



SUCCESS MAGAZINE

Founded by ORISON SWETT MARDEN

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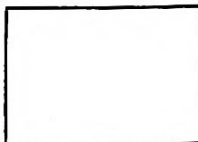
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Expirations and Renewals

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

Subscriptions to begin with this issue should be received by July 15; to begin with August, should be received by August 15. Subscription price: \$1 a year; in Canada, \$1.50; foreign countries, \$2 a year. All invariably in advance, postage prepaid.



Knee Drawer Garters FOR SUMMER

The cool garter—At every movement the central ventilating mesh of the legband admits a flow of fresh air to the skin.

The comfortable garter—The fabric is unyielding as leather, but as agreeable in its firmness and freedom from binding and chafing as the softest elastic. No metal part touches the leg.

The convenient garter—Clasped on or loosened with one hand; either garter on either leg; adjustable legband and pendant.

The secure garter—The grip holds tighter and tighter, but can not hurt the sock.

At dealers, or we send them—Nickel trimmings, 25c; goldplate trimmings, 50c—our guaranty card in every box.

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Fifty-odd styles, thousands of patterns, for all uses and all conditions of men—designed for shoulder ease, perfect trousers support, comfort in every motion. Most elastic web, surest stitching, strongest ends, untarnishable firegilt mountings. At dealers—50c—or we mail them direct. Our guaranty band on every pair.

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An absolutely safe and convenient method of saving money. You can deposit your money in this large strong savings bank no matter where you live. We pay **4% interest** compounded semi-annually on any amount from one-dollar up.

Our immense Capital and Surplus of Six and One-half Million Dollars and our strong official board guarantee absolute security. Write for booklet "C" Banking By Mail.

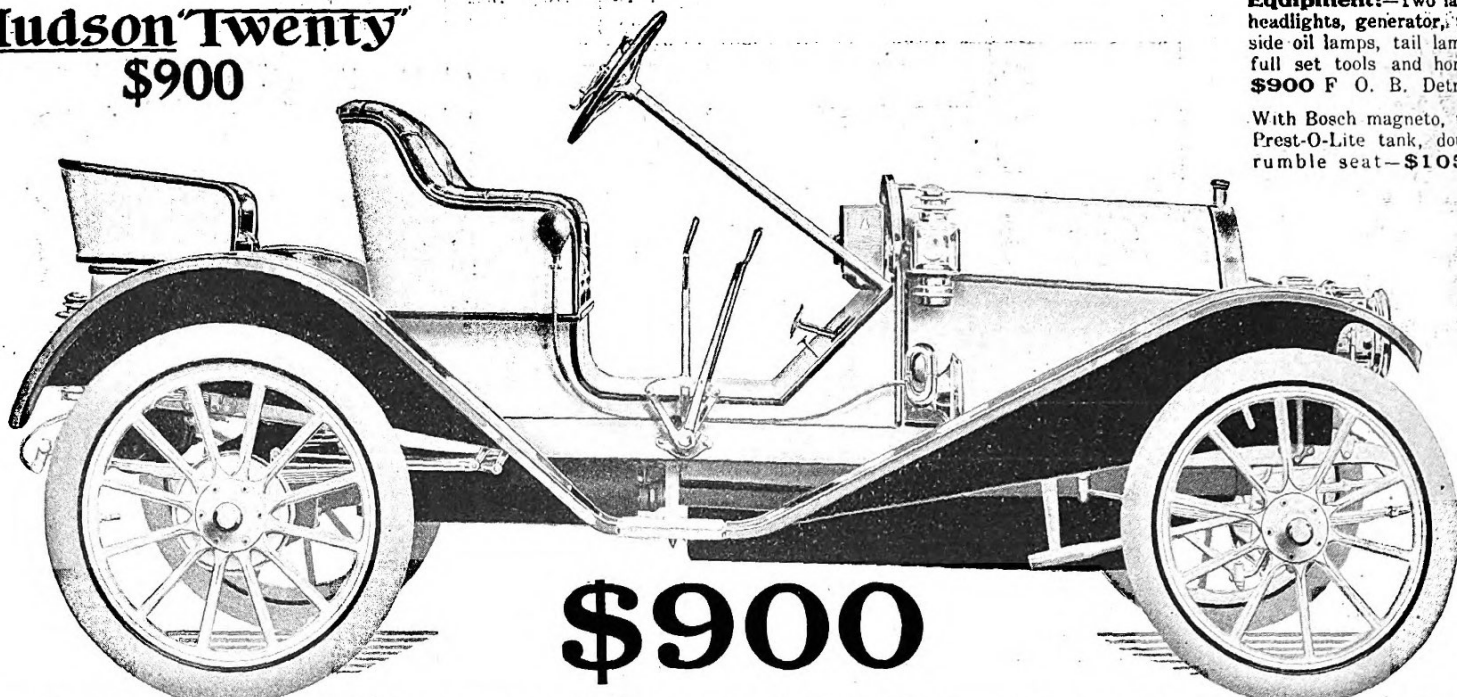
THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO

The City of Banks

Assets Over 42 Million Dollars

Hudson 'Twenty'

\$900



Equipment:—Two large headlights, generator, two side oil lamps, tail lamps, full set tools and horn—\$900 F. O. B. Detroit.

With Bosch magneto, top, Prest-O-Lite tank, double rumble seat—\$1050.

\$900

Strong—Speedy—Roomy—Stylish

There have been many low priced cars, but never one so big, strong, speedy and good looking as this one. In the Hudson "Twenty" you get the best automobile value ever offered for less than \$1000. In this car you find that something called *class*—that something which other cars at or near this price have lacked.

Most low priced cars have been too small. In the Hudson "Twenty" you get a big car. Note the long wheel base—100 inches. Note the big, strong wheels, the large radiator, big hood, staunch, clean-made frame.

This car looks a big car. It is a big car. Other cars selling under \$1,000 have not been roomy. One felt cramped after riding in them. The Hudson "Twenty" has ample leg room. There is no Roadster made, regardless of price, that affords more comfort to those who ride in it. From the front seat to the dash there is a space of 31 inches.

Designers of other cars selling around the price of the Hudson "Twenty" have not seemed to realize that it is as easy to make a good looking car as it is to make another kind.

Here is a car that is good looking. It is big and racy looking. Note the graceful and harmonious lines. Observe the sweep of the fenders and the frame. There is no car with better lines. None from this standpoint more satisfying.

A man who can afford a half dozen cars will enjoy the Hudson "Twenty" as well as the man who can own but one.

Judged by every mechanical and engineering standard this car is thoroughly up-to-date without embodying any experimental features. It is a car that looks and acts like the more expensive. It is big, roomy, stylish, satisfying.

Some High Grade Features

The Hudson "Twenty" has a sliding gear transmission, selective type, three speeds forward and reverse, such as you find on the Packard, Peerless, Pierce, Lozier and other high grade cars. Most other low-priced cars do not have this type of transmission.

All the Power You Need

The motor is vertical, four cylinder, four cycle, water cooled, known as the Renault type. And Renault motors are the pride of France.

The Hudson "Twenty" motor develops all the power you can want. Any Hudson "Twenty" will do 50 miles an hour. On the Grosse Pointe race track one of them has been driven a mile a minute.

The frame of the Hudson "Twenty" is of the best open hearth stock. It is 3½ x 1½ section, accurately and carefully riveted together with hot rivets, and braced against all possible strains. Our

frames are made by the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company of Detroit, the company which makes frames also for the high-priced Stearns cars.

Single Piece I-Beam Axle

The front axle is a one piece drop-forged I-beam section, of the best grade of open hearth steel, carefully heat treated. The Peerless, Pierce, Matheson, Lozier and other high grade cars use drop forged front axles.

The rear axle is of the semi-floating type, shaft-driven, proved out by a score of makers.

Perfect Comfort Here

There is more rake to the steering post than is found on the average car. This allows the driver a comfortable position. The generous diameter of the steering wheel makes the car easy to handle.

The springs are of special steel, semi-elliptic in front, and three-quarter-elliptic in the rear, such as you find in the Renault, Chalmers-Detroit, Pierce and others.

Lubrication is of the pump circulated, constant splash system, which has proved so satisfactory on the Oldsmobile, Chalmers-Detroit and other highly successful cars.

The body is composed of the best grade of ash, carefully placed and securely bolted to the frame. The seats are large and roomy and well upholstered.

It Pleases the Eye

In color the "Twenty" is a rich maroon, with mouldings and edges of bonnet striped in black. Leather is blue black. Fenders, fender irons, pedals, and top irons are enameled black. The radiator, steering column, side lamp brackets, hub caps, and side control levers are of brass. Steps are aluminum.

The tires are 32"x3" in front and 32½"x3½" in the rear. The crank shaft has a tensile strength of 100,000 pounds; the clutch is leather faced, cone type; the clearance is 12½ inches under the steering knuckles.

Worm and segment type steering gear, with extra large bearings, is used, and the control is of the accepted standard sort, shifted by lever on the right hand side.

The Hudson "Twenty" not only looks like the more expensive cars, but it acts like them too.

Fulfills Every Demand

It can go faster than most careful drivers want to ride, it can climb all of the hills, and stand up on all sorts of roads, and it will do this work on a small amount of gasoline, and at a low cost of repairs and tires.

The Hudson "Twenty" is the ideal car at the price. It leaves nothing to be desired.

Nothing experimental about it. Nothing untried.

The "Twenty" has been recognized by the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. It is the only four-cylinder licensed car selling for less than \$1,000.

Deliveries will begin in July, and orders will be filled in rotation as received. Please wire or write for catalog and name of nearest dealer.

The Men Behind the Hudson

J. L. Hudson, President—Mr. Hudson is a leading, conservative business man and capitalist of Detroit.

Hugh Chalmers, Vice President—Mr. Chalmers is president of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company. He was formerly vice-president and general manager of the National Cash Register Company.

R. B. Jackson, Treasurer and General Manager—Mr. Jackson is a mechanical engineer. He was factory manager of the Olds Motor Works from 1903 to 1907.

Geo. W. Dunham, Chief Engineer and Designer—Mr. Dunham was chief engineer of the American Motor Carriage Company from 1901 to 1904. In the latter year he became associated with the Olds Motor Works in a designing capacity. He was chief engineer of the Olds Motor Works from early in 1907 until March 1, 1909. Mr. Dunham's success in the past as a designer of high-grade motor cars that gave satisfaction to their owners is the best proof that the Hudson "Twenty" will give satisfaction.

R. D. Chapin, Secretary—Mr. Chapin is treasurer and general manager of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company.

H. E. Coffin, Vice President and Chief Engineer of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company, is a member of the board of directors.

Hudson Motor Car Company
Detroit, Mich.

Please send me catalog and name of nearest dealer

Name

Address

City State

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

(Members A. L. A. M.)

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

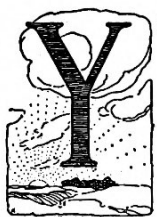
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Published monthly by The Success Company—Edward E. Higgins, President; Orison Swett Marden, Vice-President and Editorial Director; Frank E. Morrison, Secretary; David G. Evans, Treasurer; Samuel Merwin, Editor; Howard Brubaker, Associate Editor; W. E. Prickett, Art Manager—Success Magazine Building, 29-31 East Twenty-second Street, New York

OUR READERS *AND* OURSELVES



YOU have read, in various numbers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE during the past year, articles upon the country preacher and his financial problems. We have given you (not to go back too far into history) the story of "The Country Preacher's Wherewithal"; we have told you of "The Trials of an Unmarried Clergyman"; reproduced the life story of the wife of a country preacher whose salary is "Five Hundred a Year," and, finally, pointed out to you "The Fate of Old Ministers." You have been interested in these articles—we know you have—because so many of you have written us and told us so; have praised us for telling it right, and scolded us roundly for telling it wrong.

Perhaps, though, you have wondered what has been the purpose of this series of sketches; what, in other words, we have been driving at?

Obviously we were not aiming to relieve the needs of the individuals whose stories were given. When "The Country Preacher's Wherewithal" was published, letters began pouring in from our readers. Generous people wanted to supply money, books and candy to "the little minister who patched his own shoes." When the wife of a country preacher told her story of a life-long struggle with poverty, kindly, big-hearted readers offered to ease her burdens a little; to educate her children. They forgot that our characters were only types; that your time and our space are too valuable to expend upon the troubles of one man, or one family.

Neither was it our purpose to stimulate societies for the relief of the ministers' needs. One man, moved by the story of the country preacher struggling to keep in touch with the world's best thought and unable to buy books and magazines, generously offered to help start a circulating library. The thing is undoubtedly worth doing, but is it the key to the solution of the financial problems of the country preacher?

Think a moment. Suppose you want a carpenter to do some work for you—you pay him three dollars a day—what for? You pay him for knowing how, and for his tools. You pay him for his labor, and for his time. You pay him enough to support his family. If he builds an addition to your house, do you offer to pay him one dollar a day when the receipts from your oyster supper amount to enough? Does he inform you that he will start work as soon as a few well-disposed people donate him a few tools, or when the circulating chest comes around? Rather absurd, isn't it? Is it any more absurd than the way we treat thousands of our ministers? Is n't some scheme possible by which the minister may go down the street with a new hat without men thinking of it as the price of five oyster stews? Should not the minister's wife be able to appear in a new duck dress without having women remark that the church must have had a strawberry festival recently?

Coming, in the August number

"Little Comedies of Commerce"

The first bundle out of

Charles N. Crewdson's

great pack of business yarns, humorous, human, anecdotes, and downright commonsense philosophy, entitled

New Tales of the Road

These capital stories contain the pith of Mr. Crewdson's long and lively experience "on the road." The traveling salesman is the missionary of commerce; whatever his nominal "line," his real commodity is human nature—plain, fancy, and assorted. If you have ever bought, or sold, *anything* (and who of us has not), you will chuckle to yourself a thousand times during the course of this series. David Harum himself "had nothing on" these brisk, persistent gentlemen whose acquaintance we are now privileged to share with Mr. Crewdson.

But the minister must have a wife—you insist upon that. "The Trials of an Unmarried Clergyman" stated the experiences of a young minister whose congregation insisted upon his being a married man, and some of you admitted that this was very often true.

You pay your young minister four hundred or five hundred dollars a year, and you ask him to marry; the Roman church asks its priests to take a vow of celibacy, and then pays them well. The War Department of the United States Government rather advises under-officers at \$1,500 and \$1,800 a year to refrain from matrimony. The Protestant church would have ministers marry on four hundred dollars a year.

No, we want to stir you up to make you feel the shame of forcing your spiritual leaders to beg for the necessities of life. Your letters made us feel that, perhaps, we had succeeded a little.

Here is an extract from one, commenting upon "Five Hundred a Year":

I can hardly express my feelings, after reading this true story, to realize that such things do exist in this fair land; it is certainly an outrage to expect a family to live on that small amount, even with rent free, and the preacher expected to make a good appearance. It seems to me most unreasonable, even for the most rural community, to demand, or expect such a thing. I could hardly restrain my feelings of indignation when the poor wife tried, in every way possible, to economize, and did without proper food and clothes to provide for her children.

Here is part of one of the first letters to come in after the publication of Mr. Tator's article:

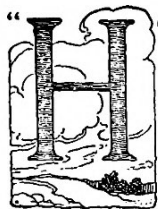
I write this note to try and express my appreciation of your article, in the January number, "The Fate of Old Ministers." I have never seen in any book or magazine, secular or religious, such an able presentation of the needs and claims of those highly-honored, but much neglected men. Not a fact is overdrawn, nor a condition exaggerated, but, after what must have been very careful and painstaking study, the author of that article lays before the public the truth—the whole truth, as far as he can get access to it—and nothing but the truth. It seems to me that the Christian ministry of the country, young and old, owe you a debt of gratitude for publishing such an article on behalf of the men who have given themselves for the moral and spiritual advancement of the people.

And suppose you are stirred up; what can you do to improve the condition of your own minister, or of those of your own denomination? That depends upon the cause of your trouble. Perhaps you lack an efficient system: a budget of expenses and a business-like plan to meet them. Perhaps the men have shifted their own proper burdens upon the shoulders of the women in your community. Maybe there is a needless duplication of churches.

Any diagnosis of the case must be general, unless made by people on the ground. If the church is worth while in your community, it is your job to make it "go." The minister is a specialist in community life, as is the doctor or lawyer—treat him like one. The city people are trying to elevate the stage. You take a hand in elevating the pulpit.

THE PRECEDENT BREAKER

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN



HOW is it, I should like to ask," said an indignant member of the Harvard University medical faculty, at one of its meetings, some forty years ago, "that, after eighty years in which this faculty has been managing its own affairs, and doing it well, it is now proposed to change all our modes of carrying on the school?" "I can answer the doctor's question," replied young Mr. Eliot, who presided at the meeting. "There is a new president."

The new president was a young man of thirty-five, fearless, bold, self-confident, with no respect for a thing just because it was old or had been done or used before. He had brand-new ideas about running a university, and he also had the courage as well as the ability to carry them out. He was determined to put new blood, new life into the old institution of which he had been made head, no matter what precedents he broke, or whose views he antagonized.

Young Eliot found the educational and religious systems of Harvard completely encrusted with traditions, but he was fearless enough and able enough to break through them, and, as a consequence, the little Unitarian college of four hundred students, under his brilliant leadership, became one of the greatest and most progressive universities in the world, with six thousand students, and with more instructors when he recently retired from the presidency than it had students when he stepped into power.

Perhaps no American in recent times has been such a great maker of men, such a revolutionizer of educational methods, such a breaker of educational traditions and medieval precedents, which have paralyzed so many of our colleges and universities, as President Eliot.

Leaders of men have ever been precedent breakers. Timid people, no matter how able, never make leaders. Fearlessness and originality are characteristic of all men of progress. They have no reverence for the old simply because it is old; with them it is always a question of pushing forward, of improving on the past, instead of slavishly copying it.

What Charles W. Eliot has done for the educational world, the Marshall Fields, the Wanamakers, the James J. Hills, the Carnegies have done for the business world.

Marshall Field was determined from the first that when customers came into his store they should see the marks of a vigorous originality everywhere, something *different*, something which they had never seen before. He was determined that whatever he did should be his own, that he would be himself, that he would not copy any other merchant, no matter how successful. He did not care what others did, he made his own program, blazed his own path. He was never afraid to trust his own judgment, or risk his reputation upon his own ideas. He was a born leader and was not afraid to go ahead, to blaze a new path which no merchant had ever trodden before.

John Wanamaker did not say that because A. T. Stewart had been America's merchant prince he would imitate him, follow him. Both Stewart and Wanamaker succeeded in a remarkable degree in the same store in New York, but their methods were as different as those of Wanamaker and Marshall Field.

Do not be afraid of being original, even eccentric; do not be a copy of your father, your grandfather, or your neighbor. This would be as foolish as it would be for the violet to try to be a rose. Every man is born to do a certain work in an original way. If he tries to copy some other man or to do some other man's work, he will be an abortion, a misfit, a failure.

Great men never imitate or copy one another. A master mind can not be made to fit a pattern or to conform to any set routine or system. Every strong man's achievement is an outpicturing of himself, of his individual ideas. What he manufactures and sells, the conduct of his business, the book he writes, the picture he paints, the sermon he preaches—this is the expression to the world of what was wrapped up in himself, not in someone else.

General Grant did what all the generals who condemned him for not following war precedents in text books on military tactics could not do, he ended the war. Napoleon ignored all previous war methods, broke all war precedents in his conquering march through Europe. Men of force and initiative are always breaking precedents. Weak, timid, forceless men never break anything.

Our great presidents have all been great tradition-breakers—the Washingtons, Jeffersons, Jacksons, Lincolns, Roosevelts—men who broke new ground, blazed new trails, and led people continually, vigorously, forward in the march of progress.

Those who were bound to the old, were so afraid of losing patronage,

or of offending the machine that put them in power, that they did not dare to break away from established custom, are practically forgotten.

Roosevelt had little use for White House precedents or political traditions. In every position, whether as police commissioner, Governor, Vice-President or President, he has always insisted on being himself—nobody else. He never tries to imitate or copy his heroes. No matter how much he admires a man, he never imitates him. A great deal of his remarkable force comes from *being himself*.

"The surest way to secure failure," said Joseph Jefferson to young actors, "is to imitate some one else."

The imitator ruins his capacity for originality, for initiative; he loses his creative power; his inventiveness and resourcefulness are never developed. In fact, his executive ability—the ability to originate, to do things—is seriously crippled, if not utterly destroyed by his efforts to imitate some one else.

No human being ever yet made a success trying to be somebody else, no matter how great or successful that person might be. Success can not be successfully copied; it is original; it is self-expression. A man is a failure just in proportion as he gets away from himself.

When Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks were at the height of their fame, hundreds of young clergymen tried to copy their style, their mannerisms, their mode of expression, gestures, habits, but they fell as far short of the power of either of these giants as the common chromo falls short of the masterpiece. Not one of these imitators ever amounted to anything until he stopped copying, imitating, and began to build on his own foundations.

A great many clergymen to-day merely echo other preachers' sermons which they have read and absorbed. The majority of the books published are imitations of previous books, echoes of the authors whose style and plots the writers have copied. But these copied sermons and books lack vitality, force, naturalness. They do not stir the blood or touch the heart of the hearer or reader. They are cold, lifeless.

Copied thought, always and everywhere, whether in books, sermons, paintings, or business methods, always lacks freshness, vigor, spontaneity, naturalness. The worked-over thought is like a warmed-over griddle cake; it lacks the crispness and flavor of the original.

Imitation always indicates weakness, shallowness, lack of creative power, of original force. If you acknowledge by your very manner that you are a copy of somebody else, that you are an imitator, a leaner, a trailer, you will never do anything great.

It is not the artist who can faithfully copy Raphael or Millet that will become famous, but the one who can paint a picture that was never put on canvas before. The artist who can express his ideal in his own tints and colors, who can create something entirely new, all his own, is the one that will become a master.

Thousands of people remain pigmies all their lives because they never dare to be themselves. They are afraid to take the initiative in anything. They ruin their judgment by not using it, by depending upon others, running to them for advice, always following the track marked out by some one else. They are mere echoes, trailers, followers.

There are ten thousand who can follow to one who can lead, but it is the man who can step out of the crowd and do the unusual, the original, the individual thing, that wins. The man who would succeed to-day in any marked way must be bold, self-reliant, inventive, original.

Blaze your own way, or you will never make an impression on the world. It is originality that counts. The world makes way for the man with an idea. He is wanted everywhere. There is little room for the leaners, taggers, trailers, followers. The world is looking, as never before, for the man with original force, who leaves the beaten track and pushes into new fields; the physician, the surgeon, who dares to depart from the methods of those who have gone before him; the lawyer who conducts his case in an original way; the teacher who brings new ideas and methods into the schoolroom; the clergyman who has the courage to proclaim *his* message, the message that was given to *him*, and not that which was given to some other man who has put it into a book.

The force that is going to carry you to your goal is coiled up inside of you in your energy, your pluck, your grit, your determination, your originality, your character. It does not exist in another.

The sooner you become disillusioned as to getting any great assistance out of yourself, and fall back upon your own inherent force, the better.

