SUCCESS MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN · EDITOR & FOUNDER

VOLUME XII · NUMBER 180

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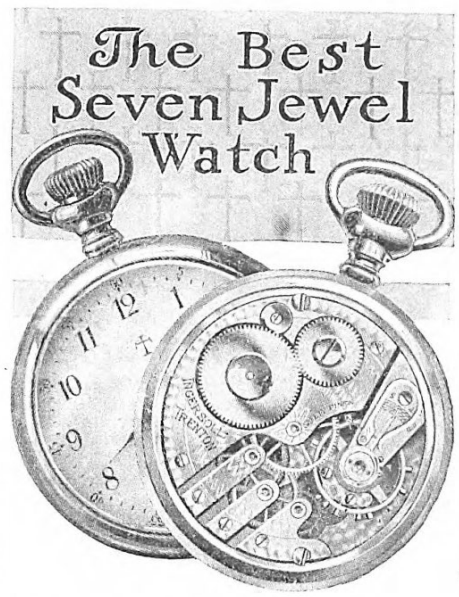
Expirations and Renewals

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

Subscriptions to commence with this issue should be received by May 15th. Subscriptions to commence with the June issue should be received by June 15th.



Ingersoll-Trenton

GUARANTEED

This new watch is guaranteed, first, because its makers believe that responsible manufacturers *should* guarantee their products —and next, because the "I-T" is made good enough to sustain the strong printed guarantee accompanying each.

The Ingersoll system of watch manufacture means, not merely wonderful economy through specialization applied to an immense output, but also those refinements in processes and equipment, which produce a watch that may safely carry a guarantee *such as other makers dare not issue.*

The Ingersoll-Trenton is a *finished* watch. Most other high grade watches are shipped to wholesalers, as movements only, in tin boxes, with several crucial operations left undone, and, of course, *without a guarantee.*

The Ingersoll-Trenton is the first and only high grade 7-jewel watch made complete and cased in one factory; and therefore, the only one that *can* be guaranteed by its makers; others are assembled from movements made in one factory and cases from another, by the dealer, often a competent jeweler, but often, too, without facilities such as the adjusting and timing *systems* existing in our complete *watch factory.*

The "I-T" has all features of the most recent, costly watches, which secure accuracy. "I-T" gold-filled cases contain gold enough to outlive their guarantees. Sold only through *responsible* jewelers, who buy direct. If not on sale in your town, we send, prepaid express, on receipt of price.

$5 in solid nickel case. **$7** in 10-yr. gold-filled case. **$9** in 20-yr. gold-filled case.

There is a lot more to the "I-T" story, ask for the booklet

INGERSOLL DOLLAR WATCH

For seventeen years there has been but one standard in everyday watches; "Ingersolls" have popularized the very use of watches. One friend says, "They have made the dollar famous." They have never been so worthy of their great reputation as to-day. Fully guaranteed. They include: The Dollar Watch; "The Eclipse" at $1.50; the new thin model "Junior" at $2.00; and the "Midget" ladies' size at $2.00.
Sold by 60,000 dealers or postpaid by us.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.
30 Frankel Bldg.,
New York

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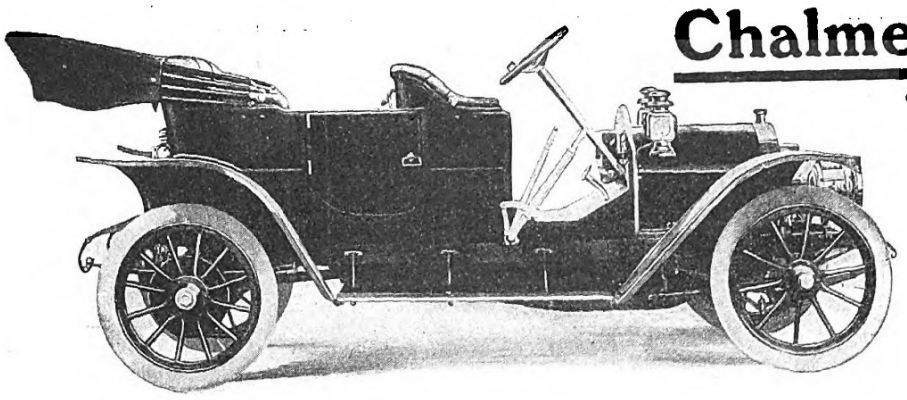
Touring Cars
Tourabouts
Roadsters
$1500



Chalmers-Detroit "30"

"It's a Good Car"

The Utmost for $1500

This car represents, in every department, the modern ideas of the world's best engineers. You would expect to find such ideas expressed only in cars costing four times as much.

One has but to look at the lines to see that this car is a product of the world's best motor car ideas.

Mr. H. E Coffin, the able designer, made two trips to Europe before he decided exactly what this car should be.

He visited many big factories—talked to other world-famous designers—compared his ideas with theirs.

The result is a car that is perfect—not only in theory, but in fact.

More than 1600 of these marvelous cars are now in daily use.

Ask owners what they think of this car. We'll gladly leave it to them.

Makers who wish to compete with us say we are theoretical.

We admit, when we first announced this car the facts seemed too good to be true.

But these cars have now been in daily use ever since last July.

The owners of these cars have been our best salesmen. They have realized the facts. The largest part of our great demand is caused by these owners' enthusiasm.

For 100 days one of these cars made 208 miles a day, or 20,800 miles, without a single mishap. No other car has a record like that.

Two-thirds of our output is already delivered—and all the cars are in use.

Our orders from agents now cover all the cars we can make.

Would it seem that a theoretical car could become so enormously popular?

There is no low priced car on the market to compare with this marvelous "30." We have no real competition.

But we leave it to you and the owners. If you don't know an owner, call up the local agent and ask him for the names. Then communicate with them. Ask them what they think.

The Two-Bearing Crank Shaft

We are glad to submit the following features to engineers.

Our crank shaft is hung on two bearings. We use the two-bearing crank shaft to get perfect alignment—to insure perfect cooling and the minimum friction.

This crank shaft has been tested at the University of Michigan under **eight times** the load it will ever get in the car.

We use it in order to cast the cylinders en bloc and to secure the popular short bonnet.

Other makers say we are theoretical—because we use modern ideas.

They are clinging at present to old ideas because the modern means expense—the cutting down of the profit in order to buy new machines.

They are arguing against proven ideas which they must come to eventually,

We say this simply as a prediction. We have no cause for attack.

Four Cylinders En Bloc

Those who argue against the two-bearing crank shaft cast their cylinders separately. Such engines are bulky and apt to get out of alignment. Three or five-bearing crank shafts are then an enormous hindrance. The friction is then very great—the cooling system becomes inadequate.

We cast our cylinders en bloc, so our motor is light and compact and cannot get out of alignment.

The latest Fiat, Mors and Hotchkiss cylinders are cast in the same way.

So are the cylinders in the Decauville, the Hispano-Suiza and Motobloc.

This construction leaves more space for the tonneau—makes the car roomy and comfortable.

Someone has said, "If you crack a cylinder, look at the cost of replacement."

We answer, "In that case we'll replace all four cylinders for $35." Yet the factory cost of this four-cylinder engine is $261.

The Body Between the Axles

This compact construction allows us to place our body between the axles.

This, in a light car, is essential if the car is to be easy riding.

The springs are ¾ elliptic, like those used on the Renault.

The clutch is the multiple disc, like that of the Isotta and Fiat.

The valves are like those of the Napier.

The wheel base is 110 inches, so this car never bounds but "lopes" over bumps.

No car can be easier riding.

The gas intake is water jacketed—the brakes are powerful and immediately applicable.

There is provision for double ignition system.

With these details in mind, compare other cars with the Chalmers-Detroit "30."

See if any other selling at anywhere near this price is so in accord with the best modern practice.

We are only too glad to abide by comparison, for in no other way can we show this "30" to such an enormous advantage.

CHALMERS-DETROIT MOTOR CO.,
Detroit, Mich.

Please mail your new catalogue to

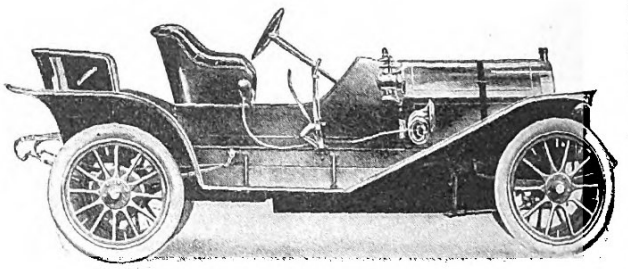
Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

Success—May, '09

Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"



$2750

No medium-priced car of the day is better known than the "Forty."

We make it and Mr. Coffin designed it. And it in itself recommends the "30." For years it has held first place as the top-notch car of its class.

It competes with cars costing twice as much.

The demand for it is created almost solely by what users say to others.

We fell several hundred short of the demand last year.

The "Forty" is made in three styles—Touring Car, Roadster and Toy Tonneau—Price $2750.

Please mail the coupon to-day.

CHALMERS-DETROIT MOTOR CO., Detroit, Mich.

Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

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VOL. XII NEW YORK MAY 1909 No. 180

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The Fight Against Cannonism

Success Magazine Here Presents to Its Readers the True Inside History of the First Battle in the Campaign to Make Congress Really Representative of the American People

THIS is the record of a fight—of the fight of Mr. Joseph G. Cannon, an American citizen, resident in Danville, Illinois, to continue to be for the two years of the Sixty-first Congress, as he has been for the past six years, the most powerful legislative officer in the world. It will be a serious narrative, soberly told, without passion, and as a bare record of fact.

For thirty-four years, out of the last thirty-six, Mr. Cannon, now nearly seventy-three years of age, has been a Member of the House of Representatives. There may possibly have been bright spots in his career. He may have promoted some good legislation, and he has undoubtedly strangled, in the line of his official duties, much that was unimportant, doubtful, and bad. He has assuredly promoted not a little bad legislation, and personally strangled much—very much—that was distinctly good and in the interests of the people. He has always been, and still is, the chief legislative asset of the great corporate interests of the country whose prosperity is dependent on government action or inaction.

Early in February last, insurrection raised its head in Congress. Twenty-nine Republicans were found willing to stand in the open and say above their breaths—what nearly all their fellow Republicans were content to keep within their hearts—that too much power is lodged in the Speakership and that it ought to be reduced by a change of rules. Their program was simple. They wanted one day in each week in which the House would automatically, and without an affirmative vote, proceed to the consideration of bills actually on the Calendar, which day could not be dispensed with except by a two-thirds vote; and they wanted to take from the Speaker his greatest source of power, the appointment of the members of the Working Committees of the House, and to lodge this power in a committee elected by the House representing all sections of the country.

The Skill of the House Machine

House insurrections have arisen before in the past few years and have been quelled, sometimes by persuasion, sometimes by scorn, sometimes by militant methods, and sometimes, though rarely, by the tossing of a bone of "concession" to the insurgents. This particular insurrection in early February was perhaps a little more important than the previous ones, because the number of insurgents was slightly larger and because there were a few in it of considerable influence in the House. It was deemed best, therefore, to adopt in this case the plan of concession, and the Speaker soon let it be known that he was prepared to grant to all "reasonable" Insurgents something in the nature of a "Calendar Day." Exactly what this was to be was not made clear until, on the very day and hour when final action was appointed to be taken, the Speaker's proposition was introduced in the House. A quick examination of its provisions brought out the fact that it was a "Trojan horse"—so different a proposition from that of the Insurgents as to be comparatively valueless. It could be set aside at any time by a vote of a majority of the House instead of a two-thirds vote, and in other respects it was technically imperfect and virtually a mere trick. The Republican Insurgents and the Democrats instantly detected the tricky character of the proposition and decided to unite forces and oppose its adoption. The Republican Organization supported it and, on the division, won by a majority of five only—this majority being obtained by the defection from the Insurgents of six of the original twenty-nine.

Thus ended the first round of battle. It took place in the last days of the Sixtieth Congress.

* * * * * * * *

Some years ago, SUCCESS MAGAZINE first became convinced that in the enormous power of the Speakership of the House of Representatives—particularly as possessed by a man of Mr. Cannon's type—lies one of the greatest dangers to the Republic in our scheme of government. No such power is recognized directly in the Constitution. No such power is possessed by the moderator of any other national legislative body in the world. The British House of Commons is presided over by a Speaker who becomes, as soon as elected, a judicial parliamentary officer, far above all parties and dissociated from party strife of any kind. It is his business to administer the rules impartially and to carry out the will of the House. It would be regarded as a monstrous perversion of his function to permit him to have any voice in the machinery of legislation or in its guidance.

The Part Played by "Success Magazine"

The events of President Roosevelt's administration, in which Mr. Cannon was nearly always found in opposition to all legislation which adversely affected "The Interests," confirmed us in our original judgment as to the unwisdom of lodging so much power in any one man, and for a year past we have been hoping to have an opportunity to support a movement to end the tyranny of the Speaker's machine. The insurrection of early February was our first chance, and we instantly determined to secure for the Insurgents the utmost possible support from the public, through all the facilities at our command. Fortunately we had anticipated a movement of this kind (although without knowledge that it would surely take place) by the publication in our March issue of Mr. Thomas's article, "The Barnacles on the Ship of State," and this particular issue was about to go to press when the flag of insurrection was raised. We promptly opened up our pages and inserted in "The Editor's Outlook" an appeal to our subscribers to express their opinions of "Cannonism" to their Representatives in

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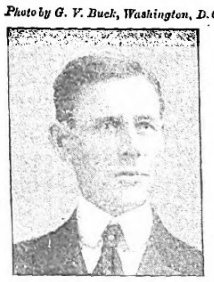
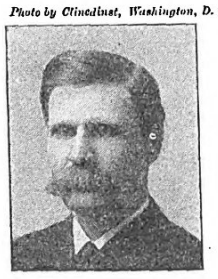
Photo by G. V. Buck, Washington, D. C.



Charles A. Lindbergh
of Minnesota

Elmer A. Morse
of Wisconsin

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.



Asle J. Gronna
of North Dakota

Irvine L. Lenroot
of Wisconsin

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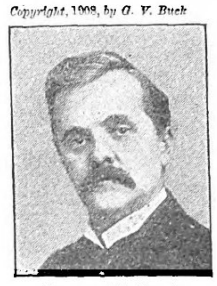


George W. Norris
of Nebraska

Gustav Küstermann
of Wisconsin

Victor Murdock
of Kansas

Edmund H. Hinshaw
of Nebraska

A Roll of Honor

THE following Members of the House of Representatives of the Sixty-first (present) Congress deserve well of their country. They have dared to rebel openly against the autocratic power of Joseph G. Cannon, and the "House Machine" which he has created. They should be commended by their constituents and supported in their position by the approval of all who believe in true representative government.

Republicans

*JOHN M. NELSON,	of Wisconsin
*WILLIAM J. CARY,	" "
*HENRY A. COOPER,	" "
JAMES H. DAVIDSON,	" "
*ARTHUR W. KOPP,	" "
GUSTAV KÜSTERMANN,	" "
*IRVINE L. LENROOT,	" "
*ELMER A. MORSE,	" "
*VICTOR MURDOCK,	" Kansas
EDMOND H. MADISON,	" "
*CHARLES R. DAVIS,	" Minnesota
*CHARLES A. LINDBERGH,	" "
HALVOR STEENERSON,	" "
ANDREW J. VOLSTEAD,	" "
CHARLES N. FOWLER,	" New Jersey
AUGUSTUS P. GARDNER,	" Massachusetts
WILLIAM C. LOVERING,	" "
ASLE J. GRONNA,	" North Dakota
*ELBERT H. HUBBARD,	" Iowa
GILBERT N. HAUGEN,	" "
JAMES W. GOOD,	" "
N. E. KENDALL,	" "
CHARLES E. PICKETT,	" "
FRANK P. WOODS,	" "
*EDMUND H. HINSHAW,	" Nebraska
MOSES P. KINKAID,	" "
GEORGE W. NORRIS,	" "
EVERIS A. HAYES,	" California
*MILES POINDEXTER,	" Washington
D. A. HOLLINGSWORTH,	" Ohio
A. R. JOHNSON,	" "

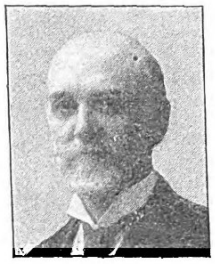
* Refused to vote for Mr. Cannon as Speaker.

There should perhaps be added to the above list the name of John J. Esch, of Wisconsin, who was counted as "Insurgent" but who was called away just before the opening of Congress by the serious illness of a member of his family.

Democrats

REPRESENTATIVE CHAMP CLARK, of Missouri, Minority Leader of the House, is entitled to a special place upon this Roll of Honor for his fidelity to the principles of the Democratic Party as expressed in its last National platform; and for the tremendous energy and absolute good faith shown by him in his endeavor to bring about a full attendance, and to induce his Democratic associates to live up to their party pledges *unanimously*.

He was loyally supported in his efforts by 143 out of the 166 Democrats present on the opening day, and to all of those 143 Democrats are due the thanks of the people.



Henry A. Cooper
of Wisconsin

Moses P. Kinkaid
of Nebraska

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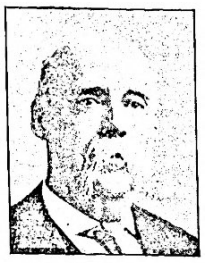
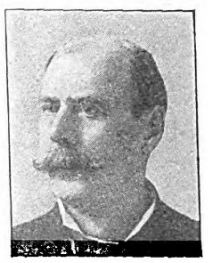
Elbert H. Hubbard
of Iowa



D. A. Hollingsworth
of Ohio

Arthur W. Kopp
of Wisconsin



Halvor Steenerson
of Minnesota

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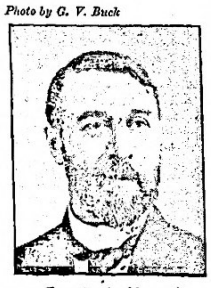

Everis A. Hayes
of California

Miles Poindexter
of Washington

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Charles E. Pickett
of Iowa

Edmond H. Madison
of Kansas

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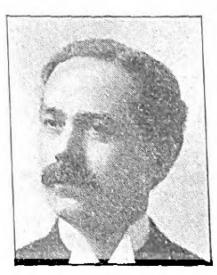
Charles R. Davis
of Minnesota

James H. Davidson
of Wisconsin

William J. Cary
of Wisconsin

John M. Nelson
of Wisconsin

Photo by Clinedinst

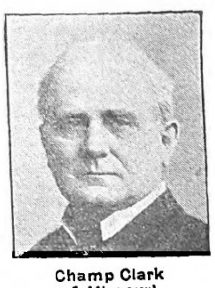


James W. Good
of Iowa

A. R. Johnson
of Ohio

Frank P. Woods
of Iowa

Charles N. Fowler
of New Jersey



Champ Clark
of Missouri

John J. Esch
of Wisconsin

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Congress by letter and telegram in the first ten days of March. At the same time, we prepared and mailed a letter to our twenty thousand Life Subscribers asking them also to send letters and telegrams to their Representatives, and to send to us their vote —"Yes" or "No"—on the following four questions:

"I. Do you believe that Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, should be elected Speaker of the House of Representatives?

"II. Do you believe that the Rules of the House should place in the hands of the Speaker the power of determining the membership of the Committees?

"III. Would you favor the plan of placing the power of appointing the Committees in the hands of a special Committee elected by the members and representing all sections of the country?

"IV. Would you favor the plan of having at least one Calendar Day in each week, on which bills could be brought up and passed upon without securing the previous consent of the Speaker?"

At the time when this was done, nearly all the other March magazines had gone to press, and could not, therefore, join us in arousing public opinion. To *Collier's Weekly*, however, and to *The Outlook* we explained our plans and asked their cooperation; and this cooperation was generously and heartily given, notably and most effectively by *Collier's Weekly*, which has been trying for the last two years to arouse the American people to the dangers of Cannonism.

Our letter to Life Subscribers was sent out on February 19th, 20th, and 23d. The reply by ballot was instantaneous and extraordinary. By February 24th—the next day after completing our mailings to Life Subscribers in all parts of the country—we had received back 1,105 ballots; by March 1st—five days later—we had received 7,677 ballots; and by March 8th, we had received 11,717 ballots. Such a quick and overwhelming response was in itself most gratifying and significant, and we wish here to express to our Life Subscribers, who read these words, our hearty thanks for the *promptness* of their cooperation.

The vote of our Life Subscribers on all four questions was over twenty to one against "Cannonism." Up to and including March 9th it was as follows:

In answer to the first question 10,825 voted "No," 539 voted "Yes," and 316 (of those sending ballots) did not vote.

In answer to the second question 11,134 voted "No," 364 voted "Yes," and 208 did not vote.

In answer to the third question 11,224 voted "Yes," 238 voted "No," and 234 did not vote.

In answer to the fourth question 11,316 voted "Yes," 127 voted "No," and 258 did not vote.

On February 25th, we commenced sending to each member of the House of Representatives in Washington Daily Reports showing the growing vote on the four questions. Each report was accompanied by a letter explaining some detail of the vote and of the standing and character of those who were balloting.

At the same time, we sent the same Daily Reports to a list of six hundred newspapers throughout the country accompanied by letters suggesting that they also propose to their readers that they give to their Representatives in Congress, by letter and telegram, their opinion of "Cannonism."

It should be noted at this point, that in the columns of Success Magazine and in our letters to Life Subscribers, newspapers, and Members of the House of Representatives, we have been frankly and openly opposed to Mr. Cannon and "Cannonism." "In a situation such as confronts the people, it would be absurd to sit on the fence and play with theories. Fair, we intend always to be, and strictly accurate as to facts; but believing as we do that "Cannonism" is a major curse to this country and must be overcome, we have fought, and shall fight it sturdily with all honorable weapons at our command. It is worthy of note in this connection that in the bitter criticism aroused in the House by Success Magazine's "new and unusual tactics," the assertions made by us in print have been supported by many, denied by some, but *disproved* by none. In nearly all cases, moreover, the denials have been made by those who are obviously beneficiaries of the present system and favorites of the Speaker.

We have now described something of the methods of our organized campaign against Cannonism. It was necessarily a short one, occupying only about three weeks, but it is safe to say that never in any other such short period, has the country been so thoroughly aroused to action on a public problem. The gunpowder was scattered everywhere, and all that was needed was the match to light it. For years the conviction has been growing among the people that Speaker Cannon is personally responsible for much lost legislation and some bad; but not being directly elected by the people, there has seemed to be no way of getting at him personally. The first chance to do this, therefore, was eagerly welcomed and the results were astonishing.

The first result was that Mr. Cannon himself lost his temper. He had received only three of our Daily Reports showing the rising tide against him, when, on February 28th, he gave out to the press a letter written by him to a constituent, violently attacking Success Magazine and defending the rules. This was a tactical mistake which he has doubtless regretted many times since, for his letter was reproduced in all parts of the country, it abounded in personalities, and it was so completely lacking in force or real argument, as to show at once the weakness of his position.

What Your Letters Meant in Washington

In the early days of March letters began to pour into Washington, advising Representatives of the home feeling. The local newspapers also began to realize the significance of the overwhelming vote against Cannonism of our Life Subscribers, and to comment upon it editorially. Addresses to Congressmen were circulated for signature among farmers, business men, society members, and in neighborhoods, asking them to vote against Mr. Cannon and the principles which he represents. All over the country the gunpowder was flaming, and its effects were seen in a thousand ways.

The last four days of the Sixtieth Congress, ordinarily strenuous enough from pressure of public business, were made far more so to the "Machine" through this foretaste of what was to come. The volume of personal letters to Congressmen was increasing daily, and as each makes it a point of honor to answer promptly letters from his constituents, there were many who found it difficult to determine their course or to express themselves wisely in their answers. It was seen that the original

[*Continued on page 350*]

A Roll of Dishonor

THE following Democrats bolted their party platform and caucus and voted with the Republican Machine to continue for the two years of the Sixty-first Congress the autocratic power of Joseph G. Cannon, Republican Speaker of the House:

John J. Fitzgerald,	of New York
Michael F. Conry,	" "
Francis B. Harrison,	" "
Daniel J. Riordan,	" "
Henry M. Goldfogle,	" "
Joseph A. Goulden,	" "
Charles V. Fornes,	" "
George H. Lindsay,	" "
William G. Brantley,	" Georgia
Charles G. Edwards,	" "
James M. Griggs,	" "
William M. Howard,	" "
Gordon Lee,	" "
Leonidas F. Livingston,	" "
Joseph F. O'Connell,	" Massachusetts
Andrew J. Peters,	" "
John A. Keliher,	" "
Stephen M. Sparkman,	" Florida
Robert F. Broussard,	" Louisiana
Albert Estopinal,	" "
James T. McDermott,	" Illinois
John A. Moon,	" Tennessee
George A. Bartlett,	" Nevada

The "Cold Feet" Insurgents

THE following Republicans, originally Insurgents, were early induced to join the Republican Machine forces and to vote to continue the power of Mr. Cannon. By their defection at a critical time they did more to help "Cannonism" than they could possibly have done had they never appeared to oppose it.

Charles F. Scott,	of Kansas
D. R. Anthony, Jr.,	" "
Philip P. Campbell,	" "
Charles E. Townsend,	" Michigan
George A. Pearre,	" Maryland
Duncan E. McKinlay,	" California
James McLachlan,	" "
David J. Foster,	" Vermont

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The Sky Man

The First Instalment of Mr. Webster's Brilliant **New Serial Romance**

BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

AUTHOR of *"The Whispering Man"* JOINT AUTHOR *"Calumet 'K,'etc.*

Illustrations by DAN SMITH

For many hours—Cayley was too much of a god to-day to bother with the exact number of them—he had been flying slowly northward down a mild southerly breeze. Hundreds of feet below him was the dazzling, terrible expanse of the polar ice-pack which shrouds the northern limits of the Arctic Ocean in its impenetrable veil of mystery.

Cayley was alone, as no man before ever had been alone, for the planet which spun beneath him seemed to him, aloft there in the empyrean, as remote as Mars or as the Pleiades. Its mountains, its crevassed valleys, and its seas, the little huddled clumps of houses called towns, the small laborious ships ploughing their futile furrows—all amused him with a whimsical sense of pity; and most of all, those human dot-like grubs, to whose family he had belonged until he had found his wings!

A compass, a sextant, a bottle of milk, and a revolver comprised, with the clothes he wore, and with the shimmering silken wings of his aeroplane, his whole equipment. His nearest base of supplies, if you could call it that, was a twenty-pound tin of pemmican, hidden under a stone on the northeast extremity of Herald Island, three hundred miles away. The United States Rescue Station at Point Barrow, the extreme northerly point of Alaska, the place which he had called home for the past three months, was, possibly, half as far again away, somewhere off to the southeast.

But to Cayley, in his present mood, these distances were matters of small importance. Never again, perhaps, would the mastery of the air bring him a sense of happiness so godlike in its serenity, so ecstatic in its exhilaration. For the thing was perfect, and yet it was new. Only with his arrival at Point Barrow at the beginning of this summer had his flight been free from the thrill of momentary peril. Some sudden buffet of wind would tax his skill and nerve to the utmost. A flight before the wind, even with a constant, steady breeze, had been a precarious business.

But for these past weeks of unbroken arctic sunshine, he had fairly lived a-wing. The earth had no obstructions and the air no perils. To-day, with his great broad fan-tail drawn up arc-wise beneath him, his planes pitched slightly forward at the precise and perilous angle that only just did not send him plunging, head first, down upon the sullen masses of ice below, he lay there, prone, upon the sheepskin sleeping-bag, which padded the framework supporting his two wings, as secure as the great fulmar petrel which drew curiously near, and then, with a wheel and a plunge, fled away, squawking.

Cayley would not say that he had learned to fly; he would still insist that he was learning. And, in a sense, this was true. Almost every day eider, gull, cormorant, or albatross taught him some new trick of technique in steering, soaring, or wheeling, perhaps, in a tricky cross-current of air. Even that fulmar, which had fled in such ungainly haste, had given him a new idea in aerostatics with which to amuse himself.

But for all practical purposes Cayley had learned to fly. The great fan-driven air-ship, one hundred feet from tip to tip, which had long lain idle on his ranch at Sandoval, would probably never leave its house again. It had done yeoman service. Without its powerful propellers, for a last resource, Cayley would never have been able to try the experiments and get the practise which had given him the air for his natural element. He had outgrown it. He had no more need of motors or whirling fans. The force of gravity, the force of the breeze, and the perfectly coordinated muscles of his body gave him all the power he needed.

What a marvelous power it was! He had never before believed the statement of men of science that the great gray northern geese can sail the air at eighty miles an hour. He knew it now. He had overtaken them.

Perhaps the succeeding generations of humankind may develop an eye which can see ahead when the body is lying prone, as a bird lies in its flight. Cayley had remedied this deficiency with a little silver mirror, slightly concave, screwed fast to the cross-brace which supported his shoulders. Instead of bending back his head, or trying to see out through his eyebrows, he simply cast a backward glance into this mirror whenever he wanted to look on ahead. It had been a little perplexing at first, but he could see better in it now than with his unaided eyes.

A minute or two, perhaps, after that fulmar had gone squawking away, he glanced down into his mirror, and his Olympian calm was shaken with the shock of surprise. What he saw clearly reflected in his little reducing glass was land. There was a mountain, and a long dark line that must be a cliff-like coast. And it was land that never had been marked on any chart.

Cayley wheeled sharply up into the wind, and soared aloft to a height of, perhaps, a quarter of a mile. Then, with a long, flashing, shimmering sweep, he descended, in the arc of a great circle, and hung, poised, over the land itself and behind the jutting shoulder of the mountain.

The land was a narrow-necked peninsula. Mountain and cliff prevented him from seeing the immediate coast on the other side of it; but out a little way to sea he was amazed to discover open water, and the smoke-like vapor that he saw rising over the cliff head made it evident that the opening extended nearly, if not quite, to the very land's edge. It was utterly unexpected, for the side of the peninsula which he had approached was ice-locked for miles.

He would have towered again above the rocky ridge which shut off his view, and have gone to investigate this phenomenon at closer range, had he not just then got the shock of another surprise, greater than the discovery of land itself.

The little valley above which he hung poised was sheltered by a second ridge of rocky, ice-capped hills to the north, and, except for streaks denoting crevices here and there, was quite free from ice and snow. There were bright patches of green upon it, evidently some bit of flowering northern grass, and it was flecked here and there with bright bits of color, yellow poppy, he judged it to be, and saxifrage. Hugging the base of the mountain on the opposite side of the valley, then notching the cliff and grinding down to sea at the other side of it, was a great white glacier, all the whiter, and colder, and more dazzling for its contrast with the brown mountainside and the green-clad valley.

Up above the glacier, on the farther side, were great, broad yellow patches, which, but for the impossibility of their growing in such a place, he would have thought were poppy fields. No vegetable growth was possible, he would have thought, against that clean-cut, almost vertical, rocky face. And yet, what else could have given it that blazing yellow color? Some day he was to learn the answer to that question.

The thing that caught his eye, that made him start and draw in a little involuntary gasp of wonder, was the sight of a little clump of black dots moving slowly, almost imperceptibly from this distance, across the face of the glacier. He blinked his eyes, as if he suspected them of playing

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him false. Unless they had played him false, those tiny dots were men. Instinctively, he shifted his balance a little to the left, lowering his left wing and elevating his right, and began reaching along, thwartwise to the wind, in their direction.

Presently he checked himself in mid-flight, wheeled and hung, soaring, while he restrained that rebellious instinct of his, an instinct which would have led him to sail down into the midst of them and hold out his hand for a welcome. What were mankind to him? Why should the sight of them make his heart beat a little quicker?

They must be white. He felt sure of that, for this land could hardly have any permanent inhabitants. And, of course, he meant to go for a nearer look. Probably he would descend among them; find out who they were, where their ship was, and, if they were in distress, he would set sail through the air to carry news of their plight to those who might effect a rescue. But not upon that first instinct of his for companionship with his fellow men; not until his heart was beating with its normal rhythm again.

He wheeled once more, and then sailed slowly in their direction. Their laborious progress down the glacier led them away from him, so that he came up from behind, and without attracting their attention. The arctic sun was too low to cast his shadow across them, and he hung, at last, unremarked, directly over their heads. There was small likelihood that they would look up, until some sound from him should attract their attention, for, among the crevices, the chutes, and the treacherous ice bridges of the glacier top, they had small leisure to give heed to anything but their footing.

All of the party, but one man, were dressed exactly alike—in hooded bearskin shirts and breeches, and boots of what he guessed was walrus hide. They moved along with the peculiar wary shuffle of men accustomed, by long habit, to the footing and to the heavy confining garb they wore. So far as he could see they were unarmed.

The other man was strikingly different. He appeared to be clad much as Cayley was himself, in leather, rather than in untanned hide. He seemed slighter, sprightlier, and in every way to convey the impression of having come from the civilized, habitable portion of the world more recently than his companions. He carried a rifle slung by a strap over his shoulder, evidently foreseeing no immediate use for it, and a flask.

Cayley was too far aloft for their conversation to be audible to him, but he could hear that they were talking. The leather-clad man appeared to be doing most of it, and, from the inflection of his voice, he seemed to be speaking in English.

From moment to moment Cayley kept meaning to hail them, but from moment to moment he kept deferring the action. It amused him a little to think how much in one way or another that hail might mean to those plodding figures down below. Now, or five minutes from now; it could not matter to them. And meanwhile he could guard that hard-won aloofness from human endeavor, human fears and suffering and limitations, a little longer.

Presently he noticed that the leather-clad man had forged a little ahead of his companions, or, rather—like a flash, this idea occurred to Cayley—that the others were purposely lagging a little behind.

And then, before that sinister idea could formulate itself into a definite suspicion, his eyes widened with amazement, and the cry he would have uttered died in his throat; for this man, who had so innocently allowed the others to fall behind him, suddenly staggered, raised his hand to his throat and clutched at something—it looked like a thin ivory dart—that had transfixed his throat, tugged it out in a sudden flood of crimson, reeled a little, and then went backwards over the glassy edge of a fissure in the ice, which lay just to the left of the path where he had been walking.

From the time when Cayley noticed the others dropping behind to when he had the last glimpse of the body of the murdered man could hardly have been five seconds.

The instant the murdered man disappeared, another, who, it seemed, had not previously been with the party, appeared from behind a hummock of ice. There could be no doubt, either, that he was the assassin, or that he was the commander of the little group of skin-clad figures that remained. The ambush appeared to have been perfectly deliberate. There had been no outcry, not even a gesture of surprise or of remonstrance.

Cayley looked at the assassin curiously. He was dressed exactly like the others, but seemed very much larger; seemed to walk with less of a slouch, and had, even to Cayley's limited view of him, an air of authority. Cayley was surprised at his not being armed with a bow, for he knew of no other way in which a dart could have been propelled with power enough, even at close range, to have transfixed a man's throat. The assassin's only weapon, except for a quiverful of extra darts, seemed to be a short blunt stick, rudely whittled, perhaps ten inches long.

Obedient, apparently, to the order of the new arrival, the party changed its direction, leaving what was evidently a well-known path to them, for a seemingly more direct but rougher route. They moved with an appearance of haste. Presently they scrambled over a precipitous ledge of ice and, in a moment, were lost to Cayley's view.

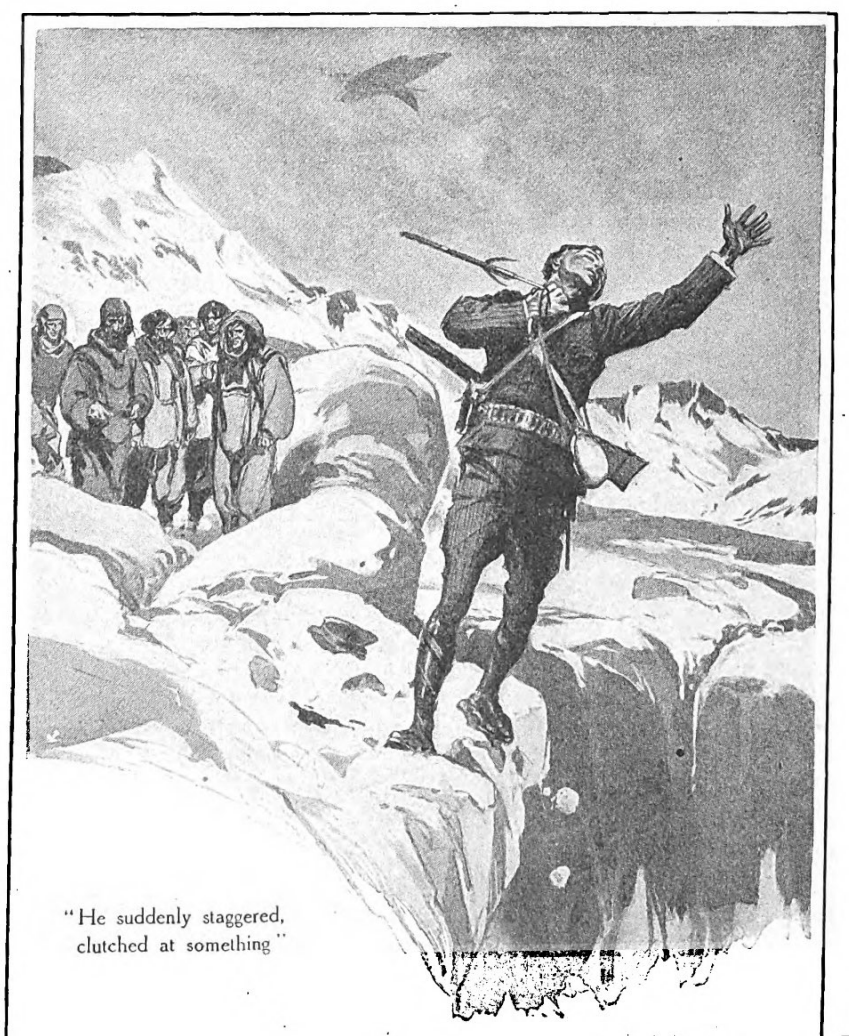
The world was again suddenly empty, as if no living foot had ever trodden it; and Cayley, hovering there a little above the level of the ice, rubbed his eyes and wondered whether the singular, silent tragedy he had just witnessed were real, or a trick the mysterious arctic light had played upon his tired eyes. But there remained upon that vacant scene two material reminders of the tragedy to which it had afforded a setting. One was a smudge of crimson on the snow; the other, a little distance off, just at one side the icy ridge over which the last of the party had gone scrambling a moment before, was the strange-looking blunt stick which he had seen in the assassin's hand.

Cayley flew a little lower, his wings almost skimming the ice. Finally, reaching the spot where the thing had fallen, he alighted and picked it up. Whether its possessor had valued it or not, whether or not he might be expected to return for it, Cayley did not know, and did not much care.

He stood for some time turning the thing over in his hands, puzzling over it, trying to make out how it could have been used as the instrument of propulsion to that deadly ivory dart. There was a groove on one side of it, with a small ivory plug at the end. The other end was curiously shaped, misshapen, rather, for, though it was obviously the end one held, Cayley could not make it fit his hand, in whatever position he held it.

Giving up the problem at last, he tucked the stick into his belt, slipped his arm through the strap in the framework of his aeroplane and prepared for flight. He had a little difficulty getting up, owing to the absence of a breeze at this point. Finally he was obliged to climb, with a good deal of labor, the icy ridge up which he had watched the little party of murderers scrambling.

At the crest he cast a glance around, looking for the men, but saw no signs of them. Then, getting a favorable slant of the wind, he mounted again into the element he now called his own.



"He suddenly staggered, clutched at something"

A heavy fog was filling up the cup-shaped valley like a lake, and when he had towered through it and into the clear, sparkling, unvexed air above it, he found, rolled out beneath him as far as he could see in every direction, what looked, under the slanting rays of the sun, like a warm, fleecy, rose-colored blanket.

He began wheeling a great spiral in the upper air, higher and higher, until the intensity of the cold and the drumming of the blood in his temples warned him to descend again.

But, high or low, some invisible magnet held him over the spot where he had witnessed that unexplained tragedy; an intense curiosity that would not let him go until he had, in some way, accounted for the flying fate that, so silently, had overtaken the leather-clad man down there on the ice.

Five years before, Philip Cayley would have passed for a good example of that type of clean-limbed, clean-minded, likable young man which the best of our civilization seems to be flowering into. Physically, it would have been hard to suggest an improvement in him, he approached so near the ideal standards. He was fine-grained, supple, slender, small-jointed, thoroughbred from head to heel.

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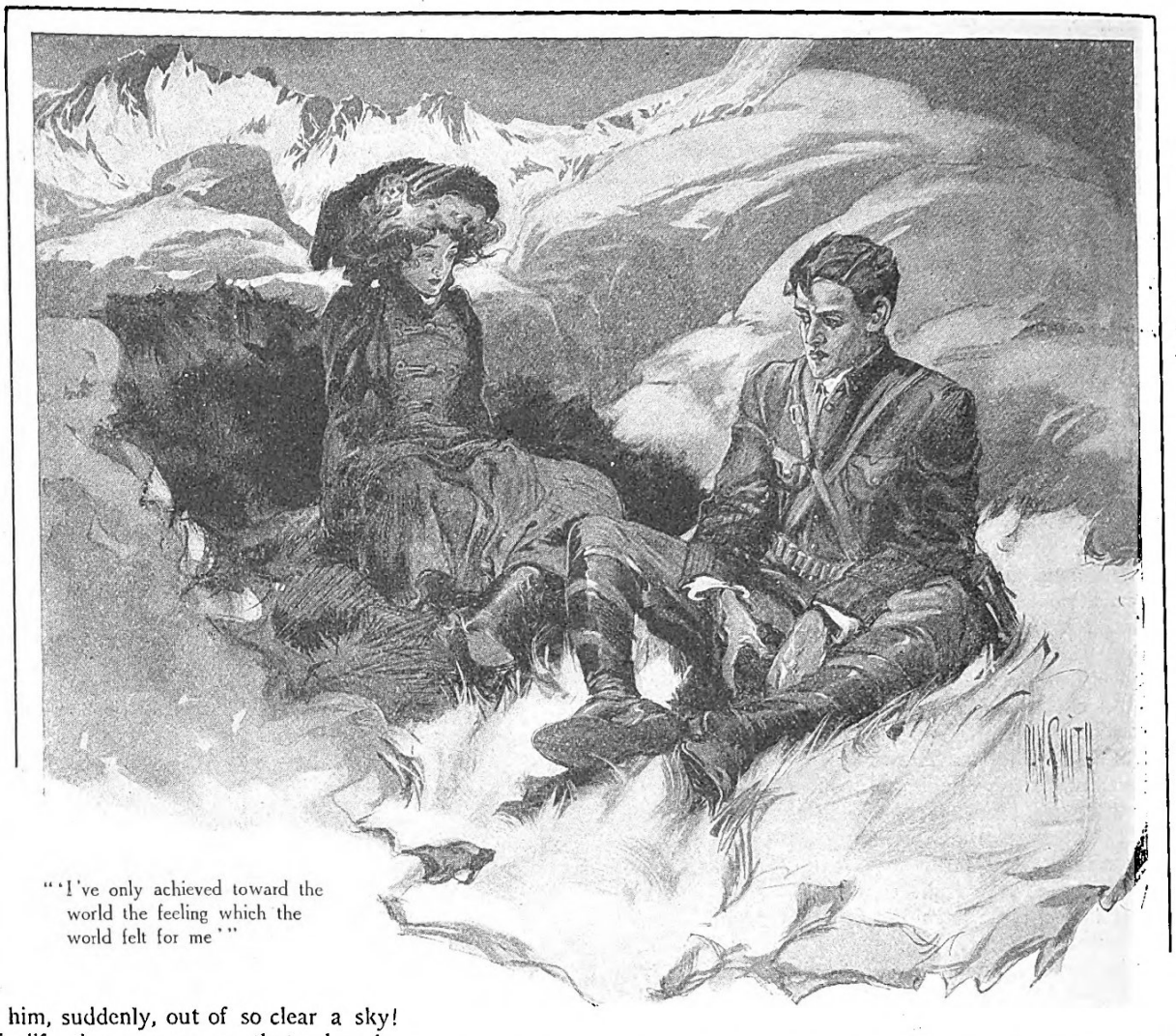

"'I've only achieved toward the world the feeling which the world felt for me'"

Intellectually, he had been good enough to go through the academy at West Point with credit, and to be graduated high enough in his class to be assigned to service in the cavalry. His standards of conduct, his ideas of honor and morality had been about the same as those of the best third of his classmates. If his fellow officers in the Philippines, during the year or two he had spent in the service, had been asked to pick a flaw in him—which they would have been reluctant to do—they would have said that he seemed to them a bit too thin-skinned and rather fastidious; that was what his chum and only intimate friend, Perry Hunter, said about him, at any rate.

But he could afford to be fastidious, for he had about all a man could want, one would think. For three generations they had taken wealth for granted in the Cayley family, and with it had come breeding, security of social position, simplicity and ease in making friends, both among men and women. In short, there could be no doubt at all that up to his twenty-ninth year Fate had been ironically kind to Philip Cayley. She had given him no hint, no preparation for the stunning blow that was to fall upon him, suddenly, out of so clear a sky!

When it did fall, it cut his life clean across; so that when he thought back to that time now, it seemed to him that the Lieutenant Cayley of the United States Army had died over there in the Philippines, and that he, the man who was now soaring in those great circles through the arctic sky, was a chance inheritor of his name and of his memory.

He had set out one day at the head of a small scouting party, the best-liked man in the regiment, secure in the respect, in the almost fatherly regard, of his colonel; proudly conscious of the almost idolatrous admiration of his men and of the younger officers. He had gone out believing that no one ever had a truer friend than he possessed in Perry Hunter, his classmate at West Point, his fellow officer in the regiment, the confidant of all his hopes and ideals.

He had come back, after a fortnight's absence, to find his name smeared with disgrace, himself judged and condemned, unheard, in the opinion of the mess. And that was not the worst of it. The same blow which had deprived him of the regard of the only people in the world who mattered to him, destroyed, also, root and branch, his affection for the one man of whom he had made an intimate. The only feeling that it would be possible for him to entertain for Perry Hunter again must be a half-pitying, half-incredulous contempt. If that was his feeling for the man he had trusted most and loved the most deeply, what must it be for the rest of humankind? What did it matter what they thought of him or what they did to him? All he wanted of human society was to escape from it.

He had spent four years in the wilderness, working, experimenting, taking his life in his hands, day after day, while he mastered the art that no man had ever before mastered.

It was not until he had actually learned to fly, had literally shaken the dust of the earth from his feet and taken to the sky as his abode, that his wound had healed. The three months that he had spent in the upper arctic air, a-wing for sixteen hours out of twenty-four, had calmed him, put his nerves in tune again; given him for men and their affairs a quiet indifference, in place of the smarting contempt he had been hugging to his breast. Three months ago, at sight of those little human dots crossing the glacier, he would have wheeled aloft and gone sailing away. Even a month ago he would hardly have hung, soaring there, above the fog, waiting for it to lift again the veil of mystery which it had drawn across the tragic scene he had just witnessed.

The month was August, and the long arctic day had already begun to know its diurnal twilight. A fortnight ago the sun had dipped, for the first time, below the horizon. By now there were four or five hours out of every twenty-four that would pass for night.

The sun set while he hung there in the air, and as it did so, with a new slant of the breeze the fog rolled itself up into a great violet-colored cloud, leaving the earth, the ice, the sea unveiled below him. And there, in the open water of the little bay, he saw a ship, and on the shore a cluster of rude huts.

It struck him, even from the height at which he soared, that the ship, tied to an ice-floe in the shelter of the great headland, did not look like a whaler, nor like the sort of craft which an arctic explorer would have selected for his purposes. It had more the trim smartness of a yacht.

They were probably all asleep down there, he reflected. It was nearly midnight and he saw no signs of life anywhere. He would drop down for a nearer look.

He descended, with a sudden hawk-like pounce, which was one of his more recent achievements in the navigation of the air, checked himself again at about the level of the masthead, with a flashing, forward swoop, like a man diving in shallow water; then, with a sudden effort, brought himself upstanding, his planes nearly vertical, and, with a backward spring, alighted, clear of his wings, on the ice-floe just opposite the ship.

As he did so, he heard a little surprised cry, half of fear, half of astonishment. It was a girl's voice.

II

The Girl on the Ice-Floe

She stood there on the floe confronting him, not ten feet away, and at sight of her Philip Cayley's eyes widened. "What in the world!" he gasped; then stared at her, speechless.

She was clad down to the knees in sealskin, and below its edge he could see the tops of her small, fur-trimmed boots. Upon her head she wore a little turban-like cap of seal. The smartly tailored lines of the coat emphasized her young slenderness. Her bootmaker must have had a reputation upon some metropolitan boulevard, and her head-gear came clearly under the category of what is known as *modes*. Her eyes were very blue and her hair was golden, warmed, he thought, as she stood there in the orange twilight, with a glint of red.

Cayley gasped again as he took in the details of this vision. Then collected himself. "I beg your pardon," he stammered, "I don't mean to be rudely inquisitive, but what in the world is a person like you doing in this part of it—that is, if you are real at all? This is latitude seventy-six, and no cartographer who ever lived has put the coast-line yonder into his maps. Yet here in this nameless bay I find a yacht, and on this ice-floe, in the twilight, you."

She shook her head a little impatiently and blinked her eyes, as if to clear them of a vision. "Of course," she said, "I know I've fallen asleep and this is a dream of mine, but even for a dream, aren't you a little unreasonable? Yachts are a natural mode of conveyance across the ocean. You find them in many bays—sometimes in nameless ones—and they always have people on them. But you—you come wheeling down out of a night sky like some great nocturnal bird, and alight here on the floe beside me. And then you change yourself into a man and look at me in surprise, and ask me in English what in the world I am doing here—I and the yacht; and ask me if I'm real."

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There was a moment of silence after that. Unconsciously they drew a little nearer together. Then Cayley spoke. "I 'm real at any rate," he said, "at least I 'm a taxpayer, and I weigh one hundred and sixty pounds, and I have a name and address. It 's Philip Cayley, if that will make me seem more natural, and my headquarters this summer are over on Point Barrow."

"But that 's five hundred miles away," she protested.

"Is it?" he said indifferently. "I 've been awing all day, and I have n't come down for observation once. I don't know just where I am. I've been feeling a little unreal for hours or, rather, the world has. And now, at the end of it, I find a—a person like you here in the twilight—" He finished the broken sentence with a gesture.

"I 'm not dreaming, then?" she asked dubiously.

"No," he said; "if either of us is dreaming it 's not you. May I furl up my wings and talk to you for awhile?"

Her eyes were on the broad-spread, shimmering plains which lay on the ice behind him. She seemed hardly to have heard his question, though she answered it with an almost voiceless "yes." Then she approached half fearfully the thing he called his "wings."

"It is made of quite commonplace materials," he said with a smile—"split bamboo and catgut and a fabric of bladders, cemented with fish-glue. And folding it up is rather an ungainly job. The birds still have the advantage of me there. In a strong wind it 's not very easy to do without damaging something. Would you mind slipping that joint for me—that one right by your hand? It 's just like a fishing rod."

She did as he asked, and her smile convinced him that she had at least half-guessed his purpose in asking the service of her. The next moment her words confirmed it.

"You wanted me to make sure, I suppose, that it would not turn into a great roe when I touched it and fly away with me to the Valley of Diamonds." She patted the furled wing, gently, with both hands. "I suppose," she continued, "one could dream as vividly as this, although I never have—unless, of course, this is a dream. But"—and now she held out her hand to him—"but I hope I am awake. And my name is Jeanne Fielding."

He had the hand in his, and noticed how live and strong and warm it was, before she pronounced her name. At the sound of it, he glanced at her curiously; but all he said just then was, "Thank you," and busied himself immediately with completing the process of furling his wings.

When he had finished, he tossed the sheepskin down in a little hollow in the floe, and with a gesture invited her to be seated.

"Oh, I 've a great pile of bearskins out here," she said, "quite a ridiculous pile of them, considering it is not a cold night; and we can make ourselves comfortable here, or go aboard the yacht, just as you please."

They were seated, side by side, in the little nest she had made for herself, before he reverted to the idea which had sprung up in his mind upon hearing her name. "There was a Captain Fielding once," he said slowly, "who set out from San Francisco half a dozen years ago, in the hope of discovering the pole, by the way of Behring Strait. His ship was never seen again, nor was any word received from him. Finding you here and hearing your name, I wondered—"

"Yes," she said gravely, "he was my father. We got news of him last winter, if you could call it news, for it was four years old before it reached us. A whaler in the arctic fleet picked up a floating bottle with a message from him, telling where he was. So we have come here to find him—at least to find where he died, for I suppose there is no hope—never so much as a grain of hope of anything better."

Cayley could not contradict her, and he saw there was little need of trying to do so. She had spoken simply, and very gravely, but it was evident the years had taken the sting out of her grief.

"He told you where he was?"

"Oh, quite exactly," she told him; "he gave us latitude and longitude, and mapped the coast-line. So you were wrong, you see, in what you said about cartographers. And he gave us the route by which, with reasonable fortune, we might find open water. We had good fortune and we got here safely, but, of course, we were too late. The huts on the shore are deserted. We have seen no signs of life at all. The men have gone ashore to search, and there is to be a gun-fire if they find any one alive. But they have been out all day and there has been no sound. You will understand, I think, though, why I did not want to sleep tonight in my cabin in the yacht—why the ice and dome of stars seemed better."

"Yes," he said, "I understand. Presently, after a moment's

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The Wet Road By Blanche Allen Bane

LEAVE the stretch of the dusty highway, slip your fetters and make you free!
Heedless of lure of lane and byway, forsake your dreaming and come with me
The way of the gray and shining surges, the long wet road that is called the sea.

WHY do you sigh for the springtime maying, scent of hawthorn and lilac sweet,
And the beckoning fields where you two went straying when youth was laughter and life complete?
Do you not know that the primrose path may never be trod by returning feet?

THERE is a voice that is all-compelling, dominant, not to be denied.
Harking you out from your inland dwelling to take your way with the ebbing tide
Where the sun is a friend and the gulls are brothers and a star is set as the only guide.

AND the years hold promise of glad to-morrows and of great joys that are yet to be;
And the keenest sorrow of all your sorrows becomes but a shadowy memory
As you take the road where the winds are running, the long wet road that is called the sea!

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FIVE HUNDRED A YEAR

What it Means — A Plain Human Document — By the Wife of a Country Preacher

"I can't get out! I can't get out!" said the starling.

THAT familiar old phrase, of which I had not thought since college days, came back to me this morning as I was washing my dishes, and I have not been able to get it out of my head all day. Perhaps it is because it is my birthday, and I am forty-eight years old, and a birthday makes one reflective. At all events, my twenty-three years of life as a minister's wife have been passing and repassing before me, and those words of Sterne's seem exactly to express what I have been feeling.

I hate self-pity, and I insist that I am not a morbid woman. I have a naturally cheerful temperament, and people have always told me that I look on the bright side of things; I know my husband and children think me on the whole rather light-hearted. But down beneath that I am really almost in despair, though that may be a wicked word for me to use. I have come at a place in life impossible to get beyond or out of, and to-day I am sitting down before it and saying to myself, "No thoroughfare; I can't get out!"

Sisters-in-law Are Not Always Sympathetic

And yet my sister-in-law writes that she sees little to complain of in my lot; sisters-in-law are apt to take views like that I believe. Her letter, which came yesterday, says:

> I can see, of course, that, set down in figures, an income of five hundred dollars a year seems inadequate for a family of five. But, my dear sister, think how far that five hundred dollars goes with you! Situated as you are in the Middle West, where living is cheap, with a rent-free house, a garden, and a cow, your money goes, I am sure, ten times as far as ours goes with us, though we have so much more than you. Think what we have to pay for a house in this great city, and you do not pay a cent for yours! Think of our paying eight cents a quart for milk, and you get all you want for nothing! You have vegetables for the gathering, and ours come from an expensive grocery. Your girls need few and simple frocks, and ours must have quantities of things, that cost enormously. Are you not getting a little melancholy, and even perhaps a trifle envious of others, whose lot seems easier than your own? Remember you are not to be on the lookout for worldly advantages, but should try and be contented with your simple home and your work for others.

I am determined to be charitable; yet, in spite of this, that letter rankles, and I admit that I did drop some indignant tears into my dish-pan as I thought it over this morning. *Of course* I know all we have to be thankful for, and plenty of people have far greater hardships to bear than we do; nevertheless, I insist that just now life looks pretty dark.

