

AMONG THE POLITE BRIGANDS OF EUROPE CAUSTIC OBSERVATIONS OF A RICH TRAVELER

Americans Are Tolerated For Their Money



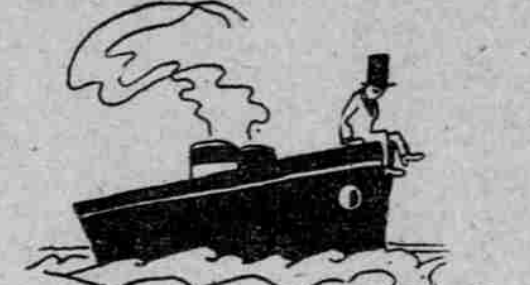
The Gipsy-Orchestra Is Part of The Bunk



I said Converse. All Americans Cussing Europe



The European Life of Parisian Cosmopolitan Appeal to The Plain American



I Shall Be On The Bow of The Boat. To Be Nearer Home

PARIS, May 29.—(Special Correspondence.)—“Americans are tolerated in Europe for their money.” A very rich American, who has spent several years abroad, makes this statement. He is now in Paris, on his way home.

“When we sight New York,” he said, “my secretary will have to hold me; I’ll be liable to jump the boat for gladness. Yes, I hired a secretary—to converse with.”

“To hear the dear old language?” I suggested.

“No, I said converse. You don’t hear anything but English in Europe; they’ve all learned it, to get at our money. No, I said converse. The Americans I met were too busy cussing.”

Yet he regrets neither the time nor the money.

“Tears well spent, although I’ve suffered,” he said. “When we first came abroad, my wife had to tie a rope to our daughter’s ankle to keep her from eloping with a title; and I had to watch my wife to stop her buying diamonds and lace from hotel peddlers. Now we’re a united family.”

“You have lived the gilded life,” I said.

“We furnished the gift,” he answered. “Of all the rip-stuffed, dog-swizzled idiosyncrasy in the world, the worst is how the rich American is buncoed in Europe! I’ve learned the lesson. I don’t mind the price. None of our legs are broken.”

In Kansas City and New York, they knew this man. They think that he has been enjoying the time of his life—in the gay pleasure round of Europe. When he sold out to the trust, the family began summering abroad. Then they wintered.

“My wife said Winter might be better,” he grinned. “Also, look you, one don’t like to own up. We’ve been back and forth, and bragged up Europe, just like all the others. All do. There are thousands of us here with our families, either because we thought that the time was propitious and sold out, or we got tired of playing business because it was managed by other people, and which we really never did manage. So we gave it up as nothing doing, and came over here.”

“But why Europe?” I asked.

“When a man has accumulated enough money, he craves something more than he had,” he answered. “He has heard that European life is wider, larger and more beautiful; and he wants to see it.”

He coughed.

“And get buncoed? What galls me

is the forced consumption. I don’t mind spending; I want to spend—but I hate to be forced, to know that otherwise the very waiters will laugh, or answer insolently. I have seen a grand duke knuckle down to a head waiter. The grand dukes are buncoed worse than we are!”

I begged him to explain.

“The fault is with the leisure class of Europe,” he said. “It is very mixed; but it knows the game, lives on the spot, and can run to shelter. It makes possible the so-called life of pleasure—following the seasons, idling in resorts, the life of fads, fashions and mutual rubbering. Those who profit are the smoothest sharps in Europe—hotel men, resort managers, retail shopkeepers, and amusement purveyors. They have the support of the press, because they work for their locality. Each locality has its turn—called it’s ‘seasons.’ And the American is thrown into it all, without defense!”

He shook his finger at me.

“Of course, it’s no conspiracy, although it looks it. The leisure class takes its fling, and runs to cover. The American must stand his ground. From the day he lands, he is exposed. He gets no rest, finds no shelter, must compete! Spend! Spend! Do the right thing! Slaves of the thing! It is the thing! to do Monte Carlo in Winter. By Easter, it will be Biarritz or Rome! Then the Paris season; then the sea-coast; then the German spas! And during their ‘season,’ hotels, restaurants and shopkeepers double their prices.”

