"THERE'S NO RACE PERIL SINCE GANS GOT LICKED"

SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK

BY IRVIN S. COBB

"Wot d'ye think about this here race peril?" asked the House Detective of the St. Reckless, ever seeking after information.

"Meaning our own Governor Hughes, I take it," said the Hotel Clerk. "Well, it is indeed a frightful blow that has befallen a great industry and sport, but more of an industry than a sport, if anybody should happen to be solicitous. When I think, Larry, of all the vast army of men that have been deprived of suitable employment and now, at the beginning of cold weather, stand face to face with the dreadful alternative of maybe having to earn their own living all this Winter, it makes my heart bleed. Just picture the frightful condition of all those alert young touts that've grown too stout to go back to second-story jobs, and those furnishers of correct advance information, with their bright, open countenances, like a burglar's jimmy, and the bookmakers and the sheet-writers and the high-minded private detectives with faces that seem almost human if viewed in a half-light, from a distance, and all the others connected with the tracks who may either have to pawn their diamond studs or also go to work. It is indeed a most deplorable state of affairs when an ignorant and debased Legislative, aided and abetted by a brutal and unreasonable Executive, can take the daily sweetbread out of the mouths of so many worthy citizens, not to mention daily mushrooms under glass and the daily planked guinea hen, and——"

"That ain't the race peril I mean," said the House Detective, breaking in.

"Well, that's the only race peril I know anything about," said the Hotel Clerk. "You can't be meaning the black race?"

"Sure," said the House Detective.

"Oh, that's been averted," said the Hotel Clerk, reassuringly. "All danger of the supremacy of the black or, in many cases, chocolate-colored race, passed away nearly three weeks ago but in California, when Mr. Battling Nelson, of Chicago, added Mr. Joe Gans, of Baltimore, to his already large and interesting collection of souvenir ex-champions. It was a splendid exhibition of the superiority of the Caucasian, so I hear. They say the colored party's face looked like one of those old-fashioned, deep-dish, blueberry pies when he got through, and the loose ends of quite a number of ribs were tickling him in the side."

"Chop the kiddin'," said the House Detective. "You know good and well wot I'm almin' at. Ain't the magazine full of stuff by the most expensive writers about the race question in this country? Ain't everybody gittin' stirred up over it?"

"Not me," said the Hotel Clerk. "I'm not worrying deeply about anything at this writing except how to get that clinging, moth-ball aroma out of my overcoat. As a perfumery I do not regard camphor as highly as some."

"Ain't you reflected on the danger of the races mixin'?" persisted the House Detective.

"Well, since you mention it, I believe I have," admitted the Hotel Clerk, "but as long as the colored brother persists in clinging to the old-fashioned half-brick and the equally unreliable ninety-eight-cent razor, it seems to me that without modern weapons and the police force on our side, we're comparatively safe. Under those circumstances, we seem to be able to mix with him and still run little danger unless it's from the premature explosion of the automatic pocket cannons that our fellows are toting. Look at Atlanta, and, if it strains your eyesight to look so far away from home, you can look at Springfield, Illinois."

"That's the town where Lincoln came from, ain't it?" inquired the House Detective.

"Yes," said the Hotel Clerk, "it is. And looking back on its recent history I begin to understand why he came. You see, Larry, there're possibly some extenuating circumstances below that majestic river that marks the dividing line between dipped toast and hot biscuit. 'Tis few home amusements that the Southern gentleman has had since Prohibition in its deadliest form swept over his fair land and left him drier than any dryad that ever lived. Time was, when in Summer, he mingled the fragrant mint with the mellow bourbon in such deft yet dangerous proportions as to cause the resultant mixture to leap from the tumbler and strike the innocent bystander a staggering blow in the lower part of the face, while in the stormy Winter he took the nutmeg and the new-laid egg and certain other ingredients in hand and assembled a Christmas eggnog that only needed a crust on it to be a custard pie. But alas, those halycon days have fled. Taking it as a whole the sun may still shine on the Old Kentucky Home, as the poet Foster says, but over a large and excessively arid section of that once well-irrigated commonwealth it no longer joggles in the heavens, before the half-closed eyes of the Kentucky Colonel as he returns homeward after a long, hard court day.

