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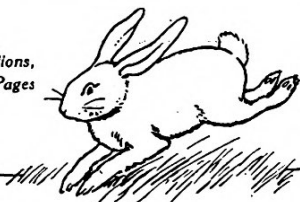
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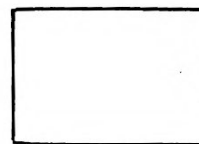
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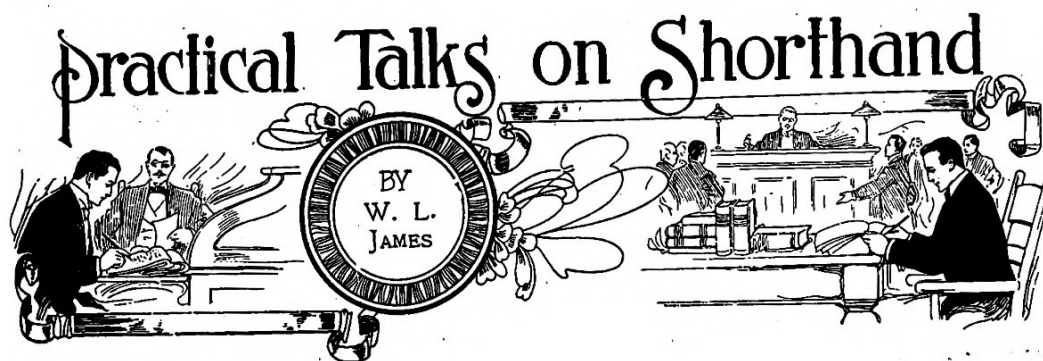
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SUCCESS, 3-09

The EDITOR'S OUTLOOK

SUCCESS MAGAZINE is not interested in partisan politics.

It is interested in the great problems of economic and social progress which now confront this country. Among the problems which

will come up for consideration in the 61st Congress are the following: The revision of the tariff; the development of national waterways; the conservation of forests and of our rapidly diminishing mineral wealth; the national defense; the proper regulation of interstate corporations; the shipping of liquors into prohibition States; child labor; postal savings-banks; parcels post (with proper protection of the storekeeper); an adequate and efficient census; employers' liability.

All of these items of progressive and intelligent legislation have been, to date, consistently blocked by the five-man oligarchy which rules the national House of Representatives. Some of the most important members of this oligarchy are the identical men who attempted to block pure food legislation and who have consistently opposed about all the really progressive measures that have been before the House.

This oligarchy is composed of Speaker Cannon, and two other members of the Committee on Rules—Dalzell of Pennsylvania, and Sherman, of New York—together with Payne, of New York, Chairman of Committee on Ways and Means, and Tawney, of Minnesota, Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations.

These five men arbitrarily dictate what legislation shall be considered by a body of 391 duly elected representatives of the people of the United States. The machinery of legislation is in their hands. They hold their amazing power by dispensing committee chairmanships and apportioning among the members the expenditures of public moneys, or "pork."

It is easy to see the difficulties which confront any member who has the courage to attack this oligarchy. Nevertheless, a strong body of "insurgents" has begun to make itself felt under the leadership of Murdock of Kansas, Gardner of Massachusetts, Cooper and Esch of Wisconsin, Hepburn of Iowa, and others. The demands of these "insurgents" may be briefly stated as follows:

1. That the Committee on Rules, now appointed by the Speaker, which arbitrarily determines what legislation shall be considered by the House, be supplanted by a genuinely representative committee made up of members from geographical groups of States.
2. That this popularly elected Committee on Rules shall select the chairmen and members of the standing committees of the House, which frame legislation.
3. That on one day of each week open discussion of any important measures on the calendar may be obtained by right and not by favor of the Speaker.

In short, these "insurgents" by striking directly at the oligarchical control of the House, and by attempting to put an end to the farce of debates and discussions under the sole direction of the Speaker, appear to be voicing the widespread popular demand that

READ THIS STATEMENT, THEN READ "THE BARNACLES ON THE SHIP OF STATE" ON PAGE 148, THEN READ THIS AGAIN —AND ACT!

the House of Representatives be made *really* representative and responsive to the will of the people.

Do you think that such a movement as these "insurgents" have undertaken is worth supporting?

If you do, there is a simple way in which you can help them. That they need help may be inferred from the statement that they number only about thirty Republicans out of the 391 members of the House.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE has no desire to influence the purely political opinions of its readers, but it firmly believes that the time has come when the citizens of this country should make themselves felt more directly in national legislation.

The 61st Congress is to be convened in special session directly after the new Administration enters upon its duties. It is generally understood that Mr. Cannon, the present head of the oligarchy, is to be reelected as Speaker. Only the most vigorous public protest can arouse the House to a point that would insure his defeat. His reelection is indeed probable, but even if the attempt to replace him with a more progressive and representative man should fail, it is quite possible by a well-timed protest so to encourage the "insurgents" and the many other members who have not yet definitely allied themselves with the opposition, as to materially weaken the Speaker's almost autocratic power. Is it not your *duty* to help in this effort?

It is suggested that you, who read this, write at once to your own Congressman at least, and, if possible, to the other Congressman of your State, whether Republican or Democratic, stating your sentiments for or against Mr. Cannon's reelection as Speaker, and also for or against the appointment of all committees by the House instead of by the Speaker.

It is quite possible that Democratic votes may be fully as potent as Republican in determining the election of the Speaker.

Perhaps you would like to do this but hesitate for fear that your letter will have no weight. This attitude is a mistaken one. If 50,000 letters are written during the next two weeks, rushed forward to Washington, all individually written and voicing an aroused public opinion—consider the effect of such "instructions" on the minds of the three hundred and ninety-one men who must some day return and face you in their home districts. And, if each of the same 50,000 active citizens will follow up his letter with a telegram on the 4th of March next, the result may quite possibly be to change American legislative history from the backwaters of "pork" and patronage, into the channels of progress.

It is not essential that you should be in accord with the views here suggested. The important thing is that your voice, as a citizen, either for or against the present régime, be heard at this critical time in our national development.

Write your Congressman, therefore, giving your attitude in a few plain sentences, and follow up your letter on March 4th with a telegram.

A Few Letters

The "Break-up of the Parties" continues to arouse controversy. The following selections from this correspondence seem to give a fairly accurate impression of the comments and of the relative proportion of "pros" and "cons."

PENNSYLVANIA.

"They clung to their Privileges in despite of every warning, and at last they hanged John Brown."—Charles Edward Russell, in February SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

There is no United States historian, I believe, who is frank enough to record the fact that the first man killed by John Brown's band was the faithful negro who refused to give up the keys entrusted to him; but all United States histories that I have seen do set forth, in a more or less prejudiced way, that John Brown incited insurrection, committed murder, was captured by United States troops, tried fairly in an open court, in a State whose courts were surpassed by none, ably defended, found guilty, and hanged according to law.

Wouldn't it have been rather remarkable if, instead of finding Brown guilty of the crime he confessed, the court had acquitted him, and in accordance with the sentiment of his Northern sympathizers, sent him out with a laurel wreath for his efforts to arm slaves in order that they might slay their masters?

Don't you honestly think that Civil War notions are too far in the dim distance for the perpetuation of this old idea that John Brown was mobbed by blind, passionate Southern lynchers because in his kind heart he wanted to free the slaves?

I write as a Southerner of the new generation.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:—I beg leave to say that I am immensely pleased with the article in your January SUCCESS MAGAZINE, "The Break-up of the Parties." Any one who stops to think and read between the lines can not but conclude that Mr. Russell is right in his prophecies.

**A G. A. R.
Republican Thinks
Russell is Right**

Young men of tender years must not judge Mr. Russell. He is dealing with matter that time alone has had to do.

I am particularly pleased that he holds the tariff responsible for the downfall of the Republican Party. I agree with him that the Republican Party had its great and glorious beginning and that the tariff has had the effect of putting the country on its feet. But the tariff is like the Irishman's dose of pills, if one was good, the box will be better.

"Illinois" says that the wealth of our country in 1860 was sixteen billions while in 1908 it is one hundred and twenty-three billions. Granted. But here let me ask who owns it? How much of it is owned by the earner? Has he been a spendthrift, or has he been robbed? The laborer must work. The poorer he is, the more submissive to take what he can get; and it is this system of slavery against which intelligent American labor will protest. It already

sees the right, and when it can find the way the shackles will drop, as they did from the black man, thus bringing about the death of "privilege."

"Let us not worry." The whole of the people will not be fooled all the time.

VERMONT.

The two pages in the February number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, taken possession of by its readers, are certainly very interesting reading. And I feel just like "hurrahing" for that noble defender of the G. O. P. from Illinois, and for an increase of "salary" for the Country Preacher.

I think Mr. Russell is just a little hasty if he thinks the party now in power is going to be thrown out very soon, because I can see nothing in its past history, nor in the present conditions of the nation, that indicates any such calamity.

ARIZONA.

I would like to give one illustration in support of Mr. Russell's articles which shows the breakdown of the straight party vote.

Here is the way the election in November went in Coconino County, Arizona:

Delegate to Congress, Rep.; Member Territorial Council, Rep.; Member Territorial Assembly, Dem.; Recorder, Dem.; Probate Judge, Rep.; Dist. Atty., Rep.; County Treasurer, Rep.; Supervisor (1), Dem.; Supervisor (2), Rep.; Supt. of Schools, Dem.; Justice of Peace, Dem.

One year out here a county goes one way and then the next election reverses itself. It is generally, now, a case of the best man winning regardless of which ticket he is on.

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SUCCESS MAGAZINE

VOL. XII

NEW YORK MARCH 1909

NO. 178

The Vegetable Factories of Paris

By Ernest Poole

WASTEFUL young America uses the vacant lots of her city suburbs for patent medicine signs and old tin cans. Wise, frugal, old France uses them to supply her cities with fresh green food. Mr. Poole has been investigating these market gardens of Paris and he describes one for us here. It is a marvel of intensive cultivation. Its soil, its heat, and its rain, are artificial; and it is built by the gardener; he takes it with him when he moves. As our cities grow and multiply, we shall find it more and more necessary to imitate these Paris vegetable factories.

IN the city of Paris, each evening as the midnight hour draws near, as the gay tens of thousands pour out of the theaters into the boulevards, suddenly filling long lines of cafés, crowding the endless rows of small tables outside, flooding the pavements, packing the tops of the buses, rattling by in open cabs or speeding away in automobiles; when the very air is alive with lights, with the flashing smiles and the eyes of the daughters of Eve, with the throb of the café music, a hubbub of voices and laughter and snatches of song, the calls of street vendors, the shouts of irascible cabbies and toots and blares from the motor cars; when, in short, the *garçon* is taking his orders and the world seems one huge joke—

What Paris Has in the Pantry

In striking contrast to all this mad, merry chaos—right through the midst of it all, crossing the boulevards, crossing the bridges and squares, or winding through narrow old streets, you may see the beginnings of long processions of peasant carts, enormous two-wheeled carts heaped high with cabbages, spinach, and salads, cauliflower, great black radishes, beets, and squash, and a host of other good things, according to the season, all piled in sober and decorous fashion, as though in mute disapproval of the frivolity round them. Stolidly, with unseeing eyes, the stout Norman horse plods on before. And the driver dozes or blinks from his seat, which looks like a cave, overhung with green. These are the nightly processions of the Food Makers, winding their way toward the great central market.

Long before daylight the market halls and the streets for

blocks around are massed with provisions of every known kind, with meats and fish and lobsters and crabs, with flowers and

fruits and vegetables, sent from all four corners of the earth, that Paris may dine on the morrow.

But it is our purpose here to describe only one branch of this delectable industry, the work of the men on the two-wheeled carts, whose gardens, clustering close round the city, are among the most marvelous scenes in that never-ending drama—man's slow, patient mastery of our sensational Mother Earth.

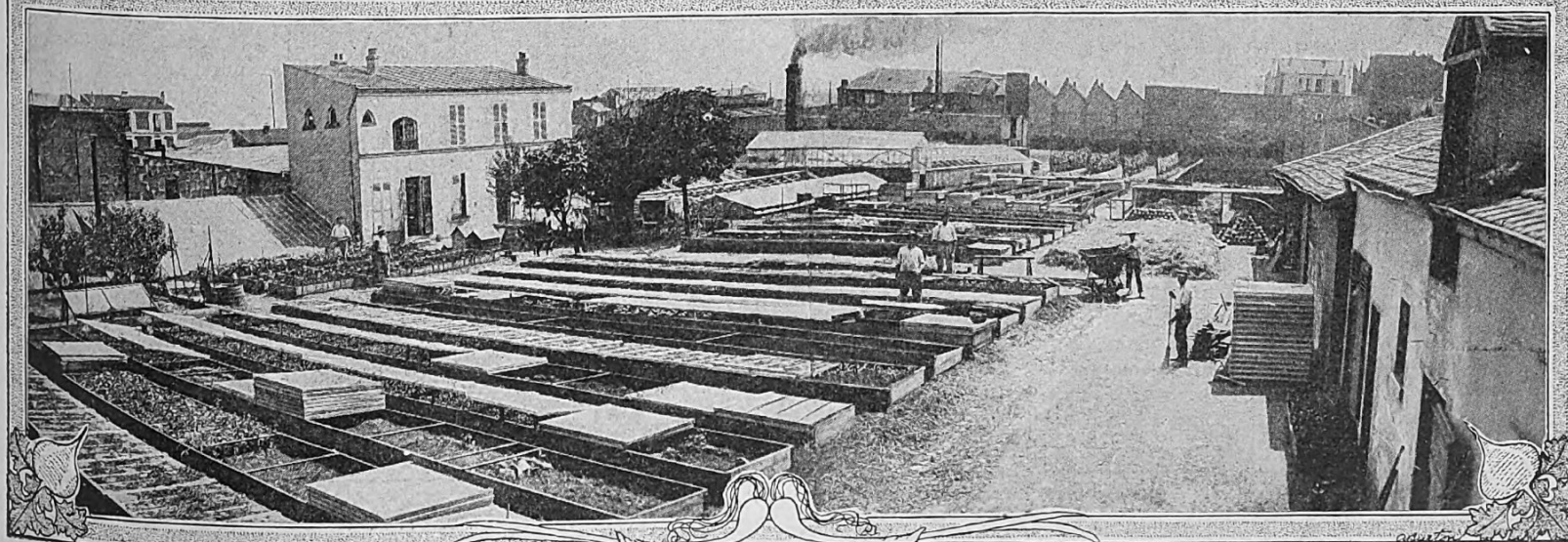
To give a concrete impression of the tiny size of these gardens, the prodigious expense and labor involved in their cultivation, and the almost miraculous results obtained—here is one example:

In a garden which covered only a little over two and one-half acres, nearly six thousand dollars had been spent on equipment. In addition, five hundred dollars went each year for rent and taxes, another five hundred for a fresh supply of manure, and several hundred more were expended on lesser items. During one season of over six months, eight men and women labored here, working almost every day from three or four o'clock in the morning until eight or nine o'clock at night.

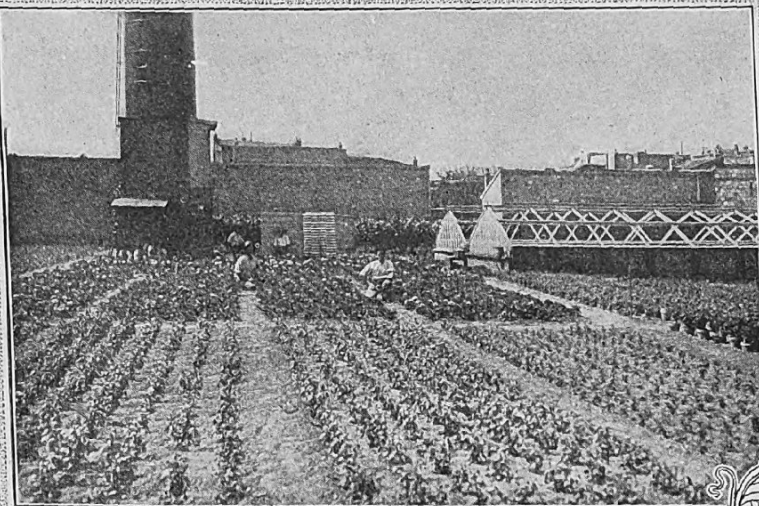
What Two and One-half Acres Can Do

A bare list of all the produce that came in one year from this small plot would take at least two pages. I can give here only the principal items:

Over 20,000 pounds of carrots; over 20,000 pounds of onions, radishes, and other vegetables sold by weight; 6,000 heads of cabbage; 3,000 heads of cauliflower; 5,000 baskets of



A Typical "Vegetable Factory" in One of the Nearby Suburbs of Paris



A reservoir of hot water is an adjunct to the vegetable garden



Celery cultivation in a garden at Argenteuil

tomatoes; 5,000 dozen of fruit; 154,000 heads of salad. A total of over two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of vegetables. And more than half of this amount was marketed months in advance of the season, in the winter and early spring!

A miracle indeed—the Gardens of the Hesperides brought up to date—for the instance which I have given is no exceptional case. In the reports I have read, and in my own excursions about Paris, I have found scores of gardens where the same astounding results are attained.

Agriculture in a Great City

There are now some twelve hundred gardens of this kind—*Jardins maraichers*, they are called—where now intensive culture is practised in the environs of Paris. All are within a radius of six miles; most are less than a mile from the city; some are even inside the fortifications. They are small, ranging from four acres down to a fraction of one.

And on these tiny plots of ground the system has been slowly worked out by the ceaseless labor of three generations. As yet, the laboratory of the chemist has done little or nothing here. No newly discovered principles are employed. The system is easily intelligible, for the men who have developed it in the last seventy years have been plain gardeners, illiterate folk, most of them, who have met their every-day problems by common sense and rule of thumb—with tremendous patience indeed, but along lines which any man may follow.

The garden of Eugène Autin will well repay a visit from any American touring abroad. It is easy of access, lying but a mile outside the famous *Quartier Latin*, at 127 Route de Châtillon. The master was away, but I found Madame Autin a most hospitable creature, leaving the press of work for over an hour to show me through every square foot of the place.

A Garden of Three Generations

Her grandfather, she said, had been one of the first *maraichers*, his garden located just on the spot where the Eiffel Tower stands. Since then, with the growth of the city, the gardens had moved further out. She represented the third generation, and her ten-year-old daughter, who kept close beside us, the

fourth. This dark-faced, slender mite was already one of the workers, a proud one, eagerly interrupting her mother from time to time. And Madame herself was the partner as well as the wife. Her accurate knowledge of every detail, the orders she gave now and then to the three laborers at work, the very lines of her face and the look of her eyes—all made it quite plain. She was one of those sturdy, wholesome types of whom there are hundreds of thousands in Paris, people who are up with the sun and go early to bed, leaving American tourists to rush about town all evening or all night, and so form black opinions of the decadence, the utter lack of moral fiber, of every man, woman, or child who lives in "gay Paree."

The Long, Hard Day

Her men worked, in summer, she told me, from three in the morning till eight or nine at night. In winter "it was easier"—only from five in the morning until six at night. She herself drove the big cart to market, starting out at one A.M. and getting back at eight. She slept every day from noon until three.

"But this is not the great season," she added. "From March until August—that is the time! One forgets about sleeping then!"

It is this industry, combined with endless thrift and attention to smallest detail, that has made the Paris gardens.

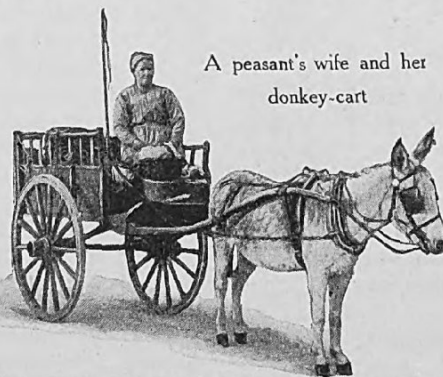
That and organization. The *maraichers* long ago formed a society through which, by means of books and pamphlets and conferences, the knowledge of one is opened to all.

"Briefly," as an English writer puts it, "the French system consists in nothing more than making the utmost use of the fertilization of the soil by manuring, of the natural heat of the sun intensified by glass covering (which also affords shelter to the

growing plants), and of the artificial heat, already familiarly employed by every gardener, which is produced in the process of oxidation in decomposing manure.

Richness of soil, shelter, warmth, and plenty of moisture—there is nothing new to horticulture in any of these things; nor, except in degree and in the elaboration with which the fertilizing system has been worked out, is there anything newer

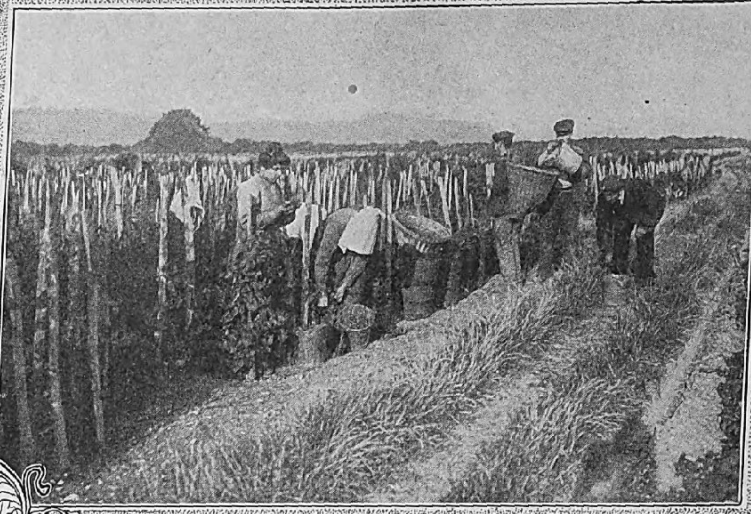
A peasant's wife and her donkey-cart



Loading grapes at Argenteuil



The cultivation of beets.



Picking grapes near Paris

in the means or appliances by which the ends are attained."

To begin with the climate. It is favorable, but not nearly so favorable as in many other parts of Europe. The achievements of the *maraichers* could be repeated in almost any country. Already the British gardeners have begun to awaken to this fact. Gardens on the French system are now being operated with continually increasing success in the counties of Kent, Berkshire, and Essex, some of them even located in bleak and open regions unprotected from the winds. And not only have these gardens produced crops three times the size of the crops in the common truck gardens around them, but they have also produced them weeks ahead of the regular English season.

The secret is simply this. The French *maraichers* have *manufactured a climate to suit them*. As one observer has said, "They have moved the climate of Monte Carlo up to the suburbs of Paris."

Some new prodigy of modern science, this? Not at all. Only enormous expense in money and in time. The gardens, whenever possible, are placed on land with a slope to the south, and are well protected by walls on the north and east, walls built to reflect light as well as to give protection from the northeast winds.

A Field of Bells

The ground is practically covered with glass, not as in a greenhouse, but by glass frames in the open, "three-light" frames of uniform size, twelve feet by four and a half; and also by glass bells. These, too, are of a uniform size, about the shape of a chapel bell, a little less than seventeen inches in diameter and from fourteen to fifteen inches high. The French call them *cloches*. You may often see over a thousand frames and over ten thousand glass bells in one two-acre plot in the suburbs of Paris.

A more recent innovation is the employment of hot-water pipes run under the soil, making of the earth a veritable steam-heated hotel, with this essential difference, that the hotel-keeper here is desperately eager, not to keep his guests, but to persuade them to leave on the earliest possible day.

Although these pipes are used as yet only by a small number of gardens, as they seem to be slowly increasing, it

may be assumed that their use has been found advantageous. But of all the earth-heaters, the one that is old and familiar to all is still the main one here. This is stable manure.

It is natural to suppose that what attracts market gardening to the great centers of population is the market. And this is of course true to a large extent. But there are hundreds of the Paris *maraichers*, within the city limits, who send the whole of their produce to London and other foreign centers. What chiefly attracts them to this region of Paris is the chance to obtain vast quantities of stable manure at a low price. And this is used, not mainly for enriching the soil—one-quarter of the amount employed would suffice for that purpose—but for keeping the soil at a fixed degree of heat. The earliest winter salads pay best; and to grow early produce, not only the air, but the soil as well, must be warmed; and this is done by the use of immense quantities of manure, which makes heat by its fermentation.

Selling the Extra Soil

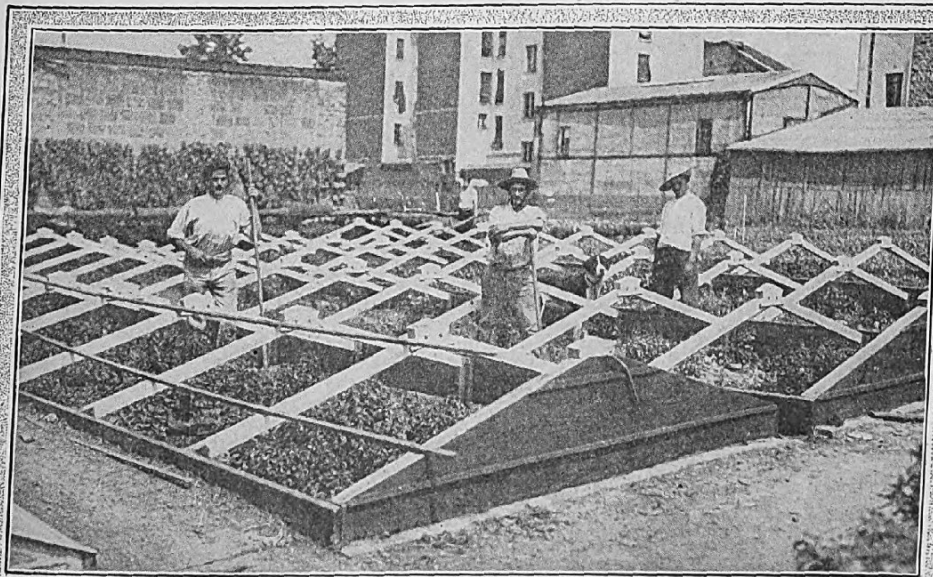
Suppose that a gardener has a plot of "raw" ground to be put under cultivation. How does he go about it? First, the entire surface is covered with stable manure, mixed old and new, in such huge quantities that even when pressed down it makes a bed nearly a foot in depth. On top of this he spreads a second layer, about six inches deep, of the richest soil, which is also mixed with manure. So the ground has now an artificial surface of from fifteen to eighteen inches deep. It is all one hotbed.

And not only warm. The loam thus made becomes in time *too rich*. Almost every year the *maraichers* takes off the top layer, replacing it with new earth and manure, and the old rich loam is either used in making new beds in his own garden or else is sold at a high price. I read in one report of a three-acre plot where more than two hundred and fifty cubic yards of old loam was sold each year.

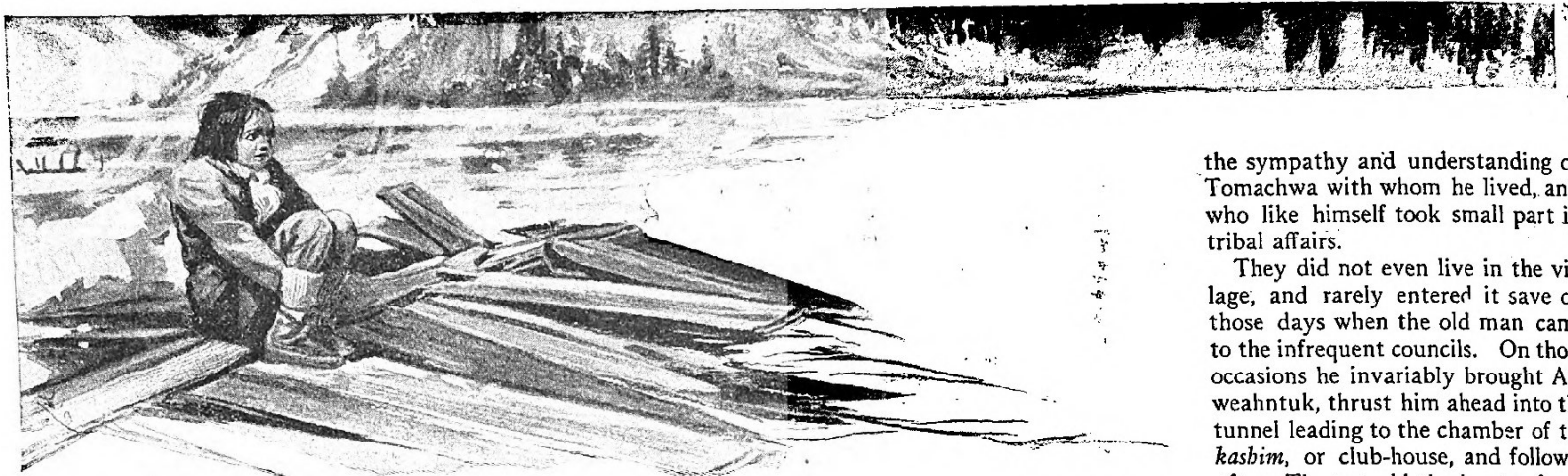
With such treatment, the primitive condition of old Mother Earth is practically of no account. In the gardens which I visited, threading my way along nine-inch paths, the garden rose almost to my knees on either side—quite artificial beds of earth. With a very slight pressure I could force my cane down a foot or more, and then it struck as though against a rock.

This "rock" is what the landlord owns. And so far
[Continued on page 108]

A vegetable vendor and her wares



Hothouses play an important part in the forcing of the plants



THE BRAVE DEAD

BY ROY NORTON

FATHER YUKON, unleashing himself from the winter's

Illustrations by H.C. EDWARDS

thrall and anxious to run freely to the sea, had burst his bonds and was noisily driving the vanquished army of ice blocks before him. Spring, with the long days, the cries of the wild fowl, and the run of the fish was at hand, and the village was happy. From the roofs of the *igloos* the snow had gone and great bare patches showed on the farthest hills across the mighty stream.

With the heavier furs of winter cast aside for the lighter *parkas* of milder weather, the Indians ran to and fro on the beach, mending old canoes, or fashioning great sheets of birch bark into new ones. In front of the *igloos* where the returning sun cast warm spots, the children played and the squaws wove crude baskets or renovated fishing gear. Warmth and relief from winter were on the land, and all was waiting in expectancy.

A boy's voice, in high-pitched, excited gutturals, broke the trend of work, and the squaws, the children, and finally the men on the beach looked to where he pointed with excited little gestures, and then as if directed by one impulse all ran to the water's edge.

From far up above where the river writhed its way around a bend, and well out in the current hundreds of yards from the shore, there floated amidst the ice and drift a great piece of wreckage, evidently the roof of a cabin. Seated on it in silent state was a figure which proved to be a tiny boy. He sat as if the stoicism of heredity were upon him, and by neither movement nor shout made appeal for help. A turn of the drifting flocs swung him nearer to the shore, but still he made no outcry. Indeed, he seemed the least excited of all, for on the bank the natives were now running to and fro in helplessness.

It was like throwing life away to brave the teeth of the Yukon in a craft which could be perforated by a single spear of ice. The dogs of the village, infected with the excitement, sent a chorus of howls out over the waters, and still the little voyager drifted calmly away toward doom.

From the clearing back of the village another native came and made his way toward the beach, kicking aside the dogs and grimly looking at the others of the tribe.

"Ah," they said, "it is Tomachwa!" calling his name.

Tomachwa showed no hesitancy. He seized a freshly gummed canoe and shoved it into the water which skirled and twisted beneath. He stepped cautiously into it, gave a thrust, and seized his paddle. Old and gnarled as he was there

was still sturdiness in the long arms that swung the blade. He worked slowly out and along open stretches, or bent furiously to his work when shooting away between leads in the grinding blocks. Now and again he lost time circumnavigating some floating tree with its bobbing tangle of limbs, but always he made his way through the braided waters toward the piece of flotsam on which sat the boy. With patient persistence he gained the edge and beckoned. Whatever he might have shouted would have been lost in that turmoil of sound. The little heap showed animation, weakly arose, tottered rather than walked to the canoe, and fell into it.

Tomachwa lost no time but with a great pull of his paddle sent his craft out into a clear spot and fought his way toward the shore. It was a repetition of struggle, although he had farther to go, having been carried down stream. Beads of perspiration stood on his face as the canoe, inch by inch, shuddered its way upward against the flood and out through a gap to where the anxious villagers stood.

Many arms stretched out to take the waif, but with a snarl Tomachwa waved them back, gathered the boy in a tight embrace, and clambered up the beach. The child showed his preference in the issue by looking the natives over with steadily searching black eyes and then turning with a snuggling movement against the grim old face of his rescuer. And that was the coming of Ahweahntuk, "Child of the Waters," among them.

None could form a guess whence he came. It was sufficient to them that he must have floated from far up the river—perhaps close by the rapmarts, through which it seemed impossible for anything in raft form to have passed. That he was of another tribe was sure because he knew nothing of their tongue. That he was from some place within white man's influence could not be doubted, else, why the roof of a cabin? And so for many months, while the summer came with all its activities, they wondered, with curiosity growing daily less keen, and finally accepted him as a fact.

He was an odd sort of little man when he came to them; almost as silent as the stern old hunter who had saved him. No one ever saw him grieve, and rarely did he smile. It seemed almost as if the terror of the river which had torn him from his former life had enwrapped him in gloom and made him preternaturally old. From the day of his coming he had the gravity of manhood, although one would hazard seven years as his uttermost age. Grieve he probably did, but always in silence; and always he had

the sympathy and understanding of Tomachwa with whom he lived, and who like himself took small part in tribal affairs.

They did not even live in the village, and rarely entered it save on those days when the old man came to the infrequent councils. On those occasions he invariably brought Ahweahntuk, thrust him ahead into the tunnel leading to the chamber of the *kashim*, or club-house, and followed after. Then would the hunter frown at those around and make his way to the seats of the sagas, while Ahweahntuk would settle silently down between his protector's mocased feet. The council over, they would, without courtesy to the others, pass the glaring fire-hole in the center of the *kashim* and down through the tunnel and out into the night.

The cause of the veteran hunter's isolation was so far back that it was but legendary. It had to do with a breach of tribal etiquette wherein he, in the impetuous flame of youth, had stolen the daughter of a northern *tyune* almost from the arms of her betrothed and brought her to his own *igloo* despite the protests of all save the girl herself. His tribe had socially repudiated his wife, and he in turn retaliated by declining all social intercourse with them. It may be too that he was embittered by her passing away childless to the Land of the Silent Mountains. That he was heart hungry was shown by his adoption of Ahweahntuk. The tribe disliked Tomachwa and feared him; but for many sleeps up and down the great river he was renowned as a mighty hunter. The village might ostracize him but it could not dispute his prowess, nor his prosperity. It might not forgive him for refusing to share in communism his gain, but it could not avoid envying him when the trader made his annual trip. So the gossips shook their heads when Ahweahntuk was taken, and said, "Tomachwa only wants the boy because he fears there will be none to sacrifice for his spirit when he goes, and there comes the yearly feast of the dead. And well he may, for we should leave him to die of destitution with the forgotten shades." But none knew that in the isolated *igloo*, when the seal lamps were alight at night, the haughty ancient of the tribe would gather to him and cuddle the boy and thank the Great Spirit for his gift.

Twice again the Yukon alternated icy wastes with lazy summer murmurings, and in these two years Ahweahntuk learned much of hunter's lore, imparted to him by the master of the craft. Twice had they taken the great white trails alone, following, harrying, and reaping from the chase their harvests of pelts. Twice had they passed the summers on the river and streams, lustily shooting their canoes out to where the tell-tale eddy, readable only to him who knows, shows the swift dash of the king salmon. And in these two years the hunter had loved the boy as his own, but had never discouraged him in the belief that somehow, sometime, he might find his own people again. Wise old man that he was, he knew the heart-hunger was always there. As they gained a common tongue his protégé told him all he could. It was much of a blur. Ahweahntuk could remember the swirling waters, the giving way of the bank on which the cabin stood, his clambering to the roof when the undermining came, the sight of his mother tossing in the flood upon a log to which she clung, and her vain efforts to reach him. Then she was gone, while he, alone and hungry, patiently kept his place through what seemed ages. The recitals were not frequent. They came

when the burden of homesickness was heavy, and the boy rested in the shelter of Tomachwa's arms. The saga would then pat and comfort the waif, and tell him tales of the long trails or valiant wars, realizing all the time with a dumb ache that, no matter how much Ahweahntuk loved him, he could never take the place of the lost father.

The third fall crept upon them. The rains fell unceasingly for days; then came consecutively the ice-armoring of the shallow pools, of the brawling brooks, and the great river; and, last of all, the steady, insistent fall of the snow. The two hunters, old and young, spent hours in re-meshing and thonging their long snow-shoes, and again went out across the unbroken plains of white or through the dark and silent places where the woods were so dense as to be almost impassable and the only trails were those where countless caribou had deeply cut their way.

This was to be a short chase, and they went light and traveled fast; but their luck was bad. The snares yielded lightly, and they depended on spruce hens and ptarmigan for their food. Even the shrewd old Tomachwa felt baffled and disappointed. The short days of the arctic November, with their brief hours of pallid daylight, were drawing to a close when they began their return trip to the village where they could rest and make a fresh start in another direction. Evil times were on them.

First the leader of their little dog team died. Then two others were taken sick with the scourging malady of the trail where the animals stagger, grow thin, sicken, and finally die. The hunters went into camp on a tongue of land where the dense woods offered fuel and shelter, and with infinite patience tried all their arts to save the pack team. It was useless, and within a short time but one dog was left. Now they would have harder work than ever before. They must break camp, lighten the load, and hurry on.

So for many days they dragged the sled, the faithful husky in the lead, Tomachwa at the gee-pole of the sled and Ahweahntuk tugging away at a rope or pushing behind with all his might. It seemed a never-ending journey of laborious monotony: the early start in the bit-

terly chill morning, the short halt at noon and the scanty tea, the making of camp at dusk, and the setting of snares for the wary white-coated hare, who was so hard to outmaster in cunning.

They were but one sleep—two days' journey—from the village now, and were filled with hope. The little igloo, tidier than most, amply stocked with food, and offering rest and comfort, seemed very near.

Ahweahntuk, in his fur parka with its fox-tailed hood, shivered as he made the round of his snares in the morning, and thought joyfully of the end of the trail. His round was nearly complete, and he approached the last one, which was but a short distance from the camp where Tomachwa was mending a broken web. Suddenly he paused, peered forward, then turned back toward the camp on a run.

At his little trap, eating the last of an unfortunate catch, a huge and surly bear arose and stood watching him. Being old and cross, she was late in hibernating, and was almost famished. She came down from her haunches and, with an ugly light in her small eyes, started in a rapid, shambling lope after the running boy.

Ahweahntuk heard the steady "phfut-phfut" of the lumbering paws on the snow behind and called loudly to Tomachwa for aid. The old hunter, heeding the note of alarm in the voice, came hurriedly out with a rifle in his hand. Fearless for himself, but in an agony of apprehension for the boy, he ran to meet them. He dropped to his knee as Ahweahntuk ran past him, and fired, aiming low. The bear halted a moment; then erect, and with wide, slavering jaws, came on.

Tomachwa tried to fire again, but the cartridge was defective, and as he arose the weapon was knocked from his hand far out on the snow. He sprang sidewise, drawing his long, keen knife, and as the bear again charged, thrust with all his strength, using the sweeping upward movement with which the Indian in such dire straits tries to disembowel his antagonist.

The bear, carried onward by its own momentum, lurched forward and fell coughing upon the snow in her death throes; but out to one side, where he had been knocked by one sweep of

that rending, tearing paw, lay Tomachwa, his last fight finished. Ahweahntuk ran to him and tried to stanch the flow of blood from the terribly wounded throat. The brave, old man looked into his eyes with a great love, tried to speak, and then dropped back. Grim and unfearing in life, he had gone out to the Land of the Silent Mountains—grim and unfearing in death.

Ahweahntuk, with no tears but with heavy sobs, sat in the snow for a long time holding the head of his foster-father. The dog, which had rushed out upon the scene too late to be of assistance in the battle, squatted beside him and stretched his muzzle upward in the long, mournful howl of death.

The boy encased the body in a sleeping-robe and turned over it the sled. With great effort he dragged driftwood and placed above it for protection from chance animals, and then prepared to continue his journey. It was his first contact with sudden death, and it filled him with terror. Stoic that he was, this was a loss too great for quick comprehension. His woodcraft had made him take the precaution to protect the body, but it could not shield him from the sting of death, and the supernatural fear of it. Everything he had heard of death was recalled. All the tales of the Great Spirit, in which his own father believed, came to him from the misty past, as well as other stories of the Seven Spirits of Tomachwa's tribe.

He gave a start. Ah—it was the time of full moon in the month of the year when was held the feast of the dead. In the village none would know and, if they did, perhaps none would care. Unless the light burned on that night in front of the saga's seat, Tomachwa's spirit, uncalled and unprotected, would hover vainly outside the *kashim*, waiting, waiting, for food and water to keep him from starvation in his long journey across the great silent places of the air: and then, by the tortures of starvation, would he die in the darkness.

With nervously trembling hands, before the dying camp-fire, Ahweahntuk cut his spear, the one given him by the brave heart now dead. It

[Continued on page 194]



"The nightmare of horror was complete"

THE BARNACLES

ON THE SHIP OF STATE

BY A. E. THOMAS



The Dalzell Barnacle

SOME years ago there lived in New England a poet whose name is too well known to require mention as the author of the following lines:

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State;
Sail on, O Union, strong and great;
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

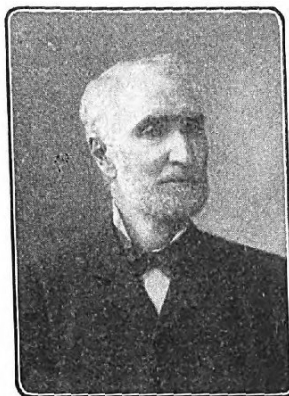
If the poet were still alive and continued to manifest the same interest in the long cruise of the Ship of State, he would surely be a trifle worried about this time. He would be pained to observe that the good old craft does n't move so rapidly as she ought to, in view of her splendid design; that she does n't handle so "sweetly," as the skippers say, as she should, and that sometimes she even commits that unpardonable nautical offense known to the elect as sailing "with a lee helm." If the poet, observing these things, should investigate, he would ultimately learn that the trouble with the Ship of State can be diagnosed in one word—barnacles.

Barnacles are queer little creatures—unimportant in themselves, always doing their work in stealth and in secret; but if enough of them manage to attach themselves to the hull of a ship—even if it be the Ship of State—they hang on like grim death, and they can come pretty near spoiling the usefulness of the ablest vessel, no matter how stout her timbers or how excellent her design. Barnacles, then, are what ails the Ship of State at present; and the object of this article is to identify the most prominent of them and to show how they got their grip on the old Ship's hull and how they manage to maintain it.

Uncle Joe and His Voting Machines

In many States of the Union the voting machine has been subjected to various elaborate tests. In some States it has passed these tests and in others it has proved a failure, and has been discarded. But, whatever its triumphs or failures elsewhere, in no other place has the voting machine proved such a flawless success as in the House of Representatives at Washington. In that large legislative body the vast majority of the ponderous Republican majority are supposed to be what they are officially called—representatives. As a matter of fact they are voting machines, and they register the regal will of Speaker Cannon.

Now and then one of these voting machines is seen to be provided with a talking attachment which can be and is turned on and off, at the pleasure of the operator, and there is also a sort of kinetoscopic device by the use of which a series of motion pictures may be thrown upon the screen of the national capitol, to the mutual amusement of the Speaker and the crowds in the visitors' galleries. And the whole contrivance is so simply controlled! Ah! the wonders of modern science! Uncle Joe Cannon! It's an affectionate title. One wonders how the Speaker ever got it, and after some deliberation is driven to conclude that it must be because of the striking similarity between Uncle Joe and the celebrated avuncular relative of the pawnshop. The legislation of this country, at all events, is in pledge to Uncle Joe, and whenever



The Cannon Barnacle

any of it is redeemed by the owners you can rest assured that it does n't happen without the consent of your uncle.

How the Speaker Plays Both Ends

Thousands and thousands of persons have done a good deal of wondering of late—they have wondered, among other things, why it is that it has been so utterly impossible to get the House of Representatives to pass certain legislation clearly desired by the country at large—why it has even been impossible to get the House to bring this legislation to a vote. Such legislation, for example, is the bill for a White Mountain and Southern Appalachian Forest reserve. This bill, with others, equally popular, has been chloroformed sweetly in one of Uncle Joe's committees. Not only does it slumber but Uncle Joe has even forgotten to leave a call.

This and similar measures that the public approve have not been passed or even considered on the floor of the House for the simple reason that Uncle Joe and Company do not want them considered. But if you are interested in one of these slumbering bills and you appeal to Uncle Joe for help you are likely to come from his presence, in the celebrated Red Room where he reigns, convinced that the Speaker is, as he will tell you, only one among 391 members of the House, whereas, as a matter of fact, the rest of the House are only 390 members among one Uncle Joe.

"It is a matter of much regret to me," the Speaker will mournfully say, "that I can not be of any assistance to you. I am personally in favor of the measure we have been discussing, and I assure you that if it ever comes to a vote it shall have my vote, if it needs it. But it is the majority of the House that rules, you see."

Uncle Joe is clearly much depressed over his down-trodden condition beneath the heels of a despotic House, and it is very likely indeed that you will go hastily from his presence in order to cut short the painful spectacle of his embarrassment at not being able to serve so worthy a cause as yours. That is, you will unless you happen to know the truth. And the truth is that, while the House is constituted, organized, and disposed, as it is at present, no bill on earth has a shadow of a chance of passage if Uncle Joe is determined to prevent it.

Uncle Joe will deny it. He has denied it repeatedly. He denied it specifically, for example, in the matter of the White Mountain and Southern Appalachian Forest Reserve measure. Con-

gressman Granger, of Rhode Island, having made a public statement holding the Speaker responsible for the failure of this bill to obtain consideration at the hands of the House, the Speaker's clerk, L. W. Busbey, made this candid rejoinder:

"The Speaker has no power to prevent a majority of the House from considering any bill. It is in the power of Mr. Granger to raise the question of consideration upon any bill, and if he has a majority of the House with him, under the rules of the House, inside of twenty-four hours he can dispose of the bill in question. Through the whole of this session he has not even made an effort to pass this bill under the rules, but seems to desire only to rush into print and give misinformation."

To this, Mr. Granger made this illuminating response:

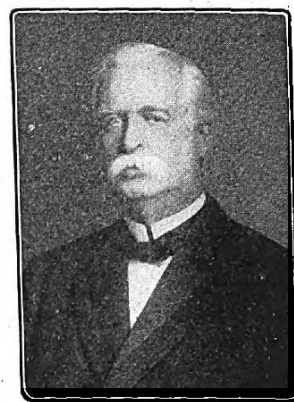
"Technically the clerk's statement is true but practically it is entirely misleading. The Speaker has an unlimited power of recognition of members upon the floor. No member is recognized to call up any bill, either by unanimous consent or under suspension of the rules, unless he has first seen the Speaker and secured his promise of recognition. Such requests for the bill referred to have been again and again refused by the Speaker. I among others have met this refusal. I requested permission to call up the bill under unanimous consent, and was refused. I then asked if he would recognize me to ask for consideration of the bill under suspension of the rules, and was again refused."

Congressman Lever, of South Carolina, wrote of this same bill to Congressman Granger: "A number of friends of the proposition have gone to the Speaker repeatedly this year and begged him to permit a consideration of it upon its merits. Republicans and Democrats alike have thus besought him. Just yesterday I went to the Speaker myself and asked him to recognize me to call up this proposition under a suspension of the rules. His reply was a positive and vigorous refusal. It is not necessary for me to tell you that without recognition of the Speaker a member can not secure the floor for any purpose."

The "positive and vigorous refusal" consisted of the following observation; "Not by a — sight."

