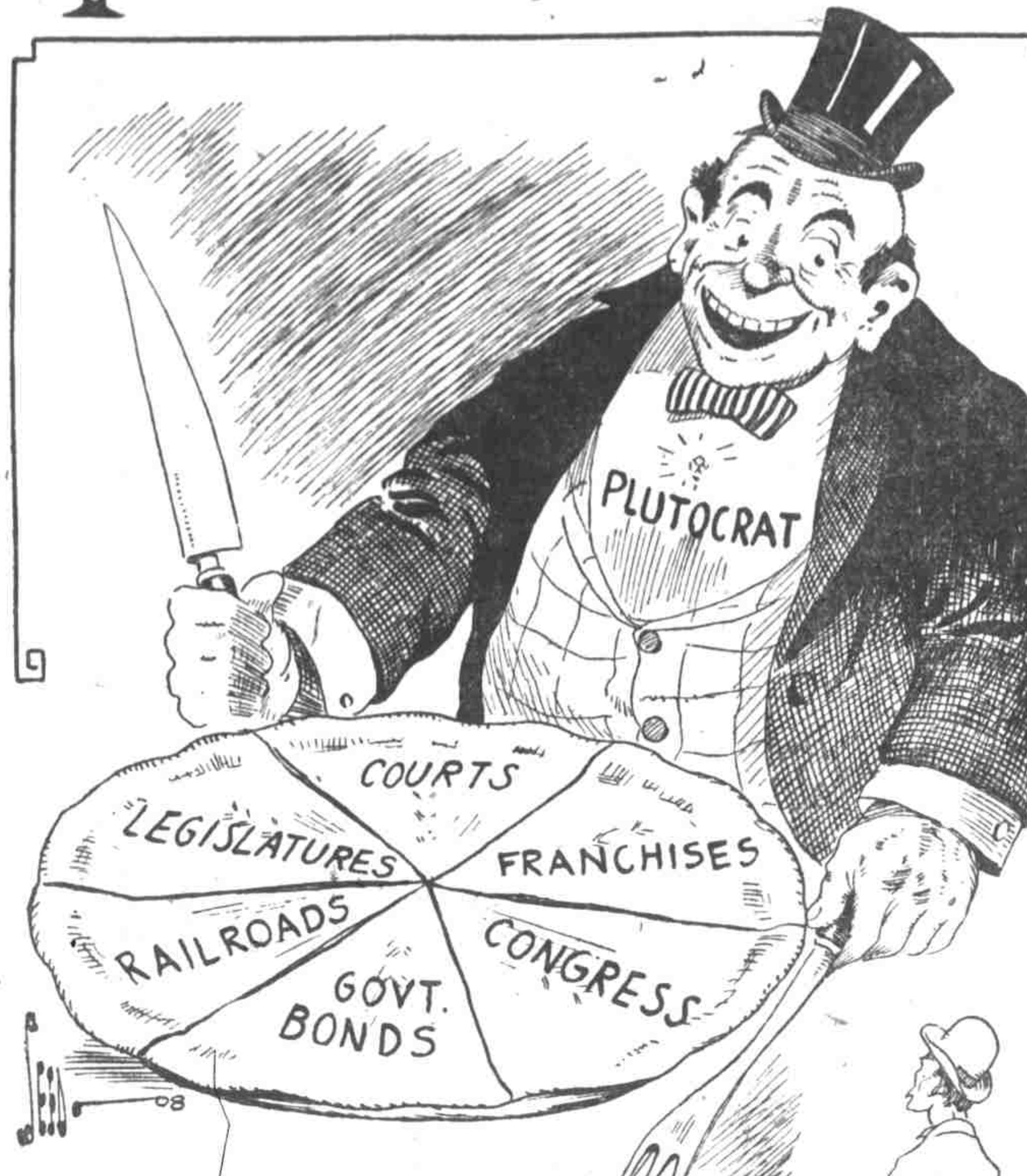
THE BLUFFER versus THE BLUFFED

BY HELEN HOPE



A GOOD GRASPER OF OPPORTUNITIES.

THE unmixed joy of common labor may make a good theme for the poet, but it's a weariness to the flesh when eternally chanted by the industrial highwayman, as he flits blithely about in his devil-wagon, or lolls in a steamer chair. Yes, that's the way he started; worked hard early and late and when his opportunity came he grasped it. He certainly did. He not only grasped his own opportunity, but everybody else's. Grasped them good and hard, wrung them dry. Now he serenely preaches the doctrine of contentment to the luckless struggler who was cheated out of a chance even to lay hold of his own opportunity.

