

Sam White

Stackpole

BY Sewell Ford

AS REPORTED IN CONFERENCE BY PROFESSOR SHORTY McCABE

I've handled a lot of different kinds, and some of 'em was peculiar propositions, but I pins the rose on Stackpole. First warnin' I had of him was when he sprung a surprise on me at the studio. He drifts in without a word, leaves the door wide open, chucks a cigarette stub on the rug, spreads his feet wide apart, and begins to size up the front office with a kind of dissatisfied look on his face.

"Well," says I, "What open lot do you register from?"

"Beg pardon?" says he. And say, the way some folks can find that at you is almost as bad as bein' called out of your name.

"You don't have to beg pardon," says I. "All you need to do is to get out on the other side of the door and shut it. This is no public park."

"Ah!" says he, as if I'd said something amusin', but he never makes a move.

He was one of the kind you read about. There was no mistakin' his class. Reggie was wrote all over him, from his open-work silk socks to his \$40 Panama. You could strut your eyes and see papa, the frug maggot, behind him, sign'n checks, and if you strained your ears you could hear the pop of the last bottle of French from he'd opened.

"Yes, Ah!" says I. "Ah! two or three times. Now run along, or you'll be missin' something at the stage door."

That sort of folks him a little, I guess he'd made up his mind it was time to drop the sledge hammer on me, for he began again, some sassafras that before, and tells me that he's Mr. Stackpole Huntley Morris.

"You ain't to blame for all that, either," says I.

Threw him clear off his balance. He'd been used to seein' strangers wild when he showed that at 'em. But say, there's too many of those slim-legged, surplus distributors floatin' around the White Light district for me to be stunned when one runs against me close.

"Beg pardon," says he once more.

"You're not the least bit bad," says I. "See here, my man! You're real pet-tish. You're Shorty McCabe, aren't you?"

"Not to your kind," says I. "You'll find a different handle to my name if you read the letters on the ground glass."

"Well, professor, then," says he. "Right," says I. "You're learnin'. Now, what'll it be?"

We gets down to business then. I hears

how he and the old man and the family doctor, not to mention mother and the family lawyer, has just been holdin' a sort of inquest on his real career. Stackpole wasn't a bit shy of speakin' right out about it, but he didn't go into details. He'd have to, I'd heard enough about him to know that he'd acquired a past that you couldn't dig up without usin' plenty of chloride of lime.

It seems he'd gone the limit, though. The verdict was that he must either give up the toboggan, or go on a short allowance, and he'd promised to be good. But first he needed to get his nerves back in shape. He got his nerves back in shape by puttin' in a bid for sea travel, and the doctor had stood for a month or so in the Canadian Rockies, probably at some sanatorium you know, that's a raker-out here.

The old man turned 'em both down. "We've tried that sort of thing too often," says he. "I want him near enough so that he'll be hand 'n' give hand. Let Shorty McCabe have a try at him."

"And so," says Stackpole, grinnin' like it was a great joke. "I've come up to engage your services for two or three weeks. Just cancel any other plans you may have made, and consider yourself in my employ. How do we begin?"

"We don't begin," says I. "What do you mean by that?" says he, stiffenin' up.

"I ain't usin' any code," says I. "But if we've got to have a translator here it is: You can buy head waters, Stackpole, and maybe stage managers, and you can keep an ex-governor busy gettin' your services for two or three weeks. I ain't on the market."

"Indeed!" says he, and makes up his lip for the polite kind of assault and battery your average common people gets in his way. Oh, indeed!

"That's it," says I. "And that'll be about all. It's a fine day—outside, and a lot healthier."

"I ain't comin' so near blowin' out both fuses in a long while, Piffle! To think that any cigarette-fed pin head like that could give me a temper like that! I'll be a grouch against myself for hours."

Well, I thought I'd shunted Stackpole out of the house. I had a 4:30 o'clock that same day, after he'd put up the shutters on the Stock Exchange. In comes old man Morris himself. He's got a severe cold, and he's got a pavin' stone, but there was a few soft streaks in it as he talked to me about Stackpole.

