A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY ON PARTIES

BY SIR FORTUNE FREE.

"I BELIEVE, Sir Fortune," remarked the companion with whom I was walking down a road near my house the other day, "that I heard someone calling your name."

I hadn't the slightest doubt he had. I had heard it, too, but had dissembled and pretended I hadn't.

So we stopped, and the owner of the shout came running to us. He is nine years of age. He had caught sight of me as I was passing his home, and he came to tell me something. We were very good friends, you see.

"I saw you going by," he said, "and I wanted to tell you I'm going to a party the night after tomorrow—a real party! We don't break up before ten. And there's going to be a conjurer!"

I knew what was coming after I had said "Good-by" to him. It was a pity, my companion remarked, that a boy like that—a boy who "might be" a nice boy—was evidently being so badly brought up. Here he was calling to people from windows and thinking of parties, exulting in the idea of sitting up till 10 o'clock and going to see a conjurer! Bad! Bad!

"When I was a boy," my companion began, "I went to no parties. That is why I don't miss such frivolities now. People know me too well to ever dream of inviting me now."

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I can quite believe that.

He is one of those persons who glance askance at all gatherings for pleasure. A party is a meeting of people bent on having a good time together—or they ought to be. He does not believe in parties either for children or for grown-ups. Why should people come together to enjoy themselves? Why can't they do it by themselves—in their own homes? I pointed out that it might be rather awkward if, suppose, you wanted a dance.

"Dance!" he exclaimed with a sneer. "If I ever had the inclination to indulge in such idiocy, I would much rather dance alone than in company, where there would be others to see me."

I have never tried a dance by myself, but I should say it was a rather melancholy performance. That is just what the party-despising person does not recognize—how much other folk want partners in enjoyment. Most people enjoy themselves very much better with others enjoying themselves at the same time. Don't doctors tell us that a meal is not half so enjoyable or beneficial if it is eaten alone. If you want to laugh and be jolly, there is nothing like having those around you bent on the same purpose. We need company in most things.

"Never wonder what people are thinking," was the prescription of a lady who used to do a good business in preparing nervous young ladies about to enter into society. The nervous partygoer, when he or she gets into a crowded room, promptly begins to wonder what all those people are thinking concerning them. Occupied in trying to solve a problem like that, how can they possibly attend to things that are actually going on?

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It may be a comfort to the nervous individual to know that the person who is a little shy in society is apt to be a favorite. People don't really like what Disraeli called a "perfect aplomb." The reason is so few people are themselves free from some nervousness in society that they are enviously prejudiced against the perfectly self-possessed person.

"Why don't young men dance?" asked a physician in a newspaper some short time back. It is wonderful how many don't. The I-suppose-I-must-go person would frequently jump at the opportunity if he only knew how to dance. But he doesn't. The young gentleman thinks he will look like a fool if he does not dance, and he is confident he will look so if he makes the attempt. He is convinced that dancing is a painfully acquired accomplishment. In nine lessons of an hour each he can learn three dances that will carry him through any dancing evening creditably. He won't be an accomplished dancer, but who wants him to be?

The far-too-clever dancer is responsible for the lack of dancers in the society ballrooms today. Nine or ten years ago a number of young gentlemen moving in society resolved to make themselves perfect masters of dancing. As they had nothing else to do they succeeded. They have shone in nothing else. They danced all rivals into the shade. Hostesses poured invitations upon the gentleman "who danced so beautifully," and he came. But men who could not dance "like that" shook the dust of dancing off their feet and said bitter things. Dancing in society has never got over the shock.

"I must ask so-and-so," a lady remarked to me the other day. "He does so enjoy himself."

If people only knew it that is one of the biggest accomplishments they can bring to make them welcome. It is better than being an accomplished dancer, pianist, singer or anything else. The man and the woman who enjoy themselves contribute enormously to the success of the evening. And it is the people who don't act as the wet blankets.

I know a lady who is an accomplished damper of parties given by people she doesn't like. Just when things are going well she assumes a countenance of such acute suffering that people who don't know her grow concerned. She assures them she is enjoying herself wonderfully—but isn't the room just a little too hot or too cold? Things are only put right when a window is opened or shut that spreads discomfort all around. Then she picks up wonderfully. But somehow the evening is not a success to others. She told me that she was having remarkably few invitations to parties this season.

