

The Harmony of Rag Time

By THOMAS PRESTON BROOKE,
Conductor of the Marine Band of Chicago.



All the world beats to rag time. From the noisy thumping of the drum to the soft, ethereal music of the spheres runs the universal harmony of rag time. It is as unchangeable as the ages, and in torrid Africa or frigid Newport its chords find the same response.

The rhythm which we call rag time is handicapped by a name which, to say the least, is not elegant. That is why so many persons once professed an abhorrence for it. They thought that anything with such a name should not be countenanced.

But this prejudice has passed away to such an extent that now it is merely necessary to call a composition rag time to make it popular.

Rag time appeals to emotions which can be aroused in every person's breast. It is stirring, thrilling and harmonious. When the band swings into the rag time music the feet and bodies of the listeners unconsciously keep time. It is the expression of the primitive instinct for music which is in every living thing.

Society has now put its stamp of approval on rag time. The fastidious clique always did enjoy it unofficially, but the nearest recognition it would give was by attending "popular" concerts. A "rag time night" was frowned upon, but a popular concert at which the offending creations were played was approved of.

The music of nature, of our old primeval ancestors, is embodied in rag time. It was not discovered or invented by anyone. Paul Dresser claims to be the originator of it. Sousa has written essays in which he proves that it is syncopated time. It is a fruitful, but not a new, subject for discussion.

They are merely trying to modernize an old subject. When the first idea of rhythm came to Adam as he was marching out of the garden of Eden it was in rag time. Before that there had been no music in his soul, but the serpent woke him up and he woke up to rag time. Rag time was not invented any more than harmony was invented. It is a product of nature.

Darwin says: "Music was understood and known before words were spoken," and I believe that a conception of rag time existed in the lower animals long before man appeared on this troubled sphere. They didn't call it rag time, however. Every person has noticed animals keeping time to music that has a strongly marked rhythm, as has rag time.

Rhythm is the skeleton on which all music is hung, and if you will strip the so-called modern rag time of its melodies you will have the music that has been in vogue since the beginning of time, and which still is the only music of many races. The "juber," buck-and-wing dances of the old plantation dandy are but improvements on this crude music. No more inspiring strain was ever played than the rag time which the shovel-footed dancer pats with his hands, shuffles with his feet, or plucks on his banjo. Get into the circle around a vigorous dancer doing a buck-and-wing or a sand shuffle, and if you keep your feet and hands still you have no music in your make-up.

The Comedy of History

By NEAL BROWN,
Wisconsin Lawyer, Poet, Critic and Philosopher.

A STUDY of the past, whenever it is written of according to the established method, demonstrates that the chief weakness of the Muse of History is her habit of taking herself seriously, and always writing large in her pretentious folios. She is never duller than when she is giving us the toll of the dead from some big battlefield, or describing the parades of kings and dignitaries.

If history is philosophy teaching by example, these things are not the main parts of history. They tell nothing of the causes of great movements or of the decadence, rise or destruction of nations, or of the influence of moral forces. The story of human life must be rescued from the dust and rubbish, the oblivion and fable, of conventional history before it can be rightly read. From such history we get mainly detached parts—mere bones un-fleshed.

As Saint Beuve puts it, history is in large part a set of fables which men agree to believe in.

Who now cares to know the number of the dead who fell on Pharsalia's Plain, or what were the military tactics of Caesar and Pompey? Our question is: What was the living Roman like? What we thirst for is knowledge of the every-day life of Rome; the life of the streets and shops, of hut and patrician palace, of barber and shoemaker, as well as lofty senator, of subject people on remote frontiers, or being led as spoil of contest in the capital.

For wherever there is man, history is made. There is frequently a most impressive analogy between the customs of barbarism and those of civilization. We might endure the overblown fame of temporary great men, but how without homicide can we get rid of their relatives. Shall we never have surcease of pain from the sons and grandsons of great men and the dull wives of famous men and the duller husbands of famous women?

A Remedy for Evils

By CHARLES FREDERICK NIRDLINGER.

IT IS related that whenever the powers at Athens deemed the people to be growing chill and careless in their civic obligations and national spirit they arranged a production of "The Persae" of Aeschylus.

And when the Athenians went forth from the presentation of that odic drama they sobbed and wept and embraced one another, and ran like beings bereft through the streets, uttering lamentations. And all the night they thronged before the temple—men, women and children—beating now their breasts and now the shields that hung on the doors of the shrine, and crying, between their sobs: "Athens, Athens, Athens!"

Woe, at such a time, to any man who dared stand out as tyrant, and double woe to any set of men who dared trifle with the honor and rights of Hellas!

