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WITTE IN RUSSIA

RN OF THIS SUCCESSFUL DIPLOMAT NOT A MARCH OF TRIUMPH.

cable Manner in Which Divine yalty is Wont to Accept Valu- e Services of Subjects.

Charles E. Kern.

e is pathos in the attitude of the Russian statesman, M. Witte, to whose diplomacy the Czar he favorable conclusion of the th Japan, in his presentation in to his majesty, of a report on ails of whose historic meetings tsmouth which were so managed "save the face" of Russia, as y in the far East. It is difficult American to understand the na- this meeting between Czar and , and although we as a people admire M. Witte's braggadocio, st in fact feel sorry for a man eturns to his country after ac- shing so much in her behalf and t at once necessary to plan an e in order to prevent effacement.

ly those who have been within charmed circle of the court at St. rsburg can imagine the conditions encing this interview between the and his representative who has ed off the honors of the diplomatic e that has recently been played to rmine the terms on which peace d be concluded between Russia and n.

e American imagines the Russian sman and diplomat returning to presence of the Czar with form and countenance beaming with pride in having performed serv- for which he would naturally ex- to be received with honor. But e who have been at the Imperial rt of Russia know that no such e is enacted upon the return of Witte.

With Bowed Head and Humbly

hey know he will return to the sence of his royal master, the Czar, e has already reached St. Peters- with bowed head, regretting that has been unable to serve his mas- in a more worthy manner, and aying, with the hunted countenance a criminal, that he be forgiven for aving performed so poor a service. e will protest that if there can be und any act of his own worthy of vorable comment that that act is due holly to having obeyed the royal will nd having properly interpreted the oyal purpose. He will conclude that ct of humiliation by begging forgive- ess of his august master for his short- omings. No menial in America could lay the part of humility so earnestly will the distinguished diplomat M. Witte.

"The attitude of statesmen of monar- hical governments toward their royal masters is one that cannot be under- tood by Americans and is known only o those who have been in close touch with them abroad," said a high official f the State Department in comment- ing upon the return of M. Witte to his home.

Would have Presidential Bee.

"The men who make European and Asiatic history to-day can never hope to approach their royal masters, who are in many cases mere puppets, except in a manner indicating the utmost humility. The American who would perform such service as that of M. Witte would return home with a straight backbone and with the presidential bee buzzing under the crown of his hat. He would accept as his right every bit of credit pertaining to his successful work, and no one would expect him to perform any act of humiliation in the presence of the President or any one else."

The fact is, M. Witte began his act of humility while in this country. He referred to the Czar at all times as his august master and while crossing the Atlantic ocean, when accorded deserved honor for his diplomacy, was quick to disavow being worthy of the least credit for his labors, stating in effect that he was a miserable creature who breathed because of the goodness of his "august master" and that anything he had done in connection with the peace negotiations was merely in obedience to the will of his master, the Czar.

Expectations That He Would Fail.

The return of M. Witte to St. Petersburg also has a special interest because, as is fully understood in the inner circles of the Diplomatic Corps at Washington, his appointment as a peace commissioner to represent the Czar was given him not for his benefit but was brought about by his enemies, who expected that his failure to effect a successful peace negotiation would be his permanent political undoing. It was M. Witte who opposed the war and favored its conclusion long before peace was arranged. He was detested by the military party, and the intrigues of the Russian court placed him in an uncomfortable position before the Czar. It was argued that if he could be sent on the impossible mission of making peace when the entire court was convinced that the attitude of Japan would make the peace conference a failure, he would return discredited and forced for the first time in his career to approve the continuance of the war, which was desired by certain of the court dignitaries up to the time peace was declared.

Still Working for his Downfall.

Now that the good fortune and the artful diplomacy of M. Witte have confused his enemies he is no better loved by them than he was when they conspired to intrust him with a mission they believed he could not successfully perform. It is learned at Washington that even now those same enemies are planning future traps for the eminent statesman who has been favored by the god of fortune. When he appears before his august master in the traditional attitude of a slave there will be many of his enemies to endeavor to persuade the Czar that the formal words of self depreciation which he must utter to conform to court etiquette are in fact only plain truth.