It is not because the rich American is gullible, but because he is clear-sighted, that he acts the part of main goat.

“Coming to Europe for the life of leisure, he must lead it,” said the soiled one. “Take the dress suit bunco. You must put your dress suit on each night—or else go out in the back yard and smoke with the servants. I mean, eat with the cheap trippers; it’s the same thing; because ‘the dining-room is reserved to evening clothes. So everywhere, theater, casino, kursal, even the music under the trees; you’re like a yellow dog unless you’re dressed. Why? Evidently a man spends better, gambles higher and is more polite in his dress suit.”

He says the gipsy orchestra is the same bunco.

“I am running away from gipsy orchestras; they’ve driven me daffy. Everywhere in Europe you will see those red coats, that dulcimer piano and those violins and wild whisks! Cards and ragtime at dinner, at coffee and again in the gambling hall. What for? Evidently, to hypnotize the

mind, to throw the stranger into an unreal world of fictitious gaiety and recklessness. I don’t say it’s done for that; but it does it.”

Americans are greatest victims because they are new to all this.

“We soon catch on,” he said, “but what’s the use? We are always new to it, and always will be, because it’s not our way—it’s their game, and we have to play it. Take the gambling. It makes my blood boil!”

Americans, certainly, are not used to public gambling as a social function.

“In Europe we find it open and above board,” he said, “protected by government in pretentious surroundings, the social center of each resort. Not forced to gamble? No, but you are forced to see and hear it. The gambling concession pays for the gardens, fountains, music, fireworks, opera, theater, races, fetes and promenades. You can see that they expect you to gamble, hope you will gamble, consider that you ought to gamble, and watch you hungrily when you throw down your first gold piece, not to cheat them! You cannot get away from the baccarat, roulette and boules. Where is every one after tea? At the kursal, where shall we take a turn after dinner? To the tables, naturally. Women catch it worse than men. I don’t want my old wife to become a gambler!”

Americans who won’t gamble, he says, are charged dearer for their accommodations—and will even be turned out, if a good gambler wants them.

“Gamblers are spenders,” he said. “That is why I order expensive wines, eat a la carte and tip so heavily. Do you know how we Americans got our reputation for lavish tipping? By being forced to it! Each American family is alone in Europe—up against a blank wall of silence and inertia. Money is our only weapon. It is a magic wand. It turns sneers and frowns into laughter. The waiters laugh behind our backs, and the head waiter laughs in our face!”

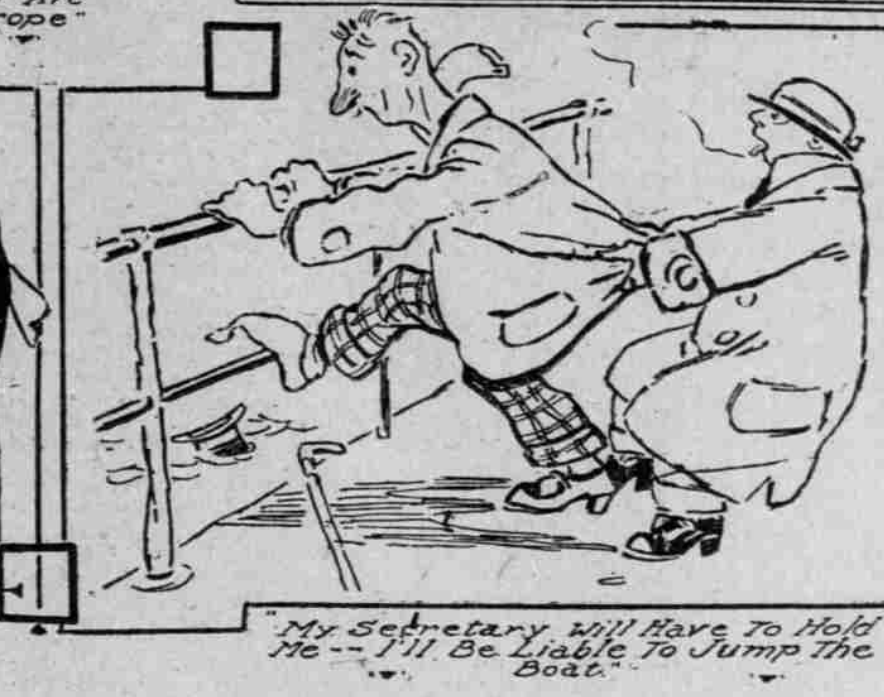
Tip the chambermaid, valet, room-waiter, bath woman, liftman, maitre d’hotel, dining-room waiter, cafe ditto, porter, groom, chasseur, trunkman, chauffeur and collarman—or have your trunks marked.

