

THE AMERICAN SNOB IN EUROPE

Della Austrian in Chicago Tribune.

In England it is considered dreadful to be called a snob, the English as a nation are tremendously conservative—they think much of tradition, family and culture. Boastfulness and pretension are characteristics emphatically avoided by the better classes.

The Germans are less conservative in this respect; with great money plays a far more important role in the making of class distinctions. Though the members of the royal family and officers take precedence over all others, wealth gives one rank in the best of society. The French in the least of everything that smacks of monarchy and have far more regard for a millionaire than a marquis or a duke. And yet money alone is not sufficient to bring men and women into the best of French society—family and culture are recognized factors.

It is reserved for the Americans as a nation to be characterized as snobs. In their eyes we are a nation of millionaires, whose object is to make vast accumulations and flaunt them; much as peacocks show their magnificent feathers. The idea that American Americans have enormous bank accounts is an opinion held common by all classes of European society; by the foreign host and hostess, by the managers of hotels, the servants and shopkeepers.

Discussing this subject with a German gentleman, he remarked: "Yes, America represents the money center of the world. European countries are the homes of art, music and sculpture, which people of your country share by their unlimited means. They have not the time and inclination to foster these talents themselves, being too busily engaged in material pursuits. I am sure that if I were to ask an American gentleman what his great ambition is he would say to make money; his wife would probably answer the same question, to spend it. With both possession is the chief end. Though much we hear these days of American men toiling and striving to make fortunes, the great majority can enjoy them. I'm sure that the men enjoy this display as much as their women. But this marked fondness for extravagant living does not stop with the splendor of their houses and the wearing of their women. The American people demand these same comforts abroad, and never cease their complaining when they are deprived of them. I shall never forget the few weeks I spent traveling in England with some American friends. Instead of admiring and discussing the beautiful scenery, most of their time went complaining about the inconveniences of the hotels in which they stopped and in giving me long, accurate descriptions about their palatial hotels and handsome Pullman cars.

"But their snobism did not end there; they assured me that though the states was a republican theory, class distinctions were as closely defined as in any of the European countries. The guests at Newport, Bar Harbor and the many exclusive summer resorts were extremely careful as to whom they allowed into their sets. The theory of equality was harmless when applied to questions of politics, but society would be a perfect failure if merchants and shopkeepers were to be accepted in the exclusive set."

An Englishman once told a party of Americans that we, as a people, not only kill prices at home, but we do the same when in Europe. He never hesitated to give the proprietors in hotels to understand they want the best and are ready to pay for it. He continued: "I shall never forget going to a hotel in Italy where I was mistaken for an American. On asking for a room he showed me a good-sized apartment, but demanded an exorbitant price. I told him that no Englishman would allow himself to be robbed that way. The frightened proprietor apologized, saying he thought I was an American. He never hesitated to ask them any price; money with them was usually a secondary consideration, and the more they paid the better satisfied they were.

"Yes," the Englishman continued, "I confess that a large part of your people make a vulgar display of their wealth. I have been in your country and I'm sure they often keep a whole regiment of servants where three or four would answer their purposes. The women in the large cities dress far more than the Parisians; the greater part of the smart French creations are sold to the states. I have seen American women go shopping in frocks which our women would wear to receptions. One of your countesses told me that she would not think of wearing a costume more than one season; variety was her object in life, and she did not want her garments to create a feeling of monotony any more than herself. She succeeded, though she was a miser to fashion; most of her mornings were spent at the dressmaker's and milliner's."

Vulgar as some Americans are in their brag of the luxuries they enjoy in their own country, and in their constant display of elaborate gowns and fine jewels, still more are they in their courting of men and women of title. This truth is well known and cleverly

satirized in European countries. As a prominent Swiss gentleman once said: "America is the oddest republic in the world. Americans believe in the doctrine of equality as a people, and yet they lose their heads every time a count or duke steps on their shores. The hospitality shown these favored few is unbounded. Though men of position sometimes go to your country as travelers, they are soon compelled to play the part of suitors. If one of them accepts an invitation to a dinner, he puts his hostess in good humor for a week."

