Seeing France with Uncle John

By ANNE WARNER

YVONNE *to Her* MOTHER

CAEN.

Dearest Mamma: We are still there, and I'm so happy. Uncle is in bed, and at first he thought he was paralyzed, but now he says he's only refusing to take chances. It's so nice having him in bed, because Lee is here, and uncle makes it all right without knowing anything about it. It was yesterday that he thought he was paralyzed; he sent for me before I was awake to tell me. I was so dreadfully stiff and lame that I thought at first that I could not get up; but of course I did, and went to him as soon as I could. He told me that he was paralyzed, really paralyzed; but I wasn't frightened, because, when he explained his feelings, I knew every one of them, and of course I knew that I wasn't paralyzed. Only when he rolled around upon his pillows and said he certainly would end his days right here in Caen, I couldn't help wishing that he had left me to enjoy my pillows, also.

But he wanted to talk, so I listened for ever so long; and then he wanted to sleep, so I came away to write you, and there was a note from Lee in my room. He was down-stairs waiting, and I went right down, and my, but it was good to see him!

While we were talking, Mrs. Catherwood-Chigley came in. I didn't know that she was in Europe, and Lee was dreadfully put out, for she sat right down and asked all about. Lee explained that he was here with a yacht and that I was here with uncle; but she didn't seem to believe us, and shook her head. Lee was awfully rude and kept yawning, and I know she didn't like it by the way she looked at him. It was awfully trying to have her just then, because, of course, there's no telling how long uncle will stay paralyzed. We really thought she would stay until lunch-time, but Lee yawned so that she went at last.

"Lee Was Awfully Rude and Kept Yawning, and I Know She Didn't Like It by the Way She Looked at Him."

Lee said that we ought to join them in the touring-cars and do Brittany that way, but he didn't like to tackle uncle.

I ran up, and uncle was still asleep, so I had lunch with Lee at the table d'hote. Mr. Chigley and Mrs. Catherwood-Chigley sat opposite, and she does look so funny with her wedding-rings and engagement-rings alternating on the same finger. After luncheon I ran up again, and uncle was still asleep, so we went out to walk. We had a lovely walk, and never looked at a sight, and when we came back I ran up again, and uncle was still asleep; so Lee and I sat down in the parlor, and we were just going to be so happy when Pinkie and Bunnie Clemens came in. They wanted me to go to the theater with them, but of course I couldn't, for I couldn't be sure about uncle's staying paralyzed.

He slept till eight o'clock last night, and then he had dinner and went right to sleep again, so I could have gone to the theater after all; but how could I know to dare to risk it?

Lee and the men from the yacht are at another hotel, so he didn't come very early this morning, and it was fortunate, because uncle sent for me about nine to explain Mr. Chigley's card, which they poked under the door last night. Uncle was so curious to know what it was that he got out of bed and found he could walk. He said he had never felt sure that it was paralysis, only he wanted to be on the safe side, and he is in bed still, only he is so lively that I am half crazy over Lee. I know he isn't going to like it at all.

Lee says if there was time he'd go to Paris and get a nurse and an electric-battery and have uncle kept just comfortably paralyzed for a few more days, but there isn't time, and I am so worried. If uncle loses any more patience with Lee, he won't have any patience left at all, and I'll have to go all of the rest of the trip that way. We took a walk this afternoon to consult, and we saw Elfrida and her sister. They have cut off their hair, because it bothered them so, coming down in their eyes, and Elfrida says she feels all the freedom of a man thrilling through her—you know how funny she always talks. They have seven calloused places on the inside of each hand from the handle-bars, and Elfrida says she's sure their insteps will arch forever after. They were coming out of St. Stephen's church, and the only way to get rid of them was to say that we were just going in; so we said it, and went in.

It was really very interesting, and the tomb of William the Conqueror is there. He built St. Stephen's, and Mathilde built La Teinite at the other end of the town, partly as a thank-offering for conquering England and partly as a penance for being cousins. There was a monastery with St. Stephen's and a convent with La Trinite until the revolution changed everything. William's tomb is just a flat slab in front of the altar, but he really isn't there any more, for they have dug him up and scattered him over and over again. The church is tremendously big and plain, and every word you even whisper echoes so much that Lee and I thought we'd better come out where we could talk alone.

When we came back to the hotel, I ran up, and the mail had come from Paris; so uncle said if I'd fill his fountain-pen, he'd just spend the afternoon letting a few people in Amirica know what Europe was really like. I'm a little bit troubled, for I'm all over being stiff and sore from that climbing, and yet he seems to feel almost as mean as ever. He has his meals in his room, for, although we're on the first floor, he says he cannot even think calmly of a stair-case yet. He says that Talbot's Tower seems to have settled in his calves, and heaven knows when he'll get over it.

