

## GEORGE TUPPER LEARNS TO SING

By JANE OSBORN

"Of course, I don't mean society, spelled with a big S." George Tupper's voice was raised to an argumentative tone.

"Well, I don't either," drawled his companion, whose year in New York had not altered his native tones. "What I mean is that you cannot get into any sort of a decent crowd in the city without some sort of social introduction. I know I've found it so, and when you have been here as many months as I have, you'll agree with me. It's not a bit like anything in the south, or in the west, either. Of course, in a business way they'll take you up fast enough, but when it comes to introducing you to their wives or sisters, it's another matter."

"Pshaw!" broke in his western companion. "It's just the way you go about it. Why, I'll wager—"

"Oh, of course," interrupted Edwin Carey, the southerner, "you can get into some crowds, but I mean—"

"What you mean," George Tupper went on, "is that I couldn't get acquainted with a nice, thoroughbred girl in New York without a formal introduction."

"That's just what I mean, George," agreed the other, with the calmness of conviction.

"Well, see here," said George eagerly, "I'll bet you \$25 that I can. Not that I care anything about it, of course, but just to prove it, I'll tell you what I'll do. There is a mighty nice looking young woman I have in mind who lives in one of the brown-stone houses across the street. I'm



George Went on With His Singing Undaunted.

sure I could get acquainted with her if I went about it tactfully. Come on, Carey," he suggested. "Let's go about it together."

Edwin Carey put out a protesting hand. "No," he said. "I've had enough of that sort of thing."

Then in the pause that followed George vaguely recalled the story his companion had told him of the fickleness of a "pretty little southern flirt," to whom he had once been engaged. It had all happened four years before, but Edwin still felt the sting.

"How long is it going to take you?" queried the southerner at length.

"Oh, to get acquainted with the girl and win the \$25? Two weeks—sooner if you wish," answered the other with assurance.

Then, stepping into the hall of the little bachelor apartment where the two men made their home, he called back: "I'll make my first effort now."

The fact was that George Tupper was only too glad to have an excuse to set about the very quest he had just suggested. He had seen the young woman in question on several occasions and had gone so far as to plan to pass on her side of the street at the time when she was in the habit of leaving her house. "She's such a thoroughbred," he thought to himself; "it does one good to see her."

She had a way of leaving home shortly after dinner time, which fact had aroused George's interest and curiosity not a little. With the present wager in view he felt justified, as he had not before, in following her at a distance and seeing for himself where she went. Luck was with him this evening, and before he had waited many minutes the young woman stepped down from the high brown-stone porch and passed along in her usual direction. He followed her on the opposite side of the street for three blocks, and then he was somewhat relieved to see her turn into the door of the parish house adjoining a dignified old church.

"Perhaps she sings in the choir," he thought.

A few minutes after she had entered the door he, too, sought admittance.

"Is this practise night?" he asked a small boy who was frisking about in the lower hall of the building.

"Sure," replied the boy. "Who'd you want to see?"

"Are you a choir boy?" asked

George, with another stroke of do-

fective genius. "Sure," said the boy nonchalantly. "Do you have women in the choir?"

asked George, with an attempt at indifference. "Yes," exclaimed the boy in surprise. "Didn't you ever hear this choir? They sing the solos and we do the rest. You see they can read the notes better than we can, and they aren't so likely to get scared and chokey on Sundays—"

"And the choirmaster," George interrupted without disguising his eagerness. "Where's he?"

"Oh, he's trying out the new fellows upstairs. Practise doesn't begin for a few minutes yet."

For the next five minutes George spurred on by the thought of the girl took the only course that presented itself of making her acquaintance.

"I'm very anxious to get some practise in choir drill," George explained a few minutes later when he had been admitted into the choirmaster's presence.

"Yes," replied the other, with discouraging indifference. "If you have only a fair voice I really can't take the time to hear you. I have more applications now than I know what to do with."

George thought with momentary regret of the many chances he had thrown away to practise with his college glee clubs. A lusty and ready voice he had always had when it came to less formal singing.

"Well, it isn't what you'd call a trained voice," he admitted, "but if you'll let me practise with the choir and help me out a little I'll be glad to make it worth your while."

It was two weeks later and George Tupper sat in the little apartment sitting room laboriously singing to himself from a score which he held before him.

"Say, old man," broke in Edwin Carey from his chair, "if you don't give up that choir of yours, you'll have to find some one else to live with. You're away from home three or four evenings a week and the rest of the time you drive me out. Honest old man, I can't stand it."

George went on with his singing undaunted.

"How's the girl across the street coming?" asked Edwin teasingly. "Your time limit is almost up."