Uncle Joe Emitting a Decision

Is, then, the circumstantial and direct evidence of these two representatives to be considered as impugning the veracity of our Uncle Joseph? Well, not precisely. For what his secretary meant when he said that Mr. Granger had never made an effort to pass the Forest Reserve Bill was that he had never made any such effort *on the floor of the House*. And Mr. Granger never made such an effort for the very excellent reason that he had no desire to make a public laughing-stock of himself to no purpose whatever. For there is no manner of doubt in this glad world that had Mr. Granger, after asking the Speaker's permission to do so and having been refused, still insisted on attempting to call the bill up, he might have shouted "Mr.



The Payne Barnacle

In order that this article may appear before Mr. Cannon's reelection as Speaker, Charles Edward Russell's concluding paper on "The Break-up of the Parties," is held over until next month.—THE EDITORS.

Speaker!" till he was purple in the face and nothing but blows of the gavel would have been his reward. Had he still persisted, the sergeant-at-arms would have received a Cannonian mandate to quell him.

The House of Representatives meets at noon and provides an afternoon's entertainment that is of interest to everybody and seems important to every one who does not know that it is merely vaudeville. Some latitude is allowed for improvisations, but the general outlines of the afternoon's entertainment have already been fixed, and only once in a blue moon is there any essential alteration. The real work is done in the Speaker's room—the famous Red Room—during the hour and a half preceding the meeting of the House. That's where the orders are given out—that's where the vaudeville program is arranged.

Uncle Joseph is for the most part to be found in an amiable mood. The faithful Busbey sorts out the applicants for interviews, and one by one the favored persons are shot into the holy of holies to submit their petitions. Those who get in get a hearing invariably. They project their prayers through clouds of smoke that go up from the Speaker's cigar. When the prayer is done, your Uncle Joseph emits his decision. If the petitioner is a man who knows the game, the Speaker is frank to the verge of brutality—occasionally he is profane. He gives his reasons, too, as a rule, and if he turns a man down perhaps he'll throw in a story or a bit of folk-lore to sugar the bitter pill, and sometimes those stories are not of a sort calculated to win over the Baptist vote.

Does the disappointed congressman depart in wrath, all aflame with determination to fling the red torch of revolt into the center of the House in support of his righteous cause? He does not. He goes out with a drooping head. He had hoped—but "the old man" could n't see it. It's too bad—but it can't be helped. That's what Congressmen Granger and Lever did when Uncle Joe refused to let them call up that Forest Reserve Bill, and it was in this very Red Room where they received their "positive and vigorous" refusals. But if you're a "visiting delegation" that does n't know the game, you will probably get that mournful speech about the Speaker's helplessness.

When the Speaker Sheds Inexpensive Sunshine

But, of course, the Speaker may be in gracious mood. He may wish to shed a little inexpensive sunshine upon some one's path, or it may be that the legislation asked of him is of a sort to which he is addicted or disposed. In such a case, he makes a note of the congressman's name and the number of his bill, and the petitioner departs with a smiling face and a conviction that after all this is a great country and most wisely governed withal. For, the moment his bill goes down upon the Speaker's list, it is law so far as the House of Representatives can make it so.

Now comes the hour of noon, when the Speaker ascends his throne and the House of Representatives assembles. The galleries are filled with visitors come from afar "to see the brains of the House at work."

When bills are actually under consideration,

any member may speak if he can obtain from the floor leader of his party part of the time allotted to that party for discussion. Uncle Joe cares little who speaks or what they say, for in ninety-nine cases in one hundred the fate of the bill has already been determined in that tobacco-scented chamber. Besides, the galleries must be amused in some manner, and talk is inexpensive.

But when it comes to getting bills before the House for discussion, there's a different tale to tell, for the man who rises to offer a bill or to call one up is almost invariably the man you have seen a trifle earlier in the day coming from the Red Room with light, elastic step and smiling countenance. And that man whom you saw emerge from that same Red Room—lead-footed, scowling, gloomy—where is he? Hurling defiance at your Uncle Joseph? Do you hear his voice ring out in clarion tones declaiming: "Mr. Speaker, I rise in my place to protest in the name of my constituents against this infamous outrage—this high-handed defiance of justice—this amazing—" Nothing of the kind. He sits surly in his seat or (and perhaps this is the wisest possible course), retires to his office to write a constituent as follows: "I am much interested in the measure you urge, and it shall have my hearty support. I hope that in due time the wisdom of the House will enact it into law."

Where Was the Gentleman from Missouri?

Meantime the show is going on in the House. Those members who have been told they will be

[Continued on page 190]

AMALGAMATED MARY ANN

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

Illustrations by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

As a rule, I don't know very much about stocks, but if you ask me what I consider the best-paying investment in sight, I will immediately reply with not the slightest thought of hesitating, "Amalgamated Mary Ann." This time I know what I am talking about, too. It isn't like those other times when I have gone into the open market and put my little all into a flyer in Consolidated Alhambra, "the surest thing in coppers," subsequently to learn that in very truth it was—only when I went in it was with gold, and when I came out I had nothing but coppers left; nor is Amalgamated Mary Ann another case of Federated Zinc, in which promising enterprise a few months before that I had "sunk," if I may coin a verb which will prove more appropriate to the occasion than any of those already in existence, the accumulated savings of seven years of cautious living and profitable industry. No, Amalgamated Mary Ann is not like unto these, but on the contrary it is a sure thing—and not a dead-sure thing, either. Contrariwise, it is a particularly live one.

My enthusiasm for Amalgamated Mary Ann is so genuine that I don't propose to let anybody else in on it. If this were a promoter's story, and I were trying to unload my share in an enterprise that I knew was a hopeless one, on an unsuspecting public, I should doubtless write as I am writing now about Amalgamated Mary Ann; but I wish it understood right here at the beginning of my narrative that this paper is history and not a prospectus; an illumination, not a lure; and that I am absolutely sincere in all my estimates of Mary Ann's intrinsic worth is amply proved by the fact that no sum of money that I know of could induce me to part with one share of stock in the institution; and



MARY ANN

just at present I hold it all—and propose to keep on holding it all for as long a time as I am able to do so.

What is Amalgamated Mary Ann? I hear somebody asking. Copper, iron, steel, or zinc? Not a bit of it; nor is it gold, silver, radium, or tin. Nothing so hard, sordid, or grossly material. It is just plain human being, for Mary Ann, the Amalgamated, is our cook, and it is we—that is to say, the two ruling spirits of my household whom Mary Ann refers to as "the Missus and the Boss"—who have incorporated her in our affections, so that, whatever may happen, Mary Ann will have a fair chance of continuing as a "going concern" as long as we do. "Oh, yes," I can hear you say wearily, "this is another one of those good-luck stories, and we are going to be treated to the usual

yarns about dividends in good digestion, bonuses in home comforts, and all that. We are about to cut into a melon of domestic joy. We thought when you used such professional language in the beginning, and began to talk about going concerns, that we were going to hear something about dividends not of the spirit, but of real, hard, negotiable dollars that you can take out upon the highways and pay for things with, like taxicabs and bonnets, or in exchange for commodities that you happen to need."

Well, that is exactly the kind of dividends that I am going to talk about, for they are the kind that Amalgamated Mary Ann is constantly declaring for the benefit of her stockholders. It is true that when Mary Ann broils a lobster, or sets about the construction of a Welsh-rabbit, we do get spiritual dividends galore in the shape of lovely dreams alongside of which the lurid romances of Poe or Hoffmann dwindle into mere pastoral fancies. It is undeniable that given a jar of currant jelly, a potato-masher, and a leg of ram—ram, mind you, not lamb; plain every-day, muscular, hardy perennial, common garden ram, so adamant as to pass through the fiery ordeal of our hungry board at dinner-time unscathed because impregnable in the face of any carving-knife yet devised by ingenious man—given these things, I say, it is undeniable that Mary Ann will serve you an *entrée* at luncheon the next day that your connoisseur will afterwards refer to as a dream in venison; nice, luscious, tender venison, fresh from the staggeries. How she prepares the jelly sauce is all unknown to me, but the transformation of that armor-plated bit of unregenerate toughderloin into a tender mass that fairly melts in your mouth I know all

about, for I saw her beating it with a potato-masher the morning of the day we had it. But it is not of these dividends of mere abstract gastronomic joy that I have set out to tell, but of the value of Amalgamated Mary Ann in dollars. It is the money that we wish to hear talk, and we are to be gratified. Here is what it says:

To begin with, Amalgamated Mary Ann costs us twenty dollars a month; you see we pay for her on the instalment plan, twelve easy instalments to the year. This makes our cash investment two hundred and forty dollars a year. In addition I presume her keep costs us in round figures five dollars a week, or two hundred and sixty dollars a year more, making a total investment in the property of five hundred dollars. Now in actual service she returns all of that, so that anything else we may make out of her is "velvet," as the stock-prospectus people call it, and may be used for betterments of the property if they are needed—and Amalgamated Mary Ann needs nothing of the kind—or for the declaration and payment of dividends. Now of what does this velvet in the case of Amalgamated Mary Ann consist?

Let the record tell.

When we first moved into our present truly rural home, deserting the joys of the city for the quiet of the country, we took Mary Ann with us. She was not then either incorporated or amalgamated. She was not even consolidated. In fact we were totally unaware at that time that she was worth either incorporating or amalgamating. Indeed, we had serious doubts of her staying qualities, particularly at the end of the first week, when the attractions of rural life had begun to lose some of their pristine freshness, and to a soul not exactly athirst for deep drafts of stillness and simplicity had become caviar. The novelty of the bird songs in the trees about our suburban home had worn off; the delights of looking out upon a stretch of soft green lawn, instead of down a mysterious air-shaft of many storied depth in a city flat-house, had ceased to appeal; and it was a very lonesome little cook that the partner of my joys found weeping in the kitchen one evening after dinner, and pining for those exchanges of confidence with her fellow-workers on the floors above and below, which she had been used to indulge in through the friendly medium of the dumb-waiter shaft of the Montmorenci.

She liked us, Mary Ann did, oh, ever so much! We were the nicest people she had ever worked for, but—it was awful lonesome off there, with no policeman on the beat, no elevator-boy or janitor around, and nothing but the katydids and the crickets and the tree-toads with their incessant contentions to keep her company. Why, she didn't even believe the place could boast of a burglar who might be



"I hain't been a-comin' here because of no furnace!"

expected to drop in casually of an evening and tell her the gossip of the town—if by some lucky chance so sleepy a place as Barrowdale had any gossip, which she doubted—and she was afraid she couldn't stand it a minute longer. We were too. Indeed, our fear was even deeper than hers, for there was no doubt that Mary Ann could get a dozen places as good as ours any day of the week, but to get a cook as good as she was beginning to prove herself, ah, that indeed was *our* problem, and a mighty serious one into the bargain! So we pooh-poohed the situation, lightly and with humor; gave her a lot of picture-papers to read, one or two lurid novels of the sort that we with our advanced literary tastes deprecate in public and devour in private, and that we felt would keep her mind from dwelling too much upon the loneliness of her environment; and told her she must be careful always to put wire-netting over her biscuits, because we were afraid, they were so light, they would fly away; and would she mind writing out her recipe for mayonnaise dressing, so that I could send it to an editor of my acquaintance who printed such things in his paper, because it was too everlastingly good not to be spread broadcast over the land for the benefit of mankind at large; and so on, until we had Mary Ann pretty well cheered up after all.

"All she needs is company," said I, later on. "Is n't there something we can have done around the place that will take a hired man long enough to get acquainted, and won't cost much? Something like harrowing the lawns, or pruning the grass, or some other thing a hired man can do in the country without being everlastingly in the way?"

"Yes," said the governor-general. "I want to start a garden anyhow, and a hired man would come in handy."

"Just the thing," said I, and, as you will see, it turned out that I was right.

In this way did we open the doors of a gay and profitable social life for the benefit of our jewel; and incidentally there began the series of rich dividends of which you are waiting to hear. Mary Ann, be it noted, is possessed of a wealth of golden hair, and her eyes are blue and are set in sort of cater-cornered-wise, in a way that would call attention to themselves even if their owner had n't known how to use them; and the result was that while we needed and used a hired man only two days a week at two dollars a day, the particular individual who became attached to our *entourage*, and whose name for the purpose of this narrative shall be Thomas, acquired a habit of calling around at other odd times during the week, and doing all sorts of left-over jobs that

I had expected to have to do myself, worth in the aggregate from seven to nine dollars a week, and for which we were never asked to pay. Moreover, on his days on, instead of coming at seven o'clock in the morning and knocking off at five in the afternoon, he appeared on deck usually between 5.30 A.M. and six, and as far as I was ever able to find out never even thought of leaving the place until going on midnight. I am sure that we made three times as much by the day on Thomas as we had ever lost on plumbers in town for the same identical reason. Thomas had a nice, pleasant way, too, of stopping at the post-office to get Mary Ann's mail for her, and of course while he was about it he brought mine along too, so that I was saved either a daily journey of two miles to the station, or the occasional quarter I was willing to pay the small boys of the neighborhood to run up and get my letters for me.

As the garden progressed it began to look as though we would have to engage Thomas for a third day of the week; but somehow or other the extra work that it needed seemed to have a way of getting itself done. It would turn up freshly weeded at all sorts of unexpected moments, and I was beginning to feel that that fine old fairy of Grimm's, Mr. Rumpelstiltskin, the busy-fingered little chap that used to work o' nights for the unfortunate miller's daughter, so as to enable her to get the best of the crafty old monarch who had it in for her father, had come to work for me—but it was not so. These mysterious fulfilments of our needs were all a part of the dividends of Amalgamated Mary Ann. Do not gather that Mary Ann herself ever weeded the garden free, gratis, for nothing, that is to say, that she ever pulled more than one weed at a time. No, it was Thomas who did these things, but, under the compelling influence of those cater-cornered blue eyes to which reference has already been made, while their owner in the dying hours of the day sat on the stone wall and watched him labor. It seems that when the last meal of the day was over, and the dishes had been washed—I suspect that Thomas had his hand in the hot water too—they would stroll out in the expiring twilight together, bringing up at the garden, where Mary Ann would start to pull the weeds, and the devoted Thomas would finish the job as a part of his courtship of Mary Ann—not in pursuance of his contract with me. I forget the exact figures, but it is a reasonable estimate that for every four dollars paid to Thomas that summer we got back at least sixteen dollars' worth of labor.

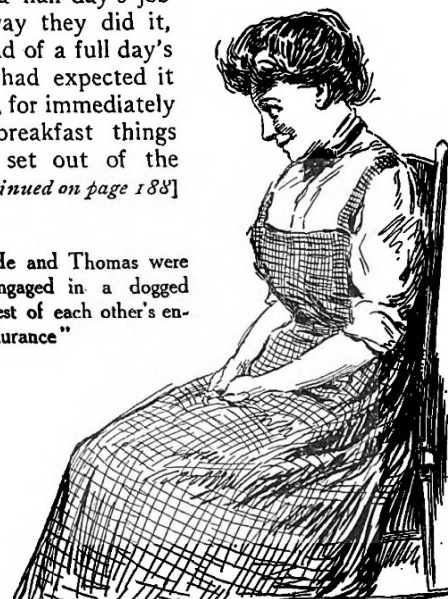
Things got so that I began to feel rather small about it, and I suggested that to even things up we might give Thomas more pay-work to do.

"If he'll wash the windows," I began.

"He will," said the governor-general. "I have already asked him, and he begins to-morrow."

But even that was only a half-day's job the way they did it, instead of a full day's as I had expected it to be, for immediately the breakfast things were set out of the

[Continued on page 183]



"He and Thomas were engaged in a dogged test of each other's endurance"

THE SPOILED PARENT

WHAT HE CAN LEARN FROM HIS CHILDREN

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

Illustrations by MAUD RUSSELL TOUSEY



"He will 'talk back' to his father, but he treats him as his life-long chum"

age many hundreds of times in the course of his prolonged and tiresome senescence. The question as to whether children are lacking in genuine respect or their elders in real respectability, is seldom raised in these jeremiads. Is it a case of a spoiled child or a spoiled parent? I, my Lord Judges, appear for the child, the defendant in this action.

The Child Lives under a Dual Monarchy

We "grown-ups" are immensely proud of living under a republic, but the child is still under a monarchy and a dual monarchy at that, with certain constitutional limitations, but no right of representation, or of ultimate appeal. We are quite sure when it comes to our illustrious selves that we are best governed when we are governed least; but this consoling doctrine is considerably maimed and impaired in its passage downward to our children. We defend our proudest boon, manhood suffrage, against its decriers on the ground that it is better for men to make mistakes and even to do wrong occasionally, on their own initiative, than to meekly follow a wiser course upon compulsion. Why not extend the blessings of this gospel a little more fully to our children? We are smugly and complacently sure that we often learn most by our own mistakes, but we are decidedly slow to give the child the benefit of much of this method of progress.

The old ideals of child training were frankly autocratic and in the strictest sense of the term, paternalistic. The child was supposed to be a little ball of human clay, which could be molded into any desired shape. His little mind was regarded as a *tabula rasa*, or blank page, upon which almost any desired inscription could be written. The parent, or his representative the teacher, was supposed to know precisely what the child ought to be in every respect and to take whatever measures might be necessary to insure that he develop into a precise, patient, well-disciplined automaton. The extraordinary incongruity of this method of training with the fact that, at its close, no matter how successful and prolonged it might be,



"The child is the greatest teacher in the world"

this carefully drilled little automaton must suddenly plunge out into the wide world to fight his own battles and sink or swim as best he could by the energy,

the initiative, that might be in him, never appeared to strike them. It never apparently occurred to them to wonder how prolonged and persistent training in obedience, dependence, absolute conformity to the wishes of others, could possibly develop those most valuable of all qualities for survival and success, initiative, self-control, and self-confidence.

Little Bundles of Original Sin

The method, of course, had its advantages; but it was based primarily, first upon a really selfish (though often unconsciously so) determination to make the child just what we thought he ought to be, regardless of what his natural tendencies were; and secondly upon a profound lack of confidence in his natural tendencies. The child was supposed to be a little bundle of original sin, his natural tendencies all in the wrong direction, and his morality, industry, and social virtues generally to depend entirely upon what was taught or forcibly impressed upon him from without, and not in the least upon what he might develop for himself. The "best" child was the most passive child, the child who always obeyed orders without a murmur, who never made any unnecessary noise or trouble, who kept his pinafore spotless and his hands clean; and above all, who never ventured to impart his views upon

life in the presence of his elders, except by special invitation. Its spirit was beautifully summed up in the idiotic old proverb, "Children should be seen and not heard," which was mainly a base attempt to protect grown-ups in their inalienable right to monopolize the conversation and prevent their interruption and discomfort by the frank and incisive comments of the rising generation. As a matter of fact, the comments of children upon a subject or situation are far more truthful, logical, and pointed than those of the average adult, and often quite as interesting and as Solomonic in their wisdom, though from a different point of view. Much of the repression of the individuality of the child insisted upon in the old training was chiefly for the protection of the peace of

"The spoiled child says right out what he happens to think, and you are pained"



Maud Tousey



"Let children feel that these pets and playmates of theirs belong to them"



mind and self-satisfaction of his elders. If the dreadful questions that children ask had to be given a fair hearing and a square answer, there would be far less of both hypocrisy and injustice in the world. In fact, it was a system for spoiling parents at the expense of children.

The Outspoken Honesty of the "Spoiled" Child

Often the *spoiled* child is the one really best trained for life. Real life, that is, not the sham travesty upon it so carefully played in the nursery and the schoolroom and termed "education." The difference between a spoiled child and a well-behaved one is chiefly a matter of frankness of expression. The spoiled child says right out just what he happens to think and feel, and you hear and are pained by his expression of skepticism, of resentment, even of rebellion. Nine times out of ten the "model" child feels exactly the same sentiments—but refrains from expressing them. When the spoiled child has expressed himself—it may be even impertinently or rebelliously—the murder is all out, the subject is fairly on the carpet, and you can argue the case with him on its merits, or if it be beyond his grasp, assert your authority and ask him to trust your superior experience, which he usually will, nine cases out of ten, if he is appealed to in this way. In any case, you know the worst that is in him and can govern yourself accordingly. Your model child may submit in silence, without discussion or remonstrance, but you may depend upon it that he will discuss the question on its merits with the nurse, or the cook, or the hired man, or the bad boy in the next street: and that, whatever feelings of resentment or injustice he may smother in his own little interior, so far as expressing them toward you is concerned, he will pass on with interest to his puppy, his kitten, or his younger brothers and sisters, or playmates.

The Perfect Little Gentleman and the Perfect Little Fiend

Your well-behaved, obedient child may be a model of propriety while he is under your eye, but heaven only knows what pitifully perverted views of life and conduct, what eager questionings for knowledge, or what volcanic seethings of resentment and sense of injustice may be covered by that placid exterior. Many a boy who is "a perfect little gentleman" under his mother's eye, is a perfect little fiend when he is safely out of sight—simply because he has never had an opportunity of finding his balance, of reasoning out his rules of conduct, and of commenting freely and frankly upon whatever appears to him to be insincere, unjust, or unfair. He has been so repressed that anything that he can do without getting caught is regarded as fair game.

After fairly good opportunities for judging, including birth, early education, and some five years' adult residence on the other side of the Atlantic, I declare that the notorious and much reprobated "spoiled"



"Dead kittens should be tabooed on sanitary grounds"

American child is on the whole better fitted for life, better prepared for sane and wholesome living, than the average "well-disciplined" English, German, or French youngster. When you hear him talk you know the worst about him. He has shockingly little respect for age as such, because he is unreasonable enough to demand that it should be worthy of respect upon other grounds as well, and to these he gives instant homage. He will "talk back" to his father openly and in public; but he recognizes him as his best friend and treats him as his lifelong chum, in a way that is rare on the other side of the Atlantic. He may "sass" his mother and even be rude to his sisters, but he will go through fire and water for them, and he has a respect for and a confidence in womanhood, which is matched nowhere else in the world. He has mixed on comparatively free and unconstrained terms of intercourse with all sorts and conditions of boys and men. He has made a substantial beginning toward knowing how to recognize and take advantage of the good and avoid the bad, so that he is almost free from that incredible rawness, with its accompanying cub-like streak of ferocity, which marks so large a percentage of even the boasted product of Harrow and Eton. All his life has been spent in contact with real men and women, instead of three-fourths of

his time with servants and field hands and boarding-school hacks; and his code of morals, such as it is, is his own. It is built upon experience, not upon mere authority, and will ring true and stand the test all his life long. It is capable of improvement and will get it as he grows older; but it is free from the greatest curse of morality—the double standard, one for his inferiors and one for his equals; one for men and another for women.

The Breezy, Untrammelled, Open-air Girl

As for the American girl, well, of course, everybody knows that she is as irresistible as she is startling. Even if she does chew gum in public and ornament her speech with slang to a shocking degree, rule her father with a rod of iron, and choose her friends and conduct her own social affairs with an air of amiable superiority to her mother's prejudices, she not only loves, but also respects and understands her parents to a degree seldom matched elsewhere. She can understand just why her father may be obliged to refuse her request for a new necklace or a trip to the mountains. She understands that if her mother objects to any of her friendships, it is likely to be out of pure regard for her future best interests; and she seldom has the feeling that her mother is jealous of her, or endeavoring to keep her in the background, lest the contrast should seem to make herself seem old before her time.

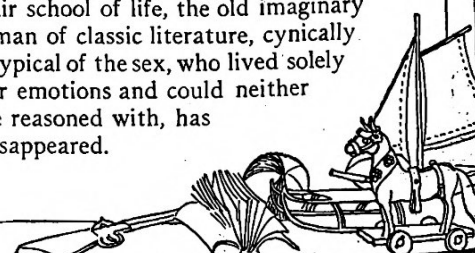
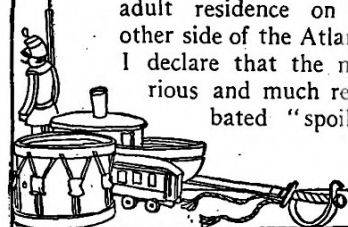
Even though she enters the social whirl at fourteen and is frankly "fond of the boys" at sixteen, she is far better able to take care of herself socially and morally, is better balanced, shrewder, and more sensible in her judgments, and much less inclined to fall madly and idiotically in love with the first tolerable male creature that she comes across than is the convent-bred *mademoiselle* or the secluded boarding-school product. If she does, she is more likely to have sense enough to fall out again. Indeed, under this breezy, untrammelled, open-air school of life, the old imaginary irrational woman of classic literature, cynically alleged to be typical of the sex, who lived solely in and for her emotions and could neither reason nor be reasoned with, has practically disappeared.



"The American girl is as irresistible as startling"



"At sixteen she is frankly fond of the boys"



The checks which were supposed to save a child from himself or herself are now seen simply to have prevented proper natural development. Give your child a chance to develop his individuality. It isn't so bad; he gets most of it from you, you know.

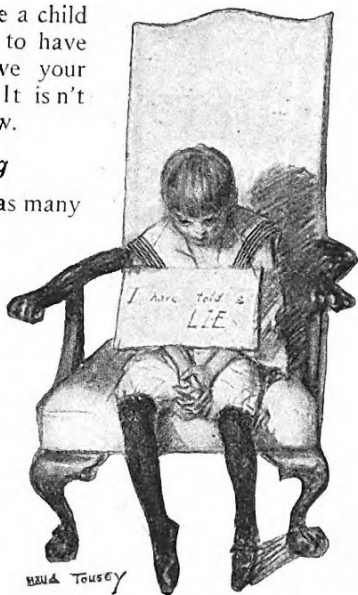
A Child's Respect is Worth Earning

Of course, the individuality of the child has many practical limitations. His liberty, as Montaigne acutely remarked, ends where the liberty of others begins. But the point is, let him find out, so far as practicable, these limitations for himself, using our authority over him not so much to drive or coerce him into right conduct, as to prevent him from carrying his little experiments too far, so as to result in injury to himself or others. Children are astonishingly quick to grasp this point of view and to respond when confidence is placed in them, and it is surprising at how early an age they may be, so to speak, put on their honor, and how much more lasting are the impressions made upon them by mild calamities, which they feel they have brought upon themselves; than by even severer punishments which they attribute solely to the wrath or vengeance of outraged authority. Let the punishment fit itself to the crime just as far and as completely as possible; then no sense of injustice will rankle.

Treat the child more as an equal—not as a hopeless inferior. There isn't so much need of coming down to his level as of giving him an opportunity to come up to yours—which will not require such a frightful effort on his part as you sometimes imagine. If you can get a child to recognize and treat you as his equal, you will have gained the highest possible position of influence over him and earned the best and sincerest compliment ever paid you. We dwell greatly upon what parents teach their children, but we forget to record in equal detail on the opposite side of the ledger what our children teach us. It would be difficult to say on which side the balance would be found to fall. The child is not merely the ideal pupil, but also the greatest teacher in the world. The lessons that we learn from him, if we approach him with proper humility, are the most valuable part of our education.

The Child's Rights of Property and Person

While the largest part in developing the individuality and the self-respect of the child consists in surrounding him with an atmosphere of affection, consideration, and good comradeship, yet there are a score of physical details, many of them apparently trifling in themselves, which greatly promote this end. For instance, the child should be allowed to develop a due and proper sense, within reasonable limits, of rights of property and person, which should be inviolable, except for good and sufficient cause. It is hardly necessary to encourage the sense of ownership in a very young child, since his naive and instinctive attitude is that the world belongs to him. The only thing that prevents him from appropriating



"Let punishment fit itself to crime"

and enjoying anything and everything in it is that it is beyond his reach or too heavy to lift. But while he is in the beginning a pure socialist, certain that everything belongs to him who has the greatest need of it, namely himself, he quickly develops individualistic tendencies to the extent of recognizing that certain objects, usually playthings, or other interest-bearing securities of that class, are his not only when he needs them, but also while he does n't, and may not be taken for the use or enjoyment of his fellow citizens without due process of law, or equivalent in return.

"But," says some one, "this is pure and unadulterated selfishness, and the beginning of some of the ugliest vices of the human heart. Granted; but it is also the indispensable basis of some of the sturdiest virtues and should within reasonable limits be encouraged. Remember, selfishness is just as necessary to the development of the child in this stage as unselfishness will be later.

Let the child have and develop rights of personal ownership in playthings, dolls, blue dresses, scarlet coats with pearl buttons, even favorite shawls and pillows, and you will find that you have provided a basis for the recognition of similar rights to other articles of beauty and value in others. Let him feel that while he will be expected to waive those rights under certain conditions and even to suspend them altogether under the parental right of eminent domain, yet that even in so doing his rights to control them are to be recognized, his opinion in the matter consulted, and his consent, if possible, obtained. The surrender of his rights under these conditions is a definite forward step in the direction of a self-balanced and self-controlled morality. Submission to mere arbitrary command does little to develop spontaneous morality and much toward making the child a hypocrite.

A little later, when these treasures have grown in number and in bulk, the child should be allowed to have some box, cupboard, or drawer where they can be stored, and which shall be as far as possible, like the Englishman's house, his castle. Its accumulations, of course, are to be subject to the sanitary police regulations of the household community, and are to be recognized as at any time subject to the right of search and entry for missing goods. But broadly speaking, that nook or corner should belong to him, to stock as he sees fit, within the limits of a reasonable regard for the rights and the nostrils of others. Dead kittens and crayfish and sea-urchins, for instance, should be tabooed on sanitary grounds. He should be allowed to keep and arrange this stock on such principles of logical disorder as appeal to him. "A place for everything and everything in that place," is apt to be his motto of arrangement about this time, but it will serve as the stepping-stone to something better.

From his very babyhood he should be given a cot or a little bed of his own and allowed to regard that, within reasonable limits, both as a place of secure retreat and of storage for unobjectionable articles of value. If executive considerations make it absolutely necessary that two children should occupy one bed, then an accurate delimitation of spheres of influence should be made for each, the invasion of which should be forbidden and looked upon as a *casus belli* or ground for arbitration.

[Continued on page 186]

"Sweet little rehearsal plays of home making and motherhood"



"Rules her father with a rod of iron"



JIMMY PEPPERTON of OSHKAZOO

HIS BUSINESS EXPERIENCES

BY ROBERT BARR

Illustrations by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IV—A Compact with the Enemy

THE inadvertent Mr. Pepperton was in no way elated by his tremendous success. An easy-going young man, he loved his "girl," liked his friends, and never willingly made an enemy. He believed in doing useful, conscientious work, but circumstances had forced him into a series of transactions, each permeated with the uncertainty and the risk that attend all speculation.

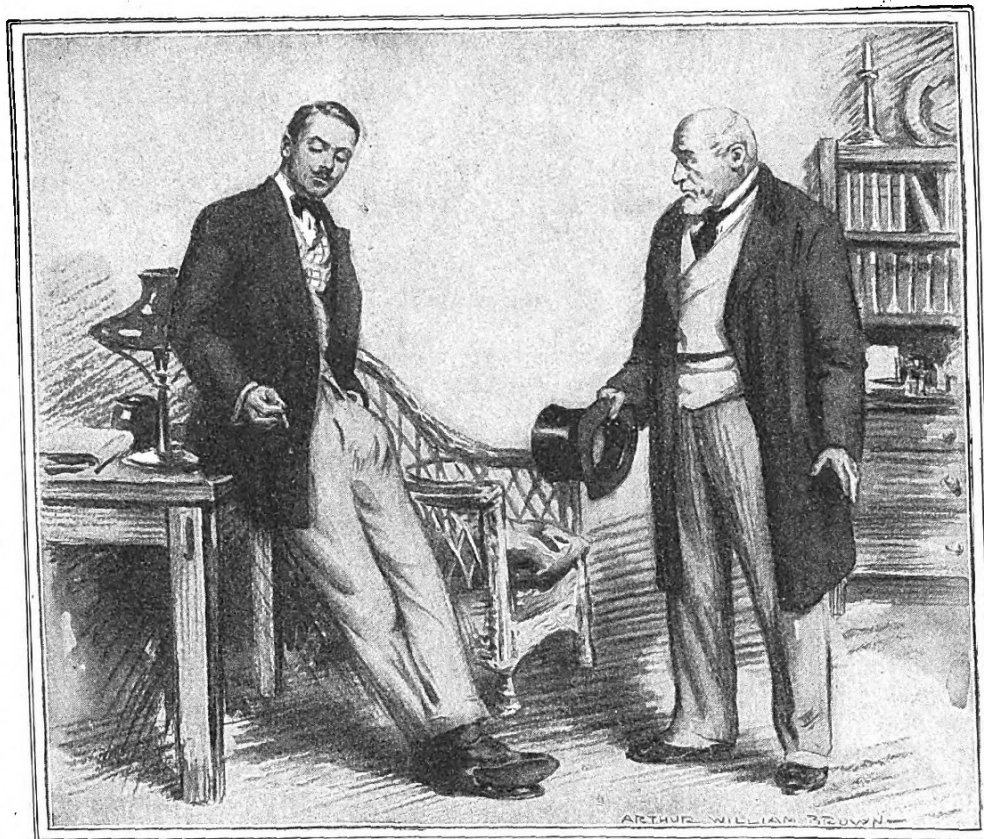
Jimmy lived at the Markeen, which was first of all a rather luxurious apartment house, where one could possess himself of a single room or an extensive flat, as his tastes or his purse might dictate. Also, if he did not care to go out, he might partake of excellent meals in the well-managed restaurant that occupied the whole top floor of the building, giving, from its numerous windows on all sides, admirable views of the wide-spreading city.

While commercial editor of the *Daily Dispatch*, Jimmy had contented himself with one of the smallest flats the Markeen contained, bedroom and parlor; and it gives, perhaps, some indication of the young man's inadvertent nature when it is stated that after the tremendous success which attended his transactions in land from Russell Street to Harriman Avenue—a deal that had enriched him—he still kept this modest apartment in the princely Markeen.

He placed his profits where the income was relatively small but the investment safe, and we now find him pacing up and down his room in the Markeen, hands deep in trousers pockets, head bent, thinking deeply about the present, and peering anxiously into the future.

When it is said that he had invested his newly got gear with safety, an exception must be made of one section of it. With eyes wide open to the uncertainty of its ever paying a dividend, he had nevertheless bought stock in the *Daily Courier*, and thus had tided over one of its ever-recurring periods of financial difficulty. He had also accepted the position of commercial editor, a post he had filled so well on the *Daily Dispatch*, and it was perhaps a little consolation for him to learn that the frigid Wentworth Blake had found some difficulty in obtaining an adequate substitute. Jimmy liked this journalistic work, and his daily tasks brought him so much in contact with the uncertainties of speculation that he resisted successfully the numerous temptations offered him to plunge into the seas of high finance.

Although every effort he had made in that direction had been crowned with success, his very good fortune had somehow left a bad taste in his mouth. In each case the cash he had accumulated was gathered at the expense of some one else, and, although he was now rich in a



"I said nothing of the sort," replied Jimmy, curtly

comparative measure, he had become so, not by adding an atom to the world's wealth, but by deflecting money already made from the pockets of other people into his own. He could not conceal from himself that his latest *coup* had been achieved through a breach of confidence on the part of Higgins; and if the genial Billy had been the actual thief, Jimmy was nevertheless a receiver of stolen goods, as it were. Therefore, as he paced his room in the Markeen, he resolved to busy himself with his legitimate work, and hereafter let speculation alone.

Once or twice the thought of giving away the competence he had achieved by illegitimate means occurred to him, but Jimmy had a sound, every-day head on his shoulders, which pointed out to him that he had already suffered through lack of affluence; had, indeed, been driven from honest industry into surreptitious paths merely through his deficiency of the needful. Every one who dealt with him in real estate had done so willingly enough, while Armstrong had actually urged him into the buying of options, thinking thereby he was driving him to destruction. So, all in all, Jimmy's practical nature silenced, without convincing, his more sentimental self, and induced him not to attempt any futile restitution which would brand him in the eyes of his fellows as a madman.

Pepperton learned that what Gwennie Armstrong had written was absolutely true; namely that her father knew nothing beforehand of where the new post-office was to be placed, and thus had not only failed to profit when the news became known, but had actually given Pepperton an option on property to the amount of nearly two hundred thousand dollars, which less than a month later sold for half a million. The certainty that if he had dealt fairly with

young Pepperton this state of things would have been reversed, increased the bitterness of his hatred against a young man whose only action, after all, was merely defending himself.

Misfortunes never come singly, as perhaps has been mentioned before, and circumstances rendered it impossible for the produce merchant to devote much thought to his resentment. It is strange that a man so material as John Armstrong; a man so ruthless in his dealings with others; a man who cared so little whether his methods were fair or the reverse, should nevertheless possess in some sort an affection for one particular hobby. This sentiment John Armstrong felt toward a most unlikely object; namely, the Lincoln Avenue street-car line. In the early days, Armstrong had watched

the building of this line by an inadequate company that had managed to secure a franchise from the city council at a time when franchises were rather freely given away; the aldermen not yet having become conscious of the amount of private boodle to be obtained in the granting of such favors.

Armstrong was in a small way of business then, occupying premises on Lincoln Avenue, and noting thus, day by day, the slow progress of the line. He, however, invested a little money with the company, and then more and more as his prosperity increased; for he began to recognize, just a little before anybody else did, the effect which this street-railway would exert upon the prices of real estate in the suburbs at either end of the town. Later he became a director of the company, which never paid a dividend, and gradually accumulated stock at beggarly prices, until finally he acquired complete control.

Although there was not enough traffic on Lincoln Avenue to provide dividends, the line, running as it did, completely through the city longitudinally (beginning at Schwiets Gardens, a beer resort in the east, and ending at Fairview Park in the west), brought thousands of dollars into the coffers of Armstrong through the sale of property bought at acreage rates, and disposed of on the instalment plan as small city lots, which fell into Armstrong's hands again whenever a financial pinch caused a suspension of payments. He had thus discovered a method (said to be impossible) of both having your cake and eating it, and this cake he cut into slices over and over again, greatly to his own satisfaction and profit. Although very successful in his management of the Lincoln Avenue company, he had been shrewd only in a small way, and his lack of foresight allowed others to inaugurate a project which ran into millions.

While he looked after the pence, the pounds were being taken care of by some one else.

An outside company purchased and consolidated the various street-car companies of the city, all more or less derelict. The new organization possessed capital to improve the rolling stock, quicken the service, and bribe the aldermen, which latter operation enabled it to maintain a five-cent rate, with six tickets for a quarter, but without transfers. The amalgamated company successfully stood out against a three-cent fare, and against the giving of transfers which would enable a passenger on one nickel or one ticket to make a journey in one direction, and then transfer to another. Now and then there arose a clamor of citizens for these advantages already possessed by various towns supposedly not so progressive as Oshkosh, but the United Street-railway Company, as it was called, stood in too solidly with the city government, and, besides, possessed the advantage of having enrolled the proprietors of the newspapers upon its list of stockholders, letting them in on the ground floor, it was alleged; so these fitful attempts on the part of a populace who were under the illusion that votes enabled them to exert some influence upon municipal affairs came to nothing.

The United Street-railway Company now owned every line in the city excepting that on Lincoln Avenue. Various offers had been made to John Armstrong. "Sell to us, or amalgamate with us," said the president; but the Lincoln Avenue Line had proved so remunerative directly and indirectly that Armstrong did not wish to lose control of it, and he was shrewd enough to know that, if he became incorporated with a strong company whose capital ran into millions, he would be a mere nonentity in it, with no more power than the outside voters possessed.

At last the Street-car Trust, as the company was called by the man in the street, came to the end of its patience. It knew that John Armstrong had been hard hit, first by the futile attempt to form his stores into an over-capitalized company, and second by his failure to guess where the new government buildings were to be erected. Unable to persuade, it now resolved to crush, and suddenly John Armstrong found himself between the devil and the deep sea.

The Lincoln Avenue Line was the only route in the city which had not been electrified, and jingling horses still jogged up and down its length hauling slow street-cars, while along parallel roads whisked the up-to-date trolleys of modern civilization. Competition was difficult enough in any case, but to continue setting up horse-flesh against the dynamo was to make disaster inevitable. No one would ride on the tardy horse-cars when by walking a block in one direction or the other he could hail the swift electric vehicles. So Armstrong, learning he could not make reasonable terms with the city electrical supply company, which, though under a different name, was practically the same as the United Street-railway Company, resolved to put up an electric plant of his own, and acquire modern rolling stock.

The power building was finished, and the equipment had been purchased, but John Armstrong came to the end of his financial tether, and bitterly regretted the expensive house he had built on Roosevelt Boulevard. The United Street-railway Company, like the patient octopus it was, waited for this crisis, whose coming the alert president accurately predicted. Armstrong might possibly have pulled through and borrowed money to tide over the installation of the new cars, had it not been for two facts. First his reputation had been seriously impaired by the lack of judgment or of

accurate knowledge he had shown in the real estate deals that preceded the selection of the site for the new government buildings. Second, it was known that a number of street-car franchises were to lapse in two years' time, and among them was the Lincoln Avenue Line. Therefore far-seeing men of business refused to advance money when they were certain a very large amount must be put up in addition, if the Lincoln Avenue Company was to outbid the United Street-railway Company in the purchase of aldermen.

As commercial editor of the *Daily Courier*, young Pepperton understood completely the state of affairs, and no one knew the hopeless position of Armstrong so thoroughly as he did. Even Armstrong himself did not suspect into what a corner he had been put. He thought that, if the worst came to the worst, he could still obtain a satisfactory price for his derelict line from the United Street-railway Company. But the very capable president of the United had determined not to buy at any price; but to wait for the lapse of the franchise, and treat, not with John Armstrong, but with the city council. Therefore the Lincoln Avenue Line, which occupied the first place in John Armstrong's affections, and which had enriched him in former years, seemed about to turn, like the two serpents against the priest Laocoon, and crush him.

Dimly realizing at last in what jeopardy he stood, John Armstrong had swallowed his resentment, and had written to James Pepperton, not yet humble enough to ask for an interview, but appointing one at the young man's room in the Markeen, where, he said in his letter, they could talk more privately than at Armstrong's office. The young man overlooked the discourtesy which Armstrong could not conceal, and was walking up and down his room awaiting a knock at the door when the merchant, prompt to the minute, entered without knocking. Jimmy was shocked to see the havoc which anxiety had wrought on his face. Armstrong seemed to have become old and the arrogance which success brings to a rude, uncultured nature, was perceptibly diminished.

"You said to me," he began abruptly, "and if you deny it, I can prove it by Blake, that, if ever you got the money to spare, you would pay me back with interest the ten thousand dollars you looted from me."

"I said nothing of the sort," replied Jimmy, curtly, for although he had determined to treat his former antagonist with justice at least, he still resented the dictatorial tone which the other could not entirely subdue.

Armstrong apparently did not realize, in spite of the refusals he had met, how intimately outsiders knew the real state of his affairs.

"I thought you would deny it," snapped Armstrong; "but as I tell you, I can prove it by Wentworth Blake."

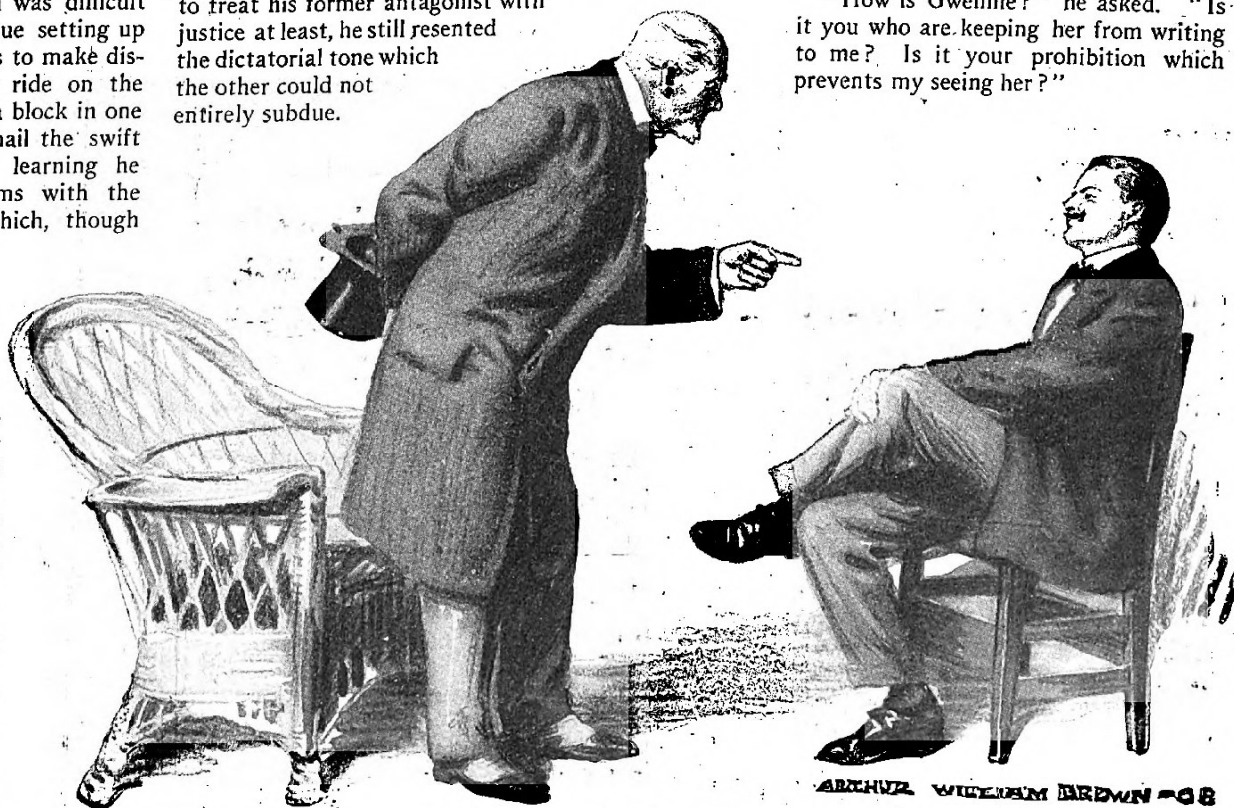
"I don't deny what I said, but I deny what you say I said. It wasn't a question of my getting so much money that I would not miss the ten thousand dollars. It was entirely a question of your dealing decently with me. You were not satisfied to receive the money in that way, but attempted to cheat me out of it, and the fact that by chance you had hit upon the exact location of the new post-office does not in the least mitigate your meanness, because you believed the government buildings were to be placed elsewhere. I offered you the ten thousand back on certain conditions, to which you would not agree, being too sure you could recover it by indirect methods. One thing I did say to you the last time we met. I made a remark which I can prove by yourself, and not by the estimable Blake, who at your instance discharged me. I said that one good turn deserved another, and that the time would come when you would regret not having proffered that good turn. The time has come sooner than I expected."

John Armstrong glared at him, but made no reply. The interview was proving harder than he had expected. Pepperton continued:

"I asked three favors of you, Mr. Armstrong, none of which would have discommoded you if you had granted it. You refused all three. I hope you know now that I was not at that time pleading for myself, but for you. I hope that you know now I would not have accepted any of the favors I asked, because I did not need any one of them. My sudden dismissal by Blake caused me to doubt your good faith, although your seemingly honest talk had actually convinced me that you would run square. Your refusal to lift a hand to help me when you thought I was in a trap—a trap, indeed, which you yourself had constructed—warned me of your rancor in time, and thus you lost the opportunity of making a fortune."

John Armstrong groaned, and buried his face in his hands, seated there in Jimmy's easiest chair. The young man had been walking up and down the room, his cheeks somewhat flushed by his declamation. He paused and looked down at the broken man before him. When next he spoke it was in a quiet voice.

"How is Gwennie?" he asked. "Is it you who are keeping her from writing to me? Is it your prohibition which prevents my seeing her?"



"Look here!" he cried, "I've no time to talk Sunday-school platitudes!"

The old man shook his head, but did not speak.

