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Our Readers and Ourselves

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

VOL. XII

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THE MAN WHO BOOMED THE NATION

BY JOHN L. MATHEWS

THE editorial staff of one of the popular magazines of New York were gathered in the publisher's office one day in December, discussing plans for the new year.

"One thing we must have," said the publisher, emphatically. "We must have a lot of stuff about water—power, navigation—everything about water."

"Well," said the editor, cautiously, "of course a timely article on the subject—not too technical—"

"Timely article nothing," interrupted the publisher. "If I had my way we'd have a long article every number. We must have at least six in the year. It's the greatest subject going."

"Bill," said one of the staff, "who or what set you crazy on water?"

The publisher looked at him, and laughed.

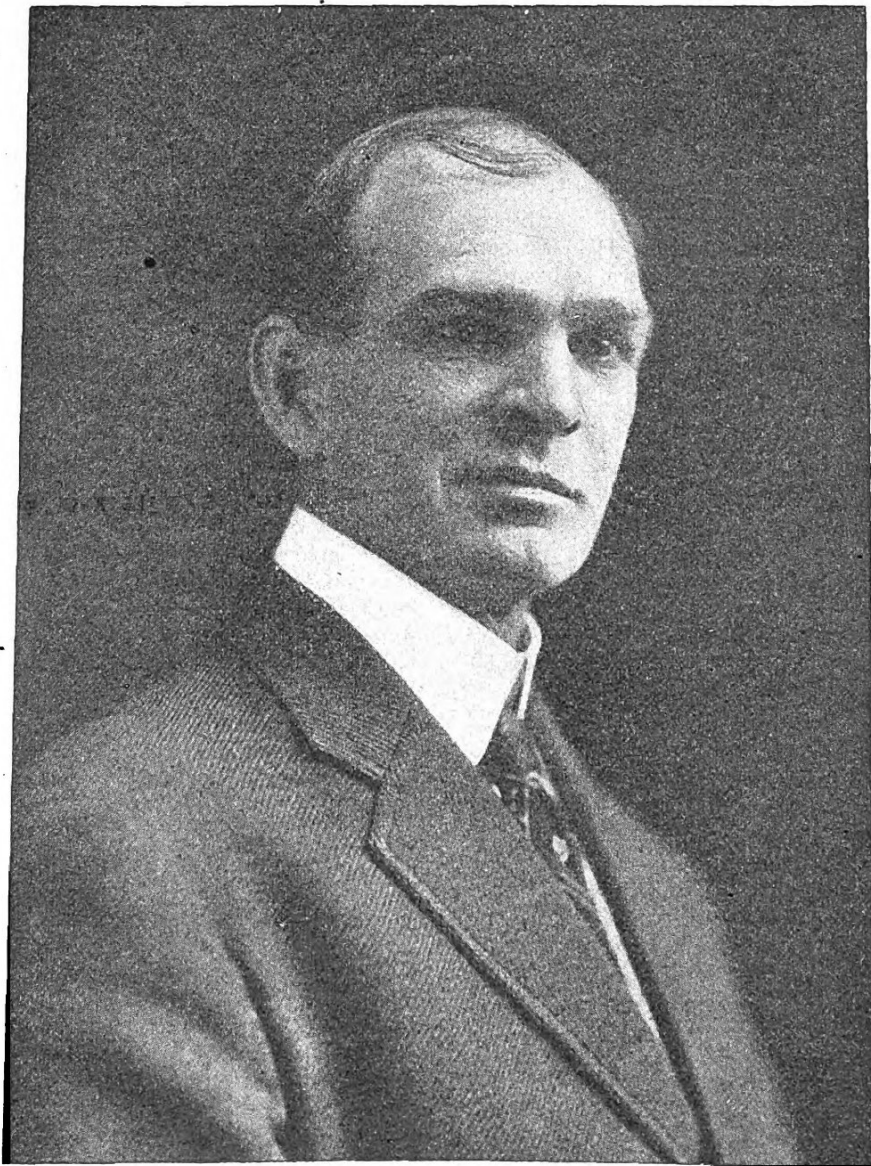
"I'll tell you who it was," he said. "It was a long, lank Arkansas traveler named John Fox. He came in here one day, so quietly I hardly heard him enter. Said he wanted to talk about water, and especially about rivers. I told him to run away, as I was busy. He sat down by my desk and began to talk. Well—he's one of those Southerners you read about, courteous, soft-voiced, the kind you can't shut up and send away. In a few minutes I was listening in spite of myself. He sat there three hours, telling me things I had never dreamed of before about the rivers and harbors of America. Then he picked up his hat, and said he must be going."

"For goodness sake don't go yet," I begged. "I'm just getting interested. Tell me the rest." But he would n't say another word. Out he went. I tell you he's a smooth one! He knows just when he has said enough. Ever since then I have been plumb crazy over waterways."

The story, which is entirely true, might be repeated in any city of 50,000 people in America. It is a typical story of John Fox—John Fox of Blythesville as he is always called—the man who has boomed the nation. Three years ago he discovered that he needed us in his business; accordingly he set out to steal us. In the three years he has achieved his purpose. He has kidnaped 84,999,999 of us, which is to say everyone in the nation except Uncle Joe Cannon. He has packed and labeled us, and transferred us as quick assets into the treasury of the great movement for the better employment of our rivers and harbors.

THE Little Brother of the Mississippi Valley and Press Agent of the American People— How He Nationalized Local Issues, Captured President Roosevelt, and United a Public on Waterways and Conservation and Progress.

SOME of us have doubtless supposed that the movement for improvement of our national system of waterways grew up all by itself. But it didn't. Back of all agitation, back of every great movement is a plan and a man. And back of the Waterways Movement stands John A. Fox. His work constitutes one of the most interesting "publicity" achievements of the present decade.



JOHN FOX, OF BLYTHESVILLE

"He has been the apostle of better channels, going to and fro in the land, and up and down in it, like a modern John the Baptist, preaching the gospel of salvation by water"

Three years he has worked, for it was only three years ago that a group of well-known men gathered with him about a table in his room in the Planter's Hotel, in St. Louis, and studied with much discouragement the report of the latest committee which had interviewed Mr. Theodore Burton. The committee had made a fast trip to Cleveland and a faster trip back, and its report was brief.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Burton, according to the committee, "I tell you now, as I have told you before, you are going at this the wrong way. As long as St. Louis comes alone to Washington seeking a deeper channel, or as long as the whole Mississippi Valley comes alone, you can accomplish nothing. The East and the West cry out against you. You are a sectional concern. Congress will do nothing for you. When you can come to Washington with the united demand of the nation behind you; when you can show us that our political lives are endangered if we do not grant your requests, then congressmen will take up your projects; not sooner."

From the chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee that was final; for so powerful is he that he had frankly confessed to having, single-handed, defeated their project. "I admit," said he, smiling, "that except for myself the committee was unanimous in your favor. But sustained by the Board of Review"—he smiled placidly—"I felt justified in reporting the project adversely." The Board of Review, it may be well to add, is Mr. Burton, *ex-officio*.

And so there lay his final verdict on the table, and these men who gathered to read it saw in it the death-blow to their hopes. For many years they had worked aggressively, outside the limits of their own proper business, for the better development of the channel of the Mississippi River. All of them interested in business or in railways in St. Louis, their first object had been a river to the sea which would allow them to carry export goods by water to New Orleans, thus increasing the general and their private business. The great spirit which pervades St. Louis and which works unceasingly for the enlargement of their business horizon, had carried them beyond this, and sought for the advancement of the whole community to wider commercial opportunity. They had been originally a local river improvement society; then

they had organized the Mississippi River Improvement Association and had allied themselves with cities down the valley. They had fought Chicago valiantly for some years, then, seeing wisdom in alliance, had united with the "Windy City" and organized the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep-waterway Association. And still they approached Congress in vain, though their numbers were thousands and their lodges extended from the Alleghenies to the Rockies. Over the Rockies was silence; but over the Alleghenies little Hampton Moore kept up such a din for an "intercostal canal" that no sound from the valley could be heard in Washington.

This was the situation, then, that night in St. Louis. There was W. K. Kavanaugh, president of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf, a man of middle age who, at sixteen was getting out railway ties for a living and at twenty was building his first dredge—and who now heads four of the terminal companies at St. Louis. There was James E. Smith, president of the Business Men's League, and vice-president of the Simmons Hardware Company, later to be President Roosevelt's host on his river excursion. There were others of equal importance in the city, men who hated to give up; men who had their whole public interest in this matter. And over opposite to them was John Fox, a slender, slight young man, clean shaven, with an oddly wrinkled face from which the eyes looked out frankly but with a deeper suggestion of tragedy. He fingered the papers before him nervously.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I guess it is up to me. All of you have families and homes and manifold affairs; as you know, I am now—alone. I might as well be homeless. I will go back, resign my position, and start out at once to arouse the nation."

Fox's Gospel of Salvation by Water

So quietly and earnestly was it said that the half-hearted murmur of dissent was followed by a sigh of relief. A great burden was transferred from the older members to the shoulders of the younger. They talked a few moments longer, gave him some advice, and left. The young man packed his grip, paid his bill, and took the first train for Blythesville. Two days later, homeless, out of employment, alone, he was on the road to Chicago to begin the great campaign. In two weeks he had sent back to St. Louis the names of several of the strongest business organizations in the United States as new allies, and ten thousand dollars of their money as assets for the waterway movement. And since that time he has been the apostle of better channels, going to and fro in the land and up and down in it, like a modern John the Baptist, preaching the gospel of salvation by water.

He is worthy our study, this young man; for in those years he has been one of the greatest educational forces in America. He has broadened the horizon of hundreds of thousands of merchants. His classroom has extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and wherever he has gone he has shown men that their lives and their interests depend not upon the near-at-hand things which have blocked their wider vision, but upon things as wide as the world itself. He has shown them their relations with the nation at large and with other nations. He has dragged them out of petty politics into statesmanship. "A policy, not a project" has been his slogan, and he has turned a mass of men, who were fighting like Donnybrook Fair, each for his own creek, into an orderly army fighting for the better conservation of all waters.

John A. Fox, now in the very middle of his life, came as a young man and engineering graduate of Tulare, from New Orleans, the old family home, to the Sunk Lands of St. Francis, in 1893, seeking a new home in a new world. Born and brought up on a sugar plantation in Jesuit Bend, he had become one of the typical old-school, chivalrous Southerners of tradition. His young manhood had been capped by a romantic marriage and he came with his wife to the muddy, forlorn little village of Blythesville seeking a place in one of the greatest tasks then confronting America, the drainage of the St. Francis. Five thousand square miles of this swampy region lay blanketed by forests, on the margin of Missouri and Arkansas; the Sunk Lands, the Dornocks, the Little River lands, all lying between the last foothills of the Ozarks and the right bank of the Mississippi. For one hundred years since the "Madrid Shakes" the river had overflowed it annually. Some of it had been always under water. The soil was alluvion, sometimes forty feet deep, a land of inexhaustible fertility, but so swampy that life on it was almost impossible.

It was in that year of his arrival that Harry Pharr, with John Fox as his assistant, began to create those tremendous earthen dams along the river front which have transformed the region. Assistant engineer in that task, Fox became also chief engineer of the St. Francis Drainage District and, after thoroughly surveying the swamp, laid out and began to dig hundreds of miles of broad, gently sloping canals leading from the Mississippi side to the St. Francis; began to straighten and deepen the channel

of the river, and to cause, year after year, new areas to stand dry and tillable above the floods. Each year new lumber companies came in and established themselves among the magnificent hardwoods, and each year new settlers upon the cleared lands transformed this soil which had been worth scarcely one dollar an acre into beautiful black farms worth one hundred dollars an acre. It was John Fox who planned the logging canals and millponds of the lumber companies; and as it has happened so recently in Reelfoot across the river, so in the St. Francis, the degenerate dwellers in the swamp ambushed him in the woods, shot holes through his coat across the waters of the vanishing lakes—and were hunted down and jailed by the un intimidated engineer.

Connection with the levee work and the drainage brought him naturally into close touch with the river improvement work. River improvement has always had two sides in this country—as it should not have; that of the engineers spending the money provided in niggardly measure by Congress, and that of the merchants begging and working for more systematic and thorough improvement. Although an engineer by profession John Fox saw the strength of the merchants' position and was soon allied with it. There is a magic about the Mississippi which no other river in America possesses. It draws all who are near it, creates a love for it, stimulates their imagination, and makes them its willing slaves. And one of these from the first was John Fox of Blythesville.

But his life in the swamp was a hard one. His wife fell ill, and not even a change to Arizona could save her. He was left alone, with no other ambition than the furtherance of the river work. And at this epoch, hearing the call, he assumed the apostleship, as I have said, and began his traveling. He went first to the principal cities, presented to the leading merchants the ultimatum of Chairman Burton, and outlined the plans which had been formulated by the assembly at St. Louis. Congressman Ransdell had long before this been interested in a National Rivers and Harbors Congress. This organization was revived and John Fox was made special director of it. It was as wide as America. It had room in it for Eastport, Key West, and San Diego. It was wide enough to include Hampton Moore, Captain Ellison of Cincinnati, and President Clark of the Missouri River Association all in one organization. It was a combination of other organizations. Merchants Associations, Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade were urged to join it, and all those busy groups which are typical of the Middle West and the South, like the New Orleans Progressive Union, came in also.

Talking Harmony into and Money out of His Audiences

It was the purpose of John Fox to reach them all. While the national headquarters to which each new member remitted his subscription maintained an enormous correspondence, made dates and schedules, and kept him supplied with advance and detailed information, he jogged on from town to town speaking nearly every day in a new place, at some prearranged meeting. He came into Montgomery, Alabama, one afternoon, billed to speak to the Chamber of Commerce that evening. His first visit was to Mr. Dawe, the secretary of the Commercial Club. With him he went to call upon the principal business houses, and to inspect the river, and to visit the local United States engineer. And when he came to the platform of the club that evening to address two hundred of the principal men of the Alabama capital he was prepared, while advocating "a policy not a project" to show just why the Alabama River served them no better than it did, and how much, in large, they would gain by its further use. He knew by rote, learned in so short a time, the comparative rates by river and rail to Mobile; the amount of cotton lost to Montgomery because of the local transfer charge and the bars in the river; the amount of return trade it would mean if recovered; the saving to Alabama. He showed them their possibilities for new manufactories if they had a good channel always open to the sea at Mobile, where were ships for all the Gulf and Central American ports and for New York. Then he broadened the matter and showed how this affected the whole nation. He presented comparative figures of the local, the national, and some foreign situations; and then in the end he presented the case of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress and its aim, and urged them to "get together" and make, through this new organization, a united demand on Congress.

I heard it all, and so I know the result. It was an astonishing talk, for a man who till that afternoon was a stranger to the place. But the next day he duplicated it with entirely new figures at Mobile; another day it was at Vicksburg, another at Atlanta, and so on and on he went, and from each city which he visited new resources flowed into the treasury.

But that was not the chief gain. The merchants at large are the most important news in any city. In every town which he visited from two to four columns in every paper went out to sub-

Head Winds

By CHARLES BUXTON GOING

OVER her royals the gray clouds fly,
Fronting her rises the green head-sea;
Round her the measureless rim of the sky,
And the wash of the wave as it hurries a-lee.

Endlessly climbing the hills of the deep,
Breaking them down in a smother of foam—
But oh, for a following wind, and the leap
Down the long sea-slopes, running for home!

[Continued on page 250]

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

A STORY

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY HOWARD HEATH

MRS. LANGFORD was old enough to be wise and young enough to be romantic; that is to say about fifty-five. Mr. Langford, who sat opposite her reading his evening paper, had much the better of her in wisdom, being sixty, and followed her dutifully in romance, being a man.

Finally Mrs. Langford laid down her knitting. "I am very sorry."

"Sorry?" repeated Mr. Langford.

"Yes, sorry."

"About what?"

"There is friction."

"With me?" asked her husband, a twinkle in his eyes.

"Samuel! The idea! No, Ellen. You can't blame me for worrying about my own niece."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"They've been married only two years and yet there are certain signs of friction. Phil Garden is a fine man and Ellen is the dearest, truest girl that ever was."

"Well?" Mr. Langford stretched his paper over his knees. He was looking attentively at his wife now. For himself, he believed that young people should be let alone to work out their salvation. He thought it possible that Polly had forgotten some things in their own young experience as man and wife—an experience now in its thirty-fifth year.

"Samuel, you know the divorce courts are full of cases of separation that have come about in the beginning from a mere trifle."

"True, my dear." Mr. Langford, as a lawyer, knew that his wife's statement was conservative. "True, there are more spoiled children in the divorce courts than self-controlled men and women."

"You see, Sammie, so many things *have* to be overlooked in this world; and they, poor, *poor* children, they don't know it! Who will tell them?"

"They will learn it, themselves, perhaps."

"Oh, Sammie, and in the meantime"—Polly looked beseechingly at her husband—"it might get to be too late. Suppose it should? It would break Ellen's heart, and I am sure Phil never could live without her; he depends on her for everything. They say he is the brightest professor they have ever had at the college. His psychological experiments have been translated into German, and French, and Italian—just think, Italian!"

"Yes, he is a fine fellow; they are both good children."

"Of course, Sammie, I've not seen anything disgraceful. Ellen Garden would n't let anything of that kind happen. But, a little thing, and off they go as if a match had been set to them. It is quarreling, and then Phil looks so black and Ellen becomes so unusually lively. Several times I have heard them contradict each other flatly about Eliza. Eliza is a doddering old soul, but she does her best and certainly cooks well for them. Phil thinks Ellen is too easy with her, and Ellen thinks Phil is too exacting when he expects Eliza to do what a trained servant could. And really I don't know which is right—Eliza does behave dreadfully.



"Over Ellen's face there crept a look of superior wisdom."

But then, you know how impossible it is to get any kind of a servant here in this town or to keep one."

"Don't you think, Polly, they'll become used to each other and stop disagreeing?"

"No, it grows worse. As Ellen's house is next to ours, I can't help seeing things from the windows; nor can I help hearing things when I am over there. Just yesterday I saw Phil coming down the street looking so handsome and happy. He had his hands in his pockets, his books under his arm, and he was whistling like a boy. He whistled all the way into the house, for I watched him. But in about two minutes he came out looking so sober, and went off and sat down under a tree by himself. Of course, I don't know what happened, but I am sure something did."

"They are just getting disillusionized, Polly; that's all."

"Samuel!" Mrs. Langford's eyes filled with tears. "Samuel, how can you! Those two beautiful children! There should be no such word for them; there never has been for us."

"No, there never has been." Mr. Langford's eyes were serious as he looked at the sweet little woman who had made life as happy as falls to the lot of man.

"Perhaps they think," continued Mrs. Langford, "that happy people can always be happy. But that could never be true!"

"Of course not."

"And, perhaps, no one has told them how much—how *very* much—must be overlooked when people live together." Mrs. Langford's glance at her husband was an appeal; she was sure he had had to overlook so much in her. "And, maybe, they don't even know that they have the great essential—and they might never know until it was too late to get it back."

"That is possible."

"I can't see why such things should be allowed to happen. Everybody here thinks them perfectly charming. His students adore Phil, and they can't see Ellen Garden often enough."

"What do you think Phil and Ellen ought to do?"

"Do? I think they ought to pray about it."

It was the middle of the afternoon when this conversation took place, and the middle of May. Every thoroughfare, whether street, path, valley, or mountain brook, bore testimony to the additional fact that it had rained for several days and that now the sun shone. The shad-blow curved in a wreath over the roadway, and upon the streets the cups of bright daffodils and crocuses held a multitude of glittering drops; along the valleys the peach and cherry trees were pink and white with bloom; the maples red with blossom, the chestnuts gold with tassels; in the grass the bobolinks fluttered and dipped, and the meadow-larks hid quietly until they soared to some tree-top. In the trees the bluebirds and song-sparrows and orioles flashed among the tiny leaves. By the brooks were the dappled green and the golden flowers of the fawn lily, the pure white of bloodroot, the blue and white of hepaticas, the little crisp running leaves of the partridge vine, the deep blue of violets, the buttergold of cowslips. Above the grass and trees and valleys and hills the clouds sailed whiter than the whitest snow, and the blue of the rain-washed sky was clearer and purer than the color of any blossom that had ever flowered upon earth.

It was a day when old people were happy. It was a day when Philip and Ellen Garden were supremely happy. If they had ever had any trouble, at the moment they had forgotten it; for on this Saturday afternoon, Philip's only half-holiday, they had the delightful choice of following down a brook after trout or digging up the earth in their garden, there to sow seed that would in due time bear peas, beans, squash, radishes, parsley, and for the eyes' sake scarlet flax, sweet alyssum, nasturtiums, marigolds, verbenas, mignonette, poppies, portulaca, and a dozen other beautiful mysteries, all at this moment wrapped away in seeds. They had decided upon home seed-planting. Never had the shabby old house, with the white pigeons on its brown roof, and the fern-filled open windows, the trim paths, flowering almond bushes and peach-trees, and the orderly ranks of low-branching apple-trees, seemed to them more attractive.

"What nice trees," said Philip, "for children to climb in."

"Lovely trees," answered Ellen, laying her hand upon his sleeve and looking into his eyes.

"Come, come, this is n't planting seed; and this afternoon, stretched out to the utmost, won't last forever."

So they both set to work.

"See here, Ellen, this parsley seed's got to be soaked several hours, it says. It takes five weeks to germinate. We ought to have planted that indoors a month ago."

Ellen looked over his shoulder. "It says, 'tepid water.' I'll take it in and put it to soak at once. We'll just have to plant it Sunday morning. I hope Aunt Polly won't see us doing that."

While Ellen was in the house, Philip proceeded in masculine fashion to attack the problem of making beds up against the south side of the house both useful and beautiful. He got out two drills for peas, and then he began to think about the edge by the house and the edge by the turf border. By the turf border he would put parsley, but that could not go in till Sunday morning. Next to the walls of the house he ought to have something tall and bright. Ellen was forever coming; why did n't she come back? He ran hastily through the seeds. Portulaca caught his eye. They were brilliant. Already as he tore off the corner of the package he saw them growing profusely there, at least four feet high by the side of the old brown house. When, at last, Ellen came out he had them planted.

"See here, Ellen, two rows of peas in this bed, parsley by the turf edge, and against the house portulaca."

"Portulaca!" Over Ellen's face there crept a look of superior wisdom. "I'd not do it that way."

"Then; why did n't you do it yourself?" Philip's dark face flushed, and he dropped his hoe on the grass.

"You did n't ask me to."

"You never think the way I do anything is right. I thought those flowers would look very pretty there, and as you were n't here I went ahead myself."

"You never want me to suggest anything, Philip, or do anything except run errands, and I don't see why you should expect me to have an opinion on this subject more than on any other."

"Well, I ask you to express one now. What do you think of that portulaca?"

"Oh, it's all right, only it creeps on the ground, and is never more than two to three inches high. It'll soon be hidden by the peas."

"Well!" ejaculated Philip. "I don't see why you need be so confoundedly superior."

"I'm not superior. If you had just taken the trouble to look at the package of seed you would have seen that it is a creeping plant."

"Oh, well, plant the old seeds yourself; you're enough to take the joy out of anything. The pleasure of my afternoon is gone. It's always something to quarrel about. I'm going in to work. Thank fortune, that's left."

After Philip went in Ellen gathered up the tools and put them back in the shed; then she arranged the packages of seed and put them away in a cool place in the pantry. For her, too, the joy of the afternoon was gone. An hour ago they had been like happy, loving children; the afternoon had seemed to them so long and golden that its delights could never end. What had it all come to? What *did* make things go this way, and, why, when she adored Philip, need he be so arbitrary and unkind? They had counted on this afternoon and expected to be perfectly happy. Not more than half an hour ago she had been sitting on the arm of his chair and he had been telling her a story of which she was never tired. Now the joy of the day was gone. It grew worse and worse all the time. Everything had become uncertain and unlovely.

She took the carpet-sweeper and went into the living-room. She ran the sweeper up and down, up and down. "Eliza never did manage to keep the heavy rug in there clean. Every once in a while the carpet-sweeper ran off the edge of the rug and on to the hard-wood floor with a bang. In his study, an adjoining room, Philip stood the noise as long as he could. Before him on his desk lay open Mora's "On the Psychology of Anger." He was savagely resenting certain facts thrust upon him by this scientist. What was the use in knowing that, according to this authority, anger appears in a ten months' baby, since, at thirty years of age, he could not control his own temper? What good did his knowledge of the manifested difference between the anger of man civilized and uncivilized do him when he was himself in a rage? Of what use was his own published analysis, quoted by Mora, of "Anger as a Short Madness?" He might, theoretically, know every facial and respiratory change in the whole evolution of anger and yet make no practical use of his knowledge as a man. Whang! Whang! Whang! went the carpet-sweeper. He could read nothing, think of nothing, with that carpet-sweeper whanging up and down the floor. He slapped Mora "On Anger" to and strode to the door.

"Can't you leave that carpet-sweeping till a decent time in the morning?"

"I can if you wish, but you are always complaining because Eliza does n't do her work as she should. I'm just trying to make up for her defects."

"See here, Ellen, this thing can't go on," said Philip, coming out and sitting down on a chair.

Ellen had dropped the carpet-sweeper, but she was vigorously dusting and putting things to rights.

"I suppose you know what we are doing?" continued her husband. "Quarreling almost every day."

"I know a good many things," returned Ellen, "but I don't intend to say anything."

"Well, if that is n't just like you! You bottle everything up inside and feel righteous just so long as you go around with your lips tight shut and a face as long as a deacon's."

"Yes, I know what *you* think; you've told me all this a thousand times before."

"Well, this *is* like home!" Philip had a sense of pleasure, singular and horrid as that fact might be, in his wife's unhappiness when he made this bitter remark, a pleasurable feeling which, if he had but known it, Ellen could have duplicated.

"I'm glad you think so highly of home."

"Ellen, Ellen, it's contemptible in us to quarrel over such trifles." Philip was suddenly filled with self-disgust. "How can you be so dear and good to me one minute and then treat me this way the next?"

"You might ask yourself the same question."

"If you won't discuss our difficulties, and have opinions and won't tell them to me, how can we ever adjust anything?"

"I am sure I don't know! I think it quite useless to attempt to," retorted Ellen, wiping off a vase with infinite tenderness.

"Ellen, we have a chance to make our love beautiful, but just see what it is coming to. Won't you talk things over reasonably with me?"

"No, I prefer to say nothing."

"Why?"

"Because I am afraid of you, Philip Garden."

"Afraid of me?" Philip's olive skin turned white. What had he ever done that a woman—any woman—most of all his wife, should be afraid of him? His deep, passionate eyes, stormy now, had never meant to wound a living thing; his clever mind was as clean and gentle as his kind, firm hand. He had loved Ellen, only Ellen Garden, and he had meant to make her wholly happy. It had come to this. "Afraid of me?" he whispered.

"Yes, afraid of you; you are so quick, you frighten me; I am afraid of your lack of self-control."

"Oh!" There was a pause. "That is what I am afraid of in you," he said slowly, "only you are not fiery the way I am."

Ellen had sat down by this time and both looked helplessly into each other's eyes.

Finally Ellen said, "At least, I never loved you better than I do now. Once I would have believed black was white if you had said so. That's past now, but I still love you."

"Still love me? Your words, your acts, scarcely show it."

Ellen was beginning to cry, and using the dust cloth, which, as usual, Eliza had forgotten to wash, to wipe away her tears.

"Oh, I am so unhappy! Oh, I wish I'd never made you love me! I wish everything were at an end! What shall I do?"

Philip came over to her side now, for it was always Philip who reached out to her—who, quick as he was to anger, as quickly took the burden of reconciliation on himself. "What shall I do?"

"I don't know," sobbed Ellen, "there'll always be things in me that will clash with you. Oh, I can't help it!"

A few minutes ago Philip Garden would have liked to smash the carpet-sweeper on the floor, and have taken pleasure in Ellen's wretchedness. Now he gathered her head to him as he tried to understand her misery. What they both needed was self-control; what each wished was self-justification. He had promised to protect her and make her happy. Oh, he would promise to do anything for her if he could but make her happy!

"Tell me, dear," he said, "what to do and I will do it."

Ellen was clinging to one of his knees. "I can't tell you. Oh, I don't know, I don't know what to do myself!"

"If only when we feel as we felt an hour ago you would love me as you do now!" Philip was smoothing down her bright hair and looking at her clear color, more lovely to him than the most beautiful blossom in all this May world.

Ellen's tears vanished suddenly. There was a little twist of fun at the corner of her mouth. "I can tell you one thing to do," she said demurely.

"Can you; well, what?"

"If you'll promise me to do it whenever you feel exasperated with me I'll promise you the same."

"I'll promise you anything."

"Well, then, promise to kiss me the instant you feel angry."

"I will," said Philip, solemnly.

"I will," echoed Ellen; "but suppose it should be some inconvenient place?"

"Well, we've promised, and there's an end to it; but it won't be any inconvenient place."

"You can't absolutely tell, Phil. Suppose it should be where some of those college girls are, should you mind?"

"No; oh, no!" replied Philip, in a big, chest voice. "Why should I? Oh, those college girls," he went on, without any attempt to relate what he was saying to what had been said, "those college girls are a nuisance! They are so plaguy interested in everything you do—just like a lot of women."

"Philip Garden, that sort of thing is easily said about women!"

"Ssh!" Philip held up his finger. "How should you like Aunt Polly to see you, then?"

"Aunt Polly? Oh, I'd not mind at all." Ellen Garden paused. "I'd not mind at all—that is, if Aunt Polly were n't so awfully curious about everything we do."

Fortunately the windows were fern filled; fortunately the ferns had been so obliging as to grow in all the window-boxes very high, so high that what took place in the big chair was never seen in the street, and was unheeded in the house unless Eliza, who was not a particle interested in any romance except the wedlock of milk and flour and eggs, departed from her usual custom and looked through the keyhole. As they sat there, quiet in the peace that had come, much of their lost happiness was returning to them. Outside, the cool, fresh, spring air, the early evening light, the subdued calls of the birds, made all the world different from the hot angry hour that lay behind. Both were forming earnest resolutions never again, if either had the power, to quarrel about anything while life held so many joys and opportunities.



"They kissed each other then and there upon the street"

But in each lay a wholesome fear of the unexpected—that unexpected which seemed always to bring them to grief. Yet they had faith, the faith of two people as one in their devotion to each other, and the certainty that their love could solve all difficulties in good time. They had the good will to try; and now that the promise was given, although it seemed ludicrously quixotic, yet to each it was a solemn promise, and solemnly, no matter what might occur, to be kept.

"Come," said Philip, "put on a cloak and let's go out a while."

Ellen Garden ran lightly to get her cloak, a long, loose, dove-colored thing, in which her fresh color and bright hair and slender figure made a picture any man might envy.

"And now the hood." Philip drew it down to her forehead. "It's cool, dear, despite the fact that the sun has only just set."

He put his arm around her and they walked toward the door. Over the threshold lay a door-mat, and about it, after the three days' rain, the piazza floor was covered with mud, caked hard, with rubbers lying about and shabby umbrellas. Philip dropped his arm, and they walked apart down the garden walk and to the very road. "I'll not speak of this now," said the new Philip to himself. "But I must speak of it," said the old Philip. "Wait till you've got over being angry," argued the new Philip. "Do it now," contradicted the old Philip, "or it won't be done." "It's nothing but a little thing, nothing worth making a fuss over," said the new Philip. "What a front door-step for the neighbors to see!" exclaimed the old Philip. And so with many voices the two Philips tossed each other to and fro and, since custom is strong, at last the old Philip spoke.

"Ellen, did you see that door-step?"

"I did." Under the hood Ellen's face flushed crimson. Her Aunt Polly was coming down the road, but she did n't care, for something hot burned within her.

"It's disgraceful, Ellen; Eliza should have put it in order this morning." Three of his college students, locked arm in arm,

[Continued on page 268]

POISONOUS SUGGESTION IN OUR THEATERS



THE TRAIL OF

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

FROM THE "GREAT WHITE WAY" OF NEW YORK IT LEADS STRAIGHT INTO EVERY

THE Trail of the Tenderloin is over our stage.

What does this mean? It means that a trivial, pleasure-loving, somewhat hectic class of men and women, who make up so large a part of the theatrical audiences on Broadway, New York, are imposing their tastes, their standards, their vulgarity, upon the theatergoers of America.

It means more than this. It means that to-day, as a result of the dominance of New York taste over the American stage, the tyrannical dominance of a group of New York theatrical managers over the theaters of the entire country, an unprecedented wave of licentiousness in theatrical entertainment has arisen and is moving slimily out from the Tenderloin, into the real United States. Vaudeville is already inundated. Musical comedy has in the past two or three years sunk in many cases to the level of back-alley Parisian indecency, the dramatic stage itself has felt the influence and let down the gates to farces of the rankest suggestiveness. And this is because such plays "pay" (the great American test of success!), in the Tenderloin of New York City, and so acquire a reputation that piques curiosity through the country.

Public Sentiment Can Curb Stage Indecencies

Indecency "pays." Exactly! Because indecency "pays" that is reason enough to our present herd of theatrical managers for ladling it out to the public. A manager who puts indecency on the stage because it "pays" is nevertheless no better than a teacher who teaches indecency to his pupils. He is playing the prostitute with his position. Say this to a manager, however, and he will reply, with an oath, "We give the public what they want and 'll pay for, see? We got to live, ain't we?"

Let us answer at once. No, there is no sufficient reason whatever for your living. There are hardly a dozen of you in the country whose work could not be better done, vastly better done, by somebody else. There is no question but that it pays to purvey smut, and always has paid, especially when the manager knows how to purvey smut a good deal better than he knows how to produce worthy drama. If Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., prize producer of recent dramatizations of the eternally salacious, should try to mount Shakespeare, his probable failure could be better explained by public knowledge of good stage-craft than popular lack of appreciation of the bard.

The managers are, indeed, effectively and finally disposed of by a single argument. As long ago as 1872, William Winter had occasion to use that argument. "It is one thing to sell boots," he wrote, "another to deal in human sentiments and emotions. . . . The manager who aims at money to the ignoring of everything else is a disgrace to his calling and a social pest and nuisance."

In other words, when a man essays to trade not in merchandise but in one of the fine arts, he thereby assumes a whole new range of responsibilities; he becomes a leader and teacher of men. Because most of our present theatrical managers are ludicrously unfitted to teach any-

ARCHBISHOP FARLEY

In a Sermon Delivered Feb. 7, 1909, said:

"THE STAGE IS WORSE TO-DAY THAN IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF PAGANISM. WE SEE TO-DAY MEN AND WOMEN—OLD MEN AND OLD WOMEN—WHO OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER, BRINGING THE YOUNG TO THESE ORGIES OF OBSCENITY. INSTEAD OF THAT THEY SHOULD BE EXERCISING A SUPERVISION OVER THE YOUNG, AND SHOULD LOOK CAREFULLY AFTER THEIR COMPANIONSHIP."

body anything, because their ethical ideals do not reach beyond their pockets, it is to be expected that the majority of them will yield only too easily to the golden lure of indecency. The only thing that will stop indecent exhibitions on our stage is an aroused popular sentiment, that will make these exhibitions unprofitable. It is the public to whom one must appeal, the public not of the Tenderloin but of the country.

To Reform a Manager Hit Him in the Pocket

We safeguard our children by forbidding saloons within so many feet of a school. We safeguard health by forbidding expectoration in public places. We keep certain books off the shelves of our public libraries. We exclude objectionable matter from the United States mails. But we are permitting every man, woman, and child to-day who goes to a vaudeville theater—the best of vaudeville theaters—to see naked women exposed to view and almost naked women

going through the filthy motions of the most obscene of Oriental dances. We are permitting our young men in so-called "first-class" theaters to hear licentious dialogue which is not spoken to illustrate a social truth, with serious purpose, but solely to rouse laughter at sexual immorality. We are permitting these same young men to face the constant assault on their lowest passions of indecent gestures by young women on the stage, of craftily arranged nudity, and the specious glamor of foreign "fast life." And we are permitting it because we have got into the habit, in recent years, of permitting even laxer dramatic standards to prevail, giving even more and more rope to the present vulgar herd of theatrical managers, allowing the taste of the Tenderloin in New York ever more and more to dictate the character of entertainments in the American theater.

We do not need laws to stop such exhibitions. The law is notoriously a blunderer in matters of esthetics. What we need is an aroused public opinion. Once let these vaudeville exhibitions and obscene plays meet with a considerable public coldness, especially out through the country, where the bulk of theatrical revenue comes from, and they will cease soon enough. To reform a manager, hit him in the pocket. To have a decent stage, keep away from indecent shows and keep others away.

The Local Manager is only a Janitor

Let us see how it comes about that Tenderloin tastes and Tenderloin managers dominate the American stage.

First, it may be stated almost as a law, that, to find general favor through the country, a play of whatever sort must first find favor in New York City. The reason for this is simple. Save in a relatively small number of the larger cities, a traveling attraction remains in any one place but a day or two. The public is naturally shy of buying unknown wares, whether in dry goods or groceries or theatricals. Unless the play comes heralded by a New York run the public has no way of guessing whether it is good or bad. Therefore, it is the aim of every

A FURTHER EXPOSURE



THE TENDERLOIN



Illustrations by ROBERT WILDHACK

TOWN THAT HAS A THEATER, VAUDEVILLE HOUSE, OR MOVING-PICTURE SHOW

manager to get his new play on Broadway as soon as possible, and to keep it there, by giving away seats if necessary, till he has secured the precious "one hundred nights in New York." The inevitable result of this is that the theatrical taste of New York is imposed on the rest of the country, and, be our plays good or bad, grave or gay, the Trail of the Tenderloin is over them all. Unless they please Broadway, they have small chance elsewhere—except in independent Chicago.

And, because the Theatrical Syndicate and a few vaudeville "magnates" control between them nearly all the theaters in the country (save a few in the hands of the Shuberts, who maintain a partial and gratifying independence), the manager of the theater out in your town, even when he would like to refuse certain plays, or certain vaudeville acts, can not do so. He has to take whatever is sent him by Klaw and Erlanger or Keith and Proctor, or William Morris. He is nothing but a janitor. There is no such thing as local option in our theaters. There is no such thing as personal liberty. Men who want decency can not have it. The Trail of the Tenderloin is over the local managers, as much in your town as in New York.

The Blazing Lights of Broadway

This, of course, would work no evil if Broadway were representative of the country—but it isn't. Broadway, theatrically, has one great merit. Because it sees so many plays of all kinds it has, in spite of itself, achieved a standard of production, a standard of acting. Crudeness of style is often detected, whether in scenery, incident, or playing. This is the one great advantage of the centralization of American theatricals. This explains why "The Great Divide" was first appreciated on Broadway, a drama most noteworthy for its style. But Broadway is cosmopolitan, blasé, incapable of enthusiasms. The Tenderloin audiences are only in part composed of normal American men and women, acting under normal conditions. The blazing lights of Broadway are a symbol of its hectic life. A large percentage of the Tenderloin audiences are foreign born—and this is true of the vaudeville audiences in New York, as well—or of foreign extraction. They have very little sympathy with or understanding of national conditions north of the Harlem River. Two-thirds of these audiences go to the theater solely to kill time; they have made our drama the sport of listless hours. They do not care to be uplifted by tragedy, touched by poetry, stirred by ideas. Many of them have reached that point where they are incapable of understanding such sentiments, and they avoid like the plague anything which, in their comprehensive and contemptuous phrase, they describe as "high brow." And any person who has reached this point is not only unfit to impose his tastes on normal people, but he is also ripe to crave unusual excitement, the appeal of decadent drama.

It is because there is in New York so large a public ready for decadent drama that certain theatrical managers, themselves living solely in the hothouse atmosphere of the Tenderloin, are so ready and willing (and fitted) to furnish such fare. And, since the control of almost all the theaters in the country is now vested in these New York managers, since the local theater managers are but janitors, having to take willy-

nilly whatever plays are sent them, the pet obscenities of these Tenderloin producers are awarded the best bookings on the road, and the salacious acts that the rival vaudeville managers produce for sensation-glutted New York are sent promptly out into the country. Men even in New York who would like to produce something better are discouraged in their efforts, and, from self-preservation, seek to please not their own tastes but the tastes of these men to whom they must go, like slaves, to secure theaters for their plays. The Trail of the Tenderloin is over the little producers, too.

The Clean Manager and the Unclean

We have some fine and high-minded theatrical managers. Charles Frohman, though a member of the obnoxious Theatrical Syndicate, conducts his large business on a plane of dignity and decency. Most of our worthy managers, however, are either actors themselves (Mrs. Fiske, E. H. Sothern, and Henry Miller, for instance) or are men like Belasco, who know and love the theater as a means of artistic expression. Henry W. Savage, a college graduate, enjoys the artistic satisfaction of producing plays. And most often they are men not in positions of commanding power. Now, more than ever before, the powerful ones are, with a few honorable exceptions, men of low origin and mean intelligence; men utterly unblessed with ideals.

We have heard a great deal about the "unconventional" life of the actor, of how his existence behind the scenes tends to throw him almost

exclusively into a little world of his own, where the standards that bind the rest of us are relaxed and where he sometimes develops a curious morality of his own; but we have heard nothing of the "unconventional" life of the manager. As a matter of cold, indisputable fact, in America, to-day, a majority of the theatrical and vaudeville managers are less responsible to society, are less bound by the standards and conventions that hold the rest of us, than the actors are. They touch real life at fewer points—save the life of the Tenderloin; they respect its judgments less. Of low origin in the social scale, they have no social background which they respect. Generally reared in the business department of the theater, they have little acquaintance with the larger interests of the world. Uneducated, they know nothing about dramatic art in its relations to the other arts and to society, nor even about its own traditions and history. Untrained themselves, either as actors or authors, they are ludicrously incompetent to do the work they affect to do, to select plays and train players. By shrewd and often unscrupulous business methods, however, they keep the material side of the stage in their own hands, thus controlling the entire situation. In recent years they have

well-nigh stifled competition, which the history of the theater has always proved to be the life of dramatic art. Until this ring of dollar-dominated tyrants is broken, our stage can not hope for full emancipation, whatever the public may do.

These are the men who hold the whip-hand over our stage, and because they are Tenderloin products, themselves most sensitive to its taste and its lack of idealism and healthy-minded enthusiasms, they are naturally most skilful in meeting its demands, in picking the kind of plays it will

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From the New York "Times," Feb. 10, 1909.

FORESEES A STAGE CENSOR.

Mr. Burnham Would Close Five Shows
—Archbishop's Strictures Just.

Charles Burnham, manager of Wallack's Theatre and President of the Theatrical Managers' Association of New York, came out yesterday with a protest against indecent plays and suggested that it would soon be necessary to have a stage censor. "If I had my way, there are five shows in New York I would close," said Mr. Burnham.

"It is a harsh thing to say that there should be a stage censorship, but the events of the day point toward it just the same. If New York managers continue to put on the indecent shows that have drawn the crowds for the last twelve months or more we will have a stage censor. Archbishop Farley was right. There are shows running on Broadway to-day to whom no right-minded man would take his mother, his wife, or his sister. It is hard to say who is to blame.



BEYOND THE SPECTRUM



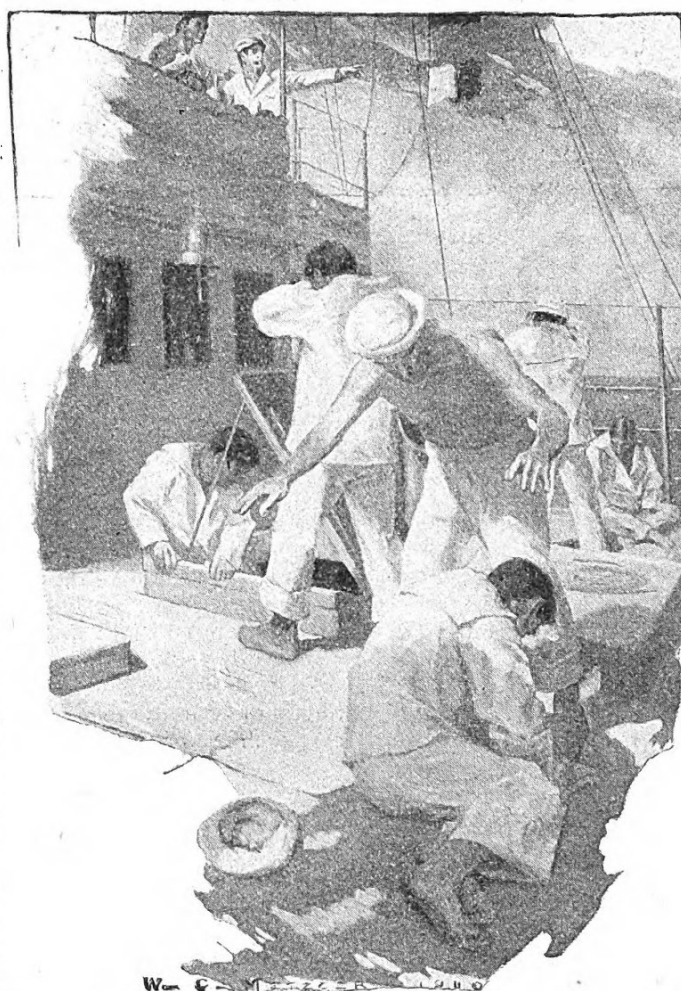
BY MORGAN ROBERTSON

Illustrations by W. C. METZGER

THE long-expected crisis was at hand, and the country was on the verge of war. Jingoism was rampant. Japanese laborers were mobbed on the western slope; Japanese students were hazed out of colleges; and Japanese children stoned away from playgrounds. Editorial pages sizzled with burning words of patriotism; pulpits thundered with invocations to the God of battles and prayers for the perishing of the way of the ungodly. School-boy companies were formed and paraded with wooden guns; amateur drum-corps beat time to the throbbing of the public pulse; militia regiments, battalions and separate companies of infantry and artillery, drilled, practised, and paraded; while the regular army was rushed to the posts and garrisons of the Pacific Coast, and the navy, in three divisions, guarded the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, and the larger ports of western America. For Japan had a million trained men, with transports to carry them, battle-ships to guard them; with the choice of objective when she was ready to strike; and she was displaying a national secrecy about her choice especially irritating to molders of public opinion and lovers of fair play. War was not yet declared by either side, though the Japanese minister at Washington had quietly sailed for Europe on private business, and the American minister at Tokio, with several consuls and clerks scattered around the ports of Japan, had left their jobs hurriedly, for reasons connected with their general health. This was the situation when the cabled news from Manila told of the staggering into port of the scout cruiser "Salem" with a steward in command, a stoker at the wheel, the engines in charge of firemen, and the captain, watch-officers, engineers, seamen gunners, and the whole fighting force of the ship stricken with a form of partial blindness which in some cases promised to become total.

The cruiser was temporarily out of commission and her stricken men in the hospital; but by the time the specialists had diagnosed the trouble as amblyopia, from some sudden shock to the optic nerve—followed in cases by complete atrophy, resulting in amaurosis—another ship came into Honolulu in the same predicament. Like the other craft four thousand miles away, her deck force had been stricken suddenly and at night. Still another, a battleship, followed into Honolulu, with fully five hundred more or less blind men groping around her decks; and the admiral on the station called in all the outriders by wireless. They came as they could, some hitting sand-bars or shoals on the way, and every one crippled and helpless to fight. The diagnosis was the same—amblyopia, atrophy of the nerve, and incipient amaurosis; which in plain language meant dimness of vision increasing to blindness.

Then came more news from Manila. Ship after ship came in, or was towed in, with fighting force sightless, and the work being done by the "black gang" or the idlers, and each with the same report—the gradual dimming of lights and outlines as the night went on, resulting in partial or total blindness by sunrise. And now it was remarked that those who escaped were the lower-deck workers, those whose duties kept them off the upper deck and away from gun-ports and deadlights. It was also suggested



"Her deck force had been stricken suddenly and at night"

that the cause was some deadly attribute of the night air in these tropical regions, to which the Americans succumbed; for, so far, the coast division had escaped.

In spite of the efforts of the Government, the Associated Press got the facts, and the newspapers of the country changed the burden of their pronouncements. Bombastic utterances gave way to bitter criticism of an inefficient naval policy that left the ships short of fighters in a crisis. The merging of the line and the staff, which had excited much ridicule when inaugurated; now received more intelligent attention. Former critics of the change not only condoned it, but even demanded the wholesale granting of commissions to skippers and mates of the merchant service; and insisted that surgeons, engineers, paymasters, and chaplains, provided they could still see to box the compass, should be given command of the torpedo craft and smaller scouts. All of which made young Surgeon Metcalf, on waiting orders at San Francisco, smile sweetly and darkly to himself: for his last appointment had been the command of a hospital ship, in which position, though a seaman, navigator, and graduate of Annapolis, he had been made the subject of newspaper ridicule and official controversy, and had even been caricatured as going into battle in a ship armored with court-plaster and armed with hypodermic syringes.

Metcalf had resigned as ensign to take up the study and practise of medicine, but at the beginning of the war scare had returned to his first love, relinquishing a lucrative practise as eye-specialist to tender his services to the Government. And the Government had responded by

ranking him with his class as junior lieutenant, and giving him the afore-said command, which he was glad to be released from. But his classmates and brother officers had not responded so promptly with their welcome, and Metcalf found himself combating a naval etiquette that was nearly as intolerant of him as of other appointees from civil life. It embittered him a little, but he pulled through; for he was a likeable young fellow, with a cheery face and pleasant voice, and even the most hide-bound product of Annapolis could not long resist his personality. So he was not entirely barred out of official gossip and speculations, and soon had an opportunity to question some convalescents sent home from Honolulu. All told the same story and described the same symptoms, but one added an extra one. An itching and burning of the face had accompanied the attack, such as is produced by sunburn.

