

NEW NEWS of YESTERDAY

By E. J. EDWARDS

Crucial Event in His Career

Gen. Grenville M. Dodge When a Youth Proved He Could Handle and Subdue Gang of Rowdy Railroad Laborers.

Maj. Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, with the exception of Maj. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, is the only survivor of all the generals who served as corps commanders in the Union army from the outbreak of the Civil war to its close. In the history of the material development of the country he occupies a prominent place as the chief engineer of the Union Pacific who supervised the construction of that first railroad across the plains, and no romance of fiction can be compared with the story of General Dodge's career while he was constructing the railroad. That period of his life was crowded with fights with Indians, rattlesnakes, buffalo, mountain lions, grizzly bears and other big game.

"General Dodge and I have been on terms of friendship for nearly thirty years," said George F. Parker, the biographer of Grover Cleveland, recently, "and I believe there are only three men living who know the true story of General Dodge's advent in the west as a railway engineer. Of course, the general himself is one of the three, and another is Peter A. Dey, the first man to survey a railroad in the state of Iowa, and the first chief engineer of the Union Pacific railroad. Both Mr. Dey and General Dodge are spending their closing years in Iowa, and they maintain the closest friendly relations, which began sixty years ago, at the very beginning of General Dodge's career in the west.

"In the early fifties what is now the Illinois Central railroad was constructing a small branch line in the western part of middle Illinois. The engineer in charge was Peter A. Dey, who had been conspicuously associated with those who a little earlier had built the main line of the Illinois Central. For some reason—I know not what—Mr. Dey had great difficulty in maintaining any kind of order or system among the men who had been employed as laborers or in subordinate capacity to build this branch line. They were unruly and defiant; they worked when they pleased and got drunk as often as they chose. Mr. Dey's duties frequently called him to the main line of the Illinois Central and he was in despair of securing anyone who could handle the rowdies.

"At the height of the difficulty, there called upon Mr. Dey a young man seeking employment. He was tall, straight as a pine tree and dark-eyed, and his manner was inherently that of one who knew how to exert authority.

"Mr. Dey asked him what he could do, and in reply the stranger said

that he was a civil engineer and had been graduated at Norwich university, in Vermont, a year earlier.

"What is your name?" Mr. Dey asked.

"Grenville Mellen Dodge."

"Well," said Mr. Dey, "if you have a diploma from Norwich university you are competent to take charge of the surveying of my branch line. But what I want to know is, can you handle men?"

"Try me and see," was Mr. Dodge's succinct reply.

"You are pretty young," said Mr. Dey, looking him over critically, "but I'll try you."

"So he employed Grenville M. Dodge, and watched him closely. Within a week the young man had not shown himself equal to the first opportunity that came to him to prove his ability to handle men—desperate men—he would never have ultimately gained permanent laurels by his work in surveying the Union Pacific and supervising its construction."

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Courtship Like Jenny Lind's

Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore's Story of How Euphrosyne Parepa Wowed and Won Carl Rosa, the Famous but Bashful Violinist.

"Very likely you have heard of the romantic courtship which preceded the betrothal and the marriage, in 1852, of Jenny Lind, 'the Swedish nightingale,' and Otto Goldschmidt. Well, I can tell you the story of a courtship carried on between another great prima donna and a very modest yet noted musician which, I think, will match the story of Jenny Lind's courting of the modest piano player Goldschmidt. Goldschmidt, you may recall, though he loved Jenny Lind, felt that he was too far below her to tell her so, and so, Jenny Lind being in love with her pianist, and realizing why he hesitated to tell her of his love for her, was practically forced to do the courting.

"It was in 1867," continued the late Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, "that Euphrosyne Parepa, who had quite as fine a reputation between 1860 and 1874 as any grand opera singer, and Carl Rosa, who was regarded as one of the great violin players of Europe, made a tour of the United States, where Parepa had come two years before. I saw them in concert in Boston, and it did not take me long to become aware of the fact that Parepa was casting decidedly kindly glances toward the young violinist who shared the applause of the audience with her. He

"As soon as she had finished her song Parepa would seek out Rosa in the wings and say softly, 'Well—?' and then wait for the compliment which she had invited. And the embarrassed boy, blushing red, would say stammeringly to her: 'You will see how you inspired me when I play my next selection.'

