

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

FRANK J. GOULD HAS QUIT NATIVE COUNTRY



Frank J. Gould.

THE United States is to lose another of its multi-millionaires. Nearly 20 years ago William Waldorf Astor found things too slow for him in this country and he packed his valise and moved over to England. There was considerable fuss about it at the time, and some of the real Americans expressed their disapproval of William Waldorf in terse language. Astor renounced all allegiance to the United States, but continued to get most of his great income from his mammoth realty holdings in New York city. He gave up his citizenship to become the subject of royalty, but he held on to the property, the foundation for which was laid in the sale of rat traps, or was it polecat skins?

The United States has gone on, advanced faster than any other nation on the globe; the stars and stripes continue to wave and William Waldorf Astor has about been forgotten.

Now comes Frank Jay Gould, sixth child of Jay Gould, who says he intends to live in France the remainder of his life. Jay Gould got his many millions from the people of the United States through his vast railroad connections. His name spelled M-O-N-E-Y in Wall street, and there still live men who would be better off if it were not for his operations. But Jay Gould is dead. He has left us George Gould and Helen Gould, and the good they have done has more than compensated the country for the loss it will feel when Frank Jay Gould takes up his residence in that gay Paree.

Frank Gould is connected with many railway, lumber and other corporations. One estimate of his wealth is \$20,000,000. He can buy lots of things in France for that, but like William Waldorf Astor he will get the money from the United States. Mr. Gould was born in New York city in 1878, and educated in New York university. In 1901 he married Helen M. Kelly, but their marriage relations were not pleasant so a divorce court severed them.

CONGRESSMAN HARRISON IN THE "IN BAD CLUB"



F. B. Harrison.

FRANCIS BURTON HARRISON, representative in congress from the Sixteenth New York district, says he is not the original of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which was written by Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett and not by his mother, as many persons believe.

No matter whether Mr. Harrison is the original of the lad with flaxen curls and velvet clothes, he is the original member of the Taft "In-Bad Club," so far as members of congress are concerned. He is a son of Mrs. Burton Harrison, the author, and has written a few lines himself. He was elected to congress first from the Thirteenth district of New York, which takes in a large part of lower Manhattan. Then he moved up to the northern part of the city, where the Democrats gave him pretty nearly 10,000 more votes than were cast for his Republican rival.

He was the Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor of New York in 1904. He is regarded as of the "silk stocking" element in congress, and probably would have done more for his country than he has had he been with the majority instead of the minority in the house.

His achievements have not been of a nature that has caused any great furor, but New York seems to have approved him as a member of congress and he has many firm friends in Washington.

Consequently when the announcement came that Mr. Harrison was persona non grata at the White House and President Taft had refused to see him there was much surprise. It seems that Mr. Harrison elected himself to membership in the "In-Bad Club" by assailing the president's actions in connection with the bitter Ballinger-Pinchot feud. President Taft didn't like it and he made it known that he didn't care to see Mr. Harrison if the New York congressman called at the White House.

Of course Mr. Harrison didn't know he had offended so terribly, so with two others of the New York delegation in congress he went to the executive mansion as escort for several distinguished Jews who wished to confer with the president concerning the treatment of Jews in Russia. The other two members got by Secretary Norton, but the new "buffer" for the president halted Mr. Harrison in the outer office in such a way that Mr. Harrison's companions didn't know it.

SOCIALIST PARTY BOSS PREDICTS GREAT GAINS



Victor Berger.

SINCE the Socialists elected their ticket in Milwaukee the eyes of the nation have been on Emil Seidel, the mayor, to see how he will come out in enforcing his policies in the town that a certain brand of beer made famous.

While many have been watching Mayor Seidel others, especially the big politicians of the country, have had Victor L. Berger, the socialist boss of Milwaukee under the searchlight and are looking to see what he is going to make of the great influence that has come to him. It is admitted in Milwaukee that Berger is the power behind the throne and that whatever may happen he will be the responsible person.

