



SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS for FEBRUARY 1909



Cover by WALTER DARR

New Foods for New Millions . . . Walter Weyl 75

Decorations by Guernsey Moore

My Neighbor (Verse) . . . Blakeney Gray 77

The Sky Viking (A Story) . . . Ernest Poole 78

Illustrations by Vernon Howe Bailey and J. D. Gleason

The Break-up of the Parties Charles Edward Russell 80

(II. The Democratic Party—How It Lost Its Grip)

Illustrated with Portraits

Jimmy Pepperton of Oshkazo (Serial Story) Robert Barr 83

(III. A Flutter in Real Estate)

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

On a Bronze Medal of Lincoln by Victor D. Brenner
(Verse) Frank Dempster Sherman 85

Building a Play . . . Glenmore Davis 86

Illustrations by Gerrit A. Bencker and Forbes Gordon Dingwall

The Halt from the Hedges (A Story)
William Gilmore Beymer 89

Illustrations by Laura E. Foster

The Little Mother . . . Leroy Scott 91

Illustrated with Photographs

His Big Picture, Part II (A Story). . . G. B. Lancaster 93

Illustrations by Clarence Rowe

How You Can Help Your Boy Orison Swett Marden 95

The New Surgery . . . Roland Phillips 96

Illustrated with Photographs

Mme. Melba to Operatic Aspirants . . . 102-B

For This One Day (Verse) . . . Edna S. Valentine 102-B

The Trials of an Unmarried Clergyman . . . 102-D

DEPARTMENTS

The Pulse of the World . . . Howard Brubaker 98

Point and Pleasantry (10-Cent-a-Word Department) . . . 100

The Editor's Chat . . . Orison Swett Marden 102

Pin-Money Papers (Contributed by Our Women Readers) . . . 102-C

The Well-Dressed Man. . . Alfred Stephen Bryan 105

Mrs. Curtis's Corner . . . Isabel Gordon Curtis 106

Business Hints . . . 127

Our Industries . . . 129

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

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The
Editors'
Outlook

THIS MONTH OUR READERS

"LOOK here," cried the Irishman of ancient but wholesome memory, as his horse's hoof became caught in the stirrup, "if you're going to get on, I'll get off!"

This month we get off. We surrender the "Editor's Outlook" to our readers. We never were fuller of plans, never had more to tell about, but our readers are too much for us. There is an ominous tug at the stirrup—we hasten to dismount.

"The Country Preacher"—Some Plain Talk

NEW YORK STATE.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE; *Dear Sir:*—Your two articles in December number, "The Country Preacher's Wherewithal" and "Our Billion-Dollar Smile," ought to be read by every country preacher and every layman as well. If

*Having Fun on
\$650 a year*

I could afford it I would order sample copies sent to all my laymen. My church is manned (?) by women, financed by a Ladies' Aid Society. There will be a change—not by revolution—but it will come. This is my first year here. The only two preachers in our conference who have tried to fight the old system, you describe so clearly, had so hard a time of it they almost starved mind and body. The district superintendents (presiding elders) are doing much to remedy this evil and others as bad. The sample your contributor gives is a genuine one from everyday life in rural communities. It does not matter what the denomination is called. If you can shame our laymen into some sort of activity you will do a great favor to many a struggling pastor in our rural life.

Can not very well get on without your magazine. I take others: but I cut my own firewood and walk to my outside appointments. Am getting lots of fun out of my \$650 a year.

Son will be here from college this week. I prepared him, and we financed him at first; but he is working his way through as did his dad.

It was not by design that "Our Billion-Dollar Smile" and "The Country Preacher's Wherewithal" came together in the December number. Certainly, taken together, they suggest clearly enough the modern tendency away from the church toward every imaginable kind of amusement.

If a cheerful, sturdy spirit speaks out in this "country preacher's" letter, there is a big heart in the one which follows.

MISSOURI.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE; *Dear Sir:*—Will you please refer this letter to Robert Haven Schauffler, the contributor to your magazine this month of the article "The Country Preacher's Wherewithal." I want very much to know if the minister he mentions, who can afford only five cents a year for his favorite chocolate, is real, or only imaginary. If he is a real man, I want to send him a good big box of chocolates for Christmas. Surely, if he is a real man, it would not be betraying any confidence to let one, as far away as I, know his name and address.

Need we say that the above-given letter was written by a woman? Here is another woman's letter; and if any woman ever wrote a fairer, more honest letter to the editor of a magazine we do not remember seeing it.

TEXAS.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE; *Dear Sir and Friend:*—I am a life subscriber, and, at all times, an interested reader of "our" excellent magazine.

I am delighted with Mr. Schauffler's most able article on the subject of "The Country Preacher's Wherewithal"—it is a truthful portrayal of shameful conditions that exist, not only in country churches, but, in Texas, at least, in most of our larger towns. From the fulness of

my heart do I speak for (with becoming shame do I say it) I am one of the "hardened dowagers" of whom Mr. Schauffler speaks—in truth a very ring-leader in digging up "schemes." But Why? I want Mr. Schauffler to give us more—plenty more—it's needed; but I want him to tell us which is cause and which effect. Have the men taken a back seat because the women are able to raise necessary finances, or have the women been forced to the

position of leaders because the men have so ingloriously fallen by the wayside?

I believe that a great number of women who are now taking the initiative would be only too glad to assume the rôle of "clinging vine" were the "sturdy oak" only a more reliable support. However, when the aforesaid "sturdy (?) oak" sinks into innocuous desuetude, what is the poor vine going to do? Fall with the oak, or, given strength by a consciousness of the extent of the need of effort, rise to the emergency and raise money as best she may, yea, even by the obnoxious scheme, only adopting the means that she may secure the end.

Three cheers for Mr. Schauffler and his exceedingly clever article! I've enjoyed every word, only ask him not to be too hard on the poor women who are only taking up the work of the "lords of creation," because they have "piked." If the opportunity arises when it would be opportune, through your columns, to defend the misguided though zealous sister, please give me a chance.

P. S. Allow me to take advantage of a woman's prerogative, and say, by way of postscript, that, even from the viewpoint of one of the offenders, we are not, as a class, altogether lost to a saving sense of the eternal fitness of things, and are eager to reform. Please have Mr. Schauffler tell us how to proceed.

Some readers feel that Mr. Schauffler has not fairly represented the conditions as they exist. The following letter, from an Iowa minister, has already been answered on this point, and will be answered again by some which follow it; but it is altogether too interesting to omit.

IOWA.

I have been preaching for twelve years, have been in small country towns part of the time, and can speak both from experience and from close observation and inquiry among the Methodist preachers and those of other denominations, and can say that the article is overdrawn enough to belong among the cartoons of the comic supplement. Of

*This Minister had
Better Luck*

course I do not deny that there are such cases as he tells about, but he leaves the impression that they are general.

My experience has been in the West, and if the East is as he painted it, I am as far east as I want to get.

My first charge was in a town, in Nebraska, of 350 inhabitants, and I received \$700 cash and a seven-room house, and they never asked a question as to the use I made of the money, and always paid from money raised, I remember, by the subscription plan. I had very little to do with the finance, as we had a Board that raised the money and put it in the bank, where I received a check for it the first of every quarter; and I never went to Conference without my money. . . . I stayed three years and moved because I was offered a better place in a country seat of two thousand people, where they paid one thousand dollars and had a better house for parsonage. The money there was raised by subscription too, and at the next place there was a rule in the Board and church that no money should be raised by any other plan; that is, that they should not have any pay socials, or any such device for raising money; this reform had been brought about by a reformed traveling man who had turned his business talents to preaching; I remained in this place two years, and most of the money came easy, by the envelope method of collection.

For health reasons I then transferred to Oklahoma. My first place was pioneer in the extreme, and there was very little money of any kind, and the ladies did raise some for buying lots and paying expenses by the social method; but the money I received on salary was by the straight payment method. And we had men in the church, too; in fact the official Board, in every place I have been, has been composed of men most exclusively. From this place I went to a university town, and there they raised the money by the envelope plan, and while the church was weak, and struggling as they have to in new countries, they paid me, and we had men in the church, too.

From there I went to a city of 15,000 where the method was that of subscription and envelope. My Board was composed of some of the best business and professional men in the city, and of course the business took on a businesslike form. A bank cashier was treasurer, and the money was paid by cashier's check every week or month, as I desired, and I had books and men both.

In my present church they have always prided themselves on paying the preacher and meeting all bills, and it is very difficult to get a woman to take part in the Board meetings here, as it has been in every church where it has been my lot to . . . They are good in attending church, but as to . . . ness, the men only will do that. . . . Your w . . . said some good things, and I want to say he sh . . . be sent to visit the churches in the West and M . . . West. Your Eastern men examine condition in the East and think to speak of the whole country, when you are as ignorant of the conditions in . . . se sections as if they were in mid-China.

There is all too much barrenness in the ch . . . and it may be out of . . . with the world, but pl . . . the church is what m . . . Sunday-schools, missio . . . colleges . . . as they do.

There may be some places . . . ere one man . . . grip on the church and a muffer on the pulpit, it will only take one good virile man in the pulpit to break this up and put the Lord in charge, and usher in a reign of democracy.

. . . As to how Christ would run seminaries and train young preachers, I do not know, but I am grateful that I wanted to be a banker until I was through with my post-graduate work in the university, and had studied under the masters in sociology, and that I never saw the inside of a theological seminary. The people seem to want the kind of sermons I am able to dig up, and to grow spiritually fat under them.

P. S. Mr. Editor, Pardon me for the time taken, but will it be too much to get the opinion of your advisory staff, as to why more men do not attend church services? Is it because the Sunday newspaper has come in, or because the pulpit is throwing a light out like a candle light on a Greek root at midnight.

That was long, but keen and interesting. The next one goes even more directly to the point, and, like most of the others, falls in with Mr. Schauffler on the salary and money-raising problem.

MICHIGAN.

Gentlemen:—I was greatly pleased to read your article, "The Country Preacher's Wherewithal," in the December number. I am one of the class, and feel that Mr. Schauffler hit it off very nicely. I have been on my present charge three months and have received an average of seven dollars a week in cash, and one dollar a week in provisions.

I early requested the Ladies' Aid to drop all "schemes" and am now busy working out a plan that I believe is Scriptural and which I expect to begin the first of the year. Quite a few of the Ladies' Aid think I am crazy, and I have wished that some good fairy would place your article before them.

Many who write us want to help.

IOWA.

The article on "The Country Preacher's Wherewithal," in the December number, should be issued as a tract and distributed by the million. There are many places where it would do good. There

*Suggests a Circulating Library
for Clergymen*

are churches not so far gone from original righteousness but that that article, generally read and discussed by the members, would go far toward bringing them to repentance. But the article suggested to me this thought: Why can't SUCCESS MAGAZINE establish the philanthropy of a "circulating library for destitute clergymen, with all express charges paid"? If you will call for subscriptions to such a fund I believe there would be a most gratifying response on the part of your readers. Let the books be selected by men who know the needs of the country preachers. Let Dr. Buckley, Amos R. Wells, Washington Gladden, Graham Taylor, Shailer Matthews, Bishop Galloway, Lyman Abbott, or other men of their class, be permitted to select part of the list, so it will be the sort of library that will be wanted, and be serviceable.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Was greatly interested in the article in December issue relative to the ways of raising ministers' salaries. Hope you will follow up that Methodist minister and see that he gets a square deal.

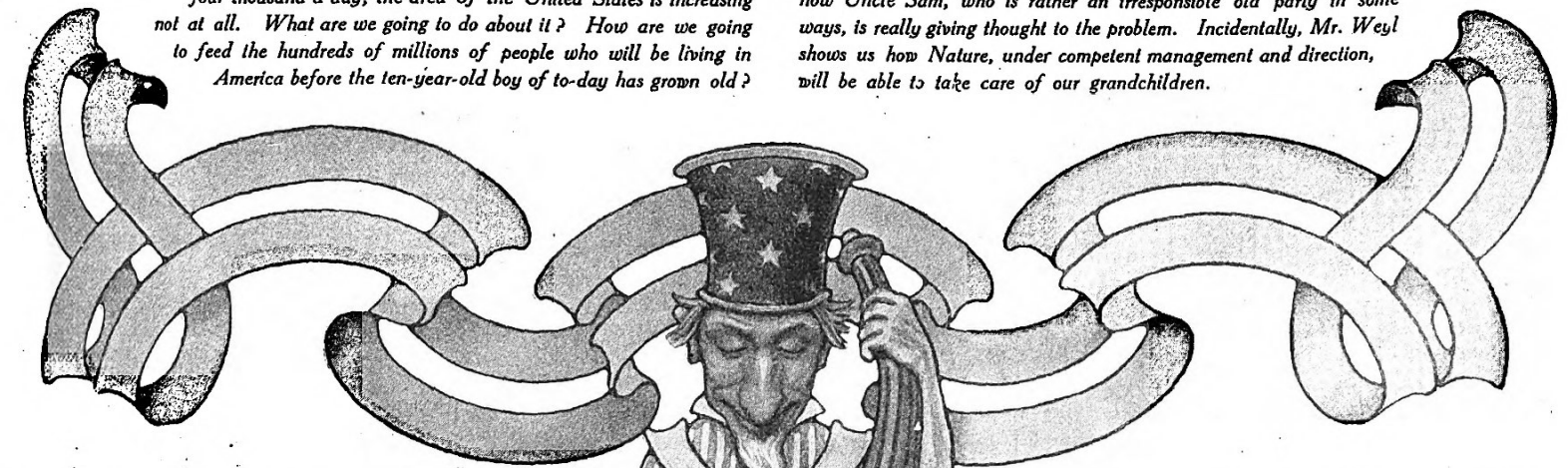
NEW FOODS for NEW MILLIONS

By WALTER WEYL

Decorations by GUERNSEY MOORE

THE population of the United States is increasing at the rate of four thousand a day; the area of the United States is increasing not at all. What are we going to do about it? How are we going to feed the hundreds of millions of people who will be living in America before the ten-year-old boy of to-day has grown old?

In this article Walter Weyl shows, in his happy, optimistic vein, how Uncle Sam, who is rather an irresponsible old party in some ways, is really giving thought to the problem. Incidentally, Mr. Weyl shows us how Nature, under competent management and direction, will be able to take care of our grandchildren.



IN THE good old days Uncle Sam had a very small family. He had only four million children when the Constitution was adopted and President Washington was inaugurated. Only four million—the present population of New York City. No wonder Uncle Sam was lonely!

To-day that is all changed. Now there are eighty-eight millions, males and females, adults and children, white and black and yellow and red, native and born in foreign climes. Eighty-eight million children to provide for, and that not counting some eight million Filipinos nor an odd million of Porto Ricans, stepchildren at best.

The Family Is Growing Fast

Moreover, the family is still growing. To-morrow at this hour, the population will have increased by four thousand, next month by one hundred and twenty thousand, next year by a million and a quarter, or even a million and a half. Some of these will be adopted children, for Uncle Sam, in the noble age of paternity, opens his arms to surplus populations of over-filled lands. Others will be of Uncle Sam's own flesh and blood, for, despite the alarming cries of race suicide, the cradle manufacturers have not gone out of business. The family of Uncle Sam is bound to increase.

Now, a good, wise father does not dream of more children without some possible means of supporting them. A father, like a husband, should be a "good provider." But Uncle Sam, in the face of his swarming children, has still only the same old land and the same old resources—a little the worse for wear—and no immediate chances of increasing the size of his farm. Is the paternal gentleman to sink into the unfortunate predicament of a certain old woman who lived in a shoe, who had so many children that she was hopelessly perplexed? That, at least, is what many of his children fear.

From whatever point of view you look at it, there is a problem here; the problem of finding new foods for new millions. There are going to be new millions; in fact,

new hundreds of millions. Were we in the twentieth century by any chance to gain in population as rapidly as in the nineteenth, there would be in the year two thousand, in the lifetime of children already born, a good-sized family of one billion and ninety-seven million children to support. Even if we are more moderate in our increase, we shall still have upon our hands some two or three hundreds of millions, and each individual of all these hundreds of millions will be as hungry, as cold, as desirous of good things as are we who now eat and drink and have our being. Where are the food and the clothing and the shelter and the good things, material and spiritual, to come from? Can Uncle Sam grow them all on the old farm?

Uncle Sam is not worrying. He is saying to himself that somehow or other he will manage with his enlarging family as he has in the past. He recalls that in 1620, when the Pilgrim fathers first landed, there were in all the broad land only two hundred and fifty thousand Indians—braves, squaws, and papooses—and that many of them starved. Uncle Sam's five million children of a century ago lived far more comfortably than did the quarter of a million of Indians, and his eighty-eight million children to-day live far more comfortably than his five million children of a century ago. Though there are more clamorous mouths at the dinner-table, there is more for each mouth. It is the miracle of the loaves and fishes on a big scale.

It is because of science and progress, education and improved industrial organization, that Uncle Sam has escaped worrying. Just how many children he should have is becoming with him a mooted question; he is weighing quality in children against quantity, and wondering whether he could n't perhaps give more personal attention to each of his offspring if there were only a hundred or two hundred million of them, instead of twice or thrice that number. But, few or many, small family or large, one thing is perfectly clear in his mind: he must



provide. There must be new food and plenty of it for new millions.

To find more food for future Americans we must discover America. We used to think that this had been done for us some four centuries ago by one Christopher Columbus. But suppose that Columbus had left the work uncompleted; suppose that as much more remained to be discovered.

At the present time, Americans are getting their food and the food of millions of Europeans and Asiatics from eight hundred and forty-one million acres of arable land. We are going to find another eight hundred and forty-one million acres. Not in Canada. It may happen that, in the coming century, Canada and the United States will unite in a newer nation, so that the wheat-fields of Alberta and Manitoba may be ruled by the same laws as those of Minnesota and the Dakotas. But apart from Canada, apart from any *geographical extension* of the United States, we are going to increase our productive area. We shall trench upon the desert, we shall irrigate upon the one hand and plow the unwatered desert upon the other; we shall reclaim our swamp-covered lands, and turn useless into productive soils. Most important of all, we shall convert lands of small productive into lands of large productive capacity. If without any great increase in capital or labor we double the amount of wheat and corn and oats and fruits and meats and cotton that can be grown upon our eight hundred and forty-one million acres, shall we not in effect be adding a new eight hundred and forty-one million acres to our area? Shall we not by taking thought add to our stature?

Something like this is being done. Year by year we are creating new plants, new fruits, new trees, or are modifying and improving old varieties. We are adding to the efficiency of the farmer and to the productivity of the farm. We are making two grains grow where one grew before. We are extending our area by bringing irrigation into the dead desert, and, even without water, are raising drought-resisting crops. We are learning how to farm the air, how to draw upon the exhaustless aerial supplies of nitrogen, and, by the aid of friendly bacteria in the soil, convert it into food. We are studying the composition of soils, inoculating them, making them fertile. As we fit the soil to the plant, so also we fit the plant to the soil, taking the round pegs out of the square holes and the square pegs out of the round holes. Finally, we are waging relentless war against all the enemies of plants and domestic animals, enlisting insects to destroy evil vegetable parasites, and birds to devour inimical insects.

Saving the Food We Have

One way to provide new food is to save what we have. An apple or a grain of corn saved is an apple or a grain of corn gained. Upon all the growing products of the earth an incessant war is waged by hostile insects and plants. Some of these pests are animal—flies, mites, caterpillars, etc.—others, like rusts, mildew, bunt, smut, and mold, are low forms of plant life. But whatever their nature, origin, or method of work, the total destruction wrought by these pests amounts in the United States to no less than seven hundred million dollars annually.

Now, seven hundred million dollars may not be a large sum, though it compares measurably with our total annual national expenditures and is more than six times all the interest annually paid on all mortgages on all the twenty billion dollars' worth of farms in the United States. But, if we could save these seven hundred million dollars, we should increase our total income from farms by almost a fifth, and we could easily increase the population fed by some ten or twenty million.

We have already begun in this way to save a good many millions. We have drawn upon chemistry, we have invented sprays and washes, fumigators and insecticides, and have used them with varying success. Sometimes we fail. There was once a contest between the People of Massachusetts and a caterpillar, and after expending eight million dollars and infinite patience, the People gave in and the caterpillar won out.

Every day, however, the American farmers learn more about their minute enemies and the way to combat them. Mycologists and entomologists spend laborious lives studying the habits and habitats of pests. The Department of Agriculture, the agricultural experiment stations, and isolated scientists throughout the country, devise new ways and means of putting an end to these ceaseless ravages.

In the early history of California fruit raising, the industry was threatened by a tiny scale, which destroyed foliage, blossoms, and fruit. At first on a single plant, the scale multiplied with enormous rapidity, and soon the whole cit-



rus fruit industry was affected. All efforts to destroy the scale were futile; you could spray the whole Pacific Ocean upon the orchards without seriously interfering with the comfort of this indefatigable parasite. Finally, when the shipments of California oranges had sunk to about one-tenth of their normal volume, the savior of the fruit trees arrived.

She was an Australian, a tiny, red insect, answering to the name of *Vedalia cardinalis*. She was no amateur scale destroyer, having been in the business for myriads of generations, and her methods were simple and efficacious. She sought out the scale, devoured it, grew fat upon it, and the more scale she found, the more she prospered and multiplied. It was a beautiful instance of virtue being its own reward.

Other pest destroyers have other methods of work. Until recently, American apple growers suffered losses aggregating tens of millions of dollars from the malevolent operations of the worm of the codling-moth. It was found that the Spanish orchards were almost immune from these ravages, and, upon investigation, it was discovered that the worm was there destroyed by a slender, wasp-like fly. Notwithstanding our laws against contract laborers, this fly was imported, and it soon began to bore into trees thereby killing the codling worm and depositing its own eggs in the warm body of its enemy. The California Horticultural Commission, the foster parent of this useful fly, sent it out wherever it was needed, until the pest began to disappear.

Every year the Department of Agriculture answers thousands of inquiries as to the best manner of combating pests. Often it is necessary to obtain a more resistant variety of the plant attacked; at other times a specific enemy of the particular pest is used to destroy it. Year by year the warfare against these minute enemies of useful plants is fought with more knowledge and success, and, in time to come, hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of food will be saved by destroying the food's enemies.

Nature Under Competent Direction

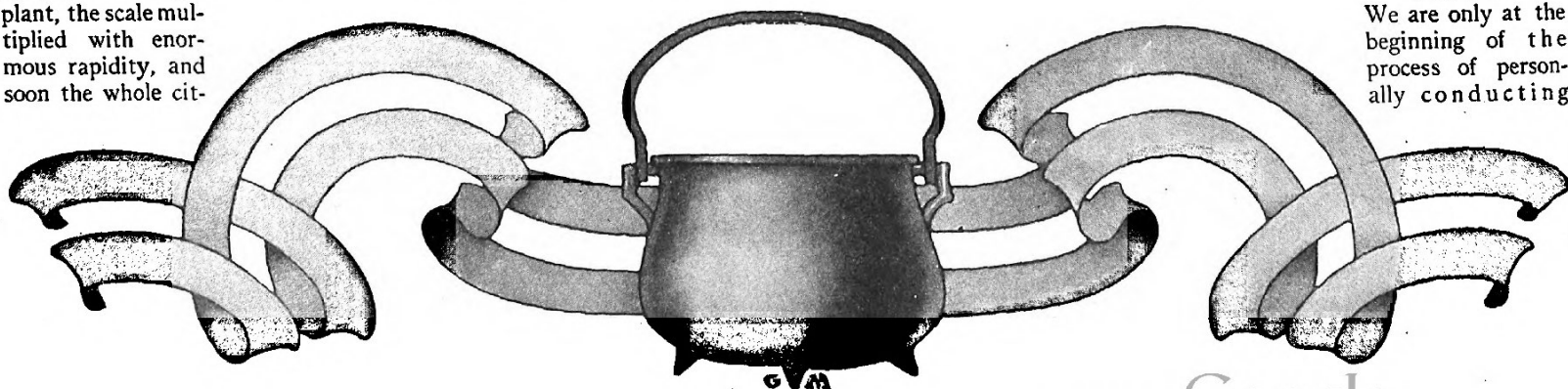
But for every dollar saved in destroying the enemies of plant life, there will be ten dollars gained in inventing new plants. It seems presumptuous to invent new species, to add to the forms of plant life and multiply and improve, to issue our fiat and cause new varieties to exist. But we do it. We create new wheats able to withstand great colds, new corns rich in fats or in proteids, new potatoes with a larger sugar content than ever before, new berries, crosses between dewberries and raspberries—new fruits and plants and grasses and trees never before seen upon the planet. We have the white blackberry, the plum-cot—a union of plum and apricot—a pitless plum with the flavor of a Bartlett pear; another plum with a rare, bewildering fragrance; a walnut with a shell so thin that if unprotected it will be destroyed by the birds; a walnut without the bitter tannin in its meat.

We have hundreds of new varieties of grains, apples, pears, plums, peaches, cherries, quinces, and grapes; we have pie-plants with leaves four feet in diameter and bearing every day in the year; we have a sugary prune three times larger than the ordinary French prune; we have the pomato, a new fruit growing upon the top of a potato; and we are soon to have a thornless and spicuously edible cactus, that may be eaten by man or beast, and which, according to its father the plant-breeder, Luther Burbank, will convert the cactus from an enemy to a friend of man, and will populate the desert and enrich the world.

We begin to grasp the significance of some of these changes when we study the claims of the men who invent new plants. The old cactus, grown by blundering old Nature, was an inedible, woody, dwarfed plant, protected from all eaters by thorns, and with no virtue except that it could get along without much water. The new cactus is produced by Nature, as directed by Luther Burbank. The woody part and the thorns, into which so much plant energy was uselessly invested, have been bred out, and new food values have been bred in. It is claimed that the new cactus will produce in three years as much as six hundred pounds of food. If the new cactus can profitably be grown upon a larger part of the hundreds of millions of acres of desert land and semi-arable steppes in the world, new food will be created for untold millions. "The population of the globe," says Mr. Burbank, "may be doubled, and yet in the immediate food of the cactus plant itself, and in the food animals which may be raised upon it, there would still be enough for all."

In other words, Mr. Burbank believes that in the cactus alone there is new food for a new sixteen hundred million people.

Nor is this all. We are only at the beginning of the process of personally conducting



Nature. Nature, of course, is very wise. She has been working for millions of years to produce an earth, which, although perhaps not always entirely comfortable, is at all events a very satisfactory piece of workmanship. In fact, the more one studies the marvels of the great universe, in which our earth and our sun are but specks of dust, or the little universe of the microscope, in which a drop of water is a vast immeasurable world, the more one reverently wonders at the infinite bigness and littleness, and sameness and difference, and beauty and ugliness, and cruelty and beneficence, and economy and waste of it all.

But Nature is admittedly slow. You become slow when you have a thousand centuries in which to make one slight change, and other jobs will bide their time. And the twentieth century man, especially the twentieth century scientist looking for new foods, is in a hurry, and has got to be in a hurry. So he takes the fruits and flowers and grains and trees of the Old World and breeds them. He forces the most astounding marriages, unites plants that one would suspect of a mutual ineradicable antipathy, and in the place of natural selection—the great law of wild life—he establishes artificial selection, which is a thousand times faster and a thousand times better adapted to human needs. Out of ten thousand plants of a given variety he selects one for his purpose, and out of this one's thousands of progeny he again selects one, until he has forced Nature to do his will. That is why man in his search for food, and shelter, and beauty, has transformed Nature; has made trees to grow three times faster than Nature ever demanded; has made daisies with blossoms half-a-foot in diameter, dahlias with the odor of magnolia, lilies with the fragrance of a Parma violet, verbena with the odor of the trailing arbutus, and has taught obdurate gladiola to bloom around the whole stem instead of upon one side only as in former aeons.

The plant-breeder must study Nature and learn from her and accept some of her limitations; but if he do this, and have wisdom, and imagination, and intuition, and a desire to aid mankind, and, above all and beyond all, and over and over and over again, if he have patience, he can transform the world in which we live, and sow the limitless air and the untouched resources of the soil for enormous new bases of food and clothing and shelter and civilization.

Tailor-made Soil

Sometimes by breeding and selection you can make a new plant fit an old soil. If your land is too dry or too cold to raise the wheat that you have been accustomed to grow, you may find a new wheat, hardier, more resistant, and less exigent. Wheat is one of the most conservative of grains. It fertilizes itself, and does not, unless man interferes, marry out of its own narrow circle. But new wheats have been bred to withstand cold and aridity, to multiply more rapidly, to give more and better food to the acre. New wheats in Minnesota and the Dakotas have given as high as forty-seven bushels to the acre, while older wheats growing by their side have given no more than twelve or fifteen bushels. Two thousand new hybrid wheats are being tested at the Minnesota State Experiment Station, and one of these wheats will soon be sown in twenty million acres, and will bring to the farmer at least two or three dollars extra per acre. New oats, barley, and flax are now being extensively bred, and it is claimed that before long the average acre devoted to corn will produce fully ten bushels more



than it does to-day, which will mean a yearly addition of four hundred million dollars' worth of new food.

As the plant is made to fit the soil, so the soil is made to fit the plant. There are many millions of acres of soil unfit for cultivation that need nothing but a little inoculation. Just as by vaccination you can inoculate a child with cow-pox, so you can inoculate a soil, or at least some soils, with fertility. All that is

necessary is to import bacteria.

The bacterium is a much-abused creature. Some bacteria do indulge in the pastime of killing people with diphtheria, consumption, typhoid fever, and sundry other diseases, but other bacteria lead modest, quiet, laborious lives. Such self-sacrificing bacteria are they of the soil. They make their home in the earth, drawing their sustenance from the nitrogen in the air and converting it into soluble nitrates which are taken up by the plant and help to enrich it. These bacteria do not mind being crowded; upon one grain of soil, which is about a twenty-eighth of an ounce, no fewer than 1,618,000,000 bacteria were found, and of these not one complained of lack of space. Upon the roots of beans, clovers, peas, vetch, alfalfa, and other plants, are little bunches or tubercles, the homes and cemeteries of billions and billions of bacteria, all fructifying the earth and adding to our food supply.

We have now learned that much earth is infertile because of the absence of these bacteria. We have discovered by taking a little bacteria-laden earth and planting it about the seeds, say of the soy-bean, on infertile soil, that the old soil will become bacteria laden, and will not only become fertile itself, but may also be used to make other lands fertile. There is much about soil inoculation that we do not yet know, but we do know that, in the future, it will mean a great increase in our productive area, and a larger product per acre cultivated. Soil inoculation will mean new foods for new millions.

The Government on the Job

In all this work of encouraging the old soil to do its best, the United States Government through its Department of Agriculture is contributing its part. And the results obtained are truly marvelous. From 1899 to 1902, the department brought durum wheat to this country from Russia and Africa. Now a crop of thirty million dollars grows in regions of low rainfall, where formerly a steer required twenty acres for his annual sustenance. Where once were the prairie-dog and the untamed cactus is now grown the durum wheat, and not only is this grain of the desert made into bread and macaroni for Americans, but it is also, exported in great quantities to foreign lands.

Beet sugar is another crop that the Department of Agriculture has fostered and encouraged. In 1891, we produced six thousand tons of it; to-day our production is over five hundred thousand tons. Alfalfa, which was once unknown, now adds one hundred million dollars to our new foods. It is a forage plant with an immense capacity for taking nitrogen from the air and improving the soil. It grows two and one-half tons to the acre, which is twice the average for all kinds of hay, and, moreover, it is more nutritious than other hays. No wonder that it sweeps eastward in its pacific conquest until it has reached the eastern borders of Kansas! No wonder that the Department of Agriculture estimates that its further extension will be worth hundreds of millions

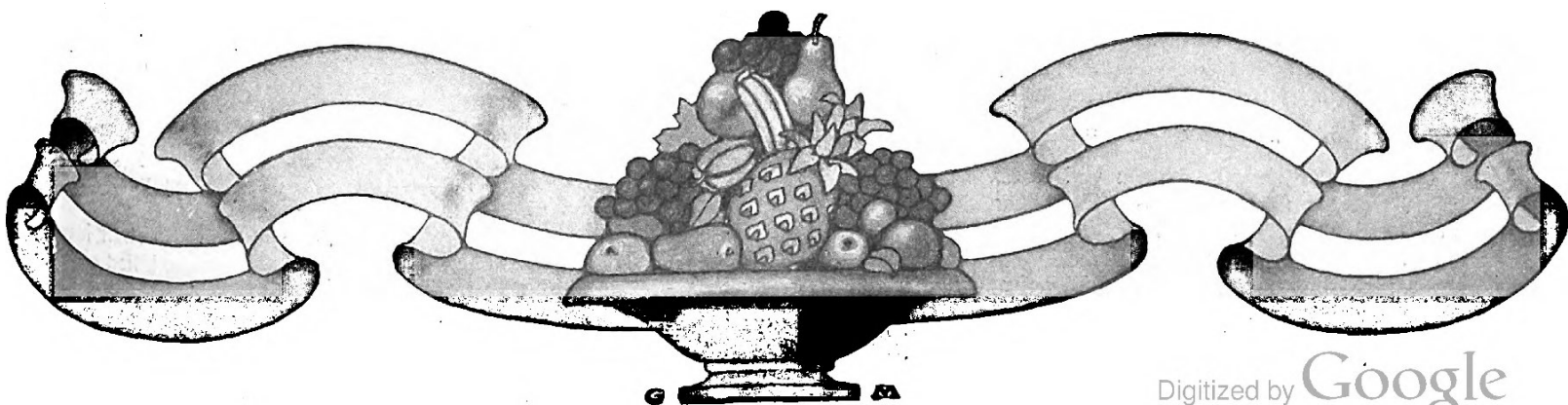
[Continued on page 108]

My Neighbor

By BLAKENEY GRAY

"SET down," said he
When greeting me.
"I'm glad to see ye back. Bring up a cheer,
And set down here."
Straightway I did
As I was bid,
And taking up the most convenient chair
I drew it nigh the genial stove, and "set" down there.

We talked and laughed,
And grinned, and chaffed.
He joked with me, and till the light grew dim
I joked with him.
And when 't was o'er
I sought his door,
And walked home through the evening clear,
Convinced that he did well to call a chair a "cheer"—
'Twixt you and me
That's what they be
With whole-souled neighbors such as he.





The SKY VIKING

BY ERNEST POOLE

Illustration by J. D. GLEASON

NILS the Norwegian, steel-worker by trade, stood out on a massive steel girder looking down into the city of Greater New York.

Below, in the frosty winter's twilight, the lights were already appearing—in tier upon tier from the twinkling sky-scraper windows, in bluish arcs from the parks and squares, in up-pouring glows from narrow street cañons, in nebulous far-away masses, mile upon mile, from the pin-point rows far up the Hudson down to the low-flashing beacons at sea. Straight beneath him, Madison Square and the streets around were black with scurrying human dots, and humming, clattering, clanging.

But Nils saw none of this.

Down there, hundreds of passing faces were constantly turning upward to the square tower-like building that loomed white and dim up into the night. The top-most stories were still but a grim open frame of columns and beams, and the eyes below could see black tiny figures apparently clinging or crawling about like so many flies, sharply outlined against the deepening blue of the heavens. Now and again some timorous woman caught her breath, instinctively picturing one of the figures losing his hold and whirling off into space.

But from his shadowy pinnacle the young Norwegian stood leaning out quite unconcerned, though there was a sheer drop of four hundred feet between him and the pavement. And his eyes, turned straight downward, were fixed on the twenty-ton beam of steel that was rising up out of the void below, twisting and tilting slowly on its cable as it came.

Nils had been born and bred in the northern fjords. Five years he had been a sailor, as his forefathers had been for ages before him. Then, caught by the emigration tide, he had come with his mother and Halvor his brother to New York. And here in two years he had already found his place. Up in the winds of the open sky he seemed to fit in, seemed made for the work as a miner seems made for the bowels of the earth—tall and lean, with heavy shoulders, hands in ragged buckskin gloves, his flaxen hair blown back, his coarse blunt visage burned brown by the sun, making his eyes seem doubly blue. As he looked down into the night, he was carelessly humming a gay little ballad, a ballad as old as the Norsemen.

The beam rose close. Behind him a man jerked a rope, a gong clanged in the engine-room thirty-one floors below, the engineer pulled his lever, and up here the beam stopped in mid-air. Nils leaned forward, took a grip on the cable and stepped out onto the tilting mass. Another jerk on the bell rope, and up he went into the night. Slower and slower. The bell-rope signals came now in rapid succession, until at last the beam hung just between the tops of the two great upright columns. Cautiously the young Norwegian crept out along his ponderous air-ship, his weight having no more effect than that of a fly. Slowly he reached out; he grasped the column before him; as his craft swung into position he jammed his long slender "spud wrench" into two rivet holes, and the beam was safely anchored to its seat in the column. Back he crept to the other end, where the process was repeated.

He sat there for a moment, wiping the sweat from his brow, his feet dangling into space.

All at once into his strange blue eyes crept an uneasy look. His broad face slowly set in a scowl; and he turned and stared up at the stars.

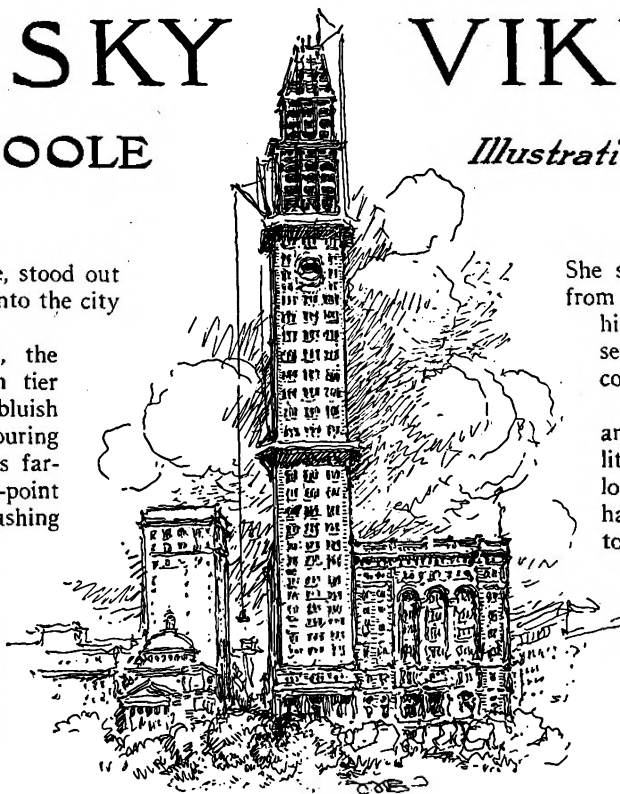
A half hour later, down in the street, he pulled his slouch hat over his eyes and strode away swinging his pail. As he crossed Madison Square at its merriest hour, he seemed to notice the city's gay life no more than he had from his perch in the skies; seemed drawn straight on, as though under a spell. His face was set as before.

* * * * *

In certain streets of the city, if you will watch the windows up over the shops, you will find many mysterious signs. These signs, as the peoples of Europe pour into New York, are swiftly increasing. They are here by hundreds now.

The Norwegian stopped under a second-floor window where hung a black sign with white stars in the corners and in the center the words: "Madame Zingari, Clairvoyant."

She heard his heavy step on the stairs, rose quickly and drew the red curtain, turned the gas-jet low, and lighted a dim little copper lamp.



Sketch of the Metropolitan Tower by Vernon Howe Bailey

She sat down beside it, lifted a ponderous book from the table, and, as she pored over the strange hieroglyphics that crowded the pages, her eyes seemed to fill with prophetic light. Only the corners of her lips twitched slightly.

He had to stoop as he entered. Awkward and dazed, doubly huge and uncouth in the little room, he stood turning his hat in his hands, looking slowly about at the tawdry Oriental hangings. Furtively, at length, his eyes turned to her face. She seemed not to notice his presence.

Her dusky, aquiline features, framed gipsy fashion in kerchief of silver and gold, were still young and exceedingly striking. Only in the dull flush on her cheeks, the delicate wrinkling lines round her eyes, the nervous set to her brows, there was something over-intense and strained—a look common enough in Manhattan. But to the simple Norwegian she seemed of another world. And so she was—made by her

dark, stuffy room, as the giant was made by his job in the skies. She looked suddenly up, and smiled. Her voice was low and clear, with only a slight foreign accent:

"You went last night to the girl you love."

He nodded. Clumsily he had seated himself, and was leaning forward now, again scowling in the effort to understand, for he had been slow at picking up English. She watched him closely; saw his face darken.

"You stayed there but a short time," she said. A startled look leaped into his eyes. The woman smiled. "I warned you," she continued sharply, "not to ask her again to marry you soon. You did. And at once your sweetheart grew angry. She said, as she did the night before, that she would never be your wife till you told the secret you were hiding." A long searching look. "But you were true to me. You did not tell her."

The simple giant drew slowly back, his eyes never leaving hers. Plainly this was magic!

"Then," said the woman, "she flew into a rage and told you to leave her, never to come back!" In the tense silence that followed, she saw that look of superstitious dread slowly lift, noted the sudden warm light in his eyes. "But as you were going," she added, "the girl ran after you, held you tight, her hands on your arm were shaking, she begged you to forgive her. And you did—and the girl, broken now and pleading, begged you again to tell her the secret. How close you came to telling her then!"

Nils half rose in his chair. His face was pale. The clairvoyant's eyes still held his, laying bare his rough soul. Again she smiled:

"But you did not tell her. You broke from her and came away—as I told you to do." She leaned forward and took both his hands in hers.

"To-night," she said slowly, "your girl will grow even more angry than she was the night before. But if you give in, if ever you tell either her or your mother of me, the spell will break, and I can do nothing—nothing! Do you understand why? Because they have no faith, those women!"

In the young Norwegian's eyes rose a rebellious light.

"My girl Hedda, she feel bad," he muttered. "Bad! I don't like it so! What good?"

The gipsy woman smiled:

"What good? Was she not cruel and mocking before? And have I not made the girl love you?"

"Yes," he said eagerly, "but now—why we wait? I tell her now—we marry soon!"

"If you tell her," said the woman, quietly, "she will never marry you. She will never forgive you for coming to me. No. You must wait." Her voice sank still lower, but it was slow and distinct as before: "When her star and yours come close in the heavens, then she must marry you even though you refuse to tell. What are you? What is she? To-morrow night, in the last hour of work on your tower, you will see the stars flash out. Watch them again, as you did to-night, and you will feel weak and small. For whether you shall love or be sad, live or be killed on your tower as your father was killed on his ship at sea—all is written there in the heavens. And the writing can not be changed."

Nils glared up.

"My fadder—how you know of him?" he asked roughly. He forgot that he had told her of his father weeks before. He had told her

so many things unawares. The gipsy woman smiled and pointed to the heavy book.

"It is written here," she said. "And now to read what is written for you, I must know all you have done on your tower to-day."

She began to question him closely. And as he responded in short, gruff phrases, telling the every-day story of muscle and sinew and iron nerve and the keen relish for danger, this woman who lived in the dim, stuffy room gripped tight his hands, kept her eyes hungrily on them, their calluses, knots of muscle, and scars; and as she vividly pictured this life of his up in the elements, her nerves relaxed, the blood in her veins flowed swifter, as though the fresh, vital nerve strength of the skyman were passing from his hands to hers. She seemed for the moment a symbol of the great city around her.

Long after the giant had paid her and gone, the gipsy woman stood by her window, whence over the roofs she could see the top of the tower, rising pure and fresh into the blue-studded vault above. Her eyes grew bright.

"How new I feel!" she whispered.

And Nils went away strangely weakened.

Two months before, a friend had asked him to come and see this mysterious woman. Idly curious, he had gone; and the spell had begun that very night. For Hedda, his sweetheart, had led him a merry dance; her big lover was desperate, anxious. He had caught at a straw—and had fastened a load on his shoulders. Boundless in his strength, he had felt no drain at first, but, little by little, the image, the eyes of the gipsy had fastened on his thoughts; and he could feel the drain now. It left him tired and depressed, his mind numbed and groping.

* * * * *

When he climbed the stairs to his tenement home, his mother, a little old woman gnarled and wrinkled and brown, rose eagerly to meet him. He kissed her, turned slowly, took off his hat and his rough pea-jacket, sat down to his supper in silence.

His young brother Halvor had come and gone. Weeks before when Nils began coming home so late, his mother had scolded him roundly. But she said nothing now. By his dish at the table she had placed a small package neatly tied with red cord, for this was his birthday night.

He did not seem to see it. He ate slowly, staring across at the opposite wall, where hung an old photograph of his father. And old Maria watched her son uneasily.

She was one of those commonplace figures one sees every day on the streets of New York without a suspicion of the great vistas that make up the backgrounds of their lives. She was proud of the Past, proud of her boys. When her tenement neighbors shook their heads and told of somebody else's son killed on the perilous jobs in the skies, she only laughed. It was down here, she said, that the real danger lay, in the crowded tenement rooms or the clattering streets with the places they led to. Here was bad air. Often she would climb to the roof, fix her eyes on the tower, rising now so high you could see it from miles around, and, as she watched the black specks that crawled about on the summit, her wrinkled face would flush; and she would croon to herself the old Norse ballad that long ago she had taught to her sons, a merry defiance to winds and waves. At night she had listened hungrily to their talk; had chuckled with them over dangerous moments in the day's work, moments described with unflinching zest.

For it was fear that had killed Halvor, her husband. To-night as she knitted she glanced from Nils to the picture on the wall; and as she



caught the same look on both faces, her black eyes gleamed with impatience and dread. How she hated that gloomy old fatalism of the North. Five years ago a prediction of death had come to her husband in a dream; despite all her derision, it had stayed in his mind, preyed upon it, grown into a fixed idea. And the dream had come true. A wild March storm had caught the small fishing vessel, tossed it about for two days and nights, and then driven it onto the rocks. Only two men had reached shore alive. And when from them she learned how that feeling of doom had spread from Halvor to his crew, slowly fastening like a spell, Maria, brooding long, had grown to hate the bleak northern ocean, the fogs, the black rocks, and the deadening old superstitions.

How they came back to-night, as she anxiously watched the two faces!

"Nils!" she cried suddenly. He started, turned round in his chair. She sat bolt upright, frowning impatiently. "What is the matter? Tell me!" She spoke in Norwegian. He smiled and shook his head.

"There is nothing, motherkin, nothing." And again the silence fell between them. Maria knitted on. Slowly her face contracted. At last her big wooden needles dropped in her lap. She looked at him wistfully.

"You must go to Hedda, now," she said.

She knew Hedda had a power that she herself could never have. Hedda had no wrinkles. All day she worked hard in a Norwegian store, but it seemed that nothing could tire her out, and for her the city fairly teemed with the most wonderful sights. One summer's night, when Nils took her to Coney Island, she had made him bring his mother along; and the old woman's head had buzzed and flashed for days afterwards. If any one could break him of this gloomy nonsense, Hedda was the one. So Maria said to herself as she watched him don his fresh suit of clothes. What a thing it is to be a young chit of a girl, she thought wrathfully.

* * * * *

"To-night your girl will be even more angry than on the night before." The gipsy woman's words came back to his mind as he drew near the tenement where Hedda lived. His face set hard.

Even when he entered and found her laughing over a story which she was telling her father, his smile was grim with anticipation. He knew what a storm was about to break.

But when she saw him, Hedda sprang up, her face all aglow, and the next moment in his arms she was laughing excitedly.

"No angry times now!" she cried in Norwegian. "Keep your solemn secrets, sir! It is I who have secrets to-night!" She stamped her foot. "Will you *never* look at my dress?" she demanded. "It is new—all new! Since supper I've worn it! But what is my father? Blind as all men, blind as you!"

Up leaped her old father, and while the two male critics stood awkwardly by, Hedda turned with mock majesty round and round, watching their faces, her own comely visage convulsed with mirth. So the storm was put off for the moment, thought Nils. As he watched her, into his eyes came the pleased, intent expression of a big Newfoundland dog.

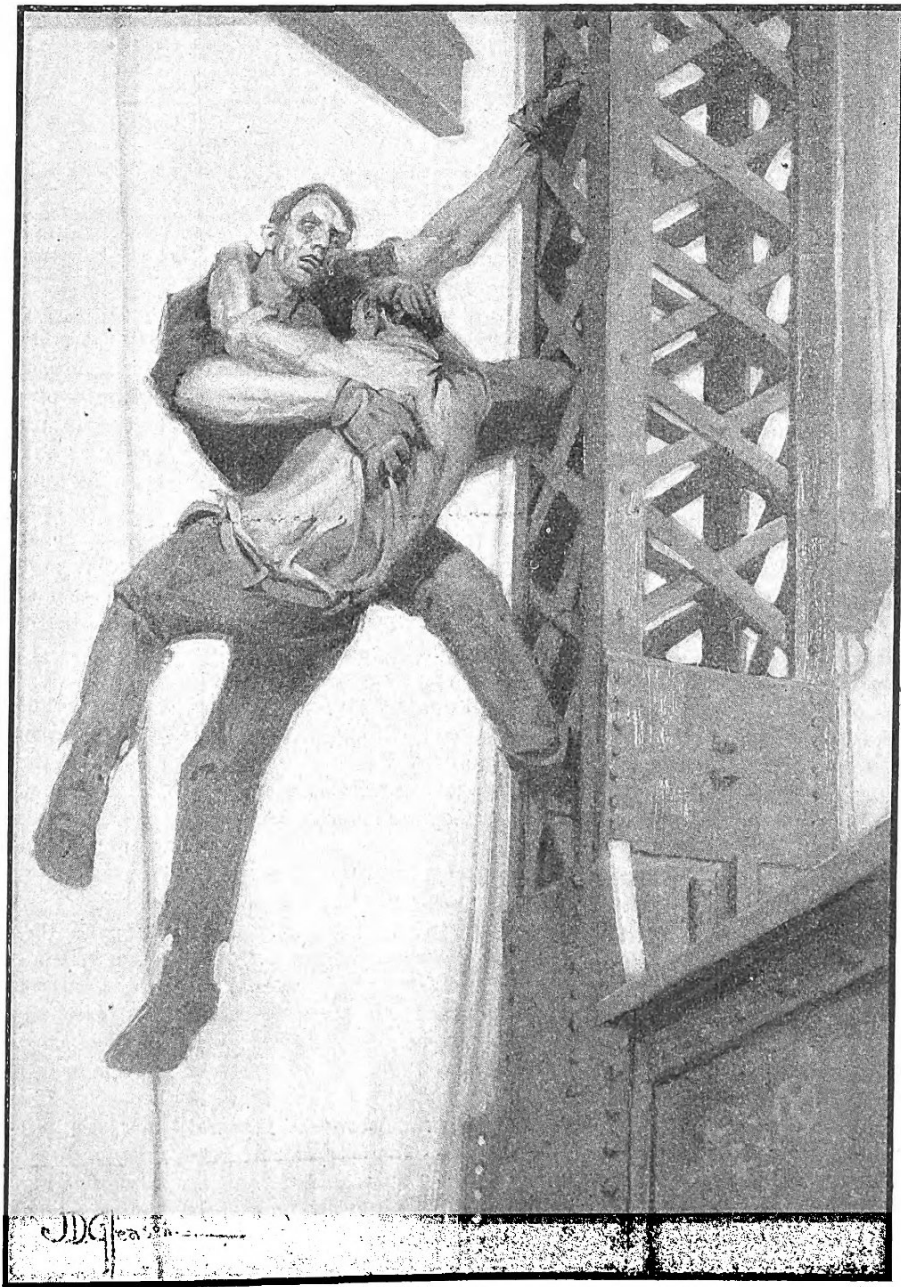
"Well?" she asked impatiently. "Does it hang right?" He spoke gravely, with a twinkle.

"The riveting is fine," he said. "It ought to hold in *any* wind."

With a look of utter disdain, Hedda turned and went into her bedroom. She soon emerged in jacket and hat.

"Not a word," she said sternly. "Come with me! This is your birthday night!"

Nils drew sharply back;



"The giant below caught him, swept him in"



ANDREW JACKSON

One of the great leaders of the old Democratic Party, but a contributor to its downfall by introducing the spoils system.

IF THE early history of the Republican Party was glorious, what shall we say of the early history of the Democratic Party?

The Republican Party saved the Republic; the Democratic Party made it.

