

ILLUSTRATION SECRET OF GOOD SERVANTS

STACY SHOWS ME HOW HE HAS CAREFULLY EDUCATED HIMSELF TO BE ONE

STACY showed me softly to my room in the small but immaculate hotel where I like to stop on cold nights when the last of the season has gone. He turned on the lights and folded down the bed coverings while I removed my overcoat. Then, having carefully hung the overcoat in the wardrobe and lowered the green window shades, he asked:

"Do you wish anything to drink, sir?"

"When he had brought the highball and carefully enthroned it on the tall dresser he asked:

"Do you wish to have your clothes pressed, sir?"

I looked Stacy over, noting his well kept livery, with its red and yellow cross-barred waistcoat, and decided that I so wished it.

"Very good, sir," he said; "shall I put the window down a bit from the top, sir? It's freezing cold tonight, but I think you won't mind 'alf an inch or so, sir."

I agreed, and the matter was gently attended to.

"Will you ring when your clothes are ready, sir? Yes, sir; very well, sir."

When I was ready for bed Stacy came for my clothes.

"Do you wish to be called, sir?" he asked, as he stood with his hand on the knob and the clothes over his arm.

"Yes, at 10 o'clock—with a cocktail."

There was a shade of reproach, almost of irony, in Stacy's voice, though his lean face was immovable as ever, when he asked:

"You will want a cold bath, sir?"

I was rather short and feverish in telling him that he had guessed right. However, he must have felt sorry for sounding me and wished to make amends; for as I sat smoking and drinking my highball there was a soft knock on the door and the gaunt form of Stacy reappeared. He coughed apologetically, with his hand over his mouth.

"Mr. Blank, sir," he said, "shall I put 'em in your bath, sir?"

"And then, of course, there had to be a laugh, and Stacy departed, and I went to bed happy."

As a further sidelight on the admirable combination of pride in the niceties of his chosen walk in life and a certain habit of snobbery, I remember, when you should know the fact with which Stacy overcame the absent-mindedness of a gentleman who had been trying to convince cocktails that his business was not his bitter enemy. It is related by the gentleman himself that, having been conveyed to his room by Stacy and having removed most of his garments, he sat on the edge of his bed, reached for his pajamas and gazed pensively at the waiting servant, wondering why he did not withdraw. At last he said:

"You'll press my clothes, Stacy?"

"Yes, sir."

"And don't call me in the morning."

"Very well, sir."

"And leave a bottle of soda and some cracked ice outside my door."

"Yes, sir."

"I told you all that, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well—hang it, I'm going to bed."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

Stacy's emotionless face did not relax, but with a perfectly steady hand he laid down the bottle of soda and cracked ice outside my door.

"Mr. Billings, sir, do you wish to go to bed with your boots on or your boots off, sir?"

And then Billings came to me.

Now all this is merely by way of preface, in order to give some clue to the mental attitude of the trained servant in his best development. This man is not a servant by inherited tendency; he was otherwise reared, and many years maintained himself by other means. He is a servant by deliberate choice and has carefully trained himself to discharge the duties of his profession, for he regards it as a profession.

the thought of being a servant never entered my head. My forebears had all been artisans and small tradespeople, and when I was old enough to be apprenticed to the Linen Society of London. A linnen, you know, sir, is a bit maker—a very, very old trade—and the Linen Society is one of the oldest guilds in England, nowadays training boys in great variety of craftsmanship. Well, sir, they taught me to be a clerk—a book-keeper.

"I married in 1870, and leaving my wife in England came to New York in search of a better livelihood than seemed possible at home. For two years I worked in Long Island City at anything I could get to do. I was even steamfitter for a time. But I couldn't seem to make a go of it here, and so returned to London. There I was so fortunate—as I first thought—as to procure employment as rent-collector for Mr. George Brinsley, a public auctioneer. I worked for him twenty-seven years. Twenty-seven horrible years of extorting rent from the wretched who couldn't pay and of insults from the well-to-do who wouldn't pay till they got ready. Twenty-seven years! At the end of that time I was heartsick with the misery that I saw and could not relieve and with the insolence of the well-to-do who wouldn't pay. I took my wife and returned to America.

"For more than a year I worked at many things in Boston, Woods Holl and other New England places; but all the while I was turning over and over in my mind the problem of what might be best for my future. For I was no longer a young man. In my rent collecting days in London I had had an opportunity to observe the manners and duties of men servants. They had always struck me as being a peculiarly contented class, leading quiet, orderly lives, well paid, well housed and well fed. I had envied them at times. More than ever I envied them now in the turmoil of American commercial work, with its long, strict hours, its vulgar browbeating office managers, and, above all, its poor pay. Competition was rapidly reducing the salaries of clerks and bookkeepers, laborers, truck drivers, bartenders, made more than we clerks and were more independent. But I did not want to be one of these—not that it would degrade me, but their work was hard and distasteful.

