

NEW COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS

No Longer Are They Debonair Mashers and Lady Killers, But Solid Business Men

AMBASSADORS OF COMMERCE

The New Types are Splendid, Optimistic, Energetic Fellows Plodding Cheerily Along into Every Town and Hamlet.

Sheffield Ingalls, son of the late and eloquent Senator John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, pays his respects to the Commercial Traveler of today in this article, which appeared as a leader in the Atchison (Kan.) Daily Champion.

In these shimmering days of commercialism when the fight for trade supremacy is so uncompromising it is interesting to pause and reflect upon the potential agencies that are at work to keep red-hot the path which leads to the coveted goal of money success and regular dividends in the development and extension of trade, there appears that same indomitable courage and energy and that same splendor of genius and power on the part of its captains, that has characterized the great leaders in every department of life since the world began to move and throb upon its axis. Despite the creation and organization of gigantic corporations with the object of stifling competition, simplifying methods and doing business on a cheaper scale, there yet remains so many independent concerns that commercial warfare is an ever present reality. So today in addition to the post, the telegraph and the telephone, the business houses of this country, large and small, have available themselves of a great army of professional traveling salesmen, who being armed with samples of their wares and other proper credentials, are delegated to go out into the world and sell goods.

It is a practice far too common among a great many people to make these men the subject of much derision, which upon proper observation and investigation they would find to be unjust. The impression is largely based upon old notions of the professional "drummer." He of an earlier day with the waxed mustache, the stiff hair, the loud clothes, the glass shag and the vulgar, insinuating manner, whose pictures used to appear in the columns of the funny papers, and "lady killers" in those days, with wild, careless and unsteady habits. In a manner they represented the times. But as conditions changed this class disappeared and today we find upon the cars and in the hotels all over the country a body of self-respecting, serious-minded, modestly attired intelligent men who can rightly and quite properly be called envoys and ambassadors of trade. At all hours of the night and day, in sunshine or in rain, in snow or cloudy weather you can find these splendid, optimistic, energetic fellows plodding cheerily along into every town and hamlet, spreading the gospel of trade and contributing of their time and talents towards the prosperity and success of their employers' business at so much per month. As a class the commercial traveler of today is a creditable and desirable citizen. He is industrious and temperate. He is the faithful husband of a good wife. The proud father of happy children. He owns the house he lives in. He has money in the bank and stock in the company he travels for. He is upright and square with his fellows and he is always a gentleman.

Too Greedy.
Robert Herrick, novelist, said at a recent luncheon in Chicago. "There is a type of American wife who, in her greed for display, brings unhappiness on herself. She rather reminds me of the fat man and the table d'hote dinner."

"This man entered a restaurant that served a dinner at the fixed price of 75 cents. He knotted a napkin about his neck and fell to heavily so heavily, in fact, that the waiter, after a whispered conversation with the proprietor, approached him and said: "Beg pardon, sir, but I'll have to charge you a quarter extra; you eat so much."

"The fat man, red and short of breath from his excessive gorging, said earnestly: "For goodness' sake, don't do that! I'm nearly dead now from eating 75 cents' worth. If you make me eat another quarter I'll bust."

A Curious Story.
The Queen of Hanover, wife of King Ernest Augustus of Hanover (better known as the Duke of Cumberland, son of George III.), died at Hanover about 1847 of an illness which baffled the skill of her doctors as to its real cause. During her illness a clairvoyant was consulted, who wrote certain curious signs and words on the door of her bedroom, but although these mystic words were repeated over and over again the Queen died.

The King of Hanover, after his wife's death gave orders that her bed should always be kept as though the Queen would sleep there at night. The bed was turned down, the pillows, cushions, hot water brought and the sheets slipped laid in readiness for her.

MOTOR CAR ADVENTURES

Automobilists Are Not Infrequently Attacked by Animals.

Fortunately for motorists, it is not a common occurrence for a cow to take a flying leap into their car. It was the startling experience of a lady and two gentlemen, at Lynton, in England, recently, but even more alarming adventures occasionally fall to their lot.