Born of opposition to Privilege was this party no less; but the Privilege that it first hated and attacked was the Privilege of Monarchy. How swiftly and conveniently we slide over the sinister spots in history! Who ponders now the grimy fact that Alexander Hamilton's pet and insistent project was to have a king in the country? Yet so stands the record, plain as day. Or who reflects that, when, because of the steady fighting of Thomas Jefferson and his friends, Hamilton and his friends failed to secure a monarchy in name, they bent all their energies to establish one in fact? Yet this, too, is writ large in our story; and out of the conflict between the autocratic creed of Hamilton and the republican faith of Jefferson sprang up the Federalist Party on one side and the Democratic Party on the other.

Our Debt to the Democrats

Both the evil and the good men do live after them. We have in our system of government little enough of true democracy, little enough opportunity for the exercise of the people's will. What little we have we owe chiefly to Jefferson and his fellow Democrats; what checks and obstructions and archaisms in our system survive to clog and curse us we owe to Hamilton and his fellow Federalists triumphing over Jefferson's clear vision and unawed mind.

Upon the rock of this creed the Democratic Party was formed—the broad faith in man, the broadest sympathy with man's cause. Jefferson was the first advocate of a genuine and practical democracy, the first actual champion of popular government, the first man that, clearly recognizing the caste feeling as selfishness and ignorant vanity, banished it from his heart and knew that for the guidance of the state there was no wisdom but the collective wisdom of the community.

In his day all educated men were expected to feel a sense of scorn for the less fortunate: to exalt their own great gifts and talents, and to assume that the masses of men, being untutored of politeness and much degraded, were but poor things incapable of aught save obedience to their natural superiors. To Jefferson all this was the rubbish of surviving feudalism. First of all men he took and held the broad ground that the cerebral differences between man and man were not great enough to warrant or excuse the existence of any form of autocracy, and that there could be no tolerable government on this earth that assumed one power not delegated to it by the consent of the governed.

THE BREAK-UP

II The DEMOCRATIC PARTY ♦ ♦

HOW IT LOST ITS GRIP

ONE of the country's leading Democratic newspapers inquires editorially, "Must the Democratic Party die?" In this article Mr. Russell takes the position that this once great political party is in reality already dead; that it dug its grave when it departed from its ancient faith in the rights of man. If Mr. Russell's

arraignment of our two leading party organizations seems unduly severe, let it be borne in mind that he has no quarrel with the great, honest mass of these two parties, but rather with intrenched Privilege which has been able to set aside the will of the liberty-loving majority.

These ideas made for him and his followers work enough in the dawn of the American story. Man is with difficulty divorced from his idols; and Hamilton, the Englishman, was as firm a believer in divine right as ever wore dust upon his knees. He was able, adroit, and plausible, and it was by the narrowest margin that the party of Thomas Jefferson's founding (called then the Democratic-Republican Party) won its first electoral victory in 1800, and turned out the Federalist, John Adams. In the one hundred and eight years that have followed there have been twenty-seven Presidential elections, of which the Democratic Party has won thirteen. No other party in the political history of the world has lasted so long or triumphed so often. Up to and including the year 1856, of the fifteen elections since its founding, the Democratic Party had won all but three.

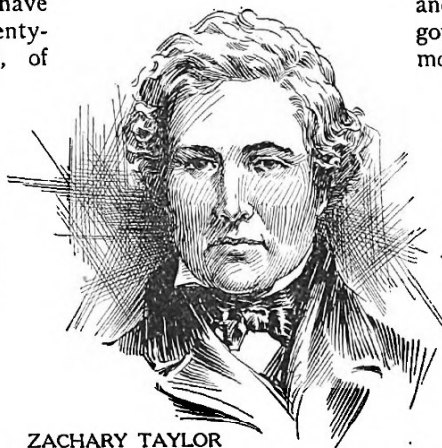
Jefferson's Party Was Invincible

Looking back now one can see easily enough that so long as the party was faithful to Jefferson's ideas and inspiration it won cleanly and without an effort; when it began to depart from the Jeffersonian creed it won for a time uncleanly and with great effort; but, as invariably happens in the affairs of men, each unclean victory generated within the party body a fatal poison that in the end was its undoing. So great was the impetus of Jefferson's teachings that the first five elections after the first triumph fell to it with hardly the lifting of a finger. There was of opposition no more than the name; the old Federalist Party was beaten to bits under that tremendous sledge; the idea of a disguised monarchy died away and with it died the party of monarchical sympathies. Too late men discovered the evils the monarchists had sown in the Constitution; yet these evils might still be mitigated by an administration conducted in the interest of popular government; and so long as Jefferson lived and inspired his successors the party was invincible.

It met with its first—and that but slight—reverse in 1824, when a quadrilateral contest of personal ambitions without a principle or issue made a choice by the Electoral College impossible and threw the election into the House, which chose John Quincy Adams, an anti-Democrat. In those days there were no party conventions, platforms, or nominations; caucuses in Congress put forth favorite candidates, but the Electoral College (then of some importance) was not obliged to vote for them. While the Democrats lost the Presidency, they still held Congress, and, at the election of 1828, Andrew Jackson, a Democrat, who had been one of the four contestants of 1824, was returned with overwhelming evidences of popular favor.

For the next twelve years, having first Jackson and then VanBuren in the Presidency and a plurality in Congress, the Democratic Party ruled the country with unquestioned sway. But meantime very great changes, some of them most subtly made, swept over our political system. The introduction of the cotton-gin and of steam machinery, having made cotton the greatest of our products, enormously developed slave-owning, slave-labor, and slave-made wealth.

Wealth, as always, spelled Power, and Power, as always, sought government, that it might make more wealth. Slave-owning was quickly erected into a great, dominant, menacing Interest, able to influence elections and to make or mar careers, and before that Interest the Democratic Party bowed itself for the sake of success. It had gone, indeed, the inevitable path. Jefferson was dead, Monroe and Madison were dead; the old essential faith in man, on which the party had stood so firmly in its youth, it utterly forgot in its prosperous maturity. Such corruption as always attends a long lease of power began



ZACHARY TAYLOR

The popular hero of the Mexican War and famous as the conqueror of Tecumseh. He was elected President by the Whigs, but died soon after his inauguration.

to eat out its heart unperceived. The Interests saw that the control of government was a broad, if miry, avenue to wealth; the business of politics began: the rich and the fortunate used the party for their greater advantage: exactly as in the case of the Republican history of later years, the very influences that the Democratic Party had been formed to combat became its masters. It had been born of intense opposition to Privilege and to the forces that enslave mankind: and Privilege had cast a spell upon it and bound it hand and foot.

The Birth of the Party "Machine"

Two events, both so small they were hardly noted, became in the end gigantic forces to complete the ruin. One was the discovery by Andrew Jackson that federal patronage could be used to strengthen party organization, to build a great political machine and to further the President's will. The other was, to all appearances, of much less moment. A man was dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope around his neck. That was all. He was the editor of an obscure weekly journal called the *Liberator*. It was a very trifling matter; scarcely any one gave to it a thought. But the man in the rope represented the faith and creed of Thomas Jefferson, and the rope that dragged William Lloyd Garrison along was the noose in which the Democratic Party of that day was hanged.

There had always been in America men that protested against negro slavery. Jefferson himself was one; no man of his times had foreseen more clearly the day of wrath to be, nor striven

of the PARTIES

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

more earnestly to avert the destined sword. But no one heeded very much until the *Liberator* appeared and its hated editor came near to lynching because he had said a few words in favor of human freedom.

Deaf to the Demand for Freedom

Then out of that day's work came other men that took their place by Garrison's side and joined in his protests. More and more these men cried aloud against the slave system. They had but the one thing to say: that human slavery was wrong, that it was absolutely and eternally wrong, that it was utterly and ineffably wrong. Steadily they said this to the nation's conscience. Among them was one of voice so clear and character so exalted and powers so great that no men not brutalized could hear him unmoved. Day by day Wendell Phillips appealed with amazing eloquence to the moral sense of his countrymen. In spite of themselves, in spite of prejudice and conservatism, they began to listen. From that appeal there was no escape; the hideousness of slavery began to be apparent, and shrewd observers saw that here was the question that would shake the nation.

In those days, as I have said, the Interests were slave-owning Interests. Being thus attacked they followed the familiar policy of attacked Interests and extended their entrenchments within the party in power.

Wealth was on that side and all that goes with wealth: power, distinction, social success, careers, gain, professional eminence, ease, glory, office, place, everything that could allure ambition. On the other side were only ignominy, ridicule, poverty, ostracism, and the chance of being lynched or shot.

Yet on that side was the cause of man for which Jefferson had founded the Democratic Party. Here was the plain issue. Shall man be free or not free? In Jefferson's breast the fire that burned was all the fire of freedom; the whole of his faith was one tremendous passion to make men free everywhere. No man ever had a broader horizon or a purer desire; he had labored for the freedom of France as earnestly as for the freedom of America; he loved freedom as other men loved women; he clung to freedom and worshiped her and sacrificed before her as other men made sacrifice before their altars. He might have said, as Swinburne said of himself,

Me that when others played or slept
Sat still under thy cross and wept.

The Party Chooses the Flesh-pots

He had founded this great party to be in America the instrument of man's freedom. Here then was the crisis. On one side were the Interests with money for campaign expenses and rewards for service done; on the other side were bare freedom and righteousness, with no reward but years of defeat and disgrace. That was the choice, and the party of Jefferson trampled upon his memory to get at the flesh-pots of the Interests.

At first, as always happens in these cases, all

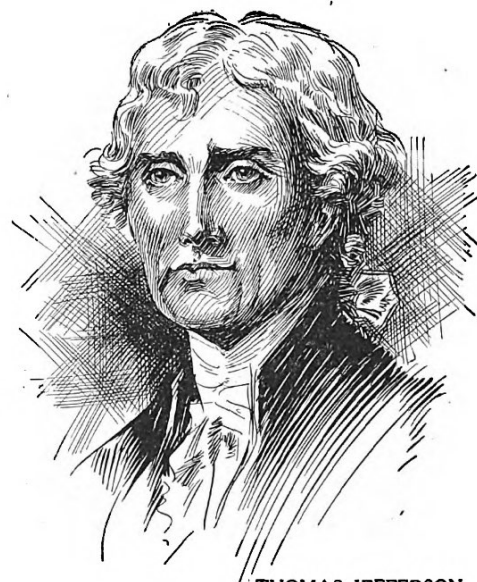
went exceedingly well. The earliest explicit surrender to the Interests was contained in the party platform of 1840, adopted at Baltimore, in which one plank opposed interference with states' rights, and another condemned the efforts of abolitionists to secure national legislation curbing the slave power. "Interference with states' rights" meant the appearance of some hesitation on the part of Northern courts and Northern officers to return slaves captured in flight; and on this point also the declaration was dictated by the slave-owners. That year the election went against the Democrats, but not because of any popular distaste for their truckling platform. What beat them was merely the period of business depression that followed the great panic of 1837. The Whigs made no other issue, and so far as slavery was concerned, they showed they could crook the hinges of the knee almost as assiduously as their opponents.

Two years later the Democrats regained the House of Representatives and at the next Presidential election, in 1844, they captured the Presidency on a platform that embodied the utmost extreme of the slave-owner's demands. It not only endorsed the platform of previous years, but it also eagerly demanded the annexation of Texas, which was a thing planned only to increase the slave-owning power. Thereupon not even the great name of Henry Clay could avail against the Interests. Nominated by the Whigs in an attempt to divert the issue to the tariff, he was defeated in the electoral college by one hundred and seventy votes to one hundred and five.

The Interests in the Saddle

After this notable victory the Interests rioted in the absolute possession of the Democratic Party (which controlled the Government), and each succeeding year saw their increasing arrogance, until no politician, north or south, dared oppose them. Into the next Democratic platform they wrote some resounding platitudes of good government, but the sense of the instrument was a defiance of any attempt to coerce the slave-power. How feeble was the opposition to the oligarchy is shown by the fact that the Whig platform consisted of nothing but personal laudation of General Taylor, the Whig candidate, and a vague declaration of conservative purpose. General Taylor was the popular hero of the Mexican War; Lewis Cass, the Democratic candidate, had no appeal to the popular imagination, and on personal grounds alone General Taylor won. But the Democrats retained the control of Congress, and at the next Presidential election, when they declared not only for slavery, but also against any agitation of the slave question, the Interests insured their success and the party held the Government for the next eight years.

But even while the Interests were riding thus triumphantly over the necks of all opposition, controlling the courts, securing decisions in their favor, passing whatever laws they pleased, nominating candidates and construing the Constitution, there were not lacking certain signs that to any careful observer must have looked ominous.



THOMAS JEFFERSON

Founder of the Democratic Party, author of the Declaration of Independence, and first American champion of the theory of collective wisdom in government.

The abolitionist agitation went steadily forward; it was based on conscience; it won daily new converts; and there now appeared in the situation a new party called Free-soilers, with an avowed purpose to prevent the spread of slavery into the territories.

Whittier Gives Voice to the Opposition

Gradually the protesting voices grew in volume; men no longer feared so much to take sides. At that time Daniel Webster was the idol of the North, and particularly of the large number of doughty persons that, having some vague general convictions of the evil of slavery, were not yet ready to stand for its abolition. Mr. Webster had a burning ambition to be President. For the sake of the slave-owners' support he betrayed the North on a question of vital issue. The time had been when men would have viewed his course as normal and wise; now there arose a cry of wrath that must have sounded ill in listening ears among the slave-owners—a cry in which there was a new note, fierce and almost savage, and out of which John G. Whittier framed "Ichabod," one of the most tremendous invectives in the English language. Finally, and above aught else, was the fact daily becoming more apparent that the Free States were outgrowing the Slave States and must eventually overshadow them.

The Party Pays the Penalty

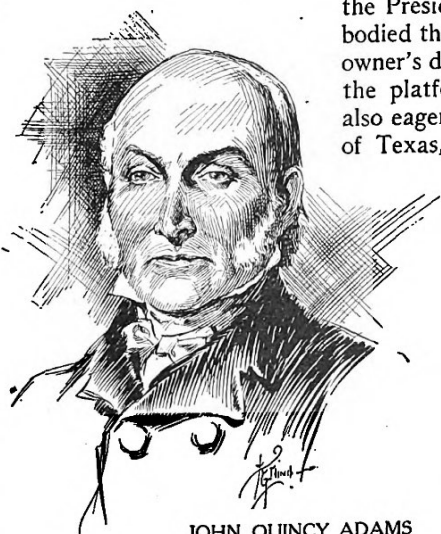
But the Interests, heeding no sign, walked their own road whither that led. They dealt out political ruin to any man that opposed them; they mobbed and murdered, they shot and bludgeoned, they scorned and mocked, they clung to their Privileges in despite of every warning, and at last they hanged John Brown.

And then the manhood of the North awoke and down went slavery and with it the party of Jefferson—that had bartered away the ark of the Jeffersonian Covenant.

Much more than overwhelming defeat at the polls comprised the desolating penalty it paid; there was extinguished from its leadership, as if by divine decree, every gleam of intelligence. But all this time the Republican Party carried with it the hopes of the people as the champion of popular government against Privilege. Presently new Interests began to arise; slowly these gained possession of the party in power; the inevitable contest created the need of an intelligently conducted opposition, until at last Samuel J. Tilden stood forth, a leader of skill, honesty, and patriotism.

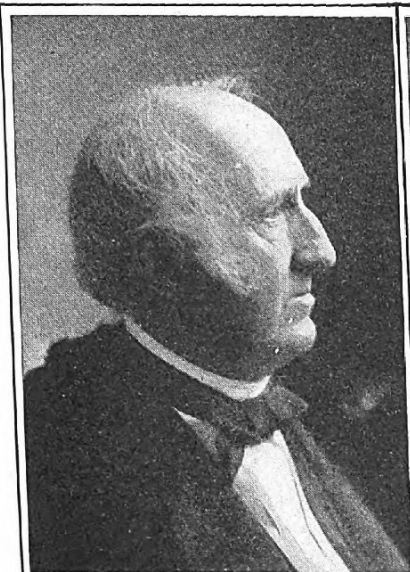
Back to the Faith

Chiefly to Mr. Tilden fell the monumental task of bringing the party from so far afield back to the original faith and of providing its management with a modicum of wisdom. But



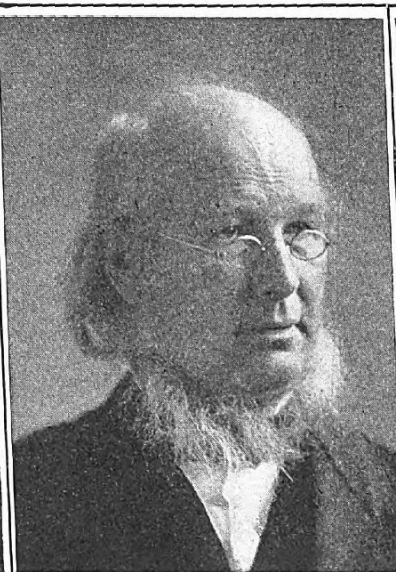
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

Son of John Adams and the first Whig to be elected President. He was one of the originators of the Whig Party.



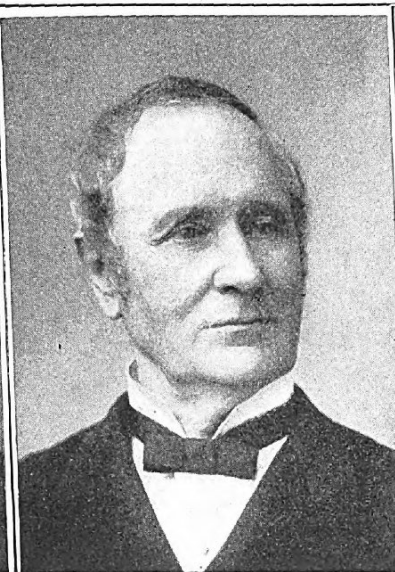
WENDELL PHILLIPS

One of the greatest of the world's orators and the most admirable of all American reformers. He was a formidable champion of abolition, and was intensely hated by the slave-owning interests.



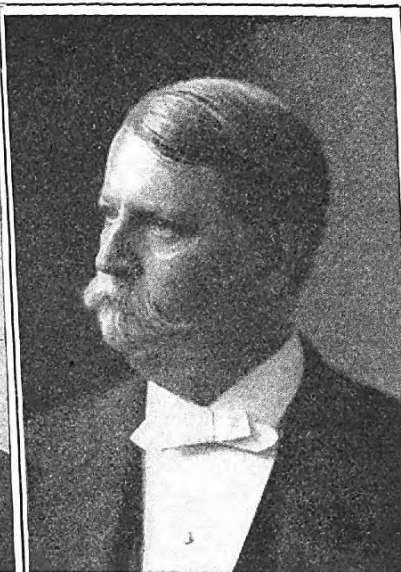
HORACE GREELEY

The famous editor of the *New York Tribune* in the days of the abolition struggle and the war. He revolted from the Republican Party and ruined his career by accepting the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1872.



THOMAS HENDRICKS

Candidate for Vice-President on the Tilden ticket of 1876. In 1884 he was a candidate for the same office on the Cleveland ticket and was elected. He had a long and honorable public career in his State, Indiana.



WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK

A distinguished corps commander of the Union Army in the Civil War. His nomination by the Democrats in 1880 diverted the true issue of the campaign and helped to secure the Republican victory.

now observe two things, both typical. So soon as the people perceived that there was a party directed in their behalf and against Privilege, they began to rally to its support, as they always do when they make that discovery or can be induced to believe they have made it. And so soon as the new Interests (which were the tariff-protected enterprises and the rapidly growing corporations) saw that a formidable enemy was arising they began to plot against it and its conspicuous commander.

Mr. Tilden prepared for the Democratic National Convention of 1876 a declaration of principles that might have emanated from Jefferson himself. With the broad doctrine of faith in popular government was combined an attack on the waxing Tariff Privilege; and the result was Mr. Tilden's triumphant success at the polls. Of the manner in which he was defrauded of his victory and of the deplorable and enduring results of that fraud we have already treated. It should be observed, however, that besides lowering the national standard of virtue, impairing the sanctity of elections, and showing the Interests how they could frustrate majorities, the success of a villainy so gross, and a crime against the Republic so huge broke Mr. Tilden's spirit and shortened his life. He alone had stood between the country and the horrors of civil war. His reward had been such a flood of vilification, misrepresentation, and abuse (cunningly engineered by the Interests) as no other man in our history has endured. Justice and wisdom demanded that he should be the party's candidate in 1880, for only so could the country atone for the crime of 1876. But Mr. Tilden had been in a manner driven in upon himself; he was broken in health and very likely in courage; the Interests had so manipulated his party that he could be named only after such a contest as he abhorred, and he declined to be a candidate.

Thereupon folly, led by Tammany Hall, which hated Tilden and all his kind, returned to its throne upon the Democratic mind. Instead of naming Mr. Hendricks, who was Mr. Tilden's natural successor and represented the issue of the fraud of 1876, the convention named General Hancock, the weakest of all the candidates, and therefore most welcome to the Interests. I suppose the leaders that insisted upon General Hancock knew why they wanted him, but as-

surely nobody else had a guess of the matter—except those that could see the puppets dallying. Yet even with an all but impossible candidate, the party would have won on the surviving impetus of the Tilden regeneration if the manufacturers had not bought Indiana and Ohio.

A Plank from the Interests' Sawmill

Most instructive is the fact, obtruding from the history of all these years, that while the Democratic Party was throwing away its chances by bargaining with the public enemy, the people were ready to place the Government in Democratic hands if only they had the opportunity. This was shown plainly in the next Congressional election, 1882, when the Democrats overwhelmingly swept the country. All signs pointing to the imminent danger of Democratic success in the Presidential campaign of 1884, the manufacturing Interests early turned their attention to the Democrats, captured certain leaders, wrote the Democratic platform to suit themselves, made for it a tariff plank that (reversing the uniform party policy) declared for protection, and, having secured themselves against any contingency, let the election take care of itself; and the Democrats won.

A Bomb in the Protectionist Camp

One thing the manufacturers had not counted upon. They had secured the Democratic leaders so that no hostile legislation need be feared, but they had not secured the mind of President Cleveland. That strange person now upset all their calculations with his epoch-making tariff message of 1887, in which, ignoring all other matters, he demanded tariff reduction to the basis of rational profits for the Interests. Thereby he decreed his own defeat the following year, for the manufacturers saw to that; but the issue he started was not settled when he was put out of office. It grew upon the country; it slowly

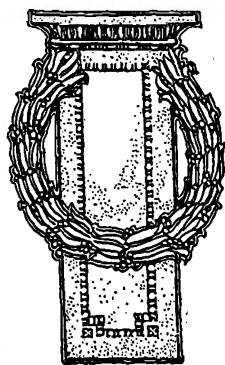
possessed the minds of thinking men; it illumined all the acts of a Republican administration that was dominated by Privilege, and it finally swept Mr. Cleveland back into the Presidency in 1892.

And now we come to a very curious phase of this story, and one to this day inexplicable to many observers. Mr. Cleveland had raised the tariff issue and forced it upon his party. Yet he was most desirous that the platform should be extremely conservative in its tariff utterance, and to that end exerted all his influence in the convention. He had a private wire from his house at Buzzard's Bay to the convention hall in Chicago, and he was continually in touch with his leaders, urging them to frame a tariff plank to his wishes. He must have been dismayed when an uncontrollable convention adopted a plank of the most radical nature and compelled him to stand upon it. Yet this was only one of his inconsistencies. To mention another, he was on record with many fervent and doubtless sincere declarations for public and political honesty; and his interests in the convention were in the hands of Mr. W. C. Whitney, who proceeded on the basis of buying what he needed and could not conveniently obtain otherwise.

The Bomb Fails to Explode

I don't know that anybody ever understood Grover Cleveland: it is charitable to believe that he did not understand himself. Certainly he must have known that the newly arisen and most dangerous Interests, the Morgan and Sugar Trust and great Banking Interests, were actively supporting him in the campaign. Yet, having been elected on the most emphatic promises of tariff reform, his first act as President was to ignore the tariff issue and summon a special session of Congress to tinker the currency according to the will of the Interests that had supported him, although the currency had not been at any time an issue in the campaign. His inaugural address resounded with eloquence in favor of the people and popular government. Yet very early he betrayed the people into the hands of their enemy by issuing the bonds demanded by a banking syndicate composed of his supporters. I think, in fact, his was the club that

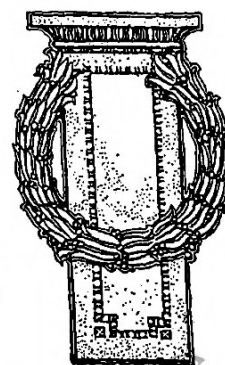
[Continued on pages 119-121]



Advice

By LEE FAIRCHILD

GO FIGHT the world, my
lad, yet know
You should remember this:
It will return you blow for blow
And kiss for kiss.



JIMMY PEPPER-TON of OSHKAZOO

HIS BUSINESS EXPERIENCES

BY ROBERT BARR

Illustrations by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

III—A Flutter in Real Estate

MR. JAMES PEPPER-TON sat in his swivel chair and meditated upon the unsatisfactory nature of success. Nothing could have been more complete than his wrecking of Armstrong's company. The craft, fully equipped to begin her voyage of piracy, lay ready in a harbor apparently safe; but the two-column article in the *Daily Courier* descended upon her as if it were a twelve-inch shell, fired by some *Dread-nought* beyond the horizon, and the doomed craft sank at her anchorage almost without giving her crew time to scuttle ashore.

There was something almost uncanny in the unassailability of Pepperton's own position in the matter. He was the person who had been treacherously used. Armstrong had taken advantage of the information given him by his daughter, and used it to come to terms with Wentworth Blake, while the managing editor, without doing Jimmy the courtesy of even discussing the matter with him, had by a tyrannical use of his power nullified the work the commercial editor had prepared for the *Dispatch*. Whatever influence Armstrong had been able to bring to bear upon Blake, the latter had proved untrue to the best interests of the newspaper under his control, had given a rival sheet the most tremendous advantage of the year, and had placed his subordinate quite unfairly in the position of being a journalist who did not know the important events going on in his own town.

Yet, in spite of being so fearfully handicapped, Jimmy had fired the shell and sunk the pirate; but no man except Higgins could testify that it was his hand which laid the gun and pulled the string. And now there had fallen silence. There was no upbraiding; no blame cast on Pepperton, either direct or by innuendo. Indeed, as had been said, no man could be sure, except Higgins, that Jimmy had been the cause of the catastrophe. Armstrong made no sign. He was lying low and saying nothing, but he must be thinking a good deal, for his own loss, through the wreck of the scheme, had been most severe. He knew, although he could not prove, that the missing of these hundreds of thousands that were almost within his grasp had been due to a young man who had pleaded but a short time before to be allowed to cooperate with him, and this knowledge doubtless did not tend to mitigate his disappointment.

Gwendoline also had made no sign, and the young man surmised that although she was probably ashamed of her father's conduct, in so far as she knew of it, her affection for her father's opponent had not increased, and now the very success of Jimmy's action had probably caused her preference for him greatly to diminish. A woman's sympathies naturally flow toward the discomfited, who in this case was her own father. Jimmy tried to telephone her, but had never been able to find her at home. He wrote two letters which remained unanswered.

Of Wentworth Blake, Pepperton saw very little. That silent man had never mentioned the article which he had canceled,

nor had he made any inquiries as to how the news reached the *Courier* at such an inopportune moment; but Pepperton felt that his precarious position on the *Dispatch* had become more insecure, and that Blake was only waiting a suitable opportunity to get rid of a subordinate who was either exceedingly clever or abominably lucky; the managing editor seemed to be in doubt which. Meanwhile nothing was happening; but Jimmy felt that he was living in a state of ominous suspense, wondering whether the blow which he knew must be coming would originate with Blake or with Armstrong.

One afternoon, when work was a little slack, he walked down the corridor of the newspaper office toward the local room, to enjoy a chat with any of the reporters who might have come in from their rounds. He was somewhat taken aback to come face to face with John Armstrong, and actually there was a smile on that strenuous man's face; a smile so unctuous that Jimmy said to himself:

"He has made up his mind, and he is just considering where he will jab in his knife."

Aloud he greeted the newcomer with well-remembered cordiality.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Armstrong. I don't think the managing editor is in at the moment, but I'll go and make sure."

"Oh, don't trouble," responded Armstrong; "it was you, and not Mr. Blake, that I came to see."

"Really?" exclaimed Jimmy, in surprise. "Then come this way to my room."

The merchant followed Pepperton, and accepted the chair the young man offered. Here John Armstrong assumed that air of bluff, outspoken honesty that so well becomes a man inclined to be corpulent.

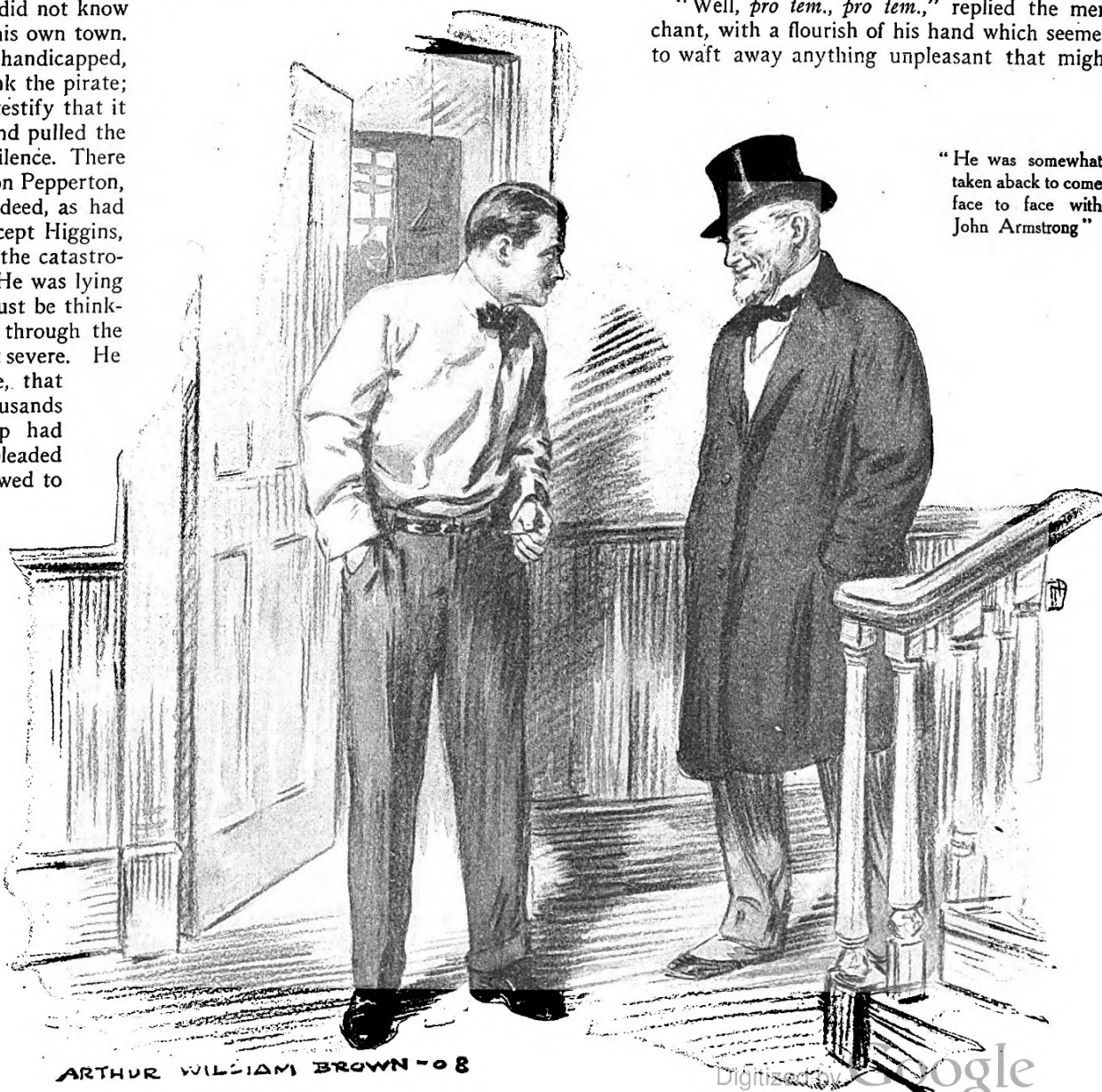
"It is n't any use, Jimmy, pretending that I like you, for I don't. We rarely seem to hit it off together. But the other day when you were in my office you proposed we should let bygones be bygones, and I on my part was pig-headed enough to refuse. You acted like a good business man, and I didn't. Now, I shall let bygones be bygones, but entirely in a business way."

"What do you mean by entirely in a business way?"

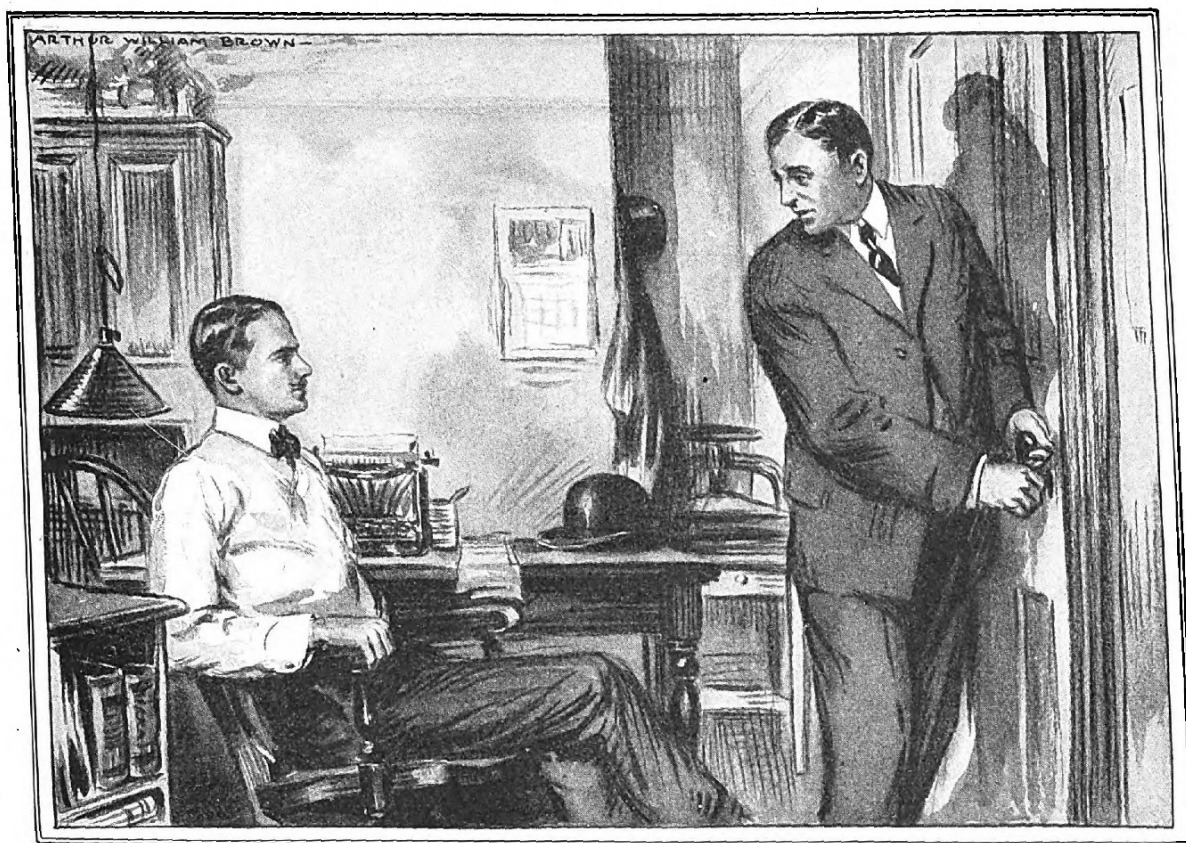
"Well, I mean that we stick to business. I think I was one of the first to recognize your ability, and if you are content to let our transactions rest on a purely business basis, I think we can make a bit of money together."

"May I conclude, then, Mr. Armstrong, that this is an invitation to your office, but not to your house?"

"Well, *pro tem.*, *pro tem.*," replied the merchant, with a flourish of his hand which seemed to waft away anything unpleasant that might



"He was somewhat taken aback to come face to face with John Armstrong"



"Is there any chance of us being overheard here?"

threaten to crop up in the discussion. "I call upon you in your commercial room here, and you call upon me if necessary at my office in Washington Street. We leave everything social as it is, if you don't mind."

"Oh, I don't mind in the least."

"As perhaps you know," continued Armstrong, "I have made a good deal of money in dealing with house property in the city, building plots in the suburbs, and unimproved land in the environs. Would you consider a proposal to come in with me? In this line of activity there is a good deal of running about to be done, and as I am getting on in years, the running about is not quite so attractive as it used to be. So I want a younger man, financially interested, in whose ability I have confidence, and whose integrity is beyond question."

"You speak very flatteringly," commented Jimmy, with caution.

"Oh, as to that," cried Armstrong, with a nonchalant wave of his hand, "I'm a blunt man, who always says exactly what he means, whether it pleases those who listen or not. I always recognized what I wanted, and went for it as direct as I knew how. There's nothing diplomatic or subtle about me."

"Would this involve my quitting the service of the *Dispatch*?" asked Pepperton.

"You could do as you liked about that," said Armstrong. "It seems to me that with the city growing as it is, a young and capable man, up early and late, who was n't afraid of work, could make money in thousands where he now makes it in tens. My advice would be to resign from the *Dispatch*, but perhaps a more cautious man might say, 'Test the new business before you withdraw from the old.' There is a possibility that you might not like the new business, but still, the question is one for yourself to decide. You leave the paper or stick to it, just as you think best. I've not come here with any hard-and-fast plan for you to accept or reject, but merely to discuss the matter in an amicable way, and to discover whether or not we could make an arrangement to our mutual advantage, which I think were the exact words you used when you were last in my office. I am merely, as the elder man, making the first advance to you on what

I take to be the lines you yourself have laid down."

The young man thoughtfully rubbed his chin and gazed at the ceiling for a while in silence. "Beware of the Greeks bearing gifts," was a phrase which kept recurring to his mind. He distrusted this man, and yet he knew that such a thing as holding rancor had practically no place in business relations. The enemy of to-day might be the colleague of to-morrow, and vice versa. Armstrong spoke well, almost too well, in fact. Had he made it a proviso that Pepperton should send in his resignation to Mr. Blake, the young man's suspicions would have been aroused, but apparently Armstrong was quite indifferent on that point. Was this, then, a scheme of the latter to get back his ten thousand dollars? That he must proceed to find out.

"I need not tell you, Mr. Armstrong, because we have discussed the question on another occasion, in which both business relations and social affairs were under discussion, that I am not a



"On finishing this communication Jimmy breathed a deep sigh"

rich man, and perhaps your offer contemplated the furnishing on my part of at least some capital. Now, I have not very much money of my own, and am so unfortunate as not to include among my friends any wealthy men who would be willing to assist me in taking up a new line."

"I quite understand that, Mr. Pepperton, but as I think I told you, what I want is youth, energy, and integrity—qualities which you possess. So far as capital is concerned, I myself am in a position to furnish all that is needed, without enlisting outside help. My plans are very modest, for the proposition I lay before you is merely one of many with which I am connected. Of course, if you were in a position to put up a few thousands, your returns would be all the greater, for although there is nothing speculative in what I intend to do, the fortunes that are made in real estate in a rising city like Oshkazo, and made quite legitimately, are enormous. But you know that as well as I do."

Then John Armstrong, disclaiming all claims to diplomacy, did a diplomatic thing. He glanced at his watch, rose, and said:

"Well, I must be off. You just think the matter over, consult with

any friend you trust, and let me know your decision. Good afternoon," and with that the stout man took his departure, leaving Jimmy in a very mixed state of mind. The advantages to a young, unknown, and comparatively poor man of becoming an acknowledged colleague of a solid citizen like John Armstrong were obvious enough; and, aside from this, there was no doubt in the young man's mind that he would make much more progress with Gwendoline as her father's helper than as his enemy. Of one thing he was quite certain, which was that he must tell the managing editor about this new partnership, if he took it up; and if he did so, it was good-bye to his thirty dollars a week, for Blake quite properly insisted that each of his employees should give his whole time to the newspaper. So on one point John Armstrong had been wrong. He would be compelled to leave the *Dispatch* if he went into the real-estate business. This thought naturally brought a sigh of regret as he recollected his bitter rival, the genial Billy Higgins, and with that he set his desk telephone in motion and called up the editorial rooms of the *Courier*.

Yes; Billy was there, and his eager voice seemed to make the wire quiver.

"That you, Jimmy?" he cried. "What luck? I was just going to chance your being in and wander across to see you. Are you all alone? Well, I'll be with you within fifteen minutes. Say, Jimmy, I'm going to leave the *Courier*!"

"The deuce you say!" cried Pepperton. "Had a row?"

"No; quite the contrary. I'll tell you all about it when I see you presently."

Higgins was not long in putting in an appearance.

"Jimmy!" he cried enthusiastically, "you are the founder of my fortunes. This Armstrong sensation which you so generously handed over to me, refusing to accept either cash or credit, has been the making of me. Our managing editor thinks I'm the only pebble on the beach. It has been the ambition of my life to be a Washington correspondent. Now, the *Courier*, being an administration organ, has more influence than circulation, and is greater on a pull than paying big salaries; so our manager has arranged it through the boss, for whom he has done more than one good

turn, and I have been appointed secretary to the Committee for the Location of Public Buildings, which alone gives me double the salary I get for doing our financial page; but in addition I act as Washington correspondent to the *Courier*, and collect the boodle pertaining to that position; and all of this I owe to my dear friend, Jimmy Pepperton. And now, Jimmy, what's your horrible revelation?"

"By a remarkable coincidence, Billy, I also am thinking of turning down the commercial page, and turning over a new leaf. John Armstrong has offered me a sort of partnership if I take charge of his real estate concerns. Of course, old Blake is n't as generous as your chief, so I could n't hold the two positions."

"Well, you see, Jimmy, Blake is paying out his own money, while my chief is handling the funds of a public company on the one hand, and a political committee on the other. But I say, Jimmy, what a fortunate thing for you that old Armstrong did n't know you sprung the mine on him and wrecked his produce business company! Of course, as the article appeared in the *Courier*, he'd never suspect that it originated with a man on the *Dispatch*, would he?"

"That's one disquieting feature of the proposal, Billy. As a matter of fact, he did know that I held the bombshell, but instead of corrupting me he bribed Wentworth Blake in some manner, and that's why I could n't use the screed."

But Higgins was n't listening. He had sprung to his feet, and was pacing up and down the room with a fine frown on his manly brow. Then he went to the door, opened it, looked out into the corridor, closed it, and turned the key.

"Look here, Jimmy," he said in a husky whisper, "is there any chance of us being overheard here?"

"Not the slightest."

"Well, Jimmy, if you work in with me, we two can make our fortunes, and that before the month is out. The committee of which I am to be secretary visited this town three months ago to look over the various sites offered for the new post-office, the building of which will run into millions. It is likely that the first piece of intelligence I learn on taking up my new duties will be the location of the Oshkazo Government Block. The moment the location is made public, all the property in the neighboring streets will increase in value from fifty to two hundred per cent. We'll arrange between us a code that will cover every particular part of the city's business quarters. I will telegraph you a dispatch that will be indecipherable to any one else, and you will secure an option on all the property that's in the market in the neighborhood. Did old Armstrong say that he would be the capitalist of your combination?"

"Yes; but I don't know just how far I can trust him, and of course the fewer we allow in this scheme the better. I have ten thousand dollars of my own, and that put up on margins securing options, but not buying the land outright, would give us a lot of plunder to divide. You get me the information,

and I'll risk my money, and we will share and share alike with the loot."

"Right you are, Jimmy. Then you think you wouldn't take old Armstrong into the deal at all? With his money behind us, you know, we would rake in an immensely bigger pot than if we were playing a lone hand, and it would be pie for him, too."

"Yes, I know, but we need not decide that question just now. I will take the plunge, send in my resignation to Blake, and then watch John Armstrong very closely. If he plays fair, I will take him in. If he does n't, then we must do the best we can with my ten thousand, or search for some speculative capitalist with money to burn."

Higgins pondered for a few moments.

"You think your managing editor would n't allow you to retain your position on the paper?"

"I'm quite sure he would n't. Indeed, of late I think my position on this paper has become more and more precarious, and I'd like to get something to do where my livelihood did not depend on one man's caprice."

"A good idea," agreed the genial Higgins, and forthwith the two conspirators behind the locked door, with a map of the city before them, arranged a series of cipher messages that completely covered the business section. This the nimble fingers of Billy typed out in duplicate upon the machine, and even if an outsider saw a copy, he could have made nothing of it.

Next day Higgins left for Washington, and Pepperton, in the managing editor's room, enjoyed a chat with his chief that surprised him. Wentworth Blake listened quietly while Jimmy confided to him the proposal made by John Armstrong, ending by tendering his resignation.

"Don't you think," said the elder man, when his employee had concluded, "that it is a rather risky venture to make? You are quite successful here in the position you hold. Why not move with greater caution? Retain your connection with the *Dispatch*, and accept, say, a section of Armstrong's proposal; a section that will not require very much of your time, but which will serve as a test of your new occupation. If it shows signs of being lucrative, then resign and go into it with all the force at your command."

Jimmy flushed guiltily as he remembered how certain he had been that Blake would not permit such an arrangement, and recollecting his deep distrust of Armstrong, also, he censured himself for so completely losing faith in his fellows.

"Mr. Armstrong himself proposed such a plan, but I did not think you would agree with it," he replied.

"Neither should I," said Mr. Blake, "if the arrangement was to be permanent; but what I suggest is merely an experiment that will be concluded one way or the other very speedily. Within three months, I should think, you will be able to decide whether you serve your own interests better by remaining commercial editor or by venturing into real estate."

I am quite sure that you will not allow the interests of the *Dispatch* to suffer. Of course, if during the next week or two I found that the commercial page was falling off, I should be compelled to make other arrangements; but even in that case you would be no worse off than if I accepted your resignation to-day."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Blake, for your kindness in this matter, and with your permission I shall take advantage of it. If experience shows I can not satisfy both you and Mr. Armstrong, I shall then choose which I am to serve."

"Very well," said his chief, "we will let it go at that. I like to see a young man enterprising, but not reckless."

Pepperton left the managing editor's room highly gratified with the result of the conversation, a conversation which somehow he rather dreaded before it began. He went directly from the *Dispatch* office to the business premises on Washington Street, and found John Armstrong in the most genial humor, a very different man indeed from what he had been when last Pepperton had called upon him. Jimmy reported the satisfactory nature of his interview with Mr. Blake, and Armstrong at frequent intervals nodded his approval of the agreement arrived at.

"You may remember that is exactly what I suggested myself," he said when the other had finished. "Of course I don't pretend that a young man like you can go out into the streets and pick up a fortune in a month or two handling real estate; but, after all, common sense is

[Continued on page 122]

ON A
BRONZE
MEDAL



BY
VICTOR D.
BRENNER

of LINCOLN
BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

THIS bronze our Lincoln's noble head doth bear.
Behold the strength and splendor of that face,
So homely-beautiful, with just a trace
Of humor lightening its look of care!
With bronze indeed his memory doth share,
This martyr who found freedom for a Race;
Both shall endure beyond the time and place
That knew them first, and brighter grow with wear.

Happy must be the genius here that wrought
These features of the great American
Whose fame lends so much glory to our past—
Happy to know the inspiration caught
From this most human and heroic man
Lives here to honor him while Art shall last.



Inside the "furnace"



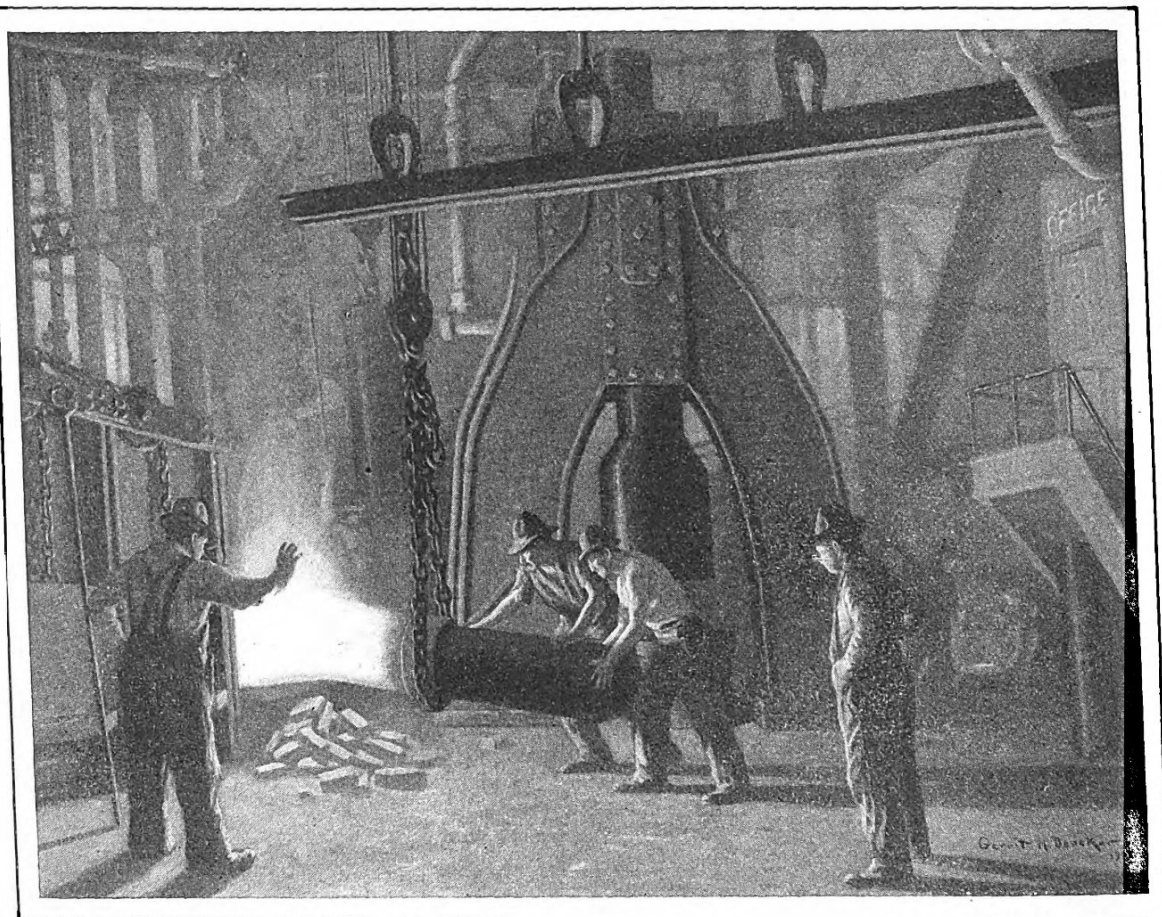
Where the "clang" of the foundry comes from



Constructing a scene in miniature



Scene painters at work in the loft above the rear of the stage



A modern stage "effect," marvelous in construction, mechanical ingenuity, and lighting. The gun-casting scene in "Via Wireless"

BUILDING A PLAY

BY GLENMORE DAVIS

Illustrations from paintings by GERRIT A. BENEKER and pen drawings by FORRES GORDON DINGWALL

CERTAINLY. The play's the thing to-day just as it was in the yesterday of knee-breeches, powdered wigs, coffee-houses, and Shakespeare. But it is seldom written. It is generally built. And the playwright is seldom the man who builds it. Yesterday was a simple day. Our great-great-granddaddies, who ever they were, used to smack their lips and grow boisterous, ruddy, and fat over a crackling hunk of roast beef and a lot of plum pudding. We can't. Variety was never so necessary a spice of life as it is nowadays. There are hundreds of thousands of high livers, decaying in a thousand moldy graveyards, who would be afflicted with posthumous gastritis if they only knew the distance to-day between the blue points and the camembert. All things—time, costumes, thirsts, tastes, and plays—change just as they did in the day of the talkative Cicero.

