Comparisons.

Mrs. Selldom-Holme—My husband is one of the most disputatious mortals alive. I can hardly ever make a statement without his "begging leave to differ."

Mrs. Jenner Lee Ondego—Your husband is an angel. Mine always differs without begging leave.—Chicago Tribune.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

Startling Deception of Sight That Is Attributed to Binocular Vision.

A method of securing an illusion of binocular vision wholly without instrumental aid occurred to me recently, which is interesting in connection with the study of pseudoscopic vision, says a writer in Science. A lead pencil is held point up an inch or two in front of a wire window screen, with a sky background. If the eyes are converged upon the pencil point the wire gauze becomes somewhat blurred and, of course, doubled. Inasmuch, however, as the gauze has a regularly recurring pattern the two images can be united, and a little effort enables one to accommodate for distinct vision of the united images of the mesh. As soon as accommodation is secured the mesh becomes perfectly sharp, and appears to lie nearly in the plane of the pencil point, which still appears single and fairly sharp. If, now, the pencil is moved away from the eyes, which are to be kept fixed on the screen, the point passes through the mesh and appears double, the distance between the two images increasing until the point touches the screen.

If, now, the pencil be removed, it will be found that the sharp image of the combined images of the gauze persists, even though the eyes be moved nearer to or further away from the screen. Move the eyes up to within six or eight inches of the plane in which the screen appears to lie and try to touch it with the finger. It is not there. The finger falls upon empty space, the screen being, in reality, a couple of inches further off. This is by all means the most startling illusion that I have ever seen, for we apparently see something occupying a perfectly definite position in space before our eyes, and yet if we attempt to put our finger on it we find that there is nothing there. It is best to begin by holding the pencil an inch or less in front of the screen. As the eyes become accustomed to the unusual accommodation the distance can be increased.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Supposed Burglar Turns Out to Be Only a Musical Instrument.

As he is six feet two and is fully up to the American standard of physical courage, it is amusing to hear him tell about it, says the Detroit Free Press.

"The folks went away the first of July," he relates. "That's an awful big house of ours, you know, and I remained there as the sole custodian. It had been burglarized twice within my memory and I own up right now that I used to feel a little squeamish when I turned in anywhere from twelve to two.

"One night it was just one when I clicked off the electric light. The wind was blowing half a gale, and even when there is a dead calm late at night you can hear all kinds of sounds and imagine as many more. I had a miniature howitzer under my pillow, and I recall that I grabbed the gun three different times, sat up in bed, heard my heart bounding, and was ready to turn loose as soon as I made up my mind where I ought to shoot.

"By three I was in a doze and had ceased to strain my ears for noises, when there came a 'bing' that raised both me and my hair. Honest, it was the most startling thing I ever went against. I forgot I had a gun. I rolled from the off side of the bed and dropped to the floor like a ton of pig iron. I made as good as a mile in 4:30 on my hands and knees, reached the hall, went downstairs in three jumps and a fall, went to the corner with all sails set, met a policeman, and together we hurried back.

"He carried his revolver in his hand and I seized a $400 vase as a weapon as we passed through the hall. Just as we reached the top of the stairs there was that blood-curdling 'bing' again. I dropped the vase into the hall below, and he dashed into my room, turned on the light and investigated. What do you think he found?"

"A burglar?"

"No. I had left my banjo keyed-up taut and two of the strings had snapped."

Mt. Everest Has Never Been Climbed.

If you thirst for something really new, if you want to do something which has never been done before, here is a chance for you. Climb Mount Everest. Its height is 29,002 feet, and you will not find anything in the nature of a paper bag on its snow-capped summit, for the excursionist has not reached there yet. The highest point to which man has so far climbed is 23,393 feet. This is the height of Aconcagua, the loftiest summit of the main cordillera of the Andes. This point was reached by the guide Mattias Zurbriggen and Mr. Vines, two members of the expedition that went out in 1897 under Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald. Before this the record was held by Sir William Martin Conway's expedition, which in 1892 climbed a mountain in the Karakoram Himalayas just 22,600 feet high.—Pearson's Magazine.

A Wise Man's Ignorance.

"Why is it that so few people seem anxious to talk to Mr. Carpington? He seems very well informed."

"That's just the difficulty," answered Miss Dimpleton. "He's one of those dreadful men who know enough to correct your mistakes when you quote the classics and who don't know enough not to do it."—Washington Star.

OLDEST EGYPT AND FRANCE.