Not long ago, for instance, Mme. Senyer-Bettaque, a well-known stage actress, motoring through a forest with a wild boar challenged her further progress. Like the foolish red Indians who used to urge their mustangs to jump the giant iron horse of the prairies, this foolish boar vainly imagined that he could annihilate the daring invader of his forest kingdom. The result to himself was disastrous for he was speedily resolved into ham and bacon trifle, a what time the car was sent careering up against a telegraph pole which was demolished and injured the lady in its fall. The lady felt that she had a grievance against the owners of the forest. The latter wanted damages against her for the destruction of their boar and telegraph pole, and their respective claims were to be adjudicated on by a court of law.

A similar fate recently befell a car and Maharanee of Kapurti, who were motoring after nightfall through the forest, when they found themselves face to face with an angry bull, which, with lowered horns, barred their way. As the car refused to stop, much less retreat, the stag charged full tilt at it, and paid the price of his misguided valor by dropping dead with a broken neck.

More alarming still was the adventure of two ladies traveling in a motor car near Roumote, on the outskirts of Paris. A stag that was had pressed by the bounds jumped into the car for refuge, the dogs clamoring and leaping around it. But alas his suit was short, for the car was stopped the ladies made a hurried escape and the bounds soon disposed of the stag. A few weeks ago the occupants of a car traveling at high speed along a deserted stretch of road between Birmingham and London, at night saw a large hare racing after the car, and in front of them. Fearing the car would in pursuit and faster frightened animal sped until, after it had continued for a few miles it collapsed and dropped. When the motorists stopped they found the hapless dead in the roadway, with no apparent mark or injury.

Character Books.

The following is a list of questions for making a character book.

- (1) What is your favorite book?
- (2) What is your favorite flower?
- (3) What is your favorite color?
- (4) What season of the year do you like best?
- (5) Who is your favorite author?
- (6) What hero in fiction do you prefer?
- (7) What heroine in fiction is your favorite?
- (8) What is the nicest thing that ever happened?
- (9) What is your favorite sport?
- (10) What do you want most in the world?
- (11) What quality do you most admire in a woman?
- (12) What quality do you most admire in a man?
- (13) Who is your favorite poet?
- (14) Where would you most like to live?
- (15) What do you think is the nicest thing in the world?
- (16) Where did you have the best time of your life?
- (17) What is your favorite occupation?
- (18) What is your favorite proverb?
- (19) What is your favorite excitement?
- (20) What is your favorite quotation?

Wise and Otherwise.
A stupid man may sin on purpose and yet not have much purpose in his sins.

When patience has its perfect work it does not stop work for shorter hours.

Genius never stops to look at the clock. Talent may look, but not stop. Diligence works up to the last second and perhaps a little longer. Indolence adds its twin, shiftlessness, like Genius, have no use for clocks.

No burglar yet has pleaded that he entered a jewelry store thinking it was a watch house.

More than one Wall Street stock king is made of lamb's wool.

Some men will give assent to a benevolent scheme when it is proposed, but not even one cent after ward.

Evil may be called good, and good evil; but goods—of the dry variety, at least—are never called evils, unless they are out of fashion.

Manuscript is only another word for handwriting; but a handwritten manuscript gets the cold shake from the editors.

Three years out of four she may have to tell him to ask papa; but in leap year she can be her own popper.

The Explanation.
They passed a magnificent building during their travels. "That's a fine house," said Brown to Jones, "and yet I cannot bear to look at it." "Why not?" asked Jones. "Why?" repeated Brown. "Because the owner built it out of blood, the ashes, the groans of his fellowmen; out of the grief of children, and the walls of women."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Jones; "the brutal! What is he—a money lender?" "Oh, no, dear friend; he is a dentist!"

BANDIT BUSINESS NOT THRIVING

Present Day Emulators of the James Boys Now Found Only in Southwest

ADDED DIFFICULTIES TO TRADE

Still, Present Day Emulators of the James Brothers and "Black Bart" Are More Desperate Men Than Were Their Prototypes.

