

THE LAST BATTLE SHIP—BY MORGAN ROBERTSON

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

JUNE
1908



W. J. Ayler

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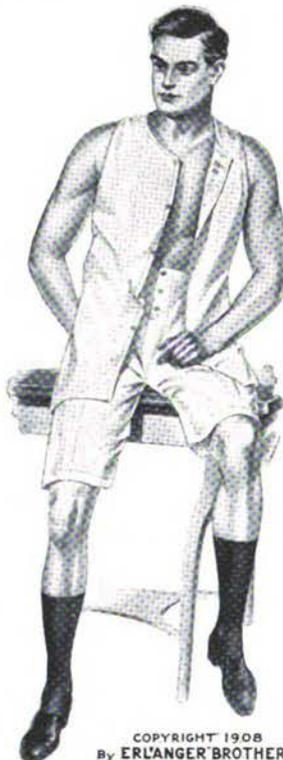
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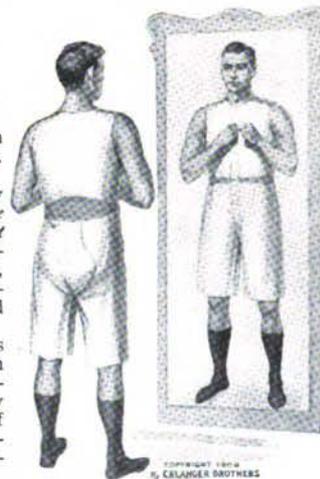
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scanned and compared with others by the ablest politicians in the country, and the weakness of the minor candidates for President was so strongly demonstrated that they have practically dropped out of the race to-day, their strength being transferred to the columns of the leaders.

Moreover, we believe that no single influence has contributed more to the virtual success of the President in demanding from Congress an increase of our naval strength in battle ships than the great majority in favor of a navy, adequate for our proper defense, shown by the "vote" on our question No. 6. This "vote" admittedly gave heart and strength to Senator Beveridge and the "Progressives" of the Senate in their determination to fight the "Little Americans" of the Naval Committee, and weakened correspondingly the confidence of the latter that the people were not with the President in his demands. The final result was an agreement by the Naval Committee that two battle ships each year for several years to come shall be added to our navy, instead, as originally intended, of two battle ships only for the present two-year session.

THE anti-race track gambling crusade so vigorously carried on in New York State by Governor Hughes, has aroused the state as no public question in years has ever done. From all sides come demands upon the eight Republican senators who deserted their party and voted against the governor's reform bills to explain the reason why. They are condemned publicly and ostracized locally. If they should come up for re-election in their districts to-day, the probabilities are that not one of the eight would stand a chance of re-election.

WITH an earnest desire to help in the governor's great work toward the partial purification of New York from the race track gambling curse, SUCCESS MAGAZINE sent, on May 2nd, to its Life Subscribers in the state of New York, a letter explaining the anti-race track measures and the reason why they were defeated, and inclosing a list showing how each senator voted upon the reform measures. We asked each Life Subscriber to examine the record of his own senator on these measures, and to write to him immediately in approval or disapproval of his course, so that the letters might demonstrate to the senators the truth or falsity of the statement made by the gambling interests that the governor is not representing the real public opinion of the state on the question of the suppression of the gambling evil. As we go to press it is yet too early to learn what action our Life Subscribers have taken upon our recommendation, or the result of the special session of the legislature called to reconsider the reform measures killed at the regular session by a tie vote, but we shall be greatly surprised if, as a result of our own and other similar efforts made to demonstrate the real power of public opinion, each senator who has voted to uphold the gamblers will not have to reckon with his constituents in a very stern and direct way at the approaching state elections.

WE do not mean to trouble our Life Subscribers in state or nation with too many burdens of patriotism, but we believe that in the case of great public measures they will be glad to act in an organized way, to impress upon their representatives their real opinions, whether for or against any measure before the people. Certainly such action will always be of the highest public usefulness.

Thanks for the Suggestion

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

I want to ask you to prepare an article on The Party Boss, and one on Campaign Contributions and Expenditures. These two subjects should be of great interest to the American people this year, and I believe they are prepared to hear and heed the truth. Why not, therefore, publish a straightforward article on each of these subjects like that in the May number on The Tariff, by H. E. Miles? V. M. B.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
EDITOR AND FOUNDER

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Colonel Cody ready to be "shot"

LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE!

"Look pleasant, please!"

At that magic phrase even royalty has been known to adjust itself on its throne the least bit more majestically, pull down the regal waistcoat, don its finest official smirk, and give the imperial mustachios a hasty twist.

From time to time we hear vague rumors as to the actions of potentates when placed in front of the camera, of how Thus-and-So tried to smash the box with his cane, and of how the Minister from Somewhere had the photographer arrested; we are told that Mr. Roosevelt is tickled to death—we can almost see the de-lighted smile—when he finds that an admirable picture has been obtained of him taking a hurdle on horseback or perched grandly on the carcass of a dead mountain lion; we read with interest a statement that the Honorable Mugwump Jones, leader of something or other in the House, has not had his photograph taken for twenty years—and we realize, after all, how true it is that "All is vanity."

No matter how high and mighty the personage may be, it always turns out that he has his little vainglorious tricks and wiles, whenever that exact chronicler of modern history, the camera, is leveled in his direction. What will he do? It all depends upon the man.

The Observations of a Campaign Photographer—How Prominent Americans Act Before the Camera

BY ROBERT LEE DUNN

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

Secretary Taft a Perfect Poser

SECRETARY TAFT, who owes more to the camera than perhaps any other statesman, is as pleased with good pictures of himself as is any other of the great men I have snapped. I suppose I have upward of 1,000 plates of him. He has mastered the secret of the perfect pose. There is

no worry in it for him, no dread that he will not look fit. He is always ready, always natural, and always happy, and thanks to these three conditions whatever he may have had of vanity has long since disappeared.

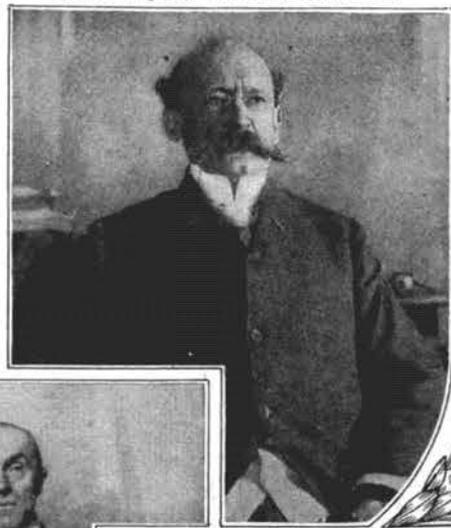
Five Hundred Snaps of Fairbanks

CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS is a good subject. I have snapped him more than five hundred times. He is always ready and willing—that is, almost ready. One little trick he has at the last moment—just as the man at the camera is making the final adjustment for the exposure and has his back turned, the Vice-President makes a hasty adjustment of a long lock on one side of his ample forehead, arranging it across his brow, and after folding his arms and winding his nether limbs together like a couple of twists of rope, all is ready.

Lewis Nixon's stern countenance



General Bingham, "The Father of the House"

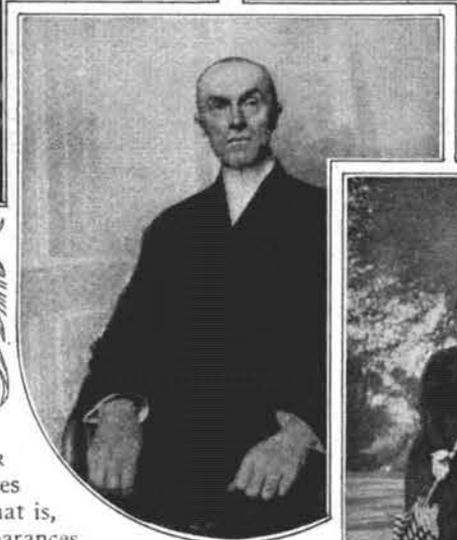


Woodruff, Odell, and Platt, in the "Amen Corner"



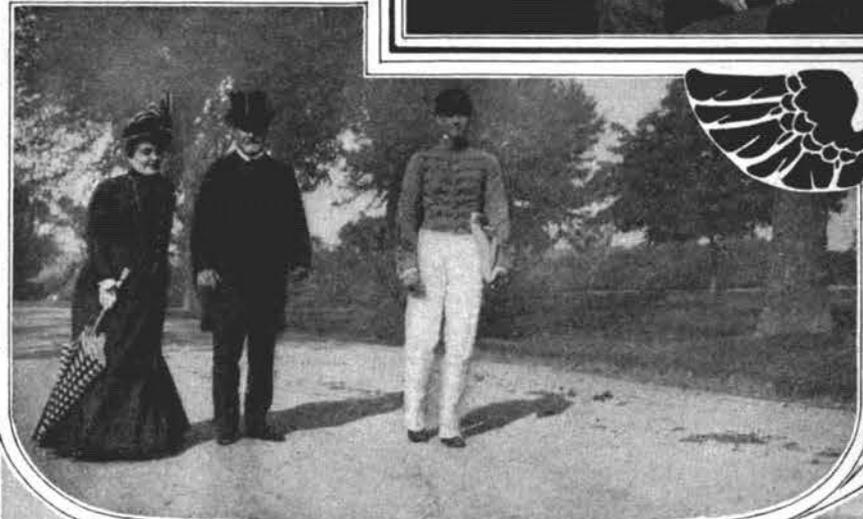
Senator Dolliver's Modesty

SENATOR JONATHAN PRENTISS DOLLIVER cares little for pictures or picture makers—that is, to all outward appearances. But, if the camera man will watch carefully, he may see the entire vanity operation, and notice a hasty drawing together of coat lapels and a spreading out of the black tie, and he may catch the Senator uncheeking his quid of tobacco. The drawing of the lapels and the spreading of the cravat conceal sundry blotches due to careless rumination.



Patrick McCarren

General Grant, U.S.A., Mrs. Grant, and their son, U. S. Grant III., at West Point



The White Necktie of "Long Pat"

ALL the world knows that Brooklyn, whatever its other drawbacks, has one claim to distinction. Within her borough resides the "Ugliest Man," the Honorable Patrick McCarren, of political fame. When it comes to sheer facial ugliness, "Long Pat" to use a phrase of Gelett Burgess's, "has the rest of the contestants locked into the coal bin and asking for information." All the famous homely faces of history grow pale with envy upon viewing his aggregation of fearful features. Benjamin Disraeli, Abraham Lincoln, and Richard Croker could n't reach him with a ten-foot pole. Mere words fail to do him justice. Again the camera triumphs over mere literature. Knowing all this beforehand, I was extremely anxious to see how he would take the proceeding when I came to pose him for his photograph. He was very grave and painstaking. The first thing he did was to send the office boy out after a white tie. "My only hobby when it comes to having my picture taken, you know," he explained, smiling. This bit of haberdashery, when he had donned it, at once gave to him an even more funereal aspect. His whole attitude suggested something of the professional undertaker.



Senator H. C. Lodge and his son, George Cabot Lodge



Sir Thomas Lipton, in the sunlight



Thomas Alva Edison

I smiled. He smiled.
 "Do your best, young man," he said grimly. "I know it's a hard game, but I'm in sympathy with you. Anything you get will probably be satisfactory." Then he added, as an afterthought, "You see, I don't expect to look like an angel. The newspapers say I've no right to, anyway."
 I smiled again.
 Behind all this personal pomp, I saw I was to have a background of old feather dusters, brooms, shoes, and hats, and I asked him if he didn't want them removed.
 "Shall I take them out?" I asked.
 "Oh, no, leave 'em in," he remarked. "We have to do lots of things for effect over here in Brooklyn." The camera went "click," and I walked proudly away with the greatest face in captivity.



United States Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver, Vice-President Fairbanks, and United States Senator Charles W. Fulton, posing outside the Capitol

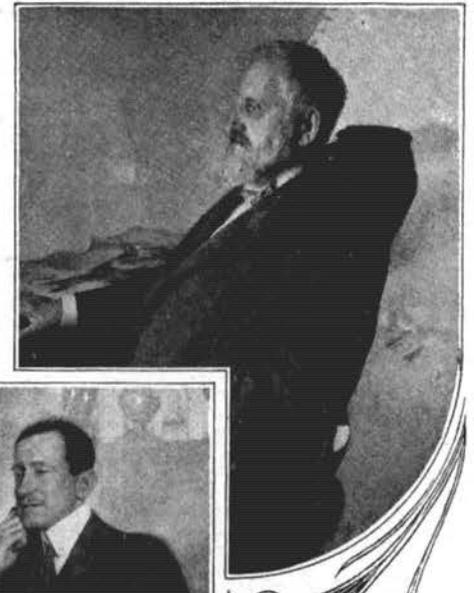
Dr. Wiley, Uncle Sam's pure food expert



D. B. Hill, after arguing a case



The Secretary of Agriculture



Marconi

Grover Cleveland Not Easy

GROVER CLEVELAND was never an easy man to photograph. Always very austere, he objected modestly but strenuously to posing, which he considered absolutely undignified in a public man. In his later days in Washington he became more reconciled to the battery of cameras ever in readiness to be aimed at him. He used to say, "What do people want to see me for?" and for a great many years his stock photograph was an early one, one which politicians of 1884-88 will most readily remember. Since he retired to private life, he is more willing to be "shot."

Grover Cleveland, Adlai E. Stevenson, former Secretary Herbert, and Governor Francis



Three Relics of the "Amen" Corner

WHILE writing about politicians, the accompanying photograph of Platt, Odell, and Woodruff, with something of the characteristics of each will not be malapropos. Senator Platt, who recently made a new bid for fame by blandly announcing to the world that he had to have his legs massaged once every hour, is the jerkiest and most fidgety man that ever peered into a lens. His one notion is to look young. You must never take a photograph around to him that shows a wrinkled Platt.

On the other hand, ex-Governor Odell is like Edison. He sits in a natural, easy pose, his face set in lines which are intended to hint to the intelligent reader that this man Odell is full of grit and determination. Such a pose is quite a favorite in all walks of life, notably among actors who play Shakespearian rôles. A casual glance over a hundred such photographs will convince the gazer that the furrowed brow hath not come there by accident.

Timothy Woodruff, ever happy, ever bland, sits third in conscious security; he knows he is good-looking and that his clothes fit. Any one who thinks that clothes with Mr. Woodruff are a mere invention of some paragrapher's brain is mightily mistaken. He is a great dresser and unusually fond of stylish and elaborate apparel. Speaker Cannon once said that it took a very little thing to hurt a man in the estimation of the public, and referred to the fact that he is always pictured with a cigar in his mouth. He once said he would have given a great deal if he had never known how to smoke. Not so with Mr. Woodruff and his clothes. He seems never to have regretted being known as an extravagantly dressed man. Mr. Woodruff prepares for the ordeal as if he really enjoyed it.

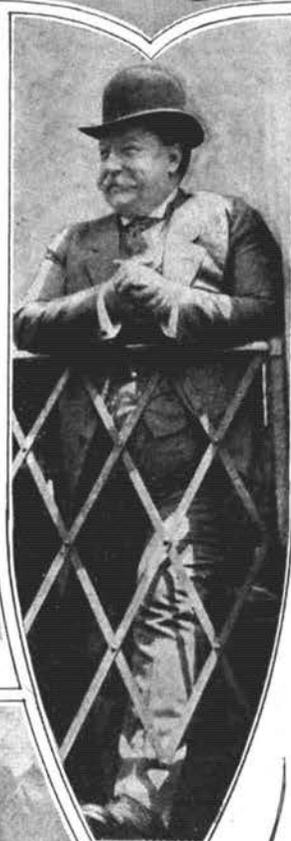
"Are you ready, Mr. Woodruff?"

Up comes the Ascot tie, to the front is placed the gold cane, down with a jerk comes the waistcoat,—no, just one of "the" waist-

[Concluded on pages 401 to 403]



Richard Croker, when he ruled New York



Chauncey Depew is always willing



Taft and his ever genial smile

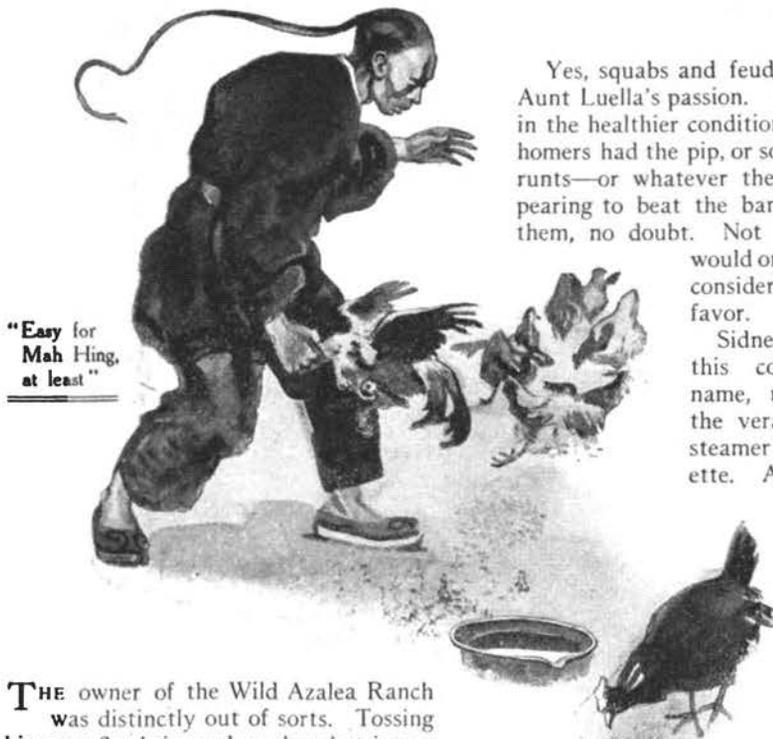


Vice-President Fairbanks, in a favorite pose, while being introduced to an audience

The LONE CHICKEN BONANZA

By EDWARD SALISBURY FIELD

Illustrated by WALTER JACK DUNCAN



"Easy for Mah Hing, at least"

THE owner of the Wild Azalea Ranch was distinctly out of sorts. Tossing his new flat-brimmed cowboy hat into a hammock, he strode up and down in front of the ranch house, kicking holes in the warm, yellow carpet of oak leaves and scowling fiercely. So this was ranch life in California. Hang California! Hang the Santa Cruz Mountains! They were n't mountains at all; mere hills, that's what they were. The ranch was n't even a real ranch. The word, "ranch," had meant so much to him—in New York; it was too romantic a word to be applied to the one hundred and sixty acres of disappointment he had inherited from his late lamented Aunt Luella.

The Wild Azalea Ranch! He had been bewitched by the name, had canceled all his plans for the summer to hurry to California. Why, oh, why had he ever come west? He might have been at Bar Harbor this very minute; he had loads of friends at Bar Harbor—such dear people some of them were, and so nice to talk to. Here he had no one to talk to except Mah Hing, the Chinese cook, and Mark, the hired man. Mark and Mah Hing! He had traded his eastern birthright for a mess of western pottage, like a stupid little Esau, and now he was sorry.

At first he had been enthusiastic, had explored faint trails that began somewhere and ended nowhere, had wandered among nettles and poison oak, had followed Mark through orchard and vineyard, listening patiently when told that the vines were sick with *phylloxera* (whatever that was), that the apple trees needed spraying, that the woolly *aphis* was abroad in the land—that while the red ladybug was good medicine, the yellow ladybug was a pal of the codlin moth. Perhaps this last was wrong; maybe it was the yellow ladybug that was good medicine; he could n't remember. Anyway, having stood it for a whole week, he was certain of three things: ranch life was a screaming failure, it was hotter than blue blazes, and—he was lonely.

That was the worst of all—being lonely. He would never have set foot on the cursed ranch if he had known what a bunch of feuds went with it. His Aunt Luella must have been a queer one; he had never seen her, of course, but she must have been a rare queer one to live here alone, except for Mark and Mah Hing, three cows and a pair of mules, a calico pony old enough to be her grandmother, five dozen or so chickens, and heaven knows how many squabs.

Yes, squabs and feuds seemed to have been his Aunt Luella's passion. Of the two, the feuds were in the healthier condition, for just now the Belgian homers had the pip, or something, and the Hoboken runts—or whatever their name was—were disappearing to beat the band. The rats were eating them, no doubt. Not that he cared; if the rats would only swallow the ranch, he'd consider they were doing him a favor.

Sidney Melville, for such was this complaining young man's name, now stamped his way to the veranda, flung himself into a steamer chair, and lighted a cigarette. A chap could n't even light

a cigarette with comfort; the whole bally country was dry as tinder, and ready to blaze at a moment's notice. Indeed, the only redeeming thing on the place was Mah Hing. Mah Hing was a great sketch and a grand cook, it was worth a dollar to hear him laugh, and his

English— Certainly, but for Mah Hing he'd cut and run; only it seemed a shame even to think of going till he'd met that pretty girl on the Manzanita Ranch. Just because Aunt Luella and her aunt had been enemies was no reason why the feud should be kept alive. Four feuds were far too many to attend to.

Four feuds! Just think of it! North, south, east, and west, the Wild Azalea Ranch was bounded by feuds. The cattle on the ranch to the north had broken through the fence and destroyed an acre or two of Aunt Luella's corn, thus starting feud number one; the owner of the ranch on the east had persisted on burning brush in July, and the flames had licked their way over the Wild Azalea boundaries, resulting in feud number two; the owner of the ranch on the south had sold Aunt Luella a cow afflicted with tuberculosis; plainly, feud number three was a feud to be fostered. But feud number four, which concerned his neighbors on the west, was a trifling water feud. There was a spring very near the line. One survey gave it to the Manzanita Ranch; a second survey proved favorable to Aunt Luella, and who but the law shall decide when surveyors disagree?

Unfortunately, at least from Sidney Melville's standpoint, the law had upheld his Aunt Luella's claim, so the

spring was now his, together with all the appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining, as the legal wording ran. That one of the appurtenances should turn out to be a feud was most mortifying, but such, alas! was the case, for Miss Elizabeth Anne Willets, the pretty girl's aunt, was, if rumor were to be credited, a good hater and good husbandman. She needed the water from that spring to irrigate a small peach orchard; it was a question of no water, no peaches, and the legal answer had been, "no peaches."

Still, Sidney Melville was hopeful of ending this most exasperating feud. Miss Elizabeth Anne Willets might have the spring in question; he'd give it to her; all he'd ask in return was the right to be neighborly, to run over to the Manzanita Ranch, now and then—not more than five times a day—for a friendly chat with Ethel Rogers, her niece. Melville had caught various tantalizing glimpses of this adorable creature, and had learned, among other things, that she was only there for the summer, and that she lived in San Francisco. And here it was August!

Already, Mark had been sent as an ambassador, carrying the precious spring on a silver salver, as it were. But both spring and salver had been returned, with Miss Elizabeth Anne's compliments.

"She would n't have nothing to do with it," Mark explained.

"Are you sure you did exactly as I told you?" questioned the disappointed owner of the Wild Azalea Ranch.

"Yes sir."

"You put it in the light of doing me a favor?"

"She ain't wantin' to do us no favors, Mr. Melville."



Walter Jack Duncan

"Looking for a job," he mumbled"

"No, I suppose not. But I'm sorry you were unsuccessful."

Oh, egregious young tenderfoot from the effete East, did you imagine Mark would surrender gracefully your right to that coveted spring? Did you never wonder why your alfalfa remained green when all the country round was burnt brown by the sun? Did you realize what treason you were plotting against the three cows and the calico pony? Of course you didn't; but Mark did, and he acted accordingly.

This, then, was the condition of affairs in this little lost corner of the world when an event took place that was to set the heads and tongues of the whole countryside to wagging. It did more: it endangered the prune crop, stirred the hearts of the shiftless hangers-on in the neighborhood with wild dreams of fortune, and created an amazing demand for certain implements carried in stock by the hardware store at Coyote, eight miles away. For who would pick prunes when there was an unexpected source of great wealth at hand? And who would begrudge the money spent on such necessary articles as a pick, a shovel—and a gold pan?

There, the secret is out. Gold had been discovered on the Wild Azalea Ranch.

The gold excitement on the Wild Azalea Ranch began where good things had a way of beginning, in the kitchen. Mah Hing, the cook, and a gray Plymouth Rock hen shared the honors, of the occasion, although, like so many honors, those allotted to the gray Plymouth Rock arrived too late for her earthly enjoyment. The facts of the case are these: having long marked this particular fowl, this bird of destiny, for slaughter, on this day of days, Mah Hing stole from the kitchen with a handful of wheat which he flung with true Oriental cunning at the feet of his intended victim. In the commotion that followed, it was an easy matter (easy for Mah Hing, at least) to realize his desire; a thin yellow arm shot out, and a protesting chicken was hauled from the midst of plenty to—

Like the father of our country, Mah Hing did what he had to do, and he did it with his little

hatchet. Later, when certain rites were being performed, rites which must be performed before chickens become entitled to appear in a pot—later, then, Mah Hing made a most extraordinary discovery; in this remarkable fowl's crop (I am convinced that it must have a crop, for only very vulgar chickens have gizzards, and this was a most distinguished bird) he found a nugget of gold, or at least it looked like gold.

While this rare good fortune was visiting his kitchen, Sidney Melville might have been found dawdling in a hammock under an oak. It was before this hammock that Mah Hing appeared some moments later, the nugget in his hand and a happy smile on his face.

"Hi, boss, I heap catch 'em!" he announced.

"What you catch, Mah Hing?"

"I catchee heap lot. Heap lot, you sabe?"

Melville laughed.

"Bime by you get lich."

"Me get rich?"

"Slue!" Which was as near as Mah Hing could come to "sure."

"All right. We'll get rich together."

Mah Hing laughed. "You no sabe," he said.

Melville shook his head.

Mah Hing now displayed his treasure. "Alle same ling," he declared, pointing to the gold ring on Melville's little finger.

Melville took the nugget and examined it carefully.

"By George, I believe you're right!" he exclaimed.

"Slue," said Mah Hing. "Alle same ling. I find him in lil chick."

"Found it in a chicken did you? In its crop, I suppose?"

Mah Hing nodded. "I heap sabe clop," he said.

Melville was puzzled; it certainly looked like gold, though, of course, it could n't be. Still, was n't California the golden state? Had n't he read somewhere of a donkey discovering a gold mine? If a donkey could discover a gold mine, why should n't a chicken?

While Melville was considering the various aspects of this most unusual case, Mah Hing stood beside the hammock awaiting any orders his new boss might see fit to issue. He liked his new boss, did Mah Hing. The late Miss Luella had had a way of overlording the kitchen that was most exasperating,



for a cook who is not king in his own kitchen is in a sad position, indeed. How much more reasonable this new boss, who never bothered his head about pots and pans. Plainly, he was a person to be held in great esteem.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Melville, after due deliberation, "we'll send this nugget to San Francisco and find out if it's really gold. Then, if it is gold, we'll prospect the ranch. You sabe?"

"Slue! You send him Flisco."

"And if we get rich, we'll get rich together." Mah Hing grinned. "I go cook 'em chick," he said.

Melville now took the nugget to Mark, to whom he explained the curious circumstance of its discovery.

Mark examined the nugget carefully. "So," he said, "found it in a chicken's crop, did he? What breed of chicken was it, Mr. Melville?"

"It was a gray Plymouth Rock."

Mark puffed at his pipe thoughtfully for a moment. "It's gold, all right," he said.

"Are you sure?"

"Sure as shootin'. Tell you what I'll do, I'll take it over and show it to Sam Briggs who's picking prunes at Brewer's; he used to be a miner."

"I was going to send it to San Francisco to an assayer, but if Briggs has been a miner, of course he'd know. Please bring the nugget back with you, for I want it."

An hour later, Mark returned from his interview with the ex-miner. "Briggs said it was gold," he announced.

Melville now rushed to the kitchen where Mah Hing was engaged in constructing a blackberry pie. "It's gold, Mah Hing, it's gold!" he shouted.

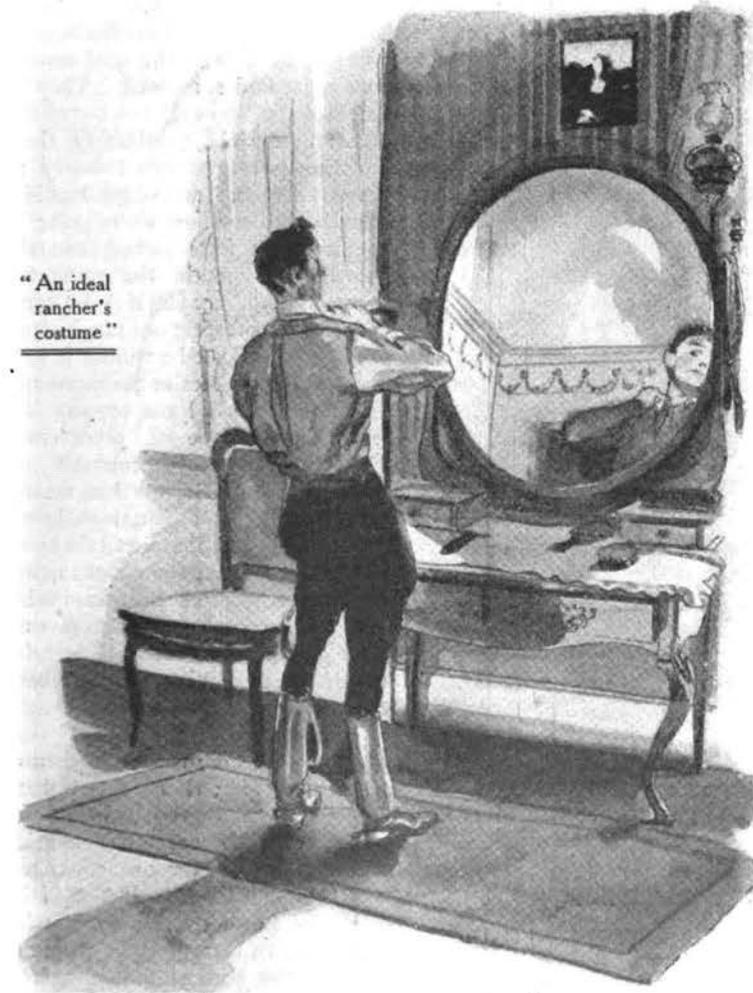
Mah Hing eyed him wonderingly, then broke into a jolly falsetto laugh. "I no sabe," he said.

"You sabe gold?"

"Slue."

"Well, that's what this is," said Melville, displaying the nugget.

Mah Hing laughed again. "You heap crazy,"



Walter Jack Duncan

he said. And that was all the satisfaction Melville got in the kitchen.

Luncheon, including Mah Hing's blackberry pie, was served at one o'clock. After luncheon Melville entered his bedroom, intent on making an elaborate toilet; he had a certain suit of white flannels in view. Once in his room, however, he changed his mind. "No," he thought, "it's up to me to look practical—like a real rancher, not like a Bar Harbor dude." Which shows that this young man was fast acquiring the true spirit of the West.

Arrayed in what he deemed to be an ideal rancher's costume, he scrutinized himself in the glass: flannel shirt, Windsor tie, *khaki* riding breeches, deerskin puttees, heavy, rather shabby boots—by Jove, he was the real thing! It needed his cowboy hat to complete the picture, but the hat proved unexpectedly disappointing; it looked too painfully new. Having arrived at this opinion concerning his headgear, he made haste to alter its appearance; hurrying with it to the open, he drubbed it conscientiously in the dirt. He viewed the result with approval. Then, as his plan—for he had a plan—could not possibly be executed before half past three o'clock, he spent the intervening time in his hammock holding a dress rehearsal, as it were.

Yes, it was all quite definitely settled: he would say this, and he would say that; he would be at once friendly and businesslike, ingratiating and masterful; he would demand an inch and give an ell; he would be generous in the guise of self-seeking, and, above all, he would tell his story with tact and dignity. This, then, was to be the level of his undertaking. Rather a high level to maintain, but Sidney Melville was by nature an optimist.

At half past three o'clock that afternoon, a very warm and exceedingly nervous young man with a small yellow nugget in his pocket and a dusty cowboy hat tilted listlessly over his left eye might have been seen plodding doggedly up the road that led to the Manzanita Ranch house. When within a hundred yards of his destination, the young man paused in the shade of an elderberry tree to mop his forehead with a red bandanna handkerchief. Should he go on? Could he go on? He began to discredit the importance of his mission. Perhaps Miss Elizabeth Anne Willets would laugh at him! Truly, it was a bizarre story he had to tell; a nugget of gold found in a chicken's crop. He would say crop, of course, for gizzard was clearly no word to introduce into a conversation with a lady. One did not mention one's stomach in polite conversation, and gizzard had a much more vulgar sound; besides, Mr. J. M. Barrie had provided an attractive synonym for the former in "Little Mary." Some one should do the same for gizzard. Little Griselda was not half bad. "I found this nugget in a chicken's Little Griselda." What could be more elegant?

Sidney Melville smiled, and as he smiled his waning courage returned. He now continued his gallant march, he drew nearer and nearer—he was directly in front of the ranch house. Then some one came through the door opening on the veranda. This some one was a girl clad in a simple pink gown. She looked radiantly fresh and adorable; her eyes were blue, her skin satin, her cheeks pink rose petals, and her hair was a mass of buttercups.

It was an embarrassing moment for Melville; he was hardly prepared for this. Removing his dusty cowboy hat, he made a most elaborate bow.

"Good morning," he said.

"Good afternoon," she replied.

"I am Sidney Melville of the Wild Azalea Ranch."

"Oh!" said the girl.

"And I called to see Miss Willets on—er—on business. She's your aunt, is n't she?"

"Yes. But I think you'd better not see her to-day."

"It's important, really."

"I think you had better not see her to-day," she repeated.

"I say!" he exclaimed. "Just because my aunt was—well, you know—is no reason why your aunt and I should be—er—well, you know."

"That has nothing to do with it," she assured him.

"But it's to her advantage to see me. I've discovered gold on my ranch, and—"

"Yes, I know," she interrupted. "Our man of all work has left us to go prospecting."

"I hope it won't inconvenience you," Melville murmured, politely.

"But it *will* inconvenience us. We have no one to take care of the horses or to milk the cow."

"Surely you can hire some one."

The girl shook her head. "All the able-bodied men in the valley are either preparing to go prospecting, or have already gone; my aunt has just returned from there, and she could hire nobody."

"But we only found the nugget this morning."

The whole valley knows about it," Melville sighed.



"You must learn to love me as I love you."

"It's too bad," he said. "I had a bully scheme to lay before your aunt; it was my idea that we pool our interests, our ranches being next to each other, and start prospecting together."

"It would not be wise to mention the word 'prospecting' to my aunt at present, Mr. Melville."

"Is she—is she upset?"

"Rather."

"And she will have to feed the horses and milk the cow?"

"Either she or I will."

The idea of this exquisite creature having to milk a cow was too appalling. Melville felt like a criminal.

"I can't bear to think of your having to do such a thing," he said. "I'd offer to milk it for you, only I don't know how. May I send my man Mark over to help you?"

"Miss Willets would not like that."

"Then I shall have to find a man she would not object to. If I can discover such a person, may I send him to you?"

"Please do."

"I say—I'm not end sorry to have got you into such a mess. I hope you won't hold it against me."

The girl looked thoughtfully at this earnest and apparently distressed young man.

"No," she said, "I don't blame you in the least. Only—"

"Only what?"

"I think you'd better go now."

"All right Miss Rogers, I'll go. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon."

Ethel Rogers stood on the veranda till Melville was out of sight. "I wonder how he knew my name," she thought. Then she smiled and tossed her head, for deep in her heart she knew that the young man who had just gone was prepossessed with her. Well, why should not he be? On the whole, he seemed to be a very likable young man; he was tall and strong, and undeniably handsome. Yes, and his eyes were brown. Strange that she should have remembered the color of his eyes!

Melville was genuinely distressed as he hurried down the hill toward home; that two women should be placed in such a difficult position seemed monstrous to him, and he longed to lay his hands on that rascally hired man who had left them in the lurch. He would hunt up Mark and see that a substitute was dispatched to the Manzanita Ranch at once.

He found Mark hauling boxes to the prune orchard.

"No," said Mark, when Melville had stated his mission, "I don't know of nobody who wants to work for Miss Willets. She's a hard 'un to work for; besides the boys in the valley is all down with the gold fever."

"But we must find some one. They're in real trouble."

"Oh, I dunno. The troubles of them Manzanita Ranch people won't worry us none, I guess. Anyway, we've got troubles of our own; I don't see how we're going to get them prunes of ours picked, and the Parkers down below is in the same fix.

I was thinkin' maybe if I let some of the boys prospect our ranch afternoons, they might be willing to help me with the prunes in the mornings. Of course, we'd have to pay 'em liberal, and agree to give 'em a share in any gold they found."

"Very well, Mark," his master responded. "Do as you think best."

Melville spent the next two hours in trying to induce the various newly fledged prospectors he met in his tramp through the valley to give up their gold pans for the more peaceful occupation of milking Miss Elizabeth Anne Willets' cow, but without success.

* * * * *

Seated in a rocking chair in the kitchen of the Manzanita Ranch house, Miss Elizabeth Anne Willets was engaged in the homely occupation of shelling peas. It was an occupation that eminently became her, for one could not imagine her sitting in idleness. Indeed, Miss Elizabeth Anne was fairly overburdened with energy; when she was not digging, or pruning, or mending fences, she was whitewashing the chicken house or reshingling the barn. It was her boast that she had never had a man on the

[Concluded on pages 416 to 419]



CHARLES W. ELIOT

OWEN WISTER has called President Eliot "the First Living Citizen of America." The President of the National Civic Federation has referred to him as "the First Citizen of this great republic of ours." What better could men say? Nine thousand, three hundred graduates, headed by Theodore Roosevelt, have united to express, in the following words, their appreciation of his services not only to Harvard University but also to the country:

"Fearless, just, and wise, of deep and simple faith, serene in affliction, self-restrained in success, unsuspected by any man of self-interest, you command the admiration of all men and the gratitude and loyalty of the sons of Harvard."

Tributes such as these compel us to stop and study this man's character. What manner of man is this who receives such universal praise? What have been his services to his country that he should be hailed as our foremost citizen?

Obviously it is not by financial standards that this man is measured. Presidents of insurance companies and great corporations draw salaries of from \$75,000 to \$150,000 a year and their names are scarcely known to the world at large. President Eliot receives less than \$10,000, and yet financiers, lawyers, educators, and statesmen unite to call him our leading citizen.

Making Money Never Appealed to Him

When he was still a young man wise business men, perceiving his latent abilities as an administrator, offered him \$5,000 a year—a large salary even now for one so young—as manager of a Lowell cotton mill and he refused. Throughout his long career as president of Harvard University he has always lacked the money-making sense. He has constantly refused positions which would have put him in the way of great financial remuneration.

He declined the presidency of Johns Hopkins University when any other young educator would have jumped at the chance. He stuck to teaching when teaching was the poorest paid of all the professions. He has urged educators to love their profession more than money, and he has told trade unionists that the amount of wages should never be man's ideal. And yet a nation that is called sordid and financial honors him among the greatest of her living men.

This is why President Eliot is called our greatest citizen. Without thought for himself he has devoted his life to the service of his fellow-men. He is a man who, far ahead of his time, foresaw not only the needs of the preparatory school and the university, but also the demands of the community and the nation. For thirty-nine years he has served Harvard conspicuously, while scores of college presidents have come and gone and the public scarcely remembers their names. Through him, as the graduates said, "the American people have begun to see that the university is not a cloister for the recluse, but an expression of all that is best in the Nation's thought and character." In politics he has fought for the best of legislation; in labor disputes he has brought laborers and capitalists together; in education he has raised the standards of the

By **SIDNEY CURTIS**

A Man Who is Successful Without Money. How Sheer Force of Character Has Made the President of Harvard a Figure of National Importance

secondary schools, shaped even the work of the primary grades, and he has made the university the expression of the highest intellectual forces. In public life he has always been active. He has been outspoken, he has been independent, and with ever unflinching wisdom his efforts have always been on the side of liberty, truth, and justice.