"And where were you that night when it came?" asked Metcalf, eagerly.

"On the bridge with the captain and watch officers. It was all hands that night. We had made out a curious light to the north'ard, and were trying to find out what it was."

"What kind of a light?"

"Well, it was rather faint, and seemed to be about a mile away. Sometimes it looked red, then green, or yellow, or blue."

"And then it disappeared?"

"Yes, and though we steamed toward it with all the search-lights at work, we never found where it came from."

"What form did it take—a beam, or a glow?"

"It was n't a glow—radiation—and it did n't seem to be a beam. It was an occasional flash, and in this sense was like a radiation—that is, like the spokes of a wheel, each spoke with its own color. But that was at the beginning. In three hours none of us could have distinguished colors."

Metcalf soon had an opportunity to question others. The first batch of invalid officers arrived from Manila, and these, on being pressed, admitted that they had seen colored lights at the beginning of the night. These, Metcalf remarked, were watch-officers, whose business was to look for strange lights and investigate them. But one of them added this factor to the problem.

"And it was curious about Brainard, the most useless and utterly incompetent man ever graduated. He was so near-sighted that he could n't see the end of his nose without glasses; but it was he that took the ship in, with the rest of us eating with our fingers and asking our way to the sick-bay."

"And Brainard wore his glasses that night?" asked Metcalf.

"Yes; he could n't see without them. It reminds me of Nydia, the blind girl who piloted a bunch out of Pompeii because she was used to the darkness. Still, Brainard is hardly a parallel."

"Were his glasses the ordinary kind, or pebbles?"

"Don't know. Which are the cheapest? That's the kind."

"The ordinary kind."

"Well, he had the ordinary kind—like him-

self. And he'll get special promotion. Oh, Lord! He'll be jumped up a dozen numbers."

"Well," said Metcalf, mysteriously, "perhaps not. Just wait."

Metcalf kept his counsel, and in two weeks there came Japan's declaration of war in a short curt note to the Powers at Washington. Next day the papers burned with news, cabled via St. Petersburg and London, of the sailing of the Japanese fleet from its home station, but for where was not given—in all probability either the Philippines or the Hawaiian Islands. But when, next day, a torpedo-boat came into San Francisco in command of the cook, with his mess-boy at the wheel, conservatism went to the dogs, and bounties were offered for enlistment at the various navy-yards, while commissions were made out as fast as they could be signed, and given to any applicant who could even pretend to a knowledge of yachts. And Surgeon George Metcalf, with the rank of junior lieutenant, was ordered to the torpedo-boat above mentioned, and with him as executive officer a young graduate of the academy, Ensign Smith, who with the enthusiasm and courage of youth combined the mediocrity of inexperience and the full share of the service prejudice against civilians.

This prejudice remained in full force, unmodified by the desperate situation of the country; and the unstricken younger officers filling subordinate positions on the big craft, while congratulating him, openly denied his moral right to a command that others had earned a better right to by remaining in the service; and the old jokes, jibes, and satirical references to syringes and sticking-plaster whirled about his head as he went to and fro, fitting out his boat and laying in supplies. And when they learned—from young Mr. Smith—that among these supplies was a large assortment of plain-glass spectacles, of no magnifying power whatever, the ridicule was unanimous and heartfelt; even the newspapers taking up the case from the old standpoint and admitting that the line ought to be drawn at lunatics and foolish people. But Lieutenant Metcalf smiled and went quietly ahead, asking for and receiving orders to scout.

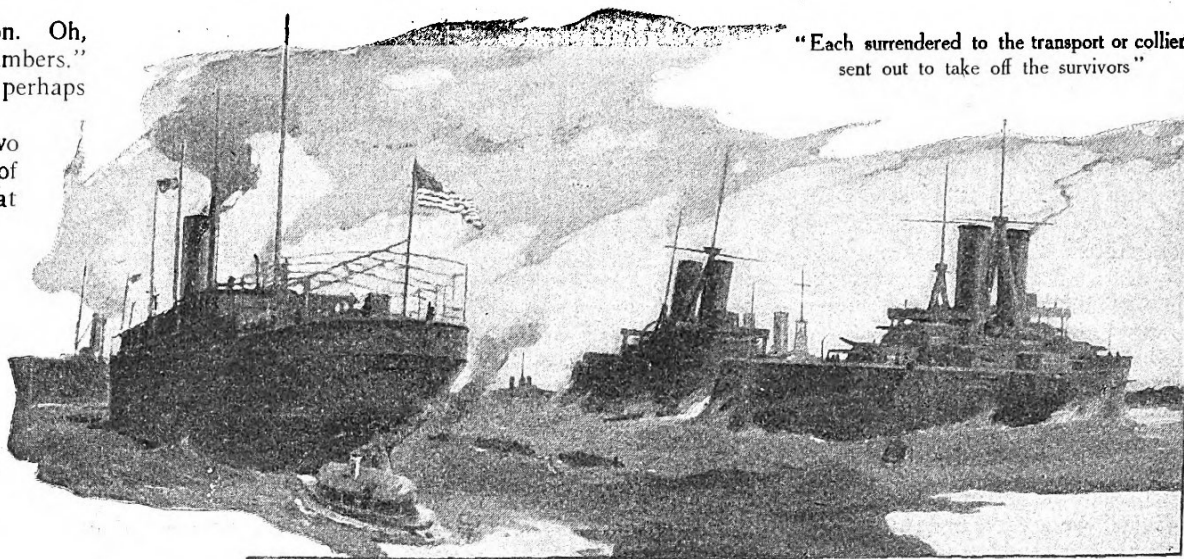
He received them the more readily, as all the scouts in the squadron, including the torpedo-flotilla and two battle-ships, had come in with blinded crews. Their stories were the same—they had all seen the mysterious colored lights,

had gone blind, and a few had felt the itching and tingling of sunburn. And the admiral gleaned one crew of whole men from the fleet, and with it manned his best ship, the "Delaware."

Metcalf went to sea, and was no sooner outside the Golden Gate than he opened his case of spectacles, and scandalized all hands, even his executive officer, by stern and explicit orders to wear them night and day, putting on a pair himself as an example.

A few of the men attested good eyesight; but this made no difference, he explained. They were to wear them or take the consequences, and as the first man to take the consequences was Mr. Smith, whom he sent to his room for twenty-four hours for appearing on deck without them five minutes afterward, the men concluded that he was in earnest and obeyed the order, though with smiles and silent ridicule. Another explicit command they received more readily: to watch out for curious looking craft, and for small objects such as floating casks, cap-sized tubs or boats, et cetera. And this brought results the day after the penitent Smith was released. They sighted a craft without spars steaming along on the horizon and ran down to her. She was a sealer, the skipper explained, when hailed, homeward bound under the auxiliary. She had been on fire, but the cause of the fire was a mystery. A few days before a strange-looking vessel had passed them, a mile away. She was a whaleback sort of a hull, with sloping ends, without spars or funnels, only a slim pole amidships, and near its base a projec-

"Each surrendered to the transport or collier sent out to take off the survivors"



tion that looked like a liner's crow's-nest. While they watched, their foremast burst into flames, and while they were rigging their hose the mainmast caught fire. Before this latter was well under way they noticed a round hole burnt deeply into the mast, of about four inches diameter. Next, the topsides caught fire, and they had barely saved their craft, letting their masts burn to do so.

"Was it a bright, sunshiny day?" asked Metcalf.

"Sure. Four days ago. He was heading about sou'west, and going slow."

"Anything happen to your eyesight?"

"Say—yes. One of my men's gone stone blind. Thinks he must have looked squarely at the sun when he thought he was looking at the fire up aloft."

"It was n't the sun. Keep him in utter darkness for a week at least. He'll get well. What was your position when you met that fellow?"

"About six hundred miles due nor'west from here."

"All right. Look out for Japanese craft. War is declared."

Metcalf plotted a new course, designed to intercept that of the mysterious craft, and went on, so elated by the news he had heard that he took his gossip young executive into his confidence.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "that sealer described one of the new seagoing submersibles of the Japanese, did he not?"

"Yes, sir, I think he did—a larger submarine, without any conning-tower and the old-fashioned periscope. They have seven thousand miles' cruising radius, enough to cross the Pacific."

By asking questions of various craft, and by diligent use of a telescope, Metcalf found his quarry three days later—a log-like object on the horizon, with the slim white pole amidships and the excrescence near its base.

"Wait till I get his bearing by compass," said Metcalf to his chief officer, "then we'll smoke up our specs and run down on him. Signal him by the International Code to put out his light, and to heave to, or we'll sink him."

Mr. Smith bowed to his superior, found the numbers of these commands in the code book, and with a string of small flags at the signal-yard, and every man aboard viewing the world darkly through a smoky film, the torpedo-boat approached the stranger at thirty knots. But there was no blinding glare of light in their eyes, and when they were within a hundred yards of the submersible, Metcalf removed his glasses for a moment's distinct vision. Head and shoulders out of a hatch near the tube was a man waving a white handkerchief. He rang the stopping bells.

"He surrenders, Mr. Smith," he said joyously, "and without firing a torpedo!"

He examined the man through the telescope and laughed.

[Continued on page 258]



"They mustered eighteen in all"

Concluding Article of the Series, "The Break-up of the Parties"



AFTER 1912 ?



BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

IF you think you would be interested in a comprehensive and illuminating survey of the political situation in this country to-day take down your histories and turn back to the situation in 1852, for the one does but reproduce the other.

Among the perennial curiosities of what we are pleased to call the human intellect is the idea that in some method of genteel and lady-like compromise a nation can deal with a great, burning, primal, fundamental issue of human right and human life.

They Dodged the Real Issue before the Civil War

This fantastic belief bogged eminent statesmanship in the year of grace 1852, exactly as it obsessed similarly mighty minds in 1908.

In 1852 the issue that men desired by means of gelatinous legislation and cuttle-fish devices to avoid was the slavery issue.

Anything but that, said the wise men, as they ducked, dodged, side-stepped, twisted, twirled, and wriggled; anything in the world rather than a frank admission of facts as they were, issues as conditions framed them, and frank declarations for the side of mammon on the side of man.

So the great Democratic Party and the great Whig Party, preparing to elect a President in 1852, made haste first to truckle each to the Interests, that its own financial salvation might be secure, and then to befog the situation with enough other matters that the eyes of the public might be turned away from the irrepressible conflict.

Now there was every reason why men capable of reason and reflection should do nothing of this kind.

In the first place it was perfectly evident that the conflict could not long be averted; that the two opposing forces of freedom and slavery were like two express trains launched at each other from opposite ends of a single track, that however much men might pretend to discuss the tariff or currency or territorial extension the only one thing they thought about was slavery.

It was high time that they thought about it, because under the supreme domination of the slave-owning Interests the essentials of a republic had disappeared.

The Slave Power had seized the Government and every branch thereof, and with that tremendous engine had established a form of tyranny intolerable in any country dedicated to free institutions.

Unwillingness to Read the Signs of the Times

Before this power the right of free speech had practically been abolished and the contention was freely made and even judicially sustained that there was no such right if the exercise of it interfered in any way with the sanctity of existing conditions. As for justice, those few that in the face of this essential despotism continued to protest had ceased to expect any measure of justice or of legal protection. They knew that any case was likely to be decided not on its merits but according to its relations to the slave-owning Interests just as they knew that no man could be elected to office or win any advancement or be respectable in society unless he did obeisance to the same power.

IN THIS article Mr. Russell looks back and ahead. He finds an almost complete analogy between the election years of 1852 and 1908, with, on the one hand, an unmistakable popular interest in a vital national problem, and, on the other hand, an attempt on the part of the political "leaders" to evade the real issue and patch up the national unrest by compromising and dosing the symptoms. "Nothing was settled in the election of 1908 but the name of the next President," President Woodrow Wilson has said. To which Mr. Russell adds, "Right! But something else will be settled in the election of 1912." It seems to the Editors of SUCCESS MAGAZINE that Mr. Russell has written nothing more direct, forcible, and lucid than this attempt to clarify the complicated situation which has resulted from our blundering and unequal methods of distributing the nation's wealth.

In furtherance of the pleasant game of evading an issue about these actual conditions, the preceding Congress had made large and historic experiment with the school of political therapeutics that consists in dosing the symptoms.

That is to say, in 1852 the generality of public men were like the generality of public men in 1908, and being wholly unwilling to read the signs of the times thought they could provide nicely for the slavery question by regulating slavery or restricting it, or telling it to be good or gently reproving its excesses while upholding its fundamental principles. To this end Congress had passed a series of laws long famous as the Compromise Measures of 1850, and closely analogous to the Railroad Rate and Meat Inspection Bills of our own experience. The Compromise Measures thoughtfully provided a

nice sop for each side. There was a nice Fugitive-Slave Law for the South and a nice Territorial Restriction Law for the North, and what more could any one ask? All statesmen were agreed that with

such wholly admirable legislation the slavery issue ought to be settled to everybody's satisfaction; whereupon Society, frowning again upon the abolitionists, sternly bade them to be still.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee in 1852

Meanwhile the national campaign came on and the two parties entered upon a contest to see which could crawl the farthest and bow the lowest before the Slave Power.

The Whigs said in their platform (Plank Eight):

The series of acts of the Thirty-first Congress, known as the Compromise Measures of 1850—the act known as the Fugitive-Slave Law, included—are received and acquiesced in by the Whig party of the United States as a settlement in principle and substance, of the dangerous and exciting questions which they embrace . . . and we deprecate all further agitation of the questions thus settled, as dangerous to our peace and will discountenance all efforts to continue or renew such agitation, whenever, wherever, and however the attempt may be made.

The Democrats said in their platform:

All efforts of the Abolitionists and others, made to induce Congress to interfere with questions of slavery, or take incipient steps in relation thereto, are calculated to lead to the most alarming and dangerous consequences . . . and ought not to be countenanced . . . The Democratic party will resist all attempts at renewing the agitation of the slavery question, under whatever shape or color the attempt may be made.

You might think the force of sycophancy

could go no further. The remainder of each platform was taken up with discussions of matters deemed proper to be discussed by the populace: the tariff, fisheries, the boundaries of Herzegovina, and the color of the great Cham's beard.

On these questions of vivid interest the issue was joined betwixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee. About other things it was thought wise that there should be no discussion.

It was a great popular favorite that the Whigs mounted upon their invertebrate platform: General Winfield Scott, conqueror of Mexico, no less. Against him, the Democrats named Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, whom nobody except the Interests wanted and next to nobody knew. The Interests knew why they wanted him. They always know that.

The Patient Public Always Chooses the Lesser Evil

Being thus confronted with a choice between two agencies both possessed by the Interests, the people did as in such conditions they can always be trusted to do: they chose the agency that presented the fairest appearance and emitted the least odor of putrefaction. The Whigs were smitten hip and thigh: the popular favorite carried only four States: Massachusetts, Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee; and in the electoral college, of the 296 votes, Pierce had 254 to Scott's forty-two.

The rout was as complete as the rout of the Democrats in 1908. But kindly take note that in 1852, also, there were two kinds of Whigs—Conscience Whigs, who believed in their hearts that slavery was wrong and must in some way be extirpated, and Cotton Whigs, who supported and defended slavery because they made money out of it.

When the Conscience Whigs were in control of the party the Cotton Whigs bolted it, and when the Cotton Whigs were in control the Conscience Whigs bolted it. Is not that an astounding parallel? In truth the party was dead. Most frantic efforts were made to devise a basis of compromise between the factions so as to produce "harmony and united action." It would have been just as easily possible to compromise day and night. A party is either one thing or the other: it either serves the Interests or it fights them.

And yet, all this time and every hour of it, the very men that tried to think they were interested in this, that, or the other alien topic propounded by their parties, knew perfectly well that all these were but withered funeral leaves upon a forgotten tomb, and always they could see rising and rising the awful front of

the one conflict before which the country would be separated into new factions.

The Curious Analogy Between 1852 and 1908

No doubt most men knew this because most men habitually know in their hearts long before they will confess with their lips; they knew it while they shouted and sang and marched and cheered for the alien topics about which no one

"YOU should not overlook one fact, good prophet of the established order, when you estimate the coming day. Fundamentally these are a moral people, and the moral principle in them will triumph in every crisis."

"THE rise of the corporation issue seems no further off now than the rise of the slavery issue seemed in 1852. Then the agitators seemed silenced, as they seem silenced now; the Interests triumphant, the people acquiescent, the permanence of everything amply assured."

"AND underneath always the moral sense of the people goes on working, working; and unseen evolution goes on mining, mining; and presently the moth-eaten citadels collapse and the new issues rise."

ever gave a thought, and they knew it no less when with joyous fervor they celebrated the emptiest of victories. So long as they could be, they were of a mind to escape or to postpone the edge of that conflict; and yet each of them having the least power to think knew the time was at hand when there should be no more evading, no more pretending, no more distorting; that the men that believe in human liberty must go forth and grapple with the men that believe in human slavery until this thing should be settled.

Of all this the newspapers and speeches and letters of the time have that kind of interlinear testimony that is most convincing because it is most involuntary. Men were ready to subscribe to a platform of remote and intangible dogma and to support with ostentatious fervor a candidate that meant nothing except his own success: their faith on the slavery question they kept for their closets or flaming hot in their hearts—until the moment came that brushed aside all the superficialities and other matters and left this one thing burning clear.

Abundant evidence exists that the campaign of 1852 sounded in attentive ears a note almost as hollow and perfunctory as the campaign of 1908 sounded to us. Observers generally thought it was a strangely dull contest; no one seemed to care. Personal popularity failed to breathe life into dead issues. To superficial thinkers the old-time Democratic Party never seemed so strong and lusty as after the great victory of 1852, and nothing was clearer than

that into its hands forever had been entrusted the affairs of the nation.

Parties Die First at the Heart

And yet all the time the organization that to men's eyes sat thus alert and holding the scepter was but dead within. Parties die first at the heart; after that theirs are but simulated motions, albeit made in the very manner of life. While the hymnals of victory were still resounding the force was rising that was destined to hurl the victors from power and the vote by which Franklin Pierce was elected President was of no real significance compared with the despised handful of conscience votes cast for John P. Hale, Free-soiler; for these presaged the marching of the Republican hosts that were to trample all the dead issues in the mire.

Nothing in the present political situation in this country was lacking in 1852.

What the issue of Privilege is to existing conditions the issue of slavery was to the conditions of 1852.

Impartial examination of the story of 1852 reveals the usual number of adult persons trying to extinguish a conflagration by sprinkling it with smelling-salts.

Hence, mild, unctuous measures like the Compromise Acts and the Kansas-Nebraska Bill; and hence an incredible superfluity of speeches in which windy gentlemen deplored an extreme view on either side, and tried to show how fire and water were akin and black and white of one color.

This was grand work, and with it one generation busied itself. To read now the utterances of that day gives one valuable instruction in the human capacity for self-deception and also in the lack of human invention, since what men said then about reconciling the irreconcilable they parrot now with no less assiduity in spite of all the lessons of the years. Indeed, Mr. Facing-both-ways has ever a huge progeny, but glory be, evolution cares naught for them all. To the judicially observant these things were but mirth. While with sage words and brows severe a hundred thousand leaders of public opinion and molders of public thought reproved the abolitionists, and showed how well a free North and a slave-holding South could agree, hour by hour the conflict deepened and day and night men might have heard the forging of the guns of Appomattox.

The Eternal Struggle for Freedom Wears Over Well-trodden Ground

Truth it is that man shows but little variety in his methods and the eternal struggle for freedom wears over much well-trodden ground. In 1852, as in 1908, the people saw the Interests in control not merely of their government, their press, and their institutions of learning, but also, to a great extent, of their courts and of the administration of justice. An examination of the Federal judges on the bench in 1852 showed that very few of them owed their appointment to any influence but that of the Slave Power.

[Continued on page 263]

WRITING A SPEECH FOR PETER

BY J. J. BELL

Illustrations by ARTHUR LITTLE



THE lamplight showed the beads of perspiration on the lined and weather-beaten brow of Mr. McBean as he bent over the kitchen table whereon lay several sheets of ruled foolscap. One of the sheets was partly covered with very large writing in pencil. Here and there were blurred patches, where the writer had sought to delete a word by the simple process of rubbing it hard with a moistened forefinger; in more than one instance not only the words but also the paper had disappeared.

Mr. McBean groaned, wrote a word laboriously, stared at it, and groaned again.

"Marget," he said suddenly, without looking at his wife who, while pretending to knit at the fireside, was really watching her man with stealthy but keen interest; "Marget, hoo dae ye spell unspeakable? Is't—ible or—able?"

"—able," said Mrs. McBean, promptly; then, doubtfully, "or else it's—ible. What is't ye're wantin' to say, Peter?"

"I'm sayin' that it gies us a' the maist unspeakable pleasure an' satisfaction to present him wi' sich a bewtiful an' gorgeous bookcase, an' that I'm sure it gies him the maist unspeakable pleasure an' satisfaction to get it."

"Say it again, Peter."

Mr. McBean did as requested.

"If I was you," remarked the old woman, "I wud leave oot the bit aboot the meenister's satisfaction."

Mr. McBean threw down his pencil.

"Is't you or me that's to mak' the presentation?" he demanded crossly.

"Of course it's you, Peter," she replied soothingly.

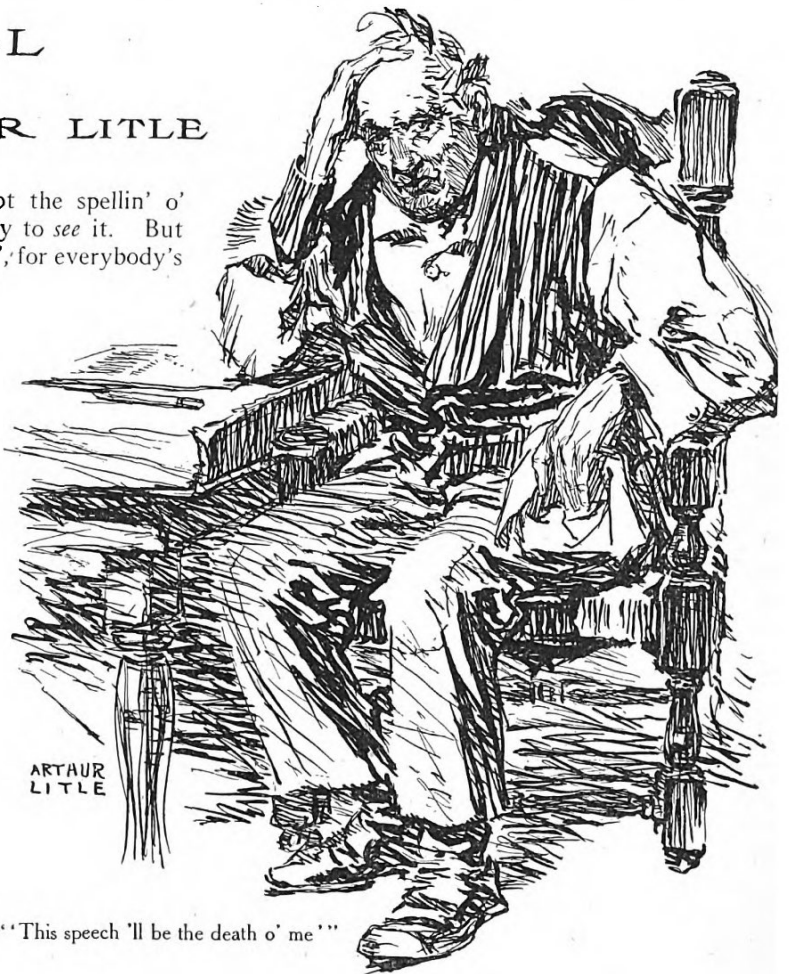
"Weel," he said, his irritation giving place to sheer dejection, "I wish it was somebody else. This speech 'll be the death o' me. Is't—able or ible?"

"Dinna fash yersel' aboot the spellin' o' yer speech—naebody's likely to see it. But pey attention to the meanin', for everybody's boun' to bear it."

Again Mr. McBean groaned. Poor man, he had been highly flattered and gratified when first the village chose him to make the presentation to the minister, on the occasion of the latter's semi-jubilee; but as the important date drew nearer and nearer his self-confidence had steadily waned, and now misery and anxiety claimed him for their own. The prospect of standing up, in the church hall, before all his neighbors, not to mention the minister himself, utterly appalled him. For a week he had struggled with the composition of a suitable speech, and had used up at least a shilling's worth of paper and a whole pencil. He now realized that he was no further on than at the start, while the fateful evening was barely forty-eight hours distant.

"Wud ye no' tak' a bit rest, Peter?" said his wife, striving bravely to conceal her own misery and anxiety. "Ye'll hurt yer brain, if—"

"Rest!" he cried bitterly. "Hoo can I rest when the event is boomin' sae near?" (Possibly he meant "looming.") "An' as for ma brain, it's no' that feeble, though it kens mair aboot gardens nor speeches."



"This speech 'll be the death o' me"

"I did na' say it was feeble. But ye're pittin' an awfu' strain on it, an' I'm feart ye—"

"Aweel," he said in a dreary yet determined voice, "the speech has got to be made, even supposin' ma brain explodes on the spot."

"Oh, whisht, man, whisht! Ye gie me a grue, speakin' like that. Read me what ye've wrote, an' then leave it till the morn."

After some pressing the old man read, in a mumbling fashion, the lines which had cost so much mental pain.

"Ladies an' gentlemen an' frien's," he began.

"Wud ye no' jist ca' them a' frien's?" his wife mildly suggested.

"That wud be ower fameeliar. The gentry wudna like it, though they're few."

"Weel, jist say 'ladies an' gentlemen.'"

"Tits, wife! D'ye want the neighbors to think I'm makin' a mock o' them?"

"Weel, weel; ha'e it yer ain wey, Peter."

"Ye dinna need to get huffy, Marget."

"I'm no' huffy. But I dinna want ye to say the wrang thing."

"That's the reason I'm sayin' 'ladies an' gentlemen an' frien's.' It includes everybody."

"Excep' yer enemies," she said, in a poor attempt to be jocular.

"My! but ye're pernicky! Is't you or me that's to mak' the presentation?"

Mrs. McBean swallowed her natural desire for the last word, sighed, and requested her man to proceed. About five minutes later he did so.

"Ladies an' gentlemen an' frien's, it gives me great pleasure an' satisfaction to behold ye a' gathered together on this important occasion." (This was a quotation from a speech to which Mr. McBean had listened some years previously. He now wished he had listened more attentively.) "As each o' ye has had the plesure an' satisfaction o' subscribin' for this bewtiful an' gorgeous bookcase for oor honored an' beloved meenister's simmy-jubilee, ye are a' aware o' the reason for this getherin' an' presentation. Ye are dootless surpised an' astonished to behold sich a bewtiful an' gorgeous bookcase for yer money; an' I've got to explain that, if it hadna been for Maister Drummond gi'ein' five pounds—five pound!—the bookcase wud ha'e been a lot inferior. Ye a' ken—"

"D'ye think ye should speak about the five pound frae Maister Drummond, Peter?" put in Mrs. McBean.

"What wey should I no' speak aboot it?" he asked, with some asperity.

Mrs. McBean found it impossible to express her objections, and presently begged him to continue.

"Ye a' ken," he resumed, "hoo weel aff we are wi' oor honored an' beloved meenister, the Reverend Maister Shelbrook, which has labored amongst us for exactly five-an-twinty year. He cam' to us a young man, wi' sma' experience, but noo he's aulder an' wiser. We're rale prood o' him an' his honored and beloved wife an' faymily. He preferred a bookcase to a silly teapot, et cetera, his wife's uncle havin' providet the same, accordin' to his last will an' testament. An' so, ladies an' gentlemen an' frien's, I arise for to say that it gives us a' the maist unspeakable plesure an' satisfaction to present him wi' sich a bewtiful an' gorgeous bookcase, an' I'm sure it gi'es him the maist unspeakable pleasure an' satisfaction to get it."

Mr. McBean paused and drew a long breath.

"That's a' I've got wrote," he said, and eyed his spouse as if waiting for her opinion.

It was slow in coming. Mrs. McBean felt that all was not right with the speech, yet for the life of her she could not have stated definitely what was wrong.

"Ha'e ye set yer heart on speakin' aboot the meenister's satisfaction?" she ventured timidly at last. "Wud it no' be best to let him speak for himsel' aboot that, Peter?"

"What's wrang wi' me speakin' about it? Is't no' the truth?"

"Ou, ay, I suppose it's the truth, but—"

"Oh, anything to please ye. I'll score it oot! Is there anything else that's wrang?"

"Na, na. But I was wonderin' if he wud like ye tellin' everybody aboot the uncle an' the siller teapot. Ye see—"

"Anything else?" cried Mr. McBean, in a voice that seemed to burst from his chest.

"Na, na, Peter. Yer speech is rale fine—"

"That's no' the speech; it's merely the introductionary remarks."

Mrs. McBean gasped, and recovered herself.

"Weel, it's rale fine, whatever it is. But—"

but d'ye think ye need speak aboot the meenister bein' aulder an' wiser nor when he cam' first to the Kirk? Mind ye, I'm no' sayin' there's onything wrang—Oh, Peter!"

The exclamation was full of dismay caused by the sight of the old man crumpling up the paper and flinging it into the fire.

"Oh, Peter!"

"I hope ye're pleased noo!" he said, half

resentful, half ashamed. "Ye'll maybe explain

at the meetin' on Friday that ye didna con-

seeder ma speech fit to be spoke. I wash ma

han's o' the business. They can get some ither

body to mak' the presentation. I'm gaun to

ma bed."

"Oh, Peter!" she sighed.

But he refused to return to the subject.

Mr. McBean slept badly that night; Mrs.

McBean slept not at all. Frequently he mut-

tered in his sleep, and she caught such phrases

as "honored and beloved," "unspeakable ples-

ure an' satisfaction," "gorgeous bookcase."

The old woman was distressed and sore afraid.

She knew that her man would never seek the

assistance of his neighbors—not that she desired

him to do so, for she had some pride of her own;

but she dreaded, for his sake any blundering or

break-down on the great occasion, and still

more, far more, she dreaded the effect of the

strain on his mind. It seemed to her that he

was a different man from what he had been a

week ago; his old buoyancy and heartiness had

departed from him, and his appetite had de-

creased alarmingly. So she lay with aching

thoughts, feeling very wretched and helpless.

In the dawn Peter arose and, deeming her to

be still asleep, dressed himself in silence. Pres-

ently he procured paper and pencil and seated

himself at the kitchen table. Now and then a

half-stifled groan escaped him.

Later he came to the bedside, looking humble

and hopeless.

"It's ower big a job for me," he said despair-

ingly. "It bates me completely. Can ye no'

help me, wife?"

"Oh, Peter, I could never mak' a speech."

"Try," he implored. "I dinna want to

affront ye on Friday, Marget. I dinna want to

affront masel'—nor yet the meenister. Try,

wumman, try! Though I

was angry last nicht. I

seen that ye kent mair

about it than me. Try!"

She shook her head.



"She placed it on the fire"

"But try," he persisted. "Ye've a' the day, when I'm at ma wark, to be tryin'; an' at nicht we'll try again together."

She shook her head again, but this time, without looking at him, she murmured:

"Weel, I'll try, Peter."

* * * * *

When tea was over that night and the dishes

washed Mrs. McBean brought out several sheets of foolscap. Mr. McBean read them over with a

critical air while she regarded him uneasily.

"It's no' bad," he observed at last. "I

didna think ye was that clever, wife. I think

I'll maybe be able to pit this into shape. The

chief fau't is that ye dinna say enough aboot the

meenister. I'll need to butter him up a bit."

"Oh, but, Peter," she said nervously, "d'ye

think he wud like that? He's an awfu' mod-

est man, ye ken. Ye wudna like to be buttered

up yersel' afore a' the congregation."

"That's true; but it's the correct thing to

butter up meenisters at social gatherin's. Still,

the speech ye've made, Marget, is no' sae bad,

an' I'll mak' the best I can o' it."

Once more Mr. McBean fell to with his pencil.

He soon found, however, that he could make

little improvement on the original manuscript,

and finally contented himself with copying it

out and spelling a few of the words differently.

That night he slept soundly, but his wife was

restless, and the following day she complained

of her old enemy rheumatism. Mr. McBean had

to go to the presentation gathering alone.

He returned swelling with importance, glow-

ing with satisfaction.

"Weel, Peter, hoo did ye get on?" Marget

asked unsteadily.

"Splendid, jist splendid! I was receivin'

compliments for the rest o' the evenin'. Maister

Drummond—him that gi'ed the five pound—

said it was the neatest speech ever he heard."

"Did the meenister seem pleased?"

"Deed, ay! An' nae wonder! The applause

was tremendous, as they say in the papers."

Mrs. McBean gave a sigh of relief.

"An'," continued her husband, jauntily, "I've

been requested to deliver a speech at the Odd-

fellows' getherin' next month—"

"Oh!—Oh!"

"What's ado'?"

"Oh, Peter, promise ye'll never, never mak'

anither speech."

"Hoots, wife! It's the first plunge that's

the warst. I've confidence in masel' noo. I

could face ony audience in the world," he said

airily.

Then he saw that she was very serious. But

even then he would not give the promise desired.

If folk enjoyed his speech-making, why should

he refuse to pleasure them?

In the morning, however, his enthusiasm,

happily for the old woman's sake, had cooled

considerably.

"Efter a'," he remarked casually, at break-

fast, "I think I'll gi'e up the speechifying,

Marget. I—I'll rest on ma laurels, as the

sayin' is."

She could scarce speak for thankfulness, but

she managed to say:

"Is that a promise, Peter? Ye see, I—I'm

geetin' ower auld for the—the excitement."

"Havers!" he said laughing. "But it's a

promise a' the same."

After he had gone to his work she sat awhile

by the hearth—an unusual proceeding for her

in the daytime. But the reaction had been a

severe one.

Rousing herself at last she rose, and from a

drawer, which she unlocked, took a folded

paper. She opened it and glanced over the

lines of small, clear writing. Then she placed it

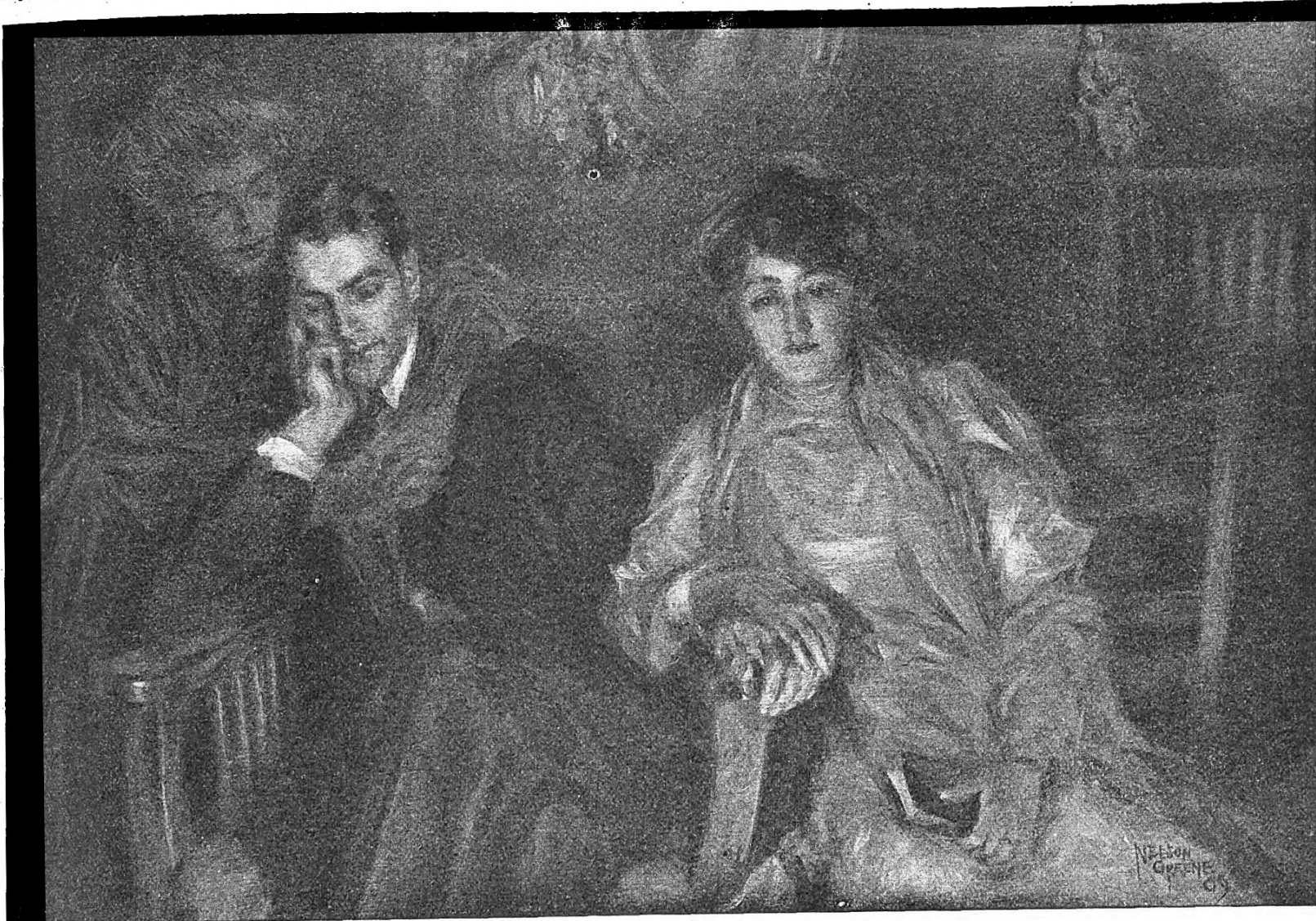
on the fire and watched it being consumed.

"Oh," she sighed, "he's a kind man, the

meenister; but though it was to save ma life, I

could never ask him to write anither speech for

Peter."



"There is always the sad shadow of the dead wife hovering in the background"

I HAD declared from childhood that I would never marry a widower. The position of a second wife did not appeal to me. I, with the rest of the world, had heard many jesting remarks about the tendency of the man bereaved of one wife to fill her place by a second as soon as decency would permit—sometimes sooner. In fact, I had on hand, as a girl, a fair assortment of what my friends termed "widower stories" and conundrums.

And then I married a widower, and he a widower with one child! And, believe it or not as you like, I accepted him because I loved him.

I have never doubted this fact since I confessed as much to him when he asked me to be his wife. His first wife had been one of my schoolmates, a sweet little creature of whom I was fond. She married a man whom I knew then but slightly. When her only child was five years old, she died. My heart ached for the desolate husband and his motherless little daughter. I wrote to him telling him as much, adding that, although I knew he shrank from meeting strangers, the family of his wife's school chum were sympathetic friends, and that my parents and I would always be glad to welcome him to our home.

Married a Widower Because She Loved Him

I suppose I will not be acquitted of scheming to bring this man across my pathway. But I was innocent of any thought save that of sincere pity for him in his grief, and of a desire to cheer him. I know that my best friends would, if they dared, remind me that pity is akin to love, or, as one of my cousins liked to put it, "aching to love." This same cousin used to remind us girls laughingly of the widower who

THE FRANK THOUGHTS OF A SECOND WIFE

put on his wife's tombstone the inscription—"The light of my life has gone out," below which a rascally boy wrote, after the second marriage, "But I have struck another match." In spite of all these things which I might have remembered at the time of my engagement, they did not enter my mind. It is hard to see ourselves in the amusing light in which our disinterested friends view us. Our own love affairs are romantic, those of others, ridiculous.

Mine was a love affair. Perhaps it did spring at first from pity. I did not stop to analyze the feeling. I only know that the widower of my friend came often to our house, and that his dear little girl was frequently with him. Her appealing eyes, the touch of her hand on mine, her motherless condition and her black frock grappled my heart to hers.

At first the father and I talked only of the child's mother and of her many virtues. As weeks and months went by we got to conversing of ourselves and of matters in which we were both interested. At last, when the man asked me to make him and his little daughter happy by giving my life up to them, I consented without a backward or regretful thought.

The fact that our friends and neighbors may have made critical remarks with regard to the "second summer" through which this widower had just been pulled (we were married in September—two years and one month after Mary's death) did not occur to me before my wedding. With all the fatuousness of one in love I felt that our case was different from that of any

other couple. And it was not until we had been married for several weeks that the truth dawned upon me that I, the scoffer, the jester with regard to second marriages, had made myself, perhaps, as ridiculous as had the ob-

jects of my childish derision.

The Other Wife's Initials on the Silver

The conviction seized me at a reception we gave after our return from our wedding-trip. We were settled in the pretty home that John had refurnished for me. I did not ask him what he did with the furniture that had been there before. I learned later that some of it had been sold, more had been sent to Mary's mother and sister. But the silverware was retained by my husband, and it was a bit of this that was instrumental in opening my eyes to what other people thought and said, in fact to the knowledge that, as I had judged in my days of single blessedness, so I was now being judged by others.

A guest was sipping her coffee from a souvenir spoon, and, at the same time, chatting with her husband and myself. He noticed the spoon—one from Holland, with a windmill on the handle—and attracted his wife's attention to it, then remarked to me upon its beauty.

"It is one of a set of souvenir spoons from abroad," I explained.

"Oh, yes," said the matron, "and it is marked with your initials, too, is n't it? One of your wedding presents, I suppose?"

Then she looked more closely and saw that the first initial was "M," and remembered that my Christian name is Sarah. Before she could apologize I rushed on with some remark with regard to the pretty fashion of collecting souvenir spoons and did not give her a chance to

utter the banality that I was sure trembled on her lips. But as I turned away to greet a new arrival I heard her husband mutter, *sotto voce*—

"Well, you *did* put your foot into it!"

And when, a few seconds later, they both laughed softly, I knew that my husband and I were the subjects of their mirth.

In this sad world where laughs are not too many and disappointments and regrets are manifold, one should not, perhaps, dislike to feel that one has added to the gaiety of nations. But there are few sensations more disagreeable than the consciousness that one has been an object of ridicule. In my case this knowledge brought the first sharp hurt to my state of wedded bliss. It was then, and is now, a thorn in my bed of roses, a bitter drop in my cup of happiness.

His Sense of Humor Buried with His First Wife

What about my husband?

I know he did not regard our marriage from the viewpoint of other people, or, if so, only in a superficial way. I often think of what I once heard a woman say, long before I had any thought of being a second wife.

"When a man's wife dies," she remarked sententiously, "he buries his sense of humor in her grave."

Possibly he does. If not, I do not understand why he can fail to see the funny side of the situation. The fact that I can see it has been my salvation as well as my misery, for it has sometimes made me laugh when I would otherwise have given way to a spasm of mortification. In the first blissful days of my honeymoon this saving sense of humor slept, but, once awakened by the souvenir-spoon episode, it has never dozed. I repeated with burning cheeks to my husband the conversation quoted above. He looked a little hurt and a good deal mystified.

"Why, dear," he said slowly, "if you wish, I will have Mary's initials erased from the silver. I want you to have things just as you want them in your home. But it seems a pity to cut into that plate. The engraving is deep, and, after all," with a sigh, "what harm can the poor girl's initials do?"

Of course I exclaimed in indignant protest. Did he suppose for a moment that I would consent to such a thing as he suggested; that I had so little fine feeling, so little common decency as that? Only what hurt me was that people should smile about us in that way. Could he not sympathize with the feeling? Could he not understand?

Evidently he could not. Yet I remember that years ago his perception of a comic situation was very keen. In many ways it is still, but he can not appreciate that his own position is ever ridiculous.

It seems strange that the subjects on which my husband and I should be farthest apart in sympathy are our appreciation of how other people regard our marriage, and of how each of us regards it. Yet it is so. I wonder often if my husband's memories of his dead Mary are so tender and vivid that they cast into shadow all other points within the scope of his mental vision.

The Feelings that Can Not be Expressed

Since this is a confession, it may as well be a frank and truthful one. I am not jealous of my husband's first wife—at least I hope I am not. But when he looks depressed, or when I see that he is not as happy as I would like him to be, I am conscious of an uncomfortable doubt. I have tried to bring my sense of humor to bear upon this pain, too, and some-

times have succeeded fairly well—sometimes I have failed dismally. A trying trick that my dear husband has is that of sinking into an absent-minded reverie or abstraction; and he sometimes so far forgets himself as to call me "Mary" instead of "Sarah." Once when he had been particularly forgetful and dreamy he did this three times in one evening. At last my resentment and appreciation of the ridiculous sprang to arms. With the fourth "Mary" I answered sweetly—

"In heaven, dear! Won't I do?"

I had heard of another wife who had done this and it had sounded funny to me when I heard the story; but when I uttered the unseemly and unrefined speech I was overcome with shame, my anger fled, and, bursting into tears, I begged my husband's pardon. I knew that I had hurt him and I told him so.

"I am hurt," he said; "I had no idea that the memory of my poor girl, or that my thought of her, distressed you. Since it does, I shall be more careful in the future, my dear wife, and try not to talk of her."

He has kept his word, and that, too, has wounded me. When matters go wrong, as they will in the best-regulated home, I wonder if John feels that Mary would have managed better than I. When he is silent with regard to his business anxieties I find myself thinking that perhaps he used to talk more freely to Mary than to me; that perhaps her perceptions were clearer, her sympathy keener than mine. This is one of the tormenting questions I can never discuss with the best husband in the world—and mine is surely that. A word from him might chase away my fears—it might—and yet I can not ask for that word!

The Sadness of Ready-made Motherhood

Am I jealous then? I can hardly call it that. Who would be jealous of a poor dead woman? Instead, I often pity her that she had so short a period of the companionship that is now mine, so little of the society of the little daughter who is now my care. On the anniversary of her mother's death, and on her birthday, her little girl and I take flowers to the cemetery. Yet, when we arrived later than usual one day and found the mound covered with Mary's favorite roses, I felt a quick stab of pain in the thought

were mutual. She told me that on her wedding-morning the bridegroom brought to her a bunch of white violets just gathered from his wife's grave, and that she wore them on her bosom during the ceremony. To me they would have seemed like a cold dead hand pressing upon my heart.

I have made it a matter of conscience to talk to my stepdaughter of her mother. Her maternal grandmother loves her dearly, and often borrows the child for several days at a time. Once when asking me to allow her to do this she added, "She is all we have left of Mary, and we long for the child." I felt as if I were party to a theft and begged her to take the little girl whenever she wanted her and keep her as long as she liked.

"Thank you," said the old lady. "Of course you do not mind letting her go as you would if she were your very own."

Ah, there is the sting in this ready-made motherhood! Not my very own! Every one remembers that she is not, and therefore she is not allowed to forget it, nor am I. The lot of a stepmother is a difficult one, chiefly because the relatives of the first wife make it so. I know that if I spoil Molly they think that I do not care to take the trouble to discipline her; if I try to curb her, I am called over-severe with another woman's child. I have sometimes wished that I could take the little one and my husband a long way off where we need see no one whom we have ever known before.

"A Real, True, Own Mother"

I hope, however, that I am just, and I believe that were I to die my own mother would feel toward my successor as Mary's mother feels toward me, and that she would yearn over my motherless baby as Mary's mother does over Molly.

For now I have a baby that is really my very own. In the short two years of his life he has been a liberal education in motherhood and in stepmotherhood. I have always said that I love Molly as if she were my own child. Now I know that I do not. I confess this—but not to my husband's first wife's child's grandmother. I use this roundabout phrase when I could shorten it, for it is borne in upon me all the time by the estimable woman in question, first, that John had a first wife; second, that that first wife had a child; and last, but not least, that she is that child's grandmother and the mother of that child's mother.

After my baby came, Molly went to spend a month with her own grandmother as I was very ill and the house must be kept quiet. But before she went she was told that she had a dear little brother, and was allowed to peep at him as he lay on my arm. Her sweet face beamed with delight.

"He is our own baby, isn't he, mama?"

"Yes, darling," I replied softly, "our very own—yours as well as papa's and mine."

But when the little girl came back home she told me that her grandmother had said that, after

all, this was not her very own brother, only a half-brother.

"How is that, mama?" she asked.