How long, think you, should we hear of "bosses" and "trusts" and "soulless corporations" and legislative briberies and illegal combinations if we had such plays as "Persae"? The academic groves that skirted the Grecian capital were fertile of such dramas, and for my own part I believe that here, too, the woods are full of them. Only the managers won't produce them.

TOLD IN WASHINGTON

Semi-Newsy Gossip from the Seat of the National Government.

CONTROVERSY OVER MILLER.

Magnificent Pillars of the Treasury Building Are Crumbling—How Gen. Davis Won Fame—The Son of Ben Wade.

Washington.—William A. Miller has become a national character all of a sudden. A few days ago he was simply a former assistant foreman of the bindery of the government printing office—discharged at that. Nothing heroic or attractive about a figure like that and no particular reason apparently why he should be forced into the public eye.



W. A. Miller.

But Miller was fortunate enough—or unfortunate enough—as others may prefer to regard it—to have incurred the enmity of the Bookbinder's union, of which he was a member, and to have had it entered on the records that his dismissal from the government printing office was due to his expulsion from the union. Then he became a national figure. President Roosevelt, to whose attention the matter was called, looked into the case and came to the conclusion that no organization had a right to dictate to the United States government what sort of men should be employed, and that the only expression on that subject must come through a duly enacted law of congress.

The law as it stands now expressly prohibits any such discrimination as that which worked to Miller's detriment, and the president ordered that Miller should be reinstated. Whether he will remain in the government service remains to be seen.

The government printing office hereafter is to be an open shop, with all that the term implies. It will not help the members of the union to strike, because if they do they cannot get back under the law, without the special permission of the civil service commission, which they in striking would defy. Moreover, if they were to strike, the government would undoubtedly meet them by introducing machines in the printing office, which labor influence has hitherto succeeded in keeping congress from permitting.

Treasury Building Crumbling. The pillars of the United States treasury are crumbling. That is not so startling a statement as it seems on first reading; because the pillars have nothing whatever to do with the financial stability of the concern.



Hundreds of Cracks and Fissures.

They are the sandstone columns on the east front which for a generation and more have presented to the view of visitors to Washington the finest Doric architecture in this country.

There are 30 of them, each of them about 40 feet high, and taken together they create an imposing facade, which has won the admiration of architects the world over.

But, imposing as they are in appearance, there is a note of insincerity about them. They are built in pieces, each pillar containing seven separate sections, and they are built of sandstone. The columns on the north front of the treasury, on the contrary, are solid monoliths of Quincy granite, and while they are not so many in number, they are more impressive for that very reason.

Last summer Secretary Shaw be thought himself to clean the sandstone pillars on the east front, and he put to work on them a sand blast machine that in a few weeks had peeled from the surface the accumulated dust and grime of 30 years. The cleansing process has had two results. It has revealed to the most heedless eye the lines of division between the sections of the columns, and it has disclosed hundreds of cracks and fissures which hitherto had not been suspected. Some of the columns are cracked in scores of places like sun-baked mud, waiting only for water to settle and freeze there in order to wreck the entire column. In other places fragments of stone can be pulled out which crumble between the fingers like dry bread. It is proposed now to coat the columns with nicotite, a preparation which it is said will seal up the pores in the stone, rendering it impervious to water and acids. It is reckoned that this process may preserve the columns for 20 or 40 years longer; but sooner or later they will all have to be replaced by granite.

Whistler in Washington. There is an old house at the corner of Twelfth and E streets, the lower floor of which is now occupied by a beer saloon, which 50 years ago had the distinction of harboring that eccentric genius, James W. Whistler.



Whistler had lived so long in England when he died recently that few people ever thought of him as an American and yet he was born in Lowell, Mass., and a cadet for a time at West Point and

was a humble employe of the coast and geodetic survey in Washington before he went abroad to live.

While Whistler was doing draughtsman's work in the coast and geodetic survey he had a little room in the house at Twelfth and E, two flights up and scantily furnished. He lived there as best he could on his pay of \$1.50 a day. Finally he got into trouble with the landlord because he insisted on stopping on the way down stairs in the morning to scribble pictures on the unpapered walls. When the landlord remonstrated Whistler replied: "Now, now, never mind! I'll not charge you anything for the decoration." But in the end the artist had to seek other lodgings.

When Whistler was in Washington he had a friend in the Russian Charge d'Affaires de Stoeckl, who had been a friend also of the young man's father. Whistler invited De Stoeckl to dinner one night. He called for the diplomat in a cab, and they stopped at the grocer's, the confectioner's and the tobacconist's on the way in order to pick up the ingredients of the dinner. Then they climbed the rickety stairway to Whistler's den, and the Russian waited in amused surprise while Whistler fitted about the room preparing the repast. De Stoeckl used to say it was the most delightful dinner he ever attended in Washington.