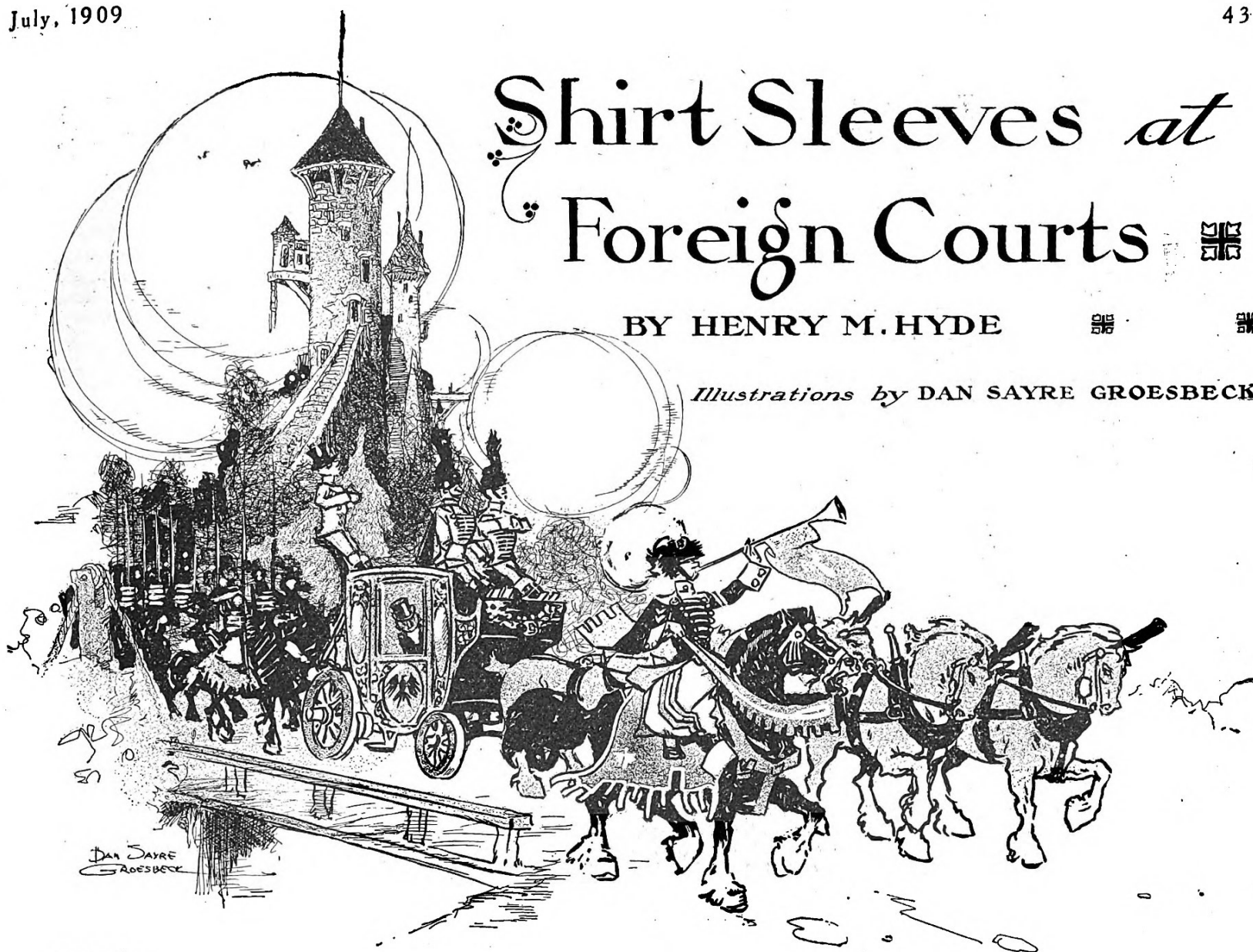
It is a pitiable thing to go through the world borrowing other people's ideas, plans, methods; other people's judgment—running to this

[Continued on page 476]

Shirt Sleeves at Foreign Courts

BY HENRY M. HYDE

Illustrations by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



OUTSIDE the low stone arch opening into the plaza sounds a crisp ruffle of drums and a triumphant burst of music from a score of silver trumpets. One hears also the clank of hundreds of iron-shod hoofs on the granite. Into the courtyard of the ancient *palazzo* swings an empty coach drawn by four white stallions. The body of the vehicle is a shining jewel of crystal and gold, with side-panels whereon magnificently painted cherubs and winged cupids disport themselves against the blue sky. The harness of the albino stallions glistens with gold and trappings of rich blue velvet hang about their slender legs. From the head of each nod long blue ostrich plumes. A postillion bestrides each of the horses, and a man-in-waiting walks in front, holding the gold bridle-chain. There are two coachmen on the box and four outriders, mounted also on white stallions. All are in liveries of blue satin, trimmed with gold.

This magnificent equipage swings past the entrance to the *palazzo* and stops, to remain empty during the entire ceremony. It is the *coche de respecto*—the coach of respect—a relic of old days when all traveling was done by carriage and when really important personages always took an extra empty coach with them, to be ready if the first should break down by the way.

The second coach is a duplicate of the first, save that the trimmings and the liveries of the servants are in red and gold. Into it get the secretaries of legation. Next comes the ambassador's coach of respect, a trifle larger and even more glittering, drawn by six—instead of four—cream-colored, prancing stallions, shining with crystal and gold, red and yellow velvet and satin. It makes way for the coach which the ambassador is actually to occupy, and as that Cinderella-like vehicle draws up before the entrance, a company of magnificent cavalry, mounted on horses nicely graded in color from seal-brown, through cream-color to white, form themselves in a protecting half-moon about it and with much clanking of arms and accouterments draw their sabers and sit at salute.

When Ebenezer Goes to Court

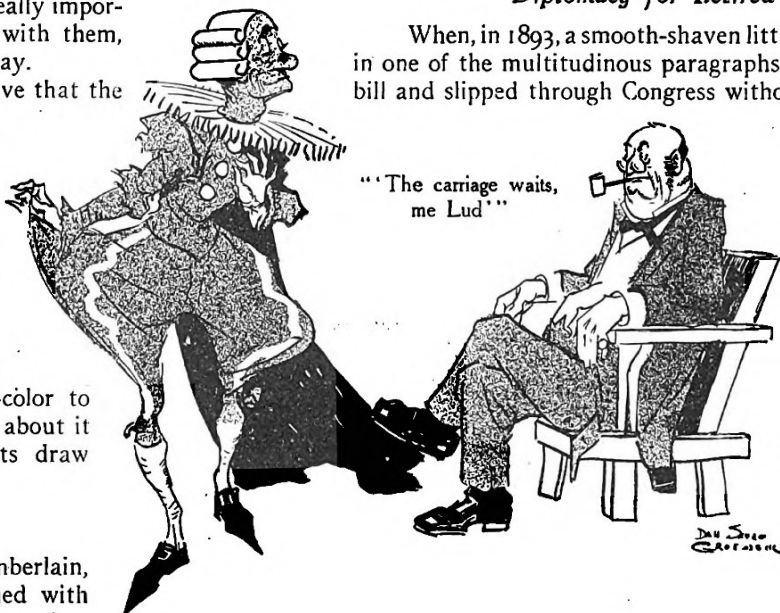
Meanwhile, inside the *palazzo* the court chamberlain, heavy in a dress of red and yellow velvet, trimmed with gold, after making a series of bows and Oriental genuflections, has announced to the impatient ambassador that "The carriage waits, me Lud," and now, while the drums roll, the trumpets sound, and the escort clanks its sabers, the Honorable Ebenezer J. Jones,

late of Paducah, Kentucky, arises in his large white cravat and passes out to pay his first official call on the Emperor, Czar, Shah, Autocrat, or other imperial ruler to whom he happens to be accredited. And, as the ambassador goes out, one may be sure that Mrs. Jones, dressing upstairs in the *palazzo* for her initial audience with the queen, orders her first, second, and third maids to stop hooking her *directoire* gown up the sides, while she glances in triumph out of the window and sighs with utter satisfaction as she sees all her most dazzling dreams come true. Incidentally, it is also certain that her dearest satisfaction will be found in contemplating the "native dignity" of Pa's bearing as he sits beside the stuffed bird of Paradise in the royal coach. Mr. Jones is wearing the "simple dress of an American gentleman"—a costume to which it may very well happen he was not introduced until after oil was discovered on the home farm and the Joneses began to be invited out to bridge parties in Cincinnati. But that does not necessarily alter the fact that Mr. Jones looks more like a human being than any of the assorted candelabra which illuminate his passage to the royal palace.

Diplomacy for Retired Capitalists

When, in 1893, a smooth-shaven little joker was secretly inserted in one of the multitudinous paragraphs of a general appropriation bill and slipped through Congress without a word of discussion, all the civilizing influence of a hundred years of shirt-sleeves diplomacy was undone and the privilege of representing the United States at the great capitals of Europe took the place of steam-yachting as the most expensive and ornamental amusement of the very rich.

Up to that time the rank of minister plenipotentiary was the highest in the diplomatic service of the nation. Many suggestions were made that the rank of ambassador should be created, but no secretary of state could be found who would endorse them. "In justice to its ministers abroad," Secretary Frelinghuysen wrote, the department could not "ask Congress to give



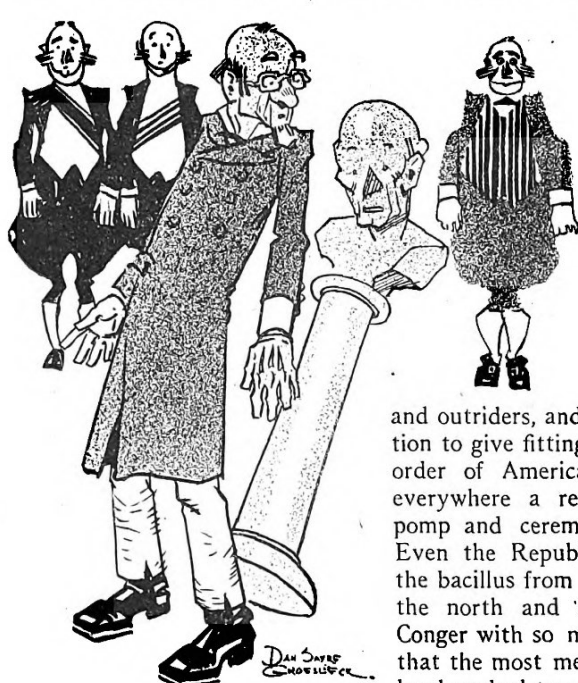
them higher rank with their present salaries; neither could it with propriety appeal to Congress for an allowance commensurate with the necessary mode of life of an ambassador." In turning down a similar suggestion Secretary Bayard pointed out the "inconveniences which, in our simple social democracy, might attend the reception in this country of an extraordinarily privileged foreign class."

Meanwhile, as the great republic grew in authority and power, the fact that it was represented abroad by simple ministers had a distinct and increasing influence on the practise of diplomacy. In Germany, for instance, at the protest of the American minister, the ancient rule that ambassadors should have precedence at the Foreign Office was annulled, and heads of foreign missions were admitted for interviews in the order of their arrival. This was so even in Russia. Everywhere the old imperial custom of welcoming ambassadors with semi-regal honors was fast falling into disrepute. Caste was being broken down; diplomacy becoming occidentalized.

But on that fateful morning when Congress, unknowing, took in that unfathered foundling in its grocery basket, diplomacy lapsed distinctly backward toward the comic-opera stage. Dignified justices of the Supreme Court of the United States quarreled fiercely with Russian counts and German barons as to who should pass first into the White House dining-room. Buoyed by the blessed sense of humor the Secretary of State obsequiously took his place behind the personal embodiments of divinely endowed kings and emperors. Official and social Washington broke out in blisters and goose flesh.

The Brand-New American Nobility

American ministers abroad, heretofore able to live no more than decently on the salaries allowed them, found that the mere rent of an ambassador's palace was more than their annual income. All of them under the newly created rank of a millionaire either resigned or came home a little later to recoup their shattered fortunes. The aristocracy of riches received its first formal recognition from the National Government. Caste was taken in at the front door, while democracy flew out of the window. The ambassadorial order of nobility was created. From that time it was possible for an American woman who had neglected to marry a foreign aristocrat in her youth to give the shoulder even to the most haughty of American duchesses by becoming the consort of the personal representative of the President at the court of the proper august majesty.



"Saw a boorish minister awkwardly back into a marble bust"

Abroad, the grinning chiefs of the Foreign Offices set their lackeys to using silver polish on the unused royal coaches. They bought new gold-laced uniforms for the court heralds and outriders, and made every preparation to give fitting welcome to the first order of American nobility. Almost everywhere a recrudescence of royal pomp and ceremony was discovered. Even the Republic of Mexico caught the bacillus from its great neighbor to the north and received Ambassador Conger with so much noise and glitter that the most medieval monarchy was hard pushed to equal it.

Jones Hobnobbing with Kings

Meantime the Honorable Ebenezer J. Jones is still sitting in the last of the six royal coaches of crystal and gold. Beside him on the golden and crimson cushion haughtily reclines the court chamberlain, who has spent his whole life in learning how many times one must knock his head on the floor before each member of the royal family, and who is therefore in a position to feel a poorly concealed contempt for Mr. Jones, who has garnered a thrifty fifty millions out of the profits of the Dried Apple Trust and who has never been nearer a real king before than the box seat at a comic opera. The court chamberlain condescendingly explains again the complicated etiquette of the royal reception, and Mr. Jones may very well feel nervous as the coach stops before the great glass and gold doors of the imperial palace. As he descends, glittering heralds send his mellifluous name sounding through the splendid hall, and men-at-arms bring their weapons to a salute with a clang. Before him rises the grand staircase of white marble, glittering with inlay work, and lined with gigantic halberdiers in uniforms of yellow and red velvet. Each of them carries a medieval battle-axe and, as Mr. Jones, preceded by the court chamberlain and a gorgeous procession of court dignitaries, passes up the stairs, the halberdiers in their order salute him with terrific whacks of their battle-axes on the marble steps. At the top of the stairs the chamberlain turns and leads the way through half a dozen



"She glances in triumph out of the window"

great saloons, lined with more soldiers at salute. Finally, in a great library, the procession halts impressively. Then the doors which bar the way are opened from the inside by turbaned mamelukes. There, at the far end of the great hall, stands the royal party. Mr. Jones, advancing, stops just within the door to make the first of the three deep reverences which etiquette prescribes and which is returned by the king and his suite. Half-way down the room Mr. Jones stops to bow again and, finally, as he comes within the reaching distance, he makes an especially deep and sweeping obeisance, preliminary to handing to the king his credentials from the President. These credentials conclude with

a paragraph substantially as follows:

We have nominated Ebenezer J. Jones, Esq., to reside at your court in quality of our Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, that he may give you more particular assurances of the grateful sentiments which you have excited in us and in each of the United States. We beseech you to give entire credit to everything which he shall deliver on our part, especially when he shall assure you of the permanency of our friendship; and we pray God that He will keep your Majesty, our great, faithful, and beloved friend and ally, in His most holy protection.

Backing Out of the Royal Presence

In presenting his credentials, the new ambassador makes a brief formal address, which is replied to in kind by the king, after which, on the signal of a royal nod, Mr. Jones begins the painful and sometimes disastrous business of backing out of the royal presence. It is in this backing process that the professional diplomats of Europe especially shine; almost any one of them can back up in a straight line for fifty or sixty feet, without knocking over a piece of furniture, not forgetting at the same time to make the proper number of genuflections at exactly the right spots on the floor. On the other hand, it was in precisely matters of this kind that American diplomats of the old shirt-sleeves school most frequently offended. How often in those days did an expatriated American of long European culture shriek with agony as he saw a boorish minister, whose early tertsichorean training had been neglected, awkwardly back into a marble bust, or heard his wife, with vulgar effrontery, ask the empress how her last baby was getting through its teething! How often was it pathetically pointed out that the very lives of really cultivated Americans abroad were made miserable by the shocking gaucheries of our diplomatic representatives, and that the greatest of republics had become the laughing-stock of European drawing-rooms!

Since ambassadors have been created one hears less criticism of that sort. It may be because Mrs. Jones, if Ebenezer J. is not already a cotillion leader, insists that he take at least a correspondence course in royal etiquette. At any rate it seems to be generally admitted that American diplomats display vastly more ability in bowing and backing than before the ambassadorial era. Yet, with all



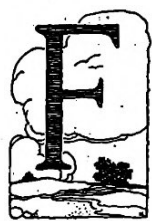
their faults, the men who represented the United States at foreign capitals in ministerial days are not altogether to be despised.

Even the most exquisite expatriate would, perhaps, admit that a list which includes Benjamin Franklin, John Quincy Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, John Adams, James Buchanan, Washington Irving, John Lathrop Motley, Hannibal Hamlin, Caleb Cushing, Carl

[Continued on page 466]

"Insists that he take a correspondence course in royal etiquette"

BY MINERVA THE ENCHANTING



FROM the time when Lucy Fern was a little tot, who said "mother" and "father" as if the baby voice were jerked by a string, until now that she sat surrounded by the work of a young woman earning her living, and heart-filled with a new, disturbing feeling, Lucy had loved the flight of birds and butterflies, the majestic or hurried movements of clouds, the inclination of blowing trees, the sound of running water, the particular of flower, and hill, and sky. Even before her little lips had jerked out the first priceless "mother" and "father," wee hands were stretched forth to the buttercup beyond her grasp, for the bird whose flight not even a doting father could check.

As she grew older she began to sing in a voice birds might have envied, and to dance with a friskiness lambs could not equal. She ran, she sang, she danced, nimble as the singing leaves on the poplar-tree behind their tumble-down home. Punishment but made her gayer and sweeter; many a time she trotted back to her mother, baby hands open to receive another slap. Every sensation seemed a thousandfold more vivid than with ordinary mortals, and for her the father prophesied great things. It was he who put the first pencil into her fingers. She was to be a world-renowned artist. But her mother shook her head and wished Lucy different; to Mrs. Fern the world was workaday and not romance.

Lucy's fingers had not ceased to close about the pencil which was to have won fortune with shadows deep as a Salvator Rosa, with meadows wide as a Millet, with color aflame as in a Dantean dream. Yet here, alone, surrounded by a lap-board, a sewing-machine, a dress-form, big and little scissors, patterns, skirts finished and unfinished, in the Marchant-Colton house in Feeding Dale on the King's Highway, sat Lucy Fern, the village seamstress. An anti-climax, you say? Not at all; a compromise. The pencil she held drew a pattern swiftly, skilfully, unlike any drawn before; but, after all, merely a dress pattern. The voice that sang as the pencil traced its clear line was not less blithe than the child's had been; the feet that skipped across the room were no less nimble; the heart that stood like a brave sentinel behind each stroke of the pencil was not less dauntless. Still, sometimes, as the big eyes looked out of the window they grew grayer, and dwelt longer on the old gateposts of the Marchant-Colton house—posts so old that they leaned toward each other as if for support—for Lucy saw the knotted fingers of her mother and the trembling knees of her father.

To the scandal of Miss Inza Deering, who owned the house in which Lucy lodged, the dressmaker hopped about among her patterns as if she were a child playing hop-scotch, sang for company, laughed gaily when she had any company, and, contrary to all laws of dress-making known in Feeding Dale, bloomed and stitched at one and the same moment; turned out work and was gay.

As if a gay heart could not accomplish thrice the work of a plodding will! When Lucy had leisure to look around, her glance wandered to the southwestern roof where doves strutted about in the warm sun, or to the trees whose bare branches let her eyes through to an infinite space of sky, or to the few pale leaves that trembled like old fingers. When she had time to look in she reveled in the high paneling of the rare old room; in the crane on which her own little teakettle hung and sometimes sung; in the deep window-seats and many-paned windows; in the quaint flowered paper, put on years ago; in the cupboards, built into the wall, where dwelt her household gods of spoon, and



BY JEANNETTE MARKS

Illustrations by
GEORGE BREHM

cup, and saucer. She dreamed that some day it would be all hers, and sitting, chair by chair, before the hearth she saw her old father and mother. To her, life, dull as the business of dressmaking may seem to some, and as far from art as the north pole from the south, was an enchantment, for in her compromise she meant to make the loveliest dresses in the world, and to make two old people blissfully happy. Every night she went to bed it had been such a beautiful day, and every waking morning that stretched before her was a path of gold.

The gowns Lucy herself wore were unlike anything Feeding Dale had seen. They were soft things that clung about her, that followed the delicate curve of her shoulder, that lay gently on her young breast, that traced the line of the slim leg. Had there been eyes to see in Feeding Dale, her simple dress might have been called angelic, for so the painters have painted the dress of angels. But Feeding Dale said "queer," "odd," "ugly," "uncommon," "not nice," "strange," "peculiar," and words more local to the valley. It really did seem sometimes as if the very cows stood still in large-eyed wonder to gaze upon Lucy. And it was in spite of her dress, and not because of it, that Stephen Gray loved Lucy Fern.

"Inza is saying Miss Fern is n't going to make a success of dressmaking in Feeding Dale or any place like it."

Stephen's head came up from his account book. "Why not?"

"Inza says she may be sane on most things, but she's crazy about dress."

"What's a dressmaker for, if it's not to be crazy about women's clothes?" Calculating, not gossip, was the main business of Stephen's life. He went on with his figuring, broad forehead and aquiline nose coming nearer and nearer the book.

His aunt looked at him plaintively; unencouraged, she continued:

"It's the way she's crazy, Steve. Now, there's Mrs. Dodge Penfield—"

"Old Dodge Penny?"

"Yes; but when Miss Fern came she took a fancy to her and ordered a lot of work done. And there was Mrs. Ebenezer Hooker and Mrs. Hudson and Adoniram's girls; they won't give her a thing any more. But before Mrs. Penfield guessed what it would be like—"

"Oh, then she did!" To Stephen, woman-nature represented only changeableness, "gab," as he expressed it, and fluster.

"Yes, she did; but she's feeling terribly. She says her goods are all spoiled, and she has been planning the dress for the reception to the incoming pastor and his wife. They say the new minister's wife has money of her own, and you know how much Mrs. Penfield cares for such things. The Penfield tobacco is turning out better and better; there's nothing on this

river like tobacco for money-crops." Amelia sighed; to her tired, lank, listless frame, a money-crop was a very Aladdin's lamp for the householder.

"Are you hankering after a money-crop?" her nephew asked. "There are no money-crops in bread-making."

"No," said Amelia Gray, honestly enough; "I was thinking how awfully bad I should feel to have a whole dress spoiled. Well, I'll run over and see Mrs. Penfield."

Stephen watched his aunt take up a shawl and close the door. She went twenty steps down the brick walk, turned about, and opened the door, as Stephen knew she would.

"Steve, if you do go to Miss Fern's, put the key under the rubber-plant. Mind now, don't forget and put it in your pocket."

When Lucy heard Stephen's step she was glad! Of what was she not glad! Her voice ceased its humming, her pencil, that had darted a thousand times to the paper before her, stayed poised in mid air, and her eyes waited. It was he! Joyfully she pushed back her hair, straightened her skirt and girdle, wrung her hands together out of sheer gladness, and skipped across the hall to the big door. She pushed up its heavy stanchion and pulled hard. Then she laughed, for, marvel of marvels! the good, kind door let Stephen in!

