

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

By E. J. Edwards

How Campanini Got a Raise

Musical Critics All Pronounced Ravelli, His Rival Imported by Mapleson, to Be a Very Satisfactory "Second" Tenor.

In the heyday of the period back in the late seventies and early eighties when Italo Campanini, who at 14 became one of Garibaldi's famous one thousand, was being heralded as the greatest living tenor and had the music lovers of two continents at his feet, he went to his English and American manager, the late Col. J. H. Mapleson, and demanded a large increase in salary. The impresario listened to his great star's demand with outward equanimity; he realized that Campanini's voice had done much to make his opera seasons at Covent Garden and in America successful, but he did not propose to grant the Italian the increase in salary demanded if he could help it. So, while promising to give the matter serious consideration, he set about planning in his own way to circumvent "Camp," as he was called by his friends.

In time reports began to reach this country from Europe that Col. Mapleson had engaged the "great tenor" Ravelli, who had gained a wonderful reputation abroad with his voice. Then other reports began to appear that Campanini had been imported into Ravelli another voice as glorious as Campanini's even. These reports were judiciously and widely circulated, so that those who were on the outside eagerly awaited the great Ravelli's arrival. But Campanini's friends were quick to guess the truth—Col. Mapleson was planning to use Ravelli in such a way as to play him off against Campanini, so that he could shrug his shoulders and say, "Oh, well, I have Ravelli," when Campanini inevitably threatened to stop singing unless that extra five hundred dollars a night was forthcoming.

A prince of good fellows—in fact, the most popular operatic tenor that has ever visited the United States—Campanini had many warm friends here, and once they were "on top," Col. Mapleson's little scheme they determined to do all they could to see to it that Ravelli was not allowed thus unjustly to supplant his fellow countryman; that Campanini should stand unapproached as the greatest tenor singer of his time until a really better tenor than he arose.

Hero of the Federal Treasury

L. C. Chittenden Disabled by Signing \$5,000,000 in Bonds in 48 Hours to Prevent Sailing of Confederate Privateers.

Thomas C. Acton, who died in 1898 after reaching the age of seventy-five years, gained a great national reputation at the time of the draft riots in New York city, in 1863, by the energy with which he met that critical situation as president of the police board of the metropolis. After his retirement as a police commissioner, in 1869, he became assistant treasurer of the United States in charge of the subtreasury in New York city. Meeting him upon the street one day, I noticed that his right hand was bandaged, and asked him if he had met with an accident. "Not exactly an accident," was the reply. "And I am much better off than Chittenden was after he had done what I did the other day, but to a much greater extent."

"L. C. Chittenden, you know, was registrar of the treasury department at Washington during the administration of President Lincoln, and a very capable officer he was. We were personally on terms of friendship, and meeting him one day in the streets of Washington, I should say it was in the last months of President Lincoln's life—I noticed that his right hand and arm below the elbow were powerless. I wondered whether he was in the initial stages of the shaking palsy, and knowing him well enough to do so, asked him if that were the case. Shaking his head slowly and smiling slightly, he told me the following story—and ever since the day I heard it I have held that Mr. Chittenden was as much a hero for his country's sake as any man who went before the cannon's mouth in the Civil war.

"You know," began Mr. Chittenden to me, as we stood on the edge of the Washington sidewalk, "when Charles Francis Adams, our minister to Great Britain, protested against the British government permitting those English built Confederate privateers to sail from the ports of their construction, he was told that the ships would be kept from weighing anchor provided he deposited with the British government within 24 hours \$5,000,000 in gold, so that Great Britain might be protected in case any damage suits were brought against her for holding back the privateers. Mr. Adams, as you probably know, had no idea where he could get the necessary gold, but that afternoon it was unexpectedly offered to him by a man whose name has been kept a secret to this day, that being the secret of the loan. To this good friend of America in need Mr. Adams offered as security United States government bonds, telling him, however, that he would be obliged to wait for the bonds until word of his deed could be sent by cable to Washington—there was no cable working then—and the bonds sent over.

"Well, by the next steamer President Lincoln and Secretary of State Seward received Mr. Adams' communication, and at once became necessary to send five millions in government bonds to Mr. Adams by the first steamer to Europe, if possible. It would sail in just 48 hours. We had the bonds, but they were unsigned. "From that time on until the last bond was signed, just in time to catch the steamer, I did not leave my office except momentarily. I ate in the office. For hours I could scarcely see the bonds as they lay before me and appended my signature by instinct. But I did the work in time, and the bonds were sent by special messenger to Mr. Adams, who, in turn, delivered them promptly to the good friend of the Union who had advanced the five millions in gold. And this—Mr. Chittenden glanced half smilingly and half ruefully at his powerless right hand and arm—"this is my scar and wound, a permanent injury, received while doing my duty as a government officer."