"Likewise in Tennessee and Georgia, not to mention grand old thirsty Texas, it's practically a stationary and permanent sun, compared to what it was in the days when the true Southern gentleman who desired to emulate that noble insect, the glow worm, could do so without having to detach a dollar for a prescription from a family physician making a specialty of treating those forms of snake bite and cramp colic that seem to be so prevalent, I might even say so popular, in local option communities.

"The best our Southern kinsman can do now, when he feels the need of a slight nourishment is to sequester himself in the back room of the local drug store and take something out of a bottle labeled 'Cholera Mixture,' that makes him think he's swallowed a procession of lightning bugs. So, naturally, in this lamentable situation, when he offers the inner man an insult every time he offers himself a hurried slug and can't get it up anywhere except behind the barn or under the back steps where a creditable illumination is really wasted, he is prone to seek relaxation in a little race misunderstanding now and then. Even at that he exercises more discrimination than we here in the North where the art of lynching is newer and not so well understood in all its branches. And he throws a lot of class into his work, too. Here only the other day, you remember, they had a lynching down in Mississippi that was correct to the minutest parliamentary detail, being presided over by a Statesman who'd learned Cushing's Manual while a member of the United States Senate.

"It's different up North," put in the House Detective.

"You're right, it is," said the Hotel Clerk. "The North stands at the threshold inviting the colored man to come on up. But when he accepts the invitation and comes up, accompanied by a large and smoky family and settles down in the house next door to ours and tries to join the same labor union we belong to and intimates that his oldest son could fill the job that we've been saving up for our own boy Willie as soon as he gets out of high school, a change seems to steal over us. We intimate that he'd better move about four miles from town and do light housekeeping in a hollow tree, and if he manifests a tardiness in regard to taking the hint we organize an infuriated mob of 10,000 determined citizens of Illinois or Ohio, as the case may be, and hang his aged grandmother to the nearest lamppost.

"Anyway he kin vote up here," persisted the house detective.

"Yes, he can," assented the hotel clerk, "but it's a rare thing when he gets over two dollars for it. I'll admit he gains somewhat in personal popularity along toward election time, especially if it's a close election. Judge Thorax, of Cincinnati, who's running in a white ward, but with a mourning border on the edge of it, pats him on the back in public and hands him a cigar that throws off clinkers when he tries to smoke it, like an anthracite range. Out in the Indianapolis District, Major Tonsils, the Republican nominee for Congress stops him on the street to inquire after the health of his family. On the night before election he is given the proud privilege of walking nine miles right behind the carriage in which his candidate is seated, and what's more—they let him carry the heaviest transparency there is in the whole procession. On election day he rides to the polls in a hired hack with the top thrown back, and three white gentlemen contend for the honor of clasping his brawny hand as he steps out.

"The morning after election he rings Judge Thorax's door bell and is thrown down the front steps by an indignant white butler. He applies at Major Tonsils' and a German hired girl tells him that the Major cannot be disturbed because he's busy figuring up how many votes he had to spare and anyway, she says, the kitchen wood has already been chopped and they won't need any whitewashing done until Spring and be sure to fasten the alley gate as he goes out.

"Nearly everybody calls him 'mister,' but hardly anybody gives him a ham bone. As soon as he strikes Philadelphia coming North he becomes an Afro-American, which don't sound at all like what they called him in Yazoo City, and there's a large teeming populace ready to sympathize with his lot, but after about three weeks he's got about two hundred bushels of sympathy stored up that he'd be pleased to trade for a side of meat. And then to top off with our brightest little magaziners, invade the privacy of his home and expose his most intimate secrets in print and figure out how many of him there'll be a hundred years from now and ask what are we going to do with him?