“They’ll mark your trunks with calligraphic signs,” he said, “and you arrive a dead one at your next stop. To break down that wall of ill-will you will have to tip double!”

In spite of all this, he did not enjoy himself.

“We have been lonely in the crowd,” he said. “Of course, the American can buy company; titled parties will eat

The Waiter Laughs Behind our Back. The Head-Waiter To Our Face



My Secretary Will Have To Hold Me--I'll Be Liable To Jump The Boat

commodations—and ride in our automobiles; but it is such a trouble to keep an eye on the wife’s diamonds. Why should the right kind of Europeans hobnob with us? For our charms? We do not even speak their language! Nice Europeans are all around us. They avoid us like the pest.”

The likeliest acquaintances are hotel peddlers. It is a new and high profession. It’s practitioners are cultivated, tactful, instructive, amusing. You meet a gentleman or lady in your hotel. You take tea together, go sightseeing together. And it goes on charmingly until your tastes and fads are drawn out. Then the heavy batteries—the special bargain opportunity to pick up just the things of which you have been dreaming.

“In London I got talking to the Hon. Percy Bivins in the Palm Lounge. Finally he took me to see some wonderful old family plate—it was his own. In Florence my wife met a contessa whose daughter’s husband was a brute. To save her diamonds from him she would sell them.”

I asked him what about American acquaintances.

“They were too sad,” he said. “How can you blame them? I’ve felt like an

absconding cashier ever since I’ve been in Europe. Here and there one meets American snobs who pretend to be very European. If you sift matters, you find that they have their reasons. Their situation is unhappy at home. They are like the fox who lost his tail, said it was the style. I pass them gently.”

The men are bored to death, he says; only the women are sincere.

“They are the laughing-stock of Paris and the watering places, those frivolous, expatriated, exaggerated, Europeanized American women, who jabber a mixture of English and bad French affectedly. They stick to the centers where they can get their fiery. This is what they live for. They want to be where they can have immediate—and see being worn—the newest things in gowns and hats and wraps and jimeracks, and comment how they look, and whether they will take, and how they ought to be worn. The life fascinates a certain type of discontented American woman—when she has money.”

“They do not love Europe, but the dress center.”

“They live in the great dreammaking establishments. They don’t know the

actresses and demi-mondaines they bump up against in them; but they know their names, and love to talk about them. The tearooms, theaters and night restaurants contain the excitement. Look at So-and-So, she’s in the new cloak! Observe So-and-So, she’s got the hat we priced at Lewis! They paint their faces, expose their forms and talk dirt. I’d rather see my daughter dead!”

As to cheap tourist trippers, his heart bleeds for them.

“I have seen American tourist parties on schedule dropping their sick members all across Europe,” he said. “What can they do? Stop for the sick one? It would be a crying injustice to the others. And the others pant on, to keep up with the procession—with the schedule. They are like a pack of wolves in Winter—woe to the animal that falls!”