The change in plays is directly due to a gentleman, long since out of the World of 'ake-Believe, one Sir William Davenant. In a

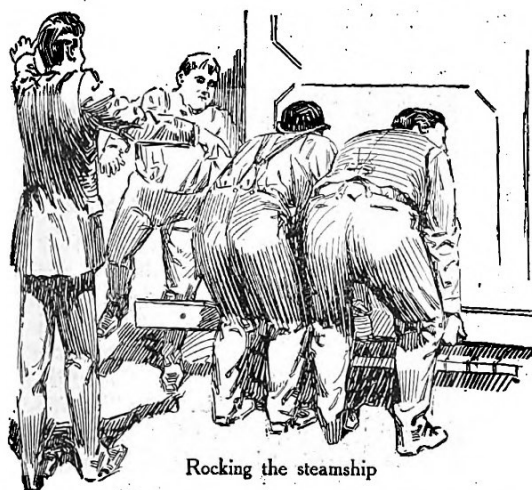
curious old volume entitled "Roscius Anglicanus, or, an Historical Review of the Stage after it had been Suppress'd by means of the late Unhappy Civil War," written by John Downes, prompter of the original company in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and published in 1708, there occurs the following paragraph:

In the interim Sir William Davenant gain'd a Patent from the King, and created Mr. Betterton and all the rest of Rhode's Company, the King's Servants; who were Sworn by my Lord Manchester, then Lord Chamberlain, to serve his Royal Highness the Duke of York, at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. His Company being now compleat, Sir William, in order to prepare Plays to open his Theatre, it being then a building in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, rehearsed the First and Second Parts of the Siege of Rhodes: and in Spring 1662, opened his house with the Said Plays having new Scenes and Decorations, being the first that e'er were introduced in England. All Parts being justly and excellently perform'd it continued acting for 12 days without interruption with great applause.

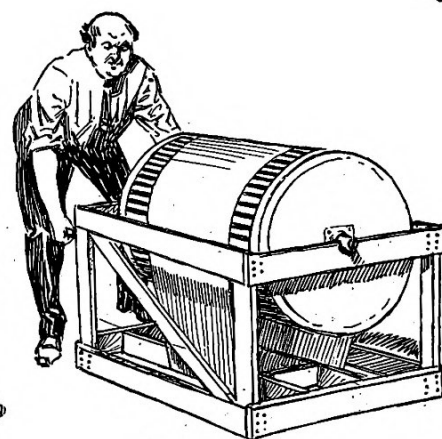
Twelve days was a record run then and the wise Sir William stuck to his "Scenes and Decorations." He had discovered a novelty and knew it. He started the change in plays.

He is responsible for the conditions which obtain in theaterland to-day—plays that are built rather than written. If you don't like theatricals as they are, don't blame the "Syndicate"—blame Sir William. He's the guilty party. But for him plays might still be dependent on no one save a poet, a manager, and a company of players. Now they depend on a property-man, a costumer, a wig-maker, a scenic-artist, a carpenter, an electrician, a stage-director, a press-agent, a booking agent, and somebody with a lot of ideas. They are the men behind the playwright. They are absolutely indispensable to the success of any play produced to-day.

The absence of scenery made Mr. Shakespeare and his contemporaries dependent on straight away drama and its interpretation, which is one reason why the players and dramatic literature of that time still stand out as the best the English people have produced. Words and their manipulation took the place of grass



Rocking the steamship

"Pounding" and
"booming" con-
trivancesThe "rain" and
"thunder"
makers

This scene in "Via Wireless" depicts a cross-section of an ocean liner in a terrific storm, during which lightning, thunder, wind, rain, rolling clouds, and dashing waves are shown with startling realism. While the steamer rocks and pitches, the operator of the wireless telegraph exchanges messages with a yacht that is being shattered by the wind and waves. Ultimately a dramatic rescue of the yacht's passengers and crew is accomplished.

Producing "clouds,"
"sea waves,"
"lightning,"
and other
light effects

In Shakespeare's days they used to write their plays: now they build them. Scenery, costumes, and lights have brought about the difference. Mr. Davis tells here about the men who build our modern plays, and shows how they do it.

mats and back drops. We can still remember the words. Nowadays the opportunity of leaning against gold furniture and gaily decorated scenery makes it unnecessary for Clyde Fitch and Eugene Walter to write abiding literature. If our grandchildren are conversant with "The Climbers" and "Paid in Full" they should also be taught the virtues of "Wigs by Hepner" and the merits of John Young's scenery. Dramatists and actors used to be sufficient unto themselves. Are they to-day? Not on your life! They don't have to be, thanks to old Sir William.

First Aid to the Actor

And the actors—they too have lost their self-sufficiency but don't know it. Time was when your player was forced to hold the attention of his audience by sheer ability; now he holds it with the assistance of the property-man, the electrician, the scene-painter, the drummer in the orchestra, and a double line of merry young

women in petticoats of picturesque but perilous brevity. An interesting example of how necessary are these latter-day stage accessories to some well-known treaders of the amusement boards cropped up only the other day. A comedian—one of the best in the musical-comedy field—had made a solid reputation for cleverness and an ability to provoke hearty laughs from folk filled with funeral frowns, and was taken to London by a celebrated manager to add to the gaiety of the English nation. He succeeded instantaneously, and within a month was a prime favorite in the big town at the mouth of the little Thames, just as he had been for years in New York. In the midst of his success he with the connivance of the aforementioned manager, packed up his make-up and returned to New York, to star in a quiet English comedy minus all suggestions of music.

The play was what has come to be known as an "artistic success," but the comedian failed

absolutely to reproduce any of his former Broadway triumphs because he was not surrounded by musical comedy props and a musical comedy chorus. He also missed the aid of the man who handles the sandpaper, and the other funny noises in the right-hand end of the orchestra. All his training had been in another and more artificial field. In a setting of girls, spears, and tin swords he had been immense; but when left to himself and his own abilities his auditors were brought to a sudden and rather violent realization of the fact that his former cleverness was due just as much to the orchestra leader, the property-man, the chorus director, and a make-up box as it was to his grasp on the art of acting. So he has returned to England and an intimate connection with the merry-merry.

When Sir William Davenant and his company of players put on the "First and Second Parts of the Siege of Rhodes," and with the aid of a little scenery effected the hitherto unheard-of run of twelve performances, he



Rehearsing a play

undoubtedly made money. He would have made more if he could have brought about the run without the scenery. Similarly, if managers could present plays nowadays without going to the expense of providing what is known in theaterland as a "production," a two weeks' engagement to capacity business would be profitable. But they can't. Old Sir William could n't. Ben Greet can't. Nobody can. Scenery costs money—a lot of it. Electrical effects cost money; wigs cost money; "props" cost money; costumes are expensive, and publicity is not obtained gratis. The business of producing plays successfully to-day is as different from the similar business of yesterday as the "Twentieth Century Limited" is different from Thomas De Quincy's English stage-coach.

The Importance of Being Clothed

One of the chief requisites of a play and a player is clothing. The clothing of a play is made by the scene-painter, the carpenter, and the property-man; the clothing of a player comes from a costumer. You are familiar with the appearance of both sorts but, unless you are a professional resident of this curious land of make-believe, which is bounded on the north by the stage door, on the south by the box-office, and on the east and west by vanity, you are not acquainted with the real relations they bear to the modern theater. Take costumes, for instance. Can you imagine a play of the American Revolution presented by players clad in the garb of the Civil War? It would be quite as ridiculous as is the justly celebrated statue which depicts the Father of Our Country swathed in a Roman toga. It simply could n't be. The costumes of a play must be perfect parts of the complete picture, and to ensure this the business of supplying them has been made a separate department of play building—a part quite as important as the playwright's or the wig-maker's. The wig-maker's, let me add, is of the utmost importance.

In the belief that the reader is absolutely ignorant of the subject, I shall ask him to consider for a moment the costume department of one firm of theatrical producing managers. An acquaintance with one of them is as good as an acquaint-

ance with a dozen. This particular costume shop—it is the property of Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger—employs, in the busy season, between four and six hundred persons. These workmen and workwomen are divided necessarily into several classes, and their business is to build the stage clothing worn by the actors presenting plays owned by Mr. Klaw, Mr. Erlanger, and their associates. This clothing does not include modern garments, which are secured from first-class tailors and dressmakers. There are jewelers, armorers, metal-workers, furriers, artists in leather, and milliners, as well as seamstresses, designers, fitters, and a considerable number of the common or graded variety of buttonhole makers. In the establishment are all manner of mechanical contrivances, devised to make the

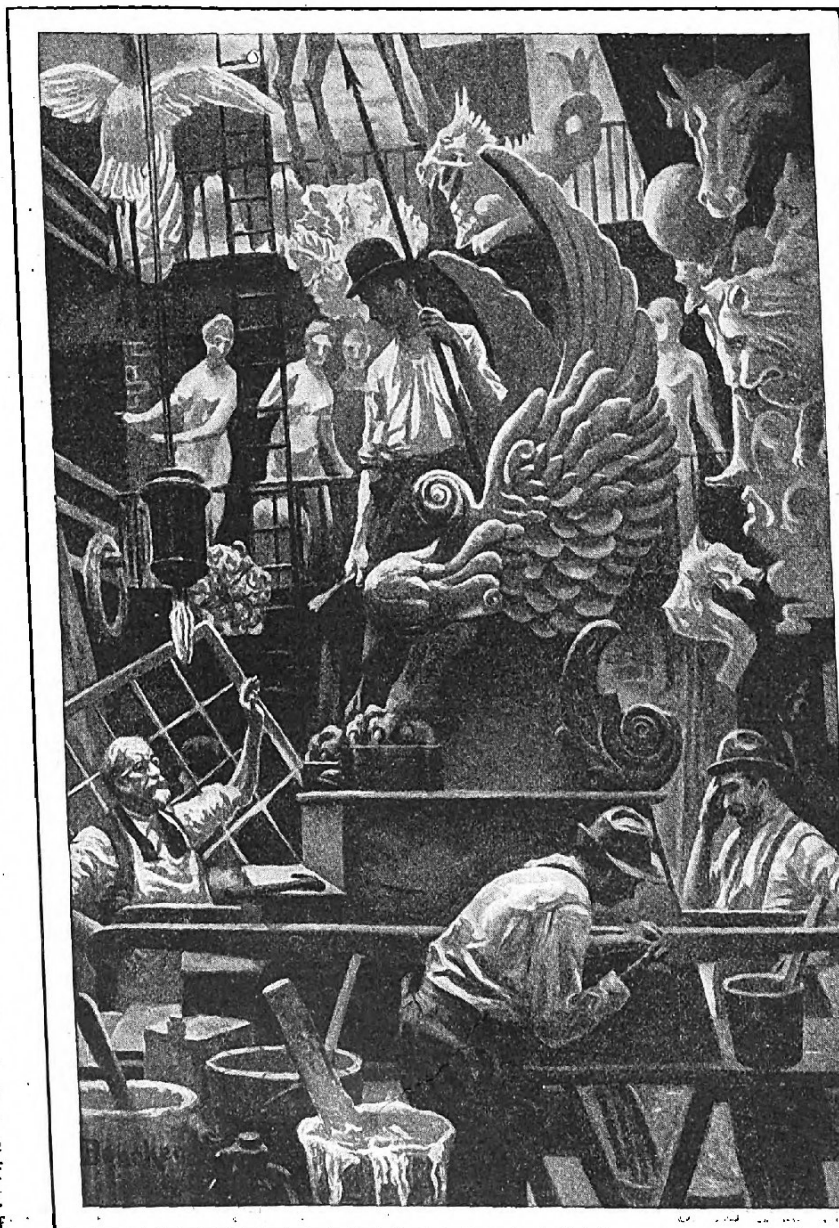
costumes of Napoleon's time and those worn by Jeanne d'Arc and her friends. The chief designer must know it and act on his knowledge. At the time Custer fought his last fight the United States Army—cavalry and infantry—was outfitted in a peculiar manner that has long since passed away. If the play deals with American army life of that period, the costumes must show it, for it would never do to have the critics "roast" the piece because the producers were ignorant of the thing produced. The man at the head of the costuming department must either be conversant with all countries and all periods of history or he must know how to become so with decided alacrity. Hence the costumer's library.

Did you ever see one? Probably not. When you watched Mr. Mansfield in "Don Carlos," or Sir Henry Irving in "Richelieu," or William Farnum in "Ben-Hur," or Robert Mantell in "King John," did it occur to you to wonder how the man responsible for the clothing discovered what was right and what was wrong? If you were suddenly called upon to designate the proper costumes to be worn by the principal actors in a dramatization of General Lew Wallace's "The Fair God" would you know where to go to find the answer? Could you in twenty-four hours give a practicable description of the male and female attire exhibited by the better-class residents of New Orleans at the time of its purchase by the United States? How would you go about discovering the difference between the armor worn by Richard of the Lion Heart and that worn by Don Quixote? These are small problems compared with some the head costume-designer has to solve. He must have a library, and the more complete it is the more efficient are he and his department.

A Library of Costumes

Such a library—there are several in New York which are marvelously complete—requires years of patient search and the expenditure of many thousands of dollars. Generally the books most desired were printed a hundred years or more ago and in limited editions; therefore standing orders are left in the

[Continued on page 113]



The "property shop," where accessories to scenes and costumes are constructed

THE HALT FROM THE HEDGES

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

Illustrations by LAURA E. FOSTER

SERAPHINA suggested it, and I grudgingly acquiesced; together we wrought and slaved and planned it; and through it, together, we struggled and suffered. But to the end of time I shall maintain that the suggestion was Seraphina's, and that I am immaculate of blame.

From the initial suggestion until I was beaten down by: "I can not keep my self-respect if we do not have them," I had fought the scheme; fought it with the good blows of "expense," of "lack of room," "no piano," "not expected from us," and, finally, when my intended *coup de grâce* "They will not care to come" was countered by Seraphina's "They must be given the chance to decline," I gave way, sank back, and was finished by that master-stroke—"self-respect."

And so we agreed to entertain for an evening the Coch-erons, the Giffords, the Carbins, Mrs. Le Fitt and the Misses Le Fitt, Mrs. and Mr. Fairhurst and their puppy son, Madam Worthington, and John Parkertill Ormesbee—all of the Four Thousand who circled so gaily above our heads and who occasionally had reached down and lifted us up to make one dizzy circle with them.

With the Coch-erons we had yachted for a whole Saturday afternoon up the Sound; the Giffords had had us up for two week-ends at their "place" on Long Island; Madam Worthington now and then victoria-ed Seraphina through Central Park; and Ormesbee had twice invited me to lunch at his club. To the rest we were indebted—Seraphina's word—for two dead-ly dull receptions, a box party (we had previously seen the play), and a "bridge evening," at which Seraphina won seven dollars and I had lost forty.

These social oases had been interspersed through two otherwise desert years, and now, if I must believe Seraphina, it was the piper's turn to dance. Once I have been defeated I am no lagging captive at my conqueror's chariot wheel; I run blithely along behind, and even give the chariot a helping push now and then, just to help me forget what might have been. So now I put my shoulder to the wheel and gave this mighty shove:

"What shall we do to entertain them, Seraphina?"
"It will not be bridge," said Seraphina, meaningly.
"Doubtless not—unless they would be satisfied to take the house furnishings. But—what then?"
Seraphina's voice was very soft and musical, not to



"Mrs. Adam appears"

say wheedling, as she addressed to me these awful words:

"Since it is true that we have no piano, dear, I've been thinking how splendid it would be to have a 'literary evening'—a short, sharp yell from me, to which she gave no heed, but went on: "You will read them one or two of your latest stories, won't you, dear—just to make the evening a success—it will be so distinctive—so—so different from the affairs to which they are used? Mrs. — adores literature. They—people—admire—author—"

I caught but the high notes of her pleadings, for with all my intellect I was seeking any escape. I had a vivid mind-picture of myself (in my three-year-old dress-suit) standing on my hearth-rug and assaulting my defenseless guests with home-made literature. I could mentally hear Ormesbee telling of it at his club next day.

I turned upon Seraphina: "NO!" I said.

"We can entertain them in no other way—so, we will not have them at all," she said in *that* tone.

Forty-five minutes have elapsed, and I have agreed to read, on demand, two short stories and a poem—mine own work.

"There will be nine acceptances," mused Seraphina. "How do I know? Because that is the proper average to the number invited."

But another system went smash, for, later in the week, I found Seraphina frowning over a pink note.

"The Le Fitts are coming," said she.

"But you invited them, did you not?"

"Certainly—only that makes eleven, and we have n't accommodations for so many, besides I have not ordered enough from the caterer."

She was really vexed. I obligingly set out to make the refreshment part right, and when I came back, behold, Seraphina was in tears.

"They are all coming," she sobbed. "There is no way to arrange them. Even allowing for four on the davenport we will still be short two chairs."

"You and I need n't sit down," I said consolingly.

"I had allowed for that, anyway."

Silence; then: "Borrow two chairs; the Hazzards—"

"I would love to have Margaret know I am giving a party to which she was not invited!"

"Invite them, then, and borrow four chairs," I said eagerly. It was a suggestion I had been longing to make. With cheery "Wat" Hazzard present I felt I could weather the storm.

It was as though I had not spoken.

"You'll have to buy two new chairs!" she said.

The madness of panic fell also upon me, and, to my shame be it told, I bought those two chairs. They mock me to this day.

And then followed a calm. There remained nothing to do but wait the arrival of the fateful day. It came. The air was heavy with portent. Seraphina awoke with a headache, and pale and drawn of face went about with a cologne-soaked handkerchief bound half over her eyes, overseeing the final preparation of our apartment. I could do no writing, being driven from room to room by clouds of dust and the shrill voice of our hired-by-the-day maid-servant, Mrs. Adam.

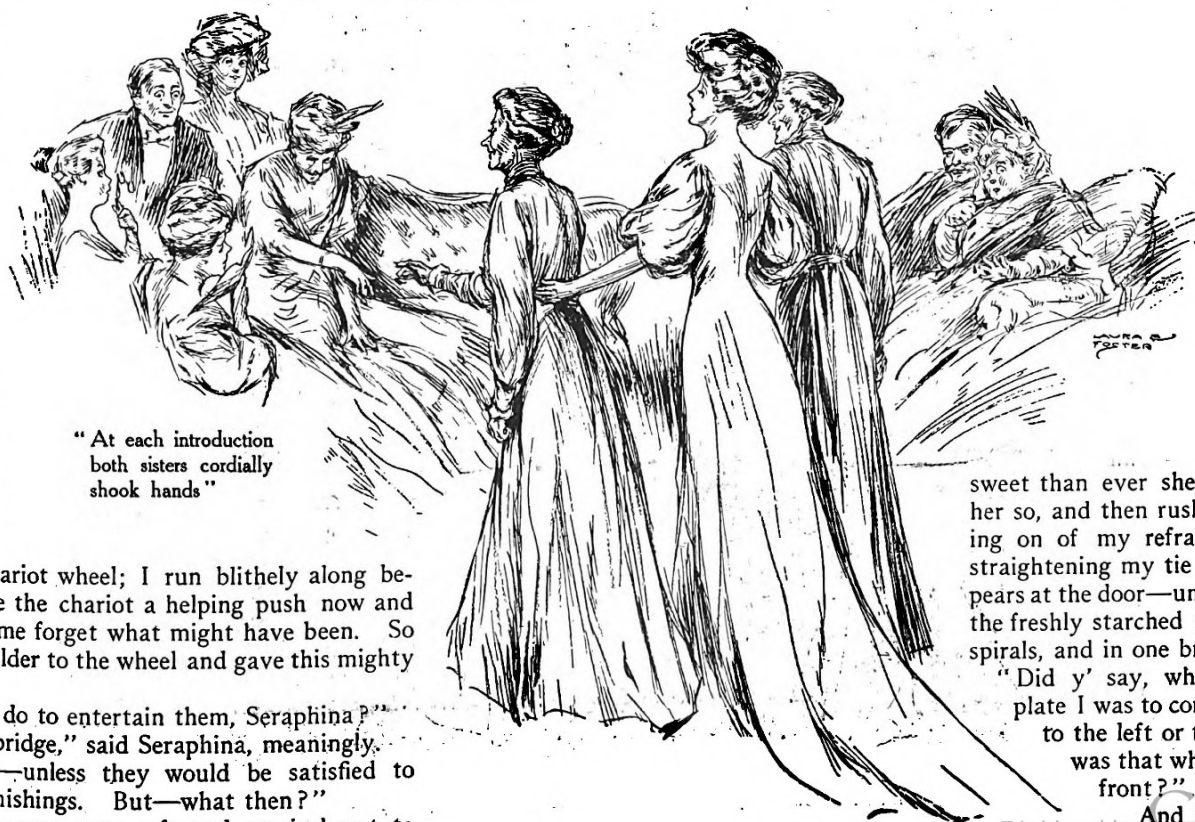
"Ye'll have to come out o' that now—the missus sez I'm to clean there next. An' don't y' be goin' into the dinin'-room to work—it's all clean."

I am told by Seraphina that if I can not be less like a bear I had better go walk in the park. I go. Supper, when I have slunk home, is served in the kitchen; cold beans and soft-boiled eggs and very black coffee. I had been very hungry.

Mrs. Adam is glitteringly white in Seraphina's best serving apron; her début is palpably driving her into hysteria and she is more garrulous by ten degrees. Seraphina, in her simple little rosebud dress, her soft waving hair done high, and her blue eyes adance with excitement, is more girlish and

sweet than ever she has been, and I tell her so, and then rush back to the buttoning on of my refractory collar. She is straightening my tie when Mrs. Adam appears at the door—unannounced—twisting the freshly starched apron into curls and spirals, and in one breath gasps:

"Did y' say, when I handed 'em a plate I was to come at 'em from behind to the left or to the right, m'am, or was that when I give it to 'em in front?" She has lost her cue. And then wheels in front



"At each introduction both sisters cordially shook hands"

of the house, and then the elevator boy's voice. "Sure they're in—everybody's to go right up to-night;" and the ghost of Mrs. Adam's strident voice whispers, "Mr. and Mrs. Guffer, m'am," and we rise to meet the Giffords, and the party is on.

The Crocherons arrived in their limousine; the Fairhursts came next, and, having heard no wheels, I suspect them of trolleying. Percy Fairhurst told Seraphina at the door that she was "as beautiful as Diana, in that stunning little gown, you know," and his mother tapped him on the cheek with her fan and said, "Percy, Percy, Percy," and then, simpering at me—"My boy is quite mad about your charming little wife—te-he-e."

A hansom door slammed, and then Ormesbee came in. It may be imagination, but I felt instinctively that somehow he understood, and into his friendly hand clasp I read, "Sympathy, old man, sympathy." And Ormesbee is a bachelor, at that.

When Madam Worthington came, he devoted himself to her like a courtier to a queen, and charmed the old lady into affability in five minutes. I looked on enviously: I was afraid of her. Then came Mrs. Le Fitt and the Misses Le Fitt—who had been "out" until they might fairly be said to be seasoned. They clung together in the doorway and duetted: "What a perfectly romantic little flat!" Then they rustled in and fluttered about Ormesbee till he deftly passed them off upon young Percy Fairhurst who was delighted not at all. Their dowager mother settled herself for the evening on a double portion of the spring-creaking davenport, and watched the miserable Percy with eyes full of suspicion.

The Carbins's entrance completed the guest-roll; our little bud of a library-sitting-room expanded into a full-blown drawing-room—I scarcely recognized the place for mine own familiar own. The room racketed with a pot-pourri of smart talk; the affair was really an Affair, and *we* were giving it! I knew pride at last. There was a tired ache in my leg muscles and I looked vainly about for a seat, and then remembered that there were no seats, that, as usual, Society occupied the entire lap of luxury.

Percy Fairhurst and the Misses Le Fitt had got hold of a book of kodak views of Central America which I had snapped during my one foreign trip. Percy and the two ladies, one on either side of him, were making quite a little ado by calling for me to come tell them stories of those pictures; there was a general lull in the buzz of talk, every one pausing to hear what this clamor meant. Seraphina, flushed with excitement, snatched the golden opportunity:

"He will do better than tell about them," she said. "Read your Central America story, 'The Man Who Ran, won't you, dear?' There were loud murmurs of polite interest.

"Oh, how perfectly Bohemian—an author reading his own works!" This from the Misses Le Fitt, jointly.

I had been almost able to forget that I was to be butchered for this Roman holiday. I swept a miserable glance over the room; everywhere I looked the thumbs were down.

"Here it is," Seraphina said sweetly, handing me the type-



"They scorned Mrs. Carlin's beautiful bare shoulders"

written manuscript of my story, and beaming on me proudly.

"Real manuscript!"—Percy—"Original!" he announced jocosely.

I took the thing, hating myself. I dared not look at Ormesbee. I had a glimpse of yellow-faced old Mr. Carbon looking sourly at his young wife, who was seated with George Crocheron on the window-seat. Madam Worthington on the davenport ponderously settled herself back, and all the springs shrieked.

Just then the door-bell rang. Seraphina gave me a startled look, and she herself opened the door which let into our inner hallway but a few feet from the library. In the doorway stood Wat and Margaret Hazzard. Wat and I stared at each other over the heads of the seated guests in an anguish of embarrassment; but Seraphina and Margaret both began talking at the same instant and never ceased till the Hazzards backed away, protesting that they had only stopped in on their way home to borrow a book—could not come in for even a minute—so sorry to have disturbed us, etc. Seraphina came back into the room with her head held rather high and her eyes very, very bright.

"I'm so sorry they could not stop," she said lightly, "they are such dear people."

John Parkertill Ormesbee, tactful man, saved the day. "The story, the story!" he called gaily.

There came a thunderous knocking at the door. In an instant a death-like calm fell upon the room. Then faint attempts sprang up here and there to make talk. Out in the hall Mrs. Adam's voice rose shrill in expostulation, and a man's demanding to know if this was not 833, top floor, anyway. I hurried out. A hack driver touched his whip to his hat:

"I have two fares as sent me up to make sure this was the place," he said gruffly.

I admitted the name and address to be correct, and pressed him to tell me who were the "fares."

"Ladies," he said. "Two of 'em—old ones."



"An epidemic of leave-taking swept over our little gathering"

When he had gone down to the street Seraphina joined me in the hall.

"Oh, who? Who!" she sobbed. I waited grimly. The elevator door clanged, the hack driver, laden with two telescopes, a basket, and a large cardboard box, came toward us preceding two ladies who followed feebly behind. I swore under my breath. The driver dumped the luggage in the hall and waited expectantly; I had no money in my

evening clothes and had to hurry to the bedroom. When I returned it was to hear:

"We have had the most dreadful time getting here, Seraphina West. I do think your husband might have met us. What? Did not you get our letter? Do tell!"

Seraphina took my hand and presented me to "Aunt Kitty and Aunt Allie Perrin—two aunts of mine from Cobleskill, dear—they have come to spend a week with us." She led them into the spare bedroom, and I went back to whirl around with Society again. There was rather a constrained silence for a moment, and I desperately picked up the story as a sort of first aid to the injured:

"If you still want to hear this thing"—

"Oh, yes—certainly," they politely said.

I had read perhaps three pages—I don't know—I could hear my voice going bumping along from sentence to sentence, and that I was reading I knew, but that was all—when the door opened, and Seraphina ushered in our newest guests. At the first dazzling glare of full-dress shirt-fronts that rose to greet them, the good ladies hung back uncertainly:

"Well, we did not expect to see so much company 'fore we got on our silks, Seraphina," one of them quavered.

"Oh, they understand you've been traveling, Aunt Allie," I said soothingly.

"I'm Kitty, this is sister Allie, young man."

I subsided. At each introduction both sisters cordially shook hands. When the twenty-eight hand clasps had been exchanged, and several "uncaught" names had been repeated, and several relationships had been cleared up in the confused minds of our aunts—such as, for instance: "Did you say, Seraphina, that *she* (Madam Worthington) is the mother of the young man over yonder with the two young ladies?" (Madam W. loathed Percy and all his works.) Or, "Is *she* (pointing) the wife of the gentleman with her on the window-seat?"

(Old Mr. Carbin snorted with sudden anger.) "I always say, 'Start right, and then you'll do right,'" Aunt Kitty vivaciously explained to the company.

From admiring Aunt Allie, in a confiding voice: "And she always does!"

Aunt Kitty and Aunt Allie then allowed themselves to be installed on the davenport, one on either side of Madam Worthington, where they speedily engaged in animated and sprightly conversation with each other, back and forth across the front of Madam Worthington, who sat back helpless, hemmed in.

Mr. Gifford and Percy's papa, deprived of their only seats, prowled around trying to pass the matter off lightly. Seraphina, talking in the corner behind me, laughed very often in a voice I scarcely recognized. I made no effort to rehabilitate the "literary evening."

When there sounded a timid knocking at the door I was not surprised—I had had that sensation strangled long ago.

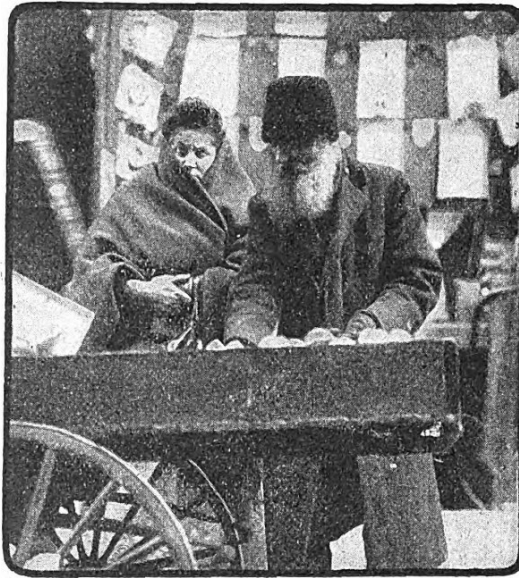
[Continued on page 112]

THE LITTLE MOTHER

BY LEROY SCOTT

Illustrations from actual photographs of "East Side" Life

IN "The Lure of America," Mr. Scott pictured vividly the weight of poverty and oppression which crowds the peasant out of Russia. In the present article he makes it possible for us to see a typical family of Russian Jews struggling to become Americans. The hardship, the amazing thrift and industry, the pains-



"All day he trundled his push-cart about"

It was fear, gripping, haunting fear, that turned the thoughts of Rebecca's father to far-off America. The civil officials by their harshness, their extortion, their plain stealing, had half wrecked his little dry-goods shop, and he feared its complete ruin. Often as he looked at his two sons, little fellows though they were, he shivered at thought of the time when they might be forced to bear the Czar's arms. To be sure, twenty years before, he had starved himself for two months before conscription time and had been rejected by the doctors as a dying skeleton—but trickery was at best an uncertain means of escaping the hated service. And worse, every breeze that wormed through the narrow, crooked streets of the Ghetto carried mutterings of a Jewish massacre—and in his dreams Jacob saw a drunken, blood-mad mob of thugs, backed by soldiery and police, perhaps urged on by a long-haired priest of the Holy Russian Church—saw them bursting open his shop, stealing all they did not destroy, slaughtering wife and children before his eyes.

But it was also hope that made Rebecca's father think of America: hope of escaping these disasters; hope for some share of America's fabled dollars; hope that in America his little

the sun struck their bottom only at noon—packed to their full width by streams of men and girls that flowed westward into the business section at morning and ebb eastward at night—with hundreds of shouting, bearded push-cart merchants from whom could be bought everything from a penny slice of watermelon to a wedding-dress. Never did these marvelous American streets seem to sleep; always they were tense, crowded, bustling!

And wonderful, too, was the great airy school-building, where a Jewish girl had the same privileges as a Christian girl—wonderful the fact that one dared to speak to a policeman, and more, get an answer that was neither curse nor threat—that every fifth suit of clothes was not some sort of a uniform—that the sense of freedom, of security, was so great that children danced in the street to the music of a hand-piano. Yes, this America was a wonderful land!

Jacob, too, thought it a wonderful country; not quite what he had imagined, to be sure—yet still a wonderful country. He would soon gain

prosperity here; he would win the best of chances for the boys; and as for Rebecca—he sighed with his old disappointment when he thought of her. If only she were a son!

Rebecca did not resent her being ranked as that inferior being, "a girl"; these things were ordered; yet in her heart she had a keen yearning to be on a level with the boys in her father's regard; constantly she dreamt of doing some vague, thing that would win her the coveted respect of her loved father.

For perhaps a week Jacob thought America a wonderful country. Then he began to discover that the fabled gold of

taking study and step-by-step progress from the darkness of the Ghetto into the light of American citizenship, with the children finding the path for their less adaptable elders, are depicted with a sure hand. Indeed, so true and so real is this narrative, that it comes very near explaining the Russian Jew;

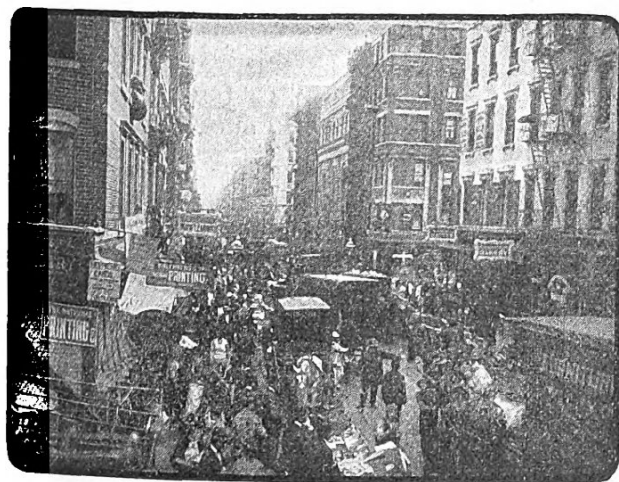
America was easily won only in the fables originating from those disinterested gentlemen, the steamship ticket-agents; and as the weeks and months went by he found the great struggle of the transplanted European, barely to keep alive, growing ever more bitter.

All day he trundled his push-cart about, with its stock of big sour pickles, for which his customers paid him a penny or two apiece, and which they ate with smacking lips as they hurried through the streets. Some days he would be content; on some his profits would be but a few cents. He and his Rachel stinted, starved, patched; each month was a long strain to be ready for rent-day, and the minute the rent passed into the landlord's hands, the strain began anew. Try as they would, they could not stretch Jacob's scanty earnings to cover the month's expenses, so one by one their few treasures were sold—Jacob's Hebrew books, their silver forks and spoons, their silver candlesticks that had lighted Passover feasts in the family for a hundred years. But the money from these tided them over but a few months. Then matters looked dark indeed.

Rebecca Holds the Landlord at Bay

Yet Jacob and Rachel tried to shield Joseph and Israel and Rebecca from the knowledge of the imminence of disaster. But one night Rebecca woke up, and through the blackness she heard the voices of her parents, low, despairing. They were talking of the money for the next month's rent.

"No, we can't possibly get it together, Jacob," her gentle mother moaned. "And when the landlord don't get his money this time, he'll



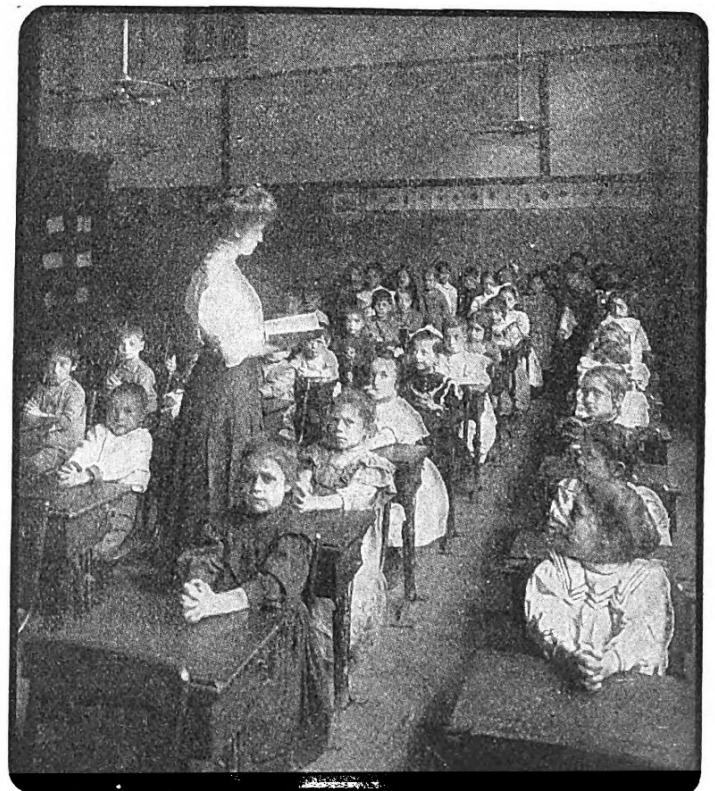
"Such houses!—tall, red-faced, with bedding-hung fire-escapes"

Joseph and Israel would have opportunities to become great men. Of course he thought also of Rebecca, his first-born, for he loved her too—but the daughters of Judah are esteemed far below the sons. Rebecca was only a girl—what had opportunities to do with her?

So, driven by fear and hope, Rebecca's father exchanged his little stuccoed house on an angling street of Kishinev for a four-room flat in a tenement on New York's East Side. And Jacob thought that he was in America.

America from a Sixth-Story Window

The "America" on which twelve-year-old Rebecca looked down from their sixth-story window, what a wonderful country it was! Such houses!—tall, red-faced, with bedding-hung fire-escapes writhing up their fronts, each hiving its hundred or two hundred souls—houses that stretched away and away seemingly without end. And such streets!—so deep that



"A wonderful place was that great school building, with its three thousand little people from Russia, Roumania, Austria-Hungary, Italy"



"Shirt-waists that were to go from these tired foreign hands, this grimy shop, forth to American women all over this broad land who would never dream how and by whom their admired garb was made"

dispossess us certain! And we'll have no place to go!"

Rebecca knew what it was to be "dispossessed." To her it was already a very familiar sight—the belongings of a poor family dumped upon the sidewalk, a thin, despairing woman sitting among them and weeping, her children sobbing about her, a bowl on the kitchen table to catch the charitable pennies of the passers-by. So this was overhanging them!

All night she lay awake—thinking. The next afternoon, and the next, and the next, Rebecca did not come home till supper-time. The fourth evening she came back flushed, happy, carrying a great pasteboard box.

"Why, what is it?" cried her mother.

Rebecca's answer was to open the box. Within were scores and scores of cheap ready-made bow neckties, complete save for the hook and eye and piece of elastic in the neck-band.

"What are you going to do with them?" asked Jacob, in amazement.

"Pay the rent!" cried Rebecca. And then she breathlessly explained that a school-friend had introduced her at a dingy basement shop; that she had spent the last four afternoons there learning the work; that now she was going to sew at the neckties at home after school hours; and that—think of it!—she was to get three cents a dozen for "finishing."

"I'll work at them very hard!" she ended excitedly. "And, mama—you may help a little. Now papa—after this you need n't worry about the rent!"

Her mother took her in her arms and kissed her. Jacob stared at her a few moments; then, not knowing quite what to make of her, he, too, fondly embraced her. But not yet did he have even a vaguely dawning thought that perhaps Rebecca, though a girl, might count for something in the family.

She Goes to School

Every morning Rebecca sewed at the neckties until she went to school, and after school she was at the ties again till bedtime.



"Jacob had taken her to a free dispensary. The doctor said that the strain of sewing was ruining her eyes"

Thus it went, day after day, day after day—not a moment for play—not a moment to look into books she was eager to read. How eyes and hands, and back did ache! But unless she went her swiftest, her earnings for a day would fall off two or three cents—and that would be a loss they could ill stand. So it was stitch, stitch, stitch, a quarter of a cent a tie, till the work fell from the tired little hands and she tumbled into bed and straight to the bottom of overwhelming sleep.

It was hard, very hard; but the two dollars a week she earned paid half the rent of their four dingy little rooms, and that was a vast gratification to her and a vast relief to her father. And then, school was a compensation for any hardship. A wonderful place was that great school building, with its three thousand little people from Russia, Roumania, Austria-Hungary, Italy. At first, to be sure, school was not pleasant. She was laughed at, and also the two brothers whom she led to school. Small wonder, for their queer Russian clothes certainly did seem ludicrous to the boys and girls who had been in America for all of two or three years. And then, there was the language. She could read Yiddish and Hebrew and Russian, and also a little German—but what a tongue-torturing speech was English! However, after a few weeks she began to have some control over the obstinate English words. Though her English was clumsy and broken, she now recited perfectly; and every morning she came to school in a freshly ironed gingham dress that had the peculiarity of being of the same cut and pattern as the one of the day before. The teacher began to take notice of the tired yet eager and fresh-looking little girl. She thought Rebecca must be of a prosperous family to have so many clothes. The teacher did not guess that Rebecca had but one dress in all the world, and that she washed it every night and ironed it every morning.

One Friday afternoon there came to pass that which made school even more important than ever to Rebecca. As she was passing the teacher's desk the teacher stopped her and asked if

she would help her carry some books and papers home. Rebecca's dark eyes glowed; for once the neckties at home were forgotten.

Rebecca Visits the Teacher's Home

They rode up into a part of town where dead cats did not sprawl stiffly in the gutter and garbage-cans sit beside each stoop—where the streets were wide and clean and the air was fresh. On the way the teacher drew from Rebecca her story, and by the time the teacher's door was reached Rebecca was chatting as to an old friend. The teacher's home was a revelation to Rebecca. In truth, it was simple enough, and but little larger than Rebecca's own—but it was so clean, so comfortable, there were so many books, so many wonderful pictures (cheap prints in fact) that it seemed to her a palace that common people could only dream of.

Rebecca's marveling eyes, in wandering about, saw a photograph of a girl a year or two younger than herself. "It looks like you," she said to the teacher.

"It is," returned the teacher.

And then Rebecca noticed the photographer's name at the bottom. "Why, it's a Russian



"Great was Rachel's pride when Jacob read a ten-line story about a cat and a rat and a dog"

picture! It was taken in Russia!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said the teacher with her quiet smile; "I, too, was a little immigrant."

Rebecca stared. "An immigrant—and yet now you're a teacher!"

The teacher laughed. She had merely studied hard in school, she said, and then gone to the city Normal College for women—a free school where half the students are of foreign birth or foreign parentage. That was all. Could anything be more commonplace?

It was not commonplace to Rebecca. She went away dazed, beginning to tingle with a new idea so vast, so daring, as to make her gasp. Why should not she study and become a teacher? Why should not she, too, and her parents have such a home?

The idea made her begin vaguely to realize that she was not truly in America—that they had merely exchanged a small Jewish city for the largest Jewish city in the world. America, the true America, lay somewhere beyond.

The idea became a part of her. If there was little to eat and little to wear, and her whole body ached with weariness as she stitched at the endless ties, what did it matter? There was the grand future of her Dream—when she should be that exalted person, a teacher—when her father and mother would need no longer to worry about money—when there should be a bright, airy home with books and pictures—when at length they would move out of the East Side into America.

Though Jacob pushed his cart about tire-

[Continued on page 130]



HIS BIG PICTURE



BY G.B. LANCASTER

Illustrations by CLARENCE ROWE

PART II

"But—he is a gentleman, Bridget," said Miss Dolly.

Miss Bridget washed another cup and hung it above the dresser.

"I have no objection," she said.

Miss Dolly untied the strings of her old mushroom hat, and tied them again beneath her withered chin.

"It—are you quite sure, Bridget, that it will be correct—with no chaperon—for we can scarcely consider Thompson as a chap—"

Miss Bridget dropped the dishcloth and turned with an alacrity that made Miss Dolly jump.

"Chaperon!" she cried in the husky little voice which was all that her seventy years had left her. "Chaperon! I gave up chaperons before he was born, I'll be bound; and as for you—have *you* ever needed a chaperon, I'd like to know?"

Miss Dolly backed across the uneven flagged floor to the doorway.

"No, dear," she said meekly. "No; of course not. I—shall you want the rest of those potatoes brought into the farm this afternoon? I was thinking of going out to help Thompson with the fencing."

"Thompson can do the fence very well by himself. You had better bring in the potatoes, Dolly. I dug up the last of them yesterday, and there will possibly be a frost to-night."

"Very possibly," agreed Miss Dolly.

She stood an instant on the stony path that led from the kitchen door and fumbled with her hat-ties in a nervousness that was new. The sun was mercilessly bright on her little bent figure with the short skirt and the heavy boots and the faded mushroom hat of half a century ago. The man's cardigan that she wore was finished at the throat by a little wisp of chiffon; for love of fripperies dies hard in a woman, though many years of grinding poverty and man's work come to kill it. She tilted her hat away from her thin hair with an unsteady hand, and a patch of color showed on each weather-beaten cheek.

"It was not necessary for Bridget to remind me," she murmured. "And quite probably the young man himself—Yes, Bridget. Yes, love; I am just about to go."

She hurried across the yard; dragged a large basket from its nail in the barn; climbed a gap in the stone wall, and disappeared into the potato-patch. Jim saw her as he came round the end wall among the old-world scents of honeysuckle and sweet-pea and jasmine, with the bougainvillea dripping its purple blood on him.

He halted; struck a match to the lichened corner, and drew at his pipe with quick, uneven breaths. Then he flung the match away and followed Miss Dolly with set purpose in his eyes.

It was three days since Steve had beat him to unconsciousness on the floor of the calf-house behind Coogan's shanty. Three days since he had waked to find the Big Picture ripped and trampled into shreds under his body, and had staggered to the kitchen where the great open fireplace was gutted with the strewn embers of his two years' work. He had sought for Steve then, to kill him; and not finding him had gone out blindly into the bush, and had stumbled through it unheedingly for many miles; had shared a stray meal with a bushwhacker going north, and so had come at last, through broken



"The savage red of the winter sun struck him out clear and gigantic"

fences and half-cleared mallee-scrub left by the dead hands of Miss Bridget's father, thirty years ago, to the potato-patch where Miss Dolly toiled in the sun.

He was half-starved, mosquito-bitten, and bloody with scratches; and a heap of torn and blackened papers among the logs of Coogan's kitchen fire swam before his eyes day and night. But on that noon when he leaned over the stone wall of the potato-patch and saw Miss Dolly coming toward him through the glare, his brain woke again and stung him into life with desire for his craft.

"Ruth," he said, underbreath. "No; not Ruth. The last of the gleaners but one, waiting for the last of all—which is Death. Gad—how would that look in a Salon? I must get her! I must get her—somehow, someway."

It was a very easy way when all was said. Miss Bridget belonged to the old time of open-handed, courteous hospitality which forbids a house-owner to set any guest to the door. Moreover she was a woman, and Jim's tongue and eyes were made for women to love. So she led him herself along worn stone passages and up narrow, twisted stairs with rotting banisters to a couple of large, low attics under the slate roof.

"So many of the rooms are in disrepair," she explained. "We—ah—we do not entertain so extensively as we once did, and it has not been our custom to take boarders." She looked away and Jim saw her stringy old neck working.

"I am honored that you should take me," he said, in low-toned earnestness. "To a man without a home these rooms are heaven."

Miss Bridget glanced at him sharply. "The way to them's narrow and steep," she said. "I don't see any other resemblance. But if you want to take them I will send Thompson to the township for such luggage as you may choose to bring. It is only a ten-mile drive."

Jim bought his clothes as he needed them these days, paying for them by careless sketches here and there. He went down with Thompson and the cart next morning to the desolate township set in the mallee; wired to his Sydney

bank for the half-score pounds yet lying there, and came back to chase Miss Dolly into the potato-patch and there fling at her a proposal that turned her pink.

"I—I—it is—I am exceedingly flattered. But I do not know—perhaps it would not be proper."

"Proper? Oh, I want to paint you as you are, you know. In these togs and just half-stooping, with the potato-basket at your feet. Exactly as I first saw you when I came to the fence and the sun was shining on you."

Miss Dolly's earth-stained hands fluttered, for romance had come to her at last—the romance for which her starved girlhood and her poverty-bent womanhood had cried in such passionate silence. Jim wanted to remember her always just as he saw her first. It was so in books; now she knew it was so in real life, for her—for her very self. Her cheek-flush deepened and her eyes grew bright; and Jim, understanding in a swift shock of amazement and swallowed laughter, drew the last cord about her hesitating feet.

"You will let me, won't you? I have only known one other woman whom I wanted to paint as keenly as I do you. She was"—Jim studied Miss Dolly with earnest intentness—"yes; I think she *was* the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

Miss Dolly stooped nervously, picked up two potatoes, and dropped them into the basket. Then she said:

"My sister—I am afraid she might not—might not— You see, perhaps she would think it was—was frivolous—"

Anything less frivolous than Miss Dolly the sun did not shine on in his daily round. Jim bit his lip hard.

"Need she know?" he said then, and leaned toward her over the potato-basket. "Can't we keep a little secret together, you and I?"

Because the years had been sterile and empty to Miss Dolly she forgot them. And her heart was in its youth still.

"Yes," she cried, and caught his hands impulsively. "Bridget lies down for an hour after dinner every day, and once a week she goes into the township for the marketing. If you could paint me then—"

Jim held her hands close.

"You don't know how good I think it is of you," he said. "I want to paint a big picture—one that will make my name, you know. And if you will help me I will thank you always. I shall not need so many studies of you out here, of course. I am going to fit up one of those attics, and if you will come up there to me sometimes—when your sister is not about—it will be glorious."

Miss Dolly thrilled. Stolen interviews, the touch of hands, and eyes that looked into hers until she looked down in the uttermost maiden confusion—all this had belonged to books before. Now it had come true—for her.

"I will, I will," she cried. "I will do just what you tell me."

Then she snatched up her basket and fled to the house; her pulses blinding and deafening her and the flutter of her heart taking speech from her. In the narrow stone passage she stopped a moment, pressing her forehead to the wall.

"Of course, when you come to think of it," she murmured, "Helen of Troy was sixty, and I—I am two years from that yet. And certainly I must look much less."

Suddenly she dropped the basket and clattered in her heavy boots through the little living-room, papered with its *Graphics* and *Illustrated Londons* of the beginning of the century, into a large, low, dusky drawing-room, where the chairs and couches stood yet as they had stood once to receive governors and governors' wives who were dust these many years.

"Dolly," called Miss Bridget, pushing back the heavy flapped cap that she wore always when sweeping the veranda; "Dolly, is that you?"

But there was no sound in the drawing-room. No more sound than is necessary when a drop of ink falls over a written date on the first page of a family Bible. Miss Dolly scarcely drew breath. She watched the blot spread and blacken after "Dorothy Lascelles, born 10th May," in her father's faded handwriting, and her mild eyes took on a look of determination.

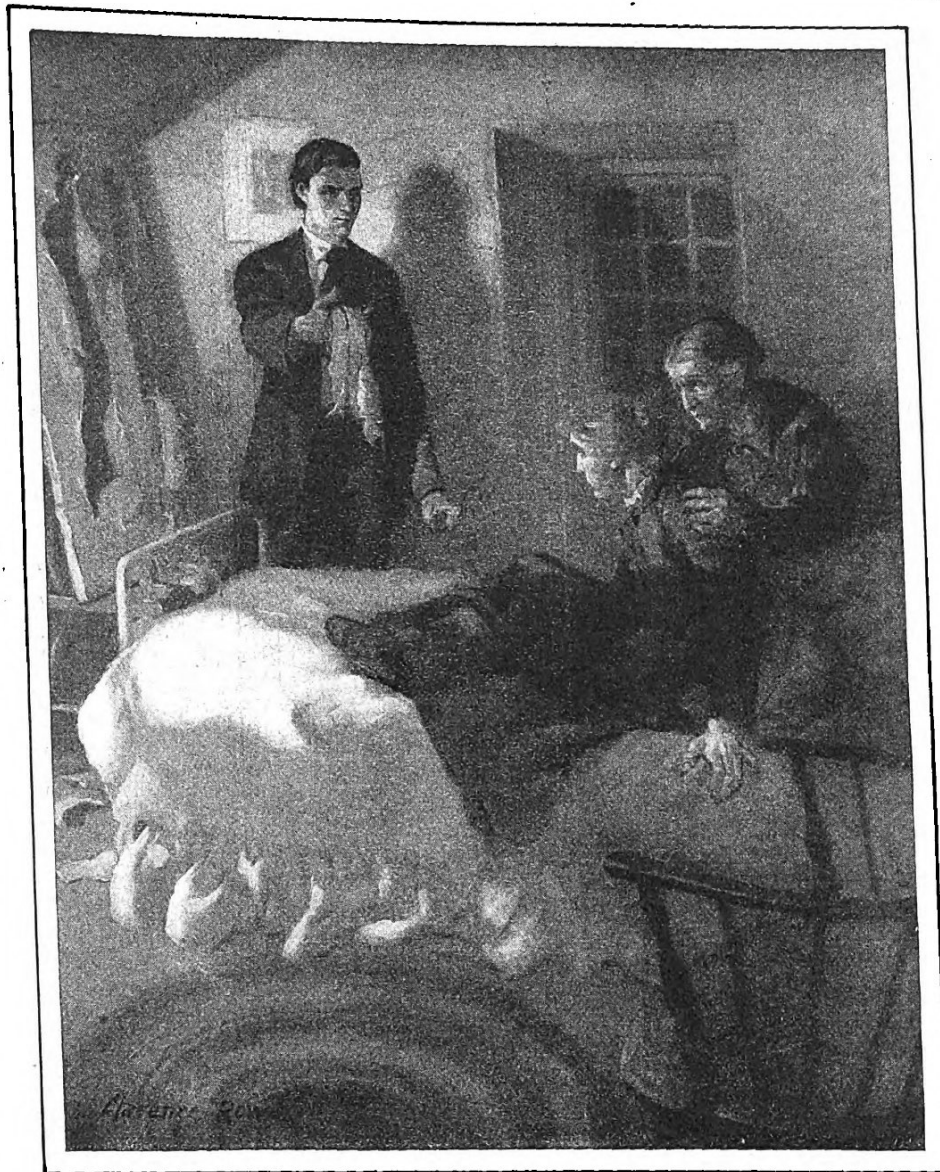
"When Bridget finds out it will be time to tell her," she said. "And if he should look—"

Then she shut the great calf-bound volume, hooked the iron clasps, and flung a *Ladies' Journal* atop. And two minutes later she was on her stiff knees in the passage, hastily scrambling for the dropped potatoes.