"I'm sorry," says I. "But it ain't my use. He wouldn't take orders from me, and just as likely as not he'd say things that would make me want to muss him."

"Precisely what he needs—to be mussed," says Morris. "And as for obeyin' orders, I'll fix it so that he can't do anything else."

I couldn't see it, though; but the old man wouldn't let go.

"If it was only on my own account," says he, "I wouldn't bother you with the young cub. I'd cut him and drift and let him go to blazes. But there's his mother. He's breaking her heart."

Say, I can't remember the rest of the talk, but I remember that when I had a mother myself, and I don't know as I'd have pleased one to death anyway, but somehow talk like that always hits me hard.

"Won't you let her speak to you a moment, professor?" he goes on. "She is waiting down stairs now in the carriage. I wasn't anxious to meet the rest of the family, but I went down. And say, she wasn't at all like the sort I'd framed up in my mind she was. I was lookin' for some stiff-necked old dame, in gun, silk and peacock feathers, who'd treat me like I was a kind of assistant butler. That wasn't her style, though. She had white hair, and soft, weepy eyes, and when she talked it was like pleasant cooing on the roof. She took it as a matter of course that I'd signed the contract."

"It's so good of you!" says she. "We have heard about some of the wonderful things you have done for other men, and our dear Stackpole does need help so badly. Once he gets his health back, he'll be his old self again."

Say, she won me, first rattle out of the box.

"All right," says I. "You send him in, or I'll come. I ain't goin' to guarantee to make a chub of him in two weeks, but I'll do what I can towards puttin' him in trim, for a change of heart."

"I knew you would," says she. "And Stackpole is really a good boy, you know, when he's well. There's just one thing, though, that I want you to promise; allow him to have his own way all you can, won't you?"

And say, what do you suppose? I promised! He ain't no swagelint, and I won't guarantee to make a chub of him in two weeks, but I'll do what I can towards puttin' him in trim, for a change of heart."

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only gettin' acquainted. Just as a side issue he gave me his views on the rough way his folks was usin' him.

"It's a lot of tommyrot, kickin' up such an infernal row," says he. "I've got to enjoy myself, haven't I? They're a couple of old fossils."

"There's a lot of gents down Wall-street way that seems to think your old man's a good deal of a live one," says I.

"Oh, he's all right at that game," says Stackpole, "but outside of that he's an antiquated chump."

"So?" says I. "But there's your old lady, now she's what I'd call a—"

"She's a whiny old fool!" says he. "She don't know enough to mind her own business and let me mind mine. I didn't let her get any further on that tack. 'Stacky,' says I, 'we'll have a little gentle exercise, right now.'"

With that I leads him out to the stable, where I'd fixed up a kind of gym. I was in such a hurry to get the mitts on him that we didn't shed anything but our coats. Stackpole was willing enough, but he'd had a lot of boxin' lessons, at one time and other, and he was some stuck on his way he could handle the gloves.

"Did he get him?" Well say, with me rememberin' the nice way he had of speakin' about his old lady, it's a wonder I held in the way I did. It was I didn't let him get any further on that tack. "Stacky," says I, "we'll have a little gentle exercise, right now."

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So Dennis and I lugs him in and dumps him on a bed.

And say, I lugs him again until supper time, and then he says he don't feel like eatin'.

"All right," says I. "Maybe you'll be a little more hungry for a while, but I'm too tired to undress," says he.

"Well," says I, "sleep with your clothes on."

"Then I locks him in and goes down stairs."

When it came to gettin' him up for a little mornin' exercise and rubdown, Stackpole groaned, and said he couldn't move. "I'm too tired to undress," says he.

"All right," says I. "You can have your bath now, and your exercise later. Dennis, bring up those pills."

And say, I didn't chockle, but one pallful of cold wet water on Stacky before he'd changed his mind.

"Don't catch it if you don't want to," says I, "I throw the sheet back plumb at the pit of his stomach. But he wanted to catch it, and before he'd got through he could do it real well."

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What Francis Richter is Doing Now

IT SEEMS THAT HE HAS THE GIFT OF IMPROVISATION ON A MARKED DEGREE

BY ALMA A. ROGERS.