When the Future Looked Rosy

When I was married five hundred dollars seemed plenty for two; indeed, I thought we would be "passing rich" on it. I had been brought up very simply in a New England town. When my father died he left enough money for me to have a college education and to be fitted for a teacher; and, besides, I was no helpless, untried girl; I knew all about economies large and small and was prepared to practise them. When I married John I had no fears for the future, and no regrets, beyond the fact that we were to go so far away. But these I hid. I persuaded my mother to sell our little house and go and live for a time with an old aunt. The tiny bit of money she would have left, I thought, would keep her till we could ask her to our home to live with us—and that happy time seemed not far away!

So I laid in a good stock of sensible and pretty clothes, and plenty of bed and table-linen; we had our wedding presents with which to furnish our house, and altogether life looked as rosy and full of delight to me when we started West as it ever has to any bride. I would show how charmingly we would lead the simple life—we did not call it so in those days, but we knew that we intended to lead it—plain living and high thinking for us! We would set our people an example of the beauty of such living, and we would save money on our five hundred a year—with a rent-free house, a garden, and a cow!

Now the years have gone by, twenty-three of them, almost a whole quarter of a century, and I am more than middle-aged; I am old at forty-eight. Life is no longer an experiment, nor a holiday excursion; it is plain fact; I might almost say hard fact alone. If I were not a minister's wife I might almost lose faith in Providence; I have not done that yet, thank God! I still believe there may be some way out of our troubles, but it is hard to trust, sometimes.

Making Ends Meet—On Paper

The first year things went pretty well with us. We had decided to start life sensibly and to keep accounts and be systematic and everything else that is good and orderly. I still have the little yellow calfskin book with which we made our first attempt to plan our expenses. It begins: "Income, $500. Expenses: benevolence (one tenth), $50; life insurance (on $2,000), $70; groceries (about $2 a week), $100; meat (about $1 a week), $50; laundress (one day in two weeks), $25; clothes (shoes and incidentals), $100; boy (to weed garden and care for cow, $.25 a week), $13; coal, wood, and lights, $80. Total expenditure, $488." But that left a margin of only twelve dollars a year! Manifestly that would never do.

So reluctantly we began over again and scaled down things where we could. We cut the grocery bill one-half, to begin with. As we did not need the cow-boy for more than an hour a day, we arranged to pay him with vegetables and milk, for his milking and other work. The life insurance, we decided was a necessity; but clothes and incidentals we would cut down to twenty-five dollars a year—a saving on one item of seventy-five dollars—which made us feel rich at once. The laundress John insisted I must have, because there was so much work to be done besides the washing, which, of course, she could do in half a day, and while I did the ironing she could scrub and sweep. All this seemed perfectly simple, and when we again consulted our columns they read like this: "Income, $500. Expenses, $350. Balance, $150."

That seemed better, and we breathed more freely. To save one hundred and fifty dollars a year was doing fairly well, and in ten years we should have a neat little sum of fifteen hundred dollars in the bank, to say nothing of the life insurance adding up all the time! So the outlook was bright.

The Baby That Took the Surplus

But we reckoned without our host, or rather without our baby, for at the end of that year our first little daughter was born; and her coming made all the difference in the world in our balance sheet. The plan to have the laundress once in two weeks had to be altered; much of the time I had to have her every week. Getting three meals a day, washing the dishes, dusting, answering the door-bell, sewing, and doing what calling I could, besides helping in the missionary society, seemed to take all my strength; I simply could not sweep or iron.

But when Rachel was born we were happy—never let me forget that!—happy as young parents are over that first precious, warm, cuddly little treasure. But it *was* hard—so hard—to have to lie and count up the cost of her! The doctor, bless him, never charged us a cent for his services. I am sure in the day when the heavenly books are made up the Lord will personally thank all the doctors who are so good to ministers' wives. But there was the nurse—not a trained nurse, either, but just "a woman with experience, who had had children of her own," and who, to my thinking, knew as much about caring for an invalid as does a Hottentot. She cost ten dollars a week, and she let me sit up when I fainted away from weakness, and let my baby have sore eyes because she did not wash them properly. So at the end of two weeks I dragged myself out of bed, sent her away, and did the work again, to save expense. But we had to have the laundress twice a week sometimes, to help out, and it was long before I grew well and strong again after that experience, and by and by, when the hot weather came and the level prairie grew like a burning, fiery furnace, the doctor would drop in often and shake his head and tell me I ought to go to my old home, to the cool green hills, and have a change. Oh, how I wanted to go; how I longed to see my mother, and to show her my baby—named for her! But we could not afford it, so I stayed in the West.

The people were very kind. Sometimes they sent us in good things to eat, and some of them knit me baby socks and sacks. Our salary was paid promptly, too, and our garden gave us vegetables, and the cow furnished us our milk; and so we got on. But, alas, at the end of the year there was no balance of $150! Instead, John had to write to his brother and ask for a loan of twenty-five dollars. It came, but when we read his letter we were sorry we had asked for it. He thought two people with an income of five hundred dollars and so few expenses should manage better. We determined never again to ask him for a cent, and we never have, no matter how great has been the need.

Wedding Finery Made into Baby Clothes

The next year we economized a little more, here and there. My clothes were beginning to look a trifle shabby, but I turned my dresses and retrimmed my hats, and did very well. The baby had to have some things—a warm coat and short clothes—but I cut up some of my wedding finery and made them myself, and was glad to do it. That was an especially long and snowy winter and, to save fuel, we had to shut up most of the house and live in three rooms. Even then, with coal at nine dollars a ton, we spent more than the eighty dollars allowance.

During the following years we felt our poverty more each season. Clothes would in the end wear out so thoroughly that it was impossible to do anything more with them, and as for shoes—shoes always were a dreadful item with us, though we had them half-soled and re-half-soled till they would hold together no longer. The baby had to have warm flannels, too, and oh, how they cost! She was a wakeful, nervous little thing, and we were up nights with her till we were ready to drop, but now there was no longer a question of the woman to

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help out; I had all the washing and ironing and cleaning to do alone, and since that first year I have always done all the work, except in case of serious illness.

The Boy Who Never Grew Up

When Rachel was three, our Robin was born. Sometimes I can not talk about him even with John, and my heart is torn with pain when I see his darling picture in the drawer where I keep it hidden away; and yet it was a long time ago! My beautiful boy lived only eighteen months, but the bitterness I can not help feeling does not vanish with the years, for, oh, with but just a little more money, he need not have died! If I could have taken him away that second summer out of the heat I know he could have been saved; but in August there was a terrible drought and the nights were as hot as the days, and he drooped and drooped, and each day I could see him alter; and at last he died.

Well, other people have lost little children, too, and sorrowed quite as deeply as I. I am not the only mother who has had her baby boy taken from her arms. But I wonder if many feel as I feel, that it need not have been?

That year the cost of the little coffin and the tiny mound in the cemetery made our accounts look worse than ever, though John did sell a few of his best books. The salary was really inadequate to our needs—that we could not conceal from ourselves any longer—and John decided to tell the church people so and to ask for more. He laid the matter before his trustees and deacons and they listened to him; some were sympathetic, too, but most of them, farmers and small shopkeepers, were a little impatient. After the meeting he left them to talk it over among themselves and went home. He looked worn and sad and humiliated; it was hateful to him to ask for money. I tried to be brave and cheerful. "Surely," I said, "the laborer is worthy of his hire; they can not help seeing that we can not make both ends meet on five hundred a year, and they will not only give you more, but will also be ashamed that you had to ask for it!" But he only shook his head and went into the study and shut the door.

Should a Minister Expect to be Comfortable?

The next day Deacon Holmes came to see him and told him bluntly that it was impossible to give him a larger salary. The pew rents did not warrant it. Besides, the other ministers in town had no more, and it would not be fair to the other churches to raise one man's pay, because then all might ask for the same advance.

"And why not?" my husband demanded, his indignation rising. "Why not? Have they not wives and children, too, and a struggle to get on? Why not give us all enough to live on in comfort?"

But the deacon said it was not advisible, and he was sure, with a little more care, we could manage; most of the farmers spent far less than we on their living, and few of the church members had more.

"How about Mr. Newton?" asked John, "and Deacon Brown, and Mrs. Jackson? All of them are comparatively well-to-do, and keep servants, and take trips to town; why should they deny their minister the decencies of life?"

Deacon Holmes was shocked. "A minister," he said, "should not expect to live as other men do. His work is easy; and besides, it is his duty to set an example, and to practise self-denial."

After he had gone John put his head down on the table. When I stroked his hair and told him not to mind, he fairly groaned. So I told him if he was worrying about me he was wasting his time, because I just loved to do my own work and never felt better in my life, and was as happy as the day was long; all of which was not quite true; but I had to say it, even though I was a minister's wife.

The fact was, the people never did appreciate John. Few of them had had more than a brief common school education; they never knew that his sermons were scholarly and yet had the virtue of simplicity, and they held them cheap because they could understand them so well. They never thought of the years and the money that had gone into his preparation for the ministry, or felt that there was any sacrifice involved in living where and as we did. They all thought, rather, as one trustee once said to him, that he "had a soft thing—nothing to do but get up two sermons for Sunday!" And to them the study he did faithfully, the endless calling, the ministrations to the sick and the dying, besides the work in the garden and the house to which he had been unaccustomed all his life, were all burdens to one never physically robust.

Well, it is impossible to go over all the years one by one, though I believe I could do it. It grew more and more difficult to manage on our income, and we seemed to be trying to push back the rising tide with the broom. "I count not the hours except they be bright," the sundials say. I am afraid I count mine by the creeping shadows. When Rachel was five, Jack was born, our dear, rollicking Jack, the sunshine of our home. We can never be grateful enough for him, but oh, what a struggle we have had to keep him clothed, to provide him with shoes, and more shoes, and yet more, and to satisfy his perfectly appalling appetite!

What It Costs to Save a Boy

Then there was his fearful illness when diphtheria came. The doctor turned me out of the room and told me he must have a trained nurse from the city—one experienced in her work—or the boy would die. I begged to take care of him, but John would not let me; I had Rachel to consider, and the house to keep; and besides I was not well and could not be counted on for night work. Jack lived; but the cost of that nurse was sixty dollars; and though the specialist, who came once, charged nothing for his services, still we had his car fare to pay, and that, with the medicines and antitoxin, took one-fifth of our entire year's income, in those few weeks. It was just at that time that mother wrote that the dear old aunt with whom she had lived so long had died, and if we could spare her just a little money it would be a great help, for the funeral expenses had been heavy, and so much had been spent on the illness. Then I deliberately took five dollars out of our tiny store and sent it, and determined that I would go to work and earn money, and have my mother with me as long as she lived—and that it could not be long now, I knew too well; and I had never seen her once in all these years!

A Disastrous Venture into Business

I began by trying to do up fruit for market. We had berries and currants and apples, and I got cans and sugar and set to work. Then I put my pride in my pocket and went to one of the leading men in our church, who had a grocery, and asked him to let me put my cans in his window and let me sell them. He was horrified, though he tried not to show it. A minister's wife earn money! It was a reflection on the church! I saw what he had in mind, but I quietly persisted, and he made a place for the fruit. But it turned out that every woman in town put up her own preserves and jellies and would not buy anybody else's, no matter who she was; and they rather despised me for trying to turn a penny.

Then I boxed and shipped some to the nearest woman's exchange. But one box of jelly was turned upside down in the freight office and spoiled, and of the rest only a few cans sold, because the market was overstocked. Out of what I got for those came the money for commission and express—and left a deficit in my purse.

I thought of raising chickens next, but it cost so much to get the coops built and to get a stock of fowls and buy feed through our long winters, that I had not capital. As to raising violets or mushrooms, which I also considered, they too required so much expenditure to begin with that I simply could not consider it; besides, so far from town I could never place them properly in shops. Even if I could surmount these difficulties, where with all my work at home and in the church was I ever to get time to manage them? I was face to face with the hardest problem of my life so far. What about my mother and her future home? I could not pay her car fare West, nor could we feed another person on what we had; yet her little money was almost gone. But I had still to wait; perhaps there would be some way out, though I could not imagine how it would come.

I suppose the question of "suitable" dress for a minister's family is one common to the entire class, but I confess to me it has always been something to wrestle with. When the children were small it was comparatively easy to make over my old clothes and my husband's into new ones; but since then it has been increasingly difficult. For myself, I have had to get one new dress every other year, alternating winter and summer, besides cheap wash dresses: but to keep things up to date, to wear sleeves like those other people were wearing, and bonnets not to far behind the times, and have something fairly good to put on when we were asked out to a meal, this has been a real trouble, small though it seems, and in spite of the fact that I have always been rather clever with my needle.

Furnishing a House on Nothing a Year

The extra expenses, too, have puzzled me; when bed-linen and table-cloths and towels wore out, and there was no longer any provision for "incidentals" on our list, what could I do? And carpets and furniture and dishes and curtains would in time all vanish. Yet we had to have a house "suitable" for a minister's home, and sufficiently comfortable to entertain the church people at sociables, and afternoon meetings, and occasionally at supper. There was also the dentist. We had to have our teeth attended to sometimes, and Rachel, unluckily, had to have hers straightened. We thought it would be positively wicked to let her go disfigured through life by neglecting to have the work done, and so, though John had to go without an overcoat to pay the bill, he did it gladly.

That overcoat, by the way, suggests the coat that nearly divided the congregation. John's one, shiny over-short, greenish preaching coat finally wore out, though we tenderly cared for it many years. He had to have another, for manifestly he could not preach in a ready-made business suit—that would never be tolerated in a minister.

It happened just at that time that there was a new secretary in our board whom John had once known. He frankly wrote him and told him how things were, and the secretary wrote back sympathetically and said we must have a box. We did not tell anybody about it, and great was the surprise and curiosity when it arrived in the express office. The man who delivered it tried his best to find out where it came from and what was in it, but in vain, and we smuggled it out of the children's sight, to insure the keeping of the secret.

That blessed box had many good things in it: blankets, a new dress for me, some stockings and books for the children, and—the frock coat! The next Sunday John wore it, never dreaming that any one would suspect; but they did in a moment, and many of them deeply resented the fact that we had asked for a box. The reflection on the church! Shocking! But we kept still and determined to let them settle it themselves, and by and by the matter died out; but we never ventured to ask for another.

It was just after that that Helen, our last baby,

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HER HUSBAND'S PEOPLE

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

Illustrations by O. T. JACKMAN

IT HAD taken her eighteen months to get over the fact that his name was John Jenkins. She had spent six months over the "John," and another six months over the "Jenkins"; and for six months more she had lived with the conviction that, though a man might be named John Jenkins and be a very unusual person, no woman in the possession of her faculties would become Mrs. John Jenkins unless she were prepared to surrender every shred of personal distinction. As for herself, she had always been so profoundly grateful that she had been born Alice Randolph instead of Sadie Jones; it was a reflection that had comforted her in her darkest moments. But to become, of her own free will and accord, Mrs. John Jenkins, would be more reprehensible than passively to exist as Sadie Jones. That would be achieving ignominy, after a life spent in thankfulness for not having been born ignominious; unless, indeed, it should be thrust upon one. But that was nonsense; nobody could compel her to become Mrs. John Jenkins.

After that, she thought for six months longer that, if people would not persist in saying "Jinkins" instead of "Jenkins," perhaps she could submit to it. Then, one day, she came to the sudden illuminating conclusion that, *if* she loved this person, his name would n't really matter to her in the least; there had been martyrs and enthusiasts among her ancestors; and suddenly, in her heart, she saw herself capable of glorying in the name of Smith, if— And then she spent several months telling herself that nothing could be more commonplace, typically feminine, than that attitude; if she allowed herself to lapse into it she would prove herself a more ordinary person than she had been led to suppose.

After she had known him two or three years she reached the point where she did n't particularly mind being ordinary. That frame of mind was n't necessarily commonplace, anyhow, it was merely typical and human; and, besides, one might wear one's conformity with a difference, if— but, of course, she could never marry a Northern man. And John Jenkins was Northern; to speak without any merciful euphemism, he was a Yankee. She spent a full year over that. To be sure, she had known it all along; but then, she had n't thought before of actually marrying him. She was enlightened enough to have Yankees for friends—dozens of them. Had n't she lived among them for years, and did n't she love and understand their brusk, funny ways, and had n't she confided to more than one of them her childish impression that a Yankee was an animal with hoofs and horns? But all that was very different from *marrying* a Yankee. Still, John himself—but we need not trace out the long route by which she arrived at the hard-won decision that it did not make any *real* difference about Jackie's being a Yankee, if only . . . . It took her a full year to do it.

At the end of that year, her objections growing more and more practical, she came upon the final stone wall of an obstacle: her husband's people. There was no use shuddering and being indignant; she realized that that was the way they had occurred to her mind: as her husband's people. She was an honest person, and she admitted to herself that her defenses were growing very weak, or such a thought would never have entered her head. However, she was an obstinate person; and, although she did not put it to herself in precisely that way, she knew that she could depend upon herself to consume at least a year in getting over the fact of John Jenkins's people. She had never seen any of them.

She had always intended to marry a foundling. As if it were not complication enough to belong to a family of one's own, who would have to get used to the poor man; as if it were not painful enough to see beforehand, in imagination, the sharp anxiety in her brother's eyes as he should put out his hand to him for the first time, with effusive over-cordiality; to feel her mother's arm trembling as she should hold her to her breast in welcome; to see written plainly upon her tall school-girl sister's face, with its superb disdain of sentiment, "Well! Is *that* all?" to hear her Aunt Amelia, the first time they were alone together, in her old voice, tremulous with eagerness, say, "Well, I must say, Alice, his feet are rather—well, rather large, you must admit. The Randolphs have always had small feet. Now I remember how your Grandfather Randolph—"

She would not need to listen to the story; she had heard often enough how her Grandfather Randolph won the wager that he could wear her Grandmother Randolph's shoes. She did not in the least covet for Jackie the ability to wear her shoes, any more than she wanted him to look well in her hats; but she did not see how she could endure to hear him criticized. She wanted everybody who belonged to her to consider him perfect—flawless and without blemish. And they would n't—not to save their dear lives.

All that was bad enough. But that was n't half as bad as having to get used to *his* family—to acknowledge to herself that his eyes were not, really, the only ones of their kind in the world, but very much like his brother's, who was probably, after all, not a demigod; and that his father—a dear old man, most probably, but quite human—had many of his tricks of speech. And then—oh, dear! she supposed they, too, were Yankees. And after all, a Northern woman was—well, different. And his mother was one. Besides—but perhaps she was mistaken in thinking that Jackie had told her, at some remote period, that he had been brought up a "Campbellite." Just what was a Campbellite? She thought at first she would ask him; then she decided she would n't.

One day, however, she could not forbear asking him casually, "Jackie, what—what is your father's business?" And then, before he could answer, she metaphorically shut her eyes tight, as she used to do when she was a little girl, and breathed devoutly, "If only it is n't shoes!"

"He's the leading hardware merchant of Peoria, my dear," answered Jackie, smiling. "I would n't have you underrate the dignity of my ancestors."

Another time, when they were looking at a catalogue of mission furniture, she suddenly put her hands on his shoulders and looked up into his eyes with the expression with which her ancestor who had been shot as a spy in the Revolution had waited for the bullet, and asked him, "Jackie, what kind of furniture is in your parlor at home?"

"Cæsar, child—how should I know?" answered Jackie, ingenuously. "I don't remember."

"Is n't it—red plush?"

"Come to think of it, I believe it is. Something like a Pullman sleeper."

"Oh—I knew it!" she stifled the wail against the lapel of his coat.

Jackie laughed, disregarding the wail in his satisfaction at being the refuge from her troubles. Presently she looked up and asked tragically—

"Don't you want to know how I knew?"

"Yes."

"From your mother's picture."

"Well," said Jackie, drawing her close with a deep, happy sigh, "sometimes a red-plush mother is mighty comfortable."

"I know she is—bless her," she said, bravely. Then, all at once, she buried her face again in his shoulder. "Oh, Jackie," she wailed, "I can't do it—I just can't! We'll have to have mother cancel the order for the invitations!"

And Jackie held her close to him and laughed and laughed; but his laughter was tender and medicinal. And she looked up at him after awhile with a moisture that was not all laughter in her eyes and begged, like a little girl:

"Help me, Jackie. I 'm not an

"'Would anybody suspect that I am Mrs. John Jenkins?'"

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idiot—not really. I 'm a person who 'sees life steadily and sees it whole.' But—somehow—it 's harder than usual to see it steadily when—when they 've just ordered the invitations."

"Yes, I know," said Jackie. He stroked her hair; there was a light in his quiet eyes that awed her a little. "Yes, the 'scheme of things entire' does wobble a little." Then he added, "But I'll hold on to my boot-straps for all I 'm worth, and I think I can steady it up after awhile."

She sat up and smoothed back her hair. "And I shall hold on to *my* boot-straps," she said decisively. "I despise wobbly women."

And so, at last, Jackie married her. It had taken him five years.

As they stood on the station platform, in the little Southern village that was her home, waiting for their train, she said to her brother—

"Is my hat straight?"

"Quite."

"Is there any rice visible to the naked eye?"

"Not to this one."

"Would anybody suspect, to look at me, that I am Mrs. John Jenkins?"

"No," said her brother, with a magnanimous glance at Jackie's broad back. "They would be more likely to think you were Mrs. Phœbus Apollo."

"Oh, Alf—how *very* nice of you!" She turned to him with a flash, almost of tears, in her eyes. They had all been so very dear about Jackie. It had pleased her so that it hurt. Even Aunt Amelia—Aunt Amelia, even!—had not made one single, critical remark. Her mother had carefully refrained from alluding to her father's record as a Confederate officer. Jackie himself had asked about the sword that hung in the great old hall—he had walked into the very jaws of the dragon. And how beautifully her mother had answered him—proudly, yet without bitterness, and with the most exquisite tact and courtesy. Jackie was blissfully unconscious of all the struggle that lay under that sweet acquiescence; but *she* knew. It made her want to run up behind her mother and put her arms about her and kiss her; but, instead, she stood still at Jackie's shoulder, proud, with shining eyes, biting her lips to keep them from trembling. She had not dreamed they could all be so good—so heavenly good—about Jackie. If she could n't behave as well to *his* people, and overlook the little things about them which she would not like, and live up to the family standard, she would be a poor, petty creature indeed.

"Jackie," she said softly. It was just at evening; they were thundering across the prairies, gazing silently out of the car window. In forty minutes or so they would be at his home. Her husband looked down at the fine little face beside him, with the light of peace upon it.

"Well, dear?" he said.

"I *like* to be Mrs. John Jenkins."

Jackie laughed—the one little low syllable of laughter she knew and loved—an audible caress.

"And, Jackie—"

"Yes, dear?"

"I 'd *rather* be Mrs. John Jenkins than anybody else."

"Sure?"

"Yes. And Jackie—"

"Well, dear?"

"I like Yankees."

"Bless you!"

"And—Jackie?"

"All right, dear."

"I—I *love*—red-plush mothers.

This time he could only "scrunch," as she said, the fingers he was surreptitiously holding. But presently he said—

"There were very dreadful things in her thoughts"

"It 's been three years since I 've seen her—think of it, sweetheart!"

"And now," she answered him, "it will be only a few minutes. Oh, dear, I know I 'm going to do something dreadful before long—I 'm in such an angelic frame of mind!"

Then, two hours later, she was alone in their own room. She could not sit down; she stood at the window, very slim, very tall, her head very high, her cheeks very pale. She had not done anything very dreadful, but there were very dreadful things in her thoughts. At least they seemed so to her at the moment. It was n't the furniture. The furniture did very well. There was n't any red plush; the parlor set she had coerced Jackie into remembering had evidently represented but a phase of the family development; now there were leather things and hardwood floors; there was even a huge mission chair in the hall. It had seemed to leer at her jeeringly as she passed it—she had felt as she remembered feeling once when she was a little girl, and the old gentleman who "passed the plate" at church had winked at her. Furniture—what did furniture matter!

The door opened softly and her husband came in. His face was flushed and happy, his eyes boyishly aglow; and yet he looked at her just a trifle deprecatingly, anxiously. When he saw her face distinctly, his own fell, though there was still a smile of grave sweetness in his eyes. He went and stood behind her putting his warm hands over her cold ones, on each side of the window. He did not ask what was the matter. After a very long while she spoke, without looking at him. Her profile was still pale and cold; but the tremor of her voice went to his very heart.

"They—did n't want me!"

"Dear," he said, dropping his cheek against her hair, "I 'm the only boy, you know. And mothers—and sisters—and things—never want to give up a boy. They 're funny about it. They tried their very best to be—nice."

She lifted her head a little higher; he saw that he had made a false step. "That was the trouble," she said, coldly. "They tried—harrowingly."

"They 'll soon get used to—"

"Me. No doubt they will 'first endure, then pity, then embrace.'"

"To my being married," he continued gently.

"That is n't all of it. They don't approve of *me*. They have n't, all along. And you did n't—"

She stopped; she knew that if he had told her she would have been angry with him for doing so. He was uncomfortably silent. "Well, you see, sweetheart—" he began; and then, at the sight of her face, he dropped all attempts at evasion, and held her to him very close, speaking low and passionately. "Sweetheart," he said, "are you going to let these things spoil our happiness—these inevitable adjustments, that must come for every two people who marry? Are we going to let our happiness get all tangled up in these little things? Are we going to stop trying, the very first time we 're perplexed, to 'see life steadily and see it whole'?"

She was silent for several moments. Then she turned to him. "I 'll try—I 'll try to be sensible, and—decent, and—good—if you 'll tell me first all the things they objected to about me."

He looked at her a moment. "All right," he said at last, "I 'll tell you anything you want to know." He sat down on the window-seat, his arm about her waist, his cheek against her shoulder, and let her stand, tense and still, beside him."

"In the first place, mother objected because you were an Episcopalian. Mother's father—"

"What *is* a 'Campbellite'? My ancestors have been clergymen for three generations."

"I was just telling you how mother felt about it, dear. Then you 're Southern—there, now, yon know *I* love you for it! But you know the average Northern woman's idea of a Southern girl—particularly a woman of my mother's age, who grew up in the bitterness of the war-period. She thinks a Southern girl is of necessity light-minded, flighty, proud, and—deadliest of the seven deadly sins—a slovenly housekeeper. And the fact that you 've taught music, and lived in a flat in the city all these years, instead of staying at home and washing the pots and pans like Cinderella—"

She stood looking away, out of the window. At last she said, coldly, "Has it occurred to you that the things she objects to are the very things I 'm proudest of?"

"Yes—and the very things I love you for."

"Please go away and leave me by myself!"

"Must I?" He looked at her with anxious tenderness. "I don't want to leave you. Are you going to cry? Because, if you are, you know, you can cry here."

"I—I am not going to cry."

"What *are* you going to do, sweetheart?"

"Oh, Jackie—please go away! I 'm going to—hold on to my boot-straps!"

When he came back a half hour later she was sitting in the window, in a fresh, white shirt-waist, looking emphatically calm and sweet. He went and knelt beside her.

"Well?" he said.

She looked away. "My people objected to you for almost the same reasons. I—objected to you myself."

He laughed light-heartedly. "That 's so," he said.

"You knew it, and you—behaved beautifully."

"Did n't I!" he answered proudly. "Now, what conclusion do we draw from these pleasant facts?"

"The conclusion," she said, showing her one dimple, "is obvious. *I* am going to behave beautifully."

John Jenkins, after all, was not original. But he spoke with overflowing tenderness. "Bless your heart," he said, "you 'll love mother."

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The PIT and the GROWER

BY WILL PAYNE — *Decorations by* PAUL BRANSOM

PUBLIC gambling in grain is rather distinctively American. In the big wheat markets abroad there is speculation, but it is generally carried on by persons who are actually engaged in the grain trade, and is incidental to the handling of the real article. With us, handling the real article is incidental to the speculation. The most extensive activity of our board of trade is by way of placing bets on the future price. A considerable part of its activity is directed by market letters, tips, oral persuasion, and so on, to getting "the public"—that is, a mass of people having no connection with the real grain trade—to take a chance on the long or short side. In the degree to which that effort is successful our grain market performs the function of a bucket-shop or pool-room.

Where Do Speculators' Profits Come From?

This purely speculative trade involves a good deal of money. Its operating expenses, by way of office rent, clerk hire, telegraph tolls and the like are no bagatelle. And every year some men derive large profits from it. Speculation, obviously, produces nothing. If a speculating clique runs a deal in May wheat and makes a million dollars, that million dollars has been lifted out bodily; the clique put in nothing, and took out a million. As the million is real money, somebody must have produced it. That the producer of the wheat—the farmer—also produced the clique's million is a rather common opinion, and accounts in part for the grower's hostility to speculation. But the truth appears to be that the speculative trade largely preys upon itself. Its operating expenses, for example, are covered by commissions which "the public" pays to brokers for the privilege of losing its money. Five hundred speculative accounts in wheat on the board of trade were examined by Thomas Gibson, and the result reported in his "Pitfalls of Speculation." The total amount of "wheat"—that is, of options—handled in these five hundred accounts was ninety million bushels, of which sixty-two million bushels were originally bought for a rise and twenty-eight million originally sold for a decline. Fourteen of the accounts showed practically neither gain nor loss, seventy-four were closed at a final total profit of fifty-two thousand dollars, and four hundred and twelve showed a final aggregate loss of nine hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars, making the net loss on all the accounts eight hundred and seventy-one thousand dollars; and the total brokerage charges were a hundred and twelve thousand dollars. No wheat was actually transferred. For about all speculative purchase, therefore, there were off-setting speculative sales.

A Legitimate Trade with a Faro Game Attachment

The distinctive operation in grain gambling is the sale for future delivery. But it is the gross abuse of that operation rather than the operation itself which is objectionable. About all the actual wheat that is bought is immediately resold on the board for future delivery. As the elevator man takes real grain into his bins he at once sells an equivalent amount of "futures." The natural position of the owner of an article is bullish; his interest lies in having the price advance. "Hedging," or reselling for future delivery, changes that natural position of the owner of wheat. It makes him merely neutral; or, not infrequently—as he may see a profit in buying back his "futures" at a lower price—it may make him bearish. But the grower's interest in the wheat ceases when he parts with it to the elevator man, and, if the latter were not able to protect himself against a possible fall in price by "hedging," he would demand a larger margin of profit for carrying the wheat, and his price to the grower would be correspondingly less.

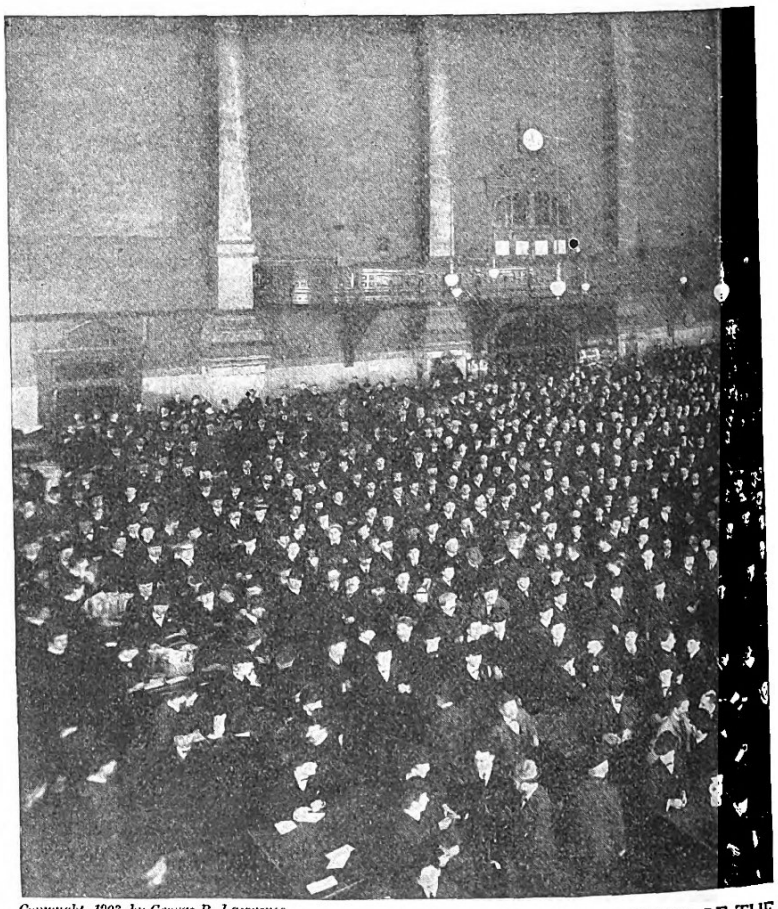
In fact, speculation in grain, as we have developed it, is a kind of faro game tacked on to a legitimate trade. As it largely preys upon itself, so it tends, in the long run, simply to cancel itself. If the purely gambling transactions which make so considerable a part of the total were eliminated, probably the mean price of grain, through a series of years, would be unaffected. That speculation tends to make prices stable is not proved. Wheat, corn, and oats show as great a price range during the last eighteen years, as hay and cattle. On the contrary, speculation does often make most violent fluctuations in price; and these violent fluctuations, due to market manipulation, are very seldom to the advantage of the producer. They may not, in a series of years, affect the mean price; but they do usually put the price highest when the producer has least to sell, and in that respect they affect him adversely.

When B. P. Hutchinson Controlled the Wheat Market

A very eminent board of trade operator, the late B. P. Hutchinson, maintained that speculative manipulation of the grain markets benefits both the producer and the consumer. He exemplified this theory in a notable manner in September, 1888.

Stocks of old grain were then small and the new spring wheat in the Northwest was turning out badly, indicating a paucity of supplies for some time to come. So Mr. Hutchinson cornered the market. It should be understood that to corner grain looks quite simple. All that is necessary is to hold, at the right time, that comparatively insignificant portion of the total supply which is stored in "regular" warehouses in Chicago.

That city is, of course, the great grain market. Prices of the leading cereals are largely shaped there. A great many people are trading in grain on the Chicago board; but only a relatively small amount of actual grain goes to Chicago. By far the greater part of the trades are purely speculative, the seller not expecting to deliver nor the buyer to receive any actual grain.



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THE FAMOUS WHEAT PIT OF THE

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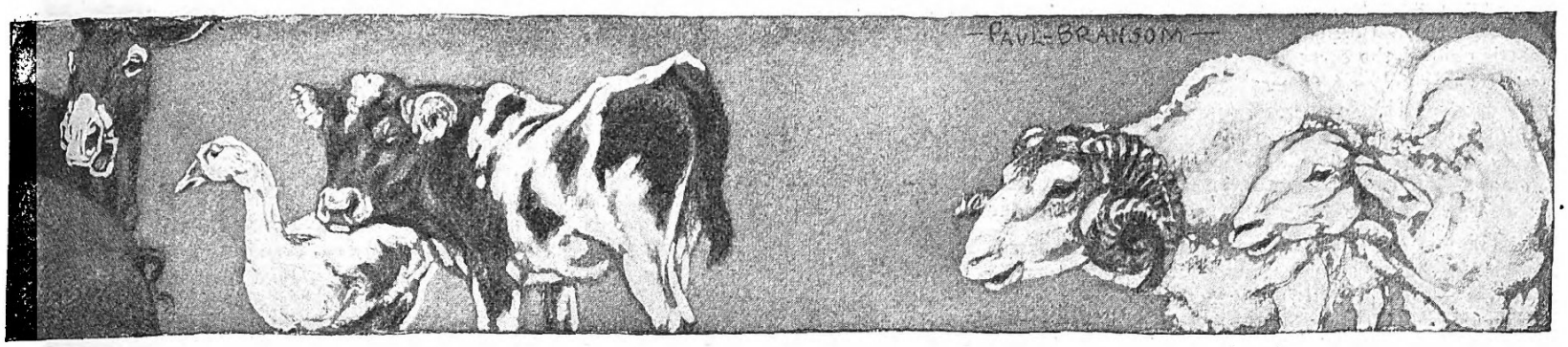
Manipulating the grain market ⊠⊠ How it is done

With some speculation as to who stands the cost ⊠



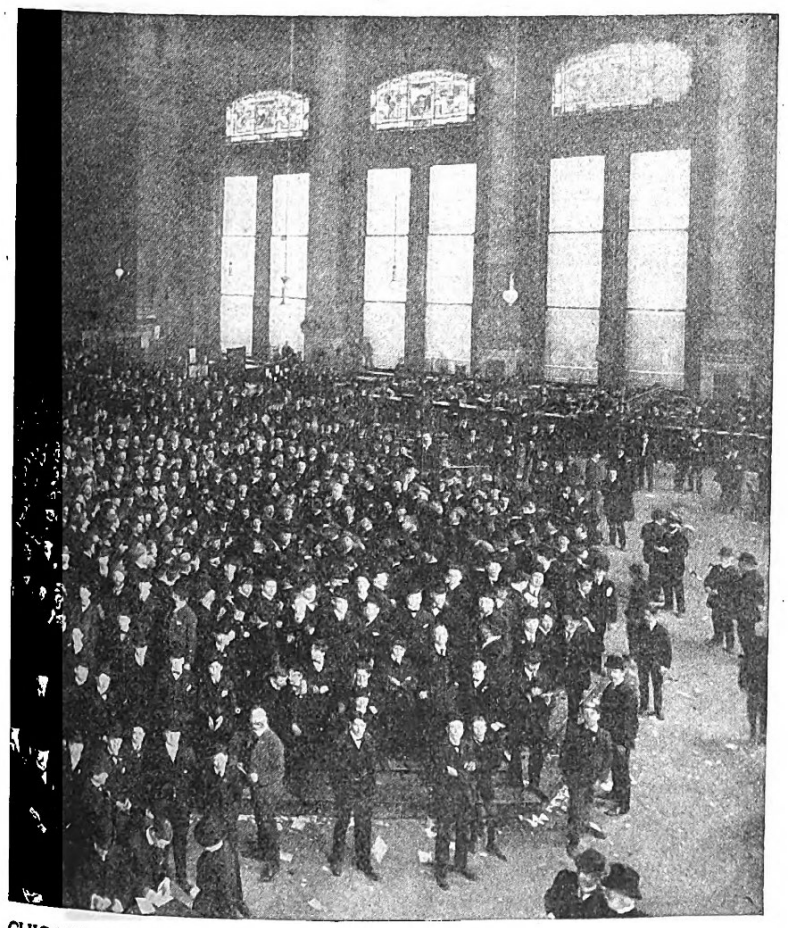
These purely speculative trades, which both parties to the transaction expect to close by paying the difference in the market price and not by any transfer of real grain, have been said to make up nineteen-twentieths of the whole. But every speculative trade amounts to a contract to deliver and to receive the real grain within a certain time. If your broker, for example, sells for you "ten May wheat," he thereby obligates himself to deliver, before the end of May, a warehouse receipt issued by a "regular" elevator in Chicago for ten thousand bushels of wheat of the contract grade. He can release himself from the obligation only by buying in ten thousand bushels of the May option in the market, or by handing over, before the close of May, a warehouse receipt for the grain. Obviously, anybody who owns all the warehoused wheat in Chicago can hold up the price of the May option, and put your broker in the distressing position of a man under contract to deliver to another an article of which the other has a monopoly.

To return to Mr. Hutchinson. At the end of August, 1888, September wheat sold at ninety-four cents. There were only about two and a half million bushels in store in Chicago, yet a great many gentleman had, by "going short," obligated themselves collectively to deliver much more than that. When the Government crop report came out, on the tenth, September broke below ninety cents. Trade gossip of the day records that operators were uncertain as to what the report meant, and "Whenever you are in doubt, sell" had long been the motto of the scalpers.

On the 17th, the September option jumped to ninety-eight cents —partly on a rumor that Mr. Hutchinson owned all the actual wheat not only in Chicago but also in Duluth. To reassure the talent in this particular, Mr. Hutchinson exhibited his account cards, showing that he held but little wheat in the Northwest. At the same time he admitted that he owned all the real wheat in Chicago—all, that is, which was deliverable on board of trade contracts.

Oddly enough this statement was considered quite reassuring, and on the 19th, September wheat sold down to ninety-three cents. It was a tradition that good-natured Mr. Hutchinson had never run a corner in the market and never would, so the shorts were quite easy. On the 22d, however, some choice cash wheat sold to millers at a dollar—the first time that mark had been touched in a long time. It made the shorts slightly nervous, and the price of September went to ninety-nine cents; but soon sank back to ninety-four, "due to the fact that Mr. Hutchinson was not disposed to make it uncomfortable for the bears, and even sold some wheat himself."

On the 22d, Mr. Hutchinson was credited with being a seller; but on Monday, the 24th—I am quoting from contemporaneous market reports—"the last spark of hope in the bosom of the bears expired." Some millers bid a premium of ten cents over the Chicago price for cash wheat, and the September option went to ninety-nine cents. At five big Western markets the receipts of wheat were only 164,000 bushels against 294,000 bushels the week before. There were then outstanding contracts to deliver at least seven or eight million bushels of wheat within the ensuing five days, and Mr. Hutchinson had practically all the wheat there was.



CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE ON APRIL 4, 1903

When Wheat Touched Two Dollars a Bushel

The morning of the 27th, Mr. Hutchinson was reported as renewing his assurance that he never had run a corner and never would. What happened on the board of trade is described as follows:

"September wheat went to $1.10, $1.15, $1.18, and pandemonium reigned. The shorts were bidding against each other in the wildest way, but there was no one to sell them wheat. Mr. Hutchinson, occupying his usual chair against one of the pillars, watched proceedings and smiled. 'Wheat is worth more,' he said. The indicator pointed to $1.27, and one lot was sold at $1.28. That was too much. There was a break toward 'Old Hutch.' The shorts surrounded him and cried for mercy. The old gentleman, still smiling, uncrossed his legs and said to one of his brokers, who was standing by, 'Let them have what they want at $1.25.' And they fairly stood in line to get it."

At the same time, wheat for December delivery was selling at ninety-six cents. Friday the 28th, Mr. Hutchinson again relieved the needs of the agonized shorts—but at $1.50 instead of $1.25; and he gave friendly warning that on Saturday the price would be two dollars. He denied, however, that it was really a corner. The wheat, he explained, was simply worth that much. One gentleman who paid Mr. Hutchinson, on Friday, $1.50 a bushel for a hundred thousand bushels, which Mr. Hutchinson would have let him have on Thursday at $1.25, said it seemed just like a corner to him, and that was the consensus of opinion in the trade. It was estimated on Friday that there were still a million bushels of short contracts outstanding, and on Saturday, true to his friendly warning, Mr. Hutchinson put the price to two dollars. As soon as the shorts settled, the price of wheat dropped nearly a dollar a bushel.

A statement of the deal, approved by Mr. Hutchinson, said that he was "long" about ten million bushels of the September option—that is, he held speculative contracts for the delivery to him during September of that much wheat. A little over three million bushels—all that could be scraped together—were actually delivered to him. The remaining seven million bushels were settled —in effect; the unhappy shorts paid him his price to release them from obligations which they could not fulfill. Now, his profit arose entirely from this settling with the shorts; from making them pay him a ransom to release them. If a short discharged his obligation

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by procuring elsewhere, bringing to Chicago and delivering to Mr. Hutchinson actual wheat, on that transaction the corner made no profit. He simply got some wheat that he did n't particularly want. At the end of the deal, the price, of course, fell. So if, to maintain his monopoly, he took in and paid for any actual wheat at the corner price, that wheat after the deal showed a loss corresponding to the drop in price.

The operation of disposing, after the corner, of the actual wheat which has been taken in to maintain the corner is suggestively called "getting rid of the corpse." It is almost always expensive and sometimes quite ruinous. Generally speaking, the smaller the "corpse," the more successful the corner. In fine, to run a corner profitably, the whole trick consists of marking up the price on the shorts and at the same time taking in as little real grain as possible.

"Benefiting Producers" and "Skinning the Shorts"

This simple and fundamental rule might seem to dispose of the contention that a corner benefits producers. If the corner does benefit producers — that is, if producers succeed in selling much grain at the corner price—why, then, generally speaking, it "busts" the cornerers. It succeeds in proportion as it does not benefit producers. The whole problem is to crack up the price without having to buy much actual wheat or corn. "Getting rid of the corpse"—*i. e.*, unloading the accumulated wheat on a demoralized market—tends to depress prices for the actual grain; while the violent and injurious derangement involved in boosting the price of wheat, within a month, from eighty-nine cents to two dollars, and then dropping it to $1.04, need not be pointed out. So far from benefiting from operations like Mr. Hutchinson's, the producer probably suffers from them.

Mr. Hutchinson himself maintained a contrary opinion. Not long after this wheat deal he wrote an article about it, and speculation in general, for the *North American Review*. After asserting that speculation helped the producer by giving him a high price, he demonstrated that it helped the consumer also, as follows: "When there is a deficit of breadstuffs, a high price enforces economy and teaches him (the consumer) to eat more potatoes and esculent roots, and thus to give his neighbor a chance at the loaf of bread. When there is a short crop," the experienced author continued eloquently, "then speculation in the form of capital—provident, thrifty capital, the daughter of economy and sworn enemy of wastefulness—steps in and takes the precious wheat and says, 'Now each of you inhabitants of the planet can have your share and as much as is good for you, but these are times of dearth and in order to keep you from using more than your proper share, the price must be raised on you.'"

In this view, to corner wheat is, of course, a pure form of philanthropy. Mr. Hutchinson himself, benevolently intervened once too often and lost all his money—vastly to the injury of wasteful mankind, perhaps.

The Hutchinson corner put wheat to the highest price since 1869, and that price lasted, so to speak, only momentarily. In August, 1872, when the new wheat was just beginning to move, the price went to $1.61; but by November, with wheat coming in freely, it was down to $1.01. In May, 1877, at the tail of the crop year, with but little grain in farmers' hands, wheat touched $1.76, but in August it sold at $1.01. In May, 1882, the price was $1.40; by December it was down to ninety-one cents. In the latter year Armour and Kershaw ran a sort of continued-in-our-next corner from April to September. February 15, the April option was selling at $1.16. On that day, it is said, somebody in the Armour-Kershaw clique gave an order which was misunderstood, and as a result of the misconstruction of the order the clique took on about five and a half million bushels of April wheat, so they went on and took the rest, putting the April option up to $1.35 in March and to $1.42 in April. During all this period the receipts of actual wheat were unusually light, averaging under a half million bushels a month; but while there was so little real wheat to be handled the clique is said to have traded in thirty million bushels of options and to have held fifteen million bushels of the April option at one time. Maybe they wished to benefit producers; but as producers had no wheat to sell, to speak of, all they succeeded in doing was to skin the shorts.

Cornering Grain is Against the Law of Illinois

In August, the shorts got tired of being skinned. They had contracted to deliver wheat which they did not have and could not get; but when Armour and Kershaw, who had all the wheat, issued the usual polite invitation to come in and settle, the shorts peevishly appealed to the arbitration committee of the board of trade. The committee decided that $1.35 was a fair price for the shorts to pay. Some of them, however, declared it was n't fair, refused to pay it, and applied to Judge Jamieson for an injunction to prevent the board from dealing with them as defaulters under its rules.

A corner, as a matter of fact, is always a hold-up. It aims to catch the trade at a strategical disadvantage and make it pay a ransom. The principle that the cornerer must not be too greedy—or too enthusiastic in preserving the precious wheat by cracking up the price—has often been recognized. The law itself recognizes the rather larcenous nature of corners. For a good many years the criminal code of Illinois has contained a highly humorous provision that whoever corners the market for grain, or attempts to do so, "shall be fined not less than ten dollars nor more than one thousand dollars, or confined in the county jail not exceeding one year, or both."

Nobody, however, attempted to have Mr. Hutchinson or Messrs. Armour and Kershaw fined ten dollars for cornering wheat. Perhaps the severity of the punishment daunted them. That humorous clause still remains in the Illinois code, although, probably, few people are aware of it.

In June, 1887, the Harper corner put wheat almost to ninety-five cents. The Harper clique, which consisted largely of Harper, held twenty to thirty million bushels of options, and it was at the end of the crop year, when light receipts might be expected. Unfortunately, however, the producers (or, at least, the holders) of actual wheat were in a position to benefit. The higher price attracted much grain to Chicago. Receipts in June were over nine thousand cars. The clique's money gave out—or, rather, the comptroller of the currency heartlessly intervened before Harper had finished gutting the Fidelity National Bank of Cincinnati, of which he was vice-president and which was the the real source of his capital. The deal failed, breaking about twenty brokers, and wheat dropped at once to sixty-eight cents. It hung around seventy cents for a long time following, while producers were marketing their new crop.

When Armour Delivered Real Grain

Probably the Leiter deal of 1897–98 did benefit producers. That, however, was never an attempt to corner the market. Leiter actually wanted wheat because he thought it worth more than it was selling for. Squeezing the shorts was, all through the deal, merely a trivial incident. Leiter looked, for his profit, to the enhanced value of actual wheat, and not to holding up shorts. The price of wheat had been greatly depressed by prolonged hard times. In July, 1897, the September option sold at sixty-four cents. The United States was harvesting a crop of fair size, but everywhere else in the world the crop was short. So Leiter began to buy wheat. Before the end of August the September option advanced to $1.03, and wheat held around a dollar to the end of the year; but there was a great European demand for our grain and even at that price exports were large. In fact, the deal, supported by the big export demand, proceeded swimmingly until December, when it encountered Armour.

For many years the name of Armour has been on the board of trade what that of Harriman is on the stock exchange, only more so. Armour, as a big dealer in and holder of actual wheat, was often technically short of the market, having sold there to "hedge" against his actual holdings. It is said that the Harper deal, in 1887, was originally aimed at the May option, but Armour was heavily short of that option. To corner May therefore might make him fretful—with the results that Harper did not care to encounter—so the deal was swung over to June, and went to smash.

Now Armour was short of the December option, in 1897, and he was not accustomed to having his wishes, in respect to wheat, treated disrespectfully. But Leiter was young, successful, and rich. He proposed that Armour should deliver him the actual wheat, according to contract, or step up and settle like the mere *hoi polloi*. December is not a favorable month in which to move wheat. Lake insurance has expired and the straits are frozen. Armour moved the wheat, however, breaking the ice in the straits with tugs. Before the end of the month he brought in and delivered to Leiter about seven million bushels of real grain. This is still considered a very notable feat. Leiter took in the wheat and paid for it, which also was something of a feat.

The Armour-Leiter Corner Perhaps Helped the Growers

From July 1 to December 31, North America had furnished nearly two-thirds of the world's exports of wheat, and it was supposed that stocks of the grain in the Northwest had been pretty well cleaned up. Early the next year war between the United States and Spain became-

[*Continued on page 344*]

Tyre!

By CHARLES LEONARD VAN VOPPEN

ABOVE her coral islets, by the sea
She brooded, like a red flamingo, bright
As sudden sunrise, kindling destiny.
And lo! a flame of color and a flight
Of rosy domes, like music swimming free,
All beautiful as rainbows, warm the sight;
And floating like some purple argosy
Fare the pale azure of the infinite.

Then came the Spoiler with his whirlwind mood
And left her breathless, drowning in her tears,
And all her glory now a solitude.
Upon the tide she tosses; round her brow
A coronal of ruins, her dead years;
And over her the silent ages flow.

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"THIS MAN DIEHL"

The Champion Speed Painter of America

With Reproductions of Some of Mr. Diehl's Remarkable Paintings—"Done While You Wait"

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

Also a Characteristic Drawing by PETER NEWELL, to Depict the Scene of Mr. Loomis's Story

It was Peter Newell, the "hole book" man, who first told me about him. Peter Newell, chooses, for reasons well known to butcher and baker, to draw grotesque and quaint pictures with the accompaniment of original verse conceits; but Peter Newell is a poetic artist to his finger tips—as many original water colors in his home testify—and when he told me about "this man Diehl," who can paint a landscape in less time than it takes to get Long Distance in a hurry call, and make it interesting to an artist, I believed him.

Peter Newell went on to say that Mr. Diehl was a sort of human-picture machine. "Feed him canvases and he 'll paint until his tubes are empty, and while the pictures are painted for the purpose of boiling the pot, they are, many of them, worthy to hang on your best wall—if you know which one that is."

Other artists in Leonia (and there are half a dozen at least)—artists who take a day or even a week to a "job"—told me I ought to see "this man Diehl" at work. "He does n't get what the pictures are worth, because he works for a syndicate, or something like that, but the point is that he turns out works of art, and every time the clock strikes the hour there are two or three Diehls more in the world."

Now I knew "this man Diehl." I had met him on the way to the post-office or out walking in the beautiful Jersey meadows. He looked the artist to perfection with his black, wavy hair, his brilliant eyes, his jaunty manner; but I was n't quite convinced that he did anything better than what a Brooklynite would term "Myrtle Avenue daubs," yet my curiosity was greatly excited. There was no doubt, my friends said, that he could paint a dozen pictures in a day, and they were better than some more pretentious work; so one day when Mr. Diehl, meeting me in the road, said he 'd be glad to have me come to his studio some afternoon, I took an early opportunity to call.

He received me cordially, and showed me into his parlor where we chatted for a minute or two.

He seemed ill at ease, and at length he said, "Would you mind coming up to my studio with me? We can chat while I paint. You see I have a rush order, and the days are n't as long in January as they are in June."

I told him that I had often noticed that fact, and together we went up stairs. When I was seated, he went into another room and came back with half a dozen blank canvases, about 9 x 12 inches.

"Help yourself to cigarettes. You 'll pardon my going right on, won't you?"

Pardon him! I was crazy to see how he did it. It was after four, and I knew that in the New York studios artists were quitting work by the hundred. But Mr. Diehl had a southwest light which insured daylight for at least half an hour longer than would a north light.

He fixed a canvas in place on his upright machine-easel, and proceeded to lay on a coat of the kind of blue that is in the sky when you wonder whether Italy can show anything finer. This did not take a minute, and as for putting in the horizon line with a suggestion of a mellow softness where the world stopped and the sky began, why I do not think it took more than thirty seconds.

An interesting background of foreground (to make use of a convenient paradox) and his whole canvas was covered, and he was ready really to begin his picture.

What did I say of Italy? That blue sky was an Italian sky after all, for while I sat agape, an Italian craft with colored sails fell off his pliant brush, and the foreground which had looked like a mown field turned as if by magic to water. Soon other vessels danced upon the undulant waves, and at last the thing that would mark it Italian to the most stay-at-home picture buyer who ever lived, a black gondola, popped into sight in the immediate foreground.

He did not forget to plant a few of those gaily colored poles that seem to infest Italian waters—and the thing was done.

Time: twenty-three minutes.

Result: a little work of art.

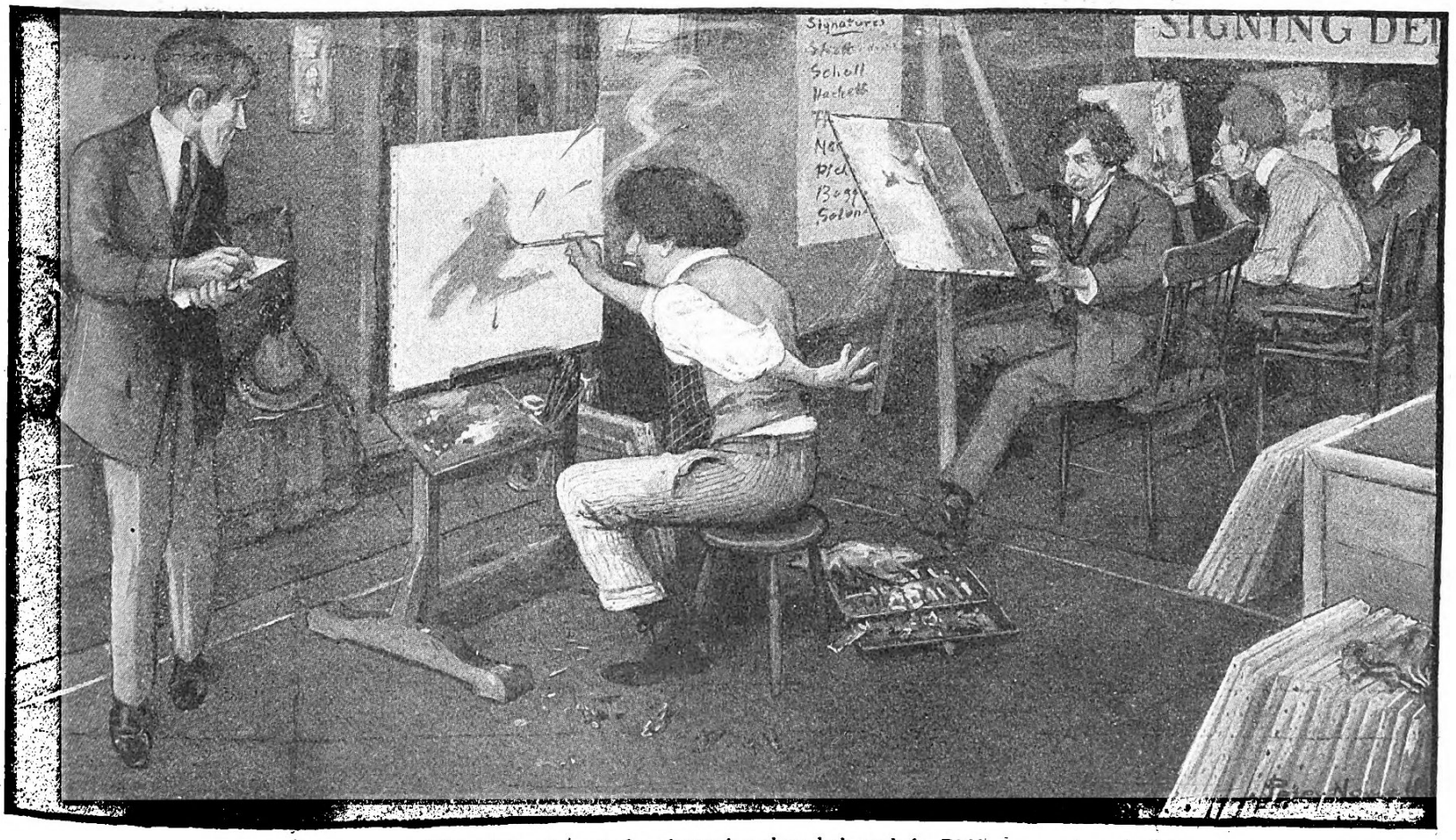
Signature: "Roversi" (we will say), and the canvas was taken from its easel as calmly as a man removes a piece of toast from a plate, set against the wall to join a long row of canvases of the same size, and then another was put on the easel, screwed into place, and "this man Diehl" sat down to his second.

