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CONTENTS FOR JANUARY 1909

Cover, "First Aid to the Doctor," by PAUL BRANSOM

The Break-up of the Parties Charles Edward Russell 5

(I. The Republican Party—Its Glory and Decline)

Illustrated with Portraits

The Barmecides (Verse) . . . Bannister Merwin 9

His Big Picture (A Story) . . . G. B. Lancaster 10

Illustrations by Clarence Rowe

Making Ends Meet on a New England Farm

Robert Haven Schauffler 12

Fake Art and the Millionaire . . . Cleveland Moffett 14

Illustrated with Photographs

Entertaining Aunt Melissa (A Story)

Mary Heaton Vorse 17

Illustrations by Carle Michel Boog

When the Wood Is Gone . . . Roland Phillips 19

The Twice-Told Tale of a Stolen Theater

Lincoln Steffens 21

Illustrations by Frank X. Chamberlain

Dragon Seed (Verse) . . . Madison Cawein 23

Jimmy Pepperton of Oshkazoo . . . Robert Barr 24

(II. A Collision and a Wreck)

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

Growing Old a Habit . . . Orison Swett Marden 27

The Rat and His Board Bill . . . Michael Williams 28

Decorations by Forbes Gordon Dingwall

DEPARTMENTS

The Pulse of the World . . . Howard Brubaker 30

New Ideas . . . 31

Edwin Markham's Eyrie . . . Edwin Markham 32

Point and Pleasantry (10-Cent-a-Word Department) . . . 34

The Editor's Chat . . . Orison Swett Marden 36

Pin-Money Papers (Contributed by Our Women Readers) . . . 38

Mrs. Curtis's Corner . . . Isabel Gordon Curtis 40

The Well-Dressed Man. . . Alfred Stephen Bryan 44

Business Hints . . . 50

Municipalities . . . 60

Also Miscellaneous Contributions, Humor, Verse, etc., on Various Pages throughout the Magazine.

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If you find a blue pencil cross in the space below, your subscription expires with this (January) issue; if a red pencil cross, it expires with the next (February) issue.



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The EDITOR'S OUTLOOK

It is possible that some of our Republican friends may disagree with Mr. Russell's characterization, in this number, of the Republican Party of to-day. So forceful and vigorous a writer as Charles Edward Russell is almost certain to find himself among somebody's sacred cattle, and, fortunately for us all, the powers that be haven't taken away our right to disagree. But to any of our Democratic readers who may be inclined to unseemly mirth let us offer a word of warning. Do your laughing in the privacy of your own home and in the bosom of your own Democratic family; be not publicly hilarious. Mr. Russell has some plain, straight talk for your party also, and it will appear in the February number.

The Last Word in Surgery

THERE is a healthy baby in New York who is living now only because on the fourth day of his life a vein of his leg was attached to an artery in the wrist of his father, and the flickering flame of life was preserved. Somewhere in this world there is a very capable-looking young woman whose upper arm is made of the bone of a man's leg whittled down to the right shape. We have a picture of a cat which has a perfectly normal appetite for mice and other delicacies, but which wears in the proper place in its interior a pair of kidneys which were once the property of another cat. We would tell you what we know about a very progressive Philadelphia dog, but we fear you would not believe it anyway. These are only a few examples of a remarkable series of stories by Roland Phillips in the February number. They form a record of marvelous surgical progress, but they read like romance.

Fifty Thousand Reasons

WHY should SUCCESS MAGAZINE, which claims to represent great popular interests and not the needs of any particular class, set aside space each month for the discussion of the safe employment of money? If you have ever asked yourself this question we have an answer for you, many answers—reams of them, in fact. They are the letters of grateful subscribers, thanking us for the aid that this department has given them in making investments, and expressing their gratitude for timely words of advice which warned them away from doubtful investments.

Since this department was opened we have had to handle over fifty thousand letters of inquiry, answering them by letter, or, in many urgent cases, by telegram. It is no exaggeration to say that we have saved our readers upward of a million dollars in our advice to prospective investors.

If this were the only advantage that had been gained from this department we should feel that the space and money expended had been amply justified. But this is only a beginning; it is only a part of a great, broad plan, which will take years in the fulfilment, which will require the cooperation of other magazines, but which will be of inestimable value to the people of the country.

The great bulk of the capital which runs the industries of this wonderfully rich country of ours comes from the small investors—from the savings of farmers and wage-earners, from the profits of merchants and manufacturers. To protect this stupendous fund from the dishonest and the incompetent is the purpose of our Investors' Department. If you think sometimes that it ought not to be there, remember that there are a lot of shady financiers who agree with you.



MICHAEL WILLIAMS
Author of "The Rat and His Board Bill," in this number

Behind the Scenes

NEXT month Glenmore Davis is going to have more to say about plays. According to Mr. Davis, who wrote "Our Billion-Dollar Smile," in the December number, there are two distinct sides to a theatrical production—that which you see when you pay the proper admission, and that which you do not see at all. It is of the latter side—of the mysterious something-or-other, that goes on behind the scenes—that Mr. Davis will treat in this article. The play we usually see has to do with actors and playwrights; in the show to which Mr. Davis has invited us, the actors are carpenters, and scene-painters, and costume-builders, and electricians. He promises to explain all the mysteries, to show us the moonlight factory, and give us a glimpse of the men who make the ocean waves. He will tell us about that vast army of men we never see, who spend their lives building plays for our amusement.

Another Minister's Confession

IN MAGAZINE building, as in the electric light business, it is easy to tell when you have hold of a live wire. None of the articles which have appeared in SUCCESS MAGAZINE within many months have aroused keener interest or more vigorous discussion than have those dealing with the problems of the church. Mr. Schauffer's article, "The Country Preacher's Wherewithal," in the December issue, has alone brought forth a mass of letters of commendation—and some of protest.

We are going to present to our readers next month another minister's confession—some plain talk, straight from the heart of one of our minister subscribers. It deals in a frank, manly way with the problems of the unmarried clergyman, and it is just possible that it may have a familiar look to many of our readers. It is another side-light upon an ever-interesting question.

Progress and Prophecy

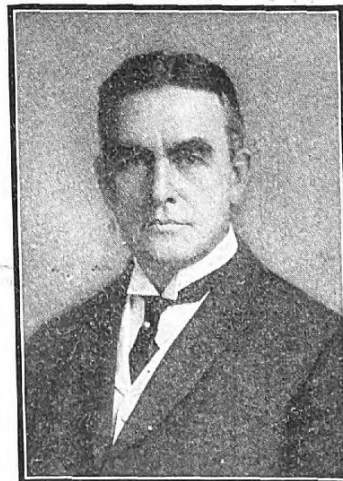
DID you ever lay down the United States Census Report with a disturbed feeling that this country of ours is growing too fast? Have you ever watched the cities expand and the towns multiply and the plains fill with busy people, and wonder how we are going to feed and clothe all these folks—some day? Walter Weyl has been bothering his head about this too, and he has arrived at some very interesting conclusions. Mr. Weyl, our readers will remember, recently told us what a very fertile place the desert is, if you look at the matter properly. Now he goes farther and shows how our keen, tireless scientists are going joyfully on, teaching nature to grow new plants, turning waste products into food, and making the blades of grass grow closer together. We shall all feel more comfortable about the future when we have read Mr. Weyl's article, "New Food for New Millions," in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for February.

Coming Fiction

THERE is going to be a lot of fiction in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, during the next few months, that it would be a great mistake not to read. Jimmy Pepperton goes on jumping cheerfully out of the frying-pan into the fire and back again, for several months to come. Next month comes Ernest Poole's story of a very big Norwegian skyscraper builder and a very small girl. Other good stories that are coming along soon are "The Brave Dead," by Roy Norton, and "Amalgamated Mary Ann," by John Kendrick Bangs.



ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFER
Whose December article, "The Country Preacher's Wherewithal," has aroused keen discussion



CLEVELAND MOFFETT
He exposes fake art as an example of American extravagance abroad

The BREAK-UP OF THE PARTIES

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

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ONE striking fact distinguishes the political campaign of 1908 from all that preceded it—it was a contest of men, not of parties. Both leading candidates were nominated in opposition to the real wishes of their party organizations. The campaign was dull and listless on matters of principle and lively on questions of personality. The difference between the platforms of the two parties was so small as to be scarcely discernable, and the decisive victory of Mr. Taft was a tribute to his personal popularity and to that of his sponsor, Theodore Roosevelt. In several States—notably Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia, Montana, and Minnesota—Mr. Taft received the electoral vote, while the Democrats secured the state offices. In both parties

there was a tendency on the part of the organization politicians to sacrifice one part of their ticket for the benefit of another.

Mr. Russell sees in this phenomenon the beginning of the end of the Republican and the Democratic Parties. In his bold, vigorous way he maintains that both political organizations have lost their hold upon the people, and in the first article directs special attention to the Republican Party. Next month he will discuss the Democratic Party; and in a third article he will outline what he believes will be the real issues of to-morrow. You may agree or disagree with Mr. Russell, but you will admit that his view of the situation is fresh and vigorous and interesting.

I. The REPUBLICAN PARTY—ITS GLORY AND DECLINE

As is the race of leaves, so is the race of men—and of political parties.

I suppose that to the perfectly philosophical mind the passing of a great and once glorious party is as the passing of a leaf or of a man, all being but the inexorable and eternal law of nature, and the party, like the man, bearing at birth the seeds of inevitable decay. To the rest of mankind, there being (let us give thanks!) but few perfectly philosophical minds and those mostly impotent, the spectacle is infinitely pathetic and almost infinitely instructive.

Two Great Parties Are Dying

Or it is certainly so in the case of a party that has had such a marvelous career and has occupied a place of such incomparable grandeur as the Republican Party, now in its ghostly ceremonies hearsed and inurned before your eyes. Time was, my brethren, when to be a member of that party was greater than to be a king; now lies it there, and none so poor to do it reverence—except the fourth-class postmasters. On its sarcophagus it lies in state and no mourners go about the streets, or at least not so you would notice them.

How came it dead? Alas, that is the curious thing. And still more curious is the next fact, that it perished not alone. On the next slab reclines its elder and its rival, at least as dead and perchance somewhat cadder and held in still less reverence. To see the birth or the death of a great political party is for any generation a liberal education; but lo, we that live and move in these great piping times have seen the deaths of two, and both of the same complaint.

What could be more wonderful?

Wonderful also, truly wonderful, seems the history of the Republican Party, if with impartial mind, here in the solemn presence of the dead, we pause to review that immortal record.

A New Party Is Always a Protest Against Privilege

As a rule, in a parliamentary country, a new party will always be born of some protest against established Privilege, for with Privilege man has waged almost incessant war since the day he emerged from the jungle. Now, the essence of Privilege is the opportunity to exploit somebody or something, which is all there is or ever was of absolutism, autocracy, imperialism, monarchy, satrapy, feudalism, orders of nobility, hereditary legislators, personal government, taxation without representation, and all the other forms of oppression against which the oppressed have revolted. The names of these things change

with the years; so likewise change the forms. At heart they remain the same.

The particular form of Privilege that caused the birth of the Republican Party was the privilege to own and exploit negro slaves.

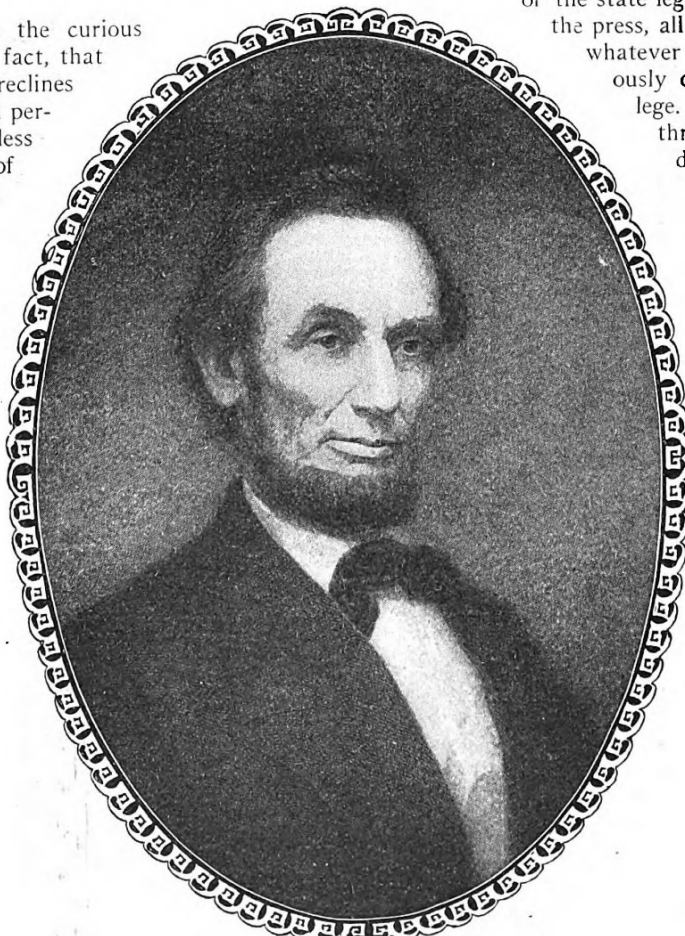
Parties are not made. They come into being of themselves, being evolved from the stress of tremendous conditions. They are born out of the people, and always from the bottom of the pile. Then they ascend toward the top of the pile, where they are corrupted and finally stifled by the force they were born to fight.

Before the Civil War what may be called the reactionary or feudal influence of the times was centered around slaveholding. The Interests then owned slaves as they now own railroads, mines, and colossal industries. In those days Privilege was much bolder than it had ever been before in this country or will ever be again. It frankly and openly owned and directed the national Government, the President, the cabinet, the supreme court, both houses of Congress, the lesser federal courts, the federal officers, the army, the navy, the judges, most or all of the state legislatures, most of the state courts, most of the press, all of the politicians, most of the pulpit, and whatever else might be useful, all frankly and joyously owned in behalf of the slaveholding privilege.

If a senator ventured to object, Privilege, through one of its congressmen, struck him down with a bludgeon on the floor of the Senate. If a private person dared to protest, Privilege had him dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope around his neck, or burned his roof over his head, or threw his printing-press into the river, or shot him in the back, or hanged him. If a group of conscientious men and women dared to oppose these things Privilege covered them with ridicule, pelted them with stones, and offered rewards for their heads. All smiled upon Privilege; year by year Privilege swept away the barriers about it, made and unmade laws, stretched itself further upon the prostrate nation.

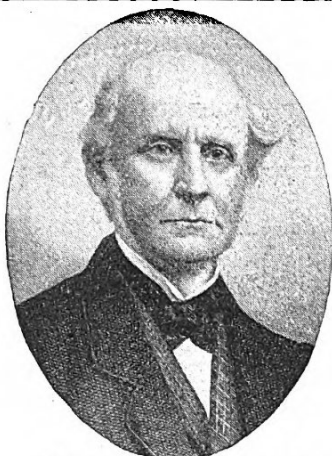
The Republican Party's Splendid Origin

In the midst of these grand triumphs, came the Republican Party as a protest against things no longer to be endured. Nobody founded the Republican Party: it founded itself; it sprang full formed and full armed from the head of revolt. The old Whig Party had passed with rather more than the usual speed through the usual party processes. It had begun as the protest of those who did not think it right that the slave-owners



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Liberator. An ideal type of the early-day Republican



CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

An upright and able Massachusetts man. One of the first Republican leaders in the early days of the party. Mr. Adams was minister to Great Britain in the Civil War, and his services were invaluable in preventing the British Government from recognizing the independence of the Confederacy.



THADDEUS STEVENS

A stern old warrior of the campaign against slavery; a natural leader, and a man of extraordinary courage and force of character. He delivered some of the most powerful of the anti-slavery speeches made in Congress.



ELIHU B. WASHBURNE

A member of Congress from Illinois and an able leader of the early Republicans. He was American minister to France at the time of the Siege of Paris, when his courage and loyalty to his duties gave him international fame.



CHARLES SUMNER

Probably the finest and purest type of the early Republicans, and one of the most effective anti-slavery orators. While Senator from Massachusetts he was struck down with a bludgeon on the floor of the Senate by Preston B. Brooks, a member of Congress from South Carolina. Sumner was shockingly mangled, but recovered.

should own everything; it had ended as the slimy and obsequious valet of the slave-owning power. Privilege had seized and rotted it. Hence, evolution produced a new protest:

A Revolt of Conscience

At first it was a protest of unexampled fervor, purity, and power. No party ever had a nobler origin. The innermost hearts of men, the last sublimity of their souls, told them that the unrighteousness of slavery had gone far enough. It was conscience that spoke in the new party, the stern, implacable, last conscience that awakens at the end of riotous living. All had gone far enough—the control and perversion of justice, the insolent tyranny of the slaveholding class, the humble subservience of courts, pulpit, and press, the corruption of public men, the civil war in Kansas, the hanging of John Brown, the threat of foreign war to maintain the principle of slave-catching, the infinite humiliation of the country before the scornful gaze of the world, the multiplex horrors of the slave pen, human beings on the auction-block—all had gone far enough. Conscience could endure no more. There was a wonderful moral revolt against the sin and crime and shame of this thing; men put their backs to the wall and said they would endure no more. It was not economic, and it was not coldly reasoned: it was moral. Stung at last to a sense of sin, with his face turned again toward righteousness and in his stricken heart a new-born piety and something of the crusader's fire. Out of that purely moral upspringing came the Republican Party—led by the spirits of John Brown and Owen Lovejoy.

Its Service to Human Liberty

So strange was its destiny that almost at once it was of such service to the country and to the cause of free government as will long sweeten history. It was in control of affairs when the supernatural crisis came in the history of the Union. No man may now deny that in the hot fires of that test the party on the whole bore itself nobly. It was fortunate, to be sure, in the leadership of sincerely good men, battling for a fundamental principle of human freedom; men, I mean, like Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, George William Curtis, Thaddeus Stevens, E. B. Washburne, Edwin D. Morgan, Joshua R. Giddings, James W. Grimes, Charles Francis Adams, and Judge Lyman Trumbull, who served for service's sake and not for their own advantage; but in the main it was carried on by the great initial impulse, which was wholly moral. Read over that first splendid platform of 1856 and be thrilled even now by the exalted purity and moral worth of an utterance that came straight from the hearts of good men deeply moved. Being thus born of what may be called a passion for righteousness, and withstanding well the first unequalled fires of the Civil War, there was for the time substance in the familiar boast of its champions that it was the party of moral ideas.

Germs of Decay: the Protective Tariff

But it paid the almost certain penalty of great success. With the close of the war, the progress of reconstruction, and the long lease of power, there began to be sown and reaped successive crops of scandals; the Freedmen's Bureau, the Credit Mobilier, the Whisky Ring frauds, the back salary grab, the abuse of the franking privilege, stained one after another the good record. Moreover, it had in its heart all the time, as such things must always have, the germ of its own death, and this quickly began to manifest itself.

It was called the Protective Tariff.

The first platform of the Republican Party said nothing about protection, but the first campaign was a forlorn hope for the pure sake of liberty; the second began with an obvious

chance to win, as the following table clearly shows:

The popular vote of 1856 was,	
Buchanan (Dem.)	1,838,169
Fremont (Rep.)	1,341,264
Fillmore (Amer.)	874,534
The electoral vote was,	
Buchanan	174
Fremont	114
Fillmore	8
In 1860 the popular vote was,	
Lincoln (Rep.)	1,866,542
Douglas (Dem.)	1,376,957
Breckenridge (Dem.)	849,781
Bell (Union)	588,879
The electoral vote was,	
Lincoln	180
Douglas	12
Breckenridge	72
Bell	39

In the fascination of this chance to win, men injected the fatal virus of "practical politics," the very name of which is always a sign of something rotten. The hope of the new party was in the old Whigs and the Northern workingman; good "practical politics" demanded that some inducement be offered for these votes; and protection was thus lugged in as neatly supplementing with reasons of pocket the altruistic appeal of the moral idea. You may be interested now in reading the plank that thus first sullied with expediency the gloss of the new party's honor. Here it is, platform of 1860:

12. That while providing revenue for the support of the general government by duties upon imports, sound policy requires such an adjustment of these imports as to encourage the development of the industrial interests of the whole country, and we commend that policy of national exchanges which secures to the workmen liberal wages, to agriculture remunerative prices, to mechanics and manufacturers an adequate reward for their skill, labor, and enterprise, and to the nation commercial prosperity and independence.

Being thus committed to Protection (which was an old Whig doctrine) the exigencies of the Civil War furnished an excuse for an abnormally high degree of protection, and the country saw the heaviest import duties it had ever known. The science of statesmanship is still in its infancy, and in modern times at least no man has appeared with a trustworthy gift of prophecy. Nobody suspected what might come of this, or it is certain that the party leaders would have thought many times before they started the organization upon a downward way. The tariff did some things it was advertised to do. It built up some home industries; it developed manufacturing in the north; it created large factory populations. But it also did some things it had never been advertised to do.

Bartering Legislation for Campaign Contributions

It produced the first great and menacing fortunes we had in this country.

It infected and corrupted men's minds with the lethal idea that the machinery, power, and influence of government might properly be used to enhance the fortunes of a few men at the expense of many.

It developed a new and powerful set of Privileged Interests that before long began to dominate national affairs in much the same manner as the slaveholding Privileged Interests had dominated affairs before the Civil War.

Above all it founded and rapidly built the system by which the support and favors of Government were exchanged for campaign subscriptions—to any party the most deadly of all commerce.

With these new forms of Privilege, therefore, the party that had been born of a passion against Privilege was soon in a greasy intimacy with the very evil it had been planned to destroy. That was the sum and substance of the situation. The party was in power and the men that held fat offices, who were usually the

men that directed the party's policy, desired it to remain in power. The new Interests made their huge profits by means of an unfair advantage that enabled them (in plain terms) to prey upon the public. This advantage they secured from legislation; the legislation lay in the hands of the men that directed the party and wished to remain in power, and the success of the party could be secured (most often) by campaign subscriptions. The Interests paid over the counter their campaign subscriptions and helped themselves to more privileges from the national shelves. That is the true nature of the transaction.

The privileges lay in tariff duties. These kept out foreign-made goods and enabled the Interests to charge the American consumer an abnormally enhanced price. By a convenient subterfuge the Interests were supposed to divide with the workingmen the rich proceeds thus devised. This kept the workingmen quiet and induced them to march dutifully to the polls and vote for the continuance of a system they could have ended at any time. The exact extent of the division and its nature could be seen compendiously and at all times by any one that cared to compare the earthly state of Mr. Carnegie (let us say) with the environments of one of Mr. Carnegie's workingmen. But the workingmen never seemed to make this comparison: hence the grand old game went on pleasantly as before.

The Republican Shibboleth: The Party, Right or Wrong.

One great assistance upon its prosperous way was a device to which future generations will certainly look back with wondering amusement. It was called Loyalty to Party, and the essence of it was that if a man had been born a Republican or had voted the Republican ticket for many years, he must continue to vote the Republican ticket no matter what might be the Republican policy or who might be the Republican candidates or what might be to the man the consequences of Republican success. He must not only vote the Republican ticket but he must also get out and shout madly for Republican orators, and carry torches in Republican parades, and feel elated about Republican victories, no matter whether there was any sense in that or not. And he must despise every man that was not a Republican and regard him as a low creature and an enemy of the country. And he must vote for a bad man for constable on the Republican ticket and not vote for a good man on any other ticket. He must vote the Republican ticket just as he went to church or had family prayers or tried to tell the truth.

Traffic in the "Regular Party Vote"

This singular obsession prevailed enormously through the country and gave rise to the chief asset that the party managers delivered in exchange for campaign subscriptions. It was called the Regular Party Vote. It could be delivered any time for any doctrine or for any man. It could be contracted for as men contract for bricks from a kiln. Immutable, solid, enduring, it could be delivered in chunks or in slices.

And this, too, strange to say, was in some measure the product of the lofty moral enthusiasm in which the party was born, for as men were moved by exalted faith to do great things for the principles of this party they naturally made the party the idol of their worship and conceived it to be the emblem of all things good long after it had in fact fallen far from its original ideals. Among such men party loyalty was a kind of religion, and party doctrine, whatever it might be or in whatsoever shape delivered from the Sinai of the party convention, was accepted with reverence. No such man ever cared to question whether the high protective tariff were good or ill; enough for him that it was in the Republican platform.

Next upon this foundation of rock-rooted

loyalty the party managers could, under the proper conditions, place a considerable element of unattached voters and the men that were apt to neglect the ballot box, and for these the proper conditions were what is called an "aggressive campaign" and "getting out the vote." Beyond these were again the venal voters and the men that were independent on conviction, both steadily increasing factors in the situation.

The necessity for great campaign funds was first chiefly to make "aggressive campaigns" of noise and fictitious enthusiasm and to "get out the vote"; but after a while the venal element came to be very important, until its manipulation was a craft or a business in which both parties had about equal share, varying with the amounts of their respective campaign funds. Thus the business of buying high tariff duties or other governmental favors at the top became colonization, false registration, and wholesale bribing when it had filtered to the bottom, and what was a huge evil at the source was a monstrous crime in the full stream.

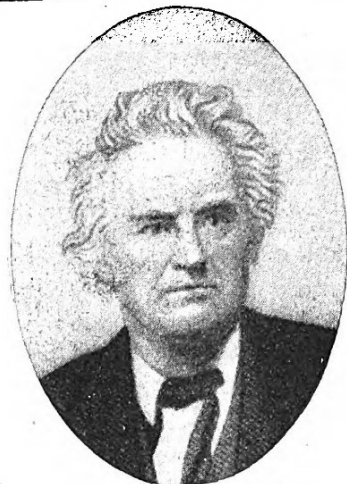
Another noteworthy feature about the alliance between the party managers and the Interests was its marvelous development. It grew day and night like the prophet's gourd or a scandal in a New England village. The tariff steadily created new Interests and every new Interest instantly became a bargainer for more advantages to be obtained at the price of campaign subscriptions. Campaign funds meant an assurance of party victory, and party victory meant offices and power, and thus the vicious circle was complete. I suppose there never could be in this world a party with enough moral stamina to resist such a constriction.

A. Once Splendid Party Becomes a Lackey

The whole thing was rotten and produced a huge crop of still worse rottenness. The example of monstrous fortunes suddenly gathered with the help of the Government through the tariff, started a brood of fortune gatherers that wanted other advantages. If one set of men could prey on the public in one way, another set naturally wanted to prey on it in another way. The Standard Oil Company, of whose law-breaking the famous and comic \$29,000,000 fine covers an infinitesimal part, marshaled the way to corporation knavery. Evolution fell in upon the same side. The sure process of consolidation and improved economy made great corporations inevitable, and the great and enormously powerful corporations became in their turn bargainers with campaign subscriptions, and the once splendid Republican Party, the first breath of whose life had been opposition to the Interests, became of the Interests the bound slave and beaten lackey.

The Interests selected its candidates, wrote its platforms, dominated its conventions, and dictated its policy.

Only one thing kept it then from imminent death. The party that opposed it came to be dominated in the same way, by the same influences, for the same reasons, and to about the same extent. Not quite the same extent, because not being in power in the national Government there was not the same occasion for corruption. So far as national politics was concerned, the Democratic Party was corrupted chiefly as a possibility. It was not in power, but it might be. Therefore the Interests corrupted it also. In some States and in many localities the Democrats were in control of local affairs. In some States and places the Interests were Democratic. They kept careful watch of political drift and veered accordingly. For instance, in 1883 there began in Iowa a widespread popular revolt against Republican rule. I remember sitting in the gallery of the Democratic State Convention that year, and General Weaver, who sat next to me, pointed out on the floor beneath fourteen railroad attorneys and lobbyists that had never before taken



JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS
A Pennsylvania Republican, and Chairman of the Republican National Convention of 1860 that nominated Abraham Lincoln.



OWEN LOVEJOY
He published, at Alton, Illinois, a newspaper that opposed negro slavery. A pro-slavery mob attacked the office, threw the type and press into the river, and shot Lovejoy. This outrage was the occasion of one of Wendell Phillips's noblest orations.



WILLIAM H. SEWARD
He was the favorite candidate for the Republican nomination for President in 1860, and on the first ballot in the convention led all other candidates. He was afterwards Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of State.



GENERAL JAMES B. WEAVER
A brilliant commander in the Civil War, at first a Republican, but driven out of the party when the Interests began to assume control. He was for twenty-five years the ablest anti-Republican in the West. In 1892 he was the Populist candidate for President, and more than a million votes were cast for him.

the least interest in any Democratic convention, and who were now among the most active delegates.

Campaign Funds, Insidious Bribery

I suppose about all this it may be observed that the Interests did not deliberately set out to corrupt our politics and overturn the Republic, and the men that conducted the two parties did not admit their own corruption. The thing was so insidious and so plausible that even a good man might be drawn into it and be unconscious of his own defilement. To gather campaign funds for our party—what harm there? To most men loyalty to their party was hardly less admirable than loyalty to their country, and partisan fervor was a kind of patriotism. Hence, to obtain campaign subscriptions was an act of virtue. And to give liberally to the campaign fund of our party—what harm could lie in that? A man might give to his party as he gave to his church.

But the substance of the thing was a corrupt bargain and sale, nevertheless. At first it was so much money for so much tariff maintained; later it became so much money for so much immunity from the laws. The men that conducted the great combinations like the Standard Oil Company, the Beef Trust, and the railroad companies continually violated the laws and rendered themselves liable to conviction and imprisonment. They were never seriously prosecuted because they were liberal subscribers to the party campaign fund. In other words, exactly and precisely what we execrate a Tammany police captain for doing on a small scale to a wretched dive-keeper the government officers did on a large scale to the great corporations.

Here a very curious fact is to be noted and one likely hereafter to give some joy to the cynical. The men that thus bribed the Government to connive at law-breaking were greatly respected and the foremost citizens of their respective communities. They were, almost without exception, rated as bulwarks of good government, and some of them were actually engaged in denouncing the Tammany police captains at a time when they themselves were sunken to the neck in a more hideous pool of blackmail and bribery.

How the Interests Juggle with the Ballot-Box

To go back a little—for these things in their perfection are of the latter days—the first appearance of the new Interests as a powerful and compelling factor in the affairs of the nation was in 1876-77 when they kept out of the office of President a man that had been fairly and truly elected thereto. Looking back impartially, the evils that came upon us from the national tolerance of this deadly assault upon the Republic seem incalculable. To mention but one, and that enough, it weakened everywhere the sanctity of elections and strengthened everywhere the idea that the Interests could successfully juggle with legislation or the ballot-box. Of course the Interests did not alone and of their sole motion pervert the election of 1876. As usually happens, they were assisted by many conditions, the surviving hatreds of the Civil War, the intensity of partisan feeling, the belief of many good men that nothing but the Republican Party stood between the country and destruction, and that therefore the dominance of the party, however maintained, was necessary and righteous. There were also many compli-

cations concerning the vote in the Southern States, so that many good men could be deceived into a wholly false belief about the case. But the fact remains that the chief source of all the mischief was the Interests, which were threatened with an influence hostile to their Privileges and were therefore inspired to defend themselves at whatever cost to the nation.

Little public record now exists of the fact, but the one thing that saved the country from another civil war at this time was the steadfast refusal of Mr. Tilden to countenance one act of violence in his behalf. In the face of many counselors Mr. Tilden insisted upon a patient acceptance of the situation until it could be righted at the ballot-box. On the whole, too little credit seems to have been given to him for a course of notable moderation and patriotism.

The Useful Art of Distorting the Issues

Four years afterwards, when justice would naturally call for retribution and the smoldering wrath of the country threatened the Interests with disaster, they went another way to work. That year, 1880, saw the first widespread use in national politics of two devices since become of familiar usage. The first was the systematic

purchase of great quantities of votes in doubtful States, and the second, what may be called The Useful Art of Distorting the Issue. The Interests, through a controlled press, assiduously diverted the campaign from its normal channels; and they bought, in Ohio and Indiana (the two States upon which the election of General Garfield depended), whatever votes they needed. Their agents went out and bought openly, as one would buy potatoes or corn, until they knew they had enough.

Four years later, in 1884, all calculations were upset at the last moment by a certain alliterative clergyman, famous in history; but the Interests were never much concerned about the

election of 1884. They had shifted their operations from the election field to the convention hall. It was cheaper to control a convention than to buy an election. The one thing they cared about was the tariff, for legal immunity had not yet become an important corporation Privilege. They arranged that the Democratic platform should pledge the party to protection as clearly as the Republican Party was so pledged, and after that they did not care. In this sudden and lamentable turn of affairs a drought struck the Republican campaign funds and hard times fell in unwonted places, with the result that the election came near being fought out on its merits.

Plutocracy Driven to Vote-Buying

The accidental success of the Democrats made no difference to the Interests until President Cleveland put forth his amazing tariff message of 1887, a thing that fairly flung the glove in the face of the great protected corporations of the United States. They instantly set out to achieve his defeat, and made a thorough job of the work

in hand. In the ensuing campaign of 1888 the tactics of 1880 were necessarily repeated (since Cleveland's message had made control of the Democratic platform impossible), and what had been "soap" in Indiana in 1880 now became "blocks of five," or "addition, division, and silence." Probably there was in this year more vote-buying and less concealment about it than had ever been known in the country; and however much the public might recoil at the revelations and the plain appearance of what was then for the first time called "plutocracy," the fruits of the purchases were solid and undeniable. A man that had ventured to oppose the Interests had been properly crushed, and the Interests celebrated their victory with a new tariff, increased duties, and greater profits, from which they doubtless amply recouped all their expenditures. In this they were but just in time; two years later the public disgust swept them from the control of the lower house of Congress and threatened them with a similar reverse in the next Presidential election.

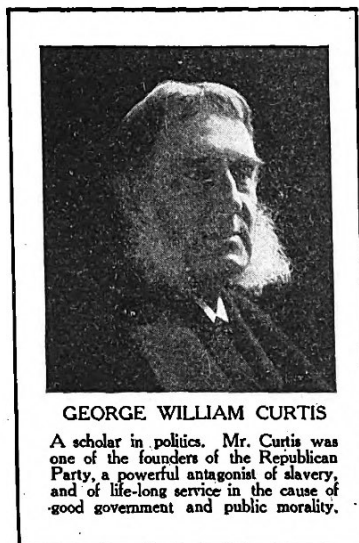
The Constitution as a Life-Preserver

And we should carefully note here that one of the bulwarks of the power of the Interests has been found in the peculiar form of our Government by which the people are debarred from a rational control over their affairs and a party that no longer possesses the confidence of a nation may still continue to rule it. The Constitution makers whose fears of the people led them to create this anomalous and highly artificial condition had no idea of the trouble they were making for the future. Many times after the Interests had secured control of the Republican Party the wrathful country decreed to oust the Republicans from power, and as many times the Interests were saved by the Constitution. The displeasure of the people could go no further than to change the complexion of the House of Representatives. The rest of the Government remained as before.

At the Presidential election of 1892 the situation changed a little, for the interests reverted to the plan of 1884 (which had been found to be cheap and efficient), and secured control of both parties by securing control of certain leaders. There had also developed other Interests than the Protected Interests. The trusts and the banks (having practically the same owners) were now more important than the manufacturers, and these made sure at the very beginning that they should have nothing to fear. What campaign funds the Interests contributed that year were evenly divided between the two great parties [This has been testified to under oath by a great trust magnate.] and this division materially reduced the normal Republican supply. Partly for this reason, and more because of the

surviving public disgust with the previous election, the Democrats won. It was a victory sweeping enough to carry into Congress many independent and uncontrolled spirits, and much careful work was necessary before the Wilson Tariff Bill could be mangled into the Gorman substitute. But this was done in the highest style of the art, the Other Interests were bountifully cared for, and all went well in Washington.

That is, all went well except for the increasing signs of a widespread popular revolt. This was unfortunate in rallying about a doctrine of money that could be easily confused and perverted, but the main-spring of the uprising was disgust with the Interests.



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS
A scholar in politics. Mr. Curtis was one of the founders of the Republican Party, a powerful antagonist of slavery, and of life-long service in the cause of good government and public morality.



SAMUEL J. TILDEN

Democratic candidate for President in 1876 against Rutherford B. Hayes. In the disastrous complications that followed the election, Mr. Tilden stood firm for peaceful submission to the Electoral Commission's verdict, and by his patriotic course averted an outbreak of violence.

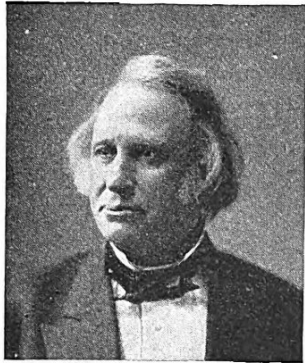
In this threatening aspect of affairs there appeared a man that had for corrupt politics a genius not less than colossal. Mr. Hanna gathered from the terrified Interests a campaign fund that eclipsed any fund previously collected in this country, a fund approximating fifteen million dollars. With this he went forth and bought votes in wholesale consignments. He bought votes where they were needed and where they were not, by single votes and by the thousand.

Five weeks before election day the Republican managers were suddenly seized with a panic, and Mr. Hanna, in the classic phrase, "shook down" practically every corporation and money institution in the country. Some phases of this panic were extremely comic, as, for instance, when the railroads, under the influence of the fright, put great numbers of men at work in States where Republican success was absolutely certain. Yet some of the results were both pleasant and enduring. I know where there is a fine farm and farmhouse that rewarded the efforts of one gentleman who adroitly "threw a scare" into Mr. Hanna at the right time.

The money was piled knee deep around the polling places, and where there were not enough votes that could be legally cast others were manufactured. From 1896 to 1900 the country continued to grow in population, and yet the records show that the number of votes alleged to have been cast in 1896 exceeded by more than one million the number of votes cast in 1900.

The Bargain Sale of 1904

This was probably the summit of political corruption in this country. It had cost so much that in 1904 the Interests had recourse to the cheaper methods of 1884. They secured control of the Democratic Convention, nominated a candidate whose defeat was absolutely assured, and were able to get along with largely reduced contributions in the campaign.



HENRY WILSON

One of the most admirable of the early Republicans. A Massachusetts man of lofty character and unselfish patriotism. Mr. Wilson was Vice-President of the United States in Grant's second term, and had previously been a member of the Senate, where he had a notable record as an opponent of slavery.

Meantime there had come over conditions in the country a tremendous change. The supremacy of the corporations and the Interests had become as the supremacy of the slaveholding interests had become in 1850—a national scandal. The Republican Party found itself in exactly the position of the old Democratic Party before the war. Born to oppose the Interests, it had ended by becoming their chattel. The efforts to revive dead issues failed, and a President that ventured to oppose the controlling Interests only hastened the death of his party by revealing to all men how far that party differed from him. When the efforts to curb corporation power came to be scanned, their practical futility was apparent. Even a well-intentioned executive could not wrest the real control of the party machinery from the Interests, and men of the stamp of Cannon and Aldrich continued to shape the policies and prepare the platforms. In these conditions the campaign just ended partook of a funereal character. The orators roared, the bands blared, the fireworks burned and the editors toiled, and nobody cared a hang. Such a Presidential campaign had not been seen in this country in almost a century. The curtains had been torn away, and men perceived at last the hands that moved the manikins. With weary apathy the great mass of voters looked upon the whole dull show. Such as took the trouble to read the turgid rhetoric in which the party platforms were clothed could see no difference between them, and the only phase of the cam-

paign that awakened a spark of interest in any human breast was a series of revelations that both of the great parties were equally besmirched with the tainted money of the Interests.

The Death of Partisan Spirit

The old partisan spirit was dead at last. Republicans jeered openly at the party once sacred to them, and thousands of men once fervent in Republican loyalty would not take the trouble to register. When one of the foremost Republican newspapers of the country mistook the tariff plank of the Republican platform for an utterance of the opposition and proceeded to assault it, it was obvious to all that the end had come. There was no campaign because as between the two great parties there was no longer any ground for choice, and the election of Mr. Taft, instead of indicating party vitality was the final evidence of party decline; for millions of men voted for him without the slightest concern for or knowledge of the party declarations on which, by a convenient fiction, he was supposed to stand.

The Republican Party being obviously owned by the Interests, and therefore defunct had avoided the only vital issue of the times, and at its stale platitudes and ridiculous bombast concerning the things long moribund men laughed and sneered. Nothing in the world preserved it from falling apart of its own decay but the one

fact that its opponent was similarly owned, similarly manipulated, similarly defunct. In a number of States the electorate in sheer disgust disregarded the party columns entirely and scanned the ballot for the names of honest men.

As is the race of leaves so is the race of parties. To this melancholy downfall had come the party of Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson, Thaddeus Stevens and Abraham Lincoln, and all for one reason. It had ceased to mean anything to the great cause of man—and when that happens to a party or to a person in this world the party or the person is dead.



MARK HANNA

The Republican manager of the campaign of 1896, whose methods reduced corruption to an accurate science. He handled the funds supplied by the Interests for the control of the election.

THE BARMECIDES By BANNISTER MERWIN

THEY lord it high at their feast—
Banker, lawyer, priest;
They mouth, they mumble, they nod
To money, to law, to God,
While at the gate the people wait—
The hungry folk of low estate.

Once, when three men had eaten well,
They called a worker to their table,
And said, "Come, eat what you are able,
And hear what we may tell."

The worker sat, and servants brought him
Rich, golden platters, shining glassware—
A Caesar's wealth lay in a mass there,
And then the three besought him.

"Pray, try this roast,"—the banker proffered—
"I will satisfy your keen digestion."
"Some wine?"—it was the lawyer's question,
The priest a napkin offered.

The worker looked, and lo! the dishes
Were bare, and empty were the glasses.
His was the face of one who passes
A life of unmet wishes.

And while he wondered, servants entered
And cleared the board. His hosts were smiling
Their sleek good-will. With words beguiling,
Their gaze on him they centered.

"Be thankful," thus the three addressed him,
"That you have sat with us at dinner;
What matter if your cheeks be thinner!"
And then the priest confessed him.

And so they sent him to his fellows.
He stumbled like a sick man falling;
Long heard they him afar off calling
In strange and uncouth bellows:

"These are the ones we set above us,
We give them work and work is money,
And so they live on milk and honey;
Small wonder that they love us!"

Oh, you, who dole out empty dishes,
Who grudge the poor a saving penny,
Remember One who fed the many—
Five loaves and two small fishes.

Remember One, of all the others,
Who saw the emptiness of station,
And taught that men will find salvation
By simply being brothers.

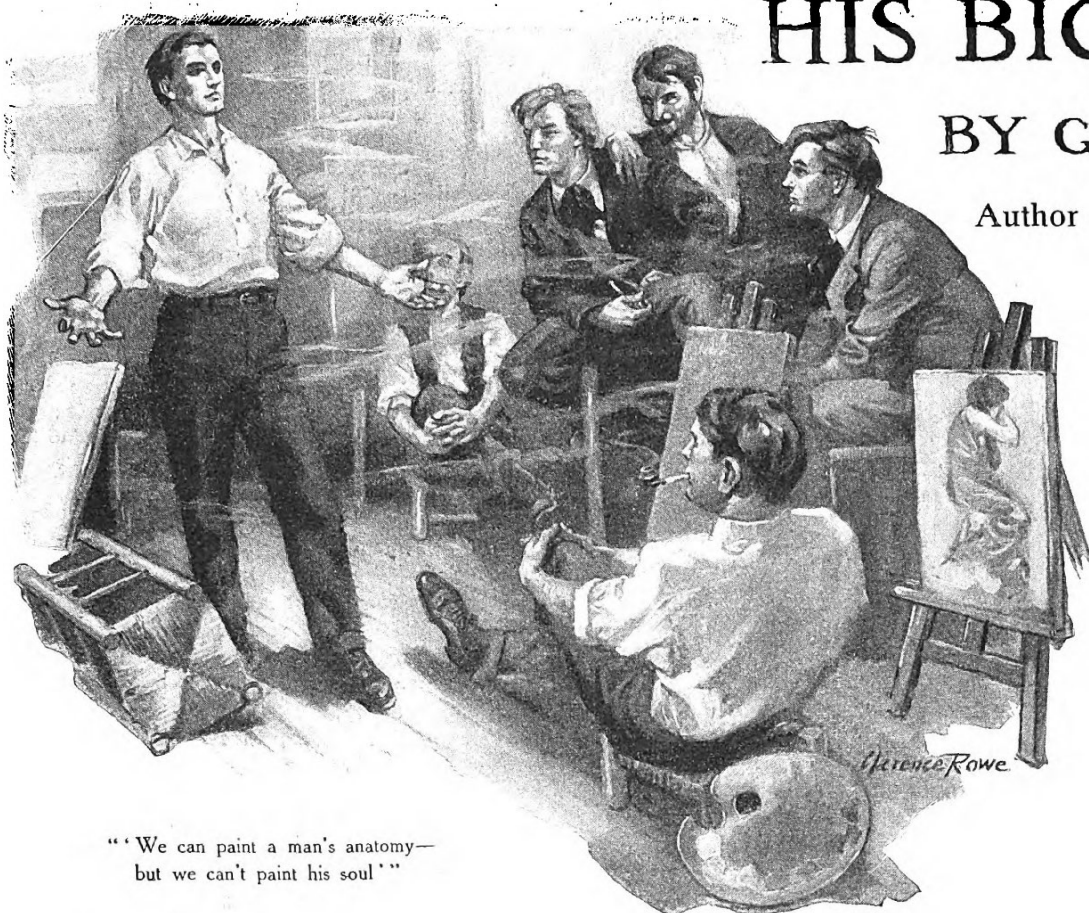
*The lights are bright at the board;
There are flowers and shining ware,
Each with his separate hoard,
The kings of earth are there.
But at the gate the people wait—
The hungry folk of low estate.*

HIS BIG PICTURE

BY G.B. LANCASTER

Author of "Sons O' Men," "The Spur," etc.

Illustrations by
CLARENCE ROWE



"We can paint a man's anatomy—
but we can't paint his soul!"

he can't help it, of course. He's built that way. But he'll find it won't pay."

"He dropped a lot at Randwick last week, too," said Charlie May, wisely. "Won't be giving any more theater suppers this little while, I guess."

"His troubles! He'll grin over a crust if he's happy and growl over turtle-soup if he is n't. He's not happy now. You leave him alone, Heriot—unless you're game to take the same position as turtle-soup."

Sprague spoke sense and the men knew it, and lazily gathered their belongings together, with little spurts of squabble and talk. Jim did not heed them. He had come to the northern window white-sick with fury; and the calm, gray harbor, already pricked with lights, was giving her message to his fiery artist-soul. Scarlet

of afterglow lay along South Head and the reach of sea beyond the Mosman Bluffs; and across the scarlet, as though drawn by a thread, a ship went out to distant lands; her stately sails part furled and glinting as she swayed, and the smoke of her tug lying black and heavy athwart her beam. Something of Jim's soul leaped out to her as he saw; and he knew it by the sharp stab of desire that brought his teeth hard together on his pipe-stem.

Then he dropped his eyes from her to the blank windows opposite, and very gently he cursed them. For Sydney and all that it meant was the spider-web that tangled his feet, holding him from the free life that owes not anything to any man.

"Jimmie"—it was Little Heriot's voice, pleading and somewhat uncertain—"Jimmie, we heard you'd got a com. to do up the by-election man—what-his-name? Come an' tell us about it. Sprague's eternally gassing of his bloated coms. an'—"

The widows rattled with the sudden bellow of laughter. Sprague's commissions had been the portrait of a prize cow and the draft for an electioneering poster, and he blushed himself purple when any man spoke of them. Jim swung round. His mouth was smiling, but there was that in his face which Little Heriot, the baby—and he only—knew for the soul-fret. And when the soul-fret fires a man's veins that man must go out—and alone. This is one of Nature's own laws.

"I've done him—all but his legs," he said. "I had to give him my own hands. The original articles are sausages an' they didn't look well on canvas. He means to bring his wife along—if Macleay an' I think green velvet a showy enough color. If not, I'll have to wait till she gets another dress. It's Art, of course; for the public pay for it and they know the real thing—they say so. An' I must do the lady, of course, because it will pay me—Macleay says so this time. But I'm—if I'm goin' to!"

Sprague looked up from his pipe-scraping. There was power in Jim for which he himself would have given his finger nails; but he did not understand that other power which forbade Jim to take the easy track and called him out among the thorns.

"What more d' you want?" he demanded.

THE hot sun struck levelly across the harbor and the roofs of Sydney. It found Macleay's Studio on the fifth floor of a sky-raker facing west; slid light among the litter of dropped pipes and paint-tubes and kicked-off shoes along the floor; reddened the left foot of the half-naked model on the dais and Little Heriot's yellow hair, and went out behind the blue-hazed hills up-river as though some one had pinched it with finger and thumb. The blur of quick-coming tropic night swam into the room, and the blaring whistle of an outgoing steamer shrilled up from the harbor to make Cotton jump and drop his chalks.

"Time, gentlemen."

Macleay put down the oil-rag with which he was rubbing out Charlie May's blue flesh-tints, slipped into his coat, and halted at the door.

"On Thursday—at the same hour," he said, as he had said unfailingly to many generations of students through the last twenty years. Then his little rubber-heeled boots padded noiselessly down the unending stairs; for Macleay would no more use the lift than he would use the knife for high-light effects in a water-color.

And then twelve men spoke at once, and flung paints and sponges at each other and put derelict shoes under the seltzogene-tap, and fell among the wreckage in joyful, detached bear fights, such as are necessary for the body and soul of the healthy human animal who has endured according to another man's rule for three heated hours.

"In the mornin'," sang Little Heriot, riding Sprague's prostrate body as a child rides a pillow—"We're all goin' to heaven in the mornin'!"

Sprague overturned him, spanked him, and took up the burden in his great bass:

"In the morning—the morning!" Tommy, you young——! Come off my canvas!"

Little Heriot leaped from the long arm to the dais; caught at the navvy, who was yet shaking the stiffness from his limbs, and turned him into the famous statues of ancient history, one by one, with suitable and voluble explanation on the top note of his shrill Australian voice.

Some fell silent to listen. One or two threw the things nearest them. All regarded him in the tolerant, easy-going humor that is part of the Australian hall-mark—along with other things.

The other things showed in their bodies—now stripped to shirt and trousers in the blistering heat, and carrying the slow, half-languid movements which give little hint of the sudden, swift punishment which most Australians know how to deal out at the knuckle-point—in the set of their heads; in the general suggestion of capability which will send a youth out into the Back Country with no other equipment than his horse and his tongue.

"Oh! a howler!" shouted Hartopp, and flipped a white paint-brush against Little Heriot's neck. "It was Andromeda bailed up on the rock, not Andromache. Murphy does n't look like her, anyway."

"He does his possible; don't you, Spuds? Well; get a-long an' pull your shirt on, then. My faith! I wish I could go through town in your rig-out to-night. It's hotter than it's ever goin' to be in the next world." He snatched up a half-emptied tumbler of soda-water and poured it over his head. "The sea'll fizz when I get into her, poor old beast!" he said. "Jim, you—why—well, I'm particularly blest! What's up with Jim, you fellows?"