That Berger will be a candidate for congress is expected and another test of the Socialist strength will be the result. Meantime Mr. Berger is going ahead with his affairs and says those who expect to see Milwaukee turned upside down by radicalism will be disappointed. Mr. Berger has been delivering lectures in the east. While in New York a few days ago he said the Socialists expect to carry both Chicago and New York and that the old parties are doomed.

"This first important Socialist victory in a large American city," he said, "means the sweep of the popular tide toward the radical doctrines and the end of the two important political parties.

"The Democratic party I view as a decomposing carcass that met its end because of lack of principles and ideals, and the Republican party as a disintegrating force in government.

"The spread of insurgency in the Republican ranks means the formation of a new party that will be composed of the defecting elements in that party and the Democrats who have espoused the cause of W. J. Bryan. The other party will be made up of the machine Republicans and the gold Democrats.

"Neither Theodore Roosevelt nor any other Republican is able to close the wide breach in the party, and the moribund Democratic party cannot be reconstructed sufficiently to take advantage of the schism in the opposition factor.

"I am not fixing a date for this event, but should the new parties continue in the mistakes of the present dominant elements, a revolution more disastrous than that which overthrew the aristocracy in France a century ago, will result."

TAFT MISSES CARPENTER, HIS FORMER SECRETARY



Fred W. Carpenter.

PRESIDENT TAFT, according to close friends, misses his old secretary, Fred W. Carpenter. Ever since Mr. Taft went to the Philippines 12 years ago to be governor of the islands, Mr. Carpenter has been his private secretary.

Mr. Carpenter is a Minnesota man. He was working in a law office in San Francisco when Mr. Taft started to the Philippines. Mr. Carpenter was recommended to him as well suited to the position of private secretary.

Mr. Carpenter's retiring disposition has prevented his following the president in all the latter's travels through the country. In this respect he was different from Secretary Loeb, who kept close to Mr. Roosevelt on all occasions.

Too much loyalty to his chief may be one of the faults of Mr. Carpenter and is said to partly explain his resignation. Members of congress have been heard to complain that through the vigilance of Mr. Carpenter the president has not been as accessible as they wished. Mr. Carpenter wanted to protect his chief from annoyances and may have failed in tact.

Any way, he is going to Morocco as minister from the United States. It is said that his arduous duties, which have often kept Mr. Carpenter confined to the White House offices for many hours at a time, have told on his health and that when he expressed a desire to give up the work the president at once decided that the climate of Morocco would be just the thing for his secretary.

While Mr. Taft was secretary of war, Mr. Carpenter's position was just to his liking, but he found the duties of secretary to the president far different than those of an assistant to a cabinet officer.

Not being a robust man he could not stand the strain, so he decided to get out of the way of a man who could. Mr. Taft then sent to the senate the appointment of Mr. Carpenter as minister to Morocco and made Charles D. Norton his secretary.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

You can account for very few marriages. Every time any big bill is presented to you, it looks like robbery. If a woman can get her first man, she needn't worry about her second, or third.

"My duty," said an unhappy married woman to-day, "is anything HE objects to."

There is plenty of cooking as good as "mother's," but very few appetites like a boy's.

We have observed that there is little complaint about the high prices of beer and cigars.

The women pick at men and at goods offered at special sale, in the same industrious way.

You are always at a disadvantage in arguing with a man who doesn't know what he is talking about.

Have you ever noticed how suddenly a useful man can die, and how long a worthless man holds out?

A book agent speaks as highly of the book he sells as a reformer speaks of the reform he represents.

Scrapping in families is objectionable, but it is not so bad as when kin praise each other too much.

When you hear a smart saying by a child, it is a sign the child has a smart mother, and that she made it up.

A man and woman going on a wedding trip try hard not to look happy, and on their return try just as hard to look happy.

FASHION HINTS



Ecru linen combined with a dark blue dotted linen, were very effectively used in this summery little dress. The linen was of the handkerchief sort, a fine material being necessary for the gathered skirt.

A RESTRAINING HAND.

Its Action Followed by a Voice That Warned.