At length, sobering, she drew a little book from her pocket.

"These are my accounts." She looked up at him anxiously. "It is rather messy, is n't it? But you must help me."

"What's that?"

"That's a seven, a number seven, you know."

"Twelve and thirteen don't make twenty-seven."

"Dear! You see, mother has a perfectly wonderful head for figures, and—"

"Two and three make five," Stephen interrupted, brusquely.

"Of course! I must have taken the two ones and added them on in the wrong place and then used them all over again."

"But for what do these figures stand?"

"Well, if it is n't for food, probably the figures on this are for buttons." Stephen's eye was on her. "Hooks and eyes," she continued anxiously, dropping her head sideways like a guilty child, "thread, needles, pins, binding, tape, and—and—" the head drooped lower still, "braids and featherbone, and—"

"Feather nonsense! You can't keep an account this way, Lucy. Good bookkeeping is the foundation of all business success."

While Stephen still scowled over the book, Lucy darted out of the room. She knew a way to propitiate him. When she came back her arms were filled with a white crape gown.

"Is n't it beautiful? You know I have taken a vow by Minerva, the Enchanting, to

make only beautiful things. You stupid boy! Minerva was the Roman goddess of spinning and weaving; now she is my goddess of the gown."

Stephen saw the dress unfurl till it lay, every line perfect, all paneled with embroidery which clung to it like some trailing wreath of clematis.

"Don't you like it? It is for Mrs. Penfield."

"It is n't like anything I ever saw before," he said, with an effort at kindly evasion.

"Of course not. I planned it and drew it. See those lines on the shoulder. Minerva, the Enchanting, would n't let me make a gown for Mrs. Penfield that would show her figure as it really is. If only Mrs. Penfield would stand differently! I told her she ought to, and explained just what she was to do. You see, I studied it all out from my prints of statues and beautiful paintings. She seemed injured and went away soon. I didn't think what I said would trouble her."

Ah, Stephen had been wondering what Mrs. Penfield thought!

Through all the conversation that followed, bright, merry, unexpected, as only Lucy Fern could make it, Stephen had but one thought. If she would make dresses like those, who would patronize her? If she would talk so strangely, who would not fear her? She could not succeed, and success was a god to Stephen, a god of prosperity. To Lucy Fern success was something different.

At Mrs. Dodge Penfield's the same question was being asked.

"Sakes alive!" boomed the hostess, in her deep voice. "It's about as modest as one of my linen chair-covers. And all that crazy sprigging of embroidery makes the dress look as if it had run wild as briars."

"And might go to seed," added Amelia. "Does n't it look like a wall paper?" she asked, vaguely glancing around for something to suggest it.

"It does, only it is n't so handsome as the paper on this wall. There is n't enough color in it to tint one of those roses." Mrs. Penfield pointed toward a mural cabbage whose vital force of hue dazzled the eye. "It's all the palest green and white. I paid sixty cents a roll for that paper. But I paid three dollars a yard for that crape, and look how it's ruined!"

"Three dollars!" gasped Miss Inza.

"Yes, I did, three dollars. I supposed, of course, she would put the sprigging in in some color that would show up. She'll never get another thing from me."

"I could n't trust her!" affirmed Miss Inza. "Just having her in the house is enough to settle that."

"I suppose I shall have to wear it at the reception, but she will have to wait for her money," concluded Mrs. Dodge Penny, grimly.

Miss Amelia Gray, whose heart was never lightly lent to thoughts of love, knew that her nephew was finding the dressmaker's face far too attractive. She sighed contentedly, "Well, her trade is killed."

The two weeks before the reception for the incoming minister and his wife passed slowly enough for Lucy Fern. Since she had no work to do she went for long walks in the bright December days. She listened to the merry carol of the chickadees; she gathered long scarfs of green and golden ground-pine; she played games with herself to keep warm; she sang. But somehow the chickadees did not seem merry; the ground-pine had no color; the games no frolic in them; and her singing dragged. For the first time she felt old, and superior to her own efforts at gaiety. She was n't quite certain that she was eating enough. Then she laughed. What was there to eat? Mrs. Penfield had not paid her, and there was no more money in her shabby purse. She knew that she must ask for work or get the money that was owed her. When she inquired of Miss Inza where she might find work, Miss Inza

shook her head: she was sure she did n't know.

After this disappointment Lucy wrote the sprightliest of sprightly letters to her father and mother. She turned her thoughts inside out for any possible item of pleasant news and, finding her life a little like an empty pocket, she imagined things in it that were n't there. When she read the letter through she smiled, for the habit of thinking of their pleasure first was still stronger than hunger. Putting on her hat she walked gaily up the King's Highway to the post-office. She dropped the letter in the box, and then, at the thought of those loving eyes reading it, her feet went pitapat still more nimbly over the snow in the direction of Mrs. Dodge Penfield's brilliant edifice.

Ah, if she might only have seen her parents when that letter reached them, her feet would have run for very gladness! The father entered the old house, shaking off the snow, the letter moist and trembling in his hand.

"It's a letter from Lucy," he said.

Mother went to the mantelpiece, took down the spectacles, drew two chairs before the crackling stove, scrubbed off her hands, and said, "Now give it to me."

"But I will get it out for you, mother."

Mrs. Fern put on her spectacles, turned her apron clean side out, took the letter, and began to read.

"But, mother, what you are reading does n't make any sense at all; you don't understand the child's handwriting. Give me the letter."

Mrs. Fern tried again.

"But, mother, what sense does *ban* and *can* make? Give me the letter, I say."

As father drew the spectacles from her very nose and put them on his, the letter was of necessity given. The only difference between the spectacles worn by Mr. and Mrs. Fern was that, using the same pair, she wore them upside down on her nose, whereas he wore them right side up.

"There, mother; the word is R-A-N."

Father read on.

Both faces were wreathed in

smiles. In the midst of it all father laid down the letter. "I'm glad it's success keeps her from coming home Christmas. She's succeeding wonderfully, mother, wonderfully."

Mother shook her head. "Don't you count too much on her success, father. Maybe she will succeed, and maybe she won't; but she is our girl just the same."

"And the best girl the Lord ever gave."

Father read on proudly to the very end, where Lucy subscribed herself, "With a bushel of love, and a thousand kisses for you and mother, your own little girl."

But Lucy had gone home sorrowfully from Mrs. Penfield's, for that lady, seeing her coming, told the hired-girl to say that she was not at home. Now Lucy was busy with the question of how she was to get work. She must have something to do, or starve. In her purse were a few stamps to take the expected letters to her parents. Should she write to them for money to take her home? No, she must try longer where she was. She looked around the room resolutely. But when you are hungry, if ever you have been hungry, and when you are cold, it is difficult to be resolute, and harder still to be gay, so Lucy Fern turned her cheek to the cushion of the chair, shivered a little, and cried. It was such a tiny sob! It could not have disturbed even spirits in the Marchant-Colton house.

By and by Lucy took out her small pocket-handkerchief, sat up straight, dried her eyes, and went to the cupboard, which, if it was bare of food, held the beloved prints of picture and statue. She would feast on these. Even if she

had no food to discuss, or fire to warm her, she found this feast, with its infinite suggestion of a beauty of which Feeding



"I paid three dollars a yard for that crape, and look how it's ruined!"

Dalé knew nothing, very satisfying, very warming. Her eyes brightened and the corners of her mouth drew up; her purpose had come back to her. She would still make beautiful things for a world that needed them.

In a frame of mind not half so cheerful, a parcel under his arm, Stephen Gray was walking toward the Marchant-Colton house. He worshiped success. From his aunt's rambling speech, he knew that there would be no more dresses for Lucy to make in Feeding Dale. Yet he loved Lucy Fern, and with that tenacity he showed in everything, he meant, unless it was sheer flying in the face of Providence, to marry her.

When Lucy saw Stephen she felt nothing of a love tintured with New England caution and thrift. Her gray eyes shone with the sight of him. To her he was as beautiful as Paris, or Adonis, or Apollo. Were not his features as perfect, his back as lithe and straight, his limbs as swift and strong? Then Lucy sniffed.

"It's my fresh bread you smell."

Unconscious of what she was doing, Lucy reached out her hand for it like a child, but Stephen withheld the bread.

"Lucy"—the words came bluntly—"you will not find dressmaking a good business in Feeding Dale."

Lucy's eyes fell. "I was told this was a fine center to begin. I meant," her voice faltered, "merely to make a beginning here."

"Mrs. Dodge Penfield is against you."

"What have I done? Was not the dress beautiful?"

Stephen shook his head. "I have no understanding of women's dress or women's ways." He lifted the bread from his knees. "Lucy, I brought this as a sample of my business. Cut a crust off from each loaf. Before I make a proposition to you, I want you to taste what I can bake."

Trying not to seem as hungry as she was, Lucy ate obediently.

"There; now you have the graham, the entire wheat, and the white. You know what I can bake. This bread is bought all through the valley, and there is more demand for it than I can meet. Give up your business and come into mine. It needs a woman."

Lucy's first thought was an eager one; then she shook her head. "I can not," she answered gravely, "I must do the thing I planned to do."

To Stephen this answer was merely the natural contrariness of a woman, and women always changed their minds. The hesitating step of his Aunt Amelia held in it all that Stephen thought of a woman's purpose. Lucy kept shaking her head, however, and saying, "I must do the thing I love to do."

In vain Stephen talked and urged. He was forced to look at caution from many different angles, and, before he himself knew into what adventure he was launched, he had said, "But, Lucy, you love me, don't you?"

Lucy hung her head, then she looked up, her lips pressed tight together, and bobbed her head once. Oh, how she did love him; but her lips should never betray the work she loved, and the old father and mother who were dependent upon it! After that, Stephen turned hot and flung caution to the twelve-winded sky. He urged, he pleaded, he begged, he stormed. But there was only one bob of Lucy's curly head, and now she shook it resolutely. Nothing availed.

Finally Stephen shouted, "Settle it by marrying me!" Still Lucy, through swimming eyes, looked straight at him and shook her head.

With each stride of his long legs homeward, Stephen was relinquishing every thought of her forever. Motionless, Lucy sat on alone; all the flight and nimbleness and sunshine had gone out of her feelings. At last she reached out for more bread, and broke off piece after piece. Now, was her thought, I must show, not only mother and father, but also Stephen, what I can do.

While she sat there bravely saying "no" to all downheartedness, there was the greatest stir in the church parlors of Feeding Dale. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fuller, the incoming pastor and his wife, were being received.

Mrs. Harry's bright, worldly little eyes were glancing here, there, and everywhere. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful!"

"It is Mrs. Dodge

Penfield," replied Miss Inza, proudly.

"No, no, the dress! Oh, I never saw such a love of a dress! What a figure it gives that woman!" As Mrs. Penfield approached the group, Mrs. Harry clasped her jeweled hands in delight.

Mrs. Penfield had mourned in secret the dowdy gown she was obliged to wear. This cordial reception was gratifying. However, it was no more than her due, for did she not represent the bulk of all the money-crops in Feeding Dale, the largest, the most perfect, the most marketable tobacco leaves.

In Miss Inza, former ideas and prejudices were playing an unseemly game of leap-frog with this astounding admiration for the despised gown. But Miss Inza's whole stock in trade for the battle of life consisting of an ancient house badly out of repair and a mere pittance on which to live, she had learned adaptability.

"Mrs. Fuller wants to know where you got it," she said.

Mrs. Penfield looked blank.

"The dress, she means."

Was this minister's wife making fun of her? Mrs. Harry wrinkled her pointed brows, and exclaimed, "But you did not get it here?"

"You would not see such a thing in the city!"

"It is the most beautiful gown I ever saw—perfect! But where could any one here have learned such art?"

Miss Inza now took the tide at the full. "She lodges with me; she told me she learned it at a school of dressmaking and design."

"In this country?"

"Yes; not a hundred miles from here."

"Do you not think it wonderful? I have traveled the world over, but I must come to Feeding Dale for the most beautiful dress I have ever seen. Tell me her name, Mrs.—Mrs.—I think you said your name was Penfield? Mrs. Penfield, do tell me her name."

"I'm sure," interrupted Miss Inza, "Miss Fern would be delighted to see you. Such a pretty young lady and so cheerful! It's like having a canary in the house." Miss Deering hated canaries, but she felt very satisfied with this speech.

When Lucy Fern opened her eyes the next morning there was no path of gold stretching across the Marchant-Colton room and leading on from wonderful day to wonderful day. With the wretched consciousness that she had no money, no patronage, and no fire, she lay quite still. She must sell the dress-form; she could get along without that, while she found some sewing to do, and waited for Mrs. Penfield to pay her. She arose, for there were plans to carry out, splashed herself with water colder than the chilly room, and began to sing. The more she sang, the more she felt she could sing. She flooded the old room with ditty after ditty. She let the sunshine in through the deep windows. After that she looked around, and thought how she did love tidiness. With all the delight of a little housekeeper, and all the noise of a humming-bird, she skipped from the fireplace to the cupboard, and from the cupboard to the closet, and from the closet to the table.

"I think the world needs courage," she said to herself, "more than anything else. Everybody is so gloomy. Dear, dear, what a world! Now, I will have some graham bread for my breakfast. That has heart in it, a good, sturdy, working-day heart." She bowed her head over the loaf. "There; you have had as fine a grace as if you were eggs and bacon and coffee!"

In the midst of this feast of small bread and large cheer Miss Inza's knock was heard, and a face unusually bland was thrust in. "I just thought I would tell you the new minister's wife is coming down the street."

"The minister's wife! What for?"

"I guess it's a dress."

"A dress!" Lucy's heart was beating loudly.

"I thought perhaps you might want to tidy up a bit, but I see you are set to rights already."

When Mrs. Fuller came bustling through the old gate-posts, and up the steps bent with the tread of many feet, Lucy was peeping out to catch the first glimpse of her. With her broadcloth and furs, what a brisk, elegantly appointed little body Lucy thought her, and what a Providence!

Mrs. Harry tossed question after question at her, but in her mind was one question this inquisitive little body did not dare ask.

The bell rang, and Miss Inza came in. "Mrs. Penfield has sent her hired-girl with this money, and she says you are to save time to make her a dress right away."

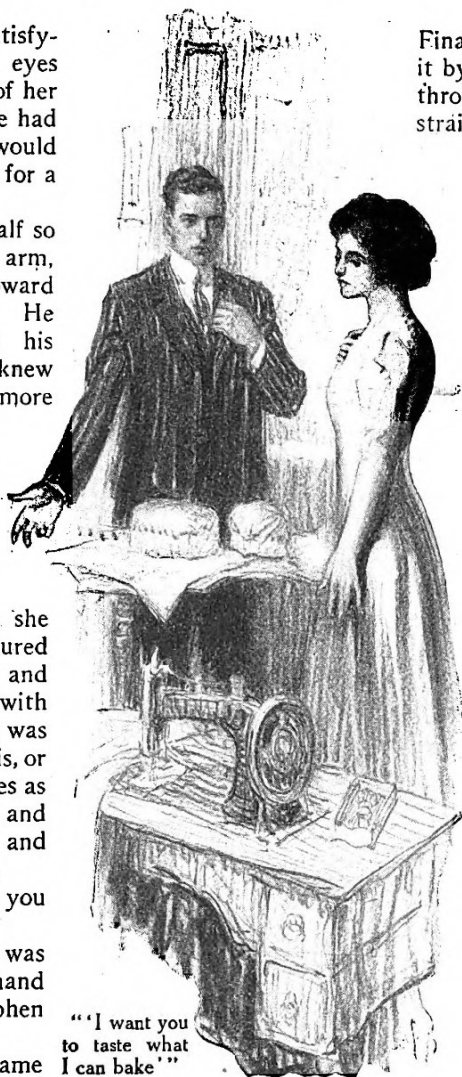
Mrs. Fuller's eyes snapped. Ah, then she hadn't been paid for that beautiful gown; it was a shame, a perfect shame! Mrs. Harry spoke without waiting to hear from Lucy. "Tell Mrs. Penfield that I have engaged every bit of Miss Fern's time until Easter. You could do something for her after that, couldn't you? And now," she continued, with a triumphant look at Miss Deering's back, "now we will begin to build up a fine business for you."

That very morning one of Lucy's stamps carried a five-dollar bill to her father and mother, and such a joyous, hopeful letter as those old people had never before known.

All day Lucy handled her pencils and watercolors, her face flushed, her lips humming, her feet beating time. If only Stephen would make this fairy tale complete! Oh, it was such a wonderful world, with a dozen paths of gold to be followed, with wings to one's feet, with music on one's lips, with work for one's hands, a fire on the hearth, dear people to love and to go to at Christmas! Never did Lucy's fingers work more cleverly. Ah, those first gowns she made! There are still people who wonder whether a world tired of stupid fashions will ever again see gowns as graceful, as rich, as perfect in color and design.

While Lucy was in an ecstasy of work, a young man was saying to himself, "Don't be a fool and fly in the face of Providence!" At first this injunction had run, "I won't go back,

[Continued on page 465]



"I want you
to taste what
I can bake"

CITIES THAT PAY DIVIDENDS



NOBODY took trouble to dispute an assertion of the comptroller of the greatest American

city to the effect that "if this city were run on a business basis, if a man big enough could be found to run it and see to the collection of all proper revenues, I am sure that by 1925 we could take care of all the essentials without one cent of taxes."

And the other sort that levy taxes—
Some plain talk about wasteful Municipal Government — How a liability might be turned into an asset ■ ■ ■

BY FRANKLIN CLARKIN

Instead of being grappled with as an altruism, this declaration was allowed to pass outside the fields of controversy with all the silent honors due a truism.

The circumstance is important. It indicates, for one thing, a release from the thralldom of that popular derisive epigram, "Nothing is certain but death and taxes."

It contributes, too, along with recent investigations, prosecutions, and occasional "jail-sentences," to the evidence that the mood of the people toward the failure of our political scheme to enable us really to govern ourselves is less complaisant, even somewhat sullen, and increasingly constructive.

That mood may even be ready to receive so fantastic an extension of the comptroller's notion as that, instead of slitting the purses of its citizens, a city ought really to be paying them dividends!

We Have Forgotten What Cities Are For

Small wonder, though, if it is not, after half a century of "party regularity," "to the victor belong the spoils," and countless grants of public privileges or franchises without price (except for bribes paid) masquerading as "vested rights."

What a city is was long ago forgotten.

It was forgotten that a municipal corporation is nothing more than a convenient mechanism for managing the general welfare of a community.

It has been put most simply as follows:

If you live by yourself in the country you need water and you dig a well and pay the cost. You need to dispose of the refuse and so have a cesspool dug and pay for the digging. If you live remote from the highway you have a road constructed to your dwelling and defray the cost. A garden or a park you provide for yourself. For light you buy oil. For transportation you have horse and wagon. For communication with neighbors you send a messenger. For protection against fire you supply yourself with force pump and buckets.

But the town becomes populous. Soon it happens that you all need more water than your wells can supply and you club together and pay the cost of bringing water from a distance. As the number of cesspools increase, their presence menaces the health of the community and you club together to construct a system by which the wastes from your dwellings can be removed. The road from the center of the town must be kept better to suffice for the increased travel; and new roads must be constructed.

The houses stand too thick for each man to have his own garden or breathing space, and public gardens and parks are provided, and you raise a fund to pay for all these. For protection from fire you organize a fire department. You find you can ride more conveniently in street-cars, that you can light houses and streets better with gas or electricity, that communication is easier when you use the telephone. And as all these enterprises make use of the streets which belong to the community it is necessary to make regulations for their control.

But all this takes a great deal of money and requires the services of a great many servants and agents. In the collection of the one, and for the control of the other, an elaborate organization is required; so you and your fellow citizens procure from the legislature a charter which enables those who contribute to these expenses, through taxes and rent, by concerted action to secure these necessities of life, which under other circumstances each would provide for himself, but which under existing circumstances he can not thus provide.

NEW YORK CITY wastes officially \$50,000,000 a year—this apart from the amount lost by theft and grafting.

THIS equals the losses of the Baltimore Fire, or the first cost of the Erie Canal, or the National Expenditures of the Kingdom of Sweden, or those of the Dominion of Canada.

IT IS more than Great Britain will require this year to pay its old-age pensions.

IT IS a waste of the energy of every tired strap-hanger, of the leisure which better transit facilities would yield the every day worker.

IT IS a waste of the wages of the poor. On these all frauds and extravagances of government finally bear.

IT IS also a melancholy waste of human life. The income from these wasted millions would stamp out not only tuberculosis, but also typhoid and diphtheria.

MOST American cities are equally misgoverned, yet in the same world, with human nature just the same, there are many cities which administer so ably that they collect no taxes—some which actually pay dividends to their citizens.

Upon such an organization, which was only to obtain and maintain utilities used in common, parasitic partisan politics early attached itself.

Government Everybody's Business or Nobody's

Citizens were induced to select agents for cleaning streets, bridging streams, managing schools, keeping the peace, disposing of sewage, conserving health, because these agents were Republicans, or because they were Democrats, or stood for High Tariff or for Free Trade, or a Larger Navy. Two rival mercenary groups thereupon established themselves, with bosses, sub-bosses, and hireling heelers, who, putting up for office men they could control, played upon the partisanship of the voters, campaigned for the spoils—the "places," contracts, privileges, and protections.

Government was neither everybody's business nor nobody's business, but the studied business of "a very small, shifty, dishonest and incompetent class," as Mr. Ivins calls "practical" politicians. And such a business!

You know what it was. When the wells did not suffice for water, the community water system (*a la* Aaron Burr's Manhattan Company, which instead of furnishing water turned into a bank) became a source of corruption. Tweed, as Commissioner of Public Works in New York,

first included this necessity in his schemes of plunder. All other community services, from cesspools to sewerage, oil to electricity, stages to trolleys, dirt roads to asphalt, force pumps to high pressure fire hydrants, fell easily into the classification, "spoils."

Bribery and "campaign contributions" obtained the use of public streets free, for terms or in perpetuity. "Rakeoffs" insured immunity for robbery through contracts. "Brass checks" passed current for the destruction of women's honor. About it all there was something frightful—till, as I was assured by a gambling-joint backer in New York the other day:

"My partner and I figured up what the Twenty-ninth precinct alone in Manhattan yielded simply to keepers of the peace, the police. We reckoned that from gaudy resorts, saloons illegally open, gambling houses, and other protected viciousness, the yield could not be less than twelve million dollars a year. Of this the police get fifty per cent, and the politicians above them fifty per cent."

This collection of municipal "spoil" has been going on all over America. The Ruefs, the Durhams, the Magees, the Coxes, the Crokers, the Platts, the Murphys are almost always where busy citizens are collected together in such number that the community affairs have to be run by more or less unwatchable forces.

Waste Makes Fifty Millionaires a Year in New York

Through the organized sale by party bosses of favors, protections, privileges, and political and commercial indulgences, a number of persons enrich themselves in almost every administration at the expense of the community.

Thus, in New York, the raw material for fifty millionaires a year is the average by-product of misgovernment—not counting, mind you, those lifted into this hierarchy by protected vice, crime, and by corporation bribery.

