

"IT'S THE RICH WHO'LL SUFFER FROM EXPOSURE THIS WINTER" SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK BY IRVIN S. COBB

"It used to be a great responsibility to have money in bulk," said the Hotel Clerk. "But now it's a great risk. I'm glad I'm not cursed with the awful stuff."

"Well, as far as I wish some enemy'd try to get even by dyle and leach me a few millions in real currency," said the House Detective. "I'd try to bear up under the affliction."

"Not for mine," said the Hotel Clerk. "My good name and my lovable disposition are about all I have, except the new Fall suit with the buttons running up the cuffs, and I feel that I can't afford to be taking any wide chances. I guess you haven't heard what's happening these times to the people that have the available money supply of the United States corralled?"

"Just havin' the money is enough," persisted the House Detective. "Gimme all the regular coin I could use and it wouldn't make no difference to me wot else happened."

"Oh, yes, it would," said the Hotel Clerk. "You'd slych to the gloom verse after Upton Sinclair and young Mister Joe Medill Patterson and Professor Whistabamie Horzick and the rest of them took their little whack at you. We used to waste our energies feeling sorry for the poor, but the time's come to spread a little sympathy for the rich. By Heavens, Larry, if things keep on the way they're heading now, it'll be the wealthy classes that'll suffer the most from exposure this winter."

"You're all right, as long as you're poor enough to be in what is called comfortable circumstances, meaning by that that while you may not have any touring cars at your door you haven't got any wolves there either. Your only chance to ride at the front of the procession may be when you attend a funeral in the capacity of deceased. But while they're not holding a place for you next to the driver on top of the large red tableaux car drawn by 18 snow-white steeds with looking glasses in the sides, neither have they got you away back at the tail end of the parade jammed in between the steam callopes and the cloven wagons. You merely pass by in one of the closed cases, and the populace at large don't know whether you're an Axis deer from Central Asia or a collection of pale-blue reserved-seat stringers, and don't care a hang."

"So, being as you are what you are, if you go home some night, packed to the hilt, and offer your lady wife a reproof on the point of the jaw and the janitor runs out to look for a cop, and finds one, all you get is a short paragraph in the early mail edition, with your name spelled wrong. The worst that can happen to you is for the New York Post or the Boston Transcript or some other weekly magazine that's printed every day, to make you the subject of an editorial dealing with intoxication as a contributory cause of class discontent among the lower orders of our population."

"But suppose, on the other hand, your Boston Transcript or some other weekly magazine is the subject of a dollar-mark drum-major marching east at the head of a file and



THE WELL-TO-DO VILLAIN OF MELODRAMA

sound made by her brother, who's taking a bath in the bathroom, opening off of the music room, to ask her if it's all right. And she says it is, whereupon more than 5000 invisible meadowlarks light on your ribs and begin to sing your soul to sleep. A couple of weeks later you take her by the hand and lead her quietly down to the dominie's, who's either a plain clothes preacher or on the uniformed force, depending on whether her folks came from the north of Ireland or the south, and the next day the installment house is assisting another young couple to prove that they can live as cheap as one, only they can't. But be it as it may, your household is eventually enriched by a little treasure that hasn't any teeth or hair, but is otherwise perfect in every way, and, although it's probably the greatest thing that ever happened in the world the daily press doesn't say anything about it, either in advance of the glad event or following it.

"Only if you belong to one of the Hundred Wealthiest Families it's different. Your courtship is made about as private for you as Barnum & Bailey's grand entry. The lady writers tell things about the young lady's trousseau that no gentleman is supposed to know unless he's a buyer for a white goods house, and print the pictures to prove it. At the wedding it takes the reserves from five police stations to restrain thousands of strange ladies who want to jindress your lovely bride as she emerges from the carriage in front of the church in order to see if the story about that Irish point lace at \$1000 a yard is true or false. When there's an heir due you get a line of advance notices that the press agent of a burlesque troupe would give his right eye for. You might just as well be housekeeping in a glass snake charmer's cage in front of Madison-Square Garden. And it doesn't make any difference whether you like it or not. You're only a guy with money, and nobody pays any attention to your wishes except to laugh at them merrily."