The desire shown by American women to capture the foreign nobility is regarded as the climax of snobism. Wherever we went in Europe they assured us that the girls in our country were not only admired for their beauty and charms, but also for their fortune. The foreigners excuse their men by saying that they have not enough to support their estates and are glad to receive added resources from American wheat and stocks. But they are not so easy in forgiving the girls who buy their titles for the position it gives them, or because they are ashamed of their pedigrees. Many men and women have often remarked to me that, judging by the great number of American girls who are married abroad, men of culture must be scarce on this side of the Atlantic.

The parents of these girls are not only regarded as indulgent, but a little foolish, for humoring their daughters as they do. They ask why do these parents slave and toil only to hand over a goodly share of their fortunes to men whose sole recommendation at times are their titles?

Another charge laid at our door is that we overdress. This might partly be forgiven were these weaknesses only shown by the married women, but it is held in poor taste for young girls to sport costly frocks and elaborate jewels. Women abroad have often assured me that no debutante ever pays more than \$50 or \$60 for an evening gown, though they are told that the mothers of American girls often pay three or four times that sum for a simple frock. Real lace and costly silks are never worn by unmarried women abroad. It is a most unusual happening to see a foreign girl wearing furs and seal coats. Talking one day with a German girl who has nearly a half million in her own right, she told me that she longed to have an unborn lamb coat and a strand of pearls. Her mother might have gratified her wish if it had not been for her friends, who would have looked upon these possessions as dreadfully extravagant.

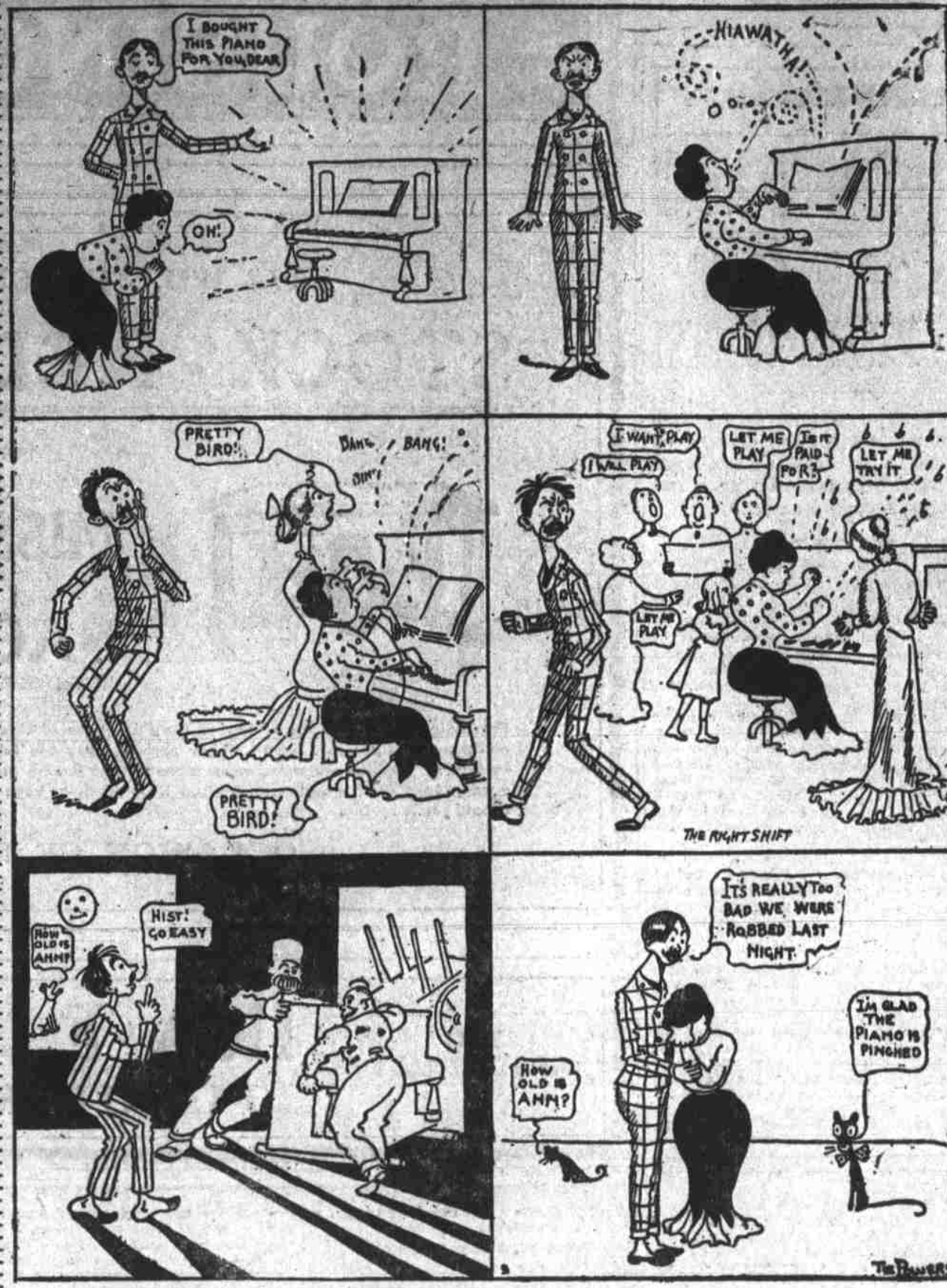
If the truth were known, the American people have the reputation of being terrible snobs; our ideal in regard to the worshiping of the golden calf. With it we make a vulgar display at home and a boast abroad. It is really unfortunate for the other nations and for our countrymen that more Europeans do not visit the states. If for no other reason than to prove to them that we have plenty of men and women with high ideals and an appreciation for art and culture—women with other interests than frocks and jewels. They would discover that in Jeuneuse there is not typically American. The fault is that foreigners often court our snobs instead of the men and women traveling in Europe, because they enjoy the greenbacks of the gilded youth of America.