The idea of future usefulness marked President Eliot's career from the start. His classmate, Adams Sherman Hill, says of him: "He had distinguished himself at the Boston Latin School. He had passed the Harvard examinations with honor, and from the beginning to the end of his college career, he faithfully and steadily did the tasks given him, whether they were to his liking or not.

"There are two things," says Mr. Hill, "which dimly foreshadow his achievements in later life: he induced the corporation to give \$200 (a considerable sum for those days) to the Natural History Society, and he was instrumental in bringing about the removal of a tutor who had enriched himself at the expense of ten or a dozen students." President Eliot's reminiscences point in this same direction. He tells how he came to college at the age of fifteen, a very small person; how it was necessary to wear rubber boots when he went for coal and wood, because of the mud and water in the cellar of the dormitory; and how the stairways were utterly without light. When he moved to Holworthy he applied to President Walker to have gas introduced into the building. The president refused, though he brought the matter before the faculty as an extraordinary request. The faculty also refused, saying that the students would play with the gas, turning it off and on at improper times. But Mr. Eliot persevered. He went to the president of the gas company and asked him if he could not make some inducement to have the gas put into the college building, if only for an experiment. The gas company was interested in supplying gas to the university, and offered to pipe the buildings and put in the meters free of charge if President Walker would allow the experiment to be tried. "Back," says President Eliot, "I went to the President, who concluded to run the risk."

Why He Opposes Football

Although President Eliot's opposition to modern college football is well known, he has always been interested in sane athletics, and during his undergraduate days himself participated in college sports. Many a crew has listened to his interesting experiences of those days when Harvard pulled eight oars and Yale six—a time allowance usually being given for the difference—and when the crew met professionals and raced for prize money which got the crew out of debt. But all of this was part of his desire to keep up his physical, mental, and moral health. He developed no one set of muscles out of all proportion to another, and unquestionably he believed then as now in a sound mind and a sound body.

He likes to tell of the origin of Harvard's "crimson." In 1858 the first Harvard rowing shell was put on the water. Three men, of whom Alexander Agassiz was one, got together and bought it.

"We had not paid for the boat," said President Eliot, when asked

about this, "and we depended on our first prize money to pay for it. Well, the day before the race, it appeared that there were to be thirteen or fourteen boats in the race and we said to each other, 'How are our friends going to know us in the regatta?' We have no uniform, nothing at all to distinguish us. We had rowed in our various underclothes up to that time. So 'Ben' Crowninshield and I went down to Hovey's and bought six red handkerchiefs just about that color [picking up a flower from the table] and we tied those handkerchiefs around our heads, and that, gentlemen, is the origin of the Harvard red. Here is the kind of silk handkerchief that was worn a few years later [showing a handkerchief]. It was not the right color. The trouble was that magenta came in and the Harvard color was magenta for a few years; but that handkerchief is a poor aniline dye. This [showing an American Beauty rose of a very dark red hue] was the real color."

During His Early Days

President Eliot likes rowing because there is fun in it, and because it lasts all one's life. He says he can still row and that it gives him a great deal of pleasure. He thinks it is the best sport in college to-day. It is an unchanging sport, one in which new tricks are not tried, and which demands no secret practice nor invisible performances.

Shortly after the Civil War Mr. Eliot was elected president of Harvard. He had been a member of the faculty since 1861. He was appointed tutor in mathematics in 1854, and finally he became assistant professor in mathematics. He had been a professor of chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and he had studied chemistry and education two years in Europe. But he was still young. He was but thirty-five years of age. The Alumni felt him an unsafe man to elect as the leader of Harvard, not merely because he was young, but also because he was a radical. He had criticized in print their method of choosing presidents from the ministry—comparing the practice to that of placing untried civilians over the heads of soldiers; he had criticized openly established methods of education, and he had not spared the knife on the matter of tradition.

The corporation consisted of six men advanced in years. They chose Mr. Eliot. The overseers, a body of thirty men, returned the recommendation, but the corporation remained firm, and again nominated Mr. Eliot. At the next commencement dinner, the atmosphere was distinctly cool—the president of the dinner being one who had voted against Mr. Eliot. At the dinner not one word was said about Mr. Eliot, until Joseph H. Choate, then a rising young lawyer in remote New York, arose and said that he thought it was time that some encouraging word should be uttered about the young president. "I have always felt grateful," said Mr. Eliot, "to Mr. Choate for what he said on that occasion."

Centralizing the College Administration

A story often told, but worthy of constant repetition, is this: Mr. Eliot was fresh in office and had not taken to heart the advice which an old friend of his family had given him shortly after his election. He said, "Charles, I suppose you think that in your new office the first quality you will need is energy." Mr. Eliot replied, "Why yes, I thought that energy was likely to be needed." "No," the friend said, "that is not at all the first quality you will need. The first quality is patience, patience, patience."

Throughout his early career as the head of Harvard University, we find that his sound judgment, his breadth of mind, his influence over faculty decisions, his entrance into the faculties of arts, law, medicine, and divinity, all indicated that the right man had been selected. From the little learning of the college at that time, he had in mind that the college should teach all the subjects in letters, science, and arts which have useful applications for mankind.

"This university," he said in his inaugural address, "recognizes no real antagonism between literature and science, and consents to no such alternatives as mathematics or religion, science or metaphysics. We would have them all and at their best. . . . With good methods we may confidently hope to give the young man . . . an accurate general knowledge of all the main subjects of human interest, besides a minute and thorough knowledge of one subject which he may select as his principal occupation in life."

Under the faculty of arts and sciences there are to-day approximately seven hundred courses. Several stories have gone the rounds of the new president's activity. This is taken from one of Dr. Holmes's letters in 1871:

Mr. Eliot makes the corporation meet twice a month instead of once. He comes to the meeting of every faculty, ours among the rest, keeps us up to eleven and twelve o'clock at night, discussing new arrangements. He shows an extraordinary knowledge of all that relates to every department of the university.

Our new president has turned the whole university over like a flapjack. There never was such a *bouleversement* as that in our medical faculty. . . . It is so curious to see a young man like Eliot, with an organizing brain, a firm will, a grave, calm, dignified presence, taking the ribbons of our classical coach and six, feeling the horses' mouths; putting a check on this one's capers, and touching that one with a lash, turning up everywhere, in every faculty (I belong to three), on every public occasion, at every dinner *orné*, and taking it all as naturally as if he had been born president.

"How is it, I should like to ask," said Dr. — at one of the stormy faculty meetings, "that this faculty has gone on for eighty years

managing its own affairs and doing it well—and now within three or four months it is proposed to change all of our modes of carrying on the school? It seems very extraordinary and I should like to know how it happens."

"I can answer Dr. —'s question very easily," replied Mr. Eliot. "There is a new president."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Governor Washburn, when Mr. Eliot paid his first official visit to the law school; "the President of Harvard College in Dane Hall! This is a new sight."

By degrees the administration was centralized; President Eliot was not long regarded as an intruder, and so to-day the result is a university administration adapted to the rapidly expanding needs of the nation.

If one reads President Eliot's inaugural address and compares his recommendations with the actual conditions of Harvard to-day, he will get the full effect of Mr. Eliot's wisdom and foresight. From a college with but few requirements in Latin, Greek, mathematics and ancient history; a medical school little more than a commercial venture; a law school with a complete case system, with instruction for the whole school, and with entrance requirements low in order to attract men; and a divinity school which required little academic training—all disintegrated departments and with endowments insufficient to make the schools independent of the students—he will see to-day a great university, structurally complete, just as the president planned it years ago. As William DeWitt Hyde said of him: "We see the man who for thirty [now 39] critical years, as prime minister of our educational realm, has defied prejudice, conquered obstacles, lived down opposition, and reorganized our entire educational system from top to bottom."

His Liberal Religious Views

During his administration there has been a large expansion in the scope and quality of instruction in arts and sciences and in the complete application of the elective system in Harvard College; in the growth of museums and laboratories, and the introduction of laboratory and field work in scientific instruction. The requirements of admission to the college have been raised and broadened; the scientific school has been developed into a graduate school of applied science with four programs affording thorough professional and advanced training in the several branches of applied science; the graduate school has been established for the administration of the higher degrees in arts and sciences, and recognition has been given to the importance of the fostering of the higher studies as the essential function of a university. Nor is this department of applied science a mere paper scheme. There is the school for mines, with recognized authorities of national reputation as teachers. The medical and dental schools have been put upon a firmer basis.

Though President Eliot is a Unitarian, the divinity school has been firmly established as an undenominational, or university, school of theology, requiring of candidates for admission a bachelor's degree in arts or science or the equivalent. To-day the school has adopted President Eliot's idea of teaching. It seeks the fact and does not twist it to harmonize with a preconceived theory of theology. The tuition charge has been made the same as that of other departments of the university, thus tending to relieve theological training from the eleemosynary character which has been traditionally associated with it throughout the world. Mr. Eliot, the champion of liberty in theology, is sometimes called irreligious. But those who watch him give every religion fair play in the Phillips Brooks House, who see him constantly at chapel, who observe his daily life, conclude that he is a profoundly religious man. They agree with President Tucker that he is, perhaps, the most religious of us all.

President Eliot is the son of Samuel Atkins Eliot, the treasurer of Harvard College, 1842–1853, and he inherited his father's financial genius. Professor Hart often speaks of President Eliot's influence in financial matters, of his "executive skill which would have placed him in the forefront of finance had he not chosen a career which made him the first of American educators." He foresaw the value of publicity in the university's accounts. In his book "Great Riches" he emphasized the need of publicity concerning all great corporations, and there is more than one anecdote of how treasurers of other institutions have been embarrassed by his request for simple data about their financial management.

The Increase in Faculty

Under his administration the number of officers of instruction has grown from fifty-nine to approximately 600; the number of students has increased from 1,059 to almost 4,000. The invested funds of the university have increased from \$2,257,989.80 to \$19,892,649.92; the income, not counting gifts, has grown from \$301,179.31 to \$1,827,788.91; the expenditure from \$285,817.55 to \$1,973,310.33, an amount which does not include construction of new buildings, expenditures from gifts for special uses and such like items; the books and pamphlets in the library from 180,000, combined, to 478,600 books and 331,000 pamphlets.

Not all of his ideas have been carried out—such as the complete adoption of the three years' course and the restriction of intercollegiate contests in athletics. The latter is extremely unpopular among undergraduates; but many wise minds feel that intercollegiate contests are not for an institution of the size of Harvard. It should have outgrown

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The Last BATTLE SHIP

By MORGAN ROBERTSON

Illustrated by

W. J. Aylward

IT WAS nearly midnight, and the battle ship *Argyll*, stripped to bare steel, was drifting with banked fires but a full head of steam, waiting for daybreak to discover the enemy. New things were expected in this coming action. Wireless news had told of the presence of submarines, as yet unproven in war, and before the going down of the sun a high-power telescope on board had brought to view two small moving spots in the distant sky—air ships; but whether they were friends or enemies had not been determined. No hammocks were piped that night—men slept at their stations or remained awake and talked; and aft on the superstructure a group of officers off duty discussed the possibilities of future warfare, and the coming place of the battle ship under the menace of the bomb-dropping dirigible balloon and the invisible submarine with its deadly torpedo. All had taken part, some with laughter and joking, others with the earnest conviction of serious thought, and the discussion finally had narrowed down to a wordy combat between the highest and the lowest of the commissioned officers, Mr. Clarkson, the executive officer, and young Mr. Felton, temporarily the torpedo lieutenant. Mr. Felton had become dogmatic in his assertions, which is excusable at sea only in the young.

"But, Mr. Felton," said the executive officer, slowly and earnestly, "have a little common sense. Can't you see that conditions must change, that the battle ship, like the steamship, has almost reached the limit of size and development, while the air ship and the submarine are in their infancy?"

"But there must be a center, a nucleus of the fleet. How can you preserve the line of battle without such a backbone? Where will you put the admiral?"

"Up in the air, where he can see things."

"And be seen, too, and shot at."

"Felton, an ordinary gas bag can travel faster than the speediest water craft ever constructed. We cannot hit a destroyer at full speed. How can we hit an air ship above us? Gun sights are useless at such elevations, even though guns could be pointed."

"All a matter of mathematics. Design new ones."

"And suppose a few bombs come down on deck, or down the funnels; what'll happen to the boilers?"

"Armor the deck, and do away with funnels. We will soon have internal combustion engines, anyhow."

"And for submarine attack? Armor the bottom, too?"

Felton, a battle ship will cease

to be a battle ship. With that weight of armor she could only carry the guns of a cruiser without a cruiser's speed."

"But she would still hold the line of battle."

"Until she was further reduced. Then she would not be even a cruiser. Finally she would sacrifice some of her armor—side armor, we'll say, because unnecessary—then, with enemies only above and below, she would lose it all, seal up and dive, or take wings and fly."

"Oh, Mr. Clarkson," said Felton, wearily, "you are a visionary and theorist. The battle ship is here, a perfected fighting machine."

"But she cannot grow much better, while the flying machine and the submarine have just begun. Imagine the three types starting together. Which would be chosen?"

"It would depend upon the judgment, experience, and gray matter of the choosers. I"—young Mr. Felton threw out his chest—"would choose the battle ship."

"Because you never hit one. There goes eight bells. Turn in, Felton, and sleep it off."

Amid the laughter—for Mr. Felton, as torpedo officer, had not yet scored a hit in his department—of the listening officers, the group dispersed, to stand watch, or sleep, until four hours later, when the striking of eight bells would again bring a change on the watches. It was Felton's turn in, and he went to his berth; but, hot and excited over the discussion, he remained awake, tossing and rolling, and mentally arguing with the impractical "first luff," until one bell had struck, then two, and finally three. Then he dozed off, and was sound asleep when the familiar stroke of the bell again rang in his ears. "Clang-clang, clang-clang."

"Only four bells," he murmured, sinking back for another two hours of sleep. But he had hardly lost consciousness when the gun-room orderly tapped at his door.

"Going into action, sir," he said. "You were called, and I thought you had wakened. All hands are at stations, sir."

Felton sprang out of his berth and dressed hurriedly. Until the enemy was within the "cruising radius" of torpedoes his station was on the bridge with the captain. As he ran

along the gun deck he heard through the steel walls of the big ship the faint sound of distant firing, and when he had bounded up the forward companion steps to the main deck he could hear the singing of shells, and see through the inky blackness twinkling points of flame. A crash and a jar of the whole huge fabric told him that one ship of the enemy had the range, and that *something* had struck *somewhere*, and penetrated.

There was no time for sight-seeing. The bridge was above him, and the quickest road to it was by way of the turret, from the top of which he could swing himself up. He

mounted the iron ladder bolted to the turret, but slipped on the hard steel roof

and, with a force that deprived him of breath, was pressed sprawling on his face. But a deafening roar of sound from within the turret told him that the force came from below—from the explosion of a shell and one or more twelve-inch charges, perhaps the whole magazine in the depths. Hardly had his dazed faculties grasped this fact than another was borne in upon them. Gripping tightly the handhold of the turret hatch, and choked with gas fumes oozing through the sight holes in the hood, he felt that he was whirling through the air, upward and to port, he and the whole turret roof. As it turned in air he could see for a moment the dim, bulky outline of the ship below; then it faded into darkness, and he was clinging for dear life to that slowly canting disk of armored steel, until, as it assumed a perpendicular, he was holding his weight with one hand, very curiously, as he then thought, weighing very little. But he partook of the motion of the whole.

Something hard and rigid brushed him on the shoulder, and in a moment he was torn from his support to find himself clutching a smooth, round rod of what seemed to be steel or iron. It was perpendicular, and beyond in the darkness he made out another, and beyond another. Looking down he saw a long, pointed platform or deck, to the edge of which the rods led. He was clinging to the stanchion of an air ship, but what kind of an air ship he could not determine.

Thankful for life and a whole skin—though bruised and shocked almost into unconsciousness—he slid down the stanchion to the deck, and faced a man in the darkness—a tall man who peered down at his face.

"Hello, who are you, and where'd you come from?" he asked, rather kindly. "How'd you get aboard?"

"I hardly know myself. I hardly know I'm alive. This is an air ship, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"My name is Felton, torpedo officer of the battle ship *Argyll*. There was an explosion in the forward turret, and I was on top. I went up with the roof."

"Was that a turret top? I wondered what they were shooting at us."

"It was. I was rifling it. Which side are you on in this mix?"

"The side of the Lord."

The man whistled shrilly, and immediately half a dozen other dark forms materialized out of the dark. They threw themselves upon Felton, choked, pinioned, and bore him down, and before he could speak his protest he found himself bound hand and foot.

"Stay there," said the tall man, who seemed to be the commander, "until we need to expend weights. We *did* want a little more ballast."

Felton wisely accepted the situation, and remained through the waning night where they had placed him. They had not gagged him, and he was free to roll over and change his position when tired. He lay on what seemed to be a grating, but on turning to look at it, he found that it was the deck of the car, through the slits of which he could see lights below, and the quick gleaming of distant gun fire, but nothing on the black carpet that took form and identity.

In his immediate vicinity, however, objects were becoming faintly visible in the first blink of the morning light that had not yet reached the surface below. He made out the shape, size, and general construction of the craft that carried him. It was not the conventional elongated gas bag, with car and motor, rudder and screw; nor was it suspended in the air by wings or planes, unless the long, concave roof above, toward the edge of which the stanchions led, performed some such function. Amidships were a vertical and a horizontal steering wheel, aft a noisily buzzing engine, and, behind it in the darkness, presumably, were the screw and rud-

ders that propelled and guided the craft. Symmetrically disposed about the deck were long, steel cylinders that doubtless contained the compressed gas or air that worked the engine, and through and between them all a system of pipes, valves, levers, and indicators, as complicated as the fittings of an engine room. The tall commander was at the wheel amidships, another man at the engine, and the rest of the crew, seven in all, were scattered about the deck "keeping lookout," not ahead, but down.

"There she is," said one, suddenly lifting his head. "Ahead, and to port."

"I see her," said the captain, peering down and shifting the wheel.

"You see, young man," he said to Felton, "we had to rise so suddenly to dodge that turret top that we lost sight of her."

"Do you mean to say," answered Felton, cautiously, for he did not yet understand the temper of these men, "that you can dodge *anything*?"

"We can dodge or outrun a shell, or anything else big enough to see. But it was dark, and we didn't see that turret coming. It almost hit us."

"What is your lifting power, captain?"

"The centrifugal force of the earth—partly, inconvenient in one respect, for we rise at a tangent. We descend by its opposite and balancing force, gravitation, which is more direct."

"How do you tap this centrifugal force?" asked the amazed Felton. "How do you overcome gravitation?"

"Gravitation is only one phase of magnetism. In magnetism, repulsion equals attraction. By reversing our polarity we are repelled from the earth at the speed of a falling body, but, of course, at a tangent."

"It's beyond me," said Felton. "Of course, that tangent would take you westward at the speed of the sun."

"In a succession of jumps—yes."

"But how do you change your polarity?" asked Felton, becoming interested.

"There is your ship down there, nearly beneath us." And the interest was crushed.

Felton looked down. The light was stronger now, and he could dimly see on the surface beneath the indefinite outlines of a battle ship toward which the air ship was heading. Not a light could be seen on her. Her fires were quiet; not a flare shone from her funnels. Though there was fighting at a distance, this craft was not engaged in it. Slowly, from the lofty point of view, she moved along on a course that crossed the course of the air ship, and slowly the latter turned and followed, soon dropping squarely in her wake—if such term may be used—a full half mile above. The engine now accelerated its speed, increasing its volume of noise; and this noise must have been heard on the battle ship. A sudden illumination was seen—like a flash of heat lightning—then came the singing of a projectile, and with it the report of the gun.

"Oh, fudge!" said the captain, gently and pityingly. "Go ahead, boys."

To the Players

By EDITH M. THOMAS

"WE can make you weep," they said,
"For sorrow for souls o'ertasked—
For Truth with a price on her head—
For Love that was thankless shed."

"Can you make us laugh?" we asked.

"We can make you smile," they said—
"We will show you Vice unmasked;
Then, surely, you with the bread
Of a bitter joy will be fed!"

"Can you make us laugh?" we asked.

It was now light enough for Felton to examine the faces of these men. To his surprise they were young, almost boyish. They were not in uniform. Their dress and faces were as commonplace as could be found in a factory; only the tall, thin young captain showing in voice and expression the signs of study and thought. He twirled the wheel, manipulated levers and valves within reach, and watched, downward through the slits, the big craft beneath.

The sun was rising in the east, and Felton could make out the details of the ship below—his own ship, with its familiar bridge, turrets, and superstructure, and an enormous, gaping hole forward where once had been the twelve-inch turret. Far to the south and east were other ships, pursued and pursuing, but which was friend and which enemy he could not make out. War ships, like bicycles, had become standardized.

A small, round shot was dropped over, and Felton watched it descend until it disappeared from sight. But soon a scarcely perceptible splash was seen—a little astern and to starboard, and the captain moved the wheel and turned a lever. Another shot, or finder, went down, and this splashed nearer. Then they lifted a pointed shell, vaned like a dynamite projectile, held it poised until the captain gave the word, and dropped it. It went down true as a plummet, and went out of sight. But its effects were soon seen in an uplifting of the quarterdeck close to the stern, and the rising of a cloud of yellow smoke.

"Nothing left of the steering gear," shuddered Felton. "Wonder how many were killed in that—and the other."

A six-inch gun on the superstructure was barking away, and shells still screamed upward, but none came near the air ship.

"We'll silence that gun," the commander said, taking out his watch and slightly changing the course and speed. "Stand by."

They poised another shell, and at the word "drop" down it went. The commander pocketed his watch, and said: "Now for the rest of her; after turret next."

Felton heard, but was watching the descent of the shell. It went out of sight like the others, but soon he saw the uplift of deck, the yellow smoke of explosion, and a dismounted gun flying overboard.

"My God, captain!" he exclaimed. "Is this legitimate warfare? What chance has she? She can't hit back. That was the only gun she had with elevated trunnions."

"And she cost about four millions, didn't she?" answered the captain, derisively. "Did you ever hear about the boy who was reproved for clubbing a mule tied to a post? His excuse was that it had no darn business to be a mule. Mine is that you've no darn business to build battle ships."

"Well, we may build air ships, too," said Felton, helplessly.

He said no more, but watched, while his ship was picked to pieces. The after turret went next, its big guns lifting and falling across each other. It took two shells to do this, though the second may have had aid from the magazine beneath; for the whole turret rose with the explosion. Then the eight-inch turrets, one after the other, shattered to shapeless lumps under that terrible dropping bombardment; then the superstructure, with its inclosed armament of six-inch and smaller guns, received the fire; and when the whole expanse was an uneven tangle of riven plates, twisted rods, smashed boats, and uprooted ventilators, the funnels came in for attention. Three open, ten-foot tubes leading to the vitals, water-tube boilers and steam connections, one after another belched upward a mighty white cloud, and after each uprush of steam the dropping of bombs ceased until the steam had thinned; for in this deadly, leisurely destruction of a battle ship, no bomb need be wasted.

There was still the gaping hole where once had been the forward turret, and the commander seemed to be studying this, as Felton, sick at heart and furious with impotent rage, lifted his gaze from the wreck, which, rolling slowly from filled compartments, smoking with inward flame, and covered with crawling dots seeking escape from the inferno beneath, had lately been his refuge and his home—the invincible, impregnable *Argyll*—queen among battle ships.

"I say, there," called the captain to Felton. "What blew up that forward turret? No gun fire can reach a magazine, and it was n't I that did it."

"How do I know? Perhaps it was something else like you," snapped Felton.

"Do you think," and the commander's face took on an anxious expression, "that it might have been a submarine's torpedo?"

"Find out."

"That's what I'll have to do. We'll go down and see."

One of the men, a big, lumbering fellow with a dull, moon-like face, came up to where Felton lay and kicked him.

"Don't talk like that to the boss," he said.

"D—you!" yelled Felton. "You kick a man bound and down. Loose my hands, if you dare. Loose my hands! I won't need my feet."

"Loose him," called the captain, unconcernedly. "Give him his way."

The man stooped and unfastened the cord which held Felton's wrists; then, even as he scrambled to his feet, he released his ankles.

"Now, you dog, take it," he growled, launching his fist at the man's face. It landed squarely, and the man went down, bleeding. He arose, but instead of resisting, or making any attempt to strike back, stood placidly in his tracks while the angry man struck him again.

Once more he went down, to rise again and tranquilly face his assailant. Felton hesitated, while his anger cooled a little: this kind of fighting was new to him. But the kick in his ribs flashed into his mind and the anger came back. "Fight! Fight!" he growled, and again knocked the fellow down. This time he put all his strength, and the weight of his body into the blow, with the result that the man reeled aft past the steering gear before he fell. He sat up and turned his swollen, bleeding face toward Felton, but did not rise nor speak.

"You've had enough, I judge," said Felton. "Any one else here who wants to kick me?"

No one answered. They were all looking down, and even the victim joined in the scrutiny. Not one had seemed in any way interested in the fracas.

"Come on. Who's next?" said the puzzled Felton.

"It is against our rules here to fight," said the nearest man, without looking up. "We save our energies for the enemy."

"But it seems within your rules to kick a prisoner," answered Felton in disgust.

"Do you think," asked the captain, raising a troubled face, "that there are any submarine craft around?"

"How do I know," answered Felton.

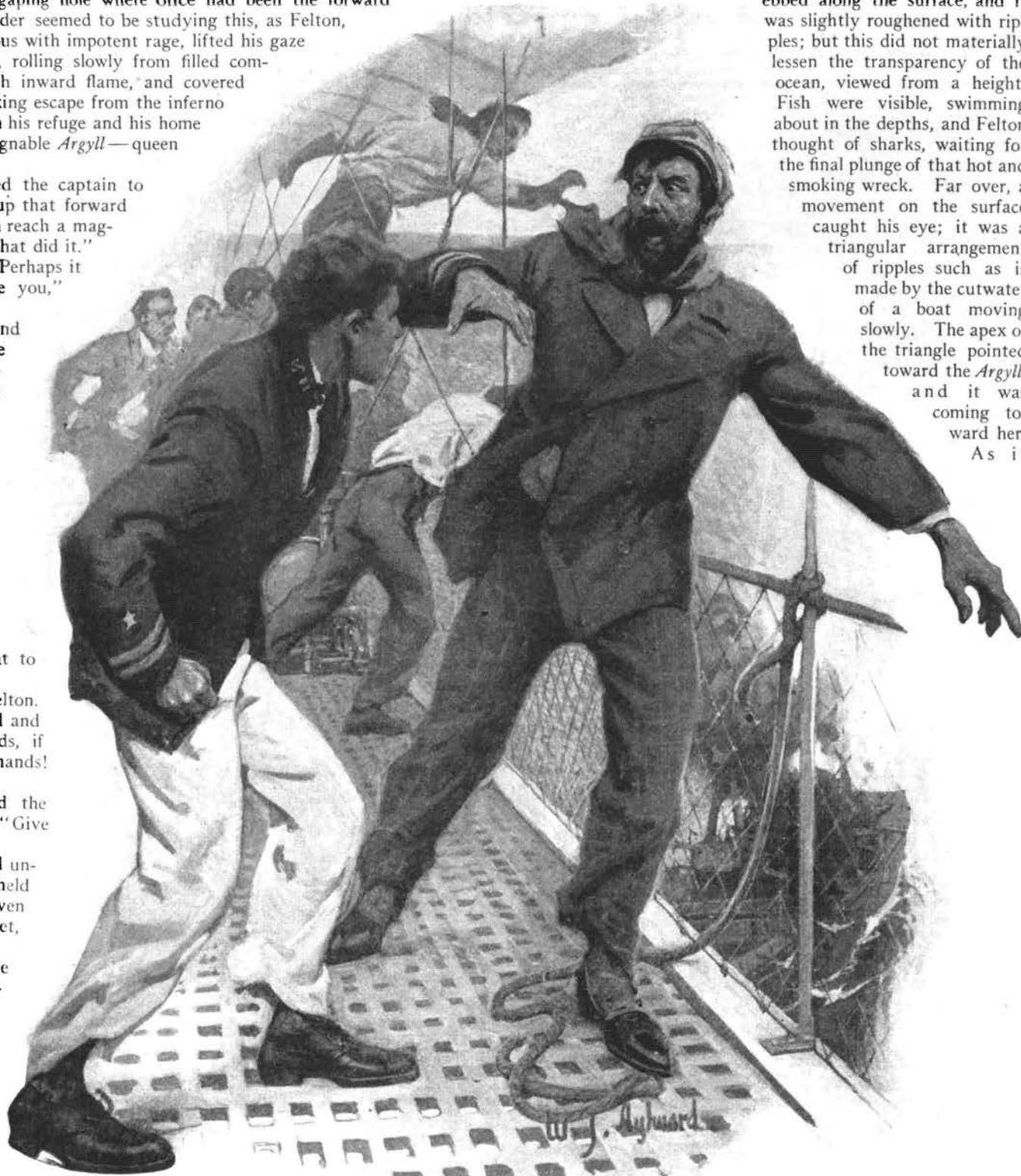
"I don't feel easy, at all," said the other, plaintively.

"How the devil," exclaimed Felton, "can a submarine hurt you?"

The captain looked down without answering, and Felton seated himself to cool off, wondering, the while, what particular brand of human nature was embodied in this crew, and half expecting a concerted attempt to bind him again. But nothing of the kind happened; and when his breathing and circulation were normal, he, too, looked down on the spectacle below.

The air ship had descended to less than a hundred yards from the sea, and hung poised, not over the floating scrap heap that had once been a battle ship, but to starboard. One look was enough for Felton; he saw men writhing among the wreckage, unable to crawl to the rail and end their agony. Smoke was coming from every aperture, and here and there a small tongue of flame shot up, and fell back into the smoke. Nauseated with horror, he closed his eyes, changed his position, and opened them on the placid sea on the other side—away from the *Argyll*. A smooth, rolling swell pulsed and

ebbed along the surface, and it was slightly roughened with ripples; but this did not materially lessen the transparency of the ocean, viewed from a height. Fish were visible, swimming about in the depths, and Felton thought of sharks, waiting for the final plunge of that hot and smoking wreck. Far over, a movement on the surface caught his eye; it was a triangular arrangement of ripples such as is made by the cutwater of a boat moving slowly. The apex of the triangle pointed toward the *Argyll*, and it was coming toward her. As it



"Jump! Jump for your life!"

drew near Felton made out the cause, a short length of pole extending about three feet out of water and moved by some power beneath. Then a huge, bulky shape, pointed like a fish, but foreshortened and distorted by reflection—a darker blue on the blue of the sea—appeared to view as the source of the motive power.

"There's a submarine, for you, captain," he called, grimly. "See the periscope tube?"

"Where?" yelled the captain, excitedly. "Where is it?"

He sprang to his feet, and looked to where Felton pointed. The others followed suit, their cries, queries and alarmed faces increasing Felton's doubts as to their sanity.

"Oh, God help us!" cried the captain, mournfully, as he saw the tube and the shape beneath. "Jump—jump for your lives! Jump, you!"

He pointed at Felton, and sprang toward him.

"Why should I jump?" asked Felton, wonderingly, and prepared for defence. The others came at him, each shouting his loudest: "Jump, jump for your life! Overboard with you! Quick, you fool!"

HEARTBREAK TRAIL



IT WAS late afternoon on the Skagway trail, in the summer of "ninety-seven." The sun was shining with pitiless heat upon one of the most terrible tragedies of America—that brute struggle for gold; that fire of lust and greed that ran riot in men's veins and burned its way to madness; that passion which gripped the great fool heart of the country and shook it like a plaything—that rifled our homes and orphaned our children and broke the hearts of our women.

The trail was filled with struggling men—and struggling, dying, or dead mules, horses, and dogs. The men worked with white, set faces; some with prayers and others with curses; some with hope and others with despair. The brutes struggled on under cruel burdens, stumbling, bleeding, enduring torture; yet obeying dumbly, until finally, with sudden, last, pitiful groans or screams of agony, they huddled down upon shaking knees and rolled over in the death struggle, tortured even in that supreme moment by the awful packs and girths.

Strewn along this trail of torture were maimed and worn-out animals that had been abandoned by gold-crazed human fiends, to starve slowly to death; and even kind-hearted men, passing, looked into those wide and terrified eyes which seemed to have souls in them pleading dumbly, as brutes must, for mercy—and shuddered and passed on. In that wild race to be first, who could give up his place in line to

put an animal out of agony? Well—men forget, but God remembers.

On this day the sun beat down blisteringly upon the trail. There was a sickening stench upon the still air. It had rained for many days and the mire in the low places was thigh deep. Into this had sunken the carcasses of dead animals; and now that a hot day had come

suddenly and unexpectedly, a fetid steam arose and pushed through the canyon, wrapping itself around the scarce and stunted trees, and blotting out the rocky cliffs that overhung the opposite side of the valley. In the short space of one mile, a thousand men were toiling, as man never toiled before, through the crumbling mass of shale that moved ceaselessly down the side of the ridge.

There were two long streams of humanity flowing in opposite directions,—those in the one line working their way slowly and painfully on to Lake Bennett; those in the other, having taken over and *cached* half their provisions, toiling back for the remainder; and in many places—it might almost be said in *most* places—the trail was only six or seven feet wide.

Suddenly an outcry arose and intense excitement shuddered along the line. Nothing save a tragedy could change the set expression of the faces of these men. Every one was for himself. He had no time to lend a hand to his neighbor, for the simple reason that he needed a helping hand himself. So each went his own way, with a sullen face and teeth set together like the teeth of a bulldog. Seldom was a word spoken by one to another, or a glance given. Oaths there were, and sighs and groans; and prayers—but the prayers were, for the most part, in the heart and not on the lips. Occasionally the sharp report of a

gun and the scream of a horse told a familiar tale and added a touch of horror to the scene.

The outcry promised a tragedy—and there is ever time to spare for a tragedy.

"Thief! Thief! Thief!" was the cry that went along the trail. A dozen men, with fierce, determined faces, were dragging through the shale a trembling wretch with a rope around his neck.

A tumult arose among the excited, angry men. "Hang him! Hang him! the cur! He was stealing out of a *cache*!"

"Go slow, boys—he may be innocent." It was Dad who spoke.

"Innocent!" yelled Shorty, who was six-foot-two in his stockings. "I caught him myself, stealing out of my own *cache*! Oh, yes, we'll go slow!"

"We don't want this kind of varmint on this trail," shouted Donnelly, who would have robbed every man on the trail if he had n't been so cowardly. "Yander's a strong limb—down yander on that alder tree!"

"Hold on, boys. I tell you—"

"Dry up, Dad. Hold your tongue. Old sky-pilot, you! Hang him!—Don't give him a chance to beg—"

"I never saw a thief that would n't do the baby act, if he got a chance. Never saw one that 'u'd hang polite, like a gentleman!"

A coarse burst of laughter met this witticism.

A little way out in the valley was a clump of alders. The sun brought out the dapples in their silver bark. They were straggling and stunted. One, standing a little apart from his fellows—as if already conscious of the distinction destined for him—had flung a straight, strong arm out across the trail.

Toward this tree they dragged the guilty and shaking wretch. As they passed Dad, the old man's eyes met those of the condemned man.

"Take care of the horses," cried Dad to his partner, and went stumbling along with the yelling, frenzied mob. When they paused by the alder he forced his way into the very center of the surging crowd. He managed somehow to get hold of Shorty's arm.

"See here, Shorty. I tell you, you've got to give this man one chance for his life. You ain't give him a chance yet—not a blame one! It don't make any difference whether he acted half-way white or not—you act white, anyhow, an' give him a chance."

"Who says I ain't acted white?" bellowed Shorty, towering above the whole crowd. "Go slow, Dad, or—suffering Abraham! I don't care if it is you, I'll knock you into the middle of next week! Grub is gold on this here trail. This cur was a-stealing my grub, an' I caught him in the act. We're all agreed on this here trail that the man that steals grub *hangs*. You can kill six men on this here trail to Dawson-an'-Gold, an' get off easier 'n you can steal five pounds of bacon or beans an' save



DAD

ELLA HIGGINSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR COVEY



your neck. You know it. Every man a-listening knows it. He knowed it before he pried into my *cache*. Don't tell *me* I ain't a-acting white! I'm a-living up to the unwrit laws of this here trail to Dawson-an'-Gold."

He glared into Dad's eyes. The old man did not quail. He stood firm. His pallor brought out all the wrinkles in his weather-beaten face and neck.

"That's all right, Shorty," he said. "I ain't afraid o' you. Ten thieves could n't make you quar'l with *me*, an' you know it. I always give you good ca'm advice; an' now you're a-going to give this young fellow one chance for his life—just for the old lady's sake! Just because you're the old lady's son; an' because just before she died she says—"

Shorty shuddered, as if his heart had opened and closed. "Dry up, I tell you!" he exclaimed. "Let go now."

"I won't dry up till I'm through. She drags herself up on her elbow—my wife an' I was both there—an' her face was gray with death, an' she could hardly speak at all—but she says—'Tell Jim—he broke his old—mother's heart—by his—neglect—but I don't care for—that if only—only—*only*—he'd be a—*good* man—an' a *merciful* one—before God—if only—'

Shorty's face had been working convulsively; his head dropped now. A sound broke from him that was as near a sob as could arise in his throat. He looked over the crowd, flushing in a shamefaced way. "Boys, I've got to give this hound one chance, to please this old sky-pilot here," he cried. "He'll get just one chance. I'm the court, because I'm the out-an'-injured; an' you're all the jury; Dad can do the weeping-relative or the suffering-sky-pilot act; an' the condemned—excuse *me*, the prisoner—can make any plea he wants; there won't be a witness for him an' there won't be a witness agen him; an' he won't have any lawyer to talk for him—he'll do his own talkin', an' when he gets through *we'll* talk. Now, then, steady! Ease up the rope, boys, so's he can make the most o' this chance an' talk comf'terble. Dad, you can support him—you're the weeping relative."

Dad loosened the rope with shaking fingers. "Young fellow," he said, in a low tone of encouragement, "you've just got one slim chance for your life. If there's any excuse for your stealing, you give it; if there's any story with it you tell it. Don't use any fine language. Talk to the point an' *talk trail*—so's they'll understand you."

There was intense silence. The prisoner lifted his head and gave a long questioning look over that sea of faces. Then he shook his head. "It's no use," he said calmly. "These men all want to see me hang—nothing else'll satisfy them. I can't talk them out of it."

"Now, see here," said Shorty, shifting from one long leg to the other, "when you say that you're a liar, as well as a thief. There never was a jury born that could n't be worked on if the prisoner had the right story to tell an' told it the right way—or a court, either. The real drawback is that they don't often have the right story; or, if they have the right story, they don't tell it the right way. Now, I'm the court an' I'm a-going to rule white; an' if you tell the right story an' tell it the right way, you're a-going to save your neck, thief or no thief!"

There was another silence.

"Got a mother?" whispered Dad.

"No," said the prisoner. He spoke without emotion. He was looking at the ground with eyes that saw nothing.

"A sister, maybe? O' course you got a sister?" Dad's tone was urgent with entreaty.

"No—no."

"A wife, then? Oh, Lord A'mighty," groaned Dad, "ain't you got a wife?"

The thief lifted his head and looked at him. The appeal in his eyes was like that in the eyes of a dog that is mad, yet dumb, with pain. "Yes," he said, "I've got a wife."

Then he looked at the court.

"How much time you going to give me?"

The court with much dignity drew from a vest pocket what in a moment of less majesty he would have called a "silver turnip," attached to a braided leather chain. He consulted it solemnly. "Considering that this is a special occasion," he said pompously, "an event, I may say, of considerable importance in your career, I will give you a ha'f an hour by the turnip—that is, watch. The jury will come to order.

The weeping relative will—er—hum—moderate his transports. The con—prisoner will—will—h'm—argify his case—hunh."

The prisoner held his head up and his chin level. His eyes went slowly over the crowd. He was gathering courage. He commenced to take on the look of a man. His face was as gray as the death on whose verge he stood and his lips had a slight convulsive twitching; but he gave no other indication of nervousness.

