

Children Always at Their Best When "Playing" Some One Else



ROY AND CORINE KLEIN.



NEENAH WHIDDEN.

IDA DARLOW.

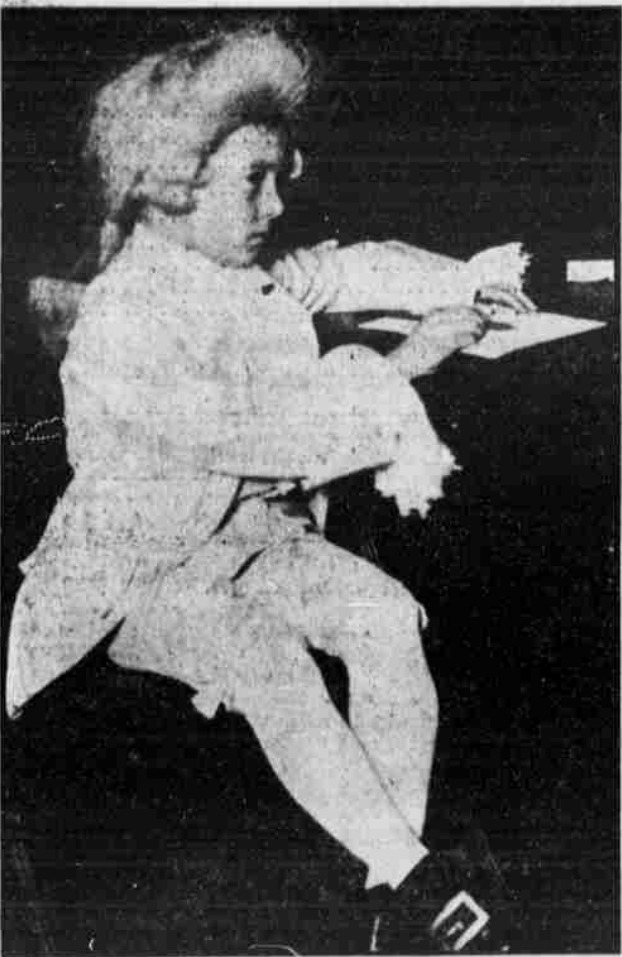
MONA COWELS.



VIRGINIA CROSK.

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RALPH WILSON.

Of all the months of the year, February is richest in themes that can be worked out and expressed in the fancy dress party. St. Valentine's day and Washington's birthday afford occasion for some of the daintiest of the novelty parties, and this year these have been worked out more elaborately than usual. With Valentine's day just past and Washington's birthday just ahead, the season for fancy costume is at its height. There have been some truly charming assemblies within the fortnight, and the coming week will see a great many more. Of the hundreds who have and will participate there are none who lend themselves to fancy dressing as do the children, for their careless abandon, the unconsciousness of all surroundings as they lose themselves in the occasion, lends a charm that nothing else can approach.

Disciples of Froebel tell us that the child is never more natural than when lost in his play. Perhaps this accounts for the paradox that he is never so entirely himself as when playing at being somebody else; certainly there are no games that afford him more unalloyed delight than those in which he is allowed to "become up," and so it would seem that so engaged the observed should see him at his best—as he really is. And just in proportion as he enjoys masquerading in the garments allowed for the everyday romp, so he finds delight in the rarer occasion when some effort and ingenuity besides his own have been employed to dress him in fancy costume. Wholesome in the artlessness and innocence of childhood, the fancy dress contributes a daintiness and airiness that makes him well nigh irresistible.

Where the Little Girl Shines.
But referring to the child as "he" in this connection emphasizes the inadequacy of that common pronoun for, for some reason,

the term "fancy dress" suggests the little girl in her dainty frock, her curls and ribbon bows, rather than her young brother. In fact, poor little chap, the fancy dress party is one of the occasions when he is likely to find himself at a disadvantage and among the ranks of the admiring rather than the admired, for the tarletons and swisses and ribbons, with their advantage of being inexpensive, are much more adaptable to the frocks of the little girls, and as materials correspondingly dainty and effective are expensive, and so scarcely practical for boys. It happens often that he or she represented. The result was delightful. It was an ideal party and each little guest was given a chance during the afternoon to tell her or his story. The result was wonderfully entertaining, not only to the grown-ups present, but to the children themselves, particularly when they chanced to be a difference of opinion regarding characters that had been duplicated, as there had been in the case of the knight, the American Indian and George and Martha Washington. Having entered into the spirit of the occasion, and with all confidence in mother's version of the character, there was nothing conceded but a great deal of additional information acquired.