"Perhaps it's unfair to talk of a matter that occupies my thoughts night and day. I don't care in the least for the low craft that seems to be necessary in the making of money, and which you regard with a respect that you deny to all other qualities a man may possess. You came for that ten thousand dollars. Very well, you shall have it before you leave this room, with interest at ten per cent. instead of the six I promised."

Pepperton drew up a chair to a small desk, made some rapid calculations on a slip of paper, took a check-book from a pigeonhole, wrote out the check, tore it off, and handed it to his visitor.

"Here you are."

Armstrong raised his head, took the document, which his native caution compelled him to read, then, rising to his feet and putting on his hat, he said in a low voice:

"Thank you very much. This will get me out of my difficulty."

He had reached the door when Jimmy blurted out abruptly:

"No, it won't."

"It won't what?" asked Armstrong, turning round with his hand on the door-knob.

"It won't get you out of your difficulties. That check is a mere drop in the bucket. If you take my advice, you will hand it to Mrs. Armstrong, and tell her to salt it away. You will need it a mighty sight more six months from now than you do even to-day."

An expression of deep trouble came into Armstrong's eyes. This young fellow evidently knew more of his affairs than he thought.

"Why do you say that?" he demanded, with an assumption of his former confidence.

"Because, although I give the check to you, it is in reality destined for the treasury of the Street-railway Trust. Into its maw goes that ten thousand. It is impossible for you to fight the Trust successfully unless you possess a very large capital, and even then I don't think you can do it, because the head of the Trust is an exceedingly cold business proposition, who is equipped with double your brains at least."

"Do you think you could succeed in my place?"

"If I possessed a million, perhaps, but I have not yet accumulated any such amount."

"How much have you accumulated?"

Jimmy laughed.

"There is no need of going into figures," he replied, "but I have not enough to waste any of it fighting the street-car octopus."

"I thought," said Armstrong, with a sigh of dejection, "that you had something definite to propose. Of course your ten thousand will not do very much to relieve the situation in which I have become involved. To tell you the truth, I did not make this appointment with you in the hope of receiving the ten thousand. I thought perhaps I might get you to lend me anywhere from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars on the security of either the stores or the Lincoln Avenue railway."

Pepperton shook his head.

"You have already mortgaged both," he said, "and have tried your best to get more money from banks, loan companies, and private capitalists, without succeeding. You came to me only as a forlorn hope, and I take it you are here, not as a friend, but as a borrower."

"I should hope," said Armstrong,

very half-heartedly, "that you do not regard me as an enemy, even if I come on business."

"The question, Mr. Armstrong, is not how I regard you, but how you regard me. Your friendly feelings toward me are in no ways sultry, you know. Still, I am not an exacting person, and have been striving this while back to secure your respect, leaving friendship to sprout afterwards if it found congenial roothold. Won't you sit down again, Mr. Armstrong, and let us talk over your situation? If you care to accept my help, I shall be very glad to give it."

Armstrong relinquished his hold on the door-knob with a suddenness that suggested it had become red-hot. He wheeled round eagerly.

"You will lend me the money?" he cried.

"I am afraid I can not do that," responded Pepperton. "You see, it is all invested in gilt-edged securities, and I have made up my mind to let nothing tempt me to withdraw it. When I say all, I mean comparatively all. Some has been placed in the coffers of the *Daily Courier* for certain purposes of my own, and that security I do not regard as gilt-edged. Then, when you have drawn the cash for that check, there will be left in my bank account only a trifle over a hundred thousand dollars."

Armstrong gasped, for Pepperton had spoken in a dejected sort of way, as if this condition of things were the lowest depths of helpless poverty.

"You would not care to lend me that hundred thousand, perhaps?" suggested Armstrong.

"No, I intend to use it in another direction. There is a situation in this town which I have studied very carefully, and I think I see my way toward making a bit of money without undue risk. If in making this bit of money I can assist a friend, I shall be very glad to do so. Now, the situation I have been studying included the future of your Lincoln Avenue street-car line. I have come to the conclusion that you can not succeed with that railway until you have either come to terms with the United, or have fought them and defeated them."

Once more Armstrong's head sank into his hands.

"Oh," he groaned, "if it is merely to talk of impossibilities that you called me back, I might as well be on my way to Washington Street. You have yourself said that it would take more brains than I possess, with a large amount of money added, to defeat the United Street-railway Company."

"I did not say you could defeat even then," commented Jimmy; "but I intimated that you might put up a good fight."

"As for coming to terms with them," continued Armstrong, "I have tried to do that over and over again, but they know I am in a hole, and so won't even negotiate. That scoundrel, August Stillenger, is merely waiting, like the thief and pirate he is, until my franchise runs out, then, by bribing the city council, he will get what he wants by corrupt methods rather than by straight dealing."

"Yes," rejoined Jimmy, dryly, "it does seem pitiful that in a whole city full of square, upright business men, such a rascal as Stillenger should be in our midst. Nevertheless, August is a cool-headed customer, whom I admire very much, and I am just conceited enough to wish trying a fall with him, catch-as-catch-can."

Armstrong looked up at the young man with interest, and the glimmering of a fresh hope shone for an instant in his tired eyes, which speedily faded away as he said dejectedly:

"But if you have not a few hundred thousands to risk, what is the use of wishing?"

"Oh, I did not say I needed much cash. I would bring a power to bear upon August Stillenger that is much more potent than money."

Armstrong's head dropped again, as he said, in tones of despair:

"There is no such power, my lad," adding as an afterthought, "not in this country."

"I know we say that money talks, but brains also guide the tongue. I'd endeavor to turn upon Stillenger that great motive force, enlightened public opinion."

Armstrong rose from the easy chair once more.

"Look here!" he cried, with something of his old domineering impatience. "I've no time to talk Sunday-school platitudes. Don't waste them on me. Use them for writing elevating articles for the *Weekly Christian Advocate*."

Jimmy laughed in his hearty, genial way.

"It always astonishes me," he said, "that a man allows himself to become absorbed in one view of a subject, ignoring the ninety-nine other views which may be taken of the same theme."

"I don't know what you mean," growled Armstrong.

"Sit down for the third time, and I'll explain. You've been on a still-hunt for money for some time past, and are so much absorbed in your unsuccessful quest that you seem blind toward other phases of the situation. You believe that Stillenger is waiting to get your franchise practically for nothing; that is to say, he will get it with the bunch of other franchises that he expects to receive from the aldermen. You think he's going to kill a lot of birds with one stone. Now, it happens that in this belief you are ridiculously wrong; and in this erroneous estimate lies your greatest danger. Your franchise does not run out for two years. Now, knowing men as you do, you should never have run into the gross error of supposing an alert and energetic

[Continued on page 157]

The Crisis Hour

By RICHARD WIGHTMAN

AMBUSHED within the Swamp of Time it lay,
And toward it, fearing naught, I made my way.

I thought that life was peace and love and joy—

Thus did they teach me when I was a boy.

And so I wandered on, unarmored, weak,

When something—sharp and gleaming—smote my cheek,

And something splashed upon my pallid arm

And frightened me, for it was red and warm.

The pines were there and in the sky a star,

But in that hour I learned that life is war.

There have been other hours, and other scars

Gained 'mid the placid pines, 'neath smiling stars,

And not in vain if late some voice may say,

"Look there! A soldier goeth on his way!"

AFTER THE SALOME DANCE—WHAT?

HOW LONG WILL THE AMERICAN PUBLIC TOLERATE LOW-MINDED THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES?

BY FREDERIC THOMPSON

THE regeneration of Coney Island has been kindly ascribed to me by friends and the public. When my partner, Dundy, and I started to build Luna Park, Coney Island was referred to as a cesspool of depravity and immorality. That was six years ago, and for the last four years this greatest of all amusement rendezvous has been as clean as the proverbial whistle.

For the last six years the "hootchie-cootchie" has been trying to find a resting-place on Coney Island. It was there once, but other managers and I drove it from the land of side-shows to the Metropolitan Opera House. With the help of Oscar Wilde and Richard Strauss the bare-legged dancer made her initial bow to Broadway in the foremost American palace of amusements, where, before an audience made up of the social four hundred and the moneyed five thousand, she appeared for one consecutive night as *Salome*. Since that widely advertised performance this most indecent of all Terpsichorean exhibitions has gone through the country like wildfire. Vaudeville has been literally demoralized by it, and a dozen young women of indifferent ability—several of them had never been heard of before—have jumped into such fame that they have for a number of months commanded salaries equal to those received by our finest dramatic and musical artists.

The Morale of the American Theater Is on the Decline

I am not a moralist, and do not wish to be considered one. I believe that cleanliness of mind breeds the best mentality; that cleanliness of body is necessary to bring about a person's or a nation's maximum efficiency in work; that cleanliness in literature and art are to a great degree responsible for all mental and physical uplift, and that cleanliness in all sorts of theatrical representations not only has a preponderant influence on the morals of a nation, but also is the necessary element which makes for financial success. Writing from a managerial standpoint, I may as well boil this all down and start by saying that I am for cleanliness in amusements because I am convinced that it pays best in the long run.

Only a decade ago the American stage was as clear from indecency as Coney Island is today, but during the last several seasons the pernicious weed of immorality has been planted in it and has grown to such proportions that it is high time American playwrights, American managers, and American playgoers were asked to stop a minute and become acquainted with what is going on.

Coney Island was not reformed from without, but from within. She washed herself as soon as she noticed the financially good effects of a vigorous dose of soap and water. The present rapidly growing evil practises in theatricals must be killed in the same way, if they are to be killed at all.

To point what will be my argument and to demonstrate as well how close is the relationship between the side-show and the theater, I beg leave to present a timely and interesting brace of facts. One is this: the *Salome* dance which has done much to lower the tone of the American stage is nothing more than the notorious "hootchie-kootchie" dance of side-show fame, and the second is that *Salome* would never

SHALL THE NEW YORK "TENDERLOIN" DISTRICT CONTINUE TO SET THE STANDARD OF DRAMATIC TASTE FOR ALL AMERICA?

An increasing number of suggestive and morally bad plays, musical comedies, and vaudeville acts have lately been presented to the playgoing public. During the present winter season the stage has sunk to a point of shamelessness never before known in this country. If these performances could be confined to the large cities, the harm would be less.

BUT THEY ARE BOUND TO SPREAD THROUGHOUT OUR COUNTRY, INFLUENCING THE MINDS OF YOUNG PEOPLE AND LOWERING THE MORAL TONE OF THE NATION.

Mr. Thompson, himself a manager of courage and distinction, speaks out boldly in the present article. We believe that he is right in doing so, that the public should know that the low scenes now being presented in the larger cities will next year be seen in every smaller city of the United States, unless something is done about it. It is a crime against the public health.

THE EDITORS.

have been heard of in theaterland if the regeneration of Coney Island had not made it necessary for her to find a home outside the realm of midsummer amusements.

The conditions obtaining in certain theatrical affairs—conditions which make it possible for a half dozen almost-naked young women to transplant this suggestive dance to the most historic playhouses in America—must be wrong, else they would not exist. But they do exist. At present there are cropping up in all kinds of theatricals things similarly sordid and similarly dangerous. The morale of the American theater is on the decline.

The Public Is Complacently Accepting Questionable Plays

The "hootchie-cootchie" and "*Salome*" dancers are not semi-nude. They are semi-naked. It has occurred to me that some celebrated dramatists, like many bad painters, are trying to sell nakedness under the guise of the nude in art. No one can take exception to the marble nudity of the Venus de Milo. Ever since art began, great artists have promoted the artistic nature by painting and carving the nude figure which is art at its best. Others have painted and carved nakedness which is not art at all. As a matter of fact it has served only to deprave.

Are there not similar conditions in our theaterland? Are not many of the best known playwrights exploiting in their writings facts which they would not even whisper in their

own homes? Shall the character of the disolute dominate the American stage?

While there seems to be no form of drama which does not at some point deal with some sort of social problem, I believe that the present downward tendency is only a wave. Waves, however, may do material damage before their force is spent, and you may depend upon it that, no matter how great is the educational value of the theater, this particular movement, which is already growing to an alarming extent, will work havoc before it is stopped.

The complacency with which the American theatergoing public is accepting questionable plays is an absolute proof of the inroads that have been made by the loose drama. Do you recall the indignant uproar caused by the dancing doll in Pinero's "*A Wife Without a Smile*," and how quickly this suggestive "prop" was relegated to the ash heap? That was several years ago. Public likes and dislikes change with the times, and this season we have witnessed the interesting sight of Broadway audiences—made up to a large extent of the same people who tabooed the suggestive drama of yesterday—applauding the last line of "*The Devil*," wherein the leading character expresses satisfaction at having brought about the moral downfall of the two most decent people in the play.

Two years ago New York would have nothing to do with "*Mrs. Warren's Profession*," one of the cleverest works of one of the cleverest living playwrights, because it suggested things which New Yorkers at that time discussed only in private. This year the dramatist's daring has progressed with the public's appetite for questionable detail. "*Salvation Nell*," splendidly presented and splendidly acted, was loudly praised by the critics and the public because of its remarkable "production" and the fidelity with which it reproduced certain phases of lower metropolitan life. But it presented visually the very objects which were only talked of guardedly in "*Mrs. Warren's Profession*," and the public stood for them. "Photographic" is the adjective which was most used in describing Mrs. Fiske's latest vehicle. Yes; the play is a collection of vivid motion pictures, but they were made by flashlight. The things which they depict can not be caught in the daytime.

Evil Influences at Work in Vaudeville

Less than a year ago an Englishwoman visited our shores to enjoy some of the notoriety which one of her books had excited, and, as was to be expected, she made a number of fruitless efforts to have a dramatic version of this amorous narrative put on the stage. Since then the rank weed of rottenness has grown tall enough to hide from a number of managers a vision of their coming decadence, and, as a result, we have several vaudeville acts and at least one musical comedy scene which depict the worst episode in the book which less than a year ago no manager would touch. The tiger skin like the "hootchie-kootchie" and the raid on a brothel has reached the playhouses of Broadway. Once the notorious Moulin Rouge was talked of only among men; once Paris by night was not a subject which was openly flaunted in the face of an American public seeking theatrical

entertainment. Now it is being presented as a show which most critics agree appeals chiefly to licentiousness—not a meritorious achievement for one of the producers of the deservedly successful "Florodora."

The public, you say, demands sensations. Yes, you are right. But there are sensations and sensations and sensations; they are not all to be found in malodorous scenes. Vaudeville had its greatest vogue when, through the instrumentality of its American founders, Benjamin F. Keith, F. F. Proctor, and Oscar Hammerstein, it was clean, wholesome, and entertaining. Through competitive wrestling for the almighty dollar, it has become the place where you may find the latest and most daring sensation, and within the last eight months you have seen half a dozen of the most successful and most celebrated American variety houses change their function. This brings me to a point with which you may or may not be conversant.

The Most Successful Plays Are Clean

The most successful plays and the most successful musical entertainments, not only of recent years, but of all time, have been clean. This is a statement which goes with absolutely no qualification or reservation. It applies also to players, playwrights, and managers—just why I don't know, unless, as I said before, cleanliness of all kinds is a tremendous factor in final success. And by success I, as a manager, am still talking of dollars and cents. Klaw and Erlanger's "Ben-Hur" and "Little Nemo," and William A. Brady's "Way Down East" have made more money and will live longer on the forty-weeks-a-year boards than any two cleverly written but suggestively immoral French or English or German or American plays which you or any one else can name. "Brewster's Millions" and "Polly of the Circus," both of which I am proud to have produced, have been, are now, and will continue to be, productive of bigger returns than any two American plays of the present day which deal with indecency. Miss Maude Adams is the greatest drawing card in the whole theatrical firmament. She is more respected and is wealthier than Madame Bernhardt—which does not mean that Bernhardt is not the greatest actress of the last or present generation. "Florodora," "Little Johnny Jones," "The Red Mill," and "Mademoiselle Modiste" have made more money than a hundred such productions as the "Queen of the Moulin Rouge" have or will.

There Are Only Two Reasons for Portraying Evil

In speaking of theatrical success from a financial standpoint I am, I think, taking full cognizance of its artistic side. Even the painting of a muck-heap may be artistic, but the man who made it can not have done so with the one idea of pleasing his sense of art. He must have done it because of a biased sense of smell or for financial gain, else why did he do it? Similarly the man or the woman who portrays on the stage the things that should not be, does so for one of two reasons: either he or she is wrong within (we can't give out anything we don't possess), or he or she needs money. Is it worth while? I think not. Judged even from so low a plane as that of box-office receipts, I am positive that all the perennial successes of the stage have been free from the cancer of immorality and therefore I am equally positive that decency, in the long run, is not only better for the public morals and the playwright's reputation, but also for the player's, the playwright's, and the manager's pocket-books.

A play recently produced in New York depicted in its opening scene a raid on an establishment which would not be mentioned before



FREDERIC THOMPSON

Sketched from life by John Cecil Clay

decent women. Men in their clubs may have talked among themselves of such scenes and of such persons, but how would you feel some evening to have your sixteen-year-old daughter open up a dinner-table dissertation on subjects to which you would not think of alluding before a decent woman? The moment such a play appears and becomes known about town its drawing power is limited to the people who care for it and who do not care what other people think or say. There are not many such except in large cities, and because these malodorous productions can not hope to succeed in smaller communities, where this element is too small to pay a profit, they can not hope to live longer than they can interest metropolitan centers.

The Problem Confronts the Country Now

But—and here's the rub—if this wave of suggestive drama, vaudeville, and musical comedy continues to grow bigger, its audience is bound to increase. The children of to-day are going to be the play-going adults of to-morrow. If they acquire a taste for the immoral in theatricals while they are young, they will demand its satisfaction when they are older, and with the increase in the demand there will come, naturally, a further increase in the supply. And there you are. That is the problem which confronts this country right now. It has confronted other countries in the past, and largely because they individually have failed to solve it we are being flooded with an overflow of theatrical sewage from artistically decadent Europe. As surely as the theater is one of the greatest factories in molding manners and morals, just so surely will this flood of perverting theatricals have its effect on American life of the next generation.

The hope of the American drama rests with the playgoers outside New York. Our biggest city is partly filled with freak people, who have freak religions, who practise freak occupations, and who enjoy freak theatricals. A freak play which pleases their freak fancies can be tremendously successful as long as it remains in Gotham, just as the other and better kind of attraction can—for there are all kinds of folk residing at the mouth of the Hudson. But the moment one of these freak productions lifts

its anchor and starts out on that mysterious thoroughfare known in theaterland as "The Road," it meets a different reception. Especially is this true if it smacks of the Tenderloin, the Latin Quarter, or women of the half-world. As long as this condition obtains the American drama is safe. *The moment the South and the Middle West acquire an appetite for the bizarre, look out!*

We Must Keep the Stage Clean

To make the stage clean to-morrow we must keep it clean to-day. It will be a fatal error to our national progress to let it reflect the rottenness—even the gilded rottenness—of life. Sunshine is the light that counts. Two hours of it mean more to the world than twelve hours of electricity. Why depict the sordid things that exist in the dark? Invariably a playwright's excuse is that these things exist—they are truths—truths that we try to cover and keep from our homes. What good is to come of our dragging them shrieking and blinking to the footlights and exposing them there to theaters full of amusement-loving people? A manager, often called the "Melodrama King," told me, a few days ago, that he could not produce popular-price thrillers successfully without having wayward girls and slum life in the spot light. I produced "Via Wireless," a high-price melodrama, with the aid of neither, and I venture the prediction that it will succeed monumentally for years to come.

Do you suppose for an instant that the plays of Charles Klein, George Broadhurst, Augustus Thomas, and Eugene Presbrey are not made more valuable financially and artistically by their freedom from filth? Of course you don't! Nine-tenths of the American theatergoers are good, and have a wholesome admiration for decent things and decent people depicted in an interesting way. That's why they still prefer the writings of possibly inferior native playwrights, whose morals are clean, to the clever works of French, English, and Italian dramatists, whose plays reflect the very thing we must avoid—artistic decadence.

"A place for your wife, your mother, your sister, and your sweetheart," is the label I tacked on Luna Park when I first opened it. It's there yet, and will remain as long as I am proprietor. It is my motto in theatricals, and I believe it good enough to pass along. Properly lived up to it can not fail of profit.

Editorial Announcement

THE American public believes in health—physical and moral. With this aim in mind, immoral books are excluded from the mails and also from the shelves of public libraries, just as the use of poisonous preservatives is forbidden in foods. But while blocking these evils the public apparently gives no heed to the recent amazing growth of poisonous suggestion in the theaters. What is the sense of carefully suppressing evil ideas in their printed form while the visual presentations of these ideas, infinitely more dangerous to youth, are displayed without restriction?

The drama, in intelligent hands, is a noble form of art. It is a legitimate forum for the serious presentation of social problems. But, as Mr. Thompson so clearly points out, it is to-day undergoing an invasion of evil which should be stopped before it spreads to every small city and country seat in the land.

It is in the power of every American city to encourage real dramatic art and to stop the spread of dramatic poison. We shall have more to say on this subject in later issues of SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

DESIRE *and the* BLIND MAN

THE construction engineer had got his business to the point where a competent office force took most of the drudgery of surveying and the like to themselves, and left him with the scientific matters to attend to and the meeting of out-of-town syndicate representatives at unpopular hours in the little unmapped country places known solely for their isolation and for their reputed yield of good timber.



The engineer opened the heavy iron gate absently, took a memorandum from his pocket, and consulted it carefully, to determine if he could catch the one-two freight and meet some railroad people in the swamp at six and finish up business with them in thirty-five minutes, in order to take the Shoo-fly that should put him back, at ten-thirty, in town, where he had a directors' meeting to attend at a quarter to eleven.

The engineer wondered if his horse would not be more reliable than the Shoo-fly, and turned the matter over anxiously as he haltingly mounted the wide long flight of stairs that led to Desire's home.

At intervals he whistled the call that served for knock or ring, but Desire did not answer. He fumbled at the heavy copper-crossed screen door, studying his memorandum assiduously, and finally blundered into the hall, slamming the door behind him.

There was no one in the big homey living-room, but several lamps gave it a cheerful air in spite of the wild confusion that littered the heavy carpet.

The engineer turned over some of the papers with his foot and said "Gee!"—then he strolled out through the dining-room, calling Desire's name as he went. She answered him from the kitchen, and when he reached the door she was standing on the tip toes of her little kid pumps, the short sleeves of her lingerie blouse slipped back almost to her shoulders, while she frantically reached for the lower edge of a huge calendar that hung against the wall.

"What in thunder—" exclaimed the engineer, ramming his memorandum in his pocket. "Here—" and he unfastened the calendar with the greatest ease. As he turned to give it to Desire, he saw her face was flushed, and there was more than a suspicion of tears in her eyes.

"Next year—I'm not coming here—till they've torn off all the calendars," she blurted, snatching at the big leaf that had told the August days to a deserted kitchen; but the wire pin, that fastened it, dragged her tender thumb and she left the page hanging to crowd the little wounded finger into her mouth.

"Did it hurt?" asked the man, solicitously. "Here—what do you want to do? Throw away August?"

"Yes," nodded Desire, emphatically, sucking her thumb. "That's precisely what I want to do; it's what I've been wanting to do for three years."

The man looked up a moment at her

BY JANE DALZIEL WOOD

Illustrations by

FORRES GORDON DINGWALL

flushed face, crumpled the paper, tossed it down, and strode back to the living-room. He gathered up some of the trash that covered the floor and began to spread it on the table.

"Huh-a-huh."

Desire took her thumb from her mouth as he uttered this mirthful expression and looked at him reproachfully.

"Say! well look-a-here!" The man smiled, fingering the loose sheets. "August, August, August!—old August has had to clear out, eh? How many calendars do you keep about? One—two—three—five—seven—umumum—twelve! Twelve Augusts! Keeping up with the times pretty lively. Oh, by the way, Ransom is in town and wants me to bring him up later."

"I won't be alive to see him," declared Desire, plaintively, "I'm bleeding to death as it is."

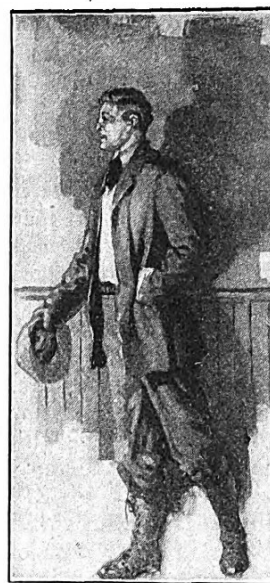
"Say," said the man, "let me see your finger! Gee!—I did n't know it was so bad! Looks like it might be cut about a thousandth of an inch," he chuckled. "Where's the spirits of turpentine? It's good to souse the darkies with when they cut off their legs and heads, and I reckon it will cure you."

He searched the upper shelf of the closet as he spoke, found the bottle, took Desire's hand, held his handkerchief under it, and poured the pungent, smarting oil into the little wound.

"Oh-h-h-h," moaned Desire, "it hurts worse than it did before!"

"It'll be all right," assured the man, easily, corking the bottle, and patting her on the shoulder in the off-hand, permitted caress of their friendship; then he straightway dismissed the whole matter from his mind. A man has so much to think about.

"So you have been spending August in Jamestown? Say! did you see the model of the Panama Canal? I wanted to go to the exposition just to get a look at it. Did you see it?" he repeated eagerly.



"No," answered Desire, listlessly.

"You did n't!" the engineer exclaimed very much disappointed. "I heard it was in a conspicuous position between two government buildings. How was the navy exhibit?"

"There was n't any," Desire returned indifferently.

"Not any!" hooted the man, indignantly, "why it was one of the features of the exposition. You'll be saying

next that there was no Arts and Crafts Building," he finished with smiling raillery.

"There was n't," Desire returned, calmly fulfilling his prophecy. "In fact—" she began, and her voice grew suddenly surprisingly husky and she jumped up and started to gather together all the calendar sheets that strewed the floor and the table, crumpling the letters and figures out of sight with all her little girl strength and throwing them into the sooty grate.

"Well," the man encouraged with friendly but contemptuous incredulity.

"There was n't anything at the exposition but—August!" Desire finished with sorrowful emphasis. "And it was all there," she added, looking up at him from the hearth-rug, where she crouched with the last handful of dead and gone Augusts, "every one of those thirty-one days was there," and she threw the last scrap of twisted, hated paper into the pile of discarded rubbish with a pitiful little desolate gesture all out of proportion to the task she had set herself to perform.

"H-m-m-m-m," returned the man, looking a little puzzled. "Well, I reckon if you had to build a railroad through a swamp in a given time, you would be mighty glad August has one more day than the average allowance and that each one of those days is twenty-four hours long!"

"Well, I would n't," contradicted Desire, looking pensively at her thumb, which had begun to hurt again. "I would n't even if I were dying and had a chance to live twelve years longer with only Augusts in them!"

The engineer's interest wandered and he took his memorandum from his pocket and went over the items again very carefully. Desire returned to the contemplation of her finger, decided it needed bandaging, and hunted up an old sheet to dress it with.

This recalled the man, and he rammed the paper in his pocket, seized an edge of the sheet, and began to tear it vigorously into strips, one after the other. Desire sat down and watched him silently.

"How much will it take?" he asked, looking at the great heap of narrow widths on the floor. "If it needs any more than that, I had better get your muff and let you keep your finger poulticed in it. That muff business is a good idea," he added, jumping up with a laugh, "Where is it?"

Desire smiled a little. "Silly," she retorted, "Where should a muff be but in cold storage in August?"

"But August is gone," objected the man.

Winter Service

By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

IN THE hushed midnight of the year,
To him who listens well
Shall come the sound of twelve notes clear
From Time's unfailing bell.

White-robed the priestly Winter stands
And reads the service then;
About him, with uplifted hands,
The trees breathe an Amen!

Then in the distance, soft and sweet,
Celestial voices sing.
Arise, my Heart, and run to meet
The choristers of Spring!

"Yes," Desire assented with a relieved sigh. "Did you ever stop to think," she suggested suddenly, "that there's an August in every calendar printed?" there was a little plea for sympathy in her eyes, but the engineer had not sat down since he pretended to hunt for the muff, and was wandering about the living-room as though he were on the eve of taking the one-two train.

"Why, I guess," Desire continued in a different tone, "there's an August every year in every English-speaking country! Other places like Abyssinia and Ceylon have them, but they don't know it. You can run away from heat and cold, from rain and drought," she sighed patiently, "but I've found after the last day of July you have got to come face to face with—August!"

"You are right about that," agreed the man. "But why should n't we have Augusts the same as any other month?" he asked, playing with the ink-bottle and a paperweight to the imminent danger of the mahogany table.

"I hate August," Desire declared with girlish vehemence. "It's—it's like a nasty dose of medicine you know you've got to take sooner or later. Then August!—your summer clothes look played out, and your fall clothes are n't ready, and you've lost your enthusiasm for hot weather, and you know it will be two months here in North Carolina before it gets cool again," she finished evasively, guiltily conscious that she was floundering through the outskirts of minor grievances.

The man's rugged sun-browned face, that had worn a quizzical expression all along, settled into a peaceful, reminiscent look.

"There's no kick coming against August so far as I am concerned," he said reflectively. "The happiest time I have ever had came in August—up at my grandmother's where we used to go sailing all day and eat watermelons all night." He laughed boyishly and his eyes kindled.

"Perhaps I would like August too," said Desire, plaintively, "if it had ever made me happy, but it's only been a sad anniversary ever since—" and she halted hesitatingly, then, quite overcome by the burden of her distress, plunged headlong into the truth, and finished quaveringly—"ever since John Justley died!"

She reached for a match, struck it, and lighted the inflammable mass in the grate. The flames spread out the crumpled sheets with keen investigation, and the days stood out on the calendars in orderly, consecutive rows.

"They burn so quickly," Desire mused sadly, and the bright firelight discovered to the man a very pitiful wistfulness in her eyes. "If only the tedious, laggard days could pass like that!" she whispered.

The charred paper fell apart, the flame disappeared suddenly like a spirit quitting the body, and the man said abruptly, "John Justley!" and wrinkled his forehead in an effort of memory.

"He was the only man who ever wanted to marry me 'bad enough,'" Desire explained, wistfully turning away from the blackened hearth and seeking the mellow lamplight.

"Marry you 'bad enough?'" the man quoted curiously. "Bad enough for what?"

"Why, 'bad enough' for it to be a compliment to you," she explained gently. "A number of people ask you to marry them and some of them really want you to, but almost every girl has one proposal in her life that satisfies her imagination!"

This was unbroken ground to the man, so he said, "Why did n't you marry him?"

"Oh, I could n't love a man who was as much in love with me as he was," Desire returned quickly, quite willing to discuss

it now that the first torturing word of confession had been spoken.

"Could n't!" derided the man. "Well, why in the world were you sorry when he died?"

"Why because he was dead!" Desire answered, opening her eyes very wide in wonder, and marvelously taken aback at this masculine conclusion. "Of course while he was living and turning everything into love, it was awfully boring to have boating and fishing and riding and golfing ending every time in a love story; but after he died—I missed it—oh, just as I miss the crape-myrtle blossoms in the fall. I never want them or gather them because there are such millions and billions of them, but when the cold weather comes and there are only two or three left—why I find I am perfectly devoted to that particular flower."

"After John Justley died I felt about his love just as I used to about goodies at a party; there was always a mountain of ice-cream and pecks of candy, and I never, never could eat but two saucers of cream and four pieces of candy."

She sighed regretfully, and the engineer, in spite of his puzzle, laughed a little, and Desire went on.

"If I married a millionaire for his money, and he cashed all his property, and spread it out in half dollars through the house and around

the lawns, I would grow to hate the sight of it. People like John Justley have a notion they must spread their wealth of love or money around for you to help yourself to, but if they were wise they would give you a blank check-book, so you could get it when you really wanted it in just the quantity you needed."

She smiled a tiny, fleeting smile and her face settled again in its old pathetic sweetness.

The engineer grinned broadly. "Guess I'll have to make more than two plunks a day before I can present check-books as birthday presents," he said whimsically. "Well, go on," he commanded, becoming serious again; "if you did n't want—what's his name?—when you could get him—what do you care if he is dead?"

Desire got up and walked to the other side of the table and turned down a lamp that was not smoking at all. The light fell full in her face, and if John Justley had been there he would have told her that her blue-gray eyes were the color of a silk dress his mother used to wear on his birthday when he was a little chap, explaining that he had always thought it the color of angels' wings. And he would have begged to kiss her on her eyes just once, comparing them all the time to rare and beautiful things. True, Desire would have refused the kiss, fencing for harmony's sake, asking him, probably, if it were Christmas or Shrove Tuesday or some other irresponsible day when lawless acts are justifiable. And John Justley would have laid up that question against those days, and he would have remembered it, too, and when the time came, he would have asked again, urging memory as a reward.

"What do I care if he is dead?" she repeated passionately. "Did you ever see a sunset in all your life that it did n't make you want to cry?" Her anger changed to pleading. "Can't you understand?" she begged anxiously, leaning toward him in the lamplight. "Suppose—oh, suppose you become heir to all the earth's jewels; suppose a train of mutes; like the one that answered Aladdin's summons, brought you the wealth of all the unmined storehouses in the world, until you had no place to keep them, no room to examine them, no time to enjoy them—and then when your eyes were dazzled by their brilliance until they hurt, and you were surrounded by them until you could not move, suppose you were notified that it was only half your fortune?"

The engineer looked skeptical and indulgent and started to speak, but Desire hurried along.

"When John Justley was dying—that August," she breathed painfully—"he sent me word he had never loved me half enough—and it seemed to me that he had already given me love enough to almost save a world!"

She turned aside and began an idle search for nothing on the littered table.

The man frankly thought Desire had taken an extraordinary flight of imagination that was out of his reach and ken, and he had it on the end of his tongue to say something good-natured but flippant. The expression on Desire's face stayed him. He said, instead, what Desire had been instantly expecting, listening for, as you do for a clock to strike.

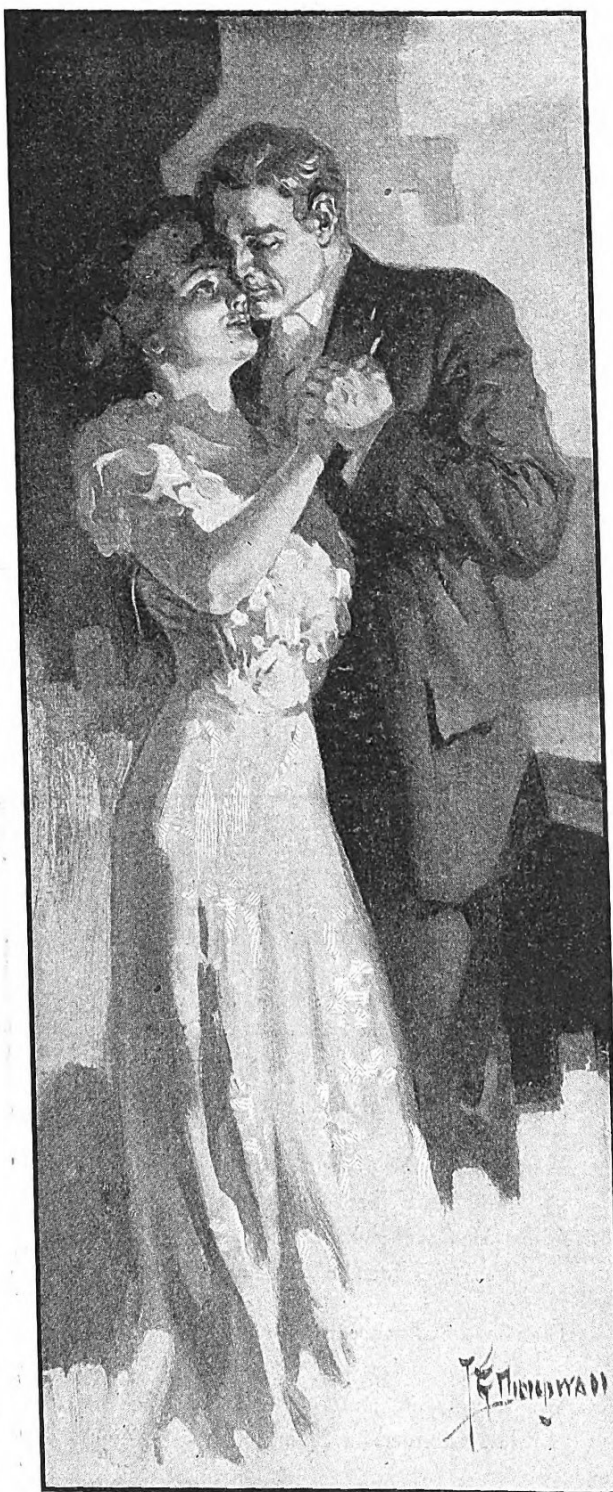
"John Justley—John Justley—was he related to the poet whose posthumous writings have lately become famous?"

"The poet is the man I'm speaking of," answered Desire gravely.

"The mischief he is!" the engineer returned roughly. "When did you know John Justley?"

"He had a camp on Cape Saint Lucian, in a colony of artists," Desire answered

[Continued on page 178]



"But whereas I was blind, now I see," finished the man, gravely

PURE MILK *and* HUMAN LIFE

BY WALTER WEYL

IF BABIES had a vote the milk supply would be reformed. But babies are inarticulate and the slaughter goes on.

Is there any reason why babies should die—not occasionally, not now and then and here and there, but wholesale, like flies? We are so cruelly accustomed to the little coffin and the white hearse that we never look at the facts or ask ourselves the question. But is there any reason why babies should die?

Suppose you enter the house of a poor family and see a new-born babe in a corner of the room, and there near the fire, doddering over his slumberous pipe, the babe's great-great-grandfather, a rheumatic, asthmatic old man of ninety. The babe was born to-day, this very day, endowed with all its heritage of thousands of generations; the great-great-grandfather was born in 1819, when Monroe was President and Napoleon was alive. Crabbed age is frail, and yet the statisticians will prove to you that slim as are the chances of the very old, the babe is more likely than his great-great-grandfather to die in a year and very much more likely to die within three months.

If the mother knew how great was the danger to her baby, she would hover even more anxiously over the cradle. If she knew how often babies are slain by the milk of the city—if she knew, there would n't be so many slain.

Let us talk not of our own babies, but of other people's babies. You can't talk of your own babies statistically. Well, in New York City, one out of six of other people's babies die every year—one out of six of all babies, rich and poor, black and white, babies of natives, and babies of foreigners. Year after year, one out of six dies in the first twelve months.

In other cities it is still worse. In Washington, in Baltimore, in New Orleans, in Philadelphia, and in Boston, from twenty to twenty-seven per cent. die; in other words, one out of every four or five perishes in its first twelve months. Even this is not the worst. In Richmond, in Fall River, in Atlanta, in Biddeford, in Mobile, in Savannah, in Charleston—in many other cities of equally bad eminence—the proportion is from thirty to forty-two per cent. Even in New York, where the conditions are better than in some other places, a baby has more chance of dying in its first short year than a five-year-old lad has of dying in his next thirty-three years.

No Wonder Children Fret and Cry

One of the principal causes of this fearful, needless slaughter is bad milk. We have not yet solved the problem of giving the child its primal food. In every city and town of this country we are feeding to helpless infants, as also to our sick and convalescent, a mass of indescribable liquid filth—the refuse of the stable and barn-yard, the dirt and contamination of men and animals, the myriad germs of typhoid, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and tuberculosis. No wonder children fret and cry, languish and die. No wonder that the undertakers are busy, or that puling infants who survive grow up rachitic, ill-developed, handicapped hopelessly in the struggle for life.

It was not intended in the original plan of nature that the cow should be the foster-parent of the human infant. The mother was to continue the life she had given. But some mothers have gone to the factory, others can not, will not, or should not nurse their babies. The patient cow does its best, but cow's milk is not a perfect food for the human infant. Still, our frightful baby mortality could be reduced to a

IS IT a crime to feed your baby milk? That, says Mr. Weyl, depends upon the milk. This article deals forcibly with unclean cows and careless milkmen and babies that never grow up. It shows us that tainted milk is unnecessary; that it is a menace to every household; indeed, that we are even more directly responsible than we have supposed for the health and the very lives of our little ones. None of us can afford to ignore this problem.



"Inspection Is Cheaper Than Infection"

"IT IS not heat but bad milk that kills babies; it is bad milk that produces or helps to produce diarrhea and summer complaint and scarlet fever and diphtheria and measles and sore throat. We must get good milk."

minimum if the cow's milk that came to the city, and above all the cow's milk when sold in the city, were pure and germ free.

We have only begun to study the question of bad milk. In olden days we fed to our infants a dangerous swill, and shrugged our impotent shoulders when the babies died. It was a habit that babies had. "I surely ought to know how to bring up children," a tenement woman once said, "I have buried nine of my own." The tenement women are still burying "nine of their own," but the nation is beginning to realize what is the trouble, and nation, State, and city, farmer, dairyman, railroad company, milk distributor, housewife, and bacteriologist are all becoming informed and alarmed; and in this intelligent alarm there is the seed of a new hope.

Where the Germs Come From

Let us look at a gill of milk and follow its history from the time it leaves the cow's udder until it reaches the baby's stomach. Inside the cow the milk is practically pure and sterile. But the moment milk leaves the cow contamination begins.

The enemy of pure milk is the germ. These minute organisms invade it from the air, from the hands of the milker, from the caked dirt on the cow's flanks, from the dirt in the cow yard, from the water in which the milk-pail is rinsed. A bacteriologist at one of the agricultural stations recently asked one of his milkmen to dip his hands into a quart of pure water. The hands were not dirty, as hands go, but when the scientist in his laboratory examined the water, he found no less than twenty-six million germs. How many would there have been had the hands been dirty?

The old-time farmer did not believe in germs. His hired man believed in them still less. It was no wonder, since not many years ago even the most learned scientists knew nothing about them. So, not seeing, nor believing, the hired man in the late afternoon drove the cows across the yard into an open shed to be milked. Upon the cow's hind quarters were hard cakes of dirt matted in the hair; the yard was dirty and filled with manure; it was perhaps heaped with cow dung and straw from the stables, around which flies were buzzing.

The farmer's man was also a carrier of germs. Perhaps he went to his job in dirty clothes, without washing his hands; or, if he did wash them, it was in water and not in disinfectants. Millions of germs were upon his hands, in the dirt under his finger nails, in his clothes, in his hair. Other millions swarmed on the dirty chair upon which he sat, and in the cracks of the pails which he used. In the air of the stable were myriads of germs, of which many dropped into the warm milk, just as many were carried there by the pestiferous flies, or were flung into the pail from the dirty tail of the cow.

In the hot milk these bacteria multiplied prodigiously. One lonely bacterium might produce three thousand in less than six hours, and many millions in twenty-four hours. The milk-pails were left uncovered for hours in a bacteria-laden atmosphere. They usually were not cooled early enough or long enough. The milk was poured into dirty cans filled with bacteria—washed, perhaps, with water containing typhoid or other germs, if not diluted with other water of doubtful history. The full milk-cans were left for hours upon railway platforms, and were kept for other hours in transit. Meanwhile, the bacteria were fruitful and multiplied, so that when the milk reached the city, each cubic centimeter (which is about fifteen drops, or a quarter of a teaspoonful) contained hundreds of thousands, or even millions of bacteria.

Ten Million Bacteria per Drop

In the city the milk was still further contaminated. In one of the dark and dirty little grocery stores in the poorer districts of our cities was bought a cent's worth of milk taken from a can for the most part open and hospitable to the resident bacteria. The woman or child who bought it carried her milk in an open pitcher along dirty streets, through long hallways, up dark flights of stairs, gathering all the while more bacteria. Finally she placed the beverage in a delusive ice-box, of a temperature not much below that of the kitchen itself. The milk by this time had accumulated from a hundred thousand to ten million bacteria per drop. Were it water, she would have seen the myriad germs, but the milk concealed it all, though it might be and often was far more germ-laden, though not so dangerous, as crude sewage. The baby cried, and was given bacteria. It cried again and was given still more bacteria. Then after a while it stopped crying—forever.

If all the bacteria fed to babies were of the harmless variety, thousands of infants would die; but the death-rate would not be so tremendous as it now is. Even a baby can drink a certain number of harmful bacteria and be well. One professor says that a thousand, others that from ten to thirty thousand, per cubic centimeter, may be drunk with impunity. But milk is rarely this clean. Boston, Cambridge, and Brockton permit milk to be sold with five hundred thousand bacteria; Milwaukee, with two hundred and fifty thousand bacteria per cubic centimeter, while in many places the milk actually sold for the use of infants contains from three million to a hundred and two hundred and, in one case, three hundred million per cubic centimeter.

You can kill a baby with too many "harmless" bacteria, but if you want to kill it quick use the disease-producing or pathogenic germs. So great is the danger, that the old Jewish laws forbade milk to be drunk if left uncovered over night, "because it is possible that a serpent may have left its venom therein." Milk contains

germs, and germs carry disease. The Great White Plague, tuberculosis, which annually carries off one hundred and fifty thousand Americans, is to a large extent caused by the drinking of milk. In the United States, as in Germany, Denmark, England, and elsewhere, scores of epidemics of typhoid, scarlet fever, and diphtheria have been unmistakably traced to contaminated milk.

The Grave Responsibility of the Milkman

Cows have tuberculosis as well as human beings. Like ourselves cows may be forced to live in miserable, unclean sheds with insufficient air and light, and they may infect each other and us as we may infect the cow. A famous physician in Geneva saw his little daughter die from drinking the milk of his favorite cow, and hundreds of well-authenticated cases show how often the tuberculosis of the cow means the tuberculosis of the drinker of its milk. In New Jersey, of twenty thousand cows examined during eleven years, almost one-sixth were found to be tuberculous; in Saxony and Denmark, the percentages were even higher. Not all the milk from tuberculous cows produces tuberculosis; otherwise, we would be a nation of consumptives. But, where the cow has tuberculosis of the udder or of the milk glands, the danger is imminent.

Cows do not suffer from typhoid, but typhoid germs may come from the milk-can or from the water used to rinse the pails.

There is an old custom, "more honored in the breach than the observance," of throwing your milk upon the water and letting it return after many days. When the milk is so diluted with the cheaper beverage from "the cow with the iron tail" there is new danger—for a man who does not scruple to water his milk will not be careful as to the water he uses. There are other sources of contamination. In Allentown, Pennsylvania, an epidemic of typhoid broke out in February, 1907, due to a case of typhoid occurring in the home of a milk-dealer. The month previous great epidemics of scarlet fever and diphtheria spread through Chicago, involving more than ten thousand cases of infectious disease, and over three hundred deaths, all from infected milk. Often, when we read of children dying from eating poisoned candy, the true cause is neither more nor less than poisonous milk.

What can we do to prevent this terrible waste of life? A Frenchman has estimated that three-fourths of all infantile deaths in his country might be prevented; that every year forty-five thousand French babies die through ignorance and neglect. If, in our country, only fifty per cent. of the babies who die are needlessly sacrificed, it means that one hundred and fifty-eight thousand American children are permitted to die. If these children were slain with swords or Gatling guns it would be considered a monstrous and fearful calamity, but the deaths are no less tragic when the child dies slowly, pining away in some over-crowded tenement.

Thousands of Cows Work for One City

We do not know exactly how many babies needlessly die; we can not calculate how many are slain by bad milk. But we do know that the number reaches into the tens of thousands. We must get pure milk for babies. We can not take filthy milk and fix it up with dangerous preservatives, for these only hide the evil instead of curing it, and, moreover, they impair the digestibility of the milk and cause intestinal troubles in the infant. We must recognize that it is not heat but bad milk that kills babies; that it is bad milk that produces or helps to

produce diarrhea and summer complaint and scarlet fever and diphtheria and measles and sore throat. We must get good milk.

It is no easy problem. It is no small quantity that we consume. New York City alone, it is calculated, consumes one million, eight hundred thousand quarts of milk per day, or six hundred and fifty million quarts annually. Into the city flows every year a river of milk six feet deep, seventy feet wide, and ten miles long. You could drown all the New-Yorkers in the milk they consume. Philadelphians use less *per capita* but in the United States, as far back as 1899, the milk and cream sold (and that does not include the amount consumed on farms or used by butter and cheese factories or condensed milk establishments) amounted to the enormous total of three billion quarts. The New-Yorker drinks from two to four times as much milk as the Londoner; the American people consume very much more milk than any other nation in the world.

