

"WHEN MILLIONAIRES BEGIN TO TALK, YOU WONDER HOW THEY GOT IT" SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK

BY IRVIN S. COBB

"AIN'T seen lately where John D.'s been talking any," said the House Detective of the Hotel St. Reckless. "He ain't sick, is he?"

"I understand he's enjoying his usual good health, conservatively estimated to be \$64 a minute," said the Hotel Clerk, "but I think he suspended his conversations on advice."

"Wuz it the advice of his doctor, d'ye s'pose?" asked the House Detective.

"Well," said the Hotel Clerk, "I'm not what you could call in the deep confidences of the Rockefeller family, but I have a shrewd suspicion that it was probably on the advice of his lawyer. I haven't heard of Uncle John D. indulging in many oratorical outpourings since that time last Summer when he mounted the witness chair out in Chicago and explained the innate and constitutional purity of Standard Oil so conclusively that the Judge only fined 'em \$29,000,000.

In fact, a dense and deafening wave of silence appears to have descended upon quite a number of our wealthiest gentlemen who were lately talking extensively for the public prints and also Harper's Weekly. A few short months ago a stranger entering Mr. Harriman's office would hear a loud twittering sound. It was only Mr. Harriman being interviewed by all the lady special writers in town on the "Science of Train-Wrecking as an Inside Job," or some other congenial topic, but it sounded like throwing a seed cocky into the canary cage. Today, if you should put on a reporter's badge and drop in on him for the purpose of asking a few questions, you'd get the same result as if you were scolding the laundry windows of a deaf and dumb asylum at a quarter past 2 o'clock on a snowy morning early in January of a hard Winter. And that's the way it ought to be. I'm glad to see them getting back to first principles once more.

"You remember how it was a year or so back before this vocal madness descended on our leading captains of finance. In those days, John D. Rockefeller thought as much of a reporter as he did of a process-server, and his regard for a process-server was only equaled by the love which the historic tarantula cherished for the traditional tarantula. The only way a newspaper man could get within yelling distance of J. Pierpont Morgan was to disguise himself as an old master and apply at the tradesman's door of the Morgan mansion, carry a Venus de Medicino or a Castor or Pollinaris or some other ditty from the ancient Greek pharmacopoeia, under his arm. On being approached by a member of the press, Andrew Carnegie was about as conversational as a small saucer



AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. HARRIMAN ON THE "SCIENCE OF TRAIN-WRECKING AS AN INSIDE JOB"

A SON WITH A BRAIN-PROOF SKULL

WHAT THE SOCIETY EDITRESSES CALL AN INTERESTING FACE

of cold oatmeal. E. H. Harriman could engage in his favorite occupation of pulling a railroad out and then pushing it in again, the same as a German performing on an accordion, for days at a time without once expressing a desire to be seen by anybody from one of the daily publications. If a muckraker broke in on him unawares, he cuddled down behind his mustache and tried to pass for a set of military hair brushes.

"All of a sudden there came a change. You never saw such a rush of capitalists all trying to turn out the words and music simultaneously. H. H. Rogers had his picture taken in 75 poses, and hired a press agent who'd done publicizing for some of the most prominent ingenuities in the business. Rockefeller's Thursday afternoons for reporters, with malted milk and dipped toast, Baptist style, became a recognized institution. It's a mistake to think the madet and lingering soul kiss is a new thing, Larry. It really dates from the time Mr. Rockefeller came back

from that European tour of his, and was so glad to see so many reporters at the dock. He sent best regards to Link Steffens from the gang plank. After that, we used to read in the newspapers that, passing through Illinois, he'd stop his private car, the Iditarbella, to tell the editor of the Carbondale Tri-Weekly Independent-News-Democrat that any young man starting in life, as he'd done, with \$50 in cash, and honesty, as his only assets, could succeed in business, and still keep the fifty. Reporters approaching Mr. Harriman's residence on business, found him lying across the doorway where the door mat is usually found, with the word "Welcome" embroidered on his shirt bosom in electric lights.