"I guess," he said slowly, "I can't do any better than to tell you about the only good there ever was in my life." His voice trembled on the first words, as if his heart were beating

heavily through it, but it grew firmer as he went on and the twitching of his lips became fainter and presently ceased altogether. "I'll say right in the start that I ain't acted white with you; I *was* stealin' out o' the court's *cache*, an' the court caught me hisself. There's two reasons why I ain't acted white with you. The first is, I suppose, because I wasn't born white to start with, and the other is"—he hesitated and swallowed once or twice, and then cleared his throat; unconsciously, so breathless and intense was their interest and so completely were they carried along by his simple language and manner, the court, the entire jury, and

the weeping relative did the same—"the other reason is—I expect my wife along this trail from Skagway on her way to Dawson any minute, an' I didn't have an ounce o' grub for her—"

"Better hang him 'fore she gets here!" shouted a voice in the mob; but the court stretched up on his long legs like India rubber and roared, "Silence!"

The prisoner paid no attention. "I come of a no-account fambly," he went on calmly. "I ain't got a word to say agen 'em, not a word. My father could lie faster 'n a horse could run, an' my mother was a professional shoplifter. My father never did do anything in his life but gamble nights an' lay around days, a-cussin' the



LILY

world for not havin' done any better by him.

"They considered me the smartest one o' the famby. 'Sonny, you're as smart as a new steel trap,' my father used to say, with a twinkle in his eye; 'you're a chip off o' the old block—that's what you are!' They taught me to lie an' swear, an' gamble an' steal—livin' by your wits, they called it. My mother used to come home an' show the silk an' things she'd stole, an' while she cooked supper she'd tell us all about her adventures—how she pulled the wool over one clerk's eyes, an' played the poor-widow-five-children-an'-paralyzed-father act on another, right while she slid the things under her shawl. We used to laugh an' have lots o' fun over our scrapes an' how we got out of 'em without bein' caught. I don't think my father an' mother ever thought the way they lived was wrong—they just did n't know any other way—they'd been brought up to it, just as I was. They was kind to each other an' to us children; an' I don't want you to think I'm a-talkin' agen 'em—I'm just a-tellin' you; it all comes in with my story.

"Well, of course, I fell right into gambling. I drank some, too. I loved music better 'n I loved myself, an' a few lessons made me so's I could turn people's heads with a violin. I used to play in saloons; an' I used to take my violin home Saturday nights an' play Sundays for my mother. I've seen her go off alone to herself an' cry. Once I followed her, an' found her a-standin' up agen the wall of her room a-cryin' awful, down in her throat. I felt kind o' foolish, but I said, 'Oh, come now, mother, what makes you act so? You do act so—an' she says—'Oh, God A'mighty only knows what ails me! I do' know what does get into me when you play sometimes. I wish you would n't play "Nearer my God" an' "Come ye Disconsolate," an' all them fool church tunes; I don't know what they mean, but they make me *feel so!* They make me wish I was different—an' of course I can't be now—I'm too old. I do' know how to be, anyway.'"

The prisoner paused. He was holding the breathless attention of the court, the jury, and the one weeping relative. Not one doubted his sincerity. Not one doubted that he was telling the truth. He was proving himself a born story-teller by having forgotten himself absolutely. He was unconsciously carrying both himself and his hearers along with his story. He heard his own words with absorbing interest, and with a kind of still wonder—as if they were issuing from the lips of a stranger. The fascination, the power of the story-teller were upon him. A high, lone light that was like exaltation shone upon his face. He no longer remembered that he was telling a story for his life—he was simply and only telling a story—and the charm of it, the rapture of it, the power of it, possessed him.

"Well, one Sunday night in June, along about dusk, I was a-playin' by the window. All of a sudden my mother motioned to me to stop, an' she got up an' went to the door. I heard her say, 'How are you, miss? Will you walk in?' an' a woman's voice said, 'Oh, yes, indeed, if I may hear the music.' An' into the room they came before I could move. 'Have a chair, miss,' says my mother, 'an' my son 'll be proud to play for you.'

"The visitor sat down in a little low rocking-chair. It was so dark in the room that I could n't see her face. She was dressed all in white, an' all I could think of was the lilies I used to find in dark woods when I was a boy—she looked so slim an' delicate there 'n the dusk. Well, sir, I played for her, an' she thought everything was beautiful. She had a little soft way of crying out how pretty a thing was. That made it seem ten times prettier. The more I played, the more I wanted to play; but mother went an' spoiled it all by lighting the lamp. Then I remembered I did n't have any necktie on—an' I could n't play any more. I guess I could n't of, anyhow, for looking at her. I was about twenty-five, then, but I'd never looked at or talked to that kind of a girl before; an' somehow it made me feel mighty queer. She looked at mother an' me an' talked to us just as if she thought we was the best folks on earth. She said she was an orphan an' lived with her uncle—an' her uncle was a preacher. That



"'Grub is gold on this here trail' "

tickled us. They lived about a dozen blocks away, an' when she said she must be going home, mother said I must 'see the young lady safe home.' She asked if she might come again and hear me play; an' mother told her we'd be honored—but I could n't say a word.

"Well, she come two or three times a week. She said her uncle's folks was so religious that she got awful lonesome; an' it seemed good to run out a little spell 'n the evenings an' smell the fresh air an' hear me play. She used to bring flowers. After she was gone, I'd take 'em up to my room an' keep 'em in an old blue pitcher. I'd change the water every day. I never 'd cared much about flowers after I grew up, either; but mother did n't dare so much as lay a finger on one o' them she brought. Sometimes after I'd walked home with her I just *could n't* go on down-town an' gamble all night; an' after I'd played to her a few times, I quit playin' in the saloons altogether—it did n't make any difference how bad I needed money; I just could n't, an' that was all there was about it. Well, after a couple o' months I thought so much of that girl I did n't know whether I was on my head or my feet half the time. I used to walk along close to her in the dusk an' wonder what she'd do or say if I reached down an' touched

her hand. I used to think I'd give half my life if I could take her hand an' hold it five minutes without her tryin' to take it away. I knew I would n't want to hold it five seconds if she did n't want me to. But I could n't tell a thing about her—she was so sweet and modest."

He paused and drew a long breath. It was a strange story to be telling to those desperate men. It was a strange story to be telling for life or death. There seemed to be so little in it; no plot; no excitement; no hair-breadth escape; no working on their sympathies; no heavy pathos. Just the simple recital of the gradual whitening of a life; the unconscious exaltation of a soul through the influence of love. Every man was breathing silently.

Every man's eyes were set upon the teller of the tale. Those who had known such love were deeply moved by the memories unexpectedly awakened; those who had not, by a dumb wonder and a hurting sense of something lost before it was ever found. After a moment he continued:

"One night we were walking through the park. It was almost dark under the trees. She dropped her handkercher. I went right down on my knees to find it, and there was my cheek right against her little soft hand. Before I knew a thing, I had it in both my hands and was kissing it—and kissing it—and trembling all over. An' what do you suppose was the first thing she did? An' what do you suppose was the first thing she said? She drew me up beside her an' put her little slender arms around my neck an' leaned her cheek agen mine an' said, down low—'Oh, dearest, are you good?' She asked me if I was good! An' before I could answer a word, she cried out: 'Oh, don't answer—I don't want you to answer. I *know* you are good—an' I'll never believe anything else about you to the last day of my life!' An' she never has.

"She's been my wife seven years, an' nobody has ever been able to make her believe that I ever done a thing wrong. Not a one. I never had to lie to her, either.

There never was a man yet with a heart in him that could shoot a white dove. I've seen men let 'em loose out of traps an' shoot 'em as they flew for their lives—but they did n't have hearts in em! I've drank, an' gambled, an' swore, an' stole—but I never shot a dove. Well, I could have shot a white dove easier 'n I could have lied to her. But I never had to. She never doubted me, an' she never asked a question.

"Her uncle made an awful fuss, but she did n't pay any attention. 'He tried to make me believe bad things about you an' your folks,' she said. 'He's so religious that he is n't religious at all. I like people to be good, but I don't like 'em to be *too good!* Dearest, you're just good enough for me.' An' then she put her arms around my neck an' her soft cheek agen mine, an' laughed as if it was the greatest joke on earth that anybody should think bad about us.

"She just walked right off an' left her uncle, laughing at him an' crying out, 'Oh uncle, you're *too good!* You're so good you just make people *bad!*' An' she come right to our house an' we got married an' lived there.

"Well, you never saw anything like the change her being there made. We never said a word about it among ourselves; but mother stopped

shoplifting, little by little; and father stopped drinking and swearing. He kept on gambling, but she never knew it. I went to work, for the first time in my life. Sometimes, when the craze came on, I gambled, too; but she never asked me where I'd been an' I never had to lie. I stopped drinking altogether and the gambling spells got fewer an' further between. I tell you, seventeen missionaries could of worked over that fambly of ours an' prayed over us—without doing what that girl did just by loving us all half to death an' thinking we was just as good as she wanted us to be!

"Then the stork come—that was what she

called it—an' she talked about its coming as glad an' innocent as a child. But just before it come my father died; an' just after it come my mother died.

"The last thing, my mother motioned to me, an' when I stooped over her, she says: 'Jim, I d' know where I'm a-going; I d' know how much chance I got; but I do know one thing—I know I've got a better chance 'n I had before she come here. May the Lord A'mighty forgive me for the awful way I've lived an' the awful way I've brought you up. I didn't know any other way. Oh, my Lord, Jim, if I could only say a prayer! But I never said one in my life,

an' I'm afraid to now. Where's Lily? Call Lily, Jim.'"

The young man choked suddenly and his eyes fell. The crowd stood motionless and waited. The court was leaning against an alder sapling with his hands in his pockets. His eyes were set unwaveringly on the face of the prisoner. The prisoner lifted his eyes and met those of the court.

"The baby just lived a month," he went on. His face was whiter than it had been. The muscles about his mouth and chin twitched convulsively, but his voice did not tremble again or break. "After it died, it seemed as if

[Concluded on page 407]

"THERE was a fellow who squeezed into Congress from a Democratic district in Chicago," said the Washington correspondent. "Can't recall his name, but it doesn't matter. He never amounted to anything. The point is—he led a forlorn hope, elected himself, and was in a position to be independent. Well, they got him. In three months he was proclaiming Billy Lorimer, the packer's next friend, to be the greatest public man in Illinois and one of the real statesmen of the nation. I admit I don't see altogether how they do it."

"How do they break in a new congressman? They don't. He does that himself."

As Congressman Quinn consumed a long black cigar from the wrong end, he appeared to be considering the subject from the vantage-ground of his third term in the House.

A mine for news, Lucius Quinn is, nevertheless, an un-influential congressman. This he does not have to be told. Few are wiser than he, and they refuse to talk. The autocracy of the "popular branch" of Congress (Czar Cannon and Grand Dukes Dalzell and Sherman) could bamboozle him with just about the same ease that the Standard Oil press bureau could write in portions of a Roosevelt message to the "peepul" via Congress.

The correspondent realized that he had touched upon a matter lying close to the heart of this vigorous Westerner, and he was content to wait. Moving up a notch on the black cigar Congressman Quinn continued:

"I came to Congress representing a country which is new; where there are no old roads, no old towns, no old families. Out

there we follow no method to-day merely because some one followed it yesterday. We cut across the open prairie, each man taking his own course with the joy of initiative made up half of independence and half of impeachment of the judgment of the man in the wagon ahead of him: We do not keep in the rut. In our activity to keep out of it, possibly we go to the other extreme, for the new merchant in my town is likely to draw all the trade for a while, the new music teacher to get all the pupils, and the new lawyer to be rated truly marvelous before he has tried a single case. In my country we accept a stranger with enthusiastic warmth upon the assumption that he is an acquisition to the community. The hand we extend to him at first greeting is one of full fellowship.

"The first thing I noticed in Washington was that this custom was not universal, and that it did not obtain in the capital. Every hand that

CONGRESSMAN QUINN

He Talks about Breaking in the New Member

Reported by HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM. Illustrated by C. R. MACAULEY

For obvious reasons, the real name of Congressman Quinn cannot be given. He is serving his third term in Congress



Congressman Quinn

was extended to me was one expressing doubt, suspicion, and an unspoken but unmistakable demand that if I amounted to anything I would have to prove it. In my country we accept a man and prove him afterwards. In Washington a man proves himself and is accepted afterwards. Many a new congressman has left the presence of Secretary Loeb in the belief that with all his arctic experiences there are degrees of cold which Peary has never known."

"A dentist told Loeb the other day," interrupted the correspondent, "that he opened his mouth too wide."

"A dentist? I thought so. No really human being would have brought that charge against the watchdog of the White House." Congressman Quinn spoke feelingly.

"I quickly realized the distinction between the give-a-fellow-every-chance fellowship of my country and the official ostracism of the capital. It helped break the long and cruel fall which crushes the buoyancy of every congressman who finds the

cedure; its wantonness in waste; its glut of furniture in committee rooms and clusters of lights in unfrequented and dark passageways in the basement; its suite of marble bathrooms, far beneath, reached only by a devious hall and unknown to most of the members; its army of idle doorkeepers and guards, tally clerks, journal clerks, enrolling clerks, docket clerks, document clerks, file clerks, distributing clerks, index clerks; its telegraph operators and locksmiths and machinists and electricians and cab inspectors and barbers and janitors and messengers. One clerk in particular caught and held my attention. He was a spare young man of solemn countenance. Every day at noon he carried from below into the House the glittering mace of authority, made up of Roman lictor rods surmounted by an eagle. As you know, when the House is in session this is placed on a short marble shaft; when the House is in the Committee of the Whole, as it is most of the time, it comes down. The operation will occur possibly twice in a day's proceedings. It is the solemn young man's duty to elevate and lower it on such occasions. The operation admits of no ornamentation. It is a dreadfully infrequent and monotonous performance. In a foolish sort of way I fell to hoping that some day the young man, in desperation, would let it drop and break.

"If there had been any humor in his soul he would have done this, but he was without humor. I did not know then, but I was soon to learn, that this young man was the creature of the Grim Presence which was to break me in.

"In the general confusion of legislation I found one day that the House appropriated for legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government in one bill. This bill had been made up in committee and reported out to the

House by General Harry Bingham, the father of the House, who appears for three days each session in charge of this bill, and then disappears. I obtained a copy of the bill and read it. It was a book of 166 pages, enumerating, without a superfluous word, the items of expenditure of the Government in the three branches, amounting to many millions of dollars.

"I came across this item: 'For mileage of Representatives and Delegates and expenses of Resident Commissioners, \$154,000.'



"The glittering mace of authority" age, but this was the first

gratification-in the thought that he is the one man preferred over 200,000 in his district turning to ashes before the heart-sickening concession that three hundred and ninety men, of ordinary aspect, cannot share that gratification with him without cheapening it.

"It was difficult to distinguish the members from the doorkeepers and from the older pages too; difficult to determine why Sereno Payne, of ordinary speech and manner, should be the floor leader of the Republicans; and why the House should go into laughing uproar over a bit of doggerel from Champ Clark.

"This, however, did not break me in. I turned from the vain attempt to discover the system by which men are valued on the floor to the machinery of the House; its unintelligible pro-

time I had seen the aggregate. I went out into the cloak-room and broached the subject to an old member, asking him how much we received per mile. He told me twenty cents

"Why?" I asked.
"It's part of the compensation," he said curtly. I did not trouble him further.

"But I searched for a more congenial countenance and brought the subject up again, asking the congressman why we received twenty cents a mile, and not ten or sixty.

"Precedent," he replied.

"Then he laughed. 'Precedent,' he repeated. 'It was Jefferson's idea or Clay's idea or Webster's idea of the fare, and it stays.'

"Has it been in this bill every year since the beginning of the Government?" I asked.

"I think it has," he said.

"I woke up that night to think about it. Had thousands of representative Americans, year by year, approved that sort of thing? It seemed impossible. And was the only defense that it was precedent?"

"The next day I went back into the cloak-room and brought up the subject again and my friend of the day before explained to the crowd:

"Quinn is grinding his soul about the mileage."

"There was a general smile which did not mean anything, and I went away. But my friend followed me up and said: 'Let the mileage

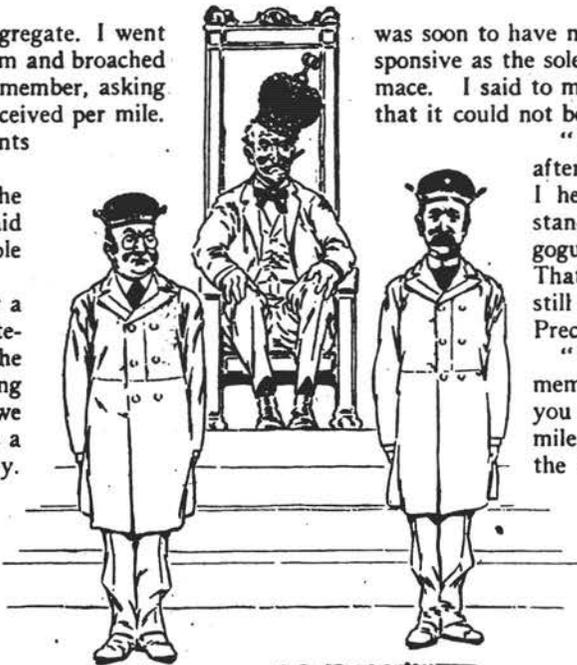


"So now you stand without hitching"

alone. You are new and will some day rise to prominence and great usefulness in the House. You can defeat that career by some very little act. Other men have felt as you do about the mileage, but they

have had a care. The mileage has the weight of precedent behind it. You cannot afford to touch it."

"This was the appearance of the Grim Presence that was to break me in—Precedent, which



"The autocracy of the 'popular branch of Congress'"

was soon to have me as mechanically responsive as the solemn young man of the mace. I said to myself again and again that it could not be.

"I talked mileage day after day in the cloak-room. I heard the word 'grandstand player' and 'demagogue' behind my back. That worried me. I was still unafraid in the face of Precedent."

"Quinn," said an old member one day, 'I heard you worrying about the mileage. Did you ever hear the story of Clay and the salary grab?'

"No," I replied.

"When Clay was Speaker," he continued, 'along about 1816, the crowd raised their salaries to \$1,500 a year. There was a great howl all over the

country, and when Clay reached home in Kentucky, he found old one-armed John Pope, a Federalist, out after his scalp to beat the band, and all the Clay adherents ominously silent. Worried and anxious Clay sought out his old barber, who had always been enthusiastic in his advocacy and who happened to be an Irishman. "I trust I may count on your hearty support as usual?" Clay asked. "Faith, Mr. Clay," said the Irish barber, "I think I shall vote at this time for the man who can get but one hand into the Treasury."

"I laughed with the rest. Surely it would have been a dreadful thing to beat Henry Clay because the congressman's salary had been raised to \$1,500. I felt the cold hand of Precedent on my heart.

"Did anybody ever attack the item of mileage?" I asked weakly.

"Yes," said the old member. 'I think Greeley tackled it. You see the law reads that the mileage shall be measured by the "usually traveled route," and when Greeley came to Congress he found the crowd which had formerly come on horseback and by steamboat, and who were then traveling here directly by rail, were still charging the Government by the old circuitous route. I understand that there was n't a single exception. I think Greeley says so on authority of the Auditor of the Treasury. There was Benton, and Collamer, and Webster, and all of them. As I remember it, Greeley tried to knock out the usually traveled route.

"Did he succeed?" I asked.

"He did not. It is still in the law."

"How long ago was it," I asked, 'when Greeley tried?'

"Seventy years ago," my informant replied.

"I wonder how Lincoln voted?' some one

asked. 'He sat on the Whig side with Greeley.'

"I'll bet he voted with Greeley," I declared.

"There was no record vote," the old member said languidly; and the little crowd of gossipers dispersed.

"I stood face to face with Precedent. Generation after generation of statesmen had come and gone. Each in his time must have known the item that stared at me out of that bill, and the hand of each must have been stayed by the icy presence of Precedent.

"I went out into the great chamber. The reading clerk was at work on the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenditures of the Government, reading rapidly, incoherently.

"I saw the friend who had told me to let the item alone, and I went to him again and said: 'I want to move to knock it out.'

"Let it alone," he said laconically.

"If any one should offer it as an original proposition here to-day," I said, 'it would not get a single vote.'

"That's true," he said, 'but you cannot get it out. It has Precedent behind it. You'd simply kill yourself in the House if you offered to strike it out, and your folks out home would think you were grandstand playing—and it would n't be carried because there is no record vote—and if it did carry here they'd put the item back in the bill in the Senate.'

"I turned to the clerk, as he was reading: 'F' mil'g' representatives 'n delegates 'n 'spensesres'dent c'mis'ners hunderfifty four thousand.'

"The item had passed. Precedent had broken in the new congressman. "I walked over to the young man of the solemn aspect who sat in magnificent indolence watching the glittering fowl of authority.

"Do you ever tire of your job?" I asked.

"Not now," he said. 'At first I did. There was so little to do. But I have got used to it.'

"So now you stand without hitching, Congressman," observed the Washington correspondent.

"Y-e-s, I suppose I do," admitted Lucius Quinn, "although I paw around a good deal. And I'm not likely to break away till it dawns on the American people that the legislative branch of the Government is a *1216-à-1216* between Uncle Joe Cannon and Nelson W. Aldrich."



"I stood face to face with Precedent"

You ask us why we poets write
Of things so old and stale as flowers;
Why still we labor to indite
The thousandth verse to summer showers.
The rhymes themselves are stale, you say,
Mere tools for dull convention's use.
We're weary of your birds and May;
And as for springtime, call a truce!
This age has magic of its own,
Steam, light, and miracles in view,
Now, poet, leave that Druid stone
And sing us of the new!

The poet, rousing, listened keen,
Then shutting soft his missal book
(With sprig of rosemary between
To keep the fragrance in)—he spoke.

Old and New By Mary Fenollosa

"I say there is no new or old,
No best or better, bad or worst:
Each shimmering thought a heart can hold
Is, for that poet-heart, the first.
So let me look upon the Now.
I find it but a radiant past,
And as for miracles, I vow,
I never saw them come so fast!
That auto car outstrips the sun,
Its wheels are wheels of day and night,
The chauffeur is Bellerophon,
Who guides his steeds with reins of light.
Those canyons, and the quarried rock
Through which the sordid passions rush,
They need but Moses' angry shock
And living streams will gush!

"Humanity is old as youth,
And youth has æons of its own.
I walk the paths, and meet, in truth,
Young David and Napoleon.
I hear the savage cry of pain
From reddened, dainty lips, leap out;
The Baptist's haggard gaze again
Peers through a wilderness of doubt.
For all that ever is to be,
All that has been is here, in strife;
For time is as the sun, and we
Mere burning-glasses, held on life."

Again his finger sought the page;
His leaning eyes grew soft above.
"There is," he said, "no youth or age
In grief, or joy, or love!"

HANNIBAL THE DELICATE

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Cap'n Eri," "The Hermit," etc.

Illustrations by H. G. Williamson

DOCTOR COLE answered the ring himself. Older doctors, prosperous doctors with large practices, employ servants to answer their bells. Doctor Cole employed no servants because he was a very young doctor and because his practice was confined to the township limits of East Harniss. Either of these reasons is explanation sufficient.

So Doctor Cole opened the door of his little office on the ground floor of Mrs. Tibbitt's boarding house and faced Hen Simmons, the cobbler, who was standing on the worn rope mat without.

"Evenin', doc," said Mr. Simmons, gloomily.

"Good evening, Mr. Simmons," replied the physician, as cheerfully as was possible under the circumstances. He had hoped the caller might be Captain Daggett, who was the wealthiest person in East Harniss and whose wife was reported to be "kind of poorly." Captain Daggett always paid his bills promptly.

"Doc," said Mr. Simmons, "I want to see you a minute. That is, I don't know 's I do nuther, but Ardelia she—"

"Step right in, Mr. Simmons. Let me take your hat. Sit down."

He ushered his visitor into the sanctum where the diploma of the medical college hung between the shelves of bottles and vials, placed the hat on the table above the statement of the Boston druggist, the statement upon which the words "Please remit" were stamped in red ink, and seated himself in the little chair with the squeaky leg. Mr. Simmons collapsed into the big chair with the burst cushion and looked sadly at the floor.

"So," began the man of medicine, "Mrs. Simmons is ill, is she? I'm sorry to hear it. The sudden changes in our weather recently have—"

"No, she ain't sick, Ardelia ain't." Hen sighed almost regretfully. "No, Ardelia, she's pretty smart, as usual. It's—it's Hannie. He's home again."

Hannibal Copeland was Mrs. Simmons's son by her first husband. The doctor knew Hannibal.

"You don't mean it!" he exclaimed. "Home again? Why, I thought he'd just gone away."

"So he had. Week ago last Thursday he went. Ben Baker's wife's sister's husband got him a real nice steady job in a shoe store up to Boston. Twelve dollars a week and a good chance for a raise if he done well. All he had to do was to sweep out and dust, mornin's, and 'tend fires and do up shoes and run errands and wait on women folks. But he give it up—and landed in on us to home this noon train. Ain't strong enough, he says."

The doctor whistled. "Strong enough?" he cried. "The fellow's a Hercules!"

"Hey? Well, maybe that's it. I don't know. His ma cal'late's it's his liver. She's great on liver complaint, Ardelia is."

"Liver! His liver's all right. What ails him is—"

Doctor Cole hesitated and choked back the remainder of the sentence. He was too conscientious for a young and impecunious physician, and he knew it.

"Is—is what? What was you goin' to say ailed him, doc?"

"Oh, never mind. Nothing."

Mr. Simmons accepted the diagnosis literally. The perspiration broke out on his bald head and his little body bounced in the chair.

"That's it!" he shouted, in high excitement, thumping his knee with a shaking fist. "By thunder mighty! that's just it! There ain't *nothin'* the matter with him! Yes, there is, too! He's sufferin' from chronic good-for-nothin' dead-dog laziness, complicated with too everlastin' much pettin' and poorin' by his ma—that's what ails *him!* Lord love you, doc, ain't I seen it ever sence I was fool enough to—ever sence I got married? Wa'n't he too delicate to go to school, and too delicate to do chores, and too delicate to help me in the shop? And ain't he had one good job after another and hove 'em up one by one and come back here to lay around the house day-times and hang around the billiard-room nights? And his ma cryin' over him and cookin' special fodder for him, and heavin' his poor weak liver in my face every time I dast to hint he'd ought to be earnin' a cent. Oh, by thunder mighty, doc! you take my advice, you listen to what I'm tellin' you—don't you ever marry no widder woman with a grown-up son and liver complaint in the head! Don't you do it!"

"I won't," replied the physician, promptly. Then, his caller having paused to catch his breath and mop his forehead, he added, "Does Mrs. Simmons wish me to call and see Hannibal?"

"Why, I—I presume likely you'd better. Fact of it is, she wanted me to stop at Ezra Elkins's and get a new liver pad and another bottle of his Bayberry Bark Tonic. But Ez has gone away for a week, so I cal'late Ardelia'll want you to dose up Hannie. Give him a little pizen ivy and red pepper, will you? Somethin' to make him act lively for once in his life."

Dr. Cole frowned. Ezra Elkins was his only professional rival in East Harniss, and Ezra, beside keeping the "Metropolitan Grocery, Dry Goods and Notion Store," claimed to cure afflicted ones by the "laying on of hands" and by remedies for which he was the local agent.

So, at the mention of the Elkins name, Doctor Cole frowned. However, independence is one thing and unpaid bills and overdue room rent are others, so he put aside his resentment and pride and promised to call at the Simmons home in an hour or so.

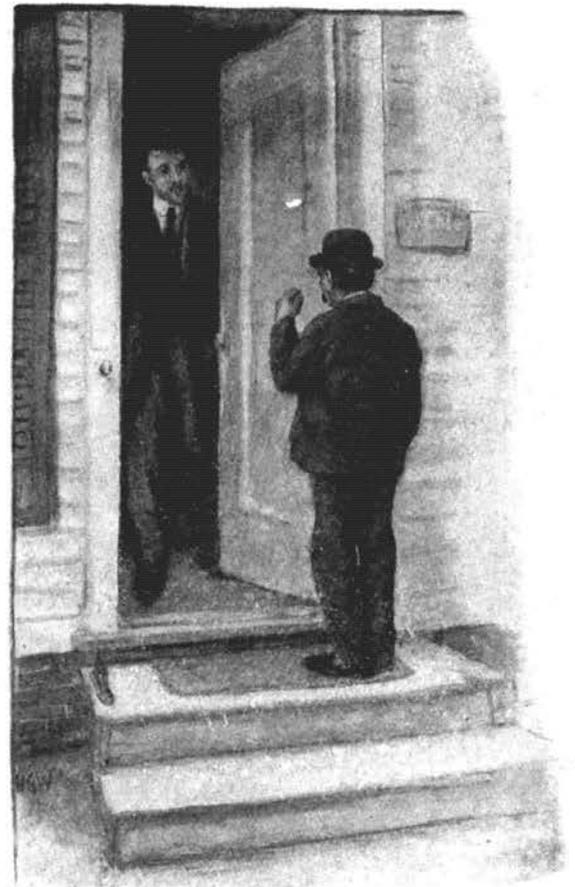
"I almost wish the big loafer was really sick," he said. "A long term of dangerous illness might frighten him into turning over a new leaf."

"Think 't would, doc?" asked Hen, wistfully. "Somethin' umbrageous—catchin' like, hey? Jerushy! I'd be almost willin' to catch somethin' myself if Hannie's havin' it would make him willin' to work. Anyhow, I'd pay a good hefty doctor's bill and think 't was cheap at the price. No such luck for me, though. All my cash is ticketed for liver pads and bayberry bark juice. So long, doc. See you 'round home by and by."

He picked up his hat and mournfully left the office. He walked briskly at first, his hands in his pockets and his head bent. Suddenly he stopped short, looked around him in a frightened way at the deserted country road, and walked on again, but much more slowly. For a quarter of a mile he moved thus slowly, and then drawing a long breath, set his teeth, whirled on his heel and hurried back the way he had come.

II.

HANNIBAL, the "delicate," was stretched upon the sofa in the Simmons' "settin'-room." He filled the sofa, both its length and width, and



"Hen Simmons was standing on the worn rope mat"

although his mother insisted that he looked "dreadful peaked and wore down," the emaciation would not have been discernible to a stranger. Mrs. Simmons sat beside him, in the rocker, feeding him chicken broth with a spoon.

"Is that all of that stuff you've got?" demanded the invalid, referring to the broth. "There ain't enough of that to satisfy a sick pullet."

"It's all I've got of the soup, Hannie," replied his mother, soothingly. "There's a little mite of steak, the tenderloin part, that I saved for you, if you feel well enough to eat it."

"Course I'm well enough to eat it. I would n't last long on the hog wash you've just give me. Trot out the steak. See here, you ain't fried it, have you?"

"Why—why, not yet; but I was just a-goin' to."

"Well, you need n't. I'd just as soon eat a shingle as fried steak. Brile it on the bread toaster, that's the way they do up to Boston, and, if it's tough, as it usually is, you pound it, pound it good, else I won't touch it. Ah, hum! wonder what's doin' down to the billiard-room."

"My sakes alive! Hannie dear, you can't go to no billiard-room to-night; anybody in the state you're in, and without your liver pad! You lay still and I'll toast the steak for you."

She hurried away to the kitchen. Hannibal arose, strolled over to the table, found his step-father's pet pipe and tobacco box, filled the former from the latter, lit up, and returned to the sofa. Steps were heard on the walk leading to the side door. The door opened and Mr. Simmons entered, followed by Doctor Cole.

Hen seemed somewhat nervous. He approached the sofa and inspected its occupant. Hannibal seemed nervous also and not overjoyed to see the physician. He essayed to rise.

"Don't get up, Hannie, don't get up on no account," urged Mr. Simmons. "You looked so poorly when I left you that I thought the doc had better come himself. Elkins wa'n't to home and won't be, so—Where's your ma?"

Mrs. Simmons bustled in from the kitchen, in



“There ain't enough of that to satisfy a sick pullet”

her hand the wooden potato masher with which she had been belaboring the “tenderloin.”

“Why!” she exclaimed. “Is it you, doctor? I ruther expected Mr. Elkins. I told Henry to get a new liver pad, but I s'pose likely he mixed the errand up, same as he generally does.”

She glanced at her husband, but it was a glance wasted. Hen did not meet her eye. He hastily told of Mr. Elkins's absence and added that, as Hannibal seemed to him so much worse than usual, he had brought the doctor on his own responsibility.

“I would n't take no chances, Ardelia,” he explained. “Not along of Hannie, I *could* n't.”

His wife sniffed. “Humph!” she observed, “you're turrible thoughtful all at once, seems to me. Why, doctor, what is it? What makes you look that way?”

The physician was gazing at the occupant of the sofa. He seemed to be surprised, even shocked. However, when Ardelia's question was repeated, he started and, with a smile which, to the mother's eyes appeared forced, answered.

“Oh! er—nothing, nothing, Mrs. Simmons. Good evening, Hannibal. How do you feel to-night?”

“Oh, 'bout same as usual,” was the gruff response. “Boston don't agree with me, I guess. A week or two down here 'll fix me up all right. Let go of me,” he snapped, pushing aside his stepfather's restraining hand. “I'm goin' to get up.”

“No, no!” commanded Doctor Cole, hastily. “Don't rise; don't, I beg of you. Lie still, if you please. Any unnecessary exertion just now might—Let me see your tongue. Hum!”

There was a dubiousness about the “Hum!” which was alarming. Hannibal looked frightened. Mrs. Simmons gasped.

The doctor felt his patient's pulse and said “Hum!” again. Then he stroked his chin and asked several questions concerning the young man's boarding place in the city, where he had spent his evenings, and the like. Hannibal's replies were more or less noncommittal and his mother was obliged to prompt him occasionally.

“Don't you remember where you was Thurs-

day night?” she asked. “Why, seems to me, Hannie, you ought to remember *that*. Try, dearie, just try.”

Hannie was plainly annoyed. “I tell you I forget,” he snarled, looking at the floor. “Stop pesterin' me, won't you, ma!”

“Don't urge him,” advised the doctor. “Let's have no undue agitation. A slight loss of mem'ry might be expected under—ahem!”

He rose and strode up and down the room. Then he turned back the patient's shirt sleeve and inspected his arm, after which he said “Hum!” once more. Both Hannibal and his mother were, by this time, in a pronounced state of nerves.

“What is the matter, doctor?” pleaded Ardelia.

“Yes, doc,” demanded Hannie; “what have I got?”

“I knew he was worse than common,” affirmed Mr. Simmons. “Did n't I say so, Ardelia? That's why I never give up when I could n't fetch Ezry. Says I—”

“Oh, be still!” snapped the lady of the house. “You talk me to death! Doctor Cole, you ain't *a-goin'*?”

The doctor had taken up his hat. He was very grave.

“Yes, ma'am,” he said. “I must go now. I will send you some medicine by the Tibbitts' boy at once. And—er—Mrs. Simmons, if I were you I should be very careful of his diet. A little beef tea, ve-ry weak, and possibly some water gruel, for the present. In two or three days I shall be better able—”

“Three days!” shouted the invalid. “Gruel for three days! I'll be darned if—”

“Don't speak that way!” pleaded his mother. “Don't! Oh, my soul and body! what *do* you think he's got, doctor? Had n't he ought to be in bed?”

“By all means. And by the way, those spots on his face—have they always been there?”

Hannibal rubbed his face with a shaking hand.

“What spots?” he demanded. “I ain't spotted, am I?”

“Why—why, he's always had some freckles acrost his nose, doctor,” stammered Ardelia. “But they do—don't they seem thicker 'n common to you, Henry?”

“Sartin sure,” replied Mr. Simmons, with unction.

“Oh, well,” said the doctor, soothingly, “we must n't be alarmed without cause. Perhaps you had better not mention this to outsiders and—and—er—well, he, at least, had better not see callers. There has been some trouble in Boston—some sickness there recently, and—That is all. Good night. I will send the medicine.”

He departed hurriedly. Ardelia sank into the rocker. Hannibal groaned.

“I b'lieve I do feel sick,” he whimpered. “Sicker 'n usual, I mean. What in time have I got?”

Hen seemed to be thinking. “Doc said there was considerable sickness up to Boston,” he mused. “Now I wonder—”

The Boston morning paper lay on the center table. Mrs. Simmons seized it. The pages rattled in her grasp as she turned them. Suddenly she shrieked.

“Oh! oh! oh!” she cried, rocking back and forth in her chair. “Oh, my goodness sakes alive! Look there! *look there!*”

She pointed to a headline in the paper. Her husband read it aloud.

“Smallpox Scare Continues. Several New Cases. Vaccination the Order of the Day!”

“Vaccination!” screamed Ardelia. “That's why he looked at your arm, Hannie. He was lookin' for your vaccination mark! Oh! oh! oh!”

“The smallpox!” yelled Hannibal, springing from the sofa. “I've got the *smallpox!* Ow! I feel *awful* sick! Get me to bed quick!”

Upon the whiteness of his face the red spots blazed feverishly. Ardelia wrung her hands. Mr. Simmons alone was calm, even placid.

III.

THE medicine arrived, *via* the Tibbitts' boy, an hour or so later. It filled a large bottle and was black and thick. According to directions two tablespoonfuls were to be taken every half hour, and Hannibal declared that it took fully that length of time to get rid of the taste. The moans with which he bewailed the smallpox seizure were trifles compared to the roars and profane chokings which hailed the recurrent doses from the black bottle.

“Don't act so unlikely, Hannie,” protested his stepfather, whose turn it was to administer the tablespoonfuls. “T ain't nothin' but a little medicine. I've took gallons of doctor truck in my time.”

“You never took nothin' like *that!* Ugh! Aw! Sufferin'! how it does stick to my mouth! Bitter and stickish and sweet! That's it, laugh! Here, you taste it yourself. Ma, make him taste.”

“There ain't nothin' the matter with *me,*” began Hen, with dignity, but his wife, who had come in with a teacup half full of the weak beef tea, sided with her son, as usual.

“Course he'll taste of it,” she said. “Least he can do to please a poor sick boy. Hurry, Simmons, take a spoonful of that medicine this minute.”

“Oh, all right! Anything to satisfy. I ain't a baby. I've took more—Ugh! Oh! thunder mighty, what a mess!”

He departed headlong for the pump in the kitchen, while the bedroom rang with delighted whoops from the triumphant invalid.

That was the beginning of Mr. Simmons's

troubles. After Hannie had fallen asleep Ardelia informed her husband that they would take turns in sitting up with him.

"I'll take the fust turn," said she, "and I'll call you at twelve o'clock. Then you stay awake till mornin' and keep watch. Don't you dast to fall asleep, 'cause if you do you're sure to snore and I'll hear you."

So the protesting Hen was dragged from a warm bed at midnight and spent a miserable six hours on watch, half dead with sleep, but fearful of consequences if he nodded.

Next morning he was electrified by Ardelia's announcement that he could not go to the shop that day, nor, in fact, any day during the illness.

"You'll stay to home," she said. "Good land! do you want to spread the disease all over the town? And, besides, if folks knew it, don't you s'pose they'd be for havin' Hannie took to the hospital? No, sir, we'll take no chances, and we'll keep it quiet. You'll stay at home. I'll tell everybody you've got cold."

For breakfast there was weak beef tea and weaker coffee. Ardelia declared it was quite likely that either she or her husband might be "took down" and their systems must be prepared. Beef tea would henceforth be the regular diet.

"Henry," she said suddenly, "you're vaccinated, ain't you?"

"Sartin! Land, yes! I was vaccinated when I was ten year old."

"Hum!" observed the lady, quoting evidently from Doctor Cole.

When the doctor called she made her wishes known; Mr. Simmons must be vaccinated forthwith. For herself it was not necessary, she having undergone the operation at a recent date, but for Hen it was only taking a reasonable precaution.

Dr. Cole looked at the paralyzed husband, who was sputtering incoherently, and was seized with a sudden fit of coughing.

"Mind, Mrs. Simmons," he said, "I don't say that your son has smallpox. I only—"

"I know what you said. And I know what I want. Doctor, you fetch the vaccinat' tools next time you come."