I asked him if I might take a further look at the picture he had just done, and placed it in a good light to study it.

I could imagine it in a handsome frame and me with plenty of money in my pocket, and then I further imagined that I paid fifty dollars for it, and felt I was getting my money's worth.

And there *was* fifty dollars' worth there. It had been painted with a strong feeling for color, and a mastery of hand over brush that produced results that many artists would have struggled for hours to get.

It was as the artists had told me. Here was not a ninety-nine cent daub to grace the drawing-room of a man who became rich last October, but a simple little transcript from remembered



The painting of twenty-five pictures is a short day's work for Diehl

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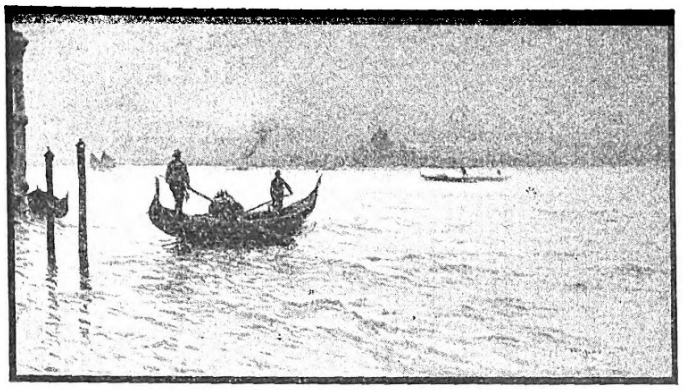
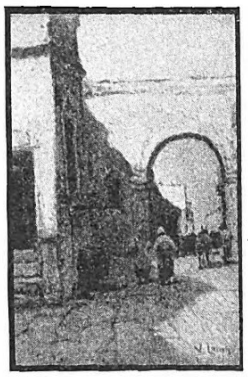


Nature, not painty, not impressionistic, but honest and interesting.

I returned the picture to its place and glanced at the canvas.

Had I been asleep?

Here he was putting the finishing touches to the beach at Scheveningen, and in that well-stored brain of his at that very moment (as the event proved) a half dozen stalwart fisherwomen were waiting their turn to go out and be seen of men.



As I looked they came, not more than "indicated" to be sure, but faithful as to head-dress and costume, and with a curious touch of vitality that made it seem likely they would wander up the beach in a moment and disappear.

There was not as much detail in this picture, which was finished in nineteen minutes. Mr. Diehl rose, stretched himself, whistled a bar from Grieg, and took up another canvas.

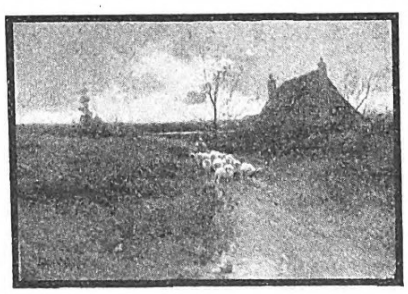
"Ah, you know Grieg's work?" said I.

"Surely. And I love it very much. Before you go I 'd like to play you a little thing of his

I picked up in London last summer. I never heard it over here."

So he was a musician as well as a wonder-artist.

It was evident, when he laid on his paint for the third canvas, that we would have snow before long. The sky was very snowy, and the westering sun (to use a phrase beloved of poets) was able to do little more than impart diffused light of a grayish tinge to the landscape.

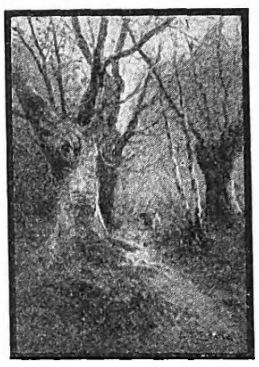


Diagonally across the canvas ran an uphill road—and it ran as fast as his brush could make it go. The snow was not deep enough to make a snow-plow necessary, which is lucky, because the place was evidently out in the country—Connecticut country, too, I thought, and told Mr. Diehl so.

"Well, now, really, that 's funny. I was thinking of a little bit of road I saw one day last winter near Canaan."

"It might be near Litchfield as well. It's New England hill country, fast enough."

As we spoke a horse was impatiently pawing with his hoofs in Mr. Diehl's interior property-room, eager to begin his journey through the snow because he knew that no provender would be fed to him until he crossed the next hill, passed a blacksmith-shop, and turned to his right where the red schoolhouse marks the crossing of two roads. Beyond that schoolhouse was his dinner, and shelter for the night.



Sure enough, in a minute a horse bearing a rider appeared on the road, and a moment later the rider had a warm coat of red on his back—a pardonable departure from the New England that is.

"The public dearly loves a bit of red," laughed he.

I was free to confess that I loved it myself, and I do not call myself a Philistine.

I was getting used to seeing pictures wrought as by the touch of a magic wand, but it suddenly came over me that I had not yet been an hour in his room, and he had finished and signed three canvases (with as many names).

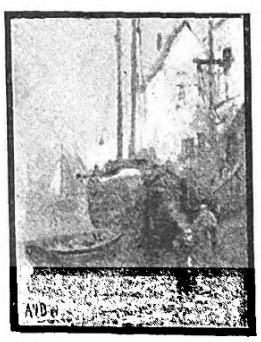
"For heaven's sake, Mr. Diehl," said I, "how many pictures have you done to-day?"

He inserted another canvas and said, "Let 's see—twenty-one, I think."

I figured that twenty-one and three made twenty-four, and that fifty dollars apiece was not an exorbitant sum. Even at twenty-five dollars apiece six hundred dollars a day was two hundred and nineteen thousand dollars a year, cutting out Sundays and holidays! Was I sitting alongside a Rockefeller?

He laughed when I suggested it, and gave me to understand that he could not very well look up his public, so he painted these pictures for a dealer who paid him so much for them, and then sold them at whatever advance set best on his conscience.

"I know of one picture of mine, painted in this way, that sold for three hundred and eighty dollars. To be sure it was a bit larger than these but it was painted at the same speed.



"Sometimes I paint for my own amusement, taking a longer time for the work, and putting in more detail. Such pictures I sign with my own name, and dispose of privately, at prices in advance of what I get for these 'on order' pictures—"

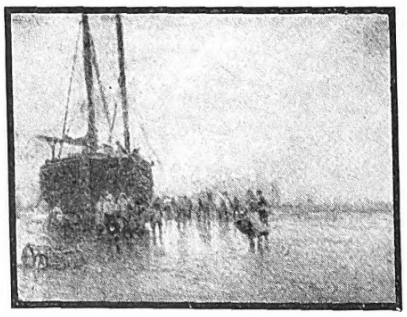
"May I interrupt to ask you how you are able to diversify your work so?" said I. "Have you a photographic eye?"

"I suppose I must have," said he, with a deprecating laugh, as if I had found him out in a foible. "Any landscape that I have once seen, and in which I was interested I can reproduce. There is not a capital in Europe that has not added to the pictures that are stacked away in my mind, all ready to be put on canvas when they are needed. You know I never repeat. Repetition leads to the madhouse, or it would in my case. As it is, I am always interested in what I am doing. I have seen Holland in sun and storm, Italy the same. To-day I paint the Grand Canal in bright sunlight, to-morrow in moonlight. Now it is a dreary day by the dykes, next it is skating time on the Haarlem or the return of the fishing fleet to the

Island of Maarken. Oh, the subjects are as countless as the sands of the sea.

"But of course it happens with every one that the brain is sluggish sometimes, and I have invented a little spur for such occasions. Will you just help yourself to that square of cardboard on that chair over there?—that 's it.

"You see I have two dials set side by side. On one of them is printed, in round robin form, a list of subjects for paintings: windmill, old church, hay meadows, stone steps at Capri, Alhambra, Coney Island, Notre Dame, and so forth. On the other dial is printed a list of weather or time conditions, like moonlight, sunrise, haze, snow-storm, windy day, June clouds, and so forth. You 'll notice that only one subject at a time is shown through the little slit that I have cut in the paper that covers my dials. Now turn the left hand dial."



I turned it and came on "Oxford."

"Now spin the other one for the atmospheric conditions."

This brought me "June clouds."

"You see; Oxford, in June. Very easy to paint Magdalen Gardens under June clouds—and so it goes. But I seldom have to use my machine, as my mind is full of the places I have seen."

Wonderful man! If men had never humored their laziness we would have had no great inventions. Why could not authors have a plot dial and a character dial? It might change the style of stories now current.

"Mr. Diehl, do you remember that first day I met you, when

[*Continued on page 347*]

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The WOMAN in the DARK

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON
AUTHOR OF "The Masquerader"

IN THE east, the brooding gray mystery of the Irish twilight had already gathered; in the west, behind the hunched shoulders of the mountains, the red sun was sinking slowly, casting its last deep shafts upon the stones and heather of the mountain-path and upon three human figures, walking in single file, with that peculiar carriage of the Irish peasant—half lazy saunter, half rhythmic swing of the body.

They might have been pilgrims to some shrine, these three; so silent they were, so meditative, so apparently aloof one from the other. First came a girl of nineteen, wearing a short homespun skirt and a faded cotton bodice that made no secret of the gracious outline of her body. She had thick, dark hair, this girl—hair that testified to her splendid vitality as surely as did the full red lips and the clear eyes shadowed by their dense black lashes. From head to foot she was a beautiful and perfect animal; and the fact that she was animal and no more would have escaped the notice of ninety-nine men out of any hundred who had chanced to see her on that evening treading the difficult mountain road with lithe, sure feet—her blue eyes made purple by the dying sun, her amber skin warmed to new color.

Close behind her—close as the narrow roadway would permit—came the second figure in the little procession—a young man in a rough white flannel coat, who was conveying a load of turf down the mountain—a young man of bronzed face and muscular figure, whose great height compelled him to bend every time he pulled his donkey's bridle to induce greater speed or paused to adjust a knot in the rotting harness.

Third in order of descent was another girl, differing in almost every particular from the first; one whom the imaginary ninety-nine men would have passed without a glance, but whom the hundredth would have paused to look at—to look and to look again. Physical beauty she had none, save the beauty of stature; but a curious, mystic charm was hers—a charm, pathetic, tragic, passionate, that brooded over her pale face and lurked in her deep gray eyes; and this strange, almost visionary possession was uppermost now as she followed in the wake of her sister Norah and of Shaun Sullivan and his ambling donkey. The strain of Celtic imagery wrapped her in its web, forcing her to open her senses to the pungent, mingling scents of thyme and heather—forcing her to follow the crimson light flung across her path from the mountain top to the Black Lough, lying below her in the dark cup of the valley.

But presently the dream was broken, the web rent. At the bend of the road, Norah turned to look back at her, ignoring the man between them with the toss of the head that is beauty's prerogative.

"Could you give a guess at all, Maurnah, who I met this evenin', comin' up apast Burke's field?"

For a second Maurnah's eyes rested on Shaun's darkening face, then she answered—

"Shure, how would I know? Hannah Burke herself, maybe?"

"Hannah, indade! 'T was no less than young Michael."

"The chap come back from Ameriky?" It was Shaun who put the question, and the primitive jealously behind it was unconcealed.

"Chap, indade!" Norah's cheeks burned and again she tossed her head. "'T is more than a chap Michael Burke is, I can tell you. He has a cutaway coat, an' a watch-chain, an' a gold ring on his finger. Shure, I had like to lose me life whin he spoke to me—an' I in me ould clothes!"

"And what did he say to you?"

The tone was fierce; it caused Norah's lips to part in an involuntary smile, and Maurnah's heart to contract in sudden, spasmodic pain.

"What did he say to me? What business is that of yours?"

Norah, immensely scornful, plucked a grass from the ditch, placed it between her teeth, and proceeded on her way, humming as she went.

As she disappeared round the bend of the road, Shaun suddenly chucked the rope bridle, hastening his donkey's pace to a trot, and as she reached the Black Lough, he came level with her.

"Norah!" he said inarticulately. "Norah! Here to me!"

Norah took no heed. She went her way, choosing in waywardness to make a path through the boulders that edged the Lough.

Shaun, watching the light feet step from one rock to another, was seized with sudden fear.

"Norah! Norah!" he called. "What are you doin' at all? Walkin' on the edge of that misfortunate Lough!" He left his donkey, ran forward, and caught her arm. His grip was like a vise, his face under his battered hat expressed uncurbed emotion—fear, anger, love.

Norah cried out, half in pain, half in dread of some force she could not understand.

"Lave me go!" she said. "Lave me go, I say! I'll walk where I like—aye, an' do what I like, too, without lave nor license from you!"

For answer, Shaun lifted her from her perilous position and set her down, trembling with rage, in the middle of the road.

"Don't you know well there's no fathomin' that black wather? Don't you know well that there's cowled springs down in the bottom of it, an' that man nor woman that dhrops into thim never rises agin? Don't you know that?"

Maurnah, coming up in time to hear the tirade, glanced at the Lough—truly black now, for the sun had sunk—and, shivering nervously, she turned toward Shaun's donkey, alone and forgotten under its load of turf.

It stood there, patient, lean, pathetically over-burdened, a strangely symbolic object silhouetted against the shadowed hills. Maurnah came close to it, picked up the rope bridle where it was worn shiny from Shaun's rough hand, and, taking a furtive glance at the two disputing in the roadway, laid her cheek for an instant against the thin, sinewy neck of the little beast. Then, as if ashamed of the action, she turned and began to walk down the road, passing her sister and her sister's lover without a glance.

But her departure broke the flow of angry words. As she passed, Norah darted after her and, linking her arm in hers, walked on, as though Shaun did not exist; while Shaun, almost as abrupt in his movements, turned to where his patient donkey awaited him and, catching up the frayed rein with no gentle hand, made haste to follow them.

At the second bend in the road, the girls' destination came into sight—a dark-thatched cabin, that seemed half built into the mountain, so closely did it nestle to the earth's breast. It was the typical homestead of the poorer mountain peasant. Before the open door stood a dirty pig-trough, and round about it scraped and clamored a dozen chickens; these, and a couple of goats tethered on a heathery patch, were all the sign of animal life visible; but the subtle, permeating smell of burning turf came sharply to the nostrils, and a thin blue scroll of smoke wavered up the mountain from the battered chimney, giving promise of unseen existence within the cottage.

Before this dwelling the three paused, and Shaun, with the odd mingling of diffidence and obstinacy that marks his class, broke the strained silence.

He was a fine figure as he halted before the sisters; and Maurnah, standing rigidly observant of his tanned face, felt a little quiver of flattered vanity run through her sister's frame.

"Norah," he said, "don't be takin' it in bad part, what I said while ago up at the Black Lough. Shure, 't was for your good I was manin' it."

Norah looked down pensively, her lashes shadowing her fine eyes.

"'T was very rough you was wid me entirely, Shaun."

The bait was skilfully cast; the fish was hungry.

"Rough?" Shaun stepped forward, so close that Maurnah could smell the turf smoke and tobacco smoke from his white coat. "Rough, Norah? Shure, in your heart an' sowl you know I 'd as soon—" Then he halted, suddenly self-conscious.

Norah raised her eyes—her wonderful eyes. "Shure, I do, Shaun."

The words, the tone—that infinitely soft, infinitely persuasive Irish lilt of voice—lured him, compelled him. His tanned face reddened; he took a step forward.

"Thin give the proof of your belavin'? Come a bit of a walk wid me to-night."

Again Norah looked down; again Maurnah felt her frame thrill.

Shaun, in his suspense, bent down and tried to see behind the veiling lashes.

"Shure, I suppose you won't?"

Norah lifted the lashes and their eyes met straightly.

"I wonder will I?"

"Wisha do! Wisha do!"

Norah played her fish a little longer; then her soft, red lips smiled.

"Maybe I will, thin."

Shaun's eyes held hers. "You mane that? 'T won't be like the last time, an' the time before, an' the time before that agin? I won't be afther waitin' above at the turn two hours, or maybe three, and thin have to make me way home the best way I could—wid never a sight nor sound of you? 'T won't be that way, Noreen?"

Norah continued to look into his eyes—continued to smile.

"Shure thim were other times, Shaun!" She whispered the words with an intense allurement; then, swift as a bird, she freed herself from her sister's arm, and with a little low laugh ran into the house.

Shaun stood looking after her, and to Maurnah it seemed that he had the look of a man spellbound. At last—not seeing her, bidding her no farewell—he turned and led his donkey down the road.

She stood where he had left her, until even the rumble of the donkey-butt had dwindled into oblivion; then she, in her own turn, passed into the house.

The open door led straight into what was the living-room and also the kitchen of the cottage. The only furniture that encumbered the mud floor was a deal table, a dresser, and a couple of chairs, all painted a dull red. At the back of the room was the door that led to the principal bedroom, and the ladder that led to the loft;

[Continued on page 339]

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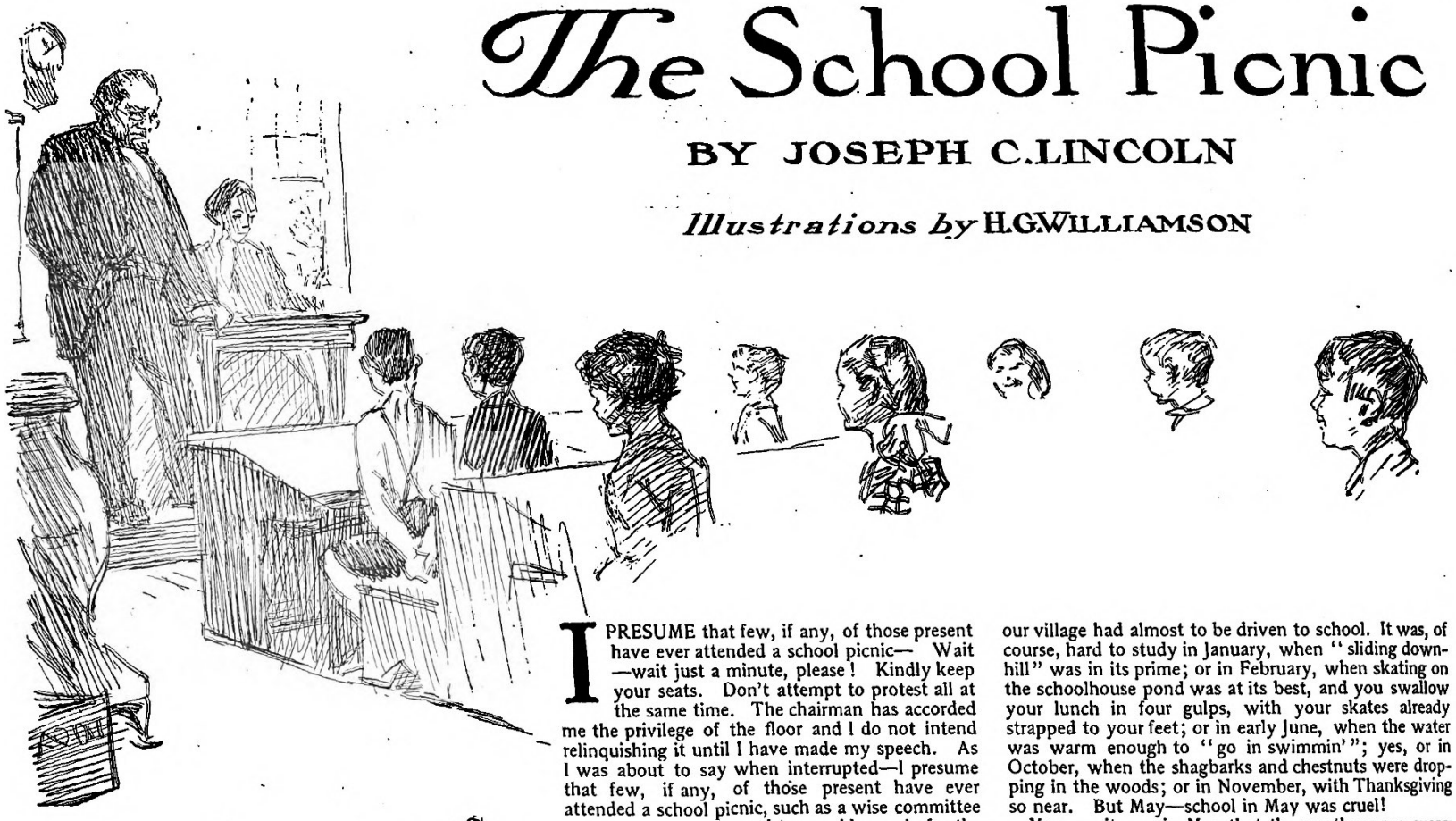
The School Picnic

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Illustrations by H. G. WILLIAMSON



I PRESUME that few, if any, of those present have ever attended a school picnic— Wait —wait just a minute, please! Kindly keep your seats. Don't attempt to protest all at the same time. The chairman has accorded me the privilege of the floor and I do not intend relinquishing it until I have made my speech. As I was about to say when interrupted—I presume that few, if any, of those present have ever attended a school picnic, such as a wise committee used to provide yearly for the children in our village.

I do not mean a Sunday-school picnic. There! Now will you be quiet? Certainly we had Sunday-school picnics; our society always had one, and so did the Baptists and the Congregationalists and the Methodists, every one in fact, except the Come-Outers, and their regular meetings, being held in the open air or in the parlors of the members, were usually more or less in the nature of picnics, and lively ones, too. Sunday-school picnics were good fun; I admit it. But the attendance was limited, only the scholars and teachers of your own faith being invited; whereas to the annual picnic of the day-school came boys and girls you scarcely knew, or had merely heard of; youngsters who lived way "up to the west'ard," in the vicinity of the abandoned salt-works, or in "Bassett's Holler," by the fish-houses; or in "Woodchuck Lane," where the little one-story schoolhouse was half hidden by scrub-oaks and huckleberry bushes, and the teacher was paid twenty dollars a month—and earned it. Often there were as many as one hundred and sixty children at the day-school picnic; the biggest crowd you ever saw, till you grew older and visited the County Cattle Show at Ostable.

May was the month of the school picnic, and the selection of the date was another proof of the wisdom of the committee. May was one of the months when the average youngster in our village had almost to be driven to school. It was, of course, hard to study in January, when "sliding downhill" was in its prime; or in February, when skating on the schoolhouse pond was at its best, and you swallow your lunch in four gulps, with your skates already strapped to your feet; or in early June, when the water was warm enough to "go in swimmin'"; yes, or in October, when the shagbarks and chestnuts were dropping in the woods; or in November, with Thanksgiving so near. But May—school in May was cruel!

You see it was in May that the weather grew warm enough for the windows to be opened. There was no fire built in the schoolhouse stove. Some of the toughest boys—fortunate youngsters whose parents were poor or shiftless—began to go barefoot and to wiggle their toes in triumph at their shod and envious brethren. The scent of new grass and green things drifted in on the breeze. Birds sang in the orchard beyond the whitewashed fence. It was "nesting time," and every male in our village, under the age of fifteen, had a cherished collection of eggs and was ambitious to add to it. Winter was over, spring was in its glory, and young blood stirred in answer to its call. No wonder that lessons limped and halted and discipline became more irksome than ever.

And then, on a forenoon when rebellion was most acute and even the good boys dreamed of "hooking jack" and going "egging," a dignified rap sounded on the schoolroom door. Teacher, hastening to answer it, admitted no less a personage than Captain Benijah Poundberry, Chairman of the School Committee. And after a brief consultation she announced that Captain Poundberry would address the school. The captain's addresses were, ordinarily, pompous and dry enough; but now, as you squared your shoulders and put your hands behind you in the attitude of "attention," your face and those about you were on the broad grin. You

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knew what he was going to say. He was going to announce that the school picnic would be held in Bradley's Grove on such and such a day. Scholars were expected to bring their own lunches and meet in the school yard at half past eight. Lemonade and ice-cream would be provided free. "Ahem! I—er—trust your behavior on that occasion will be becoming and such as to warrant the committee's—er—generosity for another year. Ahem!—er—yes."

Oh, that week—the week before that great event! Seven days? One hundred and sixty-eight hours? Humph! Well, maybe. But if every one of those hours was not a full year, then you missed your guess. The copy in the writing-book affirmed that "Time flies," and you are willing to admit, now that you and the old gentleman with the scythe are better acquainted, that there is some truth in the statement; but during the week preceding the school picnic you would have sworn that he stopped in the middle of the road and crawled under the car to tinker with the machinery. You spent the waking hours of that week with one eye on the clock and the other on the weather.

The weather used to mean so much in our village. When the First Baptist Society announced their strawberry festival—"strawberry vestibule," Sylvanus Cahoon persisted in calling it—the printed date on the bills was invariably followed by the line, "If stormy, first pleasant evening." And if it should storm on the day set for the picnic!

But it did n't. As you left the house, with your lunch basket on your arm, at a quarter to eight—you had been up since half past five and broad awake for an hour before that—the shadow of the big silver-leaf in the front yard lay clear-cut, a deep blue silhouette, across the yellow dust of the road. The blossoms from the cherry-trees fluttered down in perfumed snow showers as the fresh spring breeze stirred the branches. The scent of lilacs mingled with the smell of doughnuts from the basket you were carrying. The waves in the bay were blue satin, with braided edges of silver.

You started alone, but before you reached the school yard you were one of a joyous party. "Snuppy" Rogers was waiting for you at his front gate between the box hedges. "Oaks" Foster whistled between his fingers and came tearing across the pasture lot. "Crocodile"—his dressed-up name was Sam Crocker—came hobbling, stone bruise and all, through the lane by Simmons's. You passed a chirruping, beribboned party of little girls, who giggled and whispered about you behind their hands. You paid no attention to their whispers; you disdained girls—then.

The yard was crowded. The hay racks were ready, the horses dozing by the poles. Improvised benches had been arranged in the wagons by laying planks from side to side. Some of the most calculating and forehanded children were already roosting in desirable places on the benches. Everybody had a lunch-basket or box; everybody was talking or laughing at the top of his or her voice; everybody, even the two teachers—Mr. Hallett, who taught "up-stairs" in the grammar grades, and Miss Snow, who presided "down-stairs" in the primary—were happy. Everybody was care-free—that is, everybody except Zephaniah Hackett.

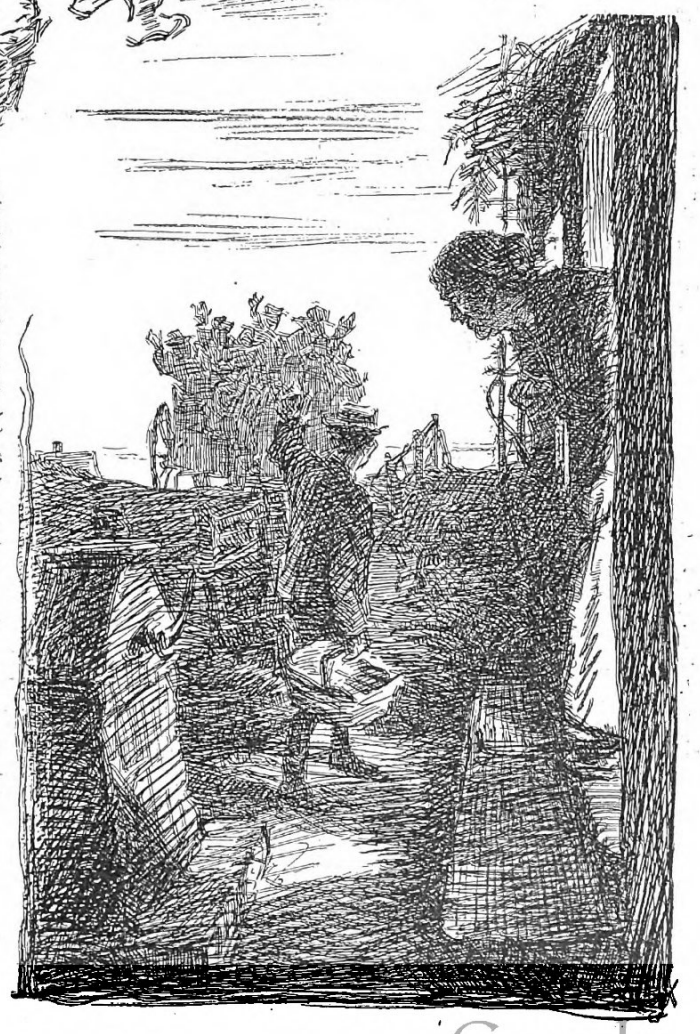
Zephaniah was not care-free—well, hardly. Just suppose that you, besides being janitor of the schoolhouse and sexton of the Congregational Church, were expected to provide ice-cream—lemon and vanilla—for one hundred and fifty children, not to mention a dozen grown-ups; lemonade—*enough* lemonade—for the same crowd; had to attend to the loading of the freezers, the lemons, sugar, glasses, tubs, and dishes; had to see to all these things and be responsible for them; then suppose that yours was a nervous temperament, and that, being a bachelor, you had no children of your own, and consequently were not used to having them under your feet and crawling up your back and shouting questions in your ear; would n't *you* be a trifle ruffled? I guess you would. During the years that have passed since your last school picnic you have learned to sympathize with Zephaniah.

Mr. Hackett's spare gray hair was ruffled. His specs slid down his perspiring nose like boats on the water-shutes at Coney Island; and as fast as he readjusted them, they were off on another coast. Tin spoons jingled out of his overflowing pockets as he rushed about. His vocal machinery needed oiling already.

"Hi!" he screamed hoarsely to his assistant, Mr. "Gabe" Lumley, who was to drive one of the wagons, "where's them wash-tubs goin'? In *your* wagon? Don't talk so foolish! Ain't the freezers in there? And the sassers and cups and all? Where you goin' to stow the folks? Cal'late you 're runnin' a baggage-truck, do ye? Yes, yes, yes, *yes*, YES! I 'm a-comin', Mr. Hallett. G' way from, me, you little loons! Tramped on your foot? Well, get your feet out of my way! Ain't you got the whole yard to put 'em in without—oh, Judas Priest!"

No, you would n't have been Mr. Hackett for anything—except the ice-cream and the lemonade.

The wagons fill; the benches are crowded with giggling, squealing rows. The last straggler comes tearing into the yard. Josiah Dimick's boy? Not much. It is only for regular school sessions that Natty Dimick is late; for picnics he is the first on the ground. Mr. Hallett rises from his seat beside Mr. Lumley to take one last look. Zephaniah, perched on the tail-board, wipes an agonized



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forehead and opines that "Suthin's been forgot; I know it. Always have that feelin' and never knew it to fail to turn out so. Oh, *why* in time can't I get decent help! Expect one man to"—etc.

The word is given. The wheels turn. We are off!

Bradley's Grove is away up by Great Pond. Ever so far—twenty miles, or—or—well, four and a quarter anyhow. The road, ruts six inches deep, winds through the pine groves and scrub-oaks. From the bald spot at the top of Myrick's Hill you get your last view of the bay and the village. It is a pretty picture, that view, but you are too busy to notice it. Sam Eldredge, on the rear bench, has started a pinch going and it is your business to "pass it along."

A steep hill, Myrick's! The horses have to tug. What are we stopping for? Oh, nothing much! The tail-board has become unfastened and Mr. Hackett has been spilled into the dust. No harm done. Just his luck, he says, as he clambers aboard. "Might a' known that fool Gabe had n't gumption enough to hitch up a tail-board. 'T ain't his fault I ain't broke my everlastin' neck."

The little "Woodchuck Lane" schoolhouse has a "truck-cart" full of youngsters, their teacher with them, waiting before it. The wagon falls in behind ours. At the next corner a riot is plainly in progress. No, not a riot; merely the hay-racks from "Bassett's Holler" and the school "up to the west'ard." The procession is a regular caravan by now, and the noise—whew! A tiny gray "cottontail" hops into the middle of the road, takes one look, and heads for tall timber. Wherever he is going he certainly will break the record for the distance.

More woods—and woods—and woods. Then a clearing, and a plowed field. Then a lone house, the house of Cyrus Bradley, owner of the grove. Fortunate man! he could have a picnic every day if he wanted to!

Cyrus is waiting by the rail fence, where we turn off to go to the pond. He has let down the bars already; a mean thing to do when there are seventy boys, each one eager to perform this important task. His luxuriant chin whiskers wave grandly in the breeze, "just like buckwheat," so "Snuppy" Rogers whispers. "Got a fine day for it, ain't ye?" comments Mr. Bradley. You bet you! Three cheers for the day! Three cheers for Cyrus! Three cheers for the buckwheat whisk—S-s-sh-h—behave yourselves!

A narrow winding through the pines, their needles slapping you in the face as you duck under them. Then a sharp turn, and behold! Below you, shining in the sun, its waters alive and dancing, its yellow beaches and sand bluffs decorative and color-giving, green, wooded hills hemming it in—Great Pond, with Bradley's Grove beside it.

Only a short ride now, but you don't ride. Like "Foolish Sol"—a local character who used to carry packages from one town to the other, running at full speed on the railroad-tracks—you "can't stop for the train." You pile out of the wagon and race, one of a whooping multitude, down the hill and into the grove. The tall beeches reach out and cover you with their green-sleeved arms, the noble oaks and the birches, the latter spandy clean in new white bark, pillar the high dome of quivering foliage. On the pond and in the fields it is warm and brilliant; in the grove all is dusky coolness.

The wagons enter one by one. The passengers—mostly teachers and the big boys and girls; all the younger set got out when you did—alight. Mr. Hallett descends, calm and dignified. Zephaniah slips from the tail-board and becomes hysterically busy. The preliminaries are over. The picnic has begun.

There are so many things to do all at once—that is the main trouble. Mr. Hackett and Gabe Lumley are unloading the freezers and tubs and dishes, an extremely interesting process and one which you would like to watch. But "Snuppy" is on hand to suggest an excursion after yellowbirds' eggs in the thickets by the shore of the pond; and "Oaks" Foster knows where there are likely to be some swamp-apples—warty, watery excrescences, growing on low bushes, deliciously green and indigestible; and "Crocodile" thinks it would be fun to go off "by ourselves somewheres" and have a swim; and "Dodo" Salters has brought a fish-line and proposes trying for "pumpkin-seeds" and perch; and—"Aw, what are we standin' round here for? Let 's do somethin'."

The thickets are green and tangled and delightful. No yellowbirds' nests in sight as yet, but always sure to be some just a little way farther on. The ground under foot is soggy and wet. Off come shoes and stockings. Now we can splash and wade and enjoy ourselves. Here 's a swamp-apple! Green? Certainly; but enough for one small bite apiece. Just as it comes your turn to bite, the worm inside sticks his head out. Never mind; you 're first on the next one.

A sheltered little cove, its sandy beach hidden by bushes, and the water so clear that you can see the pebbles and fresh-water clams on the bottom of the very deepest hole. Sometimes, at home, at bedtime, it takes you almost a half hour to undress; now the slowest member of the gang is naked and neck deep in five minutes. Whee! but it 's fine! You swim, dive, do the "dog-paddle" and the "steamboat." Likewise you "sound," treading water and holding your nose, then sinking until one groping toe touches the sand, when you shoot to the surface, emerging with a sputter and a triumphant yell of "S-o-o deep!"

When you get back to the grove, preparations for dinner are in full blast. Zephaniah, shirt-sleeves rolled above his elbows, is making the lemonade. He has a big, two-handed squeezer and the yellow juice spatters in the bottom of the wash-tub. It makes your mouth pucker to watch him. The teachers and the big girls are spreading cloths on the ground in the largest clear space. Nonsense, of course! What 's the use of tablecloths at a picnic? Why don't they have dinner now—*now?*

Well, they do at last. You gather about the cloths, kneeling or sitting "tailor fashion" on the moss and the leaves. Covers come off the lunch-baskets. Ah, these mothers of ours! Who but a mother would spend hours of a busy day in preparing stuffed eggs and sandwiches and apple puffs and cake? Cake? There are no less than seventy-five different kinds of cake in those baskets and boxes, and every kind light and feathery and delicious. You eat it all, all you can get, but you do not then appreciate the love and self-denial animating the tired hands which made it. Now you do, now when those hands have been at rest for so many years.

You 've eaten all you can possibly stuff and have moistened the cargo with two tin-cupfuls of lemonade. Therefore you are ready for the ice-cream which the ubiquitous Hackett is dealing out. His is certainly a bully job—none better—but, like all great men filling responsible positions, Zephaniah has his troubles.

"Hey? Well, wait a minute, can't ye?" he inquires, brandishing a saucer in one hand and an iron spoon in the other. "Hold on till it 's your turn! I never see such a gang of young hogs in my born days. All right! *All right!* Which 'll it be—lamon or vanilla! Lamon you said! There you be! Clear off my feet! Mr. Hallett, for the land sakes make a couple million of these young ones keep in line, can't ye?"

You had a great scheme, product of "Crocodile's" inventive brain, by which you were to obtain both kinds of ice-cream. You were to get the lemon first, swallow it as quickly as possible, hide your saucer and spoon in the bushes, and then line up once more, innocent and bland, to be helped to vanilla; the supposition being that Mr. Hackett, in the rush of his occupation, would not remember and would think it was your first trip. It was a good plan and might have worked—if it had not been for teacher.

However, you get enough—quite enough. You were there to eat and you have fulfilled your destiny. Trifles, such as crawling caterpillars and investigating bugs, may annoy finicky and foolish folks like women and girls—may even prevent their enjoyment of ice-cream and lemonade—but a boy's appetite is bug proof. If an insect is swallowed, so much the worse for it, that 's all.

After dinner is a more or less restful time. You have no craving for that widely advertised panacea which will do away with "that full feeling after eating." To feel full is to be full, and to be full is the proper and blissful state following a picnic meal. You loll about and talk and laugh. The smaller girls make wreaths of oak and holly leaves, ridiculous contraptions with which they would decorate you if you would let them. But you 're no sissy, like Gussie Ellis, the Sunday-school superintendent's boy.

The big fellows, too, of sixteen or seventeen—those in the back seats of Mr. Hallett's "up-stairs" schoolroom—are talking or walking about with the damsels in muslin and ribbons, girls old enough, almost, to put their hair up, and whose dresses reach their shoe tops. Couple after couple stroll away along the beach of the pond or under the oaks. Softies! Would n't it make you sick?

Ah, well! there *were* picnics, picnics of a later time, when you, too, strolled under the trees with a being radiant in ruffles and ribbons. And you enjoyed it too, even though you were bashfully conscious of not knowing what to say, and painfully aware that your new shoes were a size too small. There was one girl in particular whose eyes were as black and deep as the water in the well at home and with the same liquid sparkle in them. She was slender and moved with the grace of a blown dandelion puff. Her hair was brown and tied with a blue ribbon. You stole that ribbon and refused to give it back, in spite of her not too strenuous protests. You said you were going to keep it always. Goodness knows where it is now. And when you met her during "Old Home Week" last summer, she looked as if she might weigh two hundred pounds, and she said she would n't have known you because you had grown so bald.

On the little knoll overlooking the pond, the grown folks—the teachers and Mr. Hackett and Gabe—are talking lazily. Zephaniah is telling of other picnics in that grove, when he was a boy, and later. He tells one story which is a local tradition; you have heard your mother tell it.

It was a sad story, and sadder than ever now, as the sun sinks and the shadows of the hills beyond are thrown duskily on the water. It makes you shiver—although possibly the swamp-apples and sweet-flag and lemonade and ice-cream with which you are freighted are contributing toward your inward uneasiness. At any rate you do not complain when the order is given to harness the horses for the homeward ride.

The wagons move out of the grove. The twilight deepens. Fireflies twinkle and dance, like drifting sparks blown from dying fires, amid the thickets where you hoped to find the birds' nests. You would n't go there now for *anything*. The frogs begin their evening serenade of warning, the little "pinkwinks" furnishing the shrill soprano and the great bull-throated chaps along the pond's edges booming the bass:

"Deep-deep! deep-deep! deep-deep!
Better go *'round!* Better go *'round!*"

The stars are lighted up one by one. A mist rises all about. The thought of the cozy sitting-room at home comes to your mind and is attractive.

The woods are blots of blackness framing the narrow ribbon of the road. The breeze has a damp, sweet, night odor. In the leading wagon some one begins to sing "Seeing Nellie Home," and the plaintive melody is taken up along the line. Then follows "The Spanish Cavalier" and "Tavern in the Town" and, of course and always, "Home Again from a Foreign Shore."

Our house, the back of it, is alight and inviting. You shout your good nights and tumble out of the wagon. The side door, the door under the lattice of wistaria and morning-glory vines, swings wide and on its threshold stands some one who kisses you and asks, "Well, did you have a good time, dearie?"

Oh me! if just once more you might alight at that door and be welcomed by that some one. Would your answer then, even though you were ever so tired and sleepy, be careless or cross? No! no indeed! But that door is shut, forever and ever shut.

The last you hear from the wagons as they rattle along the main road is Zephaniah Hackett's wail from his perch on the last tail-board of all.

"By thunder mighty! I 'm clean wore and petered out. I wisht to the everlastin' there wan't no such things as school picnics."

Zephaniah would have his wish if he were living now. There are no more day-school picnics in our village. There are picnics, of course, there and all over this big country; your own boy is going to one next week and is exultant.

"We 're going to the big park, pa," he crows. "And there are merry-go-rounds and all sorts of fun. We are going in special trolley-cars. Hurrah!"

He does n't know any better; he has n't had your advantages. So you smother your pity and try to enthuse with him. But to picnic in a park, after riding in a trolley! Mercy on us! what is the world coming to!

To a Robin

By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

YOU accurately reckon
Her coming to a day!
When her bright fingers beckon,
You 're up and on your way.

And on some rainy morning,
Refreshing and remote,
I catch the first spring warning
In your metallic note.

Sing on, brave little Robin,
Until the blossoms start
To bless the lyric throb in
The music of your heart!

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THE RIGHT KIND OF STAGE CENSORSHIP

Plainfield, New Jersey, has demonstrated that it is within the power of every City and Town to keep out suggestive and indecent theatrical performances

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

A STAGE censorship in this country is probably impossible, and certainly undesirable. In England it has worked consistently for hypocrisy and has, in all likelihood, suppressed more good plays than bad ones. And it is quite foreign to American institutions and traditions.

Besides, it is unnecessary.

Plainfield, New Jersey, has shown a simpler and more democratic way to insure a clean theater in your town.

The first of the current year, while discussion was beginning to rise in New York about the indecent "shows" rampant there, a so-called "second company" in one of them—a farce—came to Plainfield. Certain men and women, including the mayor, decided it was time to take some action. Plainfield is a small city, about an hour's run from New York. It has a considerable population of factory workers, and a considerable population of well-to-do people, some of them extremely well-to-do. Many men in the latter class go to New York daily. There is one theater in the city where first-class plays are presented for a night, two or three of them in a week, the other nights being filled with popular priced melodramas. It has one vaudeville theater in the Keith-Proctor circuit, devoted in part to moving pictures. And, in addition, it has two small nickel and dime moving-picture houses. The mayor's action was not alone directed toward the plays in the theater, but toward the vaudeville and moving pictures as well.

He appointed a committee of six men, residents of the town, who have their business in New York, to investigate all of these amusement houses. Not only were they to investigate actual conditions, but possible conditions; that is, they went to the various plays under discussion in New York, to see which of them should be kept out of Plainfield. These six men were what are sometimes called "hard-headed business men." They represented the average man's catholicity of taste; they were not sectarian in their views, nor, probably, "squeamish." While the committee carried no authority except to report, the mayor would undoubtedly keep out of Plainfield any play, vaudeville act, or moving picture which they reported on unfavorably.

"Two of our committee have seen 'The Girl from Rector's,'" one of them said to me. "I think it is quite safe to say that that play will never get into Plainfield."

A Moral Deterrent to Booking Agents

In its investigation of conditions in the Plainfield playhouses, the committee naturally found the local managers ready to meet them more than half way. The life of a theater depends on public patronage, and the theater in a small community can not afford to antagonize any portion of its public. The committee did not find any more of the objectionable plays booked at the theater, nor did it find, in the moving-picture houses, the blood-curdling films, the pantomimic tales of crime, it had been led to expect. The public outcry against the "immorality" of moving pictures everywhere has been based upon considerable exaggeration. But perhaps the organization of this committee may have served to eliminate a few objectionable films in advance. No one can tell that but the managers.

At any rate, if this committee did not actually "clean up" anything, if it found normal conditions in Plainfield, it probably served, and will serve for some time to come, as a moral deterrent to the theatrical booking agents. It is very unlikely that any manager in New York will send a salacious play or a filthy vaudeville act to Plainfield, New Jersey. The members of the committee, who had to submit to considerable "joshing" from their friends, have this much of solid satisfaction. They have put up a "keep out" sign on the town border, as a warning to indecent theatricals.

And if every community like Plainfield, every community large enough to have a theater or two, but small enough for concerted action, should take a similar stand, how long do you think indecent theatricals would flourish? They would die in a month. The Trail of the Tenderloin would be stopped at the source. We do not need, nor do we desire, Federal or State censors of plays. Each community can be its own censor, when the occasion requires, after the good American custom. And if "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" or "Miss Innocence" or "The Girl from Rector's" or an "Egyptian dancer" is booked for your town, the occasion does require. Take a tip from Plainfield. Get the mayor to have a look at the theatrical bookings in your town and give orders accordingly. It is perfectly simple. You have the remedy in your own hands.

Examine Conditions in Your Own City

There is scarcely a small city in the country where a committee of sane, shrewd men, such as the Plainfield committee, could not accomplish considerable good for the theaters in many ways. For instance, in only too many towns the building and fire laws are either too lax or are not rigidly enforced. I have in mind a city in New England—a very proud, superior city—where the leading theater is old and ridiculously unsafe. I never enter it without a tremor. The auditorium is a story above the street, to start with—something that ought never to have been permitted. And the aisles are scarcely wide enough for even two thin people to pass each other. For the sake of a few extra dollars in seating capacity, the lives of hundreds of people are put in jeopardy every day. These aisles should be widened at once.

In most cities the cheap moving-picture theaters, much frequented by children, are poorly ventilated, badly equipped with exits, and too often so arranged that the seats block direct egress by the few exits there are. Moreover, the rules against spitting are almost never enforced in these ill-ventilated places. It is not only the stage itself that needs looking after.

You may not think that any of these evils exist in your town; but probably they do. You may not think that any of the Tenderloin obscenities are coming to your theater; but probably they are. And probably some of your children or young people are going to see them. You have a remedy to your hand. Appoint a committee of men you trust to look into your theaters, that important and far-reaching branch of your community life, which interests and touches you all, high and low. If this committee does not find anything actually wrong, as in Plainfield, it will, at least, serve as a powerful preventive against anything wrong in the future. Here, as anywhere, the ounce of prevention is, after all, worth the pound of cure.

Remember that "The Girl from Rector's" can never get into Plainfield. It is better for everybody in your town, too, never to have it there than to let six hundred of your young men see it on the opening night, and all your wives and children see its suggestive posters on the fences. You can keep it out, it and all its kind. Let your local manager understand officially that he will not be allowed to book such pieces. He will not try to book them if his license depends on it. You may be sure of that.

But nothing could be farther from the wish of this magazine or the intention of the writer than to convey the impression that all the drama which comes from New York, or even a preponderance of it, is indecent. And least of all would the writer wish to convey the impression that he is hostile to the theater as an institution, or to the serious, honest portrayal of American life on the stage, even in its more somber or oppressive phases. The hope of the American stage to-day, now that the era of great acting in "heroic drama" is over, now that the blank-verse classics no longer appeal to the modern mind, is in the drama of contemporary life, the faithful rendering of American types and conditions. In so far as our playwrights are encouraged to report our life truthfully, intelligently, at times if possible poetically, we shall have a theater in which intelligent men and women can once more delight to sit.

And, in order properly to encourage playwrights, we must give them liberty—which is quite a different matter from giving the managers license. A man of real talent can not write to order; he must pick his subjects, treat of what interests him. But this applies only to writers of talent, not to the managerial panvenders of vice for commercial purposes.

And it is perfectly simple to draw the line clearly and logically, in almost every case, between the two.

Suggestion Does More Harm Than Frankness

For, between the obviously indecent, the flagrantly and frankly vulgar in stage entertainment, and the alleged immorality of serious and truthful dramas which depict scenes of depravity or present characters of unsavory lives, is a wide gap. It is a characteristic of a certain type of mind, perhaps, to scent moral danger in the latter variety of entertainment, and to view with tolerance or, rather, with indifference, the former. This type of mind will view a performance of Ibsen's "Ghosts" as it would a recreation of Sodom and Gomorrah, while imposing no strenuous objection to salacious musical comedies that attract a much larger number of spectators and make no appeal to the intellect. Both the facts of experience and of introspective psychology show this attitude to be wrong; and under the specious moral shelter of this attitude indecency has crept into our theater where it does the most harm, even while serious plays were being kept out. Hypocrisy is none the less harmful, though unconscious. Making of Eugene Walter's serious, thoughtful, and tragic play, "The Easiest Way," a supposed offense against public morals is not only arbitrarily to twist that play from its purpose, but also, by making it a success of sensation, not of merit, to encourage low-minded managers in false and vulgar imitations, and in more frank and open varieties of salaciousness. And any committee a town may appoint must guard against this injustice.

It is absurd to expect the stage to exist solely for the benefit of the Very Young Person.

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The canting question, "Can I take my daughter to that play?" if its implications were followed out, would result in a drama so namby-pamby, so sugar-and-weak-teay, so chocolate-cream-and-fudgey, that the public would suffer from a mental and emotional indigestion and malnutrition nearly, if not quite, as dangerous as immorality. There are some facts of life that must be faced, and must be treated in art forms, if art is to be representative of humanity. To deny them the right of artistic representation is to cripple art, to gag the artist. If some parents relied less on art and more on themselves to tell their children facts about life, perhaps they would dread less the dangers of the adult drama.

The Stage Is Sometimes Rightly Too Strong for Children

Art never has and never can exist solely on the plane of the very young. The greatest masterpieces of the world, surely, contain many things that are not for unaided juvenile consumption. The question, "Can I take my daughter to that play?" implies that art has ceased to minister to our needs when we have graduated into adult years, which in turn implies that we ourselves have ceased to grow, or to desire to.

Such an assumption can not stand serious thought. It is the parents' duty not to stifle art, but to safeguard their children; and one of the most effective safeguards is to see that the inevitable revelations come to the children from the lips of their parents, not from surreptitious trips to the theater, or stolen hours with forbidden books.

But it is one thing to grant liberty to art, and quite another to grant license. After all, art is but another manifestation of man's activities; it is not something apart, subject to laws of its own. It is one of man's creations in the service of humanity. It is moral or immoral not at all because of its subject matter, any more than is the sermon or the text books or the medical lecture. It is moral or immoral according as its effect on the minds and passions of its beholders is for good or evil. Ultimately, then, what purpose lies in the brain of the artist will condition the morality of his work. If that purpose is high and serious, his work will be moral, though he paint the gutter. If his purpose be low and base, if it be to turn liberty into license (and cash), his work will be immoral, though his hero be an archangel and his heroine a sainted nun.

The Discussion about "Salvation Nell"

Mrs. Fiske produced last winter a play called "Salvation Nell," by Edward Sheldon, a graduate of Harvard, an outspoken and earnest young man. Nell began her life as badly as might be, and the awful degeneracy of a Bowery barroom was depicted on the stage. But the play won its way up to hope and redemption; it inspired pity for the struggling souls who start so horribly handicapped; it called forth cleansing tears from hardened theatergoers. At a nearby theater, a woman as far removed from Mrs. Fiske in artistic stature and idealism as pole from pole was depicting in a vile musical play a schoolgirl completely unspotted from the world, and, by her adventures amid a set of elegant rakes and overdressed or undressed women, was inspiring ribald mirth. Yet "Salvation Nell" was thundered at as immoral by some of our critics, while their papers sent reporters to "Miss Innocence," who gave it warm praise. Not only was a grave injustice thus done to our finest and noblest actress, but the reading public was deceived by the organs which should enlighten it.

Let us be honest with ourselves. Let us consider the matter in the only sensible way, the only scientific way, the ultimate way. Let us inspect our own emotions and sentiments before disputed works of art. Introspection furnishes the ultimate basis of psychological investigation. The only way by which we can judge how a work of art will probably affect others is by the way it affects us. Generalizations on any other basis are worthless.

We Must Judge Plays by the Emotions They Arouse

A work of art is neither moral nor immoral save as it arouses in us, the spectators, good or bad thoughts and suggestions. If it arouses neither, then it is negative; it has no more moral quality than a man who does absolutely nothing. If we bear this fundamental fact in mind, after carefully considering our personal experiences in the theater, we can not escape the conclusion that serious plays and operas, like many of the classic Greek tragedies, or "The Valkyrie," or "Antony and Cleopatra," or "Othello," or "Iris," or "Magda," or "Ghosts," or "Salvation Nell," or "The Easiest Way," which were obviously written by men of sincere purpose and profound observation, have not inspired in us evil thoughts and suggestions, but the contrary. They have stirred us to pity, aroused us to fuller realization of the intricate complexities of conduct and society; even, in many cases, touched us with the flame of beauty.

If, now, we look for the plays, operas, and spectacles which have inspired in us evil thoughts and suggestions, in all honesty and frankness what do we find? Do we not find that they have been in almost every instance the comedies that made light of immorality and sexual infidelity; still more, the works created with the avowed purpose of arousing evil ideas by physical exposures that assault the eye, by the subordination of the serious, the truthful, the intellectual, and the thrusting forward of the frivolous, the glitter that lulls the mind and stimulates the senses? If any one can consider his own experiences and then honestly testify to the contrary, he has been in some way warped or perverted.

The testimony of theatrical history is all to the same effect. The golden epochs of theatric art have always seen adult, often unpleasant subjects treated in the drama, and, because they were treated with truth and high seriousness, turned into beauty as by a transfigurating glory. Comedies and spectacles have always marked a decline; and the periods of debasement have always been those periods when immorality was made light of. The Restoration drama in England, the drama of the Imperial Tenderloin of Charles II., was a drama of comedy. Not the matter treated of in the drama, but the manner of treating it, has ever been the sign of immorality on the stage.

