

NEW COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS

No Longer Are They Debonair Mashers and Lady Killers, But Solid Business Men

AMBASSADORS OF COMMERCE

The New Types are Splendid, Optimistic, Energetic Fellows Plodding Cheerily Along into Every Town and Hamlet.

Sheffield Ingalls, son of the late and eloquent Senator John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, pays his respects to the Commercial Traveler of to-day in this article, which appeared as a leader in the Atchison (Kan.) Daily Champion.

In these shimmering days of commercialism when the fight for trade supremacy is so uncompromising it is interesting to pause and reflect upon the potential agencies that are at work to keep red-hot the path which leads to the coveted goal of money success and regular dividends.

It is a practice far too common among a great many people to make these men the subject of much decision, which upon proper observation and investigation they would find to be unjust. The impression is largely based upon old notions of the professional "drummer."

Too Greedy. Robert Herrick, novelist, said at a recent luncheon in Chicago: "There is a type of American wife who, in her greed for display, brings unhappiness on herself."

"This man entered a restaurant that served a dinner at the fixed price of 75 cents. He knotted a napkin about his neck and fell to heavily—so heavily, in fact, that the waiter, after a whispered conversation with the proprietor, approached him and said: 'Beg pardon, sir, but I'm have to charge you a quarter extra; you eat so much!'"

A Curious Story. The Queen of Hanover, wife of King Ernest Augustus of Hanover (better known as the Duke of Cumberland, son of George III.), died at Hanover about 1842 of an illness which baffled a skill of her doctors as to its real cause.

The King of Hanover after his wife's death gave orders that her bedroom should always be kept as though a Queen would sleep there at night. He bed was turned down, the pillows shaken, hot water brought and the slippers laid in readiness for her.

MOTOR CAR ADVENTURES

Automobilists Are Not Infrequently Attacked by Animals.

Fortunately for motorists, it is not a common occurrence for a cow to take a flying leap into their car, as was the startling experience of a lady and two gentlemen at Lynton, England, recently; but even more alarming adventures occasionally fall to their lot.

Not long ago, for instance, Mme. Senyer-Bettaque, a well-known singer, was motoring through a forest when a wild boar challenged her further progress. Like the foolish red Indians, who used to urge their mustangs against the giant iron horse of the prairies, this foolish boar vainly imagined that he could annihilate the daring invader of his forest kingdom.

A similar fate recently befell a stag in a forest near Glengariff. The Gaekwar and Maharane of Kapurthala were motoring after nightfall through the forest, when they found themselves face to face with an angry stag which, with lowered horns, barred the way.

More alarming still was the adventure of two ladies traveling in a motor car near Roumaie, on the outskirts of Paris. A stag that was hard pressed by the hounds jumped into the car for refuge, the dogs clamoring and leaping around it.

Character Books. The following is a list of questions for making a character book: (1) What is your favorite book? (2) What is your favorite flower? (3) What is your favorite color? (4) What season of the year do you like best?

- (5) Who is your favorite author? (6) What hero in fiction do you prefer? (7) What heroine in fiction is your favorite? (8) What is the nicest thing that ever happened? (9) What is your favorite sport? (10) What do you want most in the world? (11) What quality do you most admire in a woman? (12) What quality do you most admire in a man? (13) Who is your favorite poet? (14) Where would you most like to be? (15) What do you think is the nicest thing in the world? (16) Where did you have the best time of your life? (17) What is your favorite occupation? (18) What is your favorite proverb? (19) What is your favorite exclamation? (20) What is your favorite quotation?

Wise and Otherwise.

A stupid man may sin on purpose, and yet not have much purpose in his sins.

When patience has its perfect work, it does not stop work for shorter hours.

Genius never stops to look at the clock. Talent may look, but not stop. Diligence works up to the last second, and perhaps a little longer. Indolence and its twin, Shiftlessness, like Genius, have no use for clocks.

No burglar yet has pleaded that he entered a jewelry store thinking it a watch house.

More than one Wall Street stock king is made of lamb's wool.

Some men will give assent to a benevolent scheme when it is proposed, but not even one cent afterward.

Evil may be called good, and good evil; but goods—of the dry variety, at least—are never called evils, unless they are out of fashion.