Across the dimming canvases and the jumbled signs of their craft the men looked down to the gray light of the northern window and the big slim-flanked figure strapping up his tools before it. Jim had taken no part in the horse-play and the laughter. Generally he headed it, and brought them, bubbling with mirth, into the narrow, twisted, familiar streets. Now he turned his back on them and sang, underbreath, Du Maurier's little song which has more of half-bitter derision in it than any other song the artist may know:

"A little prayer that when we die
We reap our sowing, and then—good-by!"

"What's got him?" demanded Little Heriot, his light eyes staring.

Cotton sniggered.

"Guess he's not expecting much of a crop if he does n't reap more than his sowing," he said. "He's a lazy dog except when he likes."

"Old Mac's been getting his knife into him," said Hartopp. "And Jim won't stand it much longer. He wants to dab his colors on off his own bat, an' if he sees purple shadows where Mac says they're blue he puts purple. Well,

"Mac's building up a school and it's going to be the fashion directly. That's a sure gamble. We're getting outside work already—you get three coms. to our one. And then you swear at 'em! What in the nation do you want, man?"

Jim lifted one eyebrow. It was a trick he had and gave the suggestion of a dog cocking an ear in tolerant amusement.

"Yes; that's right," he said. "Mac's building up a school, and he's mortising us all down into boards for the building till we'll be so near alike that a flea won't be able to bite Sprague without making Charlie scratch. We'll be a school. Oh, yes!—school o' whales or porpoises or art or any blessed thing you like. It's all the same when you lose your individualism. We're each settin' out to be beastly, bad imitators of Macleay, an' we're each goin' to get rock-walled into our styles directly, an' then—may the public help us, for Heaven won't. We don't deserve it."

"But it's the public we need," said Charlie May, in unconscious irreverence.

Jim laughed again. But there was contempt in it now—contempt for himself and for these men and for the old life which something, he scarcely knew what, had just killed. But he knew it for dead—this life of the jargon and slang of the studio; of the reek of stale smoke and paints and oils and breath-laden air in the heat; of the hidden jealousies and generous congratulation when one man was taken and the other left; of the dear, careless, Bohemian comradeship; of the rigid reading-down of Art by Macleay to "the style that pays"; and of the gradual narrowing, through disuse, of that divine originality which God gave us, each one, as a birthday gift to play with, and which we break, too often, just because others have broken theirs.

Through his terms at Macleay's Studio Jim had thrown all force of brain and heart against the tide more than a half-dozen times. Always it had left him, penniless and battered, on the shingle of the undertow, until Macleay believed that time had tamed him. But the by-elector's wife had brought him to his feet again, stripping for the plunge, and Harrison said, half-understanding:

"You're made so you can't help kicking, and one time in a hundred that's genius. But the other ninety-nine it's just pig-headedness. Well?"

Jim stretched up his long arms, linking them behind the black head; and his eyes passed the crowded figures in the dusky room to pick up one little cloud like a blood-drop on the bosom of the eastern sky.

"When I'm at Dead Finish perhaps I'll come back an' prove I'm a blue duck," he said lazily. "An' perhaps I won't. I'm not goin' to be Macleay's cornerstone any more, though. That's straight! He wants to take the edges off my style an' he's not going to—if I know it. They belong there."

Then suddenly he stood up before them and battered their gay Australian carelessness with hot words.

"Oh, what a lot of rotters we are!" he cried. "We can paint a man's anatomy—most of us—but we can't paint his soul. We don't try. We don't know how—an' we'll never learn here. I'm goin' away to learn to paint a soul. It isn't done with a brush or a palate-knife or

old Mac purring at your elbow. I know that much. You've got to hurt somebody to get the real thing—yourself or the model. I don't know which, an' I don't care. But you've got to find the soul, an' that means jogging your own up a bit, I take it. An' when I come back, folks'll buy any stuff I choose to give 'em, an' come whinin' for more."

Voice and words had roughened; a vein showed down his forehead, and for the instant his face was purely savage. For that individuality which proves a man immortal was crying out in him and tearing from him the last smothering ordinances of Macleay's rule.

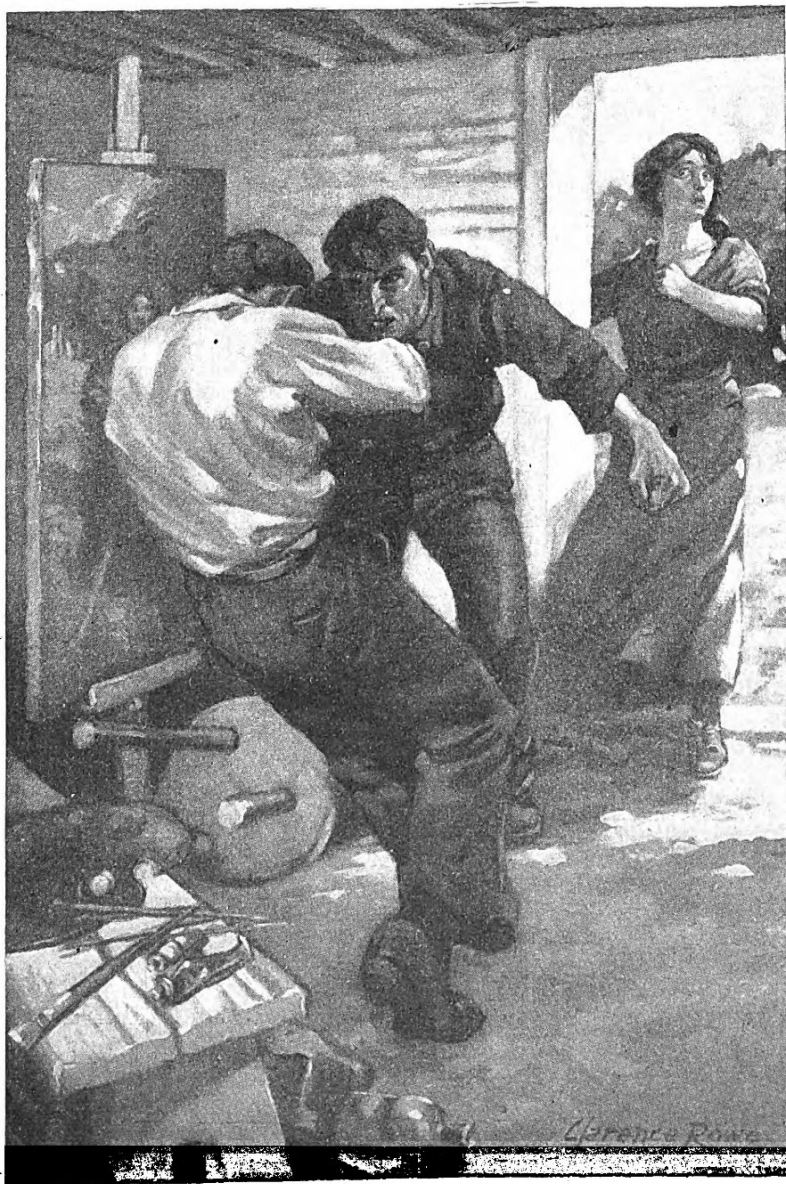
There was a little silence. In the dusk men gathered up hats and coats silently in obedience to the warning strike of the clock. Sprague stood very still; his hand yet on the canvas that he had turned to the wall and his lips pressed close. He too might lift Art above the stock and trade of daily usage; but—Then Curran spoke for all, tersely:

"Oh, rats! What you'll hurt will be your possible bank-balance of the future. Don't be a giddy ass, Jim. You're always talking through your hat. And you're always putting in the strong lights before you've done your outlines. You stick to Old Mac and he'll make us the rage and then we can paint what we like."

"We can't! Good heavens, boys; don't you understand! It will be too late then—too late!"

The passion in his voice shook the men. They stared at his white face in the dim light; at the blaze in his eyes and the muscle twitching in his throat where the loose shirt fell away. The tenseness of his body and brain held them dominated, and even Cotton's hand dropped from the little fair mustache which he was eternally fingering.

Sprague spoke at last, with a hard-drawn breath—for he had chosen.



"Then Steve was on him; striking with all the mad fury of a baresark"

"Oh, yes! That sounds all right enough. But we know that Mac's style pays and we know that our own might n't have an earthly! We don't all want to slap paint on by the bushel an' scrape it off again an' leave high and low lights that'll jump at you like a cat in the dark. I know you want to do up the by-elector's wife in three swirls of the brush and a dab with the mahlstick instead of a green velvet gown, but—"

Here Jim laughed, crossed over to Little Heriot, and flung an arm about his neck.

"All serene," he said. "I leave you the lady in my will, Sprague. Remember that she specially asked for a vase of flowers on the table by her elbow. Come along, kiddie. We'll go down to the sea an' get the taste of this out of our mouths."

Little Heriot knew Jim. He said nothing throughout the twenty-minutes tram-ride under the moon to Coogee. He said nothing when the warm placid waters of the Pacific murmured round the black head and the yellow, and the two men dived and swam and fought the incoming tide until exhaustion drove little Little Heriot to the shelter of the sand-hills and Jim followed, dripping and glowing with keen life. They lay outstretched on the yet hot sand, with the moon pouring its silver on them; and the lazy splash of waves and the distant laughter of a child in a lighted house back on the beach came to them intermittently. Then Jim broke silence:

"I'm goin' West next week, kid—humping bluey!"

Little Heriot nodded. All the restless men go West. The wind of the wide spaces draws them and its glamour holds them while they drink Life's cup fully, or sip it, or spill it, according to the nature that is in them. Jim would drink fully and without caution. Boy though he was, Little Heriot knew it.

"I'd know that you'd come back with the Big Picture," he said slowly. "But—you care too much for the side-alley, Jim. An' they're a waste of breath and—heart."

Jim bit a length of bent-grass in his sharp teeth and tickled a home-going ant with the end of it.

"Can't help it," he said. "I must be true to the original man that is in me. But I'm goin' to do the Big Picture, kid, an' I must do it on my own lines. I know something, an' I'll find out the rest if I have to track it till the cows come home." He chuckled, with his young, strong-lined face upturned to the arch of stars.

"Lord, lord!" he said. "Won't Mac be mad when I come home an' start a school of my own! Every man who copies another shall be struck dead an' made to apologize, an' the man who paints by order shall be outcast. I won't have you very long, Tommy."

He drew in his feet and stood up with swift spring of muscle. Then he turned Little Heriot over with his foot.

"Get into your togs," he said. "We'll go back an' have dinner directly. But I must have another swill first. I'm drunk to-night, I think—drunk on freedom. And I'll drink again—to the Big Picture—afterwards."

He raced down over the sand-slopes, his skin showing silver-white as a fish in the moonshine; cut the slow, level breakers like a

[Concluded on page 56]

MAKING ENDS MEET ON

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER



OW that President Roosevelt with his characteristic vigor has determined that the life of the farm family must be made "less solitary, fuller of opportunity, freer from drudgery, more comfortable, hap-

pier, and more attractive," must be "improved, dignified, and brightened," there are many of us who believe that the hours of the old rural régime are numbered, and that the uttermost Arcadians are soon to taste the comfort and joy and stimulus of modernity.

We believe that this revolution is coming as the result of great economic changes. Cooperation in buying, selling, and borrowing; union between the farmers' organizations and the state and national agricultural departments which means, above all, more scientific methods in farming—these will put money into the farmer's pocket.

His desires will also tend to keep pace with his income. He will want telephones, baths, better food, electric lines, better educational facilities, and so on. It will cost him more to live.

On the threshold, then, of this new era, it may be well to pause and take stock of present conditions. What sort of establishment does the small American farmer of to-day keep up; and what does it cost him?

These questions are easier to ask than to answer. Statistics will not do. In the first place they are dry, inert, de-humanized things, and often misleading. In the second place there are no statistics that cover the ground.

But if the general is ruled out, at least the particular may be found illuminating. Let us visit a typical farming town—say Laban, New Hampshire—and, to avoid all risk of pessimistic exaggeration, let us study the most prosperous establishment there, which is the Badger Farm.

"Badger's" consists of one hundred and fifty acres of field, pasture, and woodland spread out pleasantly on a flat hill near Mount Washington.

There are two barns of rough, unpainted boards, both of which are shingled on one side, to protect the more delicate live stock from the fierce blasts of the White Mountain winter.

"We'd shingle them all over if we had the price," declared "Pa" Badger.

There are no contrivances whatever under the stalls for catching and preserving the most valuable part of the manure—that which alone stands between the soil and bankruptcy. What has been saved is piled in the barn-yard, in terrible proximity to the well, and exposed to the sun and the rain which bleach and wash away its few remaining virtues. And then "Pa" Badger wonders why the single crop of hay is so thin and why it does n't pay to try and raise grain!

It takes some fifty dollars a year to keep the three buildings in repair, with paint for the house and wire netting for the hen-yard.

What "Pa" Badger Has to Work With

Badger Farm boasts the following machinery. The old man went the rounds with me and recited the cost of each piece with a comfortable air of proprietorship: mowing-machine, \$45; plow, \$8; harrow, \$18; cultivator, \$7; horse-rake, \$20; cream-separator, \$75; combination wagon and wain, \$50; buggy, \$50; wagon sleds (two), \$30; sets of harness (two), \$90. Total, \$393.

The average life of these necessities is fifteen years, making their annual cost about twenty-six dollars. Twenty-five dollars a year keeps them in repair, and the smaller

THE President of the United States has crystallized a wide-spread feeling that the farmer is not getting his share of the country's prosperity; that for the wealth he is producing, he is not reaping his reward in comforts and opportunities. In support of this contention Mr. Schauffler sets forth here the story of the Badger Farm, in New Hampshire, as typical of the Eastern phase of the problem. When you have read about those worn-out dollars of Asa Judd's and that disappointing lecture on Scotland, you will agree that we have an unperformed duty toward rural America.

implements and tools cost four dollars; so that the annual bill for machinery is fifty-five dollars.

"Pa" Badger keeps seven cows, twenty-one sheep, two hogs, two horses, and one hundred hens. The team of horses cost four hundred dollars, and can be worked ten years and then sold—barring accidents—for one hundred dollars. So that each horse costs fifteen dollars a year "let alone his fodder." Something over thirty dollars is invested yearly in other accessions to the farm menagerie.

The live stock eat 150 bushels of corn, at \$.90; 100 bushels of oats, at \$.60; 25 tons of hay, at \$10; and one ton of bran, at \$30; while it costs one dollar a year to board each hen.

The farm is responsible for two hundred rods of wire fence, at fifty-five cents (for wire, cedar posts, and extra "help"), and its life is fifteen years, making the annual cost a round seven dollars.

The Melancholy Parlor

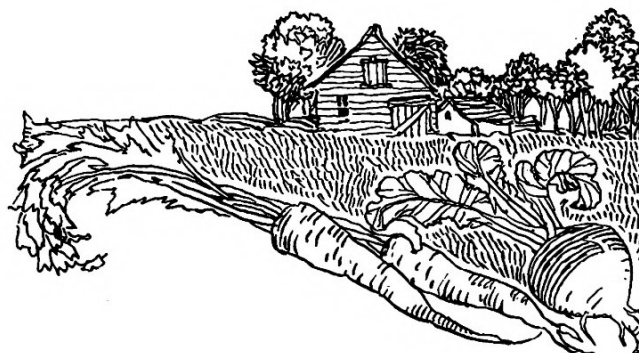
Visitors, however, are not shown into the barn at first but into the darkened parlor, where the best carpet is covered with good, old-fashioned, hand-woven rag rugs. There is a center-table, devoted to the family Bible and the inevitable red plush photo-album; there are the venerable hair-cloth armchair and the great-grandmother's gaily painted wooden rocking-chair, beside a few less well-favored children of the modern chair factory. Cheap lace curtains are at the windows, and, on the walls, crayon portraits of the sterling generation that went before. The other pictures are the sort of lithographs that went with a pound of tea in the early eighties: an impossible maiden of fifteen at prayer, or entertaining kittens with the air of a coquette of thirty-five, or tripping, flower-laden, through a glade of two dimensions. Dominating all are the vulgar wooden arabesques of the melodeon; but these are offset by the authentic, farm-like touch of the old brick fireplace, where a blackened kettle still swings on the crane.

The modern metropolitan is always yearning to return to nature. The farmer longs blindly to be "citified." It is an ineradicable part of human nature, this

... devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow,

and the Badgers' parlor is a pathetic type of millions of such rural shrines dedicated to this ideal.

The bedrooms of many farmhouses are small and indifferently lighted and ventilated; but here they are large, bright,



A NEW ENGLAND FARM

well carpeted, and fitted with stout, ample furniture. The dining-room floor is bare. Here you get a first whiff of the real farm atmosphere and you may feel on the wall where the old bake-oven has been bricked up. You do not catch the essence of the house, however, until you come to the kitchen with its plain comfort and geniality and its great stove that has taken the place of the more picturesque hearth of olden times. In winter this is the only warm place in the house. Here the family gathers at every season. It is "the very pulse of the machine." It is the place where all the members of the household are most at their ease and where one may come to know them.

Injured in the War with Nature

There are four in the family.

"Pa" Badger is a genial man of seventy-one who has long been crippled by spinal trouble brought on by working a one-hundred-and-fifty-acre farm single-handed and with oxen instead of horses. He is a man of no small distinction, for he has twice been a representative in the state legislature. "Ma" Badger is a magnificent woman of fifty-five who looks strong as a Titan but is already succumbing to a life of fierce, incessant toil at cooking, cleaning house, washing, churning, spinning, weaving, and keeping hens. Mrs. Judd, her only child, is an invalid, so almost the entire burden of the establishment falls on "Ma" Badger and her son-in-law.

Asa Judd is a splendid specimen of manhood. Without any making up he is the ideal stage farmer. He is built on as powerful, graceful lines as the fine great horses he drives. His hair is curly, his features perfect and his blue eyes are filled with kindly humor. He shows the good-natured tolerance of the St. Bernard dog in all his walk and conversation; and as local tax-collector he has more than once been known to pay a delinquent's poll-tax himself rather than put a fellow creature in the lock-up.

"He's a killin' of himself just as my John done," said "Ma" Badger to me one day, "luggin' this old farm around his neck. And yet I never knowed him to complain. Does beat all! Day in and day out he's that light-hearted as if he was heapin' hay in the wain fer a moonlight picnic.

"And the way he works!" she went on. "Want to know what that young man gets through in the course of one day?"

She started her enumeration and I put it on paper for the edification of the dwellers in cities.

Asa Judd's day (September 21, 1908): Four o'clock, rise; let hens out; build kitchen fire; fill kettle; bring in water from well; fill woodbox; feed horses; get cows in; milk them. Six o'clock, breakfast. Six-thirty, feed cows; separate milk; feed hogs and calf; hitch calf in yard; turn

horses out; clean out their stalls; turn cows out; clean out their stalls; clean out cow yard; get cabbages for summer cottager; dig out chunk of ice for another; eight to twelve, work in field. Twelve o'clock, dinner; bring in water. One to five, work in field. Five o'clock, bring in wood; feed horses; bring in water; milk; turn out cows; clean out after them; supper; separate milk; take calf into barn; feed hogs and calf; rest up a bit. Nine-thirty, bed.

"No," said "Ma" Badger, "we can't afford no hired help except durin' hayin' season."

A few days after this recital a young Vermonter came along the road repairing the telephone line. He neglected his work for two hours to tell me how lazy the New Hampshire farmers were.

The family spends, all told, only eighty dollars a year on clothes, for farm wear is of the roughest, and "best" lasts a long time where there's no church to dress up for; where the nearest town with stores is six miles distant and the women-folk do not "get to go" there more than once a month. Then, too, "Ma" and her daughter still spin and weave their own stockings and mittens and blankets from the wool of their own sheep.

Vegetarians by Necessity

The Badger table is a decided advance over the pitiful fare of so many farmers. This is because

"Ma" is a gifted cook and a woman of extraordinary vitality. The potato is the staple of their diet. Baked beans and eggs largely take the place of meat, for they can not afford to buy beef from the itinerant butcher at twenty-eight cents a pound, nor even to keep and use their fresh meat which they are forced to sell at five cents a pound. In the winter they have a little salt-pork and corned-beef. Chickens are rare luxuries, for "Ma" is so overworked that she can seldom find time to prepare them. In the summer they have their own corn, peas, string-beans, and lettuce. Bread, butter, pie, doughnuts, oatmeal, coffee, and milk complete the menu.

As for the food of the spirit, the Badger farm is badly off indeed. They own a mere handful of books and a few old magazines. They take in an anæmic, little "boiler-plate" newspaper, from a neighboring town, and a moribund farm journal, whose function is the suppression of everything enlightening in the way of modern agricultural methods or modern living. A single monthly periodical is their only real link with the culture of the twentieth century, and it is devoured every month by all the family with an eagerness that goes to one's heart.

But these brave folk miss people more than they miss literature. And the loneliness of their seven months of winter is appalling.

"Sometimes," says "Ma" Badger to me, "when the snow covers everything I'll step out into our dooryard and listen and strain my ears, and not be able to catch one single sound. And something uncanny creeps right up my back. It seems then as though there wa'n't another person in the whole world. Them times I could go real crazy ef I did n't keep tight holt o' myself. Friendly to you? Why we have to be! They's only three families on Laban Hill."

Gospel Hymns, Peanuts, and a Lecture

A plain, austere life they lead, almost unenriched by luxuries or even extravagances. True, they have the old melodeon on which, of a Sunday, Mrs. Judd painfully wheezes out a few Gospel hymns. They long now with all their souls for a graphophone; but that instrument will

[Continued on page 45]



FAKE ART AND THE MILLIONAIRE

How American Collectors are Plundered by European Dealers in Pictures and Antiquities

If Corot had worked seventy-five hours a day for seventy-five years, he could n't have painted all the Corots that are floating about the world.
Henri Rochefort.

If Raphael painted all the pictures attributed to him, he must have lived two or three centuries.
Paul Eudel.

J'ai acheté à l'hôtel Drouot seize toiles de maîtres ou seize mètres de toile, je ne sais pas au juste.—Collector's Joke.

ALAS for the rich collector! Especially the rich American collector who has taken up his art fad late in life, as an afterthought, let us say, without thorough knowledge or cultivated taste, and who fancies that the filling of his galleries with masterpieces and rare curios is merely a matter of cabling agents and signing checks. Poor man, he has fallen upon evil days!

Few Honest Art Dealers in Europe

I was talking about this the other evening with M. Henri Rochefort, the most brilliant authority in Paris on art matters.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that the chances to-day of an American millionaire in the European art market are shockingly bad. The demand for fine pictures is enormous; it has far surpassed the supply, and is steadily increasing. Every one who can afford it wants his private gallery; even people of modest fortune have an old masterpiece or so, as they have an automobile. Consequently the prices of pictures have risen, risen, risen, until the temptation to fraud has become irresistible. There is no longer such a thing as an honest art dealer, or, if some exceptional dealer happens to be honest, he is sure to be incompetent."

"And the art experts?" I asked.

"Worse than the dealers," he declared. "Why should they know anything about art? They are stable boys to-day, art experts to-morrow. One of the most successful art experts in Paris was a bill-poster a few years ago. Any one may be an art expert who chooses to put up a sign. There are no qualifications, no diploma. A man simply calls himself an art expert and that settles it. And these are the fellows you rich Americans deal with. *Quel malheur!*"

"You see how it all works out," continued M. Rochefort. "An artist is successful, he wins popular favor. It is Corot. Or Turner. Or Theodore Rousseau. Or Gainsborough. Or Diaz. Or Ziem. Naturally these men try to supply the demand for their work; they want the money, they enjoy the fame. So they paint tirelessly; they paint hundreds, thousands of pictures—Ziem says he has painted ten thousand—and these pictures are sold and scattered over the world. With all their industry, however, such artists can never satisfy the increasing clamor for their canvases, and, unfortunately, the more they produce the more opportunity there is for fakery. Who can remember all their pictures; or take

note of constant shiftings from owner to owner, from city to city? Who can say whether so many Henners in Russia, so many Daubignys in Germany have been copied or tampered with; whether this lot of Rembrandts in America or Sir Joshuas in South Africa are genuine or not?

"Only the artist himself could decide absolutely, and the artist is usually dead or presently dies, leaving a free field to imitators and falsifiers and disreputable dealers who spring up everywhere and reap a harvest through the dead man's reputation. That has happened times beyond number. It happened when Corot died. It happened recently when Fritz Thaulow died. It will certainly happen when Ziem dies."

The Enormous Fake-Picture Industry

He paused for a moment, and then in his charming, friendly way: "Listen. I know an artist of some talent—he's a contemptible per-

son, of course, but he paints well—who has been imitating Ziem for years and has accumulated a great stock of pictures in the master's style which he is holding until Ziem dies. The old man is eighty-five, so he can't last long.

"Well, when he dies, there will be Ziem sales all over Europe and America, and these precious fakes will bring spectacular prices as genuine Ziems. Twenty thousand francs apiece! Fifty thousand francs! A hundred thousand francs! Who is to dispute their genuineness? Will Chicago dispute it? Or Pittsburg? Or San Francisco? Against the pompous guaranty of some *most honorable* dealer with a grand establishment on the Boulevard and another on Fifth Avenue?"

He smiled grimly: "You see how it is."

"Do you mean," I objected, "that art dealers of the first importance—the ones we consider most reputable—deliberately and knowingly sell fake pictures to their customers?"

"That's exactly what I mean," M. Rochefort answered promptly. "I'll give you an illustration. Not very long ago I was invited by one of our foremost dealers—his name is supposed to be above suspicion and his galleries are like rooms in a palace—to look at a new picture he had received.

Eighty Thousand Dollars for a Near-Romney

"It's a Romney," he explained, 'something very fine.'

"As soon as we came to the picture I recognized it as a fake. I had personal reasons for knowing that it had been painted within the month. Although well enough done, it was a rank forgery, not worth more than a few thousand francs at the most.

"Very interesting," I said. 'How much are you going to ask for it?'

"He looked at me keenly; he did n't think I suspected anything.

"Four hundred thousand francs," said he. And the rascal may get it—from one of your American millionaires."

"You think our American millionaires buy a good many fake pictures?"

M. Rochefort laughed. "It's pitiful! It's shameful! But what can they expect? It's their own fault for buying pictures as they buy lumber or steel rails—according to specifications. I'll never forget the last pictures I was asked to look at by a rich American. He was so proud of them! So convinced that they were masterpieces! There were forty in all, and they had cost him



Rembrandt's "Sobieski." This painting is in St. Petersburg. A duplicate in the Louvre is shown as an original, but is proclaimed by experts to be a copy.

Photo by Berlin Photographic Company

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT



This is the Second Article in Mr. Moffett's Series on the Waste of American Wealth Abroad

eight hundred thousand francs. It was a bargain all right if they had been genuine, for there were great names in the lot: several old masters, a Diaz, a Theodore Rousseau, a Daubigny, and several Corots—the usual millionaire assortment.

"Well?" he said, as I studied them.

"Some of them are well done," I admitted.

"Ah!" he purred.

"But they're not genuine."

"What! You mean you've found a counterfeit?"

"My dear sir, I'm sorry, but—they're all counterfeits."

"Of course, he wouldn't have it; he stormed and argued; said he had bought the pictures from reliable dealers; said I was crazy, and so on.

"It's nothing to me," I told him; "if

you are satisfied, I am—but, see here! Of your forty pictures thirty-nine are by dead artists, so we can't get their opinions; but there is one, that Harpignies, by an artist that happens to be living. Suppose you put it in a cab and take it to the old man. We'll see what he says."

"The American followed my advice, and that was the last I saw of him; but a day or two later I got a fiery note from Harpignies, saying that, if he were n't so old and a friend of mine, he would challenge me to fight him for having allowed any one even to discuss the possibility of his having painted such an abomination."

Some days later I had a chat on this subject with the venerable Ziem himself who lived in a battered old house, with black gates and dull red plaster walls, that stands on a crooked Montmartre street in the shabbiest part of Paris. He is very old, very rich, and has absolutely no motive for exaggeration or misstatement, so we may take what he says about art fakery and art-dealer knavery as absolutely true.

Again and again, the old man assured me, he has come upon fake Ziems, either copies of his pictures with the name fraudulently on them, or pictures without resemblance to anything he ever did or conceived; barefaced forgeries, well done or badly done, but all from the hands of other men and all signed Ziem, or sold as the work of Ziem—sold often for high prices by unscrupulous dealers to unsuspecting amateurs. America is full of them.

"What do you do," I asked, "when you discover one of these impositions?"

"Do?" he cried. "I tell the collector he has been robbed; I tell the dealer he is a scoundrel. What else can I do?"

"But the law?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "The law does



"The Baptism," by Jan Steen, the original of which is in the Berlin Gallery. 'Clever forgeries of this Flemish master's work are legion. One was sold to a Western millionaire for fifty thousand dollars

nothing—or almost nothing. It is so difficult to prove the dealer guilty. He pleads ignorance, says he was deceived himself; offers to return the money. At the best he pays a trifling fine and laughs at you. It is n't worth the trouble and expense."

A flagrant instance of art-dealer trickery came to light a few weeks ago in a letter, published by the Paris *Figaro*, from Claude Monet, in which that distinguished artist denounced as "horrible daubs" two pictures recently sold as his, and for a round sum, in Germany.

"But for my promise," writes Monet, with natural warmth, "I would have destroyed these pictures myself, and I expect you to destroy them before witnesses [he is addressing the innocent purchaser] after the case has been tried and the forger punished."

Found He Had Painted a Whistler

The forger punished! That is another story! The forger must first be found. Then his responsibility must be proved. Perhaps he was some poor devil of an artist who painted the pictures quite innocently, not dreaming that the cunning dealer who bought them would dare to sign them with Monet's name.

Such forgeries are common. Trouillebert was a self-respecting artist, an honest man; but he happened to paint in the style of Corot, so dealers bought his pictures and put them on the market as genuine Corots. That was not Trouillebert's fault; he was neither a party to the deception nor a gainer by it. Somebody else erased his name and substituted Corot's name, and that *somebody else* could never be found. So it goes.

An American portrait-painter told me of another case where an artist friend of his, to his

own great amazement, found that he had painted a Whistler nocturne. This friend was a talented fellow of rather too convivial tendencies; in fact he was always in trouble with his landlord. So it happened on one occasion that he was dispossessed, and several of his canvases were seized for debt. This did not trouble him particularly, but he did object, a year or so later, when he discovered one of these pictures on sale in great state at a well-known dealer's, and signed J. M. Whistler!

"What did he do about it?" I inquired.

My friend shook his head. "He did n't see what he could do; he is n't very practical, so, after kicking a little, he—well, he went off and got drunk."

One reason why there are fewer lawsuits over fake pictures than might be expected lies in the vanity of collectors themselves who hesitate to proclaim their own incompetence in art by publicly pleading that they have been victimized. They prefer to bear their mortification in silence, especially when the dealer offers to refund the purchase money, as he usually does when the case is clearly against him.

Forcing an Artist to Submit

From the dishonest dealer's point of view this refunding of the money is a regular part of the business. If he sells twelve fake masterpieces in a year at high prices, he can well afford to take back six of them, so long as the other six remain undiscovered in Australia, or Buenos Ayres, or Harlem. There are always new victims, new millionaires upon whom he can work off the fakes that are thrown back upon his hands.

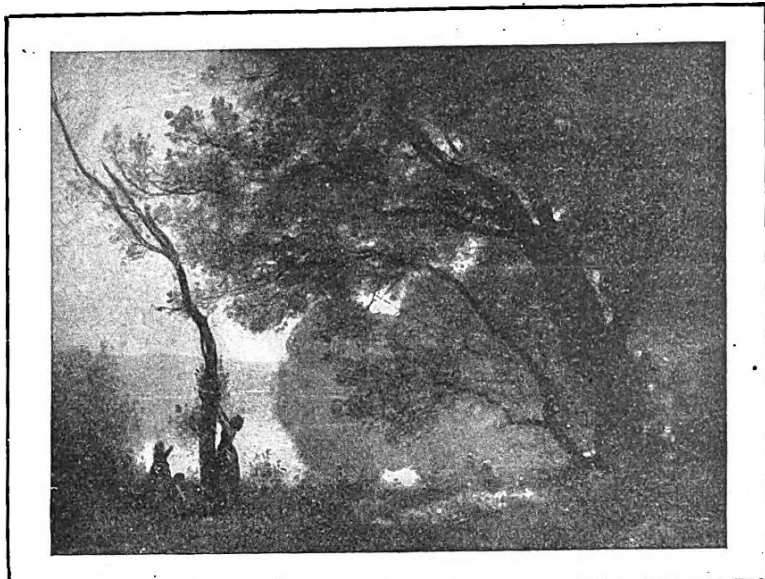
There is a practical reason also why the artist himself often hesitates to prosecute a dishonest art dealer. Here is a case in point. One day when the vogue for A——'s auburn-haired nudes was just growing to a world demand, this gifted artist came upon a fake A—— in the rooms of a prominent Paris dealer. The painter stormed and threatened, but the dealer remained calm.

"I'll bring suit at once," roared A——.

"Oh, no," smiled the dealer.

"What is to stop me?"

"Your own good practical business sense. If you bring this suit it will amount to telling the world that the market is flooded with fake A——'s. That will make collectors suspicious, the value for real A——'s will suffer, and you will make less money."



The original of this alleged Corot is in the Louvre

A— saw the point, I am told, and allowed the matter to drop.

An amusing story is told of a dealer in fake masterpieces who was found one day by an artist scratching off the signature of a genuine Ruysdael.

"What are you doing?" the artist asked.

"Scratching off this name."

"But—it looks like a genuine Ruysdael?"

"It is. That's why I am scratching the name off," said the other, coolly.

"But—if it's genuine?"

The dealer looked up quickly. "Did you ever hear about the restaurant keeper who received a present of a dozen rabbits?"

"No," said the artist.

Fake Paintings and Fake Rabbits

"Well, it seems some one in the country sent the rabbits with a message that the customers would enjoy a nice rabbit stew. But the restaurant keeper sent the rabbits back with a note saying he had just got his customers educated so that they liked rabbit stew made out of cats; and he was afraid, if he gave them real rabbit stew, it would spoil their taste and ruin his business."

The dealer paused a moment and then, with a broad grin: "That's how it is with these pictures. I've got my customers educated and—I can't afford to give 'em rabbit."

Here is one illustration, that will suffice among many, to show the character of the so-called art experts whose esthetic counsels and intermediary activities have had much to do with the formation of our American millionaire galleries.

It was in connection with a little marine painting by the Dutch master, Simon von Vlieger that I met this expert. I had bought the painting at a sale in the Hotel des Ventes and, at the suggestion of a well-known picture dealer, I took it to this expert for his opinion. The dealer assured me this expert, whom I will call Mr. X—, was the most reliable authority in Paris on old paintings.

The result was very satisfactory and some weeks later I mentioned with pride to my friend, M. Rochefort, that I had a genuine Simon von Vlieger.

"How do you know its genuine?" he asked.

"It's signed Von Vlieger for one thing."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It was catalogued Von Vlieger at the sale."

ture transaction that it pretty well ended his career and left a shadow on the son that is there still.

"What the father did was deliberately to put a very high valuation on a collection of fake paintings that he had been called to appraise as an expert. On the strength of this high appraisal the owner of the collection, a rascal in collusion with Mr. X—, borrowed two hundred and fifty thousand francs on the pictures, this being considerably less than the expert's valuation.

"Time passed and, after vain efforts to get his money back, the lender finally had the collection sold at the Hotel des Ventes. And it brought exactly eleven thousand francs!"

We may take it then as established beyond question that picture dealers and picture experts are, as a class, capable of any dishonesty and deceit in their efforts to plunder the rich collector. It remains to consider how they practically do this, that is how they give their fake masterpieces a sufficient air of genuineness to

He smiled.

"And it has been passed upon by Mr. X—, the art expert," I concluded, "and declared genuine by him."

At this M. Rochefort burst out laughing.

"I don't know anything about your picture," he said, "but I know something about this expert; I know how he got his money for his grand establishment. He got most of it from his father who was an art expert before him and who, after a shady career, was finally caught in such a disagreeable picture

make them tempting or at least acceptable. It is certain that fake art, like other forms of counterfeiting, demands rare skill of the hand and cleverness in disposing of the product.

Licorice Juice "Ages" a Painting

And, first, as to the making of a fake old picture. Europe is full of artists who, as far as line and color go, can turn out admirable copies of anything; these copies are made on old canvases mounted on a framework of old wood, and, when the paint is dry, the picture is put through an ingenious aging process. A certain kind of varnish gives a ripe golden tone, and a deepening of shadows with a suggestion of the soil of centuries is had by the smearing of licorice juice. As for the cracked paint surface—sure sign of age—that is obtained by baking the picture carefully in an oven or by laying a plaque of metal on the canvas and striking it gently with a hammer. Worm-holes in frame or panels are merely a matter of fine shot fired in and afterwards picked out. And fly-specks to deceive the flies themselves may be had by the judicious spatter of Indian ink.

No doubt, to the sure *connoisseur*, there is something hard and cold about the copies, something vaguely unsatisfying; but no one can deny that they are enormously like the originals—so much like them that the great museums of Europe, all unsuspecting, have hung their walls with these mellow masterpieces of yesterday. It is said, for instance, that Rembrandt's portrait of Sobieski in the Louvre is not the original at all, but only a copy, the original being in Russia.

The detection of these fakes in old masters is made doubly difficult when the artist, instead of copying a single picture, creates as it were, a new and separate masterpiece by combining bits from several pictures. What could be simpler? You want a genuine Gerard Dow. Very well, here is one in Munich showing a group of peasants; here is another in Amsterdam showing a group of animals. Take some of the peasants and some of the animals, blend them in a new composition, and if you copy the details well and age the picture cunningly, you may get a result that would make Gerald Dow himself sit up and wonder.

Or suppose you want a pair of Gainsboroughs. You look through the galleries and find that the master did portraits of an old peasant and a young prince. Very well; you copy everything but change heads, and presto! you have an old prince and a young peasant, both Gainsboroughs—who can deny it? There is no limit to this sort of thing.

How Signatures Are Faked

When it comes to the actual signing of a fake masterpiece, the knavish dealers take various precautions, for forgery is forgery, and the consequences of being too casual with the great names might become unpleasant. Sometimes they change a letter, signing Benner for Henner. Or they take advantage of an identity in names and disburse A. Stevens's masterpieces made by Agapit not Alfred.

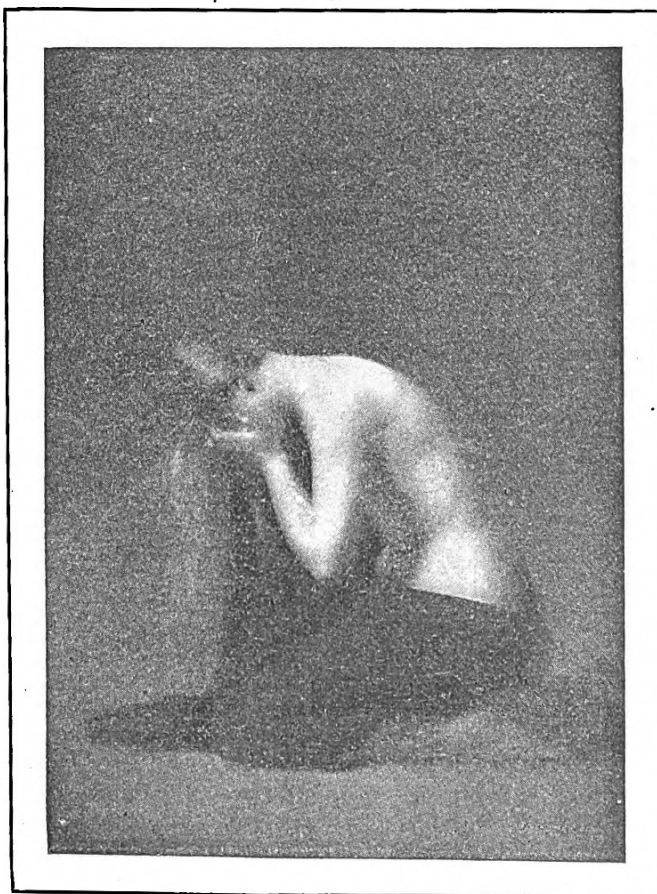
Another trick is to sign a fake painting with part of a great name; thus, down in a deep shadowed corner of some "Twilight in the Forest" they will leave almost invisible, the two letters "ot."

Along comes a guileless amateur and studies the picture.

"This looks like a Corot," he says.

The cunning dealer shakes his head sadly. It is a Corot, unquestionably—you see it's a Corot. But it is n't signed, so I have to sell it for half its value."

[Continued on page 92]



Henner's "Kneeling Magdalen," which has been a fruitful source of revenue for forgers

Photo by the Berlin Photographic Company



ENTERTAINING AUNT MELISSA

BY MARY HEATON VORSE



WHEN I first came from the country to live in the family of my Uncle Solon, you can imagine how many things surprised me. In the first place, I had always lived in a big, shabby house in a little New England town, and had never been inside a city flat in my life. Then, I had hardly seen any members of my uncle's family since I was a little girl, and I remembered nothing about them. If it had n't been for my art, I never should have taken this step, and left mama; but when I found I could make some money as a visiting governess, could give drawing lessons—through friends of ours who live in our town in summer—and study art in the afternoons, I finally came, and my life ever since has been a continual set of surprises.

As I came in from the Art School one evening, I heard my oldest cousin, Pauline, say sharply:

"Gladys, get up from the floor! When Aunt Melissa comes, you simply can't sprawl around the way you do!"

Gladys is my thirteen-year-old cousin, and she answered:

"Oh, yes, I can," quite gently. "All I shall have to do is to try!"

"Father," Pauline appealed to Uncle Solon, "must n't Gladys get off the floor when Aunt Melissa comes?"

Uncle Solon peered at Gladys over his glasses. He is a very stout, dignified man, and does n't talk much; it has sometimes struck me that he is quite timid and shy, and hides himself behind his dignity. He said nothing, but Aunt Matilda spoke up anxiously:

"I only hope that Aunt Melissa will be comfortable with us. Accustomed to every comfort as she is, with open fires in every room, not to speak of the hot-air furnace and the hot-water heating system she's had put in, and everything else in her household done on the same lavish scale as is the heating, I'm afraid life with us will seem meager. Of course, we shall have the city to show her."

I opened my eyes. Aunt Melissa is the one rich relative in the family. Melly, my youngest cousin, a little, round-faced thing of ten, got her awful name from her. They have always hoped Aunt Melissa would do something for her, and I'm sure I hope she will, for some one ought to do something for my poor uncle.

Aunt Melissa had never visited her sister before, nor had she seen the children since they were little, and there are fifteen years between her and Aunt Matilda, they being at opposite ends of one of those big, old-fashioned kind of families, and Aunt Melissa is about sixty. Now, Aunt Melissa is not a large person, but in a flat of our size, which has, beside the servant's room, a back parlor and three bedrooms to accommodate seven people, the arrival of a guest makes a lot of difference. I did n't see where on earth they would put her. Uncle and aunt sleep in what should be the back parlor, Rob has the little room, and the two other bedrooms are full enough with two girls each in them. But it turned out that poor Rob was to sleep in what they call the "alcove," which means that the sitting-room juts off from itself to the narrowest sort of a little space, where there is a couch and one or two chairs.

Gladys and Melly were to be put in Rob's room, and Pauline and I were to sleep together. Of course I was glad to do anything to help Aunt Matilda out, but I could n't help wondering as I looked about our flat, with its one brief hour of sunlight each day, with its air-shaft called a "court" and the narrow passage

Illustrations by
CARLE MICHEL BOOG



Aunt Melissa

called a "hall," how it would strike Aunt Melissa. Her roomy old-fashioned house has a mansard roof, and urns on each side of the door full of flowers.

There's an iron stag on the front lawn, too. Indeed, everything about it is in shockingly bad taste—which neither my uncle nor aunt knows, not having any knowledge of art. Perhaps it is as well they haven't, because then their simple-minded pride in the splendor in which their sister lives might be somewhat dimmed.

At length the great day came, and Aunt Melissa was among us. She turned out to be a spry little old lady, not at all as imposing as Aunt Matilda, who is tall and has a curiously romantic appearance. She looks like the kind of person you see in old-fashioned books being carried away by bandits or looking out from between bars, and called "A Prisoner of War," whereas Aunt Melissa is roly-poly. She sits up very straight, however, and speaks with a very definite manner, like a person who has been accustomed to consideration all her life, and I saw right away that she was a lady. I, who had been through the same experience not long before, knew just how our flat must affect her. I know now it is a very good flat as flats go; but to a person fresh from the country it seems awful. When I remembered that I was sleeping under the roof with so many strange people, with so many dinners being cooked

in the same house as ours, with so many noises from the air-shaft, and strange people in the hall, it all made me feel uncanny and nervous. Twenty families living under one roof, with all the things that they go through, and all their joys and sorrows happening under you and above you and next to you, and you knowing nothing about it, makes it sometimes more than one can stand when one lets one's mind run on it.

Meantime, Aunt Matilda was showing her sister her home with the same simple-hearted pride that she had shown it to me. She is especially proud of the size of the bedrooms, because three of them, if you count the back parlor as a bedroom, are big enough for double beds.

"I always tell Solon," I heard Aunt Matilda say, "that whatever I do, I shall never go into a flat where the bedrooms are nothing but little cupboards in the wall. And there's something to me not respectable in going to bed in things that are n't beds. There's something disgusting to me in the idea of sitting all over your bed all day, such as a sofa—with feet, maybe—and then twitching off a gaudy couch cover, and finding the bed made up underneath; and pulling your bed down from some sort of a bookcase is even worse. Why, my dear, I have a friend who actually sleeps on top of her books every night! You slip little slides across to keep them from coming out, and pull it down. I said to her:

"'Nettie, it would make me nervous to sleep on a complete set of Scott's Works; and when you come to sleep on Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,' and the Bible, if you ask me, it hardly seems reverent. Beside that, nothing will convince me that books are comfortable to sleep on.'

"'Well,' she said, 'in this town, where space is so cramped, I would n't waste it with feet and feet of beds sprawling over the room all day long.'

"'Well, Nettie,' I said, 'I feel the way I feel. I like to sleep in a bed that's a bed.'

Aunt Melissa took the flat quite differently from the way



I thought she would. While of course it must have seemed small and cramped to her, still she seemed quite amused by it, and laughed in a jolly sort of way.

"Who's that," she asked, "I hear thumping around overhead?"

"I don't know," replied Aunt Matilda. "It's some new tenants."

"Well; it may be my country ways," Aunt Melissa replied, "but if I were in your place, Tilda, I would n't sleep another wink until I knew whose body those feet were attached to. I just could n't live in a place and have a strange man whose name I did n't even know, going thumpety-thump over my head. Do you know the people who live opposite you?"

"Not really," Pauline put in. "She's spoken to us through the dumb-waiter, and she palmed off her baby—horrid little thing—on mother one day. 'T is n't what you'd call 'knowing.' We don't know any one in the house."

"Well, is n't that a pity!" said Aunt Melissa. "Is n't that a pity, now! I've always known how people did n't know their next-door neighbors living in *houses*, but there there was some slight excuse; but I've always thought what fun a whole flat-house full of people might be, running in and out and visiting to and fro. You would n't have to go out for a party, or for company."

The idea of this, I knew, gave Pauline an awful shiver, for she spends her life in not knowing people. But, of course, she was too polite to show annoyance.

Now, it seems to me that this speech of Aunt Melissa's should have given us all a clew as to how to amuse her, but it did n't.

Pauline had made up her mind just what a rich, elderly aunt from the country would want to see, and she had made up a program. This included the opera. Of course, as we all could n't afford to go, in decent seats, it was decided that Pauline should take her aunt, as her clothes looked the best. Another important thing was taking tea at one of the newest and biggest hotels, and a lot of other things that Pauline had always wanted to do. To these, Aunt Matilda added her own plans. Her ideas for Aunt Melissa's visit were instructive.

"I don't think," she said, "you put yourself in your aunt's place enough, Pauline. Remember that the city is a new place to her, and she will want to go through the Hudson Tunnel and see the Singer Building, and go up to the top of the 'Flat-iron,' and of course visit the Metropolitan Museum, and things of that sort."

"Why not put her on the 'rubberneck' wagon at once, and be done with it!" said Pauline, bitterly.

"These things are all familiar sights to you—I forgot the new bridge—but to one coming from the country to New York they will be excessively interesting," Aunt Matilda reproved Pauline. "There are



"Who's that I hear thumping overhead?"

probably historical spots about the city she wants to see, too, if I could only think of them and knew where they were."

They started in on the program just as soon as Aunt Melissa came. The children had been so warned about their behavior that even Gladys was preternaturally good, and Rob was so embarrassed that he hardly talked to his aunt at all. Melly was the only one who acted naturally. Melly is always good, and she sat around embroidering as usual, and looking the picture of what a Sunday-school child is supposed to be.

As a rule, the atmosphere of the house is a cheerful one when Uncle Solon feels well. The children make a good deal of noise, and Pauline sings all the latest topical songs, and plays them on the piano; but, from the moment that Aunt Melissa came, a calm reigned in the house. One would have thought that some one in the family had died, instead of our having a visitor.

This calm seemed to be what suited Aunt Melissa, for after the first exuberance of seeing her sister and her sister's children again, she became very dignified, and, for such a little, round woman, quite awe-inspiring, which made Pauline and her mother redouble their cautions to the children about good behavior.

They began right away carrying out their program. The second night she was there, Pauline and I took Aunt Melissa to the opera. It was "Aida," and the singing was very beautiful. Caruso sang *Rhadames*. This interested Aunt Melissa. She said:

"He was the one, was n't he, that foreign man, who was arrested? Well, well, you'd never think it to look at him now!"

But otherwise the opera did n't please her very much.

"It's rather confusing, is n't it? What awful tempers they must have had in those days! They all scold each other such a lot!"

Here Pauline whispered to me: "We should have gone to something more classical!"

"That's all that one can really understand, singing in a foreign language as they do in an opera like this, is n't it, that every one is scolding every one else? Dear me! and I'd forgotten operas took so long! I went with your poor uncle to the opera several times, and heard Adelina Patti sing; I heard 'Il Trovatore' and 'La Traviata.' That seems to be the way with operas—they always choose gloomy themes! Of course, to you young people, I suppose it seems romantic and nice for those two people to be buried alive together in a tomb, but to me it's depressing—not that I have n't enjoyed myself very much," she added politely.

Being in the same opera-house with any number of the grand people of the kind you read about in the Sunday papers, and being able to even identify them, perhaps, or at least their boxes, on the

[Continued on page 51]



"This is the first time I've seen a fountain playing indoors"

ANOTHER "WAKE UP, AMERICA!" ARTICLE

WHEN THE WOOD IS GONE

BY ROLAND PHILLIPS

THE average reader has perhaps been inclined to regard the forestry problem as a public question, having vaguely to do with waterways, etc. The Editors of SUCCESS MAGAZINE asked Mr. Phillips to state the case for what it really is, a household problem; and we think our readers will agree that he has presented it with vigor and truth. Nearly everything used in the home, from wall-paper to celluloid toys, is made of wood or of a wood product. The price of all these articles is going up. Therefore we feel that no householder or housewife can afford to look on apathetically while our forests are being destroyed three times faster than they could grow.

"I HAVE been in this business," said the buyer for a big furniture house, "for thirty-eight years. I ought to know something about it, hadn't I? Well, let me tell you a few plain facts."