A Knowledge of Unpleasant Facts often Aids Reform

And for this very plain reason, not because "The Easiest Way" is produced, should we cry out in alarm; but because the facts which it depicts about the Tenderloin are true facts. Any real and sincere ethical passion will seek not to suppress the drama, but to remedy the facts. And one of these facts is the low moral standard of a considerable portion of the theatrical world of New York, and the consequent low taste of this world in matters concerning the drama. That "The Easiest Way" depicts these facts in the main with high seriousness, tragically, not comically, is in reality a hopeful sign. It shows that our playwrights are not dead to evil. It is the farces which make light of these facts which our ethical indignation should in reality strike. *Their* acceptance by the public, *their* popularity, is the true sign of a weakened public conscience. *It is when we can no longer get mad at evil, that the evil has done its work.*

In my own observation of many audiences at this play, and in talks with many people who have seen it, I have almost invariably found its bitterest opponents to be those least in a position to cast the first stone. Its warmest adherent among my acquaintances is a wise and high-minded clergyman; its severest critic, on the grounds of its "immorality," a theatrical manager. I am inevitably reminded of Molière's "Second Placet Concerning 'Tartuffe,'" written after the performance of that immortal satire had been prevented by the bigots whom it exposed so mercilessly:

"However they [the bigots] wish to make the people believe that they are fighting the cause of God, it is by no means offenses against Him that put them in a rage; this they have proved sufficiently by tolerating without a murmur comedies that have been performed many times in public. These plays only attack piety and religion, for which they care very little indeed. But my play attacks and exposes their own persons, and that they can not bear. They can not forgive me for having unmasked their impostures in the eyes of the whole world. I am awaiting . . . the decision which your Majesty will deign to pronounce in this affair. But one thing is certain, Sire, that if the Tartuffes gain the upper hand, I must give up all thought of writing comedies."

Smash the Thing Mirrored, Not the Mirror

As a matter of fact, the real reason why intelligent people raise a moral outcry against "The Easiest Way," and no outcry against debauched vaudeville and musical comedy, is in no small measure because the intelligent people so seldom go to vaudeville or musical comedy. Their hypocrisy in the matter is quite unconscious. They object to what seems to them the Trail of the Tenderloin in their drama. They do not realize that it is in reality but the reflection, the mirrored picture in the glass of art, of the real Trail of the Tenderloin which is being dragged through vaudeville and farce and musical comedy, making its base and insidious appeal to thousands who are far less able to resist than this intelligent minority. Let us not take the easiest way in our reforms, and smash the mirror. Let us rather be wise and just, and smash the thing mirrored. Let us clean up musical cemedy and vaudeville.

And to do this, one of the most effective ways, as we have shown, is independent action by the great majority of decent people who live in the smaller cities and towns of the country. A committee of citizens in any such community can readily learn what are the worthy plays of the season, and what are the salacious farces, the Ziegfeld and other musical indecencies, and the vaudeville acts which are improper. Sometimes it may seem to such a committee that local conditions, such as very general theatergoing among young as well as old, warrant keeping out even serious plays which treat of vicious phases of life.

What Your Local Committee May Hope to Accomplish

But, in the main, such a committee should realize that the serious drama of contemporary life is the hope of our American stage, and this committee should do all in its power to encourage such drama, while discouraging the tainted Tenderloin products which make light of vice and trade on indelicacy—discouraging them in the most practical and effective way, by keeping them out of town. Until the best people in the community once more patronize the theater, the theater will not rise to its rightful place of influence and charm. And the best people will not patronize the theater again until it is freed from frivolous rot and has banished the Goddess Lubricity.

But we have, after all, so many best people that this should be easy if we once earnestly set about it. Plainfield has shown a way. In every town which boasts a theater the good work can be carried on. Do you want the Trail of the Tenderloin in your town? If you don't—see that the manager of your local theater is forbidden to let it get in. The fault is yours if it does!

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MOTHER

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"ALL that I am or hope to be," said Lincoln, after he had become President, "I owe to my angel mother."

"My mother was the making of me," said Thomas Edison, recently. "She was so true, so sure of me; and I felt that I had some one to live for; some one I must not disappoint."

"All that I have ever accomplished in life," declared Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, "I owe to my mother."

"To the man who has had a mother, all women are sacred for her sake," said Jean Paul Richter.

The testimony of great men in acknowledgment of the boundless debt they owe to their mothers would make a record stretching from the dawn of history to to-day. Few men, indeed, become great who do not owe their greatness to a mother's love and inspiration.

How often we hear people in every walk of life say, "I never could have done this thing but for my mother. She believed in me, encouraged me, when others saw nothing in me."

"A kiss from my mother made me a painter," said Benjamin West.

A distinguished man of to-day says: "I never could have reached my present position had I not known that my mother expected me to reach it. From a child she made me feel that this was the position she expected me to fill; and her faith spurred me on and gave me the power to attain it."

It is a strange fact that our mothers, the molders of the world, should get so little credit and should be so seldom mentioned among the world's achievers. The world sees only the successful son; the mother is but a round in the ladder upon which he has climbed. Her name or face is never seen in the papers; only her son is lauded and held up to our admiration. Yet it was that sweet, pathetic figure in the background that made his success possible.

Many a man is enjoying a fame which is really due to a self-effacing, sacrificing mother. People hurrah for the governor, or mayor, or congressman; but the real secret of his success is often tucked away in that little unknown, unappreciated, unheralded mother. His education and his chance to rise may have been due to her sacrifices.

The very atmosphere that radiates from and surrounds the mother is the inspiration and constitutes the holy of holies of family life.

"In my mother's presence," said a prominent man, "I become for the time transformed into another person."

How many of us have felt the truth of his statement! How ashamed we feel when we meet her eyes, that we have ever harbored an unholy thought, or dishonorable suggestion! It seems impossible to do wrong while under that magic influence. What revengeful plans, what thoughts of hatred and jealousy, have been scattered to the four winds while in the mother's presence! Her children go out from communion with her resolved to be better men, nobler women, truer citizens.

The greatest heroine in the world is the mother. No one else makes such sacrifices, or endures anything like the sufferings that she uncomplainingly endures for her children.

I know a mother who has brought up a large family of children under conditions which, I believe, no man living could possibly have survived. She had a lazy, worthless husband with no ambition, no force of character; a man extremely selfish and exacting, who not only did practically nothing to help his wife carry her terrible burden, but also insisted upon her waiting upon him by inches.

They were too poor to afford a servant, and the good-for-nothing husband would not lift a finger to help his wife if he could avoid it; yet he was cross, crabbed, and abusive if meals were not on time, and if they were lacking in any respect, or if the children annoyed him or interfered with his comfort. Although the mother worked like a slave to keep her little family together and to make a living for them, her husband would never even look after the children while she was working, if he could sneak out of it. When the children were sick, he would retire without the slightest concern, and leave the jaded mother, who had worked all day like a galley slave, to nurse them. This man never seemed to think that his wife needed much sleep or rest, a vacation, holiday, or any change; he seldom took her anywhere, and was never known to bring her home a flower or a nickel's worth of anything. He thought that anything was good enough for his wife. She made her clothes over and over again, until they were worn out, but he always had to have a natty suit, which his wife must keep pressed. He insisted upon having his tobacco and toddy, and would always take the best of everything for himself, no matter who else went without.

Yet, in spite of the never-ending drudgery, the lack of comforts and conveniences in her home, and the fact that her health was never good; no matter how much her rest was broken by attendance upon the sick children, or how ill she might be, this woman never complained. She was always cheerful, always ready to give a helping hand and an encouraging word, even to her ungrateful husband. Calm, patient, and reassuring, she never failed to furnish the balm for the hurts of all her family. This woman saw her beauty fade, and the ugly lines of care, anxiety, and suffering come into her face. She saw no prospects of relief from care for herself in the future; nothing but increasing poverty, homelessness, and not a cent in the savings-bank. Yet she never complained. No one heard her denounce her shiftless husband, the real cause of all her sufferings. She literally gave up her life to her family, until there was nothing left but the ashes of a burned-out existence, nothing but the shell of a once enchantingly beautiful and noble woman.

Ah, this is heroism—to see all the dreams of girlhood fade away, nearly everything of value go out of the life, and yet to bear up under it all with a sublime courage, heavenly patience, superb dignity, a wonderful mental poise and optimism. If this is not heroism, there is none on this earth.

What is the giving of one's life in battle or in a wreck at sea to save another, in comparison with the perpetual sacrifice of a living death lasting for half a century or more? How the world's heroes dwindle in comparison with the mother heroine!

Who but a mother would make such sacrifices, drain her very life-blood, all her energy, everything, for her children, and yet never ask for or expect compensation?

There is no one in the average family, the value of whose services begins to compare with those of the mother, and yet there is no one who is more generally neglected or taken advantage of. She must always remain at home evenings, and look after the children, when the others are out having a good time. Her cares never cease. She is responsible for the housework, for the preparation of meals; she has the children's clothes to make or mend, there is company to be entertained, darning to be done, and a score of little duties which must often be attended to at odd moments, snatched from her busy days, and she is often up working long after every one else in the house is asleep.

No matter how loving or thoughtful the father may be, the heavier burdens, the greater anxieties, the weightier responsibilities of the home, of the children, always fall on the mother. Indeed, the very virtues of the good mother are a constant temptation to the other members of the family, especially the selfish ones, to take advantage of her. If she were not so kind, so affectionate and tender, so considerate, so generous and ever ready to make all sorts of sacrifices for others; if she were not so willing to efface herself; if she were more self-assertive; if she stood up for and demanded her rights, she would have a much easier time.

But the members of the average family seem to take it for granted that they can put all their burdens on the patient, uncomplaining mother; that she will always do anything to help out, and to enable the children to have a good time; and in many homes, sad to say, the mother, just because of her goodness, is shamefully imposed upon and neglected. "Oh, mother won't mind, mother will stay at home." How often we hear remarks like this from thoughtless children!

[*Continued on page 329*]

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JIMMY PEPPERTON of OSHKAZOO

HIS BUSINESS EXPERIENCES

BY ROBERT BARR

Illustrations by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

VI.—Jimmy Settles the Matrimonial Question

MR. JAMES PEPPERTON sat in his little parlor, sunk in his deepest arm-chair, meditatively smoking cigarette after cigarette, and sizing himself up. Metaphorically he had taken himself apart, and was examining the pieces with the air of a hostile critic.

"Jimmy," he murmured, "the plain, undisguised truth is that you are simply a sentimental fool. You are out of place in this commercial world, and, therefore, an obstruction, who ought to be removed by the police. You have no more right to meddle in serious business matters than a boy of ten has in playing catch with a dynamite cartridge. Your greatest weakness, as I view you, is a deplorable, incorrigible belief in your fellow creatures. You knew perfectly well that August Stillenger was a consummate manipulator of men, unqualifiedly a scoundrel without a single scruple, attaining his ends by any means, fair or foul, yet in spite of this knowledge he talked you over into trusting him, and then dished you up as if you were the latest country bumpkin in town on a dollar excursion from Idiotopolis. It's no use your trying to console yourself by saying you made nearly a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars on the deal, because that was a mere by-product. What you should do, Jimmy, is to buy a set of marbles, and a big glass alley, with colored streaks in it, and, thus equipped, tackle some little boys in a nice, quiet village."

Jimmy's self-accusing meditations were interrupted by the sudden bursting open of the door without the preliminary of a knock, and that young legal luminary, Edward Walton, appeared over Jimmy's horizon. A stranger might have thought the lawyer's greeting acrimonious and unfriendly.

"You unmitigated villain!" he cried. "You brazen grafter! How dare you attempt to corrupt the only honest profession that still remains in this land of unearned boodle? You know very well it is n't etiquette between us for you to pay any of your legal bills. What in the name of John D. Rockefeller do you mean by sending me a check for twenty-two thousand dollars? If that is a practical joke, tell me where the fun comes in."

"Try it on your banker, Ned, and say April fool to him if it won't produce the cash."

"Seriously, Jimmy, I can not accept any such exorbitant fee as that. I did nothing but draw up some papers, and strongly advised you not to trust that man Stillenger out of your sight."

"It was excellent advice, and worth the money, Ned, and I'm going to slip an item into the papers to the effect that our rising young lawyer, Mr. Edward Walton, has just received a fee of twenty-two thousand dollars for an excellent day's work on corporation business, and from now on, Ned, your fortune is made."

"Well, Jimmy, honestly, old man, I've come up to congratulate you. Do you know, I thought Stillenger was going to do you up. It shows just how a conceited chap like myself can be mistaken."

"You were not mistaken, Ned. Stillenger just quietly mopped the floor with me. I deserved being sold out by Armstrong, for, with a sentimental desire to give him a chance to rehabilitate himself, I trusted him entirely; but I was on the watch for Stillenger, yet made the one mistake at the end of allowing him two or three hours' leeway, when I should have clapped on the handcuffs which I had with me. In those two or three hours Stillenger made terms with Armstrong, paid him a hundred thousand dollars in cash, which money—and perhaps that is the bitterest part of it—came directly from my bank account, through Stillenger's bank into Armstrong's. Why, Ned, I'm going to apply to the courts to appoint a guardian to look after me. I'm dished, eliminated, trampled on, made a fool of, and strung up with my own rope."

"In that case, Jimmy," said Walton, placing the check on the table, "I can't take any fee for my share in the deal. I salved my conscience by thinking you had made money instead of having lost it."

"Oh, it is n't so gruesome as all that, Ned. I turned an honest penny on the side. I sold those nine million tickets, and got back my original hundred thousand, together with about a hundred and twenty-four thousand as a consolation prize. Not being man enough to send you the even twenty-four thousand, I, holding you in my power, squeezed you down to a beggarly twenty-two."

The two friends walked out together, and on their way to the *Courier* office Pepperton related the particulars of the *débâcle*.

"But, Ned, I'm out of it," Pepperton concluded, "and so having salted my money away, and paid my lawyer's bill, I'm going to lead the simple life."

"So long, Jimmy," Walton replied. "Take a tonic and brace up. A hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars, and licked! Well, I'm blowed!"

The lawyer wended his way to the Abstract Block, and Jimmy went up in the elevator to the commercial room. He threw himself into his accustomed work with an energy that was not so much intended for its speedy completion, as to divert his thoughts from the contemplation of defeat, and tone up his brain until it reached some definite and feasible decision regarding the future.

His two hundred and odd thousands of dollars still remained in the bank, and he was undecided whether to let them remain there a while longer, or put himself out of temptation by buying government bonds, or allowing Walton to let the money out on safe mortgages.

When the afternoon's work was completed, he walked back toward the Markeen by the longest possible route, which took him through one of the curved sections of Roosevelt Boulevard.

Walking meditatively along, Jimmy became aware that he was approaching the lately completed mansion built by Armstrong, still new and glaring, expensive, but not beautiful, bearing no comparison with the homelike elegance of the property the merchant had sold before he moved into this ornate structure. Where the Boulevard broadened into Fairview Park, he turned aside from the broad thoroughfare and marched resolutely down the secluded graveled path that bordered one of the smaller lakes, coming presently to one of the most retired portions of the pleasure-ground. There sat the daughter of the man he was trying to cast out of his mind, dreamily flinging one by one the petals of a late summer rose out on the shining mirror of the still water. She looked up, startled, as the quick, crisp, decided footsteps brought before her the person of whom she was thinking, and all possibility of speech seemed stricken from her.

"Hello, Gwennie," he said, in the most common-place fashion, coming to a standstill, as if this meeting were an every-day affair; then: "May I?" he added, and awaiting no permission, sat down beside her.

He reached forward, as if to take her hand, but whether it was because she shrank instinctively from him, or whether his final action was his first intention, he took from her hand the rose she had been denuding, and without the slightest title for doing so, placed it in the buttonhole of his coat.

"Those blossoms on the water," he said, "represent lost days since you moved into the new house, but, thank heaven, there are still some rose-leaves left, and I have got them."

Her hands, with nothing now to do, lay listlessly in her lap, and her moistening eyes were fixed on the further shore. But in spite of her evident dejection, Jimmy's spirits lightened, as if, after all, her absence was the weight he had been trying to throw from him, and here she sat beside him, even if she did not speak.

"I have been trying to think of other things," he went on, "but subconsciously I have been thinking only of you."

The mellowed strains of a band playing in a distant portion of the park came softened to them across the water. It had just begun the afternoon program, and for an hour these two were not likely to be disturbed. The frequenters of the park were sure to be gathered round the band-stand, hoping for the classic strains of the "Merry Widow Waltz."

"I was thinking of you," she said at last, "both consciously and subconsciously."

"And throwing away my chances with the rose-leaves?"

"On the contrary," she replied, "I wondered what my chance would be of hearing the exact truth if I asked you a question or two?"

"You think, then, that upon occasion I am an untruthful person?" suggested Jimmy.

"Oh, no, no, not that. I fear I am speaking incoherently. I am really very greatly troubled, and you are the only person who can set my anxiety at rest. What I feared was that in this case you would hesitate to tell me the facts, thinking they might add to my uneasiness; but as it is a matter in which I am quite pathetically powerless, I must have the exact truth."

"I will tell you the truth," said Jimmy, simply. "What are your questions?"

"Did my father ask you for money some time ago?"

"Yes, but it was money I had promised him a while before."

"How much?"

"With the interest I owed him, it came to an amount slightly over ten thousand dollars."

"Which you owed him?"

"Yes. You see, it was like this. By taking what both Mr. Blake and your father considered an unfair advantage, I had obtained nearly ten thousand dollars from him. I told him in his own office I would return this money, with interest for the time it had been in my hands. Of course, I should have returned it then, but if I had done so, I would have left myself practically penniless at the time. Such is now no longer the case. I have been so lucky as to make a little money recently."

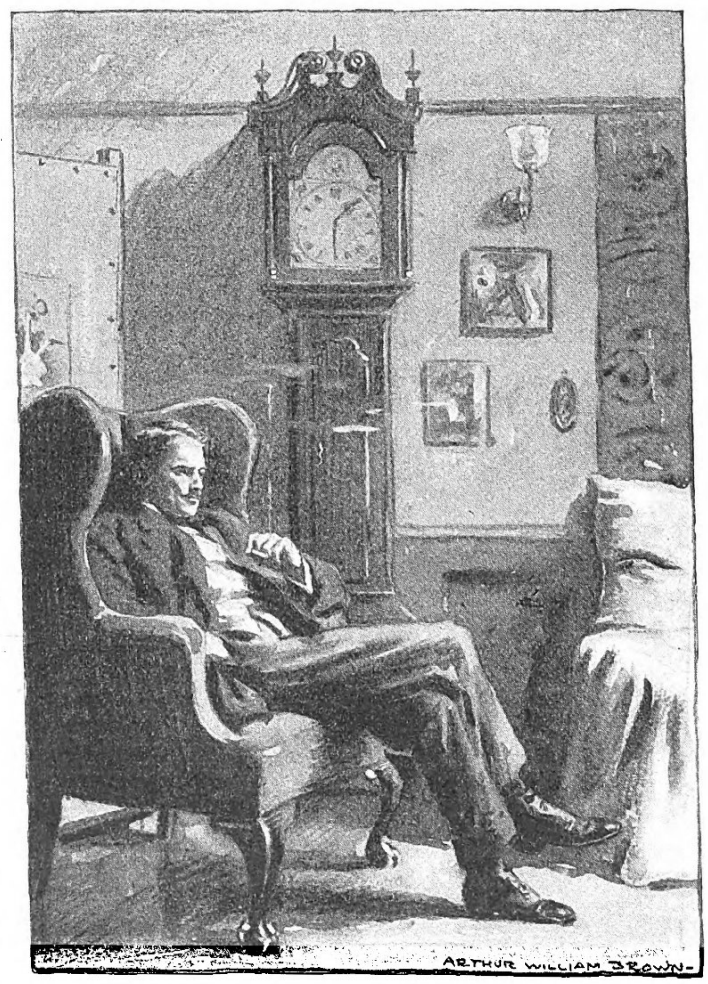
The girl, with bent head, pondered over these replies, then she went on with more than her former hesitation:

"In the late so-called street-car war between my father and August Stillenger, did you—had you anything to do with that contest?"

"Everything. I formed the plot and carried out the operations."

"Did you finance them? I ask this because my father had no money, and I am sure money must have been lavishly used."

"What you mean, Gwennie, is did I lend a large amount to your father? The answer is 'No.' I risked a hundred thousand dollars, but that sum was advanced to Stillenger, and was done more in opposition to your father's wish than with his consent. He knew that Stillenger wished to expend that sum in defeating him, and so quite naturally protested against my letting Stillenger have the cash. I endeavored to reassure him by saying that I would keep Stillenger so busy attending to other matters that the street-car president would have no time to annoy any one else; but I daresay your father was rather uneasy, because he knew nothing of what my plans were, and he quite justifiably thought that the placing of a fighting fund in Stillenger's hands was a tactical mistake. The



"'The truth is that you are simply a sentimental fool'"

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"'Gwennie, will you come?'"

final event, however, proved without question that I was in the right."

"Then you and my father were leagued together to fight August Stillenger?"

"Precisely. I kept in the dark, as it were. Your father was in the firing line, and did whatever I asked him to do."

The girl looked sideways at the young man seated there. It would have been difficult to find a more unruffled face of cherubic, truthful innocence than that which our friend Jimmy displayed. She drew a deep breath of relief, but her brow clouded again as she said:

"I now come to the vital question. Did or did not my father cheat you?"

"How do you mean cheat me?" asked Jimmy in surprise. Then, without giving her time to reply, he went on with a note of well simulated protest in his voice: "Why, my dearest Gwennie, we were victorious all along the line. We beat old Stillenger to a standstill. Gwennie, you made my heart jump!" (He laughed lightly.) "I thought you were going to ask if I had cheated your father. I feared he had been complaining about me. He has n't said I cheated him, has he?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried the girl.

"One should never form a conclusion on partial evidence," remarked the sententious James, with something of the grand manner of a judge. "You will understand the situation better if I give you, roughly speaking, the results, and—oh yes, there 's one other point in my favor that I forgot—I did stake my hundred thousand, for your father had no money to venture on an uncertainty. If things had gone wrong, I should have lost that, and I thought the risk was worth something. No capitalist would have ventured so much on another man's fight without there being a rake off, as the ungodly say."

"Then you got back the hundred thousand?" she asked anxiously.

"On your sweet life I did, Gwen. There was a string attached invisible even to the sharp eyes of Stillenger. As I said, I will give you, roughly speaking, the results. When it came to the round-up, your father received a hundred thousand dollars in cash, and a certain amount of stock, which between ourselves I did n't think of much value. Then as for me, I got my hundred thousand back intact, and, as a sort of present to a good boy—a mug with an inscription on it—I received extra, one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in round numbers. And now, Gwennie, if you happen to have the materials about you, I am ready to take oath that what I told you is the exact truth, except in so far as the street-car stock is concerned," added Jimmy, wrinkling his brow, as one who did not wish even a rose leaf of fiction to disturb his feather beds of fact. "The value of those shares is a matter of opinion. Stillenger would say they are good, and I say the contrary, so there you are, my dear."

"Oh, thank God, thank God," murmured Gwendoline. "I fear that all these weeks I have been doing my father an injustice; but I know you have told me the truth, and you have lifted a burden from my soul."

"Well, I'm glad of that, Gwennie," cried the young man, cheerfully, "and regret I am not noble enough to be entirely disinterested. I told you I was a mercenary chap. Gwennie, I claim my reward," and without too much difficulty this energetic, self-seeking person obtained it.

The distant band was in the midst of the waltz. Gwendoline arose.

"I must go now," she said.

They walked together along the margin of the lake, and thus to the Boulevard, which he had so recently traversed. As they reached the house—they had been walking down the Boulevard in silence, the flippant waltz following them with ever lessening strains—their pace became slower and slower. Jimmy had been hoping for an invitation to the mansion, but it was not forthcoming. At last she stopped, and held out her hand. He took it and held it.

"Am I not allowed across the threshold?" he said. "You must remember I have never been inside the new house."

The girl's hand seemed to contract with nervous tension in his.

"I wish I had never seen it," she sighed. "No, don't come in with me to-day. Later on I will write to you, or, in case of emergency, telephone, and so, good-by, Jimmy."

"Everything shall be as you say, Gwennie, but thank you for calling me 'Jimmy' once more. It 's quite like old times."

He stood there watching until she had disappeared through the ample portal, and then walked rapidly toward the Markeen. He could not concentrate his thoughts on the two hundred thousand dollars lying idle in the bank, acting the tempter, should some opportunity for speculation crop up.

"When you don't know what to do," said Jimmy to himself, "do nothing," and he did it. He attempted to see John Armstrong, and warn him not to let his daughter know the real outcome of their short partnership; but he never could get Armstrong on the telephone, and all his efforts to make an appointment through whoever answered the bell being futile, he wrote a short note, marked "Private," to Armstrong, stating that he had accidentally met his daughter, and the talk drifting to his brief association with her father, he had told her this: and here followed an account of what he had said to her. John Armstrong had not the grace to thank his correspondent, and Jimmy's letter remained without response.

Among other things, Jimmy now began to realize that there had slipped unnoticed through his fingers a chance of largely augmenting his fortune. Just before the short and sharp fight over the Lincoln Avenue Street-car Line had taken place, dollar shares in the United Street-railway Company had remained reasonably steady at twenty-six and a half cents. They had been quoted as high as twenty-eight, but for that matter, they might have been quoted at anything, for no business had been done in this unproductive security.

Stillenger's futile attempt to sell a hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock in New York and Chicago had depressed the shares to twenty-six, and between that and twenty-seven they had fractionally fluctuated. When the fight came on, there had been a decline, point by point, until they were as low as twenty, and at this figure it was alleged that Stillenger had bought large blocks of stock, not from the general public who held them, but from several of his colleagues, who were dissatisfied with his management of the company. To Jimmy's surprise his own chief and Blake had disposed of their holdings. When it became known, as such things will, that in response to public clamor, the newspapers had got rid of their railway stock, it was generally agreed that the strenuous Stillenger was losing his grip.

No sooner had Stillenger acquired all the stock that he cared to absorb, acquiring it not by asking for it, but apparently by having it forced upon him, than the announcement was made that the Lincoln Avenue difficulty was amicably settled; the United Company at last justifying its title by taking over that railway and all that pertained to it. United Street-railway shares immediately recovered their old level of twenty-six and a half, and would, according to all signs have mounted higher had not an office been opened for the sale of tickets at ten for twenty-five cents. This, like a chill, checked the rise, and the public, not knowing that their was a limit to the quantity of tickets to be sold, held aloof until the effect of such a proceeding could be estimated by results. Some of the shrewd ones said it was Stillenger himself who was selling the tickets, in order to replace whatever money was lost in the fight, and if that were true the public knew that the sale could go on as long as Stillenger liked to keep his printing presses running.

Stillenger, however, knew with great exactness just

[*Continued on page 336*]

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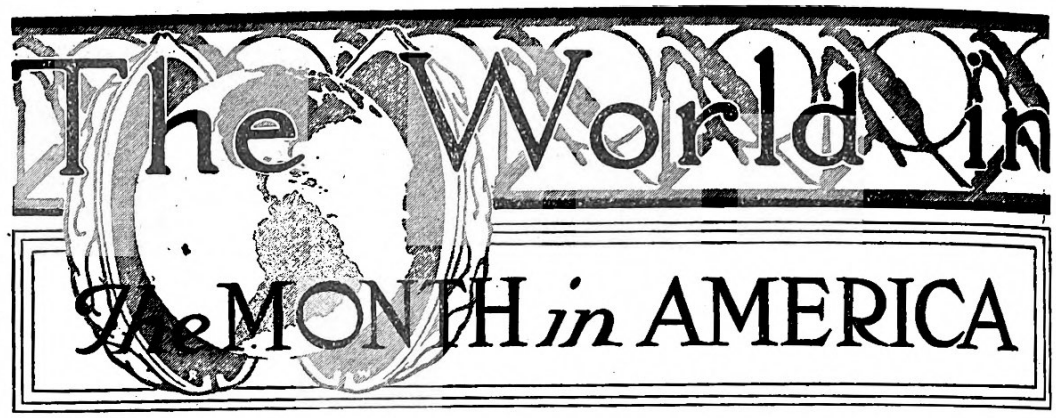

WHEN is a tariff bill not a tariff bill? When it passes the Senate.

Some weeks ago, there was born in the Committee of Ways and Means a little Bill called the Payne Tariff Bill. It was a beautiful child. True, it squinted a trifle, squinted upwards, and the revenue leg was a little shorter than the protection leg, and the child *did* appear to have an excessive number of teeth. But, after all, no child except our own, is perfect, and the nurse of this particular baby, the Honorable Sereno Payne, declared on his honor as a reformer that the new Bill was the finest tariff baby ever seen in the Congressional cradle.

The Tariff Bill Before and After

The tariff bill, with all its short-comings really was a fairly creditable measure, far better than the long-suffering and easy-paying American public had expected. Wood-pulp was put on the free list, duties on steel were halved, and other welcome changes promised. One provision about raising the tariff rates against nations not giving us fair and reciprocal treatment, and another about a new basis of valuation for articles sent here on consignment, seemed a little dubious, but after all, no bill is perfect.

Since the bill has come to Congress, and four hundred brilliant intellects have been focused upon it, no one can predict the outcome. If you change the handle of an umbrella, and its ribs, and the silk, and the cover and the tassel, is it still the same umbrella? The House has a few "uplifting" changes up its sleeves, and, as for the Senate—well, the Senate believes that the lowly tariff rates should be exalted, and the "minimum" tariff be made the "maximum."

We fear that it may be a battered, damaged, bandaged, and forlorn tariff bill that emerges from the Conference Committee in the latter days of June. If not, so much the better for the consumer. But, however battered, damaged, bandaged, and forlorn, it can not be worse than our present Dingley Tariff of evil memory.

There is still another consolation. The President has the veto.

— —

SHOULD the American people be fooled into paying their taxes? That seems to have been the principle adopted so far. The tariff taxes us while we wait, almost while we sleep, and our internal revenues are collected from us while we are under the influence of tobacco and alcohol. If you buy a five-cent cigar, Uncle Sam gets his two cents, and every time you take a puff, you are paying one-fiftieth of a cent in Federal taxes. When you buy a penknife, or a feather bed, or an automobile, or a box of matches, Uncle Sam stands behind the polite clerk and taxes you when you pay.

The Inheritance Tax

There are some advantages in having your taxes extracted without pain, but there are some big drawbacks, too. If you don't know when you are paying taxes, then you don't know whether you are not paying too much. Our indirect taxes fall heaviest on the average man and on the poor, and they fall least heavily upon those who ought to pay the most—that is, the rich. If you pay taxes in proportion to the number of penknives, cigars, and feather beds you buy, or the number of shoes and stockings for the children, then the millionaire bachelor with an income of two hundred thousand dollars a year comes off very much better than does the average father of the average family with about twelve dollars a week earnings.

An inheritance tax has now been proposed and has been added to the Payne Tariff Bill. It provides for the payment of a certain part of each inheritance, the rate being larger the bigger the inheritance and the slighter the relationship between the testator and the heir. The law, if it goes into force, will tend to distribute taxes more fairly, so that those will pay who are able to pay and before they get used to their money. Of course, many a poor baby may then inherit three or four million dollars less than it would have before, and a fortune which a dissolute heir now runs through in twelve months may then last only eleven. Still, the bill has its merits, and against it there is only one unanswerable argument.

The unanswerable argument is the United States Senate.

THERE is one provision of the proposed new tariff law with which all "esthetic" Americans are well content, namely, the clause which admits free of duty all works of art twenty years old. According to the new law, any picture, statue, engraving, or other work of art, old enough to vote, may produce its birth certificate and march into the country unmolested, while the younger brothers of such masterpieces must continue to pay a large and onerous tax.

The Open Door to Art

The papers do not tell us what comments Mr. Rembrandt, Mr. Rubens, Mr. Raphael, and other old masters have to make concerning this breaking down of our tariff walls for their benefit. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, however, loses no time in expressing satisfaction with the new arrangement. His thirty-million-dollar collection will now be brought to this country to be viewed perhaps by the very men and women with whose money they were bought. Lesser collectors are also preparing to bring in their belongings. It is a great and good tariff that permits a lonely millionaire and his works of art to live on the same side of the Atlantic Ocean.

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OZONE, we always thought, existed only in chemistry laboratories and in the advertisements of summer hotels. Scientists have told us again and again that the air is full of ozone, but it has been so shy and retiring ever since it was discovered that many of us have been skeptical. "This talk about ozone," we said, "is all right in theory, but of what use is it?"

Ozone Put to Work

The town of Lindsay, Ontario, is the first to make practical use of ozone. Realizing the folly of having a lot of idle ozone about town, it has put it to work at the water-works. Lindsay is using ozone to purify one and one-half million gallons of water per day.

How it does this is simply described by the *Electrical Review* as follows: "Direct or alternating current (usually of one hundred and ten volts) is taken from the ordinary electric-light circuit, and by a transformer is stept up to about eight thousand volts. This high voltage produces in the ozonizer—a box containing alternate plates of aluminum and micante—a silent electric discharge, converting the ordinary atmospheric air drawn through the ozonizer into ozone."

In other words, it is none of our business how it is done, but it is enough for us to know that the Ontario town is purifying water cheaply and effectively by taking ozone out of the air and putting it into the water, where it will kill germs and make itself generally useful.

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PROFESSOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO is not one of those pliant visitors who in America find Americans charming, but on their safe return describe us as "impossible" and "barbarous." Professor Ferrero survived a few months of lectures and dinners in America and has returned to Rome without mental or other indigestion. In a letter to a Roman newspaper, he expresses his admiration for America and his hopes for her future. He denies that we are all materialists, that our life is one long search for the dollar, that we do not know how to rest or how to loaf and invite our souls; and he asserts that of the Americans he met many were people "whose mental cultivation, both as regards breadth and refinement, was in no wise inferior to the same class in Europe."

The Masters of the Republic

This is all very well in its way, but Ferrero says something which pleases us more. "The real masters of the great Republic," states this historian, "are not the millionaires, nor the trusts, nor the politician class, but the people; or, if you like, the majority, which is made a cult, a religion of, in America."

For this good word let us be duly grateful. We are like the freckled girl who loved to be complimented on her complexion, and if we are n't the masters we at least like to be told we are. While we like culture and admire it—at a distance—we would be willing to throw all the superior culture of New England overboard, as the Bostonians threw overboard the English tea, rather than admit to a foreigner that we were n't the rulers of our own Republic.

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In a Nutshell

A GENTLEMAN dining with a party of strangers discovered that his watch had been stolen. He complained to his host, who, after quietly engaging in conversation with the guest's neighbor, restored the gentleman's watch. "Did he give it up?" asked the guest. "Not that he knows of," answered the host. "He is a very gentlemanly pickpocket, and hates a scene, and so —well, I just quietly took the watch in a moment of abstraction."

Picking the Pickpocket's Pocket

The United States Government is very quietly taking back some coal lands which certain absent-minded gentlemen have been putting into their pockets. The Union Pacific Railway, rather than have a scene, has just restored to the Government forty-six thousand acres of coal lands in Wyoming valued at $1,500,000, which had been secured by a sleight-of-hand trick called "dummy entries." The railway incidentally returns to Uncle Sam some $33,000 for coal already mined and pays generously for trespass damages. It is calculated that about $110,000,000 worth of other lands are now being held by light-fingered gentlemen, and, under the urging of the then Secretary Garfield, a million dollars was appropriated by Congress to find out who has Uncle Sam's coal lands and why. One hundred and fifty special field agents are investigating some thirty-two thousand cases of alleged land frauds, and if all goes well, Uncle Sam may again come into his own.

LOS ANGELES is one of the few American cities which possesses a recall clause in its charter, and it is the first that has used it on a prominent official. As a result of charges of graft and collusion with vice against Mayor Harper, the necessary petition was signed calling for a new election. The mayor brought face to face with his constituents resigned his office and refused to allow his name to go up for reelection. Los Angeles was then free to choose a decent man for his place, which she did promptly and effectively.

The Recall in California

The recall is the newest instrument of democracy. By it a sufficient number of citizens may at any time order a new election and compel the office-holder to stand or fall upon his record. It proceeds upon the principle that a public servant, like a private one, should be discharged whenever he has proved himself unfaithful or incompetent. Why should we not be as strict with our mayors as with our cooks?

The people who don't like the recall invent a good many arguments against it, but when you look at these arguments you find they are all based upon the proposition that the people can not be trusted to manage their own affairs except upon a certain Tuesday in November in leap year.

Los Angeles has demonstrated the value of the recall. If Chicago, which is considering a recall clause in her new charter, will communicate with her progressive California sister she will learn something to her advantage. Milwaukee, too, would do well to keep her eye upon the Pacific Coast.

TAYLOR COUNTY, Wisconsin, has the habit of immortalizing the Presidents of the United States by naming towns after them. Two new villages were created there in 1892, and were named Grover and Cleveland. Four years later McKinley, Wisconsin, came into being, and after another Presidential term the town of Roosevelt burst upon a startled world. It seems to be the patriotic ambition of Taylor County citizens to provide a history of the United States which shall endure when the Congressional Library shall have become a dust-heap.

Roosevelt vs. Taft

Now, however, comes the difficulty; Taylor County has run out of Presidential towns, and consequently about two-thirds of the people of Roosevelt have withdrawn their allegiance from the ex-President and have determined to become "Taft." A bill has been introduced into the Wisconsin Legislature to divide the town into two parts and thus create the twin cities of Roosevelt and Taft. Loyal Rooseveltians oppose the change and the village has become hopelessly divided against itself. The claims of the new incumbent of the White House are being advanced by some of the town's largest citizens, but all the big families are said to be for Roosevelt.

In the interest of peace we propose a compromise. The Irish did wisely when the faction that insisted that St. Patrick was born on the eighth compromised with the faction that stood out for the ninth, with the result that the Saint's birthday is now the seventeenth of March. Let both names be dropped, let tennis courts and golf links be constructed, and let a happy and reunited town rejoice in the name of Bryan.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S Cabinet appointments have met with widespread approval, judging from the expressions of the press. The fact that it is composed almost exclusively of lawyers has been taken as evidence of the new President's intention to conduct a careful, constructive administration. The fact that a number of these Cabinet lawyers have had corporation connections has not dampened the ardor of President Taft's admirers. The ablest lawyers in the country, they say, have had corporation practise. The United States, they insist, is certainly entitled to the best of counsel, and if it can get those who know the tricks of the corporation trade, so much the better.

A Conservative Cabinet

So much the better, indeed, if these gentlemen are careful to remember that they must be off with the old love before they are on with the new. Root, as Secretary of State, seemed to have forgotten his former associates fairly well, and Attorney-General Knox was quite a different character from Corporation Lawyer Knox. Perhaps the new Attorney-General, George W. Wickersham, will forget that he ever saw Wall Street, and Secretary of Commerce and Labor Nagel will not think of the Standard Oil Company as a former employer of his.

Mr. Bryan, for one, is overwhelmed with doubts. The Cabinet, he says, is hopelessly conservative, perilously pro-corporation in its sympathies. He may be right, but most people seem inclined to withhold judgment. Meanwhile, no one is willing to deny that it is a body of very able men.

LATTER-DAY PATRIOTS

VI. Sereno E. Payne

A grateful nation thanks him for the sweeping reduction in the tariff on oxalic acid.

THE recent murder of Lieutenant Joe Petrosino, an American detective, by the infamous Black Hand during an investigation which he was making in Italy, has called forth much righteous wrath against certain criminal organizations of Italians. If this indignation results in effective measures to suppress these nefarious societies, it will accomplish good; if it merely stirs up prejudice against law-abiding immigrants, it will do harm.

The Black Hand and the White Hand

For many years, two secret and powerful criminal societies in Sicily and southern Italy, the Mafia and the Camorra, have robbed, blackmailed, murdered, and terrorized peaceful citizens, and have thriven on the cowardice of native politicians. Some of these criminals, finding it too warm in Italy, came to New York and other American cities, and continued their evil courses here. As a result, large gangs of Italian desperadoes grew up in New York and levied blackmail on their peaceful fellow-countrymen. Perhaps they were also aided by the newspapers, which, by spreading the fear of the Black Hand, enabled many little scoundrels to hide under its fingers.

This creates for us a problem to be met promptly and rigorously. The New York police department should engage Italian detectives to hunt down Italian criminals, instead of entrusting the work to police who do not know any language but English, and not much of that. At present, only one policeman out of every two hundred is an Italian, while one out of every seven or eight of the population is an Italian. The police department, properly manned, should proceed so energetically against the Black Hand, and all the little criminals who pretend to be Black Hand men, as to root out the society once for all.

But while we prosecute the Black Hand mercilessly, we should not throw the blame upon the great mass of law-abiding Italians in America. The majority of our Italians here are quiet, thrifty, honest people, who work, save, educate their children, and become good American citizens. We should not make a million good men suffer for the crimes of a few hundred.

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The World in a Nutshell

IT IS perhaps inevitable that any movement having for its object the wresting of political power from the hands of the large business interests in which it is held should have the opposition of that ablest organ of the financial powers, the New York *Sun*. No one was surprised, therefore, when that newspaper stoutly opposed the recent movement in the House of Representatives to revise the rules and to give the people some voice in their own government, nor when it gave its sense of humor a brief vacation while it eulogized Joseph G. Cannon.

Other People's Business

The only thing that was illuminating was the frankness with which that paper denounced SUCCESS MAGAZINE and its readers for their part in the movement as meddlers in "other people's business." Up to that time it had been thought good policy to allow the people to think that the business of Congress was *their* business. Now that the *Sun* has exploded the ancient theory may we not assume that the people will have to do a considerable amount of "meddling with other people's business" in Congress before they make it once more their own?

SOME day glass houses may be something more than fabulous structures from which one is forbidden to throw stones. A man in Pennsylvania is busy making glass bricks for building houses. In the construction of these bricks the molten glass is poured into molds, and is then drawn through a seventy-five foot lehr in order that it may cool gradually. The result is said to be a brick with a surface equal in beauty of finish to enamel bricks, imperishable except by violence, and absolutely water proof. The brick can be made of any color, according to the owner's sense of the beautiful.

Living in Glass Houses

It must not be supposed that these glass bricks are transparent and that the owner of a glass house would be constantly living in the public gaze. On the contrary, the bricks are hollow and the walls are designed to be filled with concrete. Thus the building is considerably strengthened and the privacy of the home preserved.

Here is an industry to which the glass manufacturers may turn when the prohibitionists have given the bottle trade its death blow.

AS FAR back as the oldest inhabitant can remember fourths of March every four years have been times of violent changes in government and temperature. Weather has been known to remain good for weeks just so it could do its worst in Washington on Inauguration Day. Yet, as Mark Twain says, we have talked about the weather for years but nobody ever does anything about it. Congress has refused repeatedly to pass a law making the fourth of March a mild, sunshiny day. It has ignored the quadrennial request to change Inauguration Day to a time when the Seventh Regiment of New York, as well as common American citizens, could attend inauguration without danger of pneumonia. It has acted on the principle that only through the suffering of its people can a nation become great.

Shall We Change Inauguration Day

Why not, therefore, make the best of a bad bargain and give up the idea of making a three ring circus with five combined menageries out of the installation of a new President? If we are going to make any change at all, let us move the day forward to the first of January when the President-elect's promises to the people are still fresh in his mind and their wishes are still fresh in his heart.

WE KNOW of nothing that is quite so many things at once as mescal. First of all it is a kind of combination chewing-gum and cough drop; afterward it is an intoxicant; but most of all it is a religion. It is pretty generally agreed that mescal is an evil, but whether it should be dealt with by a pure food expert, a policeman, or a missionary has not been decided.

A Chewing-gum and a Religion

Mescal is made by cutting off slices of a certain kind of cactus that grows in Mexico and our Southwest. It is dried and chewed by the Indians, and produces a kind of alleged pleasurable sensation. Beautiful colors, lovely imaginings, and a kind of intoxication different from that produced by opium, hasheesh, or alcohol are said to result from its use.

The chewing of mescal is said to be spreading with dangerous rapidity among the Southwestern Indians, who have made it the basis of a new religion. Eminent chemists have investigated the tablet and have called it long, hard names. Perhaps the supply is not great enough to cause apprehension, but the danger to our institutions of a religion that can be chewed must be apparent to all.

A BILL was introduced into the Indiana Legislature, in its recent session, to set aside one day each year for the killing of rats. It was pointed out by the statesman who proposed the measure that it costs fifty cents a year to room and board a healthy full-grown rat, and that if the farmer would set aside one day each year for rat killing he could thereby save enough money to pay his taxes. To encourage the slaughter, he proposed that the State pay a small bounty for each rodent killed.

The Rats Win in Indiana

It is greatly to be regretted that the Indiana lawmakers did not see fit to pass the Rat Subsidy Bill. It was within their power to make this pest a friend and a financial asset to the Indiana farmer. The Indian Government once voted a generous bounty for the killing of rattlesnakes. As a result, rattlesnakeries grew up all over India, and that country led the world in the production and destruction of rattlesnakes. The discontinuance of an industry which was so profitable to the native farmer only goes to show how little the Indian government cares for the welfare of its people.

Is it possible that the government of Indiana by refusing to foster the infant rat industry is laying itself open to the same charge of selfish disregard of its people's interests?

IN 1907 more than 3,125 men were killed in the coal mines of the country. It seems only a figure to us, this 3,125, but it means a great deal to many people. Picture to yourself these 3,125 men in close single file (extending three-quarters of a mile), entering the mine, blithe and happy, and never coming out. Picture the ten thousand survivors, the widows and the orphans, the helpless aged parents, and then realize that most of this cruel slaughter is needless.

Uncle Sam Underground

The United States Government has suddenly awakened to the fact that, in proportion to the number who work in the mines, from three to four times as many miners are killed in America as are killed in England, Wales, Germany, France, Belgium, and other countries. And the Government has decided to stop the slaughter. The Geological Survey has accordingly established a station, where experiments are made with safety devices, explosives, *et cetera*. The Government has already discovered that there are a great many so-called "safety" explosives which are only safe when they are not exploded. It has also discovered that coal-dust itself may explode even though there is no gas in the mine, and it is working out a device by which such explosions can be prevented. The facts discovered are being presented to the State Mining Bureaus, the coal operators, and the general public, in order that lives may be spared.

TO-DAY in the United States there are sixty-five thousand blind people, of whom twenty thousand need never have been blind. Through our carelessness and ignorance we have allowed twenty thousand people to grow up sightless, to grope through life in eternal darkness, to feel the warmth of the sun, but never to see it, to live in touch, but not in sight, of all that is beautiful in the world.

Blind Children Who Need not Have Been Blind

A recent report of the New York Association for the Blind estimates that almost one-third of all cases of blindness are preventable. Of these, one-tenth are caused by a disease called *ophthalmia neonatorum*, which can easily be averted by merely washing the eyes of the new-born babe with a simple and harmless preparation, a two per cent. solution of nitrate of silver. This discovery was made by a Leipsic physican almost thirty years ago, but even to-day many people do not take this precaution. So every year new hundreds of blind babies come into the world doomed never to see the birds and the flowers and the grass and the trees and the faces of father and mother and brothers and sisters.

Who are really the blind—the innocent babies born without the power of sight, or the careless and ignorant parents and physicians who lead these new-born blind?

EVERY now and again some discouraged Jeremiah arises and knocks his head against the printing-press. "What does it avail us to read," he asks, "when most that is written is trash? Better loaf in the sunshine, gaze at the stars, square the circle, or shoot the chutes than waste our time on the filthy printed paper, the yellow journal, the penny dreadful, and the silly, silly novel."

What Do Our Children Read?

Amen! But what if we find that we and our wives and our children are reading better, and not worse, stuff? A recent report of the superintendent of the public libraries of New York City shows that every

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The World in a Nutshell

year two and a half million books are handed out to the youngsters of the city, and are returned read, and in some cases thumb-marked and dog-eared. Much of this reading is of the best sort. Poe and Stevenson and Mark Twain for boys, less robust stories for girls, and books on history and biography and mechanics and economics for both boys and girls are eagerly devoured. The best reading is done on the darkest East Side, where the little Jewish children still believe that Shakespeare is to be read, and where the "solid" books are in tremendous demand. Surely, it would be better to raze all our jails to the ground than to have these libraries, and their dearly cherished volumes, burned to suit the Jeremiahs of 1909.

There is another good side to our children's reading. The wholesome, stirring, and diverting books drawn from the library to-day not only entrance, encourage, and stimulate our young folks, but also they have given a death-blow to such sickly, goody-goody books as "The Laundry Worker's Repentance" and "Carrie, the Angel of the Tenements," upon which we were brought up, and brought up badly.

The MONTH ABROAD

THE German Army has not yet invaded England, but the little island is still going forward with its defenses. The regular British troops in Canada have been withdrawn. Several South African battalions are coming home, and the Territorial army is growing larger and more war-like every day. If the German raid occurs, the old saying may come to be true, that it would be very easy to get a foreign army into England, but very difficult to get it out again.

New Zealand and Canada to the Rescue

As the London fog begins to lift, some Englishmen are saying that, after all, it was perhaps only a scare. A hundred thousand trained German soldiers might do a great deal of damage besieging towns, shooting down the Royal Guards, and walking on the grass in the private estates of country gentlemen. But what a deal of preparation would be necessary before a hundred thousand men could be collected, provisioned, embarked, and disembarked, with the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* sending in hourly reports. Decidedly England is safe so long as Britannia rules the waves—and the air.

But does Britannia rule the waves? To-day there are grave shakings of the head in England about the German *Dreadnaughts*. There is a German naval program, and Germany, the English tell us, is building *Dreadnaughts* so rapidly that in comparison England will soon be a second-rate naval power. Little New Zealand has come to the aid of the mother country with the offer of one *Dreadnaught* and Canada has offered two more. The war is on, but it is a war of construction of battle-ships, not of destruction of human life and property. Soon a new battle-ship will be created, which will make the *Dreadnaught* look like an old rowboat. Then the *Dreadnaughts* will be "scrapped," and the new battle-ships will be built with feverish speed. Of the building of war-ships there is no end.

WHEN George, Crown Prince of Servia, renounced his right to the throne, he acted in the best interests of the turbulent little Balkan state. From the first, this prince's record has been bad. He had been involved in a number of nasty scrapes, including an alleged murder, but when finally the Crown Prince's servant, a man named Kolakovits, died under suspicious circumstances, the protests of the Servian people were openly voiced, and Prince George was forced to withdraw.

Heirs Apparent in Servia

The ruling King of Servia was raised to the throne through the murder of his predecessor; the new King's son gives up his right to the throne under a like accusation. We hope that the young Alexander, the present heir-apparent, will abjure all princely ways, and, abstaining from murder and similar recreations, live like a gentleman and a man. The Servian people, if they must be ruled, had better have a king than a knave.

THE proper diet of mankind is man. This is, in effect, the conclusion reached by Dr. Carnot, who recently contributed an article on the subject to the French journal, *Le Progrès Medical*. It is not on ethical grounds that Dr. Carnot defends the practise of eating one's fellow men; he is a physician, not a moralist. He only states that, logically and scientifically considered, the best thing we could possibly do would be to eat one another.

In Praise of Cannibalism

The method by which this conclusion was reached is simplicity itself. Frogs which were fed on their less fortunate brothers and sisters grew up strong and lusty, in marked contrast to those which were merely fed on veal and mutton. If one eats to produce flesh, obviously the short cut to fleshiness is to eat one's kind. Strictly speaking, the best diet would be part of one's own body, but this would be so inconvenient that it may be discarded as of no value.

The scheme is not without its merits. Its carrying out would relieve the congestion in our large cities; it might go far to solve the unemployed problem. Loving one's neighbors would become real and practical. On the whole, however, we are glad that the practise is confined to the South Sea Islands, and that it can be discussed under the department heading, "The Month Abroad."

THE Shah of Persia sits all day in his beautiful palace at Teheran and reads the "History of England." He reads all day of Charles the First, the English king who lost his head over a little controversy with his Parliament.

Peace and Good Will in Persia

A short while ago the Shah of Persia granted his loyal subjects a constitution. He did not do it gladly; he only did it because he thought he had to. It was a good constitution as far as it went, and the civilized world clapped its hands and threw up its hat when it heard the good news.

Somehow the new members of Parliament did not act as the Shah had expected them to act, so the monarch turned a few cannon upon the Parliament building, and the legislators, taking the hint, adjourned. Then matters grew from bad to worse. Uprisings occurred, bandits robbed and murdered as bandits will, and the Shah of Persia sat in his gilded palace reading the "History of England." "What is a constitution between enemies?" asks the Shah; "why can't I be as free as I used to be?" The Shah is not satisfied with his constitution, even though it has a string to it, and every day, as the insurrection spreads and discontent shows itself even in the capital, the Shah shivers, and buries himself anew in the "History of England."

The Shah has not asked our advice, but if he chances to do so, we shall advise him to go the limit. It is just possible that he would be safer with a real constitution, with one that would reach the people and mean something to them. A healthy constitution should not be locked in a palace, but should be taken out and aired.

LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON, who returned recently from a remarkably successful expedition to the antarctic regions may be hailed as a new Columbus. It is true he did not reach the south pole, having gotten off at a side station one hundred and eleven miles north of it. But he did what was perhaps even more important—he discovered a new continent.

A New Columbus

Of course, it has long been suspected that there was a continent in the antarctic regions. The geographers have always represented it as a very thin rim of land surrounding a vast area of white paper. Whether the white paper stood for land or water we were free to judge for ourselves; there were no mountains or rivers or towns or railroads to obstruct the view.

Now, however, thanks to this British Navy officer with the inquiring turn of mind, all will be changed. The schoolboy of the future will have to draw maps of a seventh continent properly equipped with boundaries and mountain ranges. Because of Lieutenant Shackleton's expedition the white part of the map of the world has become decidedly smaller.

The latest antarctic expedition has really been a great contribution to science. Shackleton and his party discovered eight mountain ranges and surveyed one hundred mountains. They ascended a volcano 13,120 feet high. They brought back with them a remarkable geological collection and valuable notes and photographs. And they stood almost as close to the south pole as New York is to Philadelphia.

It is a happy augury that a naval officer led this valuable expedition. The time may come when expeditions which add to the world's knowledge will become as legitimate a government task as the making of war.

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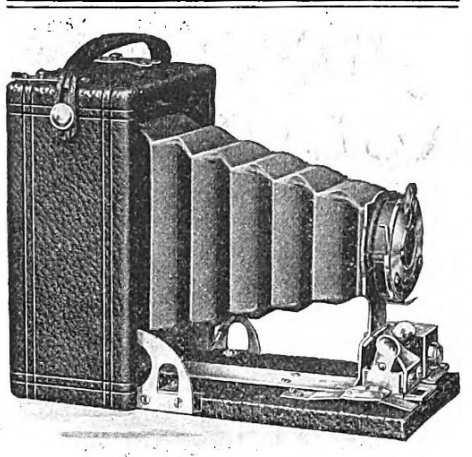

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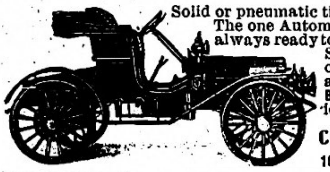

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The World in a

IN ENGLAND experiments were conducted recently in the growing of plants by electricity. A plot of twenty-five acres was "wired" and the various crops were treated with varying amounts of electric current. According to all reports, the crops took to the new arrangement very well and far from being put to inconvenience thrived on the electric current. Wheat, for example, under the new treatment, produced a yield twenty-nine per cent. greater than that brought up by the old-fashioned method, and of better quality. Strawberries, too, took to the new-fangled device in a remarkable way, and grew strong and lusty. Other fruits and vegetables also were benefited by the electricity diet. It was found best, in the case of wheat, to give all day treatment, during the spring and in cloudy weather, but in the sunny summer days a few hours in the early morning were sufficient. No attempt was made to take a mean advantage of the growing crop by giving it electric treatment at night.

Electric Massage for Plants

It is claimed by the scientists in charge that by utilizing the electric apparatus during the winter and at other idle times for such menial tasks as threshing, grinding, cutting, and for lighting the house, electrical farming will some day be practicable. It is likely to be used first in the market gardening of high-priced, unseasonable vegetables.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE

THE most valuable crop raised in the United States is babies. Our wheat corp, our corn crop, our harvest of oats and rye, our production of meat and eggs and butter and milk and hay are only valuable as we have a good crop of babies. And by a good crop of babies we mean enough to make eighteen million American households happy, and of a sufficiently good quality so that the babies will walk in the footsteps of their fathers, and walk a little straighter.

The Intensive Culture of Babies

For some years now we have been deploring the falling off in the crops of babies. Our East African fellow-citizen, Theodore Roosevelt, went so far as to coin a word for it, "Race-Suicide." To-day a Government report is issued showing that there are fewer children to a family than before, and a great many fewer than there were in 1790, when our first American census was taken.

What is the cause of it all? Have women lost their maternal instinct and has the profession of motherhood gone out of fashion? We for our part don't think so. We think that women are as motherly as their own mothers were. Only we don't live on the frontier any more, where child-rearing was rough and ready and the more children a family had the better for the family. To-day the city is not so good a place for the large family of babies as was the frontier. The children have to be taken care of and kept out of the way of automobiles. They have to be properly clothed and shod; they must be sent to school for a great many years, and on the whole they are a big expense—though worth all they cost. In some of the cities there is no place for the growing babies, and not always houses or apartments to live in—for dogs and babies are barred. Besides, women marry later now. So it is not to be wondered at that in the United States as in Europe, the number of babies per family is decreasing.