Though the day of the train robber and brigand is almost over, occasionally a desperate man dons a bandit mask and tempts Fate in the person of some hardhearted, straight-shooting deputy sheriff by sticking the muzzle of a gun into some engineer's face. But as a steady business in this country at least, the holdup man of this type has ceased to exist.

In the United States almost the only holdups reported to-day are from the Southwest. Mexico still has its bandits, but an edict issued by President Diaz two or three years ago, ordering the rurales to kill, rather than take the trouble of capturing alive, the brigands who infested the mountain roads has had the desired effect of decreasing very perceptibly the number of holdups reported from that country.

The present day emulators of the James brothers, Younger brothers and "Black Bart" are more desperate men than were their prototypes of thirty years ago. The chances for escape of the train robber are many times less to-day than they were a generation ago. Every express and railroad company has a well-equipped protective organization of its own.

The conveniently lonely stretches of road have given way to towns and settlements in each of which law-abiding men are ready at an instant's notice to form a posse and take to the country in pursuit of a robber.

Despite the added difficulties and handicaps under which he must work, however, the bandit does still occasionally make his appearance. A robbery as daring as any ever perpetrated in the younger days of the West was reported but a few weeks ago from the City of Mexico.

A pay car on its way to the Las Grandes Mines in the State of Queretaro was held up by bandits, three of the four guards accompanying it were killed instantly and more than \$5,000 in gold was stolen. The robbery was committed at a lonely spot on the road that winds along the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains. The four men who were riding on the car, though heavily armed, had but little chance to offer resistance to the robbers. As the car rounded a turn in the road a perfect rain of bullets that came from the heavy undergrowth along the side of the mountain, instantly killed three of the men. The fourth, although badly wounded, fired several shots from his rifle, but when more than half a dozen masked men sprang down into the road and surrounded the car, he threw up his hands and surrendered. The bandits made their escape into the mountains with their plunder and although the rurales were sent in pursuit they have not as yet been caught.

The European bandit, who up to five years ago flourished practically unhampered by law, have, like American counterparts, been forced to become more circumspect in their operations. Up to about 1902 large bands of robbers in certain remote regions of Sicily and the Balkan countries made a practice of levying on travelers who passed along the mountain roads, seizing the richer ones and holding them for ransom. A favorite means of enforcing and possibly hurrying up the payment of the money demanded was to send a finger or an ear of the captive to the relatives on whom the demand for money had been made.

In the past five years, however, the governments of these countries have given close attention to policing the mountain districts so that to-day brigandage in Europe is no more common than in the United States.

Not a Drummer's Paradise.

A New York commercial traveler on his first business trip to Europe writes: "I am glad that I am a buyer and not a seller out here, and I want to tell the boys who go on the road in our beloved country that there is a life of unalloyed bliss, one continuous round of pleasure, in comparison with that of the drummers on this side of the big water. We travel from New York to San Francisco and from Portland to Key West, and get along with our own language. One would have to be a first-class linguist to do justice to one-tenth of that territory here. I met a drummer in Budapest who was selling for a German concern. Besides German, he had to speak several of the Slavonic tongues, and when he made his trips to Switzerland and Italy he had to speak Italian as well. Worst of all, after many years of work this man was making about 3,000 marks a year, and, when you figure a mark at 25 cents, that is not what one might call without fear of contradiction a princely stipend."

Our Privileged Classes.

"Ah," complained the visiting nobleman, "but you have no privileged classes in this country." "We haven't," replied the prominent citizen. "You ought to be out some night with a gang of college boys are on a tear."

THE ARCTIC TEMPLE OF ICE

Crystal Palace Found by Ill Fated Erichsen Expedition.

Amid the bleak, icy deserts of Greenland the survivors of the recent ill fated Erichsen expedition discovered a sight of majesty that soled them for months of darkness, tedium and suffering. They found a crystal palace of superhuman architecture, "farther than a dozen cathedrals and Egyptian temples, resplendent with jewels and endless decorations of ice created by nature in a forbidding wilderness. It frightened the eyes of the explorers and awed them with unimagined magnificence. The dreams of poets and the fancies of epic heroes were surpassed by this vision of colossal loveliness, which the painter Arthon Fria, a member of the expedition, endeavored to carry away for the benefit of dwellers in civilization.