THE series of improvisations on the Odyssey which Francis Richter gave in our rooms the early part of this month was very successful. They were three in number and closed the list of 14 improvisations on various subjects given during the Winter in addition to the three recitals already mentioned. Two years ago Mr. Richter heard the Homeric stories of Troy and the doughty warriors whose feats of skill singls handed have for generation after generation roused the enthusiasm of young readers. Apparently the subject had lain sleeping in his mind ever since, particularly the adventures of Ulysses, in which the poet seems to have invested the full extent of his powers of invention.

The gift of improvisation marks the mind of the composer. To such a one the ability to weave his musical pictures into orderly harmonies on the spur of the moment may seem as ordinary as when a practically minded person sits down and writes a letter without chewing his pencil or fingering a dictionary. But to the uninitiated improvisation seems a mysterious performance, and when the impromptu composition proceeds for hours with the composer's mind in a moment's hesitation, it becomes remarkable.

We had become accustomed to Mr. Richter's skill in improvising through hearing him during the Winter. Six weeks ago he announced that he would give the Odyssey in three parts, each to occupy an evening, we prepared our minds for something unusual and he did not disappoint us. He invited the little company he had attended his recitals.

I should say that the other improvisations had been quite private, only two or three friends being present. These few had been of the opinion that such masterly picturing as he gave "The Lady of the Lake" and the "Cavalryman" and his poem into which was transposed "Enoch Arden" should be shared by others. But it seemed a risk to formally invite guests to a recital of which the composer himself had never struck a note, and for whose form and finish he had only inspiration to depend upon. Moreover, Mr. Richter himself was never a recitalist, nor being able to view his performances in the light in which others saw them.

However, he finally decided to make the attempt, and trust to stirring winds even as Ulysses. The result fully justified expectations. The people were interested, and we have reason to think that they went away satisfied that a new musical genius had come out of America. The first evening was devoted to the prologue, which embodied a general outline of the story and contained the motifs of the leading characters. It was masterly in its breadth and power, and aroused much enthusiasm. It covered nearly an hour. There was not a slight moment's hesitation on the part of the young composer. Had one not known, one must have thought it a carefully studied composition. The other half of the evening covered the scene of Ulysses.

The second evening was the climax of the work. The adventures of the hero with the Cyclops, the storm, the unfavorable winds of Eolus, the lovely garden where grew all manner of luscious fruits, together with the descent of Ulysses into the realm of the dead, all highly dramatic effect. As some one said, Mr. Richter's work made you think of Wagner, though not at all like Wagner, the suggestion arising from the highest of the motifs of his motifs and harmonic combinations. This young man belongs decidedly to the modern school, though his does not overabound in melody with dissonances, and he is nothing if not original.

The constancy of Penelope, who was designated by the young performer, a crown of the best sculptors in Vienna was present, also two artists, one of

whom has a picture in the salon this year that has attracted much attention. Nearly all the others were either artists or musicians of some degree of harmony. It was a company well fitted to judge of the work. The musical critic of the leading papers of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna, was unable to keep his promise to be present at the Odyssey, but spent an evening later and expressed himself as being very much pleased with Mr. Richter's gift.

If any one asks why I do tell these things, and somebody else, why do we do them, my reply to the first is, because I am a musician, and to the second, because Francis Richter has the right to know what he is doing here, and personal communication is impossible. To the second, my answer is, we are trying to make this young genius known. We have been assured that we can reach the Emperor next year. To play before the Emperor is a great honor, and doubt as empty one, but still there are few who would refuse it.

Probably the more practically minded among us, why we don't present Mr. Richter to the Viennese by a public concert. Well, we have often pondered that problem ourselves and have not yet found the correct solution. For it is a problem, as in Berlin, a real problem of quite a different complexion from that in America. There, if you have friends and a lot of energy to spend, you can appear before a public concert. Here you not only receive no money but have to pay a great deal out. You must pay your manager out of your own pocket, and get no share of the receipts, if any are left, after the cost of hall and advertising, which is not likely, for the big majority of the audience will be there by compulsion, and not for pleasure. I recently informed that these packed houses that have so astonished me at concerts this Winter are swelled by many, many of the same kind of people, and that no beginner can help himself in this way.