Still we are growing enough babies to make our homes happy, and though there are fewer babies than there might be, each baby is getting more care and intelligent attention than its baby father and its baby-grandfather got.

Out West, wheat is grown by extensive culture; in the market gardens near Chicago and New York vegetables are grown by intensive culture. We are beginning to raise our babies by intensive culture.

EVEN in Turkey women are beginning to assert themselves. In that queer, restless corner of the Orient, woman, who has always been a mere chattel, has stood up, taken off her veil, and demanded to be considered as a human being. Ten thousand Turkish women are joined together in a protest against polygamy.

The Turk and His Wives

These women know whereof they speak and just why they are protesting. The leader of the movement, a real, live princess, was herself in her early youth the thirty-fifth part of the wife of a distinguished prince. After a few unhappy years in the harem, she escaped to Berlin, and became a trained nurse. Then she went back to Turkey, and has been an aggressive, active "undesirable," citizeness ever since.

What is most interesting is that the Turkish men themselves are joining in the revolt against plural marriages. Is it possible that triple and quadruple and centuple blessedness is not so blessed after all? King Solomon was certainly a man who married not wisely but too much, and who ended his career by writing despondent poetry. Have the Turks, too, come to the conclusion that though marriage is good, one may have too much of it?

THE French Chamber of Deputies is considering a bill to abolish the compulsory obedience of wives. The measure provides that the word "obey" be stricken from the bride's responses in the marriage service, for in France, as in most other countries, the lady has always to promise to obey her lord and master as the price of his exclusive society. Now and then a bride revolts and threatens to call off the performance if the objectionable word is not omitted. The prospective groom thus imposed upon usually makes a virtue of necessity and agrees that his wife shall not be obedient without her consent.

Of Woman's First Disobedience

Now, however, for the first time, the principle of wifely disobedience threatens to become embodied in legislation. Perhaps the French deputies will be stern and unyielding as husbands should be. Doubtless they will strike a terrific blow for the preservation of home and family. We only wonder what arguments they will use when they go home to face those meek and obedient wives of their own.

THE second Sunday in May has been chosen by those especially interested as Mothers' Day. The suggestion first came from Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, and the day was observed last year in many cities. The approval given the movement by the press and by well-known men and women has encouraged the promoters to make the observance an annual affair, and they hope some day to make it international. They urge that each of us set aside that Sunday to think about "the best mother in the world," that white carnations be worn or sent to hospitals in memory of our mothers, and that ministers choose appropriate texts. Every one who is the fortunate possessor of a living mother is asked to choose that day to visit, write, or telephone her, and in a general way to show her what a very popular person she is with her sons and daughters.

A Happy Day for Mothers

It looks as though these good people had lent themselves to a deliberate conspiracy to make somebody happy. Whether this is constitutional or not we do not know, but we do not recall anybody who ever got into serious difficulty by thinking about his mother.

ONE OF the last, but not least of the services rendered by President Roosevelt, was to call a conference of experts at Washington to study the question of dependent children. That two hundred earnest men and women should come together upon this invitation shows that this century is indeed the children's century.

The Children's Century

A great change has taken place since even we were children. In those days, children were seen and not heard. Now we hear children and hear of them constantly. We have changed the law for children, and given them special courts and special probation officers, instead of lumping them, as we used to do, with grown-up criminals. We are getting playgrounds for them and recreation centers; we are revolutionizing the schools and the kindergartens and the libraries, and even the newspapers for the sake of little ones. We are examining the little bodies as well as the minds of the children at school, so that a child may begin life with all the advantages that we can give it, and we are even experimenting with the question of feeding pupils, so that no child may grow up dull and stupid because its parents are too poor or foolish or careless to provide for it. We are not only writing new magazines and new thousands of books for chil-

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Nutshell

dren, but we are writing and acting new plays for them. The center of the modern household is the child; this is the century of the child.

The most important thing still remains to be done, and that is, to stop child labor. We have already made progress, but we shall not have done our full duty until in all the United States no child below the age of sixteen shall be found at work in any of our mills or shops or factories.

PERSONS of the MOMENT

THE "Daylight Saving Bill" with which the English Parliament is now wrestling is the pet measure of William Willet, who has advocated the scheme for years. It provides that the clock be advanced an hour in summer so that the people may have a longer late afternoon for recreation. The only real opposition the bill has met with is laughter. During the discussion of the measure even the English humorists became witty.

A TEMPERANCE warfare extending over a period of six years has resulted in making the State of Ohio ninety per cent. "dry." This absence of humidity is largely due to the efforts of Wayne B. Wheeler, State Superintendent of the Anti-saloon League. Mr. Wheeler might be called the Human Blotter.

IN HIS seventy-first year, Edward Payson Weston, the noted pedestrian, is undertaking to walk from New York to San Francisco in one hundred days, exclusive of Sundays. He is keeping close to his schedule, and the people *en route* are undertaking to injure his rugged health with lavish hospitality.

A RECORD run of sixteen hours from New York to Chicago was recently made by Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York. Mr. Vanderlip's special was run over the New York Central and Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroads. He was hastening to the bedside of his dying mother, but he arrived half an hour too late.

AFTER proceedings lasting nearly two years, the United States Government has liberated Jan Pouren, the Russian refugee. The Czar's Government has been politely informed that Uncle Sam declines, with thanks, the position of assistant executioner of Russian revolutionists.

JOHN W. DWIGHT is the new organization "whip" in Congress. It is his duty to see that the Republican Representatives do what is "right" and do it quick. He is the successor of "Jim" Watson, who retired to private life after a little misunderstanding with the voters of Indiana.

THE retiring president of Harvard, Charles W. Eliot, has been offered the Ambassadorship to the Court of St. James. The United States would be fortunate if so distinguished a man as Doctor Eliot could afford to represent us in England.

STEPHEN B. ELKINS, Senator from West Virginia, declares that the Payne Tariff Bill is indicative of New England rule in the United States Senate. While speaking these words he looked right at Aldrich and Hale, thereby committing lese-majesty, treason, and political suicide.

M. SIMYAN, Under-Secretary of the Posts and Telegraphs in France, could probably get without a struggle the prize for unpopularity. His changes in the department rules brought on the strike of the postal and telegraph employees, which for days tied France hand and foot and resulted practically in a victory for the strikers.

BECAUSE she did not consult their wishes upon the question of her proposed marriage to a Japanese, Miss Helen Gladys Erwin of Corte Madre, California, was the object of violent criticism and abuse. Owing to the California laws against intermarriage with Mongolians, the new couple had to go to Seattle to be married.

WILLIE WHITLA, of Sharon, Pennsylvania, is probably the most famous person of his age in America, and through no effort of his own. His part in the kidnaping affair was purely a passive one. Yet he was redeemed at a cost of $10,000, the price of our ablest base-ball players. That Willie is again with his parents and the money again in the bank, is due less to the vigilance of the police than to the carelessness of the kidnapers.

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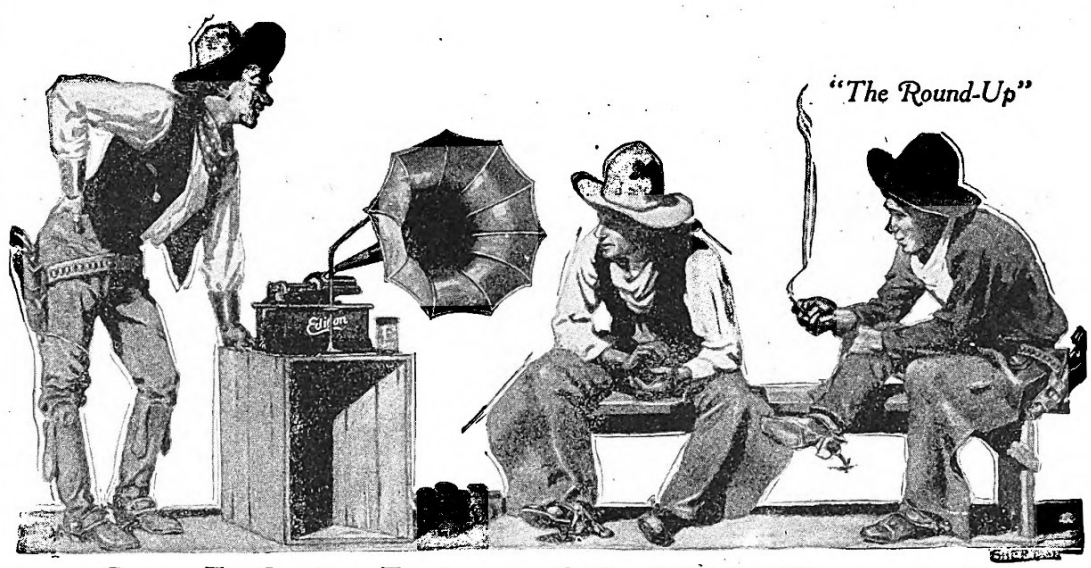

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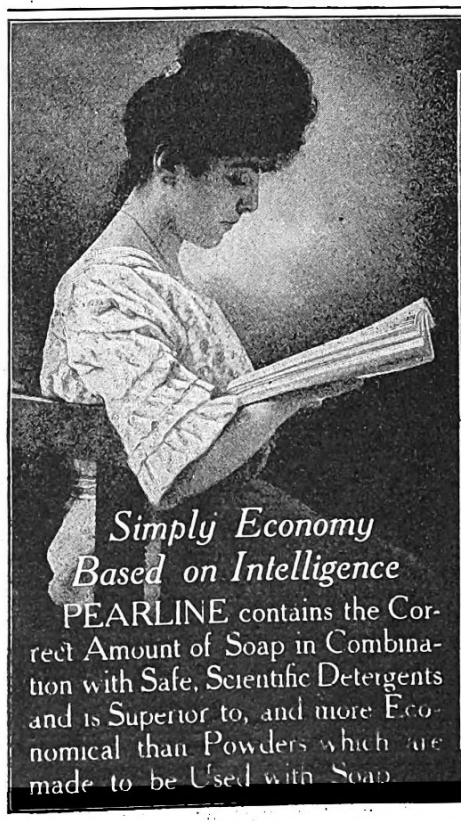

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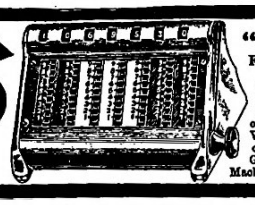

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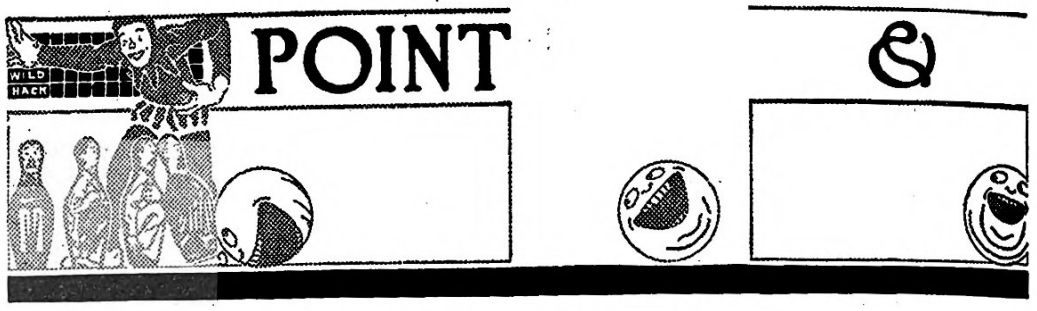

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The Cause of War

THE fair young *débutante* was surrounded by an admiring crowd of officers at the colonel's ball. Mama was standing near by, smiling complacently at her daughter's social success. The discussion was over the quarrel of the day before between two brother officers.

"What was the *casus-belli*?" asked the fair *débutante*.

"Maud!" exclaimed mama, in a shocked voice; "How often have I told you to say stomach?"

F. T. HENDERSON.

A Burst of Confidence

AN ELDERLY farmer up in Maine lost his wife, and his nephew was taking the old man back to the empty farmhouse.

"Well," said the old man, after a long silence, "forty-six years. I suppose she was a good wife to me. She was a good cook and a good housekeeper, and she kept me well redd up, but, do you know," he added, "I never liked her."—ADDISON W. BAIRD.

A New Language

ONE day while George Ade was traveling in the Orient, he came upon a fellow passenger in heated discussion with an old Arab. The lady, a school-teacher from Indiana, complained to Mr. Ade that after studying Arabic for years, in preparation for this trip, she could not understand a word that the native said.

"Never mind," said Ade, consolingly. "Can't you see that he has n't a tooth in his head? He 's talking gum-Arabic."

WILLIAM W. NUTTING.

He Liked His Straight

"INTEMPERANCE," said Horace Bixey, the oldest Mississippi pilot, "is what kills most of us off. Once we fished out a passenger who had been soaking in the river for half an hour. When the whisky was brought, the victim's lips moved slightly, and I stooped to get his last words.

"'Roll me on a bar'l fust and get some o' this water out,' he said faintly. 'It 'll weaken the licker.'"

JOSEPH H. EIGHER.

A Few Happyflyers

"MUCK-RAKER" appears to have become in some quarters a term of abuse. I never heard that the householder who took the dead rat out of his wall, even though he had to do some hammering and knocking and tearing down to get at it, was considered any nastier a person than the one who left it in there because the smell offended his fastidious nose. The smell would seem to me a good reason for extracting the rat before decomposition had gone too far.

IF SOME one should start giving out free transportation over a perfectly safe route to the planet Mars, he would instantly become the core of a center rush for tickets. Yet a city library card is a free pass to a hundred new worlds—with a return coupon to be had for the shutting of the eyes.

MONEY can't buy everything: There are no admission tickets to a sunset; you would n't trade the look in your boy's eyes when he greets you at night, for a million dollars of anybody's money; and if you keep a well-furnished mind you can go into it any time you like as you would into a child's playground and amuse yourself watching your thoughts play leap-frog with each other.

"MISUNDERSTOOD" is the shibboleth of the affinity-hunters. Probably they are understood only too well at home for comfort of their egoistic souls. If they would put one-fourth of the valuable time they waste in vivisecting their ultra-complicated natures into study of the temperaments and wishes of their other halves, they might find affinities strapped to their hands at their own firesides. What they need is a poultice to draw out their ingrowing affections.

"FEED the brute" is a good formula for keeping a husband at home. But don't forget there are several kinds of hunger. Many a well-fed dog has broken out of his kennel because he was lonesome.

LILLIAN PASCALL DAY.

A Literary Evening

AS JONES wended his uncertain way homeward he pondered ways of concealing his condition from his wife. "I 'll go home and read," he decided. "Whoever heard of a drunken man reading a book?"

Later Mrs. Jones heard a noise in the library. "What in the world are you doing in there?" she asked.

"Reading, my dear," Jones replied cheerfully.

"You old idiot!" she said scornfully, as she looked in at the library door, "shut up that valise and come to bed."—K. M. CROSBY.

Jerseyites and Israelites

AT A university dinner, President Butler, of Columbia, and President Wilson, of Princeton, were present. Dr. Butler took particular delight in scoring Princeton. He said the town, the student body, the faculty, and the president were a sleepy lot.

Dr. Wilson replied:

"I admit the truth of Dr. Butler's charge, but I congratulate Dr. Butler on being exactly the opposite, *i. e.*, very wide awake, in fact. As it is written in the Bible, 'He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.'"—A. M. PEASE.

Little Maude at the Fire

LITTLE MAUDE sat by her dear mama while the devoted lady read to her daughter out of a book.

Now Little Maude knew that it is the height of rudeness to interrupt those who read to us for our delight, so when she saw a little flame curling in the next room, she let it curl, hoping that the chapter would not be a long one, and that the flame might get weary of curling and go out.

But it was a long and interesting chapter, and while Maude's mama read, Little Maude saw other flames come to curl beside the one that had begun the business of curling.

Now after the flames had curled awhile they began to lick the furniture. And when flames get to licking they are apt to destroy anything that is of an inflammable nature, and Little Maude wished that there were no rules for politeness.

But her dear mama was so interested in the reading, it was so kind of her to give her time to her daughter that Little Maude forbore to speak.

It was not long before a maid saw the fire, and judging that it would be well to bring it to the attention of some one, she came to the door of the room to tell her mistress, but Little Maude laid her finger on her lips to signify that her mama was reading, and would not care to be interrupted, so the maid went away—to pack her trunk.

And the fire went on burning and spread to other parts of the house. Then a fireman who happened to be going by in the street on his way home to luncheon saw the flames, and said to himself very promptly, "My luncheon can wait but this fire will wait for no man. Unless I go at once to my brave comrades, and tell them to hasten to this scene, the fire may ultimately resist our utmost efforts."

So he broke into a run without hurting the run at all, and hastened to the fire-house, and said to his companions, who were playing at draughts, "Come, let us go and put out the fire in the house of Little Maude. I have not yet had luncheon, but, what of that?"

I POPPED the question to Marie,
Like any other beau:
She blushed and smiled and answered, "Oui,"
For she is French, you know.
"My dear," I asked her, bending low,
(I feared my cake had turned to dough)
"Whom do you mean by we?"
"O, U, and I," said she.

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PLEASANTRY

Not a fireman answered his question. Perhaps they did not know what to say, but all leaped to their tasks, and the horses leaped to their shafts, and in a much longer time than it takes to tell it they had reached the home of Little Maude.

And it was almost no more.

The flames had destroyed the right wing, but the part where Maude and her mama sat had as yet been spared.

While some of the firemen rang the front door-bell, in order that they might be admitted to the house to carry a line of hose, others directed copious streams from without into rooms not yet afire, that they might flood them and make it harder for the flames to injure the wall-paper, the hangings, and the furniture.

And some who were not as busy as the others went to a department store hard by and bought a life net.

At last a stream of water smote the window of the room in which Little Maude's mama was reading to the child, and broke it, and made a splash on the book.

Then Little Maude's mama saw what had happened, and, putting her finger in the book to keep the place, she took her daughter's hand, and together they went to see the fire from a more advantageous point.

"What a pity it is not night time. The flames show so well against the black sky," said Maude's mama.

She went to the window, and calling to the firemen she asked, "Where is the life net?"

And the fireman said, "We are sorry, but the firemen have not yet returned with it. They are waiting for change in the department store in which they bought it."

So Maude and her mama walked down the front stairs, which fortunately had not yet been attacked by the flames, and soon reached the garden. On the way, Maude's mama said, "How long has this been going on, my child?"

"Oh, mama," said Little Maude, "it must have begun when you started to read the last chapter. Do you wish to chide me for not telling you?"

"No, I have no wish to chide you," said the lady, "for I see you have poise. Come, we will finish the story in the garden and then if I can get some charcoal that is not too damp, we will make coffee for these brave fellows. How fortunate, my child, that the house is insured."—CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

A Modern Improvement

THREE doctors were operating on a man for appendicitis. After the operation was completed one of the doctors missed a small sponge. The patient was reopened, the sponge found within, and the man sewed up again. Immediately the second doctor missed a needle. Again the patient was opened and closed. Then the third doctor missed a pair of scissors. "Gentlemen," said the victim as they were about to open him up again, "for heaven's sake, if you're going to keep this up, put buttons on me."

R. BIGELOW LOCKWOOD.

An Up-To-Date Tragedy

'T WAS in the garden, the moon looked down
And zephyrs soft did blow.
Silent they sat, he held her hand,
I'm told 'tis often so.

And then, emboldened by her smile,
He whispered low, in haste,
"If you'll tell me just where it is
My arm shall twine your waist."

Then did she frown, and call him "clown,"
And, I am told, she "turned him down."
And 't was not fair, for how could he
Know where her waist was, for you see

She wore an Empire gown.

H. C. BENNETT.

THE sea-serpent paragraph has practically gone out. At one time it had a great vogue, but it got to be so common that every dry-goods clerk was seeing one.

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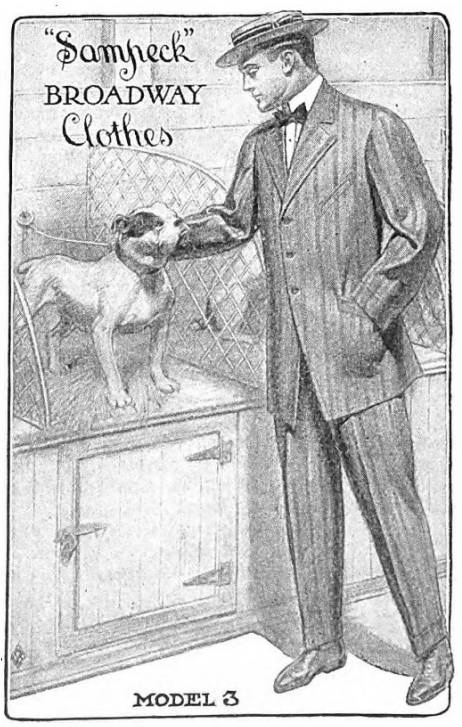

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

Make Every Advance a New Stepping-Stone

A GREAT many people can not stand much prosperity. If they make what to them is a hit in anything, there is a general let up in their effort. They stop and contemplate what they have accomplished, and congratulate themselves upon it, and feel satisfied with what they have done.

A satisfied or half-satisfied feeling over what one does is a most dangerous thing. Those who have done great things have looked upon every achievement as a stepping-stone to help them climb higher. They have been tonics rather than sedatives. They have been spurs to ambition.

Theodore Roosevelt is a good example of the spur of success. Every step he has taken, he has not only held, but he has also immediately used, as a means of stepping higher up. Every victory he has gained in life has been but a starting point for renewed effort, and has only made him more determined to do the next thing better. His life has been a most stimulating example to the young who are trying to get up in the world.

Most of us, like the frog in the well, slide back after we take a step up. We do not hold the advance we have made and keep pushing forward. It is a great thing to hold every bit of advantage one gets; but the majority are like the spurting general, the spasmodic commander who, when the enthusiasm is upon him, makes a dash for the fighting lines as though he would annihilate the opposing army; but, after the spurt, retires, loses confidence, energy, and enthusiasm, and suffers the enemy to retake the lost ground.

It is not enough to capture a fort in life—*we must hold it*, not let the enemy take it away from us. We must keep advancing all along the line, taking everything we come to, giving up nothing.

One of the greatest helps to achievement is to make it an inexorable rule that every time you make a success your next effort shall be a little higher up. Resolve that each success instead of satisfying you shall only spur you to renewed effort. If you meet with a misfortune, a loss, a seeming failure, determine that that shall be a turning-point in your career, a starting place for a new departure. Make up your mind that you will burn your bridges behind you; that you will not look back; that you will keep your eyes onward, ever upward, watching for the hand that beckons you on, listening to the voice of aspiration which bids you ascend.

Make every experience in life a stepping-stone to something higher.

The Self-Improvement Habit as an Asset

THE very reputation of having an ambition to amount to something in the world, of having a grand life-aim is worth everything. The moment your associates find that you are dead-in-earnest; that you mean business; that they can not shake you from your determination to get on in the world, or rob you of your time or persuade you to waste it in frivolous things, you will not only be an inspiring example to them, but the very people who are throwing away their time will also admire your stand, respect it, and profit by it, and you will thus be able to protect yourself from a thousand annoyances and time-wasters, and experiences which would only hinder you.

In other words, there is everything in declaring yourself, in taking a stand and thereby announcing to the world that you do not propose to be a failure or an ignoramus; that you are going to take no chances on your future; that you are going to prepare yourself for something out of the ordinary, away beyond mediocrity, something large and grand.

The moment you do this you stand out in strong contrast from the great mass of people who are throwing away their opportunities and have not grit and stamina enough to do anything worth while, or to make any great effort to be somebody in the world.

The very reputation of always trying to improve yourself in every possible way, of seizing every opportunity to fit yourself for something larger, better, grander, is an indication of superiority, and will attract the attention of everybody who knows you. It will win you recommendations for promotion which are never won by those who make no special effort to get on.

Lincoln was so hungry for an education, so anxious to improve himself, that everybody who knew him felt a real interest in him, and was anxious to help him. Most people are eager to help ambitious people who are trying to do something and to be somebody in the world. They throw opportunity and advancement in their way whenever they can. The very reputation of being ambitious—an earnest, thorough worker—is a splendid capital to start out with. It gives confidence and credit. It not only makes people admire you, but it also makes them believe in you.

The Man Who Can Talk Well

THERE is no other one thing which enables us to make so good an impression, especially upon those who do not know us thoroughly, as the ability to converse well. A man who can talk well, who has the art of putting things in an attractive way, who can interest others immediately by his power of speech, has a very great advantage over one who may know more than he, but who can not express himself with ease or eloquence.

You may be a good singer, a fine artist, you may have a great many accomplishments which people occasionally see or enjoy; you may have a very beautiful home and a lot of property which comparatively few people ever know about; but if you are a good converser, every one you meet recognizes and appreciates your art. Everybody you converse with feels the influence of your skill and charm.

In other words, there is no accomplishment, no attainment which you can use so constantly and effectively, which will give so much pleasure to your friends, as fine conversation. There is no doubt that the gift of language was intended to be a much greater accomplishment than the majority of us have ever made of it.

I was once a visitor at Wendell Phillips's home in Boston, and the music of his voice, the liquid charm of his words, the purity, the transparency of his diction, the profundity of his knowledge, the fascination of his personality, and his marvelous art of putting things, I shall never forget. He sat down on the sofa beside me and talked as he would to an old schoolmate, and it seemed to me that I had never heard such exquisite and polished English. I have met several English people who possessed that marvelous power of "soul in conversation which charms all who come under its spell."

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore had this wonderful conversational charm, as have Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth S. P. Ward, and President Eliot of Harvard.

The quality of the conversation is everything. We all know people who use the choicest language and express their thoughts in fluent, liquid diction, who impress us by the wonderful flow of their conversation; but that is all there is to it. They do not impress us with their thoughts; they do not stimulate us to action. We do not feel any more determined to do something in the world, to be somebody after we have heard them talk than we felt before.

We know other people who talk very little, but whose words are so full of meat and stimulating brain force that we feel ourselves multiplied many times by the power they have injected into us.

The Art of Covering Up Our Troubles

NO MATTER how your heart aches, learn to greet everybody with a smile, with a sweet, cheerful expression. If you can not get rid of your troubles, do not parade them, do not peddle them out. The people you are tempted to load with your own may have all they can bear of their own.

I once knew a woman who got into such a habit of telling her troubles to everybody that she could not restrain herself even when people went to her for sympathy in sorrow. Her own aches and pains, her own losses and sorrows, took precedence of everything else. No matter what others might be suffering, they must stop and listen to her tale of woe. She never allowed an opportunity to tell somebody of her troubles to pass unimproved. This became such a confirmed habit with her that when she got old, even people who felt kindly toward her avoided her.

A perfect contrast to this woman is a very sweet, charming old lady whose life has been full of trouble, but who has a way of covering it up so that one who did not know her circumstances would never dream that she had any troubles. She knows how to hide her aches and pains, to conceal the thorn that is pricking her, and to keep unpleasant things to herself.

It is a great thing to learn to hide our aches and pains, to keep to ourselves unpleasant things—things which would project disagreeable, discouraging pictures into the minds of others.

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Stand Well with Yourself

Most people are oversensitive about what other people think of them. Every well-balanced person is anxious to be well thought of. This is a worthy ambition; but there is only one person's whose good opinion you can not get along without, and that is your own. It is possible to live even a successful life with the ill opinion of all who know you; but you must have your own approval, or you will be a failure.

There are men and women misunderstood and denounced by the world who yet are able to walk serenely, calmly, without wincing or flinching, because they have never forfeited their good opinion of themselves. They have never lost their own approval, and as long as they hold this nothing else can matter very much; but with this lost, all is lost.

You can stand all sorts of disappointments that come unbidden, and after you have done your level best, but disappointment with yourself is fatal. You can outlive the others; you can live down a scandal, abuse, failure, if you have been honest and have tried your best, but how can you live down the abuse which you give yourself, the wound to your self-respect, the stain upon your honor?

When you go back on yourself nobody else can help you. If you have lost faith in your best friend, your own self-respect, where will your life structure rest, when the very foundation stone is gone?

The consciousness that you are right yourself, the consciousness that you have been perfectly honest and sincere and have done the right thing, the square thing as you see it, will sustain you and buttress you against all the assaults of the world. But without this defense you will very quickly fall.

You may survive the lack of confidence of the world—if you are honest you may get along fairly well even though everybody else denounce you; but if you go back on yourself, if you prove a traitor to that principle which is nearer to you than your breath, closer than your heart-beats, how can you expect to get the confidence or respect of others? If you do not believe in yourself, you can not expect others to do so.

There is one thing with which no man should part. Let everything else go, if you must—friends, property, bread, and shelter, even—but never part with your belief in yourself. Hold fast to your self-faith with your last breath; you are worth nothing without it either to yourself or to the world.

Squandering Ability

Doing the lower when the higher is possible constitutes one of the greatest tragedies of human life.

The squandering of money seems a wicked thing when we think of the good that might be done with it; but what about the wicked waste of ability, the deliberate throwing away of fifty, seventy-five, perhaps ninety per cent. of one's success possibility just because he never trained himself to use it, to grasp it with such vigor and power that he can fling his life into his career with its maximum effectiveness?

Most people take hold of life with the tips of their fingers. They never get hold of the life proposition with that grip and tenacity of purpose and vigor of determination which does things worth while. They just hang on the outskirts of things, playing upon the surface of their possibilities without ever getting down into the marrow of their being, where efficiency and power dwell.

Unpoised Lives

The life of the criminal is simply an unpoised life. If a person were perfectly poised, wrong-doing would be so repugnant that it would be unthinkable.

It is the one-sided, the unpoised mind that goes wrong. It is just as normal for the balanced mind to choose the right, the good, as for the magnet to draw to itself whatever is kindred.

Just as the needle in the mariner's compass always points to the north star, no matter how thick the fog or how the tempest rages, there is a needle within every human being which always points to the north star of rectitude, of right, of truth, no matter what storms of discord, of weakness, or of crime may be raging in the individual mind. Nothing can prevent this little indicator from pointing to the right, no matter how far the individual may drift from it, how low he may sink in vicious living.

Our Journey Godward

The race as a whole, however it may seem to deny it, is journeying Godward; and every human being will sometime, somewhere, ultimately come into perfect harmony with his highest aspirations. His heart-hunger will be satisfied, his noblest longings will be realized.

The Creator will not be foiled in his plans for bringing every created being into ultimate harmony, into that blessedness which satisfies all yearnings, all high ambitions, all legitimate desires.

This is the God we worship, instead of the god of revenge, the god of punishment. Perfect love punishes nobody. Perfect love only loves.

Love always loves. There is no shadow of hate or revenge, no thought of punishment, no suggestion of pain or evil in it.

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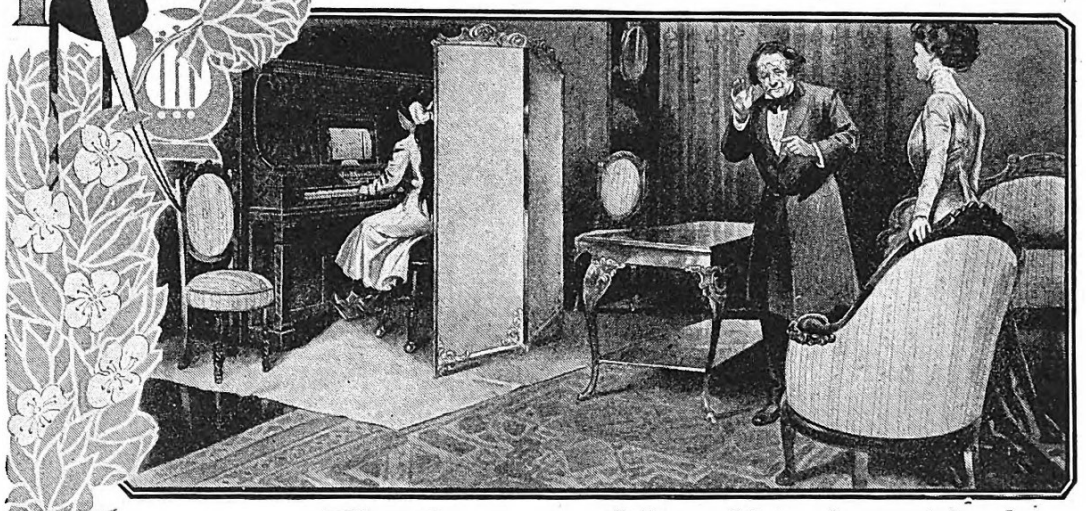

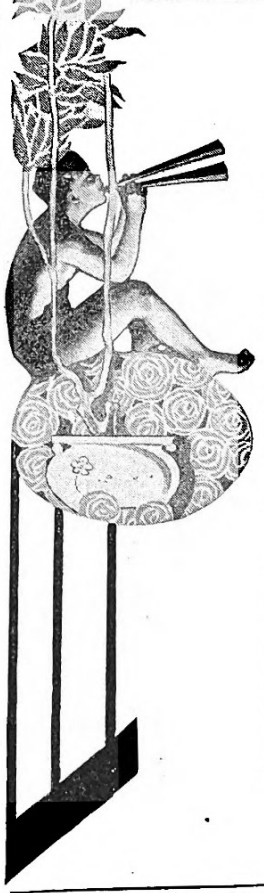

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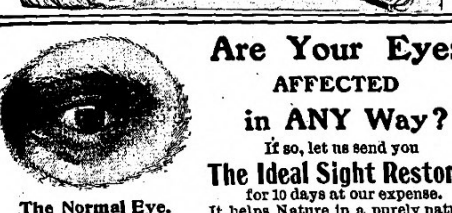

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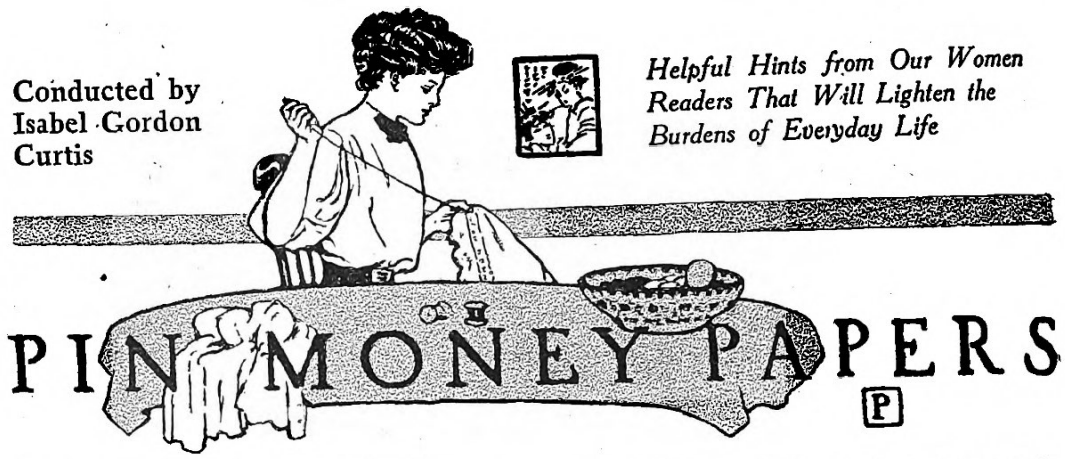

Helpful Hints from Our Women Readers That Will Lighten the Burdens of Everyday Life

PIN MONEY PAPERS

TO GIVE FROSTING A NICE FLAVOR add a bit of butter, the size of a hickory nut. It will also prevent the frosting from becoming hard too soon.

MRS. T. J. BROWN.

TO REMOVE A CORK that has fallen into a bottle or jug, tie a button, that will easily go through the neck of the bottle, to a stout piece of twine and drop it inside. Turn the receptacle up side down, being careful to allow the cork to enter the neck in front of the button. A pull on the cord will then extract it, or bring it sufficiently near the surface to be removed with the aid of a corkscrew.—MARGARET C. DOWLING.

IF THE KNOB OF A KETTLE COVER is covered with several thicknesses of cotton cloth, it can be easily handled when hot.—F. GORDON.

THE SQUILGEE ROLLER which is used in photography, is practically the same as a massage roller recommended by dermatologists for facial massage, and has the same effect. The roller is simply rubbed over the face, especially where wrinkles congregate, with slight pressure. The theory is that friction brings the blood to the surface and "wakes up" the skin, when the wrinkles disappear. The price of the massage roller is prohibitive to many, but the squilgee roller is cheap.

M. E. S. H.

IN "PADDING" FOR SATIN-STITCH EMBROIDERY, I accidentally made briar stitch instead of the usual chain-stitch and found to my delight that it was really a much more effective padding and takes infinitely less time. Make the stitches close together and the "briar" may be made wide or narrow as the exigencies of the case demand. Any embroidery cotton may be used but two strands of the regular French padding cotton is best.—MARY ALLEN CALEY.

TO BANISH MOTHS FROM A HEAVY CARPET put powdered borax around the edge of the carpet, and work it into the pile of the carpet where the less frequently moved pieces of furniture stand.—M. H. CLARKE.

A DELICIOUS KIND OF SANDWICH was served with coffee at a recent club meeting. It took the fancy of each and every one. After tasting, some one asked the hostess of what it was made. She politely replied, "The recipe was sent to me from a friend in an Eastern city, with the strict injunction I should not publish it." Immediately all began guessing. A nod from the hostess informed one girl she had guessed right. Here is the recipe: One cake of Philadelphia cream cheese, mixed with canned Spanish peppers, chopped fine. One large pepper is sufficient for one cake of cheese.

MRS. JANETTE EVANS.

SALT WILL REMOVE SPOTS FROM CROCKERY that has been placed in the oven; it will clean agate-ware, and remove spots from silverware. In sweeping, sprinkle salt on the carpet and there will be less dust, and the carpet will also look much better.—F. L. V.

WHEN BUYING A BROOM I am careful to select one of fine straw, as it wears longer and gathers the fine dirt which one of coarse straw would not.—C. A. L.

"EAT PLENTY OF CARROTS at this time of the year" is the dictum of a local dealer. "I learned the habit," he said, "from an old man who has been a customer of mine for years. He said they were the best spring medicine known, and advised me to try them. The old gentleman has the complexion of a girl, and he is as vigorous as a boy. I save the best carrots I can get for him—little ones as sound and crisp as an apple—and he pays me a fancy price for them. Eat one or two, raw, with a little salt every day for a month."

LOUIS J. FISH.

TO KEEP CREAM SWEET heat it to almost boiling point, put it in a glass bottle or earthen vessel, cover, and set aside to cool. Cream thus treated will keep sweet and fresh several days, in moderate weather, and over the second day in warm weather.—E. L. F.

FOR CARRYING COALS OF FIRE from one stove to another, I find my long-handled frying-pan an excellent utensil.—N. E. W.

FOR BURNS APPLY LINSEED OIL AND LIME-WATER. From experience I have learned to keep a bottle of this remedy in the kitchen with soft, clean pieces of old muslin, right where I can get them without a moment's delay. Apply the oil immediately, and bandage so that not a particle of air can reach the burn, and if it is just a skin burn no blister will form. Even if it is a deep burn this will give immediate and complete relief from pain; but of course a physician should be summoned at once if the burn is severe.

MRS. AGNES W. SHUTTLES.

MARKS ON PAINT made by scratching matches on it can be removed by rubbing with a cut lemon.—O. F.

FOR INJURIES OR ANY SKIN ERUPTIONS, such as pimples, I saturate a small piece of absorbent cotton with dioxogen and use it full strength. For severe injuries I dilute it. Most people feel the need of some household panacea, and I have chosen mine as dioxogen. It is one of the best antiseptics in the world, and is, in the medical world, preferred to peroxid, as it is pure and does not degenerate as rapidly. Dioxogen is also a splendid mouth-wash; it is harmless, bleaches the teeth, and completely destroys all injurious foreign substances that can not be removed with a brush.

MIRIAM WILLIAMS STUART.

WHEN USING GRATED OR SLICED PINEAPPLE for sauce the juice of half a lemon with sugar and water added gives a delicious flavor.—J. M. GILCHRIST.

WHEN PACKING AWAY SUMMER OR WINTER ARTICLES place them in a dry-goods box that is lined all over with tar paper. Line the cover also, and place it on the box securely, so that no light can find its way into the box. I have done this for years and find it is the only satisfactory way to keep moths from our home.

MAME B. GRIFFIN.

SAVE HEN'S FEATHERS FOR SOFA-PILLOWS. I keep a large box in the back yard into which I put all of the soft feathers, just as I pick them after scalding. The box must be deep, so the wind will not scatter them—for the box must be left open; the sun and rain will do much toward cleaning. When you have enough for your pillow put them into a thin flour sack and dip up and down in a tub of water several times, and hang on a line in the sun. This will make them soft and liven them up. You will be surprised at the result when you have a nice fluffy pillow for your cozy corner, and at no expense.—M. B. D.

MY KITCHEN RANGE gives me less trouble since I painted the sides and pipe shelves with aluminum enamel, such as is used for radiators. Dust does not show on them and when they become soiled I wipe with a damp cloth.—MRS. JO.

TO GET RID OF RATS stuff burrs from burdock or cockle-burrs into the holes about the house and cellar.

N. E. W.

TO TAKE INK OUT OF LINEN dip the spots in hot tallow and then wash out the tallow; the ink will disappear with it.—O. F.

IF YOU WANT NICELY FLAVORED BUTTER, with the buttermilk well worked out, try putting in a teaspoonful of clear honey to about three pounds of butter. You can not taste the honey but it improves the butter.

MRS. FRANK SPENCER.

DAMPEN THE DUSTING CLOTH with equal parts of turpentine and coal oil and it will brighten up the dullest furniture. It will not hurt the highest polish.—N. E. L.

WHEN MAKING FUDGE, stir in half a pound of marshmallows before you turn it into the tin to cool. They melt immediately and make the candy as smooth and creamy as can be.—HAZEL A. C.

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To make a table-cover, take four squares of butcher's linen, costing fifteen cents a yard; hem and join together with wide lace insertion, costing eight cents a yard, crossing it in the center. When carefully laundered it makes an attractive and serviceable cloth for the dining table.—Mrs. J. H. R.

A scrap-book looks better if, when pasting anything in it, you have a hot iron and press every clipping under a paper or cloth. They will be smoother and will not make the pages stick together.—Mather.

To set a clothes-post firmly, put it as deep in the earth as you like, and fill in around it at least a foot deep with cement. Do not move the post till the cement is thoroughly hard, and it will be as steady as though set in rock.—Mrs. E. Davis.

When our cellar was whitewashed recently I persuaded the workmen to wet the floor before they began work. As every six feet of wall was whitewashed they wiped up the drops from the floor—this kept the floor clean—as the water prevented the lime from soaking into the cement. When the work was finished the floor was spotless.—M. P. Collins.

Old putty may be removed from window-frames by passing a red-hot poker over it. It will come off easily.—Mrs. J. Branch.

When cleaning silver, after the large pieces, such as cake-baskets, candlesticks, photo frames, and the toilet silver of the dressing-table, which do not need washing, have been wiped out, with a dry cloth, apply a silver lacquer which can be obtained at any varnish dealers. They will not require cleaning again as long as the lacquer remains intact.—I. E. M.

If a fire occurs from kerosene, throw milk on it. The milk and oil form an emulsion immediately they come in contact and the blaze will be extinguished.
G. T. D.

Several hot-water bottles had been discarded on account of small leaks before I discovered that the leather cement used by shoemakers will hold a patch on in spite of hot water. Your shoemaker will mend a bottle for a few cents and double its term of usefulness.
Mrs. Ella B. G.

When gas mantles become blackened and useless, turn the light low, sprinkle with salt, turn the light full on again for a moment, and repeat till the mantle is clear.—Catherine.

When making soap, if a level teaspoonful of salt is added to six pounds of grease, you will not only have better soap but it also will not injure the hands.
Mrs. C. McD.

In sowing seeds, spread a cloth over the box after watering. It will hold the moisture and insure a good stand of plants. Remove when the seeds begin to sprout.—Mattie.

When making pockets for aprons or house dresses, place a small double piece of material at the top of the pockets on the under side of the goods. These should be sewn in with the seams. The pockets will not tear at the corners as they are so apt to do.
Mrs. R. S. Kellogg.

Hair tonic may be applied to the scalp with the least possible waste by using a medicine dropper, which applies the liquid in exactly the place desired and with the quantity properly gauged.—Antonia.

Waste-baskets are made by Californians from the stems of palm leaves. A round piece of wood is used for the bottom, and around it are fastened pieces of the palm stems of uniform lengths. At the top these are woven together with wire. Pretty baskets can be made from the branches of trees by selecting those of uniform thickness, cutting off enough at one end to make it lie flat against the round bottom, and then using grape vine or some pliable twigs to hold them together at the top. This is done by fastening two long vines at the same place and braiding them around each upright piece of wood.—Eda N. G.

We celebrated our wedding anniversary by a dinner. Each couple invited was asked to dress as a bride and groom of some nationality I designated. When all arrived they were told to search for their seats at the table by a wedding present specially suited to their nationality. The Germans instantly recognized their little Dutch (schmoke) pipe, the Jewish couple found a piece of money on a ribbon. No one had to say "rats" to the Chinese, to have them secure tiny candy rats. The Irish claimed their "pertattie" on a green ribbon. George and Martha Washington, as Americans, prized their little hatchet. One can easily think of appropriate gifts ranging within one's means for each of many nationalities. The finding of them certainly furnishes a pleasant entertainment for the evening.—Louise.

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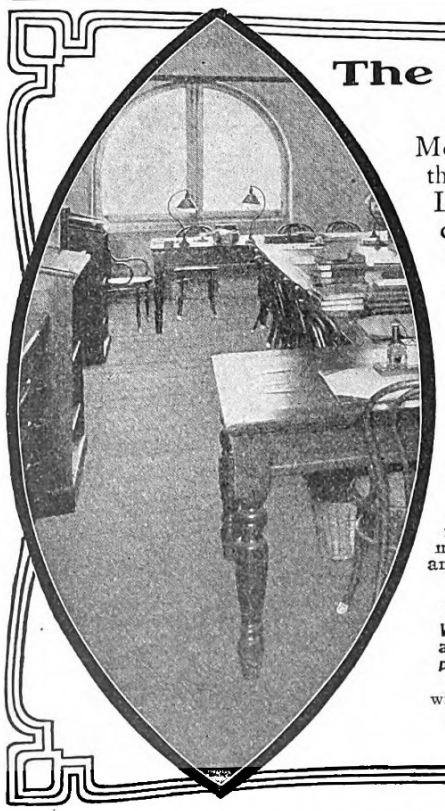

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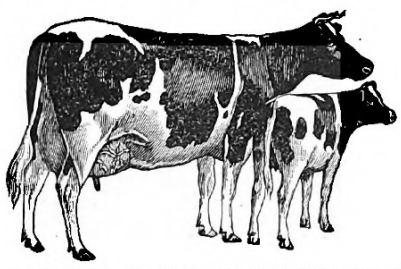

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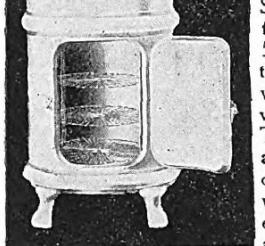

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Mrs. Curtiss's Home Corner

The Farmer's Wife and Her Problems. Shall She Take Summer Boarders?

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

HUNDREDS of letters come to me from country women asking, "How can I make money at home?" If they could know how that question perplexes an editor! Few women are capable of writing a letter that reveals much individuality. If they have individuality, they don't show it. When your querist is an "unknown," living in some remote corner, half way across a continent, in nobody knows what sort of locality, or in what sort of environment, the question is not a question, it is a problem! Suppose I advised a woman to bake for a living, when her neighbors make as good bread as she can and anyway would regard buying bread as veritable extravagance. Of what use would that be? Every question of this sort answered vaguely from the editorial desk narrows down to guesswork. It must be so, unless one has some sort of clue to the individuality of a writer. In scores of letters, I find this postscript, "What do you think of taking summer boarders?" A whole chapter could be written on this subject, from the standpoint of the woman who has been a boarder as well as from the woman who keeps boarders.

YEAR after year the women's magazines deal out chapters of sage advice to the farmer's wife, who keeps boarders, on how to manage and to make the work pay. Then in the fall comes the inevitable funny man, thankful to return to real cream, new-laid eggs, fresh fruit, and vegetables, from the city markets, to sleep without being pestered by flies, and to listen to the babble of the brook—from a graphophone—without being eaten up by mosquitoes. Back of both the advice and the jokes lies a situation which is almost pathetic, if you give it grave consideration. In so many country homes there has been sanguine hope and eager anticipation—then sorrow, heart-burning failure. I believe that the sublying reason for such failure is largely because a family that has been raised in the country, on country fare, and on country customs also, with a lack of every-day conveniences, can not possibly understand what city people expect for their money. I once spent three weeks in a farmhouse where everything was as good and wholesome and sanitary as is possible at a country place. There were plenty of guests—during the first few weeks. They began to leave by twos and threes till there were not enough boarders left to make the place pay, wholly because of one reason: the good housewife insisted on every one in the house getting up for a six o'clock breakfast. Few of them were willing to do that, so, when men, women, and children came sauntering down between seven and nine, there were all sorts of disagreeable situations. Situations developed into unpleasantness, and the house was soon empty. I tried to show the good woman how she hurt "business." Efforts were useless, for she was inexorable. She had been brought up, as generations had before her, to rise with the sun. She knew the pleasure and healthfulness of the royal hours after sunrise; also, it made a hard day's work possible. She could not understand why city people should doze for hours behind closed shutters, long after the men had gone to labor in the fields. Her six o'clock bell suited me, but only two or three others felt as I did—and two or three boarders do not pay.

THERE is small sympathy among "stirring" country folk for idle women who want perpetual attention or entertainment, or who can not change city habits for those of the country. Often the attitude of the country hostess is that of toleration instead of welcome. I have put myself in her place and have felt I should probably have done as she did with the same provocation, but it does not pay. I confess my sympathy goes out largely to the farmer's wife, trying with unselfish, energetic efforts to help her husband; only she could do so much better, if she understood. Unless you have lived year in and year out in a rural community, you can have little idea of how barren is life to thousands of brave country women, who summer after summer turn their homes into hostelries. Many of them do it as unwillingly as you or I would. Often they realize that instead of appreciation they get harsh criticism, backbiting, and sneers from useless, frivolous creatures, who could no more carry the burdens they do, than toss hay. Few city women, when they go into a country home, make the best of things, or give kindly, tactful advice and encouragement, instead of thoughtless fault-finding.

If women who seldom give a thought to the problems of life could shoulder the rôle of a farmhouse landlady for one day, they would look at what they receive for eight or ten dollars a week as pretty good value for the money. It does not pay for weary feet, snarled nerves, long days of hard toil in a hot kitchen, and endurance of inconveniences not even dreamed of by the city housewife. What is needed even more than better sanitary facilities in country places—and that is the top liner in material reform—is a sympathetic, friendly understanding between the country hostess and the city guest. That in itself is capable of achieving missionary work; besides, from a selfish standpoint, it tells, it betters conditions, and it makes a bond between woman and woman, for money by itself is a very weak bond.

A FRIEND of mine, the wife of a young city doctor, once went searching for a place to take her little ones during the summer. What she wished was simple living, pure air, good water, and cleanliness. It was days before she found anything that came near her expectations. Even then much was lacking she had hoped to find. The house was clean, the food was wholesome and well cooked, the view from the hill-top farmhouse was magnificent, the surrounding pine woods were a constant delight, and the well stood where no pollution could reach it. Only—the housewife did not want to take boarders.

"I tried it once," she confessed. "I need money bad enough, but I 'd rather pick berries all day under a July sun."

The doctor's wife was up against prejudice—the sort of prejudice for which there was probably good reason. It was a prejudice not easy to overcome. The country woman consented to take them on a week's trial. They received the best the farmhouse could provide, still, back of the hospitality, was that strange New England brand of reticence, which is so hard to break through. One knows the warmth of fire underlies the ice, but it is not easy to reach the fire.

The city woman accepted the situation with thorough understanding and high hopes for the future. The chance arrived when her husband, who had joined them for a short vacation, pulled the old farmer through a sharp attack of pneumonia. After that there was no outside-the-family-circle attitude for them. The bond of gratitude strengthened into heartiest friendship, and an intimacy grew between the two women which was heart-to-heart. A pitiable story came to light: years of hard toil when little more had been earned than a mere living, a long sickness which swept away the small savings, pinching denial that the children might have a high school education, and—like a cloud between them and the sunshine of life—the traditional mortgage.

THE generous city woman took their problem to heart, as if it had been her own. All the small inconveniences and shortcomings of the hill-top home were forgotten, after she had put the question squarely to herself, "Could you have succeeded as well as they have under the circumstances?"

She told me how a reformation began. "I had a talk with the farmer one day," she said. "I showed him that his wife was fagged out, that what she needed more than medicine was a day's rest. He gave us the old buggy and off the two of us went, on the most glorious June morning I can remember. The old horse went dawdling through the pine woods and over hill-top roads. It was a chance for such a talk as we had never had before. I found it terribly hard to be frank without hurting, but finally I showed her what an opportunity she had during three months of the year to make the place pay. Her eyes had to be opened to what city folks call stern necessities: fly screens which really kept out flies; a piazza at the front of the old house instead of a little porch; utensils in the kitchen to lighten labor; mattresses instead of feather beds; windows that would open wide enough to let pine-scented breezes blow through the house, and an open fireplace in the big living-room for cheerful fires on chilly evenings. The dear soul accepted everything in the spirit I meant it. She thanked me with tears in her eyes and a hand clasp that made my fingers tingle for half an hour."

WHEN the doctor's wife told me this story I was summering at Pine Top Farm, as the place is called to-day. It was hard to believe that only ten years before the reformation began. A splendid windmill had

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replaced the old well; there were two perfectly equipped bath-rooms, and a wide piazza ran around three sides of the house. One side of the piazza, which looks down into a valley where a mountain brook goes dashing over rocks, had been transformed into an attractive dining-room. Vines shadowed, and awnings sheltered it on rainy days. Labor and skillful planning had made the inconvenient old kitchen into a workroom which it was a positive delight to visit. An alcohol stove replaced the big range, for summer; there were shining zinc-covered tables, a painted floor, windows and doors where no fly could find an inviting cranny, the most convenient of pot closets, and pantries and dish shelves; an immaculate white sink, a spacious built-in refrigerator, and an array of saucepans so shining clean, that the sight of them added a fresh relish to food. There is a garden, which every year steals a bit more of the green hillside. From it come the finest fruit and vegetables, besides a wealth of lovely, old-fashioned flowers that make the house delightfully fragrant. In the orchard and under the pines are comfortable lounging places, wide hammocks and roomy benches. The old farm-house, with its big, comfortable, homelike rooms, was left untouched. Innovation, except in the kitchen and dining-room, would have ruined the place. As more rooms were called for, there sprung up on the hillside a scattering of cozy cottages, with white tents here and there. Sixty people are entertained each summer at Pine Top Farm, instead of the one little family that was taken in reluctantly ten years ago. Rates were then four dollars a week, now they range from ten dollars to eighteen dollars, and scores of applicants are turned away who can not be accommodated. The big carryall with its splendid horses has paid for itself; so have the well-kept tennis and croquet grounds, as well as the numberless small comforts that have been added year by year. One delight of living up there is that the human machinery of the place seems to run without a snarl. The bright, capable, intelligent boys and girls who do the work inside and out are so far above the level of average servants that one never dreams of applying such a name to them.

"How is it all achieved?" I asked the doctor's wife, after I had been there a day or two. "Where does Mrs. Sangster find such help?"

"Well," answered the little woman, "first, they are her children. They were youngsters when we came here; hearty, happy boys and girls, ambitious and willing enough, in the unconcentrated fashion of country children. They needed steering in the right direction, then hearty encouragement. The eldest boy, who had just left school, was hesitating between being a carpenter or a miller. My husband showed him what wonders could be achieved on the home place by an energetic young carpenter. These cottages are his work; so is every change about the house, and to him is due the credit that, neither indoors nor out, can you find anything which shows a touch of decrepitude. One boy and girl have entire charge of the garden and a splendid hennery. One girl looks after the dairy; a third boy cares for the horses and teams. Peggy, my favorite of the big family, reigns supreme in the kitchen. Eight years ago, when Peggy was sixteen, she begged to go home with me for the winter and help about our house. I can never tell you the boon she was to us. You ought to have seen that girl grow. She put all her heart into learning how a city woman keeps house; she spent five evenings a week at a cooking school; the multitude of things she learned astonished me. The next summer, when we went back to Pine Top Farm, she began to show of what she is made. The tired mother had resting spells, while Davy, the carpenter-boy, under Peggy's directions, made the kitchen what it is. She is a born cook, as well as a strict economist, and in a few years Pine Top Farm has grown famous, not only for its magnificent view, fine breezes, and for the real, old-fashioned comforts it offers, but also for a table which is attractive, wholesome, yet the very ideal of simple country living, which we dream of and so seldom find.