To be a good grasper of opportunities is to possess a talent that may revolutionize families, cities and nations, all according to the strength and agility of the grasp.

In the early dawn of the world's history, just after the morning stars had sung their opening ode, it is alleged that there were two young people living in a garden which was filled with everything good and needful. One day, however, they spied an apple hanging over their fence. They really didn't need it, but it looked so nice and easy. We are told the girls got there first; probably it looked like a bargain. Anyway, whatever the provocation, their attorney failed to satisfy the court that even the first lady of the land is privileged to pose as a martyr when haled before the bar of justice. Far from it. They were called upon to settle instanter, and settle they did without even a thought of a change of venue.

But the world has grown wonderfully considerate since those cruel days, and our present grasper of opportunities doesn't settle. When "investigated" now he first hesitates, then equivocates, then repudiates. The thing is too absurd to discuss. After this burst of righteous indignation he takes his tearful pen in hand, and through the various newspapers rented for the purpose, he tells of the poor but honest start he had in life, deplores the persecution that he endures with such fortitude and winds up by endowing another university or free reading room with the plunder. It is indeed most fortunate that he has had poor but honest parents, for it seems to be the only touch of respectability he has to prove his kinship to the human family in general.

The big grasper has only one commandment he believes wise to follow: "Get everything, get franchises, railroads, legislatures, judges, senators and thy neighbor's wife. And with all thy getting, get money."

The only difference discernible between the small grasper of opportunities and the large one lies in the relative number and activity of the brain cells. The quality of either isn't worth mentioning.

All grabbers of the beckoning goddess, Opportunity, are not after money, however. Some are after the limelight. One of the favorite routes is the divorce court. All you have to do is to travel it often enough, always accompanied with a fantastic array of exhibits.

Another is the stage. The young prima donna is heralded as the highest singer on earth. Her face and form divine is emblazzoned on the billboards decorating the vacant lots, while smaller likenesses adorn the show windows of the wine shops and cigar stores. We are filled with mad enthusiasm, get to the theatre early and sit breathlessly expectant. At last the hour is come. She advances to the footlights and as she approaches the Alps of vocalism her mouth opens wider and wider still until one can almost watch the process of digestion. At last it is over. Anyway she arrived at the place where this ear-splitting note should have been, but the orchestra played so loud that we didn't hear it. This orchestra, with most unusual acumen, saw the necessity of adding its might. But she's in the limelight. What more? Should Mother Nature dare to make another pair of vocal cords that would squeak half a tone higher, why Miss Top Note would just proceed to have her billion-dollar stomacher stolen by some wretched thief, employ a corps of detectives to search everywhere, even if it is really safe in her hot air vault all the time. Or if this should not appeal to her esthetic taste, she might extract a proposal of marriage from the Crown Prince of Timbuctoo, or some other ungodly place. Should all these things fail, she can always marry some other woman's husband. She simply will scintillate. If not in the white light of fame, then in the yellow glow of notoriety. Shine she will. The shrinking violet is content to shed its delicate perfume and live out its whole dainty existence in a cool shady corner, but the gaudy sunflower must rear her brazen face to the fierce sunlight.

APPROACHING THE ALPS OF VOCALISM

Then we have the ragtime preacher who succeeds in packing his church with such inspiring subjects as "Why Is the Wherefore of the Whence?" prefaced by a monologue on serious problems confronting the public, such as the directoire gown question, or how to find your affinity. The perspiring vaudeville stuntist across the street is "doing his damndest" to arouse enthusiasm among the rows of empty grinning chairs while the minister who is pledged to help the helpless has stolen his thunder to illumine the everlasting Gospel.

The politician, too, is busily engaged in convincing the kingly voter that his election to office means surcease from all worldly sorrows for his dear friend, the workingman. This statesman, if elected, will make it possible to raise a family in comfort on 39 cents per day, while the remainder of the day's wages may be invested in city property or a box at the opera. All this for one little, little vote, the work of a moment.

When out of work and discouraged, we have the mystic who will enlist the forces of the unseen in uncovering mines and oil fields, reunite estranged hearts, confound your enemies and find your soul mate; all for one small dollar.

