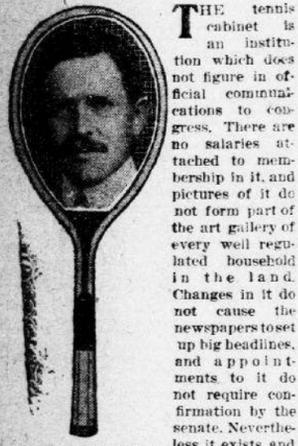


# The President's Tennis Cabinet

James R. Garfield, Herbert Knox Smith, Gifford Pinchot, Lawrence O. Murray and Alford W. Cooley, Who Play on the White House Courts.



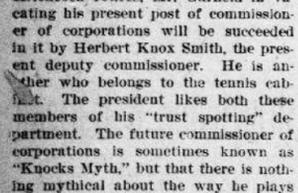
THE tennis cabinet is an institution which does not figure in official communications to congress. There are no salaries attached to membership in it, and pictures of it do not form part of the art gallery of every well regulated household in the land. Changes in it do not cause the newspapers to set up big headlines, and appointments to it do not require confirmation by the senate. Nevertheless it exists and is one of the unique institutions of the Roosevelt administration. It is an outcome of the fact that the president likes to handle not only the "big stick," but the tennis racket, the boxing gloves, the rein of a saddle horse and various other things that pertain to a strenuous activity.

There have been "kitchen cabinets" in times gone by in this and other lands which exercised considerable influence in affairs of state, but a tennis cabinet is something quite novel. There is no opprobrium in belonging to a tennis cabinet, as there might be in being a member of a kitchen cabinet. There is no smell of pots and kettles or atmosphere of murky statesmanship about the active, strong limbed, clear headed men who form this cabinet.

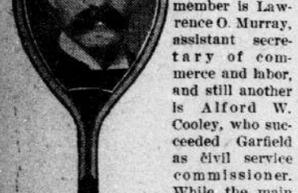
In President Cleveland's time there was no White House tennis court. Mr. Cleveland has always been fond of outdoor life, but not of that kind of exercise Mr. McKinley took little exercise, but that of walking. Tennis played at a White House sport dates only from the incoming of the Roosevelt.

There is now a fine court on the grounds of the executive mansion, screened by a high wire fence from the gaze of the curious. The tennis cabinet came into existence quite naturally as a result of the fact that some of Mr. Roosevelt's younger official associates were fond of the game. He played tennis with them just as he has boxed with some or ridden horseback with others, and gradually certain ones came to be recognized as members of the coterie, and in due time some bright newspaper man gave it the name by HERBERT KNOX SMITH, which it now goes. One of the best known members of the tennis cabinet is James R. Garfield, son of the martyr president and recently nominated as secretary of the interior to succeed Ethan Allen Hitchcock. When Mr. Hitchcock retires, Mr. Garfield in vacating his present post of commissioner of corporations will be succeeded in it by Herbert Knox Smith, the present deputy commissioner. He is another who belongs to the tennis cabinet. The president likes both these members of his "trust spotting" department. The future commissioner of corporations is sometimes known as "Knocks Myth," but that there is nothing mythical about the way he plays the game of hunting trusts Standard Oil officials can bear witness.

Gifford Pinchot, chief of the forest service, is a leading member of this cabinet. He can wield the racket as well as he can chop down a tree, which is saying a good deal. Another member is Lawrence O. Murray, assistant secretary of commerce and labor, and still another is Alford W. Cooley, who succeeded Garfield as civil service commissioner. While the main object of the cabinet is recreation and exercise, other things than sport are sometimes discussed, and at informal conferences after the president often obtains ideas of affairs of state upon which he is to place much value.



THE president often obtains ideas of affairs of state upon which he is to place much value.



THE president often obtains ideas of affairs of state upon which he is to place much value.