WORKING GIRL'S CHANCES.

CHOOSE CONGENIAL OCCUPATION THEN HOLD FAST TO THE FIRST GOOD JOB.

It is Not the Kind of Work but the Manner of Working That Brings Forth the Dollars.

"It is not my specialty, madame," said the little French milliner who had just finished a beautiful beruched hat for me, when I asked her to make one of those pretty mousseline shoulder ruches; and she would do nothing outside her specialty. So it is in all the big cities where women flock to make a living or a name; whether in Paris, London, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, one must have one's highly perfected specialty in order to win even moderate recognition.

"Don't scatter" is the very best advice to the girl worker. "Oh, I know how to do ever so many things," says the latest entry on the books of a big employment agency.

"Can you cook?" asks the manageress with breathless eagerness.

"Yes," is the reply rather shamefacedly.

"Good! I'll put you down under Cooks."

"But, I don't want to cook. I've been through our academy and I've graduated in all the latest accomplishments. Besides, I've come up to the city to make money—a lot of money."

"You'll make a lot of money if you'll cook," says the manageress in her take-my-advice tone. "Why, any girl that can pretend to cook, if she don't know a souffle from a hoe cake can make more money in this town than a whole class of academy graduates with ten accomplishments apiece."

It is not the kind of work, but the manner of working that brings in the dollars.

A girl of twenty-three, thrown suddenly on her own resources, made the lives of her friends miserable by a constant cry of "What can I do?" A yellow streak of snobbishness made it all the more difficult to help her. Without even facility in writing, she begged assistance in becoming a paid contributor to a scandalmongering newspaper. Fortunately, she lacked as much in perseverance as in literary ability. Her next venture was in trained nursing; but, being placed in the colored ward, her southern prejudices drove her out of the hospital just three days later than her date of entry. From a spasmodic effort to acquire a knowledge of stenography, she set out on a quest for a place as nursery governess. A practical friend met her just after her first rebuff, and much against her will pushed her into a situation in a fashionable millinery establishment, at $3 a week. Now it developed that trimming hats is that girl's gift.

It usually takes about three years in the workshops of the swell milliners to arrive at the degree of proficiency which commands a salary of $25 per week, but the girl in question made hats for her friends evenings. Her friends sent their friends, and inside of a year she had saved enough to take a trip to Paris during the summer. She bought not a single model but gathered impressions, went back to New York, rented a couple of rooms in a side street between the shopping and the residence sections, dropped a little note to each of her patrons saying she had taken a flyer abroad—and the rest was easy.

Choose a Congenial Occupation.

The secret of success is finding out one's special bent or talent. Usually the thing that it is easiest to do, that one likes best to do, is the work in which one will be able to make greatest progress. A very few are favored with inspiration along original lines. Some unfortunates commit the folly of choosing a profession or trade because of the results secured in it by others, rather than because of any personal inclination or adaptability.

Voluminous statistics show that a girl need not be limited in her choice of work, for some one hundred and fifty occupations, meeting every need or desire of existence—from doctor to undertaker—have already been exploited by women. However, for the average girl, comparatively few trades and professions seem within her scope. Outside of the enormous number who become teachers, very few women are afforded the opportunity to acquire a profession; consequently, certain trades required for carrying on of routine work in business offices, shops and factories, have come to be regarded as the only money-making channels open to the girls who arrive at the end of their school days confronted with the question, "What shall I do for a living?"

Always Room for Good Ones.

Most discouraging of all the obstacles to the girl seeking her living is the constantly repeated falsehood that the occupations open to the average female intelligence are overcrowded. Thirty years ago the same statement was made to almost every female applicant for employment as bookkeeper, clerk, agent, stenographer, saleswoman, etc. At that time less than one per cent. of all the women wage earners were employed in clerical positions. In twenty years the percentage of women in this class increased to five per cent. of the total employed, while the figures of the last census promise a still more encouraging advance. It is further shown that in the last decade of the 19th century the number of woman bookkeepers in the United States increased by about 50,000, the number of woman clerks by over 10,000, the number of saleswomen by over 100,000, the number of stenographers and typewriters by 65,000; and the list might be continued through every profession or trade entered by women. All show a greater or less increase, proving that there is always room for the competent. It is only by adding real effort, perseverance and determination to a natural talent, however, that the top is reached. The woman who spends months, even years, in acquiring skill or knowledge in some line of work that appears attractive because of the few women in it, and not because she has any special talent for it, makes a fatal mistake.