"There is no attempt at aping the ways of a hotel. No stringy imitation of an orchestra tinkles ragtime while we eat; there is never an attempt at a menu beyond the reach of a country larder; we simply have abundance of the best the garden yields, and it is as palatable as food can be. One reason why the wheels move so smoothly is because when the old folks began to realize the possibility of making Pine Top Farm lift its mortgage, they started a system of paying the children for their work as fairly as if they had been outsiders. A large part of the children's earnings was eagerly handed over to help make the old home their own, something which was accomplished years ago. Each child to-day has his bank account. Not one of them dreams of leaving for the city; the system has done wonders to keep them happily at home. When extra help is needed, there are plenty of friends of the young folks glad to join the jolly family at Pine Top Farm. They not only earn good wages, but also spend a pleasant summer. The sort of people who come here recognize at once that the workers do not belong to the class we call 'help,' so they have seldom to face such indignities as the ignorant thrust on those who labor."

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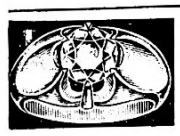

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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL PORTFOLIO

May I Help?

YOU cannot pay me for the help I can give you in home decoration and furnishing. I am not in that business. But I think more examples of decoration and furnishing are submitted to me in any given time than to any other one person. Because I edit and publish "The House Beautiful," people share with me their problems and send me photographs of their triumphs.

There is no greater satisfaction than in securing really beautiful and correct effects with a moderate expenditure. I have selected several notable examples of such achievements—Living Rooms—Dining-Rooms—Halls—Bed Rooms. These I have reproduced in natural colors and have collected in the "House Beautiful Portfolio." Each plate has marginal descriptions of everything that has gone into the furnishing and decorating, accurately named and priced.

You will enjoy their beauty, but it is in their practical helpfulness that you will find their true value.

Whether you have a home or a room to furnish and decorate completely, or whether you simply desire to improve on what you have, you will find these plates a practical help now or at any later time, for these examples are of the kind that endure.

Artists who make a business of Home Decoration and Furnishing submit such plates only when a lavish outlay is contemplated. These notable examples show what can be done with limited means through the exercise of care and good taste.

* * * * * * * *

May I Help? That is the keynote of "The House Beautiful"—helpfulness. It is the magazine of the Home:—Of the Beautiful in the Home—not only in Decoration and Furnishing, in Architecture and Grounds, but in the higher, broader sense "The House Beautiful" reflects all that goes to make up the truly Beautiful in Home Life.

Every month it comes to you with its message of good cheer. Its value in its helpfulness and its ennobling influence is not to be measured by its subscription price. Would that I might send it to all who ask—but I cannot. But of good measure I can give in abundance. And "The House Beautiful Portfolio" in actual value heaps the scales. If you want the Portfolio you want "The House Beautiful." Just sign the coupon and drop it in the mail. I will send you at once, quite by way of good measure, the Portfolio of Color Plates and copy of the current issue of "The House Beautiful."

For your dollar I will send you the five succeeding numbers of "The House Beautiful," so you see you will get in all a full six months of the magazine.

Then, if I have served you well for six months, you must subscribe for "The House Beautiful," for the following twelve months, at the regular subscription price, $2.50, so that I may look my business manager in the eye when he tells me how much the Portfolio cost us. Note that you get in all six numbers of the magazine, and every number must please you, so that you can then truthfully say: "I would rather have your 'House Beautiful' for another twelve months than my two and one-half dollars. I shall be delighted to be put to the test.

Fill out the coupon, pin a dollar bill to it, and mail to—

HERBERT S. STONE
Publisher of "The House Beautiful"

HERBERT S. STONE, Publisher "The House Beautiful"
1326 Republic Building, Chicago

You may send me your Portfolio of Notable Examples of Inexpensive Home Decoration and Furnishing, and a copy of the current issue of "The House Beautiful."

I enclose herewith $1.00 for a special rate five-month trial subscription to "The House Beautiful."

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Address.....

Town or City.....*State*.....

Let Me Start You on the Road to Independence and Fortune

GET IN A PLEASING, PROFITABLE, GROWING BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN.

I WILL START YOU

Open a Collection Bureau in your town—you can, with my aid, learn the fundamentals in a few weeks—no capital is required to start—will not interfere with other employment until firmly and profitably established. A business that is easy—honest—and has a field of unlimited extent. Incomes from $5,000 to $10,000 annually are possible.

FULL PARTICULARS—ALL INFORMATION FREE

Simply tell me that you are interested—and I will send you a booklet containing full particulars—detailed information of my system of mercantile collections. The opportunity to get into a pleasing, profitable and ever-growing business is yours. Grasp it. Write to me to-day—now.

"With your System I have entered the Collection Agency business, and am making money, far in excess of my expectations."—W. S. LUCE, Chelsea, Mass.

"I am using your System in my office and find that our receipts are greatly increased."—D. M. WILTSHIRE, Richmond, Va.

LOUIS D. WHITNEY, President, Whitney Law Corporation, New Bedford, Mass.

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I Have Loaned $1,500,000 on These Farms and Never Lost a Cent—to Private Investors.

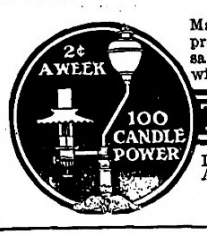
I have loaned over $1,500,000 to private investors without a single default of principal or interest on North Dakota farm lands. I sell mortgages of that kind on rich farms in the counties surrounding my home and throughout North Dakota. They are exactly the same kind of mortgages that through banks and trust companies are sold to net 4½ to 5 per cent. I sell them so your money can earn 6 per cent.

I know personally every section upon which these mortgages are issued. I have carefully investigated and in most cases am personally acquainted with the farmer. I know for what purpose he wants the money, and in no case do I loan more than 40 per cent of a conservative present valuation.

I give all the details of every mortgage I offer. I live in Lisbon and have resided in North Dakota 27 years. I spent 10 years in the banking business and the past 17 years in handling farm mortgages. I am in constant touch with the property and owner. I am always at your service.

If you have $1,000 or more that you would like to invest in the best security and that will earn 6 per cent, write me for list No. 156.

WALTER L. WILLIAMSON, Lisbon, North Dakota.



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A KEROSENE MANTLE BURNER on old lamps Multiplies light. Divides cost. Sample prepaid anywhere in the U. S. Stamp for catalog and Trial Offer. **Heating and Lighting Co., Rome, N. Y.**

"You speak of 'the sort of people.' How do you get the sort of people?" I asked. "There is quite a different class here from the crowd you find at the average summer hotel."

"That was the worst problem at first," answered the doctor's wife, thoughtfully. "We had so often shifted from one place to another, for no other reason than a dislike for the people with whom we had to mingle. My husband and I talked it over with a few congenial friends. We decided there must be enough folks in our part of the world who cared for the sort of summer we have at Pine Top—a quiet, restful time, with simple living and no frills. We don't feel we are a bit better than anybody else, indeed the people we would rather avoid could buy us all out time and again. A summer boarding-place is nothing but a big home, and we would not dream of asking into our home the rabble you frequently meet when you are a paying guest—shoddy, shallow-minded people, chronic kickers, cruel gossips, slangy, coarse, ostentatious men and women or folks who want to run everything and everybody. Nobody cares to be absolutely rude, yet sometimes I have had to do things I was ashamed of, simply to get away from them, and it spoils all the lovely days when one wants rest and pleasant companionship. Then, if your landlady is a gentlewoman, as dear old Mrs. Sangster is, think of the indignities she has to suffer!

"PINE TOP has needed no advertising except among our friends; so our congenial circle is seldom invaded by folks to whom you really can not offer hearty friendship. When, by some accident, a stranger does drift up here, our good landlady tactfully gives her a week's trial, promising a room till some one comes, by whom it is engaged. Occasionally the stranger is one worthy of a hearty welcome; sometimes she leaves when her week is up. Children are made happy here—the right sort of children, I mean. Mrs. Sangster would rather have rooms stand empty than harbor rude, badly trained youngsters, who are prototypes of the grown-up 'disagreeables' of a generation hence. Only she never has empty rooms. Tact, gentle consideration, honesty, and the real spirit of hospitality pay, not only in cash, but also in a broader life and a multitude of friends."

I have told this story because some one—the woman in the country eager to earn money, or the woman in the city searching for a summer home—may find a lesson in it, somewhere. From the standpoint of a summer boarder, I have seen all sorts of people—the landlady more of a gentlewoman than many of her guests—and I have pitied her from the bottom of my heart also—down to the landlady I should have enjoyed sending to jail. You can preempt one corner of a summer boarding-house and see as much of life as if you went a tour around the world.

⚜ ⚜

Grass and Oak

By STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

A GRASS-SEED fell where an Acorn lay,
And jauntily gave him the time o' day.
The Acorn was quietly unconcerned,
So the impudent Grass-seed never learned
If the somnolent lump had even heard—
The Acorn answered him never a word.

The Grass-seed, piqued that he'd been ignored—
So publicly snubbed, so completely floored—
Remarked, when his blade had started out
At call of the rain and the sun-warmed drought:
"You long lay idling before I came;
Yet your armored coat looks just the same.

"See! I am becoming quite green and tall,
While you've lain sproutless since 'way last fall.
I learn from the Oxalis, just beyond
The Fern that guards with its friendly frond,
You fell when November's skies were bleak—
I dropped by your side but yesterweek."

But the Acorn was dreaming dreams of storm,
Of gale and thunder, of summers warm;
Of winters grim when the forest cracks,
And the drifts are graved with the wild things' tracks.
He may have heard what the Grass-stalk said,
But he deigned not even to turn his head.

Long after the Grass-seed's day was done,
When a haggard and dead-brown thing in the sun
And breeze waved spiritless to and fro,
That patient Acorn began to grow.
His broad leaves opened with leisure grace—
No equal his of his neighbor's pace.

* * * * * * *

An Oak now looms where the Acorn lay,
Dew-drenched by night, sun-swathed by day.
His trunk is strong as a fighting-mast,
Its bend as slight in the maddest blast.
And, scorned, by his feet, there rise and pass
Each summer a crop of upstart grass.

⚜ ⚜

The whole face puts on mourning for the death of self-respect.

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BUSINESS HINTS

Gentleness *versus* Bluster

I HAVE a business friend who is as modest and as gentle as a woman, who is never obtrusive or self-assertive, but who has a most remarkable way of getting things well done, and getting people to see things his way. He does it without any noise or pretense. He does it as the tender germ of the daffodil lifts its head up through the hard turf, by gentle persistency.

No one feels conscious that this man is trying to influence him, or to get him to do a thing against his will; but, somehow, most people about him find themselves doing what he wants them to do. He is so delicate in his diplomacy, so gentle in his tact, and so strong in his self-confidence that others find themselves agreeing with him without really knowing why.

He has a large number of emyloyees under him, yet no one ever hears him raise his voice in anger or assertive authority. He is so gentle that strangers often wonder how he manages to have any discipline: and yet everything goes like clockwork in his establishment. His employees respect him, like him, because he is always kind, considerate, and never scolds, frets, or nags; but they know that when he gives an order or makes a suggestion it must be obeyed.

I know another man, working in an institution close to him, who is about the same age but the opposite in every respect of my friend. He is loud and vulgar, critical and domineering. He never asks employees to do things; he commands them.

The result is that he is very unpopular. His employees are all afraid of him. Most of them despise him, and only obey him through fear. He can not hold good workers, and consequently has an inferior lot of help; while the man across the way has a very refined, quiet, superior class of employees.

The boisterous man has very hard work to get things done, because he always holds a club over his employees, and people do not give up the best thing in them through fear of losing their positions. This only responds to respect; it is only called out through enthusiasm and love for one's work.

Little Things Destroy Confidence

YOUNG people little realize what a great impression small things make upon those who are watching their careers.

A very successful business man became so prejudiced against a debtor who did not pay his note until several days after it was due, or even speak to him about it, that he absolutely lost all confidence in the young man's business ability.

This young man thought that two or three days would not make much difference with a millionaire who knew he was honest, but it made all the difference between confidence and no confidence.

Many young men are very careless about their banking. They frequently overdraw their accounts, and are not prompt in paying or renewing their notes. They may be perfectly honest, but they are careless. They lack system, are unbusiness-like, and this destroys confidence.

Good business men are very prompt, and they have no patience with procrastinators. Promptness is a principle with these men, and a failure to meet an engagement, to pay a note promptly, a careless habit regarding business matters, destroys their confidence.

There is no one thing outside of honesty which will help a man's credit so much as the reputation of being prompt, punctual. Capital is very timid, and unreliability, the lack of promptness, slovenly methods, will quickly ruin a man's credit.

Business men do not like to deal with people they have to watch all the time. They like to feel a sense of certainty and of security in their dealings with a man.

It does not take long to ruin one's credit or reputation. No matter how careful or honest he may have been for years, he can undo it all in a very short time by carelessness, forgetfulness, slipshod methods.

Ability without Character

THERE is nothing so dangerous as unprincipled talent. It is one of the greatest American curses. What else is such a menace to society as a powerful man without principle, a man who uses his genius to tear down instead of to build up society?

"A very humble door may open the way to large opportunities."

"Good morning, Mr. Shop. Keep me to-day and I'll keep you." This was the daily salutation of a cheerful, optimistic London tradesman every morning as he came to his shop.

Housecleaning this Spring is Different

THE OLD WAY

The **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner**

GET ONE FOR YOUR SPRING CLEANING BEFORE TOO LATE—

It Eats Up the Dirt

THE NEW WAY

You Don't Have to Pound the Dust Out

The terrors of the old primitive way of housecleaning—of ripping up and tearing down, of carrying to and fro and out and in, of endless confusion and toil and drudgery—all are now abolished.

Keep Your Carpets and Rugs on the Floor!
Keep Your Wall Decorations Hanging!
Keep Your Upholstered Furniture in its Place!

Right where they are, the **THE IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** will lift out of them, by its suction force, every particle of dirt and dust and every germ, moth and egg of vermin. It will renovate everything in your home. It will make everything clean, wholesome, sanitary and sweet—outside and in and through and through.

Everybody Can Afford It

Completely equipped for hand operation, the **IDEAL** Vacuum Cleaner **COSTS ONLY $25.** Equipped with electric motor for direct current, $55; for alternating current, $60. The motor is of the best standard type. It uses only about two cents worth of electricity an hour. All you have to do is to attach it to your electric light fixture.

So tremendous is the saving effected by the **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** in time, labor, health and actual money that its small price is quickly returned many times over.

Anybody Can Operate It

Operated either by hand or electric motor, the **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** does the work of power plants costing a thousand dollars and upwards, and does it better and with more convenience. No skill needed either to use or maintain it.

The hand machine puts no tax on the strength—your 8-year-old boy might well scorn the task as too easy—compared with sweeping, it is play. The electric motor is not a necessity, but a luxury.

THE OLD WAY

CHANGE IN PRICE—After June first next, the price of each motor equipped cleaner will be increased $5.00.

Why pound the life out of your carpets and rugs under the mistaken notion that you are pounding the dirt out of them? Or why send your valuable fabrics away to be treated you don't know how?

The ***Ideal Vacuum Cleaner*** *renovates every time it cleans. Its cost is less than what is ordinarily paid a professional renovator for just one cleaning. And it remains to serve you all the year 'round.*

Send your order for one of these valuable machines at once. Our Free Illustrated Booklet tells a story that will mean ***a new era*** in your home. Write for it to-day.

THE NEW WAY

The AMERICAN VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, 225 Fifth Ave., New York

Do you want more income now?—Spare time will do

W. A. Shryer, President

Do you want to add to your present earnings and still keep your present position? Are you ready to test a new business that will make you independent, but which will take your entire time ONLY when you are satisfied that it is PERMANENT, that it is DEPENDABLE and that it will PAY YOU BETTER than your present work? **THEN INVESTIGATE THIS NEW BUSINESS.**

That's all I ask—investigate. The evidence is yours for the asking. The facts and figures—the absolute proof of every claim made is published in a new booklet, called the "TESTIMONY BOOK"—sent free. Here are just a few extracts from it. Full addresses of all are given in the book.

"In less than 60 days, **SPARE TIME**, my commissions were **$68.27**" writes Frank R. Northrup, Des Moines. "In **SPARE TIME only**, I have **earned $110** in less than two months" says Henry Bickner, Jr., Schenectady, N. Y. "**Working evenings** and spare time, my commissions amounted to **$165** the first three months," writes C. W. Huttel, Pa.

Write today for free "POINTERS ON THE COLLECTION BUSINESS" and this new book. Address,

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The Advancement of Shorthand

Improvements of Capabilities and Development of Qualifications by Learning How Others Do Their Work

Every science and profession has its literature which notes its advancement, and disseminates to all its followers and practitioners the methods by which its greatest accomplishments are achieved, and keeps the individual member advised continually as to the state of advancement at the very highest point of learning in his profession.

The Shorthand Writer Magazine

This magazine is to the shorthand profession what the professional journal is to the physician or the lawyer; what the trade journal is to the mechanic or to the tradesman, and it is the only magazine in the world which is edited and published by practical shorthand reporters, and which appeals to the writers of all systems of shorthand, which neither sells its editorial pages to authors or publishers nor advocates any one system of shorthand or shorthand school.

The stenographer who proposes to make shorthand his life work is interested in knowing as much as can be learned of his profession, and the shorthand writer who intends to use shorthand as a means of entering some other field can best accomplish his purpose by being thorough in shorthand, by knowing all that he can learn about the profession. These two features make this magazine indispensable to all stenographers.

Material in the Shorthand Writer

It contains articles on the qualifications of Shorthand Reporters; how to enter business as an expert reporter; a department dealing especially with the National Shorthand Reporters' Association, of which The Shorthand Writer is the official organ; another dealing with licensed court reporters; another showing fac-simile notes of successful shorthand writers; a department of editorials on the subject of shorthand; etc.; a court reporting department.

Under the heading "Legal Pleadings," giving from the standpoint of the lawyer, law clerk, stenographer, court reporter, the forms which are used in a law suit from its very inception, and this department will carry legal forms through to the point where cases are finally decided in the supreme court and become a part of the supreme court reports. These articles begun in the March number will continue for at least a year and perhaps longer. They are prepared by men of unquestioned ability, and contain matter which can not be secured except by drawing on the widest personal experience in dealing with them.

Another department which will be continued for at least a year deals with forms used by an office lawyer; the organization of corporations; the preparations of notes, bonds, bills, contracts, mortgages, deeds and scores of other forms which are absolutely essential to the successful education of business men, and high class, well paid stenographers.

Under the heading, "Encyclopedia of the Crafts" are articles dealing with the technique of almost every art and craft known, giving the technical language, and a description of the conduct of the various lines of business, industry and manufacture.

This magazine is published monthly; its subscribers are unanimous in saying that each copy is worth more than a year's subscription. It does not send out sample copies free; the price of a year's subscription is two dollars; the price of a single copy is twenty cents.

We desire every stenographer who reads this article to know what our magazine is, and therefore we offer a three months' test subscription just once to any one individual for twenty-five cents.

The Eastern office of The Shorthand Writer is in the Broadway and 39th St. Building, New York City; the Western office is 79 Clark St., Chicago.

Stenographers may fill out the coupon below and send it with twenty-five cents either in stamps, coin or money order and secure a test subscription on the conditions above stated. Address

The Shorthand Writer,
79 Clark Street, Chicago.

Enclosed find twenty-five cents for three months test subscription to The Shorthand Writer, beginning with the month of.....

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Shorthand Experts

Advancement by Expert Shorthand Reporters in the Matter of Writing and Teaching Shorthand

It is as easy to learn a good system of Shorthand giving one the benefits of the practical experience of experts as to learn a poor system which has behind it no experience.

A few years ago real scientific shorthand was in a primitive state, and the labor and preparation necessary to become an expert reporter required not only a great deal of time, energy and patient study, but was generally regarded as requiring such peculiar qualities of natural aptitude, to enable one to become an expert reporter that only a very small percentage of beginners in the study ever qualified for even mediocre reporting, and it was very rare indeed that one qualified for reporting in court or to take legislative debates. It would have been impossible fifteen years ago to have had expert reporters as officials in all the courts in the country because there were not enough experts to fill the positions, and now that almost every state in the union has provided for official reporters at a compensation which enables the reporter to usually earn as much if not more money than the lawyer, there is an added demand as well for experts from those states which first adopted shorthand as a method of recording proceedings in court by reason of increase in population and consequent increase in litigation.

Besides this the high class, well paid private secretary of to-day must generally be required to possess great capabilities as a stenographer, more so than a court reporter but a few years ago.

This great demand for expert shorthand writers of necessity produces facilities for the graduation of experts, and the best possible results can only be secured by giving to the student of shorthand the benefit of the practical experience of expert shorthand reporters.

Besides this the science of shorthand has within recent years been perfected, modernized, brought down to date, improved and simplified by those whose experience in applying the art have qualified them to put into their revision of shorthand the results of many years of practical experience.

Expert Shorthand not Hard to Learn

There are many first-class systems of shorthand; they are all, however, based on one standard foundation, and the shorthand which is actually written by expert reporters differs so slightly that it may well be said that expert shorthand reporters use substantially the same system.

A few years ago an expert shorthand school was established with two local schools, one in Chicago and one in New York; it was started by practical shorthand writers and is conducted by practical shorthand reporters. Its lessons are so arranged that it can teach by correspondence almost if not fully as satisfactorily as by personal instruction and each pupil of this school receives direct, individual, personal attention in the correction of his work from expert shorthand reporters.

The gentleman in charge of the school in New York was for over fifteen years a congressional reporter in Washington; he reported the anthracite coal strike arbitration, and went abroad for the United States government to report the Alaskan Boundary dispute. The School in Chicago is likewise conducted by expert shorthand reporters who have achieved a national reputation for ability as expert reporters.

This school numbers among its graduates hundreds of court reporters, private secretaries and high class, well paid commercial stenographers throughout the entire world, and its instruction is guaranteed by a substantial legal contract to return money paid for tuition if one is dissatisfied with the course.

Persons interested in learning shorthand who have no knowledge of it, and persons who are now stenographers but desire to improve their capabilities in shorthand, will please either fill out the coupon below or write to the school nearest them for the catalog of this school which is sent free on application.

Success Shorthand School

Eastern Office, Suite 53, 1416 Broadway, New York.

Western Office, Suite 35, 79 Clark St., Chicago.

Send me without expense your catalog "A Book of Inspiration."

Name.....

Address.....

.....

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF ADVERTISING

The first of a series of twelve articles by the Advertising Editor

My father was a country gentleman, raised just below the Mason and Dixon Line, and enjoyed to the fullest all that that meant in the South before the Civil War. Stock of my grandfather's assets was taken after the war, and a deplorable condition disclosed. The sons had to go to work. So, at the age of about twenty-five, my father was found making his monthly trips through the small towns of Southern Kentucky, representing a large wholesale establishment with headquarters in Louisville.

At that time the only railroad in the State was the Louisville and Nashville. This line ran straight through the State, almost North and South, so it was necessary for him to travel almost entirely by team. In his memoirs are to be found the record of many interesting experiences of those days of difficult travel; but the most significant facts, as related to the subject of advertising, were his methods in salesmanship. These differed, however, in no startling way from those employed at that time by the great army of such salesmen sent out from all of the large manufacturing centers; but they show the existence of a general effective method.

The telegraph, the telephone, and the railroads were means of communication rarely heard of, and, of course, never enjoyed by those communities. Newspapers, and other forms of printed news, were infrequent visitors. The traveling salesman was the news-carrier, and on his ability to tell the interesting news items depended largely his success as a salesman.

In those days a salesman would never open his samples to the merchant until he had gone over the latest Washington despatches, and all other items of general interest, and it was expected of him to sit up at the tavern late into the night discussing the questions of the day with the townspeople. He was fresh from the center of the great urban activities, and knew about all things. The bits of news dropped by him were, of course, passed on by word of mouth until they had reached all in the community. This commercial individual was copied by many of those with whom he came in contact. His mannerisms, style of dress, *et cetera*, were rather of a newer order, therefore his influence was greater with many people than that of the village or town parson.

Few of us realize the part the traveling salesman of that age took in educating his own little flock to a higher order of things. He was paid to sell goods, not to educate; his employer asked him to bring to the attention of the merchants the newest devices for human comfort, the most improved farm implements, as well as the latest styles in clothing; but conditions forced him also to keep fresh on the great march of human events, and to pass his knowledge on to people hungry for knowledge of the deeds and misdeeds of other people.

It is interesting to speculate for a moment on the probable condition of our country if no other method of communicating news to the unsettled sections had been discovered. Things might have been very different—at any rate, most of us to-day are glad we are living in this age.

Modern business philosophy has in it the same incentives as were found in the old, and there is little in either that looks philanthropic. A desire to sell in large volumes and at a profit, always has been and still is the great motive power behind all business institutions. Surely, a single thought concerning the education of the American public rarely, if ever, squeezes in through the doors of directors rooms, unless it be "educate them to buy more of our goods."

The great march of commercial progress, the creating of a general feeling of want, or desire for better things—in short, the desire to sell—was responsible for the traveling salesman of old, as it is for the advertising or the modern printed salesman of to-day. The magazines and the weekly and the daily newspapers have taken the traveling salesman's place. They are reaching millions, in fact, the whole reading public, where he only reached hundreds. They are performing the same educational functions, as well as the same commercial ones, but in a much broader and more intelligent manner, and they are being paid by the same commercial institutions as paid the traveling salesman of the old days.

So, in truth, we find the advertiser making it possible for the publisher to put into the homes of the world expressions of the thoughts of the greatest thinkers of this age. The best literature first finds its way to the great magazines, and first gets its distribution through that medium. Books from the pens of great authors of all ages are exploited monthly in the advertising pages of the magazines. Institutions of learning, technical and otherwise, are found making strong pleas for more students. Every modern appliance for human comfort, entertainment, and general social and commercial advancement is being explained, even to the smallest detail, in words and illustrations, by the printed salesman. The ability of the best writers of the English language, the best business promoters, the keenest intellects, the most modern minds, is being employed to construct the advertising

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that is reaching you by way of the magazines. If the adult public read only magazine advertising, even in this day of great search and demand for learning, they would receive a liberal education, for is it not true that about the choicest English is to be found within the borders of advertisements? It is there that we are to learn all of the points worth while concerning machines and devices constructed for our use, from automobiles to washing machines. Through the advertising pages of the great magazines we are told of about every advance in business, science, every change in style of dress, every forward step in health, mind, and physical culture. Almost every product of man's mind at one time or another has its introduction to the public through the medium of advertising.

Can it not be truthfully said that advertising is one of our most powerful educational forces? It must be confessed that advertising has not quite reached a point where it is all to be considered as trustworthy and so constructed and conducted as to be of most value to those who read it and follow its suggestions, but the demand for a strict censorship on the part of the publisher is having counsel with his conscience and with his best business judgment. The soundness of such a plea is soon to be comprehensible to all, not excepting publishers and advertisers.

The Advertising Editor is hearing from a number of our subscribers regarding this mystifying and yet extremely absorbing subject, and he is glad. The letters are all of much interest, and, too, they are encouraging. Let him have more of your advertising notions.

Does what you have just read appeal to your sense of humor, or does it seem to have certain instructive values? We will have more to say on the subject in the June issue.

⚜ ⚜

Two Interesting Editorials

SUCCESS MAGAZINE'S vigorous campaign against "Cannonism" and the machine control of the House of Representatives has drawn forth a great amount of newspaper comment, from which we select the two following editorials as being of peculiar interest. The first, a notably generous and outspoken recognition of the immense power for good wielded to-day by the weekly and monthly magazines, is from the Philadelphia *North American:*

The Daily Paper and the Magazine

Readers of the *North American* are not uncertain about the estimate of the value to the nation of the awakening of the public conscience and the establishment of right civic standards during Roosevelt's seven years' tenure of the presidency.

But, rightly or wrongly, we think it a novel example of candor for a metropolitan daily newspaper to admit that the progress made would have been impossible of accomplishment but for the work of a group of weekly and monthly publications.

The *North American* is not mock modest. When we do something that seems worth while we do not hesitate to blow our own trumpet. Most assuredly we should not dream of belittling the splendid record of a free press that dates from Wilkes, pilloried.

But we believe in frankness in all things and in the correct chronicling of changes and developments that affect national thought and conduct. So we feel it necessary to speak the conclusion forced upon us by careful retrospect of the past ten years. And that conclusion is that the new type of weekly and monthly magazine created in this country is the most impressive modern proof that a way always will be found to enlighten and express public opinion.

It is not with any feeling of cynicism or despondency that we record the fact that the influence for real, patriotic, right thinking exerted by the daily newspapers of America was dwindling almost to the degree of degeneracy. That is the blunt truth, even though the daily newspapers have refrained from speaking it.

But we never faltered in our belief in the poets, who are the true prophets, after all. And so, when we saw the world's strongest people sinking into subserviency to a sordid power, only because the people were being served by a press that was worse than subsidized, a press that had become enslaved, we did not doubt the outcome. We simply pinned our faith to the words that Kipling put into the mouth of "The American Spirit" in speaking of "The American," that

> "—through the change of mood and mood
> Mine ancient humor saves him whole.
> And in the teeth of all the schools,
> I! I shall save him at the last!"

* * * * * * *

And this is only a confirmation of the belief expressed by every deep observer of this unique nation, from De Tocqueville to Bryce, that when apparently completely throttled the indomitable American spirit kicks aside all precedent and finds an outlet.

* * * * * * *

Two things above all others stand out as factors in

The ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO

Ever since its introduction in 1895, the ANGELUS—the Pioneer piano-player—has made steady progress toward the goal of perfection, and thus, by keeping in advance of its imitators, has maintained its superiority. Now comes

The New 88 Note Instrument

Heretofore, whether in cabinet form, or installed within the case of a piano, the ANGELUS has been made with a range of 65 notes—in this respect like other piano players—but now we are building it so it will play 88 notes, the entire keyboard of the piano. The new ANGELUS gives to its user, the same playing compass as that of the concert pianist, for it is thus possible to play every note, from the lowest in the bass to the highest in the treble.

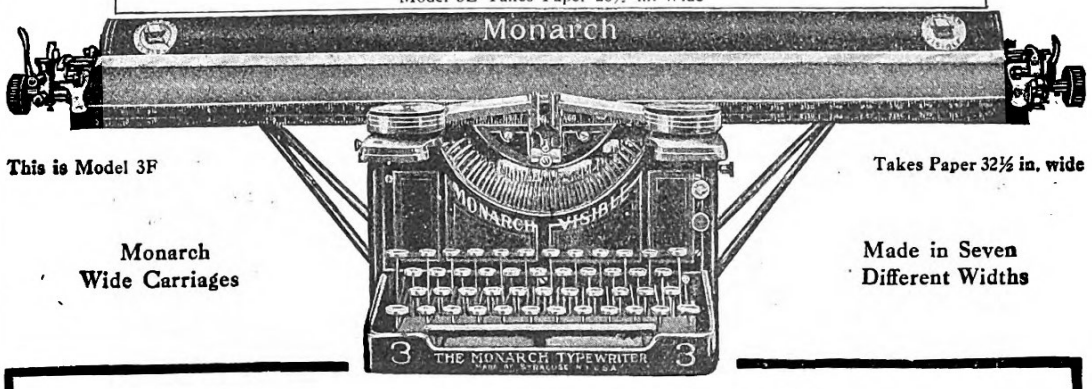
The patented and exclusive features of the ANGELUS instruments, including the Phrasing Lever, MELODANT, the Diaphragm Pneumatics, the Melody Buttons, the ARTISTYLE music rolls, and the Duplex Spool.

The KNABE-ANGELUS, the EMERSON-ANGELUS, the ANGELUS-PIANO in the United States; the GOURLAY-ANGELUS and the ANGELUS-PIANO in Canada.

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO. *Business Established in 1877* **MERIDEN, CONN.**

Regent House Regent Street London.

Model 3 Takes Paper 10½ in. Wide
Model 3A Takes Paper 12 in. Wide
Model 3B Takes Paper 14½ in. Wide
Model 3C Takes Paper 18½ in. Wide
Model 3D Takes Paper 22½ in. Wide
Model 3E Takes Paper 26½ in. Wide



This is Model 3F **Takes Paper 32½ in. wide**

Monarch Wide Carriages

Made in Seven Different Widths

Monarch Adaptability

Monarch Typewriters do more than merely write letters. They write anything from index cards to the widest forms you wish to use—all with the same ease and satisfaction. The widest Monarch carriage runs as easily as the narrowest. Furthermore, the touch of the keys and the shift for capitals is equally light on *all* Monarch Models.

Let us demonstrate to you the mechanical reasons for the *"Monarch Light Touch."*

Write for Illustrated Descriptive Booklet

THE MONARCH TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Executive Offices: Monarch Typewriter Bldg., 300 Broadway, New York
Monarch Typewriter Co., Ltd., 98 King St., W., Toronto, 128 St. Peter's St., Montreal. *Branches and dealers throughout the world.*

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Who Taught You How to Strop a Razor?

Or who led you to believe that you could shave in comfort *without* stropping?

If you have been untaught or if you have been misled by "no stropping" fallacies, let this fact sink in.

You have got to strop a razor to get a perfect shave.

Each shave, each stroke, takes something from the blade's keen edge.

Stropping *only* will keep it at its best and since stropping is an art that the average man has neither time nor patience to master, the

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

(Automatic Stropper and Razor in One—Strops Itself)

is the average man's shaving salvation. It is the only razor which *anyone* can strop automatically, correctly and quickly without "knack" or inconvenience.

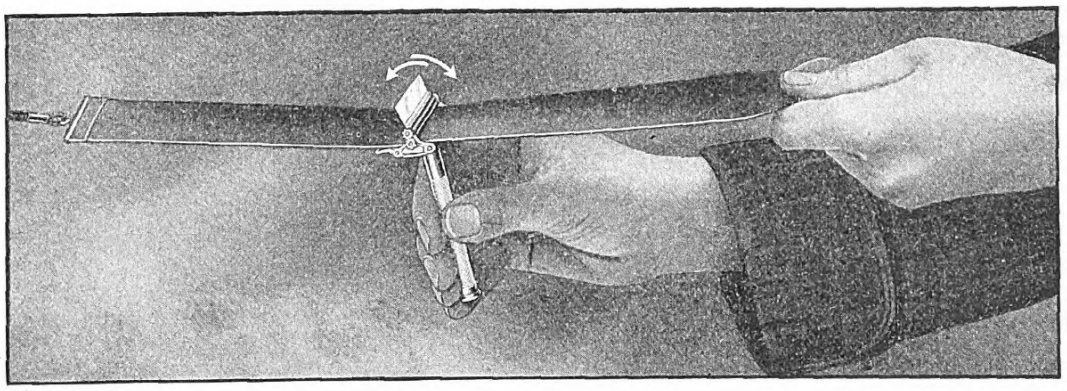
No taking apart to strop or clean, and a new, sharp edge for every shave. As simple as the "old style", as safe as the safest of "safetys" and as comfortably effective as the best of barbers.

Send for our booklet "Shaving Sense". Free if you send us your dealer's name.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., Dept. I, 345 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

61 New Oxford Street, W., London — 14 St. Helen Street, Montreal

Blade always sharp—lasts for months.



Standard Outfit—Self-stropping Silver-Plated Razor, 12 blades and fine Horsehide Strop in Leather Case, $5.00
Money back if not satisfied after 30 days trial.

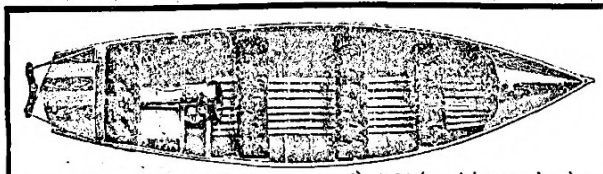
Which Man Will You Be?

The man that works in the factory or store, or keeps the books, or does the office work, is not the one that draws the big pay envelope. It is the man that **sells the goods;** there is no limit to what he can earn. Good salesmen earn anywhere from

$1,000 to $10,000 A Year

and expenses. We will teach you to be a high-grade Salesman by mail in eight weeks and our **Free Employment Bureau** will assist you to secure a position as a Traveling Salesman with a reliable firm. We received calls for salesmen from 3,000 firms last year, and assisted hundreds of our graduates to secure good positions where a great many of them have earned from $100 to $500 a month and expenses and some of them even more than that. We are receiving hundreds of new calls for salesmen for the summer and fall rush. If you are ambitious and want to enter the most independent, best paid, pleasant profession in the world, where you can increase your earning from two to ten times, our free book, "*A Knight of the Grip*" will show you how. Write (or call) for it today. Address nearest office.

Dept. 132 National Salesmen's Training Association,
New York Chicago Minneapolis Kansas City San Francisco



GREATEST LAUNCH OFFER EVER MADE

Price, $110

LENGTH 16 FEET
BEAM 4 FT. 2 IN.
MOTOR 3 H. P.

Mullins "1909 Special" is a trim, speedy, elegantly equipped Mullins Steel Launch—with a guaranteed speed of 9 miles an hour—Improved 3 H. P. Two Cycle Reversible Engine and Mullins Silent Underwater Exhaust. Mullins Patented Steel Construction like torpedo boats with large air chambers like life boats, insures speed and absolute safety. Our complete Catalogue of Launches, Motor Boats, Marine Engines, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats gives complete specifications of the "1909 Special" and full particulars regarding our entirely new line of 1909 Models designed by Whittelsey & Whitaker, New York—the most successful naval architects in America. When you want your boat you will want it at once, not three months later; so write to-day For Our Catalogue.

W. H. Mullins Company, 105 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio.

the lessening of the influence of the daily press: The first is the purchase of newspapers by rich men, utterly destitute of any comprehension of the right functions of journalism. Jay Gould failed in his attempt at this sort of prostitution of public opinion. From Huntington, in California, to Morgan and Belmont, in New York, and from "Fingy" Connors, in Buffalo, to Oliver, in Pittsburg, we have only too many proofs that the plan now succeeds.

Yet even more potent, we think, is the yielding of the newspaper's sense of patriotism and right to the greedy demands of the great industries in the community in which each chances to have its being.

Read the comments on the Payne tariff bill, and every sane, well-informed American discounts the comment of the Boston papers regarding raw and finished materials that affect the factories of New England. Most of the Philadelphia criticism counts for no more than what New Orleans says of sugar, or Pittsburg of steel, or San Francisco of fruits, or Chicago of packing-house products. And it is common knowledge that what almost every big New York newspaper says is a Wall Street echo.

And so when it had come to pass that the period of the daily newspaper as the exponent of enlightened public opinion had closed, as they became localized, the men of the magazines, with their touch upon the pulse of the national situation, came forward. A vacuum had been created. They filled it.

And the result has been that our civilization owes a debt to what has been done by *McClure's*, *Everybody's*, *Hampton's*, the *American*, *Pearson's*, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, the *Outlook*, the *Independent*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and last, but most emphatically not least, *Collier's*.

We believe that an absolutely new development, not only in the field of literature and the activities of publication, but a thoroughly novel factor in our American civilization, has come into being within ten years.

Concerning it we shall have more to say in future. Meanwhile, we ask our readers to think for themselves, as we have been thinking, to what extent they have been informed and to what extent their attitude toward public affairs has been shaped by the periodicals that were either non-existent or negligible less than ten years ago.

The second, a characteristically venomous shaft, is from that witty and adroit opponent of progress, the New York *Sun:*

Government by Magazines

Last fall's Congressional elections might have made the insurgents in the House of Representatives a little doubtful about the potency of those weekly and monthly publications which set up the hue and cry against "Cannonism" as good business. Some Republican Representatives were defeated for reelection, but they were not all members of the so-called "organization." One of the most notable insurgents, the redoubtable PETE HEPBURN, fell by the wayside in Iowa. Now as they reflect on this week's contest in the House itself and ask one another what they are going to do next, with Mr. CANNON firmly seated again in the Speaker's chair and acting under rules which do not diminish the Speaker's power, and remember that this was accomplished despite the telegraphed opposition of five "progressive" periodicals, government of the magazines, by the magazines and for the magazines, must look as though it had perished from the earth like a dream that is gone.

A Biblical Retort

MRS. GALES, a prominent Washington hostess, gave a dinner where N. P. Willis was an honored guest, according to Mrs. Sherwood's book "Here, There, and Everywhere." Her niece, an attractive young lady, was seated at the opposite end of the table, next to Mr. Willis, who was very attentive to her. Mrs. Gales sent a card to her niece which read, "Don't flirt so with Nat Willis."

Now it happened that Mrs. Gales herself was talking in a most interested and vivacious fashion to her neighbor, a Mr. Campbell. Willis saw the writing on the card and instantly retorted, in behalf of his partner:

"Dear aunt, don't attempt my young feelings to trammel,
Nor strain at a *Nat* while you swallow a *Campbell*."

Where Old Hats Are Fashionable

IN SOME countries hats do not have to be in the latest style in order to be popular. With the inhabitants of a little group of islands known as the Nicobars, only old hats are desired. This peculiar custom affects the trade of the island, for old and young, chief and subject, compete with each other in their endeavor to see who can acquire the oldest hat. Consequently, all the second-hand dealers in Calcutta make annual excursions to the Nicobars to dispose of their valueless stock. These misshapen and dilapidated head coverings are traded for coconuts, the only valuable product of the islands. The number of decadent hats collected during the lifetime of one of the oldest inhabitants is regarded in much the same light as a collection of paintings or rare silver is with us.

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MOTHER

[*Continued from page 307*]

It is always the poor mother on whom the burden falls; and the pathetic thing is that she rarely gets much credit or praise.

Many mothers in the poor and working classes practically sacrifice all that most people hold dearest in life for their children. They deliberately impair their health, wear themselves out, make all sorts of sacrifices, to send a worthless boy to college. They take in washing, go out house-cleaning, do the hardest and most menial work, in order to give their boys and girls an education and the benefit of priceless opportunities that they never had; yet, how often, they are rewarded only with total indifference and neglect!

Some time ago I heard of a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of spirit and vigor, who married and had four children. The husband died penniless, and the mother made the most heroic efforts to educate the children. By dint of unremitting toil and unheard of sacrifices and privations she succeeded in sending the boys to college and the girls to a boarding-school. "When they came home, pretty, refined girls and strong young men, abreast with all the new ideas and tastes of their times, she was a worn-out, commonplace old woman. They had their own pursuits and companions. She lingered among them for two or three years, and then died, of some sudden failure of the brain. The shock woke them to consciousness of the truth. They hung over her, as she lay unconscious, in an agony of grief. The oldest son, as he held her in his arms, cried: 'You have been a good mother to us!' Her face colored again, her eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered: 'You never said so before, John.' Then the light died out, and she was gone."

Who can ever depict the tragedies that have been enacted in the hearts of American mothers who have suffered untold tortures from neglect, indifference, and lack of appreciation.

What a pathetic story of neglect many a mother's letters from her grown-up children could tell! A few scraggly lines, a few sentences now and then, hurriedly written and mailed—often to ease a troubled conscience—mere apologies for letters, which chill the mother heart.

There are plenty of wealthy men in this country who owe everything to the mothers who made all sorts of sacrifices for their rearing and education. When they became prosperous, these men neglected their devoted mothers, but came to their senses at their funerals. Then they spent more money on expensive caskets, flowers, and emblems of mourning than they had spent on their poor, loving, self-sacrificing mothers for many years while alive. Men who, perhaps, never thought of carrying flowers to their mothers in life, pile them high on their coffins. There is nothing which pains a mother so much as ingratitude from the children for whom she has risked her life, and to whose care and training she has given her best years.

I know men who owe their success in life to their mothers, who have become prosperous and influential, because of the splendid training of the self-sacrificing mother, the education secured for them at an inestimable cost to her, and yet they seldom think of taking her flowers, confectionery, little delicacies, or taking her to a place of amusement, or of giving her a vacation, or bestowing upon her any of the little attentions and favors so dear to a woman's heart. They seem to think she is past the age for these things, that she no longer cares for them, that about all she expects is enough to eat and drink, and the simplest kind of raiment.

These men do not know the feminine heart which never changes in these respects, except to grow more appreciative of the little attentions, the little considerations, and thoughtful acts which meant so much to them in their younger days.

Not long ago I heard a mother, whose sufferings and sacrifices for her children during a long and terrible struggle with poverty should have given her a monument, say, that she guessed she 'd better go to the old ladies' home and end her days there. What a picture that was! An old lady with white hair and a sweet, beautiful face; with a wonderful light in her eye; calm, serene, and patient, yet dignified, whose children, all of whom are married and successful, made her feel as if she were a burden. She had no home of her own, not a single piece of furniture, or any of the things which are so dear to the feminine heart. Think of this old woman, who, in order to bring up and educate and fit for successful careers, half a dozen ungrateful, selfish children, had made sacrifices that were simply heartrending, receiving, in her old age, only a stingy monthly allowance from her prosperous sons. They live in luxurious homes, but have never offered to provide a home for the poor, old rheumatic, broken-down mother who for so many years slaved for them. They put their own homes, stocks, and other property in their wives' names, and while they pay the rent of their mother's meagerly furnished rooms and provide for her actual needs, they apparently never think what joy it would give her to own her own home, and to possess some pretty furnishings, and a few pictures.

I know a mother whose children are in easy circumstances who is obliged to ask them for everything

There is But One "Holeproof Hosiery"

It has the name "Holeproof" on the toe.

Please do not judge the genuine by heavy and coarse imitations.

"Holeproof" is the original guaranteed hosiery. We worked 31 years to perfect it. No maker with less experience can make a hose as good.

It is light, soft and attractive.

There are a hundred other hosieries with guarantees like ours. But you don't want hose cumbersome, heavy and coarse.

"Holeproof" today costs the same as the common.

You may as well have it.

We pay an average of 63c a pound for our yarn. Ours comes from Egypt. We use 3-ply yarn throughout with a 6-ply heel and toe. Thus we get superior wear.

We spend $30,000 a year for inspection. You'll insist on "Holeproof" if you'll compare all kinds. But don't say merely "Holeproof Hose." Look for the name on the toe, else you may get an imitation not even half so good.

If you want the most for your money you must see that you get "Holeproof."

This guarantee comes in each box of six pairs: "If any or all of these hose come to holes or need darning within six months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free."

Ask for our Free Booklet "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

Now 25c a Pair

6 Pairs—Guaranteed 6 Months—$1.50 —up to $3.00

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. On request we will tell you the dealers' names. Or we will ship direct, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

"Holeproof" are made for men, women and children. Ask your people to try them.

Are Your Hose Insured?

Holeproof Hosiery Co., 307 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—Made entirely of Sea Island cotton. 6 pairs, $2.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color, and mode. Sizes 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, $3. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2. Medium weight. Black, tan, and black with white feet. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan and black. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906.

STYLE ECONOMY

WATERPROOFED LINEN

LITHOLIN

COLLARS & CUFFS

FIT COMFORT

FOR ALL MEN AT ALL TIMES

LITHOLIN Linen Collars and Cuffs, waterproofed, fit every man and every occasion. No other kind so good—when at your desk, on the train, at the dance, or in the field, you'll find them comfortable, clean and in style **always.** No more worry about collars "wilting," for they won't. They never fray. A wipe with a damp cloth gets rid of any soil, and makes them white as new. All trouble is saved, and you do away with the present weekly expense for laundering. No "tie-binding" with the turn-downs—there's a space. All styles and sizes.

The same collar you have always worn, only waterproofed.

Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.

Always sold from a RED box. Avoid substitutes.

If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, how many, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid. Styles book free on request.

THE FIBERLOID COMPANY

Dept. 27 **7 Waverly Place, New York.**

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"My First Crop Paid For My Home"

HARD HEADED FARMERS of long experience and young men raised on farms in the States, who have come to Sunny Southern Alberta to make their homes "**on the crops,**" are writing hundreds of such letters as these to their friends—

Gleichen, Alberta, Can., Oct. 17, 1908.
My Alberta Red Winter wheat, sown on **sod breaking** has yielded 60 bushels per acre of No 2 Hard, weighed 66 pounds to the bushel. Sold at 78 cents. Will pay for my land with this one crop.
MARCELLAN BOLINGER.

Mr. Bolinger came from Colorado. Write to him if you wish but be sure to write to us for any of our free books shown here—We'll send you such facts as will cause you to "sit up-nights" to read them. There is fascinating interest in such letters as these from the actual men with their families on homes that **the crops have paid for** in from 1 to 2 or 3 years—clear. Read this:—Bryce Wright of Calgary writes about one of his places—"I plowed up 40 acres and put in a crop that I sold in the fall for $100 more than the 160 acres cost me."—(See our book, "**Public Opinion**" for the rest of his letter.) Also—Bert Huffman's, who writes Nov. 7, '08—"Many settlers on your tract were paying for their land with **one sod crop this year.**" Mr. Huffman is from Pendleton, Ore., and is now on his 640 acres that he bought after investigating every good land offer in the States.

Get all the facts now. Decide what to do after investigating thoroughly, That costs you absolutely nothing. Thousands of people in the United States are writing us and securing choice reservations for home farms. Don't delay a day longer. Write and investigate this splendid new opportunity. Just ask for one or more of these books.

Let the Crops Pay For Your Home in the Famous Bow River Valley in

Sunny Southern Alberta

On Our New Guaranteed Crop-Payment-Plan

"No crops—no pay." If you can't come at once we will start operations on your farm under contract to break, cultivate and seed such parts of your lands as you wish and start the crops so that by the time you wish to come here your crop will be ready to be harvested so that you will get the profits

$1.50 to $2.00 Per Acre Down—the Balance To Be Paid For Out of Your Crops.

Climate ideal for homes—Splendid transportation facilities—Good Roads—Quick cash markets—Good Schools, Churches and neighbors, permanent water supply, making good crops a certainty. Under agreement, pay out of your crops for your land—"No crops—no pay"—and more easily and quickly own clear title to a farm which will earn you more money for life than in any place else on this Continent and make you independent. Send your name today to me and say which books you want—

Which of These 5 Free Books Telling About Our Home-Making Plan in Sunny Southern Alberta, Do You Want?

Write at once for the books you want—low prices—maps—descriptions and all facts about our guaranteed crop-payment-plan which practically makes you a partner of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co.—"No crops—no pay."

No. 1—"**FACTS**"—72-pages illustrated, showing agricultural conditions in Southern Alberta, and the famous Bow River Valley on Soil, Climate, Combination Farms, the production of cereals, Alfalfa, Timothy, Stock Raising, etc.

No. 2—"**STARTING A FARM**"—on the amount of capital required to start a farm in Southern Alberta. It also shows the advantage that a farm here offers to the city man as a place to raise his family and acquire wealth. No question that the city resident might ask but is answered.

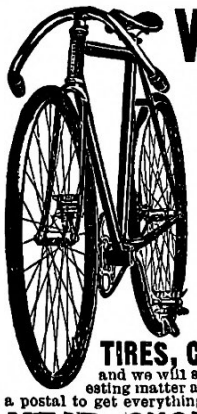
No. 3—"**Animal Husbandry**"—on diversified farming and stock raising. This book gives the business aspect of the industry. Shows that live stock feeding and dairy production on the rich alfalfa meadows there lead to certain success.

No. 4—"**STAFF OF LIFE**"—a 45-page book dealing with winter wheat production, giving land values, market, expert opinions, and comparative crop statistics.

No. 5—"**PUBLIC OPINION CONCERNING THE BOW RIVER VALLEY**"—a 40-page publication giving the opinions of the most prominent writers on the continent, coupled with the statements of farmers actually settled on the land.

Write Today For All Facts, Prices and Free Books.

J. S. DENNIS, Assistant to 2nd Vice-President
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
Colonization Dept. 223 9th Ave. West, Calgary, Alberta, Canada



WANTED—A RIDER AGENT

IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a 1909 Model "**Ranger**" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*

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An Unlimited Number of Prizes will be distributed among those who make a copy of this picture. If our Art Director decides that your copy is even 40 per cent. as good as the original, it will win an illustrated magazine **FREE OF CHARGE FOR SIX MONTHS,** showing the work of the most prominent artists of the country.

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she has in the way of clothing. She is so sensitive, and feels so humiliated because of her dependence, that she waits just as long as she can before she asks for anything; waits until her own sense of decency and self-respect forces her practically to beg from her children.

In many cases men through thoughtlessness do not provide generously for their mothers, even when well able to. They seem to think that a mother can live most anywhere, and most anyway; that if she has enough to supply her necessities she is satisfied. Just think, you prosperous business men, how you would feel if the conditions were reversed, if you were obliged to take the dependent, humiliating position of your mother!

Whatever else you are obliged to neglect, take no chances of giving your mother pain by neglecting her, and of thus making yourself miserable in the future.

The time may come when you will stand by her bedside, in her last sickness, or by her coffin, and wish that you had exchanged a little of your money for more visits and more attention and more little presents to your mother; when you will wish that you had cultivated her more, even at the cost of making a little less money.

There is no one else in this world who can take your mother's place in your life. And there is no remorse like that which comes from the remembrance of ill-treating, abusing, or being unkind to one's mother. These things stand out with awful vividness and terrible clearness when the mother is gone forever from sight, and you have time to contrast your treatment with her long suffering, tenderness, and love, and her years of sacrifice for you.

One of the most painful things I have ever witnessed was the anguish of a son who had become wealthy, and in his prosperity neglected the mother, whose sacrifices alone had made his success possible. He did not take the time to write to her more than twice a year, and then only brief letters. He was too busy to send a good long letter to the poor old lonely mother back in the country, who had risked her life and toiled and sacrificed for years for him! Finally, when he was summoned to her bedside in the country, in her last sickness, and realized that his mother had been for years without the ordinary comforts of life, while he had been living in luxury, he broke down completely. And while he did everything possible to alleviate her suffering, in the few last days that remained to her on earth, and gave her an imposing burial, what torture he must have suffered at this pitiful picture of his mother who had sacrificed everything for him!

No man worthy of the name ever neglects or forgets his mother.

I have an acquaintance, of very poor parentage, who had a hard struggle to get a start in the world; but when he became prosperous and built his beautiful home, he finished a suite of rooms in it especially for his mother, furnished them with all conveniences and comforts possible, and insisted upon keeping a maid specially for her. Although she lives with her son's family, she is made to feel that this part of the great home is her own, and that she is as independent as though she lived in her own house. Every son should be ambitious to see his mother as well provided for as his wife.

Really great men have always reverenced and cared tenderly for their mothers. President McKinley provided in his will that, first of all, his mother should be made comfortable for life.

The first act of Garfield, after he was inaugurated President, was to kiss his aged mother, who sat near him, and who said this was the proudest and happiest moment of her life.

Ex-President Loubet of France, even after his elevation to the presidency, took great pride in visiting his mother, who was a humble market gardener in a little French village. A writer on one occasion, describing a meeting between this mother and her son, says: "Her noted son awaited her in the market-place, as she drove up in her little cart loaded with vegetables. Assisting his mother to alight, the French president gave her his arm and escorted her to her accustomed seat. Then holding over her a large umbrella, to shield her from the threatening weather, he seated himself at her side, and mother and son enjoyed a long talk together."

I once saw a splendid young college graduate introduce his poor, plainly dressed, old mother to his classmates with as much pride and dignity as though she was a queen. Her form was bent, her hands were calloused, she was prematurely old, and much of this deterioration was caused by all sorts of drudgery to help her boy to pay his college expenses.

I have seen other college men whose mothers had made similar sacrifices, and who were ashamed to have them attend their graduating exercises, ashamed to introduce them to their classmates.

I know of one peculiarly ungrateful son whose mother slaved for him for years, taking in washing, and going out to work by the day in order to send him to college, and who looked forward as a reward for all her labors to seeing him graduated. When the time came, just before commencement, she told her son how she longed to hear his commencement address, but he said that that would be impossible, because she did not have proper clothes to wear; that everybody at that fashionable college commencement would be elegantly dressed. In other words, he tried to discourage her from going because he was ashamed of her and did not

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want to introduce her to his classmates and teachers. But she was determined to go, and, keeping carefully out of her son's sight, she gained entrance to the rear of the hall. The young man's address was a good one; and so proud of her son was the poor old woman and so overjoyed at his success that when he finished speaking, in the very midst of the applause, she rushed up to the platform and tried to throw her arms around his neck. He repulsed her, and afterwards told her that he was ashamed that at his graduation she should have made such a scene! That was all the mother got for years of sacrifice and efforts to help her ungrateful son, and she went home alone and broken-hearted.