Old Love or New

By JEANNETTE MARKS

THIS tapestry doth ever weave old love
To life, again; these colors gild the days
That died so long ago; these fair delights
Of chivalry, and virgin, courtly ways
Still live between the covers of a book,
Where, on the ivory page, all vellum bound,
Deep yellow with the dust of years, I look
To find the record of the Table Round.
Again I see the lances flash, the armor gleam,
The horses with their trappings shining gold;
Again in some pavilion do I dream
By arras and by shield the days of old.
Ah, from these knightly pages, worn and few,
Might I but tell again old love or new!

To supply New York City alone, three hundred thousand cows contribute their entire product day in and day out. These cows are worth twelve million dollars and to support them requires one million, two hundred thousand acres of land valued at forty-eight million dollars, with a farm equipment valued at thirty million dollars. For the milk-dealers' share there is an investment of approximately eighteen million dollars in creameries, bottling establishments, pasteurizing plants, stables, horses, and wagons. Fifty thousand men on the farms of New York State, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and distant Ohio, are employed to obtain milk for the city's use, and in the city itself another ten thousand men are employed in its distribution. Compare New York and its four million inhabitants with the United States and its eighty-eight million; multiply the figures for New York by ten or fifteen, and you obtain a rough estimate of the gigantic business built up on the demand of the American people for cow's milk.

What are we going to do about it? In the first place we are already doing a great deal. It is slow work, like all education. But side by side with the old-fashioned farmer there is growing up the new farmer, the man who knows every phase of agriculture and can tell a germ from a rabbit. An immense amount of information is being spread by agricultural colleges, experiment stations, farmers' bulletins, and newspapers, covering all the details of milk production. New devices are being invented. The closed pail is taking the place of the germ-welcoming open pail, and the bacterial count is enormously reduced. The dirty straw of the cow

stable is replaced by sawdust; the hands of the milker are cleansed by disinfectants; and on some farms, although these are the great minority, the milkers work in special uniforms.

The new farmer is beginning to see that clean milk pays. We are willing to pay current prices for ordinary milk, but we will gladly pay more for milk the purity of which is beyond question. The farmer who can produce pure milk is not only saving the lives of babies, but is, in many places at least, establishing a reputation which should mean dollars and cents to him.

Clean the Cow and the Milkman

The reform of milking is slow, but it is uninterrupted. There are and always will be many men who believe that the old methods are good enough and who consider all reforms as fads and fancies. But once a farmer or a dairyman produces good milk—not accidentally and occasionally but as a general rule—once he has made it pay, he will take no backward step. He may despise, and perhaps rightly, certain minute rules that an over-zealous reformer may suggest—it is a question of practical reforms, not of counsels of perfection—but he will not produce worse milk this year than he did last year.

The dairymen, too, are contributing their share to the betterment of the milk supply. Much remains to be done, but something at all events has already been accomplished. The railroads, too, by increasing the speed of their milk trains, by improved facilities for handling the milk and cans, by better refrigerator facilities can get the milk to the consumer fresh and pure and cold and thus greatly reduce the number of germs and the probability of disease.

Kill All the Unhealthy Cows

The city and State governments are also contributing to the betterment of the milk. New York City has over a dozen inspectors traveling through seven States. These in-

spectors, or at least many of them, endeavor to show the farmer with lax methods, not only that his system is bad, but also exactly wherein the badness lies, and they devote their energies not so much to catching an occasional culprit, as to intelligent cooperation with the farmer. Inspection is also carried on by the State governments, sometimes successfully, and sometimes, through ignorance, partiality, or bribery, with an unsucccess that makes the whole inspection a farce if not a crime.

An important step that must be taken is the elimination of tuberculosis in cattle. We must maintain a higher standard of barns for housing the cows, and we must kill off the cows in which tuberculosis threatens the purity of the milk. This killing off of cows, however, should not be at the charge of the farmer, who is usually innocent, but at the cost of the whole community. If by destroying all tuberculous cattle we can remove the danger of tainted milk and meat, we can well afford as a nation to pay for the immunity.

We must cure the milk at its source; we must cleanse the channels through which it flows; we must teach the consumers what milk to buy and drink. The mother, too, must be educated.

These things we have already begun to do. In both America and Europe milk depots have been established for the supply of milk intended entirely for infants. Such milk depots, have spread from Paris, over one hundred French towns and cities, and into Belgium, Spain, Russia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Portugal, and England.

[Continued on page 182]

Not the Salary, but the Opportunity

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"IF THE laborer gets no more than the wages his employer offers him, he is cheated; he cheats himself."

It is said that Bismarck really founded the German Empire when working for a small salary as secretary to the German legation in Russia; for in that position he absorbed the secrets of strategy and diplomacy which later were used so effectively for his country. He worked so assiduously, so efficiently, that Germany prized his services more than those of the ambassador himself. If Bismarck had earned only his salary, he might have remained a perpetual clerk, and Germany a tangle of petty states.

I have never known an employee to rise rapidly, or ever to get beyond mediocrity, whose pay envelope was his goal, who could not see infinitely more in his work than what he found in the envelope on Saturday night. That is a mere incident, a necessity; but the larger part of the real pay of a real man's work is outside of the pay envelope.

One part of this outside salary is the opportunity of the employee to absorb the secrets of his employer's success, and to learn from his mistakes, while he is being paid for learning his trade or profession. The other part, and the best of all, is the opportunity for growth, for development, for mental expansion; the opportunity to become a larger, broader, more efficient man.

The opportunity for growth in a disciplinary institution, where the practical faculties, the executive faculties, are brought into systematic, vigorous exercise at a definite time, for a definite number of hours, is an advantage beyond computation. There is no estimating the value of such training. It is the opportunity, my employee friend, that will help you to make a large man of yourself, which, perhaps, you could not possibly do without being employed in some kind of an institution which has the motive, the machinery, the patronage to give you the disciplining and training you need to bring out your strongest qualities. Instead of paying for the opportunity of unfolding and developing from a green, ignorant boy into a strong, level-headed, efficient man, you get a salary.

Many young employees, just because they do not get quite as much salary as they think they should, deliberately throw away all of the other, larger, grander remuneration possible for them to get outside of their pay envelope, for the sake of "getting square" with their employer. They deliberately adopt a shirking, do-as-little-as-possible policy, and instead of getting this larger, more important salary, which they can pay themselves, they prefer the consequent arrested development, and become small, narrow, inefficient, ratty men and women, with nothing large or magnanimous, nothing broad, noble, progressive in their nature. Their leadership faculties, their initiative, their planning ability, their ingenuity and resourcefulness, inventiveness, and all the qualities which make the leader, the large, full, complete man, remain undeveloped. While trying to "get square" with their employer, by giving him pinched service, they blight their own growth, strangle their own prospects, and go through life half men instead of full men—small, narrow, weak men, instead of the strong, grand, complete men they might be.

I have known employees actually to work harder in scheming, shirking, trying to keep from working hard in the performance of their duties, than they would have worked if they had tried to do their best, and had given the largest, the most liberal service possible to their employers. The hardest work in the world is that which is grudgingly done.

The youth who is always haggling over the question of how many dollars and cents he will sell his services for, little realizes how he is cheating himself by not looking at the larger salary he can pay himself in increasing his skill, in expanding his experience, and in making himself a better, stronger, more useful man.

The few dollars he finds in his pay envelope are to the larger salary he could pay himself as the chips which fly from the sculptor's chisel are to the angel which he is trying to call out of the marble.

You can draw from the faithfulness of your work, from the grand spirit which you bring to it, the high purpose which emanates from you in its performance, a recompense so munificent, that what your employer pays you will seem ridiculous beside it. He pays you in dollars; you pay yourself in valuable experience, in fine training, in increased efficiency, in splendid discipline, in self-expression, in character building.

The boys who rise in the world are not those who are always splitting hairs about salaries.

Colonel Robert C. Clowry, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, worked without pay as a messenger boy for months for experience, which he regarded as worth infinitely more than salary—and scores of our most successful men have cheerfully done the same thing.

It is not difficult to see a proprietor in the boy who sweeps the store or waits on customers—if the qualities that make a proprietor are in him—by watching him work for a single day. You can tell by the spirit which he brings to his task whether there is in him the capacity for growth, expansion, enlargement;

an ambition to rise, to be somebody, or an inclination to shirk, to do as little as possible for the largest amount of salary.

When you get a job, just think of yourself as actually starting out in business for yourself, as really working for yourself. Get as much salary as you can, but remember that that is a very small part of the consideration. You have actually gotten an opportunity to get right into the very heart of the great activities of a large concern, to get close to men who do things; an opportunity to absorb knowledge and valuable secrets on every hand; an opportunity to drink in, through your eyes and your ears, knowledge wherever you go in the establishment, knowledge that will be invaluable to you in the future.

Every hint and every suggestion which you can pick up, every bit of knowledge you can absorb, you should regard as a part of your future capital which will be worth more than money capital when you start out for yourself.

Just make up your mind that you are going to be a sponge in that institution and absorb every particle of information and knowledge, every suggestion possible.

Resolve that you will call upon all of your resourcefulness, your inventiveness, your ingenuity, to devise new and better ways of doing things; that you will be progressive, up-to-date; that you will enter into your work with a spirit of enthusiasm and a zest which know no bounds, and you will be surprised to see how quickly you will attract the attention of those above you.

This striving for excellence will make you grow. It will call out your resources, call out the best thing in you. The constant stretching of the mind over problems which interest you, which are to mean everything to you in the future, will help you expand into a broader, larger, more effective man.

If you work with this spirit, you will form life habits of accuracy, of close observation; a habit of reading human nature; a habit of adjusting means to ends; a habit of thoroughness, of system; a habit of putting your best into everything you do, which means the ultimate attainment of your maximum efficiency. In other words, if you give your best to your employer, the best possible comes back to you in skill, training, shrewdness, acumen, and power.

Your employer may pinch you on salary, but he can not close your eyes and ears; he can not shut off your perceptive faculties; he can not keep you from absorbing the secrets of

[Continued on page 179]

The BREAD and the STONE

BY EARL DERR BIGGERS

Illustrations by ALBERT LEVERING

MR. DINKY PATTERSON sat on a shady bench in a down-town park and pondered the philosophy of hunger. For the morning repast he had substituted a brisk walk about town. His aimless journey carrying him down a side street which flanked a pretentious club, he had caught through an open window a fleeting glimpse of a breakfast—brightened Paradise—of white linen, gleaming silver, and obsequious negroes in spotless jackets. In plain sight a man sat laughing over a morning paper he held in one hand, while with the other he poured rich, heavy cream upon a nameless breakfast food. Mr. Patterson's philosophy was not untinted with bitterness.

The learned doctors who preach that we should cut our three square meals to two would have found in Mr. Patterson a source of delight, for he had gone them one better. In forty-eight hours his only indulgence in food had been confined to the frugal charity claimed nightly by the hopeless stragglers of the Bread Line.

Dinky Patterson was down and out. Fortune passed him as though he had been a poor relation. Opportunity sped by like a red automobile on a lonely road, and left him choked with the dust of defeat. Luck—but why multiply? Why expand the old story recorded on Mr. Patterson's dingy belt by a series of nail-punched holes?

A lost, strayed, or stolen breeze, hot as the breath of a furnace, swept the dusty grass and blew to Mr. Patterson's feet an abandoned newspaper. Mindful of the magazine story world of which he felt more than ever a part, Dinky stooped for the sheet, expecting to read therein another chapter of his life's novel. In train-boy literature it would have happened thus. But alas, the sheet was as colorless as near-news could make it—as dull as a summer morning in the park.

An article on the first page informed Dinky that "everybody" had left town. Fashion, according to the scribe, had put up her shutters, and, gathering the cash from her till, had fled for her annual plunge at the seaside. Compared to present-day New York—if the paper were to be believed—Goldsmith's deserted village was Coney Island on Sunday.

"Get wise, get wise," muttered Dinky in disgust; "there's a few of us left and the food supply ain't any bigger even with Fifth Avenue out of the scramble. It gets on my nerves. I did n't take my usual trip to the mountains. But business—business! Oh, we slaves of the desk!"

He kicked the gravel with a worn toe and surveyed the breakfasted masses passing to the sordid bench of toil. Their faces were worried, drawn, unhappy. For the privilege of dining they had paid dyspepsia's price.

Mr. Patterson returned to the greater interest of an uninteresting journal. From force of pernicious habit he sought the sections devoted to a daily refutation of the old adage about the paucity of man's desires here below. The "Help Wanted" column caught his eye—his practised eye, devoid of hope. Too often he had been told that the X. Y. Z. Company's agents were making twenty-five dollars a day selling novelties, and that he could do the same. Too often he had learned that Madam Zaza, clairvoyant, was giving readings at the old stand. Too often, also, he had followed the thread of hope to the tangle of incompetency and inexperience.

But to-day a new kind of bait was dangled before the sophisticated Dinky, affording entertainment and diversion. And—though old in the ways of the angler—he nibbled, for it was an attractive bait withal. Ay—he nibbled—though sneeringly and ready to draw back.

"Wanted—A healthy, normal man to perform a thirty days' task requiring nerve and endurance. Remuneration, \$500."

Assuming a knowing smile, Dinky crumpled the paper in his hand and tossed it from him. It was not his custom to enroll himself among the day's catch. He might nibble at the bait, just to let the fisherman know that he was there, but he had no intention of biting. Rather would he return to the still, cool waters of his metaphorical submarine home.

The still, cool waters! Relentlessly the blazing sun crept across the grass to Dinky's bench. He closed his eyes to a merry-go-round of objects—a rapid-fire kaleidoscope of the scene upon which he had just looked. At his vitals the insatiable wolf of hunger gnawed.

"Gawd," muttered Dinky, "I can see bread growing on them mapies. If I was stronger I'd climb to a square meal. This is the hungriest morning of my life. Somebody's shot a cannon-ball through my middle."

Again he closed his eyes, and this time, before the mystic-mazy background his dizziness inspired, he beheld a legend, clear and flaming as the electric signs New York nightly pastes upon a patient sky, "Remuneration, \$500." Was there that much money in the world? That would bring—how many—breakfasts?

"Nerve and endurance," muttered Dinky, "and this morning I addressed a hotel clerk as a fellow being, and I've endured—Gawd knows what. Why not? I can't lose—I ain't got anything to lose. Why not?"

With a shamed glance round him, he rose and moved stealthily across the grass toward the discarded paper. Returning with it to the bench, he stretched out its crumpled length, and sought the address of him who dangled the bait. It came as a shock, leaving him sad, with ardor chilled. For it lay far from the park where Dinky lingered, in a region to be approached only through streets many and devious. In Dinky's well-worn pockets rested no placating nickel wherewith to soothe the grand mogul of the street-car. Yes, he must walk—walk though hunger weakened and want played tag where breakfast should have reposed.

Never in his life had Dinky begged.

Some left-over by-law from a forgotten code held him back. Almost would he work first. In no event would he accost his fellowman for so much as car-fare.

"If I had a nickel," he told himself, "I'd buy me a drink to nerve me to the walk. I wonder if one foot'll follow the other, out there in the sun."

He tightened his belt to the last notch. "A sandwich and a cup of coffee," he continued, "ud look one o' them there Roman banquets to me. Corned beef an' cabbage 'ud knock me in

"Where he would purchase a wonderful lunch"



"A fleeting glimpse of breakfast"

a heap. A fifteen-cent table dote—O Lizzie, Lizzie!"

"Wanted—a healthy, normal—" Carefully and with precision Mr. Patterson tore the notice from the sheet, and bestowed it in the pocket of a plentiful vest. With dignity he rose to his feet, and set out on the path that was to lead to the fairyland of "remuneration" and food.

The sun beat down on the pavement with a dazzle that made the merry-go-round in his head travel faster. Before him the sidewalk danced, gay and uncertain, unwilling to confine itself to the prescribed straight and narrow. Every now and then it rose unexpectedly, and he had to climb—climb. People turned to look at him—to note his stubble of beard almost to his eyes; his frayed clothes, seeming remnant of an ancient, unguessed glory; his step, variegated and unsteady. On and on he plodded through the heat, while the afore-said wolf of hunger ceased not its gnawing.

At length he stood, weak and pale, before the door of enchantment. An intellectual-looking maid, after formalities unnecessary and absurd, ushered him into a library where a little man crouched, writing, at a desk.

The room was small and musty, and choked with ancient books. Its two windows looking out upon an adjacent wall, the lack of daylight necessitated a green-globed lamp above the disordered desk. In the shifting air there was that which hinted at the mighty thoughts there evolved.

The man at the desk stole out into the center of the room, timidly, and carefully took Dinky's hand. His coat was shiny and green, his forehead large, his eyes small behind the double-convex.

"Thought-juggler," characterized Dinky, "doing the intellectual can-can far from light and air."

"Good-morning," said the small man, in a gentle, insignificant voice, "my name is Professor Alexander Traubel. I trust I am safe in assuming that you have called in answer to my advertisement inserted in

a well-known metropolitan daily a few days since. Is my surmise correct?"

Unasked, Mr. Patterson dropped into a convenient chair. It was wide and deep, and he sank back with a sigh of relief.

"Words, idle words," he pronounced, when he was ready to reply, "but under them there's a meaning, sound and correct. You are right, sir. I'm number one of the Babes in the Woods. I'm Little Bright-eyes, far from home and mother. I'm the Nerve Trust

and endurance monopoly called out to investigate a new graft. I'm one—"

"Pray be seated," interrupted the professor; "er—that is—of course, you are seated. Pardon me."

He took his seat behind the desk and looked down upon Dinky with the air of a judge trying a case.

"There are a few questions," he announced, "by which I shall endeavor to ascertain if you are possessed of the necessary qualifications."

Mr. Patterson lay back in his chair, oblivious of questions of qualification. Not for many days had he found so comfortable a seat. For the moment he almost forgot his hunger. Then cruel fate wafted to him from a distance the faint odor of an approaching meal, and the pangs returned. Yet not for the world would he have hinted at his need. Discretion seemed to him to demand that he assume the air of a gentleman waiting for James to bring the machine.

The professor had selected a note-book from the many on his desk, and held a stylographic pen poised in the air.

"Name, please," he requested.

"Dinky Patterson," murmured that gentleman, languidly. He was thinking of the five hundred. The Broadway hotel where he would purchase a wonderful lunch, in case fate granted an advance, was already selected. The delay he seemed in for began to annoy him.

"Age?" continued the questioner, without looking up from the book.

Mr. Patterson gathered his remaining strength and sat erect.

"See here!" he said firmly, while learning personified regarded him with mild surprise, "let's get this over with. They's no need to drag it out like the catechism, or the Spanish Inquisition, or the sewing circle. My name, such as it is, you have got. My age I can't remember—It changes from year to year. I was born at home quite a while ago. Over my career since then I draw a curtain—sharp—like that—with a bang! I've had the measles and the mumps—and my time's valuable, so speed along."

"A few more inquiries, please," pleaded the abashed professor, "absolutely essential, I assure you. As to the state of your health, is it—"

"Out of sight," broke in Dinky. "If everybody was like me, undertakers could n't pay for the palms they put in their windows. I'm the original health-food man—the baby raised on muscledina. I'm—"

"Have you, or have you had, indigestion, appendicitis, peritonitis, laryngotomy—"

"Hold on!" broke in Dinky; "nix on the life-insurance dope. I'm all here. Ain't I told you? Appendix and all and—far from indigestion."

"Mr. Patterson," continued the professor slowly, "do you—may I ask—do you, er—imbibe?"

"Water," said Dinky, firmly, "only water. The mollicoddle carriage for mine. Wine is a mocker—I let'er mock. Strong drink is raging—I let'er rage."

"I am pleased to hear it, sir," the professor responded; "and now, regarding your habits of life: are they simple, or are they—er—I perceive they are somewhat simple."

"Very simple," said Dinky, decidedly, "very simple, indeed. Me for the jug of—er—water, the verses, loaf, etc. The Waldorf bores me, the country club gets on my nerves. Yes, the wilderness for yours truly."

"And now—a foolish question, you may think—but important, I assure you—what are your favorite foods?"

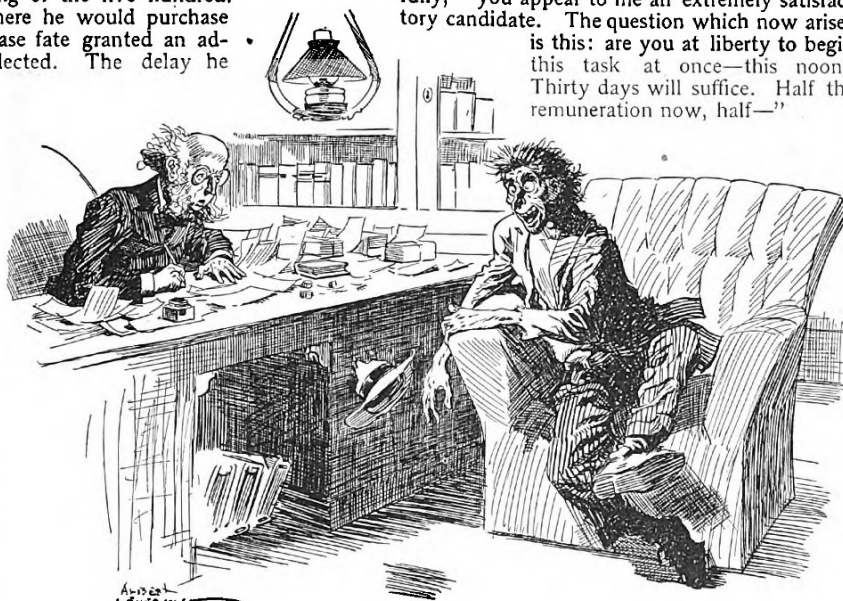
Mr. Patterson sat up very straight. His favorite foods! There was an I—who-am-about-to-die-salute look in his eyes. The odor from the kitchen had grown in fragrance, and Dinky's heart beat wildly. His favorite—

"Onions!" he said insanely, "onions—"

"Well, well," ejaculated the surprised professor, "is that so!"

"On a steak, I mean," followed up Dinky; "on a tenderloin, and around it. Oh, don't talk to me! Don't rouse these sleeping passions!"

"In every way," remarked the professor, thoughtfully, "you appear to me an extremely satisfactory candidate. The question which now arises is this: are you at liberty to begin this task at once—this noon? Thirty days will suffice. Half the remuneration now, half—"



"Onions!" he said, insanely

"Mister," broke in Dinky, "all the leisure on the map has been monopolized by him who addresses you. Tell me what you want—I'm ready."

Faster and faster the room swam before him. He put his hand to his head to steady the merry-go-round which was wobbling—wobbling.

The professor had risen, one hand in the bosom of his coat, the other on the table, in the manner of one about to deliver an oration.

"For a number of years," he announced, "it has been my firm belief that man—healthy, normal man—can, without deleterious effects, exist for thirty days without tasting food of any description. In the interest of Science, mysterious mother of us all, I desire you to make this experiment."

He stopped, and on the instant his manner, hitherto that of a devotee to Science—mysterious mother of us all—was filled with a kindly solicitude characteristic of a more human mother.

For Dinky Patterson had fainted.



"Dinky Patterson had fainted"

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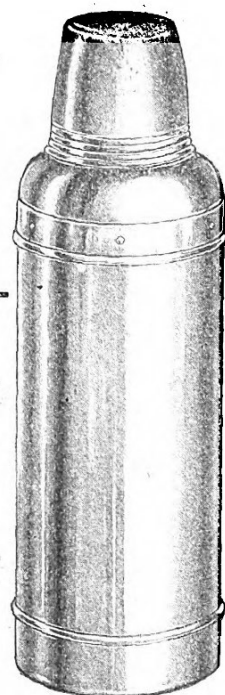
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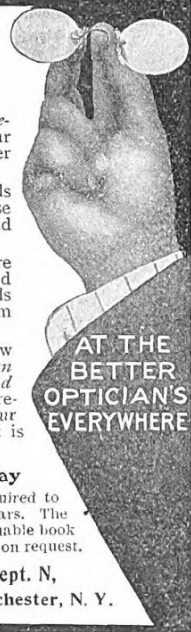
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The WORLD in The MONTH in AMERICA

PITTSBURG is the industrial center of America, whence come the United States Steel Corporation, public libraries, and Pittsburg stogies, and millionaires. It is a dingy, dirty, smoke-clad city, where a few pretty intelligent people live who can help it, and half a million Italians, Slovaks, Poles, Syrians, Bohemians, and negroes who can't, because they never learned to cut

Pittsburg
Wakes up

coupons or to live without eating. Somebody has just turned on the light in Pittsburg, and a few Trust magnates and some other very respectable citizens are blinking uncomfortably. It seems that the Steel Trust, concerned about over-population, has been killing some five hundred men every year, giving, on each occasion, a few warm words of consolation to the bereaved relatives. Another five hundred human beings were being yearly swept off by typhoid, because certain gentlemen who drank spring water and whisky did not want the general water supply reformed. Nobody was keeping track of the thousands of poor fellows annually maimed, or of the other thousands who were being sent off into hospitals, jails, orphanages, and insane asylums. The city took care of the Trust's cripples, and when the steel business was dull the hospitals were empty. The whole report is a sickening story. It makes us feel that if we can not do better than this, our recent little controversy with the late George the Third was not of much use.

We can do better. Publicity will penetrate even the Trust-made smoke of Pittsburg. Already a movement is on foot to institute a municipal house cleaning, and if the civic pride aroused by the recent report bears fruit, Pittsburg will soon produce men as good as its steel, and will be as intolerant of cruelty and dishonesty in business and politics as it is now intolerant of slipshod methods in the manufacture of pig iron.

WHEN the State of California threatened recently to pass legislation restricting the rights of Japanese residents in that State, and thereby rekindled a feeling of ill-will between Japan and this country, she opened up an ancient and troublesome question. Has any State of the Union a right so to conduct itself as to involve the country in difficulties with foreign powers? Louisiana once plunged us into serious disagreement with Italy; is California to be allowed to go stirring up Oriental hornets to the great discomfiture of the rest of the family?

Troublesome
California

Unfortunately there is no provision in our *E Pluribus Unum* system of government to prevent such a contingency. We can not forbid California's passing any constitutional laws she sees fit. Neither, alas, can we ask Japan and California to settle their difficulties in their own good Pacific Ocean fashion. The Mikado has been given every reason to believe that California is a part of the United States, and, like most indignant neighbors, he comes to the head of the family with his complaint.

It looks doubtful now whether California will insist upon this unfriendly legislation. No doubt she has her grievances with her undigested Orientals, but she can not intend to unload them on the rest of the nation. It seems unlikely that she will forget that less than two years ago the other forty-four of us were scraping the tills and pawning the silverware to help her through her troubles.

WE ARE going to get our new battle-ships; the little Japanese war-scare has turned the trick. For the sake of peace we are going to build a navy that will "lick creation."

The nations of the world, including the United States, are beginning to remind us of the peace society meeting that ended in a free fight. England began by building a number of "Dreadnaughts," to preserve the

Fighting
for Peace

peace and to enable Britannia to rule the ocean in the intervals between swallowing Dutch republics and picking quarrels with diminutive South American countries. Germany, wishing to second England's peaceful intentions, built a Dreadnaughtier, and the peaceful American eagle now brings out an even more peaceful Dreadnaughtiest. Each nation strengthens its own navy to preserve peace and laments the equal efforts of other powers to preserve peace likewise.

Peace is a beautiful thing, but aren't we overdoing it?

WE ARE second to none in our respect for the Judiciary.

We believe that the courts should be maintained, and their decisions lawfully obeyed. But when the Supreme Court of the United States denies to American financiers their inalienable right to charge the people such rates as they see fit for the necessities of life, when in defiance of all the rules of polite society it upholds a

A Rebuke to the
Supreme Court

mere State of the Union in nefariously and feloniously interfering with the profits of accredited members of the Stock Exchange, we think it is time to call a halt.

The Consolidated Gas Company of New York, like the gas company in your own city or town, has for years been engaged in the honorable business of converting coal into gas and gas into water. Every time you turn on the light, the Consolidated Gas Company issues a new share of stock. We do not recall just how many hundreds of millions the facile directors of this corporation have issued, but we do believe that to stop the printing of more stock is a violation of the freedom of the press.

The people of New York, having for a long time paid a dollar for every thousand feet of gas and air pumped to them, suddenly became avaricious and instructed their legislative hirelings at Albany to compel the gas company to sell the same amount of gas and air for eighty cents. The Gas Trust became indignant. "Confiscation," it cried; "if you reduce the price of gas you will put a stop to our printing business." The consumers refused to pay more than eighty cents, the Trust refused to take less than a dollar, and finally, while the two were disputing, the Trust turned off the light.

Now we hold this truth to be self-evident, that the proper function of a consumer is to consume, and the proper function of a gas company is to print stock, produce gas, and fix the price of it. But the stubborn consumers went to law about it, regardless of the outraged feelings of the Gas Trust, and without consideration for the United States Supreme Court, which has enough to do, goodness knows, without meddling with the troubles of consumers. And the outrageous conclusion is that the Supreme Court has actually denied the right of the Trust to capitalize its good will—on the ground that there is no good will where Trusts are concerned—and has commanded the good gas company to give back to the consumer the twenty cents, which it has been keeping safe in its toy bank for the last two years.

If the Supreme Court of the United States is to continue in the odious business of protecting consumers, which it may possibly do in other cities and towns as well as New York, the self-respecting financiers of this country will withdraw their capital from perilous business ventures, and invest it in other congenial enterprises, such as the printing of counterfeit money or the running of three-shell stands.

AS AN example of what magnates may be driven to, take the case of Mr. Harriman and the State of Georgia. That commonwealth has been indulging itself in some rather severe measures in restriction of railroads and the like. The measures

Talking Back
to Harriman

are known as wholesome regulation unless one or one's uncle or one's sister-in-law owns railway stock somewhere; in that case, they are called "railway baiting." Mr. Harriman feels strongly about it.

"Now look here, Georgia," he said, the other day, "if you'll stop this foolishness of yours I'll take ten million dollars and turn my Georgia Central into a real railroad."

Whether Georgia will see things in this reasonable light we do not know; the first reports are discouraging.

"This establishment," Georgia replied arrogantly, "is not being conducted for the benefit of E. H. Harriman. Take back your small change. You can't work your Chicago and Alton game on us."

The Georgia newspapers were more firm than polite on this question. There were those who went so far as to say that Harriman had never made a real railroad in all his life. What he has always done, they affirmed, is to make an imitation railroad and to sell it to people who could not tell a railroad from a town pump.

This is the attitude of mind that drives our best citizens into seclusion and our much needed capital into storage warehouses.

a NUTSHELL



IT SEEMS that our railway magnates are not so rich after all. A glance at the secret archives of our great transportation companies reveals the fact that many of the big men have less than ten millions of dollars of railway stock in their own name, and not many more in the names of each of their office boys.

Harriman
A. D. 146,909

Even Harriman, the greatest of them all, does not seem to possess more than a beggarly \$116,000,000 of stock in the Pacific Railroads.

Poor, poor Harriman! In the splendid palaces of the apparently opulent, as in the humble cottages of the undeniably poor, there is not enough to go around. On many a lordly table, cold mutton and mashed potatoes, to say nothing of the unaristocratic hash, now take the place of the one-time Thanksgiving turkey.

There is still worse to tell. Every day there comes forward some new loud-mouthed, unpractical agitator, who wants to regulate this and regulate that, and who believes that the foolish people should interfere in the business of the nation; so that at last the harried magnate wonders whether he will not be obliged to withdraw his thrifty savings from all investments and live sparingly upon his capital for the rest of his life. But a word of warning to Mr. Harriman *et al.* You can not live decently with your family in a great city for less than eight hundred dollars a year, and so if you draw upon your capital you will be penniless in 145,000 years, or by the year 146,909. Of course Mr. Rockefeller would hold out a little longer, for say an additional 605,000 years. But little by little his savings, too, would disappear, and unless he invested his six hundred million dollars he too would become a public charge by the year 751,909 A. D. Back to your roll-top desks, gentlemen!

THE trial of T. Jenkins Hains, the writer, for assisting his brother in the murder of William E. Annis was, because of the prominence of the parties concerned, a matter of considerable interest to the whole country.

His acquittal on that charge has not been favorably received by the country at large. The American people are not blood-thirsty or revengeful folk; they are always willing to interpret "reasonable doubt" very liberally. But when, as in the T. Jenkins Hains case, there was no doubt of his complicity, and when the usual insanity question did not arise, it was felt that another consideration had undue weight with the jury. That consideration was the alleged wrong-doing of the victim. In an attempt to justify this consideration it has been called "The Unwritten Law." It is an attempt to revive the good old days when every man made his own law on his own premises. It is a short and easy road to anarchy.

Meanwhile, New York has lived up to its reputation as a community which believes in personal liberty with respect to the use of fire-arms. The supply of lives is so great in that community that their market value has fallen very low. You can have one any time now at the cost of a little inconvenience.

IN the news that comes to us every day of the victories of the Anti-Saloon League, one little item of interest has hitherto escaped attention—the planet Mars is going dry. According to Professor Percival Lowell's new

book, Mars is an older and more experienced sphere than our earth, and there "terrestriality succeeds terraqueousness," or, to put it unscientifically, it is drying up.

There is, we understand, still a little snow way up at Mars' North Pole, and the Martians, who are very intelligent and up-to-date, have built tremendous canals, each about the size of the State of California, to gently lead these polar waters to where they can do the most good. But the inevitable drying-up process is going on, and after a while, sooner or later, the clever little Martians will be no more, and thereafter the dead planet will roll through endless space for countless aeons without passengers.

Nor is this the worst of it. If we can stretch our argument from Mars to this earth—and it is a very poor argument that will not stretch fifty million miles—the same thing will happen to us. "Terrestriality will succeed terraqueousness," our oceans will be lost—or mislaid—our fertile valleys will turn into deserts more thirsty than Sahara, and little by little the human race, besieged by dryness, will curl up and die.

It is well for each of us to put his house in order, for, if these predictions are correct, we shall all be dead, and this planet will be uninhabitable, in a very few billions of years.

THERE seems to be no doubt that the management of the United States Navy should be turned over to the magazine writers. These men are not only public spirited by temperament and profession, but since most of them live in New York City where they can see the water from their office windows, they are peculiarly

fitted to speak on naval affairs. It was a magazine writer, who not so long ago, pointed out defects in the construction of our battle-ships that even a board of experts was not able to discover. Now comes

A Broadside
of Ink

George Kibbe Turner, who declares that a navy that could annihilate ours in a couple of hours fighting, could be run on forty million dollars a year less than ours.

The usual course has been pursued and a commission of naval authorities appointed to look into Mr. Turner's charges.

We decided long ago that the pen is mightier than the sword, now we are to know how it compares with a thirteen-inch gun.

SEVERAL thousand young people of Cleveland, Ohio, under the inspiration of the Rev. W. B. Wallace, recently pledged themselves to undertake to live for two weeks as Jesus would, were He on earth. Under the terms of the agreement they were to wear no badge or other outward sign, but were simply to go about their daily affairs, performing their duties faithfully, and refusing to

Christianity in
Cleveland

be a party to any action which they felt would not be sanctioned by the Founder of their religion.

The reports brought in at the end of the two weeks were varied and interesting. Many had kept the faith; others had fallen by the hard and stony wayside of Cleveland's market-place. As the Great Teacher was never engaged in mercantile pursuits, there was a lack of precedent in individual cases, which made it difficult for these aspirants after the ideal to know what to do.

The chief difficulty was, that these men and women, being young, were for the most part employees and hence not free to conduct themselves as they pleased during business hours. The young stenographer, for example, who refused to typewrite a letter to a liquor dealer, found herself forced to choose between her duty, as she conceived it, and her job.

The experiment is an interesting one, and will be continued. If it results in raising the business ideals of the community ever so little, it will serve a useful purpose. If it does nothing else, it may show what a wide discrepancy exists between Christ's teachings and business affairs as they are conducted to-day.



LATTER-DAY PATRIOTS

IV. James
Schoolcraft
Sherman

His private life has been
above reproach. He was
in private life a few minutes
in 1883.

IF THEODORE ROOSEVELT had deliberately planned to depart from his office in a blaze of popular glory, it is doubtful whether he could have hit upon a better method than that of securing the hostility of Congress.

We do not say that the President did so plan; we only know that the Roosevelt nature abhors an anticlimax.

When the representatives in Congress assembled refused to accept the President's "Secret Service" message, they started the first open conflict between the Capitol and the White House that has been waged since the days of Grover Cleveland. The "Congressional Record" began to sound like the deliberative proceedings of the Teamster's Union. When the cruel war was over, not a sign of vegetation was left in Pennsylvania Avenue, and Capitol Hill was strewn with damaged reputations.

It looks now as though the President, backed by an army of citizens bearing typewriters, had permanently silenced the legislative guns. Tillman in the Senate wildly brandished his pitchfork in defense of his reputation, and ended by protesting that he was almost an honest man. Both houses evinced a blushing modesty about self-investigation that was ominous in its eloquence.

The people are coming to realize that, so long as the two branches of Congress are controlled by the clique which now dominates them, they can not represent the people's interests. For the most part, the citizens subscribe cheerfully to Mercutio's sentiment, "A plague o' both your houses." And among the admirers of the amazingly popular President, there are not a few who love him most for the enemies he has made.

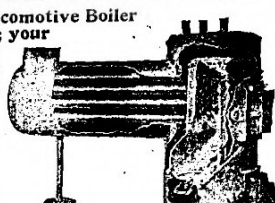
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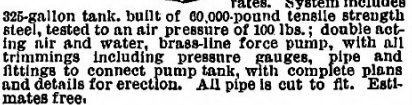


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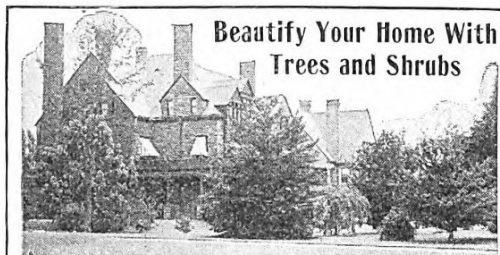
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The WORLD in a NUTSHELL

CONGRESS has been putting its mind to work on the
proposal that the President's salary be increased
from fifty thousand dollars to one hundred thousand
dollars, and that the compensation of the Vice-President,
Speaker, and Supreme Court Judges
be raised proportionately. There is
an audible feeling that these officials
of ours are in a way almost as im-
portant as presidents of railways
and that they ought to be paid accordingly.

A Horse for "Uncle Joe"

Among the provisions of the bill introduced was the
proposition that the Vice-President and the Speaker of
the House be allowed five thousand dollars per year
each for the maintenance of a horse and carriage. Now
we would be the last to protest against buying a horse
for "Uncle Joe" Cannon. The street-cars of Washing-
ton are not all they should be; and the walking is often
bad. But we do protest against the unjust discrimina-
tion represented in this bill. As an improvement there-
on we suggest the following Graduated Animal Act:

That the President be given a tame elephant, and that
there be a horse for the Speaker of the House, a cat for
the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, a dog for the
Sergeant-at Arms, and a pair of white rabbits for every
member of Congress. Thus we slide down the zoologi-
cal plane until we end by giving the Vice-President a
canary. If we are going into the tame-animal business
why not do it right?

NEXT year, 1910, Uncle Sam is going to stand up and
be counted. He is not afraid of the count. He
knows his family has grown at a healthy rate, and busi-
ness, despite the recent setback, is in as good shape as
could have been expected. He is
a little ashamed of a few of his
unregenerate sons, whom he has
"trusted," but to know what to
do with these trusts, he must get
knowledge, and knowledge to-day means statistics, and
statistics mean a census.

The Census and the Congress

But a census, a real census, is exactly what the Con-
gress of the United States does not intend Uncle Sam
to have. Congress believes that a little knowledge is a
dangerous thing—especially dangerous to Congress-
men—and besides it is better that the representatives of
the people have a little patronage to dispose of than
that Uncle Sam have the knowledge and statistics that
he needs in his business. And so, though the President
asks that the census be put in charge of competent men,
qualified for this work by competitive civil service ex-
amination, Congress shakes its head and says no. The
President has vetoed the objectionable bill passed by
Congress and the matter may go over to the next session.

THE awful tragedy of Calabria and Sicily has stirred
to its depths the great sympathetic soul of the
world. From England and France, from Germany,
America, and far-off Japan, have come condolences and
sympathy, and, what is even more
important, money, foods, and
medicines. Warships have been
sent upon errands of mercy, diplo-
mats have ceased "to lie abroad
for their countries," and all humanity has awakened to
the sense that before Nature and God all men are one
and all are brothers.

First in charity and sympathy has been our own
America. Congress immediately responded to the
President's request for eight hundred thousand dollars,
and the contributions of private individuals soon
swelled our gift to two million, five hundred thousand
dollars. The heart of the country, as always in emer-
gencies, beats true.

But it is a curious thing that all humanity should
feel as one in the face of a visitation of nature, and yet
remain callous to the equally poignant misery lying
nearer. Perhaps the time will come when we shall
feel more keenly, not only the sufferings of those who
are crushed by earthquakes, fires, and other elemental
forces, but equally the miseries of those who are vic-
tims of poverty, ignorance, disease, and industrial ac-
cident. Perhaps in no far-distant future all men will
be brothers in a sense undreamed of to-day, and no
man will sleep when in all the world some other man
is without a bed, and no man will eat when in all the
world some other man or woman or child hungers.

THE American is the freest giver in the world.
Whether it is an earthquake or fire or a famine, or
merely a new school or church or asylum, the Ameri-
can's hand goes to his pocket. Last year, according to
a recent report, our people rich
and moderately well-to-do gave
ninety million dollars for public
purposes. Forty million of this
went to charity, thirty-six million
to education, and four and a half
million to religion. In one sense it was all religion, all
education, all charity.

Ninety Million
Dollars versus
Two Cents

It is very fine; it speaks well for the public sense of
the moneyed American. But the whole sum is small;
not over one dollar per inhabitant, or two cents a week

for each American. Moreover, most of this money
should have been spent, and some day will be spent,
by the country as a whole, and not by individuals; by
America, and not by Americans. Some day, we hope,
it will not be necessary to pay a dollar for charity, and
the United States as a nation of States will spend so
many hundreds of millions for education that private
gifts will be unnecessary and rather an impertinence.

In the meantime, for what we are about to receive
from wealthy Americans in money not immoderately
tainted, let us be duly grateful.

IMMIGRANTS and panics never come together, and so
last year, according to the report of the Commissioner
of Immigration just issued, only 783,000 Europeans sold
their little belongings and migrated to the New World.

Uncle Sam Gets a Present

They were poor people—very
poor—and not a few had a hard
time convincing the authorities
that they would not become
a public burden. But many a
mickle becomes a muckle, and together they brought
over with them in their red handkerchiefs eighteen mil-
lion dollars.

It is quite a tidy sum—enough to buy a county in
some States, and an acre in others. But there are
clever statisticians who calculate that Europe's yearly
gift is far greater than this eighteen millions. A man,
they say, is worth what it costs to raise him from baby-
hood; it would cost us a thousand dollars or more
to rear and educate a full-fledged citizen, and so, if
Europe sends us a million-odd people—men, women,
and children—her gift to us in human material is any-
where from five hundred million to one billion dollars
annually.

It is a very interesting calculation, perhaps true, per-
haps not, depending on whether the imported citizen is
as good as the home-grown article, and on whether we
need him. But one thing remains clear if this calcula-
tion is correct (and perhaps if it is not), and that is,
that with this enormous incoming wealth we can well
afford to lose one or two William Waldorf Astors and
even to gain one or two Boni de Castellanes every
year.

THE great West wants postal savings-banks with a
but—and the great West is right. The West be-
lieves that any man ought to be allowed to drop his
nickel or his ten-dollar gold piece into the Govern-
ment slot and to get his two
per cent. interest on it. But the
West wants the money invested
in each case in the local national
banks, instead of being freighted
to New York and used in shear-
ing the lambs on Wall Street.

The West may be prejudiced, but it does not like
Wall Street. It does not like the light-fingered confrat-
ernity of speculative gentlemen who take your money
and say, "Now you see it and now you don't." Wall
Street is an affliction, even though a necessary one; but
the great mass of Americans would rather have a dol-
lar in their own hands than two in the hands of these
financiers. As for the West, it would rather bury
its money in the back yard or put it in an old stock-
ing than have it confided to the gentle trust-makers.

It is up to the law-makers to put a proviso in the
Postal Savings-Bank Law as passed, arranging for the
deposit of all moneys in the national banks of the
neighborhoods where collected.

THE recommendation of President Roosevelt, that
Congress appropriate twenty thousand dollars for
a commission to Liberia, "to examine into the situation
and report recommendations" as to the best manner for
the United States to help that re-
public "under the present critical
circumstances," draws attention
anew to this earliest and most
unfortunate of American colonies.

It was in 1819 that the American Government, anxious
to blot out the slave trade and to make reparation to
the slaves, joined with various philanthropic and mis-
sionary societies to form in Africa the free negro
republic of Liberia. There were men who dreamed
dreams of a wonderful future for the new nation. The
negroes of America would return to Africa; they would
increase and multiply and would spread the Christian
religions and free republican institutions throughout
the Dark Continent.

Ninety years have passed and the dream is shattered.
The negroes of America have remained in America;
Liberia has languished. To-day, in all the vast terri-
tory, larger than that of Ohio, there are but fifty thou-
sand civilized negroes, shut off from civilization.
Surrounded by a million and a half barbarians, un-
learned in political and financial methods, uninspired
by the earlier ideals that sent their great-grandfathers to
Africa, these people turn to America for assistance. It
is only right and proper that they should do so, and it
is but just that the American republic extend its help-
ing hand to its earliest colony.

The WORLD in a NUTSHELL

The MONTH ABROAD

SINCE January the first of this year, the British Government has been paying a pension to every man and woman above the age of seventy who has an income of less than one hundred and fifty-five dollars a year and is not in receipt of poor relief.

Being Paid for Getting Old

This is a big step forward in the spread of humanity over the earth. The old had begun to feel out of place in this humming, hustling, strenuous world of young men. Thrown out of their positions they had drifted into life of casual work, of insufficient pay, of worry, and then into the awful abyss of pauperism.

It is a disgrace to any nation when old men and old women who have led laborious and decent lives are thrown upon the almshouse, or are left starving and shivering outside the gates. The laborer who has toiled for fifty years is worthy of his hire, and a nation must honor its fathers and mothers that its days may be long in the land.

England for centuries had not held in honor her fathers and mothers. She had supported her helpless old people in her workhouses; but only indirectly, grudgingly, and unscientifically. Across the North Sea was Germany, who supported her aged poor directly and gladly and scientifically. And Germany prospered. Other nations followed Germany's example, and now England too has endowed her aged, and honored her fathers and her mothers.

The tight little island has not been the first country to do justice to her old and she will not be the last.

WHEN in 1898 Uncle Sam invited the King of Spain to evacuate Cuba, and the King of Spain, after a few brief conferences with the land and naval forces of the United States, decided to accept the invitation, a howl of rage arose from the cynics of the whole world. "The American hog will gobble up Cuba," they cried, and they predicted that the last state of the unhappy island would be worse than the first.

The cynics, hoping for the worst, were disappointed. Uncle Sam, acting on the square, withdrew as soon as his sense of the proprieties permitted. But when a few years ago Cuba got into an electioneering snarl, and the big policeman had to be called in again, the cynics had another inning. "Not only is Uncle Sam a hog," they cried, "but he is also a hypocrite. Poor little Cuba is dead."