Now, one should have no objection to fifty millionaires, *per se*. They appear to be necessary to the White Way and the Chorus. The main difficulty is that fifty millionaires are so easily lost in the metropolitan wilderness—especially to the tax-list. About the only two recent political millionaires who may be found on the tax-list are Richard Croker and Johnny Carroll.

From sworn testimony taken by the Cassidy legislative committee you may gain some concrete information about the by-products of misgovernment. Comment on it has set going a saying that "It is not graft which causes the oppressive cost of government, but waste by good men." This saying carries peril.

Every waster maintains many grafters; and it is the grafters who turn the corporate body called a city into a cut-purse. Whether in your city the verbal usage is "waste," or "extravagance," or "carelessness," or "bad bookkeeping," or, as of old, "loot" and "plunder," be sure the thing designated is on the whole the same.

Auditing a City's Accounts "With Three Glasses of Pilsener"

One day New York's comptroller took up at random a bundle of sixty-two bills just audited and O. K.'d for payment by his inspectors, and he asked a trusted subordinate to test the audit. Immediately a sixty per cent. overcharge was discovered—work that should have cost seven

thousand dollars had been billed to the city at sixteen thousand dollars.

The inspectors had "taken the bills to a corner saloon and audited them with three glasses of Pilsener!"

Doubtless auditing bills with three glasses of Pilsener is classifiable as "bad bookkeeping." At any rate, this small picturesque instance of clerical labor occupying, say, ten minutes, was by way of adding an unnecessary nine thousand dollars to what must be raised by taxes.

It is impossible to tell whether sixty per cent. is the true excess in government expenditures. Some typical trifles of "waste" in the same city were: seven hundred per cent. profit on land (part under water) for a park; one thousand per cent. on land for a reservoir; condemnation proceedings which cost half as much again nearly as the land for which one thousand per cent. profit had been paid; contract for a dam let for two million, five hundred thousand dollars higher than the lowest bid; purchase of certain supplies for nineteen years ahead; padded pay-rolls of unknown extent, but inferentially twenty per cent.; loafing in labor to a degree equaling forty per cent.; six hundred thousand dollars paid to contractors for snow removed by sun and rain; excess cost of care of public buildings, two million dollars in one borough; sewer maintenance, forty-one per cent., or three hundred thousand dollars; of highway maintenance, fifty

per cent., or one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Altogether the estimated "waste" and "extravagance" in New York during five years has been about fifty million dollars a year, as the following table shows:

Some Comparative Figures

ITEMS	TOTAL EXPENDITURES	PER-CENTAGE WASTE	AMOUNT WASTE
Salaries and wages	\$80,000,000	25	\$20,000,000
Supplies and materials	15,000,000	25 to 40	4,500,000
Repairs and replacements (including streets, sewers, water mains, etc.)	15,000,000	40	6,000,000
Condemnations	10,000,000	40	4,000,000
Private land purchases	1,000,000	40	400,000
Construction contracts (including water systems, N. Y. and L. Isl'd bridges, schools, firehouses and police stations, etc.)	40,000,000	25	10,000,000
Loss on Ashokan Dam bid			2,000,000
Graft disclosed in Licence Bureau			100,000
Loss in interest by selling Revenue Bonds in anticipation of taxes			3,000,000
Total,			\$50,000,000

Fifty millions "waste" a year!

It equals the losses of the Baltimore fire; the first cost of the Erie Canal; the National expenditures of the Dominion of Canada, and of the Kingdom of Sweden. Five or six bridges such as the Queensboro and Blackwell's could be built with it, or seven or eight under-river tubes like the Steinway tunnel. Every year it would more

than duplicate the first transit subway from City Hall to One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street. It represents the combined funds of Harvard, Yale, and Columbia, and in two years could endow those five agencies which President Butler, of Columbia, fancies would make New York the foremost of the world's culture cities—a university, a public art collection, a library, a musical institute, and a school for improving domestic and economic conditions. It could purchase all Trinity's tenements and have thirty-six million dollars left for modern reconstruction and parking and the preservation of Old St. John's in Varick Street. *It is more than England will require this year to pay its old-age pensions.*

Where the Pinch Comes

As a matter of fact, what we have lately come to call "waste" is not a mere waste of money.

It is a waste of the energy of every tired strap-hanger; of the leisure which better and quicker transit facilities would yield the every-day worker.

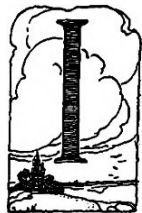
It is a waste of the wages of the poor. On these all frauds and extravagances of government finally bear, no less now than in the French *ancien régime* when the poor were reduced by every conceivable tax, tithe, toll, servage, and privilege, mainly to pay for the gilded

[Continued on page 467]

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Illustrations by HANSON BOOTH



I WAS the one that noticed it first. In the beginnin' I was like a youngster after Thanksgivin' dinner—I only knew that somethin' was wrong and the rest was suspicion. Then I set out doin' what the doctors call "diagnosin'" the case, and my diagnose p'inted straight one way. I figgered that I'd found out the disease and the name of the sufferer. The patient was Jonadab Winfield Scott Wixon, able seaman and navigator retired, and my old messmate and partner in the hotel trade. No use talkin'! Jonadab had got it bad.

You see, when you've cruised along with a feller ever sense he cut loose from moorin's at his ma's apron-strings, you understood him pretty well. You think you know about what he's goin' to do and how's he goin' to act. And when, after fifty years of this sort of thing, he all to once commences to act altogether different, to wear red neckties and Sunday duds of a week-day, to trim the fringes off his whiskers and cuffs, and black up his boots every mornin' of his life, when he goes dodderin' around smilin' sickish one minute and mopin' dismal the next—well, then, if you've got any insight, you get scart and cal'late he's either goin' loony or else—"T was that 'else' that worried me.

So when, along about the middle of July, Peter T. Brown, our gen'ral manager, comes down to stay for the rest of the season, I did n't lose no time. I got him to one side and broke it to him gentle.

"Peter," says I, "I've got bad news for you."

He looked at me. "Humph!" he says. "Well, wait till I locate somethin' solid to hang on to. There! now I guess I can bear it without chloroform. What's the matter? More kicks about the solder in the fresh vegetables?"

"No," says I. "I open the cans myself now. It's a whole lot worse'n that. Somebody's layin' plans to bag Jonadab."

He'd been braced against the side of the woodshed. Now he let go of that and set down on the choppin' block.

"What's that?" says he. "Say that again."

I said it. He looked more puzzled than ever.



HANSON BOOTH

"They hove in sight"

"Bag him?" he says. "What d'you mean? Sandbag him?"

"No, no!" I snorts, impatient. "I mean marry him. There's a woman here who intends to marry Jonadab Wixon."

For a second he looked at me with his mouth open. Then he burst out into a "haw, haw" you could have heard a mile. I did n't even smile, I was a long way from grins. All I could

do was stand there and watch him have his fit.

"Oh, murder!" he pants, comin' out of it a little. "Oh, dear me! Barzilla, you ought to send yourself to *Puck*—they'd never return you with thanks. You say there is a—

"I say there is a woman here in this hotel who wants Jonadab and, first thing you know, she'll have him."

Still he would n't believe it. "I see," he says. "You mean collect him. It's one of our 'antiquers.' They certainly are the limit. Well, the cap'n shan't roost on *her* plate rail; he's our own best relic, warranted genuine and handed down from the back shelf in the closet of Noah's ark. A little nicked on the edges, but—"

It was as much as five minutes afore I could hush him up. Then I put it to him straight. The woman meant to marry Jonadab and, more'n that, he seemed to be enjoyin' the prospect.

"You may call it a joke," I says, "but, if it is, it's on the cap'n and about as funny as the joke the hook had on the mack'rel. The critter did n't see the p'int till 't was yanked out of his mouth aboard the dory, and then he did n't feel like laughin'. Jonadab won't laugh neither, after he's landed."

"Humph!" grunts Peter, sober at last. "Somebody after his money, of course. She shan't have it. Who is she?"

"That's the queer part," says I. "If she does need money she don't look it. She's the swellest craft in *our* dock and you'll say so when you see her. She cruises under the name of Mrs. Hepworth Ayersbury, and she's a widow, hailin' from St. Louis."

Then I told him all about her. She struck the Old Home House on the eighteenth of June, and nothin' ever struck it much harder, not even the no'theaster that carried away the main cupola. She come with six trunks and a smile that got 'em toted upstairs free gratis for nothin'. She had one of the best front rooms on the quarter-deck of the hotel, and the way she swept into the dinin' saloon meal times had all the other females lookin' like cod boats along-

side a steam yacht. She had the three most comfortable chairs on the piazza every day—one for her, one for her gloves and parasol, and t'other for her dog—and every married male aboard had orders to go walkin' with his wife whenever she hove in sight. The women whispered to one another that she was a dreadful, "made up," brazen outrage; the men, they whispered too, but 't was so low you could n't hear it.

"Humph!" grunts Peter T. again. "Humph! And do you mean to say that a raised-under-glass nectarine like that is willin' to be put in the same crate with a home-grown last winter's pip-pin-like Wixon? You're dreamin', man!"

'T wa' n't no dream, and I told him so. And the wust of it was that Jonadab seemed to be dead gone. He stuck to her close as a cat to a woman cleaning fish, and waited on her and fetched and carried till a body was fair sick to watch him. He wa' n't like himself no more at all. I scurcely got a chance to talk to him, and the few times I dast to hint that he was actin' ridic'ulous he lit on me like a cook on a water-bug and told me to mind my own business. The crisis was gettin' more feverish all the time, and if the widow did n't like it she hid her objections somethin' remarkable.

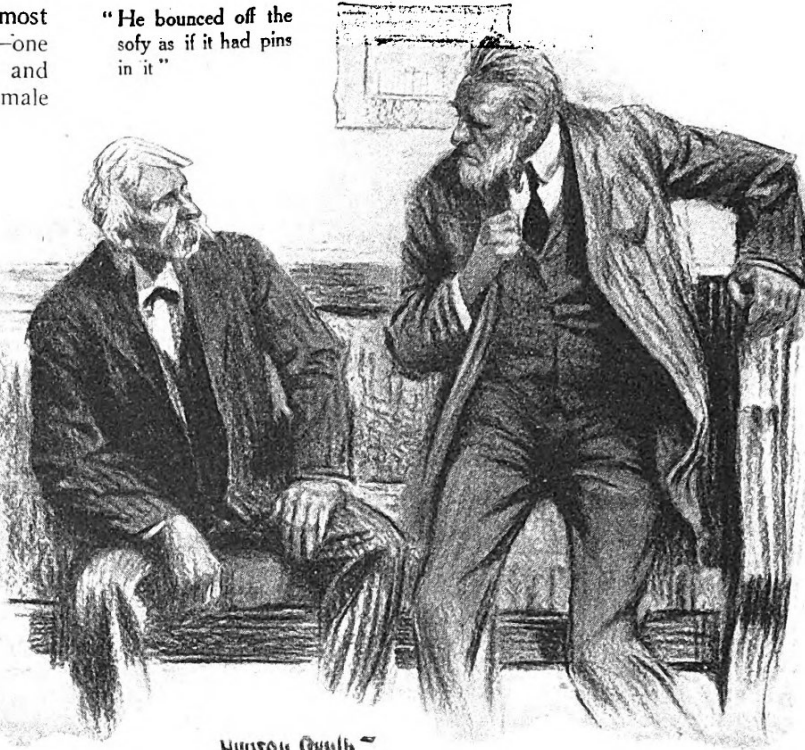
Brown was thinkin' hard. "The old fool!" he says, referrin' to the cap'n, I judged. "The poor, old idiot. Well, he's our partner and we must n't let him be roped in by— Hum!"

He thought for a spell longer. Then he got up off the choppin' block and lit a cigar.

"All right," he says; "havin' listened to the lecture, we'll now inspect the waxworks. Come on, Barzilla; where's the widow and the 'willin' victim'?"

They was out walkin' as we learned, and 't wa' n't till 'most supper time when they hove in sight, beatin' around the corner of the summer-house on the cliff path. Mrs. Ayersbury was smilin' and gurglin' as usual, and Jonadab was trottin' alongside of her, totin' her lace reefer jacket and parasol, and towin' that woolly

"He bounced off the sofa as if it had pins in it"



HUNTER DUVALL

pup of hers by a string. Blessed if they wa' n't a panorama to bring tears to your eyes. I never ate a speck of supper that evenin' and it takes consider'ble to affect my appetite.

Peter T. looked 'em over, cheerful and interested. Most especial he took in the widow from maintruck to keelson.

"Well," says I, later on, "what do you make of her?"

He knocked the ashes off his cigar. "I could n't make anything of her," he says. "She's done all that's necessary. No use paintin' the lily: 'Art is long and Time is fleetin'' is her motto, and her art's got time broken down at the startin' post."

"How old is she?" I asked.

"Over seven," says he. "And that's all I could get out of him. Pretty soon he spoke again."

"What I don't understand," he says, "is why she don't lay low for some millionaire or other. Wixon never lets go of a red, I know that, and prob'ly he has got twenty-five or thirty thousand in the sock under the pillow, but—"

"Well, as to that," I told him, "I've got a notion and it's this: There ain't no millionaires here this summer. The panic blighted the millionaire crop consider'ble last fall, and our assortment of widowers and old baches this season is mostly windfalls and specked apples from the bottom of the barrel. Jonadab ain't a John D., but what he's got he's got. And a herrin' in the hand is wuth two in cold storage. Still, as I say, she don't look as if she needed money."

Peter snorted. "Look!" he says. "When I need coin most is the time when I make up to look like a National bank. Hum! Is her board bill all right?"

"No," I told him, "'t aint. She paid the first fortni't in advance. She owes for three weeks now

and it's no slouch of a bill, countin' extrys. She's waitin' for a remittance from her lawyer."

He chewed this over awhile and then he asked another question.

"I s'pose," he says, "there'd be no use in our goin' right to the cap'n and tellin' him what a jackass play he's makin'?"

"Go to him!" says I, disgusted. "To him? Why, when he's sot he's like the rusted vane on top of the Methodist meetin'-house—nothin' short of an earthquake would turn him. All we'd do is to get him married to-morrer. You know it."

I guess he did, for he nodded. I was mighty fidgety and pretty discouraged.

"Cal'late we'll have to give it up, do you?" I asked.

He whirled on me. "Give up!" he says. "We'll give up when the parson puts the envelope in his pocket and not before. Just now we want to remember the signs at the railroad crossin', 'Watch—Look—Listen'—oh yes, and think."

Well, that sounded sensible so we agreed to do it. And if the things I thought of for the next month or two are entered on the recordin' angel's log up above, I've got consider'ble explainin' to do when my time comes, that's all.

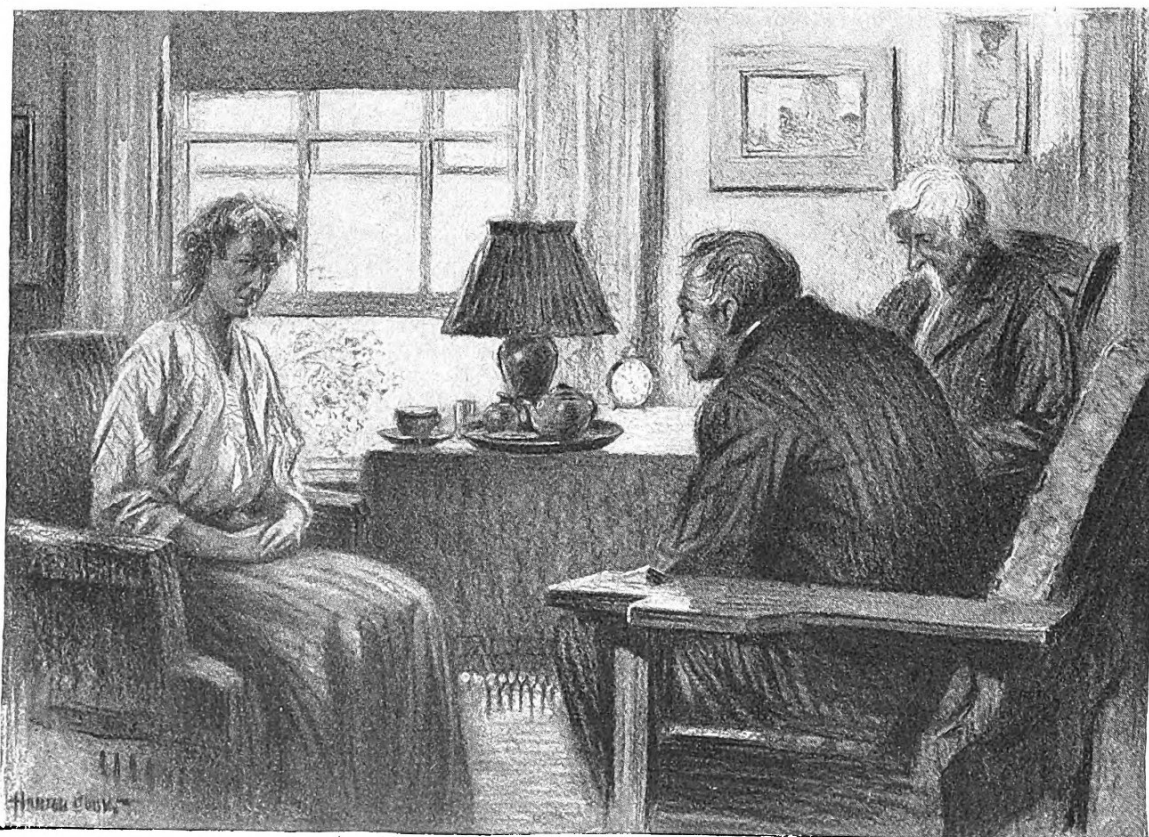
Jonadab and the widow was together about all the time. Her bill climbed up for another week. Then she gave us a surprise party that would have been risky to unload on anybody with a weak heart. She sails into the office one evenin' and settled right up to date, plankin' down every cent she owed like a major.

"So sorry to have been behind-hand," she gushes to me and Brown, who was alone in there. "My New York attorney who manages my affairs is so dilatory. But he is very busy and I haven't the heart to worry him, poor man."

I receipted the bill with a hand that had shakin' palsy. I'm pretty well along in years to stand shocks like that. Peter T. seemed as calm as a waterin' trough in August.

"Don't mention it, madam," says he. "I know what lawyers are; I've had some experience with 'em; hey, Wingate?"

He'd just been tellin' me how, when he was in the show business, one of 'em put an attachment on Little Eva's death bed and the Siberian



"She was lookin' hard at him and him at her"

bloodhounds. I choked, sort of, but I nodded. "Yes," he goes on, "lawyers are—lawyers. What is the name of your attorney, Mrs. Ayersbury?"

The widow did n't seem to hear him. She was swishin' toward the door. Brown jumped to open it for her.

"What did you say your lawyer's name was?" he asked, with his hand on the knob.

She acted kind of flustered for a jiffy, seemed to me.

"Why—er—his name is Jones. William Jones."

"Indeed?" smiles Peter, sirupy and polite. "I wonder if I know him. On Wall Street, isn't he?"

"Oh, no!" She squeezed past him and out of the door. "His office is on Broadway. Good evening, gentlemen."

Peter bowed and called "Good evening" after her.

"Well," says I. "Well! This is unexpected, sure pop. Looks as if you and me had been runnin' by false reck'nin'. I—"

He interrupted me sharp. "Barzilla," he says, "if ever you have to dig up a name in a hurry, for the sake of your old college chum here present have your brains with you and resurrect 'Eustace Montgomery' or 'T. Willie Rockingham' or somethin' fresh. 'Bill Jones of Broadway!' Humph! I've got a hunch that yon bereaved blondine is goin' to prove the disappointment of my young life. I expected better things of her—at her age."

"I don't know what you mean," says I "but I do know the bill's paid."

"You're right, there," he says. "And I wonder what *that* means."

It did n't seem to mean nothin', apparently. Another week slipped by and the widow had started in on a new bill that, with the extry special extrys she was always orderin', would pretty soon fix things so's she'd owe the house as much as ever. And she and Jonadab kept up their "twosin." They was the standin' joke of everybody on the place. Even the kitchen help and the stable hands laughed and passed remarks. As for the women boarders, who'd been down on Sister Ayersbury ever sence she landed—whew! They had the time of their lives. And I was so ashamed and worried I could n't sleep nights.

One afternoon me and Peter T. had been out to say good-by to a boarder who was leavin'. He was a nice young feller who wrote things for the papers. Had consider'ble snap, and go, and style to him, and used slang that went right straight to Brown's heart. I left the two slangin' it together and come into the hotel. As I passed the door of the gents's smokin'-room I happened to look in. There sat Cap'n Jonadab, white as a shirt and all caved in in a heap on the sofy.

I run in quick. "For the land sakes, Jonadab," says I, "what's the trouble? Be you sick?"

He straightened up and glared at me. "Sick?" says he. "Who said I was sick? I'm feelin' fust rate. There ain't nothin' the matter with me."

"Oh, all right!" says I. "I'm glad of it. I thought—"

"Well, you need n't. Say—er—Barzilla, is Mrs. Ayersbury on the piazza? I want to see her."

"I guess she is," I says, tired like. "Aw, Jonadab, what makes you chase after that woman this way? You just listen to me a minute. I'm the best friend you've got and—"

Now you'd imagine that talk like that, comin' from me, would make him listen and be decent; you would, would n't you? Well, it never done it. He bounced off that sofy as if it had pins in it, and interrupted my sermon right in the middle.

"Never you mind," he snaps, moppin' his forehead. "I know what I'm doin'. Chase after her! My heavens!"

And out he run as if the house was afire. Him and the widow went for a walk and did n't get back till six o'clock. And if him and her had been together a good deal afore that, 't was nothin' to the way they stuck by each other from then on. He hardly left her long enough to give her a chance to rat up her hair. And so for a fortni't longer.

Then somethin' did happen. One evenin', 't was just as I was gettin' ready to turn in, Peter T. comes to my bedroom. He locked the door astern of him and turns to me with his hat over one ear and the dancin' shine in his eyes that I'd learned to recognize as a danger signal—to t'other feller. He had a paper folded in his hand.

"Barzilla," says he, "look at that." I took the paper from him. 'T was a back number of the New York *Clipper*, and it was all creased and stained as if somebody had been carryin' it around in their pocket for a good long spell.

"I found it out near the summer-house," says he. "Blown into some bushes it was."



"She laughed right out loud and stepped aboard the train"

imagine that newspaper guy left it there. But never mind that! Look! look there!"

I looked where he was pointin'. There was a picture of an actor woman printed on the paper; and underneath, it said: "Maizie Dennison. Latest photo of the dashin' burlesquer." That's all I read then, because I had to find some place to set down. The picture was a fust-rate tin-type of Mrs. Hepworth Ayersbury, from St. Louis, Missouri!

I just set there and hung on to my head. Peter T. had picked up the paper where I dropped it, and I heard him readin' out somethin' or other. "Maizie had a lot of free advertisin' last winter, owin' to her action for divorce from Dan Schumacher, the well-known minstrel and burnt cork artist. Just now she is in retirement, but when the season opens we may expect—" I made out that much. 'T was enough.

"Glory hallelujah!" says I, soon's I could say anything. "Glory! Now we can get Jonadab out of her claws."

But Peter's answer sobered me consider'ble. "Can we?" says he, chewin' his cigar.