The Explanation. They passed a magnificent building during their travels. "That's a fine house," said Brown to Jones, "and yet I cannot bear to look at it." "Why not?" asked Jones. "Why?" repeated Brown. "Because the owner built it out of blood, the ashes, the groans of his fellowmen; out of the grief of children, and the walls of women."

BANDIT BUSINESS NOT THRIVING

Present Day Emulators of the James Boys Now Found Only in Southwest

ADDED DIFFICULTIES TO TRADE

Still, Present Day Emulators of the James Brothers and "Black Bart" Are More Desperate Men Than Were Their Prototypes.

Though the day of the train robber and brigand is almost over, occasionally a desperate man dons a black mask and tempts Fate in the person of some hard-hearted, straight-shooting deputy sheriff by sticking the muzzle of a gun into some engineer's face.

In the United States almost the only hold-ups reported to-day are from the Southwest. Mexico still has its bandits, but an edict issued by President Diaz two or three years ago, ordering the Rurales to kill, rather than take the trouble of capturing alive, the brigands who infested the mountain roads has had the desired effect of decreasing very perceptibly the number of hold-ups reported from that country.

The present day emulators of the James brothers, Younger brothers and "Black Barts" are more desperate men than were their prototypes of thirty years ago. The chances for escape of the train robber are many times less to-day than they were a generation ago.

Despite the added difficulties and handicaps under which he must work, however, the bandit does still occasionally make his appearance. A robbery as daring as any ever perpetrated in the younger days of the West was reported but a few weeks ago from the City of Mexico.

A pay car on its way to the Las Grandes Mines in the State of Guerrero was held up by bandits, three of the four guards accompanying it were killed instantly and more than \$5,000 in gold was stolen.

The European bandits, who up to five years ago flourished practically unhampered by law, have, like Americans, been forced to become more circumspect in their operations. Up to about 1902 large bands of robbers in certain remote regions of Sicily and the Balkan countries made a practice of levying on travelers who passed along the mountain roads, seizing the richer ones and holding them for ransom.

In the past five years, however, the governments of these countries have given close attention to policing the mountain districts so that to-day brigandage in Europe is no more common than in the United States.

Not a Drummer's Paradise. A New York commercial traveler on his first business trip to Europe writes: "I am glad that I am a buyer and not a seller out here, and I want to tell the boys who go on the road in our beloved country that theirs is a life of unalloyed bliss, one continuous round of pleasure, in comparison with that of the drummers on this side of the big water."

A persistent lawyer who had been trying to establish a witness's suspicious connection with an offending railroad was at last elated by the witness's admission that he "had worked on the railroad."

"Ah!" said the attorney, with a satisfied smile. "You say you have worked on the P. T. & X.?" "Yes."

"For how long a period?" "Off and on for seven years, or since I have lived at Peacedale on their line."

"Ah! You say you were in the employ of the P. T. & X. for seven years, off and on?" "No. I did not say that I was employed by the P. T. & X. I said that I had worked on the road, off and on, for that length of time."

All in a Name. Many a young man starting out to conquer the world considers himself an Alexander, when he is in reality but a smart Alec.

THE ARCTIC TEMPLE OF ICE

Crystal Palace Found by Ill Fated Erichsen Expedition.

Amid the bleak, icy deserts of Greenland the survivors of the recent ill fated Erichsen expedition discovered a sight of majesty that soled them for months of darkness, tedium and suffering. They found a crystal palace of superhuman architecture, vaster than a dozen cathedrals and Egyptian temples, resplendent with jewels and endless decorations of ice.

Through the center of the ice palace flowed a stream of water, whose occasional ripple and splashing fall broke the majestic silence. The human voice reverberated weirdly against the massive walls and the arched roof. A tone of mystery or of giant power was repeated by invisible spirits of the North.

In habited latitudes the architecture of frozen water is regarded as a pleasing fantasy, something which lasts a few short months and disappears. Far North it is possible that ice palaces and temples should endure without change longer than human structures of stone. The carcasses of prehistoric monsters have remained inviolate in Arctic tombs for thousands of years, while granite pyramids have worn away and Babylonian civilizations have been hurled deep in the earth.

Attar of Roses in Bulgaria. The two plants specially cultivated in Bulgaria for industrial purposes are both highly scented, though in different ways—they are tobacco and roses.