"Oh, it was a beautiful case of visible courtship and Parepa made love not courtship, but charmingly. And she had to do. The fact was that Carl Rosa was so modest and so complete a devotee of Parepa and admirer of her artistic work that he was afraid to assert himself as her lover. Like Jenny Lind with Otto Goldschmidt, she had to do all the courting; she knew that Carl Rosa's timidity was all that stood in the way of his becoming a most devoted and impassioned lover. At last she hinted to him that her hand and heart were his for the asking, and the next day, I have been told, Carl Rosa played superbly and Parepa sang as never before.

"They were married shortly after in New York. Then they reorganized the Parepa-Rosa English opera company out of which, after the death of Parepa in 1874, grew the Carl Rosa English opera company, the most successful and the longest lived of all the companies organized to give opera in English."

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"Well, Judge," I said, "after reading the speech I decided that I could not print it."

"He turned upon me with some anger and asked if I thought that I was a greater man than Daniel Webster."

"I said that I certainly did not, but that after reading Webster's speech I had turned to Andrew Jackson's communication to congress in which he opposed the granting of a new charter to the United States bank, and there I had found one sentence which Webster, great as he was, had not answered and could not answer."

"Judge Spencer with great dignity asked me to point out that sentence. I took Jackson's message and marked a single sentence. It was this: 'To recharter the United States bank will be to make the rich richer and the poor poorer.'

"That sentence," said I to Judge Spencer, "will appeal to every American citizen except the few who possess great riches, and until some one so speaks as to show that to recharter the bank will not make the rich richer and the poor poorer, I shall certainly not attempt in my paper, even by indirection, to take issue with Andrew Jackson."

"Judge Spencer looked at me with a queer expression for a moment, and then, taking his hat, went from my office without saying another word."

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One Sentence Not Answered

Thurlow Weed's Explanation of His Reason for Not Printing Daniel Webster's Speech Favoring the United States Bank.

"Only once during all the years that I was editor of the Albany Journal while Daniel Webster was alive—and those years were twenty-two in number—did I refuse to print in full a speech of Webster's; and I did that in spite of the fact that I was a staunch personal admirer of Webster and my paper gave him unwavering support," said Thurlow Weed, the great New York state political leader.

"The circumstances of that refusal were these," continued Mr. Weed. "Andrew Jackson, as you know, was the great opponent of the United States Bank. Daniel Webster was its great defender. He was relied upon by those interested in having the charter of the bank renewed to persuade by his arguments and his oratory a majority of the United States senate to vote for renewal. Indeed, Webster made one of his greatest speeches in support of the bank. Excepting his speech in reply to Hayne, I do not believe that he ever made a finer speech."

"Well, I received a copy of his United States bank speech a day or two after it was delivered. All the anti-Jackson men of my part of New York state looked to the Albany Journal, which I had started as an anti-Jackson organ, for the report of the speech. But they were disappointed. I did not print it."

"Almost at once I received a call from Andrew Spencer, chief justice of the state's highest court, and one

In Chrysanthemum Land. Some Japanese advertisements possess a wealth of imagery unknown to the western advertiser. A Tokio draper announces that "Our goods are sent to customers' homes with the speed of a shot from a rifle."

A grocer proclaims his vinegar to be "more bitter than the gall of the most diabolical of mothers-in-law." And a large branch-house displays a poster inscribed: "Why not visit our shops? We can satisfy every possible want of yours. Every one of our assistants is as complaisant and obliging as a father who seeks to displease a dowerless daughter. You will be as welcome as a ray of sunshine coming after a day of ceaseless rain."

An Objection. "No," said the quiet, unassuming young man; "I don't like the idea of votes for women."

"Why?" inquired Mrs. Baring Batters.