**MOHAMMED ALI MIRZA.**  
The Progressive Crown Prince of Persia.  
Mohammed Ali Mirza, who succeeds to the throne of Persia on the death of the shah, is a young man of progressive ideas for one belonging to oriental royalty. As heir apparent he has enjoyed considerable power as governor general of Azerbaijan. It is an unwritten law of the Persians that the valiah (or heir apparent) shall be governor of this province and reside at Tabriz. Mohammed Ali was born in 1872 and is the son of a princess distantly related to his father. Persian monarchs have numerous wives, but the successor to the throne must be the son of a legitimate wife of royal blood. The prince was educated under the supervision of European tutors, ac-



quired a fair knowledge of French and in many ways is an example of the progressive spirit of the last decade in Persia, which has recently resulted in the change in the rulership from an absolute despotism to a constitutional monarchy. His taste is for military affairs. He is fond of sport, courteous in his relations with others and yet inherits from his grandfather, Nasr-ed-Din Shah, much firmness of character. There are but two short railroads in Persia, each about six miles in length, and it has comparatively little intercourse with other countries. Customs are much as they have been for centuries, though within a few years modern ideas have been gaining favor.

A writer who went on a hunting trip with the crown prince not long ago has described as follows what happened when his highness aimed at an ibex: "Rising noiselessly, he carefully takes aim, and the report of his rifle is the sign for us to rise also. Twenty or more ibex are now in full flight, a beautiful sight, and bullet after bullet flies after them, but one has been left prostrate on the rocks, and we run toward it with a yell and a whoop. Examination shows that the prince's bullet passed right through the shoulder, a splendid shot at about 150 yards."

**VICTOR H. METCALF.**  
Cabinet Member Who Made the Report on the Japanese.  
Victor Howard Metcalf, the new secretary of the navy, whose report on the Japanese situation in San Francisco was made the basis of the president's special message to congress on the subject, was a California congressman before he became a member of the cabinet. He was selected for the task of preparing a report on the treatment accorded subjects of the mikado in San Francisco on account of his familiarity with the local conditions.

Secretary Metcalf was born fifty-three years ago at Utica, N. Y., and after graduating from the Utica Free academy entered Yale in the class of '76. During his vacations he studied law in the office of the late United States Senator Francis Kernan and also in the office of the late Governor Horatio Seymour. He left the academic department of Yale in his junior year and entered the law school, from which he graduated in 1876. He practiced for two years in the east and then removed to California, which has been his home for nearly thirty years. It was in California that he married his wife, who was Miss E. Corinne Nicholson. He was serving his third term in congress when invited into the cabinet as secretary of commerce and labor and had made a record as a member of the committee on naval affairs. When Charles J. Bonaparte became attorney general he was promoted to his place at the head of the navy.



after graduating from the Utica Free academy entered Yale in the class of '76. During his vacations he studied law in the office of the late United States Senator Francis Kernan and also in the office of the late Governor Horatio Seymour. He left the academic department of Yale in his junior year and entered the law school, from which he graduated in 1876. He practiced for two years in the east and then removed to California, which has been his home for nearly thirty years. It was in California that he married his wife, who was Miss E. Corinne Nicholson. He was serving his third term in congress when invited into the cabinet as secretary of commerce and labor and had made a record as a member of the committee on naval affairs. When Charles J. Bonaparte became attorney general he was promoted to his place at the head of the navy.

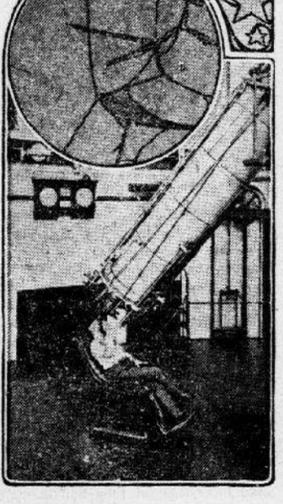
# Neighbor Mars Is Inhabited

So Astronomer Percival Lowell Says, and They Beat Us as Canal Builders. Panama a Mere Gas Pipe Trench Beside Theirs.

**N**OW for the first time a scientist of high repute has come forward with the unqualified declaration that the planet Mars is inhabited by intelligent beings. This declaration has been made by Professor Percival Lowell, eminent astronomer, who has spent a dozen years chiefly in the study of Mars. Professor Lowell believes that Mars is the home of a race of beings even more acutely intelligent than ourselves, since, according to his discoveries, the Martians have constructed at least 454 canals, each of which would make the Panama canal look like a mere gas pipe trench. It is the canals on the surface of Mars that have given earth dwelling humans their most plausible clue to the existence of living, thinking and working beings on the planet.