"I know the answer to that, Larry. We're not going to do anything with him, except after awhile we're going to learn to leave him alone. Nobody asked his consent when he was brought here and now there's too many of him to move away, without leaving a large perceptible gap in the population. We can't isolate him, because if we did we'd have to learn to pick our own cotton and this, when done under the noonday beams of the ardent Southern sun, is represented to be an undertaking bordering on the irksome. We can't return him to his native Africa because we need that continent as a hunting ground for our ex-Presidents, and it wouldn't do to crowd it. Anyway he fills a niche here. It's been demonstrated that he really cares not

who makes his country's laws so long as he is permitted to write its ragtime. At handling a bay mule, he stands without a peer, and his wife can beat anybody in the known world frying a chicken. And sometimes, Larry, I am even moved to believe that he'd feel a lot easier in his mind if his Northern friends would quit treating him as a problem and begin treating him as a pusson."

"Didn't you never see a dinge that you regarded as dangerous to the white race?" asked the house detective.

"Yes, one," said the hotel clerk.

"Wot one wuz that?" said the house detective.

"Joe Walcott," said the hotel clerk.

Miss Taft's Debut at the White House

She Is Fond of Dancing and Next to It Horseback Riding.

"HOW does it feel to be the daughter of the President of the United States?" was asked of Miss Helen Taft.

Helen Taft.

"Well, I can't answer that question. Wait until November.

"But it's a good deal less nerve-racking to be the daughter of Mr. William Taft than it was this time last week. Oh, I'll admit that I was worried. You see, after so much fuss had been made about it, it would have been rather—" Miss Taft shrugged. "Well, a trifle uncomfortable if he had not really been nominated."

"You see, I didn't intend to go down to the War Office at all that day, although mama went over early in the morning. But I was so restless that I couldn't settle down to anything.

"I tried to read, but I couldn't because 'Chicago' was written all over the page between the lines.

"I did my hair half a dozen different ways, but it didn't do a bit of good.

"Then I went out and hunted up some of the girls, but nobody would talk about anything but the Republican convention.

"Finally, about 2 o'clock, I gave it up as a bad job and hurried down to the War Office as fast as I could get there.

"Lots of papa's friends were there, and we passed the time in laughing and talking and trying to pretend that we were not at all anxious or excited. And all the time telephones were buzzing and the telegraphic instruments clicking all about us, until we couldn't hear ourselves think.

"Finally, the news came, and then—well, I don't remember just what happened then.

Hates Formality.

"I do think the White House will be a charming place for a debut—that is, of course, not that I care for society, as society. It's ghastly to think of standing up primly and politely in a row with a lot of other prim and polite people and shaking hands with hundreds of other prim and polite people. I hate formality, but I love fun. And, at any rate, I shall be allowed to dance as much as I please," and Miss Taft's blue eyes sparkled.

"We are going to be with father at Hot Springs, Va., all during the Summer, but after that I'm afraid he will be even busier than ever if he is elected.

"He has always been such a chum with all of us that it will seem queer not to see a great deal of him.

"I had such fun traveling with him when we were in the Philippines. He always makes so many interesting friends. The natives used to run all over each other to please him.

Learned to Ride in Philippines.

"It was while I was in the Philippines that I learned to ride horseback. I rode with papa a great deal. There's nothing I enjoy more than horseback riding, unless it's dancing.

"Of course, there I learned to ride with a cross saddle, but I suppose it will have to be a side saddle if we go to Washington. I think the other way is much more sensible, though, don't you? One feels so much more independent.

"I'm fond of all kinds of athletics, particularly out-of-door games. Of course, I never do anything well, but I love to try.

"Everyone asks me just why I happened to choose Bryn Mawr. I didn't choose it. It has been cut and dried in the family ever since I can remember that I was to go there eventually.

Expects to Like Byrn Mawr.

"You see, Bryn Mawr has come to be more or less of a tradition in our family. A college is handed down from generation to generation in a family just like a religion.

"No, indeed, I'm not going to college because of an abnormal love of study. Oh, the scholarship, that was just an accident," with a deprecatory blush and smile.

Miss Taft is an extremely unworthy person, in her own estimation. It was "just an accident" that she won the $300 scholarship offered for highest honors in the Bryn Mawr entrance examinations, "just an accident" that she played on one of the two hockey teams at Miss Baldwin's preparatory school, and "just an accident" that she had an important role in the senior play.