George paused briefly to reply. "Oh, she's all right, I guess. She's one of your languid, southern beauties. But how on earth is a man going to sing decently and think about half a dozen things besides?" Here he paused and sang a few more notes. "You've no idea," he went on, "how absorbing it is. It just gets hold of you and makes you forget everything else. Even the little fellows 'tend to business. You ought to hear us sing that new anthem, Edwin. It's a rouser!"

"But what about the girl?" persisted Edwin.

"Oh, pshaw," exclaimed the singer out of patience. "That Miss Penrose—"

"Miss Penrose," echoed the other. "She's Clara Penrose." He was standing over his companion, looking at him with an unwonted show of eagerness in his eyes. "I knew she had come north to study music, and when you spoke about her being a languid sort of a girl I had a half suspicion. She is a beauty, isn't she?" he asked, feelingly, and then not waiting for a reply, "Which house is it, George—the one right opposite?"

Two hours later George Tupper was still singing to himself from a score before him. He had spent the evening alone after Edwin's sudden departure to the house across the street, and was beginning to feel a little anxiety as to the probable course which events had taken. "She's just the sort of a girl to make a man like Edwin go through fire and water," he thought to himself, and then, as the door of the apartment opened and Edwin appeared, his anxiety departed.

"She's the same Clara Penrose," Edwin exclaimed, holding his hand out to his friend, "only a hundred times sweeter and kinder. Why, do you know she's been waiting these last three years for me to come back to her? And I have been a brute to stay away!"

"Is it—all on again?" asked George with hesitancy.

The look in Edwin's eyes answered "Yes."

"Here," he said, holding out a handful of new bills, "you're a winner, even if you didn't get the girl."

**Friction Unavoidable.** Oscar Hammerstein, in the smoke room of the Lusitania, praised America by contrast with Europe.

"They have to admit in the old world," said the patriotic impressario, "that we've got them beaten on every count. Talk to them about the matter and they can only quibble."

"Oh, yes," said an English banker to me the other day, "you've got a great country, the greatest country in the world—there's no denying that."

"Then he gave a nasty laugh."

"But look at your fires," he said. "Your terrible fires are a disgrace to mankind."

"Oh, our fires," said I, "are due to the friction caused by our rapid growth."

**Vision Impaired.** "I think this motion-picture habit is affecting my sight."

"Too bad. What seems to be the trouble?"

"Every time I watch one of the things I seem to see a film before my eyes."

## CRIME FINDS HIM OUT

POLICE CHIEF ADMITS HE IS ESCAPED MURDERER.

For Thirteen Years He Hid Identity and Became Famous for Rum Crusades in Danville, Va., but Exposure Came.

Danville, Va.—Found after a search which had extended over a period of 13 years and right on the eve of his election for chief of police, which takes place every two years, Chief R. E. Ferris, who for six years has been the head of the force here, was arrested as an escaped convict from Georgia and carried to the jail, where he was locked up.

Showing perfect nerve, he threw aside his mask when confronted with a requisition and quietly admitted that he was Edgar Stripling, of Harris county, Georgia, convicted of the murder of William Cornett, and given a life sentence in the penitentiary. He said he escaped through the aid of friends, and a jailer who was bribed.

Ferris, or Stripling, was elected chief of police by the Prohibition element of Danville, and was a leader in the raids on "blind tigers." He would without doubt have been re-elected but for fate.

In discussing the arrest Ferris said that he and his brother-in-law were forced to shoot Cornett, who had attacked his sister, and he expressed the utmost confidence that he would be able to come back to Danville in a very short time, a free man. At the time the crowd was inclined to believe that his arrest was a frame-up to prevent his re-election, the sentiment on the liquor question running high in Danville, but it soon was understood that the arrest was genuine.

Feeling safe from all possible chance of arrest since he left Georgia, Morris began to take chances. He worked in North Carolina, where he was a policeman. Three months ago he took the biggest chance that he has yet taken and it was the fatal mistake that will send him back to Georgia. A man from Columbus, Ga., who happened to be in Danville, recognized the chief as the escaped criminal.

It was in 1897 that W. J. Cornett, a young farmer, while sitting by the fireside of his home, in Harris county, Georgia, was shot dead by a load of buckshot. For days the mystery was unsolved and then it began to be whispered around that Cornett had been too attentive to the beautiful young wife of Stripling. Finally Stripling and Terrell Huff, his brother-in-law, were arrested. At the trial Stripling exonerated Huff but stated he had shot down Cornett as he would a snake for the wrong done by him to his wife. Both Huff and Stripling were given life sentences. Huff has since been pardoned, but Stripling escaped.

