

VIRGINIA'S COURTESY PAPERS

Mr. Simcox's System

A Monologue By Virginia Niles Leeds.



Robt. A. Graef

NOW, Mrs. Simcox, leave it all to me. I intend to take this summer business in hand this year and see what I can make of it. Heretofore you have bossed the job, and what have you accomplished? Have you succeeded in marrying off any of the girls?

Now, don't say, "Oh, father!" for what else do you hope for year after year when you spend all that money on their clothes and take them to a fashionable hotel at the seaside? What does any mother take her daughters to the seaside for?

Do you deny that you want to marry off the girls? If you pretend to outsiders that you want to keep them all three at home for the rest of their lives because you couldn't possibly give them up you don't fool me, and I am just plain enough to confess that I wouldn't mind seeing a son-in-law in the family merely to vary the monotony of so many petticoats. When the girls were little people told me I'd have to keep a dog to keep the men away after they were grown. Well, Mrs. Simcox, I don't feel the necessity, though they're pretty well grown. But something must be done this summer. I'm a plain business man, and this thing has got to be conducted on business principles. When a case of goods doesn't prove a good seller in our line of business we mark it down and offer it for what it will bring. We must do the same with the girls. If they are unmarketable . . .

No, I am not an unfeeling creature at all. I'm a plain sensible father trying to do his best for his children. Don't tell me the girls themselves wouldn't like husbands. I never saw girls work so hard . . . then? Play tennis until they're purple in the face because some dude is on the other side of a net and going to church three times a Sunday because the minister is unmarried? Maybe that doesn't seem like work to you, but I'd go to labor that way year after year I'd go to strike for shorter hours and better results!

The trouble with you, Mrs. Simcox, is that you carry too much sentiment into this matter. Marrying off our daughters is no time for sentiment. If the sentiment don't come on the other side you've got to conduct it without it. Now, I shall get down to cold, hard business—employ a system, so to speak—and if we don't return with at least one son-in-law to the good by the first of September I'll own myself a failure as a business man and in future will spend our summers in town. You are too fond of speaking of the girls' accomplishments and of telling the young men, when you can get their ear, that they are jewels and you couldn't possibly part with one of them. That's not the way to make a man propose. He's foolish enough to believe it and to leave you your jewel unclaimed. I mean to take an entirely different tack. I shall say nothing about Angelica's needlework—the truth is, I see very little of it when my buttons come off or the household linen needs mending—nor of Rosamond's china painting. I don't pretend to be a judge of art, but the china pieces you pick up at the bargain counter look quite as artistic to me and the flowers on 'em are a heap more natural. As for Catherine—I don't mean to spell her name with a K nor mention the prizes she won at ping pong. If the young men are on the lookout for Catherine's spell with a K and ping pong prizes to set up housekeeping with, let them find out for themselves that the girl has 'em. . . . No, ma'am, its merely plain speaking and what you'll have to get accustomed to in the future! What have your flowers of speech accomplished in the ten years you've been carting the girls all over the country to seaside resorts.

Well, if you don't like to call it then call it anything you please! But I have the receipts for ten separate summers, that's all I know. I have been figuring up those receipts, and figures, as you know, don't lie. I find that the cost of each separate outfit, including board

and railway tickets, is a thousand per girl per year. A thousand per girl for three girls is 3000 per season. For ten seasons that means 30,000, and 30,000 with nothing to show for it is a pretty bad investment. If any of my other stocks were as unprofitable as that I'd cut them out. . . .

Talk as if the girls were real estate or mortgages or something like that. Well, aren't they? Personal property, I suppose, you might call them—and

it's time they were made to bring in some return. . . . Pshaw! Don't talk "romance" to me! There never was such rubbish or a thing that paid so badly! What have any of the moonlight nights on Lake George done for a single one of the girls, though I chartered the whole steamer and scratched like a hen for worms until I got some sort of a chap for each one, with guitars thrown in? . . . Don't say "romance" to me, I say.

Now, my system, which shall go into effect on June first, is this—If it has cost me thirty thousand in ten years and "nothing doing" for the three girls, I propose to put a lump sum—say the receipts for the three for five years in advance, fifteen thousand into one year and see what can be accomplished. I would be willing to allow, say, four hundred and fifty for extras, such as moving to another hotel if there were more young men located there, and hiring a boat or an automobile occasionally if some fellow could be persuaded to take the girls out.