"How?"

"Why, by cruisin' straight up to his room and showin' him that."

"Humph! Do you b'lieve he'd give her up even then? How do you know he ain't too far gone even for that?"

"But a burlesque minstrel!" I sings out. "And a play-actor woman!"

"We ain't been able to switch him off her line," says Peter. "And up to her date anything we asked him went. She'll cry and pretend to be a persecuted saint, and the cap'n ain't as used to the tear and persecution biz as—well, as I am, for instance. He never had to prove to two Topsy's—count 'em (2)—and an Aunt Orphelia that a little thing like salary ain't wuth botherin' about."

"Jonadab Wixon never'd marry no burlesque woman in this world," says I, poundin' my knee. "Do you cal'late that an old tight-fisted, bald-headed, respectable critter like him would think of such a thing?"

"My son," says he, "he'd never have a chance to think. If she knows that he knows who she is she'll say it's a lie. And while we're makin' sure it ain't a lie she'll have him roped, and tied, and branded. Old, and bald-headed, and respectable! Why, partner! that's just the trouble. Who is it always buys the front row seats?"

"I groaned out loud. If *this* wa'n't goin' to help none I could n't see no light. 'T was all fog acrost my bows.

"Then what *shall* we do?" says I.

He winked. "Now you're risin' to proclaim," he says. "Now you're gettin' down to the carpet linin'. It ain't Jonadab we want to get after, it's the 'widow.' She's from Missouri, so she's been sayin'. All right! then it's up to us to show her. Barzilla, would you be willin' to go down into your hosiery for your half of Maizie's board bill and, say, one hundred and fifty dollars besides? Me puttin' up as much more? For the purpose of gettin' our business partner free from the burlesque dasher and into the feeble-minded asylum, where he belongs? Would you?"

"You bet I would!" I sings out. "And more, too, if 't would get him clear of her. All but the asylum part, of course."

"Good!" says he. "Now you listen. I'm goin' away to-morrer. To New York—see? Don't let that slip your mind. Shout it in your sleep; print it in the breakfast bill; make a noise about it. I've gone to New York on business and everybody in this palace hostelry must be dead sure of it. I'll be back day after to-morrer; nobody but you needs to know that. When I get back I shall expect you to have two things done; one is to have the one-fifty and your share of the board bill ready. 'T other is to have the cap'n out of the way—out of town, if possible. Can you do it?"

I thought a spell. "I'll have the money all right enough," I says, "but to get rid of Jonadab is harder. However, he's been dickerin' with Obed Nickerson over to Orham about sellin' a piece of cranberry swamp there. Obed and me's good chums; and he's under some obligations. I'll telephone him to 'phone Jonadab to come over that day and go look at the swamp. Tell him he *must* come or the deal's off and he

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THE NEW WEST FROM A POSTMAN'S CART

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER



AT LENGTH the telegram arrived from Washington permitting me to ride with a Rural Free Delivery mail-carrier on his route.

I chose Ham Sawtell, a tall, plump, bald old man, with a Horace Greeley beard and a fringe of vivid red hair, proof against age.

"No, sir," said he, climbing into the cart and depositing his cracker box full of mail at our feet, "it does n't seem more than yesterday when the good old times were on full blast; the bad old times, rather, for I've mighty little good to say of 'em."

"Those were the days when the roads were so bad most of the year that the farmer could hardly get to town except to buy implements and sell his produce and then, like as not, he'd take his stuff in just when he could get the least money for it. He'd no other way of knowing about market quotations and such things most of the time. So it was mighty seldom he had any cash for modern improvements and the like."

Ham made his first stop to leave a package from a Chicago mail-order house.

The "Good Old Days" of Slavery

"The farmer," he continued, "only got his mail once in a dog's age, and when it came—what was there to it? Only the measly, old-fashioned county and farm papers that could n't even teach him not to spoil his land by single-cropping. Why those farmers saw about as much of life as a snail with blinders on. They wore themselves out wearing their land out, and wore their wives out making 'em run a hotel, a department store, a poultry-farm and a day-and-night nursery all together. And they sent their children to be taught by young girls and fellows who generally had n't any more business running a school than a little green frawg has running a dry dock."

My companion paused to register a letter for a young woman.

"Well," he went on, "pretty soon, when the farmer's boy grew up, he'd been filled so full of eternal slaving with nothing to show for it, that he lit out for the city. And the German, and Scandinavian, and Bohemian came and rented the farm next door. The farmer did n't take as much comfort with him as he had with his old neighbor. And pretty soon the old man himself sold out and went in town to end his days."

Ham patted his cracker-box with pride.

"Then I came along and waked 'em all up. Take Bill Libby there. He was just going to pull up and go to St. Paul and start making uppers in a shoe factory—was n't you Bill?—when this route was put in."

He appealed to a brawny, handsome young man of about twenty-five who was waiting at his letter-box to buy a special delivery stamp of the carrier.

Every Man His Own Bucket-shop

"Well," answered Bill, judicially, "I guess the R. F. D. was the straw that showed which way my wind was to blow, and it blew me toward the farm because I found out I could make money here. As soon as a mail-box was put in, father subscribed for a daily paper, and when we began getting the market quotations every day we learned to wait till things were high before we sold. And we soon found we were making a lot more money that way.

A Type of the Prosperous and Sociable Community where the Best Letters of the Alphabet are R.F.D.

"It was queer how that newspaper seemed to whet our appetites for more reading matter. Pretty soon we joined a magazine club with nine of the neighbors. We paid a dollar a year, and every week we'd get four recent magazines, read them, and pass them on down the line. You've no idea the good it did us!"

"It was n't long before we organized a neighborhood lyceum. Once a fortnight we'd get together at a member's house. One of the men would read a paper on agriculture, or one of the ladies, on domestic science; then there'd be some music or elocution by members, and the evening would end with a spread and a dance. After a while we got to invitng down professors from the Agricultural College, at Minneapolis, to give us talks on modern, scientific farming."

Bill's eyes flashed with enthusiasm.

"They're the boys, I tell you!" he cried. "It was n't long after they began coming till we began to feel a big change."

Old man Sawtell smiled and jingled the coins in his trousers pocket, significantly.

"Yes," said Bill, in answer. "We felt that sort of change, too. We found we farmers could make big money if only we got modern science to back us up. That was just the time when I was trying to make up my mind what to do with myself. And"—he thumped Ham affectionately on the shoulder—"it was you and your old outfit that really started me taking the short course at Minneapolis instead of making uppers in a factory."

"There is n't any doubt," mused the carrier as we moved along, "but what this institution has helped make the country richer. Fifteen years ago there was only half a million of deposits in the two banks of R—. To-day there's a million and a quarter—and mostly owned by farmers, too. Besides that, we've helped make the place itself more valuable. Why Banker Shurtleff says that when this route was put in, five years ago, it raised the value of land an average of five dollars an acre within a radius of ten miles of town."

When Science Moved to the Country

"As to what Bill said about reading," he went on, "I'm not a great hand to sit down to magazines myself. But a blind man could see what they've done for the country-side. Now Bob Candler—he's one of the most learned farmers round here, he used to be an editor. Well, when the R. F. D. was first put in he drove over the whole region with a chap from a Minneapolis newspaper and they got three hundred and twenty-six subscriptions at one clip. Bob lays the success of his great community breeding scheme to us, too. He claims that the R. F. D. raised the level of intelligence, so they could see into a good thing. He had been to France and had seen how all the farmers in one of those departments over there were specializing in breeding just one kind of horses, so when any one wanted that kind he'd always go there and be sure of finding the best. That was the surest way, he said, of working up the breed and the value and the market. So Bob borrowed money and started in raising Holstein cattle and

talking it up to all his friends. That was n't long since, but Bob's a rich man and to-day there's exactly one hundred and eleven Holstein cattle breeders about R—, and the price of every Holstein cow has jumped ten to fifteen dollars.

He stopped to make out a money order for a small, eager, farmer's boy who was sending \$2.10 to a watch company in Illinois.

"There's a case," said Ham. "You could n't catch a little Norwegian renter's lad like that with two-ten to blow in, in the older days. And now how do folks spend their money? Why the other night a party of fifteen farmers and their wives, out D— way, made up a theater party to go into St. Paul and see 'Ben Hur.' Now D—'s a place of only fifty inhabitants, but last week the farmers for miles round filled the Methodist Church to hear a college glee-club sing—in boiled rugs and full dress suits, too."

A large mail-box was flying its "busy" flag like one of the signals which fly for ice-fishermen in winter; and my companion made a large haul of stock-farm circulars, while the smooth current of his talk flowed on.

The R. F. D. and the Independent Voter

"Another thing is politics. You can mostly tell by the way folks vote whether they're using their headpieces or not. Well, when we Minnesotians started reading the magazines and papers we got onto how the Republican ring was running the State about as it liked. So we turned around and put in a Democratic governor three times running while in presidential years we were giving Roosevelt and Taft big majorities. Ask anybody about here; he'll lay it to the R. F. D. giving folks a broader view."

"One of the best things this institution has done," he went on, "is to stop the farmer boozing so much. There was a lot of 'em used to make fetching their mail an excuse for neglecting their work to drive in and hang around the saloon. There's Frankie Polk and Jim Edwards and a pile more I could name that have been on the water-wagon ever since I climbed on the mail-cart. And, on the other hand, there's Rummy Pope who refuses to this very day to put up a post-box so as to keep an excuse for getting to town whenever he develops a thirst."

"Say, Ham," called a man from a passing buggy, "stop in as you pass, will you, and tell Nancy to let the cows out at noon?"

"Sure thing," called my companion, heartily.

"I'm by way of being mixed up in pretty near everything that goes on round here," he explained. "I was still more so in the old days when we carriers were allowed to give people a lift. I always had some one to visit with, then, and liked it immensely. 'Twas n't awful nice of the Department to make it so we could n't accommodate our people. But perhaps its for the best."

"Ah!"

The old man peered eagerly ahead to where some bright, flaxen curls were dancing down to the road under an arching avenue of elms that led from a stately house.

"Here comes my special little girl. She's a regular little chatterbox—starts talking before ever you get anywhere near."

On seeing me she hung back in shy surprise, but her mother came running down from the house for her letter. Old Ham looked back at her with evident satisfaction.

"See her tear it open?" he muttered.

"She's just as keen as a hawk for that letter.

It's from the old country—has a Swedish stamp."

First Aid to the Injured

He waved good-by at the little girl.

"We two've been great pals ever since she had the spinal meningitis and I brought her that postal shower. I tell you, sir, postal showers are great things for the sick! makes them feel so good and cheerful, to know their friends are thinking of them, they almost forget to be ailing."

"Take me, when I tipped over and broke my leg this winter. Why my shower did me a sight more good than a hundred dollars wuth of drugs would have. I got seventy-five postals. Want to see some of 'em? I carry the choicest round with me still."

The old man drew a small packet carefully from his left breast pocket.

"This is the one from my little chatterbox:"

Hop you are emproving and soon
be abl to carry the Mail

Whith love form
Alice

On the reverse side was blazoned a colonial youth with huge violets on his arm, carrying satchel-wise a forget-me-not heart. And in a larger heart was graven the motto TRUE LOVE.

Dear Mr. Sawtell (ran another)
We are all so sorry you have
to suffer. We miss our
good old mail carrier so much.

The Polk family

This came from a fellow-veteran of the Sioux War:

Dear Friend I was very sorry to hear
of your accident, but hope to see
you come again with my pension.

This from another of Ham's little girls:

We ar awfull sorry you
got hurt. will be glad when
you can com with the mail
again with love Bertha
(Motto: To the ONE I LOVE)

A farmer's wife wrote:

We hope that you will be around again
before the robins.

And the Norwegian lad who had bought the money order sent the following communication:

Sorry you met an accident.
Wish you many happy returns of the day.

"That's more 'n I do," grinned Ham. "It was n't any fun I can tell you!"

"Did you break your leg on the mail-route?" I asked.

Pulling Uncle Sam Through Snow Drifts

"Yes," he said, "the snow was so deep that day the other seven carriers did n't try to get through their routes; but I knew some of my people were fairly hankering after their mail and that made me sort of ambitious. Well, to nip my story in the bud, I came to a piece of sidling road with the snow drifted high on the top side, and over went the sleigh. My horse took fright, the buggy top caught and dragged me about five rods before we parted company; and I lay there fifteen minutes with a badly broken leg, and the mercury twenty below, 'fore Jim Edwards came along and jolted me home, lying on sacks of ground feed. But he stopped at the first house and phoned to my wife we were coming. So the doctor arrived only two minutes after I did. My but the ground feed was hard! The doctor said a little while longer out there in the drift and I'd have frozen to death."

Ham pulled up where a pale, sickly-looking woman was waiting anxiously by her box.

"Sorry! awful sorry, ma'm!" he exclaimed, apologetically. "Try to do better to-morrow."

There was a shadow on his kindly old face as he drove on.

"In this work," he muttered, "I generally feel cheap if I can't bring them what they're hankering after. There are some folks that are always looking wistful-like for mail and I'm sorry to drive by 'em. It's like givin' 'em a

slap in the face. Those are just the ones that get the fewest letters, too."

"Spite of all that, though," he continued, "I don't believe there's any carrier in the land takes more real comfort in his job than I do. Because I know there is n't anything else round here that's doing the farmers so much good as the R. F. D. Unless its the telephone," he added quickly.

Market Quotations by Telephone

"That's another thing that has helped no end to brighten and richen up the neighborhood. Take the farmers on my route. I guess nine out of ten have phones and every night and morning there's what they speak of as a general call—twelve short rings—when everybody takes down his receiver and hears all the latest market quotations. Then, if they have anything to buy or sell, they just call up the other party and make the dicker at the most favorable price. Where in the old days they might have driven around the country half a week and then not have done any business."

In his absorption Ham almost forgot to tell "Nancy" about the cows, and had to turn back a short distance and drive to the kitchen door.

"Why Joe Schmidt told me the other day," he resumed, "that he wanted a sire. He phoned around; heard of just the right one; and bought him all in ten minutes. Without the phone he'd have had to drive eighteen miles and then have got there, probably, too late."

"And take Ike Roberts over here. He had a lot of barley in the elevator in town. The quotations did n't come in fast enough to suit him by mail and general call so he kept all the time phoning the elevator, to know how barley was doing, as if barley was his best friend on the point of death. That's all right; he was able to sell out just before the drop and made \$117 clear on the lot."

"Then there's Charlie Hutchins. He makes a specialty of seed oats. He advertises it in the paper and puts his phone number in the ad. Why he says those times it needs some one to tend phone all the while. Only yesterday he told me how a customer came when he was on his way to town. His wife just phoned a few friends along the way 'till they caught him and turned him back, and his customer hardly knew he'd been waiting at all."

The Rural Road to Riches

"The farmers about here must be making a good deal of money," I observed.

"Well I guess!" cried Ham. "Know the name of this road? We've just christened it Wall Street because so many farmers have lately made their pile here and retired."

"And those that don't retire," I queried; "What do they do with their profits?"

"Buy land for their extra sons in Canady, the Dakotas and western Texas. For their women-folks they get good clothes and reading matter and talking machines and pianos. Why, four years ago, in this township that's six miles by seven, there were only two pianos. To-day there are eleven."

"And what do they get for themselves in the way of modern improvements?"

"Manure spreaders and dumpers, hay loaders, silos, blooded stock, gasoline engines. Why there must be twenty per cent. of the farmers on my route who have engines now. They're

even beginning to put in plumbing in their houses; and to buy automobiles and make them do a lot of the farm work, too. They're agitating hard for good roads, too. Pretty soon I guess autos 'll be as thick here as out in Kansas."

"And the time all these things save them," I pursued; "what do they do with that?"

"Cultivate the land better; take more care of their stock; have a chance to read up on scientific farming and visit with each other. There's a heap of sociability going on all the time over the phone; and sometimes that's the only thing which keeps people contented who have only foreign renters for neighbors."

He stopped talking to navigate a flooded bottom where the water came up to the hubs of our wheels.

Telephone Good for Man and Beast

"The phone's great for health, too. There are no end of cases where it has saved lives. Last summer one of Olsen's little boys took Paris green, and they got the doctor there in twenty minutes and fetched him round all right. When it is n't so serious, folks will often phone the doc. what ails 'em and he'll send out the medicine by me. Same with animals. The other night Hank Madden had a fifty-dollar cow come down suddenly with milk fever. Hank phoned like mad to the vet., found out what to do, and fixed her up all right. Fifteen minutes later, he said, and that old cow would have croaked."

My companion surveyed the black, rich expanse of rolling prairie about us benignantly.

"Worry killed the cat and it kills lots more 'n cats every day. Now this phone business saves

are sick you can keep in touch with them all the time, even when they're in another State, and have your telegrams phoned right out from town. One bad day last winter when the mail could n't get through the roads, the little schoolmarm out at Spruce Hill phoned into the post-office and wanted to know if there was a letter for her from up State somewhere. There was. Then she said she was worrying pretty badly about it, and wouldn't they please read it out

to her. They did. And it was the means of saving her a fine situation up near St. Peter."

He chirruped to his horse, who had also fallen into a reminiscent mood.

"Then take it in case of fire. Last fall the threshing machine set fire to Doddridge's house. Well, sir, they just phoned a general call for help and had thirty men in the bucket brigade inside of half an hour, and that fire did n't have a show. And what do you think? They found out afterwards that the fire insurance had run out the week before!"

As he registered a letter, Ham cheerily compared notes on the advent of spring with the lady who had hoped he would get around before the robins.

"Why, you know," he broke out, as we drove away, "talking of spring, this mail and phone business is a sort o' spring all by itself, if you catch my meaning. It's made the country wake up just like the warm sun brings out the robins, and the leaves, and the violets. And the best part of it all is, it's making the farmers' lads a mite more content to stay on the farm than they used to be. It isn't quite stemmed yet—the flow of them toward the city;

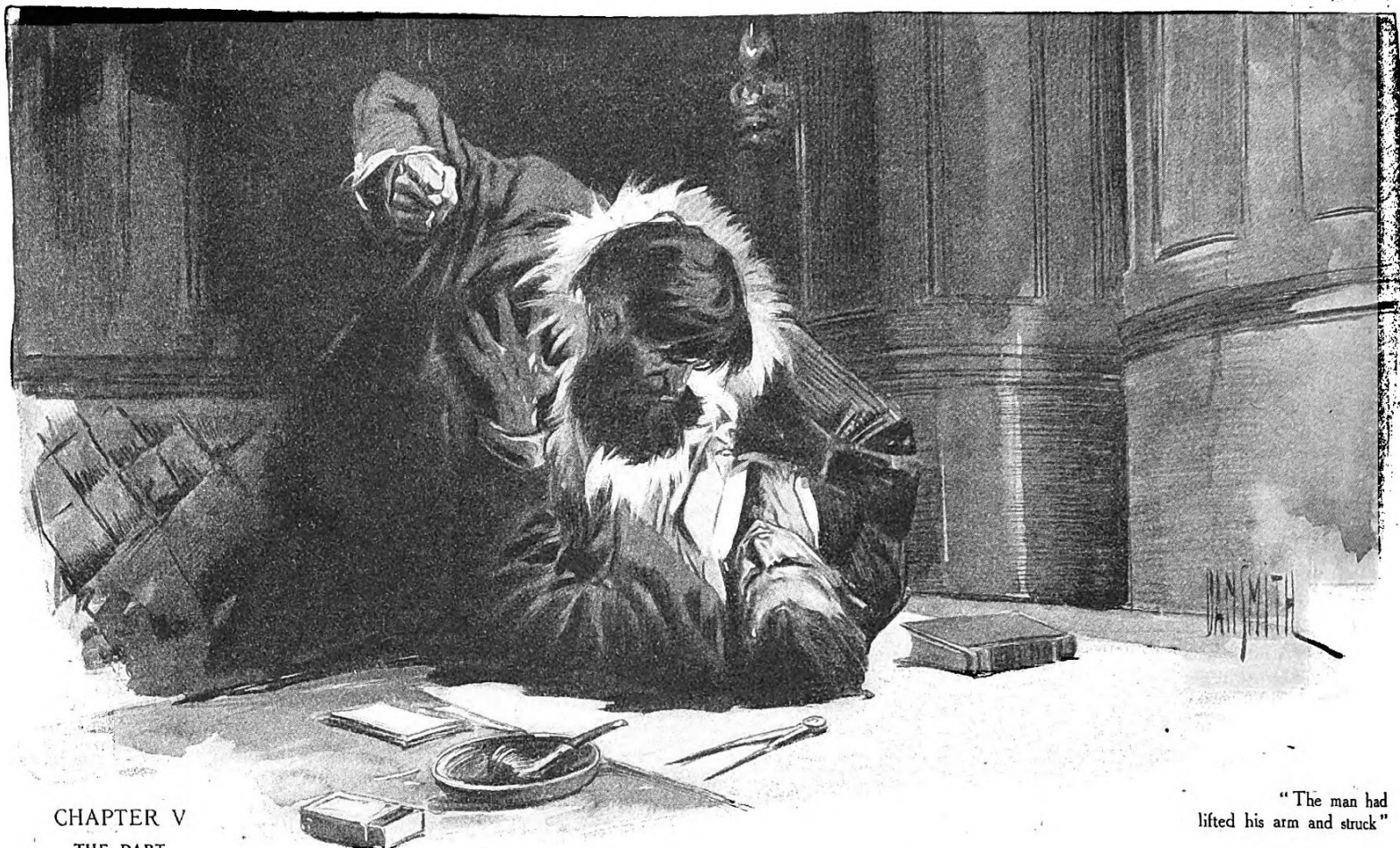
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Supplication

By LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES

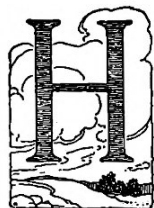
I SEEK no smile from Fortune,
Nor ask release from Pain,
And yet I crave high portion
Of life's most golden gain.

This is the prayer that rudders
My ship in any sea:
Through shift of hopes and shudders,
God, let me sail on—free!



CHAPTER V
THE DART

"The man had
lifted his arm and struck"



HIGH, high up, in the clear opaline air, was a broad, golden gloam. Nearer it came, and broader it grew, and as it grew, and as it caught more fully the slanting beams of the low-hanging arctic sun, it shone with prismatic, iridescent color among the gold, like an archangel's wings. The shining thing towered at length right above the masthead, but high, high up in the sky.

Then the four watchers uttered, in one breath, a horror-frozen cry, for, as a falcon does, it dropped, hurtling. But not to the destruction they foresaw; once more it darted forward, circled half round the yacht, so close to her rail that they heard the whining scream of the air as these mighty wings cleft through it, and then, as on the night before, his planes upstanding straight, Cayley leaped backward, clear of them, and alighted on the floe beside the yacht.

Old Mr. Fanshaw walked quickly around the deck-house and hailed the new arrival. "Won't you come aboard, sir?" Jeanne heard him call, "I'll send the dingey for you."

"Thank you," they heard him answer. "There was n't much room for alighting on the deck or I could have spared you the trouble."

Jeanne stole a glance into Tom Fanshaw's stern, set face, wondering if the tone and the inflection of that voice would impress him as it had her. "Don't you find it hard to believe that he could have done such a thing?" she asked; "a man with a voice like that?"