Lee and I went to walk this afternoon, and we visited the old, old church of St. Nicholas. It said in the book that the apse still had its original stone roof, and Lee said it would be a good chance to learn what an apse was; so we set out to go there, but we forgot all about where we set out for, and it was five o'clock before we finally got back to where it was. It stands in an old cemetery, and it says in the book that it has been secularized; so we climbed up on gravestones till we could see in the windows and learn what that meant, also. The gravestones were all covered with lichen and so slippery that in the end Lee gave up and just helped me to look. We didn't learn much, though, for it was only full of hay.

Caen.

When we got back to the hotel, I ran up, and uncle was gone! I never was so frightened in my life, and when I ran back and told Lee, he whistled, so I saw that he was upset, too. He said I'd better go to my room and wait, and he'd dine at his hotel tonight; so I went to my room, and uncle was there, hunting all through my things for the address-book. I was so glad and relieved that I didn't mind a bit the way he had churned everything up, although you ought to see my trunk, and I kissed him and told him it was just splendid to see him beginning to go about again. He looked pleased, but he says the backs of his legs are still beyond the power of description, and so I proposed having dinner with him in his room, which we did very comfortably, and he told me that he should remember this trip till the day he died, without any regard for the grease I spilt on his hat. After dinner he was very fidgety, and I can see that the confinement is wearing on him; but I don't know what to do.

Lee sent me a note by a messenger about 11 o'clock, with instructions in French on the outside about their delivering it to me when I was not with uncle. They delivered it all right, and I read it. He just said that the automobiles had come, and that he was going to cast his die clean over the Rubicon to-morrow morning at 11. That means that he is going, of course, and that I am to be left here all alone. I do feel very badly over it, for uncle will be almost sure to find out about Lee whenever he can get downstairs again, and then I'm sure I don't know what will happen. Of course, I've not done anything that I shouldn't have done; but, dear me! doing right doesn't help if uncle chooses to decide that it is wrong. And if he can't walk, to let us go on traveling, he's going to keep getting more and more difficult to get along with. Maybe uncle will be better in a few days, so that we can visit Bayeux. He's crazy to go to Bayeux and see the tapestry, and it isn't so very far. But what shall we do if we come to any town again where there are no cabs! It would be awful.

"He Has His Meals in His Room, for He Says He Cannot Even Think Calmly of a Stair-Case Yet."

Now, good-night, it's so very late. Don't ever feel troubled over me, for I'm having a splendid time, and it was so kind of uncle to bring us.

Your own loving,
YVONNE.

WHY ARCHITECTS LACK FAME

"Art Personality" in Their Labor Is Not Like That of the Sculptor or Painter.

One of our neighbors complains that architects, compared with painters and sculptors, are ignored and unhonored by the public; that while many people know who made the Sherman statue at the Plaza, few know who designed the Madison Square garden, the Pennsylvania Railroad station or the Columbia University library. This is true and the reason is obvious. The sculptor or painter works, in one sense, much more freely than the architect, and can therefore make his work more obviously personal; it calls attention to the maker because it expresses more strikingly his personal temperament. In it he can give expression to his individual insight and plastic ideas more absolutely than can the architect, who is relatively controlled by the practical considerations of his work. He has a very detailed building problem before him. His structure must have so many rooms, of a certain size and character; it must observe city regulations, must cost a certain amount, must fit in with surrounding buildings; a great part of his work has nothing to do with his artistic "temperament." The conditions are largely laid down for him. The result is that his "art personality" enters relatively little into his work. Though he receives less attention than the sculptor or the painter, his material reward is greater—and for the same reason that his fame is less. His work is more necessary; has greater practical value. We must have buildings, but could get along without statues or paintings.—New York Post.

Marvelous.

The world moves rapidly in these times, and within a few days has passed quite a series of records and caught up with a number of novelties. Orville Wright made the highest aeroplane flight, 765 feet; a White Star liner, steaming 16 knots an hour, stopped, backed and rescued in 20 minutes a seaman who had fallen overboard in mid-ocean; on a bare plot of ground in St. Louis a $1,300 cottage was "completed" in eight and a half hours, 61 mechanics being employed; "the first aerial Masonic lodge" was formed in a Massachusetts balloon floating at an elevation of some 7,000 feet; a New York coroner's physician performed an autopsy upon an armless man whose kidneys had been practically non-existent from birth and whose heart had for 15 years been eaten by a cancer, yet who died of old age; New Jersey farmers experienced a chicken thief who travels in an automobile and sends a collie dog to rob the roosts and fetch out the poultry without killing it; also in New Jersey, four trees yielded eight bushels of plums. Does the reader protest that these occurrences have no natural sequence or normal relation? Let him remember that "it takes all kinds of people"—and events—"to make a world."