Apropos of this question of concert giving, we have just had the inner evidence of young artist from Berlin, a friend of Marcel de Bouzou, who is visiting in Vienna. He is a pupil of D'Albert and M. R. Rhomert. He gave a recital of his own compositions, for which his friends paid out something like 1500 marks (\$375). In this despite of the fact that they were a great success. So, from what we can gather, the prospects of a concert are not much.

I suppose the American newspapers have been quite fully informed of all that happens in the life of the young artist, Franz Joseph Juchacz. It is the 60th year of his reign, the jubilee year. It means many feasts. What is less agreeable, also, an increase in the already crushing cost of living. Several events have had their date, notably the serenade given in beautiful Schoenbrunn Park on the occasion of the visit of the German Kaiser and Kaiserin, the Kings of Wurtemberg and Saxony, the Crown Prince and Princess, and lesser dignitaries. By taking an early train through the suburbs, we got to see all these people, and the retinue from the court as well. Carriages awaited the company at the station and they were driven to the Emperor's palace, a middle-enthusiastic people, who waved handkerchiefs, took off masculine hats and cried "Hoeh." First came Franz Joseph, then the Empress, and beside him in the open carriage. Both saluted the crowds. William has the look of a dictator, quite in contrast to the benign countenance of Franz Joseph, who is much beloved. His appearance—William's—forcibly reminded me of those verses entitled "Hoeh der Kaiser," which circulated in American newspapers a few years ago. (Good heavens! I hope I am not committing lese majesty! One never knows over there. To have an opinion, that is to express it, is like trading on eggshells.)

The Kaiserin's carriage was second. She is a fine looking woman. She wore a big hat, covered with dark purple ribbons, and paid no attention to the tributes. I wonder if it was pride or weariness. The latter, I should think. Who that loves freedom would envy a crown? The Emperor's carriage was on the contrary, seemed to enjoy the

situation and bowed continually. She was gowned in pale pink, with a great hat and plumes of the same. She looked very pretty and girlish. The Crown Prince wore a fur cap to his uniform, and likewise the charm of youth. Of all the train that followed the only person of special interest to me was the Burgomaster of Vienna, who was greeted with much enthusiasm.

asm. He has done very much for Vienna, I am told.

These preliminaries overcome the fest at Schoenbrunn. The invitations were limited to the court and official people, but through the good offices of M. de Bouzou's friends, we were permitted to go. Our desire was based on the fact that there were to be 7000 men singers and a band of 200. So it proved, not only a couple of hundred, but a fresh dose stick his fingers could hardly hold the match.

"Got a full supply of them?" says I. "Only a couple of hundred," says he, "but my tobaccoist will send up a few dozen boxes tomorrow."

Sure enough, he did; and Mother Nature says that the Kaiserin's shoe'll jump the job. I didn't mention my programme at the time, though. Stackpole and me was

until his death. Surely no lover's prison could be found than this expanse of cultivated bowers and slopes of untrimmed forest hillsides. The view from the Gloriette covers a great circumference, in one section of which Vienna lies in her smokelike. To the north and east more and more hills, with an ancient tower or two to give a medieval touch. But a prison is a prison, even if flower wreathed. Now the park is open to the public, the French style of the shrubbery in the lower part of the grounds at first strikes an alien eye oddly. It is after the manner of the Versailles grooves, but more modern, and has niches for statues at frequent intervals. I love to see a tree grow the way its Creator intended it to, and I never could suggest methods of protecting them from the ravages of insects, and in 1754 the Gentleman's Magazine, of London, recommended dusting the shelves and the fly leaves of books with pepper, pulverized alum and other substances. This method, however, being insufficient, the Göttingen Academy of Sciences 20 years later offered a prize for the discovery of injurious species, which was given to a Frenchman, who investigated by modern entomologists, but no universal remedy has been discovered.