So, although he put up a losing fight all that day, Mr. Simmons was vaccinated. It "took" beautifully and, between the pain in his arm and the lack of sleep caused by "watching" through the still small hours, the little cobbler was a nervous wreck. Another source of mental agitation was the increasing expense, for Ardelia insisted upon hiring a servant. She could n't watch and nurse and keep house, too, she declared. Therefore, one Susan Ellis—"Susan T." for short and to distinguish her from other Susans—was hired and took possession of the kitchen. The nature of Hannibal's illness was, of course, not divulged to Susan T.

After the first three days Hen was very desirous of speaking to the doctor alone, but his wife's vigilance prevented. One evening, however, at the end of a week, he caught the physician just as the latter was leaving.

"Say, doc," he whispered, "call it off now, won't you? Call it off quick. 'Tain't workin' so well as we cal'lated. Hannie ain't no worse



"There ain't nothin' the matter with me," began Hen"

and I'm gettin' the tough end of it. You ain't said it was smallpox, so you can slide out easy. And, besides, Ardelia acts to me kind of suspicious. She—"

"Henry," called Mrs. Simmons, sharply, "come here to me. What are you and the doctor talkin' about?"

Doctor Cole hastily fled. Henry passed through the dining-room, where Susan T. was beginning to set the table for the beef-tea supper, and entered the sitting-room. Ardelia, her eyes snapping, was waiting for him.

"Now, then!" she exclaimed, "I want to know what you and that Cole critter was whisperin' about so confidential. Mighty careful I should n't hear, wa' n't you? What are you up to, Hen Simmons? You tell me."

"Why—why, nothin', Ardelia, nothin'. I was just speakin' about Hannie's condition. 'Twa' n't nothin' you'd be interested in—I meant nothin' you'd need to know—that is—"

"Nothin' I need to know! Nothin' I need—What do you mean, Henry Simmons? My boy sick abed with smallpox and his mother not need—"

She raised her voice to a shriek. Now she was interrupted by a crash and the jingle of broken crockery. For a moment the pair looked at each other. Then they ran to the dining-room. On the floor lay a shattered bowl and the fragments of a teapot, surrounded by a miniature ocean of beef tea and the Chinese effusion. But there was no Susan T. As they stood staring at the ruin, the woodshed door shut with a bang.

"Why! why!" stammered Mrs. Simmons; "was that Susan? What—"

"I'm afraid—" began Hen, turning pale. "Course 't wa' n't your fault, Ardelia—but I'm afraid she heard you say 'smallpox.'"

IV.

NINE o'clock that evening found Henry Simmons, huddled down in the rocker, gazing at the sitting-room carpet and listening apprehensively. In the sick room Hannibal and his

mother were conversing in low tones. Ardelia sobbed at intervals. Then upon the still air came floating sounds, increasing in volume as their sources drew nearer—the sounds of many feet and many voices; also the rattle of a wagon.

The cobbler sprang from his chair. "Thunder mighty!" he shouted; "here they be! What'll we do?"

His wife appeared in the doorway. "Do?" she ordered fiercely, "you'll stand up like a man and protect your afflicted family. That's what you'll do!"

The sounds grew nearer. The wagon stopped in front of the house. The front doorbell clanged.

"Well?" whispered Ardelia. "Goin' to stand there all night shakin' like an image with the palsy? You march to that door and tell 'em what you think of 'em. March!"

Hen marched; but his was the parade of the awkward squad. It took him a long time to open that front door, and the bell clanged twice before he accomplished the task. When at length he did open it, a group of men who had been standing on the high front steps sprang hastily down and retreated along the walk. Behind them was the silhouetted huddle of a crowd and the black shape of a covered wagon. There were shouts of, "There he is!" "Ought to be hung on the spot!" "Come out here, Hen Simmons, and we'll show you what we think of you!"

"What—what is it you want?" inquired Mr. Simmons, feebly.

"Don't snivel! Speak right up to 'em!" whispered Ardelia, from the darkness of the parlor behind.

Two of the group in the foreground stepped a foot or so to the front. One was Captain Daggett, chairman of the Board of Selectmen. The other was Solon Baker, also a member of the board.

"Hen Simmons," said Captain Daggett, "we've just found out that you've got smallpox in the house. How dare you to keep it a

NEW YORK FROM "SUCCESS"

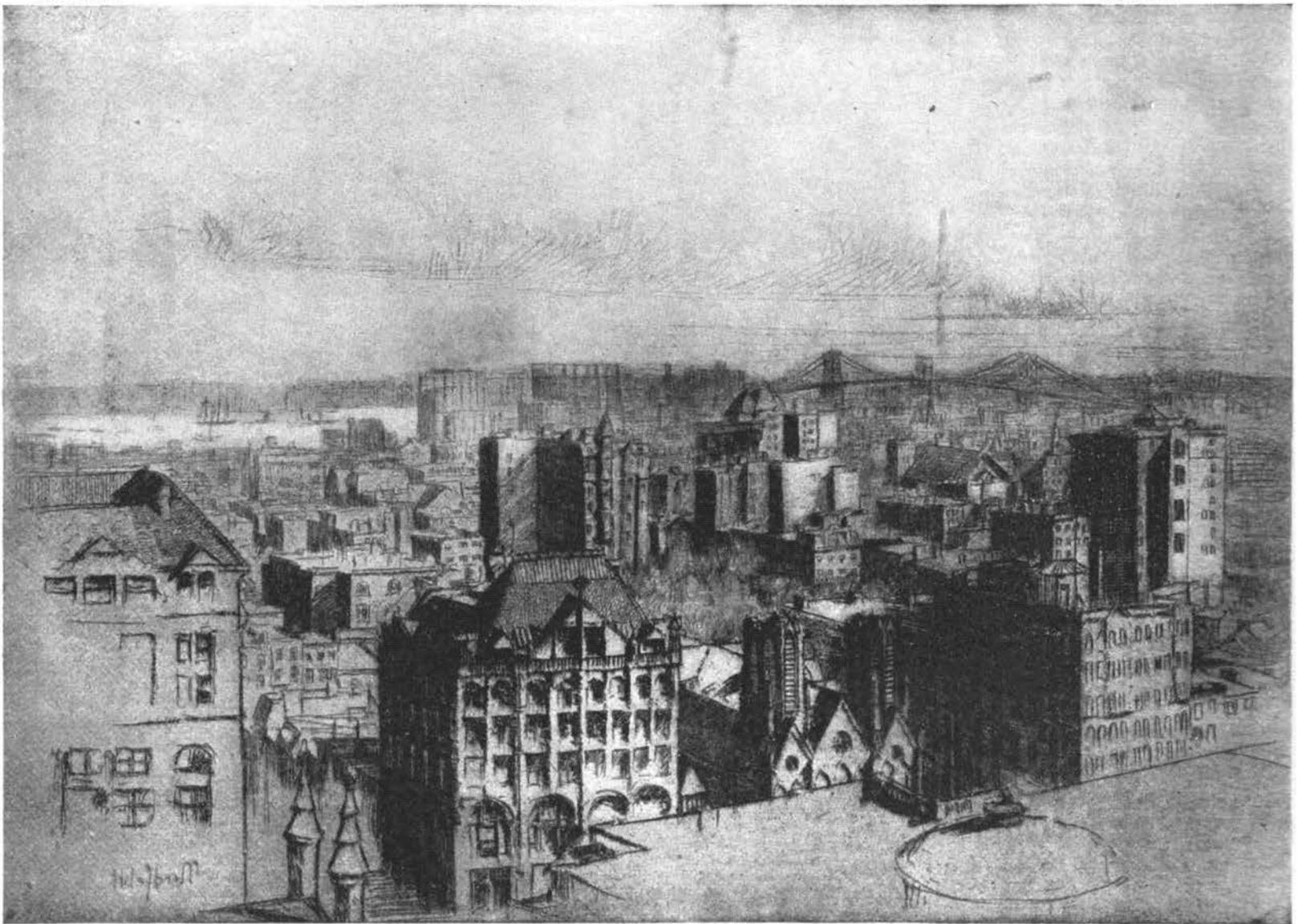
GREENPOINT

EAST RIVER

WILLIAMSBURG

WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE

BROOKLYN



CHARITIES BUILDING

GRAMERCY PARK

CALVARY P. E. CHURCH

"HAVE you ever seen New York?" I asked my friend.

"Only from a street-car window," he replied, with the unction of a man who has accomplished something. I told him that if he would come with me I would show it to him. He evidently misjudged my meaning, and when I escorted him to the roof of the new building on East Twenty-second Street, where SUCCESS MAGAZINE has found a permanent home, a new and acute sensation quickened his senses.

We are standing on the roof of a brand-new building in the heart of the most historic part of the metropolis. We are looking down on old landmarks, from the ruins and memories of which gigantic buildings tower above us with their hundred eyes. Almost at our feet is the old home of Samuel F. B. Morse, the man who made the telegraph possible, and close by, in an opposite direction, is the picturesque home of the great Edwin Forrest. We can see the site of Booth's Theater, and get a glimpse of the roof of the dwelling where Theodore Roosevelt was born. We glance up Broadway, which, barring the great trade routes, is the longest thoroughfare in the world. Stretching away from it is historic Fifth Avenue, a part of which once boasted a mile of millionaires; but to-day the length of millionaires' dwellings covers twice that distance.

If "seeing New York" from above is a novelty to you, you are, in the first instance, likely to experience a sensation of overwhelming detail; a sense of great distances; a realization of the audacity of human industry and enterprise as you look down and around you. Indeed, the view is not many degrees removed from awe-inspiring, provided that you have the necessary imagination. After a time, however, the mind, satiated with vastness, seeks relief in detail, and then it is that the beauty and interest of the spectacle begin to assert themselves.

Let us, first of all, look to the east. Almost at our feet, the East River seems to run, but, as a matter of fact, it is many blocks distant. On its further side and, for the most part, tinted a pinkish-gray by atmospheric mystery, we see, running from north to south, and in the order named, Long Island City, Greenpoint, Williamsburg, and a portion of Brooklyn proper. That the second and third of these communities

By Robert Mackay

are, in reality, a municipal part and portion of the last, does not matter in the slightest to the Brooklynite born and bred. To him they will always be just Greenpoint and Williamsburg. It is in

deference to this local sense of demarcation that this explanation is made.

Beyond, and north of Long Island City, one gets glimpses of comparatively open country, green fields and rising ground. Nearer and below, the buildings thicken until finally there is an unbroken range of structures along the water-front. Distance, while not exactly lending enchantment to the view, softens into something not altogether unpleasant to the eye warehouses and factories which, close at hand, are the reverse of attractive except to the utilitarian.

Of Greenpoint, little can be said except that it is a somewhat dense replica of its neighbor, and that it has some rather imposing-looking buildings along its water line. Williamsburg is notable by reason of the variety and number of its Sugar Trust structures and the dependent cooperages. Far away as it is, you recognize the fact that it is a busy and working part of Greater New York.

The massive proportions of the Williamsburg Bridge now come into the scene, and this structure, too, suggests busy scenes, rumbling vehicles, working men and women, and all the rest of the features of the part of the big city to which it leads. Then comes a space crowded with roofs and chimneys, big and little, and the advance guard of the army of spires which has given to Brooklyn the title of "The City of Churches," for we are now looking on the confines of that part of the borough in which the places of worship are the thickest and the best attended.

Next rise, red-painted and clear-cut, the two huge supporting towers of the Manhattan Bridge, in the process of construction. Close by, and to the south, is the slender and graceful span of the Brooklyn Bridge, which, seen from this distance, appears like a materialistic rainbow.

The East River looks bright and blue. It is a busy stretch of water, dotted with tugs, each with a feather of steam trailing from its smokestack, long and crawling tows of barges, picturesque coasting craft, cumbersome and gigantic railroad flats, ice-boats with windmill pumps

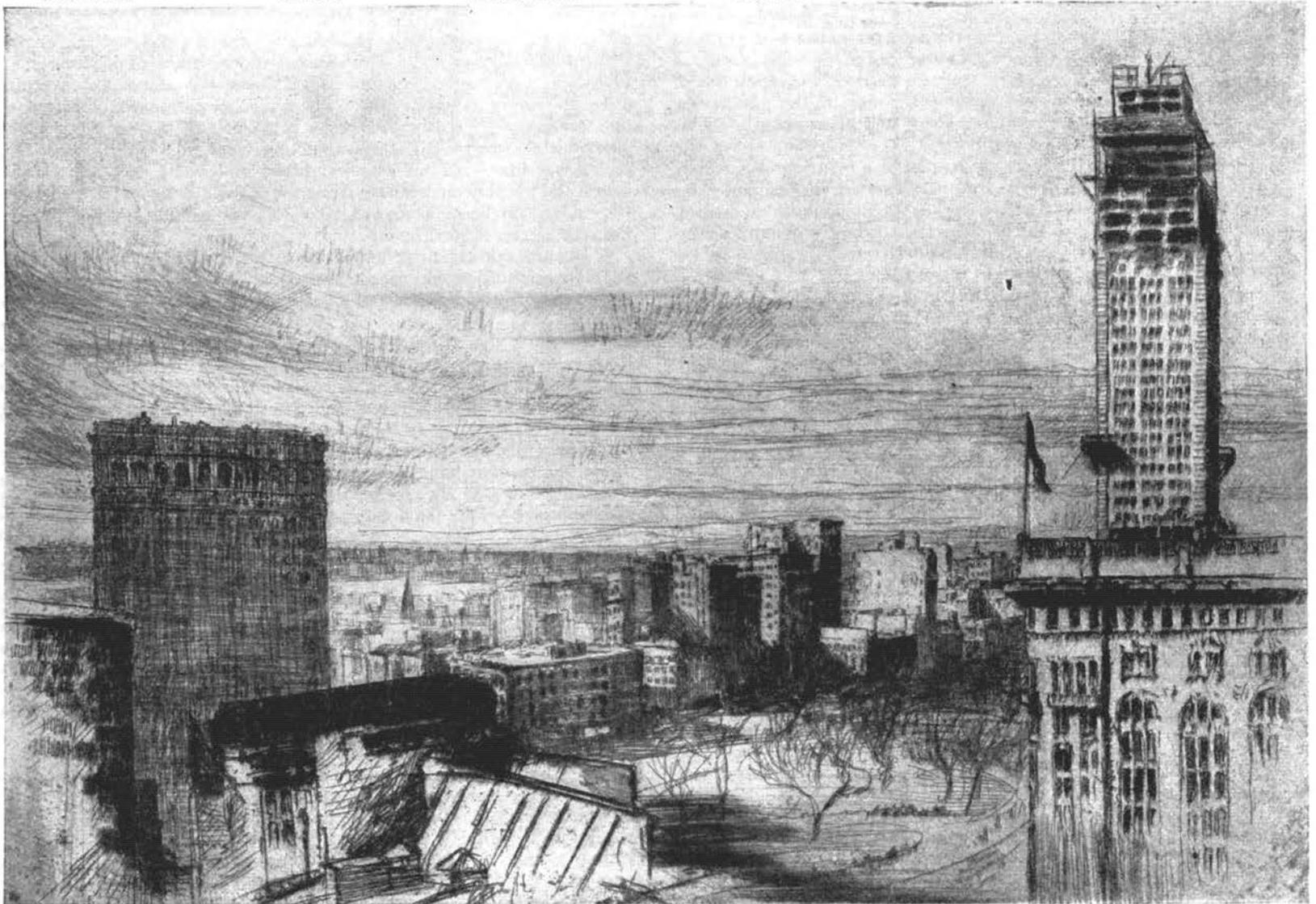
MAGAZINE" BUILDING

JERSEY CITY

HOBOKEN

HUDSON RIVER

BROADWAY



"FLATIRON" BUILDING

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL

HOFFMAN HOUSE

MADISON SQUARE

METROPOLITAN LIFE BUILDING

revolving furiously, fishing boats bound for Fulton Market, and now and then a big ocean-going "tramp." Further down the bay, a majestic turbine plows her way in from the Atlantic, a millionaire's yacht starts slowly as a white swan for some estate,—it looks as if they were crashing into one another regardless of right of way.

Nearer, in Manhattan, one notes the cluster of buildings which form Bellevue Hospital; the four huge smokestacks of the Edison Power Works; the Recreation Pier, the near-by spars of the United States training ships, and the Greenpoint and Williamsburg ferry houses, each of which is very likely sending or receiving a squatty, broad-beamed boat of a type seen nowhere else in the world but in America. A group of gasometers breaks the sky line, and Twenty-second Street looks curiously small and narrow from our eyrie. Its continuity is broken by the elevated structures of the Second and Third Avenues lines. Not the least singular of the effects of our high station, by the way, is the idea which it affords us of the directness of the streets of the metropolis. We can now observe that the engineers of the city, in surveying the streets, planned the latter in relation to the geography of Manhattan in a manner which had before escaped us.

Below the Brooklyn Bridge, the East River bends somewhat abruptly to the east, so that we no longer catch the silvery gleam of the water when it reaches that point. But to the east and beyond we get glimpses of the spires and office buildings of Brooklyn and the apartment houses of the Heights, and if the day be unusually clear we may even see the outlines of the hills which mark the fashionable Park Slope, and Prospect Park itself.

South Brooklyn is indicated rather than seen, but Governor's Island, the Upper Bay, Staten Island, the New Jersey shore, the friendly and impressive Statue of Liberty, Ellis Island, and the huge grain elevators are plainly visible. The capacious municipal Staten Island ferry-boats can be picked out by sharp eyes. Here, as on the East River, one notes that the poetry of the sea has not quite departed, for the New England schooners of two, three, or even four masts yield a spread of canvas which would delight the soul of an artist.

Illustrations from Etchings by BROR J. O. NORDFELDT

The collection of sky-scrapers which are to be found on the lower point of Manhattan Island cuts off one's view of the Battery and contiguous parts and places. But one gets an impression of a tremendous mass of things and creations architectural, nevertheless. So that the spectator somewhat gains by that which he loses. If he knows his New York, he will have no difficulty in locating the American Surety Company and the American Tract Society Buildings; Trinity Place; the office buildings at Cedar and West Streets, and at Broadway and Cortlandt Street; the Park Row Building, the home of the *New York World*; the St. Paul Building, and several others which rise upward for three hundred feet or more. Nor can he, even if he tries, overlook the dimensions of the Singer Building, the tower of which finishes splitting the upper air 612 feet, or forty-six stories, above the pavement. By the side of this, structures of fourteen or eighteen stories, 250 feet high, seem dwarfs indeed. And a very serviceable office building this towering structure is.

The roofs of a straight line of tall structures mark the course of Broadway from "down-town" up. At Union Square, eight blocks away, the famous thoroughfare comes into our sight, or rather the upper part of it does. But this same part seems to be significant of that which is below. A canyon of business it is, and from its lower depths comes the hum and muffled roar—audible to us where we stand—of hurrying multitudes. The business signs and emblazoned windows that are visible to us tell us that every inch of space on the main commercial artery of Manhattan is of value.

The peeps of greenery which Union Square affords are grateful after the long stretches of brick and brownstone, mortar and cement. Nearer, and a little to the east again, one sees the waving of more tree tops and we "sense" the sward below. This is St. George's Square, and the spire on its borders is that of the church of that name, inseparably connected with the labors of Dr. William Rainsford. Another glimpse of trees, and we have been given a hint of the proximity of Gramercy Park, the name of which calls up memories of Samuel Tilden and of the Players'

[Concluded on pages 413 to 415]

STAND FOR SOMETHING

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

THE greatest thing that can be said of a man, no matter how much he has achieved, is that *he has kept his record clean.*

Why is it that, in spite of the ravages of time, the reputation of Lincoln grows larger and his character means more to the world every year? It is because he kept his record clean, and never prostituted his ability nor gambled with his reputation.

Where, in all history, is there an example of a man who was merely rich, no matter how great his wealth, who exerted such a power for good, who has been such a living force in civilization, as this poor backwoods boy? What a powerful illustration of the fact that *character* is the greatest force in the world!

When a Man Is a Power

A man assumes importance and becomes a power in the world just as soon as it is found that he stands for something; that he is not for sale; that he will not lease his manhood for salary, or for any amount of money, or for any influence or position; that he will not lend his name to anything which he cannot indorse.

The trouble with so many men to-day is that they do not stand for anything outside their vocation. They may be well educated, well up in their specialties, may have a lot of expert knowledge, but they cannot be depended upon. There is some flaw in them which takes the edge off their virtue. They may be fairly honest, but you cannot bank on them.

It is not difficult to find a lawyer or a physician who knows a good deal, who is eminent in his profession; but it is not so easy to find one who is a man before he is a lawyer or a physician, whose name is a synonym for all that is clean, reliable, solid, substantial. It is not difficult to find a good preacher; but it is not so easy to find a real man, sterling manhood, back of the sermon. It is easy to find successful merchants, but not so easy to find men who put character above merchandise. What the world wants is men who have principle underlying their expertness, principle under their law, their medicine, their business; men who stand for something outside of their offices and stores; who stand for something in their community, whose very presence carries weight.

Everywhere we see smart, clever, long-headed, shrewd men, but how comparatively rare it is to find one whose record is as clean as a hound's tooth, who will not swerve from the right, who would rather fail than be a party to a questionable transaction!

Everywhere we see business men putting the stumbling-blocks of deception and dishonest methods right across their own pathway, tripping themselves up while trying to deceive others.

We see men with millions of dollars filled with terror, trembling lest investigations may uncover things which will damn them in the public estimation! We see them cowed before the law like whipped spaniels, catching at any straw that will save them from public disgrace!

Playing a False Part

What a terrible thing to live in the limelight of popular favor, to be envied as rich and powerful, to be esteemed as honorable and straightforward, and yet to be conscious all the time of not being what the world thinks we are, to live in constant terror of discovery, in fear that something may happen to unmask us and show us up in our true light! But nothing can happen to injure seriously the man who lives four-square to the world, who has nothing to cover up, nothing to hide from his fellows, who lives a transparent, clean life, with never a fear of disclosures. If all of his material possessions are swept away from him, he knows that he has a monument in the hearts of his countrymen, in the affection and admiration of the people, and that nothing can happen to harm his real self because he has kept his record clean.

Compare the pitiable human beings who have collapsed from exposure during the last two years with the superb figure in the White House. But yesterday those men stood on a level with Mr. Roosevelt in popular esteem; to-day they are despised of all men. No power can ever restore them to their former influence. They have discredited themselves, and are dead to the American people. The trouble with these men who went down so quickly in the public esteem was that they were not men before they were congressmen, senators, insurance officials, railroad men, bankers, financiers. They were playing a false part.

Mr. Roosevelt early resolved that, let what would come, whether he succeeded in what he undertook or failed, whether he made friends or enemies, he would not take chances with his good name: that he would part with everything else first, that he would never gamble with his reputation, that he would keep his record clean. His first ambition was to stand for something, to be a man. Before he was a politician or anything else the man must come first.

In his early career he had many opportunities to make a great deal of money by allying himself with crooked, sneaking, unscrupulous politicians. He had all sorts of opportunities for political graft. But crookedness never had any attraction for him. He refused to be a party to any political jobbery, any underhand business. He preferred to lose any position he was seeking, to let somebody else have it, if he must

get smirched in getting it. He would not touch a dollar, place, or preferment unless it came to him clean, with no trace of jobbery on it. Politicians who had an "ax to grind" knew it was no use to try to bribe him or to influence him with promises of patronage, money, position, or power. Mr. Roosevelt knew perfectly well that he would make many mistakes and many enemies, but he resolved to carry himself in such a way that even his enemies should at least respect him for his honesty of purpose, and for his straightforward, "square-deal" methods. He resolved to keep his record clean, his name white, at all hazards. Everything else seemed unimportant in comparison.

It is this unflinching adherence to his stern resolve always to keep himself above suspicion, his robust honesty of purpose, that has endeared him to the American people and given him a place beside Lincoln in their esteem.

In times like these the world especially needs such men as Mr. Roosevelt—men who hew close to the chalk-line of right and hold the line plumb to truth; men who do not pander to public favor; men who make duty and truth their goal and go straight to their mark, turning neither to the right nor to the left, though a paradise tempt them.

Every man ought to feel that there is something in him that bribery cannot touch, that influence cannot buy, something that is not for sale, something he would not sacrifice or tamper with for any price, something he would give his life for if necessary.

If a man stands for something worth while, compels recognition for himself alone, on account of his real worth, he is not dependent upon recommendations, upon fine clothes or a fine house or a pull. He is his own best recommendation.

The young man who starts out with the resolution to make his character his capital, and to pledge his whole manhood for every obligation he enters into, will not be a failure, though he wins neither fame nor fortune. *No man ever really does a great thing who loses his character in the process.*

No substitute has ever yet been discovered for honesty. Multitudes of people have gone to the wall trying to find one. Our prisons are full of people who have attempted to substitute something else for it.

No man can really believe in himself when he is occupying a false position and wearing a mask, when the little monitor within him is constantly saying, "You know you are a fraud; you are not the man you pretend to be." The consciousness of not being genuine, not being what others think him to be, robs a man of power, honeycombs the character, and destroys self-respect and self-confidence.

When Lincoln was asked to take the wrong side of a case he said, "I could not do it. All the time while talking to that jury I should be thinking, 'Lincoln, you're a liar, you're a liar,' and I believe I should forget myself and say it out loud."

Character as capital is very much underestimated by a great number of young men. They seem to put more emphasis upon smartness, shrewdness, long-headedness, cunning, influence, a pull, than upon downright honesty and integrity of character.

Yet why do scores of concerns pay enormous sums for the use of the name of a man who, perhaps, has been dead for half a century or more? It is because there is power in that name; because there is character in it; because it stands for something; because it represents reliability and square dealing. Think of what the name of Tiffany, of Park and Tilford, or any of the great names which stand in the commercial world as solid and immovable as the rock of Gibraltar are worth!

Does it not seem strange that young men who know these facts will try to build up a business on a foundation of cunning, scheming, and trickery, instead of building on the solid rock of character, reliability, and manhood? Is it not remarkable that so many men should work so hard to establish a business on an unreliable, flimsy foundation, instead of building on the solid masonry of honest goods, square dealing, upon reliability?

A name is worth everything until it is questioned; but when suspicion clings to it, it is worth nothing. There is nothing in this world that will take the place of character. There is no policy in the world, to say nothing of the right or wrong of it, that compares with honesty and square dealing.

In spite of, or because of, all the crookedness and dishonesty that is being uncovered, of all the scoundrels that are being unmasked, integrity is the biggest word in the business world to-day. There never was a time in all history when it was so big, and it is growing bigger. There never was a time when character meant so much in business, when it stood for so much everywhere as it does to-day.

There was a time when the man who was the shrewdest and sharpest and cunningest in taking advantage of others got the biggest salary; but to-day the man at the other end of the bargain is looming up as never before.

[Concluded on page 404]

PIN MONEY PAPERS



The Cook's Notebook

WHEN I WANT LEMON PIE for Sunday's dinner, I bake the crust on Saturday. While I get dinner, I make the filling, frost it, and put it in the oven just long enough to brown. Then one can easily have a fresh pie, instead of having a soaked crust, as happens when a soft pie stands too long.—A. H. C.

WHEN MAKING OLD-FASHIONED dumplings with chicken or stew, they will never be heavy if, when done, they are removed to a hot dish and set where a hot draft of air will strike them. Meantime, make the gravy and dish up the chicken. Some of the gravy may be turned over the dumplings, which will remain beautifully light.—C. M. S.

WHEN I LIGHT THE GASOLINE STOVE, I fill the little cup with wood alcohol and light it first, then I turn on the gas as usual. By following this plan, the kitchen walls will not become blackened by smoke nor the stove with soot.—MRS. B.

AFTER REMOVING THE FEATHERS FROM A CHICKEN, wash it with warm water and soap, and rinse well before cutting up. You will be surprised how quickly and thoroughly it can be cleaned in this way.—HATTIE LOBINGER.

IF YOU HAVE NO GAS STOVE and there is a chicken to be singed, save time by pouring a teaspoonful of wood alcohol into a small dish, lighting it, and holding the chicken over the flame. This is better than using paper, which always smokes, and if it is a young chicken, cleaning off the soot generally tears the skin.—C. E. F.

IF THE BACK LID OF THE RANGE is removed when not in use, instead of the front one, the fire will not die down as it often does when the front lid is taken off.—E. L. R.

AFTER EMPTYING A JAR OF FRUIT, I tear off the old label and wash the jar. Some day before canning time arrives, if I am not particularly rushed, I paste on new labels. When the busy days make me hurry, I never get confused and forget what was put in a jar, because, with the pencil fastened to my dress, I write the variety of fruit on the label as soon as the jar is sealed.—E. RUPP.

AN EXCELLENT "SCOURER" for sticky pans and kettles is a handful of white sand, such as is fed to birds. It is cheap and effective.—F. B. C.

In the Sewing-Room

I HAVE NOT A SEWING-ROOM, and it is a constant labor to keep things neat because of trimmings, thread, etc., so I use a small box without a cover and keep it on the right hand side of the sewing-machine. All the little scraps and lint that are so hard to remove from the carpet are dropped into it. At the end of a day's sewing the floor is clean and the box overflowing.—M. R. F.

FREQUENTLY A GOOD SHIRT-WAIST, in laundering, gets pulled or torn on either the button or buttonhole side, or both. This can be repaired by cutting out the torn part from neck to waist, leaving buttonholes and buttons intact, and putting in insertion the width of the cut-out piece, joining this to each edge with beading. Thus the making of buttonholes and sewing on buttons is avoided.—HELEN.

WHEN THERE IS A LONG HAIR-LIKE FILAMENT on the end of the thread that obstinately refuses to enter the eye of the needle, and no scissors are to be found to cut off the offending filament; when the teeth are gone, the finger nails too short, and your knife is where you last used it, just turn the filament back on itself, give it a little roll between a moistened thumb and finger, and you will be surprised to see how easily the needle can be threaded.—M. M. THORNE.

IF YOU WISH FRESH WINDOW-SHADES, make them of white Indianhead linen. Purchase the width of linen you wish, then there will be a selvage on each edge. Cut the goods the right length, then stitch a hem large

Little Hints from Our Readers That Will Lighten the Burdens of Everyday Life

enough to run a shade stick through. Finish with a heavy lace edge, two and a half or three inches deep, stitched on at the bottom of the hem. It is still prettier with insertion added to match the lace edge, one and a half inches above the hem. When finished, tack the linen to a roller, from which you have taken an old shade. When dirty, the shades can be washed, starched, and ironed. They will last many years.—CARRIE SIMMONS.

A MUCH-ADMIRED SHIRT-WAIST was "made over" from a white dress skirt. As the skirt was cut into narrow breadths, my waist had several lengthwise seams which I was anxious to cover. I found some old "rick-rack" braid. To each seam I applied this braid, with a French knot in each little point; then I trimmed collar and cuffs with the same, and my waist has been greatly admired.—A. B. C.

TO MAKE STOCKINGS WEAR LONGER, and to keep them in good repair, darn them, before they are worn, over both heel and toe, with mercerized cotton or one strand of darning wool or cotton. One will be surprised at the emptiness of the darning basket each week if this plan is followed. It works wonders, especially on children's hosiery.—JEAN SNOWDEN.

In the Laundry

WHILE IN A FRIEND'S KITCHEN, I was surprised to see the way she made starch. It was moistened with cold water, as usual, then the pan of moistened starch was placed on a newspaper on the floor, the kettle was raised as high above it as possible, and boiling water was poured slowly in. The distance that the water falls causes the starch to thicken more evenly than it does when stirred, and there are no lumps.—MRS. F. D.

FREQUENTLY THE HANDS BECOME DRY after a washing. This is due to the soap and hot suds. A simple remedy is to rub the hands in a little vinegar, which cuts the alkali and softens the hands.—J. C.

I LEFT MY MAID to sprinkle a starched skirt, thinking I would iron it later. I discovered, however, she had made it too damp. It was new material and very heavy with a lot of fine tucks. It seemed impossible to get these tucks dry and smooth, so I turned it wrong side out and ironed over the tucks. When turned, the tucks were perfectly smooth, and the skirt dry. Ever since I have ironed every tucked garment in the same way.—I. L. DANIEL.

TO ADJUST WASH SKIRTS that are too short, iron them up and down. When you wish to shorten them iron across the skirt.—J. B.

IN LIQUID BLUING there is generally a sediment at the bottom of the bottle. I keep a cloth tied over the top of the bluing bottle so it is always strained.—MRS. B.

FRINGED LINEN THAT REQUIRES STARCH does not look its best after being laundered. Fold the piece so all the fringed edges can be grasped in the hand; hold firmly, then dip the center into the starch. When dry, shake well and comb the fringe with a clean, coarse comb, and, when ironed, the fringed linen piece will look like new.—MRS. S. N. BRINKER.

I LIVE IN A PLACE where washing costs considerable. As we use many bath towels, I bought a large granite pan, and every night I put the soiled towels to soak in it. In the morning, while the dishes are being washed, the towels are boiling, afterwards they are rinsed and hung out. This saves about fifty cents a week and makes little extra work.—A. W. M.

IF YOU HAVE A WHITE SHIRT-WAIST or gown that has been worn only a few times and you wish to freshen it up, add a tablespoonful of elastic starch to three pints of cold hard water. After thoroughly dampening a small piece of cloth in this, rub it over your waist or gown until it is quite damp, then press with a moderately hot iron. It will look better if ironed on the wrong side.—GLADYCE VELMA.



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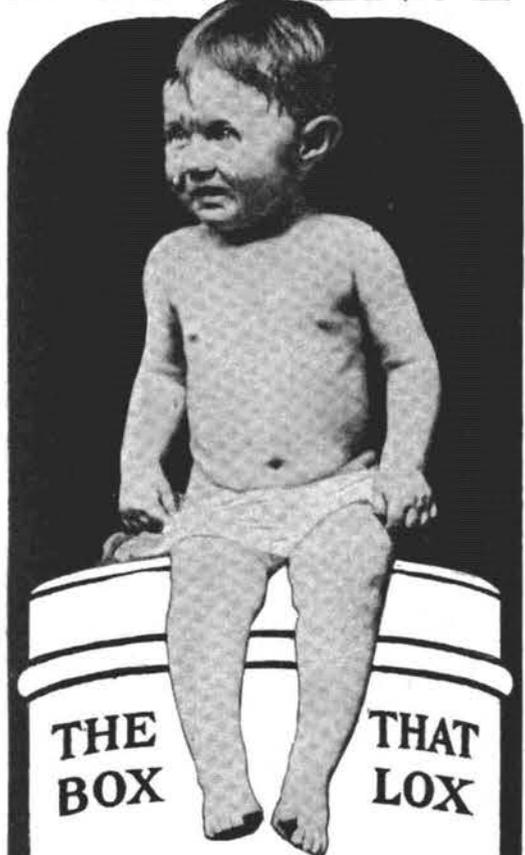
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POINT AND

Too Much for "Uncle Joe"

BY THE side of a certain Illinois suburban railway stands a fertilizer factory, which gives out a particularly offensive smell. A lady who frequently has occasion to travel on this line, always carries with her a bottle of lavender smelling salts. One morning Speaker Cannon took the seat beside her. As the train neared the factory, the lady opened her bottle of salts. Soon the car was filled with the horrible odor of the fertilizer. The Speaker stood it as long as he could, then addressing himself to the lady, whom he saw holding the bottle to her nose, he said: "Madam, would you mind putting the cork in that bottle?"—RALPH F. SYMONDS.



Its importance as a topic of conversation can scarcely be over-estimated. It makes more talk than any other product.

Europe is also useful as a means of getting acquainted with your next-door neighbor. While traveling with him on the other side, there is usually time between stations to ascertain his name and business.

As a place of refuge for our principal millionaires, it is becoming more and more useful every year, and more affectionately regarded by all patriotic Americans.

THOMAS L. MASSON.

The Jackass and Debs

EUGENE V. DEBS, the Socialist leader, tells the following story on himself:

"I was to address a public meeting and there was intense prejudice against me, so the young man who had to introduce me thought he would try to disarm it.

"Debs is hated by some people," he said, "because he has been in strikes. This is not right. It is the law



of nature to defend yourself. Why, even a dog will growl if you try to deprive him of the bone he is gnawing, a goat will butt if you get in his way, and you all know what a jackass

will do if you monkey with him. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Debs, who will now address you."

Such Is Fame

THE secretary of a periodical published not far from New York City, and noted for the literary flavor of its editorial pages, recently received a letter from a subscriber asking for the address of George Meredith. The secretary had a careful examination made of the long pay-roll of the company, but the search was in vain. A reply was, therefore, sent to the subscriber couched in this language:

"We are very sorry that we are unable to give you the address of George Meredith. But if you will write to Joe Meredith of our St. Louis office, perhaps you can ascertain it from him."

The Last Word About the Third Term

IN THE May issue somebody contended that Theodore Roosevelt became a dictator at an early age and has continued so to the present day. The following story appears to demolish that contention:

During the recent Congress of Mothers at Washington, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt personally received the delegates at the White House. One woman, in meeting the President, gave him this message from her little son: "Tell the President that I want him to run for another term."

Mr. Roosevelt laughed heartily at this, but Mrs. Roosevelt at once made reply: "Tell your little boy he can't. I won't let him."—AUGUSTA E. RUSK.



Europe

EUROPE is a place where all good Americans go to. It came into prominence shortly after the Civil War. The open palm first rose in Europe, and was imported to this country by Sir Walter Raleigh. Hence Palm Beach and palm rooms.

Europe raises for our use counts, princes, and dukes, ruins and old masters. It also furnishes new styles and diseases. From it we receive the most lasting forms of drunkenness.

Europe is useful for honeymoon purposes, and for those who are used to American hotels it is a form of penance.

Force of Habit

THERE is a certain Western congressman whose boundless affability and habitual absent-mindedness occasionally led him into absurd mistakes. One day, during his last campaign, as he stepped from the train at the station of his home town after an arduous two weeks of stumping and "glad-handing," his little daughter rushed up to him and kissed him. The congressman beamed upon her with a proud and tender parental eye.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, "if it isn't my little Alberta!" Then he added mechanically, "And how is your dear old father?"

JULIEN JOSEPHSON.

"What's in a Name?"

"WHAT'S your name, sir?"

"Wood."

"What's your wife's name?"

"Wood, of course."

"H-m; both wood. A-ah, any kindling?"—A. E. INNES.



The Funeral Came Too Late

BILLY MARTIN, aged four, came to his mother and in great ecstasy exclaimed, "Oh, mother! Louise and Carberry found such a nice dead cat, and they are going to have a funeral, and can I go?" Permission was given, and when Billy returned he was questioned as to the outcome of the funeral.

"They did not have it at all."

"And why not?"

"Mother," was the answer, "the cat was too dead."

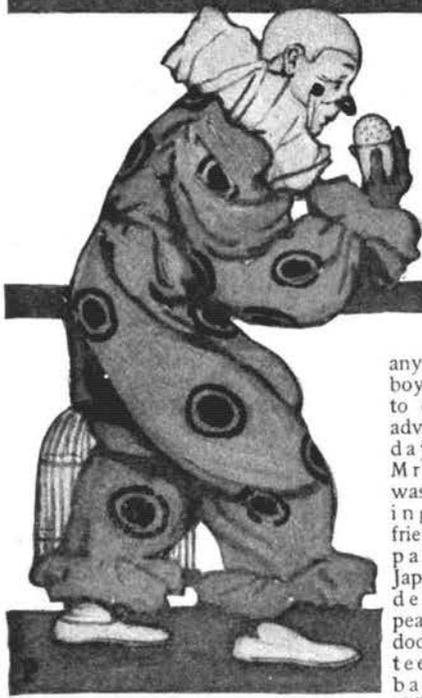
He Had Broken Something

MRS. WILSON had a young Japanese servant who had a habit of trying to conceal from his mistress any breakage of dishes of which he chanced to be guilty. The good lady explained that it was wicked to deceive, and directed the Japanese to tell her whenever he broke

TEN CENTS A WORD

For these bits of "Point and Pleasantry" payment is made at the rate of TEN CENTS A WORD. The editors reserve the right to make such editorial changes as may seem necessary.

