

# SUCCESS MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN, Editor and Founder  
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If you find a blue pencil cross in the space below, your subscription expires with this (June) issue; if a red pencil cross, it expires with the next (July) issue.

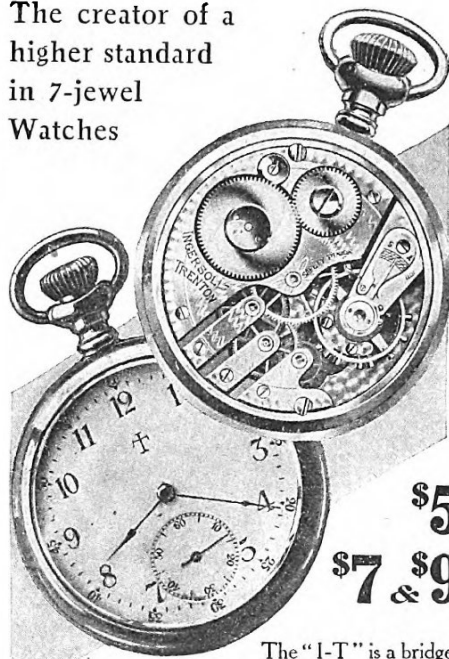
Subscriptions to begin with this issue should be received by June 15; to begin with July, should be received by July 15. Subscription prices: one year, \$1; two years, \$1.50; Life Subscription (restricted to persons who are permanent residents of the U. S.), \$12; yearly subscription in Canada, \$1.50; foreign countries, \$2 a year. All invariably in advance, postage prepaid.

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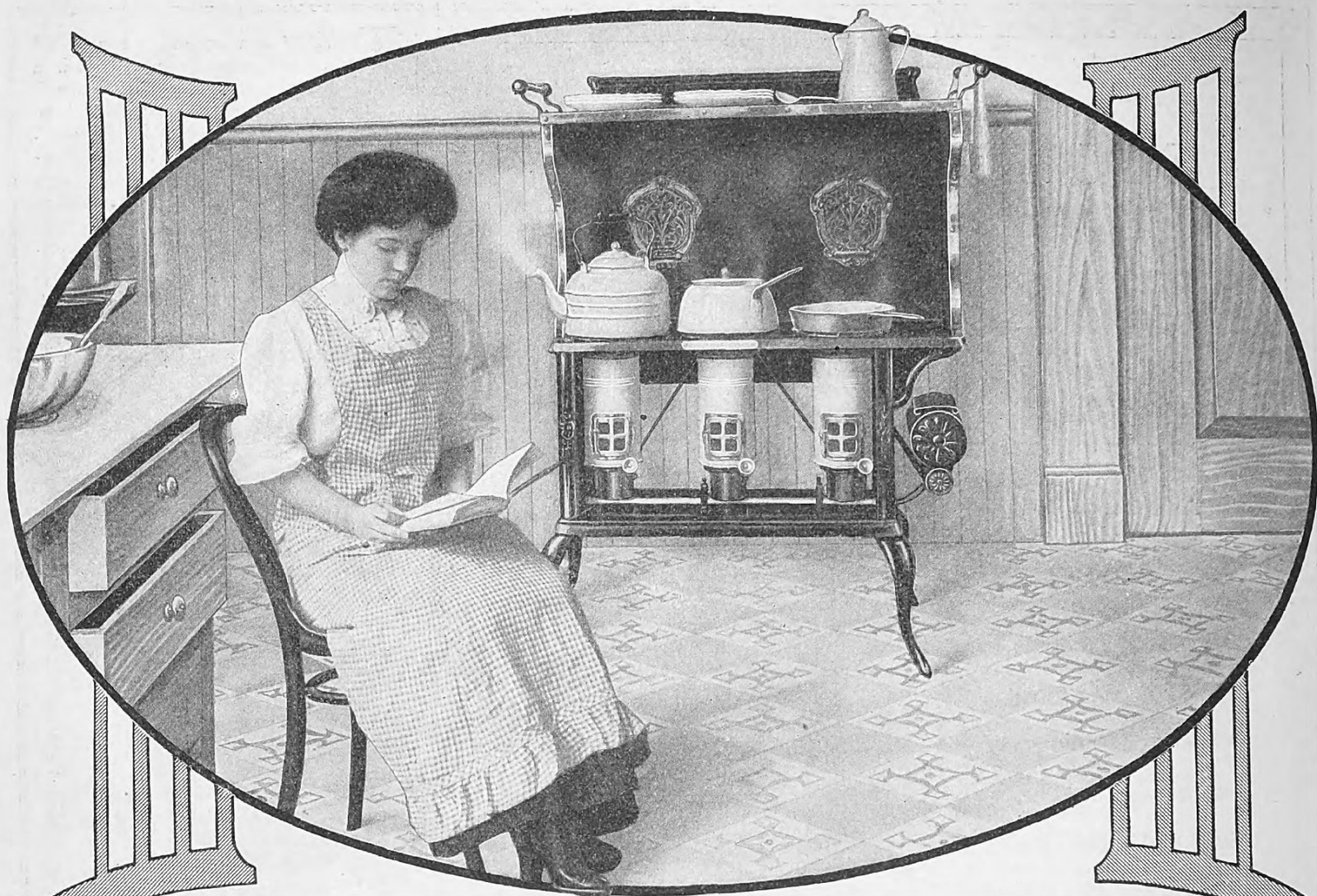
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## The Oil Stove with a CABINET TOP

Do your summer cooking on a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove and have a comfortable kitchen. Its principle of concentrated heat at the burners prevents the kitchen from overheating, so that the work can be done in comfort never before experienced.

The "New Perfection" is the oil stove of new principle and design. It is built like a modern steel range, being the *only* oil stove made with a CABINET TOP, including two drop shelves on which the coffee pot and teapot may be placed after removing from burner. Shelves fold back when not in use. Also two nickeled towel racks. The commodious top shelf of the cabinet provides a means for warming plates and keeping food warm after it is cooked. All this makes the

# NEW PERFECTION

## Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

a stove of unusual convenience. It does anything and everything any other stove will do, regardless of fuel.

Whether for heating the wash boiler or cooking a large meal, the "New Perfection" is without equal. Ready at moment of lighting. Can be turned "high," "medium," "low" or "out" as required—another decided advantage over the coal or wood stove. Makes no dust or dirt. Makes the kitchen no longer a room to dread.

Made in three sizes. Can be had either with or without Cabinet Top. If not at your dealer's, write our nearest agency.



The **Rayo LAMP** is everybody's lamp. Its beauty, safety, economy and brilliancy are not surpassed by any known system of artificial lighting. Because of its substantial construction and great simplicity it is especially adapted to all purposes of home illumination. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY**  
(Incorporated)



# SUCCESS MAGAZINE

Vol. XII

NEW YORK JUNE 1909

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE SUCCESS COMPANY—EDWARD E. HIGGINS, Pres., O. S. MARDEN, Vice-Pres., FRANK E. MORRISON, Sec'y, DAVID G. EVANS, Treas.—SUCCESS MAGAZINE BUILDING, 29-31 EAST 22d ST., NEW YORK

## BRISK, BREEZY SUMMER READING

**N**O MATTER how great the energy, thought, care, and—yes, money expended on a single number of the Magazine, the time comes around when that number must stand on its own feet, must face the world and make its own friends.

So it is with this June number. We can not resist thinking it the best we have so far issued. But it is now out of our hands; we can do nothing more about it.

Except this. Before you settle down to read "The Cheese, the Gander, and the Fox," or "Pippin and the Goshen Lady," or "The Changing South," or "The Fate of Old Ministers" (which by the way, is not breezy; it is heartrending), or "The Rich Student and the Tutoring Trust," or Dr. Marden's address "To the Graduate," or "Elizabeth and Her American Garden," let us ask you to turn the pages slowly one by one.

Begin with Fanny Cory's charming cover, glowing with blossoms, butterflies, and babies; glance over the various headings and illustrations; let your eyes dwell on a crisp paragraph or two in "The World in a Nutshell"; dip into "Point and Pleasantry," and "Mrs. Curtis's Home Corner."

Do this, and you will see what we are getting at. SUCCESS MAGAZINE has been called the Magazine of Purpose and Progress. But it is very much more than that—it is the magazine of briskness, brightness, and readability.

But if June is good, July will be better. From the jolly small boy cover by B. Cory Kilvert to the last page it will be packed with good things. Jeannette Marks (who wrote that charming little story of married life, "How Does Your Garden Grow?") leads off the fiction with, "By Minerva the Enchanting." "The Transit of Venus" is a characteristic Joe Lincoln story. A love story cast in an unusual form is "The Autobiography of a Stolen Kiss," by Vale Downie. Richard Washburn Child's "Unregenerate" is the tale of a little girl's original theology. "The Sky Man" grows both cooler and more thrilling as the heat of the summer closes in upon us.

Woods Hutchinson, who writes brilliantly and paradoxically on health topics, turns his attention to "The Sweet Tooth, and Why It Is So Keen." Robert Haven Schaffer, who has been traveling through the Middle and Northwestern farming regions, looking around, presents the second of his articles on the changing conditions of country life. "Shirt Sleeves at Foreign Courts," by Henry M. Hyde, is a humorous bit of comment (with a backbone of healthy common sense) on our diplomats, those gentlemen "who lie abroad for the good of their country."

One article in the July number which is big and vigorous, rather than breezy, is Franklin Clarkin's "Cities that Pay Dividends." Mr. Clarkin, who was until recently secretary of the City Club of New York, has discovered that about *fifteen hundred European cities actually pay an annual dividend to every qualified voter instead of levying taxes*. His article is the most powerful arraignment of the almost hopeless waste of American municipal governmental systems that has ever appeared. He does not here concern himself with the graft and crime which exact such a fearful toll from every American city of any size. He deals only with what might be called "official" waste. Every thoughtful citizen should read this article.

Here are two letters which we have set apart, for their enthusiasm and outspoken good feeling, from the many kind expressions of interests which have come to us. The first is from Ben B. Lindsey, "the kid's judge," of Denver.

Dear Editor:—I am just delighted with the splendid fight SUCCESS MAGAZINE has made against Cannonism. It is bound to do good. This fight against the "interests" controlling the

political parties through such men as Cannon, in order to exploit the people and use the powers of government to entrench privilege, can not be won in a day or a year. It is amazing that SUCCESS MAGAZINE accomplished as much as it did. The fight can have only one ending and that is a triumph for the right.

Magazines like SUCCESS MAGAZINE really represent the people. Ridiculing editorials, like that of the New York Sun, about government by magazines show that the blows for righteousness have hit and hit hard. I believe the struggle for democracy (with a little *d*, of course) in this country would be well-nigh hopeless without the help of the magazines, and SUCCESS MAGAZINE is entitled to the generous approval of every man who loves his country and hopes for the triumph of representative government, for its fearless stand.

I enclose my check for twenty-three dollars—twelve dollars for life membership subscription to SUCCESS MAGAZINE, and eleven dollars for ten copies of Dr. Marden's book, "Peace, Power, and Plenty." I wish it were in the hands of every youth especially, and I am doing a little to help put it there. Dr. Marden's articles alone make SUCCESS MAGAZINE one of the most valuable and helpful publications in this country, and I have often acknowledged my debt to him. Sincerely,

BEN B. LINDSEY, Judge,  
Denver, Colorado.

The other letter is from a woman reader—and what a fine, hearty, human communication it is! It did us so much good that we can't resist making it public.

Dear SUCCESS MAGAZINE:—I am enclosing one dollar (one hundred cents) for a year's subscription to your magazine. Please begin with the January number this year. I feel that I must tell you that I never meant to subscribe. I have been reading you for about a year by grace of my dentist, who gives you to me when he has glanced you over. Will you believe me when I say he has not read the series of articles by Charles Edward Russell? [She refers to "The Break-up of the Parties."] I told him to-day that he and his kind were to blame for the present conditions of the country, and made him promise to read those illuminating articles if I would loan them to him—they're mine now! Say! have they got to perish unseen of a large proportion of our inhabitants? It will be a crime if they do. Why, man! they might help prevent the bloodshed that is due when the people really understand what has been done to them.

But I started to tell you why I am subscribing when I "never went to," because I did n't have to in order to read you, and one *has* to draw the line somewhere, with all the necessities of life booming, the children growing up, and salary standing still. Listen! This April number was so good I just *had* to have you for my very own (besides, I shall beg the dentist's just the same for some other poor soul) even if the grocery bill waits.

"The World in a Nutshell" made me laugh with pure joy until I was sick, and if any one had seen me they would have thought I was crazy—perhaps you think so now, but I don't care. The way the magazines are "coming to the rescue" would make an infidel praise God. I am a staid matron of forty-three, with five living children, a minister's wife and a one time newspaper woman (I have done everything in a newspaper office from sweeping out to editorial work), and above all else, a human being, praise Heaven! What is said on page 251 about the importance of educating the public is the living truth. I can help a little and I am doing all I can.

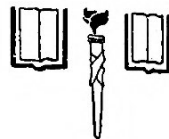
I need your magazine in my business. That's all.

M. H. S., Richmond, Virginia.





# TO THE GRADUATE



—BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

NEVER before was the opportunity of the educated man so great as to-day. Never before was there such a demand for the trained man, the man who can do a thing superbly well. At the door of every vocation is a sign out, "Wanted—a man." No matter how many millions are out of employment, the whole world is hunting for a man who can do things; a trained thinker who can do whatever he undertakes a little better than it has ever before been done. Everywhere it is the educated man, the man whose natural ability has been enlarged, enhanced one hundredfold by superior training, that is wanted.

On all sides we see men with small minds, but who are well educated, pushing ahead of those who have greater capabilities, but who are only half educated. A one-talent man, superbly trained, often gets the place when a man with many untrained or half-trained talents loses it. Never was ignorance placed at such a disadvantage as to-day.

While the opportunities awaiting the educated man, the college graduate, on his entrance into practical life were never before so great and so numerous as to-day, so also the dangers and temptations which beset him were never before so great, so numerous, so insidious.

There is nothing else, perhaps, which the graduate needs to be cautioned against more than the money madness which has seized the American people, for nothing else is more fatal to the development of the higher, finer instincts and nobler desires.

Wealth with us multiplies a man's power so tremendously that everything gravitates toward it. A man's genius, art, what he stands for, is measured largely by how many dollars it will bring. "How much can I get for my picture?" "How much royalty for my book?" "How much can I get out of my specialty, my profession, my business?" "How can I make the most money?" or "How can I get rich?" is the great interrogation of the century. How will the graduate answer it?

The dollar stands out so strongly in all the undertakings of life that the ideal is often lowered or lost, the artistic suffers, the soul's wings are weighted down with gold. The commercial spirit tends to drag everything down to its dead, sordid level. It is the subtle menace which threatens to poison the graduate's ambition. *Whichever way you turn, the dollar-mark will swing into your vision.* The money-god, which nearly everybody worships in some form or other, will tempt you on every hand.

Never before was such pressure brought to bear on the graduate to sell his brains, to coin his ability into dollars, to prostitute his education, as to-day. The commercial prizes held up to him are so dazzling, so astounding, that it takes a strong, vigorous character to resist their temptation, even when the call in one to do something which bears little relation to money-making speaks very loudly.

The song of the money-siren to-day is so persistent, so entrancing, so overwhelming that it often drowns the still small voice which bids one follow the call that runs in his blood, that is indicated in the very structure of his brain.

Tens of thousands of young people just out of school and college are now standing tiptoe on the threshold of active life, with high ideals and glorious visions, full of hope and big with promise, but many of them will very quickly catch the money contagion; the fatal germ will spread through their whole natures, inoculating their ambition with its vicious virus, and, after a few years, their fair college vision will fade, their yearnings for something higher will gradually die and be replaced by material, sordid, selfish ideals.

The most unfortunate day in a youth's career is that one on which his ideals begin to grow dim and his high standards begin to drop; that day on which is born in him the selfish, money-making germ, which so often warps and wrenches the whole nature out of its legitimate orbit.

You will need to be constantly on your guard to resist the attack of this germ. After you graduate and go out into the world, powerful influences will be operative in your life, tending to deteriorate your standards, lower your ideals, and encoarsen you generally.

When you plunge into the swim of things, you will be constantly thrown into contact with those of lower ideals, who are actuated only by sordid, selfish aims. Then dies the man, the woman in you, unless you are made of superior stuff.

What a contrast that high and noble thing which the college diploma stands for presents to that which many owners of the diploma stand for a quarter of a century later! It is often difficult to recognize any relationship between the two.

American-Indian graduates, who are so transformed by the inspiring, uplifting influences of the schools and colleges which are educating them that they are scarcely recognizable by their own tribes when they return home, very quickly begin to change under the deteriorating influences operating upon them when they leave college. They soon begin to shed their

polish, their fine manners, their improved language, and general culture; the Indian blanket replaces their modern dress, and they gradually drift back into their former barbarism. They become Indians again.

The influences that will surround you when you leave college will be as potent to drag you down as those that cause the young Indian to revert to barbarism. The shock you will receive in dropping from the atmosphere of high ideals and beautiful promise in which you have lived for four years to that of a very practical, cold, sordid materiality will be a severe test to your character, your manhood.

But the graduate whose training, whose education counts for anything ought to be able to resist the shock, to withstand all temptations.

The college man ought to be able to do something better, something higher than merely to put money in his purse. Money-making can not compare with man-making. There is something infinitely better than a millionaire of money, and that is a millionaire of brains, of culture, of helpfulness to one's fellows, a millionaire of character—a gentleman.

Whatever degrees you carry from school or college, whatever distinction you may acquire in your career, no title will ever mean quite so much, will ever be quite so noble, as that of gentleman.

"A keen and sure sense of honor," says President Eliot, of Harvard University, "is the finest result of college life." The graduate who has not acquired this keen and sure sense of honor, this thing that stamps the gentleman, misses the best thing that a college education can impart.

Great advantages bring great responsibilities. You can not divorce them. A liberal education greatly increases a man's obligations. There is coupled with it a responsibility which you can not shirk without paying the penalty in a shriveled soul, a stunted mentality, a warped conscience, and a narrowed field of usefulness. It is more of a disgrace for a college graduate to grovel, to stoop to mean, low practices, than for a man who has not had a liberal education. The educated man has gotten a glimpse of power, of grander things, and he is expected to look up, not down, to aspire, not to grovel.

We can not help feeling that it is worse for a man to go wrong who has had all the benefits of a liberal education, than it is for one who has not had glimpses of higher things, who has not had similar advantages, because where much is given, much is expected. The world has a right to expect that wherever there is an educated man people should be able to say of him as Lincoln said of Walt Whitman, "There goes a man."

We have a right to expect that the college graduate will be a *man*, a *real* man. It is a great thing to say of one—in fact there is nothing higher that can be said—that he is a real man.

The world has a right to expect that the graduate, having once faced the light and felt its power, will not turn his back on it; that he will not disgrace his *alma mater* which has given him his superior chance in life and opened wide for him the door of opportunity. It has a right to expect that a man who has learned how to use skilfully the tools of life, will be an artist and not an artisan; that he will not stop growing. Society has a right to look to the collegian to be a refining, uplifting force in his community, an inspiration to those who have not had his priceless chance; it is justified in expecting that he will raise the standard of intelligence in his community; that he will illustrate in his personality, his finer culture, the possible glory of life. It has a right to expect that he will not be a victim of the narrowing, cramping influence of avarice; that he will not be a slave of the dollar or stoop to a greedy, grasping career; that he will be free from the sordidness which often characterizes the rich ignoramus.

If you have fine ability and have been given superior opportunities, it simply means that you have a great commission to do something out of the ordinary for your fellows; a special message for your race.

If the torch of learning has been put in your hand, its significance is that you should light up the way for the less fortunate.

If you have received a message which carries freedom for people enslaved by ignorance and bigotry, you have no right to suppress it. Your education means an increased obligation to live your life up to the level of your superior opportunity. Your duty is to deliver your message to the world with all the manliness, vigor, and character you possess.

What shall we think of a man who has been endowed with godlike gifts, who has had the inestimable advantage of a liberal education, who has ability to ameliorate the hard conditions of his fellows, to help to emancipate them from ignorance and drudgery; what shall we think of this man, so divinely endowed, so superbly equipped, who, instead of using his education to lift his fellow men, uses it to demoralize, to drag them down; who employs his talents in the book he writes, in the picture

[Continued on page 418]



## The Fable of the Cheese the Gander and the Fox



—with an added word as  
to how the United States  
Senate protects the Amer-  
ican people from the dire  
Calamity of getting what  
they want.

GILSON GARDNER

ONCE there was a Gander who was fond of Cheese. In the place where the Gander was, there was a large piece of Cheese which belonged to the Gander. The only question was whether or not to eat the Cheese.

"If I should trust myself to open my mouth and eat this Cheese," said the Gander, "I might be making a mistake. How can I know that I ought to eat the Cheese? How can I be sure that it is wise to eat the Cheese?"

With these considerations the Gander was much troubled, and stood looking longingly at the Cheese, until a Fox came up and inquired about the Gander's trouble.

"Trust yourself in a question so intimately concerning your welfare and future happiness!" exclaimed the Fox, when he had heard the Gander's trouble, "I should say not! What you need is a representative; somebody to look after your interests and to make wise decisions in all matters involving the consumption of Cheese. If you will kindly adopt this ring

which I will put around your bill, and these iron clamps which I will slip upon your legs, you will be perfectly safe. There will be no danger of your doing anything unwise for yourself."

At this proposal the Gander was delighted, and, with warm expressions of thanks, assisted in putting the clamps upon its legs and the ring around its bill.

"This," said the Fox, "will afford you ample opportunity to wait for your second thoughts on anything you may think you want to do."

Whereupon the Fox sat down and proceeded to eat the Cheese.

"I am sure," said he, "that this will be for the wider interests of the whole community."

WHICH, oddly enough, is the same remark that occurs in a speech delivered by a United States Senator—one Henry Cabot Lodge—in opposing the Massachusetts Public Opinion Bill, in Boston, September 15, 1907.

"It is to secure ample opportunity for deliberation and reflection that representative government exists," said the Senator on that occasion, "and it is inconceivably precious,

not only to the individual man whose rights are at stake, but also to the wider interests of the whole community."

For one hundred and twenty-two years the people of the United States have been in a position similar to that of the Gander. They have permitted a "representative" system of government to keep them from committing sins of indiscretion. And while certain wise and unresponsive "representative" agents



like the Senate have protected them from all the foolish things they thought they wanted, the Fox has been diligently eating up the cheese.

#### *Our "Hasty and Ill-advised" American Public*

One of the foolish things that the people thought they wanted was a popular and representative body in place of the Senate. They thought they would like to have a Senate elected by themselves. But their "representatives" in the Senate knew that this was only a hasty and ill-advised impulse of the moment. Senators felt sure that the seeming demand for this reform did not represent the "sober second thought" of the people. So, as often as bills or resolutions looking to a Constitutional amendment of this sort, came before them, they have dropped them quietly into the waste-basket. Three times the House of Representatives has sent up such measures. Many times have petitions, bills, and resolutions been presented to the Senate itself to change this feature of the Constitution. But always the suggestion has been received with silence or an emphatic negative by the so-called "Upper House" of Congress.

Once the question was debated in the Senate. Sixteen years ago the Hon. George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, one of the Senate's most honest as well as able members, brought to the defense of the Senate all the force of his great eloquence and learning.

The suggestion that the Senate should be made more responsive to the people's thought came to him as a shock. Such a change would, in his opinion, be little less than revolution. In a series of resolutions accompanying his speech, Senator Hoar voiced his amazement and alarm:

"Such a method of election," he said, "would essentially change the character of the Senate as conceived by the Convention which framed the Constitution and the people who adopted it.

"It implies . . . that the Senate has, during the last century, failed to meet the just expectations of the people, and that the State Legislatures have proved themselves unfit to be the depositories of the power of electing Senators."

#### *A Suggestion that Shocks the Fox*

"It will result in the overthrow of the whole scheme of the Senate, and, in the end, of the whole scheme of the National Constitution as designed and established by the framers of the Constitution."

In the same debate Senator William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, characterized the proposed amendment as "the first change ever seriously proposed in the framework of our National Government."

Both Senators were doubtless right. The proposed change was just as radical as stated by the senior Senator from Massachusetts. And it was, as the New Hampshire Senator suggested, a proposal to "change the actual framework of our National Government." Indeed it was no less revolutionary in its purpose than it would have been if somebody had suggested to the Fox that the shackles be removed from the Gander and that the bird be permitted to eat its own cheese.

No wonder the Fox was shocked.

It has taken the Gander some time to come to its present mind on this subject. The idea that it could be trusted to eat its own cheese has been held up to the Gander always as a dangerous and insidious suggestion of socialism, anarchism, or some other "ism" equally to be dreaded. "This Public Opinion Bill," said Senator Lodge, in the speech already quoted, "aims directly at the destruction of representative responsibility, and I think, although it received the support of many excellent people who did not pause to consider it carefully, that it found its origin among those small groups whose avowed purpose it is to destroy our present institutions and forms of government and replace them with socialism or anarchy!"

#### *Limits to the Joy of Being Protected from Oneself*

"Release your legs?" cries the Fox, "Anarchy! Let you have any of the cheese? Socialism!"

The Constitution was devised to protect us from ourselves.

"The great statesmen who framed the Constitution," says Senator Hoar, "placed in it certain checks and safeguards against the popular will."

"The bands upon your legs," says the Fox, "are part of the system of checks and balances wisely placed there by the fathers. Their purpose is to protect your liberties. Would

you jeopardize those liberties and impugn the motives of the fathers by asking that I take them off?"

But the blessedness of fetters in time grows wearisome, and there are limits even to the joy of being protected from oneself.

"The Senate," says the Massachusetts Senator, "was to represent deliberation in the expression of popular will."

Has it worked? Hear what a member of the Senate said to his fellow Senators no longer ago than the fifteenth of January, 1909:

"It requires about forty years of agitation to bring about the adoption of any radical change in government procedure or activities."

The firebrand who made this declaration was Chauncey M. Depew, of New York. Lest some one doubt his word he proceeded to illustrate by reference to the subject then in hand.

#### *Forty Years of "Sober Second Thought" on Postal Savings*

"The record shows," said he, "that a postal savings-bank system has been recommended by nearly every Postmaster-General for thirty-five years. Bills have been introduced in one or the other House of Congress representing the desire of the Administration of the time on this subject, but none of them has received any consideration."

The people's "representatives" were no doubt waiting to permit the people to mature their "sober second thought."

And when one generation has passed away, and the babies born at the beginning of the agitation for this law shall have reached the mature age of forty, then (if the legislation still be needed) it may be assumed that the new generation has matured its "second thought" and reduced it to that degree of "sobriety" which will commend it to the members of this wise and righteous legislative body.

The Senator might have pressed home his point by the mere mention of such subjects of legislative thought as the inheritance tax, the parcels-post, employers' liability, criminal and civil law administration, the injunction powers of courts, State insurance, State control or ownership of telegraphs, railroads, private-car lines, express companies, and other public utilities; old age pensions, care of the destitute, protection of women and child labor, construction of good roads, waterway improvements; conservation of forests, minerals, soils, water, and other public wealth, rural education and the election of United States Senators by the people.

#### *Is the United States the Least Progressive of the Nations?*

In practically all of the above legislative matters the United States is behind all the world. Even constitutional monarchies have shown themselves more progressive and free to grapple with these problems than what was supposed to be a government "by and for the people."

Meantime special privilege has flourished.

The Fox nibbles at the cheese.

But is not ours a democratic form of government? Is this not the country where the people rule?

According to the Fourth of July orator, yes.

According to the modern student of our system, no.

"It has been common to designate our form of government as a democracy," remarks the late Justice S. F. Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, "but in the true sense in which that term is properly used, as defining a government in which all its acts are performed by the people, it is about as far from it as any of which we are aware." (Lectures on the Constitution.)

Nor was it intended to be a democratic government.

"The evidence is overwhelming," says Professor J. Allen Smith, in his "Spirit of the American Government," that the men who sat in that (Constitutional) convention, had no faith in the wisdom or political capacity of the people. Their aim and purpose were not to secure a larger measure of democracy, but to eliminate, so far as possible, the direct influence of the people on legislation and public policy. They represented the wealthy and conservative classes, and had for the most part but little sympathy with the popular theory of government."

So they invented the United States Senate.

And the Senate has been a "check upon the people" at every point.

#### *The Gander's Growing Appetite for Cheese*

From the standpoint of the Constitution-makers the Senate has been a great success.



But the Gander cherishes a yearly increasing appetite for cheese.

The attitude of the people toward misrepresentative government has been strangely patient.

In ordinary business life men are not found signing checks in blank and handing them to strangers on the street. Is it not a bit remarkable that the same man will do just that, with all that appertains to government?

"Representative government"—that is the expression. Representative of what? And to what end?

And what about the character of the representative?

Are class and special privileges the safest guardians of the people's rights? Are the people in more danger from themselves than they are from selfishness combined with power? Was it wise to separate the agent (the "representative") from his principal—the Senate from the people?

What if the agent is not faithful to his trust? What if a Legislature sells its power of choosing Senators? What if power thus bought is sold again to those who seek for special privileges?

Do these things ever happen? Has the "representative system" justified itself?

If Senator Hoar were to-day defending the Senate of the United States, would he repeat his argument that the election of Senators by the people implied that the Legislatures of the States had proved themselves unfit depositories of the power of electing Senators? Could he look into the faces of Senators like Guggenheim and Platt, like Foraker and Clark, of the Montana scandal, like Aldrich, Hemenway, and Fulton, like Penrose, Gallinger, and Wetmore, and think of men like Quay, Hanna, Addicks, Dryden, and a score of others of that stripe—could he see seats filled by such men as Hale and Bailey and Fairbanks, and seriously contend that in the exercise of this function of their powers, the Legislatures of the States had not been proved unfit to be entrusted with such powers?

#### *Senator Hoar's Prophecy*

Will any member of the Senate stand up to-day and defend that body as Senator Hoar attempted its defense sixteen years ago? Will any member attempt a negative reply to that suggestion of the Massachusetts Senator? Will they not, on the contrary, have to admit that "the Senate, during the past century, has failed to meet the just expectations of the people?"

It has come to be the custom of members of that body to describe the Senate as "made up of chosen men, selected by chosen men, and removed one degree from public impulse and passion, and representing the deliberate, sober, and instructed will of the people."

Chosen men? And if Legislatures sell, and the corporations buy, how does it read?

A body of corrupt men, selected by corrupted men, and removed several degrees from the public's wrath and, representing the crafty, powerful, and entrenched enemies of the people?

And do the Legislatures ever sell? Or rich men buy?

But that great and honest Senator from Massachusetts spoke words of warning also to his colleagues.

"If," said he, "this great part of the structure of our body politic is to be maintained, it must be maintained by the confidence of the American people in the character of their Senators, and by the strength of argument which those Senators must themselves at least help to furnish."

Which appeal was not heeded. The Senate has not only lost the people's confidence, but it is also to-day without an apologist.

"For," continued the speaker, in a vein which now appears prophetic, "whenever the American people has made up its mind, when its judgment is formed, when its will is determined, that will is sure to be carried into effect. Whether through Senates, or over Senates, through courts or over courts, through Presidents or over Presidents, through constitutions or over constitutions, the irresistible current will make its way."

#### *A Real Revolution Is Now Going On*

And so it has happened. For, failing to secure the popular selection of United States Senators through the Senate and the Constitution, the people have begun to accomplish that result "over" the Senate and the Constitution. Quietly, practically without discussion, certainly without violent agitation, that part of the Constitution which has been abused has been subverted. By popular primary elections, and instructions to the members of the State Legislatures, the people are to-

day stripping these bodies of the powers which they have abused, and are reaching a result which the Senate hoped to thwart.

This, of course, is revolution. For anything which changes radically the framework of the government, anything which sets aside provisions of the Constitution, whether accompanied by violence, or accomplished by more quiet and effective means, comes properly under that name.

But the more important revolutions are apt to be the quiet ones. Historians have noted frequently that the most vital changes in the development of our popular form of government have taken place so quietly that it is hard to say just when and how they did occur. Such changes, for example, were the lessening influence of the British crown in legislative matters, the diminishing power of the House of Lords, the transfer of the executive authority from the immediate servants of the crown to ministers who are dependent directly on the majority of the House of Commons. In all these cases there was a reversion of the governing power to the people, and the cause of individual liberty was proportionately advanced. But just when or how they were brought about, the historians are at a loss to tell.

#### *"But It Is a Nice Quiet Revolution"*

That is the kind of a revolution now going on. How far it has progressed will be seen when it is recalled that the Senatorial primary has been instituted, in one form or another, in the following twenty-seven States:

Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, Washington, and Wisconsin.

And the idea is spreading rapidly. At the present rate it will not be long before it has taken possession of the remaining nineteen States.

The Senatorial primary scheme is simplicity itself.

Who would you like to have for Senator?

"Oh," says the Fox, "You must leave that to the Legislature. The Constitution says so."

"Very well," replies the voter. "But suppose we vote on the question anyhow. Perhaps it will help the members of the Legislature to find a good man for the job."

"But it won't be binding," said the Fox.

"Of course not," says the voter. "We will just find what the people want, and then let the Legislature do what it thinks best."

"But," protests the Fox, "the members of the Legislature will not dare to disregard the people's vote."

"Very well," again replies the voter; "that is an affliction we can bear."

"But the result is revolution."

"Yes; but it is a nice quiet revolution. And besides we 'revolute' from the position of the under-dog to that of the one on top. On the whole we think we like the plan."

And so it "goes."

Cicero's oration for Lucius Flaccus figures largely in the arguments of those who defend the "representative" and oppose the spread of democratic forms of government. Roman and Athenian experiments in democracy are said to have shown the impossibility of any government by the people.

#### *Shall Progress Affect All Things but Government?*

But Lucius Flaccus has been a long time dead. Since Cicero made stump speeches to the Roman mob, ways have been devised by which it is possible to take the ballots of a nation of ninety-six millions of people between the rising and the setting of the sun and to have the count before the dawn of another day. Truly, problems of people's government are not what they were before printing was invented; before the telegraph was known, before the locomotive had driven out the stage-coach, before the wireless telegraph had bridged the uncharted seas; before the telephone and photograph had enabled us to speak and see into the remotest corners of the earth. Surely these things have made a difference.

When our Constitution was adopted it was a week's journey from New York to Philadelphia. It took six weeks to go from the home of Washington to that of Adams in Massachusetts, and the same length of time to send a letter. Shall all things change but government?

But, after all, it is a case of the Cheese, the Gander, and the Fox. And the Gander has about concluded: *Non in haec foedera veni*. "I have made no such bargain, and I stand for no such nonsense."

# PIPPIN AND THE GOSHEN LADY

BY EVELYN VAN BUREN

Illustrations by ALEXANDER POPINI

PIPPIN closed and locked her door, and dropped the key in the big pocket under her clean apron.

"Pippin!" hailed a cautious voice from the other end of the dim passage.

"That you, Doll?" answered Pippin.

"Yes," said Doll, advancing with slovenly scuffling. "Arry," she yawned, "did n't come 'ome larst night, 'e may be in a pub or layin' low somewhere, an' I've 'ad no breakfast an' ain't a ha' penny."

"No more 'ave I. I gave Kitty what I 'ad larst night." Pippin lowered her voice, "She was—seedy an'—"

"You mean I'd been drinkin'," came shrilly from a door, that had stealthily opened, "but I 'ad n't. I'm ill! I've more'n any of yer, when I'm meself. I—" Kitty began to sob.

"You're awright, Kitty," said Doll, kindly.

"Go to 'er," said Pippin. "Pre-aps," she encouraged, "I'll be back shortly with a good 'aul."

"Good luck," said Doll, "an' be careful."

Pippin laughed softly at the warning. Though younger than the harridan, she excelled them in a way, at the game of theft. They helped to rob houses and shops; ran big risks and had to lie low for days, while Pippin's methods were simple and she practised continually.

Colliding so violently with a lady that she let go her purse was a favorite and fruitful manipulation. Pippin never ran; she would apologize, and, grieved and humble-eyed, stand looking at the lady, while into her own spacious and convenient pocket she had slipped the purse. She sometimes turned to them and assisted in looking about for it, finally in this effort, losing herself in the crowd.

Pippin liked the excitement of it. She liked the pretty purses, and showing them, as well as the money and the trinkets and calling cards they contained, to Doll and Kitty, and dividing the spoils with them. Scent, seed-cake, and shrimps were Pippin's necessities and luxuries, expenditure for which being slight, enough remained for the generosity, by which her associates profited.

Pippin reached the street, pondering.

"Kitty grows worse an' worse, an' is very fretty about it, too. Doll an' 'Arry don't look arter 'er."

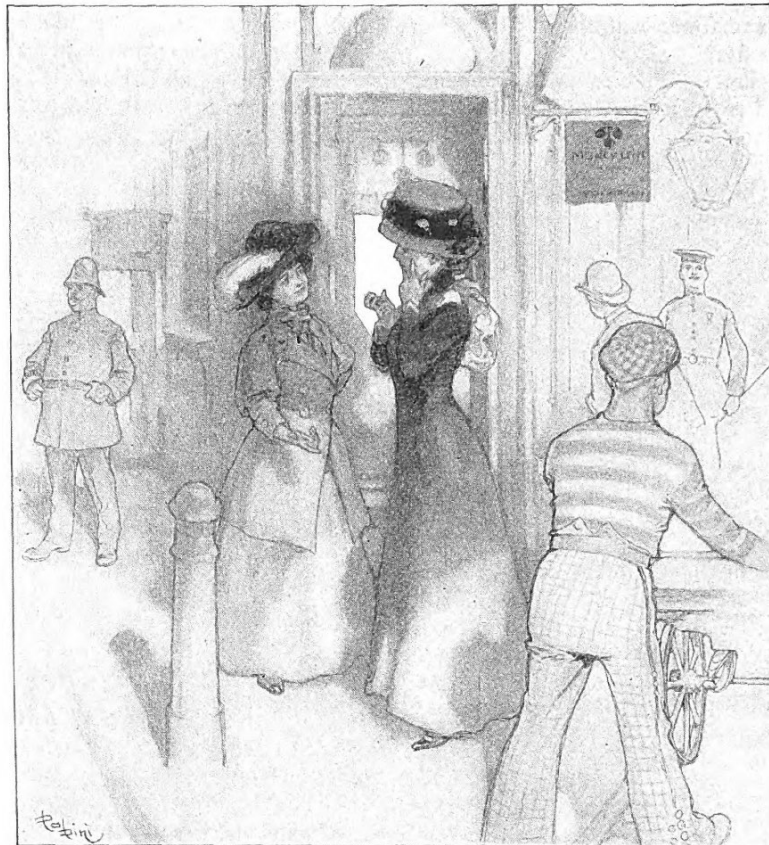
Kitty was the sister of Doll's husband.

Pippin, stopping on the curb to reconnoiter, observed a well-dressed young woman standing before the window of a loan-shop. She moved toward the entrance, hesitated, passed on, and returned again to the window, in evident agitation.

Pippin slipped over and, pretending to look in the window, too, furtively inspected the young woman. She carried her gloves and a silver chain purse that, to Pippin's accustomed eye, contained apparently little or nothing.

"That's a pretty bracelet," Pippin remarked naïvely; pointing to one in the window and looking up into the young woman's face. It was a pretty face and full of trouble.

"Very pretty." The young woman tried to smile at Pippin, but she shivered slightly and



"She eyed Pippin eagerly as she came out of the shop"

added, "It's awful to have to pawn things." "Oh, no," answered Pippin, simply, "it ain't. Lots 'as to. I 'ave meself."

"Have you?" questioned the girl, "I wanted to get some money on this ring," she slipped one from her finger, "and I just could n't. I never have—"

"Give it to me," said Pippin.

The girl extended the ring.

"You are good," she said.

She eyed Pippin eagerly as she came out of the shop. Pippin held open one little hand.

"Ten," gasped the girl. "Only ten shillings!"

She looked ill and frightened and leaned back against the window-frame. Pippin quickly held out the other hand.

"Ten more," she said. "'E gave me twenty bob on the ring."

"It was n't of value—to him," said the girl, struggling with her weakness, "but I hoped for—" She fell back again.

"It's 'ot," said Pippin, "come an' set 'n the park."

The girl started forward willingly.

"Are you a bit 'ard pressed?" Pippin questioned, as they sat down on a shady bench.

"Mercy," said the young woman, looking helplessly about, "I don't know what to do!"

Her emphatic manner and rolling "rrs" were not new to Pippin, who frequented the popular and fashionable shopping districts daily.

"From the States," was her mental conclusion; "somethink 'as 'appened 'er."

"Mercy!" exclaimed the young lady again, digging the grass with her parasol.

She so vigorously emanated independence and capability that to the admiring Pippin her distress seemed certainly the undeserved unkindness of fate, and filled Pippin with eager determination to assist in rebuffing that fate.

"Tell me what's the matter," she said confidently.

The young woman buried her face in her handkerchief and began to cry. Pippin waited.

It was not like Kitty's crying, but a vigorous ladylike proceeding that showed vexation, recognition of one's mistakes, and possible remorse.

It was a relief, and as the young lady dried her tears Pippin said again. "Now tell me."

Then she crossed her little hands and feet and looked straight ahead, while the young woman turned and for the first time openly observed her. Pippin was pretty and very clean.

"What's your name?" asked the girl.

"Pippin." She still looked ahead. "It's me cheeks." She touched one.

"They are pretty red," said the young lady; "but your real name?"

"Gwendolyn Fairfax," Pippin said. She had always wished to have that name.

"Pretty," agreed the young lady.

"My berth," Pippin went on, "is extra 'elp in a 'ouse in Park Lane. I'm orf to-d'y. Easy an' pleasant berth. I've a room over north." She indicated the direction with her thumb, "I'm a horphant."

"Poor kid!" said the young lady.

"You ain't London," Pippin said.

The girl smiled, and she murmured, as to herself:

"Goshen, Indiana, United States of America. It seemed slow there at one time"—she looked down at the two little gold coins in her hand—"and I left."

Tears stole again into her eyes and coursed checked down her cheek, while she prodded angrily at the grass with her parasol.

Pippin looked up at her very fair hair, with the sunlight falling upon it through the leaves, at her pretty hat and frock, and, filled with admiration and curiosity, again urged.

"What worrits yer?"

"Simply that I need," answered the girl bitterly, holding out the coins, "ten times as much as that. I've had to give up my room and I've no place to go."

"You don't know anybody," asked Pippin, "or anything you could do?"

"It does sound strange, does n't it?" the girl answered. "Well I *can* send to Indiana," she added, "for money, but I'd rather—"

So desperate became her pretty face, that Pippin said quickly—

"I would n't do it."

"No, I won't," was the defiant answer. "They'll hear great things or none at all, back there, of Leonora Lawrence, the actress!"

"Is that you?" questioned Pippin.

"Yes," said Miss Lawrence.

She sat up, adjusted her hat and nose veil, and looked at Pippin.

"I've had nothing to eat to-day," she said; "do you know of a cheap place, and would you mind going with me?"

"Yes," said Pippin, "then what?"

Miss Lawrence considered.

"Then, if I could get a very cheap room"—she looked at her money.

Pippin looked at it too.

"It won't do much," she said, "an' there's my room—not meant for a loidy, but—"

"You're a good little thing," said Miss Lawrence.



"Will you come?" urged Pippin, "I'll look after you—do anything I can."

"Why shouldn't I?" Miss Lawrence musingly asked, apparently of the little brown bird that hopped near. "In a few days I'll find an engagement."

"Care for shrimps?" questioned Pippin.

"I've learned to," said Miss Lawrence.

"We'll get some," said Pippin, "an' a loaf, an' I'll mike tea. Come along, miss."

And Miss Lawrence, with defiantly tilted chin, rose and went with Pippin.

## II

It was a clean little room, and if a great deal of noise came from the narrow street below, a pleasant breeze came in at the two little windows, with the rustling of trees, in a square not far away.

Miss Lawrence had lingered there silently since coming in at tea-time. She had declined the tea Pippin offered, too, and cryptically remarked:

"Charlie ought to see me now," and added, sighing, "I've been here three days, Pippin."

"Don't seem it," Pippin answered.

"He would have given me that part," she said, "if the acting-manager had not objected to my American accent—the old lobster!"

Pippin laughed blatantly. Miss Lawrence looked at her.

"It would have been six pounds a week, Pippin, and I felt sure of getting it."

"My rent's p'd up for weeks 'ere," was Pippin's answer, "you've ten bob left, an' to-d'y me missus where I works give me tea and sugar and sweet biscuits," she indicated the soap-box converted into a cupboard, "an'—an' I've savin's," lied Pippin. "Yer shan't want."

"You good little thing," said Miss Lawrence, "I'm in luck to have found you."

"I found you," Pippin answered slyly.

Pippin was lifting her eyes, and when upon a level with the door-knob she saw it gently move. In a twinkling she was there.

"I'll be in directly," she said, and slipped out.

The hall was dark.

"Kitty," said Pippin.

A stealthy creeping, and a light fumbling of Kitty's door.

Pippin groped her way and found the door open.

"Oo's there?" demanded Kitty from within.

"You know right enough," said Pippin. "Mike a light."

"Oh, little Pippin," exclaimed Kitty, as she raised the lighted candle.

"What yer doin', listenin' at my door?" Pippin demanded, advancing and taking the candle from Kitty's shaky fingers. "Set down!"

Kitty sat down and drew up her knees, peering over them from her red-rimmed blue eyes.

"What you got the cracks of yer door all stopped for?" she said savagely.

"So people can't see in," rejoined Pippin. "It's me own room, me own door, me own business be'ind it."

"Yer cousin be'ind it," taunted Kitty.

"Right." Pippin's eyes flashed.

"Cousin! yer ain't got none!" cried Kitty. "Doll said she knew yer from a little 'un when yer mar died 'ere, and ye've got nobody, an' that story don't go yer tells us."

"It's just 'ere," Pippin

threatened angrily, "you'll do as I s'y or never get another ha'-penny piece o' my findin's! I means it."

"Pippin!" Kitty cooed appeasingly.

"I don't want to be 'arsh," said Pippin, "but I told yer when she came, three d'ys ago, she was me lorst cousin, an' if she got to know our doin's yer'd lose me. Yer promised to keep out o' sight, an' what do yer do—rattle me knob, crawl round me door an' listen! Pooh!" —Pippin snapped her fingers in disgust—"Nice pals yer be."

"I 'ad a bad spell 'ere all alone this arternoon," Kitty began to cry. "I've 'ad nothink from yer since she came."

"Well," said Pippin, fumbling in her pocket, "yer overdoin' it, Kitty, you've got to buck up."

She walked away from Kitty. The thought depressed her, and Kitty smelled of rum. Pippin disliked it.

"Buck up," she said again, "I'm not doin' much these d'ys, but when I'm in luck ag'in you'll know it, Kit—only keep aw'y from me door."

"As you s'y, Pippin," mumbled Kitty, fingering her three-penny bit. "Good-noit."

Pippin returned to her room with a vague sense of contamination after contact with Kitty, to the pretty young lady trustingly accepting her hospitality; whose ways were not Kitty's, whose ways, it came more and more sadly upon Pippin, were not her own.

Miss Lawrence, with her yellow hair down, sat before the bureau studying a photograph she held. Pippin locked the door and slipped over to sit at the window nearby. Miss Lawrence was of alluring interest when she sat, ignoring Pippin, murmuring reminiscently to herself.

"I wonder," the young lady said to the picture, "if you're keeping your word, if you will wait for me until I say, 'Charlie, I'm yours!'" She laughed—not joyously—"I wonder if I ever shall say that. Well, Charlie,"—she shook her head—"you'll never know of this pickle."

Pippin converted an audible giggle into a yawn.

"I thought I was made all right when I came over here with the 'Merry Maid Extravaganza,'" Miss Lawrence continued. "Charlie Browne," she mused idly, looking at the back of the picture. "B-r-o-w-n-e, he added the e when I got the stage bee in my bonnet."

"Did 'e?" said Pippin, not thinking.

"Yes," Miss Lawrence answered, unconsciously too, "he's no slouch. He'd never say, 'I told you so'; but somehow, I just can't make up my mind to write that—I've failed."

She bowed her head.

"You ain't failed," said Pippin, edging shyly toward the bureau. "'E is 'andsome"—she peered at the picture of Mr. Browne approvingly.

"I ought to write; I want to," admitted Miss Lawrence, "but I can't."

"We'll turn in," soothed Pippin, lightly touching the pretty hair; "yer'll see things different in the mornin'!"

"You are a good little thing!" said Miss Lawrence, gratefully.

Pippin liked her saying that.

## III

Pippin sat on a bench in the park. She sat there a part of every day, supposed by Miss Lawrence to be at work.

"I wish it *was* work," she said aloud. "I can't do the other no more."

Her apple cheeks were pale. She swung her feet in thoughtful silence.

"Never no more!"

She had only stolen one purse since her new friendship. She had tried again, and the vision of Miss Lawrence coming suddenly upon her, had filled her so with shame and terror that she bungled; she dropped the purse and fled.

"What'd she do without me; an' she would n't st'y a second if she knew," considered Pippin, "an' any'ow"—she thought of Kitty and Doll, how unreal their troubles, how ungentle their appreciation of what she gave them—"I'm sick of it. They ain't much like 'er, the pritty dear." She pictured Miss Lawrence in want. She leaned back, then narrow-eyed, scheming.

"I want," demurred she, "to become a nice young person, to not smash into loidies to get their belongin's, or to do anything she could n't know about."

She rose and started homeward.

Pippin slipped into the room as Miss Lawrence unlocked the door from within.

"Cress an' seed-cake," she gurgled, never doubting the cheer these delicacies must inspire. "Lovely," Miss Lawrence answered.

But she ate little and drank a great deal of tea, and while Pippin washed up she sat silently by the window.

"Any luck, miss, to-day?" Pippin ventured, as she lit the candles.



"A gentleman all splendidly turned out, Doll saw, followed Pippin"

Miss Lawrence did not answer at once. There was a little choked sob in her voice when she said:

"No, Pippin."

"We 'ad some sport at my missus to-d'y," Pippin began; "one of the maids thieves."

"Mercy!" said Miss Lawrence.

"She's a old 'and at it, an' to-d'y she was caught pickin' the missus' purse from 'er pocket."

"Gracious!" said Miss Lawrence.

"It was the butler saw 'er doin' it. 'E was engaged to marry 'er, too." Pippin had not meant to go so far, but Miss Lawrence's interest was everything. "'E caught the maid's 'and, took the purse, gave it back to the missus, an' said to the maid: 'I gives yer up.'"

"Poor butler!" said Miss Lawrence, slipping into a pink kimono—a gift from Pippin.

"You would n't care fer a person which stole," urged Pippin.

"Perhaps not," said Miss Lawrence, "still, I'd have pity, because I should n't know what drove one to it, at first."

She sat down, dropped her chin in her hand, and looked evenly at the photograph of Mr. Charlie Browne.

"I'd never have the nerve myself," she said.

This attitude, was not what Pippin had expected. Her fable was intended to call forth vigorous denouncement of those who stole. Pippin regarded Miss Lawrence with sudden alarm. Supposing, in her desperation, Miss Lawrence became like Doll—like Kitty! Pippin's eyes sought helplessly the kindly ones of Mr. Charlie Browne in the picture.