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Logan Feared Vice Presidency

Famous Cavalry Leader Was Reluctant to Accept the Nomination in 1884 Because of the State of His Health.

No man ever accepted a nomination for vice-president of the United States more reluctantly than did General John A. Logan in 1884. He was even more greatly distressed that political exigencies and the imperious command of his party compelled his acceptance of the nomination than was Theodore Roosevelt in a similar position. Roosevelt at last decided to accept the nomination before it was made, but Logan pleaded with his friends at Chicago until he was actually nominated to make some other choice for the honor.

A day or two before the convention's notification committee, headed by ex-Senator John B. Henderson, called on General Logan, in his modest home in Washington, formally to advise him of his selection as the running mate of Blaine. I was received by the General in his home. I asked him what he intended saying to the committee.

"I shall not say anything much," he said, "but a few words. It is a perfunctory performance. I haven't much heart for it." And then, briefly, he added that one of the reasons he was unwilling to enter the presidential campaign actively as a candidate was the state of his health. "I have never fully recovered from the serious rheumatic trouble that affected me four years ago at the time I made my speech in the Senate in opposition to the restoring of General Fitz-John Porter to the retired list of the army," he explained. "I made a part of that speech while suffering intense pain."

"Yes, General," I replied, "that was apparent to all of us who heard you, and it was the common remark at the time that nothing but your inflexible will carried you through that long speech."

When the committee did call upon General Logan, I was present, at his special invitation, to witness the brief ceremony—he had said when extending the invitation: "It won't be much of a scene." It was clearly apparent that the General was not in the best of health. His complexion, always swarthy when he was in health, had a sort of rusty hue; the contrast between it and the drooping black mustache and comb-black hair was impressively striking.

As he rose to receive the committee he leaned heavily upon a chair. He listened to the remarks of the chairman as though he was either indifferent or in a sort of a dream. And when, after a few perfunctory and formal remarks, the senator from Illinois began to speak in reply, his hair fell over his forehead, there was a curious, unhealthy brightness in his eyes, and a tone of sadness in his voice which seemed to impress greatly all of us who heard it.

The ceremony over in a few minutes, the committee withdrew, and I was left alone with the candidate. I asked him if he were going to write a formal letter of acceptance. "Of course," he replied slowly, and then, after a moment, he added, still speaking with solemn slowness:

"It is a great honor to be called by the people of this great republic to serve as their vice-president. It is a great honor to be nominated for that office by a great party. But I have my misgivings. I wish I felt in better physical health. Some have thought that I am indifferent to the honor. But that is not so. I am not a well man. I wish my party had chosen some one of our leaders who is in perfect health."

Two years later John A. Logan lay dead; and I have always believed that his primary reason for not wanting to be nominated for the vice-presidency of Blaine was that he knew even then that he was in the first stages of the organic disease which finally brought him to his death bed, and that he had a premonition that if he were elected to the office he would not live to serve his term.

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Scythe Blades on a Church

The thirteen scythe blades over the door of the north chapel in the parish church at Horncastle are, in consequence of alterations to the edifice, to be placed over the south door. Originally there were between forty and fifty blades, but owing to rust and decay many have been lost. The scythes were placed in the church, according to local authority, to commemorate the zeal of the peasants who wielded them as weapons of warfare in defense of their faith in the rebellion known as the Pilgrimage of Grace, which arose at Louth in 1536. —London Standard.

Worried

"George, dear," sobbed the bride who had been reading the Cavalieri case, "I don't believe you really love me."

"Why not, darling?" asked the groom sympathetically.

"We've been married three months now and you haven't even signed a nickel over to me." —Detroit Free Press.

Mother, Child and State

Some Things Really Worth a Few Moments of a Citizen's Best Thought.

"However," said Mary, going farther into the future, "the process isn't complete. Freedom is not yet completely acquired. Children! We want them! We must have them! Yet how often they tie us to unions which have come to be unholy, vile, full of uncleanness. Women will never be completely free till, besides being able to earn their bread when they are not bearing children, they are relieved of dependence on the individual character of another human person while they are. Mr. G. H. Wells is clearly right about it. When women bear children they perform a service to the state. Children are important to the state. They are the future of the nation. To leave them to the eccentricities of the economic fate of the father is ridiculous. The woman who is bringing up children should receive from

the state the equivalent of her service in a regular income. Then, and then only, in the union of man and woman, will love and money reach their right relationship—love a necessity, money a welcome romance!