"The chair you are sitting in is marked one hundred and thirty-five dollars. Ten years ago



This \$10 chair
will cost you
\$12 in 1910,
\$14.40 in 1911,
? in 1940

you could have bought it for seventy-five. You'll admit that's a fairly big increase?"

"Well, in the next ten years, it is n't going to decrease in value, is it? It won't occupy any more floor space than it does now, will it? And the scarcer the wood, the quicker it will increase in value. Is n't that reasonable? Well, then, answer me this: as long as you and your neighbors pay the bills; in other words, as long as we fix the prices and the public 'stands the gaff,' why should we bother about protecting the forests? It may be near-sighted policy, I dare say it is, but, as business, it looks like a 'cinch.'"

"During these years," he continued, "I have traveled over practically every square mile in America where there is a tree. I have seen the slaughter. I know what it means. I have seen the prices—wholesale—double and treble. Michigan yellow pine, which we once used for laths and shingles at two-and-a-half to three cents a foot, we are to-day putting into chairs and tables at from thirty to forty. Figure for yourself what that means to you, the buyer at retail."

"It was not so very long ago that you could buy a set of Indiana white quartered oak, bird's-eye maple, or red birch. If you have any now, keep it for your children. It is an heirloom. In place of it, we will sell you, at something like double the cost, Georgia and North Carolina pine, hemlock, spruce, all kinds of gum-trees, and scrub-oaks, which we used to think were good enough for packing-boxes. The magnificent black walnut has been gone from the forests for twenty years. Now, we substitute mahogany. It makes your library table cost anywhere from fifty to seventy-five dollars instead of twenty or thirty."

"Do these facts interest you? Well, look forward a little. It has already come to a point where I am no longer able to make contracts ahead for raw material. This, mind you, has happened only in the last five years. I estimate that from now on, for the next thirty years, it will cost me a minimum increase year by year

ten dollars; next year it will cost twelve; the year after, fourteen-forty; in thirty years? It is hardly necessary to work it out. Long before then, at the present rate, the hard woods will be gone. And this is the rate of increase in the price of only one chair. How much will it cost you, at these prices, to furnish your house?

"Would n't you think the public would begin to sit up and take notice?"

Across the street I met by appointment the manager of one of the big New York department stores. He was in the woodenware department, and his greeting was a sweep of the hand covering a thousand feet of floor-space piled with kitchen utensils. It was a bewildering mass of kitchen-cabinets, step-ladders, refrigerators, chairs, tables, wash-boards, brushes, pails, ironing-boards, pastry boards, wash-benches, trays—every conceivable article, big and little, it seemed to me, that an exacting housewife or cook could demand.

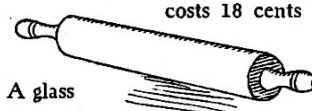
"All these," said the manager, indicating the long aisles and the heavily loaded counters, "are 'seconds.' We used to get a pretty fair quality of wood for our cabinets and refrigerators, but now it's only 'leavings.' The good stuff—what there is left of it—goes into expensive furniture; and they're mighty chary of it, at that."

"Some people," he continued, bringing his fist down on the corner of an ordinary pine table, "come in here and ask for 'deal.' Why, bless my soul, we haven't had a 'deal' table in the store for years. Look at these corners. They're nailed to the frame, are n't they? And when you get the table home and put water on it, the top will warp. We don't

of ten to fifteen per cent., wholesale, beginning with prices as they are to-day, to supply our factory. This means a yearly cumulative increase to the public of at least twenty per cent.

"Take an example: to-day, this chair costs you

This wooden rolling-pin costs 18 cents



A glass one costs 50 cents; a china one, from a dollar up

tell that to our customers; but it's true, nevertheless. Did you ever see a real 'deal' top that would warp or shrink or that was n't glued to the frame?

"And the prices? Well, take this refrigerator. To-day we sell it for twelve-fifty. Ten years ago you could have bought the identical piece of goods for nine or ten, at the outside. You will hear people say that kitchen-ware—I am speaking of wood—is cheaper to-day than it used to be. Put it down for a fact that if the price is less, the material is worse; and it is this

way all along the line. But it is n't our loss. As long as the wood holds out and the public is willing to pay the same or even increased prices for inferior articles, we have n't the slightest complaint to make."

"How long do you think the wood will 'hold out'?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I have n't the slightest idea," he said. "I have hardly even considered the matter. Why should I? Still, I suppose it must be going fast. A friend of mine who was just in, one of the biggest lumber dealers in the country, made the remark a moment ago that he burns up every piece of wood in his factory less than five feet in length. Now, as he deals in lots of a million—he has just furnished us with an order for five million feet of hard woods of various lengths—it must mean the destruction of thousands of feet of fine timber every day. The total for waste alone in all mills and factories must be something tremendous; and it naturally raises prices. But my friend figures as we do: as long as the public does n't object, what's the use?"

"But," I urged, "you do not question the fact, do you, that the wood will give out?"

"Not in the least," he replied, indifferently. "I understand that before long, at the present rate of waste and consumption, it is bound to."

"Then there is some substitute?"

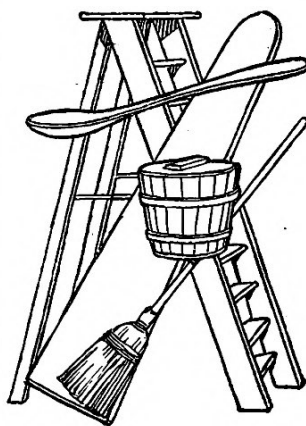
"None that I know of."

By way of emphasizing his remark, he took a glass rolling-pin from one of the counters and plunged it into a tin of boiling water, which was being used to demonstrate a new-fangled heater. The glass snapped like a watch-crystal.

He held it up. "There are substitutes," he said; "I was wrong. But this is usually what happens to them. Take this pail, for instance."

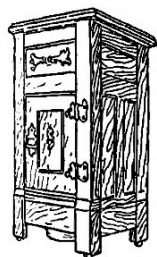
An assistant handed him a common water-pail which looked like painted iron. As a matter of fact it was a combination of clay and wood pulp, and it cracked from rim to bottom when he dropped another pail into it.

"That is another substitute," he remarked, smiling. "In fact, we have tried nearly everything—slate, marbleoid, fiberoid, a thousand and one 'just-as-good' inventions. But we are dis-

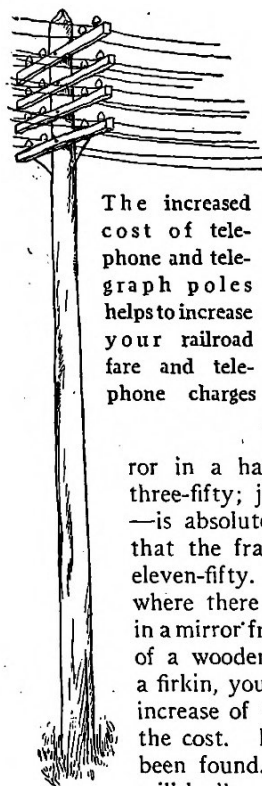


Metal substitutes for these will be very expensive

"We shall be asked to pay more for the tannery for our shoes; the turpentine for our paint; the veneering for our pianos; the dye-stuffs for our clothes; the corks for our bottles; the boxes for our cigars; the wheels for our wagons, and the wicker for our baskets"



This refrigerator costs \$12.50. In 1898 it would have cost but \$9



The increased cost of telephone and telegraph poles helps to increase your railroad fare and telephone charges

carding them. They are practically useless. Besides, in this case, the public does object to the increased cost. Here, for example, is the way the prices run: a wooden rolling-pin like this costs eighteen cents; glass costs fifty; china, anywhere from a dollar up. Does it surprise you that anybody should want a china rolling-pin?

"Then here's a mirror in a hard-wood frame that costs three-fifty; just above it—do you see?—is absolutely the same thing except that the frame is metal and the price eleven-fifty. To sum it up in a word, where there is a possible substitute, as in a mirror frame, a metal spoon in place of a wooden one, a tin box in place of a firkin, you can count on a minimum increase of three hundred per cent. in the cost. But no real substitute has been found. My opinion is that none will be."

These two statements are set down almost verbatim. They are the opinions of experts. Is there more than one conclusion? Do you begin to see that the "big forest problem" has a vital, personal interest for every man, woman, and child in America?

Let us see: to-day, your house costs five thousand dollars to build, exclusive of labor; yesterday, it cost four; to-morrow, it will cost six; and the day after to-morrow, if we call it ten years from now, it will cost from ten to twelve.

To-day, of the entire forest area of seven hundred million acres, all of which should be under national control, the public actually controls only a trifle more than one-fifth. This is in state and national forest reserves. Of this, nearly twenty million acres were set aside at the last session of Congress by the personal energy of President Roosevelt. The rest is on the public domain or is owned outright by private individuals.

To-day, to supply public needs, and to fill their own pockets, individual exploiters are sweeping away the forests three times as fast as they grow. This means that many of the hard woods are

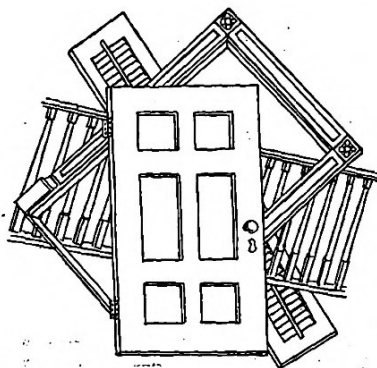
already gone; that the total supply of hard wood which used to furnish the better-grade furniture, fittings, and so on, will be exhausted, for commercial purposes, within fifteen years; and that the entire wood supply of the country will not last longer than twenty-five or thirty years. It is as though some foreign invader, or some deadly pest, should suddenly appear on our shores and ravage the entire forest area of the country, at the rate of two states a year, until every tree were gone. Do you imagine for one instant that as the years go by your interest in this great question will become less vital, or less personal, than it is to-day?

In the great forests of the Northwest are types of the immense saws, the big-toothed "circular," and the "gang-saws"—several abreast, racing through a log at express speed and removing all the lumber in it at a stroke—which are devouring the forests at the almost inconceivable rate of about forty square miles a day. A considerable part rots where it falls. More than half of all of the rest is burned for fire-wood; in other words, one-half (some experts estimate it as high as three-fourths) of our entire timber

supply for all purposes, literally goes up in smoke. This is about three cords a year for every man, woman, and child in America. In and around New York a "load" of kindling wood, a quarter of a cord, costs four dollars. Only a year ago it was three-fifty: an increase in one year of two dollars a cord. This is a fair

estimate of the increase for the whole country. But, to be on the safe side, divide it in half. Count the present population at eighty-five millions. At a dollar apiece, this means eighty-five million dollars more this year than last, just to cook and keep warm. If you live in an apartment, you pay your share of the increase in increased rent.

Expressed in terms of value, the enormous drain for lumber, which uses up more than a half of the entire remaining supply, merely staggers belief. But put it on your bill as sashes, doors, blinds, floors, roofs,



You are paying for metal substitutes for these in increased rents

stairway-railings, ornamental house-fittings, office and store fixtures—the thousand and one items you pay either through your landlord or direct to your builder; then add the item for shingles and laths, which amounts in the aggregate to some thirty millions a year; is it difficult to see why, with an average increase of twenty to fifty per cent. in the cost of the raw materials for these products, your rent and house-building cost more, by just so much, than they did ten, or even

five years ago, exclusive of labor?

The railroads use every year about a hundred million cross-ties, costing anywhere from twenty-eight to fifty-one cents apiece. Oak furnishes nearly one-half of the whole supply. Then comes Douglas fir, cedar, and the once despised hemlock. In spite of preservatives, these ties, particularly the inferior woods, rot quickly. It only takes a few of them in this condition to cause a wreck and the forfeiture of hundreds of lives. Reduce or cut off the supply of ties and the railroads will go out of business. Does it interest you to know that, allowing for no increase in consumption—and the railroads themselves use fifteen million ties more every year—the supply will be exhausted in fifteen or sixteen years?

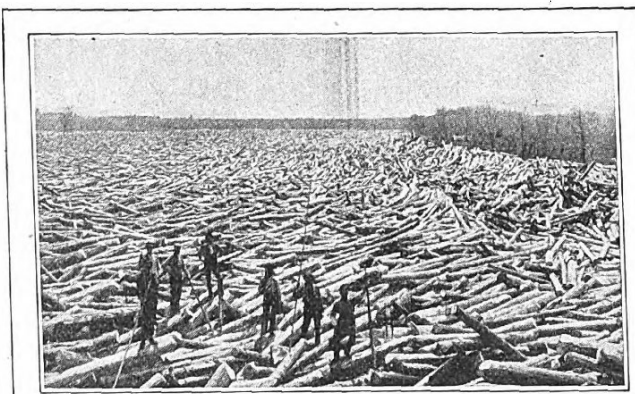
Or look at it this way: add to the cost of ties the extra expense annually of about four million telephone and telegraph poles costing on an average three dollars apiece. These two apparently insignificant items increase the annual running expenses of the railroads by sixty million dollars: three dollars apiece for every American family. What part of it do you pay in extra fare on the "Twentieth Century" from New York to Chicago? How much in the increased cost of your commutation ticket? Can you imagine, even, that the cost of telephone service and the extra five cents you pay for a public telephone call in the hotels have anything to do with the price of hemlock and Douglas fir?

Take another instance: From one of the processes of reducing wood to pulp there is a by-product from which practically anything can be made from a comb to a car-wheel. That product is cellulose. Under the trade name of celluloid it furnishes the inexpensive toilet articles—soap boxes, pin-trays, combs and brushes, even the nursery toys—for thousands of homes. So far, the products of cellulose are no more expensive than they were ten years ago. The reason is that the Celluloid Trust set the price high

[Continued on page 47]



A single edition of your Sunday newspaper strips the trees from fifteen acres of forest



Paper-makers realize the necessity of "conserving" their wood supply



Nearly three-fourths of America's wood "goes up in smoke"

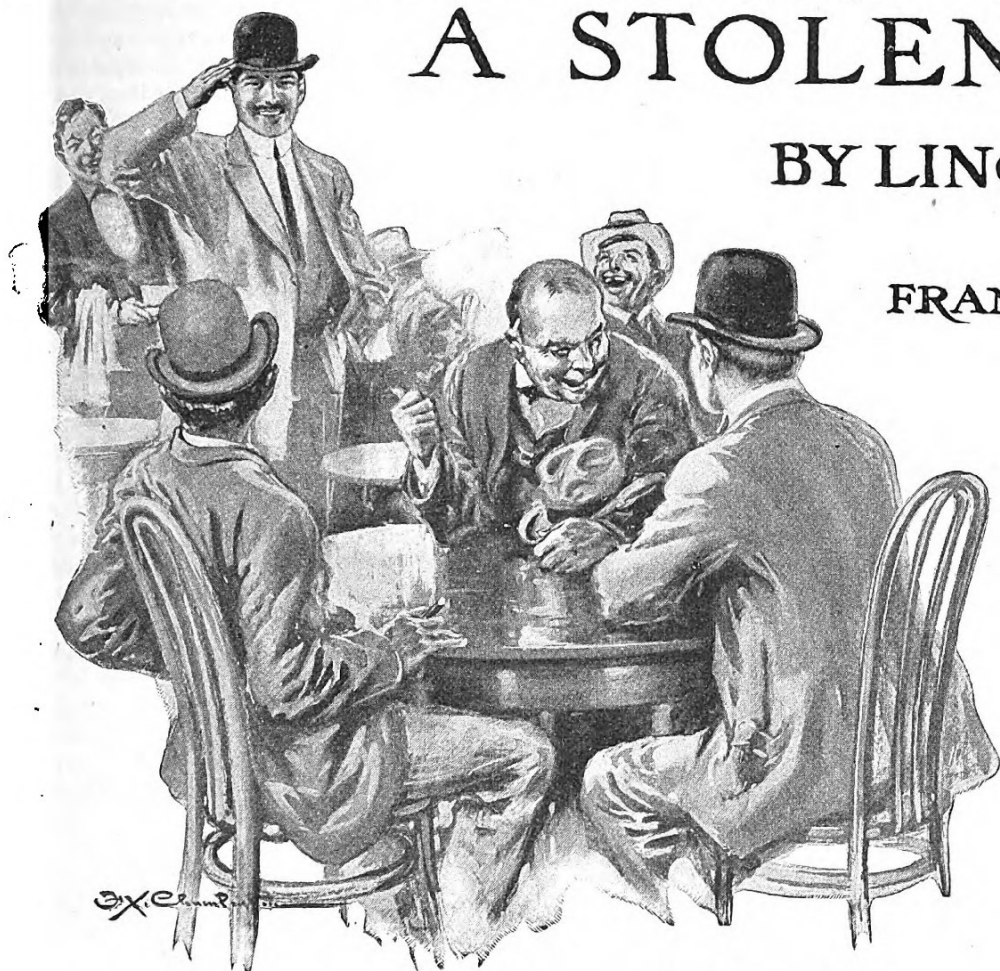


Japan began conserving her forests one thousand years ago

THE TWICE-TOLD TALE OF A STOLEN THEATER

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS

Illustrations by
FRANK X. CHAMBERLAIN



“There’s Joe, now”

FACTS are easy to get. It’s the truth that comes hard: the “atmosphere” which, as artists know, softens the lines, tones all the colors, and makes the picture just and true. For example:

Joe Jagowitz stole a theater. That’s a fact. He was president of the board of police, and he used his power to drive the proprietors of the Palace of Pleasure out of possession of their property. Fact. Said proprietors were two struggling young men, with families, who had suffered many adversities until they opened the palace. That paid. The fact that the police could blackmail them is *prima-facie* evidence that part of their profits came from violations of the law and from vice; and that’s a fact; they were blackmailed. But that fact does n’t alter the fact that this police board president formed with the mayor of the city and the commissioner of buildings a company which took over that theater, reconstructed it in violation of the building code (designed to protect health and life), and ran the business, vice and all!

Now I submit that an array of facts like this looks bad. Nay, it is bad; so bad; in fact, that nobody defended Joe Jagowitz to me. He has friends, lots and lots of them, and they forgave him themselves. They did n’t mind the blackmail and the vice and the corruption; but even they could not overlook one further fact which was furnished me first, and voluntarily, and with sincere emotion by no less an authority than Sam Levy himself. Sam said that Joe robbed not only the Pleasure Palace proprietors; the rascal robbed him, Sam Levy, too, and in the same transaction.

“That scheme was n’t Joe’s,” said Sam. “It was mine. I started it. And I started Joe. I put that fellow into politics; I kept him in office; I gave him something good every time we got in. And it was me put him onto that theater scheme and—he threw me down.”

When I add that Sam Levy was the political boss of that town and you are reminded that bosses are (at least) men of their word, you will hardly believe that I pursued my investigations

further. I did nevertheless. The reason I went on inquiring was that I had learned the difference between facts and the truth; between evidence and—atmosphere. I asked Joe about it.

Joe laughed. “That’s easy,” he said. “That little theater was a good thing, all right, but there was n’t enough for everybody in it, an’ I had to have the Building Department or I’d have had to build fire-proof—with steel, you understand, instead of *papier-mâché*. And as for th’ mayor, I did n’t mean to take him in at all; honest I did n’t. But, you see, he had a sort of private inspector of his own in the Building Department who was honest. We could n’t fix him; nobody could; so we had to get him transferred, and only th’ mayor could do that. So—you see!”

I saw. Do you? Don’t you see how already the story begins to take on an entirely different aspect? Of course, Joe had addressed himself so far only to one fact: the fact that he had cheated Sam, but he had put that in a new light, and the reflection from it showed that he could bring the rest in line. I saw that Joe could tell me not merely all the facts, but the truth as well; he could wreath the rather offensive lines of the narrative in the atmosphere of the ring, of the town, of life. For Joe had atmosphere.

He brought it with him into the *café* where I was sitting with his friends. We were talking about him and his theater deal when he appeared at the door, and I had been forming unconsciously a mental portrait of him; a coarse and ugly picture of a big brute of a Polish-American

ward heeler. I was amazed, therefore, when some one said:

“There’s Joe, now.”

In the first place, everybody cheered up and smiled; some of his friends chuckled. They liked Joe. They were glad to see him. Well, and so was I; and I smiled. For Joe was n’t bad looking. On the contrary, he was handsome: tall, slender, and very well dressed. His face was rosy with color, and his brown eyes looked for things to enjoy. And when they saw them, as they did then, they seemed to flash signals to a double row of even, white, perfect teeth which joined in the laugh.

“Hello, you confessed and convicted boodlers!” he called across the room, and the room joined in his hearty laugh.

It was true that two of his friends, my companions, were confessed boodlers, but they were n’t convicted and—well, we had n’t been saying anything about their condition. I thought they might be sensitive on that spot. But no, they answered Joe’s hail with a snicker of pleasure. And I gathered very soon that all his world joined in all Joe’s laughter. He was a universal favorite. Women adored, and the men, from Sam Levy down, indulged him. He was a sport. He drove fast horses, played practical jokes, and broke the rules of the game whenever he pleased. Somebody was always complaining of something Joe had done, but everybody else took his side and made life easy for this good fellow and harder for their friends, his victims. And the point is that the story I had just been hearing about him and his outrageous theft of that theater; the blackmail and the vice and the betrayal of his friends—the whole story looked different the moment I laid eyes on the villain himself, the hero thereof.

“Well, well, well!” he exclaimed, when I and my purpose were made known to him. “You don’t look so good. I thought— But say, you don’t get your information from crooks and liars like this bunch, do you?”

So, genially, he took possession. He ordered drinks; water for himself. He offered cigars from his pocket: “Good cigars,” he urged, with a laugh at the proprietor of the restaurant who came up happily to help his waiters. Joe himself took a cigarette. His friends told him what we had been saying about him, and, calling them “knockers,” he laughed out his “easy” explanation of the betrayal of Sam. I asked for more.

“The whole story?” he repeated. “Yes, I’ll tell you the whole story. And,” he chuckled, “it’s a good one, too.”

Beethoven says somewhere that he enjoyed one of his own symphonies best because he was able in imagination to hear all of it at once. So

“WOMAN is at once a luxury and a necessity—one of the things we may not be happy in possessing, but are miserable without”

it was, apparently, with Joe. He seemed, pausing, to run his mind's eye out the length of the tale he was to tell, and he enjoyed it all.

"It was this way," he began. "Sam and me, we were going down the line together one night and we came to the Palace of Pleasure. It was crowded. The stalls were full, and the bar—the bar was afloat. Sam was interested, you bet.

"You got a good thing, here," he says to Channing, one of the proprietors. And Channing, he looked uncomfortable, because he knew what that meant."

Joe glanced at me, and decided, for some reason, to explain:

"We charge 'em all th' traffic will bear, you know; just like a railroad. And Channing, who understood, he tumbled that Sam meant to put up th' rates on him. So he says that this was a special night, and we left. But before we got to the next place, Einstein, the manager of the palace, he came a-running after us. He pulled Sam off to one side and—I did n't hear what he said, but I could see that the song and dance he did there on the Q. T. interested Sam. Sam did n't say a word to me when he came back. We went on inspecting the business till about midnight when we quit and parted to go home. Then Sam remarked that the Channings were breaking laws and I says that they were breakin' laws like crockery so as you could hear it upstairs. But who was n't? I says. Sam did n't answer that.

"Better put a few cops in there," he says, 'and,' he adds, 'see that the law is respected.'"

Joe did n't know how much or how little I knew about politics, but he was most polite. He did n't ask me. When in doubt, he explained without seeming to.

"I did n't think anything of this order because, you see," he said, "I assumed Sam meant only to put on the screws to bring Channing down to his office to talk over a raise in rates. I just put the cap'n wise and he put a couple of cops in th' place. That did n't suit. They took tips, I guess, and did n't do a thing. Anyhow, Sam sends for me and he says for me to lay it on straight; enforce every law I knew, and I jarred up the cap'n. I forgot all about it then, but the cap'n did n't. He enforced the law.

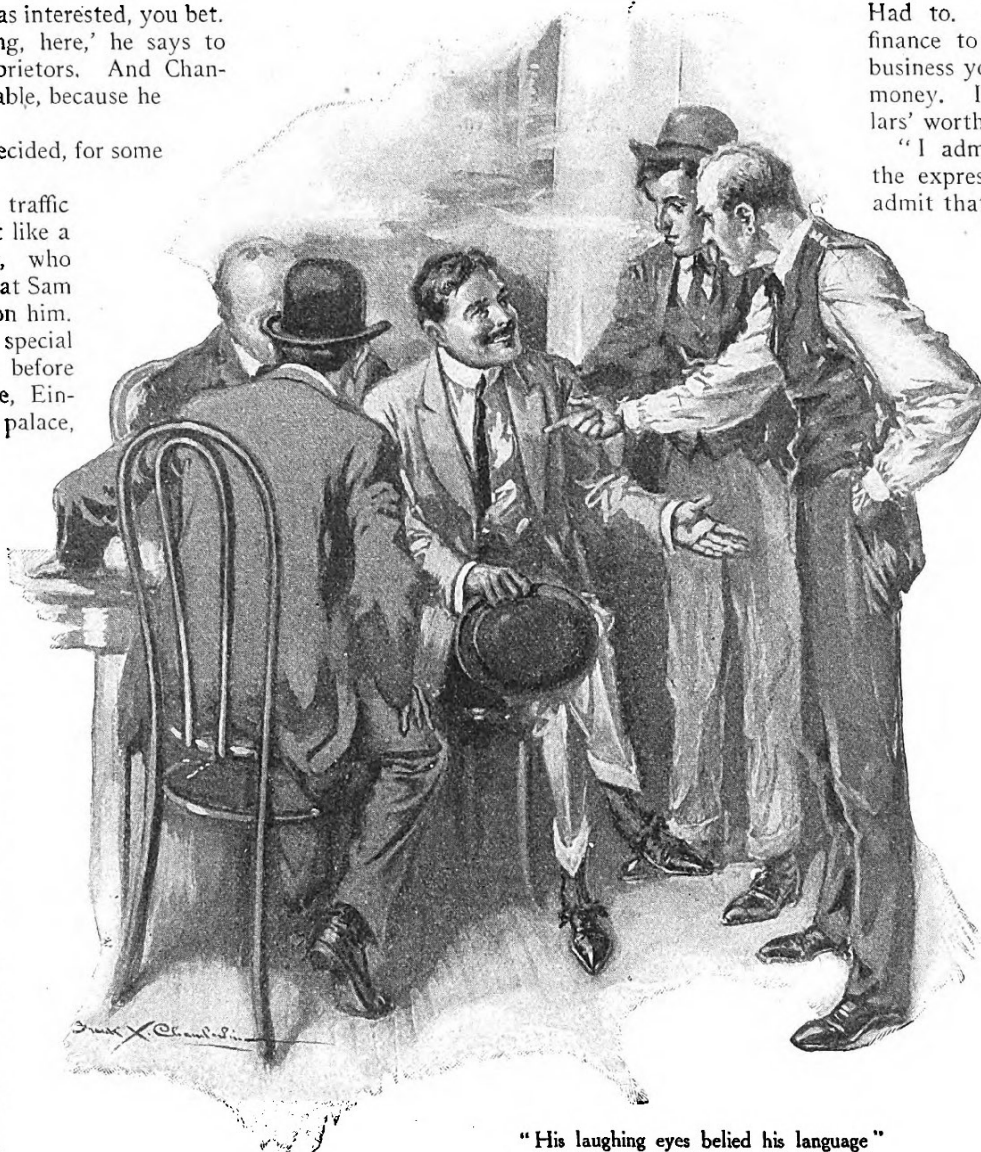
"The way I knew was this: I happened down there one night—oh, it must 'a' bin ten days later, and—no crowd, no bar a-float, no boxes busy, and cops on duty at every turn. It was a shame. I felt kind o' mean and was sneakin' out when Einstein come a-running after me the way he did that other time after Sam. He drew me into a shadow in the street and—Einstein gave the whole scheme away.

"It's workin'," he says. 'Say, you've got the place on the bum now. But you tell Sam not to play it too hard and too long. They're losing money hand over fist and they haven't got much. They'll sell to the first bidder and if Mr. Levy does n't see 'em soon and take it himself, somebody else'll pick it up. And tell him to hurry up before th' place gets a bad name.'"

Joe's eyes twinkled as he studied me.

"So," I says to myself," he said, "so that's th' scheme, eh. Sam's after th' whole theater; not a bigger divvy, but the works themselves. Well—I don't know why, but it came to me all

of a sudden right down there in th' street; I had to laugh, but it came to me that I'd just fool Sam for once. He was so slick. Using me to pull his chestnuts out o' the fire! I thought, 'Why not eat this handful myself?' And I did. I bought that theater."



"His laughing eyes belied his language"

The way his friends laughed and slapped him on the back, arms, and knees, showed that they also took a more lenient view of the offense than they had with me before they heard Joe tell his own story. They spoke now of his "gall" or "nerve" in going up against Sam.

"And did you get it cheap, Joe?" they asked.

"Cheap!" he answered. "I got it for nothin'. About half the cost, I guess. Anyhow, I got it at a price that would make the earnings pay about two thousand per cent.—with the cops called off."

This last was to me. The others pressed for another fact.

"Hot?" Joe repeated. "No, Sam was n't hot at first. And why should he be? I let him in on it."

"Oh, you did, did you?" The proprietor of the restaurant said this, and he went on to explain that Sam hadn't told him that. "He came in here beefin' about th' thing; kickin' at th' way you threw him. I don't believe he ever told anybody that you took him in on it."

It was pure atmosphere to me, this contribution of the *restaurateur*, for it showed how open the secrets were of the gang, how universally known their business was, and how freely and frankly they complained of one another—in restaurants. No wonder facts are easy to get. But Joe treated the *restaurateur's* remarks as matter of fact.

"Say," he said to me, "does n't that show you how hard it is to get the facts of a story right? Look now: In the first place, Sam tells you that the scheme was his; and it was Einstein's; that's whose it was. And in the second

place, Sam does n't tell anybody how, the moment I got that theater, I went straight to him."

Joe's corrections were n't indignant. His laughing eyes belied his language and, as he proceeded, even his language laughed.

"I organized a soulless corporation to buy, reconstruct, and operate the Palace of Pleasure. Had to. It's against the law of high finance to put your own money into a business you own; but I did n't risk Sam's money. I gave him twenty thousand dollars' worth of stock for nothing.

"I admit," said Joe, as if in reply to the expression on his listeners' faces, "I admit that Sam was surprised a little; it was all news to him that I had the place, you see; and he was born with a preference to be 'it' himself. But he did n't say a word. He hefted the stock and he looked at me kind o' queer, but he ended by throwin' it into his safe, careless-like; but he did n't even tell me to enforce the law. No; not a word."

Joe chuckled and his eyes danced. I think he was much less mercenary than he was mischievous; more humorous than shrewd. The expression of his expressive face, as he sat there contemplating the scene in Sam's office, was human. I called him back.

"And the mayor?" I said.

"Oh, yes," he responded; "the maybr."

Joe lighted a cigarette, and the flame made his eyes twinkle amiably.

"A mayor," he said, "a mayor ought n't to graft. A mayor ought to be always a good man. He should be the front, and it's terrible when the front comes down and wants to get in on everything. And we all, from Sam up, we all tried to spare the mayor all we could; we did all in our

power to keep him clean personally and free from all the dirty work we had to do. And so, in this case, I was going to keep him out. I had to take in the commissioner of buildings, as I told you. We have always been very strict in this town about building regulations. Every law known to protect life and limb and health is on our books. And you see why: we need at the polls all the men we can get and, of course, it would hurt us to have 'em burned up or crushed to death. And there were other reasons, besides. But I won't get technical. Only, if I'd a reconstructed that theater according to the code, the dividends on my watered stock would 'a' bin cut from two thousand per cent. down to one thousand, maybe; maybe less, and a theater has to pay just like any ordinary business. Otherwise there would n't be any incentive to enterprise, and men like me and J. P. Morgan, we'd have to work."

Joe inhaled deeply from his cigarette and threw the butt away, carefully, thoughtfully. The others were inclined to laugh. Joe was serious.

"I give the building commissioner twenty thousand dollars in stock," he said. "That was forty per cent. given away. Nine per cent. I had sold—for cash on th' price and first payment to th' contractors. I could n't afford no more or I'd 'a' lost control. Would n't I? Well, and then come that inspector, the honest one."

"Yes," Joe replied to me, "th' inspector was in th' building department, but the mayor appointed and protected him. The commissioner could n't touch him. He came 'round and he saw, and he tumbled. You see, th' contractor that had the job was the fellow that gets all th' city

best work and—well, there were other signs. I had to go 'round there a good deal or I'd 'a' bin done myself. So that inspector—he was th' symbol and the proof of the mayor's suspicion of th' whole lot of us. I really believe the mayor kept him because, knowing he was honest, he could watch us; not theaters and things like that, but us—his friends—the men that made him what he was."

"Everybody says that," I remarked naïvely.

"Well," said Joe. "I'm only confirming that common belief. I can't understand how, by any other theory, the retention of an unreasonable man like that inspector in such an important office can be explained."

"Go on," I said, to protect my retreat from the laugh of the company.

"The inspector told th' mayor that I was building a theater and was using *papier-mâché* all through th' interior, wood outside, and turning exits into boxes. Wood! I never used a bit of wood except what was already in th' structure, as I told th' mayor when he sent for me. Yes, he was mad. Yes, he was worse than mad; he was hurt that I—"

Joe rested a moment. "Do you know," he resumed, "he made me feel ashamed, and I saw that he had to have some stock—a good lump, too. I could n't give him less than twenty thousand dollars' worth, and where was it to come from? That was the problem. I could n't give him any o' mine; now, could I? I'd a lost control. I had to have th' Building Department. If I'd a cut them out, I might as well give away half my own stock, for th' profits would 'a' been cut in two! I tell you, high financiers have to be paid high or they could n't afford to think as hard as I had to think, or as quick! Where was the mayor's stock to come from? That was what I kept askin' myself in those ten or twenty minutes while the mayor marched up and down before me talking wild about theater fires and panics, women and children crushed, and th' newspapers—to save themselves from blame for not publishing before that such buildings existed—jumping on th' best administration our beautiful city ever had."

Joe looked all around at us, seeking sympathy, I thought, but I soon saw that it was admiration he was after.

"I solved the problem," he said. "I may

have solved it badly; I know Sam thinks I did. But, honestly, the only stock I could think of for the mayor was Sam's stock."

He stopped and looked at me, for he had come again to a point where I might not be informed.

"Most of our troubles, politically speaking," he explained, "arose from the odd circumstance that, though th' mayor and th' boss were friends, they were enemies. Bound together by every tie of trust, they distrusted each other. Sworn to divide on everything, they were forever trying to keep each other from being smirched."

"Great men have purposes; others have wishes"

Well, the rest of us, closed out of their bargain, had to play in between; and so, well, I knew that if I hinted that Sam was in on this, the mayor would jump right off of me and right on to Sam, and so I kind o' moaned out in my anguish that I did n't know I was doing wrong.

"Sam seemed to think it was all right," I wept, "when I gave him your stock."

"My stock," the mayor repeated. "My stock," he says. "And Sam—"

"The mayor could n't trust himself to go on. Perhaps it was me he could n't trust. Anyhow, he gets rid of me quick, me helping, for I was glad to get off by myself to think. And I thought like this:

"Sam, I says to myself, 'he might just give half th' stock to th' mayor; which would n't be enough. But he's an impulsive man, Sam is, in some ways, and one of 'em is lying. His first impulse always is to lie. I guess that he will act on instinct now,' I says to myself, 'and deny that he has any stock.' So I thought, and I was content, because then I could give th' stock to th' mayor."

"And that's th' way it worked out," Joe said. "That night Sam sends for me and he says, 'Say, Joe, here's that stock. The mayor's hot about that Pleasure Palace and he rang me

up, and I told him I didn't have a cent in it. And, really, I didn't; did I?' he says. And I says, 'No.' An' I took back th' stock an' I give it to th' mayor. He called off th' inspector. That is to say, he let the building commissioner transfer him. Th' inspector kicked an' th' mayor he pretended to be mad; swore he'd have the inspector re-transferred back. And he did, but he kept a forgettin' it till th' theater was done. And then—well, then it was a vested interest, you understand, and not even th' courts can interfere with a vested interest because, of course, the stock was widely distributed by that time, in th' hands of innocent investors, widows, orphans, the mayor, an' me. Also, of course, it paid. Gee, how it did pay! It didn't cost anything to speak of, and the first Saturday night paid that. Th' police kind o' held down th' returns till th' public observed that the Palace of Pleasure was in right. Sam spoke to th' police, but so did I, an' he tipped off th' reporters; but—Pshaw, what can

a boss do against a mayor an' a president of police if they want to be—well, if they want to be mayor and president of police? Why, Why, I laughed at Sam. I used to go up to his office to laugh at him; not literally, but in a way: I'd talk about twenty-four hundred per cent, a month profits, an' ask him why he give up all his stock; why he didn't just turn over half of it to the mayor and explain that he had meant all along to do so—when th' thing began to pay. And he did n't say a word to me; he looked things; he talked behind my back about my character; and about how he made me; you know.

"But say," said Joe to me, all the humor in him suppressed to the bursting point, "it was all hot-air, and hot-air—"

"Is n't atmosphere," I finished.

It was Joe's turn to be mystified, so I changed the phrase, but only the phrase: "I mean that hot-air is n't the truth," I said. And Joe backed me up.

"No," he said, "hot-air is n't the truth. I've given you the facts, straight, and if you write 'em, I'll leave it to anybody if th' story is n't one on Sam; not on me at all, but Sam Levy, the slick."

And so I leave it—to anybody.

DRAGON SEED

By MADISON CAWEIN

YE HAVE ploughed the field like cattle;
Ye have sown the dragon seed;
Are ye ready now for battle?
For fighters are what we need.

Have ye done with taking and giving?
The old gods, Give and Take?
Then into the ranks of the living,
And fight for the fighting's sake.

Let who will thrive by cunning,
And lies be another's cure;
But girdle your loins for running
And the goal of Never Sure.

Enough of idle shirking!
Though you hate like death your part,
There is nothing helps like working,
When you work with all your heart.

For the world is fact, not fiction,
And its battle is not with words;
And what helps is not men's diction,
But the temper of their swords.

For what each does is measure
Of what he is, I say;
And not by the ranks of Leisure
Is the battle won to-day.

JIMMY PEPPERTON

HIS BUSINESS EXPERIENCES

Part II—A Collision and a Wreck

MR. JAMES PEPPERTON sat in his swivel chair, which possessed the mechanical advantage of a strong spring that enabled him to lean well back in it, and upon an occasion of supreme self-satisfaction, such, for instance, as the moment in which we now find him, the chair was inclined as far as it would go, allowing Jimmy's feet to rest on the surface of his desk. The transactions of the last few days, looking upon them from a practical point of view, had won success all along the line. Indeed, as Jimmy told himself, his victory had not contented itself with merely proving his own accuracy as commercial editor to his chief, and teaching the strenuous-produce dealer that it would be wise to make friends with so ingenious a person as Mr. Pepperton; it had placed itself above the opinion of anybody by the material achievement of contributing to Jimmy's bank close upon ten thousand dollars. That was a fact nobody could blink, and Jimmy thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his vest as he leaned back and contemplated himself with something almost approaching admiration.

But the most charming feature about the whole episode was this: it must have convinced Gwennie Armstrong that he was able to make money quite as effectively as her own father could, and, although up to date she had been quite stanch in her attachment to her lover, he nevertheless surmised that underneath all her undoubted affection for him, there was an indefinable hope that Jimmy would prove himself an equal of those capable young men whose growing prosperity her father so much admired. Although she had said nothing to him on the subject, he rather gathered in his last conversa-

tion with her that she had been forced to defend him, and he knew that John Armstrong's animadversion on his capacity and prospects would be none too gentle; so this nice girl naturally wished that there was material at her hand to use in whatever domestic controversies took place regarding the inadvertent Mr. Pepperton. When she learned of his cleverness in the deal with the cabbages; when she learned that her father had taken an unfair advantage of him by endeavoring to jeopardize his position on the *Dispatch*; when, in fact, she discovered that Jimmy had been rather unscrupulously attacked and had fought only when compelled to protect himself, and when she was made aware that the result of this unsought conflict had been the transfer of nearly ten thousand dollars from the bank account of her father to the bank account of her lover, Gwennie must view him with the same unbounded admiration with which he regarded himself. Her father would no longer dare to taunt the girl about the inefficiency of a man who had so speedily discomfited him when the gauntlet had been thrown down.

Indeed, there was every chance that, Armstrong's defeat being so complete, he might at once withdraw all opposition to the young man's suit, and welcome so capable a person as a valuable addition to his family. At this thought Jimmy drew a deep sigh of satisfaction, and then turned to the contemplation of his own improved position on the *Dispatch* itself. The managing editor would think twice before venturing again to censure a colleague who had not only called him credulous but had also proved it;

Illustrations by
ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

who on tendering his resignation had been asked to withdraw it. And thus, thinking of the devil, the devil appeared.

The door of the commercial room opened suddenly, without the usual preliminary knock, and Wentworth Blake, having returned unexpectedly from Chicago, entered. Pepperton understood that he was going to remain in that city for at least a week. There was no note of admiration in Blake's forbidding face, but a dark frown instead, so Jimmy's boots came from the desk to the floor with a bang, and, in spite of having successfully held up the manager but a few days previously, the young man felt a thrill of apprehension run down his backbone, which even the thought of the ten thousand in the bank did not mitigate as much as might have been expected.

"Mr. Pepperton, I received in Chicago a very long and very disquieting telegram from John Armstrong, and I hope you will be able to disprove his second accusation as effectively as you did the first."

"What is the second accusation, Mr. Blake?"

"He says that, taking advantage of a sentence in a private and confidential letter to me, you practically blackmailed him to the extent of ten thousand dollars. What have you to say?"

"I say what I said before, Mr. Blake, that John Armstrong is a capable and comprehensive liar. The letter he sent to you was not private and confidential: it pertained to a public department of your paper, and furthermore, if his charge could not have been disproved, it would have lost me my situation, my only present means of making a living. It happened that his charge was completely unfounded, and I was able to prove it false. There is not only nothing private and confidential about a letter like that, but I should have been quite justified in placing the case in the hands of the ablest lawyer in this city, and extracting from Mr. Armstrong damages to an amount greater than those which I procured from him in legitimate trade, by playing his own game in his own way. Knowing, sir, your dislike of the courts I did not adopt this method."

"You could not bring suit against Mr. Armstrong because of a private letter written to me."

"I believe you to be mistaken in that statement, Mr. Blake. The letter was not



"What a pitiful scoundrel you must think my father to be!"

OF OSHKAZOO

BY ROBERT BARR

Author of "Young Lord Stranleigh"

privileged. You had not written to Mr. Armstrong asking a confidential opinion, and bolstered it up first by one letter and then by a second, both of which contained untrue statements. If you have the slightest doubt anent the jeopardy in which Mr. Armstrong placed himself, I shall bring suit against him at once, for I happen to have his two letters in my inside pocket."

"They are in your inside pocket because I trusted you with them. I now demand their return."

"And I," said Mr. Pepperton, rising, "refuse."

Blake possessed one great advantage over his junior. He knew how to keep his temper. The attitude of Mr. Pepperton was aggressive, to say the least of it. It was even defiant, and when, metaphorically, a man puts up his clenched fists and strikes a pugilistic posture, he gradually begins to feel foolish if his opponent slips his hands into his trousers pockets and for a few moments says and does nothing. When at last Mr. Blake spoke, it was in the gentlest of voices.

"You see, Mr. Pepperton, I am compelled to consider my own position in this transaction. When I gave you permission to act for me, my supposition was that you only wished a free hand in order to disprove the accusation of inaccuracy that had been made against you. This free hand I willingly accorded you, but, if what Mr. Armstrong says in his telegram to me is true, you used your power with a vindictiveness which I consider deplorable, and which I never would have countenanced had I known of it in time."

"You say nothing of Mr. Armstrong's vindictiveness toward me, Mr. Blake."

"Mr. Armstrong never even mentioned your name, and doubtless knew nothing of you until you were brought rather unpleasantly to his attention by means of the weapon I had innocently placed in his hands."

"Nevertheless, the weapon was forced by Armstrong himself, and was intended to pierce my interior. I advise you, before you say anything further to me, to invite Mr. Armstrong to call upon you, and ask him, point blank, if he knew I was commercial editor of the *Dispatch*. You think, of course, he was actuated by a desire for the good of your newspaper, incidentally wishing to benefit the business community by the action he took. Just find out, Mr. Blake, whether or not that prosperous trader has any personal animus against me."

Blake seemed puzzled, and looked intently at his insubordinate subordinate.

"Why should I trouble Mr. Armstrong," he said at last, "when you can enlighten me quite as effectively as he?"

"That, nevertheless, I shall not do, unless Mr. Armstrong forces my hand."

"Do you admit that you compelled him to pay you a considerable sum of money before you would desist in your attack upon him?"

"I not only admit it; I boast of it, and, like a celebrated statesman, I am astonished at my own moderation. John Armstrong, in the heat of his determination to run a

rapier through my body, completely exposed his own to a man he thought unarmed. I bled him slightly, when I might have pierced his heart. I did n't blackmail him, or compel him to do anything. It was his own business manager who vehemently advised him to settle on the terms I was willing to accept. Mr. Armstrong's rancor against me prevented him seeing as clearly as his manager did the position in which his own unscrupulous action had placed him."

"Well, Mr. Pepperton, I have no desire to enter into any consideration of the personal relationship that exists between Mr. Armstrong and yourself. Still, I hold very strongly the opinion that, occupying as I do a position which implies a certain confidential attitude toward the public, no member of the public should find himself in a trap because of his writing a letter to me. You have now taught Mr. Armstrong a lesson, and I hope you will let it go at that."

"Such is my intention, Mr. Blake."

"What I mean is that you will return to him his money, and leave the lesson untainted by any financial consideration."

"You refuse to consider the personal element in this case, Mr. Blake. You will not take steps to learn from Mr. Armstrong what I consider to be a vital point in this case, therefore you are not so well equipped as I with the necessary knowledge to pass judgment upon my action. Did Mr. Armstrong ask you in his telegram to compel me to refund?"

"No; he demanded the money from me, saying that my misuse of a private letter written by him in good faith had caused him this loss."

"Do you intend to pay him the money?"

"I certainly do not."

"Then it seems to me your only chance is to stand by me; but if you wish I will make this concession. Tell Mr. Armstrong that I shall return the money, but it will be at my own time and in my own way."

"That is rather indefinite, Mr. Pepperton, and I am afraid a business man would not regard so vague a promise as an asset."

"All right; I'll make it less vague, then. Tell him that the day his daughter marries the man with whom she is at present in love, I shall return the money to him, with interest on the amount, at the bank rate, whatever it happens to be."



"By Jove, this is hot stuff, and will make a sensation"

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Blake, looking rather critically at the young man, whose color began to rise under the scrutiny.

"Perhaps it would be better under the circumstances to tell Mr. Armstrong that he is at liberty to take whatever course best pleases him."

"I think that an excellent suggestion, Mr. Blake. I don't wish to say anything more than I have to about Mr. Armstrong, but I think you are entitled to know that he has been attempting to use both you and your newspaper to promote his own private ends, and I believe that is a course of action you always resent when it comes to your knowledge."

"I do," said Mr. Wentworth Blake, sharply. "We will say no more about the matter, Mr. Pepperton," and with that the managing editor left the commercial room as abruptly as he had entered it.

Jimmy put on his hat with just a little tilt to one side, for he flattered himself that he had handled rather adroitly a situation which bristled with difficulties. He determined now to make terms if he could with John Armstrong himself, and, though he enjoyed a fight when he was in it, he was never on the search for trouble, as the saying is.

He knew there was no use sending in his card to John Armstrong, so he marched boldly to the door of the private office, knocked lightly, and entered. He was prepared for an outburst of rage when Armstrong saw him, but in this he was disappointed. The great man even nodded nonchalantly, in recognition of his unexpected appearance. Pepperton took advantage of his former standing with the house, if it may be so expressed, by sitting down uninvited.

"Good morning, Mr. Armstrong," he began genially. "I have just come away from an interview with my chief, Mr. Wentworth Blake, who, it seems, has hurried back from Chicago because of your telegram to him. He wished me to return to you the money I had made in that little cabbage deal of ours."

"Made!" cried Armstrong, with great scorn. "You mean swindled, I think."

"Well, blackmailed was

MAKE every occasion a great occasion,
for you can not tell who may be
taking your measure for a larger place

the word Mr. Blake used. I never quarrel about terms, and, if you like to call it a swindle, I'm perfectly willing; but, anyhow, Mr. Blake asked me to return the money, and I refused. I inquired if he intended to pay the amount himself, and he intimated that he did n't see any reason why he should."

"The reason he should is because he made public a private and confidential letter."

"Why, Mr. Armstrong, it was n't he who made that letter public."

"Who, then?" asked Armstrong in surprise.

"You did. The moment you dictated that letter to your secretary you legally published it. If you had written a note with your own hand it would be a different matter; but this was typewritten, and the courts hold that unless you prove that you operated the typewriter yourself—which I know you can't do, not being such a capable man as I am—the courts hold that dictation and publication are synonymous."

"You seem very learned in the law."

"Seem is the right word to use. I am not, as a matter of fact, but I have a friend who is, and he puts me up to the point of the game. He confirmed me in my suspicions that what you wrote to Mr. Blake constituted a contract. Now, I told my chief that I would n't pay back that money at the present moment."

"No one ever expected you to do an honest thing," snorted the produce merchant, whose fingers were twitching with a desire to throw his visitor out of his private office.

"Probably not; but that isn't the point I wish to discuss. I told my chief that I would pay it back at my own time and in my own way, with interest at the legal rate during the time it was in my possession. But in order that this desirable event may take place, I hope you will let bygones be bygones, and withdraw your prohibition so far as my calling on your daughter is concerned."

"Oh," said the merchant, indifferently, with a shrug of his shoulders, "you may call on my daughter as much as you like."

"Very well," cried Pepperton, rising, "there's nothing more to be said! That's tremendously good of you, and I shall have great pleasure in shaking hands with you."