Whistler was here only a little more than a year. Then he quit the government service without regret on either side and a little later sailed for the other side, where he remained until he died.

Feat of Gen. Davis.

Maj. Gen. George W. Davis, who has just been retired for age, has a splendid record as a soldier in two wars and as commander of the department of the Philippines, but probably he will be remembered longest in the service on account of his feat in connection with the completion of the Washington monument.



Major General Davis.

In 1884, when congress made an appropriation of \$100,000 toward the completion of the monument, the chief of engineers examined that part of the shaft which had been standing for half a century and discovered that it was out of plumb. But just how much out of plumb nobody could say. The shaft was 197 feet high and looked like a factory chimney, and it didn't stand straight. That was sufficient to cast doubt on the possibility of raising it over 300 feet higher in the air, but nobody in the engineer's department could get at the problem.

Davis happened to be stationed in Washington and he said he could fix it. He was not an engineer, but an infantry officer, but they gave him a chance to try. The difficulty was in raising the plumb bobs or weights at the end of a string 197 feet long to remain perfectly steady while the observations were being made. Davis very simply got a barrel of New Orleans molasses and poured it into a glass vessel of the same size. The consistency of the molasses kept the weight at the end of the string from swaying in the air; while the glass and the fluid were transparent enough to enable the variations to be accurately observed. It was found that the shaft was five feet out of plumb. Then came the question of straightening it and again the engineers were at fault. Davis the infantry officer came to the rescue, and the president asked him to undertake the job. He straightened the shaft.

To Succeed Davis.

Davis' successor in the Philippines will be James F. Wade, now a major general who is interesting if for no other reason because he is the son of old Ben Wade, the militant senator from Ohio, who was president pro tem of the senate when Andrew Johnson was president and who would have succeeded to the presidency had the president been impeached.



Wade has been regarded as one of the most fortunate officers in the army. His promotion for many years was exceedingly rapid and there was more or less jealousy among other officers for that reason, as it was inevitable there should be. But about the time of the war with Spain Wade's luck seemed to go back on him. He remained a brigadier general while others were promoted above him, until it really began to be talked of in the army that Wade was being shabbily treated.

He has the reputation of being a good, thorough officer, and he had a fine record in Cuba, but he is quite the antithesis of his distinguished father. Ben Wade was a stalwart, aggressive fellow who always seemed to be eager to get into a fight. The son is a quiet and modest gentleman, a good soldier, but not a born scrapper.

LOUIS A. COOLIDGE.

A Good Time. Mr. Bensonhurst—Willie, did you have a good time the week you spent at your grandfather's?

Little Willie—Rather! He let me go out to play without calling me back every time and saying: "Willie, have you got a clean hardkerchief?" Brooklyn Citizen.

SUMMER LINENS

and
The FALL CHECKS

LINENS are the most popular materials of the summer. Very charming and simple are the coarse linen embroidery gowns, but I think for real smartness nothing beats linens, trimmed with drawn-thread work, hand-made veenings and insertions. In spite of their apparent simplicity this fashion involves a great deal of hand labor, which is perhaps the reason of their unprecedented success.

It appears that the bodice or blouse of almost every frock is finished with



GOWN OF HOLLAND COLORED LINEN.

the pererine-shaped collar and a yoke of lace or embroidery. A very pretty biscuit-colored linen had an inserted yoke of coarse ceru embroidery with raised black spots thereon. Round the shoulders in fichu fashion was a scarf, laced into the embroidery, with knotted, fringed ends. The hem of the skirt was finished with black veining and the waist was encircled by a wide band of black taffeta.

Another very pretty cream hopsack linen had a plait all the way down of red Russian embroidery, with a pelerine collar of the same coming low on the sleeves. The bodice pouched in blouse fashion all round, over a shaped leather band. By the way, despite their long reign of popularity, these shaped bands have by no means become demode.

We see a great many soft makes of linen at the watering places. These are more popular than the stiffer linens, and they are really more serviceable wear because they do not crease so easily and are much easier to wash and iron, even if they be a little dearer to purchase in the beginning.

I think I have before mentioned that a feature of the early autumn will be checks—red and white, brown and white, green and white, and blue and white. They somewhat take the place of the plain cloths for the between seasons and do duty at smart race meetings on chilly days. The Parisian nearly always has a check frock in her wardrobe, and I must say I always think that the black and white shepherd's plaid is a very serviceable stand-by. It should be tailor-made, decorated perhaps, but at the same time neat and useful, with a skirt neither too short nor too long. A charming model I have seen was made with some very narrow box-plaits on the hips, down the front and in the center of the back, with a skirt just to clear the ground. The blouse-bodice was also finely box-plaited, with a



A GOWN OF RED LINEN.

shoulder-piece of very coarse Italian lace and some incrustations of black velvet. The waistband was of turquoise panne and there was a soupoon of turquoise chiffon at the neck. Altogether it was an essentially practical gown, suitable for many occasions at home or abroad.