"It's remote, very remote," said Mary. "And we can't dream it out in detail. But when it comes it won't come out of personal sentiment. It will come because of being demanded by the economic welfare of the community. It will come because it is the best way to get serviceable children for the state. It will come because, after all, it is the final answer to the potpourri of marriage." —William Hard, in Everybody's.

A Continuous Performance

He who dances must pay the fiddler," quoted the moralizer.

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "and I have noticed that as soon as you pay one fiddler off another begins to tune up."

Felicity Secret

Wise Man Knows Exactly What He Needs

By SIDNEY DARK

THE WISE MAN discovers exactly what he needs to be happy, and endeavors persistently to acquire the essentials. It is easy to blunder badly about these essentials. Lots of men are furiously anxious to marry. They are persuaded that life is impossible without one particular woman, often to discover that life is impossible with her. Similarly, money popularly is regarded as necessary to happiness, although we all number men among our acquaintance far more miserable in a costly residence than they were when living in a humble "home."

Indeed it is fairly evident that to the majority of human beings "what one is" is of infinitely greater importance than "what one has." There are, of course, exceptions, but they are comparatively few. The passion for mere possession is rare. The miser is abnormal. Men love money because money means power, or, maybe, good wine. Women love money because it means costly clothes and many jewels. The desire to wear beautiful clothes is entirely admirable. A woman often expresses her personality with splendid completeness in her dress. We are apt, perhaps—particularly if our incomes are small—to denounce the love of diamonds as vulgar; but, after all, children and all lovable, simple souls adore things that glitter.

In attempting to discover the secret of happiness—which is the aim of all philosophy—the initial difficulty is the variation of individuality, the fact that one man's food is another man's poison. But this difficulty is superficial. We are all more alike than we are inclined to admit. Besides, I am not concerned with the extraordinary man, with the possessor of the great soul or with him who has no soul at all.

The industrious and the lazy, the silent and the loquacious, the domesticated and the gypsies, the married and the unmarried, the bond and the free, believers and unbelievers, socialists and anti-socialists, are all divided, some happy and some unhappy. The greatest thing in the world cannot be obtained by opinion, conviction, circumstance, or virtue.

The unhappy man is the dull man, and the dull man is the man without a soul. That is the truth, and the whole truth. The dull man eats and drinks and works and sleeps and grumbles and sniggers and is just a rate payer. Most of us have to do all these things. We have to be rate payers. The horror comes when we are just rate payers—and nothing more.

Think of the happy people one knows, and inquire! I know a clerk who is happy on \$15 a week because his wife thinks he is a hero and he thinks she is beautiful. He is not a hero to you and me, but in her dream world Launcelot is nothing by comparison, while in his dream world she is another Helen.

I know a nun who is happy dreaming of the glories of a wonderful gray wonder-world. I know a Salvationist who is happy because he is a son of God. I know a cheerful, roystering, often penniless, writer who is happy because to him all men are good fellows and all women adorable. The happy socialist dreams of the brotherhood of men; the cantankerous socialist yearns to interfere with his fellows.

It often happens that the men who stimulate imagination and encourage our dreams themselves fail to attain happiness. They stand on the mountain and point out the way, but they themselves never reach the land of delight. They are, however, the great men, and you and I are the common wayfarers. Their way is not our way, and it may be that their sorrow is more precious than our joy.

Utility of New Language Uncertain

By PROF. J. L. LANIER, New Orleans

The scholars may extol the beauties and scientific superiority of the Esperanto language, but it will be many a generation before it can be brought into general use. It is a sort of a composite speech, a blend of various tongues, and is of course, an artificial produce, the utility of which on any broad scale is very uncertain. I have never gone into it very deeply, but I confess that a casual examination of it does not reveal many attractions. Its promoters are sanguine and very enthusiastic, but so were the advocates of Volapuk, which was a manufactured language and also intended for universal use, but which is now only a memory. Esperanto may live longer than Volapuk and attain a greatly wider vogue, but its general adoption by any large numbers of the human family is entirely out of the realm of practicability.

Raise in Salary Proves Severe Test

By REV. H. B. HOLT

A raise in salary is a more severe test of character than poverty. I knew a man who did well on \$1,800 a year, but he went all to pieces when raised to \$3,500. Prosperity is more responsible for the breaking of the Sabbath than any other single cause. Men in business who are successful feel that they are too tired to attend church services on Sunday. Their money gives them an opportunity to go automobile riding and participate in other enjoyment, which keeps them away from the church they were in the habit of attending when they were in humbler circumstances.