It was the law that those women who loved Jim should suffer for it and delight in the suffering, whilst it also meant the serving. Through that autumn Miss Dolly was milking the cows before the dawn and grubbing the *mallee* scrub where it threatened to choke her corn-patch, when Jim was yet in his bed. The tragedy of decay was set on the old neglected place, and on the two old women and the older man who had bent under their over-heavy burden of life. Sometimes, when past memories flogged him into action, Jim cut wood and mended gaps in the stone walls that Time had painted with such a soft glory of color that he cursed hopelessly over attempts at reproduction. Sometimes he fed Miss Bridget's poultry when the back yard was bog and the long-trodden, flagged path swam with rain; and sometimes he cut the tufty grass before the wide, low veranda hung all with scented vines and spiderwebs, and bearing yet in its dim, benched corners whispers of the days when Miss Bridget in her girlish brightness had hidden there, murmuring love-words to ears long dead.

But he felt the tragedy, for all that. It grew into his soul and put power to his hand when he worked at the little, bent woman-figure by the time-stained broken wall; at the rotting out-buildings and the dead potato-haulms that made middle distance; at the misty farness of featureless hills, clad in the one gray drab of the *mallee*.

And the Big Picture was coming into being again. Age for Youth; foreshadow of Death instead of the first radiance of Love; sullen autumn skies and dull earth round the woman in place of the gold wattle of spring. But it was good as the other. It was better; for the bitter heart-



"You asked me for the greatest thing I had, and I have given it to you"

ache which stirred Jim yet for the picture which had been as his first-born child spoke somehow in the weary lines of the body and in the crowding of the shadows about it.

And many times Miss Dolly's body was weary. Jim knew it. But while the light held good he would not spare her—nor did he spare himself. Through blazing heat of mid-day, through cramped, chill hours in the studio, through bitter afternoons when her blue hands trembled on the basket and her thin face grew yet more pinched and gray and withered and the angry lights of coming storm flung her shadow far back to the stooping dark, he held her there at his will; and because it was his will she took it for hers also, in a proud and piteous delight.

For the first time in her life Miss Dolly curled her scant hair into a fringe. She contradicted Miss Bridget on three separate days, and was unrepentant; and once Thompson, toiling up the steep hill of the *coolibabs* where Miss Dolly was burning off, heard a sound which was neither a cicada nor a kettle, and which he never knew for Miss Dolly's singing. But the harder work, the cruel hours of posing, even the very strength of the joy which kept her awake through the nights, took fierce toll of her little frail body. The fire that had smoldered from her cradle was touched to flame at last, and it was burning Miss Dolly to tinder.



I would rather have my little piece
of pie every day I live, than wait until
I am so old my teeth won't chew it.

F. Hopkinson Smith.



She never asked to see the picture closely; for Jim had told her to wait, and her eyesight was not good at any distance. So she posed and dreamed and blushed at his careless talk and kept the secret firm-locked as his studio-door.

Then the morning came when as she sat on the floor of the barn, sorting apples and shivering in the draft that blew keen through the splits in the stringy bark palings, Miss Bridget thrust open the door.

"Dorothy," she said.

At Miss Dolly's jump the apples rolled all ways, and Miss Dolly looked up. Except for the reminder of the Bible she had forgotten her real name.

"Yes, Bridget: yes, love," she said nervously.

"Come with me, said Miss Bridget.

Miss Dolly followed speechless across the yard with the grass-grown well and the rusty tanks and the clucking fowls: she followed along the flagged path, down the stone passage, and up the stair where the banisters rattled under her hand. At the stair top a flood of light from the open studio-door drowned her, and she shrank back against the discolored wall.

"No, Bridget," she said.

"Not in there, love. He—he does not wish it; and—and you know he has gone down to the township."

Miss Bridget dropped a firm hand on her arm and drew her in. A large canvas stood up in the floor-center, where Jim had left it for the last hour's work to dry when he went to the township and forgot to lock the door.

"Come close," said Miss Bridget. "Get the light on it. Now—that is you, Dorothy."

Miss Dolly looked; and an old, old woman looked back at her: a little, bent old woman, with the dulness of a strait, unlovely life in her shriveled face and her weary eyes; an old woman who wore the clothes that she herself wore, and who looked up, half-stooping, from the broken potato-basket as she herself had looked so many times. An old woman alone in the fading death of the year, with clouds that shaped that death rising like miasma from the desolate potato-patch and forming mistily on the dimness of distant bush-hills. An old woman whom Life and Love had passed by, unseeing—and that old woman herself, her very self.

Slowly Miss Bridget read Jim's legend scribbled on the flat board of the easel—"Earth to earth, in the dead of the year."

Miss Dolly neither moved nor spoke. But again she heard Miss Bridget's voice.

"That is you, Dorothy, and you have sat for him to do it. You have sat for him to make a mock of our poverty and our age and our birth. It is a good picture. Of course he will take it away and exhibit it, and the people whom we used to know will see how low our father's daughters have sunk; for you are very like your father, Dorothy, and that picture is very like you. Dolly! Had n't you

[Continued on page 110]

HOW YOU CAN HELP YOUR BOY

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"IF CHILDREN are not brought up well," says President Roosevelt, "they are not merely a curse to themselves and their parents, but they mean a ruin of the state in the future."

Not long ago a boy, arrested in New York for burglary, when examined at the Children's Court, said that he stole because he was tired of being good!

Many children, like this poor boy, are brought up in a way which makes even the good seem very irksome and undesirable. In their anxiety to train them properly, the parents harp on the good so much, weary them so with "goody-goody" advice, and so hamper and limit them in natural and legitimate amusements and recreations, on the ground that this or that innocent game or pleasure is wrong, sinful, that a complete revulsion of feeling is wrought in the children's nature, and in sheer desperation they are often driven to the opposite extreme. They but follow a natural law, for when the pendulum is swung too far in one direction it invariably swings back as far in the opposite direction.

The training of a child is the most delicate and sacred business in the world. It is a work that calls for the greatest wisdom, the finest discernment, the most infinite patience.

One of the most unfortunate things in civilization, a thing that is holding the race back, is the fact that so many children are trained by mothers and fathers and teachers who are totally unfit for their sacred office.

The destiny of the child hangs upon its early environment, its parents, teachers, and associates. Upon these depend the qualities or characteristics that will be called out of its nature. There are seeds of all sorts of possibilities lying dormant in the boy and girl. A bad mother, a bad teacher, by appealing to the bad in them, will call out the bad. A good mother, a good teacher, by appealing to the best in them, will call out the best. Evil responds to evil. Nobility responds to nobility.

Think of a child with the possibilities of a Washington or a Lincoln holding in its young brain, perhaps, the destinies of millions of people, whose entire training is in the hands of ignorance, of inexperience! Think of a piece of plastic human clay, which responds to the slightest touch and is susceptible to the most delicate impression, being at the mercy of ignorance or a violent temper, at the mercy of a woman with no common sense, no delicacy of sentiment, no judgment, none of the qualities that characterize the ideal mother or teacher!

If you want to get the most out of the child, you can not do it by repressing it, by cramping, by watching, or by criticizing it. I have known children to become so completely discouraged by being constantly denounced, scolded, perpetually reminded of their shortcomings, their weaknesses, by being told that they were stupid blockheads and would never amount to anything, that they completely lost confidence in themselves, if not self-respect.

How often we hear a parent talking to a boy after this fashion: "Now hurry up, you lazy good-for-nothing. What makes you so slow and stupid? I never saw such a block-head. Why don't you get a move on you? You will never amount to anything, anyway!"

These denunciations so discourage a boy after a while that he does not care, and does not try to do his best. Then, of course, his standards drop and he deteriorates.

It is a very dangerous, wicked thing to destroy a child's self-faith. It is criminal to make him think that he does not amount to anything, and that he can never make anything of himself.

Yet in many families we hear this scolding, nagging, and denouncing of children from morning until night. Their ears are constantly assailed with irritable exclamations, such as, "How often have you been told not to do that?" "You never do anything right!" "You are always blundering, making mistakes, breaking things!" "What in the world is the matter with you?" "You never remember anything I tell you!" "You are always doing the wrong thing!" Children can not stand this sort of thing without very great injury to their whole nature. Why, even adults could not thrive in such an atmosphere, and what must be the blighting, shriveling effect upon a sensitive, plastic child?

Children are very easily discouraged; their progress is to a great extent dependent upon praise. Approbation is the strongest possible motive with them. They will do anything for a parent or teacher who believes in them, encourages them, and tries to help them; but disparagement disheartens them and they succumb under continual nagging and scolding. Their little sky is easily clouded.

One of the wickedest things you can say to a child or youth is to call him a good-for-nothing, a nobody, or to tell him that he will never amount to anything. These cutting remarks are like initials cut in the green young sapling, which deepen and widen with age.

If a child has great weaknesses or grave faults, he should not be constantly reminded of them. You who are parents or teachers should not hold these defects or deficiencies in your minds. You should see the ideal side—the good side—the best things in the children, and dwell on them. Encouraging their good side will help them infinitely more than discouraging their bad side. We can always reach people, young or old, by appealing to the divine in them, but human nature rebels against antagonism, denunciation, criticism, and scolding.

If you have a particularly dull child or a stupid pupil, do not continually remind him of his deficiency, for this picture constantly held in his mind will kill self-confidence. We help people by making them think more of themselves.

We older people should not forget that many of our greatest men and women were, in the estimation of those about them, very slow, dull, stupid children.

Never condemn the child who is slow in developing, and even apparently dull and lazy. He may simply be struggling to find himself. Help him to self-discovery; sympathize with him in his difficulties, for they are very real to him, and he may be suffering intensely when you think he is merely lazy. He may be growing so fast that all his energies are exhausted in the growing processes.

A child must be developed from the standpoint of what he is. He may not fit into your conception of what a boy should be. If you find that the boy is an acorn, do not try to make him a pine-tree or an apple-tree. The Creator packed the possibilities of the oak into an acorn, and as soon as it begins to sprout it should not be trained like a vine because the gardener thinks it would look better as a vine.

Do not try to twist the boy out of his normal orbit, where alone he will find harmony and his life's real meaning.

The genius which slumbers in a child often requires little to develop it; but a little discouragement or antagonism may crush or blight it. Great natural ability may lie dormant and finally die in a boy who is constantly rebuffed and disheartened by those older than himself, unless he has an unusual amount of independence and self-reliance, and a strong determination to overcome obstacles. Many a life has been diverted from its normal channel by ridicule, a sneer, a snub, a threat, or a depreciating remark.

[Continued on page 103]



DR. SIMON FLEXNER
Head of the Rockefeller Institute of
Medical Research



The NEW SURGERY

The TWENTIETH CENTURY MIRACLE of the TRANSPLANTATION of ORGANS

BY ROLAND PHILLIPS

INFORMATION has recently been given to the world of a remarkable series of experiments in surgery which have been carried on in the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York City. Under the direction of Dr. Alexis Carrel, organs have been transplanted successfully from one animal to another, and blood-vessels from one species to another. In this article, Roland Phillips tells the story of these and other marvelous operations. He shows us that these achievements are more than interesting feats of surgical skill; that they are, in fact, a tremendous step toward the conquest of pain and the abolition of disease.



DR. ALEXIS CARREL
Of the Rockefeller Institute. He has
performed astounding operations

ABOUT a year ago an eight and a half pound baby was born into the home of a young New York physician. To all appearances the child was perfect—strong, robust, healthy. On the fourth day it developed a raging fever. At the same time hemorrhages of bright red blood issued from the child's nostrils, neck, ears, scalp, diffusing into its eyes, and causing temporary physical blindness. It was the one case in a thousand of the dreaded *melaena neonatorum*—the hemorrhage of the "new-born." The verdict was: no hope. Already the little sufferer was waxen, livid. Death was only a question of hours.

A Bridge Between Life and Death

They strapped the child to an ironing-board. On a table next to it the father lay down and stretched out his arm. The attendant surgeon cut the pulse artery at the wrist and sewed the end of the artery to a vein in the child's leg. As the new blood began to course through the child's body the color of the skin changed. From a livid white it grew pink, then red. The hemorrhages stopped. The response was a lusty cry. Nourishment was given—an ounce of milk within an hour. There was no convalescence. An hour before the operation the child was, to all intents and purposes, dead; an hour after, it was alive. The cure was instantaneous. It was a miracle of life and death.

About the same time a series of remarkable experiments was being conducted at the Rockefeller Institute, in New York City, by Dr. Alexis Carrel, a young Frenchman who came to America with a brilliant record in experimental surgery. His record was more than that: he had imagination. He planned to cure disease; to prevent sickness; to break down the barrier between death and life in a new way. He proposed to remove the diseased organs from human bodies and to substitute sound, healthy organs in their place. Does this seem to you wonderful, amazing, anything out of the ordinary? To the world of surgery it was little short of revolution.

Trading Limbs and Arteries

He began by shifting a vein from the body of one animal to another. He joined the ends of ligaments and sewed in new pieces. He removed glands and replaced them with new ones. He found that where a vein was weak a section could be removed and an artery substituted without bursting the walls. On one occasion he severed a main artery, removed part of it, and put in its place a carotid artery which had been sealed in a tube and kept for thirty days in a refrigerator. These marvels were new. They demanded the development of marvelous technique. Formerly, in sewing one end of an artery to another, it was impossible to avoid leaving a rough surface on the inner rim which clogged the blood and stopped circulation. Usually, the result was gangrene. Doctor Carrel improved the workmanship. He avoided these dangers; he left the inner surface smooth. There was no clogging, no stopping of circulation. In the case I first mentioned it was his skill that enabled the attendant surgeon to sew the artery in the father's arm directly to the vein in the child's leg—and to save a life.

This was one of the first human results of Doctor Carrel's experiments. The old way was to fasten

the arteries to the ends of glass tubes connected by a tube of rubber, with the danger of clogging and infection. The new way minimizes these dangers and makes it possible to restore to health hundreds of patients who are too far weakened by anemia, due to illness or suffering, to withstand the shock of operation.

"Will you volunteer to save the life of your wife?" a surgeon asked of a young husband. "It means that you must give your blood to keep her alive until the shock of operating is over."

The surgeon's assistant held his finger on the pulse of the open artery, supplying the new blood as it was needed to keep up the patient's vitality. This operation occurred recently in Cleveland. It was successful. It was another result of the method of "new" surgery.

A Practical Dreamer

To many surgeons such achievements would abundantly justify years of research and experiment. But I have told you that Doctor Carrel is a dreamer—like Morse, Edison, and the other pioneer dreamers of electricity; dreamers who foresaw the flight of messages into thousands of homes throughout the civilized world before the rest of the world heard the first click of the instrument. To him, then, this was the threshold of discovery and achievement—merely an auspicious beginning. He had still to prove that his skill meant more than the mere joining of arteries. He went on with his experiments, improving his workmanship, meeting alternately with failure and success, but finally producing results which to the lay mind are marvels; to the world of surgery, an epoch of new and wonderful possibilities.

Twentieth Century Miracles

You own a fox terrier that barks at automobiles. He is run over. One leg is crushed. It is amputated. There is nothing left but a stump. Then the dog disappears. He is gone ninety days. At the end of that time would you be surprised to see him run up the path on four legs, and none the worse for his experience except a scar where the new leg had been joined?

In a recent address in Philadelphia, Doctor Carrel showed screen-pictures of the operation. He explained how the bones knit together, how the tissues healed, grew, and remained healthy. Then he told how the front and hind legs of dogs were transplanted to dogs of different breeds and how the circulation in the new

limbs was restored. Even thighs were exchanged.

"Since I have found no serious derangement of tissue change in dogs' thighs up to eleven days after transplantation, nor in a dog's foreleg up to six days," says Doctor C. C. Guthrie, of St. Louis, who has been associated with Doctor Carrel in many of his experiments, "and since there are no physiologic or other reasons known why such tissues as those found in the limb may not live and again function under such conditions, it seems justifiable to conclude that it is possible to transplant such a member with permanent success. Briefly, the results show the feasibility of transplanting limbs."

Here was a step in advance that brought to the test, from the earlier experiments, every resource of skill and delicate workmanship. Instead of joining one artery it meant that every artery, every vein, ligament, muscle, tendon, every minute and intricate part of the severed extremities must be united with the skill of nature. Marvelous results have been obtained in bacteriology by the study of the thousandth part of a drop of water. Here is similar minute workmanship in surgery. It, too, had shown singular results. Had it reached the end? How far could it go? Instead of a leg for a leg, could it by any chance substitute one vital organ in an animal for another? This was the next problem Doctor Carrel and his associates set themselves to solve.

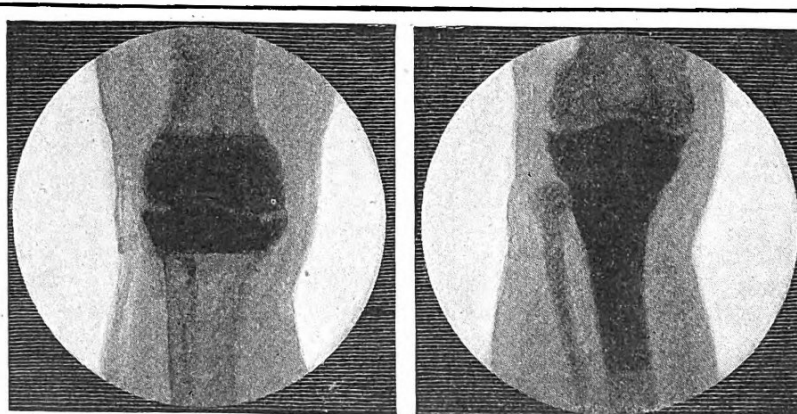
Transplantation of Kidneys

Suppose that, on a chance of saving its life, your pet cat is taken to the hospital. It is etherized, operated upon, both kidneys are removed, and a new pair substituted. Here is the diary of the patient for several days after the operation: first day, animal lies down and refuses to eat; third day, animal much better, walks about, no abdominal pain, eats a great deal of raw meat, drinks milk; fourth day, animal in normal condition, walks, jumps, climbs, eats a great deal of meat, drinks milk; fifth and sixth days, same condition; seventh day, animal in perfect health, is growing fat; the dressing is removed, wound completely healed, both kidneys normal in size and situation; thirteenth day, animal apparently normal, runs about the roof, climbs and jumps on the table, eats a great deal. On the twenty-second day the cat comes home, entirely recovered and with the functions of the new organs completely re-established. It is only fair to add that

in some of these experiments the outcome is less successful. In the complicated operation of transplanting kidneys from one animal to another, a recent series shows success in a ratio of nine cases to five. But, even so, these experiments marked the next great step toward ultimate success.

"In performing these operations," says Doctor Carrel, "the surgeon has two main problems to solve. First, he must keep the tissues of the organ alive, after it is cut from the body, until he is ready to re-graft it on a new organism. Second, immediately after transplanting, he must re-establish the circulation. In the operation of transplanting the kidneys we have established the circulation and the functioning of the organ within one day."

"Success depends upon the time of the operation. The detached organ is apparently dead, and it could not last long without the lesions becoming unhealable. Immediately after stoppage of circula-



X-RAY PHOTOGRAPHS OF SUBSTITUTED BONES

The shaded portion (in the first) shows the replaced knee-joint; in the second, the substitution of a section of the principal bone of the lower leg

tion, cadaveric changes begin to take place. Therefore, it became my next problem to arrest this degeneration.

Cold-Storage Arteries

"In my experiments to preserve arteries I found that desiccation would not do, but produced a state of absolute death. Then I put the arteries in refrigerators and kept them, inclosed in hermetically sealed tubes, at a temperature a little above freezing. I found that an artery could be kept alive for sixty days and substituted for the artery of a living animal. An artery kept for more than sixty days was absolutely dead, and when transplanted resulted in the death of the animal.

"I have replaced the abdominal arteries of a cat with the carotid arteries of a dog. Once when I received a human leg from a New York hospital, I kept the arteries twenty-four days in a refrigerator and then put them into a dog.

"In all these experiments the animals are etherized and the operators wear sterile gowns and sterile masks to cover their faces so that no tiny particle shall escape from their breath and fall upon the subject."

A Revolution in Surgery

In considering statements like these, it is well to bear in mind that the entire science of modern surgery as we know it to-day has been developed within a comparatively few years; that it was made possible chiefly through the researches of men like Morton and Simpson in anesthetics, and of Lister and Pasteur in antiseptics; but that, in little more than half a century, it has performed marvels of its own which are no less astounding than any so far accomplished or even proposed for the future by Doctor Carrel or the other successful exponents of the new surgery. For example, it is strange to believe that it was only a few years ago that a physician, injured in an accident, gave the following account of his impressions while undergoing an operation. "It involved cruel cutting," he said, "through inflamed and morbidly sensitive parts, and could not be despatched with a few strokes of the knife. In spite of the pain, my senses were preternaturally acute. I watched all the surgeon did with a fascinated intensity. I still vividly recall the spreading out of the instruments, the twisting of the tourniquet, the first incision—it was a blank whirlwind of emotion, the horror of great darkness, a sense of desertion by God and man bordering close upon despair."

At that time war claimed a needless yearly toll of thousands of lives in cases believed to be "inoperable." In six cases out of ten a broken arm, when the fracture was compound, resulted in death. To open the body near a vital organ was considered fatal. Appendicitis, diagnosed as peritonitis, claimed not far from one hundred lives in every hundred cases. Now the rate is two in a hundred. A famous New York surgeon, Dr. Horace Green, was reviled by his associates for daring to propose that one of his patients should be allowed to breathe by making an incision in the larynx. Later, in a case of cancer, the entire larynx was removed and the organs of the throat rearranged; in another case the new larynx was artificial.

This began the era of marvels. It was found possible to explore the brain, even to remove parts of it without causing instant death. People lived without stomachs. In one instance the heart of a man who

had been stabbed in a quarrel was laid bare and three stitches taken in the wound. The man recovered. In a large number of similar injuries to the vital organs, Doctor Bull, of New York, proved by operations at the Chambers Street Hospital and elsewhere that the surgeon's knife can be used successfully in three-fourths of all these cases. If these things are possible, may it not be equally possible to substitute new organs at the time of operation? Do you begin to see that it would really be no more marvelous, more amazing than what has already been accomplished by modern surgery?

The Halt and Lame Made Whole

The disease that makes the most cripples in the world is infantile palsy. A short time ago, at the Philadelphia Polyclinic Hospital, an operation was performed on a child four years old which had lost control of the movements of one foot. The nerve which controls these movements forks below the knee. One of these nerve branches was dead. It was cut out and the ends of the live nerve were joined together, giving the child fair control of its foot. In cases of "club-foot," caused by paralysis of the muscles of one side of the leg, similar operations have been performed by cutting the tendons on the sound side of the leg, stretching them to the other side, and tying them in place by a silk cord. Is n't it obvious that, where one nerve and one tendon must do the work of two, strength is impaired?

Suppose, then, that by some magic of surgery new nerves and new tendons could be added.

New Hope for the Insane

A diseased thyroid gland was removed by an eminent specialist in London. Up to that time nothing was known of its use or functions. The patient, during the progress of the disease and after the removal of the gland, gradually drifted into a state bordering on insanity. It is a condition which claims thousands of victims, chiefly among women and children.

By the removal of corresponding glands from the throats of animals the cause of the disease was proved beyond question. As far back as 1890, Sir Victor Horsley, of London, proposed that in the transplantation, not of a new gland, but of its tissue, lay the cure of the disease. But the proper method was not known. The transplantation of tissue was tried without success. Later, thyroid extract was made from the glands of sheep. This, given by hypodermic injection, was replaced by sandwiches and tabloids. It was a strange sequence of surgical calamities which, nevertheless, produced some good results. Would n't it seem worth while, by the substitution of new glands, to save these thousands of cases; to bring back to health men and women whose minds have become clouded, whose reason is wavering, who are changed by this disease almost beyond recognition; and to restore growth of body and mind to children who in the early stages of the malady are believed to be hopelessly imbecile?

It used to be the practise, with a tubercular joint, to remove the entire limb and to replace it artificially with wood or aluminum. Then the joint was cut—and not replaced; then, iodoform injections were used and only the infected part of the joint cut, if at all; That is the practise to-day. The new surgery proposes no change—except to replace the joint after it is cut and to give the patient the use of his limb.

There is a fairly common disease of the arteries, called aneurism. Formerly the artery usually dilated to the bursting point and the patient bled to death. In rare cases this was prevented by tying the ends of the arteries. The new surgery proposes to sever the artery, if necessary to sew in a new piece, and then to rely on perfect technique to prevent the usual result of gangrene—or death.

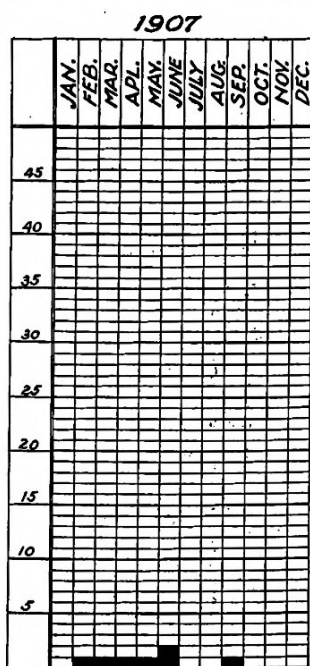
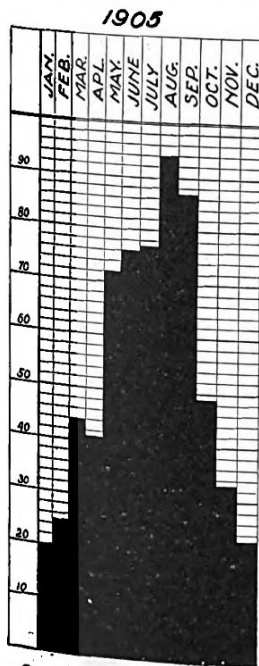
The Use of Artificial Organs

To-day it is not rare to remove diseased portions of the intestines and to join the sound extremities with a Murphy button. The inventor of this device, Dr. John B. Murphy, of Chicago, has also invented a "digestive tube" with which, in certain cases, he has replaced diseased portions of the intestines. In one operation he injected nitrogen into the sac that holds the lungs and compressed one of them so that no air could enter. It showed what was, of course, known before, that only one of these organs is necessary to sustain life. Is it impossible to conceive that the new surgery may turn this device to its own profit, and by the substitution of one of these

[Continued on page 107]



Photograph of a very hungry and lively feline who possesses the kidneys of another cat, deceased



Comparative charts showing remarkable decrease of "Malta fever" among British soldiers on the Island of Malta after the cause (the use of goats' milk) was discovered and removed

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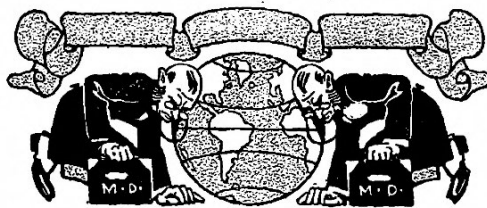
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THE PULSE OF THE WORLD



By HOWARD BRUBAKER

The Annual Message

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S annual message to Congress was of its usual length and vigor. It was received favorably by the nation at large, and with doubt and distrust by the patriots of our two legislative branches. For the most part, it reiterates the President's well-known principles—national control of corporation activities, labor legislation, conservation of natural resources, inland waterways, postal savings-banks, rural parcels-post, and several other things which everybody but Congress believes in. He further advocates better salaries for Supreme Court judges, four new battleships, and some changes in the army's system of promotion.

The most talked-of feature of the message, however, was the attack upon certain congressmen. When Congress amended the secret-service measure forbidding detail and transfer therefrom, they did this, says the President, because they did not themselves wish to be investigated. The latter statement may account, in part, for Congress's lack of enthusiasm over this, President Roosevelt's last annual message.

The Right to "Muck Rake"

THE President's action in reprimanding Congress was, we believe, upheld by public opinion, but when a week later he made a violent attack upon certain newspapers which criticized the Panama Canal operations, opinion was not so favorable. There is a general feeling floating about this country that a rule of this sort ought to work both ways. When President Roosevelt used his very efficient vocabulary to denounce the Indianapolis News, and the World and Sun of New York, for charging corruption in connection with the Panama Canal purchase, there were a lot of us who felt that the accusation business ought to be open to us all. When he threatened criminal prosecution of the offenders, people began to talk of lese-majesty.

If, as it afterwards developed, the charges of these papers were silly and unfounded, that fact does not, in our opinion, alter the case. It has never been our pleasure and privilege to read a newspaper which printed even approximately the truth, yet we would not have our people deprived for that reason of the inalienable American right of throwing mud at everybody from the President to the coroner. When the republic was yet young its Chief Executive tried to muzzle the press; an avalanche struck his party at the next election, and the grasses have been waving peacefully over its head for a hundred years. We are apparently no nearer a muzzled condition of mind now than we were in the days of John Adams; why should we muzzle our tongues?

Organized Labor on Trial

ANOTHER, and perhaps a greater menace to the liberty of speech and of the press has arisen. This is the decision of Justice Wright against the American Federation of Labor, and the sentencing of its officers, Gompers, Mitchell, and Morrison to jail for disobedience of the court's order in the boycott of the Buck Stove and Range Company.

The American Federation of Labor is the chief association of organized labor in this country. It has been of inestimable value in improving the condition of the workmen both within and without labor-unions. As the strike has always proved an expensive and wasteful process and one to be resorted to only in emergencies, the boycott has proved a most efficient weapon in enforcing labor's demands, and organized labor has always exercised its prerogative of saying as publicly as it thought necessary that it does not patronize those whose acts have been hostile to its cause.

If Justice Wright's decision is sustained by the higher courts it will mean that the workmen of this country have no right through their organization to retaliate when they have been attacked. It will mean to that extent an abrogation of the right of freedom of speech and of the press. If Justice Wright's opinion is found to be justified by the law, it is high time that such an absurd, autocratic, and un-American law should be

stricken from the statutes. We predict that if Gompers and his associates ever go to jail, any political party which adequately represents a protest against this proceeding, will be triumphant in 1912.

A Good Show

WITH the deposition of President Castro late in December, that most successful musical comedy, "The Pride of Venezuela," was brought to a close, after a record-breaking run of nearly ten years. In the last act of this side-splitting production, Gomez, the acting President, who discovers a plot against his life instigated by Castro, alone and single-handed arrests all the ringleaders and treats the populace to a proclamation. Cipriano Castro, the villain of the piece, who is visiting in Germany at the time, is impeached and his letter of credit canceled. We are left with the impression that he will find congenial occupation in Europe for the rest of his strenuous days; at least no invitation to return has been issued by his grateful people at the time the

curtain goes down. The act closes with a Dutch clog-dance by Holland men-of-war, a song by the Asphalt Trust, and a soldiers' chorus by an army of eleven men.

Uncle Sam, who has been an interested spectator of this highly moral and diverting drama, has expressed himself as very much pleased with the outcome of the performance.

My, What a Country!

THE value of all farm products of 1908, in the United States, is \$7,778,000,000, according to the recent annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture. This stupendous total is not only the greatest in the nation's history, but is also nearly three hundred million dollars more than that of 1907. During the last ten years we have raised the inconceivable sum of sixty billion dollars' worth of produce on the farms of the United States. The corn which grew last summer during four months would, if it were not being devoted to better purposes, pay the interest-bearing debt of the United States, dig the Panama Canal, and buy fifty battle-ships. The other leading products in order of value are cotton, hay, wheat, oats, and other cereals, sugar, potatoes, tobacco, and hops.

If any one can read Secretary Wilson's report without a feeling of pride in the stupendous extent and wealth of his country, he'd better have himself examined. There is something vitally the matter with that portion of his brain which is the seat of patriotism.

Hard Times for Lords

IF you have never tried to reform a House of Lords, you can have no idea what a job confronts the good people of England. Recently that ancient institution, fearing that England in a moment of impatience might abolish it entirely, proposed to reform itself; it has come to the wise conclusion that it is better to be reformed than not to be at all.

It seems that there are now 618 peers in England who have an hereditary right to sit in the House of Lords. Fortunately for that deserving country, a considerable part of this mass of nobility does not often show itself about the Houses of Parliament and so the country manages to worry along; but it is really very discouraging.

The plan proposed is that the nobility elect two hundred of their number to represent them in Parliament, and that the bishops be allowed to choose eight. Besides this, one hundred and thirty peers and three blood royal princes shall hold the job for life. Also it is proposed that twenty years of usefulness in the House of Commons shall entitle one to usefulness for the remainder of his days in the House of Lords.

All of this sounds very foolish, but it is really a great and radical step in advance. According to the proposed plan, the membership of the house is cut almost in half, which in itself constitutes a blessing. Besides, it is expected that the nobility will make an effort to elect fairly respectable lords to Parliament, and those who are able to be about without keepers. Best of all, it seems to point toward the ultimate abolition of the absurd, archaic old hereditary legislative body.

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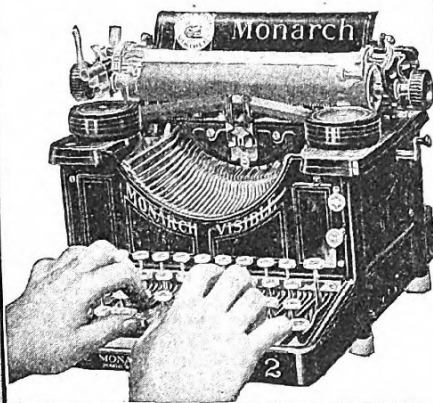
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Uncle Sam's New Assistant

PRESIDENT-ELECT TAFT's choice of Senator Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania for Secretary of State has met with much favorable comment. Senator Knox is recognized, even by his opponents, as one of the ablest men in public life. As Attorney-General under McKinley and Roosevelt, he demonstrated the validity of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and prosecuted the trust offenders about as vigorously as that faulty document would permit. His Anti-Rebate Law was, on the whole, a progressive piece of legislation.

Philander C. Knox's early record is not without certain unfortunate corporation connections, but in his career as a cabinet member he seems, like Secretary Root whose position he is to fill, to have foresworn his former allegiance and to have served the public faithfully. He comes from one of the most notoriously corrupt political organizations in the country, the Pennsylvania Republican machine, yet his hands seem to be clean. His photograph reminds one strongly of a rich banker who is about to foreclose a mortgage on a widow with nine children; but as foreclosing mortgages is not a part of the duty of the State Department, we may regard his appointment as perfectly safe. He will undoubtedly keep that department up to the high standard maintained by John Hay and Elihu Root.

Do You Need a Sultan?

WHEN the Sultan of Turkey opened the first Parliament in Stamboul in December, amid the wild rejoicing of the populace, he said: "My will is definite and unalterable, and henceforth the Constitution will regulate the affairs of the nation." Just what that paradoxical statement may mean, we have no way of knowing; if the constitution is to boss the job hereafter, what are they going to do with the Sultan and his definite and unalterable will? If there is a real live parliament, a Sultan seems an embarrassing superfluity.

The problem, what shall we do with our ex-Presidents, is a very simple one in comparison with the question, what shall we do with our rulers who ought to be ex- and won't. This kind of a sovereign does nothing but hang around and clutter up the royal palace and make trouble for the janitor. The difficulty is that there is nothing else for him to do; ex-rulers and ex-convents have a very hard time finding employment. We suggest, therefore, that some public-spirited philanthropist like Mr. Carnegie establish a home for friendless ex-rulers with accommodations for superfluous czars and superannuated shahs. They would be treated kindly, and their friends could see them on Wednesday afternoons from two to four. There would be a place in the basement where they could store their definite and unalterable wills. Castro will be looking for such a place soon, and it might have attractions for the Kaiser.

Meanwhile is n't there some foolish little island somewhere that would like to buy a good, cheap, second-hand Sultan?

Papers All the Time

THE Washington Times, of which Mr. Munsey is the publisher, has launched forth a Sunday evening edition—the first of its kind in America. Heretofore our city evening papers, even those enterprising ones which begin coming out at the break of dawn, have been able to conquer their impulse to be misinforming and have rested on the seventh day. Now the Times, arguing that people have just as much time to read and things as much time to happen on Sunday as on any other day, produces an edition which it hopes will be devoured along with cold chicken and apple sauce at every Sabbath supper-table in Washington. As Congress does not meet on Sunday, the news contained in this edition may be of a highly moral nature. The paper is of the regular, not the Sunday morning, size, and it does not crowd the family out into the street. As there is no comic supplement, the evening can be made gay and cheerful for young and old.

If this thing keeps up, there will doubtless be a paper for us soon for every hour in the week, and for every mood and every need. We shall have washing-day and baking-day editions, clubmen's 2 a.m. editions (large type), after-theater editions to cheer us up, editions to buy when the minister is coming to dinner or when mother-in-law moves into the spare bedroom. Perhaps our greatest need is for a paper composed entirely of editorials, which shall be called the Good Night Edition, the foe of sleeplessness, no bedroom is complete without it.

Vain Repetition

WE HAVE all manner of respect for Wilbur Wright of Ohio, Paris, and the starry heavens, but we must say that his show is getting monotonous. Breaking aerial records has become a mania with him. Over in France they call him "record man." They have even gone so far as to say that he is "all right," which is the Frenchman's idea of an English joke. One of the "bird man's" most recent achievements was the smashing of two records in one day, forenoon and afternoon, by remaining in the air for two hours, and by attaining a height of three hundred feet.

We are, of course, glad to have Mr. Wright represent us so ably in a country which used to regard aerial navigation as their special mission on and near the earth. We are perfectly willing to read now and then of one of his exploits; but when he deems it necessary to break records from nine to five daily with only an hour off for lunch, we must protest. His show is good, but it is time for a change of bill.

Have Your Soul Weighed

WHEN we get things down to a finer point and figure out a few things that are still hazy, we can all get our souls weighed. This, at least, is the opinion recently expressed in London by Fournier d'Albé, secretary of the Dublin Society for Psychical Research. He says souls are made out of "psychromeres," and that some day we'll have instruments that will enable us to see, weigh, and measure them. After death, says d'Albé, our "psychromeres," which hitherto have been scattered all over our bodies, unite into a "soul body," which henceforth floats about subsisting on sun-rays and paying no board bills. The soul, he says, probably weighs about one one-thousandth part of the body, so that if you weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, you are constantly lugging about two and one-half ounces of soul.

There are a lot of questions that we shall want Mr. d'Albé to answer when he gets his soul-weighing machinery in order. Do women have as husky souls as men? Do poets and bricklayers have the same size? Have any traces of one ever been found in the Coal Trust? Are congressmen born without them, or do they lose them through long disuse? When we are able to drop one cent in a slot and have our souls weighed, what a lot we shall know about our neighbors that now we only suspect!

The Merry Andrew

ANDREW CARNEGIE, captain of industry, philanthropist, gunmaker, peace-maker, and protector and patron of heroes, has launched out into still another field—that of comedian. When he appeared before the Ways and Means Committee to tell them things about the tariff, that august body of almost patriots forgot Chairman Payne and their other troubles and launched into uncontrollable mirth.

"The steel industry," said Mr. Carnegie, "no longer needs protection." When it first ceased to need protection he failed to state, or his statement was overlooked in the general hilarity. Was it when the Carnegie fortune first became full and began to run over the country in a stream of libraries, or was it back in those trying, poverty-stricken days when Carnegie was trying to make ends meet with a scant twenty-five million dollars?

This genial, kindly old philosopher is right; the unjust, uneconomic tariff on steel should be removed. The wonder is that his hair should have grown so gray and his fortune so stupendous before he discovered it.

Italy's Great Sorrow

THE world may never know the exact extent of the disaster which devastated Messina and the adjacent villages of Sicily and Calabria, and made the last days of the old year a time of sorrow and of desolation in all Italy. With an estimate of nearly two hundred thousand people killed by earthquake, tidal wave, and fire, and countless towns and villages laid desolate, the disaster is one of the worst that has ever visited the world. Our own San Francisco disaster, terrific as it was, is not comparable in loss of life to the devastation of the beautiful region about Mount Etna.

The civilized world has proved its right to that designation by an immediate, generous response to Italy's cry for help. Italy is not a land of boundless wealth at normal times; with its poorest portion razed and desolate the more fortunate world has a great duty to perform. The immediate response was gratifying, but it must be followed by constructive, generous, twentieth-century giving.

GLASSES UNNECESSARY

Eye Strain Relieved by Quitting Coffee.

Many cases of defective vision are caused by the habitual use of coffee.

It is said that in Arabia where coffee is used in large quantities, many lose their eyesight at about fifty.

A N. J. woman writes to the point concerning eye trouble and coffee. She says:

"My son was for years troubled with his eyes. He tried several kinds of glasses without relief. The optician said there was a defect in his eyes which was hard to reach.

"He used to drink coffee, as we all did, and finally quit it and began to use Postum. That was three years ago, he has not had to wear glasses and has had no trouble with his eyes since.

"I was always fond of tea and coffee and finally became so nervous I could hardly sit still long enough to eat a meal. My heart was in such a condition I thought I might die any time.

"Medicine did not give me any relief and I was almost desperate. It was about this time we decided to quit coffee and use Postum, and have used it ever since. I am in perfect health. No trouble now with my heart and never felt better in my life.

"Postum has been a great blessing to us all, particularly to my son and myself."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

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

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—Prof. Chas. Munter

Nulife Compels Deep Breathing

Fresh air alone is not enough; it is only when combined with deep, natural breathing that fresh air confers its benefits. A man may stand in the pure atmosphere of a mountain top with his lungs closed and get no benefit. It is not until he begins to inhale deeply to the full depth of his lungs that he feels the vitalizing effect of the pure air about him.

Therefore I say that deep breathing is absolutely necessary to get the full benefits of fresh air.

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is a device, in the form of a light, thin garment, invented and perfected to compel deep breathing, erect carriage and natural poise. While Nulife is positive in its effects, it does not cause any discomfort to the wearer, nor restrain or hamper his movements. The reason for this is that Nulife is designed on strictly correct anatomical lines and the position it compels is an entirely natural one.

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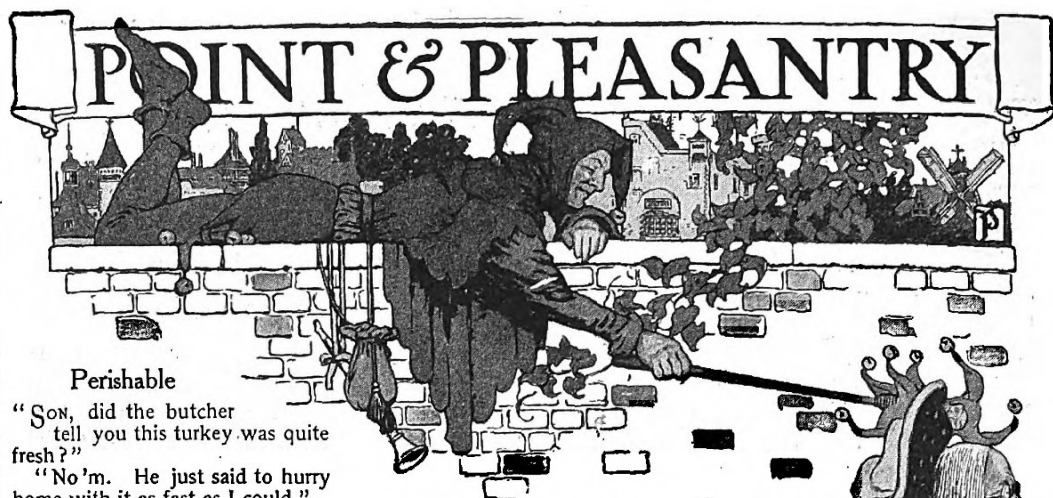
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Perishable

"Son, did the butcher tell you this turkey was quite fresh?"

"No'm. He just said to hurry home with it as fast as I could."
FRANK M. SMITH.

Letting the Cat Out

"Say, grandpa, make a noise like a frog," coaxed little Tommy.
"What for, my son?"
"Why, papa says, that when you croak we'll get five thousand dollars."—HERBERT ELLER.

A Study in Anatomy

WHEN the butcher responded to his telephone bell, the shrill voice of a little girl greeted his ears.
"Hello, is this Mr. W—?"
"Yes," he answered kindly.
"Well, do you know anything about where grandpa's liver is? We've looked everywhere but we can't find it."

Woman

OH, WOMAN, you are charming,
And poets long have sung
Their sweetest verses to you
In every written tongue;
But none of them has ever
Told why it is that you
Will always leave a street-car
ot dne gnorW

W. J. LAMPTON.

What Might Have Been

OWING to the financial depression, the Postal Trust has decided to raise the price of carrying letters to ten cents a pennyweight. It is also intimated that a great many employees will be laid off, while the rest will be forced to accept a material reduction in wages. It is expected that this action will be strenuously opposed at first, not only by the employees, but also by the National Correspondents' Association; but when it is once thoroughly understood that the Postal Trust in adopting this policy is inspired only by a desire to meet the next dividend of five hundred per cent., it is believed all objections will be withdrawn.
Mr. P. O. Letterman, the great postal magnate, gave out a statement yesterday in which he called upon all the people to buy Postal Common and to be patient during the next year or two, provided the depression lasted that long, if letters were not delivered as promptly as heretofore. The reason for this is that a number of postal cars have been taken off and are now empty on the sidings. Mr. Letterman was very optimistic, however, and stated that, with a few very important exceptions, everything was all right.
ELLIS O. JONES.

An Unreliable Dog

"Come right on in, Sambo," the farmer called out. "He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites."
"Sure, boss, ah knows dat," replied the cautious colored man, "but ah don't know how soon he's going to stop barkin'."—GEORGE P. RANN.

The Shadow of Coming Events

"You look so pale and thin. What's got you?"
"Work. From morning to night and only a one-hour rest."
"How long have you been at it?"
"I begin to-morrow."—ANNA BOUBLIS.

Heaven or Algiers

A CELEBRATED Anglican divine, the late Bishop of Rochester, who had been ailing for some months, decided to consult Sir Frederick Treves, the noted sur-

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geon. After a careful examination Sir Frederick pronounced:

his verdict and added, "Your lordship must go to Algiers or some winter resort on the Riviera."
"Impossible," replied the bishop; "quite impossible. I have too much work to get through."
"Well," said the doctor, "you must make your choice. It is either Algiers or heaven."
"Dear me!" exclaimed the bishop with a sigh; "then I suppose it must be Algiers."

According to Hoyle

"See here, Mister Casey," said Pat to the tax assessor, "shore and ye know the goat is n't worth eight dollars."
"O'i'm sorry," responded Casey, "but that is the law." Producing a book, he read the following passage, "All property abutting on Front Street should be taxed at the rate of two dollars per foot."
ESTHER M. MOORE.

A Prospective Shelter

A WELL-KNOWN senator was asked why some politicians were always making such a howl about the preservation of our forests. "Oh," he replied, "they probably never know just when they may have to take to the woods."—J. G. TEAFORD.

A Fool's Errand

AN ENGLISHMAN, of the ever-serious sort, walked into the office of a New York liveryman and asked to see the finest trotter he had for sale.
"I don't care about price," insisted the Britisher, "but it must be a very, very fast horse."
The liveryman explained that he had a horse whose speed could only be shown at night when the roads were clear.
"Meet me at one o'clock to-morrow morning at the Claremont," he said, "we'll be in Yonkers at two o'clock, and that's going some."
Three hours later the Englishman rushed excitedly into the liveryman's office. "I don't want the horse," puffed the Englishman—"I won't have it at all."
"Why not? He's fast," insisted the liveryman.
"But what could I do in Yonkers at two o'clock in the morning?" replied the Englishman.
RAYMOND W. PECK.

The Complete Grafter

GRAFTING is no easy matter. It calls for special qualifications. In the first place, one must be consistent. To start out on a grafting career under the belief that we may permit ourselves occasional lapses into virtue, makes for timidity, for a certain unprofessional uncertainty at critical moments. Eternal vigilance is the price of success in grafting. It is necessary to become a specialist in grafting, as in other occupations, in order to succeed. Take one form of grafting and stick to it, and all other things shall be added unto you.
Then again, the earnest grafter recognizes that, if he is to make a permanent success, he must keep himself in good condition. His home life, therefore, must be an ideal one. Some of our most famous grafters have had loving wives and golden-haired children, were home every evening promptly at six, and never touched a drop.

JOY WORK And the Other Kind.

Did you ever stand on a prominent corner at an early morning hour and watch the throngs of people on their way to work? Noting the number who were forcing themselves along because it meant their daily bread, and the others cheerfully and eagerly pursuing their way because of love of their work.

It is a fact that one's food has much to do with it. As an example:

If an engine has poor oil, or a boiler is fired with poor coal, a bad result is certain, is n't it?

Treating your stomach right is the keystone that sustains the arch of health's temple and you will find "Grape Nuts" as a daily food is the most nourishing and beneficial you can use.

We have thousands of testimonials, real genuine little heart throbs, from people who simply tried Grape-Nuts out of curiosity—as a last resort—with the result that prompted the testimonial.

If you have never tried Grape-Nuts it's worth while to give it a fair impartial trial. Remember there are millions eating Grape-Nuts every day—they know, and we know if you will use Grape-Nuts every morning your work is more likely to be joy work, because you can keep well and with the brain well nourished work is a joy. Read the "Road to Wellville" in every package—"There's a Reason."



Think of it—at least two cents a day for your collar wash bill! That's \$7.30 a year—and \$3.20 for the cuffs. That's \$10.50. You didn't know it cost so much? Well—4 LITHOLIN water-proofed linen collars cost \$1.00 and will last you a year. When soiled just wipe them white as new with a damp cloth. Being linen they look linen, always keep in shape, never wilt or crack, and are to be had in every fashionable style. All sizes. Then there's the "cuff" money—figure that out and you'll investigate. If so, you'll buy.

Collars, 25c. Cuffs, 50c.

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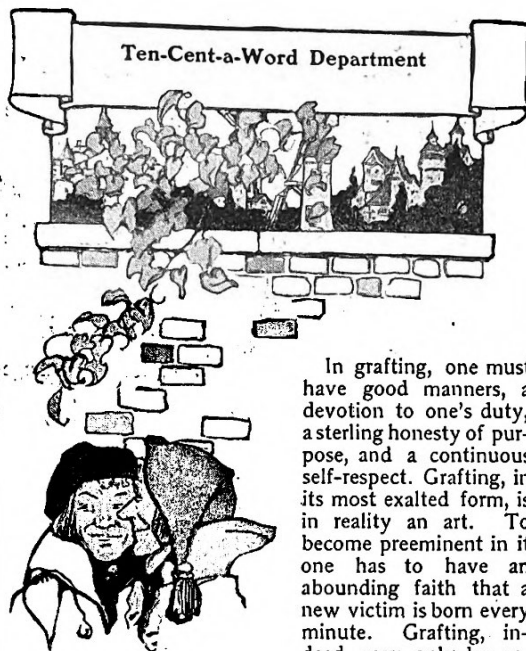
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In grafting, one must have good manners, a devotion to one's duty, a sterling honesty of purpose, and a continuous self-respect. Grafting, in its most exalted form, is in reality an art. To become preeminent in it one has to have an abounding faith that a new victim is born every minute. Grafting, indeed, may only be acquired by a certain amount of fasting and prayer, and prolonged patience.—THOMAS L. MASSON.