And this is always the case, for an inquiring mind is a characteristic of the normal child, and the fancy dress party is rich in suggestions as well as in attractiveness.

Some Recent Omaha Parties.
Some of the largest and prettiest children's fancy dress parties of the winter

have been given by the dancing school classes. Drawing the children as they do from some of the wealthiest homes of the city, neither time nor expense have been spared in creating and working out designs for the costumes. The realms of the real and the unreal have contributed their favorites to these charming juvenile assemblies and out of it all, besides an afternoon or an evening of enjoyment, the children have gotten many a substantial and lasting lesson.

At a recent masquerade party given in one of the south side homes a list of the characters desired to be represented was sent the mother of each little guest, with the invitation and the request that inexpensive materials be used; also that the child be instructed regarding the character he or she represented. The result was delightful. It was an ideal party and each little guest was given a chance during the afternoon to tell her or his story. The result was wonderfully entertaining, not only to the grown-ups present, but to the children themselves, particularly when they chanced to be a difference of opinion regarding characters that had been duplicated, as there had been in the case of the knight, the American Indian and George and Martha Washington. Having entered into the spirit of the occasion, and with all confidence in mother's version of the character, there was nothing conceded but a great deal of additional information acquired.

Helpful in Many Ways.
In addition to the advantages suggested, remains the indelible impression of the character assumed, the child carrying away a better notion of the celebrity under

question for having at one time had occasion to appear even for so short a time as the prototype of greatness. It may not be apparent, but it is a recognized fact that the impressions gathered at this time of life are ineffaceable. For this reason, the well ordered fancy dress party is really of educational value in a higher way probably than is generally conceded. The further fact is evident that the children receive in this way as they can in no other a training in polite usages. No matter what one's station in life, society requires conformity to certain well defined conventions that are becoming more and more rigid, and therefore the child can not be too early schooled in their application. Address and manners go far in life as a substitute for deeper culture, and no degree of intellectual attainment short of absolute genius can atone for boorishness. That is why the children who have had the advantage of this early association with each other are better fitted to enter on the amenities of existence as adults. They must have training in other directions to be able to enter into the fierce competition of life, but they are started with a decided advantage if they have been thoroughly schooled in good manners, and this schooling is not possible alone in the home. Home training supplies the theory, but the application can only be had in association with others. The assistance to the imagination of the child at a time when it is most plastic is another factor of interest in favor of the fancy dress party or other form of entertainment that partakes of the same general nature. Ideas are thus generated that may lead to efforts of distinct service and habits of thought are stimulated that cannot fail to be helpful. So in the provision of an unusual degree of pleasure of a thoroughly wholesome sort, the fancy dress party for children is also helpful in a great many ways.



MILDRED WERTZ.

Chat with Senator Francis Cockrell About Himself and Public Matters

(Copyrighted, 1906, by Frank G. Carpenter.)
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 18.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)
—This is the story of a farmer's boy who became United States senator; the story of a United States senator who understood enough to hold the place for thirty years and who now, about to leave it, has so gained the respect and love of his fellow citizens that the president gives him the choice of two of the highest positions in his administration. Both places carry big salaries. One is that of interstate commerce commissioner, the other is as commissioner of the Panama canal, the latter position bringing in \$12,500 a year.

The man I refer to is Francis Marion Cockrell, the senator from Missouri, who, like his great predecessor, Thomas H. Benton, has served that state continuously, as its senator, for thirty years. I believe the story will be helpful to the young men and boys of the country, who, by reading between its lines, may find suggestions toward their own success.

I like the story through the mouth of the senator. It has been drawn out by many questions. Senator Cockrell is modest to a degree unknown to the average public man. His biography is one of the shortest in the Congressional Directory. It is told in seven lines, and it stands out in strong contrast to the long drawn out biographies of smaller men written by themselves.