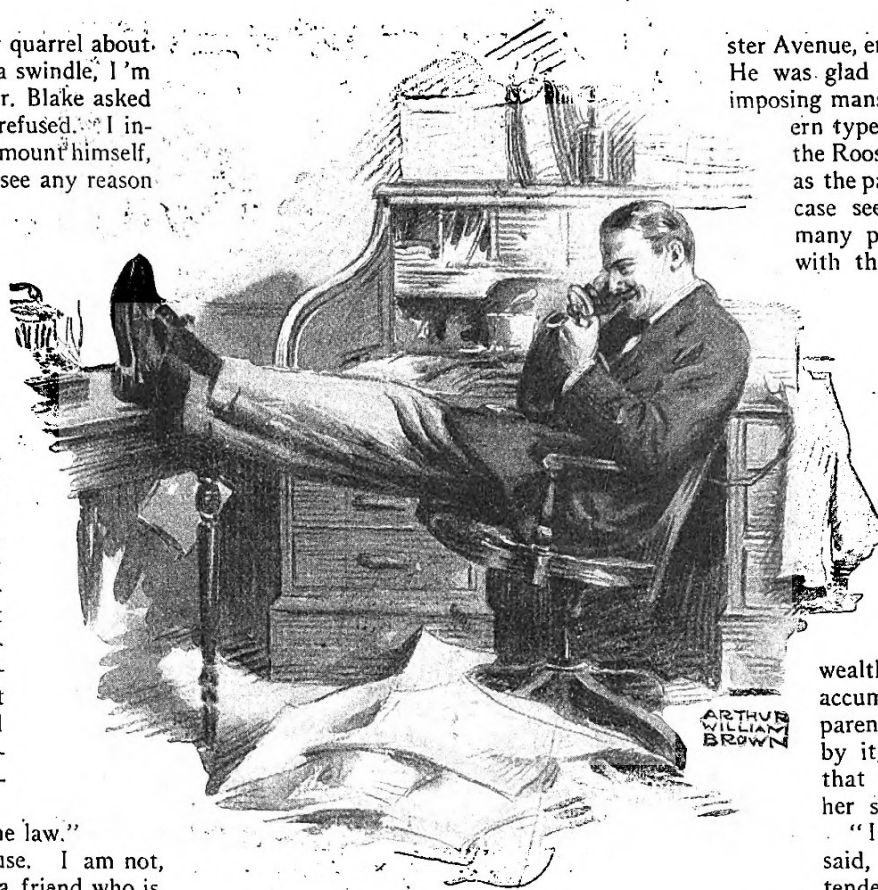
"The pleasure is not reciprocated, Mr. Pepperton. I have no desire to shake hands with you; but as I am very busy I hope I may consider this interview ended, although if there is anything else you wish to discuss I'd prefer to discuss it now, if doing so will obviate the necessity of any further conference with you."

"I beg your pardon for misinterpreting your words, in supposing them to mean a truce between us. I hope I was n't under a similar misapprehension in believing I had received permission to call at your private residence?"

"Oh, no, you may call there as much as you please, provided only that your visits are agreeable to my wife and daughter, or whichever you wish to see."

To give practical evidence that the interview had terminated, John Armstrong pulled toward him a printed broadside which at first glance Pepperton took to be an advertisement; but familiarity with a certain style of financial document speedily corrected this impression, for he saw it was the rough proof of the prospectus of a public company. The smaller type he could not read at that distance, but the larger lettering was quite legible.

It was headed "John Armstrong and Company," and underneath appeared the words, "Incorporated according to the laws of the State of New Jersey. Capital, five hundred



"I say, Mr. Armstrong, let's call it quits, and join forces"

thousand dollars," and at once his newspaper instinct told him that here was a piece of information of great local importance.

John Armstrong evidently proposed to form his various businesses into a concern which the brief glance had shown the reporter was to be largely over-capitalized, and which would probably be subscribed to greedily by a gullible public. The stores of John Armstrong, numerous and prosperous as they were, could scarcely at present be valued at more than a hundred thousand, although doubtless they might ultimately attain the worth of half-a-million mark as the city grew and the business extended.

"Don't you think, Mr. Armstrong, that you and I might work together with considerable advantage?"

"Advantage to you, perhaps."

"Mutual advantage, I should have said."

"I am obliged for your offer, and regret that I can not avail myself of it. Good-by, Mr. Pepperton," and instantly John Armstrong became absorbed in the prospectus before him.

Jimmy walked through the business premises, from which he had been so unceremoniously dismissed, toward the residence of the man who had dismissed him, with a step somewhat slower than his customary stride. This calmness on the part of John Armstrong, and his awkward efforts to be chillingly polite, were a new strata in his character. Hitherto he had been a domineering, browbeating man, and Jimmy scarcely recognized him as a would-be urbane person. The young man was not exactly in a state of fear, but his exuberant spirits were dampened, and even the thought of his success with the cabbages, which had so cheered him earlier in the day, was now without effect. The interview with his chief loomed up in his memory as rather "disquieting," and the conference with Armstrong, following it, had not bettered the situation. In spite of the ten thousand dollars, Armstrong did not in the least fear him, and evidently scorned his cooperation, being in no way perturbed by any apprehension of his opposition.

Yet hope springs eternal, and as Jimmy neared the home of the girl whose engagement with him was not yet formally broken, the natural elasticity of youth came to his rescue, and his step quickened as he caught sight of the fine old-fashioned house, standing well back from Web-

ster Avenue, embowered in trees and shrubbery. He was glad they had not yet moved into the imposing mansion of the most aggressively modern type, which was nearing completion on the Roosevelt Boulevard. The new palace, as the papers called it, would have made his case seem hopeless indeed, but he had many pleasant remembrances connected with this comfortable home, especially of dark summer evenings on the broad veranda, secluded from the street, which even at mid-day was not a busy thoroughfare.

Miss Gwennie Armstrong received him in the antiquated parlor he knew so well, and again he was thankful that it was not the gilded drawing-room of the new residence. Gwennie was a pretty girl, dressed neatly, and plainly, with nothing in her costume that flaunted the new wealth. However much the constantly accumulating gold had affected her parents, Gwennie so far was untainted by it, and yet her lover saw at once that there was no welcome for him in her somber face.

"I have been waiting for you," she said, speaking first, not seeing his extended hand, probably because of the scantiness of light that filtered through the dense foliage outside. "My father telephoned that you were coming here, and, although it is rather early in the day to receive callers, I make an exception in your case because my father asked me to."

"Why, Gwennie, is the new house so near finished as all that?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"There is a phrase about being off with the old love before you are on with the new, and I suppose it may be twisted round to apply to houses as well as to the affections. This old house possesses many associations for both of us which perhaps you want to get rid of, and as you can't auction them off with the sale of the furniture before you move, you wish, possibly, to determine the memories now."

She stood there silent, and when he saw that she would not defend herself he continued:

"It is not so very many days ago, Gwennie, that our last meeting took place here in this room. Being inspired by your presence, I naturally thought I should be a great success in life, and I think I mentioned the fact. Unless I am mistaken, you expressed a certain amount of confidence in me, and you agreed to wait, until such a time as I had proved to your father that I was worthy to become his son-in-law. Of course, I don't pretend that I should ever be worthy of you, Gwennie, but I did think I could convince Mr. Armstrong I was a capable man of business, and that seems to be all he cares about. You yourself agreed that we would disregard your father's prohibition, and arrange some way of meeting one another; and now when I come to carry out—"

"Forgive me for interrupting," said the girl, hastily, "but I have rather dreaded meeting you, and, as this conversation is likely to lead to no purpose, I wish to get it over as quickly as possible. I promised to wait for you, and you promised to do your best during the next few years to improve your position; but when you began this improvement by what seems to be a rather shabby trick, which resulted in a loss of prestige and loss of money to my father, you surely can not expect such a sample of progress to be a recommendation to me."

"Your father attacked me, and I merely defended myself. I went to him this morning in a most friendly spirit—"

The girl smiled bitterly, and her lover paused a few moments, thinking she was about to

[Continued on page 42]

GROWING OLD A HABIT

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN



NOT long ago the former secretary of a justice of the New York Supreme Court committed suicide on his seventieth birthday.

"The Statute of Limitations; a Brief Essay on the Osler Theory of Life," was found beside the dead body. It read, in part:

"Threescore and ten—this is the Scriptural statute of limitations. After that, active work for man ceases; his time on earth has expired. . . .

"I am seventy—threescore and ten—and I am fit only for the chimney corner . . ."

This man had dwelt so long on the so-called Osler theory—that a man is practically useless and only a burden to himself and the world after sixty—and the Biblical limitation of life to threescore years and ten, that he made up his mind he would end it all on his seventieth birthday.

Leaving aside Dr. Osler's theory, there is no doubt that the acceptance in a strictly literal sense of the Biblical life limit has proved a decided injury to the race. We are powerfully influenced by our self-imposed limitations and convictions, and it is well known that many people die very near the limit they set for themselves. Yet there is no probability that the Psalmist had any idea of setting a limit to the life period, or that he had any authority whatever for so doing. Many of the sayings in the Bible which people take so literally are merely figures of speech to illustrate an idea. So far as the Bible is concerned, there is just as much reason for setting the life limit at one hundred and twenty or even at Methuselah's age (nine hundred and sixty-nine) as at seventy or eighty. There is no evidence in the Scriptures that even suggests the existence of an age limit beyond which man was not supposed or allowed to pass. In fact the whole spirit of the Bible is to encourage long life through sane and healthful living.

It would be a reflection upon the Creator to suggest that He would limit human life to less than three times the age at which it reaches maturity (about thirty) when all the analogy of nature, especially in the animal kingdom, points to at least five times the length of the maturing period. Should not the highest manifestation of God's creation have a length of life at least equal to that of the animal? Infinite wisdom does not shake the fruit off the tree before it is ripe.

We do not half realize what slaves we are to our mental attitudes, what power our convictions have to influence our lives. Multitudes of people undoubtedly shorten their lives by many years because of their deep-seated convictions that they will not live beyond a certain age—the age, perhaps, at which their parents died. How often we hear this said: "I do not expect to live to be very old; my father and mother died young."

Not long ago a New York man, in perfect health, told his family that he was certain he should die on his next birthday. On the morning of his birthday his family became alarmed because he refused to go to work, saying that he should certainly die before midnight, and insisted upon calling in the family physician, who examined him and said there was nothing the matter with him. But the man refused to eat, grew weaker and weaker during the day, and actually died before midnight. The conviction that he was going to die had become so intrenched in his mind that the whole power

of his mentality acted to cut off the life force, and finally to strangle completely the life processes.

Now, if this man's conviction could have been changed by some one who had sufficient influence over him, or if the mental suggestion that he was going to live to a good old age had been implanted in his mind in place of the death idea, he would probably have lived many years longer.

If you have convinced yourself, or if the idea has been ingrained into the very structure of your being by your training or the multitudes of examples about you, that you will begin to show the marks of age at about fifty, that at sixty you will become practically useless and have to retire from your business, and that thereafter you will continue to decline until you are cut off entirely, there is no power in the world that can keep the old-age processes and signs from developing in you.

Thought leads. If it is an old-age thought, old age must follow. If it is a youthful thought, a perennial young-life thought, a thought of usefulness and hopefulness, the body must correspond. Old age begins in the mind. The expression of age in the body is the harvest of old-age ideas which have been planted in the mind. We see others of our age beginning to decline and show marks of decrepitude, and we imagine it is about time for us to show the same signs. Ultimately we do show them, because we think they are inevitable. But they are only inevitable because of our old-age mental attitude.

If we actually refuse to grow old; if we insist on holding the youthful ideal and the young, hopeful, buoyant thought, the old-age ear-marks will not show themselves.

The elixir of youth lies in the mind or nowhere. You can not be young by trying to appear so, by

dressing youthfully. You must first get rid of the last vestige of thought, of belief, that you are aging. As long as that is in mind, cosmetics and youthful dress will amount to very little in changing your appearance. The conviction must first be changed; the thought which has produced the aging condition must be reversed.

If we can only establish the perpetual youth mental attitude, so that we feel young, we have won half the battle against old age. Be sure of this: that whatever you feel regarding your age will be expressed in your body.

It is a great aid to the perpetuation of youth to learn to feel young, however long we may have lived, because the body expresses the habitual feeling, habitual thought. Nothing in the world will make us look young as long as we are convinced that we are aging.

Nothing else more effectually retards age than keeping in mind the bright, cheerful, optimistic, hopeful, buoyant picture of youth in all its splendor, magnificence; the alluring picture of the glories which belong to youth—youthful dreams, ideals, hopes, and all the qualities which belong to young life.

One great trouble with us is that our imaginations age prematurely. The hard, exacting conditions of our modern, strenuous life tend to harden and dry up the brain and nerve cells, and thus seriously injure the power of the imagination, which should be kept fresh, buoyant, elastic.

People who take life too seriously, whose lives are one continuous grind in living-getting, have a hard expression; their thought outpictures itself in their faces. These people dry up early in life, become wrinkled; their tissues become as hard as their thought.

[Continued on page 62]

The RAT AND HIS BOARD BILL

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IN the United States, England, and Germany, the rat annually damages property to the extent of \$310,000,000. The rat bill of the world, the cost to the world of lodging and feeding all sorts of rats and mice, would reach into the billions. Also this unpleasant pest is one of the most effective agencies known in conveying disease germs.

In San Francisco, as well as in the Orient and in Central and South America, the fight against bubonic plague has narrowed down into a fight against the rat which spreads it. To-day there is in progress a world-wide war for the extermination of the various species of rodents which infest all civilized and semi-civilized countries.

THE world has to-day no need that is much greater than the discovery, and the universal application, of an effectual and speedy method for ridding civilization of its property-destroying, and disease-propagating plague—the rat. The present pernicious activities and the future menace of the rat constitute problems that are really grave. To the solving of these problems scientists and statesmen, business men and physicians are everywhere applying themselves. A veritable world-wide war on rats is under way, and perhaps the most important campaign is being waged in the United States.

\$160,000,000 a Year for Rats

The bill of damages which civilization holds against the rodent foots up into tremendous figures. According to the experts of the Bureau of Biological Survey of our Department of Agriculture, Uncle Sam alone has to pay \$160,000,000 every year on account of property damages inflicted by the pest. John Bull and the Kaiser between them have to fork over \$150,000,000. The rat bill of the world would reach into the billions. Sir James Crichton-Browne, president of a recently formed international union of scientific organizations working together for the extermination of rats, declares that every rat in the United States costs the citizens at least two cents a day for its keep. In England a rat costs from half a cent to five cents daily. The British India rat is the most expensive rodent of them all, for there each of the innumerable swarming millions of the pest consumes on an average three cents daily. If you add to the cost of the board and lodging of rats the expense of maintaining quarantine operations against them and of fighting the diseases spread by them, the average specimen of the rodent tribe preying on civilized nations may be said to cost us from seven to ten cents a day.

The Most Destructive of the Mammal Pests

David E. Lantz, of the Bureau of Biological Survey, an expert on the rat problem, declares that the brown, or Norway, rat, sometimes termed the sewer rat (which is the mischievous

member of the tribes of *Mus*—his zoological name being *Mus norvegicus*), does more damage than all other mammal pests in this country. And he also tells us that (like other undesirable creatures—such as Sicilian criminals and Black Hand bomb-throwers) the brown rat is an immigrant, having come here from Europe about a hundred years ago. The original Pilgrim fathers of the invasion began at once a war of extermination against its less robust and milder blood-brother, the native black rat, which is now nearly finished—in the finish of the black rat. The brown rat's fecundity is immense.

Mr. Lantz tells us that it breeds three or four times yearly, with six to twelve, or even more, little brownies at a time. The female begins to breed when only three to four months old. Dr. A. Calmette, a prominent French scientist who is a leader in the international crusade against the brown horde from Norway, states that an average pair of sewer rats will within two years, ordinarily, multiply to over fifteen hundred. So gloomy is the view taken by Dr. Calmette of the situation, that he is on record as saying that unless civilization can discover a sure and rapid means of killing off the brown rats faster than they can multiply, the rat will eventually be the only living creature left on the globe. Even man will disappear before its encroachments. But Dr. Calmette hastens to add what we all know to be true—that, of course, now that the civilized nations are awakening to the necessity of engaging in a general and cooperative war on the rodents, it can not be long before such means of destroying them will be found.

The Rat Is an Agent of Pollution

Apart from the relief that their extermination would bring us as property-holders and taxpayers, and also on the score of hygiene, how gladly would all of us, down in our hearts, rejoice in the passing of this noisome haunter of the darkness and agent of pollution and death! There seems something innately repugnant in a rat. I can well remember, if I may be allowed to bring in a personal reminiscence, the feeling of horror which I experienced in common with thousands of others during those strenuous days in San Francisco immediately following the great earthquake and fire, when a yellow newspaper spread the report of an irruption of sewer rats from the cellars and pits of Chinatown; of a horde of rats moving across the burned city in millions, pulling down and devouring other animals, attacking human beings, and causing them to flee. There was even a wild, scare story of

a baby having been killed by them. The story was quite false, fortunately; but San Francisco, already aware of the rat's evil qualities through the bubonic plague visitations, felt, wherever that rat story spread, more fear and repulsion than any other incident of that time of terror was able to create.

In the indictment of the rat by civilization, the first accusation is the property damage it inflicts.

What He Costs the Farmer

Look first at the item of Mr. Rat's board bill. He is omnivorous and eternally hungry; his squeak is like unto the cry of Oliver Twist, for "More! More! More!" He feeds upon all kinds of animal and vegetable matter. When the farmer sows his grain, the rat begins to eat the seed in the ground—but that is a mere appetizer, like the epicure's olive or radish before dinner. He makes, as it were, a salad of the green stalks as soon as they begin to appear; and then he goes right on and eats the grain in the ear and in the shock; in the stack, the mow, and the crib; he follows it on to the granary, the mill, the elevator, and the railway car, and descends into the holds of the grain-carrying ships and barges. Not content even then in his rage to satisfy his voracious appetite for grain, he steals it from under the very bills and noses of the poultry and the live stock in the bin and the feed trough. Nor is he at all averse to the cooked product in the form of biscuit and bread. And while visiting the poultry-yard and the stock inclosures he constantly adds a dish of hen's eggs, young poultry, or tender suckling pig, and the young of other animals, to his bill of fare. He also eats enormous quantities of vegetables, and is luxurious in the matter of fruits, and constant in his attentions to more substantial dishes like meats in stock-yards, markets, butcher-shops, and kitchens, topping off his meal with spices, condiments, and so forth by way of relish.

The Sun Never Sets on the Norway Rat

In the West Indies, the Azores, and in the Cape Verde Islands, the sewer rat has appeared and is annually destroying hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of coffee, banana, and orange plantations. Perfectly at home in sea water, and a strong swimmer, the migratory Norwegian rat is spreading everywhere among the continents and islands of the world. As an example of what he can do, Dr. Calmette cites the case of an island in the river Humber which was once covered with rich grass, supporting in good condition all the year around more than



three thousand head of cattle, the people who cared for the stock, and the owners who lived by it. This island is separated from the shore by half a mile of water; but one day about fifteen years ago rats reached it by swimming, and to-day there is not enough verdure on that island to go between the front teeth of a rabbit, while the earth has been so riddled and honey-combed by the rodents that it can not be reclaimed by cultivation.

In several of the isles in the British Channel, north, where nothing grows but a few ferns and mosses, the investigators of the rat problem (the scouts, one might say, of man's army in this world-wide war) have discovered thousands of the rodents. How they found sufficient food was long a matter of curiosity, but one day a scientist—poking into the problem deeply, in the blessed scientific way—dug into one of the numerous rat-holes and discovered, to his surprise, sixteen large sea-crabs in a single hole within the burrow; while in another pocket of the earth there were six. It was evident that the crabs had not found their way into the strongholds of their enemy of themselves, because all of the twenty-two crabs were without legs. Further investigation showed that the rats were in the habit of going crabbing at low tide, and as soon as they caught their crabs they neatly amputated legs and nippers with their sharp teeth, thus rendering them at once defenseless and unable to escape. Then, after eating what the call of their appetites demanded on the spot, they carried the remaining victims to their holes to provide against a rainy day. All the crabs found in the holes were alive and in good condition. Whether the wily rodents kept their prisoners fed, and plumped them up with titbits in the fashion of the South Sea cannibals, or the raisers of fattened poultry and geese for *pâté de foies gras*, is a question the scientists do not answer—in fact, I guess they did not ask it.

Havoc in a Department Store

Turning now to another item in the national rat bill, let us gather a notion of what it costs us to lodge the pest. Enormous as is the financial value of the amount actually eaten by the rat, it is estimated as a mere tenth of what he destroys by pollution. Mr. Rat is the very worst kind of a tenant, and even on the score of his bad habits in this direction, Uncle Sam would be justified and termed a prudent landlord for determining to evict this alien, who is a squatter and pays no rent. Like the tramp, the Norway rat does not at all mind making his home in the open fields and in hedge-rows; but a dank, evil-smelling, sunless hole or corner in a sewer, cellar, wall, or pier is more to his liking. And wherever he takes up his local habitation he works havoc; destroys, defiles, and pollutes. He burrows in the earth and weakens or eats down fence poles. He attacks foundations and walls and floors, and the rugs on the floors, and the books in the case against the wall, and the clothing in the cupboard. He floods houses by nibbling through the lead of the water-pipes; he even burns buildings down by nibbling matches or electric-light-wire insulation. The insurance people have a very black mark in their books against the rat. In one large department store in Washington the damage done by rats ran for a long time anywhere from ten to thirty dollars a night;

and when a system of traps was installed under the direction of one of the numerous fraternity of rat-catchers which the exigencies of the situation is developing in all our large cities, one hundred and thirty-six of the marauders were captured in the first twenty nights, after which the losses practically ceased.

It is not merely the Norway rat, however, that is being fought; the Biological Survey only a year ago faced a tougher job than did Saint Patrick in driving the snakes out of Ireland, when it undertook to clear the Humboldt River valley, in Nevada, of a plague of millions of field mice. By long odds, this was the most serious visitation of the kind which the country ever faced. The mice multiplied in prodigious numbers and attacked all the crops. The yield

of hay was greatly reduced. Not only were the stalks of alfalfa destroyed, but the roots were also eaten. Only one-third of the potato crop was gathered, and this portion was badly

damaged. Orchard and shade trees were much injured by the mice girdling the bark from the roots and the base of the trunks. In November, 1907, it was estimated that there were from five thousand to eight thousand mice to the acre in that valley—creepy-crawling, creepy-crawling—and nibbling, nibbling, nibbling.

But serious as is this destruction of property, it is insignificant compared with the menace of the rat to human health and life.

They Are Industrious Germ Carriers

The case of modern science against the rodent as an international peril is regarded as proved; certainly the evidence is enough to justify a drumhead verdict of extermination. "Give no quarter!" is the stern advice of the scientists directing the world-wide war.

The indictment falls into three main sections. First of all, your rat is one of the liveliest and most indefatigable of the germ carriers, being comparable with the fly and the mosquito in this respect. Not only is this the case as to the terrible diseases most closely associated with his name, but also it is now well known that the rat, through polluting water and food and infecting dwellings, is a highly pernicious agent for the dissemination of all manner of disease germs. Secondly, and more specifically, the rat is the means by which that terrible disease, trichinosis, reaches man by transmission to the pig, through whose flesh it reaches us. Fortunately, this is a comparatively rare disease, but it has greatly increased of late; and as the first symptoms resemble those of cholera morbus, dysentery, and other serious bowel disturbances, and later on simulate rheumatism, cerebro-spinal meningitis, typhoid fever, and other diseases, physicians believe that the malady is often overlooked, and that it is very much more prevalent than is generally suspected. And when

the deadly parasites are received into the system of man or animal, science has no means of arresting their death-dealing effects. Examinations of pork in Chicago made some years ago showed the presence of trichina in one out of every forty pigs examined. Because he was the first scientist to trace the trichinosis of the pig to rats, a Danish engineer named Zuschlag is now given credit for the idea of the universal condemnation of the pest. He so far established his case, says Sir James Crichton-Browne, that rat-fed pork—once a common product—is now being condemned by German sausage manufacturers; but although the manufacturers no longer feed their pigs with rats, they can not prevent the pigs from eating them when, as frequently happens, the pigs themselves catch the rats. The occurrence of a case of trichinosis anywhere is evidence that the local rat plague cries aloud for abatement.

How Rats Help Along the Plague

The third point in the indictment is by far the gravest: that through the vermin which infest all rats the seeds of the terrible disease, the Black Death—or bubonic plague, as it is termed—are spread throughout the world. Although there is good reason to suppose that the bubonic is the same plague which ravaged our forefathers through all the centuries since the dawn of the Christian era, its scientific history dates only from 1894. In that year two distinguished bacteriologists, Yersin and Katsato, working independently of each other during the outbreak of the plague in Hong-kong, discovered the germ of the disease. Exhaustive investigations followed in various parts of the world, which were afflicted in the year after the Hong-kong epidemic with a threatening revival of the terrible disease. There were serious outbreaks in many parts of the Orient and in Europe; at Glasgow, Oporto in Spain, and elsewhere; also in the two Americas, San Francisco being the port of entry for the worst part of the evil in the United States. These investigations have proved that the plague is transmitted to human beings principally through the medium of fleas that infect the rats. Some of the investigators maintain that only in this way can the plague be given to man; but others hold that the rat is but the chief of several sources of infection.

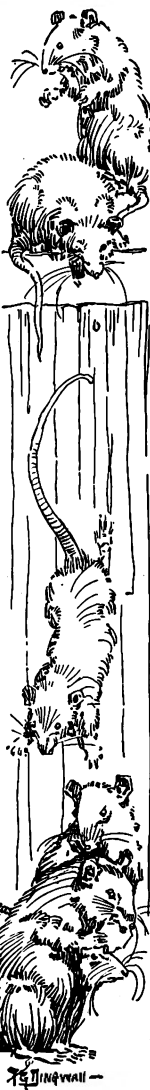
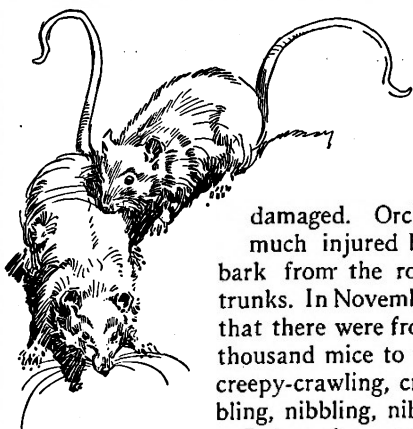
The plague is now well established in South and Central America; and in 1907 it again appeared in San Francisco, which, according to Sir Ray Lankester, who has closely studied the situation, is the point which the United States should especially watch, as the chief danger to us is the growing commerce between Manila and that port. The rat found in the Philippines is infected by a small and actively vagrant flea; one much more to be feared than the California or the Northern rat flea. Charles Rothschild, the leading scientific authority on fleas, discovered the presence on the Philippine rat of these tiny pests which act as the carriers of the plague germ to man; but experiments have shown that the common rat flea, the flea found on man, and the flea which has a special partiality for cats and dogs, can likewise harbor and so convey the plague bacillus if they feed on plague-stricken animals. The scientists are still debating the question whether the gray or the black rat is the more susceptible to the diseases which are transmitted by bacilli, but the weight of condemnation seems to rest on the ever-increasing gray rat, before whose advent the black rat is everywhere disappearing.

The World-wide War on Rodents

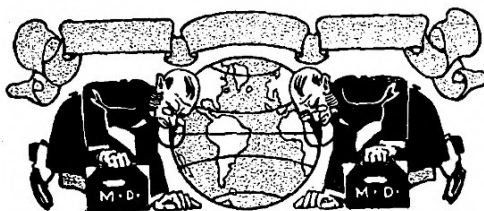
These are the facts—this is the indictment against the little animals with the sharp teeth and the disgusting habits. What is the world doing about it? How goes the battle against rats, and what are the prospects of victory?

Even while this article was in the making, the

[Continued on page 65]



THE PULSE OF THE WORLD



By HOWARD BRUBAKER

Taming the Kaiser

FOR the intelligent and progressive people that they are, the Germans have been a long time finding out about that Kaiser of theirs, but they seem to understand now. The last news we have is that His Imperial Majesty was busy apologizing to his people for what he had said, and promising to try to be a better and a nobler Kaiser in the future. There are a lot of Teutonic whispers going around to the effect that if he does n't he'll have to go and do his kaiserling somewhere else.

The Imperial break occurred in an interview in the *London Telegraph*, in which Emperor William said, in effect, that he fervently desired peaceful relations with England and regretted that the people of the two nations hated each other so. The remark caused a lot of ill-feeling, and all hands decided that as a diplomatist His Majesty was not a success. The German papers regretted the occurrence as vigorously as any one can publicly regret what the boss does, and the Reichstag and Chancellor von Bülow made a scene. As a result the Kaiser promised to submit to constitutional control in diplomatic matters, and the people ruled. The Imperial fingers may have been crossed when he made this promise, but the affair looks like a step toward more constitutional government. Now if the newspapers would stop printing fake Kaiser interviews we could all be happy.

Taft's Great Opportunity

IT is rumored that President-elect Taft is going to jump into the fight against the reelection of Joseph Cannon for the speakership. There is to be a special session of Congress for the purpose of revising the tariff and Mr. Taft is evidently in earnest about having the job done right. He knows that Speaker Cannon is a hopeless "stand-patter" on this and every other subject that involves progress and justice. He knows that a tariff revision Congress under the domination of Cannon and his crowd is an utter absurdity. If the next President wants to show that he is more than an able, safe-and-sane, tactful administrator, he will use that capable-looking foot of his and kick "Uncle Joe" out into political obscurity.

The First American Citizen

IF CHARLES W. ELIOT is entitled to the above designation it is because throughout his long career he has always regarded the interests of Harvard University and of his country as of more importance than his own. Again and again he has declined positions of great honor and remuneration, because he has considered his first duty to lie in Harvard. He is a living rebuke to those people who say that there must be a financial incentive in order to bring out our highest ability. At the age of seventy-five he is retiring from the active duties of President of Harvard, not because he feels his powers failing, but because he wants the university, for which he has done so much, to have a younger man at its head.

If there is any man better fitted to be called "The First American Citizen," we do not know of him.

The Crowded Water Wagon

DURING the past year of temperance agitation various brewers' and distilleries' organizations have been going about the country desperately asserting that prohibition does not prohibit. Loud-voiced press-agents have burst into print declaring that laws only change the form of drinking, and do not diminish it at all. So loudly have they protested, that one has been forced to believe that what they have been trying to prove is not true; seldom, if ever, have we heard of a liquor-dealer being in business purely for sanitary reasons.

In this year's report of what is familiarly called "The Whisky Trust," the efforts of that benevolent organization to save the people from the results of their own folly are not shown to have met with any marked success. During the year 1908, the production of distilled spirits in the United States was one hundred and twenty-seven million gallons instead of one hundred and sixty-eight million gallons in 1907. Of course no one knows what the Whisky Trust mathematicians will do about this, but it looks to us like a decrease of twenty-five per cent.

The next time a distillery press-agent tells you that prohibition is only another word for an unlawful consumption of whisky, you are entitled to a hearty laugh.

New York Wants a Senator

THE State of New York is considering the interesting idea of being represented in the United States Senate. It has been so long since the Empire State has had such an opportunity, that it is as excited as a boy with a new air-rifle. There are, thus far, two patriots that are mentioned for the place of Thomas C. Platt, whose term expires next March. One is Timothy

Woodruff, who represents sartorial art and machine politics in New York State, and the other is—Root.

Elihu Root has been so efficient a public servant as Secretary of War and Secretary of State, that the people are inclined to draw the kindly veil over his corporation lawyer days. There are those who go so far as to say that a man who once showed such skill in teaching corporations how to evade the laws, ought to be adept at making new ones. At any rate, Mr. Root is the best man yet put forward for the position and his election seems probable. When the new senator is duly installed the people will settle down with renewed patience to await the expiration of the term of Chauncey M. Depew, two years hence, and the return of a certain mighty lion-hunter from Africa.

Free Advice for China

NO ONE knows the real truth about the death of the Emperor of China and the Dowager Empress. It is stated that the Empress died from the shock of the Emperor's death, but the story is doubted, and there are many who suspect that one or both of these deaths was other than natural. They have a habit in China of building very high and very thick walls about their rulers, and reporters do not circulate freely. What goes on, therefore, in the mysterious Forbidden City is more or less of a guess.

Why anybody should want to dispose of the harmless little Emperor who did nothing but play with clocks,

LATTER-DAY PATRIOTS



II. Chauncey M. Depew

Senator from New York. He shows all the qualities of greatness except resignation

we can not imagine, but there may have been some strong reasons for putting the ancient but still powerful Dowager Empress out of the way. For the avoidance of such affairs as these, we respectfully suggest to China the passing of two very necessary statutes.

1. That it shall be unlawful to kill the Emperor.
2. That it shall be unlawful to have any Emperor to kill.

"The Kids' Judge"

ONE of the most gratifying results of the recent election was what happened in Denver. There is a man there named Ben Lindsey who is more familiarly known as "The Kids' Judge." Judge Lindsey has been holding court, sometimes in a regular court-room, sometimes on dry-goods boxes; he never deals with any one except youthful offenders, and he deals with them not as criminals, but as younger brothers who need a lot of advice. As a result he has been of inestimable value in the reform of the boys of Denver, and is firmly regarded as their friend.

As you would naturally expect, Judge Lindsey, being an efficient public servant and conducting the best juvenile court in the United States, was not acceptable to the party machines of Denver. This year when it was time to choose a successor to Judge Lindsey, both the Democratic and Republican Parties refused to nominate him for reelection. In the good old days, that meant that it was all over with Lindsey, but in the better new days twenty-nine thousand independent voters came trooping into the polls and reelected him. It was a good job that they did in Denver on November third, and it was possible because the women voters of that progressive community lined up on the right side of the fence. If the boys had been allowed to vote, the election officers would be counting yet.

Reform at Yale

THE victory of Harvard, in her annual football battle with Yale, bears out what we intimated early in the season—that the new football game is more uncertain than the old and more likely to upset the calculations of the habitual winners. Yale has an offensive habit of winning championships which many a public-spirited and well-meaning college has tried in vain to break. It is like the Chicago "cubs" and the Republican Party in this respect, and a habit of this sort acquired in youth is very difficult to outgrow. Harvard's victory this year shows that it is never too late to mend and that there is hope for even the most hardened criminal. In educational circles it is believed now that Yale will henceforth try to lead a better life.

Of Interest to Wives

THE Reverend Henry C. Rose has given to the world a discovery which can not fail to be a great boon to all downtrodden wives. He calls it "the sleep cure," and it consists in sneaking in when hubby is asleep and talking to his subconscious self. In this way the Rev. Mr. Rose declares, a woman of his acquaintance cured her husband of a bad case of going-to-the-club.

"To-morrow night," this neglected wife whispered into his subconscious ear, "you will not go to the club to drink and carouse but you will spend the evening with me."

The head of the family thus taken advantage of has completely forgotten his club and its annual dues, and now they have to send for a blacksmith to pry him loose from his home. According to the Newark gentleman this is only one of numerous cases where people have been reformed against their better judgment.

It's all very well for the wife, but what of the rent-payer and provider of material blessings? Has he no rights which his own family is bound to respect? Somewhere a judge has decreed that a wife is justified in rifling her husband's pockets for small change. Is she also to be allowed to take away his inalienable right to make a fool of himself?

Fearless Criticism

ONCE great New York daily paper has recently discharged one of the ablest dramatic critics in the metropolis. As the Theatrical Trust had violent objections to the above-mentioned critic, and as its advertisements have again appeared in that newspaper after a brief vacation, there is a strong suspicion going around that dramatic criticism in New York is not as free as it might be. It is a pleasure, therefore, to announce that in the realm of musical criticism, a man may speak out his convictions boldly and fearlessly. As evidence we produce here an inch chosen at random from a half-page newspaper account of the opening of the opera season.

Miss Carol Harriman, white tulle over white liberty satin, clusters of pale pink roses, gold ribbon, white pendants in hair.

Mrs. E. Frances Hyde, pale-gray net, silver spangled. Mrs. Edwin H. Weatherbee, white brocade; diamond collar, pearls.

Mrs. Adrain H. Joline, black satin chiffon, with brilliants.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay, cloth of silver, with corsage and flowing sleeves of silver lace.

Bigotry and Other Things

SHORTLY after the election, President Roosevelt published a letter in reply to J. C. Martin, of Dayton, Ohio, which was so vigorous that it excited a great deal of attention. This ill-advised gentleman had written him asking that Judge Taft let the world know his religious belief. He added that it was constantly urged for not voting for Taft that he was an infidel (meaning a Unitarian) and that his wife and brothers are Catholics. The President has handed out some opinions on bigotry in politics that ought to satisfy Mr. Martin for some time to come. Perhaps the most significant sentence of his reply is this: "You are entitled to know whether a man seeking your suffrage is a man of clean, upright life, noble in all his dealings with his fellows, and fit by quality and purpose to do well in the great office for which he is a candidate, but you are not entitled to know matters which lie purely between himself and his Maker."

We do not believe that it was the purpose of Mr. Martin and his associates to dispute a man's right to think as he pleases. Perhaps they only temporarily forgot that this is a country of religious liberty. However, they succeeded admirably in getting on the wrong side of an important question and of putting themselves in the same light-weight class with the man who accused Mr. Bryan of saying "Workingmen are public beggars." Fortunately there was little of this sort of talk in the recent campaign, and we are sure that President Roosevelt's utterances will make for more religious tolerance.

Exercising the Army

THE nation was very much amused at the newspaper accounts of the recent impromptu hike in which about sixty officers of the army participated, and which was personally conducted by President Roosevelt. The strenuous President led them up and down over rocky hills and through tangled valleys, along narrow ledges and through damp and chilly rivers. So far as we can learn, the only thing that was avoided on this trip was anything that looked like a beaten path.

Now comes a journal which is devoted to the interests of the army and navy, and seriously announces that this little picnic "was evidently intended to stimulate interest among army officers in outdoor exercise." It further goes on to relate the joyful fact that most of the officers enjoyed the novelty of the experience, and were able to keep up with the leader. So it seems that at length we have a score of army officers who are beginning to get interested in outdoor exercise, and who can take a walk without serious results.

If anybody has said anything about our rocking-chair army that is more damaging than what their own publication has put forth, it has escaped our notice.

The Nation's Narrow Escape

THE Corporations Auxiliary Company, whatever that is, has sent us a letter. As the mimeographed circular was marked "personal and confidential," we trust that our readers will treat the subject with caution; at the same time we feel that we have no right to deprive the public of the warning which this communication contains.

For one entire standard-size letter page the Corporations Auxiliary Company trembles at the approach of the twenty-eighth Annual Convention of the American Federation of Labor, and shudders at the dangerous activities of that organization. For the love of the race and fifteen dollars, not necessarily paid in advance, it, the C. A. Company, would be willing to furnish

reports of the meetings of the A. F. of L. (both public and secret).

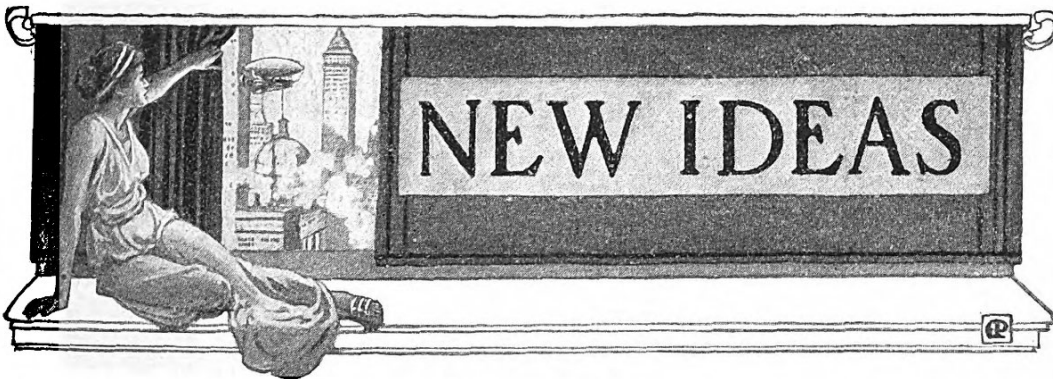
The labor men's convention has now happily passed, and the Government at Washington still lives, and our sense of relief is immense. For does not the A. F. of L. favor, to quote our personal and confidential letter, "Eight Hour Laws, Injunction Laws, Convict Labor Laws, Employers' Liability Laws, Factory Inspection and Chinese Exclusion Laws, Government Ownership and Immigration Laws, Insurance Laws, Pilotage Laws," and so on through the whole category of crime?

The name of this organization is new to us but its ancestors have been busy throughout all history. They were opposing the steam-engine in the interest of the stage-coach industry; they had no patience with these dangerous early Americans who spoke disrespectfully of good King George and hurt our trade. They had their opinion of those Philadelphia "Anarchists" who proposed that the State should run the schools; they helped to put a stop to the dangerous activities of William Lloyd Garrison which were so disturbing to business. Until time shall be no more we shall find its descendants nobly fighting their well-paid fight against progress. We wish them happiness and peace—especially peace.

Country Savers

THE Republican National Committee's report shows that \$1,655,518 were donated for Taft's election. Among those present were "Brother Charley," \$110,000; Mr. Morgan and Mr. Carnegie, \$20,000 each; William Nelson Cromwell (attorney for E. H. Harriman), \$15,000; also sundry trusts, monopolies, "malefactors of great wealth," and "practical men."

The country had a right to know the names of these men before the election and Judge Taft's failure to insist upon publicity before election was inexcusable. He can atone for it only by showing these gentlemen that they have purchased a gold brick.



THERE is a strong movement in France to have women form a part of juries when women prisoners are being tried.

GOVERNMENT officials are considering a plan for stamping weather forecasts, briefly stated, on each letter that passes through the mails.

THE British postmaster-general proposes to make a small issue of stamps with mourning borders. This issue is intended as an experiment.

NEW GERMAN street signs not only have the names of the streets which cross, but also indicate the distances to the nearest important streets.

LETTER-boxes, which are shot up electrically to the apartments of the tenants, have been installed in large apartment buildings in Budapest.

A NEW ship is to be built at the Belfast yards by the White Star Company, that will be 1,000 feet long, or 210 feet longer than the largest vessel now afloat.

THERE are small farms in England and France for the rearing of butterflies for collectors, for the adornment of women's hats, and for experimentation in silk-making.

A PARISIAN institution has made a new departure in opening an apartment house for large families only. No family is allowed to move into it, unless it has at least three children.

AN AUTOMOBILE, equipped with a wireless-telegraphy apparatus, was recently shown at a Brussels exhibition. Such an equipment has been found satisfactory in army operations.

THE School of Medicine at Nantes, France, is using electricity successfully for producing sleep. The effect is secured by a certain method of turning the current on and off intermittently.

BILLBOARDS, for advertising purposes, are prohibited in Berlin. Their place is taken by pillars, or columns, erected at street corners. All posters before they are put up must be approved by the police.

AN EGGSHELL is used as an incandescent mantle with the acetylene flame by Emil Lewis Andre, who has patented his idea in France. It does not shatter or break he says, and it gives a pleasant soft light.

BY THE use of a system of electric lights beneath the water recently patented by an American inventor, the navigation of dangerous harbors and waterways may be even safer at night than in the daytime.

THE industry of manufacturing fertilizers by taking nitrogen direct from the air by electric process is expanding in Norway. A project is on foot to utilize the great Rjukanfos Fall to supply electric power for this purpose.

A NEW shoe or stilt has been invented by an engineer of Leipzig. These "curved shoes" have large wheel-like bottoms with broad soles and pneumatic tires, and are said to double one's walking ability without extra exertion.

IT is reported from San Francisco, that investigations have gone far enough to show that the date-palm can be grown successfully in California soil. At the Government's experimental farm, several acres have been set out, and the trees are said to be thriving.

WITH the modern sky-scraping office building has come a new form of building scaffold. Instead of constructing the scaffold from below, which is impossible in the cases of buildings ranging from ten to fifty stories, platforms are suspended from steel girders above.

A PLAN has been devised for doing away with the useless waste of oysters in the hunt for pearls. The oysters in large numbers are subjected to X-rays. Those containing marketable pearls are opened; those with small pearls are placed in "hospital," while those without any, are put back into the water.

A Jewelled Ingersoll

A new product of the Ingersoll System—as striking in relative value as the "Dollar Watch"



\$5

Seven-Jewelled

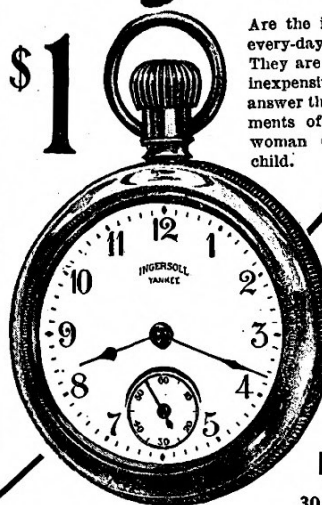
THE NEW "Ingersoll-Trenton" Watch

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30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Write for our Catalog "18," listing 32 varieties of The Angle Lamp from \$2.00 up, now—before you turn this leaf—for it gives you the benefit of our ten years' experience with all lighting methods.

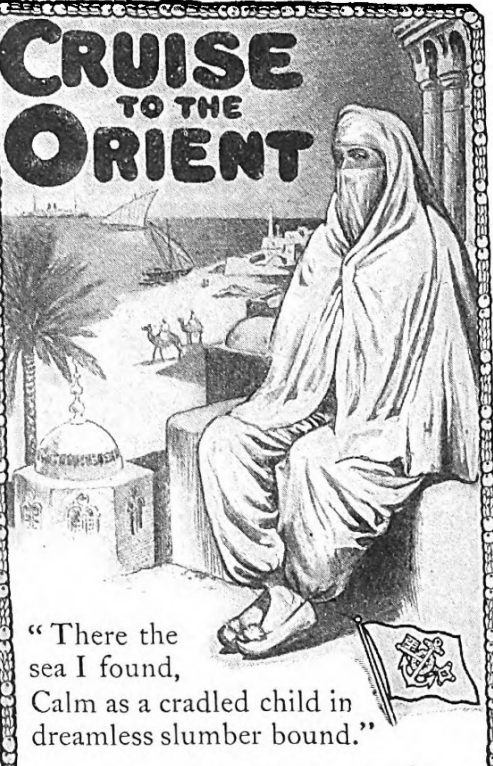
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THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut.

EDWIN MARKHAM'S EYRIE

THE noblest resolution that any cit-
izen could make for the New
Year would be the resolution to live
more faithfully by the Golden Rule,
that sublime principle of conduct for
this world and for all worlds. Fail-
ure to live by this law
causes the chief sorrows
and collisions among
men.

Let each earnest man
search into his words
and ways, determined to
find the special manner
in which he breaks the
Golden Law—his special
habit that works injustice or unhappiness in his
shop, his office, his home, his city. He will find,
perhaps, that in the shop he is in the habit of
misplacing tools, and this hinders the work of
his comrades; that in the office he is in the habit
of being late in keeping appointments, and
thus steals other peoples' time; that in the club
he is in the habit of belittling worthy competi-
tors, and thus joins the gang of thieves who
steal reputations; that in the home he is in the
habit of monopolizing the conversation, and
thus fails to draw out the powers of others; that
in the city he is in the habit of spitting on the
sidewalk, and thus spoils the comfort of his
townsmen; that in business he is in the habit
of misrepresenting his goods, and thus robs
under the cover of custom.

These are problems in the Golden Rule; and
here are ample space and verge for New Year
resolutions—space and verge for building char-
acter, character which is the greatest thing in
man.



A Record of Individual Opin- ion of Men, Books, and Human Affairs, by the Author of "The Man With the Hoe"

sah, I voted de Democrat ticket straight, because
dey was 'de leas' corrup', sah—de leas' corrup',
sah!"

How Erastus Found Light

ELECTION is over, and some of us
are wondering whether we voted
wisely. Voting is something of a
hazard at times, if we do not hap-
pen to have the plain guidance of
the old darky janitor in
Princeton. Erastus, be-
ing asked how he had
voted, replied, "In the
mahnin' sah, I was in-
clined to de Republican
cause, for they gave me
three dollahs; but in the
afternoon de Democrats
gave me two dollahs. So,

Andrew Carnegie's Thoughtful Book

"PROBLEMS of To-day" is the name of the
last book hot from the pen of our famous
Napoleon of Industry. He talks of labor,
wealth, and wages; and his words come with
the authority of one who has traveled the road.
I believe that Andrew Carnegie sees more deeply
into our human problem than any other of our
older men of wealth. He sees that the chief
use of great riches is to teach us the worth-
lessness of richness. Here are some of his epigrams:

Millionaires who laugh are rare.

How did I get my first thousand? By saving it.

To keep a fortune is scarcely less difficult than to
acquire it.

It is a low and vulgar ambition to amass money,
which should always be the slave, never the master
of a man.

Mr. Carnegie on Live Questions

WHAT Mr. Carnegie says concerning Socialism
in his new book will have a keen interest
for thousands. He says:

The unequal distribution of wealth lies at the root of
the present Socialistic activity. This is no surprise to
the writer. It was bound to force itself to the front;
because, exhibiting extremes unknown before, it has
become one of the crying evils of our day.

Viewing Socialism upon its financial side, its demands
are just.

A heavy progressive tax upon wealth at death of
owner is not only desirable, it is strictly just. So it is
just to exempt from taxation the minimum amount
necessary to supply the physical wants of men and their
families, just as a minimum is exempt from income tax
in Britain, and the modest homestead is from foreclosure
under mortgage in America. There is, however, noth-
ing specially Socialistic in this.

Here are more words from this progressive
thinker:

It should be remembered always that wealth is not
chiefly the product of the individual under present con-
ditions, but largely the joint product of the community.

Now, who or what made this difference in wealth?
Not labor, not skill; no, nor superior ability, sagacity,
nor enterprise, nor greater public service. The com-
munity created the millionaire's wealth. While he
slept it grew as fast as when he was awake.

The Wise Child

ONCE a year, when Christmas is in the crisp
air, the Child is the ruler of the world. It
is the tragedy of our lives, that we ever let the
child be lost in the man; for the child-heart in
the wise mind would imparadise the earth. A
wise man is a wise child. He is free of the
chafe of the chain of ego. He does not worry
over rival schools and warring doctrines: they
are all welcome: nothing can harm the wise
child. When rivals come, he takes them for
playfellows. He moves in a beautiful peace,
for his mind is not hard, not opinionated: he
has only a pair of large, wondering eyes. Still
the wise child is strong, even heroic, and has
the daring heart to meet the great emergency.

The New Epic Is "Tools and the Man"

AS THE years go on, the old types of the hero—the soldier and the explorer—will fade into the background, and the worker upon whom depends our safety and our comfort, will come more and more into the front of the world's affairs. We are all beginning to see that the soldier should be given less business; and we know that the explorer's toil is nearly done; only the ice-barred Poles are left for him to seek. So the worker is becoming the chief power in civilization, the foremost figure in our new romance of industry. He is harnessing our rivers; he is caverning our mountains; he is bridging our canyons; he is gardening our deserts; he is building and beautifying our cities.

In the past the workers toiled in obscurity, unrecognized, unrecorded; but now they are beginning to take their honorable place in the world's eye. Indeed, they are to help mightily in molding our nation nearer and nearer to the ideals of justice and brotherhood. The future is in their strong hands—in the hands of the trusted men who put mind into muscle and heart into handiwork. The old epic was "Arms and the Man"; the new epic is "Tools and the Man."

* * *

Hold the High State

THOUGHT is creative: by thought we have built the body that we now possess. The body is the bark of the tree of the spirit. The body follows the mind as the rut follows the wheel. Now if thought can create the body, it can also recreate it. Hold in your thought, therefore, the kind of man you ought to be—both in body and in spirit. You were created to achieve perfection: therefore expect it. Hold expectation till it becomes organic. Expectation forms a mold into which fluent life will run and crystallize.

Hold in the mind the perfect image of yourself as it exists in the mind of God. Polarize the thought on the perfect ideal. Take quiet but steadfast grasp upon your purpose; and hold the high state till the state becomes a fixity. This way lies the path to health and power.