Sleep, darling, sleep.
The shadows lengthen and night draws nigh;
Sleep, darling, sleep.
The angels are lighting the stars on high.
The moonbeams are kissing the clouds
And 'tis time for baby to "hush a bye bye."

Sleep, darling, sleep.
The flowers have closed up their petals
The birds have flown to their nests
The bees have gone home to their hives
And babies must sleep when they're tired from play;
Sleep, darling, sleep.
The two little eyelids are drooping, I see;
Sleep, darling, sleep.
And baby must sleep now as sound as can be;
May God protect papa and baby and me,
And the angels in heaven watch over us three;
Sleep, darling, sleep.

Delicious Salad.
For a delicious salad of grapes, oranges and lettuce, skin some green grapes, cut in half and remove seeds. Peel some oranges, slice into thin wedges, and dress with the grapes with oil and lemon juice. Arrange on the heart leaves of French lettuce that have been chilled in cold water. Serve with roast wild duck.

Married Life as Seen from the Inside.



Secret Service Chief Wilkie Tells Why Perfect Paper Counterfeits Are Not Circulated

Washington Correspondence Chicago Daily News.

"Why is it that counterfeiters have never been able to turn out a perfect reproduction of paper money issued by the government?" was asked John E. Wilkie, chief of the secret service division of the treasury department, the other day. "The answer is simple enough," replied the man who has the reputation of being one of the greatest criminal-catchers in the world. "If the man who engraved the original bills which counterfeiters try to imitate tried to reproduce his own work he would make a miserable failure of it. Write your own name 50 times on a piece of paper and trace one over the other and you will find that no two agree exactly. That is the difficulty experienced by counterfeiters, which makes their work easy to detect. Machines cannot be made which can do the work of lithography by hand. They lack that quaver and gentle touch which the hand gives in making a curve, nor can a hand reproduce exactly a curve once made."

This, then, is the simple solution which aids the government experts and oftentimes the bank officials to detect a counterfeit bill almost the minute they see one. There are, however, various arts of the counterfeiters with which the experts have to contend, and the secret service bureau and its assistants are kept busy through the year passing upon "queer" money which is sent for inspection. All money thus sent is kept for a year at least, and then destroyed. Frequently the track of a counterfeit is determined by the reappearance of a certain peculiar bill in different parts of the country, and oftentimes a large packet of one kind of bill will accumulate before the criminal is run to earth. There are not only the lithographs, but even crude printing is tried, and oftentimes, as in the case of the Atlantic coast, a counterfeit is employed in making counterfeit bills. The photographs, however, do not remain long in circulation.

KOREA AND THE KOREANS.