The astronomer Schiaparelli first discovered the Martian canals in 1867. He pointed out that the peculiar streaks on the planet, visible through the telescope, are not merely natural markings, but are artificial excavations filled with water. The symmetry of these streaks, their extreme length and the fact that they follow usually the imaginary great circles around the planet give weight to the theory of their artificial construction, but there is more scientific evidence in its support. Astronomers have discovered that Mars possesses air and water, the two primary essentials of animate existence. This discovery does not imply necessarily that animal life exists there. We must look for some actually visible evidences of organic life and intelligence. Man is known by his works. Martians must be known to us by their works if at all. According to Professor Lowell, the canal works on Mars must be accepted as conclusive evidence of intelligent life.

Mars is much smaller than the earth. The planet has only about one-seventh



MARTIAN CANALS—TAKING A SQUINT AT THE PLANET.

of our bulk and only one-quarter of our surface area. Savants say, however, that practically all the surface of Mars is land. As three-fourths of the earth's surface is ocean, the Martians have as much land as we have. Mars has reached the correspondingly more advanced age than the earth. This may be ascribed to the fact that, being smaller, its molten mass cooled off more rapidly. Then the waters, such as did not evaporate, went to the poles of the planet, where in the Martian winter seasons they are visible to earthly astronomers in the form of vast ice caps and snow fields, glitteringly white.

Astronomers have observed that these snow caps disappear during the Martian summer seasons. What becomes of the water resulting from this melting? Why, it is used for irrigation purposes by the marvelous civil engineers of Mars, who were far advanced in stupendous land reclamation projects long before the Carey act passed congress. The theory is that the surface of Mars is largely desert, with considerable oases here and there, and that the inhabitants occupy these oases and make the land cultivable by bringing the melted ice and snow from the poles through immense canals. Thus both the north pole and the south pole problems are definitely solved on Mars, with no further need for Peary's Wellmans.

It is conceded by astronomers that Mars is a much chillier planet than the earth. Some hold that it is too cold for life to exist, and they ask what becomes of the inhabitants in winter. This is still a problem, though some scientists point out that hibernation, as practiced by bears and Russian peasants on this globe, may preserve the Martians through their long winter freeze up. In this event living expenses on Mars must be reduced to a minimum, but it must be hard picking for the theatrical managers unless they confine themselves to summer stock companies and roof gardens.

# Woman's World

Women Who Indulge in the Blues—The Easedness of Silence. The Genius Spinster Not Limited to the Female Sex :: :: ::

"No woman has any business to have the blues," remarked the decided woman.  
"Oh, I suppose men are the only ones who have the right to have troubles!" observed the sad faced lady.  
"Not at all, not at all!" answered the first speaker. "Women have men skinned to death when it comes to the trouble question, but the point is that the lady with the blues seldom has any real troubles."  
"Show me a woman with a sunny disposition, and I will be willing to bet you money she has more than one heavy cross which she has learned the secret of putting behind her. But the woman who suffers from the blues—bah! She has indigestion or too easy a life."  
"I know a woman who can't bear to be alone on rainy days. She flattens her nose against the damp pane and weeps."  
"Other women go out all day and have a good time, lunch at one house, tea at another, more tea at a third, then home to dinner all fagged out and their stomachs overloaded. When their husbands come in, they are enjoying a nice case of the blues, during which—poor man!—he is forced to listen to a list of grievances."  
"Then take the woman who shuts herself up in the house all the time. Can you be surprised if she is a constant victim of the blues?"  
"Want of exercise, want of fresh air, want of interest in life—if these are not enough to make one depressed, what is?"  
"The minute the weather grows somewhat cold certain women stop going out. They flatten themselves close to the radiator and get their fancy work out."  
"If I were a legislator I would make the doing of more than a certain

amount of fancy work a week a criminal offense. Certainly nothing tires a woman out more.  
"What women with tendencies toward the blues need is fresh air. If they stay in the house of their own will, they have only themselves to thank for finding the world a doleful place. If they work in confining situations, they should change the character of their labor."  
"Horseback riding, golf, skating, long walks—these all tend to make a woman bright, happy and able to meet with a laugh whatever fortune deals out to her."