Stick to a Good Job.

A weary little public school teacher, worried into a state of hysteria by a long year with a class of unruly slum children, threw up her position, and, misled by the success of a friend, undertook to become a stenographer. She had just the qualities that make a good teacher, but none of the alertness, endurance and steady nerve that are indispensable in the shorthand writer. She remembered that her friend had spent only three months on a course of lessons, but forgot that at the end of the three months had come a position at $5 per week with eight hours of uninterrupted typewriting each day, after which, in order to make headway toward a better salary, every evening from half past seven to eleven was spent in speed practice. The little teacher put in a hot summer in a private business school and later, through the kindness of friends, obtained a position in a section of the country most unhealthy

The choice of the right work determines at the start the measure of success.

SENATOR MARTIN'S CASE.

Renomination for Virginia Statesman Cost a Small Fortune.

Senator Martin of Virginia is out of pocket $11,500 in expenditures to secure a renomination to the United States Senate. This is more than one-third of the salary he would receive during the whole six years of his new term. The expenditure, it seems, was necessary. The Senator had a popular opponent who set a hot pace and kept it up to the end. There was nothing for Mr. Martin to do but to canvass the State from end to end and this, with other necessary expenses, ran the total high. This fight of Senator Martin for renomination and the necessary large expenditure, which is looked upon as entirely legitimate and free from any corruption, has aroused considerable comment among politicians and prominent men at Washington, as being an exceptional clear cut example of present political methods and necessities.

"Martin's troubles are now practically over," said a prominent Southern-

SENATOR MARTIN.

er, stopping at the national capital, who has all his life been familiar with the practical methods of political nominations and elections. "Martin can draw a check or two more and then close up his book because Virginia is not a close State; but suppose it were, and that Senator Martin was now obliged to meet a Republican antagonist, able to give him the fight for the election that Governor Montague gave him for the nomination, so that he had to spend $11,500 additional—a total of $23,000. This would leave him $7,000 of salary for his full time of six years of service.

Might Have Cost Thirty Thousand.

"Nay, more. Virginia is a State where campaigning is rather primitive. Money still has a good value in most of the sections. There is not the holding up and bleeding of candidates at every turn that there is in some of the more closely contested States, so that it is entirely conceivable that Senator Martin might have legitimately expended more than his entire $30,000 in order to be re-elected; a man, too, of character and ability, who has served his State so well in the Senate that people might have thought he could have had the renomination for the asking, if it was not actually forced upon him.

"But the case is typical, although it may not be usual. Politics are everywhere getting to be very expensive where two men want the same place. I have seen the increase in cost grow and grow. What I hear asked now, among thinking men is, what is the effect upon our national legislation when it would appear that only wealthy men can think of running for election and where there can be no contest for the honor by any but the wealthy. Is the situation telling upon our public affairs? and if so, what is the remedy; what can we do about it?"

FORTY PIES A MINUTE.

PITTSBURG MAN INVENTS A MACHINE TO MAKE PIES BY THE MILLION.

Annual Output Would Reach Half Across the Continent.—Would Drive Mother Out of Business.

"Pies like mother used to make!" Is that possible? And yet it is learned by dispatches from Pittsburg that a man there can make such appetizing delicacies at a rate of twenty-four thousand pies in ten hours, or forty in a minute through the aid of a machine which he has just perfected. If the machine can do what is claimed for it and turn out good wholesome pies there should be enough to go around