"If I had any grit at all," broke out Miss Lawrence, "I'd write Charlie Brown that he and Goshen, Indiana, are good enough for me! They are, all right; but I'm too cowardly to own up, so I stay on here and, and—" She did not finish.

Pippin clasped her little hands despairingly. Miss Lawrence rose, moved across the room to the bed, and sank upon it. Pippin snuffed out a candle and sat down before the photograph of Mr. Browne.

"Them as steals ain't the proper kind," she insisted; "you don't think so."

Miss Lawrence did not answer. Presently she slept.

"Poor pritty dear," murmured Pippin.

She turned to Mr. Browne's photograph and

inspected the back of it. She nodded and drew from the top bureau drawer the writing material that Miss Lawrence had purchased. Doll's mother had taught Pippin how to write a letter. She drew upon her imagination, and poured her whole soul into this one.

Respected Sir:

I am a maide to Miss Leonora Lawrince. She is soon to wed a dook. She is not happy. She looks seedy, acts straining, talks in sleepe. Talks of you. She has yer pictur always before her when not under her pillow. I know she luv's you. Come at onct. I will wait fer you every day at 1—at Russell Square where Tavistock Streete begins. I only hope this reaches you.

Pippin Gwendolyn Fairfax.

The dook is grand and luv's her mad.

Bits of the letter reminded Pippin, satisfactorily, of things she had read. On the back of his picture was written,

C. BROWNE,  
Goshen, Indiana,  
U. S. A.

Pippin copied it on the envelope, and locking Miss Lawrence in the room went out with the letter.

[Continued on page 402]

# THE FATE OF OLD MINISTERS

BY CHARLES SAMUEL TATOR

WE WOULD rather not think that in the face of the teachings of Jesus Christ, full in the church's eyes, with threadbare clothes as a shroud, the old ministers of the church, the Grand Army of the Common Good, are going worn and in poverty to the grave. All the Orient may not have the Gospel preached to them in the next twenty years, but that is the church's opportunity. That ministers live in want and die in poverty is the church's shame. Let me give you the story of the men, and of the men who know the men. Here is an extract from a letter of an old minister of one of the richest denominations in the United States:

Pardon me for the liberty I take in addressing you, the Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Ministerial Relief. My age of eighty-seven has entailed weaknesses over my physical system that make me almost unable to use the pen, yet I think it will be of some help to the Board in judging my case justly. My personal condition: heart disease and diabetes—both chronic. My financial affairs: they are minus in all things. Concerning my needs and wants: I am sitting in my lonesome room about four years. The first two of which I was not so helpless, but the latter two, 1896 and 1897, my heart disease and diabetes came to light. Now, I had to give in the first place fifty dollars, and in the second place sixty-four dollars more to pay debts of family; that reduced my annual allotment from the Board of \$187. I have no resources beside, and no friends or children of whom I could borrow a small temporary help. \$187! This is all, dear brother, but it is not sufficient for my support. If I do not get help soon, there will be nothing left for me but the county poorhouse. I have to wait two months yet for my next check from the Board, with not a cent in my hand to pay for my daily meals. My clothes are worn out, not only threadbare, but with holes in the sleeves of my coat, and the buttonholes in my vest are all worn out; and this has been so for over two years. From the foregoing you will see how I am fixed. Having given my strength, my time and money, and family comforts for the Lord's cause, I find myself, in the closing days of my life, stripped of everything necessary for my bare support. With high esteem and humble reliance.

A short time after writing that letter the old coat was buttoned around the body, that had known hunger, so that the holes in the sleeves would not show, and he was laid under the winter's snow to rest.

Here is a part of a letter to the same secretary, written by a minister sixty-nine years old:

Your favor came, bringing light and sadness. I had hoped we would not be forced in our old days to give up all the comforts of life; but so it is. I am not yet on the Honorably Retired list. It was hoped that by rest and living in a cooler, darker atmosphere, I would so far regain my sight as to be able to resume active work. But this hope has not been realized, and at my age (sixty-nine) it is not probable that it will ever be any better. Now as to our economy in living. My wife is quite an invalid, although eleven years my junior. We keep no hired

help. I wash all our clothes with my own hands, knead all our bread. We do all our cooking and baking. Then crawling on my hands and knees, face close to the ground, I cultivate and raise all our vegetables. My wearing apparel—coat ten years old, worn six years for dress, four years for every day—may last one year more; hat, present from a lady three years ago; shoes, present from a friend in the East four years ago; pants cost sixty cents; shirts, material cost thirty cents each.

That letter was received from an old minister of a denomination in which you will find more silk hats, frock coats, and dollar ties than any other in the country.

Here is a part of a letter written by a man eighty-seven years old to the same secretary. Let me remind you again that this denomination openly boasts of its wealth. Their Christ is one who said, "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

With profound gratitude to the Board of Relief, our church, and to our heavenly Father, for the appropriation of \$150 received from the Board this day, I return your receipt with this. I do not know what I should do for my family if deprived of this appropriation. I am now in debt for groceries, \$78. This has been accumulating since I received my last appropriation. My family is composed of two daughters. The eldest is a widow with one daughter (my granddaughter), and an unmarried daughter, who has been an invalid for over two years, and we think it probable she will never enjoy good health again. I am now in the eighty-seventh year of my age. My health has been very poor for over a year past. I am afflicted with rheumatism in my back, and a dizziness in my head which makes me liable to fall. I am hard of hearing and have lost memory very much. It has been my lot nearly all my ministerial life to occupy a missionary field as a "home missionary" of the Church. For over forty years my salary did not average over four hundred dollars per year, and during that time I believe that I have ridden over fifty thousand miles on horseback. That distance would be enough to cover a ride twice around the world. I feel that I have great cause for gratitude; that I have reason to believe my heavenly Father has made me useful in sustaining and building up some of our small churches to become self-sustaining. Two of them built houses of worship while I was with them. But I feel that I am now pretty far on the down grade of life.

That is pioneer work. Have you noticed that commerce follows the missionary? The minister civilizes and educates, and then the "captains of industry" come in and get what the minister did not have the time to pick up, for of him Tennyson said:

A barbarous people,  
Blind to the magic  
And deaf to the melody,  
Snarl'd at and cursed me.  
A demon vext me,  
The light retreated,  
The landscape darken'd,  
The melody deaden'd,  
The Master whisper'd  
"Follow the Gleam."

Read the following letter carefully, especially

those of you who are interested in the cause of home and foreign missions.

The intense heat of the past week has prostrated me severely, preventing my acknowledging your treasurer's draft for \$150. This came in time to stop the "crevasse" that had started to sweep away our "home" and our human and earthly all. If you could fathom what these words mean to aged invalids! The shock would certainly have killed us parents in the condition we are now, and the children would have been thrown on the cold world and demoralized, as they could never bear it. Now your Board, and the prompt action of their beloved secretary, have saved our "home," and saved (humanly) our family, besides refilling our sad and empty hearts with joy, peace, thanksgiving, and gratitude. Truly, doctor, the work of your Board is as evangelistic and redemptive as either of the first or second boards—i. e., it is Christ now, "healing the sick" and "raising the dead," and paying the taxes and making bread and wine just the same as when He first did those things in Palestine, and oh! it is holy work, the holiest on earth, to do those things.

"The first and second boards" mentioned in this letter are the Foreign and Home Mission Boards. In the interest of the Foreign Board great meetings of men and women are being held all over the country. Resolutions to urge the churches to increase their contributions to the foreign boards twenty per cent. per annum are being passed. Pastors are being deluged with letters and literature to keep the matter before their congregations. No special church day, or National or international event passes without superintendents of Sunday-schools being pressed to take a collection for the cause. If great results are secured in Korea, it is used as a drawing card to arouse the people to greater efforts in the general work.

Foreign and Home Missions are called the "major boards." "Ministerial Relief" comes under the heading of the "minor boards." The "major boards" have the popular and spectacular appeal, and when they get through it is but the crumbllest crumbs that fall in the basket of the "minor boards." An illustration taken from the *Presbyterian Handbook* will show how this works. Where churches take collections for the various boards the General Assembly recommends that they be apportioned as follows: foreign missions thirty-three per cent.; home mission, thirty-one per cent.; church erection, six per cent.; Sabbath-school work, six per cent.; freedman, six per cent.; education, six per cent.; ministerial relief, six per cent.; college board, six per cent.; temperance, one per cent. This amounts to one hundred and one per cent. How you will divide a dollar by that is beyond my meager knowledge of arithmetic. This seems



to be a fair table of all the denominations. Now to the thirty-third per cent. for foreign missions add special collections and special causes. Then do the same thing with the Home Board and its thirty-one per cent., and then add to your calculations human nature's disinclination to give up good money to too many good causes and you will find that your figuring on the six per cent. of the Board of Ministerial Relief will be done mostly under the rules for subtraction.

Many who read this will say that Christ said that this work of foreign missions be done. I will go all the way with them until I reach the place where He said; "These things ye ought to have done and not to have left the other undone." Did He not say: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me"? It is Christian to take the Gospel to the pagan, but it is not Christian to take the Gospel to the pagan if we let our own flesh and blood live in want and die in despair, with manhood and womanhood sapped.

In the Congregational Church, the Year Book of 1908 shows that out of 5,989 churches only 1,620 contributed to the Board of Ministerial Relief, and of these only 788 gave to the National Board. Of the 4,369 non-contributing churches the secretary of the Board writes: "The pastors of these churches—so far as they have pastors—though they are earning salaries, that are, in the main, painfully small we admit, have abandoned their old and out-worn brothers who are not able to earn anything."

The fate of old ministers in one denomination is practically the fate of old ministers in all denominations.

The Rev. B. B. Royer, of York, Pennsylvania, writes: "What must God think of that church which, having claimed the time and talents of its ministers for many years, all but casts them off in old age, as did Hager her child Ishmael, with little more than a bottle of water? Can we expect—in all righteousness—that God will raise up ministers for a church which gives to its pastors scant living in the days of their youth and all but starves them in old age?"

Dr. E. S. Tipple, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, says: "There is not a Conference in Methodism which adequately provides for its aged ministers. Even the largest and wealthiest conferences are no exceptions. The New York and New York East Conferences may fairly be taken as examples. Last year the former Conference distributed \$16,320; the maximum amount given to a superannuate was \$225 and the minimum \$125 a year."

Could there have been much of a sunset glow in the lives of these two men, graduates of universities, "Soldiers of the Common Good"?—

I will reach my 90th birthday Saturday morning, December 20th—only twenty-three days more. Am lame and feeble, so my time is very short. Is it true that the Board pays no funeral expenses after death? Do you not allow something? I want to know the facts in the case. My years or days can not be many. The expenses of the plainest interment would be considerable. I have no means to pay these expenses. Is any provision made to meet such cases? You will oblige me with a short reply giving the facts.

I shall very soon enter my eighty-first year, and repeated illness reminds me of the special uncertainty of life. I wish to ask information as to the custom of the Board in relation to funeral expenses and burial. I have no means whatever to meet this need, and no kindred who are able to assist in payment, should I be called away by death. Would gladly have saved something from the annuities had it been possible. Have a small room, go out to one meal daily, and provide for the other two meals at home, without fire. Rates for rooms and board here will allow of no other arrangement with my allowance. I offer no plea or complaint. Am very thankful that the Board is granting me so much, and am content to meet all that seems in the will of Our Father. I pray for the Board and for its beneficiaries. Some are doubtless in much more trying circumstances than mine.

The annuities granted by all the Boards of Ministerial Relief average about \$150 a year. Yes, the Board paid the funeral expenses.

Here are a few cases that come asking attention: A man who has been a missionary in India for forty years now fights the wolf from the

door by acting as servant in a lunch-room of a factory near New York City.—A minister aged ninety-three. Spent thirty years as a home missionary, on a small salary. Very feeble. A wife almost as feeble. Only help comes from the small wage of a delicate daughter.—A minister aged seventy-nine, who has been a worker in the Home Mission field exclusively. Yearly income does not exceed sixty-five dollars. Crippled wife dependent on him. "He is physically unable to preach or work any longer."—A minister, aged sixty-six years. Almost totally blind. Wife dependent on him. Income fifty dollars a year.—A minister seventy-eight years old who spent most of his ministry in the service of three churches he organized on the Pacific Coast. He is now too old for service and his income is forty-two dollars a year.—An old minister writes: "I am now in my eighty-ninth year and my wife in her eighty-third. I am too old to preach. Had I died at seventy-five years of age I should have left the world free of debt. But God has chosen to continue my life until the present, and most unfortunately for me expenses continue while the income ceases. I have been able to meet most of my expenses until now. But now at the beginning of the winter I find my house without coal."

In this article I have torn away with a rough hand the curtain which the minister hangs between his poverty and humiliation and the critical eye of the world. The minister ever seeks to hide his own distress for the sake of the cause he loves. If I have rushed in roughly, where angels tread lovingly, it is with a sincere purpose.

Dr. B. L. Agnew, of the Presbyterian Board of Ministerial Relief, says that there are ten thousand needy ministers, and ten thousand ministers' widows in the United States. How many orphans? We know about the needy children of India, will some one tell us of the needy children of Christian ministers in this Christian United States of America?

How do these members of the Grand Army of the Common Good feel about this matter? Here is what one minister writes:

The terms on which relief is granted are such that it is like going to the poorhouse to apply for it. I know a minister who has just retired after forty years of noble service. His salary was never over eight hundred dollars. One-half of all his earnings he put back in the needy fields he so joyfully served. Now he has had to give up work. He is not in poverty technically, but he can not live on his income. He would almost as soon beg in any other way as to ask help for himself.

If it were as honorable to receive a ministerial relief pension as it is for a veteran of the Civil War to receive one from the Government, it would, indeed, be a boon to a score of men like him. It would bridge the gap between pinching economy and frugal comfort without loss of self-respect. At present in both theory and in practise the Ministerial Relief pension is a dole, a charity, and as such, a self-respecting minister may in pity contribute to it. But he must ever pray that he may not become a beneficiary of it. I feel that such aid must be put on the basis of a universal old age pension for minister's, not on that merely of relief.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander H. Young, writes:

The army button, which the old soldier wears, he is proud to display. It tells of service rendered his country during the time of her need, exacting drill, of long marches, of midnight vigils, of short rations, of valiant fighting, of painful wounds, of dangerous sickness, of hospital sufferings, of incurable diseases, of shortened life, perhaps of a dreaded death.

The check of the Board of Relief should be as much a badge of honor as the army button. But how do the recipient and many in the church view it? When application is made for it, the minister asking it of his presbytery does so with bated breath, and hangs his head with shame, as though he were doing something that put a stigma of disgrace upon him. And his friends share something of the same feeling and deeply regret that one whom they love and honor has to submit to such humiliation as this.

And when the check comes from the Board, how does the recipient view it? With gratitude, of course, for the pecuniary relief it brings to him and his. But does he look upon it at the same time as something to be proud of, a mark of distinction that he would fain show to all his friends? Nay; he takes it because he must; because there seems to be no other help for him than this.

So widespread is this feeling of shame at having it known that one is upon the Board of Relief that formal and reiterated requests have come to the Board, asking that the name of the Board printed on the end of the checks be omitted, that bank officials and others in the smaller towns may not know that one is an annuitant of the Board of Relief.

These men have not been reckless in the use

of money. The truth of the matter is there would have been a crying church scandal before the world long ere this had it not been for the wives of ministers who have made a dollar stretch beyond the breaking point, over the bare necessities of life. Who have counted each penny five times before spending it? Who have learned to patch clothes until patching has become a fine art? You know nothing of heroines if you are unacquainted with the wives of ministers.

Ministers, who are now the subject of our thought, have existed, educated sons and daughters, contributed to the common good, and preached the gospel of encouragement, on salaries of from fifty dollars to eight hundred dollars a year.

Many of them have received, and others receive to-day, contracts from churches reading "and that you may be free from worldly cares and avocations we pledge ourselves to pay you in regular monthly payments the sum of four hundred dollars per annum." In some cases substitute two hundred, three hundred, five hundred or six hundred dollars for the four hundred dollars, but in every case read "that you may be free from worldly cares." Is it humor or irony? It is neither. It is pathos. It is a disgrace. If we can not, or will not take care of the ministers we have, why do we multiply our churches? *The millions of Christians of the United States, to-day, stand indicted of the crime of wilful neglect, before the bar of righteous justice. The evidence offered is to be found in the tears, heartaches, hunger, threadbare clothes of ministers' families.* Unless the church awakens, one out of every eight of the ministers' families in the United States will come on the various Boards of Ministerial Relief for aid and simple burial. Do you know the conditions in your town?

What is the solution of the problem? Dr. Agnew, of the Board of the Presbyterian Church, says "a large endowment for the Board." Dr. Tipple says the same thing for the Methodist Episcopal Board. Dr. William A. Rice, of the Congregational Board, says:

Ministers as a body average salaries of about six hundred a year. Some of them must be in dire need when old and infirm. They gave their years to the service of the churches, should not the churches give to their days at life's end?

Dr. Rice goes on to advocate "a foundation, undenominational and non-sectarian, to care for aged, incapacitated ministers and their widows, after definite periods of service, under conditions that have made provision for old age impossible for them. Such a foundation would not pauperize. You can not pauperize one who is too old or infirm to labor or earn. Then again, none could be more worthy or deserving; they are not in need because they have been improvident or indolent, nor because they might not have achieved financial success in other spheres of life. But they deliberately chose a field of service which they knew would yield very small financial returns. They chose it for the good of their fellows, in obedience to what they regarded as the call of God. And what encouragement such a foundation would be to others to enter the ministry! There is a great falling off of students for the ministry. Doubtless there are many factors that enter into this decline. But the inadequate support of ministers and the lack of provision for old age, must have their influence. There is still another aspect of this question which should have great weight with those who have money to give. Such a foundation would promote the unity and harmony of the churches."

All this is good. If we make these suggestions real we can in small measure make reparation for the crime of neglect of the past, but there is the danger that we will use these things as an excuse to perpetuate a disgraceful condition. Give the men in the active work of the church a chance to live and save, and thus lay up a sum sufficient for a comfortable and self-respecting old age. Let the work of the boards be in the main this; that they will strive eventually to exterminate themselves.

The next time we decide to send millions of money to the Orient to make some lives happier, or to build cathedrals and ministers in the principal cities of the country, to emphasize and magnify denominations or to put a thousand-dollar tablet in a two-hundred-dollar church to the memory of a minister who would have said use the money to better the condition of his hero-brother, let us pause and say slowly, "Be just before you are generous."



# A GARDEN OF

IT WAS Jessie's loss, to begin with; a terrible loss, a loss so sweeping, so complete, that we feared for her reason. That's why I let her have the twins for a while, and that is how all the rest of it came about.

Of course, even then, I would n't have let her have them, but that she was my own sister, and she was in mother's big house, and mother was there. Father and my brother George were both doctors—it seemed providential. Then my health was completely broken down—partly owing to the twins, and partly to worrying so over Jessie. Mother said it would n't do the babies any good for me to stay, nor Jessie, nor her; and my dear Huntley said they were right, and whisked me off to California for the winter, though I never knew how he afforded it.

This is what had happened, beginning with Jessie. There were three of us children, Jessie, George, and I, and we grew up in this fine, sunshiny, roomy old house, with wide lawns and gardens. Father, as I said, was a doctor, and I think mother would have been a doctor if she had n't married one—she was a very wise woman.

So we grew up strong and jolly. I was perfectly contented if I could work in the garden—and Jessie was perfectly contented if she had babies to take care of. She was baby-crazy—I never saw such a girl. All her dolls were babies—she dressed them as such, with a literalness which I used to tell her was fairly unpleasant; and she played with them long after she was old enough to know better. Only one thing would take her away from her dolls—that was a real baby. If she could beg, borrow, or steal a baby to take care of, she was absolutely happy.

And it was astonishing—how many women were willing to let her do it! Women talk so much about devotion to their children—I notice most of them are delighted to have the baby off their hands for a while.

Then we had a little sister, and Jessie gave her whole mind to her; mother was fairly jealous; and when she died—poor little May! (she had meningitis—nobody seems to be able to fight that yet!)—well, when she died, Jessie was so broken up that we were all frightened.

Then father had her take a regular course in nursing—baby nursing; he said if she *would* do it she might as well know how, and that more babies might distract her mind from little May. She was young then, of course; but she took to that hospital work like a duck to water—she did n't care where she was if she could play mother.

Later she took up kindergartening—we did n't want her to be a regular nurse, of course.

Then she married—about the same time I did; and was so blissfully happy that it seemed almost wicked. I never saw anybody so happy! I was happy enough—I defy any reasonable woman to be happier than I was! But Jessie was n't reasonable. She seemed to be walking in Paradise. She went around like one in a dream—a dream of heaven. To see those two together almost made me jealous. They were like poetry.

Then the baby came—Jessie's baby. I had n't any, yet, and I was naturally proud of my nephew; but Jessie acted like—well as if that child was Buddha *at least*. And she—and he—and the baby, together—it makes me cry to think of it.

After my twins came I was as proud as she was—we were all happy together.

Then three dreadful things happened, one after the other—all in a week's time.

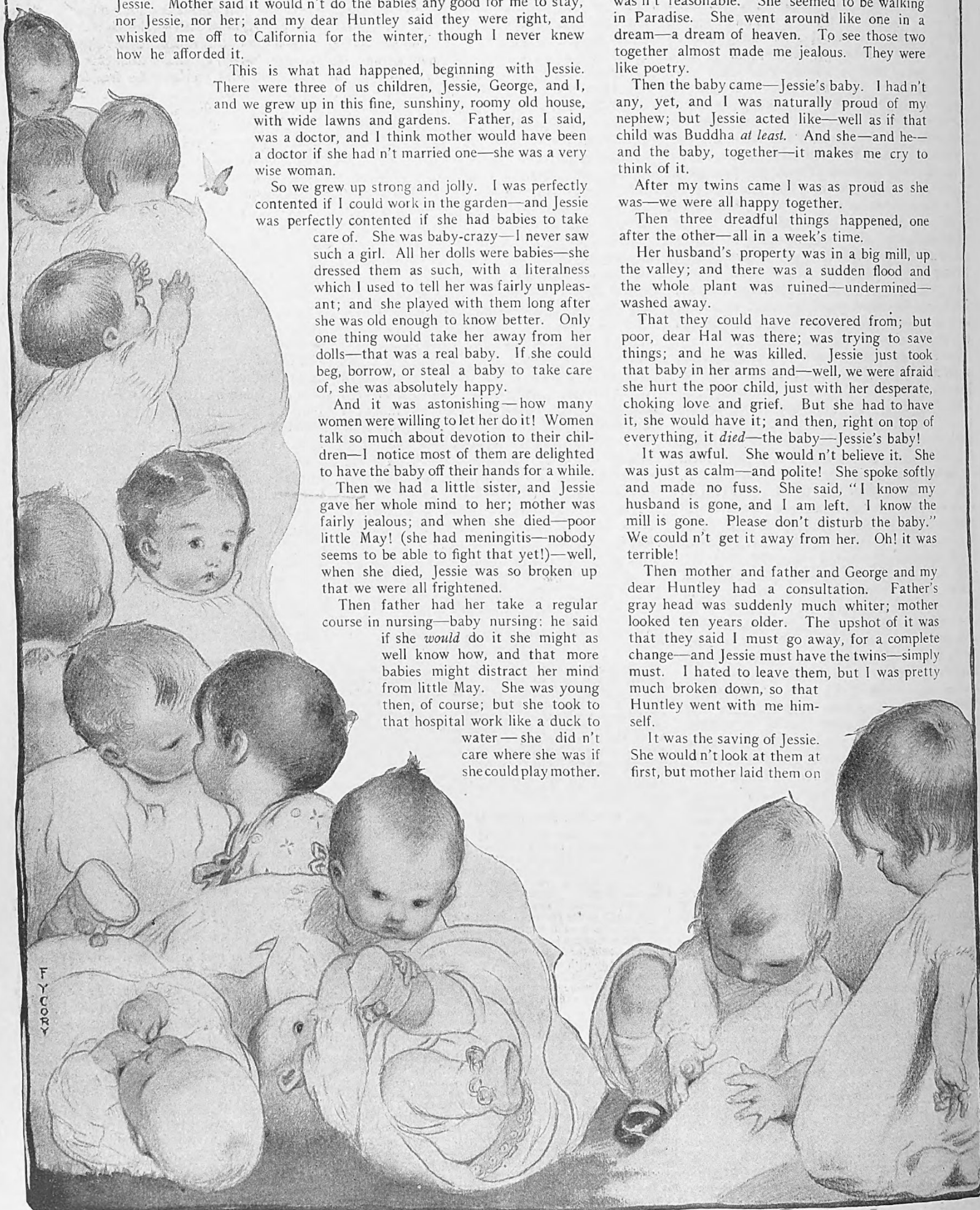
Her husband's property was in a big mill, up the valley; and there was a sudden flood and the whole plant was ruined—undermined—washed away.

That they could have recovered from; but poor, dear Hal was there; was trying to save things; and he was killed. Jessie just took that baby in her arms and—well, we were afraid she hurt the poor child, just with her desperate, choking love and grief. But she had to have it, she would have it; and then, right on top of everything, it *died*—the baby—Jessie's baby!

It was awful. She would n't believe it. She was just as calm—and polite! She spoke softly and made no fuss. She said, "I know my husband is gone, and I am left. I know the mill is gone. Please don't disturb the baby." We could n't get it away from her. Oh! it was terrible!

Then mother and father and George and my dear Huntley had a consultation. Father's gray head was suddenly much whiter; mother looked ten years older. The upshot of it was that they said I must go away, for a complete change—and Jessie must have the twins—simply must. I hated to leave them, but I was pretty much broken down, so that Huntley went with me himself.

It was the saving of Jessie. She would n't look at them at first, but mother laid them on





# BABIES

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

*Illustrations and front cover by F.Y. CORY*

the bed in her room and just left them there to cry. And Jessie had to get up and attend to them; she simply had to. Then, of course, they were so dear and sweet and lovely—it brought her out of that frozen stupor she was in.

She fussed over them so constantly that father went to some of his patients and borrowed a couple more; nice ones, where the mothers were sick or something. He said she must not concentrate too much.

We never expected it would turn out as it did. We thought it was only a temporary device; but it resulted in our home's becoming quite a permanent *crèche*. Not for working women, of course, but for women we all knew, and who knew us. The south wing was fitted up for babies. Sometimes there would be over a dozen, daytimes; and some of them stayed nights. Unless there were enough to keep Jessie occupied she would mope and grieve. They kept her hands full for a year or two; and after that it became an institution.

I returned in the spring and settled down in our house next door; and I was n't so jealous of the twins as I expected to be, because my other babies came along from time to time; and—well really it was a great convenience to have so nice a place for them.

With father's long-standing medical authority, and George's new knowledge; with mother's experience and Jessie's thorough training—to say nothing of her natural instinct—why the neighbors began to call it "The Babies University."

They did have the loveliest times, those little things! There was the big house, full of sunshine and fresh air, and then several acres around it for them to play and sleep out of doors. I kept up my fondness for gardening; and we made the whole place lovely for them. There was quite a stretch of lawn, good, solid, long-established turf, with plenty of sun and changing tree-shadows. That was kept as clean as a parlor; cleaner, for there was no dust on it; and we would let the blessed babies sprawl and tumble there, as happy as kittens.

There was a family on the other side, old friends and neighbors, who were very captious at first. "Won't they be crying all the time?" they asked.

But bless you! Those babies did n't cry. Why should they?

There was such a demand for us to take children a little older—two or three years—that after a while we opened a kindergarten, too, across the hall, with some of the teachers Jessie knew installed there. Our place got to be a regular institution—people came to see it; and pretty soon dear

mother said she had rather teach on one day in the week than answer questions on six! So she had a mothers' class, and lots of women came. They had confidence in her because she was a grandmother, not what they called "a mere theorist."

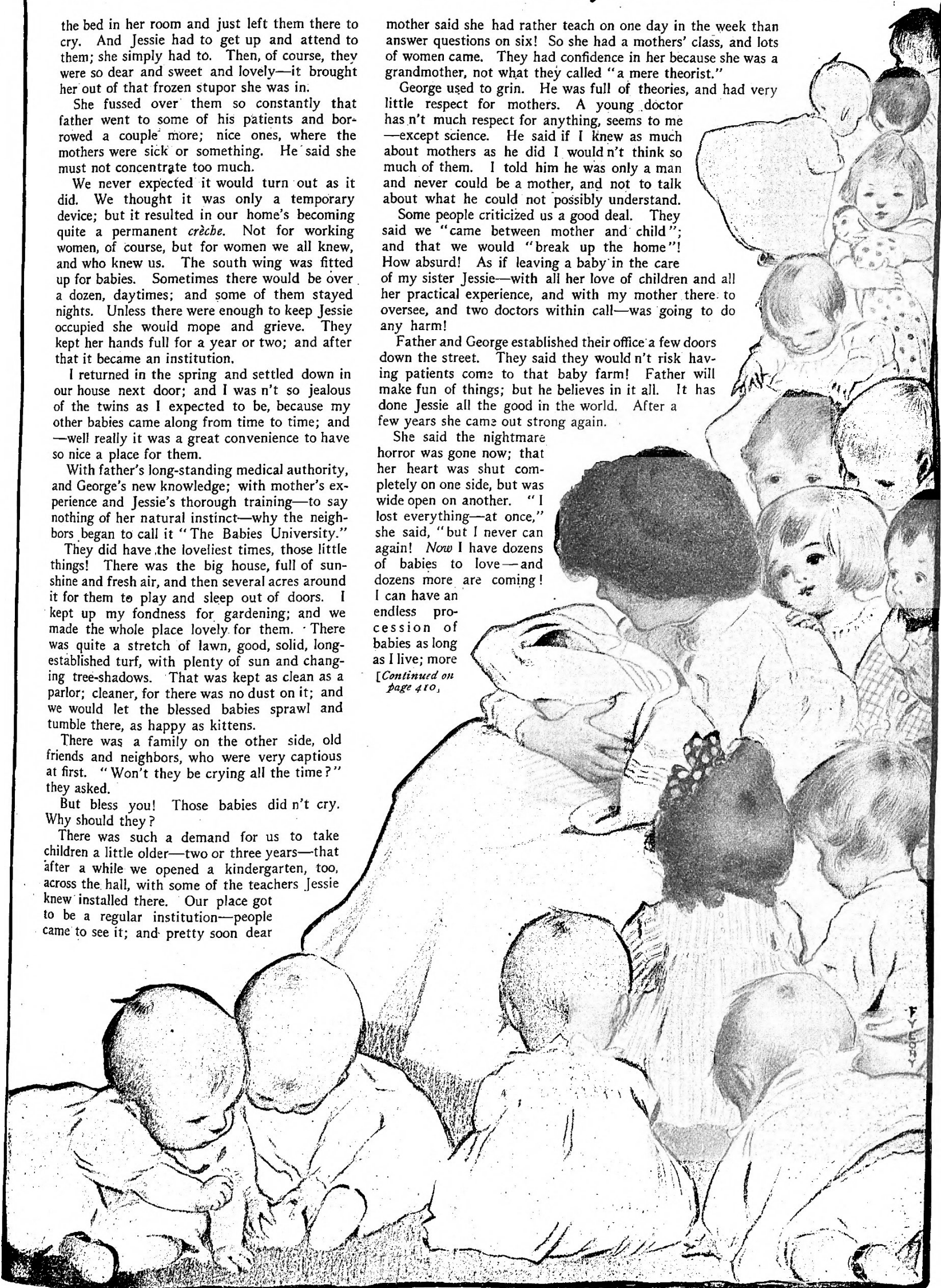
George used to grin. He was full of theories, and had very little respect for mothers. A young doctor has n't much respect for anything, seems to me—except science. He said if I knew as much about mothers as he did I would n't think so much of them. I told him he was only a man and never could be a mother, and not to talk about what he could not possibly understand.

Some people criticized us a good deal. They said we "came between mother and child"; and that we would "break up the home"! How absurd! As if leaving a baby in the care of my sister Jessie—with all her love of children and all her practical experience, and with my mother there to oversee, and two doctors within call—was going to do any harm!

Father and George established their office a few doors down the street. They said they would n't risk having patients come to that baby farm! Father will make fun of things; but he believes in it all. It has done Jessie all the good in the world. After a few years she came out strong again.

She said the nightmare horror was gone now; that her heart was shut completely on one side, but was wide open on another. "I lost everything—at once," she said, "but I never can again! Now I have dozens of babies to love—and dozens more are coming! I can have an endless procession of babies as long as I live; more

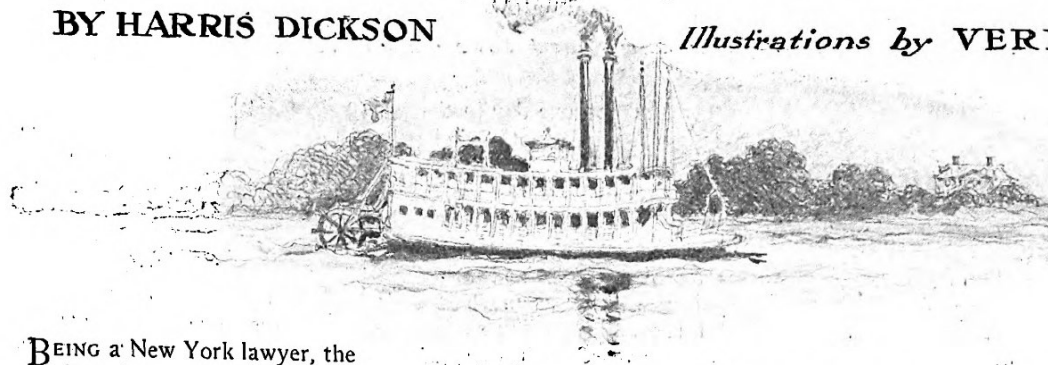
[Continued on page 410.]



# THE CHANGING SOUTH

BY HARRIS DICKSON

Illustrations by VERNON HOWE BAILEY



BEING a New York lawyer, the boundaries of my imagination ran not west of Albany. The South to me represented a vast dim *terra incognita*.

One morning our most valuable client bustled into the office: "Here, Ramsay, you must take that next train for Mississippi—close the trade—old Stewart Plantation—urgent—"

Before I could catch my breath I had caught the train. Mississippi! I had n't much of a notion whether I should carry two months' rations, or whether I should be back in New York for lunch.

After forty-eight hours by rail I came to the end of the earth, and took a steamboat on the Mississippi River.

"Rokeby," Captain Stewart's plantation, could be reached only by steamboat, and late that afternoon the captain put us ashore.

There were only two human beings in sight: a white man receiving freight from the boat, and an old colored man. The two seemed to be very friendly. The white man helped the colored man to lift three sacks of ice on a wagon. The colored man was ready to go, but paused to eye me curiously.

"Scuse me, boss," he said, taking off his cap with a queer sort of politeness; "but ain't you a lookin' fer Cap'n Stewart? Gentlemens what gits off here dey mos' generally comes to see de cap'n."

## Hospitality by the Wholesale

"Yes, I have business with Captain Stewart; I'll go to the hotel for the night and call on him in the morning."

"T ain't no hotel; an' ef 't wuz cap'n would n't let nobody go to it—he say he runs de hotel fer dis part o' de country."

This was embarrassing. Surely I could not go to a gentleman's house upon such an invitation.

The white man came over and spoke to me. "That's all right, sir; go along with Uncle Jake. He has orders from Captain Stewart to bring every stranger to his house."

"Yas, suh! yas, suh!" the colored man insisted; "when cap'n's here he entertains 'em hisself. Ef he's gone I takes keer of 'em. Dat house ain't never shut. Boss, is dis yo' trunk an' gripsack? I sho' is 'shamed ter let you ride in sech a wagon; but I spec it's 'bout de quick'st way to git dar."

All this while he was folding some clothes to make a cushion for me to sit on. I climbed in beside him. "How far is it?"

"Jes' a little piece; right over yander throo dese woods."

"How much land is cultivated?"

"We'se plantin' 'bout two thousand acres dis year; niggers is so triflin'."

"How much land has the captain got in all?"

"God knows, mister, how much *we* is got. Cap'n ain't never said—I don't believe he knows. Hit's a Gawd's plenty."

We drove on through perfectly level fields, white,

"An old burying-ground, shaded by cedars"

and utterly deserted. "What vegetable is this?" I inquired. "Long staple."

"Long staple what?"

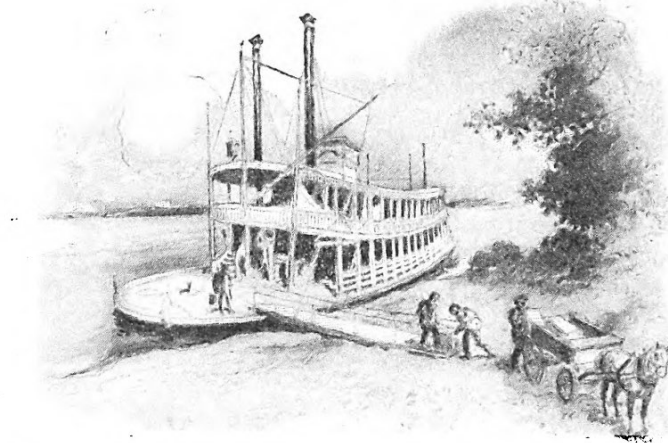
He turned quickly, in utter amazement. "Dat? Why dat's *cotton*—"

"Cotton? I thought cotton grew on cotton-wood trees." The old man held his peace until I spoke again: "Where are all the colored people?"

Then he chuckled to himself: "Now, I *knows* you's from de Nawf."

## Only Northerners Say "Colored People"

"Why?" There was nothing offensive in his merriment. It was respectful, friendly, and infectious.



"Late that afternoon the captain put us ashore"

"Why? 'Cause you did n't know dis wuz cotton; an' you said '*colored*' people. Folks down here doan say dat."

"What do they say?"

"Dey says, 'Whar's all de han's?' or de '*negroes*'; but ef dey like 'em real good dey jes' say, 'Jake, whar's all yo' lazy niggers dis evenin'?' Why ain't dey pickin' dat cotton? Fust thing you know dere 'll come up a big rain an' beat it down in the mud.' Dat's 'zactly what Judge Whittaker 'd say ef *he* wuz to come ridin' along. 'Co'se hit all d'pends on *how* you sez it. Niggers is kinder curyus 'bout how you sez things to 'em."

"Well, where are all the—niggers?" I asked, halting at the word.

"Lordy, boss, dey's gone to de circus; 't won't nary nigger stay in de cotton patch whilst dere's a brass band playin' in town."

A mile further we began to climb a hill, at the top of which one bold gable thrust itself out from a grove of oaks.

"Dere's our house," he said.

Just before we turned in at the gate I noticed an old burying-ground, shaded by cedars, with a cemented wall around it. Responding to my gesture, the driver stopped his team so that I might look over the wall.

"Dat tombstone in the

Modern Business and Agricultural Methods are Making it Unfashionable to Drink, Gamble and Shoot but Southern hospitality has not lost its flavor

middle," he explained, "is cap'n's father, ole Gin'l Stewart; what wuz kilt in de Mexican Wah—I jis kin remember him. Dat 'n is his brudder what got kilt at Bull Run—me and him and de cap'n was all tergedder. Dis 'n right here, dat's Mars Randolph Stewart, cap'n's son; day kilt him in Cuby. Dat war de cap'n's onliest chile, and atter he died de cap'n did n't want ter live here no mo'. Git up mule! git up!"

We turned up a sharp incline, drove round the circular hedge of boxwood, and halted in front of the broad steps. The house was of the kind I had always seen in pictures, only the white column seemed taller, the veranda seemed broader, and the front door much wider. It was open. The old man stepped out of the wagon and deposited my luggage within the house.

"Boss, you 'll hafter 'scuse de cap'n; he ain't 'spectin' you."

"No," I replied; "and I hate to put him to any inconvenience."

"Lordy, boss, 't ain't no worriment to de cap'n. You can't tickle him no better dan by stayin' wid 'im. He gits mighty tired talkin' ter one ole nigger. Now you jes' set down in dis big chair, an' I 'll go fin' 'im."

He looked through the back part of the house, then went up-stairs. I could hear him walking along the uncarpeted halls. Before he returned I saw an erect, military figure pacing through the formal garden. He strode along easily, as a man who was sure of himself, but without a tinge of that haughtiness which I had expected to find. He turned and came up the front steps with his eyes fixed straight ahead. When he reached the top step I saw that his left sleeve was empty, and carefully pinned to the pocket of his coat.

## A Welcome That Warms the Heart

He must have seen my baggage inside the door, for he glanced around without the slightest surprise in voice or manner, and held out his hand. "Good evening, sir; I am very glad to see you. I am Captain Stewart."

"My name is Ramsay."

He had never heard the name. Yet there was not a question. He did not inquire of my business, or how I happened to be sitting on his porch with my trunk in his hall. Uncle Jake came back: "Cap'n, mus' I put de gent'man's gripsacks in de big front room?" The captain nodded, and gravely pointed me to the chair from which I had risen.

We chatted for an hour. I, the blunt business man, to whom every moment has its market value—I never mentioned my errand.

Jake vanished. When he reappeared in his white jacket, it was to announce, "Supper's ready."





After supper we went into the library, a dim room, with an open-mouthed fireplace full of blazing wood. A green-shaded lamp, turned low, cast its mellow light around the table, but left the corners in shadow. Captain Stewart motioned me to a settee beside the fire, while he changed his coat and shoes for a well-worn dressing-gown and slippers. He turned up the lamp and handed me a cigar. Then he began slowly twisting a bit of paper, with which he got a light from the fire for me and for himself. His manner was so restful that I stretched myself to the warmth—and opened my soul to a new sense of contentment. There was something so genial about the fire, something so sincere in the big-hearted lamp, such a surrender of reserve in the atmosphere of the room and the man—an intangible something which gave to the word "home" a deeper meaning. Mentally, I contrasted these with my somewhat ambitious apartments in New York, which represented all I knew of home. I could understand why this man would take up his sword in defense of his fireside—and the burying-ground. But if my apartment house were threatened, I should give notice and move out.

#### A Man Who Has Time to Read

The room interested me. I felt at perfect liberty to look around. Piled upon his table lay some rare old books. Books are my hobby. Lying open on the arm of his chair, where he had left off reading, was an old Rousseau in the original French. He followed my eye with a smile. "You love books?"

"Yes, but I have no time to read—except law books."

We smoked on in silence. Over the mantel hung a portrait, a mere lad, wearing a lieutenant's uniform in the

Presently the captain smiled to himself, and remarked, half unconsciously: "You must think us a lazy lot. I confess I enjoy sitting by the fire, reading a little, smoking a little, talking to Jake, or dreaming and doing nothing. But there is so much to think about when one is at home. Jake and I are getting old. New times are coming and we must keep together."

"The South is changing rapidly, I suppose?" My voice sounded like a rasp, material and sordid. I regretted speaking, for it was the change in the country that led him to offer his property for sale.

#### The Slave-Trader and the Man-of-War

"Yes, Mr. Ramsay, the South is changing. Some of us deplore it; others believe it would be better to abandon our old ways and begin over. My father used to tell of a man who deplored the changes—he was a slave-trader from way down East. This is the way my father got the story from an old skipper:

"Times have changed," said the trader, "but we could n't get it into our heads that things were not like they used to be. In the spring of '55 we were bringing a cargo of negroes from Guinea and meant to slip them ashore into the Florida everglades. We had to keep our eyes skinned; the first man-o-

"One bold gable thrust itself out from a grove of oaks"

around the gills. By and by he suggested: "Cap'n, let's heave a nigger overboard—I calkerlate they 'll stop an' pick 'im up." So we picked out a good hefty nigger and brought him on deck. We showed him the Englishman, told him to swim, and tossed him overboard. Sufferin' Cæsar! how that nigger did swim!

"When the man-o-war came alongside of him she hove to, dropped a boat and picked him up. It did n't take 'em long, still we gained some three hundred yards by the transaction.

"By the time the man-o-war was just about to come in gunshot of us again we made another nigger jump overboard. They picked him up. Then niggers went overboard

one after another, jes' as regular as ducks going to the pond. The scheme worked fine. Presently the Englishman quit lowering boats, and began tossing out ropes for the niggers to catch hold of—scooped 'em up neater 'n a fish in a landin' net. Clever for a Britisher? We were jes' wasting niggers. The Yankee boy said: "Suppose you tie the next one's hands so he can't catch a rope?"

"But he'll drown before they get to him."

"Hitch a life-preserver to his neck."

"That boy was a life-preserver to me. We kept busy all day throwin' out niggers, and kept the Englishman busy pickin' 'em up. When night came we dodged him. Altogether, we pitched out one hundred and thirty-seven fine niggers, worth five hundred dollars apiece. Pretty expensive fun, but it saved our necks."

#### Who Was to Blame for Slavery?

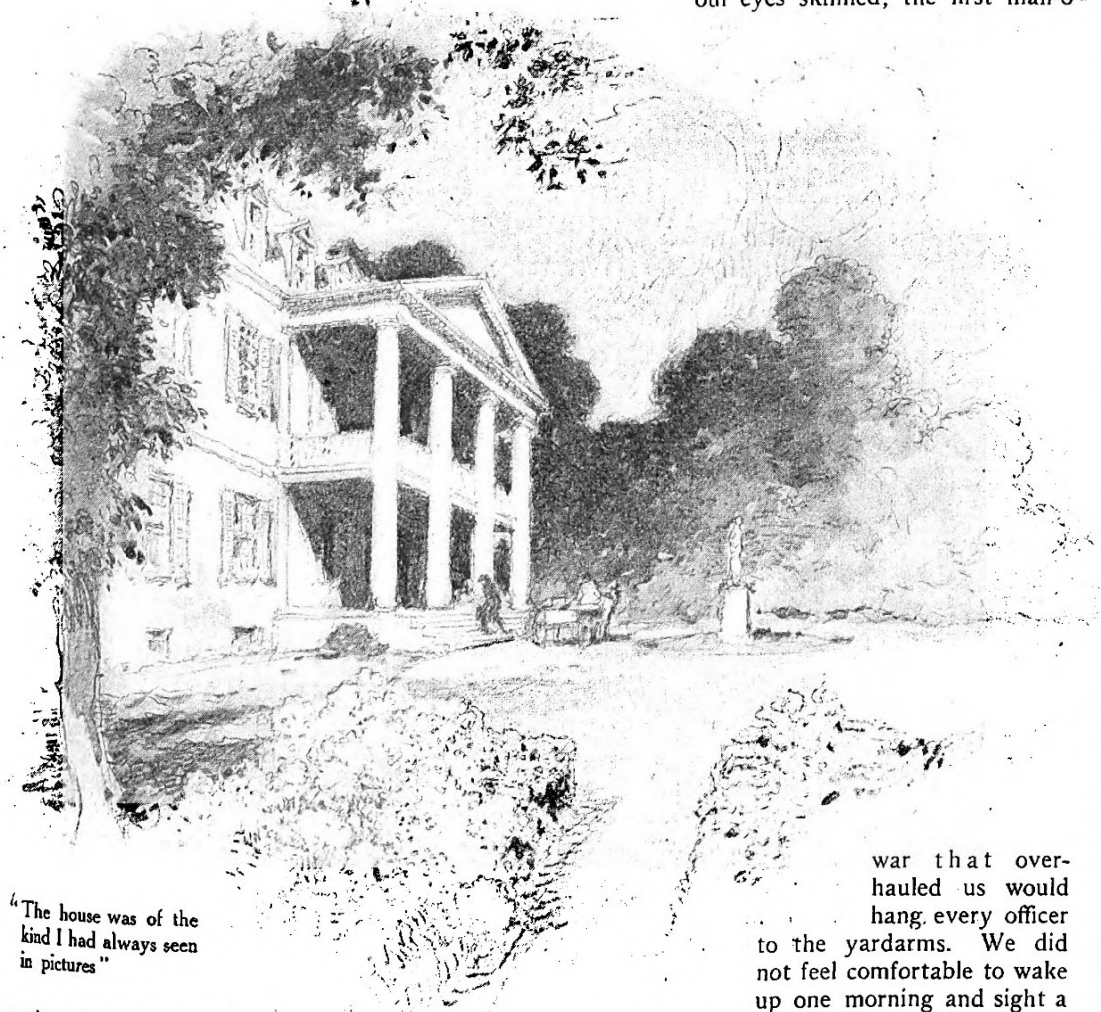
When Captain Stewart finished telling the slave-trader's story, the smile vanished from his lips and the twinkle died out of his eye. "I tremble sometimes, Mr. Ramsay, at the fearful responsibility which rests upon you and me for the sins of our fathers, on account of these black men—your people for selling them, my people for buying them."

His profoundly sincere remark jerked me out of a mental rut. I had n't thought of that. I had always considered the negro as a local question for the South. But this placed the matter in a different light, and made me think. I was glad when Captain Stewart began to talk again.

"The Southerner differs much from the Northerner; I think it is due in part to the romantic traditions of his country. The early history of the South reads like a fairy tale. As a boy I used to pore over the adventures of De Soto, who lies buried in the river not far from this place. The pirate Lafitte of Barataria was another childish hero, on account of his defense of New Orleans. The exiled Duke of Orleans used to teach school near here, and never forgot it when he became King of the French. Such stories make a profound impression on the mind of a growing boy, and affect the character of a people. But it was the wretched slavery question that made us different, and wrought such revolutionary changes. At first slavery existed in every colony. Then the slaves naturally gravitated to the South. This was not due to moral differences between the people. Slaves were profitable laborers in the South. They were not in the North. Lands were richer in the South; the climate more favorable; many individuals owned huge estates. Great numbers of negroes could be used to advantage.

war that overhauled us would hang every officer to the yardarms. We did not feel comfortable to wake up one morning and sight a

British man-o-war, headed straight for us. We crowded on every stitch of canvas and hoped to show the Englishman a clean pair of heels. But he outsailed us. It gave me the creeps to see him creeping up on us, inch by inch. I could almost count the minutes until I got a rope around my neck. Disagreeable sensation! There was a Yankee boy aboard that had a lot o' sense. He sat and watched the Englishman for a while and began to get pale



"The house was of the kind I had always seen in pictures"

ant's uniform in the United States Volunteers. This was the

son. To the left hung another, also a young man, a captain, but his coat was gray. The brother who died at Bull Run. I turned my head cautiously. Out of the semidarkness an older man looked down upon us. His coat was blue and there were stars upon his collar. "Mexico," I thought; "three wars and two flags."



"Southerners seemed fitted to organize and handle large bodies of men inferior to themselves in race, education, instinct, and industry. They took millions of cannibal savages and trained them into habits of systematic labor. The institution gained a firm hold in the South. Negroes increased rapidly. We did not have the slaves; the slaves had us. We held a vast barbaric power that we dared not turn loose.

"Thousands of slaveholders realized that slavery was not only unjust, but that it was also exceedingly injurious to the whites.

#### *The Slave System Produced Statesmen*

"The system built up a small class of high-minded men, whose position lifted them above the sordid necessities of life, and who had leisure to reflect upon public affairs. Up to 1849 there had been twelve Presidents of the United States; the South contributed eight. Of the first sixty years of the Republic, Southern men held the helm forty-eight years—and the State of Virginia alone for nearly thirty-six. Now we have scarcely a voice in the affairs of the nation—which marks a melancholy change to Southern pride.