Dressed for the Concert

HEINRICH CONRIED was telling how bad the old-fashioned concerts were sometimes. "An old Chicago millionaire," he said, "called upstairs to his daughter: 'What a time you girls take getting ready for the concert! Look at me—a bit of wadding in each ear, and I'm all ready.'"—FRANK M. SMITH.

Mother's Simple Tastes

"How much are your chops?" asked the little girl. "Twenty cents," replied the butcher. "And your steak?" "Twenty-three cents." "Chicken?" "Twenty-five." "Oh, dear, mother can't afford that," said the perplexed little girl. "Well, what would you like?" asked the butcher kindly. "I'd like a limousine, but my mother wants five cents' worth of liver."—HELEN M. MEAD.



When Tower Loomed

IT was while Charlemagne Tower was Ambassador to Russia that a New York City newspaper "spread itself" upon a fête held at St. Petersburg. A green copy-reader produced this result.

"As pleasing to the eye as was all this decoration there was additional pleasure in the sight, as one stood at the head of the Prospekt Nevski, of Charlemagne Tower, brilliantly illuminated, looming grand and imposing against the winter sky."

EDWIN EVERETT HORTON.

She Threw Him Over Twice

"WHY have you thrown over Mr. Pitcoe?" "Oh, I could never marry a man with a crooked leg." "What made his leg crooked?" "I ran over it with my motor car."

The Price of Proficiency

"DOCTOR," growled the patient, "it seems to me that five hundred dollars is a big charge for that operation of mine. It didn't take you over half a minute."

"My dear sir," replied the famous specialist, "in learning to perform that operation in half a minute, I have spoiled over eleven pecks of such eyes as yours."

A Dutiful Husband

A MAN who had overestimated his capacity for the amber fluid was arrested on the street for improper conduct. In the police court the next morning the usual charge of intoxication was filed against him, and he was fined five dollars, which he promptly paid. This done, he went out with a very worried expression on his countenance, only to return a few minutes later and cautiously approach the clerk.

"Please, sir," he said, "would you just give me a receipt for that five dollars I paid you? I want to show my wife that I did n't spend all my money for drink."

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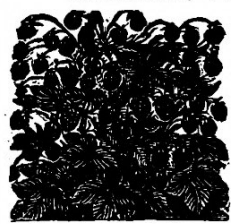
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The EDITOR'S CHAT

Waiting for Some Man to Come Along

WOMAN has been handicapped through the ages by being brought up to think that there is not much worth while in life outside of marriage.

How many precious years and opportunities for growth, for life enlargement, she has missed while waiting for marriage!

Even to-day, in this progressive age, we see young women everywhere with splendid possibilities who seem to be just waiting, waiting, waiting, for what they have been brought up to believe is the supreme event in their lives. Many of them might broaden their education and improve themselves wonderfully while they are waiting for the right man to come along. Did they but know it, they are not half as likely to find the right man while waiting inactively as when they are vigorously preparing themselves for a large and useful life.

It is most unfortunate that any girl should be brought up to-day with the antiquated idea that marriage is everything, and that other things do not count much.

The traditions of the past, however, are rapidly falling away from the emancipated woman of the twentieth century. In this new era tens of thousands of girls have found glorious openings in all departments of life. Vast fields of usefulness are awaiting woman on every side. She is realizing that achievement is sexless; that she can be just as independent as man, and that there are just as many opportunities and fields of usefulness for her.

Who can estimate what this new era means to the plain girl, the girl with splendid mental powers but who may be physically unattractive, or who may prefer a single life?

Failure Not a Disgrace

WHAT an unfortunate thing that the idea should be dinned into the ear of youth everywhere, that it is a disgrace to fail—that is, to fail to make money, to accumulate property.

It is not a disgrace to fail; but it is a disgrace not to do one's level best to succeed. "Not failure, but low aim is crime."

Multitudes of poor people to-day who are not known outside of their own little communities are really great successes when measured by all that makes true greatness—their heroic endeavors, their brave battle for years with obstacles, playing a losing game with heroism. Their great patience and wonderful self-control under the criticism of those who do not understand them are evidences that they have succeeded. The possession of a noble character is the greatest evidence in the world that one has succeeded.

On the other hand, if a man has gotten a fortune, but has left his manhood on the way to it; if he has bartered his good name in the process of getting it, he is still a failure, no matter how much money he may have accumulated.

A clean record is the greatest kind of a success. And how few men who make big fortunes manage to save their good name, to keep their record clean!

The mere possession of money may be no evidence whatever that a man has succeeded. If he can not control himself; if his aims are low and vulgar; if he is greedy and grasping and selfish; if he takes advantage of others; if he robs others of opportunity; if he has, used them as stepping-stones upon which to climb to his fortune, he is a failure measured by all that constitutes a real man—real values that are worth while.

The Power of Sincerity

SINCERITY is made up of two words—sine and cere—sine, without, and cere, wax; without wax. And it means absolutely pure, transparent.

The human mind is constructed for truth telling. This is its normal condition, and under the exercise of true living and true thinking the character becomes strong and robust.

Wholeness, completeness, comes into the life from truth, from sincerity; but the moment we attempt to twist the mind into expressing deceit it becomes abnormal and works all sorts of harm to the character.

I have in mind a very brilliant writer who exchanges his talent for cash in political campaigns. He has written some of the best campaign documents for all political parties, but the lack of sincerity in his character so discounts his personality and ability that he has no standing as a man. He is recognized as a brilliant writer, but as a man totally without convictions.

There is something in the mind itself which thrives upon sincerity and which protests against all that is false, against all sham. Nothing ever quite satisfies this longing but absolute truth. The mind quickly becomes sickly and weak when forced to express what is false.



Living a lie, turning life into a deceptive machine, is not only demoralizing, but it is always a confession of weakness.

The strong, balanced mind does not have to resort to subterfuge. It can afford to be transparent, open, because it is conscious of strength and

does not need to hide anything.

Great minds are open to the light, with no dark corners. With them nothing is hidden or veiled. Everybody is afraid of the opaque mind, the mind that acts in the dark, underground. Nobody trusts the man who is always covering his tracks. We all love a transparent mind.

A great many people go through life bluffing. They are always acting or posing. They show you only the part of themselves which they are willing you should see. Insincerity, saying what you do not believe or think, simply to gain some temporary end, or because you do not wish to offend, is not only weak, but cowardly.

When one knows that he is a liar, he always suspects that others will know it, and this takes the edge off of his self-trust, so that he never quite respects or believes himself. He is afraid of being found out. He does not expect complete confidence, and this cripples not only his aggressiveness but also his executive ability. Like a boxer, he always throws up a guard in front of him to ward off expected thrusts.

There is something about honesty of purpose, sincerity in our friendships, in our lives, in our vocation, in our dealings with others, that compensates for deficiencies or lacks in other directions, and which gives mental stability and public confidence, even though we have only one talent and fill a very humble station in life.

In other words, it is human nature to detest the sneaking qualities, the cunning, deceptive qualities in others.

The Wealth in Endeavor

WAS there ever a greater delusion than that of one who thinks his father's fortune a blessing, when he never earned a penny of it by his own effort? It is only a premium on laziness. It makes one's own development into manhood more unlikely. It furnishes him crutches, instead of teaching him to walk alone. It means the arrested development of his own powers for achievement, a paralysis of his own efforts.

The money we make in our vocation is a small part of the pay for the endeavor. The education we absorb in getting it, the disciplining of the mind by solving intricate problems, the constant exercise of the judgment in discriminating and weighing, the planning, the adjusting of means to ends is infinitely more important.

The world's great doers know very well that if you are not making a manly or a womanly struggle to establish a place for yourself, there is something wrong; either, you have not the ability, or you have not the inclination. And human nature is so constituted that they will only hold you in contempt for your excuses.

Are You Afraid to Take Chances?

MANY a man fails because he does not dare to take risks, to take the initiative.

When do you expect to do anything distinctive in life? When do you expect to get out of the ranks of mediocrity? The men who do original things are fearless. There is a lot of dare in their make-up, a great deal of boldness. They are not afraid to take chances, to shoulder responsibility, to endure inconvenience and privation.

There never was a time when the quality of courage was so absolutely indispensable in the business world as it is to-day. It does not matter how many success qualities you possess, young man, if you lack courage you will never get anywhere. Not even honesty or perseverance will take its place. There is no substitute for courage.

It does not matter how well educated you may be, or how good a training you may have had for your vocation, if you are a hesitator, if you lack that courage which dares to risk all on your judgment, you will never get above mediocrity.

The men who stand at the top of their line of endeavor stand there because they have the courage of their convictions. They had the courage to climb, had the nerve to undertake even against the advice of others.

Forget the Disagreeable

SOME people are so unfortunately constituted that they do not seem able to remember pleasant, agreeable things. When you meet them or call on them, they always have some sad story to tell; some unfortunate

thing has happened to them or is surely going to happen. They tell you about the accidents, the narrow escapes, the losses, the afflictions, the misfortunes they have had. The bright days, the pleasant days, the happy experiences, they seldom mention; they drop out of their memory. They recall only the disagreeable, the ugly, the discordant, and the crooked things.

The rainy days make such an impression upon their minds that they seem to think it rains about all the time.

There are others who are just the reverse. They are always talking of the pleasant things, the good times, the agreeable experiences of their lives. I know some of these people who have had all sorts of misfortunes, losses, sorrows, and yet they so seldom speak of them, or refer to them, that you would think they never had anything in their lives but good fortune, that they never had any enemies, and that everybody had been kind to them. These are the people who attract us, the people we love.

The habit of turning one's sunny side toward others is formed by the practise of holding charitable, loving, cheerful thoughts perpetually in the mind. The gloomy, sarcastic, mean character is formed by harboring hard, uncharitable, unkind thoughts until the brain becomes so set toward the dark, that the life can only radiate gloom.

Can Not Stand the Little Things

SOME people who would walk boldly, without flinching, through great trials and troubles, shrink from little annoyances and trials.

Somewhat it is easier to brace oneself for a great ordeal than to be constantly attacked by the petty annoyances of every-day life. It is the little stings, the little bites, the little unpleasantnesses that demoralize and make cowards of most of us. We can stand the great things better because there is something in human nature which braces us up for the inevitable, no matter whether it is the amputation of a limb, or even death itself.

When we know that it is absolutely impossible for us to get away from a thing, no matter how hard or how trying it may be, we then brace ourselves to accept it heroically; but the little annoyances, the little things which sting and which take us when we are unprepared, these are the things which often make us cowards.

We know men who are in perfect misery when there is any little friction among their employees, any unpleasantness in the business, but who, when great losses or emergencies come, are equal to the occasion and accept the situation heroically.

Sand

LARGE numbers of people have brilliant qualities; they know a great deal, are well educated, but they lack sand, staying power. They can't stand by a proposition and see it through thick and thin to the end. They lack that bulldog grit which hangs on until they triumph or die. They lack the clinging ability that never lets go, no matter what comes. They work well when things go smoothly; they are fair-weather sailors, but are terrified in a storm, paralyzed in an emergency. Staying power is the final test of ability. Any ordinary merchant can do business in prosperous times when everybody has money, but it takes a great merchant to steer a big business through hard times, through panics, with short capital. It takes a man with staying qualities, with a cool, clear head to guide a business through great commercial crises.

Cheerfulness Under All Circumstances

ON NOVEMBER 18, 1907, a man was electrocuted at Sing Sing for murder.

The day before his execution his two sisters and some other relatives, who had worked very hard for his release, called to say "Good-by" to the prisoner, and at their departure he said, "I will walk to the chair with a smile on my face, and the smile will be for you." He kept his word, and was smiling as the deadly current ended his life.

If this wretched man could smile when facing death under such horrible conditions, it would certainly seem that any one could manage to be cheerful under the most trying circumstances.

Turning Money into Nothing

THERE is a vast army of rich nobodies in this country, sons and daughters of the wealthy, and others who have no occupation in life except to turn money into nothing; to take something and make nothing of it; to take the substance of the hard-working father and turn it into shadows.

I wrote down my troubles every day:

And after a few short years,

When I turned to the heartaches passed away,

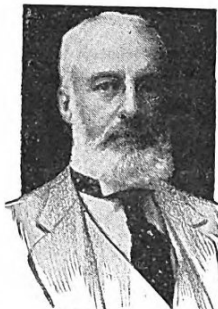
I read them with smiles, not tears.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

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Prove to You that It Can Be Made to
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Geo. E. Barstow
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will net between \$1,000 and \$5,000 per year.

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A responsible Bank acts as the independent agent of both of us to guarantee fair play. There are good sound reasons why we sell land for \$3.00 a week which we can prove to be capable of earning \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year—and you will understand them when I put my proposition fully before you—which I cannot do in the small space of an advertisement. You are dealing with a solidly founded, firmly established, responsible enterprise, and the land I want you to buy is cleared, leveled, irrigated and under cultivation, ready for immediate delivery if you can make a payment of \$48.51, or you can get possession in 2 1/2 years for \$15.00 down and \$3.00 a week in monthly payments. You can go and live on it, and by the application of reasonable industry and intelligence, earn a good living for yourself and family. You won't have any "boss" to please in order to hold your job and keep your family supplied with the necessities of life. No man can deprive you of your living for that you will own in your own little highly productive farm.

If you think you have to know a lot about farming or cannot bring yourself to make so great a change all at once, get one of these farms

GEO. E. BARSTOW, President,
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This is for the man who wants a Home Farm or for the man who wants a Business Farm—a Home Farm that will yield him an independent living, or a Business Farm that he can operate as he would a department of his business, without giving it all his time and attention.

Write your name and address on the coupon below and mail it to me. I will mail you plain and conclusive proof that 10 acres of Barstow-Pecos Valley Irrigated Land can be made to yield crops that

to fall back on if things should go wrong. Have it for a place to go to in case of need, or for rest and recreation, and meantime arrangements can be made for its cultivation under competent superintendence for a reasonable share of the proceeds.

The Barstow-Pecos Valley Lands are in West Texas, within a few miles of Barstow, Texas, and Pecos City, Texas (the 2 towns are only 6 1/2 miles apart—the land lies between the towns and a little to the north), and served by the Texas & Pacific Railway and the Pecos Valley Line of the Santa Fe System.

But all this is the merest outline of what I desire to show you in detail. I am only attempting to make it clear to you that you can have an assured independent living income in less than 8 years if you are willing to pay \$3.00 a week.

I want the name and address, on one of these coupons, of every man or woman who is willing to save \$3.00 a week if I can prove that the result will be financial independence in less than three short years.

There is nothing philanthropic about this proposition, but I especially want to hear from wage-earners.

I have worked for fifteen years to develop this community to which I have given my name. The Irrigation System has been in operation now for about 12 years. It has proved to be efficient, the water supply abundant, the climate a delight and the soil wonderfully productive.

The task has been a big one—it has taken a long time to test out each phase of the proposition, but it has been worth while and I will consider that it has been even more worth while if those who need it are the ones to reap the benefit of my labors.

And so I say to the wage-earner who seeks independent manhood, it can be had in the ownership of one of these 10 acre farms.

Others have here acquired it—why not you? Don't delay. Act right now, today.



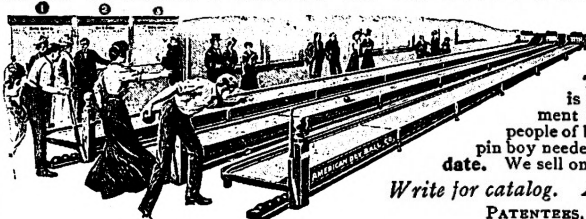
See This Trade-Mark?

By it you may know the superior products of Barstow Irrigated Land—European Grapes, Peaches, other Fruits, Nuts and Garden Truck. Under this Advertis'd Brand you may market the Superior Products of your Barstow Irrigated Land.

to the wage-earner who seeks independent manhood, it can be had in the ownership of one of these 10 acre farms. Others have here acquired it—why not you? Don't delay. Act right now, today.

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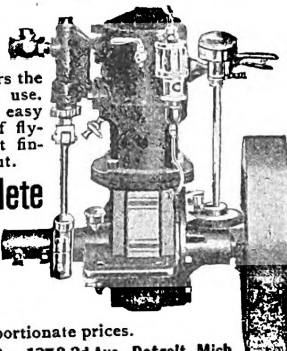
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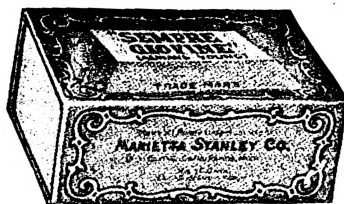
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MME. MELBA to OPERATIC ASPIRANTS



The Great Prima Donna Tells Why It Is Necessary to Go to Europe to Study for Grand Opera

IT is absolutely necessary for one to go abroad for the study of singing. But the student should assuredly ask himself or herself a few questions before deciding on so momentous a step.

The whole question is a big one. The America of to-day is an art-loving nation—a music-loving nation especially. An operatic career does unquestionably make a powerful appeal to a girl gifted with a good voice and encouraged by a little local renown. The trouble is, so many American girls have good voices. They sing in church choirs, at a party, or an amateur concert, and then siren voices are heard in well-meant adulation. "Why don't you go to Europe to study? With such a voice as yours you ought to make name and fame." And so on.

Now, criticism of this sort won't do; indeed, it may well bring about embitterment and disaster. Little girls of fifteen have written me regretfully, saying they have "not yet begun serious study." Why, it is positively criminal to embark upon a singing career before the age of eighteen, at least.

Then, is their health robust? For that is vital. Can they bear up against disappointment after disappointment? Have they a facility for acquiring languages? Vital again, this. Is their mind cultivated and broadened by reading and knowledge of the world? And are they determined to study on true physiological principles? Lastly, have they sufficient money so as to avoid positive heartache and misery?

NO AMERICAN girl should go abroad to study without first having the unbiased advice of some wise and competent person who has what I will call "world-experience" in the vocal art. Mere local praise is a terrible snare; for it is difficult to make either student or friends realize that even a really beautiful voice is but the veriest beginning of a vocal career. Right methods of breathing are even more important.

I have given many students a hearing, and the havoc I have seen wrought by improper methods is quite deplorable. So many seem to think that a vocal career is an easy matter to one possessed of a good voice. Personally, I could never understand why the study of singing should be looked upon as a mere *bagatelle* compared with that of the violin or piano. And I have known American girls to spend long, patient years with Sevcik, of Prague, for the one, and Leschetizky, of Vienna, for the other.

EVEN granted the voice and the true, serious attitude, the resolve to understand the physiology of the larynx, and to master music and languages—then I come unhesitatingly to the financial end. For the lot of man or girl—especially of girl—in Paris, Berlin, Milan, or Brussels, without a decent sufficiency of money is most humiliating. A chaperon may or may not be necessary; there are many centers where such a companion may be dispensed with.

The leading tutors of Europe charge from five dollars to twelve dollars a lesson, with, of course, a reduction for a long term. Usually two or three lessons a week are given. Then, for dress, general living expenses, concert and opera tickets, and so on, there is an expenditure of twenty or twenty-five dollars a week; so you see that Continental study, spread over the necessary three years, runs into some thousands of dollars.

THE point is, that if the American wants any kind of musical career he or she *must* go abroad, so as to find it in the centers where it has become a tradition for hundreds of years, where, in short, music forms part of the daily life of the people, instead of one of their recreations or luxuries. Moreover, there is the question of languages. He or she would be a dull student who could live in the artistic quarters of Paris without picking up a good and serviceable knowledge of French.

The same remark applies to Berlin, Milan, or Naples. I remember that, shortly after my own *début* in Brussels, I was terribly backward with my French—so much so, in fact, that the directors of the Théâtre de la Monnaie held a meeting to know whether or not they could really permit me to sing *Lakmé* in Delibes's opera. The composer himself, however, insisted that I should sing; but thereafter I devoted myself to French with real enthusiasm for six hours a day.

I ADVOCATE foreign study, then, but only for those who make out the clearest possible case for themselves—for those who have voice, correct system, robust health, determination, and a decent sufficiency of funds. Of course, sheer genius may replace some, or nearly all of these; but genius is a law unto itself.

The girl who possesses merely a fairly good voice should get married and expend her ambition in her own home. Mediocrity, you know, not only overcrowds the profession, but also irritates and discourages the musical public, upon whose support both opera and concerts depend. I have had girls ask me for a hearing who could not even tell one note from another!

But the girl with a really lovely voice and no money—her case is difficult. If she can not go abroad and pay for first-rate voice culture, I see no way out of it—unless she could convince some one that her voice was a first-rate investment. Some such aspirants think that choir or chorus work will advance them a little, at any rate, but, in my judgment, a voice runs serious risk in either. The young singer must have her individuality of voice and temperament brought out, and for this personal supervision is entirely necessary.

THE student who has both voice and money is apt to take things too easy and to become the prey of flattering friends and unscrupulous advisers. It takes hard work to become a great singer, for the loveliest vocal organ that ever charmed an audience fails in its effect if not directed by brains. The student with money, too, is apt to waste much time socially and in gadding about from place to place. I have known many such students who would never dream of working hard to gain a study of piano, counterpoint, and harmony, as well as general literature. Others, again, in the same category, neglect their practise for a whole week, and will then sing from morning till night, at the risk of entirely ruining their voice.

I feel sure that there are thousands of American students abroad in the various nations of Europe to-day who would gladly go home were it not that pride forbade. What they think of their friends' ill advice would be most instructive to hear—though I fear it would be hardly polite.

FOR THIS ONE DAY: By Edna S. Valentine

FOR this one day—
Grant us sight to see the road
Creep plainly, on our winding way.
Grant us strength to bear the load,
For this one day.

For this one day—
Guide our feet the road along,
Let not our weary footsteps stray;
Give us to lift a stave of song,
For this one day.

For this one day—
Let us not see the mud beneath,
But know the gold above the gray
And smell "the wind upon the heath,"
For this one day.

For this one day—
When bowed at eve for benison,
Grant that upon the uphill way
Our passing smile has gladdened one,
On this one day.



PIN MONEY PAPERS

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

A SMALL PIECE of absorbent cotton pressed tightly into the finger tips of kid gloves will prevent ripping and the gloves will look less shabby.—H. G. G.

IF THE PANS INTO WHICH FUDGE or peanut brittle is poured are slightly warm, the candy is of a more uniform thickness, and the peanut brittle can be made thinner than when the pans are cold.—A. FULLINGTON.

TURN YOUR COFFEE-MILL down tightly, fill the hopper with granulated sugar, grind it through twice, or even three times, and you have an excellent powdered sugar.—Mrs. J. C. S.

THE TRAVELER, who has often been forced to go through the weary process of picking out his trunk from a mountain of others almost similar, will appreciate this little help: Have a wide, colored band painted across it lengthwise, making it possible to distinguish it at once.—A. W.

ONE HATES TO SHRINK NEW GINGHAMS before making up, for they are never quite as nice after laundering. Instead allow two inches for shrinkage, making generous hems, then blindstitch, so that it can be easily let out after the first wash. Room for shrinkage should also be allowed in the sleeves.—M. M. W.

FOR THE HOME which is outside the reach of a city water supply one of the greatest conveniences is a force-pump for the kitchen cistern, with a garden hose attachment (minus the nozzle). By this means, reservoirs, wash-boiler, tubs, etc., may be filled without lifting or carrying heavy pails of water.—Mrs. C. S. A.

WHEN TABLE-CLOTHS, NAPKINS, AND TOWELS begin to wear thin in spots I darn them on the wrong side, using soft linen thread and imitating the weave of the goods as much as possible. If one uses embroidery hoops it will be more easily done. Table linen will last twice as long if the darning is done before the threads break, and it will hardly be noticeable.—M. M. W.

I SELDOM FIND TIME to devote a whole morning to the weekly mending, so it has to be done at odd moments. If I find a garment that requires mending when I am putting away the clean clothes, I get the necessary pieces and buttons that will be needed and fold them in the garment, placing the pile on my sewing table. It is easy to pick this up when everything is handy, and I accomplish many stitches that I should be too tired to do if I had to hunt materials for mending.—A. M. A.

ANY ONE WHO DOES PYROGRAPHY can make a beautiful fruit bowl at very small expense. Buy a smooth chopping-bowl of small size, and burn on it, both inside and outside, some appropriate design, making the background a rich brown. Get four little wooden pegs or bumpers, about two and a half or three inches long, such as are intended to screw into the floor or wall behind a door. Decorate these to match the bowl and screw them into the bottom of the bowl for feet. In the bottom of the feet are little rubber pads that protect the table from scratches.—A. B.

WHEN IRONING GOLF OR STARCHED SHIRTS with detached collars, straighten out the neckband and bring one of the sleeves over the shoulder in a circular position, pushing the sleeve portion away as far as possible to prevent the iron touching. Now lay the wristband or cuff the same way as the neckband, the outside edges almost touching each other, and iron the two at the same time, turning them together when drying opposite sides. The sad-iron is wide enough for two wristbands; thus the second wristband and one on a fresh shirt can be conveniently ironed together. Time may be saved in this manner.—Mrs. W. C. COUNTER.

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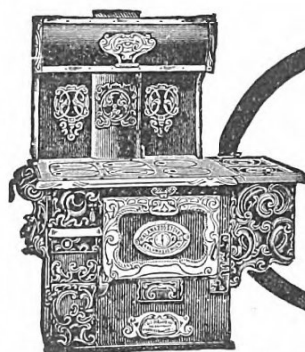
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THE TRIALS of an UNMARRIED CLERGYMAN By a Young Pastor

BY WAY of introduction it may be pertinent to confess that I am a suffering member of the class under discussion. What I have to say, therefore, partakes largely of the nature of a protest against conditions which my own experience has proved not only unjust and tyrannical, but also detrimental to the best work of the minister.

Three and one-half years ago I was ordained to the ministry. A field opened up for me immediately, and here, for the first time, was presented that phase of the work that has continued to be a source of much discomfort and considerable indignation.

In the preliminary letter from a certain New Jersey pastorate desiring my service was this sentence: "We would like to have you come to us as a married man, as we have a parsonage and would like to have it occupied. We will pay you three hundred and fifty dollars a year—and a 'donation.'"

I was just twenty-one, and poor. I had no such thought in my head as marriage; yet here—at the very threshold of my work—I was confronted by it, much as if it were one of the requirements of ministry! "Surely," I said, "this can not be required by churches in general"—and I opened a correspondence with several other churches I knew were seeking pastors. They all raised this chorus: "We want a married man." It seemed there was but one thing to do—get married.

The Hints of the Committee

It was only a short time after my first letter that a second came urging my attention to their "call." My answer was decided. I replied that I was a single man and likely to remain so for an indefinite period; if the church cared to consider me upon that basis I would go and do what I could for them. To make my story short, I was engaged "conditionally" until conference time, when it was decided to retain me as a pastor for the following year.

The committee, while expressing appreciation of my ministry, could not depart without a covert hint that the church would count it a favor if I would marry. During all the succeeding months of my pastorate this thought was kept constantly before me. If I made a call I was sure to be reminded of that empty parsonage that ought to be occupied.

However, I endeavored to ignore such suggestions, and, by faithful attention to the work of the pulpit and the general needs of my parish, reconciled the people to an unmarried pastor. Finally a field opening to me in New England, it seemed wiser for me to conclude my New Jersey pastorate.

Prying into His Sacred Thoughts

Here again I met the marriage question. The church over which I am at present pastor wrote to me as follows: "The people are unanimous in calling you, but make one condition, i. e., we would like to have you bring a wife." The church was at the time giving a salary of \$400 per year and a donation! I told the church that under such conditions I could not consider the pastorate. After more or less correspondence had passed between us, I was engaged (provisionally), the contract being determined at the will of either party. I had been here but six months when a vote was passed to extend to me a call to remain as pastor for another year. A committee accordingly called upon me, stating that the church was well pleased with my work and had no criticisms to make, but that some of the people were anxious to know whether I intended to marry during the year!

Imagine your feelings should your most sacred thoughts be thus made the object of a prying public!

SINCE the publication of "A Minister's Confession," in the August number, the editors have received many personal letters and contributions from clergymen. The following communication is one of the most interesting of these, and because it is written with great frankness and therefore throws an interesting sidelight on the church problem, we have obtained the author's permission to print it in full.

My spirit burned within me; and I said, "My business with you concerns the work of the pastorate; and if you please we will discuss that."

I ended by asking for an increase in salary; which was granted, to my satisfaction; and the work of the church is moving along quite without friction.

Marriage as Insurance Against "Entanglements"

But there is still a tendency to regard me as shirking a manifest duty in remaining single. Many an adroit attempt to discover whether I am becoming "unduly infatuated with any of the fair sex" I must meet with a smile, while inwardly indignant at the impertinent espionage of it all. Many are there, also, to give unsought and unwelcome advice in regard to "the minister's manifest duty to marry" in order to, insure himself against unwise entanglements.

Can a human being endure such things without feeling his blood boil? These covert insinuations that one is not to be trusted unless married would be insulting, to say the least, even to a layman. I believe the average minister to be a man of high moral ideals, who has entered his profession not for its financial benefits, but because he feels himself called of God. It is a hard and oftentimes little appreciated work, at best. The minister must often enough face real issues without being called upon to meet false ones, such as I affirm is the one under discussion.

One Man Who Left the Ministry

My predecessor in this parish was informed upon application to the parish committee, that only a married man would be considered. He married; and began an uphill struggle on a salary of four hundred dollars a year. In order to make both ends meet he had to devote much of his time to outside issues, which policy was detrimental to his pulpit work and unsatisfactory to the parishoners, who did not see him in their homes as often as they thought they ought. What would you have? A man must support his wife, and these people insist upon the wife! It is easy to see that under such conditions the pastorate was a failure, as it could hardly help being. My friend left the place and, I fear, the ministry. Am I over-doing the situation? I have no doubt that it seems so to the uninitiated; but I invite any doubter to make a canvass of the rural parishes of his State with a view to ascertaining the attitude of the people toward this issue.

No Place for the Bashful Man

I have thus far served in country pastorates where the pastoral work perhaps outweighs that of the pulpit. My people have been scattered and hard to reach. I contend that my position as a single man presents immense advantages. First, I am enabled to live within my income, which a pastor (of all men) should do. Second, I am enabled to mingle with my people with a greater freedom, and, being able thus to carry the religious element into many homes that would not otherwise receive it, my church feels the effect in a broader and deeper activity.

Surely I am not at fault when I say that the success of a man's work does not depend upon the possession of a wife, but upon his fitness for the work.

Perhaps I have said enough, but, as there is, to-day, a widespread discussion of the reason why young men do not enter the ministry as freely as of old, it occurred to me to suggest the possibility that an unwillingness to face the petty persecution in regard to matrimony, which seems to be quite general, might well deter a bashful man.

How You Can Help Your Boy

[Continued from page 95]

Many a boy has gone to bed in tears because his father criticized or denounced his effort at playing the violin; made fun of a simple little composition or story which he wrote; discouraged his attempt to make some little mechanical device, or threw a wet blanket on his dreams, laughing at his prediction of what he would do in the future.

A man who has recently come into great prominence in his profession says that when, tremblingly, he told his father what he wanted to be, he was told that a padded cell was the only place for a boy with such crazy ideas, and that he was forced for years to do that which God had forbidden in every fiber of his being, and against which every drop of blood in him protested.

The father who has made up his mind that his son must continue his business and keep his estate intact, is not in a position to decide on the boy's bent—his special aptitude. He is prejudiced at the very outset.

The reason why there are so many mediocre men and women in the world, and so many failures, is because they never found their right places.

Everywhere we see men and women, capable of much better things, who were discouraged and diverted from their natural bent when young: Their own families did not take stock in them; they laughed at their young ambitions, and strangled their aspirations, either by harsh treatment or, what is even worse, ridicule; and their teachers did not understand them.

You can not read the sealed message which God has wrapped up in your boy or girl, and you should regard it as sacred. You should respect the dreams of future greatness of your son because the Creator may have intended him for a grand and far-reaching mission. You can not tell what is going on in his mind; you can not tell what possibilities are locked in his brain. He may be perfectly conscious at this moment that he was intended for a much higher place in the world than you are occupying yourself, and to denounce him, to scoff at his dreams, to laugh at his predictions for the future may be a source of great humiliation to you some day. It may also work incalculable injury to your boy. A thousand times better strike him with your hand than blast his hopes by ridicule or by a cruel, chilling, cutting word.

Every father should put this saying of Garfield up where he can see it every day: "I never meet a poor boy in the street but I feel like taking my hat off, for who can say what possibilities there are in him?"

Praise, appreciation, encouragement, are just as necessary to bring the best out of children as a warm sun and rich, genial soil and moisture are necessary to develop the tropical plant. A cold blast; a little frost will so chill the young bud that it will never open up its petals or reveal its beauty, or give up its fragrance.

Some mothers have a genius for calling out the best in a boy and keeping back the worst elements. They are like the sunshine which encourages the tender germ to push its head up through the tough turf, when, without its encouragement, it would remain below the sod. Love, the warm, genial teacher, by appealing to the best in him, has saved many a boy from failure who was called a good-for-nothing, a blockhead at home.

I know a mother who never allows herself or anyone else, if she can prevent it, to tell her children of their deficiencies or bad qualities. She does wonders with her boys and girls by encouraging and praising the good in them. They will do anything for her because she appreciates them, believes in them. The father, on the other hand, is inclined to take just the opposite course with the children, but he does not have a tithe of the influence over them that the mother has. They obey her because they love her; the father, because they fear him. But fear is no match for love. Fault-finding is no match for encouragement.

Many parents and teachers take advantage of their superior strength and knowledge and tyrannize over a child simply because they know he can not protest.

It is a strange fact that these people seem to think the love and respect of children can be compelled. They know that this theory would not work with older people. They know very well that they could not force their neighbors, or those with whom they have social or business intercourse, to respect them if their characters and their conduct toward them did not command respect; but they somehow seem to think that their children are going to respect and admire them anyway, no matter how they treat them.

Instinctively we all love and admire lovely things, and despise the opposite; and children will not love an unlovely thing in a parent or respect what is not respectable in a parent, any more than they will in others.

You can no more compel the love and admiration and respect of your child if you constantly antagonize him and show him the unlovely side of your character than a young man could compel a girl to love him by constantly opposing her and showing her his meanest and most contemptible and unlovable traits.

Parents must win and retain the respect and love of their children, just as they would win and retain the

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respect and love of older people: by being kind and agreeable, by being lovable.

Do not be afraid of letting your children enjoy themselves. Make them just as happy as you possibly can, even if they do break a piece of furniture or a little bric-a-brac once in a while. It is worth it. They grow quickly, and they will soon be away from you.

As a rule the happiest children make not only the happiest, but also the most useful men and women. We can not give children too much real fun, too much heart sunshine, too much love. They thrive on this. It is their normal food, and the home is the place above all others where they should get an abundance of it.

Children should be brought up to think that home is the happiest, sweetest spot on earth; that it is a place for all sorts of fun and innocent amusement; a place where they are expected to have freedom and a good time generally. The influence and memory of a happy home will be their best possible safeguard when they are thrown upon their own resources amid the temptations of the world.

It is infinitely more important to train children to cultivate a happy temperament, to try to establish in them the hopeful, cheerful, optimistic habit than to give them a college education or leave them a fortune. It is infinitely more important to show them how to face life heroically, cheerfully, serenely, than how to make money or to attain fame.

I have been in homes where joy was constantly suppressed; where the children would no more think of romping and playing and laughing aloud than they would of doing the same thing in church or of cutting the draperies or destroying furniture in the house. Everybody in these homes went about with a stifled, suppressed air, as though he did not dare to give vent to any hilarity or pent-up humor.

It is self-expression that develops power. If one is constantly repressed his faculties will be stifled. Repression causes arrested development in more children than almost anything else. There must be freedom, a sense of liberty for self-expression, or the mind will never give up its best.

It is positively wicked to suppress the playful, fun-loving, frolicsome spirit, the innate love of humor, of laughter, in the young. Instead of being suppressed it should be encouraged in every possible way.

Many a sweet disposition has been wrecked by parents who are always suppressing the natural playfulness of their children, scolding them and constantly fault-finding, bickering, and nagging in the home.

How can a child be expected to grow up with that equanimity of temper, suavity of manner, and graciousness of behavior which make the possessor loved wherever he goes, when he is incessantly being hushed, scolded, and told to stop making a noise, and to go and sit down, by his fretting, fault-finding father, who can not stand a little noise in the home?

Children are very impressionable; they form habits very easily, and there is nothing sadder than to see a suppressed child with all the fun-loving, frolicking tendencies crushed out of him.

To preserve the sweet, sunny disposition, the youthful enthusiasm, the buoyant spirit which the children have brought so recently from the unknown land, should be one of the sacred duties of parents.

It is cruel to bring up children, whose minds are so plastic, in a hard, cold, dismal, discordant environment. Not only should their cheerful, fun-loving tendencies be cultivated, but they should see something beautiful every day and their rooms should be made as cheerful, cozy, and homelike as possible. They should be absolutely fresh and clean and decorated in a way to develop the love of beauty, and of high ideals. Instead of that, children are often put in dark rooms without a single inspiring picture on the walls—rooms that are so unhealthy that even plants can not thrive in them.

The young are very susceptible to environment, and a gloomy, discordant home will very soon crush out all that is spontaneous and beautiful in their natures, and bring out all that is cold, hard, and unlovely.

Whatever qualities are encouraged and brought out in childhood are likely to dominate in the after life. If the affections are not cultivated; if the love element is neglected or chilled in the child, it is not only not likely to be developed in the adult, but the suppression encourages and develops the opposite qualities. The child becomes cold, distant, disagreeable, selfish, brutal.

Everywhere we see the crime of repression of children, in minds starved and stunted, in men and women, who, instead of becoming great, luxuriant human trees, are bare little scrubs, with neither beauty nor strength.

On the other hand, overpraise and overattention are as bad for a child as utter neglect. The spoiled, petted child is a monstrosity, and when he grows up he will be a curse to himself as well as an unmitigated bore to others. Overindulgence is even more criminal than repression. The most unfortunate creature in the world is the boy or girl who is spoiled by being petted and praised and constantly told of his wonderful points.

Many parents who think they love their children are in reality their greatest enemies. They bring out the worst that is in them because they appeal to the worst. They appeal to all that is frail, weak, timid, and unlovely in their nature, by catering to their self-

ishness, indulging every whim—no matter how unreasonable or vicious—by doing everything for them instead of allowing them to do things for themselves and thus strengthen their faculties and power of self-reliance.

They are allowed to stay at home from school when they "play" sick, as so many children do, and are petted, and coddled, and fussed over, when there is really nothing the matter with them. If they fall or hurt themselves they are sympathized with and encouraged to cry, by expressions of pity, instead of being taught to bear a little pain or hurt bravely and manfully and not to whimper like a weakling.

In a hundred such ways weak, foolish parents cultivate the selfishness of their children, until they become unbearable; they destroy their courage and self-reliance; make cowards and weaklings of them, and pave the way for their destruction.

Many men and women have lived to curse in bitterness of heart the weak, criminal indulgence of overfond parents, who were the primal cause of their ruin.

Do not do for your children what they ought to do for themselves, but help them to help themselves. Do not allow them to trample on the rights of others in order to gratify their own selfish desires. Show them the beauty of the Golden Rule, and insist upon their practicing it in their games, with their playmates, and with older people. Teach them to respect the rights of others; and don't forget that they also have rights which should be respected.

Unfortunately many of us forget that children have rights which even their parents and adults are bound to respect. A man, for instance, will introduce his wife and grown daughter, or the mother will introduce her husband and the older children to visitors, but never thinks of introducing the younger ones.

How many times have I seen sensitive children embarrassed by seeing everybody else introduced to the newcomer while they were compelled to stand like little ninnies, feeling, perhaps, like idiots, wondering why they were not of enough importance to be introduced, too. When they are not ignored they are, perhaps, sent to bed or out of the room, often without any ceremony or polite request. They are simply commanded to go. The child resents such treatment just as much as you would resent it.

Many people use their children as whipping-posts on which to vent their spleen, their bad humor; to get rid of their bad blood. They beat and scold, criticize and nag them in their most cowardly, bullying manner, just because the children can not retaliate. But do not forget that the father who throws off his self-restraint as soon as he enters his home, and vents his spleen upon his children, making them suffer because things have gone wrong in his business or profession, can never keep the love or the admiration of his children. They may obey him because they fear him; but no parent can afford to secure obedience in this way.

If some fathers attempted to treat their men acquaintances in such an abusive, insulting manner as they do their boys, they would get knocked down.

There is a great deal of the Indian in children. They have good memories. They do not forget kindnesses, nor do they forget injuries. Do not be disappointed, my bullying, fault-finding, nagging friend, if your children drift away from you later in life and do not love you. You may think it is ingratitude; but it may be the memory of those earlier pricks and stabs, the constant scolding, nagging, fault-finding which you indulged in when they were helpless and could not retaliate.

We can not cover up the scars of our stabs and early abuses by a little kindness, not even by leaving a little money to the children we have injured.

If we want our children to be brave and large and grand, strong and self-reliant, we must treat them with respect; as if they were so. We must hold the vigorous thought, the grand, sublime thought toward them.

We make them feel small and mean and contemptible in their own eyes by nagging them, finding fault with them, constantly telling them not to do this and not to do that, mortifying them before others.

No parent or teacher is fit to train a child until he is well grounded in the law and practise of suggestion.

Suggestions born of anger, criticism, animal suggestions, can never call out the godlike in the child.

What we suggest to others tends to develop corresponding qualities in them. If you hold toward your child the thought of divine perfection you call out the best in him. On the other hand, if your suggestion is always that of inferiority, weakness of reproof, scolding, nagging, if it is a depressing suggestion, you will develop the worst qualities in the child.

But, if we appeal to their divine natures, if we think of them as the divine beings God intended them to be, instead of the burlesque creatures which our low and unworthy thought brings out, we shall develop the sublime, the beautiful side of our children.

The parent's mind is like a magnet, which attracts the qualities in the child similar to those which are projected into the mind. If you hold a mean, weak, timid, contemptible thought toward a child, those same qualities which match your thought will come out. Your own mental attitude, your own ideals of what they should be, will affect your children.

Hold divine ideals of them. Think of them as the children God intended them to be—grand, sublime, glorious in their possibilities.



THE WELL DRESSED MAN

By ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

Ask any question that puzzles you about dress. If desired, your name will not be used, but please attach it to your inquiry. It is preferred that questions be of general, rather than purely personal interest.

VARIOUS devices are being tried to prevent the evening waistcoat from riding up and down in front and wrinkling as the wearer bends and sways. An attachment which is both simple and practical is a little strip of buttonholes sewn up and down inside the waistcoat. One of these buttonholes—there are three or four to give plenty of latitude—is fastened to a button on the front of the trousers, thus giving the waistcoat a pivot or anchorage that holds it securely in place. These inside buttonholes should be attached to the lowest point of the waistcoat—about where the points diverge to form a "V."

White waistcoats always accompany the frock, for the same reason that they always accompany the evening coat. No color scheme is so soothing to the eye as white-and-black and none looks so distinguished. Black waistcoats of the same material as the coat are seldom worn. A single-breasted waistcoat goes best with a double-breasted frock coat and vice versa. The fashionable waistcoat may be white, gray, or buff, has broad overlapping lapels, and hugs the waist. Many of the newer waistcoats have no back buckle, because, being cut to arch over the hip-bones, they fit perfectly and need not be tightened.

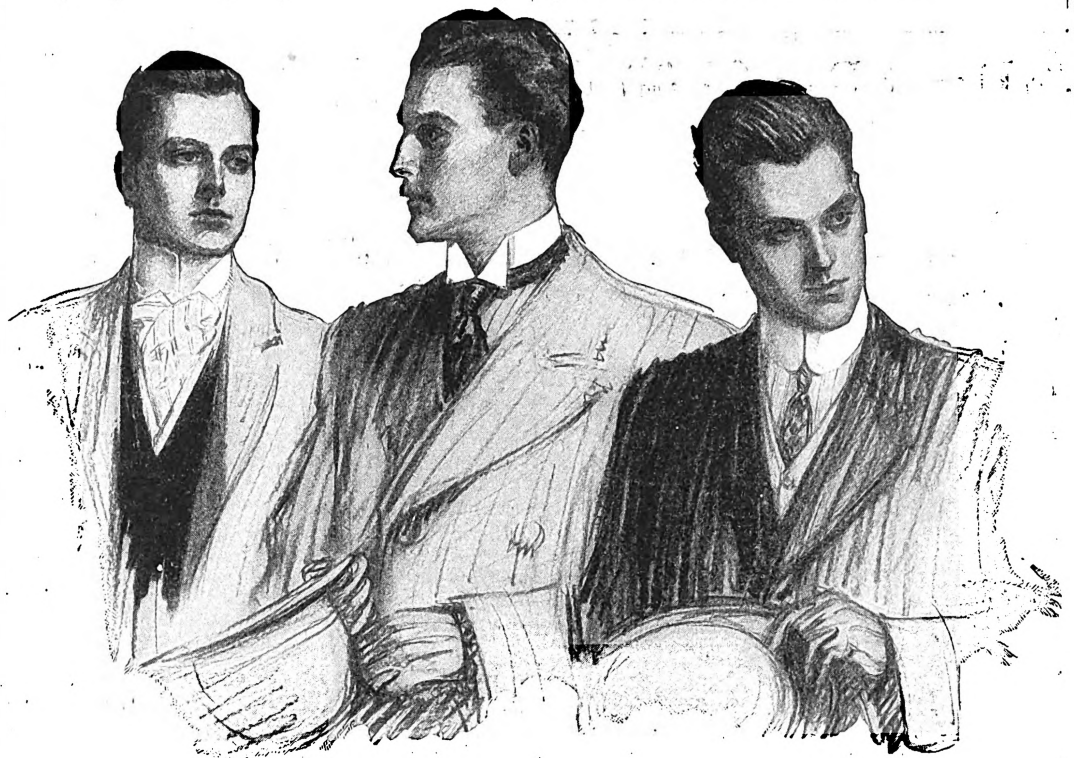
Shower coats should be cut long, loose, and with little shaping to the figure. The precise length is a matter of personal taste. Besides the standard colors, such as Oxford gray, black, olive, and tan; there are stripes, plaids, and shadow effects. Mackintoshes are seldom worn nowadays, because it is virtually impossible to put style into them. Any fabric may be rendered water-tight by subjecting it to the proofing process. Silk-and-rubber is a new combination which is light and soft and calculated to endure the strain of wear, if it is not too severe.

Although the chamois glove is intended primarily for morning use and light traveling, its softness has lent it a fugitive vogue for formal afternoon functions during the summer. But one can not wear a white or gray Ascot with yellow gloves. Hence, the budding favor of canary-colored silks for the afternoon Ascot.

Patent-leather boots with white uppers have brought in a new fashion, or, rather, have introduced a Continental fashion—white gloves with afternoon dress. One sees quite a few of them at matinées, weddings, and afternoon assemblies of a formal character. The effect of wearing white gloves, a white Ascot, white-topped boots, a white waistcoat, and a white boutonniere with the frock suit is decidedly pleasing, if a man knows how to wear clothes. Much depends upon "air" and poise. Unless one have the figure to lend distinction to dress, instead of borrowing distinction from it, such extreme modes are to be avoided. They render the wearer conspicuous and unpleasantly so, unless every minute detail of his clothes be impeccable. Ascots are woven in many delicate shades to match the particular shade of the glove worn, and, indeed, the two must match precisely, if one seeks a becoming and harmonious effect. Some men even go to the length of attempting yellow spats and a large yellow chrysanthemum with chamois gloves and a canary-colored Ascot, but this is overdoing the thing.

Silk gloves do not go ill with lounge dress. They have been worn by well-dressed men for several years, and, being washable, they serve their purpose admirably. Some persons do not fancy them because, supposedly, they look effeminate. Others dislike to go gloveless at any time and these declare the silk glove capital for spring, traveling, motoring, and the drive.

An admirable evening shirt has a linen body, bosom, and cuffs, and silk sleeves. This makes the garment easier to slip on and cooler for dancing, when one is obliged to use the arms much. However, the ordinary white linen shirt, with plain or piqué bosom, serves very well, and the cuffs are always attached. Embroidered bosoms, folded-back cuffs and the like are fads, not fashions, and not to be commended. Glossy linen is always in bad taste, and, therefore, the shirt should be ironed with a lusterless finish. It will be found that fabrics with a slightly coarse surface launder better than those which are smooth and are less apt to get shiny. The number of stud holes in the shirt-front is a matter of individual choice. From one to three are used. An agreeable effect is produced by having three stud holes show and having the three studs match the three waistcoat buttons. Plaited-bosom shirts are not correct with ceremonious dress, and only with the "Tuxedo."



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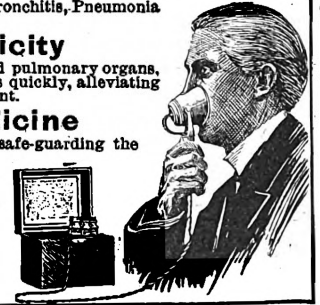
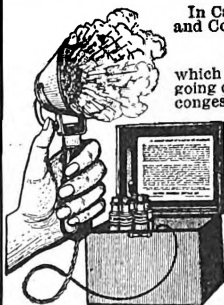
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We are going to supply to our customers, for a little time, six of these Spreaders free.

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Send either the metal cap from a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef or the paper certificate under the top, with 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing, and we'll send you one of these Spreaders.

For six tops or certificates from six jars, we'll give you six of these Spreaders, making a beautiful silver set—fit to grace any table. The Lily pattern is one of the daintiest designs in silver today. But as glad as you'll be to get these Spreaders, you'll be more pleased to know of the "Extract."

For you'll find it will make all of your meats and soups and gravies even more savory than ever. You'll never know till you try it just what it adds and saves. The saving is in adding new flavor to left-overs and cold meats.

It imparts a deliciousness to fresh meats and soups that tempts the most jaded of palates.



Armour's EXTRACT OF BEEF

As an instance:—

Try making a rich, brown gravy with Armour's Extract of Beef.

See if it doesn't improve it greatly—doesn't add a superlative zest.

The Germans and French, who are famous as cooks, make all their gravies this way.

Judge if you ever tasted a gravy even one-half so delicious.

Serve a gravy made this way tomorrow night. See what your husband says. Give the "little ones" such "bread and gravy" as they never knew could exist.

Don't Be Mistaken

Don't think of Armour's Extract of Beef as only for use in the sick-room.

Those who think that don't know what they miss. That is the *least* of its uses.

Its *real* value is for use in the kitchen. And it should be used *every day*. There are a hundred ways to use it.

After six jars you will use hundreds and better every dish. You'll never again be without a jar ready in the kitchen.

Four Times the Best

But please don't forget to get "Armour's," for Armour's goes four times as far. The directions read, "Use one-fourth as much," for our extract is concentrated.

We would like to give you a jar—free—to prove its advantages. We don't, because that would cheapen it. But we want you to have it.

That is why we return, for a little time, more than you pay for the extract, by giving you one of these Butter-Spreaders for the metal top or certificate—or as many as you need to make up a beautiful set.

So order the first jar of your grocer or druggist today, and begin to receive the Spreaders, at the same time begin the use of the extract and learn what that use means.

Judge by the first jar of the extract if you'll ever again go without it. Simply hear what your people say when they taste that dainty new flavor.

When sending the tops or certificates for the Butter-Spreaders, address Armour & Company, Chicago, Department W.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

MRS. CURTIS'S HOME CORNER

HAVE you, wherever you live, had Tag Day yet, or is it impending? It must be one or the other, for the scheme is crossing the Continent like wildfire. Whether you have been tagged or are still to be tagged you have my sympathy. It seems extraordinary that these crazy schemes for raising money should appeal to so many otherwise sane people, especially to women. Let your memory go back to some of them: editing a morning paper—for once; running a city's street-cars—also for once—away down to a penny—for every year-you-have-lived sociables. Generally they are engineered by a group of women eager to organize, eager to carry through some brand-new scheme, always for charity. In the name of charity there have been more lies told, more sins committed, more money ruthlessly obtained, and more feuds fought than on Wall Street.

