

Men and Women of Today.

Sousa's First Appearance.

"It was very funny about my first appearance as a solo performer," said Mr. Sousa, with a smile. "It was made before an audience composed almost entirely of lunatics. Just outside the city of Washington is the St. Elizabeth Insane Asylum, which is maintained by the United States government, and, in my youth, as indeed even now, it was the custom for local musicians to give occasional concerts at the asylum for the amusement of the unfortunate confined there. My music teacher, John Esputa, frequently managed these affairs, and on one occasion, finding himself short of talent, he sent me word that I should hold myself in readiness to assist with a violin solo.

"I didn't want to go a bit, but, as Esputa was a martinet for discipline, I knew it would be idle to protest, so I resorted to subterfuge. Shortly before it was time to start for the asylum I presented myself at my teacher's house with the excuse that I did not have a clean shirt.

"But alas, for my hopes! Esputa made me go to his room and don one of his shirts, which proved many sizes too large for a boy of eleven. I remember that it was wrapped around me almost twice, and the collar was pinned on fore and aft. If there was a more uncomfortable boy in the city of Washington than I was that night he must have suffered the very ecstasy of misery. I wandered around gloomily until my number on the program was reached, and then stumbled on the platform.

"The thought of that borrowed shirt and the idea that I was playing to crazy people must have unnerved me, for I had not played more than a dozen bars of my solo before I forgot every note, and was on the point of breaking down. At this point I glanced hopelessly at my teacher, seated at the piano to play my accompaniment, and the wild glare of rage that met my look frightened me to renewed efforts so I began to improvise. I could hear Esputa swearing at me under his breath as he tried to follow my wild flights of fancy.

"Then the pin that held the voluminous collar encircling my neck slipped its moorings, while the collar made a wild dash over my ears. This was too much for me, and, despite the torrid imprecations of my teachers, I brought my unique solo to a sudden end with a strong chord, and then made a frantic effort to escape the scolding I realized was in store for me. But Esputa seized me as I left the platform and hissed in my ear: 'Don't you dare to eat any supper here to night!'

"With this order he left me to my fate, and all the rest of the evening I had to school myself to refuse the repeated invitations of the asylum authorities to partake of refreshments. This proved a very effective method of punishment, for I was very fond of ice cream in those days.

One may get some idea of the real Sousa as he talks of how he composes.

"When I get an idea for a march, I nurse it and talk to it for days and months. I never write it down until I have thought it out from beginning to end—until, in fact, it is absolutely finished. Sometimes it will take months to finish it in my mind, but it stays with me all the time, having a sort of fascinating hold on me.

"When I have written it, I play it to my wife and children—my oldest girl is sixteen—and they tell me what they think of it. Sometimes they don't think it is as good as something else I have done; then I play it over to them again, and we argue pro and con over disputed points. My little girl is an especially keen critic."

When Sousa was at the head of the Marine Band his salary was not large but his concerts made him rich and famous.

Lady Churchill on American Men.

The prominent part taken by Lady Randolph Churchill in the interesting movement in London known as the 'American Ladies' War Aid Society' brings her career into general notice. She was born in Brooklyn, New York. She possessed remarkable beauty, talents and accomplishments. Her father, Leonard Jerome, was a popular Wall street magnate and the leader of a brilliant social circle.

Miss Jennie Jerome was the recipient of great admiration, and prior to her departure to England was rumored to be engaged to many Americans of wealth. It was at the Isle of Wight that she met Lord Randolph Churchill, then a young man known only by name in British society. They were married in January, 1874, at the British Embassy in Paris. The marriage was a turning point in the careers of

both Lady Churchill and her husband. She became the political and literary partner of her husband, and they worked together with astonishing zeal. His rise was phenomenal, and most of it, according to his own statement, was due to her matchless energy. Her greatest feat in British social life was the services she rendered to the Primrose League. Of more than two thousand chapters or branches of this powerful organization, five hundred are said to have been started by her unaided efforts. She is at the present time Vice-President of the Grand Council of the Primrose League.

