

MEN WHO HAVE SUCCEEDED

MR. H. E. HARMAN, OF ATLANTA

A Native of South Carolina. He first came here in 1850. He has been in business since then. He is now one of the leading trade paper publishers and president of the Southern Trade Press Association.

Mr. Harman is a native of South Carolina, and spent the first ten years of his life in that State, making here his first success, so that he is claimed partly as a native. He comes of good blood, his great-grandfather having served in the Revolution and both his grandfather and father having served through the civil war.

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enter the college, and when he had finished his course he returned to his home in South Carolina, and there he became known as a successful business man.

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GREEN TALKS TO BIG MEN

MAKES WASHINGTON A VISIT

Exra Interviewer Messrs. Taft, Shaw and Fairbanks on the Presidency—The Secretary of War—Some Doubt as to Whether the White House is Big Enough for Him—Shaw Worries About Taft Running Foot Races to Put Himself in Condition.

BY EZRA GREEN.

After I'd seen Secretary Loeb and he'd convinced me it wasn't no use to cherish hope, that Mister Roosevelt might be persuaded to renounce his lease on the White House, I decided to go on to Washington and have a look at the fellow who are said to be sitting round a hopen the Republican party will ketch them off of their rard some day and surprise them. I'd heard a good deal about Mister Fairbanks and Mister Taft and Mister Shaw, and the rest, and after my experience with Mister Loeb at Oyster Bay I wanted to meet some other gracie men to see if they was all like him. They wasn't.

When I got to Washington a feller to the hotel said I'd better hunt up Mr. Taft first because it mite take me some time to find him. He luffed when he said it and I felt kind of hurt thinkin he mite be laffin at me. When I saw Mr. Taft I nowed what he meant. Mister Taft certainly is hefty and the big buildin where he has his office don't seem none too big for him.

"Mister Taft," sez I, "what about the presidency?"

"The presidency," sez he, "what's that?"

"Why," sez I, "the job that Mister Roosevelt has got. Are you agoin' to try to get it?"

"I'm agoin' to agoin' to quit?" sez he. "I'm agoin' to agoin' to quit?"

"Then I explained to him careful like about how Mister Roosevelt's lease on the White House would be out pretty soon and how Mister Roosevelt had sed he wasn't agoin' to renounce it."

"Oh," sez Mister Taft, "no the White House is agoin' to be vakent, eh? What's the matter Mister Roosevelt don't like it?"

"I told Mister Taft as how the White House was all rite and a tip top place to live in, but as how Mister Roosevelt pined for the simpel life and as how the capitol in Penna, avoo disturbed his meditations."

"Do you think it would be big enuff fer me to live in?" sez Mister Taft, reel serious like but with a hopeful lile in his eye.

I looked them over careful, and then I loved he mite make it do by squeezein some. "It's old," sis I, "but they blit bidings better in them days."

"Well, I'll tell you," sez Mister Taft, leanin over and whisperin to me behind his hand, jist like the cheerman of the political committee always do durin a township campane. "I've bin told there's a mite got but the secken court is a mite big, but all the funny men on the newspapers have loved as how the suprem bench wasnt strong enuff to hold me, and to tell you the truth I've bin a little mosey."

"You don't mean to say," sez he, "that you think a man as fat as Taft is could run for President and make any headway?"

"He was worried like when I told him Mister Taft had bin a runnin foot rases and things to git in practise and he wanted to no what kind of time Mister Taft had made."

"Then I told 'em do a little kind on my own account."

"Mister Taft," sez I, "as how he may be a bit hefty and not as spry on his legs as some, but as how he's big enuff to hold down the job, which is more than some folks is as he could name."

"Well, sir, you otter see Mister Shaw when I sed that. I got the sure to go plim krazy. Mister Shaw, you no, is blit a good deal like a sketer."

"Makin me, I suppose meenin me," he shouted, and he seemed to fele so bad I was reel sorry I'd ride to please him. "Well," sez he, "if I was blit like some people I no I wood talk none."

"Mister Shaw walked up and down his office and I could see plane he was agitated. But pritty soon his face lited up."

"I jist wish you'd show me," he sez, "as how you'd like to be wayed over 500 lbs." And Mister Shaw sets down agin with that sort of attended smile you've seen at debatin society when one feller has advanced a argument he thinks the other feller cant answer.

I wasn't anxious to renoue the subject, seel as how Mister Shaw had kooled down, so I ride a new ak.

"It no a man up in Plainville," sez I, "as how you're jist the rite site to be President."

"What's his name," sez Mister Shaw, perk in rite smart.

"Hank Wheaton," sez I, quick as a flash, the I didn't have nobody particularly in mind when I spoke bein jist a try-in to south Mister Shaw.