There is also the masseur, whose magic fingers can transform the most portly duenna into a wood nymph, and by the same token add seductive curves to a figure that looks like a school manikin.

But the maker of patent medicines is our modern worker of miracles par excellence. All physical unpleasantness, both internal and external, constitutes his field of action. The infantile household pet is rendered amiably drunk with cough medicine or dazed with soothing syrup, thus enabling the nursegirl to enjoy an undisturbed tete-a-tete with the milkman. There are also nostrums solemnly guaranteed to cause the lame to walk, the blind to see, and the near-dead to leap again with pulsing, palpitating life.

By the aid of patent beautifiers, all external wrongs are quickly righted. The man with a scalp as innocent of hirsute adornment as a spring turnip, need sorrow no more. One application of this marvelous hair restorer, and haughty, naughty Absalom must hurry to the tall bunchgrass. The mother of a family of elaborate size may turn her faded gray hair into strands of shining gold. She may have the crevasses in her face leveled up with skin food, and the glow of the June rose on her cheeks. With the friendly aid of the straight front and the flat back, she is radiantly happy in her rejuvenated appearance. On the city streets she is Juno and Hebe combined, at the seaside she is Psyche, but back of the great ingenious cause, she is just a foxy grandma.

A WOOD NYMPH IN THE MAKING

Then, there is the lexicographer, who contributes his mite toward the general good of smoothing the rough places in our language. He has given us persecution for prosecution, captain of industry for highwayman, bank president for robber, expert accountant for thief, trust for pirate, statesman for politician and artist for the barber, mixer of drinks and the corn doctor.

Thus from morn till dewey eve the ubiquitous bluffer bluffs everybody, including himself, and spreadeth like a green bay tree. The one genuine thing about him is his unfailing knack of looking as guileless as a new-born egg.

But despite his cheerful assertion that the appearance of honesty is the best policy and brings quicker results, be not deceived. A wary observer has earnestly warned us against looking a gift mule in the hind leg. Such action, however, is not more foolhardy than the attempt to secure lasting fame and fortune through hot air talkfests and airy, fairy finance. Sooner or later the wholesale grabber of opportunities finds himself face to face with "persecution," the bluffer vs the bluffed. He is also rewarded with the doubtful joy of being grilled daily by the press and denounced from the pulpit on Sundays. Even the courts, an erstwhile haven of safety, stand less and less in awe of the fraud hatchery.

We therefore fondly cherish the idea that the world do move, and man being endowed with brains as well as muscles, should do likewise.

There is no actual reason why any one who has one tenth of his natural ability should not realize his dearest hopes, and that, too, without shattering those of his neighbor. So it is sheer waste of time to sit croaking by the wayside, looking like a forlorn hope while the cheerful hustler not only occupies his own place in the world, but yours, too. If any one has usurped your main chance the fault is your own. First find your place and then lay hold on it. Keep cool and keep sweet, but stand everlasting for your own. If you really have anything worth giving to the world, step out and give it. Excessive modesty is as undesirable as any other kind of excess. Keep busy turning your wishes into realities, and you won't have any time to contribute another chapter to Jeremiah's lamentations.

If, after long and faithful endeavor, Dame Fortune is still shy, why furrow your portentous brow with gloomy forebodings. At least nobody disputes your final claim to six feet of earth as a reward for bravely walking through life on two legs instead of four.

In the meantime, be of good cheer. The world is wide and the sun is always shining somewhere.

IS THE TRAMP PASSING?--Reports are Conflicting, But the Tramp Army is Probably Continually Growing

(Exclusive Service Charities and the Commons Press Bureau.)

A LEADING New York daily said recently: "From the west comes news that many railroads are cutting down their detective and police forces employed to keep tramps off their property. Managers declare that the tramp evil is almost disappearing." This is rumor.

The present writer has just received from George T. Slade, general manager of the Northern Pacific Railway company, some facts. "Our line is more troubled with vagrants this year than ever before. Vagrants are seen riding on our passenger and freight trains in every conceivable place. In many cases there are so many vagrants on a train that it is hazardous for trainmen to put them off. For the fiscal year ending July 30, 1907, 138 trespassers were killed and 136 injured. These trespassers were largely vagrants. I am a hearty believer in some system of compulsory labor colonies for vagrancy, with long indeterminate sentences, hard work and adequate supervision. Vigorous methods to control vagrancy must be adopted."