Well, poor little Cuba is not dead. The Americans have withdrawn, the elections have been held again, and Cuba is as free and independent as ever—perhaps a little more free and independent than is good for her. She is being freed so often that she is getting a sort of reputation that was enjoyed by the prisoner at the bar who boasted to twelve of his peers that he had been acquitted of picking pockets on nine different occasions.

Cuba needs a good lesson in electioneering and politics. She must learn that buying elections is in the long run cheaper than fighting for them with revolvers and machetes, and that, instead of poisoning the man who votes against you, it is much better to count him out. With these few approved political maxims, Cuba may be trusted to work out her destinies alone.

MANY years ago the French abolished capital punishment, and humanitarians the world over rejoiced. Now the French, whether of necessity or not, have taken a step backward, and by a recent law, reestablished the guillotine and public executions.

Back to the Guillotine

On January 11, the first execution took place in Bethune under the new old law. The scene, when thousands of brutal men assembled to make a holiday of the execution of four of their fellow beings, was too horrible to describe. The victims had been guilty of a series of atrocious crimes, including robberies, assaults, tortures, and murders. But cruel and horrible as had been their crimes, their punishment was even more cruel and more horrible. All night long a sodden, drunken, vindictive, blood-thirsty mob waited at the place of execution, and hour after hour brought in new morbid and brutal crowds, on foot, in wagons, and by train. Despite a soaking rain, the dense files of men, debased by an unconquerable blood-lust, stood in the dark outside the somber prison wall, and amid coarse jests and loathsome ribaldry reveled in the gruesome scene that was to come. Then, as the cavalry forced a way through the crowd for the executioners, and the prisoners mad with terror were dragged to the fatal guillotine,

the savage crowd roared out salvos of bravo to the public executioner, the "Monsieur de Paris."

Some of the men in that brutal mob were fathers of families, some in their sane moments were good men, and law-abiding citizens. If this be true, the sooner should the French abolish public executions, if not all executions whatsoever.

FOR thousands of years man has slowly striven upward toward light and goodness and gentleness. Men have died with a peaceful resignation that other men might live a purer life. And generation by generation, slowly succeeding century by century, the path has led upward, toward the humanization of man.

The Beast in Man

But the beast is not yet dead, as the mob of Bethune and the cowardly cruel "official" murderers of St. Petersburg show us. Within the glove of the civilized man is still the crooked claw of the savage. Still, though it takes many thousands of years to kill the tenacious, ferocious, million-year-old beast in our hearts, the beast will be killed and peace and good will and gentleness will reign on the earth.

BIRMINGHAM, England, has just issued a blue book, and the blue book adds to our respect for Birmingham, England. About twenty-five years ago there was a vile slum in Birmingham. It was no viler than slums in New York and Chicago and St. Louis; but it was as vile as a small and inexperienced city could make it.

How Birmingham Made Virtue pay

Now Birmingham was a virtuous city, and it did not like slums where vice was rampant and children sickened, and grown-ups drank, and fought and died. So Birmingham bought the forty-one acres, borrowing nine million dollars to do it, and razed the slums to the ground. But though on virtue she was bent, the city had a frugal mind. She rented out the ground on seventy-five year leases, on the condition that at the end of that time both the ground itself and the office buildings erected on it should return free of cost to the city.

Birmingham has made virtue pay. Already the annual rent almost covers the interest and sinking-fund on the nine millions. The slums are gone, the former slum-dwellers are living in more sanitary houses, and, in another fifty years, the city will own its forty-one acres of immensely valuable land covered with beautiful buildings. As a financier, landlord, and housewife, all respect to Birmingham, England.

IT USED to be believed that if the world were round the people on the other side would have to stand on their heads. There are many respectable folk to-day who think that the New-Zealanders, who scrape along at the antipodes, are, at least in a political sense, standing on their heads. It is claimed that there is too much democracy in New Zealand.

Democracy in the Midget Dominion

New Zealand, from some points of view, is an insignificant place. You could settle its whole population in Philadelphia—if the Philadelphians would move away—and have enough houses left to quarter the whole British army. It is rightly called the Midget Dominion. Yet the story of its last sixteen years of democracy recalled by a recent victory of the most progressive elements at the polls brings New Zealand into the first ranks of the advanced nations. Sixteen years ago the country was on the verge of ruin, its credit was gone, and the Government and people were about willing to put up the shutters. Then a progressive ministry came in. The new government bought the big barren estates and sold or leased them as fertile little farms to thousands of energetic settlers. When the new settlers were exploited by loan sharks, the Government went into the banking business and loaned money cheaply; when the railroads charged exorbitant rates, the Government acquired the railroads; when the little country was ravaged by strikes, the Government, democratically elected, decreed fair rates of wages, fair hours of labor, and fair conditions of work. It was all no wand strange, and every one predicted that the experiment would fail. But the experiment has not failed, and, if the vote of a few months ago means anything, it means that in the opinion of the people of New Zealand it is not going to fail.

There are some who say that a New-Zealander standing on his head is a better law-maker than an American right side up.



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The WORLD in WOMEN EVERYWHERE

IN THESE twentieth century days, when even the very young tell you that marriage is a failure, and that it is better for the bachelor maid to bear the ills she has than fly to others that she knows not of, it is reassuring to read a statistical report on marriage and divorce, just issued by the Census Department. It seems that Uncle Sam became interested in this marriage question, and sent his patient census enumerators to all the tying-up places in the country to find out what they could. The results are astounding. During the last twenty years, almost twenty-six million bridegrooms and brides walked up to the altar—thirteen million handsome swains with thirteen million blushing brides on their arm. The American is a marrying man, much more than is the Englishman, the Frenchman, the German, the Russian, the Austrian, the Italian, the Spaniard, the Swede, or in fact than any European except the Hungarian. And the habit is growing on the American, so much so that every single man and maid in the country has a better chance of marrying than had his father or her mother.

The Marrying American

THE figures on divorce are not such pleasant reading, because they show us that the American's attitude toward a wife is "easy come, easy go." During the last twenty years, there were a round million of couples who decided to return to a state of single blessedness, or at least to change partners. Of the latter class, the divorcees who try it again, we can only quote Dr. Johnson's words, "It is the triumph of hope over experience."

Forty Years of Divorce

Whether we like it or dislike it, this divorce business is a serious matter. Forty years ago there were only ten thousand matrimonial break-ups a year; to-day there are over seventy thousand. At the present rate of increase there will be more divorces than marriages by 1960, and in the year two thousand there will not remain one solitary undivorced married couple.

THE husband seems to be the one to blame. Two-thirds of all divorce suits are instituted by the wife, and the thousands of allegations against the worse half of cruelty, desertion, drunkenness, and forgetfulness of matrimonial obligations make us wonder why it is that married men make such poor husbands. It takes the lady a longer time to get rid of a husband than to accept him, and on the average the divorce occurs just about ten years after the man and wife were joined until death should them part. Usually when it comes to a divorce both parties are willing, and in five-sixths of the cases there is no contest. Nine thousand husbands asked for alimony, and most of them got it, and six proud-spirited gentlemen secured divorces from their wives because these better halves had failed to provide.

Alimony for Gentlemen

CONGRESS has been asked this year for an appropriation of three thousand dollars for the employment of an expert in the welfare of children. It was hoped by those who made the request that this modest beginning would lead to an efficient bureau of the Department of the Interior which would eventually deal with a wide range of questions affecting school children.

Hogs and Children

In support of this request a Nebraska woman wrote that her husband was engaged in raising hogs while she was trying to raise a boy. Her husband, she said, had no difficulty in getting efficient and expensive aid from the Government in his hog-raising pursuits, but she had to struggle along in her own way with the boy question. With a pardonable mother's prejudice, she argued that the welfare of her boy seemed almost as important as the health and happiness of her husband's hogs.

Upon first thought three thousand dollars does not seem an extravagant allowance for twenty million children, but the argument did not impress the massive intellects at Washington. No doubt they were actuated by that wise spirit of economy which led them, a short time ago, to refuse our own City of Washington fifteen thousand dollars for children's playgrounds. At any rate we have with us the consoling thought that the coming generation of personally conducted hogs will be the envy of the world.

LINCOLN'S Birthday has come and gone. Before these lines reach the reader, a hundred years will have elapsed since the birth of that great American. Edgar Allan Poe, had he lived, would also have been a hundred years old, and during this year we celebrate the centenaries of Charles Darwin, Alfred Tennyson, Edward Fitzgerald, and William Ewart Gladstone, all born in 1809.

The Babies of 1909

During the twelve months of this year, 1909, some three million or more babies will be born in the United States and Great Britain. They will be born in mansions and hovels, in three-room flats and lonely farmhouses, in log cabins, as was Abraham Lincoln, perhaps in stables, as was the Babe of Nazareth. They will be one crying, puling, indiscriminate mass of babyhood, yet with all the potentialities of all the human race. In the year 2009, which of these babies will be celebrated, as to-day we celebrate Poe, and Darwin, and Tennyson, and Fitzgerald, and Gladstone, and Abraham Lincoln?

We shall be glad to have this question answered, but replies from fond parents will be disregarded as likely to be prejudiced and unreliable.

AT A recent public debate in New York City, two well-known women discussed the question "Are women supported by their husbands?" Is the husband, in other words, the original easy mark who generously provides meal tickets and sealskin coats to a permanent guest he calls his wife, or is he only the silent partner in a mutually advantageous business concern called a family?

Are Women Supported by Their Husbands

By common consent no attention was paid to those establishments to which one or both parties contribute safe-deposit vaults full of gilt-edged securities, nor to those international arrangements in which hubby provides the nobility and wifey pays the rent. The argument had only to do with the common or garden variety of home to which the husband brings the envelope on Saturday night and where he finds supper ready. The married lady who took the affirmative declared that the wife, economically considered, is a poor investment and receives more than the market rate for household work. The negative, a spinster, put up a strong plea that the lady of the house, whether she alone performs the simple household tasks or attempts the far more difficult feat of persuading some one else to do them, contributes her equal share to the maintenance of the family.

This debate consisted of airing before a large and intelligent audience a question that has been confined heretofore to the sacred privacy of the home. A million hard-working husbands have said:

"While I slave from morning to night, you do nothing but spend money."

To which a million wives have retorted courteously but firmly:

"It's all very well for you to sit all day in your comfortable office. I'd like to see you try to run this house for just one day."

And in spite of these million-and-one discussions, the question is still unsettled.

THOSE who expected the incoming administration to be a second edition of the one just about to close have already sustained several severe shocks. It has been evident for some months that golf and not tennis will be the fundamental principle of our Government for the next four years. It seems fairly certain now that the Billy Possum and not the Teddy Bear will be our national emblem. And now comes the bitterest blow of all: the spinster, and not the mother of a large and noisy household, is to be the American ideal.

The Spinsters' President

In one of his Southern speeches, Mr. Taft paid a glowing tribute to the unmarried ladies of this glorious land. The hope of our country, the safety of our institutions, and the conservation of our liberties depend, he said, upon the spinster.

This is not a revolt, it is a revolution. It is not a mere truckling to the spinster vote; it is putting the seal of official approval upon race suicide. William Howard Taft, who promised the people to carry out "my policies," has got himself elected under false pretenses. The mantle of Theodore Roosevelt has fallen upon a man who worships strange new gods and conducts himself after the ways of the heathen.

a NUTSHELL

PERSONS of the MOMENT

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, though ostensibly a literary man, has always had a keen eye for business. For a generation our foremost American humorist, like the far-seeing financier who puts his property in his wife's name, has committed his genial crimes under the pseudonym of "Mark Twain." Now he has gone a step farther, and in order to protect himself and family from the law has had himself made into a corporation. By this action he has acquired the right to water stock, oppress widows and orphans, and be muck-raked. He has capitalized his funny bone. The gullible public may be called upon any time now to purchase shares in "Mark Twain, Limited."

THEODORE F. BURTON has been chosen by the Ohio legislature to succeed Joseph B. Foraker in the United States Senate. "Brother Charley" Taft thought some of going after the job, but gracefully gave way to Mr. Burton. In addition to his Christian name, Mr. Burton's claims to distinction are that he had a long period of satisfactory service in the House of Representatives, that he was not badly beaten by Tom Johnson when he ran for mayor of Cleveland, and that he is not Foraker.

ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL has been selected as Dr. Eliot's successor as the head of the big culture and athletic establishment at Cambridge. He is a man of brilliant scholarly attainments, and in his day could do a very fast mile run. He is a Bostonian and seems amply provided with ancestors. Altogether he is admirably fitted for what is perhaps the most influential position in our educational world.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, *impresario* and owner of the Manhattan Opera House of New York, is a man of many troubles. In one brief month he has warred with the music-loving but money-loving public of Philadelphia, submitted to dictation from one of his high-priced singers, and undergone a fistic encounter with two newspaper reporters. He says there is nothing in the theory that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN, Senator from South Carolina, recently hurled his historic weapon at President Roosevelt as a reply to charges of fraud in connection with land purchase in Oregon. Tillman has been such a vigorous and picturesque figure in the upper house that his troubles, deserved or undeserved, have caused considerable regret. There are those who say, however, that that well-known implement of his will be useful henceforth only for the peaceful purpose of pitching hay.

It is becoming almost impossible to get good, steady men and keep them at their work. There seems to be a restlessness in the air; the bricklayer of to-day becomes the electrician of to-morrow, and the lawyer of to-day the business expert of to-morrow. The wave has even struck Germany, where Ernest Haeckel has thrown up his job. He has given up his position as professor of zoology at the University of Jena, which he has held for only forty-six years. We have always had a tremendous respect for this great biologist, but we disapprove of his changing his job. He puts forth the flimsy excuse that he celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday on the sixteenth of February, and that he wants to devote his life to a phylogenetic museum. Now what, pray, is a phylogenetic museum?

WHEN the White Star Liner "Republic" was rammed by the steamer "Florida," John R. Binns, the "Republic's" wireless operator, descended into the water-filled compartment of the sinking ship, recovered some necessary storage batteries, and repaired his disabled apparatus. With three sides of his Marconi room carried away, Binns worked for twelve hours sending out the messages that brought aid to the disabled vessel. His exploit was the subject of an enthusiastic address in the House of Representatives, but he is a popular hero nevertheless.

GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN, of Oregon, has achieved the distinction of being the first man elected to the United States Senate by Oregon's new primary system. He is a Democrat, but has been elected to the Senate by a strongly Republican legislature pledged at the primaries to vote for him. Unless the machine Republicans succeed in setting aside this vote, on some technicality, the people's will will prevail, and Chamberlain will represent Oregon in the United States Senate.



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A complete list of new Victor Records for March will be found in the March number of Munsey's, Scribner's, McClure's, Century, Everybody's, Current Literature and April Cosmopolitan.

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Ladies'—\$3.00 a box. Light weight. Colors, black and tan.	Ladies'—\$2.00 a box. Colors, black, black with white feet and tan.

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BUSINESS HINTS

"How Can I Improve My Business To-day?"

A MARKED characteristic of the progressive man is that he is always improving something somewhere. He has a horror of possible deterioration, and he knows the demoralizing, disintegrating power of familiarity with inferiority.

The trouble with most men is that they think they must improve their business as a whole, in some mysterious way, in order to get ahead. They do not know the magic of keeping everlastingly at the little improvements everywhere. It is the effort to improve little things in one's business that counts. It is the gradual betterment, evolution, not the great spasmodic strokes that, in the long run, count most.

Start out every morning with the determination to improve upon the day before. Resolve to leave your office, factory, or other place of business at night with things in a little better condition than they were the night before. Make some improvement somewhere every day. Move your pegs a little further along or a little higher up. You will be surprised to see the transformation in your business within a year.

Besides, this habit of eternally improving things, of jacking them up a little higher, making everything a little better, is contagious. Your employees will catch the spirit and they will try to improve on each day's work.

The man who is a perpetual inspiration to everybody about him has a tremendous advantage over the man who is a constant depressant, a discourager, who kills ambition by his criticism and harsh judgment.

If you can spur people about you to do their best voluntarily, you will have a powerful ally in your work.

Put this motto up in your office and look at it every morning: "Where can I improve my business to-day?"

I know a man who adopted this motto early in life, and it has been a perpetual inspiration to him. You can see the effects of it upon everything he does. He is always trying to improve on his best. The result is that he has developed more of his ability than any other man I know. There are no fag-ends or half-finished, slipshod jobs about him. Completeness is the trade-mark upon everything in and around his premises. Nothing else seems to trouble him more than a poor day's work or a bad job.

The Delusion of Bargains

MANY a merchant has been ruined by buying a much larger bill of goods than he wanted in order to get the larger discount offered on the larger order. It is a pretty safe rule for a merchant to buy only what he believes he needs or can sell, and never to buy a thing just because it is cheap. In fact, it is a pretty good life rule for any one, never to buy a thing just because it is cheap.

Thousands of people keep themselves poor buying "bargains" at auctions. In many homes we find all sorts of things in basement and attic, and packed away in boxes, that were bought because they were cheap, and that have never been put to any real use.

I know some bargain-crazy people who really spend considerably more money in a year than others similarly situated who only buy what they want, and then of good quality. Those bargain hunters never have anything just right. There is nearly always some defect or flaw in the things they buy as "bargains." They are forever coming to pieces, and requiring repairs, or they never match with anything else in the house.

People who are always buying things at auctions and bargain sales, which they do not really need, do not realize how the cost mounts up in a year. They think it is economy; but it is oftentimes great extravagance.

Business Manners

WHY is it that many of the cashiers, bookkeepers, bank tellers, corporation clerks, and people who serve the public through glass windows or across counters, are so pert and unobliging? Why is it necessary to make a customer feel that he is a nuisance?

Public officials, clerks, and attendants in our public buildings and municipal offices are proverbially curt, short, and snappy. Though you are paying them through your taxes for their services, they make you feel that they are doing you a great favor by giving you what belongs to you and for doing what you are paying them for doing.

How quickly you notice the atmosphere of a business house—a great department store, for example. There is as much difference between the feeling you have in walking through two great establishments as that you experience in talking with the different heads of these houses. In one, refinement, courteousness, consideration for others, a feeling of good will, permeates the very atmosphere. You have a feeling that every employee in the place would be glad to serve you if he

The EDISON



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He did this by producing a Phonograph Record that plays, sings, or talks twice as long as the standard Edison Records.

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He calls this double-length Record "Amberol."

Doubtless you have heard sound reproducing instruments; perhaps you have had it in mind to buy one; maybe you are uncertain as to which make to buy; but — —

PHONOGRAPH



JIGOULD 109

Have You Heard An EDISON PHONOGRAPH play an Amberol Record?

YOU can do this at the store of any Edison dealer. When you go, note the Amberol music, not found on any other record of any kind; note also the reproducing point on the Edison Phonograph that never wears out and never needs changing; the motor, that runs as silently and as evenly as an electric device, and the special horn, so shaped that it gathers every note or spoken word and brings it out with startling fidelity. It is these exclusive features, vital to perfect work, that should claim your attention.

Edison Phonographs are sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States, \$12.50 to \$125.00.

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One of the greatest pleasures which the Edison Phonograph affords is making Records at home. This can be done only with the Edison.

Ask your dealer or write to us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 14 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

New York, 10 Fifth Ave.; London, Victoria Road, Willesden; Sydney, N. S. W., 340 Kent St.; Mexico City, 4 Tacuba 33; Buenos Aires, Viamonte 515; Berlin, Sud Ufer, 24-25; Paris, 42 Rue de Paradis.

The Edison Business Phonograph enables the stenographer to get out twice as many letters.

could, and is anxious to please, whether you buy or not. There is evidence that the employer thinks a great deal of the character as well as the ability of his clerks, and that manners and deportment are never left out of consideration in their selection. In another house, only a few blocks away, you are ill at ease. Carelessness, indifference, and chilliness pervade the place. You do not feel at home. There is a lack of harmony, a sense of antagonism in the atmosphere. The employees make you feel that they are doing you a favor in letting you see the goods, or giving you the opportunity to purchase them with your money.

The man who thinks he is going to make a fortune without considering the man at the other end of the bargain is very short-sighted. In the long run the customer's best good is the seller's best good also; and, other things equal, the man succeeds best who satisfies his customers best and whose customers not only come back, but always bring others with them.

Merchants sometimes lose some of their best customers because of the insolence of a clerk. It is useless to say that the proprietor knows nothing about this; that it was not his fault. The fact remains that people prefer to go where they are treated courteously, kindly, and with consideration.

Great business houses find that it is impossible to carry on extensive trade without the practise of courtesy; and they vie with one another in securing the kindest, the most affable, and most obliging employees possible in all departments. They look upon their employees as ambassadors representing them in their business. They know that they can not afford to have their interests jeopardized by objectionable, indifferent clerks. They know that it will not pay to build attractive stores, to advertise and display their goods, to do everything possible to bring customers to them, and then have them turned away by disagreeable, repellent clerks. They know that a clerk that will attract trade will not cost any more, and is worth ten times as much as one who drives customers away.

To-day our large business houses make a great point of accommodating customers, of obliging them and catering to their comfort in every possible way. Waiting-rooms, reading-rooms, with stationery, attendants, and even music, are furnished by some of them. Shrewd business men are finding that nothing pays so well as courtesy, and consideration for customers.

I know a man who has built up a big business largely because he is always trying to accommodate his customers, to save them expense, or to assist them in buying things which he does not carry.

There is a premium everywhere to-day upon courtesy and good manners. They are taken into consideration in hiring employees just as much as general ability.

A. T. Stewart owed a great deal of his success to his unvarying principle of employing fine appearing, polite clerks. He knew that the difference between snappish, independent, crabbed indifferent clerks and well-mannered, gentlemanly ones, might make all the difference to him between failure and success.

This principle has had a remarkable illustration on two parallel railroad lines in the West. On one of them there was a spirit of snobbishness, insolence, which manifested itself in a total lack of desire on the part of its employees to accommodate the public. So far was this spirit carried that the officials of the road found that they were losing business; that passengers were patronizing the other line on which just the opposite policy was pursued—every employee being instructed to be as polite as possible, to be accommodating, and to try in every way to please passengers. The result was that not only passengers, but also freight was rapidly shifted to the other line.

Cleanliness and Attractiveness Pay

EVERY employer who has tried it, finds that cleanliness and attractiveness and comfort in the surroundings of his employees pay. Unhappy, discontented employees can never do good work; and the mind can not be satisfied in an unhealthy, unattractive, uncomfortable environment. It requires something more than the prod of profanity, or of scolding, or of threats to bring the best out of people. Excellence responds only to spontaneity, never to compulsion. Make your employees just as comfortable as possible; make their surroundings bright and attractive, and they will respond in better and more faithful service.

If money is so slippery that you can hardly keep hold of it when you are watching it all the time, how can you expect to get some enormous return for money which you invest in some far-away scheme, which you will probably never see and which is absolutely beyond your control?

If you consider yourself as a worm of the dust you must expect people to trample on you. If you make a door-mat of yourself, people are sure to wipe their feet on you.

There is no disgrace in failing if you have done your best, and if you are still facing toward your goal. But your failure will be a disgrace if your back is turned toward your goal.

Trust your employees and they will trust you; believe in them and they will believe in you.

100 Drive Up Your Sales

The story of how the Sheldon Course in Scientific Salesmanship has helped over 36,500 salesmen, office workers, managers and proprietors to become better business men—to be more and earn more—is of vital importance to every man who thinks about his work—who is seeking to increase his efficiency and become a producer—the kind of man that is always in demand.

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"No man, young or old, can place a small sum of money where it will do him so much good as to invest it with Sheldon. I am enthusiastic because of what it has done for me and the men around me."—E. E. MARTIN, Sales Manager American Case and Register Co., Alliance, Ohio.

The Sheldon Book tells you how and why the Sheldon correspondence course in scientific salesmanship does these things. It is worth any man's reading, whether he wants to take the course or not. It is free for the asking.

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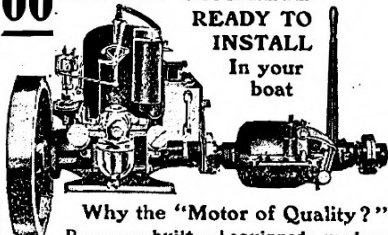


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Name.....
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\$60.00 AND UPWARD COMPLETE READY TO INSTALL In your boat

"The Motor of Quality"
GRAY MOTORS



Why the "Motor of Quality?"
Because we built and equipped a modern plant—the largest in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of two-cycle marine motors—especially to build Gray Motors—NOTHING ELSE.

Because we devote our entire capital and energy in the endeavor to produce the best motor it is possible to build.

Because we concentrate on this one motor.

Because we use only the best material money can buy.

Then why so low a price?

It is simply a question of quantity. We are willing to take a very small margin on each motor and our enormous output gives us a satisfactory profit in the aggregate.

The Gray Motor could not be made any better if it cost you three times as much—if it were sold for a higher price we could not sell enough to keep the big plant busy.

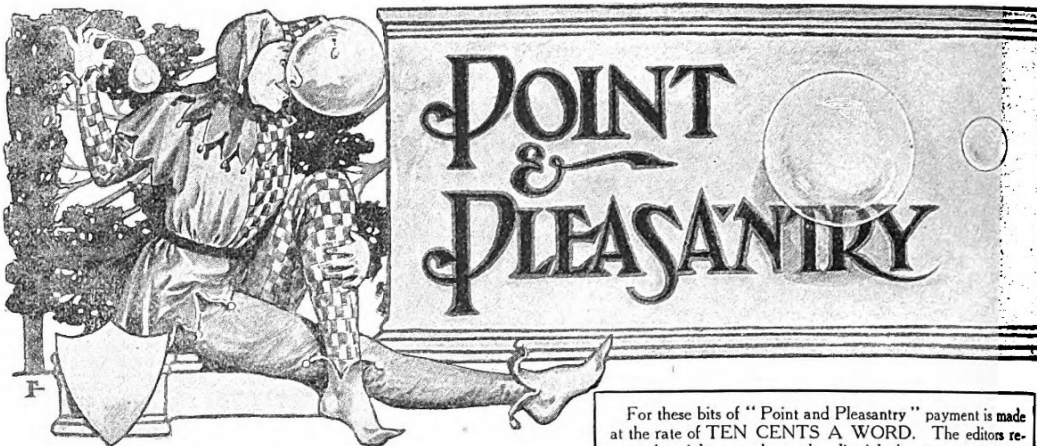
So the great output gives us the low cost of manufacture, and quality and low price give us the necessary market for the great output.

3 to 40 H. P. Write for catalog and story of how these motors are made

GRAY MOTOR CO., 57 Lieb Street, DETROIT, MICH.

WE PAY \$80 A MONTH SALARY

and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address BIGLER COMPANY, 3381 SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.



He Didn't Care for Melon

DURING one of the banquets of the Church Congress in London, a certain bishop had as his left-hand companion a clergyman who was completely bald. During dessert the bald-headed vicar dropped his napkin and stooped to pick it up. At this moment the bishop, who was talking to his right-hand neighbor, felt a slight touch on his left arm. He turned, and, beholding the vicar's pate on a level with his elbow, said, "No, thank you, no melon. I will take some pineapple!"—Y. H. WALKER.

Division of Labor

"Got any work this mornin', Mistah Boyd?" asked old Billy Bulger, safe in the knowledge that no work would be entrusted to him.

"No," was the response; and then, before Billy could ask for the customary contribution: "But wait a minute. Lawyer Phillips has owed me twenty dollars for twenty years. Collect it and I'll give you half." And the merchant, knowing how bad was the debt, winked at a waiting customer.

The old man found the lawyer in the middle of a group of prospective clients and influential citizens. Thrusting through the group, he called, in stentorian tones:

"Mistah Phillips, suh!"

"Well?" queried the lawyer, much annoyed.

"Mistah Boyd done tell me that you've owed him twenty dollars for about a hundred years; and he wants to know kin you pay him, suh."

The lawyer hurried to Billy's side.

"You idiot," he said, *sotto voce*, "do you want to ruin my business? Here!" and he thrust a ten-dollar bill into the old man's hand.

Back to the merchant toddled the old man.

"Well, Billy," said the merchant, "did you get it?"

The old man grinned.

"I got my half all right," he chuckled; "but you'd better look out when you go back to get your half—he's right smart hot over it, suh!"—PORTER EMERSON BROWNE.

Lots of Room Needed

IT is a curious fact that the invariable first thought of a British jack tar when landing from a cruise is to get on a horse. For purposes of economy one animal frequently serves for two or three grinning sailor boys.

Recently a sailor from the fleet of British war-ships that accompanied the Prince of Wales to Quebec approached the keeper of a down-town livery stable and asked for a horse.

"For riding or driving?" asked the liveryman.

"We'll be goin' aboard of 'im," responded the sailor.

"What kind of a horse do you want," continued the liveryman—"black, white, chestnut, sorrel—lively, or gentle?"

"Stow all that," said the sailor; "what I'm after is a good long one. There's eight of us a-goin' on 'im."

Pretty Tough for the General

A FRENCH general's wife, whose tongue-lashing ability was far-famed, demanded that an old servant, who had served with her husband in the wars, be dismissed.

"Jacques," said the general, "go to your room and pack your trunk and leave—depart."

The old Frenchman clasped his hands to his heart with dramatic joy.

"Me—I can go!" he exclaimed in a very ecstasy of gratitude. Then suddenly his manner changed, as with utmost compassion he added:

"But you—my poor *général*, you must stay!"

GERTRUDE BARNUM.

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

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

Difficult to Draw

A TEACHER asked her class to draw a picture of that which they wished to be when they grew up, and all went diligently to work except one little girl, who only chewed her pencil.

"Don't you know what you want to be when you grow up, Anna?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, I know," replied the little girl, "but I don't know how to draw it. I want to be married."

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

Not a Thorough Sweeping

CHARLES SUMMERVILLE, the ablest police reporter in New York, is perhaps the smallest. He is so small and boyish in appearance and manner as to fail in impressing strangers with his quality, and this has developed in him a slight irritability that often startles unsuspecting transgressors. But a stolid German waiter was proof. While raking up bones, bread crusts, and fragments of food from the sawdust-covered floor of a *café* at which Summerville was lunching, he accidentally struck him on the heel with the broom.

"Hey, there!" said Summerville, sharply. "What are you trying to do—sweep me?"
"Nein, nein," answered the waiter, calmly. "Only der big pieces I take."—MORGAN ROBERTSON.

Compensation

"WHAT is the price of this, please?" inquired the woman, peering critically at the weave and feeling a corner between her thumb and first finger.

The new salesman hurriedly consulted the tag.

"Fifteen," he replied, with cheerful vagueness.

"Fifteen," murmured the woman, thoughtfully.

"Um. It isn't very wide."

The new salesman surveyed the goods a moment with a frown. Then his face brightened.

"Madam, it is n't," he exclaimed in a burst of candor, "but, my God, look at the length of it!"

FRANCES MAULE BJORKMAN.

Heaven's First Law

THE Rev. Dr. Frank Crane tells of a bride who refused to answer the question, "Will you love, honor, and obey?" Her friends

interceded, but it was of no use. Finally the intended bridegroom gathered up his hat and started for the door. Instantly she sprang after him, and, leading him back, looked up meekly and said, "I will."—E. W. CASWELL.

Juvenile Art

TEACHER: "Why, Willie, what are you drawing?"

WILLIE: "I'm drawing a picture of God."

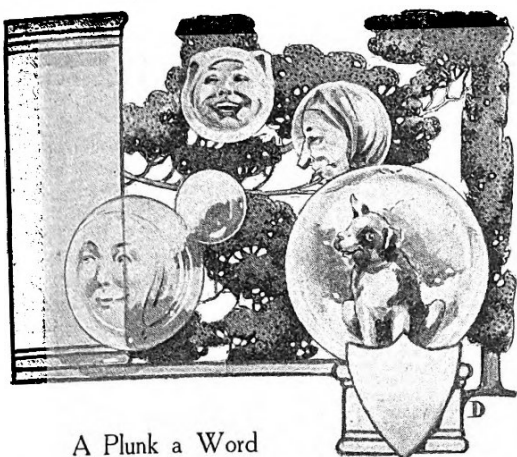
TEACHER: "But, Willie, you must n't do that; nobody knows how God looks."

WILLIE: "Well, they will when I get this done."

A Non-Scents Verse

A ROSE would smell as sweet, 't is true
If called a cabbage in its bower;
But tell me, does it hold when you
A cabbage cauliflower?

WARD MORSE.



A Plunk a Word

AN ELEPHANT lay dying on Afric's sunny plain,
No soft-voiced elephantess soothed his elephantine
pain;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood
ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances, to hear what he might
say.
"My hold on life is slipping," quoth the dying
pachyderm,
And though his eyes were glazing, his gentle voice was
firm.
"Take a message," he continued, "and a token to the
herd.
My obituary, tell them, will bring a plunk a word.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet
and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in our old-time stamping
ground,
That I stood without a tremor, and didn't try to run
When I found that I was up against a rapid-firing gun.
I faced death well and bravely for the glory of the clan
And the further aggrandizement of a literary man;
For well I knew that distant lands would be profoundly
stirred
By the story of my passing, told at a plunk a word.

"Tell them that I stood at noonday, eating tender
bamboo sprouts,
When my meal was interrupted by fierce, ear-splitting
shouts.
I gazed about me wide-eyed, and ceased to masticate,
And in perturbation wondered whence such sounds
could emanate.
I heard footsteps behind me, and swiftly wheeling
'round,
I trumpeted and flapped my ears, prepared to stand
my ground.
'Dee-lighted!' cried a loud voice. 'This yarn will be
a bird.
I dee-clare that it is worth it—fully worth a plunk a
word.'

"Of his face I saw but little but a pair of glasses
thick
And a great display of ivory that made my own look
sick.
In rage I charged me toward him. He swiftly raised
his gun.
I met a storm of bullets, and knew my race was run."
The feeble breaths grew weaker in the dying elephant
His loyal friend drew nearer to hear what he might
pant.
And as he listened closely, these final words he heard:
"Tell them few obituaries bring a plunk a word."
EDMUND MOBERLY.

The Educated Grocer

"SAY, mister," said the small boy, breathlessly, "take
down this order quick; I got to go to school.
Two pounds of coffee at forty-
five cents; three and one half of
sugar at seven cents; six boxes
of cocoa at twenty-four; two
dozen eggs at thirty-two, and
four pounds of butter at forty
cents. How much does it come
to?"

"Four dollars and
eighty-three cents, my
little man," said the
grocer. "What ad-
dress, please?"

"Gee! Thanks!"
said the schoolboy as
he made his escape.
"That was the only
one I could n't do!"

JOHN O'BRIEN.



A Definition

AT THE Players Club in New York, Henry E. Dixey
recently defined happiness thus:
"My true idea of happiness is to lie on a couch be-
fore a bright fire, smoking a large Havana cigar given
me by an admirer, while I listen to a woman who
worships me reading aloud flattering press notices about
my acting."—FRANK M. SMITH.

Sometime, somewhere
someone "may"
make a pure
food the equal
of
Grape-Nuts
Never, anyone
anywhere, will
make a better
one.

"There's a Reason."

Grape-Nuts

food is the result of study and science; nothing about it is
guesswork.

It is made to supply a human need—for building back
the worn-out tissue in Brain and Nerve Centres.

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Where There's Suds,
There's Soap.



Pearline Suds

MANY WASHING POWDERS CON-
TAIN NO SOAP—THEY OUGHT TO.

Most Women use a Powder of some sort.
Some use Soap with Soap Powders or Wash-
ing Powders; how can they tell the value of
either? USE PEARLINE ALONE; all
the Soap that's necessary is there. Richer
Suds, Better, Safer, more Effective than any
mixed product. Soap with PEARLINE is
Waste, for PEARLINE will have done
the work before the Soap begins to take hold.

TRY PEARLINE without Soap, Soda,
Borax, Naphtha, Kerosene; TRY IT with-
out help of any sort and as directed on each
package: then you will be Washing and
Cleaning Scientifically, Safely, Quickly, Thor-
oughly, Economically and Healthily.

PEARLINE saves Women, Fabrics,
Colors—saves everything but the Dirt.

THE EDITOR'S CHAT

The Triumph of the Common Virtues

IT is one of the most difficult things in the world to convince an ambitious youth that his hero is not a great genius, that he is not possessed of some marvelous talent which is so far above his own possibilities that it would be useless for him to take him as his model.

The youthful mind throws a halo around the successful character, or invests it with extraordinary virtues, divine attributes which ordinary, every-day mortals do not possess.

Probably Lincoln has been the hero of more American boys during the last two generations than any other American character. A great many young people look upon him as a marvelous being, raised up for a divine purpose; and yet, if we analyze his character, we find it made up of the humblest virtues, the most ordinary qualities; just those possessed by the poorest boys and girls, who look upon him as a demigod.

The strongest thing about Lincoln was his manliness, his straightforward, downright honesty. You could depend upon him. His ambition was simply to make the most of himself. He wanted to know something, to be somebody, to lift his head up from his humble environment and be of some account in the world.

He had a divine hunger for growth, a passion for a larger and completer life, but there is no evidence in his life of any great genius, any marvelous or unusual powers of mind. He was a simple man, never straining after effect.

In fact, his simplicity was his chief charm. Everybody who knew him felt that he was every inch a man, a large-hearted, generous friend, always ready to help everybody out of their troubles, whether it was a poor widow in distress or a farmer who needed advice. He had an open, frank, transparent mind. He never covered up anything, never had secrets. He always left the door of his heart wide open, so that any one could read his inmost thoughts. *There is no virtue nor quality of integrity or perseverance that distinguished Lincoln that any boy, no matter how poor or humble, can not possess.* Yet every little while I get letters from youths who say, if they were positively sure that they could be a Lincoln in statesmanship, or a Webster in law, they would devote all their energies to study, fling their whole lives into their work; or if they could be an Edison in invention, or a great leader in medicine, or a merchant prince like Wanamaker or Marshall Field, they could work with tremendous zeal and power and concentration. They would be willing to make any sacrifice, to undergo any hardship, in order to achieve what these men have achieved. But many of them say they do not feel that they have the marvelous ability, the great genius, the tremendous talent exhibited by those leaders, and so they do not think it worth while to make great exertion.

They do not realize that success is not necessarily measured by the accomplishment of some great thing; that it does not consist alone in being wealthy, famous, or powerful; but that it is the crown of all who just honestly, earnestly do their best and live the every-day simple life. It is by the exercise of the common, homely virtues; it is by trying to do everything one attempts to a complete finish; it is by trying to be scrupulously honest in every transaction; it is by always ringing true in our friendships, by holding a helpful, accommodating attitude toward those about us; by trying to be the best possible citizen, a good, accommodating, helpful neighbor, a kind, encouraging father, that we make successful lives.

There is no great secret about success. It is achieved quietly, without noise or straining, by the natural exercise of the commonest, most everyday qualities.

We have seen people in the country in the summer-time trampling down the daisies, the beautiful violets, and other lovely wild flowers, in their efforts to get a branch of showy flowers off a large tree, which, perhaps, would not compare in beauty and delicacy and loveliness to the things they trampled under their feet in trying to procure it.

In straining for effect, in the struggle to do something great and wonderful, we miss the little successes, the sum of which would make our lives sublime; and often, after all this straining and struggling for the larger, for the grander things, we discover to our horror what we have missed on the way up—what sweetness, what beauty, what loveliness we have lost in the struggle.

Great scientists tell us that the reason why the secrets of nature have been hidden from the world so long is because we are not simple enough in our methods of reasoning; that investigators are looking for unusual phenomena, for something complicated; that the principles of nature's secrets are so extremely simple that men overlook them.

It is most unfortunate that so many young people get the impression that success consists in doing some



By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

marvelous thing, that there must be some genius born in the man who achieves it; that otherwise he could not do any remarkable thing.

The study, therefore, of the life of a man like Lincoln is of inestimable advantage, because it dispels the fatal illusion that, in order to succeed, one must be a genius or must have great talent.

The ability to do hard work, and to stick to it, is the right hand of genius and the best substitute for it—in fact, that is, in a way, genius.

If young people were to represent Lincoln's total success by one hundred, they would probably expect to find some faculty which would rank at least fifty per cent. of the total. But I think that the verdict of history has given his honesty of purpose, his purity and unselfishness of motive as his highest attributes, and certainly these qualities are within the reach of the poorest boy and the humblest girl in America.

Suppose we rank his honesty, his integrity twenty per cent. of the total, his dogged persistence, his ability for hard work ten per cent., his passion for wholeness, for completeness, for doing everything to a finish ten more, his aspiration, his longing for growth, his yearning for fullness of life ten more. The reader can see that it would be easy to make up the hundred per cent. without finding any one quality which could be called genius; that the total of his character would be made up of the sum of the commonest qualities, the most ordinary virtues, those within the reach of the poorest youth in the land. There is no one quality in his entire make-up so overpowering, so commanding, that it could be ranked as genius.

What an inestimable blessing to the world, what an encouragement, an inspiration to ambitious boys and girls that Lincoln's great achievements can be accounted for by the triumph in his character of those qualities which are beyond the reach of money, of family, of influence, but that are within the reach of the poorest and the humblest!

How Do You Approach a Difficult Task?

How do you approach a difficulty? Do you dread it, fear it, hesitate before it, try to go over it, or around it; or do you face it with boldness and determination, with the courage of the conqueror? Do you approach it with the attitude of the victor, or of the vanquished? Are you beaten before you strike a blow, by your admission of weakness and lack of confidence?

Everything depends upon the attitude of mind with which you approach a difficulty. If you are cowed before you begin, if you start out with an admission of weakness, that you are not equal to the emergency, you are foredoomed to failure.

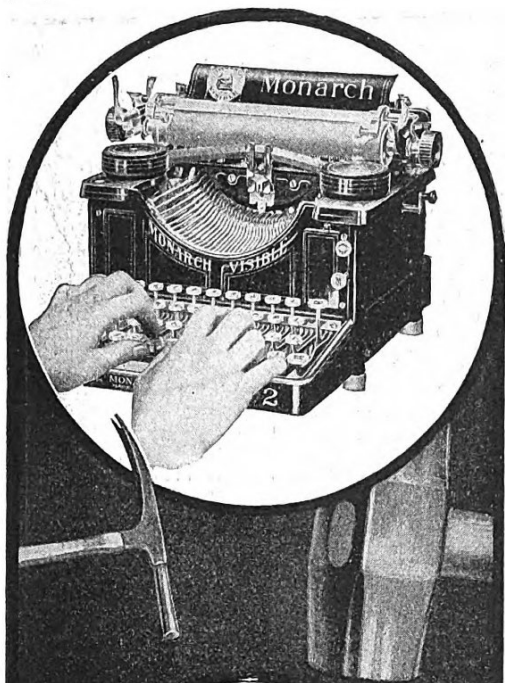
Sometimes a book agent comes into my office, and I know by the way he enters that he does not expect to make a sale. Instead of approaching with confidence and assurance, he apologizes, sneaks in, and asks me to please do him the honor to give him two or three minutes of my valuable time. He has lost his first chance by making a bad impression upon me, and it takes more time than I can give him to overcome it. He is beaten before he begins. It is not difficult to silence or to get rid of such an agent.

Quite another sort of man came into my office some time ago. He entered with such an air of modest assurance, such confidence and hope in his bearing, and was so cheerful and interesting, that I bought what I did not want. He made a good, quick impression upon me. He won at the very outset by getting my confidence. I felt interested in him. He compelled my admiration.

Self-Assertion as an Asset

WE often hear it said that, if a youth has ability people will find it out without being told; that if he has merit, it will come out; but we see on every hand young men and women with splendid ability, with good education and fine training, out of situations, or in very ordinary ones, simply because they lack that aggressiveness which pushes its way to the front. They are conscious that they have ability, and they are just waiting for somebody to recognize it and to push them ahead.

Working right beside them are others with, perhaps, less ability, but with that aggressive, ambitious spirit which attracts attention and carries them on past their more modest and retiring friends. In this electric country of push and hurry and drive, people are too busy to investigate merit or mere worth which does not exhibit itself or force its way forward. The American people believe in the man who claims something, who assumes to stand for something, who asserts himself; for this assertion is evidence of that progressiveness which is so essential to success. If a man makes no claims, people take it for granted that he



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does not believe in himself. But the man who asserts himself, believes he can do the thing he undertakes, creates confidence; and the employer is looking for the man who has a program and who believes he can carry it out. He is looking for results and men who can achieve them.

The fine-grained, sensitive youth feels that it is immodest, unbecoming to push his way forward, to attract attention to his ability, to tell what he can do; but while he is waiting for the world to discover his merit, and to help him on, the aggressive boy beside him has pushed his way to the position above him.

We may not like the aggressive man, who is full of his own importance, who is always telling what he can do, yet we can not help believing in him, because self-confidence is absolutely necessary to achievement, and those who never make any claim for themselves are often thought to lack it.

If you have the assurance and conviction that you can do a thing in a commanding way, do not hesitate to let people know it; not in a blatant, obtrusive way, but with tact and diplomacy let them know what you can do.

The man who asserts himself will come to the front much more quickly than even an abler person who has a genius for self-effacement, who never forces himself into the swim of things.

Supposing a merchant with limited capital should open a store and display nothing in show-windows or on counters, but should keep everything in boxes, packed away out of sight until somebody called for them, how much business do you think he would attract? It is not enough to have ability; you must let it be known. You must make yourself felt. Other things equal, it is the young man who has the most advertising value in his personality who gets the best position.

It is not enough to possess merit. If you want to get quick recognition, you must have the faculty of making your ability known; you must have the art of projecting yourself and making a favorable impression upon others. Life is too busy and too short for us to expect the world to go around with a lantern hunting for merit.

Nothing else is more fatal to quick recognition than the quality of self-effacement, and many really capable people have a genius for keeping out of sight, for effacing themselves. They seem to think there is a merit in always taking a back seat; in taking special pains to keep away from the footlights, and in keeping in the shadow. These people usually have retiring natures, and the idea of pushing themselves ahead is most offensive; but everywhere we see self-assertive men going to the front, while those of equal ability, but of retiring natures, are left behind.

There is such a thing as a man being too modest, too retiring. It is worse to think too little of yourself than too much; to have too little confidence than too much. But the proper thing is to estimate oneself justly.



Wearing Out the Machine

Most Americans incapacitate the human machine from producing happiness. They ruin its delicacy, its power of fine appreciation, in overspeeding it, so that its finer sensibilities are destroyed.

Could anybody conceive of a more foolish performance than for a man to spend the greater and the best part of his life working like a slave to get something ahead to enjoy, and to kill his enjoying capacity in the process, so that when he gets his money, and is ready to retire, he has nothing to retire to but misery and regret?



Have nothing to do with people who dramatize their woes.

"Radiate a sunny self-trust, and make whatever you touch luminous."

It is grip and grit that conquer success; not alone the vigor with which one takes hold of his task, but also the doggedness with which he holds on after he has taken hold.

If you are not doing good with the little you have; if you are not making the most of it, you may be sure that you are not likely to do the great good that you think you will when you get a lot of money.

After one has once felt the joy, the exhilaration, the infinite peace and satisfaction which come from the exercise of his highest faculties, he can not be satisfied ever again to grovel by the exercise of his brute faculties.

"It is the young man whom labor can not weary nor enemies scare, nor drudgery disgust; who confronts reverses with an unflinching front; who can neither be turned aside from his settled purpose, by the world's dread or laugh, nor by its scorn or its frown, who makes his mark."