**Silence Is Golden.**  
Schopenhauer says that higher natures cannot bear noises, while people of coarse mold display an indifference to medleys of sound, which is a sure indication of their unperfected state.  
I think he is right so far as women are concerned.  
The woman with a shrill voice and the woman who will associate with shrill voices—well, we all know her. She wears loud gowns and lives in a cheap, flashy way.  
Oh, blessed velvety silence! Pity more of the feminine sex don't appreciate you!



"WEEPS ON RAINY DAYS."

**Varied Spinsterhood.**  
I tell you that there are married old maids.  
And there are spinsters above the thirty year limit who are not old maids either.  
There are—yes, there are—men old maids! You know the kind. They snoop around the kitchen, telling the maid how to do her work, and they fuss around the house, bossing their wives about the way things are run.  
Bless your heart, the world is full of old maids of both sexes! Isn't it a pity each one can't be given a separate island to live on where particular fads and futilities could be worked out in private and rational people would not be pestered by them?  
In the meantime we can do one thing anyway, can't we? We can make good and sure we don't belong to the colony.

**MAUD ROBINSON.**

# Modern Woman

What Shall Be Done With Old Women? A Serious Question, the Consideration of Which Is Commended to Feminine Clubs :: ::

One of the not over many live women's organizations is especially concerned with finding employment for "out of works" of its own sex. Its hardest task, quite impossible oftentimes, is to get anybody to hire a woman past forty-five years old to do anything. All want young women, at least women who have retained the capabilities of youth and have added others from experience, which all women will do when at length they learn how. As a remedy for the evil the organization is agitating the subject of old age pensions. I have always had my doubts about these old age pensions, except in cases of entire physical disability or great age, say eighty to a hundred. It looks to me like putting a premium on incompetence and slumping. The elderly woman who is willing to work can find something to do if she will take what she can get, chiefly domestic labor. It must be confessed, but it is far better to work in a kitchen than to go to the poorhouse or be dependent on grudging relatives. The female dependence that has been fostered for ages in the world is largely responsible for the useless, helpless, unromantically old woman of today, the one that is ready to cringe and sink in anywhere rather than rouse her soul power, take good hard knocks and earn her living. The chief trouble is that in most cases a woman is willing to slump down and let herself be taken care of by charity. The old time woman was brought up to consider it no shame to let somebody else earn her living for her. She was also brought up mostly without knowledge of any money getting occupation. Her case is hard, but she herself can remedy it. If some of the old women for whom the ladies mentioned have such a time to provide will stop their grunting and groaning, pull themselves together and look for work, they will be sure to find employment of some kind.

A case is reported in which a woman wanted a divorce from her husband so that she could have him as a sweetheart again. A million wives in this country will in their secret hearts understand and appreciate her position, though they won't say anything.  
Take notice. The pendulum is swinging backward. Women chefs are in demand in fashionable circles. The Marlborough, one of the richest, swellest London clubs, has a woman chef. It is certain that on this planet at least never at any time has there been any cook equal to just the old time negro aunty in her red and yellow turban who presided over the southern kitchen. If a black woman can cook better than anybody else, white women can do almost as well. A salary of \$1,000 to \$10,000 is something that cannot be picked up at schoolteaching. College girls, think about it!

Photographs of women who proclaim themselves advocates of nothing but domestic life for their sex always look stupid, I notice. These are usually women who owe their prominence to the fact that they are the wives of well known public men. It looks as if they felt their own intellectual inferiority painfully and took refuge in it by saying that home is woman's sphere. Certainly home is the proper sphere for the woman who is too stupid for any other, and she should stay there. But let her not take it on herself to declare that every other woman should do the same.

Work is the sovereign remedy for all ills. Work on joyously, even if some day you drop dead at your task. It's a happy way to go and makes least trouble for those around you.