Country and People of Land of Morning Calm.

From the Criterion.

We shall have a pretty accurate picture of Korea if we think of Great Britain taken up forcibly from its present moorings and set against the New Jersey coast, so that Scotland should adhere to the mainland, while England ran southward into the ocean. What Great Britain would then be to the Atlantic Korea is now to the Pacific. The size about the same, something over 80,000 square miles; the latitude and north and south reach would be the same, and there is also a general likeness in structure; for while the northern half of Korea, corresponding in our comparison to Scotland, is seamed by granite ridges, crowned with pine woods, arid and cold, the southern half, answering to England, is full of fertile valleys amid low hills, admirably adapted to tillage and the rearing of cattle. Korea, too, like England, is rugged and rocky on one side, and lined with flat marshes, sands and mud stretches on the other; cliffs frown upon the Pacific to the east, while the west coast along the Yellow sea, reminds one of the shores of Lincoln, Norfolk and Suffolk, with their swamps and mud flats. There is a great likeness even in climate, and the trees and birds are practically the same, far closer than those of old and New England are; pine, fir, oak, maple, alder and birch of the European species, and the familiar birds, from eagles to magpies.

But in the Korean forests there are also great tigers, and numbers of leopards, who even enter the streets of the capital when game is scarce; and for

without detection, because they fade rapidly. In the latest case it is estimated that within one month of exposure to the air the bills would fade until they became mere pieces of white paper.

"We get many grades of counterfeit work," said Chief Wilkie. "Some of it is done by expert lithographers and is every bit as good as the original, save only that it is not like the original for the reason stated above. The methods of counterfeiters are multitudinous, but it is a traffic that cannot be carried on long. That is why a counterfeit moves from place to place."

Chief Wilkie is one of the most modest men in public life. He takes as much pleasure in his work as is possible for any man, possesses the true thief-catcher's instinct, which rarely leads him astray, and when his efforts are crowned by success he displays the elation of a boy. Not many years ago John Wilkie was city editor of a big Chicago newspaper. His previous experience in detective work was limited to the usual activities of a night police reporter. He has, however, all the abilities of a born leader and the ingenuity of a Sherlock Holmes in real, practical life.

One of the best catches Wilkie has made in recent years was one in which he takes a just pride, was the arrest of a den of counterfeiters in Boston and New York, headed by a man named Lieberman, alias Davis and half a dozen other names. Lieberman was a leader in the old Moses gang, which operated in New York in 1897. When that gang was taken into custody he fled to England, taking with him the plates from which the counterfeiters were made. There he continued his operations and turned out the most dangerous counterfeit upon the Bank of England which was ever made. Two of his partners came to America and attempted to float \$15,000 of the counterfeit.

A confederate who attempted to pass a small amount was arrested on suspicion, but was acquitted for lack of evidence, his partners escaping. The bills in his possession were confiscated by Wilkie.

Later his partners were arrested in England and told the true story of their trip to America. The money Wilkie confiscated was all the actual evidence the government had to present against them. Lieberman having again escaped and taken the plates and printed money with him. The bank then offered a reward for the plates from which the counterfeiters were made, no questions asked, and Lieberman turned up to claim it. In doing so, however, he threw caution to the winds, and told of numerous other cases about which the bank officials knew nothing, and he was arrested. He turned king's evidence upon trial and was deported from the country with a warning never to return. From Belgium he returned to the United States.

Last July United States \$5 and \$10 counterfeit notes began to appear. No man in America familiar with counterfeiters had ever seen Lieberman's face to recognize it, but fortunately the English officers had photographed him. Wilkie secured these pictures when abroad last summer, but they availed nothing until recently. In the meantime he discovered upon analysis that the counterfeit bills which were making so much trouble were being made upon two different kinds of paper pasted together with silk threads between. This paper was traced to the companies which manufactured it, and from them to the retailers. It was finally discovered that large purchases were being made by a man named Stein in New York. Stein was watched and it was discovered that he was shipping paper to a suburb of Boston. There the counterfeiters were found and three taken into custody, together with seven agents in New York. Upon comparison with Wilkie's photograph it was determined that the secret service had at last effected the capture of one of the world's most dangerous counterfeiters, Lieberman.

the oppression of the aristocracy; governed or rather misgoverned, much as the Macedonians are, and like the Macedonians, seeking redress in perpetual insurrections against extortion, robbery and oppression.