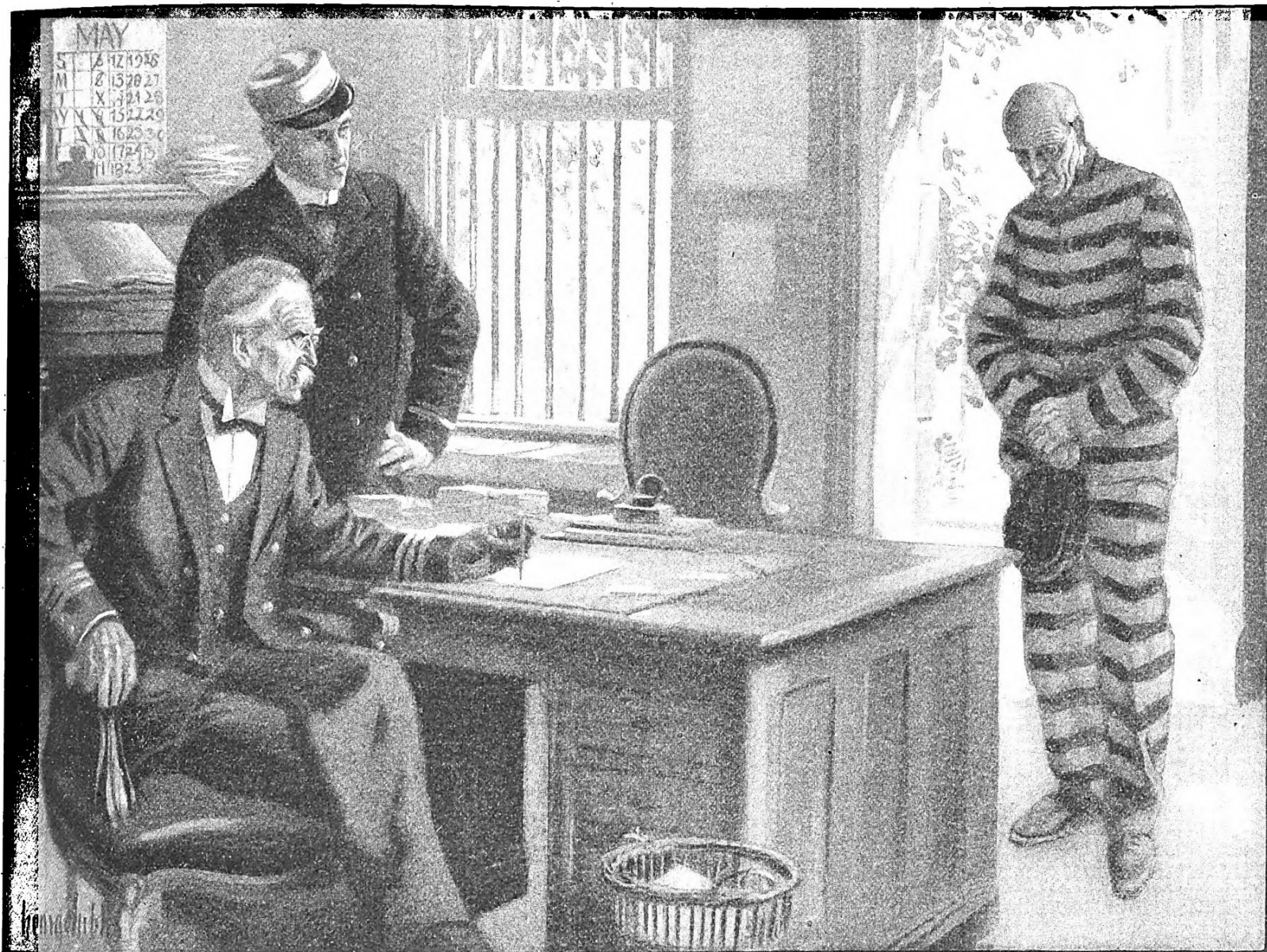
I steadied my voice while I explained to her that the dear little fellow was her own dear brother, really, since she was my dear daughter.

"But," she said, "grandmama says that I am not your really own child, but that you are a kind person who has taken my mother's place, and that you are very good to me and I must love you, but that she is more like a mother to

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that my husband had been there before me and that he had given me no indication that he remembered the day. I suppose the fault is mine and the result of my rash speeches. I know it is, in fact, for there are widower husbands who talk frankly to the second wife about the first. They are the husbands of wise women who are not envious of a dear memory, or who, if they are, hide it. One such wife goes each Sunday with her husband to lay flowers on her predecessor's grave, and one would almost think that the loss and sorrow



"'Are you going to turn me out?' he asked quaveringly"

TWO HUNDRED *AND* EIGHT

BY CAMPBELL MAC CULLOCH

Illustrations by GEORGE GIBBS

THE warden looked up quickly to where the gay calendar hung upon the wall of his office, and then turned to his assistant, bent over a ledger near the open window.

"Two Hundred and Eight is finished tomorrow," he said quietly.

The assistant turned his head over his shoulder; then rose and approached the desk.

"Two Hundred and Eight?" he queried. "Oh, yes. I remember now. He's in Tier 12. Been here some time, hasn't he?"

"Forty-seven years," said the warden, softly, looking out of the window where the sunlight fell thickly upon the green creepers that climbed upon the stone wall. "Forty-seven years! Think of it, Henderson. Forty-seven years away from the world; forty-seven years shut out from the trees, the sky, the things that make life!"

The assistant shuddered and stepped quietly back to the window where he stood with his hands upon the sill, looking out. He took several deep breaths of the balmy spring air, heavy with the promise of opening buds and growing things, and then turned back.

"God, what an eternity," he said. "That's what I hate about it here," he went on passionately. "To think we're but a couple of watchdogs, chained in the entranceway to keep those poor devils from getting out to their heritage! There are times when I despise myself; when I feel that I'll have to chuck it all, and get away from the sight of the place. Who am I, that I should deny a man the sunlight?"

The warden smiled gently at the outburst,

and put his hand upon the young man's shoulder. They were friends, these two, and there was the hope of a closer relationship in the future.

"I know, my boy," he said. "It comes over a man that way sometimes. It does seem hard, but then think of the harm the wrong man can do in a place like this. Remember what we found when we came here, you and I; remember the things that had been, and what we have worked so hard for, and what we have done to make it bearable for these men. It's as much a man's duty to stay here and keep the gate as it is to do any other work."

"Who is Two Hundred and Eight? What did he come for?" asked Henderson, in an effort to shake off the oppression that beset him. "Just think of him; for all that time shut up here. In the morning he is waked up; he goes to work; he is fed; he goes back to work; he is fed again; he is put in his cage and—then the darkness; the terrible darkness that comes down and shuts out even the iron world of—here. What crime could a man commit that would doom him to forty-seven years of such a life?"

The warden reached up to a shelf and took down an old and worn volume. He spread it carefully on the desk and opened it. Then he ran his finger down a page and looked up.

"Here it is," he said. "The little history of Two Hundred and Eight. 'Committed from

New York, County of New York, April 15, 1851. Commitment signed by Judge McPherson'—that must

have been the father of the present judge—'found guilty of homicide in the first degree under peculiarly aggravating circumstances.'

Funny sound that, eh, Henderson, 'peculiarly aggravating circumstances'? And here is a list of the things upon his person when he came in: 'locket with picture; small note-book with pencil; letter; small knife.' Not a great deal, is it? That locket with a picture—the picture he has not seen for forty-seven years—"

"What was his name—I mean, what is his name?" interrupted Henderson.

"Richard Melville. He was just twenty years old when he came. Just twenty! Push that button, please!"

"What are you going to do?" asked the assistant as he complied.

"My duty," sighed the warden. "Order him brought here; tell him he is to be free tomorrow morning."

"What a jest," commented the assistant, bitterly. "Free! What does he know of freedom? Imagine him when those gates out there closed upon him, a boy who had not yet become a man; and think of him now, a man who has forgotten he was ever a boy. Forty-seven years bitten out of the life that God gave him, and—we toss him the moldy crust of it, and tell him he is free!" Henderson laughed sardonically as the door opened and the orderly came in.

"Bring Two Hundred and Eight here!" commanded the warden, briefly.

"Two Hundred and Eight. Right, sir,"

said the man, saluting and turning away quickly.

The warden and his assistant were both silent; each busy with his thoughts. The younger man had thrown himself into a chair and covered his eyes with his hand; the elder sat staring into vacancy. The warden went to the safe, swung open the door, and from a nest of pigeonholes removed a small yellow envelope. It was dusty and dirty and seared with age. On the surface were scrawled a few figures, some words, and a date, all written in an angular hand in ink that had nearly faded out.

"208—Richard Melville. April 15, 1851."

With this envelope the warden returned slowly to his desk, and laid it down. Then he picked it up and examined it. Once more he laid it down. He could open it if he wished, but he felt it would be a needless curiosity; and perhaps a cruel thing to do. A picture, with a locket hiding it from other eyes! A picture of whom? A notebook with a pencil! Notes of what? Outside there sounded far off the clanging of an iron door; then the growing sound of shuffling steps along a stone-flagged corridor; then the opening door and—Two Hundred and Eight.

A slight, bent, hopeless-looking figure he was. Clean-shaven in accordance with prison discipline; the sparse hair that had been allowed to grow in expectation of his release but adding to the thinness of his face: Deep furrows in the forehead and at the corners of the mouth testified to the hours of silent thought in those earlier years—when he still had the power to think—and the humble weak-looking eyes that showed dimly from under the shaggy gray brows shifted uneasily about the room. He was bent, too, with the weight of his sixty-seven years; his pallor was that of wax, and his long lean hands were clasped in front of the soul-destroying prison stripes that clothed him. The warden turned to the guard who accompanied him.

"That will do, Turner. You may go," he said, and the man withdrew silently, closing the door behind him. The warden looked at Two Hundred and Eight for a moment, and noted the longing manner in which the prisoner's eyes sought the open window. There was a puzzled expression on his face, too, and he tried to straighten his bent shoulders as the breeze stole gently into the room.

"I have sent for you to tell you your term expires to-morrow, Mr. Melville," said the warden at length. The assistant withdrew his hand from before his eyes and looked at the palsied figure before him. The prisoner continued to gaze steadfastly out of the window. Henderson glanced sharply at the warden, who nodded at him. Undoubtedly this was the first time the man had been so addressed in nearly half a century.

"Two Hundred and Eight!" snapped the assistant, sharply, and the prisoner came to attention with a start, full of sudden cringing and fear.

"I have sent for you to tell you your sen-

tence expires to-morrow," repeated the warden. "To ask you if you wish to return to New York, or where you desire to go, if not there."

The trembling mouth quivered for a moment, and Two Hundred and Eight came forward slowly.

"Are you going to turn me out?" he asked quaveringly.

"You are free at any time after six to-morrow morning," was the reply. "Free, to go where you will, or to do what you please."

"Why must I go?" asked Two Hundred and Eight, doubtfully, and with a frown upon his furrowed features.

"The law says you need stay no longer. It says that Richard Melville has paid for his crime, and that he stands square with the world again."

"Richard Melville?" repeated the old man, wonderingly.

"Yes. You are Richard Melville, you know."

"Yes, of course. Who says I'm not?" said the prisoner, nervously clasping and unclasping his hands.

"No one," said the warden, hastily. "That is what I wished you to know; that Richard Melville is free. Do you understand? Free to go back to—anywhere you wish."

For a time it seemed as if the shadow over the old eyes would never lift; the hands writhed together, and he stood hesitating as if uncertain what to do. The other two watched him narrowly and with some anxiety. Finally the bent figure straightened imperceptibly. It was as though the sun outside was breaking down the icy barrier that had held fast all emotion within the prisoner. He put out a hand weakly, and the assistant jumped up hastily and pushed a chair forward.

"Sit down, Mr. Melville," he said, and the prisoner dropped into it limply. Gradually his face sank down on the warden's desk until it touched and rested on his arms, and he remained quiet. They watched him carefully and noted the occasional shiver that ran through his attenuated frame. Finally, when some minutes had passed, he raised his head, and the tears were wet upon his withered hands.

"You must forgive me, gentlemen," he faltered, "but I've not been able to realize—you see I've been here so long that I don't—"

"You will in time," said the warden, gently. "You must understand that you are quite free again. When you feel equal to it, you must tell me where you wish to go. You know the State pays—"

"But I don't want to go," began the prisoner, weakly, and with a quavering haste that was painful. "You see I know no other place, no other home—all those—"

He stopped with an agonized look in his eyes, and then dropped his head again. This time there were sobs that shook him.

"You don't mind if I talk a little about it, do you?" he asked wistfully at last. "You see it is so many years, and I was such a boy, and he came with his money and his fine talk, and she—"

"You will tell us," said the warden. "It will help you to remember. You know it all happened so far back that no one here can tell it. But first, don't you want to look at these little things you had with you when you came?" and he tendered the old yellow envelope with its faded writing. The prisoner took it with

trembling fingers, and after gazing at it curiously, tore the end from it. A little gold locket fell out into his hand, and almost instinctively it seemed, he found the clasp and it opened.

Both the warden and his assistant turned away. When they looked again the prisoner was still staring at the locket and its picture. He glanced up with a wan smile, and put it in the warden's hand.

"That was she," was all he said.

It was a little miniature of a young girl who could not have been more than eighteen. Her eyes were blue and her hair a brilliant gold. Her lips were parted in a smile, and her neck was encircled with a ribbon.

"Your wife?" the warden muttered.

"My wife," the other answered simply. "We had been married six months when it happened. We lived out in the country two miles above Fourteenth Street—has the city progressed much above Fourteenth Street, now?" he asked anxiously.

"A little," replied the warden, gravely.

"We lived out there in a place I bought," he continued. "It was such a pretty place. Two stories high, and we planted a wistaria vine beneath the front window. In the evenings we used to sit there on the grass—then he came. I remember the first time. He was tall and had fine clothes. He was driving a pair of horses, and he stopped to ask for a glass of milk—we had a cow, you know. It was in the evening and we had been watching the wistaria. She went away to get the milk, and he tied his horses and came in. I noticed the way he looked at her, and it made me proud, because I loved her, and I wanted her to be admired. You can see how she looked—my Mary."

He fell to studying the picture they had handed back. Henderson had gone to the window and was looking out. The warden could only see his back. From outside came the chirrup of a robin, and the soft rustling of the new leaves which broke the sunlight into a tumbling network upon the gray stone wall.

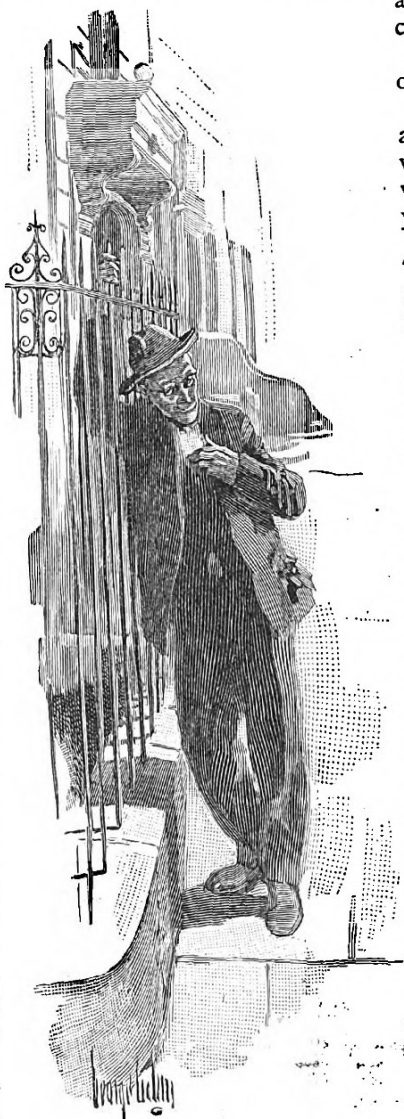
"We were very happy," went on the prisoner at length. "So happy that sometimes I was afraid it couldn't last. I went into the city every morning—I was studying law then in Mr. Burling's office—and I came back at night, and we would sit outdoors and watch the wistaria grow. Occasionally I found him there when I reached home, but I thought little of it. Sometimes he had been there in the afternoon, and had gone away again. Mary seemed to like him, and I was glad, because we had few friends, and it was lonely there for her, and he was rich and talked well of books and pictures. Now and then I found a puzzled look in her eyes as if she wanted to tell me something, but I was very happy. We were young then; my heart, how young we were! We both had come from the South, for I believed that in New York I might have my chance, and Mary believed in me. Yes, Mary always believed in me. She believed in me enough to leave behind her friends and family. That was good."

"God!" interjected Henderson from his place by the window. Two Hundred and Eight had stopped, and was again gazing at the picture. The assistant turned to the warden and muttered softly to him:

"Man, that was before the Civil War; it was a little while ago to him—and such a long time past. I was n't born then; you were learning to walk. What a crime—"

"Hush!" commanded the warden, and Two Hundred and Eight went on.

"I came home one night and stood leaning over the fence. I always used to whistle to her as I got near—a little song we had heard together at the theater on Broadway near Prince Street. She did n't answer me, and I waited. Then I pushed open the gate and went in. She was standing near the table and he was beside her. I was going to speak, but something told me not to. He was trying to hold her hands,



Engraved on wood by Louis F. Grant

"The scent of wistaria came to his quivering nostrils"

and she was pulling away from him. Then I heard. He was telling her that he loved her; that I was nothing, and that she should leave me and go with him; and she was trying to get free, and crying to him to stop. I think I went mad then, for things turned red and I was upstairs taking from a drawer an old pistol that had been my father's. I had always left it there for Mary. I went down and shot him where he stood. Then Mary told me what he had said, and we arranged to go away; but we did not get the chance, for some men nearby heard the shot, and—that night I was in prison. I have always been in prison, I think. They let Mary say good-by to me and—I came here. At first I goodly went mad—they said I did. When I recovered I used to think of a pardon, but they must have forgotten me. I became just Two Hundred and Eight."

"And now you are going out again; free!" said the warden, softly.

"Free!" whispered Two Hundred and Eight. "But I don't want to go. You'll let me remain, won't you?"

"The State won't let you stay," replied the warden.

"But I could n't go. I would be afraid," whimpered the prisoner. "The big world that

has been dark so long would terrify me. I have nowhere to go. Every one is gone. I won't need much; so little to eat, and I'll work—not hard perhaps, but all I can. I would not like to leave my little room. You will let me stay?"

He had slipped from the chair to his knees, and was clasping the warden's hands. The latter helped him back in his chair, gently. The old man's grief was that of an infant; his pleading that of a child.

"Mr. Melville," said the warden, "you have been brave all these years; now you must be brave again—just a little more. Think; the world has changed since you have been here; so many changes—"

"That is what I fear—those changes," cried the prisoner. "The boys I knew—the things I saw each day—have gone, and in their place is something that I don't know, and that seems to be lying in wait for me. You don't understand. When I hear the trains go rushing by in the night, they frighten me; they go so fast. I know there have been changes, for news of them have filtered in even through these walls, and I am afraid."

The assistant looked about, and his face was gray in the light. He held out his hand dumbly

to the warden, but the official shook his head. Henderson crossed to him and whispered:

"He can never go alone. Think what he has suffered! Think of all those wasted years; wasted for a libertine who tried to steal his happiness! The man was rich, he says. He was poor. What chance had he? Courts were no different then. And the woman; who knows what became of her?"

"He must go," said the warden, heavily. "It is the law. In the morning he must go."

Henderson threw up his hand and went back to the window. The warden went on:

"Even if I wished to keep you here, Mr. Melville, I could not. They will not allow me. You have paid for what you did, and the State says you must be free again to enjoy what is left of your life. Now you must tell me where you wish to go. Is it back to New York where you lived, or—where?"

"In the morning I must go," whispered Two Hundred and Eight to himself; "back to New York where Mary was. Poor Mary, who died so long ago, when they took me away from her."

"The State says you must have new clothes, shoes, and linen; that your fare be paid to where you wish to go, and that you shall have

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HIS EMINENCE, THE JUNK MAN

BY RUFUS H. GILLMORE

IF A Millionaire's Row is ever added to the Hall of Fame, a niche must be reserved for the junkman. In this lavish land the ragpicker corners rubber shoes or crumpled newspapers, waxes rich, and becomes an important factor in international trade. The pair of old rubbers you threw out yesterday may reappear in your automobile tires; the old shirt you left in the ash-barrel may return as embossed stationery; even the discarded suit of clothes, after passing alleyward via hired man or tramp, may come back in your new overcoat. Mr. Gillmore shows us in this article that the junk industry is now "big business," and that its prowling emissaries are everywhere at work reaping a profit out of the national waste heap.



A little old Irishman slipped into one of the national banks in Albany, made his way with the line to the receiving-teller's window, and asked if that were the place where one opened accounts. The teller looked over the man's soiled shirt, his shabby coat, and his battered old silk hat, smiled faintly, and announced that the bank did not accept deposits of less than two hundred dollars.

"Ye shadder-weight!" came the retort from the other side of the wicket. "Sure Oi had in me mind to lave yez a hundred t'ousand dollars!"

The little old man could have deposited seven or eight times a hundred thousand dollars; yet his clothes, though they misrepresented his fortune, did not belie his occupation. He was a junk-dealer, one of twenty or more men in the United States who have made fortunes of this magnitude by trading in the world's refuse.

What the World Throws Away

A Chinaman will live on what a Frenchman throws away; a Frenchman will live on what a German throws away; a German will live on what an Englishman throws away; an Englishman will live on what an American throws away. We are the most wasteful people in the world; so much the better for those who deal in our waste. The humble junk business, the trade of unconsidered trifles, has prospered in America more than in all other countries. In Boston, lives a dealer who has accumulated more than a million dollars; several of his competitors could sign checks in six figures. The leading dealer in Providence, who handles nothing but scrap-iron, is worth half a million. Philadelphia has two junk millionaires and a cluster of near-millionaires. One of these Philadelphia dealers has half a million invested in buildings and equipment alone. Ground in New York is too costly for many large warehouses or iron yards, and most of them are located in New Jersey. Scattered over that State are a dozen dealers who have made fifty, one hundred, two hundred, five hundred thousand dollars from that which

the metropolis has thrown away. One of these New Jersey dealers recently bought the greatest "lot" of junk ever handled in the world's history—the old iron and refuse which the French abandoned at Panama. The original cost of this material was about twenty million dollars. What was the tune of the mere song he paid for it, or how much he has made by selling off the scrap-iron and metal, no one has ever dared to estimate.

The wealthiest dealer perhaps of all works from Cincinnati. He maintains a chain of offices and yards all over the Middle West. Even allowing for the human tendency to over-estimate a rich man's wealth, this man must be worth much more than a million dollars.

A Junk-made Town

The City of Chelsea, Massachusetts, got back on the map commercially through the junk trade. Later, it got off the map conflagrationally, so to speak, through the same agency. Situated across the river from Boston, Chelsea watched its few factories one after another fade out of existence. Once a city of homes, gradually it became a city of tenements, without hope commercially because it lacked large and thriving industries. In the course of time, it became a jest and a byword. Decaying communities were called "Dead as Chelsea."

Ten years ago, a junk-dealer grown too great for the metropolis of New Hampshire, turned to the metropolis of New England. He wanted a site in Boston, but he balked at the price. At the psychological moment, some one within ear-shot said the usual uncomplimentary thing about Chelsea. Now there is one point at which the junk-dealer and the stock manipulators at No. 26 Broadway match characteristics. Both are ready buyers of that which nobody wants. This junk-dealer bought land in Chelsea which was considered unfit for tenements. He put up his warehouse on the filled-in land. In six or eight years, his three-story warehouse was surrounded by a dozen or fifteen others. These were surrounded by tenements for the people who sorted

the rags. By this time, Chelsea had become a woolen-rag center of importance throughout the country. Of course, our last great conflagration occurred in Chelsea, and it was caused by a careless junk-dealer and a busy cigarette; but the disaster was an accident. Though the junk trade gleaned five hundred tons of old stoves alone from the Chelsea fire, they did not set it.

The Making of a Magnate

"Junk!" It calls up in the popular mind the picture of an old clothes man, whining through the streets, or of a dirty, illiterate nondescript, poking with a hook through the ash-barrels in a back alley. But this collector of junk is only the outpost of the business, its humble outward and visible sign, as the letter-carrier is the outpost of the Post-office Department. Back of him rests the dealer, who assembles and sorts the waste of a section or a city in his sheds and yards; back of this local dealer lies the large dealer, the Rockefeller or Morgan of refuse, who shrewdly accumulates certain materials when they are cheap, and who retains his hoard until consumers are in need. Yet the junk magnates of to-day were the collectors of yesterday. Their advance arranges itself about as follows:

An immigrant lands on our shores with little of our language and less of our money. He buys or borrows a burlap bag and, with this on his back, prowls around back doors. With his capital of five cents, he buys all the old iron and rags he can cajole from the householder. These he sells immediately to the junk-dealer for perhaps fifteen cents, and returns to buy more. Within a month he owns a push-cart; in six months he hires a decrepit building in which to store and sort his gatherings. Soon comes a horse and team. In a year, so many collectors are selling their spoil to him that he can no longer afford to be absent from his shop; he abandons the vagabond life of collector and becomes what is termed a small dealer. For years now, he conducts a clearing-house for waste of many kinds, content to handle small, profitless lots of certain materials in order to accustom collector and dealer to bring him other materials which are gathered in quantity. By this method, he steadily enlarges the territory from which he draws his supplies. As certain forms of waste increase in volume, he is enabled to sell them to larger and larger dealers, to worm his way nearer and nearer his final market, the consumer. In eight or ten years, he has won his point: He possesses a warehouse or an iron yard of his own; he is what is called a large dealer and, most important of all, he sells direct to consumers.

The junk trade is the surest and shortest road to



wealth for the illiterate and for the man of small means. Because it requires so little capital to start, many and sweeping have been the changes of races in control of it. Fifty years ago it was almost entirely in the hands of Yankees. Then came the Irish, driving all before. In twenty years they virtually possessed the trade, only, in turn, to be superseded by the Jew. A study of statistics only renders the changes more startling. Boston is selected because the foreign elements do not figure heavily in its population and because it has been a junk center of importance during the entire half century.

JUNK-DEALERS OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

	1858	1878	1888	1898	1908
Americans..	26	24	23	17	8
Irish.....	18	54	50	37	21
Jews.....	4	10	8	55	87
Totals	48	88	81	109	116

Twenty years ago, fewer than ten per cent. of the junk trade of Boston were Jews. To-day, seventy-five per cent. belong to that race—and the same alteration has taken place throughout the rest of the United States.

The whole face of the junk trade has changed in other important particulars within the past half century.

Once, the main commodity was rags; now scrap-iron and rubber are the important staples. Before the discovery of that wood-pulp process which has increased our newspapers at the expense of our forests, most paper was made from cloth fibers. The junk-dealer, illiterate himself, was the chief ally of letters. Yet as the necessity for rags as paper stock fell off, the increasing demand for electric insulation, the invention of pneumatic tires for vehicles, brought out a frenzied call for rubber. Then, too, the skyscraper, the use of steel and iron in all kinds of construction work, added to the cry for scrap-iron. Though the use of shoddy was a stimulating factor for rags, the aristocrats of the junk trade to-day are the scrap-iron dealers who will buy and sell anything in their line from the nails out of a burned house to the armor of a condemned battle-ship. The demand for scrap-iron is steady and insistent, but the cry for old rubber is almost a scream.

New Feet in Old Rubbers

The virtue of rubber is its elasticity, but it can not begin to stretch as has the demand for it in recent years. It has been declared by a trade authority that, were another Pacific cable to be started to-day, not enough rubber could be found in the United States to complete it. The United States Rubber Company manufactures fifty million pairs of rubber boots and shoes each year. Rubber boots were the original "long felt want." So deeply does this company feel the scarcity of new rubber that they would pay almost any price for a satisfactory substitute—it is said in the junk trade that the standing offer for such a discovery is four million dollars. Most of the supply used in this country comes from Central and South America—King Leopold's "red rubber" is consumed in Europe. The native workmen who gather the crop have been as ruthless in killing the geese that lay the golden eggs as have our lumbermen. Rubber, as every one knows, is a sap, gathered by tapping the trees; but ignorant Peruvian and Central American rubber hunters for a long time made a practise of cutting down the whole tree in process of tapping. Further, they once tapped wild trees so carelessly as to kill them after the first harvest. These abuses have been largely corrected; but the scarcity of new rubber, combined with the unprecedented demand, presents one of the harassing problems of modern industry.

So the *mujik* in Russia, the peasant in Germany, and the new immigrant to the United States are all at work trying to make your automobile tires cost less—in fact, trying to make it possible for you to have automobile tires at all. Hundreds of tons of old overshoes, old electric sheath-tubes, old garden hose, are being hoarded in Hamburg and Odessa, ready for shipment to this country as the price advances. Russia recently went so far as to impose an export duty to hold them for her own manufacturers, but still they come.

Our own collectors are just as busy. That pair of old rubbers which your wife threw out yesterday will never reach the dump. Some alert scavenger will drag them out of the barrel; they may eke out the substance next year in your new automobile tire. "Old rubbers" is the trade term for this staple. They are gathered into bales and shipped by the carload to the "grinders." These reclaimers disintegrate the cloth, draw out the iron with magnets, and remove the other foreign materials by a gravity process. Then, the percentage of composition having been ascertained, the rubber is reclaimed and made suitable for manufacture into new rubber goods.

The Tricks of the Trade

Junk-dealers are tricksters; many are their schemes for trying to graft a few extra pounds of weight on a shipment of old rubbers or some other valuable commodity. The ignorant small dealer frequently secretes a paving-stone, a coil of rope, or a quantity

of any kind of cheaper material in the middle of his bale. Another practise is to shipment which greatly adds to their weight. One of the cleverest ruses, however, is to make an iron ball the nucleus for a globe of tin-foil. But all of these stratagems fail of their end and are seldom practised a second time. The large dealer never makes more than a small payment on any stock until it has been thoroughly overhauled; he has full opportunity to "get square" at the final settlement for any false packing. If you ever hear the cries of the slaughter-house pouring out of a junk warehouse, do not rush in to prevent murder. Some small dealer is merely being "muck-raked." Very likely he smuggled into his last shipment the body of a dead cat—one was once found in a bale of paper stock.

The Cry for Scrap-Iron

If the call for old rubber is a scream, what then shall be said of that for old iron? From hen-coop to sky-scraper, every piece of construction intensifies the need for new iron, swells the cry back for scrap-iron. Many office-buildings and factories never could be financed but for the celerity with which the junk-dealer brings in old iron to cheapen the price of new. Throw a piece of iron in the gutter and observe how long it will remain there. It will gravitate as quickly and naturally to the rolling-mill as a check to the bank. The system is perfect; it is a credit to the magnitude of this, the most important division of the junk trade. According to the last census on scrap-iron, four millions of tons—not pounds but tons—were so gathered in the year 1900, and each of the eight years since has added to these figures. Yet all this has not sufficed; we import a little scrap-iron. If it seems strange that old iron should be worth portage from such a distance, remember that its value is two or three times that of coal.

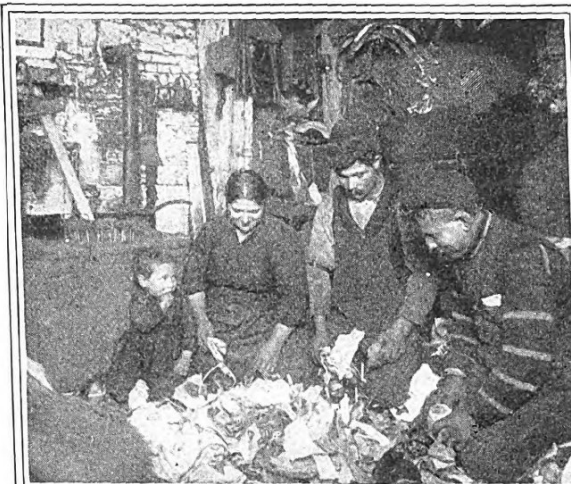
The principal Eastern market for scrap-iron is Philadelphia. It is not unusual for a dealer in that quiet city to make one hundred and fifty thousand dollars from this commodity in a single year, to glean half a million in four or five years. It was a Philadelphia dealer who recently brought Wall Street methods to bear on the junk market. He decided that one of the dozens of varieties of scrap-iron was selling at a much higher price than was warranted by conditions, and he began to sell and sell and sell it. Before he could make any impression on the price, he had to stock up the big consumers at Bethlehem which required the sale of thousands of tons; but this did not daunt him or stay his hand. By the time the price had broken to the level he had fixed upon, he found himself "short" one hundred thousand tons of this one kind of scrap, and dealers all over the country were watching him and wondering where he would come out.

He came out as full of nerve and spirit as when he went in. His iron is now nearly all delivered; he stands to make a fortune out of this one coup. Yet the scrap-iron business is conducted on a steadily diminishing margin of profit. A few years ago a profit of a dollar a ton was exacted; now dealers are content with fifty cents a ton and frequently with less. Now and then a Methuselah of the trade endeavors to force a return to the traditional dollar margin, but the cobwebs of antiquity only thicken upon him. One might as reasonably attempt to divert the Gulf Stream. Yet it is attempted. An Eastern dealer recently locked up his accumulation of old horseshoes and threatened to go out of business unless the trade gave him the old-time dollar margin. He had nearly a hundred thousand tons of this one kind of scrap, but he was starved out. His place was promptly taken by a Jew. There were no flowers.

Science and the Scrap Heap

The steady cut in profits is in a measure due to the fact that mechanical science has at last devoted some attention to the junk trade. For many years dealers had to content themselves with cider-presses to compress rags and paper stock into compact form for shipment. Not until 1905 was the lifting magnet adapted for handling scrap-iron. Carloads of old iron, once laboriously loaded and unloaded by hand, are now expeditiously lifted and shifted by this device. The saving in labor is notable. Eighteen hundred pounds of steel turnings are to be removed from lathe pit to wagon. The turnings are from locomotive driving wheels; they are heavy and tangled. It takes a teamster and helper four hours to load them. A lifting magnet unloads and puts them in a stock pile in three lifts requiring exactly two and one-half minutes. Two other devices ease the way for him who handles huge and unwieldy pieces of old iron. Skull-cracker balls, weighing from six to twenty thousand pounds, dropped upon old safes, reduce them to small mouthfuls for the rolling-mill; formidable shears, operated by electric power, quickly snap sheet-iron doors into foundry lengths of three, four, and six feet.

But scrap-iron and old rubber comprise only a few of the thousand and one kinds of old materials restored to use by this industry. Nothing is so trivial as to be long overlooked. Leather scraps, once thrown out or used for fuel, are now made into



A millionaire in the making



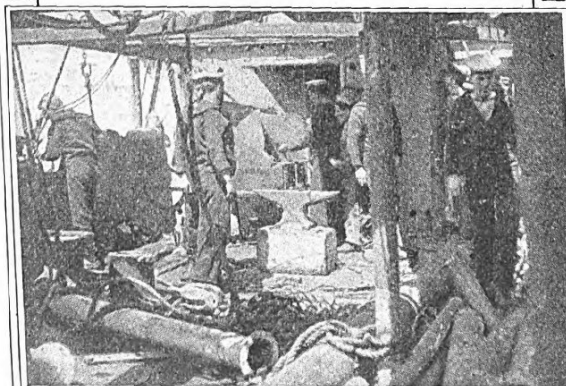
Cans, bottles, etc., are sorted from ashes



Waste-paper is packed and baled



Old newspapers will re-appear as paper boxes



Discarded war-ships are very profitable

leather board. Old tin cans, long thought to be useless, except as goat food, are now cherished for their solder; even the tin finds use again as window weights. Old metals are melted into new metals. Woolen rags are transformed into shoddy. In 1900, seventy-five million pounds of shoddy were refashioned into cloth in the United States alone. That old suit of clothes which you gave to the washer-woman will adorn her husband for a time; it will tarry still longer with the hobo to whom he passes it on, but it is doomed to resolve itself back into shoddy; in a few years you may unknowingly welcome it back as a part of your new winter overcoat. Old shirts and handkerchiefs return as fine writing papers. Old newspapers reappear as paper boxes. Full many a pound of choice candies, offering of nervous man to dainty maid, has been delivered wrapped in old newspapers.

A Shylock and a Diamond Ring

From the cellars and attics of households, from the choked-up basements of big office buildings, from the scrap piles of manufacturers, a confused mass of old materials is daily pouring in upon the junk-dealer. Upon him lies the necessity to keep the channels free and flowing. This he does by swiftly separating the mixed mass into its thousand and one elements, by launching each of these varieties upon one of the multitude of currents which flow to the mills. In the sorting of these for shipment, he is aided mainly by women. Women sort the grimy rags; women tear the tattered linings from filthy garments. Their pay is poor but their hope is large. Sometimes in skirting a musty garment one of them will discover a dollar bill tucked away in a waistcoat pocket. The news spreads and the hope of the rest revives. Feverishly, for weeks thereafter, they search through every pocket and lining hoping, against experience, to find something besides matches. Once, years ago, they tell you, a girl sorting woolen rags came upon a five-thousand-dollar diamond ring. Her name is forgotten, but the poorly paid rag-sorters still take cheer from the incident. More recently a girl in the West, found so large a sum of money in an old coat that the proprietor of the rag-shop grew avaricious and laid claim to it. The dispute grew warm; it was taken to court. A judge with the wisdom of Harun-al-Raschid gave forth the court's decree. The dealer, by intent and design, had purchased only rough cloth; had he not his rough cloth? Verily the money belonged to the girl who had found it.

Disappointed Treasure Seekers

As the direct legatee of the waste-basket, the paper stock dealer comes upon many things of consequence though perhaps not of negotiable value. The afternoon mail of a national bank once got carelessly swept into the basket. A junk-dealer saved innumerable complications by restoring it to the bank. Another dealer aided in the hunt for fifty thousand dollars' worth of registered bonds which had mysteriously disappeared. They were rescued from a bag of waste paper. Recoveries such as these, however, are rare. A hundred people fly to the junk-dealer for things that have been lost; only one finds that for which he is searching. The number desiring to search affords a serious interruption to business. "If a man lost his wife or a red-hot cooking-stove, I suppose he'd come round expecting to find them in our waste paper," growled one particularly bothered dealer.

Occasionally, a dealer himself hunts for treasure. Late one afternoon in the '70s, a team backed up before a Boston paper stock dealer's store and a bag was thrown off. As it struck the ground, the bag burst and out upon the sidewalk scattered what was apparently thousands of dollars in bank-notes. The dealer rushed out and with basket gathered it against the wind. In the privacy of his office, he adjusted his glasses and pored over one of the bills. He had before him not money, but a bushel of Confederate bonds. Paper was scarce; a railroad had bought them and printed its freight receipts upon their backs. The dealer saved one as a souvenir of his disappointment and disgustingly sent the rest to the vats as common paper stock. Now he regrets his hasty action. He could sell them to-day as souvenirs.

Hardly less bitter was the disappointment of an Eastern dealer who had traveled far to be present at an auction of unclaimed freight. The day was bleak and the chill of the unheated freight sheds got to his marrow. He became an eager bidder for a jug of liquor supposed to be whisky; at last it was his at an unexpectedly high price. He tasted it and looked perplexed. He passed it to others who tasted and they also looked uncertain. Finally some one told him what he had bought. It was embalming fluid.

Another amusing incident is told at the expense of a dealer in the Middle West. This dealer had two sons whose names were Isaac and Jacob. Isaac suddenly became dissipated, and his father at length had to oust him from his business. This seemed to the father to be a change of which some announcement should be made, so he sent the following notice to the trade:

"Ikey is no longer with me.
I do not mean Jakey."

The waste of the land is for the many—in the United States more than five thousand sand collectors and dealers dispute for it—but the waste of the sea remains for the few.

Fewer than a dozen dealers in this entire country vie with one another for the junk to be had from condemned ships. Few have the capital to tie up; still fewer have the requisite experience to compute the amount of iron and copper which may be hidden away in an old hull—this data is kept as secret as a valuable chemical formula. For the wrecks cast up on our shores, still fewer have the hardihood to bid.

Yet, even the danger of this calling does not suffice to daunt all. A venturesome few are for fortune, no matter how danger may hem it in. They will follow their money as a soldier will follow his flag. All the adventure of the trade belongs to them. An ocean steamer strands on an exposed reef. Her keel is sprung; it is a question merely of hours before she will break up. Owners, insurance adjusters, salvage hunters—all throw up their hands. They can do nothing—see nothing. Enter the junk-dealer. He is the last resort and he knows it. It matters little to him how desperate the chance. If her deserted hull can be had for a nominal sum, he will venture a little on the hazard; if need be, risk his life to recover the money which he has staked. Such a chance on such a wreck fell to the lot of a Boston dealer a few years ago. The liner lay hopelessly stranded off the coast of New Jersey. He bought her for one hundred and fifty dollars—before he had even seen her. Let him tell his experience in his own words.

The Possibilities in Sea Junk

"I went right down there and got some one to point out where she lay. There she was—way out—just a fly-speck on the horizon. Even with my glasses I could n't make her look like a hundred and fifty—not to save my life!—and the men who had come along with me, perhaps by this time they were n't joshing me! Still I was n't ready to quit—not yet. I hired a tug and we all went out for a squint at her. She lay on a sunken reef; I saw at a glance she was on it for keeps. Her nose was way down; there was a big roll on, every other wave washing her decks, and the sea eddying round her so we could n't take the tug nearer than fifty feet. There was n't a chance of getting aboard except by skinning a rope which would buckle and heave with every wave; you might get over or you might get ripped off by the sea—the chances were against you. Well, I ain't as selfish as I used to be; I let somebody else take these chances nowadays. After a last loving look at the remains, I was just turning to the captain of the tug to say, 'Home, James!' when a young dealer who had tagged along said to me: 'Give you a hundred for her, Dan, just as she lies.'

"I could n't take his money quick enough. Inside of a minute we were all working for him. It took us half an hour to get a rope around one of her ventilators; risky sort of a hold, but the best we could do. Then he threw off his clothes and started over. I can see him now bobbing in and out of the water with nothing to cling to but a rope that might slip off at any minute. He was fair spent, I tell you, when he got over. After a rest, he made his way aft, and we saw him arranging tackle.

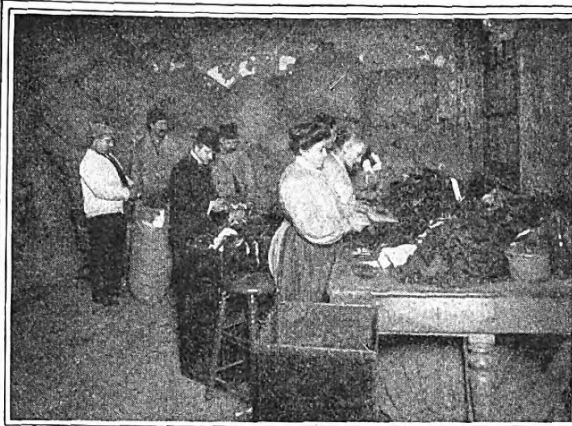
"It dawned on us then that he was going down over her stern, and we yelled for him to come back. No one had any lease to go down there with the waves breaking up against it like a battering-ram; but lots of attention he paid to us yelling our lungs out. Just a wave of his hand and down he went. He was out of sight now and we did n't dare move the tug for fear of loosening the rope. All we could do was to keep still and wait. We knew the chances were a hundred to one we would never see him again alive; we paid our respects to the corpse right then and there. But luck looks after the reckless. Up washed a big one and we saw him crawling over the rail. We were afraid he was hurt, for he slumped down on a high spot and held his head in his hands. But when I yelled that I was coming across for him, he just held up a hand and I knew he was only out of breath. As soon as he got his wind, he made straight for the rope. He'd had all he wanted; he was glad enough to come back empty-handed."

The man who was telling paused to relight his pipe. "That sure was a game boy," he went on after a moment, "why, his head was covered with bumps like a cow pasture; it's a wonder he did n't have his brains knocked out, bumping up against her stern! What was he after? Well, if he could only have got her manganese propeller loose, it would have been worth something like three thousand dollars to him."

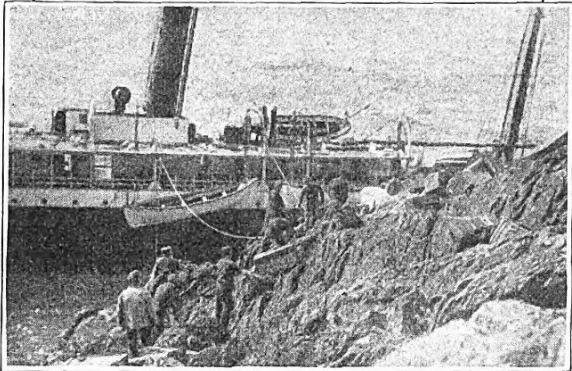
Battle-ships for the Scrap Heap

Less dangerous and far more profitable are the discarded war-ships upon which this small coterie of dealers fatten. On the loot they wax rich—rich with the spoil which accrues from the uncertainties of modern naval science. The latest theories of construction and armament are worked out in a new battle-ship. The plans call for an equipment of four twelve-inch and eighteen eight-inch guns;

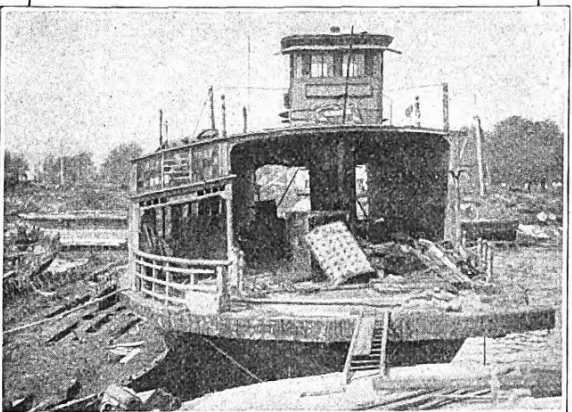
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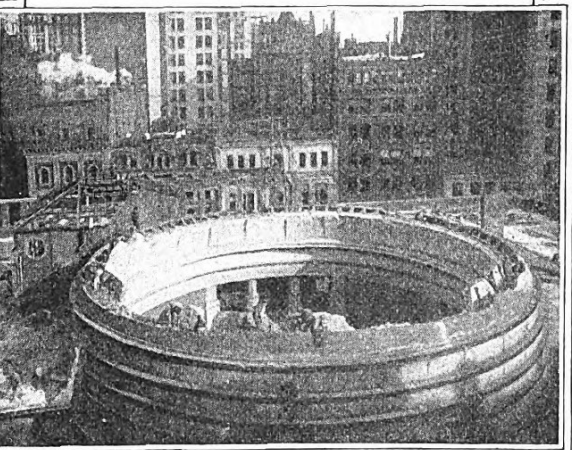
Women sort the grimy rags



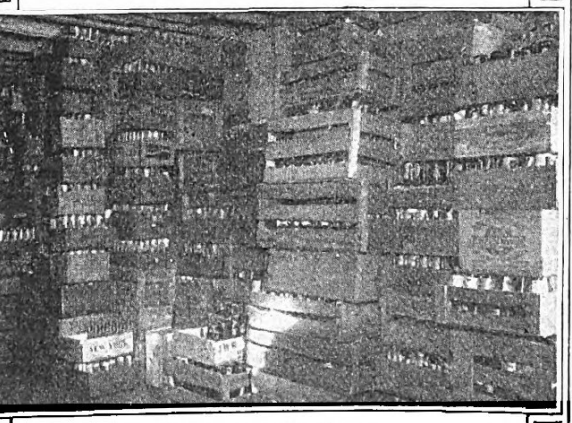
An ocean steamer strands on an exposed reef



Copper may be hidden in an old hull



Much valuable building material is salvaged



Where all good bottles go

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"WE are all tattooed in our cradles with the beliefs of our tribe," says Oliver Wendell Holmes; "the record may seem superficial, but it is indelible. You can not educate a man wholly out of the superstitious fears which were implanted in his imagination, no matter how utterly his reason may reject them."

Is n't it strange that in this, the superb moment in the world's history, and despite all our boasts of education and freedom, vast multitudes of people still cling to the same silly superstitions that enslaved their barbaric ancestors centuries ago!

Think of a Wall Street broker and banker, a man of influence and power, insisting upon having his right cheek shaved first, and the initial stroke taken upward, in order to ward off bad luck! This level-headed, practical business man honestly believes that if he should depart from this method of shaving he would open the door to all sorts of misfortunes.

Think of a mother of to-day insisting upon having her newborn baby carried up-stairs before being taken down-stairs or out of doors, for the first time, lest it should be followed by ill-luck if it were to go down in the world before it went up!

Few superstitions have had such a strong hold on the people as that of the number thirteen, a superstition which goes back to the Last Supper, at which thirteen sat down to table, one of them being Judas, the traitor.

Not long ago a young man in New York, in good health, on taking up his morning newspaper, let his eyes fall first on the date, "Friday, the thirteenth." He dropped the paper, and his appearance changed so that he frightened his wife, who said to him, "Why, what is the matter?"

"My dear," he replied, "this is Friday, the thirteenth. The date was the first thing I saw in the paper. That's bad luck. I believe I'll not live through the day."

"How silly," said his wife. "You are too much of a man to believe in any such nonsense as that; you don't believe in hoodoos."

But the man would not go to business, and grew more and more dejected as the day passed, until finally he went to bed. His wife called the family physician, who examined him and found that his heart's action was strong and that there were no serious developments anywhere. It was impossible, however, to keep the man from dwelling upon the impression that Friday, the thirteenth, would be his last day alive; and it was, for he died before midnight!

The fearful grip which this number thirteen superstition continues to have upon the hearts of men and women in all walks of life is incomprehensible. Yet every intelligent person knows that nothing in this world can possibly take place without a cause, and that the cause must be sufficient to produce an effect. The most ignorant person, it would seem, should know that the arbitrary number, thirteen, has no more power to produce any effect, to cause any calamity, than a drop of ink. The fact that the ink or paint, instead of being in the shape of a round drop, is put into the form of the numeral thirteen, does not add any force or power to it. A drop of ink or paint on the door of a hotel room would have just as much power to produce harm as it would if formed into the figure thirteen.

A number has n't any life; it is a dead thing. It is an arbitrary symbol, just as Friday is, designed for our convenience to mark time. What have these mere mental figures or helps got to do with causing things? There must be some force, some power, to produce a result. Just think of Friday having a malevolent influence upon any one starting an enterprise, or setting out on a journey! Is there any intelligence in the word Friday, any mental force, any power to plan, to create, to hinder, or to help? Is there any inherent force in a mere arbitrary sign like Friday or thirteen? Multitudes of people are influenced by silly superstitions about marriage days and birthdays. What possible influence can a mere arbitrary division of the year or day of the week have upon one's destiny?