'Tis Expectation whirls the wheels along.
Claim the career, expectant of the goal
Whereto thy stars in all their courses roll.

* * *

All Life Takes on Form

I see, Mr. Markham, that in your poems you often speak of God as though he were a personal being. Have you any basis in your reason for this idea, or is it all poetry?—H.

FORM is a crowning fact of the universe: it is present wherever there is life. Even the lowest creatures appear in a primal cell. Even disease is shown to be bacilli, minute forms of life. Plant, animal, man, all are forms. Why should not the Supreme Source of Life have a manifestation Form? If the First Cause can give form to man, then the First Cause must have form. God can not give what He does not possess.

Think on this idea for a month, and watch The Eyrie for more light.

* * *

Who Knows Where the World Is?

THE fact of a future life depends upon the existence of a fourth dimension. A fourth dimension (yes, many dimensions) presents no difficulty to my imagination, when I recall the fact that every man is the center of an infinite circle—that we stand at the heart of unknown immensities and eternities.

I was once discoursing in this spirit to a friend when he suddenly interjected: "This is

all very poetic, Mr. Markham, but where is this 'other world'?"

Now when a thoughtless person wishes to say that a thing is not true, he calls it poetic. This is his first blunder. For poesy is the creation of the beautiful; it is spirit taking form. So whatever is beautiful is real; and whatever is real is beautiful. When a thing is poetic, that fact is evidence that it is true. Truth seen in its full circle is poetry. Cold prose is the language of the half-lit life: poesy sheds its fire on all the higher octaves of existence.

Thus I discoursed to my friend; and then I remembered his question—"Where is this 'other world'?" Now when a man asks you a question that you can't answer, you ask him a question that he can't answer. So I turned on him sharply and said: "Friend, I will tell you where that other world is, if you will tell me where this world is!" There I had him: he was silent. For who can say where this world is? Who knows where we are, we who suddenly find ourselves on this little orb rushing onward among the immensities—star-raftered roofs above us, star-filled abysses below us?

* * *

A Worm Scientist

YES, man knows but little: he does not even know where he is. After all these ages, his ignorance is still abysmal. This calls me back to one of the vanished hours of my boyhood when I was herding sheep in the high hills of the Coast Range. Stretched out on a cliff one day, I suddenly caught sight of a little laborious worm creeping to and fro in a crevice of the

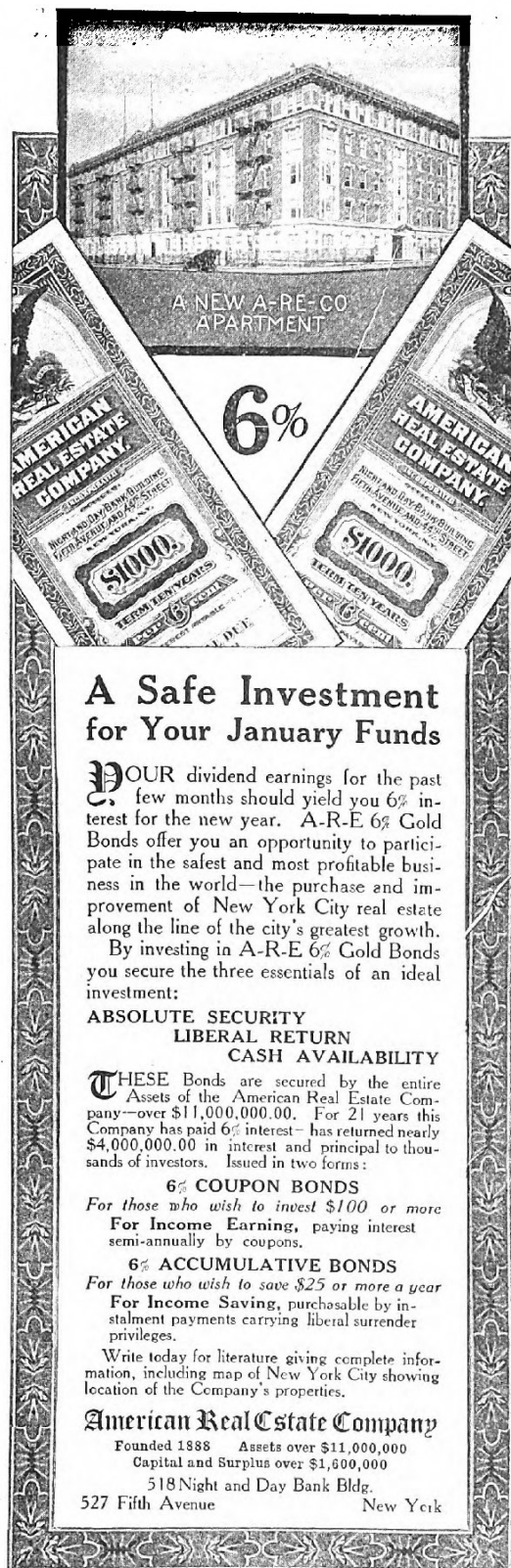
mighty rock. He was exploring, probing, peering, in a Spencerian effort to define the boundaries of his universe. With patient care the worm scientist traversed the inch-long leagues of his shut-in cosmos. He moved cautiously (all scientists move cautiously). At one end he bumped up against a twig and essayed to climb it to look beyond. But in mid-air he lost his grip and fell back. Now the bold explorer crept patiently to the other end of his crevice world; and here a pebble blocked the way. With tug and clutch he essayed to climb the pebble to look beyond. Again he fell back. But there was high courage in his adventurous heart; so again he dared his dangerous twig, again he dared his perilous pebble. But all in vain. Then he paused in his crevice, and I heard him say, "Ha, 't is just as I thought; there is no outlet! At one end of the universe rises the Great Twig, at the other stands the Mighty Pebble. This is all there is!"

Now, whenever I see a mortal pompously fixing the boundaries of the Illimitable, saying there is no Before and no Beyond, I cry out, "Poor worm, little worm, there is something beyond your crevice!" Indeed, I can well believe that we know no more of this universe of ours than that traveled and learned worm knew of North America. In fact, it is likely that we do not live in a mere universe, but in an infinite—an infinite series of universes. Let us push on in the deathless quest: yet let us ever be humble in the presence of the unvailed mystery of Time, and the veiled mystery of Eternity.

* * *

Restitution

HE WHO does injustice must make right—here or hereafter. The fool says, "I will steal this for I can escape." Yes, he may elude three sheriffs, he may even escape through death's door into the next room of existence. But there is a law that follows him; and will seize him at last and thrust him into prison, where the uttermost farthing must be paid back. This is true, or there is no balance in the universe.



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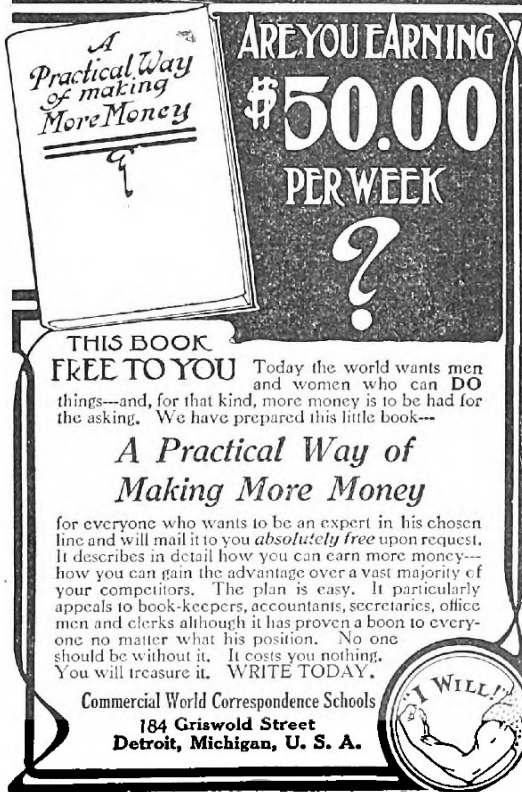
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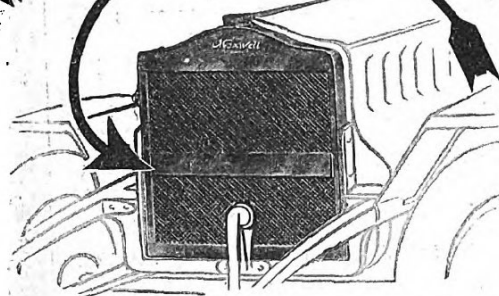
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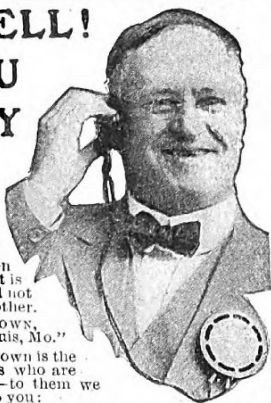
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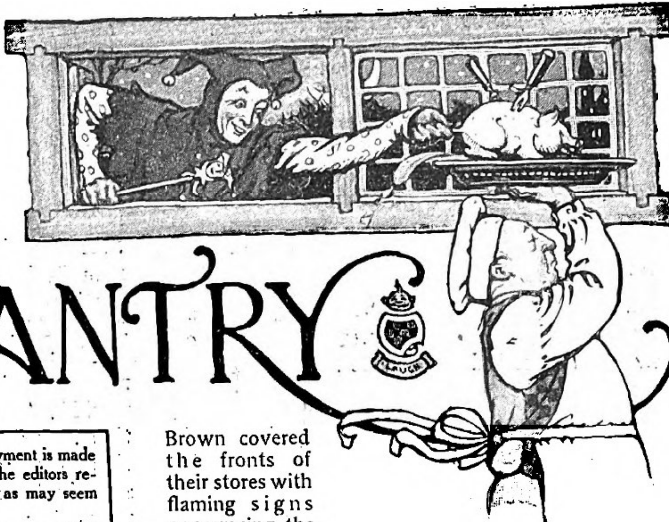
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Brown covered the fronts of their stores with flaming signs announcing the fire sale; but to their horror everybody went to Rosenbaum's. Not until their unbusinesslike neighbor had sold everything but the gas-meter did they discover his large sign, "Main Entrance."—ROBERT J. WILLET.

Football vs. Prayer

WILLIE, aged five, was taken by his father to his first football game. The feature that caught his chief approval, however, did not become evident till he said his prayers that night. To the horror of his parents Willie prayed, with true football snap:

"God bless papa,
God bless mama,
God bless Willie;
Boom! Rah! Rah!"

K. A. D.

The Resurrection

"SEE here!" demanded the indignant subscriber, "this obituary notice is all wrong. I'm not dead!"

"If the *Herald* says you're dead," sternly replied the editor, "you're dead. But," he added magnanimously, "if you don't like being dead, we'll print your birth notice."—N. E. HARDING.

By Special Delivery

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

WHEN I've a quarrel in my mind
With one who's far away,
To scorching letters I'm inclined
In which I say my say.

And then I take those scorching screeds
So full of ink and ire,
In which I threaten awful deeds,
And mail them—in the fire.



How to Run a Railroad

HAVE money—want more. Begin at the top—there is no room and small pay at the bottom. Procure a pair of sharp shears for clipping coupons; no other tools are needed. Get control of a bank and borrow enough money to buy a large chunk of stock. Hypothecate the stock and buy more. After a little practise this operation can be carried on indefinitely, and almost wholly without the use of real money. Do not worry about the actual work of operating the road. This is all done by hirelings and has already been attended to. Go to Europe and have a good time. Some of the more conscientious railroad owners return to America occasionally to order a reduction in operating expenses and a raise in freight rates, but this is not absolutely necessary, as such matters can just as well be attended to by correspondence. Having gone through the motions of buying one railroad, it will be found that people will present others to you.—ELLIS O. JONES.

Unnecessary Noises

THE celebrated soprano was in the middle of her solo when little Johnny said to his mother, referring to the conductor of the orchestra, "Why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?"

"He is not hitting at her," replied his mother. "Keep quiet."

"Well, then, what is she hollerin' so for?"

Between Two Thorns

ROSENBAUM had a store between Smith's and Brown's, and all three sold clothing except Rosenbaum, who only tried to. Smith and Brown were often hilarious together over their neighbor's lack of business ability. After the three stores had been visited by a very cautious fire, Smith and



He Knew Where He Belonged

ONE stormy morning, during the cruise to the Pacific, an officer of the battleship "Missouri" was making his tour of inspection. While crossing the fore-castle he encountered a coal-passer leaning on the rail, in the throes of *mal de mer*. With a gruff voice he demanded, "Here, here, my man, where do you belong?"

The seasick man's hand went to his cap in an attempt at salute: "Cleveland, Ohio, sir," he replied.

T. D. MERIWETHER.

A Change for the Better

THE life-long domicile of an old lady was situated several feet south of the dividing line of Virginia and North Carolina, and when that section of the country was re-surveyed it was discovered that the line ran a few feet south of the property in question. They broke the news to the old lady that from then on she was to be a resident of Virginia. "That's good," she exclaimed; "I've always heard that North Carolina was an unhealthy State to live in."—WALTER D. SHARP.

Revising the Rules

ONCE upon a Time a Young and Callow Youth was graduated from a Business College on the Main Street of a Backwoods Village, the Owner of a Red Fire Ambition, two Collars, and a Handkerchief.

On the Night of Graduation a white-necked Captain Kidd, who could make the Market sit up and beg or jump through a Hoop, delivered the following Rules for strangling the elusive dollar:

"Be as Honest as the Day is Long."

"In December have a Care not to spend your January Salary."

"Live on some one else only in your infancy. Honor those who have aided you."

"By careful and conscientious Work you can build up a Fortune."

"When no one is looking act exactly as you would if in the Limelight."

"Remember that an Honest Man is the Noblest Work of God."

"Observe these Rules and the World will call you straight."

"If you go to Church on Sunday, do not seek to be one of those who look Pious and pass the Plate."

"There are other and easier Things to get close to, and I wish I had Time to tell you of them."

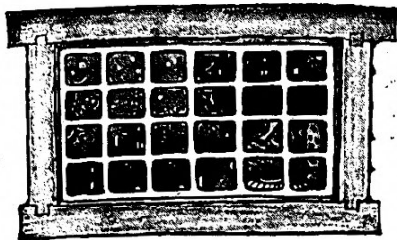
Now it chanced the Reporter who covered the Lecture was the Originator of a Straight-away System of Note Taking that did not stop even for Meals. When he got all the Words down, he was accustomed to gather up a Handful of Capitals and Punctuation Marks and season to taste. Here is the way the List appeared in the paper:

"Be as Honest as the Day is Long in December."

"Have a Care not to spend your January Salary; live on some one else."

"Only in your Infancy honor those who have aided you."

"By careful and conscientious Work you can build up a Fortune"



when no one is looking.

"Act exactly as you would.

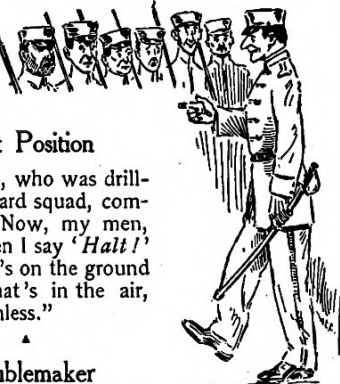
"If in the Limelight, remember that an Honest Man is the Noblest Work of God.

"Observe these Rules and the World will call you straight if you go to Church on Sunday.

"Do not seek to be one of those who look Pious and pass the Plate; there are other and easier Things to get close to, and I wish I had time to tell you of them."

"What are you doing up here?" asked the Financial Giant in Dismay, twenty Years later, when the ex-Young and-Callow began to grapple with him for the Top Rung. "I thought I started you on the Wrong Track long ago."

"So you did," responded our Hero, "but I was saved by the Power of the Press."—EARL DERR BIGGERS.



A Difficult Position

A young captain, who was drilling the awkward squad, commanded thus: "Now, my men, listen to me. When I say 'Halt!' put the foot that's on the ground beside the one that's in the air, and remain motionless."

Not a Troublemaker

WHEN six-year-old Oliver returned from his first day at Sunday-school, his father asked him what they had told him; whereupon Oliver related as best he could the miracle of the loaves and fishes. His father suggested that the story was a rather hard one to believe, and asked the boy what he thought about it, but Oliver evaded his father's question. The next morning, however, the two were alone at breakfast.

"Father," said the boy suddenly and solemnly.

"Well," answered the father.

"I did n't believe that story about the loaves and fishes yesterday," continued the child in a quiet, confidential tone, "but I did n't say anything. I did n't want to start an argument."—ELLIS O. JONES.

The Lowest Terms

A man purchased some red flannel shirts, guaranteed neither to shrink nor fade. He reminded the clerk forcibly of that guaranty some weeks later. "Have you had any such difficulty with them?" the clerk asked.

"No," replied the customer, "only, the other morning when I was dressing, my wife said to me, 'John, when did you get that pink coral necklace?'"

L. H. BAILEY.

Flattering Scales

WHEN Grover Cleveland's son Richard was born, his good friend Joseph Jefferson drove over to Gray Gables to congratulate the father.

"How many pounds does the child weigh?" asked the noted actor. "Fifteen," was the reply. "Nine," said the attending physician, who had just come in. Mr. Cleveland assured the doctor that he must be mistaken. "The child weighs fifteen pounds," said he; "I weighed him myself with the scales Joe and I use when we go fishing."—H. S. HASKINS.

Poor Sandy!

THE young Scotchman never liked his mother-in-law and this weighed heavily on the mind of his wife, who was ill.

Calling her husband to her bedside she said to him, "Sandy, lad, I'm verra ill and I think I'm gang to dee, and before I dee I want you to gie me a promise."

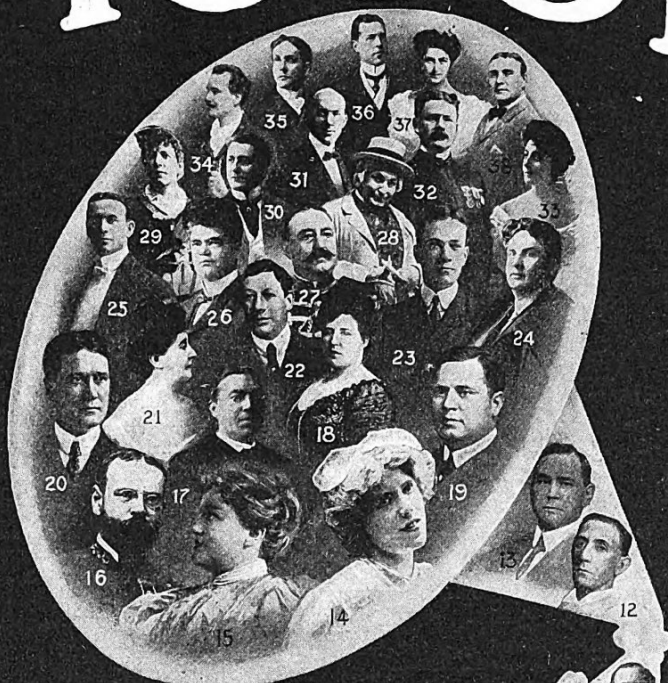
"I'll promise," replied Sandy. "What is it?"

"Weel, I ken that when I dee I'll have a fine funeral, and I want you to ride up in front in a carriage wi' my mother."

"Weel," sadly responded Sandy, "I've gied ye my word, an' it's nae me that's gang back on that, but I'll tell ye one thing, ye've spoilt the day for me."

MAURICE D. LYNCH.

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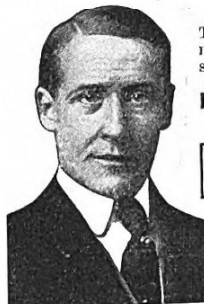


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T. J. Roseman
Secretary.

No. 14

THE EDITOR'S CHAT

Expect Prosperity, or the Law of Opulence

"We talk abundance here." I was struck with this motto in a New York office recently.

I said to myself: "These people are prosperous because they expect prosperity; they do not recognize poverty or admit lacking all they need."

The way to make the ideal real is persistently to hold the thought of their identity. The way to demonstrate abundance is to hold it constantly in the mind.

Thousands of people in this country have thought themselves away from poverty by getting a glimpse of that great principle, that *we tend to realize in the life what we persistently hold in the thought and vigorously struggle toward.*

The assumption that there is not enough for all, that a few must fight desperately, selfishly, for what there is, is fatal to all individual and race betterment.

The Creator never put vast multitudes of people in the world to scramble for a limited supply, as though He were not able to furnish enough for all. There is nothing on this earth which men desire and struggle for, and that is good for them, of which there is not supply enough for everybody.



and all the suggestions of poverty and failure from your mind. When you have become master of your thought, when you have once learned to dominate your mind, you will find that things will begin to come your way. Discouragement, fear, doubt, lack of self-confidence are the germs which have

killed the prosperity and happiness of tens of thousands of people.

I have known persons who have longed all their lives to be happy, and yet they have concentrated their minds on their loneliness, their friendlessness, their misfortunes. They are always pitying themselves for their lack of the good things of the world. The whole trend of their habitual concentration has been upon things which could not possibly produce what they longed for. They have been longing for one thing, and expecting and attracting something else.

On the other hand, some natures are naturally filled with suggestions of plenty—of all that is rich, grand, and noble. Those people are so constituted that they naturally plunge right into the marrow of creative energy. Producing is as natural to them as breathing. They are not hampered by doubts, fears, timidity, or lack of faith in themselves. They are confident, bold, fearless characters. They never doubt that the infinite supply will be equal to their demand upon it. Such an opulent, positive mental attitude is creative energy.

We Drive Prosperity From Us

ALL our limitations are in our mind, the supply is around us, waiting in *vast abundance*. We take little because we demand little, because we are afraid to take the much of our inheritance—the abundance that is our birthright. We starve ourselves in the midst of plenty, because of our strangling thought. The opulent life stands ready to take us into its completeness, but our ignorance cuts us off. Hence the life abundant, opulence unlimited, the river of plenty flows past our doors, and we starve on the very shores of the stream which carries infinite supply.

It is not in our nature that we are paupers, but in our own mean, stingy appreciation of ourselves and our powers. The idea that riches are possible only to those who have superior advantages, more ability, to those who have been favored by fate, is false and vicious.

Those who put themselves into harmony with the law of opulence harvest a fortune, while those who do not often find scarcely enough to keep them alive.

A large, generous success is impossible to many people, because every avenue to their minds is closed by doubt, fear. They have shut out the possibility of prosperity. Abundance can not come to a mind that is pinched, shriveled, skeptical, and pessimistic.

Prosperity is a product of creative thinking. The mind that fears, doubts, depreciates its powers, is a negative not a creative mind. It repels prosperity, repels supply. It has nothing in common with abundance, hence can not attract it.

Of course, men do not mean to drive opportunity, prosperity, or abundance away from them; but they hold a mental attitude filled with doubts and fears and lack of faith and self-confidence, which virtually does this very thing without their knowing it.

Oh, what paupers our doubts and fears make of us!

The Poverty Thought Is Destructive

POVERTY itself is not so bad as the poverty thought. It is the conviction that we are poor and must remain so that is fatal. It is the facing toward poverty, and feeling reconciled to it. It is facing the wrong way, toward the black, depressing, hopeless outlook that kills effort and demoralizes ambition. So long as you carry around a poverty atmosphere and radiate the poverty thought you will be limited.

You will never be anything but a beggar while you think beggarly thoughts; but a poor man while you think poverty; a failure while you think failure thoughts.

If you are afraid of poverty, if you dread it, if you have a horror of coming to want in old age, it is more likely to come to you, because the conviction is the pattern which the life processes reproduce; besides, this constant fear saps your courage, shakes your self-confidence, and makes you less able to cope with hard conditions.

You walk in the direction in which you face. If you persist in facing toward poverty, you can not expect to reach abundance.

We can not travel toward prosperity until the mental attitude faces prosperity. As long as we look toward penury, and try to be satisfied with pinched narrow-

Our Supply Is Limitless

TAKE the thing we need most—food. We have not yet begun to scratch the possibilities of the food in America.

The State of Texas could supply food, home, and luxuries to every man, woman, and child on this continent. As for clothing, there is material enough in this country to clothe all its inhabitants in purple and fine linen. We have not begun yet to touch the possibilities of our clothing and dress supply. The same is true of all other necessities and luxuries.

When the whale ships in New Bedford Harbor and other ports were rotting in idleness, because the whale was becoming extinct, Americans grew alarmed lest we should dwell in darkness; but the oil wells came to our rescue with abundant supply. And then, when we began to doubt that this source would last, science gave us the electric light. The possibilities of finding heat, power, and light in chemical forces should the coal supply fail are simply boundless. We are still on the outer surface of abundance, a surface covering kingly supplies for every individual on the globe.

No matter which way we turn, science matches our knowledge with her marvelous reserves and nowhere is there a sign of limit.

Write it in your heart that one of the most vicious ideas that ever found entrance to the human brain is that there is not enough of everything for everybody, and that most people on the earth must be poor in order that the few may be rich.

Which Way Are You Facing?

SUPPOSE a young man should start out with a determination to get rich, and should all the time parade his poverty, confess his inability to make money, and tell everybody that he is "down on his luck"; that he "always expects to be poor." Do you think he would ever become rich? Talking poverty, thinking poverty, living poverty, assuming the air of a pauper, dressing like a failure, having a slipshod, slovenly family and home, how long will it take a man to arrive at the goal of success?

If a man wants to become prosperous, he must believe that he was made for success and happiness; that there is a divinity in him which will, if he follows it, bring him into the light of prosperity.

It is the hopeful, buoyant, cheerful attitude of mind that wins. Optimism is a success builder; pessimism an achievement killer.

Optimism is the great producer. It is hope, life. It contains everything which enters into the mental attitude that produces and enjoys.

Pessimism is the great destroyer. It is despair, death. No matter if you have lost your property, your health, your reputation even, there is always hope for the man who keeps a firm faith in himself and looks up. If you want to get away from poverty, you must keep your mind in a productive, creative condition. In order to do this you must think confident, cheerful, creative thoughts. The model must precede the statue. You must see a new world before you can live in it.

If the people who are down in the world, who are side-tracked, who believe that their opportunity has gone by forever, that they can never get on their feet again, only knew the power of the reversal of their thought; they could easily get a new start.

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3-4 Unit ..	" 6.30	" 300.00
1 Unit ..	" 8.85	" 400.00

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ing conditions, we shall never arrive at the harbor of plenty.

If there is anything that paralyzes power it is the effort to reconcile ourselves to an unfortunate environment, instead of regarding it as abnormal and trying to get away from it.

Holding the poverty thought keeps us in touch with poverty-stricken, poverty-producing conditions; and the constant thinking of poverty, talking poverty, living poverty, makes us mentally poor. This is the worst kind of poverty.

If we can conquer *inward poverty*, we can soon conquer poverty of outward things, for, when we change the mental attitude, the physical changes to correspond.

Wealth Is Created Mentally

WHEN we have faith enough in the law of opulence to spend when necessary our last dollar with the same confidence and assurance as we would if we had thousands more, we have touched the law of divine supply.

A stream of plenty will not flow toward the stingy, parsimonious, doubting thought; there must be a corresponding current of generosity, open-mindedness, going out from us. One current creates the other. A little rivulet of stingy-mindedness, a weak, poverty current going out from ourselves, can never set up a counter-current toward us of abundance, generosity, and plenty. In other words, our mental attitude determines the counter-current which comes to us.

Wealth is created mentally first; it is thought out before it becomes a reality.

No mind, no intellect is powerful or great enough to attract wealth while the mental attitude is turned away from it—facing in the other direction.

Our pinched, dwarfed, blighted lives come from our inability to tap the great source of all supply.

The Creator never intended that man should be a pauper, a drudge, or a slave. There is something larger and grander for him in the divine plan than perpetual slavery to the bread-winning problem.

Train yourself to come away from the thought of limitation, away from the thought of lack, of want, of pinched supply.

Stoutly deny the power of adversity or poverty to keep you down. Constantly assert your superiority to your environment. Believe that you are to dominate your surroundings, that you are the master and not the slave of circumstances.

Every child should be taught to *expect* prosperity, to believe that the good things of the world were intended for him. This conviction would become a powerful factor in the adult life.

Abundance Follows the Law

THE great fundamental principle of the law of opulence is our inseparable connection with the creative energy of the universe. When we come into full realization of this connection we shall never want again.

It is our sense of separateness from the Power that created us that makes us feel poverty-stricken, helpless. As long as we limit ourselves by thinking that we are separate, insignificant, unrelated atoms in the universe; that the great supply, the creative energy is outside of us, and that only a little of it can, in some mysterious way, be absorbed by a comparatively few people, who are "fortunate," "lucky," we shall never come into that abundant supply which is the birthright of every child of the King of kings.

We must think plenty before we can realize it in the life. If we hold the poverty thought, the penury thought, the thought of lack, we can not demonstrate abundance. Thinking abundance, and defying limitation will open up the mind and set thought currents toward a greatly increased supply.

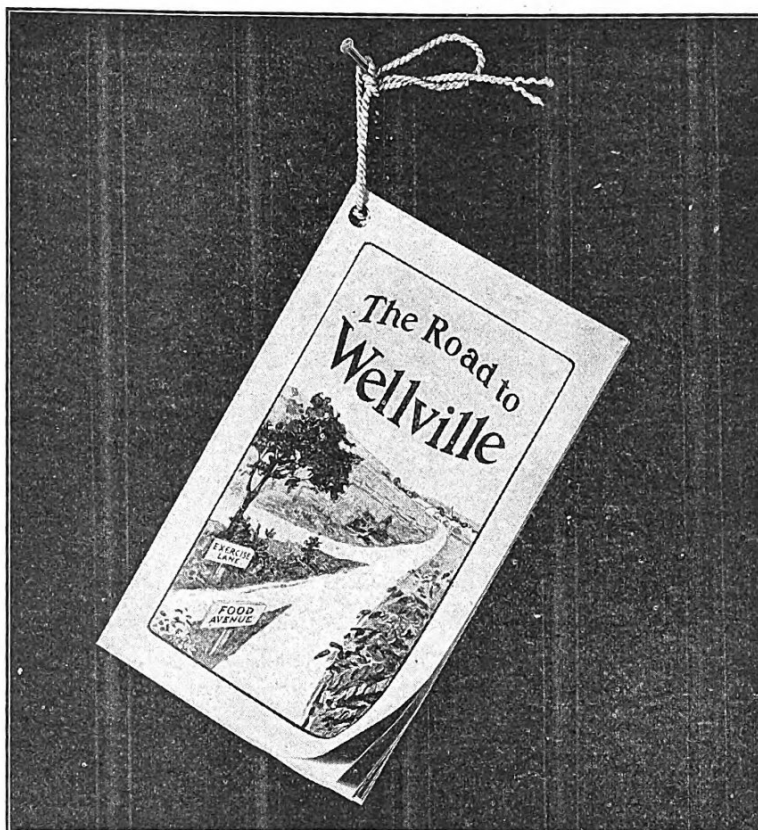
If it were possible for all the poor to turn their backs on their dark and discouraging environment and face the light and cheer, and if they should resolve that they are done with poverty and a slipshod existence, this very resolution would, in a short time, revolutionize civilization.

We were made for happiness; to express joy and gladness; to be prosperous. The trouble with us is that we do not trust the law of infinite supply, but close our natures so that abundance can not flow to us. In other words, we do not obey the law of attraction. We keep our mind so pinched and our faith in ourselves so small, so narrow, that we strangle the inflow of supply. Abundance follows a law as strict as that of mathematics. If we obey it, we get the flow; if we strangle it, we cut it off. The trouble is not in the supply; there is abundance awaiting every one on the globe.

We should live in the realization that there is an abundance of power where our present power comes from, and that we can draw upon this great source for as much as we can use.

When we realize the fact that we do not have to look outside of ourselves for what we need, that the source of all supply, the divine spring which can quench our thirst, is within ourselves, then we shall not want, for we know that we only have to dip deep into our own natures to touch the infinite supply. The trouble with us is that we do not abide in abundance, do not live in touch with the creative, the all-supplying sources of things.

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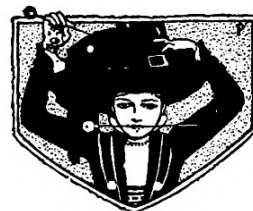
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PIN MONEY PAPERS

IN THE KITCHEN WINDOW a pepper
plant bears profusely all winter.
The temperature need not exceed fifty
degrees day or night. Cayenne, or
bird's-eye pepper, is the same as the
Chili patin of the Mexican and the
piment of the French, extensively
used in cookery and in the pepper
sauces of commerce. The plants are
highly ornamental. The foli-
age is rich, dark-green,
dense and luxuriant, and the
flowers starry and white.
The plants grow like little
trees, quite evenly balanced
and symmetrical. Green
and bright-red peppers and
white blossoms are pro-
duced at the same time, all
the year. Potted plants kept in the kitchen window,
turned out in the open border, continue to bear pep-
pers until heavy frosts. Kept in pots the plants are
perennial. I know beautiful Cayenne peppers that are
five years old, every plant covered with round, bright-
red pods about the size of sweet-pea pods. Both the
green and the ripe red pods are ready and convenient
for everyday use. The peppers persist for months after
turning bright scarlet. Pepper plants are not only im-
mune from insects of all kinds, but also keep them
away from other plants. They are not sensitive to
change from one room to another.—Mrs. G. T. D.



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

WHEN SERVING AFTERNOON TEA, try using slices of
orange instead of the inevitable lemon. The flavor
is very delicious, especially when combined with green
tea. Fresh sliced cucumbers also give an agreeable
flavor to hot tea if a dash of rum be added to the bev-
erage.—Mrs. FRANCES D.

SET A GLASS OF JELLY in a pan of boiling water for
two minutes or more. Let the water reach to the top
of the glass. Then plunge into cold water. Take it out
of that immediately and turn bottom up on a cut-glass
nappy or saucer. It will be prettily molded.—M. B. L.

NEAT CUFF-LINKS for SCHOOLBOYS can be made by
taking four pearl buttons which are large enough for
the buttonholes. Pass a stout thread through them
several times, leaving half an inch of thread, to make a
loop, between the buttons. Several sets cost less than
one pair of cuff-links.—Mrs. M. S.

A GOOD BROOM-HOLDER may be made of two spools
nailed to the wall about two inches apart. The broom
can be easily hung upside down between the spools.
F. W. LUNN.

YOU CAN MAKE GILT FRAMES look almost as good as
new by washing them with vinegar. Allow one-quar-
ter as much vinegar as water. Apply with a brush.
SUSAN W.

KEEP A BOTTLE OF LYE SOLUTION to put on grease
spots before scrubbing them from a bare floor. They
will soon disappear. This will also cut old paint
which you wish to remove. I use a paint brush for
putting it on, as it skins the hands.—G. V. B.

IN EVERY SEWING-WOMAN'S EMERGENCY CASE should be
a steel magnet and pieces of red flannel. The magnet
will draw out needle-points which may be broken in
the fingers, after which soreness and danger of blood-
poisoning may be prevented by holding the injured
member in the smoke from burning flannel.—E. O. S.

THE TRAVELER STOPPING AT AMERICAN-PLAN HOTELS
should familiarize himself with what is termed the
"checking-out" system, by which a deduction is made
from his bill in case he is absent from any number of
meals. It is necessary to advise the clerk previous to
your absence.—Mrs. E. H. S.

I WANTED TO STAIN THE FLOORS in our parlor, hall,
and dining-room, but could not get the material from
our country grocery. I gathered young walnuts, while
tender enough to crush easily, pounded them in a sack,
and poured boiling water over them, leaving it until
cold. This, applied with an old whisk-broom, made a
beautiful dark-brown stain on the floors. When it
dried I rubbed in with the whisk a gallon of raw linseed
oil, the only kind our country merchant kept. It
worked like a charm on the stained floors, when ap-
plied very hot. When I wished the floor to have an
extra polish, I rubbed it with a well-waxed cloth, using
the common wax from our own beehive.—M. H. K.

MOST HOUSEKEEPERS GET INTO A RUT
about making bread. They think it
must be raised over night whatever
the temperature. In winter this is
uneconomical as well as unsatisfac-
tory. A warmer fire than is necessary
when the rooms are unoccupied is
sure to be stirred up at bedtime when
bread is set to rise. A more sensible
way, when the thermom-
eter hugs zero, is to set
your bread the first thing in
the morning. Use a little
more yeast than usual, have
the water lukewarm and
mold the dough solid in-
stead of making a sponge.
A tablespoonful of sugar
hastens the process of fer-
mentation. Set it in a warm place and it will be raised
sufficiently to bake while you are cooking dinner.
M. K. D.

BEAUTIFUL BUTTONHOLES may be made in any mate-
rial, no matter how thin, if they are first marked and
the outlines stitched around with the machine. It makes
the working of any buttonhole much easier and greatly
adds to its durability.—Mrs. L. A. L.

TO KEEP FEATHER DUSTERS IN GOOD CONDITION, push
the handle through the leg of an old stocking. When
the duster is wanted, slip it off. This not only pre-
serves the feathers, but the duster takes up less room
when hung away.—F. E. H.

PRETTY LITTLE SWEATERS can be made for a Teddy
Bear from men's colored or striped socks. Use the leg
of the sock for the body of the sweater, and make the
sleeves from the foot. For the collar cut a strip from
the top of the sock, and, as this is usually of a solid
color for several inches down the leg of the sock, there
is enough left to turn up at the bottom of the sweater.
A stocking cap can be made out of an old golf glove.
Golf gloves can also be used for sweaters for very small
dolls, using fingers for sleeves.—M. W.

NOT BEING ABLE TO AFFORD A BATHROOM RUG, I took a
new Turkish towel, hemmed at the ends, and dyed it
blue to match the color scheme of the bathroom. I
used white mercerized cotton to embroider the word,
"Bath," on it. White tape answers the same purpose,
but the result is not so pretty.—ECONOMIST.

TO MAKE YOUR NEW RUG LAST BETTER and a room
warmer, try this plan. Before putting down the rug,
take old matting that is too faded to use elsewhere and
scrub it well with soap and water. When dry, put it
down over the entire floor. Get house paint the same
color as the predominating tone in the rug, and paint
the matting all round the edge just as you would paint
a floor. Allow it to dry thoroughly before tacking the
rug in the center.—V. H. M.

AFTER THE PANTRY SHELVES HAVE BEEN SCRUBBED, instead
of covering with paper, try this plan. Give the shelves
a coat of common white paint; when dry, apply a coat
of white enamel. All that is required to clean them is
a damp cloth. Papers require constant changes; be-
sides, crumbs and insects will get in the corners and
underneath the paper.—ELINOR BRANCH.

FOR OLD-FASHIONED IRON MANTELS, made to imitate
black or dark marble, I use a cloth slightly wet with
kerosene, and the surface shines beautifully bright.
B. M. E.

THE VALUE OF OLIVE-OIL as a medicine is not suffi-
ciently appreciated. I know from experience what it
does for rheumatism; a teaspoonful three times a day
before meals will prevent its return. The oil dissolves
the calcareous matter and eliminates it from the sys-
tem. It will arouse a torpid liver, therefore improve
the complexion. It will increase flesh, and is even
beneficial when applied externally. The "olive-oil
cure" is especially soothing to the nerves, and, in fact,
seems to be an "all-round" cure.—Mrs. L. E. P.

HERE IS AN EASY AND INEXPENSIVE WAY by which I
made an outside spread for a brass bedstead. Buy a
pair of white ruffled muslin curtains and sew together
with an over-and-over seam on the selvage edge; cut
out the lower corners about twelve inches each way
and hem around. Line with cambric of any desired
color. Enough can be taken from the top of three-
yard curtains to make a sham for the bolster.—H. I. F.

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR, whose eyes were beginning to be almost useless for the night study he greatly depended upon, consulted a New York oculist, whose emphatic command was, "Hold whatever you read on a level with the eyes, and do not bend over your book or paper." Both the professor and a number of his "bookish" friends have followed this advice and found it worth while.—KATHERINE J.

IN SICKNESS ONE HAS OFTEN TO USE hot wet cloths, but the hands become so tender, and the cloths get cold so quickly, it is no easy task. I put the flannels, wrung dry, into a steamer, then carry it hot to the bedside. You will find them almost hotter than can be borne, and they can be changed every minute, if necessary, with little discomfort to the attendant. If they become too wet, wring them dry occasionally.

MRS. W. N. HEDBACK.

I HAVE JUST VARNISHED my dining-room chairs, using a cloth instead of a brush. I pour the varnish into a small vessel, adding turpentine to make it rather thin; then I put it on with a soft cloth, simply wiping it all over. I do this once a year. Our chairs are six years old, still they look like new, though they have had hard usage. This method is quicker than using a brush, because the varnish does not run.—L. L.

IN CLEANING WOOL CLOTHES in winter time, take them outdoors, throw dry snow over them, and then brush it off. This not only removes dust, but lint.—M. L.

FOR MENDING HARD SUBSTANCES, like metal or glass, there is nothing more satisfactory than melted alum. Melt the alum over an intense heat, and apply hot. An ivory handle to a knife which had loosened was mended in this way forty years ago, and has been in use ever since without breaking.—J. M. BEATTIE.

SOME FOLKS SAY A RUBBER PLANT will not put forth shoots or leaves during the winter, if kept in the living-rooms. Nearly every morning I bring one or two kettles of water from the kitchen and set them on blocks of wood underneath my rubber plant and ferns. The steam rises among the leaves and simulates for the plants the climate from which they came. Under this treatment they grow as well, perhaps better, than in summer.—MATTIE O. C.

MANY HOUSEWIVES CAN NOT remember the practical hints seen in the papers, when the time comes to use them. The best way is to have a scrap-book for the bits of useful ways of doing and undoing things, and clip the item when read.—ANNA E. PERKINS.

IT IS NOT ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY to bake cake immediately after mixing. This will be considered rank heresy by orthodox cooks; nevertheless, it is the truth. I have frequently mixed cake at night, using all the ingredients except whites of eggs, then left it until morning before putting it into the oven. The batter would rise to the top of the basin during the night. Sometimes I mix it in the morning and bake it in the afternoon, when the noon meal is out of the way. It is a great convenience on a busy morning to have cake ready to bake, or to feel able to leave it for a while when other duties demand your time.—M. A. S.

IF LOW SHOES RUB the heels, paste a bit of velvet firmly inside them. Have it large enough to shield the heel.—MRS. M. S.

OLD MAGAZINES HEATED in the oven make a good substitute for a hot-water bottle. They hold the heat nearly as long, and can be used under the back, where a hot-water bottle would not lie well.—ALICE A.

IF, WHEN FILLING A PINCUSHION, a piece of pasteboard the size of the cushion is inserted a half inch from the top, you will not lose so many needles.—L. R.

WHEN MAKING PANCAKES, put all the ingredients together the night before, with the exception of soda or baking powder. It improves the cakes very much. A. B. M.

WHEN YOU PLACE IRONS ON THE STOVE to heat put a brick over the fire. The brick is used as an iron-stand; it will save many trips to the stove and back; being hot, it keeps the irons warmer much longer than a common stand. As each fresh iron is placed on the brick, it renews its heat.—MRS. A. C. S.

IT IS DIFFICULT TO KEEP A PIANO IN TUNE in a house heated by hot water. A glass fruit-jar filled with water and placed in the very bottom of the piano will help to keep it in tune and save the wood from warping.—I. M.



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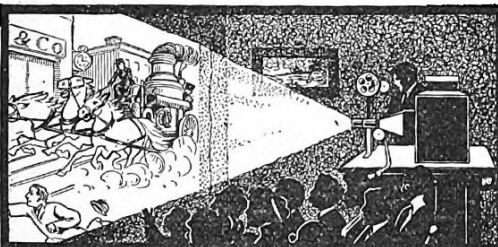
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MRS. CURTIS'S CORNER



By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

The Editor of Our Home Departments Has Something to Say About the Iniquity of Gossip and Its Lamentable Consequences

THIS season William Faversham is trying to Americanize a Spanish play, "The World and His Wife." He may succeed; his work is virile enough, it is a drama of clever situations with much that is bright in dialogue, only—if we consider it from the standpoint of being true to human nature it is all wrong. Its title might be changed to "The First Stone," for it deals with the misery that foundationless gossip brings into an innocent life. That is not where it is wrong—we see every day the crushing cruelty of unjust gossip—but in this drama it is the man who casts the first stone. It may be I have looked on life from a different viewpoint to that of the dramatist, or—I may be mistaken—but in the majority of cases where a human soul has been stoned to death it was a woman who whispered the first word of a defaming story.

I am not abusing my sex. There are millions of women who are large in charity, the sort of charity which is slow to see evil and slow to speak it. Life for them is too full of larger interests, too full of home duties, too full of love and happiness to allow of scandal. With such women a neighbor's reputation is safe. But—there is the other woman, born with that strange brand of eager curiosity which the world labels "feminine," who is prone to see ill rather than good, who possesses a glib tongue, and has a mania to be confidential and, perhaps, with something in her own life which will not bear the full light of day—against such a woman the poor victim has scarcely a fighting chance. It would not be so if the gossip had a hard task to find her audience; but a listener can always be discovered who is to be relied upon to retail the story many times, with a fresh elaboration at each recital. So the world goes on; so newspapers grow yellow and make fortunes; so reputations are blasted and hearts are broken.

"THE World and His Wife" portrays life in Spain, among "high society" in Madrid. "High society," as the world phrases it, is much the same whatever the nation. It is simply human nature slightly demoralized occasionally by idleness and too much wealth. The same traits, vulgarized a bit, are found in the women who with aprons about their heads defame their neighbors over a back-yard fence. In the Spanish play it is a husband and wife who cast the first stone; but it is the man who is most suspicious, unrelenting, merciless to the bitter end. José Echegaray, the author of this drama, may have seen in the men of Spain traits which are foreign to the Anglo-Saxon nature. In America there are few men who are prototypes of his Don Severo. We hear of Europeans who scoff at the chivalry of American men. They also tell us it means the deterioration of the American woman. This is not so of the womanly woman. In her innermost heart it can only awaken gratitude because our men are faithful, home-loving, brave, honorable, full of trust and respect for not only the women of their individual families but for those they call friends. It arouses the good woman to even higher ideals; she will aim to live up to the level to which a man's homage has raised her, not to sink beneath it.

HAVE you ever studied the girl who comes from a family of fine, manly brothers, or the solitary woman child who has grown up in close companionship with a father of high ideals? You will find among such women few of the failings we call "feminine." During girlhood they became saturated with a masculine sense of honor and—the masculine sense of honor is a very different brand from the feminine. Women who have had such environment have a fine disdain for gossip; they play fair, and to hit a man or woman when they are down—they could not do it. As far back in life as playground days, talebearing had a special niche of its own as the blackest sin in the decalogue. The smallest freshman was initiated into the iniquity of it, and even worse punishment than a merciless pummeling was the ignominy of

Tell Tale Tit, your tongue shall be slit,
And all the birds in the air have a little bit.

In the few instances where I have known the first stone to be thrown by a man, he was such a pygmy specimen of his sex as to be almost unclassified. Again, I have known a man the church would have classed with "the unsanctified" to possess a sense of honor so high that one could not wring from him a cruel criticism of a woman, though he knew for a certainty she was daily treading a crooked bypath. He might have no special friendliness for her, still if he could

do nothing more, while the world and his wife were divesting her of character, he could hold his tongue. He sees no special virtue in it, he merely has a stolid belief that it is none of his business. The few men whose names have been handed down to us through history as maligning gossips we set in an almost unsexed corner: Simon, the Pharisee; Cotton Mather and his jury of witch-finders; William Fuller, the maligner of Mary of Modena, and—even John Knox, sturdy old divine as he was, he bedimmed his fame by a steady thunder of invective against Mary, Queen of Scots.

I have never forgotten a story told me once by a woman who is loved and honored by all who know her. A disgraceful entanglement occurred in her family which compelled its members to receive into their innermost circle a woman far beneath them in rank,

and terribly beneath them in morals as well as breeding. It seemed at first almost an impossibility to show her the slightest degree of friendliness, but they did what many another family has done—made the best of a bad bargain. Here is the story as told to me:

"One day an occasion came, almost like some improbable situation in a play, when to get this relative out of trouble I had to call late one night on a person no respectable woman would have recognized. My husband was in the West and I did not wish him to know of the trouble, besides he could not have straightened out the affair as easily as I did. While I was on the threshold of this house, I came face to face with a man whom I met frequently in society. I had always held somewhat aloof from him, he was looked upon as an unscrupulous politician; he scoffed at religion, his morals were said to be free and easy, and his wife was known as the most merciless gossip in town. For weeks after that encounter I waited in a state of untold terror for friends to grow cold and a whole city to point at me with the finger of suspicion. Nothing happened. At a gathering, one night, nearly a year later, that man took me in to dinner. Amid the buzz of conversation, I said to him quietly, 'You saw me one night at a place where you must have been surprised to meet me. Did you ever speak of it to any one?'

"He looked me straight in the face. 'Never, madame,' he answered.

"Not even to your wife?"

"Least of all to my wife," he said gravely.

"Why?" I asked.

"Simply because it was none of my business. I will confess I was surprised. Months after I learned accidentally why you were there. I respected you for going. Only," he added hurriedly, "that knowledge is as safe with me as the other was."

"I don't care what sort of a character the world gives that man, I would not barter his chance of getting through the Golden Gate with that of the most godly church member in town."

THIS is an example of what a European might call the chivalry of the American man. It is a silent, undemonstrative chivalry. It is ages removed, as our civilization is, from such useless, idiotic stunts as the rescue of a lady's glove from a roaring lion. It is the real thing, the belief in unstained womanhood, which every true man holds of his mother, sister, sweetheart, wife, and daughter. It lies in the hands of women themselves whether or not such chivalry live. I believe a man with high instincts of honor would almost as easily forgive a slip from the straight path by a woman in whom he believes as the iniquity of cruel, undeserved gossip. Small feminine failings he overlooks, because they are "a woman's way"; vilifying, unjust gossip, he views with a horror that the average woman does not understand unless, happily, she is married to such a man. I once heard a rather mild-mannered husband bring his wife sharply to her senses when he heard her retail a floating bit of gossip which was the merest conjecture of a young woman's motives.

"My dear," he said sternly, "I simply won't have that sort of talk go on under this roof. You have not the slightest ground to go upon except what you think or what 'they' say, and neither of them would hold water. What pleasure do you get out of this? It is not entertaining, it is not good breeding. What good does it do? Besides, think of the harm it can do; the Lord Himself only knows where the mischief can end!"

DURING the height of the season in Washington it is the custom to drop in afternoons at a fashionable hotel for a cup of tea. There one meets everybody: men high in political life, women who are leaders of society, and throngs of gay, care-free young people.

Of course gossip is afloat and critical eyes are on the watch everywhere. One day the wife of a famous congressman sat chatting with some friends when they were joined by her husband. He laid down his cup in the midst of an animated conversation and said quietly: "I want each of you ladies, as well as my wife, to help me about something."

They acquiesced readily.