"One day, then, in brooding over these things, I happened to observe myself that there were very few trained servants, especially men servants, in American cities. Well, sir, to cut it short, I decided to become a high class servant of the English type, and immediately set upon a course of self-training. I drew upon my observation and recollection of how the London servant conducted himself, his mode of speech toward his superiors and his dress. By inquiry and reading I learned the scope of his duties and by practice I learned how to perform them.

"For many, many times, I have rehearsed before a mirror with a card tray in my hand, and I have never touched a stimulant, but I familiarized myself with the names and ingredients of all the drinks known in America. I learned to mix salad dressings and to press clothes; to clean silver in the best way; I even learned the barber's trade. But above all I studied my department and my good as another is—"

"Not at first, sir. I have rehearsed my part of serving a man that I might know just what how and how much to say in every possible emergency. I cut my hair and my beard to suit the correctness to which I wished to bring my appearance for my new walk in life."

Now He's a Philosopher

"Did you find it easy to obtain a position, Stacy?"

"Not at first, sir. You see I was new to the employment agency system, and was robbed right and left."

"But you consider that you have 'arrived' now?"

"Yes, sir; I do."

"You are contented?"

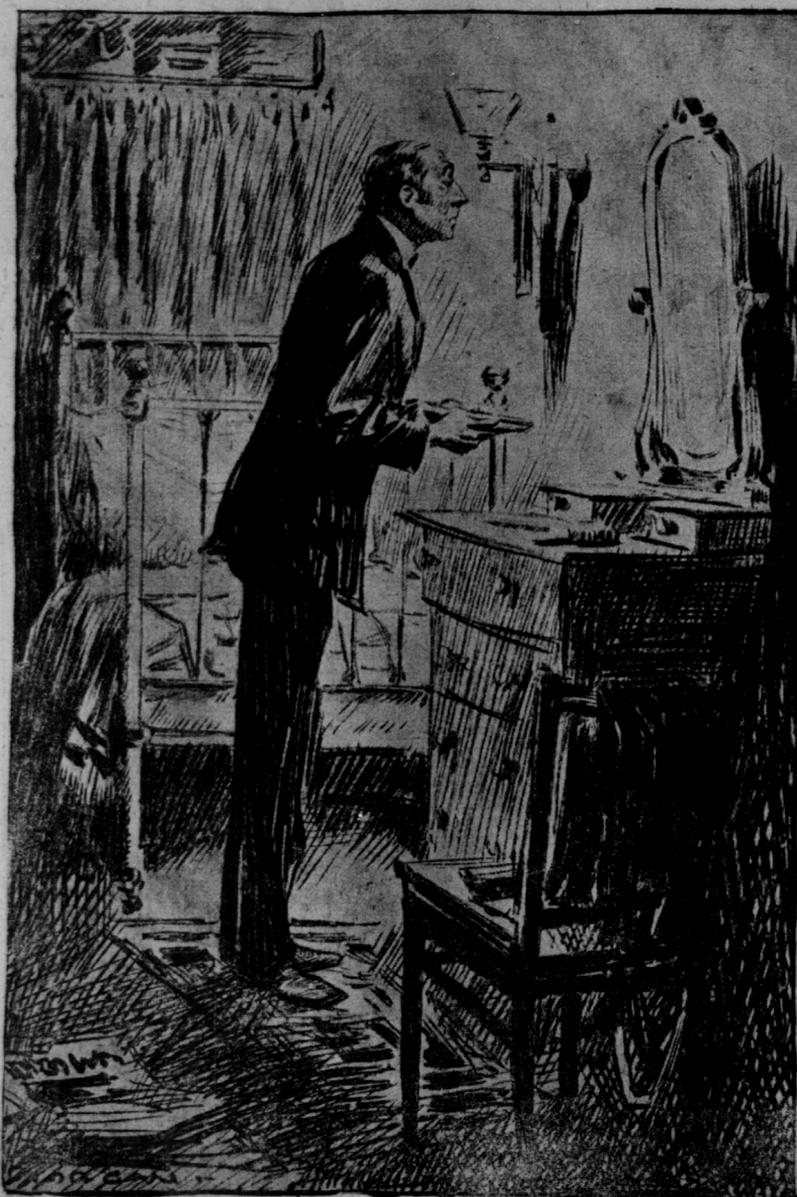
"More than contented, sir."

"You spoke of class distinction and of acquiring a proper demeanor toward what you term your superiors. Didn't the readjustment of your social position grate on you a bit?"

"Not a bit, sir. I am no hypocrite, and I believe one useful vocation to be as honorable as another."

"You believe that class distinctions are useful?"