"The presence of the negro kept away the sturdy white immigrants that have populated other sections. If the delta country were filled with white farmers they could clothe and feed the world.

"The plan of cultivation under slavery destroyed the land. Take a gentleman in Virginia, for instance, who owned a hundred slaves. Those negroes had been trained to cultivate cotton. They knew absolutely nothing else. The owner planted his land in cotton. He could not rotate his crops. When his land wore out, he moved his slaves to new lands and pursued the same process. Instead of replenishing the soil, the planter made it a point to clear so many acres of new ground each season. This virgin land returned a sure yield. But he was eating up his capital, and leaving nothing for his sons. We have millions of acres which are considered worthless after forty years of cultivation. In Europe the lands that have been cultivated for a thousand years are more productive to-day than they have ever been. Our people are waking up to the fact that they can not go on forever clearing their new lands and destroying the old. They must return to the soil every year a little more than they take off. This change is coming.

#### *One Thinking Man to Each Plantation*

"In slavery times there was but one man on a plantation who was supposed to think. The master must find employment for his people. He must foresee their wants and provide for their necessities. More than this, he must teach them certain homely virtues which were utterly unknown in the jungle. The effect was apparent in the last generation of negroes which grew up in slavery. Man for man, as a general average, they were far superior to any negroes that Africa ever produced.

"But it is lamentably true that these virtues did not descend to their children. When the grip of the white man relaxed, the black man began reverting toward his jungle habits. This change for the worse has roused the apprehension of every thoughtful man in the South. You saw old Jake. He is one of the best, a negro in a million. But his sons and daughters are not worth killing. None of them stay on the plantation and work. Very often I have to go to town and get them out of jail, on Jake's account. No man can see far enough into the future to guess what will happen when all of the old negroes and old white people have gone. Even Jake has changed. He used to have one wife. Now he has half a dozen scattered about

the place. I shut my eyes to it, because I can't help it. They are all alike. The white man changed the negro for a while; now the negro is changing himself back again.

"A Southern plantation used to be independent. Now it would starve to death in a week, because the negroes raise nothing to feed themselves or their stock.

#### *The Black Man Can't Take Care of Himself*

"My grandfather brought a hundred negroes from the Carolinas and cleared this property. He built this house. The plantation produced everything that human beings could require. The surplus was sold to buy luxuries. If he wanted a house, he burned the brick, and his carpenters built it. He made his own leather, and skilled shoemakers provided for plantation needs. He raised his own mules, hogs, and cows. He had his dairy, smoke-house, corn-crib—everything. The

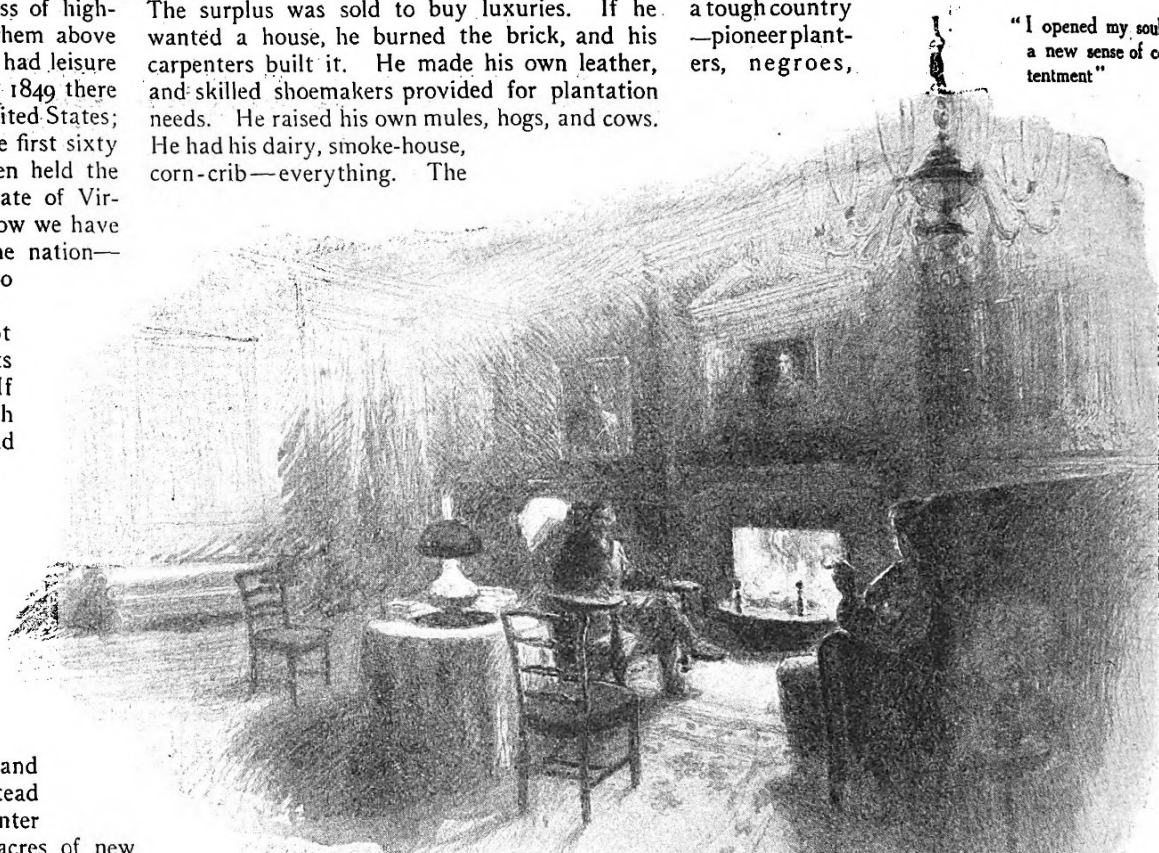
They have n't the home-making instinct. They live here one year and expect to move the next, accumulating nothing, and with no sort of attachment for the soil."

The speaker paused to mend the fire. His face was very grave. He gathered the coals into a mass of scarlet, whose glow overspread his face. As he leaned back in his chair again I could see that he was smiling.

#### *Shooting is No Longer Encouraged*

"I was just thinking of another man who did not realize how much the times had changed. This used to be a tough country—pioneer planters, negroes,

"I opened my soul to a new sense of contentment."



cost of labor was fixed—the annual expense of maintaining the slaves in health and comfort. I might say, right here, that those negroes were more comfortable than the average free negro in Mississippi to-day. Mind you, I am not defending slavery; I do not believe in it. But I do say this: the white man took better care of the negro than the negro has ever taken of himself.

"The negro will raise cotton; he gets money for it. But he will not raise anything else. I can not make them plant corn to feed their own mules. They will not keep a cow; they buy condensed milk for their coffee. They will not raise a hog; they buy bacon from the store, on credit, at ruinous prices. Not one negro out of a hundred will keep a fence around his yard and raise chickens. None of them plant vegetables; they eat canned corn, and canned tomatoes—on credit—when by the slightest effort they might have the best vegetables that can be grown. We've got to get away from this, and, in some sections, we are doing it.

#### *An Enemy to the Soil*

"Around Jackson, Mississippi, negroes had worn out the lands and abandoned them, because they could n't make a living. White men reclaimed those lands and began raising garden truck. To-day some of those little towns ship tomatoes and strawberries by the train load, and their lands are the most valuable in the State. That shows what the small farmer can do.

"Even the negroes on my plantation—and there are no better negroes in the world—have not the faintest idea of what 'home' means.

railroad gangs, levee men, lumber camps. 'Ed' Jelks was one of the toughest. Ten years ago he went to Yucatan looking for mahogany. Last month he returned, got drunk, and proceeded to shoot up the town. To his utter indignation they slapped him in jail. I heard him next morning explaining to the court: 'You see, Judge, it was jes' this way. I had n't been home in ten years, and when I hit town I would n't a knowed it; nobody knowed me. All the boys was moved away, or married, or something had happened to 'em. I jes' circulated round amongst the barrooms and took a few drinks. Judge, did you ever get reel lonesome an' down on your luck? That's me. I stepped out into the street; everything was so all-fired still it got on my nerves. I jes' could n't stand it, so I let off a few shots jes' to liven her up some. Did n't mean a bit o' harm, an' ef I had n't been drinkin' that shot would n't a gone wild an' broke that gentleman's window. Now, Judge, don't you know I would n't a scared his wife fer nuthin' in this world. I'm a peaceful man, Judge—' But the Judge did n't see it that way.

"There was John Ware. His case came up at the same term of court. He was indicted for assault with intent to kill, and his lawyers were afraid to risk a sentence by the new judge. They agreed with the district attorney to plead guilty to simple assault, and get off with a nominal fine. When the case was called, the district attorney announced: 'Your honor, we have

[Continued on page 400]



## The Second Instalment of Mr. Webster's Brilliant New Serial Romance



## THE SKY MAN



BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

## CHAPTER III

## THE MURDERERS

Illustration by DAN SMITH

TWO MEN clad in bearskins were shuffling rapidly along across the glacier. Dawn was already flooding the arctic sky with its amazing riot of color—rose, green-gold, violet—and the ice beneath their feet was rose-color, with misty blue shadows in it.

The foremost of the two wayfarers was a man of gigantic stature, six and a half feet tall and of enormous girth of chest; yet, somehow, despite his size and the ungainly clothes he wore, he contrived to preserve an air of lightness; of lean, compact athleticism, certainly. A stranger meeting him anywhere and contemplating his formidable proportions, and then looking up past his great, blunt jaw into his cold, light-blue, choleric eyes, would be likely to shiver a little and then get out of his way as soon as possible.

His companion seemed to be trying to make up his mind to speak, and still to find it a difficult thing to do. At length, with a deprecatory cough, he began:

"What I can't see, Roscoe, is what you did it for. It was all right to do it, if you were figuring out any gain from it. We'd all agree to that. Anything for our common good—that's our motto. But where's the gain in killing just one poor fellow out of a party of thirty? He seemed a good kind of chap, too, and friendly spoken. We did n't serve you like that when you come aboard the *Walrus* at Cape Nome."

"It would have cost you four men to do it, Planck, and you were short-handed as it was."

"That was n't why we did n't do it. You was a stranger and you was in a bad way. There was a mob of men that wanted you mighty bad, and we gave you shelter and carried you off and made you a regular sharin' member of the crew. Of course, if we'd had any reason to act contrary, we'd have done so. And that's why it seemed to us—to me, I would say—that you probably had some reason in this case, here. And—well, we'd like to know what it is."

But the man he had addressed as Roscoe strode on with unabated pace, as if he had not heard. For any attention he paid to his questioner, he might have been alone in that expanse of ice and sky.

Planck accepted the silent rebuff as if it had been only what he expected, but he sighed regretfully. He had once known—and it was only four years ago—that same swaggering trick of contemptuous authority. He had been master, the most tyrannical sort of master, some people said, that is to be found anywhere in the world—the captain of an American whaler. And this very man, at whose heels he was scrambling along over the ice, had been one of his crew; had never approached the quarter-deck, where he reigned supreme, without an apologetic hand at his forelock, and had always passed to the leeward side of him up on deck.

But the *Walrus* had been destined never to see port again. She lingered too long on the whaling grounds to get back through Behring Strait that fall, and then failed in the attempt to make McKenzie Bay, where other whalers in similar plight put in for the winter. Instead of this friendly harbor, she was caught in the pack and carried, relentlessly, north and westward. The milling pressure of great masses of ice crushed in her stout hull, so that the open water they had been hoping for became at once their deadliest peril. The moment the ice broke away she would go to the bottom like a plummet.

But still the slow, irresistible drift of the ice-pack carried them north and west into a latitude and longitude which, so far as they knew, no human travelers had ever before crossed. Then in the depth of the arctic night, bereft of hope, and half mutinous, they found a land that had never been charted, and, most marvelous of all, a human welcome. For there on the shore were Captain Fielding and the two other survivors of his ill-fated expedition.

The fate of the explorer's ship had been, it seemed, precisely that of the *Walrus*. She had been caught in the pack, crushed in it, and carried against the coast. Before the arrival of spring, and with it the breaking of the ice, Fielding and his men had been able to take their stores ashore, and the greater part still remained.

Of the *Walrus* people in all there were eleven, and they, with the three original castaways, settled down to the prospect of an indefinite number of years upon that nameless coast. "We can live like Christians," Captain Fielding had said, "and we can always hope."

His superior knowledge of arctic conditions naturally made him, rather than Captain Planck, commander of the little company. He established the régime of their life, doled out the stores from day to day, and, as best he could, through that long winter night, provided entertainment for the forlorn little group. He told them of his explorations on the coast, of the lie of the land, of what they might hope to see when the sun should come back to them marking the beginning of another long arctic day.

Among other things, he told them quite casually of a ledge in the hills, across the glacier, which he believed contained the most extraordinary deposit of gold in the world. So incredibly rich was it that the rock itself had almost been replaced by solid metal. The Alaska gold, he said, was in his opinion, only the sweepings of this immense store.

At the sound of the word "gold," the eyes of the man named Roscoe had brightened for the first time since they had taken him, shivering from his long immersion in the cold water, aboard the *Walrus*. He drew into the circle that sat about the reading-lamp, and began asking questions. Gold was something he knew about. He had mined it in Australia, in California, and in the Klondike. He questioned Captain Fielding as to the exact whereabouts of the ledge, as to the sort of ore it was found in, and as to the best means of cutting it out.

To some extent his excitement infected the others. Even Captain Planck, whose only well-understood form of wealth was whale blubber, began to take an interest in Roscoe's questions and in the explorer's answers to them.

When after a period of tantalizing twilight the sun again came fairly up over the horizon, they besought their commander, with a savage sort of eagerness from which he might have augured ill, that he take them at once to the ledge. They had caught sight of it from a distance, even as Cayley had, hung in the air above the valley, and had run recklessly on ahead of their leader. When he came up to them, he found them in a dangerous state of excitement, the man Roscoe fairly dazed and drunken with it.

Finally Fielding had left them to their own devices, and gone away with his two companions. And until the light of that short day had begun to fall, they—the *Walrus* people—stayed, gloating over this strangely useless treasure.

For three days after that the man Roscoe never spoke a word. On the fourth day, when the little party assembled for their midday meal, the eleven men of the *Walrus* were the only ones to answer the summons. Captain Fielding and his two companions had disappeared.

Captain Planck could not recall that meal now without shuddering, for there at the foot of the table, opposite to him, had sat the man Roscoe, with murder written plain in every line of his face. He had looked a beast, rather than a man, that day. The sated blood-lust in his eyes made them positively terrifying, so that the others shrank away from him. He had seemed not to notice it, at least not to take offense at it. He was in hilarious spirits for the first time since they had known him; seemed really to try to be a good companion.

Captain Planck abdicated his leadership that day. He was perfectly conscious of the fact. He had known that to retain the leadership he must take that murderer out and execute him. He knew that if he did not do this, the murderer, not he, would thereafter command the party, and that unless he himself yielded the promptest obedience of any, he would follow the luckless trio whom they were never to see again.

From that day to this there had been no more murders. Roscoe had ruled them with a decision and a truculence which put anything like insubordination out of the question. He had been obeyed better than Captain Planck had ever been. He had worked them fiercely all those four years, cutting everlastingly at that wonderful, exhaustless golden ledge, beating the friable ore out of it with heavy mauls, then laboriously conveying the great rude slabs of pure metal on rough sledges over the perpetual ice of the glacier to a cave near the shore, where they had deposited it. There were literally tons of it hidden there when the smoke from the yacht's funnel was first seen on the horizon.

The moment the news of the approaching steamer was reported to Roscoe, he had entered upon, what seemed to his followers a thoroughly irrational and inexplicable line of action. He had ordered them, first, to remove all signs of recent habitation from the huts to the cave where their gold was concealed; then, to cover the cave mouth with a heap of boulders, to secure it against discovery.

Long before the strongest glass on the ship could have made out their moving figures, he took the whole party back to the hills in hiding. He had kept them from answering the hails and the gun-fire from the yacht by the sheer weight of his authority, without vouchsafing a word of explanation.

The next day they had seen the searching party go ashore, and with their knowledge of the lie of the land found it perfectly easy to evade observation, though nothing but the strong habit of obedience kept them from courting it.

Then, along in the afternoon, had happened what seemed to them the strangest thing of all, the murder of that solitary straggler.

Now, at last, came Planck to the leader, asking the reason why. But his mission, as it appeared, had not prospered.

For a long time Roscoe walked steadily on, until the two had come far up the glacier. Finally, when he did stop, he whirled quite around and stood confronting Planck, squarely in the middle of a narrow path between two deep fissures in the ice. His eyes were glittering malevolently:

"Do you know any reason," he asked in a thick voice, "why I don't pick you up and drop you down one of those cracks there, or why I don't serve you as I served that fellow yesterday?"

Planck thought he meant to do it, but with the fatalism that marks the men of his profession he stood fast; and eyed his big opponent.

"You're strong enough to," he said.

"And I'll do it if I want to, and you know that," Roscoe supplemented.

"Yes, I know that."

The big man nodded curtly.

"Well, I'm not going to now, because I choose not to. Listen. If you had the chance, could you navigate that solid mahogany, hand-painted ship down there?"

Planck cleared his throat, as if something were stifling him. "With a crew, yes," he answered.

"Could Schwartz run those nickel-plated engines he'd find in her, do you think?"

"Yes."

"Well, within two days I'll give you a chance to make good. Now I'm going to tell you my plan, not because you asked, but because I want you to know. I'd run the whole thing alone if I could, but I want you with me. We're going to take that yacht and we're going off alone in her—we of the *Whaler*, alone. Do you understand that?"

"They're better armed than we," said Planck, reflectively; "better fed, better everything. And man for man, bar you, they're just as good, and they're three to one of us. It will want some pretty good planning."

"You need n't worry about that," answered Roscoe. "I did n't expect you to make the plans; I knew you could n't. I've made them myself; they're working right now. Can you keep your tongue in your head and listen?"

Planck nodded.

"That searching party did n't go back to the yacht last night. They're all camped together—about twenty of them—down in Little Bear Valley. There are n't above half a dozen firearms in the bunch; none of the sailors from the yacht have any, and they've got about two days' rations. They're all there together, except the one man we accounted for yesterday."

"I see," said Planck; "and you think we can capture the yacht now while they're ashore."

"Don't try to think, I tell you," Roscoe growled. "I'm doing the thinking. There are probably ten able-bodied men left on the yacht. That's not good enough odds, considering the way they're armed. But about an hour ago I sent Miguel down to the shore party to be their guide. He is n't going to say anything much to them, but what he says will be enough, I reckon. He's to pretend he's dotty and can't understand what they say to him."

Planck's eyes widened a little and he did not ask his next question very steadily. "Where is he going to take them?"

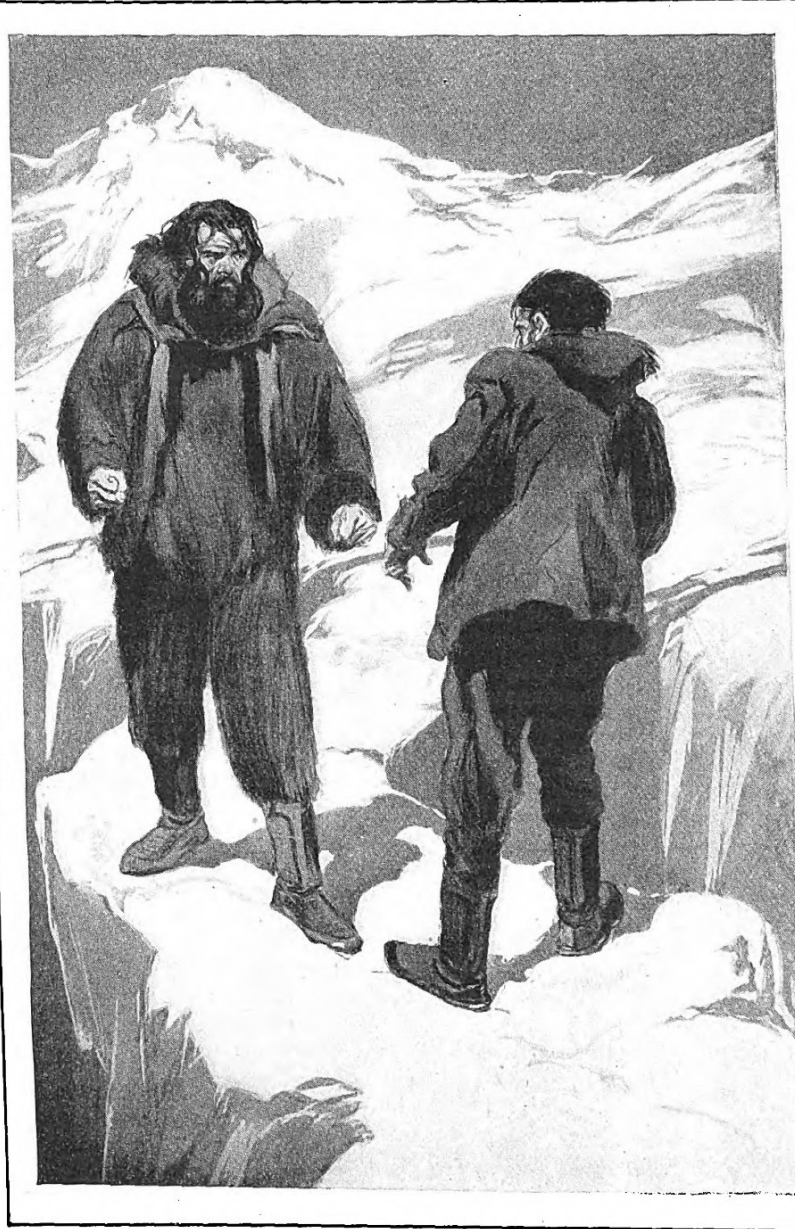
"Can't you guess that? He's going to lead them into Fog Lake, of course."

The thought of it made Planck's teeth chatter. Fog Lake was perhaps the most curious natural phenomenon upon that strange arctic land: a little cup-shaped valley, from which the fog never lifted—had never lifted once in all the four years they had lived there. On days when

the rest of the land was clear, the fog hung there, half way up the side of the hills, so that from the ridges surrounding it, it really looked like a strange vapor sea. They had explored the edges of it fearsomely at times, but had never penetrated far enough to learn the secret of its mystery, if it had one.

"You say Miguel is going to guide them in there?" Planck asked. "How's he going to get out himself?"

Roscoe laughed shortly: "Oh, he's likely to get out. But he's the cheapest man we've got, and that's why I sent him. He's half silly now, and he's likely to go ice-crazy most any time. I've seen it coming on him. Oh, he'll get them in all right. Whether he gets out himself or not does n't matter."



"His eyes were glittering malevolently"

"And then?" Planck asked. "What then?"

"Why, they'll send out a relief party from the yacht, of course. The yacht's people know what rations the searching party took with them, and when they don't come back in two days, they'll probably set out from the yacht, with every able-bodied man on board, and try to find the first party and bring it in. As soon as they are well out of hearing, we take the yacht. We may not find a living soul aboard her; and we certainly can't leave one there. But we'll steam up and take our gold aboard—all our gold. And then, well—there's where you'll come in."

"But what then, man? My God! what then? Do you suppose we can go steaming into San Francisco, or any other port in the world, with all that gold in our hull and another captain's log and papers? We might just as well hang ourselves from our own crow-jack yard."

"I hope your wits will improve when you get a deck under your feet," Roscoe growled. "On land here you're about as much good as a pelican in a foot race. No, your sailing orders won't be San Francisco nor any other port that has such a thing as a revenue officer about. But you ought to know the north coast line over there as far east as McKenzie Bay. You must know some harbor there where we can lie up for the winter and not be bothered."

"Yes," said Planck, "I could take the yacht to such a place as that. There's a very good harbor in behind Hirshel Island. And I can see what will happen when we get there. Only, won't there be a good many to trust that sort of secret to?"

Roscoe looked at him with a savage sort of grin. "Come, you're improving. But the hike across the mountains to the upper tributaries of the Porcupine is a hard trail. There are n't likely to be many of us left by the time we get started floating down open water. When we get to the Yukon it won't be surprising if there is n't anybody left at all but you and me."

Planck caught his meaning quickly enough; indeed, a duller man could have read it in Roscoe's savage light-blue eyes; and the thought made his teeth chatter.

He would have felt a deadlier terror, perhaps, could he have read the thought that lay at the bottom of Roscoe's mind. The gold hunter was not much of a sailor, but he felt confident that on the broad stretches of the Yukon he could navigate a raft alone.

Roscoe turned and resumed his way along the icy trail, leaving the former captain to fall in behind him. But before he had gone a dozen paces, he whirled around again, suddenly, and shot a blazing, searching look straight into Planck's face. It was as if he had intended to surprise there the inmost thoughts and intentions of his subordinate's mind. He seemed satisfied, however, with the expression he found in the weather-beaten face.

"There's this much more," he said; "you're not to talk to me any more than you can help from now on. You're to take my orders grudgingly. Those other fellows will probably try to start a conspiracy against me. If they do, I want you to be the one at the head of it. Do you understand?" Planck nodded.

#### CHAPTER IV THE THROWING-STICK

"OH, I suppose," said Jeanne, "there's no use worrying."

Across the table from where she sat at breakfast in the snug, warm, luxurious little dining-room on the yacht, old Mr. Fanshaw methodically laid his coffee-spoon in the saucer beside his cup, and looked up at her with his slow, deliberate smile.

"My dear," he said, "remember that Tom is in the party. Unless they find everything that by the utmost stretch of hope they could find, he would insist on keeping up the search as long as the light lasted, and when the light failed there would be no more light to come home by. Don't think of worrying; I don't. We'll hear nothing of them for hours."



"It won't be as long as that," she predicted confidently. "My sky-man will probably bring me news before then."

Old Mr. Fanshaw halted his coffee-cup half way to his lips. "Your what?" he questioned. "Oh, I understand." And then he laughed. But his face grew suddenly serious, and he looked intently, curiously, into hers. "My child!" he cried; "it can't be that you are taking that dream of yours seriously. If I thought that, I would have to believe that this queer arctic climate was doing strange things with those nimble wits of yours. A man alighting on the ice-floe, out of mid air, and telling you that he had just dropped in from Point Barrow; it's like the flight from the moon of Cyrano de Bergerac."

She pressed her finger-tips thoughtfully against her eyelids. "I know," she said, "it's perfectly incredible, Uncle Jerry, but it's perfectly true for all that."

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" he said explosively. "Don't carry a joke too far, my dear."

"It's anything but a joke," she said slowly, "and if it was a dream—if he, the sky-man, was nothing but a vision, he certainly left me a material souvenir of his visit." Then with a nod toward the *buffet* she spoke to Mr. Fanshaw's big negro valet who was serving their breakfast: "Hand Mr. Fanshaw that queer-looking stick, Sam, the one on the *buffet*. Why—why, what's the matter?" For she had lifted her eyes to the man's face as she finished speaking. It was wooden with fright, and the whites showed all around the pupils of his eyes.

"No, Miss Jeanne," he said, "'Scuse me. I wouldn't touch dat stick, not for all de gol' and jewels in de world; not even to oblige him."

"What's that?" Fanshaw exclaimed, whirling upon him. "What do you mean? What the devil are you talking about?"

"I seen him, Mr. Fanshaw; I seen him myself, comin' down out of de sky las' night. I was out on deck, suh."

Fanshaw looked quickly from the negro's face to the girl's, as if he suspected a hoax, but the terror in one face and the mystification in the other were obviously genuine.

Then he rose and went over to the *buffet*, returning to the table with the oddly shaped, rudely whittled stick. "Do you mean to say," he demanded, looking up at the girl with a puzzled frown—"do you mean to say that he, the man you dreamed about, made you a present of this stick?"

She laughed. "If that seems a reasonable way of putting it, yes; at least it slipped out of his belt and I found it where he had been sitting. But can you imagine what he used it for?"

"Oh, I know what it is, but that only makes the puzzle all the deeper. It's an Eskimo throwing-stick. They use it to shoot darts with. It lies in the palm of the hand, so, and the dart is put in that groove, though the butt of this one seems curiously misshapen; I can't make it fit my hand. But I can't figure out how the thing got aboard the yacht; it was n't here yesterday."

"Of course not," she said; "my sky-man brought it."

He ran his fingers through his bushy gray hair perplexedly, then laid the thing down and seated himself at the table. "At any rate," he said, "we need n't let even a mystery spoil our breakfast. Come, my dear, you've eaten almost nothing. That omelette deserves better treatment."

Obediently she took up her fork, but almost immediately laid it down again, and he saw her eyes brighten with tears. "Of course, if there'd been any news, if there'd been anything to find, we'd have heard."

Silently he reached across the table and patted the hand that lay there on the white cloth.

"Oh, I know I ought n't to cry," she said, "and I won't; it's your goodness and kindness to me as much as anything else. Ever since he

went away you've been like a father to me, and Tom, dear old Tom, like a brother. And then building this ship and coming up here yourself; facing the dangers yourself and letting Tom face them, all for such an impossible, hopeless hope as the message the sea brought to us."

Her voice faltered there, and she bent down abruptly and kissed the hand that was still caressing her own.

"My child," he said, "your father and I were like brothers—nearer to each other than most brothers. He went away knowing that if his venture failed, if it ended fatally for him, as it probably did, I should regard you as my daughter—as just as much a child of mine as Tom is. If you had n't been in the case at all, we'd have built this ship and come up here to find Tom Fielding just the same. There, don't cry. Put on that big fur coat of yours and come out with me on deck."

The moment they emerged upon the deck they heard the sound of oars beneath them and looking over the rail saw one of the boats, in which the shore party had set out, pulling up alongside the accommodation ladder. Three men were in it—two of the crew and Tom Fanshaw.

"What news, Tom?" his father called out, anxiously enough to belie his former tranquil manner. "Have you found anything? I hope there's nothing wrong."

The younger man looked up. He saw his father, but not the girl. "Nothing wrong," he growled, "except this infernal ankle of mine. I've sprained it again, and I did it just when—" He broke the sentence off short there, his eye falling at that moment upon Jeanne.

She paled a little, for she had been quick to perceive that something he had been about to tell would not be told now, or must be told differently. But she waited until his father, together with the two sailors, had got the disabled man up onto the deck and safely installed in an easy chair. Then gravely, but steadily, "Just as what, Tom? What clue had they found just as you had to come away?"

"It was very wonderful," he said, "quite inexplicable. Just as we were about breaking camp this morning, we saw a man coming toward us across the ice. We thought at first that it was Hunter, and we were mighty glad to see him, because he had strayed off somewhere and had n't camped with us. But we soon saw it was n't he, was n't a man anything like him. He was a queer, slouching, shuffling creature, dressed in skins, and he came up in a hesitating way, as if he was afraid of us. He could n't talk English, nor understand it, apparently. He looked to me like a Portuguese, and I tried him in Spanish—Good Filippino Spanish—on the chance. I thought it startled him a little, and he pricked up his ears at it, but he could n't understand that either. He just kept beckoning and repeating two words—"

"What words, Tom! Out with it!"—This from the old gentleman, who had controlled his patience with difficulty during the little silence. But the younger man hesitated and looked into the girl's face, mutely, half-questioningly, before he spoke.

"The words," he said, "seemed to be your father's name—'Captain Fielding'; it sounded like that."

She turned quite white, and reeled a little; then clutched at the shrouds for support. The old gentleman was at her side in an instant, his strong, steady arm across her shoulders. Tom himself half rose from his chair, only to drop back into it with a grimace of pain and a little dew of perspiration on his forehead. He looked rather white himself under the tan.

"I suppose—the girl said almost voicelessly—"I suppose I must n't dare even let myself begin to hope yet, must I, not—yet?"

"I don't know," said Tom. "The fellow seemed half-crazed; seemed almost to have lost the power of speech from long disuse of it. But he meant to take us somewhere, that was clear

enough from his gestures. If I could only have seen you before I began to blurt the thing out, I'd have spared you the suspense until there was something to tell. I'm sorry, Jeanne."

His contrition seemed to serve as a stronger stimulant than his father's caresses. She went quickly over to him and took one of his hands. "Don't worry, Tom, dear," she said. "Even at the worst they'll find something, and that's really all we hoped for when we started out."

She seated herself on the arm of his chair, steadying herself with one hand upon his shoulder. There was no relationship of blood between these two, but for all that they were like brother and sister.

"It's queer," she said at the end of a rather long silence, "I'm sure there was no Portuguese in father's expedition. Except for two or three Swedes and Norwegians, they were all Americans. I know the name of every man who sailed in his ship."

"He might have taken some one on at St. Michaels," suggested the elder Fanshaw.

"Yes," she said a little dubiously, "only he never thought much of southern Europeans as seafaring men."

There was another silence after that. She rose presently and began sweeping the shore line with a prismatic binocular which was slung across her shoulders. The two men exchanged glances behind her, the elder, one of inquiry, his son, a reluctant negative. No, it would clearly be insane to build any hope on the incident.

At length she let the glass fall from her listless hand and turned to them, her face haggard with the torture of impossible hope. "I wish my sky-man would come," she said forlornly, "come whirling down out of the air, with news of them!"

"Your sky-man?" said Tom Fanshaw, questioningly.

Here was something to talk about at last, and the old gentleman seized the chance it afforded.

"Yes, we've another mystery," he said. "See what you can do toward solving it."

With that for an introduction, he plunged into a humorous account of Jeanne's report of her adventure of the night before, of the man who had dropped from the sky, in the middle of the night, and talked to her awhile, and then flown away. "She was really out on the ice-floe," he said; "so much I concede; but when I assure her that she dreamed the rest, she is skeptical about my explanation."

"But even you can't explain," she protested, "how I could dream about an Eskimo throwing-stick, and then bring it back to the yacht with me when I was wide awake, and show it to you at the breakfast table this morning."

"I'll have to admit," said the old gentleman, "that my explanation doesn't adequately account for that."

The expression of the younger man's face was perplexed rather than incredulous.

"But, my boy," cried the elder man, "think of it! He comes down out of the sky and says he just dropped in from Point Barrow; and that's five hundred miles away. That's just as impossible as it would be to materialize an Eskimo throwing-stick out of a dream, every bit."

"No, hardly that," said Tom, judiciously. "What was his aeroplane like? What was it made of? Did you notice it particularly?"

"Yes," she said; "I helped him fold it up. It was made of bladders and bamboo and catgut, he said."

"And his motor?" cried Tom. "What was his motor like?"

"There was no motor at all," she said; "just wings."

"There you see, Tom," interrupted his father; "absolute moonshine."

But still the younger man shook a doubtful

[Continued on page 401]

# ELIZABETH AND HER AMERICAN FARM

TOWARD the end of a tour among the farms of Minnesota, I came upon a sorry-looking little farmhouse with a mud-hole for a yard and mere shacks for out-buildings. The barn was the only modern structure in sight and even so its tall, cylindrical silo at one end gave evidence of having stood for some time unfinished.

"Worth while stopping here?" I asked my old driver.

"Don't know much about them newcomers," he answered, with a distrustful shake of the head. "Heern tell they has queer notions. Folks say, though, the missus knows 's much about farmin' as her man."

He threw out his gnarled hand in a deprecating gesture.

"I 'low it don't look to be a great sight they know between 'em."

## The "Missus" Who Knows How to Farm

The farmer came out of the barn. His gray overalls, expansively patched with blue were tucked into cowhide boots. And though it was freezing weather his outer garment was a ragged vest.

He caught at my first words.

"You've come on a wild-goose chase, young man!"

"Why so?" I queried in astonishment. For this was the first brusk farmer I had met in Minnesota.

"No money," he said in a tone of finality, glancing toward the front gate.

I saw. He had taken me for a canvasser.

The farmer flushed suddenly at my explanation, apologized, and invited me into a shed out of the wind.

Our bad beginning had the traditional ending.

We found each other congenial and presently stirred up a common friend.

"What are we hanging around here for?" he cried, crushing my hand in a tremendous grip. "Come on into our apology for a house. You must make allowances, you know. We've done only the most necessary things as yet."

Around the corner I almost collided with a little woman in a short skirt, golf-stockings, and a wonderfully frayed old reefer. The farmer introduced me to his wife with an ease and charm of manner that would have graced any drawing-room.

"Sorry I can't offer to shake hands," she laughed, showing an apronful of eggs. "Do make yourself at home."

## Old Masters and Young Chickens

The man led the way into a combined parlor, bedroom, and library. The first things that caught my eye were a perfectly framed reproduction of Jules Breton's painting "The Return of the Reapers," two of Rosa Bonheur's horse pictures, and one of Mauve's inimitably etched wood-carts. On the small, plain bureau stood nothing but a bronze statuette of the hunting Amazon who guards the portal of the Old Museum in Berlin. Two downy chickens in white and yellow had escaped from their coop behind the stove and ran about under foot with that faint, insistent twitter which is as musical as any young sound in nature.

In wooden boxes on the divan specimens of beans and celery were beginning to tinge the black earth with their delicate green. Through the branches of a westward grove that Rousseau would have longed to paint, came the glint of an icy pond, and from its further shore the prairie rolled onward to a horizon already flushed with the first rich colorings of sunset.

I had never known anything to express more

A Chat with an Energetic Little Minnesota Woman and Her Big Husband who are demonstrating that Brains, Book-learning and Hard Work will bring Pleasure and Profit out of the Soil

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

simply and powerfully than that bare little room the beauty and romance to be found in a life close to the fertility of nature.

In the corner lay a guitar with its head on a splendid fossil. On the wall hung a rubber nose-piece and two football shin guards, all the worse for wear.

I glanced at the book-shelves with an exclamation of wonder. Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" and Spencer's "First Principles" stood between "Childe Harold" and "Wilhelm Tell"; "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" fenced off "The Gases of the Atmosphere from *Physiologie Végétale*"; Stagg's "Treatise on American Football" was lined up with Warner's "American Charities" and "The Ring and the Book"; while down at the bottom came a whole library of books on agriculture and State and National geological reports.

## Two Wise Scholars in a Mud-Hole

I turned on my entertainers in astonishment.

"Who are you, anyway?" I cried; "and why are you stuck here in this mud-hole?"

Mrs. Farmer broke into a delighted laugh.

"This," she answered, indicating her husband with a pretty gesture, "is H. M.—sometime Bachelor of Arts and rising young geologist. I was once a B. A., too, and a philosopher, but we stopped being bachelors to be married to each other and to Life. And as for fossils and Pleistocene sands and critiques of pure reason—why they were all very well—but"—and she bent lovingly over the young plants on the divan—"we kept longing for something a little more living."

"And a little more lucrative," the farmer added. "We've discovered the secret that's going to revolutionize America within the next generation. And that is, how to make farming pay and pay well. Just now this place is making money hand over fist for our creditors. And pretty soon it will be doing the same for us. The point is that we started a few years ago without a sou, and presently we shall own debt-free acres worth ten thousand dollars, and modern tools to till them with, and a herd of cattle in which the law of the survival of the fittest has been working overtime."

"Some day will you tell me all about it?" I asked.

"Gladly. Come and stay with us as long as you can—that is if you can put up with sleeping on a divan."

I came.

"Before you show me how you make farming pay so well," I began, "please tell me a little about yourselves."

And together they told me how they had been reared among the hardships of old-fashioned Middle-Western farms, had struggled for an education, had finally managed to go to the university, and had met there as freshmen. She had gone in for philosophy and had taught school until they were married. He had taken to geology at once, had worked summers in the geological survey of an Eastern State, had as a sophomore followed his favorite professor to the brand-new University of Chicago, and after

graduation had spent several years of rapid promotion in the survey, where he bade fair soon to become the State Geologist.

"I bicycled twenty-four thousand miles in that one State," said my host, "and did a lot of walking besides. But as I traveled about among those farms and had to keep disregarding their living surfaces for the dead, bygone things beneath them, my interest in agriculture kept growing and crowding out my interest in geology."

He cleared his throat and unconsciously assumed a touch of the professorial manner.

## The Romance of a Petrologist and a Philosopher

"There is practically no point of contact between the two sciences. The petrologist prefers the material he works in to be as dead as possible, and he will dig down a hundred feet, if necessary, to get at virgin rock that has had no relations with the surface. He knows hardly anything about soils. The agriculturist, on the other hand, has very little use for anything that has no connection with the vital spark."

He rose suddenly and began to pace the room.

"As for me, I've always had a passion for life. Geology was growing too dead for me! And when, the next year, I married her"—he smiled over his shoulder at his wife—"that settled it. She had been having the same experience with her philosophical *nebulae*. She'd been floating too far above the surface and I'd been burrowing too far beneath it. When we met at the common level of a love for the soil, our careers as abstract scientists were doomed."

"The week after we were married, I paid off the last of my student debts and we rented a farm in Wisconsin. I expected then to quit geology for good and all, and to write up the results of my research at home in odd hours. But after a few months the geological department of my Eastern State offered me such inducements to do some special work there, and my wife was so sure she could manage the farm alone, that I did geology the greater part of the next two years."

"What we've accomplished is largely due to her. She was such a success as a modern farmer that within two years we were able between us to buy this place."

He gazed through the window where the moonlight lay on their black, mellow acres, and there was a proud, happy light in his eyes.

"Of course we had to go rather heavily in debt. This box of a house was the only building on the place and the land came high, but we began almost at once paying off the mortgage. During the first three years I was in the East for months at a time. The geology began to get hold of me again as I had a fight on."

"What was it?" I interposed, "a battle of petrified *dinosauria*?"

"Rather more up to date than that," he answered. "A noted geologist on the United States Survey impeached the accuracy of my investigations on seven counts, while I contended that I was right. Finally a referee was appointed; we argued before him, and my critic had to back down on six of the points. I was right on the seventh, too, only he was forced to do something to save his face. I tell you it felt good to get back to farming after all that mess! Meanwhile the wife kept right on paying off the debt."

"Then—"

They looked at each other meaningly.



"Then we made our great mistake," said she. By piecemeal I learned how he had been called to create a new department in a prominent agricultural college, with splendid opportunities for pioneer research work; how they had auctioned off the farm equipment for a small fraction of its value, rented out the farm and moved together to the university town. For they had decided never again to be separated. They had endured quite enough of that.

As professor he was a decided success. His classes were crowded and enthusiastic; while his wife worked a gold mine in her one acre of garden. For she established a cannery and soon was sending her glass jars of vegetables to Milwaukee and Chicago and receiving more orders from New York than she could fill.

### The Proper Ventilation for Cows

The new professor plunged with energy into research. One of the farmer's most pressing needs, he found, was a knowledge of stable ventilation. To obtain the best results cows must be kept without artificial heating and with plenty of fresh air, at a certain mean temperature. But practically nothing was known about this branch of physics. It was as new a field of investigation as the unknown science of the winds which confronted the Wright Brothers. He put his head down and tackled the subject low.

He invented automatic recording instruments and had them made by a Government instrument-maker in Washington. He installed them with experimental flues of his own design in two different stables several miles out of town. Then he watched in those stables in all weathers two entire nights each week for one year to check up the accuracy of his instruments.

It was wearing work but the records were valuable, and he began eagerly on the long task of formulating the law of stable ventilation.

At that psychological moment he was so unfortunate as to come upon proof of graft in the university. He reported it and the report proved a boom-crang. For the grafters combined against him and secured his discharge.

### From Muck-raking to Plowing

"So," he continued, "we returned to the farm and the money-making. Aside from two things we were both delighted to get back to nature: one thing was the injustice. That hurt; but not so much as abandoning the research. I tell you when success is in sight it's bitter to leave a piece of conscientious work unfinished!"

He pulled out a large box and showed me a year of aerometer records.

"But can't you find time here," I asked, "to work up this material?"

"Don't see much prospect of it," he answered with a discouraged shake of the head. "My wife's not as strong now as she used to be and is n't up to managing the farm. Besides, we lost a lot of money auctioning off our stuff to move to the university; and a lot more because, during the last year of the row, I was suspended without salary. Then we had to get deeper into debt stocking up the place again when we moved back a year and a half ago."

He smiled sadly.

### How a Football Player Tackles a Farm

"You see now why I took such a positive tone with you when I thought you were after my subscription. Every penny saved brings me nearer my law."

"You forgot to tell about the football," put in his wife. She turned to me with pride in her eyes.

"My husband was one of the star performers on the varsity eleven at

Chicago University. Do you know, I believe every farmer should begin by playing football. Hardly a day passes but Harold's gridiron experience stands him in good stead on the farm. He keeps his head so splendidly in runaways and financial crises, in accidents, or in breaking a vicious horse. He never loses his temper with the help, and plays the game all the better when the odds are against him."

"Why," I put in, "I must have seen you play back there in 1895. You can't be the guard who made that memorable touch-down against Michigan?" His wife clapped her hands in delight.

"Of course he was!" she cried, "and were you there the time when—?" We took a brief plunge into athletic reminiscence.

My hostess smiled happily. "For my part as I look back I realize that most of my fun has come since we were married. Slaving blindly at chores was n't life; neither was stuffing one's head and others' with abstractions. But this"—and her face became for a moment simply irradiated—"this being king and queen in your own realm of growing things; this making the chilly, barren old science you used to know rouse up and smile and work itself into a healthy glow for you—I tell you this at last is really life!"

In appearance and speech and action, the little woman had from the first seemed to bear a general family resemblance to many of the original, creative women whom it had been my good fortune to meet. As she stood suddenly transfigured by her mood of excitement, she reminded me especially of that Elizabeth whom I had come to know years before in her German Garden.

I went back in thought to the days when

"Elizabeth and Her German Garden" and "A Solitary Summer" were on every one's lips; when I had made a pilgrimage across a smiling level country very much like these Minnesota prairies to be received (with no more of gracious charm than I had met with in this tumble-down farmhouse) by "the Gracious One" herself, in the vaulted hallway of her ancient castle. I pictured to myself the tiny lady wandering through her dream of an estate, responding subtly like a delicate instrument to its every nuance or dispensing her sparkling hospitality in the great library with its central, book-clad pillar. I recalled how I found her once in the summer-house deep in Spencer's "First Principles" and how the next minute she was romping with the three "babies," the youngest of the group.

### Like Elizabeth and Her German Garden

Again I looked at my hostess. Here was the same small, eager, vital, darting body; the same quiet colorless features capable of coloring almost into beauty at the flash of a bright thought; the same happy outbursts and unexpected sallies, a similar charm of unusual intellect playing about common elemental things; a similar force of initiative and contempt for the conventional in thought, dress, attitude, and action. As she lounged there on the divan in the original sort of square-necked jumper she had designed and made herself, it occurred to me that she was very like what my German acquaintance would have been if, instead of having been reared in the lap of Australian luxury, Elizabeth had been born among the hardships of a poor Iowa farm; if she had triumphantly passed her originality through the fiery trial of the higher education; if she had

married a poor young athletic geologist instead of a rich elderly count with sixty thousand acres; if she had made ice-cream for the shirt-sleeved "help" to eat at her table instead of patronizing the wretched Russian peasants who flocked across the border to work the great estate; if she had developed a passion for expressing her personality in action rather than in word; if she had had to expend her maternal instinct upon chickens and horses, calves and cats, and green-things-growing instead of upon April, May, and June babies.

Their husbands, too, had much in common. Both were tall and good to look at; the one had taken and dealt as much punishment on the duelling floor as the other had on the gridiron; and both were gifted scientists turned farmers.

"If you don't mind," I said, "I'm going to call you Elizabeth, and you—the Man of Wrath."

"Go right ahead," they laughed.

I had been a little curious about sleeping arrangements, as the only spare bed in the house was the divan which stood near mine hosts' four-poster. But Elizabeth solved the problem by announcing that she had to stay up all night to watch her incubator. And, usurping the place of the young beans and celery, I slept so soundly under a Navajo blanket and two fur coats that I never knew at what unholy hour the Man arose to milk.

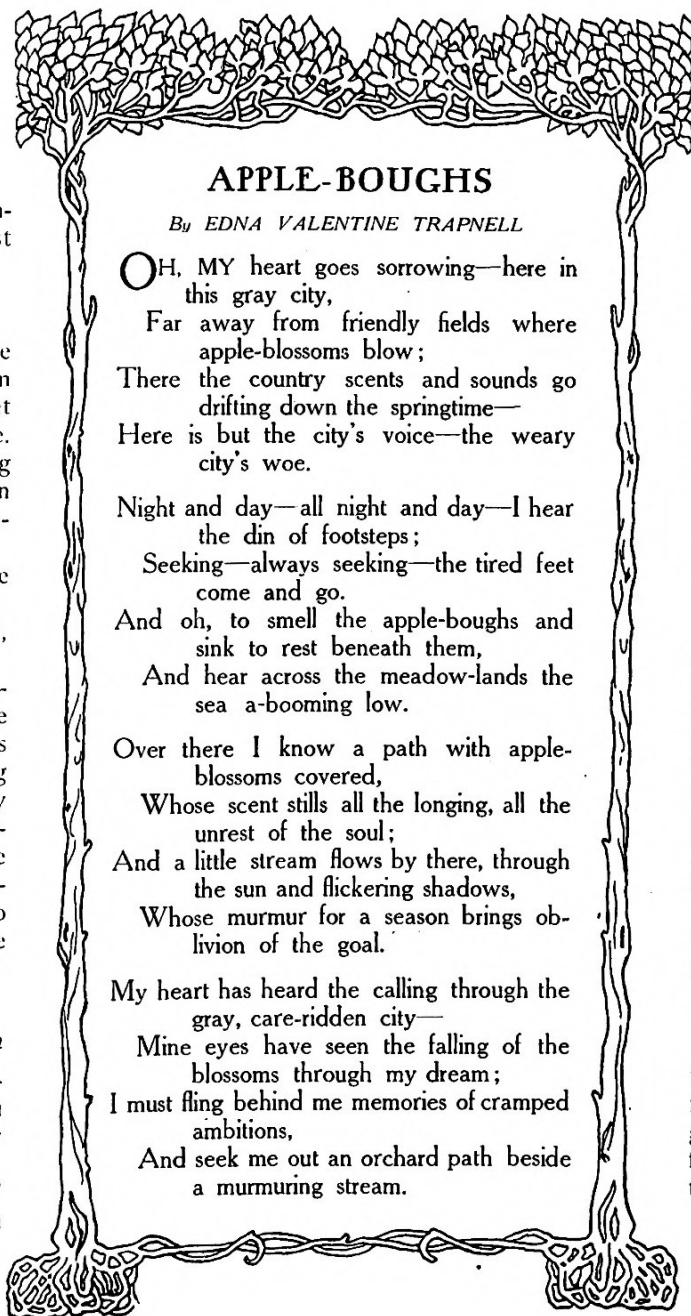
After breakfast Elizabeth promised to show me how they were making the farm pay their debts.

### Growing Corn According to the Book

"She can show you better than I," said the Man. "Everything we know about the really modern science of agriculture we have gotten out of books. But I believe we have found the right books and have studied the thing pretty thoroughly."

"The Man of Wrath is so fascinated by our new life," Elizabeth confided, "that this year he gave up his membership in

[Continued on page 408]



## APPLE-BOUGHS

By EDNA VALENTINE TRAPNELL

OH, MY heart goes sorrowing—here in this gray city,

Far away from friendly fields where apple-blossoms blow;

There the country scents and sounds go drifting down the springtime—

Here is but the city's voice—the weary city's woe.