PLEASANTRY



anything. The boy promised to do as she advised. One day, while Mrs. Wilson was entertaining some friends in the parlor, the Japanese suddenly appeared in the doorway. His teeth were bared in a childlike smile and his eyes sparkled with the light of conscious virtue: "Meesa Wirson, you ter-ra me, when break some-thing to ter-ra you. I break my pants!"—JULIEN JOSEPHSON.

Rip Van Winkle

RIP VAN WINKLE returned from his long sleep looking fresh as a daisy, and made his way to the village barber shop, not only because he needed a hair-cut and shave, but also because he wished to catch up on the news.

"Let's see," said he to the barber, after he was safely tucked in the chair, "I've been asleep twenty years, have n't I?"

"Yep," replied the tonsorialist.

"Have I missed much?"

"Nope, we bin standin' pat."

"Has Congress done anything yet?"

"Not a thing."

"Jerome done anything?"

"Nope."

"Platt resigned?"

"Nope."

"Panama Canal built?"

"Nope."

"Bryan been elected?"

"Nope."

"Carnegie poor?"

"Nope."

"Well, say," said Rip, rising up in the chair, "never mind shaving the other side of my face. I'm going back to sleep again."—ELLIS O. JONES.

Curbstone Philosophy

IT is easier to hit a lion than a hare.

A bird in the hand catches no worms.

An iron will needs analyzing. It may be pig iron.

Even the Kohinoor had to be cut and polished.

The fresh consider themselves the salt of the earth.

Take care of the pennies, and somebody else will take care of the dollars.

No man was ever truly wise. Even Solomon took more than one wife.

The world is usually willing to step aside for a man who knows where he is going.



LITTLE ETHEL: "Mother, come quick! Nurse told me that Nora had spit curls, and maybe she'll do it again."

A Diplomatic Interchange

FROM JIMMY BRINK TO ED POTTS

DEER SUR: i hurd you cawled amy Robbins pidgentode witch is no gentulman. She beein one of my best friends i take this meens of cawlen you a lire witch oughto make you want to fite and if so you can be akomedated back of henry Blakes barn enny nite at five oclock to the bittur end or one of us hollers enuf. Amy robbins

is not pidgentode for witch you owe hur an appology otherwise blud will flow betwene us an no quarter and a prompt ansur is requested.

FROM JIMMY BRINK TO BILLY BROWN

DEER BILL: ed Potts a new boy hear cawled amy Robbins pidgentode for witch i dared him to fite back of henry Blakes barn at five oclock enny nite or appologize. I wish you wood be there to hoald my cote and see that nobuddy interfears in it. i can lick him sure. i wood be glad to fite for amy Robbins ennytime.

FROM JIMMY BRINK TO AMY ROBBINS

MY DEAR MIS ROBBINS: For cawlen you pidgentode i have dared ed Potts to fite back of henry Blakes barn enny nite at five oclock. I did not ast your permishum but in vu of the grate insultt there was nuthen els to do. I know i can lick him but if he shood get the best hollt remembur i was glad to fite fore you and i think of you deerly even if it shood be fatul. Wott kind of an appology wood you be willen to except rather than have me fite. pleeze ansur prompt as the fite is appt to take place enny day now til deth or surrendur.

FROM BILL BROWN TO JIMMY BRINK

DEAR JIMMY: he is a tuff nutt but i wil be thare. i hear he has taken boxen lessuns and ware he cum from he is knone as yung corbut the boy wildcat. ure onley chanst is to get him bi the hare and berry his face in the durt and maybe i can get an excust to jump in and help. him beein an owtsider is appt to be agenst him with the boys. If he shood hurt you very bad i will have sum beefstake along for your eyes but i hoap not. You bettur pracktus boxen between now and then. I wil bring a sponge along to wipe the blud off and sum vinygur for you to smel if you get grogy.

FROM AMY ROBBINS TO JIMMY BRINK

DEER DEER JIMMY: please please doant fite with him abowt me. If he duz not want to appologize we will nevr speke to him agen. If ennything shood happen to you i wood nevr forgive miself and i wood feal like a muddress. besides i was looken jusst now and i am pidgentode—just a littul bit—but ware luv is wott is pidgentode.

FROM ED POTTS TO JIMMY BRINK

DEAR SUR: i neavur sedd she was pidgentode but nocknede and if you are so anksus to fite about it i will be back of enny barn you say enny nite in the weak except sunde afternoon. It will be ruffantumbul frum start to finnish witch is my choice. You bettur bring a cupple dockters along to bring you too for you will need a good deel uv ficksen wenn i gett throo with you. Ware i cum frum i am knone as yung corbet the boy wildcat and i wood sooner fite than ete ennytime.

FROM JIMMY BRINK TO ED POTTS

SUR: aftur heerin frum mis robbins we have desided to except your appology. i am knone hear as boy jeffreys the turrible kidd and very probly you wood neaver live to tel the tail. amy robbins has probly saived your life.

JAMES W. FOLEY.

Others Spell It Chumly

THERE was a fair golfer named Cholmondely,
With a face so uncommonly colmondely,
That fellows who came
To join in the game
Could only make tees for her, dolmondely.

W. B. ALLEN.

The man who knows himself does n't have to be particular about his acquaintances.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Material which fails to gain a place on these pages, and yet seems worthy of publication, may be retained at the usual rates. No MS. will be returned unless stamped envelope is inclosed. Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

FLY TO PIECES

The Effect of Coffee on Highly Organized People.

"I have been a coffee user for years, and about two years ago got into a very serious condition of dyspepsia and indigestion." It seemed to me I would fly to pieces. I was so nervous that at the least noise I was distressed, and many times could not straighten myself up because of the pain.

"My physician told me I must not eat any heavy or strong food and ordered a diet, giving me some medicine. I followed directions carefully, but kept on using coffee and did not get any better. Last winter my husband, who was away on business, had Postum Food Coffee served to him in the family where he boarded.

"He liked it so well that when he came home he brought some with him. We began using it and I found it most excellent. While I drank it my stomach never bothered me in the least, and I got over my nervous troubles. When the Postum was all gone we returned to coffee, then my stomach began to hurt me as before and the nervous conditions came on again.

"That showed me exactly what was the whole trouble, so I quit drinking coffee altogether and kept on using Postum. The old troubles left again and I have never had any trouble since." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



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You practically seal up the walls when you decorate with wall-paper (put on with paste) or with kalsomine

(which is stuck to the walls with animal glue.) Both paste and glue decay and afford breeding places for disease germs and insects. Alabastine does neither.

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Alabastine is sold in carefully sealed and properly labeled packages at 50c for white and 55c for tints, at all Paint, Drug, Hardware and General Stores. See that the name "Alabastine" is on each package before it is opened, either by yourself or workmen. Send 10c coin or U. S. stamps for the book "Dainty Wall Decorations," which contains complete plans in color for decorating homes, churches and school houses in dainty Alabastine tints. This book is worth far more to anyone who intends to decorate.

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DR. TALKS OF FOOD
Pres. of Board of Health.

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully-cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork, I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use, the disagreeable systems disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth.

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainsay but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE EDITOR'S CHAT



Lost Everything but Cheerfulness

NO MATTER what else you may accomplish in life, or however rich you may become, if you do not keep sweet, if you allow yourself to sour, to become a pessimist, your life will be unproductive, and you will be a comparative failure.

Resolve that whatever comes, or does not come to you, whether you succeed in your particular undertaking or fail, whether you make money or lose it, you will keep sweet, cheerful, hopeful, optimistic.

Everywhere we see pessimistic, doleful people going through the world—people who have ruined their capacity for enjoyment because they allowed their losses, their sorrows, their fears, their failures, to take all the sweetness out of their lives.

It does not matter so very much, after all, whether you make a fortune or not; but it does matter very much whether or not you keep sweet, have a clean record, and live a balanced life.

Some of the greatest men in all history were total failures as money makers, but they were notable successes in nobility and balance of character, cleanliness of life, mental poise, stability of purpose, and sweetness of disposition.

I know a man whose life has been filled with disappointments and failures, losses and sorrows unspeakable, yet he is one of the sweetest, serenest, most helpful souls I have ever met. His troubles and sorrows seem to have ripened and beautified his character. His sufferings have been the fire which has burned out all the dross and left only the pure gold.

He is now an old man, with practically nothing of this world's goods left; but he has a monument of love and admiration in the hearts of all who know him. He has never parted with that cheerful smile, nor that sweet-tempered, serene expression which bids defiance to trouble. He has never lost his beautiful mental poise, which has steadied him through all his years of suffering and losses.

After a long life of hard work and desperate struggle, he has no home of his own. His family are all gone, his prosperity gone, his property gone, but he never has a complaint or a tale of woe. On the contrary, he always has a kindly word and smile, and a warm, sympathetic hand-grasp for every one he knows. He seldom refers to his troubles, and always sees the silver lining to every cloud. No bitterness rankles in his soul, for he early learned the secret of the salient power of love and sympathy. He early resolved that, whatever came to him in life, he would not allow himself to get sour, despondent, or discouraged.

What a rebuke is this man's optimistic view of life to those who are always finding fault and complaining of their lot! He has lost all his property; he cannot get a permanent position on account of his age, and if he were taken sick would likely be obliged to go to the poorhouse, yet he is going around cheering everybody up, encouraging people who are infinitely better off than he is.

Life is too short, time too precious, to go about with a vinegary countenance peddling pessimism and discontent. People who do this are not producers. They are not creators of values. Pessimism is always a destroyer, a handicap; never a creator.

Every day you go over a new road. Scatter your encouragement, your good cheer, your smiles, your flowers as you go along. You will never go over the same road again. You cannot afford to leave stumbling blocks and discouragements to hinder others' progress.

The Cruelty of Thoughtlessness

MOST of the cruelty of the world is thoughtless cruelty. Very few people would intentionally add to another's load or make his burden in life heavier or his path rougher. Most of the great heart-wounds are inflicted by thoughtless thrusts, flung out often in a moment of anger, when, perhaps, we were too proud to apologize or to try to heal the grievous wounds we had made.

Can anything be more cruel than to discourage a soul who is struggling to do the best he can, to throw stumbling-blocks in the path of those who are trying to get on in the world against great odds?

No life is just the same after you have once touched it; will you leave a ray of hope or one of despair, a flash of light or a somber cloud across some dark life each day; will you by thoughtless cruelty deepen the shadow which hangs over the life, or will you by kindness dispel it altogether? No matter how you feel or

what is disturbing your peace of mind, never allow yourself to send out a discouraging, a cruel, or an unkind word or thought.

The gloom caster, the shadow thrower, the faultfinder, the sarcastic man, the man who is always giving you a thrust somewhere, does a vast amount of harm in a community. Men who throw gloomy shadows wherever they go, who depress everybody, who are always looking on the dark side of everything, who see little good or beauty in life, are bad neighbors, and, as a rule, are unsuccessful, unpopular, and little mourned when they die.

It is the inspirer, the man who cheers and gives you hope and encouragement, the sunshine bearer, the man who always has a kind word for you, who is ever ready to give you his hand and his help, that is loved during life and missed after death.

Love as a Reformer

WHEN Elizabeth Fry visited Newgate Prison, in London, where the women were packed in one room like cattle, without the slightest attention to sanitation, she was much interested in a girl who had committed a terrible crime. One of the London ladies engaged in philanthropic work asked her what crime this girl had committed. "I do not know," she replied. "I never asked her."

All she wanted to know was that this poor unfortunate had made a mistake, and that she needed love to heal the wound and help her to reform. It was not the wind or tempest the girl wanted, but the warm, gentle sunlight.

I do not believe there is any human being, in prison or out, so depraved, so low, so bad, but that there is somebody in the world who could control him perfectly by love, by kindness, by patience.

I have known ladies who had such a charm of manner, such great loving, helpful hearts, that the worst men, the most hardened characters, would do anything in the world for them—would give up their lives, even, to protect them. But they could never be reformed, could never be touched by hatred or unkindness or compulsion. Love is the only power that could reach them.

There is a man in New York City who has served at different times, twenty-five years in state prison. He was one of the most hardened of criminals. No sooner would he get out of prison than he would begin to plan some burglary which would send him back again. The police all knew him.

A great many people tried to help him, and many a time he got a position, only to lose it, because some one who knew him circulated the report that he was an ex-convict.

He happened to fall under the influence of one of these sweet and noble women, who did not ask him what he was sent to prison for or to describe the crimes he had committed. She did not want to have anything to do with the bad part of him. She wanted to forget all that, and wanted him to forget it, too. She told him that he was not made for such business, that the Creator had given him that marvelously strong, keen brain of his for a great and noble purpose; that he was a success and happiness machine, so fearfully and wonderfully wrought that it had taken the Creator a quarter of a century to bring it to its perfection; that success and happiness were his birthright; that all he had to do was to claim them; that he had no right to look upon himself as a debased creature, but that he should hold perpetually in mind the thought of his divinity, that he was made by a perfect Being and hence his better self must be perfect.

She told him not to go about the streets trying to sneak and to slink out of sight, not to regard himself as a criminal, haunted and hunted by the police and detectives, but to say to himself, "I am a man, a strong, magnificent man, made in the image of Perfection. I must be perfect. There is an indestructible, inviolable something within me which must ultimately dominate my life and bring me into harmony."

The man faithfully followed the advice of his benefactress, and after a while he became so completely transformed that the hardened criminal lines in his face were replaced by signs of nobility. The uplifting suggestions constantly held in his mind outpictured themselves in his face and changed his expression to one of manhood.

All this was the result of appealing to the best in the man, calling out the qualities which had been buried all those years, which had had no chance to

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"Holeproof" Sox and Stockings free your feet from the discomforts of holes and darns.

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Remember—all "Holeproof" Hosiery are guaranteed for 6 months. If they need darning in that time, you get new hose FREE. Send for book "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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\$150. MONTHLY PROFIT E. B. Roberts, Berkshire Co., Mass., in his selling Electric Combs, you can make it. DR. S. HULL, 1481 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

grow, which had been smothered by the overdevelopment of the brute faculties.

This pure, sweet woman called out of this man qualities which completely changed his life, and which a hundred years of punishment and cruelty and threatening and torture could never have developed.

* * *
Poise

PEOPLE who would attain exquisite mental poise must dive beneath the white caps and the waves on the surface of thought, down into the depths of their beings, where there is eternal calm which no mental tempest can disturb.

A perfectly poised mind must be in frequent communication with the divine. Dwelling upon human qualities will never bring that perfect mental balance, that divine serenity which makes mere physical beauty unattractive in comparison.

There is a sweetness, a ripeness, a divine something about a serene mind which eludes analysis, but which we all feel. No wealth can compare with the benign, satisfying influence which radiates from an exquisitely poised personality.

Some of our best observatories are built upon mountain tops so that the great lens which sweeps the heavens may not be obscured by the dust, the dirt, the mists floating in the atmosphere.

In order to shut out the din, the terrible noises which distract the mind, in order to shut out the thousand and one disturbing influences in our strenuous life, the things which warp and twist and distort us, it is necessary to rise into the higher realm of thought and feeling, where we can breathe a purer air, get in closer touch with the divine.

* * *
Slovenly Mental Habits

THE normal mind acts under law. The mental faculties will not give up their best unless they are marshaled by system. They respond cordially to order, but they rebel against slipshod methods. They are like soldiers. They must have a leader, a general who enforces order, method.

The majority of people get very little out of their brains because they never learn to think systematically. Their minds are like some country stores where everything is jumbled up. There is no order or method anywhere. They browse, or cogitate, but they do not focus their minds and conduct their mental processes with order.

Slovenly mental habits will destroy the finest minds. The strength and persistency of our habitual thought-force measure our efficiency. The habitual thought-force in many people is so feeble and spasmodic that they cannot focus their mind with sufficient vigor to accomplish much.

We can quickly tell the first time we meet a person whether his thought-force is strong or weak, for every sentence he utters will partake of its quality.

The person who has a negative thought-force betrays his lack of strength in his every word. His language is weak, has no gripping quality.

But the man with a vigorous mentality takes right hold of you, grips your mind with every sentence. His power thrills you, and you feel immediately that you are in the presence of a strong personality.

It is the positive, the aggressive thought that creates, that invents. The negative thought is always weak.

* * *
It Takes Courage

TO SPEAK the truth when, by a little prevarication, you can get some great advantage.

To live according to your convictions.

To be what you are and not pretend to be what you are not.

To live honestly within your means, and not dishonestly upon the means of others.

When mortified and embarrassed by humiliating disaster, to seek in the wreck or ruin the elements of future conquest.

To throw up a position with a good salary when it is the only business you know and you have a family depending upon you, because it does not have your unqualified approval.

To refuse to knuckle and bend the knee to the wealthy, even though poor.

To refuse to make a living in a questionable vocation.

To refuse to do a thing which you think is wrong, because it is customary and done in trade.

To be talked about and yet remain silent when a word would justify you in the eyes of others, but which you cannot speak without injury to another.

To face slander and lies, and to carry yourself with cheerfulness, grace, and dignity for years, before the lie can be corrected.

To stand firmly erect while others are bowing and fawning for praise and power.

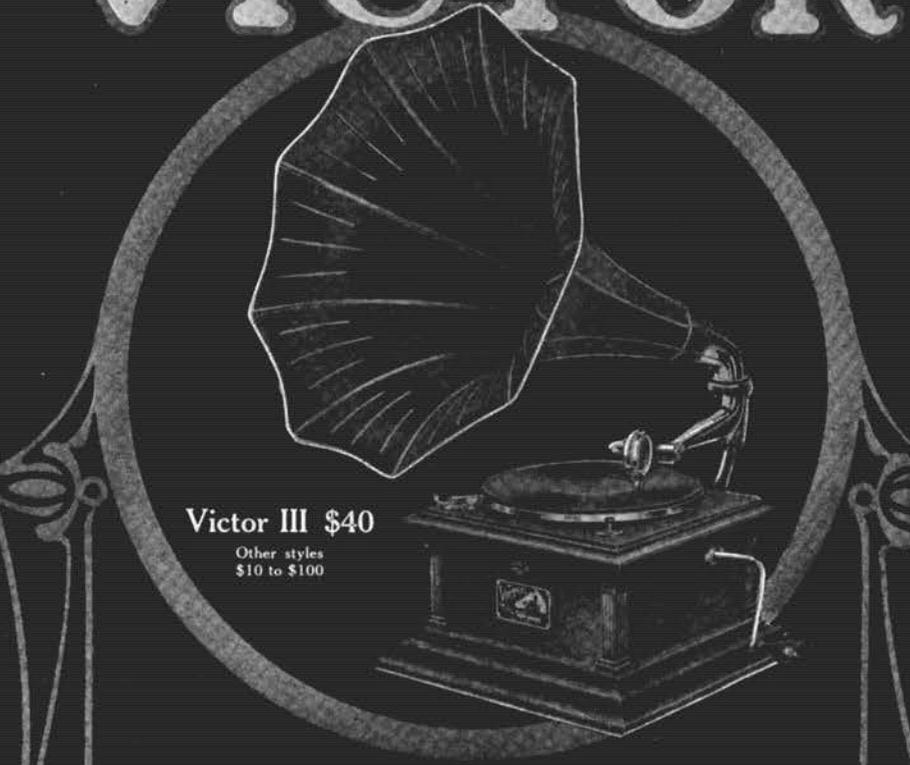
To remain in honest poverty while others grow rich by questionable methods.

To say "No" squarely when those around you say "Yes."

To do your duty in silence, obscurity, and poverty, while others about you prosper through neglecting or violating sacred obligations.

Not to bend the knee to popular prejudice.

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Mrs. Curtis's Corner

The Editor of Our Home Departments Gives Her Views on Some Subjects That Are Not Altogether Homely

SUCH a lot of misdirected energy goes into charity work! I have seen women toil so hard that they have been on the verge of collapse before an entertainment, and then afterwards, because of quarrels, ingratitude, or small, petty jealousies, they have been ready to confess, in their own hearts—
Charity Work that Doesn't Count for they would not have avowed it to save their necks—that much charity work is a farce. I remember especially one theatrical benefit of which this was true. Nobody else will enter into as hard, heartfelt work as professional people will. Actresses put the greatest amount of toil into making an affair a success, simply to help a fellow worker. They certainly did so in this case, just to help a little woman who had been down on her luck and out of work for a year. Her friends tramped around in all sorts of weather, selling tickets. They gave freely of their time, rehearsing when they should have been resting, besides putting time and money into costumes. When the night of the entertainment arrived, the beneficiary drove up to the theater in a carriage. She wore a beautiful velvet gown, ermine furs, and a bewitchingly pretty picture hat. Although she was the soul of gratitude, a sudden chill seemed to fall on the little group waiting in the wings to go on. There were women among them thinking of winter suits which had seen more than one season of hard wear, of furs they had never possessed, and of how they had tramped around in good weather and bad because they could not luxuriate in a carriage: Sympathy suddenly grown lukewarm affected their work, and the applause they won was as lukewarm as the notices they received in the morning papers. Still, the affair netted a goodly sum, for which the little actress was unaffectedly grateful. She explained how kind a wealthy woman had been, sending her lovely clothes for the occasion and providing a carriage. It was meant as kindness, only it was such mistaken kindness!

ONE phase of charity work which succeeds, even while it enrages the very people who give of their money, is the ticket peddling business. In a city where I once lived, scarcely a week passed that tickets were not thrust at me—from everywhere. One day it was a church affair, then a charity organization, something for the good or beautification of a city, an individual who needed help, or—every one who has been through it knows how impossible it is to list such affairs. Sometimes tickets were mailed in bunches of four to a dozen and I was asked to sell them; occasionally the request was telephoned, or an acquaintance came as a gracious caller to query how many tickets I would take. I did not enjoy any of these methods, but when well-dressed children, often from the household of a friend, appeared as little beggars, with tickets to sell, I hated the whole system. A woman I particularly dislike came one day, in her sweet, suave manner, to dispose of tickets for a church minstrel show. I told her in plain English exactly how I felt on the question. She was the most notorious gossip in town, and I knew she would air my views as well as if I had set them forth in the morning paper. She did me a great service, though. I was left free for years afterwards to go to any entertainment I chose, and spend on any object I wished, what money I could spare for charity.

ONE day, while I was at the house of a woman whose wealth is counted by the million, a very charming caller arrived who was selling tickets. My hostess bought half a dozen.
The Story of a Friend "What will you do with them?" I asked.
"I don't know," she answered, wearily. "Do you wish for them?"
I thanked her, but declined. The entertainment was to be given by a languid, egotistical poet, ready to give his services anywhere if he could get together an audience of emotional women, and incidentally secure a few press notices. Besides, I was not particularly interested in Christianizing the Koreans.
"I probably spend a thousand dollars a year buying tickets I never use," confessed the wealthy woman. "Of course, I count it among charities; still, I often debate whether or not it is charity."
She agreed with me, before I left, that it was not charity in any sense of the word. First of all, the public is entitled to the worth of its money whether one pays for a sack of flour or an evening's entertainment. Generally the flour is all right, but when one gives up a dollar, more or less, to sit through something drearily amateurish, she feels as if it would have been truer charity—to oneself—to have stayed at home with an interesting book or a pleasant friend. It may be a pretty severe stricture, but I call it obtaining money under false pretenses. Real charity asks for nothing in exchange, except the pleasure which is derived from giving when a gift is a beneficence.

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PRACTICAL HELP for persons wishing to enter newspaper work. Reporters and correspondents wanted everywhere.
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THIS ticket-selling business was settled once as it ought to be settled in every case. A vaudeville performance was afoot for a sorely needed addition to a city hospital. The woman who planned it and carried out all the details had once been a well-known concert singer. The performance occurred late in the spring, when professional people were leaving their companies, and because of most cordial friendships among them she had secured a fine array of talent. The question came up, at a meeting of the hospital authorities, about the choice of patronesses and women to sell tickets. The management looked blank when the lady announced that she needed no help of that sort.

"But, my dear madam," protested one man, "it will seem like setting so many people aside—the wives of our doctors and all the society people in town."

"This is not a society function," answered the woman, calmly. "The hospital is for the service of our city's populace, for rich and poor. It does not ask what is his religion or nationality when a sick man comes begging for treatment. Every class in the city ought to patronize this. If society women sell the tickets it will be a society affair. Besides, I stand in strong opposition to selling tickets for anything except by the regular business-like methods. Every entertainment for which tickets are sold from door to door requires an apology. We have planned a bill which is worth every cent of the price of admission. If we peddle tickets it immediately sets the stamp of mediocrity on the whole affair. Besides, I will ask none of my friends to do what I so heartily detest doing myself. The newspapers stand ready to give the entertainment a hearty send-off, and tickets will be on sale at the theater as they are for every performance during the season. The public will come, under these conditions, twice as willingly, I assure you. As for committees of women, they are no more needed here than they are at any professional affair. Our program is arranged, we have a splendid stage manager, and the newspapers will have all the advance stuff they require. I have never known of an affair that has gone through, engineered by committees of women, without jealousies and disagreements of every sort. Leave all this out, and let what kindly notice the affair deserves go to the people who will have earned it—the entertainers who are coming from far and near to give us their services."

The hospital managers gave in, somewhat doubtfully. On the night of the entertainment, when they found the house packed full, from the boxes to the gallery, with an audience which for three hours gave the heartiest applause, they confessed that one woman knew what she was talking about.

Good heavens! how some females do love to organize! Here is a Massachusetts woman with a mission to elevate and regulate home life. She has formally petitioned the legislature to pass a bill authorizing the appointment of a commission which will investigate the conditions of home life and report on the advisability of establishing a state department for bettering it. On this commission she demands a police representative, a physician, and a trained nurse who is also a wife and mother, and nonsectarian and humanitarian. It smacks of the liberties taken by ill-advised settlement workers, who maraud the defenseless homes of the poor; regulating, preaching, and scolding under the guise of charity. Imagine such an invasion of any well-regulated, self-respecting home, with a policeman, a nurse, a doctor, and a nonsectarian mother sniffing and poking into our most sacred corners and cupboards! If Massachusetts dragged out her ancient ducking stool and again used it to elevate the female who talks of thus elevating home life, it would administer exactly the cool, healthful tonic she requires. Ever since Patrick Henry's demand rang out, "Give me liberty or give me death!" America has stalwartly stood for freedom—freedom of country and freedom of conscience, religion, politics, and, above all else, freedom of home. Our country would not more valiantly repulse the enemy than would the housewife shut her doors in the face of interference with her individual rights.

There is altogether too much of this idiotic investigating spirit, which sometimes verges on impertinence, among idle women. Here and there some really wise, progressive women have achieved splendid reforms in helping to make clean and beautiful their home cities; but it became a fad, and civic clubs sprang up everywhere, frequently interfering in a foolish, unnecessary fashion, with a city's government and private rights.

Idle Women as Investigators

They did not stick to necessary reforms; they thrust themselves in where there was no possible excuse for such an invasion, and, of course, they got themselves heartily disliked. The average housewife resents beyond all measure the man of a house nosing about her kitchen; naturally, men in their own domain give anything but a warm welcome to the prying female.

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NOTWITHSTANDING that the American public has furnished a tremendous amount of money, in the aggregate, for the creation and development of street railways, there is a diversity of opinion among individuals concerning the intrinsic merit of this type of investment. This is perhaps not surprising, in view of the fact that many persons are unfamiliar with the fundamental principles underlying those issues of street railway bonds which have established for themselves a position equally as strong, from every standpoint, as all other forms

The Necessity of Honest Management

of sound and conservative investment.

Broadly speaking, a permanently successful street railway property must have behind it, under either the most happy or trying circumstances, honest and efficient management. This is imperative. No investor can afford to place a dollar in a street railway property until he has satisfied himself that the management is entrusted to men of the highest type, both with respect to personal integrity and practical experience. Present-day conditions demonstrate that the men responsible for the management and supervision of street railway properties can either amply protect, or, on the other hand, almost hopelessly involve, the capital entrusted to their safekeeping.

One cannot emphasize too strongly the care which investors should exercise in purchasing the bonds of street railways operating only a small mileage and serving communities of minor importance. The chief objection to investing in such properties is, that the volume of business is usually so limited as to prohibit a sufficiently large original investment to provide for a reasonably high standard of construction, making the future cost of maintenance and repairs a heavy drain upon earnings. Then again, owing to the comparatively small issues of such bonds, they do not command, ordinarily, even a reasonably broad market, which makes it practically impossible to dispose of them at anything like cost price, in the event of the necessity for converting the bonds into cash.

IN DISCUSSING the question of the operation of street railway properties, it is necessary, in an article such as this, which does not permit of the treatment of too many details, to divide the subject into two parts; first, what it may be considered necessary for a company to do in order to satisfy the public; second, the protection and the development of the interests of the security holders.

Building Economy and Rolling Stock

The first consideration involves, naturally, the question of covering as large a territory as is consistent, and to render a service as adequate as the volume of traffic justifies. It is generally recognized that, ordinarily, a large amount of mileage is not essential in order to satisfy the needs of the public; or, on the other hand, is it necessary to operate a larger number of cars than is absolutely needed for the comfort and convenience of the public. Waste car mileage is, of course, a thing to be avoided under any circumstances. Only recently a well-known traction official stated to the writer that the lines of an urban property, which in twelve years he had brought out of bankruptcy to pay 6 per cent. dividends on its capital stock, are now actually shorter than when he took hold of the property.

THE efficiency and honesty of employees is still another matter of public consideration. In a very notable instance the receivers of one of the largest traction properties in the world have estimated that the company loses more than \$1,000,000 a year through the failure of the conductors to record the fares, or through fares uncollectable owing to the crowded condition of the cars. A foreigner visiting our country is almost instantly surprised by the brusqueness and impoliteness of the conductors on many of our street railway lines. This is not always a fault of the conductors, but is often due to their being expected to accomplish more than can be done by an ordinary human being. It is hoped that the new "pay-as-you-enter" cars will go far toward remedying these conditions.

Some Improvements in New York

We now come to the other side of the question; the protection and the development of the interests of the security holders. Whether it be best for a company to use overhead or underground trolley must be determined by local conditions. For example, in New York City the public would not be satisfied with an overhead

trolley; whereas, in other sections of the country, there is evidently no objection to this method of construction. In New York City the installation of the underground trolley was made at an enormous expense and only a few years after the installation of the cable service, which was found to be ineffectual.

It seems reasonable to believe that the average investor will soon come to realize that modern interurban traction properties are constructed upon practically the same high standard as the best steam railroads. Many of the lines are operated over private right-of-way 100 feet wide, with gravel ballast, steel or concrete bridges, heavy rails with the highest grade of ties and the standard number to the mile, cedar poles set in cement, etc. If the lines are not double tracked, the construction is often designed to permit of doing so, ultimately, at minimum cost.

INES of this type cost from about \$25,000 to \$75,000 per mile of single track, according to the territory covered. It has been demonstrated that traction lines built upon the basis of this standard can be operated most economically, and the earnings increased largely by growth of traffic with only a very small proportion of added expense. A recognized authority stated to the writer recently that he was familiar with a large inter-urban property which he considered could be operated efficiently at about 33½ per cent. of the gross earnings, leaving out of consideration any allowance for depreciation. Adding for this latter purpose the liberal amount of 10 per cent. would make the charge against gross earnings for operation about 43½ per cent. But, it is important to bear in mind that this particular company secures, at minimum cost, a large part of its power from an urban property with which it connects.

The Gross Earnings for Operations

In reply to the question of the writer as to the percentage of gross earnings which should be employed in the operation of street railways comprising city, suburban, and interurban mileage, exclusive of central station electric light and power business, this same authority, who has had many years experience in the operation of large and important street railway properties, stated: "Broadly speaking, if the gross earnings are of an average amount, the percentage of operating expenses, including renewals and depreciation, but not including taxes, should be between 65 and 70 per cent. Not less than 65 per cent., better 70 per cent., dependent upon the character of the road and its equipment and general operating conditions."

IT SEEMS reasonable to believe that the proper maintenance of any street railway property can be accomplished only by setting aside a liberal percentage of gross earnings for depreciation; approximately 10 per cent. It is now generally recognized that such a fund should be available for needed renewals from year to year. For example, let us assume that a company has to re-lay ten miles of track this year. In the northern sections of the country this work would be done during the months of June, July, August, or September. If the expense of this work were charged against the cost of operating for four months, it would be practically impossible for an operating official to get any reliable data from the statement of the operating figures of his company covering the period. There are also many other reasons why a depreciation fund is a very necessary provision in connection with the operation of street railway lines.

Another important consideration is the efficiency of the service rendered by employees. If the wages paid equal those usually received by this class of labor, it has been demonstrated to be a good business policy for companies to do everything fair and reasonable to develop the spirit of cooperation and good will of the men. One of the most notable instances of an effort in this direction is where a traction company has erected a large and modern building, in which there is a large auditorium where entertainments are given to the families of the employees by such talent as exists among them, and which the company has done everything in its power to develop. In addition to a library there are bowling-alleys and billiard-rooms, which are at the disposal of the employees upon payment of nominal fees; and an injury and relief department, with operating-room and hospital accessories. All of these are

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The Matter of Proper Maintenance

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maintained by the company in order that the employees may have every incentive to work diligently, it being the policy of the management to give men worthy of promotion every possible chance to "work up" in the service.

WITH the object of giving a comprehensive understanding of a sound street railway property, the writer will illustrate from one which is generally recognized as being operated to the very best advantage from every standpoint.

The particular company operates about 120 miles, measured as single track, located in a city of about 400,000 population. It also operates the entire central station electric light and power business of the city, and does the city lighting. The franchises for the generation and sale of electricity for light, heat, and power purposes are unlimited in time and cover the entire city. The street railway franchises do not expire until many years after the maturity of all the outstanding bonds; a point concerning which investors should always inform themselves. The total outstanding bonded debt of the company is \$12,200,000, and the capital stock, which receives dividends at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, \$13,500,000. Practically all of the capital stock represents cash; another point concerning which investors should always inform themselves. On the street railway lines the rate of fare for adults is five cents; six tickets for twenty-five cents; twenty-five tickets for one dollar. Universal free transfers are given, and in 1907 the average fare per revenue passenger was a trifle over four cents. The gross earnings in 1907 were approximately \$3,825,000, of which amount about 5¼ per cent. was absorbed by operating expenses, about 6 per cent. for the payment of taxes, and 10 per cent. for the "Depreciation Reserve Fund." It is important to remember that these results were obtained by a company operating not only street railway lines, but also central station electric light and power business.

IT is generally recognized as being a fact that the physical condition of this property is maintained upon the highest standard of efficiency, and that scrupulous attention has been paid to the maintenance and continued improvement of the power plants, distributing systems and railway lines, and to every detail of organization; the object being to place the property in the most effective condition for the accommodation of the public and for economical operation. The company has accumulated fire insurance and injuries and damage reserve funds, aggregating several hundreds of thousands of dollars, the money being invested in bonds.

The railroad commissioners of the state in which this property is located recently investigated the accounts of the company covering a period of ten years from January 1, 1897, to December 31, 1906. Among other things, the commissioners stated in their report:

We found the books and records of the company to have been kept with unusual skill and accuracy, and we were accorded at the hands of the accounting department every courtesy which would facilitate our work, and are pleased to give here an expression of our appreciation of the consideration shown us. The attitude of the management in this respect is especially creditable, in view of the fact that our visitation was not at the instance of the company, nor was our work presumed to be for its benefit. . . . It is proper at this point in our report to observe that, from the standpoint of the stockholder, the books disclose results which mark the management of this company as being of uncommon capacity. From the same standpoint, there is little left to be desired, since, in addition to the payment of good dividends, the property has been so well kept up that it is probably in better condition at the end of each year than ever before, while ample reserves have been accumulated with which to meet every contingency which may reasonably be expected to arise in the conduct of the business.

The writer quotes from this report in order to emphasize two things; first, that it is not a difficult matter, under experienced management, to keep a property of this type in the very best of physical condition; second, that there are doubtless many other public service properties in this country which are operated upon the same high standard of efficiency, with results which add to the comfort and convenience of their patrons, and, at the same time, yield a reasonable return upon the capital invested in them.

DURING the past five years the first mortgage 5 per cent. bonds of this particular company have sold at prices between about 98 and 110 and interest, representing stability of market comparing favorably with the highest type of investments in this country. There surely can be no question that

What This Company's Bonds Brought

street railway bonds of this standard are suitable for the requirements of the most conservative investors, including the surplus funds of business men, although, as the writer has stated repeatedly, a sum of money invested to its best advantage is usually distributed among different classes of investments, and not restricted to any one particular form. It is generally recognized that traction companies, operating under favorable conditions in well-chosen territories, have a stability of earning power which gives to their bond issues a security of income that is perhaps not excelled by any other type of investment.

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The Pulse of the World

Editorial Comment on the Latest Affairs of the World

By HOWARD BRUBAKER

AS FAR as it is possible for erring mortal to judge, William Howard Taft has the Republican nomination as good as stowed away in his capacious vest pocket. Discounting the "enthusiasm" of his managers, who say that he will surely have 505 on the first ballot in the Chicago convention, it is still indisputable that the big Secretary of War already has almost one-half of the 600 delegates thus far chosen. Continuing in this proportion, William H. Taft ought not to have any serious difficulty in landing the nomination.

It is generally believed, however, that some of the less important candidates, such as Cannon, Knox, Foraker and Fairbanks, have formed an alliance for the purpose of swinging the convention to one of their number. This coalition seems to be the only possibility by which any of these near-statesmen has more than a faint and ghost-like chance. Even Governor Hughes, who is very favorably regarded by Eastern Republicans, does not seem to be within shouting distance of the nomination.

It seems certain therefore that, unless there is an unexpected upheaval at the Chicago convention, William H. Taft will be the Republican nominee. If, however, anything should interfere with Secretary Taft's nomination, is there any doubt about what an enthusiastic, hero-worshipping assembly of delegates will do?

* * *

The Bryan Bogey

THERE is a strong tendency among Eastern Democratic newspapers to deplore the popularity of William Jennings Bryan, on the ground that he is not popular enough. In other words, these journals are sweating good, red, Democratic blood in the effort to prove that the man the party wants is not the man the party ought to have. A great New York daily, which in other matters often shows the rudiments of a sense of humor, prints day after day the so-called "Bryan map" showing how few of these United States were carried by the Democrats—in 1904. Yet any boy playing marbles back of anybody's barn can tell you that Democracy's banner was carried that most disastrous of years by Alton B. Parker! Also, without straining the intellect much, one can recall that Judge Parker is an Easterner, as conservative as the rock-ribbed hills, and about as popular with the farmers.

It must be diverting to Western Democrats—this ambition of the reactionary tail to wag the progressive dog. In their efforts to carry their point, these Eastern journals have dragged out of obscurity a dozen candidates, and stood them blinking in the lime-light amid the applause of those who got in free. Yet, thus far, no one has seriously threatened Mr. Bryan's chances for the Presidential nomination.

Two of the most foolish things one can do are to sit, lost in thought, upon a railway track, and to predict what will happen at a Democratic convention. But this is a matter of common knowledge. Since that hot and noisy day in Chicago, twelve years ago, there has been no leader in the Democratic party so interesting, so public-spirited, and so popular, as William Jennings Bryan.

* * *

The Misguided Metropolis

IN SOME respects New York is the greatest city in the United States. It has the largest number of people, and more of them can be fooled more of the time than is the case in any other "center of progress and intelligence" in the country. Also when it wakes up it is more uselessly angry than anything in our acquaintance.

New York just now is turning purple in the face when it thinks of its district attorney. It happens that the good people of that town have nobody to blame but themselves for this public prosecutor. The bosses didn't want him; no political party would nominate him. Yet the voters marked up their ballots until they looked like scrambled eggs, and elected him vociferously.

They see it all now—it is just possible that they think they see more than they do. At any rate, stop any New Yorker hurrying to his office to read the newspapers, and he will tell you that the district attorney has never prosecuted anybody who owned over forty dollars; that the big insurance and traction thieves have been helped out of their difficulties by this obliging public official; and that he constantly gives aid and comfort to the enemy. It is a common belief that if you attempted to bribe the district attorney with money he would blow cigarette smoke and unchristian English into your face; but that if you were a friend of a friend of a friend of his, you could n't break into jail with a bomb!

The investigation, now in progress, of his office has already shown enough truth in these wild statements to constitute a very disheartening spectacle. Also, as a result of changed public opinion, a man who was named among the Folks and the La Follettes and the

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J. FRANK CULLEN, San Diego, Cal.

