

Resourcefulness of the 'Dead Broke'

By E. L. Baker, in Munsey's

AMS

contribution to natural his-

February, 1905, Mr. Bryan in East Liverpool, Ohio, at the home of a friend, George P. Kirk.

A distinguished visitor told had been much impressed that had come to him. Here, in which the Kirks owners. The very next night business district of East loss of half a million dol-

finest of the many build- ing by Dr. Kirk. the experience of Louis studying in Cuvier's labor- working on a fossil fish, puzzled him. He awoke at he had seen the charac- He sat up, trying to re- it passed away.

ght came the same dream. him. The third night he by his bedside, and when again presented itself he ce, traced what he consid- outline of the fish. The in des Plantes, using the cut away the stone and characteristics, hitherto un- making the classification sh is known today as Cy-

after reading of these ex- Paris psychologist's idea ter all? Perhaps we shall st what brought these en- that event the day may be on so scientific a e one at any time, in just wn to the finest details. A ologist's laboratory may a hundred to one shot at ne may hear of such track—or lead to the dis- in the back yard.

ates in contemplation of discovery would work in- do not prove a curse rather ink? If it remained in ould have the power to h beyond the dreams of

They would have access ures of the past, the nat- wealth, the hoardings by shipwreck. On the ould be invoked to aid in ready prove an apple of as; on the other hand, it eration of the world.

a matter of speculation, e immediate future. Nev- ery considerable body of his phase of the subject, e who have given it con- in themselves, a certifi- herefor. Austin Gauthier the extent of one very e ideas the ancients had- dreams. Maury, Wundt, elt are among modern

prth their while to study nificance of dreams.

WELL-FOUNDED

charged with killing a ed for murder.

was in and the speeches to deliberate. Present- jury had agreed and had e judge ordered the jury nd asked for the verdict. e foreman, "that the de- nder and assess his pun- years and life imprison-

te another verdict," or- returned with the ver-

ok hands with all the d," said a bystander to e shaking hands with d him?"

reply, "he is thanking y-nine years off his sen- ning Post.

THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

Maryland, faulted the of language.—Episcopal Boston Transcript. efully fault the Trans- son."

es "fault the proposal" s the Transcript permit uage?—Life, November

I must make amends." t Greene (1560-1592). Y cannot better Shake- best English, as Lowell and our New England-

best known of rare Ben e verb, Jeremy Taylor to be faulted."

Man who knows where his meals and lodgings are coming from a week or two may take rest if he isn't of the worrying kind. It is the man who is down to his last dollar, or worse, and who doesn't know where he is going to get the next, who must set his mind to working overtime without delay. And unless such a man be a born tramp or thief, it is then that his mind is most resourceful—when he has reached the last extremity and has his back against the wall.

Now, for some examples. P. T. Barnum, the showman, was a man of many ventures before he made his fortune. He worked in a country store, he peddled notions from town to town, he ran a country newspaper, he was a proprietor of small traveling shows. After failing to achieve any great success in any of these lines, he found himself in New York almost penniless and with a wife to support.

For several weeks he had been able to pick up little money by writing advertisements for the Alhambra theatre on the Bowery, but it was not half enough to support even himself, and he was at his wit's end to know how to get a living.

One day he heard that Scudder's American museum, at Broadway and Ann street, was for sale.

"That's just the place I want," said Barnum. "I think I'll buy it."

"Buy it?" exclaimed a friend, who was in the same dire straits for money. "What are you going to buy it with?" He knew that Barnum did not have five dollars in the world.

"With brass," replied the man who was to become the proprietor of the greatest show on earth, "for silver or gold have I none."

He went to see the agent for the property, and after a good deal of haggling managed to strike a bargain. He was to have the museum for \$12,000.

"I haven't that much capital lying loose," explained Barnum, "but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pay it in seven annual instalments, the first payment to be made one year after I have taken possession of the place."

The agent took him to the owner of the property. The young man impressed them very favorably for his personality was a strong one. They looked up his record and were satisfied. They accepted his offer.

Barnum made himself famous with the American museum. New Yorkers had never seen such a wonderful show as he presented there. His ingenious mind was always at work striving for some new scheme for catching the crowds. People came to the place in such swarms that finally his ingenuity was taxed to find a way, not of getting them to come, but of getting them to go. The attractions of the place were so fascinating that people would remain for half a day, leaving no room for newcomers. And so it happened that Americans learned the meaning of the word "exit."

He put up a sign reading, "This Way to the Great Exit."

The crowds thought "exit" was a new exhibit, and they rushed to it pell-mell—many of them as soon as they had entered—only to find themselves piling down the stairs into Ann street, pushed on by the eager ones behind them.

