

ST. JOHN STAR, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1905.



(By G. V. Thomas.)

Of course, we all know graft when we see it, in the shape of a bribe to a legislator, in the shape of a tip to a waiter or bellboy, in the shape of ridiculously enormous salaries and fat directors' fees and stock syndicate profits to life insurance officials. But are we all so ready to recognize graft in some of its many much more common forms?

For example, do any of the incidents here set forth tell of graft? And if not, what? Business and social amenities? Custom? Thoughtlessness? Stupidity? Selfishness? Carelessness? Or just plain, everyday downright human nature?

Not so very long ago a certain city editor of the metropolis assigned a reporter to interview a certain eminent divine on the growth of the Easter spirit in this country among the Protestant denominations. Seeking the preacher in his church study, the reporter said to him:

"Dr. Blank, the paper which I represent would very much appreciate the courtesy of an interview with you on the manner in which the various Protestant denominations are celebrating Easter with all the elaborate services of the Catholic Church. Would you feel like granting the interview?"

The reverend doctor beamed.

"Why, certainly," he replied, "I shall be only too glad to tell you what I know about the development, and, furthermore, let me congratulate you on bringing to my attention a subject that is most decidedly interesting, but one which would doubtless never have occurred to me had you not mentioned it just now."

Then, in answer to the questions put to him, the preacher gave the reporter all the necessary material for a highly entertaining interview, throwing many unusual sidelights on the way the Protestant churches, one by one, lost their contempt for the celebration of what he had chosen to term a pagan surfeit and began observing it in all solemnity.

When the last question had been put and answered and the reporter had folded his notes, he warmly thanked the preacher for his courtesy and kindness, and the latter responded that he had been only too glad to have had the opportunity presented to him of talking on a subject of such great interest to him, but which he must repeat again, had never occurred to him.

So the reporter returned, jubilant, to his city editor, and told all that had occurred between him and the preacher, even to the compliment the latter had paid the editor's mental acumen in thinking of the subject matter of the interview. Therefore, what was the city editor's surprise two days later when he received this letter in his official mail:

"Dear Sir:—Day before yesterday, when one of your young men called on me to interview me on the growth of the Easter spirit among the Protestant churches generally, I did what I could to supply him with the information desired. I now write to ask you when I shall receive a check; and I trust that you will pardon the suggestion that it should be one commensurate with the unusual information I gave him. If, however, you do not see your way clear to send a check for an interview, may I further suggest that you do not use the interview, but permit me to dispose of it to my denominational paper, which, I feel, would be only too glad to pay me for such an article. Indeed, I see how I can make two articles out of the material."

The city editor read the letter over in dumb amazement. Then he read it slowly and carefully the second time. Then he listened again to the reporter detail all the circumstances attending the interview. Then he handed the reporter the preacher's letter, and as he did so, one word escaped him.

Was that word—graft?

It was another reporter who sought out a reformer, now nationally prominent, when he was just beginning to come to the front, and asked him if he would grant the favor of talking on a certain phase of a question then before the public.

The coming man jumped when the reporter spoke.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "why didn't I think of that phase of the thing long ago? Talk about it! No, sir! I'll save that idea until next week, and then work it up for a magazine which I know will be glad to pay me a hundred and fifty dollars, at least, for the discussion. But is there anything else I can talk to you about?"

Graft?

One of last June's many brides—typical of the others, to all appearances—was making up a list of guests for the big church wedding which she had set her heart on and about which she had carried her point, despite the mild remonstrances of her fiancé in favor of a quiet home affair.

It took her some days to compile a list that she was certain included all her friends and acquaintances, and would not cause any one to think that he or she had been either intentionally or unintentionally overlooked. Then she sought her father.

"Daddy, dear," she said, "I've got all made out the list of the people I personally want to invite to my wedding. Do you want to look it over and add any names?"

The indulgent head of the household superficially scanned the list; then jotted down the name of a half dozen boyhood cronies; then handed it back to his daughter with the remark that it was a very satisfactory list indeed.

The daughter looked at the new additions, and her face fell.

"Are they the only ones you want to invite?" she asked.

"Yes," said the father, "besides the ones you've already got down. They're my choicest friends, and I don't know of any live left off the list."

"But how about the lots and lots of men you do business with?"