Theatrical people are proverbially superstitious. I know of one great actress who never goes on the stage without first cross-

ing herself to insure good luck. Some of our greatest stars would perhaps retire from the stage if they should lose the horseshoe which is nailed to the lid of one of their trunks, and could not get another. Mrs. Leslie Carter always raps three times on the wings before walking on the stage, and she thinks this precaution will banish all evil influences. When Mary Anderson was on the stage she never dared to peep through the curtain while the house was filling. Many theatrical people constantly carry around with them, for luck, "the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit, killed by the light of the moon." Could anything be sillier?

Many noted people have been seriously inconvenienced and worried by silly superstitions. President McKinley often declined to make public engagements and postponed signing public documents on Friday. Bismarck had such a veneration for the number three that he divided his work, his duties, everything possible, into three parts. He associated everything he could with that number, because to him it was a lucky one.

Queen Victoria had a great fear of the cat as an ill omen. It is said that Queen Alexandra and other members of the royal family, while fond of cats, never dared to bring one to the palace or anywhere that Queen Victoria happened to be staying.

A beautiful Persian kitten was once presented to her by a little girl whom she loved very dearly, but it was never taken into the Queen's apartments.

Lord Roberts will decline any invitation if he finds that there is a black cat in the house to which he is invited.

Ellen Terry's fear of the cat is so great that she would never allow one in any theater where she was playing. She says that several times in her career black cats made their way upon the stage at rehearsals, and the plays under rehearsals always proved failures.

Émile Zola was an extremely superstitious man. His whole life was hedged about by all sorts of omens and signs. He used to carry a bit of coral as a talisman against the perils of thunder, fire, and flood, and a bloodstone to make him wise and courageous. But his talisman finally failed him, as he met his death by suffocation from charcoal gas.

The Czar of Russia does not dare to rise in the morning without having on his finger a ring in which is imbedded a bit of the true cross. He once stopped a train on a journey when he discovered that he had forgotten this ring, and sent a messenger on a special train back to St. Petersburg for it. The German Emperor is superstitious about doing anything of importance on Friday, and he always postpones an engagement that has been made for him for that day, if possible.

Some leading actors and actresses could not be induced to occupy a room in a hotel numbered thirteen, or a room on the thirteenth floor.

On the thirteenth day of October last, a few weeks before the opening of the opera season in New York, Signor Campanini, the director of the Manhattan Opera House, with a number of celebrated singers, arrived in New York Harbor on board the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse." Nothing would induce the director or the singers to go ashore, as they dared not take the chance of having bad luck by landing on the thirteenth.

"Most Italians, and all artists," said Campanini to an interviewer, on the following day, "avoid doing anything important on the thirteenth of the month. Had I landed last night, I should have been most unhappy. So would my wife. We would have feared for the success of the Manhattan opera season. Not that we feel ourselves to be the greatest element of success of the company, but some dire catastrophe might come to the company through us. Feeling thus, I would not have braved the hoodoo of landing on the thirteenth for anything."

It is said that Caruso, the world's greatest tenor, has been so impressed by a clairvoyant's prediction that he would lose his voice that not only has he been very unhappy since, but the effect upon his voice, also, has of late been noticeable.

Kipling has a trace of superstition in his blood, for he

[Continued on page 275]

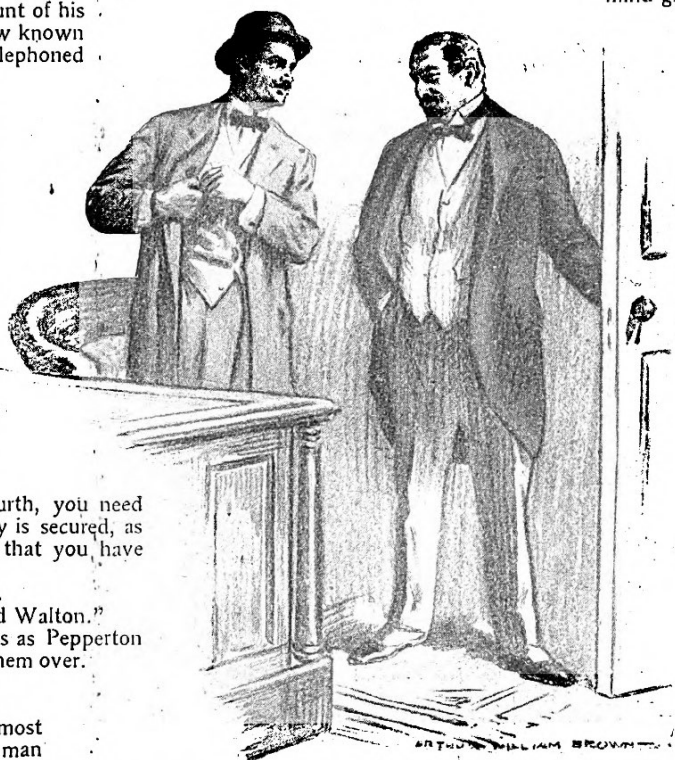
JIMMY PEPPER TON of OSHKAZOO

HIS BUSINESS EXPERIENCES

BY ROBERT BARR

Illustrations by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

V—A Deal with the Devil



"The cautious Jimmy picked up from the desk his certified check and replaced it in his waistcoat pocket"

STILLENGER was a very difficult man to see.

He wished no office in the gift of the people, and was practically inaccessible to any member of the common herd, caring nothing for the wearing of that delicate flower, popularity; a blossom whose odor is so intoxicating to many people. Yet he at once granted an interview to Jimmy, not on account of his position on the press, but because Jimmy was now known to be a man of means, and because he had telephoned briefly to Stillenger's ear:

"I can get you a hundred thousand dollars to-morrow, if you still wish that amount, on terms so easy that you will believe them impossible."

Promptly at ten o'clock next day Pepperton was shown into the sumptuous private office of August Stillenger, who looked him through and through as he walked toward the desk; then, with a wave of his hand, motioned him to a chair.

"Who's going to put up this money?" he asked as a first shot.

"I am."

"Have you got it in cash or securities?"

"Cash. Deposited in the State National Bank."

"You said the terms were exceptionally easy."

"What are your terms?"

"First, no sacrifice of stock is required; second, you will not be asked to put up collateral, that is to say, you give me no security that will cost you money; third, you pay no interest; fourth, you need never pay back the principal in cash; fifth, secrecy is secured, as no one but yourself and two others need know that you have raised this money."

"One of the others being you?" said Stillenger.

"Yes, and the third party is my lawyer, Edward Walton."

The great financier had jotted down the items as Pepperton enunciated them, word for word. He now read them over.

"Is that right?" he asked.

"Quite right," replied Jimmy.

Stillenger leaned back in his chair, his eyelids almost coming together, while his gaze pierced the young man as if it were an X-ray.

"If you can obtain money," he said at last, "on such terms as these, you should not be wasting your time as commercial editor of the *Courier*."

"Oh," said Jimmy, easily, "I have been commercial editor for some years, and yet have laid by a bit of money in excess of my salary."

"So I understand. I suppose you expected me to jump at this offer?"

"No; I didn't expect you to jump at it, but I expect you to accept it."

"H-m!" ejaculated Stillenger. "Am I quite sure of getting it?"

"There's the check," said Jimmy, indifferently, taking a slip of paper from his waistcoat pocket as if it were a mere postage-stamp, and shoving it across the desk. "You will notice that it is certified."

Stillenger, opening his eyes a little, glanced at the check, and saw that his money was in his possession as securely as if Jimmy had poured out the gold before him; yet he showed no enthusiasm.

"There is one more question I wish to ask you."

"I know your question," said Jimmy, with his winning smile.

"What is it?" asked Stillenger.

"You want to know where I come in."

"Exactly," snapped Stillenger. "This is not an instance of Carnegie philanthropy, I take it?"

"No; I expect to clear anywhere from two hundred to three hundred thousand dollars on the deal."

"Ah," murmured Stillenger. "Then, indeed, you are a wonderful financier, and again I venture the remark that you are wasted on a comparatively small city like Oshkazoo."

Jimmy laughed quietly.

"After all, Mr. Stillenger, it often amazes me that people do not see opportunities that lie right under their noses. Far from being a wonderful financier, I am not even original, for the thing I propose to do with you has been done for years in Chicago, for instance. I am merely applying to a street-railway a plan which has been in operation by the large railway systems for some years. It is a feat which you could quite easily accomplish yourself if you happened to know the particulars, and if you succeeded in finding a capitalist who would stand in the place in which I propose to stand. It has been my business to know that you have unsuccessfully endeavored to sell stock both in New York and Chicago. I have not published this fact in my paper, because it set me thinking, and I resolved to see you before doing anything further. Now, I have answered all your questions. The money is there at your disposal, and I have explained almost too far to so clever a man as you, what the scheme is."

"I assure you I am in entire ignorance of it," said Stillenger.

answer would give myself away, which, I may tell you plainly, I don't intend to do."

"The questions we should ask would naturally arise when we knew more of your proposal, so if you can not assent to my proposition, would you mind giving me twenty-four hours in which to decide?"

"Look here, Mr. Stillenger," said Jimmy, glancing up at the clock. "I arrived at ten, and it is now close upon eleven. When I entered the offices of the United Street-railway Company entirely alone, you knew, as well as I did, that I was not going in to negotiate with an infant-school, but was to deal with the shrewdest financial brains in this city. When that clock strikes eleven, I shall bid you good-by, and nothing will induce me ever to enter these offices again."

"Oh, very well," cried Stillenger, tossing the agreement across to Jimmy. "Now, what's your scheme?"

Jimmy, without replying looked at the agreement, and at the signature attached, then up at Mr. Long, with his gentle smile.

"Did you see Mr. Stillenger sign this?"

"Yes," said Long, briefly.

"Then would you mind attaching your own signature here as witness?"

Long cast a furtive glance at his chief, who nodded slightly, and then the lawyer put down his name as witness. Jimmy for the second time handed across his certified check.

"The standard railways," said Jimmy, "when they need to raise a little money, sell at a reduced rate to scalpers, thousand-mile tickets, the nominal value of each being twenty dollars. These tickets are then sold by scalpers to people all over the country, except in those States where ticket scalping is prohibited by law. You sell bunches of street-car tickets, six for a quarter; that is for four and one-sixth cents each. I ask you to set your printing-presses going, and furnish me with tickets at one cent each to the amount of that check."

"That would mean ten million tickets," said Stillenger. "I understood from you that this money was a loan."

"You could hardly have understood that, Mr. Stillenger, because a loan must be repaid some time or other, and I told you this money was not to be returned."

"Yes, but you said no securities were to be given in exchange for it."

"Pardon me, I said no securities costing you money. These tickets will merely cost you their printing, and I understand you possess printing-presses of your own, so that is a mere triviality."

"But," objected Stillenger, with a frown on his brow, "I am giving you power to paralyze our whole railway system. If you opened an office, and sold tickets for a cent each, how could we collect nickel fares, or sell packets of six for a quarter? I begin to see your nigger, Mr. Pepperton. There is some stock-gambling deal behind all this. If we were compelled to carry passengers at a cent a trip for six months, we would be bankrupt, and our stock could be picked up for a song."

"Mr. Stillenger, your stock can be picked up for a song now; at least, you have tried to sell for cash, and could n't; and if you can point out to me how I can make money by parting with these tickets for the same price I paid, you're a greater financier than you said I was: Still, though I declared I would n't modify my agreement, I shall do it without your asking me. I am no stock gambler. Let Mr. Long write out an agreement which I shall sign, prohibiting me from dealing in your stock directly or indirectly, say, for six months or a year, and attach a thumping penalty to the breaking of that proviso. I am amazed that you don't see that by quietly undercutting you, I can in time get rid of these tickets at four cents each, and make a clear three hundred thousand dollars. I never touch stocks, although I am on the Stock Exchange officially every day. Let Mr. Long make his bond as drastic as he likes; it will not interfere with me in the least."

Long wrote out the agreement, Jimmy signed it, and the clock struck eleven.

There proved to be no trouble over the details. The private printing-office belonging to the Street-car Trust promised to deliver the ten million tickets, in packets of a thousand, within the week, and Pepperton rented for a month, with the right of renewal, two of the largest rooms, burglar and fire-proof, in the new Reliable Safe Deposit Building on Washington Street. There, day by day, the packets were deposited.

Jimmy went quietly about his business as usual, but now and then, in his commercial room at the *Courier* office, or in the parlor of his little flat at the Markeen,

he thought over the situation, and it struck him as rather unique, somewhat similar to transactions that had taken place on the same spot centuries before, when the various tribes of Indians, whose titles Jimmy never knew, for he was not learned in history, had committed their little depredations on one another. And yet so-called civilized methods could scarcely be called an improvement on the red men's warfare. There was no dog-eat-dog among the aborigines. The various members of any tribe stood together, and fought together against the common enemy; but here the president of the traction company was craftily drawing a bead on the president of the produce stores, while he himself was being sleuthed by the commercial editor of the *Courier*, who had just finished smoking a peace-pipe; or, rather, cigarette, with him, and Jimmy himself, had he only known it, was to be tortured at the stake just when he thought victory was secure. Yet each of the wary combatants may on occasion have subscribed to some fund for the conversion of the heathen!

As if by mutual consent, there was a lull before the beginning of the storm. Pepperton dared not strike until the tickets were all gathered in by the Safe Deposit Company. Then they had to be examined with some care, for in modern, as in ancient warfare, no cut-throat trusts another. The counting and examining occupied a busy fortnight, during which both Armstrong and Pepperton, knowing that Stillenger had obtained the money, watched for the first hostile move on the part of that great chief; but he made no sign.

He on his part had been amazed to see the Lincoln Avenue Line suddenly blossom out into the most modern of electrical roads. He knew that the plant had all been ready, but he knew also that Armstrong needed money to set it in operation. The drivers of horses were of no use as motor men, without some time being spent instructing them, and now, seeing all this activity along Lincoln Avenue, he realized that, in some manner, Armstrong had raised the wind, and he wished to learn its source and its amount ere he opened the fight.

There was also another consideration that stayed his hand. When a new electrical line is inaugurated, there is almost certain to be gathered in a crop of accidents, many trivial, but some serious, caused by the awkwardness of men unacquainted with the route, and unaccustomed to the new machinery. The wily Stillenger thought it best to let these accidents occur while the line was still in possession of Armstrong, who would thus be compelled to stand the brunt of suits for damages, and the consequent legal bills, whether these suits were successful or not.

Meanwhile, Pepperton had been testing the efficiency of the new tickets, traveling up and down the various lines, and finding them accepted without question. Mr. Edward Walton, his lawyer, the one man in his confidence—and he only partially so—also made legal tests of the validity of the tickets, with the assistance of certain friends of his, who would have been astonished had they been called upon to swear an affidavit regarding a five-cent street-car ride, could an American feel astonished at anything a lawyer might do.

Armstrong, the last of the trio about to be involved in a triangular battle, was busy night and day with the running of his electrical plant, and with the management of his greatly accelerated service. It was encouraging to note that the patronage of the line increased tremendously, and another gratifying feature was the fact that suburban lots which he owned at either end of the line automatically increased in value, as a result of the speedy service, while the demand showed a corresponding quickening. During the first week or two, Armstrong had been almost cringingly deferential to Pepperton every time they met in the latter's parlor at the Markeen. This had been embarrassing to the modest young man, but by-and-bye he noticed a change in the other's manner, almost imperceptible at the beginning, but augmenting as time went on and

Armstrong's former confidence returned. He ventured at first to hint, and latterly to state boldly that it had been a tactical mistake on Pepperton's part to give the hundred thousand to Stillenger.

"If you had let me have it," he said, "I would have made old Stillenger sit up, more especially as he could n't



"As to that," said Armstrong, loftily, "in giving me your check, you were merely doing an act of restitution."

have got the money elsewhere. Why, by this time I'd have had him at my mercy, the old scoundrel, because, you see, the rise in real estate alone is going to pull me out."

"Quite so," said Jimmy, goaded beyond endurance by the other's self-conceited complaints, "but you must remember you could n't have got your electric cars running if it had n't been for my money."

"As to that," said Armstrong, loftily, "in giving me your check, you were merely doing an act of restitution. In strict justice the money was mine all the time."

To this the patient Jimmy made no reply, but went on calmly with the development of his plot.

It is amazing what a man can do who has at his disposal time, a little money, and that useful quality in business life, a talent for organization. All these blessings Pepperton possessed, and he entered into the campaign he had outlined with the zest of concentrated youth, never for a moment appearing even as a subordinate in the struggle he inaugurated. To his friends, for he had no enemies worth speaking of, he seemed to be an inadvertent, careless, indifferent young man, who rarely meddled with politics, or took part in heart-throbbing movements for the regeneration of the dear people, but calmly attended to his work in the *Courier* office, making new friends wherever he went. A clean young American of the best type, if, as some of his acquaintances said, he only took an interest in the serious affairs of life, as for instance, gambling on the Stock Exchange, or, through sharp dealing, looting some of his fellow countrymen of their hard-won savings. Not

once did Jimmy step into the lime-light. He acquired two or three energetic helpers who could keep their mouths shut, supplied what funds were necessary, held his conferences quietly in the little parlor at the Markeen, and then things began to grow interesting.

A public meeting of some of the best citizens was held at Bechmead Hall, with the defeated candidate who ran the Reform ticket for mayor, in the chair. There crept somehow into the papers accounts of what was happening in Cleveland and other cities regarding improved street-car traffic. These articles were admirably written and exceedingly interesting, because in each case they described a fight, and human nature, as at present constructed, loves a spirited contest, whether it is between dogs in the street, or between people against their rulers. The managing editors had paid little attention to these articles until a peremptory note from Stillenger brought them to their senses. The monopolist did not like the tone of these contributions, and so they ceased to appear, but the public meeting of our best citizens seemed to be based on these literary efforts, and they were read amidst applause by the energetic secretary who had called the assembly together. At this gathering a resolution was passed commending the electric service which the city now enjoyed, but demanding a three-cent fare, with universal transfers; that is to say, a man paying his nickel or ticket to the conductor on any line in the city, should receive free, on demand, a slip entitling him to continue his journey at right angles to the trip he was taking. This was a privilege that up to date in Oshkazoos had cost ten cents, which the experience of other cities showed to be an exorbitant price. It was moved, seconded, and carried that copies of this resolution should be presented to the mayor of the city, to the newspapers, to the aldermen, and to the president of the Street-car Trust, which was accordingly done; and the resolution was ignored by its various recipients, with the exception of the managing editors, who found themselves in a quandary. The names appended to this resolution were among the most important in the city; men who owned automobiles, and did not need to care whether street-car fares were three cents or five. There were also, Stillenger noted, magnates who held no stock in the United Street-railway Company. The newspapers did n't know whether to hang on or let go, but finally compromised by inserting a small item in small type, that said as little as possible, giving very scant information about the meeting, apparently on the principle of "least said, soonest mended."

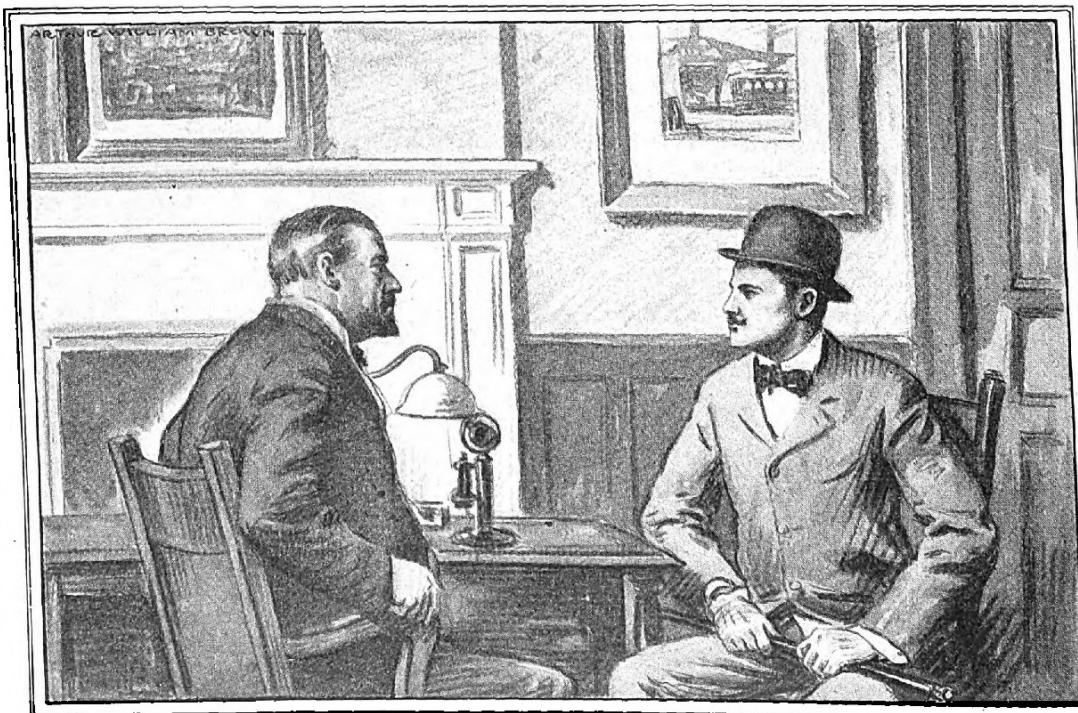
But presently it became evident that the prairie was on fire. Next week an assemblage of very different caliber was convened. A mass-meeting was called to take place at Arbiter Hall, always a storm center, so far as oratory was concerned. Here the Street-car Trust was roundly damned in English and German by labor leaders who did not measure their phrases, as the silk-stocking brigade had done the week before.

"Three-cent fares, or tear up the tracks," was the tone of this gathering, and as beer flowed freely, there were several rather severe scimmages with the police, as the crowd shouted that it wouldn't go home till morning. Several other musters followed in quick succession, and finally an open air mass-meeting that grew dangerous, and ended in something very like a riot. Half-a-dozen cars belonging to the Trust were upset and demolished. The whole of the police force had to be called out, and the mayor tried to deliver a soothing oration, to which the mob refused to listen, and now at last the hands of the newspapers were forced. They could no longer ignore the storm. They were unanimous in calling upon the authorities to act,

and sternly put down any attempt at violence.

On the day following, each newspaper contained a full-page advertisement, stating that the Lincoln Avenue Line, a railway that traversed the entire city from end to end bowing to an overwhelming public demand, would grant universal transfers, beginning the following Monday. This brought out a statement from Stillenger that three-cent fares and transfers were impossible. The carrying out of such a proposal would mean bankruptcy to the company. If the city were determined on this course it should honestly acquire the United stock at an equitable price, and itself take over the street-car system. If these iniquitous terms were imposed upon the company, they would amount to practical confiscation.

He went on to say that the offer of the Lincoln



"By Jove, Mr. Stillenger, you are a wonder."

Avenue Line was a bogus concession that could not last beyond a week, because no transfer tickets would be accepted on his cars other than those sold at six for a quarter, and the Lincoln Avenue Line would therefore be accepting its own tickets with one hand, and paying out an equal amount with the other, a proposition commercially unsound and absurd, which could only be put forward by an organization already on the verge of insolvency.

Nobody answered Stillenger's proclamation, but on the day set, the Lincoln Avenue Line dealt out to its customers the regular tickets of the Street-car Trust, with the proviso that they were to be used only for a continuous journey; that is, the passenger getting off, say, at Sixteenth Street must take the next car up or down Sixteenth Street if he wished to continue his journey.

The immediate consequence of this was that all the rolling stock of the Lincoln Avenue Line was brought into service, and the cars followed each other in procession. Every vehicle was packed like a sardine box, while the parallel lines of the Trust were carrying cars comparatively empty. This went on for two days. The public meetings had ceased. The whole city was watching the fight, and glorying in the pluck of a single-track David flinging his sling in the face of the multiple-lined Goliath.

Armstrong, bewildered at what had taken place, found himself, for once in his life, the hero of the day. He was proffered and he took the full credit of being an enterprising citizen who stood stanchly for the rights of his fellow men. The taste of popularity was sweet to him, and there had vanished any need to caution him not to breathe the name of Jimmy Pepperton. Armstrong took all that was coming to him, and the revenue of the Lincoln Avenue Line jumped up to an enormous figure.

At this juncture a special messenger from Stillenger came quietly to Jimmy's little parlor, and said that the president of the United wished the privilege of a private conference with him. James instructed the messenger to tell Mr. Stillenger, which of course Stillenger had begun to suspect, that he was exceedingly busy, but would endeavor to make an appointment some day next week. The messenger asked permission to use his telephone, and in Jimmy's presence conveyed the young man's ultimatum to the elder.

"Mr. Stillenger wishes to speak to you, sir," said the messenger, handing the receiver to Pepperton, who inclined his ear to the whisperings of the great.

"That you, Mr. Pepperton? Well, all I wish to know is this. Are we engaged in a fight to the death, or are you willing to make terms?"

"What fight are you speaking of?" asked Jimmy in surprise. "I'm merely commercial editor of the *Courier*, you know, and if you are referring to the contest with Armstrong, this, of course, in a way comes within my province, but the thing has grown so big that the local editor gives it first place with the biggest headlines on the front page. If, however, there is anything you would like to say for publication, I shall be only too pleased—"

"Look here, Mr. Pepperton," broke in the precise voice of the Trust President, "I've had enough of this nonsense, if you don't mind. Are you willing to come to terms? If so, I'm ready to deal. In that case I shall await you here for an hour. If not, kindly say so, because, like yourself, this is my busy day."

"All right," cried Jimmy. "I'll be with you in ten minutes."

"Good," replied the president, and rang off.

Nine minutes later James Pepperton was seated once more in the sumptuous room of President Stillenger. The latter turned to him an unruffled face, and spoke to him with the gentleness of a parson.

"Now, of course, Mr. Pepperton, we need waste no time in beating about the bush. I see you are what I said you were during your last visit, one of the best business men in this town, and I hope before long that I may be so fortunate as to induce you to join me."

James gravely inclined his head.

"All things are possible in this country, Mr. Stillenger," he said.

"It shows remarkable obtuseness on my part that I never once suspected your connection with the public meetings, and it was not until you began to feed to us our own tickets that I realized who was the man that had tackled me from behind. I was advised to repudiate those tickets I sold you, but concluded not to do so."

"It would simply have led you into the courts if you had," said Jimmy. "My friend, Mr. Walton, rather anticipated that move on your part, and was prepared for it. We would have tied up your lines, I think, and in any case you would have had more suits for damages, more injunctions and orders of the judges, than perhaps you were prepared for."

"I knew quite well," continued Stillenger, calmly, "that I should disappoint you by refusing the tickets. Of course, old Armstrong's a fool, and I'm not afraid of fighting him, but you are a horse of another color. You've joined with Armstrong to save his line, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered Jimmy, simply.

"Well, what do you propose to do when your ten million tickets are exhausted?"

"Do you know, Mr. Stillenger, that although we all talk glibly of millions and millionaires, there are not

really ten men in this city who grasp accurately what a million really means? How many of your tickets do you think we have used so far?"

Stillenger cast his eyes toward the ceiling, and mentally calculated for perhaps ten seconds, then said sharply: "Roughly speaking, eight hundred and seventy thousand."

"By Jove!" cried Jimmy, sitting up, an expression of admiration coming into his eyes. "You've got it almost to a dot. We began on the last hundred thousand of our first million this morning."

"Well, that means you've still nine million to play with. I don't need to tell you that I can hang on until the remaining nine million tickets are exhausted, and I'm almost in the mind to do so, unless you prove extremely reasonable. I suppose you wish me to buy back those tickets, so the whole question is, how much?"

"Yes, the question is how much; but if you think I made that purchase in order to hold you up, you are very much mistaken. I should term an action like that simply blackmail."

"Oh, nonsense," objected Stillenger. "Don't let us use harsh terms. I should merely call it a very clever trap into which I have stepped without giving as much heed as I should to where I was going. Well, if you don't want to sell the tickets, what do you wish to sell?"

"I will sell to you the Lincoln Avenue Street-car Line, and I need not point out to you the tremendous advantage such a purchase will prove. It will round out and make complete your street-car system."

"Yes, yes," cried Stillenger, interrupting with impatience. "I know all about that. How much do you want?"

"For the line, the franchise, the rolling stock, the electric plant—and I'll throw in the employees—I want half a million dollars."

"Oh, you know that's absurd, Mr. Pepperton. Why, I had it in my grip only last week at a hundred thousand."

"Then why didn't you grasp it, Mr. Stillenger?"

"Lack of foresight, I suppose. I was looking for a serious accident somewhere along Lincoln Avenue, and more especially at the level crossings near the junction at the one end of the city, or the main line of the C. D. & F. Railway at the other. I may tell you I had witnesses stationed at both danger points, so that at the coroner's inquest there should be no chance of John Armstrong evading his liabilities."

For the first time a frown marred the smooth brow of Jimmy Pepperton, and the eyes which regarded the street-car magnate were clouded with repulsion.

"Do you mean to say that you were counting on the sacrifice of human life, innocent men, women, and children—"

Stillenger waved his hand with cynical indifference, as one who has no time to discuss subtle distinctions.

"For every thousand miles run by a railway-car, there is a certain loss of human life or limb, as doubtless you know. I did nothing to promote an accident."

"Nor to prevent it," interjected Jimmy.

"Nor to prevent it, as you say, but merely placed independent men where they would see whatever might occur. But let us come to business. I'll give you two hundred thousand."

Pepperton shook his head.

"Three hundred thousand, then, if you take two-thirds of it in United Street-railway stock."

Again Jimmy shook his head.

"Well, I've made you two offers. Make one to me."

"I have already done so, Mr. Stillenger. The Lincoln Avenue Line is cheap at half a million, and you know it."

"All right. Two hundred thousand cash, and three hundred thousand stock."

"All cash, Mr. Stillenger. As I told you, I'm not a stock gambler."

"Why your terms are absurd. I could never raise the money."

"Yes, you could, the moment you were in possession of the Lincoln Avenue Line. Although I am no share manipulator, I will agree to find the amount if you come to my terms."

"You will agree to find it?"

"Yes."

"How can you, if I can't?"

"Because I've got more than that sum of money myself."

"The devil you have! I must secure you for a colleague, and in order to do that, I'm going to teach you a lesson. I will hang on till your nine million tickets are exhausted."

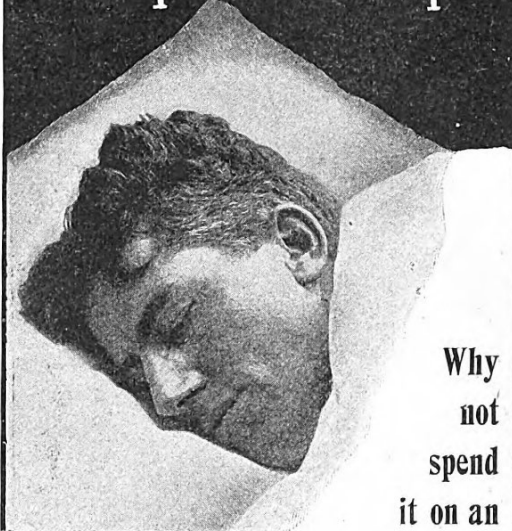
"All right," said Jimmy, rising. "You say you will fight, and you think I have been fighting you."

"Why, you acknowledged that you are."

"Mr. Stillenger, I have not begun to fight yet. Tomorrow the brutality begins. I shall knock down fares to three cents, and instead of handing out your tickets as transfers, I shall give every passenger on the Lincoln Avenue Line a ticket with which he can travel on any line that belongs to you whenever he likes, night or day. I shall reinaugurate the public meetings, where it will be pointed out to you, and to the city authorities, that there is a line voluntarily doing what you refuse to attempt. If you owned the Lincoln Avenue Line, a strong man like you could probably withstand the public clamor, but the Lincoln Avenue Line in capable

[Continued on page 252]

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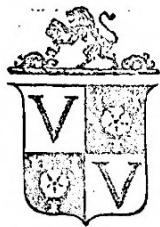


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THE KELLOGG FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. K-8, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.



The WORLD in The MONTH in AMERICA

IF THERE is one thing that President Taft stands for unreservedly, without hesitation or apology, it is the Constitution of the United States. That historic document has been the star to which he has hitched his ample wagon throughout his official life. His devotion to the ancient and honorable game of golf, the succulent 'possum, and the policies of Theodore Roosevelt is nothing compared to his ardent passion for the foundation-stone of our liberties. It seems the irony of fate, therefore, that Mr. Taft's first official act, even before he had resigned his position as private citizen, was to propose to violate an express provision of the Constitution.

A Narrow Escape for Knox

For that is what he did when he appointed Philander C. Knox to the highest position in the Cabinet. The grievous misdeed was discovered while Mr. Taft was off at Panama looking over the big ditch. Some one pointed out that Senator Knox had voted for a raise of salary for Secretary of State Knox. As eighty millions of us know, now that our attention has been called to it, our forefathers did not believe in self-raising salaries, and expressly forbade them in the Constitution.

When President-elect Taft came home and learned what he had done, did he swear at our forefathers and put the Constitution in the waste-basket? Not Taft. He only winked at the United States Congress which forthwith passed the Knox Relief Bill, so called because it relieved Mr. Knox of an embarrassing surplus of salary. What is the Constitution between friends if Congress is one of the friends? Thus it happened that Mr. Taft was able on the fourth of March to swear to protect and defend the Constitution against all comers in the heavy-weight class.

WHAT was Mr. Taft doing while valiant lawyers in Washington were defending the Constitution? The answer will be chiseled in the rocky hills of Panama; he was learning about locks.

To Lock or Not to Lock

There had been a lot of criticism of the way things were going down on the Isthmus. The Panama Canal, after the manner of canals, is costing a great deal more than was originally expected. There had been some who were worried about that. Others had said that the dams were not being built right. But most of the trouble was about locks.

"It ought to be a sea-level canal," the critics had said. "You can't ask a self-respecting canal to climb hills." Even some United States senators, with their profound knowledge of engineering matters, had declared that lock canals were a reproach to a great liberty-loving nation.

So Mr. Taft gathered together a select party of lock-smiths and went down to see for himself and to make a personal test of the strength of the dams.

What he saw must have pleased him greatly judging from his report when he came back. Of all the canals he had ever read about, ours, he said, was the best. He promised the people that he would build a canal regardless of senators and newspaper reporters. He intimated that any one so lost to shame as to believe in sea-level canals was worse than the man who rocks the boat.

Inasmuch as most of us would like to see the canal finished, lock or lockless, cheaply if possible but, if not, expensively, quickly if possible but, if not, slowly, it is felt that President Taft has begun his administration most auspiciously.

Let carping critics who claim that oratory is a lost art in America listen to these impassioned words that fell from the quivering lips of Congressman Cook of Colorado to the dust-laden floor of the House of Representatives.

A Parting Tribute

"It is fortunate not only for President Roosevelt, but also for the citizens of the Republic, that he has not a legal mind and no equipoise of reason, riding through and around the arena of political action on his broncho of arrogant, egotistical impulse, pretending to throw his lariat of execution at the heels and broad horns of capital, for the delectation of voting labor, and ending the scene with the cunning catch of a prairie wolf or a gopher."

This outpouring of Representative Cook will be repeated when the Gettysburg Address and Abraham Lincoln are forgotten—but not till then.

THE makers of the Constitution of the United States were wise in their generation and in ours. They were very canny gentlemen, who were trying to manufacture a government warranted to last, and yet who did not desire to have the thirteen free and very independent States refuse to play. So they hit upon a Federal government that not even a civil war could "bust," and they kept the free and very independent States, and gave each of them enough governing to do to interest the local politicians and prominent citizens for centuries to come.

The House of Governors

It is a good system, but it has one drawback—lack of team work. The result has been a go-as-you-please race, one State knowing not what another State doeth. If the New York laws are too hard on the honest but hungry Trust, the aforesaid Trust takes the ferry to New Jersey and incorporates there. If Illinois passes an income tax the man who is daily seen on the Board of Trade, or nightly at the Auditorium Hotel, will be found to be a citizen of Wisconsin, or some other sister State. A gentleman may be a bachelor in one State, a married man in another, a divorcee in a third, a bigamist in a fourth, and happy and contented in all. Insurance laws, child labor laws, extradition laws, and a host of others get badly mixed up because each State is so free and so very independent.

Somebody has proposed a House of Governors with the idea of the States getting together on their laws. If the Governors of all the forty-six States were annually to meet for two or three weeks and to discuss all subjects from the liquor trade to the influence of weather upon elections, State legislation would soon be put upon a better basis. The Governor who can't tell the difference between the private tip of a corporation and the mandate of the people might be inspired and instructed by more progressive and intelligent Governors. And when a given law has been approved, it might at once be proposed to twenty or thirty or even to forty-six separate legislatures. We hope that this "E pluribus unum" idea will take root, and that long before Chauncey M. Depew retires from the Senate we shall see the establishment of the first House of American Governors.

THE noiseless gun is an assured fact. Hiram Percy Maxim recently gave a public demonstration in a New York lawyer's office, and a number of persons of good reputation and unimpaired hearing were invited to come in to listen. They all admit that while Mr. Maxim was shooting holes in the furniture with a Springfield rifle the place was as

The Silencer

quiet as you could reasonably expect a lawyer's office to be. The success of the invention was complete.

It seems that Mr. Maxim's silencer may be attached to any kind of rifle by screwing it to the end of the barrel. In outward appearance it resembles a box of stick shaving soap, but with sufficient difference to make confusion impossible. Mr. Maxim is experimenting now with large-sized silencers for cannons, and he expects before he is through to make war absolutely noiseless, just as the other Maxim has made it smokeless.

This invention is one of tremendous importance. Before long it will be possible for a man to be shot without any of the disagreeable ostentation which now marks that process. In the future we can have wars right in our big cities without their interfering with business or making people late for their meals.

The society for the suppression of unnecessary noises has a valuable ally in Hiram Percy Maxim, but there is still much work for him to do. When he has begun to produce silencers for grind organs, boiler factories, small boys, and fashionable boxes at the opera, nothing will be too good for Mr. Maxim.

THIS promises to be a hard season for transatlantic records. The "Mauretania" recently broke three of them in one trip, and achieved, among other things, a run of 767 real miles in one day.

Four Days from Ireland

The "Mauretania" made all previous records for the long winter route look very thin and pale, and if she keeps up this sort of thing she will be landing Sunday passengers from Queens-town in New York on Thursday night. Already the time required for a native of County Cork to become a political leader in New York is surprisingly short.

a NUTSHELL

THE steel war is on. The United States Steel Corporation, angered by its little competitors, has cut viciously into the price of steel. "It's a fight to a finish," says the Steel Trust, and the little competitors anxiously ask themselves, "Whose finish?"

The Steel War and its Compensation

There may be sad times in America from now on. Mr. Morgan may have to sell his library. Many a Pittsburgh millionaire may be compelled to go automobileless to bed, and the Lithuanian workman who has acquired extravagant habits of living with his dollar and a half a day wages will have to try to get along on one dollar.

There will be compensations, however, for the poorest of us. When the thrifty housewife, basket in hand, goes to the Steel Trust office to buy her hundred pounds of structural iron, she will be able to get it thirty-five cents cheaper, and she can apply this sum to the soaring butcher's bill. The industrious clerk who has been saving up for a ton of steel rails will find himself four dollars nearer to the object of his desire.

It is a dreadful war and rather an idiotic one. It is not competition but destruction, and the end of it all will not be competition but amalgamation. The Steel Trust will issue from the war a larger and perhaps greedier, if not a wiser, trust. The little competitors may as well crawl into one of their own steel crushers and have it over with.

IN the good old days prices took care of themselves. If the supply was too large the price fell, if the demand was greater than the supply, the lucky manufacturer or merchant pocketed the difference. Prices, like Cæsar's wife, were above suspicion. Any one who proposes to regulate them would have been looked upon very much as we regard the wild-eyed gentleman

Mr. Carnegie's Price Court

who has a patent device for overcoming the laws of gravitation.

The trusts have changed our opinions upon this subject. Every now and then a man opens an oil-well but the price of oil does not fall enough to permit much of this valuable fluid to be cast upon the troubled waters. Any one who wishes to build a new railroad between Chicago and St. Louis, may—but he does not. In the bright lexicon of trusts and monopolies there is no such word as competition, and so prices are determined by the moderation of the seller, or if he has none—the bank account of the buyer. Now comes forward no less a reformer than Andrew Carnegie with a scheme to fix prices.

The little plan of Mr. Carnegie is a price court. If New York can fix the price of gas in that State; if the Interstate Commerce Commission can fix prices for transportation on American railroads, why should there not be for other monopolies a supreme industrial court to pass upon prices? With such a court established, a trust wanting to take an extra dollar out of your pocket would have to prove before this impartial tribunal that it needs the dollar worse than you do.

Mr. Carnegie's plan will not be adopted in the present special session of Congress, nor in the next session. But sooner or later we must hit upon a plan by which we and our neighbor can keep enough of our earnings to pay the bills and bring up the children. The present age is an age of organization, and Mr. Carnegie is right when he suggests that the consumers must "get together."

THERE is another class in the community that may well get together, and that class is the farmers. Our late President, now Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, private citizen, did wisely in appointing his Commission on Country Life, and the Commission did wisely in advising co-operation among farmers.

Cooperation Among Farmers

It is a fairly longish walk to our next neighbor's farm, and a much longer walk to the house of a farmer who agrees with us in religion, politics, and things in general. But if you take the whole country, you can find enough farmers to get together and enough things to get together on. Farmers can buy together and sell together, put up their own elevators, join together to get better schools and better roads and better laws and better chances of making a good living.

There is no reason why farming should not be as profitable to the farmer as it is beneficial to the country, or why the life of the farmer, and of the farmer's wife, should not be fuller and more agreeable. The trolley, the telephone, and the graded school are doing a good deal; the National and State Governments can do a great deal, at least in the way of advice, but it remains for the farmers themselves, acting together, to take the really long steps toward making farming the most pleasant and the best paying occupation in the country. And the farmers can do it.

A LOS ANGELES physician named Tanner has been spending a lot of time lately looking into the mouths of cows, and he finds that they are full of germs. These germs, he says, contaminate the cows' milk, and are a contributing cause of illness in children. In an article in a London paper he recommends that the teeth of cows be cleaned twice a day, and that a law be passed making this compulsory. Whether the cows should have a vote on the proposed law, or whether they should be subjected to purification without representation, Dr. Tanner does not say.

Tooth-brushes for Cows

No doubt it would be a fine thing if cows could be made to pay more attention to their personal habits. They should be taught in early calfhood that cleanliness is next to Godliness. We wonder, however, whether compelling the farmer to brush his cows' teeth twice a day will not have a bad effect upon the bovine character. Will not the cow become pampered, demanding finer tooth-brushes and tastier powders as time goes on? Will she stop at the brushing of teeth, or go further and insist upon shampooing and manicuring? We are opposed to any law that will change the liberty-loving, independent farmer into a private secretary to a cow.



LATTER-DAY PATRIOTS

V. Charles Warren Fairbanks

His Country loved him and it called him back.

NEVER did so large a fleet go around so large a world.

This in itself would have been a sufficient reason, from the American point of view, for sending our battle-ships frolicking about among five or six continents.

As a free street parade advertising Uncle Sam's United Shows with forty-six combined menageries, it was a great success. As a test of the working efficiency of our battle-ships it could not have been surpassed without building an addition to the earth. As a proof of the friendliness toward us of the nations of the world, what could have been more convincing than the way those nations welcomed our seamen and fed them on unwholesome food?

Our Globe-Trotting Navy

Now that they are back safe we are very glad they went. So long as it is the fashion to have navies, it is pleasing to know that ours is a movable and not a stationary one. Rear Admiral Sperry and the good men who helped him bring the big fleet home on time without a scratch are deserving of the Nation's congratulations and thanks.

THE brewers of the State of Indiana are finding themselves in a very embarrassing situation. It seems that in last fall's election they gave their financial and moral support (if one can designate their support as moral) to the Democratic State ticket. The Democratic leaders expressed themselves as opposed to the county option law previously passed by the Republican legislature, and intimated that if they were successful, beer would soon be flowing in Indiana as freely as literature. With the aid of the brewers' good dollars and the beer-loving Republicans, the Democrats succeeded in carrying the State elections and in getting a majority in the legislature.

Indiana and the Brewers

Now, however, comes the shameful treachery. According to press reports, the Democratic legislature is showing a bashful hesitancy about repealing the county local option law. It seems that the better element of both parties is in favor of keeping the law on the books, and that the best that the brewers can hope for is certain minor amendments. Meanwhile the State continues to grow dry, a county at a time, and at this rate there will soon be nothing brewing in Indiana but trouble.

The brewers sit weeping in their beer vats, afraid to go home till it's dark. In vain they ask for their money back; the Democrats do not believe in rebates. If this custom of disregarding sacred obligations is to become at all common, people some day may be forced to do without campaign contributions entirely, and to elect their officers in their own blundering way.

SPRY AT 64

Keeps well and Active on Postum

Postum does one good because it is made of clean, hard wheat and contains no drug or other harmful substance.

"My husband always had his coffee twice a day—thought he could not do without it," writes a N. Y. woman. "About twelve years ago he began to have bad spells.

"His head felt queer, was dizzy and sick at his stomach. The doctor would come and prescribe for biliousness but medicines gave no permanent relief.

"In a short time the same old spells would return. This went on for years, until we dreaded these spells and feared he would become an invalid.

"A friend to whom we told this experience said it was coffee. He had been the same way and stopped drinking coffee and got well by change to well-made Postum.

"He told us to be sure to make it right, according to directions on pkg. Now we like Postum as well as coffee, and I can't remember when my husband has had a sick day.

"Those bad spells are a thing of the past. He is 64, works every day and is as spry as a boy. We have been using Postum a year and a half and are glad to have a delicious drink which does not injure us as coffee did."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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

We're responsible for your stockings

If Manheim Mendless Hose need mending within six months, we give you new ones free. That's the best way to tell you how good and strong and durable we make

Manheim Mendless Hose

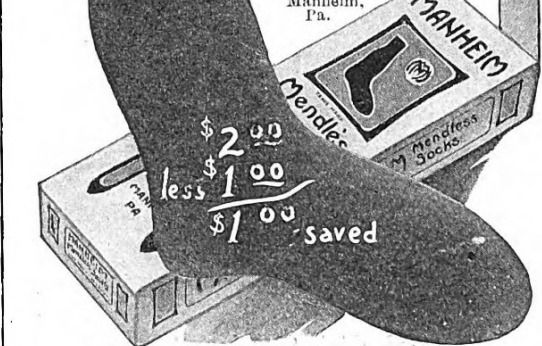
Another thing: The price is no more—probably less—than you have been paying for ordinary stockings.

Men's Socks, 6 pairs, \$1.
Sizes 9½ to 11½, in black, light and dark tan, navy blue and gray.

Women's Stockings, 6 pairs, \$1.50
Sizes 8 to 10½, in black, and light and dark tan.
All fast colors. Sold only six pairs (one size) in a box, with guarantee.

If your dealer hasn't Manheim Mendless Hose don't accept a substitute. Send us \$1 for men's or \$1.50 for women's, state size (or size of shoe and color—assorted colors if desired)—and we will send you 6 pairs pre paid.

Manheim Hosiery Mills
62 E. Granby St., Manheim, Pa.
Reference: Keystone National Bank, Manheim, Pa.



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New, exclusive shapes and shades—becoming, refined lines—absolutely correct style—the finest fur felt—you get all these, *plus* the weather-proof feature which comes from the famous Priestly cravenetting process. This treatment does not change the texture or appearance of the material at all—simply renders it weather-proof. That is why

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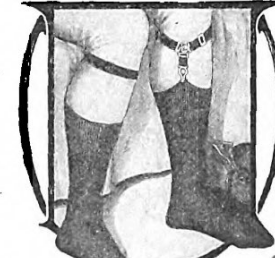
Upon request, we will send you free a new and unusual booklet on hat styles for 1909. This is distinctly a novelty in booklets—and is appreciated wherever good hats are appreciated.

Derbies and Soft Hats
\$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00

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The flattest clasp, the surest grip, the strongest metal parts, the finest silk webs, the lightest weight, the best work ever put on a man's garter. Perfect in support, absolute in comfort, greatest durability. *Unconditionally guaranteed.* At your dealer's, **25c**—or sent direct from the factory on receipt of price.

PIONEER SUSPENDERS
Made of the costliest webs, made by the most skilled workers, made for the longest and most satisfactory wear—all lengths and weights—*absolutely guaranteed.* At your dealer's, **50c** a pair—or we send them direct.

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Makers of PIONEER BELTS

The WORLD in a NUTSHELL

WHEN the air-ship ceases to be a thing to wonder at and becomes a common sight on every sky-way, what are we going to do about the law? Will it not be necessary to evolve an entirely new system of regulations to deal with the navigation of the upper atmosphere?

The Law of the Air

We do not refer here to the obvious difficulty of collecting government revenues; the "stand pat" high tariff gentlemen of that future day will have to worry about that themselves. Neither do we concern ourselves with the regulation of traffic in the congested regions over our large cities. No doubt Irish policemen with blue wings will be blowing whistles all over the firmament. What we are losing sleep about is the rights of the private earth-dwelling citizen. One's forty-acre farm extends downward as far as one has the energy to dig; upwards it extends as far as the procession of the equinoxes. How is the middle-aged farmer, with only one hired man, going to keep trespassers out of the upper forty million cubic miles of his estate?

Give a perfect gentleman four rubber-tired wheels and a quart of gasoline and he becomes an enemy of the people. What can we expect when all our perfect gentlemen have sprouted wings? How shall we prevent total strangers from landing in our favorite shade-trees? How will the future sky-cops restrain convivial aeronauts from dropping empty bottles through our skylights; and above all, what shall we do to prevent aerial burglars from breaking into our air-castles?