Enthusiastic About Dramatics.

She is very enthusiastic over dramatics.

"I like character parts best and the more I can exaggerate them the better. I'm no kind of a success at playing the heroine, where I have to be sweet and natural and girlish," said Miss Taft, looking very much all three.

"I had great fun in our senior play. It was 'My Lord in Livery,' and I was Laura, a nervous, hysterical girl, with a shriek. I got great satisfaction out of that shriek," she added reminiscently. "I never had half a chance before.

"Did you ever hear about our class prophecy? I thought it was extremely original. One of my friends wrote it and it was in the form of a play, each girl acting out her own future.

"I was an American ambassador's wife, entertaining at a reception. I wore a stunning gown of my mother's, black, with a long train, and powdered my hair. I was most impressive.

Lively Times at School.

"I was very sorry to leave school. We certainly had gorgeous times there.

"I think the best things I ever had to eat in my whole life were the ones we used to get from the tea house across the road on forbidden days.

"You see there were two days in the week when we were at liberty to go over there; but somehow things never seemed to taste half as good on those days as when one of the maids smuggled them to us through a knothole in the floor.

"We seniors, 21 of us, used to sit at one table, without any of the teachers, and had simply hilarious times. One evening at dinner someone suggested that we should see if we couldn't pile all the tumblers on the table on top of one another. So we started to pass them around the table, each girl adding hers as they came along. We had got almost halfway around and had a pile of eight or nine, when, all of a sudden, one of the girls sneezed and over they went onto the floor, with Miss Brownell's eye fairly glued to them.

Something of a Poetess.

"We were all invited into the principal's room that evening. It wasn't a social affair either. There was a poem written about it. One verse ran something like this:

And then Miss Brownell, our principal,
In righteous wrath she swore
That the special senior table
Should not exist no more.
(With apologies to Macaulay.)

"Who wrote it?" I asked. She turned suspiciously pink. "You'd better put it down as anonymous," she replied.

"Well, I suppose I shall have just as good a time in college," she went on. "I shall have to crowd four years' worth of fun into two, for in all probability I shall leave after sophomore year, and then—but then, that all depends."

She is about five feet five inches in height, slender and lithe, every movement showing the effect of an out-of-door life. Her hair, which is heavy and of a rich sunshiny tint, she wears plied simply upon her head, and held by three heavy amber combs. There are no heavy switches, wire rolls or artificial puffs in the coiffure of Mr. Taft's daughter.

There is nothing of a tomboy suggested by Miss Taft's personality, for she is essentially feminine, one of her greatest charms being an exquisitely modulated voice. In quality it is a voice of the South, very soft and soothing, and it has the inflections of a much older woman.

Another of Miss Taft's charms is the ripple of bright color that comes and goes as she talks.—Baltimore Sun.

Learning to Rest.

It is strange that a woman must make a great effort to learn how and when to rest. It comes naturally to most animals, but the human animal defies this law from the cradle to the grave.

Sleep is better than medicine, all agree; and yet a woman will take a tonic or pills or stimulants instead of deliberately going to her room after supper or dinner and going to sleep.

She will prop her eyes open until 10 o'clock and strain her aching nerves and muscles rather than sacrifice the evening hours. Of course she is always tired. She is never equal to the vital occasions.

She always brings half her powers to perfect any piece of work. She is the woman of 100 ventures and one achievement.

She needs sleep and she needs rest, but she takes company, the theater, supper party or a trolley ride instead. Then she wonders why other women do so much in the world and why she never has time for anything.

She should learn to keep books and balance her rest and work accounts every Saturday night. She would be the richer by it and she would make all her family the happier.

Yielded to Temptation.

A grumpy old broker, who employed a very pretty, quiet girl as his typist, frequently exasperated her almost beyond endurance by his bearish ways. For a long time she bore with his ill-temper.

One morning, however, he turned up in a quite insupportable humor.

"Look at my desk," he roared. "All in disorder! All in confusion! All—"

"But, sir," the young girl interrupted, mildly, "you have often told me never to touch your desk."