"That's just it, daughter. They are not friends of mine; they are merely business acquaintances."

"But, father, why can't you invite them—anyway, the ones you do the most business with? I'd get so many more gifts then!"

On the other hand, cases have been known where fathers insisted on inviting mere business acquaintances for various ostensible business reasons to family weddings. The cloth is not all cut one way, but the question is: Is this graft? And if you can't decide the question for yourself, perhaps it would be well to ask the aid of some business acquaintance who has been the recipient of an invitation to the wedding of a daughter or a son of a man he knows solely in a business way.

When Smith went to the city from his home town, he was polite enough and thoughtful enough to look up his old friends who had preceded him to the broader field, but after paying a call all round, he neglected to avail himself of the numerous opportunities that were given him to continue the old friendships. It is safe to say that he did not see one of his old cronies twice a year, and whenever one of them, in an effort to get in touch with Smith, would call him up by phone to make an appointment for lunch or some social event, Smith would always reply that he was too busy.

After this had been going on for some time, Smith's cousin moved to the city; and the first thing the cousin did was to inquire of their old friends.

"How's Jones?" asked the cousin.

"Haven't seen him for six months," said Smith.

"Well, how's Brown?"

"Haven't seen him for six months, either."

Then the cousin asked:

"Don't you keep in touch with them? Do it went through the entire list; any more?"

"No," was the reply, "I don't. Why should I? They can't be of any service to me. I made it a point when I came here to know and associate only with people who will be useful to me."

Graft?

This same Smith decided that he would spend the summer months at the seashore.

"You see," he explained to his cousin, "it will not be so expensive as it may seem at first blush. I know a lot of swell girls down there whose fathers have cottages, so I'll just take a room at some bachelor hotel, get my breakfast at the restaurants—eggs and rolls and coffee won't cost much—and for most of my dinners I'll get myself invited to their homes by the girls I know."

Graft?

Said a young man two years out of college—a broker's clerk and something of a society chap—to his chum:

"She's a good girl to know. Father's got wads of money. Gives her all sorts of things. Two afternoons last week she called up and wanted to know if I'd like to go out driving with her. Of course, I was delighted. Takes me out to her golf club, too, and the Country Club every once in a while. Meet a lot of influential people through her. Maybe some of them will be of benefit to me some time. But just now I'm having a jolly good time driving behind tandems and pairs and meeting people. Tell me what, she's a girl worth knowing and cultivating, and I intend to keep in her good graces. Why don't you get acquainted with somebody like her?"

Graft?

Mrs. Perkins was making a morning call on her sister, Mrs. Henry, who lives in two rooms in a non-housekeeping apartment house and takes her meals out. As the hands of the clock neared 12.30 Mrs. Henry remarked, naively:

"How would you like to drop in on me this afternoon, just around the corner? It's about her lunch time now, and if we go right away I just know she'll ask us to stay to luncheon, and she always sets such dear little luncheons, and I like them, oh, a very great deal better than those they give us at that boarding house."

Graft?

"William," said the gray-headed head of a famous wholesale drygoods house to his junior partner, "I got a letter in this morning's mail from Hawkins saying that he would be in town day after tomorrow on a buying trip. You know what that means. Hawkins is doing a big business out in Colorado and his orders cannot amount to less than several thousand dollars. We've simply got to land him this time—we remember the fellows down the street and we both agreed at that time it was largely due to the good time they showed him."

"Now, when he comes I'm going to turn him over to you. And for goodness sake, make him comfortable while he is here. See that he is nicely located at a good hotel, in a good room; then stay with him of evenings for company's sake and show him round a bit. He's particularly fond of the theatre, and he likes shows with chorus girls and all that. Make him feel that we appreciate him and think he is a good fellow. Here's a voucher for \$150, and if you need any more money, let me know; for we want to land that order in full this time. And William, perhaps—perhaps, it would be well to

invite him home for dinner one of the evenings."

Graft?

"I'm having a hard time placing anything like the usual number of orders this trip," a travelling man of twenty years' experience with a first-class house wrote the president of the firm. "It's this way: Blank & Co. lately allowed their man on the same route to a day entertainment expenses, and he's cutting right into my best trade, which, I fear, will largely desert me if you, too, don't raise the ante. Confidentially, I think it's a damned shame for us to be held up in this way by a lot of picaresque grafters, but we want the business, and so what are we going to do about it?"