The great rose plantations are at Kazanlik, Karlova and Klissoura, and the chief kinds grown are the damask and various species of white roses. The rose growing district comprises 173 villages and 15,500 acres of rose plantations, and it takes 250 pounds of roses to make one ounce of pure attar of roses.

The ground of a rose plantation is prepared very much as for vine growing, that is to say, rows of ditches are made about a foot and a half wide, and a yard and a half apart; the bushes are struck in vertically and well covered with earth and fertilizer.

The roses are taken to the distillery and distilled during the day, and when the precious attar has been collected and bottled it is sent to London, Paris and New York.

Worked Hard, Too.

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"Do you wish to convey the impression that you have worked for the P. T. & X. for seven years without reward?" asked the attorney.

"Absolutely without reward," the witness answered, calmly. "For seven years, off and on, I've tried to open the windows in the P. T. & X. cars, and never once have I succeeded."

BLUEBEARD ONCE WAS A REALITY

The Original Was Gilles de Laval, Marshal of France in the Year of 1492

WORSE THAN NURSERY HERO

Clad Always in Sombre Hues, His Swallowtail Black Beard Gave Him an Uncanny Appearance—Weird Search for the Philosopher's Stone.

Bluebeard existed in reality. To be sure, he had not married seven wives, and therefore never threatened them with violent death; still, the enormities of which this original has been guilty are not surpassed by the crimes of our hero of the nursery. The original Bluebeard was Gilles de Laval, Lord of Reitz, who was made Marshal of France in 1429, and in the reigns of Charles VI. and VII. distinguished himself by his bravery against the English when they invaded France.

He was born in the Castle of Macheoul, in Vendee, in 1404. There still rise the ruins of a castle, which even to-day is called in the whole neighborhood the "Bluebeard Castle," and the peasants when passing by at night make the sign of the cross. Its former owner descended from one of the oldest families, belonging to the Montmorencys on his mother's side. He was married at the age of thirteen, but his wife died in the same year, and the second wife, whom he married in the following year, came to her death soon after her wedding. In 1429, at the age of sixteen, he took for his wife Catharine de Thouars, a girl of the same age, who, besides her rich dowry, increased his estates by the barony of Tiffanges. A great military career opened before the young man, who fought at the side of Jeanne d'Arc in all the battles against the English, and for his patriotism and heroism he became Marshal of France. Gilles de Retz was by no means the ugly, demon-like looking monster which the Bluebeard of the fairy tale pictures of our imagination, but rather a portly looking man of high stature and great muscular strength.

His personal property was estimated at \$1,000,000, an immense amount in his time. But all this fortune was sacrificed to his passion for art and literature, music and the stage. The services which he rendered his country might have immortalized his name had he not forever blotted his glory by murders, impieties and debaucheries, to which he was led by his pride and ambition to outdo princes and kings in magnificence, pomp and power. In order to build up a new fortune Gilles became an alchemist. But his efforts to discover the philosopher's stone proved vain, and he applied to magic in order to learn all the secrets of heaven and earth. In dark caves, by the light of consecrated candles and the rising of incense, he would, under all kinds of magical rites and incantations, invoke the demons and even try to conjure Satan in his own person. He wrote to the Evil One letters in his own blood, renounced the safety of his soul, and sold himself to the devil. But neither the infernal spirits nor their commander would answer him. The marshal despaired at his failure. There remained but one means—the blood of innocent children must surely be a pleasing sacrifice to the devil and dispose his satanic majesty in favor of his worshipper. And thus started the series of murders which Gilles at first committed in honor of the devil, but which caused him so much pleasure that later on he killed numerous children for mere lust of cruelty. He corrupted young persons of both sexes that he might attach them to him, and afterward killed them for the sake of their blood for his charms and incantations. A terror soon spread over the whole country when everywhere children disappeared who met their death in the subterranean dungeons of "Bluebeard's" castles. Their number is estimated at from 700 to 800. At length he was arrested and, being found guilty of numerous atrocities, was sentenced, with his two accomplices, to be burned alive in a field at Nantes in 1440. Popular tradition confounds his crimes and atrocities with those of the nursery Bluebeard. Indeed, the real hero of Perrault's story kills his wives, while nothing of the kind is known of Gilles, whose wife, by the way, outlived him by several years, and contracted another marriage after his death. It is, however, likely that the stories of the terrible marshal were alive in Perrault's mind when he transferred this bloody picture from the grewsome abysses of mediæval fantasticalness into the purer world of the fairy tale.