"But on the whole I don't think the experiment turned out a pronounced success. Carnegie, down at Hempstead making armor plate while his Pinkerton's made orphans, was a small silent man. Carnegie, conferring impromptu orations and libraries on the county at large, was

no longer silent. But still just as small or even smaller, I couldn't see very much ground for hurling the hot house enunciations at Mr. Rockefeller's style of voice delivery, either. It seemed to me I'd liked him better when he was a human geological exhibit with a gleam in his eye dating back to the glacial period and a smile like a seam on some old red sandstone. As long as one of the Nothing-But-Brotherhood slides around saying nothing, and making shore ice, we fear him and we respect him because we do fear him. But when he opens his face so far that we can look down on him and observe that he has the same sort of interior decoration that a necktie salesman has, and when he begins to pass out a choice line of raspberry shrub remarks, we may still fear him, but we lose some of the respect. Up until that time, we've been wondering why he ever accumulated so much coin. After we hear him talk, we quit wondering why and begin to wonder how.

There's not a nine-hundred-dollar-a-year county school superintendent in Indiana that can't talk forget-me-not borders around any multi-millionaire on earth. We never really begin to shorten a man's measure until he opens up. That's where the Sphinx has it all over Mammoth Cave. One stands for mystery and inscrutable wisdom and Cook's tours up the Nile, and the other stands for a loud roaring sound and no privacy whatever. "Larry, there comes a time in the life of every man who's too rich when you have to watch him very closely. It's usually along about the time when he quite having emotions and begins to have symptoms. He's spent 40 or 50 years taking it away from the populace with one hand, and spiking it down with the other. Up until that time, his main regret has been that he didn't have as many arms as one of those spidery East Indian gods so he could take it away from 'em faster. Unexpectedly he wakes up some morning to a realization that

he's not getting such a big run for his money. He probably has a son with one of those brain-proof skulls and a bright, expressive face, like a German carp—most rich men have that kind—and while he's been wearing dollar undershirts, Young Hopeful's been making it possible for the dealers to handle pyjamas retailing for \$37.50 at a profit. He also finds he's got a lot of daughters that, matrimonially speaking, are chiefly useful for the European export trade. They have what the society editresses call interesting faces. When you read, Larry, in the account of the marriage of a rich man's child to a foreign duke that the bride has an interesting face, you can rest assured that's what she's got, and not only interesting, but almost startling. I've noticed that most of the millionaires' daughters have that brand of face. I don't know why, but they do. I think, maybe, it's the money breaking out on them. "So, as I was saying, our poor rich man wakes up. He decides that he ought

to jump right on the merry-go-round and begin to snatch the brass rings. If he undertakes to eschew his customary streetcar, and go in for something fancy, the dealers sting him. His horses never are broke, and his automobiles always are. If he falls to the lure of the steam yacht, he discovers as soon as he gets out of sight of land that he lost his sea legs about the time he parted from his sherry hair and his inland teeth. The last thing he ate gives the death-rattle in his throat, and they have to take him out on the back porch of the yacht and drape him over the rail and let him voice his sincere regrets to the vasty deep. If any one decorates his wife with so much jewelry that she'll never have to wear heavy underclothes again, but she'll still have those same large, broad, common-sense feet, and even in her cut jet and black velvet, the casual bystander will be able to tell that in her earlier days she must have known a good deal about stoking a kitchen range.

"Or else he suddenly wants to talk for publication, and that's worse. He ought to stay consistent to the end. If he hasn't been a spender, he oughtn't to try, because it takes practice to do it gracefully, and the same with handling the language. His descendants will look after those details for him after he's dead. If you don't believe it, I call your attention to the Goulds and the Thaws and a few others.

"There's one old boy stopping here that fulfills my ideals of how a confirmed coin-collector ought to round out his career. Even with his nightshirt on, I'll bet you he still resembles 9 per cent and approved security. He has an eye like an undertaker's night bell, and a profile like a canopener. When he smiles, he makes you think of a man drawing a knife. There are little red and blue lines in his cheeks, like those you see in a new dollar bill. When he dies, nothing'll grow on his grave except little long green flowers that bloom every 90 days like a promissory note. Any time he gave you something for nothing, and you tried to hook it, you'd be charged storage by any self-respecting pawnbroker. You can look at the back of his neck, and know that when a dollar gets into his custody, the eagle loses the need of its wings forevermore.

"But I like him to be that way, Larry. He's a living picture of what money will do for you when you haven't got anything else. Every time I see him and reflect that Bradstreet gives him one of those XXX ratings, like a barrel of patent flour, I get more and more reconciled to being poor."