My first questions were as to the senator's boyhood. He replied:

"My boyhood was like that of most boys of the west. My father was a farmer, who had been engaged in stock farming in Kentucky. He came to Missouri before I was born and too, up a large tract of land away out there on the frontier. We had no railroad within hundreds of miles of us, and our education was gotten in the common schools of the neighborhood. The school terms were short. I remember I moved about from uncle to uncle to keep near the schools which were held at different seasons in different parts of the country. After I had passed through these schools I went to Chapel Hill college nearby and remained there until I graduated.

Western College Life in 1826.
"What kind of a college was it, senator?"
"It was a good country college as colleges went then. The boys lived in dormitories. They came to school to get an education and they worked pretty hard. Our training was chiefly in the fundamentals. We studied Latin, Greek, mathematics, botany, rhetoric, physics, etc. After I graduated I remained one year as professor of languages. I taught Latin and Greek, and also French translations. The experience was an excellent one. When I came to teach I found out how little I

really knew, and I had to study some things all over again. One has to know a thing in order to teach it."

"How about athletics in those days, senator?"
"Were the college boys of then as strenuous as those of these days? Well, they were. I don't know," replied the senator, a smile creeping over his face as his soul slid back to the playgrounds of his boyhood. "We had some strenuous games and most strenuously we played them. We did not have football or base ball, but we had games somewhat similar. One was town ball, and another was bull pen. In bull pen one of the clubs stood inside a ring, and its opponents on the corners outside. The man on the outside, who had the ball, threw it with all his might at the crowd within, trying to hit one of them. The men within tried to get the ball, and if one of them could throw it back and hit one of the men on the outside it was a stand-off. The game had its regular points and it was closely fought, although there were seldom physical injuries, such as are accompanied with the football of today. I think games a good thing for boys. I believe in athletics. They help to make good men."

"What did you do after you left college?"
"I studied law. I began to practice before I came of age, and really before I got my license, which was only granted at 21. I continued at the law until the war broke out. Then I entered the army and remained in it until the close."

Cockrell the Soldier.
"You went into the southern army as a colonel, did you not?"
"Eases you, no!" said the senator. "I enlisted as a private in the old Missouri State Guard in 1861, and my company elected me captain. The next January I entered the confederate army, and was elected captain by my company there. I was promoted later on to be lieutenant colonel, then colonel, and then brigadier general, which rank I held during the latter part of the war."

"A curious thing occurred as to my promotion as colonel," continued Senator Cockrell. "his was that I was made such over my own colonel, and that my colonel served in front of me as lieutenant colonel without friction. Indeed, my colonel brought the telegram appointing me to my rank. I told him, it must be a mistake, and that if I was promoted I wanted him to know I had had nothing to do with it. He replied that he knew that, and then congratulated me on my appointment. He said:

"You have served well under me, and have done what you could to make my work successful. I was so you to know that I will do the best for you, and that cheerfully and loyally. He did so, and we were

friends and comrades still, although I became his superior officer."

"You were often under fire, general?"
"Yes, we were fighting all the time. We had a number of engagements in Missouri while I was acting in the state guard, and after that I was almost constant action until the close of the war. The Missouri troops fought well, and my brigade was commended again and again. Here, by the way, is my military record, which General Almsworth has sent me, copied from the archives of the War department. You will notice that we fought all through the war, and I was captured by the Union forces at Blakely in April, 1863."