When we think of the multitude of necessary laws which our future legislatures may refuse to pass or our future Supreme Courts declare unconstitutional, we almost wish that the Wright Brothers had confined their efforts to the repairing of bicycles.

THE State of Pennsylvania is in debt. What with its great political machines, and its big and little political bosses, and its cheap-at-any-price State Capitols, it has spent dollar after dollar, until now it has a deficit of no less than seventy-nine millions.

Receivers for the State of Pennsylvania

No one sees how this deficit is to be met. You can't tax the Steel Trust, or the Pennsylvania Railroad, for that would be an attack upon vested rights. And you can't tax the citizens any more so long as tax collectors are mortal.

A proposal has now been made urging the appointment of three receivers for the State, and suggesting the names of John Wanamaker, the great merchant prince, Henry C. Frick, and George W. Drexel. We believe this to be a very wise plan. The men named are good business men, who would find out if the State had any real assets, and would get at least something for them. Mr. Wanamaker could settle up the affairs of the State on the bargain counters of his big store, to the advantage both of the sovereign commonwealth and the Friday afternoon shoppers.

We may soon see the State Capitol marked down from twenty millions to ninety-nine thousand, with perhaps a few coal mines and steel rail mills thrown in. The old Liberty Bell at Philadelphia, though a trifle cracked, might bring in something, and the Digest of the Laws of the State, without which no gentleman's library is complete, could be marked down and go to meet the deficit. The State of Pennsylvania must get seventy-nine millions of dollars, or go out of business.

WHEN the State of Tennessee tried the slayers of Senator Carmack, the first thing it did was to throw out of the jury box every one who was suspected of brains. "If a man has talked to a witness," said the court, "he can not become a jurymen."

Twelve Good Men and Ignorant

Any newspaper that has published an account of the murder is a witness, and, therefore, according to the judge's ruling, no one can be a jurymen who has looked at a newspaper, or who has ever seen a printing-press that printed a paper that contained an account of the murder.

To the credit of Tennessee be it said that they had to examine three thousand and nineteen people before they could find twelve men who could measure up to this ignorance test. Four of the chosen jurymen could not read or write, two others hardly understood English, and the other six swore that since the murder they had not seen a newspaper and had not seen any one who had.

And this is the jury to whom the greatest lawyers of Tennessee are going to appeal. Hypothetical questions, three hours and a half long, may be addressed to the defendants, and the jurors who can not understand English must decide.

Jury trials with all their faults are better than trials by a judge, and a man should always have the right to the judgment of his peers; but, in the Tennessee case, are the jurors really his peers? Would it not be just as wise to decide this case by flipping up a penny?

How would you like to be a director of the Standard Oil Company? How would you like to attain to that position without its costing you a cent? If you were a State instead of a private citizen may be you could, for something like that has happened to Missouri.

Kissing the Hand that Strikes

For a long time that sovereign commonwealth and that sovereign corporation were not on speaking terms. The commonwealth believed that the company was selling its kerosene at a prohibitive price and was accepting rebates, restraining trade, and doing other trustful and deplorable things. The company said Missouri was an old busybody, and at last the commonwealth became so angry that it ordered the company off the premises.

Now no one likes to be thrown out at the back door, and no sooner did this seem likely to happen than the Standard, with its wonderful good sense, proposed that the State should go into partnership with it in the oil trade.

"We will reorganize our business," it said; "we will put all our stock in the hands of two directors, one appointed by you, and one appointed by us, and if these two can't agree as to what is the moral and just thing in business, the courts will decide."

Missouri, of course, will have to be shown, but it looks good to us. There may be a card up the Standard's sleeve, but, on the other hand, perhaps the Standard, which was a little ahead of all others in creating a scientific rebate and in getting on to the modern trust formation, is also to be the first to recognize that the time has come for the people to take part in their industrial government as well as in their political government. Perhaps it is willing to meet the people half way.

There is no doubt that the people of the United States if they stay awake are going to rule the trusts. It would be interesting, however, if the trusts themselves undertook to teach us how to rule them.

WIRELESS telephones are coming into practical use. One may make this statement now without being led away to a pleasant place with beautiful flower gardens and kind keepers. Nothing is more indicative of the amazing progress of this century than the number of things one may now say without being locked up.

Telephoning Without Wires

Wireless telephones have been in use in an experimental way on several battle-ships, but so few of us use the navy for getting about that we haven't profited much by the invention. Now, however, one hundred and fifty boats on the Great Lakes have ordered the device. The police boats in New York Harbor are soon to be equipped in the same way.

For some reason the wireless telephone has been found so far to work most satisfactorily on the water, but they tell us it is only a question of time when we shall send for the doctor and order the groceries over a wireless telephone. There will be phones on the trains, also, as soon as Maxim has had time to make, locomotives noiseless; and Dr. DeForest says he has a new device which will make it possible for us to have grand opera telephoned to every home without the use of wires.

So much is promised us. Whether they will ever succeed in giving us buzzless, waitless, costless, get-out-of-orderless telephones, no one is willing to say. At any rate they can not deprive us of one beautiful thought. In that blessed future day Central will not ask us to "Hold the wire."

THERE is a municipal judge out in Chicago who is a revolutionist. He is not the kind that goes about dropping bombs under misguided rulers, as revolutionists do in Russia, he only drops bombs under the municipal court system. As we know of no better use for bombs, we feel that Judge McKenzie Cleland and his court are worthy of all praise.

The Parole Judge

Judge Cleland does not believe in making "criminals by due process of law." He has announced that he will not send a man of family to jail for any trivial mistake, and that he will not impose fines just to increase the court's revenues. His method is parole instead of imprisonment, and during his first year, out of a thousand men paroled on good behavior, only eighty broke faith and had to be sent to jail. As a result of his activities, Judge Cleland has earned the hostility of his fellow judges, who complain that his court is not a money maker. He is also not exactly popular with a certain broom company which is being deprived of cheap prison labor by this revolutionary judge. Every one is trying to have him removed—that is, every one except the families he has saved from starvation and the men he has rescued from a life of crime.

The WORLD in a NUTSHELL

The MONTH ABROAD

A MAN has written a play called "An Englishman's Home," and ever since it has been put on the stage England has been shivering with fear. It is not a good play, but it shows quite clearly that a German army could go through England as a knife cuts through butter.

Britain Girds Up Its Loins

The casual American traveler, who used to admire the phlegmatic Englishman, would no longer recognize in the England of to-day the country he had known a few months before. "Beware of the German!" cries the orator at Hyde Park. "Arm, arm, for the Germans come!" cries the editor in his no longer easy chair. The newspapers have now no space for the doings of the royal family. Wealthy brewers refuse to employ any unwelcome beer makers, and ribbon-counter clerks must be embryo Wellingtons.

The Lord Mayor of London is squeezed in between the ventriloquist and the lady tight-rope walker at all music-halls, and there he urges the nation to enroll under the flag. If bonuses and prizes continue to be offered to the men who enlist in the territorial army, there will soon be as many soldiers in Britain as there are policemen in London.

But still England shivers, and still John Bull dreams nightly of a German invasion of Great Britain and the downfall of the London *Times*, the English language and five o'clock tea.

It is a dreadful thought with only one consolation. It may not be true.

WE HAVE heard a great deal about the decay of France. The traveler from Oklahoma returns after four days in Paris and tells us that in France race suicide is on the increase, and cigar stores are open on Sunday. Therefore, France is doomed.

France's Stocking

There is a political economist, however, Monsieur Leroy-Beaulieu by name, who has carefully studied the whole subject for fifty years, and who has come to the conclusion that France is not yet on her last legs. The country is rising early every morning, working hard every day, and going to bed every evening a little better off both in money and intelligence. The universities are growing, the schools are improving, the number of books published is increasing, and the laws are becoming wiser and are being better administered. Great public works are being built, the railroads are slowly but surely falling into the hands of the State, and at the same time France is getting richer.

France is saving a billion dollars every year. That means one hundred and twenty-five dollars for every family. The wealth of the country is at least forty-five billions, and probably a great deal more, and that means that the average family has a little bank account of over five thousand dollars. And the wealth of France is better distributed than the wealth of England or Germany or the United States. There are fewer millionaires and more people comfortably off. The wealth of France comes from the peasant's stocking, and some of it stays there.

AN INTERNATIONAL Opium Conference has been meeting at Shanghai, China. This conference was called by the United States, and was participated in by twelve nations. Its object was to create a sentiment that would put a stop to this curse of China and menace to the whole world.

Conference on Opium

What a tremendous task this is, and yet how necessary, the readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, which last year carried on a campaign for the suppression of the opium traffic, well know. Yet this Shanghai conference, which was called to settle the opium question, met for three weeks and then adjourned! Is it surprising that they did not make a visible impression upon the problem?

Curiously enough, the only immediate effect of the Opium Conference was felt, not in England nor in China, but in the United States. For some time a bill prohibiting the importation of opium has been before our Congress. Those noble congressional souls, who are constantly weighed down with the responsibility of providing revenue were quietly choking that bill to death. Suddenly it became apparent that our delegates at Shanghai were in the position of hypocrites so long as we continued to trade in opium. And just in the nick of time the bill was passed. Thus the movement for suppression was hastened and Uncle Sam's blushes were spared.

THERE is not going to be a war in the Balkans, after all. Turkey and Austria have smoked the *narghile* of peace, the Russian has persuaded the Turk and Bulgarian to be friends, and now the Powers have come together and persuaded little Serbia to lay down her arms in her own defense. Europe heaves a sigh. The soldiers of the world will remain the pleasant, hob-nailed gentlemen of leisure whom we see on parade. There is to be no shooting, and no war.

The Growing Unpopularity of War

This is one of the greatest blessings that has ever fallen to mankind. The race is going forward, and no one is anxious to kill the man who lives across the boundary line, or to be killed by him.

Despite our armies, despite our terrible Dreadnaughts, the love of peace grows, and the sense of international justice spreads over the world. Soon this new sense of justice will "rebuken many people; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

WE LOVE the ex-President for the traditions he has side-stepped. As Americans we love traditions, but we love still more the people who break them.

Our ex-President, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York and Africa, during his administration annihilated more traditions than did the preceding six Presidents lumped together. It was against all traditions to invite a Booker Washington to dinner, to interfere in a labor dispute, to make two great nations stop fighting in Asia and shake hands in New Hampshire. It was against the hoariest traditions for a President to attack the trusts, address Monday morning sermons to the people, and expose nature-fakers and unsimplified spellers. And on the last week of his administration, the President paid a visit to the Austrian Ambassador, on Connecticut Avenue, or, in other words entered a foreign territory, for, according to international law, an embassy is under the flag and the laws of its own country.

Roosevelt in Austria

What would have happened if Baron Hengelmüller had bolted the door while Mr. Roosevelt was in the dining-room? We could not have sent our policemen there without a declaration of war against Austria, and as the President is the Commander-in-Chief of the land forces which would have had to be led against the embassy, we should probably have had to hurry up the inauguration of President Fairbanks before any formal declaration of war took place. We suspect, however, that Mr. Roosevelt would have managed to escape through the cellar window, in order to get into the fight himself.

As a matter of fact, the President was not purloined or kept in durance, and he met with no more serious mishap than a two hours' German dinner in the middle of the day.

A WRITER in a Hongkong newspaper tells the Americans that they are all wrong. "If you expect to make the Philippines pay," he says, "you must make the Filipinos work."

Now we are the friends of our little brown brothers in the Philippines, but truth is truth, and we have to admit it; the Filipino is lazy. The man whom we are trying so hard to civilize is still content with his banana-patch. He rises late in the morning, shakes himself, relights his cigarette of the night before, and these toilet preparations completed, he—yawns. Instead of planting or hoeing or starting a shoe-factory or organizing a trust, as the energetic American does, he yawns. Does he gather up the bananas and form a corner? Not he. He yawns, and when at dusk he retires, having done nothing but smoke cigarettes and yawn all day, he lays himself down under the banana tree in the pious hope that to-morrow's breakfast may fall upon him during the quiet night.

"Working" the Filipino

The Hongkong writer suggests that we open the Philippine door to the Chinese, so that the little men may follow in the footsteps of their big yellow brethren. We for our part would bring the lazy Filipinos to America to teach them our methods of industry and application. Labor is the source of all joy and the cure of all evils. For his own salvation, we must "work" the Filipino.

LESS MEAT

Advice of Family Physician

Formerly people thought meat necessary for strength and muscular vigor.

The man who worked hard was supposed to require meat two or three times a day. Science has found out differently.

It is now a common thing for the family physician to order less meat, as in the following letter from a N. Y. man.

"I had suffered for years with dyspepsia and nervousness. My physician advised me to eat less meat and greasy foods generally. I tried several things to take the place of my usual breakfast of chops, fried potatoes, etc., but got no relief until I tried Grape-Nuts food."

"After using Grape-Nuts for the cereal part of my meals for two years, I am now a well man. Grape-Nuts benefited my health far more than the five hundred dollars worth of medicine I had taken before."

"My wife and children are healthier than they had been for years, and we are a very happy family, largely due to Grape-Nuts."

"We have been so much benefited by Grape-Nuts that it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge it."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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

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It costs more, but after many experiences with other papers, the best firms find that

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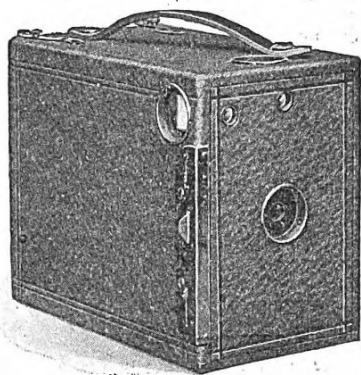
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that will just suit you



There are three new sizes of the Premo Junior

Made especially for those who want to make good pictures the easiest way.

Simple—Open the back of a Premo Jr., drop in Premo Film Pack and the camera is loaded in any light. No focusing—no estimating of distances; just locate the subject in finder, press a lever and the exposure is made. To change films for successive exposures, merely pull out successive paper tabs.

Efficient—Premo Juniors are equipped with the best single meniscus lenses obtainable and have automatic shutters for time or instantaneous exposures. Each has two tripod sockets and two finders. Each offers the advantage of tank development.

Inexpensive—These cameras are so inexpensive that you can readily afford to get one just to keep around the house for occasional pictures of the things that interest you, even if you have no interest in photography itself.

2 1/4 x 3 1/4	2 1/2 x 4 1/4	3 1/4 x 4 1/4	4 x 5
\$2.00	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$5.00

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IMPORTANT—In writing, please be sure to specify PREMOS catalogue.

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Hymns, operatic selections, the old-time melodies, the popular airs—you can have all these in endless variety in

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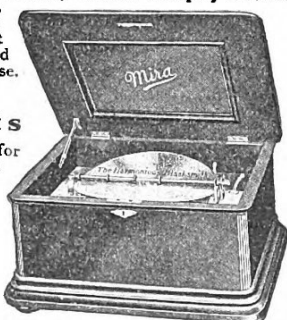
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The WORLD in

WOMEN EVERYWHERE

THE CAUSE of "votes for women" continues to prosper at home and abroad. The South Dakota Legislature has just passed an equal-suffrage bill. In England, within a few weeks, suffragettes have gone up in air-ships, rioted, and gone to jail, cheerfully demanding votes and making things unpleasant in Parliament. One alert propagandist had herself sent by mail to the Prime Minister, but he ungallantly declined to receive this registered package of trouble. In America, also, there are signs of awakening, although the agitation here is quieter and more ladylike. A trainload of New York women recently besieged Albany and bombarded the State Capitol with their annual demand for the suffrage.

Progress of the Suffrage

Friends of the movement declare that all this progress is almost enough to offset the recent solemn declaration of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the New York society leader, that henceforth she would live and die an anti-suffragist.

A NEW YORK woman, a certain Mrs. Strong, is bringing suit in the United States Courts for a separation from her husband. The reason the action is being brought in the Federal instead of the State courts is not that Mr. Strong is a counterfeit husband or a mail robber, but that the lady alleges that her marriage is "involuntary servitude" of the kind prohibited by the Thirteenth Amendment, and therefore unconstitutional and void.

It seems unlikely that the United States judges will grant an appeal which might upset all the marriages in the country. They will probably hold that a respectable old Constitution like ours would not come between man and wife and break up families. There are enough divorces and separations, it would seem, without making marriage unconstitutional.

Is Marriage Unconstitutional

Such attacks as this will compel Uncle Sam, in self-defense, to declare it a crime to become engaged. Involuntary servitude is unconstitutional "except," to quote the amendment, "as a punishment for crime."

THE woman next door has been grumbling about prices every single day of every single year for ten years past. Eggs and butter and cheese and milk and lard and meat and fish have been steadily soaring in price. And here comes the report of the Federal Bureau of Labor, with hundreds of pages of very accurate statistics gathered during seventeen years, and with all this trouble they have only proved what the woman next door has been saying all along.

Things to eat are certainly dearer, much dearer. A pound of pork costs as much now as two pounds of pork ten years ago, a pound of lard as much as two pounds then. Corn is twice as dear, butter, canned fruits, eggs, codfish, and herring over half again as expensive. Hard coal is harder to get than ever, and soft coal rises sympathetically in price. How is the pay envelope, which does not grow so rapidly as the grocery bill, to keep up with these prices?

There is consolation for only one class in the community—the boarding-house keeper. Everything else mounts in price, but coffee and prunes are going down.

Can We Afford to Live?

There is a girl who sits on the roof of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel and sends off wireless messages every day from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon. It is Miss Anna A. Nevins, the only girl wireless operator in the world.

We do not know Miss Nevins, but we predict that she will not long remain the only girl wireless operator. Women are coming in to all the trades and occupations and professions in America, and they are coming in faster than are men. There are six million women in the United States who are already working for wages, to say nothing of the twenty millions who are working without getting wages. Every day brings women into occupations which people have always considered as reserved for men. We have women cab-drivers, women barbers, women laborers, women in almost every trade except that of longshoremen and telegraph linemen.

The problem of women in industry is one of the gravest and greatest in American life. What does it mean for good or evil to the women who work, to the men who work, to the children at home—if there are children at home—and to the family and marriage?

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Woman and the Wireless

Not the hired girl, surely. All over the world the servant girl disappears. Soon she will be as rare as the bison or the dodo. Formerly the good, easily satisfied German girl who worked, not for wages, but because she liked it, was so numerous that a part of her had to migrate to America, with the result that the kitchens of a continent became Teutonic. Now she no longer emigrates, and even in Germany there are not enough of her to go around. The great Empire grows all the time. Every year there are a new million of Germans who want Gretchen to cook their dinner or darn their socks for them, and all the while the number of Gretchens is dwindling, dwindling, dwindling, until now, according to a recent government report, only one family in Berlin out of eight can boast of a servant.

"Who is to do the housework?" Well, perhaps there is not going to be so much housework.

Is it a crime for a woman to be beautiful? That depends, according to a Georgia legislator, upon whether the beauty is natural or acquired. This gallant Southerner has no fault to find with women who are born beautiful, but he can not speak calmly of those who achieve beauty or whose beauty is thrust upon them at the corner drug-store.

Making Beauty a Crime

The bill which the honorable member has introduced into the legislature provides that if any woman shall knowingly and with malice aforethought betray or permit to be betrayed into matrimony any unsuspecting male Georgian, by means of scents, paints, powders, perfumes, cosmetics, waters, artificial teeth or hair, or any other aids to beauty of face or figure, the marriage may be declared null and void.

It seems unlikely that a legislative body of chivalrous Southern gentlemen will pass such an uncomplimentary act. This law would be a fatal admission that the much sonnetized and balladized beauty of the Southern women is somewhat less than skin deep.

But even if it should pass in Georgia, it is not likely to become a general movement. As a nation we should not care to see our women labeled with guarantees under a pure food and drug act. We who are so proud of our self-made men are not likely to discriminate unfairly against our self-made women.

THINGS and times are changing quickly in Germany.

The German *hausfrau* used to be considered the ideal of the perfect and the contented better-half. Her husband could spend long evenings at the tavern club sipping Munich beer and drawing smoke through a six-foot pipe, but when he wended his way homeward, the wife of his bosom had cleaned the house and put the children to bed, crocheted a doily with the German words for "God Bless Our Home," put out the slippers, and was ready to greet the homecoming lord and master with a pleasant and forgiving smile. The young German girl who had nice red cheeks, a domesticated temper, and a hundred dollars in the bank, might hope in time to become a *hausfrau*. If she did not have all these qualifications, she could never be anything higher than a maiden aunt.

The German girl, according to Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, has now rebelled, and of two evils she has chosen neither. Instead of becoming a tame *hausfrau* or a tame spinster aunt, she has imitated her American sister and become a cheerful bachelor girl.

These bachelor girls are springing up everywhere in Germany. They are university students and doctors and lecturers and engineers and journalists and novelists and painters and teachers. Not having a good husband to bring home sausage and cabbage, they have gone out into the wide, wide world to earn their sausage and cabbage themselves.

The bachelor girl and the whole German people will doubtless be better off as a result of the German girl's new independence. Perhaps the women's clubs and the women's newspapers and all the rest of it may teach the German lord and master that if he wants to get a wife he will have to promise to keep good hours and sip his Munich beer and smoke his six-foot pipe at home, at least part of the time.

But the conservatives, and especially the old people, who do not quite understand these new ideas about the freedom of women, are beginning to ask "Who will do the housework?"

Not the hired girl, surely. All over the world the servant girl disappears. Soon she will be as rare as the bison or the dodo. Formerly the good, easily satisfied German girl who worked, not for wages, but because she liked it, was so numerous that a part of her had to migrate to America, with the result that the kitchens of a continent became Teutonic. Now she no longer emigrates, and even in Germany there are not enough of her to go around. The great Empire grows all the time. Every year there are a new million of Germans who want Gretchen to cook their dinner or darn their socks for them, and all the while the number of Gretchens is dwindling, dwindling, dwindling, until now, according to a recent government report, only one family in Berlin out of eight can boast of a servant.

"Who is to do the housework?" Well, perhaps there is not going to be so much housework.

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"Who is to do the housework?" Well, perhaps there is not going to be so much housework.

a NUTSHELL

PERSONS of the MOMENT

PRESIDENT TAFT's appointments for his cabinet are as follows:

Secretary of State—Philander Chase Knox, Pennsylvania.

Secretary of the Treasury—Franklin MacVeagh, Illinois.

Secretary of War—Jacob McGavock Dickinson, Illinois.

Postmaster-General—Frank H. Hitchcock, Massachusetts.

Attorney-General—George W. Wickersham, New York.

Secretary of the Navy—George Von L. Meyer, Massachusetts.

Secretary of the Interior—R. A. Ballinger, Washington.

Secretary of Agriculture—James Wilson, Iowa.

Secretary of Commerce and Labor—Charles Nagel, Missouri.

Other important offices have been filled as follows:

Assistant Secretary of State—Huntington Wilson, Illinois.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy—Beekman Winthrop, New York.

Indian Inspector—Lewis Dalby, Virginia.

THE next Collector of the Port of New York is to be William Loeb, Jr. The position is an important one and is regarded as a distinct promotion over his former situation as Collector of Wrath at the Portal of Roosevelt.

TO CHAMP CLARK, leader of the Democratic Party in the House of Representatives, fell the interesting task of defending the Constitution against Senator Knox and his friends. Opinion is divided as to whether or not the "Knox Relief Bill" was Constitutional and there are a number of Republicans who agree with Mr. Clark in saying that it is not.

CONGRESSMAN McCALL, of Massachusetts, has declined the presidency of Dartmouth College on the ground that his first duty is to Congress. He is a Republican of the independent variety and as such has a usefulness that is perhaps even greater than that of an educator.

AN AGREEABLE and satisfactory kind of engineer is Colonel Goethals who went with Mr. Taft to Panama. He says we can have any kind of a canal we want, or, if we think best, no canal at all.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, the English dramatist, has stated his perfect willingness to have some great sculptor erect a statue of him. He sees no reason why he should die in order to get a monument.

DR. JAMES BURRILL ANGELL has resigned from the presidency of the University of Michigan after thirty-eight years of continuous service. President Angell is eighty years old and intends to devote the rest of his active life to lecturing.

GOVERNOR HARMON, the newly installed chief magistrate of Ohio, has evidently been reading the biography of Governor Charles E. Hughes. Already Governor Harmon has achieved the dislike of his own party bosses and Ohio is trembling with joyful anticipations.

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE was recently the subject of attacks in the United States Senate by Senators Penrose and Aldrich. He is said to be bearing his new honors with becoming modesty.

FOLLOWING close upon the retirement of Mme. Sembrich from the operatic stage came the farewell of Mme. Emma Eames. These two great singers leave behind a grateful and sorrowing public and several acres of phonograph records.

ELIHU ROOT, the new senator from New York, has expressed himself as favoring a parcels post. His predecessor, ex-Senator Platt, always expressed himself as opposing a parcels post. The difference between Root and Platt is four express companies.

IT WOULD seem that Governor Patterson, of Tennessee, deserves credit for being one of our most unsuccessful opponents of progress. Bills for state-wide prohibition and for direct primaries were passed recently over his veto.

DR. MARY M. CRAWFORD, a Cornell University graduate, has been made house surgeon of a Brooklyn hospital. Miss Crawford is said to be the first woman to attain to such a position. She is only twenty-five years old, and she secured the place through a competitive examination in which she defeated thirty-five men applicants.

Victor-Victrola

Caruso and the Victor-Victrola

The celebrated tenor listening to a *Victor Record* of his own voice, on the *Victor-Victrola*—a new style *Victor*.

Victor-Victrola XVI Mahogany, \$200

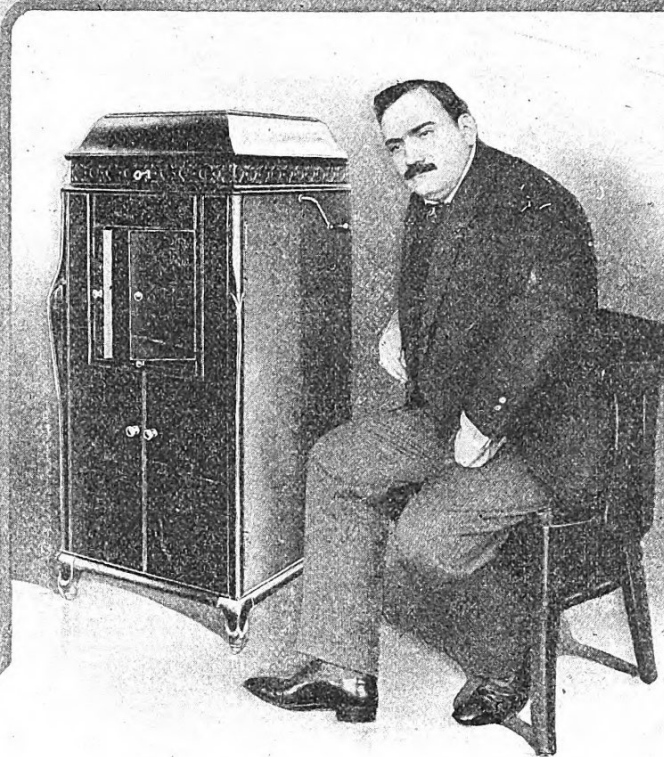
Quartered oak, \$200

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Horn and all moving parts entirely concealed. Music made loud or soft by opening or closing small doors.

The cabinet contains albums for 150 records and drawer for accessories. All metal parts heavily gold-plated.

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If only a few of the world's greatest artists made records exclusively for the *Victor*, it might signify little. But when such famous singers as Caruso, Calve, Eames, Farrar, Gadske, Homer, Melba, Plancon, Schumann-Heink, Scotti, Sembrich and Tetrassini *all* make records exclusively for the *Victor*, it is not only a splendid tribute to the high musical qualities of the *Victor*, but the most conclusive proof of its all-around superiority.

Prove it for yourself. Hearing is believing. Any *Victor* dealer will gladly play any *Victor* music you want to hear.

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To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.



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

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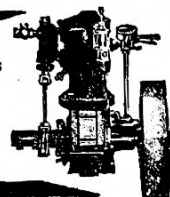
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6H \$95

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Only all ball-and-roller-bearing motor made.

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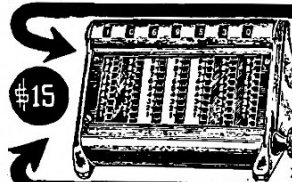


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For these bits of "Point and Pleasantry" payment is made at the rate of TEN CENTS A WORD. The editors reserve the right to make such editorial changes as may seem necessary.

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Comes to the Same Thing

SOME people want money alone,
Some people want baubles and gems,
Some think that possessions atone
For the loss of the soul's diadems,
Such as sympathy, friendship, and love,
Which can not be bought at the mart.
And yet, in securing these joys,
The coin of the realm plays its part.
So therefore I'm going to try,
In terms rather terse than sublime,
To tell you exactly what I
Want for Christmas or any old time:
I want some money
To get the time
To get the things
That money won't buy.

Some people want diamonds and pearls
And feathers and furbelows snide.
Some women tack bushels of curls
On heads that are hollow inside.
The possession of money to burn
Makes him who possesses a joke,
Unless he will use it to learn
That the man without culture is broke.
To eat, drink, and sleep on the earth
Uses up a few cents now and then,
But, after we get them, let's work
For perfection as women and men.
So get your money
To get the time
To get the things
That money won't buy.

ELLIS O. JONES.

Letting Him Down Easy

A YOUNG man of very limited means, after the marriage ceremony presented to the minister twenty-seven large copper cents, all spread out on the palm of his right hand. "This is all I've got, parson," he said. Seeing a disappointed look in the minister's face, he added, "If we have any children, we will send them to your Sunday-school."—E. W. CASWELL.

Assuming the Responsibility

MRS. MALONE's patience was much tried by a servant who had a habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day, as the maid waited upon the table, her mouth was open, as usual, and her mistress, giving her a severe look, said—

"Mary, your mouth is open."
"Yessum," replied Mary, "I opened it."
EDITH MAE HENRY.



The Looks of Poetry

THIS stanza looks like rhyme, but it is not:

She sat beneath a shady bough,
As she was ever wont to do,
And when I saw her 't was enough—
I loved her and I told her so.

This stanza does not look the part, but it is:

She smiled a gentle, winning smile,
And gazed up to the sky;
The birds sang through the forest aisle
And both of us did sigh.

This stanza looks the part, and it is:

I asked her if she'd wed me though
I might be poor enough;
She said unless I had the dough
That married life was tough.

W. J. LAMPTON.

To SUCCEED in anything, one must be sincere in it, if it be only putting up a bluff!

A Delicate Hint

SANDY and his lass had been sitting together about half an hour in silence.

"Maggie," he said, at length, "wasna I here on the Sawbath night?"

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"An' wasna I here on Monday night?"

"Aye, so ye were."

"An' I was here on Tuesday night, an' Wednesday night, an' Thursday night, an' Friday night?"

"Aye, I'm thinkin' that's so."

"An' this is Saturday night, an' I'm here again?"

"Weel, what for, no? I'm sure ye're very welcome."

Sandy (desperately): "Maggie, woman! D'e no begin to smell a rat?"—MAURICE D. LYNCH.



As the Twig Bends

KENDALL had a son who was the pride of his heart. One day he found one of his favorite cherry-trees cut down.

"Jack," he said, "did you do that?"

With quivering lip Jack replied, "Father I can't deceive you, I did not cut the tree down; Billy Brown did it, but I bossed the job."

Tears of joy sprang into the father's eyes. "Bless you my boy," he said, "Billy will be President of the United States, but you will be chairman of the National Committee."—A. W. DEWAR.

She Did

ONE day, while performing for the inmates of an orphan asylum, Kellar, the magician, walked up to a sedate little girl in the audience and asked, "Will my little lady please examine this handkerchief?"

The blushing child did as she was told.

"Now," proceeded the conjuror, "we will see if we can find in it some candy," and slowly rolling the handkerchief into a ball, he held it out to the small maid.

"Please blow on it," he said.

The next moment there was a shriek of laughter from all sides. The child had taken the request literally and had noisily performed the habitual rite.

HERBERT REEDER.

He Could n't Lose It

ALL flushed and breathless, the well-dressed young man picked up the hat he had been chasing down the street, and leaned against a lamp-post to rest.

Another, also breathing heavily, came running up and took the hat out of his hand.

"I'm much obliged," he said.

"For what?"

"This is my hat."

"Where's mine, then?"

"Hanging behind you at the end of a string."

Then for the first time the young man remembered his hat-guard.—WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

A Poor Memory for Names

THE teacher was trying to explain the word, "transfiguration." "Don't you remember the transfiguration on the Mount?" she said. "Who was it who was transfigured and changed in appearance on that occasion?" she asked hopefully. After a moment of thoughtful silence, Barker hesitatingly raised his hand. "I can't just remember his name," he said, "but he was up there hunting and he went to sleep and slept twenty years."—W. E. MORROW.



They Took His Advice

THE New York dry goods firm of Blumstein and Rosenberg had a traveling salesman named Richards. Richards was a good salesman and when sober a genial fellow. Once, however, after an unusually successful trip he indulged in an unusually successful celebration, and ended by going to sleep in the public office of the company. "Get up," said Mr. Rosenberg, shaking him violently. "Rosey, go jump on yourself," said his sleepy employee. The senior partner tried it next and was rewarded with the words— "Blumstein you go to thunder." The firm held an indignant meeting, decided to dispense with Richards's services, and asked the book-keeper what they owed this erring salesman. "Fifteen hundred dollars," he reported. "Richards has sold sixty thousand dollars' worth of goods in the past three months." The partners looked at each other in silence. "Rosey," said the senior partner, "you go chump on yourself. I'm going to thunder.—E. W. Cox.

When the Public's in the Market

WHEN the public's in the market
Then the busy brokers lark it.
There's a melon-cutting bee;
Easy money running free.
Cafés all are overflowing
With the reap that knew no sowing.
It is called pros-per-i-tee.
If it ever falls on thee,
You are not the public. See?

When the public's in the market,
All the tipsters do remark it,
And the dogs of finance bark it,
As it ambles for the shambles
Where it gambles and it gambles,
Till it gets it where the bottle
Got the stopper—in the throttle.
When the public's shaken dry,
Then the public says, "Good-by,
We have had another try for
Getting something for a cipher."
And the broker, in his sleeve,
Giggles softly as they leave.

A Bright Pupil's Answers

ALGEBRA was the wife of Euclid.
A ruminating animal is one that chews its cubs.
Switzerland is a wonderful place; you can often see the mountains touring among the clouds.
Pro and Con are prefixes of opposite meaning, e. g., Progress, Congress.
Queen Elizabeth's face was thin and pale, but she was a stout Protestant.—G. DATSON.

A Fable Perhaps

WHEN George Ade was coming from New Orleans last winter he noticed, among the race-track men on the train, one tan-shoed sheet writer with the largest feet he had ever seen.
And he furthermore testifies and affirms that the sheet writer, on rising in the morning, discovered that the porter had shined one shoe and a suit-case.
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

Extenuating Circumstances

ATTENDANT (in Botanical Gardens, sternly): Don't you know it's against the rules to pluck flowers in here?
LITTLE GIRL: B-b-b-but, sir, I thought all that folks in glass houses should n't do was to throw stones.

AN IRISHMAN was painting a house and working with great rapidity. Some one asked him why he was in such a rush. "I'm trying to get through," the Irishman replied, "before the paint gives out."

A HOT day is no excuse for a man to engage in shady transactions.—CHAS. C. MULLIN.



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THE EDITOR'S CHAT



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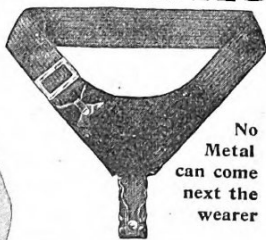
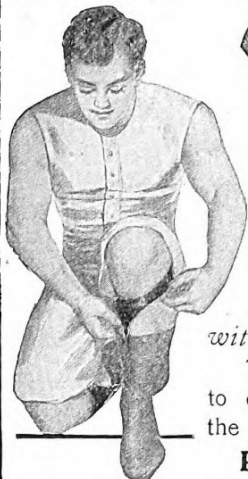


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The Roosevelt Ideal

A WRITER in the London *Times* says that Theodore Roosevelt is the hero of every schoolboy in the United Kingdom. No other American except Lincoln has ever been looked up to by so many youths and young men as an inspiration and as a civic model as Mr. Roosevelt. He has a genius for inspiring people to higher ideals, to cleaner methods. His life story is one of the greatest sermons that has been preached on the American continent since Lincoln was assassinated. Mr. Roosevelt started out with the stern resolve that, let come what would, whether he succeeded or failed, whether he made friends or enemies, he would keep his record clean; he would not take chances with his good name, he would part with everything else first; he would never gamble with his reputation. He has had numerous opportunities to make a great deal of money during his public career, through graft and all sorts of dishonorable schemes, by allying himself with crooked, unscrupulous politicians, but even his worst enemies can never say of him that he took from Albany to the White House a dishonest dollar. He has always refused to be a party to any political jobbery, any underhand business. He has always fought in the open, has kept the door of his heart wide open; he has kept no secrets from the American people. He has always preferred to lose any position he was seeking, if he must get smirched in getting it. He would not touch an office or preferment unless it came to him clean, with no trace of jobbery on it.

When a great opportunity came to him he did not find, as many young men do, that his past bad record had already "queered" him. He did not find himself denied what he had waited for so long and struggled so hard to attain because of a smirched past.

It is his unflinching determination to keep himself above suspicion, to maintain his robust honesty of purpose, and his love for a "square deal" that have endeared him to the American people and given him a place in their esteem beside Lincoln.

Mr. Roosevelt has never believed in the great American motto, "To Get and to Have," but in the greater one, "To Be and to Do." He believes that one of the greatest blights, one of the worst maladies in American life, is a great fortune without a man behind it. Tricky, dishonest men, scheming politicians, grafters, men with axes to grind, trimmers and scoundrels generally, do not like Mr. Roosevelt. He is too square for them. They can make no use of him; they can not make money out of him.

He would never put himself in a compromising position.

He is a good example of the possibilities of, turning life into man-making, instead of dollar-making.

He is not only honest himself, but is also determined that others shall be.

The influence of the Roosevelt ideal has done more to clean up American politics, to elevate the political standard, than can ever be estimated. His influence has been especially marked upon the younger politicians. He has changed their whole idea of the meaning of politics.

Lawyers are better lawyers, our courts are cleaner, clergymen are preaching better sermons, and multitudes of citizens are living better lives, because of the influence of this great American model.

Every man ought to be prouder of his country because a man of such high ideals, lofty aims, and such a clean life has ruled in Washington.

Here is success that is worth while—success that no exposure can undermine, that no detraction of his enemies, no disaster of fire or flood can destroy. Here is success that endures. He does not need any monument in stone, for he is enshrined in the hearts of the American people. He does not need to worry about his future, or trouble himself about his position in history. A grateful, admiring people will take care of that.

The Art of Being Happy

"CHEERFULNESS," says Ruskin, "is as natural to the heart of man in strong health as glow to his cheek, and wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits of life."

If children were taught that one of the great life duties is to unfold the fun-loving side of their nature, the humorous side, there would not be so many suicides, so many unhappy, discordant, miserable people, so many failures in the world.

Why should n't we develop the humor faculty, the fun-loving faculty just as much as the bread-earning or any other faculty?

Why should we think it is so very necessary to spend years in going to school and college to develop other mental faculties, and yet take practically no pains what-



By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

ever to develop the humorous, the fun-loving side of our nature?

It is the positive duty of everybody to cultivate a happy, joyful expression, a kindly eye, the power of radiating good-will toward every one. It will not only brighten the lives of others, but the reflex action of such kindly effort will also help to develop that exquisite personality, that beauty of character and balance of soul, that serenity which is the greatest wealth we know.

It is pitiable to watch the faces of many of our young people in great cities and to see how sad, serious, and suppressed they are.

Why should a young life be weighed down with anxiety, care, and worry? What have gray hairs and furrows of care, deep lines in the face, sadness and moroseness, to do with youth?

If we were living perfectly normal and natural lives, we should carry youth into old age. There should be no such thing as premature gray hairs or signs of age upon youthful faces.

It is a reflection upon Him who made us, to be always worrying, fretting, and anxious; for, if we were in touch with infinite power, we should be serene and balanced. It is as much our duty to repel every enemy of health and happiness as to keep thieves out of our homes. Worry and anxiety have no more right to darken our lives than wild beasts have to live in our homes. They are just as much out of place.

Harmony is as normal to the man God made as it is to music.

If You Are Not Succeeding

Go out in the country or get by yourself somewhere, and give yourself a good talking to. Just resolve to be a man. Say to yourself, "There is enough in me to make me a grand success yet, and I am going to bring it out. There is no reason why others should succeed and I should fail."

Resolve to put out of your mind forever every suggestion that you can possibly fail. Arouse yourself to action. Encourage yourself in every possible way by talking to yourself. Assert your divinity, and you will be surprised at the power which will come to your rescue.

You will be amazed to find how, in a short time, your whole mental attitude will change; and this will very quickly change your appearance. Then, if you look for a position you will go with the air of a conqueror, with victory in your step and in your eye.

There is a great difference between looking for a job with this positive mental attitude, and going with a negative, dejected, discouraged, defeated manner.

Let the man in you speak with authority when you ask for a situation. Show those you approach that there is good stuff in you; that there is grit and vim and determination there. No one wants to employ a failure, a man who does n't believe in himself, a man who confesses his weakness, his failure, his lack of self-faith in his very face and manner.

Don't show your defeated side, your discouraged, unfavorable side. Show your winning side. Put your best foot forward. Brace yourself up in this way before you apply for a position, and I guarantee that you will not be out of a job very long.

The reason why many people have such hard work to get a position is that they do not make a good showing when they apply. They make a negative impression—an impression of weakness, of lack of vim, force. An employer wants good stuff in an employee. He wants to know that there is something there that will give him value for salary.

Why, I have known men to employ applicants for positions when they really had no position vacant, just because the applicants exhibited so much grit and such good stuff, made such an impression of their staying power and winning material. They made openings for them.

Everything depends upon the strength of the impression you make upon your prospective employer. Just resolve before you approach him that you will make him sorry, if he has not a position for you, that he has not; and that you will compel him to hire you if he has an opening. By the resolution, the determination, in your very face and manner, show the iron in your blood.

One of the leading business men in New York says that if he were looking for a job, and had only twenty-five dollars in money, he would spend twenty-four dollars of it for a good suit of clothes, a hair-cut and a shave, and a good meal. This was his way of emphasizing the importance of appearance.

If I were looking for a job I should say to myself: "If I do not make a good impression upon my prospective employer, no matter how well suited I am for the job I seek, he will naturally turn me down. He is not going to trouble himself to go behind the evidences of my fitness for the job which I bring before his

senses. He, for the time being, is the jury in my trial, and it rests with me to plead my case in such a way that I will convince him of my probable value as an employee."

When a man is on trial for a crime he does not think of going before the court and jury without preparation. He gets the best attorney he can afford, and every scrap of evidence possible; he tries to make the most favorable impression on the jury, and does everything he can to win his case.

But everywhere we see people with unshaven faces, with seedy clothes, soiled linen, unblackened shoes, and wretched manners seeking positions, and wondering why they can not get them.

A great many employment seekers go on their quest in a half-hearted, discouraged, dejected, indifferent way. They are convinced before they make their application that they are not going to get the place, and of course they don't; for they do not carry the conviction that they amount to anything; that they have the ability which the employer is seeking.

If you are looking for a job, you have to convince the employer to whom you apply that he is going to get a prize in you; that you are going to be a real addition to his business; that you have the qualities that win. In other words, he must see that you are yourself a success before he will be convinced that you can add to his success.

The shrewd employer is always looking for earmarks. Nothing will escape his attention. He will look you over from head to foot and notice at a glance every detail of your dress, appearance, and manner; your speech, the way you carry yourself, the degree of intelligence you manifest, and the extent of your education. Everything counts in his estimation of you, and if he gets a bad impression he is through with you.

What you think of yourself will have a great deal to do with his estimate of you. If you show in your manner and appearance that you have not much of an opinion of yourself, that you want to apologize for intruding upon his valuable time, or even for being alive, he will not waste a minute with you. You must respect yourself, you must think well of yourself, or he will not think well of you.

This does not mean that you should be brazen, cheeky, or egotistical. It just means that you are a man, and that you know you are; that you have confidence in yourself; that you respect yourself; that you are self-reliant, independent.

Above all things, when you are seeking a job, you should show courage. Nobody wants to hire a discouraged person, one who is down at heel. Employers do not hire people out of pity. It is a pure matter of business with them. It is just like buying goods. They want to know if they are getting their money's worth, and they want to get all they can for their money. They want a good bargain. Every man wants to feel when he hires an employee as he would when he buys a horse. He wants a horse with something in him—staying power, spirit, style, force. He does not want to buy a horse that is all played out.

A man is not likely to hire you if he is in doubt as to your fitness for the position for which you apply. You have very little time to convince him of this, so do not take chances on any preparation you can make beforehand. Make doubly sure of your neatness, cleanliness, and good appearance before you apply for the position.

Remember that your interview with a prospective employer is a display of your goods. You are like a traveling man showing his samples. If the samples are not attractive, if they do not tempt the merchant, he will not buy. If you can not make a good showing to an employer, you can not expect him to give you a job.



"Don't inquire into a hungry man's history."

"The greatest victory goes with the most faith."

If the corners of your mouth sag, smile, smile, smile.

Eliminate the frown or the frown will eliminate you.

No physical beauty can compensate for an explosive temper.

"What frost would do for a flower accusations will do for love."

It takes the world a long time to discover that bigness is not greatness.

Learn to see things with a balanced brain, not with your prejudices.

"When a man has lost confidence in himself he has nothing else to lose."

"Face the world with your heart forward and your backbone straight."

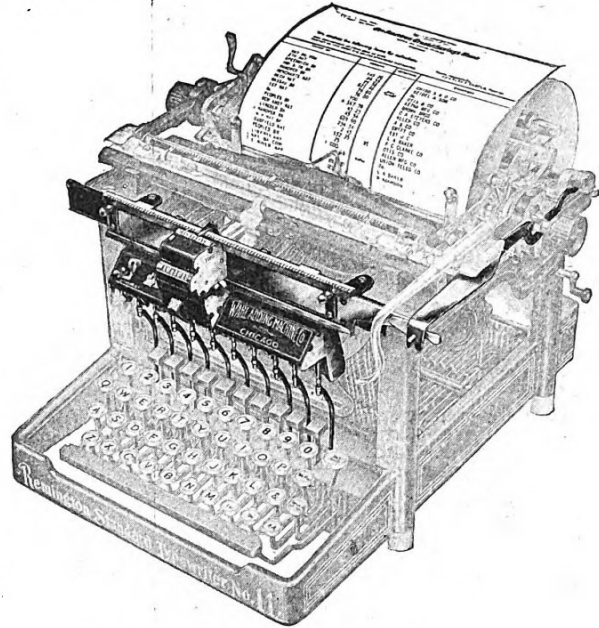
"Your body will soon be where your aspiration is, provided you hold there unwaveringly."

By the law of affinity you may know that your own is always seeking you if you are seeking it with all your might.

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Mrs. Curtis's Home Corner

The Editor of Our Home Departments Expresses Her Ideas About Lent and the Way It Is Observed



Isabel Gordon Curtis

YEAR after year Lent, as it is observed by some people, is an unmitigated farce. It conveys—to a certain class, at least—as much of the feeling it is intended to express as the spirit of charity brings men and women together at a charity ball. I was a guest recently at a Lenten bridge party, rather small, and somewhat exclusive of the sort of women who might carry the news of card-playing to an exceedingly strict rector. To a few of us Lent was a mystery. I asked one woman, who calls herself "very

High Church," just what Lent stood for. "My dear," she explained, with a superior air, "it is our commemoration of Christ's solitude in the wilderness."

It was hard to associate in any way Christ's solitude in the wilderness with that affair, a babel of silly chatter and cruel backbiting, while women played for a valuable prize as desperately in earnest as the gambler who tosses his last chip into a jack-pot. When the prize was won there came the inevitable whisper of envy, of hard feeling, and hints at cheating that are almost inevitable at such an affair. Over a sumptuous luncheon that followed I listened to all sorts of stories of how idle women succeed in evading rigid Lenten laws and contrive to save themselves from utter ennui. They told of stolen visits to the theater, seated in remote parts of the house, where there was little chance of recognition by people in their set. There had been small dances in homes, where one was perfectly safe from gossip; card-playing morning, noon, and night, to fill in all sorts of wearisome chinks; shopping, concerts, and dress-making, for the gabble about Easter gowns and hats was an inexhaustible theme. Queer, indeed, was the commemoration of Christ's forty days in the wilderness!

IN one group the question came up of what was sanctioned and what proscribed in Lenten amusement. Our city was offering Lenten lectures and musicales in endless variety. I had attended one of them. It was all I desired in the shape of inane entertainment. Still these women were booked for entire courses of that sort of thing. They confessed to finding them so stupid they could hardly stay awake.

"Why do you go, then?" I asked of the "High Church" lady.

"It's a case of have to," she explained wearily. "For one thing, I'm a patroness; besides, everybody goes, and, as it is for charity, I have to show up even if I am bored to death. Last week I wanted awfully to see 'The Servant in the House.' It has had such a run and everybody is talking about it. I phoned our rector—it is such a peculiarly churchy sort of play I hoped he might approve of it. He didn't; he was horribly in earnest, too, when he forbade it. He said a play of any sort was merely the entering wedge to general theater-going during Lent, and he relied on me strongly to set others a good example. Disappointed? That does not express it. The Carys had invited me; they were having a box party—the jolliest sort of a crowd. Instead, I took in a Hagood lecture on Seventeenth Century Poetry—the frumpiest thing you can imagine. I sat through it with just one thought: what a blessed thing it will be to have Lent over; it seems to drag out longer and longer every year."