But of all evils, deliver us from another Tag Day! It does not seem as if the same city would stand for it twice. Think of a civilized community held up on the streets, in hotels, at the theater, in stores, at the station, on trains and street cars, in a house to house canvas by an army of highwaymen made up of well-gowned women, pretty young girls, the prettier the more successful, and small children! Don't flatter yourself you can get away from them by purchasing one tag or seven. You can't run up an alleyway to escape taggers, you will find a bunch of them coming to meet you. It is simply "Stand and deliver" till you have not a coin left. If you pull out a bill, you are gone; it stamps you as miserly to ask for change. If the tag lady comes to the house and you try to ignore her, you will simply go to the door sometime, because you don't want to buy a new battery for the bell.

Fifty cents is the smallest sum for which they will tag a house; if you are "easy" they will hang the parlor windows full of tags. If you are a business man you must tag every window in the store, every horse in your stable, every clerk, driver, and cashier in your employ; even the store cat may be decorated. It is no use getting "grouchy"; the enthusiastic taggers will bluff you, rail at you, get saucy, laugh at you, everything but give up their prey. It is as if you were in a stage-coach robbery with a highwayman's pistol at your head.

BUT, to come to the real evil of Tag Day, or of any other short-sighted charity scheme. Charity, to be real charity, must be an act of benevolence, the outpouring of a heart filled with love and good-will. How much giving is done in this spirit during any hold-up scheme? Men and women simply give money because it is less embarrassing to pay than to debate the question or be followed by an importunate beggar, even if the beggar be in the guise of a well-dressed woman. That is not charity. It arouses no sympathy whatever for the Home of the Friendless, a city's playgrounds, the Day Nursery, or any other object for which money is being collected. It prejudices givers against the charity in question. I doubt if anybody sympathizes with a promiscuous public levy except the blindly enthusiastic taggers. It does not pay in the long run to make a man give up even if no more than five cents, if he gives it against his will. On Tag Day thousands do it, for, as one New England paper phrased it, "a person on the street without a tag was not without a certain stigma."

A WOMAN in a large city was against Tag Day not only because of the means involved to raise money but also because she knew well the charity for which the work was being done and was strongly opposed to its lax methods of management. She had to spend the forenoon down-town, shopping, on Tag Day. She reached home hotly indignant but untagged. She had been held up on the streets, on the cars, in every shop she entered; she had been jollied by well-tagged acquaintances and bullied by impertinent youngsters. All the afternoon she answered the bell herself—her maid had absolutely struck and she withstood every importunity, even insult, with dignity. Her boys and girls were the only untagged children on the street. Of course they had to bear the brunt of that. Her home was the only untagged house in the neighborhood, and her stinginess was widely discussed.

She is a sweet, lovable woman and I know of none of larger charity. She gives away a much larger part of her income than the regulation tithe. Only she gives with rare wisdom, for she singles out individual cases and brightens many a lonely, poverty-stricken life. When she donates to a public charity, she investigates it thoroughly before she becomes a donor. Yet—the injustice of it, to see such a woman held up to



ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

The Editor of Our Home Departments Expresses Her Ideas About "Tag Day" and "Taggers"

neighborhood ridicule and criticism because she refused to hang a fifty-cent tag in her drawing-room window!

ANOTHER phase of this promiscuous beggary, will, I am sure, be disapproved by every well-balanced individual. Women who start out of their own free will upon such a mission ought to be amply competent to care for themselves. If they meet with insult or familiarity from any stray man they accost, it is their own lookout. They are scarcely entitled to even the protection of the police. But when young girls are drafted into this irresponsible scheme for giving, it ought to meet with the disapproval of every wise father and mother.

On a recent Tag Day, pretty young girls, who looked on the affair as a genuine lark, overran one of our cities. Their instructions were to tag every man they met. Girlish modesty and diffidence were forgotten. The girls invaded hotels, news-stands, theaters, barber-shops, restaurants, private offices, public buildings, even the sacred precincts of men's clubs and they tagged every man they encountered. The majority of their victims were chivalrous and gentlemanly—a few were not. One incident of this sort I saw for myself. A bevy of attractive tag girls invaded a theater lobby and began to hold up a crowd waiting for the doors to open. One sweet-looking girl stepped up to an untagged man, who stood reading a paper. He leered at her with a besotted smile while he put a bill in her hand. When she handed him the tag he whispered something. The girl's pretty face became one indignant flush, she thrust the dollar back into his hand and rushed through the crowd to an older girl who was with her, tumbling into her arms a bunch of tags.

"I am going home," she said with a quivering voice; "I won't sell another tag."

"Why, Mollie, that is n't fair, we've only begun and there's an awful lot of territory to cover yet."

"I don't care," cried the girl, with a half-stifled sob; "I'm going home. If mother knew what that man said to me, she would not let me stay another minute."

"All right," said the bolder girl, contemptuously; "go along. It's a blessed thing for the Home of the Friendless that all of us are not quitters."

SUCH unbusinesslike schemes for raising money to aid charities bring us back to what I said some months ago on the subject of selling tickets. That discussion brought a number of letters, and nobody said a word in defense of the plan, every one was down on it, some more aggressively than I was, probably because they had had more provocation. Here for instance is an extract from the Cleburne (Texas) *Enterprise*.

Every woman should read Mrs. Curtis's article on the obnoxious business of selling tickets, that appears in the June number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. Every man that reads it will say "Amen." She calls it ticket peddling and the children, who beseech you daily to buy, buy, buy, "little beggars." It is time some one endeavor to call a halt on this ticket business. It is becoming a regular graft. Business men are bullied, harassed, and begged to buy tickets to this, that, or the other entertainment every day. If amateur entertainments must be given, advertise as the theaters do, then let those who will and can, come, but do stop peddling tickets from door to door.

THIS letter comes from the principal of a well-known boarding school:

The first downright and much deserved criticism I ever read of that broadcast evil, ticket-selling for charity, I found in SUCCESS MAGAZINE. I want to voice my appreciation of it, because no one realizes so well as a boarding-school mistress does, what a wide-spread nuisance it is. Our school is the first victim when tickets have to be sold. A bunch is delivered or mailed to me with the request that I distribute them among my pupils. I have tried time and again to oppose such a plan in church and club circles but it is useless, every woman contends it is the only method for getting together an audience. I have proved it is not so because we have given school entertainments and had a crowded house although not one ticket was sold by solicitation. People came, as they go to the theater, because they wanted to. Still, year after year, hundreds of dollars go from our school for affairs that we know to be so painfully amateurish and stupid that ticket buying is wholly a charity, for nobody attends. The trouble lies in the fact that I have a large number of day-pupils from families who are constantly mixed up in some entertainment scheme, and the woman who has her living to make in the way I do, can not afford, to be too brusque or self-opiniated on any subject that runs counter to anything which seems to have established itself as a success. One of my objections, besides the financial outgo, is that the whole thing lacks the vitalizing spirit of charity. I wish you the largest possible circle of readers and these—readers who will think—because ticket selling is no localized evil, its demoralization is as wide as America.

The New Surgery

[Continued from page 97]

organs for another have a share in the conquest of tuberculosis?

Steps to Cure Bright's Disease

Only a few years ago diseases of the kidneys were considered fatal. Then it was found possible to remove one of them—and let the patient live. Later, affections like tumors and ulcers were successfully treated. In a few instances the "capsule" was removed—the thin lining between the organ and the fat in which it is imbedded. It was one step toward the cure of Bright's disease. Suppose that the new surgery could take the next step; that it could effect a cure; that some member of your family, a sufferer from this scourge—the greatest of all except pneumonia and tuberculosis—may have hope of health; that your son or daughter, born lame and believed to be incurable, can be cured; that you yourself, injured or maimed in a railroad accident—one of the seventy-five thousand victims a year—stand ten chances to one of recovery with sound limbs and organs? This is Doctor Carrel's dream. Do you think it is possible of achievement?

Let us see. A baby's life was saved; happiness was brought to a home. It was a direct result of Doctor Carrel's method of transfusing blood from one human body to another. A number of other cases based upon different results of his experiments followed.

A builder fell from a scaffold and fractured his leg. It was amputated just above the knee. In the hospital where the operation took place, it happened that at the same time the knee-joint of another patient—a girl eighteen years old—was being removed. The surgeon in charge cut the knee-joint from the amputated leg, chiseled it to the proper size and fastened it by a nail to the girl's knee. Then her leg was encased in a plaster cast surrounded and reinforced by iron bands.

After seven weeks the cast was removed. The healing was perfect. There was no trace of slipping or side-to-side motion even when the new joint bore the entire weight of the girl's body. Later, when for the second time the surgeon trimmed the sides of the joint so that it would fit perfectly, it was found that it had become a part of the new organism. After a few weeks the girl left the hospital in perfect health and with complete use of her strange knee.

A Leg for an Arm

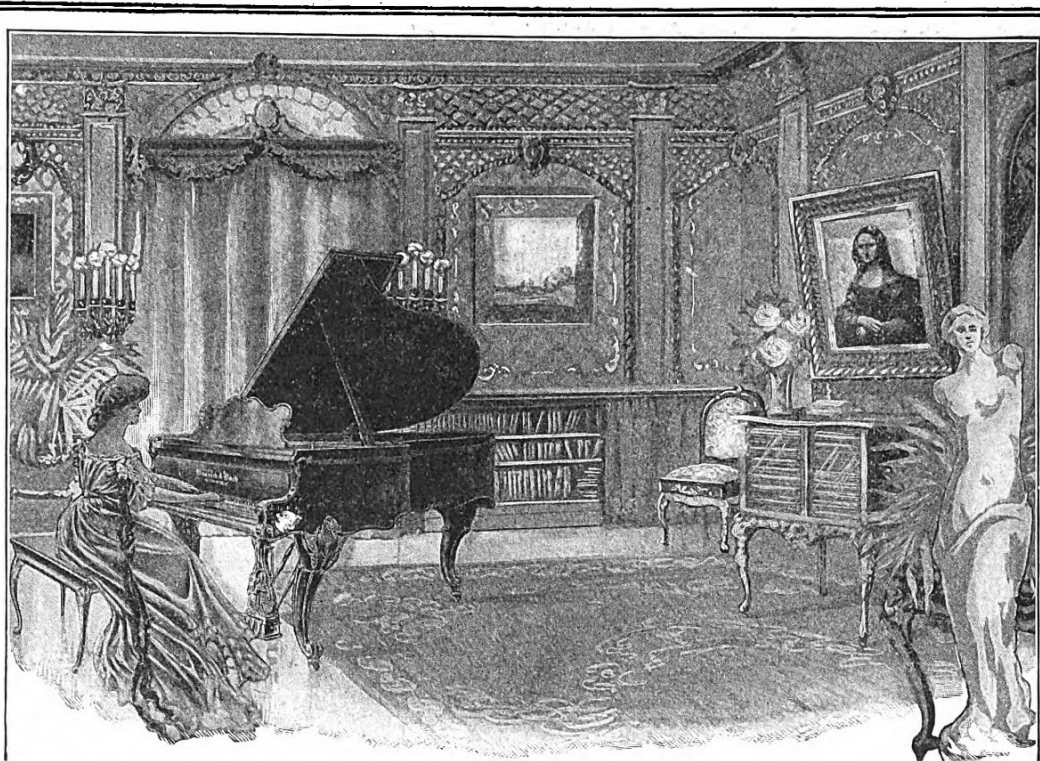
In the case of another young woman, the arm-bone between the shoulder and the elbow was removed on account of infection. At each end of the severed arm the surgeon left enough sound bone to make a socket. These he hollowed out. Then he secured a leg-bone which had been amputated, whittled it to the proper shape, sharpened the ends, and fitted them into the bones at the shoulder and elbow sockets. Five weeks after the veins, ligaments, and arteries had been joined the young woman left the hospital with a new arm. It was made out of a man's leg.

A tubercular joint left a man's leg rigid, at right angles. Incisions were made above and below the knee and a new joint transplanted. This time it was fastened not by nails, but by wires; and, as it happened, the joint from a right leg was used for a left one. Nevertheless, within nine weeks the patient was able to walk and bear his weight without pain. In this case the progress of the disease had wrought havoc. A tendon was elongated, and new muscles, veins, and arteries were added.

A Human Wreck Made New

An engineer, walking through a railroad tunnel, was hit by a train. His left hand was ground to shreds; his nose was split throughout its length; there were several face and scalp wounds; his thigh was broken in two places. After performing the necessary operations, including the setting of the thigh, it was found that the leg was three inches short and the foot was inverted. Further examination showed that a four-inch fragment had been broken off the thigh, and lay diagonally across its axis. Another operation was necessary. "A free incision," says the surgeon, "exposed the fragment, and by means of chisel and hammer, bone forceps and saw, it was removed." The upper and lower segments were then brought together and holes were drilled into them for a staple, which "was driven home with considerable force." In this case no new veins or ligaments were added; but the old ones were joined, and within sixty days "the patient had a sound leg," and within two years he applied for his old job, "stating that he walks without a crutch or cane and is able to do a man's full work."

If it had not been for the "experiments" of the exponents of the new surgery these results would not have been possible. In all these cases they mean the restoration of health, the preservation of limbs; in some, the substitution of entirely new organs—an artery for an artery, a ligament for a ligament, a nerve for a nerve, a joint for a joint, a leg for a leg. With animals it was found possible to go farther; is it, then, possible to go farther in the case of human beings; to comply even with the strict Biblical injunction of an



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eye for an eye; to give and take, literally, a heart for a heart—any one of a dozen vital organs for another?

"Most assuredly it can be done," said Doctor Carrel in a recent address; "in fact it would be easier to perform these operations upon a man, because his organs are larger than those of a dog or a cat, and the technique of the surgery would not be so fine or difficult. It is only a question of time when we shall be sure enough in the substitution of such complicated organs as kidneys to be able to operate in this way on human beings.

Suppose that even this marvelous outcome is possible; suppose that the dream comes true. What of the method? What of the experiments upon animals which will have made it possible? Are they justified? Let us look at it a moment. In 1905, the steamship "Joshua Nicholson" sailed from the Island of Malta to America with a cargo of goats. Up to this time epidemics of fever had swept the island at intervals, wasting thousands of lives. For many years fruitless attempts had been made to discover the cause.

Then experiments were made with animals. Monkeys infected with a germ which was suspected to be the cause of the epidemics developed symptoms of fever. Some of them died. Similar tests were made with goats. Within a week after inoculation their milk showed infection. As the goats in Malta take the place of cows and number about one to every ten of population, the danger of such infection was evident. Then some thousands of goats were examined, and the astounding discovery was made that one-half of all of them were infected. On the voyage of the "Joshua Nicholson" several members of the crew died. All were ill. That clinched the matter. Epidemics of Malta fever are now things of the past. In the island's military garrison alone the number of cases was reduced from six hundred and forty-three in 1905 to seven two years later. This was accomplished by experiments on living animals.

"How Many Dogs Is Your Baby Worth?"

Three years ago, about three thousand children in New York City had cerebro-spinal meningitis. There had been four previous epidemics. The disease was thought to be incurable. Dr. Simon Flexner, an associate of Doctor Carrel, attempted to find a serum which would prove the contrary. He finally developed it in a horse. The death-rate fell from eighty per cent. to twenty. The ratio for diphtheria antitoxin is about the same. In one series of records covering eight years and hundreds of cases, the exact ratio is eight to thirty-four. These serums and the antitoxins are sent to all parts of the world. Have they, by any chance, come

to your home? Did they save a life? Do you know, that in their preparation, in the experiments necessary to perfect them and make them effective, the lives of perhaps scores of animals were sacrificed? Would you hesitate to use them on that account? *How many dogs is your baby worth?*

One person in ten dies of tuberculosis. A frequent cause of this infection is milk. The method now used to determine this is to feed the milk to a guinea-pig. If it develops the disease, the milk is condemned. It is the only method known. Similarly, it is the method that enabled Harvey to discover the circulation of the blood; that made it possible for Colonel Gorgas to write from Havana, not long ago: "For the first time in a hundred and fifty years yellow fever is stamped out"; that made possible the researches of Morton and Simpson in anesthetics, and of Pasteur and Lister in antiseptics; in a word, that developed the science of modern surgery and at the same time, in another branch of medicine, enabled the great Pasteur to say truthfully, "It is now in the power of man to make all infectious diseases disappear from the world." It is the method which enables Doctor Carrel to say that it is only a question of time when a vital organ from one human body can be successfully substituted for another.

"To Make the Blind See"

Admit, then, that in his hands at least, the method is justified; that what he says comes true, that the miracle happens. What then? What of the future? Is it enough that modern surgery should have a share in stamping out, the scourge of tuberculosis; that it should cure the insane; make the "blind to see and the lame to walk"? Think of it. Is that enough?

Every year seventy-five thousand people in this great land of ours are injured and maimed in railroad accidents; the death toll of pneumonia is a hundred thousand; heart disease, seventy thousand; diseases of the kidneys, forty; apoplexy, twenty-six; paralysis, twenty-five; and another twenty-five for diseases of the brain. The list has no end. Suppose that these lives could be saved; that the usefulness of the victims could be restored. Is that enough?

"Doctor Carrel's experiments," says an eminent New York surgeon, "show more than the feasibility of substituting sound for diseased organs in human beings. They point the way to a new method of ascertaining the causes of different diseases which hitherto could not be diagnosed." It appears, then, that in addition to restoring health and saving human life, disease is to be prevented. Surely that is enough. It begins an era in modern medical science which is of vital, personal interest to every man, woman, and child in America.

New Foods for New Millions

[Continued from
page 77]

of dollars to the farmers of the United States! Even with these big steps in advance, the farmers of the United States, as advised by the Department of Agriculture, are not yet satisfied. The American farms produce at present some seven and a half billion dollars annually, but the farmers are not content to leave well enough alone; they are pushing forward in their efforts to make this American soil pay. The Department of Agriculture helps. It studies wind currents and sends its meteorographs to an altitude of 23,111 feet to see how the weather is up there. It studies rainfall, evaporation, and seismic disturbances. It spends three million dollars annually in inspecting meats, in order that we shall have foods and not poisons for the new millions. It eradicates cattle-tick, studies contagious diseases, investigates tuberculosis of animals, quarantines imported animals, immunizes hogs from cholera, and carries on a mass of preventative and curative work.

The department studies animal parasites and parasitic diseases and distributes great quantities of vaccine to prevent blackleg in cattle, besides sending out tuberculosis and mallein. It carries on the breeding of better varieties of horses, sheep, cows, and poultry; it makes experiments in the nutrition of live stock, and it is in various ways seeking to revolutionize the whole dairy industry. There is now an American Camembert cheese and an American Roquefort cheese. Whatever can be done abroad, thinks the department, can be done, or at least attempted, in America.

This is a great deal but it is only the beginning. The department is working on the eradication of the pear blight, the California peach blight, the various apple diseases, and a number of ravages annually, costing horticulturists tens of millions of dollars. Agents of the department, in their search for new and better varieties of plants, travel to the most inaccessible regions of the world. One explorer-agent finds promising blackberries and currants in Korea, a splendid apple in Manchuria, a collection of twenty-four named pears in Northern China; bush cherries and plums and peaches in Northern Siberia; drought-resistant alfalfas and dry-land rices in Asiatic regions where the climate is similar to that of the Dakotas. The world is ransacked for the American farm.

So the work goes on. Millions of dollars are spent for new varieties of plants which are to be more productive than the plants they displace. Crops are improved, soils experimented with, water supplies of farms studied, poisonous plants investigated, seeds distributed, laboratories and agricultural experiment sta-

tions established, and the management of farms reduced to a science. The Forest Service seeks to protect one hundred and fifty million acres of timber land from fire, theft, and wasteful exploitation, and while in 1907, this administration cost us one million, five-hundred thousand dollars, it was only one cent per acre as compared with a cost of ninety-five cents per acre in France, one dollar and thirty-two cents in Switzerland, and two dollars and thirty-two cents per acre in Saxony. The American people can grow successive crops of trees in their national forests, as surely as they can grow crops of corn or wheat on their soil, and the time will come when, besides conserving our forests and protecting our water supplies, we shall in this way be adding every year hundreds of millions of dollars to the production of our soil. Uncle Sam, farmer and scientist, will provide shelter, as well as food, for the new millions.

Farming with a Test-Tube

The progress of practical farming is accompanied by an advance in scientific agriculture. There is a new spirit in the fields and a new sense of Nature and her possibilities in the laboratory and experiment station. The greater use of agricultural machinery and of draft animals has in fifty years multiplied the producing power of every American farmer and farm laborer by two; the progress of agricultural chemistry has stimulated great manufacturing industries dependent on agricultural products, as cane and beet sugar, starch, beer, wine, and distilled liquors; has created a vast fertilizer industry, and opened up great phosphate deposits in the United States; has increased the value of crops without increasing the draft on the soil, and has enabled two grasses to grow where one grew before.

The scientist has taught us to use our by-products, to save tens of millions of dollars annually from cottonseed alone. We are learning also from the chemist and physiologist exactly what are our foods and food values, for at present as much food is wasted in the stomach as in the kitchen or on the farm. Dietetic experiments have pointed the way toward nourishing a hundred million upon foods that were once insufficient for fifty million, and very careful and detailed experiments are showing how the least amount of least expensive plant food can produce the greatest possible amount of high-grade animal food. The problem of converting grasses and grains into meats and milk and butter and eggs is being solved every day with more and more completeness.

We are only on the threshold of the new era. We

are just discovering that we have not used the earth at all; we have only scratched its surface, as did the old Egyptian with his wooden plow, and we have wasted its products, securing only a slender, surly return, and have starved in the midst of a possible plenty. We are only beginning—not yet even beginning—to get out of the soil the last ounce of effective energy, while restoring to it sufficient nourishment to maintain this earth-machine at the highest point of effectiveness.

We are also only beginning to see that the cultivation of the farm means the cultivation of the farmer. A higher type of man, living under better conditions, is now tilling our soil. He is no longer isolated, out of touch with the pulsating life of the world. He is no longer unreachable by newspapers and magazines and books and universities and agricultural science and mechanical advances. A bacteriologist at Washington or Berlin, a chemist at Tokio or Rio Janeiro makes a discovery, and, in a few days or weeks or months, the smallest farmer in Alabama or California or Iowa may know all about it. The practical, scientific, effective agriculture of the twentieth century is ushered in.

How will the vast American farm appear when at the close of the present century it is providing new food, more food, better food, and more varied food, as well as the raw material for clothing and shelter and civilization to new millions? We can not picture the technical advances, and we would be as bewildered were we suddenly to be transported to this unborn world as would Washington or Jefferson if they were to be put here in this our world. But the new traveler who will then traverse the continent in a day, in an air-ship or some other conveyance now undreamed of, should see, unless science and invention give us the lie, a bigger and a broader and a pleasanter civilization, where the food will rise easily from the earth and no man will lack for it.

In that not so distant day, a large proportion of farmers should live in the transformed and beautified cities and towns and villages, because every advance in science releases a larger number of agricultural workers and the needs of men grow increasingly. The farmer of that day will be a highly trained man, for with the greatly increased land values, it will no longer remunerate a poor farmer to cultivate his farm. A persistent incapable farmer would be in the position of an owner of a cow pasture in the heart of Chicago, with forty-story buildings competing against his live stock. It would be cheaper for him to rent his farm and spend his idle life in a steam yacht than it would be to cultivate his land ineffectually.

With new farms and new forests and new farmers, and with the science of food-getting applied intelligently, there will be new foods for more millions than we are likely to have.

A Reward for Services

A DUSTY and bedraggled motorist was speeding through a town a few miles outside of Boston the other day, when he came across a party of four stalled in a heavy machine in the middle of the road. The two men in the party were apparently at a loss what to do without a skilled mechanic, so the motorist drew up his machine and asked, politely, "Can I be of assistance?"

"Well, my good fellow," said one of the men, evidently an Englishman, "perhaps you can;" and he went on with "my fine fellow" this and "my fine fellow" that, apparently convinced that no one but a chauffeur would be found in a car alone.

The "fellow" soon had the machine running smoothly and started for his own auto, when he was further accosted with, "But, my fine fellow, can't we give you a little something for helping us out of this beastly mess?"

"Oh, no, I thank you," was the response; "that's all right."

"But my good man, at least give us your name and address, so we can send you a quart of good whisky," urged the Englishman.

Quietly but with a twinkle in his eye the mechanic took out a card from his case and handed it over. Then he quickly jumped into his machine.

On the card the crestfallen Englishman read, "Rev. Arcturus Z. Conrad, D.D." and speedily recognized the name as that of the now famous pastor of Park Street Church, who is also an enthusiastic motorist and skilled mechanic.

Managerial Intelligence

WHEN Clyde Fitch's play, "Major André," was nearing its first production in Hartford, Connecticut, William Harris and Frank McKee, who financed the piece, were taking dinner in the Heublein Hotel with Joseph Physioc, the scene-painter. Conversation centered of course on the coming production.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Physioc, "I don't like to discourage you, but I doubt if you can ever induce the American people to take kindly to a British spy."

"Who was a spy?" asked Mr. Harris, indignantly.

"Major André."

"The mischief he was! Who told you so?"

"Well, that gets me," chimed in McKee. "They'd never have got a cent of my money if I'd known he was a spy."

The piece was a failure several years ago, but this story has just come to the surface.

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[Continued from
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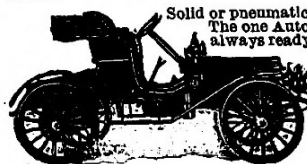
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HIS BIG PICTURE

any more pride or shame than to let him do this—to you?"

Miss Dolly moved then; moved sideways with her arms flung up, and stumbled to her knees against a chair by the window. A coat of Jim's lay over the chair, and it was warmed by the sun as it had often been warmed by his body. She pressed her face to it, closely, closely, while her numbed brain fumbled for belief and understanding.

And again she heard Miss Bridget's voice.

"Get up and come away, Dorothy. And when he comes in you will go to him and ask him to destroy it. You never made a man do anything for you yet; but you will make him do this. And if he will not destroy it you will do it yourself. You hear me, Dorothy? Now—come away."

A short time after, they heard Jim return. Swiftly he went up to his rooms; stared a moment at the open studio-door; then laughed, walked across, and stood opposite the picture, with the light in his eyes that Little Heriot only had seen there.

"I've won out," he said. "I've done it at last. It's the Big Picture all right—the Big Picture." He braced his feet and flung his shoulders back as a man who prepares to meet an enemy. "I'll floor them with that. Gad! I'll floor 'em. An' then I'll hunt up Steve and floor him. I'll break him; for he took two years of my life, and I'll never be able to paint another Embodied Love—never, after Bella."

At the waking of memory, shame pricked him. Then he shook it aside. For he had given himself unreservedly to his art, denying his body mercilessly through these years, and it was therefore but just and right that those whom he called on should give themselves also. He lit a pipe, turned in the half gloom, and walked to the window.

Some one tapped at the door and Jim turned swiftly, laying aside his pipe. It was for little courtesies such as these that Miss Dolly had first given him her adoration.

"Yes?" he said, and Miss Dolly heard the smile in his voice as he looked down on her in the shadows.

"M—may I come in?" she said, with a little gasp.

"I want to speak to you."

Jim glanced at the picture clothed in mink of the twilight. Then he ran a low chair up to the window.

"Sit here," he said, and put her into the chair with the quick decision of an artist posing his model. Then he laughed and dropped on the window-seat, leaning to her with his hands between his knees. "It's nice to see you here as a guest," he said. "Now is there anything I can do for you, Miss Dolly?"

"Y—you left your studio open to-day," said Miss Dolly. "My sister and I came in. There was a good light on the picture, and—my sister and I came in—and we saw it."

There was silence for a space. In the gloom Jim could not read Miss Dolly's face, and her voice was always colorless and uncertain. At last:

"I am sorry for that," he said slowly—"very sorry."

He stood up. "Do you object if I make a light?"

"Oh, don't," Miss Dolly shrank back against the worm-eaten window-sash. "I find it easier—less difficult—in the dark. I—I—"

Jim sat down again and waited. In some vague way he felt like a dog who deserves a thrashing, and he raged at himself because he felt so.

"You—took advantage of me, you know," said Miss Dolly, softly.

"Yes," assented Jim.

"You knew that I did not realize—that I—I thought that you—that I would not be this when you had painted me."

"Yes."

"Perhaps you did not know," said Miss Dolly, her voice quickening. "I mean—perhaps you did not know quite all. Perhaps I may be wronging you, and if—and if—" She pressed her hands together and sat upright. "I never had a lover," she said simply.

"Bridget had; but he went away before I was old enough to understand. Then—we were very poor; and my father and my mother died, and we kept the place on—just Bridget and I. We have worked hard always. And I have dreamed of all the joys that other—that other girls have. And I used to pretend that they would come to me some day. It helped me, you see, when I was very tired and the work was hard. And I—did not notice how the years passed. There was nothing to mark them. And so—when you came I forgot that I was not a girl any longer. And you—you helped me to forget. But perhaps you did not mean to? You did not mean to—to take advantage of me from the very beginning?"

"I did," said Jim.

His head was down between his hands now, and the quivering question of her last words stuck like an arrow into him and hurt.

There was another silence. Down in the yard Miss Bridget was chasing a shrieking cock, and a couple of crows were quarreling in the naked poplar by the old well. The fire in Miss Dolly was burning her up very fast now. She looked at Jim's outline in the dying light and steadied her voice with difficulty.

"I have had very little to do with men," she said. "They never cared for me. I must always have been

stupid, I suppose. Bridget told me that I had never made a man do anything for me in all my life. That is quite true. Even Thompson obeys Bridget only."

Again there was silence. Part of Jim was chafing at that woman-nature which will not strike a nail home to the head, but potters instead with little useless strings of memory, and with irrelevant pins and tear-rusty needles and other things that prick. And part of him was under the lash of rousing conscience.

Miss Dolly flung out her hands—suddenly, piteously. "I have come to ask you to do something for me now," she cried. "But I can't—I can't."

Jim came to his feet and stood over her. She was no more than a dried wisp of humanity there in the big chair; but the nearness of his young, vivid manhood called to the woman in her.

"I think I know what you want," he said levelly. "You want me to destroy that picture. It is like you, and it is like your father. There is a painting of him in the Melbourne Art Gallery, and the likeness struck me when I first saw you. That is what you want. But—I am not going to do it. I can't do it. That picture means fame to me—fame and money. I've pretty near starved myself these last three years to get the teaching I needed. I've put in seven months on this God-forsaken place—I—I beg your pardon. I didn't mean—well; you can't expect me to destroy the result, can you?"

"Bridget told me—told me that I was to destroy it if you would not," said Miss Dolly. "She won't do it herself. She has a very strong idea of the rights of other people. But—"

"Heavens!" cried Jim. He swung from her to the picture, as it glimmered in the faint light from the west, and his heart went out to it. To him it lived: it was his own flesh and blood, and through much bitterness he had paid for the power to paint it. Then he turned again to Miss Dolly, laying his hands on her thin, narrow shoulders. "And would you?" he said gently.

Miss Dolly snatched at his hands and held them.

"Never, never!" she sobbed. "I could n't. Oh; you don't know! You don't know! I could never do anything to hurt you—never!"

Her tears were hot on his skin; and in some inexplicable way they softened and loosened that fiber which greed of fame had drawn tight about his soul. He freed himself and stood back from her.

"I was taking advantage of you just then," he said. "Did you know it? No—wait a minute." His eyes sought her face, and saw only the glimmer of tears on a gray parchment cheek-bone. He drew breath in slowly.

"I have been particularly brutal to you," he said. "But there was another woman. I did her greater harm than I have done you."

"Don't tell me," said Miss Dolly, faintly.

"I will tell you. I took her away from the man who loved her. I made her love me and I left her—and she will never go back to the man whom she would have loved. He was my mate, too. I did not care. There was another side—and I only saw that. And then my mate did me a wrong and I was bound to revenge it on somebody. I made you pay for it."

He walked through the room twice and came back to her.

"I made you pay for it all along the line, as I made her pay," he said. "And you will have to keep on paying. For I can't condemn that picture—I would damn my soul first. It's great. It's the greatest thing I ever saw. I don't pretend to be good or moral or anything else. I don't want to be. I only want to let the world see that picture and know that I painted it. There is no man or woman on earth for whom I'd give up my right to do that."

Miss Dolly did not answer. She was so long in answering that Jim struck a light in haste and found her fallen over the chair-arm, with her gray head near to the floor. He picked her up—comparing her in a sudden twist of memory with the bony turkey that he had caught for Miss Bridget in the morning; carried her into the next room, and laid her on his bed. He had seen death in too many phases to mistake its shadow, and he had a fancy that Miss Dolly's soul would pass the easier by the open window, abreast with the great sweep of night sky, than down in her little room made close and dark by the old-fashioned shutters and the careful blinds.

Then he brought Miss Bridget. And Miss Bridget's heart broke through the crust that had cramped it in the stern years, and she cried out for her sister, kneeling down on stiff knees by the bed.

Jim stood back from the circle of candle-light over the bed and the bare floor and bare wall. He dared not go further, for he knew that the call was near for Miss Dolly.

The eyes opened in the little pinched face on the pillow and Miss Dolly's hands groped for her sister's. "Bridget," she said. "You were right, love. No man would ever do anything for me. I—I asked him, dear. It was very hard; but I asked him. And—he will not." She closed her eyes again and the slow tears fell over her cheeks. "Poor Bridget," she said. "It has been hard for you. But you had some one to love you once—and to kiss you. I think perhaps if I

—oh, Bridget! If I had only just once had somebody to love me—for myself."

It was the heart-cry of the woman who has lost all that makes life sweet before she has found it. Jim put his hand up before his face and stumbled into the next room through the dark.

"Oh, God!" he said, with the knot in his throat. "But I can't! I can't!"

In the bedroom he heard the low voices, and the rustle of a skirt. Then the flicker of a candle turned him from the window, and Miss Bridget looked at him.

"You have lied to her already," she said. "You can do it again, I suppose. Come and tell her that you will break up the picture. She is torturing herself—she says she can not meet our father and tell him of that. Well—come and tell her."

Jim's lips were stiff and great waters roared in his ears. "I can't lie to her—now," he said.

"You must," said Miss Bridget. "Come."

She moved back with the air of a woman who has commanded obedience always and Jim followed to the door. Here he hesitated, listening for three long minutes to Miss Dolly's broken words. Then he crossed in the dark to the easel, reached up for the sides of the great canvas, and took it in his arms. For seven months he had worked on it day and night, until it was part of himself. And because it was part of himself he understood that he must kill it to save his soul alive.

He carried it into the bedroom and set it against the wall at the bed-foot. The circle of light was narrow round Miss Bridget's kneeling form and the little black heap on the quilt, and Jim came into it, treading softly.

"Miss Dolly," he said. "I want you to watch for a few minutes. Will you let me lift you up?"

He slid his arms under her and propped her by the pillows. Then he took the candle and his palette-knife and killed his picture.

It was necessary to do it very thoroughly in order that her falling senses might understand, and at last he brought a handful of shredded paint back to her with the knife and laid both across her knees.

"Never say again that a man would not do what you asked him," he said. "You asked me for the greatest thing I had and I have given it to you. I have given you that—and this."

He stooped and kissed the withered lips twice. And Miss Dolly never guessed that the hot passion of the kisses were Jim's farewell to the Big Picture. She sat upright, with a sudden flush of maiden triumph over her face.

"Bridget!" she cried. "Bridget!"

Then, forgetting her triumph, the flame of Love leaped up for the last time in Miss Dolly. She stretched her arms to Jim.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," she said—"and you did love me after all!"

IV

Little Heriot ran up the stairs four at a time and burst Jim's door open.

"They told me you were back," he cried. "You old clam! Why didn't you let me know? Where have you been, Jim? An' what have you been doing? Three years—nearly three years! Where's the Big Picture?"

He had his arms about Jim's shoulders, where Jim knelt over an open Gladstone. And Jim rose up; blowing smoke on him and smiling.

"In my head," he said. "I've come back to do up by-elector's wives till I can scrape together enough cash to start out again. I'm down on my uppers, kid; but the machinery's all right. It only wants a bit of the needful to oil its joints."

Jim's last pennies had gone on the inscription for Miss Dolly's tombstone. But this it was not necessary for Little Heriot to know.

Little Heriot squatted on his heels, and raked through the half-score sketches in a lean portfolio.

"This all you've got for near three years," he grumbled. "My soul, Jim, what a lazy beast you are! Why—"

It was a bold half-tone sketch of Bella, done from memory. Her head was thrown back and a faint smile curved the long, beautiful lips and died in the dusk of the lid-shaded eyes. From the full column of her throat to the rise of her hair she was glorious, strong life embodied.

"By Jove!" began Little Heriot.

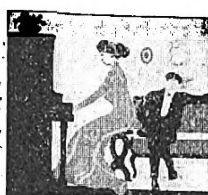
Jim took the sketch from him, sought in the portfolio for another, and stood both together on the easel. The second was a little wash of Miss Dolly, taken in a fit of idleness when some chance words of his had brought the flush to her face and the light to her eyes.

"I'm not goin' to tell you about those two women," he said. "I'm not goin' to tell anybody. One is dead, an' I don't know where the other is. It does n't matter. I wronged them both an' I can't redress it. And if ever I do any good I'll owe it to them. I could work those sketches up, perhaps. But I'm not goin' to. I shall never paint anything of either of them again. An' I'll never lose those two sketches. An' that's all you are goin' to know, kid; so get on your feet an' let me clean up this mess."

"But—the Big Picture?" cried Little Heriot.

Jim turned the two heads face to face and laid them aside.

"I shall do it—some day," he said quietly.



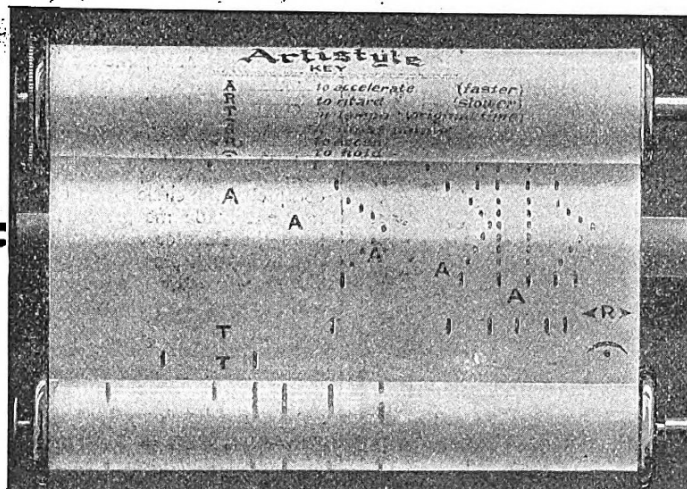
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[Continued from
page 90]

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The Halt from the Hedges

"That," I said, in the inevitable momentary silence, "is Augustus Pepperday, artist—I know his knock." Then I opened the door. The Misses Le Fitt tittered and Percy said "ha-ha," and stopped abruptly. Old Mr. Pepperday, harmless, kindly old relic of a forgotten school of gentlemen—and of art—stood upon the threshold and demurred.

"Oh, but William, you have company, quite a gathering," he peered past me and beamed upon the guests as he spoke: "I must be excused—I will not come in to-night."

"Sure you will," I said. "Come in Mr. Pepperday—these guests will be glad to meet you." I felt as though all the champagne bubbles in the world were seething round in my head; the strain of the evening was making me giddy.

Mr. Pepperday, hat in both hands, came, and made the rounds of Society's elect. He persisted in stopping to make a gentle, polite little speech to each one, and our progress was therefore slow, so that we had not completed the circle when I heard a sound that for the moment made me gasp. Down the long outer hall from the elevator came measured, left-right-left, thunderous footfalls, and a strange chanting:

"One-two-three-four-five-six-Cornell, Rah" (a perfect roar). "One-two-Princeton-Whee!" (very derisive).

The guests glanced at one another with slightly raised eyebrows; Mrs. Crocheron timidly half rose from her seat.

"Do not be alarmed," I said. "It is but exuberant youth, and harmless. I know the voice." I met them at the door; there were only two of them; one was Albert Roby, Cornell, freshman class. He often came to see me when he was in the city, for his elder brother and I had been great chums.

"This is my roommate Mr. Cole, Mr. West,"—roommate Cole grinned sheepishly—"and we just stopped in after a show to tell you about the great game. Oh! you have company—too bad—hope we didn't disturb you. Well—all right—we'll come in for a little while—come on, Jim." They appropriated some cushions and seated themselves, *sans souci*, on the floor with their backs against the wall. In the rather ominous quiet succeeding their presentation, Percy weakly asked them about the game. I distinctly saw Ormesbee step violently on Percy's foot, but it was then too late. We heard all about the game—a really graphic description; and since Messrs. Roby and Cole were on one side of the room and Percy was on the other, we all heard about the game.

The air was becoming surcharged with unspoken, warlike words. Seraphina and I found ourselves helpless between two armed and angry camps. Aristocracy gathered in the hems of its garments and coldly looked: "What have we to do with these." Aristocracy was a unit.

The populace was divided against itself; but, notwithstanding, it put up a brave front to the enemy. Though the Aunts Perrin glared at the noisy boys, they scorned Mrs. Carlin's beautiful, bare shoulders. The collegians were visibly amused by the appearance of the ladies from Cobleskill, but Ormesbee they hated on sight, and I saw that Percy's waistcoat filled them with loathing and contempt. I longed to be a non-conductor or at least asbestos. After a combustious time, Mrs. Le Fitt swept across the room to her daughters, spoke a few words, at which they arose with alacrity, and all three of them bore down full-sail upon Seraphina.

"Dreadful headache—poor dear mama"—I overheard.

The Carbins explained at this moment that they wanted just to slip out without disturbing the others—so sorry, but they had a new nurse and were worried to leave baby too long. Poor baby—aged eight.

It was during the bustle attending these departures that Mr. Gifford (only) heard the telephone and asked if he might answer it—he expected a call he said—had left word to call him here. He came back very quickly—"Sorry, so sorry," he said; "but it is as I feared, I must go at once. Come, dear." Mrs. Gifford was not two steps behind.

An epidemic of leave-taking swept over our little gathering; the good-bys to the departing were not yet cool upon the lips of those remaining before they themselves were begging to depart. The Fairhursts and the Crocherons left so nearly at the same time that I will not undertake to say which left first.

Ormesbee and Madam Worthington—extricated with difficulty from between Aunt Kitty and Aunt Allie—went out together, but I was dumfounded to see Ormesbee return in a few minutes. "I just saw her to her coupé," he explained quietly, as he seated himself gaily between the Misses Perrin and began ingratiating himself into their maiden regard. Ormesbee—well, I can't say what I would n't do for such a man!

Seraphina was very pale except for one spot of fierce red in either cheek; her eyes glinted in the light, but she chatted with forced gaiety to Mr. Pepperday, and occasionally threw a bright smile to the Enthusiasts; Cole was plainly captivated and entranced. But the vigorous clatterings of china in the kitchen served as a too potent reminder of what might have been. I saw Seraphina sweep a piteous glance over her six guests where she should have seen fourteen.

"I wish, dear, that you would go ask Mr. and Mrs. Berry from downstairs to join us—they will not mind being informal I know. 'The halt from the hedges,'" she added with a hysterical laugh. I was glad to escape for at least a moment from the house of mourning, and I started with alacrity. Seraphina followed me to the door to whisper that I *must* get some one to help eat that expensive Dutch pudding.

She was gone from the room not three minutes, but that was long enough. They had had time to ponder, to exchange brief opinions, and to plot. With Aunties in the forefront of the battle, they fell upon Seraphina almost ere she had crossed the threshold;—even old Pepperday, too. Ormesbee told me about it afterwards. He, himself, was too dumfounded to put in a word in her defense, he said. I returned alone (the Berrys were out) in time to hear my wife say:

"Very well, Aunt Kitty, my husband will get a carriage." As I entered, Alfred Roby came toward me with hand outstretched, and with face very red. He was stiff with boyish resentment.

"Good-night, Mr. West, I have had a *delightful* time,—com' on Jim." Jim gave me a parsimonious bow, and they left before I had time to speak.

Old Mr. Pepperday's mild old voice quavered, "I'm afraid maybe I have intruded, but you said it was all right for me to come in, William."

What I said in my state of shock does not seem to have helped much, for he, too, went out.

Aunt Kitty had been seething and stewing, but now she boiled over. "Your wife, that's my own niece, does n't seem to think, young man, that I know much about the Scriptures. When you got sent out to get the 'halt' you might as well have got some o' the 'blind' too,—there was n't none o' 'em here. Even if we was blind we could see that none of us is wanted! Now, if it is n't taxing your hospitality too much I'd like you to see that we get safe to my Cousin Bella's which is in a place they call 'the Bronx!'" She stopped only for absolute beggary of breath.

"You stay with your wife, old man," Ormesbee said quietly. "I'll see that the ladies find Cousin Bella's safely. And—by the way—lunch with me to-morrow, will you? I want you to see a new picture we have at the club."

The Lord will have to reward you, John Parkertill Ormesbee. It can't be done by humans in this world.

When they had gone and Mrs. Adam, astonished beyond measure, had gone, Seraphina gave way all at once and all over, and upon my dress coat shoulder she put her face and cried and cried and cried. After I thought she had had luxury enough—and also because I was hungry past belief—I gently raised her face from my shoulder and proposed that we eat what we could of that expensive Dutch pudding, which would be vanished away into luke-warm liquid by morning. And to that end I opened the freezer, cut two generous slices, and begged her to join me and eat. I took a famine-checking mouthful and, when I had done coughing and strangling:

"Seraphina," I said, "Seraphina—our luck has turned at last! Had you served your '*pièce-de-résistance*,' Seraphina, you would have been disgraced for life, for it is quite, quite spoiled with salt! And then, surrounded though we were upon all sides by the woful waste of sandwiches and of cake—she faintly smiled, and then, at last, she laughed.

Imprisoned for Debt

THE Man from Mars wandered into the police court just as a case had been disposed of and the culprit was being led away to jail.

"What is he charged with?" asked the Man from Mars.

"He is charged with being drunk and disorderly," replied the policeman.

"What's this fellow charged with?" asked the Man from Mars, as they led another luckless one to the bar of justice.

"Same thing," responded the policeman.

The Man from Mars watched the progress of the case intently. It was soon disposed of, the man being fined ten dollars, which he paid and left the court-room, free to go where he wished.

"Did n't you say both those men were charged with the same offense?" asked the Man from Mars.

"Why, certainly."

"Then why did they send one to jail and let the other go free?"

"One of them had the money to pay his fine and the other did n't."

"But I was told the other day by one of your best citizens that you did not have imprisonment for debt in this country."

"Say, what kind of a Rube are you?" snorted the policeman.

"It seems to me," continued the Man from Mars, ignoring the other's impertinence, "that the first man was not sent to jail for being drunk and disorderly but for not having ten dollars."

"Beat it!" commanded the policeman, "or I'll lock you up for not respecting an officer."

Building a Play

[Continued from page 88]

book-marts of all the leading cities of this country and Europe, and there is a gradual but constant accumulation of valuable works which finally reaches such variety and numbers as to make it possible to discover at a few hours' notice every detail of the costume of every civilized and uncivilized people in every period of the world's history, and your expert costumer, although he may never have been off the Island of Manhattan, is as conversant with the Sunday attire of a Dalai Lama as he is with the grass breach-clothing of the mayor of Timbuctoo, or the latest lines in French corsets.

Several years ago the costuming department of one New York theatrical firm bought fifteen thousand dollars' worth of furs—all they could get of a single variety. Several times this firm has purchased all the cloth of one color imported into the United States—the color in each case being peculiar and absolutely necessary to correct presentation of a certain large production. One big musical play now being presented in the chief cities of the United States is equipped with seven hundred costumes which cost more than forty thousand dollars. The great Drury Lane productions were supplied with elaborate garments which entailed an expenditure of between ninety thousand dollars and one hundred and forty thousand dollars each. Think of it—the costumes alone cost a fortune, all because of the tremendous appetite for gorgeous display incited by old Sir William Davenant away back in 1662! There is a reason for all this outlay. Without it the pieces could not succeed no matter how clever the librettist, the lyricist, and the composer might be. As has been said several times already, the playwright is not the whole works in this theatrical business. One of the big factors in the success of a play is the man who costumes it.

Even the Stage Wears Clothes

But he is not the only one, and the people of the theater are not the only things there which wear clothes. Old Sir William started the taste for scenery and it has been growing ever since. Plays as well as players must be clothed. Color, you must know, plays a tremendous part in the making of a successful theatrical venture. Color reflects the atmosphere of the play. The atmosphere emanates directly from the playwright. The color is supplied by three sets of people—the actors, the costumers, and the scenic-artists. The actor is closest akin to the playwright; the scenic-artist is the twin brother of the costumer. Both are dressmakers. Both are first cousins of the wig-maker. The wig-maker is a dressmaker also.

When a manager has accepted a play from its author and has arranged to produce it, eight men behind the playwright start to work—eight men who will be directly responsible for its success or failure. They are the stage-director, the property-man, the costumer, the scenic-artist, the carpenter, the electrician, the wig-maker, and the lithographer. The press-agent may play a trick or two, but he holds the majority of his cards until the game is further advanced. The scenic-artist has much the same problem to solve as confronts the costumer. He, together with the property-man, the electrician, and the wig-maker, must dress the stage with a perfect appreciation of the atmosphere desired and of the color scheme which must be adhered to. In theatricals "color" and "atmosphere" travel hand in hand. If they do not the result is an unfortunate conflict which militates against the whole picture.

The Long-Distance Artist

To begin with, the scene-painter must be an artist, and in addition—this is the most important of all his necessary qualities—he must know how to make rapid and slap-dash work appear fine at a distance. Like the costumer he must know not only the appearance of all sorts of things in all sorts of places at all sorts of times but he must also know how to present them visibly, for he, together with the property-man, the wig-maker, the costumer, the electrician, the carpenter, and, in a way, the stage-director, effects his results only when he satisfies the eye. Where the costumer's chief assets are a crowd of adept artisans and a library of books, the scenic-artist relies on a band of clever artists and a library of photographs, and the business he does and the money he makes depends, to a large extent, on the size of his library.

I have told you how the head man of a big costume department places a standing order in a hundred book-stores for rare works on the jewelry, the armor, the clothing—and the lack of it—indicative of all sorts of people and all sorts of times. The scene-painter can and does accumulate a great deal of reference material in the same way; but, unlike the re-designer of antique garb, he has frequent opportunities of obtaining latest-day pictures of scenes constructed hundreds and hundreds of years ago—scenes which are absolutely illustrative of the best that obtained at the time they were built. The court gowns of Mary, Queen of Scots, Caesar's toga, Haroun al Raschid's turban, and Homer's sandals have gone where the lost pins go; but English and Scotch castles still stand, Bagdad is on the map, and Athens is as accessible to travelers as is Baltimore.

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The major portion of a scenic-artist's library can be, and usually is, made up of photographs. One scenic painter—possibly the best in this country—adopted a unique and very successful means of accumulating the most extraordinary collection of scenic pictures in existence. To send photographers to all the spots which illustrate the world's history and geography would be far too expensive to be practical. This man—John Young—wrote to Washington for a complete list of the towns where the United States keeps a consular official, and by a process of elimination he compiled from it one hundred places which covered the entire sphere in a surprisingly satisfactory fashion. To the United States consul in each of these towns he wrote a personal letter enclosing fifty dollars. The letter was a request for photographs of all the interesting new and ancient scenes in that vicinity—pictures of houses, streets, people, and landscapes. The average member of our consular service may be an indifferent diplomat but it is apparent that he is an obliging individual, for as a result of his one hundred letters John Young received the most interesting part of his valuable collection of thirty-eight thousand photographs which make it possible for him, at an hour's notice, to start a score of painters to work on scenery suggestive of any clime and any time—Borneo or Kamchatka, the days of Pericles or the days of Edward VII.