Heneys as a force for reform, and who was often mentioned for national honors, would now have difficulty in getting on the school committee of his own ward. This man's name is Jerome.

In Praise of Disloyalty

THE Jerome failure is especially unfortunate because it will give a setback to the cause of independent voting. It was a beautiful thing to see people deserting their parties and their bosses and electing a man entirely upon split ballots. Together with the non-partisan type of ballot used in Massachusetts, and their habit of using it intelligently, it seemed to indicate a growing independence of party dictation.

We have not progressed very far as yet along this line. One of the greatest obstacles to clean government in our cities to-day is the blind, senseless allegiance to a national party. It is this party loyalty that makes possible the rotten Democratic ring in New York and the unspeakable Republican domination in Philadelphia. It is, in great part, responsible for the recent defeat of the reform mayor of Kansas City and of the race-track, anti-gambling bill in New York State. Party loyalty is the most effective weapon great corporations have in their fight to control the government.

It seems strange sometimes that America should have cast off monarchical forms of government only to submit cheerfully to the domination of party leaders. One often hears a man well advanced in years boasting that he never in his life voted anything but a straight Republican or Democratic ticket; that he never, in other words, exercised any independence in political matters. Later, perhaps, we shall discard this political party fetish; some day we may count high among political virtues disloyalty to party.

The Venezuelan Stew

PRESIDENT CASTRO, of Venezuela, seems to be of that variety of politician vulgarly known as "peanut." He weighs ninety-six pounds when, as occasionally happens, he wears his shoes; and he has his own ideas about personal conduct and official procedure. Therefore when the New York and Bermuda Asphalt Company, which owns a pitch lake in Venezuela, encouraged revolutions and otherwise offended the diminutive president, he fined them heavily and said many unfriendly things. This American company now alleges that Castro has been taking large quantities of asphalt out of its lake and selling it in this country, in competition with its own, and that he has fooled with the United States mails. It therefore appealed to the American nation to come to its defense, and, if necessary, spank our younger sister into a state of politeness.

While it would seem to be our duty to look after the interests of American citizens, wherever they may be, this request has been received by the government and the people without wild enthusiasm. We do not want war at all, and certainly not with anybody so far from our size as Venezuela. Furthermore, the Asphalt Trust has practised upon our own cities all the well-known varieties of bribery and extortion and some new and original forms. It is difficult to believe that a company which has trodden such devious paths at home has been circumspect and virtuous upon foreign soil, and it will not be easy to persuade the American people to risk their men and ships to fight the battles of the Asphalt Trust.

Mosquitoes and History

WE LEARN from excellent authority that ancient Troy came to an untimely end through misplaced confidence in a wooden horse; we are fairly well agreed about the causes of the fall of Nineveh, Pompeii, and San Francisco; but we have always been a little mixed about Rome. Grain and circuses and baths have, at various times, been saddled with the responsibility for Rome's downfall. But we shall have no more of this idle speculation. We know all about it now—it was mosquitoes!

Jones is the prosaic name of the man who has made this homely discovery. He is an English medical investigator who has been digging around in the ruins of Greece and Rome. He finds that malaria, carried in by industrious, evil-minded mosquitoes, was the cause of the physical and intellectual decline of these ancient peoples. When, therefore, you see a descendant of Sophocles selling peanuts, or a modern Brutus turning a grind-organ, do not reproach him; treat him with kindly pity. He simply made the mistake of having ancestors without screen doors.

You cannot change mosquito nature. Ever since the time of the ancient Egyptians, they have been defying boards of health and pure-food laws and leaving destruction in their path. Yet this does not mean that the New Jerseyites and the Long Islanders of to-day will be the fruit vendors of to-morrow; that the race of summer boarders is doomed to extinction. They are barricading their windows with screens, they are burning sweet incense in every home in Hackensack. All over New Jersey they are draining marshes and sprinkling petroleum on ponds and pools. The armies of ancient Rome could not prevail against this insidious foe, but the oil-can is mightier than the sword!

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Primarily, mortgage liens on the Denver Reservoir Irrigation Company's system, including water rights, canals, reservoirs, sites, etc., and all properties now owned or hereafter to be acquired by the Company, conservatively estimated worth between

Two Million to Three Million Dollars

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As security for each \$1,000 bond in addition to the liability of the Company, the trustee bank holds \$1,250 mortgage liens upon land estimated worth, with water, over \$3,000, or THREE TIMES the amount of the bond.

The Denver-Greeley District

is said to be the richest farm and fruit community in the world, producing apples, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, melons, sugar beets, peas, onions, potatoes, asparagus, tomatoes, cucumbers, etc., which, owing to their quality and the proximity of Denver, the market place of over a million people in Colorado and surrounding states, yield an income of \$250 to \$1,000 per acre.

These securities are unparalleled in attractiveness in the history of irrigation in the United States in the following respects:

FIRST—Location: Namely, immediately adjoining Denver, the metropolis of the growing West, with a dozen railroad systems which distribute Denver-Greeley products to the whole Rocky Mountain region extending from Montana to Texas, affording a ready market for all that can be produced in a radius of many miles, giving a potential value to these lands beyond that of any irrigated section east of California.

SECOND—Comparative values: In other irrigated sections fruit lands command from \$300 to \$2,000 per acre; farm lands from \$100 to \$350 per acre, even in isolated and sparsely settled localities.

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Purpose of Bond Issue:

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Experts reports by Dr. Elwood Mead, Chief of United States Government Irrigation Investigations Department, and J. G. White & Co., Engineers and Contractors, New York, signed statements by leading agriculturists and horticulturists, as to land values and production and all phases of this enterprise, and an illustrated booklet will be furnished on request.

Trowbridge & Niver Co.,
First National Bank Bldg.,
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Please send copy of report, illustrated pamphlet and further particulars regarding Denver Reservoir Irrigation Company 6% bonds.

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The Well-Dressed Man

A Help to Those Who Wish to Dress in Good Taste and within Their Means

By ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

[Readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE are invited to ask any questions which puzzle them about good form in dress. If desired, writers' names will not be used here, but every inquirer must attach his name as a pledge of sincerity. It is suggested that the questions asked be of general, rather than of personal interest.]

E. F. S.—Straw hats are put on whenever the weather justifies it. There is no fixed date. In the South, naturally, they appear much earlier than in the North. Fashion has nothing to do with this. It is wholly a matter of climate and season.

FOXROFT.—Patent leather boots with white, gray or tan uppers look well on him who bears in every detail of his dress the unmistakable stamp of fashion. They should not be attempted, however, by the ordinary man, for they render him very conspicuous, and unless he be immaculate to his finger-tips, disagreeably so. An ornate effect is to have one's gray *suede* gloves embroidered with broad black silk stitching on the backs. The darker shades of leather are preferred to the light, unless one aims for a harmonious *ensemble* between Ascot and glove. Folded-back cuffs with corners decidedly cut away are sometimes put upon afternoon shirts. They have nothing to recommend them, unless it be oddity.

H. A. B.—Pearl-gray, long the accepted color for the wedding glove, cravat and waistcoat, is being elbowed aside by white. There is no particular reason for this, save that gray has reigned long enough. The new white Ascots are fashioned of thick, self-figured silks that knot well. They are not as large as a year ago, and a bit of the shirt bosom is left visible. With the morning coat, or semi-frock, many turn-down collars are now worn, and accompanying these is a very narrow four-in-hand pierced by a small pin. A luxurious afternoon Ascot is woven of white silk-and-satin stripes alternating. The effect is the sort most to be desired—that of rich simplicity

ITHACA.—The evening muffler should be capacious enough to envelop collar, shirt bosom, and white waistcoat. Indeed, amplitude of material is a badge of "smartness." Forty-eight inches is the accepted length. White is much preferred to black as a muffler color, because it contrasts very pleasingly with the dark suit and greatcoat. The correct evening glove varies little from season to season either in shade or cut. A very serviceable glove is made of light-weight pearl kid with silk palms. Those men who find that their kid gloves soil easily on the way from house to theater should wear knitted white gloves over the kid as a measure of protection. Black silk hose, self-clocked or with white side clocks, the latter an extreme fashion, are the vogue.

T. A.—The use of the monocle has always seemed mere affectation to Americans. It is too suggestive of the "brouder" trying hard to assume the listless air supposedly characteristic of the fashionable idler. The ribbon is worn diagonally across the shirt bosom and the glass is left to dangle and swing as it may. The attempt to introduce round-cornered wing collars for evening dress has not been markedly successful here, notwithstanding London indorsement. We continue to favor the poke and straight stander. The white tie is knotted softly and not perceptibly pinched in the center. Fold cuffs are confined to the "Tuxedo" shirt and are not sanctioned with the "swallow-tail" coat.

ROBBINS.—The "smart" lounge suit is brown or green in shade, or it may be of a different color with glints of brown and green in the weave. The lapels should be low-lying and rolled, and an engaging effect is obtained by having the curve of the lapels and the curve on the bottom of the jacket uniform in outline. Green ties go well with brown suits, brown ties go well with green suits and deep red matches either.

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[Concluded from page 357]

coats, for to Woodruff belongs the honor of possessing more waistcoats than any other politician in the history of the world and the further honor of having had each one of these "creations" photographed oftener. Here or abroad it is always the same; the camera never finds him anything but the unvarying, happy-go-lucky "Tim."

Two Fathers of Congress

HENRY H. BINGHAM, long known as the "father of the House," and Senator Allison the "father" of the upper body, are decidedly different in their attitudes toward the picture-taking machine, but both are alike in one particular—they are very hard to get. Representative Bingham went out and washed his hands the day I called to pose him; following which he brushed off his coat collar, dusted his shoes, arranged his spectacles, combed up the little tufts of hair on each side of his head, twirled his mustache out into a fine symmetry, knotted his brows, stared as if expecting the traditional "birdie" to appear, and said curtly, "Go ahead!" It was an impressive moment.

No less impressive, but in a different way, was my posing of Senator Allison. For twenty years he had not posed thus for a newspaper photograph; for six months I had been in correspondence arranging the sitting with him. When I arrived I was ushered in with quiet dignity, and the Senator, turning from his desk to the light from the window, remarked without looking at me: "How's this?"

I was struck at once by a sort of resemblance in his profile to both Lincoln and Grant.

"Bully!" I exclaimed.

"All right, then take it, and send me a dozen prints." He was immensely gratified with the result I sent him.

A Senator Who Is Always Ready

SENATOR LODGE is always "ready and anxious" for the camera man. It is a proverb among photographers that if you "just point a camera at Lodge he's happy." He never says, "Wait a moment," to fix a tie or button a coat. But after the trick is turned he always steps up and asks, "What paper did you say?"

Other prominent men have their crotchets. David Bennett Hill won't let you take a photograph of him standing. He always wants to slump into a chair and sit there negligently. Lewis Nixon, the man who ran Tammany Hall for four hours and then walked out in disgust, wants everything just right or he won't sit for his picture at all. If the least thing goes wrong, he refuses the sitting. "Big Tim" Sullivan always sits in the shade with his hat off.

"Get a good dark background for that head of mine," he admonishes. "I haven't got much in it, that's a fact, but it makes a good show;" and the way the bald dome eventually looms up on the negative amply justifies his claim in that respect.

The time I caught General Grant and his wife and son out walking, he called to his son: "Hey, there, boy! Throw out your chest! Don't you see the man's taking your picture? You're a fine soldier, with your lungs looking as if they were flat as a pancake!"

When the "poison squad" first called the attention of the world to Doctor Wiley at Washington I went down and secured his permission to take a whole series of photographs of the distinguished experimenter in food stuffs. From room to room and laboratory to laboratory I followed him, posing him at what I supposed to be his various tasks. When I had finished I concluded that here was a busy man indeed.

"Does he do all this work every day?" I asked an attendant.

"Well," was the laconic answer, "I guess the photographer has had something to do with to-day's activity. He generally just sits at that desk yonder and bosses the job!"

How Sir Thomas Lipton Is "Took"

THE greatest yachtsman who ever drank a cup of tea must always be "taken" on board a vessel and in his yachting costume. Moreover the camera must be one of goodly proportion, for that is a sure sign of the newspaper photographer. The small hand camera gets no poses out of the affable "Sir Tummies." If a crowd happens to be present at the time that the photographer makes a request for a pose, Mr. Lipton always replies: "Oh, goodness, no! Not to-day, young fellow—sorry—but not to-day!"

The camera man unfolds his machine. He understands the good knight's bashfulness. The guests are all looking. Still pleading not to be taken, Sir Thomas comes down from the bridge, selects the sunniest spot on the deck, and casually walks into it, all unconsciously. Here he faces the photographer and smilingly tells him he must really desist from his attempts to get a picture. Should the guests happen to be standing and chatting in this only bright spot, the officer of the day, taking in the situation, instantly rushes to the opposite side with the cry, "Man overboard!"

During the commotion, Sir Thomas has his picture taken in the sunny spot.



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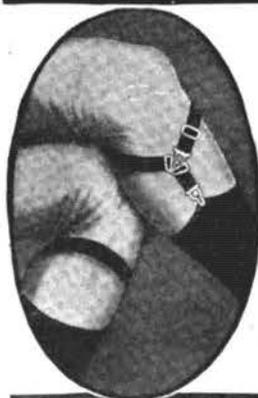
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"Had n't you better make another, now that you're at it, for fear the first one might be spoiled?" suggests the man who, a few moments before, was earnestly pleading not to be "took."

And when this is done the gallant yachtsman pins a shamrock on the photographer and asks him to come again. It is even rumored that a surgeon on board the *Erin* who is also a good amateur picture-taker has been known to go around the deck with a piece of chalk to mark the most appropriate and favorable places for Lipton to stand while playing his little comedy.

Colonel Cody Likes a Big Camera

ANOTHER strategist who turns the cold shoulder to a small camera but extends the most cordial of hands (and faces) to a machine the size of a barn is Colonel William F. Cody. There is even a suspicion that "Buffalo Bill" is, as his name would indicate, "laying" for this big game.

"Now, boy, what shall I do? What shall I wear?" he asks graciously. And before the photographer can make a suggestion out comes the ever-ready toggery, especially for the occasion. First, the boots, then the coat with beads of wondrous hue, then the gloves of a similar design, then the wide-brimmed hat. The looking-glass comes last, and the camera man prepares the shutter. There is perturbation at once on the colonel's part. The pulchritude of the prairies is at stake. Everything must be in shipshape or the small boy would lose faith in the great slayer of Injuns.

"Hold on, there, young man!" he shouts. "Is my mustache O. K? Be sure to get my hair long and fluffy; and don't forget my boots. Let the spurs show. How's the sunlight to-day?" And, to put on the finishing touch, just as the photographer is ready to press the bulb, Mr. Cody stops the proceedings and sends for an extra long cigar which he holds nonchalantly in his right hand. The picture is complete.

Concerning a Certain Senator

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, too, an old hand at the game, knows the value of proper posing; it is probable that this has come about from his large experience in such matters, for he holds the distinction of having posed for more pictures than any other man who never occupied the White House. He, like Sir Thomas Lipton, knows the value of being in the sunlight when the camera is around; he is always a willing victim, and in convention photographs you will note that in some mysterious fashion the junior senator from the Empire State is always prominent.

There is a saying in journalistic circles that it pays to photograph Senator Depew; whenever a cut of him appears in a newspaper, he buys enough copies of that issue to amply reimburse the publishers for their halftoning expense. These copies he carefully distributes around among his friends and constituents, generally marking with a blue pencil some item in the vicinity of his likeness. Inadvertently, of course, the errant blue pencil gets away from the item and leads the eye to the smiling features of the friend of insurance, reproduced nearby on the same page. It is a clever trick.

How "The Wizard" Acts

THOMAS ALVA EDISON, true to his mechanical bent, prefers the camera to the artist's brush. "Too much red on the lips and cheeks, and the clothes too nicely pressed." Thus "The Wizard" wafts aside the portrait painter.

The photographer, who was bent on getting a good likeness of him one day on a New York ferry-boat, was puttering around with his lens.

"Just give me something rough-and-ready,—and do it quick," said the inventor, brusquely.

"How about your coat?" I asked, noticing its untidy appearance. "Oh, hang the coat!" he said with a twinkle in his eye, at what might have been a pun. "And never mind the hat and shoes, just go ahead. Why," he exclaimed earnestly, "do you know that even if you hid my face, the public would recognize me by the two cigars in my hand? At any rate, take 'just me,' never mind my looks. All that the people want to see is Edison; they don't want to examine a lot of clothes!" and he screwed up his eyes while the shutter snapped.

An Inventor Who Wants to Look Youthful

UNLIKE Edison, Guglielmo Marconi was very careful of appearances. As I was ushered into his study, I could see that he was making preparations for the occasion by rubbing a black lead pencil across his upper lip; possibly his mustache was tickling him and he took this method of assuaging the itching. He spoke very few words, and those rather curtly; but he had a companion with him who gave me my instructions frankly.

In regard to the pose, the wireless expert wanted something *distingué*. "Just this way," said his friend. "Oh, no, not that way—that's too common! Do it so." And, with head resting thoughtfully on hand, the shutter was snapped. Marconi broke the silence with "Will it be good? Oh, I hope so. But I suppose it will need retouching?"

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I nodded, and prepared to go. The companion followed me to the head of the stairs. "Don't forget no wrinkles!" he bawled. "Make him look young."

Croker, the Unphotographable

RICHARD CROKER'S vanity displayed itself by his refusing to pose for his pictures. Carping critics maintain that it is because he wears an ugly face; that is, they did maintain the point until "Pat" McCarren sprang into view with a Machiavelian "map" which would have taken the famous "jackknife" away from Abraham Lincoln. However all this may be, it is a fact that I followed Croker for a year before I got this admirable likeness of him. In such matters, as in many others, he was very taciturn, and he engaged in no conversation that might show what his opinion of the business was, until the whole affair was over, when he arose, stretched his legs, and walked away, saying: "I'm not sure that I ought to have sat still for that fellow. I wish I had n't done it."

Croker's only delight in pictures of himself found vent in his collection of cartoons, lampooning him for his various political moves. His favorite was the familiar one in which his face is grafted onto the body of the Tammany Hall tiger. The caricaturing of his features as those of a tiger he always viewed with a relish. As to photographing him, it is true that the small hand camera could very easily be used and good results obtained, but there was generally a vigilant thug on duty to smash up and break the larger machines which were pointed at the chief.

Bishop Potter Like Lipton

THE most photographed bishop this side of where all bishops go is the man who opened the Subway Tavern. He is, with all due respect, an easy mark for the man with the camera; but he is like Lipton in that he never likes to be photographed ostentatiously. If it can be done quietly, however, he smiles his benediction.

Greeting him in his own home he says, "Who sent you here? What do you want?" Then he adds resignedly, "Well, if I must, I must!"

And when that pose has been taken, "Would n't this attitude be better, more appropriate?" Again a film is exposed.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," is the immediate remark, "but I meant to stand something like this. Better try that again," and once more the shutter clicks upon the dignitary of the Church. Before the camera man realizes it, he has taken three times as many views of Bishop Potter as he counted on taking, and is bowed out with many "thank-yous."

The Zoological Orchestra

By Harvey Worthington Loomis

THE turkey plied the drumsticks, while
The puppy took the bones;
The bullfrog played an instrument
That gave the lowest tones.

The elephant could trumpet, and
The fiddler was a crab;
The Katy-did a song and dance
Upon a graveyard slab.

The inch-worm counted measures, while
The woodwind turned the leaves;
The quail, he had to whistle, for
Those mockingbirds are thieves.

The yellow-jacket's organ-point
Was rather sharp and thin;
The kitten brought an article
To string the violin.

The cow tossed off a solo, for
No one could low so well;
Her horn was blew and tipped with brass;
She also rang the bell.

The bee could play upon the comb;
They wished he had n't come,
For all the music that he knew
Was "Hum, Sweet Hum."

Old Nouns with New Meanings

By Warwick James Price

- SPEED.—A thoughtless man's idea of progress.
- UNTOLD AGONY.—The unrepeatable secret of a gossip.
- CONCERT.—The child of ignorance and self-reliance.
- HOPE.—To-morrow's veneer over to-day's disappointment.
- DIPLOMACY.—The art of politely getting what you want.
- TROUBLE.—The one thing that any one can readily borrow.
- FILTHY LUCRE.—What all your neighbors are striving for, but not yourself.
- COMFORT.—That which the ignorant think is the same thing as happiness.
- CLUBS.—Homes maintained by many who seldom use them, for the convenience of a few who have no better place to go.

Stand close to all, but lean on none.



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Stand for Something

By Orison Swett Marden

[Concluded from page 376]

Nathan Straus, when asked the secret of the great success of his firm, said it was their treatment of the man at the other end of the bargain. He said that they could not afford to make enemies; they could not afford to displease or to take advantage of customers, or to give them reason to think that they had been unfairly dealt with,—that in the long run, the man who gave the square deal to the man at the other end of the bargain would get ahead fastest.

There are merchants who have made great fortunes, but who do not carry weight among their fellow men, because they have dealt all their lives with inferiority. They have lived with shoddy and shams so long that the suggestion has been held in their minds until their whole standards of life have been lowered; their ideals have shrunk; their characters have partaken of the quality of their business.

Contrast these men with the men who stood for half a century or more at the head of solid houses, substantial institutions; men who have always stood for quality in everything; who have surrounded themselves not only with ability but with men and women of character. We instinctively believe in character. We admire people who stand for something; who are centered in truth and honesty. It is not necessary that they agree with us. We admire them for their strength, the honesty of their opinions, the inflexibility of their principles.

The late Carl Schurz was a strong man and antagonized many people. He changed his political views very often; but even his worst enemies knew there was one thing he would never go back on, friends or no friends, party or no party; and that was his devotion to principle as he saw it. There was no parleying with his convictions. He could stand alone, if necessary, with all the world against him. His inconsistencies, his many changes in parties and policies, could not destroy the universal admiration for the man who stood for his convictions. Although he escaped from a German prison and fled his country, where he had been arrested on account of his revolutionary principles when but a mere youth, Emperor William the First had such a profound respect for his honesty of purpose and his strength of character that he invited him to return to Germany and visit him, gave him a public dinner, and paid him great tribute.

Whoever illustrates in his life the great fundamental principles of rectitude, of honesty, and square dealing will be respected. Many cheap politicians ridicule Roosevelt for setting up such a high moral standard. They laugh at the idea of all his talk about civic righteousness, manliness, honesty, and the "square deal," but his stolid adherence to principle has won him the respect and admiration, not only of the whole American people, but of all the civilized world.

Just as no other American citizen has created a turning-point in so many careers, or aroused the sleeping ambition in so many poor boys, as Abraham Lincoln, so probably no other figure in the world to-day is looked up to by so many youths and young men as a civic model and inspiration as Theodore Roosevelt. A writer in the London Times says that he is the hero of every schoolboy in the United Kingdom.

Mr. Roosevelt is peculiarly fortunate in his ability to inspire to higher ideals, to cleaner methods. His life-story has been one of the greatest sermons preached on the American continent since Lincoln was assassinated.

No other living American has ever made so many rich young men ashamed of their idle, useless lives, so ashamed of taking all the good things of life and giving nothing in return, or has aroused so many of those idle rich with a determination to do something themselves instead of depending upon what somebody else did before them. He has a peculiar faculty of drawing men away from the crooked, of showing them the beauty of the right, the superiority of square dealing.

Who can ever estimate how much his influence has done toward purging politics and elevating the American ideal. He has changed the view-point of many statesmen and politicians. He has shown them a new and a better way. He has made many of them ashamed of the old methods of grafting and selfish greed.

Has Shown Politicians a Better Way

He has held up a new ideal, shown them that unselfish service to their country is infinitely nobler than an ambition for self-aggrandizement. American patriotism has a higher meaning to-day, because of the example of this great American. Many young politicians and statesmen have adopted cleaner methods and higher aims because of his influence. There is no doubt that tens of thousands of young men in this country are cleaner in their lives, and more honest and ambitious to be good citizens, because there is a man in the White House who always stands for the "square deal," for civic righteousness, for American manhood.

A rich life is worth a thousand times more to the world than a rich bank account. Who would have thought of asking how much money Lincoln left? Yet the whole world was richer for his life and example. Grant was a bankrupt, save for what he earned by his memoirs, which he wrote on his death-bed, but every American citizen feels richer to-day because Grant lived.

Who can estimate the influence of President Eliot in enriching and uplifting our national ideals and standards through the thousands of students who go out from Harvard University? The tremendous earnestness and nobility of character of Phillips Brooks raised every one who came within his influence to higher levels. His great earnestness in trying to lead people up to his lofty ideals swept everything before it. One could not help feeling while listening to him and watching him that there was a mighty triumph of character, a grand expression of superb manhood. Such men as these increase our faith in the race, in the possibilities of the grandeur of the coming man.

The Power of the Ideal

We are prouder of our country because of such standards. It is the ideal that determines the direction of the life. And what a grand sight, what an inspiration, are those men who sacrifice the dollar to the ideal!

Does any one doubt that had President Roosevelt chosen a business career he could easily have made himself a great national figure in the commercial world and several times a millionaire?

If he had started out with the determination to accumulate as much money as he could, instead of to make as much of a man of himself and to render as much service as he could to the American people, who could estimate the loss to our American ideals?

Fortunately for this nation, Mr. Roosevelt does not believe in the great American motto, "To Get and To Have," but in the greater one, "To Be and to Do." He believes that the great blight and malady of our time is the fortune without a man behind it.

He believes that the men without principle or character, who through their money wield a vast influence for evil, destroying American ideals, debauching and demoralizing the poorer people, whom they exploit and use for their advantage in all sorts of ways, are the greatest menace to our American institutions—to our civilization.

It is a noticeable fact that all such men—tricky, dishonest men, especially scheming politicians, men who have axes to grind, trimmers and scoundrels generally, have never liked Mr. Roosevelt. He is too square for them. He is regarded very much as the thieves of New York regarded Mayor Low. He was too honest for them, they could not make money enough out of his administration, he was too clean for them. An honest mayor in New York would strike terror into the hearts of many men who are not willing to pay the price of an honest living, who think there is an easier way of making money than honestly earning it.

Who can estimate the value of having such a vigorous, manly character as Theodore Roosevelt at the head of the nation, when there are so many men who think that their money can buy almost anything—seats in Congress, governorships, mayorships, our courts of justice, positions of the highest honor, even virtue itself! These men do not realize that it is as impossible to attain real success by dishonest methods as it is to solve an intricate mathematical problem by ignoring the laws of mathematics. The principles by which the problem of success is solved are right and justice, honesty and integrity; and just in proportion as a man deviates from these principles he comes short of solving his problem.

It is true that he may reach something. He may get money, but is that success? The thief gets money, but does he succeed? Is it any honester to steal by means of a long head than by means of a long arm? It is very much more dishonest, because the victim is deceived and then robbed—a double crime.

We often receive letters which read like this: "I am getting a good salary; but I do not feel right about it, somehow. I cannot still the voice within me that says 'Wrong, wrong,' to what I am doing."

"Leave it, leave it," we always say to the writers of these letters. "Do not stay in a questionable occupation no matter what inducement it offers. Its false light will land you on the rocks if you follow it. It is demoralizing to the mental faculties, paralyzing to the character, to do a thing which one's conscience forbids."

Tell the employer who expects you to do questionable things that you cannot work for him unless you can put the trade-mark of your manhood, the stamp of your integrity, upon everything you do. Tell him that if the biggest thing in you cannot bring success surely the lowest cannot. You cannot afford to sell the best thing in you, your honor, your manhood, to a dishonest man or a lying institution. You should regard even the suggestion that you might sell out for a consideration as an insult.

The Trade-mark of Character

Resolve that you will not be paid for being something less than a man, that you will not lease your ability, your education, your inventiveness, your self-respect, for salary, to do a man's lying for him, either in writing advertisements, selling goods, or in any other capacity.

Resolve that, whatever your vocation, you are going to stand for something, that you are not going to be merely a lawyer, or a physician, a merchant, a clerk, a farmer, a congressman, or a man who carries a big money-bag; but that you are going to be a man first, last, and all the time.

EDWIN MARKHAM'S EYRIE

Photograph by Gosford, N. Y.



EDWIN MARKHAM

LET me begin this month with the golden words of a modern seer—words that are worthy to stand by St. Paul's beautiful saying, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels":

"Whoso buildeth charity, equity, brotherly love in his own bosom buildeth the temple of God. Whoso hath no will but to be feet for God's kindness, hands for God's beneficence, lips for God's compassion—lo, unto him is a priesthood greater than that of Aaron, and more durable than that of Melchisedek."

Let Us Will To Be Glad

THE world needs joy: we need to let the flute notes into our somber lives. Have you noticed how sad are human faces in repose? These faces should be lighted and uplifted. When Krishna, the Hindoo God, descends in a new incarnation, we are told that he comes dancing lightly and blowing on a flute. This seems to me an authentic sign of divinity. Give me a God that laughs: mirth must be in the heart of the God who made the sportful lamb, the tricky ape, the laughing child.

I believe that Jesus laughed. Laughter is as divine as tears, though not so deep. A subtle wit is sprinkled over the Gospels. Jesus, who could stoop down to take a little child into His arms, was not bereft of smiles.

Tesla's Amazing Prophecies

THE recent prophecies of Nikola Tesla, our famous electrical magician, are straining our faith to the breaking point. He declares that wireless telephony around the world is a feat easy to any expert. He tells us that future warfare will be carried on by the use of electrical waves. Mr. Tesla continues:

Even now, wireless plants could be constructed by which any region of the globe might be rendered uninhabitable without subjecting the population of other parts to serious danger or inconvenience.

But his next statement is the most astonishing of all. Indeed, it is the most amazing statement ever made by a man of science:

It appears, then, possible for man, through the harnessed energy of the medium and suitable agencies for starting and stopping ether-whirls, to cause matter to form and disappear. At his command, almost without an effort on his part, old worlds would vanish and new ones would spring into being. He could alter the size of this planet, control its seasons, adjust its distance from the sun, guide it on its eternal journey along any path he might choose through the depths of the universe. He could make planets collide and produce his suns and stars, his heat and light; he could originate life in all its infinite forms. To cause at will the birth and death of matter would be man's grandest deed, which would give him the mastery of physical creation, make him fulfill his ultimate destiny.

Astounding prophecies! Still, they seem not impossible to me, for I believe that man is destined to penetrate the locked mystery of nature and to exercise an incredible dominion over the world-forces.

This Little Clamor of the Hour

LET us not be misled by the clamor of the moment in measuring men. Some of the names now smirched by the mud-slingers of the press may have honorable places in the calm light of history. Even Washington, in his day, was the object of bitter attacks. Lincoln had to fight his way against incredible billingsgate. Poe, during his brief, troubled years, and Emerson, through his long and blameless career, were the frequent objects of newspaper ridicule. We think of Milton as haloed in his calm immortality; but he fought the evils of his era with amazing

courage, only to become the target of poisoned arrows shot at him by the sensualists and renegades of his time. He was jeered at for the blindness and deformity of his old age; he was pointed out as "that blind adder that flings his venom on the king's person." But as soon as death touched him with consecrating hand, he was seen to be the mighty poet on his peak, "the scholar of the sphere," "the God-gifted organ voice of England."

A Record of Individual Opinion of Men, Books, and Public Affairs, by the Author of "The Man With the Hoe"

A Singing Leaf

THE younger poets are sending me their verses: they drift in thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa.

Nearly all of this verse work is lacking both in burden of thought and in raiment of beauty; but at intervals a singing leaf flutters into the Eyrie—comes vibrant from the wide-branching tree of the Muses. Here are some of these finer lines by Miss Mary Seicrist, of Lebanon, Pennsylvania. They are from her "Prayer of Loneliness," the plea of a truly poetic spirit:

Because I watch, and, waking, find no peace—
Because the cry of lone things of the deep
Comes in my dreaming and my farthest sleep,
I would wait on—until that pain shall cease
In quietness.

Yet lift not Thou the burden of the song,
Master of life: I would build thus in stress
Thy likeness—in the craft of lowliness
Would learn the upward courses of the strong,
All tenderly.

Yea, take not Thou Thine arrows from the soul:
These goad to greatness. Grant me that in love
Thy mighty engines still may press above
The quivering life, and lead it to the goal
Unerringly.

A Diverting "Day"-Dream

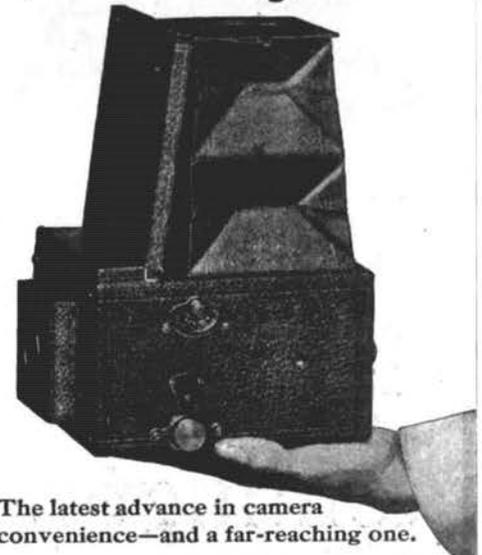
A YEAR ago there was a roar from Rochester: it was the voice of Chancellor Day declaiming against President Roosevelt for attacking the criminal business of the country. The doughty chancellor is now out with a book bearing the scare-head title, "The Raid on Property." It attacks the President for his patriotic protest against high-handed buccaneering in business. Chancellor Day and his ilk would have all the rest of us holding up our hands in glorification of the buccaneers, so that they might go more leisurely through our pockets.

A Little Sermon on Pain

WHY do we suffer? Is pain a necessary part of the trembling fabric of existence? Is it curse or blessing? The Orient saw, in the mystery of suffering, only the stroke of the law of retribution, saw only an effect descending upon the soul as the reaction of its own sin. So the word of the Orient is Resignation. Greece saw in suffering only a blind blow dealt by the capricious hand of Destiny—a blow for which there was no hope, no consolation. The word of Greece was Endurance.

But Jesus came, revealing a new meaning for pain. He shows it to be remedial, redemptive; shows how it can break doors out of the shut house of self. The heart is dead until it begins to feel the touch of the world-pain, and only through our own little inlet of sorrow can we come to feel the tide of the great sea. I can well believe that only the souls enriched by sorrow will ever find the inner and more mysterious chambers of the Divine. They only will have that precipitate of experience that makes us kindred to the gods.

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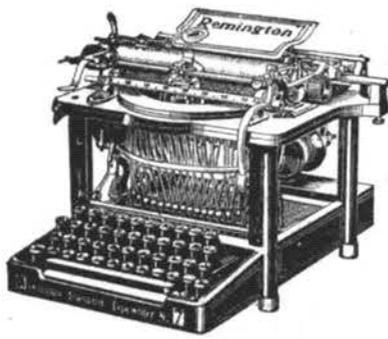
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Many souls have eyes yet see not, till sorrow opens the locked door of life. For sorrow rips away our old masks of make-believe and shows us the eternal values and verities, chastens and subdues the rebellious self. Souls that never were sincere before take the color of sincerity when a great grief washes over them. Some souls are never genuine till they grieve. But they speak sincerely at last—in a groan.

How to Break the Monotony of Verse

PANICS may come and go, but the business of Parnassus goes airily on. For still the young poets are sending me their cantos and their conundrums, their quatrains and their queries. "What is wrong with my verses?" "What should I study?" So the questions run. A word of reply this month: more later in the year.

There are two chief ways, young verse-makers, for giving music and magic to the form of your verse, for giving organic variety. Many Hopkinses in the poet's attic and many Hodges in the editor's sanctum have the vicious theory that no variety must ever break the basic hoof-beat of the line. This theory would sweep half the beauty out of modern song, and would jolt us back to the dull monotony of Pope and his jog-trot school of poets, all of whose work is "icily regular, splendidly null." Take the most common form of line, the five-foot line, where the second syllable bears the stress or accent:

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.

Now, there are two chief departures from the even tenor of this verse structure—departures used by skillful poets to express certain ebbs and flows of feeling. The first departure consists in changing the position of the accent, as in Shakespeare's line:

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds.

Here the normal accent would demand that we put the stress on the second syllable, *lop*. But by pronouncing gallop correctly, thus throwing the accent on the first syllable, we give a delightful airiness to the line. We get, in the music of the line, a sense of the motion of the horse. So, too, you will notice the emphasis that is thrown, in the following lines, upon the word *slander*:

In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love.

Note also the fine emphasis on the word *spits*, in the lines:

The watery kingdom whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven.

The second chief departure from the normal hoofbeat consists in compressing eleven, twelve, or even thirteen syllables into the space or time allotted to the ordinary ten syllables of the normal line, a line too monotonous and formal to express in every case the vicissitudes of the poet's ever-changing emotions. This crowding in of these slurred and extra-legal syllables breaks the monotony and gives energy and variety to the expression. Note the tumultuous force of these "overcrowded" lines from Tennyson:

The river sloped
To plunge in cataract shattering on black blocks.

Again:

Faltering and fluttering, in her throat she cried.

Still again:

The sound of many a heavily galloping hoof.

Note in all these how well the sound of the line is made to echo the sense. To the unpracticed ear these ripples in the line may seem a little harsh; but they are all precious to the trained listener, and perfect verse cannot be written without them.

I have no space for speaking of intonation in verse—that musical effect so prominent in Milton—an effect derived from run-on lines and the melodious distribution of pauses where the

poet would fashion and fling forth the coils of an intricate harmony.

For the Pleasure of Praising

MY briefs on books, of course, are not offered as reviews: they are merely cross-lot cuts for the hurried reader. And my readers may have noted the fact that I commend nearly all the books mentioned in "The Eyrie." This happens because the books are a select few picked out for their excellence, so as to afford me "the noble pleasure of praising." Of course, the critic who sets the crown on every head will make his crown a worthless thing.

The "400" Kinetoscoped

UPTON SINCLAIR (who, in his "Jungle," reached the mind of the nation through its stomach) is now out with "The Metropolis," a new novel on the freaks and follies of the roistering rich. It snatches the mask from the grinning skeleton of "high" society. Sinclair works with broad, vivid strokes; he gives us panorama, not medallion. He draws a dizzying picture of our world-wearied, money-drunken upper-tendom. Still, there is no preaching; the altitudinous and multitudinous facts are left to shout their own homily. Lincoln Steffens says: "'The Metropolis' is the book to which all future generations will go to learn what Society was like."

[Moffat, Yard and Company, N. Y. \$1.50.]

A Book for Boys

FROM the same firm comes "Dan Beard's Animal Book," with its large print, broad margins, and colored illustrations—all for a dollar and sixty cents! The pages are packed with information, but the facts are lighted up with adventures—stories of the wayside and the wilderness. Dan Beard is one of the ever young, a man with a keen eye for the picturesque and a quick instinct for the things that gladden the heart of a boy.

A Complete Yeats

LITERARY circles are full of the rumor of the Celtic renaissance, the revival of the Wonder of the early world. In the front of this new movement stands William B. Yeats, the distinguished Irish poet whose poems and dramas have just been issued in two beautiful volumes by the Macmillan Company. Mr. Yeats is not only the most famous of living Irish poets, but he is also one of the significant forces in the literature of the modern world. Here in these two volumes is rich treasure for all those who love the delicate and aerial in poesy. Yeats is the poet of the cryptic twilight, and loves to sing of the windy reeds and the hidden places where he tells us

"I have heard the pigeons of the Seven Woods
Make their faint thunder, and the garden bees
Hum in the lime tree flowers."

[The Macmillan Company, N. Y. \$1.75 a vol.]

Script and Staff for Shakespeare Students

IF YOU wish to read your Shakespeare with a new and vivid interest, get Moulton's "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist," and his "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Thinker." [The first volume is published by the Clarendon Press; the second by the Macmillan Company—and three dollars buys them both.] I have a long shelf of Shakespeare criticism, but, excepting Hudson's two critical volumes, I would hardly hesitate to trade them all for these two Moulton books, which set forth with such simplicity and completeness the art and philosophy of the great dramatist. I believe them to be the best helps, the best scrip and staff for the student beginning to climb toward Shakespeare, the master poet, standing at the intellectual summit of the world.

