

Gossip About Famous People

H. H. Rogers as a Story Teller. Choate's Latest Yarn—Helen Hay Whitney—John M. Pattison of Ohio



H. H. ROGERS.

“Nat Osbourne,” Mr. Rogers said recently, “used to blow the organ in the brick church. He had quite an idea of his own importance and was always proud of his job. I asked him once, ‘How much salary do you get, Mr. Osbourne, for your work?’

“Nat looked up solemnly and said with dignity, ‘Twelve hundred dollars.’

“‘What!’ said I. ‘Twelve hundred dollars?’

“‘Yes,’ said Nat.

“‘That’s big pay,’ said I.

“‘Pretty fair,’ said Nat, ‘but that’s for a hundred years!’”

Joseph H. Choate, former ambassador to the court of St. James, is one of America’s most noted wits, and when he returned to New York recently he told a story to a New York Times reporter as indicative of the average Englishman’s notorious inability to see the point of a joke.

“On one occasion,” remarked the ex-ambassador, “I was propounding the time honored conundrum about the difference in the manner of death between the barber and the sculptor, the answer being that, while the barber curls up and dyes, the sculptor makes faces and busts.



JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

“One of the party to whom I was relating this seemed to be particularly impressed by it, and a few days after I heard him trying to tell it thus:

“‘I heard an awfully good story the other day about the difference between a barber and a sculptor. It makes me laugh even now to think of it. You see, the barber curls up and dyes, while the sculptor makes faces and dies. Pretty good, isn’t it, bah Jove?’

“‘And,’ continued Mr. Choate, ‘I really believe that he is still wondering why the story didn’t make a hit and attributing its failure to the stupidity of his audience.’”

The late secretary of state, the lamented John Hay, left quite a collection of unpublished manuscripts, and his daughter Helen, Mrs. Payne Whitney, is now engaged in putting some of them in shape for the printer. It is said that she enters upon the work with ordinary pleasure, for she was a great admirer of her father as a literary man and has herself much fondness for literature. She has written enough to show that she inherits marked literary talent from her distinguished father, and the Harpers have just issued a new volume of poems by her entitled “Sonnets and Songs.” Mrs. Whitney has had a kiosk built on the shores of Shadyside lake, near her home at Manhasset, N. Y., where she will do much of the work preparing for publication those manuscripts of her father which have not yet seen the light and which it is deemed advisable to give to the public. She is a woman of brilliant intellect and famous for her cleverness in many fields. Her poetry is distinguished for its natural charm and the mastery of the verse forms essayed. Many persons see in it touches of the humor that distinguished “Little Breeches” and other poems written by her father. Her first volume of poetry was entitled “Some Verses,” and there was a sad strain in many of the poems which her friends attributed to disappointment in a love affair of her girlhood days.



HELEN HAY WHITNEY.

Charles E. Hughes, who will tackle the question of insurance reform in his capacity of counsel to the insurance investigation committee of the New York legislature, has come to the front within a recent period. He has made a specialty of commercial law, and it was this which caused his appointment as counsel for the legislative committee that investigated the gas companies in New York last spring. The ability he showed in this inquiry led to his appointment as counsel for the committee which was delegated by the recent special session of the New York legislature to take up the question of insurance irregularities and the alterations necessary in the laws governing insurance companies.

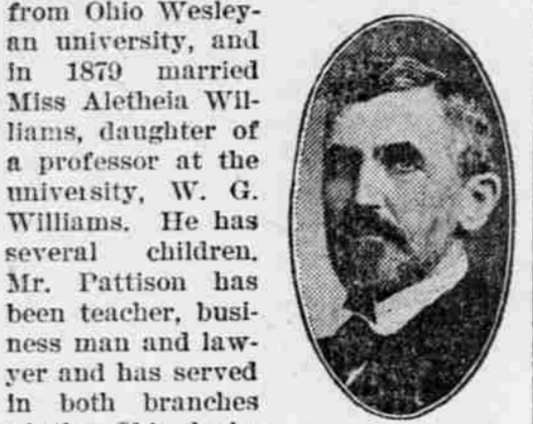


CHARLES E. HUGHES.