Night and day—all night and day—I hear the din of footsteps;

Seeking—always seeking—the tired feet come and go.

And oh, to smell the apple-boughs and sink to rest beneath them,

And hear across the meadow-lands the sea a-booming low.

Over there I know a path with apple-blossoms covered,

Whose scent stills all the longing, all the unrest of the soul;

And a little stream flows by there, through the sun and flickering shadows,

Whose murmur for a season brings oblivion of the goal.

My heart has heard the calling through the gray, care-ridden city—

Mine eyes have seen the falling of the blossoms through my dream;

I must fling behind me memories of cramped ambitions,

And seek me out an orchard path beside a murmuring stream.

# THE RICH STUDENT AND

## Quick Lunch Methods of Browsing in the Elysian Fields of Learning at Two Dollars an Hour

### Exam-Song for the Tutored

Hail the season of the Notes, printed Notes!  
Blurry sheets from which the sport  
Glibly quotes!  
See him worry, all a-flurry,  
Through the strenuous exams;  
While his brain, one-time so furry,  
Boils and bubbles in his hurry  
To set down the things he crams,  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of runic rhyme,  
To the mimeographic thought-waves—whence the  
Prof. in frenzy bloats  
At the Notes, Notes, Notes, Notes,  
Notes, Notes, Notes,  
At the reeling and the speling from the Notes!

"*OMNIBUS ad Quos Hae Lilerae Pervenerint, Salutem!*" saith the College Diploma.

Shades of collegiate elms, but that looks erudite! Makes its owner look almighty wise, too, especially when framed in black and hung in library or den. Wise? Well, some! Nothing is more ornamental, either, if the parchment is real sheepskin, and the seal is gold-paper, and the signatures are all in Latin, scribbled so that nobody but a cross-eyed man can read 'em. Great institution, the American College Diploma!

But if you have ever been a college tutor, even a small one, and have observed at first-hand the quick-lunch methods of browsing in the Elysian Fields, your faith in sheepskin and Latin will be badly shaken. I defy anybody to make a business of instructing some of our gilded youth, and still to retain confidence in good old "*Omnibus ad Quos*." It can't be done, that's all.

### The Learning that Doesn't Stay Learned

For the tutor, whether he be one of the big fellows, or a simple, private, unattached worker, or (like myself in college days) partly unattached and partly working for the Cramming Combine—a tutor of any sort, I say, very quickly learns the truth about some phases of our higher education.

He has to learn and admit to himself, at least, if not to outsiders, that a very considerable fraction of our modern university training is just a sort of champagne-bubble erudition, tingling for an instant on undergraduate lips, then forever lost. He has to learn that, provided the moment of mental stimulation suffices to carry the student past his exams, all is well. To-morrow everything can be forgotten. The parchment is won, and framed, and hung up to vouch for its possessor. Let oblivion yawn for the crammed facts which acquire it! Nobody cares, least of all Cræsus, Junior, who, having paid his daddy's money for the trophy, need never think of it again. Dumb-witted, indeed, is the scion who can not, *via* the Tutoring Trust, pull down any style, size, or finish of diploma which suits his fancy.

### Selling Culture to our Best Families

At the university which nurtured me, as at most of our large colleges, tutors flourish luxuriantly. These wise men attach themselves to their several universities like pilot-fish to sharks, or crocodile-birds to old scalebacks. They are absolutely indispensable factors, if the higher education is to embrace the progeny of our Best Families.

They wax fat, and legitimately so, on the immaculate Reginalds and Archibalds, whose marble baths, racing-stables, and garages are among the seven wonders of the up-to-date university town.

To them flock no poor "greasy grinds," no burners of the midnight oil, no despised "digs" who mayhap wait on table or tend furnaces by day, that they may sup in Olympus, by night. None such frequent the tutors' rooms. No. The tutors' stairs are kept worn smooth only by the well-shod feet of those second generation men whose brains lie between the covers of their check-books.

Do I know that breed? Well, rather! I've handled 'em by dozens; and I'd swap a score of them for just one shiny-elbowed "greasy" in some back street, some chap whose pants are high-water and whose frayed cuffs barely hide his raw, red wrists—but in whose brain burns the fire of intelligence, ambition, love of knowledge for its own sweet sake, not for the paltry symbol of a sheepskin!

None such as these ever mount the tutor's stair. The tutor would starve if he waited for *their* patronage. He must depend upon the Better Class of students, and depend he does, with elegant results.

the university has to offer. They teach the aspirant just what to do in the crisis of examinations. True, it sometimes happens to the aspirant, confronted with an exam-paper, that

Although he wrote it all by rote,  
He did not write it right.

But for the most part Reginald gets away with the goods. Blessed be the tutors' names in Olympus!

### That Soulless Corporation, the Tutoring Trust

When a panic-stricken fellow comes to them in distress, with exams only a few days distant and with no spark of information in his brain, they size him up and determine what course of intellectual oxygen-administration is most promising. The bigger tutors all have a regular corps of underlings in their employ—mostly industrious students taking the various courses which the masters handle. Either the masters decide to pass their client over to some one of these numerous underlings, or else they tackle him themselves. Either in person or by proxy they can guarantee first-class instruction in any subject.

Each assistant gives up twenty-five per cent. of his earnings to the boss. The union scale of tutoring is two dollars an hour, and—since the business is practically trustified—there is almost no "scabbing." When the work is done, the underling turns in his bill of hours to the Boss, who collects the money, pockets his rake-off, and remits the rest to the underling. Thus the master-tutor has two sources of income, first from his many peons; second from his own individual instruction.

### Learning in Homeopathic Doses

This instruction is carried on not only with just as good facilities as those of the university, but with even better, when we con-

sider the results desired; that is, a quick, clear, superficial presentation of the work in question. The big tutors have their class-rooms, with chairs, blackboards, text-books, and all the paraphernalia of teaching; they have chemical and physical laboratories; they have, in short, every known device for cramming. Some of their card-systems, cabala, mnemonic devices, and other inventions for quick and impressive results are little short of marvelous. They have the world's science and literature all boiled down and packed into capsules, which can be swallowed by the narrowest-gulleted "born success" who ever honked a motor-car across the "Yard."

Year by year they follow the regular work of the university and keep that work in tabloid form for quick consumption. They have squads of students in their employ who take full lecture-notes and deliver them daily (official anathemas to the contrary) for the tutors' stenographers and mimeographers to put into printed form. Thus "Reggy" or "Artie" is spared the ennui of sitting for weary hours on hard benches listening to prosy professors, when the time may be far more profitably employed at the Porcelain Club, or in Slow-Pie theatricals, or in



"The master stands before his lambs, keen, alert, all life and intelligence"

Through long years of experience with the routine of the university and with examinations of all sorts, the established tutor, member of the excellent company of crammers, can easily grease the ways of the wealthy. He can not only eliminate most of the difficulties of the student's routine work, but he can also in many cases prognosticate the main points of the exams.

Just as the goose-feeder stuffs his fowls with dough, preparatory to a *pâté de foie gras*, so the tutor gorges the candidate with knowledge in a few brief days or even hours. The only difference is that in the one case the dough goes to increase the fat on the geese's high-livers, and in the other the fat is removed from the high-livers' brains, while the dough goes to the tutor's pocket.

Wise are the master tutors—wise, clever, and expert in diagnosis, as in treatment. They are guides, philosophers, and friends for the superior young men who are expert in matters pertaining to wine, woman, song, autos, athletics, and a few other extra-collegiate activities. They have absolutely reduced education to a science, to a system which beats quite hollow anything



# THE TUTORING TRUST

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

Illustrations by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

company with Minette Fluff of the "Naughty Nectarine" Company. Not only can the taking of lecture-notes be thus magically dispelled by the wand of the tutor-wizard, but even the reading of all the prescribed books, and the translation of all foreign languages can be done vicariously, as also can the writing of themes, essays, forensics and every other thing in, on, or under the collegiate firmament. The printed notes (which are furnished with maps, diagrams, sketches, and other illustrations) contain also complete *résumés* of the required reading, said *résumés* being made by careful and toilsome hacks who spend their time in the university library for that purpose. The ambitious student, well-heeled with plenty of parental cash, need never raise his jeweled finger to make a pen-scratch. He need never enter the library. He need only open his mouth and swallow the capsule, pass in the work which has been prepared for him, make an occasional bluff at *viva voce* recitation, take a cramming course just before exams, and finally reach out his hand for the gold-sealed diploma. I have known cases in which he had n't even to take the exams. A proxy has more than once gone in (when the course was a big one) and done the trick for him, while he, in the phrase of Henry George, "went up in a balloon, or sat and smoked his pipe."

Canned culture? Some-what so; yes, and the tutor does n't even make Reggy bother with the can-opener—he hands the can to him with the top already neatly removed.

## Last Aid to the Desperate

It happens, unfortunately, that even the student who buys printed notes, mimeographed *résumés*, and ready-made essays sometimes finds himself a bit shaky when he realizes that exams are only two days off and that, the course being a small one in which the men are all personally known to the instructor, he can't dodge making at least a stab at the blue-book.

To meet this difficulty the seminar has been devised—a sort of rapid-fire review of the year's or half-year's work, in any course desired, given by the master or by one of his star assistants on the night before the exam is scheduled to take place. At such a meeting twenty, fifty, or a hundred chappies often gather together in an upper room, as it were, to break intellectual breadcrusts. Clouds of scented cigarette-smoke obscure the tense air, overcharged with thought-waves. Dismayed at finding themselves now really up against the necessity of agitating their cortex with unusual activities, the dear boys sprawl on the master's chairs. Each victim is armed with a printed outline of the course, to be in a few brief hours bolted whole even at the risk of intellectual dyspepsia.

The master stands before his lambs, keen, alert, all life and intelligence. The attention he commands would flatter the most *blasé* of professors just across the street inside the university grounds. Each of his words is golden, even to these, the offspring of Midas. In one hand he holds a stick of chalk; in the other a printed outline with all the salient features of the course

year's work and goes right through it to the end, illustrating on the blackboard with facile crayon, hammering home the principal facts by every known device of mnemonics, of repetition, of simile, and bizarre quip or turn of speech. Questions are drawled, only to be met with copious explanation. Everything is made quite clear. Then come instructions as to the exam itself, what to expect, what to "drool" on, and so forth.

## Guessing as a Fine Art

By a clever process of eliminating questions used in recent years, the first-class tutor is able to make some pretty good forecasts of probable questions, passages for translation, and the like. A tutor's reputation very largely rests on his skill or luck in "hitting it right." A few fortunate conjectures make a tutor almost famous, where the erudition of some gray-beard professor remains unrecognized and unapplauded by the gilded youth.

The seminar may last, with intermissions for smoke or for visits to the *café* or the drug-store for stimulating beverages, from eight o'clock till two or three in the morning. At its end, every point has been covered, every difficulty made smooth, every catch-word driven home. Then

played up in bold-faced type.

Carefully, impressively, with consummate skill, the master begins at the beginning of the

may possibly receive fifteen hundred dollars. A first-rate tutor can clean up ten or twenty thousand. "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness" somehow loses its pith under such conditions.

A very present aid in time of trouble is the tutor. From the time our money-burdened candidate comes up for his entrance exams, until the gates of learning finally close behind him, the tutor's fostering care is ever-present. Father confessor in *extremis* is he, ever ready with his skill, his knowledge, his experience to "take the buffet and cushion the shock." Semester after semester he guides the faltering feet of the rich young man along easy paths—paths which, to the proletarian student, are beset with the briars and pitfalls of pioneer work. The same God who so very thoughtfully made large rivers to run past big cities and who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, must very evidently have created the tutor for the especial care and keeping of Archibald de Puyster Midas.

## The Experiences of a Humble Tutor

I was never a boss tutor. I never aspired so high, and could n't have reached my goal if I had aspired. The tutoring I did was all done as an undergraduate, in the capacity of semi-independent, semi-attached to one of the bosses. I was one of the numerous horde of little fellows who fed from the bounteous hand of that boss, at a commission to him of twenty-five per cent.

Yet even so I had my share of fun with the pride and flower of the university, the upper crust of studentdom. For four years I carried the white man's burden of my own work and that of several dozen superior young persons of impeccable dress and somewhat Anglicized diction. Some of these men came to me of their own accord; others were sent by the boss. They were all alike. To see one was to see all.

My room, like the rooms of all tutors, used to be a sort of Mecca for the distressed at the approach of the hour-exams, the mid-years or the finals. Many the all-night sessions I have held with one, three, or five

blear-eyed sports, who with a kind of heroic abandon threw all their energies into a brief, temporary spurt up the road to Olympus. Many the weird and strange devices of cards and catch-words I learned to use, for their impressing. Many the exam-paper I analyzed; many the prognostication I made. Most of these forecasts went wrong, to be sure; but a few hit the bull's-eye, and so I kept my share of the business. It used to pay. Twenty or twenty-five dollars a week was nothing unusual to make at the right season; and one banner day, I recall, brought more than twenty-five to my coffers.

## A Tobacco Prince With a Thirst for Knowledge

Two or three of the fellows I remember yet. They were too funny to pass into oblivion. One was the son of a tobacco-king. Lordly was he. Contrary to custom, he refused to come to my room. I had to go to his, or "nothing doing." Rather than budge, he would have slunked, so I had to yield the point—for once you take a man, you have just got to get him through, or your reputation suffers.

This young elegant never got up until about



"Colleges present such almost irresistible opportunities for fascinating amusement"

the anguished candidates plunk down their two dollars *per capita*, and stagger off to their brass beds in Van der Gulden Chambers or Rocks-mere Court, praying that just enough of the deluge of learning may stick to them to suffice for the morning's ordeal—which, singular to say, it sometimes does. A week from then, however, ask them the rudiments of the subject, and like Quintilian they will "stare and gasp."

Great is the seminar; mighty its prophet and exponent, the boss tutor!

## A Thorn in Alma Mater's Side

A power in the land is the really successful shepherd of these golden-fleeced lambs, a rival of the university itself. Such a one robs even the stiffest courses of their terror, at the same time that he is to the lambs a living fount of waters in the desert of E-minus. Two or three such masters whom I know have become so powerful, so greatly feared and deplored as emptiers of class-rooms and purveyors of only too shockingly accurate forecasts, that Alma has tried to capitulate by offering instructorships within the sacred gates themselves. But Alma gets left good and plenty. An instructor

half past ten. He would make appointments for ten, but would invariably keep me waiting half an hour while he roused himself from slumbers which none but the eye of inexperience could have mistaken as resulting from anything but late hours. At about half past the hour he would appear in very violent pajamas, his feet thrust into Chinese slippers, and would yawningly order his "man" to procure breakfast at the Bunster Café across the street from his sumptuous suite. Then, while he toyed with oranges and eggs, he would condescend to listen very (oh, *very*) languidly while I lectured from my notes.

Once in a while he would favor me with a glance at my diagrams. He was awfully bored, aw! Promptly at eleven he would call the lesson off. Gladly would he pay his two dollars, and gladly drag his languid limbs back to the silken sheets again, where he would lie and inhale Turkish cigarettes while I tried to urge upon him the necessity of getting a brace on. He never got that brace. All he got was an E-minus. I got the money—a lot of it, and it was easy. It was justifiable larceny, and I defy any man to prove the contrary.

Then there was another man, offspring of an incredibly wealthy meat-packer. The old man "never had had no book-larnin', nohow," but he was resolved that the son should have it, good and plenty. Somehow the son did n't seem to take kindly to the idea, so the boss dealt him out to me for certain work.

#### The Man Who Took Two-dollar Naps

There was nothing disdainful or condescending about this boy. He was frank, and genial, and respectful. He evidently admired very much indeed a person who could actually understand the subject. He honestly tried to learn. Perhaps he might have done so if he could have kept awake long enough. Sleepiness was the rock on which he split. He was a big, fine, ruddy chap, who ought to have lived outdoors, in the saddle, prospecting, doing some active work. The atmosphere of a university stifled him. He choked and gasped over books. Every evening he would show up promptly. He would sit down at my desk, open his "Doña Perfecta," and for a few minutes listen attentively while I translated. But the attention was only short-lived. Pretty soon he would begin, like Jove, to nod. His eyes would droop. He would grow somnolescent.

I would rouse him, and the lesson would go on. Then sleepiness again, and more arousings, and so on, *de capo*. Each time, however, he used to get more and more sleepy, until at length he would drop way off. I could tell when he was asleep because he would n't turn the page when I did. I used to have to keep digging him in the ribs so that he'd get at least part of his money's worth. He never would admit that he'd been sleeping.

"Just closed my eyes; y' know," he'd say. "I can listen much better with my (gape! yawn!) eyes closed—can't you?"

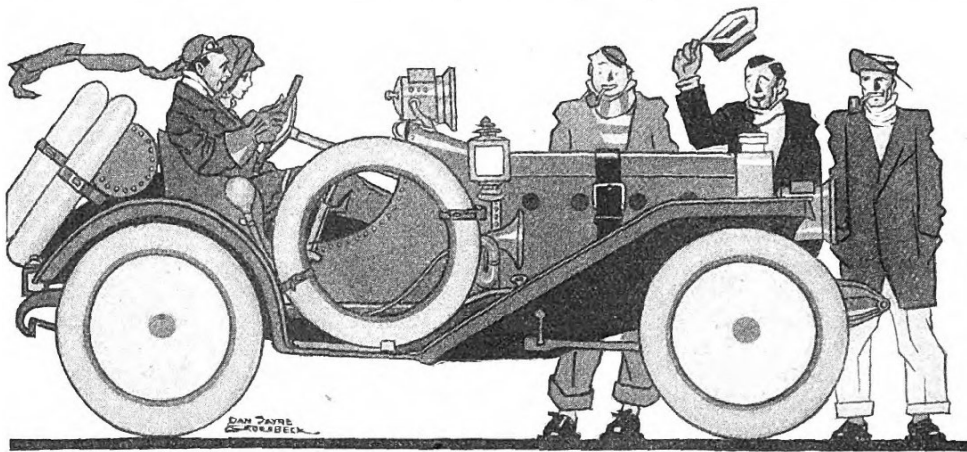
Sometimes he would beg permission to lie down on my couch while I tutored him. On such occasions it never took him more than three or four minutes to doze off. How an insomnia sufferer would have envied that meat-packer's son and heir!

There was also the man who insisted on talking sports to me during pretty nearly the whole of his instruction-time. This young hopeful was n't guileless, like the sleeper; he was wise and full of calculation. He had it

all doped out that if he could put me off the track, set me to discussing football or baseball or something—anything in the world except the lesson—he'd get out of having to apply himself. He was a unique case. The fact that he was putting up his two plunks per hour never bothered him; neither did the thought that he was n't getting any nearer being able to pass his exams. Just so he could truthfully write home to his big financier of a father that he was "spending three hours every day with a tutor," that sufficed.

#### The Italian Language Is Expensive

Another boy, the son of a Jewish banker, used



"The narrowest-gulleted 'born success' that ever honked a motor-car across the 'Yard'"

to show up every evening in a half paralyzed condition from looking upon the grape when it was purple. He, too, sometimes slept, and sometimes talked. Very little would he study. I had him for six months, in Italian, and I can truthfully say I never succeeded in driving more than one word into his head. He did learn one—"ma," or "but"—but nothing else. That "but" cost the old man several hundred dollars, and almost got me fired from the university. The boy, you see, had an extensive acquaintance among the footlight favorites. He also had a motor. He used to bring some of his fluffy friends out to the Yard, of an evening, in his swift buzz-buggy, "which was against the rule; it made the students laugh and play to see the girls at school." Worse, he used to try to smuggle them into my room. I had hard work to keep him and his *protégées* from storming my abode. He used also to insist on my taking wild spins with him and the ladies, which I did n't do because I did n't (as a tutor) dare to. His meteoric career was finally cut short by one wild dash round and round the Yard, honking madly, with three girls in his auto and some scores of students in pursuit. On the sixth round some wag in a third floor window emptied a large quantity of slops on him and the ladies, and he thereafter sped away into outer darkness. The university double-crossed him, and I lost a splendid source of revenue.

Getting one's pay is n't always over and above easy from these merry youths. Some of them have peculiar ideas about a debt. Some never really mean to "do" you, but they never have any ready money on hand. The gaming-table, the footlights, the wine-cup, the excursion into strange fields, the money-lender—all these and other things keep them really strapped. In such a case the only thing to do is to grab something and hold on. My first typewriter came to me in exchange for certain lessons in French. But I had to lug it home myself, dangling at the end of a strap.

One lad used to rob Peter to pay Paul. His father would n't give him more than fifty a week, and that paltry sum was always pledged far in advance; so the boy never had any cash for tutoring bills. The old gentleman, however, let the young one contract unlimited accounts at his tailor's. So the youth would simply go and order half a dozen fine suits, then sell them out-of-hand at absurd figures to some "poco," and deliver the proceeds to the Boss Tutor, who would remit my seventy-five per cent. to me. Thus education and the old-clothes man joined hands, and the young idea shot ahead over paths carpeted with fancy clay

worsteds and English tweeds.

Not all the sons of rich men follow such courses. Some that I knew were fair, average students. One, I remember, even carried off a literary prize, the highest in the gift of the university.

But on the whole I think the student with lots of money is distinctly inferior to his poor brother. What can one expect when colleges present such almost irresistible opportunities for fascinating amusement, and when the tutor is ever present to side-step all consequences?

It's a funny game, tutoring is, and so is the education of Cræsus, Junior. Anybody with a hankering after morals can draw lots of them; but as morals have no particular connection with education of this sort, I simply pass them up and let the reader (if he wants to) dally with his own.

#### Everybody Seems to Be Happy

As for the university, everybody there seems satisfied. The tutors get the cash; the scions get the gold-sealed and curleycued Latin diplomas. That the scions rarely learn anything in particular does n't matter either to the tutor or to the scions. About all the latter care for is to have big fun and lots of it, and to forget just as soon as they possibly can, after their exams, what Macbeth once called "these bloody instructions."

## Gipsy Love-Song

By MABEL HARTRIDGE WILSON

ALL the roads of all the world were  
given us to wander in—

Star-gold nights and sun-gold days and  
mouth set close to mouth.

Mayin' time and playin' time a-plenty for  
the squanderin'—

Hand in hand down all the roads—east  
and west and south.

Hark! Beyond the harbor-bar the wide  
seas call the Romany;

Out upon the long highway the hawthorn  
blossoms sweet.

Let gorgios toil—we take the spoil of care-  
less days and nights as free

Whate'er betides, Love's patteran guides  
our ever-wanderin' feet.



# JIMMY PEPPERON of OSHKAZOO

## HIS BUSINESS EXPERIENCES

BY ROBERT BARR

VII

Illustrations by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

(Concluding Instalment) The Reporter Turns Detective

IN ONE respect, at least, August Stillenger resembled Napoleon Bonaparte. He took nobody into his confidence. If he took one colleague that he was about to march north, and a second that he was bound east, and a third that he intended going west, none who really knew him showed surprise at meeting him in the South. When he settled privately with John Armstrong, and purchased the Lincoln Avenue Railway Line for a hundred thousand dollars and some depreciated stock, a few months after he had been, as it seemed, successfully held up for half a million by James Pepperton, he achieved at one stroke the consolidation of his own street-car interests, and the discomfiture of the young man who had successfully taken him at a disadvantage.

But events moved rapidly in the days following Stillenger's return from New York. There had been speculation and disquieting rumors about Stillenger's Eastern trip. At the directors' meeting over which he presided, he mildly resented this criticism. He explained that when the Lincoln Avenue Line contest had reduced shares from 26½ to 20, he had at inconvenience to himself relieved disgruntled shareholders of their holdings, giving three months' notes which were now due. Not wishing to bother them with a request for a renewal, he explained blandly, that while in the East he had disposed of six hundred thousand shares of United at an average of thirty-eight and could now meet his obligations. There was dead silence in the meeting, then a terrific outcry as the directors realized that he had unloaded his own—not the company's—treasury stock.

As the papers next day screamed in glaring headlines, many of the principal citizens resigned from the board of directors, among them the former staunch supporter of Stillenger, Latimer Long. The latter led a movement heartily supported by the press to organize the "Citizens' Street-car Company." Within a week seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars were subscribed. Lawyer Long's well-known knowledge of the inner workings of the United gave the people confidence in the new concern. The aldermen, almost without discussion, granted the new company a franchise for twenty-five years, beginning with the expiration of the existing franchises two years hence. There was some opposition from holders of stock in the old company who protested that they also were citizens, but they were unheeded, and United stock went steadily down until it was offered at six with no takers.

Stillenger pointed out in a circular letter to the stockholders that events beyond his control had brought the company to this state, and the man who had once controlled the company pathetically asked for their proxies, so that he could save something out of the wreck. Stillenger had more than three hundred thousand dollars in the bank, but almost no stock, having transmuted voting power into gold. To this appeal more than one-half of the shareholders responded, giving him control once more of nine hundred thousand votes. At a poorly attended meeting of remnants of the shareholders, Stillenger announced an offer of six cents a share for a million shares from three Boston capitalists. A shareholder suggested that perhaps Stillenger himself would make a better offer, but the president announced that the ingratitude of his former colleagues had forced him to decide to withdraw from the occupation to which he had given the best years of his life. The meeting then accepted the offer of the unknown Bostonians and adjourned in deep gloom.

The newspapers next day wrote the obituary of the United Street-railway Company of Oshkazo, and pointed out the fact that it had once been so potent as to be named a Trust. A moral was drawn about the mutability of human affairs, ending with a peroration that the people rule, and even the strongest, most despotic magnate was powerless against them when they took a hand in the game.

Stillenger, retiring to his office, locked the door, took a sheet of paper and a pencil, and entirely alone—for no man was really in his confidence—summed up the situation, and searched critically for any flaw. His three nominees would hold on until he gave the word, and then they would transfer to him one million shares. He knew that Armstrong had borrowed fifty thousand dollars from the State National Bank, giving in security his four hundred and fifty-six thousand, four hundred and ten shares. Deducting his own three thousand, five hundred and ninety shares, this left exactly forty thousand of the one million, five hundred thousand shares still unaccounted for. These would doubtless dribble in to him as the sixty thousand dollars was distributed or the million shares.

When the report of the funeral services over the United appeared in the press, the bank would doubtless call on Armstrong to pay his fifty thousand, and this Stillenger knew he could not do. The stock would

then be sold. As it would complicate matters at the present juncture to have Armstrong's shares thrown on the market, Stillenger resolved to see the manager of the bank next day, and, for a time, guarantee payment. Whenever he withdrew this guaranty, the sale must take place, and Stillenger could thus purchase for a song, at his own convenience, the unfortunate Armstrong's holding.

The President's thin lips pressed together into a line of satisfaction. Now was the time for the most delicate move in the game: the deal of the three unknown capitalists with the Citizens' Street-car Company. He looked at his watch. There was just time to catch the train for the Clearwater Lake Hotel, where that night he was to meet the Judas Iscariot of the Citizens' Company—Lawyer Latimer Long.

When a doctor takes a vacation he forgets his patients, or at least should do so. When a lawyer goes off on a holiday, he does not know what a brief is; and when a newspaper man bids farewell to his typewriting machine, he ceases to worry concerning what is in the papers. It happened, therefore, that our inadvertent friend, Mr. James Pepperton, was almost the only man in the city of Oshkazo who knew nothing of the events which have been briefly chronicled at the beginning of this account. If Jimmy had merely been taking to the woods as he had first intended, he would have seen to it that no newspaper was allowed to penetrate those solitudes, and that neither telegram nor letter could have found him, recalling him in one of those cases of emergency which are eternally recurring in a newspaper office. But now, aside from all this, there was a new interest in his life that made mere newspaper intelligence a frivolity and an impertinence.

James Pepperton avoided every person he knew, with the exception of one, and she, too, was absorbed in the same interests that made him oblivious to the rest of the world. Gwendoline had promised to marry him, and she had agreed to his program in its entirety, with one exception, or, rather, with two. First, she would not add to the trouble which already overwhelmed her parents by leaving them, as it were, in the lurch, knowing nothing of what had become of her, as Jimmy, with the selfishness of a lover, at first proposed. Second, she firmly refused to accept the dowry of two hundred thousand dollars that he wished to bestow upon her. This being the case, James determined to make certain financial arrangements of which he would tell her nothing until they were completed. He was determined she should not go off on her wedding journey secretly worried about her father's position. So, like the brave young man he was, he bearded the truculent lion in his business den.

It was, however, a very subdued lion that he found in the private office on Washington Street.

"I have come to tell you, sir," he began, "that I have fulfilled the conditions which you tacitly imposed upon me when you interrupted my engagement with your daughter. I am worth more than half a million, and although that amount is small, as fortunes go nowadays, Gwendoline and I consider it quite enough for our needs. It is very securely invested, and I shall begin my married life with a resolution never again to indulge in speculation, nor to have anything to do with public companies like the United, of which you are a director."

"I ceased being a director some time ago," corrected Armstrong, gruffly.

"Ah, I did not know. Well, you've got out from among a precious lot of scoundrels, and I congratulate you. Now, your daughter and I have agreed to be married quite privately at the extremely unfashionable church of an extremely unfashionable clergyman, who is wearing out his life in working for the poor; so, as a change, I have arranged that he will tie a knot for the comparatively rich. I trust, sir, that you will put forward no objection to our course of action?"

"None in the least," replied Armstrong.

"I thank you for that, sir. And now I come to another matter which must for the moment be arranged privately between you and me, but which I shall disclose to my wife as soon as we are married, so that she may come with me as free from care as is possible for one who is uniting herself with such a simpleton as I. She tells me your house and business both are mortgaged, and that you are unable to meet the half-yearly payment of interest, thus facing the possibility of foreclosure. How much is the sum due?"

Armstrong named the amount.

"Very well; I shall pay that, which will give you

another six months in which to turn round. If things brighten up, you may not need my help, but if you do, I hope you will call upon me. You have drawn fifty thousand dollars against your street-car stock, and Gwendoline tells me the price has fallen so low that the bank has called

upon you for a margin. With your permission, I shall go to the bank, pay the fifty thousand, and interest, and release the security. From which bank did you borrow? Gwendoline did not know."

"From the State National Bank; but it is useless to fling away fifty thousand dollars of good money on a worthless security. Let the bank sell if it wants to."

"How many shares are on deposit?"

"Four hundred and fifty-six thousand, four hundred and ten."

"Great Scott, you're never going to allow that amount to be sold for a mere fifty thousand!"

"You amaze me, Mr. Pepperton. Don't you know what has happened?"

"I've been out of the running for a week or two, but Gwendoline told me the stock had depreciated."

"Depreciated?" cried Armstrong, with an oath.

"Why the company is wrecked, and Stillenger has stepped down and out. The remnants have been sold for sixty thousand dollars to some Eastern capitalists. Even if I got my share of what they are to pay, it would barely liquidate half what I owe to the bank, so I have resolved to let it go by the board, and if you are anxious to disburse fifty thousand dollars, lend it to me."

"But even if the bank sold your stock, that would not save you. They would come upon you for the remainder, and you would be compelled to pay up while you owned any other property."

"I know that, but I'd save at least half the money you let me have."

"I hope you'll not be offended, Mr. Armstrong, if I tell you that what I propose to do is entirely for your daughter's sake. In our last deal together, I risked double the amount that you ask of me, and did not require from you even the scratch of a pen. If you had stood firm, instead of deserting me for that scoundrel Stillenger, I would have brought you in half a million of dollars. He had agreed to my ultimatum, and everything would have been all right if you had not made terms with him behind my back and without my knowledge."

"Everything you did was without my knowledge," growled Armstrong, arousing himself. "You kept me in the dark throughout. Besides, Stillenger would not have kept his word with you."

"My dear sir, I had him foul. He could not have helped himself. I told him what my next move was to be, and he saw that I had him cornered. Still, there's no use talking about a dead horse, and, by the way, you must never let Gwendoline know what happened. Just give me power of attorney to deal with this stock in the bank, and, if I am able to save anything from the wreck, I'll turn it over to you. The bank manager is an old friend of mine. I've a little money deposited with him now, so I shall have no difficulty in coming to terms; perhaps without paying out the fifty thousand."

The power of attorney was made out, and with it in his possession the energetic James was soon closeted with the manager of the State National Bank.

"Oh, you need not worry about that," said the manager, "Mr. Armstrong's interests are fully protected, and his stock will not be sold."

"Fully protected?" echoed Pepperton. "How? I understand you demanded twenty-five thousand dollars margin from him."

"Oh, yes, that was merely a formal notification, as required by law. However, since then a friend has guaranteed full payment, and so Mr. Armstrong need not trouble himself."

"A friend? What friend?" cried Pepperton, with rising indignation, his old distrust of his future father-in-law coming to the surface of his mind. Could not Armstrong tell the whole truth, even after the lesson he had received?

"Who was it that guaranteed the bank against loss?" demanded Pepperton.

"Well, that I'm not at liberty to state," said the manager, "but he is one amply able to make good, and one who has had large dealings with Mr. Armstrong."

"Ah, you mean Blake, of the Dispatch?"

"No; it was not Blake."

"Who, then?"

"Is not my statement that the stock is fully protected enough?"

"No; it is not. You see, I have just left Mr. Armstrong, and he evidently knows nothing of this. Here



is power of attorney, authorizing me to deal with this stock. For the moment, therefore, Armstrong, is out of this business, and it is I with whom you have to deal. I don't wish to say anything harsh, but I must point out to you that the manager of a bank occupies a confidential relationship with his clients. If this were not so, a man who borrows money from a bank might find his credit seriously imperiled if any official divulged the transaction to an outsider, even if the outsider were the debtor's closest friend. There is my power of attorney. I insist upon knowing who the person is that protected stock with which only I have the right to deal."

The bank manager hesitated, and seemed confused. "What you say is perfectly correct, Mr. Pepperton, but I think you were a little premature in censuring me. When I refused to divulge the name, I did not know you held power of attorney. Mr. Stillenger told me he sold over two hundred and fifty thousand shares to Mr. Armstrong at the highest point it had reached, namely, thirty-nine. He said that Armstrong felt aggrieved at the turn affairs had taken, so much so that he was quite unreasonable and impossible to deal with. The president of the United added that he did not know what would become of the company. There had been a landslide, and I understood that matters had got somewhat beyond Stillenger's control. It was possible, he said, that the stock must ultimately be sold, but meanwhile he would privately guarantee the amount borrowed, and, if things took a turn for the better, Armstrong would at least recover part of his losses."

"Well, I must say," commented Pepperton, severely, "that this is rather an extraordinary action on your part, although I believe your intentions have been of the best. I now exercise my power of attorney by paying you the debt and taking possession of the securities. I regret to add that my confidence in your judgment has been seriously shaken; but I will say nothing more about that if you give me your word that no whisper of what I have done reaches the ears of Stillenger or any one else."

"You may be assured of that," said the manager; "but I must notify Stillenger that his guaranty is no longer needed."

"No," said Pepperton, sternly.

"Why not?"

"Simply because I say no; and if I don't get your unqualified promise, I must ask you to call up an emergency meeting of your directors, that I may place the case before them. It is damnable that this scoundrel Stillenger is allowed by you to interfere in matters with which he has not the slightest concern."

"I see your point," said the manager, turning slightly pale, and quite evidently frightened. "You may rest assured that I shall profit by the lesson you have given me, and I pledge my word that nobody will hear of what has happened."

As Pepperton set the combination of his lock in the vaults of the Reliable Safe Deposit Company, he shut in from human observation nearly half a million shares of the United Street-railway Company, and, as he turned away, he said:

"There, thank Heaven, I am done with business for a while, at least."

But instantly, as if to prove that a man's mind is never entirely under his own control, the thought cropped up as he walked down the street:

"What was the object of that old fox, Stillenger, in protecting Armstrong's stock? We may at once eliminate all thought of philanthropy or good-fellowship. The bank manager is so unused to one capitalist voluntarily coming to the rescue of another that he was taken off his guard. What had Stillenger to gain by this apparently kindly act? For some reason he did not wish the stock sold, and yet did not wish to acquire it himself, otherwise he would have let the sale take place in the natural course, and we all know he has the money to buy it. He has some underground deal in progress, and until it is completed, he does not know whether he will need that stock or not. All right, friend August. When you get there you'll find the cupboard bare, and so the yellow dog will get none. I'll just run up to the *Courier* office, see Billy, and learn not what has happened, but what the public thinks has happened."

And the genial Higgins enlightened him.

This was Jimmy's busy day, for on the morrow he was to be married. He rushed back to the Markeen, as he was anxiously awaiting a communication from his friend, the proprietor of Clearwater Lake Hotel, who had not answered as promptly as was expected. If the communication was not there, he would need to telegraph. However, he found the epistle awaiting him. Alec Brinsmead wrote to say that both he and Mrs. Brinsmead were delighted to know that Jimmy and his wife would stop with them for a month at least, but it must be on condition that no money pass between them. Mr. and Mrs. Pepperton must come as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Brinsmead. The pro-

prietor went on to explain that three city gentlemen had taken the entire hotel for the months of September and October, and although they occupied only three bedrooms, a dining-room, and a large parlor, they had stipulated that no other guests were to be received, and had paid without demur the not unimportant compensation which Brinsmead had exacted for this accommodation.

Jimmy and his wife, however, need never encounter these people, only one of whom stopped constantly at the hotel. The other two came usually from the city by one of the last three trains, departing in like manner next morning; never traveling together. They had turned the parlor into a business office; had put in a huge safe, desks, and a telephone. They were a mysterious lot, Brinsmead said, who never sent or received a letter, although the rattle of the typewriter sounded at all hours of the day and night.

A young man named Vincent Holbrook had made all the arrangements, and he, supposedly, manipulated the typewriter. None of the trio indulged in rowing, walking, fishing, sailing, or shooting. Mrs. Brinsmead had got ready three rooms in the annex, where they could be as secluded as the mysterious business men themselves, with a veranda and a private entrance facing the lake. Brinsmead concluded by saying he would meet the train arriving at ten minutes to four next day, as none of the city people came so early, and thus he could get his visitors installed without much chance of observation, although even if they were seen, they could pass for what they were, the friends of the proprietor, against whom no provision had been made in the contract.

What a blessing are the safety razors whose advertisements contribute so largely to the revenue of our most worthy periodicals. A week later Jimmy certainly would have gashed his face had he been using one of the old-fashioned instruments. As it was, his heart nearly leaped out of his mouth.

The window of his dressing-room faced the road in front of the hotel, and not the lake, as was the case with the rest of the apartment. One morning as Jimmy was using the safety razor (guaranteed for a year; money refunded if unsatisfactory), he glanced out, and saw that Brinsmead sat in his light, side-bar buggy, while attached to it was his restive, eager trotting horse, who would cover the five miles between the hotel and the station in a time so short that to mention it would arouse the envy of James W. Keene when he reads this page. Out from the front door of the hotel came walking together, in close consultation, August Stillenger and Latimer Long—the late president of the United Street-railway Company, and the present legal adviser of the Citizens' competing organization!

Stillenger stepped into the buggy beside the hotel proprietor, who lightly shook the reins over the horse's back, causing the vehicle to disappear down the forest road, as if it were the magic carpet.

With a towel James wiped the lather from his half-shaven face. He knew the hotel as he knew the inside of his own pocket. Mounting a ladder to the attic, he entered one of the upper box rooms of the main building, and here, abandoning his slippers, quietly descended a very narrow back stair, all his latent newspaper instincts of discovery brought suddenly to concert pitch; a deplorable instinct, perhaps, but useful when the devil has to be fought with fire. The hotel

was one of the usual summer structures constructed of pine boards, and without a scrap of lath and plaster upstairs or down. The boards had shrunk, of course, since they left the planing mill, and, indeed, the frail tavern was little better than a tinder-box, awaiting its spark of fire.

As Jimmy reached one of the empty rooms over the parlor he turned the key in the door, threw the rug carpet into a corner, and lay down on the floor. So quickly had he accomplished all this that Lawyer Long had only just entered the room. A young man whom Jimmy had never seen before stood gazing out of the window that gave upon the forest road. He had not turned round when the sinister older man reentered. Long, apparently, had asked him a question, and the other answered, without turning his head:

"No, I am not."

"Well, my dear Mr. Holbrook," said the lawyer, in oily, ingratiating tones, "you certainly ought to be, for August Stillenger never yet broke his word, either to friend or foe."

"Now, Mr. Long," said the young man, at length turning round, and showing a face at once angry and anxious, "what is the use of talking like that? I have been one of his confidential secretaries for more than five years, and I have written hundreds of letters from his dictation which I personally knew contained not a single atom of truth."

The lawyer laughed gently.

"Yes; that may be so, and yet my statement stands. Mr. Stillenger has given you his pledged word in my presence that no harm can befall you. He has already paid you generously for what, after all, is merely a signature or two, and that no forgery, for it is your own name you are asked to write. You have purchased three hundred and thirty-three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three and one-third shares of the United, and have given in exchange your check for twenty thousand dollars."

"Yes," cried Holbrook, bitterly, "there is just the point, for the transaction is dishonest on the face of it. I, who have never possessed twenty thousand cents in my life, give a bogus check to counterbalance the bogus transfer of stock to me. How could I stand cross-examination on a transaction that bears a lie on its face?"

"August Stillenger's deals have never yet resulted in a cross-examination. He is not so clumsy a workman as that. I, as a lawyer, admittedly well versed in legal enactments, add my assurance that what you have already done, and what in future you will be required to do, is as legitimate as any piece of business transacted in Oshkazoos to-day. You speak of a bogus check, and a bogus transfer, but that is mere language of exaggeration; hysterical and feminine."

"I have a wife and two children to think of," said Holbrook.

"Certainly, and you are thinking of them, and providing for them, for Stillenger has already paid you a good deal more than the twenty thousand cents you spoke of. But what I was about to say is, that you have no right to speak of the check or the transfer as bogus, because Mr. Stillenger placed twenty thousand dollars in your bank account to meet your draft, and the consequent transfer of stock to you is not only legitimate, but legal, for, if it were not legal, it would be of no use to August Stillenger. In a week or two he will give you a check that you might call bogus, for although it will be cashed and will produce twenty thousand dollars for you, that amount you must refund to Stillenger. Why, look how Stillenger trusts you! Twice he puts it completely in your power to rob him of twenty thousand dollars."

"He knows very well I will do nothing of the sort."

"Of course he knows it. There are few such judges of men as August Stillenger."

"But supposing I were asked what service I did for Mr. Stillenger that caused him to pay twenty thousand dollars into my bank account?"

The lawyer made a slight gesture of impatience, but answered quietly enough:

"You will not be asked, Mr. Holbrook. If a business man had to consider every hypothetical question he might be asked, and to prepare answers for them all, he would not have time to do anything else. And remember this, Holbrook, you are merely an employee, and before a jury you can not have a better defense than that, if the impossible were to happen. You are one of Mr. Stillenger's secretaries, and are not supposed to know what is in the mind of your chief. You are engaged under his instructions in carrying out only part of an important business deal, of whose ramifications you are ignorant. An employee must do as he is told or lose his situation. If the result is a criminal action, which in this case I assert it is not, otherwise I should have nothing to do with it, for I assure you, Mr. Holbrook, I treasure my liberty as much as you do—if, as I say, the result is fraudulent, the criminal is never the undertrapper, but the principal. And now, if you are ready, we must get on with these documents."



"I have a wife and two children to think of"



Holbrook seated himself at a desk, fountain pen in hand, and dexterously took down what the lawyer, pacing across the room and back, dictated to him in clear, concise, and admirably thought-out English, which revealed to the listener above that the Citizens' Company was about to enter into a twenty-five year arrangement with the three capitalists who



—ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN—

"I must ask you to call up an emergency meeting of your directors"

had taken over the remnants of the United. According to this contract, the Citizens' Company was to pay to these three one-half of their gross earnings, take from the electric works of the three sufficient electricity to run the system at the same price which the city paid for the use of the fluid, and attend to the up-keep and renewal of the rolling-stock, receiving in exchange all the present rolling-stock and the various lines which radiated throughout the city and suburbs.

At first Pepperton thought this was rather an excellent bargain for the Citizens' Company, but a little figuring showed him that the new contract put the old United Company into a better position than it had ever previously attained, enabling it to pay a large dividend on even the original three million capitalization, and besides giving the United the whip-hand over the Citizens' Company, through a deal with the corrupt city government, which would enable the new United to put the price of electricity to a prohibitive figure whenever it liked, and so smash or absorb the Citizens' Company as Stillenger preferred.

"Good Lord!" breathed Jimmy, as he rose to his feet. "Now I see why Stillenger determined to secure Armstrong's stock."

Brinsmead presently knocked at the outside door of the inn, and the lawyer, gathering up his papers, departed for the station. Pepperton, leaving no trace behind, reached the annex by the way he came. He finished shaving and dressing. What he had to do he determined to accomplish before Brinsmead returned after taking Long to the train.

Pepperton went round to the front of the hotel, entered the hall, then, without knocking, opened the door of the parlor and walked in. The sole occupant of the room had been seated with his elbows on the desk and his head in his hands. He looked up, startled, at the sight of a stranger. Jimmy strode forward and touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Vincent Holbrook," he said, "I arrest you in the name of the law. It is useless to struggle."

The caution was quite unnecessary. The unfortunate wretch turned white as paste, leaned back in his chair, and closed his eyes. Jimmy, of a deeply compassionate nature, was sorry for him, but the interests at stake were too great for any wavering at this crisis.

"Are you armed?" he demanded.

Holbrook shook his head.

"This arrest has startled you, I see. But surely, when you gave a bogus check for twenty thousand dollars, and more than a quarter of a million shares were fraudulently transferred to you, a man of your age and experience must have known what you were about."

The agonized man opened his terror-stricken eyes.

"Have you been to my home? Have you seen my wife? Does she know?"

"Not yet, Holbrook." Then, unable to withstand the appeal of those eyes, he added: "She need never know if you show a little courage and possess any sense."

"In God's name do not trifle with me! Is there yet a possibility of escape?"

"Yes; just one."

Pepperton went to the door and turned the key in the lock.

"Are those United shares here?"

"Yes."

"Bring them to me."

Holbrook staggered to his feet, opened the door of the large safe, drew out a drawer, and presented a bundle of

documents to Jimmy, who scrutinized them closely, nevertheless keeping the tail of his eye on Holbrook, not knowing what desperate action so weak a man might take.

"Sit down," said Jimmy. "You know that Stillenger, for his own purposes, deliberately wrecked the United Company. In doing so he has robbed thousands of innocent investors. You know this, do you not?"

"Well," hesitated Holbrook, "I didn't know it at the time this transfer was made, and, to tell the truth, I don't know for certain now; but I have strong suspicions. I thought Mr. Stillenger had gone down in the wreck, and I was sorry for him; eager to help him if I could. It has been what I learned in this hotel that has partly opened my eyes, and frightened me."

"Stillenger paid twenty thousand dollars into your bank account?"

"Yes."

"Then Stillenger is the man who is paying twenty thousand dollars for those shares?"

"I suppose so, but I should like to point out that that was the actual market value of the shares at the time of the transfer. He could not sell them for that amount to-day."

"Not to-day, perhaps. But I have no intention of cheating Stillenger. A thief has some excuse, from a practical point of view, because he does get the boodle if he's successful; but you are engaged in a rascally transaction, getting a mere pittance, and allowing the results of your crime to go into the pockets of another man. That seems to me foolish."

"I assure you," said Holbrook, his color returning, "that everything has been done in a strictly legal manner. My check was genuine, and the transfer was—"

"Oh, I know all about it," interrupted Jimmy, impatiently. "Don't talk like Lawyer Long, please. It is always the small man who gets into jail, while the big scoundrel buys an automobile. Here's my proposal to you. You will quite legally, as you remark, transfer these three hundred and odd thousand shares to me."

Holbrook gasped.

"But Mr. Stillenger paid—"

"I know—I know! We will refund him the money. I will give you twenty thousand dollars to pay back Stillenger, and I will place in your wife's name in so secure a manner that it can never be wrenched from her, another twenty thousand. Then, my dear boy, if you go to jail, you'll have something pleasant to think of while you're picking oakum."

"Who are you?" cried Holbrook, springing to his feet. "You're no detective?"

"I am a man to whom Stillenger has broken his word, and cheated, and the son-in-law of a man whom Stillenger has bled white and ruined. The main point, however, is this: do I possess forty thousand dollars?"

"Yes," sighed Holbrook, sinking in the chair again, "that is the main point, and if you can do what you say, I'll do what you ask me."

"Right you are. Have you got a blank transfer sheet here?"

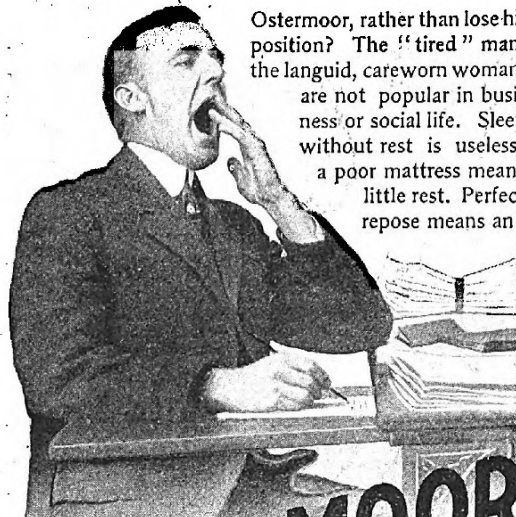
"Yes."

"Then fill it out and sign it. That is only a matter of precaution. Your making out may possibly not be legal, but on the first available train I'll have down here the most rising young lawyer in Oshkazo, who will make the transfer without a flaw, and who will also tell you exactly whether or not you have done

[Continued on page 407]

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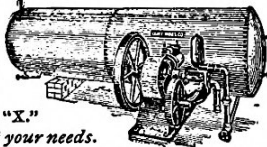
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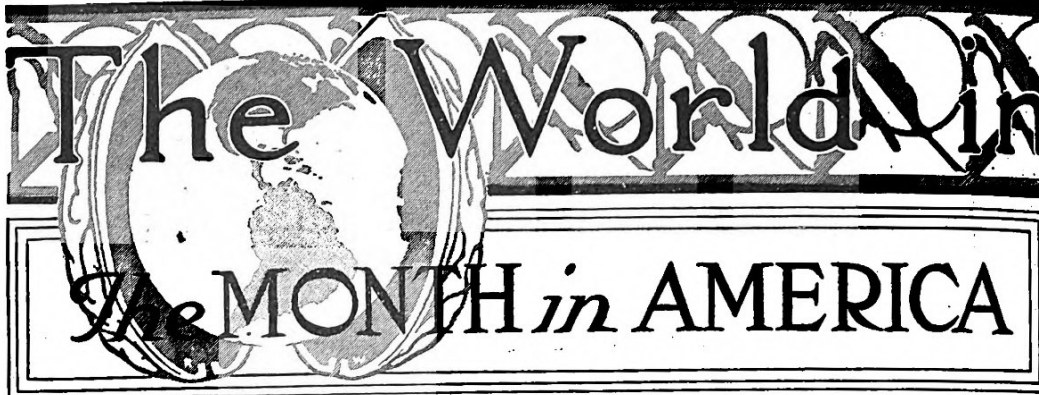
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## AGENTS

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WHAT do you, as an average American citizen, want from the tariff? What will you get?