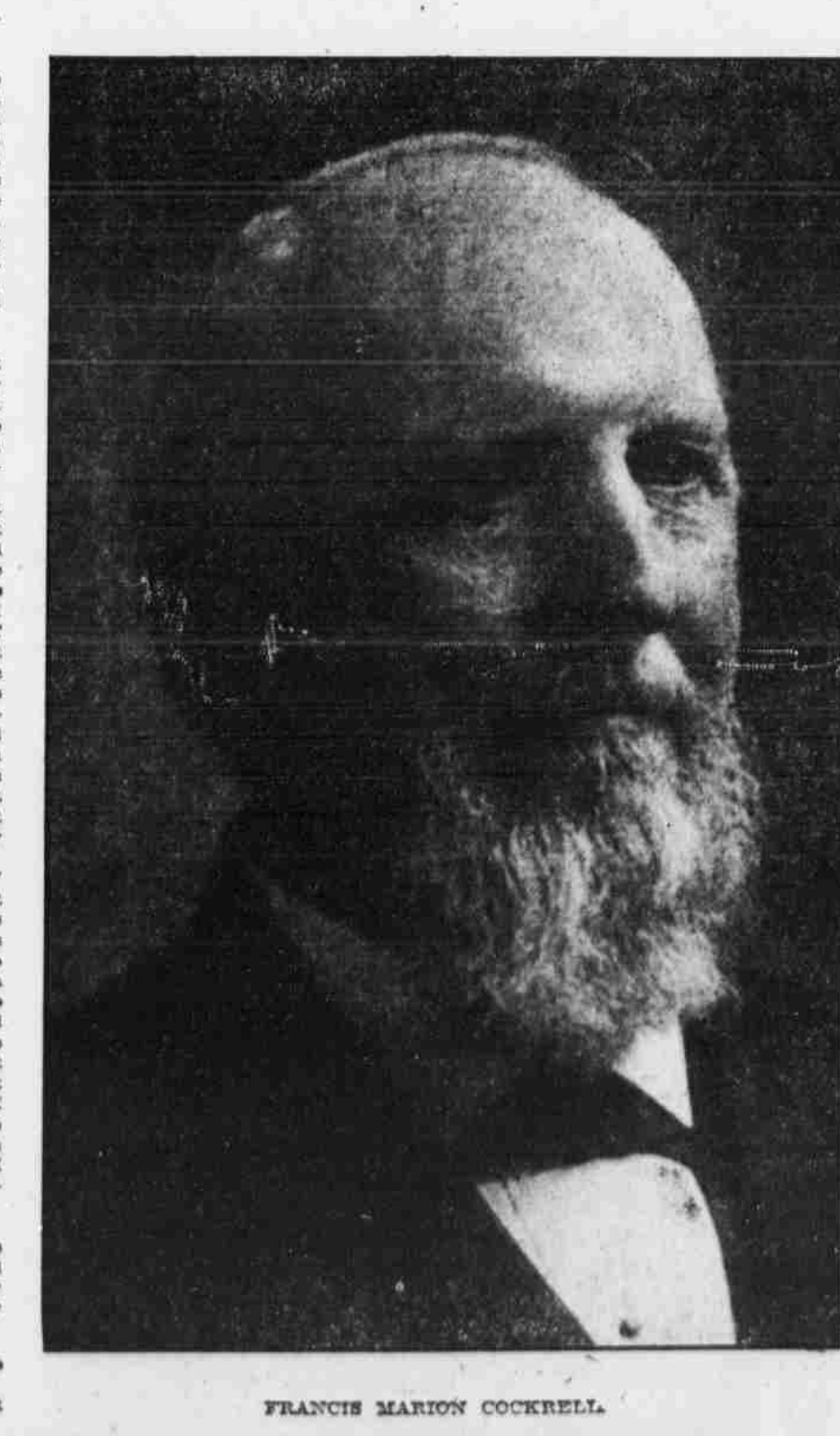
"Were you ever wounded?"
"Yes, several times. The first wound that drew blood made this." Here the senator showed me the third finger of his right hand, which is a half inch shorter than the others. It is stiff and bends slightly inward toward the palm. As I looked at it he continued:

"That finger was struck by a bullet at Wilson's Creek and broken and part of it carried away. When the surgeon treated it I told him I wanted him to set it in the position it would have when the hand is used for writing. He asked me why. I told him I expected to do a great deal of writing after the war was over and did not want a stiff finger to prevent me. He laughed and set the finger on the curve, as you see. This makes the injury almost imperceptible. My hand is in its natural shape, and when I wear gloves no one can tell that there is anything the matter with it. Had that finger been set straight it would have stood out stiff whenever I bent my hand, and would have been a deformity and obstruction all my life."

"Where else were you wounded, senator?"
"I was once shot through the fleshy part of the forearm, but this was not serious and I was able to go on until the battle was over. I was shot through the leg at the battle of Franklin. The ball went through my right leg near the ankle, breaking the small bone. About the same time a ball went through my left leg not far from the ankle, just grazing the bone. When I got these wounds I was with my troops, right at the front and in the thick of the fire. I tried my leg and found I could manage to walk upon it, notwithstanding the broken bone, so I hobbled off the field. Had I stayed I should have been riddled with bullets."