"I only wish I found it possible to believe he has n't. Not every villain in this world looks and talks like a thug. If they did, life would be simpler." He paused a moment, then added, "And we know he did the other thing—out there in the Philippines."

Her face paled a little at that, stiffened, somehow, and she did not answer. They sat silent, listening to the receding oars of the dingey as it made for the ice-floe. Suddenly the girl saw an expression of perplexity come into Tom Fanshaw's face. "When you talked with him, Jeanne, last night, did you tell him our name? Mine and father's, I mean? Did you give him any hint who we were, or that we were people who might know him?"

THE SKY MAN

BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

"No, only my own; and who father was. He asked me about that."

"Ah," he said. "Then that accounts for his coming back."

She had hoped that in some way or other the trend of her answer might be in the skyman's favor, and was disappointed at seeing that the reverse was true.

She had to repress a sudden impulse of flight when they heard the returning dingey scrape alongside the accommodation ladder. And even though she resisted it, she shrank back, nevertheless, into a corner behind Tom Fanshaw's chair. The old gentleman was waiting at the head of the ladder, blocking, with the bulk of his body, the new-comer's view of the deck and those who were waiting there until he should have fairly come aboard.

"Mr. Philip Cayley?" he inquired stiffly. "My name is Fanshaw, sir; and I think my son, who sits yonder—he stepped aside and inclined his head a little in Tom's direction—"is, or was once, an acquaintance of yours."

From her place in the background, Jeanne saw a look of perplexity—nothing more than that, she felt sure—come into Philip Cayley's face. The old gentleman's manner was certainly an extraordinary one in which to greet a total stranger, five hundred miles away from human habitation. Cayley seemed to be wondering whether it represented anything more than the individual eccentricity of the old gentleman, or not.

Evidently he recognized Tom Fanshaw at once, and, after an almost imperceptible hesitation, seemed to make up his mind to overlook the singularity of his welcome.

"I remember Lieutenant Fanshaw well," he said, smiling and speaking pleasantly enough, though the girl thought she heard an underlying note of hardness in his voice. "You were at the Point while I was there, weren't you? But it's many years since I've seen you."

Illustrations by DAN SMITH

At that he crossed the deck to where young Fanshaw was sitting, and held out his hand. Tom Fanshaw's hands remained clasped tightly on the two arms of his chair, and the stern lines of his face never relaxed, though he was looking straight into Cayley's eyes.

"I remember you at the Point very well," he said, "but, unfortunately, there are some stories of your subsequent career which I remember altogether too well."

The girl did not need the sudden look of incandescent anger she saw in Philip Cayley's face to turn the sudden tide of her sympathy toward him. It was not for this old wrong of his that they had summoned him, as to a bar of justice, to the *Aurora's* deck, but to meet the accusation of the murder of Perry Hunter. Whether he was guilty of that murder or not, this raking up of an old, unproved offense was a piece of unnecessary brutality. She could not understand how kind-hearted old Tom could have done such a thing. Thinking it over afterward, she was able to understand a little better.

In her own heart she did not believe Cayley guilty. Neither the story Tom had told her, nor the damning array of circumstances which pointed against him had counteracted, as yet, the impression which his singularly charming personality had made upon her during that strange, mysterious hour they had had together upon the ice-floe the night before.

To her, then, his manner of coming aboard the yacht had pointed to innocence rather than to guilt—his self-possession, his smile, his extended hand. But to Tom, who entertained no doubt at all of his guilt, these things were the simple manifestation of effrontery, of an almost inhuman coolness and impudence, and had exasperated him beyond his self-control.

From behind Tom's chair she could see how heavily this blow he dealt had told. For one instant Philip Cayley's sensitive face had shown

a look of unspeakable pain. Then it stiffened into a mere mask—icy; disdainful.

It was a moment before he spoke. When he did, it was to her. "I don't know why this gentleman presumes to keep his seat," he said. "If it is a precaution against a blow, perhaps he need not let his prudence interfere with his courtesy."

"He has just met with an accident," she said quickly. "He can't stand—No, Tom. Sit still," and her hands upon his shoulders enforced the command.

Cayley bowed ever so slightly. "I suppose," he continued, "that since last night you also have heard the story which this gentleman protests he remembers so much too well?"

"Yes," she said.

At that he turned to old Mr. Fanshaw: "Will you tell me sir," he asked, "for what purpose I was invited to come aboard this yacht?"

Tom spoke before his father could answer—spoke with a short, ugly laugh, "You were n't invited. You were, as the police say, 'wanted.'"

"Be quiet, Tom!" his father commanded. "That's not the way to talk—to anybody."

Cayley's lips framed a faint, satirical smile; and again he bowed slowly. But he said nothing, and stood, waiting for the old gentleman to go on.

This Mr. Fanshaw seemed to find it rather difficult to do. At length, however, he appeared to find the words he wanted. "When Miss Fielding gave us an account, this morning, of the strange visitor she had received last night, we were—I was, at least—inclined to think she had been dreaming it without knowing it. To convince me that you were real and not a vision, she showed me a material and highly interesting souvenir of your call. It was an Eskimo throwing-stick, Mr. Cayley, such as the Alaskan and Siberian Indians use to throw darts and harpoons with. It happens that I've had a good deal of experience among these people, and that I know how deadly an implement it is."

He made a little pause there, and then looked up suddenly into Cayley's face, "And I imagine," he continued very slowly, "that you know that as well as I do."

Cayley made no answer at all, but if Mr. Fanshaw hoped to find, with those shrewd eyes of his, any look of guilt or consternation in the pale face that confronted him, he was disappointed.

Suddenly, he turned to his son: "Where is that thing that Donovan brought aboard with him just now?" he asked.

The blood-stained dart lay on the deck beside Tom's chair. He picked it up and held it out toward his father, but the elder man, with a gesture, indicated to Cayley that he was to take it in his hand; then, "Jeanne, my dear," he asked, "will you fetch out from the cabin the stick which dropped from Mr. Cayley's belt last night?"

When she had departed on the errand, he spoke to Cayley. "You will observe that the butt of this dart is not notched, as it would have to be if it were shot from a bow."

He did not look at Cayley's face as he spoke, but at his hands. Could it be possible, he wondered, that those hands could hold the thing with that sinister brown stain upon it—the stain of Perry Hunter's blood—without trembling? They were steady enough, though, so far as he could see.

When Jeanne came out with the stick, he handed that to Cayley also. "You will notice," he said, "that that dart and the groove in this stick were evidently made for each other, Mr. Cayley."

The pupils of Jeanne's eyes dilated as she

watched the accused man fit them together, and then balance the stick in his hand, as if trying to discover how it could be put to so deadly a use as Mr. Fanshaw had indicated. He seemed preoccupied by nothing more than a purely intellectual curiosity.

His coolness seemed to anger Mr. Fanshaw as it had formerly angered his son. For a moment this sudden anger of his rendered him almost inarticulate. Then:

"We don't want a demonstration!" came like the explosion of a quick-fire gun. "And you have no need for trying experiments. You know how nicely that dart would fit in the groove that was cut for it. You know, alto-



"I am getting worried about our shore party"

gether too well, what the stain is that discolors it. You know where we found that dart. You're only surprised that it was ever found at all—it and the body of the man it slew."

"Everything you say is perfectly true," said Cayley, very quietly. "I am surprised that the body of that man was ever recovered. I'm a little surprised, also, that you should think, because this stick fell from my belt last night, and this dart, which you found transfixing a man's throat this morning—"

Tom Fanshaw interrupted him. His eyes were blazing with excitement. "It was not from us that you learned that that dart transfixed the murdered man's throat!" he cried.

"I know it, nevertheless," said Cayley, in that quiet voice, not looking toward the man he answered but still keeping his eyes on old Mr. Fanshaw; "and am still a little surprised," he went on, as if he had not been interrupted, "that you should think, because this stick and this dart fit together, that I am, necessarily, a murderer."

"You have admitted it now, at all events," Mr. Fanshaw replied. His voice grew quieter, too, as the intensity of his purpose steadied it. "I suppose that is because, upon this 'No-Man's-Land,' you are outside the pale of law and statute—beyond the jurisdiction of any court. I tell you this: I think we would be justified in giving you a trial and hanging you from that yard there. We will not do it. We will not even take you back to the States to prison. You may live here an outlaw and enjoy, undisturbed, your freedom, such as it is, and your thoughts and your conscience, such as

they must be. But if ever you try to return to the world of men—"

Cayley interrupted the threat before it was spoken: "I have no wish to return to the world of men," he said. "I wish the world were empty of men, as this part of it is, or as I thought it was. I abandoned mankind once before, but yesterday when I saw men here, I felt a stirring of the blood—the call of what was in my own veins. Last night when I took to the air again, after the hour I had spent on that ice-floe yonder, I thought I wanted to come back to my own kind; wanted, in spite of the past, to be one of them again. Perhaps it is well that I should be rid of that delusion so quickly. I am rid of it, and I am rid of you—bloody, sodden, stupid, blind."

"Yet, with all my horror of you, my disdain of you, I should not expect one of you to do murder, without some sort of motive, some paltry hope of gain, upon the body of a stranger. It is of that that you accuse me—"

"A stranger!" Tom Fanshaw echoed. "Why, when you confess to so much, do you try to lie at the end? You can't think we don't know that the man you murdered was once your friend—or thought he was, God help him! Why try to make us believe that Perry Hunter was a stranger to you?"

The girl's wide eyes never left Cayley's face since the moment of her return to the deck with the throwing-stick. Through it all—through Fanshaw's hot accusation, and his own reply—through those last words of Tom's, it had never changed. There had been contempt and anger in it, subdued by an iron self-control; no other emotion, than those two, until the very end. Until the mention of that name—"Perry Hunter."

But at the sound of that name—just then, the girl saw his face go bloodless, not all at once, slowly, rather. And then after a little while he uttered a great sob; not of grief, but such a sob as both the Fanshaws had heard before, when, in battle or skirmish, a soft-nosed bullet smashes its way through some great, knotted nerve center. His hand went out in a convulsive gesture, both the stick and the dart which he held falling from them, the stick at the girl's feet, the dart at his own. Then leaning back against the rail for support, he covered his face with his hands. At length, while they waited silently, he drew himself up straight and looked dazedly into her face.

Suddenly, to the amazement of the other two men, she crossed the deck to where he stood.

"I'm perfectly sure, for my part, that you didn't do it; that you are not the murderer of Mr. Hunter. Won't you shake hands?"

He made no move to take hers, and though his eyes were turned upon her, he seemed to be looking through, rather than at her, so intense was his preoccupation.

Seeing that this was so, she laid her hand upon his forearm. "You didn't do it," she repeated, "but you know something about it, don't you? You saw it done from a long way off—saw the murder, without knowing who its victim was."

"I might have saved him," he murmured brokenly, "if I had not hung aloft there too long, just out of curiosity; if they had been men to me instead of puppets. But when I guessed what their intent was, guessed that it was something sinister, it was done before I could interfere. I saw him going backwards over the brink of a fissure in the ice, tugging at a dart that was in his throat. And when they had gone—his murderers—"

"They!" she cried. "Was there more than one?"

"Yes," he said, "there was quite a party. There must have been ten or twelve. When they had gone I flew down and picked up that stick, which one of them had dropped. And I might have saved him!"

Her hand still rested on his arm. "I'm

glad you told me," she said. She felt the arm stiffen suddenly at the sound of Tom Fanshaw's voice.

"Jeanne, take your hand away! Can you touch a man like that? Can you believe the lies—" but there, with a peremptory gesture, his father silenced him.

But even he exclaimed at the girl's next action, for she stooped, picked up the blood-stained dart which lay at Philip Cayley's feet, and handed it to him. "Throw it away, please," she said—"overboard, and as far as you can."

Even before the other men cried out at his doing the thing she had asked him to, he hesitated and looked at her in some surprise.

"Do it, please," she commanded; "I ask it seriously."

Tom Fanshaw started out of his chair; then, as an intolerable twinge from his ankle stopped him, he dropped back again. His father moved quickly forward, too, but checked himself, the surprise in his face giving way to curiosity. As a general thing, Jeanne Fielding knew what she was about.

Philip Cayley took the dart and threw it far out into the water.

There was one more surprise in store for the two Fanshaws. When Cayley, without a glance toward either of them, walked out on the upper landing of the accommodation ladder, the girl accompanied him, and, side by side with him, descended the little stairway, at whose foot the dingey waited.

"You are still determined on that resolution of yours, are you, to abandon us all for the second time—all humankind, I mean? This later accusation against you was so easily disproved."

"Disproved?" he questioned. "That beautiful faith of yours can't be called proof."

"I meant just what I said—disproved. They shall admit it when I go back on deck. Won't you—won't you give us a chance to disbelieve the old story, too?"

"I can never explain that now," he said; "can never lay that phantom—never in the world."

"I am sorry," she said, holding out her hand to him. "I wish you'd give us a chance. Good-by."

This time he took the hand, bowed over it, and pressed it lightly to his lips. Then, without any other farewell than that, he dropped down to the dingey and was rowed back to the floe—back to his wings.

When she returned to the deck she found that Mr. Fanshaw had gone round to the other side of it to see the sky man take to the air.

But Tom sat, rigid, where he was. For the first time that she could remember, he was regarding her with open anger. "I knew," he said, "that you never liked Hunter, though I never could see why you should dislike him; and it did n't take two minutes to see that this man Cayley, with his wings and his romance, had fascinated you. But in spite of that, I thought you had a better sense of justice than you showed just now."

She flushed a little. "My sense of justice seems to be better than yours this morning, Tom," she answered quietly. Then she unslung her binoculars again and, turning her back upon him, gazed out shoreward.

"I am getting worried about our shore party," she remarked, as if by way of discontinuing the quarrel. "If there are ten or twelve men living there, in hiding from us, willing to do unprovoked murder, when they can with impunity—"

"So you believed that part of the story, too, did you?" Tom interrupted.

She did not answer his question at all, but turned her attention shoreward again.

A moment later she closed her binoculars with a snap, and walked around to the other side of the deck where Mr. Fanshaw, leaning

his elbows on the rail, was looking out across the ice-floe.

"Well," he asked briskly, as she came up and laid an affectionate arm across his shoulder, "I suppose you've been telling Tom why you did it—why you made Cayley throw that dart away, I mean; but you'll have to tell me, too. I can't figure it out. You had something in mind, I'm sure."

"I have n't been telling Tom," she said. "He does n't seem in a very reasonable mood this morning. But I did have something in mind. I was proving that Mr. Cayley could n't possibly be the man who had committed the murder."

"I suspected it was that," he said.

"It's the stick that proves it, really," she said. "You remember how puzzled you were because the end of it which you held it by would n't fit your hand? I discovered why that was when you sent me in to get it a short while ago. It's a left-handed stick. It fits the palm of your left hand perfectly. You'll find that that is so when you try it. And Mr. Cayley is right-handed."

The old man nodded rather dubiously. "Cayley may be ambidextrous, for anything you know," he objected.

She had her rejoinder ready. "But this stick, Uncle Jerry, dear, was made for a man who could n't throw with his right hand, and Mr. Cayley can. He did it perfectly, easily, and without suspecting at all why I wanted him to. Don't you see? Isn't it clear?"

"It's quite clear that the brains of this expedition are in that pretty head of yours," he said. "Yes, I think you're right." Then, after a pause, he added, with an enigmatical look at her: "Don't be too hard on Tom, my dear; because you see the circumstances are hard enough on him already."

She made a little gesture of impatience. "They're not half as hard on him as they are on Mr. Cayley."

"Oh, I don't know," the old gentleman answered. "Take it by and large, I should say that Cayley was playing in luck."

CHAPTER VI

TOM'S CONFESSION

THE day was a hard one for everybody. The news which Tom had brought aboard just after breakfast gave a promise of further developments soon; but the hours had worn away,

and not another word had come back from those who had followed the strange guide. And then there was the horror of Donovan's discovery. He had started to accompany Tom back to the yacht, but, finding the two sailors a sufficient escort for him, had lingered behind to make some explorations of his own, with that grim result.

Last of all had come the most incredible thing, suggested by the scene which Cayley reported to Jeanne: the idea that there were ten or a dozen exiles on this remote, unknown land, who, instead of greeting the rescue which the yacht brought them, had gone into hiding at the first sight of it; had murdered one stray member of the rescuing party who fell into their path, and meant, perhaps, to murder the rest should opportunity afford.

Though this strange story added to the feeling of uneasiness among the people who remained on the yacht, it was received with a good deal of incredulity. Tom Fanshaw openly avowed his disbelief in every word of it, and his father, though less outspoken, was almost equally skeptical. He did not share Tom's belief that Cayley had deliberately lied, in order to cover his own guilt in Hunter's murder, but he attributed the strange scene he had reported either to some optical illusion or the hallucination of insanity. The fellow might very well be as mad as a hatter, he told Jeanne. His way of life pointed to it. Any sane man who had learned to fly would put his discovery to better use than flapping his wings around the north pole.

The captain of the yacht—his name was Warner—was on shore in command of the searching party, but the first officer, Mr. Scales, remained on board. His opinion coincided closely with that of the elder Fanshaw. He was in possession of all the data, though they had not told him the story of Philip Cayley's old relation with the murdered man.

Gradually everybody on board the yacht, with two exceptions, came around to this view of the affair. The only exceptions were Jeanne and Tom Fanshaw. Jeanne scouted the theory that Cayley was mad as indignantly as she did Tom's idea that he was a malicious liar. It might be hard to account for the presence of a party of white refugees on the shore, who did n't seem to want to be rescued; but if Cayley said they were there, then they were there, and a source of great though undefined peril they must be to the unsuspecting shore party. And though she won no converts to her belief, still her earnestness added a good deal to the uneasy feeling which mounted steadily aboard the yacht for the fate of the party that had gone ashore.

In this uneasiness Tom himself had manifested a share, although he reiterated his belief that the only living person ashore, besides the members of their own party, was the half-crazed stranger who had come into camp just as he had been leaving it.

For all that, he spent a good part of the day sweeping the land, or as much of it as he could see, with a powerful glass. But for all he saw, or any one else, during the long hours of that day, there might not have been a human being, except those on the yacht, nearer than Point Barrow. There was neither sight nor sound; there was not even a glint of Cayley's bright wings high up in the cloudless arctic sky.

So utterly deserted did the land appear, so impossible was it to believe that any danger could lurk there, that, after their unsuccessful attempt to recover the body of Hunter, old Mr. Fanshaw and Scales, the first officer, took Jeanne ashore in one of the boats for an exploration of the beach and of the cluster of empty, half-buried huts that stood just back of it. They were gone from the yacht about an hour.

THE MEADOW

By BLANCHE ALLYN BANE

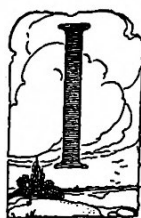
I KNOW a way—will you go, my dear,
Will you follow the path with me—
The path that leads from the Now and Here
Forth into Arcady?
Where always the rose is red and sweet,
Where always the skies are blue,
Where there is rest for wandering feet
In the Meadow Where Dreams Come True.
Bid farewell to your bitter grief,
Laugh at your haunting care;
Loose the fetters of unbelief—
Arcady's flowers are fair.
Make you a garland of daffodils,
With never a sprig of rue,
And we'll follow the path o'er the happy hills,
To the Meadow Where Dreams Come True.
We will dream our dreams as the hours go,
We will fashion them fair and fine,
And all of my dreams will be yours, you know,
And all of your dreams be mine.
Dear, will you follow the path with me?
I'm waiting for you, for you!
To take the path into Arcady,
To the Meadow Where Dreams Come True.

[Continued on page 460]

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A STOLEN KISS

BY VALE DOWNIE

Illustrations by WILLIAM H.D. KOERNER



WAS born a long time ago, in the Garden of Eden.

There are two periods in the history (or her story) of every kiss: the time during which it is "to be" and the succeeding time during which it "has been." This

can not be confuted. The Young-man-who-could-afford-only-violets will tell you, if you care to inquire, that I was most unmistakably and vividly present with him on many occasions, during that period, of my life known as the "to be." So the life of a kiss does not begin at the moment when it begins to "have been." Not at all. All the kisses that ever were, or ever will be, came into this sorry world at one time, a long while ago.

A natural deduction would be that there are just as many kisses in the world, to-day, as there ever were or ever will be. But this is true only in a limited sense. Many cease to "have been" and that alters the sum total. Many, indeed, never reach that epoch in their existences; but they cease "to be" long before they could cease to "have been."

At the risk of having whole pages of my life-story "lifted" by be-spectacled editors of high school grammars, for use as examples in tense formation, I am thus explicit on a number of points which must really be understood in order to comprehend what follows.

I am sadly aware that nobody will care a rap about the first five or six thousand years of my existence. The interest of the world will begin at the moment when I came into the lives of the Young-man-who-could-afford-only-violets and the Young-lady-who-preferred-violets.

It is a hard world, in which merit gets but small attention. Nevertheless, upon careful reflection, I believe the world is right. I can't say I ever amounted to much previous to making the acquaintance of the young people above mentioned. Then I became of very much importance indeed.

II

WELL one day I walked into the young man's office and sat down.

"What the devil put such an idea as that into my head?" said he, and stared at me.

"Many things, but it does n't matter what," I replied. "The important thing is that I am here."

"Well, you can't stay, you know," said he, ruefully, "although you are very pleasant company; for you are keeping me from my work and I can't afford to lose any time."

"Perhaps I could help you a little with it, when I have been here awhile," I suggested, with my best manner.

"You can't! You can't!" cried he, gripping his pen with a trembling hand.

"Well," I persisted, "I'll hang around with you for a few days, anyhow. You seem rather to take to me."

"But confound it, you can't!" he exploded. "You'll drive me mad."

It is the painful lot of every one such as I, to be thrust frequently into situations pervaded by strong, even profane, language. I will not pretend to have entirely escaped the natural result of such example and

association. The young man's attitude confirmed my resolution. It even caused me to lose my temper.

"Then, hang it, mad you go!" said I, and made myself comfortable.

During this "to be" epoch of my existence I also spent a little time with the young lady. The young man was unaware of this. Indeed the young lady herself, although she

caught glimpses of me occasionally, when she was dreaming before the fire in her room, at bedtime, failed unaccountably to recognize me. She mistook me for a rather pretty and amusing joke.

She should have given me a closer scrutiny. I am not a joke.

The whole trouble was that the young man—his name was Jim—was so devilish poor. He told me this very frequently in confidence. I told him that it did not make a bit of difference to me. In fact it rather pleased me than otherwise; for I think sometimes that poor people are much more plagueable by such as I than very rich people, and I am never so happy as when plaguing somebody. This is characteristic of my kind, and they often shrink from association with the gilded class for the reason that there is great fatality among the kisses of the opulent. Every year thousands of unfortunate kisses cease to "have been" among the idle rich.

Jim had nothing but a salary of one hundred dollars per month, he told me. He frequently pressed his dress suit himself. Several times he called my attention to the squalor of his rooms in West Fifty-ninth Street. I confess they seemed fairly comfortable to me; but Jim was no doubt looking at them through the eyes of the Young-lady-who-preferred-violets, or thought he was.