The sum would not be equally divided, that not being fair to the younger girls, but dealt out in proportionate shares. Angie being past twenty-eight—well, she is, isn't she?—I would set aside three thousand five

hundred for her, as she naturally would be harder to dispose of than the other two. The remainder could be divided between Rose and Kate. The family silver could go with her as an additional inducement. I should not be too fastidious in a husband for Angie, and he needn't be either young or handsome. A girl past twenty-eight ought to be satisfied with a widower, even if he has a bald head and a few growing children. Twenty-eight doesn't grow any younger each year—

Well, you needn't be! Common sense talk between husbands and wives is a good thing occasionally, and calling things by their right names won't hurt any one. All the poetry in the world wouldn't make a dog necessary for our girls, Mrs. Simcox—

As for Rose, counting out her china painting, I don't know exactly what other accomplishment she could bring into a home, and china painting seems to me to be done to death, since you can't pick up a mug for a dime without decorations sprawling all over it. A parson without too many ideas would be about the best for Rose. Let's see, there's only fourteen months between

her and Angelica, isn't there? I thought so. If a parson's wife's too showy it sets the congregation by the ears, and he loses his job as likely as not.

Now, I don't think any one without an india rubber imagination could accuse our Rose of being showy, do you? Let her go to three services a day if you like—four, if they have 'em—and I'll allow a dollar bill for the plate, for at least one of the performances. Then you can have him in to dinner twice a week at the hotel. Nothing hits the average parson more than a square meal. They always have a starved look as though food and they were merely on bowing terms. To invite a guest to dine at the hotel is a dollar or a dollar and a half extra—make it one fifty to be sure. One fifty twice a week for twelve months would foot up to thirty-six dollars. Thirty-six dollars out of the four hundred and fifty for extras—pretty steep for a parson, but I guess we'll have to allow it. The parlor suite could go with Rose. You say yourself that red plush is out of style. Yes, Mrs. Simcox, we must look up a starving par-

son for our second daughter. With Angelica and Rosamond settled we could turn our attention to Catherine. Twenty-six her next birthday, ain't she? I don't see the use of denying it! She oughtn't to be as unmarketable as the others, and we could be a little more particular who we hitched her up to. I don't see why we couldn't catch one of those dudes with a rich father for her. Dudes haven't much sense anyway, and if the father thinks he's marrying a plain, honest girl instead of getting tangled up with some variety actress or designing person, he ought to come down handsome and make a settlement on the Willie boy. I'd be willing, for my part, to make a fair settlement on the girl, always providing she didn't spell her name with a K. She wasn't born that way, and my grandmother, that she was named after, was Catherine III she died, with two husbands to her account at that. The K has queered Kate to my thinking, and now we'll see what can be done without it. In addition to a lump sum—say twenty thousand—she could have a piano and two and pet's portraits. That ought to be enough to start her housekeeping, and the dude couldn't say she came to him empty handed. The ping pong prizes she could throw out in the wash heap.

Twenty thousand is a pretty big lump sum to put into one girl, but to have her on our hands for ten summers more at one thousand a summer would bring it up to ten thousand, and who knows that it mightn't be twenty years? No, I'll be liberal in this matter and no one can accuse me of driving a hard bargain—

Inhuman parents! Now, that's where you're wrong, Mrs. Simcox! Most humane and considerate! Am I not trying to do the very thing for our daughters you've been trying for these last ten years? Is there any difference in that you call it by other names. Do you believe the neighbors are fooled when you say you are taking the girls to these places for their health and a change of air? Not for a minute. They know as well as you do that it is in the frantic hope of getting husbands for them, and when you come home year after year without even a booby prize do you suppose they don't know that, too?

The girls understand the game themselves as well as anybody, though probably, like you, they wouldn't own up to it—

What's that? Needn't tell the neighbors? No, I know I needn't, but I don't have to throw a bluff before you, do I? These girls have got to be settled, and if I find that your way of bossing the job is a failure isn't it the milk of human kindness on my part to offer to help you out? I'm a busy man, as you know, and it is a sheer waste of my valuable time, but I hate to see you and the girls disappointed summer after summer, so I say nothing of good money thrown away. For three months that no one would feel better pleased than you at disposing of at least one of your daughters before the first of September. As for the girls themselves, we'll see.

I can thoroughly appreciate the mortification you and they must feel each successive autumn after all your sewing and preparations. Even a dude is better than nothing when you've been making clothes for three months and take expensive rooms at a hotel. I didn't use to think so, but ten summers make you change your mind.

Now, Mrs. Simcox, get out your program note paper and write polite notes to all the dudes of your acquaintance and ask 'em down over Sunday and I'll put up for their board and keep. But they're not to be allowed to think it's merely for the pleasure of their society. No one but a crazy man could enjoy the society of a dude—but let them understand from the start that a fair return is expected. They eat my food and they marry my daughters. The old man isn't putting dudes up at fashionable hotels and paying for their subscriptions at casinos for them to go off and get engaged elsewhere when he has three unattached members of his family ready to kneel and tie the dude's necktie, and he can't enjoy the society and be fed and take your choice of the bunch. There ain't much choice, I admit, but you've got to make it before you escape—that's the way to talk. Mrs. Simcox! For ten years we've tried sentiment, we'll now see what cold, hard business can do. You'll admire my system when you see it in working order. . . . And now call the girls and tell them this summer is to see them all fitted out with husbands. But break it gently, for we don't want to lose any of them with heart disease before the cards can get out.