One need not be so bad as that to become unpopular. One has only to stand aside and not "enter into things." Jones, who "so enjoys himself," dances in an elephantile fashion, gets himself "mixed up" in the games, puts everything wrong he assists in—but people "must have" Jones. If he is not there people ask: "Isn't Jones coming?"

I remember a remarkably clever society lady telling me of an exceedingly pretty girl who, just because she found herself the center of observation, resolved it was only fitting she should dress more splendidly. It proved a fearful mistake. The men jumped to the conclusion she had a high opinion of her beauty and the ladies—well, they did not like her a bit. She hadn't a "good time of it." "Pretty but so conceited, my dear."

"Every pretty girl," the old lady assured me—and, goodness knows, she had had experience in society—"should dress as simply as possible. The prettier she is, the more care she must take to make people suppose she doesn't know it." What artfulness!

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I have been to parties that have cost the givers something like $25 a minute, and have gone home duly grateful to the people who have spent so much money on me, but feeling all the same that, as far as regards the pleasure I have had, there had been a frightful waste of cash. There are party givers I know who run them on "next to nothing" and who at the same time make them huge successes.

"Surprise parties," I am glad to hear, are becoming more popular in most of our provincial towns. No one knows what the program will be. Perhaps the night will be a mixture of dancing, singing, music, games, recitations. You "take your chance." If you can do anything, contribute any feature to the enjoyment of the evening, you do it. If you cannot, you contribute your applause and your enjoyment of the fun. It is wonderful what a lot of entertainment talent one can find among one's acquaintances if one only goes the right way about it.

"What an immensely brighter wintertime thousands of people would enjoy," a lady wailed in a paper the other day, "if people would only cultivate the art of giving cheap parties?"

Quite so. And wouldn't the number of marriages increase also?

All through the country the postman is busy carrying those delightful little letters requesting "the pleasure of your company." These letters should be ten or twenty times as many.

"I never went to a party or gave a party without feeling the better for it," declared Dickens.

Stormswept in a Balloon

Augustus Post, writing the Experiences of an Airman, in the February American Magazine, tells the following story of a thrilling adventure he had in a balloon during a thunderstorm:

"After supper was over and our things stowed away, we noticed what seemed to be occasional flashes of heat lightning far off on the horizon, but we thought little of it. Soon these became frequent, and we saw that a storm was gathering, but, as it was far to one side of the direction in which we were going, we thought it would pass around us. However, we began to hear the rumble of thunder and knew that the tempest was nearing. The air grew chill, and before we could realize what was happening the balloon, pitching and swaying, was sucked into a mighty vortex where, amidst the deafening roar of the thunder and the lightning's vivid glare, surging and swinging and spinning around and around, the balloon shot right up into the very heart of a cyclone. Every flash of lightning blinded us and each clap of thunder felt like the blow of a mighty hammer on the side of the car. We had to hold to the edge of the basket to keep from being hurld out. The balloon, bouncing and tossing, rose and fell thousands of feet with frightful rapidity in the whirl of the maelstrom.

"We rose 13,000 feet—over two miles—and then cast out ballast to try to ride above the storm, but it was impossible. We lost all control of the balloon—usually so amenable to guidance, it was now like a chip in the gorge of Niagara. Its upward rushes were like those of a rocket, through a darkness black as ink, changing now and again to a blinding glare as the lightning, more vivid than any we had ever seen, turned night into a strange and lurid day. For we were not watching the lightning from afar as one does on the earth, where it is like a light seen through a window—we were inside of it, enveloped in its blinding glow.

"Through a rift in the clouds we caught sight of the earth far below, and saw that we were dashing downward with such violence that it seemed as if the ground were rushing up at us. We saw, too, that the basket was going to strike. Just as the shock came we pulled the valve-rope, and the huge balloon started on a mad dash across the fields, dragging us with terrific speed after it. I crawled out into the concentrating ring at the risk of falling out on the ground or of getting my legs caught under the basket. Grasping the rip-cord, I pulled it with all my might. It slipped through my fingers, and tore off a ring I was wearing, taking the flesh with it. Just then my companion, Mr. Harmon, nearly fell out, and pulling him in we crouched in the bottom of the basket.