Lady Churchill has inherited the wit of her father, as she demonstrated upon one occasion to an eminent British politician. He was somewhat annoyed at the campaign she had made, and said:

"I really don't understand, Lady Churchill, why or how it is that American ladies refuse to enter political life in their own country, but overwhelm us here in England."

"That is because you have never traveled in the States. The men there are so intelligent and patriotic that they do not require the services of our sex as an educational force."

A Philosophic Convict.

A volume might be written on the wonderful work done by Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth among the convicts in the New York State prisons. On the banks of the Hudson she conducts a cheerful home, called Hops Hall, where the reformed convict finds an opportunity to rehabilitate himself and obtain some preparation for leading an honest life. Through this agency hundreds of men have been made into upright and law abiding citizens. Life in these moral deeps is not devoid of humorous lights. Once Mrs. Booth and her aids had won the confidence of a prisoner who was feared by all his companions. One day in speaking of his past he told them that he was absolutely innocent of the charge for which he was suffering imprisonment, and he thanked Mrs. Booth for some reading matter she had brought him.

I have got witnesses to prove my innocence, even if they are in prison now," he asserted.

"Why don't you try to secure a new trial?"

"Well, you see," he replied, after a little pause, "I was acquitted of a number of charges where I was guilty, and so when I was convicted of something I never did, I said to myself, 'It's just about even balance,' and I took my medicine without any kicking."

What Doctor Jowett Really Thought.

H. A. Cuppy, P. D., who is now a successful editor in New York, studied at Franklin University, where he was graduated; at Oxford, England, where he got his degree, and at Heidelberg. Professor Jowett, whose Life and Letters are important literary contributions, was one of the most interesting personalities to Doctor Cuppy when a student at Oxford. In his collection of anecdotes about the Professor he tells of a walking tour which one of the matriculates took with the pedagogue.

"It was a great thing to get an invitation to walk with the Professor," he said the other day, "and the young man who was the fortunate guest was so embarrassed that he was unable to carry on sensible conversation. After they had been on the road for about thirty minutes the pupil finally spunked up courage and remarked, 'Nice day, Professor.'"

"Do you really think so?" was the far away answer of Jowett.

"Another half hour passed and the boy stammered out:

"Nice road, Professor."

"The teacher responded, 'Do you really think so?'"

The matriculate began to boil in his bones and to get even more frightened, but he managed to again blurt out, 'Clouds seem to be filling up with rain, Professor,' to which the answer was:

"Do you really think so?"

"The two returned to the college ground and the Professor said, 'Well, young man, we have been walking for several hours and everything you said has been as stupid as it possibly could be.'"

"His companion replied: 'Do you really think so?'"

"The Professor looked at the young man a moment. Then he smiled and grasped his hand warmly. From that time on conversation never flagged during their walks."

Retired U. S. Superior Officer.

Rear-Admiral Stephen B. Luce U. S. N. retired, has always been noted for his ready wit, and a great many stories are told among Naval men of his bright sayings. But, of all of them, perhaps the following best illustrates his quick repartee:

When Admiral Luce was a young man, an Ensign or a Lieutenant—it matters not

here—it so happened one summer that his ship for some days lay at anchor off a well-known seashore resort. Of course the officers, young and old, were much feted and were often ashore. One night, after some function or other, a party of young officers, among whom was Mr. Luce, set out for the ship. They had had an excellent time and were feeling very jolly, laughing and talking rather hilariously; they drew up to the ship and, leaving the boat, clambered up the gangway, Mr. Luce in the lead. The officer of the deck, hearing so much noise of mirth, met them with a severe glance as they stepped on deck. He looked them over one by one, and then turning to Mr. Luce who was the life of the party he said:

"Mr. Luce, I am surprised; you are tight sir!"

Quick as a flash came the answer:

"Why, sir, I do not know what you mean, sir. If Stephen B. Luce, how can he be tight, sir?"

A ready answer turneth away wrath. The officer of the deck walked away, laughing.

Why "Bob" Burdette is Not a Chaplain.