Mrs. Sunny Jim.

From the Atholton, Kan. Globe.

The very latest is the St. Cecilia girl.

When she gets up in the morning she steps to a window and looks out and says: "Serenity-serenity-serenity." The word is supposed to put her mind in peaceful trim. Before dinner she must repeat three times the word "tranquility." This will soothe her nerves and wipe out the memory of vexations, and at night, just before she falls asleep, she must repeat "Peace and rest." Saying these words over will drive disquieting thoughts away, smooth out the wrinkles and insure sweet sleep.

The St. Cecilia girl is Sunny Jim overdone. It is all right to say these words, but is mother saying them when the fire refuses to burn, and the steak does burn? It may do a woman good under such circumstances to say "Peace and rest," but from a man's view there is a word of four letters that is more effective.

Accustomed to Sorrow.

From the Sketch.

Lady (Interviewing general servant)—I inserted the advertisement on behalf of my daughter, who is about to be married. Of course, she is not very experienced in housekeeping.

Servant—Oh! I've no objection to a newly married couple, ma'am. I'm accustomed to sorrow.

MYSTERY OF THE SPHINX IS SOLVED AT LAST

W. E. Curtis' Cairo Letter in the Chicago Record-Herald.

The Sphinx is no longer a mystery, nor was it intended to represent a woman. The inquisitiveness of modern antiquarians has solved the greatest enigma that ever perplexed mankind. No other relic of antiquity has been the object of discussion or the subject of wilder theories, legends and superstitions. During the last two thousand years a whole library of books has been written about it, and at times controversies as to its age, significance and purpose have been very active. While its age is still unknown, and no facts connected with its origin have come down to us, yet within the last few years Egyptologists have shown that it is nothing but a colossal image or portrait of Ra-Harmachis, God of the Morning, Conqueror of Darkness, and hence it faces the Rising Sun.

This was recently disclosed by inscriptions discovered upon the walls of a temple which lies underneath and around the Sphinx, and the discovery was largely due to Colonel Ram, an American scholar, who has been engaged for several years in excavations there. He has uncovered the foundations of the great statue and has brought to light many interesting features which until recently were unknown. The temple surrounding the base was intended for the worship of Harmachis and several chambers hewn in the rock where the tombs of kings and priests devoted to his worship. In 1898 Colonel Ram discovered a stone cap with a sacred asp carved on the forehead, which once covered the head of the Sphinx like a royal helmet, and must have added immensely to its grandeur, particularly if it was gilded, as Colonel Ram believes.

The Sphinx is not an independent structure. The body and head are actually hewn out of solid rock, but much sandstone blocks of most beautiful coloring and artistic design, and from them we can imagine what an imposing spectacle the great statue must have been before the Persians and Mohammedans destroyed its glory. While it is still an impressive picture it has no beauty whatever. The nose, the lips and other features have been mutilated by vandals, among whom the French soldiers under Napoleon are said to have been the most vicious, but the defacement began before the Christian era, when Cambyses invaded Egypt and made it a province of the Persian empire. The expression upon the face of the great statue is blank. Poets and imaginative people have expended much eloquence in describing lines which do not appear and are purely fanciful, and we have been told again and again that the solemn immobility of its expression is "the ideal of mystery in stone." One writer that I read the other day described it as having "a comeliness not of this world," a mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Aegean and in her image created new forms of beauty. While this sounds fine it is preposterous rot. There is no more expression about the face of the Sphinx than there would be in any sandstone image that has been shot fired from a French cannon and had its features scattered over a square mile of desert.

But, nevertheless, there is a fascination about the great statue that cannot be avoided and one will go again and again and as often as possible to look at its shapeless face and monstrous figure which rises from the sand against the amber sky. The body of the Sphinx, which resembles that of a lion, is 150 feet long; the paws and legs, which are stretched out in front, are 50 feet long; the head is 30 feet from the neck upwards, the face is 14 feet wide and the whole figure 72 feet high. It is believed to have been built long before the pyramids, for inscriptions found within the temple show that it was old at the time of Cheops, who erected the big pyramid 2,700 years before Christ. He made many repairs in the temple and upon the image and left no record of this fact. There is also a tablet showing that it

was repaired by King Chephren, one of his successors. Another tablet tells an interesting story. One day while he was taking his after-dinner nap, King Thophmes IV. (B. C. 1533), had a vision in which the god Harmachis appeared to him and made generous promises if he would dig his image, this same Sphinx, out of the sand. Thophmes did as requested and erected this tablet to commemorate the fact.