"Well, some of the smartest men in public life are mighty bashful and wouldn't stand any chance at all in a campaign."

the confidence and esteem of Peter A. Dey. So, when Mr. Dey was employed to survey for the extension of the Rock Island railroad across Iowa—the first of the state's railroads—he sent for Grenville M. Dodge and associated Mr. Dodge with him in that great work.

"Then the Civil war intervened and the young surveyor became a major general of volunteers when only thirty-three years of age. His fighting career over, Peter Dey employed General Dodge to help him survey the Union Pacific. As long as Mr. Dey remained chief engineer of that road, General Dodge was a trusted assistant, and when Mr. Dey resigned his post General Dodge understood so well the engineering problems of the road that he was made chief engineer. And to this day Mr. Dey is of the opinion that if Grenville M. Dodge had not shown himself equal to the first opportunity that came to him to prove his ability to handle men—desperate men—he would never have ultimately gained permanent laurels by his work in surveying the Union Pacific and supervising its construction."

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Primitve Ideas of Hygiene

Hindu ambassadors once sent to England by a native prince were regarded as so polluted that on their return to India nothing but being born again would purify them, and they were accordingly dragged through a gold image of the sacred Yoni.

A writer describes a curious custom of the Baretse in South Africa. A few days after the death of a man the doctor comes and makes an incision on the forehead of each of the survivors of his relatives and fills it with medicine to ward off the contagion and the effect of the sorcery that caused his death.

Leland calls attention to a custom of taking medicines on the threshold in ancient Tuscany, the idea being that the threshold was the border line between the outer world where evil spirits freely roam.

If a person dies within an Eskimo hut everything in the hut must be destroyed or thrown away as well as everything which had come into contact with the deceased.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Unusual Case. Two summer girls, sitting down by the silver sea, were talking.

"Whatever can be the matter with Claire?" said one. "She moans about as though she had lost her only friend on earth."

"O, you know," responded the other, very earnestly. "She is engaged and takes it seriously."—Judge.

Instituting a Reform. Prospective Renter—I don't object, to your terms, but how about the steam heat?

Agent (of apartment building)—It will be more than satisfactory, I think. Our janitor is a man from the torrid zone, who never has spent a winter in the north.

Plates should be heated before they are sent to the table. An entire meal, prepared with great care, can be spoiled by the use of cold plates. Do not reach across another person's plate. If something beyond your cover is desired, ask the servant or the person nearest to pass it.

When a second portion is being served place the knife and fork to the right of the plate with the ends resting on the butter plate.

Style in Shoes. Among the popular low shoes for dressy wear at present is the Directorate slipper. It comes in patent leather, dull kid and black satin, and is ornamented with a square or oval gold or kid buckle on the instep.

Low shoes promise to be far more elaborate this year than for some time past, as the narrow skirts and slashed hems have brought them into more prominent view. Bronze slippers with fancy insets of gold on the toe, trimmed with bronze beads, are in good style, as are the Directorate and beaded slippers of black satin with short vamps.—Harper's Bazar.

Latest Sweater. The latest thing in sweaters are first cousins to the fuzzy wuzzy tam-o'-shanters that abounded some five years back. They look like goats and camels, for they are wild and shaggy, and are entirely separate from the collar. A few are made collarless, but have the trimming inset to give the effect of a collar. While the tendency during the late fall has been to favor coats buttoned at the shoulder, this is not considered a good spring idea and low openings are expected to be in vogue.

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Trio of Wool



Photographed by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Wool will be very much in evidence in stylish out-door raiment this year. Here is an attractive coat, made of frieze or soft Vienna, with ice-wool knitted scarf and rough wool hat, trimmed with flowers made of woolen yarn. This represents real warmth, and is thoroughly appropriate for all out-door recreation.

LINEN COSTUME.



Putty-colored linen is used for the smart costume we illustrate here. The skirt has a panel front and back, and at sides is trimmed with two shaped straps with a button in each point. The coat fastens below bust with one pointed strap; the large turn-over collar is strapped on the outer edge with black and putty-colored striped linen.