## WOMEN'S RIGHTS, NOT MEN'S

Bridegroom Who Makes Wild Dash for Pretty Stenographer Is Firmly Called Back.

New Rochelle, N. Y.—City business was seriously, but pleasantly interrupted by the activities of a kissing bride. The young lady, whose visit will long be remembered by several prominent officials was Miss Bertha Easton Barber of New London, Conn., who came here with Tyler Council McNamara, the bridegroom-to-be, and John O'Brien, Jr., a mutual friend. Mr. McNamara is an electrical engineer. The two made the trip from New London in an automobile. After obtaining a marriage license from the city clerk, they called on Judge R. McKinley Power to perform the marriage ceremony. He was trying a case, but declared a recess and took the bride party to the private reception rooms of Mayor Harry E. Colwell.

City Clerk George H. C. Lischke and William J. McAloon, his deputy, stepped in from an adjoining office to be on hand for emergencies. When the ceremony was ended Mrs. McNamara threw her arms around Judge Power's neck and planted two hearty kisses on his cheeks. Then ignoring the bridegroom she did the same for Mr. O'Brien. Mr. McAloon was standing in line and got his kiss on a claim that he had acted as bridesmaid.

"Don't forget the man who gave the license," said the city clerk, and Mrs. McNamara proved she wasn't stingy.

The husband meanwhile caught a glimpse of two pretty stenographers in the city clerk's office. He was making a wild dash in their direction when his bride caught his coat tails.

"No, you don't, dearie," she said, as she puckered her lips for a kiss. Women's rights are not for men—especially bridegrooms."

## 30,000 Unclaimed Medals.

London.—Over 20,000 king's and queen's South African war medals and clasps are awaiting ownership at the medal branch of the royal ordnance stores, Woolwich. Most of the missing claimants are members of the various irregular corps which existed during the war only. Each of the 30,000 medals is stamped on its rim with the rank and name of its owner.

## Gives Cake to Cripples.

London.—The little inmates of the Princess Christian Holiday Homes for Cripples at Englefield Green have been greatly delighted by receiving from Prince Christian two birthday cakes which were on his royal highness' table on his eightieth birthday.

## HOW THEY DRESSED SO WELL

Secret of French Actresses Who Live Like Princesses on Very Small Salaries.

A songbird, reclining in a deck chair on a swift liner, gazed forth at the blue sea.

"You have heard," she said, "of the French actress who was so economical that, on \$40 a week, she kept up an apartment in the Faubourg St. Honore, with six servants and three motors, and still saved \$20,000 a year?"

"Of course you think you know the answer to that, do you? But perhaps, the answer isn't, after all, it is. I mean it isn't what you think it is if you think it is what I think you think it is."

"I mean," she pursued, laughing, "that there's another answer to the French actress's secret of living splendidly on a small salary, and it isn't an evil answer. Mile. Lanteme, for instance, who was the beauty of Paris, had no less than 50 hats a year, and these hats were worth quite \$200 apiece, yet her annual hat bill was only \$500. The best French milliners, you see, let her have at ten dollars each their best hats—hats often worth \$250 to \$300. She kept a hat only ten days, and she must consent if called upon to pose in it for her photographer. Under these easy conditions all the well-known French actresses sport hats that are the envy of the wealthy woman, who, unable to keep up with the actress in this hat war, thinks evil. She shouldn't though."

"It is the same thing in gowns. An actress may go to any dressmaker in Paris; she may choose any gown in the place—a \$100 street suit, a \$500 evening robe—and this will be made for her for \$50. Any gown in the shop for \$50! With, of course, the proviso that the actress will consent to be photographed in it."

"As with hats and gowns, so with motor cars. So with a hundred things. An actress who is beautiful and popular can, in Paris, live like a steel king on a bill clerk's salary. And this she can do without blushing—you now know how."

## Scandal to German Culture.

One of those fugitive little cablegrams which constantly poke their noses over to this side of the Atlantic, seeking an appreciative reader, reports the scandalous discovery that the students of the University of Gottingen have forsaken the Rhine and Moselle wines of their fathers and are displaying an infatuation for imported California wines. Their allegiance to German-brewed beer continues, apparently unaffected, but in their choice of wines they are straying after strange vineyards, and there is quite an ado about it. It was but a modest little squib and requires, perhaps, for its appreciation a livelier sense of German patriotism, not to say chauvinism, than we officially possess. But one thing added to another set us to wondering whether this great old institution—and it is a great old institution, no mistake about that!—hadn't for the last hundred years or more fallen into much the same sort of predicament that our own University of Chicago has been in. It hasn't been the butt of paragraphers, for the Lord never made any German paragraphers, but it has, somehow, fallen foul of the "writing folks" in a curious way.