Then there's another question, "What do you know about the tariff? Have you read the Dingley Bill, or the Payne Bill, or the Aldrich Bill

**The Four Thousand Schedules and the Average Citizen**

with its four thousand separate schedules? Could you find a joker in the chemical schedule? Do you know the existing rates on cotton webbing, two-ply carpets, rattan matting, third-class wool, or sugars not above 16 Dutch standard? Do you know the duty on binitrobenzol or benzaldehyde or smoked salmon?

Of course you do not. The American citizen is not an Encyclopedia Britannica, with a school of Technology thrown in. Some one else must look out for his interests. Who will do it?

The representatives of the people in Congress might—but they have n't the time. They are very busy these days with formal calls from every protected interest. The man from the Steel Trust sends in his card and must be seen; but John Smith of Illinois is not at Washington. The Senator or Representative from Smith's district has not the time to look people up; and, anyway, Smith is so busy earning his two dollars a day that he does not realize that a tariff may make his earnings worth only a dollar and a half. The Congressmen themselves do not know so very much about the four thousand schedules, and so when a pleasing gentleman from New York tells them that the people like dear gloves and dear stockings, the tariff makers assent, and declare that the dear people shall have them.

Ninety million people are watching a shell game in which one little pea is shoved under four thousand shells. The ninety million people are about a thousand miles away and, in any case, the gentlemen who are shoving the little pea are invisible to the untutored eye. When the game is over the ninety million will have the right to complain—and pay.

In other countries they manage these things better. In Germany thirty-two experts enjoying the confidence of the people studied the tariff situation for five years and consulted with two thousand other experts. As a result the Germans have a tariff whereas we Americans have only a bludgeon—to be used against ourselves.

THE question below does not refer to the manner of preparation—how long they shall be boiled or upon how many sides they shall be fried. It means, what flavor of egg do you like. Will you have lemon eggs or do you prefer chocolate with perhaps just a dash of vanilla?

**How Will You Have Your Eggs?**

No less an egg specialist than the United States Department of Agriculture has recently declared that the flavor or odor of an egg may be gently influenced by the feed of the hen. Its latest egg bulletin states that hens fed on onion tops and garlic acquired the habit of laying eggs with a decided flavor of these vegetables.

Is there any reason to doubt that a good-natured hen might be induced to eat any kind of flavoring matter that fastidious man might like in his omelette? Is n't it just possible that hens of a convivial disposition might lay a species of ready-made eggnog that would find a ready market in our "dry" communities.

Or if hens could only be taught to love Easter-egg dyes—but perhaps it would be just as well not to confuse the humble fowl by starting too many things at once.

WE HAVE heard a good deal lately of the reformed character of the modern trust. "We used to cheat and rob," the trust-makers admit, "but we have seen the error of our ways. The trusts are henceforth to be trusted."

**The Duties of a Trust**

The American Sugar Refining Company of New York and New Jersey, which is unpopularly called the Sugar Trust, has just admitted having been, to use its own words, "systematically, in season and out of season, from 1901 to the close of 1907, engaged in stealing from the United States." The Sugar Trust is a ninety-million-dollar corporation, and might be supposed to be beyond the temptation to commit petty larceny, but nevertheless it has, during the last seven years, robbed the Government of about

five hundred dollars a day, or about a million and a quarter dollars in all. The system was delightfully simple. In each scale, on which the sugar was weighed for the duty, there was a little hole through a strip of iron. By pushing this strip of iron, the scale was made to register a smaller weight than the true one.

The Sugar Trust, in liquidation of all civil damages, has paid the Government two million dollars. But the case does not end there. Attorney-General Wickersham coldly states that the settlement in no wise affects the criminal prosecution of the individuals who are responsible, and that such prosecution will be pressed to a finish by the Government. Then follows a dark hint, which sends the cold shivers through the spines of several Sugar Trust officials; while the Department declines to state who will be prosecuted it is intimated that it will not be "the poor devil who did the weighing and whose forty dollars a month was all the interest he had in operating the scales."

THE Illinois Legislature has declared for the election of the United States Senators by direct vote of the people. This does not mean that Illinois Senators are to be so elected. It only means that Illinois will ask the National Government for a Constitutional Amendment permitting the people to elect their own Senators.

**Illinois for Direct Election**

The election of Senators by legislatures was established at a time when it was not thought safe to trust the people too much. Many of them could not read or write and few of them were supposed to possess enough culture and intelligence and interest in politics to select wise and reverend Senators. The scheme may have been all right for that time, but one glance into the United States Senate chamber of to-day will show that some change is needed.

Yet, without doubting the sincerity and simple honesty of the Illinois Legislature, it looks as if they were taking the most indirect road to direct elections.

It will be a long time before two-thirds of the States will join in the request for this reform.

Meanwhile a number of States have not only virtual direct election of Senators, but, by means of an intelligent and progressive primary system, direct nomination as well. To those States a Constitutional Amendment would be of no more importance than a ratification meeting. The fathers made the Constitution so hard to change that it is not likely to be amended just for exercise.

A MAN has invented a machine which will tell how much you like poetry. It is called the plethysmograph but it is not so bad as it sounds. It is an instrument which is attached to the victim's arm, and which records his emotions by means of a pencil upon a cylinder.

**Poetic Criticism by Machinery**

A room is darkened and a first-class phonograph is loaded with poetry. Then a passerby is brought in (preferably without force) and is seated in a Morris chair with the machine attached to his pulse. If he likes the poem, the pencil curve will be upward; if he dislikes it there will be an ominous drop. What will happen if the subject goes to sleep is not explained.

The inventor, Waldeman Kaempfert believes that poems should be tried upon ditch diggers, head waiters, longshoremen, college professors, and all kinds of people, so that we can get a general average and settle for all time who is our greatest poet. When, as Mr. Kaempfert hopes, the plethysmograph will be a part of every magazine editorial equipment, the struggling young poet will receive a rejection slip as follows:

"The engineer regrets that your poem shows only twenty lyric horse-power per stanza. It is, therefore, returned herewith."

If the invention is practicable why stop at poetry; why not apply it to music and sermons and Senator Beveridge's political speeches? The young lady next door who manipulates the piano could be politely informed that her playing produces a low degree of human emotion. The agent who calls to sell the "History of the World" in red calf might be handed a curve that would leave no doubt of your attitude. It will not be necessary in the plethysmographic age to throw cabbages at actors.



# a Nut shell

THE Pacific Mail Steamship Company has introduced a novelty into its passenger service which can not fail to be popular with the traveling public. The Atlantic Ocean boasts of its luxurious four-day steamships, but the Pacific has gone a step further in the entertainment of passengers. The innovation is a dangerless, conservative, waterproof shipwreck.

When, a few weeks ago, the steamship *Indiana* went aground near Magdalena Bay, the United States cruiser *California*, thoughtfully provided by a generous management, came along and took off the passengers. Not a foot was wetted during the transfer, not a golf-bag or a bandbox or a bird-cage was lost. The delighted passengers were royally entertained on Uncle Sam's boat, and, what is more, were landed in San Francisco twenty-four hours ahead of schedule time. A dainty and unruffled young lady coming down the gangplank declared that the wreck was "a regular picnic."

There is no doubt that the American people love to be shipwrecked. Some who live in Nebraska have been denied that pleasure, and others have been restrained by the dangers and discomforts of the old style sea disaster. Now the movement which the Pacific Mail has inaugurated will put comfortable shipwrecks within the reach of all, with special facilities for women and children traveling alone.

Let the Atlantic liners keep their gymnasiums, electric elevators, and vegetable gardens. Henceforth we give our patronage to those companies only which guarantee safe and sane shipwrecks on desert islands, equipped with hot and cold water and electric lights.

EVERY now and then some man comes forward and tries to corner wheat. The price rises because he is willing to buy, the higher the price, the bigger his profits seem to be, and the bigger his profits the more he is encouraged to buy. Prices soar and soar and soar; the loaf of bread is cut and perhaps a penny is added to the price.

Usually the corner breaks. There is always more wheat in the land than the cornerer imagines, and the high prices bring out every bushel of it. Finally, the cornerer, having all he wants, and more, tries to change his paper profits into real money. He sells, and everybody else sells. Prices drop, and the cornerer, if he is not broken, usually comes out with a heavy loss.

Nobody would try to corner the wheat market if this were not a big and growing country with future wheat eaters being born every minute. The demand is growing so fast that some day the supply may not be able to keep up with it. Nor would anybody try to corner the wheat if there were not a duty on Canadian grain. This duty does not do the farmer any more good than a duty on water would, but it is exactly what the cornerer and the grain speculator want. But in any case the way of the cornerer is hard. Bread—at least wheat bread—is no longer the staff of life. When wheat is too high we will eat other things. By changing its diet ever so little, the American people could smash any wheat corner.

There is a deeper question, one much more important than whether the cornerer makes or loses money. Should a speculator have the right to make and unmake the price of the people's food, even temporarily? We can put a stop to wheat corners if we wish.

AMERICA leads the world in the production of mud—not cheap, low-grade mud, but mud of a very expensive quality. Our mud is not packed in neat boxes, labeled "Made in America" and protected by tariff duties from the pauper mud of Europe. It is spread out thickly over millions of miles of our country roads.

Only one mile in fourteen of America's roads can be said to be really improved. The rest are mud—deep, narrow streaks of sticky, oozy mud. The farmer fights with mud when he takes his load to market. It is said to cost him twenty-five cents a ton per mile to haul his produce, while the thrifty Frenchman on mudless roads does it for half as much. The American farmer pays for his mud in decreased profits, in harder labor, in poorer schools; his wife pays in isolation and loneliness.

Nor is the farmer the only one who pays the mud tax. The city man who thinks he is buying eggs is buying also mud. Mud puts its price upon our bread, our meat, and our fuel. Three hundred million dollars a year is the estimated cost of muddy roads. We can think of no way in which our people could get less fun for the same money. America has no better citizens than those who are assembling this year in Baltimore and Washington in the National Good Roads Congress to protest against the mud tax.

THE baseball fan is come into his own again. We do not refer to those hardy perennial fans who spend long winter evenings reading about Frank Chance's new shoes or Christy Matthewson's sore thumb.

Neither do we speak of early-blooming fans who lift their heads before the snow has disappeared from the right field bleachers. For such there are neither times nor seasons nor faith in man nor hope in a hereafter. We mean the hot-weather fan, the seasonable fan who likes his baseball and likes it hot. These are his days.

The bleachers are full of him now. In vast crowds under cloudless skies he roots and sizzles and is glad. His business dwindles; his children beg for bread while gloriously he wastes his substance on cold pop and hot peanuts.

The hot-weather fan is no mere expert. He knows not the spit-ball from the squeeze play. And yet he is generous with advice and clamorous with criticism. Unprejudiced by facts he argues hotly with total strangers. He distrusts all umpires, he hates all teams but one.

Upon the hot-weather fan the National game depends; its strength and its weakness are his. As his tribe increases, and with every summer solstice it does increase, the game grows fiercer and better and more worthy of his support.



## LATTER-DAY PATRIOTS

VII. James Alexander Patten

He endeared himself to imaginary farmers by raising the price of imaginary wheat.

THE mayor of New York has found time, despite his exacting duties as chief executive of our greatest city, to evolve a cure for grip, and unlike some physicians, he is willing to take his own medicine. According to "Doctor" McClellan, nothing is so good for grip as a rip-roaring, yellow-backed dime novel.

### Novel Cure for Grip

New York's mayor is not the first to discover the curative effect of this style of literature. Senator Hoar used to read blood-and-thunder novels when he was under the weather. Lord Macaulay, when he was indisposed, consumed all the silly, outrageous yarns he could lay hands on, and Bismarck thrived on Gaboriau.

Followers of the Jesse James school of medicine maintain that diversion of this unusual kind brings about sleep and health. To be sure some people may prefer the disease to the remedy, but it is not much worse than bee stings, which are now being prescribed for rheumatism.

The next time a disreputable, yellow-backed novel comes to your door welcome it, give it a place by your fireside. You may find, some day, that you have entertained a doctor unawares.

WHEN William H. Taft was Secretary of War he was known to those who make pat phrases for wholesale consumption as "the Administration's traveling man." Now that he himself has become the Administration, he refuses to hand over the mileage book to a subordinate, but proposes personally to drum up trade for the concern. If you want a country well traveled, he says, you must travel it yourself.

### His Own Traveling Man

During the coming summer the President intends to take first a jaunt to New England, then a journey to the South, and finally a trip across the continent to the Pacific Coast. He may even go to Alaska.

The people will welcome the globe-trotting Taft on the ground that one President sitting in the court-house yard is worth two in Washington sitting on the Constitution and reading the Monroe Doctrine.

President Taft may be a conservative along some lines, but evidently he has no sympathy with the ancient belief that the capital of the United States is located in Washington.

## THINK HARD

### It Pays to Think About Food

The unthinking life some people lead often causes trouble and sickness; illustrated in the experience of a lady in Fond Du Lac, Wis.

About four years ago I suffered dreadfully from indigestion, always having eaten whatever I liked, not thinking of the digestible qualities. This indigestion caused palpitation of the heart so badly I could not walk up a flight of stairs without sitting down once or twice to regain breath and strength.

I became alarmed and tried dieting, wore my clothes very loose, and many other remedies, but found no relief.

Hearing of the virtues of Grape-Nuts and Postum, I commenced using them in place of my usual breakfast of coffee, cakes, or hot biscuit, and in one week's time I was relieved of sour stomach and other ills attending indigestion. In a month's time my heart was performing its functions naturally and I could climb stairs and hills and walk long distances.

I gained ten pounds in this short time, and my skin became clear and I completely regained my health and strength. I continue to use Grape-Nuts and Postum for I feel that I owe my good health entirely to their use. "There's a Reason."

I like the delicious flavor of Grape-Nuts and by making Postum according to directions, it tastes similar to mild high grade coffee.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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

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# The World in a Nutshell

## The MONTH ABROAD

ON APRIL the 27th, one of the great events of the world occurred. On that day Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, the man who for thirty-three years maintained a reputation as plotter, murderer, and arch-villain, was deposed by a unanimous vote of the Turkish Parliament. A year ago there was no such thing as a Turkish Parliament.

### Exit the Unspeakable Turk

Turkey, we thought, was a despotically ruled country which contained nothing but beautiful views, delectable coffee, excellent cigarettes, inherited harems, and the unspeakable Turk, Abdul Hamid the Sultan.

That is all changed. In 1908 a revolution forced Abdul to grant a constitution. Then the Sultan fomented a counter-revolution. He bribed a number of fanatical Moslem soldiers, caused a wholesale murder of Christian subjects, and drove the young Turks, who represented liberty and progress, out of the city of Constantinople. The cause of freedom seemed lost, but the young Turks gathered their forces at Salonica, captured Constantinople, took the Sultan prisoner, and finally deposed their ruler, putting his brother, Mehmed Reshad Effendi to rule in his stead.

Eastward the course of civilization takes its way. Japan has a constitution; Persia has a constitution; even Russia is partly free. The young Turks have shown not only that they can wrest freedom from a despot, but also that they can use that freedom wisely. The leaders of the Turks have shown high quality of generalship and statesmanship.

They will need all these qualities. The country is poor and ignorant and divided. Mohammedans, and Christians, Jews, Turks, Serbs, Bulgarians, Greeks, Roumanians, Armenians, Magyars, Gipsies, Circassians, Syrians, and Kurds, all have different interests and different ideas. The Turks, who have always ruled by the sword, must learn the art of peace; the people of many tongues and many races and many sects must learn to live together in amity. With the efforts of the new Turks to weld all these peoples into one strong and respected nation, the whole civilized world is in warm sympathy.

How difficult the task of pacifying Turkey is has been shown during these weeks in the series of massacres which have taken place in Asia Minor. About the time that the reactionary forces incited by the Sultan were overturning the government of the Young Turks, bands of fanatical Moslems began rioting. In Adana, an American Christian shot three Turks and was himself beaten to death by a Mohammedan mob. The Armenian leaders pleaded with the Governor for protection, and this was promised; but in three days riots broke out again and thousands of Christians were slain. Two American missionaries, Rev. D. M. Rogers and Rev. Henry Maurer were killed while trying to protect the house of an aged Turkish woman. The lust of blood once aroused demanded more victims and soon all the Armenian Christians in the cities and villages of Cilicia in Asia Minor were in danger.

### The Massacres in Asia Minor

British, German, Italian, and American war-ships have been ordered to the defense, but perhaps the new government will not wait for foreign intervention, but will put down all fanatics and rioters with a firm hand. The present outrages, it is hoped, are the last inheritance which Turkey will receive from its late Sultan, the unspeakable Abdul Hamid.

The announcement in the London papers of the raising of a fund for London's cabmen is a new sign of the conquest of the automobile. For many years the cabbie has been king of the London streets. His "ansom, sir" rang with a cheerful sound in all ears, and though he often charged a sixpence over the legal fare, you did not mind, because the cabbie was a character, and a convenience, and a necessity.

The day of the cabbie is over and the occupation of the cabbie is gone. The motor bus is quicker than the hansom or four-wheeler, and cleaner and cheaper to operate. The cabbies are finding it harder to pick up fares, and ungrateful London, sharper than a serpent's tooth, turns a deaf ear to the cabbie's appeal. But one English paper, the *Daily Mail*, has a sense of past obligations, and in twenty-four hours this journal raised a fund of ten thousand dollars to convert the cabmen into chauffeurs.

### The End of the "Ansom"

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The King is dead; long live the King. No longer will the horse and the cabbie make London picturesque; the future Dickens must turn his wit upon the conquering motor bus.

WHEN, on the 29th of April, Mr. David Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, calmly presented his budget, in a four-and-a-half-hour speech, the House of Commons sat open-mouthed with astonishment. The Chancellor admitted that there was a big deficit, and he did not pretend that the expenses of the Government were going to decrease. Although old-age pensions had cost more than any one had imagined, the Government is not only going ahead with them, but it also proposes to lay aside half a million dollars for afforestation, for reclaiming waste lands, and for encouraging small agricultural holdings. Besides, the naval program is to be pushed more vigorously than ever before, and two *Dreadnaughts* are to be built where before one *Dreadnaught* was built.

### Robin Hood and the British Deficit

There are a number of gentlemen in the House of Commons who would be well satisfied with any increase in Government expenditure if they could only be sure that the costermongers and the five-dollar-a-week clerks, and the four-dollar-a-week agricultural laborers, would foot the bill. But the English Government has no such intentions. The wealthy Briton, who has been reaping the benefit of ruling the waves all these years, is now to pay a part of the cost of ruling. The deficit of eighty million dollars is to be covered by an increase in the income tax, especially on unearned incomes. The man who is holding city lands or mineral lands for speculation is going to be taxed for the privilege.

Inheritance taxes are to be raised, stock exchange speculation is to make its contribution, and whisky drinkers, tobacco users, and automobile owners are all invited to come up and pay. The bankers, the stock exchange speculators, the millionaire landlords, and the London *Times* are furious. "It is robbery," they cry, "the Liberal Government is a Robin Hood."

To us who look at the matter at a safe distance of three thousand miles, it seems quite as fair that Lord Rothschild and the Duke of Devonshire should pay, as that the whole increase tax should fall on tea and the poor pale tea-drinkers of the London slums. The old Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest took from the rich and gave to the poor (and was not unpopular on that account), but the modern Robin Hood of the British Exchequer is only taking from the rich what the English Government and the English people have a right to take.

THE English, however high their taxes, are going to push ahead with the building of new ships. It now seems that the Government was misinformed as to what the Germans were doing, and according to a statement by the German Chancellor, Prince von Bülow, the *Deadnaughts* of the Kaiser will not outnumber the *Deadnaughts* of King Edward by 1912. The English have sighed a sigh of relief but they will not stop building.

It is not for us to say that they are wrong. We in America are splendidly isolated from the rest of the world, and we have no fear of foreign bayonets. But England has given hostages to fortune. Her wealth is scattered all over the globe; she herself will starve if she loses access to the ocean. In Germany she finds a possible competitor and a possible enemy. The Germans are a wonderfully intelligent nation, perhaps the most intelligent and far-sighted in the world. They are increasing rapidly in wealth and numbers, and their power is far greater because they have the most effective national organization ever seen on this planet.

### Watching the Basket

In 1866, Prussia easily over-ran Austria; in 1870, Germany easily defeated France. What will happen if, in 1915 or 1920, Germany after careful preparation attacks England and wrests from her the mastery of the sea? From such a defeat England could never recover. For England is not self-supporting as France was, and England has not within herself the power of recuperation. If such a calamity occurred, England would cease forever to be among the great and independent nations of the world. Therefore, what we should condemn as aggression we must condone as defense. England has put all her eggs in one basket, the mastery of the sea. Who will say that she is not wise in watching the basket?

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# The World in a Nutshell

## WOMEN EVERYWHERE

PROFESSOR ZUEBLIN is not satisfied with the present status of woman. He does not like woman to be regarded as "a cross between an angel and an idiot." He does not believe women ought to be forced to marry in order to have food on the table, and he thinks the present condition intolerable because a woman's whole life is spent in trying to please a man.

### Are Women Hypocrites?

The worst thing about matters as they stand, according to Professor Zueblin, is that it makes women hypocrites. Woman gets things by indirection. She goes through her husband's pockets while he is asleep, as a sober American judge has told her that she has a right to do. She fools him completely during the "courtship illusion," and she pleases him and furthers his interests in ways that are too subtle for his dull, masculine intelligence to grasp. In short, woman is a hypocrite, and will remain a hypocrite until she earns her own living and casts her own vote.

Even then, we hope, a little of woman's hypocrisy will still remain. What every woman knows is that she can help the man she loves by not letting him see that she is helping him, and we men, while we sometimes guess what she is doing, are perhaps better off by not quite knowing. Let woman have her economic independence, let her run automobiles, and build bridges, and perform surgical operations, and cast votes, and run for offices (and get them), and do everything else once held masculine except grow beards—but do not let her stop fooling us.

SOME five hundred years ago, on Twelfth Night 1412, a baby girl was born in the French village of Domremy and was christened Joan. She was a religious child and she used to hear mysterious voices telling her to be good. Then St. Michael appeared to her and bade her save France from the conquering English. Joan went to the King's son, convinced him of her mission, and, dressed in male attire, she led the dispirited French soldiers to victory. Captured at length by the Burgundians and turned over to the English, she was tried as a sorceress and burned to death; but she saved France, and for five centuries she has been the heroine, "The Maid," the most adored figure in all the glorious history of France.

### The Maid

To-day, after centuries of waiting, the church has beatified the Maid. She has gained this distinction because in December, 1897, over four hundred and fifty years after her death, she performed the miracle of curing of acute pains in the stomach, Sister Teresa, a Benedictine nun, and on two other occasions performed other well-attested miracles. The devil's advocate, appointed by the church to make out a case against persons to be sanctified, had little to say, and after the evidence was sifted, the Maid was beatified. In another decade she will be canonized, and thereafter may be referred to as Saint Joan. But even after she has been admitted to the ranks of the Saints of eighteen centuries, millions of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, and tens of millions of men and women all over the world, will still think of her, not as a canonized saint, but as Joan of Arc, the militant Maid of France.

JUST as the English people were beginning to recover from their dread of a German raid they were brought face to face with another and a real invasion. This new enemy to British institutions is a more-than-up-to-date American department store.

### Another Invasion of England

Once more the London press urges the people to rise in defense of their homes and firesides. During the first few weeks of the store's existence, several millions of John Bull's daughters have left their loved ones and rushed off to inspect the American peril, and, according to the courteous British floor-walkers, many who came to scoff remained to pay. The new store, of which H. Gordon Selfridge of Marshall Field and Company is the proprietor, is only five stories high, because the Magna Charta or the Bill of Rights or the Domesday Book forbids skyscrapers in London; but otherwise it is a bit of Chicago transplanted. It has a rest room, a hospital for women injured in bargain-sale rushes, a post-office where stamps of all colors may be bought, ticket offices, a bank, and a restaurant. It has elevators which, unlike the conservative British "lift," make the return trip from cellar to basement in the same day. But its crowning glory, and the wonder of London, is a marble soda-water fountain, with undeniable ice-cream.

The play "An Englishman's Home" harassed John Bull's nerves by picturing the castle of the middle-class Britisher in the hands of Germans with a bad English accent. The next prophetic dramatist should show the Britisher sitting alone amid Grand Rapids furniture while his wild-eyed wife and daughters fight for bargains and Selfridge's uniformed delivery boys bring in packages C. O. D.

WHEN a girl goes into a shop to earn her living, she does not at first think much of saving. Perhaps she is a member of a family in which father and brothers are working, and in any case she expects soon to get married. The girl at the same counter was wedded only a few weeks ago; the girl opposite is engaged. The desire to provide for old age is tempered by the expectation that a future husband may make saving unnecessary.

### The Woman who Toils and Her Savings

The future husband does not always materialize, and the shop girl, like the factory girl and the domestic servant, like the cashier, the stenographer, the teacher, and other working women, faces the problem of providing for herself. And so she saves.

A report on Massachusetts savings-banks reveals how much she does save. In a recent year it was shown that no fewer than 794,790 savings-bank accounts belonged to women and girls, and that the total amount of these deposits was almost fifty millions of dollars. Besides, women are saving in other ways. Many thousands are taking out small life insurance policies and other thousands are investing in cooperative banks in which they are obliged to make regular monthly payments. The working girl has made up her mind that, if she must support herself in old age, she will have the money to do it.

THE phrase "making the dirt fly" had reference originally to the Panama Canal but it might have been applied recently to events in the city of Washington. For that is exactly what happened when the women took a hand in cleaning the city.

### Cleaning Day in Washington

Washington had long enjoyed a reputation as one of our cleanest cities—we refer to its streets, not to its politics. Lately, however, the reputation was about all Washington did enjoy because the streets were too dirty to permit any other form of enjoyment. The women's organization had been complaining for some time, but they found it hard to interest the street-cleaning department in so unpleasant a subject as dirty streets.

So the good ladies, assembled in their respective clubs and aprons, agreed upon a day for a general spring cleaning for Washington. They organized the work by blocks; they scrubbed the streets, they wiped off the trees, they dusted the lawns, and they polished up every lamp-post and fire-plug. Some of the regular street-cleaning force, who had nothing better to do, helped a little.

It was a grand "redding up" and maybe the example will be helpful to other cities.

THE periodical, *American Medicine*, calls our attention to the fact that wet weather is the healthiest of all, especially for infants. The chief Registrar of England goes so far as to say that the low death-rate of English babies in 1907 was due to the cool wet summer, and that nothing is so productive of sickness as a dry spell.

### The Rain Babies

If this contention is upheld, mothers will have to revise their rules of conduct for children. Rainy-day babies will become the universal type, and in wet weather the parks will be crowded with prambulators. Children will be carefully guarded during sunshiny weather, and very young persons about to depart on picnics will be cautioned not to go far from the water nor get their feet dry. Even pessimistic Mrs. Jones at the Mothers' Club will admit that it is a fine wet day though it may blow up sunshine before night.

It has always been supposed that babies love mud puddles because they provide such a quick and delightful way of getting dirty. What if we should find that the rain baby in his own wise way was merely trying to guard himself against summer complaints!

[Continued on page 398]

## FOUND OUT

### A Trained Nurse Discovered Its Effect

No one is in better position to know the value of food and drink than a trained nurse.

Speaking of coffee, a nurse of Wilkes Barre, Pa., writes: "I used to drink strong coffee myself, and suffered greatly from headaches and indigestion."

"While on a visit to my brothers I had a good chance to try Postum, for they drank it altogether in place of ordinary coffee. After using Postum two weeks I found I was much benefited and finally my headaches disappeared and also the indigestion."

"Naturally I have since used Postum among my patients, and have noticed a marked benefit where coffee has been left off and Postum used."

"I observe a curious fact about Postum used among mothers. It greatly helps the flow of milk in cases where coffee is inclined to dry it up, and where tea causes nervousness."

"I find trouble in getting servants to make Postum properly. They most always serve it before it has been boiled long enough. It should be boiled 15 or 20 minutes after boiling begins and served with cream, then it is certainly a delicious beverage."

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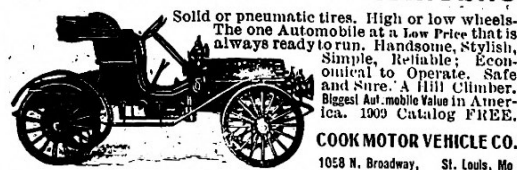
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## A Hairbreadth Escape

CHARLES E. BIGELOW, the comedian, is bald, except for a rim of hair a few inches above his collar line.

"I'm in an awful hurry," he said one day to the Lambs Club barber; "can you cut my hair with my collar on?" "Sure," replied the barber, "I can cut it with your hat on."

For these bits of "Point and Pleasedy" payment is made at the rate of TEN CENTS A WORD. The editors reserve the right to make such editorial changes as may seem necessary. Material which fails to gain a place on these pages, and yet seems worthy of publication, may be retained at the usual rates. NO MS. WILL BE RETURNED UNLESS STAMPED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED. Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasedy."

NORBORNE ROBINSON.

## "The Story of My Life"

WHEN I was a child it was my greatest ambition to become a lion-tamer. But my mama would n't let me. And then it was my ambition to become a detective. My papa's best friend was the chief of police, and through his influence I obtained a position as detective. The first day the captain told me that a gentlemanly criminal



had escaped—he showed me his picture and he wanted me to catch him. I caught him. On the way to the station we passed a restaurant and the gentlemanly criminal said that he was very hungry. And, because he was one of the most lovely criminals I ever heard of, I said to him: "Very well; go inside and I will wait for you out here."

I must have waited half an hour and he did not come out. So I went inside and said to the proprietor: "Did you see a gentlemanly criminal?"

"Why yes," said he; "he has just gone out the back way." So I had to catch him again, the next day. And on the way to the station we passed that restaurant again, and again he said that he was very hungry. "Very well," I said, "go inside and I will wait for you." But this time I was clever and I ran around the back way. I must have waited half an hour—oh! longer. And I finally went inside and asked the proprietor. The gentlemanly criminal had gone out the front way. So I had to catch him the next day; and on the way to the station we passed that restaurant again. He said he was very hungry. And because he was such a gentlemanly criminal I said: "Oh, very well!" (but, to myself, "This time he's not going to fool me.") So I said to him: "I will go inside and get you something to eat and you can wait out here." . . . And then I became an artist.—HY. MAYER.

## Breaking the News

MARION, who had been taught to report her misdeeds promptly, came to her mother one day, sobbing penitently.

"Mother, I—I—broke a brick in the fireplace." "Well, that is not very hard to remedy. But how on earth did you do it, child?"

"I pounded it with father's watch."—A. L. HALDENEAU.

## Fair Warning

AT THE New York premiere of Porter Emerson Browne's play, "A Fool There Was," the author was opening telegrams with a trembling hand. One was from Channing Pollock, who does ground and lofty "criticking" for the magazines, and contained this doubtful greeting: "We who are about to guy, salute you."

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

## A Chinese Puzzle

CHING LING LUNG and Chang Long Luey Could not get enough chop-suey; One day, they ate until they died— Did they commit chop-suey-cide?

FRANK M. BICKNELL.

## Courtship in the North

THE old Eskimo lit a cup of walrus oil and peered over the sealskin curtain. "Aurora," he called, sharply, "is that young man down there yet?" "Yes, pa," answered the Eskimo belle. "Well, I want you to cut him out, understand?" "Er—you'll have to do it yourself, pa; he has been here so long he is frozen to the snow settee."



## Mother Was Present

IT WAS the first time in three days that Mrs. Very Rich had seen her children, so numerous were her social engagements.

"Mama," asked little Ruth, as her mother took her up in her arms for a kiss, "on what day was I born?"

"On Thursday, dear," said the mother. "Wasn't that fortunate?" replied the little girl, "because that's your day home."—H. H. HOUGH.

## Be Sure You Are Right

"BILL had charge of the animal tent," said Mr. Ringling, "and among his pets was a leopard. This leopard gave Bill more trouble than all the rest of the menagerie put together."

"One day when I had left the show on some advance business, a telegram was handed to me. It was from Bill and read: 'The leopard has escaped. What shall I do?'"

"That was just like Bill. He did n't want to make a mistake."

"I immediately wired back to Bill: 'Shoot him on the spot.' Two hours later, I received another telegram from conscientious, careful Bill: 'Which spot?'"

RICHARD MANSFIELD asked a friend who had just seen "Hamlet":

"Now tell me, do you think Hamlet was mad?" "I certainly do," he replied. "There was n't a hundred dollars in the house."

## Discriminating Auntie Jane

DEAR Auntie Jane of Hespertown "Admires" a kindly thought; To criticize our fellows she Is sure we "had n't ought." The picture of a murderer She views with gaze precise, And says, with deprecating smile, "His nose is rather nice."

Old Auntie's way may not be ours, But, still, suppose we try To look about, for once, with her Discriminating eye. The greedy magnates of a trust Are hard to be endured; But, view them closer, friends—aha! Their nails are manicured!

Behold the Black Hand agent with His stick of dynamite. Don't look with such abhorrence, sirs— His teeth are very white! Night Riders, too, may whip and slay Throughout the countryside; But, when about to burn a barn, How gracefully they ride!

The grafting politician has His enemies; but, my! (As Auntie Jane would say) he wears An awful pretty tie! And from the great prosperity All these enjoy, 'tis plain The woods are full of folks who think Like dear old Auntie Jane.

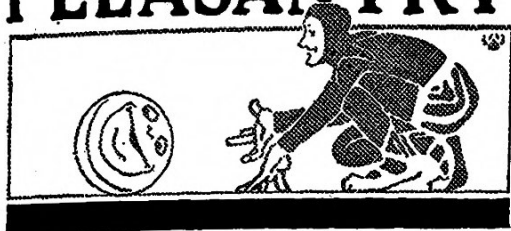
ROE L. HENDRICK.

## Color-Blind

THREE Irishmen were stopping at a second-rate hotel and one of them imbibed so freely at the bar that he had to be carried to his room, in which also slept a negro in a separate bed. His comrades, as a practical joke on him, proceeded to paint the Irishman's face black. In the morning, when awakened by the proprietor, he got up, and happened to catch sight of himself in the mirror. "Oh, bejabbers," he exclaimed, "if the blamed idiots have n't gone and woke the nigger by mistake!" And he crawled back into bed.—EMIL M. DALE.



# PLEASANTRY



## With Rare Tact

Mrs. A. was calling on Mrs. B. whose husband had recently committed suicide by hanging himself in the attic. Remembering her daughter's parting injunction to avoid the unpleasant subject, she steered the conversation into household channels.

"Are you doing your own washing now?" she inquired.

"No," replied Mrs. B., "not now. It is such cold work getting them on the line."

"Yes, it is," said Mrs. A., "but you have such a nice large attic to hang things in."—ANNA JOHNSON.

## A Broad Discrimination

THERE is an elder of a certain church up-State who thinks that things are only half done or not well started in which he has no voice. At a prayer meeting he offered thanks for the safe return from their vacation of the minister and his wife. With proper dignity and in a loud voice he said, "O Lord, we thank Thee for bringing our pastor safe home, and his dear wife, too, O Lord, for Thou preservest man and beast."

The "dear wife" has made a change in her visiting list since then.—R. M. WINANS.

## The Burning Question

A BALTIMORE teacher was trying to explain the meaning of the word "recuperate."

"Charley," she said, "when night comes your father returns home tired and worn out, does n't he?"

"Yes, ma'am," assented Charley.

"Then," continued the teacher, "it being night, and he being tired, what does he do?"

"That's what ma wants to know," said Charley. WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

## The Auto Strop

WHEN the train stopped at the little Southern station the Northern tourist sauntered out on the platform. Under a scrub-oak stood a lean animal with scraggy bristles. The tourist was interested.

"What do you call that?" he queried of a lanky native.

"Razor back hawg."

"Well, what is he doing rubbing against that tree?"

"He's stropping himself, mister, jest stropping himself."—WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

## Isn't It a Fact

THAT a cavalryman unhorsed is the most easily cowed? That one can show his temper only after he has lost it?

That a contractor should be called upon to expand a house?

That no young man ever rose rapidly till he had settled down?

That the plow must be soiled before the soil can be plowed?

That a susceptible fellow is hardest hit by the softest glances?

That in everything (except baseball) you must strike out to make a hit?

That many students can not state bald facts without splitting hairs?

That the papers often refer to a man's double life as a singular career?—CELIA ROSSITER.

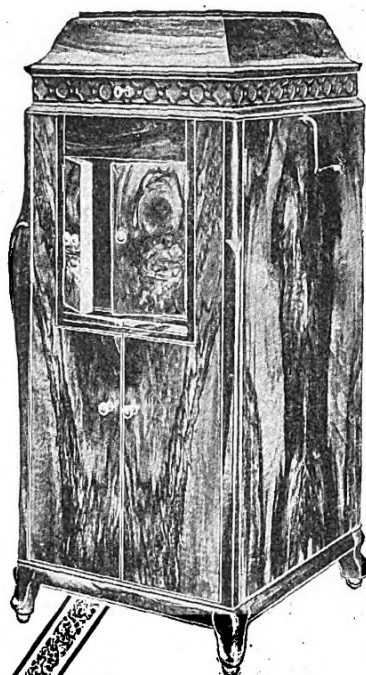
## Foretalled

"Well, Mrs. Dennis, what are you going to give Pat for Christmas this year?" inquired the recipient of Mrs. Dennis's regular wash-day visits, one day at the beginning of the festive season.

"Deed thin, ma'am, I don't know," replied Mrs. Dennis, raising herself from the wash-tub and setting her dripping arms akimbo. "I did be thinkin' I'd give him a pair of pants, but, Lord bless ye, ma'am, only last night did n't he come home wid a pair on."

FRANCES MAULE BJÖRKMAN.

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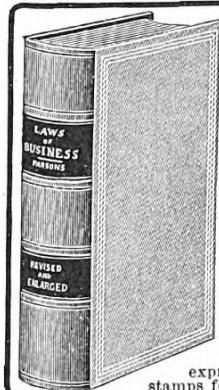
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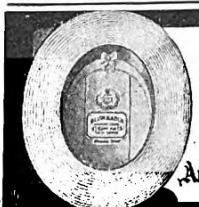
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Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 147 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

# THE EDITOR'S CHAT

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

## The Miracle of Polite Persistency

WHEN genius has failed in what it attempted, and talent says impossible; when every other faculty gives up; when tact retires and diplomacy has fled; when logic and argument and influence and "pulls" have all done their best and retired from the field, gritty persistency, bulldog tenacity, steps in, and by sheer force of holding on wins, gets the order, closes the contract, does the impossible. Ah, what miracles tenacity of purpose has performed! The last to leave the field, the last to turn back, it persists when all other forces have surrendered and fled. It has won many a battle even after hope has left the field.

Confederate commanders, in the Civil War, said that the trouble with General Grant was that "he never knew when he was beaten." When Grant's generals thought that his army, with only two transports, would be trapped at Vicksburg, they asked him how he expected to get his men out, urging that in case of defeat he could get only a small part of his army upon two transports. He told them that two would be plenty for all the men that he would have left when he surrendered.

It is the man in the business world who will not surrender, who will not take no for an answer, and who stands his ground with such suavity of manner, such politeness, that you can not take offense, can not turn him down, that gets the order; that closes the contract; that gets the subscription; that gets the credit or the loan.

He is a very fortunate man who combines a gracious manner, suavity, cordiality, cheerfulness, with that dogged persistency which never gives up.

Of course it takes grit to persist when everybody else would stop; to keep on pleading your case when others would give up in despair; but it is just this ability to stick and hang, and yet not lose your temper or suffer your good sense or good judgment to fail you, that enables you to get a big salary where others get a small one, that gives you a reputation for being a king in your line while others are content to plod along in mediocrity.

Polite persistency plays a large part in the success of many business men.

It is the man who will not be turned down, no matter how gruff or impolite or insulting the would-be customer may be, who succeeds. He goes a second or third or fourth time, and often gains, not only the customer's admiration for his pluck and determination, but also gets the order or closes the contract because of his persistency and genial manners.

The man who can be easily turned down never amounts to much. It is characteristic of human nature to be prejudiced against all solicitors and agents, people who are trying to get an order or a subscription, and when a man finds that it is easy to turn one down, to get rid of him, he will do so. But when he finds some one who will not be turned down and yet will not offend him, it is not so easy to get rid of him. He knows that when polite, dogged persistency confronts him he has a difficult task ahead of him, and he often succumbs out of sheer admiration of the solicitor's or salesman's persistency, especially if the man has an interesting personality and charm of manner.

## Our Habitual Thought Radiation

SOME people bear for years a bitter hatred or a great jealousy toward some one or more persons, and this mental attitude unfits the possessor for giving out the maximum of his ability, and destroys his happiness. Not only this; but he radiates his inimical atmosphere, thus prejudicing people against him, arousing antagonisms, and constantly handicapping himself all along the line.

Just think of the blighting, corroding influence of carrying some hatred or great fancied wrong or grudge against another constantly in the mind and continually trying to get square with him. Why, in a little while it would cut the efficiency of a genius down to mediocrity.

The mind must be free from bitterness, jealousy, hatred, envy, and uncharitable thoughts; free from everything which trammels it, or pay the penalty in impaired efficiency, inferior work.

No one can carry a grudge against another, a bitterness of any kind, a desire to get even with him, without very disastrous results to his own mind, his own efficiency and happiness.

Mental discords whittle life away at a fearful rate; they waste energies, destroy happiness, and age one very rapidly.

Then, again, no one can carry secret hatreds and grudges, jealousies, and revengeful feelings, without seriously impairing his own reputation.

Many people wonder why they are not popular, why they are disliked generally, why they stand for so little in their community, when it is really because of their bitter, revengeful discordant radiations.

These radiations kill personal magnetism, personal attractions, for their very nature is to repel.

On the other hand, those who send out kindly, loving, helpful, sympathetic thoughts, those who feel friendly toward everybody, who carry no bitterness, hatred, or jealousy in their hearts, are attractive, helpful, and sunny. We can not help loving these characters, because there are no discordant, bitter rays in their radiation.

By analyzing the light of a star, although millions of miles away, we can tell what metals are burning in its incandescent atmosphere. Each metal casts a bar across the spectrum when the light is passed through a prism, which is characteristic of its own quality.

An experienced mental chemist could analyze a person's character, and tell what discordant thought or vicious ideal is casting its fatal shadow upon his personality.

## The Home as a School of Good Manners

NOT long ago, I visited a home where such exceptionally good breeding prevailed and such fine manners were practised by all the members of the family, that it made a great impression upon me.

This home is the most remarkable school of good manners, refinement, and culture generally, I have ever been in. The parents are bringing up their children to practise their best manners on all occasions. They do not know what company manners mean.

The boys have been taught to treat their sisters with as much deference as though they were stranger guests. The politeness, courtesy, and consideration which the members of this family show toward one another are most refreshing and beautiful. Coarseness, gruffness, lack of delicacy find no place there.

Both boys and girls have been trained from infancy to make themselves interesting, and to entertain and try to make others happy.

The entire family made it a rule to dress before dinner in the evening, just as they would if special company were expected.

Their table manners are especially marked. At table every one is supposed to be at his best, not to bring any grouching, or a long or sad face to it, but to contribute his best thought, his wittiest sayings, to the conversation. Every member of the family is expected to do his best to make the meal a really happy occasion. There is a sort of rivalry to see who can be the most entertaining, or contribute the spiciest bits of conversation. There is no indication of dyspepsia in this family, because every one is trained to laugh and be happy generally, and laughter is a fatal enemy of indigestion.

The etiquette of the table is also strictly observed. Every member of the family tries to do just the proper thing and always to be mindful of others' rights. Kindness seems to be practised for the joy of it, not for the sake of creating a good impression on friends or acquaintances. There is in this home an air of peculiar refinement which is very charming. The children are early taught to greet callers and guests cordially, heartily, in real Southern, hospitable fashion, and to make them feel that they are very welcome. They are taught to make every one feel comfortable and at home, so that there will be no sense of restraint.

As a result of this training the children have formed a habit of good behavior and are considered an acquisition to any gathering. They are not embarrassed by the awkward slips and breaks which are so mortifying to those who only wear their company manners on special occasions.

A stranger would almost think this home was a school of good breeding, and it is a real treat to visit these people. It is true the parents in this family have the advantage of generations of fine breeding and Southern hospitality back of them, which gives the children a great natural advantage. There is an atmosphere of chivalry and cordiality in this household which is really refreshing.

Many parents seem to expect that their children will pick up their good manners outside of the home, in school, or while visiting. This is a fatal mistake. Every home should be a school of good manners and good breeding. The children should be taught that there is nothing more important than the development of an interesting per-



sonality, an attractive presence, and an ability to entertain with grace and ease. They should be taught that the great object of life is to develop a superb personality, a noble manhood and womanhood.

There is no art like that of a beautiful behavior, a fine manner, no wealth greater than that of a pleasing personality.

### The Joy of a Well-done Job

"THE man," says Elbert Hubbard, "who not only does his work superbly well but adds to it a touch of personality through great zeal, patience, and persistence, making it peculiar, unique, individual, distinct and unforgettable, is an artist. And this applies to each and every field of human endeavor—managing a hotel, a bank, or a factory; writing, speaking, modeling, or painting. It is that last indefinable touch that counts: the last three seconds he knocks off the record that proves the man a genius."

Apart altogether from the question whether the doing his work in a superb way makes a man an artist or a genius, it is certain that there is nothing else quite like the satisfaction that comes to one from the consciousness of doing the very best thing possible to him.

Neither wealth nor position can give the glow of satisfaction, the electric thrill and uplift which come from a superbly done job.

There is a fitness in doing a thing superlatively well, because we seem to be made for expressing excellence. It seems to harmonize with the very principles of our being. It is a perpetual tonic, improves the health, the happiness, the efficiency. There is no happiness like that which comes from doing our level best every day, always, everywhere; no satisfaction like that which comes from stamping superiority, putting the royal trade mark of excellence upon everything which goes through our hands.

### Seeing the God-side of People

SOME one says that pessimism is the first sign of deterioration in an individual or a nation. Optimism is a sign of health, of sanity.

When a woman physician was asked why she always thought so well of people, and had so much faith in everybody, she replied that in a medical practice of thirty-five years she had only come in contact with ladies and gentlemen:

When a beggar called at her house and asked for something to eat, she invited him into the house; then took him down-town, bought him a suit of clothes, some shirts and collars, and gave him ten dollars, along with some encouraging advice. She was criticized for this, but she said she found it paid to trust people, and that they rarely betrayed her confidence in them.

### The Greatest Wealth

IS THERE any compensation in money for a starved, stunted, dwarfed mind? Can lands and houses, stocks and bonds, pay a man for living a narrow, ratty, sordid life? How much money would match the wealth of a trained mind, of unfolded possibilities? Is the capacity for the appreciation of the meaning of life, of the lessons of civilization, worth no more than one's bread and butter and roof? Can any one conceive of greater possessions than an intellect well trained and disciplined, than a broad, deep, full-orbed mind responsive to all beauty, all good?

### There Is No Success for the Man—

Who vacillates.  
Who is faint-hearted.  
Who shirks responsibility.  
Who never dares to take risks.  
Who thinks fate is against him.  
Who is discouraged by reverses.  
Who does not believe in himself.  
Who expects nothing but failure.  
Who is always belittling himself.  
Who is always anticipating trouble.  
Who waits for something to turn up.  
Who complains that he never had a chance.  
Who is constantly grumbling about his work.  
Who never puts his heart into anything he does.  
Who blames circumstances or other people for his failures.  
Who can do a poor day's work without a protest from his conscience.  
Who assumes the attitude of a victim whom everybody is bent on "doing."  
Who expects to eliminate from his work everything that is disagreeable or distasteful.  
Who is forever wishing that he were doing something else instead of the thing he is doing.  
Who clings tenaciously to old ideas and old ways of doing things and is a slave of precedent.  
Who shuts himself within his own little life so completely that he can not take interest in anything outside of it.  
Who thinks the times are always out of joint, and that he was not born at the right moment, or in the right place.

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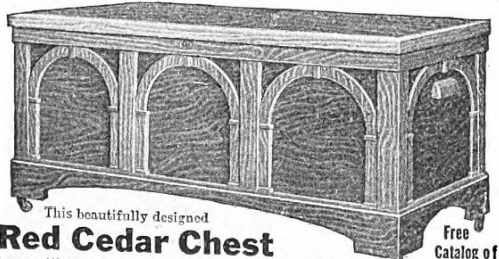
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## Mrs. Curtis's



## Home Corner

### The Heroic Old Family Doctor—Is His Type Passing Away?

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

I LISTENED the other day to a group of women discussing doctors. Some of them had just read "The Fruit of the Tree," which set them to talking and thinking. One argued that the majority of physicians to-day were keen, cold-blooded scientists, giving time, skill, and brain power to an eager search for discoveries, not so much for the alleviation of human suffering as for personal renown and the delight of achievement. Others contended that a spirit of commercialism was creeping into the medical profession. Then one woman began to deride "old-fashioned doctors." She believed in osteopathy and half a dozen other "pathies." "The day has come," according to her decree, "when the old-fashioned doctor must take a back seat."

LET us allow memory to travel back again to certain old-fashioned doctors we have known, in life and in books—"Dr. McLure," McLaren's most lovable of all creations, for instance, and Ralph Connor's wonderful healer of body and soul, the hero of that rare book, "The Doctor." Neither is an idealized character. Men who never won a Carnegie medal, but who are truer heroes than many whose names go down through history, live and move among us without a thought of winning fame or fortune, healing, comforting, cheering, forgetful of self, true to every lofty ideal of their profession, charitable, wise, and genial as many of the noble men we meet in fiction or biography. I have known a score of doctors as splendid as Dr. McLure, but you never heard of them. They are not famous specialists, they have not made known to the world any wonderful new medicine or startling operation. They simply go ahead, with hard, everyday work, giving the best of their muscle and brain to save human life and alleviate human suffering. They never figure in newspaper stories for winning a triumph over nature by keeping the soul in a useless, pain-racked body after the limit of human endurance has been passed.

ONE woman in the group, with no argument except a touching story, made her plea for "the old-fashioned doctor."

"One night," she said, "long after midnight, I was waked to open the door for our old doctor, the man we love and revere more than any preacher I know. His hand lay on the shoulder of a young girl. She was shivering with cold and spent with sobbing. 'Come here, child,' he said, 'close to a radiator. You are almost frozen. As soon as you are warm my friend here will put you to bed; then go to sleep with just one thought in your heart—that all the world is not cold and cruel and uncharitable.' I took her upstairs to a comfortable room. Without a word from her or the doctor, I guessed her story. The misery of it went to my heart. It was the old, old story of desertion, shame, and hopelessness. She was a slender little thing, with the face of a frightened child, pitifully shabby; her small hands were reddened and roughened by hard work. In her gray eyes there was the misery of homelessness, the knowledge of what it meant to be an outcast. It brought the sobs to my throat. When I bade her good night she threw her arms about my neck with a tightening clasp—the sort of spasmodic welcome with which a naughty child acknowledges forgiveness."

"Who is she? Where did you find her?" I asked the doctor, when I went downstairs.