"You couldn't take his money, I s'pose?" said the House Detective. "His money?" said the Hotel Clerk. "Larry, you couldn't take his tempera-

WHERE CITY'S GIRLS ARE TAUGHT TO COOK

Two Local Institutions Impart Knowledge in Most Useful Art of Housewifery



COOKING SCHOOL AT THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

BY LILIAN TINGLE
YOU will find very few people nowadays who do not assent in a general way to the proposition that every girl, no matter what her position in life, should know something of the principles of cooking and house-keeping if she is to become a healthy, normal, useful member of society. The difficulty is, however, to secure instruction in these matters, for in spite of some women who will assure you that they are "just natural born cooks," good cooking and house-keeping are not matters that "come by nature," or can be "just picked up."

Careful training by the mother in the home is most desirable, but there are very many homes where this is not possible, and many mothers who lack either time or knowledge, or teaching ability.

There are two institutions in Portland where an attempt is being made to solve this problem by practical cooking classes for little girls. The long "waiting lists" of these classes, both at the People's Institute (Fourth and Burnside) and the Neighborhood House (427 First street) show that the work is helpful and appreciated by parents and pupils alike.

The classes at each institution are in charge of Mrs. E. R. Miller, the well-known domestic science teacher and clubwoman. At the Institute, Mrs. Miller is assisted by Miss Mabel Weiler, Miss Nellie Wassinger, Mrs. Page, Miss Mattie Jellison, Miss Louise Van Duser and Miss Leslie Knapp.

On Saturdays, from 2 to 5, two courses are given, one for "juniors," the other for "seniors," ranging in age from 12 to 16. Careful records of work are kept and diplomas are granted at the end of the year to those who have done well. Each little cook has her own red bag containing her uniform of white cap, apron and sleeves, and her neat, oilcloth-covered notebook.

The lessons are arranged so that each forms a simple and inexpensive meal—breakfast, luncheon or dinner, as the case may be, suitable for immediate application in home practice. An important part of the lesson is the neat and orderly setting of the table and service of these meals. Two members of the class, in turn, wait upon the others, who thus test and enjoy what they have made.

Most of these little girls do cooking at home. Sometimes they help a busy mother; sometimes the mother is absent at work and the young cook has the responsibility of all the family meals. In any case, she is learning not only valuable lessons about the right way of doing things, but also about the right attitude towards work of this kind. She is losing false and

snobbish ideas about the "drudgery" and "degradation" of domestic work, and seeing that it may be not only useful, but enjoyable and uplifting. Any occupation may be "drudgery" if one makes it so.

At the Neighborhood House the lessons are held on Thursday afternoon and are somewhat shorter, since the pupils cannot come until after school. For this reason, and owing to the small size of the room and the large size of the class (24 members) it is not found practicable to serve a complete meal on every occasion; but some very excellent work is accomplished. While there is no restriction as to race or creed, this class is intended primarily

for the children of orthodox Jewish parents, and care is taken in the lessons to conform in all respects to the dietary laws.

Here, again, many of the pupils do the family cooking at home, and many parents have thanked the teacher and the institution for the useful instruction given. It is hoped that in course

of time both space and equipment can be considered and increased. The scope of this particular branch of the valuable activities of the Neighborhood House may be still further increased.

The average age of this class is 12 years—just the age when a girl seems to take most readily to domestic occupations. Can't you recall many instances where girls of 11, 12 or 13 have done marvels of house-keeping during the absence or sickness of the mother, usually doing far better than girls of 17, 18 or 19?

The Neighborhood House class uniform consists of blue striped gingham cap, apron and sleeves, the result being quite picturesque. Omelets, for the juniors, and sponge cake, for the seniors, were lesson topics the day I was there, and the products were most creditable in all cases.

Miss Germaine Samuel and Mrs. Cohn assist Mrs. Miller in these very interesting classes.

Doty Dolly's Riddle.
By May Delling.
"Guess my riddle, Mr. Man."
Said little Doty Dolly Drake
"If brother Jack a flower was
Tell what one he best would make."
"A round and pink carnation,
Because his cheeks are pink?
A pretty poppy, 'cause they're red?
I'm sure I cannot think."
"Or is he like a tulip,
Because two lips has he?
It isn't lady-slipper,
For a lady he can't be."
"Perhaps it's a sunflower,
As he rises with the sun
So he can play football enough
Before the day is done?"
But little Doty Dolly Drake
"Just shook her curly head
'Oh, can't you guess you stupid man?"
And then she laughing said:
"I'll have to tell you, it's so hard,
My own sun-nun-de-ram,
Who, with his yellow football hair,
He'd be a chrysanthemum!"



YOUNG GIRLS IN THE COOKING CLASS AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE, SOUTH PORTLAND