Barnum made himself rich in the American museum in less than two years.

Many years before Barnum's time Jean Jacques Rousseau told the world, in his "Confessions" of the ingenious way, in which he kept himself from starvation at a time when he was stranded in the course of his roamings. He had been sometimes a pensioner, sometimes a tramp, sometimes a footman. He had run through all his means of living and was reduced to his last sou at Lausanne, when he took it into his head to try to get on by sheer impudence.

He recalled to mind the devices of an early acquaintance named Venture, who in circumstances somewhat similar, had managed to pass off as a tolerable musician. He determined to teach music, though he knew absolutely nothing about it.

He announced that he had come from Paris, where he had never been, and boasted of his skill to every one. He was introduced to a M. de Freytorrens, a professor of law, who loved music and who gave concerts at his own house. M. de Freytorrens insisted that Rousseau must give a proof of his talent, and invited him to his house to give a concert.

"I set about composing a piece for his concert," wrote Rousseau, "as boldly as if I had really understood the science. I had the constancy to labor 15 days at this curious business, to copy it fair, write out the different parts, and distribute them with as much assurance as if they had been masterpieces of harmony."

"The company assembled to perform my piece. I explained to each the kind of movement, the taste of execution, the reference of his part. They were five or six minutes preparing, which for me were five or six ages. At last all was ready. I struck with a roll of paper on my magisterial desk the five or six clumps of warning to prepare. All was silence. I set myself gravely to beat time. They began."

"Never since the French opera existed had such a discord been heard. The musicians were choking with laughter. The hearers, staring, would gladly have stopped their ears.

My confounded performers, who enjoyed the sport, scraped in a way that would have split the ears of a deaf man. I had the perseverance to maintain my seat, sweating, it is true, at every pore, but, held by shame, not daring to retreat. For my consolation I heard the company whispering to each other so as I could hear: "It is unbearable! What bad music! What a devil of a row!"

Undaunted by the disgust his concert had raised, he maintained his pretensions as a teacher of music, and managed to get some pupils, though, he said, only dunces came to him. Still, he made a living from them for a time and that was better than starving. But, though he explained that the din he had called a concert was the overflowing of a profuse imagination, he could not persuade the patrons of Lausanne that he was a genius.

The opportunities for clever persons hard pressed for money to exercise their ingenuity are far greater than they were in Rousseau's day. Rousseau, penniless in New York in the twentieth century, would have thought of something safer and more profitable than posing as a genius in an art of which he knew nothing; and the fertile mind of Francois Villon would have found something better to do than picking pockets.

Doubtless Miss Grace Darrow, who came to New York in 1897 looking for work as a stenographer, would have starved if she had found herself friendless in the Paris of Villon's time, or even in the Lausanne of Rousseau's. In fact, she came near doing so in New York, but her ingenuity saved her. For a week she searched for a position, and everywhere it was the same story—there was no vacancy.

Her pocketbook was almost empty. She was worn out, discouraged and was beginning to be afraid, for the great strange city, where no one knew her and no one gave her a friendly look or word, seemed cold and cruel.

But when she was almost on the point of giving way to despair she chanced to pick up a newspaper somebody had left in a street car, and her eyes fell on a discussion of whether a plain girl was handicapped in the search for work in New York.

A Mrs. Franklin, a clubwoman, had declared that only pretty stenographers were wanted. And a reporter had gone out to interview businessmen in the downtown office-floors about what she had said, and, of course, they had all scoffed at her idea. All they demanded was brains.

A happy thought came to the forlorn girl. She went to the nearest newspaper office and put in this advertisement, though she had not a dollar left in the world after she had paid for it:

"A plain girl, but capable stenographer, cannot find employment in New York. Is Mrs. Franklin right?"

This man was Paul Armstrong, now a

prosperous writer of plays, and the last city editor he applied to was Samuel G. Blythe, who a few years later became a well-known Washington correspondent. Blythe cast a suspicious eye upon Armstrong and concluded he didn't want him.

"You go out and solve the mystery at the morgue and I'll give you a job," said Blythe, firmly convinced that there was not the slightest chance of his doing so. The best reporters in the city had worked on that mystery for a week without solving it. A girl had committed suicide in a high-class boarding-house in a fashionable quarter. She had left not a clue to her identity. She had even cut all the laundry marks from her clothing.

Armstrong felt that he had found the last chance that lay between him and starvation. That night he did not sleep. Until midnight he was hurrying about the city, running down what seemed to him to be possible clues to the girl's identity. The remaining hours until daylight he spent in pondering over the problem. For three days and nights he worked on the case, snatching a little sleep when utterly exhausted, but he was no nearer to the solution.