Stacy lit a match for my fresh



HOW MANY TIMES, SIR, I HAVE REHEARSED BEFORE A MIRROR WITH A CARD TRAY!

cigarette, passed the ash tray, and horses and with just as well defined Stacy smiled broadly.

"You, I provided, graciously."

"As you please, sir."

ALASKA'S FIRST DELEGATE TO CONGRESS



FRANK H. WASKEY

CONGRESS has a novelty in Alaska's first elected Delegate, Frank H. Waskey. No Lochinvar came out of the West with braver front or clearer escutcheon than this stalwart American youth from the frozen north's most northerly district to make the first epoch in Alaska's political history.

"I am first and foremost a miner," said Mr. Waskey to me in expressing his abhorrence of being confounded in the public or Congressional mind with "The Texas Steer," "Socksless Jerry" or the sensational prototypes of dramatic, novelistic or caricaturist invention. "I am no politician. I never was, and, in all probability, never will be. I go to Congress with heart and soul for the best interests of the miner, which are inseparable from the best interests of all loyal Alaskans. No, I never wore nugget jewelry, comic opera top boots, Rogers Brothers whiskers, carried bowie knives or killed a man," he smiled, in his frank, boyish way.

"If that is what Congress expects, I am sorry to disappoint it. If it is my good fortune, however, to convince the lawmakers at Washington during the three brief months given me that Alaska is made up of honest, intelligent, progressive, God-abiding people as the States, I will feel more than repaid for the 'mushing' campaign that culminated in the honor of being Alaska's first elected Delegate to the Congress of the United States."



YOU WILL WANT A COLD BATH, SIR!

well, to be somebody. Democracy has nothing to do with that. In England the spirit of democracy is as strong as it is here; but social position doesn't enter into the matter. One Englishman is as good as another as far as his political rights go, but he knows that socially the case is different. You know yourself, sir, how impossible it would be for you to ask me to dine with your family, even if you knew me more intimately.

"Well, it probably wouldn't be pleasant for you."

"I'm afraid, sir, you're hypocritical, too. It not only wouldn't be pleasant for either of us, but it would be a step toward making me a poorer sort of servant. I believe we are put into this world to be useful and to be as useful as we can. Now I am more valuable as a servant than I could be in any other capacity—more useful to society at large and therefore more self-respecting."

"Then, again," continued this philosopher, "in the walk of life I have chosen there is the spirit of helpfulness rather than of competition. For instance, a short time ago I had some money saved up and my employer knew it. If I had been one of his office employees his manager wouldn't have known it and wouldn't have cared or given it a second thought. But the relations between master and servant are so personal that the master did know it and did care. And he told me how to invest my little savings to the best advantage. What employer in commercial life, sir, would take that much interest in one of his men?"

"In other words, you are more of a man."

"Precisely so, sir. As a clerk, I was as much a servant as I am now, but all the while pretending that I was not—pretending, always pretending."

"In what practical way is your present occupation more congenial to you?"

"Ah," said Stacy, "now you are coming to it. The point is that I am always in the employ of gentlemen, with whom courtesy does not stop at the treatment of their inferiors. In mercantile work the case is very different. Those in direct authority over clerks, bookkeepers, collectors and the like are usually recruited from the ranks of the latter class and know no other method of discipline than a general policy of faultfinding and browbeating."

"No, not that, sir; the trouble is that in America everybody wants to—"

"Besides this, there is in every commercial office an atmosphere of envy, jealousy and backbiting which is much more destructive of what is best in a man than the honest admission to himself, once and for all, that he is by nature a servant, but a good and useful one. In service, as I am, all that is socially the case is different. You know yourself, sir, how impossible it would be for you to ask me to dine with your family, even if you knew me more intimately."

WILL NEW YEAR SOLVE RIDDLE OF MARS?

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

up to as many as fourteen, thus make rendezvous, and it is a poor junction that cannot show at least six or seven. From this arrangement it is at once evident that the canals are not fortuitously placed. That lines should thus meet exactly and in numbers at particular points, and only there, shows that their location is not the outcome of chance.

They cannot be rivers, as Proctor advanced, because of their peculiar straightness. Nor can they be cracks because of their uniform size. Their unbroken character is another fatal objection to this argument. For cracks in ground, and on howls, as shown in the accompanying pictures, never pursue a continuous course for any great distance, any more than they keep uniform or straight.