Heartbreak Trail

By ELLA HICGINSON

[Concluded from page 369]

I'd never loved *her* before, because I loved her so much more, then. It just seemed as if that girl had got, body and soul, right into the middle of my heart and my heart had shut all around her—so's every time I thought, I thought o' her; an' every time I breathed, my breath was sweet with her; an' every time a pulse beat, it beat her name. I got so's when a man looked at me it seemed as if he must see *her* in me!

"Well, after the baby died, I stopped gambling. I just worked an' lived for that girl, till I almost got to be as good as she thought I was. She never asked me to be good. She just thought so much of me she could n't see but what I *was* good.

"Well, a year ago I went up to the Klondike. I won't waste time a-telling you what I went through—what I suffered—an' no way to find out what she was going through down in Seattle—whether she was sick or well, or maybe dead. You'll find out all these things for yourself later on. But at last I was lucky. I made a small fortune out of a mine, an' I called it 'White Lily.' Then I sent for her. I had n't drank a drop nor touched a card for five years, but the night before I left Dawson to meet her, the very devil got into me. I gambled away that mine an' all I had, except enough to get me to Lake Bennett. I had to meet that girl without a mouthful for her to eat or a cent to buy it with—an' I *hadn't seen her for a year!* That drove me about mad. I had a chance to steal. I stole."

He drew a long shivering breath, and looked down at the tiny brown alder cones about his feet without seeing them. His dark curling lashes fell like disks upon the pallor of his cheeks.

"I'm about through," he said then, lifting his eyes. "I guess the time 's up. I've told you the only thing in my life worth telling. I deserve hanging. You can hang me an' go away an' forget *me*—but you can't forget the story I've told you! You can't a one of you forget that. There's just one thing I'm going to ask of you—an' I don't even ask that for myself, but for her. When she comes along this here trail an' asks for me—Something seemed to seize his throat and shake it; the words struggled and stopped; he made an effort, but no sound came. Then he controlled himself—"I ask you all to lie to her like men— No, by heaven!" he burst out, passionately, "I never lied to her, an' I won't have her lied to for me! Tell her the truth! Swear to it till you turn black—an' *she won't believe you!* An' this is my last word to you: Hang or nq hang, I would n't change places this minute with a one of you, if I had to give up having been loved by that there girl!"

He ceased speaking. For two minutes there was not a sound, scarcely a movement in that crowd. But a faint wind went among the alder leaves, turning over their silvery undersides musically. The jury stared at the court, and the court stared at the prisoner. The prisoner turned his head a little and looked down the trail toward Skagway. His eyes no man, seeing, could ever forget. Dad stood beside him with tears running down his wrinkled old cheeks. He tried to wipe them away with shaking hands.

Then the court stretched himself up slowly from his lounging position and stood erect. His hands were still in his pockets. He jingled some coins as he talked. He spoke deliberately, with his head on one side. There was a roll of tobacco in his cheek. His eyes were narrowed by half-closed lids.

"The jury has heard the argifying. This here is the court's charge to the jury—an' this court is always ready to back up his opinions with a gun. The court stated, to begin with, that a man that had the right story to tell an' told it the right way could save his neck with any court or any jury that ever lived. This here prisoner stole grub. It's the law of this trail that he'd got to hang. Every man in this crowd but the 'weeping relative' wanted to help hang him. But suffering Abraham! He's stood here in this crowd with a rope around his neck an' told us a story that pulled our hearts up into our throats an' left 'em there. My charge is: If this here prisoner ain't saved his neck—*this court is a grandmother!*"

Then burst forth a roar of applause and approval that struck the stone cliff opposite and sent an avalanche of shale crumbling down into the canyon.

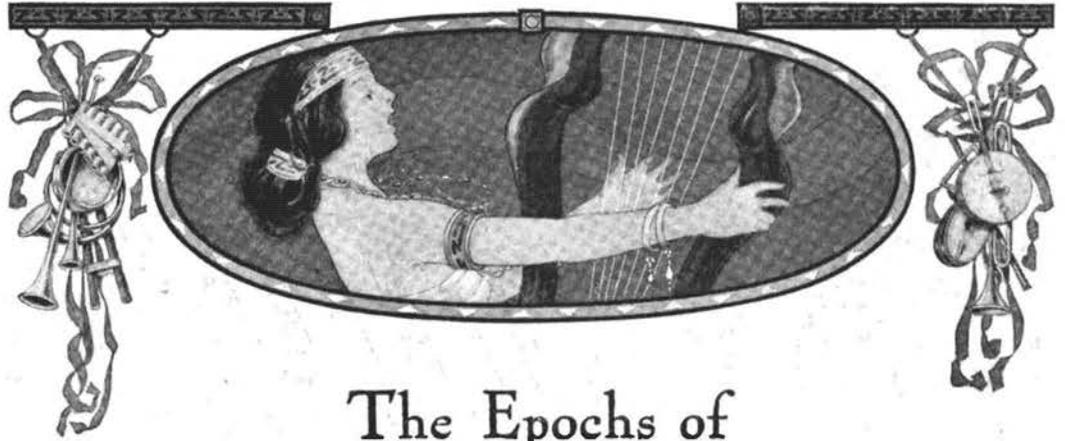
Before the last sound wave had rolled away, to break and die on the shores of Silence, the "weeping relative" and the "court" himself had together removed the rope from the prisoner's neck; and the hands of both were shaking.

"The man we respect to-day we laughed at yesterday."

"Many a woman who has married for a living has starved for love."

"Our beautiful cities would still be in the forests and mines but for dreamers."

Nothing misfortunate matters much, if so be you can smile about it.—Peter's Own.



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What is it gives to such cars the cheap look? It's difficult to define. Yet it's there—you can't escape it any more than you can fail to notice ill breeding, however rich the garb with which it is clothed.

Next time you go to the Country Club, the golf links, anywhere that Wealth and Culture meet, note how many Maxwell cars and how few other low-priced ones are parked among the Foreign Nobility and the High Caste American Machines.

The Maxwells will look as if they belonged there; the others like a country bumpkin in a drawing room—well meaning but out of place.

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The Last Battle Ship

By MORGAN ROBERTSON

[Concluded from page 365]

Then one sprang to the rail, poised a moment and threw himself out into space. Another followed, and another.

"Jump, will you," yelled the captain, gesticulating earnestly. "I'm in command. I must be last to go. Over with you. Over with you all."

They were crowding to the rail, where one after another, the rest of the crew took the leap. And Felton, amazed, alarmed without knowing why, and against all the dictates of cold reason and common sense, allowed the captain to push him to the rail.

"Over you go, now," commanded the latter, encouragingly. "Don't be afraid. I'm coming, but I must be last, you know."

This seemed to be irresistible logic to the bewildered young officer. With no further thought about the matter, he reached the rail, and without looking down, drew a deep breath and leaped—a victim of suggestion.

Three hundred feet is a long jump. He turned over twice in that terrible descent, and once, looking upward, he saw the sprawling form of the captain, and above it the quiescent air ship. But when he looked again he did not distinguish the man, and a lessening spot in the western sky was all that could be seen of the air ship.

With consciousness nearly gone he struck the water feet first and was almost split in two by the impact; but the cold shock brought back his lapsing senses, and he found himself feebly swimming, in which direction he could not tell, for it was pitch dark in the depths to which he had sunk. With aching lungs he swam and turned, looking for light that would indicate the surface, but saw nothing to guide him, and in utter despair was about to give up when light appeared. It was not a dim glow, like diffused sunlight, but a spark, a point of yellow, that grew larger and became a disk. It was approaching, and now another appeared beside it, fainter, and crescent shaped. On the other side appeared a third, and, dazed with physical agony that reached from lungs to brain, he recognized the dead lights of a submarine's conning tower. He looked for the hull beneath, and saw it, a dark blur that was growing in size.

It came swiftly at him, and just as he was reaching out, to ward himself from the pointed nose, there was a coughing thud, and something brushed by him in a blast of bubbles and went on. Then, with many sharp knocks on head, ribs, and knuckles, he was sucked with the inrush of water squarely into the open tube that had just discharged its torpedo. He heard a clang behind him, the shutting of the forward tube door, then a whistling sound; then he felt the pressure of air on his face and with a groan of thanksgiving he expelled the long breath he had taken above, and drew it into his lungs. But the pressure had nearly burst his ear drums before the tube was emptied of water, and the inner door was opened. With a gasping call for help, he crawled and hitched along the tube and men reached in to him. They pulled him out into the lighted handling room, where, too weak to stand, he fell to the floor, breathing in deep, convulsive gasps.

A man brought a bottle, lifted his head, and poured a generous portion of some stimulant down his throat. Felton had just strength to swallow, and it warmed and aroused him. He sat up and, being a torpedo expert, had little difficulty in assimilating his first impressions. He was acquainted with submarines; there was the tube from which he had emerged, beside it the air flasks and trimming tanks. Amidships the vertical and horizontal steering gear, and aft the engine and motor. In this much the craft resembled the convention submarine that he knew. But there was this difference that he noted when able to turn his head. The boat was stiffened with upright stanchions of about the size and length of the stanchions in the air ship, and placed in about the same position along the sides. Another similarity struck him at his first glance around; and he wondered why he had not remarked it in the air ship: the air flasks, trimming tanks, and spare torpedoes arranged along the sides, occupied the same relative positions as did the steel cylinders in the other, while the steering gear of both were amidships and the motive power aft.

"What have you caught this time, Bill?" called a voice from the wheel—a strangely familiar voice.

"Dunno," answered the man with the flask. "It's a sheep, I think, or maybe a dog; but it looks something like a horse. Have another drink, and tell us what you are."

Felton did not refuse a second draught. It brought him to his feet.

"I'm a man," he answered with spirit. "Are you guying me—in this exigency? I'm near dead."

"He says he's a man, sir," called the man.

"All right. Send him aft."

Felton was pushed, rather than led, to the man amidships.

"How do you do?" he said kindly. "So, you thought you'd visit us. We catch all our fish this way."

"My God, captain," answered Felton, "I'm not visiting! I jumped out of an air ship, and was sucked into your tube. I'm glad I'm alive!"

And then—was the liquor affecting his brain?—the captain's face, line for line, feature for feature, was the face of the captain of the air ship, whom last he had seen sprawling above him in mid air. Had he beaten him down, and been picked up first? It seemed impossible.

"How—what—how—" he stammered, rubbing his eyes. "How did you get here, captain? You jumped after me."

"I jumped after you? You are wandering. I saw you all jump, through the periscope, but I was here."

"Then it's the closest resemblance I ever saw. You're the living image of the air ship's commander, or else it's the liquor. My head feels queer."

"No doubt. But it's not the liquor. You've had a terrible experience. It's a wonder the jump did n't kill you, as well as affect your mind."

Felton was not satisfied with the explanation. It was a strange and striking resemblance, nothing more; and he was about to say as much when a man came forward from the engine with an oil can. He was the duplicate in face and form of the man he had pommelled, but without the contusions. Felton blinked in amazement, then looked at the others, whom, in the agitation of his entrance, he had not closely observed. Man for man—nine in all—they duplicated the crew of the air ship.

"My God," he stuttered. "Am I mad, or drunk?" His brain reeled, and, as it had reeled before, in the social life of a naval officer, he ascribed it to the liquor.

"You've drugged me," he yelled insanely. "Every man here is a double of another."

"Steady—steady, now," said the captain, stepping down and laying a hand on Felton's shoulder. "You're not drugged. You're a little off your balance, and the drink was too heavy. Every drunken man sees double. Isn't that so?"

This seemed logical, and Felton stammered assent. He sat down on the projecting bilge of a torpedo, trying to recover his mental balance. It was hard work, but finally he adjusted himself to the captain's point of view. It was a terrible jump—three hundred feet. He had escaped death by a miracle. Men had gone insane under less pressure, and he had taken two drinks of a powerful stimulant. He would be all right, in time—after a little sleep. Thus reconciled, he took note of his surroundings. The engine was stopped, the men forward had just finished reloading the torpedo tube, and the captain was peering into the periscope—the non-magnifying telescope which gives a view of the seascape.

"Come up here," he said, "and take a look." Felton climbed to the small platform on which the captain stood. Just before him was the eyepiece of the periscope, and, at a sign from the captain, he peeped into it. Pictured on the lens was the dismantled wreck of the *Argyll*, down by the head, a helpless, sinking wreck.

"She's floating on five compartments," said the captain. "I just filled the sixth, and I think we'll fill two at once this time. By the way, what did you fellows butt in for? It was my fight. I hit her last night, and blew up the forward magazine; then I lost her in the dark."

"But say," answered Felton, "which side are you on in this mix? You blew up the turret, you say, and the air ship destroyed her. But the crew of that air ship displayed mortal fear of you, and jumped overboard at sight of you."

"Exactly. They would have gone off at a tangent if they had n't. It's better to die on your planet than to become a comet for all eternity."

"Like the air ship. I see. But how did you do it, if I may ask?"

"I reversed his polarity, that's all. See that? Look, and listen."

The captain turned a lever, and a dynamo nearby began to revolve, while an arc lamp suspended from above glowed, glistened, and sparkled, as the current passed through the carbons. Soon it began a curious, musical buzzing, and the captain shut it off.

"Merely an alternating current through an arc," he explained. "But the electric impulses sent out by that singing arc are of a wave length and frequency produced by no other means. They are just right to turn his two magnetic poles into one, and—away he goes."

"I don't understand. Yes, I understand that you might reverse his polarity, or combine it, as you say, by some wireless method. But, which side are you on?"

"The side of the Lord."

"Look here, captain," said Felton, angrily. "That is the answer your double gave me when I asked him the same question last night. It means nothing. I am either a prisoner of war, or a guest entitled to consideration. Why do you treat me like a fool?"

"Because you are a fool. You believe in the invulnerability of the battle ship. Well, there is one of the best. Look at her."

"I see. Destroyed, but not by you; by an enemy of yours. One who feared you."

"Yes, as mediocrity fears intelligence, as the child fears the dark, the savage the gun of the civilized soldier,—humanity as a whole the unseen, the unexpected, the invisible. The air ship is potential, but not final—she can be seen."

"And shot," said Felton, doggedly.

"Did that battle ship hit your air ship? You know that she could not. The air ship's limitations are contained in her visibility. She cannot be hit by shot or



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U.S. PATENT OFFICE Highest Award, Chicago World's Fair, 1903. Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904.

THE MAN WHO DID



ONE day a manufacturer came to a certain city in the Middle West to secure a distributing point for a new line of goods. A new line. But not new merchandise. For such goods had been long in use. This manufacturer, however, made a better grade. He charged a little more. He proposed to explain, by magazine advertising, how such merchandise is produced, how to recognize purity and quality, and why a trifling extra cost means good value to the consumer.

This city had three merchants in that line of business.

The first was a merchant-prince — established forty years, rich, prominent in business and public affairs. He refused to handle this new line.

"Why should I lend our reputation to build up your business? No advertising you can print in the magazines will make your word as good as ours in this city."

The second merchant was the largest competitor of the first. He was willing to order a small lot of the goods, but said they must take their chances — he did not propose to let any outsider build on his reputation, either.

The third merchant in this town was a beginner — obscure, hampered for capital. But this third man saw that the promotive work the manufacturer proposed to do, if actively backed up by himself, could be made a strong lever in building a new business.

Now, the manufacturer needed a loyal distributor in that town. Preferably a big one — the leading store if possible. But he had only his choice between a large lukewarm distributor like the second merchant, or an enthusiastic little one, like the third. Eventually he chose the latter and gave him the exclusive agency, assisted him with advertising in the local newspapers, gave him favorable credits.

When the magazine advertising began the small merchant had these new goods in his tiny window. Through the mails and the newspapers, too, he let people know that he carried this identical line, in a full range of sizes, and that they could be bought nowhere else in that town. He backed

the manufacturer's magazine advertising loyally and intelligently, and swung into the current of the new demand.

That was five years ago.

The other day a curious thing happened. Two men boarded trains in that town, went East, and walked into this manufacturer's office together to bid competitively for the agency for those goods. One was the merchant-prince. The other was his erstwhile competitor. They were eager to secure what both had refused five years before.

Why?

Because informing advertising, read by hundreds of thousands of people, had made goods bearing that manufacturer's name the standard for quality and trustworthiness.

These two merchants had heard that there might be an opportunity to secure this right and rectify their past error of policy. For that once obscure little merchant had grown to a point where he was selling his business to seek a wider field.

Neither of them got this agency, however. The manufacturer informed them that it could in no way be affected by the sale of the present owner's business, because it was part of his good-will — an asset that he had helped create, to be sold by him to his successor.

National advertising by manufacturers in the monthly and weekly periodicals has put hundreds of new commodities on the merchant's shelves, increasing his turnover, and adding to the public comfort.

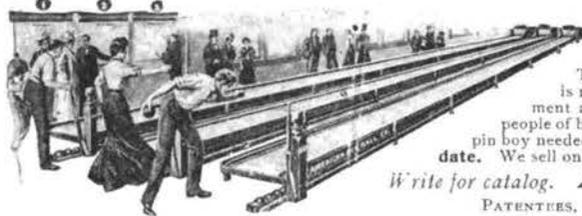
The advertised commodity is what causes trade to grow fastest, not only in volume, but in quality of demand. For only the manufacturer can undertake nowadays to show the consumer where quality lies, and only national advertising will do it.

The best interests of merchant, consumer, and producer require a free channel for the advertised commodities from factory to family. The wisest retail practice today is that which gives the advertising manufacturer good facilities for delivering what he has sold.

The Quoin Club T L T L T Key

THIS little 16-page monthly, half the size of magazine page, will be sent on request to any Business Man who is interested in advertising. Address Quoin Club 111 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

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Is the result from the operation of one American Box Ball Alley in Sullivan, Ind. Why not go into this business yourself? It is the most practical and popular bowling game in existence. It will make big money in any town. These alleys pay from \$25.00 to \$65.00 each, per week. This is no gambling device, but a splendid bowling game for amusement and physical exercise. Liberally patronized by the best people of both sexes. Quickly installed, conveniently portable. No pin boy needed. Receipts are nearly all profit. Nearly 4000 sold to date. We sell on payments and our catalog is free.

Write for catalog. American Box Ball Company, PATENTERS, 1502 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

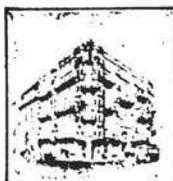
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A high-class, modern house, intelligent service, moderate prices, pleasant rooms, superior cuisine. Long-distance telephone in every room. Ladies traveling alone are assured of courteous attention. 300 rooms—200 with private baths.

AMOS H. WHIPPLE, Proprietor



The Association of American Advertisers has examined and certified to the circulation of this publication. The detail report of such examination is on file at the New York office of the Association. No other figures of circulation guaranteed.

No. 14

T. Roseman Secretary.



PATENTS that PROTECT Our 8 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 8 cts. in stamps R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D.C. Katnb. 1909.

shell, but she can be seen, and projected into space."

"Granted, but suppose she dropped a bomb on to your back before you saw her?"

"She could not, except in the dark; then she would have to strike a knife edge, and it would be an accident — one chance in millions. We are constructed like a razor-back hog, to deflect falling bombs."

"But you cannot deflect horizontal torpedoes," said Felton, looking up at the dome of the submarine. It looked curiously like the dome-shaped roof of the air ship. "I know well," he went on, talking as was his wont among his fellow officers, "that if I could see your periscope tube with a telescope, I could hit you with one of my torpedoes."

"Your torpedoes?"

"I am Torpedo Officer of that battle ship. I was on the turret top when you blew it up last night, and went up with it. I landed on the air ship."

"You are a member of that battle ship's crew?"

"I am." Felton dropped his eyes at the menace in the captain's voice. On the way his glance took in the curving walls of the submarine. They had become semi-transparent, and even as he looked they vanished, leaving a clear view of the sky and horizon with its string of fighting ships, pursued and pursuing. He was again in the air ship, and the upright stanchions that he had first observed as anomalies in a submarine now served their legitimate purpose of supports to the roof.

"The drink," he murmured, while his brain swam, and his surroundings disappeared in a mist. "They've drugged me."

"You belong to that battle ship?" roared the captain, but Felton had sunk to the floor, incapable of voluntary action. The captain blew a whistle, and his crew answered. They surrounded him, with scowling faces, and lifted him to his feet. He could stand, but some inhibitory power prevented him from moving a muscle. Foremost among them was the man he had trounced, and this man struck him, again and again, in the face, and Felton essayed to strike back; but the paralysis of his muscles prevented him. His blows fell short.

"Back to the battle ship," thundered the captain. "Load him into the tube. Expend that torpedo and make room."

Men sprang to the tube and turned levers. The captain sprang to the periscope. "Right," he said. "It'll finish her."

How an air ship could fire a torpedo was beyond Felton's benumbed faculties at the time. He was struggling weakly, trying to strike, but unable to, pounded on the face and body by the implacable victim of his fists in the former fight, helplessly borne along toward the tube, now emptied of water.

"Back to the battle ship," they chorused. "In with him."

Powerless to resist he was jammed head first into the tube. He heard the door creak into place behind him. Then he felt an impact of cold water, and he had barely sense to forestall this by an inhalation of air. Then, faintly as the voice of a telephone, came the voice of a man.

"The forward door's jammed, it won't open."

"Hammer it," came the captain's voice. "Get a top maul."

An age or two went by, while Fenton lay imprisoned in the tube, holding his breath, and immersed in water. Then, faintly as the voices, came the sound of a heavy hammer on the walls of the tube:

"Clang-clang, clang-clang."

Felton awoke in his berth, as wet with perspiration as though still immersed in that tube. The gun room orderly tapped at his door.

"Eight bells, sir," he said.

"All right," he answered. "Eight bells," he murmured to himself. "I heard the first four of them—let's see—about twelve hours ago. Twelve hours of experience between the fourth and fifth strokes. How long does a dream take? Darn a dream, anyhow."

As Things Are

By THOMAS L. MASSON

IT was evening in the great West. The golden sun had gone down over the cornfields, and all was silent.

"Maria, what did you do with that Rubens that came to-day?"

"I hung it up in the art gallery, next to the Rembrandt."

"That's right. And how about that new balloon we ordered?"

"We got a wireless to-day from the factory, saying it would n't be ready until next week."

"Um. That will give one of them chauffeurs of ours an excuse to be idle. Could n't get any of them chaps to help with the hay. How is the new French car acting?"

"Fine. But I had to telephone for a new set of tires."

"Did that consignment of Government bonds come?"

"Yes."

"And how about that first folio edition of Shakespeare?"

"That's here."

And then the Kansas farmer, removing his evening clothes and putting on his overalls, went out on the estate and locked up for the night.

Hannibal the Delicate

[Concluded from page 373]

secret and run the chance of the whole town being took down? You know the regulations. Ain't there a pesthouse over to the County Hospital at Orham for just such cases?"

"Yes," broke in Baker, "and did n't you preach in town meetin' about Gaius Ryder's not takin' his boy there? Said 't was an outrage; and he had nothin' but scarlet fever. And now—"

"How do you know it's smallpox?" queried Hen.

"Oh, we know!"

"They know 'cause I told 'em." The voice was that of Susan T., and it came from the rear of the crowd. "And I heard Ardelia say so herself. If I'm took I'll have the law on you, Hen Simmons; see if I don't!"

"Doctor Cole ain't said—" began Henry.

"We'll attend to the doctor later on. He'll get what's comin' to him." Captain Daggett cleared his throat. "Now, Hen," he added, "you might's well make the best of this. Hannibal's goin' to the hospital. We've brought a wagon with a bed in it and we'll be gentle and the like of that. When he's gone we'll quarantine the rest of you, and we won't prosecute, though we might. But he's got to go and he'll go now."

"If you let 'em take my Hannie in that wagon," hissed Ardelia from the rear. "I'll—I'll—oh! you wait and see!"

"Well?" urged Baker sharply.

"You mind your own business, the lot of you!" shouted the frantic Henry. "I ain't goin' to have Hannibal's life put in danger by you nor nobody else. What's your hurry, anyhow? Let's—"

"No use talkin' any longer," roared Captain Daggett. "Come on, you fellers."

Three men, big husky individuals, detached themselves from the group and moved up the walk.

"Keep off!" shrieked Mr. Simmons. "Don't you touch me! If you do—you'll—you'll catch the smallpox!"

"No, we won't," replied the leader of the two. "We three have had it. Chuck him one side, Ed."

"Stop 'em, Henry!" ordered Ardelia.

Hen was not brave, ordinarily; but now he was desperate. He feared the men; he feared the law and the consequence of an examination at the hospital—but more than all he feared his wife. With a squeal like that of an harrassed greased pig at a county fair he leaped upon the man called "Ed" and bore him backward. Ed in turn upset his assistants and the quartette tumbled, a heap of legs and arms, down the steps. The crowd whooped and laughed and shouted advice, and Ardelia, from the doorway, shrilly expressed her opinion of the populace of East Harniss.

The flurry did not last long. The little cobbler was no match for his assailants. One of them sat upon him, while the other two rose and rushed up the steps. And then came an unexpected interruption.

Mrs. Simmons was pushed from her station in the doorway and in her place loomed a six-foot figure, garbed in a nightshirt and trousers; a figure with broad shoulders and tousled hair; who brandished big fists and roared defiance.

"Go for 'em, dad!" it bellowed. "They don't take me to no pesthouse. You would, would you, Ed Hallett! Take that! And that! There's one for you, Sam Taylor! Pitch in, dad! I'm with you!"

In another minute the three "immunes," in a damaged and battered condition, were retreating to the fence, while on the lowest step danced Hannibal Copeland, chronic invalid and present sufferer from smallpox, his fists clenched and blood in his eye.

BUFFALO SPRINGS LITHIA WATER

"The Most Effective of the Natural Medicinal Waters" and "Strikingly Superior to Lithia Tablets" in Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, Renal Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism, Etc.

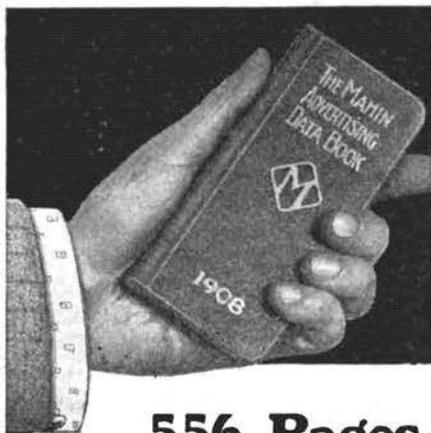
Dr. I. N. Love, New York City, former Professor of Clinical Medicine and Diseases of Children, College of Physicians and Surgeons and in Marion Sims College of Medicine, St. Louis, Vice-President of American Medical Association, 1895, etc., in an article in Medical Mirror, February, 1901, says: "While being the most effective of the natural mineral waters, it is strikingly superior to emergency solutions of lithia tablets and pure water, even where the said solution is an exceedingly strong one."

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Kalamazoo Sled Company, 340 3d St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

"That'll hold them three for a spell, I call 'em late!" he crowed. "Now, then, old Daggett, it's your turn!"

Captain Daggett and his brother selectmen did not wait for their turn. They followed the vanquished three. The crowd fled to the opposite side of the road. And down that road came rattling a buggy drawn by a galloping horse.

"Here!" shouted Doctor Cole, pulling up the horse and leaning from the buggy. "This is all a mistake. It's a joke. Let me explain. Be quiet, everybody. I'll tell you all about it."

And tell them about it he did, beginning with Mr. Simmons's call of the previous week.

"You see," he said, "that big loafer there," indicating the still defiant Hannibal, "had been posing as a sick man so long, in order to dodge work, that his stepfather and I thought a bad scare might do him good. So we agreed to scare him. I've made him live on beef tea and the worst tasting medicine I could manufacture, for a week or more. But I'm sorry I frightened all the rest of you. It's all a joke and I beg your pardon. He has n't smallpox any more than I have. There's nothing the matter with him but laziness. Great Scott! neighbors, look at him! Does he look like a sick man? Or act like one?"

Silence for a moment. The doctor waited, fearful of the consequences of his "joke." Then some one laughed; others followed suit.

"Ask Ed and Sam," suggested a voice. "They don't seem to call 'em late he's very sick."

A great roar of laughter answered this observation. Then, amid general hilarity, the crowd dispersed. Dr. Cole and Captain Daggett rode away together in the buggy.

Mr. Simmons sat upon the lower step, alternately rubbing his vaccinated arm and a bruised eye. Then in his ear spoke a voice he knew—and dreaded.

"So!" purred Ardelia. "So that was it, was it!" You miserable, sneakin'—Oh, my soul and body! Scarin' me ha'f to death and persecutin' a poor sick boy until—"

"Poor sick nothin'!" Hen choked in wrath and humiliated indignation. "Poor sick dead beat, that's what he is! Mean to say that a feller's sick who can lick ha'f the town the way he done? What made him well all to once? What—"

"I'll tell you what made him well! I'll tell you! When the poor child did n't get no worse I begun to suspicion somethin'; I begun to have my doubts about that precious doctor and his 'smallpox.' I ain't been treatin' liver complaint all these years without knowin' the signs of it. So when Ezry Elkins got home Friday I went to him and got a new liver pad and a bottle of Bayberry Tonic. And that pad and that tonic cured him—'t was a miracle, almost, but they done it. And here to home he stays after this. No more Boston for him! Tryin' to get rid of him, was you! Well, I tell you this, Henry Simmons—you can't do it! Neither you nor the whole town can't do it."

Hen slowly rubbed his swelling eye. Then he sighed, profoundly, despairingly.

"I guess that's right," he murmured.

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By EMERY POTTLE

A TRAVELER in the mountains of Tennessee had been stowed away in the best bed the cottage afforded. Late in the night he was awakened by the voice of the *paterfamilias* addressed to the daughter, who was entertaining company by the fireside.

"Mandy," growled the old man, "is that young man there yet?"

"Yep, pap."

"Is he got his arm round yer waist?"

"Yep, pap."

"You-all tell him to take 't away."

"Aw, ye tell him verself, pap," replied the girl, in a dull, lifeless voice. "He air a plumb stranger to me."

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New York from Success Magazine Building

[Concluded from page 375]

Club, of which Edwin Booth was the first president. Fourth Avenue, with its unending procession of new "pay-as-you-enter-cars," is visible from where we stand, its hotels, churches, and its pile of buildings known as the United Charities. Nor must we omit to observe the nearby buildings of the great publishing and lithographic houses.

Far away to the west we see the heights and slopes of New Jersey, sprinkled with houses and structures and made picturesque by the sunlight and distance. Beyond loom the hazily green Orange Mountains, inviting one to quit the toil and trouble and uproar of the great city which spreads below and around us. Nearer, and dividing us from our sister state, is the Hudson, broad, magnificent, and placid in spite of the crowding of the craft on its bosom. Like a section of a panorama seems the river, so noiselessly and steadily do the great variety of its craft pass up and down. Sometimes, it is true, one of the craft lifts up its voice and shrieks warning or greeting or request to pier or companion. But for the most part the pageant is as quiet as if it had been painted for our entertainment.

Again, and as in the case of the eastern side of New York, there are two elevated roads, running along Sixth and Ninth Avenues. Immediately to the west of our building is the department store district, where 10,000 men and women are employed.

The Flatiron Building—a mighty wedge of towering masonry—swings full into our ken, its sharp front cleaving the northwest wind like—one almost thinks—the prow of a gigantic liner clearing the sea. In its shadow lies the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, the most historic hostelry in New York.

Fifty-six years ago a young man named Amos R. Eno built a little two-story road house on the site of this hotel. In those days, everything north of Twenty-third Street was farming land, and there are still old residents who can remember driving, on pleasant Sundays, over the fertile grounds which to-day are increasing in value at an almost impossible rate. Young Mr. Eno knew that the city owned the scrubby-looking common situated opposite his inn. This is now beautiful Madison Square. He looked into the future, had faith in the city's improving the common, and so he razed his cottage to build a block of marble stores, and prepare for the slow but gradual moving out of business progress his way. He had hardly started when the black panic of 1857 caused him to put a board fence around his half-finished walls.

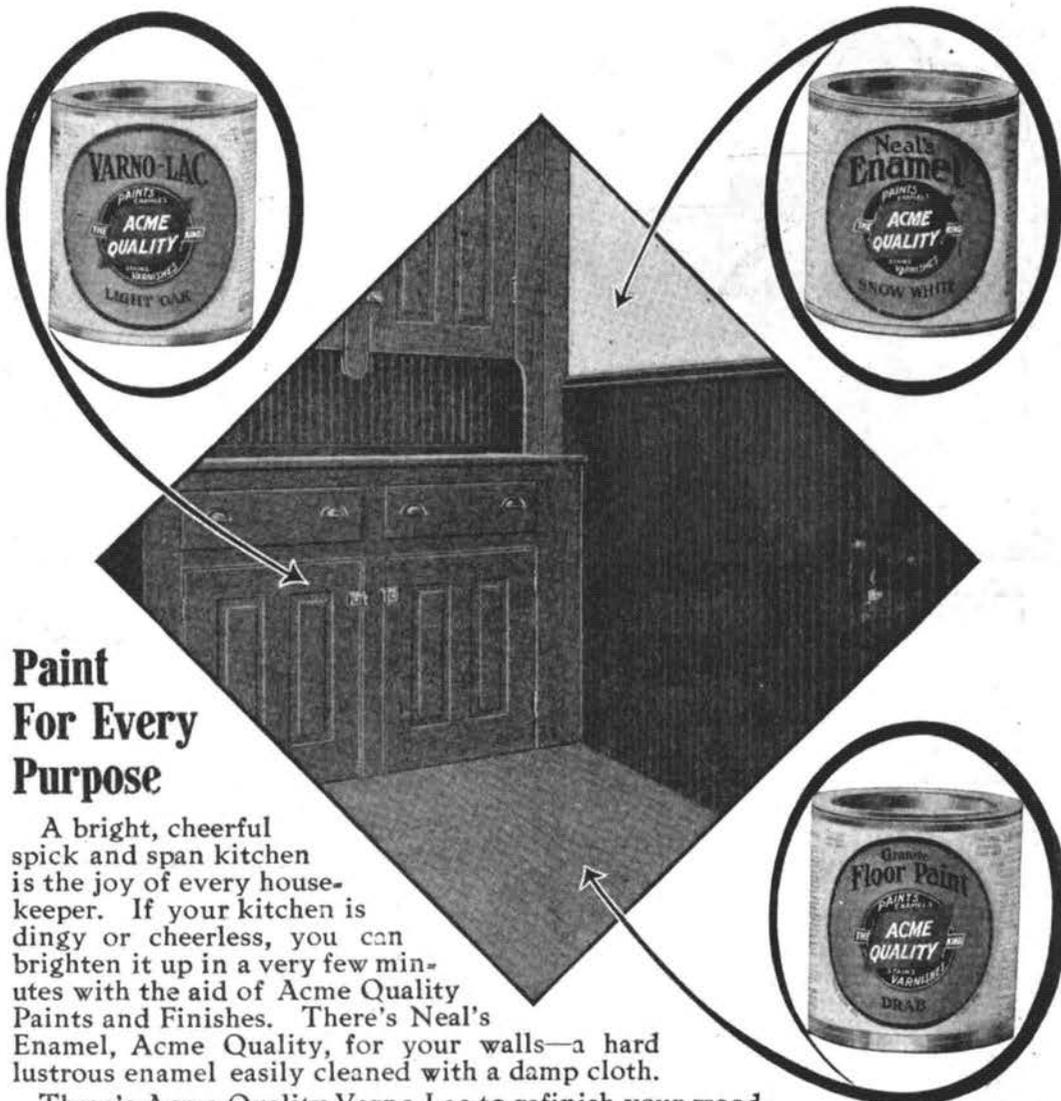
About that time came Paran Stevens from Boston. He had made the Stevens House famous in his native city. He wanted to build a hotel in New York, and he, too, believed that some day New York might be built uptown as far as Twenty-third Street. He settled on the Eno property, and, without asking the advice of counsel, began the erection of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. His friends told him he was crazy; his relations feared that he would ruin the family estate. People who did not know him wrote to him that, as a prime idiot, the world knew not his equal; that New York City would never extend so far uptown. So the Fifth Avenue Hotel became historically known as "Paran Stevens's Folly."

"Who will ever live way out here?" was the common remark. But public belief was quickly dispelled. In a short time it assumed a place in social and political history in America which it never lost. It had not been open a year before it became the center of political interest throughout the country. This was started by an entertainment given to Stephen A. Douglas, in the summer of 1860, while he was making his campaign against Abraham Lincoln. From the balcony of the hotel he made one of his famous and most vituperous verbal attacks against the great emancipator. Shortly after this, famous guests began to arrive almost daily, and great happenings seemed to occur there with remarkable regularity.

One of the first of the famous guests was Captain John Vine Hall, who had just brought the *Great Eastern* into port, then the great marine wonder of the age and about one third as large as the present *Lusitania*. In October, 1860, mid blare and blazonry, there registered he, who was, perhaps, destined to be the hotel's most famous guest. The Prince of Wales, the present King of England, had come to America with a suite of notables, including the Duke of Newcastle. He was a young man then, and he and the duke played leapfrog in the hotel corridor, and the duke was pitched by the young prince into a mirror, which suffered little from impact with a royal skull.

Following the firing upon Fort Sumpter, the First Massachusetts Regiment, on its way to the front, stopped there for luncheon, and, during the Civil War, the hotel became the Northern headquarters, where great generals were frequently conspicuous. General Winfield Scott stopped there once, and the populace was astounded by his great stature. A special bed had to be built to accommodate him, as there was nothing in the hotel sufficiently large for his massive frame.

For upward of forty years every President registered at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and Abraham Lincoln went



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forth from its hospitable walls to Cooper Union, where he made the speech that started him on the road to the White House. General Grant's first candidacy for the Presidency was originally discussed at a dinner of the Peabody Fund trustees at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in 1867, and he and his Cabinet once held an official session in one of its parlors. Roscoe Conkling and General William T. Sherman lived there during their last years. There James A. Garfield and Grover Cleveland held their first public receptions, and Chester A. Arthur received the first Korean ambassadors.

But perhaps its most historic incident occurred in the summer of 1884. The Fifth Avenue was then the stopping place of James G. Blaine. The "Plumed Knight" had been nominated for the Presidency.

It was the scene of the famous "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" incident that cost Blaine the Presidency. Burchard, who opposed Grover Cleveland and hoped to injure him by charging him with being an advocate of the above trinity, had hurled the words at Blaine but Blaine refused to answer them.

The post-election battle which won the same office for Rutherford B. Hayes had its beginning at the Fifth Avenue. During this notable conflict the wit of John C. Reid, then editor of the New York Times, cost Samuel J. Tilden the office.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel knew the first elevator ever operated in a public building. In those days it was called a "vertical railway." It was operated by a gigantic screw. One day, while loaded with astonished guests, it failed to stop, and continued its course through the roof. This old hotel boasted, to its last day, that it had never purchased a cash register, never used a system of checking to detect its employees, who were placed solely on their honor, and, to its credit, it may be added, it graduated a larger number of hotel managers and kept its employees a greater number of years than any other institution in the city. Charles N. Vilas, one of its managers, was chatting with me, recently, over the old memories that surrounded the place.

"Do you know what I consider the most important fact in the history of this hotel?" he said. I sought the enlightening reply.

"We never had to call in J. Pierpont Morgan to put it on a financial basis," he said, "and we are quite proud of that fact."

On the next corner, on Broadway, is the Hoffman House, whose name is indissolubly connected with a good deal of the picturesque history of New York. From thence on, Broadway stretches northward, exhibiting some sky-scrapers, tapping the hotel district, and entering the territory sacred to the theaters and other places of amusement. If it were night, instead of day, we should see how appropriate is its title, the "Great White Way," because of the blaze and splendor of its electric signs.

Towering just above us is the great white building of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, with its gigantic tower forty-eight stories high and reaching just 700 feet from the street—the tallest artificial structure in the world. On the east side of the square, and past the Metropolitan, but out of sight from where we stand, is the new church of Dr. Parkhurst. Beyond, we see the tower and structure of Madison Square Garden, the home of many big shows. Once upon a time, and not so many years ago, Diana, on the top of the Garden's tower, was looked upon as the tallest and biggest thing in the metropolis, but that was during the days when 600-foot towers were unknown, and, indeed, unthought of.