"Patrick H. McCarren once told me of a funny incident that happened in Rome," said a Brooklyn lawyer. "McCarren said that on his first visit to Rome, after he had seen the Coliseum and the Forum, he visited the Ara Coeli Church, on the left of the Capitoline Hill. He climbed the grand stairway leading to the church, the finest open air stairway in the world. He pushed back the heavy leather curtain, and, entering, he found a service in progress. So he put his hat on the marble floor at his side and took a seat.

"After ten minutes or so he decided he would go and reached down for his hat. But a restraining hand was laid on his, and he desisted. He knew, of course, that some churches don't like people to leave in the midst of a service.

"Ten or fifteen minutes more passed. The service still continued. Senator McCarren got impatient and again reached for his hat. But again the unseen hand restrained him from the rear.

"A little later, however, the senator quite lost patience. This was, he told himself an important service, of course. Nevertheless, he did not propose to miss his luncheon, and it would harm no one if he slipped out quietly.

"So a third time he reached for his hat, and the invisible hand a third time detained him. He persevered, however. The silent hand pushed and his silent hand pushed against it. But just as he was conquering in the struggle a voice said in good American: "Cheese it, boss; that's my hat you're taking."

Ample Proof.
Lottie—Is your young minister, so very, very fascinating?
Hattie—Fascinating! Why, lots of girls in our church have married men they hated, just to get one kiss from 'he rector after the ceremony.—Puck.

Postponed.
Dolly—Why aren't you at the cooking school?
Polly—Teacher's laid up with dyspepsia.—Cleveland Leader.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

"Practical" Queries That Puzzled Dad



KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Was education more practical a generation ago, or did John's father study his books more thoroughly than John does? John is a seventh grade student in the public schools. He asked his father one day to help him solve the following problem:

A, asked how much money he has in the bank, replied: "If I had \$10 more I would have \$1,000 more than half what I now have." How much money had A?

"Such a fool problem," said the father. "Tell that teacher to ask the cashier. You have been pestering me with problems like that for a week. Suppose your teacher asked you how old you are. Would you tell her:

"If I were ten times as old as I am, diminished by 42, I would be 30 years older than dad, and if dad were one-fourth as old as he now is he would be my age?"

"What would your teacher do if you answered in such a manner? In my days we had practical problems in our arithmetic."

In order to investigate his father's statement John went to the public library and asked for an old arithmetic.

The librarian gave him "Richard's Natural Arithmetic." He turned to the page marked "Practical Exercises" and read:

A puts his whole flock of sheep into three pastures; half go into one pasture, one-third into another and 32 into a third. How many in the flock?

"That's queer," said John. "Practical exercises, too. Here is a man who wants to find how many sheep he

has. He counts them so he will know when he has half of them. This half he puts into a pasture. Then he counts out a third and puts it in another pen. Next he counts what's left and finds he has 32. After a little figuring he finds how many in the whole flock. Very practical. I guess dad didn't study that book."

The next book he examined was "Milne's Inductive Arithmetic," edition of 1879. In miscellaneous examples he found the following:

Two ladders will together just reach the top of a building seventy-five feet high. If the shorter ladder is two-thirds the length of the other, what is the length of each?

"Why didn't he measure each ladder separately?" John asked himself. "That problem is not practical. I guess dad is older than I thought. I want an older book."

The text book written in 1863 was handed to him. The book was evidently influenced by the Civil war, for it was filled with problems dealing with battering down fortifications and the sustenance of soldiers. One problem was:

"If twelve pieces of cannon, eighteen pounders, can batter down a fortress in three hours, how long will it take for nineteen twenty-four pounders to batter down the same fortress?"

"That's fine for a general," John reflected, "but dad says that I am going to be a captain of industry."

Another arithmetic of the same date had the famous fish problem, with which John's teacher had troubled him for six weeks before he himself finally explained it to the class. The fish problem is:

"The head of a fish is ten inches long. Its tail is as long as its head and one-half the body. The body is as long as the head and tail both. How long is the fish?"

Very handy problem for a butcher.