"I know nothing except that she is a young thing in distress. I found her on the street. I was leaving a house after a long, hard case, when I saw a girl—I thought it was a child at first—sitting on the edge of a bank leaning her head against a tree. It was on Mercer Avenue, where there is woodland on one side of the street. I watched her for a few minutes, then I crossed the road quietly, but she saw me and began to run tearing through the brush. She reached the foot of the hill and started to climb desperately. She fell back; she was weak from cold and want of food. When I laid my hands on her she struggled to get free, just as a vagrant kitten or puppy does when you hold out a kindly hand to it. I led her back to the road and lifted her into my auto. She was sobbing so she could not speak. As we passed Old Jerry's lunch wagon I got some coffee and sandwiches and made her eat. Then I drove here and there aimlessly about town trying to plan what I could do. It was easy to guess her story, but hers was not exactly the sort of case for the House of the Good Shepherd. I could not take

her home. My sister, alas, has little pity for certain sins. I thought of you, the mother of half a dozen girls, so I brought her here. I will ask you to keep her for only a few days. I want to get her out of town. I used to be a country doctor, and I left lots of friends among my old patients. Somebody will come into my mind who will mother this child."

"TWO DAYS later the doctor entered with a little old woman. After one glance I knew she was just the sort of mother for poor Maysie. Her unfashionable clothes and country dialect were forgotten after one look at the dear old face. It beamed with human kindness; it was so shrewd, so gentle, so motherly, so cheerful. When Maysie came into the room, pitifully wan and frightened, the old woman took her into her arms, pushed the yellow hair away from her forehead, and lifted the girl's face so the gray eyes looked into the kindly brown ones."

"Ain't it a blessed thing, dear," she said, gently, "to have somebody like Doctor Brown, who knows how to bring the right sort of folks together? I've had such a hankerin' all my life for a girl of my own. I had a boy, onc't. The doctor knows how lonesome it left father an' me when he was taken. You're goin' back with me—if you want to. It's kind o' quiet and homely and lonesome at our little farm, but we'll be happy to have a daughter with us, won't we, doctor?" He could not speak, any more than I could.

"A FEW years after, Doctor Brown came to take me, driving with him one morning. 'You remember Maysie?' he asked. Then he took a letter from his pocket. 'It's from old Mrs. Bramley,' he said."

"I'm kind o' stuck, doctor," she wrote, "about what to do, so Reuben and me are going to ask you to help us out. You know, I believe, God don't count your actin' out a lie as a sin every time. Some country folks is mighty curious, so, to set things straight before we come back here, I dressed Maysie in mounin' and give her my mother's name and wedding ring. Mother would n't have grudged her either of them. No daughter born to me could have been the comfort Maysie has been. She's more than paid back what we did for her, and her little Ellen is the very light of our house. Last night Maysie come to me with a load of trouble. Young Den Robson asked her to marry him. The child is too honest to take him till he knows the truth, and yet she loves him as true as every woman ought to love her husband. Den thinks she don't care for him. I'm sending him to see you, doctor; you know better how to tell him the story than father or me do."

"Did he come?" I asked eagerly.

"He's just gone back," said the old doctor, gravely. "He's a fine, stalwart, clean-minded, proud young fellow. At first I thought it was all over for Maysie. I did n't make any excuse for the girl. I just told him her story. I looked it up after she left and found that every word she told me was true. Since childhood she was a poor little waif, drifting here and there, working like a slave. She never knew what a friend was—till I picked her up that cold night. Instead of wondering how she came to grief, I marvel she is clean and straight and womanly to-day. I did n't put in a word of excuse for the child. I watched that young fellow struggle with himself. He simply had the heart and sense to know that a woman as well as a man can live down one misstep and still make life worth while. The lad has gone back to make Maysie his wife. I am glad of it."

WHILE I listened to that story there came to my memory such an instance of human devotion as is not soon forgotten. One day I received a letter from an old schoolmate who had shared a desk with me in an old Scotch school. Years had passed since I had heard from her. "I have been ill," she wrote. "I am coming to my brother in Buffalo, and on my way west I want to see you." The rosy-cheeked, merry, plump schoolgirl I remembered was a frail, wan woman with hollow cheeks and hair in which threads of silver had begun to appear. That night while we sat talking of old times and old school friends, I asked her what had undermined her health so terribly.

"You know I trained for a nurse in the Glasgow Infirmary," she said. "During the last year, most of my work was outdoors among the very poor of that great smoky city, and I can tell you the poor of



Scotland are wretchedly poor. I was called one night on an urgent case. When I came down to the door I found a man waiting for me. I almost shivered with fear for a moment, when I looked at the sullen, hard, heavy-jawed face; only—a nurse is not supposed to know what fear means. I followed the man out into the darkness. We rode on a trolley for miles till it ended in the bleak country. My companion did not speak; he strode on ahead of me over rough fields, through a wood, past a half-frozen swamp, till we came to a hillside. The man stopped and said gruffly, 'You can't go a step farther till I blindfold you.' I handed him my bag while he tied a dirty handkerchief about my eyes. Then he took my hand and led me on. It was not much darker blindfolded than it had been before. We pushed our way through a tangle of low brush, then we stopped. I heard a key creak in a lock. The man pulled me after him and closed a door softly. The fresh air was shut out. I smelt the dank, moldy odor of an underground passage. I was stumbling constantly over rough places. Often I had to bend double to save my head from bumping on the ceiling. The walls were damp, almost muddy; springs came oozing through them; my feet got soaked from wading through puddles."

"Were n't you horribly afraid?" I asked breathlessly. "No," said the woman, quietly. "I remembered constantly what we are taught: that the worst character will not hurt a nurse when she is called out on duty."

"I THINK we had been creeping for ten minutes through that tunnel when I stood upright in a cave. Before the man tore the handkerchief from my eyes I knew, from the odor, we were in an illicit still. Three swarthy, villainous-looking men who were stoking a furnace cursed their companion heartily for bringing me there. The man cursed back, but he led me to a shadowy corner of the cave and ordered me to look after his wife as well as I knew how. A woman tossed about on a sack of straw, muttering in delirium. A dead baby lay beside her. The man picked it up and carried it away. I could hear his spade digging a little grave. I set swiftly to work to save a human life, but in a few minutes I knew it would take more than my skill to meet the case. I turned to the husband and told him to hurry to the hospital for a doctor. The men at the still swore that not another soul was to be brought into the cave, even if it meant death to the woman. It would bring the excisemen about their ears. At last they let the man go. It was hours before he returned. With him came the cleverest young physician in our hospital. He fought death as bravely and skilfully as I had ever seen him do it, kneeling on the damp ground beside that wretched bed. It was in vain; no human skill could save that miserable life. Before we left, we both had to swear an oath of silence. Then, in the gray of the morning, we returned to the hospital."

"Five weeks later, after an awful siege of blood-poisoning, that young physician died. He was the best-beloved, the tenderest, most talented, most heroic doctor on our force. It seemed as if nobody could ever fill his place. While he lay dying I lay unconscious, for the same poison went coursing through my veins. I don't know how they ever dragged me back from death's door. There were months of convalescence. I think I would get well if I could but settle one horrible, haunting question. Had I any moral right, knowing the utter hopelessness of the case, to bring that brave young doctor to his death?"

She left our home a few days later. Scarcely had a week elapsed when a telegram was received announcing her death. Her heart had been weakened by that terrible illness. The question that had haunted her became mine. Was it worth while to give two splendid, heroic lives in a vain attempt to save one wretched waif of humanity?

"Ven der husband spends der day bucket-shopping und der vife spends der day bargain-shopping vot is der answer?"

I know of a woman who was taken to task for worrying about her children. "But it seems so heartless in me if I do not worry about them," the mother replied.

The man who carries a grudge little realizes that he is carrying instruments to wound and lacerate himself; that he receives the damage which he intended for another.

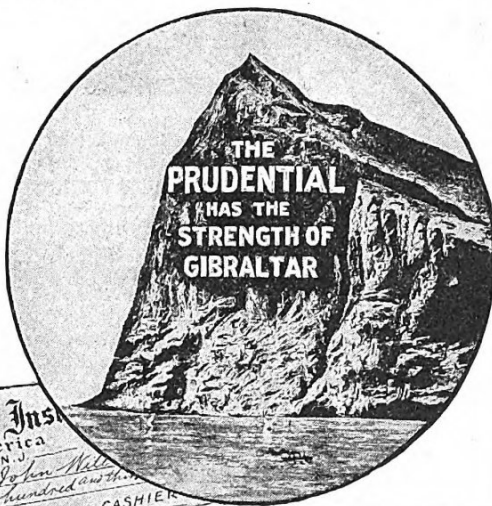
Few people ever learn the real art of living, never learn how to fill every day with beauty, joy, and helpfulness. They do not know the tonic of perpetual growth, the stimulus of constant unfoldment.

Many people are such slaves to the opinions of others that they don't dare express themselves; their energies are tied up; they are slaves of Mrs. Grundy. These people do not have opinions of their own, they are governed entirely by those of others.

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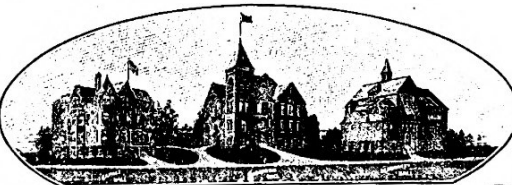
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Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

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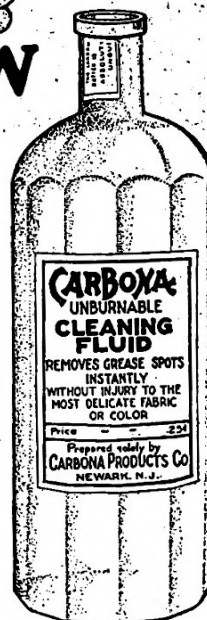
You wouldn't dare do this with benzine or naphtha.

## THE LAW

compels dealers to label every bottle of benzine or naphtha  
**DANGEROUS**

Why take a chance of losing your life or property by using benzine or naphtha?

**CARBONA**  
Cleaning Fluid  
is absolutely  
**SAFE**  
It cannot burn, cannot explode



15c 25c 50c and \$1.00  
Everywhere





A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE  
**MENNEN'S**  
Borated Talcum  
Toilet Powder

Gives delicacy to the complexion, preserves the texture of the skin and protects it from the effects of sun and wind.

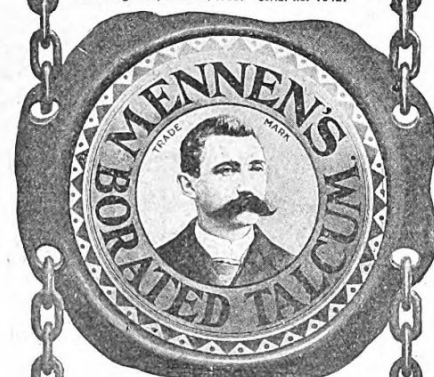


It prevents chafing, relieves rash, prickly heat and other skin discomforts incident to outdoor life in the summer. It is excellent for those who enjoy outdoor sports, relieving the smart of sunburn and the sting of the brine, preventing excessive perspiration and acting as a dainty deodorant. Very refreshing after shaving or bathing.



Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder, with the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets. **MENNEN'S** Borated SKIN SOAP (Blue Wrapper). Specially prepared for the nursery. Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, with a delicate oriental odor.

Sold for 25 cents Everywhere or by Mail. Guaranteed by the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542.



Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co.  
30 Orange St., Newark, N. J.



IF AN ARM IS INJURED or badly swollen, bandages are necessary. It is often impossible to get the sleeve of a night-dress or wrapper on without hurting the injured member. This can be arranged by ripping open the inside of the sleeve as far up as the armpit, and sewing tapes on each side. These can be brought together and tied, giving the arm ample room. If the armhole is too tight, the garment may be ripped under the arm and tapes sewed on in the same manner as on the sleeves.—A. R. LAMPMAN.

A PRETTY DECORATION FOR THE FERN DISH, and one which is more lasting than can usually be bought at a florist's, is secured by planting a package of portulaca seed. It will form a pretty fringed mass of green that will last a long time. Have two dishes (one may be tin) and while one is doing duty on the dining-room table, the other can be sunning itself at the kitchen window.—MRS. W. L. FROST.

WHEN WHITE ENAMEL-WARE, such as pie pans or teapot, become discolored, make a strong solution of baking soda and rain water, and put the pans in it and boil hard. It will make them as white as new.—N. E. L.

IN MAKING PEANUT BUTTER, I mix the ground peanuts with cream or milk instead of olive oil, if I only desire a small quantity. It is delicious, although it does not keep longer than a few days.—H. W.

TO CLEAN YOUR VINEGAR CRUET, put a teaspoonful of lye in it, fill it full of water, and let it stand a few days. Then rinse thoroughly, and it will look as bright and clean as when new. This is also good for cleaning old jugs.—H. W.

TO GET RID OF "BUMPS" ON THE FACE that you've tried most everything for, without effect, on rising in the morning take half or more of a lemon with one-fourth to half a teaspoonful of salt. Do this every morning when you first rise, until bumps disappear, which in stubborn cases and those of long standing may require several weeks, and perhaps months, but the prescription is a good tonic and, with perseverance, a sure cure.—MRS. R. M. H.

IN WASHING BLANKETS AND QUILTS, choose a warm, bright day with no wind, so they may dry quickly and quietly. Use any good white soap; cut it into shavings, and dissolve. The water for both washing and rinsing should be warm, neither hot nor cold. Make a good suds, and wash quickly with as little rubbing as possible. Rinse thoroughly, wring well, and hang out. Press before thoroughly dry. Hang blankets in the shade if possible; quilts, if of fast colors, are best hung in the sunshine. The same method for washing quilts may be followed, with the exception that quilts may be rubbed well on a wash-board and decidedly hot water may be used.—ALICE W. MUNN.

SALT-WATER WILL STOP FALLING HAIR and help remove dandruff. Dip the fingers in it and dampen the scalp. MATTIE.

WHEN ONE HAS A DAY'S IRONING TO DO in summer, it is quite a problem to keep sad-irons hot enough, without making the room unbearably warm. Try placing a baking tin upside down over them, and you will find that the irons heat quickly and keep hot over quite a low fire.—H. W.

TO CLEAN A LIGHT MATTING, rub the soiled spots with dry meal, let stand a while, and sweep off with a stiff broom.—I. S.

IF CRUDE OIL, which is being used so much for street work, especially in California, should happen to get on a dress, it can be cleaned by using pure alcohol. This removes all traces of the oil and does not leave a stain. I have used it on a tan rajah and a white serge skirt. K. W. G.

TO CLEAN TAN LEATHER purses, shoes, suit cases, etc., there is nothing better than to rub them thoroughly with the inside of a fresh banana-skin. It darkens the leather somewhat, but it cleanses it thoroughly. If surplus moisture is distributed, wipe off carefully and polish with a rag.—M. E. KYLE.

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

Conducted by  
**ISABEL GORDON CURTIS**

THE EASIEST PROTECTION FROM MOTHS, for furs, I have found, is a second-hand fifty-pound empty lard can, which the grocer or meat-man has discarded, and which may be had for ten cents. MRS. W. J. DAVIS.

HAM MAY BE KEPT from getting hard and dry on the outside thus: take some of the fat part of the ham and fry it out. Let it get hard then spread on

the cut end of the ham; half an inch thick is not too much. This excludes air. Hang in a cool place. When I want to slice ham I scrape off this fat, and afterwards put it on again as before.—MRS. F. C. LUCKER.

BEFORE TRYING TO BREAK A COCONUT put it in the oven to warm. When heated a slight blow will crack it, and the shell will come off easily.—GLADYS P.

A LAYER OF ABSORBENT COTTON in the mouth of fruit cans is an excellent preventive against mold. If mold should form, it will cling to the cotton and leave the fruit clean.—F. N. H.

A YEAST CAKE WILL KEEP FRESH a long time if stored in a cup of salt.—F. GORDON.

CHANGING THE WATER TWO OR THREE TIMES will keep potatoes from turning dark, and if they have been frost-bitten this will improve them.—N. A. S.

THE EDGE OF A HEAVY RUG will not curl if treated to a coat of shellac on the under side.—MRS. T. E. HANKS.

HAVE A DAMP SPONGE READY ON IRONING DAYS to moisten dry spots on thin articles.—F. N. H.

WHEN A COTTON OR LINEN DRESS IS CRUMPLED, but not soiled, hang it outdoors in a heavy dew or fog until thoroughly dampened. Iron immediately. The dew dampens the garment more evenly than sprinkling, and obviates the necessity of folding.—BECK.

FOR THE KITCHEN SINK I cut out a round piece of flat rubber which serves as a stopper, thus making it easy to wash and rinse towels, flannels, etc., in a sink full of hot water. The suction of the water holds the rubber tightly in place.—MRS. FRED. S.

GROUND GINGER USED FOR PLASTERS instead of mustard is just as good to "draw," and it never blisters. MRS. L. HUTCHINSON.

IF A NAIL IS DIPPED in lard, it can easily be driven into any hard or raw-hide lumber.—F. H. S.

WHEN STOCKINGS BEGIN TO SHOW THIN at the heel or knee I blind stitch a piece of old silk glove, (which I always save), on the wrong side. They wear as long again, and if carefully done, the stitching does not show through.—M. B.

HOUSEKEEPERS WHO BURN SOFT COAL and have trouble with soot-filled pipes, should burn potato parings in the stove. Save all the parings, dry thoroughly, and put on a hot bed of coals to burn. If this is done once a week the pipes will seldom need to be taken down to clean.—E. O. M.

A RUSTY SCREW may be removed by applying a very hot iron to the head for a minute. Immediately afterwards use the screw-driver.—MRS. JANE L. W.

I FRAME MAGAZINE COVERS and other pictures with passe-partout binding, using ingrain paper for mats. A paper-hanger always has a number of old sample books on hand, which they are glad to give away and rich colored ingrain are just the things for mats.—MRS. P. D. M.

GRANITE OR ENAMELED SAUCEPANS should never be taken from a cold pantry and set directly over a hot fire. They will crack.—R. G. WILBUR.

IF YOUR OMELETS BURN BECAUSE you have no "omelet pan," put a tablespoonful of common salt in the frying skillet. Put it on the stove and heat very hot. Empty salt from the pan, wipe it with a dry cloth. Cook the omelet with a small quantity of butter, and it will not burn easily.—ALMIRA L. D.



SMALL ARTICLES. DROPPED INTO A HOLE OR CISTERN can easily be seen by reflecting the sunlight with a looking glass into the darkness—even if there are several feet of water in the cistern.—E. N. F.

WHEN CLEANING THE ATTIC I prepared a mixture to fill unsightly cracks between the boards in the floor. I mixed together flour and water, added a bit of alum, put in pieces of old tissue-paper dress patterns, and boiled all together to a stiff paste. With this I filled the cracks. It became as hard as the floor, and there were no more dust-collecting crevices.—Mrs. S. H. B.

FOR REMOVING CINDERS or other foreign substance from the eye, the handiest and safest instrument is a common glove-hook with a looped end. Particles of dirt, that may be seen by turning back the eyelid, can be removed with the looped end of the hook. When the cinder is under the upper eyelid and so far back that it can not be seen, though most painfully felt, the end of the glove-hook can be inserted under the eyelid and gently worked around, without causing the slightest pain, until the offending substance is removed. Be sure to sterilize the instrument first.—W. S. G.

BURNING GREEN AND DRY WOOD TOGETHER, in an open grate or a stove, makes a hotter fire than burning dry wood alone—it also lasts much longer.—Mrs. C. McD.

WHEN SHOE POLISH IS NOT ON HAND, wipe your shoes off carefully with a cloth, then rub the white of an egg over them and see how well they look.—O. A. DUTTON.

AN IRON-STAND THAT WAS ALWAYS SLIPPING off the board just as the iron was to be put on was a great trouble to me. To remedy it I took the round top of a coffee can and nailed it fast to the ironing board with good results.—J. H. L.

TAN KID GLOVES ARE SO DIFFICULT TO CLEAN that few cleaners will guarantee to do them successfully. They are so easy to streak or to fade. I use a liquid cleaner and polisher sold for use on tan or russet shoes, applying it with a soft piece of cotton, changing cotton every time it shows soil. I keep the cotton quite moist with the liquid, and go over the glove many times, evenly and gently, rather than rubbing it hard at any time. You can clean all medium or dark shade tan gloves satisfactorily in this way.—G. R.

I HAVE A TABLE IN MY KITCHEN with a white pine top, which soils very easily. When I begin the preparation of a meal, I put three or four layers of newspapers on it. As the top one becomes soiled I take it off and have a clean one in its place. When through with my kitchen work the papers are removed and I have a clean table top.—E. M. FOWLE.

WHEN A LACE VEIL HAS SEEN MUCH USE and is little more than a string, wet it with milk. Gather one edge of the veil in the fingers, shake gently, and the other side will drop evenly to its former width. Continue shaking it until it is dry, which will be but a few moments; then your veil is as good as new.—H. I. P.

BEFORE COOKING MUSHROOMS I always distinguish them from poisonous fungi by sprinkling salt on the spongy part, or gills. If they turn yellow, they are poisonous; if black, they are wholesome.—E. I. W.

BOIL OYSTER PLANT, PARSNIPS, and such vegetables, with thin skins on; then peel when cold. The flavor is preserved and your hands are not stained.—C. A. M.

WHEN A KETTLE HAS A COATING OF LIME in the bottom, leave a little water in it and put it in a cold place to freeze. After twelve hours the lime will break off in large cakes, the ice with it.—M. CULL.

INSTEAD OF SHELLING PEAS, throw them, pods and all, into a kettle of boiling water, after washing and discarding all spoiled ones. When they are done the pods will rise to the surface, while the peas will stay at the bottom of the kettle. Peas-cooked in this manner have a fine flavor.—L. R. F.

WHEN IRONING CIRCULAR CENTERPIECES OF table-cloths, see that the iron moves with the straight grain of the cloth. If this method is followed the circular edge will take its true line.—Mrs. L. HUTCHINSON.

### A Correction

In SUCCESS MAGAZINE for May (page 287) the name of James McLachlan of California was included in the list of "Cold Feet Insurgents." Instead of this there should have appeared the name of James C. McLaughlin of Michigan. Mr. McLachlan of California has consistently voted at all times with the Republican Organization in support of Mr. Cannon and of "Cannonism." We cheerfully apologize to both Mr. McLachlan and Mr. McLaughlin for the mistake.



**ZU ZU**  
GINGER SNAPS

Rain! Rain!! Rain!!! All in vain!

If you lack snap and want ginger,  
use the old established countersign

**ZU ZU**  
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No one ever heard of a **ZU ZU** that wasn't good  
No! Never!! **5¢**

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You May Have All Three Parts Below:

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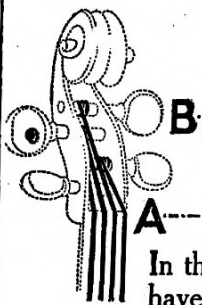
**The Reason:** MoToR Boating is now conducting one of the most extensive subscription campaigns that has probably ever been carried on by a similar publication. In order, therefore, to add 5,000 new subscriptions—entirely in addition to the maximum expected by the most exacting advertisers—MoToR Boating has, for a short time only, determined to make you the big three-part introductory offer above. To secure all these three "parts"—1, 2, and 3—the beautifully illustrated book, "From Novice to Pilot"—the big (14 x 20) picture masterpiece "Windstarke"—and an introductory yearly subscription to MoToR Boating at the present low price of only \$1—merely wrap up a dollar bill and mail it today at our risk—now—before this special time-limited offer is withdrawn. Address—today—

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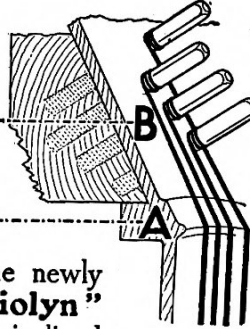


## THE NEW "VIOLYN" PIANO PLATE

THE violin is the most perfect of solo instruments—neither science nor art having improved its method of stringing for almost 4 centuries. Pianos have been improving for many years but never before has it appeared possible to adapt in a piano plate cast in one single piece the vitally important principle of stringing that has contributed so materially to the perfection of violin construction.



In the violin the strings have a straight, free stretch from bridge A to pegs B, hence being tuned with least resistance, the greatest tone vibration is produced without unnecessary pull or tension.



A portion of the newly invented "Violyn" plate showing inclined pin block permitting the violin principle of stringing, now accomplished with a full metal plate for the first time in the history of piano construction.

The Kranich & Bach "Violyn" plate with inclined pin block eliminates the necessity for the usual pressure bar which adds one more unnecessary and very severe bend to the strings and vastly increases the tension strain.



New Scale Upright  
PURITAN MODEL  
in choicest Mahogany or Circassian Walnut.  
\$450.00

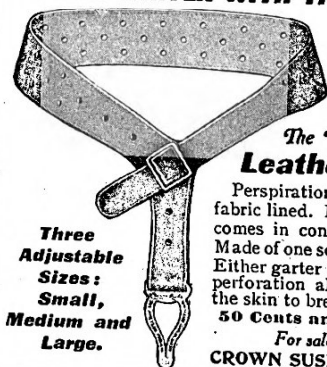
The "Violyn" plate insures the minimum pull upon the string—this results in a longer vibration which means a purer, more sonorous, and greater sustained tone. It means ease in tuning, reduced strain upon all of the strings, and the merit of "staying-in-tune" twice as long as without this marvelous improvement.

¶ The Kranich & Bach Upright is the only piano in the world built with a "Violyn," or any other full metal plate with inclined pin block, analogous to the violin principle of stringing.

¶ Write for descriptive pamphlet and catalogue. Favorable Installment Terms. Old Pianos in exchange.

**KRANICH & BACH, 233-45 EAST 23d STREET NEW YORK**

### "THE GARTER WITH THE HOLES"



The  
Knee-Drawer Garter  
PAR EXCELLENCE

#### The "Perforated" Leather Garter.

Perspiration and odor proof fabric lined. No metal or leather comes in contact with the skin. Made of one solid piece of leather. Either garter fits either leg. The perforation allows the pores of the skin to breathe.

50 Cents and \$1.00 a Pair.

For sale at your dealer's, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

CROWN SUSPENDER COMPANY, - Dept. H, 836 Broadway, N. Y.

### THE "Coatless" Suspender

Under the Overshirt—  
Over the Undershirt.

The only practical and satisfactory Summer Suspender, made to be worn under the shirt. Always invisible. Easy to put on and take off. Cool, comfortable and negligible.

Beware of Imitations—The genuine are stamped "Coatless," patented July 4, 1905.

50 Cents a Pair.



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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. **No Money Required to Win a Prize**—It will not cost you a cent to enter this contest. Sit right down now and copy this picture with either pencil or pen and ink. See how well you can do it. If you are a prize winner it will prove you have talent for drawing.

### Copy This Picture and Win a Prize

Thousands of people now earning small pay have illustrating ability, but do not know it. If you will send your drawing to-day, we will tell you whether you possess this talent. If your drawing is even 40 per cent. as good as the original, you have this natural ability, and we can start you on the road to a comfortable and independent living, with pleasant, steady and profitable employment.

Correspondence Institute of America, Dept. 660 Scranton, Pa.

## The World in a Nutshell

[Continued from page 389]

### PERSONS of the MOMENT

A GERMAN baroness who was entitled to cast a proxy vote at a municipal election was not permitted to do so by the election officials. After the election she appealed to the courts, who ordered that the voting be done over again and the lady allowed to vote. It is a most notable case of a woman's last word.

ATTENTION is called by John G. Wooley, one of the leaders of the Prohibition Party to the decline of that party's vote with the triumph of its principles. He thinks it only proper that prohibition should be the death of the Prohibition Party.

A VERY unpopular gentleman is Willis Luther Moore, and his hold upon the job of boss of the Weather Bureau is weakening. It is thought that he injured his political health on that warm sunshiny Fourth of March he promised the city of Washington.

THE Princess of Orange, who was born on April 30th, is probably the most popular person for her age in all Europe. Hollanders are delighted over the birth of a daughter to Queen Wilhelmina and an heir to the throne of the Netherlands.

SIMON NEWTON DEXTER NORTH, whose connection with the Census Bureau has been almost as long as his name, recently came into violent collision with his new superior officer, Secretary Nagel, over how the Census Bureau should be run. Dr. North's Senate connections saved his job for him, but it is believed that more statistics and less back talk will be produced henceforth in the Census Bureau.

THE head of the Secret Service Bureau, John Elbert Wilkie, proposed the other day that while Uncle Sam remains hard up the subordinates of his bureau will work for nothing one day in seven. The sounds that immediately issued from the Washington office indicated that Chief Wilkie had not consulted his gumshoe detectives when he made that offer.

MRS. FRANK M. CRONISE of New York proposes that we adopt the Bulgarian system of making it unpleasant for bachelors. She believes that bachelors over fifty years old should be taxed and the proceeds devoted to forty-dollar-a-month pensions for widows and unmarried women. Mrs. Cronise proposes to make single blessedness a luxury which only the rich can enjoy.

E. H. HARRIMAN, upon returning from a health-seeking trip, paid his respects to the Sherman Law. It was never intended to apply to railroads, he said, and should be repealed. Unfortunately, Mr. Harriman chose April Fool's Day on which to make this statement.

SENATOR CUMMINS of Iowa has introduced an amendment to the Payne Tariff Bill providing for a graduated tax on incomes of over five thousand dollars. Senator Aldrich does not care for the idea and will give it his unofficial veto.

A HARVARD professor, William Henry Pickering, believes that with ten million dollars he can make an apparatus with which he can signal Mars. His scheme involves a complicated system of mirrors which will flash sunlight to our sister planet. What the Martians will be able to tell us that will be worth ten million dollars, Professor Pickering does not pretend to know.

ADMIRAL IJICHI and his two big Japanese cruisers were welcomed so cordially when they arrived at San Francisco that a large quantity of war talk was completely ruined. The San Franciscans seemed willing to do anything for the admiral but pronounce his name.

DOCTORS JACKSON and HUBBARD, of the Vanderbilt Clinic in New York, report marked progress in the curing of skin diseases by freezing. Liquid air and carbonic-acid snow have been used with equal success. The parts affected are frozen so quickly that the process is painless.

THE former Governor of Kentucky, W. S. Taylor, together with five other men who were under indictment for the Goebel murder have been pardoned without trial by Governor Willson. This ends what was, perhaps, the most famous murder case in the history of the South, and one which has dragged on for ten years.



## A Sense of Humor

A SENSE of humor is something which every man possesses in a superlative degree. Men will admit they have no reverence; that they ill-treat their wives, outdo their neighbors—will own up, indeed, to every crime in the calendar, but not to being devoid of a sense of humor.

And, moreover, the sense of humor belonging to every man is invariably "keen." The most stolid, phlegmatic person, who never got near enough to the point of a joke to throw his hat upon it, will tell you, with tears in his eyes, that he never would have been able to live through all the things he *has* lived through if it had n't been for his sense of humor.

The worst offender, however, is the one who makes a business of exploiting this universally assumed trait. He takes you aside in a kind of joyous confidence.

"I could n't begin to tell you," he declares, "all the funny things I see. I don't know why it is"—this with an air as if it were a heaven-sent gift, which he, modestly, is in no sense responsible for—"but anything funny—really funny—appeals to me. If I could only remember to set them down! But somehow I never think of it at the time."

He then proceeds to tell you of an incident that happened to himself—personally. You have read the story perhaps ten years back—so far back, indeed, that you have almost forgotten it. But you would n't let your friend know that for the world.

When he has finished, you laugh heartily. Long practise has trained you to laugh, upon these occasions, as if you really meant it, and you tell him that it is certainly one of the best things you have ever heard. Henceforth you avoid him. A burnt victim dreads the man with a sense of humor.

Why is it that a man, modest in other respects—who, if he saved another's life, would conceal it—boldly and unblushingly talks about his wonderful sense of humor without the slightest compunction?

Next to him comes the young girl of the family; let us call her dear Mabel.

You've seen Mabel, of course?

"Do you know," her mother declares, "that child sees the funny side of *everything*! You just ought to hear her! No matter where she goes, it's always the same! Why, last night we sat up listening to her while she entertained us with what she saw on a trolley-car—just think of it—and—well, I thought I should certainly split with laughter. Mimic! Perfect! And you ought to see the poetry she wrote! She'd be awful mad if she knew I was showing it. I wanted her to send it to the papers, but I could n't persuade her. Is n't it perfectly splendid? I suppose she ought not to be encouraged too much. I have a friend who's a writer, and he advises me to keep her down—but it *does* seem as if a talent like that ought to be put to a use. Oh, you just wait till you hear her. *Such* a sense of humor!"

You don't wait. You love dear Mabel—at a distance. You sneak away in the gloaming. You have been there before. Henceforth when Mabel heaves in sight you put your helm hard a-port and "wear ship."

It has often been shyly insinuated—by bachelors—that women have no sense of humor.

Yet think of the monumental joke every woman plays on a man when she marries him!—T. L. MASSON.



## ON FILE

By CARLYLE SMITH

IF AN unkind word appears,  
File the thing away;

If some novelty in jeers,  
File the thing away;

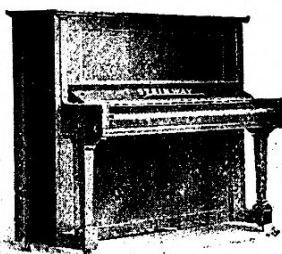
If some clever little bit  
Of a sharp and pointed wit,  
Carrying a barb with it,  
File the thing away.

If some bit of gossip come,  
File the thing away;  
Scandalously naughty crumb,  
File the thing away.

If suspicion comes to you  
That your neighbor is n't true,  
Let me tell you what to do—  
File the thing away.

Do this for a little while,  
Then go out and burn the file!

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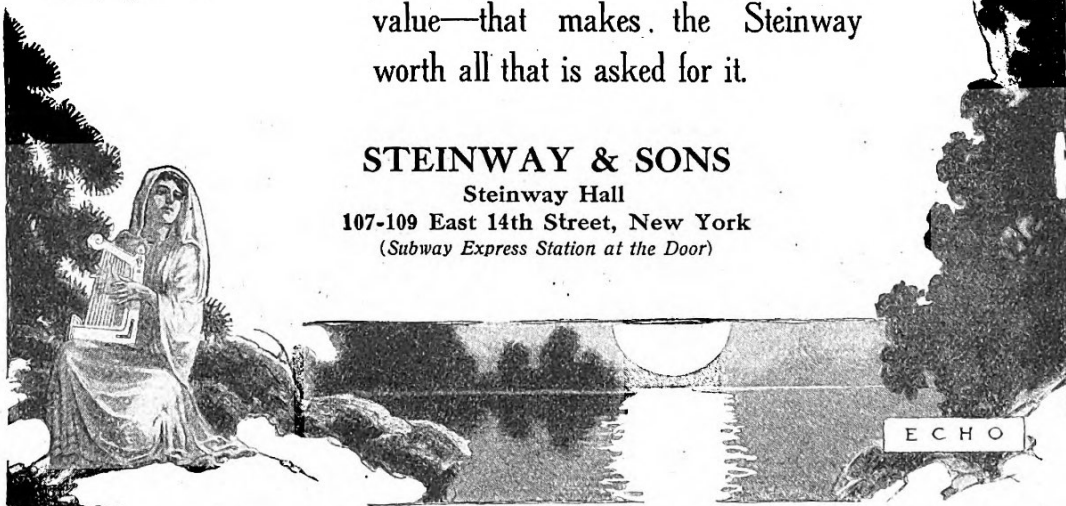
*Steinway Pianos  
can be bought of any  
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THE matchless tone of the Steinway is the result of all that has been done in three successive generations of unflinching fidelity to a high ideal. It is the unequalled creative genius and mechanical skill of the Steinways that have made the Steinway the standard of piano comparison.

Steinway tone is not that of a day, but of a lifetime; and it is this feature of maintained musical value—and therefore of maintained commercial value—that makes the Steinway worth all that is asked for it.

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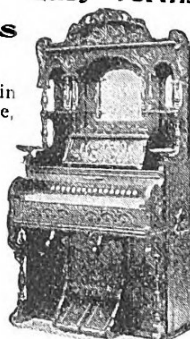
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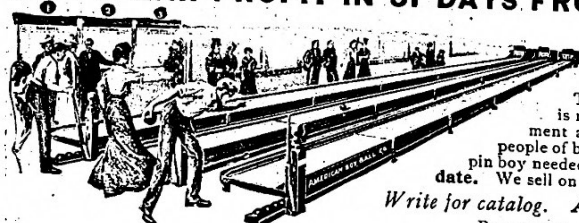
The most beautiful piano and organ catalogue issued; it shows the choicest of our so latest styles and explains things you ought to know, whether you buy from us or elsewhere. The book is yours for the asking. Write for it now.

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## The Changing South

[Continued from page 374]

agreed to accept a plea of guilty of simple assault. The parties have adjusted their differences, and I hope you will assess a reasonable fine.

"What are the facts in the case?" demanded the judge.

"This was exactly what they did n't want the judge to know. Ware's lawyer arose, a white-winged angel of peace: 'Your Honor, Mr. Ware is a good fellow and a useful citizen, but a trifle impatient at times. The parties have made friends and the prosecutor desires to drop it.'

"I want to hear the facts. Call the injured party."

"After being called two or three times, a little pedler shuffled reluctantly around in front of the judge. His whole manner was a painful apology for being alive.

"Are you the prosecutor?"

"No, sir, I ain't brosepute—Misder Varc—fine shentleman; I wants to gombromise."

"Are you the subject of the injury; did he strike you?"

"The pedler spread his hands with a gesture of deprecation:

"It vas nuddings at all, Shudge. Ve haf a dispute und he call me doo or dree dimes a liar; den he knock me down mit an ax handle in de head; und ven I run away he shoot me dree or four dimes mit a Vinchesler rifle; dat vas all, Shudge, so hellup me. Misder Varc, he's a nice shentleman; ve don't haf no fuss."

"I see," remarked the judge; "Mr. Ware is a trifle impatient at times. We'll see if we can't cure him." And he did cure him for a while.

### Capital Is Afraid of Guns

"In years gone by this was a frontier with the frontier spirit. Outlaws flocked to a land where sentiment was lax and criminal courts notoriously inefficient. If one man killed another in anything resembling a fair fight, it was treated as an affair of honor, with which the courts had no concern. To this good day we have not traveled entirely away from that idea, and a few first-class white hangings would do a lot of good.

"It used to be the custom for a man to put his pistol on as regularly as he put on his breeches. That has all been changed. The bully and the bad man have moved on. Business interests realized that capital will not come where life and property are unsafe.

"Nothing is more significant than the altered attitude of the South on the liquor question. When this country was first settled everybody drank whisky, and every store sold it. Towns and cities were full of doggeries. Some twenty years ago I happened to be in the legislature. An old fellow whom I regarded as a crank of the first water kept harping on the subject of prohibition.

"Old Major McGann stood it just as long as he could; then he rose and shook his bony finger:

"I'm agin all sumptuary. I'm agin any fellow meddlin' with what I eat, drink, or wear. You can't make people good by law, and 'tain't no use a tryin'. This here bill aims to stop the bung-hole, bust the jug, and put molasses in the decanter. I'm agin it. Prohibition never did prohibit and never will prohibit. It won't be enforced; you jes' can't enforce it. The first prohibition law in this world wuz passed for the Garden of Eden. There warn't but two people on the face of the earth, God A'mighty was chief o' police, and then they could n't enforce it.' That killed the bill.

### Why the South Is Going "Dry"

"But so much crime and disorder grew out of the doggeries; they kicked up such a lot of trouble amongst our negroes, that sentiment has been steadily changing. Running a plantation has become a business that calls for sober men. Finally I changed my mind. When we held the last election, I rode twenty miles to vote for prohibition.

"Our social system South has entirely changed. When I was a young man the most cultured society was on the plantation. People visited from house to house, spending weeks at a time. We felt a sympathy for our friends who were obliged to live in town.

"After the war, labor was scattered and disorganized; the planter found himself without means to keep up the big house. So he moved to town, where his family would be protected and he could educate his children. The best life of the South shifted from the country to the city. No change that has come over my country is more distressing than this. The life that I loved has passed away.

"What little prejudice, after the war, remained in the hearts of the Southern people has been forgotten. Few Northern gentlemen, like yourself, ever understood the real causes for it. Mr. Ramsay, suppose you were a soldier in blue and I were a soldier in gray. We met on the field of battle, and I was fortunate enough to overcome you. You were left lying there wounded and helpless. Suppose during the night some cowardly scoundrel should sneak out of the woods and rob you of your watch, your money, and your clothes, then jeer at you. After the war you would visit my house and sit beside my fire, as you are doing to-night, without the slightest animosity. But you would always feel an unutterable contempt for the man who robbed and



insulted you. That was the way we felt toward the carpetbagger and the scalawag who plundered us.

"Business intercourse sprang up. Southern merchants went North to buy; Northern capitalists came South seeking investments. Each said of the other: 'He's not such a bad fellow after all.' Then the Spanish War cemented the reunion."

His lowered voice died out in silence. I saw him gazing upon his dead son's face—his part of the price paid for a perfect reconciliation. We had wandered upon painful ground, and he changed the subject abruptly.

"We waste too much, and we do not use our land to advantage. Back yonder in that swamp lie fifteen thousand acres of land far richer than the valleys of the Rhine. Until our planting season changes, I can make no use of that land."

"We are becoming commercialized. The saw mills are being run on business principles, employing thousands of men and bringing millions of dollars into the country. Cotton plantations are incorporated and managed like trusts. The banks require gilt-edged security before they lend a dollar. The gambling houses are shut, and bucket-shops have got to go. Everything is changing—and I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks. But"—he glanced around the room—"I mean to keep this house so I can come back to it when I get tired of sky-scrapers and subways. A fellow does get tired of them, does n't he, Mr. Ramsay?"

Jake had put out my lamp and left me alone in the big room upstairs. I sank comfortably into the great four-poster bed and watched the firelight waving its fantastic figures on the floor. I laughed to myself; I, the business lawyer, had traveled fifteen hundred miles on an important errand, and had forgotten to mention my business. It was so comfortable for once to play the guest.

To-morrow we could talk. To-morrow, with the Southerner, is the time to talk business. I dozed off, dreamily grateful that some things in the South had not changed.



### No Need for a Doctor

DR. SCOTT, a prominent physician, had a patient who suffered from over-eating. Despite all warnings, every few weeks the doctor would be called in to assuage the grief of his patient. Once several months passed without a summons, so that, meeting his patient on the street, the doctor asked:

"How is it I have n't heard from you in so long? Are you taking my advice or my prescriptions, or have you joined the ranks of the food-faddists?"

"I have done none of these things," responded the former dyspeptic. "I have found a perfect rule for permanent good health and I believe I am done with doctors forever."

"How is that?" asked the doctor.

"Well," ejaculated the discoverer, "when I sit down at the table I am careful to see that I measure just six inches from the edge of the table. Then I eat and eat and when I hit—I quit."

### More Expensive Than Elegant

A NEIGHBOR sent a present of a pair of chickens to a country parsonage where there was a large family and a small income. Chickens were a luxury and the two youngest children (who were usually put to bed with a simple meal) were promised to share in the family treat. Just before the meal was announced two neighboring ministers dropped in, and the children's mother had to compromise with the little people. A promise of candy pacified them to wait until the older people were through, when they were to have their share of the delicacy.

No one thought anything of the children while the meal was in progress. The ministers were blessed with good appetites and the chicken was fast disappearing. Just as the last three small pieces were being conveyed to the plates of the guests, the door—which had been suspiciously creaking for some time—was flung wide open. Two faces glared at the visitors, while two childish voices shouted in unison, "Eat it, hogs!"

### Seven-League Boots a Fact

AN INVENTIVE Englishman has patented a near approach to the marvelous seven-leagued boots, calling his invention "The Curve Shoe."

This shoe resembles one-half of a bicycle wheel. It is slightly elliptical in shape, and is fastened at the top to the foot. The "tire" protrudes at either end of the foot and a rigid rod, with a joint at the ankle, supports the leg from the knee down.

These shoes weigh less than an ordinary pair of skates, and in using them the wearer simply has to walk. But the roll of the curved "runner" covers more ground than that of the average foot. When the sole rolls forward a spring is tightened, which springs the shoe forward in readiness for another step.

Models of this magic foot-wear have been made for children's use at a cost of two or three dollars. The inventor is now giving public exhibitions of his device in London.



## Paint the Kitchen Floor

The ideal kitchen floor is the one painted with Acme Quality Floor Paint (Granite). Better than linoleum or oil-cloth—costs but little—six cents a square yard; gives a hard, durable sanitary finish that saves scrubbing and backache. That's the advantage of the

# ACME QUALITY

plan. Any woman can paint her own floors in a short time—brush it on at night—walk on it next day.

If the wainscoting is painted and you wish it stained or varnished, ask your dealer for Acme Quality Paint and Varnish Remover. Apply a liberal coat of the Remover with an ordinary paint brush, permitting Remover to remain until paint becomes softened; then remove with putty knife or scraper. Then, after washing thoroughly, the woodwork will be in perfect condition for refinishing.

While painting the floors and refinishing the woodwork, you might as well enamel the pantry shelves. One of the Acme Quality Enamels (Neal's) is ideal for this purpose. A tint to harmonize with the kitchen decorations. Gives a hard, brilliant, sanitary and attractive finish.

Perhaps you have a comfortable old chair that does not appear to the best advantage. Refinish it—stain it with Acme Quality Art Wood Finish. You can practically make a new chair out of it.

That is the Acme Quality plan. Decide what you wish to paint, enamel, stain or varnish, and ask your dealer for the Acme Quality Finish to fit the purpose.

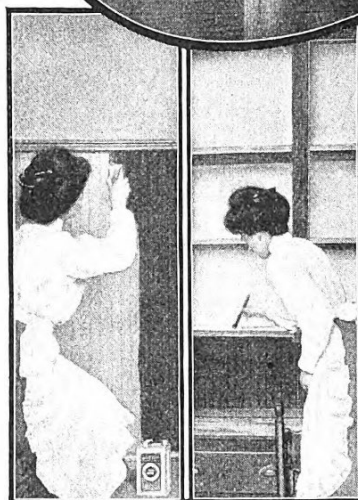
### The Acme Quality Text-Book

tells you everything you want to know about any kind of painting—inside or out. What to use—where to use it—how to use it. The name Acme Quality covers a line of paints, varnishes, enamels and stains adapted to every painting or finishing use.

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Stores in which foods are sold—stores in which merchandise of any kind is sold—schools, offices and public buildings, should all have sanitary floors. Dusty floors are dangerous—a positive menace to health, for tramping feet set the dust particles and germs circulating through the air, thus increasing the chances of dust poisoning and resultant diseases.

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Not intended for household use.

We will prove the wonderful efficiency of Standard Floor Dressing AT OUR OWN EXPENSE. On request we will treat part of one store, schoolroom or corridor floor, free of charge.

To localities far removed from our agencies, we will send free sample with full directions for applying.

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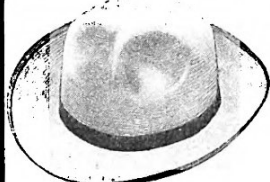
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Park Pennant Co., 1325 Dauphin St., Phila., Pa.

## Pippin and the Goshen Lady

(Continued from page 368)

IV

Doll's Harry was in jail. Doll cried a great deal, and threatened to try an honest life. Kitty was very peevish and unruly, and Miss Lawrence had been ill with fever since the night Pippin sent the letter. For eighteen days Pippin had in vain kept her rendezvous.

"I'll not give up 'ope fer twenty days," she said, eyeing a card, with a pencil jot upon it for every day that had passed since she sent the letter. "Twenty days," she sighed. "Now I must think."

She folded her hands and swung her feet. She was sitting on the bench in the park.

"I ain't a goin' to do it, ever no more after this onct," she mentally affirmed, "an' but fer 'er, I would n't this onct."

Pippin had reformed. She had tried in spare moments to find employment. She knew she should when Miss Lawrence no longer needed her. But once more the final coup seemed imperative. Every day now Pippin expected to make it. Each night she wondered that she had not. She had so little left. Dry bread had become her diet, and Miss Lawrence ate hardly at all. Sometimes she tried, to please Pippin.

"I must go to 'er," Pippin rose. "I got to do it once more." She tried to be patient with the inner voice that urged her not to steal again. "I don't want to," she explained.

She walked home weakly. The sound of voices within her room, as she paused to knock, startled her. Her little heart beat deafeningly for a moment.

"America?"

"America!"

The voices of Doll and Kitty raised in chorus were unmistakable; Pippin clinched her small hands.

"Then yer 'er American cousin?" piped Kitty.

Pippin pressed closer to the door.

"Cousin?" questioned Miss Lawrence.

"Well," said Doll, "I never knew she'd any cousin, an' I've knowd 'er from a biby."

A lull in the conversation.

"She said yer 'er cousin; are you?" Kitty urged, in an excited voice.

"She told you so?" asked Miss Lawrence, softly.

"Yes," from Kitty and Doll.

"Of course, I am Pippin's cousin." Miss Lawrence said it emphatically.

Pippin breathed quick with gratitude and victory.

"So you're Pip's cousin," marveled Kitty.

"Yes, think of it," echoed Doll; "an' a loidy."

"Pippin allus 'ad a w'y of 'er own," recalled Kitty.

And just here, Pippin opened the door and slipped into the room. Her gaze met Doll's accusingly and with a glow of defiance.

"I'm just in time to mike you loidies tea," she said.

Doll and Kitty rose. They were greatly dressed, and Kitty's garments exhaled a confused fragrance. Her coiffure was elaborate, her little pinched face ghastly with powder.

"We won't stop, Pippin." She slunk toward Doll quietly.

When they were gone Pippin turned the key quietly upon them. She looked eagerly at Miss Lawrence.

"They knocked," she explained. "I thought it was you and opened the door. I had been asleep dreaming I was on a ship, sailing home."

She snuggled her head in the pillow.

"A bit of tea?" urged Pippin.

"I am thirsty," Miss Lawrence admitted. "Pippin," she said, "if I wanted you to, would you go and live with me in America?"

"Would I!" Pippin leaped ecstatically over the soap-box cupboard.

"I shall take a situation," Miss Lawrence continued drowsily, "as cook"—she laughed—"or laundress, for a while—while I consider writing Mr. Charlie Brown that he's the only man on earth."

"You're better to-d'y, miss," said Pippin, turning her face from view.

V

As Pippin, sleek from recent ablutions, without the big-pocketed pinafore, came out of her room, Doll slipped from hers at the other end of the hall.

"Pippin," she said diffidently.

Pippin was cool.

"You're vexed," said Doll.

Silent assent from Pippin.

"Afraid, eh?" Doll sneered resentfully. "I could mike yer a bit o' trouble there."

"Try it, try it!" cried Pippin. "Where's yer 'usband? 'Oo worked with 'im, an what's 'e up fer now?"

"Sh!" Doll caught Pippin's arm, "ush; oh, Pippin!" she sobbed.

"Well then, leave me alone," warned Pippin.

"I likes yer cousin," said Doll, twisting agitatedly at a corner of her apron. "I would n't tell what yer do."

"I don't do it no more," said Pippin.

Doll's quick eyes questioned curiously.

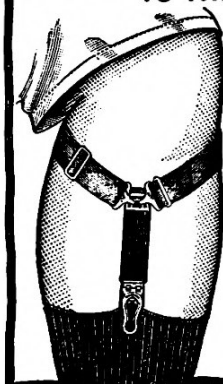
"What yer livin' on now—you ain't workin'?" Doll stepped eagerly nearer.