Robert J. Burdette, latter and more joyous than ever, came East from his California home the other day delivering lectures along the way, and ending with a visit to his son, who is attending one of the Eastern colleges, and who has some of his father's gifts in literature. Mr. Burdette is thoroughly attached to Pasadena, and speaks of it in glowing terms. He is pastor of a church there, and says he greatly enjoys his work. While in Philadelphia he received a letter from the Governor of California saying that he had his commission ready as chaplain in one of the regiments, and was very anxious to know whether he accepted the place.

"Of course you will take it?" a friend asked.

"Well, I don't know," was his response. "It all depends. Just now I am waiting for the war to close."

The Title of a Vice-President.

A party of friends of the late Vice-President Hobart were visiting Washington, and of course spent an hour in the Senate chamber. Among them was a little girl of ten who paid close attention to the proceedings. Two days afterwards he met the child, who presently asked:

"Do you sit there every day listening to these old men talk?" "Yes dear."

"Do you have to?" "Yes."

"It's real sorry. It's an awful thing to be Vice President, isn't it?"

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UNDER TWO FLAGS OR MORE.

Men Who Have Served in War for Various Causes.

In the Transvaal to day the soldier of fortune is making his last stand. No other country in the world is likely to offer the alien adventurer of the future the same positions and profit that have hitherto been the portion of Schiel, Von Albrecht and the other European mercenaries of Krugerdom. This war then, may be said to complete the decline of the soldier of fortune, if we compare his gains with the colossal harvests of predecessors in history. Perron, the wonderful Frenchman who commanded the Mahratta army, arrived in Hindustan a penniless petty officer from a man-o-war, and in nine years had amassed between one and two millions sterling. Even more rapid was the progress of Col. Hanney, who had to leave "John Company's" service to avoid the bailiffs. He entered the service of the Nawab Wazir of Oude in 1778, and he left it after three years with a fortune of \$300,000. Many other French and English adventurers were nearly as lucky.

At that time there was not the prejudice against these mercenary swords which the military ethics of modern Europe have fostered. Few foreigners have risen to eminence in the English service, but large numbers of aliens were recruited for us in the Napoleonic wars. Besides the famous Hessians, there were the French Chasseurs Britanniques, three Swiss regiments, the Corsican Rangers and the Greek Light Infantry. In the Crimean war a German legion was recruited in Heligoland, but they never distinguished themselves on the field, and the precedent is not likely to be followed.

In spite of the chilling effect of modern ideas the soldiers of fortune of the nineteenth century form a picturesque gallery—heroes and rascals. Fenians and Royalists, Poles, Englishmen and adventurers of no country. Some of them, like Lord Cochrane and Robert Pasha, have established themselves on a higher plane than the mercenary can usually hope to occupy. The former's brilliant record with the English, Chilean, Brazilian and Greek navies in turn is probably unique, though Paul Jones may be set down as a bad second. The ex apprentice of a Whitehaven collier who was the most successful American naval officer in the War of Independence, and held command thereafter in the French and then in the Russian Navy, is not the heroic figure which modern eulogists in the United States like to picture, but he was a fine seaman and a gallant fighter. In fact he was the typical soldier of fortune (or the accident that he fought at sea does not rob him of his place in that gallery).

The revolutionary wars of the continent have naturally attracted many of these adventurers. Count Ilinski was a Pole, who fought the Russians in his native land, and when all was lost took service under Schamyl, Prince of Circassia. The Hungarian War of Independence in 1848 next employed his desperate valor, and at Temeswar he had three horses killed under him. Finally, he became Colonel of a Turkish cuirassier regiment, and was known as Iskander Bey. In the Hungarian revolt Gen. Guyon, an Englishman, was a famous figure, and at Tyrnau he held his ground until he had lost three-fourths of his battalion and the village streets were streaming with blood. A less attractive personality is Gen. Cluseret, who served as a captain in the French army in Algeria, then under Fremont in the American Civil War, was next a Fenian "General," and then War Minister under the Commune. Dombrowski, another "General" in the Commune, and a far abler and braver man than the ex Fenian, had fought in Poland and under Garibaldi. He was killed at the barricades in 1871. Among continental forces of aliens one ought to mention the French Foreign Legions, which still includes the runaway aristocrats and broken men of half Europe, and the Irish brigades which fought for the Pope in 1860 under command of Major Myles O'Reilly, M. P. An old soldier of the Papal Zouaves, another Irishman, is now Gen. Copping of the United States Army. Garibaldi himself, is of course, entitled to a niche in this gallery of fame, and his son, Ricciotti, has since his Italian