"If you run your automobile slow, the general public calls you a coward and says 'Get a horse.' If you run it fast they call you a speed maniac and say 'Get a rope.' If you save your dividends you're a tightwad; if you blow 'em you're a profligate and ought to have a trustee appointed for your person. You get only half as much for your money had you thrown you down and blow your nose by main force."

"If you're poor, you don't contract a matrimonial alliance; you merely get married. Some evening you become suddenly imbued with courage and you go up to the flat of the Only Girl on Earth and, sitting there alongside of her on the lounge that ma got for trading stamps, under the soft light of the gift-condition library lamp, you steal a moment, between the snores of her father, who's asleep in the dining-room with his feet on the fire-escape, and the splashing



YOU ASK IF IT IS ALRIGHT AND SHE SAYS 'YES'

"Comin' Through the Rye" and a disposition that was "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River." He resided in cheery attic lodgings where the bed clothes and the provisions mingled up together the same as they do in a flying squirrel's nest, and on awakening of a morning, with a feeling of depression he elevated his spirits a few notches by knocking the map off of a Nancy Sikes girl who came in

looking as if she'd just finished helping somebody trim a soow. He never by any chance had more than \$11 on his person at one time and he acquired that by murdering an elderly lady in reduced circumstances named Apple Mary. The nearest we came to having a well-to-do villain was in melodrama, where he was a vile wretch made up with a complexion like a green lamp shade and touches of

gray at the temples, who spent large gobs of purely stage money defrauding the rightful heir at law. But now we're getting a correct slant on the appalling personal habits and customs of the Truly Rich, and we are beginning to recognize them for what they really are, thanks be to Master Sinclair who writes on the subject with a freedom which he would use if he knew

anything about it, and also Master Patterson, who really ought to be able to furnish those who are on the outside looking in, with the accurate dope on the private life of the Smart Set, or should I say Smarting?—because his family is one of the oldest and proudest in our sister city of Chicago dating back, as it does, to the Cook County Golden Era about midway between Mrs. O'Leary's cow and the opening of the Marshall Field store. And now then to top off with we have this Professor Hewitt, emerging from his particular prairie dog burrow and cheeping in a vociferous manner. Along about November, if this keeps up, I look to see the garbage contractor coming with a spade and a crock of chocolate to remove what's left of New York society to the city dump.

"I'll own up, Larry, I didn't suspicion it from my casual experience with such of the vuryvury wealthy as stop here. They seemed to me to be slightly peevish and somewhat unhappy but, generally speaking, harmless. The young women had the knack of putting on an \$800 frock and making it look as if it cost \$5, as contra distinguished from the shop girls who can put on the \$5 kind and make it look like \$800. The young gentlemen were generally rather sappy propositions in British clothes with foreheads that ran back abruptly, as if looking for an idea, or something, and any way you steed 'em up they came under the head of piker, and it didn't make any difference if you spelled it 'pica,' like the printers do, because either way it meant a small unimportant type."

"It only goes to show how wrong a fellow can be. From the writings of Upton and Joe Medill, I've been able to glean that the great captain of finance with the whiskers trimmed like twin Lombardy poplars on either side of a stone gable, doesn't keep his office in Wall street for the transaction of business. Far from it. It's a gilded den with sound-proof walls, where the lovely maiden from Saugerties, or other up-statis points, is lured to her ruin. Society matrons show that self-preservation is the first law of nature, and also of art, by enameling themselves without and picking themselves within. All the young men in the inner set are trying to commit suicide by drowning, but are making an inside job of it, and mostly using vicious liquors for their rash act. Young girls, hardly out of their teens, but all the way out of the top part of their gowns, smoke at the table like defective flies and raise out a line of conversation that's a combination of Jack's Tips on the Races, "Three Weeks," Chuck Connors and Tom Lawson's Success Talks for Stockers. Even the simplest dinner party has the best effort of the late Emperor Lucullus looking like a quick lurch in a prohibition community. Life is one large Scotch plaid souce."