Probably there was never in Los Angeles a more distinctively handsome man than Albert Johnson. He was an under sheriff of William R. Rowland and was one of the capturers of Vasquez. He was born in the Mohawk valley in New York. From that same valley has proceeded an astonishing number of potential and distinguished people, such as—Gleason Sutherland, Charles Crocker, Collis P. Huntington and innumerable other men, who generally weigh two or three hundred pounds apiece. Albert Johnson never filled very potential public functions, but he was amiable and good natured enough for a score of men, and Angelos remember him with affection. When he left here he went to Colorado, where he made \$25,000 in mining ventures, and going to New York, where he died at the St. James hotel, was mourned by people on both sides of the continent.

Colonel Tom Mott

The late Colonel Tom Mott, also from the Troy, New York, region, was an astonishingly handsome man, and he went on getting handsomer until he died at an advanced age. That he attached some importance to his personal appearance is shown by the fact that for thirty years he wore a small rose attached to his buttonhole. He was a great admirer of a good trotting horse and gave famous Spanish dinners at his house on Main street. He always owned one or more good trotters.

Colonel John O. Wheeler was one of the "good looking" men of the old days. He came down here in 1852 as clerk of the Southern California district court. He was six feet two or three inches high and was good looking and a man of the first French empire. For a while he was a newspaper editor of the weekly variety, and died leaving at least three daughters of the he plus ultra variety, one of whom is Mrs. Billy Priddy of this city. Colonel Wheeler looked like a marsh of the first French empire. Don Pedro Carrillo was one of the old good looking type. He was a caballero of note and left behind him a number of entertainingly pretty daughters.

In speaking of the handsome men of those grand old days it would be wrong to omit a note of Col. R. S. Baker, the owner of the San Vicente y Santa Monica ranches. He came of the best blood of Rhode Island. He married the widow Stearns, one of the celebrated beauties of the first French empire. For ten years one of the most courtly and hospitable men in Southern California. His refined and aristocratic face was for decades a social landmark in California. Don Sur.

Eulogio F. De Celis was one of the notable men of the old days, who would be picked out as a good looking man—good looking enough to cause a passer-by to turn in the street and ask whom he might be. He was born in Madrid, and his father owned the San Pedro ranch and much valuable property in the city of Los Angeles; he was thoroughly versed in the art of "blowing things in," and he and Gen. Andres Pico deposed a royal court while they were sending to the "demition howlows" property worth many millions. When he had scattered his patrimony to the four winds of heaven, Eulogio became editor of La Cronica, the Spanish paper, discharging that function with notable ability. He afterwards became paralyzed and ended a brilliant and sensational career far more sadly than his well wishers would have either looked for or desired.

Did Him a Good Turn

Let's chip in and send Jim up to Bartlett's Springs.

There was an instant agreement, and each pledged himself for \$100, making \$600 altogether. On being approached and being informed of the action of his friends, Eastman replied:

General Phineas Banning was another of our good-looking old-timers. He was broad, tall and strong and immensely attractive in every way. He was born at Wilmington, Del. Everybody would turn on the street to take a look at the general. Of his sons, Hancock is getting to look strikingly like him, while Captain William suggests much of his commercial genius.

All these men, Winston, the Picos and Banning, entertained splendidly, the latter positively on the scale of Prince Cambarcos. It was all the easier for good old Dr. Winston to entertain because he was for many years proprietor of the Bella Union hotel, for many years the principal rendezvous in this part of the state. He was as much at home in the San Gabriel canyon, where his mine was, if you could manage to catch him there.

As I am mainly talking of the good looking men of the old days, I could not possibly omit James G. Eastman, orator and lawyer. He was certainly one of the handsomest men who ever figured in the public affairs of this state, north or south, from the mountains to the sea. He was six feet two or three inches, his features were classical and his form that of an Apollo or an Antinous. With exceptional gifts of all kinds, Eastman, toward the end of his life, fought a long and disastrous battle with John Barleycorn, which the latter, as is so often the case, won. It was a circumstance in which the

Distinguished Looking Men Who Sojourned in Southern California

(Written for The Herald by Joseph D. Lynch)

In those old days Los Angeles was full of fine looking men. There was Dr. Winston, for instance. He was of commanding stature, good figure, a tip-top story teller, a fine host and one of our pioneer miners. He married one of the beautiful Bandini girls, and has left daughters whose beauty has run into proverb all over California, and his son Jim, from stature and strength, might head a column of Napoleon's famous cuirassiers.