H. L. SONS, THE PIE MAN.

to everybody even following the fiercest political campaigns. The statement made by the inventor from the Smoky City certainly is a marvel when it is figured just what the machine's capacity for pie-making is. Suppose we have the machine running ten hours a day, six days in the week, allowing for holidays and breakdowns, making the lemon meringue pies, for which the machine is specially adapted, we have, with say 300 working days a year, the sum total of 7,200,000 pies a year. If these pies are like mother used to make, then of course they are each about nine inches in diameter and an inch and a quarter thick. Mother always used a couple of eggs and a lemon to each pie and so the Pittsburg baker would use 7,200,000 lemons, and 14,400,000 eggs. Laying these 7,200,000 pies out in one long row, we would have a distance of about 1,022 miles from the first pie in the row to the last. A reckless chauffeur in an up-to-date automobile, traveling at a rate of 25 miles an hour, including necessary stops, could make the journey across these pies in a little less than three days..

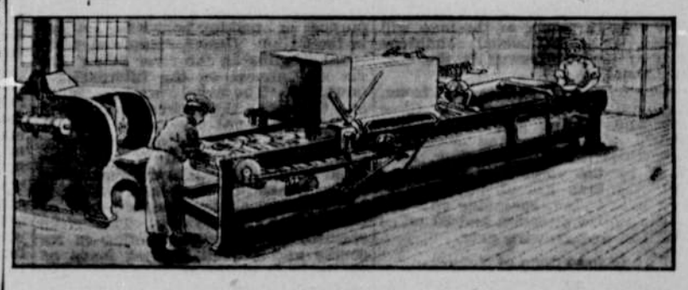
A Pie Tower Magnificent.

Again taking "Mother's pies" as a basis, the products of this machine in a year, if piled one on the other would give us a monstrous column over 142 miles high. Of course a generous housekeeper would divide the pies in fifths, so that if our 7,200,000 pies were so shared, we would be able to feed 36,000,000 people, or nearly one-half the population of the United States, or more than 100 times the number of people living in Pittsburg. By using different shifts and working the machine to its full capacity the pie line would extend nearly across the continent and furnish pie to every man, woman and child in the United States.

The story of the actual performance of the pie machine is truly wonderful. In fact two machines are necessary. In the first the crust is produced. Instead of pie pans, molds like waffle irons are used to form the crust. As the molds pass along on an endless chain, they move a lever at one end which permits the pie dough to enter the pans, shaped something like waffle irons, and they then pass between two sets of burners which take the place of the oven. Of course before the dough is released the irons are heated to the proper temperature. The dough is contained in a huge tank above the machine, a feed pipe running down, and by means of a piston, just enough dough is forced down to fill one of the molds as it passes under the pipe. The strokes of the piston are so regulated as to be timed with the arrival of each pan under the pipe. As soon as the crust is baked they are removed by an attendant who stands at one end of the machine. These crusts are then arranged on a large pan which is taken up by another attendant who places the crusts in the second machine.

Filling by the Ton.

This is also of the endless chain type, with two vast vats at one end, one of which contains the lemon filling and the other the meringue. By carefully regulated ratchets the filling and the meringue are fed alternately. The pies then pass on to an overhead burner which gives the top of the meringue a rich brown. The pie, thus completed, is passed out from under the baker and is ready for disposal by the American pie eater.



AT THE RATE OF FORTY A MINUTE.

A RUG FIT FOR A KING.

Shah's Gift to Edward of a Wonderful Product from the Eastern Hand Looms.

Never outside fairyland has been seen such a wonderful carpet as that which King Edward received the other day as a present from the Shah of Persia—a token of his appreciation of the affectionate hospitality extended to him on the occasion of his last visit to England.

When this marvelous production of Persian artists and weavers was spread out before his majesty at Buckingham Palace he must have been reminded of some of the scenes depicted in the "Arabian Nights."

It had been known for some days past that a special Ambassador from the Persian monarch was to wait upon the King, and there was some speculation as to the object of his mission. The secret was well kept, and it was not until the arrival of the ambassador at the palace that any information could be gained as to the contents of the great packing case over which he kept vigilant guard.

For more than two years quite a little army of designers and weavers has been constantly at work upon the carpet, and the result has been the production of what even in Persia must be considered a royal masterpiece.

The design is very curious, complex and certainly most ingenious; the colors are perfect and faultlessly blended; and the manufacture is flawless. The rug has been made entirely by hand.

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