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Mrs. Curtis's Home Corner

The Editor of Our Home Departments Expresses Her Ideas About the Training of Children

ONCE, during a newspaper career, I went to interview a famous Englishman, who was visiting America. The interviews he had given elsewhere about the country were not models of gracious courtesy, so I approached him with something that was not exactly eager anticipation. He had ripped a good many American institutions up the back; I wondered what he would light down upon for the benefit of our journal. I did not wonder long. While I waited in the hotel parlor, an urchin, of exactly the brand produced by a hotel-abiding family, burst into the room like an immature cyclone. He was togged out in one of those absurd imitation suits of buckskin and feathers that makes a small boy imagine he is a genuine redskin; everything about him was imitation, except his war-whoops. I used to imagine Buffalo Bill's Indians held a patent on blood-curdling war-whoops. I have changed my mind on that point. This imitation Indian enlivened the minutes while I waited for the Englishman. He tomahawked the furniture, tried to smoke his pipe of peace; he played bucking bronco with a velvet chair, and did a ghost dance on the sofa. His audience of one, unresponsive as that audience was, made him work as if he were drawing a salary. When the Englishman came in, the little Indian chortled with glee. The Englishman did no chortling. He watched the performance for a minute, then he quietly rang a bell. A colored lad appeared. "Take this—imp away immediately!" thundered the Englishman. The bell-boy hesitated. The imp came at him with a tomahawk.

"I'm sorry, sah—but—"

"But what?" demanded the Englishman.

"It's Mrs. Van Veeker's Bunnie and we all dassent say much to him. His mother—"

"Send for his mother!" commanded the Englishman.

A nursemaid, two small boys, a clerk, and Bunnie's big sister appeared on the scene. Bunnie was more than a match for them all. He was going to use the parlor for a circus tent; if he could n't, he would know why. The last I saw of Bunnie, his feet were kicking the face of a stout porter, whose brawny arms pinioned the young Indian. He was followed by a regular circus parade. One of the crowd was a nervous, fussy little mother, who in one breath pleaded with the imp to be "mama's sweet baby," and in the next made withering remarks about cold-blooded wretches, who could not understand little boys.

WE LISTENED to Bunnie's last war-whoop as he was borne off the elevator at an upper floor. Then the Englishman sat down and looked at me coldly.

"Don't ask the stock question of all interviewers, 'What do you think of America?'" For about ten minutes I should very much enjoy telling you what I think of *Young America*. He did enjoy it, and the worst of it was, I could not put up a defense. Bunnie belonged to the unchildlike, wholly unlovable, order of youngsters, whose exuberance you can not even excuse by saying, "He is a boy." He was a veritable imp, like hundreds of others I know. The trouble was, the Englishman looked on him as a type. Doubtless he went home and pictured the American child as an intractable, villainous little savage. There certainly were adjectives enough in his vocabulary that day, and I doubt if they got toned down before he left us.

THIS is the type of child a foreigner sees when he travels about our country. He has seldom an opportunity to peep into one of our peaceful, well-regulated homes—homes made blessed by the gladness of happy children. The American youngster he encounters is the offspring of the irresponsible rich who call a gorgeous, thronged hotel home; who go wandering about the country in feverish pursuit of change and pleasure. Their children, growing up in an atmosphere of mere show, artificiality, and lovelessness, could not be different. It is only by the grace of God that some of them become worthy men and women. Even the Englishman allowed that the restless, ambitious rush of society life set a mark upon the children of such a home.

"I hope you don't call a seven dollar a day hotel a home," he objected, quoting something I said. "We don't understand it as such on our side of the Atlantic. It is nothing to us but a caravansary. You would never see English children living in a fashionable hotel; you find a few juveniles here and there—but they are Americans. Nobody could mistake them for anything but Americans. English fathers and mothers, from a royal prince to the parent in the humblest home, keep their children in the quiet, happy seclusion that nature intended for them. Their pleasures are so simple, and childhood is so healthy and happy that when youth is over the new world they face is a wonderful place. Everywhere I go in America, I see young men and women, scarcely out of their teens, who look half wrecked,



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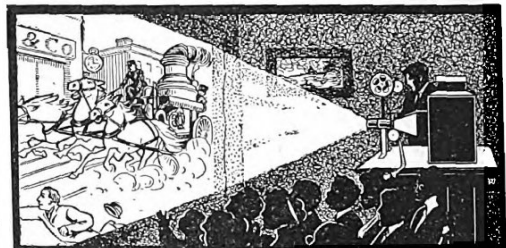
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physically and mentally. They are self-satisfied, over-dressed, shallow-minded, and as artificial as the atmosphere in which they have grown up. Our friend Bunnie is on his way there now.

THE Englishman grilled fathers and mothers who had never taught their children what obedience means. The teaching of obedience has nothing to do with wealth or poverty. I heard the other day of an exceedingly up-to-date young couple who during their engaged days are taking a course in pedagogy. It is not in preparation for a teacher's career. They are learning how to train children if Providence sends them any. It is certainly an innovation and it may have its results, only parents need so much more than mere theory. In pedagogy they may find wisdom, but greater than wisdom is love, and the understanding love teaches of the heart and mind of a child. Pedagogy interprets for us something of the heart and mind of children. A parent may learn all that wisdom has gathered during the study of ages, but it does not teach us all we have to know about the *one child*. Florists tell us that no flower—the pansy for instance—is exactly like any other blossom of its kind. How much more true of the child. There may be a family resemblance in his face; family traits may make us speak of children as alike as two peas, little tricks and mannerism and voice may startle us because we know them in others; yet underlying all is the great human difference of heart and soul and disposition, so individual it is a mystery, sometimes a problem. Before this sort of a thing, pedagogy stands helpless; love is the only teacher. The American Government is beginning to realize it can not play parent to its outcast children by mothering them in bunches. It talks of dividing them into cottage families. It must go even farther than that to make good men and women; it must take them individually, though the help of Heaven is needed in such a problem. But to hark back to obedience. Obedience is not a matter of discipline, it is simply the outcome of love. There is a perverseness in human nature that rebels at the word itself. Millions of women protest against it in the marriage service. Where there is love it is a superfluous word; where there is not love, it is equally an empty letter. Discipline can not take its place. Love does not demand obedience; it is given to it with unhesitating pleasure, and it is mutual.

THIS is the point forgotten by so many parents. They simply demand obedience of a child. There is no thought of the parent obeying a child. I do not doubt but that thousands of fathers and mothers would think such a suggestion heresy. It seems to me only common sense and simple justice; besides, there is no one alive so keenly appreciative of justice as a child. I know a little girl who is beloved by every one, not only for her sunny disposition but also for a spirit of instant, happy obedience that never fails. Perhaps in a way she is an anomaly for she is an utterly unspoiled only child. One day I saw an instance of her up-bringing. The father is an exceedingly busy man; still it is from him, confessed the mother, the child received much of her training. One afternoon he came home with an armful of books to work in his library. An article had to be written and there were constant interruptions at the office. The study door was locked against all interruption, and for several hours his wife headed off callers and telephone calls. At four o'clock the little daughter ran eagerly to knock at the locked door.

"Don't, dear, father is awfully busy," advised the mother.

"He told me to call him at four o'clock; he is going after chestnuts with me."

The door opened instantly, and five minutes later the happy youngster was off, hanging to her father's hand. I heard him discuss the probability of frost and a high wind bringing down the chestnut crop, as eagerly as if there was no editor in existence, waiting impatiently for a scientific article. At five o'clock they were at home again, loaded with chestnuts and radiantly happy. "Remember, it is study hour till six, little girl," I heard the father say as he returned to his library.

There was a loud smack of a kiss, then a happy child went singing up the stairs to spend an hour over grammar and arithmetic.

I got the scientist in a corner that evening. "You were too busy for a word with your wife and me this afternoon when you came in," I said, "still Marjorie carried you off for an hour right in the middle of your work."

"That is the way I have trained Marjorie," he answered gravely. "When she and I shake hands on a promise it means instant, happy obedience from one to the other. At breakfast I shook hands over a chest-nutting expedition to-day, from four to five. I had no thought of this sudden call coming to complete a half finished manuscript, and I confess it jarred me for a second, when the child knocked at the door. I was so absorbed in my work I would not have stopped for any one—but her."

"Couldn't you have explained?" I asked. "No," he said slowly. "When I ask her to do anything I expect to have it done happily and without a word of demur. To teach obedience the parent must obey as well as the child."

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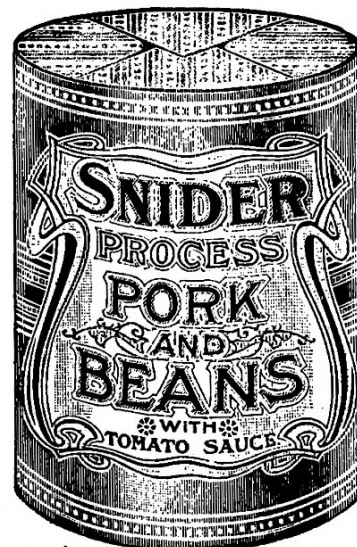
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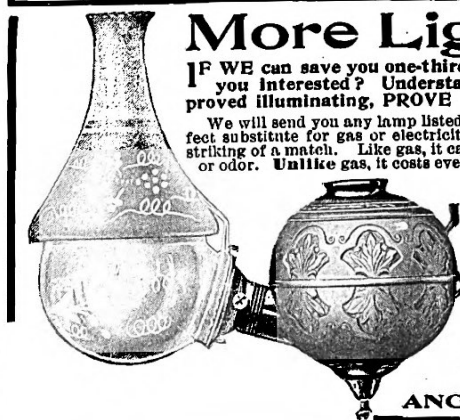
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Pin-Money Papers

Helpful Hints for Everyday Life

Contributed by Our Women Readers

TO SEW BRAID ON THE BOTTOM OF A SKIRT without taking stitches through, rip open a seam of the under side of the hem and slip into the opening a piece of cardboard one and one-half inches wide by four inches long with corners rounded. By sliding this along under the portion to which the braid is being hemmed, the work can be done easily and rapidly. After the cardboard is removed, the opening made in the seam may be closed by oversewing.—A. G. W.

TO CLEAN TABLE-KNIVES cut an Irish potato into blocks. Rub these on sapolio and then rub knives. CHARLOTTE.

TRY BAKING BREAD IN A MEAT ROASTER with a top. This keeps the bread from browning on the upper side before it is done through—thus browning it evenly all over.—MRS. J. A. B.

PRUNE PIES ARE IMPROVED by adding one teaspoonful of vinegar to each pie. Prunes are rather flat tasting so the vinegar cuts the sweetness.—B. D.

IN MAKING CAKE when fresh milk, buttermilk, molasses and sour milk, are lacking, use a cup of apple sauce into which has been stirred a teaspoonful of baking soda. Besides being an excellent substitute, the sauce makes a delicious spice-cake, and without eggs, too. E. M. N.

WHEN SPREADING BUTTER ON SANDWICHES or toast, do not try to soften the butter, but heat a silver knife by placing it in boiling water. The difficulty is overcome at once.—T. H. L.

IF CATARRH TROUBLES you sprinkle a teaspoonful of refined sulphur in each shoe three times a week. Keep this up until a cure has been effected.—F. M.

WHEN BAKING COOKIES, use a large round pancake griddle to bake them on. First heat it on top of the range, and have it well greased.—O. D. R.

A CORN MAY BE CURED by applying a piece of surgeon's plaster. This removes the pressure of the shoe and the corn soon disappears.—EULA M.

WHEN PLASTERING GETS LOOSE on the pantry or kitchen walls, paste on table oilcloth wherever it will look well—behind the range, for instance, or above the sink. I pasted it around our pantry walls, the width of the oilcloth, ten years ago. Being easily wiped off, it saves me much scouring. I also pasted it on the cupboard shelves.—E. W.

TO AVOID DUST SETTLING ON EVERYTHING when ashes are being removed from a grate, try sprinkling them with water before removing them. Housewives who condemn these cheerful, cozy fires, because they make so much dirt, will find that this works like a charm. When cleaning the furnace try the same plan. Don't be afraid to use plenty of water.—ELINOR BRANCH.

CASTOR OIL WILL NOT BE OBJECTIONABLE to children if put in a bottle with an equal quantity of pure glycerin, heated, and shaken well. Each drop of oil will be coated with glycerin and rendered almost tasteless. ALICE A.

A TIGHT CORK MAY BE REMOVED from a bottle without a corkscrew thus. Take two pocket knives, insert the small blades on opposite sides between the cork and the cork, then turn each one in a different direction. When the blades are firmly pushed in, simply press the two together, give them a wrench sideways and the cork will come out without any trouble.—H. W. A.

WHEN SOFT COAL IS BURNED the soot accumulates quickly in the lower part under the oven and prevents things from baking on the bottom. When my oven is not baking as it should do I let down the damper, open the soot-door, put in a newspaper or two, and set fire to them. The draft caused by the burning of the paper blows the soot up the stove-pipe.—KATHRYN S.

IN ORDERING MEAT and GROCERIES AT HOME, write the orders on a slate, and hang it outside the kitchen door on a nail in the evening. Attach a slate-pencil by means of a string. In this way tradespeople can write

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A PINCH OF SODA, PUT IN GREEN VEGETABLES while they are boiling, acts like magic. It makes string-beans deliciously tender; it keeps the fine color of spring peas, while a more generous pinch performs a miracle for cabbage, causing it to cook in about half the usual time, and keeping it as fresh and green as when it came from the garden.—G. W. M.

WHEN SEWING BUTTONS ON COATS place a small pearl button on the inside, under each button, and sew the two together. This holds the outer button securely and keeps the goods from tearing.—R. B. M.

WHEN BEATING EGGS SEPARATELY beat the white first then "steal" a little bit of it to start the yolks. The result is the yolks will not stick to the beater, as is generally the case, and they will get light twice as quickly.—MRS. J. P. LAMBETH.

TO INSURE SUCCESS WITH SALT-RISE BREAD in cold weather, keep the night yeast in a box of hay. A small wooden box with a close-fitting lid is best for this purpose. Put hay into the bottom of the box and around the sides. In the middle of this set your yeast, then cover with hay. This will keep the yeast from a chill. Good bread will be the result. A. E. RUSK.

PAINT MAY BE REMOVED, if you have nothing else to take it off with, by another piece of cloth. A piece of the clothing you are wearing will do because the paint will not adhere to it. Corduroy cloth, however, is the best. Rub hard where the paint has adhered, with the other piece of cloth, and the paint will disappear. ATHOS G. APPLEBY.

IN MAKING MAYONNAISE, I find that using vinegar which has been poured over pickles, beets, or cucumbers, instead of fresh vinegar, adds a pleasant flavor to salads.—A. P.

TO MEND STOCKINGS having dropped stitches slip a fine crochet hook through a dropped stitch, and take up, as in single crochet, the thread in each round until you come to where the stitch broke. Then take a threaded needle, catch the stitch from the crochet hook and fasten neatly to the stocking. This is a good way to mend lisle thread and silk hose: also gloves and mittens.—MISS LIPPINCOTT.

FOR BOILING MEATS I always use a lard can in preference to a kettle. For a smaller piece of meat, or a chicken, there is nothing better than a tin bucket with a tight-fitting cover. It confines the steam and not only cooks more quickly, but the meat is juicier and more tender.—L. K. BARNES.

WHEN POACHING EGGS add a little vinegar to the water, besides salt. This sets the eggs and keeps them in good shape.—H. E.

TABLE-LINEN WILL NOT BECOME YELLOW, if folded in an old sheet which has been well blued. MRS. D. L. HYDE.

WHEN STEAMING A PUDDING, place the steamer over the saucepan in which you are boiling potatoes. One gas-burner will cook both pudding and potatoes.

THE PRETTIEST CUSHION COVER I have seen was a burnt-leather one of green sheepskin. A rather elaborate design was burned on. Where a round motif occurred in the pattern, the leather was cut out and a peacock's feather applied underneath so the brilliant "eye" showed through. The effect was very rich and the idea could be carried out for opera bags, card-cases, etc., with great effect.—K. E. M.

NOVEL LAMP-SHADES are made of Chinese lanterns of unique shape. The chain at the top is divided, and the links bent out to make hooks that pass over the chimney.—MRS. T. E. HANKE.

IF PASTRY IS CONSIDERED UNWHOLESOME, those who are fond of pumpkin or squash pies, will find a good substitute by baking them as custards. I use the same recipe as for a filling for a pie, only I add a little more milk, then bake it in custard cups set in a pan of water. The result is a creamy, delicious dessert. ISABEL ROSE MEADER.

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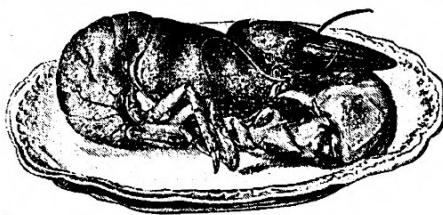
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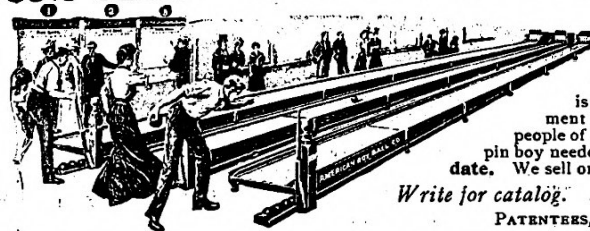
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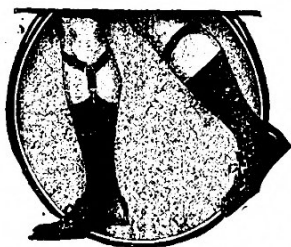
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Desire and the Blind Man

[Continued from
page 160]

quietly. "I spent my summers there for years, but I have not been back since he died—that August!"

It was minutes before the man spoke again. "You must have cared for him if you still feel his death so much," he said gently.

Desire shook her head. "But it was such transcendent love that he gave me," she pleaded; "and, if he had lived to face the fact squarely that I could never marry him, I might always think of him as learning to care for some one else and filling his life with other interests; but to be the end of all his longings—to know that he did not live to be compensated in any way—" she paused abruptly with tense, clasped hands and finished vehemently, "do you wonder that I hate August?"

"You loved John Justley," the engineer said decidedly.

"I did not love him," Desire contradicted positively; "but his death anniversary is a—a—eucharist," she added softly.

There was a pause, and the engineer did some hard thinking.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed earnestly, throwing aside Desire's explanations and denials, "I see how you can be sorry for John Justley, and of course it was hard luck for him; but a man has to take what comes, and it seems sort of senseless to keep fretting about him every anniversary month—unless—" the man interpolated suspiciously, "unless, of course, you cared for him."

"I did not love him," she sighed wearily, "but it awes me to think of the love he was willing to waste on me, and August makes me restless as the sea."

"Well," the man said shortly, "it's mighty strange you've never told me anything about all this before."

"I did think I would—once," Desire answered musingly, "but I knew you would advise me to marry him if I told you. Anybody would have thought he loved enough for both of us, but I knew better."

She paused a moment, and then said slowly, "As soon as you deliberately take a third person into your affairs you put the whole world between yourself and him. I have thought I might have gone along quite contentedly and married Harry Waring if I had n't told you about it. It made me self-conscious when I was with him and spoiled it like an interruption to a tête-à-tête."

"Harry Waring was in town yesterday," the man observed quickly, "and say, Desire," he chuckled with evident enjoyment over some recollected joke, "what do you suppose he asked me?"

"I don't know," she answered absently. To speak of anything Harry Waring had said seemed rather foreign to the subject under discussion.

"He said, 'I suppose you and Desire have been married time out of mind,'" the engineer repeated, with a laugh at the supposition. "Did any one ever ask you why we did not marry each other, Desire?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh, yes," she answered simply and without self-consciousness.

"They want to marry us off, eh?" questioned the man, with evident interest.

"They can't help it," she explained. "It's a house-wifely striving after neatness and order. All household things, each after its own kind, are kept in their allotted places. A housekeeper abhors quantities of similar stuff stored in different places. Our friends feel so about us—two people who find each other congenial—the obvious thing, they think, is to unite the two and save room."

The man laughed at the explanation.

"What do you say Desire, when they ask you if you are going to marry me?" he asked, his curiosity awakened.

"Oh, I tell them we do not want to marry each other," Desire returned easily.

"I have often thought no truth more worthy of acceptance than once chums—never lovers," Desire observed thoughtfully. "A companion is a necessity, a husband or a wife is a luxury. If a woman made a superfluous jacket out of her only skirt—for instance, wherewithal would she be clothed?"

The man smiled. "Very kind of people to take so much interest in our happiness," he said genially.

"I've been wondering," returned Desire, smoothing her tumbled hair and relaxing into her former pensive mood, "if the pursuit of happiness is not better than happiness itself?"

"No," answered the man, positively; "you might as well say the search for water is better than water itself."

"But I can't admit your illustration," Desire objected, her eyes filling quite suddenly with tears. "One can not exist without water, but we keep on living whether we are happy or not. I believe happiness in large or small quantities is all about us. It is true I have no field where I can go and bind a sheaf and carry it home rejoicing upon my shoulder, but I can always glean a little here and there in scattered acres."

"What is happiness," demanded the engineer, impatiently, "but enough of what you want? If in your search for water your thirst is partially quenched

by the passing dews and the common showers, would you say that such dribblets were adequate for the business of living? Happiness is not eking out existence with fugitive bits of meat and drink, it's an elastic pervading condition in which we live and move and have our being."

Desire opened a delicate fan that had lain in her lap, and shaded her face with it. "It's no use for me to think I can ever be happy," she said sadly. "Love, it seems, can not make me so; for the first time in my life I admit the humiliating fact that I do not love love. Failing it, the best thing I can hope for is to be interested."

"Look—a—here," expostulated the engineer, jumping up to lean against the mantel, "you are all wrong. Just because you can't get sufficient nourishment from confectations and dainties is no reason for declaring that food does not agree with you. You've never had the right kind. Take John Justley, for instance—that idealistic kind of love is all right for books, but it would make a flimsy sort of protection if you ever had to use it."

"Have you read his poems?" asked Desire, quickly. "No, I am making my inferences solely from what you have told me."

But he felt a sudden desire to read John Justley's book, and when he returned to the swamp he took with him "The Banqueting House," and read on the dedication page "To Desire."

There are times, when you are building a railroad through a swamp, when you get into such tight quarters that you must needs rest by night doubled up on a tufted island two by three, and under such conditions it is hard to do anything but keep on; the man, however, read all the poems in "The Banqueting House" and forgot he was uncomfortable.

The engineer had known Desire many, many years, but it was John Justley who discovered for him that Desire's mind gave him a saturating kind of satisfaction. The poet took him, as it were, "upon a pinnacle of the temple," and showed him all the glories of Desire's person, and character, and temperament, such as the man could not have seen if he had studied her under a searching, scorching, ninety-nine candle power electric light.

The man read the book with gathering conviction, but he resented it as well, and growled that John Justley was "too—personal."

But in the swamp where one's evenings hang heavy upon one's hands the engineer read and re-read "The Banqueting House," and it became Desire's interpreter. Although he had known her so long, he began to see that she was a stranger to him, and he now experienced the delicious surprisingness of getting acquainted with that stranger through correspondence.

All through the beautiful fancy of "The Banqueting House" there were allusions to the Blind Man which puzzled the engineer very much indeed. There was one, it seemed, who followed Desire as her shadow—to whom she gave all that was asked of her, of whom she herself asked nothing, for it never entered her mind—to outward seeming at any rate—that he had anything to give. The engineer looking now for some subtle meaning, thought the Blind Man must be the whimsical naming of an influence. This explanation made it possible to understand why the Blind Man perceived none of Desire's beauty and nothing of her preeminence.

The poems argued that this Blind Man held something in his hands that he could not see, and that which he thus held belonged to Desire, but the Blind Man, of course, could not see her need of it.

The more the engineer read of the Blind Man, the more he hated him, and it began to grow on him gradually from day to day that the Blind Man was a real, living person, and—amazing wonder!—although his share in her life was simply companionship, he seemed to be of more consequence than the poet who appreciated her and loved her more—the engineer was certain—than the Blind Man could ever be capable of loving.

Why, why, eternally why, didn't the Blind Man open the eyes of his understanding?

So the months passed, and when the engineer got a chance to leave his railroad interests and go to town, the calendar in Desire's home were torn off to December, and she came flutteringly, rustlingly into the library, dressed for a German in a filmy white lace dress. It happened that John Justley had designed it, and in "The Banqueting House" there was a worshipful poem to her in the beautiful gown.

The man took the book of poems from his pocket, opened it, and laid it face down on the table.

"Desire," he said abruptly.

She held out her hand to him instinctively, in greeting, and he took them both without parley or demur.

"Desire," he began again, "I am the BLIND MAN!"

"Oh-h-h-h-h," she breathed tremulously.

"But whereas I was blind, now I see," finished the man, gravely.

Putting off the easy thing makes it hard; putting off the hard thing makes it impossible.

Not the Salary, but the Opportunity

[Continued from page 163]

his business which may have been purchased at an enormous cost of toil and sacrifice and even of several failures.

On the other hand, it is impossible for you to rob your employer by clipping your hours, shirking your work, or making inexcusable blunders; by carelessness or indifference, without robbing yourself of infinitely more of capital which is worth vastly more than money capital—the chance to make a man of yourself, the chance to have a clean record behind you instead of a smirched one.

If you think you are being kept back, if you are working for too small a salary, if favoritism puts some one into a position above you which you have justly earned, never mind, no one can rob you of your greatest reward, the skill, the efficiency, the power you have gained, the consciousness of doing your level best, of giving the best thing in you to your employer, all of which advantages you carry with you to your next job, whatever it may be.

Don't say to yourself, "I am not paid for doing this extra work; I do not get enough salary, anyway, and it is perfectly right for me to shirk when my employer is not in sight or to clip my hours when I can," for this means a loss of self-respect. You will never again have the same confidence in your ability to succeed; you will always be conscious that you have done a little, mean thing, and no amount of juggling with yourself can induce that inward monitor which says "right" to the well-done thing and "wrong" to the botched work, to alter its verdict in your favor. There is something within you that you can not bribe; a divine sense of justice and right that can not be blindfolded. Nothing will ever compensate you for the loss of faith in yourself. You may still succeed when others have lost confidence in you, but never when you have lost confidence in yourself. If you do not respect yourself; if you do not believe in yourself, your career is at an end so far as its upward tendency is concerned.

Then again, an employee's reputation is his capital. In the absence of money capital, his reputation means everything. It not only follows him around from one employer to another, but it also follows him when he goes into business for himself, and is always either helping or hindering him, according to its nature.

Contrast the condition of a young man starting out for himself who has looked upon his position as a sacred trust, a great opportunity, backed, buttressed, and supported by a splendid past, an untarnished reputation—a reputation for being a dead-in-earnest hard worker, square, loyal, and true to his employer's interests—with that of another young man of equal ability starting out for himself, who has done just as little work for his salary as possible, and who has gone on the principle that the more he could get out of an employer—the more salary he could get with less effort—the shrewder, smarter man he was.

The very reputation of the first young man is splendid credit. He is backed up by the good opinion of everybody that knows him. People are afraid of the other: they can not trust him. He beat his employer, why should not he beat others?

Everybody knows that he has not been honest at heart with his employer, not loyal or true, and how can he expect the hearty support of others? He must work all the harder to overcome the handicap of a bad reputation, a smirched record.

In other words, he is starting out in life with a heavy handicap, which, if it does not drag him down to failure, will make his burden infinitely greater, and success, even a purely commercial success, so much the harder to attain.

There is nothing like a good, solid, substantial reputation, a clean record, an untarnished past. It sticks to us through life, and is always helping us. We find it waiting at the bank when we try to borrow money, or at the jobber's when we ask for credit. It is always backing us up and helping us in all sorts of ways.

Young men are sometimes surprised at their rapid advancement. They can not understand it, because they do not realize the tremendous power of a clean name, of a good reputation which is backing them.

I know a young man who came to New York, got a position in a publishing house at fifteen dollars a week, and worked five years before he received thirty-five dollars a week.

The other employees and his friends called him a fool for staying at the office after hours and taking work home nights and holidays, for such a small salary; but he told them that the opportunity was what he was after, not the salary.

His work attracted the attention of a publisher who offered him sixty dollars a week, and very soon advanced him to seventy-five; but he carried with him to the new position the same habits of painstaking, hard work, never thinking of the salary, but regarding the opportunity as everything.

Employees sometimes think that they get no credit for trying to do more than they are paid for; but here is an instance of a young man who attracted the atten-

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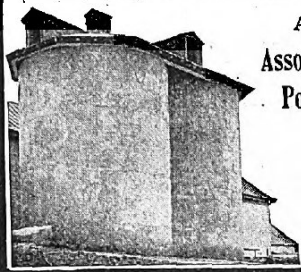
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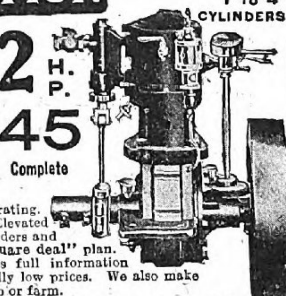


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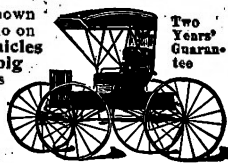
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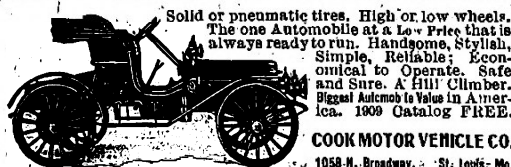
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tion of others even outside of the firm he worked for, just because he was trying to earn a great deal more than he was paid for doing.

The result was, that in less than two years from the time he was receiving sixty dollars a week, he went to a third large publishing house at ten thousand dollars a year, and also with an interest in the business.

The salary is of very little importance to you in comparison with the reputation for integrity and efficiency you have left behind you and the experience you have gained while earning the salary. These are the great things.

In olden times boys had to give years of their time in order to learn a trade, and often would pay their employer for the opportunity. English boys used to think it was a great opportunity to be able to get into a good concern, with a chance to work without salary for years in order to learn their business or trade. Now the boy is paid for learning his trade.

The great thing is to hold the right attitude of mind toward one's position, and to regard the opportunity as the big thing, the salary as a comparatively small thing.

Many employees may not think it is so very bad to clip their hours, to shirk at every opportunity, to sneak away and hide during business hours, to loiter when out on business for their employer, to go to their work in the morning all used up from dissipation; but often when they try to get another place their reputation has gone before them, and they are not wanted.

Others excuse themselves for poor work on the ground that their employer does not appreciate their services and is mean to them.

A youth might just as well excuse himself for his boorish manners and ungentlemanly conduct on the ground that other people were mean and ungentlemanly to him. He might just as well claim that as for the employee to ruin his character and spoil his future chances by doing slovenly, botched work just because his employer is mean.

My young friend, you have nothing to do with your employer's character or his method of doing things. You may not be able to make him do what is right, but you can do right yourself. You may not be able to make him a gentleman, but you can be one yourself; and you can not afford to ruin yourself and your whole future just because your employer is not what he ought to be. No matter how mean and stingy he may be, your opportunity for the time is with him, and it rests with you whether you will use it or abuse it, whether you will make of it a stepping-stone or a stumbling-block.

The fact is that your present position, your way of doing your work, is the key that will unlock the door above you. Slighted work, botched work, will never make a key to unlock the door to anything but failure and disgrace.

There is nothing else so valuable to you as an opportunity to build a name for yourself. Your reputation is the foundation for your future success, and if you slip rotten hours, and slighted, botched work into the foundation, your superstructure will topple. The foundation must be clean, solid, and firm.

The quality which you put into your work will determine the quality of your life. The habit of insisting upon the best of which you are capable, of always demanding of yourself the highest, never accepting the lowest or second best, no matter how small your remuneration, will make all the difference to you between mediocrity or failure, and success. If you bring to your work the spirit of an artist instead of an artisan, a burning zeal, an absorbing enthusiasm, these will take the drudgery out of it and make it a delight.

Take no chances of marring your reputation by the picayune and unworthy endeavor "to get square" with a stingy or mean employer. Never mind what kind of a man he is, resolve that you will approach your task in the spirit of a master, that whether he is a man of high ideals or not, you will be one. Remember that you are a sculptor and that every act is a chisel blow upon life's marble block. You can not afford to strike false blows which may mar the angel that sleeps in the stone. Whether it is beautiful or hideous, divine or brutal, the image you evolve from the block must stand as an expression of yourself, of your ideals. Those who do not care how they do their work, if they can only get through with it and get their pay for it, pay very dearly for their trifling; they cut very sorry figures in life. Regard your work as a great life school for the broadening, deepening, rounding into symmetry, harmony, beauty, of your God-given faculties, which are uncut diamonds sacredly entrusted to you for the polishing and bringing out of their hidden wealth and beauty. Look upon it as a man-builder, a character-builder, and not as a mere living-getter. Regard the living-getting, money-making part of your career as a mere incidental as compared with the man-making part of it.

The smallest people in the world are those who work for salary alone. The little money you get in your pay envelope is a pretty small, low motive for which to work. It may be necessary to secure your bread and butter, but you have something infinitely higher to satisfy than that; that is, your sense of the right; the demand in you to do your level best, to be a man, to do the square thing, the fair thing. These should speak so loud in you that the mere bread-and-butter question will be insignificant in comparison.

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Never mind whether your employer appreciates the high quality of your work or not, or thinks more of you for your conscientiousness, you will certainly think more of yourself after getting the approval of that still small voice within you which says "right" to the noble act. The effort always to do your best will enlarge your capacity for doing things and will encourage you to push ahead toward larger triumphs.

Everywhere we see people who are haunted by the ghosts of half-finished jobs, the dishonest work done away back in their youth. These covered-up defects are always coming back to humiliate them later, to trip them up, and to bar their progress. The great failure army is full of people who have tried to get square with their employers for the small salary and lack of appreciation.

No one can respect himself or have that sublime faith in himself which makes for high achievement while he puts half-hearted, mean service into his work. The man who has not learned to fling his whole soul into his task, who has not learned the secret of taking the drudgery out of his work by flinging his whole soul into it, has not learned the first principles of success or happiness. Let other people do the poor jobs, the botched work, if they will. Keep your standards up. It is a lofty ideal that redeems the life from the curse of commonness and imparts a touch of nobility to the personality.

No matter how small your salary, or how unappreciative your employer, bring the entire man to your task; be all there; fling your life into it with all the energy and enthusiasm you can muster. *Poor work injures your employer a little, but it may ruin you.* Be proud of your work and go to it every morning superbly equipped; go to it in the spirit of a master, of a conqueror. Determine to do your level best and never to demoralize yourself by doing your second best.

Conduct yourself in such a way that you can always look yourself in the face without wincing; then you will have a courage born of conviction, of personal nobility and integrity which have never been tarnished.

What your employer thinks of you, what the world thinks of you is not half as important as what you think of yourself. Others are with you comparatively little through life. *You have to live with yourself day and night through your whole existence, and you can not afford to tie that divine thing in you to a scoundrel.*



Books Received

- "Instinct and Health." By Woods Hutchinson, M. D. Dodd, Mead & Co.
 "The Red Skull." By Fergus Hume. Dodge Publishing Co.
 "Cruise of the Phoebe." By James S. Otis. Dana Estes & Co.
 "Jimmie Moore of Bucktown." By Melvin E. Trotter. The Winona Publishing Co.
 "The Mastery of Mind." By Henry Frank. R. F. Fenno & Co.
 "The Man Who Ended War." By Hollis Godfrey. Little, Brown & Co.
 "Inspired Millionaires." By Gerald Stanley Lee. Mount Tom Press, Northampton, Mass.
 "Ideas and Ideals." By Stackpool E. O'dell. Love & Malsonson, Ltd., London.
 "The P. Q. & G." By Edward S. Ellis, A.M. Dana Estes & Co.
 "Keep Up Your Courage." By Mary Allette. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.
 "Culture by Conversation." By Robert Waters. Dodd, Mead & Co.
 "Marigold's Winter." By Edith Frances Foster. Dana Estes & Co.
 "That Last Waif." By Horace Fletcher. Frederick A. Stokes & Co.
 "Success in Life." By Emil Reich. Duffield & Co.
 "Heroes and Heroism in Common Life." By N. McGee Waters. T. Y. Crowell & Co.
 "The Romance of the Reaper." By Herbert N. Casson. Doubleday, Page & Co.
 "Peas Blossom and Mustard-seed." By Grace Squires. Dana Estes & Co.
 "The Minute Boys of Long Island." By James Otis. Dana Estes & Co.
 "Accounts: Their Construction and Interpretation." By William Morse Cole. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 "The New Way to Happiness." By Charles Brodie Patterson. Rogers Bros. Publishing Co.
 "The New Way to Health." By Charles Brodie Patterson. Rogers Bros. Publishing Co.
 "God a Present Help." By H. E. Cady. Rogers Bros. Publishing Co.
 "The Science of Successful Salesmanship." 12 vols. By A. F. Sheldon. Sheldon School, Chicago.
 "Drugging a Nation." By Samuel Merwin. Fleming H. Revell & Co.
 "Progressive Poultry Culture." By Arthur A. Brigham, B.S., Ph.D. The Torch Press.
 "The Ancient Science of Numbers." By Luo Clement. Rogers Bros. Publishing Co.
 "On the Open Road." By Ralph Waldo Trine. T. Y. Crowell & Co.
 "How to Stay Young." By C. D. Larson. Eternal Progress Co., Chicago.
 "Mastery of Self." By C. D. Larson. Eternal Progress Co., Chicago.
 "Polse." By C. D. Larson. Eternal Progress Co., Chicago.
 "I Am Well." ("Scientia Vitae.") By C. W. Post, Lee & Shepard.
 "Reminiscences of Senator W. M. Stewart, of Nevada." Edited by George R. Brown. Neale Publishing Co.
 "Winning the Front Place." By John Maclean. Union Press.
 "Barham Beach." By Julia Ditto Young. Floyd Gerthner Press.
 "The Realm of Light." By "Frank Hatfield." Reid Publishing Co.

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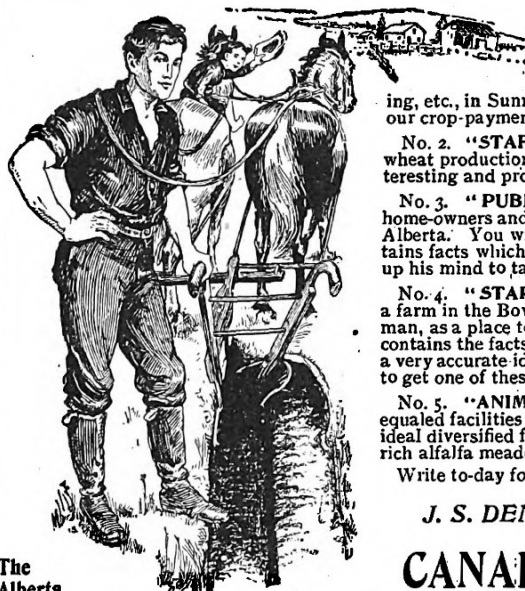
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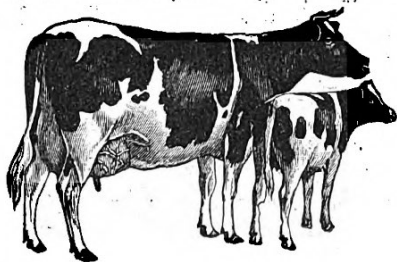
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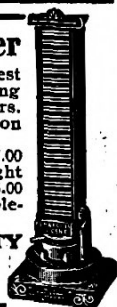
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If your jobber doesn't keep it, send us \$7.00 for machine and 720 boxes of matches, freight prepaid. Repeat orders for matches at \$3.00 per case (720 boxes) f. o. b. St. Louis. Wholesale Prices furnished on application.

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McDowell Ginseng Garden, Joplin, Mo.

Pure Milk and Human Life

[Continued from page 162]

These milk depots are usually supported by philanthropic organizations, but frequently they are city institutions provided for out of public funds. They furnish milk to parents too poor to pay anything as well as to other parents capable of paying half or all of the cost price. The milk is modified, then sterilized, and the organization and administration are so good, and the advice given to mothers so excellent, that the death-rate of babies using this milk is rapidly falling.

The Splendid Service of Nathan Straus

In America, similar milk depots have been established in New York, Chicago, and other cities. Especially in New York has this system developed. Under the enthusiastic impulse of a far-seeing and generous man, Mr. Nathan Straus, milk depots have rapidly been extended to meet the growing needs of the city.

It was in 1893 that pasteurized milk was first made available for the babies of New York by Mr. Straus. In that year, 34,400 bottles were prepared in his one depot. Since then the system has developed enormously; so that, in 1906, there were seventeen Straus depots which dispensed 3,142,252 bottles and 1,078,405 glasses of pasteurized milk.

Now, pasteurized milk is never quite so good as absolutely pure milk. Even its advocates do not usually claim this. Some so-called pasteurized milk is merely insufficiently heated milk. Even where the milk is thoroughly pasteurized, as in the Straus establishments, where it is maintained at a heat of 167 degrees for twenty or thirty minutes, and practically all the germs are destroyed, even there it is only a substitute for pure milk. But a substitute is better than nothing at all, just as a life-preserver is better than a frock coat when you are in the middle of a lake. And, until the lacteal millennium arrives, and the milk comes to the city as pure as it leaves the cow, we shall do well to encourage pasteurization.

A few years ago, the doctors investigated the milk of New York City, and published their findings in a report. These doctors discovered that the greatest death-rate was among young children who drank milk bought from the stores. The babies who drank condensed milk were safer, but the safest of all were the babies who drank pasteurized milk. Not only were there fewer deaths among the pasteurized milk babies, but the babies were also less likely to suffer from summer complaint and all the other infantile diseases.

Before 1893, when the Straus depots began their work, out of every thousand children under five in the city, ninety-six died every year—thirty-four during the summer months, June, July, and August. In 1906, only fifty-five died—less than sixteen during the summer months. In 1906, 15,534 babies under five died in New York, whereas, if the death rate of 1891 had been maintained, 27,169 babies would have died. In other words, in that year alone, 11,635 children under five years of age were saved to the city.

Saving the Lives of Babies

Now no one, least of all Mr. Straus himself, claims that this entire saving of lives was due to better milk. During these fifteen years, improved tenement houses; cleaner streets, increased parks and playgrounds, recreation piers, the campaign of fresh air for children, the use of diphtheria antitoxin, and other betterments tended to save the lives of the children. But, as one able writer on the milk question stated, "of all the factors contributing to that general result, the most important single factor was the work of the Straus depots."

At Randall's Island in New York City, Mr. Straus was given the opportunity to make a more illuminating experiment. Here is an infant asylum where, during a long number of years, over forty per cent. of all the babies died each year. When, in 1890, Mr. Straus obtained permission to install a milk depot there, the death-rate immediately sank from over forty per cent. to under twenty per cent.; in other words, during the entire time that the Straus milk depots have been established, the saving of baby lives has been one-half.

They have learned some things, too, in Rochester. A dozen years ago Rochester, with a population of two hundred thousand inhabitants, and with five thousand births per annum, drew its milk supply from seven hundred farmers within a radius of fifty or sixty miles. The milk was distributed by two hundred and twenty-five retailers, each of whom paid an annual fee of two dollars for his license. There was no bacteriological standard for the town, but the progressive Milk Commission had established a certified milk of an especially good grade, and this milk was sold for a higher price.

Rochester Leads in Milk Reform

In Rochester, however, a great deal of interest was aroused by the Milk Commission in the milk supply of the city, and through the efforts of Dr. George W. Goler, the milk coming to the city tremendously improved in quality. The death-rate of babies had been heavy. During the nine years from 1888 to 1896,

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6,629 children under the age of five years had died. In 1897, Doctor Goler established an infants' milk depot for the two months of July and August. The work was begun in a primitive way, the total cost to the city amounting to three hundred dollars. A store rented in a thickly populated district was fitted with running water, gas-stoves, counters, and shelves, and each of two hospitals placed at the disposal of Doctor Goler, a nurse who pasteurized the milk, cooled it, and sold it at cost to the mothers. Good effects were immediately apparent. The July and August deaths, which had averaged two hundred and sixty-six per year sank immediately to one hundred and twenty-three.

The people of Rochester were satisfied, but Doctor Goler was not. Pasteurization makes dirty milk harmless. The ideal of Dr. Goler was to secure, not pasteurized milk, but pure milk. In 1900, a contract was made with a farmer for his entire product, provided he would observe the health rules prescribed by Doctor Goler and his assistants.

The plant and operations of Doctor Goler have been described by John Spargo in his book on "The Common Sense of the Milk Problem":

A portable laboratory consisting of an old discarded election booth was set up on the selected farm. Outside the house, under canvas, a sink and running water were set up for washing the bottles. Then there was a tent for sterilizing purposes, with sterilizers, each containing two gross of nursing bottles—for here, instead of sterilizing the milk, they sterilized the bottles and cans. Another tent was provided for the nurse in charge to sleep in, the entire "plant" costing between five hundred and six hundred dollars.

The people of Rochester feared that the good results obtained by Doctor Goler through pasteurization would now be lost, and many good citizens anxiously awaited the death returns. The results were beyond the most hopeful anticipations. The July and August death-rate, which had fallen to one hundred and twenty-three per year in the period of 1897-1899, fell further to seventy-four per year in the next three years. The number of baby deaths had diminished enormously despite the great increase in the population of the city.

Inspection is Cheaper than Infection

The experiments of Doctor Goler in Rochester, and the establishment of milk depots in New York and elsewhere, have pointed the way, but a great deal remains to be done before we can begin to solve the problem for the whole country. The United States of America is a fairly large place, and the conditions vary greatly. What is a good policy for Chicago may be a poor policy for San Antonio; and what is suitable for Boston may be unsuitable for a village in Idaho. There is a necessity for the cooperation of all the up-building forces in society if we are to save the lives of the tens of thousands who are annually sacrificed to our negligence, greed, and ignorance.

In the first place, we must cure our cows. It is better to cut off our hand—to kill, destroy, and pay for the cattle which are already tuberculous—than to risk the infection of other cattle, and of the consumers of meat and milk. This is expensive, but, as Denmark and other dairy nations have shown, it is wise in the long run. We must also inspect our cattle to prevent further outbreaks of tuberculosis. We must maintain and insist upon a higher standard of barns for housing the cattle better, and cleaner systems of milking, better pails, better transportation facilities, and better methods of receiving and distributing the milk in the cities. Inspection is cheaper than infection.

We must also continue to establish milk depots and work for a better city supply. We must send out nurses, as New York City is now doing, to teach mothers not only how to buy milk, but also how to modify it and prepare it for the child's use. We may even be led, in this attempt to provide good milk, into further paths of useful instruction, to the end that the poorest and most ignorant mother, just landed from a far eastern country, may have as good a chance to rear her babies as has the cultured and wealthy woman, with the medical knowledge of her age at her call.

Not until progress has been made along many lines can we claim to have done all in our power as an intelligent and civilized nation to prevent the needless slaughter of babies by filthy, poisonous milk.

In the Hands of the Law

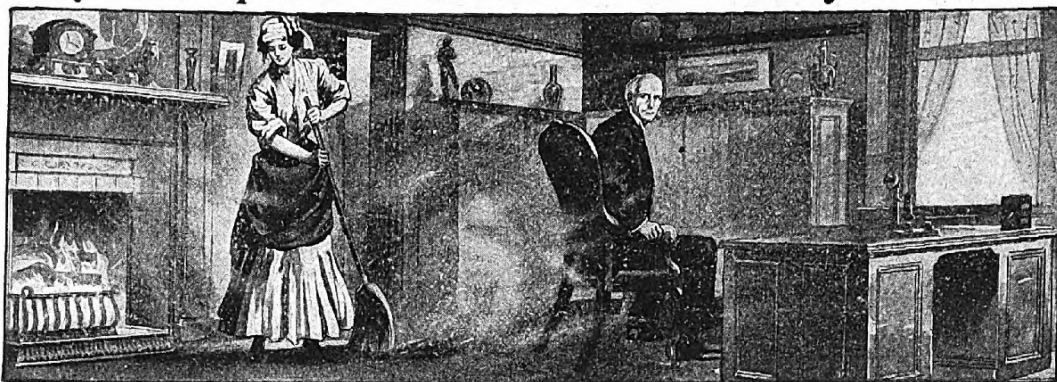
AN IMPECUNIOUS young lawyer recently received the following letter from a tailor to whom he was indebted:

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The follower of Blackstone immediately replied:

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Whereas broom and carpet-sweeper pack in the dirt even more solidly, the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner **lifts out**, by its suction force, more and more dirt from lower and lower depths. This it does constantly and always.