Partners for Years But Never Speak



NEW YORK.—In one of the large wholesale houses in this city there are five partners. Two of them have not spoken to each other except over the telephone for twenty years. Their private offices are not more than twenty feet apart and they see each other a score of times a day, but they meet and pass without the slightest sign of recognition. If it becomes necessary in the course of business for them to communicate with each other they do so either by calling a stenographer and dictating a memorandum or else by being connected on the telephone over their private line. They never speak face to face.

A quarter of a century ago these five partners were young men with small capital. All of them had been employees of the same concern, but they had their own ideas and believed in them. So they put their money together and formed a partnership. The new business was successful from the very start. Each man had his own particular branch to look after and

each was a specialist who did his part to perfection. Their separate interests in the firm so interlocked and they worked together so harmoniously that within five years they were on the high road to fortune. It was just at this time that these two partners fell out. It arose from a trifling difference their wives had. Naturally each partner, through loyalty to his spouse, took her side, and the quarrel grew so bitter that it culminated in blows being exchanged. Then they vowed they never would speak to each other again. The other three partners saw that if this course were pursued it would spell ruin. After a lengthy conference, in which the two disputants were called in separately, the proposition was put to them that they should agree to remain with the firm, of which they were essentially important parts, and should hold communication with each other only on business matters and then either in writing or by telephone.

This is the plan that has been followed to this day and is likely to be pursued to the end. When these two enemies talk over the telephone they converse with all the polite amiability of old business associates; they discuss prices, business propositions and the various problems with which they are mutually concerned.

"Old Rags, Old Iron" Set to Music



BOSTON.—An outdoor school for making musical rag men, hawkers and street vendors is the latest educational novelty established in this city. Miss Caroline E. Wenzel, a fair settlement worker and a graduate of Vassar, is the originator of the idea and sole instructor. Miss Wenzel believes that if the voice of the rag man and peddler must be tolerated it should issue forth from the throats in flute-like tones. She confidently believes that once her method becomes a fixture a person, instead of feeling obliged to slam down the window on

a hot summer day or fret and fume over the guttural cries of the merchants of the thoroughfares, will throw open the window and be lulled into peaceful slumber through the melodious strains of "Rags and Bottles," "Ole Iron," "Soap Grease" and "Juicy Lemons."

Miss Wenzel has established her outdoor school at Washington street and Massachusetts avenue and has nearly a score of pupils. The young woman is popular with the vendors.

She got her idea from a trip abroad last year. Her method is simple. She finds out a man's business and instructs him accordingly. She suggests expression to fit his wares and teaches the correct pronunciation of these expressions.

Her musical instruction is similar to what the musical teachers advocate for the production of a good ringing "head tone."

Expected Twin Babies But He Found—



CHICAGO.—"Come home—twins!" A mandatory order to a policeman of the Hyde Park station flashed from his home to the station at midnight. The policeman obeyed, just as he has done each year at the summons to "come home" upon the arrival of new members of the family—ten of them—during the last ten years.

Sergt. Bartholomew Cronin, the father, left his desk duties at the police station and rushed to his house at 7019 Indiana avenue. Within were signs of activity; lights flashed and above the din of excitement could be

heard the wail of several of the small Cronins. Even Polly, the red Durham cow, which furnishes milk for the group, seemed affected and moored in unison with the crying children.

The police sergeant hesitated at the threshold—then doffed his helmet and entered. He sought first the physicians, two of them, who talked disinterestedly with some of the children. One of them said:

"Sergeant, this case is one most unusual. It should be brought to the attention of dairymen throughout the country. A full-sized male and female. Mother and offspring doing nicely. You might drop a word to the farm journals."

Then a veterinary surgeon appeared and joined in the congratulations.

Polly, the red Durham cow, had given birth to twin calves.



Flanigan—Phot would yez do if yez lived to be 200 years old? Lanigan—O! don't know yit.—Brooklyn Life.

Young Hopeful—Mummy, have gooseberries got legs? Mother—No, dear. Young Hopeful—Then I've swallowed a caterpillar.