"There is little Margaret Maynard," he said, with a glance at a corner of the tea-room. "She was up at the House to-day with several empty-headed young chaps dangling after her. I hear the women are beginning to talk about the child. You all know how we love her father. He worships her; she is all he has—her mother died when she was a baby. Most of her life has been spent in school; now she is like a young colt let loose. She has no home but this hotel, where she is under the eyes of a few old vampires. There is that wicked Smith woman peering at her through her lorgnette. She would faint at a bull-fight, yet she would not hesitate to kill that little girl's reputation. Be kind to the girl if I bring her here, now—and afterwards whenever you can."

A well-bred wave of surprise went round the tea-room—among the women at least—as they watched the tall, handsome old statesman stride across to a palm-screened corner where a young, pretty girl sat with her escort. Every eye watched them rise and follow the Congressman to join a group of ladies in the middle of the room. From that day on "the little Maynard girl" met with a hearty, motherly friendship from a group of women who held an honored place in Washington Society. It flattered her at first, then it began to awake in her higher ideals than had been taught in a fashionable boarding-school. She began to care less for the frivolous boys and girls who had satisfied her before. She made a brilliant, happy marriage, and to-day occupies a place among worthy men and women far beyond the reach of Mrs. Smith's lorgnette.



A STORY is told in Scotland of a gentle old minister, Dr. Erskine, who frequently, much against his will, was set in judgment over some frail offender from his parish, who by feminine gossip had been adjudged a reprobate. One day before him and a row of grim elders a sixteen-year-old girl was brought to task.

"What are ye up here for, Eppie, lass?" asked the kindly old man.

She could not speak for sobs. An austere deacon answered for her. "She was foun' last nicht, sir, dauncin'—dauncin' wi' the ungodly. My ain wife caught her."

"Ay, dauncin'," the voice of the old minister grew gentler. "Luik up at me, lassie, ye ken me for an auld frien' o' yer ain an' yer father. Noo, tell me jist ae thing. What were ye thinkin' o' while ye daunced?"

The girl lifted a sweet, tear-stained, innocent face to his. "Sir, I was thinkin' nae ill o' ony ane."

Dr. Erskine stretched out his hands to the well-filled church. "Here, my people," he cried, "Here's a lesson for ye. Ane an' a' o' ye up tae yer feet—up an' daunce!"

Getting Acquainted in New York

GETTING acquainted in New York is thus described by a man from Atlanta. He brought a letter of introduction to the person he was to meet at the latter's office in Nassau Street.

This is the Atlantan's report to his house:

"Called at 2 p. m. Boy on the gate asked my name and business. Gave him the letter of introduction. Boy returned and told me to sit down."

"Sat down twenty-five minutes. Saw a man come out of his office and break through the gate as if he was chased by hornets."

"Who's the man from Atlanta who wants to see me?" asked the hurried individual.

"I am the man," I replied, trying to act as if I was also hurried.

"Come along with me," said the man, as he grabbed me by the arm. He dragged me through the main door into the hallway. He caught sight of a descending elevator and shrieked to the man in the car to stop.

"The door of the car slid ajar and the man who had me by the arm said, 'Come along; let's get acquainted as we go down.'"

"By that time the car had reached the landing on the main floor. As the door of the car was pushed back the man who had my letter in his hand said:

"I haven't had time to read this letter, but we know each other; come in day after to-morrow. I've got to make a train. I'll know you when we meet again. Good-by."

"Before I could say good-by he had turned the corner and was out of sight. That's business in New York."

Boston Profanity

KATY, aged five, and a resident of America's seat of culture, ran to her father one morning, exclaiming, "Father, brother Harold swore."

"Swore, did he?" inquired the parent, grimly, reaching for the slipper. "What did he say?"

"He said 'ain't,'" responded Katy, solemnly.

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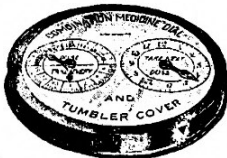
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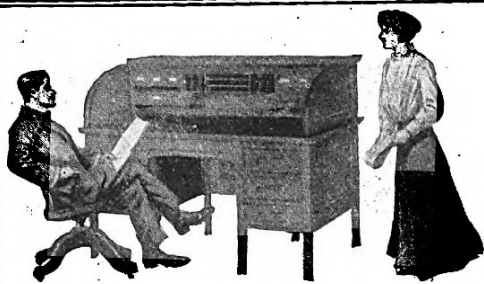
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Jimmy Pepperton of Oshkazoo

[Continued from page 26]

speak. As she said nothing, he continued with much earnestness:

"Well, friendly so far as I was concerned, wishing to let bygones be bygones. I was quite willing to return the money if he had accepted my offer of cooperation; but he preferred war to the knife, and said so. Now, Gwennie, what would you have me do? Stand there like a fool, offering the olive branch when he is flourishing a tomahawk?"

"I should have you defend yourself, of course, but I should have you do so manfully and honestly."

"Well, Gwennie, it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Why not suggest such a course to your father?"

The girl reddened.

"I think, Mr. Pepperton, we may consider this talk at an end."

"My dear Gwennie, don't you see that I can not help myself? I seem to have become involved in a vicious circle. I was rather an easy-going chap, as you know, until I met you, but now I assure you I am doing my best. If I confine myself strictly to my legitimate work, that will make no impression whatever on your father. He refuses his consent to our marriage, and you refuse to marry me without that consent. So there it is. Ring-around-a-rosy, as we used to sing as children. There have been cases on record before where a girl was placed in the unenviable position of being compelled to choose between her lover and her father. From what I hear, the girl generally cast her lot with her lover. Are you going to be an exception, Gwennie?"

The girl looked at him with eyes clouded by sadness, and it was some moments before she spoke. All the former hardness had gone from her voice as she said at last:

"I should like to stand by my lover too, Jimmy. Nothing would give me greater joy and pride than to be your banner-bearer in some worthy fight; but the weapon you must use is the sword of honor, and not the stiletto of stealth and craft."

"Gwennie," he said, clasping both her hands before she could protest or prevent him, "let us sit down together for a minute. You will have less the attitude of the just judge than when you are standing up. Now, do you think you are quite fair to me? When two men are fighting a duel their weapons are the same. It would be absurd for me to attack my enemy if I were armed with your despised stiletto while he had a six-shooter. Don't you see that I must fight with the same weapon the other fellow uses. Now, suppose I am compelled to fight your father, and suppose we both use identical weapons. Let us go a step further, and say that these weapons are assassins' stilettos. Which of these two bad men are you going to favor?"

"My father, of course," replied the girl, with a promptness of decision that rather took Jimmy Pepperton aback.

"Why?" he cried. "He and I are equally in this suppositious case I am putting to you. Gwennie, you are illogical."

"On the contrary, Jimmy, I am quite logical, and it is you who are unreasonable and unthinking. A girl can not choose her father, but she does choose her lover. If my father were dishonest, this would be through no fault of mine, and I should stand by him, not because he is dishonest, but because he is my father. If my lover is proved dishonest, I should cast him off, no matter at what cost to myself; but I can not cast off my father, or if I did, he would still be my father. When I abandon my lover, he ceases to be my lover."

"All right, Gwennie. I see your point. I always do get tangled when I meddle with the abstract, so I'll return to the safer ground of the concrete. I will put my problem to you, and ask you what you would advise me to do. Your father has a project in hand which, if carried through successfully, will increase his wealth by an amount situated somewhere between three and four hundred thousand dollars. That amount, whatever its exact figures, will be completely lost by a number of innocent people. I think I can stop this raid from being carried through. Now, Gwennie, what do you advise me to do? Aid the scheme by my silence, or wreck the scheme by giving it publicity?"

"Do you mean," cried the girl, with anger in her voice, "that you charge my father with being a swindler?"

"Oh—bless you, no. Merely with watering stock; something that is done every day by our most respectable citizens. But don't let the personal element creep into this concrete problem. Never mind your father, but decide for me what should be my honest course in this matter."

The girl swayed slightly to and fro, but did not obey him. When at last she took down her hands and looked at him, he saw deep distress in her fine eyes.

"What a pitiful scoundrel you must think my father to be!"

"Gwennie, Gwennie, Gwennie, Gwennie, I implore you not to bring in the personal element, but to confine yourself to the rights and wrongs of the matter. It is my conduct that is under discussion, not your father's. What am I to do?"

"What do you mean to do, Jimmy? To hold my

father up to public contumely in the newspapers?"

"No, I should not publish his name at all, nor will I print the title of the company whose shares he is about to offer to an ignorant public; but I should devote a couple of columns to the scheme, without mentioning his name, and that would kill the design in the bud, as it were; for if he brought out the company after my article had appeared, every reader of our newspaper would at once recognize that here was the company whose coming had been prophesied by the *Dispatch*. However, he would not bring out his company after the article was printed; at least, not until the public had had time to forget. Now, Judge Gwennie, you are in possession of the evidence. Give me your verdict."

For a long time the girl pondered on the problem, and at last looked up at him with a pathetic little smile.

"I shall act as an arbiter, rather than a judge, and will suggest a compromise instead of handing down a verdict. I am quite certain my father is not the sort of man you suppose him to be, but on the other hand, I know you are acting in perfect good faith. Let me place the case before him, and then if he goes on with his project, I say it is your duty to the public to expose it."

"Ah!" said Jimmy, with a long drawn-out exclamation. "To adopt your simile of the knight, you are stripping me of my armor, and putting the stiletto in the hands of my enemy. If you warn your father he will at once go to my chief and arrange that my article shall never appear."

"You mean that Mr. Wentworth Blake would not allow you to write the article?"

"He would allow me to write it, but it would never see print."

"But if you convinced him that my father's operation was a dishonest one, surely his duty to the public, of which you say he speaks, would compel him to insert what you wrote?"

Jimmy shook his head.

"I don't suppose there are a hundred men in this city who would call what your father intends to do anything but a legitimate business transaction. A page advertisement in our paper, paid for at full rates, will cover a tremendous lot of water in a limited liability company. However, Gwennie, I shall not distress you further by discussing this affair at greater length. I am clay in your hands. Tell your father that I know of his plan to form his various businesses into a joint stock company, with a capital of half-a-million. What he is selling to the public is worth less than a hundred thousand. Add that it has come to your knowledge through your former friend, Jimmy Pepperton, that the aforesaid, rigidly honest Jimmy intends to blow the gaff; in other words, he will inform the dear public, by means of a masterly article on the commercial page, of this discrepancy between the hundred thousand and the half million. Meanwhile, I shall write this article, will have it set up in type, and will send you a proof. Now, my dear girl, you have in your hands the materials for a beautiful display of pyrotechnics; red and green fire, roman candles, and sky-rockets galore, with a set piece entitled commercial honesty. Therefore, fire them off and see what happens; and so, my dear, good-by."

"You are not going, Jimmy?" said the girl, rising.

"Yes; but I hope to come back again, Gwen, whenever you send for me. You know my telephone number."

And so Jimmy, head held high in the air, made a quick march down Webster Avenue to the business portion of the town, knowing that for a girl's sake he had given away one of the finest sensations that the commercial world had seen for many a day. Yet he did not regret it, and even gave himself unnecessary work in writing one of the most capable and convincing articles that ever came from his efficient typewriter, although perfectly certain that it would never see the light of day in the *Dispatch*. He, however, had the linotype set at work upon it, and posted the two long printed slips to Miss Gwendoline Armstrong, 267 Webster Avenue.

Next day, by giving the elevator boy a silver coin of the realm and by asking the sharp lad to watch for the well-known and massive figure of John Armstrong, Jimmy learned that that estimable merchant had spent an hour and a half in Mr. Blake's room. The commercial editor expected his chief to visit him before long, but day after day passed without anything happening.

It was nearly a week later when, in answering a call on his desk telephone, Jimmy recognized the voice of Gwendoline Armstrong. He hastily kicked his door shut, and answered, yes, that he was James Pepperton.

"You remember our conversation of a week ago, and the newspaper proofs you sent me," telephoned the girl; and her listener knew, even over the wire, that she had some trouble to control her voice.

"Oh, yes, I remember the circumstances very well."

"I wish to let you know, Mr. Pepperton, that so far as I am concerned, you are at liberty to publish that article whenever you like. Good-by."

"Hello, Gwen! Wait a moment. Don't ring off! May I call upon you this afternoon?"

"No."

"Please!"

"No, no, no! Good-by!" and with that she rang off.

That night, at nine o'clock, the foreman of the composing-room waited on Jimmy.

"Mr. Pepperton," he said, "we'll need another couple of columns to fill up the commercial page. Your article headed 'A New Industrial Enterprise' does n't go."

"Who says it does n't go?"

"Mr. Blake gave the order about a week since. He read the proof, said I was to kill it, and I did," replied the foreman.

"All right," said Jimmy, cheerfully. "I'll see what happens when the Chicago comes in. Anyhow, I'll let you have plenty of stuff in good time. Why did n't you tell me of this killing a little sooner?"

"Mr. Blake said I wasn't to say anything about it until you ordered it into the paper. I understood he intended to speak to you about it himself."

"Ah, very likely; he probably forgot."

From a pigeonhole in the desk before him, Jimmy extracted the duplicate proofs of the article which he had reserved for himself, folded them up, and put them in his inside pocket. He went down the elevator and along the street to the offices of the *Daily Courier*, and there sought out his friend and bitter rival, Mr. William J. Higgins.

"Hello, Jimmy," said the B. R., "short of copy to-night?"

"As a matter of fact, Billy, I am. Have you got anything that will help me out?"

William J. laughed.

"Have you got anything that will help me out? I've shut my eyes and opened my mouth, and am waiting to see what Chicago will send me; but the market is so quiet all over the place that I have small hopes. There is nothing doing, Jimmy, and indeed, when I saw your genial face, I said to myself: 'Here's a friend in deed, but, hang it all, he turns out to be in need of copy himself.'"

Jimmy took from his inside pocket the folded slips of paper and flung them down before his competitor.

"Don't be too sure, Billy, that instead of being in need I am in deed, which is quite a different matter. Just cast your squinting eye over that, will you?"

Higgins scanned the article with the rapidity of the practised newspaper man, who at a glance gets the gist of a column.

"Hello!" he cried, after a minute or two, "you've got your knife into this chap. Who's the victim, Jimmy, and how did you get on to the deal?"

"I thought it was best not to use any names, but in confidence our respected friend, John Armstrong, thinks he can do the public out of half a million for a line of goods that would be dear at a hundred thousand."

"By Jove, this is hot stuff, and will make a sensation. When are you going to use it?"

"It was going to be published to-morrow, but old Blake has killed it. Your foxy grandpa, named Armstrong, had an hour and a half's interest with him a week ago, and I suppose Blake's either in the deal or the *Dispatch* is going to get a full-page advertisement when the company comes out. In case your managing editor is inclined to make a fuss about printing it, either of those facts confided to him might incline him toward publicity. Now, of course, I've no right to give this snap away to you, so I advise you to rewrite it in your own choice but somewhat groggy English, and instead of the chaste heading with which I adorned it you may use letters a foot high, as is the habit with your vile yellow rag."

"All right, Jimmy. I'm ever so much obliged to you; but you won't go back on a fellow if John Armstrong delivers a kick?"

"He can't deliver anything, not even the goods. You see, you don't mention his name nor that of the business."

"Right you are, Jimmy. I'll just jump on this like an American athlete at the Olympic Games. You may count on me."

Next day Mr. Wentworth Blake was in very bad humor. The whole town was ringing with the sensation which the florid composition of William J. Higgins had put before it, and Mr. Blake didn't like to hear any paper but his own mentioned by the populace. The evening papers made a great to-do about the matter, giving the *Courier* full credit for its enterprise, and indicating so unmistakably the identity of the person and property alluded to, that Mr. John Armstrong thought it due to himself and his long and honorable connection with the business life of the city (this is his own phraseology) to deny the innuendo that had been hurled against him. His various businesses, he added, were in too prosperous a condition for him to allow outsiders to participate in so good a thing. The produce distributing of John Armstrong and Company would be carried on as heretofore, under his sole direction, and he had the honor to be, and so forth, and so forth.

The inadvertent Mr. Pepperton called up his yearned-for father-in-law on the telephone.

"First round," said Jimmy, "first blood for me. Second round, a knock out for you. I say, Mr. Armstrong, let's call it quits and join forces. I'm sick of the contest and, judging by your letter in this morning's paper, your head's a little sore. What do you say?"

But Mr. Armstrong had nothing to say. He merely hung off very abruptly.

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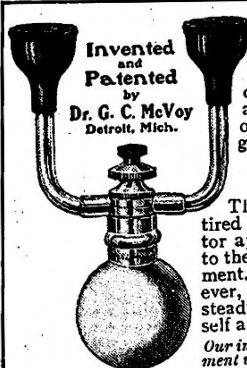
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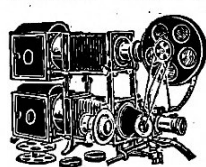
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The WELL-DRESSED MAN

WELL-DRESSED men may be divided, or, rather, may divide themselves, into two groups: those who follow every whim and winding of the mode and want to be the first to do it, and those who are concerned only to dress tastefully and becomingly in a broad sense. The first class is as keen for fads as a hungry fish darting after a crumb, and, the more daring an innovation the more acceptable it is. Few of us have either the leisure or the leaning to be "leaders of fashion." The touch-and-go of modern life, and the crowding of duties upon the individual make dress, if not a minor, at least a secondary consideration. In Europe the elegant idler flourishes as a distinct type. He does nothing and does it well. Most Americans, however, at least make a pretense of being engaged in some occupation and, therefore, can not undertake to follow the fashions, save in a general way.

The Best Winter Colors

Such colors as smoke, green, slate, olive, drab, and wood are "smart" for autumn and winter. Rough-finished cloths, rather than smooth, are most approved, because they "drape" better and adjust themselves more readily to the curves of the figure. The best tailors long ago discarded the very long sack coat with creased side seams. The correct autumn jacket has higher and blunter lapels, which are left soft and rolling; narrow turn-back or plain cuffs; and a small center vent in the back, without more than a trace of outlining the figure.

When the "Tuxedo" Is Correct

"Tuxedo" dress naturally allows greater freedom in its details than ceremonious dress. Being in effect merely a "polite lounge suit," the "Tuxedo" is only suited to occasions when women are absent or when the spirit prevailing is one of marked informality. Thus a family dinner or a gathering of relatives or very intimate friends does not require the swallowtail because, by either spoken or silent agreement, the women of the party waive their undisputed and traditional right to formal dress. Again, an evening at the play, so much in favor, and an assembly at the smaller functions where everybody knows his neighbor very well, permit the substitutes of the "Tuxedo" for the swallowtail. It is well to remember, however, that the swallowtail is always correct where the "Tuxedo" is, whilst the uses of the "Tuxedo" are sharply limited. All this is not new, but now that the winter season is awing, a summary of the accepted rules governing the wearing of formal and informal evening dress is not amiss. Men who aim to dress with punctilious care deprecate the indiscriminate wearing of the "Tuxedo" at times and places to which neither good form nor good taste entitle it. Indeed, because of this the "Tuxedo" has lost caste within recent years and unjustly so, for within its legitimate province it is both convenient and correct.

The jacket is of good length and the lapels are very long, peaked, and ironed with a soft roll, not pressed flat. The cuffs are folded back and curve at the edge as they near the button on the side. An aspect of grace and ease should distinguish this suit. The trousers are cut much roomier and the jacket is ventless and just perceptibly shaped to the back, no more. Light fabrics, rather than heavy, should be used for the "Tuxedo," as they drape better and adjust themselves more readily to the figure. Moreover, they soon shake themselves free from the creases caused by sitting and lounging at one's ease.

The "Tuxedo" waistcoat is usually of gray silk or linen, plain or ribbed, with a lapel opening cut V-shape or midway between V and U, a sort of oval. The old U-shape has been discarded and, too, has the double-breasted cut. It is quite the vogue to have one's waistcoat buttons, shirt-studs, and cuff-links match, and pearls, moonstones, jades, carbuncles, cat's-eyes, and amethysts are variously used by the young dandy of the day. The waistcoat buttons are, of course, detached. Among the newest "Tuxedo" ties is a butterfly with a narrow pinched-in knot and very broad flaring ends. This is intended to accompany the fold collar. Therefore, silk ties have been used nearly altogether, but silk-and-satin stripes, some with fringed ends, make up more richly.

New Evening Pumps

A novel idea is shown in evening pumps, which, instead of having the plain, flat silk bow over the instep, have a bow with a narrow center and wide ends. Little can be said for this, save that it is an innovation. Pumps of soft black calfskin are worn with "Tuxedo" dress, while patent-leather pumps accompany the swallowtail. The correct pump is pointed, but not exaggeratedly. Besides silk and lisle hose of plain black,



one may wear black hose with gray side clocks or clerical gray hose with black side clocks.

Neckties and Scarfs

Dress ties are yet cut broad, so as to form a full, round knot. Besides the usual plain weaves in linens and cottons, there are corded and figured fabrics aplenty, including some silks. In "Tuxedo" ties grays are more prominent than ever before, notably in dark Oxford shades.

Ascots and "once-overs" are now reserved wholly for afternoon wear. Except the revived canary-colored silks to match chamois gloves, one

sees nothing that is worthy of special note. There seems to be a tendency to depart from the flat Ascot with ends evenly crossed and to take up again the full, protruding knot. In Ascot silks, a new color has appeared—snuff-brown. It is intended to be worn with the gray morning coat and a white waistcoat. Heavy, self-figured silks in pearl-gray are most sought.

Knitted scarfs in weightier silks are worn for late autumn. The sales of cheap goods have dwindled of late, and it seems certain, that if the knitted scarf is destined to endure in favor it will be altogether a high-class article. The low-cost scarf ravels, crinkles, and loses its luster after a week's wear, and it is impossible to give it the appearance of the better product.

The Middle of the Road

Radical changes in men's dress are neither feasible nor desirable. Custom and tradition are opposed to them and most men frown on them. Fashion does not consist in embracing every fleeting fad, but in following the safe middle path. Really well-dressed men are less concerned about the precise depth of the coat lapels and the exact number of buttons down the front than they are about fit and becomingness. Nothing is fashionable that is irrational. The "style" that is bursting to express itself in "the very latest thing" is seldom true style, but generally a mockery of it. Clearly, all things can not be suited to all men. Fashion must vary just as persons do. To choose only what is becoming to the individual and follow the mode in its broad essentials, rather than its petty incidentals—that is dressing well.

But while the cut of a garment allows some freedom in expressing one's personal taste, no choice is permitted as to the fit and freshness of one's clothes. Indeed, in these days of really inexpensive garments there is absolutely no excuse for any man to wear ill-fitting clothes, and none either for selecting unbecoming colors. He who must count cost in buying a suit, or in having it made, often falls into the easy error of choosing a trying color, like green, merely because it is "the thing." Such a color would be well enough for a man who can afford half a dozen suits, but it is wholly unsuited to his neighbor with a limited wardrobe. Worn constantly, it renders him unpleasantly conspicuous, directing stentorian attention to the fact that it is the only suit he possesses. Such a man should choose an unobtrusive color like black, dark blue, or Oxford gray. It will give better service, and longer service, as well, for it will always be in fashion.

Fads are all right for those who have the means and leisure to chase each fresh will-o'-the-wisp of style. To such men the curve of a seam or the placing of a button is a matter of brow-wrinkling and grave debate with their tailors. But most of us must take fashion, like other things, in moderation. We do not wear a suit a few weeks and then, because we are tired of the pattern, give it to our valets. We wish style, to be sure, but we must have service also.

Questions About Dress

O.C.—Wet or damp shoes should never be put above the stove to dry. The heat warps the soles and often cracks the leather. Wipe the shoes with a soft cloth, rub a little vaseline into the leather, stretch them on "trees," and let them dry in a warm room—but not too close to a fire. Russet shoes are apt to discolor, unless the dressing is allowed to dry before polish is applied. Both black and tan shoes are greatly improved in appearance and comfort if washed with warm water and soap every two weeks.

YOUNG.—You are right in assuming that the "Tuxedo" suit is proper at a bachelor dinner. This is attended only by men, and, hence, belongs in the same class as the club gathering and the stag. Even when the bachelor dinner is given at a large hotel, "Tuxedo" clothes are quite correct, because the affair is usually held in a private dining-room and, thus, is shorn of every suggestion of a public function. If, however, the bachelor dinner were served in the general dining-room—an infrequent occurrence—formal evening dress would be required.

Making Ends Meet on a New England Farm

[Continued from page 13]

probably remain for some time where the sleigh is. "We buy that sleigh every year," declared Mrs. Judd one day, "and we hain't got it yet."

They dream, as well, of a telephone for purposes of sociability with distant friends on impossible winter evenings.

Almost every summer the young folks have a glass of ice-cream soda-water in town. Peanuts are the family's chief weakness. During the last fifteen years, the farm has had representatives at one circus and three pay lectures. (The last one, on Scotland, proved to be very dull.) Asa Judd's one recreation is shooting foxes by moonlight through a loophole in the woodshed. But the shotgun is no luxury. It cost six dollars and he has shot in all seventy-five foxes, worth three dollars apiece.

"Our greatest extravagance is doctors," declared "Ma" Badger one rainy evening. "My doctor's bills alone cost 's much last year as my head's wuth now."

It would be hard to decide which kind of hardships bears more heavily on this family: the physical or the spiritual. They have suffered untold horrors from the ignorance of the quacks who pose as doctors in that region. The winters are so severe that Asa Judd has to wear three pairs of socks and three of mittens and to muffle himself to the eyes when he goes carting pulp wood for the paper company. Yet, last winter, he froze his ears, his nose, and one foot. The first heavy autumn snowfall heaps up a drift half as high as the house between the kitchen door and the barn. Like Alpine climbers they cut steps in its side. And those steps remain until well on into the spring.

It is difficult to tell whether this life is harder on the men or on the women. Certainly "Ma" Badger's daily program, if it were put down on paper, would look almost as formidable as Asa Judd's. For there is no water, no furnace, no bathroom, no gas in that house. There is no hired girl. And yet the whole house shines like any soap advertisement, the meals are well cooked and on time, and the hens never suffer.

"If I was to live my life over again," said she, "I would n't wear it out on no rocky New England farm, no matter who the man be that asked me. My men-folks here have wore their finger nails to the bone pickin' rocks off our place, and yet there seems to be almost as many left as when they started. And it's that very way with my own work. It's never done, and yet we don't seem to get anywhere."

"And then the life's so deludin'." Why one summer we had a magnificent crop of potatoes—just the best ever. And we told each other that now we'd actually begin layin' aside some money against old age. No sech thing! There wa'n't the ghost of a market for them potatoes. We would have been glad to give them away to the poor folks dyin' of hunger in Boston and New York, but there did n't seem to be any way of doin' it. There they just laid in the cellar and rotted; did n't bring in enough to pay for the Paris green that had been put on the plants."

Wearing Out the Dollar

I happened to be paying a milk bill and she was fingering a silver coin.

"It's my opinion we take the dollar and roll it over and over again till it's all wore out—and then we don't eve get the dust! As long's we can keep it goin' we live; and then we've got to die."

Suddenly she held up her gray head and a wave of red slowly flowed over her face.

"You'll think me real faint-hearted I s'pose," she said. "Well, p'raps I am. When I see the men-folk, how they fight with the rocks day in and out and deny themselves even a pipe of tobacco and still keep cheery through it all, it makes me sort of ashamed when I catch myself talking so. And I think if farm life can make a man that way it must be good for something after all."

"How much does it cost you to live?" is a question that almost always astonishes, staggers, and deeply interests a farmer. The Badger household had no idea. But by dint of frequent conferences they came to agree on the following estimate. Leaving out of count the value of the land, the house, and its furnishings; reckoning in the market value of the farm products consumed at home, and including under the head of incidentals such items as bedding, dishes, replenishing the furniture, postage, and luxuries, this is the Badgers' cost of living: Clothes, \$80; taxes, \$30; insurance, \$6; house repairs, \$25; doctor's bills, \$50; ice, \$15; wood (twenty cords, at six dollars), \$120; flour (six barrels, at six dollars and fifty cents), \$39; sugar (two hundred and fifty pounds, at six cents), \$15; milk (three hundred and sixty-five quarts, at five cents), \$18; butter (three hundred pounds, at twenty-seven cents), \$81; small groceries, \$75; "garden sass," \$20; potatoes (seventy-five bushels, at seventy-five cents), \$56; meat, \$50; chickens (one hundred pounds, at twenty cents), \$20; eggs (one hundred dozen, at thirty cents), \$30; incidentals, \$100. Total, \$830.

It interested us, as well, to find out how much cash

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the farm disbursed in the course of a year. This is the conclusion: paid out in cash, clothes, \$80; taxes, \$30; insurance, \$6; doctor's bills, \$50; ice, \$15; wood (rental of steam saw), \$10; flour, \$39; sugar, \$15; small groceries, \$75; building repairs, \$50; machinery and tools, \$55; horses, \$30; new live stock (including bull's services), \$35; fencing, \$7; hired help, \$150; corn (one hundred and fifty bushels, at ninety cents), \$135; oats (one hundred bushels, at sixty cents), \$60; bran (one ton), \$30; boarding one hundred hens, \$100; incidentals, \$100. Total, \$1,072.

Finally we found the cost of maintaining the entire Badger establishment by adding to the different items, of these two lists the value of the only crop entirely raised and entirely consumed on the place, viz., twenty-five tons of hay, at ten dollars. The total proved to be one thousand, seven hundred and seven dollars.

Our researches, then, came to this: Given the land and buildings, it takes the equivalent of two hundred and eight dollars to feed, clothe, and shelter each of these four adults for one year. They pay out about one thousand and seventy-five dollars during the year in cash (or in kind, which amounts to the same thing with their tradesmen). The most that their lives of incessant toil and bravely borne hardship can accomplish is to make one hundred and fifty acres and their little menagerie yield an annual value of one thousand, seven hundred dollars, and not one cent of profit.

This is a creditable showing for a New Hampshire farmer of the old régime like Asa Judd. It is, however, very much the sort of showing that has filled New Hampshire with abandoned farms. The other adults of Laban also exist at an annual cost of about two hundred dollars each. Nobody is making a profit there. Most of the farmers are in debt; all are more or less discouraged.

But the new régime is at hand. Already the Farmers' Cooperative Demonstration Work of the National Department of Agriculture has begun to show the South that the tiller of the soil can make splendid profits by "deeper plowing and better preparation of the seed-bed, the best seed, judicious use of fertilizers, thorough tillage, more horse-power, and better tools, more and better farm stock."

Hope for Asa Judd

Everett Smith, in an article that reads like a passage out of "The Arabian Nights," has recently told how in Texas, last year, forty thousand tenant farmers who had long been hopelessly involved in debt decided as a last, desperate venture to adopt these new methods. "At the end of the year," writes Mr. Smith, "every family had accomplished the seemingly impossible—paid off its debts. More than that, among them they put ten thousand dollars into banks."

Everywhere the South is already catching fire with the new and radical idea that the small farmer may really make money. In Virginia, farmers, on land valued at four dollars an acre, have suddenly taken to growing crops valued at one hundred dollars an acre. Young men are beginning to stay in the country in order to make money. Even the young men in city sweat-shops and factories have caught the glad tidings and are hurrying back to the soil to try their luck, and draw a good deep breath, and are taking some of the city's *savoir vivre* with them into the country.

And if the South, why not the North? Why not New England?

Asa Judd was told the other day that, with the new government methods, he might clear a profit of at least one thousand dollars next year. He merely smiled his great, whole-souled smile, scratched his head a little, and went on doggedly doing the work of two men and a horse in the same old, futile, Arcadian way.

But I have high hopes of him and of Laban. One of these days the Department of Agriculture will establish a demonstration farm in the White Mountains—a farm only half as large as "Badger's," yet one that will grow two tons of hay to Asa Judd's one, and five bushels of potatoes to his two, and plenty of grain into the bargain.

And presently one will notice two teams in the old Badger barn, and two young hired men at the dining-table, and that sleigh will actually materialize. So will that graphophone, and "Ma" Badger will lose her anxious look and begin to feel as though her head were "wuth" more than the longest doctor's bill ever made out. And that dollar will cease rotating on its axis and will be laid to rest in the bank to save wear and tear.

A Tractable Patient

"I NOTICE," said Mrs. Dewtell to her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Doolittle—wife of "Lazy Sam" Doolittle, as he was commonly called—"that your husband does n't seem to do anything nowadays but lie in the hammock and eat apples. Has he come into a fortune?"

"Oh, no, nothing of that kind," explained Mrs. Doolittle. "You see, he's been having some sort of stomach trouble, and he consulted two different doctors about it. The first one told him to eat a ripe apple every hour, and the other always to rest an hour after eating."

When the Wood Is Gone

[Continued from page 20]

enough at the start to insure ample profits; and the competition of similar products like pyrolyene and French "wood-ivory" has, for the present, prevented further gouging. But how long will it be before the Trust decides that, on account of the increased cost of manufacturing and in spite of competition, it will be necessary to raise prices? It is as sure to come as the increase to-day in the cost of your house. Now think a moment; is n't it really a strange and curious phenomenon that from the price of a child's toy in the nursery to the cost of the toilet articles on your dressing-table a hundred plain, every-day necessities should depend upon the preservation of the spruce forests, which to-day you seem powerless to protect?

For all purposes about four million cords of wood of various kinds—spruce furnishes about three-quarters—is used for pulp every year. Compared with the millions of cords burned for fire-wood this is insignificant. Yet it was sufficient, among other things, not only to raise the price last year of a number of magazines and newspapers, to cause the failure or suspension of a number more, but also to start a veritable panic in the office of every white-paper dealer in the country. It is this simple fact of the destruction of the spruce forests which was behind the frenzied appeal made to President Roosevelt at the last session of Congress for a reduction in the tariff on wood-pulp.

That no attention was paid to the request made no difference in the demand. It has been estimated that a single edition of a big Sunday newspaper strips the trees from fifteen acres of forest. In spite of a heavy duty, the spruce imported from Canada has doubled in the past few years, and the demand is constantly increasing. In the ten years preceding 1900 there was an increase of nearly twenty per cent. in the number of pulp and paper mills with a corresponding increase of eighty-six per cent. in the amount of capital invested. Since then this capital has increased another sixty per cent. Pine, cottonwood, poplar, hemlock, even balsam, which was never even considered a few years ago, are being used to supply the enormous demands of the mills.

At this rate, and allowing for no increase in consumption, how long will the supply last? How long, in other words, will books, newspapers, and magazines continue to be printed? How long will you be able to buy wall-paper? New York says nineteen years; Maine, fifteen; Wisconsin, thirteen; Pennsylvania, fifteen; Ohio and Minnesota, no estimate. In these States the supply is practically exhausted already. Suppose, to take a fair average, we say twenty-one years for all States. Your son, born this year, will just be able to vote. Whom will he vote for? No books, no newspapers, no magazines, how will he keep abreast of the times? Where will the children, then growing up, get their education? How will the world's business be done?

"Oh, but this is mere fancy," you say; "it may happen in some poor, benighted country abroad; in America—America—never! If we need wood for newspapers or for any other purpose, and haven't got it, why, we'll import it."

Let me tell you that in twenty years, unless some unexpected and unlooked-for change takes place, there will not be a civilized country in the world, which, at the present rate of consumption, and allowing for no increase due to increased population or to any other cause, will not need for its own use every log and stick it can scrape together. At the present moment, there is only one important civilized country in the world—and that is Russia—which is not importing from one-fifth to five-fifths of its total supply. In America, we are already in the one-fifth class. To what country shall we look in twenty years for the other four-fifths—particularly, since, apart from all other drains, private owners are to-day sending out of the country timber and unmanufactured wood which we need for ourselves, to the value of about sixty million dollars a year?

What is the result? I have already shown you that to-day this wanton stripping of the forests has increased the prices of hundreds of common necessities. Soon—amazingly soon, for the pinch is beginning to be felt in nearly every industry—we shall be asked to pay more for our coal and stoves, to make up for the millions of dollars' worth of "props" and timber used in the mines; more for the tan-bark for our shoes; the turpentine for our paint; the veneering for our pianos; the dye-stuffs for our clothes; the wood-pavement for our streets; the corks for our bottles; the cigar-boxes for our cigars; the wheels for our wagons; the wicker for our baskets; the cedar for our lead-pencils; yes, even the maple-sirup for our breakfasts; and the silver dollar to pay for all of it! We even eat wood and pay double for the privilege because we have not yet come to the conclusion that it would be better, merely as a business proposition, to own or control the forests.

Is this enough? It certainly seems enough, does n't it? Really, it is only a small beginning. Apart from all household expenses, there is a single item amounting to more than one hundred million dollars a year for floods,



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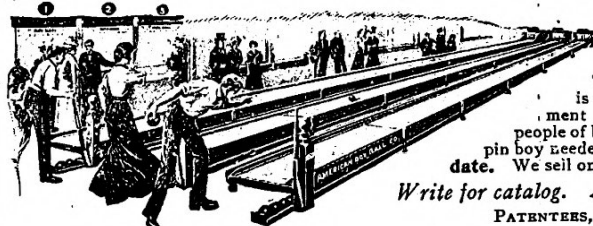
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of which every one of us pays a share directly, or indirectly in increased prices; and another for a billion tons of farm soil annually swept into the sea through lack of forest cover, whose value no one has yet been rash enough to estimate. One of our chief government experts, W. J. McGee, of the Bureau of Soils, says:

The waterways of the United States, annually sweep from land to sea a billion tons of earth. Of this, ninety per cent. is chiefly soil matter. In weight it is comparable with the total tonnage of all our railroads and river and lake vessels. Its bulk is one-fifth of a cubic mile; it equals a block one mile square over a thousand feet high. Applied as a fertilizer, it would cover, to the depth of a quarter of an inch, an area of about two hundred and forty thousand square miles, or the land surface of all the Atlantic States from Maine to South Carolina, inclusive, with New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and one-third of Georgia thrown in. Its loss is the heaviest impost borne by the American farmer. This soil waste is sapping a resource richer than all others combined, save one; namely, our inland waters. These, immeasurably our richest resource, are in great measure perverted from a blessing to a curse. And both soil wash and river ravage are largely to be traced to the absence of the forests from slopes on which the rivers rise.

Another of our chief experts M. O. Leighton, Chief Hydrographer of the United States Geological Survey, says:

The water flowing down our Western mountains, far exceeds in value the fabulous wealth represented by all the metals and minerals lying between the Rockies and the Pacific. To-day, most of this resource is wasted. Each year at least 1,600,000 horse-power runs over federal government dams. Rented at twenty dollars per horse-power, this would yield thirty-two million dollars. Capitalized at three per cent., it represents an investment of \$1,066,000,000, now wholly wasted.

Further, uncontrolled water is a curse. Flood damage in the United States exceeds one million dollars a year. With our water controlled and utilized this sum might be saved, and a fivefold greater value produced.

Enough? Why, so far, this is only the situation to-day. What will it be when the wood is actually gone?

In parts of Greece, even in Thessaly, I have tramped for hours without finding enough wood to start a campfire. The trees are gone. To-day Greece is practically bankrupt. Is this our future in America?

In China, in the province of Shantung, village boys go out with iron rakes in the autumn and literally scratch the hill-sides clean for fodder and winter fuel. In the Northeastern provinces, there is nothing left which can be called a forest; the land has been stripped to the soil. Except on the slopes of the mountains in the West, where the destruction is not yet complete, the heavy rains rush in floods from the barren hill-sides, bringing destruction to the fields and death to the villages in the valleys. Agriculture depends upon collecting the soil washed from the hill-sides into miniature fields protected by walls and terraces. With what wood there is left they make coffins. Flood, famine, death, that is China's story of forest waste. By the wildest stretch of the imagination, can anything like this happen in America?

In Florence, I once spent a winter in the old Romola house in the Via dei Bardi. There was no fireplace, no stove, not even a chimney. The room was heated by a charcoal burner and at times the fumes from it were literally suffocating. But it was a homely experience that brought home once and for all the pitiable plight Italy finds herself in to-day. There is practically no wood left in the country except charcoal. One-third of the entire area is barren and unproductive. In the spring, since the forest cover has been removed, the streams rush through the valleys in torrents, carrying along the silt and soil wash and stripping the vegetation; in summer, they are dry. A quarter of the devastated area is beyond reclamation. The remainder produces only small coppice woods and stumps, fit only for fuel. Trees that once produced marketable timber have been destroyed. Is this the outlook for the coming generation in America?

In Dalmatia, once one of the richest of the Roman provinces, it is not rare to see a whole family live on the product of one olive-tree. The people are desperately poor; and they are in the helpless predicament of having destroyed their forests without being able to replace them. The bora, a blighting wind from the hills, sweeps through the valleys of Northern Dalmatia and destroys almost every vestige of vegetation. Hardly a sheltered grape-vine will hold to its roots. The planting of young trees in the open is out of the question. The bora is one of the heritages of a now disinherited people whose fathers made money by stripping the forests to provide wood for the ships of Venice. In America, we are already providing "ships for Venice" at the rate of sixty million dollars' worth a year. A few men are getting rich at it. Is it our intention, also, to follow the example of Dalmatia?

In the past six years homes have been provided in our Western States for about four thousand families by reclaiming arid lands. In the next ten years it will be possible to reclaim another two million acres. This means homes for a quarter of a million people more, about one-fourth of our annual increase from immigration alone. The water that makes this great work possible comes chiefly from streams which have their sources in the mountains. Remove the forest covering

on the mountainsides and it will mean the absolute destruction in a few years of a hundred thousand American homes. No matter where you live or expect to live—North, East, South, or West—does this prospect appeal to you?

To-day, in the Carolinas and Georgia, about forty million dollars is invested in cotton-mills run by water-power or by electricity generated from it. It is only a beginning. From the great plateau of the Appalachians it is estimated that enough power can be developed to run all the mills of the South. Put the figure at three million horse-power. That means, at a conservative estimate, an investment of not less than three hundred million dollars, earning sixty millions a year and saving the South from fifteen to twenty millions a year on its coal bill alone. Last year President Roosevelt asked Congress to make this a reality by setting aside a part of the Appalachian watershed as a national forest reserve. "Uncle Joe" Cannon said it would cost too much. The bill failed. What is the result?

Last year the South paid a bigger "flood" bill than ever before in its history. All along the Appalachian plateau, extending from Northern Georgia to New England, private raids on the forests continued. Vast aggregations of private capital backed the lumbermen in their attempt to strip the mountainsides before the people should wake up and compel Congress to reverse its action. Already more than four-fifths of the entire area of seventy-five million acres has been cut over. What is left contains practically all the remaining supply of hard woods. If Congress can be persuaded, by any arguments or influence, to delay action fifteen years longer, the private exploiters will be satisfied. The wood will be gone.

Already nearly one-half of the water-power of the South has been cut off. The supply of the cities and towns is threatened. During the longer continued drought periods, it means water-famine; in times of flood, it means enormous increase in the cost of purifying the water which comes down from the hills brown with sand, silt, and debris. The city engineer of Atlanta estimates that more of this has been washed into the city's power canal in the last year and a half than in all the previous thirty years put together. Well, what then? The mills slow down; an army of operatives is idle; the rivers fill; navigation stops; shipping is delayed; prices are raised; more money is needed for dredging, harbors, jetties—it is a never-ending chain of destruction and expense.

Do you begin to see the picture? Can you imagine what it will be in thirty years?

The lumber business, now the fourth largest in America, will be the first to fail. Thirty-three thousand establishments will immediately close their doors. At the same moment, more than half a million employees will be thrown out of work; they will be joined by a million in the allied trades; cooper, joiners, carpenters, planers, wall-paper makers; then another million from the trades indirectly affected. It will be such an army of unemployed as was never dreamed of in the world's history.

The mines will fail. There will be no coal, no iron, no steel for the sky-scrapers, no steel for rails. The railroads will go out of business. Without transportation facilities the farmers will be unable to market their crops, already diminished by uncontrolled drought and flood. As our national prosperity depends upon the railroads and the crops, there will be no prosperity. In its place, poverty—the poverty of China, Greece, Syria, Dalmatia.

This, or something very like it, is the picture of this great land of ours when the forests fail. And it will be more than a mere picture. Unless you decide to act, it will become grim reality.

It is not as though we were forced to act in ignorance. There are hundreds of years of experience to go by. Japan began taking care of her forests two thousand years before America was discovered. The countries of Asia and Europe taken together furnish an encyclopedia of forest experience: although some of them have delayed, as we have, until large parts of their forest areas are past reclaiming.

Russia, whose untouched forest resources comprise to-day two-thirds of the entire forest area of Europe, showed the foresight to protect the trees before she was actually in need. To-day, in America, we stand passive on the verge of famine. Two hundred and fifty years ago, the czars Michael and Alexis began the work when they undertook to settle property rights and to make provision against fire and theft. One year ago, in America, the czars of the House of Representatives refused to begin the work of preservation, made no provision for property rights as they relate to the forests, and continued to allow devastation by both fire and theft. They did not even offer to repeal the infamous "Timber and Stone" act, which with the "commutation" clause of the "Homestead" law, has cloaked more shady proceedings and caused more loss to the Government and the people than any other legislation ever passed by Congress.

As a result of her forest policy, Russia is now in a position to supply her own needs and to furnish her neighbors, chiefly England, Germany, Holland, and France, with thirty millions' worth of timber a year. Twenty millions a year more flows into the government treasury as a net income from a comparatively small part of the forest area which is cut on modern,

up-to-date principles. Last year the income from all our forests under government control, far from reaching into the millions, amounted to one hundred and thirty thousand; France and Germany together, with a combined population about equal to ours, realized thirty million dollars; we are nearly at the bottom of the list.

As nearly all the governments of Europe own outright some percentage of forest land and exercise control over the rest, they are able to enforce strict regulations. In Russia, for example, no one is allowed, on public or private land, to clear any forest area which protects the shores of rivers, canals, or other waterways, or which prevents land-slides or erosion in the mountain districts. No private owner is allowed under any conditions to strip his own land without reforesting or resetting it out as a plantation. But, as an offset, the "protection" forests, if of natural growth, are free from taxes; if planted, they are not taxed for thirty years. One of the great mistakes we are making is that all lands, forest or agricultural, are taxed alike. Private owners claim that they can not afford to reforest and wait for a second growth of timber because the taxes eat up the profits. It is one of the few complaints in which the big forest owners are justified.

In France, haven't you seen the peasants pass the *douane*, the men in donkey-carts filled with farm-truck, and the women following along behind with bundles of sticks on their heads? Later, in your hotel, you pay two francs for a small handful of those sticks, with a bunch of excelsior and a peat *briquelette* thrown in. But France is waking up; or, to be nearer the truth, she actually did wake up nearly a hundred years ago and found that expensive mistakes had been made which it is costing the taxpayers to-day some fifty million dollars to repair.

But they find that it pays. Not so very many years ago, in crossing over from England, you could see mile after mile of treeless sand-dunes along the Northern coast. Now trees have been planted and the land is productive. In Gascony, it cost the State two million dollars to reclaim the dunes and half as much again to put the forests planted under administration. About half of the two hundred and seventy-five thousand acres which have been planted have been bought by private owners. The rest belongs to the State. It is worth to-day not less than ten million dollars.

The district of Landes, a tract of two million acres which was formerly shifting sand and marsh, has been transformed into a forest worth to-day a hundred millions.

In La Sologne, in the central part of France, between the Loire and the Cher, a million and a quarter acres which had been completely devastated and abandoned have been transformed by the cooperation of private owners and the State into a property valued at about twenty million dollars. Fifty years ago it could have been bought for practically nothing. To-day it yields a net income of a little more than three dollars an acre from reforesting.

These changes have been going on for years all over Europe. The people have watched them and their sentiment has changed. In many countries large tracts are being constantly turned over to the control of the Government free of expense. In France, the state treasury appropriates every year enough money to buy from twenty-five to thirty thousand acres. Half a million acres have already been acquired and about half of it is already planted. This divides the state and communal holdings about equally and puts them under one control. There is no bickering over "federal usurpation" or "states' rights"—so far as the forests are concerned. "Save the trees!" is the watchword. Politics is out of it. In American, it is all politics. Since the close of the last session, Congress, for the first time in our history, is in complete control.

The remedy? Yes, curiously enough, there is a remedy. National forests; national and state control of private forests; that is the remedy. It is the remedy of a thousand years of European experience; it is the remedy of patriotism; it is the remedy of self-interest. It is the only one. In spite of politics, it will succeed. But the American people must convince Congress by unmistakable evidences that this time they are in dead earnest.

Eating the Pie

"I REMEMBER one man from my home town," a Western senator said recently, "in the good old days before civil service examinations, whose dream of earthly attainment was a government place. When his party was finally successful he immediately set out for Washington and was 'on the job' long before the fourth of March, but there seemed to be a hitch somewhere. All through the spring he was about town. Wherever I went I would see him, striving for or just after an audience with some department official. By June he was seedy and broken looking, but still appeared to be 'game.' Finally I found him in the gallery of the Senate chamber apparently endeavoring to kill time.

"Well, have you given it up?" I asked, trying to be sympathetic. "Oh, I got the job, all right," he replied with a satisfied smile. "I'm working now."



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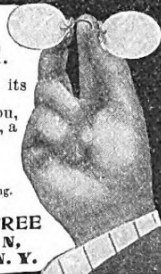
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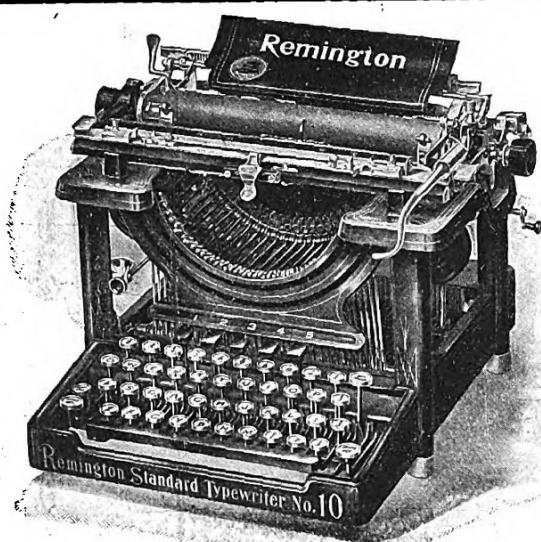
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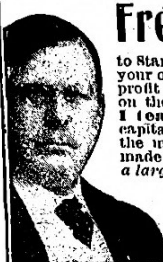
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BUSINESS HINTS

When You Have Made a Bad Investment

ONE of the hardest things a business man is called upon to do is to accept a great loss when he has made a mistake without trying to get his money back by the same means that he lost it. He says to himself, "Well, I am going to keep that thing up long enough to get my money back, and then I'll quit." But as a rule it is a mistake to continue in a thing which your judgment condemns.

When you are convinced that you have made a mistake, that you have entered into some business relationship or have gone into something which you should have kept out of, cut it off as quickly as possible.

Many a man has made the fatal mistake of continuing in a bad venture trying to get his money back. Most business men find that when they make a mistake, no matter how great the loss or how unfortunate, the best thing to do is to apply the heroic treatment, amputate the diseased limb, not try to palliate the symptoms with medicine.

A New York business man told me that he made an investment outside of his own business a few years ago, and that it did not turn out well, but that he was so determined not to lose any money, and to make it win, although it was a business which he knew practically nothing of, that he kept putting in more and more until he found that he had over two million dollars in the venture. He had made this money in his own business, which he knew all about, and after he found he had made a mistake in the new venture, when people laughed at him for his failure, his pride was touched, and he determined to show them that he could win out even in a business which was foreign to his training.