Question by Bernard Shaw, the erratic dramatist: "If you want to personify God, why not personify him as a woman?"

Attending an entertainment given recently by pupils of the school of opera in New York, I was impressed with the quality of their acting as well as singing. Everything went off so smoothly and merrily as to be notable. I understood it a little later when I saw these fine young people flock around the director of the school, Mme. Ogden-Crane. The affection for her was undoubted, and then I saw why the pupils' performance was so excellent. It was the result of the affectionate good will between teacher and pupils.

Take notice that one of the best rifle shots in this country is a woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Toepferwein of San Antonio, Tex. She was permitted to enter the lists as a contestant among the expert marksmen of the national guard and proved herself one of the best. She is now regularly enrolled by the war department as a member of the national marksmen's reserve.

Susan B. Anthony was so loyal to her own sex that she never employed a man in any professional or industrial capacity if she could get a woman to perform the service she wanted. She never gave an item to a man reporter if she could find a woman reporter.  
**ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.**

# Women Who Do

The First Woman Professor in the Famous Sorbonne University at Paris—Mme. Curie as She Appears When Lecturing :: ::

A slender, youthful woman in deep mourning, her fair hair swept plainly back from a remarkably broad, high, full brow, her head seemingly almost too large for the slim neck that carried it, her manner so simple, so un-conscious and sincere that it was child-like—such was the appearance of Mme. Curie as she stood in a class room delivering the first lecture ever given by a woman professor to the students of the University of Paris. It was an event which should make women all over the world rejoice and take courage, because at last the earnest, devoted scientific work of one of their



MME. CURIE LECTURING.

sex has been fittingly recognized. Mme. Marie Sklodowska Curie, discoverer of radium, is by birth a Pole. Her father was a professor of sciences in the town where Marie spent her childhood, and she was interested in reports, test tubes and chemicals at an age when girl children are expected to play with dolls. But little Marie never did play with dolls. She used to spend her time in the professor's laboratory and frequently amused with her wisdom and knowledge grave, learned men who called on her father. After finishing the scientific course in the school of her home town of Varsovie the young girl went to Paris to study further. There she met Pierre Curie, student of chemistry, as enthusiastic as herself. They were at once drawn to each other and in time were married.

**Dorothy Levitt, English Automobilitist.**

When Dorothy Levitt, a London girl, was twenty years old her parents tried to make her marry a man she disliked. She would not and ran away from home. Through a friend she was enabled to go to Paris and work in an automobile factory, where she wore overalls, learned her business and minded it. She returned to London and got employment teaching women to operate automobiles. From instructor in automobiling Dorothy Levitt turned to motor racing and quickly became the woman champion speeder of Europe. She has twice reached the dizzy rate of 100 miles an hour with her eighty power machine. Miss Levitt has developed also unusual commercial talent in connection with the automobile business, and her income is \$10,000 a year. She has challenged any woman automobilist in America to race with her.

**Augusta J. Evans.**

Is there any girl, middle aged woman or grandmother in this land who has not read "Beulah," "St. Elmo," "Vash-ti" and "Macaria?" The author of these absorbing stories, Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson, is living very quietly in Mobile, Ala. Mrs. Wilson is seventy-one years old now. Her home during her husband's lifetime was a famous old colonial mansion in Mobile. It is shaded by magnolias, oaks and orange trees, and there the author of "St. Elmo" lived an ideal married life and wrote most of her novels. Since the death of her husband, Colonel L. M. Wilson, twelve years ago, the novelist has lived with her brother, Howard Evans, in another part of Mobile.

**The English "Suffragettes."**

One remarkable fact connected with the spectacular woman suffrage campaign in Great Britain is that it was planned in the first place and has been engineered throughout by a girl, Christabel Pankhurst, pretty, wealthy and accomplished. She has a baby face and large, innocent gray eyes. Her complexion is fair and pure, with rose pink in her cheeks. To look at her one would think her the last person on earth to arouse a political agitation. That is what she has done, however, and she has raised such a row throughout the whole kingdom that undoubtedly British barristers wish heartily they had allowed her a certificate to practice law when she applied for permission two years ago.  
**MARCIA WILLIS CAMPBELL.**