Suggestive of design as their very appearance is, a circular area which receives further sanction from more careful consideration on at least eight counts:

- First—Their straightness.
 - Second—Their individually uniform size.
 - Third—Their extreme tenacity.
 - Fourth—The dual character of some of them.
 - Fifth—Their position in the fundamental planetary features.
 - Sixth—Their relation to the oases.
 - Seventh—The character of these oases.
 - Eighth—The systematic networking by both canals and oases of the whole surface of the planet.
- No natural phenomena within our knowledge show such regularity on such a scale upon any one of these eight counts. When one considers that these lines run for thousands of miles in an unswerving direction, as far relatively as from London to Bombay, as far actually as from Boston to San Francisco, the inadequacy of natural explanation becomes glaring.
- The connection of the canals with the oases is no less telltale of intent. The spots are found only at canal junctions, clearly the seal and sanction of such rendezvous. Their relation to the canals that enter them bespeaks method and design. Significant also is the shape of the oases. Their form is round, a solid circle of shading so deep in tone as to seem black, though undoubtedly in truth blue-green. Now,

a circular area has this peculiar property, that it incloses for a given length the maximum of space. Any other area has a longer inclosing boundary for the surface inclosed.

Again, the periodical quickening of the canals proceeds with singular uniformity down the planet not only to but across the equator, which also has a special significance. For Mars, presenting a flat surface, is therefore in fluid equilibrium, or, in other words, a particle of fluid at any point on its surface would stay where it was unless forced on by artificial agency. The water which quickens the verdure of the canals moves from the neighborhood of the pole down to the equator as the season advances. This it does, then, irrespective of gravity. There is, indeed, no escape from the one deduction—artificiality, since water only flows downhill and there is no such thing as downhill on a surface already in fluid equilibrium. Realizing this, even if we suppose for the sake of argument that natural forces incline the water down to the Martian equator, their action must there be certainly reversed and the equator prove a dead line, to pass which were impossible.

And my reason for believing there is life on Mars? The possibility of life on a planet is merely the question of a planet's size, and then, presently, that the character of that life is a matter of degree. For the smaller it is, the quicker the body cools and with a planet growing cold means growing old. Now, Mars is large enough to have begotten vegetation, and small enough to be already old. All that we know of the physical state of the planet points to the exclusion of both vegetal and animal life existing there, and furthermore that this life should be of a relatively high order is possible. Nothing contradicts this, and all recent observations have in fact made it most conclusive. In any event, these observations respond to our craving for a wider knowledge of the universe. Some day our own geology, meteorology and the rest will stand indebted to the study of red Mars for advancement along their respective lines. Today what we already know is helping to the fuller comprehension of vaster spheres, and it may be only a matter of time when some supreme Columbus of science will actually see and signal another responsive world.

HOME OF FRANK H. WASKEY

in a frozen Arctic of miners flinched to the last farthing by as brilliant and unscrupulous an army of law-abiding community.

"Every man, I suppose," said Waskey, recalling his life in the north, "has some one thing of which he is prouder than another. My pride is that I am of pioneer stock, as is my wife. My father was forty years a miner. He and my mother came from New England to Minnesota when it was a forest, thence to California in his earliest days, from that frontier I pushed into Alaska."

"Newspapers in the States have said I am not a miner; that I never sunk a shaft or handled a pick. The fact is there is no work pertaining to mining I have not done and continue to do. I am first and last nothing else but a miner."

While not wealthy, Waskey, in the language of the country, is "well-layed." Until 1905, when he struck "pay" on the Chestnut claim, adjoining the famous Bessie Bench, he was practically unknown in Nome. On the Chestnut claim one man rocked out in a single day \$3500. Waskey and his partner had \$15,000 in bank from this property and had started to clean up the winter dump, when they were enjoined from further work by an injunction—the curse of Alaska.

Mr. Waskey has been married three years. He met his wife in Nome. They have one son, and when not at work on a claim they are at home in a tiny wooden house on the Spit—a sandy arm of land stretching between Bering Sea and Snake River.

Mr. Waskey who is 22, has no exaggerated idea of the importance of the figure he will cut in the hall of the solons.

"I know I will scarcely have time to get acquainted with the streets of Washington before my term is up," he said. "But to let Congress know I am there will be something."

Certainly no young man has gone to Congress through a more picturesque campaign than Alaska's first elected Delegate.

Alaska addresses a "musher," Frank H. Waskey is the prince of "mushers."

Alaska's Delegate has no seat or voice in Congress. Like a hearer at college, he is admitted to the floor of the House. In the committee-room where the real business of the House is transacted, he is entitled to a respectful audience.

Waskey, who is 22, has no exaggerated idea of the importance of the figure he will cut in the hall of the solons.

"I know I will scarcely have time to get acquainted with the streets of Washington before my term is up," he said. "But to let Congress know I am there will be something."

Certainly no young man has gone to Congress through a more picturesque campaign than Alaska's first elected Delegate.

Alaska addresses a "musher," Frank H. Waskey is the prince of "mushers."

Alaska's Delegate has no seat or voice in Congress. Like a hearer at college, he is admitted to the floor of the House. In the committee-room where the real business of the House is transacted, he is entitled to a respectful audience.

Waskey, who is 22, has no exaggerated idea of the importance of the figure he will cut in the hall of the solons.