"So there you are, Larry. And I've made up my mind that even if they should raise my salary to three thousand and make me assistant manager, I will never enter New York society." "Me neither," said the House Detective.

Conversations with an Old Sport

IN WHICH HE SHOWS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE PUBLIC HERO AND THE PRIVATE IDOL

BY JIM NABURN.

"D AD," said the kid, "sometimes I think that I'm in wrong. It's all right to talk about a ball-player being a public idol, and the population turning handsprings and busting their thorax yelling his praises and all that, but you'll notice that there aren't many of this same population who are throwing conceptions fits and slopping over with glad gab about a ball-player's swell stunts who would feel exactly overcome with the honor of this ball-player's presence at a swell blowout in his home. It's all right for these guys to come out to the grounds and fill us ballplayers up with glad gab and shove it into us that we're the best piece of work that ever came wandering down the pike, but let me tell you that it's a different story when you butt into these guys after the sun goes down, when they're done up in an open-faced suit and a high hat and a bunch of swell skirts hanging onto their wings. And Dad, it throws an awful jolt into my pride to be cut dead by some skinny shrimp who has nothing but sweetbread under his hat."

"Well, Kid," replied the Old Sport, "you can't afford to hold yourself responsible for the amount of intelligence that's dumped into the world. The only thing you've got to look out for is the amount that you have cornered for your own home consumption. But let me hand you a tip that there's a possibility that these shrimp, as you call 'em, in the open-faced suits and high hats may have the right dope. The mere fact that you're pulling off stunts that gets the glad hand from the public doesn't say that your personality is a fit subject to introduce into the family; not by a long shot. The trouble with a lot of you guys who have butted into the public eye through ability in one certain direction is that you neglect your other qualifications because you get it into your knot that you have a strangle hold on the world with the one the public applauds."

"Take it from me, Kid, when the public gets up on its hind legs and busts the wide canopy of heaven, open with glad hurrahs for some hero, I don't give a continental cuss whether he is the shot-riddled hero of the battlefield or the cool-headed pinch hitter of the baseball field, they are only applauding one qualification; they are only applauding one personality. When it comes right down to cases, they are not handing the glad gab to him at all, but to the stunt he has pulled off. Yet a thundering lot of you guys get it into your knot that it is you, personally,



"DON'T GET IT INTO YOUR KNOT THAT YOU HAVE A CINCH ON THEIR AFFECTIONS, BECAUSE THEY ARE ONLY PAYING HOMAGE TO THE STUNT YOU PULLED OFF."

ally, who are giving the public a con-ception fit. "And let me tell you, Kid, that right there is where a thundering lot of heroes go on the bum. They lose sight of the fact that the public is merely applauding one action of theirs and don't give a brass-mounted continental about them personally, and they get all

swallowed up over their personality till they have to get a gore run up the back of their vest to make room for the expansion. But you can take it from me straight, Kid, that it is possible for a guy to be a public hero and a private dud at the same time. The guy who makes a whole nation shut up shop and bust its larynx yell-

ing his name because he swam through a sea of blood with both legs shot off and the eternal daylight out of the enemy may not always be the sort of a guy you'd want loafing around the parlor when your lady friends drop in. Davy Crockett came pretty near being the whole cheese in the hero line at one time, but when he hit Washington society he was a dud. Up at the Polo Grounds in New York Mike Donlin is about the biggest piece of humanity on the landscape, but lug him into a pitch tea blowout as a swell joint on 17th avenue and Mike would be as small as the sporting column of a religious paper.

"Now let me hand you a tip, Kid. It's all right to be a public hero, but it isn't enough. It doesn't matter how much the public is slopping over with glad gab about some certain stunt that you're strong on, the evenly balanced guy that you never hear about and who never gets his picture in the papers will put it all over you when you get behind the scenes. A guy may pull off stunts that will cause his name to be carved in the highest niche in the Hall of Fame and have the whole blamed country falling over each other to do him honor, but when it comes right down to cases the one we love best is the guy who carves his name on the hearts of his fellowmen, and we don't give a continental cuss whether he ever saw the Hall of Fame or not."