SUCH is the commemoration of Christ's solitude in the wilderness! If women dared to be out-and-out honest, it would almost seem better to have no religion than to assume a farce so grotesque, even sacrilegious, and not have the grace to conceal it. Then—to think of a moment's hesitation between a trivial lecture and such a play as Charles Rann Kennedy gave us in "The Servant in the House"! It is far more than a play—it shows the awakening to real religion, a casting aside of all that is worldly, false, hypocritical; it brings toppling about the ears of the sanctimonious an edifice that has sheltered them for uncounted generations. It exemplifies, in a living, breathing drama, full of tenderness and truth, not such dry husks as the church calls brotherly love, but—brotherly love itself. Perhaps it is because the veil is torn so ruthlessly from the face of sham religion that the church hesitates to view the drama.

I SUPPOSE, to a certain extent, people do fast in Lent. Our market reports show the country's meat bill grows smaller, while the consumption of eggs and fish swells to enormous proportions. It is a blessed thing

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that religion, fashion, or whatever it is, for even six weeks in the year, comes to the relief of encumbered digestions. Probably the Lenten regimen enforced by the church to-day is a survival of the old Mosaic law, for gluttony has been a failing of the human race since Moses ordained fasting. American people do not break away easily from the traditional food of their fathers. A dietary that was necessary to sustain the brawny frame of a pioneer is death to many in the sedentary life of to-day. Thousands of men who spend their lives in an office or behind a counter, are broken-down victims of nerves, or indigestion, at an age when their forefathers were hewing timber or wrestling, by dint of the hardest labor, a scant living from the soil. Women born and brought up on farms adapt themselves to the life of a city, so far as clothing, customs, and manners are concerned but not as regards their table. All winter long, they feed their families on pie, rich cake, roasts, thick soups, hot breads, suet puddings, and every sort of greasy victual, simply because they imagine the system requires that sort of food, during cold weather. Our season of over-eating begins with the Thanksgiving feast and lasts until Lent, like a wise old mentor, calls a halt. Then comes Easter with spring and its green vegetables; later, summer and its luscious fruit.

SCARCELY a human being, devoid though he may be of love of nature, poetry, or romance, can fail to feel something of the awakening to a new life that comes with Easter. He does not need the sight of Easter hats, gowns, or feminine fripperies to tell him spring is here. It is in his blood, as in the wild creatures that are stirring in the woods. I used to wonder if the magic of springtime pulsed through the dull veins of the aged. One spring day I was in the home of an old woman who had lived under the same roof for nearly one hundred years. I found her in the orchard, leaning on a stick, her dim old eyes peered eagerly through the naked branches of an ancient, gnarled tree.

"Hush," she whispered.

Suddenly through the bare boughs flashed something bluer than the blue of the sky.

"It is the first bluebird," cried the old woman. "I don't know why it comes every spring to this old tree. I remember when I was a little girl, my mother and I watched for it morning after morning. It always came long before the leaves did. I reckon I've looked for it here, for ninety years, every spring."

She was watching as eagerly that morning for the first herald of spring as if she were still a child.

This story I have to tell is for mothers. Years ago, I took my little daughter to the first Easter service she had ever heard. The sunshine was so gracious that flowers were stirring earlier than usual; trees were in bud, and the air was full of the strange sweetness of a warming earth. Into the church the sunlight poured like a wonderful glow of color. From the robes of the Lord and his disciples fell glorious splashes of color that stained with crimson and blue and gold the shelves of snowy lilies in the chancel. They filled the air with fragrance, while music sweet and low breathed like tranquility through the quiet church. The child's eyes were turned to a window before us, on which the artist had pictured a Christ so wonderful that the peace, the tenderness, the love, and something even God-like seemed to shine as from a human face. She gazed on in perfect silence while she listened to the sermon. The preacher was a word painter; he led his hearers step by step through the mournful scene of the Last Supper, the hours of agony on Gethsemane, the cruelties in the High Priest's palace, the trial in Pilate's judgment hall, the scourging by the soldiers, then—the awful anguish of the crucifixion. Not a touch was spared that would make less terrible the tragedy on Calvary. The man in the pulpit pictured as vividly as do the actors at Ober-Ammergau the Passion of our Lord. I heard a stifled sob beside me, then I remembered it was the first time the child had heard how Christ died. It made a lasting impression upon her. It had awakened her with a ruthless touch to a knowledge of the world-old burden of sin and sorrow.

Suddenly back to my memory came the terror and pity with which I had first looked at a picture of the crucifixion, at the sorrowful face under a crown of thorns, at the end of the agony in The Descent from the Cross. I remembered how I had studied that marvelous picture. It revealed a depth of mother-love and anguish beyond the full understanding of a child; still, in a way, I understood, and suddenly the world seemed less full of sunshine. Why should such a story be told to little children? We would not read to happy little ones the horrors chronicled in our daily papers. Then why—in the midst of a springtime so heavenly beautiful to a child that it is a sin to becloud it, should we tell the tragedy of Calvary? To the scarcely developed mind it is as real as an event of to-day. I have talked with clergymen on this subject, and they have held the theory that as soon as a child can understand anything of Bible teaching, he ought to be in Sunday-school. One of the earliest lessons is the life of Christ. There is much of it a child loves and understands. Christ's parables are fascinating stories; His miracles a constant wonder; His entry to Jerusalem, the pageant of

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a King; His calming of a storm, the work of God. The heraldry of His birth, the coming of the shepherds and the Wise Men from the East are stories children listen to with breathless delight, but there are tales even in the New Testament a thoughtful mother leaves untold, until a child has grown to years of understanding.

If memory can bridge the gap of years between middle age and childhood, you can look straight into the heart of a child—the only child you really ever knew. It is strange to live over again the unformed, vague aspirations, childish joys and sorrows; likes and dislikes, the small terrors and large joys. Books can teach a mother little of what is demanded by the growing mind of a child. One learns best from a wise, tender study of the little one beside her, and a renewal of acquaintance with the one other child you knew best. Love will do the rest.

The Man Who Boomed the Nation

[Continued from page 212]

scribers the next morning, so that instead of two hundred at Montgomery he spoke to fifty thousand, and in the course of his travels there is probably not a newspaper reader in America who has not read his name.

Sometimes these newspaper accounts became extremely humorous. Atlanta, which stands some miles from the Coosa in a lofty plateau, became under his inspiring eloquence an ardent advocate of deep waters in general and of a long-projected canal from the Tennessee to the Georgia watershed and the Atlantic in particular. When the papers in Atlanta announced this new development those of lower Georgia were full of glee.

Talking "Shop" All the Time

"Atlanta" said one of them, "has heard the sweet magic of the lips of Fox. The result was inevitable Atlanta is to begin at once a deep ship canal to San Francisco, cutting through the Rockies and crossing the Mississippi on a bridge. This will make Atlanta the natural terminus of the Oriental trade, whence goods will have a short rail haul to Savannah and thence an ocean ride again to New York. Mr. Fox told them, we understand, that there is beer enough made in Atlanta in a year to fill a canal forty feet deep and one hundred feet wide. This affords an ample supply for summit level."

The effects of this tremendous publicity, and in addition to it of the continual efforts of the Central organization were very quickly felt. Boston and other conservative old towns heard the news with misgivings; but eventually all were convinced that the best interests of harbors as well as rivers rested in a united demand upon Congress. Those who might have withstood the strong arguments which Fox presented to them fell an easy prey to his blandishments—for he never neglected the social side of his business. With the easy manner of the Southerner, with a tongue which more than smacks of blarney, with an inbred chivalry and love of society, he was a favorite guest at banquets and at house parties; and though "talking shop" might be tabooed to others, talk about the Great Water was always welcome from him.

A Rather Active Great-great-grandfather

The stimulus which all the rest of the country was feeling could not miss the White House. President Roosevelt began to feel it too. Who first perceived the relation between the improvement of rivers and the Forest Service, history does not tell. President Kavanaugh of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Society gives credit to Dr. McGee, who suggested to him, one day, that the movement would travel faster if they made popular that perfect "conservation of water" upon which good channels ultimately depended. This led to further investigation and to the discovery of the need of holding for the people the control of water-power. This again, ably engineered by Mr. Gifford Pinchot, became the foundation of President Roosevelt's famous Waterway Commission, and this in its turn of the movement to conserve our national resources. So if Mr. Roosevelt is the father of that and Mr. Pinchot its grandfather, John Fox, for all his youth, must pose as its great-great-grandfather and a very active member of the family.

The Waterway Commission was appointed, at the suggestion of the same St. Louis men who were managing the Lakes-to-the-Gulf agitation. And it was they who, under the guise of that organization, invited President Roosevelt to make his famous trip down the Mississippi. To invite him was easy. Complications began when he accepted; for while the National Rivers and Harbors Congress had money, the Lakes-to-the-Gulf treasury was empty, and it had no entertainment fund. Its officers, therefore, intimated to the Business Men's League of St. Louis that the situation would be simplified if that concern took over the entertainment. But the Business Men's League was also impoverished. For a few moments there was perplexity. Then James E. Smith came to the rescue and became personally the President's host. He chartered the boat, bought the wine, provided the funds, and made of the excursion a "personally conducted" trip to Memphis. It was on



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that trip that the Conference of Governors and the nation-wide Conservation of Resources were determined upon.

And so out of this long travel by John Fox of Blythesville grew first popular enthusiasm for the rivers and harbors and a determination to stand together. This was an abandonment of selfishness, a broadening of national character. And then came the Conservation of Water; and then in turn the cooperation of the States through their Governors and then the whole subject of the Conservation of Resources. Others must not be lost sight of. All honor is due to every one who has been associated in the work. But the greatest task has been that of the man of Arkansas, urging, pleading, arguing, and through the solid merchants and the papers educating and arousing the nation.

The Important Job of Educating the Public

Educating? Yes—that is wherein the chief value of the work lies. If we never had a deeper channel, the educational one would make the campaign memorable. In the old monarchies public works depended upon the will of one man or of a well-educated minority. Such works might be overthrown or abandoned by the whim of the next ruler. With us, no great work can be undertaken until the majority, the mass of the Democracy is educated to the point where it can comprehend and can favor it; and any work based on the education of the nation can not be overthrown, but must continue to advance. It is by such campaigns that a Democracy advances to higher things, slowly but with increasing purpose and power. It can not retrograde. And how powerfully this one has been founded was evidenced last December when there gathered at Washington at the same time the Southern Commercial Congress, the Governors of all the States, and the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, five thousand delegates, representing every large commercial body, every State and all the people of the Union, to formulate a program upon which States and nation might work together for the accomplishment of the new purposes—the formulation of a policy, not the advocacy of a selfish project.

Never in America or elsewhere has there been brought together such another body of men as that. On all that concerned trade relations, and that means international relations in general, they were not only well informed, but eager to use their knowledge. They saw the little river at home not merely as a possible route for a steamboat, but in its relation to the problem of rate regulation and of general commerce. It was their link to the La Plata and the Yellow River. Through it they sought not to get their coffee in cheaper but to send their goods to wider markets. And seeing this they understood also its relation to the forestry problems, to the storage of water, to the development and use of power, to the inter-relations of the States. Never has a body of representative men come together which understood so well the whole problem which they were to discuss.

Upstairs in a room of the Willard Hotel lay John Fox, just emerged from a hospital. Worn to a shadow; too weak to spend more than a few hours of the day in the lobby; but inspired by the sight of this culmination of his efforts, he received the endless congratulations and good wishes of the thousands who sought him out. He, who three years before had not been known outside of the St. Francis, was the best known and the most popular man there. He had come there to lay down his directorship and to go back to private life; but the demand for his help was too strong to be resisted.

The Walking Chautauqua on Conservation

"Are you going to quit, John?" I asked him on the last day of the convention.

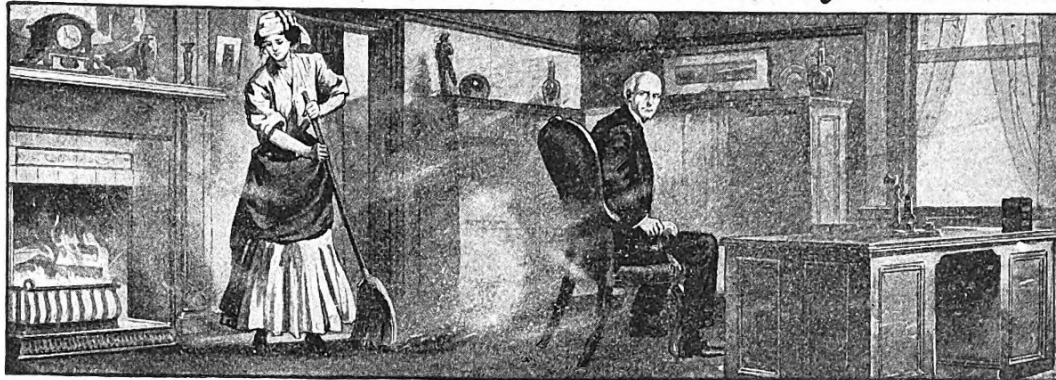
He shook his head rather sadly. "No—I can't do it. I seem to be still elected. I came here to lay it aside; but here are five thousand men, nearly every one of whom is a personal friend. They all make the same demand. 'You got us into this; you must stay and see us through.' So I will stay with the work till it is finished."

He is down in Miami while I write this; fighting to save his lungs and his life. And if he saves them it is very certain that neither private business nor political favor will come between the needs of the nation for deeper channels, and this walking Chautauqua on Conservation, John Fox of Blythesville, the man who has boomed the nation.

A News-stand Romance

An American Boy, weary of Sporting Life, was on an Outing, when he met the Modern Priscilla, a Popular member of the Smart Set. He declared his love at Sunset and told her how much he longed for Suburban Life and Good Housekeeping. She was at that time impressed with a Scientific American, an ardent exponent of Physical Culture. The other Outlook seemed more favorable, however, and she decided to become the Youth's Companion and have her own House and Garden, even though it should entail Dress-making at Home. They went to the Judge and were married. They then decided to Travel, and set out across the Pacific, followed by Everybody's good wishes for Success in Life.

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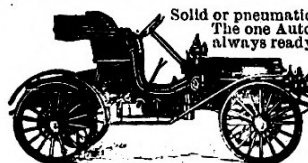
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Jimmy Pepperton of Oshkazo

[Continued from page 233]

hands, backed by universal public opinion, is a club that will beat out your brains, clever as they are."

"Sit down, Mr. Pepperton," said Stillenger, quietly. "I have had a taste of your quality so far as public meetings and riots are concerned, and I don't wish a further experience in that direction. I agree to your terms. What time to-morrow could you and Mr. Walton call here and meet Mr. Long and myself?" Perhaps, by the way, it would be better to bring up Armstrong and his legal adviser, if he has got one?"

"How would ten o'clock suit you?"

"Ten o'clock it is, then. I shall prepare all the papers for signature, and I shall hold you to your promise to help me out in the matter of cash?"

"Certainly," replied Pepperton. Stillenger rose, and with the utmost cordiality stretched out his right hand.

Mr. Pepperton, I am delighted to have met you, and although in this transaction you have defeated me, entirely alone, for I don't count your colleagues in the least—they are of no account—yet I hope to recoup much more than I have lost by future cooperation with you. Next week, I shall submit a proposition which I think you will find it to your advantage to accept, for, as I told you before, you are wasting a great talent for business in the service of a newspaper that does not in the least appreciate your quality. Well, then, at ten o'clock prompt to-morrow."

"At ten o'clock," echoed Jimmy, shaking hands with enthusiasm; and so he departed to consult with his legal friend, Ned Walton.

He sent a note by special messenger to John Armstrong, telling him that the street-car fight would be ended at once, and requesting his attendance in Stillenger's private office at ten o'clock the following morning. He asked a reply to this note, and the same messenger brought back the intimation that John Armstrong and his lawyer would keep the appointment.

This was the only day that Jimmy had neglected his commercial work on the *Courier*, and late in the afternoon he wired in honestly, to make up for lost time. The electric light was burning when the local editor, in shirt sleeves, with cuff-protecting covers on his arms, and a green shade over his eyes, strolled into the commercial room, smoking a cigar.

"Well, Jimmy, you have not taken much interest in this street-car fight, have you?"

"Oh, so-so," replied Jimmy, nonchalantly.

"I negotiated the terms of peace."

"Really? I didn't know you had anything to do with it."

"Oh, I was called in at the last moment, as a friend of both parties."

"Well, in that case, you can tell me whether our reporter has got the thing straight. Stillenger seems to have won all along the line, as everybody expected he would. Our reporter says that Armstrong has been closeted with him since four o'clock this afternoon, and it is given out that Armstrong has received a hundred thousand dollars in cash, and two hundred thousand dollars in Car Trust stock. Of course, Stillenger will freeze him out of that stock, sooner or later, but Armstrong is not such a fool as he looks. He insisted on bringing away a certified check with him, so he's got that much boodle, at least. He gets a directorship on Stillenger's board, but that won't help him any. They'll freeze him out, sure. Do the terms our reporter brought in agree with those you negotiated?"

"Practically," said Jimmy, without turning a hair, although he realized fully how Stillenger had out-manuevered him. "I stood out for more cash and less stock, but Stillenger wouldn't agree, so I let Armstrong and him fight it out together, as they have done. It was a cutthroat fight at best, and Armstrong could not have held on much longer."

"Well, Jimmy, you're a great man to be called in to arbitrate on an important contest like this. Shows that the business world respects the position of commercial editor on a first-class journal like the *Courier*."

"That's right," said Jimmy, turning to his work, and the local editor, relighting his cigar, went back to his desk.

Next morning an office was opened in the center of the city for the sale of street-car tickets at ten for twenty-five cents. Jimmy was not in charge of this office, and apparently had nothing to do with it. He expected Stillenger, now in possession of every street-car line in the city, to open an office near by, and undercut him, in which case street-car tickets would become amazingly cheap while the nine million lasted, but the shrewd Stillenger made no move in opposition. The packets of ten for a quarter went off like hot cakes, and after all Jimmy came out of the scrimmage with about two hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars in his bank account. He did not even take the trouble to let John Armstrong know the amount of money that astute merchant had lost by his treachery. As for Stillenger, he failed to make Pepperton the proposal he had promised, but nevertheless, Jimmy's admiration for the president of the Street-car Trust grew and flourished like a green bay tree.



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The Trail of the Tenderloin

[Continued from page 217]

like—not the kind that most truly reflects the life of the country at large. Thus, at the very base of our theater, in its most commanding position, the offices of the managers who most largely control its destinies, lurks the poison of Broadway. The Trail of the Tenderloin is there, at the very source.

The Visiting "Buyer" is Partly to Blame

This is not all. The Tenderloin is still more intimately related theatrically to the rest of the country; for it is composed only in part of New-Yorkers, just as New-Yorkers themselves are in large measure what may be called perpetually resident visitors from other regions, domestic or foreign. You, madam, out in Grand Rapids, or down in Georgia, or in Worcester, Massachusetts—your brother or your father or your husband is a very important part of the Tenderloin. There are between one and two hundred thousand transients in the New York hotels every day. Every night these visitors go to the theater. Without them half the New York theaters would close up to-morrow.

All large New York firms employ men to entertain visiting "buyers." Such an entertainer told me how the other day he had purchased seats for a visiting buyer from the West to see Maude Adams in her new play. The buyer sniffed contemptuously. "Say," he remarked, "I come to this burg once a year. Do you think I want to go on a Sunday-school picnic?"

So the entertainer sadly changed the tickets for Anna Held's show, which he had already seen four times in his official capacity.

Oh, no, the Tenderloin is not composed entirely of us degenerate New-Yorkers, of race-track touts and gamblers and wicked Wall Street brokers, and painted blondes of easy virtue who come and go in purring motor cars. That is what you, out in the clean country, like to fancy, isn't it? But you help, in large measure, to make the Tenderloin what it is. There is nothing in New York so indecent as a visiting deacon on a spree. If, then, you of necessity get in your local theater only such plays as the Tenderloin approves, reflect that your houses are glass before you begin an indiscriminate bombardment with cobblestones.

Boston Didn't Want Clean Shows

Take the case of the most indecent musical comedy of the past winter. Before that play ever came into New York it sold out the theater in Albany, merely on its suggestive title. Here was not even the Tenderloin to blame. Boston the pure, the proper, the chaste and cultured; Boston that sits by its foggy bay and hugs itself with self-righteous approval, a Pharisee of cities. Boston has been known to tumble over itself to hear the Ziegfeld indecencies. "Paid in Full," an American drama of some truth and power, starves in Boston in one theater while the town of literary appreciation is flocking to "The Follies of 1908." In this case "Paid in Full" had the recommendation of a much longer New York run; it came with the superior endorsement. But Boston knew for itself what it wanted. It wanted smut. Yes, dear old Boston, that kicked the Bacchante out of the Public Library, wanted smut. Was it disappointed to find very little in this particular Ziegfeld piece?

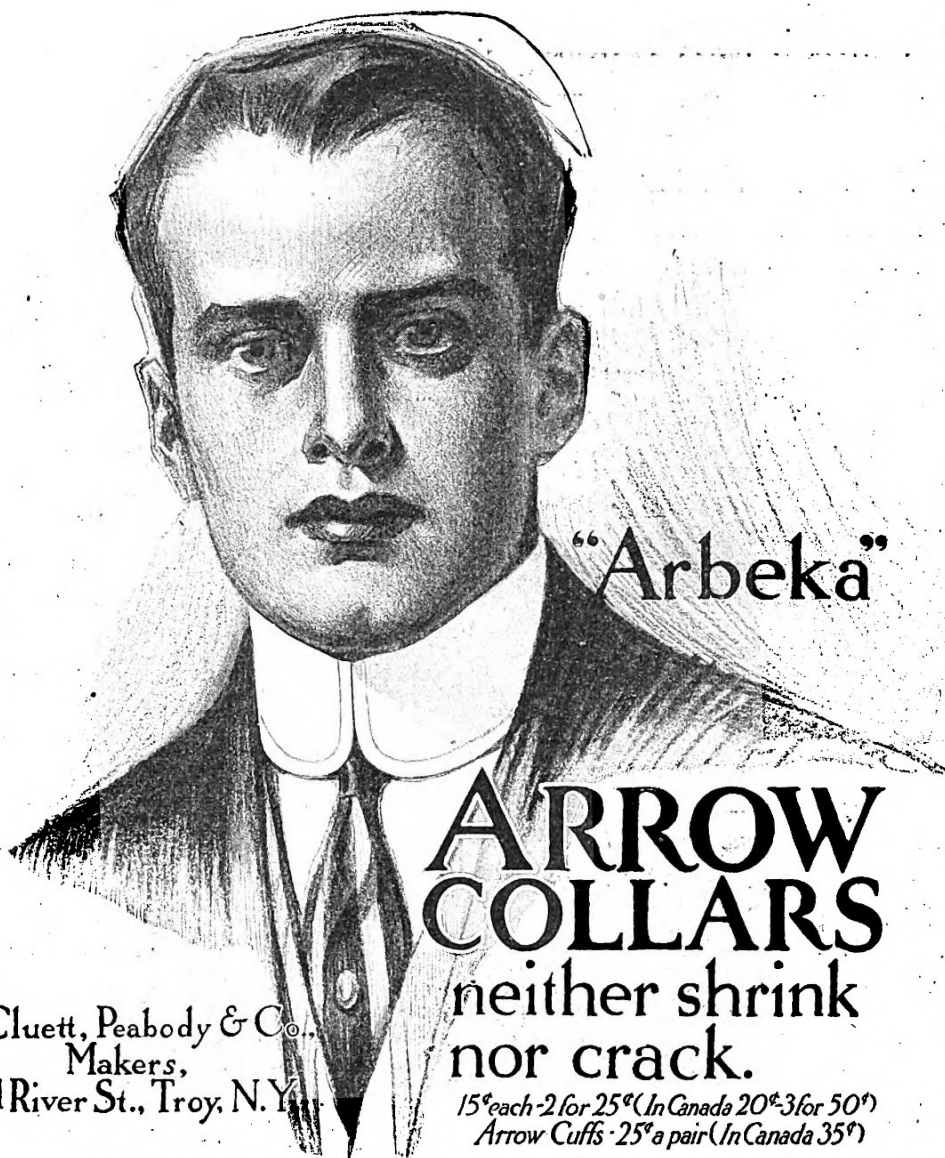
Nor was it the lower classes that wanted smut. The lower classes don't fill the orchestra chairs of a high-priced theater. No, it was the Back Bay, and the suburbs. The poison emanated originally from New York, but it has spread now through the country. Smut is tolerated, sought for, applauded, not in low theaters in the slums, but in the best theaters, by the prosperous classes.

It is time to call a halt.

Every time a licentious play prospers while a worthy drama is neglected next door, the path is made much harder for the writers of worthy drama; dramatic art is forced down one step toward the mire. Every time you purchase a ticket to a Ziegfeld show you are helping in the work of debasement.

Perhaps you are a little skeptical. Perhaps you are even a trifle annoyed by the vehemence of all this—this talk of "poison" and "indecent" and "lurking danger." You don't go to such shows. Your pleasant suburb seems quite as pleasant as ever, quite as moral.

No, my dear sir or madam, you don't go to such shows. But are you sure your son does not? And be very sure that if your son would not do such a thing, other people's sons may not be so well restrained. Is it not "poison" to the adolescent mind when half-naked women make suggestive gestures, in the glare of the footlights, directly in his face? Is it not "poison" when he listens to gross dialogue and indecent songs spoken and sung that they may be laughed at, when he hears one thousand men and women around him laughing at this indecency, thus very justly seeming to him to give it their sanction and approval? Is it not "poison" when scores and scores of children who, poor things, are taken weekly to "refined" vaudeville because our stage provides no more suitable entertainment for them, are permitted to see naked women on



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the stage, are thus taught that modesty is not, after all, a virtue? Is this not preparing them in a few years for the more ready acceptance in the "legitimate" theater of the doctrine, already prevalent there, that chastity is not a virtue, either? Is it not "poison" when nightly thousands of men and women gather in this or that theater solely for the purpose (secret or avowed) of finding pleasure in appeals to their lowest instincts?

The Poison of Evil Suggestion in Young Minds

Does anybody fancy for a moment that a thoroughly corrupt stage is not a sign of a corrupt people? Does anybody fancy for a moment that the drama of the Restoration in England did not reflect the social conditions in England? Does anybody fancy for a moment that the prevalence in art, in literature, in the drama, of obscenity does not bespeak a weakened public consciousness, that the plays of the Tenderloin do not mean that the Tenderloin is vulgar and corrupt?

And does anybody fancy for a moment that if good art can educate and exalt; if Shakespeare can uplift us and Ibsen inspire, bad art, lewd art, can not with double speed and triple sureness drag us down? Does anybody fancy for a moment that the indecent popular literature of France and other Continental countries has no influence for evil on the young there, and on the mature as well? Entertaining a lascivious suggestion, dwelling on a base picture or posture, is preparing the mind for further suggestion. Nothing is more certain in education than that suggestion plays a mighty part for good or evil. The way a man is started, that way he runs. And nothing is more certain in our theater to-day than that we are at present starting a frightful number of our young men (and older men, too), on the way toward moral looseness and the easy acceptance of public immodesty. In New York alone, at one time this winter, four plays and musical pieces were running, and at least two vaudeville entertainments were being given, which made frank, bald, and unequivocal appeal to the lowest sexual passions. That means that, nightly, at least seven or eight thousand men and women were being subtly debased in their moral standards. Is this not "poison"? Is this not something to get indignant about?

But, you may say, these are general charges. You can not believe the facts are so bad as all this. Very well, you shall have the facts. You shall have a catalogue of the facts, of such of them as the printed page does not rebel against. It will not be a pretty catalogue; but that is your fault, the fault of all of us who have permitted this Trail of the Tenderloin, this emanation from the vulgar money-grubbers, who control our theater, to get the start it has.

The Degeneration of the Vaudeville Stage

We will begin with vaudeville, for vaudeville is as yet far more generally contaminated than the dramatic stage.

Vaudeville is comparatively a new thing in America. The "continuous performance" originated within the memory of the present generation, in Boston, in 1885. Always the pleasure places of the middle classes, always much patronized by women, the vaudeville theaters until recently made a boast of catering to the family; "refined" and similar adjectives headed the programs. Ten years ago Mr. Keith would not allow an actress who impersonated a French maid in a sketch at his Boston theater to wear silk stockings, because silk stockings were suggestive of fast life! To-day, the vaudeville "head-liners" are women who wear no stockings at all. In a wild seeking after sensation, rival vaudeville managers have driven vaudeville down to the level of the cheapest "burlesque houses," where decent people never go. At Oscar Hammerstein's roof-garden last summer (Oscar poses as a patron of Art with a big A!) Gertrude Hoffman appeared in a so-called "Salome" dance, imitated from the dance of a female in London. (In originating indecency our managers are not yet expert, falling back on the older capitals of Europe.) Mr. Hammerstein this winter has produced at his Opera House Strauss's opera of "Salome." Perhaps he was craftily working up interest in advance. Miss Hoffman appeared almost naked, and slobbered over a wax representation of a severed head.

So great was the "success" of this act that a host of imitations at once sprang up and went the rounds of vaudeville in other cities. Incidentally, in some theaters, the word "refined" still blazed ironically on the programs. But as the Salome craze began to subside, a public already whetted by salacious excitement demanded a new thrill. The managers met this demand. Recently a female has been appearing in the vaudeville theaters controlled by William Morris (ironic name!) without so much as a gauze skirt and jewels.

At the same time the rival vaudeville circuit, headed by the passionately proper Mr. Keith, was exhibiting a professional woman swimmer in a skin-tight union suit, and in order to make the act, which is naturally only an athletic exhibition, suggestive, the managers put on the stage a man with a camera to impersonate a peeper. Two sets of naked, shivering females, known respectively as the Bare Bronze Beauties and the Three Golden Graces, are this winter posing as statues, covered with bronze paint, in the rival vaudeville houses. The bronze paint dehumanizes them, to be sure, so that they chiefly resemble very bad and clumsy bronze plaster casts. But they are intended to act as a licentious lure, even if they fail in their effect.

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At Hammerstein's New York theater a woman, appeared last January who used to appear at the Howard Athenum in Boston—a low joint—who, the week before Hammerstein took her, was performing at Huber's Museum in New York, a Bowery resort. Why was she elevated into "refined vaudeville"? Because she dances, also half naked, the grossest of Oriental dances. At the World's Fair of 1892 this dance was greeted with yelps of outraged propriety. Only five years ago it was stopped by the police in New York. Now it is accepted in leading vaudeville theaters, accepted and applauded, without comment or interference. The acceptance of lubricity is the first step in the practise of it. That is an ugly statement, but it is the statement of a psychological law.

Is there no poison here for your son, for your children, for your neighbor?

Where Frankness is not Necessarily Harmful

Let us now turn to the so-called "legitimate" stage. Here it is in the musical comedies that we find the bulk of the indecency, and, let it be said at once, in the musical comedies produced by a certain small but perniciously active and very powerful number of managers. Such a farce as "The Blue Mouse," to be sure, has little to be said in its defense, even if it is produced by Lee Shubert, one of the directors of our New Theater, and "adapted" by Clyde Fitch, once upon a time our most promising playwright. But for the serious plays that deal soberly and truthfully with stories of corruption—not more numerous than at other periods—there is much to be said in defense. Indeed, it is a question which can not be discussed until later with the fulness it demands whether "Salvation Nell" and "The Easiest Way," while obviously not plays for the very young person, are not perhaps aids in the cause of morality. Indecency in a play, or in any work of art, is a matter of intention more than of subject matter. "Mrs. Warren's Profession," which our tender-minded New York police closed up, arouses no salacious thought, it inspires only pity and sociological questions. The musical comedies I would here discuss, however, are written and staged frankly for the sole purpose of appealing to the baser instincts of an audience. It must be said that they often fulfil their loathsome purpose admirably, which is an answer to the advocates of a purely impressionistic criticism. And, with theatrical managers what they are, these unclean pieces will continue to drag the slimy Trail of the Tenderloin out from New York across the country just so long as the public continues to patronize them—and not a day longer.

The protest against this kind of musical comedy is not, I am quite aware, new. In 1866 the first of the kind, "The Black Crook," was produced in New York. It raised a storm of protest. William Winter was absent from town when it was first put on. When his protest did come his language left no doubt of his opinion, or of the nature of the play. But as a result of his article, the theater was sold out the night after the criticism appeared. That is one of the difficulties in the path of the moralist! "The Black Crook" ran during its first season for sixteen months, or 474 performances, and took in \$1,100,000. When it was revived a little later, the press-agent spoke, probably with truth, of the secret envy in other cities because they, also, could not see the play. "Denizens of those distant and disheartened neighborhoods sighed that they, too, were not permitted to mingle in the forbidden pleasures." A leading critic wrote that it was "in large measure countrymen and foreigners who supported 'The Black Crook.'" This piece was followed immediately by Lydia Thompson and her Beautiful Blondes, who roused further storms of protest. "The naked drama" became a catch phrase. Olive Logan wrote, "The naked drama threatened to invest New York. . . . It has done an injury which it will take some time to repair, and stupid prejudice against actresses has arisen again."

Many Musical Comedies as Bad as Vaudeville

Yet all this "naked drama" consisted of was an exhibition of women in tights. It abolished the scarcely less revealing ballet skirt of tradition. Its invention was, so far, probably evil; but it went no farther. And, since then, we have become quite hardened to such exhibitions. The wickedness, like the beauty, of "The Black Crook" was only skin deep. And it was followed not by further disrobing but by the adorable humor and the exquisite music of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas.

The present crop of salacious musical comedies is of quite another character. Let us consider a few examples, even though by mentioning them we run the risk of giving to them just the sort of advertising their sponsors most desire. You can not boycott a show without knowing which one it is.

The worst of them, the most pretentious and the most popular, are produced by Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., the husband of Anna Held. In New York they are exhibited in theaters owned or controlled by the theatrical firm of Klaw and Erlanger, the booking agents of the so-called Theatrical Syndicate, and consequently materially the most powerful managers in the country. Thus they give their official sanction to obscenity; they use their high position for the debasement of popular taste, the degradation of the American stage. Any protestations they may make of lofty purpose or

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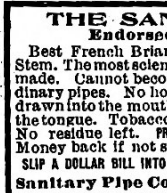
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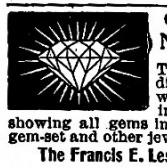


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philanthropic aim in other directions the wise person will somewhat indignantly ignore. They are in the highest position, and they use it for the lowest ends.

At the present writing the front of their New York Theater, on Times Square, blazes with a huge electric sign announcing "Anna Held in Miss Innocence." From the top of this sign red electric flames dance up, delicately implying that the "innocence" is ironic. The implication is quite correct. The libretto, written by Harry B. Smith, who once had some standing in the community as the author of "Robin Hood," is all about a set of libertines and loose women, with the scenes laid, of course, in Paris. Miss Held herself impersonates a school-girl, reared in complete ignorance of the world, who escapes from school into a "fast" café. The dialogue, which is often unfit for quotation in any magazine that goes through the United States mails, is persistently and intentionally suggestive, the songs are suggestive, the costumes suggestive. The base indecency, the flagrant vulgarity, of the characters on the stage, the life they are supposed to lead, the innuendo of their acts and speeches, are not there to paint any true picture, to rouse any pity for sin; they are there simply and solely to please the baser traits of human nature and so win money from the public. They are there to be laughed at. When sin and licentiousness are laughed at, they are already half forgiven. There is more danger, especially for the young, in one musical comedy such as this than in a score of such plays as "Mrs. Warren's Profession" or "The Easiest Way," against which some people rage even while they have tickets to "Miss Innocence" in their pockets.

Is there no poison here for your son, for your neighbors?

Tenderloin Depravity "On the Road"

Another emanation from the same contaminating source was "The Soul Kiss." After a long run in New York this offense went forth into the benighted rural regions, where it is still inspiring the youth of those regions with suggestions of impurity. Why it is called "The Soul Kiss," however, nobody has found out. The soul is the only portion of the human anatomy that is never displayed. The star is Mlle. Genée, one of the most lightfooted, graceful, sprite-like dancers who was ever brought to America. She should have been placed in a ballet like "Coppelia" or at least in a musical comedy as graceful and dainty as her own sweet self. Instead, she is forced to appear in a welter of vulgarity and suggested sexual debasement. To watch her in "The Soul Kiss" is like watching an angel dancing on a dung heap.

Is there no poison here—for everybody—because Genée's fame attracts all classes to the play?

But, even worse than "The Soul Kiss," because it lacks the redeeming purity of Genée, is a mess of tainted rot called "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," produced this winter by Thomas W. Riley, who once managed "Florodora." Having tried and failed to find another musical play with the charm of "Florodora," Mr. Riley took "the easiest way"; he tore a leaf out of Siegfried's book, and, relying on the present astonishing laxity of public watchfulness over the stage, he put on a piece that "went the limit" of indecency—at least, the present limit. The only redeeming feature about "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" is that it is deadly dull!

As its name implies, this piece also depicts alleged Parisian life. Can Paris be so stupid? The salaciousness is chiefly supplied either by the stage manager or imported dancers, two of whom even Paris revolted at. Their dance depicts so low a form of degeneracy that the bulk of American audiences do not comprehend its significance at all. Perhaps it would be better if they did. Assaults on the physical passions, however, are made continuously throughout the play. The dialogue is dull, the music noisy and crude, the performers incapable. Nothing but its indecency has kept "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" on the boards.

Is there no poison here for your son, for your neighbors, when the play comes to your town, to set your young men talking?

For a time this kind of piece was largely confined to the better, that is, the more expensive theaters. But since the moving pictures have made such inroads on the field of popular melodrama even the "ten, twenty, and thirty cent" managers are branching out into smut. A. H. Woods, the "king of melodrama," who used to grant grandiloquent interviews about the "moral lessons" his productions taught, put out a farce this last winter called "The Girl from Rector's"—a salacious appeal thus lying in the very title. It is made over from a vile French farce. The posters for this play cause every decent woman to turn away as she passes them on the street. In Trenton, at least, the police very properly ordered these posters off the fences, and finally closed the play up. Indeed, the play was of such character that it was promptly promoted to Broadway, Joe Weber housing it at his theater.

Keep "The Girl from Rector's" Out of Your City

There, on the opening night, gathered a large audience of loose women, and Tenderloin rounders, who laughed coarsely at the dull indecencies, the sexual debasements, of this putrid piece, from which we shall have to refuse to quote. The piece was dull. When indecency is dull it revolts even loose-minded persons.



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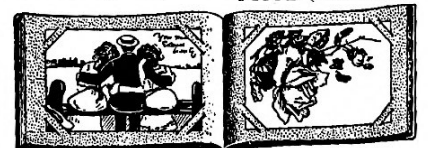
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It failed in New York. But it will go out through the country, and on the strength of its reputation for indecency make an appeal for patronage.

Is there no poison here for your son, for your city? Do you want your fences defiled with lewd, suggestive posters, for your children, your girls to see?

Do you want obscenity flung at you from New York? Take a tip from Trenton. Turn "The Girl from Rector's" out of town. It is only fit to be kicked. If Trenton can do it, so can you.

Let its low, money-grubbing manager understand that his wares are not wanted. Are you to have nothing to say about what license is taken with your places of public amusement? If the play were a book you would forbid its sale in any book-shop. Kick it out of your local theater. You don't want a Tenderloin in your town.

Matthew Arnold once delivered in New York an address called "Numbers." In this address he contended that the majority is always wrong, that the salvation of nations always lies in "the remnant." Because in the Athens of Plato and the Judah of Isaiah the remnant was so small, those states were not saved. But because the remnant in America is numerically so large he looked always for a weathering of moral storms; he trusted to the sound minority, "sprung from this excellent Germanic stock, having passed through this excellent Puritan discipline, and set in this enviable and unbounded country." In the course of his address Arnold made his famous allusion to the Frenchmen's worship of "the great goddess Lubricity." Of that worship in America he found, it would seem, no trace. That was a quarter of a century ago. But he made this prediction:

Action and influence are now with the lower literature of France, with the popular literature in the service of the goddess Aselgeia. And this popular modern French literature, and the art which corresponds to it, bid fair to make their way in England and America far better than their predecessors. They appeal to instincts so universal and accessible; they appeal, people are beginning boldly to say, to Nature herself.

Many Decent People Have Stopped Attending Theaters

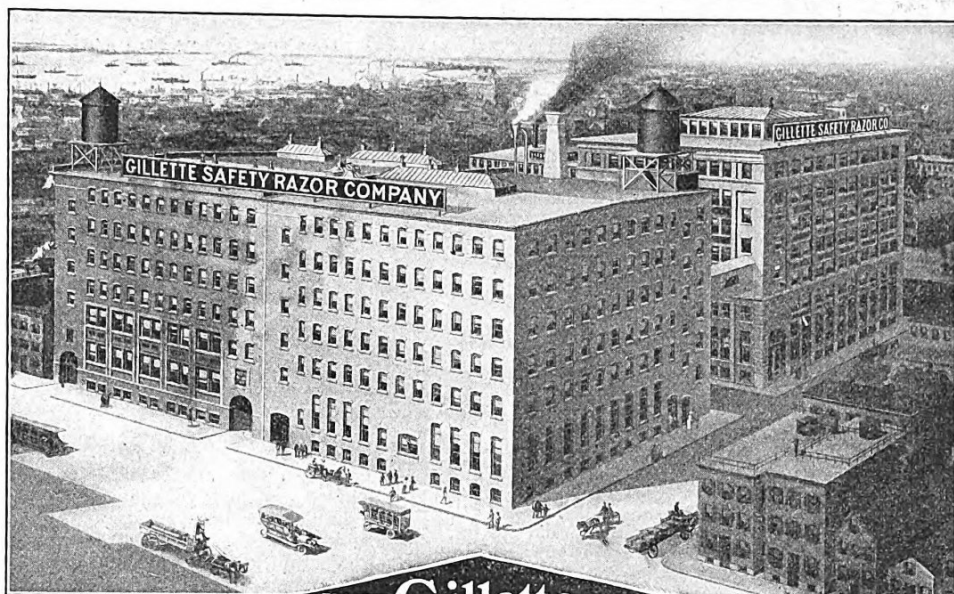
Well, we have made no claim as yet that our Soul Kisses and our Queens of the Moulin Rouge and our Maude Odells appeal "to Nature herself." They still run counter to our better instincts and appeal to us not as natural but as vicious. It is the flavor of their naughtiness, the sense of doing something a little wicked, that sends us to them. But that is an inevitable step in accepting them as natural, in coming to rely on their lewd appeal as part of our legitimate theatrical pleasures. Every acceptance of an indecency is making easier the acceptance of the next, creating, indeed, a demand for the next. It is high time in our theater to call on the aid of the remnant, on the saving minority.

But, when we come, to look for, this remnant, we find too often that it has ceased to go to the theater. In scores of smaller cities the uncertain quality of the plays sent week by week by our wholesale booking system has alienated the better class of theatergoers. Families in such a city as Providence, Rhode Island, that formerly subscribed to weekly seats, now subscribe to none, because if they get Sothorn or Miss Marlowe one week, they are quite as likely to get Anna Held or "The Soul Kiss" the next. Local house managers no longer have any censorship over the attractions at their theaters. In the larger cities, in Boston and New York especially, the superior quality of the purely musical entertainments now appeals to the better people, and they have forsaken the theaters for the concert halls. When they sally forth to a dramatic entertainment they pick carefully, and from their ranks the best plays recruit their patronage, especially in New York. It can not be said, of course, that the remnant patronize the salacious exhibitions. But the remnant must give something more than negative assistance.

The Public Must be Aroused to the Facts

They must be aroused first, it would seem, to a fuller realization of the wide spread and the insidious character of these vaudeville and musical comedy exhibitions, now before the public. In this work the daily press can not be relied on for much assistance. Even in the larger cities, with here and there, of course, honorable exceptions, the dramatic perspective of the daily press is conditioned much more largely by advertising patronage than by interest in dramatic art and the welfare of the community. Nor does dramatic criticism seem to be so highly thought of in America that it is entrusted only to men with sound views of life and large ability. The Pert Young Person appears to be the ideal critic. But an aroused public sentiment can sometimes overcome even advertising patronage, and an aroused public sentiment must surely come before the managerial purveyors of smut, who hatch their brood of nasty plays in New York to send out through the country, can be made to realize the error of their ways. The only error they can conceive is a failure to make money. They will only fail to make money with these pieces when public sentiment is stirred against them. And such public sentiment must take its start among the decent minority. The Trail of the Tenderloin could be most quickly obliterated by opening up competition through the country, giving better plays a better chance. But until that opportunity for competition arrives, the work has got to be done solely by the public.

The country has got to make the Tenderloin managers understand that it does not want their vulgarity.



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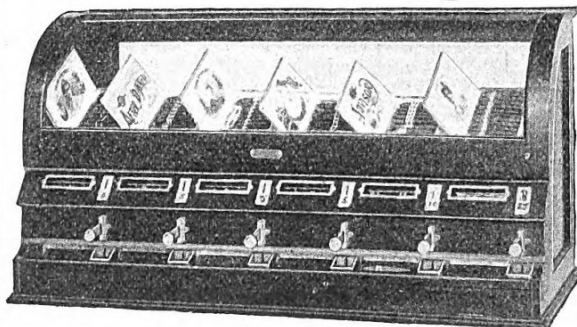
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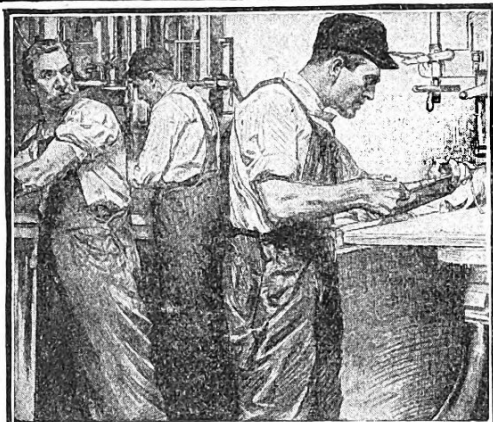
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Beyond the Spectrum

[Continued from page 219]

"I know him," he said. Then, funneling his hands, he hailed:

"Do you surrender to the United States of America?"

"I surrender," answered the man. "I am helpless."

"Then come aboard without arms. I'll send a boat."

A small, dingy-like boat was despatched, and it returned with the man, a Japanese in lieutenant's uniform, whose beady eyes twinkled in alarm as Metcalf greeted him.

"Well, Saiksi, you perfected it, did n't you?—my invisible search-light, that I had n't money to go on with."

The Jap's eyes sought the deck, then resumed their Asiatic steadiness.

"Metcalf—this you," he said, "in command? I investigated and heard you had resigned to become a doctor."

"But I came back to the service, Saiksi. Thanks to you and your light—my, light, rather—I am in command here in place of men you blinded. Saiksi, you deserve no consideration from me, in spite of our rooming together at Annapolis. You took—I don't say stole—my invention, and turned it against the country that educated you. You, or your *complices* did this before a declaration of war. You are a pirate, and I could string you up to my signal-yard and escape criticism."

"I was under orders from my superiors, Captain Metcalf."

"They shall answer to mine. You shall answer to me. How many boats have you equipped with my light?"

"There are but three. It is very expensive."

"One for our Philippine squadron, one for the Hawaiian, and one for the coast. You overdid things, Saiksi. If you hadn't set fire to that sealer the other day, I might not have found you. It was a senseless piece of work that did you no good. Oh, you are a sweet character! How do you get your ultraviolet rays—by filtration or prismatic dispersion?"

"By filtration."

"Saiksi, you're a liar as well as a thief. The colored lights you use to attract attention are the discarded rays of the spectrum. No wonder you investigated me before you dared flash such a decoy! Well, I'm back in the navy, and I've been investigating you. As soon as I heard of the first symptom of sunburn, I knew it was caused by the ultraviolet rays, the same as from the sun; and I knew that nothing but my light could produce those rays at night-time. And as a physician I knew what I did not know as an inventor—the swift amblyopia that follows the impact of this light on the retina. As a physician, too, I can inform you that your country has not permanently blinded a single American seaman or officer. The effects wear off."

The Jap gazed stolidly before him while Metcalf delivered himself of this, but did not reply.

"Where is the Japanese fleet bound?" he asked sternly.

"I do not know."

"And would not tell, whether you knew or not. But you said you were helpless. What has happened to you? You can tell that."

"A simple thing, Captain Metcalf. My supply of oil leaked away, and my engines must work slowly. Your signal was useless; I could not have turned on the light."

"You have answered the first question. You are far from home without a mother ship, or she would have found you and furnished oil before this. You have come thus far expecting the fleet to follow and strike a helpless coast before your supplies ran out."

Again the Jap's eyes dropped in confusion, and Metcalf went on.

"I can refurnish your boat with oil, my engineer and my men can handle her, and I can easily learn to manipulate your—or shall I say *our*—invisible search-light. Hail your craft in English and order all hands on deck unarmed, ready for transshipment to this boat. I shall join your fleet myself."

A man was lounging in the hatchway of the submersible, and this man Saiksi hailed.

"Ae-hai, ae-hai, Matsu. We surrender. We are prisoner. Call up all men onto the deck. Leave arms behind. We are prisoner."

They mustered eighteen in all, and in half an hour they were ironed in a row along the stanchioned rail of the torpedo-boat.

"You, too, Saiksi," said Metcalf, coming toward him with a pair of jingling handcuffs.