More than a mile in length, the lofty nave of this Arctic temple of ice was pierced at intervals with windows through which the glancing sun rays sparkled on columns and cubes and immense clusters of stalactites like pendant jewels. An iridescent glow as if from opals and diamonds, suffused the lighter spaces and shaded into the bluish twilight which reigned in the solemn transepts. The painter depicted of comprehending even the elusive colors that emanated from very surface and were infinitely varied by combination and reflection.

Through the centre of the ice palace flowed a stream of water, whose occasional ripples and splashing fall broke the majestic silence. The human voice reverberated weirdly against the massive walls and the arched roof a tone of mystery or of giant power was repeated by invisible spirits of the North. There were echoes like times of bells, matching the fairy decorations of the nave. A huge disturbance caused by the cracking of a distant ice rumbled through the cavern as if it were the beginning of a prelude on an organ appropriate for an Arctic temple. What strains of might and of brooding softness would be required in such music!

In habitéd latitudes the architecture of frozen water is regarded as a pleasing fantasy, something which lasts a few short months and disappears. Far North it is possible that palaces and temples should endure about change longer than human structure of stone. The carcases of prehistoric monsters have remained in Arctic tombs for thousands of years, while granite pyramids have worn away and Babylonian civilizations have been buried deep in the earth. Some day the world may decide to store its most valuable records for posterity at the poles.

Attar of Roses in Bulgaria.

The two plants specially cultivated in Bulgaria for industrial purposes are both highly scented, though in different ways—they are tobacco and roses.

The great rose plantations are at Kazanlik, Karlova and Klisoura, and the chief kinds grown are the damask and various species of white roses. The rose growing district comprises 73 villages and 15,500 acres of rose plantations, and it takes 250 pounds of roses to make one ounce of pure attar of roses.

The ground of a rose plantation is prepared very much as for vine growing that is to say, rows of ditches are made about a foot and a half wide and a yard and a half apart. The bushes are struck in vertically and well covered with earth and fertilizer in a year the bushes are a foot high and at the end of the third year the first rose crop can be gathered. The attar of roses varies from two to twenty five years and then the old roots are dug out and the garden is freshly planted.

The rose crop is gathered at the end of May; the harvest is described by eye witnesses as being a most picturesque sight. The peasant girls and boys gather the roses at sunrise while the dew is heavy on their leaves, and as they gather the fragrant blossoms they sing the quaint Bulgarian folk songs.

The roses are taken to the distillery and distilled during the day, and when the precious attar has been collected and bottled it is sent to London, Paris and New York.

Worked Hard, Too.

A persistent lawyer who had been trying to establish a witness's suspicious connection with an offending railroad was at last elated by the witness's admission that he "had worked in the railroad."

"Ah," said the attorney, with a satisfied smile, "You say you have worked on the P. T. & X?"

"Yes."

"For how long a period?"

"Of and on for seven years, or since I have lived at Peacedale on their line."

"Ah! You say you were in the employ of the P. T. & X. for seven years, off and on?"

"No, I did not say that I was employed by the P. T. & X. I said that I had worked on the road, off and on, for that length of time."

"Do you wish to convey the impression that you have worked for the P. T. & X. for seven years without 'off and on'?"

"Absolutely without reward," the witness answered, calmly. "For seven years, off and on, I've tried to open the windows in the P. T. & X. cars, and never once have I succeeded."

All in a Name.

Many a young man starting out to conquer the world considers himself an Alexander, when he is in reality but a smart Alex.