"And Hank would be rite tiked to no," sez I, "if you're agoin' to be a candidate for the nomination."

"Well," sez Mister Shaw, "Binisatious left his plow when his country called, and it aht for me to be too proud to heed the voices of my fellow-countrymen. And if I do say it myself as shudent, I think I'd make as good a job as what come in. The folks I no, I s'ist a-menschunin no names, but the feller I mean aint none's a hundred miles away."

STUDIES HUMAN NATURE

HOTEL WAITER KNOWS HIS MAN

The Quiet Servitor in Black is Genially a Linguist and Has Been to School to Learn His Business—He Can Translate a Menu Into Plain English and Understands Rare Viandages—Fifteen Thousand First-Class Waiters in the United States.

New York, July 27.—There are just about 15,000 first-class waiters in the United States. This statement is made on the authority of the administration of L'Union Genevoise in the United States, and until recently a dining room captain in the Hotel Astor.

By the phrase "first-class waiter" is meant one who is thoroughly versed in all branches of the trade, besides being able to speak several languages. Eight thousand of these men are members of L'Union Genevoise, and are mostly French, German, Italians and Austrians. Many of them have passed through a regular course of training, best exemplified by the "Academie" at Priedewaldt, near Dresden, Saxony, where everything is taught which is necessary for the equipment of a really good waiter.

There the student learns cooking in all its branches and memorizes the endless variety of strange and unusual names given to very simple dishes, in order that he may be able to describe and explain the contents of the bewildered diner. Wine lists are also perplexing puzzles to many, and these must be carefully studied before a waiter can venture to recommend any particular wine or special viandage.

If you ask the hotel waiter about his work you will find he looks upon it as a profession—one which has its standards and traditions, and which, being learned by long and arduous study, has a world-wide recognition. The average hotel waiter has very likely never heard of L'Union Genevoise, or the International Hotel Employes Society, as it is also known. The first is a proper title, and, as it implies, the society was formed in Geneva, Switzerland. It does many things for the quiet man in black who serve the hungry in hotel dining rooms. After having been thoroughly trained and made competent to hold a position in any civilized country, the waiter is sure of

himself wherever he may be, from Bloomfontain, South Africa, to Boston. On arriving in a strange city, he has but to present himself at the offices of the association and exhibit his membership book, which shows whether he has paid his dues and whether he has honorably discharged from his last situation.

In case of illness, after a man has been a member from six months to five years, he receives a eighty-five cent benefit. In other cases his membership has spread over five years, the amount he gets is one dollar and twenty-five cents per day, over ten and up to fifteen years one dollar and sixty cents, and for anything above fifteen years, two dollars per day. Since its organization in 1879, the society has paid out \$30,000 in sick benefits and payments for burial fees. Loans and donations and securing employment for members bring the total to \$155,550. In order to qualify as a member of the club it is necessary that each candidate be of good character and have been connected with the hotel and restaurant trade for at least two years. Above all he must be a thoroughly competent and experienced waiter.

A first-class waiter is born, not made, says the head waiter of the Hunting Room of the new Hotel Astor. "From the moment that a man enters upon his duties as the most insignificant 'piccolo' or 'omnibus' waiter, he has a natural aptitude for the business, the amount of careful instruction required to form him is very great, although his nationality makes much difference in the matter. The best men are generally French, German or Swiss, and these have often had the advantage of attending academies or even kindergartens established at foreign hotels in the off-season, when they break camp and run from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, a generous salary, but one which is certainly well earned.

Some people are fond of asserting that these imperturbable purveyors, instead of being paid by the hotel proprietor, most infrequently have to stay for the privilege of working in the establishment. As a matter of fact, the best New York waiters get twenty-five dollars a week and their clothes. Their tips, it has been calculated, run from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, a generous salary, but one which is certainly well earned.

Found Owner of Purse After Twenty Years.

Schenectady Gazette.

Twenty years ago the Rev. Frank Windagle, now pastor of the Methodist church of Sodus, found a purse containing a sum of money, which he returned to the owner, but made every effort to find the owner, but failed.

He nevertheless treasured the purse and the money all these years with the thought that it was another's, and that one day he would be able to give it to the owner. While reading a Rochester newspaper a few years ago he saw an advertisement signed by J. S. Westfall, of Penn Yan. As that name was on the inside of the pocket-book, he thought that it was the advertisement might be the owner. A correspondence showed the purse to be correct and the purse was returned.

The Rush Message.

Modern Society.

A well dressed young man approached the desk in a telegraph branch office and wrote a message. Laying the pen down, he handed the message to the girl and said: "You can rush this for me, can't you?"