III

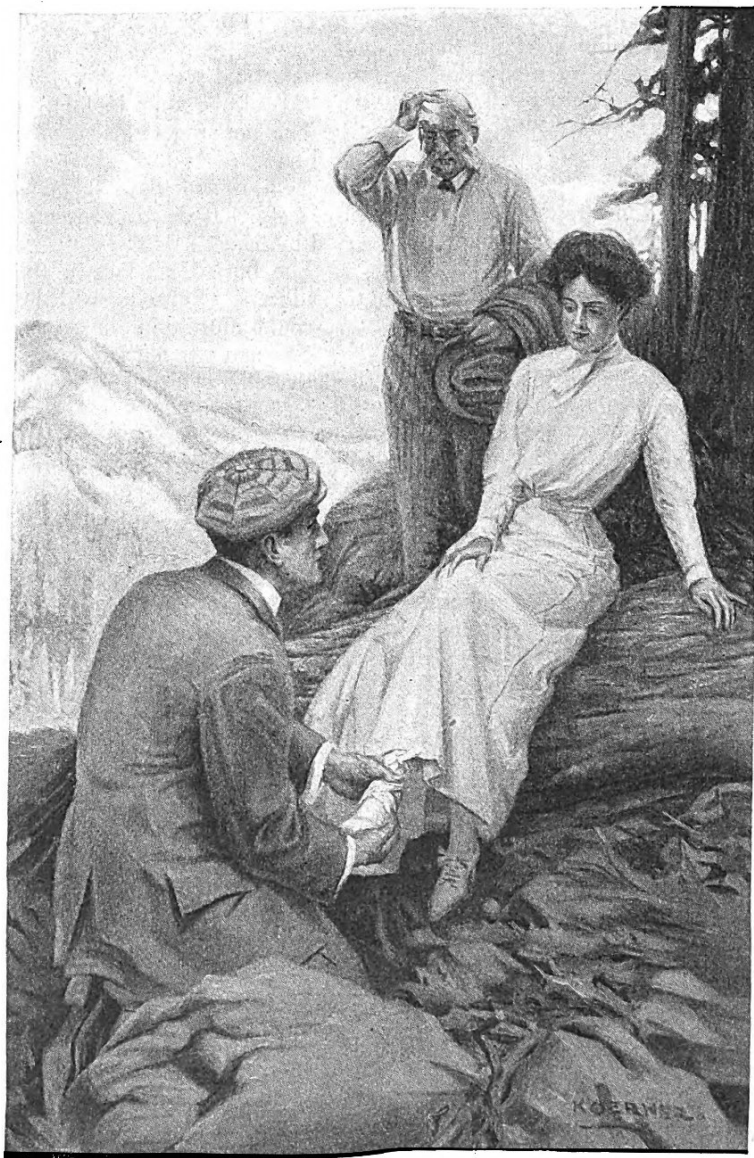
IT WAS pure accident that he had ever met Gladys, at all; for he had come, in the first place, from a Western city and, in the natural course of events, it should have been two or three millions of years before he could expect to become acquainted with any desirable people in New York. Also, they lived on entirely different planets. She belonged to the great, gay Play World, while his lot lay in the Work World, which is at the other end of the universe.

It was while away upon an ill-starred vacation in the Adirondacks that Fate had played him this scurvy trick, which he seemed more than half inclined to blame upon me. He was climbing mountains, and one bright morning he encountered, half-way to the summit of a lonely trail, an old gentleman in gray walking clothes of tweed and a young lady in white.

The girl was half-reclining upon a log and moaning a little with pain, while her father trembled over her like an aspen and seemed about to part company with his senses.

Jim found that she had sprained an ankle. He drew off the high-heeled, canvas slipper, telling the girl that she ought to be ashamed of herself for wearing such things in the wood. Then he bandaged the ankle securely with his handkerchief and that of the old gentleman, and this relieved the pain so much that she sat up and smiled.

That was when Jim got his sprain.



"That was when Jim got his sprain"



He carried her back to her father's bungalow, a distance of half a mile. During the week that followed he called several times at the bungalow and Miss Gladys lay in a hammock, on the veranda, and completed the work of destruction.

When he returned to New York he realized his danger, if accomplished disaster may be designated by that term, and did not call again or send his address. But Miss Gladys, upon getting back to the city, had recourse promptly to the telephone.

She had inherited from her father—a great and successful man—the faculty of thoroughness.

During the month of November he called often, fully knowing that he had better not. He took her to theaters and the opera many times—luxuries entirely within his means, as they always went in Gladys's *limousine* and eschewed suppers.

IV

ABOUT the middle of December Jim took an astonishing brace. He gave up his rooms and moved twenty blocks downtown. He had his telephone taken out and his name removed from the directory. Then he became conscientiously glum and miserable and was rewarded by a certain sense of safety. I was very much provoked by him and frequently lost my temper. If you could have heard the billingsgate we hurled at each other in his rooms you would have been horrified.

I told him a thousand times that he was a perditioned idiot, but he would not believe me.

About this time he stopped taking sugar in his coffee and quit smoking cigarettes. To be classed, by inference, among such weaknesses and to have my abolishment undertaken in the way of moral recuperation, was not flattering.

However, I lay low and awaited my opportunity.

On the evening before Christmas it came. We were standing before the shop window of a famous florist. I said to Jim, "Send her a bunch of violets. Ten dollars will do it and I know she would be as much pleased as if you gave her an ocean-going yacht. It's all right to be cautious, old man, but don't be a clod."

Jim considered this proposal with suspicion, as coming from me. But he could see no element of danger in it.

"Of course you need not enclose a name and address," I proceeded guilefully, "but a few sprigs of balsam in the bottom of the box would, in a way, identify the present and would show that—well that you had not been such a churl as to forget many pleasant, and a few unpleasant, things."

In the end he left his order with the florist, who said it was a trifle unusual but could easily be managed. Would he leave his name and address with the shipping-clerk, in case of mistake? He would and did. Was there a card to be enclosed? There was not.

V

MISS GLADYS found a number of things in her stocking the next morning. Her Uncle Oscar gave her the ocean-going yacht, completely outfitted and manned. It was well, you see, that Jim had not hit upon the yacht, as she would then have had duplicates. She also got automobiles of various shapes and functions, a house on Riverside Drive, a

"I was always present when she was alone"

farm in New York State, and numberless boxes of flowers and confections, jewels and fine garments. Finally there was a small

box of violets with a sprig of balsam from the shop of a well-known florist.

Miss Gladys left the yacht, farm, automobiles, etc., in her stocking, without further inspection, and retired to her room with the violets.

After a little deliberation she called up the florist and told him that the messenger had made a mistake in delivery. As the florist knew of some two or three dozen boxes of flowers which had been ordered to be left at Gladys's house on that morning he was not surprised that a small error might have crept in. It was a small box of violets and balsam. Gladys told the florist that the address on the box was so badly blurred that she could scarcely read it. She feared it had not been intended for her. Would he mind looking up the record?

The florist got his book and read off the name and address of Mr. Jim.

"Oh, it's all right then," said Gladys; "I'm greatly obliged. I'm sure, now, that the package was intended for me. Thank you so much. Good-by."

She buried her face in the flowers, then made a memorandum of the address. Subsequently she wrote a note, ordering the Young-man-who-could-afford-only-violets to call upon her on Christmas evening.

She had written two notes to him in the past week which had been undelivered. This one was not returned.

VI

"IT is good-by," said Jim to me. "I will go. Besides, there will be a thousand people there, and in a multitude of revellers there is safety."

When he arrived in blameless attire, at nine o'clock, there was nobody there but Gladys and the butler, who had orders to admit no one else.

"Father and mother and Uncle Oscar are in the country," said Gladys, soberly, "and I am all alone."

There was a strained silence, during which Jim sank into a chair.

"It is better so," she added. "There is nobody about to hear your screams. Where have you been?"

Jim raised his eyes as far as the bunch of violets at her belt. There was also a sprig of balsam.

"I have been very busy," said he, "trying to—to save my soul."

"Oh," said Gladys, flushing a little, "that is very commendable of you, I'm sure."

To have asked how he had succeeded, would not have been Gladys.

It was not a very happy evening for Jim. Gladys was not at all in a delectable mood. Neither the matter nor the manner of her conversation was pleasant. She contrived to let him know that her mother had finally determined on a step of very intimate importance to her—nay, had fixed upon February for announcing the engagement. The man was a fine fellow and perfectly wild about Gladys. Furthermore, Gladys thought him a dear. He had one drawback—poverty, having been obliged to sell his steam yacht. But now that Uncle Oscar had given her a better one, this would not matter.

Jim managed to stifle his groans and chatter on a bit about the places she should visit on the honeymoon. He had wandered about the Mediterranean for a couple of years, himself, and suggested a number of

little ports, not well known, which he thought would interest her. At eleven o'clock he rose to go. His face was nearly dead white.

"I expect I had better wish you a little more good luck than usual, this evening, Gladys," said Jim. "It is not likely that I will see much of you after the first of the year."

"Why?" she asked, with lifted eyebrows. "Are you going away?"

"I may be transferred to—to Chicago."

"Why not Denver?" suggested Gladys.

Jim moistened his lips. "Denver, if you like," said he.

"Or Peking," added Gladys, with a sigh. "The truth is, Jim, you are running away from me. I must be a very disagreeable person."

"You are," said Jim.

"It is not very nice of you to say it, at any rate," she said softly, with eyes on the fender.

"No, it was not nice nor very clever. I do not seem to scintillate in my usual brilliant manner this evening. It is odd but I can think of nothing more to say but 'good night.'"

VII

AT THIS point I took the helm and it was time I did so. The good ship was in sad straits.

"Is that all?" said I, confronting Jim at the threshold of the room. I may say that I shouted. He seemed to be in a sort of stupor. He passed his hand over his brow. "No, it is *not*," growled he.

I think there must be pirates somewhere in Jim's ancestry. He looked as if he were about to board a galleon. He seemed to think he had a cutlass between his teeth, and was afraid to open his mouth for fear it would clatter on the floor.

"Did you speak?" asked Gladys.

"No, I did not speak," he replied, turning about.

"Now you show sense," I put in, patting him. He returned to her side.

"It is good-by, Gladys," he said, more gently, taking her hand and looking into her frightened eyes. "But I am not going to Chicago—I am going to hell, or what amounts to the same thing."

He put his left arm around her waist. She bent from him like a rose-bush in a gale; but, like the gale, he followed and kissed her drooping face. The ribbon that bound the violets at her girdle was broken from its clasp, and the flowers crushed and scattered to the floor. For a long time his parched lips were pressed hungrily against her mouth. One deep breath he took of the fragrance of her hair. Her eyes were closed and their delicate lids fluttered with pain.

He dropped her almost roughly into the big chair and, for an instant it seemed that she had swooned. Then she put her hands to her face, without having looked at him, and began to sob.

Jim left the house. The crisp air of the street cooled his face.

"Now for the guillotine," said he, and smiled happily.

For a long time Gladys sobbed in the big chair. Then she dried her eyes and beheld the wreck of violets on the hearthrug. She slipped to the floor and began to gather them together, straightening out the broken stems with loving care.

Poor rose-bush, it had been most cruelly buffeted by the gale.

VIII

I NOW became a kiss that "has been."

To say I was tickled with myself would be to put it very softly. I was uproariously, shamefully, self-satisfied.

Miss Gladys presently went to Florida. I went with her. When she dined, on the train, I appeared with the vase of flowers that followed the dessert. When she retired to her berth I sang her to sleep with a song that ran in rhythm with the clink of the trucks on the rail ends. She took me with her on motor trips and junkets of all sorts. I was always present when she was alone, and every night I made my nest on her pillow, and I always figured in her dreams.

I was also pretty continuously present with Jim at the same time. A kiss that is wholly stolen, it should be remarked, enjoys the especial gift of a double existence; that is, it may be in two places at once.

Jim had strangely gotten the impression that I was only a *half-stolen* kiss. It is a curious fact that most men prefer half-stolen kisses. I think it is because it makes them feel quite devilish and abandoned. In Jim's case it confirmed him in the opinion that he was a sure-enough pirate, and he was quite happy over it. But he was wrong. I was wholly, entirely, and of malice aforethought stolen and feloniously abstracted by two persons, at the same time and place. It made me feel quite wicked and responsible—as the Rajah's Diamond must have felt, in the story.

I say I hung around Jim a good deal of the time. This is a very temperate statement of the case. I nearly cost him his job. His superior came into his office one day and advised him to see a doctor—told him he was going all to pieces. He had got so he could hardly sign his name to a check. He forgot to put in the date and often the amount.

IX

IN FEBRUARY Gladys's engagement was not announced, much to the astonishment of the world and the chagrin of that venerable and excellent lady, her mother. The announcement had been postponed.

In April she returned to New York. On the day that she got back she took me into her room and locked the door. Then she looked me

straight in the eye and said very firmly and coldly: "You must cease to have been!"

"Must I?" I inquired, as meekly as I could. It was quite ghastly, the way she proposed to dabble her dainty hands in my life-blood.

"You never were," she responded.

"Was I not?" said I.

"No, you never were," she continued, "or at least you never will be again." Then she turned to her writing desk and I saw that I was about to be spitted on a small, gold-mounted, fountain pen.

"Dear me!" I whimpered, beginning to cry. I always cry, with ladies, and swear when dealing with men. It is a hard world.

"I am about to write to Gerald and accept him," said Gladys, with determination. "I've got to be decent about it, you know, and that means that you'll have to go away. I don't know why I've let you plague me as long as I have."

She addressed an envelope, stamped it, and then arranged a sheet of paper for the note she intended to write.

"I thought you liked me," said I, wofully.

She looked up. Her great, dark eyes were dim. I knew she was going to cry. The pen rolled off the desk.

Gladys pressed her handkerchief to her eyes and regained control with an effort. "No; I shall telephone at once and then it will be quite settled," she said.

She picked up the phone and laid a fluttering hand on the receiver.

"If you turn me out I don't know where I can go," said I, mournfully; "Jim does n't care anything about me."

"He *does*," she shot back, so quickly that I almost fell off the chair. "You know that he would have died to get you."

"That may be so," I assented guilefully; "but don't you see he can't keep me about after you marry this other fellow. Jim is a decent chap, too."

The telephone dropped from her hands and she put her face down on her arms and cried. When she raised her face it was wet and her bare arms were wet. Her shoulders heaved and shook and she moaned, "I don't know—I don't know—I don't know—" over and over again.

I was really happy and kicked my legs and crowed, most joyous to see. For I knew, now, that she would not send me away.

X

I WAS now a fixture, a fact to be reckoned with, in the affairs of Gladys and my friend Jim. She definitely informed the other fellow that what he desired could not be—could never be, she feared. Jim bought a photograph at a gallery and exhibited it to his friends as that of the finest girl in the State of Illinois, whom he hoped to make his wife within the year. He was very candid and explicit about the matter, gave her name, age, points of excellence, the color of her eyes, which was blue, and the story of his courtship, as long as one cared to listen. He frequently contradicted himself; but this was not noticed.

It served as an excuse for any eccentricities on the subjects of mixed parties, chorus girls, etc.

Of course there was much to pay when Gladys's mother discovered that Gerald had been eliminated. In the end Gladys was compelled to pour into the unsympathetic maternal ear a full account of Jim. It had little effect; but, along in the tail of the narrative, I was naturally brought to light. That was different.

Gladys's mother was a bit of a Puritan, in some ways, bless her, and one of her peculiar notions was that, under some circumstances, a kiss is as good as a parson's prayer.

I was examined with some care and found to be of actual and healthy proportions.

In the end the older lady advised that Mr. Jim be requested to appear and that he and Gladys talk the matter over calmly and dispassionately and see what could be done. He answered the summons on the following evening, looking rather haggard but unperturbed.

Miss Gladys gave him a sound rating, on general principles. Then she softened a little and told him the trouble I had been causing her.

Jim was sorry and sympathetic. He said, however, that I had been raising the deuce with him, as well, and he told Gladys that I had, in some mysterious way, apparently cost him his interest in the entire feminine sex. He said it was terribly inconvenient not to be able to like a girl or two, in a city full of charming women.

This consultation could have but one outcome, and I presently watched the transition of many kisses from the great host of "kisses to be" to the great host of "kisses that have been." But, with pardonable pride, I observed that none of them was to be compared to me. None of them was even half stolen. None was so long; nor did they come like the gale that scatters the petals of the rosebush. They grew quietly and orderly, from long glances, accidental touch, hand-clasp, and the necessities of conversation. Very well-behaved little fellows they were, in knickerbockers and white, turn-over collars, with their hair neatly parted on one side.

I have no cause to be jealous. I was not asked to take a back seat. In fact I was constantly in the lime-light.

I had the proud consciousness that I had done the whole thing myself and was responsible for every detail of this beautiful mess.

I was the first, the Stolen Kiss.

I trust I shall never cease to *have been*.



THE SWEET TOOTH



And why it is so keen



WHY do we always couple "sweetness and light"—with sweetness in the lead—as our highest conception of spiritual development? Why is it that in all literatures and legends "sweet" is invariably asso-

ciated with "sound," wholesome—the scent of flowers, the song of birds, the golden sunlight—with everything that is pure and fresh and sound? Why is a sweetheart the most delightful form of cardiac motor that can be begged, borrowed, or stolen anywhere? Why don't we say "sour as a May morning," "alkaline" as the breath of kine, "bitter" as the nightingale's song, "nutritious" as the new-mown hay? Because deep down, instinctively, in the heart of us, we feel, no matter what the preachers or philosophers or the health journals may say, that, to paraphrase Browning's defense of beauty,

If you get *sweetness* and naught else beside,
You get about the best thing God invents.

Nature's Stamp of Approval is Sugar

Sweetness is to the taste what beauty is to the eye—nature's stamp of approval and certificate of wholesomeness. It is one of the most universal flavors of foodstuffs known. Over one-half of our real foods taste sweet or sweetish—that is, they contain sugar in some form. About one-third taste salty; not more than one-tenth taste either bitter or sour. The experience of millions of years, reaching far beyond even our arboreal ancestors, has taught us beyond possibility of forgetting that, while there are hundreds of things that taste salty which have no food value, and scores of things that taste bitter that not only have no food value but are even poisonous; and thousands of things, like leaves and sawdust and cocoanut matting, which have no food value at all until advertised as breakfast foods, there are comparatively few things that taste sweet which are not real foods. A very few of these sweet-tasting things, while real foods, are also poisonous, but these we soon learn to detect and beware of.

It was only in comparatively recent years that we discovered and realized how exceedingly wide-spread sugar in some form was in all of our food substances. That universal and omnipresent primitive staff of life—milk—upon which every mammal that walks, or climbs, or swims, must begin its existence, whether it is to wear fur or bristles or clothes, whether it is to be carnivorous, herbivorous, omnivorous, or fletcherite, contains sugar as one of its three most important elements. Nor is this, as is popularly supposed, a mere trace, barely enough to give the characteristic sweetish taste of milk, but it is a full-blown member of the great trinity of nutrient materials, sugar (*carbohydrate*), meat (*protein*) and fat, and constitutes nearly one-third of the nutritive value of this liquid food—the best liquid food, it may be remarked in passing, that has ever yet been invented, the only one on which life can be maintained for prolonged periods; while the utmost ingenuity of the chemist and the manufacturer has never yet been able to produce another liquid food, no matter what it may shine forth as in the advertisements, which, bulk for bulk, is equal in nutritive value to milk.

Babies Insist Upon Having Sugar

Milk is literally liquid flesh, containing all our body stuffs in exactly the proportion in which they are required in childhood, and needing only

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON A.M. M.D.

a little sugar or starch added to be the same for adult life. It is the only Infant's Food on which infants will *live*, though they can be made to feed on a variety of others. The curse and cause of Infants' Foods is a vegetable product—starch, whose sole merit is its cheapness, and which has slain more innocents than a hundred Herods. Every animal, and, for the matter of that, bird or fish, whatever it may become in later life, gets its start as a meat-eater—a carnivore; and however well or ill adult human beings may be able to stand vegetarianism, if it were enforced in the nursery it would wipe out the human race in a single generation.

There can be few better illustrations of the impossibility—I had almost said absurdity—of attempting to draw hard and fast chemical lines through our menus than the distribution of sugar. Not only does the one food which we have all had to begin life on—milk—contain it in considerable amounts, and all our starchy foods, cereals, fruits, tubers, etc., depend upon it for their sole nutritive value, but every known meat, fish, flesh, fowl, or "gude red herrin'" also contains it in appreciable amounts, and some of them, such as liver, strange as it may seem, contain it in as large amounts as many vegetables or fruits. When we speak of "meat" or of the flesh of animals, we usually mean the muscles, which eons of experience have taught us to be the safest and wholesomest part of the animal body to eat, least liable to contain either disease germs or tomines. Every tiniest fiber of this muscle-stuff contains both glucose and a special sugar known as muscle-sugar, or *inosite*, whose presence gives the peculiarly sweet and juicy taste to the better cuts of beef, and the flesh of fat or young animals, which is more abundantly stored with this substance than that of old, lean, or hard-worked ones. Much of the dryness and tastelessness of game killed either early in the spring, after the long winter's famine, or in the tropics or on the plains at the close of a long period of drought, is due to the absence of this sugar, which has been burned up by the animal in the process of starvation.

We Like Sweets With Our Meat

Many savage tribes, having, perforce, to live, not upon the well-fatted and little-exercised beeves and wethers of our farmyards, but upon the lean, hungry, and everlastingly active and "India-rubbery" antelope, mountain goat, and jack-rabbit, not to mention coyote, mink, muskrat and other such "small deer," have formed the habit of cooking their meat and flavoring their stews with maple-sugar or honey, just as we would use salt or spices. Indeed, almost every civilized menu shows traces and survivals of this strange primitive mixture, such as applesauce with pork, currant jelly with mutton, cranberries with turkey, prunes with roast duck, mince meat; in Italy, pears with stewed veal; in Germany, cherries and strawberries in cabbage soup; in Sweden, raisins in meat stew.

This wide-spread prevalence of sugar in the muscles and other tissues of the animal body everywhere—the physiological reason for which we shall consider later—helps to explain the extraordinary prevalence of the sweet tooth throughout the animal kingdom. It is not perhaps generally known, except to those who have had much to do with wild animals in captivity or in their native haunts, but there is scarcely an animal of any class, not even the purest carni-

vore, which does not crave sugar in some form and can not be taught to eat it greedily. If it declines it at

first, it's because it has no smell. It must be tasted to be recognized.

It may be remarked in passing that this is simply another illustration of the biologic absurdity of an exclusive diet of any sort, whether vegetarian, fruitarian, "nutty-arian," or raw-fooder. There is no such thing in the animal kingdom as a pure vegetarian, all of us having begun on milk; not even the bird class, for every nestling is carnivorous—a grub, insect, or fish eater—and there is no such thing as an exclusive meat-eater, or carnivore, with the possible exception of a few blood-suckers like the weasel and the vampire bat.