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TO THE BARE LEG



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Pippin leaned weakly against the wall. She knew she must "do something" that very day. She intended to, after she had been to the one o'clock rendezvous. That had come to seem now almost an idle habit.

"Is'y, Pippin," pressed Doll, "let me lend yer a bit."

Pippin's eyes flashed suspicion.

"You told me yer stony-broke," she accused.

"I know," admitted Doll. "I'd a bit 'id fer a rainy d'y. I did try to borrow yours. I was mean, I own it. Let me lend yer a bit fer—er." Doll indicated Pippin's door.

Pippin eyed her.

"I likes 'er," Doll said again. "She's a nice pritty young loidy—she did look ill an' sweet there yesterd'y. I own up, too, Pippin, we went in there to mike you trouble. I was annoyed at yer secret w'ys; but she was kind an' perlit an'—Doll began to cry.

Pippin moved restlessly.

"I am goin' to work too, Pippin," sobbed Doll, as one renouncing all joy of life. "I been thinkin' o' mar, an' now 'Arry's up fer a year. Poor 'Arry, an' 'is weak 'eart!"

Doll cried some more.

"E'll be disappointed, to come out o' quod an' find me turned 'onest, an' workin'."

"E'll get used to it, Doll." Pippin now spoke kindly.

"Will yer tike me loan?" urged Doll.

Pippin paused. It was stolen money Doll offered to supply the needs of the sweet, unsuspecting one.

"I—I'll see yer when I come in, Doll," she mumbled.

"I'm goin' now to see about a certain berth."

It was an hour later that Doll, standing in Kitty's doorway, was about to stop Pippin as she came up the stairs; but the large figure of a young gentleman in light clothes, a noticeable red tie in which flashed a diamond pin, tan shoes, tan gloves—a gentleman all splendidly turned out, Doll saw—followed Pippin so closely, so eagerly, that he all but trod upon her little heels.

The gentleman was motioned aside as Miss Lawrence opened the door at Pippin's knock.

"Say, little girl, I've got a job, and not cooking or washing," was the animated, unexpected greeting of Miss Leonora Lawrence, "but leading lady in 'The American Widow,' Company going to tour the provinces—ten pounds per, and you're to go, too, I won't—"

Miss Lawrence screamed. The gentleman had stepped into view.

"Charlie Browne!"

"Sally!" He did not say Leonora.

They met in the fond embrace of which Pippin had dreamed. With quick eyes she surveyed Mr. Browne from the tip of his pointed toes to his high, immaculate collar.

"E's a bit of auright," she murmured. "E's a 'ero; e'd be a lord if e did n't live in America where 'e can't."

And she slipped out of the room and sat on a step in the dark little hall to wonder over the country, across the water, where a man may be born to heroism and gallantry and yet not bear a title.

"America," she whispered.

"Sally,"—the big voice of Mr. Browne reached her—"we'll take little Pippin and make her an American of Goshen, Indiana!"

"Pippin!" called Miss Lawrence.

"Pippin," echoed Mr. Browne.

"Pippin," they chorused.

Pippin rose, pressing a little hand to her beating little heart.

"They ain't goin' to leave me. I'm goin' to America—you can't be a lord there, but you can be a lordy, an' I'm a lordy's maid."

## Books Received

- "Old Lady Number 31." By Louise Forsslund. The Century Co., New York.
- "Borderland Studies." By George W. Gould, M.D. P. Blakiston's Son & Co.
- "A Journey of Joy." By Amy Blanchard. Dana Estes & Co., Boston.
- "Abraham Lincoln." By George Bancroft. A. Wessels & Co., New York.
- "Work and Habits." By Albert J. Beveridge. Henry Altman Co., New York.
- "Good Citizenship." By Grover Cleveland. Henry Altman Co., New York.
- "Profit and Loss in Man." By Alphonse A. Hopkins, M.D. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.
- "Mind the Builder." By A. A. Lindsay, M.D. Lindsay Publishing Co., Portland, Oregon.
- "First Aid." By — Lynch. P. Blakiston's Son & Co.
- "Sermons That Won the Masses." By Madison C. Peters, D.D. American Baptist Publication Society.
- "The Anthem Angelic." By Rev. Wm. Henry Bancroft. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.
- "Banzai." By Parabeillum. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York.
- "School Reports and School Efficiency." By D. S. Snedden, Ph.D., and Wm. H. Allen, Ph.D. Macmillan & Co., New York.
- "The Wisdom of Abraham Lincoln." A. Wessels & Co., New York.
- "Vail of the Islands." By Beatrice Grimshaw. A. Wessels & Co., New York.
- "The White Trail." By Alex. MacDonald. H. M. Caldwell Co., New York.
- "How Canada Was Won." By Captain F. S. Brereton. H. M. Caldwell Co., New York.
- "Christmas To-day." By Hamilton Wright Mable. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.
- "Health and Happiness." By Samuel Fallows. A. C. McClurg Co., Chicago.
- "Social Engineering." By William H. Tolman, Ph.D. McGraw Publishing Co., New York.

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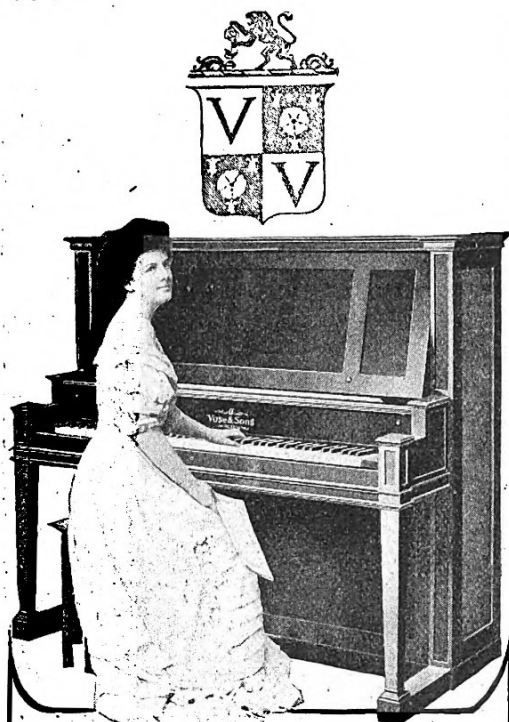
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## The Sky Man

[Continued from page 377]

head. "No," he said, "the thing's not impossible—not inconceivable, at least. The big birds can fly that far, and think nothing of it."

The old man snorted, "They're built that way. Think of the immense strength of their wing muscles!"

"Not so enormous," said the younger man. "I dissected the wing of an albatross once to see. It's not by main strength they keep afloat in the air; it's by catching the trick of it."

"That's what he said," the girl cried eagerly. "He told me he could fly across the north pole, from Dawson City to St. Petersburg; and when I asked him if he could keep flying all the time like that, he said the biggest birds didn't fly, they sailed, and he sailed, too, and the force of gravity was his keel."

Her story was making its impression on the younger man, at least, even if his father was as impervious to it as he still seemed.

"Well, if you dreamed that," said Tom, "it was a mighty intelligent dream, I'll say that for it."

"But it was n't a dream at all!" she cried. "Did n't I help him take the thing apart and fold it up into a bundle? And didn't he say that he was a tax-payer, and that his name was Philip Cayley?"

She was addressing the elder man as she spoke, and as she mentioned the name—it was the first time she had mentioned it to any one—she saw him shoot a startled, inquiring glance at his son. Following it, she met Tom Fanshaw's eyes staring at her in utter amazement.

"Cayley," he said, half under his breath; "Philip Cayley—"

"That was the name," she answered.

"And yet I'd be willing to swear," he said, "I've never mentioned that name to you in my life."

"No," she said. "Why should you? I know you didn't. I knew I had never heard it before when he told me it was his." She hesitated a moment; then, "Did you ever know a man named Philip Cayley, Tom?"

He let the question go by unheeded, and, for a long time, gazed silently out over the land. "I suppose," he said at length, "that a coincidence like this, any coincidence, if only it be strange enough, will bring a touch of superstitious fear to anybody. I never had even a touch of it before, in all my life; and I always had a little feeling of contempt for the men who showed it. But now—well, well, I wish poor old Hunter had n't strayed away last night. I was n't alarmed about him before, and I've no rational ground for alarm about him now, only—"

He did not go on until she prompted him with a question. "And has the sky-man, Philip Cayley, anything to do with the coincidence?"

Still it was a little while before he spoke. "I suppose I'd better tell you the story—part of it, at least; I could n't tell it all to you." He turned to his father. "You, I think, already know it." Then, with evident reluctance, he began telling the story to Jeanne.

"There was a man named Philip Cayley," he said, "in Hunter's class at the Point; three classes ahead of me, that was. He and Hunter were chums, the 'David and Jonathan,' you know, of their class. I remember what a stroke of luck for them everybody thought it was when they were assigned to service in the same regiment. It seems to me, as I think back to our days at the Point—of course, my memory may be playing me a trick—but it seems to me that even then Cayley was interested in the navigation of the air. Anyway, somebody—I think it was Cayley—kept a scrap-book of all that the newspapers and magazines reported on the subject; I remember seeing it.

I lost sight of him and Hunter when they

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went to the Philippines. It is only justice to Hunter to say that I never heard a word of the thing that happened out there from him. He never seemed to want to talk to me about it, and, of course, I never forced him. Well, I can make a short story of it, anyway, though it has to be a nasty one.

"A man came to the post one day, the head man of one of the neighboring villages out there, a man with white blood in him—Spanish blood. They carried him in, for he could n't walk. He was in horrible condition. He had been tortured—I won't go into details of that—and flogged nearly to death. He said that Cayley had done it. He had remonstrated with Cayley, he said, because he feared for his daughter's safety—she was a pretty girl, whiter than her father—and it seems that the man's fears had some justification. It appears that Cayley had come out there, blind drunk, with a couple of troopers, who deserted that same night, and manhandled the old man. The girl joined in her father's accusation; at least she did n't deny anything.

"Cayley was away on scout duty at the time the man came in—the thing had happened some days prior, just before he started out. It came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, for everybody liked Cayley and thought him an exceptionally decent, clean sort of chap, though he and Hunter both were drinking a good deal just then. Poor Hunter was all broken up about it. Everybody believed that he really knew some incriminating facts against Cayley, but he never would speak.

"As for Cayley himself, he made no defense whatever. He denied he did it, and that was all. There was n't any real corroborative evidence against him, so the court martial dismissed the case as not proved. But he would n't testify, himself, nor have a single witness called in his behalf; and he resigned from the service then and there, and disappeared, so far as I know, from the world. I heard he had a ranch down somewhere in New Mexico—near Sandoval, I think the place was."

His father saw a quick tightening in the girl's horror-stricken eyes at the sound of the name, which evidently, in some way, helped corroborate the story to her, but he did not question her about it.

"Well, that's all I know," said Tom, in conclusion. "The thing about broke Perry Hunter's heart, and he quit the service himself shortly after. It had this effect on him, though: he told me the other night that he had never drunk a drop since he had left the army.

"But you can see how queer it is, can't you—what an odd, nameless feeling of foreboding it gave me when, on the night that Perry Hunter disappeared, I learn that a vision, or a man, who called himself Philip Cayley, came flying down out of the midnight sky and talked to you?"

The girl was looking at him in a strange, dazed sort of way. "I can add this much to your story, Tom," she said. "When he was telling me last night—that sky man—how he lived up there on the wing, I said what a contempt he must have for all the world, for all of us wingless ones, to whom the little mountains, seas, and rivers opposed such barriers. And he gave a short, rather bitter sort of laugh, and said, if it were true, then he had only acquired for the world the feeling the world held for him."

There was a silence after that, while the three out there on the *Aurora's* deck looked blankly into each other's faces.

The silence was broken at length, by a hail from the shore. "Ahoy, *Aurora*," cried the voice.

Mr. Fanshaw answered with a wave of his arm. "That's Donovan," he said to the others; then, "Yes; what is it?" he cried.

"Will you send a dinghy for me, please?"



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The boat was despatched at once, and, while they waited, Mr. Fanshaw borrowed Jeanne's field-glasses for a look at the man who had hailed them. "He's in a hurry," said the old gentleman. "He looks as if he had news of one sort or another." They all had felt it in the mere timber of his voice—something urgent; something ominous.

It seemed an interminable while before the returning boat came alongside the foot of the accommodation ladder. When the newcomer appeared at the head of it, his face had plainly written on it the story of some tragedy.

"What is it?" Jeanne asked, not very steadily. "Oh, please don't try to break it to me! Tell me, just as you do the others."

"It's nothing concerning you, miss, not especially, I mean; nothing to do with your father." Then he turned to Mr. Fanshaw, "I found Mr. Hunter, sir."

"Dead?" The tone in which Donovan had spoken made the question hardly necessary.

"Yes, sir. His body is lodged deep down in one of the ice fissures in the glacier. I could see it perfectly, though I could not get down to it."

Tom Fanshaw covered his face with his hands for a moment. Then looked up and asked, steadily: "He slipped, I suppose?"

At the same moment his father asked: "Do you think we shall be able to recover the body?"

Donovan answered this question first.

"We can try, sir, though I've not much hope of our succeeding."

Then, after a moment's hesitation, he turned to the son.

"No, sir, he did not fall; at least it was not the fall that killed him. I found this in a cleft in the ice near by. It must have been driven clean through his throat, sir."

He held out, in a shaking hand, a long, slim, ivory dart, sharp almost as steel could be, and stained brown with blood. "He was murdered, sir," Donovan concluded simply.

"Give me the dart," the old gentleman demanded. As he examined it, his fine old face hardened. "Do you see?" he asked, holding it out to his son. "There is no notch in the end for a bow-string, but it will lie very truly in the groove of that throwing-stick that Jeanne brought aboard the yacht this morning."

Then he turned to the girl. "I'm afraid your visitor last night was no vision, my dear, after all."

But the girl was looking and pointing skyward.

[To be continued in July]

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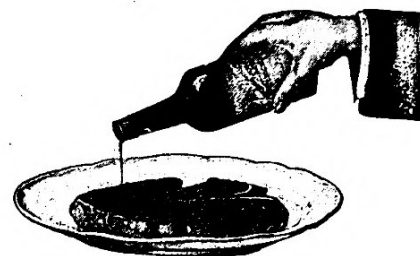
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## HAWKEYE

### Refrigerator Baskets

are built of rattan with lining of rust-proof metal easy to keep clean. Asbestos and felt packing prevents heat penetrating. Piping around lid makes basket airtight. All sizes. Strong, hygienic, ideal for light housekeeping. Ask your dealer for a Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket. Write us for our free descriptive booklet. Gives dainty recipes.

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BREAKFAST AND DESSERT CEREAL FOODS

FOR CASES OF STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES

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CLEANSES AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR PROMOTES A LUXURANT GROWTH Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color Prevents scalp Diseases and Hair Falling 60c. and \$1.00 at Druggists





## Jimmy Pepperton of Oshkazo6

[Continued from page 385]

anything that has brought you within reach of the law. Not to put too fine a point upon it, I don't believe you have. Now, when this money is paid over to your wife, and the other twenty thousand given to you, I want you to remain right here on deck as though nothing had happened. Do you understand? Stillenger, Long, and no one else except you and me and Walton must know what has happened until Stillenger asks you to transfer the shares to him. When do those two vultures return?"

"You mean—?"

"Yes."

"Stillenger won't be back this week, and Long is coming day after to-morrow."

"All right. Gather up those papers and come to town with me."

"I dare n't. They telephone me upon an average of once an hour, and I must be here to answer."

Very good; as soon as Brinsmead returns I'll go to the station and send a telegram to Walton, my lawyer."

Two weeks later, when the deal with the Citizens' Company was signed; sealed, and delivered, the secret conclave was convened in the offices of the United Street-railway Company. There were eight men present, but just before the proceedings began, a ninth appeared, followed by a tenth.

August Stillenger, the chairman, with a puzzled frown on his brow, looked at the newcomer as one he had seen somewhere but could not place. When, however, Lawyer Walton appeared, like a flash Stillenger recognized them both.

"Mr. Pepperton," said Stillenger, quietly, "this is a private meeting."

"Quite so, Mr. Stillenger, and, as you are in the chair, I hope you will see that no intruders enter."

"You will not be offended then at my exercising my chairman's duties in asking you to withdraw, Mr. Pepperton?"

"Pardon me, but no one has a better right than myself in this room. I have acquired four hundred and fifty-six thousand, four hundred and ten shares of United from my respected father-in-law, John Armstrong, with whom, I think, you are acquainted."

"In that case, of course, Mr. Pepperton, I welcome you to a seat at this table. But is Mr. Walton's presence necessary?"

"I should like to obtain permission for him to attend, if you don't mind, because I have paid twenty thousand dollars for the stock formerly held by Vincent Holbrook, who has asked me to apologize for his absence. These two blocks of stock give me, so Walton says, control of the company, therefore I should like to have him at my elbow if I may. I have promised him the position of legal adviser to the new United; and thus, you see, he has a certain interest in making good his word."

August Stillenger bowed: a very perfect bow of exactly the right quality, neither too curt nor too deferential.

"I think you have made a most admirable choice, Mr. Pepperton, and now I suppose we may proceed to reorganize the United Street-railway Company."

"That's what we are here for, Mr. Stillenger," said Jimmy, courteously, with his winning smile.

[THE END]

### Inspecting Factories with a Bottle

NEW YORK CITY is in the lead in a simple method of inspecting factories. The plan is so simple that one wonders why it was never before adopted. It requires no expensive equipment, no company of trained assistants, no interviews with factory owners, and no impertinent questioning of employees. All that is necessary is an empty bottle, and it remained for Dr. C. P. Graham Rogers, medical inspector in the department of Commerce and Labor, to successfully demonstrate this fact. Dr. Rogers visits the sweat-shop or factory, the sanitation of which means life and often death to the thousands that work there so many hours a day, and takes the cork out of the bottle. Nature does the rest. The bottle quickly fills with the air that is being breathed by the workers in the shop, and Dr. Rogers, tightly replacing the cork, later analyzes this air in his laboratory. The story of poisonous gases is quickly told.

Owing to the widespread knowledge of tuberculosis, its preventives and cures, proper ventilation is now regarded as a most important factor in the health of any community. When this test proves the unhealthy condition of the atmosphere, artificial ventilation is insisted upon to the great benefit of the workers.

It is generally the man who does n't know any better who does the things that can't be done. You see the blamed fool does n't know that it can't be done, so he goes ahead and does it.

Charles Austin Bates.



Read These

## RARE LETTERS!

Revealing How Pompeian Face Cream Makes People Good-Looking

Women and men (and there are several million) who do use Pompeian Massage Cream are certainly enthusiastic about it. Read and see for yourself.

**Note:** These unusual endorsements were sent to the "Good Housekeeping" Magazine, a publication, noted for its discriminating class of readers. From the many letters received we reproduce a few (exactly as written except the underlinings). Obviously, we are not at liberty to publish the names of the writers of these unusual endorsements. But upon request we will give names and addresses.

### What Women Say:

Pompeian Massage Cream has marvelous cleaning qualities. I have seen a woman go to her room looking haggard, weary and worn, and issue therefrom a short time after looking as if she had discovered the bloom of youth, the skin was so rosy, and the tired lines so much less observable. Mrs. —, Detroit, Mich.

Because I like to be clean "cell deep" I like Pompeian Massage Cream. The first time I used it I was as startled as at my first Turkish bath. Mrs. —, Everett, Mass.

Pompeian Massage Cream certainly works wonders for one who uses it perseveringly. I have fairly scoured my skin with soap and water, then after using Pompeian Cream was able to rub off what looked like dirt. It gives one a sense of freshness and cleanliness unequalled by anything I have ever used. Mrs. —, Bristol, R. I.

I have used Pompeian Massage Cream with gratifying results. I know it will remove all facial blemishes, smooth out all lines and wrinkles, and is an absolutely necessary article on the toilet table of any refined woman. Mrs. —, Columbia, Tenn.

I went out with my sister one morning and saw one whole side of the front window of a drug store decorated with nothing but Pompeian Massage Cream. We purchased a supply. She writes to know if I am still growing young, which, of course, I am. It is one of the luxuries of my life. It goes so far as to make me feel at peace with all the world. Mrs. —, Orwell, N. Y.

I have used Pompeian Massage Cream for three or four years and could write volumes on its excellent qualities—space, however, forbids. Miss —, Detroit, Mich.

Pompeian Massage Cream leaves the skin soft, cool and velvety. My husband uses it always after shaving. We began its use through advertisements in Good Housekeeping. Mrs. —, Cincinnati, O.

Pompeian Massage Cream is excellent for the skin, giving it a soft, healthy look. Miss —, Masonville, Canada.

We have used and like Pompeian Massage Cream. It is an excellent article and does not need the use of powder after its use. Mrs. —, Omaha, Neb.

### What the Men Say:

We have used Pompeian Massage Cream in our family for some time, and all are equally pleased with its beneficial effects. My son who is just beginning to shave, was greatly troubled with his face until some friend recommended him to try Pompeian Massage Cream after shaving, and the trouble disappeared entirely after its use and has not returned. My young daughter has been troubled with freckles for some time, but since using the cream they are hardly to be noticed. Mr. —, Denver, Col.

The skin feels delightfully refreshed after the use of Pompeian Massage Cream, and looks clean and healthy. A 50c jar lasts a long time. Mr. —, Denver, Col.

I am approaching forty-eight years of age, and it is a difficult matter to convince any of my customers or friends who do not know my age that I am that old. They guess my age at not more than thirty-five. And I attribute my youthful appearance to the use of "Pompeian Massage," and one massage a week does the business, and the massage treatment enables me to shave once a day, whereas, before I began using the massage, three shaves a week was all my face would stand for. If this unsolicited testimonial of the merits of Pompeian Massage will avail you anything for publication I authorize you to use it. W. H. Hoffman, Cincinnati, O.

I find your cream to be very good after a shave. It makes the face feel better and does away with the stinging, itchy feeling. I have procured a couple of bottles. W. A. McNeil, Richmond, Va.

I state with pleasure that I have been using your massage cream a very long time, and heartily recommend it to all, as I think it is the best made and the best ever will be made. I think a gentleman's cabinet is not complete without it. It is very refreshing and healing, especially when a man shaves. It instantly relieves that sore and itchy feeling. I am more than pleased with it. Chas. J. Hromatka, 928 Perry St., Allegheny, Pa.

**Note:** Last 3 endorsements taken from the hundreds of unsolicited ones on file in our office.

## Pompeian Massage Cream

"PROMOTES GOOD LOOKS"

Pompeian Massage Cream is the largest-selling face cream in the world, 10,000 jars being made and sold daily. 50c. or \$1 a jar; sent postpaid to any part of the world on receipt of price if dealer hasn't it. 50,000 dealers sell Pompeian. 40,000 barber shops use it.

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This special sample jar affords a generous supply, with which you can try out for yourself the wonderful pore-cleansing qualities of Pompeian Massage Cream. You can also discover its almost immediate effects in giving a natural, fresh, healthy glow to the skin. A wonderfully improved complexion will be yours through the steady use of Pompeian Cream. This sample jar is not for sale at the store. The illustrated book is an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin. Send 6c. in silver or stamps (U. S. stamps only).



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Address.....

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Dr. Chas. B. Nancrede, Prof. of Surgery, Medical Dept. University of Mich., and author of articles in International Cyclopaedia "BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is one of the best alkaline of Surgery, is of the opinion that BUFFALO LITHIA WATER waters in this country. I have used it with undoubted advantage in my own person."

Dr. John T. Metcalf, Emeritus Professor of Clinical Medicine, College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York: "I BUFFALO LITHIA WATER for patients, and used it in my own have for some years prescribed BUFFALO LITHIA WATER case for GOUTY TROUBLE with decided beneficial results, and I regard it certainly as a very valuable remedy."

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60-62 West 23d St., New York.

## Elizabeth and Her American Farm

*(Continued from page 379)*

the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in order to subscribe for the 'Herd Book of the Guernsey Cattle Club.'

She led me to the front "stoop" and pointed to ears of corn piled in racks.

"That's one way we get the drop on the old-fogy farmer," she said. "We select our seed with greater care than most men select their wives. Take corn, for instance. We pick out uniform ears with uniform kernels, and test 'em. Pretty soon it will fall to my lot, to plant one kernel from each of these little tagged boxes and reject all the ears that don't make good. Then, too, we reject all the irregular kernels at both ends of the ear."

"Planting is another important thing. We are careful to drop exactly three kernels to a hill, as three give the maximum yield."

"But the most important is to get the seed-bed in proper condition and *cultivate—everlastingly cultivate* after the corn's up. That's what gave us a good crop last year when most of our neighbors failed. With our system of three-year rotation—clover, corn, oats—we got fifty-one bushels of corn to the acre."

"Why," I put in, "that's just what the Government experiment station at Minneapolis got with their five-year rotation. Did you know that by single cropping on the same quality of land they got only twenty-two bushels?"

"That's not much worse than the State average. About twenty-eight bushels, was n't it?"

"We are almost as successful with oats," she went on. "We've averaged between forty and fifty bushels to the acre right along. This year we're going to try an innovation. We have a stretch of virgin, wild, unbroken prairie which we're putting in wheat. You bet we're not going to ruin the land by single-cropping, either, the way the old-timers did. Do you know, it seems to me that sort of thing is about as low down as taking money from a child?"

"Yes," I answered, "and from your own child, too."

"We two believe," she continued, "in economizing time and strength just as carefully as though these things had already been converted into money. We save as many unnecessary movements as we can by using such devices as manure-spreaders and hay-loaders and hay-slings that can sling a load of hay up into the barn in ten minutes."

### Gasoline Versus a Hired Man

"Then there's our gasoline engine. I kept track of it once for three weeks. It pumped water to the house and to the barn, separated the cream of twenty cows, and churned and worked all the butter on five gallons of gasoline at fifteen cents a gallon. It saws the wood and works the corn-shredder and makes itself generally more useful, in its way, than the average hired man and at a small fraction of his cost."

"Then, the barn is a great comfort. The Man designed it himself, and built it on the Shawver plan. You see he used planks instead of timbers for the frame, which made it just as strong and much less expensive. There are grain chutes everywhere, and running water, and ventilators. There's a cement basement under the stable—the only one of its kind in this part of the State. The manure falls through traps in the stable floor and is preserved intact and put out on the land at least four times a year. That's another thing that gives us no end of advantage over our neighbors. They pile their fertilizer in their barnyard and let the best part of it bleach and drain and wash away without returning it to the soil which absolutely demands it. As the old lingo runs—

We keep more stock  
To make more manure  
To raise more corn  
To feed more stock,

and so on *da capo*. But they make a serious break in the second link of the chain."

"Which link do you specialize in?" I asked.

Her answer was to open the stable door and reveal a double row of Guernsey cows standing comfortably in roomy stalls with their necks in swinging iron stanchions.

"We have one hundred and fifty acres," said Elizabeth, "of level, black soil that plows like soft putty. Besides corn, oats, and wheat, we raise hay, flax, and enough vegetables for our own use. But we have found that we can make far more money from cows than directly from the soil. Our specialty is producing a high quality of butter-fat. We do it by breeding, and good dairy methods. Every day we record each cow's yield of milk, cream, and butter-fat. It's surprising how cattle differ in yield, under the same conditions and with the same feed. Last year our worst cow gave 154 pounds of butter-fat and our best one 436 pounds. The one earned \$61.60, the other \$174.40. Why, we've just sold a full-blooded Guernsey calf at half price for \$40, and another calf, which was a good deal better than a scrub, for \$1.75. We select the most valuable of our cows for breeding purposes, get the best sire possible, and watch eagerly for improvements



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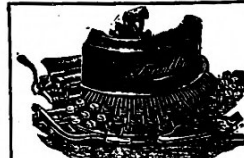
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in the breed. It's one of the most fascinating games because science and luck go hand in hand and the counters are living ones. Sometimes when there's a whole string of calves coming along, the Man does n't get any sleep for four nights running."

#### Modern Methods and High-Priced Cream

"We find that our yield is steadily increasing. From our Guernseys even now we get as much *per capita* as our neighbors do from their Holsteins, which are supposed to be better yielders. And our quality is so much better that we get forty cents a pound for butter fat while they get thirty cents. So we're already ahead of them on the dairy proposition though production's a little more expensive by our methods."

She paused for a moment's fun with her pet heifer.

"The average farmer, when it comes milking time, grabs up a pail, dirty or clean, runs into the barn, dirty or clean, and milks a dirty or clean cow."

"Now we of the kitchen end calculate to spend two hours a day washing the milking things. We wash the cows with warm water and cloths before every milking, and try to have their udders as clean as our own hands and faces. We strain the milk in a room shut off from the stable; separate the cream immediately and run it through an aerator which cools it down to about forty-five degrees. Then it is submerged in a tank of ice-water where it remains till train time. We keep the cream so clean that it does n't have to be pasteurized. Why, last August a can of it was forgotten and stood on the station platform twenty-four hours, part of the time in the blazing sun. We found it and took it home and kept it sweet for a week."

"Our cream is our money-maker. We sell it for one dollar a gallon or over to high-class restaurants in St. Paul which could buy train-loads for sixty to seventy cents a gallon."

"How about your particular end of the venture?"

"I have had to give up my cannery business," she said, "except for home use, on account of my absurd health. But I make my poultry pay all the house expenses. I got my eggs from the Maine State Agricultural Station which is doing the best poultry work in the country; bought a good incubator, and now raise about five hundred chickens a year. You see there are south canvas curtains on the hen-house so that the poultry can keep in the fresh air all winter long without being in a direct draught. I'll show you one of my eggs."

#### Eggs Too Big To Sell

She led the way to the kitchen and I measured the egg with callipers. It was three inches by two and three-eighths inches and had a double yolk.

"Unfortunately it does n't pay to sell that kind," said Elizabeth. "We keep them for home consumption, and have to boil them a minute longer than others. In cooking we use three where the recipe says four."

"We have learned to be economical even with eggs," she continued. "In May, when they are thirteen cents a dozen, we pack a lot at a cost of two cents a dozen, and use them at home in the seasons when we can sell fresh eggs at thirty cents a dozen."

In that tiny kitchen I saw how consistently the labor-saving policy of the farm was carried out. A bread-mixer and a cream-tester stood between two gasoline stoves. Elizabeth has converted an old trunk and a bundle of straw into a perfect fireless cooker which takes care of everything that needs long cooking. She has made an Aladdin oven by fitting an asbestos-lined wooden box over a tin oven.

"How about wash-day?" I asked.

She pointed to a washing-machine.

"We hope to induce the engine to run that pretty soon. As it is, all we iron are the shirts and shirt-waists. We eat from a bare table and use paper napkins. You see there are so many live things doing on a farm that it seems a shame to waste time on dead things that are n't absolutely necessary. That gives us more time for careful preparation of food, for instance, and for reading and sociability."

"Sociability?" I echoed.

"A little," said Elizabeth. "For one thing, though I'm about as great a heathen as they make 'em, I'm president of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Church in town. Everybody belongs—barbarian and Scythian, bond and free. And I preside over the Cemetery Association, too, and the Man of Wrath sings at all the funerals. Did I tell you that they tried to get him on the Glee Club at both his colleges?"

"We keep so interested," said the Man, who had entered quietly to say good-by, "that we have no time to be lonely. As soon as we're out of debt we're going to look scrumptious. We shall build a big house around a bath-room, as you build a problem novel around a problem. No more makeshifts. No more war paint and decks cleared for action."

"And perhaps," I put in, "there'll be a little time to build up that theory of stable ventilation."

An instant shadow passed over both their bright, hopeful faces. I had clumsily opened their skeleton closet, and I saw, more clearly than ever before, how it hurt them to look within.

As I drove away a voice cried, "Stop!"

"I forgot to tell you," said Elizabeth from the roadside, "please to give my compliments to the real Elizabeth when you see her, and say I don't envy her at all."

# "BLUE LABEL" Ketchup

Pure and Unadulterated,

containing only those ingredients

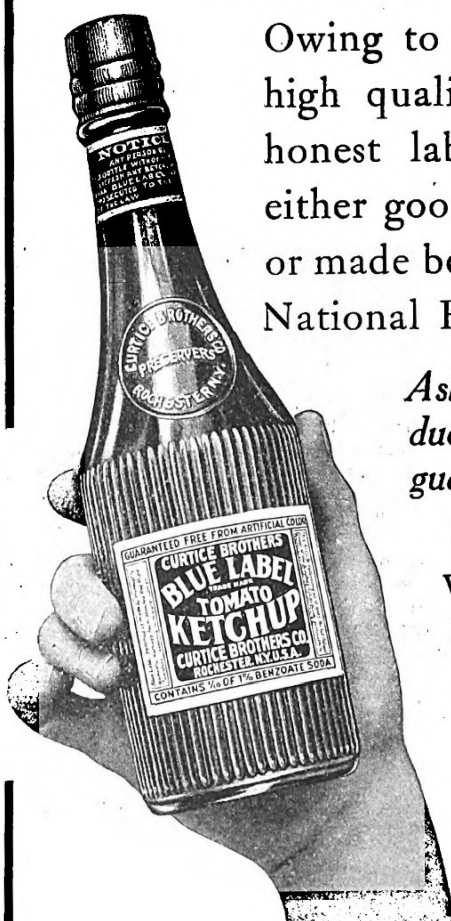
Recognized and Endorsed by the U. S. Government

ALWAYS during our business experience of over forty years, our aim has been **QUALITY** and our product is recognized as the **BEST** and **PUREST** of its kind. Using, as we do, only perfectly matured Red-Ripe Tomatoes fresh from the fields in perfect condition for our use—never the left-overs from market stalls—(skins, seeds and cores being removed) cooked ever so lightly that the natural flavor may be retained; combined with skilfully blended pure spices—all handled by experienced chefs in a scientific way in sanitary kitchens, enable us to produce the Ketchup

## "BLUE LABEL"

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The same statement is also true regarding our Canned Fruits, Vegetables, Meats, Soups, Plum Puddings, Preserves, Jams, Jellies, etc.



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*Ask for and see that you get food products bearing our name. Always the guarantee of purity and wholesomeness.*

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Write today for our booklet, "Original Menus," telling what to have for breakfast, luncheon or dinner.

Our kitchens and all of our other departments are always open and visitors are made welcome.

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Eli Smith's only expense under our free tuition plan was for postage and music. That cost him less than **Two Cents** a day, and he was under no further obligation whatever.

If you wish to learn to play the Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo, Cornet or learn to Sing, our teachers will come to you by mail once a week with a lesson until you can read music and play your instrument to your own satisfaction.

Over ten thousand weekly lessons are now being sent to homes all over the world to pupils in all walks of life, from seven years of age to seventy.

Our free tuition plan will enable you to get weekly lessons costing **You less than two cents a day.** It will be your only expense and places you under no further obligation whatever.

Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our booklet and free tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 4, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

**SAMPLES  
SENT TO YOU  
WORTH \$5**

## Special Sales- men Wanted

In each county; high commission; exclusive territory. Our line is carpet Renovators and Floor Cleaners that clean, sweep and disinfect at the same time; easier and faster than a broom; cleaner and cheaper than a carpet sweeper; better than any method now in use. State what you have sold. Send references from one or two good merchants and we will send set of samples worth \$5.00.

Sales Manager, 125 Sycamore St., Milwaukee, Wis.

## START IN BUSINESS;

Be independent; I started as an agent; am now big manufacturer making household specialties. Have hundreds of agents working. I'll start you; won't let you fail. Agents of ability wanted to open branch offices and employ sub-agents. No money needed. Write me fully and frankly.  
**C. E. SWARTZBAUGH,** Box M, Toledo, Ohio.

## A Garden of Babies

[Continued from page 371]

than I ever could have had of my own! And I know I make them happy, and keep them healthy. Just look at them—the darlings!"

It was a pretty sight. There would be that sunshiny grass, the big trees, the roses and honeysuckle, and all the sweet, bright things about, still and clean and quiet, far back from the road. And there was Jessie, all in her soft white dress—she wore clean white always now—and these happy, sturdy, pink little creatures all around her.

The little helpless wiggly ones she liked best—the kind with limp fingers and Japanese dolly eyes. Little by little as they grew older she entrusted them more and more to the care of her assistants, and by the time they left the kindergarten for school they were just children. She liked children well enough, but she loved babies. Studying Jessie, I have come to the conclusion that I don't. I love my babies, of course—because they are mine; but I do not—to be honest—love to spend my whole time in their society. Neither do lots of women. We didn't even know this once, much less dare say it. We had nothing to compare with—no other love larger than ours, like Jessie's.

She is n't foolish about it. She does n't treat a baby like a doll-idol—or a Teddy bear! She respects it. There is reverence in her love—and understanding. She seems to know just how a baby likes to lie, and whether there are wrinkles under it—or if it is too warm, or anything. The little limp things just give a bubbly sigh of relief when she takes them; they blink and grope and snuggle down—she can put any baby to sleep. It's fairly hypnotic.

"Where are their mothers?" some people demand severely. "Where you are when your baby is out with a nursemaid," I answered. I've no patience with these women. They will hire any kind of an ignorant young thing—a low-class foreigner—and deliver the baby into her clutches—without a qualm! Everybody knows what they do! Walk the streets and flirt, get together and gossip, take the babies, goodness knows where; but nobody blames the mother.

Now, in this case, the mother can wash and dress and do all she wants to for the youngster, and bring it herself to our place, and know that the child is absolutely secure and happy. If it's a nursing baby, she runs in and nurses it; they generally don't bring them before the three-hour period.

Then people ask all sorts of questions: What do we do if the mother lives at a distance? What do we do in stormy weather? What do we do with sick babies?—and so on. It's so foolish! If the distance is great they don't come, of course! We are not bringing up the whole town! If it's too stormy to bring a baby in a carriage, done up like a chrysalis, why they don't bring him that day, that's all. They are all the more ready to appreciate the opportunity when it is good weather. As to sick babies—we don't have any. Every baby is examined every day by my father—or George. No sickness is allowed—of course! We could n't allow it, on account of the others. Back they go—we don't keep a hospital! It is quite an advantage to have competent medical inspection of your children every day. An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure.

What with our baby garden, father's lectures, and mother's classes, we are influencing the rate of infant mortality in the town. It's a new standard, you see. Lots of people never knew that babies could be so quietly happy. Girls come here, big-eyed, admiring, and Jessie talks to them—or mother—and they proceed to study up and fit themselves for their future responsibilities.

We have a constant procession of trained assistants, too; a waiting list. Jessie won't take one unless she honestly loves the work. They have to begin at the bottom—learn a lot of elementary physiology, hygiene, sanitation, all that sort of thing; and do the work, too; learn how to handle an infant. Some of our girl enthusiasts when they see all that has to be studied, look discouraged. They say, "Dear me! I don't see why a mother need know all that!"

And then Jessie answers, "A mother must know all that, or be able to engage some one who does. The child needs competent care—he doesn't know who gives it. But a mother must know something of her business. She should be ashamed not to. Are you preparing for any other profession?" she asks suddenly. They giggle and say, "Oh, no—we don't have to!" "Then why not prepare for this?" says Jessie. "What excuses you from preparation for your life-work? Every man must learn his trade—why do not you learn yours?"

They begin to talk about instinct—and then Jessie goes for them! She has facts and figures at her fingers' ends—things I never can remember—and just shows them how this "instinct" theory is accountable for thousands of little graves—thousands of blind, crippled, sick, imbecile, degenerate children. "You need knowledge," she says; "instinct is sufficient only for brutes."

We have not only affected the death-rate in our town, but the birth-rate as well! One of my girlhood friends confided to me once—as she brought her third baby to

For Range

For Making Coffee on the Table

### Healthful Coffee

Coffee becomes an invigorating, healthful, beneficial article of daily fare when prepared in the

## Manning-Bowman

"METEOR" COFFEE PERCOLATOR

The coffee is not boiled or steeped but is *sprayed* with hot water—the grounds being at the top of the Percolator and entirely free from the liquid coffee. Hence you get only the best of the coffee and no tannic acid. Saves one-third over other methods. Manning-Bowman Quality throughout.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Over 100 styles and sizes. Write for free booklet "F-29".

**MANNING, BOWMAN & COMPANY,**  
MERIDEN, CONN.

# Kleinert's

*Kleinert's name on a Dress Shield is a Guarantee of Quality—A Merit Mark of Twentyfive Years Standing*

*There is a shape & size for Every Need*

## Dress Shields

*A Guarantee with Every Pair*

### Darken Your Gray Hair!

**Write for FREE BOOKLET** Send for the "Book of the Hair," a 32-page illustrated booklet, containing valuable hints on the care and dressing of the hair, and full information about the

#### IDEAL HAIR DYEING COMB

The most practical device for restoring gray, faded or streaked hair to its natural color or to any desired shade. Used like an ordinary comb. Absolutely harmless. Not sold in stores. Write direct to

**H. D. COMB CO.**  
Dept. 41, 35 W. 21st St., New York

### LUMO KEROSENE BURNER

Burns a mantle like gas, odorless, noiseless and absolutely safe, 100 candle power 16 hrs. on 1 qt. kerosene. Latest improvement in lighting. Scientists say, "Most wonderful invention of modern times. Best and easiest light on the eyes." Burner will fit any lamp. Requires no generating. Light as any kerosene lamp and you have a brilliant and beautiful light instantly. Best agents and dealers position on market. Thousands being sold, big profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Catalog free. **JOHN S. NOEL CO.**  
153 Division St. Grand Rapids, Mich.

### "I MADE \$12 PER DAY"

Selling This 7-Piece Kitchen Set. Sworn statement of H. S. CUNNINGHAM, coming money. **AGENTS** Selling from 50 to 500 sets per week. You can do it. Send your address to-day and let us PROVE IT. Expense unnecessary. We show you how to make \$5 to \$10 a day. OUTFIT FREE to work. Start quick—write to-day.

**THOMAS MFG. CO.**  
1656 Barney Block, Dayton, Ohio.

**AGENTS** GREATEST MONEY MAKER. MEN OR WOMEN. SAMPLE FREE. C. I. Horner Mfg. Co., Pittsburg, Pa.



Jessie, and stood watching the contented little thing, among all the other contented little things—"I'm not afraid to have children now! I'm willing to have ever so many. It's not just having them women dread; it's the care, and awful responsibility; and their helplessness!"

Several have told us that. I guess it's so.

I know it makes a lot of difference to me. I have four now—and they are darlings—but if I have them all on my hands for many hours at a time, it exhausts me. Jessie never seems to be tired. "You don't tire of your hothouses and greenhouses and flower beds," she says; "that's your work—this is mine. I love flowers dearly, but not to work with all the time."

That seems reasonable. We all love our children, because they are ours, but Jessie loves them because they are *children*—and because it's her business!

It certainly is a great convenience for me. We are not at all rich, Huntley and I; and I find that I can keep splendidly well and earn quite a lot more money by my gardening. We have a big place, as I have said, and I feed the family on green corn, peas, salad, Japanese celery, and such things, and sell a lot; besides; berries, fruit, and flowers, too. One or two other women are taking up intensive gardening, as a business—following my example:

I was talking with Mr. B. R. Green one day. He married a friend of mine, and they have three children; two of them are with Jessie.

"It has made all the difference in the world to our home," he said. "When our first baby came, Sue gave her whole mind to it—and made me give mine, also, when I was at home. I got tired of my own child—almost! She could not let the poor little duffer alone! He was sickly and nervous—she was sickly and nervous—same thing, I suppose; and I was about concluding that this home and family business was not all that it was cracked up to be. 'One's enough,' I said to myself. 'If we ever recover from this one, we'll be lucky.' Well now, look at it! Jack has survived, though he's not as sturdy as the others. But these two have come—and are growing up healthy and happy—without disorganizing our home at all. Sue is calm and gay and pretty, and I don't feel as if I'd swapped a satisfactory wife for an incompetent nursery governess. It's a great institution, this baby garden of yours!"

When the men came around that way—and lots of them have—we felt that there would n't be much more opposition. Men have a good deal of sense—business sense. They have never dared say much on the baby question, being promptly knocked down by the mother instinct theory; but now they are holding their heads up and beginning to criticize. There is a standard now you see—something they can compare with.

People write to us from other places, too. Several of Jessie's assistants have gone to other towns to start similar establishments; but it's not often you get such a splendid combination of advantages as we have here. Still they are making a beginning, and it's bound to grow.

Have we been written up? Yes, by one or two responsible persons, for magazines. But we won't let reporters in at all. Don't they misrepresent us? Of course they do. But they would anyway; they can't help it. And not being in a big city we are not such easy game you see. It's been good, just solid good, from the start.

Mother is well and happy; she has renewed her youth in this work. It has helped father and George in their business. It helps me. And it has made Jessie all over. She was like a dead woman or a crazy one. Now she is healthy and strong and calm; happy, too, in the big sense. She admits she's happy.

"I've lost my personal happiness," she says, "but I've got something bigger. It does n't fill the same place, but it fills a larger place. I am not hungry—my heart is full and busy. I know that this is good work for all these babies—and for thousands more—babies and mothers, too."

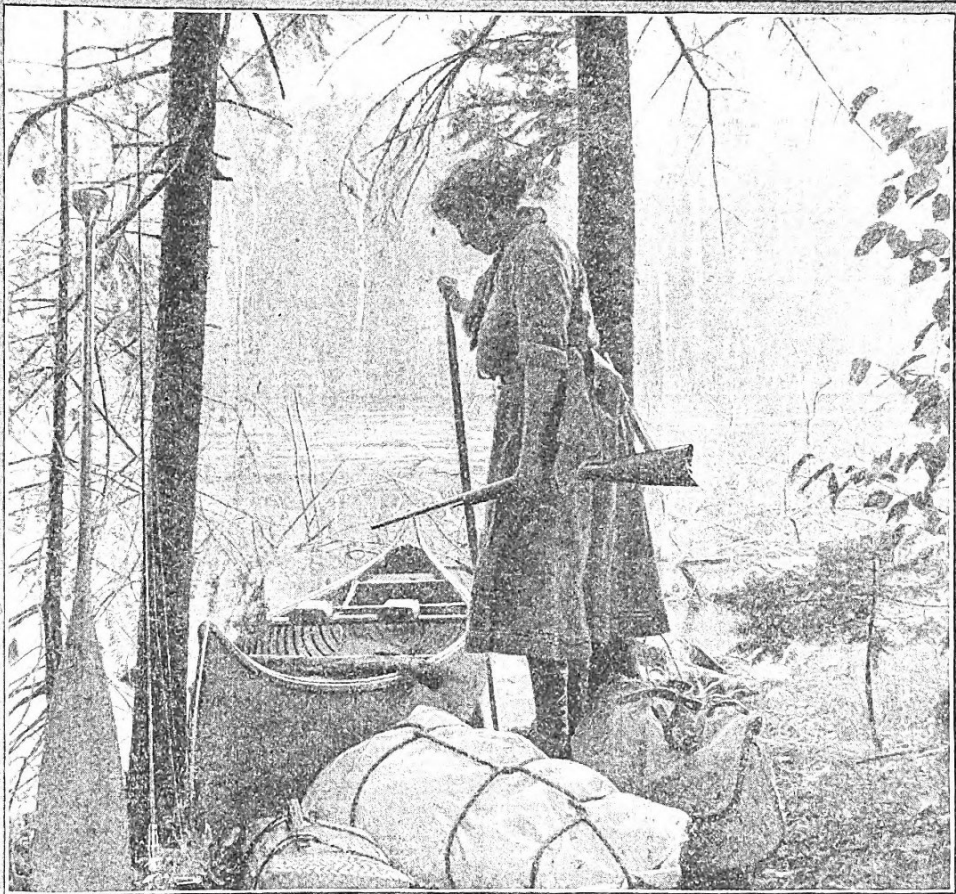
I guess she is right.

### Our Railroads

Now here! We might as well speak plainly about this matter. Some people of late seem to have acquired the incendiary opinion that our railroads exist for the purpose of serving the public. Accordingly the legislators seek to regulate passenger rates. Accordingly, also, when the railroads attempt to raise freight rates they are met with violent objections on the part of the shippers. Accordingly also further, when the railroads propose to lower wages they are met with stern refusals from selfish employees. Now all this antagonism comes, as indicated above, from an erroneous conception as to the proper function of a railroad.

The proper function of a railroad is to pay dividends, not to speak of salaries and interest on bonds. Can it be claimed for a moment that the sacred right of eminent domain, so extensively employed in providing valuable rights of way, would have been exercised for a purpose any less noble than dividends? Some people seem to have lost all sense of proportion amid our modern strenuities. Let it be understood, once and for all, that if we can not run our railroads so that some one can make money on them, we shall simply have to get along without them altogether.—ELLIS O. JONES.

# WINCHESTER



## .22 CALIBER AUTOMATIC RIFLE

For camping, canoeing, automobiling, or any outing, this novel little repeater affords more pleasure than any other gun. Being reloaded by recoil, it is only necessary to pull the trigger for each shot. It shoots clean and inexpensive cartridges, is easy to load and light to carry.

IT MAKES AN OUTING OUTFIT COMPLETE

Winchester Guns and Winchester Ammunition—the Red W Brand—are Made for Each Other and Sold Everywhere.

## New Front Cut Lawn Mower

Cuts in front—not in rear. Does not roll the grass down. You know how old-style mowers leave ridges of uncut grass which must be gone over the second time. You know how difficult, or impossible it is to cut down the tall grass.

### The Clarinda Lawn Mower



overcomes these and many other objections. (Fully covered by strong patents). No scythe or sickle needed where you have a Clarinda. Cuts long grass as well as short. Self-sharpener. Mows on uneven ground as well as level. Mows dead grass. Will mow your terrace. Cuts close to trees, etc. So many advantages, there's no comparison with ordinary mowers. Ask your dealer, or write for pamphlet, giving name of dealer.

#### Dealers

should order sample on trial (prepaid); if not a great improvement over all other lawn mowers return at our expense.

Clarinda Lawn Mower Company  
Dept. 1,  
Clarinda,  
Iowa.

## "MOTHER"

THE May issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE contained an editorial by Dr. Marden entitled "MOTHER" that seems to have touched the heart of every one of our readers. We have had calls for thousands of this number; in fact, the demand has been so great that we have decided to reprint the editorial in booklet form. The first edition has just gone to press.

We are prepared to take care of orders for any amount up to 10,000 lots, at about cost to us.

Single copies mailed to you at 5 cents the copy. Price on lots of 100 and over on request.

THE SUCCESS COMPANY  
NEW YORK

The Association of American Advertisers has examined and certified to the circulation of this publication. The detail report of such examination is on file at the New York office of the Association. No other figures of circulation guaranteed.

No. 14

T. J. Roseman  
Secretary.



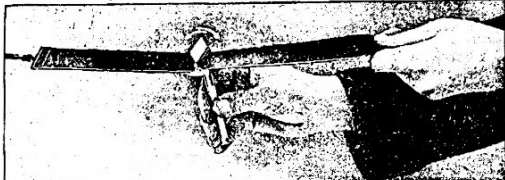
A smooth, velvety shave means a perfect edge—only stropping does it.

## AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

(Stropper and Razor in One—Strops itself)

The only razor with which anyone can strop automatically, correctly and quickly, without removing the blade, and shave with a barber's velvet smoothness. Combines all the good points of both "safety" and "old style."