In other words, Ideal Vacuum Cleaning removes all the dirt that has been ground into the fabric as well as that which lies loosely on the surface, undoing with every application the evil of broom and carpet-sweeper.

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removed, the destruction of fabrics is arrested, and the causes of disease are banished.

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Jimmy Pepperton of Oshkazo

[Continued from page 156]

magnate like Stillenger has the patience to wait two years, so that the tardy notion of time may sweep John Armstrong out of his path. The truth is that Stillenger has determined to smash you as if you were a mosquito on his fine Italian hand, and within the past week the task of crushing you has become to him a hundred times more necessary."

"Then why the devil doesn't he do it?" roared Armstrong, goaded to anger by the indifferent manner in which this youngster spoke of his ruin.

"Because," explained Jimmy, calmly, "he is in exactly the same difficulty that you are. He needs money."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Armstrong. "He stands at the head of a three-million-dollar company!"

"Three million on paper, yes, but without the ready cash in the bank."

"Oh, you're talking through your hat!" cried Armstrong, impatiently. "The three-million company possesses such a tangible asset as the entire street-railway system of a growing city, with the exception of my Lincoln Avenue Line."

"Quite so, but a three-million company that has overloaded itself with obligations is in a much worse position than a ten-dollar man who merely owes fifty cents. Stillenger, with marvelous foresight, has conciliated everybody except the public. This magnate has stock, and the other has stock, the newspaper proprietors have stock, the politicians have been given stock, and then there is, of course, Stillenger and his own gang of hangers-on, who are bleeding this great business white. Stillenger thinks that a hundred thousand dollars in cash will obliterate you, and give him possession of your Lincoln Avenue Line. He has just returned from New York and Chicago. In each place he tried to sell enough of treasury shares to produce a hundred thousand dollars with which to crumple you up. He couldn't raise a dime. Do you know why?"

"I do not."

"Because a partial monopoly is no good as security at the present time when money is tight. He must be able to prove that he has eliminated all opposition. In other words, he must sweep you out of the way, and then it is likely he can reconstruct his company and loot in another extra million or two from the public, but with the load his company is carrying, he can not raise even a hundred thousand dollars. The moment, however, he gets his hand on that money, you are done for."

Armstrong listened with open eyes. He was a stout man, and he breathed heavily.

"I wish I knew," he gasped at last, "how much of your talk I might believe."

"You may quite safely believe it all," said Jimmy; "and I merely tell it to explain what I propose to do."

"Yes; and what do you propose to do?"

"I propose, Mr. Armstrong, to give to August Stillenger the hundred thousand dollars which he needs to pulverize you."

Armstrong stood, aghast, his ruddy face mottled rather than pale. It was some time before he could find his voice, and then bitter indignation interfered with his utterance.

"You intend to give my greatest enemy the amount he needs to defeat me, without his even asking for it? I implore your help, and you refuse, dealing out to me your false inanities. You babble about your money being locked up. You have resolved not to speculate again. You are going in hereafter for honest work. You treacherous hound and abandoned liar, to lure me up here merely for the purpose of raising my hopes, and then coolly to acknowledge you are planning my ruin!"

"My dear Mr. Armstrong, you are putting the cart before the horse. I did not lure you to this room, nor did I even invite you here. You begged for an appointment, and came at your own time, of your own accord. You can not accuse me of treachery, for I have promised you nothing. I owe you neither gratitude nor cash, yet you hold in your hand my check for thousands of dollars, given over to you without the slightest demur on my part, and I venture to say that no other man in this city, situated as I am, would have given you a penny."

Armstrong collapsed. He sank into a chair and his head fell forward on the table. No man likes to witness a storm of emotion pass over another, especially if the other is much older than himself, so Jimmy almost stuttered in his haste to explain.

"Look here, Mr. Armstrong, in judging the motives of a friend or foe, you almost invariably jump at a wrong conclusion. The world is not nearly so bad as you think, and any one who supposes his fellows will always do the mean thing if opportunity offers and bases his calculations on this, is bound to reap disastrous results. You should know by this time that my sole desire is to win your approval."

"Yes, and failing that, to bankrupt me!" cried Armstrong, savagely.

"Nonsense; I'm not in the bankrupting business. I am merely a placid, commercial editor, whose *metier* it is to look upon affairs in the dry light of common sense. You are in that dangerous state of mind where a man regards all humanity as being leagued against him. Such is never the case, and one of the most valuable gifts a person can possess is the power of differentiating between his friends and his enemies. For instance, I am your friend, and Stillenger is your enemy."

"A generous friend you have proved yourself to be," said Armstrong, with scathing scorn.

"Quite right, although you speak in sarcasm. Now, I'll show you why it's much more practical to give this money to Stillenger than to you. At the present moment your enemy is searching in every direction for the amount of money I have named. Any one who wishes to fight Stillenger can not crawl upon him unperceived, like a Red Indian, because, as I say, his keen eye is sweeping the horizon. Now, the moment I give him the money, Stillenger at once concentrates all his attention on the acquiring of the Lincoln Avenue Line. The smashing of you is merely incidental. It happens to be the quickest way by which he can attain his object. If I were reckless enough to approach Stillenger with hostile intentions up the line of fire along which his whole power of observation runs like the ray of a search light, I am at once riddled and done for, because he is a much stronger man than you and I combined. But this very power of concentration has its defects as well as its merits. It leaves all the rest of the horizon free to me. I can crawl up upon him unnoticed, from any direction: except one, tomahawk in hand, and scalping knife between my teeth."

"Now, I am going to trust you implicitly. I intended to demand from you the managership of the Lincoln Avenue railway. I determined to have this position assured to me (with absolute power) by the most iron-clad contract you could file, as the lesser of two evils. I shall once more place confidence in you. How much money would you accept for the Lincoln Avenue Line to-day, in hard cash?"

"I'll give it over to you, Pepperton, lock, stock, and barrel, power-house and new rolling-stock equipment, for the hundred thousand dollars you proposed lending to Stillenger."

"I suppose, then, you would accept from Stillenger the hundred thousand, or, indeed, from any one else?" said Jimmy.

"Yes; in the circumstances I would."

"Very well; anything above that hundred thousand I can get for you will be so much to the good."

"Certainly."

"All right. I'll guarantee you one hundred thousand, whether I succeed against Stillenger or fail, and in return you will do everything I ask you to do regarding that line, down to the smallest particular. You must not ask my reasons, you must not argue, and you must not bring your own judgment to bear on the case until my fight is finished, and, above all things else, you must keep secret the fact that I have anything to do with the contest."

"I agree," eagerly replied Armstrong.

"Now, this fight will be short, sharp, and decisive. No man knows better than Stillenger when another has got the drop upon him. When he is strenuously fighting you, he will suddenly become aware that the muzzle of my revolver is coldly pressing his bare neck from behind. It does not matter how well the battle is going in front; the moment that muzzle touches his sensitive skin he will throw up his hands."

"But how are you going to do it?" gasped Armstrong. "Public opinion can not bring about such a result as that."

"I believe it can," replied Jimmy; "but although I told you I intended to invoke it, I do not think it will be necessary, and I have determined to play a lone hand."

"Yes; but how, but how?"

"My dear Mr. Armstrong, you are already breaking one of the clauses of our contract. Remember the fate of *Elsa*, in 'Lohengrin,' for that is one question you must not ask me. How soon can you begin running the electric cars on your road?"

"Within three days."

"Very well; send your horses out to pasture, scrap your old-fashioned vehicles, and turn on the electric fluid at once. And now, remember this, Mr. Armstrong. My cash will be secure—that is, my hundred thousand—whether I win or lose. I am not in this thing to make money, but neither do I wish to lose any. I am in for the glory of an intellectual fight, and for the pleasure of helping a man who, all the rest of his life and mine, will be my friend. But, remember, you will win out only if you play fair with me, and do exactly what I tell you to do."

"Right you are, Pepperton. By gum, your talk does inspire a man, and for the first time you fill me with confidence; but remember, Stillenger is a terror."

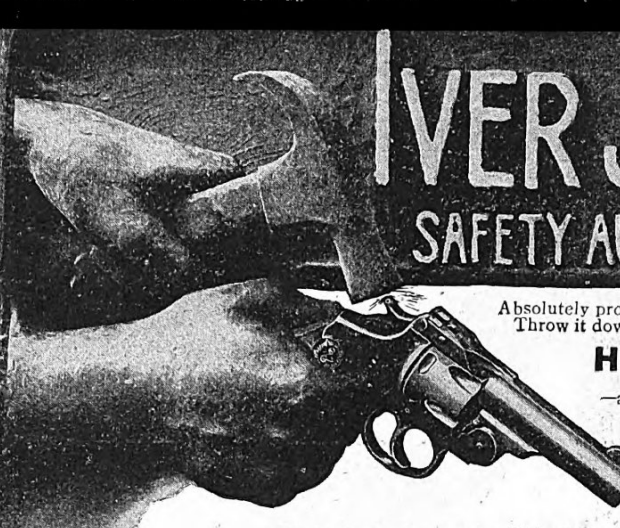
"I know, but a terror is quite helpless when a loaded revolver is placed at the back of his head."

Armstrong warmly shook hands with his newly-found friend, and departed, swearing everlasting allegiance.

The most utterly lost of all days, is that in which you have not once laughed.—*Chamfort.*

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Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost.	Extra length bbl. or blued finish at slight extra cost.

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- "\$38.13 is my commission on one collection," says W. H. Kellein, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- "\$74.89 is what I earned in one week's work,"—F. O. S. Ierna, of Minn.
- "\$142.50 netted during first 60 days of recent business depression," writes A. G. Walker, Cal.
- "\$175 profits on one claim," reports A. W. Wolf, Chicago.
- "\$110 earned in less than two months, spare time only," says H. Bickner, Jr., Schenectady.

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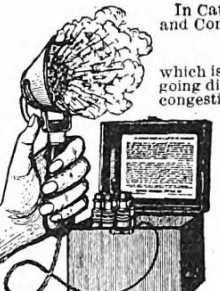
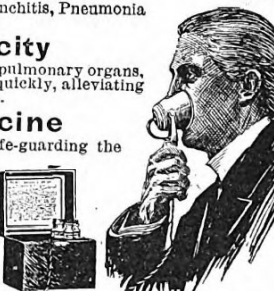
which is breathed into nasal cavities, passing down into bronchial tubes and pulmonary organs, going direct to parts affected. Will not irritate inflamed membranes but acts quickly, alleviating congestion and soreness, each disease having special medicine for its treatment.

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E. H. Kraus, Secretary, 820 Oakland Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.

The Spoiled Parent

[Continued from page 153]

After seven or eight years of age, where the pressure of family population upon acreage will permit, the child should have his or her own room. No matter how small this may be, it is of the greatest value in promoting the sense of self-respect and as a stepping-stone to respect for the rights and personalities of others. There are few things that will more rapidly and rationally develop the sense not merely of the rights, but also of the responsibilities, of property, as a room of one's own.

Garden Space for Little Human Flowers

By recognizing the rights of a boy or a girl to use such a room as a place of storage and keeping for their favorite books, toys, games, clothing, etc., it will come to him simply and naturally, almost without urging or suggestion, that he is in return to regard himself as responsible for its care and keeping in at least reasonably sanitary, if not "model-housekeeper," tidy condition. It also helps to foster as nothing else can that sense of personal reserve, of the rights of physical and moral privacy, of modesty and self-respect, which is one of the most valuable bases for clean living and clean thinking.

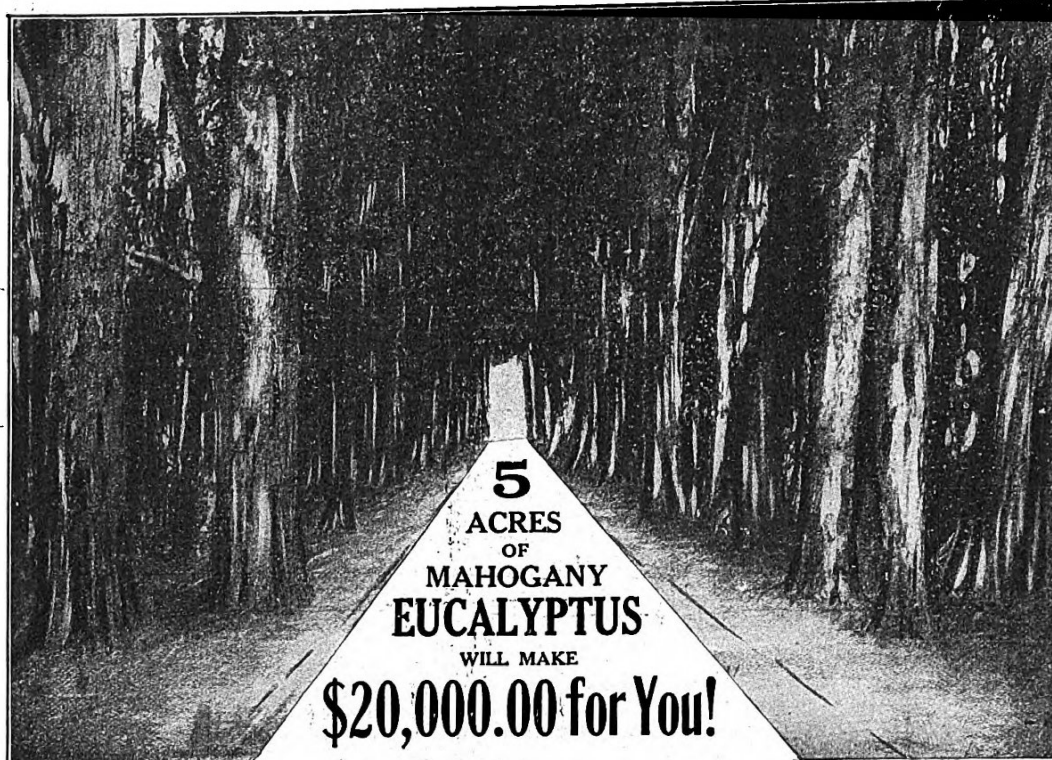
If a separate room or part of one can not be arranged for, then some corner in the yard, or arbor in the garden, or bench in the barn or woodshed, should be given over to the boy for his personal and peculiar use. A little thought or even some inconveniencing of what might be considered the practical and necessary demands of the garden, the barn, or the woodshed are well worth while in this respect. We had far better interfere with the rights of a horse, or a cow, or a few chickens than with those of our sons and daughters. There are scores of barns and woodsheds so shipshape and spick and span that there is no place for the untidy litter of a child's corner; and hundreds of gardens where the immaculateness of lawns and flower beds absolutely freezes out the possibilities of development of little human flowers.

Let Children Rehearse their Lives in Advance

Girls, though more of house plants than boys, and less able to avail themselves of the freedom of the streets, the fields, and the woods, often get really a better opportunity for the development of individuality as such, through the greater domesticity of their interests and consequent tidiness and presentableness of their favorite plays. Few things could be more admirable for the development of responsibility, of self-respect, and of independence than the thrice blessed dolls' house. Here the tiniest tot can develop the sweet unconscious morality of the little child which the greatest philosophers have ever held in reverence, without interference from profane hands. Here she can carry on those sweet little rehearsal plays of motherhood and home making in which she has little more need of a teacher than the bird has in building its nest. No servant and few mothers would hesitate long to invade the boy's most precious corner, or den, or cupboard, rudely making hay of its most prized and most logical disorder of arrangement, to substitute therefor what to the dull feminine eye appears like order, and even chucking half its treasures out of the window. But few and heartless would be they who would rudely violate the sanctity of a little girl's dolls' house. I am satisfied that that sacred retreat, the dolls' house, has had much to do with the fact that a girl will develop moral autonomy and responsibility years earlier than a boy. Give a boy a chance to keep house for himself, to rehearse his life in advance, according to his own ideas, which include tools and bars and rings and wrestling mats, and room for animal cages and fish-bait and other things that smell—and you will do more to put his morality upon a solid basis than by many, many preachments.

The Principal Outdoor Crop is Children

The race began in a garden and the child needs to repeat his family history. If your house has not got a garden for your children to grow in, move to one that has, at least for the summer time. But remember that the principal crop to be grown in that garden is children. No other vegetable, however nutritious, no other flower, however beautiful, is to be considered in the same day of the week, with their interests. No matter how strictly utilitarian and commercial or how purely ornamental a garden may be, children should be its most favored plants while they are growing up. Let both boys and girls have a little plot of their own, let them plan it upon such beautifully wavy lines or in such exquisitely scraggly clumps and patches as appeal to them. Let them find out for themselves what the innate advantages are of straight rows and rectangular beds. No man, it is stated, has attained to complete manhood until he has become the owner of a patch of ground, a scrap of God's earth, whether it be measured in feet or in acres; and the sense of ownership, of landed proprietorship, has a like influence upon the consciousness of the child. When he has succeeded in producing anything which can be the widest stretch of courtesy be termed a crop, let him be free to dispose of it as he wishes, whether by presenting it for the



President Roosevelt in his last message to Congress makes the following startling statement: "Thanks to our own recklessness in the use of our splendid forests, we have *already* crossed the verge of a timber famine in this country, and no measure that we now take can, at least for many years, undo the mischief that has already been done."

It requires the product of thirty million acres of forest every year to satisfy the demands of 28,850 saw-mills, which are constantly transforming these forests into merchantable lumber. It requires one hundred billion feet of lumber annually to satisfy the demands of the thousands of factories which are constantly converting this lumber into the various materials which the American public requires. Lumber has advanced more than double in the last ten years and will in all probability more than double in value the next ten years. It requires 100 years or more for a forest to produce the quality of hardwood which is now generally demanded by the various arts and crafts. Eucalyptus is one of the most beautiful hardwoods known; the grain, texture and quality of this wood are so beautiful that it is generally known as American Mahogany; and, in fact, is used by car builders and others requiring a fine finish, for mahogany.

800 trees can be planted to the acre, so that on a five-acre tract you would have 4,000 of these trees and, on a very conservative estimate, these trees will be worth \$5.00 a piece, so that the owner of such a 5-acre eucalyptus tract will have an estate worth at least \$20,000.00, at the end of 10 years, and, in view of the peculiar characteristic of eucalyptus which causes it to grow from the stump after each cutting much faster than it did originally, he will have a source of constant income, increasing from year to year as the general supply becomes scarcer and scarcer and the price grows higher and higher.

Let us tell you more about these wonderful trees. Let us send you some more information about this wonderful new industry, which is certain to be compelled to furnish the hardwood supply of the entire United States at no distant day. Let us tell you how you can secure one of these 5-acre tracts by making small monthly installments of \$10.00 and thus put yourself in possession of an estate which would ordinarily require many years of effort to secure.

Write us today; let us send you absolutely convincing proof for every statement we make. We want you to know that nothing has been exaggerated. Any investigation which you make will absolutely convince you that the enormous possibilities in this new industry have not been half stated. Fill out and mail the coupon to us today.

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You Wouldn't Build a House Every Year

Even though a shack good enough for a season's use cost only one-tenth as much as a well-built and completely finished dwelling. Then why do the plantings around your house on a one-year plan? It costs only a little more to have plants and shrubs that will fulfill their purpose year after year. Hardy shrub are permanent, and yet they give quick results if vigorous specimens are planted. By working to a definite purpose in laying out grounds, shrubs for permanent results will cost little, if any more than annuals—the first cost is all; with annuals the expense is a yearly one.

"Flowering Trees and Shrubs"

Hardy shrubs please even before foliage fully develops

salad at the Sunday dinner to his admiring family, by giving it to a friend, or selling it in the open market. The child is generous as well as selfish in alternate streaks and only needs a little encouragement at the right time to become liberal and fair-minded, as well as thrifty and cautious.

This garden part of the child's training is just as valuable, indeed as indispensable, for girls as for boys. It should be even more insisted upon for girls and every possible encouragement given to indulge in it.

Where Kindness and Thoughtfulness Begin

Following and closely associated with this garden-growth of character is the keeping of pets and the care of domestic animals. Few instincts are more fundamental in the human breast and few of greater value in the development of the higher moral qualities—kindness, thoughtfulness, consideration for others. Every boy would like to be a Hagenbeck and every girl divides her affections almost impartially between dollies and kittens. As the dog was the earliest and best friend of our race in its infancy, so he is yet to the young Cave men of the twentieth century. Let the children feel that these pets and playmates of theirs belong to them, but that the tenure of ownership depends entirely upon the way in which they are treated. Let them be held responsible for their feeding and care, and clearly understand that neglect or ill-treatment will, after due warning, be followed by their prompt confiscation by the higher powers.

It is usually best not to make the commercial element too prominent in these relations, such as, for instance, by letting children pay for the food of their pets and then keep such money as may be derived from their sale; but to let their association be chiefly regarded from the point of view of training in kindness, in sympathy, and in sense of responsibility for the welfare of others, especially those weaker than themselves. Later, however, it is often a greater quickener of responsibility and self-control to give a brood of chickens, a pig, a calf, or a colt to a boy or girl, with the privilege of selling them and keeping the money, upon the condition of their feeding and taking care of them.

While there is some danger of arousing an unpleasant sense of demand for pay or prospective profit for every service rendered by the child, and while every child should be made clearly to understand that he has certain social duties toward the family in return for nurture and protection, as well as duties toward himself, yet it is not fair to expect a child to labor constantly and unremittingly at chores, garden work, and other toil without some slight sweetening of his labor by a moderate share in the pecuniary returns. Give the boy and girl a small, fixed, weekly sum, either as pocket money outright, or as wages for some family service, and you will find that they will discharge their other little duties more promptly and cheerfully and will not be half so apt to regard "hookey" as a divine right to be indulged in on all feasible occasions.

Grown-ups are Over-indulged, Anyway

An excellent way to develop reliance and self-control in practical affairs is to allow both boys and girls to add to this pocket-money and secure the means for financing new undertakings requiring larger chunks of capital, by giving them the use of a certain part of the garden or piece of land, or the concession to grow a certain crop and then sell it either in the open market or to the family at market rates. It is really astonishing how they will work and scheme and raid the whole establishment for new and unheard-of fertilizers, and start their seeds in cellars or build cold-frames in order to get their crops into the earliest market and catch the highest prices.

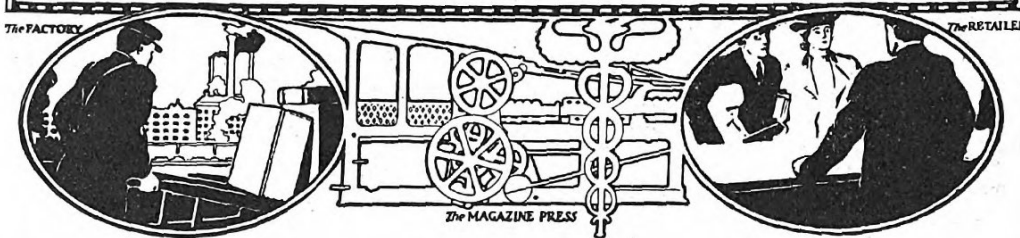
Above all, it is of the greatest value for even the model farmer to regard his most precious stock and barns, and the most immaculate housekeeper her most highly prized carpets and furniture, as instruments in the education of their children. They will never have a higher, or better, or more profitable use in God's world. Many a child grows up upon a farm, in a garden, and among animals, that he never gets half the real value and use and happiness out of which he is entitled to, merely for fear that he may trample some of the precious plants or startle the sacred cows out of their butter-yield, or ruffle the sleek coats of the farmer's real pet and pride, his favorite team. The world to-day is too much a world of and for "grown-ups," and too long indulgence in this conceit has "spoiled" us. But the day of the child is coming, and no one will be better for it than the parent. The whole world, in which the child moves should be regarded for the time being chiefly as subserving and promoting his development. Show him that you respect him and he will quickly learn to respect himself and equally surely, to paraphrase Shakespeare:

To his own self be true
And it will follow as the night the day,
He can not then be false to any man.

When a man gets religion aright, his horse soon finds it out.

Some people are like a million-dollar check on a ruined bank. They look big, they promise great things, but you can not cash them.

The Phonograph of To-day



THE phonograph of yesterday was first one of the most famous and astonishing of American inventions. After that it became a mechanism for recording business correspondence—wonderful in its efficiency and economy for that purpose, yet meaning nothing whatever to the public at large in recreation and culture.

The phonograph of to-day is another instrument altogether. If you are familiar only with the phonograph of yesterday you owe it as a duty to yourself and family to become acquainted with the phonograph of here and now. What this newer instrument is you can learn right in your own community, and it is what it is largely through the magazines.

Magazine advertising has put the talking machine into every nook and corner of the nation—of the world. Demand created by magazine advertising has enabled the various manufacturers to undertake research, find new substances, develop more delicate mechanism, and, above all things, safely invest the large capital needed in the making of fine records for the instrument.

In your own home to-day, no matter where you live, the world's great opera singers will sing their greatest parts for you, your family, your friends, at a first cost far less than would be paid for a few performances of opera in New York, even if you could go there. You can hear these singers again and again at your own convenience.

Your talking machine will bring you songs of singers yet to rise into prominence, and keep the voices of the singers of the present at command years after they themselves have gone into retirement.

The capital invested in securing these records for you would subsidize half the state opera in Europe. Yet they are yours at the cost of street music if you appreciate them, along with instrumental music of highest quality. For the magazines have provided for the new phonograph a vast national audience of interested patrons, making the investment possible. That is why an authority stated, just the other day, that "the magazines have really made the phonograph, and it is not possible to imagine the present instrument without them."

In 1900 our phonograph industry was grouped with electrical supplies by the census-taker—not big enough then to be classed separately. Five years later it had to be classed alone, and to-day few of our industries are growing faster.

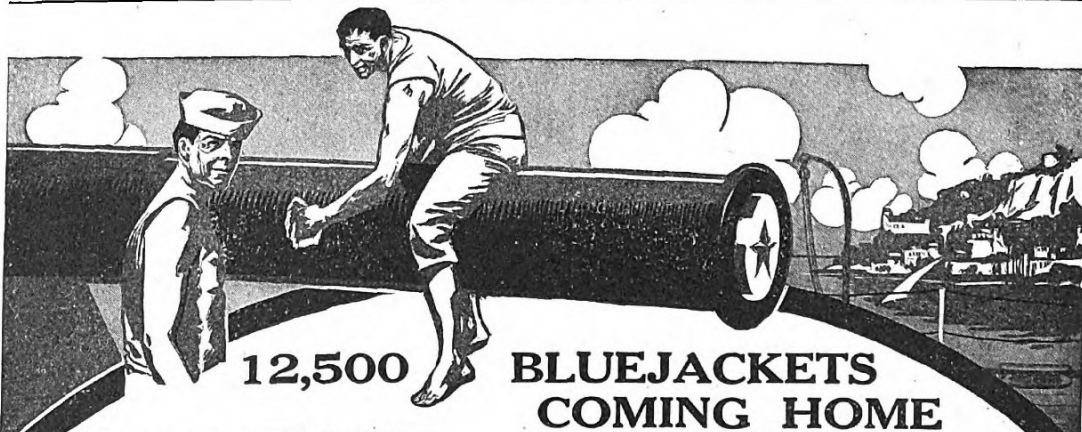
Only a few dealers sold the phonograph ten years ago, while to-day there are seventeen thousand dealers in the United States taking care of local demand for the phonograph. Moreover, each sale of an instrument means not merely a sale, but a permanent future connection in supplying records. When a dealer sells a phonograph he has made, not merely a customer, but a client.

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
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They're coming home in the big Fleet.

They left Hampton Roads on December 16, 1907, and have been away 14 months. During the cruise they have visited the ports in South America, the Pacific Coast of North America, Honolulu, New Zealand, Australia, Japan, China, the Philippines, Ceylon, Suez and the Mediterranean.

They've had a good time and a wonderful experience. Every one of these 12,500 bluejackets is far wiser and far bigger mentally than when he left home.

Such voyages are unusual in the U. S. Navy. The Navy Department doesn't want any boy to enlist in the hope of getting such a wonderful trip.

But the Navy Department wishes to point out that the bluejacket usually gets some travel, in home and foreign waters; always has the chance to make himself a bigger and broader man mentally and physically, and can learn almost any trade, provided he has some special aptitude.

If you are a young fellow who can't afford a college education, try four years in the U. S. Navy. Before doing so, if possible, ask some friend in the Navy whether or not you had better do it. One enlistment will be a life-long benefit to you, that is, if you make the most of all the opportunities.

Besides, you can save money in the Navy. Nearly all your expenses are paid.

If you have no friend in the service to inquire of, send for "The Making of a Man-o'-Warsman," an illustrated booklet which tells you everything you want to know about the Navy, in a simple and interesting manner.

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Amalgamated Mary Ann

(Continued from page 150)

way, while Thomas was standing outside polishing up the outer surface of the panes, Mary Ann would be at the same window inside doing her side of it. Each had a fair chance of seeing how the other would look if they had both been hot-house plants being raised under glass. To be proud of my windows has always been a fad of mine, but never in my life have I seen anything that shone quite so lustrously in the light of day, or became so beautifully transparent, as these particular glassy ports through which I now looked out upon the world. So wonderfully clear were they now become that I almost felt that I might have to put little placards on each of the panes marked "Keep Off the Glass!" so that people would not stick their heads through it under the impression that there was no glass there, only soft, sweet, circumambient air—as the poet says.

When the winter came it was quite the same, although the savings were different in kind. Whatever might happen in other yards after a heavy fall of snow, ours was always navigable, because the paths had been cleared of all their icy obstructions before we even knew that the snow had fallen; and on bitter nights it was a solace and a comfort to me as I lay under my three blankets and eider-down quilt to hear the furnace shaken down and loaded up, not at such an hour of the evening as would ensure its subsidence as an aggressive agent of comfort at four in the morning, but as late as ten or eleven o'clock, which would safely carry us through the frigid stretches of the night into a reasonable hour of the coming day.

"Seems to me I must owe you something extra for that furnace work, Thomas," said I one pay-day, when he had come to me for his wages.

"Extry? What fur?" he replied, fixing his honest blue eyes upon me.

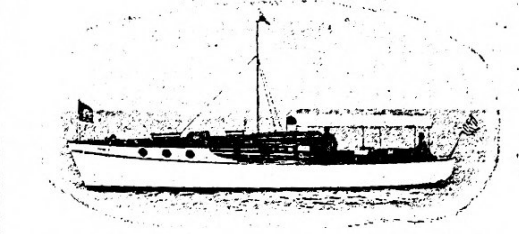
"Why, you've been coming late at night, have n't you? That was n't a part of the original bargain," I explained.

"No, I hain't," said Thomas shortly. "That is, I hain't been a-comin' here because of no furnace!"

In short, I reasoned it out then and there that in respect to the furnace business Thomas was acting solely as a solicitous agent whose particular charge it was to see that the house was suitably warm in the early morning for Mary Ann's comfort, and that it was a great piece of presumption on my part to imagine anything different.

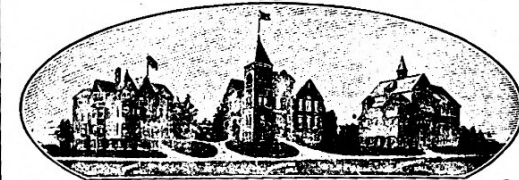
But as time went on it transpired that the fast accruing interest on Thomas was not the only unearned increment that was coming to us through our investment in Amalgamated Mary Ann. Barrowdale had a fire department and a constabulary, both of which Mary Ann in due course of time added to her acquisitions, and from both I profited largely, particularly on two different occasions which occur to me at this moment. The first was when my chimney caught fire and threatened the destruction of all my personal belongings—and the fire-house two miles away and the telephone out of order! Of course I was insured, but insurance never quite covers one's losses, either in dollars or in the restoration of incinerated associations; but Mary Ann was worth all the premiums I have ever paid to the whole crew of insurance agents put together that night, for the Fire Department himself was out in the kitchen calling at the precise moment the disorder manifested itself. I believe that he and Thomas were engaged in a dogged test of each other's endurance, trying to see which could outlast the other. However that may be, the result of the man's presence in the house as a benefit to me was the same. In a jiffy the two men were on the roof, and what bade fair to become a ruinous conflagration was averted. The value in hard ringing dollars to me in having the fire department thus definitely attached to my household through the magnetic attractions of Amalgamated Mary Ann—one of Mary Ann's auto-betterments, I may call it—was not less than two thousand five hundred dollars.

In the other case, that of the constabulary, the same *modus operandi*—or shall I say Maryandi?—prevails.



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"By Jove! sonny," said I; "I think they are."
We got out our tape line and measured them, and discovered that the boy was right. Now, there is a heavy fine against having undersized lobsters in one's possession in Barrowdale—fifty dollars for the first and five dollars apiece for all the others. In this particular instance I ran a risk of being mulcted seventy-five dollars, a proposition that did not appeal to me strongly.

"You must look out for that sort of thing, Mary Ann," said I. "Don't let the fishman leave any more lobsters like that, or you will get us into trouble. If Johnny Thompson had happened in here and caught us with those creatures in our possession, he would have confiscated them and fined me seventy-five dollars."

Johnny Thompson, by the way, was the police force already alluded to, and was clothed with full powers to act in cases of this precise kind.

"Sure, it was him as give 'em to me," said Mary Ann. "What? Johnny Thompson gave you these lobsters himself?" I cried.

"Sure!" said Mary Ann. "He'd already confiscated 'em off of the fishman—"

"But if they were a gift to you, Mary Ann," I started. "Sure, an' oi don't loike thim," said Mary Ann, with a shudder. "They do be too much loike overgrown beetles for me, sorr, so oi pasht thim along."

So there, you see, was another addition to the by-product, as we might call it, of Amalgamated Mary Ann: six lobsters at fifty cents apiece, three dollars; saving on fines due and payable, but overlooked, seventy-five dollars; total, seventy-eight dollars—and all in one afternoon! Nor is there any reason to believe that as long as Mary Ann retains control of her eyes, and can continue to use them effectively on the force, this source of income will run dry.

I might tell of other acquisitions to my fortunes through the possession of a controlling interest in Amalgamated Mary Ann—boxes of oranges from the grocer; occasional hand-raised ducks and sweetbreads from the butcher; and so on—but it would take too long, and serve no further purpose. As the matter stands now I have sufficiently proved the value of the stock as a dividend-payer with the figures cited, of which the following is a brief résumé:

Mary Ann Amalgamated Balance-Sheet

Capital Stock	500.00
Hired Man Income Account, at \$20 per week	1,040.00
Accrued Savings from Attentions of Fire Department, Premiums Rendered Unnecessary, and Averted Losses	3,000.00
Constabulary Account, Burglar Insurance Saved Lobsters and Fines	22.50
	78.00
Total	\$4,140.50
Liabilities	500.00
Balance	\$3,640.50

Just what dividends can be paid on a capital stock of five hundred dollars with profits of such magnitude I leave to the expert accountants to figure out. The only statement to which I will definitely commit myself is that there is n't a better investment security on the market, and while I do not recommend it for trust funds, I have no hesitation in saying that I consider it absolutely safe. Barring unexpected flurries in the hymeneal market, I see no reason why Amalgamated Mary Ann should not last as long as I do; and even then, if she will wed Thomas instead of either the Fire Department or the Police Force, she is not necessarily a candidate for liquidation or a permanent receivership. In view of all these things, is it any wonder that we allow her four nights a week out, and that when Christmas comes I invariably present her with a freshly minted one dollar gold-piece? I trow not.



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The Barnacles on the Ship of State

[Continued from page 149]

recognized get up in droves and shout, "Mr. Speaker!" Uncle Joe scarcely lets his gaze fall upon them. He looks at his little list and then he says, "The gentleman from Massachusetts" or "The gentleman from Missouri," as the case may be, and the measures proposed by the gentlemen from Massachusetts and Missouri are thus allowed to begin the course that ends in new laws.

Now and then—not very often, but now and then—some shouting member whose intentions are not definitely known to the monarch of the House, may catch the Speaker's eye. In such a case, the Speaker may inquire: "For what purpose does the gentleman rise?" The gentleman says that he rises for such and such a purpose. If the purpose for which the gentleman rises does not appeal to the Speaker he will retort simply: "The gentleman will not be recognized for that purpose." And the gentleman is not; no, sir, neither then nor at any time whatever. Does the gentleman offer objection? No, and for the same reason that he offers none when the north wind doth blow and we shall have snow.

It sometimes happens that this habit of looking at his little list and not at all at the various favored gentlemen yammering for recognition gets the Speaker into an embarrassing position. For example, the gentleman from Missouri has in the Red Room received the august permission to call up a certain (very certain) bill or to offer a certain (very certain) resolution. Uncle Joe takes a squint at his list and through the yammering remarks: "The gentleman from Missouri!"

Nobody responds. There are present in the House a number of gentlemen from Missouri but none of them has visited the Red Room that morning, so none of them rises. Uncle Joe glares about the House and repeats a trifle peevishly his observation:

"The gentleman from Missouri!" adding his name. The gentleman from Missouri is at that moment out in the House restaurant, we will say, entombed in a tripe sandwich; but that does not deter the Speaker from announcing testily after another fruitless glance around the House:

"The gentleman from Missouri asks consideration for the following bill."

The clerk reads the bill and it is passed; and the Speaker told the truth, for although nobody in the House heard the gentleman from Missouri ask consideration for the following bill, least of all himself, it's a thousand to one that he had asked consideration for it in the Red Room an hour or two before the House met at all.

Uncle Joe Wags the House

Is it any wonder that, to quote Congressman Victor Murdock, a Republican from the Eighth Kansas District, if a man had to choose between having a two-thirds majority for his bill and having the Speaker for it he'd be "all varieties of a fool" if he did not choose the Speaker. Murdock is one of the small group of Republican insurgents who are contending for a different order of things in the House. He is serving his fourth term in the House and comes from a district that would defeat any candidate for Congress who would not pledge himself to fight Cannonism.

In the days when Uncle Joe was merely a representative there used to be a deal of complaint that the House was little more than a tail for the Senate to wag. There was a lot of talk about the dignity of the House and how it ought to be upheld and insisted upon. Uncle Joe was one of the most prolific orators upon this subject, and a speech that he once delivered before he was Speaker, mounted on a desk and in his shirt-sleeves along about daybreak one morning just before the end of a session, is still remembered. The House is still a tail; but as it is Uncle Joe who wags it now, and not the Senate, the Speaker has no complaint to make.

Handling a Methodist Delegation

In some ways he's an engaging old despot, is Uncle Joe, and occasionally his victims have to laugh even while they agonize beneath his yoke. On one occasion an unusually large number of Republicans happened to get hungry about the same time, while for some unknown reason the Democratic appetite did not require attention. Catching the Speaker napping, the Democratic floor leader, perceiving that he had a majority, called up a bill and pushed it to a vote. The Speaker strung out the voting in all of the various ways that are known to him, but, at the end of the second roll-call, the Democratic votes were still in a majority. Though the rules of the House expressly forbade such a thing, a third roll-call was ordered by the Speaker, a proceeding which called out a red-hot protest from one of the Democratic leaders who demanded to know the reason for the Speaker's extraordinary action. The Speaker genially advised the protesting Democrat.

"The Chair will inform the gentleman," said he. "The Chair is hoping that a few more Republicans will come in."

A gale of strictly non-partisan laughter swept over



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W. R. TROTTER, Dept. F, Kansas City, Mo.

the House and, before it had entirely subsided, enough Republicans had been rounded up by the hurrying scouts to fulfil the Speaker's wish so candidly expressed.

Adroit, too, is the Speaker in his interviews with the visitors in the Red Room. Not long ago a large delegation from the General Convention of the Methodist Episcopal Church went to Washington to urge the Speaker's support of the bill giving the several States police power over express packages sent from other States. It is a bill intended to assist prohibition States to enforce their liquor laws. Governor Hanley, of Indiana, was a member of the delegation. Uncle Joe heard them out and then inquired how many of them had even read the bill through. About three hands went up. Whereat the Speaker informed them that the bill contained some fine points of constitutional law and for that reason had been sent to the Judiciary Committee, where, by the way, it still slumbers.

Among the irreverent the Judiciary Committee is pleasantly known as "The Speaker's Morgue." Troublesome bills are frequently sent there and oftener than not their friends and sponsors never see them more. The Judiciary Committee is a very busy committee and it takes a long time to reach a bill. There time oft approaches eternity. It has frequently been charged that this committee has been deliberately packed by the Speaker, who has denied the allegation with a high degree of characteristic heat. At all events, all the Republican members of this committee eat out of the Speaker's hand. Jenkins, of Wisconsin, long a faithful Cannon man, was superintendent of the "morgue," but he was last fall defeated for renomination by Lenroot who made his contest on a red-hot anti-Cannon platform.

The Immense Importance of "Pork"

How is it that the Speaker has built up this immense power? If a majority of the majority would stand firm against him, he must surely go down in defeat. How does he usurp for himself the power that should be theirs? He has several ways of doing it. Perhaps the chiefest is his power over the appointment of the House Committees. Almost without exception, the powerful committees are presided over by chairmen loyal to the Speaker and most of the Republican members of these committees are loyal Cannon men. The chairmen of these committees are for the most part strong men of dominant natures. They owe their positions to their ability, to swing the committeemen beneath them. If they fail to do that, they are well-nigh certain to be displaced.

There are various ways of dragooning a recalcitrant committeeman into support of an organization measure to which he would object if he dared. By far the most powerful is the use of patronage. A congressman, however much regard he may have for the country at large, usually keeps a pretty sharp eye on conditions in his own district. His term of office is short. If he is to be reelected he must produce results at home. "Results" mean appropriations for federal improvements in his district, new post-offices, rural free deliveries, bridges, improved waterways, and so on. And he knows mighty well that if he's not a good boy in his committee the chances are almost a thousand to one that any items for expenditures in his district will be stricken out of the big appropriation bills. The congressman is very likely fighting for his political existence.

If he can't get that appropriation to deepen the channel of Muddy Creek his constituents will think he must be a pretty poor sort of a representative and will send another at the next election. It's as often as not a matter of political life and death to him.

But though this is the chief reason, there are others—such as the power of this example set by his fellows, the prestige of the House machine and so on.

Next to the Speaker himself, more power resides in the Committee on Rules than anywhere else. This has been composed of the Speaker himself; John Dalzell, of Pennsylvania; James S. Sherman, of New York, and two members of the Democratic minority, John Sharp Williams and De Armond, of Missouri, who are figureheads. As Congressman Williams, the former Democratic House leader, said of it: "The majority having prepared the outrage, the minority will be summoned to be told what it is." The Committee on Rules is practically omnipotent as to procedure on the floor of the House. It can at any time report a special rule which takes precedence over everything else and sets aside the standing rule.

The Dalzell Barnacle and the Payne Barnacle

John Dalzell and Sereno Payne, who are the two chief assistant barnacles on the hull of the Ship of State, and among the half-dozen rulers of the House, under Uncle Joe, are very different men. Payne is chairman of the highly important Committee on Ways and Means, and he is one of the reasons why the tariff stand-patters have had things all their own way up to so recent a date. He is the titular floor leader of the majority, though, as a matter of fact, it is Dalzell who as ranking member of the Committee on Rules claps on the gag or turns the thumb-screw up another notch whenever emergency requires.

Payne is a large man with a grizzled moustache, a

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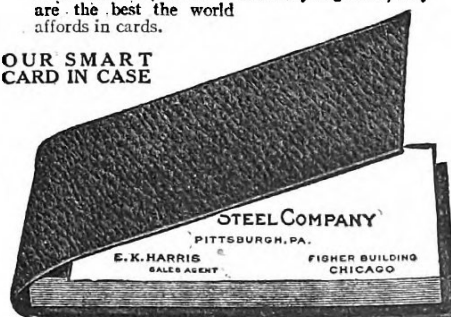
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ponderous stomach, and slow and heavy ways of speech and movement. Benevolence is written large upon him—upon the outside. He smiles and smiles and smiles. It is the smile that won't come off. He has an annoying way of saying the most savage things and smiling while he does it. It is n't that he likes to smile. He would probably give a good deal to look as savage as he sometimes sounds. But he just can't make that smile behave. If the truth were known, that stereotyped, unchanging and unchangeable smile is probably the tragedy of his life. But it deceives no one who knows him. Barnacle he is, and as such he will cling closely to his snug place until the Ship of State is put into dry-dock and he and the other barnacles are scraped off. And if the tariff gets a real revision he will not regard it as his fault but as the result of the clamorings of a misguided populace urged on by demagogues like Andrew Carnegie.

Both Payne and Dalzell are far from gentle in their exercise of the great power that is theirs. They grant and refuse requests with a finality little less than the Speaker's own and with far more brusqueness. They are the type of committee bosses whom the unfortunate congressman struggling for his political life at home is most unwilling to offend. For they are merciless and he knows it. Too well he remembers certain victims of their wrath.

Dalzell is in some ways the counterpart of Payne. He is a spare, little man, with quick, alert ways, and is generally regarded as one of the "frostiest propositions" in the House. He is as magnetic as a crutch. He occupies the second place on the big Ways and Means Committee, and as a barnacle his record has been as consistent as that of Uncle Joe himself. He is a perfect mine of information, but eloquence is not in him. His presence is not impressive, for his stature is brief, he carries his head on one side, he's a trifle deaf, and his voice is as resonant and as musical as a file's.

The Rule of the Three

Of the triumvirate of barnacles which in the last analysis rule the House of Representatives, Uncle Joe is the only one who has anything like a claim to popularity, and they like him for his picturesqueness quite as much as for any other quality. But the rule of The Three is a rule of fear, not a reign of love. They hold the bridge by virtue of the keenness of their blades and the weight of their trusty bludgeons. When General Grosvenor was in Congress the rulers of the House were four. But the man whom Congressman Vandiver, of Missouri, once described as "the gentleman from Ohio who looks like Santa Claus and talks like Satan" was retired to private life, and his place as one of the big bosses has never really been filled.

Mention has been made of a small group of Republican insurgents. It has been shown, too, that it takes pluck to insure. An insurgent must be willing to suffer much for his principles. He knows that he carries his political life in his hands the moment he wanders from the Cannon reservation and dons the war-paint of the protestants. But a small group of such reckless men there is at present in the House. Murdock, of Kansas, is one of them. Others are Hayes, of California; Townsend, of Michigan; Cooper, of Wisconsin; and Foster, of Vermont. They reckon on some twenty odd members, all-told, who do not like being a tail for Uncle Joe to wag and who are not afraid to say so. And with the help of fresh conversions and some new men in the next House they reckon on a strength sufficient with the addition of the minority to raise the House from the caudal-appendage state to which it has sunk.

Insurgents and the Right to Breathe

The insurgents propose various reforms. One strikes at the Speaker's tremendous power in making up the committees. It is proposed that committee appointments be determined not by the Speaker but by the majority and the minority in caucus. Still another proposed reform is aimed at the scarcely lesser power of recognition, which is now the Speaker's. The insurgents are for a rule that would force the Speaker, on one day of each week at least, to recognize a member for the purpose that pleases that member and not exclusively for some purpose that pleases the Speaker.