“Cheap American trippers, on their own resources, all one with equal pity.”

“They lack even the protection of a party. Isolated in a hostile land, 2500 miles from home, every misadventure is a trap, every extortion a surprise—and every snare, trap and surprise a source of new and unpremeditated expense. There have one precious resource—to stop together, in some hospitable second-class European town, when dog-tired.”

He puts the whole blame upon the distance.

“Europe is too far and different for happy travel,” he said. “The whole dreary round is foreign to us. Take the theaters. We don’t understand—it’s German, Italian, French. And when you buy a library, you understand your wife and child will understand! The American is clean-minded. He sees nothing but the bare argument of the play—and is disgusted. He misses the delicate humor and fancy which the natives appreciate. No, bar the theaters!”

Bar everything.

The disillusioned American millionaire banged the cafe table with his fist.

“It’s nothing doing. Europe is a blind alley. Whenever you see earnest men studying a programme, bill-board, guide-book or printed notice with an air of melancholy doubt, in Paris, Berlin, Rome or Vienna, you can go right up and claim him for a fellow citizen and sufferer. We are always seeking. We never stop seeking. And we never find what we are seeking!”

BREAKING THE LIMIT by Jared I. Fuller

The New Engineer On a Farmer's Railroad and His Ride for Life and Lives.

“PUG” DONALDSON, who had been roundhouse foreman so long that he thought he owned the entire system, gave out his opinion of Lannigan at the end of the latter’s first week on the M. & S. P.

And this was it:

“That Grandfather Longlegs never’ll get to hold down a passenger lever on this road, whatever he’s done back East. It ain’t in him.”

Then the old man chucked up the limit on the side of his lithe, smoke-decolored office, spat with emphasis, and—well, that closed the subject as far as “Pug” was concerned.

I reckon if Lannigan hadn’t begun by blowing about his Eastern record, he’d made more of a hit with us. But he was a stranger in a strange land, the only engine-driver on the system who hadn’t held down a throttle west of the river, and he felt that it devolved on him to do some bragging.

He was a tall, awkward-built man, with a shock of sandy hair and a smooth, humorous face. His legs and arms were remarkably long and thin, and old Donaldson’s sobriquet stuck to him—“Daddy Longlegs” seemed to fit. Lannigan got a freight, and the worst bunch of scrap iron on the road, which, in moments of enthusiasm, “Pug” called an engine. If there was any man handicapped in the race to break the limit, it was the new man from the land of tenderfoots.

The system of advancement followed by the M. & S. P. did not include length of service, or “pull.” Just one thing counted—the ability of a driver to get speed out of his machine over the worst track that God ever allowed man to lay.

The country was new when the M. & S. P. was surveyed and laid down. It had been a race between the M. & S. P. and another corporation to see which should reach the terminating town, where connection could be made with the Pacific road first.

We won, but at a cost which crippled the road financially for years, and the renewing of the first roadbed was a slow and laborious job.

We ran one fast passenger—the Limited. The through mail cars were attached to that train first.

It was a continual fight all through the year to keep that one train alone up to the schedule called for by the contract with the Government.

If any man on any other train showed an ability to get speed out of his engine, he was watched, and, if he broke the limit, he stood a good chance of displacing the driver then running the mail train.

The roundhouse foreman had a habit

of chalking up the highest running at the end of the week where all hands could see it, and sometimes the rivalry ran high.

But for Lannigan, the new man, there wasn’t the ghost of a show. His locomotive was an old affair which had already done service on the mail train and been condemned as untrustworthy.

His train seldom had the right of way, and he and his fireman, Jimmy Slosson, stood about as much show of ever pulling out the Limited as they did of running for president and vice on the Populist ticket.

The M. & S. P. in those days was a “farmers’ railroad.” Most of the way stations were merely huts and water tanks in forest clearings, tapping a narrow section of farming country stretching westward of the line.