He said that his experience had taught him two lessons: to keep out of things which he knew nothing about; and when he found he had made a mistake, no matter how great the loss, to take his medicine and quit immediately.

Why His Advertising Did Not Pay

HE ADOPTED the policy of running down his competitors.

He did not make his advertisements interesting, attractive, or convincing.

He was conscious of the superiority of what he had to sell, but did not know how to bring it to the attention of others effectively.

He did know that a fatal reaction always follows deception.

He did not know how to write an advertisement that would "pull."

He did not know that a brief, graphic description, in a few short, pungent, telling sentences that will attract and hold the attention, is more effective than a whole page of fine print, written in a loose-jointed, haphazard way.

His advertisements "pulled"; but the effect was lost in bad handling afterwards; in careless, inefficient correspondence.

He never learned that many a good customer has been lost by a careless letter.

He did not follow up his advertisements until he got the ear of the public.

Put New Blood into Your Business

THE up-to-date professional adviser or business doctor, when called to examine a shrinking, declining business, often finds the patient barely alive; the circulation being so sluggish that he can hardly find the pulse. In a desperate case like this he says to the proprietor, "You must put new blood into this business. There is no life in it. There is no energy, no push, no enterprise here. When a patient gets as low as this one, there are only two things to do: let him die, or infuse new blood into his veins and try to resuscitate him."

A MAN should at least be wise enough to know that he can not establish himself in the confidence of another business man, especially an employer, by running down those for whom he has worked; whose very trust has given him inside information which he so glibly uses against them. Whether or not what he says is true, his saying it gives an impression of the rankest kind of business judgment.

IN WISCONSIN there is a store for farmers which has lunch rooms, bathrooms, resting rooms, and an art gallery, and where farmers can find nearly everything they need.

This ought to put to shame many of the filthy, slipshod, slovenly, systemless stores and country storekeepers.

You should not take it for granted that there will be no way opened for you in the future to express what God has locked up in you, just because you are tied to an iron environment and see no way of getting away from it.

Entertaining Aunt Melissa

[Continued from page 18]

program had no thrill for her, as it had for Pauline, who would have stood a week on any street corner to see a Vanderbilt pass by. The fact that Aunt Melissa paid no attention to the "swell" people in the boxes, beyond a casual glance or two, impressed her niece very much. We both felt, however, in spite of Aunt Melissa's polite speeches, that the evening had been a failure.

"We chose far too popular an opera," Pauline told her mother, in a depressed voice.

Soon after this we carried out the afternoon-tea plan. None of us had ever taken tea at any of those big hotels. We all put on our best clothes. Aunt Matilda and Aunt Melissa each looked old-fashioned in quite different ways. Aunt Matilda looked as if her things had been made by the best country dressmaker, and then put away for years, and Aunt Melissa's looked as if she'd sent to town for the very best kind of things years ago, and then had had them done over at home to meet the present styles.

Pauline was dressed just as smartly as if she had millions instead of the few pennies she earns. There was nothing the matter with her looks, except that there was just a little too much of everything about her. She was too pretty, her hat was too big, and her skirt too short, and her feet too small. I suppose I looked exactly what I am, a girl from the country—although I did buy in New York the dress I had on.

We went in through pneumatic doors divided in compartments. For some reason these doors annoyed Aunt Melissa. Then, for a moment, we three women stood all huddled together, looking vaguely around us. Corridors led in every direction. In the big hall there was a fountain playing. Elegantly dressed women streamed in, as the matinee was just over. Everybody else seemed to know just what to do and where to go. Meanwhile, Pauline, with her head up, and looking twice as unconcerned as anybody else in the place, walked on. It was all very awkward. Aunt Melissa, I think, was less embarrassed than any one else, because she looked all around disapprovingly.

"I would as soon live in a circus tent!" was her verdict. "Well, well, this is the first time I've ever seen a fountain playing indoors—and if you ask me how it looks, I say it looks out of place! It's not the spot I should ever expect to see a fountain. If 't was summer, perhaps, I'd feel different, but with it starting in to snow outside—!"

Here Pauline came back and began to herd us along; unless she had, I suppose we might have stood there until now; for we all felt so confused with the bigness of the place, and all the marble and everything, that we did n't know at all what to do.

We walked what seemed to me a long distance, and entered an immense room. It was bathed in a queer green light, which was very artistic, and I thought it was quite beautiful, but it did n't affect Aunt Melissa that way. As she was in a hotel, she felt perfectly free to criticize.

"Well, of all the places!" she exclaimed. "I declare, Matilda, I feel as if I were a fish, swimming around in a tank!"

Indeed, as she spoke of it, it did seem like some sort of subterranean place. An agonized look came over Pauline's face. I knew she was terribly afraid that the waiter had heard what Aunt Melissa had said. She took the bill of fare in a knowing sort of way, and asked Aunt Melissa what she would have with her tea. Aunt Melissa replied cheerfully:

"I don't care a mite!—Well," she went on, quite regardless of waiters or anything else, "I shall always be glad to have seen it, just to know how many fools there are in the world. So this is one of their tea-rooms, is it, and people come here every afternoon to drink tea? Well, well! Think of coming out of your comfortable home to drink tea in a pale-green tank!"

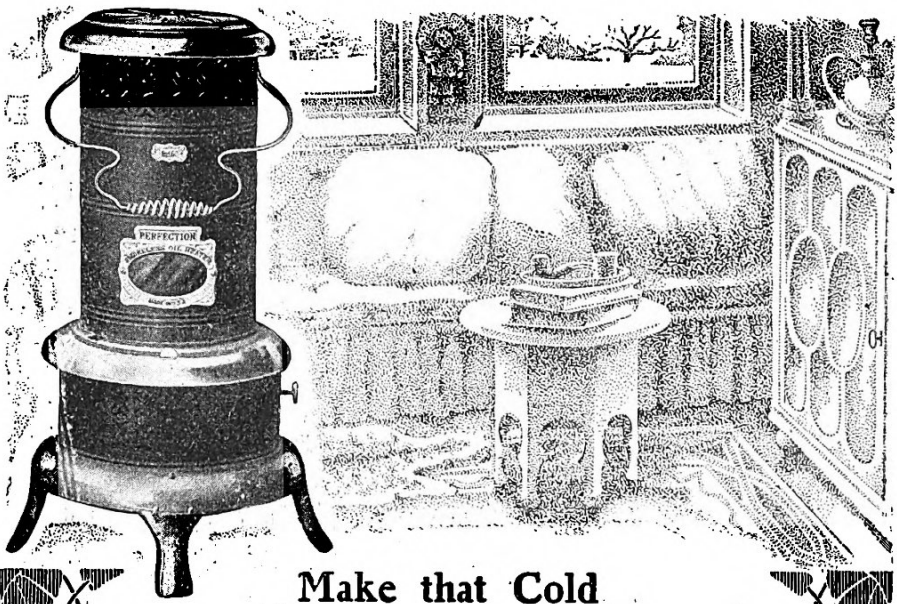
It did n't occur to her that any of the rest of us were doing it for anything but to show her a spectacle of the folly of man.

"Just think of it—just think of it!" she repeated. "Come to a gloomy place like this! I'd as soon come to eat in a tomb as here—and paying big prices for tea of all things! 'T is n't a sight I'll forget soon, nor one I'd want to see again!"

Pauline was crestfallen at the result of the tea-party. I think she'd hoped that Aunt Melissa would like it, and that they would, perhaps, take tea in fashionable places every afternoon; but it dawned on her, as Aunt Melissa spoke, that her aunt was superior to this form of entertainment. We both of us saw the place as Aunt Melissa saw it—a certain fundamental tawdriness under its dignified exterior, where people, many of them tawdry, came to display themselves one to another, under the pretense of taking tea. Both of us girls adopted her tone and became intensely critical about the whole thing.

Aunt Melissa was so impressed with what she'd seen that the reserve that had encompassed her rather wore away at the dinner-table that night.

"Things have changed," she told Uncle Solon, "since I was a young woman and came to the city with



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poor Richard. Then folks had a good time; but now they seem to go in for a terrible lot of sadness. Think of that opera—the end of that was that the lovers were buried alive together! Think of the play that we went to this afternoon!

"Then, there's so little running in! In a big city where one knows lots of folks, I thought there'd be more running in; but it's all invited beforehand, and fixed out."

That night, after Aunt Melissa had gone to bed, there was a council of war in the parlor between Pauline and Aunt Matilda and me.

"I don't know what she wants!" my aunt lamented. "I thought she'd enjoy Shakespeare—Shakespeare's so refined, and Melissa always did like everything of the best!"

"It was n't acted well enough for her," Pauline put in gloomily. "It's just that we can't show her the best. If we could afford to give her the real thing, she'd have a beautiful time, but it's just because we're only half and half. She feels she is n't getting it."

"Well, we can only do the best we can," Aunt Matilda returned in a resigned voice. "It is n't as I had hoped it would be, but we'll just keep on."

They did keep on, but things only went from bad to worse. Aunt Melissa was awfully polite about everything, and tried as hard as she could to pretend she was enjoying herself, but it was evident to all of us that she was n't finding in the city what she had hoped to find. She enjoyed, of course, talking about old times with Uncle Solon and Aunt Matilda, but the parties that they planned for her were all of them deadly failures. She went around meekly to everything that they suggested, trotting after Aunt Matilda on her little short legs to the "Flat-iron" Building, and the Metropolitan Museum and the Hudson Tunnel; but they all had a terribly different effect on her from what we thought they would have—just as different as our afternoon tea. She only said:

"Well, I suppose there have to be tunnels and high buildings in a world like this!" But it was evident that they did n't interest her.

We all grew more and more depressed about her all the time. At the same time, we all grew politer and politer in our manners. As time went on, Aunt Melissa herself settled down into a more distant reserve. The little flash of jolly laughter that had shone out the first day never appeared again. I am usually rather quiet, but I said to Pauline:

"Never in my life have I met a person you have to be on your good behavior so much with as your aunt. I shall do something if this keeps on much longer!"

"For heaven's sake, Daisy, don't!" answered Pauline. "Remember it will soon be over; but we must keep it up to the end."

Her aunt could not have impressed Pauline so much in any other way as by her unassumed indifference to all the things that seemed so splendid to Pauline. It put her at once on a higher plane.

"I thought when I first saw her she was countrified—and in her way, she is,—but there's something about her—We can't make her have a good time, but at least she sha'n't be ashamed of us; at least we can seem refined. If only Gladys does n't burst out before she leaves—that's all I pray for! Melly I can depend on, and I think I've got Rob scared stiff."

Meantime, Aunt Melissa got more and more subdued. "I suppose," she said, "it's because you people in New York keep up this sort of thing all the time that you seem so strained and tired, going every little while to see people killed on the stage, and what with tunnels and twenty flights of elevators, and all! No, it's different from what it was when I was a girl."

"She's speaking ironically!" Pauline explained afterwards. "I'm so deathly afraid she'll find out what we really are like that I don't know what to do." And she concentrated her forces on keeping Gladys in a state of subjection.

So it seemed as if it was all going to come to a very disastrous end, things getting slower and more constrained all the time; what with our trying to find out what she did want, and with her trying to enjoy the things she did n't, until one day at lunch she asked Aunt Matilda suddenly:

"May I take Gladys down-town this afternoon?"

Now, Pauline had warned Aunt Matilda repeatedly not to let Gladys alone with Aunt Melissa one second, and she replied uneasily:

"Had n't you rather take Melly—Melly's so much less trouble?"

"No," Aunt Melissa replied evenly. "If you don't mind, I think I'll just take Gladys to-day."

They were gone until dinner was ready. Pauline had, of course, come home, and immediately asked for her aunt. When she learned that she had gone out and had taken Gladys, she dropped helplessly into a chair.

"Now it's done!" she said. "Now it's finished! Gladys'll let the whole cat out of the bag, you'll see! She's been hinting around that if she once got a chance, she'd give Aunt Melissa a good time she'd enjoy."

"Well," groaned Aunt Matilda, helplessly, "I could n't do anything else!"

We all huddled together in the front room, waiting with strained anxiety for the return of Aunt Melissa and Gladys. Before they came in we could hear their voices chatting in the hall.

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"Oh!" Pauline moaned, "I know Gladys has been saying awful things—awful!"

If she had, there was no sign of it on Aunt Melissa's face. A subtle change had come over it—just what I could n't say—but it was as if all the edges of her face had been frozen before and now they had all thawed out. We all of us waited for her first words. They came.

"Just to think that I've been ten days in this town, and never been to Fourteenth Street before!"

"To—where?" asked poor Aunt Matilda.

"To Fourteenth Street, Matilda," replied Aunt Melissa, unperturbed. "We began at one end and went to every show right along it. I never before in my life saw all the moving pictures that I wanted to."

She sat down and looked at us dreamily. "There've only been two or three moving-picture shows in our town, but when I found that there was a whole street full of them, one after another, and all different, and all the pictures changed three times a week, I said to myself, said I, I did n't come in vain to New York! More than that, I've listened to every new song there is on those machines, you know, where you put in a penny and hold things to your ear. Have you heard that Scotchman sing songs?"

She hummed, "I love a lassie, a bonny, bonny lassie."

"We took in all those things. Besides that, we chanced on a theater, a vaudeville, and we saw a good deal of that, too, and we found a place with ice-cream and cake in it—I always did like a nice ice-cream parlor. Oh, we've had a lovely afternoon!"

"Well," said Aunt Matilda, faintly, "I'm so thankful you've enjoyed yourself."

"I've never had a better time. It was just a grand bat!" put in Gladys; and Pauline was too utterly surprised even to reprove her sister by a look.

The wonderful part of it was the way Aunt Melissa carried it off. No one, to look at her, would have dreamed that she was the same person who had gone on getting more refined every minute, while we ourselves were each moment more unnaturally elegant and polite. She put the whole thing behind her.

It was Gladys who told me what had happened.

"I knew she could n't be so nice and fat and twinkly-eyed and be the dead one Pauline thought she was," explained my precocious cousin. "So I waited till I got her alone. Then I said:

"We're not like this all the time—are you?"

"And when she asked me, 'Like what?' I told her, and I told her," she went on placidly, "how they were busting their necks to get high-toned enough shows for her. Then I thought I'd try, so I said, 'Do you like cinematograph shows?' and that's what started it. We're going to the Hippodrome, and to see Buffalo Bill and all the shows in town."

Here there came a tap on my door. It was Aunt Melissa. She came into Pauline's and my little room, sat down on the edge of the bed, and drew a long breath.

"Well, Daisy," she said, "you don't know how it relieves my heart to know that you're not all as pizen good as you seemed. You know, it's a pretty hard thing for an old lady like me, who's lived in the country all her life, to unroot herself and go to the city; but once here, I thought I was going to have a beautiful time in a nice, noisy house-full of children, just like it used to be at home; and when I saw the children so good, and every one so subdued—'Well, Melissa,' I said to myself, 'you're visiting in your sister's house.' And I made the best of it. But now I've found you were just trying to live up to me, we'll all put our Sunday-go-to-meeting ways in our pockets for a little while, and we'll start right in over again and have a good time. Let's go out to the parlor now and talk it over together."

We went, Aunt Melissa with her arm slipped through mine, and one hand on Gladys's shoulder.

"What's that noise?" she asked, as we got into parlor. There was a funny, snuffy noise coming from somewhere. We listened and it came again.

"It sounds to me like a child crying somewhere," said Aunt Melissa.

We looked about, and still the noise came, very subdued.

"It seems to me to come from under that couch," Aunt Melissa decided.

I went and picked up the couch cover, and there, curled up in a little bunch, was Melly.

"Why, child, what's the matter?" I asked. "Come out from there."

She crawled out on all fours, like a little fat bear, and lifted up her little round face.

"Oh, it's awful to be good!" she sobbed. "I heard mother telling her that I was the only one of them that was—really good—like they seemed to be—I can't help it—I am good! And it's Gladys that gets all—the cinematograph shows—and the ice-cream and everything! I sat around and sewed and sewed—till I ached—where Aunt Melissa could see me—and Gladys got the ice-cream!" she wailed again. I caught the words, "her pockets stuffed with candy" among her sobs.

Aunt Melissa bent over and picked up her little fat niece.

"There, there!" she soothed her. "Never mind about being good. I don't mind *your* being good, Melly. The pictures are all changed to-morrow, and we'll all go down and do *all* the shows *all* over again."

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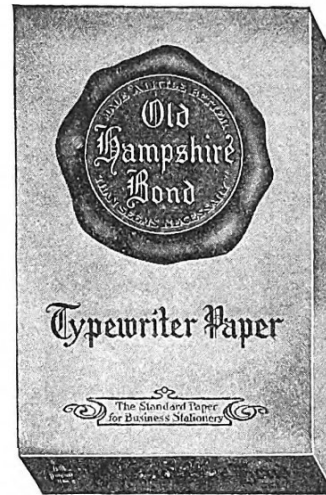
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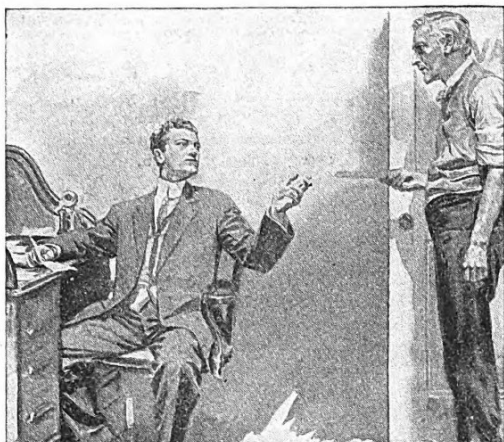
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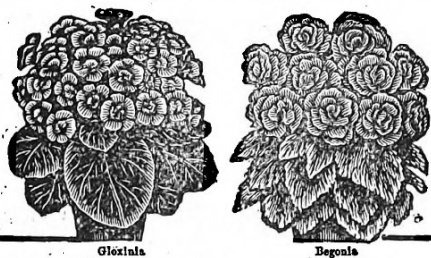
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Fake Art and the Millionaire

[Continued from page 16]

The amateur looks closer and finally discovers the letters "ot." He says nothing but barbers to profit by his discovery; then, when the money has been paid, he points out the important letters.

"There!" he cries triumphantly. "You see the last part of the signature, 'ot.' No doubt the rest was covered up in the retouching."

"No doubt," agrees the dealer, chuckling at the thought that no action can be brought against him, since he has sold this fake Corot without guaranty.

Two Masterpieces Out of One

Another ingenious dealer, having bought a genuine Eugene Fromentin, painted on wood, sent for his carpenter and had the panel carefully sawed through parallel to the surface. He now had two panels, one bearing the genuine picture on its upper surface with a plain, fresh cut back, the other having the genuine back with its old look and marks of authentic sales and a plain, fresh cut upper surface. It only remained to copy the picture on the second panel and fake an old back for the first and, this being cleverly done, the dealer had actually created two masterpieces out of one, part of each being genuine.

A somewhat similar trick was discovered by a lucky collector who, for once, succeeded in turning the tables on a dishonest dealer. This collector saw a picture one day in a small, out-of-the-way shop and, entering, asked the price of it. The price seemed very reasonable and the picture pleased the customer. It seemed to be a genuine Charles Chaplin.

"I'll take it," he said finally, and paid the price.

"Where shall I send it?" asked the dealer.

The collector was on the point of giving his address when something in the dealer's manner aroused his suspicion.

"You need n't send it, I'll take it myself in a cab," he said.

"What!" protested the dealer. "You doubt my honesty! You think I would change it? Write your name on the back. That will protect you."

The man wrote his name, but again his doubts returned and at last, he hurried away with the picture under his arm, leaving the dealer furious.

When he got home he took off the frame and found two pictures stuck together, the under one a mediocre copy which it was the dealer's intention to deliver while he kept the genuine one in his shop; and, had he carried out this plan, the baffled customer would have had no redress, since he himself had written his name on the back of the spurious picture.

The Government Aids a Fraud

M. Paul Eudel, who has spent many years investigating different phases of art fakery, and to whom I am indebted for valuable information on this subject, describes a trick devised by a shrewd London art dealer for the particular exploiting of rich American collectors. This dealer, it appears, received one day a picture of the Flemish school—a drinking scene painted by an impecunious artist, who, in obedience to orders, had signed it "Jan Steen, 1672."

Having looked the picture over, the dealer said, with a satisfied smile: "This is really so well done that I don't see why you should n't sign it yourself."

At which the artist, greatly flattered, painted out the forged name of the Flemish master and substituted his own name.

Some weeks later this picture arrived in New York, and at the same time an anonymous letter was received at the New York custom-house (it is easy to guess who the sender was) denouncing an effort that was being made to smuggle into America a Dutch masterpiece worth forty thousand dollars, by hiding the master's signature under the name of an obscure artist.

Immediately the custom-house authorities took alarm, experts were summoned, the upper layer of paint with the apparent signature was removed, and, sure enough, there underneath was discovered "Jan Steen, 1672," precisely as the cunning dealer expected.

It seemed a clear case; here was obviously an attempt to defraud the custom-house, and, instead of the trifling valuation given by the shipper, he was now called upon to pay a fine for the fraud of fifty per cent. on a valuation of forty thousand dollars, besides twenty per cent. duty, making twenty-eight thousand dollars in all—which the adroit scoundrel cheerfully paid.

Three days later, on the strength of the custom-house expert's appraisal (poor man, what did he know about it!) and thanks to newspaper notoriety, this discovered "masterpiece" was snapped up by a Western millionaire for fifty thousand dollars, which left the dealer a profit of at least twenty thousand dollars on the whole transaction after paying something to the real artist.

Noble Families in the Game

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inherited this home, had copies made of pictures before sending them to his sister. That, at least, was his contention, but others declared that he kept the original pictures and sent the copies to his sister. No one will ever know which of these two sets of pictures are genuine and which are fakes!

It is certain that frauds without number have been committed all over Europe through the sale of "priceless paintings known to have been in the family for generations." Who knows how long such pictures have been in the family? Who can say when the ancestral walls were stripped of their original treasures and hung with base imitations? Who can be sure that some broken-down scion of a noble race, in collusion with a fake art dealer, has not used the prestige of his name and castle to give respectability to shady art transactions? Half the great families in Italy, it is said, have lent themselves to this kind of knavery.

As a general rule, then, we will beware of masterpieces that have hung for centuries in this or that palace and are now for sale at a sacrifice. We refuse to believe it, even if the vendors are sad-eyed nuns, as happened recently in Madrid, when a fake art dealer himself was thus victimized. We are sure that in these practical days no genuine masterpieces are for sale at a sacrifice by any one, anywhere!

Passing now from pictures to furniture we find the same causes leading to the same or even greater fakery. The demand for old tables, old chairs, old sideboards, etc., has gone so far beyond any possible or conceivable supply, and prices have risen to such extraordinary heights that the collector must indeed have a guileless soul who believes that he can easily buy in Europe to-day genuine and beautiful pieces of the eighteenth century.

The fact is there is no piece of furniture used by our ancestors but can be imitated so perfectly that the original can scarcely be distinguished from the reproduction. Modern workmen can make perfect copies of any chair, table, bed, wardrobe, or other article used by the subjects of any king or queen of France or England. Why not? They have better tools and quicker minds. And when they have made these things they can make them look old. There is absolutely no doubt about it.

Even the Louvre Victimized

The same applies in every field of art. It applies, as M. Eudel has shown, to all objects that are admired and desired because they are old and rare; they can all be faked, and, whenever the fake dealer finds it worth his while, they are all faked. Old tapestries are faked, old laces are faked, old ivories, old coins, old prints, old gems, old musical instruments, old autographs, old pieces of silver and gold. Nothing that collectors value escapes the blight of dishonest dealers. They fake Jeanne d'Arc's suit of armor and Marie Antoinette's bed. They fake the mummy of Nitocris, queen of the Blue Nile, and the Munich Museum buys it. They fake the golden tiara of the Scythian King Saitapharnes and the great Louvre Museum buys it (ah, that rankles!) for two hundred thousand francs. They even fake postage-stamps for South Pacific Islands that never heard of a post-office.

And the old porcelains! I could fill a chapter with stories of fakery here. That coffee service, for instance, of rarest Sevres, used at the Tuilleries palace in 1816 by the French king himself, to whom it had descended from Louis XVI, with decorative medallions representing Louis XIV and the ladies of his court; it was very wonderful and was valued beyond price, until some one discovered that it was not wonderful at all, but base imitation and counterfeiting. Whereupon it was sent away in disgrace to the well-filled department of fake porcelains at Sevres works, where it is to-day.

We are certainly living in an age of art forgery and fakery, and the condition of things has become so serious of late, with such outrageous victimizing of rich and ignorant Americans, that United States consuls in Europe have felt called upon to issue earnest warnings to their countrymen. Thus the following, published last June in London and Paris newspapers:

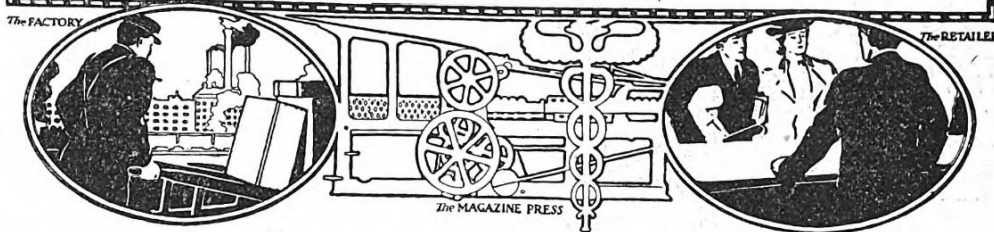
Don't Buy Robert Burns Chairs

The United States consul at Dunfermline issues some warning words to would-be collectors. He points out that these are "antiques" executed with all degrees of skill, and varying from the crude products of amateurs to others of such pretentious workmanship as often to puzzle the connoisseur himself. Here are some of the clever forgeries put on the market in wholesale lots:

Rare old period furniture, given the gloss and appearance of age by constant rubbing with bone and pumice stone. Old hand-rolled copper plate, which has not been made since 1840, a most favorite article of deception, over one thousand pieces of which have been lately examined without half a dozen genuine specimens being found. Spanish ivories, skillfully "aged" brown by acids. First-rate engravings and prints. Queen Anne silver, superstructures of which are built upon the handle of an old spoon bearing genuine marks.

"Beware," continues the consul, "of buying Robert Burns chairs and Mary Queen of Scots tables. It is safe to say that they are spurious. Beware especially of Sheffield plate; it is practically all modern, or old pieces played over, which completely destroys its value as an antique. Beware also of engravings and prints. The British Isles have been searched up and down for fifty years, and the thoroughness of the search indicates the remote likelihood of picking up something good for little money at this late day."

When Advertised Clothes Were New



IT seems hardly credible that the very first magazine advertisements of men's clothing were published in this country not much more than ten years ago. Yet it is true.

Until then the retail clothier sold garments made chiefly in sweat-shops, sent out with no manufacturer's name. "Ready-made" was a jest. The clothes did not fit, had no style, would not hold shape. "Ready-made" was intended for men who could not afford to patronize a custom tailor.

When these first advertisements appeared, retail clothiers were sceptical. The idea of a manufacturer trying to sell clothes bearing his name, and backed by his reputation, was suspicious. The idea of a manufacturer using the printed word to help them sell better clothes, and more of them, was unheard of. Presently the first "natural pose" fashion picture appeared. Clothiers laughed at it. Why, it showed a coat wrinkled at the elbows, just as it looked on a live man! People wanted fashion pictures that showed never a wrinkle or crease. Many of the

had dawned in their trade, and not only sold these garments, but cooperated with the manufacturer to raise standards.

To-day, every clothing manufacturer of prominence in this country is a national advertiser, while every retailer of consequence sells one or more of the excellent lines of advertised men's clothes.

The sweat-shop has practically disappeared. For clothes like these can be made only in light, clean, sanitary work-rooms, by skilled workers with special machinery.

The "hand-me-down" of the past has disappeared too, and with it the Baxter Street joke. Whatever their incomes, American men are the best-dressed in the world. Our college boys buy ready-to-wear. The mechanic dresses as well as the banker of the last generation. Crack London tailors admit that, with the sweat-shop system still in England, they cannot equal the workmanship on moderate-price American ready-to-wear men's clothes.

So much for improvement in quality through magazine advertising and its national demand. As for increase in volume of trade, that has been amazing.

Retail clothiers now do a business that would have seemed impossible twenty years ago. For manufacturers, through magazine advertising, have shown people the wisdom of buying good quality, the advantage of having several suits, the real value of a good appearance. That has sent an informed patronage to the retail clothier everywhere.

The Quoin Club TITLT Key

Sent to any Business Man on Request

Mr. Manufacturer: What is your selling problem? Do you sell your product anonymously or by name? The latter plan builds up an asset that is yours—and the magazines could make that asset large. In the Quoin Club the 30 leading periodicals in America have an organization that can focus on your selling problem large experience and trained minds. It might serve you—and will gladly undertake to do it. Address or call

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THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

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Our new illustrated catalogues are free. Write for a copy. Please state whether you are interested in Ice or Roller Skates.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.,
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Let Us Tan Your Hide

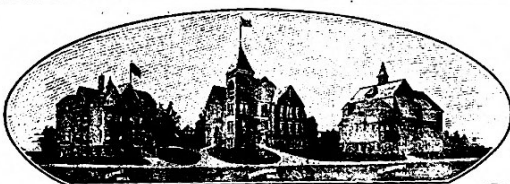
Whether Cow, Steer, Bull, or Horse Hide, Calf, Dog, Deer, or any kind of hide or skin with the hair on, soft, light, odorless and mothproof for robe, rug, coat or gloves, and make them up when so ordered.

But first get our illustrated catalog, with prices, shipping tags and instructions. We are the largest custom fur tanners of large wild and domestic animal skins in the world.

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\$3.85

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C. W. RANSOM, 3849 Euclid Ave., Kansas City, Missouri.

Establish a General Agency in Your Locality. We have a shoe that sells on sight. Every man and woman a possible customer. Write to-day. Kushlon Komfort Shoe Company, Department 8-1, Boston, Mass.

His Big Picture

[Continued from page 11]

sword-flash, and struck out farther and more far in all the exulting strength of a man whose youth and heart are high in him.

Little Harlot gathered himself up and looked out to the black speck riding beyond the surf.

"He'll go slap into the new life like that," he said, "and he will cut through it like that—so far as he's let. But he'll hurt more than himself before he strikes Dead Finish, and—oh, Jim, you dear, plucky old fool! will you ever paint the Big Picture, I wonder?"

11

"See yer, then—Lor' love a duck, Jim! yer goin' to break up my bank right enough!"

Jim thrust his glass aside and leaned forward; his elbows on the table, his long, brown hands shuffling the cards swiftly. Face and throat were tanned as the hands, and the skin below his unbuttoned shirt-collar showed curiously white by contrast.

"Sling it up, old chap," he said. "Your luck's out to-night, Steve. Give you your revenge another time, eh?"

"No fear! You ain't got me croakin' yet, by chalks. Your deal."

Jim played idly; smoking the while and answering in every alert nerve of him to the pulse of the life that beat in the room. Coogan had got up a phonograph from Sydney in the last week, and it sat on the bar, tinkling out a tinny, music-hall song that jerked the heart-strings of many a man with memory of past nights in "town." A teamster with the bobbing corks yet on his hat to prove that he had but now come from the land of flies, bellowed such scraps of the refrain as he knew, and Ireland thrust his six-foot-two of brawn and bone through the crowd that listened and talked disjointedly and drank in between, and slapped a handful of silver on the bar.

"M-my shoutin'," he said. "Drink up, mates—keep on drinkin'. My oath! I'm rememberin' that song! Won me girl over it, I did; an' I-lost her over it, too."

He wiped his bleared eyes with the back of his wrist and looked around.

"Close up there," he shouted. "My oath! Move yer laigs, you wasters! Billy; are you got the drinks ready?"

Ireland reached his great fist for a glass and flung the fiery stuff down his throat without the blink of an eyelid. He had been drinking steadily these last days.

"T-turned me down, she did," he said, shedding a tear. "We'll drink to her, b-boys. Drink!"

He beat his closed hand on the bar with a force that made the bottles jump, and Steve looked up, fumbling his cards nervously.

"I—ain't feelin' like drinkin' t'night," he said. "Don't then," said Jim, lazily. But he was watching Ireland with expectation in his eyes.

Ireland thrust a tall teamster aside by the shoulder and lurched across to the far tables.

"Put down them cards, mates!" he bellowed. "Come an' choose yer fancy. I'm standin' Sam, an' there ain't no double bankin'. Come on, an' drink ter my girl what turned me down in Melbourne. That's right, eh? Move yer laigs!"

The strongest of the unwritten bush-laws is "Drink with a man when he asks you." The next is "Be true to your mate." But the other always stands first. The men came down to the bar, eagerly, reluctantly, indifferently, and Steve moved. Jim held him down with a quick hand on his arm. He had remembered something.

"Did n't you promise Bella that you would n't drink again?"

"Yes—but—"
"And Ireland knows it?"

"Yes—but, Jim—"

Through the smell of spirits and beer that thickened the hot air, Ireland's voice roared at them.

"I'm askin' the room ter drink! Hey! Is there any fellers settin' down when I'm askin' the room ter drink?"

"I am," said Jim, blandly. "No offense, Ireland; but my mate and I are n't drinking to-night."

Ireland swore a great oath and his red face seemed to swell in the smoky, dusky lamplight.

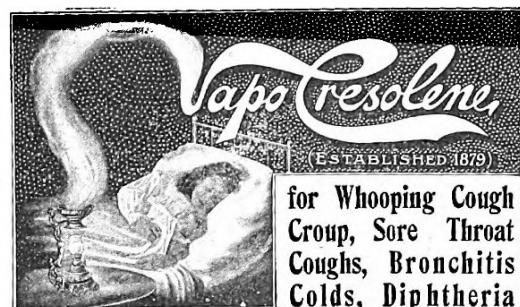
"What's that glass doin' in front o' yer, then? You—"

"Been cleaning my teeth," explained Jim.

A laugh from somewhere touched Ireland to fury. He swayed forward, snatched up the glass, smelt it, and flung it full at Jim's face. Jim ducked and came to his feet as the thing shivered on the wall behind. His face was white, but every muscle was at ease and untightened and he looked Ireland up and down coolly.

"Do you want to do anything more?" he said.

It was the animal in Ireland that showed out of his red eyes. It was the animal in him that waited for movement on the part of the other before he struck. It was the animal in him that was slowly overborne by the power of the other's will. Jim had not studied men and their souls among primitive surroundings through two full years without knowing this; and without knowing also that if Ireland did strike no ordinary science and muscle could stand against it.



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No man moved. Black Bob said later that it was "queer as nobody envied Jim with every one looking at him, somehow." But at the time he had no remarks to make.

Ireland's beefy hands shut slowly, opened, and the battle was done. Jim stooped, swept up the loose coins on the table, and glanced at Steve.

"Cooler outside, is n't it?" he said, and led out to the door without a look behind.

On the broad wooden veranda Steve wiped the sweat from his face.

"Thought he was goin' ter do fer yer, sure," he said. Jim's eyebrows twitched.

"So did I, at first. So he could have—if he'd tried. Lord; what a lot bluff can do in this world! What a lot!"

He relit his pipe, ran down the veranda steps, and turned into the dead bush where the gums stood up like a black-and-white etching in the moonlight. The dark warmth of the night called him; and the dripping dew that drew out scents from the new-wet earth and the sassafras-leaves and the golden scrub-wattles and a thousand things beside. A bat wheeled by with a low squeak, and a great gray moth flapped on bird-like wings across a sword of moonlight. The bush was full of the sound and life of a million busy, living creatures; and the far-off hearty laugh of a jackass stirred from sleep by some passing kangaroo or possum brought an answering laugh from Jim. He stood still, with his feet among the fern and the new-sprung orchids, and breathed deep in absolute content. For he had learned that which he came out to learn; he had followed the track in an eager delight that would not stale; and now he knew that the time when he would paint the Big Picture was very near.

He had painted many things in these last two years—things that a man must go out to see: things of earth nature, of animal nature, of human nature. He knew the glossy color of the lyre-bird's wing when it dances at courtship-time on its beaten-out dust heap, close-hid in the *Dandenong* scrub. He knew the clean-souled, steadfast men of the far Back Country; and the rollicking devil-may-care drovers of the North; and the gay, open-handed kindness that is bred in the bone of the true mate of the track.

All these he knew. But he knew the evil also, as a man must; and the rough sketches of those years lived to prove it. On many nights in lonely shanties, in bush-pubs, in the conventional township hotels, men had laughed over those bundles of cherished scraps and sworn over them, and looked sideways and uneasily at the man who could write a man's soul in the face that was made with a half-dozen bold strokes on paper.

Jim stretched his arms and sighed in the utter peace of his heart; and a little wandering breeze paused over the bush to give back the sigh with long-drawn sweetness of scent and sound. A foot brushed the dead twigs by the track and he turned swiftly; and then cried out:

"Don't move! Bella! Don't move! Heavens; what a picture! Wait!"

He dragged a block and chalks from his pocket; dropped on a moss-crested log and sketched in the girl's face and throat with rapid, certain strokes.

It was a big, beautiful, strong face; with long, curved lips and wide-arched brows, and deep eyes shining with the hint of tears. The print frock was low on the round, strong throat, and the moonshine in the meshes of the loose-coiled hair gave a halo softness to the outline cast against the black bush behind.

Jim worked hurriedly, unheeding all but the features leaping out to life at his touch. His lips tightened, and hard intensity grew in his eyes. The girl swayed slightly—she was cook and everything else at Coogan's shanty, and she had been on her feet since before the dawn. But she straightened again, and if weariness showed in the droop of the large sweet mouth Jim did not see it. He was working at the spring of the eyebrow with pure joy in the beauty of the thing.

He dropped his chalks in time, held the paper from him, and forgot the model in admiration of the copy. The girl spoke then.

"Have you done with me now?"

"What? Oh, yes; that'll do—thanks, Bella."

He did not look at her, and she came a step nearer.

"Is it good?" she said; half-shy, half-defiant.

"Yes. By Jove, yes! If I'd had the brush—I could have got the sweep of the nostril softer with the brush—"

"What hev you done with all them pictures you took o' me in the spring?"

"What? Oh, I've got them somewhere, I suppose."

"Where? Don't you know where? Don't you know what you done with them?"

The jar in her voice brought Jim round toward her.

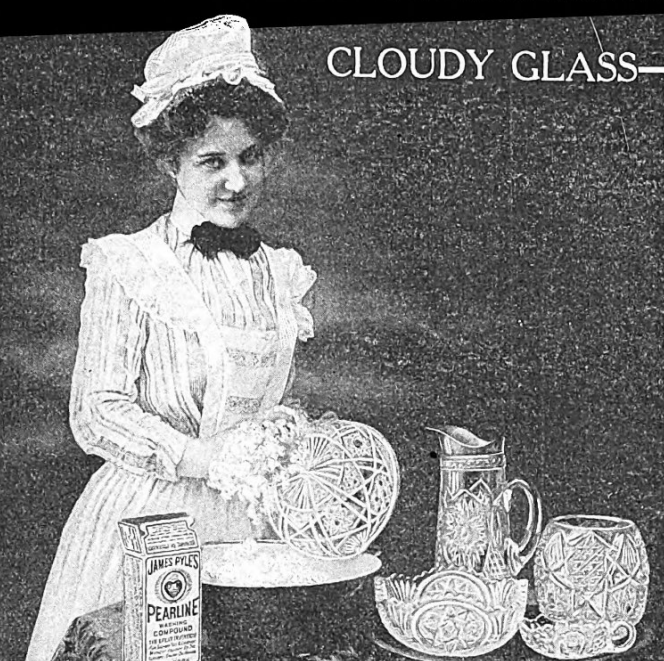
"What's the matter?" he said. "Yes; of course I know. They're in one of my knapsacks. Why?"

"Nothin'. Nothin', I tell you. I—don't care—"

Jim drew his breath sharply. The break in her voice and the proud lift of her head told him in one instant.

He glanced down at the sketch in his hand. That face—a glorious picture such as should heat men's blood when they looked on it. Then he sprang up; casting behind him, as he had done before, all things that would bar his way to the end that he was seeking.

"Bella," he said, and took her face between his



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Nothing so mars the Beauty of Choice Glass-ware as the Filmy Cloud that remains after Washing with Soap in the Old-Style-Way. The Remedy is Simple: Stop using Soap and Wash all Glass with

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The great natural resources of this country—the coal, oil, iron, wood, water, and the land itself—are the rightful heritage of the people—that is, of you and me and our next door neighbors.

One man, born in Germany but "made" in America, is lord of the land over an empire twice as large as Belgium. A woman in Texas has to ride 50 miles through her own front yard to get from the front door to the gate.

How did they get it? As a king gets tribute handed to them on a silver platter by the dear Congress of these United States, with the compliments and best wishes of you and me and about 70,000,000 next door neighbors.

Fifty-six foreign individuals and corporations control more than 26,000,000 acres in this land of the free—and the easy; while 3,000,000 American farmers pay rent for the acres which are their birthright.

Technical World Magazine, beginning January, 1909, will publish a startling series of special articles by Henry M. Hyde, showing how the people's natural wealth has been wantonly wasted by the people themselves.

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The Stolz Electrophone—A New, Electrical, Scientific and Practical invention for those who are Deaf or Partially Deaf—MAY NOW BE TESTED IN YOUR OWN HOME.

Deaf or partially deaf people may now make a month's trial of the Stolz Electrophone at home. This personal practical test serves to prove that the device satisfies, with ease, every requirement of a perfect hearing device. Write for particulars at once, before the offer is withdrawn, for by this personal test plan the final selection of the one completely satisfactory hearing aid is made easy and inexpensive for every one.



Mrs. G. LIDOKA, 338 12th Ave., Maywood, Ill., wears an Electrophone. Less conspicuous than eye-glasses.

This new invention, the Stolz Electrophone (U.S. Patent No. 768,575) renders unnecessary such clumsy, unsightly and frequently harmful devices as trumpets, horns, tubes, ear drums, fans, etc. It is a tiny electric telephone that fits on the ear and which, the instant it is applied magnifies the sound waves in such manner as to cause an astonishing increase in the clearness of all sounds. It overcomes the buzzing and roaring ear noises and, also, so constantly and electrically exercises the vital parts of the ear that, usually, the natural unaided hearing itself is gradually restored.

What Three Business Men Say:

The Electrophone is very satisfactory. Being small in size and great in hearing qualities makes it preferable to any I have tried and, I believe, I have tried all of them. M. W. HOTT, Wholesale Grocer, Michigan Ave. and River St., Chicago.

I got so deaf I could not hear with my speaking tube and was advised to try the Electrophone. After fifteen years of deafness, discomfort and worry I now hear perfectly at church and at concerts. W. R. UTLEY, Sales Mgr., B. A. Maxwell & Co., Chicago.

I have now used your Electrophone over a year, and know that it is a first class, scientific hearing device. Without it people have to shout directly in my ear to make me hear. With it, I can hear distinctly when spoken to in an ordinary tone. Best of all, IT HAS STOPPED MY HEAD NOISES, which were a terrible aggravation. LEWIS W. MAY, Cashier, 100 Washington St., Chicago.

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Branch Offices—Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Seattle, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, Des Moines, Toronto. Foreign Office: 22-23 Fleet St., London, Eng.

hands. "If there was n't Steve—could you love me if there was n't Steve to love?"

"There is n't—I've jes' told him—I knowed, when you come back, an' I've sent him away. I knowed—Oh, Jim! my darlin'—my dear—"

At daybreak Jim cleaned out the little wattle-and-daub calf-house behind the cow bails and set up his easel there. And day by day, through such clipped half-hours as she could make her own by earlier rising and later sleep, Bella came to sit in the sun, with the gay mockery of the magpies in the gum-bush behind her, and that wonderful glory on her face which does not bless a woman more than once on this earth.

And Jim painted—mercilessly, feverishly; keeping the lovelight and the laughter awake in her eyes by the other arts that Life had taught him. The face that grew in large, calm radiance on the canvas stirred him more than the real face of flesh and blood would ever do; and through the hot nights, when the beds on either side of his five-foot iron partition creaked under their uneasy sleepers, he lay still, watching the moonlight flicker through the nail-holes of the roof, and building the Big Picture in his heart. For Man's Self is his God in his youth, and he knows no sacrifice too great to offer to it.

It was a time of full heaven to Bella. The baking, the scrubbing, the washing of dishes, the frost in the morning air that chapped her wet hands to bleeding, and the blazing sun of noon roused no complaint in her. Jim loved her; and swift memory of tender words and touches, of the laugh in his eyes when he glanced aside from his canvas at her speaking, or of the stern man-face of concentration that was perhaps dearer to her than all, would bring a song into her throat such as the black magpie swaying on the clothes-line prop could not better in all his days.

The end came with the coming back of Steve to Coogan's Shanty. He had gone without a word when Bella sent him; but the doggedness in the man had brought him back. He sought for Bella in the long unlined dining-room—in the bar—in the tin-partitioned sleeping-room. Then he found Mrs. Coogan in the detached kitchen and asked a question which took him across the bare yard to the cow-house; part in nervousness, part in relief, that his mate was there.

He turned the corner among the litter of rusted cans and rubbish with the sun in his eyes. The light dazzled him still as he came to the door of the calf-house and saw, facing him, vivid, alive, glorious, the face of the woman he loved. It glowed on the canvas with the serene, all-understanding joy that some painters of old loved to give to their Madonnas, and Steve stared at it with hands dropped loose and breath taken unevenly.

Then Jim spoke from the window where he was cleaning brushes.

"Well? Is it good?"

Steve turned; turned slowly, looking from Jim to the woman leaning her arms on the bench beside him.

"I never seen her look—Bella—you never looked like that fur me. Bella!—what's he been doin' ter make yer look like that?"

His voice was suddenly virile with wrath, and the color ran from Bella's neck to her forehead.

"Jes' lovin' me, Steve," she said simply.

Perhaps Jim's face showed more than he knew. Perhaps it was the devil of jealousy that spoke in Steve. The words came with a rush.

"Lovin' yer? He! No fear!—a chap what's went back on his mate! He knew as I loved yer. He knew—Bella, he don't love yer. He don't. He don't! Look at him!"

"Jim," said Bella.

She put out her hands to him gropingly, in the slow, unconscious grace that belongs to all large, perfectly made women. Jim did not speak; but he stood back against the bench to face the two.

"Jim!—tell him! Oh, Jim! My dear—my dear!"

Jim flung one glance at the radiant face on the canvas. Then the devil that he had set up as the God of Art took possession. He snatched a piece of charcoal and a block, and the concentration dulled his eyes.

"Look at me, Bella," he said. Look! You were beautiful always; but I knew that with your soul in your face you would make a picture that would drive men mad. So—I brought your soul into your face—and I painted it—and the picture is done; and that's the end. The end—do you understand?"

He was working as he spoke, with the keen, merciless eagerness of the dissector. Bella stood unmoving; both hands thrust back to grip the bench behind her, and such a blankness of pitiful agony in her face as quickened Jim's breath.

"If I can get that," he said. "If I can get it!"

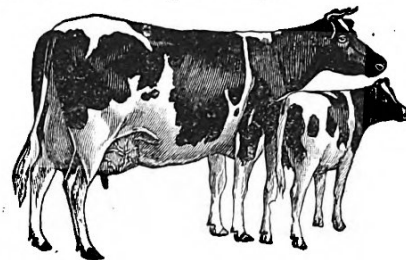
Then Steve was on him; cursing, raging, striking with all the mad fury of a baresark; and Jim, caught unawares, fell with him, ripping away the bench in the fall. Half-comprehending, Bella saw the glowing face that had once been hers crack across its boarded edges and go down under the men, and she stumbled stupidly out through the yard, past the kitchen, and into her little iron partition, with the belief pressing on her that she was dead and broken—even as that other thing which Jim had made beautiful was dead.

"Jim," she said, and fell across the bed with her face pressed to the hard pillow—"it was the Big Picture. But you'll never be able to paint it again. Never, dear!"

[Concluded in February SUCCESS MAGAZINE]

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PATENTS

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The History of an Anecdote

EDITOR, SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR:—Will you help me out of an amusing, if not somewhat embarrassing position?

Last May you accepted from me, and paid for, an anecdote of about three hundred words, headed, "George Ade's Line of Credit," concerning a little episode in which Henry Cary, then publisher of the Detroit Free Press, but now occupying a similar position with the St. Louis Republic, figured with Mr. Ade.

Soon after I sent you the story I wrote Mr. Cary asking him if he objected to my using the incident. He replied that I was free to do so provided that I sent him and Mr. Ade a copy of the magazine when the story appeared.

Not long afterwards Ade visited Cary in St. Louis, and was informed that one of Cary's "Free Press boys" had used it. Ade pretended to be very indignant and insisted that nothing but a dinner at Cary's expense would make the matter right. Cary bought the dinner, as he no doubt would have done anyway.

Just here is where I come in. Cary writes me asking when the story is to appear. He says that he secured Ade's permission to use it at the cost of a \$4.50 dinner, and if it is not going to appear he is going to look to me to repay him.

As my check from you amounted to five dollars (which was speedily used in buying groceries), you can readily see that the affair will be very unprofitable for me unless you "come across" with the publication of the story very soon.

Seriously, however, there are some fine points involved here, and I will greatly appreciate your courtesy if you will let me know when (if ever) you are going to make use of "George Ade's Line of Credit."

Very cordially, GEORGE H. BROWNELL.

To this appeal there could be but one reply. We hasten to "come across" with the anecdote. Here it is:

George Ade's Line of Credit

WHEN George Ade was in Detroit, last January, he called at the Detroit Free Press to see his old friend, Henry N. Cary, the publisher of that paper.

They were soon engaged in a discussion of Cary's favorite hobby—the collection of curios and antiques. Half an hour later an uplifting of reporters' heads indicated that the guest was leaving, accompanied by the "Old Man," who was engaged in an enthusiastic description of a certain mahogany shaving mirror.

Together they journeyed out to the Cheapside of Detroit—Michigan Avenue—to the store of a dealer in second-hand goods, named Lareau. Here the mirror was to be found.

Ade inspected it carefully and found it to be all that Cary had claimed for it—a fine type of the so-called "Colonial" period of furniture-making. The price was ten dollars, and Ade at once agreed to take it.

In a big, round handwriting he wrote his name and the address of his Indiana farm upon Lareau's much-bummed order-book, and instructed him to ship the mirror at once. No mention was made of how or when payment was to be made.

Late that afternoon the telephone in Mr. Cary's office rang. Mr. Cary answered, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Hello, Mr. Cary; this is Lareau. You know that fellow named Abe that was in here with you—"

"His name is Ade, Mr. Lareau; A-d-e."

"Oh; I thought it was Abe, and—"

"No; he's a farmer, down in Indiana."

"Well, is he 'good'?"

"Yes, he's good. He showed me a check for fifty dollars, and he owns his farm, clear. He'll pay you when he gets the mirror."

"Well, I guess I'll take a chance," and the greatly reassured Lareau hung up the receiver.