Mr. Hughes is forty-three years of age and a native of the Empire State. Glens Falls is his birthplace and his

father was a Baptist clergyman. He graduated from Brown university, at Providence, and for two years attended Columbia Law school, from which he graduated with the highest honors of his class, winning a prize fellowship. He entered the office of a well known law firm in New York, but after a few years his health showed signs of failing, and he gave up his practice in order to lead the less strenuous life of an educator, accepting the post of lecturer on commercial law at Cornell university. In 1893 he became a lecturer at Columbia on this subject and later resumed practice in New York city. He is a member of the Republican, University and Lawyers’ clubs, the Delta Upsilon fraternity and other societies and enjoys a high standing in his profession.

John M. Pattison, Democratic nominee for governor of Ohio and a prominent business man, won the nomination with six other candidates in the field, only one of whom retired. He is the son of a country merchant and a native of Ohio, having been born in Clermont county in 1847. He graduated from Ohio Wesleyan university, and in 1879 married Miss Alethea Williams, daughter of a professor at the university, W. G. Williams. He has several children. Mr. Pattison has been teacher, business man and lawyer and has served in both branches of the Ohio legislature. Like many other men in public life, he is fond of a good story, and one of his favorites is the following:



JOHN M. PATTISON.

“As Willie was looking out of the front window he saw his grandfather pass by the house, and, calling to his mother, who was not now on speaking terms with her parent, because little Willie tore up some flowers in the old man’s garden, said: ‘Mamma, ain’t that ‘Bill’ Woods? Usen’t he be my grandfather once?’”

Booth Tarkington worked eight years at the literary business before his first notable success, “The Gentleman From Indiana,” caught on.

It was a somewhat exceptional reason which caused Marcus Braun of the United States immigration service to resign his post. An order for the wearing of a uniform by inspectors at Ellis Island, New York, had been issued by Robert Watchorn, commissioner of immigration. Rather than don a distinguishing garb Inspector Braun gave up his job. As he put it, “I have traveled 600,000 miles in the service of Uncle Sam and never wore a uniform, and I don’t see why I should begin to wear one now.” Mr. Braun’s friends in the Hungarian Republican club of New York, of which he is president, maintain that he took the right stand in resigning rather than wear a uniform. Some persons who envied him his berth have declared, however, that they would wear two uniforms if necessary to get the job. Mr. Braun’s name figured in the European dispatches some time ago on account of his endeavors to prevent undesirable emigrants from Austria coming to this country, efforts which brought him into conflict with the Austrian authorities and occasioned his arrest.

Field Marshal Lord Frederick Sleight Roberts, the idol of the British public and by many considered the greatest military man of the Victorian era, is not likely to wear all his decorations on his visit to this country, but he has a great many of them. He is the reverse of pretentious in manner and is sometimes compared to General Grant, not because he resembles the great American soldier in appearance, but because he is so modest and because he is as generous as he is brave. He created a sensation in the house of lords not long ago by declaring that the military force of Great Britain is utterly inadequate to uphold its prestige as a first class power. When “Bobs” expresses an opinion, the average British subject gives heed, and so the expectation is that something will come from Lord Roberts’ words of warning.



LORD ROBERTS.

This hero of the English public is seventy-three years old, small of stature, but very erect and dignified in appearance. When in full uniform he wears the Victoria cross, grand cross of the Bath, star of India and several other decorations of similar character, besides a whole row of medals that have been awarded him for distinguished service, but it is the Victoria cross of which he is most proud. He won it in the Indian mutiny. Seeing a native soldier in deadly peril from a rebel who was about to bayonet him, Roberts galloped to the assistance of the hard pressed sower, and, having cut down his opponent, saw a couple of the rebels at some distance making off with a standard. He galloped after them, seized the staff of the standard, and, as he wrenched it from the sepoy’s grasp, cut him down. He had an almost miraculous escape, for the other sepoy snapped a musket close against him, but by a lucky chance it missed fire, and the plucky lieutenant rode back in triumph with the standard.