## Motoring in All Its Fullness.

Few motorists there are who know of motoring in all its fullness. They drive along country roads for a hundred miles or so, through towns so closely set that they virtually run through one long village, and they think they have motored. They cross the ocean and enjoy the perfect roads of France and Switzerland, and imagine they have experienced all there is in life in the motor car; but no one has ever been brought to a full realization of what motoring really is, or what the wonderful modern machine of man's creative genius is really capable of doing, until they have sat in a racing car side by side with an expert driver and tasted the sport as it is under such conditions. Lord Byron once wrote: "What a delightful thing is a turnpike road, such a means of speeding the earth as scarce the eagle in the broad air can accomplish." He certainly spoke in prophecy of the motor car, and especially of the racing machine, which defies distance and shrinks space into the most tiny proportions.—From the Columbian.

## A Suspicious Nature.

"All the neighbors called on me soon after we moved here."

"Maybe they are just scouting," replied Mr. Growcher. "They may have heard we have a pretty good cook and want to get acquainted with her."

## The Summer Parting.

The Wife—Oh, Jim! What shall we do with the cat?

The Husband—Leave her here. I shouldn't take a cat I thought anything to the place where we're going to board!—Puck.

## Incorrigible.

"Have you laid by anything for a rainy day?" asked the serious friend.

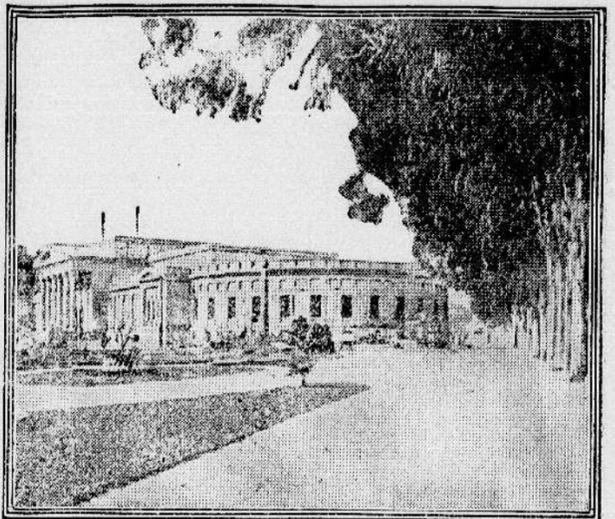
"Yes," replied the frivolous person. "I'm cutting out all the 'fair and warmer' weather predictions and preserving them."

## Not Exactly.

Conductor—Did you get out and stretch your legs when we stopped at the junction?

Passenger—Well, not exactly; I went into the dining car and had them pulled.

## MUSEUM OF LA PLATA, ARGENTINA



LA PLATA MUSEUM

## LA PLATA, ARGENTINA

LA PLATA, tranquil, dignified and academic, is one of the young cities of America, with a university that, like the city of Buenos Aires, has, from an infant, suddenly become a giant. Founded in 1882 by Dr. Dardo Rocha, the capital of the province of Buenos Aires has grown to be one of the most important centers of population of the republic, not commercially, it is true, but scientifically. I say scientifically, for it is that which makes La Plata what it is to us foreigners, at least, is not its halls of government, but its university. There are many capitals in Argentina; but there is only one La Plata. Its population has increased phenomenally, like that of Buenos Aires; for it is now not far from 100,000, in spite of financial reverses which in the past befell it. Its sumptuous buildings, wide streets, splendid avenues and beautiful promenades, render this fair city on the Rio de la Plata one of the finest products of modern renaissance architecture.

The university is younger than the city, for La Plata had existed 23 years, when the former was established on August 12, 1905. Dr. Manuel Quintana being then president of Argentina. It is incredible that within five years such a magnificent institution, with such a wonderful group of buildings should have arisen.

One of the finest ornaments and most useful auxiliaries of the university is the museum. What it took the older nations of the world scores of years to accomplish has arisen in La Plata as if by magic. The museum belongs to the faculty of Natural Sciences, to which are joined the schools of chemistry, pharmacy, geography, and the Academy of Drawing.

The old museum of Buenos Aires had been founded in 1823 by President Rivadavia, reaching a point of great importance under the direction of Dr. German Burmeister. As it was found impossible to transport to La Plata the paleontological collection of this museum, the province ceded it to the nation, to serve as the basis of a federal museum. On the other hand, the archaeological and anthropological collections were brought over to the new capital, as the beginning of the museum of the province.