In the meantime, they point to signs of encouragement upon the political horizon. They declare that for the first time the general public is now beginning to get an insight into the manner in which the House is run. And in the recent congressional election they see indications of popular displeasure with the doings of the House machine. They point out that at those elections no fewer than eight Cannon chairmen of important committees were defeated, either in the primaries or at the polls, and nearly all such chairmen who were re-elected were returned by diminished majorities. Jenkins, of Wisconsin, superintendent of "the morgue," heads the list of the slain. Overstreet, chairman of the powerful Committee on the Post-offices and Post Roads, is another victim. Hepburn, of the Committee on Inter-State Commerce, is another. Cousins, of Iowa, head of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, was also defeated. Marshall, of North Dakota, chief of the Committee on Private Land Claims, also fell in battle. Haskins, of Vermont, chairman of the War Claim Committee, was ruthlessly cut down. Knapp, chairman of the Committee on Expenditures in the Treasury

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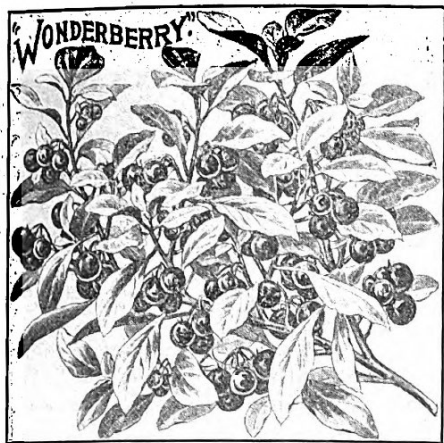
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Department, is also among the missing, along with Charles Landis, who is a brother of the Judge Landis, who fined the Standard Oil Company that uncollectable \$29,000,000, and who was chairman of the Committee on Printing.

Of the big committee chairmen who have in the past been relied upon to do the Speaker's will and who, though reelected, received diminished votes, some of the most important are Scott, of Kansas; Tawney, of Minnesota; Crumpacker, of Indiana; Reeder, of Kansas; Gardner, of New Jersey; Hull, of Iowa; and Steenserson, of Minnesota. The influence of the anti-Cannon campaign is not seen in all these results, of course, but it is evident in many of them.

The Ship of State Needs Dry-Docking

Everybody knows of Uncle Joe's reelection. Nor is there any reason to suppose that he will ever be defeated in his district as long as he wants to serve. The Speaker is an institution in Danville and, as such, perpetual. Here's how one of his constituents put it:

"Danville picked up the paper one morning and read that it was going to get a new two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollar Federal Building. Danville had n't asked for it or even heard of it. You bet everybody was mighty sore—especially all the fellows that got jobs on the new building and the folks who owned near-by real estate that promptly appreciated. Another morning Danville picked up the paper and learned that it was going to get a fine, new Old Soldiers' Home that it had never heard of before. Beat Uncle Joe in these parts? How're you going to beat him? Why, even the Democrats would n't stand for it."

So there you are. Uncle Joe and Dalzell and Payne and other various assistant and deputy assistant barnacles are still holding tight to the keel of the Ship of State. The insurgents are planning with the help of the Democrats to dry-dock the good old craft and scrape 'em off next session. Can the thing be done? Perhaps—but a stout grip has the barnacle—and don't you be forgetting it.

"Honesty the Best Policy"

AT THE State Democratic Convention held at Charlotte, North Carolina, which was in session for a week, a little boy, eight years old, Cicero Alexander by name, sold one of the delegates a paper. The gentleman gave him a dollar, and the boy, not having the necessary change, went away to get it. When he returned the gentleman had gone into the hall and could not be found. The boy, after hunting vainly for some time, burst into tears. Some one suggested that he go upon the rostrum in the convention hall and tell the chairman, which the boy at once did.

Chairman Parsons took him by the hand, led him to the front of the stage, and requested that balloting be suspended for a few minutes. He then explained that the boy desired to return to some one ninety-five cents in change that was due him. The gentleman arose in the rear of the hall, but before he could say anything two thousand delegates, many of whom had been accustomed to call out "no change" on the ballots when their respective counties were called, took up the cry in unison and yelled for ten minutes, "no change!" At the conclusion of the yell, they crowded toward the rostrum. One delegate took the little fellow's big straw hat and put into it a half-dollar. This was followed by nickels, dimes, and quarters until \$19.35 was in his hat, and the boy stood bewildered.

A delegate yelled, "Mr. Chairman, I nominate that boy for State treasurer." He was informed by the chair that, as a candidate for treasurer had already been nominated, his motion was not in order. Another delegate then said, "I move that that boy be nominated by acclamation for chief page in the next General Assembly of North Carolina," and the motion was carried unanimously. Thereupon the chairman told the boy that he must make a speech. Walking to the front of the rostrum, he bowed low and said, "Gentlemen, I thank you," the only speech during the convention that was noted for its brevity.

It Looked Like an Anti-Taft Movement

SEVERAL months prior to the Republican convention William H. Taft happened in an Ohio town where a patent medicine company was at that time advertising a well-known cure for obesity. A few local politicians called on the candidate for the Presidential nomination and assured him that he would get the delegates from that county.

"Are you sure that the delegates will be instructed for me?" inquired the secretary, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, glancing through the window at a billboard opposite the hotel.

"Not the least doubt of it," was the response; "we are all for Taft."

"Well, then," he demanded, pointing to a large anti-fat poster, "why are you booming my opponents?"

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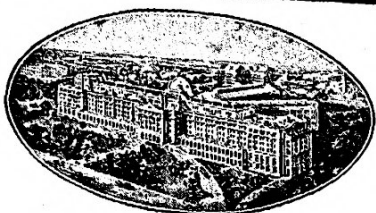
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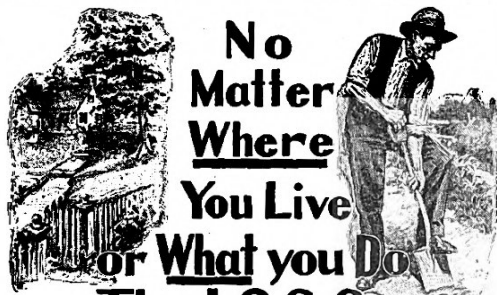
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The Brave Dead

[Continued from page 147]

must have the saga's totem carved on its shaft, otherwise Tomachwa, wandering in the void, would not be able to heed its call. Patiently and laboriously he made the crude outlines, and went back to the pile of brush beneath which rested the now chill shell of his only protector. He shoved the butt of the shaft into the yielding snow at the right hand, that Tomachwa when he came might the more easily grasp it, and lifted his voice in childish treble to the sky.

"Tomachwa, Tomachwa!" the sorrowing tones went out, "I, Ahweahntuk, who loves you and protects you, bid you come. Come to the feast of the dead where the pack awaits!"

The long, wailing note of the Inuit call, the weird invitation to the dead, true and unfaltering, echoed through the air, and as its last sound died away, the dog again broke into mournful ululations.

The boy paused a moment, considering. He decided he would carry nothing, otherwise he would be unable to reach the kashim in time. He threw a harness over the dog and took the leash rope in his hand, that he might thus be helped to better speed, and turned away from his place of sorrow to the broad expanse of river dimly seen through the trees. Out upon its broad frozen surface there was no danger of his losing his way, and, although it might be a longer route, it would take him to the village.

Hour after hour he trotted on, the dog tugging at his lead and doubling his speed. Over long, level stretches, where in summer the current ran slothfully, or out again where the pressure floes had raised themselves, rank on rank, into huge hummocks, they went, stopping now and then where a dangerous blow-hole showed, or taking to the beach to avoid rough places.

The night came and they were weary. There could be no camp; but through the hours of darkness they must travel more slowly to avoid accidents. Ahweahntuk unslung the can from his back, took from his cap the little packet containing the last of the precious tea, made a fire, and rested. From his pocket he drew a piece of dried salmon of which he ate sparingly and gave a remnant to the dog. All his tea and all his salmon, he thought ruefully, would not make half a meal, but it must last another day. He brooded for a spell by the glowing drift heap, while the dog curled at his feet, believing the day's journey finished. Tears crept down his cheeks, but otherwise he sat quietly with the firelight playing on his face and the night shadows behind curtained over the dull white of the snow. Somewhat stiffly he arose and clucked to the sleeping animal.

Again they ran for warmth, always down the river toward the village where on the next night would come the departed. The late dawn found them going slowly with wearied feet. They ran no more. It was hard enough now to walk briskly. They were feverish and frequently caught at and munched the snow, finding in the mere cooling of their mouths a slight relief.

As the day waned he began to have sleepy spells, but with innate knowledge of the northland fought these off, and struggled on. He tied the leash around his body and as the dog pulled him steadily forward threw his arms for warmth and repeatedly struck his face to keep himself from the insinuating sleep of exhaustion, cold, and death. He sobbed now at intervals, and tears ran unheeded down his face. Not the sobs of sorrow, but of anger and determination.

Familiar landmarks were all around him, and even with this encouragement he was so near spent that he found it impossible to hasten. He stumbled and fell now with frequency, and each time gritted his teeth and regained his feet. Once he would have rested as he lay, numbed and allured by the thought that perhaps he could sleep for a moment; but the dog, with understanding, sprang back and licked his face, gave an impatient howl, and tugged at the rope. It brought him to his senses and again he made the effort.

The moon came up, and he blinked at it through his tears. It seemed to carry the face of grim old Tomachwa looking at him in reproach and asking "Ahweahntuk—Ahweahntuk—am I then to die?" And Ahweahntuk looked back through his tears and between his panting lips swore by the Seven Gods that he should not.

They tugged the village and the dog, with clamorous bay, fairly sighted him up in the last rush to the cold igloo. The boy's grief came back to him more keenly as he leaned against the low entrance before going in. With frosted fingers he fumbled for the seal lamp, resisting the temptation to eat the oil from the shallow basin. It sputtered up and showed the cold, gray ashes in the center and all those homely things which had become part of his life, but now suggested nothing but the dead, and his own desolation.

He pulled a bundle of dried salmon from a peg and threw it on the floor for the dog, then ravenously seized one for himself. No—he must not wait to satisfy his own starving. It would take time which now was all too precious. Already he was late! He must hasten!

He weakly passed out into the night with his head bound round with the blackened sacrificial mask, last worn by Tomachwa himself. It was of wood, carved into a writhing facial shape. In his hands he held the lamp, a dried salmon, and a wooden bowl of water.

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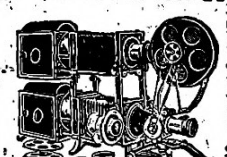


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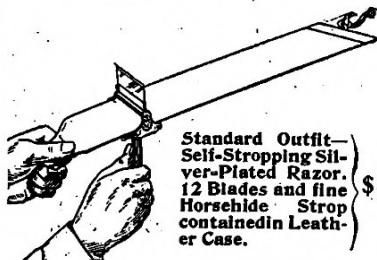
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He staggered down the hill to the *kashim* and through its low door, up by the fire-pit in the center.

Before the seats of those who had died within the year, save one, shone the sputtering seal flares by hooded and kneeling forms. The light must burn until the ceremony was over, otherwise the doom of the shade was sealed. From the mask of the medicine-man who silently attended the fire, came the challenge. It was given in a low voice scarcely loud enough to echo through the huge underground chamber, although everywhere was soundless calm.

"For whom dost come?"

Ahweahntuk gulped several times before he could reply.

"I come seeking the brave dead—the spirit of the saga Tomachwa!"

There was neither start of surprise nor sound from those weird kneeling figures.

"Enter," came the command, and Ahweahntuk came to the fire-hole and lighted his wick. He was so weak that he could barely crawl to the seat of the dead saga and place his lamp before it. On one side he set the bowl of water and on the other his salmon, and knelt in the posture assumed by those other watchers.

He was no longer sleepy. Terror of the supernatural had conquered that. Those others behind their masks had probably kept the ghost vigil before, but he was only a boy, playing a man's part with a heart determined that his old friend should be saved. A terrible dread fell on him, making his hair to rise in fright and his hands to clench. He was afraid that he should cry out in despair and thus undo the charm. His hands trembled so that he could scarcely trim his light, and once, for an age of agony, it seemed about to expire. It came up again more brightly than ever, and that encouraged him a little, for it seemed that the shade of his friend was almost at his elbow.

The *kashim* with its fifty feet square of shadows, its smoke-blackened rafters, its sunken pit in the center, from which now and then came a tongue of leaping flame, seemed peopled by the dead. Here and there as he glanced sideways could be seen the kneeling, enwrapped figures with their hideous masks, silently and immovably brooding over their tiny lamps. Only the uncanny outline of their forms was visible where, from the general darkness, these glows illuminated them in the half-light. They would wait thus, immovable and silent, while the shades came from the darkness of the air in answer to the call of the totem; would wait until midnight at which hour the evil spirits outside in the night, vanquished, would suddenly make way for the brave dead to come within.

Unseen by mortal eye, with spears in hand, phalanx on phalanx, they would come up through the fire-pit and keep guard, while those who had died in the year before should obsess the bodies of those who watched the vigil lamps and through them gain food and water for the long journey to the Land of the Silent Mountains. Then, with the farewell chant, would the watchers pour the waters through the hewn cracks in the floor and the tribe, in joy at the deliverance of the dead, hold a feast.

It seemed to Ahweahntuk that he could hear the battle in the night above the *kashim*, where the valiant shades fought off the evil spirits and prayed for the souls of those in stress whose fate rested with the watchers below. He felt faint as the time approached. Ah—why could not he too unleash his soul and creep into the protecting arms of old Tomachwa to be carried safely away among those silent spirits to a land of rest, where there would be at least one who loved him as his own!

Now they were coming! Now they were coming!

From the center of the *kashim*, with strange motions, came the medicine-man, chanting with long wails and working himself to a frenzy. Every nerve in Ahweahntuk's body trembled under stress and his flesh crept with the obsession which to him was reality. He tried to cry aloud in his fright, but the nightmare of horror was complete.

"Thy water lad! Thy water!" came a warning voice close beside him, bringing him to his senses. Frantically he emptied his bowl and joined the chant of farewell.

The others plunged wildly to and fro, their shadows keeping weird time with their gyrations. The medicine-man smote the great totem until its reverberations dinned and filled with quivering booms the low-ceilinged *kashim*, and at the signal there poured in from outside the rejoicing tribe, safe in the knowledge that all their dead had been delivered from stress and oblivion.

But Ahweahntuk did not hear their entry. He had risen to his feet, thrown off his mask, taken a step or two and fallen, a limp little heap on the floor.

They picked him up tenderly and revived him, and when he recovered consciousness it was to find himself in the arms of a stranger, a prosperous trader of the far north who had that day arrived in the village.

Ahweahntuk looked into the man's eyes wildly for a moment and then wound his arms around the big, inviting neck, crying "Father, father! Take me home!" while the man muttered again and again the prayer of thankfulness for the recovery of his boy. And who knows but what, after all, a grim old warrior spirit smiled as he took his way through the void amidst the phalanxes of the brave and worthy dead.

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Saving by System

First of all, in order to have any kind of investment, it is necessary to save. Thrift is a habit that can very easily be developed if the saver will only be systematic, for system enters into the matter at the very start. Saving has well been called the very corner-stone of all investment, and it is astonishing to realize to what imposing sums a very small amount of money will grow, if it is only saved regularly.

The development of our savings-bank system has been gradual but sure. You have but to look at the statistics of such institutions to see what has been accomplished. To-day there are approximately 3,599,000 savings-bank depositors in the United States. Their deposits represent a total of \$3,690,078,000. The average deposit is \$429.64. It is interesting to compare this with the average *per capita* of wealth in the United States, which is \$42.87. The total number of savings-banks is 1,415. This includes both trustee or mutual banks, which are philanthropic trusts for the thrifty, and stock savings-banks, which have capital stock like any commercial banks.

You can start a savings-bank account with one dollar, and it is not difficult for most people to put aside this sum every week.

The results achieved from systematic saving are indeed impressive. Five cents a day, or \$1.50 deposited every month, in ten years amounts to \$182.50. At four per cent it will earn \$40.06 in that time. The total amount represented therefore, by the simple saving of five cents a day, at the end of ten years, is \$222.56. Ten cents a day, by the same process will amount to \$445.36 in that time, while twenty cents a day will aggregate \$890.99. This is almost enough to buy a bond outright. Fifty cents, saved every day and put into a savings-bank, will reach the imposing sum of \$2,227.73. It gets back to the time-worn but always to be heeded adage, that "it is not what you earn but what you save" that really makes you rich. Benjamin Franklin, who was an authority on such matters, once declared that it was by saving alone that the working man could ever attain wealth.

What Systematic Saving Can Do

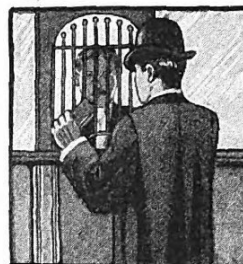
In fact the average man never stops to realize to what extent a little system in saving can go. Like those tall oaks that grow from the traditional little acorns, the piled-up pennies of the savers reach astounding proportions.

The total savings of the savings-bank depositors of New York State are an eloquent evidence of what may be accomplished. According to the latest reports, these total deposits are \$1,394,296,034. This sum is somewhat greater than the total bonded debt of the United States.

This sum, adapted to various uses would accomplish some highly interesting things. With it, you could purchase outright the entire textile industry of the United States. It could have purchased the whole corn crop of 1906 (a very large one), for it aggregated three million bushels, and besides have left enough over to have purchased the winter wheat of that year.

This sum could have bought the two biggest cotton crops that the United States has ever known and have left enough surplus to acquire for \$81,000,000 the whole output of cotton seed, which is, as everybody knows, a very valuable by-product.

When you turn to the human side of the New York savings-bank statistics you are confronted with an equally interesting lot of comparisons. The total number of depositors in the Empire State outnumber the residents of the island of Manhattan. With their



deposits they could pay off the entire stock and bonded debt of the New York Central, the Pennsylvania and Baltimore, and Ohio railroads. They could control the stock of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, and the Great Northern. In addition, they could buy outright the entire stock issues of the Eastern coal roads including the Lackawanna, the Reading, the Erie, and the Chesapeake and Ohio. Yet much of this treasure began with the pennies of the poor.

The whole lesson of system is one of far-reaching significance to every man and woman who expects to have a competency for old age or any kind of wealth. System does not mean sacrifice in any sense of the word as many people believe. Rather is it the introduction of business order into every-day affairs and into the household which, in a large sense, is the very corner-stone of our every-day affairs. All investment, whether it be the millions of the capitalist or the few thousands or even hundreds of the man who works for a wage, simply represents system. It works order out of financial chaos; it spells fortune where hitherto failure has stalked. To practise it is a liberal education in prosperity.

Investing Small Sums

Many people have a mistaken idea that in order to have any sort of investment, they must have a considerable sum of money. They think that all bonds are in denomination of one thousand dollars, and to the average person a thousand dollars looms up as an impossible and formidable amount. The truth of the matter is, that by the organization of the investment business, and by this is meant the practise of the great reliable and trustworthy houses that have the interest of the investor at heart, it is possible to begin the employment of funds with a considerably smaller capital. Just as the secret of saving is to make a start, so does the art of investment lie in getting your money out to work as soon as possible. Investing comparatively small sums is not only possible, but it is being encouraged by the best class of investment houses.

It is possible to get high-class bonds in hundred-dollar pieces. Corporations are more and more coming to realize that a wide distribution of their bonds in such denominations will result in mutual good. Such an ownership of bonds would create in the minds of the great mass of the people a feeling of security and confidence in the corporations.

Bonds of a denomination of five hundred dollars are much more plentiful, and many railroads and corporations are bringing out their issues to include such pieces. One large benefit to be derived from the ownership of a bond of small denomination is that it gets the owner in what might be called the bond habit, and no habit is more conducive to security as well as prosperity than this one. When you own one bond and cash in your coupons at regular intervals (for coupons of high-class bonds are as good as gold), you have a desire to own another bond. And this wealth is fostered and developed. Hence it is a good plan to begin with small sums, for they are like the proverbial small acorns from which the large oaks grow.

A warning word may also be spoken in this connection, about the employment of small sums. Many unscrupulous promoters, particularly those of mining and industrial schemes, have been quick to use this idea upon the unwary. They offer their stocks at twenty-five cents a share, or for similar small amounts. The average man thinks it is so cheap that he can afford to take a chance. But nobody can afford to take chances with savings. It is a good plan to avoid all such enterprises. Many industrial projects are heralded as being "gilt edge" and "as good as the best." If they were, the promoters would not be hawking the stock around. No industrial scheme is an investment until the article produced is a commercial success and is actually on the market and being bought and widely used.

Bonds on the Installment Plan

It sometimes happens that a man or woman has a few hundred dollars and wants to buy a thousand-dollar bond. A way has been devised which will aid him or her to gratify that ambition. It is accomplished by the plan known as buying bonds on the installment plan. It is just like going to a big department-store and buying furniture or clothes and paying for the articles thus bought at regular intervals. In other words the prospective bond investor does not have to wait until he has the thousand dollars.

One plan in successful operation is to pay down ten per cent. of the par value of the bond. If it is a thou-

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sand-dollar bond this means a cash payment down of one hundred dollars. The bond is transferred to the buyer on this payment but is held in the vaults of the investment house until the bond is paid for. The purchaser pays interest on the balance due at the current rates of interest. Meanwhile, however, the bond is earning money, and as its interest coupons come due, this interest is credited to the purchaser. This helps to offset the interest that is being paid on the balance. If the buyer happens to acquire any large sum of money before the balance is paid off, he can pay the amount due on the bond at once and thus become the owner. It frequently happens that the bond bought on the installment plan appreciates in value during the progress of the payments. By means of this admirable plan, investment of the very highest kind is brought within the reach of nearly everybody.

Buying Bonds Systematically

System may also enter most advantageously into the investment plans of people who have larger sums to employ. One plan is to divide the investments into groups, representing different varieties of stability and income: in other words, not to have all your eggs in one basket and incidentally not to have the same kind of eggs. Then if hard times or financial depression should come and one class of bonds is affected, the other and more conservative bonds do not suffer.

The conditions which may cause one kind of bond to depreciate, and yet not practically affect another kind are many. For example, the public-service corporations in a certain city may be subjected to investigation for municipal ownership, or be involved in political entanglements as is often the case. This has an effect both on the value and the marketability of the bonds issued by these corporations. In other cities public service corporation bonds may be booming and municipal and railroad bonds may at that time be enjoying a period of high prices and be much in demand.

One plan to avoid such complications is to divide the investments into three parts. One third may be devoted to municipal and railroad bonds which are legal for savings-banks in those States, such as New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, which have the most rigorous laws safeguarding the investment of savings-bank funds. The income from these bonds is necessarily small but absolutely safe. A second third of the investment may be in railroad and municipal bonds, that are safe and marketable but which produce a higher income. The last third of the investment may be divided in public service, industrial, and irrigation bonds scattered about in different localities. Then if the public service corporations of one community are affected, the value of those of other communities will not be disturbed. It is also a good plan not to put too much money in one issue of bonds. One well-known investment expert places from five thousand to ten thousand dollars as the maximum to be put in any single issue.

Business Insurance

In this connection it is perhaps helpful to point out another investment plan which has been pursued with profit by many firms and by some individuals. It is known as business insurance, and it consists of setting aside a certain sum of money each week (it may be a per cent. of the pay-roll or some other form), to be put into bonds of the very highest type. It is really a form of installment buying. Some firms send the checks regularly each week to the investment banker. As soon as a sufficient sum is accumulated, bonds are purchased and put away in safety-vault boxes.

In this way an unassailable reserve is created that is very useful in emergencies. The advantages of such bond accumulation are readily seen. If a season of tight money should come, gilt-edge bonds are instant collateral. More than this, bonds of the highest type (and only such should be bought for such reserve purposes), are always marketable. More than one firm has been spared anxiety and sleeplessness during panic by having a group of these bonds on hand.

Thus it is evident that with every type of investor, from the humblest saver of five cents a day to the head of a firm doing hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of business each year, system plays a very important part both in the acquirement and in the safe employment of money. This fact is well worth heeding.

Ambiguous

THERE was a small gathering of friends at a Washington home not long ago, among the guests being a young man of somewhat retiring disposition, the possessor of an extremely good and powerful voice. The evening was grown somewhat old when the hostess suggested that the young man in question favor them with a few songs.

"I would be charmed—that is, you flatter me—but, er—really, the neighbors, you know," he suggested. "These party walls are so thin, and they have possibly retired."

"Oh, never mind the neighbors!" the hostess replied in an unsympathetic voice. "I don't intend to have the least consideration for them hereafter and they will just have to stand it. Some one of them poisoned our dog last week."

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L. B. BRONFIELD, Manager, 23 Jacobson Building, Denver, Colo.

The Vegetable Factories of Paris

[Continued from page 145]

as the *maraisier* is concerned, it might as well be an asphalt pavement. If it were, the garden would thrive quite as well. A striking proof of this fact, that the gardener makes his earth, is found in the renting contracts, the usual stipulation being that the tenant, when departing at the end of his lease, may *carry away his soil* down to the regular depth of a foot or more just as he takes his water-pipes and all his other tools!

Here is one solitary instance where the landlord does not own the earth.

In the making of these beds there is one other ingredient as old and simple as the first. It is water. But this, like the manure, is used here in abundance. Most *maraisiers* have their own water-tower and an electric motor pump which seems to be throbbing day and night. Water-pipes are run under the ground in every direction. To them the hose is attached, and in many cases this hose is kept to the nine-inch paths by an iron guard at each corner. In one garden I watched a man standing some twenty feet from a path, in the center of a bed. He was watering. The hose was kept off the bed by the iron guards, and the man himself had removed his shoes.

The Orderly City of Plants

No space is wasted here. Both on account of the great cost of the soil and also because the close proximity of the growing things gives to each greater shelter and warmth in the winter months—the essence of the system is concentration.

But in this crowded city of plants the most careful order prevails. The glass bells and the frames both being made of a uniform size, three rows of nine bells each take exactly the same amount of space as one glass frame; so that twenty-seven bells or one frame occupy the same ground space and can be interchanged without disturbing the general order. The arrangement of both bells and frames has been worked out by long experience, so that each square inch of the soil, both under the glass and in the interstices between, can be used to the best advantage.

No room for wheelbarrows here. Even the manure must be carried in a huge wooden box which is strapped to the gardener's shoulders. Everything must be carried. And in transporting the heavy but fragile glass bells, or in moving about over the almost solid glass surface, these men show an amazing dexterity. To the eyes of an outsider, the whole affair is, in fact, a most remarkable sight. An expanse of acres of glass frames or of tens of thousands of glass bells—it looks more like some new kind of factory than the old-fashioned garden of the past.

A Factory that Never Shuts Down

And so indeed it is. For the *maraisier*, like the factory owner, having gone to enormous expense in creating this machine of earth, drives it month after month, day and night, to its utmost capacity. One crop follows close on another. It is even common to plant three kinds of vegetables so close that if they all came up at once they would choke each other off. But the rapidity in the growth of the several kinds has been so nicely calculated that the earliest have had just time to ripen and get well out of the way before the second reach full size; and in the same timely fashion the second escape the third.

Listening to Madame Autin's narration of this slow, silent, uneventful race for life, I was reminded of a night spent in a train-despatcher's tower, watching him move the pins on his map, each pin representing a train, the pin of a fast express creeping up on the pin of an accommodation, the latter to be sidetracked at the last possible moment, that upon the two steel rails not one minute might be wasted. Such is the age we live in. It has entered even our gardens.

Here, as in other industries, time is literally cash. The gain of a few weeks, a few days, even, in early spring salads, may double and even quadruple the price. And so, under this system of endless rotation, where as many as seven crops are taken in the same season from land which in the normal way would be devoted to but one or two, each crop is forced to the limit, to be as far as possible in advance of nature's season.

Gardening by Geometry

Generations of experiment have brought the routine to be followed to an almost mathematical exactness. In August and September, the summer's growing at an end, they begin to prepare the soil for the coming season. A certain amount of growing goes on all through the autumn, but it is in January that the real race begins. Lettuces are planted then. And, in many cases, radishes and early carrots are sown thinly among them. The latter will be ready for market by early March, and the cutting of the lettuces should be well under way by the latter part of the same month. Their place, in many gardens, is at once taken by cauliflowers, which are ready for market by the end of May; and meanwhile melons or cucumbers, which have been brought on in nursery beds, are ready for transplanting and can

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be put under the glass frames before the cauliflowers are cut. By the same system of forcing, other kinds of salads, and celery, spinach, cabbages, squash, tomatoes, asparagus, kidney-beans, strawberries, and many other garden products are ready for sale in the fancy markets far in advance of their normal time. In these, of course, the profits lie; for in June the large truck gardens of the outlying districts are able to compete, and, as a usual thing, through the summer months the *maraiçhère* is well content if his garden pays expenses.

The process of forcing is delicate in the extreme, and it is in this that the most exacting toil is required; for in more than half of the *maraiçhère's* work each plant must receive individual treatment, according to its age.

Personally Conducted Lettuce

In one garden I found some five hundred glass bells, and under each bell were twenty diminutive lettuce seedlings. Here, where the air and the soil make a veritable cradle, the seeds had germinated and the seedlings had developed—ten thousand of them in all. In a week or ten days the best of these were to be picked out, *one by one*, and transplanted to other ground. In another part of the garden I saw this second stage. A plot sixty feet by a hundred was completely covered by glass bells, about two thousand in number. The bells now sheltered but five lettuces each. When the plants had gained sufficient strength here, again the best of them were to be picked out, *one by one*, and placed under glass frames in groups of forty—there to reach maturity. And finally, *one by one*, they were to be carefully wrapped in paper and crated and shipped, in the midwinter and early spring, to London and Cologne.

Madame Autin's garden grew six such crops on the same three plots of ground (one plot for each successive stage), in a period of nine months. In another garden I visited, over one hundred and fifty thousand heads of lettuce had been grown in one year. And each one of these hundred and fifty thousand had been treated individually, four times.

This is but one example of the way these people toil. In the Autin garden they were busy that afternoon tying up one thousand sheafs of chicory salad in order to make it grow white. And the mistress showed me a plot which was filled with several thousand onion plants, each plant to be transplanted later in the season.

If this were a technical treatise, dozens of other instances might easily be given. An admirable idea of the system and of the care it demands, a description in detail both of the treatment of the soil and the various methods of cultivation employed for the different plants, may be found in a book by Monsieur J. Curé, who is himself a *maraiçhère*, and the secretary of their society. The book is entitled "*Ma Pratique de la Culture Maraîchère*," and it may be purchased for three francs by writing to the *Librairie Agricole*, 26 Rue Jacob, Paris. There is also an excellent text-book in English, by C. D. McKay, which may be had by sending twenty-five cents to the *Daily Mail* office, in London. Mr. McKay is the founder of the French garden in England.

A word more as to results.

Where the Salad Comes From

Mr. Dean Mason, our vice-consul-general in Paris, who has made a careful study of the gardens around the city, estimates the entire lettuce crop of the *maraiçhères* at fully one hundred million heads a year. Most of this is grown in the winter and early spring months, when fancy prices prevail; and about one-half is shipped to London, Vienna, Cologne, St. Petersburg, and other centers of Europe. In supplying these world-markets with early salads, vegetables, and the first ground-fruits (such as strawberries), the French *maraiçhères* have had until recent years a practical monopoly. Of late, the rapid development of the railroads is affording each year swifter and cheaper communication with the south of France, and even with Algiers, where nearly all through the winter green vegetables are grown in the open fields. But it is a substantial proof of the value of the Paris system, that despite this competition and the increasing dearness of their land, the work of the *maraiçhères* is not falling off, but spreading. In London, as many as eight thousand crates, containing over a half million of lettuces, have been received at Covent Garden from Paris growers in one day. Daily receipts of one hundred crates of asparagus and five hundred crates of early carrots, from the same source, is nothing out of the ordinary.

Vegetable Factories Are Expensive

From such reports one would suppose that the profits must be enormous. But in addition to the keen competition that exists among the twelve hundred *maraiçhères*, the great expense involved is not to be forgotten. One student, writing in 1886, put the average yearly rent at from \$100 to \$150 an acre. Another, in 1908, makes an estimate of just double that amount. And Mr. Mason, in his report, gives the average rent of a two-acre garden as from \$400 to \$500 a year. "In some instances," he adds, "fortunes have been made by the rapid increase in the value of real-estate." French advocates of the single tax have pointed to this swift rise in rents and also to the recent rise in the prices of all vegetables in Paris, and have urged that the

GUARANTEED BONDS

No. 3. An Opportunity for Small Investors



OOD, substantial bonds are about the most satisfactory of all investment securities—

But bonds are usually available

only to people of large means—

The small investor has to be satisfied with 3 or 4 per cent. interest in a savings bank, while his more fortunate neighbor secures a return of 5 or 6 per cent. with equal security, from his bond investments.

The reason of this is simply the fact that bonds are usually issued only in denominations of \$500 or \$1,000—too large for the small investor to handle conveniently.

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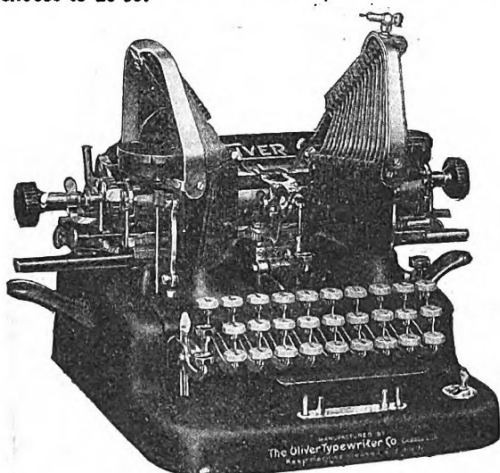
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Yes—just pennies.
Seventeen a day.
Simply save them.
Then pay monthly.
Keep it up for a few months.
First thing you know it's *your* typewriter.
Yours without effort or worry.
For who misses a few cents a day!
Scatter your pennies, nickels and dimes, and they
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Combine them, and they work wonders.
There's a fascination in watching the multiplication
of pennies, when saved, day by day, on this plan.
One wonders where they all come from.
They are a "by product" of business that never be-
fore had seemed to possess real *value*.
Yet our 17-cents-a-day selling plan puts them in
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Hundreds are now buying Oliver Typewriters on
this simple, practical plan.
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elty of the idea.
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—And whose record has never been equaled.
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That excels in speed—durability—working capacity—
simplicity—versatility—convenience.
Such is the splendid typewriter that pennies will buy
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A small cash payment puts you in possession of the
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liberal, easy terms.
You can make it pay for itself—and more—if you
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—Or consult with our nearest Agent in reference to
the purchase of the Oliver?

The Oliver Typewriter Company

41 Oliver Typewriter Building CHICAGO

Government buy this ground and become the landlord,
in order that the city's food supply may not continue
to grow more expensive.

But rent is by no means the largest item. Of manure
alone, four or five hundred tons is used to the acre in
starting a new garden, and about one hundred tons an
acre in each succeeding year. This means an initial ex-
pense per acre of from six to eight hundred dollars; and
of from one to two hundred dollars per acre each year
thereafter.

To cover one acre with the required six hundred glass
frames costs from four to five thousand dollars; and
with the corresponding sixteen thousand glass bells,
only some eight hundred dollars less.

The coverings for the frames and bells, on the nights
when frost threatens, are rye straw mats costing about
eighty cents each. These, too, mean an expense of
several hundreds of dollars.

The wages of the hired men are, unless board is pro-
vided, from one dollar to one dollar and thirty cents a
day; and from one to four men are usually needed.

The horse and wagon to carry the produce to mar-
ket, the motor-pumps, the pipes, and implements of all
kinds bring the sum total of yearly expense up to over
a thousand dollars an acre, in addition to the initial
outlay.

A Living from One Acre

With expenditure so heavy, the balance at the end of
the season is by no means large. There are, of course,
exceptions, *cases where the total income from one acre
is six thousand dollars a year*. But as a usual thing
the gardens yield but fifteen hundred dollars to the
acre; and the annual profit of the average *marais* is
not over a thousand dollars. The secretary of their
organization has put the average savings, after deduct-
ing their living and other expenses and the interest on
their investment, at about five hundred dollars a year.
This sum, while by no means huge, is still to be reck-
oned according to French standards. Such an amount,
in Paris, means in purchasing power nearly double
what it would mean in New York. And so the French
marais, supporting himself and his family on some
two acres of ground, and saving what in our cities
would correspond to a thousand dollars a year, is, so far
as income goes, exceedingly well off.

"And yet," writes one scientist who has carefully
studied their work, "the Paris gardener is not our ideal
of an agriculturist. In the painful work of civilization
he has shown us the way to follow; but the ideal of
modern civilization is elsewhere. He toils, with but a
short interruption, from three in the morning till late in
the night. He knows no leisure; he has no time to
live the life of a human being; the commonwealth
does not exist for him; his world is his garden, more
than his family. He can not be our ideal, neither he
nor his system of agriculture. Our ambition is that he
should produce even *more* than he does, with *less*
labor, and should feel all the joys of human life."

The Coming of Machine-made Soil

For while the *marais* in his garden has been for
three generations slowly feeling his way, the scientist in
his laboratory has been by no means idle. Agriculture
the world over has made tremendous strides.

The primitive gardener was merely a sower, *using
the soil in its natural state*. In the course of a slow
development through the ages the French *marais*
has marked a second stage—*making the soil by hand*.
And now at last the scientist has shown the way to
make the soil by machinery.

Already several companies exist for the making of
artificial manure. Unfortunately, in their over-eager-
ness for quick profits, fraud and adulteration have been
practised; but this is merely a social obstacle, and will
soon be swept aside.

Will the time ever come when in all our cities and
towns all classes of men, women, and children, even
the poorest, may buy at moderate prices the fresh,
green things of the garden all the winter through?

It is not at all impossible.

The speed of progress toward a richer living grows
swifter year by year. From the wretched, ignorant
peasant of the Russian steppe, toiling with his primitive
plow, to the wide-awake American farmer is one step
—a long one. From the farmer of the West, with his
more or less wasteful methods, to the market gardener
near the city, with his more intensive culture—this
makes a second step. From the American market
gardener to the Paris *marais*—this makes a third.
And the fourth—who knows?

One of the ablest students of the Paris gardens is
the famous Russian scientist, Peter Kropotkin. In his
book, "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," he deals
with them at length, and draws the following conclu-
sion:

"If we take all into consideration; if we realize the
progress made of late in the gardening culture, and the
tendency toward spreading its methods to the open
field; if we watch the cultural experiments which are
being made now—experiments to-day and realities to-
morrow—and ponder over the resources kept in store
by science, we are bound to say that it is utterly im-
possible to foresee at the present moment the limits as
to the *maximum* number of human beings who could
draw their means of subsistence from a given area of
land, or as to what a variety of produce they could
advantageously grow in any latitude."

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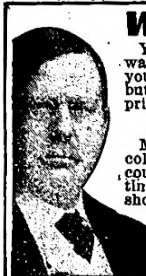
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The Great West

As Regarded by the Average Easterner
Who Has Never Been There

I LIVE on the Atlantic seaboard, a narrow strip of land extending in a northerly and southerly direction, which contains practically all the civilization and culture in the New World.

Having had the advantages of birth in this superior region, my education is, I flatter myself, quite comprehensive. I have seen the Capitol at Washington; have dined at the Waldorf Hotel in New York; have been on top of the *World* dome and the "Flat-iron" Building, and know a number of the best Boston intellects.

I have of course (how can one avoid them at certain seasons of the year?) met several persons who "hailed," as they say, from the West—crude, rough, hearty souls—and they have urged me, with an honest bluntness that somehow always grates on me, to visit their country.

It is amusing to hear them talk about it. One would think it really amounted to something; but then, one who is really broad-minded can always forgive these primitive folk, nor will he seek to deny them the innocent pleasure of their delusions. It oftentimes strikes me as singular, however, that they can visit us so much and yet fail to understand their own inferiority. Doubtless this is a wise provision of Providence, which enables people not to be unhappy over their own shortcomings.

I should greatly dislike to convey the impression that I am unfamiliar with the West simply because I have not actually visited it. It is a part of one's duty to know one's own country.

I am aware that the West is quite extensive and fruitful. The Western farmer is, indeed, one of our national assets. Western mines, I believe, exist in large numbers, although, owing to defective laws, many of them are only on paper. Chicago, I understand, is a large and prosperous town, and has a fine boulevard. I am told that even as far west as Wisconsin attempts have been made to raise the standards of the schools to conform with those among us. Near San Francisco there is a very creditable college called Stanford University, which graduates several young men every year. I should also not forget to mention the Great Salt Lake and the Grand Canyon, both of which are widely advertised and spoken of by the Westerners with commendable pride.

Of course, in referring to these pleasant attributes of the West, it must not be forgotten that it was originally peopled by some of our best families. Even now many of our young men are constantly going West and settling there. This is an important factor in its development, and, I have no doubt, helps to keep up its standard.

The West, I believe, is quite prosperous. This is of course due to Eastern capital. I have often wondered why it is that our capitalists should be at such pains to help out the West, especially at certain seasons, when they send on their crops. I suppose that they do it from patriotic motives. They wisely feel that they must help the West along, not permitting any wide distinctions between us to be too apparent to the outside world.

This sense of responsibility that the East feels toward the West is very encouraging. The West would cut down all its forests if we were not constantly admonishing it. As the best instance of this responsibility, however, I have only to mention the fact that, although Western buffalo are gradually becoming extinct, we keep a herd of them in our Zoo, in order to preserve the species. I understand also that many of the Indians have, through our instrumentality, been given fairly good educations. Some of them, I believe, have intermarried with the Westerners. This sort of thing is usually unavoidable with some peoples in their earlier stages of development.

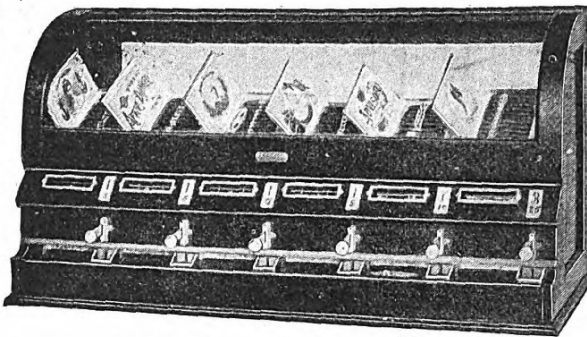
Some of the fruit which we receive in large quantities from the West is really very good. Of course it hardly compares with our New England apples. But then, no fruit compares with New England apples. The Western fruit is large and somewhat tasteless but quite palatable, especially during the colder months. By buying it in such large quantities during these months, I have no doubt that we help out the West materially.

The people of the West although necessarily crude are often very interesting. They come here in large numbers to assimilate our culture and manners. Many of them, as I have indicated, have large quantities of money, obtaining it, no doubt, by the sale of their products in the East. Their women are in many cases fine-looking creatures, with healthy faces and open manners, though perhaps too boisterous.

Some of them appear highly educated—that is as highly educated as Westerners could be expected to be. This is of course a high compliment to their powers of imitation.

But, after all, what amuses us about them most is their evident air of superiority to us. They actually assert, and with considerable vehemence, that the Easterner is a narrow, insulated animal, with his nose...

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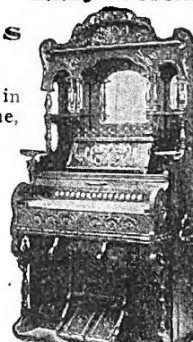
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But these facts need not prevent you from sharing in the profits of fruit-raising here.

By our Unit Association you can become a partner in a paying pear orchard of 474 acres. You can have three years to pay for your interest and by the fifth year you begin to participate in the profits. *Every dollar you pay in is handled by First National Bank of Las Cruces, N. M.*

Membership in our Unit Association means just what we said to begin with—for every \$350 you invest you will get back \$300 to \$1,000 per annum as soon as the trees are full bearing.

Here is a savings proposition that beats the best savings banks in the country—better than insurance because each year after the first 5 years—not 15 or 20 or 25 years—you have every chance of getting back a lump sum equal to more than you have put in during 3 years.

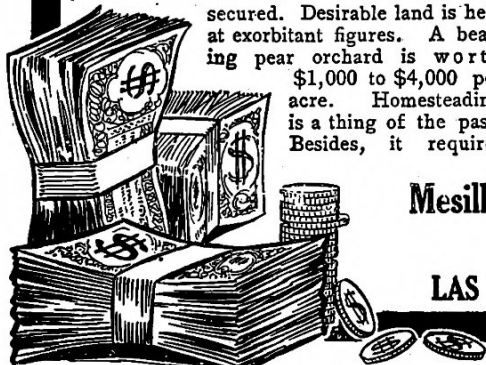
So long as Land and Water are here and this remarkable New Mexican climate is so peculiarly adapted to pear-growing—just so long can you expect to make money from your units in this association.

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Let us send you our plan in detail and show you how you can secure an independent income by the sure returns from Mesilla Valley pears. "Facts for Far-Sighted Folks" is the name of an enlightening booklet that tells about the certain future of the Mesilla Valley, demonstrates the magnificent possibilities of pear-growing here and proves that a small sum invested here will do the work of a great amount put in ordinary investments.

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in the Stock Exchange, selfish and ignorant, and that the East, in reality, is way behind the Great West.

Is n't this amusing? Yet one can easily forgive them. I have no doubt they put this on to conceal their embarrassment at their own crudeness. But this is a hopeful sign. It shows they are ambitious.

I have often been urged to travel West, but have always shrunk from the hardships of the journey.

It is so much easier to take a taximeter and step aboard an ocean steamer, where one is assured at least of a comfortable berth and the prospect ahead of learning something really worth while.

ELIHU ROOT

By Edward G. Lowry

ELIHU ROOT, when Secretary of State, was as difficult of access to the average visitor, when he was in his office at the State Department and at work, as it would be for a self-confessed Nihilist to have an interview with the Czar. It was about as easy for the every-day run of American citizens to see Mr. Root as it would be for



ELIHU ROOT

New York's New Senator

a sewing-machine agent to display his line of light-running domestics in a sultan's harem. Twenty camels might be put through the eye of a needle while plain John Smith was effecting an entrance to the private office, and an interview with the Secretary of State.

The uninformed wonder what Mr. Root found to do to keep himself so busy. If it were not for the bi-weekly Cabinet meetings, half the correspondents in Washington would have lacked ocular proof that such a being as the Secretary of State existed. They only saw him on Tuesdays and Fridays,

when he came to the Cabinet meetings at the White House.

It used to be the practise to ask Cabinet members, as they left the White House, what business had been transacted at Cabinet meetings. Mr. Root put a stop to this. He induced President Roosevelt to request all the members of the Cabinet not to allow themselves to be stopped and questioned. Without meaning to, he served the newspaper correspondents a good turn. The secretaries departed unaccosted, and so much bother was saved.

With the newspaper men who "cover" the State Department regularly, Mr. Root was on the best of terms. He saw them twice daily, once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon, and talked with them freely and frankly of the day's developments, often allowing them to read important dispatches. At these interviews, unless he was tired or hurried, Mr. Root was seen to best advantage. He has a dry and quizzical humor which is most effective. Once when the Senate had tortured a set of resolutions relating to the Congo out of all meaning, and had sent them to Mr. Root for transmission to the foreign powers interested in that troublesome African state, Mr. Root was asked what he was going to do with them.

"First, I shall appoint a committee of expert grammarians to analyze the sentences," he said drily, "and then I shall deposit the resolutions in the archives of this department."

One night a man in New York, with a name like a typographical error, had himself crowned in one of the foreign quarters of the city, and declared the true and rightful king of Servia. The newspapers heard of it, and asked their Washington bureaus for further information. A correspondent went to Mr. Root's house, though it was late at night, to ask him if the State Department would take any action. As is his custom, Mr. Root pondered a long time before replying:

"Under our peculiar form of government, this gentleman, whose name you have told me, is at perfect liberty to crown himself king, if the public peace is not thereby disturbed. The Fathers, I suspect, did not foresee any such emergency as this, for it is not provided against, either in the Constitution or in the laws enacted by the Congress."

President Roosevelt almost unceasingly declares that Mr. Root is the ablest man in public life in the United States to-day. He goes further, and says that Mr. Root has the most vivid and powerful mind of any man who has appeared in public life in any country in the present generation. Almost everybody in Washington who has come in frequent contact with Mr. Root will readily subscribe to President Roosevelt's verdict. Yet, by some curious freak of chance, difficult to explain, Mr. Root's public services do not meet with the measure of contemporary acclaim which is showered upon other public servants who have not half his capacity, and whose work is not nearly so vital and important to the national welfare. Mr. Root has never been able to impress himself upon the country at large at his true worth.