Further, to the northwest, the Times Building, as notably singular in its way as the Fuller or "Flatiron" Building, and resembling the latter a good deal in the matter of shape, broods above its architectural neighbors and acts as a guidepost to the center of the "life" of New York. Letting the eye pass along to the east, we strike the river again, and the wonderful Blackwell's Island Bridge comes into view. In spite of its comparative remoteness, the boldness of its design and the engineering courage which have made it possible are obvious. Somehow or other the bridge seems to be in harmony with the total scheme of the view which we have been considering, yielding, as it does, an idea of the immediate enterprise of, and a promise of the future of, the race for whose benefit it has been brought into being.

Further north the view fades into that indefinable haziness which, so the clever folk tell us, is due to the heat emanations from the buildings. But we know that beyond lies Harlem and that great territory which is becoming like unto Brooklyn, in that it is the sleeping place of untold thousands of the toilers in the "downtown" districts.

And further away—but night is settling down on the forest of buildings. Soon the myriads of windows will be transformed into great electric eyes—for somehow New York never sleeps.

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In 1885 New York had only twenty-eight millionaires. Now it has over 2,000.

About 45,000 marriages are solemnized every year—one in every eleven minutes.

There are 112 theaters and two grand opera houses, seating about 110,000 people.

The municipal government gives, yearly, \$50 to each blind person, and it has done so for years.

There are over 3,000 miles of paved streets, which are cleaned the year round by 2,900 laborers.

The Syndicate Building is occupied by 5,500 people each day. Over 50,000 people make use of its elevators daily.

It is the greatest publishing center on earth. Over 35,000 people find employment as printers and press operators.

The tenants of the houses owned by the Astor family form a population greater than the city of Hartford, Connecticut.

The transient hotel population is figured at 250,000 people a day. The hotel properties are valued at over \$80,000,000.

The Brooklyn Bridge cost \$16,000,000. The Williamsburg Bridge the same, and the Blackwell's Island Bridge, \$20,000,000.

It requires about 15,000,000 tons of coal to supply New York. About 11,000,000 tons are used to make steam and electricity.

Over 200,000 telephones are required for the "hello" system. They are operated by 8,500 employees, who answer 2,000,000 calls a day.

At one time 17,000 men have been set to work to remove snow after a heavy fall. In one winter the city spent nearly \$5,000,000 in this way alone.

The private art gallery of J. Pierpont Morgan is the finest in the world. The building cost \$1,000,000 and the art treasures are worth six times that amount.

The underground, elevated, and surface railways represent a total of \$230,000,000, and carry 4,000,000 passengers a day. The city has spent nearly \$2,000,000 in subways.

No. 1 Wall Street is considered the highest-priced property in the United States. Several years ago it sold for \$700 a square foot, and it is assessed by the city at a little over \$4 per square inch.

There are two banks on Manhattan Island that are open day and night, excepting Sundays and legal holidays. Three sets of clerks and officers in these banks work eight hours each during the day.

The city contains 8,000 lawyers, 5,000 actors, 3,000 actresses, 6,000 artists, 10,000 musicians, 15,000 stenographers, 6,900 salesmen and saleswomen, 1,900 farmers, 1,600 undertakers, and 852 female barbers.

Every business day more than one hundred families, or 500 people, are added to its population. There are nearly 400,000 families on the island of Manhattan. Of this number only a few more than 16,000 own their homes.

In the schools are 720,000 pupils, under the tutelage of more than 12,000 teachers. There are eleven colleges within the city limits with 1,236 instructors and 16,000 students—more college students than in any other city in the world.

William A. Clark, the United States senator from Montana owns the costliest private house in the world. It is on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street. It contains 121 rooms and 20 bathrooms, besides a Turkish bath.

The entire island of Manhattan was purchased by Peter Minuit from the Manhattan Indians for \$24, or its equivalent in scarlet cloth, brass buttons, and other trinkets. To-day the assessable real estate is valued at \$5,400,000,000.

The population is now 4,800,000. London's population is 500,000 more, but New York is growing seven times as fast as the British metropolis, and should become the largest city in the world inside of ten years. The population increases at the ratio of five to one, compared with the increase of the rest of the country.

The cost to run this great city is more than that of any other municipality. There are nearly 60,000 people on the city's pay-roll. To keep the peace there are 7,200 policemen and over 1,200 special officers and watchmen. Over 3,000 men are employed by the fire department, and that part of the city which goes up in smoke every year amounts to nearly \$8,000,000.



THE WORLD'S TEN YEAR CHAMPION SHORTHAND WRITER

Mr. Clyde H. Marshall won the Miner medal, and the world's championship for shorthand writers who commenced the study of shorthand within ten years, at Philadelphia, Pa., July 18, 1908, in a contest held under the auspices of the Eastern Commercial Teachers' Association. Last year this event was won by Mr. Godfrey, of London, England, with a gross speed of 165 words a minute, writing the Isaac Pitman system. Mr. Marshall was not a competitor at that time. This year Mr. Marshall won with a gross speed of 260 words a minute, defeating Mr. Godfrey, who also competed. Mr. Marshall is a writer of the Success Shorthand system.

In winning the championship of the world for shorthand writers of ten years experience or less, Mr. Clyde H. Marshall has once more demonstrated his ability to overcome any and all obstacles. A short five years ago, he was physically "all in," financially "broke," and a laborer in railroad construction camps. April 18th, 1908, at Philadelphia, he was called upon to retain in this country the medal given by E. N. Miner, and held by S. H. Godfrey, of London, England, having been won a year ago by Mr. Godfrey. How well Mr. Marshall responded to the task set out for him, is shown when it is stated that the medal was taken this time by him with a gross speed of 260 words a minute, as against a gross speed of 165 words a minute made by Mr. Godfrey when he won the medal a year ago.

Five years ago—or in the spring of 1903—Clyde Harrington Marshall was a sufferer from a grievous stomach trouble which had assumed so grave a character as to baffle medical skill. Without funds, he went to the far West, became a laborer in a Rocky Mountain railroad camp, with "half-breeds" and "greasers" for his tent mates. He shipped aboard a vessel at San Francisco, in order to regain his health, and in 1906 found himself in New York City, rugged and robust. Then his attention was called to the work done by the expert shorthand reporters, and he determined to make that his profession. He enrolled in the correspondence course of the Success Shorthand school—that school not having a branch in New York City at that time—and studied the principles of shorthand under the direction of one of the instructors in the Chicago school. Since that time his advance has been rapid, he having performed some of the most difficult work in the United States, and is to-day a member of the Court Reporters' Association of Chicago, and a successful court reporter in that city. Two years after his enrolment in the correspondence course of the Success Shorthand school, Mr. Marshall won the championship of the world, limited to writers of ten years experience or less.

Although Mr. Marshall is but twenty-five years of age, he has established for himself an enviable reputation as a shorthand writer. In his short career as a court and general reporter, he has been engaged in some of the most important public work in the country, such as the preliminary examination of witnesses in the Thaw case, the Pennsylvania legislative session of 1907; the Fish-Harriman controversy; the Chicago & North-Western Railway Chicago depot condemnation case, involving many million dollars; the welcome proceedings held in Madison Square Garden on Honorable William Jennings Bryan's return to the United States; the international peace conference in New York city, and many other important public gatherings. He is now located in Chicago, where he does a large and lucrative court and general reporting business.

Significant, indeed, are the figures showing the results of this contest, when compared with the results of Mr. Marshall's attempt two years ago,

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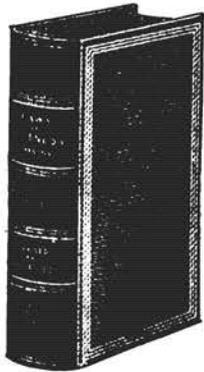
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The Lone Chicken Bonanza

By EDWARD SALISBURY FIELD

[Continued from page 360]

place who could keep up with her in the day's work; it was the sorrow of the various men she had employed from time to time that they had had to try.

Yet, in spite of all this, Miss Elizabeth Anne Willets was an attractive woman; there was something commandingly wholesome in her appearance. Her sunburned face spoke eloquently of the out-of-doors, her sunburned arms, bared to the elbow, were marvels of strength and well-being. On the whole, then, Elizabeth Anne Willets, spinster by grace of her heart's necessity, a rancher from choice, was one of the finest types of women to be found in all California—a true daughter of the West, who loved the soil for the soil's sake, who loved life for life's sake, and who toiled right manfully, happy in the consciousness of a work to do and the strength to accomplish it.

But to return to the kitchen of the Manzanita Ranch house: As Miss Willet's sat there shelling peas, a man appeared at the kitchen door. He was a fairly forlorn looking specimen of humanity, and Miss Willets eyed him suspiciously.

"Want anything?" she asked.

"Looking for a job," he mumbled.

"That is n't the way to get a job. Talk up. What is your name?"

"John Smith."

"I thought so. What can you do?"

"Most anything."

"Can you milk?"

"Never tried it? 'Spose I could learn."

"And I suppose you'd leave just as soon as I'd taught you."

"No, I would n't—honest."

"Well, John Smith, I'm without a man at present, and I'm disposed to give you a trial. What wages do you expect?"

"I dunno. Twenty a month, I guess."

"You'll have to sleep in the barn, and if I catch you smoking cigarettes in there, I'll have you arrested. Do you understand?"

"Yes 'em."

"Oh, Ethel! Eth-el!"

"Coming, auntie," a fresh voice called.

Miss Ethel Rogers appeared in the kitchen as if by magic.

"I've just hired a new man, Ethel. There he is."

Miss Rogers regarded the candidate for agricultural honors.

"Hired him?" she asked.

"Yes. Twenty dollars a month, and he promises to stay."

"But, auntie—"

"Well?"

The new man was plainly embarrassed.

"That's—that's Mr. Melville of the Wild Azalea Ranch."

"What?" exclaimed Miss Willets.

She looked again toward the door, but the frame was empty, the picture had vanished.

"Serves me right for a silly young ass," muttered the self-discharged man, as he stalked moodily toward home. "Just the same, it was shabby of her to tell."

* * * * *

A week passed. The hunt for gold still went merrily on, but the owners of ranches rose each morning with rage in their hearts, and retired at night gnashing their teeth, for the prosperity of the valley was threatened—the prunes were lying on the ground, while the men whose business it was to gather the purple harvest were chasing rainbows in the hills. Nor did it add to the equanimity of these sorely tried husbandmen to learn that on the Wild Azalea Ranch, the prunes having been picked and dipped, were now drying in the sun.

Mark was responsible for this last; he had offered the right to prospect the Wild Azalea Ranch afternoons in return for the morning's prune picking, and had found many takers. Little he cared what happened to the rest of the valley. This gold excitement was n't a losing proposition for him, not by a long shot; even such a rank tenderfoot as the kid owner of the ranch must appreciate his ability—and the rest was a cinch.

In the meantime, the owner of the ranch was frankly miserable; he didn't care whether his prunes were picked or not. As for the gold excitement, since his cherished plan of a partnership with Miss Willets had fallen through, there was little of interest in it for him. So he neither prospected nor planned, but lay in his hammock by the hour, brooding over his betrayal by Miss Ethel Rogers.

"Just the same," he told himself over and over again, "it was shabby of her to give me away."

* * * * *

For seven days, then, the valley had, figuratively, been standing on its head. On the eighth day, as if by a miracle, normal conditions again prevailed; gold pans were abandoned, and dogged men worked sullenly in the orchards. Even Melville was aware of the change, though how it had come about he could not imagine. Perhaps Mark would know?

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Mark proved uncommunicative, he was reticence itself. From the face of reticence, however, Melville gleaned two facts: (1) Mark had been drinking. (2) Mark had a black eye.

Later, in the shadow of evening, as Melville strode toward his mail box, which was mounted on a post at the edge of the county road a quarter of a mile away, he was conscious of footsteps following. He heeded them not, nor looked behind.

Some one was about to pass. The next moment, as the result of a stinging blow under his left ear, the owner of the Wild Azalea Ranch measured his length in the dust.

Half stunned and wholly angry, Melville staggered to his feet some seconds later. What the deuce did it mean? Why had he been assaulted? Who was his assailant? He looked about him for a possible explanation; the road was deserted.

"Hey, you," he shouted, "come out and fight like a man!"

A confused echo of this challenge was his only answer.

Nursing his wrath and a jaw that ached sadly, our hero now continued on his way. The mail box was reached, its contents transferred to his pocket, and the return to the ranch house made without further adventure. Yet, somewhere in the dense shadow behind the white-limbed sycamores lining the road, Melville had been aware of a lurking presence, and had met this consciousness with clenched fists and a heart vowing vengeance.

After a dinner which had consisted solely of soup much to Mah Hing's distress, Melville remembered the letters. He drew them from his pocket and regarded them listlessly; two from New York, one from Bar Harbor, and one from London. There was yet another, an unstamped envelope, bearing his name and nothing else. He opened it with no enthusiasm, and read:

MR. SIDNEY MELVILLE,
Please call to-morrow afternoon at four. I have something important to tell you.
ETHEL ROGERS.

The owner of the Wild Azalea Ranch could hardly believe his eyes or credit his good fortune. He read and re-read these mysterious, these heaven-sent lines. "Please call to-morrow afternoon at four." He did not see how he could wait till then. "I have something important to tell you." What could it be? He had something important to tell her, too, God bless her. Melville lay back in his chair and thought and thought, and smiled and smiled, the misery of the past week forgotten in the golden promise of to-morrow.

Even before breakfast, the minutes had crawled haltingly; it seemed a year since sunrise, though it was now but half past three. A quarter of an hour more, and he could start. No, he would start now, by George!

When young love goes a-wooing, how hard it is to loiter by the way. Melville sat down on a stone at the roadside and kicked his heels impatiently. Whereat the little blind god on his shoulder laughed, and fitted another arrow to his bow.

Ethel Rogers, in a most becoming gown of cornflower blue, was seated on the veranda. She greeted her caller very prettily.

"You are on time to the dot," she said. Melville regarded her reproachfully. "As if I could be anything else," he replied. "I don't know why you sent for me," he continued, "but it was like—like—"

"Never mind," she urged. "It was like heaven," he responded firmly. "It was purely business," she assured him. "That is, I wanted to warn you."

"You're too late." It was an innocent sentence, but his eyes told her exactly what he meant.

"Then some one else has told you?" "I knew it the first time I saw you," he replied.

"Please be serious, Mr. Melville." "I was never more serious in my life."

"But there's a real danger." "The only danger lies in misunderstanding me," he said.

"I hope your aunt was n't offended with me for masquerading as a possible hired man."

"No. When I explained it, she liked you for it." "I still think you should n't have told on me."

"You were hardly qualified to fill the position," she replied coldly. "But what I want to ask you is this: Have you been annoyed by any of the people in the valley, lately?"

"Last evening something happened, but it did n't amount to much."

"What was it?" Melville told her.

"The coward! And you have no idea why he did it?"

"Not the slightest." "Then I shall tell you."

"What!" cried Melville. "You know?" "The whole valley knows," she replied quietly.

"They are saying hard things about you in the valley, Mr. Melville—they are saying you started this gold excitement in order to get your prunes picked for nothing."

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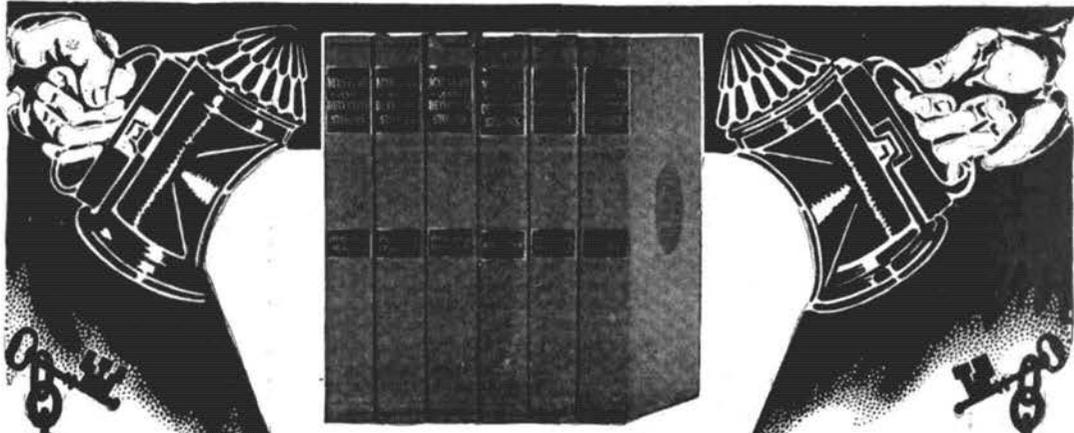
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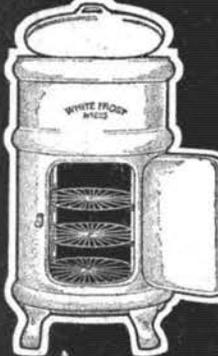
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"But I don't understand."
 "If I had thought you would, I should n't have sent for you."
 "Does your aunt believe this?"
 "No."
 "Then I can't see that it matters."
 "It does matter."
 "It's too absurd."
 "That is for you to judge."
 "I should like to know what it is all about, if you don't mind."
 "I have told you what the valley believes."
 "And what you believe?"
 "Ye-es."
 "That's the important part. —But how on earth can any one credit such nonsense! The gold was there; everybody agreed it was gold."
 "They don't doubt it was gold."
 "Then what is it they doubt?"
 "They doubt your ignorance of the manner in which it was acquired."
 "Why, it came out of a chicken's—er—crop."
 "Where did the chicken come from?"
 "Blessed if I know!"
 "That's it. The chicken was n't a valley chicken at all."
 "I can't see what difference that makes."
 "It makes a great deal of difference. Just before your aunt died, an old foreman of hers who had moved to Nevada sent her six Plymouth Rocks as a present."
 "Well?"
 "And your man Mark knew this."
 "Go on."
 "So, when you showed him the nugget, instead of telling you the chicken that had swallowed it was a Nevada chicken, raised in a mining camp—"
 "A mining camp? I begin to see."
 "At all events, Mark let the whole valley become excited about gold, and you profited by it."
 "And then he got drunk and confided in somebody, and that somebody gave him a black eye," said Melville. "It's as plain as day."
 "And now the ranchers in the valley are angry because they hold you responsible for the shortage of labor at a critical time."
 "Quite so."
 "And the rank and file are furious because they picked your prunes for nothing."
 "Hold on! You don't believe that, do you?"
 "They will tell you themselves that they agreed to work for Mark mornings for the privilege of prospecting your ranch afternoons."
 "But hang it all, I paid every mother's son of them!"
 "They say not."
 Melville jumped to his feet with excitement. "By George, I see how it was! Mark put the money I gave him to pay the men into his own pocket."
 "I knew we'd get to the bottom of it, if we had a talk," said Ethel Rogers. "Now you can set yourself right with the valley."
 "If I'm right with you, I'm right with the world," declared Melville.
 "But you must do something."
 "I suppose so. Still, it can wait."
 "It cannot. You must see Mark at once."
 "I'll go, on one condition."
 "You are hardly in a position to impose conditions, Mr. Melville."
 "Oh, please!" he pleaded. "All I ask is that I may run in this evening, and tell you what happened."
 She hesitated but a moment. "Of course I shall be curious to know what happened," she said.

* * * * *

After searching in vain for Mark, Melville, making toward the house, came upon Mah Hing seated under an oak, peeling potatoes. Mah Hing greeted his master with a smile.
 "Hi, Boss," he said, "what you want?"
 "I'm looking for Mark."
 Mah Hing laughed uproariously.
 "What's the joke?" asked Melville.
 "I heap sabe joke. You no catch. He go town; he no come back."
 "Did he tell you he would n't come back?"
 "Slue! Bime by he say he send fo' trunk."
 "The deuce he did! He can't send for his trunk too soon to suit me. By the way, there's one thing I want to impress upon your heathen mind, Mah Hing; if you ever find another nugget of gold in a chicken's crop, you're to put it in an envelope and send it back to China. Sabe?"
 Mah Hing smiled delightedly. "You heap crazy," he said.

* * * * *

Mr. Alonzo Parker, owner of the largest prune orchard in the valley, a tall, stoop-shouldered, sunburned man, was superintending the loading of his wagon. It was the last load of the day—forty boxes of purple fruit. Three more days and the trees would be—. He swore impatiently as the six men who were assisting him paused suddenly in their work.
 "Well, what's the matter now?" he demanded.
 "I'm the matter," said a voice at his elbow, and turning he beheld Sidney Melville.
 "See here, young man, you've held my crop back a week, already, and I won't stand for any more foolishness. Get to work, boys."
 "One moment, please, Mr. Parker. I've just

learned the true history of this gold business, and I want to tell you if you have lost anything through being delayed, I'll make it up to you."

"Hm!" said Mr. Parker. "We'll see."
"As for you men, how many of you helped pick my prunes?"

"All of us," volunteered Henry Rader, a fierce little red-haired creature. "An' Jim Baker, too; he's workin' for Sawyer. An' I wanta tell yer—"

"One moment. Last Saturday I gave Mark forty-two dollars to pay you for your work."

"We did n't get none of it."

"So I've been told. Six half days, at two dollars a day, is six dollars. Here's your money, Rader. Step up, men."

The other five responded to this invitation with alacrity.

"Now listen to me, all of you. Mark cleared out this afternoon with forty-two dollars of my money, and without bidding me good-bye. If I'd caught him, I'd have given him a thrashing. As it is, here's five dollars; it goes to the man who gave him his black eye."

"Henry done it. The money's yours, Henry."

Henry Rader actually blushed. "I don't want yer five dollars," he declared.

"Nonsense!" said Melville.

"Nope. It ain't fer me. If you'll just step over by them empty boxes, I'll tell yer why."

Melville obeyed wonderingly.

Once out of earshot of his companions, Henry Rader stooped, picked up a clod of earth, and fumbled it in his hands.

"Mr. Melville," said he, "I don't want yer money and I'll tell yer why; I'm the guy what biffed yer in the jaw last night."

Melville threw back his head and laughed heartily. He then extended his right hand.

"Shake," he said.

Miss Elizabeth Anne Willets had retired early, leaving her niece and the owner of the Wild Azalea Ranch in possession of the veranda.

"Your aunt has been most kind and cordial," said Melville.

"She is always kind."

"It was sweet of her to accept the nugget. I hardly dared offer it to her. Just think; if Mah Hing had n't found it, I should n't be here now."

Though Ethel Rogers doubted the truth of this last statement, she held her peace.

"I was awfully lonely when I first came to the valley," he continued. "But now—" He stared dreamily at the stars.

"You like ranching, then?"

"I know little enough about it, but I shall learn."

"I'm sure you will."

"It isn't as if the price of prunes could affect our comfort. You shall have everything in the world you want, dear."

"I—I—it is getting late, Mr. Melville. I must—"

"You must learn to love me as I love you," he said.

The moon sailed high over the valley, vagrant breezes stirred the leaves of the oaks, and somewhere in the shadows a night bird was calling to its mate, but Melville heeded them not, for life and love lay trembling in the clasp of his arms.

A DYSPEPTIC ODE

By NIXON WATERMAN

LET poets rave, as poets will,
About the heart's control,
And in their lofty lyrics still
Its vital worth extol;
I, who must walk in humble ways
And modest muses woo,
I write this simple song to praise
The liver good and true.

Pray tell me what are hearts to men—
What's anything, alack!
To us poor bilious creatures when
The liver's out of whack?
While sentiment, I grant it, is
Quite proper in its place,
Yet when we get right down to "biz,"
The liver sets the pace.

So let's not to the dreamy bards'
Soft caroling succumb,
For he who clearest truth regards
Will keep his liver plumb;
He knows full well a heart may bless
A mortal, in a way,
But oh! it's quite "N. G.," unless
His liver's all "O. K."

And here and now I make my plaint
To all the cooks: Beware
On what you feed us, for a saint
On bile-distressing fare
Must soon become a demon! Yes,
You guide us, day by day,
For piousness and biliousness
Go different paths, they say.



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CHARLES W. ELIOT

[Concluded from page 362]

very essence of the working of trade unions, yet the fairness of what he said and the emphasis he laid on good will in settling the different relations of labor and capital carried them away. Though perhaps not won over to his views, this great audience at least was won over to him. It ended by cheering his utterances.

One can only hint at the wonderful insight and remarkable activity of this man. The thoroughness of his treatment of the Galveston plan of government has attracted a dozen large audiences in the vicinity of Boston. He is a true scientist. He is unsatisfied with half truths. He never spills over. He says what he means. He means what he says. He draws conclusions only from the data at hand. His keen analytical mind has made him one of the few laymen in this country to whom audiences of specialists listen with undivided attention. Doctors listen with respect to anything he has to say on medical topics. His address on "The Future of Medicine," at the dedication of the medical school, shows his complete grasp of the main features of modern medicine. Laborers and capitalists look upon him as an authority; and throughout all of his discussions he is an example of patience and tolerance.

Consider how we have been talking the last few years about deforestation. In the neighborhood of the White Mountains men are organizing to teach the farmers that they must cut their trees according to scientific methods in order to preserve their forests. In Idaho the question of forest reserves is equally pertinent. People are invoking federal enactment to preserve our forests, and newspaper editorials constantly appear describing the evils of the wholesale cutting of lumber regardless of the wants of future generations. This is only another instance which shows that President Eliot was ahead of his time. He said, back in his report of 1871-72, that "the cultivation and preservation of forests will become, in no long time, a matter of national concern. The natural forests of the country are rapidly disappearing and wood will, at no distant day, be a scarce and distant commodity, as it has long been in many countries of Europe." It reads like a remark of the present day. President Eliot did not let the matter rest there. He directed the Arnold Arboretum to use its woodland for scientific experiments for preserving trees.

A recent report from a Western agricultural college emphasizes the need of experimentation in advanced biology, including entomology, plant morphology, heredity, etc. It was along these lines of experimentation that President Eliot pointed out, at the foundation of the Bussey Institution, in 1869, that the institution should spend its energy. Had it not been for the Boston fire which destroyed a large part of its invested property, the Bussey Institution, following President Eliot's ideas, would have long since worked out experiments, the importance of which is only now being appreciated. He deplored then the fact that there was no appreciable demand for thorough instruction in agriculture, and that schools had to get pupils by teaching them elementary subjects.

It is said that when the present Senator W. Murray Crane was governor of Massachusetts, he was considering the appointment of three men for a certain commission. Some one proposed that he appoint as one of the members President Eliot. Governor Crane replied: "That would never do. If Eliot were on that commission, it would be a one-man affair." The governor meant that President Eliot had such a force of character, was such a towering figure, such a powerful man, that his ideas would be accepted without resistance.

Stupendous as these activities seem, each year finds the president interested in some new step of progress. New students come and find, without ever reading about him, what an active and progressive man he is. Juniors in college fear that he will retire before his valuable signature is engrossed upon their degrees. For the sake of newspaper talk, some wonder who will be the next president; but vigorous in health (he takes a bicycle ride every morning before most of the students are out of bed), and ambitious for further service, he bids fair to be effective for several years to come. The university is receiving to-day as efficient service from its president as in any year of its past history.

If one reads about President Eliot's recent trip through the West, one is impressed with his activity and energy. At the age of seventy-four he is doing what would exhaust a man of thirty. His trip extended for four weeks throughout the Middle West. Lunches, receptions, addresses, dinners, lectures—all followed in rapid succession. One day he delivered a lecture, attended a dinner of the Harvard Club, left town on a sleeper, and arose to deliver lectures at some university by ten o'clock in the morning. Professor Hill says:

"The rest of us are either shelved or *emeritus*, while President Eliot, remarkably free from illness, is making a trip which exhausts the youngest of men."

Throughout life he has rightly judged that his post of highest duty was at the head of Harvard University, where he has inspired the ideals of several generations of men, and where he has led young men to produce the best that life affords. He preached the simple life long before a well-known book on that subject appeared. He has told a host of men the meaning of the happy life, that great riches are not essential to the

them. They belong to the days when the college was all. Many would like to see these contests disappear and athletics for their own sake within the college replace them. This reform is similar to others which President Eliot has successfully carried out in that it is of long duration. Back in 1904, he hinted at abandoning intercollegiate football, and many, therefore, feel that through his untiring energy and long patience this reform, too, will be carried out—if not in our time, at least ultimately.

If there are those who feel that Harvard men love the president less for this attitude, they need only to see him before a mass of undergraduates. As he stands on the platform, still shy and bashful, the respect of the undergraduate bursts forth in deafening, multitudinous, and lasting applause. It reminds one of an undergraduate's remark to Bishop Lawrence as the president stood before a host of men in the Harvard Union on his seventieth birthday. He said: "I wish that President Eliot could know what we think of him; we admire him; we revere him; and we love him."

That he has not been a pedant, a recluse, or a mere specialist in one study, his interest in political questions, his addresses on the needs of the community, his service on educational boards, his appearance at the business men's congress recently in Chicago, his addresses in public on labor and capital, his recommendations to Mr. Pulitzer for a school of journalism in New York—recommendations which surprised newspaper men because of his minute knowledge of the workings of a newspaper office—and his attention to the great financial and educational questions which arise in a university whose students number nearly 4,000, and whose assets represent some thirty millions of dollars, will amply testify.

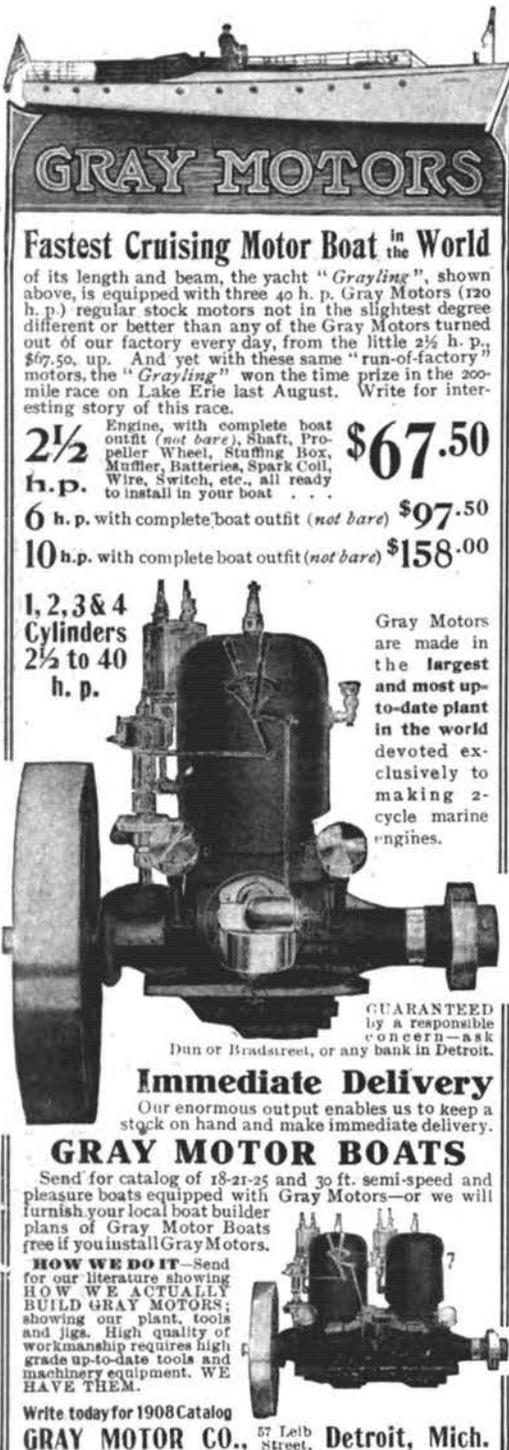
President Eliot holds the position of Officer of the French Legion of Honor; he was recently appointed Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown by the King of Italy. He has rendered valuable service as chairman of the Committee of Ten which made a report, in 1892, on Secondary Schools—a report which formed the basis of very general changes in methods of teaching. In 1894, he was president of the National Educational Association in Boston, when 26,000 people attended the meeting there. He served, in 1888, as vice-president of a Democratic state convention of Massachusetts. As has been said, he declined the presidency of Johns Hopkins University when it was founded, and he declined Governor Guild's offer to make him a member of the recent Tax Commission in Boston.

All men seem to realize what a power, what an influential man this is. His versatility, his complete knowledge of a host of subjects, of men's relation to each other, seems to be without limitation. Whether the subject be education, municipal government, democracy, religion, or the relations of labor and capital, President Eliot is always regarded as an authority. His speeches on these subjects always elicit attention, even from the specialists themselves. At the National Civic Federation last December, in New York, being, as he said, "one of twelve persons who represent what is called the public—neither a capitalist nor a labor leader," a representative of "the immense majority of the American people, the consumers," President Eliot was introduced as "the first citizen of this great republic of ours." This Civic Federation—a body of specialists—is trying to prevent industrial warfare. It listened to him with intense interest. Without the least consciousness he indicated how deeply rooted are his interests internationally, and how he is searching the world over for the things which make for progress in this country. With complete grasp of his subject he spoke of his "studying the best piece of legislation that has ever been adopted in this world to promote industrial peace—namely, the Canadian Act of March 22, 1907, called the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act." It was an act which President Eliot was cognizant of when the matter was before the Canadian Parliament, and at the time he made some public advocacy of it. He spoke at length, commending to the attention of the Civic Federation the results of the operation of that law.

As to the results he said:
The law accomplished this: no strike is lawful, no lockout is lawful, until there has been an impartial public investigation of the causes of the strike or the lockout, and of the relations of both parties to the strike or lockout. This public inquiry may be obtained by either party with or without the consent of the other; and there is not one particle of arbitration provided for in the act. That, in my judgment, is one of its chief merits—there is no arbitration in it; only investigation, conciliation, and publicity. But the primary merit is this,—no strike is legal, no lockout is legal, until the public investigation has been held by an impartial authority.

The Boston *Herald* said, editorially:
President Eliot's high praise of the Canadian labor disputes act and the rising tide of interest in it in this country have been noted at Washington, and one of the best experts of the Department of Commerce and Labor has been sent to study the law's workings in a concrete case soon to be heard at Ottawa.

Few people will ever forget the occasion when he addressed the labor men in Faneuil Hall, in 1904. Before a decidedly hostile audience, he attacked the



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enjoyment of life; and he has taught many a youth, through his delightful talks on the Durable Satisfaction of Life, that the spirit of service creates both merit and satisfaction. To live to-day as you would were you going to marry a pure woman within a month, is, he often tells young men, a very safe rule to follow. Shakespeare's couplet is his favorite quotation:

The purest treasure that mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation.

A son of Yale, thus admirably sums up this character in the *Hartford Times*:

The intellectual activities and resources of President Eliot are marvelous. Nobody in the United States can talk informally on more subjects than he. The range of the social, educational, and political problems which he has mastered is wide. He touches nothing that he does not adorn. He has a faculty for clear and independent thinking and lucid expression. He likes to go to the bottom of things. He is a sun that emits light, and not a moon that only reflects light. He has a genius for compact, direct, and forceful utterance. He does not run to adjectives, adverbs, and the superlative. Some of his addresses are worthy of study as models of clear-cut English. He has convictions and the courage of them. He is no opportunist, no trimmer, no time server. He would make a poor politician. He has no gift for effusiveness. What he says he means. What he means he says. He never tried to learn the trick of crooking the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning.

President Eliot is one of America's great assets. Approaching seventy-five, he is still a power in the life of the nation. He lives the simple, useful, and efficient life, and finds joy in doing and serving. Nobody who appreciates the highest quality of manhood can fail to admire the great executive chief of Harvard.

The Hon. Joseph H. Choate, speaking of Great Britain, their universities, their scholars, their National Board of Education, says:

They know just as well as you and I know that President Eliot is the single head of the entire educational force of the United States. They know perfectly well that his efforts and labors are not confined to any single university, but that his influence extends to them all. And they know also that it is not limited to university life and college life, but that his wise guidance tends very greatly to direct and strengthen the entire common school system of the United States with its 15,000,000 pupils.

Were President Eliot to select among all expressions concerning him, he would choose the end of the inscription on the loving cup, given to him by the faculty of arts and sciences on his seventieth birthday. He would select those words, he says, because they seem to him to be the absolute ideal of American society.

The inscription reads:

In grateful acknowledgment of his devotion to the University for thirty-five years, and of his passion for justice, for progress, and for truth.

What Ails Him?

Diagnosis of a Failure Case

- Ego-mania.
- Money fever.
- A "swelled head."
- Atrophy from inaction.
- Opportunity blindness.
- Enlargement of the ego.
- Jaundice from jealousy.
- Astigmatism of judgment.
- Paralysis from irresolution.
- Ossification of the cerebrum.
- Indigestion of a college course.
- Chills, affecting the enthusiasm.
- Asphyxiation of moral principle.
- Chronic inflammation of temper.
- Intoxication from a little success.
- Plethora of words and paucity of ideas.
- Blood-poisoning from vicious amusements.
- Apoplexy brought on by "quick-lunch" and "must-catch-my-train."

Prayer as an Investment

I was recently quite startled by this expression: "Nothing pays better than prayer,"

But I said to myself, "After all, is there anything that pays better than to hold the mind perpetually turned toward the ideal, always facing the sun, with hope, cheer, and expectation?"

"Trusting God with our desires," holding the mind open to success and happiness, to the light, and refusing to face the darkness, certainly ought to be a good investment.

There is nothing truer than "According to thy faith be it unto thee," or, "According to thy doubts and thy fears, thy lack of faith be unto thee."—O. S. M.

A Glorious 4th but a safe one



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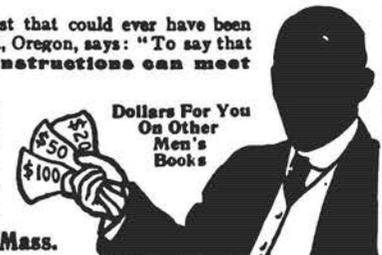
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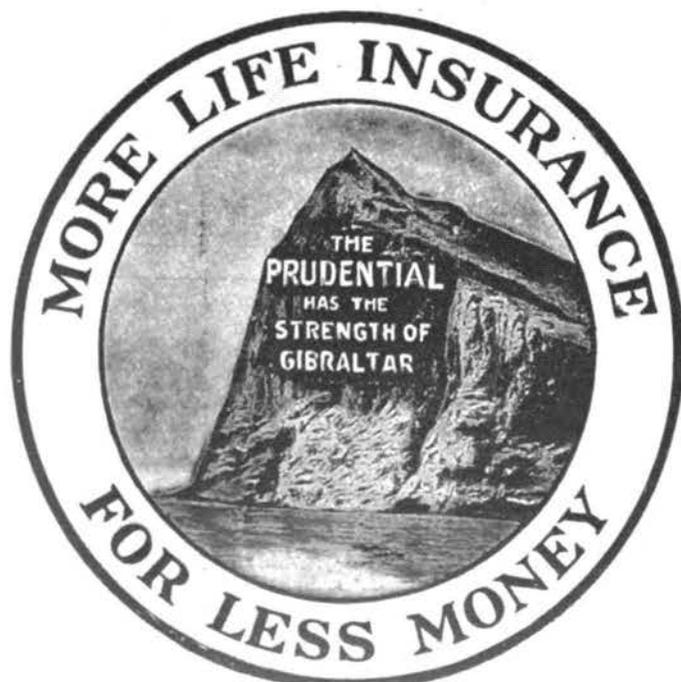
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The New Model Oliver No. 5 is far in the lead today **because it's the best machine.**

With **several hundred less working parts** than other typewriters, its **strength, speed** and **ease of operation** are correspondingly **greater.** It is the original, successful **visible writer.** It has remarkable **manifolding power.**

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The opening up of additional new territories enables us to add a limited number of young men to our force of Local Agents. Why not apply for a position and cast your fortunes with the mighty Oliver Army? Why not win your spurs as a Salesman and share in the splendid triumphs of our invincible Sales Organization?

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Not simply for the **personal prestige** of being associated with successful men—

Nor solely for the **free training in the Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship**, which will prove of inestimable value—

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