In 1884 Doctor Moreno was chosen by the governor of the province, Dr. Carlos d'Amico, to establish a provincial museum and to be its director. In consequence of this, he at once donated his private library of 2,000 volumes, mainly of American authors and on natural sciences, to the new institution. It will thus be seen that the museum antedates the university. The building was at once begun, and within five years it was possible to install the first collections.

The museum building, occupying the center of a park, is approached through a stately avenue lined on both sides with shady trees, forming a most agreeable promenade. The edifice, in classic style, terminates at both extremities in a semi-circle, the whole having an elliptic figure. The central facade consists of a Corinthian portico, with six immense columns resting on a platform, to which a flight of steps leads. The decorations, without departing from the Greek lines, possess special features borrowed from archaic American architecture. The great votaries of science, Aristotle, Lucretius, Descartes, Buffon, Linaeus, Cuvier, Humboldt and many more are represented by their busts, while such American savants and explorers as Azara, d'Orbigny, Bompland and others are not forgotten.

There are two floors in the building, the first one being entirely devoted to the museum, while on the second, in the center of the edifice, are the administration offices, with the library on one side and the section of fine arts on the other, besides other departments. I had the pleasure of visiting the museum some months ago, and the Americanists spent a pleasant day at La Plata, as the guests of the university.

The great intrinsic value of the museum of La Plata is essentially South American, by the material it has collected for the study of the fauna and flora, fossil, as well as actual, of the austral regions of the western hemisphere, but especially for the opportunities it offers to make a thorough study of the American man, from the earliest prehistoric period. This reconstruction of man's history is artistically exhibited in the large paintings in the lower portion of the rotunda, in which one sees archaic lands, scenes from Terra del Fuego and Patagonia, as well as of other portions of the republic, and restorations of aboriginal and savage life.

As regards man, you have every opportunity to study him well and thoroughly, from his skeleton to his modes and habits of life. A section of the science of man is devoted to anatomical anthropology. The museum began with a collection of 1,000 skulls and 89 skeletons, of which nine-tenths belonged to South America. They represent man from the glacial period down to the most recent Indian. It is quite probable that man, at various epochs, found himself driven by force of circumstances to the extreme south, and it thus happens that one finds in Argentina the remains of the gigantic Patagonian, such as excited the admiration of Magelhaens, as well as types said to be similar to that of Neanderthal. For Patagonian anthropology the museum of La Plata cannot be surpassed.

Another branch of anthropology of which the museum makes a specialty is that of the history of civilization. You will find here implements of the stone age, from Uruguay, from the provinces of Cordoba and Buenos Aires, and from Patagonia, that are quite unique, besides a section devoted to the prehistoric man of Europe for comparative study.

These remains of human industry appear to carry one back to a very remote antiquity. For instance, at excavations made for the port of La Plata bones of extinct animals were found that appeared to have been carved by man, at an epoch when the region must have been entirely different from what it now is, and at Rioja fragments of pottery were discovered at a depth of more than sixty meters. When it comes to determining the antiquity of man, the scientific value of such discoveries may be left to experts who, as a rule, are by no means harmonious in their conclusions, but further and more positive data must be awaited.

Neither has the moment arrived when certain conclusions as to the prehistoric relations between the eastern and western hemispheres can be reached by a comparative study either of skulls or monuments. Yet museums like that at La Plata are accumulating material that may pave the way for such conclusions by its collection of American antiquities with resemblance to those of peoples across the seas.

The museum is also rich in material for the study of the prehistoric civilization of the Andes, which stretched down along the eastern slopes of the great chain into what is now the province of Mendoza and Jujuy, in the Argentine republic.

For the study of the pre-Inca civilization of Peru, a very large collection of pottery from the dead city of Gran Chimú, near Trujillo, may serve to cast some uncertain rays upon the dark period that preceded the arrival of the Incas, the period to which such ruins as those of Chimú, Pachacamac and Cajamarquilla belong.

Bringing the study of civilization down to the colonial epoch, we find at La Plata a very interesting collection, gathered from those Argentine provinces, and from Paraguay, which were the scenes of the famous Jesuit missions that lasted to the end of the eighteenth century.

The museum of La Plata is constantly increasing in importance, promising in course of time to become one of the most important in the new world. Buenos Aires is now in direct communication with the principal ports of Europe and with New York, and as facilities of communication are augmented, as they are bound to be, the museum of La Plata, with its scientific treasures of South America, will become more accessible to scholars from all parts of the globe, to their great advantage and to the glory of Argentina.

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Comforting Distraction. "Why do you insist on going about looking for somebody to reform?" "I help me to forget my own vices."