We trust that as a result of our action Mr. Brownell will find himself automatically released from any financial entanglements in which our delay may have involved him.—EDITORS, SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

A Wonderful Shot

THEY were telling how well they could shoot, and Tom Dawson recalled a duck hunt in which he had brought down five birds with one shot.

"Talk about shootin'," began Old Man Tilford; "I saw Jim Ferris do a mighty neat piece of work one day last week. His wife was puttin' out the washin' and she was complainin' about the pesky sparrows makin' dirt marks on the damp clothes with their feet."

"They're thick as bees 'round here," says she. "There's seven of 'em sittin' on the clothes-line this blessed minute."

"I'll fix 'em," says Jim, takin' down his shotgun, which he allus keeps loaded with fine bird-shot. He tiptoed to the door, took aim, and—

"Killed every one of them sparrows!" broke in Dawson.

"You're wrong," corrected Tilford, calmly; "he never tech'd 'em, but when his wife took in the washin', she found she had three pair of openwork stockin's and a fine peek-a-boo shirt-waist."—W. B. KERR.



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The Opportunities They Offer For the Safe Em- ployment of Money

The municipal bond of the very highest type is a sort of substitute for a government bond, for the reason that it is frequently preferred by people who insist upon some kind of government security behind their investments.

A Substitute for Government Bond

Of course no security is as good as that offered by Uncle Sam, but the trouble is that the issues of United States government bonds are not many and the demand for government bonds by national banks is so great that there is a high premium on them. This results in such a low yield that the average investor can not afford to buy them. The shrinkage in the holdings of United States government bonds by individuals has been amazing. At one time investors held two billion dollars' worth of these bonds. To-day they hold less than three hundred million dollars. To be sure, some government issues have matured or have been taken up, and there has lately been no great emergency, as, for example, a war, to call forth large new issues.

What has happened therefore is simply this; the supply of government bonds available for the average investor has decreased, and the number of investors has increased. Unable to get bonds of the United States, the investor turns to the next best thing, the bonds of the cities of those States.

For some time there has been a steady appreciation of municipal bonds and some issues have advanced in price. One reason for this is the comparatively small federal and state issues, and the other is the fact that the railroads have not yet ceased retrenching.

The issue of bonds by a municipality, large or small, is just like the issue of bonds by a corporation. Take the concrete case of a thriving city whose residence district has outgrown its original dimensions. Sewers are needed for new streets. The city has no money in its treasury; it can not go to a bank and borrow.

How Cities Issue Bonds

So it brings out bonds to provide funds for the improvements. But there are more formalities necessary in the issue of city bonds than in the case of a railroad or some other corporation. In some cases an ordinance for the issue of the bonds is passed by the board of aldermen or the local councils. Sometimes the citizens are called upon to vote on the question of a bond issue, either at a special election called for that purpose, or at the regular election. They are usually sold, by sealed bids, to the highest bidder. It is highly important for the investor to buy municipal bonds that are legally issued. An unauthorized issue, or an issue in which there are legal flaws, is liable to cause endless litigation and this is destructive to the value of the bond.

Many municipal bonds are owned by people living in the towns issuing them. In this way the investor contributes to the uplifting of the community and he can keep a watch on his investment all the time. This is one reason why so few municipal bonds are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. With the exception of certain New York City issues, the only municipal bonds listed there are some issues of St. Louis, New Orleans, and Louisville.

Many features must be considered in the purchase of a municipal bond. Even with a security of such high class as this, there are pitfalls for the unwary investor. The usual combination of an ideal investment—security and marketability—may be departed from with these bonds, because some very sound municipalities have a very narrow market. This is especially true of the issues of small towns and villages. Practically all of these bonds are held at home.

A municipal bond should be issued with full official

authority and be secured by the whole taxable resources of the community. The debt of the city or town should not be excessive and the revenues from taxation must be ample to pay both principal and interest of the bonds. Above all, the city must have good credit.

The average investor will find a good guide for the purchase of municipal bonds in the laws regulating the investment of savings-bank funds in New York, where the laws pertaining to savings-banks are more rigorous than in any other State. By their provisions, the banks can only buy the bonds of cities having at least forty-five thousand population, and which have been incorporated for at least twenty-

five years. The cities must be located in States admitted to the union before 1896. The total bonded debt of the municipalities must not be more than seven per cent. of the entire value of all taxable property. The cities must have faithfully paid all their bonded obligations since 1861.

The list of specific municipal bonds owned by the New York savings-banks is interesting. All the banks have large quantities of the bonds of the city of New York which are a standard investment security. Other New York State cities represented are: Buffalo, Troy, Syracuse, Albany, Binghamton, Elmira, and Jamestown. Cities outside of New York State whose bonds are held in numbers are: Portland, Maine; Boston, Cambridge, Lowell, Worcester, and Springfield, Massachusetts; Providence, Rhode Island; Bridgeport, Hartford, and New Haven, Connecticut; Newark, New Jersey; Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Allegheny, Harrisburg, Reading, Scranton, Pennsylvania; Baltimore, Cincinnati, Dayton, Louisville, Indianapolis, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Des Moines, Omaha, San Francisco, Los Angeles, St. Louis, and Kansas City.

It must not be assumed, however, that an ideal municipal bond must necessarily be that of a large city. Some of the most desirable bonds for general investment purposes are those of smaller places. A man who seeks steady, safe, and profitable employment for his money may find it in a village bond. There are many reasons for this. The most important, perhaps, is that the authorities of villages and towns are usually very careful about incurring debts for the community.

Desirable Issues by Smaller Cities

There are no fat contracts to be given out to favored contractors (a large drain on the revenue of some large cities), and the general character of the selectmen or aldermen is ordinarily higher than in big cities. The officials of a small town often feel a personal moral responsibility in the safeguarding of the bonded obligations of the place. Some bonds of towns and villages pay as high as five or six per cent. Since it is to the great advantage of a community to meet its fixed charges, these bonds, when bought at a fair price, make a very excellent investment.

In this connection it might be interesting to state that school-district bonds come under the head of municipal bonds. They are issued by communities for the express purpose of using the proceeds for the construction of schools. They are a charge on general taxation.

The face interest rate of municipal bonds varies, but the average is four per cent. which is about the average yield, too. The life of this type of bond ranges from ten years to sixty.

One feature of a municipal bond which is of interest to the investor is the provision for a sinking-fund. This fund consists of money set aside for the redemption of the bonded debt. In many cities a certain number of bonds are called in every year. Lots are drawn to select the bonds for redemption purposes. It is important that a city have an adequate sinking-fund, because this is part of the security behind the bond.

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Some idea of the extent of New York's bonded capacity may be gained when it is stated that during 1907 the total issue of bonds by the city was \$224,926,482. This is the largest amount for any year in its history. This list included revenue bonds, corporate stock, and

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The bonds have sold at higher prices and we believe they will increase in price in the near future. There is a ready market, as they are held by insurance companies and banks, and are listed on two stock exchanges.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR NO. 900A

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS

Bankers for Thirty-two Years

21 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

CHICAGO. DENVER. SAN FRANCISCO.

6% Fifty Year Bonds

We have been in the investment business for over forty years, and have never sold an insecure bond. Our experience, ability and business principles, responsible for this record, justify our recommendations to investors.

We are now recommending the unsold balance (\$50,000) of an issue of \$1,000,000 bonds which

Yield Nearly 6%

These bonds are followed by \$3,500,000 preferred stock paying 6% dividends. An investment in these bonds is further safeguarded by these essential factors:

Perpetual Franchises
Operation in a Large Growing City
Management Uniformly Successful
Liberal Provisions for Maintenance

Upon request we shall be glad to send our Circular No. 5746, giving a comparison of earnings over a period of years, and other evidences of the safety of these bonds.

ISIDORE NEWMAN & SON
25 Broad Street BANKERS New York City
Established 1868

assessment and general-fund bonds. The proceeds of these bonds were used for the acquirement of sites for public buildings, for the improvement or construction of public buildings, parks, viaducts, public comfort stations, armories, public baths, docks, ferries, sewers, streets, and avenues. It will be observed from this list that New York has more uses for its money than almost any other American city.

A knowledge of some of the charter restrictions on New York bonds is of value. The aldermen, for example, have no authority to prepare the city budget. This matter is left to the discretion of a body known as the Board of Estimate and Apportionment which consists of the mayor, the controller, the president of the Board of Aldermen, and the presidents of the five boroughs comprising the city of Greater New York. All these offices are elective. The governor has the authority at any time to investigate their conduct through the state attorney-general. He also has the power to remove them from office.

The accumulated sinking-fund of New York City is about one hundred million dollars. If at any time the sinking-funds are inadequate for the payment of maturing bonds, the charter compels the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to include in its annual budget an appropriation to cover this deficiency.

Part of the security behind the city of New York bonds is the income of the city. This income to-day is greater than was the income of the whole United States before the Civil War; it is one-third the income of the whole kingdom of Italy; two-thirds that of Spain, and as large as the Republic of Brazil's. The assessed valuation of real estate in New York is more than six billion dollars, while the assessed valuation of personalty is more than seven hundred millions. The total funded debt of the city is about six hundred million dollars.

The funded debt of New York is made up mainly of two kinds of bonds; corporate stock and assessment bonds. The first-named are the long-term issues. For their redemption the city pledges its good name and credit. They may be issued for not less than ten years and not more than fifty years. The rate of interest is usually four per cent.

The assessment bonds are issued mainly to provide funds for sewer and street improvements and are for periods not exceeding ten years. Special revenue bonds are issued from time to time to meet special expenses other than provided for in the general estimates.

City of New York bonds are usually at a premium. On the day that this article is written, the 41-2s of 1957, for example, sold around three which would make the yield about four per cent.

The State of New York has outstanding a quantity of public highway bonds which are usually classed with municipals. They are fours. Most States have bonds out, and they, too, come under the head of government or municipal bonds. There have been long legal fights over some Georgia and North Carolina issues, and the bondholders lost heavily. One of the standard state bonds is that of Massachusetts. It is widely held especially by savings-banks.

* * *

One commendable feature of the city of New York bonds is that you can get them in denomination of ten dollars or any multiple of this sum. Other cities have bonds in denomination of one hundred dollars. They

Bonds of Small Denomination

are generally handed in one thousand dollar denominations but smaller multiples are to be had in most issues.

The bond of small denomination has peculiar significance and is a type of investment which should have general encouragement. It has a larger meaning than merely providing the small investor with a safe opportunity for the investment of his savings. If issued by all the big corporations, especially by the railroads, there would be a closer and better relation and feeling between these corporations and the people they serve. All industrial and other interests would be promoted, and it would help to bring about a real ownership of railroads and of cities by the people. Another great advantage of the small denomination lies in the fact that sound securities are made possible for the small investor; this narrows the market for the ware of the unworthy promoter.

* * *

Good Reading for Investors

IT is not the custom of SUCCESS MAGAZINE to review or recommend books, but one has just reached us that should be in the hands of every man and woman who has dollars in any number to bank or invest. It is "Money and Investments," by Montgomery Rollins. These great and absorbing subjects, with their many mystifying phrases, have been given an elementary treatment that is indeed refreshing. In his work the author has been consistently mindful of the importance of every one's knowing the governing influences that affect money and investments. He translates with unusual accuracy the vernacular of the professional "money changer" into a language understandable to Mr. Plain Citizen. Surely, the public will show its appreciation of this labor, which means shorter and darker days for the financial pirate.

Keeping Investors Informed

SHOULD the business of a railroad or other corporation experience adverse conditions which might tend to impair the invested capital, responsible Investment Bankers aim to keep interested clients fully informed upon all important matters bearing upon the situation.

Moreover, this policy is rigidly pursued until the difficulty has been either overcome, or the situation worked out along lines approved by a large majority of the security holders and promising a permanently satisfactory adjustment.

Railroad Bonds

Write for the latest edition of our Circular No. 75 describing 43 different issues of well-known Railroad Bonds listed upon the New York Stock Exchange.

Railroad and Industrial Stocks

Write for the latest edition of our Circular No. 77 describing 34 Railroad and Industrial Investment Stocks and 35 Semi-Investment and Speculative Stocks listed upon the New York Stock Exchange.

For a long period of years we have served a large and steadily increasing clientele, both in this country and in Europe, comprising Individual Investors, Banks and Trust Companies, Executors and Trustees, and persons responsible for the investment of Endowment Funds of Colleges and other Institutions.

Spencer Trask & Co.

Investment Bankers

William and Pine Sts., New York
Branch Offices: Albany, N. Y.—Chicago, Ill.
Members New York Stock Exchange

Bonds for Investment

FOR more than twenty years we have handled conservative issues of Public Service Corporation Bonds. Our experience has proved that earnings of such corporations are well maintained during times of general business depression because they supply thriving communities with such public necessities as water, gas, electricity, street railways, etc. Regardless of general business conditions the public must use these necessities, and as a consequence the earnings of such companies provide investors with an ample margin of safety. Our booklet on Public Service Corporation Bonds may be had free upon request.

We own a carefully selected list of more than two hundred issues of Municipal, Railroad and Public Service Corporation Bonds which we recommend for investment at prices to yield from

3¾% to 5½%

Write for circular offerings and Booklet "S"

N. W. Harris & Company

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56 William Street New York 35 Federal Street Boston

Harris Trust & Savings Bank

Bond Department

204 Dearborn Street, Chicago

Geo. P. Schmidt
Albert R. Gallatin
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SCHMIDT & GALLATIN

Bankers and Brokers

STOCKS and BONDS

Bought and Sold on Commission

Interest Allowed on Deposits

Loans made on Collateral Security

TRINITY BUILDING

111 Broadway
New York City

Members of the
New York Stock Exchange



We want some one
in every city and
town in the United
States to sell our

Income Insurance

a plan which provides income
and expenses for the insured in
case he or she falls ill or becomes
disabled. Good money for good
workers.

Write for particulars, stating
whether you are interested in
insurance or agents' proposition

Empire State Surety Co.

86 William Street, New York

Offices in all important cities



The Franklin Society

The Franklin Society announces the usual semi-annual
cash dividend at the rate of Five Per Cent. per annum on all
accounts of \$10 to \$5000. This is the Society's

40th Consecutive Dividend.

Securities: First Mortgages on homes in New York City
and vicinity, non-speculative, non-fluctuating. Banking
Department Supervision.
Even a dollar will open an account. Thousands of depos-
itors, large and small. Assets over \$1,000,000. Deposits up
to January 10th earn from January 1st.

SIMPLE MAILING SYSTEM.

Begin Now or Write for Booklet D.

THE FRANKLIN SOCIETY

For Home Buildings and Savings

FOUNDED 1888

Three Beekman Street, New York City.

5%

"We are now in a period of construction, and all
real values must ultimately advance in price."
The Review.

HOW TO INVEST

It is important to the investor to be informed as to the conditions
affecting the securities he has bought or intends to buy.

"THE WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW"

Is a small four-page Editorial Sheet, which treats broadly and
without prejudice current events in the Financial, Commercial and
Political World as they bear upon Securities and other Invest-
ments and is of interest and value to Investors and Business Men.
THE REVIEW WILL ON APPLICATION BE
MAILED REGULARLY WITHOUT CHARGE TO
THOSE INTERESTED.

J. S. BACHE & CO.

(Members New York Stock Exchange)

BANKERS, 42 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE requests you to mention this paper
when writing for above review.

6% INVESTMENT

Jefferson County Building &
Loan Association Shares

3% July and Jan. 1st—Guarantee Fund \$50,000
—Assets \$360,000

Loans on all improved real estate, Birmingham, Ala., South's
most thriving city. \$50 shares withdrawable any time with
interest to date. Write us for circulars.

F. M. JACKSON, Pres., Birmingham, Ala.



Safe, Convenient, Profitable

Send postal today for book telling about this
Company's

6% MORTGAGE BONDS

Secured by first mortgages on improved Farm Lands.
If you have money on deposit, or if you contemplate open-
ing a savings bank account, you will be interested in this convenient
and safe method.

REALTY MORTGAGE BOND CO.
325 Security Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Growing Old a Habit

[Continued from page 27]

The arbitrary, domineering, overbearing mind also
tends to age the body prematurely, because the think-
ing is hard, strained, abnormal.

Another reason why so many people age prematurely
is because they cease to grow. It is a lamentable fact
that multitudes of men seem incapable of receiving or
accepting new ideas after they have reached middle age.
Never allow yourself to get out of the habit of being
young. Do not say that you can not do this or that
as you once did. Do not be afraid of being a boy or
a girl again in spirit, no matter how many years you
have lived. Carry yourself so that you will not sug-
gest old age. Remember it is the stale mind, the stale
mentality, that ages the body. Keep growing; keep
interested in everything about you.

We are so constituted that we draw a large part of our
nourishment from others. No man can isolate himself,
can cut himself off from his fellows without shrinking
in his mental stature. The mind that is not constantly
reaching out for the new soon reaches its limit of
growth, and ages rapidly.

If you wish to retain your youth, forget unpleasant
experiences, disagreeable incidents. A lady eighty years
old was recently asked how she managed to keep her-
self so youthful. She replied, "I know how to forget
disagreeable things."

To think constantly of the "end," to plan for death,
to prepare for declining years, is simply to acknowledge
that your powers are waning, that you are losing your
grip upon life. Such thinking tends to weaken your
hold upon the life principle.

The very belief that our powers are waning, the con-
sciousness that we are losing strength, that our vitality
is lessening, has a blighting, shriveling influence upon
the mental faculties and functions; the whole character
deteriorates under this old-age belief.

Dr. Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris,
says that men should live at least one hundred and
twenty years.

A few years ago the London *Lancet*, the highest
medical authority in the world, gave a splendid illustra-
tion of the power of the mind to keep the body young.
A young woman, deserted by her lover, became insane.
She lost all consciousness of the passing of time. She
believed her lover would return, and for years she stood
daily before her window watching for him. When
over seventy years of age, some Americans, including
physicians, who saw her, thought she was not over
twenty. She did not have a single gray hair, and no
wrinkles or other signs of age were visible. Her skin
was as fair and smooth as a young girl's. She did not
age because she believed she was still a girl. She did
not count her birthdays or worry because she was get-
ting along in years. She was thoroughly convinced
that she was still living in the very time that her lover
left her. This mental belief controlled her physical
condition. *She was just as old as she thought she
was.* Her conviction outpictured itself in her body and
kept it youthful.

It is an insult to your Creator that your brain should
begin to ossify, that your mental powers should begin
to decline when you have only reached the half-century
milestone. You ought then to be in your youth. What
has the appearance of old age to do with youth?
What have gray hair, wrinkles, and other evidences of
age to do with youth? Mental power should con-
stantly increase. There should be no decline in years.
Increasing wisdom and power should be the only signs
that you have lived long. Strength, beauty, magnifi-
cent personality, superiority, not weakness, decrepi-
tude, should characterize a man who has lived long.

As long as you hold the conviction that you are
sixty, you will look it. Your thought will outpicture
itself in your face, in your whole appearance. The
body is the bulletin-board which shows what is going
on in the mind.

Nothing helps more to the perpetuation of youth
than much association with the young.

A man quite advanced in years was asked not long
ago how he retained such a youthful appearance in spite
of his age. He said that he had been the principal of a
high school for over thirty years; that he loved to enter
into the life and sports of the young people and to be
one of them in their ambitions and interests. This, he
said, had kept his mind centered on youth, progress,
and abounding life, and the old-age thought had had
no room for entrance.

There must be a constant activity in the mind that
would not age. "Keep growing or die" is nature's
motto, a motto written all over everything in the
universe.

Never go to sleep with the old-age picture or thought
in your mind. It is of the utmost importance to make
yourself feel young at night; to erase all signs, con-
victions, and feeling of age; to throw aside every care
and worry that would carve its image on your brain
and express itself in your face. The worrying mind
actually generates calcareous matter in the brain and
hardens the cells.

When you first wake in the morning, especially if
you have reached middle life or later, picture the
youthful qualities as vividly as possible. Say to your-
self, "I am young, always young—strong—buoyant."

6% AND MORE EASY is just as SAFE as 4 1/2% or Less

For twenty-five years, through good times and
bad, in panic or prosperity 6% and more has been
realized right along on

New York City Real Estate

It is an absolutely safe investment now and an
absolutely sure investment for the future—because

Land Areas are Restricted

Population is Increasing

This combination of circumstances makes prices
for unimproved real estate continuously higher and
larger rents for improved property increasingly
sure. We say to you:

OWN SOME OF IT

and have an investment just as safe as a mortgage
bond paying only 4 1/2%, but in easily carried \$10.00 con-
tracts which bear 6% annual interest in cash—nonfor-
feitable, carrying no penalties and are paid in full in
cash at maturity. Then we give you a \$100 certificate
for 10 of these contracts, which insures you not only
6% semi-annual interest, but also guarantees you a
share in the interests of the rapidly growing yet con-
servatively managed business of the undersigned
company. This plan combines

Safe Investment with Systematic Saving

Write Dept. S for Real Realty Booklet

MONATON REALTY INVESTING CORPORATION

Dealing ONLY in Income producing NEW YORK CITY properties
Capital, \$1,000,000

Times Building, Broadway and 42d St., New York

The Best Bond

is the one that has the best security behind
it. The best security in the world is New York
City real estate—not vacant lots in the sub-
urbs, but high-class property in the heart of
the city, which is always earning an ever-
increasing revenue and is also steadily en-
hancing in market value. We have an issue
of ten-year coupon bonds based on just such
property, which are issued in denominations
to suit both the large and small investor.

The Yield is 5⁵³/₁₀₀ Per Cent.

A Liberal Return on a Conservative Investment

A Sinking Fund maintained under a Trust
Agreement with the Guardian Trust Co. of
New York, Trustee, provides for cash redem-
ption before maturity, at option of holders, giv-
ing the bonds a ready and unfluctuating cash
availability.

Write for Circular No. 15, giving full detail.

Underwriters Realty & Title Company

425 Fifth Avenue, New York

United States of America

Bonds of Our Country

Conceded safest of all known investments.

City, County, School and District

%—4=5=6—%

United States Treasury accepts them from
banks for circulation or Government deposits.

Sold by us for cash, or on semi-annual, quar-
terly or monthly payments.

Adopt this systematic method of saving, better
and safer than a savings bank.

Denomination \$100.00 up

Correspondence invited from those having large
or small amounts to invest. Write Department
"F" for booklet, price and method.

No Speculative Securities Offered

The New First National Bank

Assets over \$5,000,000. Columbus, Ohio

A Dollar Saved is a Dollar Earned

\$4 saved monthly is \$1,000 at maturity.
\$8 saved monthly is \$2,000 at maturity.
\$12 saved monthly is \$3,000 at maturity.
\$20 saved monthly is \$5,000 at maturity.

Takes about eleven years to mature. You can make it mature in five years or draw
your money before with interest. No speculation. No mining permitted by State laws.
Money earns more and is better safeguarded than when locally invested. Can furnish
best of references, men of character and marked reputation. Security one million dol-
lars. Small first mortgages on Colorado homes. Send 2-cent stamp for booklet.

L. B. BROMFIELD, Manager, 28 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

I can not grow old and decrepit, because in the truth of my being I am divine, and Divine Principle can not age. The great thing is to make the mind create the youth pattern instead of the old-age pattern. As the sculptor follows the model which he holds in the mind, so the life processes reproduce the pattern which is in our thought, our conviction.

We must get rid of the idea, embedded in our very nature, that, the longer we live, the more experiences we have, the more work we do, the more inevitably we wear out and become old and decrepit, and useless.

Nature has bestowed upon us perpetual youth through perpetual renewal. There is not a single cell in our bodies that can possibly become old. Physiologists tell us that the tissue cells of some muscles are renewed every few days or weeks. The cells of the bone tissues are slower of renewal, but some authorities estimate that eighty or ninety per cent. of all the cells in the body of a person of ordinary activity are entirely renewed in from six to twelve months.

It is marvelous how quickly old-age thoughts can make new cells appear old.

All discordant and antagonistic thought materially interferes with the laws of reconstruction and self-renewal going on in the body, and the great thing is, therefore, to form thought habits which will harmonize with this law of rejuvenation—perpetual renewal. We are so constituted that we must be good to be happy, and happiness spells youthfulness.

With many people the old age thought is a perpetual horror, which destroys comfort and happiness and makes a tragedy of life, which, but for it, might be a perpetual joy.

Many healthy people do not really enjoy their possessions because of that awful consciousness that they may at any moment be forced to leave everything.

There is a power of health latent in every cell of the body which would always keep the cell in harmony and preserve its integrity if the thought were right. This latent power of health in the cell can be so developed by right thinking and living as to retard very materially the aging processes.

One of the most effective means of developing it is to keep cheerful and optimistic. As long as the mind faces the sun of life it will cast no shadow before it.

Hold ever before you, like a beacon light, the youth ideal—strength, buoyancy, hopefulness, expectancy. Hold persistently to the thought that your body is the last two years' product; that there may not be in it a single cell more than a year and a half old; that it is always young because it is perpetually being renewed, and that, therefore, it ought to look fresh and youthful.

Constantly say to yourself, "If Nature makes me a comparatively new body every few months, if the billions of tissue cells are being perpetually renewed, if the oldest of these cells are, perhaps, rarely, if ever, more than two years old, why should they appear to be sixty or seventy-five? If the body is always young, it should always look young, and it would if we did not make it look old by stamping old age upon it. We Americans seem very adept in putting the old-age stamp upon new tissue cells.

If you would keep young, you must learn the secret of self-rejuvenation, self-refreshment, self-renewal, in your thought, in your work, in your youthful interests. Hard thoughts, too serious thoughts, mental confusion, excitement, worry, anxiety, jealousy, the indulgence of all explosive passions, tend to harden the cells, dry up the tissues, and shorten the life.

You will find a wonderful, rejuvenating power in the cultivation of faith in the *immortal principle of health in every atom of your being*. We are all conscious that there is something in us which is never sick and which never dies, *something which connects us with the Divine*. There is a wonderful healing influence in holding the consciousness of this great truth.

Some people are so constituted that they perpetually renew themselves. They do not seem to get tired or weary of their tasks, because their minds are constantly refreshing, renewing themselves. They are self-lubricators, self-renewers, self-rejuvenators.

To keep from aging, we must keep the picture of youth in all its beauty, promise, and glory impressed upon the mind. It is impossible to appear youthful, to be young, unless we feel young.

Never allow yourself to think of yourself as growing old. Never harbor the old-age thought. Constantly affirm, if you feel yourself aging, "I am young because I am perpetually being renewed; my life comes new every moment from the Infinite Source of life. I am new every morning and fresh every evening because I live, move, and have my being in Him who is the Source of all life." Not only affirm this mentally, but verbally when you can. Make this picture of perpetual renewal, constant refreshment and rejuvenation, so vivid, that you will feel the thrill of youthful renewal through your entire system. Under no circumstances allow the old-age thought or suggestion to remain in the mind. Remember that *it is what you feel, what you are convinced of, that will be outpictured in your body*. If you think you are aging, if you walk, talk, dress, and act like an old person, this condition will be outpictured in your expression, face, manner, and body. Youthful thought should be a fixed life habit.

Cling to the idea that the truth of your being can never age, because it is Divine Principle.

The youth-thought habit will drive out the old

GUARANTEED BONDS

No. 1. The Company Back of Them



THIS is the first of a series of advertisements having a two-fold aim.

First—To explain the thoroughly desirable character of Water Works Bonds as an investment.

Second—To emphasize the exceptional desirability of such bonds when *guaranteed* by The American Water Works and Guarantee Company.

There isn't any *sounder* business on earth than that of supplying water to a thriving community. The raw material costs nothing—there are no manufacturing uncertainties—the demand is always steady and continually growing. It is a business that is not affected by panics or business depressions. People must have water—and they must have it all the time.

Hence a bond backed by the substantial plant and profitable business of a water supplying company is pretty sure to be a sound and profitable investment.

A water works bond *guaranteed* by The American Water Works and Guarantee Company is *absolutely sure* to be a sound and profitable investment.

The American Water Works and Guarantee Company is not merely a guarantee company in the ordinary sense of the word.

It actually *owns* a controlling interest in, and directs the operation of every plant whose bonds it guarantees.

It now owns and operates 40 water supplying plants in 17 different states, and its own capital and surplus of \$4,000,000, together with the physical properties and business of these 40 prosperous plants, makes its guarantee absolutely sound and sure.

The American Water Works and Guarantee Company is a close corporation—its stock is not listed—none of it is for sale—it is owned and controlled by the *same men* who organized it 26 years ago—men who are at the head of large financial institutions in Pittsburgh, New York, and elsewhere, whose sound judgment and conservative management have made a success of everything in which they are interested.

The guarantee of such a Company *means something* to the man who has \$100 or \$100,000 to invest.

Bonds, guaranteed by the American Water Works and Guarantee Company, are issued in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1,000, and bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. They are particularly desirable as an investment for savings and trust funds.

Write for illustrated Booklet and folder describing the several issues and giving full details. Address Dept. A.

You will be interested no matter whether you have much money or little to invest.

J. S. & W. S. KUHN

INCORPORATED

INVESTMENT BROKERS

Bank for Savings Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Branch Offices: Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia

JAMES S. KUHN, President

WILLIAM S. KUHN, Vice-Prest.

L. L. McCLELLAND, Sec. & Treas.

WATERBURY COMPANY

Offers to Investors \$250,000

6% Convertible Collateral Trust Gold Bonds to Yield 6.87%

(The remainder of the \$500,000 issue has been taken by the stockholders of the Company)

The Columbia Trust Company of New York, Trustee

HOW SECURED.—These bonds are secured by a first lien on our Extensive Manufacturing Plants. The Trust Deed compels the Company to always maintain liquid assets in excess of all liabilities to at least the amount of the Bonds outstanding.

CONVERTIBILITY.—A very attractive feature and a decided advantage in these Bonds is that they can be converted into the 8% Cumulative Preferred Stock of the Company which has paid regular dividends for many years.

LARGE INTEREST.—At our price these Bonds will yield the highest possible interest consistent with Conservatism. Payable semi-annually—April and October. Denominations \$500. Due April 1, 1916.

THE COMPANY is one of the most important manufacturers in this country of Lead Cables, Insulated Wires, Fibre and Wire Rope. Annual sales over \$2,000,000. Mills, Brooklyn, N. Y. Established 1816.

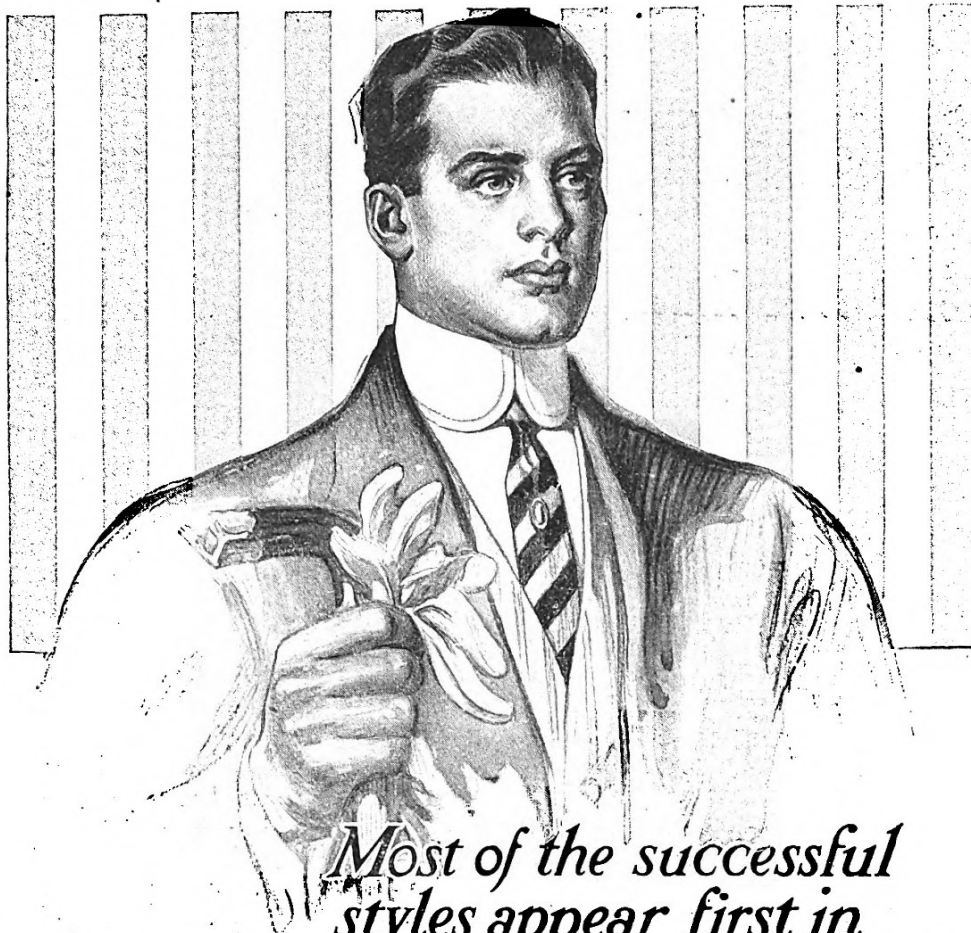
WE SAVE YOU BANKERS' COMMISSIONS BY SELLING OUR BONDS DIRECT

Write for Particulars and Booklet C

MAIN OFFICE:
80 South Street, New York

WATERBURY COMPANY

BRANCHES: Chicago, Pittsburgh,
New Orleans and San Francisco



OLYMPIC 2 3/4 high
CARLTON 2 1/2 high
15c. each; 2 for 25c.
In Canada, 20c. each; 3 for 50c.
ARROW CUFFS
25c. a Pair

ARROW COLLARS

Cluett Peabody & Co. 471 River St. Troy, N.Y. Booklet on Request

Mrs. Ward grows in depth of human feeling. She has never written a book so full of the red-ripe of the heart nor created a heroine of so lovable a personality.—NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE.

The Testing of Diana Mallory

By Mrs. Humphry Ward

This is by far the strongest story in its purely human appeal that Mrs. Ward has written. It is, too, the most dramatic—a novel that charms and thrills as a story first of all. In addition it has in full measure the grace and distinction for which Mrs. Ward is celebrated. The tense, yet tender story of a girl who, on the eve of her betrothal to the son of a great house, comes into cruel knowledge concerning her dead mother. The man is given the opportunity of sheltering her in this time of storm and he—how does he meet it? That is the story.

Eight illustrations in Sepia from the original paintings by W. Hatherell, R. I. Post 8vo. Cloth. \$1.50

A Spirit in Prison

By Robert Hichens

Here is, at last, another "Garden of Allah"—a book with all the atmospheric power of Hichens' great masterpiece. A SPIRIT IN PRISON is a new wonder work with the charm of a fresh, new story. The scene is Italy. Human love is as sunny as its skies, and the bursts of passion are the sudden storms that break over its blue lakes. Italy's people, its shores and islands, are brought to all but sight and sound in these pages. The love story involves an Englishwoman, her husband, and her daughter in a gripping way.

Illustrated. Post 8vo. Cloth. \$1.75

HARPER & BROTHERS, = New York

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Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C.
ADVICE AND BOOKS FREE. HIGHEST REFERENCES. BEST SERVICES.

age thought habit. If you can only feel your whole body being perpetually made over, constantly renewed, you will keep the body young, fresh.

There is a tremendous youth-retaining power in holding high ideals and lofty sentiments. The spirit can not grow old while one is constantly aspiring to something better, higher, nobler. *It is senility of the soul that makes people old.*

Live always in a happy mental attitude. Live in the ideal, and the aging processes can not get hold of you. It is the youthful ideal that keeps one young. When we think of age, we think of weakness, decrepitude, imperfection; we do not think of wholeness, vigor. Every time you think of yourself make a vivid mental picture of your ideal self as the very picture of youth, of health and vigor, of wholeness. *Think health.* Feel the spirit of youth and hope surging through your body.

The elixir of youth which alchemists sought so long in chemicals, we find in ourselves. The secret is in our own mentality. Perpetual rejuvenation is possible only by right thinking. We look as old as we think and feel.

Beauty is also a great rejuvenator. Let us incorporate it into our lives by seeing beautiful things, thinking beautiful thoughts, building beautiful ideals, and picturing beautiful things in our imagination.

I know of no remedy for old-age conditions so powerful as love—love of life, love for our work, love for our fellow men, love for everything.

It is the most powerful life-renewer, refresher, creator, healer, known. Love awakens the noblest sentiments, the finest sensibilities, the most exquisite qualities in man. It is the most refining influence known.

Harmony, peace, poise, and serenity are absolutely necessary to perpetuate youthful conditions. All discord, all unbalanced, excited, confused mental operations, tend to produce aging conditions. The contemplation of the eternal verities enriches the ideals and freshens life because it destroys fear, uncertainty, and worry by adding assurance and certainty to life.

Increasing power and wisdom ought to be the only sign of our long continuance on this earth. We ought to do our best work after fifty, or even after sixty or seventy, and if the brain is kept active, fresh, and young, and the brain cells are not ruined by too serious a life, by worry, fear, selfishness, a hot temper, or disease, the mind will constantly increase in vigor and power.

If we are convinced that the life processes can perpetuate youth instead of age, they will obey the command.

An all-wise and benevolent Creator could not make us with such a great yearning for long life, a longing to remain young, without any possibility of realizing it. The very fact of this universal protest in all human beings against the enormous disproportion between the magnitude of our mission upon earth and the shortness of the time and the meagerness of the opportunities for carrying it out, the universal yearning for longevity, and all analogy in the animal kingdom, all point to the fact that man was not only intended for a much longer life, but also for a much greater freedom from the present old-age weaknesses, decrepitude, and other handicaps.

There is not the slightest indication in the marvelous mechanism of man that he was intended to become weak, crippled, and useless after a comparatively few years. Instead, all the indications are toward progress into a larger, complete, fuller manhood, greater power. A dwarfed, weak, useless man was never in the Creator's plan. Retrogression is contrary to all principle and law. Progress, perpetual enlargement, growth, are the truth of man. The Creator never made anything for retrogression. "Onward and upward" is written upon every atom in the universe. Imagine the Creator fashioning a man in his own likeness for only a few years of activity and growth, and then—retrogression, crippled helplessness! *There is nothing of God in this picture.* Whatever the Deity makes bears the stamp of perpetual progress, everlasting growth. There is no going backward in his plans, everything moves forward to one eternal divine purpose. If human beings could only once grasp this idea, that *the reality of them is divine*, immortal, that divinity does not go backward or grow old, they would lose all sense of fear and worry, all enemies of their progress and happiness would slink away, and the aging processes would cease.

The coming man will not grow old. Perpetual youth is his destiny.

The Address

AN IRISH girl serving in the capacity of cook for a family in Massachusetts, recently received a visit from a cousin from the "old country," who, on leaving, promised to write soon.

The Irishman evidently looked about him pretty carefully while in Somerville, for in due time a letter arrived addressed as follows:

"MISS BRIDGET CALLAHAN,
"At Mr. N—'s,
"Private Way,
"Dangerous Crossing,
"Somerville, Massachusetts,
"U. S. A."

The Rat and His Board Bill

[Continued from page 29]

newspapers day by day brought bulletins concerning the progress of the war from all over the world. There were dispatches such as these:

WASHINGTON.—“A ban has been declared against rats and mice on the Panama Canal Zone in efforts to prevent bubonic plague from gaining a foothold there. It has been demonstrated that the plague is communicated by means of fleas. The fleas get it from rats and mice, and communicate it to human beings.”

KINGSTON, Jamaica.—“Two more deaths from bubonic plague are reported. The Government is paying eight cents apiece for live rats. The rats are inoculated with a virus and then given to citizens to turn loose in their houses in an effort to kill off other rats, to which a deadly disease is communicated by the inoculated animals.”

PORT OF SPAIN, Trinidad.—“Since June 15th there have been four new cases of bubonic plague here, resulting in three deaths. Active measures are being taken by the sanitary corps in the work of destroying rats and cleaning up the city.”

SAN FRANCISCO.—“Since the discovery of the plague in San Francisco, the surgeons of the Marine Hospital Service have been at work trying to exterminate rats, it now being positively known that rats do more to scatter plague germs than any other known agency. The city and state governments are giving bounties for dead rats. Nearly half a million dollars have already been subscribed. The catch of rats in four days during the latter part of February was over ten thousand.”

And so it goes. The point is driven home and clinched time and time again that the rat is the carrier of disease germs, especially of the plague germ, and thus the people are being educated as to the reason for the war, especially on the plague germ, simply because the very name of the plague carries with it a grim reminder that draws universal attention.

A Menace to the Health of the World

Men and women who keep their own bodily health good by adequate attention to the laws of modern hygiene have in themselves ample protection against the diseases spread by rats or other germ carriers, even when the germ is that of the plague. Unless exposed to the infection for too long a period, or too repeatedly, the clean, healthy body is fairly safe against the attacks of the rat's hostile parasites. Dirt and overcrowding in cities and dwellings where sunshine is not permitted to freely flood the infected places with its germicidal rays—these are the conditions favorable to the growth and propagation of the rat and the parasites of the rat. Although the outbreak of the plague in Canton in 1894 caused the death of many thousands of natives of the poorer classes, none of the American or English residents was affected. During the year that elapsed, after the plague appeared in San Francisco in 1907, only one hundred and fifty cases developed, because of the prompt enforcement of up-to-date sanitary regulations. The awful visitation which decimated London in 1664 was so noticeably confined to the slums, where underfeeding had weakened bodies and overcrowding had developed dirt and vermin, that the disease was called the “poor man's plague.”

Nevertheless, we can not rest easily, nor can we keep the barriers and defenses adequate, without great vigilance, while in the Orient the disease remains virulent. Always there is the possibility of plague-stricken rats reaching us in such numbers as to spread the bacilli broadcast.

Exterminating the Rats in Ships

“In Europe we are no longer so apprehensive of those fearful epidemics, but it is necessary all the same to take precautions against their introduction by sea,” says a report of the committee appointed to study ways and means of carrying on the world-wide war on rats. “It is in view of the protection of the ports that all the Powers, impressed by the gravity of the danger, promoted a meeting of the international committees of hygiene, who, after an exhaustive study of the question, decided upon the absolute necessity of exterminating the rats in all ships coming from foreign countries suspected of plague, yellow fever, etc., before the landing of the cargoes. In France, the coasts of which are continually in relation with ships from contaminated countries, a severe regulation exists in this respect, and all the rats are destroyed at each unloading. This operation is carried on at small expense and very rapidly, thanks to the employment of liquefied sulphuric acid, which gives the best results. It was through these decisive measures that France was able to check the terrible scourge which threatened to extend along the whole coast of the Riviera and that of Algeria, stopping all commerce.”

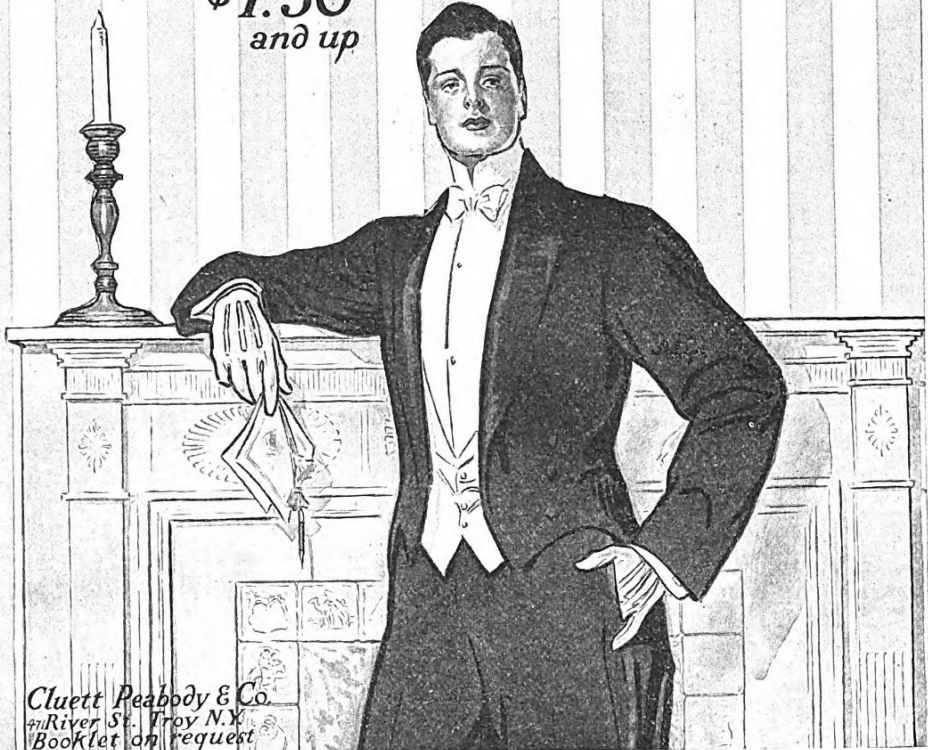
Dr. Doty, however, speaking for America, points out that defensive measures at the ports of entry of ships coming from danger zones are far from being enough. “Unfortunately,” he said, “the importance of means taken at the ports of departure is not fully apprehended,

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I. K. Felch's Mating Secret

One of the best known figures in the poultry world is I. K. Felch. Certainly success has crowned his efforts as a breeder of blooded stock. Many years ago Mr.

Felch published his breeding chart, but later, realizing its value, he withdrew it and kept the information for himself. He has now given Mr. Boyer permission to use this information, and it is included in this book.

Another well-known figure in the poultry world is George P. Burnham, and we include in this book his secret method of fowl breeding.

Secret of Fertile Eggs

Mr. Boyer has contributed all the secrets which have made him the successful poultry breeder, poultry writer and editor that he is. His secret of securing fertile eggs by alternating males we believe is worth \$100 to any big producer of setting eggs. It is something new, and the diagrammatic illustration furnished by Mr. Boyer makes the matter so plain that the novice can easily understand it.

The Secret of Feed at 15 Cents a Bushel

An enterprising poultryman has been advertising this secret for \$5.00 and pledging those who buy it not to disclose it to any one else; it has, however, long been known to a few poultrymen, Mr. Boyer among them, and the method has been fully explained in "Poultry secrets."

Of course we cannot go to the length of saying that all the information in the book is new to every one. It is said there is nothing new under the sun, and the Egyptians were hatching eggs by artificial heat centuries ago, but we do say that if any one does not think he or she is getting full value, crammed down and running over, for the money, it will be cheerfully and promptly refunded.

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Poultry Department of Farm Journal

The FARM JOURNAL for thirty years has had one of the ablest conducted poultry departments. For many years Dr. A. M. Dickie, a man well known in the older generation of poultrymen, was in charge. He was succeeded by B. R. Black, a level-headed, successful poultryman, of great common sense and ability, and on his death Mr. Boyer was put in charge—three editors in thirty years! FARM JOURNAL'S other departments but add to its value for every farm and rural home.

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- 13 The only safe way of preserving eggs.
- 14 A Secret of dressing fowls so as to do the work quickly and thoroughly.
- 15 The fancier's secret of preparing fowls for exhibition.
- 16 An exposure of the methods employed by some fanciers to kill the fertility of the eggs.
- 17 The Secret of Celery-feeding to flavor the carcass in imitation of the canvas-back duck.
- 18 Scaly-leg treatment—a remedy that really cures.
- 19 The winter egg-crop and how to get it.
- 20 How to create the ideal roasting fowl.
- 21 Fattening turkeys for market.

There are Scores of Others

either as a protection to the public health or to commerce. At the port of departure every effort should be made to carefully examine those who are about to embark, and also the members of the crew." Probably such a step as this will be taken as the international warfare gets well down to business; although the job of impressing the need for modern sanitary methods on Orientals is one that will probably prove very hard and baffling for some time. But the spirit of modern science is stirring in the East, and the chances are that the knowledge of the menace of the rat and other germ transmitters will become common everywhere in time.

The Man in the Street Can Help

Indeed, this is the only knowledge that counts—the knowledge that the man in the street can himself apply. The cooperation of individuals is the greatest weapon in the world-wide war on rats; as in the world-wide war on all the things of evil—all the creatures of ignorance and darkness—"Education" is the motto to be inscribed on the banners of the armies of science. At Bombay, when a Hindu sees a dying rat dragging himself along the street or house wall, he knows the animal is dangerous, and he takes it by the tail in order to throw it into the gutter. A fatal error—fruit of only half knowledge; for the Hindu does not know that it is not the rat but the fleas on the rat that he should fear. The Hindu must learn this knowledge, and know the necessity of trying his best to kill the living rats without touching them.

Science in the War of Extermination

Sir James Crichton-Browne says that science has so far not discovered any effectual way to rid the world of the pestiferous presence of rats. Perhaps the best method may be found in a device instituted by a celebrated German bacteriologist, Professor A. Neumann; or in a modification or improvement of his idea. He hit upon the novel and fairly successful scheme of inoculating rats with a highly contagious and deadly disease. Cultures of microbes are mixed with bread and grain, which, when eaten by the rats, set up a disease similar to malignant typhus. The rats die in about three days after contracting it; and the epidemic spreads among them with great rapidity. Professor Neumann's virus is said to possess the virtue of affecting only rodents. Live stock and human beings experienced no ill effects after being inoculated with it. So great an impression has Professor Neumann's method made in Europe that in Denmark a bill has been passed appropriating \$6,750 annually for expenditure along this line. Some of the British colonies (as seems to be shown by the dispatch from Jamaica, quoted above) are said to be employing the virus on an extensive scale. But this method has not yet been stamped with the approval of scientists generally.

In this country, the researches and practical experiences of the experts engaged in carrying on the war have resulted in the recommendation of certain positive steps which may be taken by all citizens. If you will write to the Department of Agriculture at Washington for Farmers' Bulletin No. 297, you will receive all the detailed information at present available on the subject.

How to Conquer the Enemy

In this bulletin Expert Lantz declares that trapping, if persistently followed, is the most effective method so far known of destroying rats. The improved modern traps with a wire fall released by a baited trigger and driven by a coiled spring, have marked advantages over the old forms, and many of them may be used at the same time. Those made of metal are the best, as they are less likely to absorb and retain odors or germs. Vienna sausage (*wienerwurst*) or bacon are said to be the best baits, while oatmeal, roasted cheese, sunflower or pumpkin seeds are also good. While trapping, all other foods should be removed from the vicinity of the traps, and the trap bait should be changed often. Rats are very suspicious, and baits and traps should be handled as little as possible.

A large number of methods for using poison are also detailed by Mr. Lantz; but poisoning is a method nearly always unsatisfactory, and at times decidedly unpleasant and unhygienic, because the rats die on the premises.

The best way of excluding rats from buildings, whether in the city or the country, is by the use of cement in construction. As the use of cement increases, so will the rat problem decrease in seriousness. Rats can not penetrate this material, when used in floors, walls, drains, and barns. Cement, however, is a solution for the future, rather than the present.

"The value of carnivorous mammals and the larger birds of prey in destroying rats should be more fully recognized, especially by the farmer and the game preserver," says Mr. Lantz.

This expert concludes his report and recommendations in a hopeful and constructive tone.

"By the persistent use of traps," he says, "occasional resort to poison, and the use of forethought in the construction of buildings, farmers and others may prevent the greater part of the loss and annoyance they now experience from rat depredations. The same statement applies in great measure to city and village conditions. Hence cooperation in the warfare on rats is particularly important and can not be too strongly urged."

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