BLUEBEARD ONCE WAS A REALITY

The Original Was Gilles de Laval, Marshal of France in the Year of 1492

WORSE THAN NURSERY HERO

Had Always in Sombre Moods, His Swallowtail Black Beard Gave Him an Uncanny Appearance—Weird Search for the Philosopher's Stone

Bluebeard existed in reality. To be sure, he had not married seven wives, and therefore never threatened them with violent death, still, the enormities of which this original has been, until are not surpassed by the crimes of our hero of the nursery. The original Bluebeard was Gilles de Laval, son of Helitz, who was made Marshal of France in 1429, and in the reign of Charles VI and VII distinguished himself by his bravery against the English when they invaded France. He was born in the Castle of Marperon, in Vendee, in 1404, and still rise the ruins of a castle, which even to-day is called in the whole neighborhood the "Bluebeard castle," and the peasants when passing by at night make the sign of the cross. His former owner descended from one of the oldest families belonging to the Montmorencys on his mother's side. He was married at the age of thirteen, but his wife died in the same year and the second wife whom he married in the following year came to her death soon after her wedding. In 1420, at the age of sixteen he took for his wife (athene de Thouars, a girl of the same age, who besides her rich dowry inherited his estates by the barony of Pithanges. A great military career followed before the young man, who fought at the side of Jeanne d'Arc in all the battles against the English, and for his patriotism and heroism he became Marshal of France. Gilles de Laval was by no means the ugly, demonlike looking monster which the Bluebeard of the fairy tale pictures of our imagination, but rather a portly looking man of high stature and great muscular strength. Only his glossy long "blond" hair and his swallowtail "black" beard gave an uncanny impression. He was clad all in black. The reflections of this sombre costume, mingled with those of his light hair, made his beard appear of a bluish black color. Hence the surname Blue Beard, by which he is known even to-day in all those parts of Brittany, Anjou and Vendee, where the ruins of his castles are still in existence. The fortune of the marshal was immense. He owned cities, villages and towns in Brittany, in Anjou and Vendee which brought him an annual income of 60,000 livres, more than \$50,000 in our money. His personal property was estimated at \$1,000,000, an immense amount in his time. But all this fortune was sacrificed to his passion for art and literature, music and the stage. The services which he rendered his country might have immortalized his name, had he not forever blotted his glory by murders, impieties and debaucheries, to which he was led by his pride and ambition to outdo princes and kings in magnificence, pomp and power. In order to build up a new fortune Gilles became an alchemist. But his efforts to discover the philosopher's stone proved vain, and he applied to magic in order to learn all the secrets of heaven and earth. In dark caves, by the light of consecrated candles, and the rising of incense, he would, under all kinds of magical rites and incantations, invoke the demons and even try to conjure Satan in his own person. He wrote to the Evil One letters in his own blood, renounced the safety of his soul, and sold himself to the devil. But neither the infernal spirits nor their commander would answer him. The marshal despaired at his failure. There remained but one means—the blood of innocent children must surely be a pleasing sacrifice to the devil and dispose his satanic majesty in favor of his worshipper. And thus started the series of murders which Gilles at first committed in honor of the devil, but which caused him so much pleasure that later on he killed numerous children for mere lust of cruelty. He corrupted young persons of both sexes that he might attach them to him, and afterward killed them for the sake of their blood for his charms and incantations. A terror soon spread over the whole country when everywhere children disappeared who met their death in the subterranean dungeons of "Blue Beard's" castles. Their number is estimated at from 700 to 800. At length he was arrested and, being found guilty of numerous atrocities, was sentenced, with his two accomplices, to be burned alive in a field at Nantes in 1440. Popular tradition confounds his crimes and atrocities with those of the nursery Bluebeard. Indeed, the real hero of Perrault's story kills his wives, while nothing of the kind is known of Gilles, whose wife, by the way, outlived him by several years, and contracted another marriage after his death. It is, however, likely that the stories of the terrible marshal were alive in Perrault's mind when he transferred this bloody picture from the ghoulish abysms of mediaeval fantasticalness into the purer world of the fairy tale.

THE LAMB IN WALL STREET

Plays a Game Whose First Rule He Doesn't Understand.