"It's very important," he went on. "I must have it rushed."

"I'll do my best," she replied, turning away. "Be sure and rush it now."

"Thank you," he said, and he handed the message to another operator standing near. "Look what is to be rushed," she said.

The message read: "Henry still loves his little wife and wishes she could be with him."

Ring of Mysterious Power.

Le Cri de Paris.

The statue of the Virgin in the cathedral at Madrid wears on its fingers a ring which is the subject of a popular legend. Alfonso XIII gave it, it is said, to Queen Mercedes. She died one month afterwards. The king then took the ring and presented it to another member of the royal family, who succumbed immediately to a stroke of apoplexy. Two other persons who afterwards wore the ring met a like fate. Alfonso XIII did not then dare pass it to other hands. He kept the ring himself. Three months later the throne was vacant.

The people of Madrid say this ring of the Virgin has a double power. It kills almost immediately those who are not absolutely worthy to wear it; or, on the contrary, assures the happiness and long life of the sovereign who will restore it to Spain's former glory. It is believed that the Spanish King, Alfonso XIII, before his marriage, piously touched and kissed this mysterious ring, and because he did so was spared in the recent attempt at assassination.

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THE POWER OF JOURNALISM

JOURNALISTS BORN, NOT MADE

Utterance of the Late Mr. Avery Formed a Test From Which Much of Value is Deducted—Great Journals Serve a High Purpose by Becoming the Educators of People Who Are Reached in No Other Way—The Press Behind the Making of Every Great City.

BY L. P. COFFIN.

Written for The Observer.

The late Mr. Avery, of The Charlotte Observer, in one of his brilliant little paragraphs, said, in effect, of a journalist that he was born, not made, that the matter was of a beautiful simplicity, for either he had the visual eye or he did not have it, and there remained little else to be said. This statement, coming from one whose work was so human, so versatile, so far-reaching as was that of Mr. Avery forms a text from which much of value may be deducted. Of course, everything that can be said in this connection has been said already, as is the case with most words of import, but the possibilities of journalistic expression are so great that a subject so pregnant that it needs to be milled over and over again, until the world comes to know that there is a vital heart to the matter and that it must be reached.

If any man should rise up in a market-place and say anything long enough, in time he would come to be believed. Equally, what a community gathers day after day from its chosen journals is reached by a matter of individual journalism. The crassest youth who pads the street armed with note book and pencil can justly entertain the hope that some day he may reach the hearts of men by the magic stroke of a pen, and send home to them great truths in language fit and satisfying.

A woman who made copy in a big newspaper office once told me a strange thing. She said that her assignments were vetoed because the English in which they were couched was over fine. Such an objection was hard to understand for fine language is the personal, is very laudable and simple. It is the necessary technicalities to pure Anglo-Saxon and it forms a medium by which any correct matter may be conveyed from the latest policy of our Chief Executive, to a triumphant "The Chicago Kid" in an era. A spirited English girl was informed by an American on one occasion that The London Times was too full of little Princes. She retorted that his Washington Post was too full of slang. Of course, it was a fling, but there was truth in it.

Great journals should not only be informing, but should serve a higher purpose by becoming the educators of people. For any town, provided reforms obtain in other quarters, Lawson tells us that all men will come to be honest in time, and Mr. Sinclair has made it possible for any man to leave off eating his allotted peck of dirt. The man who reads no newspaper no longer sells alcohol under medical labels, and some day journals of spirit and enterprise will head the line of progression. Agony items will find place as supplies, and where they need be revolved only by those whose tastes are justly depraved. Lagging propositions will be relegated to intermediate positions where they belong and persons of ill-repute who rush into print will be rushed out again.

Finally, let me suggest that the voicing of its press is behind the making of every great city. It has as much to do with its development as the national press has with the development of the enterprise that plants its commercial depots. What The Constitution has done for Atlanta and The Observer is doing for Charlotte, any journal that is written for any town, provided it recognizes its possibilities and uses them all and wisely. Its press is the architect of each city's fortunes and the journalist, courageous, finely tempered, inclusive, is the chosen instrument of the architect's hand.

Hen's Brood of Partridges.

Mr. Thomas R. Gary set twelve partridge eggs under a hen and succeeded in raising six of them. The little birds are now two-thirds grown and the mother hen is devoted to them as if they were chickens.

He said it was a long time before they learned each other's language, during which time the little partridges came very near starving to death. In time familiarized themselves with the chicken language and now readily respond to the cluck of the hen, and are even tamer than little chickens.

Consul Brittain, of Kehl, explains the new method of keeping clean the congested business streets of larger German cities. Metal tanks are inserted at intervals to the level of the mother hen is devoted to them as if they were chickens.

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