THE LAMB IN WALL STREET

Plays a Game Whose First Rule He Doesn't Understand.

The lamb who thinks he can flick money out of Wall Street is permitted to succeed in his operations only until he has enough to make it worth the while for a professional to get up and take it from him. What possible chance has the gambler in such a game as this? Would he play poker with no chance of seeing the cards dealt, or of knowing how many cards his opponents draw, and with more than a suspicion that the cards are marked? Yet he does worse than that when he deals in stocks on a margin through the New York Stock Exchange. Does he ever realize that the winnings in the game played there depend on his own losses, and that the broker who receives his money on margin knows, not thinks, nor suspects, but knows, that in the end he will inevitably join the great majority before him, who have played and lost?

"If it were not against the rules of the New York Stock Exchange," exclaimed the head of a legitimate brokerage house, "I'd bucket every order I took."

"Do you mean to say that your customers are more likely to be wrong than right in their guesses?" was the surprised question of Mr. Lamb.

"Sure," was the reply, with an indulgent smile of superior wisdom on the frank, open face of the broker. "A speculator on margin is not only likely to lose, he is sure to lose. Of course, he sometimes wins, gets on the right side of the market, and in a day or two walks off with twenty thousand dollars in his jeans. Do you think he stays away? Not much! That was too easy; and the next time he loses his twenty thousand of winnings and as much more besides as he'll stand for or can raise. Why, this business we're in is pure gambling, and we're not one whit better than Dick Canfield."

Remember, please, that the speaker was not a bucket-shop man, nor yet a crank reformer, but the head of a legitimate New York Stock Exchange house, with thousands of customers; and he knew the game from beginning to end.

In the Fog. Hudson Maxim, at the British Schools Club's recent banquet, referred to the fogs of London. "In one of the worst London fogs," said the inventor, "an old friend of mine tried to find his way from Trafalgar Square to the Savoy, where he had an engagement to dine."

"The sulphurous air made the eyes smart and the head ache, and it brought on terrific fits of coughing. You could not, literally, see your hand before your face. There was a continual crashing in of windows; bells jangled; vehicles and foot passengers collided, shrieks and oaths arose."

"Threading his way in the midst of this pandemonium, through the Strand, as he supposed, from Land seer's lions to the waiting dinner at the Savoy, my old friend, to his great bewilderment soon found himself descending a broad staircase. He put his hand to the balustrade. Yes, a broad and stately stairway, with a rail of carved stone. Amazing! "Suddenly in his descent my friend collided with some one ascending the stairway."

"Hullo!" he said. "Hullo!" a gruff male voice replied. "Can you tell me," said my friend, "where I am going?" "Certainly," said the other. "If you keep straight on you will walk into the Thames, for I've just come out of it."

A Sex Difference. The van that brought the first load of furniture for the family moving in next door had as a passenger a small boy of about his own age. He welcomed the newcomer hospitably with: "Hello!"

"Hello yourself!" "Say, you've got red hair too, ain't you?" "Yes, so have you, ain't you, jes' like mine?" "Do they ever call you 'Red'?" "Umhum, and 'Reddie' and 'Redney.'"

"And 'Ginger'?" "You bet, and 'Cedar.'" "And 'Bricktop'?" "Yes, and 'Sorreltop.'" "Does your Uncle Bob say you're copper mounted?"

"I ain't got no Uncle Bob; but grandad says I've got brass fittin's." "Ever call you 'Beets'?" "No; but they call me 'Carrots' sometimes, cause I've got freckles too. See?"

A pause. "Say, have you got a sister?" "No, have you?" "Yes; but she's grown up. She wears long dresses, and has got a beau that comes to see her every Sunday evening."

"Has she got red hair too?" "Umhum, jes' like mine." "What do they call her?" "Aw, she's a auburn haired beauty!"

Artificial Sapphires. Mr. Lacroix, a member of the French Academy of Sciences, has just read a paper before that learned society on the manufacture of sapphires. He has discovered practically the composition of the precious stone, and has succeeded in obtaining some specimens which almost resemble the real stone. It cannot be said that M. Lacroix has yet discovered the exact process, for those which he has obtained would not impose upon a skilled lapidary who subjected them to a severe test.