"How does it feel to be shot, senator?"
"It comes like a great blow. The pain is not intense until afterward. This second wound, that of my left leg, I did not know about until the surgeon began to set my broken bone."

"You were one of those who accepted the inevitable when the war closed?"
"Yes, when I was in prison toward and at



FRANCIS MARION COCKRELL.

about the end of the war I settled my future. I saw that we must lose, and debated where the lines of my life should be laid after the war was over. I canvassed the other countries of the world as places for life work. I thought of Mexico, but I did not like Maximilian, who was then trying to be king, and to my friends in prison that I hoped the United States would send 100,000 men there to drive him out of the country. I thought of Brazil, but that was under Dom Pedro and had also a monarchial government. After careful consideration I came to the conclusion that the United States was the only country for me. It was my country, and in most respects it had what I regarded the ideal government. I wanted to stay with it and be a part of it. I thereupon decided that I would go home as soon as I got out of prison and take my punishment, whatever it might be, and then become a supporter of my new country. This I did and have never regretted it."

"I applied to the president for pardon, and here, by the way, is my pardon paper."

With this the senator took an official document, a copy of his request for pardon, which had been furnished him from the War department, from one of the pigeon-holes of his desk and read it to me.

The letter was addressed to President Andrew Johnson and in it General Cockrell stated that he had done all the confederate army from a feeling of duty, believing that the principles of the confederate government were right, and that he had tried to do his whole duty as a soldier, faithfully and fearlessly, until the time of his capture. He said that he had done all he could since the surrender to restore peace, quiet and order throughout the land; inasmuch as he felt that the principles contended for by him had been finally settled by the decision of arms in which it was his duty to acquiesce. He asked to be restored to the full rights of citizenship and said that if he was so restored he would feel the United States to be his government and that he would support and defend it as he had tried to support and defend the confederate states. The petition requested that executive clemency be extended to him with a full amnesty and pardon and restoration of the rights of property, and it was closed with the signature of F. M. Cockrell, brigadier general, late provisional army of the confederate states.

"My pardon was granted," said the senator as he folded up the paper, "and since that I have done all I could to fulfill the rights and duties of my United States citizenship."

"How did you come to go to the senate, Mr. Cockrell?"
"I had refused to be a candidate for sev-

eral offices, and in 1874 was brought forth by my friends as a candidate for the nomination as governor of Missouri. The contest was a close one, although perfectly friendly. There were but two candidates before the convention and my opponent beat me by one-third of a vote. Each county has a certain number of votes allotted to it, but in the polling the whole county counted as one, so you see how the fractional part came in. I am not sure whether it was a sixth or a third of a vote which constituted the majority against me. As the result was announced I arose in the convention and made a speech asking that the nomination be made unanimous. I congratulated the delegates upon their selection of a candidate who was a better man than I was, and who, I knew, would run well before the people. I said I wished to repeat what I had said beforehand, that if he were nominated I would be glad to do all I could to aid in his election, and closed my speech with saying that I, for one, was glad to throw up my hat and shout, "Three cheers for our candidate, the next governor of Missouri!" I had my slouch hat in my hand at the time, and, in the enthusiasm of the moment it somehow left it and flew up to the roof, and with that the convention broke out in cheers. You must remember that half of the men were my friends who had been fighting for me, and that our campaign had been so conducted that the remainder, although they preferred their own candidate did not object to me. As it was, I captured the convention. My friends were still enthusiastically for me and my opponents were sorry that I had to be defeated in order that their candidate might succeed. They gathered around me and said: "Well, Cockrell, we'll take care of you; we'll make you senator." This they did, and I have been in the senate from then until now."

Some Elements of Success.
"How did you get along in the senate, Mr. Cockrell?"
"I was green at first, but I took up the work that came to me and did it as well as I could, at the same time trying to fit myself for that which might come. This has been one of the principles of my life. I have tried to do the duty which lies nearest me and fit myself for the future. When I was made captain I studied the tactics necessary for that position and at the same time those needed should I become colonel. While colonel I studied what was necessary to govern a brigade, and the result was that when the better places came or were thrust upon me I was able to fill them."

"I suppose that has been one of the reasons."

(Continued on Page Seven.)