The scenic painter completes the work of the stage carpenter who builds all the woodwork and surfaces on which the artists spread their pigments. In some scenic studios as many as one hundred men are employed during the greater portion of the theatrical season, and during the busiest time—from latter August until October—the men are worked in shifts all day and all night because of the great number of productions which must be made when the national asbestos curtain is lifted for the first time in the fall. A very interesting sight it is to watch a score or more roughly dressed, paint-bedabbed fellows working on the gigantic frames which oftentimes are three stories high—constructing the gorgeous interior of *Little Nemo's* slumberland or the make-believe big tops for "Polly of the Circus." While many of them are individually artists of fine caliber—many celebrated painters of to-day and yesterday graduated from a theatrical studio—the man at the helm is the master mind, for he is the one who is working hand and hand with the playwright and the other units in the construction of the successful play. To succeed he must be a genius in color. He must know how his scenes are to be lighted and how best to present them to an audience under all possible conditions. He must understand theatricals in all its phases.

The Man Behind the Scene-Painters

Perhaps before taking a closer peek at the other major factors in play-making it might interest you to consider for a moment a concrete example of the work of the two men we have already alluded to—the costumer and the scenic-artist; and in so doing it is necessary that you understand the significance of one person who up to now has been hardly mentioned—the man with ideas. At the head of every successful enterprise—an army, a nation, a department store, a grand opera house, or a play—there must be some one administrative and executive head capable of handling every one else in the concern. In building plays this man is occasionally, but not often, the playwright. Generally he is the producing manager—the much-lampooned individual whose money is at stake. The example I shall use is "Via Wireless" which Frederic Thompson produced at the Liberty Theater, New York, last fall. This play is the result of literary collaboration on the part of Mr. Winchell Smith and Mr. Paul Armstrong. It deals with the forging of a great marine gun, a three-cornered love affair, and the rescue of a yacht-load of people through the heroism of a wireless operator on an Atlantic coast liner who picks up the foundering pleasure craft in a terrific gale off Hatteras shortly after midnight. The atmosphere of the play is that of work—hard, masculine, grimy work—mechanical work which soils hands, faces, and trousers. For obvious reasons this rather harsh coloring is several times lightened by love scenes laid in quiet, picturesque surroundings.

In the production of this play Frederic Thompson, was the man with the ideas. He decided that, pictorially, his two big scenes must be laid in the forging-room of a gigantic steel plant and on the boat deck of a storm-tossed liner. As soon as the manuscript of the piece was completed he took his chief scenic-artist, his master property-man, his master carpenter, a photographer, and his stage-director to the plant of the Midvale Steel Works, in the outskirts of Philadelphia, and there each man became intimately acquainted with the things he must duplicate. A half dozen photographs of the interior of the works were made, and these afterwards served to freshen memories.

Upon returning to New York he took the same group of experts to the top deck of the steamship *Philadelphia*, of the American Line, and there pointed out to them exactly what he wished constructed—a view of an ocean liner looking forward with the wireless-room in the immediate foreground, the boat deck flush with the stage, seas breaking over from either side, the mystery and immensity of the ocean at night, and all the sights and sounds of a gale at sea.

These two short expeditions furnished all the necessary information, and immediately half a dozen theatri-

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cal plants started to work. First, models of every scene were constructed, then the scenic-artists, property-men, and carpenters became busy and kept so night and day for three weeks—the record time for the construction of a big “show.” Three weeks to a day, after the visit to the Midvale Works, “Via Wireless” was produced at the National Theater, Washington. It took five great sixty-foot cars to get the “props” and scenes to the capital city, and not until 6:30 P. M. on the day of the opening did the players have a chance to see all the settings among which they must move for the next ten months. But so carefully had Mr. Thompson worked out his plans that everything—play, players, and thirty thousand dollars’ worth of intricate scenery—dove-tailed together with such nicety that the first-night onlookers must have thought they had been associated for weeks and even months. In reality, the animate and inanimate parts of the play had never met until twenty-four hours before the opening.

The Strenuous Life in Miniature

Most of the scenery is ugly necessarily, but your capable scenic-artist must be able to reproduce exactly the scenes of the play. Therefore great quantities of gray, black, and green paint were smeared over thousands of square yards of canvas. The property-man had to construct real boats which are raised and lowered by means of real davits. Hydraulic presses, blast furnaces, white-hot guns twenty feet long, traveling cranes, trip hammers, and all the other details of a steel plant had to be built and painted. The electrician had to devise ways of making this scene look natural, for the fire laws make it impossible to use any sort of real fire on the stage of a theater. The costumer had to reproduce exactly the attire of steel workers, sailors, naval officers, and ordinary ladies and gentlemen. This latter task meant the securing of second-hand laborers’ boots, antiquated oilskins, complete rubber suits, undergarments smeared with grease, and hundreds of other items of costume which must be exact and could not be purchased in any one or any dozen shops in America. Ten thousand details went to make up the complete picture, and the lack of any one might have spoiled all the rest. Every one had to think hard and work fast and the Man With the Ideas had to supervise everything. It was not like reproducing a couple of scenes from ancient Greece—it was reproducing half a dozen phases of present-day American life by land and by sea with which nine out of ten playgoers are sufficiently familiar to warrant them assuming the pose of critics. It was a hard job but it was done monumentally well. It was done by the men behind the play-wright. They, under the precise and enthusiastic direction of Mr. Thompson, made the play one of the greatest successes of recent years. It offers the finest example on record of the lengths to which Sir William Davenant’s initial experiment in scenic investiture have been carried. Without the property-man, the costumer, the scene-painter, the electrician, and Frederic Thompson, “Via Wireless” could never have been.

When this same manager presented his first production, “A Yankee Circus on Mars,” in the gigantic New York Hippodrome which he had designed and built, the American theatergoers obtained perhaps the best possible idea of the value of these men behind the play-wright. At that time the head electrician was “boss” of thirty-five men; his master “props” handled seventy-five “clearers,” and his master carpenter managed a force of one hundred and four experienced workmen. The plush curtain which now obscures the apron of the big stage had not been devised, and between acts four score men in red coats could be seen setting part of the stage for the next scene. Each of these three department managers is now at the head of a thoroughly equipped shop where, with a group of assistants, he constructs a considerable portion of the American world of make-believe.

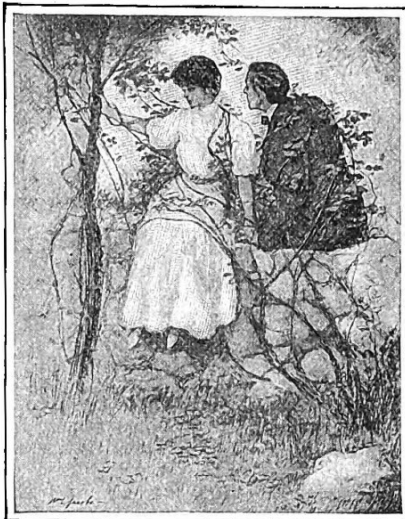
When is a Tree a Property?

The work of a property-man, like the man himself, is peculiar—very peculiar. There are only fourteen first-rate property makers in this country and unlike other jacks-of-all-trades (that is precisely what they are and must be), they are never journeymen; never are they without year-round and lucrative positions, because they are absolutely necessary to the show business. All of the movable things on a stage are “props.” If a tree is merely a projection—i. e., painted flat—it is a piece of scenery and is constructed by the carpenter and the scenic-artist; but if it presents a rounded surface to the audience, you may be sure it was built in a property shop—built and painted there. A property-man must be a tinsmith; a carver; an artist with pen, brush, paint, and plaster; a student of anatomy; an expert in the construction of “fake” animals, and a paragon of sobriety. He must be ready and willing to work without sleeping for forty-eight hours at a stretch, because opening nights are announced weeks in advance and, unless a “star” is ill or the theater burns down, can not be changed. He must be able to think quickly and to follow his thoughts with instantaneous action.

Trouble in the Tank

For instance; on the night of the initial opening of the Hippodrome, the men behind the scenes had not slept for thirty-six hours and were completely fagged out. The necessity of clearing and setting the apron of

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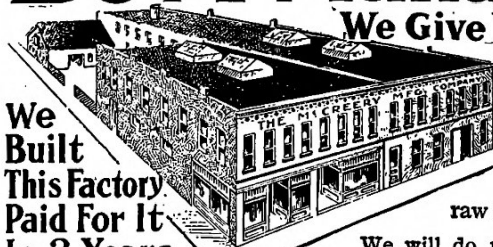
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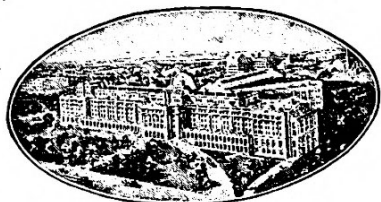
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the stage in full view of the audience kept the master "props" on the scene a good deal of the time, as tens of thousands of playgoers will remember—he was the individual with the corduroy suit, the knee boots, the slouch hat, and the black hair who directed the work of the men in the red coats. Up to the submerging of the stage for "The Raiders" everything had worked properly and every one was getting ready to heave a pent-up sigh of relief when, presto! it happened. The runway, down which the plunging horses had to make their entrance into the tank, broke loose from the submerged floor and lay stretched on the surface of the water. In the face of five thousand, eight hundred people, the tired property-man gave a hurried order to lift the stage, and, while the great first-night audience looked on, he re-fastened the cables. Again the stage was lowered and again the cables broke. The stage was raised a second time—a matter of several minutes—and a second time the cables were adjusted; but no sooner did the water pour over the stage than they ripped loose again, and when exposed to view the half-crazed "props" realized that they could not be fixed securely without half an hour's work. The audience, at first interested, had begun to laugh. What was to be done? He thought quickly and with precision. Down under the stage was a pile of iron counterweights. He gave a sharp command and in less than two minutes a small army of men had dumped twenty-seven hundred pounds of iron on the lower end of the runway. With some trembling and a great deal of fear the order was given to sink the stage. This time the runway remained in place. The audience cheered, "props" reeled giddily off the stage, the show went on, the Hippodrome was made!

Don't you believe that the stage carpenter who built the last act of "Salvation Nell," the street scene in "Du Barry," or the sixty-five-thousand linear foot movable mountain over which twenty-four elephants ambled, in "The Romance of a Hindoo Princess," was an artist? Has it ever occurred to you that a theatrical wig-maker must be ten times as big an artist as the manipulator of fake hair for bald heads? Have you ever heard of unsuccessful plays which have literally been yanked into success by the indefatigable efforts of a clever press-agent? If so—if you know any or all of these things—don't you believe that without the men behind the playwright—men who know things about which he knows nothing—the majority of latter-day theatrical successes would never realize their full value?

When Wash-Tubs Were Scenery

The best and most appreciated theatrical efforts of nowadays are those which have been cleverly conceived and consistently worked out by capable dramatists and, under the direction of a courageous man with ideas, have been built and produced with the uniform help of nine competent men—a costumer, a scene-painter, "props," an electrician, a carpenter, a stage-director, a press-agent, a wig-maker, and a lithographer. The work of no one department must be in the calcium—all must be mutually and equally effective, else the biggest results are not reached. A good thing—old Sir William did one when he began to use scenery and "props"—is always overdone sometime or another. Occasionally you find a man who tries to make a big effect carry a bad play. Dickens, in "Nicholas Nickleby," spoke of one fictitious manager who has had many real-life successors, usually with disastrous results. Do you remember Mr. Crummles and the following interesting and significant bit of dialogue?

"We'll have a new show-piece out directly," said the manager (Mr. Crummles). "Let me see—peculiar resources of this establishment—new and splendid scenery—you must manage to introduce a real pump and two wash-tubs."

"Into the piece?" said Nicholas.
"Yes," replied the manager, "I bought 'em cheap, at a sale the other day and they'll come in admirably. That's the London plan. They look up some dresses, and properties, and have a piece written to fit 'em. Most of the theaters keep an author on purpose."

"Indeed!" cried Nicholas.
"Oh, yes," said the manager, "a common thing. It'll look very well in the bills in separate lines—Real pump!—Splendid tubs!—Great attraction!"

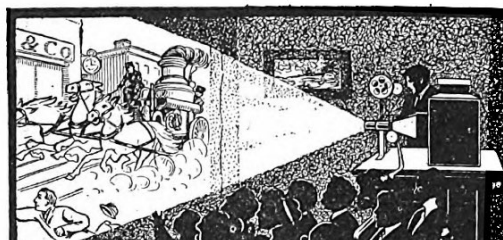
But Mr. Crummles was an exception—there are exceptions in every business. There have been more instances of scenery saving plays than of scenery spoiling them. In a number of cases the introduction of one great effect has lifted an indifferent success into the realm of top-notchers.

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THE SKY VIKING

(Continued from page 79)

and as he looked down his eyes suddenly lighted, he laughed; he almost lifted her out of the room; and all down the stairs he was still laughing.

"What's the matter?" she asked in amazement.

"Nothing!" he cried.

For the clairvoyant's prediction was wrong, all wrong! "No angry times now!" And this was his birthday night!

They went to a Norwegian dance. All evening, in a tumultuous throng of men and girls, old people and mothers and babies, they danced and shouted and laughed. Moment by moment that feeling of relief rose and swelled, for the gipsy woman—with all her stars and mysterious books—had made a mistake!

Hedda, watching him closely and noting the change, saw her chance, and began weaving a spell of her own, a spell so warm and joyous and swift that on the way home in the moonlight, when she turned suddenly on him and begged him to tell her, the struggle was brief.

He told her all that night. And again the clairvoyant's prediction went wrong; for, though at first Hedda's scorn was expressed with a stinging frankness, it soon turned into mockery and thence by quick stages to deep womanly pity for the eternal stupidity of man in being so easily gulled by a woman. Such a picture did she raise that the giant burned to his ears, cursed himself in soft little words, and swore he would never go near the enchantress again.

So the spell was broken. In the days that followed, Nils worked up on his pinnacle with a boisterous strength. He took risks for the sheer love of the danger. His deep, rough laugh was repeatedly heard. Other workmen shunned him as a dangerous man to work with; but Halvor, that wiry, reckless young brother of his, was with him every hour. Halvor, who had laughed at old Maria's fears, had been somewhat uneasy, nevertheless. And now, as he felt the old Nils come back, he kept close beside him; and when the foreman's back was turned, they had splendid sport up there in the skies.

One day an inspector watched one of their daredevil feats, and then turned to the foreman.

"Hadn't you better send those two young fools to a job below?" he asked. The foreman scratched his head.

"I've thought so myself," he said slowly. "An' then agin I have n't. You see them two make about the best pair we've got on the steel. An' that ain't all. Them two boys is so plagued fond of each other that—so long as they keep close together—one of 'em *could n't* get hurt."

Watching their faces it would have been hard to tell which one was the bridegroom.

Two swift weeks went by. Old Maria was taking no chances; she had urged and urged till they had consented; the wedding was set for a date only ten days ahead.

One afternoon a dense, chilling fog came in from the ocean, and at night the gang came down from the tower weary and wet. But Nils felt tingling warm. He stopped under the scaffold entrance to light his pipe, and drew luxurious puffs, looking out into the Square—a confused mass of blurred, moving lights and hurrying faces. He chuckled to himself, thinking of Hedda, the evening ahead. What a life he had before him!

As he started away, a hand touched his arm, and a figure, closely veiled, moved quickly off in the crowd. She had left a note in his hand.

The paper was black, the writing white, and he saw with a sudden shock of surprise that the writing was in a Norwegian scrawl. It was short:

I am the spirit of Halvor your father. To-night I will come to you in your dreams. To-morrow you must come to me. Come to the little room. Disobey, and you will be killed on the tower.

Nils scowled down at it a moment, then glanced sharply around him through the mist and the lights. But the woman had gone. He gave a short laugh, crumpled the note angrily into his pocket, and walked quickly away.

But with Hedda that night there were times when he heard not a word that she said.

Later, at home, he could not sleep. The image of his father rose vividly before him. Long into the night he lay awake, restless and angry and cursing himself for a coward. But the image grew more and more real.

When at last he slept, it came in a nightmare: the tossing brig, the black rolling billows, the heavy masses of clouds with monstrous shadowy forms flying by, shrieking through the rigging. And, as a center of it all, old Halvor's face, the eyes turned straight toward his, burning into his soul.

Nils awoke and sat up, his body rigid and cold.

Next night, when he left the building, he strode quickly off toward the little room.

When he knocked at the door, a sharp voice asked who was there; and when he answered, the voice sternly bade him wait till the spirit world was consulted. So changed was the voice he could hardly believe that it was the gipsy woman's. He waited on the dark landing, hearing strange movings inside. When at length the door was opened, Nils drew back.

The woman had indeed changed. A mysterious veil

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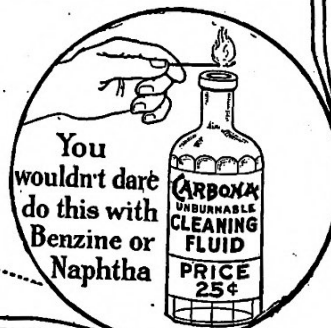
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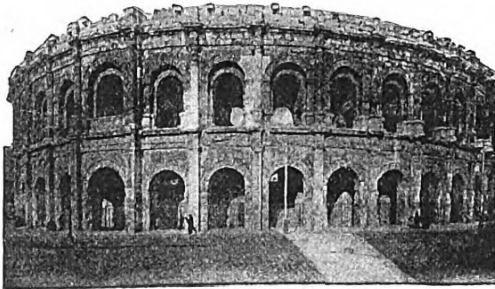
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was drawn over her face, hiding all but her eyes—which looked cold and threatening, into his. The little room behind her was almost pitch dark. Only a tiny red light threw its dull glow from one corner.

She reached out, gripped his wrist with a hot, nervous tensi, drew him in, and made him sit down. Not a word was spoken. The silence lasted on and on. In the black stuffy room he sat spellbound, feeling his nerves slowly tighten. The world around seemed to drop away; even the sounds in the street below seemed muffled and unreal. And when this feeling was at its height, from the corner behind the red glow came three sharp raps—then silence.

"Are you Halvor?" the woman whispered.

A single rap for an answer. Her grip on the giant's wrist tightened.

"Your father is here." Nils felt his throat contract so tight he could not speak.

There followed a rapid succession of raps—then again the whisper:

"He asks if you love this girl and are ready for her sake and the happiness of both your lives—to take any step. If you can not speak, press my hand, once for yes, twice for no."

Slowly, almost in spite of himself, Nils pressed her hot fingers.

"He is ready," she whispered.

The raps came now fast and loud—and again the whisper:

"Then leave the girl at once. It will not be for long. A few days, and the danger is passed. Are you ready?"

The moments dragged. Holding himself with the last remnant of his will-power, Nils kept his hand rigid. Violent raps followed—and the whisper:

"She laughs, as your mother laughed before. They have no faith. Leave them both. Live away by yourself till the days of danger are passed, and the Fates will forgive and grant you life. See one of them, even once, and I can do nothing. I must leave you to the powers that will grind you down. Choose."

Nils kept motionless still.

The signals came once more, but now so faint they could barely be heard.

"The powers above are bearing me away," said the whisper. "Obey. There is only an instant left."

The young Norwegian sprang up, his face dripping wet.

"I will obey," he whispered thickly, in the old tongue. "I will obey! Bring him back!"

He stood shaking in the long silence.

At last the raps came suddenly loud as before.

"You will leave your mother and the girl, never to see them once till I tell you the danger is passed. You will obey?"

"I will obey!"

The raps continued:

"The Rule of Three you know well. Have you ever seen it fail?"

Nils gripped the arms of his chair, leaned forward—for the Rule of Three is centuries old. On the ships at sea, in the mines and mills, in the railroad camps, on the summits, wherever danger lurks, it has been set down as an eternal truth that when two accidents come close together a third is sure to follow soon.

Again the raps, and the whisper:

"When next it begins to work up on your tower, the third man will die. You will be the third man. You will be killed—unless you obey my warning. When the Rule begins to work, when the first accident comes, you must leave your work—come here—to me!"

The Norwegian leaped up:

"You?" he cried, his rough voice breaking the silence. "You tell me to run? You? Halvor—my father?"

He heard a quick start from the woman beside him. The raps came now impatient, commanding. And her whisper in his ear:

"Blind! You are blind! Disobey me—die—and the veil will be lifted. Too late you will see that what mortal men call courage is blindness—nothing more! You will feel how senseless it is to try to resist—too late, too late!"

There was a brief pause, and the whisper came relentless and slow:

"When the spell begins, when the first accident comes, you must leave your work, you must come to me! You must choose! Speak!"

Another short silence; then, swinging round, the Norwegian gripped the arms of the gipsy woman and shook her.

"This is no father of mine," he shouted in his old mother tongue, "no father of mine!"

He leaped forward, swept his arms out in the darkness. There was a crash, and the light disappeared. He sprang to the door, slammed it behind him, and ran down the stairs.

And as he walked quickly home through the night, his eyes sparkled; and low to himself, unconscious of what he did, he hummed the light-hearted old ballad Maria had taught to her boys.

Big drops of rain came spattering down. Nils quickened his pace, but by the time he reached his tenement door the rain came in drenching sheets. Until late that night he lay awake listening to the storm.

The next morning broke raw and gray. The rain had stopped, but the winds played boisterous games down the cañon-like streets, whirling round corners, invisible,

like so many jovial elves. And high above in the great open spaces they swept in from the ocean-biting cold, bearing shapeless masses of clouds, roaring in triumph, wild and free in this their festival season.

Nils filled his lungs deep with the salt, bracing air, and beat his arms. Now and then, as some playful wind demon made the great girders rattle and hum, some delighted sky-worker uttered a hallo. But for the most part they were silent, these black clinging forms, their movements slow and deliberate, their eyes fixed hard on their work. From time to time, as a man undertook some perilous job, one of his fellows drew close.

Nils turned up his pea-jacket collar, plunged his numbed hands in his pockets to warm them. And as he did so his fingers closed on the crumpled letter of two nights before. He squeezed it angrily into a ball and threw it out into the wind. For a moment he watched it, a tiny black speck darting and circling off into space, back into the stuffy world whence it came.

But in the hour that followed, as though invoked by the letter, again and again did the image of old Halvor rise in his mind, shaggy, bloodless, fighting hard, as Nils had seen it in his dream. He glanced at young Halvor beside him, shut his teeth, worked on.

They kept close, these two, when the winds blew high. Had any one noted the closeness, they would have laughed contemptuously, drawn wide apart. They barely noticed each other. Only at intervals did they exchange a few words, gruff and sharp, over their work.

Suddenly, from somewhere far below, came a muffled bellow, deep and shaking and long drawn out. Nils stopped his work. It came again. Only an ocean liner swinging out into the river.

He had dropped his wrench. As it clanged on the steel, Halvor glanced quickly round. Nils laughed unsteadily, picked it up, and blew on his hands.

"Getting cold," he muttered.

The morning passed.

About three o'clock he was working on the outside of a corner column, holding on tight with his feet and one arm, with the empty air below. On the top of the column a man was clinging, watching the twenty-ton girder that was rising toward him. It had no rider now; the wind was too high; it swerved and rocked as it came. The man reached out slowly to receive it. Nils heard a quick cry from above. As he sharply turned his head, a heavy form whirled by. It struck with a thud on a girder one floor below, and hung there limp—the two arms slowly tightening, round the steel. In a moment two men had run out like monkeys. They lifted him, carried him back and down to the solid concrete floor.

Nils watched them, a curious, stunned expression in his eyes. The rest of the gang paid little heed. "Only two ribs," somebody shouted. And five minutes later they worked on as though nothing had happened. One accident has no meaning.

But Nils stared, motionless, up at the second man, who had climbed the same column. He had not seen the man's face. As he leaned out farther to see, he could feel the old numbness creep over his mind. He could feel the Rule beginning to grind. The second man—and the third.

A startled shout burst from him. In an instant he had sprung round the column, and crouched, every nerve and fiber of his huge frame alert and quivering, his blue eyes steady and cool, calculating, fixed on the lithe form directly above him—Halvor his brother! Gone was the numbness now!

A gust of wind with tremendous force swept overhead. Young Halvor set his teeth and leaned out into the wind to balance. Farther he leaned, still farther.

As suddenly as it had come, the gust died away. One swift effort to regain his balance. Halvor missed his hold and dropped.

The next instant, the giant below had caught him, swept him in. And gripping each others' arms the two sky-men laughed unsteadily.

Where now was the deadening spell of Fate? Nils turned, gripped the trestlework of the column, swarmed up like a monster ape. From the top he leaned over and shouted down to the man with the bell rope to "go ahead!" And again, slowly, relentlessly, the mass of steel swung in.

His feet were wrapped tight in the trestle bars underneath him, one hand grasping the steel, his yellow hair flying, every muscle tight, his eyes bold and confident now. The men from below saw the Norwegian bend outward—farther—farther; saw him seize the end of the rocking mass, pull suddenly in, his face set tight and scowling under the strain; saw him an instant later, with the beam safely anchored, lean back and laugh, laugh savagely, long and hard, out into the winds that came from the sea, down into the world of spells below!

That afternoon, as he worked, low to himself he hummed the old ballad. That afternoon the scudding clouds parted in weird jagged rifts, with the sun flashing through.

And that night, in the heavens, radiant, fresh and free from all menace, the stars sparkled down by thousands. Hedda had turned out the light, and together they sat, staring up through the window.

Nils spoke barely a word. Only, from time to time, he drew a quick breath of triumph, held her tighter in his rough arms.

The Break-up of the Parties

[Continued from page 82]

inflicted upon the Democratic Party the incurable hurt. He himself had raised the tariff issue. Yet without a protest he saw the long delayed tariff reduction bill mangled by this Interest and that until there remained only shreds and patches. He had declared that a public office is a public trust. Yet he saw members of his own Government betraying their trust into the hands of a gang of mere financial pirates, his own intimate advisers smirched by sooty associations, and through all was inconceivably supine or more than sand blind.

How Joseph Pulitzer Exposed the Bond Scandals

Of all these transactions the bond issues and the shameless jugglery of the nation's finances were the worst. The banking syndicate used the treasury notes to draw out gold and deplete the gold reserve. Then the Government issued bonds to buy gold to restore the reserve. These bonds were issued to the syndicate at a very low price; the syndicate immediately resold them to the public at a very high price. As soon as the gold was back in the treasury, the same syndicate used the treasury notes to draw it out, more bonds were issued as before, and more profits were reaped by a syndicate most unluckily composed of gentlemen that had ardently and with their pocketbooks supported Mr. Cleveland in the campaign.

That all this was unnecessary and that it could not go on without the connivance of Government was now demonstrated in startling fashion by one clear-sighted private citizen. Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, through his newspapers, taunted the treasury into making an issue of bonds not allotted to bankers, but open to the public; whereupon he in one day sold for the Government the entire issue at prices far above anything that had been paid for previous issues by the Banking Interests.

The Protest of an Outraged People

At this undeniable proof of a monstrous fraud the country was filled with measureless disgust. Few were so blind as not to recognize the signs of a familiar handiwork. The Interests had controlled a Democratic administration as absolutely as they had ever controlled a Republican administration. Every indication told of coming popular revolt. A hasty and futile attempt was made to muzzle the next Democratic National Convention. The outraged public feeling was too strong to be checked. With tremendous enthusiasm the convention adopted a program utterly and radically hostile to the banking interests and nominated the candidate that seemed most forcibly to express that hostility.

And then Mr. Hanna, acting for the Interests, went out with limitless resources and bought the election.

Mr. Bryan, unfairly, dishonestly, and fraudulently beaten in 1896, proceeded to beat himself and his party in 1900. He had in 1896 a great fundamental issue based upon the eternal cause of man. He cast it aside for a half-hearted and badly managed attack upon the Philippine monstrosity. Immediately afterward he cast that aside for other issues in rapid succession until all thinking men were compelled to doubt his sincerity in any position he seemed for the moment to occupy.

The Farce of 1904

But it made no difference. The death of the party, impending since Mr. Cleveland's time, was completed in 1904; thereafter whatever batteries might be applied to its feet, or whatever eager hands might institute artificial respiration, the corpse did but coldly simulate vitality. The Interests had done their fatal work. They desired to have Judge Parker nominated in 1904; they went out, accordingly, and arranged his nomination. The thing was too palpable: he that failed to see so open a transaction was too dull to be at large without an attendant. Only the Interests wanted Judge Parker, and they got him; they forced him upon the party; they subscribed the money and paid the price and pulled the strings, and got him. They might as well have stood in the market-place and chattered for votes; the delegation at St. Louis that was caught in the act of commercial negotiation with the Interests was not abashed or made particularly conspicuous; and the corporations swept to a memorable triumph. Then the poor old corpse wriggled once or twice and all was still.

The Interests won, but they came near not winning, a fact never lightly referred to in interest circles. Judge Parker is a very honest man; he had no idea of the methods that were used in his behalf; and very likely it was his own honesty and innocence that nearly upset the game.

Both Party Organizations Enslaved by Plutocracy

I relate these things now merely to illustrate the means by which the Interests exercise over both parties an absolute control, and how hopeless in the old alignment is any struggle against them. The representatives of the Interests wanted not only the candidate, but also the platform. They got the platform



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after this fashion: First they prepared a plank fiercely denouncing free silver and the party's previous stand on the currency question. This, they declared, they would insist upon. The Bryan and radical element gave one shriek and went to battle in the sub-committee. A long and furious contest ensued, in which a very eminent radical and a very eminent conservative almost came to blows. At the proper moment the Interest gentlemen resorted to *jiu jitsu*. In the professed interest of party peace and harmony they offered a compromise. They would withdraw the anti-free silver plank if the other side would meet them half way by withdrawing the radical labor planks. *Jiu jitsu* won, the radicals fell into the trap, the labor planks were withdrawn, and so was the anti-free silver plank—which the Interest gentlemen probably never had the slightest intention of putting into the platform.

The Famous Gold Standard Telegram

But they wanted to get the party "right" on the currency question because that would suit the corporations and insure financial peace whichever party might win on the election. Judge Parker, after he had been nominated, was induced to send a telegram to the convention declaring for the gold standard. Judge Parker is a very honest man. He sent a telegram making the required declaration. The convention had adjourned until evening. The afternoon newspapers printed what purported to be a copy of Judge Parker's telegram. The terms of it maddened every radical and hundreds of other men that had been coerced or cajoled into voting for Parker. Something like a riot broke out. Delegates tore the Parker buttons from their coats, and Parker pictures from the walls. They shouted and swore with rage, they declared they had been tricked, and they resolved to take vengeance by rescinding the nomination of Judge Parker and selecting some one else.

At eight o'clock the convention reassembled amid these storm-clouds. They cleared away when there was read to the convention what was declared to be Judge Parker's telegram. It was mild, innocuous, and pacific, differing much from the alleged copy that had been printed in the afternoon. I got the telegram that was read to the convention and showed it to the oldest and most experienced operators of the Postal and Western Union Companies. They said it might have been transmitted through the air or by telepathy, but it had not been sent over a telegraph wire.

The Vultures Gather

There sat in that convention as delegates and as the alert champions and managers in behalf of the interests men that were perfectly well known to be the regularly salaried agents and lackeys of the Standard Oil Company, the Sugar Trust, the electric light and traction rings, and almost every great predatory combination in the United States. Practically every leading railroad company had representatives selected from its staff of hired attorneys, lobbyists, bribers, procurers, and legislative harlots. Judge Parker would have been shocked and disgusted if he had known the employment of some of the men that labored in his behalf. But everybody on the spot knew what was going on and what the end would be. The interests had won at last the full measure of their triumph; they were in absolute control. The insurance and some other corporations, to be sure, deemed wisdom to indicate large subscriptions to the Republican campaign fund; but these were in no way necessary. Judge Parker was hopelessly beaten at the polls as soon as he was nominated at the convention; a party that had become the notorious chattel of the railroads and the trusts was too far gone to bother with, and the monumental drubbing it received from the electors was superfluous insult to the dead.

It Was a Painted Corpse

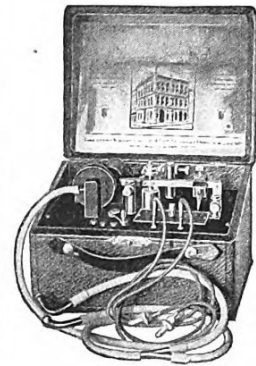
Dead it was and dead it has remained ever since. From the disaster of 1904 there was no rescue; the image that in 1908 was presented to the public was only a painted corpse. The trouble was not with the candidate, although with much labor some of us have tried to further that assumption. Any other candidate would have fared as Mr. Bryan fared. Aside from a certain devoted following that would always adhere to him under all conditions, the great mass of the people (who are beginning now to understand clearly the true nature of the impending struggle against Privilege), never warmed to his cause. Much more was required than his word or than any man's word or than any man's personality to blot out the past and make men believe that the party hopelessly rotted by the corporations in 1904 had been made pure by 1908.

Could the People Rule?

There was, in fact, no possible reason why they should believe that putrefaction had been transformed into sweet flesh. Nothing in the interminable, rambling, hazy, mazy, doddering and platitudinous utterances of the foolish platform would give that impression to any human being. Nothing in the speeches of the chief candidate nor in the appeals of the party organs indicated the slightest comprehension of the real struggle now upon this people. It was no time to be dealing in ancient fustian. Here was the plain situation: the great corporations had seized the Government, con-

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trolled legislation, violated the laws, nullified prosecution, largely controlled the press, and there was too much reason to think had at least begun to corrupt the courts. To this acute crisis, not less serious than the situation once created by negro slavery, Mr. Bryan and the Democratic Party proposed in copy-book axioms to apply some vague remedy of good will or honest purpose. Four years earlier this same Democratic Party had been notoriously the tool of these public enemies, and Mr. Bryan had then supported it. Such credulity as would believe that in four years he and it had undergone any miraculous conversion would accept Mother Goose for scientific research.

Particularly because the fact was made quite clear that the predatory corporations still continued to maintain their interest in the party, that the line of their influence extended to the party's treasury, and that some of Mr. Bryan's associates had by no means escaped these compromising attentions.

A Choice Between Evils

Not being fools, the American people saw through all this. They were presented with the choice between two corpses, each held absolutely by the corporation interests. Without enthusiasm, but with eminent good sense, they chose the corpse that was the most presentable and emitted the least odor. When it comes to choosing between the Cannons and the Aldriches on one side and on the other the men that make a loud and unsubstantial pretense of serving the popular cause, the people will always be likely to choose the Cannons and the Aldriches.

An Issue We Must Meet

That is the situation. The wise man needs no index as to what is to happen. If any one accepts the fantastic notion that there is any hope of reviving the Democratic Party, one has only to run over the list of possible candidates, all of them, big and little, known and unknown, and try to pick one that both the radical Democrats and the corporation Democrats would vote for. Who is he? Where is he? Can you name one? Can you even imagine one? Can you imagine a turn in affairs that would unite in one compact fighting body the Democratic leader that lives on the perquisites and largess of the Standard Oil Company and the Democrat that is on conviction determined to destroy corporation influence in our national affairs? Can any human being conceive of such a thing? And here all the time is this great issue growing upon us and overshadowing everything else, and defying all attempts to divert it. Then what on earth is the use of wasting time in this morgue of departed greatness?

Slain by the Interests, killed by Privilege, the identical thing it was created to oppose. That is the epitaph we read on this sarcophagus. What do you think would be Jefferson's candid opinion of the end of the party that was to him all his armory in the great days of the first battle for the Republic?



A Distinguished Sufferer

THE sufferings of dramatic authors at the first-night performances of their plays are said to be so acute that few of them dare to sit in front at the dramatic *debut* of the children of their brain. Thackeray, in his "Virginians," has George Warrington sitting in a neighboring coffee-house while the first production of his "Carpezan" is in progress, receiving bulletins of its reception from his friends, and doubtless consoling himself with copious drafts of stimulating liquids as a sort of insulation against unhappiness in case things go wrong. It is said that W. S. Gilbert, the author of "Pinafore," "Patience," and "The Mikado," has never yet attended a *première* of any of his many successful operas and plays, dreading the nervous strain of the ordeal. Even Lord Byron who was supposed to be a callous sort of person, in so far as caring for the world's verdict was concerned, is said to have been completely wretched at the first production of his play, "Dearest than Life."

It was at this performance that a long delay occurred at the end of the second act, filling the audience with impatience and the distinguished author with dread.

"What in the name of heaven can they be doing back there?" asked a critic, meeting Byron in the lobby of the theater trying to calm his troubled spirit by walking nervously about.

"I don't know," moaned the poet, with a melancholy gesture of despair.

A moment later the sound of a saw at work behind the curtain was heard, and the critic, returning to the play-night's side, inquired,

"And what do you imagine that to be, my lord?"

Byron's sense of humor came to his rescue instantly. "I think," he said, "they must be cutting out the last act."—JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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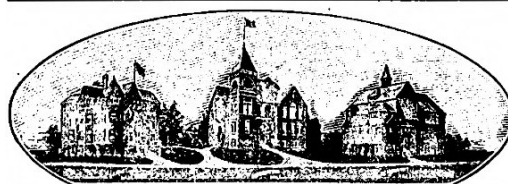
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Jimmy Pepperton of Oshkazo

(Continued from page 85)

the foundation of success in real estate as in everything else. I'll place my motor-car at your disposal during certain days of the week, or certain hours of the day, whichever best suits your convenience. If you go over this town with your eyes open you will note certain tendencies. You will see indications of fashion shifting its ground, and that you must make note of when wishing to deal with residential property. You will observe a solitary manufactory here and there on the outskirts, and of course that means laborers' cottages rather than palatial homes if these factories increase in the district. But, indeed, an alert young man like yourself needs no hint from me in a matter where the whole thing is summed up in the phrase, "Keep your eyes open."

"Well, I sincerely hope I shall not disappoint you, Mr. Armstrong."

"Of course you won't; of course you won't. Another good thing to do is to make the acquaintance of important men, and to keep your ears open as well as your eyes. When I was up in your office you made a remark that stuck to me. You said you knew no one who would capitalize you in case of need. Now, you should make it your business to become acquainted with persons of that kind, and it is not advisable to make their acquaintance by approaching them with a scheme that you wish financed, for they are at once on their guard against you. Say nothing about business at first, but cultivate their friendship, and, when the critical moment comes, everything will depend on your way of presenting the case."

"I believe that to be very excellent advice, Mr. Armstrong, and I shall act upon it."

"Now, for example, there's going to be big money made in this town within the next few weeks, and if you either had a friend to back you, or possessed a few thousand of your own in the bank, I could, on receiving your word of honor to breathe nothing to anybody, put you next a proposition that, with five thousand dollars cash in hand, would produce you fifty thousand, or with fifty thousand at your command would net you somewhere between five hundred thousand and a million."

"Ah!" said Jimmy, straightening himself up.

"Within the next week or two there will be a dispatch from Washington divulging where the location of the new post-office is to be."

Jimmy involuntarily started, and his heart began to beat quickly; but the other went on quietly, without noticing his perturbation, and he speedily regained control of himself.

"The moment this announcement is made public, there will be a shifting of real estate values practically all over the business section of the city. In some quarters there will be a slump, but all around the location chosen there will be a tremendous enhancement of present values. Now, in your newspaper experience have you ever met and become acquainted with any senators, or members of Congress, or important officials on the inside of things in Washington?"

"No," admitted Jimmy. "You see, I never had anything to do with the political end of the paper."

"Quite so; but, nevertheless, these men from time to time have been calling upon Mr. Blake, and although Wentworth Blake is a very close customer, nevertheless, a man like you, in constant touch with him, might have got an introduction or two that would have come in good later on. You are responsible for the commercial page in our leading journal, and the location of the new government buildings is of the first importance to the commercial community. Can you even hazard a guess as to where the most important new block that has ever been erected in this city is going to be built?"

"I have n't the slightest notion," replied Pepperton, beginning to feel that after all he was of very small account; realizing what little use he had made of his opportunities.

"Ask you an easier one, eh?" suggested Armstrong, with a compassionate smile. "Well, I made it my business to find out, and I have used all the capital I possess in securing options on the available property in the immediate neighborhood. Have you got any money?"

"A slight flush came into Pepperton's cheeks as he replied, with a momentary hesitation:

"There is about ten thousand dollars to my credit in the state bank."

"Really? Of course such a sum could not buy even an ordinary building lot in the district in question, but I'll tell you what it can do. You may secure with that amount an option on a hundred thousand dollars' worth of property; perhaps more. "You'll need to set about it very quietly. I have myself no realty to dispose of. The only other man I have taken into my confidence besides yourself is Wentworth Blake. I don't wish to give you an introduction to my real estate broker, because he has already placed for me all the options that he can without raising suspicion; but here's what I advise you to do. As Mr. Blake has been so unexpectedly kind regarding your situation, I rather think that although he seems outwardly so cold

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and unenthusiastic, it might help you in more directions than one if you asked his advice in this matter, and requested an introduction to his own broker, because, for the reason I gave you, he did not place his business with mine. The brokers themselves know nothing of the reasons which are actuating Blake and me, although as these transactions grow they may arouse suspicion. Of course, Blake and I are acting selfishly, in a way, because before giving you a hint, we have already secured all we can hold, and, indeed, I may admit to you that we already control between us all the best property in the neighborhood. Still, there are some choice lots in Russell Street; say a couple of hundred thousand dollars' worth, which may still be had."

"On Russell Street?" echoed Pepperton, with surprise, for at once he recognized that this would be an unexpectedly good location for the new Government buildings.

"Hello," cried Armstrong, "that shows what it is to allow your tongue to run faster than your brain is working. I did not intend to tell you the locality, but wished to leave the disclosure to Blake. We have an agreement not to let any one else in without our mutual consent. In a matter of this kind one can not be too cautious, and each new person let into the secret constitutes an additional danger. So say nothing to Blake about what I have told you beyond my advising you to see him, and to deal through his broker. The secret is bound to become common property, even before the official announcement is made; but by that time every option worth having will have been secured."

The elder looked at the younger man with shrewd intentness, and saw plainly that the latter was deeply perplexed.

"I'd like," said Pepperton, "to think over the matter for a day or two."

"Oh, a day or two!" cried Armstrong, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Why, an hour or two may be too long, because at this moment, while we are talking here, the Government's decision may be on the wires; and the moment that decision becomes public, all chance of money-making is at an end so far as the new post-office building is concerned. If you distrust me, and I'm sure I don't blame you"—continued Armstrong, with an outburst of candor.

"Oh, it is n't that," interrupted Jimmy, reddening a little as he uttered what he knew to be a slightly inaccurate statement. "I distrust neither you nor Mr. Blake. My difficulty is that I am already committed with a man to spend my money on what is practically the same project. I should need to communicate with him, and get my release, as it were, before I could adopt your suggestion."

"Well, that would n't take an hour," said Armstrong.

"Yes, it would. My friend is in Washington."

"Oh, and where does he say the post-office is to be located?"

"He has n't said. That's what he's gone to Washington to find out."

The fat face of John Armstrong was illumined with an indulgent smile.

"Ah, you young men," he said. "How credulous you are, after all. How long has your friend been in Washington?"

"For a few days only. You see, he knows the men of influence whom you said I should have cultivated. I shall write to him to-night and ask him to telegraph me his decision. Much as I should like to be associated with Mr. Blake and yourself in any transaction, I am quite helpless if my friend refuses to release me from my compact with him."

"Yes, I see that; but even though he holds you to it, that does not preclude you from dealing with Mr. Blake and myself. Each of us is a large landholder, and upon a payment down either of us will give you an option on property almost anywhere you want it. Of course you will say that that choice would give away the secret your friend thinks he will secure; but as I have already told you my secret, perhaps you wouldn't object to telling me yours?"

"Not in the least, Mr. Armstrong. Indeed, before my friend left for Washington, I discussed with him your proposal."

"Oh, is his leaving so recent as that?" interjected Armstrong. "Does he know me? What did he say?"

"He doesn't know you personally, but he knows of you, naturally. He strongly advised me to join you in the real estate business. He seemed to think there was a greater future for me there than upon a newspaper in whose ownership I had no share."

"Very good," said Armstrong, rising as if to indicate that enough time had been spent upon what was after all to him a very trivial matter, however important it might be to his visitor. "You get in touch with your friend, and let me know the result. Good-day to you."

Pepperton walked slowly back to the newspaper office, rather amazed at the unexpectedly favorable turn of affairs. All his misgivings regarding Armstrong had been swept away by the latter's straightforward talk with him. One of youth's glorious privileges is that suspicion finds no natural lodgment in its mind.

On reaching the commercial room he attended to the various telegrams, messages, and letters that had accumulated on his desk during his absence; then he typed and posted a long epistle to Higgins in Washington, giving him the gist of his conversation with John Armstrong, and expressing a regret that he had even tem-

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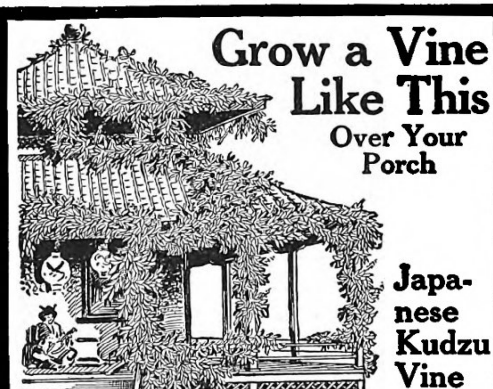
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porarily harbored a distrust of the man, asking Higgins
to forget all he had said on that subject.

Until he heard from Higgins, it would be premature,
he thought, to open up the subject with Blake. His
letter would be in Higgins's hands by the first delivery
next morning. There was therefore the possibility of
a telegram at any hour during the next day, after, say,
nine in the morning; so Jimmy was early at his desk.

As a matter of fact, nothing of any importance
reached him up to the hour of going out to lunch; but
when he returned from that meal, which was always a
hurried one, he found two messages, which, taken
either together or separately, were of far-reaching con-
sequence. Naturally, he tore open the telegram first.
It was in cipher. Jimmy was unaccustomed to the
unraveling of these orthographical puzzles, but after a
time he succeeded in decoding it with painful accuracy.

"I am delighted to hear of your arrangement with
Armstrong and Blake. You could not cooperate with
two better men; Blake with his newspaper, and Arm-
strong with his capital. Secure all the land you can on
Russell Street, as the new post-office will face that
thoroughfare with Pierrepont Street at one end, and
Morgan Street at the other, and Harriman Avenue at
the rear."

Jimmy lit a match, and destroyed both the cipher
telegram and the decoded copy. He heaved a sigh of
relief. Here was unchallengeable proof that Armstrong
was dealing fairly with him, and up to this moment, in
spite of his self-reproaches, there had lingered at the
back of his mind an apprehensive disquiet.

He now picked up the other missive, and caught his
breath as he recognized the handwriting on the enve-
lope. It was labeled "Private and Confidential," and
had been sent to the office by a district messenger, for
its surface bore the announcement that it was prepaid.

DEAR MR. PEPPERTON [it began]:

Some time ago, I asked you not to act upon certain
information in your possession, assuring you that if I were
allowed to deal with the problem I should bring it to a
satisfactory conclusion. In giving you this assurance, I
conceitedly over-estimated my own power, and learned
that I had prevented you from making use of the knowl-
edge you had acquired. Over the telephone I released
you from your promise, but as the article whose proofs
you sent me did not appear in the *Daily Dispatch*, I am
compelled to assume that my release came too late. I
have been troubled in mind about this ever since, think-
ing I may have harmed you in your position as a journal-
ist, because the substance of your article appeared in a
rival newspaper, and while its publication accomplished
what you desired, it is possible you may have been
injured in your profession.

This letter is to make amends, and to put you on your
guard. Do not conclude any dealings with either of the
two men with whom you are now in treaty. Neither man
knows any more about the location of the new post-office
than you do ("Not a very good simile," whispered
Jimmy to himself. Their object is to tie up your money.
The moment that is done, you will be dismissed from
your present employment, and, as they will have taken
care that all your resources are entangled in this scheme,
you will not be able to meet the next payment, and so
will forfeit the money you have already invested. Your
only chance of safety lies in having nothing whatever to
do with either of the two men, whose names I need not
mention.

I beg you not to misapprehend the motive which causes
me to pen this very painful letter to you. It is not written
through any personal predilection for yourself, but merely
to discharge a debt which I consider I owe you. In other
words, to relieve me of any personal obligation to Mr.
James Pepperton.

Yours very truly,

GWENDOLINE ARMSTRONG.

On finishing this communication Jimmy breathed a
deep sigh, but did not pause or hesitate. Taking a
blank sheet of paper, he wrote with his pen instead of
his typewriting machine:

MY DEAR GWENNIE:

You will notice that I do not adopt your formal style
of address. Every word you have written I thoroughly
believe, although I confess that yesterday my suspicions
were completely lulled.

If, in your letter to me, there had been written one
word of affection; if it had contained a hint of friendship,
even, I should have acted upon the information you sup-
ply. As these things are absent, I decline to be guided
by you in any particular, and before you have received
this letter I shall have completed the action that you
warned me not to do, and all the money I possess shall
be in the hands of one of the two men you caution me
against, thus securing an option on land owned by him
on the street where he suggested I should invest.

Ever yours,
JIMMY.

Sealing this note, he rang for a special messenger,
and sent it to its designation with an extra tip and im-
perative injunctions to deliver only into the hand of the
young lady herself. Then he rang up John Armstrong,
and made an appointment with him at his office for
half an hour later.

"Mr. Armstrong," he said, on arriving there, "I
have ignored your advice in one particular, and in an-
other will use my own judgment. I have had no
communication with Mr. Blake, my reason being that
my future connection will be with you, therefore I pre-
fer to deal solely with you, and to concentrate my
money in one transaction rather than scattering it over
several. In the first place, I wrote to my partner last
night, and have received a telegram from him this
morning giving me practically a free hand. Any profit

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I make will be divided with him. I have walked the whole length of Russell Street, and the locality I have chosen is that between Morgan and Pierpont Streets. Do you possess any land there?"

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"Right you are, Mr. Armstrong. How soon can the papers be prepared?"

"Within an hour."

"Very good. The transfer of property is something with which I have never had anything to do, although I shall soon master that point before I am long in your employ."

"Don't say employ, Mr. Pepperton," protested Armstrong. "Say rather, as my partner."

"Thank you, sir. Well, our first transaction will be carried through by my friend Ned Walton, who is a lawyer, and up to all the subtleties of the game. He will see to it that your shrewd legal advisers do not shear the lamb too closely."

Armstrong laughed.

"You are acting," he said, "just as I like to see a young man act. Even if you are dealing with your closest friend, always have the papers gone over by a lawyer who does not allow sentiment to intervene. Shall we say five o'clock this afternoon, at this office?"

"That will suit me as well as any other hour. I shall draw my cheque for ten thousand dollars, hand it to my representative, and he will act for me."

And so it was done, although the completion was not arrived at until next day, as Mr. Pepperton's representative insisted personally on examining the property, in looking up titles at the Abstract Office, and in getting several independent estimates on the actual values of the lots. Edward Walton found John Armstrong a most easy-going man with whom to transact business. He agreed to almost everything suggested, so long as he was assured of the money, and before the second day was done Jimmy found himself holding an option on property that was worth very close upon two hundred thousand dollars.

That evening John Armstrong, with roars of merriment, told his silent, sad-eyed daughter that financially he held Pepperton in his grip "like that," holding aloft his strong, clenched fist. Tears came into the girl's eyes, but she said nothing. She had cautioned the boy, and if he had thrown himself into the snare because of lack of warmth in the warning, she could not see how she was to blame; and yet she blamed herself, and wished she had written more cordially.

The day following the transfer of the money James Pepperton found a letter on his desk from the managing editor, informing him that from that day week his services would no longer be needed by the *Daily Dispatch*. He put this curt note in his pocket, and sought an interview with John Armstrong. He was finally received after having to wait for three-quarters of an hour in the corridor. He handed Armstrong the note. The great man glanced at it, and said shortly:

"Well, what do you expect me to do?"

"I thought perhaps that, as Mr. Blake is a friend of yours, you might put in a word for me."

Armstrong frowned and shook his head.

"I never interfere," he said, "with another man's business."

"A very good maxim," replied Jimmy. "May I then make an appeal to you on business that is entirely your own? Will you, without further payment, renew my option for another three months should I not be in a position to pay the amount stipulated for its renewal at the end of that period?"

Again John Armstrong shook his head.