What? Grafters?

"My son," said a successful lawyer, settling back in his chair, preparatory to giving his offspring a bit of fatherly advice—"my son, you would do well to follow my practice of keeping a box of fine imported cigars in my office desk for the benefit of those callers who smoke; and nearly every man is a smoker these days. A fine cigar will put any lover of the weed in a good frame of mind for the discussion of business, and, besides, it will make him feel that he is getting something for nothing out of you and coming out a little ahead of the game."

Something for nothing? And that something—graft?

Two men—such men as you and I are in carriage and dress—met on the street.

"By the way," said the taller, "do you remember the man I introduced you to the other day while going to lunch?"

"Done any business with him yet? He's in your line, you know."

"Not yet, but hope to."

"Well, when you do, don't forget how you happened to get next to him."

Graft?

"On my last trip west I struck a hotel in Chicago where I was able to load up with about all the paper I shall need in writing my next book," laughingly confessed a well-known writer of fiction. "Most liberal hotel I ever saw in the way of writing paper. Send down for some, and the clerk sends you back a ream. And did I take advantage of it? Well, I came back with my grip bulging full."

Graft?

Graft to demand of a famous man that he sent you his autograph, that you may sell it with your collection later on?

Graft to pull strings for complimentary tickets—for the circus, for example?

Graft to wear a shirtwaist for a week, then have it nicely pressed and take it back to the store where you bought it and get your money back—because it doesn't suit?

Graft to get a friend or an acquaintance to secure you an invitation to this, that, or the other function at which you want to be present?

Graft to have a professional singer or an elocutionist at a reception as a guest and then, by constant importuning, get the talented guest to sing or recite as a great favor to you?

Graft to get, incidentally, in a letter, after stating that everything is going well with you and Jack, that just now, through you, are considerable worried, for little Margaret is growing so fast and will need so many new clothes, knowing full well that the next letter from home will bring a substantial check?

Graft? And—as was asked in the better girl is the one who makes her outfit feel comfortable.

SOME OF YOU WOMEN ARE INVETERATE FASHION HUNTERS.

WHAT ST. JOHN WOMEN WEAR, AND ARE LIKELY TO WEAR.

A little Commonsense Chat, not on New York or Paris Styles, but Home Styles.

By POLLY CADABOUT.

BARRING THE SHOPPING SLUMP WHICH FOLLOWS CHRISTMAS, this is about the most uninteresting period in the whole year. When I start out of an afternoon and meander through the shops I begin to feel weary, and frequently find myself wishing for September, so that I may nose about among the new fall goods. All one sees nowadays are lines of fabrics and clothing of which we read so much, and which we have ogled out of countenance since early May. They are stale to us now, and certainly they have served their day and generation. It almost seems as if the storekeepers, too, were tired of seeing them lingering around, for flaring advertisements announce great price-cutting; and yet, after all, this is a good procedure, for if these summer materials and garments remain over winter they will likely be relegated to the shelves as old-fashioned when spring arrives. While retail establishments are drifting along, as it were, until the fall show commences, the large wholesale concerns are throbbing with business—bright, new, fresh goods are being handled. They are what we are to wear when it grows cooler, but as yet I have not been privileged to feast my eyes on the monstrous array.

AGAIN I HAVE SEEN SOME SUMMER CLOTHES I DO NOT LIKE, and on the other hand some get-ups that were decidedly odd and seasonable. Just imagine yourself proceeding up river on a broiling day—one of those actually sticky, humid spells—and observing a group of young ladies standing on the wharf posing to the passengers on deck as a genuine bunch of Bohemians, a free-and-easy party of out-and-out summer girls, while their clothing denoted everything else but freedom and summerishness. One pretty miss was "charmingly" attired in a stuff dress, garnished as if she were going to church, and a half dozen white sun bonnets like she wore, would not have taken the oppressed look that she wore, away. One of her chums, after displaying a dress of unsummers texture, was costily wrapped in a knitted golf jacket! Before the steamer swung into the stream, however, a jolly knot of tanned and hardy-looking girls romped over the hill. One had on a blue striped cotton costume, a la sailor; another wore a crash suit, a third looking reasonable in cotton voile, and each miss was as cool, to all appearances, as the proverbial cucumber. Which goes to show that the real summer girl is the one who makes her outfit feel comfortable.