"Is it not customary, Captain Metcalf," said the Jap, "to parole a surrendered commander?"

"Not the surrendered commander of a craft that uses new and deadly weapons of war unknown to her adversary, and before the declaration of war. Hold up your hands. You're going into irons with your men. All Japs look alike to me, now."

So Lieutenant Saiksi, of the Japanese navy, was ironed beside his cook and meekly sat down on the deck. With the difference of dress, they really did look alike.

Metcalf had thirty men in his crew. With the assistance of his engineer, a man of mechanics, he picked eighteen of this crew and took them and a barrel of oil

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aboard the submersible. Then for three days the two craft lay together, while the engineer and the men familiarized themselves with her internal economy—the torpedo-tubes, gasoline-engines, storage-batteries, and motors; and the vast system of pipes, valves, and wires that gave life and action to the boat—and while Metcalf experimented with the mysterious search-light attached to the periscope tube invented by himself, but perfected by others. Part of his investigation extended into the night. Externally, the light resembled a huge cup about two feet in diameter, with a thick disk fitted around it in a vertical plane. This disk he removed; then, hailing Smith to rig his fire-hose and get off the deck, he descended the hatchway and turned on the light, viewing its effects through the periscope. This, be it known, is merely a perpendicular, non-magnifying telescope that, by means of a reflector at its upper end, gives a view of the seascape when a submarine boat is submerged. And in the eyepiece at its base Metcalf beheld a thin thread of light, of such dazzling brilliancy as to momentarily blind him, stretch over the sea; but he put on his smoked glasses and turned the apparatus, tube and all, until the thin pencil of light touched the end of the torpedo-boat's signal-yard. He did not need to bring the two-inch beam to a focus; it burst into flame and he quickly shut off the light and shouted to Smith to put out the fire—which Smith promptly did, with open comment to his handful of men on this destruction of Government property.

"Good enough!" he said to Smith, when next they met. "Now if I'm any good I'll give the Japs a taste of their own medicine."

"Take me along, captain," burst out Smith in sudden surrender. "I don't understand all this, but I want to be in it."

"No, Mr. Smith. The chief might do your work, but I doubt that you could do his. I need him; so you can take the prisoners home. You will undoubtedly retain command."

"Very good, sir," answered the disappointed youngster, trying to conceal his chagrin.

"I don't want you to feel badly about it. I know how you all felt toward me. But I'm on a roving commission. I have no wireless apparatus and no definite instructions. I've been lampooned and ridiculed in the papers, and I'm going to give them my answer—that is, as I said, if I'm any good. If I'm not I'll be sunk."

So when the engineer had announced his mastery of his part of the problem, and that there was enough of gasoline to cruise for two weeks longer, Smith departed with the torpedo boat, and Metcalf began his search for the expected fleet.

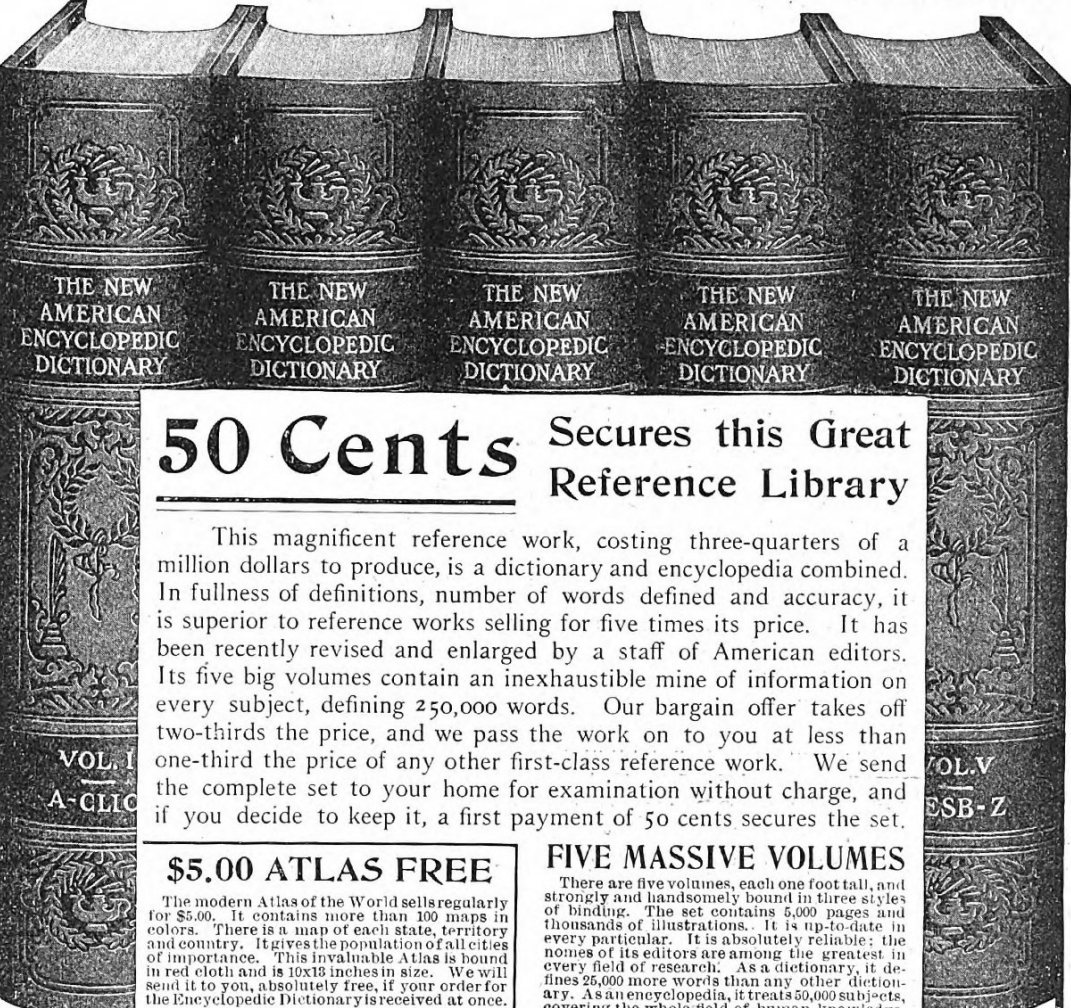
It was more by good luck than by any possible calculation that Metcalf finally found the fleet. A steamer out of San Francisco reported that it had not been heard from, and one bound in from Honolulu said that it was not far behind—in fact had sent a shot or two. Metcalf shut off gasoline, waited a day, and saw the smoke on the horizon. Then he submerged to the awash condition, which in this boat just floated the search-light out of water; and thus balanced, neither floating nor sinking nor rolling, but rising and falling with the long pulsing of the ground-swell, he watched through the periscope the approach of the enemy.

It was an impressive spectacle, and to a citizen of a threatened country a disquieting one. Nine high-side battle-ships of ten-gun type—nine floating forts, each one, unopposed, able to reduce to smoking ruin a city out of sight of its gunners; each one impregnable to the shell fire of any fortification in the world, and to the impact of the heaviest torpedo yet constructed—they came silently along in line-ahead formation, like Indians on a trail. There were no compromises in this fleet. Like the intermediate batteries of the ships themselves, cruisers had been eliminated and it consisted of extremes, battle-ships, and torpedo-boats, the latter far to the rear. But between the two were half-a-dozen colliers, repair, and supply ships.

Night came down before they were near enough for operations, and Metcalf turned on his invisible light, expanding the beam to embrace the fleet in its light, and moved the boat to a position about a mile away from its path. It was a weird picture now showing in the periscope each gray ship a bluish-green against a background of black marked here and there by the green crest of a breaking sea. Within Metcalf's reach were the levers, cranks, and worms that governed the action of the periscope and the light; just before him were the vertical and horizontal steering-wheels; under these a self-illuminating compass, and at his ear a system of push-buttons, speaking-tubes, and telegraph-dials that put him in communication with every man on the boat, each one of whom had his part to play at the proper moment, but not one of whom could see or know the result. The work to be done was in Metcalf's hands and brain, and, considering its potentiality, it was a most undramatic performance.

He waited until the leading flag-ship was within half a mile of being abreast; then, turning on a hanging electric bulb, he held it close to the eyepiece of the periscope, knowing that the light would go up the tube through the lenses and be visible to the fleet. And in a moment he heard faintly through the steel walls the sound transmitted by the sea of a bugle call to quarters. He shut off the bulb, watched a wandering shaft of light from the flag-ship seeking him, then

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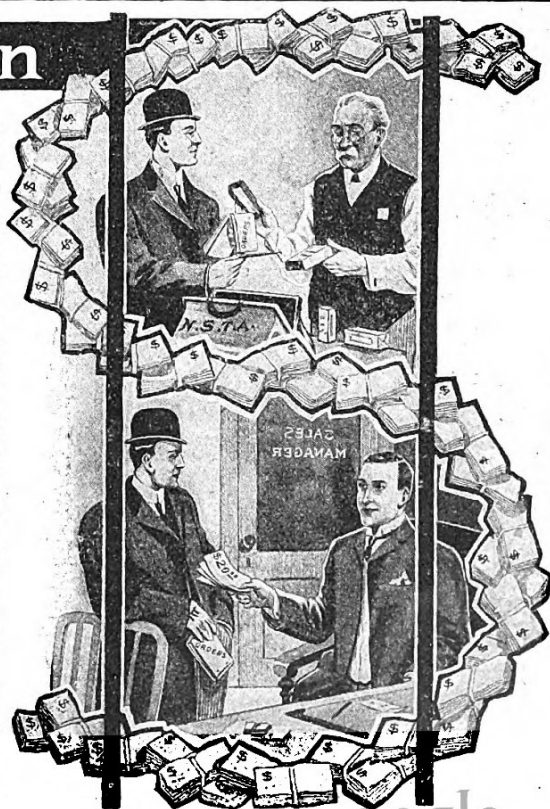
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contracted his own invisible beam to a diameter of about three feet, to fall upon the flag-ship, and played it back and forth, seeking gun-ports and apertures and groups of men; painting all with that blinding light that they could not see, nor immediately sense. There was nothing to indicate that he had succeeded; the faces of the different groups were still turned his way, and the futile search-light still wandered around, unable to bring to their view the white tube with its cup-like base.

Still waving the wandering beam of white light, the flag-ship passed on, bringing along the second in line, and again Metcalf turned on his bulb. He heard her bugle-call, and saw, in varied shades of green, the twinkling red and blue lights of her masthead signals, received from the flag-ship and passed down the line. And again he played that green disk of deadly light upon the faces of her crew. This ship, too, was seeking him with her search-light, and soon, from the whole nine, a moving network of brilliant beams flashed and scintillated across the sky; but not one settled upon the cause of their disquiet.

Ship after ship passed on, each with its bugle-call to quarters, each with its muster of all hands to meet the unknown emergency—the menace on a hostile coast of a faint white light on the port beam—but not one firing a shot or shell; there was nothing to fire at. And with the passing of the last of the nine Metcalf listened to a snapping and a buzzing overhead that told of the burning out of the carbons in the light.

"Good work for the expenditure," he murmured wearily. "Let's see—two carbons and about twenty amperes of current, against nine ships at ten millions apiece. Well, we'll soon know whether or not it worked."

While an electrician rigged new carbons he rested his eyes and his brain; for the mental and physical strain had been severe. Then he played the light upon the colliers and supply ships as they charged by, disposing of them in the same manner, and looked for other craft of larger menace. But there were none, except the torpedo contingent, and these he decided to leave alone. There were fifteen of them, each as speedy and as easily handled as his own craft; and already, apprised by the signaled instructions from ahead, they were spreading out into a fan-like formation, and coming on, nearly abreast.

"The jig's up, chief," he called through a tube to the engineer. "We'll get forty feet down until the mosquitoes get by. I'd like to take a chance at them but there are too many. We'd get torpedoed, surely."

Down went the diving rudder, and, with a kick ahead of the engine, the submersible shot under, heading on a course across the path of the fleet, and in half an hour came to the surface. There was nothing in sight, close by, either through the periscope or by direct vision, and Metcalf decided to make for San Francisco and report.

It was a wise decision, for at daylight he was floundering in a heavy sea and a howling gale from the northwest that soon forced him to submerge again for comfort. Before doing so, however, he enjoyed one good look at the Japanese fleet, far ahead and to port. The line of formation was broken, staggered, and disordered; and, though the big ships were making good weather of it, they were steering badly, and on one of them, half-way to the signal-yard, was the appeal for help that ships of all nations use and recognize—the ensign, up-side-down. Under the lee of each ship was snuggled a torpedo-boat, plunging, rolling, and swamped by the breaking seas that even the mighty bulk to windward could not protect them from. And even as Metcalf looked, one twisted in two, her after-funnels pointing to port, her forward to starboard, and in ten seconds had disappeared.

Metcalf submerged and went on at lesser speed, but in comfort and safety. Through the periscope he saw one after the other of the torpedo-craft give up the fight they were not designed for, and ship after ship hoist that silent prayer for help. They yawed badly, but in some manner or other managed to follow the flag-ship, which, alone of that armada, steered fairly well. She kept on the course for the Golden Gate.

Even submerged Metcalf outran the fleet before noon, and at night had dropped it, entering the Golden Gate before daylight, still submerged, not only on account of the troublesome turmoil on the surface, but to avoid the equally troublesome scrutiny of the forts, whose search-lights might have caught him had he presented more to their view than a slim tube painted white. Avoiding the mines, he picked his way carefully up to the man-of-war anchorage, and arose to the surface alongside the "Delaware," now the flag-ship, as the light of day crept upward in the eastern sky.

"We knew they were on the coast," said the admiral a little later, when Metcalf had made his report on the quarter-deck of the "Delaware." "But about this light? Are you sure of all this? Why, if it's so, the President will rank you over us all. Mr. Smith came in with the prisoners, but he said nothing of an invisible light—only of a strong search-light with which you set fire to the signal-yard."

"I did not tell him all, admiral," answered Metcalf, a little hurt at the persistence of the feeling. "But I'm satisfied now. That fleet is coming on with incompetents on the bridge."

"Well, we'll soon know. I've only one ship, but

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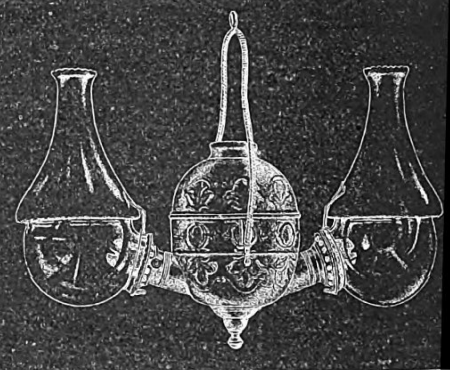
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it's my business to go out and defend the United States against invaders, and as soon as I can steam against this gale and sea I'll go. And I'll want you, too. I'm shorthanded."

"Thank you, sir. I shall be glad to be with you. But would n't you like to examine the light?"

"Most certainly," said the admiral; and, accompanied by his staff, he followed Metcalf aboard the ubmersible.

"It is very simple," explained Metcalf, showing a rough diagram he had sketched. "You see he has used my system of reflectors about as I designed it. The focus of one curve coincides with the focus of the next, and the result is a thin beam containing nearly all the radiations of the arc."

"Very simple," remarked the admiral, dryly. "Very simple indeed. But, admitting this strong beam of light that, as you say, could set fire to that sealer, and be invisible in sunshine, how about the beam that is invisible by night? That is what I am wondering about."

"Here, sir," removing the thick disk from around the light. "This contains the prisms, which refract the beam entirely around the lamp, and disperse it into the seven colors of the spectrum. All the visible light is cut out, leaving only the ultraviolet rays, and these travel as fast and as far, and return by reflection, as though accompanied by the visible rays."

"But how can you see it?" asked an officer. "How is the ship it is directed at made visible?"

"By fluorescence," answered Metcalf. "The observer is the periscope itself. Any of the various fluorescing substances placed in the focus of the object-glass, or at the optical image in front of the eyepiece, will show the picture in the color peculiar to the fluorescing material. The color does not matter."

"More simple still," laughed the admiral. "But how about the colored lights they saw?"

"Simply the discarded light of the spectrum. By removing this cover up the disk, the different colored rays shoot up. That was to attract attention. I used only white light through the periscope."

"And it was this invisible light that blinded so many men, which in your hands blinded the crews of the Japanese?" asked the admiral.

"Yes, sir. The ultraviolet rays are beneficial as a germicide, but are deadly if too strong."

"Lieutenant Metcalf," said the admiral, seriously, "your future in the service is secure. I apologize for laughing at you; but now that it's over and you've won, tell us about the spectacles."

"Why, admiral," responded Metcalf, "that was the simplest proposition of all. The whole apparatus—prisms, periscope lenses, and the fluorescing screen—are made of rock crystal, which is permeable to the ultraviolet light. But common glass, of which spectacles are made, is opaque to it. That is why near-sighted men escaped the blindness."

"Then, unless the Japs are near-sighted, I expect an easy time when I go out."

But the admiral did not need to go out and fight. Those nine big battle-ships that Japan had struggled for years to obtain, and the auxiliary fleet of supply and repair ships to keep them in life and health away from home, caught on a lee shore in a hurricane against which the mighty "Delaware" could not steam to sea, piled up one by one on the sands below Fort Point; and, each with a white flag replacing the reversed ensign, surrendered to the transport or collier sent out to take off the survivors.



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Fling me notes Spring can not sing
Sitting at sad Winter's feet,
Give me cheer to wrap my mood
As I scan the city's street.

Maiden of the daffodils,
Face of youth and heart of gold,
In my silence here I yearn
For your love, untouched, untold;
For your petaled dreams of bliss
In my keeping to unfold.

Must you droop, my daffodils,
Pale grow each pathetic face?
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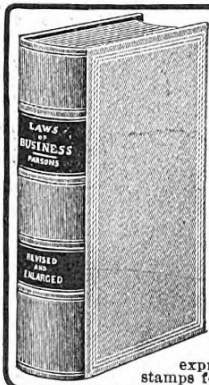
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The Frank Thoughts of a Second Wife

[Continued from page 224]

me, herself, because she is my dear mother's mother." Her voice trembled and tears came to her eyes. "It is dreadful," she quavered, "not to have a real true own mother."

I gathered the little creature in my arms and sobbed as hard as she did. Even in that moment of misery I knew what she had lost in the death of her who bore her, for I had lately brought my own child into the world. I did not love Molly less, but my own boy, flesh of my flesh, more.

With the appreciation of the difference in feeling that one must have toward a stepchild and an own child, I determined that I would make up to Molly for the loss of the mother-love that went when her mother closed her eyes on this world. To this end I have worked successfully, in some measure, I believe. She loves me, I know, and even her grandmother acknowledges to my friends that I am a "judicious, conscientious stepmother," adding that that is all one can expect from one "whose own the child is not." I must be satisfied with that and with the knowledge that my husband considers me a devoted mother to both his children.

Satisfied with that! How much lies in that sentence! It is the key-note of a second wife's life. I can not have the fresh, full, rapturous love that a husband gives the first woman he calls "wife." I can not have the bliss of giving him his first child. I can not have the satisfaction of knowing that our friends think of our home as a perfect one. In the minds of others, as well as in my own mind, there is always the sad shadow of the dead wife hovering in the background.

Still, I am happy with what I have. The left-overs that have come to me have made a goodly dish—even if it is a *réchauffé*—and I feast my heart upon it.

Nevertheless, as one who knows, I confess frankly that there is something awry or unnatural in the usual second marriage. I have watched other second wives, and I have never yet seen one who was not made a little uncomfortable by the enumeration of the virtues of her predecessor, and into whose eyes a little glint of irrepressible joy did not come when she was told how much happier she makes her spouse than did the first wife. Of course none of them would acknowledge this to outsiders, and few would confess it even to themselves. It is none the less true.

Yes, there is something wrong with a relationship from which the first wife is banished to the dim recesses of memory as if she had disgraced herself by dying, whose name is not mentioned by the second wife's friends, and whose husband speaks of her in his advanced years as "the children's mother"—if she left any children behind her. I offer no remedy; I have none to suggest. But if I ever have a daughter of my own, I hope she will not marry a widower.

Balzac by the Yard

A WELL-KNOWN author not long ago stepped into a book-store, but for some little time could not attract the attention of a clerk, all interest being centered in a stout gentleman who was jotting down figures on a pad. The author strolled over in that direction and heard the head clerk remark:

"And now, sir, you have almost completed a library of which you will be proud; but of course you will want Balzac?"

"Waal, I don't know, now. You see, we've only got two feet and seven inches' space left," the old gentleman replied. "Go ahead and measure him, though, and if he is n't too wide I'll take him too," he added.—EMMETT C. HALL.

The Power of Mind

AN OLD Southern darky had suffered for a long time with a complication of diseases and had been treated by several doctors of his own race without success. Finally, on the suggestion of friends, he called in a white physician, who began his treatment by inserting a clinical thermometer under the patient's tongue. While waiting for the instrument to register, the physician walked to the window, where the first object that struck his sight was a runaway horse attached to a buggy in which were seated a woman and little girl. Just as the outfit passed the window, the buggy overturned and both occupants were thrown out. The physician rushed out, and forgetting his dusky patient placed the victims of the accident in his own carriage and drove rapidly to his office, where, after repairs lasting for two hours, they were sufficiently revived to be able to go to their homes without assistance. The physician then remembered his colored patient and drove back to the house. What was his surprise to find the old darky lying on the flat of his back with the thermometer still stuck under his tongue. On being asked why he had not removed it, he replied, "Lawd, Marsa Doc, dis yuh thing's done me the mos' good of anything I's ever took yet!"

After 1912?

[Continued from page 221]

This was, of course, inevitable; the possession of the courts was of enormous importance to the slave-owners. Through the courts they obtained their escaped slaves and also constructions (most important to them) concerning the nature of their ownership in human flesh and blood. About such matters they could afford to take no chances. Occasionally, a man of a different temper (analogous to Justice Harlan now) slipped in or was surviving; as in the case of Justice Curtis, from Massachusetts, whose brave and magnificent dissent from the Dred Scott Decision remains one of the greatest of extant utterances in the cause of human freedom. But such men were few and spoke at their peril; the majority of judges were carefully selected for their established leanings to the side that was then safe and conservative. Similarly, in the last twenty years in this country we have had few judicial appointments inimical to the Interests, and it does not appear from the records that even the alert and powerful Slave Power watched the judiciary of its own day with a greater care.

The population of the United States then was thirty million. In all the land the number of persons that owned slaves was 348,214. It was for the profit of this number that the country was torn with dissension and eventually plunged into civil war. No other fact in history seems so stupendous.

Then as Now the Commercial World Decried Agitation

Then, as now, the Interests stretched forth their might and were felt in every legislature, in every municipal council, in every political convention. Then, as now, the whole weight of society and wealth, conservatism and respectability, education and order, was on their side. Then, as now, all reactionary sentiment of whatsoever origin gave them sympathy. Then, as now, the whole commercial world decried any agitation and denounced the agitators. Then, as now, the voice of protest was practically stifled and a million smug gentlemen incessantly proclaimed that everything was all right, the world was swiftly growing better, and all assailants of the existing order were low, wretched creatures and unworthy of belief.

And all the time the true forces that were remaking the nation were at work like hidden streams under the hills.

In that day, too, the shallow observer said that the American people did not care, and the foreign visitor sneered and jeered at us as dead to the faith. Men showed us that our courts were corrupted, and we said nothing; that our press was rotten, and we said nothing; that our elections were controlled by the Interests; that the Interests nominated our candidates and dictated our policies and shaped our legislation; that they bought legislators just as they bought pig iron; that they bribed periodicals with great subscriptions and colleges with great donations; that they owned both of the great parties; that, when with the help of one party they had seated a man to their liking, they used the other party to keep him in his place; that the pretended contests between the two parties were little more than dramatic entertainments arranged by the Interests for public diversion; that there was not one election that had the slightest bearing upon any issue then vital to the people of the country; that the people had no voice in their affairs, that they were ruled by a huge oligarchy exploiting them for its profit and laughing at their great simplicity.

The Power of Wealth is the National Disorder

Many a time we were told all these things and we said nothing, so that all these shallow observers were convinced that we did not care and that, in historic words, the great republic was no more.

But not one phase of the dominance of the Slaveholding Interests had escaped the observant minds of the people nor one iota of its terrible significance. With characteristic patience they bore all until it was perfectly clear to them that the Interests really threatened the heart of the republic. Then they arose and at any cost to themselves they beat the Interests to pieces.

If any one now supposes that the essential temperament of these people has radically changed in sixty years he knows very little about them.

Exact parallels to the men and the measures of 1852 can be found to-day, for the situation most strangely repeats itself; parallels to the Dred Scott Decision, the Missouri Compromise and the repeal thereof, to the situation concerning press and pulpit, and other matters; but the most interesting resemblance lies in the use then and now of the nostrum of regulation upon the systems of a huge national disorder.

This is, indeed, a pathetic and moving sight. The national disorder is the power and privilege of wealth and of the great corporations. Every day this power becomes more apparent and more menacing; every day the consolidation of Interests, themselves the product of many previous consolidations, adds strength to some group of men that even before had been wont to elect congressmen, choose judges, and control conventions, a group that had been wont to direct public opinion by the efficient means of owning or controlling



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the public press, or to exchange campaign subscriptions for legislation profitable to itself.

To this grave and steadily augmenting evil the practitioners of the dosing school respond after the manner of Sir Nigel Loring. With their silk handkerchiefs they flip the monster on the snout and call it naughty thing. But meanwhile the monster grows apace, dominates more courts, absorbs more periodicals, purchases more legislators, controls more newspapers, and he with the flipping handkerchief shines as but a figure of comedy.

Where the Sherman Act Breaks Down

Yet even the handkerchief exploit is not so ludicrous as the medicaments of the gentlemen that seem to think they can dissolve the Trusts and bring back the days of competition—a species of wisdom comparable only with solving the railroad problem by bringing back the stage-coach or conserving the coal supply by abolishing the steamship. How valuable is this device may be exactly gauged by any one with enough imagination to perceive what would follow if all the Trusts were dissolved into their constituent parts, when, of course and inevitably, these separated parts would merely be reunited into another form of Trust.

Explicit confession to this effect is found in the fact that after eighteen years of the blessed Sherman Act expressly prohibitive of all these combinations, and after the law has been upheld by the Supreme Court and endorsed by zealous administrators, the foremost leaders of the school of economic doses are willing to admit that the law had better be repealed.

Indeed it had, and with it all other laws that administer the potion carminative, including the statutes providing fines for the rampant monster whenever he gets out of the highway and eats of the forbidden fruit of rebates and the like. If doubt be entertained of this, we shall do well to inquire for a moment as to who pays these fines.

Take, for instance, the fines recently levied with much éclat upon the erring railroad companies; take such a fine as that extorted last year from one of the most reputable of the Western railroads, sixteen thousand dollars duly levied, adjudicated, and paid. Who paid it? The president of the company? He certainly did not, nor the vice-president, nor the directors, nor the general superintendent, nor the traffic manager. It was paid from the treasury of the company. Ostensibly, then, it came from the possessions of the company's stockholders, not one of whom had ever once heard of the offense for which the fine was levied.

Who Pays the Fines Under the Act

This would be sufficiently unjust and absurd if the harmful force stopped there; but it runs, in fact, much farther. Of course the stockholders did not really lose by reason of the fine; not one dividend was thereby diminished to any stockholder. What actually happened is that the management of the railroad made up the loss by curtailing some service or increasing some charge.

Then who really paid that fine? The people of the United States in whose behalf it was supposed to be levied. That is to say, the public suffered by the original offense and then suffered the whole legal penalty therefor.

How true this really is you can see more clearly from another example. The State of Missouri has its own Anti-Trust Law, most excellent and severe, in all respects as sweeping and radical as the famous prescription of Dr. Sherman. In 1903 proceedings were begun in Missouri to punish the Beef Trust, which had persistently violated this law. Convictions under the statute were readily had in the lower court; the Beef Trust appealed; the State Supreme Court heard arguments, and in a famous decision upheld the conviction. Fines of ten thousand dollars each were levied upon the firms composing the Beef Trust, which was thereby felt to have received the lesson of its life. It was ten o'clock in the morning when the decision was handed down, and on the spot the culprit firms paid the penalty of their misdeeds. By eleven o'clock the Trust had advanced the price of beef, and by nightfall it had recovered the full amount of the fine, which it continued to recover every day thereafter for many months. So that the only result of the application of the grand Anti-Trust statute of the State of Missouri was to punish the people whose laws had been transgressed and to leave the Trust not only in sole and absolute possession of the public meat supply exactly as before but also in possession of a still larger sum of the people's money.

This is, of course, a universal principle, so that the practise of fining corporations is the sheerest bosh in the world and amounts to nothing but fining ourselves. Of the owners and managers of these corporations, the men that direct the law-breaking, not one ever suffers even the slightest inconvenience for his misconduct; the law means nothing to him. We, for whose ostensible protection the law was made, and we whose pockets suffer because of the breaking of the law, we furnish every cent of every fine levied for the law-breaking. Except for one fact this would be the grandest national jest of all the ages, and the one fact is that, because of the unequal distribution of burdens between the rich and the poor, the poor pay proportionately very much more of the fine than do the rich.

If, for example, that triumph of governmental jocularity, the twenty-nine million dollars' fine that Judge

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Landis imposed upon the Standard Oil Company, should ever be collected (do not start, dear friends; it never will be), does any one imagine Mr. Rockefeller would pay it, or one cent of it, or Mr. Rogers or Mr. Archbold or Mr. Flagler? Most assuredly the only result would be an increase in the price of oil; so that the fine would be paid by the public and would fall most grievously upon those least able to bear it.

In view of these facts could anything be more pathetic and futile than the attitude of Mr. Roosevelt when he insisted upon trying to enforce this fine that the Standard Oil Company might be punished for violating the law, since it is perfectly evident that the only persons that can thereby be punished are the people at large?

Also could any conceivable conditions more perfectly than these reproduce the situation in this country prior to 1856? We have wandered a little from this phase of the subject. Let us return to it, for herein lies the plain indication of what is to happen next.

Here, then, is Dr. Sherman's celebrated Anti-Trust Specific as the analogue of the Missouri Compromise. Mr. Roosevelt and his followers are exactly in the position of those that thought the Slave-owning Interests were to be restrained by lectures, reproofs, messages, and regulation; here are the courts siding with the influences in power, the corporations carrying all before them, evidences of their vast corrupting methods steadily multiplying, all the recognized and so-called leaders of the people hesitating and timid, the masses of the people thinking far beyond the leaders, far beyond merely restrictive legislation, and beginning to perceive the new conflict looming large upon the horizon.

And what of the conflict? It will be waged upon this simple question, whether in this country organized wealth is to be the sole and absolute governing power; whether the new oligarchy of Interests is to do now what the old oligarchy of Interests failed to do after 1856.

Any man that believes the final issue of such a conflict to be doubtful, or any man that believes the exact nature of it is not generally foreseen and understood must have mislaid his American history.

We Must Have Absolute Purity of Justice

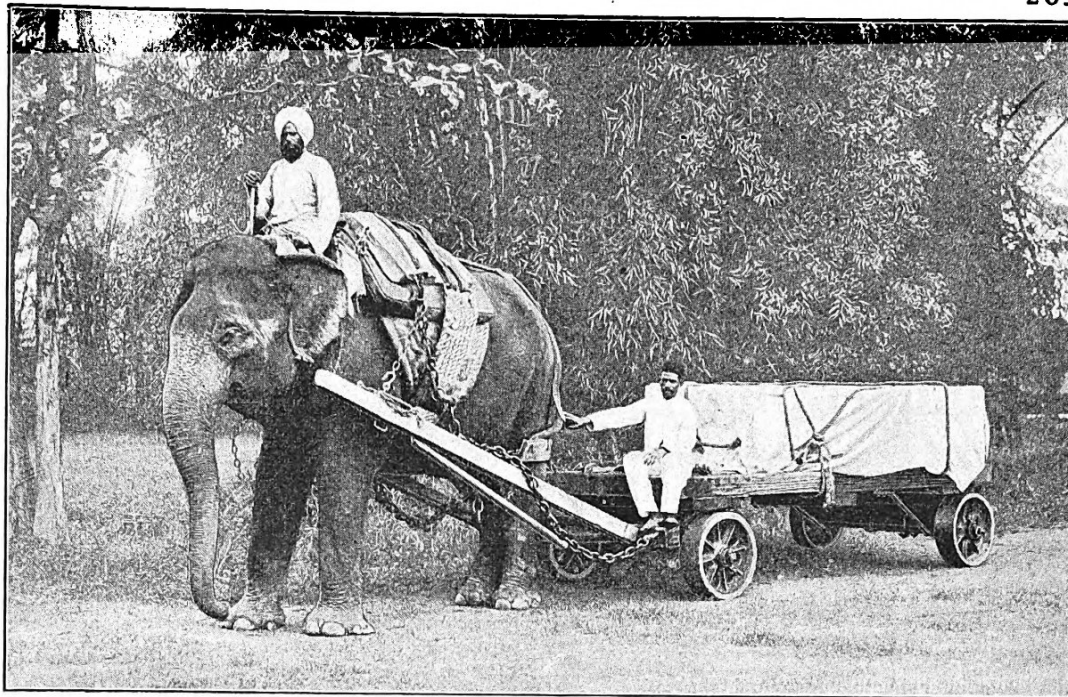
These people understand well enough what is going on. They know that the absolute and immaculate purity of justice is the first requisite of civilized government. Not one of them supposes that the courts of Pennsylvania are the only courts to which the Standard Oil Company has had its judges appointed. No one supposes the senators and congressmen that have been revealed as on the pay-roll of the Standard Oil Company to be the only senators and congressmen in that employ. No one supposes the periodicals that have been disclosed as owned or subsidized by the Standard Oil Company to comprise the list of the Standard Oil Company's owned or subsidized press. No one supposes that the news-controlling energies of the Standard Oil Company stopped with the effort to command one channel of information. No one supposes the clergymen and educational institutions made known as recipients of the Standard Oil Company's pensions to be the only clergymen and educational institutions so favored.

Finally, no one supposes the Standard Oil Company to be the only corporation that has made these uses of its funds; nor that all of these revelations, great and small, are anything more than the surface indications and symptoms of the national disorder that has accompanied the swift accumulation of vast wealth in the hands of a few; nor that these operations can go on if we are to preserve the republic.

The whole thing is utterly impossible; it is as certain to produce a revolt as day is to dawn. Wealth is only another name for power, which is the true end men see when they strive for wealth; and the power that a measure of wealth confers is used to gather more wealth, which in turn becomes more power for more wealth; and when all this aggregation of wealth, this monstrous inscrutable, indomitable, and imperial power is concentrated in the hands of a few able men, no government on earth can withstand it and no people live that it can not enslave.

Good Men Are Sometimes more Dangerous than Bad

These things result from purely natural and inevitable causes that have no possible connection with the character of the men that possess and exercise the power. It is a blunder we are prone to make to think that we are safe from danger to the republic so long as these men are good men. Whether they be good or bad is utterly immaterial. With every form and function of the republic ostensibly intact Rome was overthrown by its most esteemed citizens. As a matter of fact this country is at all times in far greater danger from its good men than from its bad. The men that control the Standard Oil Company and the men that buy legislators, debauch the courts, and mutilate court records are not conscious of evil conduct. According to their sincere convictions they are honest men, patriotic Americans, admirable sons of the republic, useful citizens, and public benefactors. If they are compelled to resort to methods of secrecy or to things irregular and questionable, invariably they are coerced into such procedure because bad men are opposing them, or trying to thwart them, or attacking the prosperity of the country. Otherwise not for the world would they deviate from one straight path. They must own sena-



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For musical and mechanical perfection I think the Steinway is unequalled, and when my soldier husband has completed his service we mean to take our treasure home to England with us. It will emerge as good as new after a short spell in the hands of your London branch, and we shall both be glad to keep our old friend, as the soundboard and other important parts are quite perfect in spite of climatic changes and wanderings. Believe me,

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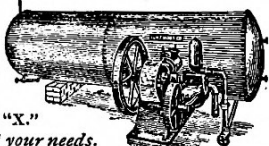
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tors and representatives, to prevent injurious legislation by the evil-minded; they must own judges, to check injurious and baseless litigation; they must mutilate court records, to forestall much evil; they must on the witness-stand conveniently forget everything of importance, lest the detestable disturbers of public order gain an advantage. But never do they one such act that in their judgment is blameworthy, nor one not redounding to the greater glory of the United States of America, free and indivisible, now and forever.

Yet all the time the things these good men do are breaking down the moral standards, corrupting justice, turning legislative halls into auction marts, and bringing us to a day when no man can say whether any decision of any court represents justice, immutable and immaculate, or represents the wishes of the Standard Oil Company.

Buying Votes for the Greater Glory of God

So was it when Rome was sliding down the roof; so was it when the Slave-owning Interests dominated this country. Every Slave-owning Interest that put a hired man on the bench, or sent a hired man to Congress, or bribed a senator, or commissioned a hired man to buy votes, or dominated or perverted the courts, acted solely for the advantage of the country and the greater glory of God. The negro was divinely ordained to be a slave; he was infinitely better off as a slave than as a freeman: the slave-owners were the black man's best friends: they were doing him good; they were the instruments of Providence for his care and shelter. If evil-minded abolitionists compelled the Slave-owning Interests to resort to unpleasant methods, the fault was with the evil-minded abolitionists; the will of Providence must be carried out. Everything would be lovely if these pestilent agitators would only keep still. Slave-owning Interests did not prefer to purchase judges, bribe legislators, send certified checks to senators, shoot malcontents, or instigate riots; but if the wretched abolitionists would insist upon interfering with the ways of Providence the slave-owners would always be found faithful and resolute defenders of the Divine Will.

These were the men into whose hands Providence in its infinite wisdom had committed the Property Interests of the country at that time, and not Mr. Baer himself more perfectly represents than they represented the principle of the divine right of the stronger. Read over the literature of the period and see. You may be astonished to find that with the substitution of a few terms all that is said now in behalf of the dominance of wealth was said then in behalf of the institution of slavery; Chancellor Day has his just and perfect prototype; the Aldriches and Lodges, the Lyman Abbotts and the smug Carnegies have their originals; the downfall of Foraker bears a curious resemblance to the fate that overtook Webster, and in the ostracism of Senator La Follette one can see the same kind of hatred that struck at Charles Sumner.

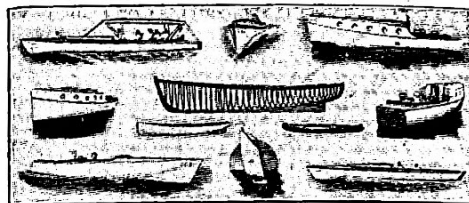
The daily press, the pulpit, the periodicals, the voice of society, the organs of respectability, timid and half-way reformers, Professional Good Men, calculating optimists, scheming college managers, "better class" advocates, Brahmins, bourgeois aristocrats, corporation jackals, and the rest are no more nearly unanimous on the side of established conditions than were the same elements in 1852. The Republican bell-wethers are no more confident as they joyfully assume to lead their flocks than were the Democratic bell-wethers in 1852. The rise of the corporation issue seems no further off now than the rise of the slavery issue seemed in 1852. Then the agitators seemed silenced, as they seem silenced now; the interests triumphant, the people acquiescent, the permanence of everything amply assured.

After 1860—and after 1912?

And underneath always the moral sense of the people goes on working, working; and unseen evolution goes on mining, mining; and presently the moth-eaten citadels collapse and the new issues rise.

You should not overlook one fact, good prophet of the established order, when you estimate the coming day. Fundamentally these are a moral people, and the moral principle in them will triumph in every crisis. Then can there be the slightest doubt as to what is going to happen?

The men in control of a railroad meet and ballot for a United States senator, their choice when made to be ratified by the State legislature. A conspicuous member of an offensive Trust decides that he would like to go to the Senate, and buys the required votes as openly and frankly as he would buy potatoes. Gentlemen prominent in the opposition are found to be the hired men of the railroad companies. A candidate for high office deems it advisable to make his peace with financial interests and bargain about judges. When a railroad magnate is pleased with the incumbent of an elective office he dictates the nomination of an opponent certain to be defeated. Senators who have been revealed as recipients of Standard Oil bounty continue to retain their seats and perform (more or less) the duties of their office. Judges that have been revealed as creatures of a great corporation continue to dispense justice. Great insurance companies that have been found to be engines of monstrous gain and loot continue with practically the same methods under practically the same management. Railroad companies



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convicted of granting rebates in one way, proceed to grant them in another. Traction wreckers having looted the transportation system of one city move on to loot the transportation system in another. The great and manifold burdens laid upon the public by stock-watering having been made clear, the railroads continue to increase the burden by more water. Every evil condition is rock-ribbed and fast-rooted and the people heed not.

Nothing Was Settled in 1908 but the Name of the Next President

It was so in 1852; it was not so after 1860. It was so in 1908; it will not be so after 1912.

"Nothing was settled in the election of 1908," said President Woodrow Wilson, "but the name of the next President."

Right! But something else will be settled in the election of 1912. Without the volition of any man, without design or intention, evolution and the progress of events will force the issue. Before the next national campaign the Power will have become too great, the Wealth too menacing, the results too apparent, the failure of the pills and plasters too evident. Then out of the assailed moral sense of the country there will come a party that will deal with these intolerable evils not by flipping them with lace handkerchiefs nor by telling them to be good, but by actually ending the interference of the corporation in our public affairs. There will be the beginning then of such a straight, clean, definite contest between the people and the Interests as began in 1856, and something else will be determined by the election of 1912, than the name of the next President.

It is, to be sure, conceivable that the party that will defend the existing order of things as their avowed champion will be called Republican; but no one can imagine that such a party can bear the slightest relation to nor be in any way descended from that Republican Party that came into existence to oppose and overthrow the Interests. That party has ceased to exist; the old inspiration has long vanished and nothing is left but a name once of glorious significance and now without meaning.

The parties are dead. Long live the parties!



The Consistent Maiden

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

A MEMBER of the Audubon Society was she,
And oh, she was a maiden full of loving sympathy!
She thought it was a horrid thing the way the children treat
The poor unhappy birdies that they find upon the street—
But when I took her out to dine, oh, wo is me, alack!
And wo is Mr. Audubon! she ordered canvas-back!

She boxed a little country lad we met upon the way
Upon his ears so hard I fear they're echoing to-day.
She whacked him once, she whacked him twice,
She whacked him till he yelled,
Because a pebble at a bird he brutally propelled—
And yet I had to notice, as in front of me she sat,
She wore a half an ostrich for to decorate her hat!

She went into the Sunday-school, and lectured for a while,
And said that every robin was a little winged smile,
And bade the youngsters treat them well, before and after school,
And even as to robins to observe the Golden Rule—
Yet all the time her dainty cheek, so delicately tanned,
She cooled with twenty peacock-tips held lightly in her hand!

I took her to the park one day, and how she wailed and wept
To see the eagles, old and bald, that in the zoo were kept!
She thought it was an outrage to deprive them of their right
To soar the lofty heavens in a free and graceful flight—
And yet I found, when to her shrine I made a pilgrimage,
She kept a small canary in a three-by-seven cage!

The rifle of the huntsman filled her soul with sorrow deep;
She dwelt upon its horrors till she could n't hardly sleep.
She tossed about full half the night at thought of slaughtered owls;
Of cruel man athirst for blood of innocent young fowls—
But at the dawn her weary head sank into blissful peace
Upon a lovely pillow stuffed with down from living geese!

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THE day for painting roofs has gone by. A roof that needs looking after in order to keep it from leaking is a *make-shift*. It isn't the kind of roofing that the thrifty, up-to-date man wants.

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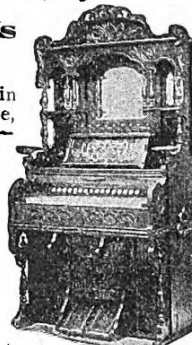
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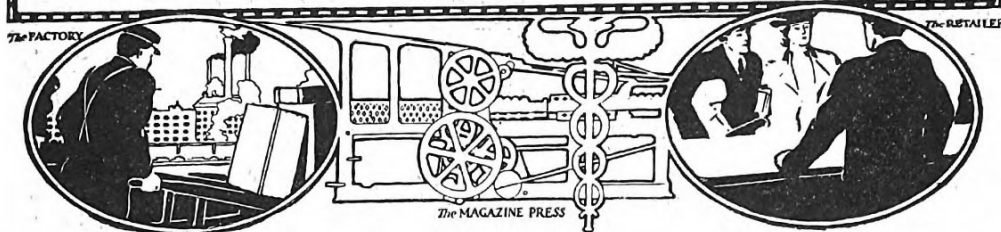
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The composer Chopin wrote piano compositions so difficult that musicians of his own period, admitting their beauty, still asked: "But who can play them?" Chopin played some of them himself. Others were beyond his strength — as the great Polonaise depicting Poland's splendor and downfall. Since Chopin's day the development of the piano and the mastery of technique have gone hand in hand. Yet there have always been compositions that seemed beyond the resources of either.

Finally, the American piano-player appeared, and at a word the whole world of music was thrown open freely to everybody. With no training at all, and very brief study, it was suddenly made possible for a child to play acceptably the great Polonaise that Chopin could not play himself, or any other composition, however difficult. The most baffling "trick pieces" of the professional pianist were anybody's. Famous compositions over which critics quarreled were brought to any home. As one of the critics has said himself: "The piano-player has taken music out of politics."

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tion. When American inventive genius evolved the piano-player the piano became a more delightful means of culture and pleasure. The lover of music for its own sake can now explore the whole range of Chopin, whereas formerly but few of his works could be played by an ordinary performer, and many of them were seldom heard even at professional recitals. The American piano-player has gone round the world. And the magazine gave it one element without which its development would have been retarded. That was Publicity.

Remember that it took nearly two centuries of progress to give the piano its present commanding position in the world. Remember that the piano-player was more radical in principle, and not only had to be explained, but in many cases this latter work could only be accomplished by revealing the true possibilities of the piano at the same time, and it is at once apparent that without the magazines, backed by the vigorous edu-

cational work of the manufacturers, the American piano-player could hardly have been placed where it is to-day in so short a period.

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How Does Your Garden Grow?

[Continued from page 215]

were approaching. Really they were near enough so that their shrill exclamations could be distinctly heard. But Philip was oblivious. "Ellen, do you hear me?" he repeated wrathfully.

"I do, but I see no reason why Eliza should have gone out there this morning or any other morning."

"You are upholding Eliza against me!"

Each was looking the other indignantly in the eye, the old Philip certain that he was in the right, the old Ellen Garden determined not to give in to her husband's fault-finding. They were hotly conscious of each other and unconscious of all the rest of the world, when, suddenly, by a common impulse, the word "promise" flashed upon both. With a rush of regret and shame, they kissed each other then and there upon the street. In the still pear-tree over their heads a few leaves were turning idly round and round. For the minute it was so breathlessly quiet that the buzzing of the June bugs could be distinctly heard. And the evening light was so clear that not only four pairs of staring human eyes could be seen but also the bright little eyes of a nut hatch proceeding, with a noble disregard for attitude, up the tree upside down.

Two sheepish, grinning faces were raised to confront Aunt Polly, who in sheer amazement had come to a standstill twenty-five feet from them. Almost abreast of Aunt Polly were three pairs of round bright eyes, fastened in an astonishment that wavered only from Philip to Ellen and Ellen back to Philip. So concentrated was this astonishment that when Philip himself lifted his hat the stare was relaxed but for an instant, and then, by necessity, until these young ladies could on the following day give to their admired professor attention unusual in the college class-room.

After her errand was done, Aunt Polly went thoughtfully homeward.

"Samuel, do you remember what I told you this afternoon about Philip and Ellen Garden?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I saw something this evening—most extraordinary—which in the light of what I said I really can't explain."

The lawyer in Samuel Langford was alert at once.

"I saw," said Aunt Polly, "those two children, in broad daylight—that is, almost broad daylight—right in the street, and with some of the college girls coming toward them as well as myself, I saw—"

"Heavens, Polly, you saw!" exclaimed her husband, in a mock-tragic voice.

"Samuel, I saw those two children kiss each other in broad daylight!"

Samuel Langford fell back in his chair. "In broad daylight, in broad daylight!" Then he began to stroke his chin while the twinkle in his eye grew brighter and brighter. His mind was really at work on this spectacle, for he was certain that Philip and Ellen Garden would not do so unconventional a thing without good reason. There was history there. But all he said to his wife was, "Well, Polly, what do you think it means?"

"Philip is always experimenting with what he calls 'emotions.' Do you suppose it could be one of Philip's experiments?"

"Well, no; no, I don't think it was a psychological experiment," he answered gravely; "perhaps it was just a 'psychological moment.'"

A Ready-made Verdict

FARGO, North Dakota, once boasted a composite postmaster and coroner. He was called one day to give his verdict upon the case of a stranger who had been the victim of a fit on the main street. As the man was known to nobody he was hurried to the much-prized new "City Hospital." There the case was diagnosed as appendicitis, but when the operation took place the attending surgeon discovered that the patient had been previously relieved of his appendix. The doctor endeavored to retract his steps, but the strange man died from the effects of the operation.

The postmaster-coroner, in rendering his verdict, filled in the space after "Cause of Death" with a rubber stamp which read, "Opened by Mistake."

LAWRENCE M. KIPLINGER.

Immune Without It

THERE had been considerable agitation in a Western city concerning the equipment of school buildings with fire-escapes, following one of those occasional holocausts where ordinary precautions would have prevented loss of life. About the time school opened, two children were discussing the petty matters of their little world. One was a girl of eight, the other a boy of seven.