The lamb who thinks he can flick money out of Wall Street is permitted to succeed in his operations only until he has enough to make it worth the while for a professional to get up and take it from him. What possible chance has the gambler in such a game as this? Would he play poker with no chance of seeing the cards dealt, or of knowing how many cards his opponents draw, and with more than a suspicion that the cards are marked? Yet he does worse than that when he deals in stocks on a margin through the New York Stock Exchange. Does he ever realize that the winnings in the game played there depend on his own losses, and that the broker who receives his money on margin knows, not thinks, nor suspects, but knows, that in the end he will inevitably join the great majority before him, who have played and lost?

"If it were not against the rules of the New York Stock Exchange," exclaimed the head of a legitimate brokerage house, "I'd bucket every order I took."

"Do you mean to say that your customers are more likely to be wrong than right in their guesses?" was the surprised question of Mr. Lamb.

"Sure," was the reply, with an indulgent smile of superior wisdom on the frank open face of the broker. "A speculator on margin is not only likely to lose, he is sure to lose. Of course, he sometimes wins, gets on the right side of the market, and in a day or two walks off with twenty thousand dollars in his jeans. Do you think he stays away? Not much! That was too easy, and the next time he loses his twenty thousand of winnings and as much more besides as he'll stand for or can raise. Why, this business were in its pure gambling and we're not one whit better than Dick Canehead."

Remember, please, that the speculator was not a bucket shop man, nor a crank reformer, but the head of a legitimate New York Stock Exchange house, with thousands of customers, and he knew the game from beginning to end.

In the Fog.
Hudson Maxim, at the British Schools Club's recent banquet, referred to the fog of London.

"In one of the worst London fogs," said the inventor, "an old friend of mine tried to find his way from Trafalgar Square to the Savoy, where he had an engagement to dine.

"The sulphurous air made the eyes smart and the head ache, and it brought on terrific fits of coughing. You could not, literally, see your hand before your face. There was a continual crashing in of windows, bells jangled, vehicles and foot passengers collided, shrieks and oaths arose.

Threading his way in the midst of this pandemonium, through the Strand, as he supposed, from Landseer's lions to the waiting dinner at the Savoy my old friend, to his great bewilderment soon found himself descending a broad staircase. He put his hand to the balustrade. Yes, a broad and stately staircase, with a rail of carved stone. Amazing!

"Suddenly in his descent my friend collided with some one ascending the stairway.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello!" a gruff male voice replied. "Can you tell me," said my friend, "where I am going?"

"Certainly," said the other. "If you keep straight on you will walk into the Thames, for I've just come out of it."

A Sex Difference.

The van that brought the first load of furniture for the family moving in next door had as a passenger a small boy of about his own age. He welcomed the newcomer hospitably with:

"Hello."

"Say, you've got red hair too, ain't you?"

"Yes, so have you, ain't you, jes' like mine!"

"Do they ever call you 'Red'?"

"Umhm, and 'Reddie' and 'Redney.'"

"And 'Ginger'?"

"You bet, and 'Cedar.'"

"And 'Bricktop'?"

"Yes, and 'Soreltop'!"

"Does your Uncle Bob say you're copper mounted?"

"I ain't got no Uncle Bob, but granddaddy says I've got brass fittings."

"Ever call you 'Beets'?"

"No, but they call me 'Carrots' sometimes, cause I've got freckles too. See?"

A pause.

"Say, have you got a sister?"

"No, have you?"

"Yes, but she's grown up. She wears long dresses, and has got a beauty that comes to see her every Sunday evening."

"Has she got red hair too?"

"Umhm, jes' like mine."

"What do they call her?"

"Aw, she's a suburban haired beauty!"

Artificial Sapphires.

Mr. Lacroix, a member of the French Academy of Sciences, has just read a paper before that learned society on the manufacture of sapphires. He has discovered practically the composition of the precious stone, and has succeeded in obtaining some specimens which almost resemble the real stone. It cannot be said that Mr. Lacroix has yet discovered the exact process, for those which he has obtained would not impose upon a skillful lapidary who subjected them to a severe test.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.