The Philadelphia & Reading railroad reports that there has been a marked increase during the last year in the number of illegal train-riders—men who have been laid off in the different mills and industries along the line of the road. "If the so-called vagrants were compelled to perform manual labor for a number of hours each day during their sentence it would have a very beneficial effect."

A. W. MacDonald, the chief special agent of the Canadian Northern, writes under date of July 5 that "the trouble with hoboes on this road has increased to such an extent that they will arrive at a station during the night, steal a hand car or velocipede, pump down the line for 20 or 30 miles, then throw the velocipede in the ditch and go their way. In this province (Manitoba) all prisoners sentenced to 12 months or less are sent to the provincial jail. There is no farm in connection with the same, and there is not enough work for these men to do. As you are aware, tramps and hoboes would rather be arrested in the fall and sent to jail, where they are sure of comfortable quarters for the winter."

Another important letter, President W. H. Canniff of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad company, states that "we have been troubled to a greater extent with vagrants and trespassers during the last year than for a long time. On one occasion, within the past month of June, 1908, 103 vagrants were ejected from one of our freight trains between Conneaut and Bellevue, 132 miles."

This does not look as if railway vagrancy were diminishing. The newspapers during the last year have been filled with accounts of the movements of the tramp army. What is to be done? One thing everyone agrees should be done. Work should be exacted of all the able-bodied. How and where?

The United States is beginning to look for instruction to the experiences of European countries, where for 25 years vagrancy has been one of the most serious social problems. Germany is particularly a country that has studied the problem, and has erected many forms of institutions, some for tramps out of jail and some labor colonies to keep tramps at work who have been committed by the courts. Let us briefly study German labor colonies.

These labor colonies are of two kinds, voluntary and compulsory. The difference is that the voluntary colonies are managed largely by private charity and are retreats where the "down-and-outer" can enter for a time, averaging about two months. In return for his work he receives good care, good food and a chance to earn a little something. And since it is hard to find work in Germany, the colonies are popular. In 1903 10,000 colonists were admitted, and 3,000 more were refused admission for one cause or another. Nine hundred thirty-nine thousand, two hundred seventy-six days' work was done. But the majority of the inmates are permanently inefficient men, and few of them reform or return for good to the ranks of the real workers in the industrial army. There are about 33 voluntary colonies, but a quarter century of experience does not show that the United States could reduce vagrancy or reform vagrants to any great extent by introducing such colonies.

But the compulsory colonies are having some effect. There are 24 of them. The sentences are long, and the average time of detention is about a year. The men must really work. There is no snap "snow shoveling in July," no being one of 20 to haul a little dump cart around a yard. Various industries are carried on. The men learn what it means to work.

Compare these labor colonies with our county jails, which have been classified by experienced investigators as only too often "schools of crime." In the United States, short sentences are spent in idleness, and in demoralizing other inmates. Bad sanitation, poor food, uncleanly and vicious habits have no reformatory effect, and tend to the development of anti-social tendencies.

Vagrancy is undoubtedly increasing in the United States, because to be a tramp is so easy. Vagrancy will not be reduced until good hard work looms ahead for the man that "hits the road." But this work must not be solely a punishment for idleness. It must train, if not to a joy in work, at least to a knowledge of how to work any why men must work. The jails cannot be recast for this function. Tramp colonies seem necessary. New York made a start in drafting a labor colony bill that will go to the legislature next winter. The leading charitable societies of the city and several of the leading railroads with terminals in New York, favor it. The labor colony will be established for the commitment of habitual vagrants, for indeterminate periods, not to exceed two years. The work will be educational, and of reasonable amount. Such reformatory influences as are possible will be brought to bear. There will be a parole board to which the inmates may be discharged for good behavior, before the expiration of their sentence. This colony will soon become known, and should act as a deterrent to many a young man who is about to take to the road because the attractions of idleness seem many and the chances, until the establishment of the colony, of any severe punishment few.

HEIR TO BIG SLICE OF LONDON--By the Death of Viscount Chelsea, a Five-Year-Old Boy Becomes the Next of Kin of the Earl of Cadogan

LONDON, Aug. 6.—By the sudden death of Viscount Chelsea, eldest son of Earl Cadogan, a 5-year-old boy has become heir to one of the greatest of London estates. He is Edward George Humphrey John and some day he will be the owner of a large slice of Chelsea, one of the aristocratic sections of London, and in receipt of a yearly income of not much less than $1,000,000.