Ask your Dealer or send for our free booklet "Shaving Sense"  
AUTO-STROP SAFETY RAZOR CO.  
Dept. I, 345 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY  
61 New Oxford St., London 14 St. Helen St., Montreal



Standard Outfit—Self-stropping, Silver-plated Razor, 12 Blades and fine Horsehide Strop contained in Leather case, \$5. Money back if not satisfied after 30 days' trial.



## UNFIT

UNTRAINED—UNFIT—Can't do the work when he finds it to do.  
The result of neglected opportunity.

The attached coupon is your opportunity. Without any cost or obligation to you it will bring you information and advice that will clear the way to a good paying position at your chosen line of work. It will bring you the VOLUNTARY testimonials of thousands of once poorly paid men and women who to-day are earning splendid salaries due wholly to the help of the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton. The number heard from in March was 335.

Never mind how far away you live—what you do or what your age—MARK the COUPON. There's an I. C. S. way that fits your case exactly. You can qualify in your spare time. Besides putting you to no expense and under no obligation, marking the coupon entitles you to six months' free subscription to the I. C. S. illustrated monthly, "Ambition."

### International Correspondence Schools, Box 1112, SCRANTON, PA.

Please send me, absolutely free, "Ambition" Magazine for six months, and also explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for employment or advancement in the position before which I have marked X

|                      |                        |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| Bookkeeper           | Mechanical Draftsman   |
| Stenographer         | Telephone Engineer     |
| Advertisement Writer | Elec. Lighting Supt.   |
| Show Card Writer     | Mechan. Engineer       |
| Window Trimmer       | Plumber & Steam Fitter |
| Commercial Law       | Stationary Engineer    |
| Illustrator          | Civil Engineer         |
| Civil Service        | Building Contractor    |
| Chemist              | Architect              |
| Textile Mill Supt.   | Structural Engineer    |
| Electrician          | Banking                |
| Elec. Engineer       | Mining Engineer        |

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Why You Should Buy Advertised Goods

The New Order of Things is Framed  
to Protect the Buyers

By THE ADVERTISING EDITOR

ADVERTISING is to-day teaching the fallacy of business cheating. In fact, advertising is leading the business world in the matter of the protection of the buyers. The general rule in business has been to protect and safeguard the seller; and, as for the buyer, "caveat emptor," let him look out for himself.

It was entirely that way in advertising until quite recently; and it is so now, to some extent. But there are advertisers who look out for the interests of the buyers, and there are advertising mediums that do so also. It is now generally recognized that this is the best advertising policy—that the advertiser who protects the buyers, and the magazine that insists that all of its advertisers shall safeguard the buyers, is promoting his business in the best possible way.

There is in the business world a growing belief that the Golden Rule is the best business rule; but for a great many years it has been considered that the benefits flowing from a policy of honesty had no discoverable connection with bank accounts. Now the most grasping of business men will say, if he is really shrewd, that it pays better to be honest and square than to be otherwise. It is more profitable to benefit people than to squeeze from them an unwilling tribute for one's own temporary benefit.

In advertising, this principle has been given a more hearty and complete recognition than in any other line of business promotion. If the advertiser is able to impress his readers with the truth of his statements he has a power that the strongest copy and the finest cuts and composition can not give. Not only have the advertisers themselves begun to see this truth, but they are being forced to adopt the principle of the protection of the buyers by the advertising mediums.

Some of the magazines and newspapers are very particular about what their advertisers promise, and how they perform. This new advertising principle is differently applied. Some consider it merely a policy, to be put in force as far and as fully as the exigencies of business-getting demand, and some regard it as a rule that touches the very bottom springs and motives of business.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE belongs to this latter class. The advertising policy of this magazine has nothing to do with the policy of honesty, but much to do with honesty. It just happens that we are pretty close to a goodly number of readers—a few more than a million, to be precise—and too, we have something more than twenty-five thousand Life Subscribers, who by reason of their lifelong connections are accredited critics of our policy and have rights and means of enforcing these rights. To all we are accountable, and they all have rights of reprisal by letter. We are living with these readers. We have to sit down with them every month and look things over. Many of them are going to be with us as long as they live. But that does not account for our policy. It explains only a part of the satisfaction we get from the consciousness that we are not assisting to defraud our readers.

We have some pretty high advertising ideals, and we are glad that we have. We are not now alluding to advertising policy. Our hopes for pecuniary reward are perhaps more moderate than are those of some of our good brethren. Much of our reward comes from the knowledge that our readers are partners with us in the power that SUCCESS MAGAZINE has acquired to influence trade. We confess that we love the power to bring proper goods to our readers' attention, and the power to assist them to the comforts of life, and in the pursuit of pleasure and culture.

Sweet to us are the conclusions of philosophy. Were it not so we must necessarily modify our present advertising policy, for we confide to you the well-attested fact that the advertising manager with a complaisant conscience is he who gets the more advertising, and the better rates. "It is well to protect readers," so runs his thought, "but it does not pay to do so, in dollars and cents." It is in advertising, as in other walks of life, a sad fact that the men who praise are not the men who pay.

Yet we have abundant satisfaction in the work we are doing, as we see the light.

It may not be very clearly apparent to you just what this work we speak of is. Probably you may have noticed that there are advertisements in other publications that do not appear in SUCCESS MAGAZINE. Perhaps you have thought that they are not there because we are unable to get them. This is not always true. There are advertisers that we wish to have but have not yet got, it is true; but it is probable that the one you do not see in our pages is the one we declined to take, for various reasons.

It is safe to assume that those who are there have passed inspection and have our stamp of approval. This means that you can expect fair treatment from all



Your landlord is the only one that profits by it.  
You can't sell your rent receipts.  
Every dollar paid for rent is "gone."  
Start now toward

## A Home of Your Own

paying for it with the money you would continue to pay for rent. You can easily do so by adopting our plan, which is a practical and successful business proposition.

Every ambitious man should read our booklet, which can be obtained by writing for it. All details are fully explained. We will gladly send it without charge.

SECURITY BUILDING COMPANY

1019 Insurance Building, Rochester, N. Y.

## MEDAL OF HIGHEST AWARD

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

Add TONE to Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using only the Washburn Patent Adjustable

"O.K." PAPER FASTENERS

There is genuine pleasure in their use as well as Perfect Security. Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger.

Can be used repeatedly and "they always work." Made of brass, 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 Fasteners each. Handsome. Compact. Strong. No Slipping, NEVER! All Stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade. The O. K. Mfg. Co. Syracuse, N. Y. No 18

## RED OR "VULCAN" STYLO PENS

The ONLY perfect, non-leakable stylo pens at a moderate price. Indispensable when traveling.

By mail, postpaid upon receipt of price.  
J. U. ULLRICH & CO.  
Manufacturers,  
Thames Bldg., 135 Greenwich St., New York

## Be a Salesman

Earn a good salary, \$1,000 to \$10,000 a year and expenses. Enter the most pleasant, and best paid profession in the world, where you are paid all you earn, where there is no limit to your earning power. Be a producer, the one man the firm must have. We will teach you to be a salesman by mail in eight weeks and assist you to secure a position with a reliable firm, through our Free Employment Bureau. Hundreds of our Graduates placed in good positions. We always have plenty of good openings with leading firms all over the country. Over 500,000 Traveling Salesmen employed in the United States and Canada. If you are ambitious and want to earn from two to ten times what you now do, our Free Book "A Knight of the Grip" will show you how to do it. Write for it today. Address nearest office.  
Dept. 132, National Salesman's Training Association, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Kansas City, Minneapolis



I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL  
I won the World's First Prize in Penmanship. By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. I also teach Book-keeping and shorthand. Am placing my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Ransomian Journal.  
C. W. RANSOM, 233 RELIANCE BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

## COPY THIS SKETCH

and let me see what you can do with it. You can earn \$20.00 to \$100.00 or more per week as an illustrator or copy artist for newspapers or magazines. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Send me your sketch of President Taft with 6c. In stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

The Landon School OF ILLUSTRATING AND CARTOONING  
1431 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

## Memory the Basis of All Knowledge

Stop Forgetting

HOW TO REMEMBER  
You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Easy, inexpensive. Increases income; gives ready memory for faces, names, business details, studies, conversation; develops will, public speaking, writing, personality.  
Dickson Memory School, 796 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago.



SUCCESS MAGAZINE advertisers: When you don't get it, pass along a word to our Advertising Editor. He will see that you are treated right. Read the guaranty to subscribers. We mean it.

"HAS SUCCESS MAGAZINE ever given any substantial evidence of its protection to subscribers?" was an inquiry recently put to us, and I am going to let this be answered by a clipping from *Printers' Ink* of April 14, 1909; except to add that our checks were sent to our subscribers covering the amount of their remittances to the advertiser. This experience cost us a little over \$2,100.

One of the few, if not the only, magazine, however, which has actually put an advertiser behind the bars is SUCCESS MAGAZINE. A Buffalo man advertised houses, and many people sent him money. He promised to deliver them, but kept sending promises only. He had a splendid suite of offices, but no discoverable factory. After making an investigation and giving him until a certain time to raise money to put on deposit against his obligations to those who answered his ad, SUCCESS MAGAZINE finally decided to prosecute, and he is now serving a sentence.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE guarantees its advertising to all subscribers of record, and an unusual service was also performed to its readers and the public in general by a series of fifteen articles exposing fraudulent and misleading financial advertising. This series of articles did a great deal to eliminate many questionable financial schemes from the advertising field. SUCCESS MAGAZINE at present has one of the most representative and successful financial departments of any magazine, and has done some splendid constructive work among bankers and bond houses.

The publishers of this magazine mean to safeguard the interests of its subscribers in every possible way consistent with good business procedure. It is to our everlasting interest that you be persistent and consistent buyers of the goods advertised in our columns, and that you show confidence in our selection of the products we offer for your consideration through our printed salesman. Advertisers are willing, in fact are extremely anxious, to reach the readers of a magazine known to have such standards. This kind of confidence is generally felt in the advertising world as a force that means an uplift to our whole commercial, social, and political system.

When such standards prevail, advertised goods are the means of promoting what is good along every line of human endeavor. Why, then, should we not buy only advertised goods? They are better on the whole than the others because conditions demand that they should be. Advertising is costly, and, as is pointed out in the early part of this article, manufacturers and merchants have begun to realize that it does not pay to swindle, and publishers are beginning to realize that it does not pay to be a party to swindling; therefore, both are watchful of each other, and of your interests.

When an advertiser who is acceptable to such publications as SUCCESS MAGAZINE lays out his campaign, his possible clients are given every consideration. Prompt and safe deliveries must be made, every convenience must be furnished his customers in the matter of remittance, and their interests must be safeguarded in every possible manner.

We should like to have some reasons from our readers why they should not buy advertised goods. Let us have some of your experiences, especially with the advertisers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. Tell us what you are doing in the matter of furnishing your house, buying your food, and clothing your body. Let us know of your prejudices. The Advertising Editor would be glad to hear from you.

### A Jacobs Story

W. W. JACOBS, the humorist, tells the following story:

A lawyer defending a man accused of housebreaking spoke like this:

"Your honor, I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlor window open and merely inserted his arm and removed a few trifling articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole individual for an offense committed only by one of his limbs."

"That argument," said the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the defendant's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses."

The defendant smiled, and with the lawyer's assistance unscrewed his cork arm, and, leaving it on the dock, walked out.—FRANK M. SMITH.

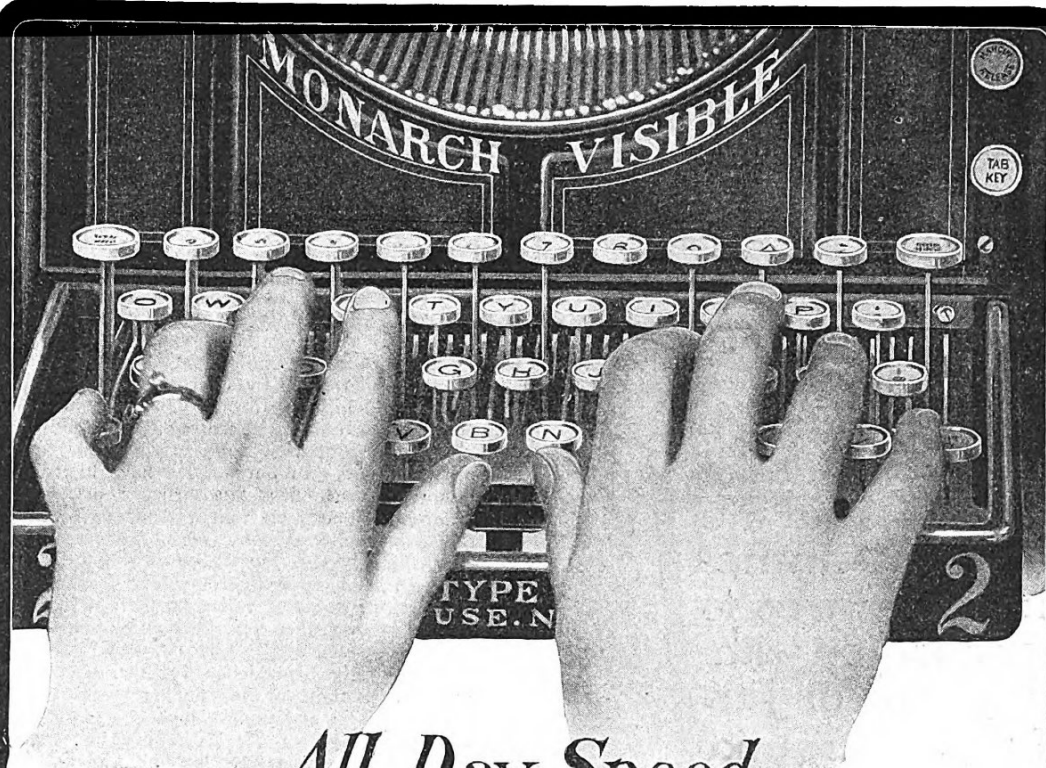
### E Pluribus Unum

TWO FINE specimens from the Ould Sod had just landed. One of the first things they noticed was a crate of grape-fruit.

"Say, Pat, me b'ye," said he with the pink Galways, "an' did yez iver see sich oranges in yer loife?"

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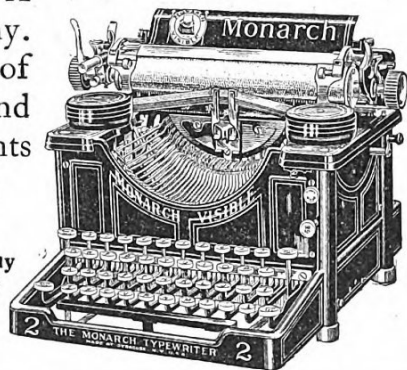
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Yours very truly,  
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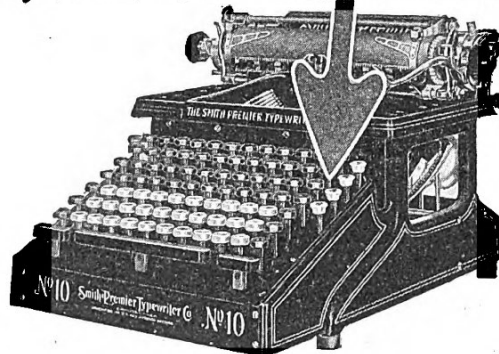
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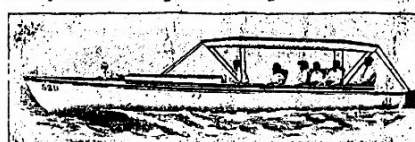
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# BUSINESS HINTS

## The Tonic of Praise and Kindness

JOSEPH JEFFERSON said: "Applause is very necessary to the actor, it elevates him and gives him confidence; it is like shaking a man warmly by the hand when you first meet him, making him feel at home, instead of giving him a cold bow, by which you take all the geniality out of him."

Every day the ambitions of scores of bright boys and girls are fatally blighted by some unthinking or heedless superintendent or proprietor. I have known of instances which were little less than criminal, where young hopes have been blighted, enthusiasm crushed, ambition paralyzed forever by coarse, rude, barbarous treatment of employees.

Some men look upon their employees as natural kicking posts, or as safety valves for their bad temper or their mistakes, and they vent their spleen upon them without mercy.

No one likes to be blamed harshly, even when he is in the wrong. Scolding or fault-finding never wrought an improvement in any one. There is a better way to make the wrong-doer see his fault. Any one in authority, be he parent, teacher, or employer, will get better results by kind methods than by harsh ones. Many a clerk, stenographer, or other employee has lost heart and become indifferent to his work on account of the mean silence of the employer who never praises, never shows any appreciation of work well done, but who is ready to find fault on the slightest provocation.

Praise and encouragement to the young are what the warm spring sun and a congenial atmosphere are to the flowers struggling up through the early spring sod.

Employers are finding that praise, large, generous recognition and appreciation are more powerful stimulants than salary. Young men and young women will work like beavers for employers who praise and encourage them, who recognize special service and commend them for it.

The young are very easily elated, and very easily depressed. Their imaginations are active and strong, they depend on hope and encouragement, and they quickly wilt and blight in a fault-finding, nagging atmosphere. The moment you begin to find fault with them they lose heart. Responsive to praise when they do well, they will do infinitely more for an employer who appreciates them than for one who criticizes and scolds.

Many of John Wanamaker's employees have been heard to say, "We can work better for a week after a pleasant 'Good morning' from Mr. Wanamaker." His kindly disposition and cheerful manner, and a desire to create a pleasant feeling and diffuse good cheer among those who work for him have had a great deal to do with this merchant's remarkable success.

On the other hand, if employees feel that their employer is always suspicious of them and thinks they are robbing him unless he is on the watch, they have no respect for him, and do not care whether his interests are furthered or not. They look on their work as so much drudgery, and their heart is not in it.

Could you do your best for a man who always doubted you, who always questioned your honesty, who was suspicious that you were trying to get the best of him in some way? Human nature is the same in those who work for you.

The moment you antagonize them you are the loser; they will pinch your service, and give you inferior quality and quantity of work. They hold the key to the success of your business in their hands, and you know it; and the way for you to get the best from them is to give them the best of yourself. Like attracts like. If you go through your establishment as though you were lord of all creation, pass your employees in the elevator, on the street, or anywhere you meet them as though they were nobodies, they will resent it in poor work. Like always produces like. Suspicion begets suspicion; confidence—confidence. Your employees will have very much the same opinion of you that you have of them. If they look upon you as mean and stingy and contemptible, you may be pretty sure that they are not very far out of the way, that there must be some reason for it.

Screwing down the wages to the lowest possible existence-point, crowding on hours and trying to squeeze as much work out of them as possible does not pay. It is voluntary service—service with the heart in it, enthusiastic service—that has quality in it, that has quantity in it that pays.

Did you ever notice that the men at the head of great enterprises are trustful men, who believe in those they put into responsible positions? It would be impossible for a great merchant to conduct his establishments without believing in the people who work for him, in their honesty, their integrity, their faithfulness; without watching them, without questioning them.

It is the little man, the man who has a picayune

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business, who has a suspicious nature and fears everybody is trying to take advantage of him. The man who has to watch things all the time, who never trusts anybody, will never get at the head of anything of any importance.

To-day the man who gets the most out of his employees does the most for them. He looks after their interests. He tries to make them comfortable in every way possible. He finds that every effort to make them comfortable and happy and cheerful comes back to him a thousandfold.

The most successful concerns to-day find that it pays to interest their employees in their business, to encourage that enthusiasm which has so marked an influence on their quality of work.

We are often surprised that a young man jumps from a very ordinary to a very extraordinary position without taking the intermediate steps; but we usually find that this young man has earned every bit of this advance by taking a greater interest in his work than others about him, by working overtime for an employer for whom he has respect and in whom he has confidence, and whose interests he has had at heart. He has always been ready to fling his entire weight with all his energy and ingenuity and capacity into his chief's affairs. He has rejoiced at his prosperity and felt grieved at his losses as much as if they had been his own. This leap from a lower to a higher was only apparent. It was not so much of a surprise to him as to his associates.

## If You Want an Easy Time

If you want always to feel comfortable, and never to have anxiety about anything, stick to a certainty. Do not take risks, because it involves a deal of work and responsibility. You must not think, you must not exercise your ingenuity, not bring into play combinations of many efficient qualities. That is hard work.

If you want to have an easy time, make "a dead sure thing" of every transaction. Let others blaze a new path, take chances, run risks, spend their good money in experimenting. You keep to the beaten track. Do not adopt anything until it has been tested and tried—until other people in your line have done the experimenting and have adopted it. Follow others. Why bother your brain trying to invent new and original ways of doing things? It is hard work to be original, to think, to cudgel your brain for new schemes and ideas. Take no chances with the untried.

It is easier just to slide along the line of the least resistance, to drift with the tide. What is the use of exerting yourself so strenuously to swim up stream when you can float down without effort?

It costs something to be original, inventive. It is much easier to imitate, to copy, to trail, than to lead.

## Live Men Watching a Dead Man

THE body of A. T. Stewart, the great merchant prince, was stolen, and a large reward was offered for its return. A body was returned, but no one knows whether or not it was Stewart's body; but two men watch day and night over this body in the crypt of a cathedral built by Stewart in Garden City.

It seems a terrible waste of time and energy for able-bodied men to be watching over a dead man's grave; but there are tens of thousands of able-bodied men and women—servants, lackeys, valets—waiting upon the useless rich men and women who are dead to the world so far as contributing anything, doing anything which helps the world along is concerned. They have never added a dollar's worth of value to the world or done anything to advance civilization. These drones are of no earthly use to the world. They merely spend their lives turning the money accumulated by their fathers or ancestors into nothing.

## In the Twilight Region

MANY men live in the twilight, just between honesty and downright rascality. They are neither one thing nor the other. You can not quite denounce them as dishonest and still you do not have enough confidence in them to trust them implicitly.

## Do Not Deliver Your Goods in a Hearse

You can not be a pessimist and an advance agent of prosperity at the same time.

Do not carry your goods in a hearse if you wish to sell them.

I HAVE never known an employee to climb up very rapidly or very high who does not make his promptness and his work a matter of conscience; who does not feel a sense of responsibility for the welfare of the house he is working for.

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# THE INTEGRITY OF HIGH-CLASS INVESTMENT

## The same rules for the big and the little investors

FOR some months, the articles in this department have been aimed at the particular needs of the small investor. The requirements of this large and constantly growing class are of a highly constructive kind. The utmost security of principal must be combined with regularity of income.

Yet the interesting thing about investment is this: that the same rules apply to the big buyer of bonds as to the small fellow who has to scrape and sacrifice and probably withdraw his savings from a bank in order to get one bond. He too must seek integrity of his principal, and the larger the sum employed the greater the degree of safety that invests the transaction. This month's article, therefore, will be devoted to the larger investor and to what might be called the morals of the big investment game.

### Why Bonds Are Desirable Now

Many people think that because a man is able to buy ten or twenty or thirty bonds at one clip he goes about the business with a certain amount of abandon. Nothing could be more remote from the real facts of the case. He takes the same precautions as the average man who can only buy one bond, and in many cases he takes a great many more. The fact that he has taken these precautions all along is one good and sufficient reason why he is able to buy bonds in big quantities.

Now the big buyer of bonds, or even the man who can take a small block, has had an opportunity for some time to get a high-class range of securities at prices that make the yields very desirable. There have been many reasons for this. In the elastic recovery of all industries from panic conditions money, as it always does under such conditions, sought investment in bonds of the highest class. Capital that would have gone into increasing business also went the way of bonds and found safe repository. While all this has increased the demand for bonds, it has not shoved up the prices beyond the point where the best securities can not be obtained at a price to give a satisfactory return.

There is still another reason which is more timely than all the rest. This is the agitation and the discussion of the tariff. From sentimental and other more intrinsic reasons the whole readjustment of the tariff will affect business. There are also questions of important public policy to be decided and these too will have their effect on business. The big investors, and by these is meant the large buyers of bonds, have carefully considered all these facts. They realize that the present low rates of interest on money will continue to prevail, and that it is the wisest thing under the circumstances to put their money into the soundest of securities. This was evidenced by the fact that the two hundred and ten million dollars of January interest and dividends (one of the largest of the regular disbursements), largely went back into very safe investments—bonds mainly.

The advance in the price of bonds which followed the election and which continued until after the first of the year has not been maintained. This, however, is a condition which makes for the benefit of the investor. At the time of writing there is no immediate prospect of a further advance, neither is there any indication that there will be any marked decline. It is a poor time to buy bonds.

### The Big Man's Idea of Investment

Before going further into the details of the big bond investment business it might be interesting perhaps to point out a few concrete cases that emphasize the statement made at the beginning of this article, namely that the richer the man, or the bigger the bond buyer, the greater the extent of security that he demands. The late William H. Vanderbilt, son of the famous "Commodore" was a good example. He made a great fortune in railroad stocks but, like all the other very rich men, as he grew older he became more and more conservative and the result was that he sold his railroad stocks and bought Government bonds.

Take the greatest investor of the present day, John D. Rockefeller, and you find that he buys bonds all the time. A large part of the vast treasure that each year rolls into his coffers goes into bonds. He has been known to buy an entire issue. Mr. Rockefeller's rule in buying bonds is simply this: "Buy long term, first mortgage railroad bonds. If you want to specialize in these bonds then buy equipment bonds." Mr. Rockefeller does not believe in buying investments that mature soon and then cause the investor to face anew the problem of reinvestment.

The same rule is true of Mrs. Hetty Green, whose safety-vault boxes are crammed with first mortgage railroad bonds. She will not even buy industrial bonds. Yet she, and all the rest of the big buyers of bonds among the millionaires, could very well afford to take chances.

Another fine example of the careful buyer of bonds

was the late Marshall Field of Chicago. Just as he became a merchant prince by the application of economy in the conduct of every department of his great business, so did he become what many men

call "the ideal investor," because he carefully weighed his investments and never speculated. So with Russell Sage, and with a score of other very rich men. It gets back to a very simple but very interesting sort of axiom which has significance for every investor. It is this: the big men who can afford to take risks with their money seldom do it. The little men, the average men so to speak, are *always* taking chances. No man can afford to take chances with what might be called new money. Stock allurements are very dazzling, and promise of big profits very glittering, but if you asked any one of a dozen of our most successful business men they would say that they had never bought a share of "get rich quick" stuff in their lives. They want balance sheets before they employ their money.

### The Real Wall Street

This leads to the real moral of this article. Of late there has been a great deal written and said about gambling in Wall Street. No publication is a sterner or more unrelenting foe of speculation than SUCCESS MAGAZINE. The first and foremost aim of its financial department is the conservation of the finances of the people who read this publication.

Yet one can not refrain from the belief that in this indiscriminate assault on "Wall Street," no line of distinction has been drawn between that part of the financial district which is constructive and upbuilding and that which is purely speculative. By the upbuilding end is meant that part of it which has to do with the financing and the bringing out of great and high-class bond issues which afford opportunities for safe and profitable investment.

The bond market is to-day the cleanest and most honestly conducted investment market in the world. Rarely if ever is there a case of swindling in it. In the past two years only one house came even under the suspicion of bad practise. It was when this house loaned its name to the selling of an issue of bonds that was very speculative. The offense was never repeated.

The bond frauds that have been perpetrated have never come out of the Wall Street district. A so-called Wall Street investment house would not only shrink from such an undertaking but it would even spend money to have it stopped. Why? Simply because such a piece of business would tend to cast discredit upon the whole bond business, and as usual the good would suffer from the doings of the evil.

The truth of this situation is that the vampires of the financial world flock outside the accredited market-places. To go up against the really reputable house would mean to court investigation, exposure, and ruin.

What the whole financial business needs is a carefully edited black list, which would have on its roster the names of all unscrupulous financial and get-rich-quick sharks, with the name and description of their wares, and which would be accessible to every man who is able to buy a bond. England has made a step in this direction, yet despite the fact that that island kingdom has had hundreds of years the start of us in this matter, nothing really permanent or useful has been evolved.

Without the great bond and investment houses of Wall Street, the average investor would indeed be at the mercy of the financial swindler. It is largely due to these houses that the whole splendid modern system of investment has been developed and made possible. Through their efforts, the buying of a bond by a farmer out in the remote prairies of the West may be as safely conducted by mail as if the man had come to New York and had talked it over in person.

Such houses, and they are in every sense constructive financial forces, aid and abet the investor at every turn. If he has not enough money to buy a bond they will sell him one on the instalment plan. They are like specialists, and give advice. What the detractor of Wall Street does not realize is that such high-class bond and investment houses must do a clean, straight, upright business in order to get more business. Summed up they are the opposite of a "bucket shop." The man who runs a "bucket shop" always bets against his customer. If the customer wins, the operator of the shop loses. In bond investment, on the other hand, the investment banker concentrates every effort to make his customer not only employ his money safely but also to make a profit if the occasion can possibly arise. Safety means more business.

There is still another important fact to be stated in connection with the integrity of the high-class bond investment business. This relates to the careful censorship and investigation of all properties whose bonds are accepted both for underwriting and for sale. A system of such elaborate and searching examination which is, in the end, the best safeguard of the investor, is in itself a rebuke to the charge that all financial enter-



## Investment Banking

IN answer to the question "What is an Investment Banking House?" we might briefly reply that it is a banking house which devotes its time and resources to assisting its clients to invest their funds in the most profitable manner consistent with their individual requirements.

It is the duty of such a banking house to safeguard the interests of its clients in every way possible, to advise them impartially in regard to the purchase or sale of securities and to furnish them with all possible information of a financial character.

The responsibility of an investment house to a client begins when its advice is sought in regard to the sale of a security or the investment of a sum of money, but it does not cease when the investment is made, for just as an engineer is morally responsible for the safety of a bridge which he has designed and would lose his professional reputation were it not to stand the strain of use, so is an investment banker responsible for the safety of a security which he has recommended and vouches for its integrity with his financial standing.

As investment bankers we believe that we can be of service to you in an advisory capacity and would be glad to have you write to us explaining the situation or call at our offices and talk the matter over.

We own an attractive list of high-grade municipal, railroad and industrial bonds which we offer for sale in lots to suit the purchaser.

Send for Investment List No. 92

**Alfred Mestre & Co.**  
BANKERS

Members New York Stock Exchange

52 Broadway New York

## Safe Investments

FOR over twenty-six years we have made a specialty of supplying investors with carefully selected bonds. During that time we have purchased with our own funds, and in turn sold to investing clients, municipal, railroad and public service corporation bonds totaling many hundred millions of dollars. In every case the safety of these bonds was first determined by thorough investigation. As a result of this careful policy our list of customers includes not only all kinds of public institutions, but also what is believed to be more private investors than are served by any other banking house in the country. We believe our services will prove of value to investors.

We own and offer at the present time over 200 different issues of bonds which we recommend for investment at prices to yield

**3½% to 5%**

Send for circulars and booklet "S"

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BANKERS

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## Don't Speculate—Invest

in the safest of all known securities

**City, County and School Bonds**

**%—4—5—6—%**

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Your principal is safe, your interest sure, and your investment readily convertible into cash any time. Whether you have large or small amounts to invest, write us

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**THE NEW FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
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prises that happen to radiate or emanate from Wall Street are the heralds, the agents, and the expressions of speculation and gambling.

Just as every other financial center of the United States has fallen under the ban of the emotional expurgator of speculation, so is there a background of investment integrity to State Street in Boston and LaSalle Street in Chicago. Everywhere the bond and investment houses of character and distinction have done much toward applying a sane and wholesome antidote to gambling. They are, indeed, the first aid to the investor.

### The Human Side

There is still another side to the integrity of high-class investment, and that is, what might be called the human side. It grows out of the fact that as you increase the material prosperity of people you also contribute to their moral uplift. This is true generally, save in the cases of Pittsburgh millionaires.

If you would make an economic study of the results of the placing of high-class investment within the reach of the average man and woman with small sums of money you would find without doubt that a great constructive service had been performed. This began with the savings-banks. The man who had a bank account, no matter how small, regarded himself with just a little more pride than the man and neighbor who had no bank account. Then, when the all-important time came when he could withdraw his savings from a bank and invest it in a gilt-edge bond, he felt even prouder. This feeling of pride is expressed in many ways; in a tidying up of the home; in a betterment of the social condition of the family; in an ambition to have larger and more extensive investments, or in the college education of his children.

Now, if these opportunities for the investment of money had not been made possible by the organization of the bond and investment houses of Wall Street, a portion of our population would not be so far advanced as it is now.

This is the fundamental human side. The benefit extends to other and more ambitious channels. If you could go through the lists of customers of some of the Wall Street and other investment houses you would find the names of school-teachers, struggling students, and persons everywhere who are toiling on to bigger and higher things. They invest as a means to education. Thus the investment opportunity, while it directly benefits them, indirectly benefits the thousands of people who come under the instruction or the ministrations of these people. The investment in a good bond is the force that starts many other forces in motion, and it could not be started without the very machinery that the blind and blatant critics of all "Wall Street" are decrying and exaggerating into vast vehicles for speculation.

The whole country owes a debt to those individuals and firms who by their integrity, foresight, and organization have made it possible for the average man and woman, even out in the remotest sections, to avail themselves of the advantages of good, safe and sound investment. By being able to invest their money in high-class investments the fathers and mothers have set constructive examples for their children and their children's children, and thus the precept and example of real investment will go marching on, yes, marching on to a point where there will no longer be a field in this country that will be profitable for the professional stock faker to cultivate.

Knowledge of investments is the channel through which this happy condition will be brought about. The human side of bad investments is the side we hear and see so much of these days. This phase of it is so evident to the editors of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, that it is not strange that in almost every paragraph of this department a warning blast is sounded against these inhuman, running-free criminals.

We are in daily receipt of letters from our readers in all parts of the world, asking for information regarding the value of their holdings. Most of their securities are worthless. These inquiries give us a very clear idea of the workings of the human mind where money is concerned, and we are disposed to doubt the old theory that the thought of getting-rich-quick is responsible for such a profitable business in unreliable securities, and to believe that it is due more to general ignorance on the part of the public as to just what money is worth.

If a thousand bushels of wheat were to be offered to any thinking man at thirty cents a bushel, he would know that there must be something wrong with the wheat and would not touch it; at least not without a thorough examination and expert advice, because he knows the intrinsic value of wheat, even if he is not in close touch with the market manipulations and the operations of those who are making an effort to corner this commodity.

On the other hand, if some one should offer him \$1.50 for \$1, he would in all probability take the risk, not appreciating the long established fact that his dollar is only worth in earning capacity six cents per annum over its known value of one hundred cents.

It does seem strange that man can make a rather accurate guess at the value of almost anything, particularly its value to him, except money, and there seems to be all kinds of notions prevailing about the value of our most popular medium of exchange.

## How to Buy Bonds

It is our aim to give to customers of this house a better service than is given by any other bond house in America.\*

Between bond houses of recognized standing there is little choice—except in point of the service they give to their customers.

Their integrity may be the same—their standing the same—their values they offer may be the same to the fraction of a cent—the bonds themselves may be the same—and yet though all these essentials of the purchase may be the same—there is a difference between bond houses.

A difference so important that it is enough to make the customer prefer to deal with one bond house even though other bond houses may be offering exactly the same bonds and same values.

That difference is service. It's the way the men in the bondhouse take care of your orders—the way the house and its men interest themselves in your interests. It's the care and earnestness with which they learn your needs in investments. It's the

skill and real interest with which they strive to fit your needs. That is "service."

To you, the investor—service of this sort means greater convenience and confidence. And it means greater satisfaction but it means even more than that. Even where bonds and prices are the same, this better, closer, more earnest service often produces for you advantages that you can figure in terms of dollars and cents.

In giving this kind of service to customers of long standing, we have gained experience which enables us to give to the new customer the kind of service, satisfaction and values that will lead to make him to deal with this house in preference to houses of equal standing.

We speak here in broad, firm principles. But we will be very glad indeed to discuss the matter with you in greater detail if you will let us know when you are interested.

**A. B. LEACH & COMPANY**  
BANKERS

149 Broadway, New York.

\* Write for Circular L. Among other municipal and public utility bonds which we have secured for our customers we own and offer the entire issue \$1,600,000 of five per cent. bonds of the

**State of Durango, Mexico,**

secured by pledges of all revenue of the state. No Mexican state has ever been known to delay or default in the payment of its obligations. A highly conservative investment at a price to pay an income of 5.20% if the bonds run to maturity or 5.40% on an average life of 10¾ years. We cite this as an example of the character and strength of securities we supply to our clients. We may, however, recommend to you some other bond after we are acquainted with your investment needs.

## If You Save You Should Invest

The object of saving is to accumulate money.

Careful investment is the best aid to saving.

Your savings invested in well secured Public Utility Bonds will earn an income of 5%; thus increasing your savings.

Your surplus funds should earn for you as large an income as can be obtained with safety.

We offer investment bonds of merit combining safety and a liberal income yield.

Tell us your requirements.  
Send for Circular 19A.

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21 Milk Street, - - Boston, Mass.

CHICAGO. DENVER. SAN FRANCISCO.



# Guaranteed Bonds

## No. 6. Irrigation



THE AMERICAN WATER WORKS & GUARANTEE COMPANY, in addition to controlling and operating 40 successful water-works plants in various parts of the country, has added greatly to the strength of its position by its irrigation operations in Southern Idaho—

Its properties—The Twin Falls North Side Land & Water Company, and the Twin Falls Salmon River Land & Water Company, have been, unquestionably, the most successful irrigation projects in the United States. Several million dollars have been expended in thoroughly modern and permanent irrigation systems and 300,000 acres of rich agricultural land is being supplied with water.

All the work is done under Government and State supervision in strict compliance with the provisions of the United States Carey Act.

**These operations have largely increased the assets and earnings of the American Water Works and Guarantee Company and have added materially to the strength of its guarantee.**

Bonds issued by the Twin Falls North Side Land & Water Company and the Twin Falls Salmon River Land & Water Company are based on a lien sanctioned by the United States Government and the State of Idaho—and are further secured by a deposit of purchase money mortgages of individual owners—which are constantly increasing in value as the land is improved and the Purchase payments are made.

The bonds are also **absolutely guaranteed** as to both principal and interest by

The American Water Works and Guarantee Company, of Pittsburgh, capital and surplus, \$4,000,000—

These bonds are issued in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000.

They mature serially from 1911 to 1920 and pay

### 6 Per Cent. Interest

Write for the Illustrated Book—"Irrigation and What It Has Done for the West."

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**J. S. & W. S. KUHN**

Incorporated

**INVESTMENT BANKERS**

Bank for Savings Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Chicago,

St. Louis,

Philadelphia

## To the Graduate

[Continued from page 362]

he paints, in his business, whatever it may be, to mislead, to demoralize, to debauch, who uses his light as a decoy to lure his fellows on the rocks and reefs, instead of as a beacon to guide them into port?

We imprison the burglar for breaking into our houses and stealing, but what shall we do with the educated rascal who uses his trained mind and all his gifts to ruin the very people who look up to him as a guide?

"The greatest thing you can do is to be what you ought to be."

A great man has said that no man will be content to live a half life when he has once discovered it is a half life, because the other half, the higher half, will haunt him. Your superior training has given you a glimpse of the higher life. Never lose sight of your college vision. Do not permit yourself to be influenced by the maxims of a low, sordid prudence, which will be dinned into your ears wherever you go. Regard the very suggestion that you coin your education, your high ideals into dollars; that you lower your standards, prostitute your education by the practise of low-down, sordid methods, as an insult.

Say to yourself, "*If the highest thing in me will not bring success, surely the lowest, the worst, can not.*"

The mission of the graduate is to show the world a higher, finer type of manhood.

The world has a right to expect better results from the work of the educated man; something finer, of a higher grade, and better quality, than from the man who lacks early training, the man who has discovered only a small part of himself. "Pretty good," "Fairly good," applied either to character or to work are bad mottoes for a college man. You should be able to demonstrate that the man with a diploma has learned to use the tools of life skilfully; has learned how to focus his faculties so that he can bring the whole man to his task, and not a part of himself. Low ideals, slipshod work, aimless, systemless, half-hearted endeavors, should have no place in your program.

It is a disgrace for a man with a liberal education to botch his work, demoralize his ideals, discredit his teachers, dishonor the institution which has given him his chance to be a superior man.

"Keep your eye on the model, don't watch your hands," is the injunction of a great master as he walks up and down among his pupils, criticizing their work. The trouble with most of us is that we do not keep our eyes on the model; we lose our earlier vision. A liberal education ought to broaden a man's mind so that he will be able to keep his eye always on the model, the perfect ideal of his work, uninfluenced by the thousand and one petty annoyances, bickerings, misunderstandings, and discords which destroy much of the efficiency of narrower, less cultivated minds.

The graduate ought to be able to rise above these things so that he can use all his brain power and energy and fling the weight of his entire being into work that is worth while.

After the withdrawal of a play that has been only a short time on the stage, we often read this comment, "An artistic success, but a financial failure." While an education should develop all that is highest and best in a man, it should also make him a practical man, not a financial failure. Be sure that you possess your knowledge, that your knowledge does not possess you.

The mere possession of a diploma will only hold you up to ridicule, will only make you more conspicuous as a failure, if you can not bring your education to a focus and utilize it in a practical way.

*Knowledge is power when it can be made available, practical.*

Only what you can use of your education will benefit you or the world.

The great question which confronts you in the practical world is "What can you do with what you know?" Can you transmute your knowledge into power? Your ability to read your Latin diploma is not a test of true education; a stuffed memory does not make an educated man. The knowledge that can be utilized, that can be translated into power, constitutes the only education worthy of the name. There are thousands of college-bred men in this country, who are loaded down with knowledge that they have never been able to utilize, to make available for working purposes. There is a great difference between absorbing knowledge, making a sponge of one's brain, and transmuting every bit of knowledge into power, into working capital.

As the silkworm transmutes the mulberry leaf into satin, so you should transmute your knowledge into practical wisdom.

There is no situation in life in which the beneficent influence of a well-assimilated education will not make itself felt.

The college man ought to be a superb figure anywhere. The consciousness of being well educated should put one at ease in any society. The knowledge that one's mentality has been broadened out by college training, that one has discovered his possibilities, not only adds wonderfully to one's happiness, but also increases one's self-confidence, immeasurably, and *self-confidence is the lever that moves the world.* On every hand we see men of good ability who feel crippled all their

## WE SELL

## TAX BONDS

Bonds of cities, towns, villages, school and other Districts—varying in denomination from \$100 to \$1,000. Issued under state laws, approved by attorneys of national reputation—recognized by Congress and by state laws regulating Savings Banks, their permanent value giving assurance to the investor and freedom from loss of energy and distrust incident to changing quotations on "listed securities." They are acceptable collateral to your Banker and convertible in times of need.

## Who Buy of Us

**Insurance Companies,** to protect policy holders and because of the general approval of municipal securities.

**Savings Banks,** for your protection and in accordance with their state laws.

**Banks and Bankers,** for their own use, for customers dependent upon them for advice, for uses under the "Emergency Currency Act," as security for government, state, county, city or special deposits.

**Trustees,** who care for funds of widows and orphans and desire avoidance of risk.

**Individuals,** whose accumulations mean security for "old age" and happiness of those dependent on them.

## The Bonds We Own

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|-----------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Great Central Commercial Cities . . .   | netting 3.70% to 4% |
| Well Known Cities, . . .                | 4.15% to 4 1/2%     |
| County, School and District Bonds . . . | 4 1/2% to 5 1/2%    |
| Levee and Irrigation Bonds . . .        | 5 1/2% to 6%        |

Bought only after personal investigation.

Our enormous selling power to customers in 36 states enables us to handle many large issues on terms extremely favorable to our customers. We offer you a wide selection and the practical experience of twenty years of success with no attendant losses.

Write us to-day—state your needs—ask for lists and Booklet on Tax Bonds

Address Department S,

**WM. R. COMPTON COMPANY,**

Merchants-Laclede Building, St. Louis, Mo.

## North Dakota Farm Mortgages Pay 6%

**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 4 1/2 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. 163.

**WALTER L. WILLIAMSON, Lisbon, North Dakota.**

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**YOU LOSE MONEY**

every day you keep your investment where it is earning only 3% or 4%. Our Municipal and Corporation Bonds are the same safe securities in which banks invest their trust funds. These bonds safely net you 4% to 5 1/2%. They are issued in varying denominations and sold on terms to suit the purchaser.

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and that merit confidence are found in the issues of

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Being issued in accordance with the special protective laws enacted for the purpose of securing the investment of public funds. THESE BONDS ARE USED EXTENSIVELY for the investment of the funds of

National Banks State Banks  
Savings Banks Trust Companies

**Private Investors** will do well to invest their funds in WELL SELECTED BONDS of this class which we are offering in OUR JUNE BOND CIRCULAR, and thereby receive the benefit of the same protection that wise laws afford the banks and other financial institutions and individuals investing public funds.

### Bonds Affording Investments

for periods of 2 to 40 years and at interest rates of  $3\frac{3}{4}\%$  to  $5.10\%$  are owned and offered by us, full descriptions of which will be mailed on request, together with our latest publication entitled "For The Information of Conservative Investors."

We extend to you our services in the selection of such Bonds as meet your requirements.

Ask for Circular S. 103

**H. T. HOLTZ & CO.,**

Public Securities,

171 LaSalle Street, Chicago

lives and are often mortified, by having to confess, by the poverty of their language, their sordid ideals, their narrow outlook on life, that they are not educated. The superbly trained man can go through the world with his head up and feel conscious that he is not likely to play the ignoramus in any company, or be mortified or pained by ignorance of matters which every well-informed person is supposed to know. This assurance of knowledge gives self-confidence and infinite satisfaction.

In other words, a liberal education makes a man think a little more of himself, feel a little surer of himself, have more faith in himself, because he has discovered himself. There is also great satisfaction in the knowledge that one has not neglected the unfoldment and expansion of his mind, that he has not let the impressionable years of youth go by unimproved.

But the best thing you carry from your *alma mater* is not what you now prize most, not your knowledge of the sciences, languages, literature, art; it is something infinitely more sacred, of greater value than all these, and that is *your aroused ambition, your discovery of yourself, of your powers, of your possibilities; your resolution to be a little more of a man, to play a manly part in life, to do the greatest, grandest thing possible to you.* This will mean infinitely more to you than all you have learned from books or lectures.

The most precious thing of all, however, if you have made the most of your chance, is the uplift, encouragement, inspiration, which you have absorbed from your teachers, from your associations; this is the embodiment of the college spirit, the spirit of your *alma mater*; it is that which should make you reach up as well as on, which should make you aspire instead of grovel—look up, instead of down.

The graduate should regard his education as a sacred trust. He should look upon it as a power to be used, not alone for his advancement, or for his own selfish ends, but for the betterment of all mankind. As a matter of fact, things are so arranged in this world that no one can use his divine gift for himself alone and get the best out of it. To try to keep it would be as foolish as for the farmer to hoard his seed corn in a bin instead of giving it to the earth, for fear he would never get it back.

The man who withholds the giving of himself to the world, does it at his peril, at the cost of mental and moral penury.

The way to get the most out of ourselves, or out of life, is not to try to sell ourselves for the highest possible price but to give ourselves, not stingily, meanly, but royally, magnanimously, to our fellows. If the rosebud should try to retain all of its sweetness and beauty locked within its petals and refused to give it out, it would be lost. It is only by flinging them out to the world that their fullest development is possible. The man who tries to keep his education, his superior advantages for himself, who is always looking out for the main chance, only shrivels, and strangles the very faculties he would develop.

The trouble with most of us is that, in our efforts to sell ourselves for selfish ends or for the most dollars, we impoverish our own lives, stifle our better natures.

The graduate should show the world that he has something in him too sacred to be tampered with, something marked "not for sale," a sacred something that bribery can not touch, that influence can not buy. You should so conduct yourself that every one will see that there is something in you that would repel as an insult the very suggestion that you could be bought or bribed, or influenced to stoop to anything low or questionable.

The college man who is cursed with commonness, who gropes along in mediocrity, who lives a shiftless, selfish life, and does not lift up his head and show that he has made the most of his great privileges disgraces the institution that gave him his chance.

You have not learned the best lesson from your college if you have not discovered the secret of making life a glory instead of a sordid grind. When you leave your *alma mater*, my young friend, whatever your vocation, do not allow all that is finest within you, your high ideals and noble purposes to be suffocated, strangled, in the everlasting scramble for the dollar. Put beauty into your life, do not let your esthetic faculties, your aspiring instincts, be atrophied in your efforts to make a living. Do not, as thousands of graduates do, sacrifice your social instincts, your friendships, your good name, for power or position.

Whether you make money or lose it, never sell your divine heritage, your good name, for a mess of pottage. Whatever you do, be larger than your vocation; never let it be said of you that you succeeded in your vocation, but failed as a man.

When William Story, the sculptor, was asked to make a speech at the unveiling of his great statue of George Peabody, in London, he simply pointed to the statue and said, "That is my speech."

So conduct yourself that your life shall need no eulogy in words. Let it be its own eulogy, let your success tell to the world the story of a noble career. However much money you may accumulate, carry your greatest wealth with you, in a *clean record, an unsullied reputation.* Then you will not need houses or lands or stocks or bonds to testify to a rich life.

Never before did an opportunity to render such great service to mankind confront the graduate as confronts you to-day. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH IT?

## Our Most Popular Bonds

We make a specialty of bonds secured by first liens on valuable farm lands. Some of them are tax liens—municipal obligations.

They pay 6 per cent—a higher rate than can now be obtained on any other large class equally well secured.

They are issued in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000, so they appeal to both small and large investors.

Short time or long time, as you prefer.

We sell a general line of municipal, railroad and other public utility bonds, but we consider these particular bonds the most attractive in the market. They are preferred by a large majority of our customers—people who know about them.

We have written a book about these bonds—a book of unbiased facts and clear information. Every investor, small or large, owes to himself its perusal. The book is free. Simply write us a postal, or send us this coupon. Please do it now.

### Trowbridge & Niver Co.

(Established 1893)

Municipal and Corporation Bonds

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Gentlemen:—Please send me your new Bond Book, "The World's Greatest Industry."

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NEW YORK CENTRAL REALTY BONDS are issued for the purpose of securing funds for the purchase and improvement of New York Realty, and guarantee 6 per cent. to the investor. They incorporate the three essentials of an ideal investment—Safety, Cash Availability and High Earning Power.

**For the Large Investor**—We offer the Coupon Gold Bond, issued in denominations of \$1000, \$500 and \$100; maturing in 10 years for the face value with 6 per cent. interest payable semi-annually; and with privilege of surrender at any time before maturity.

**For the Small Investor**—The Accumulative Bond, compelling the saving of small sums. Purchasable in ten yearly payments and maturing with 6 per cent. compound interest in either 10 or 15 years with a cash surrender value always in excess of all payments.

Our literature will interest you. Let us know which form of Bond fits your finances and we will tell you more about it.

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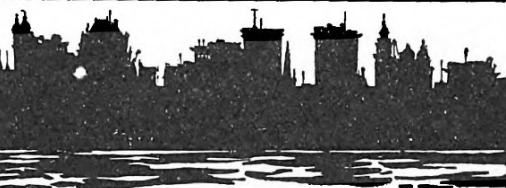
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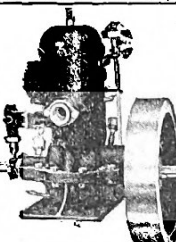
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