Hat of putty-colored straw, trimmed with a black feather mount.

Materials required for the dress: Five yards forty-two inches wide, fourteen buttons, one-eighth yard stripe twenty-seven inches wide.

Chic Kerchiefs. Very small handkerchiefs of colored silk with a hemstitched border are sold to wear in the breast pocket of one's rough morning coat. The color scheme of the costume can be carried out by this small touch in a most effective manner, and the idea has been taken up by the Americans who are now in Paris.

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A Vagabond Dreamer

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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"You are trespassing on my property!" came a voice from the moonlight.

Blair scrutinized the clump of bushes. He had supposed the white thing fitting about there to be a slim beam from the moon.

"But the gardeners never come down here and uncle is away, so it is all right." The voice was nearer to Blair than before.

He shaded his eyes and looked more closely. A low ripple of laughter accompanied his search.

"Here I am." She had parted the bushes and still Blair felt that a wedge of moonbeam had squeezed down through the trees. He stared at her with his hand shading his eyes.

"I can't see whether or not I like your eyes," she said half petulantly.

Blair obediently dropped his hand and turned toward the light that came from the small door of his caravan. The dreamer's look was in his eyes and the dreamer's whimsical smile on his lips.

Molly looked at him with grave eyes for a moment. "What are you doing here?" she asked, edging nearer to him.

"Looking for fairies—like you," he said in the tone of one speaking to a child.

"I am eighteen." She resented his tone. "And then what do you do?"

"I weave them into fairy tales."

"I suppose that you mean you are a writer and that your name is in all the big magazines?"

"About that," he smiled.

"Couldn't I just have one peep into your caravan?" she asked. "It looks so cozy."

"It is cozy." He was amused at her quaint curiosity. "I will have to lift you up on the step."

"Isn't it darling!" She turned toward him. "I didn't know gypsies had such exquisite—"

"But I am not a gypsy," put in Blair, and in the darkness a strange bitterness crept into his eyes. "If I were I would shut that door with you inside and lash up my ponies!"

"Oh, wouldn't that be lovely!" She clapped her hands joyously. "But poor uncle would never get over it."

"He has managed to survive other losses." Again that pained bitterness swept into the vagabond's eyes.

"You know he is not really my uncle." She had not noticed his re-

mark. "I have lived here only five years. I'm adopted and Uncle Gray is going to give me all his money," she confided naively.

"So I understand," Blair said.

"You have heard of me?" Molly's eyes opened wide.

"I have heard of the protégé of John Gray—yes. But I had not known she was so—grown up," he finished lamely.

"Well—beautiful then." He looked deep into his eyes.

She returned the look wonderingly. "Oh, oh—I feel such a funny little thrill inside—here!" She clasped both hands over her breast; and stood gazing at him.

Blair turned swiftly away from the innocent awakening in her eyes.

"Perhaps you had better come down from my caravan." His own voice was a trifle husky. "Or I will be tempted to become a gypsy and run off with you."

"But I don't want to come down. I feel happy—I want to sing—and dance—and—" She broke off abruptly and that wondering look swept Blair's own.

Blair was silent for a moment

while he struggled against the tumult in his heart. This witch had breathed on hidden chords; he felt strangely unaccountable for his actions, his words.

"You are tired," he said finally, "and little girls should be in bed at this time of night. Come!"

But Molly Ashwell stood still and looked down at the arms extended to lift her from the step, then her eyes traveled up to the face on which the light shone full.

"Do you know," she stated, "that you look very much like Uncle Gray?"

Blair turned swiftly from the glare of the lamp. "Come!" he said, and his voice held a note of command.

With a little hurt look in her eyes Molly put out her hands. For a breathing spell the universe seemed hung in midair. Molly tore herself free then and fled in the darkness.

Blair watched her go, a moonbeam darting from path to path and finally into the old rose garden and up the great stone steps between the guarding lions and out of his sight through the French windows.