I have never known a man who was ashamed of his mother to make a real man. Such men are invariably selfish and mean.

Think of the humiliation and suffering of the slave mother, who has given all the best of her life to a large family, battling with poverty in her efforts to dignify her little home, and to give her children an education, when she realizes that she is losing ground intellectually, yet has no time or strength for reading, or self-culture, no opportunity for broadening her mental outlook by traveling or mingling with the world. But this is nothing compared to the anguish she endures, when, after the flower of her youth is gone and there is nothing left of her but the ashes of a burned-out existence, the shreds of a former superb womanhood, she awakes to the consciousness that her children are ashamed of her ignorance and desire to keep her in the background.

But no matter how callous or ungrateful a son may be, no matter how low he may sink in vice or crime, he is always sure of his mother's love, always sure of one who will follow him even to his grave, if she is alive and can get there; of one who will cling to him when all others have fled.

One of the saddest sights I have ever seen was that of a poor, old, broken-down mother whose life had been poured into her children, making a long journey to the penitentiary to visit her boy, who had been abandoned by everbody but herself. Poor old mother! It did not matter that he was a criminal, that he had disgraced his family, that everybody else had forsaken him, that he had been unkind to her—the mother's heart went out to him just the same. She did not see the hideous human wreck that crime had made. She saw only her darling boy, the child that God had given her, pure and innocent as in his childhood.

Oh, there is no other human love like this, which follows the child from the cradle to the grave, never once abandons, never once forsakes it, no matter how unfortunate or degenerate it may become.

Why Not a National Mothers' Day

No movement set on foot in recent years deserves heartier support than that for the establishment of a national Mothers' Day.

Success Magazine heartily endorses this movement, and urges its more than a million readers to advance it in every possible way.

The day set apart as Mothers' Day by those who have inaugurated this movement is *the second Sunday in May*. Let us unite in doing all we can to make it a real Mothers' Day, by especially honoring our mothers; in the flesh, those of us who are so fortunate as to have our mothers with us; in the spirit, those who are not so fortunate.

If away from her, write a good, loving letter, or telephone or telegraph to the best mother who ever lived—*your* mother. Send her some flowers, an appropriate present, go and spend the day with her, or in some other way make her heart glad. Show her that you appreciate her, and that you give her credit for a large part of your success.

Let us do all we can to make up for past neglect of the little-known, half-appreciated, unheralded mothers who have had so little credit in the past, and are so seldom mentioned among the world's achievers, by openly, and especially in our hearts, paying our own mothers every tribute of honor, respect, devotion, and gratitude that love and a sense of duty can suggest. Let us acknowledge to the world the great debt we owe them by wearing, every one of us, boy and girl, man and woman, on Mothers' Day, a white carnation—the flower chosen as the symbol and emblem of motherhood.

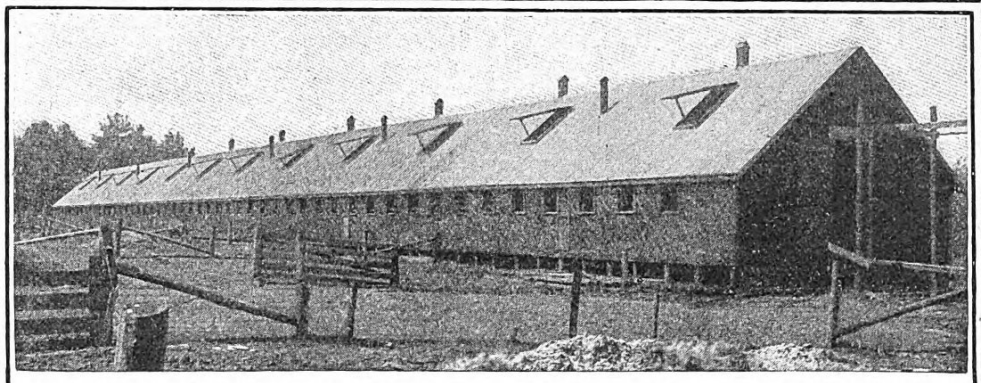
Happily chosen emblem! What could more fittingly represent motherhood, with its whiteness symbolizing purity; its lasting qualities, faithfulness; its fragrance, love; its wide field of growth, charity; its form, beauty!

What an impressive and beautiful tribute to motherhood it would be for a whole nation to unite one day in wearing its chosen emblem, and in song and speech, and other appropriate exercises, to honor its mothers!

His Best Girl

"So your best girl is dead," sneeringly said a New York magistrate to a young man who was arrested for attempting suicide. "Who was she?" Without raising his eyes, the unfortunate victim burst into tears and replied, "She was my mother." The smile vanished from the magistrate's face and, with tears in his eyes, he said, "Young man go and try to be a good man for your mother's sake." How little we realize what tragedy may be going on in the hearts of those whom we sneeringly condemn.

Amatite ROOFING



An Experience at the Belle Meade Farm

THE Belle Meade Farm of Bedford, Mass., is well known for its thoroughgoing and scientific methods, and is a model in many respects. Its big stables are all covered with Amatite Roofing. The owners write us as follows:

"It is now nearly three years since we put your Amatite Roofing on our new 300 ft. buildings. This Roofing is now in its third winter and has gone through without a leak, and there is every indication that it will be good for many years. The buildings with this light, sparkling Roofing and the red trimmings as painted, are very attractive in appearance, and altogether we are much pleased with your Amatite Roofing. We are contemplating the construction of some further buildings for our Shetland Ponies, and mean to use more of your roofing."

If the Belle Meade farm people had chosen a "smooth surfaced" roofing it would have cost them more in the beginning and the difference would have become greater every year. Those roofs were laid in 1905. In 1907 they would have required a thorough painting, which would have to be repeated in 1909, and every two years thereafter.

The Amatite, however, *has had no painting*, and needs none. The mineral surface takes care of that. When the roof finally wears out and the owners of the Belle Meade Farm compute the cost of their Amatite Roofing they will put down "for the Amatite, so many dollars;" "for care of same, nothing." If they had used a painted roofing there would probably be several coats of paint to figure on, besides the original cost of the roofing, and the total would be several times as much as Amatite.

It does not matter whether your roofs be large or small, it is wasteful to use anything but Amatite.

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SUCCESS MAGAZINE

New York, February 26, 1908.

Chas. H. Tyrrell, M. D.

My Dear Sir: About two months ago I was induced by a friend in this office to purchase one of your "J. B. L. Cascades." I have been a sufferer almost all my life from constipation in an aggravated form and have never been able to obtain any permanent relief. I was exceedingly skeptical about your proposition, and it was with great indifference that I gave it a trial. The result has been little short of amazing. It has practically made a new man of me and has given me the relief I had been looking for for years.

Money could not purchase the Cascade I own if it could not be duplicated.

I have taken pleasure in recommending the Cascade to a number of my friends and will continue to recommend it.

It gives me great pleasure to write this little note of grateful appreciation.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) DAVID D. LEE.

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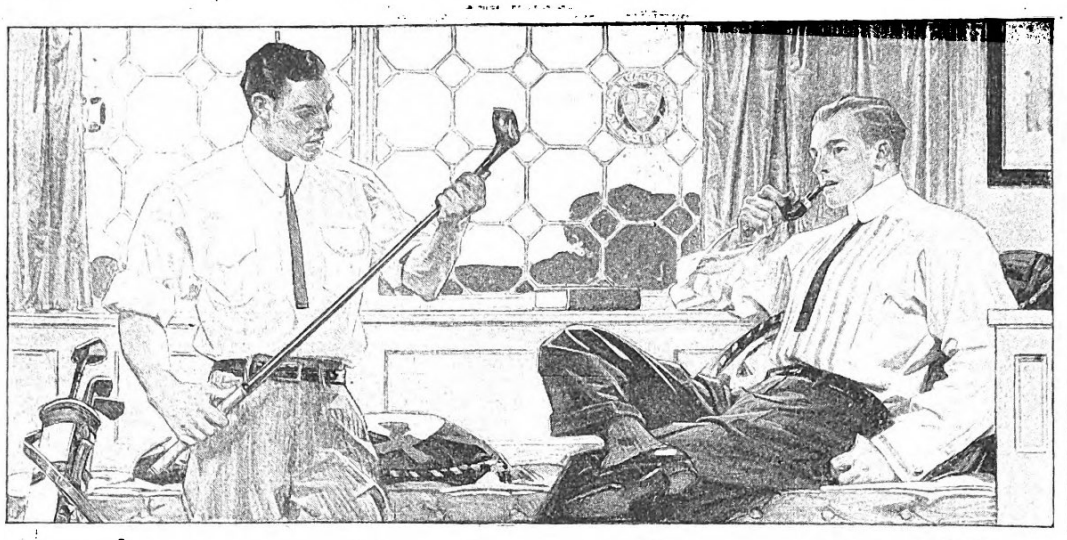

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Three Adjustable Sizes: Small, Medium and Large.

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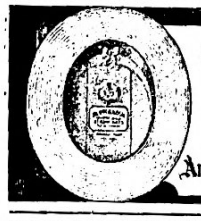

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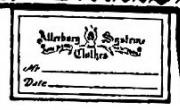

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No. 14

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The Sky Man

[Continued from page 291]

musing, he added, "What seems strange to me, incomprehensible altogether, is, that men like your father, and so many others, should risk and lose their lives trying to reach the pole."

"You can't understand that?" she questioned, surprised, "you, a man with wings?"

"I suppose it's because of the wings," he answered her. "I slept there once, early in the summer—slept, and rested, and ate a meal."

"*There*—" she echoed incredulously. "Where do you mean?"

"At the pole, or within half a degree of it—I won't guarantee my instruments, nor my hit-and-miss observations any more accurately than that—and it seemed a poor place to risk one's life trying to reach. Just the ice-pack—the eternal ice-pack; nothing but that." Then his eyes lighted a little. "But I should like to go there some time, in the winter—should like to fly straight ahead, for hours and hours, through the long dark, until I could see the North Star squarely above my head in the zenith, the center of all the universe. That would be a sight worth having, I should think. Some day, perhaps, I shall try for it. Then one could go straight on across—a week or ten days would do it all—from Dawson City, say, to St. Petersburg.

"Dawson City to St. Petersburg!" she repeated; "only a creature of wings could put those two cities into the same sentence, even in imagination. And even with you it must be imaginary. You could n't do it, really—could you?"

"Yes," he said; "I could do it."

"You 're tireless, then?" she asked. "You could go on flying, flying, without rest, for a week?"

"I don't fly," he told her, "or hardly at all. The birds don't fly, not those great sea birds that live on the wing. They sail; so do I."

"But, then, don't you have to go with the wind?"

"You've sailed a boat, haven't you?" he asked by way of answer. "You put up a sail to catch the breeze, and then you make it force your boat right up into it; make your boat go against the wind, by the force of the wind itself. That was regarded as a miracle once when men first did it."

"Of course," she admitted, "but you do that by tacking."

"That 's the way I do it—by tacking—and the force of gravity is my keel."

"And in a calm?" she asked.

"It 's never really calm up there; it 's always alive, restless, always flowing this way and that, sometimes in great calm, even rivers, with banks as clearly marked, almost, as the banks of a stream of water. And then again, in storms—"

He interrupted himself with a short laugh, and then asked her an absurd question. "Can you imagine a sea of thick molasses? If you can, try to think what it would be like in a storm; and then you will know how water storms seem to me, who live in the air. Those waves in the sky, when they 're angry, shoot you aloft for a mile, whirling, and then drop you again, as if off the edge of a precipice, with nothing, nothing at all but sheer vacancy beneath your wings. It blows so hard sometimes that even the albatross or frigate bird can't lie up, hove-to, against it. They have to turn and scud, and give the storm its will with them, just like the lesser fowl. I had to do that once, and it is the only time in my life that I have ever felt an overmastering terror."

She looked at him curiously. "And yet, you must have faced death a thousand times," she hazarded.

"It was n't the prospect of death that frightened me," he answered thoughtfully. "It was just plain panic—just the intrinsic terror of the Titan himself, who seemed to be drunk and heaving the world about. That does n't sound very sensible; perhaps you understand the thing I mean."

She did not answer, but sat for awhile thoughtfully silent, her chin on her knees, her arms embracing them, and her eyes focused no nearer than on the patch of dusky orange at the horizon.

"How long have you lived like this?" she asked abruptly.

"Really lived? Only three months or so. I spent the better part of five years learning to fly."

"And you have flown all over the world?"

"All over this most deserted patch of it."

There was another silence. Then she said, "And what a contempt you must have for us—for us poor wingless creatures who can not cross a little fissure in a rock or a bit of open water without such toilsome labor! Yes, that must be the feeling—contempt; it could hardly be pity."

"If that 's true," he rejoined quickly, "it 's only poetic justice. I've only achieved toward the world the feeling which the world held for me."

The words were spoken harshly, abruptly, as if his memory had just tasted something intolerably bitter. The manner of the words, no less than the sense of them startled her, and she checked a movement to turn and look into his face. Instead, she tried to recall it as it had looked when she first stood confronting him before the twilight had faded.

It was a strange face as she remembered it, but this,

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she reflected, was probably due to the incongruous effect of his deeply tanned skin with his very light sun-bleached hair. A sensitive face, finely chiseled, almost beautiful, and young, but with an inexplicable stamp of premature age upon it. It had not struck her at all as a tragic face. And yet the meaning of those last words of his, uttered as they were, had been tragic enough.

"At least you have a magnificent revenge," was all she said. And then there was another silence. She herself was trying to think of something to say, for she realized that his confession had been involuntary, and that the silence must be distressing him.

But it was he himself who broke the silence with a natural, matter-of-fact question: "You say a searching party has set out from the yacht? Have they been long ashore?"

"They set out only a little after sunrise. We came into the bay with the last of yesterday's twilight, and the sight of those huts at the edge of the shore"—her voice faltered a little—"nearly made us hope that the impossible might prove true. We fired our signal cannon two or three times, and then sent up some rockets, without getting any answer. It was too late to go ashore in the dark; so we had to wait a few hours for another sunrise. The few of us who were left on the yacht expected them back to-day before dark fell. But I suppose there 's nothing to worry about in their not coming. They went equipped to pass the night ashore, if necessary. You don't advise me to begin worrying about them, do you?"

He did not answer her question. He was recalling something which his amazing meeting with the girl out there on the ice-floe had, for a little while, put quite out of his mind—the weird, silent tragedy he had seen enacted a few hours before upon the glacier behind the headland. The victim, the man in the leather coat, must have been one of the party from the yacht; but it was impossible that the little band of his murderers could be it. No one freshly landed from the yacht would have been dressed as they were, or would have been armed with darts.

With no better look at them than had been possible to him as he hung above their heads, he had been convinced that they were white; certainly, the leather-coated man had been talking to them, freely enough, in English. And yet, if white, they must be refugees—survivors, if not of Captain Fielding's ill-fated expedition, then of some other tragic, unreported shipwreck.

His long silence had alarmed the girl, and presently, perceiving that this was so, he drew himself up with an affected start. "I beg your pardon. I drifted off, thinking of something else. Living in the sky does n't seem conducive to good manners. No, I don't believe there is anything to worry about. Any way, as soon as light comes back, which won't be long now, I can set at rest any fears you may have. I 'll go and find your party, and I 'll search the land, too—for anything else that may be there. And then I 'll bring you word."

"You are very good," she said with a little hesitation, "but I can't let you—"

He interrupted her with a laugh. "It 's nothing difficult that I am proposing to do for you, you know."

"That 's true. I had forgotten your wings. The rocks, the ice, the steep places, that mean so tragically much to them, are nothing at all to you. But what are you doing now? Even you can't find them in the dark."

He had already begun unstrapping the bundle he had made of his wings, and seemed to be preparing for immediate flight. That was what caused her question.

"No," he said; "I shall wait for sunrise."

"But why not here, on the yacht? We can give you a comfortable bed; better, certainly, than that sleeping bag of yours."

"I am afraid," he said, "that what you call a comfortable bed in a yacht's cabin would be the surest instrument that could be found for keeping me awake all night. No, I shall find a sheltered hollow up at the top of that headland yonder, where I shall sleep deeply enough, you may be sure."

She watched him, silently, while he slipped the steel-jointed rods into place, drew the catgut bowstrings taut until they sung, until the fabric of his planes shimmered in the starlight and they quivered, as if instinct with a life of their own.

A sense of the unreality of it all came welling up strongly within her, and a touch of an almost forgotten fear of him.

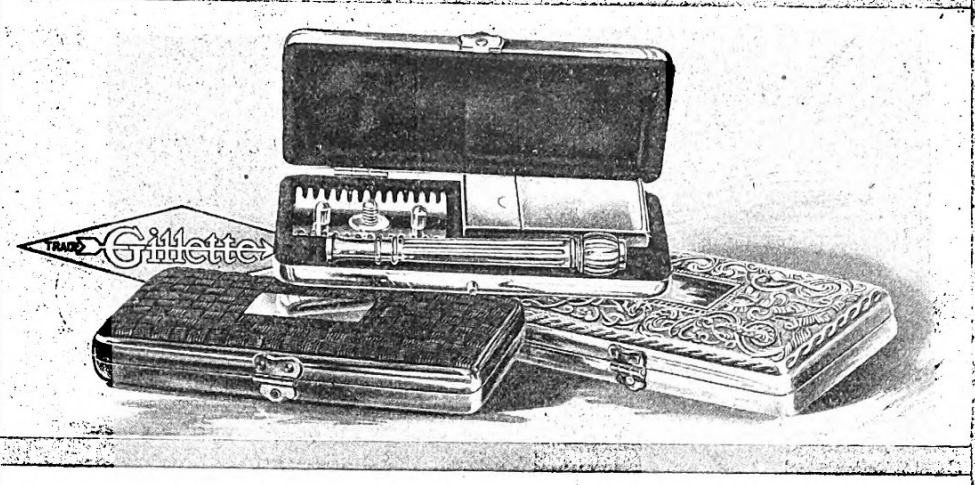
"Good night," she said, holding out her hand, "good-by."

"Till morning," he answered.

A little breeze came blowing across the ice just then. He dropped her hand quickly, slipped his arms into their places in the frame, mounted the ledge of ice, and then, with a short run, sprang forward into the breeze.

She felt curiously alone, now that he was gone; and a little frightened, like a child just waking out of a dream. And she blew a small silver whistle that hung about her neck, for a signal to the men on the yacht to send a boat for her.

Then, while she waited, she dropped down rather limply on her pile of bear-skins. Her hand found something hard that had not been there before, and taking it up she found that it was a curious blunt stick of wood, rudely whittled, and about ten inches long. It must have fallen from his belt while he sat there talking to her. She wondered what he used it for.



Gillette Safety Razor

New Pocket Edition

HERE is news indeed—for the two million men who shave themselves every morning with the Gillette Safety Razor.

Our first announcement of the latest GILLETTE achievement—*the New Pocket Edition*—the GILLETTE Safety Razor in such compact form that it can be carried like a card case in the waistcoat pocket, or slipped into the side of a traveling bag.

Same size blade as before, same principle; but neater, more workmanlike, the most perfect shaving implement in the world—as compact and as beautifully finished as a piece of jewelry—*and the blades are fine.*

If you are a GILLETTE user call on some progressive dealer at once and examine this new razor.

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You can shave yourself in from two to five minutes with the GILLETTE—a clean, satisfying shave. *No stropping, no honing.*

The pocket-case is of gold, silver or gun metal. Plain polished or richly engraved in floral and Empire designs. Inside the pocket-case are *handle* and *blade box*—triple silver-plated or 14K. gold plated. Prices, $5 to $7.50, on sale everywhere.

You should know GILLETTE Shaving Brush—a new brush of GILLETTE quality—bristles gripped in hard rubber: and GILLETTE Shaving Stick—a shaving soap worthy of the GILLETTE Safety Razor.

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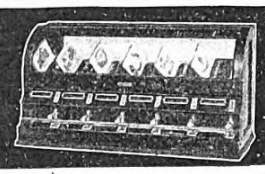
Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING



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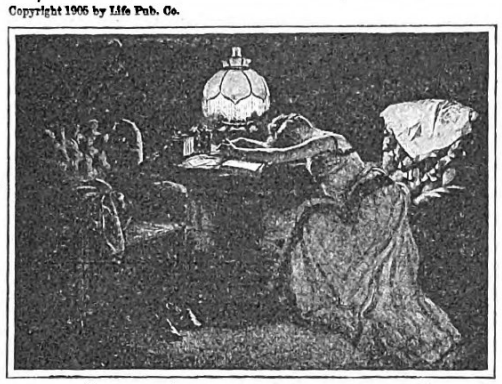

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T. Griswold Comstock, A. M., M. D., *St. Louis, Mo.,* says: "I have made use of it in gynecological practice, in women suffering from acute Uræmic conditions, with results, to say the least, very favorable."

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Voluminous medical testimony on request. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

Five Hundred a Year

[*Continued from page 293*]

was born and with her came the overwhelming trouble that almost killed me, weak as I was from my illness, and from the overwork I could not avoid, and perhaps, too, from the poor and often scanty food we were compelled to live on to keep out of debt at the particular crisis. When this blow fell I felt I could not bear it. My mother died, and died without me, her only child, because I had not the money to take me to her, and it would not have been honest to borrow, knowing we could not pay it back.

That sorrow was one so deep that I still can not be reconciled to it, though mother has been safe in heaven long enough for me to forget all about her lonely dying, and perhaps now she sees the grandchildren she never saw on earth. But I have never been able to smile as I did before that great grief came to me.

Sometimes during all these years John has longed to go elsewhere. He has done good work here, and the people not only of this place but also of the neighboring towns know it; but he has never been what is called a brilliant man, and of course, shut off from all advantages as he has been so many years, he has perhaps not quite kept up with the times. But then, on his salary he could not afford new books, or magazines, nor could he go away on real vacations as other ministers do, for he could not afford that either. Younger, more attractive men, fresh from the seminary, have gone from near-by towns to the cities, and he has stayed here.

The Minister Who is Getting Old

His sweet, uncomplaining spirit has probably handicapped him, too; he has put up with things when possibly other men would have rebelled and created something better. Now he has passed the dead line of forty; it used to be sixty when I was a girl, but I am told it is forty now, and few men beyond it ever are called anywhere; and he is even crossing the half-century line this year. His hair is getting gray, too, that alone would prevent another church from wanting him, they say. I try not to be bitter, but oh, he has been so good, so devoted to these people, and they have taken it all as a matter of course and given him a pittance to live on and discounted all his hardships, and think him well off!

But even this is not what is uppermost in my mind to-day; the problems pressing on me are not so much of the past as of the future, and they are two, one about our children, the other about ourselves.

Jack is going to college. A boy can work his way through and be none the worse for it. Of course he can not go to his father's college and must be content with the nearest and cheapest place we can find; but go he shall, though where even the clothes to fit him out and the car fare to pay his way there are to come from, I do not know. But that bright spirit shall not be cramped for lack of an education; that, thank heaven, he can have!

But Rachel is another matter. She is twenty-two, now, and so far she has never had a single advantage. She was graduated with honor at the high school years ago, and has taught in a tiny country school ever since for an infinitesimal salary, barely sufficient to pay for her clothes and the books she has had to buy. She can not get a better place without greater advantages, such as a year or two at the State Normal, and so far that has been out of the question; we could not spare her from the home, where she has done what she could to help me, nor could we save enough money to send her there. She is so bright, so sweet to look at, so altogether dear that I look forward to her future with a deep longing to make it a little brighter than it will ever be if she goes on from year to year as she has through the past five or six.

Ambitions That Are Only for Others

Is it wrong for a minister's wife to have ambitions? For myself I have long grown indifferent; I do not think of the books and pictures and music that used to mean so much to me. But for my daughter—that is different! I wanted desperately to send her to my own college, but that could not be. I wanted to let her have a glimpse of a broader life; but the way never opened. At length I wrote to my sister-in-law and begged her to invite Rachel to her home for even one winter, and it was her reply that has made me so indignant. She says she could not possibly pay her way to New York and back, nor clothe her suitably for their position there. She suggests that instead Rachel visit some of her school friends! School friends—when the only school she has known is that right here in this little town!

At twenty-two such a girl does one of two things: she either settles down to teach the district school all her life—or rather, to teach till she is superseded by some supervisor's daughter who wants the place—or else she marries. In Rachel's case there is no one here for her, for all the bright boys she used to know went long ago away to the cities, and the few dull farmers and shopkeepers left are not in any way her equal. And so, though I resign any idea of a bright future for myself, I do crave, and that almost desperately, something for Rachel better than I can give her.

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As to Helen, she is only a girl, and I am determined I will not worry over her yet; perhaps by the time she becomes a problem there will be something ready for her, and for that I shall wait as hopefully as I may.

Nothing Laid by for Old Age

But the other half of the two great problems I am wrestling with to-day is yet to come: it is that John and I have not a cent laid up for the old age that is almost on us. What is to become of us? We have always given away our tenth conscientiously. It is an inbred belief that it must be done, and though sometimes I felt sure that the Lord would willingly excuse us for once from tithing our little salary in some year of need, yet I could never bring myself to hold it back, nor could John. Besides, the people would never give if their minister did not, and his name must head the subscription lists, and his hand give generously to the Board collections. But we had, long ago, to give up John's life insurance, for we simply could not raise the money to pay the premiums. We are not in debt, and so far have been able to hold up our heads in self-respect; but what of the future? The church will soon be looking for a young man for their minister. It seems hard, but that is the way churches do.

There is the fund for ministerial relief, to be sure, but the pension is so small it would be impossible to live on it. Perhaps we ought to expect our son to support us; but suppose he marries, as we did, on a tiny income; should we be doing right to go to him and be a burden for perhaps many years?

There is where the real hardship of a minister's life lies; his work is so soon over; he has no sources of income outside his profession; he has to keep up appearances as other people do not, and it is impossible with all the demands for benevolence and hospitality upon him to save. Even the ministers with large salaries, they tell me, can not save, and how much less a man with a family on five hundred a year, even with "a rent-free house, a garden, and a cow"?

I have sometimes wondered if the solution of the difficulty might not lie in the number of the churches in this town and others like it. If there had been one church here instead of three, and one minister for it with an adequate salary to support him comfortably, things would have been easy enough. But when the people are so divided, and each group pays so little, it means that all must struggle. The other ministers here have had privations and sickness and sorrow to endure just as we have.

All this my birthday has brought to me. Perhaps it is foolish to look back over the way we have come, borrowing trouble to look forward. Yet I have tried so hard all these years to be brave and uncomplaining that perhaps I may indulge myself, just this once, in an outpouring. It was that story of the starling which flashed into my mind that began it, and it haunts me still:

"I can't get out! I can't get out!" said the starling.

"God help thee," said I, "but I 'll help thee out, cost what it may;" so I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast that there was no getting it open.

"I fear, poor creature," said I, "I can not set thee at liberty."

"No," said the starling, "I cant't get out! I can't get out!"

The Traveling Salesman

A MINISTER who has been doing missionary work in India recently returned to New York for a visit. He was a guest at a well-known hotel where everything pleased him except the absence of the very torrid sauces and spices to which he had become accustomed in the Far East. Fortunately he had brought with him a supply of his favorite condiments, and by arranging with the head waiter these were placed on his table. One day another guest saw the appetizing bottle on his neighbor's table and asked the waiter to give him some of "that sauce."

"I 'm sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but it is the private property of this gentleman." The minister, however, overheard the other's request, and told the waiter to pass the bottle.

The stranger poured some of the mixture on his meat and took a liberal mouthful. After a moment he turned with tears in his eyes to the minister.

"You 're a minister of the Gospel?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you preach hell and damnation?"

"Yes," admitted the minister.

"Well, you 're the first minister I ever met who carried samples!"

Some one asked Dr. Beecher, when an old man, how he was getting along. "Oh, I am doing a thousand times better than I used to, because I have made up my mind to let God manage his own universe," he replied.

If there is a pathetic sight in the universe, it is that of a narrow, ignorant, vulgar man presiding over a great pile of money which he has scraped together without any grand life-purpose or ulterior aim but that of animal enjoyment.

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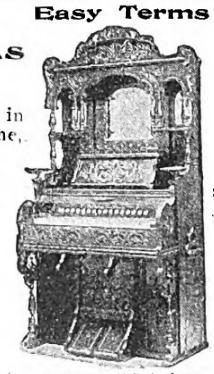

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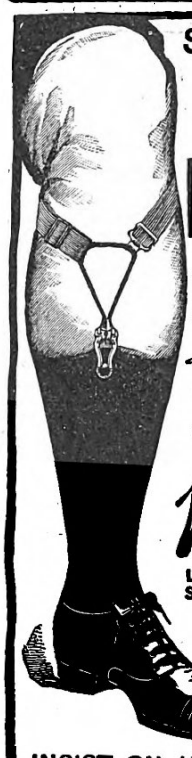

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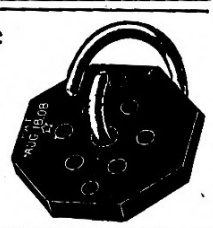

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Jimmy Pepperton of Oshkazoo

[*Continued from page 309*]

when the supply would stop, and instead of raising a hand to prevent the disposal of tickets, he simply laid low and said nuffin', waiting for the clouds to roll by, which they speedily did.

Now that all side issues were cleared away it became evident that so far as transit was concerned, this glum president owned the city of Oshkazoo. He held an absolute monopoly, with no visible danger of competition, so the Car Trust shares did what such securities always do in similar circumstances; they climbed higher and higher up the ladder until they stood at thirty-nine.

Thus it was that Jimmy knew too late he might have invested the money he received from the sale of tickets in United shares at twenty-six, which were now in demand at thirty-nine. It was when they had reached this point that the city learned, several days after his departure, that Stillenger was in New York, presumably taking advantage of the market which his newly acquired monopoly had created.

The last days of a sultry August had melted into the milder early days of September. Jimmy, who had been held in town all summer by the events in which he had taken part, now began to feel fagged, and his thoughts turned yearningly toward the North woods, the cool crystal lakes, the foaming rivers, and the delights of a forest camp. The genial Billy Higgins, tired of the heat of Washington, had come to spend the month of September in his native city. He cared nothing for forest and stream, but was determined to enjoy a good time with his friends, whose number ran into the hundreds. So it did not need much persuasion to induce him to occupy his old place in the *Courier* office while Jimmy made for the camp.

It was at this juncture that Pepperton received a telephone message from Gwendoline Armstrong, asking him to call upon her that afternoon. He was not one moment behind the time set, in responding. She received him in the lofty and sumptuous drawing-room, as it had been called in the Sunday society column, and Jimmy was shocked to observe that since their last meeting anxiety and worry had robbed her eyes of their luster and her cheeks of their roses.

"Why, Gwennie," he cried, holding out both hands to her, "what is wrong?"

"Everything! Everything!" she cried. "My father is on the verge of ruin. This house, and all else he possesses was already mortgaged for as much money as could be obtained before the fight came on over the Lincoln Avenue Street-railway; that fight, Jimmy, in which you so nobly helped him; which, indeed, you yourself won, in spite of that terrible man, Stillenger. The mortgage money was used in paying the last debt incurred by the electrification of the road, and with your ten thousand dollars additional he was enabled to begin operations. Both mother and I thought that the money received from Stillenger should have gone to the payment of our debts, but you know father is not a man who can be persuaded, least of all by his own women. He had come to believe that Stillenger was the greatest business man in this city, and Stillenger flattered him by making him a director of the United Street-railway Company. It seems that Stillenger predicted what would happen with the company's shares. He did this very cleverly, and if father at that time had taken Mr. Stillenger's advice and invested the hundred thousand dollars he received in those shares, he would have made a large profit. When the stock had got as high as thirty-nine, Stillenger told father in confidence that he was going to New York to manipulate the shares, and that before his return they would pass seventy-five. Before father left his office, he had purchased a hundred thousand dollars' worth of Stillenger's own shares, at the highest figure they had reached, and thus we were left practically penniless, with interest on the mortgages coming due. For some days now Stillenger has been back from New York, and he told father quite calmly that he had failed in his scheme, whatever it was, and that the shares would be a great deal lower in consequence of this failure. Father then in a panic pointed out his own financial position, and asked for help; but Stillenger shrugged his shoulders and refused."

The girl was walking up and down the room. Jimmy sat down, and thought for a few moments.

"Your father," he said at last, "received from Stillenger, beside the hundred thousand in cash, two hundred thousand shares of stock. These he should at once sell for what they will bring, or they can be deposited in a bank as collateral, and money borrowed on them, enough, I should think, to enable your father to turn 'round."

The girl wrung her hands.

"I am afraid I tell you very badly what has happened. The shares are already in the bank, and so far from being able to draw upon them, my father has been notified that he must put in more shares, or else pay back a certain sum of money—I don't know how much—otherwise the bank will sell them to pay the loan and interest."

"Ah, that's bad. Sit down, Gwennie, and let's

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talk it over quietly. What is it you wish me to do?"

She sat down, and leaning toward him, said with pathetic eagerness:

"You and my father got on so well together in that campaign you had planned—you told me so yourself, Jimmy."

"Yes," replied Jimmy, but in her sensitive state of mind it seemed that his tone was non-committal.

"The trial of strength was between you two on one side, and Stillenger on the other, and you were victorious, were you not?"

"Yes; we won the fight."

"Very well; then why should you not join my father now? You risked your capital for him once, and it was returned to you twice over."

"But Stillenger is in a much stronger position now," objected Jimmy.

"How can that be if you defeated him?"

"Well, it is one of those cases where a man, although temporarily beaten, emerges from a fight stronger than he entered it. Don't you see that yourself? He has out-generaled your father. By acknowledging himself defeated, and paying your father a hundred thousand dollars cash, besides double that amount, face value, of shares, he has won your father's confidence, a thing I have never been able to do."

"How can you say that, Jimmy?" reproached the girl, "when my father had such confidence in you that he did everything you told him to do? At least, that is what I understood you to say in the park."

"Yes, yes," replied Jimmy, hastily, realizing he was on thin ice, and must skate carefully, "I had forgotten for the moment. But as I was saying, you see that Stillenger not only recovered all the money he had given your father, but unloaded on him stock that he had acquired for practically half the price at which he sold. Stillenger is too clever for us."

"He is clever enough to overreach my father," said the girl, "but he could n't make any headway against you two combined. At least, he did n't before."

"No; he did n't before," cried Jimmy, rising. It was now his turn to pace up and down the room. He wished time to collect his thoughts, for he found himself in a quandary. The girl had believed every word he said about her father when he talked with such apparent straightforwardness to her in the park, and although every word he said was true, he had nevertheless concealed the fact that John Armstrong was guilty of inexcusable treachery toward himself: had sold him out to Stillenger, while the fact that he had recovered his money and more was due to no aid which the produce merchant had accorded him. If he were so dastard a knight as to shrink from the battle which his lady so flatteringly proposed, she would never make another appeal, and would probably look on him with scorn as a coward, who flinched from fighting with a supposed friend. Still, he was practical enough to know the futility of entering upon a struggle where he was foredoomed to failure. Suddenly he made up his mind.

"Gwennie," he said, stopping and confronting her, "it is no use. Stillenger can wreck us both, hands down. Last time we were victorious because I came upon him unawares, and took him quite off his guard when his whole attention was concentrated on fighting some one else. That some one else was your father. Having got out of that fight with my life, I kept clear of Stillenger and have not seen him since; but your father, although he knew the man's ruthlessness when he had his opponent in a corner, actually trusted him, and placed all he possessed at his disposal. Now, I don't want to say anything against your father, but such conduct shows the hopelessness of the case. Mr. Armstrong has proved himself a good merchant, an excellent dealer in real estate, and a wonderful organizer; but in matters pertaining to large finance, he has neither the experience nor the money to fight a man like Stillenger."

"Very well," said Gwendoline, rising. "I am sorry that I asked you."

Jimmy placed his two hands on her two shoulders, and although she shrank from him, he held her there.

"Now, Gwennie, you must listen to me. You 've had your way so far as I 'm concerned for some little time. I 'm going to have my way now. I 'm going to fight you, not Stillenger, and you must surrender, or I shall leave this room a defeated man. I told you once that you were to choose between your father and me, and you made your choice. You engaged yourself to me, and yet you allowed money to come between us. First, I had no money, and so was not allowed to marry you: very well; I plunged and got the cash, through good luck more than anything else; second, I have now the money and you ask me to throw it away. I refuse, and you are offended. You, my dear girl, overtop everything in my estimation. I 'd marry you poor, or I 'd marry you rich. I 've got two hundred thousand dollars in the bank, and when that is withdrawn there will still be enough left to liquidate all the expenses connected with the wedding trip. That two hundred thousand is your dowry. Give it to your father, or hold it over, just as you please, and save with it the remnant of his concerns when this tussle with Stillenger is ended."

"I can not take your money," said Gwendoline.

"Well, then let us cease all talk of money. I ask you to marry me now—to-day, to-morrow, the next

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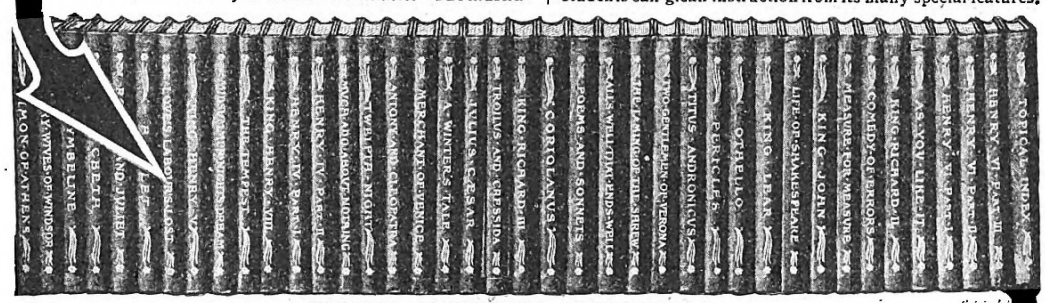

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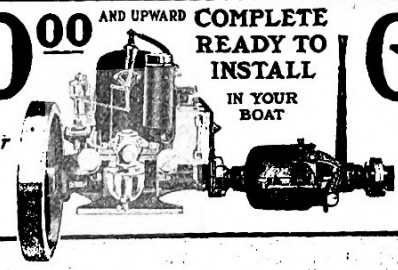

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day, or the day after. I have been intending to take a trip in the North woods. Higgins has taken my place on the *Courier*, and for the last few days I've been out of the running so far as stocks and shares are concerned, and if what you say about the bank calling for further cover is true, the price of United Railways must have fallen perceptibly since Stillenger got back from New York. I have determined never again to enter into speculation. The trouble with us Americans is that we don't know when to quit. We're afraid of only one thing on earth, and that is of being called a quitter. Well, there's where I differ from my fellow-countrymen. I don't care what anybody says of me, except you, of course, but I know when I've had enough, and I'm a quitter from Quitville. The Good Book says, 'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you'; but just there's where Stillenger differs from the devil. Now, I know a most charming hotel, with balconies, and from them the prettiest view in the world, right over Clearwater Lake, with the dense woods on one side, and a farmhouse or two on the other. In June, July, and August this place is full; in September it is empty. The proprietor is a good friend of mine, and he will take care of us. You may not believe it, but I've another friend who is a clegryman, with a sort of Little-Church-'Round-the-Corner benefice, situated in the poorest quarter of the city. We will be married there quietly without any fuss, or wedding presents, or *trousseau* or bride's cake, or flung rice, or bouquets, or old shoes; then we'll slip away on the train for Clearwater Lake. It will be a sort of runaway match; an elopement, for we will take no one into our confidence. Gwennie, will you come?"

The girl looked up at him, and he saw that her eyes were wet. All the combativeness of a few minutes before had been drowned out of them. They were twin Clearwater Lakes. She looked down at the carpet for a few moments, then up at him again, and his grip on her shoulders tightened.

"Yes, Jimmy," she said quietly.

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The contractor led the procession, and he was followed by sixty workmen who represented all the trades required to construct the cottage. His greatest problem was to see that the men did not get in each other's way. This he successfully managed, somehow, and through his perfect organization, no false move was made nor one minute of time wasted. At exactly seven o'clock in the evening—just twelve hours later—the two-thousand-dollar house was finished. It contains four rooms, a bathroom, a reception hall, a front porch, and a back stoop. The walls were painted light-green, with white trimmings. The foundation is of concrete blocks and its roof is pointed and of good architectural lines. All the woodwork within and without is of cypress, and the house really presents a most attractive appearance.

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"The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out its vitals and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will not only prove abortive, but will also aggravate the evil. If the prohibition of slavery is good for the black man, the prohibition of the liquor traffic is equally good and constitutional for the white man.

"There must be no more attempts to regulate the cancer; it must be eradicated; for, until this is done, all classes must continue exposed to become the victims of strong drink.

"The most effectual remedy would be the passage of a law altogether abolishing the liquor traffic.

"Law must protect and conserve right things, and if there is any evil in the land that threatens society or individuals more than another, it is the liquor traffic."

⚜ ⚜

A Family Affair

"Cordelia," ordered the teacher, "throw that gum in the waste-basket!"

The pupil's face grew scarlet but she did not stir.

"If you do not put that gum in the waste-basket immediately I will send you out of the room," said the teacher, gravely.

The girl walked reluctantly to the desk. "I can't, teacher," she confessed, "it's ma's gum an' she'll lick me if I come home without it."

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The Woman in the Dark

[*Continued from page 301*]

but the foremost object of interest in the room was the picturesque open hearth, with its glowing turf fire and dim chimney corner.

This dark chimney corner was occupied now, as Maurnah entered, by the old grandmother—deaf and almost sightless—who lived with the two girls, more upon the traditional idea of sheltering the aged of one's family, than from any sense of the conventions. She was cowering in her accustomed place, mechanically turning the bellows wheel and causing the turf to glow with each fresh revolution, causing also a light to fall on the hanging kettle, on the three-legged bastible oven, and on the lissom figure and red lips of Norah, who stood in front of the fire.

In a moment Maurnah noted these red lips of her sister's, and their slow, secret smile; then suddenly two spots of color sprang into her cheeks, and she walked across to the table, set for the homely tea. A curious wild look troubled the depths of her eyes; her whole face was altered; her whole body vibrated to some loosed emotion.

She stood there, her finger-tips resting on the table edge; then her voice suddenly rang out, harsh and startling—

"Norah!" she cried. "Norah, I want to be afther askin' you somethin'."

Norah wheeled round, her pleasant musings shattered.

"An' what is it?" she asked, smiling. She was slow of comprehension, this beauty of the mountains; but she loved her strange sister as truly as her idle, selfish nature was capable of loving.

Maurnah held her ground, as though she faced a foe.

"Norah," she demanded, "d' you intind to meet him to-night?"

Norah laughed. "An' shure, if I do or if I don't, what's that to you?"

"I want to know."

"For why?"

"Nothin'. I want to know."

"Thin what d' you think?"

Maurnah gasped, and the red in her cheeks deepened. "I think," she said vehemently, "that if you decaive him agin, you'll be no better than a—than a—" She stopped confused, and Norah's soft laugh broke across the words.

"Than a what, girl?" With her light step she crossed the mud floor, and, pausing by the table, flung a careless, affectionate arm round her sister's waist.

Maurnah shook her off fiercely. "Niver mind that! 'T is the thruth I want. Are you goin' to meet Shaun Sullivan at the turn to-night, or are you not?"

Norah looked at her in dawning curiosity. "Arrah, what's the matter wid you at all, to be goin' on like that? Shure, wan would think he was the on'y man between this an Clonskeen!"

Maurnah's body stiffened; her strange eyes flamed like fires upon the hillside.

"Tell me the thruth! I want to know."

"I'm not, thin, if that'll plaize you! 'T is long sorry I'd be to go trapsin' up to the turn on a night like this for Shaun Sullivan or the likes of him."

"You'll lave him alone, thin, to fret his heart out there in the black dark?"

"Faith, I will so!"

Maurnah stood very still. Her long fingers gripped the table; her eyes held her sister's, burning into them.

"Thin all I have to say, Norah," she cried, "is that I'm ashamed—black ashamed—to be wan flesh and blood wid you!"

Norah's glance did not falter, but the smile

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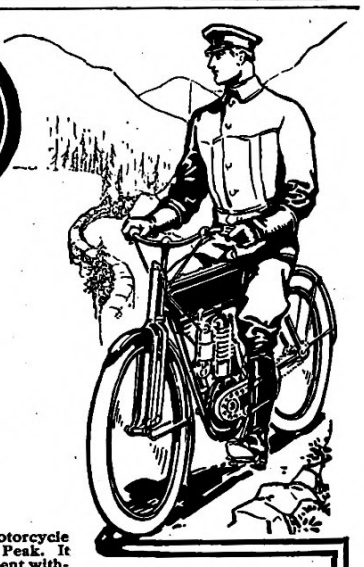

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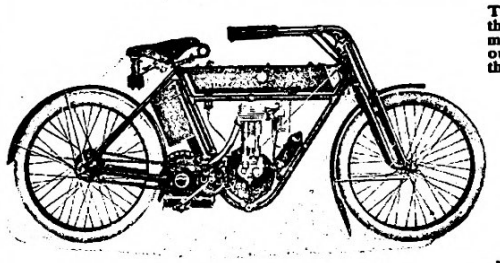

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died from her lips, and very slowly, as if hypnotized, she crept up to her sister.

"Why, Maurneen," she said below her breath —"why, Maurneen,'t is the way wan would think you liked him yourself!"

It was a curious moment—one of those crucial moments when truths leap forth as if rifled by force from the recesses of the mind. While it lasted there was no sound in the cabin but the simmering of water in the kettle and the monotonous turning of the bellows wheel. Then Maurnah caught her breath audibly, spasmodically.

"An' if I do like him," she cried defiantly—"if I do like him, what harm?"

A little cry, amazed and smothered, fell from Norah. "Glory be!" she said. "An' how long do you like him, at all? How long?"

"Three year—an' more."

Norah's curling lips parted in naïve surprise.

"Three year! Why, I was a slip of sixteen thin!" She said it innocently, but it was the word that opened the gates, that freed the legions of wrongs imprisoned in Maurnah's brain. With a curious, inarticulate sound, she turned on the younger girl—

"Aye, that's right! You were a slip of sixteen. D'you think I forget it? A slip of sixteen, that day he druv us back in the butt from Clonskeen, an' looked at you wid your grand shape an' your red mouth, an' knew you for a woman grown! Niver—niver, till I'm undher the sod will I misremember that drive, whin you an' him talked an' laughed, an' I sat like a dumb woman, watchin' the two of ye! There, you have it now! You have it!" She stopped, and with her left hand wiped the sweat from her forehead.

"An' what d'you think 't is like," she cried again, "to be seein' the pair of ye—you foolin' him, like you fools the rist, an' he goin' down undher your feet? Givin' you what I'd give me life to have for wan hour! Listen to me, now!" Her voice rose hysterically. "Listen to me now. I'm talkin' now! I'd give me heart—I'd give me sowl—for the kisses you won't take, for the chance to feel a man's arms round me, an' to know that man was Shaun!"

It was a tirade, a torrent of words, akin to the torrents that raced at high flood down her own purple mountains. As she ceased to speak she scarcely seemed a creature of the earth, so wild and passionate was her face, so white and tense the hands clasped upon her breast.

Norah stood transfixed, her lovely eyes striving vainly to fathom this mystery suddenly laid bare.

"You like him like that?" she whispered, awed and uncomprehending. "You like him like that?"

"I do—an' more! I'd give every stitch I have—the clothes off me back, the hair off me head, to be you this minit—seein' the dusk fallin', and knowin' that whin the dark came, you had nothin' to do but to throw you shawl over you, an' walk out of this house into his arms!"

Norah stared at her, still fascinated; then all at once the cunning that comes by nature to the coquette flashed over her face; her eyes danced; her lips curled again to smiles.

"Maurnah!" she cried in an excited whisper, "Maurnah, we 're wan height, are n't we!"

Suprise fought with the agitation in Maurnah's face.

"What is it you mane?" she demanded. "What is it you mane?"

Norah gripped her shoulder quickly, then as quickly loosed it. "Whist a minit, an' I 'll show you!" With a little rush of excitement she crossed the kitchen to the inner room, stumbling over the hollows in the mud floor; while Maurnah, her hand still upon her heart, her breath still coming swiftly and unevenly, watched her intently.

Presently she reappeared, and the elder girl uttered a faint, superstitious cry, as her eyes strained through the deepening twilight.

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"What 's that you have, Norah?" she called. "It looks like a shroud."

"A shroud, indade! Me fine new shawl!"

"Your shawl?" Maurnah's voice was intent and low.

"What else? Are n't we the wan height? Is n't the night black dark? Won't he be alone there?"

"Norah! Norah! Heaven forgive you!"

"What for, in the holy and blessed name? Arrah, don't be a fool, Maurnah! Won't Shaun be above there, breakin' his heart, as you say; an' is n't it betther she 'd have your mouth to kiss than none at all?" She stopped abruptly and turned toward the fire. "There 's that auld kittle boilin' over! I must give herself the word to stop the bellis." She threw the shawl into Maurnah's hands, ran across the room, and shouted some injunction into the grandmother's ear; then, with her lithe, quick grace, she lifted the heavy kettle from the fire.

Meanwhile, Maurnah stood with the shawl between her hands, her body trembling, her face convulsed by the storm of emotion running riot in her blood. It was a temptation of the devil's—this temptation of Norah's! Her eyes turned wildly to the picture of the Blessed Virgin, upon which the glow from the turf fire was falling like a halo. She gripped the shawl more tightly and tried to pray; but her heart was dry, and her glance swept back irresistibly to the open doorway of the cabin, through which the coming night was beckoning with long, velvet fingers.

Norah looked round from the fire, her eyes alight, her face young and ruddy in the warmth.

"Well?" she said. "Will you take your chance?"

Maurnah's heart beat wildly; she clutched the shawl.

"No, I won't!" she cried. "No, I won't!"

Norah laughed, very softly and with a world of suggestion.

"All right so! Plase yourself! Lave him above there, cowld an' lone!"

Maurnah's head swam; she looked round the room with its dense shadows, its odd lights; then abruptly, daringly, she made a sudden gesture and flung the black shawl over her head and shoulders.

"Norah, I 'll do it!" she cried. "I 'll do it—if I lose me sowl!"

II

Love, the great power that plays with its victims as a spring tide plays with a strip of driftwood or a strand of seaweed, was whirling about Maurnah when she stole out of the cabin that night, her sister's heavy shawl about her head, held so close that no peering eye could catch even a suggestion of the white face, the startled eyes, the full, pale lips parted in an intoxication of excitement.

Up the mountain road she hurried, her feet finding the way by pure instinct, her heart beating with such violence that in the dead silence it seemed to her strained ears that it made a distinct, audible throbbing.

She threw back the shawl for a moment and looked up at the sky. It was a sky of storm that coupled with her reckless mood; there was power and passion in its lowering, silent embrace of the mountains.

She laughed softly—a laugh in which a touch of hysteria trembled, and covering her face again, went onward and upward to where her hour awaited her.

It was a curious scenic effect that she came upon when her goal was reached. Confronting her dimly was the Black Lough; and the stillness and oppression of the night brooded like a tangible veil over the oval space of water with its rough rampart of boulders.

The awe, the aloofness of the place thrilled her as they had never thrilled her before; so deadly was the silence, so unfamiliar the shrouded hills, that they conveyed a sense of being isolated upon another planet.

Then on the path above her, the sound of a stone unloosed drove all ideas but one from her brain, and turned her trembling body into a statue with white, parted lids, and hands that gripped her shawl.

In one moment she was the woman—speechless, motionless—waiting her lover. She did not move when he stepped out of the darkness; even the fluttering breaths she drew were short and soundless.

By the primitive law of Nature he spoke first, and in his voice were cadences she had never heard before.

"Noreen!" he said. "Noreen! I can hardly belave me sinses! Spake to me? Tell me 't is yourself I have?"

Maurnah lowered her head. "Yes, 't is meself."

The fantasy of the strange planet was alive again. She was no longer alone upon it. All common things had utterly receded. Life, as she had known it, was a myth—the cabin on the mountainside an illusion—Norah of the red lips was no more existent than the old blind grandmother. She was paramount in this land of darkness; the Lough murmured inaudible love-words, as it lapped the boulders; the black sky and the black mountains were linking her in their embrace.

"Shaun," she said again, "'t is meself it is. Don't you know me?"

"Know you? Is it to be doubtin' that voice I would? The doubt is to think of you comin' out at all this black misfortunate-lookin' night! But don't you be standin' here, girl! There 's a grand sate above be the Lough."

"A sate?"

"Well, as good as a sate"—he laughed in his happi-

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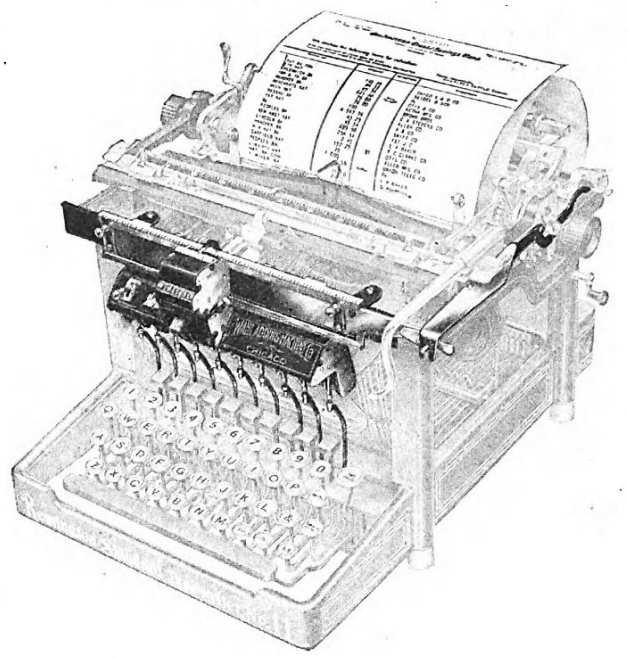

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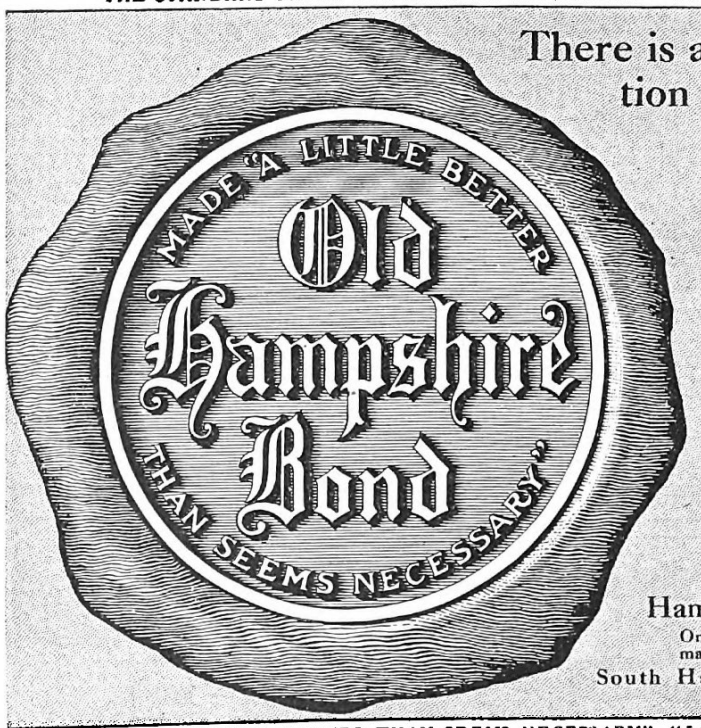

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ness and pride; "an ould slob of a stone, big enough to dance a set on. Shure 't is well I ought to know it, considerin' the nights an' the nights I 've sat up there—an' me eye sore from lookin' for you!"

Maurnah gripped her shawl tighter.

"Thin you were wantin' me, thim nights I did n't come up?"

"Wantin' you?" It was Shaun's turn to speak low; Shaun's turn to show the passion that consumed him. "Wantin' you?"

He caught her arm, and in silence they made their way up the track, their feet groping a path through the uneven rocks, each poignantly conscious of the other's nearness. At last Shaun identified his goal, and swung her upwards with a movement of his arm.