"You see I'm right, after all," said the out-cast. "Work can't be had for the asking."

But Irving was not convinced. He stepped into a drugstore and persuaded the clerk to trust him for five cents' worth of oxalic acid. Across the street was a store with a brass sign on the wall. The sign needed polishing. Irving and his companion offered to do the work for ten cents, and got the job. Then they went on a hunt for other places with brass signs. When three or four hours had passed they had more than a dollar between them.

"You made good," admitted his companion; "but you had the brains, and that's what the rest of us at the lodging house haven't got. What's a man to do who can't think of such things?"

True enough, the world is hard indeed to the penniless man with a dull brain. But the man whose mind is fertile with practical ideas will never starve. He will never be driven to crime as the only alternative.

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And then—to make a long story short—the key fitted the trunk, letters were found inside that carried the search to a little town in Canada, and to a man whose daughter had gone to Buffalo and had written nothing since. The next day this man journeyed to Buffalo and found his missing daughter—the girl who lay dead in the morgue.

Armstrong got his job. It started him on the road to prosperity and a reputation, for during the six months that he held it he learned how to write for publication.

Only a few months ago a young American

was stranded in Holland. He had been enjoying himself and recklessly had spent all his money. He could speak scarcely a word of the language of the country and his plight was desperate. But he had knocked about the world a good deal and had sharpened his wits in many a tight place.

Instead of giving way to despair, he decided to return home at once. How? Well, his wits had helped him out of difficulties equally great before, and he could find a way somehow.

He managed to get aboard the Potsdam, bound for New York. When well out to sea a passenger found the youth seated comfortably in the smoking-room of the second cabin and offered him a cigar. Then they went to dinner together. The young man, whose name was David Schippy, took his meals thereafter with the other passengers, and nobody seemed to suspect that he had not paid his way. But two days out the officers of the liner discovered that they had one passenger too many, and the fact that Schippy had come aboard without a ticket was discovered.

They tried to put him to work. Schippy scorned the idea. There was something about the young man that impressed the officers favorably. Perhaps it was the cool impudence with which he had assumed all the rights of a passenger. They decided to let him alone until reaching port, when they would turn him over to the immigration officials. So Schippy continued to dine at the second-cabin table and smoke the cigars that other passengers offered him. Altogether he had a most enjoyable trip.

"You'll be sent back when you get to Ellis Island," said the captain.

"I guess not," returned Schippy coolly. And it turned out that he was right. He proved to the immigration officials that his home was in Paterson, New Jersey, and that he was an American citizen. They had to give him his freedom.

Another American, William Roseman, lost all his money at European gambling resorts. In November, 1907, without enough money even to buy a meal, he stowed himself away on board the American transport liner Minnetonka, bound for home. Out at sea he appeared and introduced himself to the captain. He said his home was at No. 200 West 44th Street, New York, and that his father was a wealthy jeweler at No. 9 Maiden Lane.

"My father will pay for my passage when we reach America, I am sure," he said; "and I want passage in the first cabin. I went broke in London, and, as I couldn't get my father to send me any money, I had to leave my trunks behind at the Hotel Cecil."

His cool assurance impressed the captain, who gave him a first-cabin stateroom and a place at the first-cabin table. But it grated on the nerves of the ship's officers to hear him criticize the food. On reaching port they sent him to Ellis Island, where he was held to await the arrival of some one to vouch for his being a citizen, but he was speedily set free.

The bright idea that comes to the wall sometimes affects his whole future career. Jasper Newton Smith went to Atlanta, Georgia, in the early fifties to start a brick-yard, and became one of the richest men in the South. But at the close of the Civil War, before he had made his millions, he came close to losing his grip on success and to being reduced to the plight of having to begin life all over again without a penny. It was his quick wit and a five-dollar bill that saved him and his business.

The five-dollar bill was all the money that he had left in the world—at least all the money that was good for anything. He still held on to fifty thousand dollars in Confederate greenbacks, which he thought might come in handy as pipe-lighters.

His business had reached a critical stage. If he could only hold out a little longer he would pull through, for he was sure of making several large sales in the near future. But he must keep his brick-yard running—with only five dollars to meet expenses. Could he do it? Sleepless nights he spent pondering the problem. Could he hold his creditors off? He could find some way of doing that, he felt sure. But it was the problem of how to pay his employees that worried him most. Already they were grumbling. If he could only hold them off he would pull through.