Intercourse Between the Two Nations in Ancient Times Shown by Old Inscriptions.

One finds on examination that the very oldest inscription in the world, whose age is fixed generally at 6,000 years, represents the Egyptian king Snefura, who reigned about 4,000 B. C. (before the building of the pyramids), conquering an Arabian or Asiatic enemy. The face of the kneeling enemy and the surrounding hyeroglyphics put this interpretation beyond doubt, says the Monthly Review. And where was this ancient record found? In the copper mines of Wady Maegrah; which are not in Egypt at all, but in the peninsula of Sinat. Here, then, as early as 4,000 B. C., over all the stormy times of the invasion of the shepherd kings, etc., we find an obvious intercourse between nations already beginning, and the influence of Egypt always persisting. The great wars of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty (wars provoked by envy of Egypt's wealth and power; fights, therefore, like all great fights, fundamentally for trade) led to campaigns in Asia on a great scale, in which Egypt came into collision with powerful nations, and for a long time she was the dominant power of western Asia, extending her conquests from the Persian gulf to the Black sea and Mediterranean, and receiving tribute from Babylon to Nineveh. Nor were the west-lying countries forgotten. Prof. Flinders Petrie and others, in the course of their researches, have brought the clearest evidence of an extremely ancient movement between Egypt and the very western Mediterranean even from the earliest times. In a lecture delivered recently at Cambridge the former began by showing a series of figures exhibiting marked stratopygia from the early prehistoric Egyptian graves from Malta, and from the neolithic remains of Brassenpouy, in France. Here then was a clear and undoubted intercourse before the rise of history between Egypt and Malta and France; for all the remains are of the same approximate date. And that intercourse, like all real intercourse, was carried on by sea, otherwise how could it have reached Malta, or further, France?

NAVAL BATTLE ON HORSEBACK

One of the Most Remarkable Incidents of Modern Warfare Ever Recorded.

Gen. Paez was the first president of the republic of Venezuela, and to him perhaps, more than to any other man, with the exception of Simon Bolivar, Venezuela owes her independence. Paez was a llanero—cowboy—on the llanos or plains of the Orinoco, and at the age of 18 was superintendent of a large cattle estate. One of the most remarkable incidents of modern warfare, in which Paez played the principal part, is chronicled in Mr. W. E. Curtis' book on Venezuela.

Gen. Paez is the only man who ever fought a naval battle on horseback. With his cavalry he actually attacked and captured a fleet of ships.

While Bolivar was trying to cross the Apure river with his army during the struggle for independence, he was prevented by a half-dozen or more of Spanish gunboats, which anchored in the stream and moved up and down as he did.

"I would give the world to have possession of that flotilla," exclaimed he to Paez, who had then risen to the second in command, "for I can never cross the river as long as it is there! If it belonged to us, instead of to the enemy, the crossing would be an easy matter."

"I will have those flecheras (ships), or die!" exclaimed Paez; and calling upon his llaneros—his regiment of cowboys—said: "Let those follow Tio who dare!"

"Tio" was the pet name by which Paez was known among his reckless followers, but he never used it himself except in an emergency.

He spurred his stallion into the stream, followed by 3,000 llaneros, and their horses, which are taught to swim as well as gallop, carried them directly to the gunboats.

It was night. The Spanish fleet was taken entirely unawares. The llaneros clambered from their saddles to the decks of the vessels, and then let their horses swim back to shore. Thus, after cutting off their own retreat, it was a question of win or die. They fought desperately, and every vessel was captured.

Sadness Explained.

In Liverpool recently a sentimental young lady was on the Cunard steamship quay when she saw a young girl sitting on a trunk in an attitude of utter dejection and despair.

"Poor thing," thought the romantic lady, "she is probably alone and a stranger. Her pale cheeks and great, sad eyes tell of a broken heart and a yearning for sympathy." So she went over to the traveler to win her confidence.

"Crossed in love?" she asked sympathetically.

"No," replied the girl, with a sigh, "crossed in the Servia and an awfully rough passage, too."—London Tit-Bits.

Question of Language.

A new language question has arisen, this time in the little island of Malta, an English possession and the base of the British fleet in the Mediterranean. The population is almost wholly Italian, and until recently Italian has been the language of the courts. The British colonial office not long ago fixed a date after which English should supplant Italian in the courts. This action led to strong popular protests, and the local council of government refused all taxation for public improvements unless the obnoxious order was rescinded.—Youth's Companion.