Such villages or towns as there were were roughly built, and in many of them there wasn’t a brick—even the chimneys of the slab houses being of clay and poles.

A settlement grew quickly. Sometimes it disappeared quite as rapidly as it sprang up. A spark from a passing engine might cause this last—at the proper season.

As the lumber was removed and farms laid out, however, more stable houses were put up. Still, there was many a little settlement like Yardsley on the line when Lannigan and Jimmy made their record run.

Lannigan had been with us since the Winter before. He was a good driver, but not brilliant. Anybody but a prejudiced old fog like Donaldson would have recognized his good points; but you never could stir the roundhouse foreman when he’d once made up his mind.

Lannigan had learned the road—and his engine. If he followed another train he was on its heels all the time, and got himself well cursed for it.

Some of us began to see that there really was more to the Eastern man than we had believed.

The Fall was dry—the sun and wind all day, and every day, drying the sap out of the trees and brush and burning the leaves brown before the frost could make them pretty. It was a continual fight all through the year to keep that one train alone up to the schedule called for by the contract with the Government.

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Then suddenly, one Sunday morning, a flood of fire swooped down the mountainside and crossed the tracks some miles south of Yardsley.

The Limited came through somewhat scorched, and the next day traffic on the road between Lattell and Junction was shut off altogether.

This shut off several settlements as well as Yardsley, except by telegraph. The wires were still working, and our operators stuck to their posts like the brave fellows they were.

Pretty nearly every living soul in a hundred square miles of territory lit out for less dangerous ground. But Yardsley was caught napping, and its three hundred people were practically hemmed in by the fiercest forest fire the state had ever experienced.

The village was in the crook of an elbow of flames, yet the fluctuating wind kept the conflagration off for several days. Meanwhile the settlers chopped down timber, dug ditches and did everything known to the pioneer to stop the course of such a devastating conflagration.

Get a good, stiff breeze behind a forest fire, however, and the flames will leap a clearing 200 feet wide, let alone the sparks and brands falling ahead of it.

When this fire got ready, it swooped down upon the devoted settlement in a way which left no possibility of escape. The entire system of the M. & S. P. was pretty well tied up. We had pulled freight as near the fire line as we dared, and the sidetracks were about full of waiting cars.

The fire was still burning fiercely beside the roadbed in more than one place and we weren’t asked to try to pull a train through to Junction.

Naturally there were plenty of locomotives and plenty of drivers at Lattell that day when the news came from the Yardsley operator. It was his last dispatch, for he had remained until it was too late to escape by any track through the forest, and there wasn’t even a handcar left at the station.

“Wind changed. Fire will reach us in one hour. Three hundred people in danger. Can you reach us?”

That was the message which the yardmaster read to us from the steps of the station at Lattell. He was pale, and his hands shook as he spelled the words out slowly.

He didn’t have any need to tell us the danger. Nor did he call for volunteers. To try to get to Yardsley was like buying a through ticket for death.

We stood around and discussed the



conflagration kept away from the line of the road.

“Ob, I guess I’ll stop,” says Slosson, kind of shamefaced.

Then they shook hands on it, and from that moment neither questioned the other’s intention of sticking to his job.

But Jimmy had loaded the old engine for bear all right, before they reached the fireline. She was whirling miles under her drivers at a rate to beat even our one fast train, and the empty boxes behind were dancing like mad over the rough roadway.

“We’re gettin’ there, Jimmy!” sings out Lannigan, at last. “Shin over into the water tank and fling a pall or so over me when you get a chance.”

He stood out on the running board with a hand on the lever, his cap visor shielding his eyes from the smoke and flying sparks, peering ahead, as best he could at the rails. Jimmy up to his neck in the tank, flung pall after pall of water over his long figure.

Suddenly the engine seemed to run into a veritable wall of flame. It extended far across the roadbed, and it wrapped the train about in a living, seething mantle as she rushed on.

It seemed as though no man could go through that sea of five alive, but when the old engine staggered out of the fire belt, Lannigan still stood upright at the lever.