“Walton’s Angler.”
This insignificant duodecimo volume, not remarkable for any special literary merit beyond an easy, cheerful, chatty good humor, interlarded with technical information about a strangely fascinating sport, occupies one of the topmost niches in the huge temple of British bibliographical fame. “Worth its weight in gold” is a very inadequate expression. The number of sovereigns its value represents overbalances many copies. Its companion volume, the second part, by Charles Cotton, was not issued from the press until twenty-three years later and naturally increases the already stupendous price when found with the earlier work.

The perennial popularity of “Walton’s Angler” is very remarkable. Seldom a year passes that does not witness its reissue in some form or other, either delicate and dear for the connoisseur’s shelves or commonplace and cheap for the traveler’s pocket. There is a charm about the book which time apparently cannot destroy.

How to Make Beeswax.

The following recipe for beeswax can be vouched for: After the combs have been put through an extractor or crushed and strained through a thin cloth the wax is put in a copper or porcelain lined kettle, with cold water enough to cover it, and boiled for half an hour, or longer if it seems necessary. When the wax is taken from the stove it is strained and poured in a vessel previously dipped in cold water. To make a round cake of beeswax pour the melted wax in a bowl that has been dipped in cold water. To make wax sheets use a board three-eighths of an inch thick, dampened with warm water, then dipped in the melted wax two or three times. The board is next put in water to cool for a little while, after which it is taken out, the edges trimmed with a sharp knife and two sheets of wax peeled off. To make these wax sheets the wax must not be too hot or it will crack.

Sound Waves.

The sensation of sound, as is well known, is produced by a certain to and fro or wave-like movement of the air striking upon the drum of the ear and so setting it in vibration. Each sound wave consists of two portions, in one of which the air is compressed beyond and in the other rarefied below the average pressure. If two sound waves are traveling in the same direction, but one of them starts half a wave length behind the other, the compressed half of one will fall upon the rarefied half of the other, the average air pressure will remain undisturbed, and the two sounds will combine to produce silence. If a sounding tuning fork be slowly rotated near the ear four positions will be found in which the sound will be barely audible. This is due to such interference of sound waves as has been described.

How to Cut Glass.

Glass can be cut without a diamond, and the way is very simple. Dip a piece of common string in alcohol and squeeze it reasonably dry. Then tie the string tightly around the glass on the line of cutting. Touch a match to the string and let it burn off. The heat of the burning string will weaken the glass in this particular place. While it is hot plunge the glass under water, letting the arm go under well to the elbow, so there will be no vibration when the glass is struck. With the free hand strike the glass outside the line of cutting, giving a quick, sharp stroke with any long flat instrument, such as a stick of wood or a long bladed knife, and the cut will as clean and straight as if made by a regular glass cutter.

Napoleon Before the Convention.

When Barras introduced Napoleon to the convention as a fit man to be entrusted with the command the president asked: “Are you willing to undertake the defense of the convention?” “Yes,” was the reply. After a time the president continued: “Are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?” “Perfectly,” replied Napoleon, fixing his eyes upon his questioner. “And I am in the habit of accomplishing that which I undertake.”

First Great Depression.

“What, may I ask, was the keenest disappointment of your career?” asked the anxious interviewer. The great financier stared coldly at the ink bottle. “It was when I was four years old, I think,” he drawled, “when I woke up one morning and found my red balloon shrunken to one-fourth the size of the day before.”—Detroit Free Press.

Man and the Dog.

We are alone, absolutely alone, on this chance planet, and amid all the forms of life that surround us not one, excepting the dog, has made an alliance with us. A few creatures fear us, most are unaware of us and not one loves us.—From a Maeterlinck Essay.

Supplied a Deficiency.

Mr. Goodman—James, the gentleman you gave as reference tells me you’re not very truthful. Jimmy (the office boy)—Well, say, yer sich a truthful guy yerself yer need an ablebodied liar like me round der place.—Philadelphia Press.

Their Descent.

“Oh, yes,” she said proudly, “we can trace our ancestry back to—well, I don’t know who, but we’ve been descending for centuries.”—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Juvenile Thrust.