For a long moment he sat staring at the windows through which she had gone. Finally he arose, unthatched his horses, hitched them to the caravan and drove off into the night.

"She is too wonderful," his lips repeated. "I could not withstand her long."

Three years came and went before Molly Ashwell and the Vagabond Dreamer met, three years in which her eyes had worn a peculiar, brooding look—a look which John Gray had tried in vain to fathom or to lighten.

"You are not so happy looking yourself," she had chided him on one occasion.

He had grown a shade paler. "I have cause—a terrible cause for being miserable—but I deserve it," was all he had said.

She glanced quickly at him now as they sat in the theater. The curtain went up on a new play. The scene was an interior.

"It is almost exactly like our drawing room!" exclaimed Molly breathlessly and waited for confirmation of her words.

John Gray neither answered nor seemed conscious of her presence.

As the play progressed Molly felt the peculiar tension that held John Gray. After a spasmodic clutch of the hands on the chair arms he remained as one turned to stone.

The play was the old, old story of the son who had frequented the stage doors and had been turned away from home by an irate parent. In this case the son had lived in the theatrical atmosphere merely as a stepping stone. He had run away from home to go on the stage that he might gain intimate knowledge of stagecraft. The strong plot woven in this fabric was neither here nor there except that at the close of the last act the author was called forth.

He came from the wings.

"My son!"

John Gray sprang to his feet and held out a pair of shaking arms toward the man on the stage.

"My Vagabond Dreamer!" came a girl's voice through the hush that followed the meeting of father and son.

Regardless of the excited audience, the two men met and the older man clasped the other in his arms as if he was still a very small boy.

Finally the quiet tones of the vagabond went out to answer that unasked question.

"My father and I have been long estranged—I am too happy to say more, except that I thank you for receiving my play so kindly."

During the thunder of applause that followed a slim little figure slipped quickly out of the theater and into the great limousine that crept up to the curb at her call.

Her heart was beating painfully in dull, miserable beats.

"Nobody loves me," she wept softly into the kindly cushions.

She sat huddled and broken, neither seeing nor hearing the excited crowd that came forth from the theater.

It seemed ages before the two men, arm in arm appeared. Molly dried her eyes hastily and peered out as they approached.

The younger man glanced at the car. Then Molly saw his hand go up to shade his eyes. He made a quick movement.

She was very near him and the limousine had turned into a darkened street when next she heard his voice.

"Mine! All mine," he whispered against her lips.

"Can we go in the caravan?" Molly asked by way of answer to his question of a moment later.

MISTOOK BEAR FOR FUR COAT

Member of the Association of Automobile Manufacturers Tells Story About Motor Wearing Apparel.

"The cold weather is coming on, and we shall soon see some very remarkable cold-weather motorizing suits."

The speaker, Coker F. Clarkson of the Association of Automobile Manufacturers, sat in his New York office. He resumed:

"I'll be glad when cold-weather motorizing clothes are made more sightly. They give us such a shaggy look now, don't they? Did you ever hear about the performing bear?"

"Well, a country boy, a good deal frequented by motorists, took in a showman and his performing bear, and one morning the bear escaped from the stable.

"Everybody fled before the animal. The hotel man, however, pursued it courageously. It entered the hotel, mounted the stairway, pushed open a bedroom door, and vanished.

"Then the hotel man, close behind,

heard from the bedroom an angry exclamation in a feminine voice, and the words:

"George, dear, how often have I forbidden you to come into my room without knocking—and in your automobile coat, too!"

The Delight in Adornment. Both Miriam and Molly belonged to the new age, and were in revolt against the treadmill of recognized order. Miriam knew it and Molly suspected it. Nevertheless, she took a savage delight in personal adornment. From their feet to the necks women are fairly civilized, and still progress, though with awful setbacks; but on their heads savagery still sits triumphantly. Through maternity and the milliner they keep secure hold on primitive nature. When they emerged at last into the light of day Miriam sighed, like a cannibal reformed by force, who hears of a feast he hankers for in his heart.—Morley Roberts in "Thorpe's Way."