This lucky little boy succeeds also to the title of Viscount Chelsea, which is one of the minor appendages of Earl Cadogan and worn by courtesy of his heir. When he was christened he had as sponsor not only the king, but the Prince of Wales as well. Very few youngsters in Great Britain have this double distinction conferred upon them.

Besides the titles of Earl Cadogan and Viscount Chelsea the future peer will some day be Baron Cadogan, Baron Oakley and hereditary trustee of the British museum. Besides his London wealth he will become the owner of Culford hall, Bury St. Edmunds, one of the finest if not the finest estate in Suffolk, spreading over 10,000 beautiful acres. In the churchyard attached to the estate is buried the wife of the Marquis of Cornwallis of American revolutionary fame, who was a former owner. That lady opposed with tooth and nail her husband's acceptance of the command in the colonies, but her husband pooh-poohed her objections. The Cadogans are connected by blood with another famous and more successful military hero, the first Duke of Wellington. The present Earl Cadogan is a grand-nephew and the future holder a great grand-nephew of the conqueror of Napoleon.

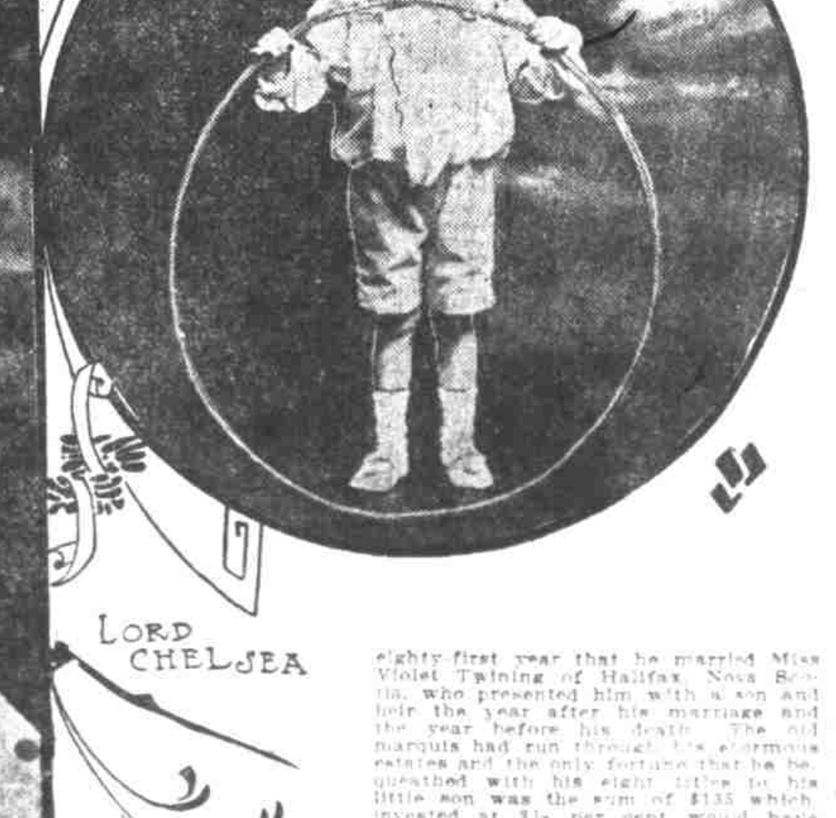
It is not generally known that the present Lord Cadogan might have been raised to the rank of marquis had he wished to accept the honor. The offer came from King Edward at the close of Lord Cadogan's term of office as lord lieutenant of Ireland but was refused. Despite his great wealth he lives quietly and without ostentation in Chelsea house, Cadogan square, not far from the former home of Edna May, now Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn, who was one of his tenants.

His only dissipation, so to speak, is his turn-outs, which are the acme of smartness. The horses are coal black, and on their heads are knots of pale blue ribbon, while the servants wear pale blue liveries. His state coach is like the conveyance of some fairy prince. The body is painted brown, picked out with pale blue satin. Four coronets appear on the outside top corners and the much-powdered, be-wigged coachman is seated on a hammer-cloth of blue velvet loaded down with gold braid and heavy tassels. Two gorgeous footmen stand on a board at the back of the carriage and complete the outfit.