"Well, I don't want you to disturb my papers," he admitted. And then his eye caught a sheet of postage stamps. "I don't want them here!" he shouted.

She took up the stamps.

"Where shall I put 'em, sir?" she said.

"Ah," he snarled, "put 'em anywhere—anywhere out of sight."

She flushed.

"Very well, sir," she said, icily, and, giving the stamps a quick lick with her tongue, she stuck the big sheet on his bald head and departed to look for another job.

The Articulate Chick.

Owner of the Coop—Who's in there?

Quick-Witted Rastus (softly)—'Tain't nobody in heah 'cepping us chickens.—Life.

Some of the Favorite New Roses

Among the Hybrid Perpetuals, the Frau Karl Druschki Is Easily the Queen.

BY WILLIAM S. SIBSON.

IN THE year 1906 W. E. Nickerson, of Combridge, Mass., who is an enthusiastic amateur rosarion, presented to the National Rose Society of England three silver cups. He requested that a representative committee be appointed and that according to its decision the cups be awarded to the respective introducers of the best Hybrid Perpetual, the best Hybrid Tea, and the best Tea for general cultivation that had been put upon the market since and including the year 1900. A committee of 60 was selected, comprising both professional and amateur rose growers, and in due course the prizes were awarded. In the Hybrid Perpetual class 58 votes out of 60 were cast in favor of that queen of white roses, Frau Karl Druschki. This splendid variety is a seedling from Merveille de Lyon, which was crossed with Mme. Caroline Testout. It was shown for the first time at the Rose Exhibition at Trier, Germany, in 1900. Strange to say, it was not then awarded a prize of any kind. Since then, however, it has made rapid strides in popularity, has secured prizes wherever exhibited, and very few rose lovers are now without at least one plant in their garden. It received its name in honor of the wife of the president of the German Rosarian Society. The illustration depicts a full blown bloom of this famous rose. The original was grown in a Portland garden and when photographed measured 7½ inches in diameter.

Dean Hole (a lovely rose), introduced in 1904, was selected as the best Hybrid Tea, and Mme. Jules Gravereaux (1900) deservedly secured the prize as the best Tea. So successful was this competition that in the Autumn of 1907 Mr. Nickerson offered 12 silver cups to the National Rose Society of England, with the same object as before—only in this case there were to be 12 divisions arranged, as follows:

Shades of crimson, shades of pink, white or pale blush, and shades of yellow in each of the following sections:

Climbing roses blooming in clusters.

Climbing roses blooming more or less singly.

Bedding (or as they are designated in Europe) Dwarf roses.

To the introducer of the rose receiving the highest number of votes in its respective division one of the silver cups was to be awarded.

Eighty-three voting papers were received by the committee from leading rosarians of Great Britain and elsewhere. The result was quite interesting, and especially gratifying to American growers, because an American rose, "Dorothy Perkins," stood highest in the list of ramblers and climbers of all colors. In fact, only two varieties in the whole competition received a greater number of votes than "Dorothy Perkins," and they were Mme. Alfred Carriere and Frau Karl Druschki. I will not occupy space by designating the entire result of the voting, but will briefly state that as is almost always the case, good quality came to the top. Portland's favorite rose, Mme. Caroline Testout, received the highest number of votes in the shades of pink bedding roses, Frau Karl Druschki in white, and Mme. Ravary in yellow.

In the climbing section of roses blooming more or less singly (i. e., not in clusters), another of Portland's favorites, Mme. Alfred Carriere was the top. Such competitions are most useful to the general rose-loving public, for it must be borne in mind, that the prizes are awarded to those varieties best suited for general cultivation in the garden, and not to those whose chief and special characteristics and qualification are suitability for the show table and exhibition hall.