"Have you been vaccinated yet?" asked the girl.

"No, I don't have to be," replied the boy. "They're going to put fire-escapes on our building."—ELLIS O. JONES.

Two Hundred and Eight

[Continued from page 227]

ten dollars. In the morning these will be given to you."

Two Hundred and Eight seemed to accept the situation resignedly, though it was with an evident effort that he raised his eyes and nodded an acknowledgment of the decision. He had been in the prison so long that it was only by an effort of memory that he could comprehend the little time that went before; those days, so far-distant, when the world had seemed so bright. Some things he had heard, of course, from new prisoners who had tried to talk to him; news of a great war, and then of big things that were. Of giant ships and marvelous carriages, and steam cars that ran like the winds, and of yet another war; but most of these he had smiled at, for he could not understand. The harsh routine of prison life, the daily toil, the rations so meagerly served out, the rough words, the curses and sometimes a blow, these he knew because he had been a part of them, and the four great walls bounded his world to the exclusion of all else. At first the memories, the agonies of those earlier years, had tugged at him until he feared he would go mad; but now things were different. He alone had stood still, and the rest, outside, had rushed by him. Others had been in the sunshine, making great plans and putting them into execution. Some—no doubt his old friends—had won their way to the heights, and were now content to drop back quietly into the shadowland again, to give others their chance. He had accomplished nothing, had made nothing, had won nothing. Instead, in a justifiable attempt, as he thought, to punish the one who would have destroyed his home, he had entered worse than death. But it was all far away now. Mary had gone; was perhaps waiting for him over there where he must soon follow. In the morning he must wander out into the world and face its terror alone. Where could he go? What could he do? The State had taken away his years when he was useful, and now he was a mere hulk, to be turned adrift to meet, what? Well, if it must be—

He rose slowly from his chair and tottered slightly, for sixty-seven years does not rest lightly when it has been driven home by rigid discipline and hard, coarse fare. The warden moved to help him, but Henderson reached his side and gently drew the withered old arm into his own and led him to the door.

"Don't ring," he said; "I'll see him through." When they had gone the warden sat down again. It was hard, the law. But what could he do? Perhaps some provision might be made for this wreck that was soon to be launched upon the seas again, all unprepared, but it did seem needlessly cruel to send him away. The thought led him on to the contemplation of his daughter's future. Katherine and Henderson were to be married; that was understood. What if some such thing as this should come to her; and he shuddered at the thought.

While he was still in the midst of this the door opened and Henderson returned. He looked pale and drawn, for the tragedy of Two Hundred and Eight's life sat heavily upon him. He dropped into the chair beside the warden's desk.

"Well?" said the latter. "He's resigned, of course. Has accepted the inevitable, but is full of a deadly fear. What a thing—a cruel thing it is. What can this poor old soul do out there? The State mercifully gives him ten dollars to start life anew upon at sixty-seven. My God, it's enough to make a man turn anarchist! But he shan't suffer; not if I have to pawn my soul to keep him from it. It's damnable; that's what it is; damnable—"

"Hush, Jim!" admonished the warden, sternly. "Oh, it's well to cry 'hush,' but where's the remedy? A new suit, says the State, and ten dollars, and you can go to hell for what we care. It would make a stone image laugh."

"There are always the charities as a last resort—"

"Yes, those 'organized charities,' carefully iced, in the name of a cautious, statistical Christ," quoted Henderson, [with a bitter laugh. "Don't make me think you a fool, warden."

"Then stop this hysteria," commanded the other. "It's bad enough, we know, but this only makes it worse."

With an effort Henderson managed to get control of himself, and turned to the warden again.

"Where were his friends, that they left him to rot here alone?" he asked at length.

"You heard what he said. His wife died when they took him away from her. As to his friends, perhaps they had justification—that is if there were any friends. I've been looking up the record. I find that he was not always known as Two Hundred and Eight. He was formerly given another number, and then it was changed, within six months of his coming here. The man who had his old number escaped in the delivery of '59—eighteen of them got away, and five were never captured. His old number was one of those who was never taken. You know the system in such cases. The details are kept dark. Probably his friends were



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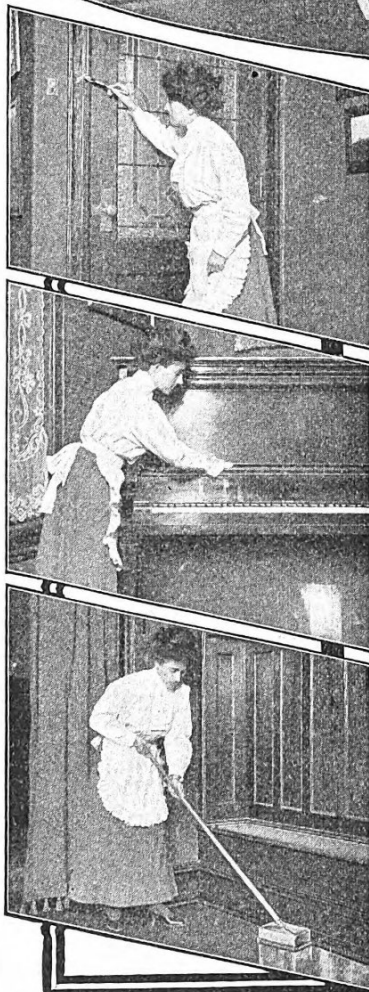
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Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

never notified of the change in numbers, and, believing he had escaped with the rest, were content to let it rest that way. At any rate, I can find no record of their having visited him after that date."

"Perhaps so. It sounds reasonable," sighed Henderson. "And the wife died—he says." Again he walked to the open window, and then turned back.

"Where's Katherine?" he asked abruptly.

"With her aunt, in New York," responded the other.

"With your permission, I'm going to take that poor old wreck out there to the city in the morning, and I'm going to stay two or three days. There must be some niche for him somewhere, and I'll have to fit him into it. It would be heartless to let him go alone. And I want to see Katherine, if you'll give me her address."

"Don't drag her into this thing," begged the warden.

"I can handle it alone," replied his assistant, shortly.

As the prison bell boomed the hour of seven the next morning, Henderson and that which was formerly Two Hundred and Eight but which was now Mr. Richard Melville, gentleman of leisure, walked forth together from the big gates. As the portals closed behind them Melville shrank closer to his companion, and they stepped down the street to the city that had forgotten the man it had cast out forty-seven years before.

Henderson took him at once to Fourteenth Street and let him see the enormous growth of the town northward—seven miles or more, until it was stopped by the river—and the shaken old man stood helpless at the thought of trying to recall the shaded spot that had been occupied by the cottage with the wistaria, that lay so far out in the country in those other days. The vast modern monster had long since grown up and around and over that quiet spot, and in its stead there was nothing but miles and miles of brick and stone and iron, clanging ceaselessly to the throb of that mighty life that was never still. It was maddening to the relic of those other days, this wild rushing of the city by him. The pictures he had carried away so many years ago were far different, and even age can not dim those early impressions. Now the pictures were simply blotted out.

All during the night that followed the old man lay in an unaccustomed bed and fearfully harkened to the city roar by him; the city that had taken from him the best that had come into his life; the vague demon that slowly and insidiously crept upon his little haven, and wiped it and its environs out as if they had never been. The agony and the terror of his soul had kept him from the merciful unconsciousness of sleep, and he had risen early, just as the first faint blush of dawn showed in the eastern sky—as he had risen during the last forty-seven years. He had crawled into the stiff and unfamiliar garments the generous State had given him, and had slipped out into the fearful, unfamiliar streets. He was overpowered with a longing to see the remnants of his world that had disappeared, if nothing else.

It was the homing instinct of the animal that led him, perhaps, or some half-forgotten memory of the way he used to take—before. Almost without knowing why, he turned into one of the long avenues and painfully made his way along it. There were huge yellow cars he might have taken, but he was terrified by them; they rolled so swiftly by him, and seemed so many living embodiments of the monster. He came to a vast stretch of trees and grass, and his heart leaped within him, for he thought that here at last the big city had stopped, vanquished by the quiet but mighty power of nature. With his faint old heart pulsing fitfully and gladly he hastened into the orderly paths, and, despite the tortuous windings, managed to keep his way to the northward—to that direction where the little cottage had been. From afar off the waking city sent forth its stirring call for action, and with that same gripping fear at his breast the old man hurried on; on through the trees and by the unfrequented ways. He saw no one, for only the birds and the squirrels chirped and chattered at him, and the rising sun sent its first slanting beams across the treetops and gilded them until the dewdrops shone like jewels.

Then, quite suddenly, he came to an abrupt ending of the scene. Beyond he discovered the grim, precise array of brick and stone that told of the great city reaching still far into the distance. He had climbed wearily to the top of a little hill when he met the recurrence of his enemy, and his heart sank within him. Far away, to the limit of his dim vision, stretched the serried ranks of walls and roofs, and he sat down weakly upon a bench and wept. The storm of emotion racked and tore him, until at length he glanced up in a very torture of hopeless terror. To his left there suddenly opened, across the roofs, a hint of green, and rock, and the shimmer of a great river, and his spirits bounded with renewed hope. The big river! He remembered that; it had lain not far from his paradise, and with quickened step he set off again. As he hurried on he seemed to find something familiar in bits of things here and there. This little valley, even though it was filled to overflowing with his enemy's works, still held something of a memory for him, and across the half-century of years there was wafted a dim remembrance. Far down at the end of the street he was traversing there loomed the Palisades: those grim sentinels that guarded the farther shore of the river, and even his dim eyes could see a scarf in that mighty, rocky face; a scarf that had been a landmark for centuries.

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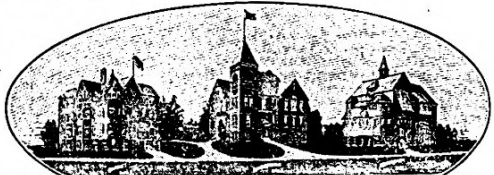
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He was almost reeling now, his breath coming in short gasps that caused him pain, and his old limbs weary and weak. He staggered on down the street, and a hectic flush came into his pallor-stricken cheeks. Something within him seemed to cry out that here was a familiar thing, and the tears started unbidden from his heavy-lidded eyes. He was clinging to the railings before a huge stone structure when the scent of wistaria came to his quivering nostrils, and he started weakly. Feebly he felt his way along the iron palings, and suddenly came upon an open space—a forgotten or neglected bite in the appetite of the demon. Within a shambling fence was a patch of green lawn, and a few feet back from the hard stone street there was a quaint little gable-roofed cottage, and growing before it—a gnarled and twisted wistaria vine. With a choking cry the old man fell to the pavement and lay there in the dust.

It was two days later that Henderson, who had searched the city for him, traced the old man to the little house that nestled, forgotten, between the two tall buildings. Entering the shabby gate he found a girl seated in an old chair beneath the wistaria. She was not more than twenty, perhaps, and as she came forward to meet him, he saw that she was not unlike that old miniature that had lain so long in the locket in the warden's safe. When he made known his errand she smiled at him.

"He speaks of you," she said softly. "He is my grandfather, you know, and he did not know that we were here. We had thought him dead, long years ago, before I was born, or my mother even. She—my grandmother—died after they had taken him away from her, and my mother was born just a little while before she went. You see he never knew he had a daughter. He had never heard of that—where he was. It was so long ago." She paused and sighed. "Always the house has been kept as it was. My grandmother asked that it should be so, for she never believed that he had died, but thought perhaps he would come back some day and would want to see his home. Will you come to see him?"

She led the way into the little house, and by the window sat Richard Melville. Beside him was a gray-haired woman who looked into his face with wonderment in her eyes. The lines of agony in the old man's face had given place to a great peace, and the terror was gone from him now. It was as if the mask of many years had dropped away. He smiled as the young man approached, and held out his withered hand.

"I have come home," he said, "after many years." He paused, and laid his fingers on those of the gray-haired woman.

"I wonder if Mary knows," he said.

Hotel Cells

THE chief difference between the average hotel cell and the average prison cell, viewed from the standpoint of social psychology, is that one is locked on the inside to keep outsiders out, while the other is locked on the outside to keep insiders in. The occupant of the hotel cell is afraid that something will be done to him or that something will be taken from him by some one who ought to be in a prison cell. That is the theory of it.

"Lock your door and leave your valuables at the office," cautions the obliging innkeeper. "If you had valuables you would n't be here," observes the witty prison keeper. That is to say, the question of valuables seems to enter largely into the matter.

It would be great to have a civilization which considered valuable only those things which could not be stolen, such as mental and moral equipment, skill, and good fellowship. Then we could be a little more sociable. We could talk to each other without buttoning our coats or feeling for our diamond studs every few minutes. Then the man who willingly secluded himself in a stuffy hotel cell could be locked in and made to stay there, on the ground that something terrible was the matter with him.—ELLIS O. JONES.

A Vote at Stake

J. W. MADDIN, the Conservative candidate in a vigorous Nova Scotia campaign, was driving near Catalone one evening, and came across an old woman who was chopping wood at the door. Her husband being absent, he threw off his coat and cut all the wood in sight. It is customary among the Scotch people of that country to tender tea as a return for such favors, and the old woman offered to make Mr. Maddin a cup.

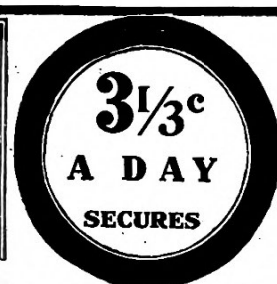
"No, thank you," he said; "I am afraid it is too much trouble."

"Waal," she replied, "it is just as easy to make a cup of tea for two as for one. Alex. Johnson, the Liberal candidate is out in the barn milking the cows for me, and I am going to give him a cup of tea as soon as he is through."—J. A. CAMERON.

Many people are like a balloon. There is not much in them but hot air; but you can always see them. They manage to keep in the public eye. The man who learns every "little dodge" invariably becomes a man with a soiled mind.



Napoleon and Queen Louise



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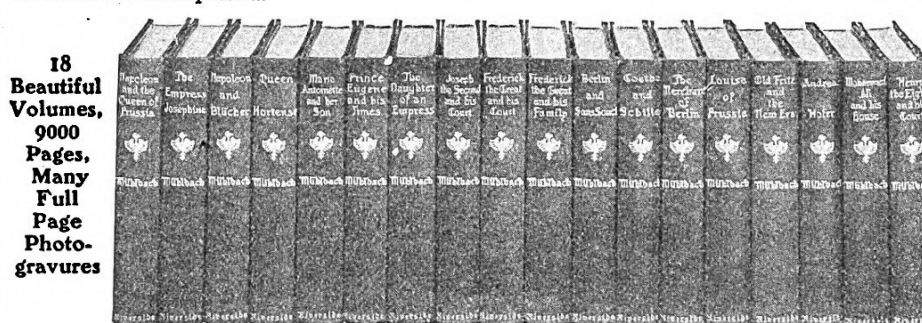
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A WARNING TO SMALL INVESTORS

How the Financial Fakers Flock in the Wake of Returning Prosperity

THE old saying that 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good finds an interesting reversal in modern financial affairs, for the reason that it usually happens that a good wind may sometime blow somebody harm. In this particular case the good wind is the return of confidence and prosperity, and the harm comes from the flock of financial fakers that travels in the wake of such a movement, seeking to separate the average man and woman from savings and other funds that should only find the safest employment. This state of affairs has a twofold interest for the investor; first, the lesson that is conveyed by the extraordinary resource and recovery of the country after panic, and, second, the warning not to be lured by "get rich quick" promises which are again abroad in the land.

The Return of Confidence

Let us first take up business conditions. The most cheerful present-day fact is what might well be called the return of confidence and the beginning of the old régime of commercial stability and order. The rebound in business which began with the election of Mr. Taft has kept up steadily, until the launching of his administration finds it in full swing and the wheels humming everywhere.

There are many signs of favorable development. Nothing is more significant of new conditions than the increase in building operation. Only a short time ago, James J. Hill remarked that he had seen more new building in the past four months than he had seen for the whole previous year.

One of the best barometers of business may be found in the railroads. When times are teeming they can not find enough cars to haul the freight. Car shortage usually means prosperity. Idle cars always mean stagnation. The decrease in the number of idle cars during the past six months has been significant.

More than this, many railroads are ordering new equipment. The Pennsylvania Lines west of Pittsburgh have ordered 2,200 new freight cars; the Chicago & Alton has ordered twenty new locomotives and a large consignment of passenger coaches, and so on. The orders for steel rails have increased at a tremendous rate, the Baltimore & Ohio alone having ordered thirty-seven thousand tons. This in turn has helped to keep the wheels whirling in the great steel plants. Scores of these and other industrial establishments that have been on half time, or altogether closed, have started up, and the smoke is pouring from the chimneys all over the country.

A still more impressive sign of the soundness of things is afforded by the banks. Not only have their clearings (an unfailing sign of commercial conditions) increased but this interesting thing has also happened: after the panic of 1903 the banking world was for a number of years embarrassed by huge, unproductive surpluses. After the panic of the autumn of 1907, the banks resumed normal operations within six months, a most emphatic sign that underlying conditions are absolutely sound.

Business men generally recognize that there can be no complete restoration of our old-time volume of business until the tariff matter is settled and there is some permanent revision of the currency laws. Yet the most earnest advocates of tariff revision feel that a swift change in it would be as bad as no change at all. A gradual change, in their opinion, would enable the great corporations like the railroads to fund their floating debt and take care of the short-term obligations made necessary by the conditions of two years ago. A gradual revision would mean the continuance of easy money markets.

Equally grave is the necessity for currency reform. There is a feeling of confidence that the administration of Mr. Taft will mark the introduction of a scientific currency which will place the United States on a fair basis with other nations in this direction. As the doleful record of our panics show, our currency is so inelastic that when a great crisis in our commercial affairs comes, instead of responding to the emergency, it contracts. The Emergency Currency Legislation provided for last year was only a makeshift, and the national banks have scarcely taken any advantage of it. By its provisions, national banks under certain conditions are permitted to issue circulation on any securities, including commercial paper, owned by them. Practically all kinds of bonds are available for this circulation, which is restricted however to five hundred million dollars. In order to issue this, the national banks of a community must form an association. All this is of course cumbersome, and the hope is expressed by our most eminent financiers that the United States will ultimately have a great central bank, like England, France, and Germany, which, in time of stress and storm, will be our Gibraltar.

Yet, despite the handicap of antiquated currency laws and the turmoil of an animated Presidential campaign, the country has emerged serene and smiling from

the travail of the past fourteen months, which is further proof of its amazing resiliency and that our resources are greater than those of any other country. The United States is to-day the world's granary and is fast becoming the world's workshop.

One proof of this lies in the remarkable absorption of the great mass of new securities issued during 1908. First it must be borne in mind that last year was a year immediately succeeding a panic. Yet it was one of the greatest financial activity and many new issues. According to the best authorities, the total issue of bonds, notes, and stocks of our railroad and industrial corporations last year amounted to a billion and a half dollars, par value. The securities of the national Government, States, counties, and municipalities, added four hundred million dollars more to the list, or approximately a total of two billion dollars. To this sum, the railroads alone contributed more than six hundred million dollars.

The fact that this huge mass of securities was absorbed was not due to the fact that there was an excess of ready money after a panic but because the people knew how to take advantage, after the lesson of a panic, of the best type of securities.

Issues This Year

From the way this year has started out there is every indication that it will be another big year of new securities, and of the best type, too. Thus there is no excuse for the average investor to be decoyed into buying speculative bonds or stocks with the lure of quick, rich profits in them.

A survey of the securities already brought out this year is interesting. New financing marked the month of January. The actual issues of railroads and industrial corporations during the first four weeks of the year aggregated \$157,655,000, which is about the same as the issue for the same period of 1908. The difference between the financing this year and last is that last year many corporations had to bring out short-term notes owing to money rates while this year they can bring out bonds. Hence the railroads are now making provisions to take up their short-term notes with the proceeds of long-term bonds, which may be issued with ease and to the benefit of the investor.

During the month of January of this year the railroads issued \$77,484,000 in bonds, five hundred thousand dollars in notes, and two million dollars in stocks. The industrial corporations and companies issued fifty-six million dollars in bonds, three million dollars in notes and eighteen million dollars in stocks. It is interesting to compare the comparatively small issue of notes, for January, 1909, with the issue of fifty-four million dollars in notes for January, 1908. It is one more evidence of the return of our financial affairs to normal and easy conditions.

Among the very important bond issues of great railroads so far this year are the following: Louisville & Nashville, \$29,864,000; Denver & Rio Grande 5s, \$17,250,000; Chicago & Northwestern, \$16,250,000; Boston & Maine 4½s, \$11,700,000; Norfolk & Western 4s, \$10,000,000; Chicago & Alton 3s, \$8,000,000; Seaboard Air Line certificates, \$4,250,000; Missouri, Kansas & Texas 4½s, \$3,170,000.

The Pennsylvania Loan

Perhaps the most interesting financial event of the spring and one of the most important of the year is the forthcoming Pennsylvania loan. The stockholders are being asked to authorize an issue of eighty million dollars. Most of this will be in bonds. Part of the proceeds of this loan will be used to take up the short-term notes of the company and the rest will be devoted to corporate expenses. The fact that the Pennsylvania will put out a new issue of securities is just one more evidence to the investor that the opportunity to avail himself of the best type of investment constantly grows. Very heavy pressure is being put upon the management to give the individual investor an opportunity to share in the taking up of this issue at first hand.

Among the other important forthcoming bond issues are the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, which will probably aggregate twenty million dollars (this is one of the standard investment roads), and the Missouri Pacific.

Incidentally it might be added that, in view of the fact that so many large corporations went into the hands of the receivers, the issue of receivers' certificates which are substitutes for bonds, which the court orders and which usually come ahead even of a first mortgage, has been large. The type of certificates most available for conservative investment are those of the kind issued by the Seaboard Air Line.

The new industrial issues have not been without interest and value. Since the first of the year such corporations as the United Fruit Company have brought out bonds which have been quickly taken up.

The Opportunity and the Danger

Thus it is evident that the investor will not lack an opportunity this year for the safe employment of his

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money provided he takes advantage of the issues of securities by the well-established and prosperous railroads and corporations. But will he do it?

Every season of returning prosperity in the United States, when money becomes plentiful and when the returns from the crops are in, has been attended by the launching of countless schemes, engineered by unscrupulous fakers, to get the people's money. One reason why some people respond to the beguiling offers is that, fresh from panic scare when money is scarce, they are seized with a desire to get a lot of money in a hurry and salt it down. Hence they fall victims to seductive promises. Yet, in doing so they fail to achieve what they most desire, for in practically all cases they lose what they have put in.

On the other hand, by employing money in safe and conservative investments like bonds, the investor does not get rich in a hurry but he *does* obtain security for his principal and a regular adequate return for the money that he has employed.

Yet the conviction can only grow that the American people are year by year becoming less gullible and the statement that they can be "fooled all the time" less true. The campaign for education in investment matters such as has been carried on by SUCCESS MAGAZINE is bearing its fruit.

The Warning to the Investor

Some warnings are so important that they may well be repeated, and for this reason a statement, often made in this department, will be emphasized again. It is simply this: the man or woman with a comparatively small sum of money can not afford to plunge with it in the hope of making a rich "strike." The folly of such a step is quite clear. The financial faker thrives on it because he says: "You have not much to lose and you have much to gain. Therefore take the chance."

But the average man and woman *can not afford to take any chances.* The wiping out of a nest-egg in a speculative stock scheme means making a start all over again. This is always the hardest thing to do, and as a result these people become discouraged and do not make any second start.

As pointed out in last month's article, you can begin a safe and sound investment with a small sum of money, and it is surprising how fast it builds itself up. Investment means making your money work; speculation simply means throwing it into a great maw and seldom seeing it again. We are returning to a period in our business affairs when money is plentiful, when wages are being restored, when the movement in industry is upward and onward, and it behooves the man or woman with savings and other money to resist allurements and be content with safety and a fair return.

No Excuse for Being Caught

There seems to be little reason nowadays for people to be caught in traps of get-rich-quick schemers. There was a time in our country's financial history when the man with a small surplus and regular income available for investment could not participate in good, sound securities. He had to have at least one thousand dollars available before he could any way interest himself in any of the recognized sound securities. The result was a consideration of those in an unsound class.

The value of having the individual investors affiliated with the great industrial institutions of our country is being recognized by most progressive banking houses of our large financial centers, and a greater and broader distribution of their securities is being encouraged even by our great railroads. Indeed, we find many of our large and reputable investment banking houses now reaching the general public with plans that will insure safety in the purchase of bonds by mail. The very highest order of securities is being offered through this plan, and it is indeed encouraging to find that the public is giving the new order of things its most hearty approval.

Buying bonds by mail would at first seem to be a rather risky procedure, but when the actual exchange of your money for securities can be carried on at your own bank, just as though you had purchased the bonds locally, by ordering your bonds sent to your bank for collection and delivery to you, and having in this way a full opportunity to inspect the bonds before paying for them, you realize that the risk is almost eliminated. Then again, bonds can be ordered sent by express C. O. D., with the privilege of a thorough inspection before paying for them; then again, Uncle Sam's registered mail system is used with insurance on the security at the banker's expense. A draft in such cases for the amount of the bond is sent in advance with the understanding that the money will be returned if the bond is not found to be satisfactory in every respect.

All of these methods are safe, if one uses a little care in selecting the house through which to purchase the securities. The best kind of bonds are to be had now in one hundred, two hundred and fifty, five hundred, and one thousand dollar denominations, and it would seem that an investor could just as safely employ his money from his own home as he could by going to the expense of appearing in the offices of his investment banker. Certainly, the public should encourage the investment banking houses that are applying their well-developed organizations to a movement that means more to the public than it does to them.

TAX BONDS

\$100, \$500 and \$1000 Bonds

Representing parts of the public indebtedness of counties, cities, school districts and other political sub-divisions. State laws control their issuance and the amount of indebtedness. Attorneys whose reputation is national approve the legal proceedings.

Bonds are often due in ten to thirty years, giving an assured income without loss incident to frequent change of investments.

Your protection is ample and you can sell when you desire. Life Insurance Companies, Fraternal Orders, Savings Banks, Trustees and other large investors buy this class of bonds.

The Great Central West

a land of development and of prosperity, offers you better interest and equal security. Years of experience render us competent to select—you benefit by our complete organization, large purchases and distributing power with customers in 35 states. Whether you invest \$100 or \$100,000, you become a customer of a Banking House with a record of absolutely no losses in 20 years' experience, with all the protection this implies.

Here is a list of bonds (owned by us) for your selection:

\$250,000 City of St. Louis
200,000 City of Milwaukee
250,000 City of Oklahoma, Oklahoma (School)
300,000 City of Muskogee, Oklahoma (School)
100,000 City of St. Joseph, Mo. (School)
45,000 City of San Diego, California
100,000 County of Cass, Missouri
42,000 Township of Waukegan, Illinois (School)
35,000 Traverse City, Michigan
50,000 City of Daytona, Florida
50,000 City of Dallas, Texas
80,000 City of Enid, Oklahoma

Such securities net you interest from 3½% to 4½%. Many customers prefer higher interest and are content with less known issues. For these we select special securities, bought after the most careful investigation of our expert buying force. In this class we offer you now:

Idaho U. S. Government Carey Act Bonds, Yielding 5%
Arkansas District Levee Bonds, Yielding 5½%
Oklahoma School Bonds, Yielding 5%
Iowa County Drainage Bonds, Yielding 5%

Send your name for our mailing list—get our circulars—whether ready to buy now or not. The information you secure will be of value. Secure our Articles on Tax Bonds.

Address Department A,

WM. R. COMPTON COMPANY,

234 Merchants-Laclede Building, St. Louis, Mo.

What Every Sensible Investor Wants—

The Safest Possible Investment Paying a Liberal Income

We are in a position to offer you a selection from a list of bonds which have stood the test of time.

A request from you for our circular 15 A, stating your requirements, will receive our careful attention. We will suggest for your consideration suitable bonds of exceptional security paying a liberal income.

(For the small investor we have bonds in \$100 and \$500 denomination yielding nearly 6%).

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Success Magazine
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Dependable both from a standpoint of interest and security are to be found in municipal issues. Governmental bonds, consisting of **County, City, Town and School** bonds, have behind them the tax-payers and the laws of the community, and our very discriminating selection from a legal standpoint.

We have at all times an attractive list of such bonds, earning from 4 to 5 1/4%, and maturing in from one to twenty years, in denominations of **\$1,000, \$500, \$250 & \$100** and that meet all the requirements of discriminating investors.

Our Circular, S 100, descriptive of this class of securities, also our Special School Bond Bulletin, will be gladly sent to you upon request.

H. T. HOLTZ & COMPANY,
Public Securities
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BONDS

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is a subject formerly known to only a few—mostly bankers. Our Book, "Bonds and How to Buy Them," gives facts on investments everyone should know. Tells you how you can invest in the same safe securities earning 4% to 5 3/4%, in which banks invest their own trust funds.

Our selected list on Municipal and Corporation Bonds and this Bond Book should be in the hands of everyone interested in investments. Both will be sent on request.

OTIS AND HOUGH
INVESTMENT BANKERS
300 CUYAHOGA BLDG.
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How to Judge A Good Railroad Bond

The *equity* behind a railroad bond, the *earning capacity* of the property, its *traffic relations*, the *management* and the *strategic position* should all be carefully considered.

A circular describing the relation of a bond we are now offering to the above requirements will be sent on request. As this bond at the present market yields over six per cent., it is an opportunity to become familiar with an unusually attractive security.

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Bankers
29 Pine Street
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Readers of Investment News

will find "The Weekly Financial Review" of J. S. Bache & Co. of value in keeping informed as to the Securities they have bought or intend to buy. "The Weekly Financial Review" is a small four-page Editorial Sheet, which treats broadly and without prejudice current events in the Financial, Commercial and Political World as they bear upon Securities and other Investments and is of interest and value to Investors and Business Men. The Review will on application be mailed regularly without charge to those interested. J. S. Bache & Co. (Members New York Stock Exchange), Bankers, 42 Broadway, New York.

His Eminence, the Junkman

(Continued from page 229)

her speed must be twenty-one knots. When she leaves the ways she is the admiration of press and people—but what of our Bureau of Construction? It takes us three years to build a battle-ship such as England would build in nine months. Our naval engineers are already committed to a different set of theories; their draughtsmen are preparing plans for a new type of ship to make twenty-five knots, to carry ten twelve-inch and twenty-three inch guns. The battle-ship we have just launched is already antiquated; her prow is already turned toward the scrap heap. The "Oregon," mechanical marvel of so few years ago, was considered unfit to accompany our proud fleet into Eastern waters; the "Olympia" was lately winnowed from our active list and is now a training-ship. Most of the monitors, which were the formidable product of the Civil War, were years ago sold to Philadelphia dealers as old iron. The battle-ship "Hotspur," pride of the British Navy in 1889, was passed over to a Boston dealer as junk four years later. Our junk-dealers would have fine pickings from the awesome British Navy, if more of its rejections were sold at its Bermuda and Jamaica stations, if not quite such heavy; bonds were exacted to insure against the use of any of its hulls on the sea again.

Twentieth Century Buried Treasure

The Boston dealer who bought the "Hotspur" paid twenty-five thousand dollars for her. It required two years and three months for his crew to get all the old iron and metals from her hull. He also purchased the British battle-ship "Scorpion" and engaged the big new seagoing tug "Powerful" to tow her from Bermuda to Boston. The start was made in stormy weather and conditions grew steadily worse. For six days the "Powerful" clung to her tow, dragging her slowly through heavier and heavier seas. On the sixth day the seas began to break over the decks of the "Scorpion"; they poured down her funnels and put out the fires, so that her steam pumps could no longer be worked. She began to settle lower and lower, to become more and more of a menace to the tug which was towing her. It was the tug's first tow, it meant three thousand dollars to her owners if the captain could get the "Scorpion" safely to Boston; but toward night of the sixth day the risk became too great and the captain ordered the hawser cut. Not a moment too soon. For seven hours the tug floundered around in the churning sea rescuing one by one the "Scorpion's" crew. Hardly had the last one been pulled aboard when the "Scorpion," only ninety miles from her destination, sank peacefully down into the deep.

The junk-dealer who purchased the "Scorpion" has not been quite so eager to acquire ironclads since; yet there are few wooden ships of consequence which escape him. Recently he came into possession of his eighty-ninth ship. This was the full-rigged sloop-of-war "St. Mary's," built in the Washington Navy Yard and the fastest sloop in our navy sixty years ago. For her the span of life was considerably lengthened, eked out by use as a school-ship; but the fate of all war-ships at last became hers: she became the prey of the junk-dealer. And yet her passing into their clutches was marked by certain ceremonies which did credit to these sinister vandals; it was they—not our Government—who furnished a fitting ritual of her discharge from long service. The foreman for a Boston junk-dealer brought the "St. Mary's" from her comfortable berth at the Brooklyn Navy Yard to her last anchorage near Boston.

On an eleven-foot tide, early in November, the U. S. Ship "St. Mary's" was run high on a sandy shore. A throng of laborers clambered over her decks and into her hold; they saturated her woodwork with oils and chemicals. Later, torches were touched to her useless hull and, when the ruins cooled, the men swarmed back; they poked among her dying embers, they dragged from them every scrap of iron and metal which had once formed the bones and sinews of this paragon of the sea; they bore them away to furnish forth some trivial parts of her steel and iron successor, leaving her charred remains to the wind and the tide.

Such is the fate of the wooden ship of old, merchantman and ship-of-line. Such would have been the fate of the "Constitution" but for Holmes's poem. And yet, something there is in this end which seems more fitting than the doom which awaits the "Olympia" and the "Oregon," yes, and even the "North Dakota," latest launched and perfection of battle-ships. No Greek funeral pyre will be theirs. With clanging sledge on resistless chisel, each of their countersunk rivets will be drilled apart; plate by plate, beam by beam, their iron frames will be stripped and rent. The din and clangor of the foundry—not the crackle of the funeral fire—will be the rite and circumstance which will mark their end.

✻ ✻

"They missed it at the very start of their lives. Since then they sit around tellin' of the things they might have done."



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BECAUSE these 6% Bonds are based on the ownership of selected New York real estate—the best security on earth. Because every detail of the business back of these Bonds is a matter of public record and can be easily and thoroughly investigated, and every statement verified. The accounts of the American Real Estate Company are certified to by certified public accountants—the property of this Company is appraised by the Real Estate Board of Brokers of the City of New York.

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Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$2,900,000.00

Commonwealth Trust Company
Commonwealth Building
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Are You Superstitious?

(Continued from page 270)

is always disappointed when he sees the new moon over his left shoulder. Mark Twain says that while he is not superstitious, he does not like to lose thirteen dollars on a Friday, nor does he like to sleep with thirteen in a bed.

Comparatively few people are entirely free from superstition. We often find those who think they are, but they carry pocket pieces, or wear rabbits' feet on their watch-chains, or try to see the new moon over their right shoulders, for luck; or have horseshoes over the door of their places of business, knock on wood after they have referred to their good fortune or continued good health, in order to prevent a change in it, and in many ways are more or less influenced by superstitions.

There is no doubt that the origin of superstitions has had much to do with their influence. All are familiar with the horseshoe superstition, which came from the horseshoe-shaped blood splash put on the doors of the Israelites as a sign to protect their firstborn from the slaughter visited upon those of the Egyptians, and which has always had a powerful influence over people.

While many great men have had superstitions, they would have been much greater without them. All superstition tends to weaken the mind. Anything which makes us believe in or depend upon any force or power outside of the Omnipotent Creative Power, a part of which we are, or to believe that there is a force that can circumvent or interfere with the regular order and law which govern the universe, lessens our self-confidence, self-respect, and power by so much.

We often hear intelligent people say that superstitions are harmless; but nothing is harmless which makes a man believe that he is a puppet at the mercy of signs and symbols, omens and inanimate relics. Nothing is harmless which makes a man believe there is a power in the world outside of Omnipotent Intelligence which is working in opposition, to do harm to mortals.

Others say that there must be something in superstitious ideas because they certainly do bring good luck or ill luck. Of course they do—in just the same way that a horse-chestnut or a black ring carried in the pocket will relieve rheumatism in those who have profound faith in the remedy; but the virtue is in the faith, and not in the chestnut or ring.

I know a man who carried a horse-chestnut in his pocket for many years for rheumatism, and on one occasion when he lost it and for a time could not get another was terrified, and his rheumatism was greatly aggravated.

A man said to me recently, "Why is it that all my life Friday has been an unlucky day for me, and that nearly everything I have undertaken on that day has turned out disastrously?" I told him that it was his mental attitude and his conviction that it was unlucky, that it meant harm to him, which robbed him of his courage, his self-confidence, and took the grit out of him, so that he did not make the same effort on that day and did not put into his work the right mentality; that every day of the week would be unlucky if approached with such a mental attitude.

Results are based upon confidence, upon belief in our convictions, and vigorous mental concentration, which are impossible without the full consent of our faculties. When a person believes that anything undertaken on a Friday will turn out badly, or that the number thirteen will bring him bad luck, according to the very science of achievement and the principles of psychology success is impossible, for the very thing he fears or expects will naturally come to him. He is in no mental condition for any other result.

Think of the tremendous suggestive power generated by millions of people, that Friday is an unlucky day and that nothing of importance must be undertaken on that day, and that the number thirteen has always been an enemy of man kind! If a man believes that no good thing can come to him on Friday, and that the number thirteen will always bring him ill luck, if his whole mental attitude is that of expecting misfortune, no other result is possible. "As he thinketh in his heart so is he." His mental efforts must correspond with his belief. We get out of a thing what we first think into it, project into it, with force and energy. We get out of it the results of our preconceived efforts and convictions.

Years ago, in New York, a man took an opal to a jeweler and asked him to buy it. He said that the stone had brought him nothing but bad luck. Since it came into his possession he had failed in business, there had been much sickness in his family, and all sorts of misfortunes had befallen him, and he refused to keep the cursed thing any longer. The jeweler examined the stone and found that it was not an opal after all, but simply an imitation.

In some communities it is considered a crime to rock an empty cradle, because it betokens that the cradle will always be empty, by reason of the death of the babies born to the owner.

It does not seem possible, and yet it is a fact, that there are multitudes of intelligent Americans who would sit up all night in a hotel before they would occupy a room numbered thirteen.

A man who has been a candidate for Governor of his

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You will invest no money in this business until you are **absolutely sure** you can earn the money at it. You therefore **run no risk** of losing money. You are **paid well** for all you do. You know the principle of the vacuum cleaner. It sucks up dirt and dust from floors, carpets, rugs, furniture, walls, woodwork, etc., and takes all the dirt and dust out of the house—quickly, easily, economically. It makes housecleaning the work of **hours** instead of the work of **days**—and it does the work **ten times as thoroughly** as any other method.

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Every housewife who has a rug, a room or a house cleaned by this process, is so **thoroughly satisfied** that she tells her friends about it. You get their orders. They tell their friends—and you get more orders. You get the work month after month, season after season, year after year. The more customers you get—the more they get for you.

Duntley Standard Vacuum Cleaners

embody every principle and every improvement known in the vacuum cleaner business—and combine all these advantages in a **portable machine**, weighing about 50 pounds, that can be easily carried from room to room, or house to house. You can take one of these machines into a residence and remove every particle of dust and dirt, from every room, without taking up carpets or rugs—without removing furniture—without taking down curtains or portieres—and do it in **one-tenth** time it could be done otherwise.

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Before the invention of the Duntley Portable Standard Vacuum Cleaner, this work could only be done with a big, cumbersome, costly wagon apparatus—yet those wagon outfits earned for their owners **immense profits**. The Duntley Portable Standard Vacuum Cleaner does the same work that the big wagon outfits do, and costs only a fraction as much originally and much less to operate. It will therefore, pay you **far larger profits**.

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I want one good, earnest, honest, active man or woman in every city or town—no matter how small—where residences are **lighted by electricity**, to engage in the Duntley Vacuum Cleaner business, on the "Pay from Profit Plan." I will establish you in business—show you how it is done—enable you to make good money while you are learning it—and assure you an income of at least \$5.00 a day. Or, should you want a Duntley Standard Vacuum Cleaner for use in your own home, I will prove its value, its economy and its necessity to you—and give you an opportunity to use it, **at my expense**.

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I do not ask you to invest one dollar. All I ask is that you fill out the coupon below, and let me prove to you the truth of every statement here made. This offer is made to you—now—today. It is your great opportunity to start in a new business—in a coming business—in a profitable business—in a business of your own, that will grow bigger each year. Fill out and mail the coupon right now.

J. W. Duntley, President

Duntley Mfg. Co., 303 Dearborn St., Chicago

Fill out and mail this coupon today

J. W. Duntley, Pres., 303 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Dear Sir—Tell me how I can earn \$5.00 or more a day with a Duntley Standard Vacuum Cleaner, on your "Pay from Profit Plan."

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Will you engage in business yourself?

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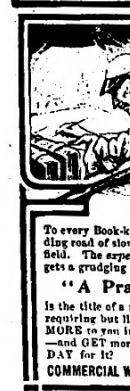


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Which?

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COMMERCIAL WORLD CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, 184 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

State built a fashionable hotel in New York which contains no number thirteen—not even a thirteenth floor. Many hotel managers have been obliged to omit the number thirteen altogether on the rooms and suites.

Not long ago a noted actress was assigned to a room on the thirteenth floor in one of New York's principal hotels, and immediately sent word to the office that she would leave the hotel if she could not get another room, and she ordered her baggage removed at once.

What a curious contradiction of human nature it is which causes people to put so much emphasis upon the great power of destiny or fate, and yet which makes them believe they can circumvent or get around it by resorting to such silly devices as carrying rabbits' feet, wishbones, or horsechest-nuts in their pockets! It does not seem possible, in this age of progress, that any human beings could be so handicapped by superstition as to resort to such meaningless, silly devices for defeating fate. Think of intelligent people bearing the stamp of divinity doing such insane things as spitting on the right shoe before putting it on, picking up every hairpin they come across and hanging it upon the first rusty nail they see; picking up every pin that is pointed toward them, in order to ward off misfortunes! Considering the great advance of modern intelligence, it is amazing to find how many people, who have splendid ability for getting on in the world, are held back by a lot of silly superstitions which ought not to influence a ten-year-old child.

Think of intelligent American women being made ill because they were obliged to remove their wedding ring, believing that "until death do us part" refers to the ring as well as to the couple, and that the severing of the ring from the finger betokened the severing of the husband and wife!

A large number of Wall Street financiers and other prominent business men never undertake anything of importance without consulting a clairvoyant. It is known that the president of one of the biggest banks in this country will never do anything of importance without consulting a clairvoyant.

Many of the members of our stock exchanges are greatly influenced by Friday, the thirteenth, and they often refer to the fatal Black Friday panic brought on by Jay Gould and his associates.

Some time ago a bank failed in San Francisco because its president had followed the counsel of a medium as to his investments. He believed in the advice of a dead financier with whom the medium assured him she had communicated, rather than in common-sense and his own experienced judgment.

The dire predictions of quack fortune-tellers are responsible for infinite misery and a great many deaths. Scores of people have committed suicide under their influence.

It is incredible that intelligent people should be so mentally warped and unbalanced by astrologers, palmists, mediums, and fortune-tellers; that many of them order their entire lives by the advice of these fakers. Of course, many of the things which they predict happen when the whole mental attitude of the mind and all the power of the mentality of the gullible victim is turned toward the prediction; when all the faith is centered in it to bring it about. Mental concentration, faith, conviction, are what make things happen everywhere.

The minds of children often get an unfortunate twist, which later in life proves fatal, from having their fortunes told at some fair or place of amusement, or from the superstitious ideas impressed upon them from infancy by ignorant mothers or nurses, especially colored mammies.

It is a terrible thing to fill a child's susceptible mind with senseless superstitions, because many people never outgrow their influence, and their whole lives are shadowed by them.

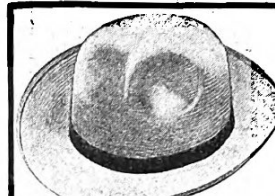
Despite all our boasts of education and freedom in this land of liberty, we are still slaves to the most absurd superstitions.

Mothers still frighten their children into obedience by threats of ghosts, hobgoblins, and the bogey man. Tens of thousands of women in this country believe that if two people look into a mirror at the same time, or that if one thanks one for a pin, or if one gives a knife or any sharp instrument to a friend, it will break up friendship. They believe that if a young lady is presented with a thimble she will be an old maid; that when leaving a house it is unlucky to go back after any article which has been forgotten, and if one is obliged to do so, one must sit down in a chair before going out again; that if a broom touches you while some one is sweeping, bad luck will follow; that it is unlucky to change your place at table.

I know the wife of an editor of a prominent magazine who was completely upset recently by finding peacock decorations in a room where she was visiting. She predicted all sorts of ill luck for the occupants.

Think of a college graduate baseball manager refusing to go on with a game where thousands of spectators were waiting, until two bats which were crossed were separated, in order to prevent a hoodooed game!

The men in our navy are more intelligent than the men in most navies, and yet they are very superstitious. Every battle-ship must have its mascot—its goat, parrot, monkey, dog, cat, or some other animal. If anything happens to a mascot, dire results are expected.



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Sailors can not be convinced that a hoodooed ship can ever be lucky again, and many a ship has been lost through the superstitious-fear or terror which has unnerved the officers and sailors so that they could not bring level heads and their greatest efficiency to some great emergency.

It is as impossible to conduct a ship successfully and efficiently as it would be any kind of a business, when everybody connected with it is prejudiced against it, has lost confidence in it, and is filled with apprehension. The skipper and crew are in no condition to bring their best efforts to an emergency.

Nothing can overcome the sailors' prejudice against a ship which has been sufficiently unlucky to be hoodooed, and in many cases owners have been obliged to change the ship's name, as in the case of the "City of Paris," which had met with so many misfortunes that its name was changed to the "Philadelphia," since which time it has been more fortunate. It is a curious fact that, in addition to the prejudice of the officers and crew against a hoodooed ship, the public become prejudiced also, and refuse to patronize it.

American farmers are very intelligent men, and yet they have a lot of superstitions, especially moon superstitions. Many of them still insist on killing their hogs during a certain phase of the moon so that the pork will "spend well," and on sowing and harvesting during certain other phases of the moon. They believe that a light moon, a dry moon, or a wet moon has an influence upon the crops.

"The creations of man's own mind are more terrible to him than any reality." A cramping, narrowing, belittling influence is constantly being exerted upon the mind that is saturated with silly, meaningless superstitions and fears.

I know a lady who became so terrified because she broke a looking-glass while her brother was sick with fever that she could not eat or sleep, and was obliged to take to her bed. Breaking a mirror was to her an unmistakable premonition of death in the family. Today her brother is well and strong, and able to laugh at her foolishness.

"During one of Napoleon's campaigns in Italy," says M. de Constant, "he broke a looking-glass over Josephine's portrait. He did not rest until the return of the courier whom he had at once dispatched to assure himself of her safety, so great was the impression of her death on his mind."

I cite many instances of superstition, hoping to show the reader how utterly silly they all are. We laugh at the absurdity of superstition, and yet, how many, even of those who pretend to laugh at it, are free from this slavery, from childish dependence upon some signs, talismans, relics, or charms?

How long will such things continue to influence men and women of brains? We might expect poor, ignorant immigrants who have been steeped in Old World superstitions to bring them with them into this New World, but those who are born and reared in this land of education and enlightenment, this land fettered by no traditions, hereditary customs or bonds, ought to free themselves from such silly things.

Before you give up to another's superstitious ideas, just stop and think how utterly foolish all superstition is. You know perfectly well that nothing can possibly happen in this world without a cause, and one which is big enough to produce the result.

Say to yourself, "If there is no connection, no force between the superstition and the effect, how can any result possibly follow?"

People are slaves to superstitious fears just in proportion to their ignorance. Education tends to kill superstition. Did you ever notice how many superstitions youths drop in college? Our universities are the graveyards of scores of superstitions, and just in proportion as a person becomes educated and enlightened, cultured—as he becomes broader and larger, a completer man or woman, do his superstitions disappear.

An absence of superstition is usually an indication of a large, creative mind. Very superstitious people are narrow mentally; although they may have brilliant talents in some directions, yet they are not level-headed, and they do not inspire the confidence of people in their judgment and good sense.

Common-sense people may smile at you when you parade your superstitions, but they will think less of you while they are doing it, because their confidence in your good sense, your level-headedness and ability will be shaken.

Everywhere we see people doing little mediocre things, who are capable of doing much greater things, and who would do them but for the fact that they are held back, tied down, by the bonds of superstition. They do not dare to act in opposition to any old wife's saying, and their daily lives are ordered by senseless symbols, signs, omens, and predictions of fortune-tellers.

If you are ambitious to make the most of your ability, cut the cords of superstition. Get rid of the chains which enslave you, which cripple your self-reliance. Mental freedom is one of the first conditions of progress. Get this freedom at any cost.

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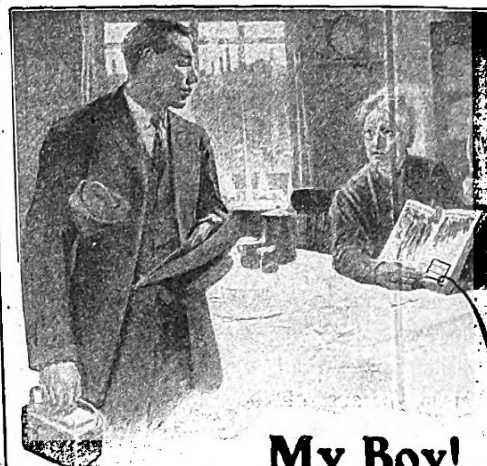
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