The self-possessed burglar takes things quietly.

WILD ANIMAL CLEARING HOUSE

WANT an aoudad? Want a ring-neck Swinhoe or a dogface baboon or anything else in the animal line? You can get them if you've the money—and you will not have to do much more than use the telephone and sign the check. For, let it be known, that in Kansas City you can buy anything in the animal line from a green-eyed mole to a pronghorn antelope, and if you've a lot of animals that you're tired of you can trade 'em off for new ones. For in Kansas City are the offices of one of the world's four clearing houses for animals—the Horne Zoological arena.

Over one ordinary desk in the office at 318 Keith and Perry building animals to the value of thousands of dollars pass every week—figuratively speaking, of course. From that desk they're sent all over the world, traded, bought, sold and rented. It's the desk of I. S. Horne, one of the owners of the arena.

As to the animals, they're in all parts of the world. Some of them are just commonly tame, others are tame enough to jump through hoops, lay dead, roll over and do 20 other perfectly good and guaranteed acts, while still others are still biting natives and playing hide and go seek with hunters in their native jungles—or plains, as the case may be.

The tame ones are at various parks, circuses and animal shows and are leased, rented or "hired out" for their keep. You can get those any time. The wild ones can be got, but, of course, that takes a little time. As for the prices, they're reasonable. You can take a perfectly docile and guaranteed-to-be-city-and-circus broke hippopotamus home for the reasonable sum of $3,000, no more than you would pay for a limousine touring car. So why buy motors while hippopotami are so cheap? Elephants rent from $100 a month on up. Common, ordinary lions cost $450, while the better grades are worth on up to $1,000. Bengal tigers come higher, with the market always standing pat at $1,000 to $1,200, while a chimpanzee, if he's good, costs the moderate sum of $450.

The Horne Zoological arena has been in existence in Kansas City for years, but, as most of its dealings are made outside the city, not much is known of it. And the size of the offices are no indication of the business, for every week enough business is done to equal that of a large mercantile establishment. Nothing costs less than $15 and from there on up to $1,500, and the greatest business usually is done in the high priced animals.

"Wish I could get my hands on a few more elk right away without having them caught," I. S. Horne was saying the other day when a visitor entered, "and say," he added to his stenographer, "tell Umpty-Umph & Company that I won't trade that bunch of elephants unless he throws in a Sunda tiger, one polar bear and a couple of leopards."

By this time the visitor was making his wants known. He had an idea that he would like a little zoo of his own, so he had gone there to find out about it.

"A zoo?" the animal dealer questioned. "Of course you'll want a good one."

"Oh, yes," the visitor answered vaguely; "thought I'd ask you about it. Now, what would you—"

"Advise? Why, let's see, of course you'd want a lion and some leopards and tigers. Pumas are nice and then, oh, yes, you must have a jaguar."

"Oh, yes," again came from the visitor. The animal man was busy.

"Now as to bears. You'd want a pair of polars—they're very popular now since the north pole was discovered—and a black bear and a grizzly and a sloth and a Kadiak. You'll need a hippopotamus and certainly you'd want a rhinoceros. No first-class zoo is complete without an Indian and an African elephant. Now there's the South American tapirs, a giraffe, a buffalo, some elk, a few deer, a couple of pronghorn antelope, an aoudad, or Barbary sheep, a Sing-Sing waterbuck, and then in the monkey class—"

"I couldn't very well keep those in the basement, could I?" the zoo wanter asked.

"Hardly," came dryly from the animal man.

"And the price?"

"Oh, about $50,000.

"Well, I don't guess I want any zoo," the visitor said slowly. But being there, he just stayed a little while longer and found out some things about the animal business.

"Much to do?" Horne asked. "Why, there's more than we can attend to right now. You see, the parks and zoos all over the United States are buying right now, while the circuses are selling. So it keeps us busy getting them in and shipping them out. Just in the last month we've sold nearly $33,000 worth of elk, and we've still got orders.

"Everybody's buying elk and polar bears—in fact, we've had the best polar bear market this year we've ever had. Sold nine in a month. Rhinoceroses are moving rather slowly, while hyppos are steady. The pheasant market is bearish, while the elephant trade is rather inclined to bull a bit now and then. Just a few weeks ago I took a flyer on a bunch of parrots that a circus wanted to get rid of and came out very well on it.

"So, you see, that's the way it goes Right now it's elk and polar bears. In another month likely, everything may be going to tigers, while a month later no one will want anything except African lions and Indian elephants.