Another event that has created a world-wide interest among rose lovers has recently taken place. I refer to the competition held this Summer in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, to which rose-growers and introducers of new varieties generally were invited by Mons. Jules Gravereaux and others to send for competition their latest creations, five plants of each variety. Eighty-seven new roses were exhibited from the leading rose-growers of the world. A jury of seven experts was selected to decide upon the merits of these roses. American hybridizers were represented in the person of E. G. Hill, of Richmond, Ind. (the introducer of that favorite hybrid tea rose, "Richmond," and several other good varieties), who acted as one of the judges. The roses were judged by points, 10 being the acme of perfection. That new and wonderful "Lyon Rose" (1907) was awarded by the jury the maximum number of points. A new and very promising seedling, originated by Mr. Hill and named "Rhea Reid," received 8 points, which speaks well for its good qualities, especially as the plants sent over from America had not really had sufficient time to become properly established in French soil at the time fixed for the competition. The remainder of the varieties exhibited received from 8 points down to 5. And so the march of progress in the world of roses steps along. I will in a later article endeavor to tell something further about other matters pertaining to this interesting subject.

FRAU KARL DRUSCHKI.

Books Added to Library

The following books at the Public Library will go into circulation September 28:

BIOGRAPHY.

Brooks.—Shirley Brooks of Punch, his life, letters and diaries; by G. S. Layard. 1907.

Louis IX.—Saint Louis, King of France; by the Sire de Joinville; tr. by James Hutton. 1869.

BOOKS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Becquer.—Legends, tales and poems.

Bunyan.—Pilegrims vandring fro denne varden til den tilkommende.

Egestorff.—Ein glucksjunge.

Fron.—Das krauterweibin von Wimpfen.

Haring.—Die hosen des Herrn von Bredow.

Lesueur.—La force du passe.

Terry, ed.—French song and verse for children.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

Jerningham.—From West to East; notes by the way. 1907.

Marden.—Greece and the Aegean Islands. 1907.

Smith.—Story of Brussels. 1906.

Vivian.—Servia, the poor man's paradise. 1897.

FICTION.

Benson.—A queen's tragedy.

Bindloss.—For Jacinta.

Brown.—Rose MacLeod.

Bullen.—The call of the deep.

Churchill.—Mr. Crewe's career.

Copping.—Gotty and the guv-nor.

FINE ARTS.

California bungalow; the ideal home for any climate. n. d.

Davey.—The tree doctor; the care of trees and plants. 1907.

Fletcher.—Influence of material on architecture. 1897.

Foker.—How to read plans. 1908.

Ricketts.—The art of Prado. 1907.

Selous.—Recent hunting trips in British North America. 1907.

Wilson.—Bungalow book. Ed. 2. 1907.

HISTORY.

Weir.—Introduction to the history of modern Europe. 1907.

Winckler.—History of Babylonia and Assyria; tr. and ed. by J. A. Craig. 1907.

LANGUAGE.

Harrington and Cunningham.—Language lessons to acompany the first book for non-English-speaking people. 1907.

White.—First Greek book. 1898.

LITERATURE.

Kleiser.—How to speak in public. Ed. 3. 1907.

Mackaye.—Jeanne d'Arc; a drama. 1907.

Matthews.—Inquiries and opinions. 1907.

Stebbins.—A progressive course in English for secondary schools; second year book. 1908.

Woolley.—Handbook of composition; a compendium of rules regarding good English. 1908.

PHILOSOPHY.

Royce.—The philosophy of loyalty. 1908.

Titchener.—A primer of psychology. Rev. ed. 1907.

RELIGION.

Hapgood, tr.—Service book of the holy orthodox Catholic apostolic (Greco-Roman) church. 1906.

Holy Bible; tr. out of the original tongues and ed. by the American revision committee. 1901.

Ward.—Problems and persons. 1903.

SCIENCE.

Jones.—Principles of inorganic chemistry. Ed. 3. 1906.

Moore & Miner.—Practical business arithmetic. 1906.

Servis.—The moon; a popular treatise. 1907.

Tracy.—Plane surveying; a text-book and pocket manual. 1908.

SOCIOLOGY.

Calthrop.—English costume. 1906.

Hershey.—The international law and diplomacy of the Russo-Japanese war. 1906.

Stimson.—The law of federal and state constitutions. n. d.

USEFUL ARTS.

Ashley.—Practical planer kinks for planer hands. 1905.

Case for the goat, with the practical experience of 24 experts; by "Home counties" (pseud.). 1908.