"The balloon dashed on, crashing right through two barbed-wire fences, tearing down two telegraph lines, smashing a telephone pole to splinters, bounding on into a patch of woods, over a farmhouse and landing in a cornfield fully two miles from where it first struck the ground.

"We made up our minds then and there that the next time we were in a balloon, and saw a cyclone coming, we would come down.

"There is an interesting sequel to this adventure, which shows that the unexpected sometimes happens, and that some of the Arabian Nights' Tales may be founded on fact. Some time afterward Mr. Harmon received a letter from the farmer who lived near where this occurred, saying that while plowing in his field he had found a ring, and asking if we had either of us lost one. We told him that one of us had, he sent it on, and so I have my seal ring again as a unique souvenir of this experience."

This Quickly Cleanses Both Hair and Scalp

"A harmless and entirely satisfactory shampoo can be enjoyed at little expense," says Mrs. Mae Martyn, in the Los Angeles Bee, "if you get an original package of canthrox from your druggist and dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. This is enough mixture for a thorough cleansing of both hair and scalp.

"The canthrox mixture makes a wealth of rich, white lather that dissolves every atom of dust, dandruff and excess oil. Rinsing leaves the hair and scalp immaculately clean, and after a canthrox shampoo the hair dries quickly and evenly, taking on such a rich gloss and softness, so that doing it up is a genuine pleasure. Occasional shampooing with canthrox keeps the scalp clean and pliant and induces a heavy growth of beautiful, lustrous hair."

No Taxes in Liechtenstein.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]

In the principality of Liechtenstein, which is celebrating its bicentenary, taxes are unknown to its people. Its handful of square miles is squeezed in between Austria, Germany and Switzerland, and usually crowded out of all but big scale maps of Europe. Ecclesiastically it is attached to Switzerland, and for customs and postal purposes to Austria, while its septuagenarian ruler, Prince John, lives in Vienna and compromises for his absence from his kingdom by paying the whole of the expenses of its administration out of his annual income of 12,000,000 francs. The baby state has a full-grown Parliament, with salaried legislators whose wagers are also paid by Prince John.

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Near Seal Coat, extra fine, 52 inches; latest Model with long roll collar; worth $125.00 ..... $55.00

Genuine Red Fox, Large Pillow Muff with head and tail or animal Scarf; worth $20.00 now $9.95

Silver Fox Set, with large double skin Muff and animal Scarf; both trimmed with heads and tails worth $100.00. Set $48.00

Genuine Beaver, large Scarf or Pillow Muff; worth $30.00 each $14.95

French Coney Coat, 52 inches, in black or brown; Satin lined throughout; worth $55.00. Now $24.95

Black Pony Coat, 52 inches; latest Model, brocaded Silk lined; worth $65.00 ..... $32.00

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Jap Mink, exactly like this cut, large Pillow Muff or Fancy Scarf, worth $20.00, each $9.95

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$ 98.00 SCARFS OR MUFFS, $49.00
$110.00 SCARFS OR MUFFS, $59.00

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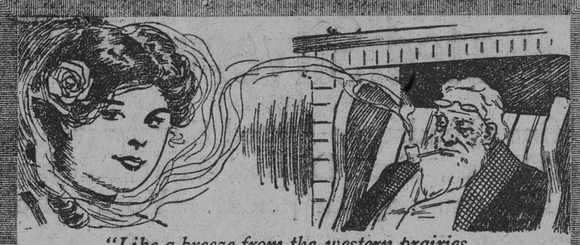
"The 'Mind The Paint' Girl" Tells the Story of Her Life

IN The Mind the Paint Girl, the comedy in which Billie Burke is playing, Pinero has given his heroine a long speech—extraordinarily long as stage speeches go—in which she tells the young "sprig of the nobility," who has just asked her to marry him, all about her origin and her up-bringing and how she attained success. It is an interesting speech because it is the story of many a woman who has risen to a high place on the stage in America as well as in England.