One of the most formidable of the insect pests is the bread borer (Anobrium paniceum), which is found in all climates not only in libraries, but in rice bread, whenever it is kept in a warm, damp place. It is one-twelfth inch long, downy, light brown and striped lengthwise. The eggs are laid between the edges of the leaves, and hatch in ten to twelve days, due to imperfect pasting of backs and fly leaves, etc. They hatch in five or six days in Summer and the larvae at once bore through the bindings, following the lines of paste. The worm is brownish white, cylindrical, slightly arched and has 13 segments. The head is brown, scaly and armed with mandibles, which, only cast from can, according to one naturalist. The worm bores long narrow tunnels through paper, leather and wood, leaving a trail of sawdust mixed with white excrement. Sometimes not a single worm or beetle is found in a volume riddled with holes—a fact that has puzzled many a librarian. Of the various methods that have been recommended for ridding libraries of borers the only effective one consists in exposing the infested volumes to the vapor of carbon disulphide by putting them in air-tight metal-lined boxes with a saucer of that liquid. Thirty-six hours of this treatment suffices to kill beetles, pupae, larvae and eggs. The unpleasant odor of the disulphide is removed by brief exposure to the air and the only objection to the use of this substance in its inflammability and the expensive character of the boxes. The method is safe. Hence the fumigation should be done in the daytime in a well-ventilated room and the box should not be opened until the odor has disappeared. The process possesses the merit of cheapness, as the disulphide costs only 9 cents a pound and an ounce suffices to fumigate a box of 70 cubic feet capacity.

The larvae of the Dermestes has a peculiar fondness for bindings of leather and parchment. In May or June the females enter the library and lay their eggs usually on the edges of books in contact with the wall. As soon as the larvae are hatched they begin their work of destruction, not making long, regular tunnels like the borers, but going in all directions and gnawing and disintegrating the bindings in an extraordinary manner. Sprinkling with benzine and fumigation with carbon disulphide have been recommended for their destruction.

Dr. Hagen, of the Museum of Cambridge, Mass., has found a trap baited with cheese very efficacious. He called the Lepisma, or "silver fish," so-called

take place on June 12. A great procession representing royalties and knights in medieval costume, and a gay company what more, will march along the ring. For this feast seats are being erected and sold at high prices. It is claimed that the event will be the most brilliant ever seen in Europe. Two hundred and fifty thousand people are expected. The Roman populace loved a spectacle, so the Emperor has ordered that the day be held, so we hear. So far as my limited perspective of European people and customs gives me judgment, it is deeply grooved in the mind of the Emperor's devotion to the glitter and ceremonial of royalty. There is a growing Socialistic party here, composed of the common laboring people. I saw their demonstration on Labor day, when they had a procession and marched to the Prater, a favorite drive way and amusement suburb, where thousands multiplied by tens, crushed up and down the avenues, and filled the tables of the coffee houses.

Two weeks later the aristocracy had their turn, and a wonderful procession of carriages containing the flowers of Vienna's wealth and fashion drove where the others had walked. The Emperor graced this fest, driving as usual in his open carriage, with the best of his two extremes of society are represented.

Insects That Feed on Books

MORE books and manuscripts have been destroyed by insects than by fire, water, rats and mice combined.

For many years librarians have observed depredations due to insects without knowing their precise cause, writes Jacques Boyer in the Scientific American. In 1721 Frisch, of Berlin, found in a crust of dry bread the larva of an insect (probably Anobrium), which bored holes in books, manuscripts and paintings. In 1742 Prediger suggested methods of protecting books from the ravages of insects, and in 1754 the Gentleman's Magazine, of London, recommended dusting the shelves and the fly leaves of books with pepper, pulverized alum and other substances. This method, however, being insufficient, the Göttingen Academy of Sciences 20 years later offered a prize for the discovery of injurious species, which was given to a Frenchman, who investigated by modern entomologists, but no universal remedy has been discovered.

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Oh, that cherry trill of a heart as fresh as the dew that glistens on the petals! Beings a smile to our lips, and clears the soul of the gloom that brooded there; And we bless the boy as he sits along through rivers of rain and mud. For the hope that he has kindled whittled into would rainbow the sky in a flood.