

The Ideal Resort for Health or Pleasure Seekers



### The Mecklenburg Mineral Springs and Hotel CHASE CITY, VIRGINIA.

On the Southern Railway, ninety miles south of Richmond. Hotel thoroughly modern. Rooms single and en suite, private baths, steam heat, electric lights, elevator. Winter climate ideal, location and surroundings superb; cuisine and service the best. All popular diversions; orchestra. Game preserves of thirty thousand acres; quail, deer, turkey and small game abundant. Fox hunting. Fine livery.

Baruch and Nauheim system of baths. The famous Mecklenburg Springs water—Lithia and Chloride Calcium—served to guests. Tourists rates from all points. Stop over privileges on all tourist tickets. Weekly rates, \$15.00 and up. For booklets address

**THE MECKLENBURG,**  
Chase City, Virginia.

## THE BALMY BREEZES OF THE SUNNY SOUTH

Are laden with Health and Happiness for the Worn-out Wrestler with the Strenuous Life.

But you cannot repair wasted tissue or restore strength to jangled nerves with air and sunshine alone.

The stomach calls for a food that supplies body-building material in its most digestible form. Such a food is

## Shredded Whole Wheat.

It is made of the whole wheat, cleaned, cooked and drawn into fine porous shreds and baked. These delicate shreds contain all the nutritive elements of the whole wheat grain and are taken up and assimilated when the stomach rejects all other foods.

Shredded Wheat is made in two forms—**BISCUIT** and **TRISCUIT**. The **BISCUIT** is delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fresh or preserved fruit. **TRISCUIT** is the Shredded Whole Wheat wafer, crisp, nourishing and appetizing. Delicious as a toast with beverages or with butter, cheese or marmalade. Both the **BISCUIT** and **TRISCUIT** should be thoroughly heated in the oven just before serving.



“There's Health and Strength in Every Shred”

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL SUMMER RESORT IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS  
a modern village 1600 feet above sea level, is

## BETHLEHEM, N. H.

No better place for rest and recreation. Every amusement and sport common to resorts is found here, while the natural advantages and scenic beauties are unsurpassed.

**THE ARLINGTON** is one of the best of the many home-like hotels at a moderate price. Splendid location—excellent cuisine—modern in all its appointments. Fine golf links, tennis, orchestra. Long distance telephone. Furnished cottages for rent, \$250 to \$700.

F. C. ABBE, PROP.

## THE S.O., U.S.A.—SOUSA STORY

SOME ten years ago a creative press agent gave to the world interesting fiction about the origin of Bandmaster John Philip Sousa's name, and ever since that time the yarn has appeared periodically with numerous variations and some changes, but with the underlying idea unchanged, for it was novel, and the public loves novelty. Many it must have impressed as fiction, but its cleverness and originality made it a good story, and few like to spoil a good story by being too critical as regards the facts. And so, again and again, the yarn has been spun anew in this country and abroad, always interesting those who have seen it, and enlightening the uninformed.

Recently European musical papers have again taken the story up, and as a result, an American musical publication has written Bandmaster Sousa for information on the subject, thinking that possibly he might be able to state some facts in connection. The Bandmaster's reply, written during his sojourn here, is so typical of the man as he is seen in social life, so filled with the quaint humor which makes all of his conversations sparkle, and so spiced with his characteristic good English, that it is reprinted for the enjoyment of the large number of OUTLOOK readers who have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Sousa during his numerous sojourns here.

### MR. SOUSA'S LETTER.

If there is one thing I dislike more than another it is to spoil a good story. I vividly remember my infantile contempt for the punk-headed pirate who told me that Jack the Giant Killer never existed, and I clearly recall my undying hatred for the iconoclast who calmly informed me that Robinson Crusoe was a myth and his man, Friday, a black shadow, without life and substance. I also despised the man who said that Nero was never a fiddler, hence you can understand my position when you call on me in all seriousness to verify the story that my name is not Sousa but Philipso. When I received your letter my first impulse was to allow you to hang on the tender-hook of doubt for some moons and then in the interest of truth to gradually set you right.

The story of the supposed origin of my name is a rattling good one, and, like all ingenious fables, permits of international variation. The German version is that my name is Sigismund Ochs, great musician, born on the Rhine, emigrated to America, trunk marked **S. O., U. S. A.**; therefore the name. The English version is that I am one Sam. Ogden, a great musician, Yorkshire man, emigrated to America, luggage marked **S. O., U. S. A.**; hence the cognomen. The domestic brand of the story is that I am a Greek named Philipso, emigrated to America, a great musician; carried my worldly possessions in a box marked **S. O., U. S. A.**; therefore the patronymic.

This more or less polite fiction, common to society, has been one of the best bits of advertising I have had in my long career. As a rule, items about musical people find their way only into columns of the daily press, a few of the magazines, and in papers devoted to music, but this item has appeared in the religious, rural, political, sectarian, trade, and labor journals from one end of the world to the other, and it is believed that it makes its pilgrimage around the globe once every three years.

Its basilar source emanated about ten years ago, from the always youthful and ingenious brain of the publicity promoter, Col. Geo. Frederick Hinton. At that time Colonel Hinton was exploiting Sousa and his Band, and out of the inner recesses of his gray matter he involved this perennial fiction.

Since it first appeared I have been called on to deny it in Afghanistan, Beloochistan, Carniola, Denmark, Ethiopia, France, Germany, Hungary, Ireland, Japan, Kamtchatka, Lapland, Madagascar, Nova Scotia, Oporto, Philadelphia, Quebec, Russia, Senegambia, Turkestan, Uruguay, Venezuela, Wallachia, Xenia, Yucatan, and Zanzibar, but, even with this alphabetical-geographic denial on my part, the story—like Tennyson's brook—goes on forever.

Were it not for the reproving finger of pride, pointed at me by the illustrious line of ancestral Sousas, I would let it go at that; were it not for the decrying bunch of sisters and brothers ready to prove that my name is Sousa, and I cannot shake them, I might let your question go unheeded.

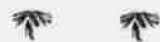
My parents were absolutely opposed to race suicide and were the authors of a family of ten children, six of whom are now living, all married and doing well in the family line; so well, indeed, that I should say about 1992 the name of Sousa will supplant that of Smith as our national name.

Now for the historical record: I was born on the sixth of November, 1854, on G Street, S. E., near Old Christ Church, Washington, D. C. My parents were Antonio and Elizabeth Sousa. I drank in lacteal fluid and patriotism simultaneously within the shadow of the Great White Dome.

I was christened John Philip at Dr. Finkel's Church on Twenty-second Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C., and would say, had I an opportunity to be born again, I would select the same parents, the same city, and the same time; in other words, I "have no kick coming."

Very sincerely,

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.



### Annual Invitation Tourney.

The annual invitation tournament of the Garden City Golf Club is booked for May 7, 8, and 9, two sixteens qualifying for the President's and Hempstead Cups; a handicap being held in connection with the thirty-six hole finals.