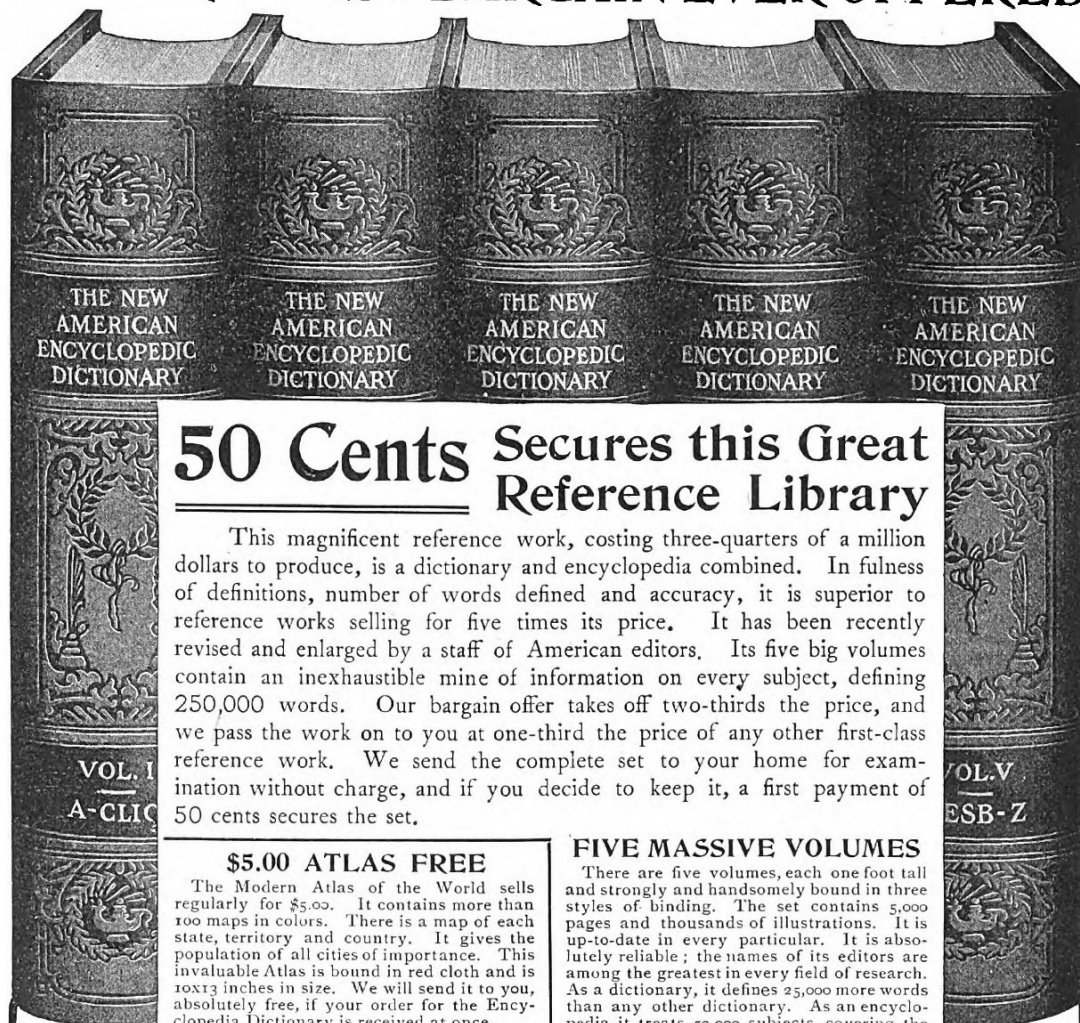
"Really, my dear fellow, you are rapidly destroying the good opinion I had begun to form of your business capacity. I granted nearly every concession your lawyer asked of me, and was so anxious to afford you an excellent bargain, that my own legal advisers protested more than once. I make it a rule, which I hope will meet with your approval as thoroughly as the other rule I spoke of, that when once papers are signed, discussion ends. I neither ask nor receive favors, but stand strictly to the letter of a contract."

"Then there is a third point I should like to settle. When do you desire me to join you in the partnership you proposed? Now that I am out of the *Dispatch*, I should like to begin with you as soon as possible, and I should also like to know what salary I am to expect. You see, I have now no resources whatever, and while if I had remained commercial editor of the *Dispatch*, or even if I had left there and had my ten thousand in the bank, I should have been glad to begin without any weekly wage; that, as you will readily understand, is now impossible."

John Armstrong's brow corrugated into a deep frown; but there was, nevertheless, a merry twinkle in his eye which he could not suppress.

"Perhaps you may remember that when I spoke to you I hinted you would need to serve a sort of apprenticeship, as a young man must always do when entering a business new to him. I mentioned, you recollect, that I would loan you my motor-car on certain days of the week, or hours of the day, so that you might become thoroughly acquainted with the highways and byways of this city. I am still willing to do this; but

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as months must elapse before your observations can be of much value to me, I could not consent to pay even a small salary during the time you are acquiring an education. You might as well ask me to send you to the university, pay all your fees, and put you on the salary list while you are attending your classes."

"I see your point, and what you say is so incontrovertible that I shall not even attempt to dispute it. I am to take it, then, that *pro tem.* at least, I am to look for a salary elsewhere. There is no advice, for instance, I could give you regarding futures in real estate that would justify you paying me a salary at least equal to the one I am losing?"

John Armstrong smiled.

"I regret to say, Mr. Pepperton, that your opinions at present seem to me rather amateurish. Now, take the little deal we have just finished so amicably together. It is true that I mentioned Russell Street, but Russell Street is a mile and three-quarters long, and you must be aware that if my opinion regarding the location you chose had agreed with yours, you would not have controlled nearly two hundred thousand dollars' worth of property for merely ten thousand in cash."

"Then the post-office is not going to be placed near the lots I have selected?"

Armstrong's smile broadened.

"I am afraid not, Mr. Pepperton," he said, rising, and stretching out his hand, which the other grasped rather limply, "but anything I can do toward getting you a new situation, I shall be most happy to perform if you call upon me. Why not try the *Courier*, for example? I suppose it was from you that the *Courier* got that big sensation a while ago which was supposed to pertain to me?"

"Yes, it was," admitted Jimmy.

"Well, there you are, there you are!" cried Armstrong, laughing aloud. "Why should n't the *Courier* give you a job? One good turn deserves another."

"So it does," agreed Jimmy, putting on his hat, "and perhaps the day may come, Mr. Armstrong, when you will regret that on the present occasion you found it impossible to do me the good turn, which I assure you I should have been only too glad to reciprocate."

"Oh, that's all right. Don't you fret about that," cried Armstrong, gleefully, "and perhaps when you look a little closer into it, you will recognize that you are getting a turn now for one or two you gave me in the past."

Jimmy did not apply for a situation from the editor of the *Courier*, although the vacant place of Higgins was offered to him. He took that genial editor at least partly into his confidence, and received from him valuable introductions to three capitalists, and through their cooperation much property was secured along Russell Street, Morgan Street, Pierrepont Street and Harriman Avenue. Three weeks later, when the site of the new government buildings was officially disclosed, Jimmy called up John Armstrong on the telephone.

"I say, Mr. Armstrong, let us have a round-up."

"A round-up? What do you mean?"

"Let us count the branded cattle on each of our ranches. I'll bet you the original ten thousand that I've more live stock within my stockade than you have. Won't you give me your permission to pay a friendly call at your new house?"

But John Armstrong rang off.

Having Fun with the Pastor

THE Rev. Charles E. McCormick, D.D., pastor of the Farmington Avenue Methodist Church of Hartford, Connecticut, and one of the best-known Methodist clergymen in the State, is a student of human nature. He likes to frequent public places in a layman's garb and study his fellow men. One warm day this spring, while on a visit to New York, he was sitting in Madison Square when a neatly dressed stranger accosted him from a bench across the walk. Soon the two were engaged in conversation.

"Are you interested in horse-racing?" asked the stranger.

"I like a good horse," was the noncommittal reply of the clergyman, whose business suit, crush hat, and negligee shirt belied his profession.

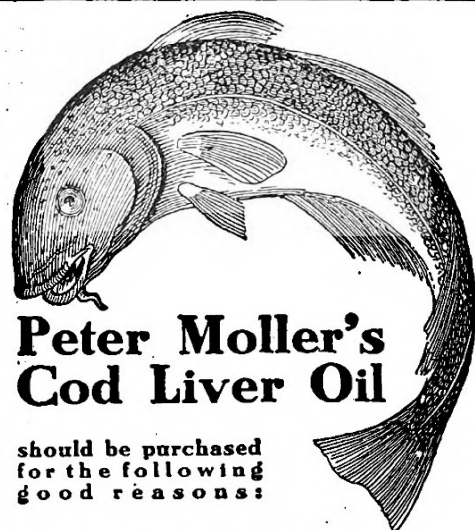
"Say, I'm a telegrapher and get some dandy tips every day. Maybe you could use some. They're regular 'sure things.'"

Needless to say the offer was politely declined, but as the stranger began to press the matter Dr. McCormick, with a twinkle in his eye, told the fellow who he was. The stranger's disfigurement was as pitiful as his departure was awkward and ludicrous.

A day or two later the parson sat in the same seat, and another stranger, an old gentleman with a long gray beard and kindly face, sat down beside him. One remark led to another until the clergyman in a burst of confidence related his previous experience. It tickled the old man mightily. Chuckling in great glee and slapping the parson on the leg he exclaimed:

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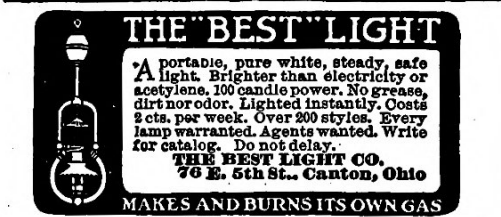


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BUSINESS HINTS

Don't Argue with Your Employer

EMPLOYEES often queer themselves with their employers by a habit of arguing with them. While your employer, if progressive, will be anxious to get hints and suggestions, he does not like to have about him employees who always try to give the impression that they know more about his business than he does himself.

The average employer, even though he may be wrong in his position, does not like to be told of it or to be corrected by an employee; in other words, the arguing employee is always discredited and makes an unfavorable impression upon his employer which often overbalances a great deal of ability.

If you wish to get on, try to make your employer feel as comfortable as possible. Do not cross him or argue that a thing should be done this way or that way. Do it the way he tells you to do it.

A great many employees are constantly putting stumbling-blocks in their own way—tripping themselves up by creating a prejudice against themselves in their employer's mind. We often hear an employer say such a person is able, but is disagreeable—that he has unfortunate peculiarities, or idiosyncrasies, or makes him feel uncomfortable.

Make good. Make it a rule, whatever is given you to do, whatever responsibility is thrust upon you, to make good. Do not leave things half finished, or do them in a slipshod, slovenly manner. Build them to a complete finish; put your trade-mark upon whatever passes through your hand, so that it will stand the test of your employer's scrutiny and increase your own self-respect.

How to Become a Merchant

If you are ambitious to become a merchant; if every time you go near or into a store you are stirred to the very depths of your being with the determination to some time own a store of your own, just say to yourself, "How did the proprietor get this store, come to own it?" In nine cases out of ten you will find that the owner was once a poor boy, who worked in the same store, perhaps, for half the money you are getting to-day.

If your longing to be a merchant is strong enough; if it is based upon necessary ability and qualifications; if you are resolute enough in your determination; if you can work hard enough and long enough, and can sacrifice your comforts, just make up your mind that success is certainly possible to you.

Most of the great stores, vast factories, and enormous institutions in every city, have been built or established by poor boys, perhaps much poorer than yourself, who have made their own way. Many of the men now at the head of great institutions did not have money enough, when they left home as boys, to pay their fare to the city.

The largest flour dealer in the United States told me that he walked from his home in Vermont to Boston, nearly one hundred and fifty miles, and that he did not have as much as a dollar in his pocket when he started. In fact, he did not have a hat of his own, but wore an old one of his father's which he found in the attic. He managed to get to New York, where he secured a position as porter at six dollars a week in the very store which he now owns.

This is only one of multitudes of instances of the success of a poor boy who has gone to the city from the country.

Can You "Deliver the Goods"?

IN SPITE of the fact that thousands of employees are looking for positions, on every hand we see employers looking for somebody who can "deliver the goods"; a salesman who will not say that, if conditions were right, if everything were favorable, if it were not for the panic, he could sell the goods. Everywhere employers are looking for some one who can do things, no matter what the conditions may be.

I know two traveling salesmen who go out from different houses over similar territory with the same line of goods. One of them sells four or five times as much goods in a year as the other. He always returns to his house with big orders. He gets a very large salary because of his ability to sell. This man starts out with the expectation, the determination to sell. The other man gets a very small salary, just barely enough to enable him to hold on to his job, because obstacles seem so great to him. He returns oftener with excuses for not selling than with orders. He does not have the ability to annihilate difficulties, to overcome obstacles, which the other man has. He brings back to his house small orders, because he can not overcome the objections of his customers, can not convince them that they want what he has to sell.

People who would do things in this world must have the "get there" ability, the power to do what to others seems impossible.

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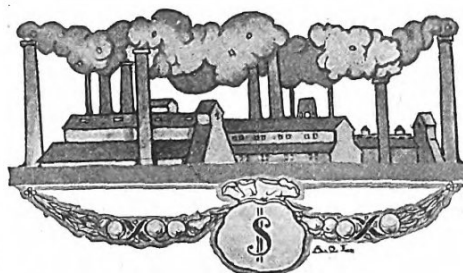
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Many of these industries could not have reached their present extraordinary state of development without the aid of the people's money, and, for this reason, their bonds are entitled to very careful consideration. You get some idea of the scope of this particular field when you find that the total industrial capitalization listed on the New York Stock Exchange approximates four billion dollars and constitutes forty-three per cent. of the total capitalization listed there. The railroad capitalization is a little over five billions. Hence, the part played by industries in the whole big scheme of American financing is a large and important one.

Many Precautions Necessary

Since industrial bonds depend for their value upon business conditions, it follows that they are highly speculative in character. With no other kind of bond is so much care necessary in making a selection for investment purposes. They are at best a man's investment. Women who are nervous and panicky about the safety of their money should never buy them. Neither are they adapted for business surplus or trust funds.

Industrial bonds are the very first to feel a business depression and the last to recover from one. They fluctuate from other influences, too. They may be the issues of a trust that is being investigated by the Government for a violation of the anti-trust laws, and this agitation is destructive to the value of the bond; they may be of an industry that depends for its monopoly of trade on a high tariff, and a revision of the tariff would send them tumbling down; they may be brought out by a corporation that is involved in politics, which is always a disturbing factor. Sixty per cent. of the industrial bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange are of trusts and legislatures, and individuals are always hammering at trusts in some way. Again, few industrial bonds are underwritten by the conservative investment houses, and the usual careful investigation of a property, so essential before the sale of a bond, is lacking. Altogether it is evident that there are many features to be considered before buying an industrial bond.

Offers a High Yield

Yet no other kind of bond offers such a high yield or holds out such a possibility of a large increase in value. The majority of industrial bonds, even those of the very highest type, are five. Since they may ordinarily be bought below par, the yield is invariably over five per cent. Frequently they may be bought at a very low price and, when held for a period, may be sold at a much higher price.

The industrial bond really fills the need of the man who does not want to take all the risk that is involved in buying stocks and yet who wants a larger return than is afforded by a strictly conservative investment—such as a railroad or a municipal bond. The man who buys an industrial bond must be prepared to see it shrink in value and remain down for a long time before it even returns to the price at which he bought it.

Long in Disfavor

In what might be called the chronology of bonds, the industrial bond is comparatively a newcomer. It appeared long after the Government, the railroad, and the municipal bond. One reason for this is that the whole method of business financing had to undergo a change before the industrial bond became possible. In the old days, the manufacturer himself, or the members of a firm, contributed the money for the development of an industry. Then the industrial companies began to issue stocks, and for years this was the accredited means of raising money. Subsequently, when the resources of the country had developed to the point where wider investment opportunity was

necessary, the industrial bond made its appearance. For a time it was in disfavor and adversely so. Bonds of unscrupulous companies were foisted upon unsuspecting investors, and then the companies collapsed. Other industrial concerns issued bonds against intangible security, such as unearned profits and future orders. But the industrial development was so big and sure that when the real corporations began to issue bonds they took on a permanent value. Some of the most active bonds now traded in on the New York

Stock Exchange are industrials. The whole position of the bond is now assured in the investment field.

Facts the Investor Should Know

Because industrial bonds, as a rule, are not underwritten by the large bond and investment houses, it follows that the man who buys them must make investigation on his own account or be prepared to know a good one when he sees it. As already pointed out, there are many facts to be considered before buying.

As in any other investment, the first consideration is for the safety of principal and interest. Therefore it is important to know on what the bond, if it is a mortgage bond, is a claim or lien. If it is real estate, the land must have a real value, independent of the plant on it. The value of this land should not be the value put on it by the company, but by an independent appraiser.

Right here comes one of the most important matters to be reckoned with. Many industrial companies put a very high (and in many cases fictitious) value upon their plant, patents, and good will. Good will and patents have little value save when the company is doing a prosperous business. The good will of a bankrupt firm, for example, has absolutely no value. A plant may only be valuable for the particular concern that happens to be using it. Machinery at auction sale realizes very little.

In this connection is another very important matter, and this is, the kind of product that the company turns out. The ideal investment bond is that of a corporation or industry that produces an article that is in constant demand. For example, the country needs steel and the people must have sugar or flour. Corporations producing these are sure to have a market. Beware, in the main, of the securities of a company that produces a luxury, or a product that only has a temporary demand.

The Matter of Earnings

This naturally leads to the subject of earnings, which when all is said, constitute a real index of the stability of a business. The industrial company whose bonds you buy should have a **permanent earning capacity**. The investor should study its record of earnings over a long period of years. The reason for this is quite simple. Some industries may have one fat year and several lean years. On the strength of a fat year they may issue bonds and make favorable statements. It is a good thing to be discreet about heeding such phrases as "factory working overtime" and "orders ahead for six months." The panic of last year showed how swiftly orders for millions of dollars' worth of products may be canceled over night. In fact, many factories that had stacks of orders found themselves suddenly without orders and were forced to close down.

The question of conduct has much to do with the success of an industrial corporation. The investor must look for permanent efficiency and honesty on the part of the officials, for in this purely personal element lies one of the biggest factors for business success.

What Bookkeeping Can Do

Bookkeeping can cover a multitude of corporate sins, so it is wise for the investor to go behind some industrial statements. Nothing is easier than to juggle with figures. The industrial bonds worth buying are those of a company that issues full, complete, and comprehensive statements of its business.

Corporations should not divide all their profits at once among stockholders. At least half of the net earnings should be put back into improvements or into a surplus. There should be depreciation funds for the maintenance of machinery, and a sinking-fund to redeem bonds. Summed up, the average net earnings of the company should amount to at least three times the annual bond interest and sinking-funds.

The assets should be carefully considered. The real strength of an industrial company is to be found in its current accounts. These indicate business and afford a barometer of the way things are going. The current assets must be at least twice as great as the current liabilities. One reason why so many firms failed last year was that they had many notes coming due and

Safe Investments

THE sponsorship of a conservative banking house of large experience is a first essential in selecting bonds for investment. Such sponsorship means a definite system of safeguards for investors from the day their money is invested until the final payment of interest and maturing principal. Largely as a result of this policy of protecting the interests of our clients we have as customers, in addition to all classes of public institutions, what is believed to be the largest list of private investors served by any banking house in the country.

We own, at the present time, more than two hundred carefully selected issues of bonds which we offer and recommend for investment at prices to yield from

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Send for circulars and Booklet "S"

N. W. Harris & Company
BANKERS

56 William Street New York 35 Federal Street Boston

Harris Trust & Savings Bank
Bond Department
204 Dearborn Street, Chicago

The Habit of Saving

Life insurance statisticians tell us that the first period of a man's life, that is, to the age of twenty, is the egotistical age, when the son thinks he knows more than his father. From thirty to forty-five is a man's accumulating period. In this period either success or failure is settled. By the time a man is forty-five, he is either on the high road to fortune or has lost all.

Above the age of fifty, which is the third period of a man's life, a man should certainly look after security. He must not speculate for he has everything to lose and nothing to gain.

Above the age of fifty, statistics show that only one in five thousand can recover his financial footing, if lost. After sixty, 95 per cent are dependent upon their daily earnings, or their children's, for support.

These facts are given to show the necessity of beginning at an early age to place money in sound securities, and to avoid the habit of speculation. We shall be glad to send you some of our literature illustrating this point, and also our circular of high grade conservative investment securities.

Send for Pamphlet A, and Circular No. 910A.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS
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. Having sold to individual investors over \$800,000 bonds of the issue referred to herein, we invite inquiry regarding a small unsold balance at 103½ and interest.

Yielding 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
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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

Success Magazine
carefully edits its
advertising columns

the banks at such a period of financial stringency refused to renew them.

The form of the industrial bond is also worthy of attention. It is not wise to buy a bond that runs over too long a period of years. In this respect the industrial is the very opposite of the railroad bond, with which long deferred maturity is desired. If the industrial bond runs too long a time there is liable to be a period of depression which may force down the value. A very desirable feature in connection with an industrial bond is a sinking-fund clause. This provides for the retirement of some of the bonds each year. The same is practically true of a serial bond.

A Type as Illustration

In an article such as this, it is impossible to give a list of industrial bonds, but for the purpose of illustration one will be cited to show the best type. This is the United States Steel Corporation sinking-fund five, and is probably one of the best known and most popular industrial bonds on the market. It is regarded as a sort of standard investment security. It is a second mortgage on the property which controls the steel industry. Practically all the issue of first mortgage bonds on this property went originally to Mr. Carnegie and formed the bulk of his fortune. The sinking-fund five, as it is known, sold on the day this article is written at 102½, which would make the yield on it about 4.85 per cent. This bond, by the way, gives some idea of what might be termed the speculative feature of an industrial bond. It has sold as low as sixty-five. This means that for \$650 you could buy this bond of a denomination of one thousand dollars. If you had bought it then and held it until to-day and sold it, you would have realized a profit of just \$370.50. The Steel Corporation believes in the utmost publicity in its affairs, and its statements offer a precedent that might be followed with credit by other trusts.

How to Get "and Interest" Prices

IN CONNECTION with industrial bonds, and, in fact, with all other bonds, there is a matter with which all investors are concerned, and, in view of its importance, an explanation of it will be made this month. It relates to the words "flat" and "and interest" which are attached to bond quotations. Most people know what a "flat" price is, but not everybody knows how to get the "and interest" price himself.

The flat price is the price quoted on the New York Stock Exchange, and is the one that appears in the official newspaper and other records of bond sales. But in the book called "Bond Values," from which bond yields are figured by every person engaged in the bond business, the "and interest" prices are used. The "and interest" is the price that includes accrued interest; that is, the interest that has accumulated from the last interest date to the time of sale.

The best way to show how this "and interest" price is obtained is to use a concrete example. Take, for purpose of illustration, a five per cent. one thousand dollar bond, whose interest dates are January and July, that sold on April first for eighty-two flat. There is three months' accrued interest on this bond, or \$12.50. In points (each point on a thousand-dollar bond is ten dollars) this is one and one-quarter points. To obtain the "and interest" price you simply deduct the amount of accrued interest in points from the flat price. In this concrete example it would result in eighty and three-quarters which would be the "and interest" price. The man who buys the bond pays the accrued interest, but he gets it back when the next interest coupon on the bond comes due.

By means of little books called "Bond Interest Tables," it is possible to tell at a glance just what is the accrued interest on a bond for any given period. These tables are computed by well-known authorities and are standard. They bear the same official relation to bond interest that the books called "Bond Values" bear to the yield on bonds. Some big bond houses give away "Bond Interest Tables" as an advertisement, and they may be bought, too, from the houses that sell books on financial subjects.

Upward Movement of Bonds

This article appears shortly after that financial season which is widely known as the "season of reinvestment." It is called reinvestment because at this particular time of the year many millions of dollars are paid out in the shape of interest on bonds and dividends on stocks. It is the time when the conservative investor is glad that he has been conservative and has put his money in good, interest-bearing bonds. The total amount disbursed in interest at this time is estimated to be about two hundred million dollars.

This is one reason why the movement of bonds has been steadily upward. Some bonds have advanced in price from ten to fifteen points while bonds with convertible features have increased in price as much as thirty points.

This is, therefore, a good bond season, for the indications are that the prices of the highest-class bonds will continue to rise. Incidentally, the various cuts in dividends and the cases where dividends have been passed on stocks all emphasize the value of placing funds into bonds which, when well selected, afford the safest and steadiest return.

Railroad Bonds

THE essential features that go to make a railroad bond desirable or undesirable—the tests of soundness—should be known to every investor and applied by him to his purchases of that class of security. The following points, in the approximate order of their importance, should be carefully considered.

- 1. EQUITY:** By this is meant the difference between the bonded debt and the cost of construction or replacement. The equity behind a bond issue is the investor's margin of safety. The amount of bonded debt per mile—the standard unit of comparison—is a direct factor in the consideration of this point.
- 2. EARNING CAPACITY:** The character of the territory served, its products and variety of resources, should be the guide in determining the permanency of a road's earning capacity.
- 3. TRAFFIC RELATIONS:** As a large proportion of the traffic originating on a railroad is consigned to points beyond its own line, it must have favorable arrangements with connecting lines for exchange of business.
- 4. MANAGEMENT:** For the success of a railroad and the protection of its security holders, as in any other enterprise, the management must be capable, honest and aggressive.
- 5. STRATEGIC POSITION:** This point is related to some of the former but should be considered separately. It refers to natural advantages which may obviate the possibility of competing lines being built that could sell transportation at prices to injure the business of an existing line; also to the general development and expansion of the tributary territory.

We are offering an especially attractive railroad bond complying with all the above requirements which yields over *six per cent*. Every investor will be interested in the descriptive circular on this bond. It will be sent on request.

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- (2) No more of these bonds may be issued.
- (3) Listed on the New York and London Stock Exchanges.
- (4) Guaranteed by a company which is paying 7% on its Preferred Stock and 6% on its Common Stock.
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Yielding 6.25%

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We are prepared to furnish quotations for appraisement on any Steam, Electric or Industrial Security. Correspondence invited.

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BANKERS

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A-R-E 6% Bonds, Based on the Ownership of New York Real Estate

UNLIKE any other metropolis in the world, New York City is literally **FOUNDED ON A ROCK**. Earthquakes may shake and tidal waves engulf the cities built on shifting sands, but New York, rising from its solid rock foundation, can defy the forces of Nature more effectively than any large city in the world.

The ownership of New York real estate has been the foundation of some of the country's greatest fortunes. Not one failure has ever occurred in the ownership of real estate based upon the growth of the city. So an investment based on New York City real estate is founded on a rock of security, the best on earth. It is unique in that it always pays and does not hazard the money invested.

UPON the solid foundation of these established facts the successful business of this Company has been built. In the enlargement of its business the Company offers its 6% Bonds in either of two forms:

6% COUPON BONDS
For those who wish to invest \$100 or more
For Income Earning, paying interest semi-annually by coupons.

6% ACCUMULATIVE BONDS
For those who wish to save \$25 or more a year
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REAL Estate is accepted as the basis of all values and the safest of all securities. The best security on earth is earth itself. We offer in these Bonds a safe and profitable investment, combining liberal return, absolute security and cash availability. This investment is thoroughly time-tested, panic-tested and safeguarded, backed by over twenty-one years of uninterrupted success. Assets of over \$11,000,000.00, including Capital and Surplus of over \$1,700,000.00.

IF you have surplus funds on which you desire immediate income or are seeking a safe and profitable channel for systematic saving, write us and let us send you literature giving full information concerning our Bonds and the business upon which they are based, including a map of New York City showing our extensive real estate holdings.

American Real Estate Company
Founded 1888
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The Franklin Society

On Jan'y 1, 1900, the Franklin Society paid its usual semi-annual cash dividend at the rate of Five Per Cent. per annum on all accounts of \$10 to \$5000. This was the Society's 40th Consecutive Dividend.

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Begin Now or Write for Booklet D.

THE FRANKLIN SOCIETY
For Home Buildings and Savings
FOUNDED 1888
Three Bookman Street, New York City.

5%

The Little Mother

[Continued from page 92]

lessly, though Rebecca and her mother sewed their swiftest, yet often there was hardly even bread and tea in the house, and always rent-day loomed before them with the awfulness of an ever-recurring day of judgment. The pressure of poverty forced upon them the usual desire of the East Side to help pay the rent: they took in a boarder—a newly arrived young sweat-shop worker, who was trying to save enough money to send for his wife.

It was a practise with Rebecca, as she was sewing at the ties, to tell her parents things that she had learned at school; and one night she told them of the Pilgrims. The story of these people who had suffered for their faith held Jacob's attention as nothing else had done. When Rebecca had finished he said with a sigh of regret: "I wish I could read about that."

In the year that they had been in America this was the first expression of anything akin to a desire to get out into the current of things American.

"Father—I'll teach you," she answered eagerly. He objected at first; he was too old to learn, it would be too great a bother to her. But in the end Rebecca had her way. So as she sewed, she gave her father the lessons that she had herself so lately learned. Great was Rachel's pride in husband and daughter when Jacob, the Hebrew scholar, read a ten-line story about a cat and a rat and a dog.

The boarder on several nights on coming in found father and daughter engaged in their lesson—Rebecca sewing away, correcting a pronunciation, helping with an awkward word, Jacob following the text with a slow forefinger. One evening the boarder said: "Rebecca, you teach me, too."

"I would be glad to do so, but to teach two persons I'd have to stop work," she answered. "I can't do that."

"But I'll pay you. Come—how much will you take to teach me English?"

She hesitated. Then the knowledge that hundreds of girls, themselves but newly out of Europe, were giving private lessons in English to immigrants made her bold. "Twenty-five cents an hour."

He tried to beat her down. Twenty-five cents was a lot of money—as much as he had earned a day in Russia. But Rebecca was firm, he was eager—and her terms were accepted. The boarder, that the hour he was paying precious money for might suffer no interruption, stipulated that his lesson be given in the privacy of his bedroom. Lighted by a tiny smoking oil-lamp, sitting side by side on the boarder's black tin trunk, her feet swinging clear of the floor, Rebecca taught the broad, deep-chested man his A, B, C's and helped him through the tremendous difficulties of words of one syllable. And sitting on the floor, and using the round and slatted top of the trunk for a desk, she drilled his big hand at the six-year-old task of forming his letters.

The Girl Who Had Fled from Russia

The boarder made rapid progress and that delighted him, for he knew that to get on in America one had to know English—and he was determined to get on. So delighted was he that he was always parading his English around the sweat-shop and boasting about his "liddle titcher." Soon he began to bring other people from his shop to apply for lessons. These grown men grinned broadly when they saw the little girl in the short dress and with a braid down her back; but Rebecca's serious face and businesslike manner quieted their incipient levity, and they were happy to be accepted. Presently Rebecca had one or two pupils every night, but, although now she made as much from nine or ten hours' teaching as she had made in a week at sewing neckties, nevertheless she sewed all the out-of-school time she did not give to her pupils—for Israel and Joseph were growing, and expenses were growing with them.

One night the boarder brought from his sweat-shop a girl of eighteen—slight, dark-hued, with heavy black hair, and glowing, eager eyes. The first lesson revealed to Rebecca that Anna Shapiro was very quick, very clever, and already had an education far, far beyond Rebecca's. Rebecca felt awe for her pupil, but with it a growing admiration; and Anna, for her part, immediately felt a liking for the little girl. Anna was an orphan, so she said, without a near relation; in Russia she had studied to be a teacher, but, like all her student friends, she had given her soul to the revolutionary movement, with the consequence that she had had to flee for her life—to flee forever, for to return would mean Siberia or death.

"Why don't you become a teacher here in America?" asked Rebecca, when Anna had finished this story.

"But how can I?" asked Anna. Rebecca told of the city Normal College—told of her own ambition. Later she made inquiries in Anna's behalf and learned that two years in the Normal College, after Anna knew English, would give her a diploma. Then Anna did some excited figuring and found that three years of hard work and close saving would bring enough money to carry her through college. That settled her future; she, too, would be a teacher. What with this new friendship, which was to prove

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the closest Rebecca was ever to know, what with her school, her pupils, her wearing work on neckties, month crowded on month till three years since their landing wore away—and at length came the happy day when Rebecca was graduated from the public school. A hot, steaming summer she spent in the sweat-shop where Anna worked, and then at last she entered the Normal College. What pride, what exultation was hers! Six years of study, of hardest toil, were before her, yet she felt that her great dream—to be a teacher, to have for her parents a home of taste and comfort—was already a fact.

"Yes, America It Is Good"

At last she was truly entering America! Child though she still was, she had observed that one of the great tragedies of the immigrant in America is that the children become American while the parents retain their European ways and point of view and ever regard America as a foreign land—and a desire never absent from her heart was that such a gulf should not open in her family. So she strove to bring her parents with her into the new life she was entering. She took them to entertainments at Normal College—occasionally to free lectures and concerts at Cooper Union—a few times to the Metropolitan Art Gallery; and by asking her father to read an English paper to her at night while she sewed at the ties, she got him in the habit of reading English newspapers regularly, and thus gradually got him interested in American affairs. Moreover, little by little, the cramped flat became regenerated: the old second-hand furniture she herself recovered with plain dark denim, the coarse lace curtains were replaced by ones of white cheese-cloth, the crude, hard-colored chromos in frames of gilt and plaster, bought from push-carts, gave place to penny prints of famous pictures.

For a long space Jacob showed no recognition of Rebecca's efforts—but, though silent, he was always kind. Then one evening he came home and found the new curtains and the new pictures hung—it was Passover, and Rebecca had secretly prepared these during the night hours as a Passover surprise. He looked around—then looked at Rebecca—then opened his arms. "My daughter!" he said with a break in his voice, and held her close. Then he gazed over her head at his wife and said, as he softly stroked Rebecca's dark hair: "Rachel—what would we do without our little mother?"

After that when other fathers boasted of their sons he boasted of Rebecca. And he would say to her: "You do the way you like, Rebecca. You know how America does things." And after Rebecca was started in college, he too became imbued with the enthusiasm of Rebecca's dreams—he too saw what they might be a few years hence.

"Yes, America it is good!" he would say. And Rebecca vibrated with happiness. She had won her father—at last! Ah, what a home she would make in the years ahead!

Rebecca Enters a Sweat-Shop

One afternoon, in Rebecca's second year at college, she came home and found her mother weeping at the kitchen table and her father, his face drawn with despair, weakly trying to comfort her.

"Why, what's the matter?" cried Rebecca.

They told her. For some time Rachel's eyes had been paining her, though she had kept the fact from Rebecca lest Rebecca should be needlessly worried. But Jacob had just taken her to a free dispensary. The doctor had said that the strain of sewing was ruining her eyes, that if she continued she would lose her sight altogether.

"Oh, mother—my dear poor mother!" sobbed Rebecca, and threw her arms about Rachel. "You must not go blind."

"I shall not, dear. I'm not worrying about that. The doctor said I'd be all right if I didn't sew any more. What worries me is, how are we ever to live?"

"Don't worry about that, mother, dear. We'll get along, somehow!"

"But how? We were barely able to live when I was making three dollars a week at the ties. I'm not strong enough to do washing or scrubbing, the doctor said. But how, my child?"

"I'll get some more lessons!" cried Rebecca, frantically. "I'll work harder!"

"You can't. Already you are working far beyond your strength." Rachel bowed her head upon her folded arms. "Oh, Jacob," she moaned, "what shall we do?"

Rebecca walked to the window and looked with blinded eyes down into the hurrying street. Her dream, that till but lately had seemed so near, rose before her mind with a hundredfold its former lure. She quivered, but controlled herself by a tense effort, then turned back to her parents.

"Don't worry, mother dear," she said with a pale smile. "I shall go to work."

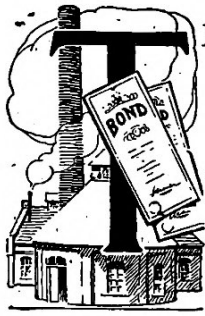
"But to leave college, Rebecca—that will break your heart!"

"I shall not mind it—much," said Rebecca, smiling hopefully on her mother and father. But that night she lay awake till daylight came, crying silently into her pillow.

Rebecca realized that her two summers' experience

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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.

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No. 14

T. H. S. Secretary.



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in a sweat-shop would enable her to earn more at a sewing-machine than any other occupation she was then prepared to enter; so, as soon as she had eaten her breakfast of bread and tea, she walked over to Leibowitz's shirt-waist factory which occupied part of the fifth floor of a tenement that was filled from top to bottom with the buzz of the machines of half a dozen sweat-shops. The room was low and dark and dingy; grime and cobwebs coated the windows; the floor was black with dirt and machine oil; the air was heavy, sickening—heat was too precious to allow Mr. Leibowitz to think of ventilation. A score of sewing-machines, power driven, in three rows, were whirring at a speed beyond the imagination of the woman who sews at home; and over the machines, tense, with eyes straining at the seam, bent a score of pale, weary-looking men and girls—guiding parts of fine shirt-waists beneath the flying needle—shirt-waists that were to go from these tired foreign hands, this grimy shop, forth to American women all over this broad land who would never dream how and by whom their admired garb was made.

Rebecca shivered as she stood a moment at the door. Yesterday the clean, bright, hopeful classroom; to-day, this dirty, ill-smelling, high-speeding, hopeless slave-pen!

Mr. Volkenstein, short and round and bearded, as good-natured as a man can be who thinks always of how to get the most profit out of his workmen, was glad to take her on, for he remembered how swiftly and how carefully she worked. He gave her a machine between Anna and a bearded, pock-marked man of fifty, who rarely spoke to her, rarely looked up, and stopped at lunch time only long enough to eat a piece of black bread and an onion. Her work was sewing the collar and the cuffs on to the body of the shirt-waist.

Anna was all sympathy when Rebecca told of the change in her prospects. "But perhaps it may only be for a short time," she suggested. "Perhaps your mother will soon be well, or your father be making more money."

"That's what I'm hoping for," said Rebecca.

This hope prompted Rebecca to study at night that she might not fall behind her class. But after the ten long straining hours in the shop it was hard to keep awake over her books. The warmth of the kitchen, their only heated room, sent her straightway to sleep; so she made it her custom to study in her cold bedroom, and that a comfortable position might not contribute to her drowsiness she would sit on the bare floor with her back to the wall. And besides, she arranged with her mother to look in upon her every little while, and, if she had fallen asleep, to rouse her to her lessons. Many a night the mother, sore against her will, gently shook the tired girl's shoulder two or three times before the eyes would open. And Rebecca would pick up the fallen algebra or Latin book and set grimly to work.

A Human Attachment to a Sewing-Machine

But months passed, and her mother's eyes grew no better. When she realized that she would be unable to return to college that year, Rebecca began to grow despondent; and when summer passed—chokingly hot in the close sweat-shop—and autumn came again, and her mother's sight was still precarious and her father's earnings grew no larger, she became more and more discouraged. Anna, who always walked to and from the shop with Rebecca, comforted her as best she could; but in truth there was little that could be said. Rebecca herself at times tried to inspire her hope by saying that something might turn up to relieve her. She recalled among her friends girls who had won small scholarships, or whose efforts had attracted the attention of philanthropic men with money, or who had succeeded in obtaining some kind of afternoon and night work which permitted them to attend college. She knew that hundreds, yes thousands, of immigrant girls, inspired with an ambition like her own, were getting a college or business education with the aid of means such as these. But such deliverance was not for her!

That it might not be a pain to Rebecca, Anna tried to repress her own joy over the fact that her term in the sweat-shop was slowly drawing to its close. It was time, too, that Anna was gaining this release, for the feverish effort of keeping pace with the whizzing machine, her bread-and-tea diet, were telling on her fragile frame: she was growing pale and thin and very weary-looking. But for all that, the eager fire in her dark eyes burned as bright as ever.

A second year passed in the whirring shop where hands flew and eyes strained and bent backs ached with dull agony unknown to the backs for whom the beautiful waists were made—and Anna walked out of Leibowitz's for the last time. At last there was sufficient money in the bank to carry her through college. After Anna's going, Rebecca grew more and more discouraged. Her dream seemed farther away than ever—seemed to pass utterly out of her life. She saw for herself only one future: that she would keep on working in this grimy shop forever, guiding endless waists, too good for her to wear, beneath the tireless needle; she saw herself growing bent and thin and toil-deadened, perhaps coarse and stupid like other girls in the shop to whom opportunity had likewise been denied. Yes, after all her glorious dreams, she was to become just a human attachment to a sewing-machine!



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VICK'S MAGAZINE

ANNOUNCES ITS ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION OF

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DON'T miss this grand opportunity to secure a choice collection of the finest plants and flower seeds free with VICK'S MAGAZINE—that famous household journal founded in 1878 by James Vick, the pioneer seedsman of America.

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6 ROSE BUSHES FREE Our selection of rose bushes this year has been made with the greatest care. We give six choice, hardy varieties with each subscription, one bush each of the following varieties: **Bridesmaid**, the best popular pink tea rose, bright pink, free flowering, easily grown. **Yellow Maman Cochet**, blooms very large, perfectly double, sulphur yellow, splendid form and freely produced. **The Bride**, the largest white rose, delicate creamy white, very double, and from three to four inches in diameter, undoubtedly the finest ever blooming rose ever offered to the public. **Frieherr Von Marschall**, profuse bloomer, one of the richest bright red roses ever grown. **Bessie Brown** (Hybrid Tea), very large, double, fragrant, creamy white with a beautiful shade of pale tender flesh resembling gloss silk. **Philadelphia Rambler**, blooms larger, deeper red, and more double and in every way more desirable than the **Crimson Rambler**. All of these roses will bloom this year.

6 CARNATIONS FREE Carnations are next to roses in popularity. With each subscription we give six fine plants of the following unsurpassed varieties: **Boston Market**, exceptionally fine ivory white variety. **G. H. Crane**, regarded by many as the finest scarlet carnation. **Mrs. Francis Joost**, color a soft shade of pink, A-No.-1 in every respect. **Enchantress**, the grandest of recent introduction, a leader in its color, an exquisitely delicate shade of shell pink deepening toward the center. **Harlowarden**, color bright crimson; size, the largest crimson carnation ever offered, averaging three and a half inches in diameter. **Prosperity**, this is the largest carnation of any color ever offered. Color white, overlaid with pink reminding one of the beautiful tints seen in Azaleas.

6 CHRYSANTHEMUMS FREE The Chrysanthemum is a rare flower, the finest of the fall bloomers, the flower most in evidence at all flower shows. With each subscription we give six sturdy plants of the following varieties: **Black Hawk**, dark velvety crimson (President Roosevelt's favorite variety). **Col. D. Appleton**, very large deep golden yellow, flower of fine finish. **Dr. Enguehard**, a true pink without the least trace of purple, awarded highest honors wherever exhibited. **Glory of the Pacific**, an extra early pink, in shape for cutting in October. **Monrovia**, a pleasing shade of deep yellow, one of the very earliest bloomers. **Timothy Eaton**, purest white, one of the largest of the Japanese incurved type and winner of every prize for which it was ever entered.

10 LARGE PACKETS OF FLOWER SEEDS Our selection of varieties for this collection has been made with the greatest care. Here are seeds for a large and beautiful flower garden. With each subscription we give the following ten large (absolutely full sized) packets. Sweet Peas, Nasturtiums, Asters, Pansies, Verbenas, Cosmos, Poppy, Zinnias, Salvia and Alyssum. ¶ Remember the above are all of the VICK quality. Do not confuse these splendid plants and guaranteed seeds with the inferior or worthless kinds sometimes offered. Your order if sent now will bring you the choicest plants and seeds possible to obtain.

OFFER No. 1. For 50c. we will send you VICK'S MAGAZINE for one year and the 6 Rose Bushes.

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OFFER No. 3. For 50c. we will send you VICK'S MAGAZINE for one year and the 6 Chrysanthemum Plants.

OFFER No. 4. For 50c. we will send you VICK'S MAGAZINE for one year and the 10 Packets of Flower Seeds.

OFFER No. 5. For \$1.00 we will send you VICK'S MAGAZINE for two years and the 6 Rosebushes, the 6 Carnation Plants and the 10 Packets of Flower Seeds. We believe this to be the biggest, best and most satisfactory offer of the kind ever made. Better send your order today and make sure. If the supply is exhausted before your order is received we will promptly return your money. Order by number only. Just fill in the coupon and mail us with the proper amount, coin, stamps or currency. A dollar bill may be mailed at our risk.

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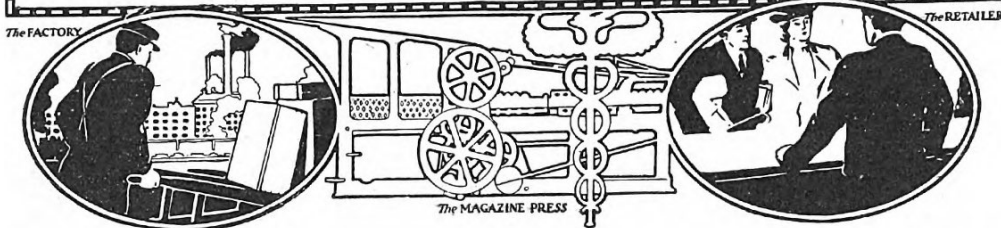
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The Gospel of Paint



THE Gospel of Paint as we know it to-day is distinctly an American development of the past decade or two. There is no room here to tell how paints, white lead, varnishes, stains, enamels and kindred products have been improved by the manufacturers who prepare them in modern factories, with scientific tests of materials. Let any reader who wishes to follow those details write to the big American paint houses for information.

It is through the general magazines, with their national distribution, that this Gospel of Paint has been effectively preached. Both the advocates of mixed paint and of white lead and oil have been regularly using the magazine pulpit. The mixed-paint makers advertised their paints to the public, pointing out their convenience and excellence, while the white lead manufacturers laid stress on the merit of hand mixing of oil and white lead, and indicated methods of testing paint. Booklets were published to give people information about paint—how to apply it, where quality lies, how to make painting durable and economical. To-day most paint and white lead concerns help house-owners with color-schemes, help the house-painter or architect with tests, specifications, advice.

This Gospel of Paint, as it has been preached in magazine advertising, has wrought wonders in this country. In sections where paint was seldom used it is now a matter of course.

In sections where it was generally used in the old days the uses have been greatly extended. Paint brightens homes and lives. It is in many ways the cheapest decorative material. It saves property by preserving materials and fittings. The lightening of woman's work has been perhaps best of all—for paint gives better sanitary conditions and saves an enormous amount of cleaning.

In the old days a few merchants could supply all the paint materials necessary for the annual or semi-annual painting season and the field was limited generally to the paint necessary for the exterior of house and barns. Now the economy and satisfaction in the touch of varnish here, mixed paint there, a little gilding or some enamel work in another place, have been so convincingly taught by the manufacturers of these various products that the field of the retail dealer has been greatly widened. And the painter, too, though not always called in for the little jobs, still reaps the benefit because the people have developed a taste for well-kept property and he still gets the big jobs and more of them.

What magazine advertising back of the finest products can accomplish in such an industry is shown by a few Census figures. Our paint business now approximates a hundred million dollars yearly. Each family in the United States uses an equivalent of a gallon and a half of paint yearly. The number of manufacturers has doubled since 1880, and their output trebled.

The Quoin Club T L T L T 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

The Quoin Club

111 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



Grand Prize Contest

An Unlimited Number of Prizes will be distributed among those who make a copy of this picture. If our Art Director decides that your copy is even 40 per cent. as good as the original, it will win an illustrated magazine **FREE OF CHARGE FOR SIX MONTHS**, showing the work of the most prominent artists of the country. **No Money Required to Win a Prize**—It will not cost you a cent to enter this contest. Sit right down now and copy this picture with either pencil or pen and ink. See how well you can do it. If you are a prize winner it will prove you have talent for drawing.

Copy This Picture and Win a Prize

Thousands of people now earning small pay have illustrating ability, but do not know it. If you will send your drawing to-day, we will tell you whether you possess this talent. If your drawing is even 40 per cent. as good as the original, you have this natural ability, and we can start you on the road to a comfortable and independent living, with pleasant, steady and profitable employment.

Correspondence Institute of America, Dept. 232 Scranton, Pa.

INVESTORS

We investigate every advertiser using the financial columns. That the advertisement has been inserted is assurance that we have been convinced as to the reliability and responsibility of the advertiser.

The Success Company

Publishers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE

Almost every evening Anna would come in for a few minutes, during which she would talk eagerly to Rebecca about college; and after this she would go off to her bare little room at the back of a high tenement, huddle into bed (her money was too precious to be spent on heat) and study and read till midnight. She still looked worn and thin, and Rebecca urged her to take care of herself; but she merely laughed and said that now that her work was nothing but pleasure, she'd soon be as strong as any one could wish to be.

There came a week of cold, wet, autumn days, and then for two evenings Anna did not appear. On the third evening Rebecca went to her room, found Anna in bed, found an oil-stove striving to heat the damp little space, found a young doctor just leaving. To Rebecca's alarmed question Anna answered with a faint smile: "Don't worry, Rebecca, dear. It's nothing but the grip. I'll be out in a day."

She was. When Rebecca called the next evening the little room was empty. Anna's landlady, a fish-peddler, said that the young doctor had had her removed to a hospital where till recently he had been an intern. At the hospital Rebecca was told that Anna's illness was pneumonia, but that she could not be admitted to see Anna till next visitors' day.

Every morning, before she went to the shop, Rebecca left at the hospital a single flower and a note of love, and every evening before she went home she carried there another flower and another note. Constantly an awful fear shivered through her. Suppose that after all Anna's struggle—suppose now, with the goal won, that the effort of winning had—but Rebecca had frantically fought off the dreadful thought.

When Rebecca was led into the long, high, bright ward with its score of white beds, when she looked down upon Anna's white, wasted face, drawn with an agony that was not physical, a great sob choked her, then broke forth. Anna's weak hand crept across the counterpane but her eyes did not open.

"Rebecca," she whispered.

"Yes," said Rebecca.

She was silent for several moments, while her white face twitched. Then her voice came forth, a low moan.

"Oh, Rebecca!"

"Yes—what is it, dear?" said Rebecca.

The face tightened, tears crept from the closed eyes; then the lids fluttered open and the dark eyes stared up with an infinity of despair.

A moment passed. She swallowed.

"Oh, nothing," she said. Then slowly into her face came a smile—a smile full of love—and she drew Rebecca's hand against her cheek.

"You've been—so good, little sister. Some day you'll let me—pay you back—won't you?"

And Rebecca, not understanding, merely to soothe her, answered, "Yes—dear."

Three days later Anna was buried—buried in the cheapest coffin, buried in the grave of a pauper. Even amid her grief Rebecca was surprised by the poverty of the funeral, for Anna, in her eyes, was rich. She spoke about it to the young doctor who had charge of the last arrangement. "It is as she wished," he said.

That night the young doctor called at Rebecca's home. "Before she died, Miss Shapiro asked me to give you this;" and he handed Rebecca an envelope and went out.

Within were the following words, in a weak, wavering, pencil scrawl:

If the dead can feel, it will be an endless joy to me to know that I have helped your dream come true. So take this, my dear, dear Rebecca, and with it my love. ANNA.

With the note were Anna's three years' savings.

The Last Step from the Ghetto into America

And finally, after long years, Rebecca's dream did come true: a home bright and airy, with a few books and a few pictures (there would be more some day)—Joseph a student, Israel a lawyer's clerk and himself studying law in a night school—her parents comfortable, without the worry of relentless poverty, looking upon America as their own.

And yet, though the dream had come true, a new dream had grown up out of the old—a dream passing beyond family and home—a dream that was hardly defined into a conscious purpose: just a warm, throbbing desire to live close to her sister immigrants, to help on into "America" little foreigners such as she had been but nine or ten years before, to pass on and on to others what she had gained, to make Anna's money somehow do over and over for others what it had done for her.



Breakfast Table-Talk

A "LOW-BROW" who in some manner had gained admission to the inner circle of a well-known literary organization in Boston was busily engaged in conversation with a charming girl from Beacon Street, when suddenly she asked him:

"Do you like 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table?'"

"I don't know that I ever tried it," responded the rank outsider cheerily. "To tell the truth, I'm not much of a hand for breakfast-foods of any kind."