The earl, who is 68 years of age, is musical, a thorough sportsman and a follower of the turf. He is an ideal landlord, and upon one occasion, a few years ago, when selling a large piece of property, sacrificed $250,000 rather than have the tenants turned out without a good long notice.

Another extremely youthful peer is also attracting attention because of the coming celebration of his fifth birthday. He is probably the only person in the world who has a private navy all to himself although it consists of a single armed launch only. This interesting young man is Baron Chichester, Viscount Chichester, Earl of Donegall, Baron Fisherwick, Earl of Belfast, hereditary governor of Carrickfergus castle, Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh—in other words the Marquis of Donegall. Lough Neagh, over which this many-titled individual rules the waves, is an Irish lake and at last accounts was about to be drained, so that the high-sounding title of Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh will be no more than a name, although it will entitle its holder to all the naval honors of a British admiral. In the days of Good Queen Bess the title held by the marquis was much more than an empty honor. The control of Lough Neagh, which was the largest sheet of water in the British Isles, was the cause of many battles royal and the queen loaded the then marquis with money and favors.

MARQUIS OF DONEGALL AND HIS MOTHER



LORD CHELSEA

Although it will be more than 16 years before the boy marquis takes his seat on the leather benches of the house of lords a place has already been reserved for him in the cloak room at Westminster for his hat and coat.

This youth represents a good deal of romance. When the boy was born his father was in his eighty-second year, the oldest member of the peerage. The old marquis, who died three years ago, had been three times married, both his former marriages being annulled, and both his former wives disappearing in a curious manner. But the first wife turned up again in an even more curious manner. She left him in 1863, and was not seen or heard of for 35 years, until December, 1898, when a feeble old woman, wearing a dilapidated dressing-gown and carrying a Bible under her arm was admitted to the Highgate workhouse under the title of the Marchioness of Donegall.

But the old marquis was not discouraged apparently by his two matrimonial failures. There was a strong reason to urge him to a third marriage in the fact that he had no son and heir and was very anxious to keep his brother from inheriting his title. It was in his eighty-first year that he married Miss Violet Twining of Halifax, Nova Scotia, who presented him with a son and heir the year after his marriage and the year before his death. The old marquis had run through his enormous estates and the only fortune that he bequeathed with his eight titles to his little son was the sum of $135 which, invested at 3½ per cent, would have brought in an income of exactly $4.72 a year. It was the sporting proclivities of the old marquis which brought his fortune to this, and he was living in a very unpretentious house in a very unfashionable London square when he luckily married a lady who was well provided enough to keep the wolf very far from the door.

Equality.

He prated much of "brotherhood"
While toiling for his daily meals.
He spoke about "the common good,"
And of "the tyrants' iron heels".
"Equality" was on his tongue
A hundred times or more a day
When he was toiling down among
The millions plodding on the way.

By chance, one day, he stepped aside
Where fortune took him by the hand.
His worldly wants were soon supplied,
And then the toiling throngs he scanned.
Lo, as he looked he heard men cry
"Equality" and "Brotherhood"
"Fools! Fools!" he said; "the Lord on high
Still governs, and his way is good".

—Chicago Record Herald.

ALL CHILDREN AT SCHOOL--By M. Thompson

THE other day a friend asked me a question which opened up an interesting train of thought.

"Do you think," she said, "that temperament or environment has the most to do with one's happiness?"

I did not know what to say for a moment, but quite quickly the answer came, "Temperament, of course."

"But environment must influence temperament, don't you think? Now, I have just come from visiting a family out of work, and I found them all more or less morose. I knew them in their days of modest prosperity, and a more cheerful household could not have been found. Today the man would scarcely speak a word. His brows were knit, his mouth set in bitterness, his whole attitude that of a person at war with fate. That was environment beyond a doubt, and temperament had nothing to do with it. These people never heard of temperament, what they ask is to be allowed to give a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. When their requirements cannot be met—and there is something wrong, undoubtedly, with the national economy that cannot meet it—they are sad and bitter. It is a simple matter of cause and effect."

"Then we needn't discuss it, for you are very convincing," I said cheerfully.

"Well, but you were very positive the other night about the all-powerful effect on temperament and said truly enough that one woman holding perverted views could contaminate a whole circle. I know a man who has a wife like that—a woman who is always grumbling—and certainly he doesn't look very happy. More cause and effect. He is miserable because of the environment she creates."