Teach Children to Swim at School

By CLARENCE R. SEEGERT

The great number of deaths from drowning throughout the year calls for an easy and positive remedy. Every day people fall off piers or tip over boats and drown, or some one in walking out into the water steps into a deep hole; there is a few moments' struggle, and all is over. And this because they have never known the first points about swimming. Few girls really swim. I think it would be safe to say that not over one per cent. of the girls in this country can swim over ten feet. I have learned from recent inquiries that about three-quarters of the boys and girls in some of the poor districts never go farther than half a mile from their homes. They have no chance to learn to swim nor any money to pay to go for a swim in any of the pools near their homes. Some of these children had large tanks in their school and swimming lessons were given. They would all then like school and begin to like swimming, which is a big question in itself, for anyone who likes to swim will also like the water.

Hints For Hostess

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS for Those Planning Seasonable Entertainments

For Hallowe'en. From the voluminous correspondence which has poured into the office regarding "Hallowe'en" it would seem that every reader, old and young, rich or poor, intended to celebrate on this most fascinating festival day. Madame Merril sincerely hopes that there has been something in the departments to suit the needs of all.

Here is a very simple method of determining one's future partner in life. It is called the "yarn" test: At the stroke of midnight the girls must all go upstairs, the men remaining in the hall below. Then each maid in turn drops a ball of light yarn over the banisters. Of course, she must hold tightly to one end of the yarn and remain unseen when she throws it down. The men scramble for the ball, and the one who gets it, when the yarn is drawn taut by the girl above, must reply by giving his true name when the unseen holder says "who holds?" If he recognizes her voice, so much in their favor; if the girl drops the end she holds, she will remain unmarried; if the yarn breaks she will not marry any of the men present on this occasion.

A Superstition Party. A ladder was put up on the front porch so all would have to pass under it to enter the house. All the black cats in the neighborhood were borrowed for the occasion and salt was spilled in front of each plate at the table. The party was on Friday, on the thirteenth day of the month, and each guest was asked to tell his favorite superstition. The favors were scissors, knives and tiny purses without the proverbial "lucky cent." The result of this party was that no one died within the year, all remained good friends, and, in spite of the looking glass which the hostess shattered just before going in the dining room, none had had luck.

The Egg Fortune. The correspondent who asks for a new Hallowe'en fortune test may find the following suitable for her purpose: For this potent formula for peering into the future an absolutely new laid egg is necessary. Drop the white only into a glass of cold water. A clever seer will then foretell the future from the queer shapes which the albumen assumes.

Color for Sick Room. Always choose for an invalid brightly colored flowers rather than white, which are not cheerful for the sick room.

Madame Merril. This affair could be combined with Hallowe'en stunts and make a jolly time for tomorrow night or during the week, when fads and fancies pertaining to the mystical day are in order.

Two Dainty Gowns



The gown at the left is of black chantilly lace and liberty. The skirt is of liberty covered with a tunic of chantilly which is finished with a wide sash of liberty crossed in the back. The corsage is of chantilly with large collar of beaded embroidery finished in front by a knot of liberty. The girle is of liberty, fastened with rosettes.

The other gown is of pale green liberty and mousseline de soie of the same shade. The skirt is of liberty with draped tunic of mousseline de soie, caught at the side by roses. The corsage is also of liberty covered with a sort of platted pelerine of the mousseline de soie. The chemise is of white lace; the girle, as designed, is of liberty, with knot of roses at the side.

Jabot From Handkerchief

The jabot made of half a handkerchief is a sensible and inexpensive solution of the necktie problem for the business woman. Cut diagonally in half, the handkerchief, if a plain one, will admit of extra trimming along its already hemmed edges. Part of the finish being provided, there but remains to be added the narrowest of Irish lace edges on one jabot and a jabot and a delicate clasp on the other. Pressed into shape, the jabot is mounted along its diagonal raw edges upon a small hand stitched by machine, and by this it is secured beneath the turnover collar.

A Graceful Gait

It is one of the chief of a woman's charms. It is equal in importance to beauty, a fact which young debutantes with a natural wish to "make an impression" would do well to remember. The first thing to learn is how to hold the body correctly when standing. The body should be erect, inclined slightly forward from the hips up, the weight on the balls of the feet, never on the heels, the knees held together, the arms hanging naturally at the sides, the chin up, the chest forward and the abdomen in. In walking, a good rule for beginners is to ignore the knee joint, and, carrying the chest upright, try to get a good, free swing from the hips. If you can see the bump, bump of the skirt against the knee, the action is still wrong. There is, however, a difference between swinging the leg and swinging the hip alone. The latter produces an ugly walk.

Old Fashion Revived

The quaint, old-time handkerchiefs or glove boxes made of glass and bound with ribbon, by which the sides and top and bottom were held in place, are being revived and make acceptable gifts for almost any anniversary. The glass can be easily cut into any size and shape and the boxes have a certain advantage over others in that they can be easily cleaned.