Mother—Remember, Tommy, an angel is watching over you. Tommy—Aw, ma, don’t be conceited!—Chicago News.

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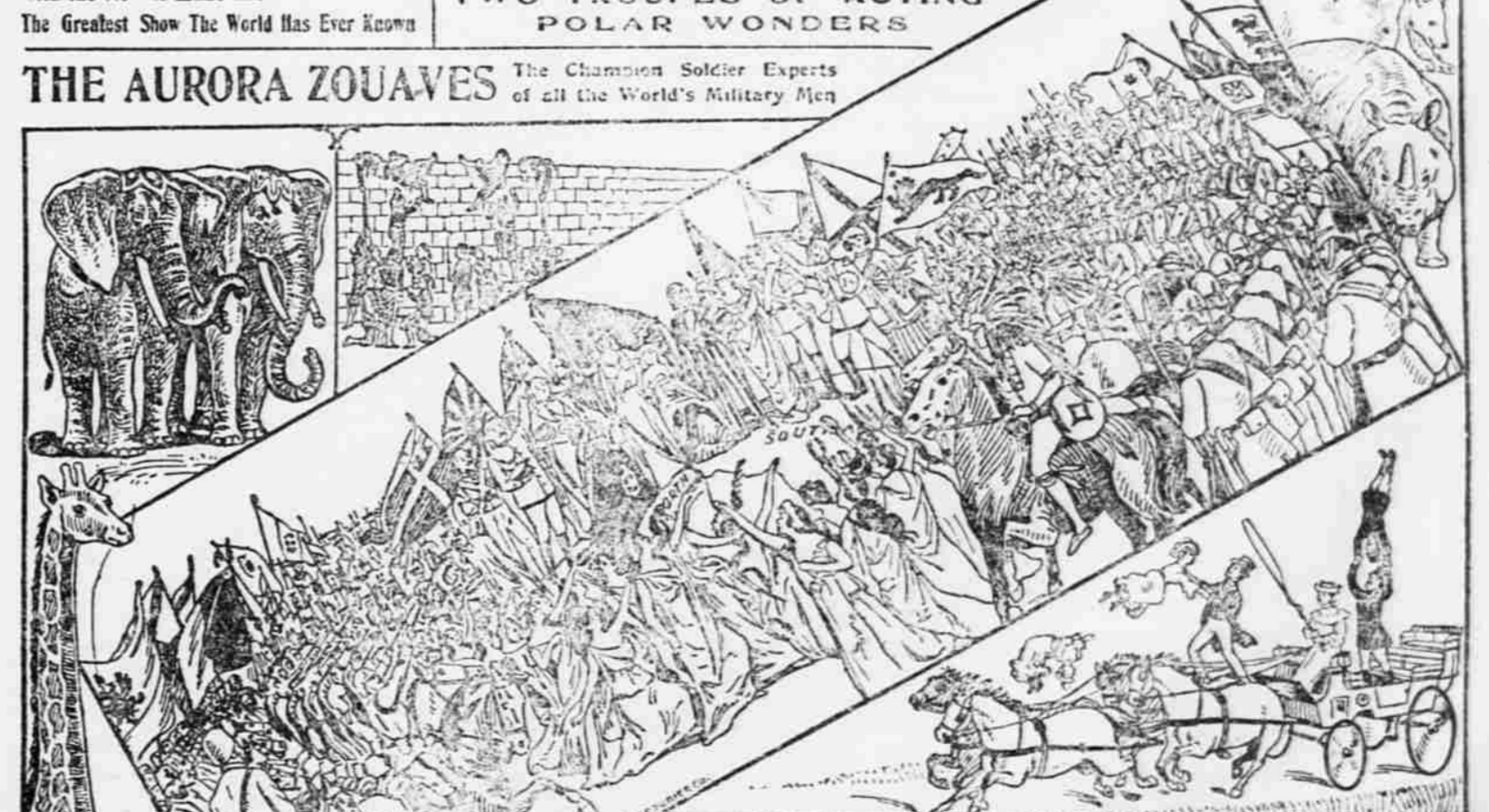
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