Tussore silk is being revived, but I think it is more practical than becoming. It is very popular for dust cloaks and useful traveling frocks,

TELEPHONE PROPOSAL.

An Instance Which Illustrates the Danger of Getting Things Mixed.

A Chicago banker, so the paper says, recently made a proposal of marriage to a lady in Cadiz, O., over the long-distance telephone, and received an acceptance of his proposal in the same manner. It worked all right in this instance, and they will soon be married, no doubt, and live happy ever after, says the Los Angeles Herald.

But think of the risks a man runs when he proposes over the telephone. He might get the wrong party, by mistake, and being unaware of it propose to the wrong party. It requires no strain on the imagination to see where that would land him.

That, however, is not where the great danger lies. We'll assume that he already has got the right party, and the first greetings are over, and he has again reassured her on the subject of his undying love, and she has come back at him, good and strong, with an avowal of her great faith in him, and some expressions of unbounded affection. That's all over with, remember, and he is trying to think what to say next, and just about at the point of risking all, and saying the fateful words. He clears his throat and says: "Er—ahem!—Ciara, I—"

"Bur-r-r-r-r-r-rup!" goes the telephone. Then a strange, girlish voice comes; a voice that he has never heard before. It says: "Did you get the party you asked for?"

"Hang it all; no, I hadn't asked her yet—that is—no, yes, I mean—the devil is it to you, anyhow?"

"I asked if you got your party?" The tone is a trifle resentful.

"Oh, you mean—yes, yes; I did have her, all right—don't cut me off again."

"Bing! Chuck!" Then a long silence.

"Hello."

"Hello."

"Is that you, dear?"

"Yes, this is me. Is that you?"

"Yes. I was just about to say—that is, I was going to ask—"

"Bur-r-r-r-r-rup!"

"There's your party again."

"Here, what the deuce do you mean by—"

"O, George! What are you saying?"

"—"

"Hello, is that you? I thought it was that other girl."

"Why, George, you just said—"

"Buz-z-z-z-z-zip!"

"I want Main 94257, please."

"Main 942-z-z-z-zip!"

"Chug!"

"—and I don't know what to make of it, dear."

"Neither do I; this 'phone isn't working right. I had something very important to say to you, darling, but—"

"Are you sure it wasn't that other girl you were going to say it to?"

"Nope, ain't sure of anything. I've forgotten what it was, anyhow. I'll call you up again, later. Good-by."

"Good-by."

And that might be the end of it all.

SUMMER WILD FLOWERS.

Their Haunts Differ as Much as the Haunts of Birds—Where to Find Them.

As a class the wild flowers of summer differ greatly from those of early spring. They certainly lack the delicacy—only might almost say the modesty—of the blossoms which hide so shyly among the brown leaves in the April woods. Perhaps this is an advantage, looking at it from our standpoint, says Woman's Home Companion. Our minds are no longer so susceptible to delicate beauty as they were at the dawn of spring, and, moreover, it requires something more brilliant—more startling, perhaps—to attract our attention at a season when the thermometer stands at 90 degrees in the shade. And now comes this gorgeous pageant of flowers, so strikingly beautiful in form and coloring that they interest us in spite of the heat, the glare and the dust, and we enjoy our walks, although the birds are silent and although the foliage is darkening beneath the burning rays of the sun.

Naturally, the haunts of flowers differ as much as the haunts of birds, and if we wish to see a great many species in a single walk, we must choose our direction with a view to covering a great variety of country. Many of the most beautiful blossoms are to be found at this season along the rivers and brooks, and in the woods through which they wind.

Weather and the Blood.

In the dry, sultry weather the heat should be counteracted by a cooling diet. To this purpose cucumbers, melons and juicy fruits contribute. The preference should be given to such alimentary substances as tend to contract the forces which are too much expanded by the heat. This property is possessed by all acid foods and drink, such as salads, lemons, pomegranates, oranges, cherries and strawberries. Lemonade and Rhenish or Moselle wines mixed with water are also very cooling and beneficial.—American Queen.

String Bean Salad.

Cook young string beans in salted water until tender, drain and lay on a folded cloth to become as dry as possible. As soon as cool put in the ice chest. Arrange lightly on a bed of lettuce leaves and use a French dressing to which onion juice, mustard and sugar have been added in small quantities.—Detroit Free Press.

Corn Custard.

Scrape the corn from the cob, mix it—not too thinly—with milk, add two or three well-beaten eggs, with salt and pepper to taste, and bake one-half hour.—People's Home Journal.