campaigns fought for France in 1870 and for Greece in 1887, in both bravely fighting for a lost cause.

The New World offer us condottieri of a new type, like Walker, the filibuster, who became dictator of Nicaragua and might have ruled Honduras but for a British man-o-war. Gen. Carroll Tevis, who served in the Franco Prussian War and a good many South American struggles, was a Fenian hero. So was Capt. John McAferty, who served in the Mexican War of 1855, and was then an officer in the Confederate Army. He was in all the Fenian plots of 1866-7, and was twice tried for treason felony. He was acquitted at one trial and amnestied after the second, a leniency which he repaid by renewed activity in the ranks of the Clan-na-Gael. He was said to be the real "No. 1" behind the Phoenix Park murders.

Egypt has employed many aliens. Muzinger Bey was a Swiss who had been British Consul at Massowah; Gassi Pasha, an Italian, who, after serving as interpreter to the English army in the Crimea, became Gordon's lieutenant in the Sudan and smashed the slave-hunters' revolt in Darfur. Eling Pasha was an American soldier; Lupton Bey, Governor of the Bah-el-Gazel, who died in the Mahdi's dungeons, an Englishman. Slatin and Emin were both Austrians.

In more recent years we have had Gen. Kohner, an ex-Major in the German Army who landed a cargo of Mannlicher rifles for the Cailian Congressionals, drilled their troops and defeated Balmaceda. Gen. Ronald McIver, a Scotsman, who has served under fourteen flags, from the Confederate to the Carlist, is another roaming Briton, like Kaid Maclean, an ex-Lieutenant in our service, who is now commander of the army of the Sultan of Morocco. Gen. Digby Willoughby, who commanded (in blue and silver) the Hova Army, has since fought for the Chartered Company in Rhodesia, but has now turned to the arts of peace.

Collecting Car Fares in Germany.

The chances of evading fares on the street cars in Germany is very slight. When a passenger steps on a car the conductor immediately asks where he is going, and then prepares his ticket, which serves also as a receipt for the fare. The preparation of a ticket consists only in detaching it from a block and punching it or marking it with a pencil. This process involves much more work than the simple process of raising up the fares, as conductors do in America: but the task is lightened by the fact that only a certain number of persons are allowed to ride on a car at the same time. The number of sitting and standing places is plainly marked on each car. If a car is designed to carry thirty persons, no more than thirty persons will be permitted on that car at the same time. When anything in Germany is forbidden it is settled once for all.

In order that every person who rides, shall get the prescribed ticket, inspectors are employed ascertaining whether the conductors are doing their duty. These inspectors step into a car and ask the passengers for their tickets. They note the number of the tickets and whether it corresponds with the stubs retained by the conductor. The clerk who gives out the blocks of tickets to the conductor notes the number of the uppermost ticket and at the return of each block collects from the conductor who returned it as many fare as there are tickets detached. The rate of fares varies from 2 1/2 cents to 5, according to the distance. Small children are carried for one-half fare, and anyone for the sum of \$2.50 may secure a ticket which entitles him to ride as much as he wishes for one month. When a car is full the conductor displays a placard bearing the word "Occupied."

"How did your book sell?"

"Don't ask me!"

"I bought 2 copies."

"You did!"

"I did."

"God bless you, John—I knew you'd stick to me! I'll go right to my publishers and announce a second edition!"

Hix—Weeks seems to have a lot of faith in homeopathy, doesn't he?

D.x—Never saw anything to equal it. Why, last summer when he had an attack of hay fever he married a grass widow.