"Ah, there you support my very theory—'the environment she creates.' A good many of us create our own, don't we?"

"Some of us do, but not all. Take the case of the out-of-works, for instance. They are unhappy because they have no work, not enough to eat, and the prospect of greater misery in the future. It is all quite simple."

"Probably we are both right. Temperament and environment cannot be separated in their influence. We cannot control the happenings of life, and we are variously affected by them. The woman of the home I have spoken of was much more cheerful than the man, because more hopeful. She had the optimistic mind."

"We call things different names nowadays," I suggested.

"I can remember my father disposing of a temperamental woman of his acquaintance in the suggestive words, 'She has never counted her mercies.'"

My friend nodded.

"That's what's the matter with the most of us. I shall go home and console my disappointment because I can't get a new spring bonnet with the thought of the woman I saw today who has not had a new bonnet since she can mind, as she expressed it."

My friend smiled a little with her mouth, but her eyes were very serious. I saw that the inequality of things was troubling her not a little, for which reason she was disposed to be argumentative.

"How many of us, do you think, come anywhere near the perfect life—perfect as regards happiness, I mean?" was her next remark.

"None," I answered promptly. "It was never intended that we should enjoy perfect happiness here."

"But how I should enjoy it, even for a little hour!" she cried, with a note of longing in her voice that was rather painful.

"I dare say it is a longing note that comes to most of us at times, and is it not true that we often make plans that have perfection for their goal, only to fall short? So we come back to the old, old platform, that here we are simple children at school. And as the ordinary school child finds some schooldays hard, so must we."

"It's good philosophy," she said, smiling and shaking her head. "But just today I feel that I would dare a good deal just for one perfect hour."

Protest of a Boston Man.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"And," shouted the speaker, who had worked himself up to a fine frenzy, "what, gentlemen, I ask you, would Thomas Jefferson say if he could drop in here today? What would the father of his country say if he was here at this moment to—"

"I think," yelled a little man who sat in the rear end of the hall, "he would say you ought to get acquainted with the subjunctive mood."

THE MYSTERY OF DEATH By Cara Reese

DON'T you wonder sometimes how they look, what they are doing, whether they know concerning your affairs, or come back to visit you and the old scenes?

Don't you wonder, and speculate, and dream dreams, and then begin all over?

But nothing ever happens. The flowers wither on the mound, the house is put in its accustomed order, somebody slips into the empty table place, the old chair finds an occupant. The waters are smooth once more after the dent is made by the finger of fate.

Does it do any good, then, to try to pierce the veil, to try to find the key, to try to unravel the mystery? Not a bit of it! You might as well stop where you are and let the speculation be. You might just as well gather up the fragments of your shattered nerves and brain cells and coax them into normal working order to suit the every day folks who are jogging along exactly as they did before your calamity.

You will make the mistake of your life if you withdraw apart from the busy, laughing world and stubbornly set yourself to delve and dig into the mystery of the ages and to dream dreams and investigate strange teachings or sit in meditation with the mystics. Let the unwonted study and line of conduct severely alone, good friends in bereavement. It is time enough for strange delving and deep thinking after the clouds have passed and the normal conditions are restored.

You make a mistake when you wander into side paths when your mind is disturbed; you make a mistake when you seek to trim a lamp when your hand trembles; you make a mistake in peering through the glass when your brain whirls; and you make a mistake when you indulge in extra mental effort when in a state of collapse.

Do not try to understand when the grief is heavy and when the night is black and dark. Stand where you are until a ray of brightness gives you strength for another step, or the eyes are normally focussed for a longer, clearer view.

All the frantic, muddled, irrational groping when bereavement comes; the [illegible] fluttering, laying hold of this and that; the helpless floundering beyond the depths, the eager grip on strange tenets, the wild seeking, searching and demanding; the explanations asked, the clutch at the hem of ecclesiastical skirts; the hugging, wailing, imploring before the altars—ah, what is the use of all this?

Stand still a bit! Do not try to understand what the ages have never understood. Do not think that you of all the millions are the one to whom illumination will come. You are only making a mistake. You are only holding back your own immortal soul from a wholesome recovery. You are defeating the mission of death and giving to the grave a victory which does not belong there.

Let the tears come, but let them come as showers of refreshing, be calm; trust God a bit!