Husband—Why don't you act cheerful, like Mrs. Blinks? Wife—I would if I were a widow, as she is.—Cleveland Leader.

"Have you noticed, my friend, how many fools there are on earth?" "Yes, and there's always one more than you think."—Sourire.

Teacher—Jimmy, you look very pale this morning. Are you ill? Jimmy—No, ma'am. Ma washed my face this morning herself.

He—I asked your father's consent by telephone. She—What did he say? He—He said: "I don't know who you are, but it's all right."

Stranger—Rastas, do the people who live across the road from you keep chickens? Rastus—Dey keeps some of 'em, sah.—The Housekeeper.

"Edison has perfected his invention of cement houses which may be poured." "Then it's me over the hills to the poorhouse."—Houston Post.

"Then you don't want to leave footprints upon the sands of time?" "Nix," answered the politician guardedly. "All I want is to cover up my tracks."

"How was July Fourth observed in your town?" "In the usual way; there were one hundred people at the town exercises, and five thousand at the baseball game."

Traveler in Africa—This vast plain is, I believe, what is known as the veldt? Boer—Vell, we don't call it dot no more. It is now called der Roosevelt.—Judge.

"Don't you think it looks mannish to smoke cigars?" said Mrs. Flimgilt. "It may look that way for a woman to smoke them," replied Miss Cayenna, "but not for a man."

The Sunday school class was singing "I Want to Be an Angel." "Why don't you sing louder, Bobby?" "I'm singing as loud as I feel," explained Bobby.—The Delinator.

"Miss Bright," whispered Miss Gausp, "can you keep a secret?" "Yes," replied Miss Bright, also whispering, "I can keep one as well as you can."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Bones (telling a story)—Well, the evening wore on— Jones—It did, eh? What did it wear? Bones—Well, if you must know, I believe it was the close of a summer day.

"You should dress according to the weather," said the physician. "I try to," replied the man with a cold. "But I'm not quick enough to keep up with the thermometer."—Washington Star.

Tapeson—I suppose you'll spend the season in Europe among the big bugs? Tickerly—Unless the market changes I'll be more likely to spend it out in Yaphank among the potato bugs.—Puck.

The wife of a college professor warned him as he went off to officiate at a funeral one rainy day. "Now, John, don't stand with your bare head on the damp ground; you'll surely catch cold."

A smart Irishman was leaning against a post when a funeral procession passed. "Who's dead?" someone asked. "I don't know," answered the Irishman, "but I presume it's the gentleman in the coffin."

Lady—But poverty is no excuse for being dirty. Do you never wash your face? Tramp (with an injured air)—Pardon, lady, but I've adopted this 'ere dry-cleanin' process as bein' more 'ealthy an 'I-geenic.—Punch.

Ascum—Do you think it's true that Skinner has bought a place for himself in society? Wise—Oh, no. I'll bet he's only leased it, for he's liable to have to skip out at a moment's notice.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Here, here" yelled the commercial traveler in the washroom of the village hotel. "You're using my toothbrush." "Am I?" inquired the rural guest. "Gee whillikens! Well, where's th' one th't belongs to th' house?"—Cleveland Leader.

"I did not know you had lost anyone by death lately." "I haven't." "Then why do you wear that black band on your white sleeve?" "That's merely where the conductor caught hold to help me onto the car this noon."—Houston Post.

Pater—Can you give my daughter the comforts to which she has been accustomed? Suitor—Yes, sir. I've breakfasted at your house, and I'm certain that I can complain about the coffee, read the paper, demand the discharge of the cook and announce that I'll dine at the club.—Cleveland Leader.

Cousin Will and his sister Mary, a maiden lady timidly disposed, were driving the old nag in the buggy when they met a traction engine. The old mare was of a calm and undemonstrative disposition, but Mary, fearing a runaway, insisted on alighting and walking past the engine. The engineer stopped the vociferous thing and came forward to offer assistance. "Can I lead your horse by the engine, sir?" he inquired. "Thank you," answered Will. "I can manage the horse very easily, but I would be much obliged if you would lead the lady by."—Lippincott's.