There are 14 pyramids in the neighborhood of Cairo. Those which surround the Sphinx and are known as the pyramids of Gizeh, are most easily accessible and may be visited without fatigue or difficulty. Within the last few years a trolley line has been built almost to the very feet of the Sphinx. The track runs along a causeway lined on either side with rows of trees, and one of the fashionable drivers of Cairo. It is also a thoroughfare much used by the dwellers in the villages along the west bank of the Nile and those who live in the desert in that direction. The distance from the hotels in Cairo is about nine miles, and no more delightful excursion can be imagined.

You can leave your hotel in a carriage or by the street cars in the morning, take your lunch at the Mena House, a very attractive hotel a few hundred yards from the pyramids, spend the day around these incomparable monuments, by far the most interesting of all relics of antiquity, and drive back to the city at 4 or 5 in the afternoon just in time to meet the long procession of carriages filled with native princes, pashas, veiled ladies from the harems of rich Egyptians, generals in the British service, civil officials of the government, members of the diplomatic circle, Hindu and Parsee millionaires, and all the gay world who are spending the winter at Cairo and come over that way for their afternoon air. You can see many more and much finer horses and carriages in London, New York or Paris, but in Cairo the oriental costumes and colors give an additional charm which no other city enjoys.

SATISFIED.

From the Chicago News.

Yes, my ol' woman runs things round the house—
An' she runs most things outside.
When she chirps up I'm as mum as a—
No, I ain't got any pride.
I'm free to own it; I don't care a darn.
If the gray mare's the better horse,
She kin outpull any team in the barn—
Yes, my ol' woman's the boss.

I don't do nothin' without her advice—
Never a fuss nor a fight.
If we buy anythin' she sets the price,
An' she kin set it jest right.
She has her say when the time comes to sell.

Then we don't sell at a loss;
I'm poor at dickerin', so it's as well
That the ol' woman's the boss.

Things go like clockwork, all tidy an' neat.
Nice little wad in the bank,
Farm the hui county ain't got one ter beat—
I've the ol' woman ter thank.

She's be'n a boon an' a blessin' ter me—
Finest 'at I've run across.
It's a good thing I've sense fer ter see
That the ol' woman's the boss.

Character in Footsteps.

Character is easily told by the walk of men and women. If one is of an observant nature it will be seen that obtinate persons, who in argument rely more on muscular than intellectual power, rest the feet flatly and firmly on the ground, walk heavily and slowly and stand with the legs firmly planted and far apart.

Slow steps, whether long or short, suggest a gentle or defensive state of mind, as the case might be. The proud step is slow and measured. The toes are conspicuously turned out, the legs straightened.

Where a revengeful purpose is hidden under a feigned smile, the step will be sinking and noisy. Steps that are quick are indicative of energy and agitation.

Turned-in toes are often found with preoccupied, absent-minded persons.

What Children Should Learn.

Habits acquired in childhood are the ones that stick through life. So it is important that little ones should be taught habits of neatness, helpfulness and daintiness about their belongings. It is certainly essential for a girl and will not do a boy any harm nor make him one whit less manly.



BROKE HIS NECK AND STILL LIVES

James Dunn, the 17-year-old protégé of Ethel Barrymore, Richard Harding Davis, Charles Dana Gibson, H. C. Whitney, and other authors and artists, broke his neck about six months ago by diving into the river from a spring board. From that time until a few days ago he lay on a cot in the J. Hood hospital, bound in an immovable position. He has just returned to his home cured. The lower picture shows how he was strapped to his cot for five months.

STRANGLER HER LOVER



(Journal Special Service.)

New York, Jan. 27.—Gabrielle Bonpard, who started the world by her crime of strangling her lover in Paris many years ago, is at the immigrant station here and will be sent back to France tomorrow under the immigration law.