In the midst of his perplexities the employees struck for their pay. He saw himself face to face with ruin. If he could not meet this new crisis successfully, the brick-yard must close and he must go into bankruptcy.

Then flashed into his mind the idea that saved him—a simple trick that might have occurred to a schoolboy.

His lone five-dollar bill he wrapped around his fifty thousand dollars in Confederate money, and with this impressive roll of greenbacks in his hands he faced the strikers like a man who had never known what straitened circumstances meant. To the first man who came to him he handed the five-dollar bill, and announced in loud but reproachful tones that he had plenty of money and would pay them all if they insisted.

The sight of the enormous roll of bills, calmed their fears, and not another man came forward to ask for his pay. They had confidence in their employer, they said, and would wait for their money.

Then shame came to the man who had taken the five-dollar bill, and rushing up to Smith, he handed it back to him. Smith was glad to get it. He needed it to pay for his next week's board.

To Build a Modern Spotless Town

One of the most practical plans ever devised for the betterment of the living conditions of the person who is compelled to live on a moderate salary, will go into effect shortly, when the Sage Model Suburb at Forest Hills Garden, Long Island, will be thrown open to settlement.

Here the man with a large family and a modest salary will be able to purchase a home do not want to keep house. There will be a restaurant on the ground floor of one of these buildings which will open into a garden, and the garden will border on the "village green."

This "village green" will be another distinctive feature of the new model suburb, around which it is hoped the village activities will centre. The non-housekeeping apartments will be connected with each other and with the railroad station by covered bridges so that the commuter in this model suburb will be able to go direct from his apartment to his train without any such inconvenience as the comic weekly dash over the muddy suburban roads. A tall tower has been planned as an added architectural feature of the apartment houses which will surround the station square.

The Sage Foundation has already appropriated \$1,250,000 for the development of the suburb, apart from the land purchase, on which there was close on \$1,000,000 spent. Besides this, another \$500,000 will be appropriated for additional street development. About fifteen hundred houses will be built in the completed suburb, and, as far as possible, the company is planning to sell the homes only to persons who expect to live in them; that is to say, speculators will not be welcomed, and character as well as reasonable financial responsibility will be investigated before sales are made.

Although, according to the trustees, the venture is a business one, it also has a distinct educational purpose. In discussing this side of it, Robert W. DeForest, vice-president of the Russel Sage Foundation, said:

"Mrs. Russel Sage and those whom she has associated with her in the Foundation, have been profoundly impressed with the need of better and more attractive housing facilities in the suburbs for persons of modest means who could pay from \$25 a month upward, in the purchase of a home. They have thought that homes could be supplied like those in the gar-

den cities of England, with some greenery and flowers around them, with accessible playgrounds and recreation facilities, and at no appreciable greater cost than is now paid for the same roof room in bare streets without any such adjacency."

"We designed these buildings," said Edward H. Bouton, the vice-president and general manager of the suburban company, "for the use of self-supporting men and women who under ordinary conditions in the city are forced to live in boarding houses and hall bedrooms, and for families who for one reason or another do not want to keep house. There will be a restaurant on the ground floor of one of these buildings which will open into a garden, and the garden will border on the 'village green.'"

"They have abhorred the constant repetition of the rectangular block in suburban localities where land contours invite other street lines. They have thought, too, that buildings of tasteful design, constructed of brick, cement or other permanent material, even though of somewhat greater initial cost, were really more economical in their durability and lesser repair bills than the repulsive, cheaply built structures which are too often the type of New York's outlying districts."

If these expectations can be realized, Mr. De Forest continued, the new suburb will accomplish four results at which the trustees are specially aiming. It will provide more healthful and more attractive homes to many persons; it will demonstrate that more tasteful surroundings and open spaces pay in suburban development, and thereby encourage more economical methods of marketing land, and it will secure an attractive income for the Sage Foundation.

As to why the first housing plan of the Foundation neglected to provide for the laboring man, Mr. De Forest said that the cost of land at Forest Hills Gardens and the character of its surroundings precluded provision there for the day laborer.

"The Sage Foundation has not forgotten the laboring man, however," said the trustee, "and it may be ready to announce something for his benefit later on."

Mr. De Forest is president of the Sage Foundation Home Company, and associated with him are Edward H. Bouton, vice-president and general manager; John M. Glenn, secretary, and Cleveland H. Dodge, treasurer.

Frederic Laio Olmstead attended to the landscape designing, while Grosvenor Atterburn was the architect of the buildings.

IMPORTANT

Mrs. De Style—And were you ever anxious about your descent, my dear?

Mrs. Justrich—Yes, once when I went up in a balloon.