"What do you say to a tiny provision shop in Kennington, over the water?" she begins. "That was my start in the world. Father kept a small shop in Kennington—Gladwin street, near the Oval. We sold groceries and butter and eggs and cheese and pickled pork and paraffin. I was born there; on the second floor. And in Gladwin street I lived till I was 14. Then father smashed through the stores, cutting into our little trade. Well, hardly smashed. That's too imposing. The business just faded, and one morning we didn't bother to take down the shutters. Then, after a while, father got a starvation birth—18 shillings a week—at a wholesale bacon warehouse—Price & Moseley's—still over the water, and I earned an extra five at a place in the Westminster bridge road pasting the gilt edges onto passe-partouts from 9 A. M. until 6 in the evening. Not a syllable against the passe-partouts! They were the making of me. It was the passe-partouts that brought me and Tedder together. In the house where I worked a man of the name of Tedder—Ambrose Tedder—taught dancing—stage dancing. "Tedder Academy of Saltatory Art! And every time I passed Tedder's door and heard his violin or piano and the sound of the pupils' feet, I—! Oh, lor', if once I—! Well, ultimately Tedder took me and trained me—did it for nix—for what he hoped to get out of me in the future. Ah, and he hasn't lost over me—poor old Ambrose! He collared a third of my salary for ever so long, and now that the old chap's rheumaticky and worn out, I—oh, it's not worth mentioning. My stars, he could teach, could Tedder! I began by going to him for the last 20 minutes of my dinner hour. He wanted to stop that because it was bad for me, he said, to practice on a full—a full——Ha, ha, ha!—on a full——! Ho, ho, ho! As if I ever had—in those days! I was a pupil of Tedder's for 12 months and then he got me on the Canterbury, and from the Canterbury I went to Gatti's, and from Gatti's to the Lane for a few lines in the pantomime and an understudy—my first appearance in the West End—and from there I went to the old Strand, and there Morris Cooling spotted me, and that led to my being engaged at the Pandora, where I ate my heart out doing next to nothing for two whole years. Then came the production of The Duchess of Brixton, and it was in The Duchess, thanks to Vincent Bland, that I sang the Mind the Paint song. He believed in me, did Vincent. He saw that I was fit for something more than just prancing about and airing my ankles in a gay frock. By Jupiter, how he fought for me! How he fought for me up to the final rehearsal! And to this day, whenever I indulge in a prayer, you bet Vincent Bland has a paragraph all to himself in it! Oh, but I needn't inflict quite so much of my biography on you, need I? Sorry. I merely wanted to tell you enough to show you—to show you—Ha, ha! Oh, I'm not chucking mud at myself really. Why should I? Many a woman 'ud feel as vain as a peacock in my shoes. Fancy! From the shop in Gladwin street to—to this! And from Tedder's stuffy rooms in the Westminster Bridge road to the stage of the Pandora as principal girl! But recollect, however shrewd and apt I may be and however straight I have managed to keep myself, still—I'm only a Pandora girl and should always be remembered as one by your chums and belongings. Only a Pandora girl! Nothing can alter that, dear boy. And you mustn't—you mustn't handicap yourself by hanging me around your neck."

Not the Poet's Ideal.

Mr. Longfellow himself would probably want to revise some of his notions about the village artisan under the spreading chestnut tree if he should read the startling charges in the bill filed by the government against the Horseshoers' Trust.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.



"Like a breeze from the western prairies,
Like the scent of the fragrant pine."
The song that reaches every heart.

"That Old Girl of Mine"

By Jones and Van Alstyne.

Most Sensational Home Ballad

We quote below a paragraph from the Louisville Times which is the consensus of opinion of the many musical critics throughout the country:

"The new ballad 'That Old Girl of Mine' is probably the most popular song in America today, and it harks back to the days of pink sunbonnets and gingham aprons. Within a few weeks it became a tremendous hit, leaping into popularity as a song has not done in years. These old ballads get under the hide with most people, and that's the reason the public never will get tired of them."

"That Old Girl of Mine" not only appeals to the mind but strikes a responsive chord in every human heart.

THE SONGS MOST TALKED ABOUT:

"That Old Girl of Mine"
"My Little Persian Rose"
"Oh, You Silv'ry Bells" (Jingle Bells)
"Down by the Old Garden Gate"
"Teasing Moon"
"I'll Come Back to You My Honolulu Lou"
"Be My Little Baby Bumble Bee"
"Down in Dear Old New Orleans"
"You're a Great Big Blue Eyed Baby"
"Hold Up Rag"
"Sunshine and Roses"
"You're My Baby"

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Royalty Prefers Hotel

CROWN Princess Cecilie of Germany has signified her intention never to keep house again. She has become a disciple of the latest custom among the members of the higher circles of the Fatherland and elsewhere—that of living in the fashionable hotels or boarding-houses.