Governor Pico Also

Pio Pico was one of the notable good looking men of those days. Although not tall, Pio Pico was otherwise "disproportioned after the primrose fashion and kept up his sprightliness and gallantry to his ninetieth year. He never admitted that age was a possible proposition with him. A few months before he became a nonagenarian he was thrown out of his buggy in front of the Pico house, landing on his left ear. Instead of collapsing, he jumped to his feet, ran after and captured his refractory steed, seeming none the worse for his mishap. Dr. Osler, after such an episode, would doubtless have stretched out cold and flat. Years ago, when he ran for president against Garfield, the New York Sun made much ado about Hancock's obesity. Charles A. Dana, the editor of the Sun, entertained a great hatred against Hancock and Grant.

Magruder an Apollo

In those days Capt. J. Bankhead Magruder, then of the army of the United States, later of the Confederate States, was also stationed here. Magruder was an exceedingly dashing and handsome man. In fact, later in life he was known as the best looking man of the Confederate army. This chivalrous gentleman was a veritable bird, like his friend Hancock, on the Federal side, whose ways were more restrained. Like Hancock, he was six feet high, or more.

Magruder, no doubt, often caroled the words of Iggy's snatch, "Why let me be the cankikin' clerk." All the bold boys of the United States army, who were out here in those days, including the immortal Ulysses S. Grant, were given that way. Cards, billiards and wassails contributed to filling up many a dreary gap not provided for in the United States army regulations.

Magruder occasionally looked upon the wife when it was red—when it moved itself right in the glass. He had a devoted orderly named Mickey Divine, who, on such occasions, was invaluable to Magruder, and who facilitated his return to his severer and more dignified functions with great effectiveness. On the parade line with his superior hand gone on the parade line with his usual dash and aplomb, and coming to the salute, Mickey would await expectant.

Mickey and He

"Well, Mickey," would say the future general.

THE WANDER LUST

With book and bundle on my back, and knotty staff in hand, I fare along the dusty road through wood and meadow-land, or, gazing from the flying train, behold like his friend Hancock, on the Federal side, whose ways were more restrained. Like Hancock, he was six feet high, or more.

Magruder, no doubt, often caroled the words of Iggy's snatch, "Why let me be the cankikin' clerk." All the bold boys of the United States army, who were out here in those days, including the immortal Ulysses S. Grant, were given that way. Cards, billiards and wassails contributed to filling up many a dreary gap not provided for in the United States army regulations.

Magruder occasionally looked upon the wife when it was red—when it moved itself right in the glass. He had a devoted orderly named Mickey Divine, who, on such occasions, was invaluable to Magruder, and who facilitated his return to his severer and more dignified functions with great effectiveness. On the parade line with his superior hand gone on the parade line with his usual dash and aplomb, and coming to the salute, Mickey would await expectant.

Mickey and He

"Well, Mickey," would say the future general.

"It's my turn, captain," says the orderly.

"All right, Mickey," would respond his superior.

It is a matter of local tradition hereabouts that Mickey availed himself up to the full of the license thus accorded

The high soprano sings of love, The tenor sings of nightingale; The baritone of ale.

A WOCING

A man once woced a maid divine, And asked what you may guess, I guess, guess? "Sweetheart, will you love me?" She smiled and answered, "Yes, yes, yes."

And then (in business such as this, Men love to act just so, so, so) He asked for just one little kiss: She smiled, and answered, "No, no, no."

"Unless you'll follow where I lead, Follow for good or ill, ill, ill!" Then swore that swain, "I will, indeed!" "Sweetheart, indeed, I will, will, will!"

"Then will we to the church repair, And in due form be wed, wed, wed!" "Alas! he had no time to spare, And so he turned, and fled, fled, fled!" —Pall Mall Gazette.

YE GOLFER

I want to be a golfer And with the golfers stand; A-striding thro' the mud with An nibblek in my hand.

Ho! man, who cares for weather? To find him in a week, I'd keep a candle burning, So I could see the tee.

I'd have the ball all colored With phosphorescent light, So when I send it splashing, I'd see where it would light.

My caddy'd have a foghorn That thro' the fog would shriek, And thus it would be easy To find him in a week.

Oh, just to be a golfer, And play in rain and fog; A putter on my shoulder, A-tramping thro' the fog! —Milwaukee Sentinel.



A GREAT IDEA.

She-I have ten invitations to dinner this week. He-Why not change four of them for breakfasts?