SOME OF YOU WOMEN ARE INVETERATE FASHION HUNTERS.

and it would be real hard to find a St. John female of other than advanced years who is not more or less interested in the ins and outs of clothing; what's going to be, what has been, and what really is now. With me this style question has got to be a regular fas, as you have perhaps judged by my chattering, but it's an interesting pastime, much less pernicious than bridge whist. Among the items of clothes gossip I found out this past week are these:

Fashion starters in gay Paree are wearing long, loose garments of the old dolman type. It is whispered that there is a deep laid plot to introduce these cape-fitted coats.

Contrary to expectations the separate waist, particularly in white, will reign again this fall and winter, even along with what otherwise might be termed really dress skirts—the swell evening sort.

When inspecting fall stocks don't forget to look the buttons over very carefully. I believe they are larger than for some time back and introduce a lot of novelties in material. This is particularly true in ladies' tailoring lines.

As far as colors are concerned it looks as though the good old staples would be favorites. Black will lead; red will follow, then blue and green. All will be in solid effects, no mixed colors, shadings or tints.

They say velvet costumes are among the new ideas for cooler weather. If this is so we may expect to see the velvet sections of all the big stores hereabouts laden with new qualities and the whole color-card range. Velvet does look nice—on some people.

WARNING TO DOG OWNERS.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

The town of Hamilton, Montana, has a marshal who evidently does not intend to permit that place to go to the dogs. We find in the Western News, of Hamilton, the following warning, which, as we hope the inhabitants of that town have discovered ere this, speaks for itself:

"Henry," said Mrs. Peck, Mr. Smith's dog came very near biting me this afternoon. I was awfully frightened, and it's up to you to do something about it!" "I will, my dear," replied Peck. "I'll see Smith the first thing in the morning, and if he doesn't ask too much for the dog I'll buy him."

THE ROYAL TRUST CO., OF MONTREAL

BRANCHES AT ST. JOHN, WINNIPEG AND QUEBEC.

CAPITAL. SUBSCRIBED, \$1,000,000. PAID UP, \$500,000. RESERVE FUND, \$450,000.

President—Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Q. C. M. C. Vice-President—Hon. Sir George A. Drummond, K. C. M. C. Directors—R. B. Angus, A. Macdonald, E. S. Clouston, H. V. Meredith, E. B. Greenhalgh, A. T. Patterson, C. M. Hayes, R. G. Reid, C. F. Hooper, Sir W. G. Macdonald, James Ross, Hon. R. Mackay, Sir T. G. Shaughnessy, Sir William VanHorne, K. C. M. C.

Transacts a General Trust Business.

Authorized to act as Executor and Trustee under Wills; Administrator of Estates; Guardian of Estates of Minors; Trustee under Trust Deeds; Trustee for Bond Issues; Committee of Estates of Lunatics; Receiver, Assignee, Liquidator for the Benefit of Creditors; Agent or Attorney for the Transaction of Business; The Management of Estates, Mortgages, Bonds and other Securities; To give any Bond required in Judicial Proceedings.

Solicitors Specially Retained in Any Business, They Bring to the Company

E. M. SHADBOLT, Manager, Bank of Montreal.

Agent in St. John, N.B.

OUR MOTTO! The best is none too good for our customers. We have made this good in our cake trade. Now try a loaf of our new process bread and you will be convinced that we make no boast when we say it is the finest in town. The home-made product cannot equal it.

YORK BAKERY, 2 Stores, 290 Brussels street, 565 Main St. N. E.

Best Quality Hard Wood, out last winter; dry enough to burn; \$2.00 per load sawed, \$2.25 sanded and split. Best dry Hard Wood 25c higher.

J. S. GIBBON & CO, Smythe St. and 61 Charlotte St. Telephone 676.

FRESH CUT FLOWERS Special and prompt attention given to funeral, wedding and party decorations.

W. & K. PEDERSEN, Florists, City Market Greenhouse—Sandy Point Road. Phone 1429.

"Henry," said Mrs. Peck, Mr. Smith's dog came very near biting me this afternoon. I was awfully frightened, and it's up to you to do something about it!" "I will, my dear," replied Peck. "I'll see Smith the first thing in the morning, and if he doesn't ask too much for the dog I'll buy him."