And what a rage it has put the Kaiser in! He is not so angry at Cecilie herself as he is at the Princess of Pless, who put the idea into his daughter-in-law's head, says the Chicago Tribune.

The Emperor fears the tottering of traditions may follow this innovation among the high and mighty. The War Lord, though progressive in many things, clings tenaciously to kingly prerogatives. A Hohenzollern's castle is his home and a noble's palace his domicile. He wants these things kept up.

The Crown Princess says she likes the modern hotel.

The Kaiser says he will have none of it.

The Crown Prince likes the Crown Princess and likes her idea of liking a hotel. But—

Since the Kaiser is so set against the idea the Crown Prince doesn't know just exactly what to do.

The Princess of Pless is living at a hotel and says she will continue to do so.

The Kaiser rages, but the Princess only smiles.

And there you are. How it will end nobody knows.

The Princess of Pless is really to blame for it all. This feud, primarily between one of the most powerful of Europe's rulers and one of the most beautiful women in the world, began when the Princess suddenly became tired of her palatial home and took a large apartment in the most up-to-date hotel in Berlin.

Cecelie Gets the Idea.

Many of the Princess' friends followed her example. Thus the merry row extended. Her associates, one by one, closed up their homes and moved to fashionable boarding-houses. The Emperor did not like it.

Then the last straw came when one day, in a tete-a-tete with the Crown Princess, the Princess of Pless dilated upon the joys of hotel life, telling of the comfort and ease which attended it.

The Crown Princess Cecelie has traveled much in Germany and abroad and knows European hotels—since they have been remade after American ideas of hotel keeping—are not half bad. After a few minutes of serious thought she said:

"If I can persuade my husband I think I shall try it. We are away from Berlin so much that it really does not pay to keep up our two large homes in Berlin and in Potsdam."

That evening she took the Crown Prince into her confidence, describing all the attractions of hotel life as told her by the Princess of Pless. She pointed out the comforts of the apartments of eight rooms occupied by the princess. The best part of it all, she told him, was that it did not cost nearly as much as had the managing of their palatial home. The princess' friends, she said, had given up housekeeping for hotel life, having come to the same conclusion.

It Will Be So Economical.

"It will be the greatest comfort for all, my dear," the Crown Princess told her husband. "We can economize in many ways

"We shall know just what it will cost us every week, and we will not have to pay our servants while we are away. Then there will not be the awful work packing and unpacking all our household belongings every time we go to St. Moritz or to Danzig."

The Crown Prince had lived enough in hotels to see the value of this argument, but he has had enough differences with his father not to undertake anything as radical as giving up housekeeping without consulting him. So he said he'd see what the Emperor thought about it.

A day or two later, while on a call to his parents at Potsdam, his mother, the Empress, touched upon some of the difficulties of keeping house today, since the servants are so badly trained and demand such high wages. He thought that this was the right moment to approach the subject of their giving up their homes for hotels.

The Empress listened to all he had to say very attentively, but the Emperor flushed, for he was hardly able to control himself.

Destroys the German Ideals.

"Some more of your American nonsense," the enraged father cried. "So you value this nonsense of boarding. It is liked in America because their women do not know how to keep house or are too indifferent in these matters regarding our German ideals of kuche, kirche and kinder.

"Let the Princess of Pless talk that way to her American and English friends who while away their time and their husbands' money pretending to keep house in hotels, but I shall not have it in my kingdom. What are we Germans building our great army for if it is not to protect our fatherland and our homes? Is there no end to your foolish ideas and notions?"

To this ultimatum the Crown Princess is said to have retorted that she proposed to have her own way about it despite the royal will. The Crown Prince is thus left on the horns of a dilemma. The Kaiser, who up to this time had confined his objections in the matter to the family, was moved by his royal daughter-in-law's attitude to pay a visit to the beautiful cause of the rumpus. He and the Princess of Pless had a long and earnest conversation. By gesture and word Emperor William showed great indignation, and said that he hoped the Princess would confine her living in hotels to her visits away from the capital.