His sparse mustache, his eyebrows, his shock of sandy hair were gone. He was as bald as a parrot, and his clothing was afire in a dozen spots; but he turned a horrible grin upon Jimmy and waved his hand.

“Give us another bucket!” he

croaked and the stoker climbed out of the tank more dead than alive himself, and put out the burning garments.

Then they reached Yardsley.

I guess if any two men were ever welcomed as angels straight from heaven, it was Lannigan and his stoker. They might have looked a deal more like devils from the pit.

Two hundred and ninety people who had given up their last hope of continued existence piled into those three boxcars like cattle. The doors were closed, and then it was up to Lannigan and Jimmy to run them back to Lattell. They might have gone forward, but a known danger was better than an unknown. No knowing how many miles of solid fire there was to the south of them, so the old engine was reversed, and back through the awful belt of flame and smoke she went with the three boxes.

And talk about speed! She ate up miles as a mortar does great and potatoes! When that machine was fresh from the shops she never dreamed of making the time Lannigan got out of her on that return run.

He certainly showed that day what he could do when he had the right of way!

Scorched almost to a cinder one instant and saturated the next, Lannigan stood at his post and brought the rescue train through to Lattell.

The box cars were afire and the passengers half suffocated when they arrived.

Jimmy was pretty nearly drowned in the tank, and we picked Lannigan off the engine just as he caved completely.

“Daddy Longlegs” was some time in the hospital, and came away losing his sight, and all because of that run. But if a man was ever popular along the line of the old M. & S. P., his name was Lannigan.

The first day he got down to the yard the super happened to be there himself. The line was open again and everything running smooth by that time, only the miles upon miles of charred forest, and the heap of ashes where Yardsley had stood telling of the forest fire.

“Humph!” said the super, trying to pick out the engineer’s hand which was least bandaged to shake. I hear you’ve been doing some tall running down here, Lannigan.”

And the driver grinned sheepishly, as though he had done something to be ashamed of.

“Donaldson’s got your record chalked up on his office,” says the Limited; guess we’ll have to find a way to get better than a freight to pull out when you’re well enough.”

And Lannigan got the mail train the next fortnight.

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Marital Happiness Is Dissected

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE.

has written for me to read. There are passages in her reminiscences that make me wonder even more than is customary for me to wonder what Mary over the ignorance of all men, I fancy, when they stand before the complex subtleties of the feminine heart.

My idea and Mary’s ideas of happiness have always been largely at variance. She has written that the first year of our marriage was the happiest. In recalling that period I rejoice that those weeks and months, that year can never be retraced. It was to me a period of deepest joy and most acute bewilderment.

I was a wanderer, an explorer, and my territory was the heart of the woman I thought I knew until marriage revealed to me that I had wedded a stranger.

Still a Mystery.

I thought I knew her disposition, her tastes, her temperament. Maybe I did. But still Mary herself, my wife, was the overlying mystery.

What she calls “happiness” I am not able exactly to classify. Certainly not under that term. Happiness to my mind is founded on security, a deep peace,

and the first year of our marriage was anything but peace. It was uncertainty spelled with a large U. If I may be permitted a very bad pun, I may say it was the always disturbing joy. I was the you, the brute who always made my Mary cry. I say that no man can be happy when he’s never sure that his wife isn’t on the verge of tears. Now Mary has since explained that she was so afraid of losing me during those first few months that she sat like Sister Anne in the tower, mentally watching afar off for the first sign that I might give that her tears were justified.

Taking Love for Granted.

I never felt any of those qualms—it may be that I am phlegmatic—but took my wife’s love as a matter of course. I was cocksure that I had it, and I was sure that she was interested in only one man—myself. As for herself, she feared the “large world” teeming with women. Each one was a potential rival, and Mary on the qui vive, trembling on the gulf of uncertainty, tells me that that was the happiest year of her life.