"Yes, Kid, the guy this old dump of a world honors and the guy it loves are frequently two different individuals, and don't you forget it. This may be tough on heroes, but it is a blamed good thing for the rest of the world. "And another thing, Kid—there are a thundering lot of guys in this world who aren't exactly heroes who get tangled up on this honor dope. When a guy is lucky enough to cop out a good job and gets up in the world, the world naturally treats him with some deference out of honor to his position. But you'll butt into a thundering lot of these guys who hug the dope—that it is they personally who are coping the honor instead of their jobs. You'll find a bunch of bosses who think they're a blamed right better than their employes, but let me tell you that in a thundering lot of cases it is only their position that commands the respect of the hirelings. The banker who has the business world hitting the brussels with its knee caps when he butts in on it is mighty apt to think that they are paying this homage to him, but take it from me, it is only to his position. Personally they may have a blamed slight more respect for his janitor. In military life you'll find a thundering lot of com-



"CUT DEAD BY A SKINNY SHRIMP WHO HAS NOTHING BUT SWEETBREADS UNDER HIS HIGH HAT."

manding officers who hug the dope that the privates are saluting them, but they are only saluting his office. "And so it is all the world over, Kid; if the guys who occupy positions of honor and the ones who are pulling off stunts that the world applauds would only get wise to the fact that it is only to their positions or their special ability along one certain line that the world is taking off its lid they'd be able to see how blamed

small they are in other ways and not get so puffed up about it. "So, Kid, when the gang up at the ball grounds get up on its hind legs and hands you the glad music for saving the game by pulling a liner out of the milky way in a pinch or slugging the leather to the palmers with the bases full, don't get it into your knot that they are applauding you, and that you have a double-riveted cinch on their affections, because they are

only paying homage to the stunt you pulled off, and don't give a continental cuss about you personally. To the gang in the bleachers you are only a piece of a baseball machine, and whether you're a bank burglar or a saint, if you're there with the goods you're a hero, and if not you're a dud."

"But don't get it into your knot for a minute that you don't give a continental cuss about you personally. To the gang in the bleachers you are only a piece of a baseball machine, and whether you're a bank burglar or a saint, if you're there with the goods you're a hero, and if not you're a dud. "But don't get it into your knot for a minute that you don't give a continental cuss about you personally. To the gang in the bleachers you are only a piece of a baseball machine, and whether you're a bank burglar or a saint, if you're there with the goods you're a hero, and if not you're a dud. "So, my tip to you, Kid, and to all other public heroes as far as that is concerned, is to foul off this idea that because the public honors your accomplishments in one certain direction you've got a cinch on the public idol job. Don't trot outside of your class until you're in training to stand the pace. Take it from me, Kid, when it comes to coping heroes in the social game, the common, everyday good fellow has the public hero skinned a city block."

How to the Ohio Passport.

Columbus, O., Dispatch. "With all due respect to the State Department at Washington, O., C., and not at all resenting its determination to nonpolitize the passport business," said Opha Moore, of the Governor's office, the other day, "I must say that those who have used our passports have testified that they were able to realize upon them when those issued at Washington, D. C., were apparently valueless. One man, a friend of mine, was once stopped by officers in Germany for overspeeding his automobile. When he showed the officer his Washington, D. C., passport it had no mollifying effect, but when that of the Governor of Ohio, with its three-inch caliber gold seal attached (we were always liberal in that regard), was flashed, the officer uncovered, bowed low, and begged the gentleman's pardon."

Beautiful Things. Beautiful faces are those that wear— It matters little if dark or fair— Whole-souled smiles and radiant eyes. Beautiful eyes are those that show Like crystal waves where heath fires glow. Beautiful thoughts that burn below. Beautiful lips are those whose words Leap from the heart like songs of birds. Yet whose utterance is radiant fire. Beautiful hands are those that do Work that is honest, brave and true. Moment by moment the long day through. Beautiful feet are those that go On kindly errands to and fro. Down humblest ways, if God will it so. Beautiful lives are those that bless Silent rivers of happiness. Whose hidden fountains but few may guess. —Aton.