"Trade animals? Why, certainly. And often, we do more trading than selling. For instance, in the spring, when circuses are getting in menagerie stock that is good only for cages, I can take up a lot of untrainable stock from the animal shows and trade it into the circuses. Then leases on animals run out every once in a while and so it's traded in for new stuff upon which leases can be taken. Many of the animals in the shows are owned by us and rented out. For instance, right out in Denver there are three elephants belonging to us from which we get a rental of $1,000 a month."

What is perhaps the most famous bear in the west to-day, and the one seen by more people probably than an other, is the famous Hearst grizzly of the Golden Gate park, at San Francisco, Cal.

Old Monarch, as he is known, is said to tip the scale at 1,400 pounds. His capture was effected about 16 miles from Santa Paula, Cal., on Pine mountain.

Some two years before the midwinter fair of 1891-2 the bear was taken, but he does not seem to have suffered by his captivity in the least. If anything he has prospered.

During the winter his bearship eats but little—twelve to 14 loaves of bread will do for the three bears in the cage, although in the summer 35 are needed. This is despite the fact that he does not hibernate. Grass and weeds, too, are given him at his hungrier season.

Captivity has not softened his grizzly heart, and he will, moreover, attack his keeper, if given a chance. So the keeper takes good care that the bear never gets him in a corner. In fact he only enters the cage when he absolutely must.

At the same time this full-bred old grizzly, whose age is estimated at about 30 years, plays about with the other bears in the water as gently, it seems, as a lap-dog.

Old Monarch was taken 15 years ago as a result of the attempt to capture another famous grizzly, known as "Old Club Foot," that had been attacking the sheep about Pine mountain.

Instead of "Old Club Foot" "Monarch" was caught in the old log trap, and after being roped into a sled was chained down and then drawn out eight miles through the wilds into a cage, within which he was shipped to a summer garden near Frisco.

He was later shipped to Golden Gate park.

STARTED AS LUMBERJACK

Edward F. Terry, Builder of Great Bridges, Began Career in the Wisconsin Woods.

New York.—Edward F. Terry, "outside man" of the bridge building firm of Terry & Trench, which did all the steel work on the wonderful Manhattan bridge, New York, using 40,000 tons of metal, and most of the work on the $20,000,000 Williamsburg bridge, which has the second longest span in the world, was once a lumberjack in Michigan and Wisconsin lumber woods.

Left fatherless at 12, Terry, a native of New Hampshire, with only a boy's strength and a boy's education,

Edward F. Terry.

was compelled to become the main support of a family of six children. He went into the woods, which he knew.

In Wisconsin he happened to become a laborer on one of the first iron bridges built in that state.

From that time his rise was rapid. At 25 he was superintendent of bridge work for the Alden Bridge Company, Rochester, N. Y., and at 30 in business for himself. Since that time he has left bridges from the Missouri to the Hudson to mark his upward trend. He is at present engaged in constructing the New York terminal of the New York Central, the biggest job he has ever tackled.

NEW ASSISTANT TO KNOX

Chandler Hale of the State Department Comes of a Distinguished Family.

Washington.—Chandler Hale, newly appointed third assistant secretary of state, if there is anything in the hereditary proposition, ought in time to become one of the nation's greatest. Both father and grandfather have been senators and men of force. The new secretary's father, Eugene Hale, senator from Maine 1881 to 1911, on December 20, 1871, married Mary Douglas Chandler, daughter of the late Senator Zacharias Chandler of Michigan, the Warwick of President Hayes' administration. The father was appointed postmaster general by President Grant in 1874, but declined and was tendered the naval portfolio by President Hayes, but declined this also.

So far the youngest of this national group of three at the age of 36 has served his country as secretary of the American embassy at Vienna and a

Chandler Hale.

secretary of the American delegation to the 1907 Hague peace conference.

Like his father, he is a lawyer, but unlike his father, he has confined himself to the subject of international law, which leads toward a position as secretary of state, or as diplomatic representative of his country, rather than as a career as a vote seeker.

A Gentle Rebuke.

It was late in the year for strawberries, but Mrs. Beacon was determined to have some for Sunday dinner. Over the telephone came the news that they were "very fine, ma'am, very fine indeed." Being, however, a cautious housekeeper, she decided to look over the fruit herself, as the grocer was not always to be trusted.

"They don't appear very good," she said, somewhat later, examining carefully a basketful. "They look—here she extracted one and tasted it—"they look a little green. I don't know. Just let me try one." She took another. "I guess I'll take one box, please. You don't put very many in a box, do you?" she inquired.

"There was," said the grocer, respectfully, "but there's been so many ladies looking 'em over that there ain't—"

"You may give me two boxes," said Mrs. Beacon.—Youth's Companion.