She stood there lightly poised on the slab of stone; and as though some fragment of her sister's personality had descended upon her with the shawl, she moved daringly toward the Lough and strove to peer down into the fathomless depths, to catch the love-words whispered at her feet.

In an instant Shaun was beside her. "Aisy, now! Aisy, now! Don't you know if a person took a misfootin' here, like I tould you to-day, there 'd be an ind to thim? Here, Noreen! Here, girl! Sit down here away from the wather!"

She yielded to his will and suffered herself to be drawn back to the seat he had ordained for her.

Neither spoke; each was aware of a tense emotion; each felt that somewhere about them—under the murmuring Lough or behind the looming hills, some force was at work—some force to which they were unconsciously ministering. Shaun's voice, when at last he spoke, was hoarse and rough in its intensity.

"Noreen! D' you know the way I cares for you? Tell me! D' you know? D' you know it at all?"

Maurnah's dry lips parted. "What way is it you cares?"

Shaun suddenly swayed toward her.

"What way d' you say? This way. Your face comes between me an' the earth when I 'm tillin' the bit o' land. Your face comes between me an' the Almighty when I 'm kneelin' in the chapel. You 're the wan woman for me. D' you undherstand that? The wan woman."

His breath was sweeping her lips through the narrow slit in the shawl. She knew now that it was a matter of moments until his own lips touched them, and she quivered to the knowledge.

He felt her quiver. "An' you, girl?" he cried. "Am I your man? Tell me! Tell me! Is it thrue? Am I your man?"

He put his fingers to the shrouding shawl; he strove with the blackness of the night to see the outline of her face. Almost unconsciously Maurnah laid detaining fingers over his. Her brain was swimming; the mountains were gone now; the Lough was gone. Only this man existed—this man whom she loved.

"Tell me, girl? Tell me? Are you wantin' me like I 'm wantin' you? Will you take me for your man?"

He bent still closer; she could feel his fierce tenacity in the clasp of the hand beneath hers. It seemed in the close, warm darkness as if the very elements waited for some climax. Then, curiously, with a slight note of menace, a little breath of wind quivered over the Lough.

"Noreen! Noreen! For the love o' Heaven—"

She made no answer, and with a swift change of attitude he freed his hand and flung an arm about her waist.

"You 're not laughin' at me? You 're not foolin' me?"

Maurnah never moved; the fierce tone in his voice thrilled her; her heart beat faster, even as her fingers drew the shawl closer about her face.

"If I thought—!" he cried.

But his savagery was silenced by a force still more savage and primitive. Above them, to the west, a long, flickering tongue of light darted out from the heart of the black clouds, followed by a crashing peal of thunder that seemed to shake the very mountains, and then die away in slow, angry reverberations.

To all strong natures there is an excitement in war of any description. To Shaun, the flash, the roar, the shattering sense of chaos, were spurs to emotion. He strained her to him in the darkness, until she felt the strong pulsing of his heart.

"Noreen!" he cried, "Noreen! Put up your mouth an' kiss me!"

Maurnah, vibrating to the atmospheric condition—oppressed by the dull heat, strung to highest tension by the electricity in the air, suddenly yielded, suddenly flung prudence from her. Without a sound she lifted her face and let his lips find hers.

While their mouths touched, while her soft hair blinded his eyes, there came another flash, another roar nearer than the first, then again pitch darkness.

Then slowly they drew apart.

Maurnah made a gasping sound. "Now!" she cried. "Now! do I care?"

Shaun pulled her close again; his voice also was uncontrolled.

"I belave you do," he said, "I belave you do!"

Maurnah laughed hysterically—laughed to drown a sob. His suspicions leaped up.

"Why d' you laugh? You 're not decaivin' me? Remimber you done it before!"

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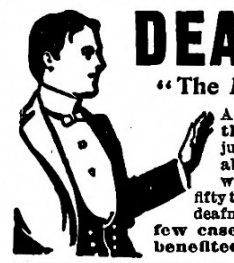

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Maurnah threw back her shrouded head in sudden fulfilment of her lonely self.

"In heaven's name, Shaun Sullivan, I'm tellin' you no lies! Whatever might be wrong wid the past—whatever decaivin' there was, this wan thing is the truth—the Gospel truth. I love you wid all me heart an' sowl an' self!"

"Thin you'll marry me? You'll be me woman? You'll marry me come Shrove?"

Maurnah leaned back against the rocks and closed her eyes. The inner glory of life had been revealed; in the black and sultry mystery of the night the man had spoken, his arms had held her, his breath had brushed her lips.

With a faint cry she rose to her feet and held out her arms to him, forgetful of the shawl, forgetful of herself.

"Shaun! Shaun! You love me? Tell me agin! Tell me agin! Kiss me agin!"

It was the cry of a soul unloosed.

Even Shaun, coarse clay though he was, heard it and understood—understood in some blind, dumb way, that he had touched the infinite. His limbs trembled under him; great drops of sweat stood out upon his forehead.

"Shaun!" she cried again; and without a sound he caught her to him.

So they stayed—her shawl fallen back from her face, he striving to see her through the veil of darkness, when another whisper of wind, more menacing, louder than the first, skimmed over the Lough; while, above them, the clouds crashed together and a light, vivid and piercing beyond imagination, swept the mountains, the sky, their own white, strained faces.

As though a flaring torch had been thrust between them, they stared into each other's eyes; then Shaun flung her from him—flung her back against the rocks as he might spurn a dog.

Shaking, dazed, moving like a drunken woman struck back to consciousness, Maurnah rose up. The shawl had fallen from her; her figure, had there been light to see, was possessed of a strange new dignity, her wide eyes shone as though they had looked upon secret wonders.

"You know me now, Shaun?" she said.

"Know you? Am n't I clinchin' me two hands this minute to keep thim off o' you?"

"You need n't be doing that," she said very quietly. "I'll pay me lawful debts. An' if ever in the time to come a thought of me rises up to you—put no pass on it. Put no pass on it, I tell you. Say this to yourself: 'She paid dear, but she paid willin'."

Whether it was his imagination, or whether it was a trick his senses had played him, Shaun did not know, but he seemed to feel that in some curious way Maurnah had receded from him with her last words. Like a cold shower upon a fevered body, a strange fear chilled his rage.

"Come here!" he called. "Come here!"

Nothing answered him but the light sound of feet scrambling from one boulder to another.

"Come here!"

He stood looking blindly about him in the close, dense darkness. Then once more the lightning illuminated the scene; his face, filled with superstitious dread, turned to the Black Lough, and he saw what his mind had already conjured.

"Maurnah!" he cried out. "Maurnah!" But the roll of the thunder scattered his words.

He rushed to the Lough's brink; he thrust forth his hands, groping desperately; then he called again loudly, wildly, incoherently; but all that came to him, all that answered him, as he lifted his horror-stricken face, was one heavy raindrop that fell on his cheek and rolled slowly down his face like a silent, pitiful tear.

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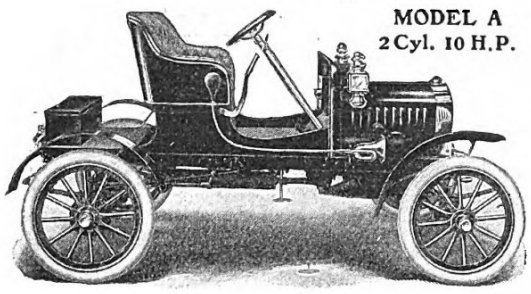

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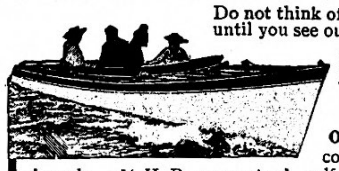

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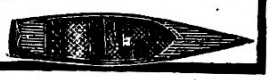

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The Pit and the Grower

[*Continued from page 298*]

increasingly probable: Europe, with bare granaries, imagined that its only important bread line might be cut off by Spanish cruisers. Under a great export demand wheat jumped to $1.15 and kept climbing. France suspended her import duty of about thirty-six cents a bushel. Italy reduced her import duty. It was reported that Russia would prohibit exports of wheat. Leiter seemed master of the situation. On May 10, the May option sold at $1.85. His command of that option had long been a foregone conclusion, however, and there were few shorts. But the extraordinary price acted magically upon supplies. At $1.35 and upwards the Northwest found that it still had some wheat to spare. Receipts in Chicago during May were nearly four and a half million bushels—to pay for which at current prices ate up money very fast. Russia, with a short crop from which she had exported liberally, also had more wheat to spare. The peasants swept their bins. In the winter, Argentina harvested a very good crop and made haste to sell it while the Leiter sun shone. A large crop was maturing in the United States and new wheat reached Chicago in May, the earliest on record. Leiter had to let go. His holdings of cash wheat, amounting to between ten and fifteen million bushels, were turned over to Armour to be disposed of for the benefit of his creditors. His holdings of options, said to be fifteen million bushels more, were dumped on the market.

Very likely that deal did benefit producers while it lasted. The natural position of wheat, however, with the world so largely dependent upon the United States, was tremendously strong, and the very high prices obtained only at the end of the crop year when wheat had mostly passed out of producers' hands. In July, when the new crop was coming in, cash wheat sold at sixty-six cents, in October, at sixty-two cents. The Leiter deal, in point of volume of trade and amount of money involved, was far and away the biggest ever known on the board. It ran into millions, against thousands for the common garden variety of deal. How many million dollars he employed in it, I do not know; but, when it was over, the options had been sold, and the cash wheat disposed of, L. Z. Leiter put up some seven million dollars to cover the deficit.

Little Real Grain Goes to Chicago

Leiter bought and handled an immense amount of actual grain. The striking thing about the speculative trade in general is that it gets along with so little actual grain. While everybody, loosely speaking, is contracting to deliver and to receive wheat, corn, and oats at Chicago, by making speculative trades in those cereals, the real grain is n't going to Chicago at all. The receipts of wheat and corn at Chicago the last eight years have averaged only about five per cent. of the crop, and of oats about ten per cent. Only a part of the grain actually received is of contract grade and so deliverable in settlement of board of trade transactions, and if it is of contract grade it must be stored in a "regular" warehouse—that is, one conforming to certain regulations of the board and duly approved by its directors.

The total capacity of the regular warehouses for all sorts of grain is at present about twenty million bushels, and the total stock of contract grain in Chicago is often astonishingly small. For example in July, 1905, there were only 549,000 bushels of contract wheat; in September, 1904, only 424,000 bushels; in June, 1904, 782,000 bushels. The largest reported stock in eight years was under fourteen million bushels. A stock of ten million bushels is comparatively big. Of contract corn there were only 41,000 bushels in December, 1907; 90,000 bushels in December, 1906; 397,000 bushels in September, 1900; while the biggest stock in eight years was six million and odd bushels. The largest stock of contract oats in eight years was a little ove: four million bushels; the smallest, in September, 1907, only 29,000 bushels.

Of course, as long as there is any grain of contract grade anywhere, it may be brought to Chicago, if there is time; and the board may, at any time, enlarge the "regular" warehouse capacity by regularizing private elevators. Indeed, during the Harper deal it was proposed to make wheat stored in freight cars "regular," and so deliverable on contracts. This is, I believe, within the power of the board. Yet the speculative trade does really rest upon a surprisingly slender basis of real grain.

To seize this slender base and squeeze gentlemen who have contracted to deliver what they can not get is the simple object of a corner. The engineer of a corner must, of course, take all the actual grain that is offered him or his corner goes to pot and he goes with it. If, in order to squeeze the shorts, he has advanced the price arbitrarily he will be taking in actual grain for more than it is really worth. The more grain he takes in at an arbitrarily advanced price the greater his loss will be when he comes to market it afterwards. So, naturally, he wants just as little real grain as possible.

The wheat which passes into commercial channels is, generally speaking, that which is received at nine big Western "primary markets"—amounting, including some duplications, to about one-third of the total crop. The heaviest receipts, of course, are after harvest.

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Of all the wheat that comes to he primary markets, about 48 per cent. taking the average of the last eight years—is received in the seventeen weeks from Septem- 1 to December 31, against only eighteen per cent. in the seventeen weeks from March 1 to June 30. The new corn is ready for market in November, the corn-crop year dating from the first of that month. It is self-evident that, generally speaking, bull manipulation will be most successful in the period of light receipts—that is, when the producers have little grain to sell. Nobody wants to bull an article that a great many people have much of to sell. In forty years the high price for wheat has fallen only ten times within the period of heavy receipts while the low price has so fallen fifteen times. In only four years out of forty has the high price of corn been in December, while in sixteen years the low price has been in that month. This, of course, is according to the law of supply and demand; yet it is quite obvious that whoever benefits the farmers by a bull manipulation of grain will be disappointed himself in about the proportion of the benefit. If he is bulling grain he wants as little grain as possible.

The Phillips corner in November, 1900, was a celebrated and strictly typical manipulation of corn. At the beginning of the month the November option sold at thirty-seven cents. The crop just gathered was rather poor in quality. Contract stocks in Chicago were down to 650,000 bushels. About the middle of the month Phillips began advancing the price. On the 27th, November corn sold at fifty-one cents. The higher price brought out some grain. Receipts at Chicago during the month were nearly six and a half million bushels; but very little of the corn was of contract grade. The shorts tried to get out of the trap by buying corn of No. 3 grade and drying it out so as to make it of No. 2, or contract grade; but they did n't succeed very well. When settlement with the shorts was finished, November corn dropped to thirty-five and one-half cents, or slightly lower than it had been at the beginning of the month. Obviously, a producer who benefited had to step lively. Under somewhat similar conditions, the following May, corn was marked up to sixty cents until the hapless shorts settled, when it promptly fell to forty-two cents. The short crop was favorable to manipulative tactics. Says the *Daily Trade Bulletin* in its review of the year, "While the speculative operations were of larger volume than for many years, the actual amount of corn handled was smaller than for several seasons." It is merely the actual corn, of course, that producers have to sell.

The Producers are Down on Speculation

That speculation on the board benefits the producer of grain is not presumable. The price of wheat is largely made in a free world's market. As I said above, about a third of our crop comes into commercial channels and of that which does come into commercial channels, roughly, one-half is exported. That is, of late years, we have been exporting less than a fifth of our wheat. One of the most important, constant factors in the wheat market is the export price. We must get rid of that surplus fifth or else stocks will accumulate and the price, ordinarily will fall. Our biggest competitors in the export trade have been, of late years, Russia and Argentina. Taking the average of the last five years, our crop is about twenty per cent. larger than Russia's, but Russia has exported more wheat than we have. The Argentine crop has averaged only 135,000,000 bushels against 650,000,000 bushels for the United States, but Argentina exports almost as much wheat as we do. India, raising less than half as much wheat as the United States and having three and a half times the population, is a considerable competitor in the export trade, sending to Europe, in the last five years, about forty per cent. as much wheat as this country. In short, American farmers have to sell their surplus wheat in competition with growers who are too poor to eat white bread—a real "foreign pauper labor" problem.

We do eat practically all our own corn. Exports the last two years have amounted to less than three per cent. of the crop. Production, too, on the whole has increased. The last three crops were decidedly the biggest in any three successive years; but all through the summer of 1908 corn was higher than for many years. The rule works fairly well, also, as to oats, of which we consume practically all that we produce. Exports the last two years have been less than one per cent. of the crop. For more than a year the price has ruled unusually high; but the crops of 1907 and 1908 were rather short.

There is n't much doubt as to how producers themselves feel about the question whether speculation benefits them. Cotton growers especially have been hostile to the cotton exchanges, with their large volume of speculative transactions, their corners and manipulations. Perhaps this is only an unreasoning sentiment—as a man might naturally resent seeing the result of his year's toil gambled on by untoiling and non-agricultural gentlemen, even if the gambling did n't really hurt him.

Manipulation Keeps the Trade Nervous

The violent corner, typified by Mr. Hutchinson, seems to have gone rather out of fashion on the board of late; yet it is a common opinion that the markets, the last few years, have been very much subject to

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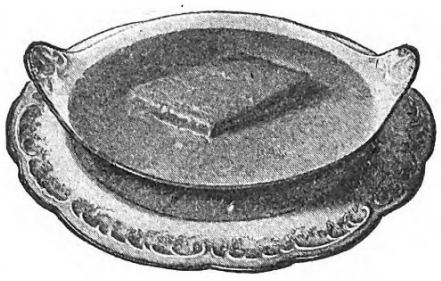

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manipulation of a gentler, but quite effective sort—a comparatively mild squeeze periodically, which attracts less attention, but produces much discomfort for the shorts. When the stock of deliverable grain is so small in comparison with the volume of speculative contracts outstanding, the temptation to manipulate must be pretty constant. Armour's position, for example, as a holder of actual wheat, is such that he is frequently the subject of an aggrieved suspicion. The possibility of manipulation, at least, keeps the "trade" rather nervous. Patten and others are similarly on the nerves of traders in oats and corn.

The Armour concern is always trading in and holding a great deal of wheat. By concentrating its holdings in a given option it may, almost any time, bob up in control of that option—with results tending to nervous prostration among the shorts.

Long ago, as I mentioned in speaking of the Armour-Kershaw deal of 1882, the board had a rule designed to discourage, or regulate corners. This rule provided, in effect, that when the market was cornered an arbitration committee, appointed by the board, should fix the price at which shorts might settle their unfulfilled contracts. This rule was repealed not long after that deal. From time to time attempts have been made to reinstate it—the last, in May, 1908. A "corners rule" was then submitted to the membership of the board. It provided substantially that in case of "extortionate claims, based on values resulting from manipulation of the market," the settlement price should be fixed by an arbitration committee, appointed by the president of the board, which should take into account the value of the property in other markets and for manufacturing or consumption purposes; the effect on values produced by excessive short selling, etc.

A majority of 182, in a total vote of 627, however, rejected it. The argument against the proposition was that it put too great power in the hands of a few men, and that if a man owns wheat, or wheat options, it is n't right to make him sell his property at a price not satisfactory to himself. The underlying motive, I suspect, was that the rule might restrict the speculative trade. Naturally, the board does n't want the speculative trade restricted, for out of that its members get their commissions. I rather doubt that speculation, taking it by and large, really affects the mean price of wheat. But the men who grow the real wheat do not like to see the marketing of that article organized so largely with a view to mere gambling.

Twenty-two Minutes from Field to Biscuit

THAT is the record made in the little town of Waitsburg, State of Washington, where in this short space of time growing wheat was cut down, threshed, sacked, conveyed two miles (by auto), ground into flour, made and baked into biscuits. No special machinery was erected for making this test, every step proceeding by the same methods as an ordinary consignment of grain, except that an automobile was used to carry the grain to the mill, instead of the usual interurban cars or horse team. The details of this speed record are as follows:

At 9:04 in the morning the first head was clipped from the straw; at 9:08 the grain disappeared in the capacious maw of the thresher; at the end of three minutes four sacks of wheat were threshed, sacked, and the sacks sewed up and loaded into a thirty-horsepower automobile, which set off at a forty-mile an hour rate. In exactly three minutes from the time the last sack was sowed up in the field, the grain was weighed and dropped into the receiving hopper of the flour mill. At 9:19 the first flour appeared in the packer when a baker seized upon it, and at 9:20 the dough was hurried into a well-heated gasoline oven, and at 9:26 biscuits, baked to a beautiful brown, were passed around for the spectators' approval.

"Get a Horse"

EVERY motorist knows the frenzy that attacks one when his automobile suddenly achieves the notion that it will not "go another step." This usually happens late at night and miles from anywhere. Such owners, and they are legions, will hail with delight the invention of a carriage builder in Ravenna, Ohio. He has fitted to his wife's auto an ordinary pair of carriage shafts which are bound underneath the car when not in use. When trouble arises, these shafts are unstrapped, fastened to the front of the springs, and all that is needed is a horse to ensure the safe return home of the "out of commission" car.

The Wrong Color

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, on a tour of New England, formed a habit of eating Washington pie. Washington pie is a two-layer cake with a custard filling, and covered with white icing. It is served in pie-shaped pieces. Stopping at a country hotel Mr. Washington called for this delicacy. The waiter brought him something that resembled it but the icing was chocolate instead of white. Mr. Washington looked it over, then turned to the waiter and said, "You've made a mistake. I wanted *George* not *Booker*."

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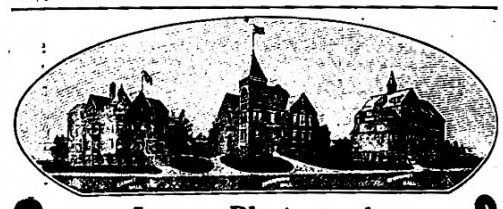

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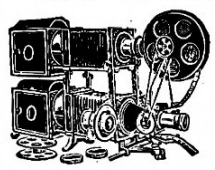

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"This Man Diehl"

[*Continued from page 300*]

Peter Newell and I were walking across the meadows at twilight and the mists gave a hazy significance to the cheapest objects?"

"Yes, I had just passed the bridge, and I took you for a little boy—you will pardon me—because Newell is so tall that you looked dwarfed beside him. Yes, I'll make that the subject of the next picture."

And in a few minutes the Jersey meadows in a mist lay stretched on his canvas, and coming out of the fog were two figures, a tall one and a short one.

That's the way Peter and I are going thundering down the ages.

Mr. Diehl told me that when he was a boy he had deliberately cultivated his color memory by going past a green grocer's shop and taking a quick glance at its contents, and then going off and trying to remember the names of all the articles in the window together with their colors.

"And I used to paint sweet shops when I was a boy—the sweets in the window under the lighted lamps—awfully enticing to a boy, you know. I was able to get the atmosphere so nearly that my boy friends used to besiege me for the colored sketches."

"You studied on the other side, did n't you?"

"Yes. I suppose I was a prodigy. I know my mother took me to Sir Frederick Leighton's when I was a mere lad and showed him two sketches I had made. He studied one of them for some minutes and at last he said, 'I don't see how the boy did that sky. I could n't do it myself.' He said things that might have made my head swim if I had n't been a thoughtless boy with little feeling of respect for the opinions of the great ones of earth. It mattered very little to me that Sir Frederick thought me a genius, but my mother felt that I must study with the best masters.

"I studied at Heatherley's in Newman Street, and at Calderon's in St. John's Wood, and antiques and color in the National Gallery and the British Museum, and afterwards in Italy with Luigi Stefani.

"You know one of the drawbacks of my facility, and the supposed prices I get is that I am thought to be awfully rich, and have to live up to it when I am away—and after all a man does n't work at top speed every day, does he? And it's only when 'rush orders' come in that I push myself. Now, for instance, tomorrow I've got to finish forty for a special purpose, so I'll be at it early. You see once the subject is chosen by me it's merely a matter of reducing it to paint, and I have trained my right hand into habits of absolute obedience. What the brain conceives the hand executes."

"'With neatness and despatch,'" laughed I, as I rose to go.

It was getting too dark even for Mr. Diehl to paint, so he accompanied me down-stairs, and on the way he said—

"Just stop a minute and listen to that little Grieg thing I spoke of."

I stopped, and listened, and was again amazed, for now it was not only the right hand but the left as well absolutely obeying the command of the brain, and eye. He played the little Grieg bit with delicacy yet certainty of touch and an added effect of atmosphere that made me marvel all the way home.

Some man with no knack for definitive terms once said that "genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains." Perhaps it was Carlyle.

Even at that definition Mr. Arthur Vidal Diehl of Leonia, New Jersey, is a genius, but it is also by virtue of other qualities than painstaking industry—some of them inherent.

To see is to believe and always to marvel.
And he works after the whistle blows.

⚜ ⚜

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Cities

CITIES are made out of forests, franchises, and folks, by the hand of man and the grace of God. They are very numerous, and range in size and importance according to the resources of the country which they drain. This is the object of cities, and they are always successful.

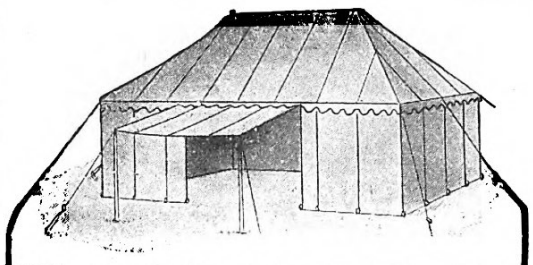
Cities pass their time in loafing and drinking and in consuming the things that are grown for them. No self-respecting city would deign to earn its own living. It insists upon being supported in luxury, and in return furnishes the styles and a standard of bad manners for the outlying districts. Every city has a better self, consisting of music, literature, and altruism; and a worser self, consisting of capitalists, slums, and politics. Hayseeds have to be constantly grafted on to cities, in order to keep them alive. If left to themselves, they would decay.

Among the other things that every city possesses are parks, where the grass is kept off of; sirens, who lure; and cobblestones that are constantly moving from street to street, like corpuscles.

Every city has a soul—of dishonor.—T. L. MASSON.

⚜ ⚜

"Clothes publish characteristics of their wearers."



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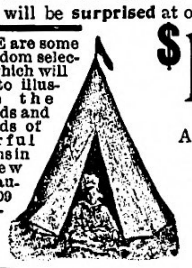

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MANY people heedlessly believe that because they are unable to raise the money to buy a thousand-dollar bond they must stand forever outside the pale of safe and conservative investment. To them the mere word "bond" spells a large sum. But no delusion could be greater, and, in some respects, more costly. The truth of the matter is that bonds of small denomination are accessible to the average investor, everywhere, and it is only a question of time when they will play a big and significant part in the whole story of the employment of money.

The average denomination of a bond may be said to be one thousand dollars or a multiple of that sum. One reason why this is the standard denomination is that the railroads, municipalities, and corporations find it easier to bring them out in larger pieces. It requires less clerical work, and less expense to do so, and so far as the big buyers are concerned the larger bonds are easier to negotiate and handle.

But the time is passing when the big buyer is the chief factor in the bond business. Ten years ago the bond buyer was the bank, the institution generally, the trustee, or the rich man; now he is the average man who is buying one or two bonds with his savings or other funds. This is, in some respects, the most remarkable feature of the whole investment business to-day, and it is a tribute to the growing sanity, conservatism, and thrift of the man or woman who works for a wage and who wants to safeguard his or her money.

The Demand for Small Bonds

Hence there is developing, in all parts of the country, a demand for bonds of small denomination. The issuers of bonds are beginning to heed this call, for they recognize that the market for them is bound to be broad and active. At this juncture the question very naturally arises, why invest a small sum like one hundred dollars in a bond? The answer is quite simple. One admirable reason is that it is a form of compulsory saving. If a man has one hundred dollars in the bank, it is where he can always get at it. A sudden temptation to extravagance may wipe out that whole account. The bank is open every business day, and the money is therefore always accessible. But if that money is tied up in a bond, the owner may have to wait several days before he can sell it. In the meantime the mood for spending may pass and the investment be saved.

A second reason, as already pointed out here, is that the small bond is very likely to give the owner the bond habit. He sees how safe and regular is the income, and he is filled with a desire to own more bonds.

There is even a larger significance than merely providing the average investor with the means for the employment of his money. If all the great railroads and corporations of the United States would issue small bonds it would be a constructive step toward bringing about a closer and better feeling between the people and these corporations. Had this been done ten years ago, there would have been less "muck-raking" and less legislative agitation. We would possibly have been spared much turmoil that has been costly and injurious to business interests generally. When their money is involved in corporations (as is the case when bonds of small denomination are widely held) the mood of the people toward destructive anti-corporate laws tends to vanish. On the other hand, the railroads, realizing that their funded debt is so generally held, have more respect and consideration for the wishes of the great mass of the public. Thus the benefit to be worked is universal.

Small Railroad Bonds

The average man who says that he can not get high-class railroad bonds in small denominations, and then goes off and buys stock, simply has not looked hard enough. It is interesting to note that a number of the large systems are already issuing one-hundred-dollar bonds and more are planning to do so.

Among the types of one-hundred-dollar railroad bonds which may be had are: Norfolk and Western Consolidated 4s, due 1996; Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy (Denver Extension) Collateral Trust 4s, due 1922; New York, New Haven, and Hartford, Convertible Debenture 3½-2s, due 1956; and Colorado and Southern Refunding Mortgage 4½-2s, due in 1935.

Significant, too, is the announcement recently made, that part of the new issue of the Western Pacific Railway will be in bonds of the denomination of one hundred dollars.

The hundred-dollar bond is not confined exclusively to the railroads, either. It may be had in the issues of some of our great corporations whose bonds are active. The list includes such corporations as the General Electric Company and the American Tobacco Company. The latter even has some bonds of the denomination of fifty dollars.

What Small Towns Are Doing

But the greatest activity, perhaps, in one-hundred dollar bonds, is among the issues of small cities, towns, villages, and school districts. Here is a class of conservative, safe investments that more people ought to know about. They are safeguarded in every possible way, and they really afford a good object lesson in the sane employment of money. Throughout the West reputable houses are springing up that are making a specialty of underwriting these small issues, and they are thus making possible a medium for the man with a comparatively small sum of money to have the same bond advantages as the man with many thousands.

The tendency of the average municipality is to issue bonds in small pieces, but they have found that the five-hundred-dollar and one-thousand-dollar denominations are readily bought by large investing institutions and estates. The city of New York, however, while issuing bonds in the denominations of small fortunes, is equally willing, and does, issue bonds of ten dollars. These bonds are sometimes called corporate stock, and are direct obligations of our greatest city.

It is possible that the bond of a smaller municipality may be safer than the bond of a larger one. This is due to the fact that the issue of the smaller city is, first of all, very small, and second, that its bonded debt is a very small fraction of the assessed valuation which is the real security behind the bond. For example, the bonded indebtedness of a town of twenty thousand inhabitants may be only two and one-half per cent. of the valuation, while the bonded debt of Chicago is about five per cent. and that of New York is ten per cent.

The reputable investment house that investigates an issue of one-hundred-dollar bonds in a small town or village applies the very same tests that it would to a big city, because, when all is said and done, a bond is a bond, whether the denomination is large or small, and it is the duty of the firm or firms bringing it out to see that there is ample security behind it.

How Municipal Bond Investigation Is Made

In making an investigation before underwriting the issue of bonds by a small town, the investment banker takes careful note of the taxable property, for the reason that the money derived from taxation comprises the funds used to pay the interest and principal of the bonds. It is important, therefore, that the property is subject to levy, as it is known. A number of States —and the number is increasing each year—require the levy for taxes for each year of the life of the bond to be ample to meet all requirements. This levy is usually made prior to the issue of the bonds, so that the money is automatically on hand each year for the desired purpose. In case the bonds are serial, that is, a certain number are retired each year, a sinking-fund is created. Or it may happen that a certain sum is set aside each year, thus making a fund for the final redemption of the bonds when they fall due.

Since all taxable property in the community is subject to taxation for municipal indebtedness, it follows that the bond has first lien, or claim, on the city's money. This lien gives to the bond a great advantage. Let us see how this works out. Suppose that a railroad traverses a certain town which has issued school district bonds; that is, bonds whose proceeds were used for the erection and support of schools in that district. The property of the railroad is subject to taxation. If this railroad should default interest on its own bonded indebtedness and should not pay its taxes, these taxes would constitute a claim on the railroad property ahead of any lien that the railroad itself might have issued, through mortgage or otherwise. Thus the school district bond (which is another form of the municipal bond) has the very highest security behind it.

In addition to the investigation of the assessed valuation, the investment banker who buys the issues of a small town looks carefully into the financial condition of the whole community. He finds out what the railroad facilities are, for these are essential to its prosperity; the character of the surrounding country; what its commercial and agricultural resources are; what the bank or banks are doing; the number and kind of stores, and, in brief, all that can be learned that makes for the building up of the entire section. When all this information has been secured, the legality of the bond issue is scrutinized by attorneys who make a specialty of this kind of work.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the creation of municipal indebtedness is limited by law. As a rule it is less than ten per cent. of the assessed valuation. The assessed valuation in communities of

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less than five thousand people but more than one thousand persons will range from two hundred thousand dollars to two million dollars, but averaging about eight hundred thousand dollars. In every instance the assessed valuation is less than the actual valuation of the taxable property. It is safe to assume that, under ordinary conditions, the smaller the bonded debt, the safer the security. By the operation of what is known as the "debt limit" it is practically impossible for a community to issue more bonds than it can pay.

Some Concrete Cases

Let us now see the type and character of a one-hundred-dollar bond issued by a small community. First take a six per cent. school bond issued by a town in Mississippi with a population of one thousand, five hundred. The total issue was only eight hundred dollars; that is, eight bonds. They were issued in 1905. Four of these mature July 1, 1917, and four on July 1, 1919. The actual valuation of the town is six hundred thousand dollars, while the assessed valuation is four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The bonded debt is only nine thousand, four hundred dollars, which is just two and one-fourth per cent. of the assessed valuation. The bonds were issued to raise funds for the building of a schoolhouse. They were sold at the time this article is written to yield about 4.95 per cent. This bond is just about as safe as any bond could be. Being of such a small issue, it is easily safeguarded. Besides, this town, and in fact any other small town, is more than anxious to protect its bonded debt because some day later it may want to bring out a larger issue, and the credit of the municipality must be gilt edge.

Now take a village bond issued by a village in Cook County, Illinois. It is five per cent., dated December 1, 1908. The total issue is six thousand, seven hundred dollars. A certain number are retired each year, beginning in 1913. The actual valuation of the village is $1,200,000, while the assessed valuation is $322,700. The total bonded debt is $6,700. It constitutes the only debt of the town, and is less than two and one-fifth per cent. of the assessed valuation. A continuous tax levy has been made which provides in advance each year the funds necessary to pay the principal and interest of the bonds. This bond yields about 4.20 per cent.

It is even possible to get a six per cent. bond in this denomination and have it safe, too. A town in Mississippi wanted to build a bridge, so it issued these bonds. The total issue is $4,400, to be retired serially, beginning in 1916. The actual valuation of property there is $450,000; the assessed valuation, $197,245. The bonded debt is $10,100, including this issue, and is only five and one-fourth per cent. of the assessed valuation. These bonds may be bought to yield about 5.10 per cent.

Thus it is apparent that these small communities are not only conservative in the issue of their bonds, but that they also throw every possible precaution about their issues. They can not afford to default interest, because, as already stated, it is important for them to maintain their credit.

The lesson to be learned is this: for the man or woman who wants to invest money in a bond, which is the safest form of investment, and who lacks the funds to buy a thousand-dollar, or even a five-hundred-dollar bond, the opportunity is always present to obtain a bond of smaller denomination issued by a reputable community, and which is as safe as one issued by a great railroad with a large and sometimes trying debt. There are houses that make a specialty of such bonds, and they are serving a constructive service by placing reliable, constructive investment before the great mass of the people in very accessible form.

The matter of a small bond, or any bond of small denomination, has a peculiarly timely interest. In the first place the bond market which was very active after the election of President Taft has undergone a change and the demand has decreased. One reason for this was the fact that so many of the standard high class investment bonds had found a repository in the safety vault boxes of conservative investors. In view of the decline in demand for bonds, for the moment only, the price has also gone down. Hence the opportunity presents itself to get gilt edge securities at prices a bit lower than usual.

In the second place the boom in get-rich-quick and other speculative schemes which always follows in the wake of returning prosperity, is doing business at the old stand. Therefore the man or woman with a small sum of money will find a good antidote for speculative temptation in one of the type of bonds which has been described in this month's article. They mean safety, security, and assured income. The speculation simply means worry, loss of principal and no return. Which do you want?

⚜ ⚜

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The Fight Against Cannonism

[*Continued from page 287*]

Insurgents were rapidly gaining allies, and that a contest most serious to the machine was developing under its very eyes. The attack was so sudden—so unexpected—so overwhelming in its character—that the ordinary methods of counter-attack could not be put into action in time.

The Republican Organization leaders, in short, became thoroughly alarmed over the situation, and the Insurgents correspondingly confident. The Democratic leader—Hon. Champ Clark of Missouri—had promised faithfully to try to deliver the entire Democratic vote in support of the Insurgent proposition to obtain a true Calendar Day and to take from the Speaker his power of appointing committees. If he could keep this promise and if but twenty-four Republican Insurgents could be found to stand together the victory would be won.

The Development of the Insurgent Movement

Let us pause here for a moment to look over the ranks of that little band of Insurgents and get a first estimate of their fighting strength.

In early February they numbered thirty-five men who were willing to make demands for more or less radical changes of the rules. A few of these—but a very few only—were also willing, or were compelled by home feeling, to vote against Mr. Cannon for the Speakership.

At the first engagement with the Organization, the Insurgents lost six members—Messrs. Scott, Campbell, and Anthony of Kansas, Foster of Vermont, Townsend of Michigan, and McLachlan of California. These men were won over to the Speaker and voted for his "Calendar Wednesday" proposition, which was a poor, weak, and thoroughy unsatisfactory substitute for the original Insurgent proposition. They will probably claim to their constituents that they secured valuable concessions from the Speaker, but the best proof that this claim is not justified and that they secured a mere "mess of pottage" is found in the fact that the Democratic members and all their fellow Republican Insurgents voted sturdily against the proposition of the Organization.

Of the twenty-nine now left, six were not members of the Sixty-First Congress, their terms expiring on March 4th. Among these six was Representative Hepburn of Iowa, who, during his long term in Congress has consistently voted against Cannonism in its extreme forms, and his loss to the Insurgent cause was a most serious one. The others were Representatives Boyd and Pollard of Nebraska; Ellis, of Missouri; Marshall of North Dakota, and Waldo, of New York.

There were thus left to continue the fight in the new Congress, twenty-three Republican Insurgents only. Sixteen of these were felt to be absolutely certain, but of the remainder there was more or less doubt. Two —Representatives McKinlay of California and Pearre of Maryland—were won over to the Organization almost immediately, and were not thereafter counted among the Insurgents. This left twenty-one from the old House, and the problem was to increase this number to at least twenty-four, and to as many more as possible, in order that, by a union of Democrats and Republican Insurgents, the Machine forces might be outvoted.

* * * * * * *

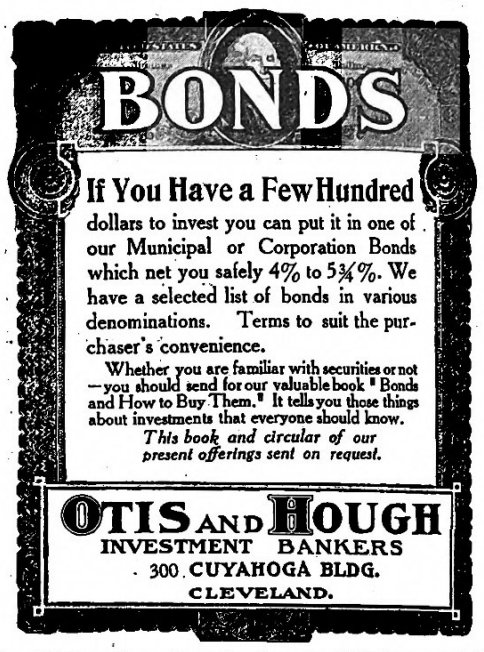
Immediately after the inauguration, new members began to arrive for the special session to open March 15th. Never were new members received with so much courtesy, consideration, and flattering attention. The Republican, the Democratic, and the Insurgent leaders vied with each other in extending the welcoming hand and in explaining House politics to their new friends. As a result of the play of forces *and of the letters from home*, the Insurgent cause steadily gained ground. Victory on the change of rules was considered certain, and there even began to be serious talk of defeating Mr. Cannon for the Speakership. On March 8th, the Organization's position became so desperate that the Speaker resolved to pocket his pride, and to appeal to the President for help. It must have been with strange sensations, indeed, that the "Iron Duke of American Politics"—accustomed to grant, rather than to ask favors—approached his liege lord for help in overcoming an insurrection in his own domains.

And now comes a sad chapter in our narrative.

The Attitude of the President

The problem presented to the President was one of peculiar distress and embarrassment. For years he has been fighting shoulder to shoulder with Theodore Roosevelt, and again and again both have found Mr. Cannon standing firmly in the path of progress, refusing legislation which was clearly in the interests of the people. The President knew, of course, that leopards do not change their spots and that past history will most surely repeat itself during the next two years.

But, on the other hand, he was met with the possibility of party confusion and deadlock in the House, resulting from the probable success of the Republican Insurgent-Democratic combination, together with problems of reorganization of important committees, and



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other fearsome things which might delay the speedy settlement of tariff legislation.

The President honestly believed that his most urgent duty was, and is, to bring about the quick return of business prosperity to this country, and that this could not be done until tariff revision and its accompanying quarrels and suspense should be out of the way. Furthermore, as head of the Republican Party, he felt it his duty to frown upon party insurrections and alliances with the opposite party.

We must record, therefore, the sad truth that the President decided to help Mr. Cannon by recognizing in him the Speaker of the next House, in control of the important committees, and to him more than to any other one man is due the fact that Mr. Cannon is today firmly in the saddle for another two years.

We have tried to state the President's position fairly and carefully. He had his point of view, and it is one in favor of which much can be said. What he did not realize, we think, is that for every citizen in this country who is really interested in tariff revision there are at least two who are opposed, on principle, to Cannonism, and *all* would have supported him fervently and enthusiastically, at any cost to the individual pocket, if he had stood upon principle against the vicious control of legislation by a single man or group of men.

How Cannon Made Oil, Beer, and Sugar Fight for Him

This was the second great blow received by the Republican Insurgents—the first being the defection from their number of six of their original associates in whom they had had great confidence. For twenty-four hours, it seemed that the effort to revise the rules must be given up. The "rebels" were prostrate, the Machine triumphant and contemptuous.

Then came back the manhood, the vigor, the fighting spirit, the determination to succeed. Fortified and encouraged by the constantly increasing storm of letters of commendation from their constituents, and by the knowledge that their opponents and the new members were also being instructed in no uncertain fashion by their fellow citizens at home, the banner of insurrection was again raised and pressed forward. The Insurgents were fighting for principle against tremendous odds and the really heroic qualities displayed by those who had nothing to gain by success and everything to lose by failure could but impress all with whom they were brought in contact.

Those who are not familiar with the far-reaching power of a great political organization, fighting for itself and for the moneyed interests which it represents, can hardly realize the terrific pressure brought to bear upon one after another of this little band of Insurgents, to induce them to break away from their plighted faith to the others; and upon such Democrats as were believed to be "open to influence."

The "Brewery Lobby," for example, was summoned to Washington by urgent telegrams and ordered into action to win over the two or three Representatives among the Republican Insurgents, and the dozen or more among the Democrats, from brewery cities; and failure to succeed would be penalized, so rumor said, by an additional tax of one dollar per barrel upon beer.

Senators were requested to use their personal, "fatherly" influence among the Representatives of their respective States, advising each in a kindly way to be guided by the combined wisdom of the party leaders. It is a serious thing indeed for a good party man to become a pariah among his associates.

Cabinet officers were active in representing the importance of supporting the President.

Great men in law and good-fellowship were brought to Washington to exercise influence over personal friends.

Purchasing and Threatening the Democrats

Tariff changes were threatened against certain Southern Democrats as the price of their adherence to their party caucus.

Valuable committee appointments and rich "perquisites" were offered, and would have been instantly granted to any of the Insurgents or Democrats who would consent to leave his associates in the lurch; and in this connection it will be interesting to know just what rewards will be given next December or earlier to the "Cold Feet Committee" and others who were induced to abandon the Insurgent Cause.

Threats of vengeance against those who held out were, of course, freely and vigorously made; the form which these threats took being, as a rule, the promised refusal of the Speaker to appoint a recalcitrant to any committee more important than that on "Acoustics and Ventilation of the Capitol."

At least one Democrat, whose election was contested, is believed to have been promised favorable action by the (Republican) Committee on Contests, if he would vote with the Republican Machine.

The threat was freely made and will, apparently, be carried out, that the Speaker would take back to himself the power of appointing all the Democratic members of the House Committees instead of allowing the Democratic Leader, Champ Clark, to do this, as heretofore. This was a peculiarly cunning and effective threat, tending as it did to cause a Democratic split and to build up a new leadership.

In short, every conceivable string was pulled to bring about final success—every method used to win over the

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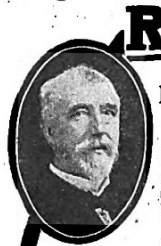

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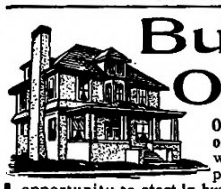

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Republican Insurgents so as to avoid the necessity of *openly* buying Democratic support. That the Insurgents should stand firm as a rock against such tactics was little short of heroism, and the country owes a deep debt of gratitude to the men who refused to barter their manhood and the right of individual judgment for place and power.

Then came the telegrams. They began to arrive about March 10th, and were received in constantly increasing quantities until, on March 15th, both Western Union and Postal Telegraph offices were congested to a point never before known. The Washington messenger service was totally unable to grapple with the flood of yellow envelopes, and re-inforcements were obtained on hurry call from Baltimore and other nearby cities and towns. At eleven o'clock on Monday morning (Congress opening at twelve) sixty-five per cent. of the Western Union messages arriving that morning had not been delivered. The press despatches of the last few days sent to all parts of the country had told of the tremendous struggle going on in Washington, and the eyes of the country were concentrated on the opening scenes of the Sixty-first Congress. Every party whip had been called into action to secure full attendance. Some came from sick beds, some on crutches; one or two were detained by floods in the South and arrived barely in time for record on the final vote. Each side had confidently counted on the other losing some votes by absences, but both were doomed to disappointment.

When Cannon Himself Watched the Door

On Saturday night, March 13th, the Republican caucus was held. Nearly all the Insurgents remained away from the caucus. A few decided to go in, with the intention of supporting the party nominee for the Speakership, but of leaving if the caucus should decide that all present must be bound by the caucus decision on the Rules. Mr. Cannon, the National *Jethro Bass*, took his position by the only door of exit, determined, if possible, to overawe by the power of his "eagle eye" any Representative who might seek to escape.

He was nominated for the Speakership by a large majority, although a substantial minority refused to vote for him in caucus. Then by a quick trick of the chairman the Rules resolution was sprung on the caucus and passed before the Insurgents could escape, except in the case of Representative Haugen of Iowa, who braved the Speaker's wrath and passed by him, through the door. Because of this trick action, however, the other Insurgents present, later refused to consider themselves bound by caucus action and again joined forces with their fellow Insurgents.

On Sunday night, before the battle next day, a final, careful count of noses indicated a safe victory on the rules for the Insurgent-Democratic combination. The Democrats promised to have at least 165 men on the floor at noon next day and the Insurgents counted thirty-one solidly in line. The two forces in combination would, therefore, have 196 votes—an exact majority of the entire membership if every member were present, and three or four more than a majority, counting vacancies and known absentees. The real question was at that time whether or not enough Insurgents could be induced to vote against Mr. Cannon to deadlock the House and postpone, at least, Mr. Cannon's election.

On Monday morning, the Insurgents and Democrats both caucused upon their course of action. The Democratic caucus passed, by an overwhelming vote, a resolution pledging the party to support the rules of the proposition agreed to by the Insurgent and Democratic leaders. In the Insurgent caucus a similar resolution was passed. It was found that several Insurgents regarded themselves as bound by party caucus to support its nominee, Mr. Cannon, and this being the case, and it being found impossible to muster quite enough votes to effect a deadlock, all were left to follow their own ideas of duty and expediency in their vote for Speaker.

The Dramatic Fight in the House

The scene in the House at twelve o'clock on Monday, when the House was called to order by the clerk, was most dramatic. Practically every member was in his place; the galleries were filled to overflowing with hundreds unable to obtain admission; the air was tense with excitement and anticipation of the coming struggle. The call of the roll developed the fact that 384 members were present out of 389—a very remarkable attendance. Mr. Cannon was presented as the nominee of the Republican caucus and Mr. Clark as the nominee of the Democratic caucus. There were no other nominations. Upon call of the roll, each member voted for the candidate of his choice, and the result was as follows:

For Mr. Cannon	204 votes
For Mr. Clark	166 "
Scattering	12 "

Mr. Cannon and Mr. Clark did not vote, and there were five absentees—Messrs. Clark of Florida (Dem.), Esch of Wisconsin (Insurgent), Legare of South Carolina (Dem.), and Russell (Dem.) and Sheppard (Dem.) of Texas.

A committee was appointed to conduct Mr. Cannon to the chair. He was sworn in as Speaker, he assumed the gavel, and the members were sworn in by him in groups.

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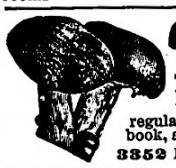

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After the election of the other officers of the House and a small amount of routine business, Representative Dalzell of Pennsylvania, one of the Republican "oligarchy," moved that the rules of the House of Representatives of the Sixtieth Congress should be continued in force during the Sixty-first Congress, and on that motion demanded the previous question (which, if ordered, would shut off debate). Mr. Clark for the Democratic side demanded the yeas and nays on the motion to order the previous question—*and the fight on the Rules was on.*

As the roll-call progressed, it was seen that the Republican Insurgents were standing fast, but that a number of the Democrats were voting with the Republican machine. The latter won on this, the first test vote, by 194 to 188. The Speaker was requested to order a recapitulation of the vote, and this request he denied, claiming that the vote was not sufficiently close to justify such a demand. Mr. Clark tried to appeal to the House from the decision of the Chair, but the Speaker denied the appeal on the ground that there was no ruling from which an appeal could legitimately be made.

Debate having been shut off on Mr. Dalzell's original motion, the question then came on the motion itself; and, to the amazement of almost every one, the Democrats who had voted with the Republicans on the previous roll-call returned to the fold, and the Insurgent-Democratic combination, by a vote of 193 to 189, *inflicted upon Speaker Cannon the first important legislative defeat that he has had for many a year.*

Everything was now "wide open." The House was proceeding under general parliamentary practise and without its own special rules. Mr. Clark was entitled to and obtained recognition by the Speaker, and offered the resolution agreed upon by the Insurgent-Democratic combination—namely, that the rules of the previous session be adopted as the rules of the Sixty-First Congress, except as follows:

First: That the Speaker be authorized to appoint five committees only—those necessary for the consideration of the tariff and for managing the routine of the House.

Second: That a committee of fifteen members—consisting of five Regular Republicans, six Democrats, and four Republican Insurgents (all named in the resolution)—be elected by the members as a Committee on Rules and on Revision of the Rules, with power to act as a "steering committee" for the legislation of the special session and to report at the beginning of the regular session in December, 1909, a system of revised, amended, and simplified rules which should be in force thenceforward.

This simple resolution really struck at the root of the Speaker's power, because it took away from him his right of appointing (and controlling) the Committee on Rules (which is the real "steering committee" of the House), and also of nearly all the other great committees of the House.

Mr. Clark moved the previous question on this resolution, but, on roll-call of the House, it was denied by a vote of 203 to 179.

How the McCarren and Tammany Democrats Saved Cannon

Then came the final evidence of what will pass into history as one of the most disgraceful bargains for power ever made by a proud and hitherto dominant party. Mr. Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, New York, generally known as one of the lieutenants of the notorious political boss and Standard Oil attorney, Patrick H. McCarren, had risen, previous to the last vote, fo the purpose of asking Mr. Clark to yield him the floor. This privilege was denied.

At the conclusion of the roll-call the Speaker announced that "the previous question having been refused, the gentleman from New York (Mr. Fitzgerald) who had asked the gentleman to yield to him *for an amendment* is entitled to the first recognition." (See *Congressional Record* of March 15th, page 8.)

Now it so happened that Mr. Fitzgerald had not said anything upon the floor as to the purpose for which he rose—whether to propose an amendment or otherwise—and that the Speaker should have known the object of his political opponent's effort to obtain the floor seems at least significant. What was even more significant was the amendment itself offered by Mr. Fitzgerald, which was that the rules of the previous Congress should be adopted with certain exceptions—these exceptions representing the minimum concessions which the Machine was prepared to make to insurgency. Most significant of all was the fact that the Republican leaders eagerly and joyously accepted the amendment of Mr. Fitzgerald (still supposedly their political opponent), and were given by Mr. Fitzgerald for the support of this amendment nearly all the time for debate allowed to his side.

The debate on this resolution was marked by bitter personalities and charges of treason against the Democratic bolters, but without result; for on final roll-call, (twenty-eight of the thirty-one Insurgents still standing fast) twenty-three Democrats headed by Mr. Fitzgerald joined with the solid Republican Machine forces in winning the victory by a vote of 211 to 172, with five absentees.

On page 287 will be found the names of the Democrats who bolted their party platform and caucus, and at a time when Cannonism in its extreme form could

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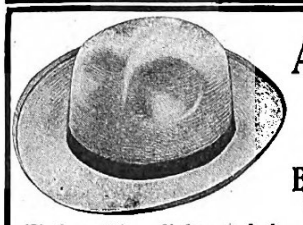

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have been overthrown forever, voted with the Republican Machine to sustain it. They did so, of course, with their eyes open, and with the knowledge that they were firmly establishing in the House the power of Mr. Cannon and the Republican Party for another two years. The later contention of certain of these Democrats, notably the six from Georgia, that the Fitzgerald amendments were "exceedingly valuable to the minority—more so than any committee composed of nine Republicans and six Democrats could reasonably be expected to make"—is a wholly transparent attempt to explain away an action which was, in reality, based upon very different grounds indeed, an action which allied them with the Tammany Hall wing of their party, and one which has been condemned as "treason" by the vast majority of their party associates.

In further evidence of the infamous bargains between the Republican Party and the Democratic "rump," it may be noted that, on the day after the "goods were delivered," the Speaker made Mr. Fitzgerald one of the five members of the Committee on Rules, the important "steering committee" of the House; and Representatives Harrison and Broussard of the bolting Democrats were appointed to the great and powerful Committee on Ways and Means. These appointments were made with the Speaker's usual brazen and contemptuous disregard of public sentiment and appearances, and there is little doubt that, with equal openness and effrontery, he will reward all of the other Democratic bolters with excellent committee appointments.

What other rewards, sentimental or substantial, will be given to the Speaker's new allies may well be guessed at, if never known. But there is strong evidence that important schedules in the new Payne Tariff Bill affecting the Standard Oil Company's interests were changed by the Ways and Means Committee in pursuance of the bargain by which Patrick H. McCarren and Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, delivered nearly all of the New York City Democrats in the House to Mr. Cannon. It is certainly significant that, on April 7, Speaker Cannon left the Chair and, from the floor of the House, warmly defended the oil schedules of the Payne Tariff Bill, and bitterly attacked those who were trying to reduce them against the interests of the Standard Oil Company. There is also good reason to believe that the adherence of certain of the Southern Democrats was obtained as the price of changes in the sugar and lumber schedules of the Tariff Bill.

If any proof were needed by the country of the charges which SUCCESS MAGAZINE has made, that the power of the Speakership of the House of Representatives under the rules is dangerous to the country and disastrous to the people, it is found in the record of this fight.

We have seen this man—this single Representative among the three hundred and ninety-one who are supposed to be equal and independent legislators—stretch forth his hand and move as pawns in his game great government officials, Senators, lobbyists, and private individuals without number. We have seen the Republican organization in the House juggle the tariff schedules, affecting the pockets of the whole people, for the support of his power. We shall undoubtedly see his vengeance executed on those of his fellow members who have dared to oppose his imperial will. We have seen, and shall see him reward with place and power his friends and the political opponents who have become his allies—and all without the possibility of check or hindrance from any one.

What Is Behind Cannon?

What is the secret of this amazing power?

Surely it is not in the man himself. An individual is powerful only as he represents great forces for good or evil.

The secret of Theodore Roosevelt's power has lain in the fact that his vigor, his moral standards, his ideals have coincided with the vigor, the moral standards, the ideals of the sturdy, healthy-minded people of America.

The secret of Abraham Lincoln's power lay in the fact that behind him, pressing him on, weaving itself into the very fiber of his being, was the American people's sense of right.

What is the secret of Cannon's power?

There is only one way to answer that question.

Look behind him, and consider what you see—*oil, beer, steel, lumber, sugar!—and the vast interests which are waxing fat on the people.*

What, then, is the remedy? In what way can the system represented by this man be reached and made accountable to the people? How can its terrific power be curbed? Must the American people meekly submit to its rule?

No! There will not, must not be submission. What we have just passed through is merely a preliminary skirmish in a fight which has but just begun and which will have no ending until the powerful Machine with which such a man as Joseph G. Cannon can rule the destinies of this country is swept to defeat and replaced by the real representative government provided for by the Constitution. And as the first—most practical—most important—step in this greater fight, every Member of Congress, Republican or Democrat, must be made, by his constituents, to realize that his political future depends henceforward upon his attitude toward "Cannonism" in Congress.

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