Her answer is said to have been something like this:

"My dear Emperor, I did not know I was exciting your displeasure by telling your daughter-in-law of the comfort and pleasure I am getting from this kind of living. I did not even know that my giving up house keeping had encouraged my friends to do the same. As for myself, I cannot promise you to take up housekeeping again without consulting my husband."

And in this polite way the Princess turned the Kaiser away, but did not turn his wrath away.

For he left the Princess in a huff, and it is said that the affair had a great deal to do with his issuing a decree forbidding the entry of American wives into the German Diplomatic Corps.

Millions in Mushrooms.

One of the many important industries carried on in the suburbs of Paris is that of mushroom growing. To one who has never investigated this industry the methods in vogue are of special interest. In the various districts surrounding the French capital there are numerous old quarries, and in these subterranean caverns mushrooms are planted and grown to maturity. Scattered all around one may see quadrangular wooden towers, which are the shafts used for ventilation of the quarries. Some of these were the source of the stone plaster used by medieval builders in erecting great public edifices in Paris.

In general they consist of a labyrinth of low and narrow chambers. In them are found conditions of temperature and humidity favorable to the culture of mushrooms. Provision for ventilation is essential, and wells are dug for supplying the large amount of water necessary in this form of "farming." Another indispensible thing is horse manure, preference being given to the kind which is the product of highly nitrogenous food.

Before the manure is taken underground it is submitted to the action of the air for three weeks, and is turned over from time to time to retard the process of fermentation. After lowering the prepared manure into the galleries workmen arrange it in rounded beds, which are carefully aligned along the sides of the galleries. In these beds the mushroom spores are germinated. There are 250 mushroom "installations" in the vicinity of Paris, and 1,000 workmen are employed.

The value of the product, which is much sought by the gourmets of Paris, is about 750,000 pounds sterling annually.—Tit-Bits.

Building Walls of Oyster Shells.

[From the Scientific American.]

A five-story concrete building, the concrete being made of oyster shells from the reefs of Galveston Bay, has been erected at Galveston, Tex. The owners of the building and its constructors, Nic. Bohn and G. Tietze, claim this material is better and cheaper than concrete made with gravel.

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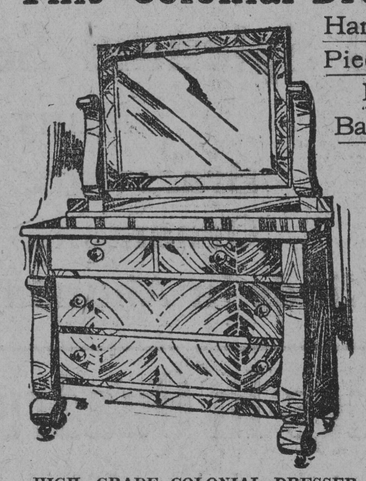

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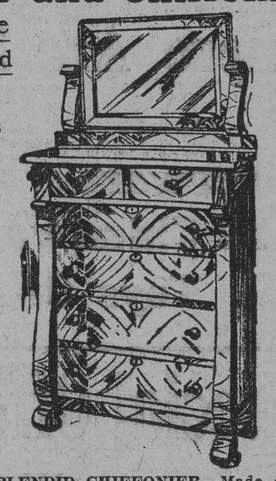

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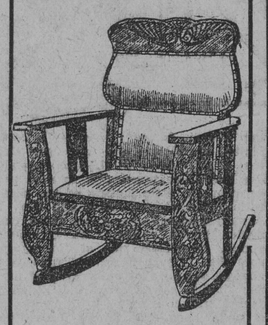

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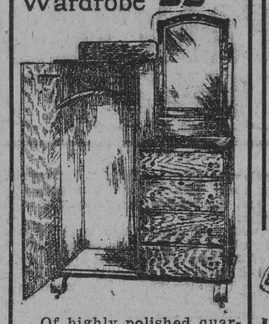

Of highly polished quartered oak. Conveniently arranged, with sliding hanger for coats and trousers; umbrella and cane rack; convenient drawers for shirts, collars, neckties, and so on. Large beveled mirror, as pictured. Regularly $30. 1/4 OFF $22.50

Massive Buffet.. $37.50

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