Try Chocolate Creams on a Grizzly Bear

If you have any doubts as to the sweet tooth of wild animals, even including those that are usually classed as carnivore, or beasts of prey, just go to a patch of sand-cherries on the plains of Wyoming or Western Nebraska in the fruit season and look at the prints on the sandy soil under the little bushes, and if you know anything of woodcraft you will need no further evidence to convince you that this is the Waldorf-Astoria for half the surrounding countryside. The main web of the network of crossing and recrossing trails and footprints is made up of the tiny pads of prairie squirrels, marmots, jack-rabbits, and the like; but striding boldly across the pattern in every direction, you will find the Bertillon prints of scores of coyotes, of swifts or prairie-foxes, of mink, of skunk, and of badger, while if near enough to a box cañon or a pass in the foot-hills leading up to the mountains, you will find the big saucer-like print of the mountain lion, or the huge paw of the cinnamon, or the grizzly. A blackberry patch in the Adirondacks or a salmon-berry or salal thicket in the Cascades, the Siskiyons or the Sierra will show the autographs of every inhabitant of the surrounding woods and waters.

One of the most interesting developments in the chemistry of foods has been the discovery that not merely do all staple vegetable foods either consist chiefly of, or contain starch-sugars, such as the grains, nuts, fruits, etc., but that our pure animal foods: meats, fish, game, etc. (*proteins*), contain from twenty-five to fifty-five per cent. of their energy in the form of animal sugar (*glycocal*), or animal starch (*carbohydrate*). So that any diet which it is possible to discover in a state of nature contains considerable amounts of sugar-starch. This is interestingly shown in a most unexpected quarter by that serious and well-known disease, diabetes, whose most striking feature, of course, is the escape of considerable quantities of sugar from the body, through the kidneys. This, with perfectly natural but infantile logic, was first believed to be due to the eating of excessive amounts of sugar in the food; but this delusion was quickly exploded, as it was found that the sugar of diabetes came chiefly from the starch of the food. Our next "grammar-grade" step was therefore to cut starch entirely out of the dietary of the diabetic; but, much to our surprise, while this would for a time prevent the appearance of sugar, as the disease progressed the sugar would reappear, even upon a diet absolutely free from either sugar or starch in any form.

Stop Sugar and Watch Your Tissues Shrink

We were puzzled to know how the diabetic body could manage to make sugar out of meat,

until a more careful analysis of muscle fiber and the curd of milk showed that both of these pure proteid substances contained a large per cent. of starch-sugar and that the patient was also breaking down and burning up his own tissues in the desperate endeavor to replace the sugar cut out of his food. This was proved to be true both by weighing the patient and discovering that the loss of his body weight corresponded quite accurately to the amount of sugar which he excreted, and also by giving him large extra amounts of meat in his dietary and finding that much of the sugar-starch contained in it appeared as sugar in the urine. The real disease and fatal defect of the diabetic is, precisely, his inability to burn sugar; and his steady decline and almost certain ultimate death are a painfully vivid illustration of the importance of this food in the body.

So that this disease, which was long believed to illustrate the dangers of eating sugar, is, in reality, a most convincing proof of its importance and necessity as a food. Instead of depriving our diabetic patients of both starch and sugar completely, we now endeavor to increase their power of burning sugar, or by short "starch fasts" and by experimentation with other starches than wheat, such as oatmeal, rice, potatoes, soy-bean and various preparations of curds. Fortunately, some diabetics who can not burn more than very small amounts of wheat starch, in the form of bread, will be able to burn enough starch to keep up their strength, in the form of oatmeal or potatoes; and the so-called oatmeal-diet, both made into porridge, with large amounts of butter, are among our most useful means of treatment in diabetes.

Sugar Belongs to the Food Trinity

All of which clearly proves from a scientific point of view, what we have known by instinct for the last three million years, *viz.*, that sugar is a full member of the great Dietetic Trinity, the three great indispensable food substances: Meats, Starch-sugars, Fats (*proteins, carbohydrates, hydrocarbons*), without which no animal can maintain life or health. If any man is going to maintain an exclusive diet from which any one of these three food foundation-stones is to be omitted, in the first place he will have to do it on laboratory or factory products; and in the second place he will have to eat considerable amounts of his tabooed substance without knowing it—or admitting it in public—if he expects to continue on this mundane sphere. Perhaps on the other side of Jordan we may succeed in existing upon sugar-free, meat-free, grease-free, purin-free, or salt-free dietary, but never on this.

Now, what is all this sugar doing "in that gallery" of the muscle cell? All sorts of curious answers have been returned to this question. It was supposed to be a sort of storage product—the liquid capital of the body's savings-bank, like fat, or like starch in the vegetable. It was even put down as a waste product, and it was only a few years ago that the real purpose and importance of its presence was discovered. To put it briefly and roughly, it serves as the fuel for the muscle engine. Each of those tiny explosions, which we call a contraction, of muscle, burns up and destroys a certain amount of sugar, and as soon as the free sugar in the muscle has been used up, then that muscle is as incapable of further contraction as an automobile is of speed when its gasoline tank is empty.

Muscles of cold-blooded animals, like the heart of a tortoise, for instance, can be completely removed from the body and kept beating regularly, not merely for days, but even for weeks, as long as they are supplied with artificial "blood" to pump through themselves, consisting solely of a solution of certain proportions of salts and grape-sugar. While our muscle-engines can burn protein and, at a pinch, fat, yet it is pretty certain now that their chief and preferred fuel is sugar in some form. The best and most readily absorbed and combustible sugar is that contained, as we have seen, in meat, milk, etc. (*proteins*), but the starch of grains and the sugar of fruits is a pretty close second, though it is doubtful whether these alone can ever completely meet the fuel demands of the organism. Certainly every known animal and race of man has both his vigor and his disease-resisting power increased by taking part of his sugar-fuel in animal form.

Every Man His Own Sugar Mill

Practically, man, while preferring muscle *protein* and muscle sugar to all others, has always been both driven by necessity and led by instinct to draw a large share of both his *protein* and sugar-starch fuel from the vegetable kingdom. The greatest advantage of these vegetable foods is their cheapness, but they also possess certain other desirable qualities, such as forming paste products which help to neutralize those produced by meat and which, being thrown off by the lungs in the form of carbon dioxide, help to relieve the otherwise heavy burden of excretion thrown upon kidneys and skin. Both the bulk and the majority of the fuel value of every known human diet save that of a few hunting tribes, consists of starch in some form and every particle of this has to be turned into sugar before it can be utilized in the body.

A singular feature is that while practically every one concedes the wholesomeness, nay, even the positive virtue of starch, there is a strong popular prejudice against its twin carbohydrate, sugar. Sugar-eating—

candy-gorging—is denounced without stint both by mothers in Israel, hard-headed economists, and diet reformers of all classes. It is bewailed as the dietetic sin of the century, the cause of the decay of modern teeth, of the alleged decline of modern physique and vigor, the fertile cause of fermentations and putrefactions in the stomach and bowels, the shortener of life and precipitator of old age; while an alarming list of the ills of twentieth century humanity such as diabetes, gout, cancer, and nervous diseases are laid at its door. In fact, in certain circles it is berated almost as vehemently as a *fons et origo mali* as its second cousin, alcohol, is in others. This eager thirst for single and simple causes of multiple and complex evils is one of the pet obsessions of human thought. It invented the devil in primitive times, and the drink demon, the cigarette fiend, the meat-lust, and the sugar habit of our own day. While our denunciations of all these evils have unquestionably a certain amount of rational basis in fact, they have been and still are carried to absurd and injurious extremes.

The very authorities who are most vehement against sugar are at the same time, like most diet reformers of to-day, ardent and devoted worshippers of starch, every particle of which has to be turned into sugar before it can be utilized by the body—not cane sugar or beet sugar, it is true—but one equally subject to fermentations of all sorts and even more capable of giving rise to diabetes, premature old age, and the whole train of evils laid at its door.

The principal causes of this distrust and denunciation of sugar seem to be: first, because children cry for it; second, it is attractive to the natural appetite and may be indulged in to excess, and is therefore wholly bad; the familiar argument of the monk and the ascetic of all ages against the "lusts of the flesh," including the family affections and half the virtues; third, because it is new, and therefore to be viewed with alarm and suspicion, and promptly accused as the cause of any new or newly discovered disease which can not otherwise be accounted for.

Sweets Are Great Baby Savers

The first objection fortunately needs little attention nowadays. Powerful as it may have been in starting the prejudice against sugar, we recognized, years ago, that instinct, craving, an untaught preference for a particular thing or action always means something; indeed, we might almost say in Browning's phrase, that it "means intensely and means good" in nine cases out of ten. It is the crystallized result of the experience of thousands of generations, and while, like all other impulses, it must take its place in the parliament of instincts and submit to the rules of order of reason, in the main it is a safe and invaluable guide. The young, unspoiled human animal has a liking for sugar just as it has for sunlight, for fresh air, for play, for paddling in the surf and plunging in the stream, or for food when it is hungry and sleep when it is tired; and, subject of course to reasonable limitations, as wholesome as any of the others. This is precisely what our specialists in children's diseases, and broad-minded family physicians have been urging for decades past, and it would be safe to say that next to the banishment of starchy foods, gruels, and paps from the nursery and the substitution of pure, sweet milk, few things have done more to increase the vigor and happiness of modern children and to cut down our disgraceful infant mortality, than the free and intelligent use of sweet fruits, preserves, sugar, taffy, and butter-scotch in the nursery.

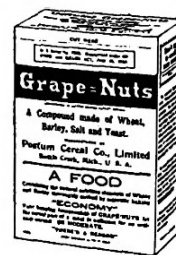
One of the earliest additions that is now made to the exclusive milk diet of a six months' old baby is the pulp of a baked apple, or the juice of stewed prunes, while sweet apple sauce, sweet oranges, bananas, and ripe fruits in their seasons are a regular and important part of all modern dietaries for young children. Nearly twenty years ago one physician-philosopher declared that if we would give children plenty of butter-scotch and taffy, they would need little cod-liver oil. And his prophecy has well-nigh been fulfilled already, for this "pampering" of the natural appetite of the child for sweet fruit, sugar, and candy, has resulted in very nearly banishing to the limbo of fecal medicine where it really belonged, that nauseous relic of barbarism, cod-liver oil and its twin sisters, rhubarb, quassia, gentian, and other bitters, whose principal virtue was their abominable taste. The diet of children has been far too much formulated in the past upon the simple and intelligence-saving principle of urging or even compelling them to eat that which they did not want, and depriving them of most things they did want.

The regulation of their physical food was, like that of their mental pabulum in formal education, conceived too much in the spirit of the nursemaid who, missing two of her young charges, sent another one in search of them with orders to "find Miss Flossy and Master Ralph, see what they were doing", and tell them they must n't! But fortunately we are outgrowing that sort of thing, and when we have completely done so, fully half of the prejudice against sugar will have disappeared.

The Cow and the Rabbit Lack Restraint

As to the second objection to sugar: that it is so attractive as to be easily indulged in to excess, it is

[Continued on page 463]



Brainy Men

know the importance of right food—even though they may not all be "food experts."

The Brain must be fed and Nature has stored up in wheat and barley, certain elements especially adapted to brain building.

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Grape=Nuts

has these elements, including the phosphate of potash, which is grown in the grains, and which is combined with albumen in the blood to form the gray substance in brain and nerve centers.

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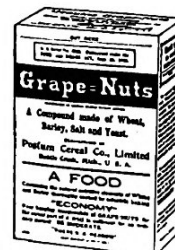
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Mrs. Curtis's



Home Corner

IN A school, which has attained high standing for its scholarship and moral training, the principal recently conceived an idea of once a fortnight bringing teachers and parents together for wider acquaintance, for an exchange of opinions, and a consideration of the problems that are better solved by cooperation of opinion than in any other way. Not only was criticism allowed, it was invited from both sides. These conferences developed into something so interesting, educative and helpful that it would be well if what was an experiment in one place might be made a National system. In many cases it fostered a friendship between teachers and parents that stood for more than social intercourse. A child is seldom his real self in school life any more than his mother is the real woman when she goes out into the whirl of society. One has to become intimate with a child at home to know him; it is there you see the prototype of the coming man, with his ambitions, likes and dislikes, and hobbies. Give the teacher who is sympathetic, who has not forgotten her own childhood, and who loves her work, an insight to her pupils' home life and the influence will be felt in a very short time. The boy who looks on the woman behind the desk simply as a teacher and disciplinarian, frequently accomplishes his tasks in a desultory fashion. When the teacher becomes "mother's friend" it is different; there is an incentive to work for something higher than a place on the roll of honor. Better, however, than a story of how the system works, are some of the discussions heard at the conferences.

"I BELIEVE," said one mother, "it might be a lesson to other women to know what acquaintance with my children's teacher did for me. I attended the first of these conferences more from curiosity than anything else. It was when I got into a quiet chat with one sweet-faced young woman about my little Julia that real missionary work began. The teacher found a way to my heart not only because Julia loved her dearly, but also because she had the nerve to do something so honest that it won my lasting regard and gratitude.

"Mrs. Jeffreys," she said suddenly, 'you are not up mornings, are you, when the children start for school?'

"I had to confess I was a very lazy person.

"I wish your nurse would take some motherly interest in the little folks," she said gently.

"I made her tell me everything. I listened to a story of how four little ones rushed breathless into school at the last minute or late, morning after morning. Frequently their faces and hands had no more than a cat lick for washing, hair was untidily braided, shoes half laced, frocks had hooks and eyes off, while underwear was sometimes so badly attached it dropped off in school. I went home feeling more ashamed than I had ever before been in my life. Next morning I was up an hour before the school bell rang. The conditions the teacher described were too true. I found the children sitting down to a badly served, helter-skelter meal such as was never served in my presence. Breakfast was hardly touched. That night a new woman took the place of the careless girl who had reigned in the nursery for two years. I began a supervision so strict that there was no chance to drop into careless ways. Every night I saw that the children's school clothes were ready, neat, clean, and in perfect order. The breakfast hour was set half an hour earlier, and I was on hand to eat with the little folks. That teacher worked a reformation in our home."

"AT THE beginning of a term," said one teacher, "a boy was turned over to me who had not won a friend among former instructors. He had the reputation of being utterly lazy, careless, and incorrigible.

"He does not care whether he knows his lessons or not," said his mother. 'He won't study and it does not worry him, no matter how bad his reports are.'

"I took a look at the boy whom even his mother had gone back on. He wore the expression that grows on any human being who has won a bad name. As I watched him, there was something in his face I liked. 'I'm not going to give him up as hopeless,' I said to myself. 'I mean to understand him anyway. I'll show him a teacher lives for something more than merely to drum lessons into her pupils and discipline them.'

"One evening I called at the boy's home. The mother

What Mothers Can Learn from School-teachers about the Care of Their Children

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

apologized because he had not touched his studies.

"He is simply beyond me," she explained fretfully, 'he is crazy over photography, it comes between him and everything else in life.'

"Never mind," I said, 'let the lessons go for to-night; I

want to see some of his pictures.' "The boy's face clouded, he obeyed my request unwillingly; his one fad had been so remorselessly treated at home, he expected no interest or sympathy from any one. I was amazed at the photographs he brought. I could see he was living in a little world of his own. He knew nature and the wild things of the woods and fields with an intimacy which he had not learned from books. He led me to his dark room, suddenly eager to show an experiment he was making with a new developer. We watched a plate grow into a wonderful negative.

"Next morning he astonished the class as well as myself; he had a perfect lesson. His mother told me later that he had set his alarm clock for five o'clock that he might study. Presently he proved his intellect was equal to that of any child in school. He had discovered suddenly that a teacher could be a friend. His mother also found a trail to her boy's intellect—and heart. As skilfully as I could I blended harder lessons with studies I knew he would enjoy.

"That happened years ago," added the gray-haired woman, "now that 'hopeless boy' is one of our leading scientists, and holds an honored place in a college where he is swaying hundreds of young lives toward useful careers."

THE subject of overdressed children was discussed at a certain gathering. "I had an experience," said a primary teacher, "which was more pitiful than funny; still it brought a laugh from even the little children. One morning I was telling a story about a little princess, a real little princess, who was so beautiful that some one called her 'Little Blue and Gold Sunshine.' My boys and girls were listening in perfect silence, for the story was almost like a fairy tale, when suddenly a little hand went up and a piping voice asked, 'Teacher, was the little princess as pretty as I am?'

"I was speechless for a minute. As I gazed at the pink-and-white, golden-haired, doll-like child, the pity of it swept over me; the pity of such thoughts in a baby's head, and pity for her future. It was one of the instances of the foolishness of a silly mother who, by overdressing, vanity, and adulation mars not only childhood but womanhood. It is such a mistake to deck a little girl in betrimmed frocks, with rings, lockets, bracelets and all sorts of silly baubles. If the child becomes a frivolous, vain, useless, selfish woman whose is the fault?"

EXCEPT on rare occasions the sight of children at a theater never made me do much thinking. Once, I remember, it perplexed me when I saw a mother with two half-grown boys beside her at a performance of "Ghosts." As I watched her thoughtful face, I concluded she knew what she was doing, and had a scheme of her own for making these boys pure-minded, clean, good men. At a conference between parents and teachers, however, it was a question that came squarely to the front. An attractive young teacher from the primary was the first one to speak.

"I want," she said, "to ask the parents here to make a vaudeville afternoon a rare occurrence instead of a once-a-week event. There is a little fellow in my room who every day of his life requires the most tactful discipline. He is not bad, indeed he is the sunniest, cleverest, most winsome little chap that ever blew into a schoolroom. In a way, he is exceedingly clever, for he was born a comedian. Sometimes he is so funny that it is harder for me to control myself than it is for me to control the children. When he came to school first it was straight from a country home and his fun was as sweetly unconscious as anything I ever knew. After a few months of city life the drollest stunts began to creep in among his antics. They occurred any time during study hours and often it was impossible to get the children back to work. He was so nimble that often I did not suspect a new prank played behind my back until there was a gale of laughter. The small entertainer was generally the only quiet child in the room; he returned my reproving gaze with the gravity of the Sphinx."

The World in a Nutshell

The MONTH in AMERICA

By the time these lines reach the reader, the tariff bill should be in President Taft's hands. We do not yet know what the tariff bill will be, nor what the Chief Executive will do with it.

What we know is that today the new tariff bill is as bad as the old Dingley law.

Up to Taft

The last ten weeks of tariff dicker-ing have proved one of the most disheartening spectacles in American political history. Republican and Democratic legislators have broken promises and maneuvered, and dickered, and bought, and sold. They have betrayed their constituents and have forsworn their honor, if they had any to forswear. Flashy and unimportant reductions have been blazoned with trumpets, while new big burdens have been created secretly in the silence of committee rooms. The Washington hotels and the Congressional lobbies have been filled with whispering gentlemen, and the wires have been hot with messages from the big financial interests. Only a few of the people's representatives have shown themselves true to their promises.

It looks now as though the matter were up to Taft. Seven millions of men voted for him in the hope that he would guard their interests against millionaire tariff grabbers. For ten weeks Mr. Taft has sat quiet. He has uttered no statement; he has given no sign. He is waiting, waiting until the deformed and vicious tariff law comes to him in the course of legislation.

We can well imagine what Mr. Taft's predecessor would have said and done during these ten weeks. Roosevelt would not have encouraged the tariff robbers by his silence. Roosevelt would not have kept quiet; Roosevelt could not have kept quiet.

It is a matter of temperament. The American people do not expect Mr. Taft to accomplish results after Roosevelt's fashion. All they ask is that he accomplish them. If the Angel of Grace and the Goddess of Justice do not speedily make their abode in the bosoms of Messrs. Cannon, Payne, and Aldrich, if the tariff grabbers present a bill at all resembling the present Senate and House measures, it will be the duty of the quiet man in the White House to veto the measure, and, if necessary, to reconvene the Congress in special session. It is up to Taft.

That July day is rapidly approaching when, in all probability, we shall kill and injure some two thousand of our young people in celebration of the Declaration of Independence.

The Villainous Cannon Cracker

It is the cannon cracker that is responsible for most of these casualties. Other forms of explosives and fireworks have their victims, but for wholesale homicide, combined with arson, there is no villain like the cannon cracker. In one year nearly fifteen hundred injuries, a number of them fatal, and a vast number of fires were directly due to this miscreant.

This year representatives of forty cities met in Pittsburgh to discuss means of making the Fourth of July less dangerous. Some communities have already forbidden the sale of high explosives to children. The time may not be far distant when pageants and athletic contests will take the place of shooting in the day's proceedings, and when mothers may look forward to our national birthday without dread.

It is unfortunate that the clash between the Georgia Railroad and its engineers and firemen should turn upon the matter of the employment of negroes. The question of giving the Negro a chance to earn his living as a fireman, or other skilled worker,

The Negro and His Job

is one of vital importance to the South and to the whole country. This is a question upon which the South itself is divided. While the majority of Southerners appear to believe that political equality for negroes is impracticable at this time, the mass of the people admit that upon the colored man's ability to get and keep a job depends the entire welfare of the South. Men on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line have seconded the efforts of Booker T. Washington to give to the Negro a sound industrial education. Southerners as a whole have striven to prevent negroes from migrating to the North, or from congregating in the densely settled black belts of the South. But if the Negro's occupation goes, the Negro, too, will leave. The industrial progress of the South depends absolutely upon the Negro's job.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has again decided that the American people do not know their minds. A law passed by the House and Senate, signed by the President, and approved by ninety-nine per cent. of the people, has been declared, not unconstitutional—that was not necessary—but just meaningless.

An Undecisive Decision

Here is the plain, old story. Formerly a man could own a coal mine in Pennsylvania and ship over any railroad line. He could make a profit and live. Then the railroads hit upon a rate so high that the independent coal operator was squeezed out. The railroads organized mining companies, and charged their own companies the same exorbitant rates they charged the independents. This was noble, but cheap, for the railroad company owned the coal company. It was simply taking money out of the trousers pocket and putting it into the vest.

After a dozen years of agitation, the people who wanted fair play (and most of us do want fair play) got a law on the statute books, in 1906, to meet this very case. It declared that it should be unlawful for any railroad to transport commodities produced by it or under its authority, "or which it may own in whole or in part, or in which it may have any interest direct or indirect."

The words seem rather plain, but the Court has held that the railroad has no interest direct or indirect in the coal, even though it owns the company that owns the coal.

We are having a hard time in regulating the railroads. When a law is constitutional, it does not mean anything, and long before a case is decided, the damage is done. Would it not be wise for Congress to forbid interstate commerce to any railroad that does not take out a federal charter, and live up to its provisions. Our railway franchises should be on the same footing with dog licenses. If the dog is not vicious, its owner is allowed to renew the license each year.



LATTER-DAY PATRIOTS

VIII. Joseph Weldon Bailey

When the nation was threatened with free lumber, he saw his duty and he grabbed it.

UNCLE SAM has decided to keep house scientifically. Hitherto he has kept his money loose in his trousers pocket and whenever a bill came in he took out a few millions and paid it, not even waiting for the change. Some people said this was extravagant, but Uncle Sam has such bulging pockets that you could not make him careful.

How to Keep House on a Billion a Year

Just now the old gentleman is hard pressed for ready cash, and he has turned his attention to economical housekeeping. Henceforth Congress and the President are to get together and agree on the bills. The Senate has created a Committee on Expenditures to guard against extravagance in appropriations, and the President has appointed a Budget Committee, composed of the Secretary of the Treasury and two other Cabinet members, whose work is to supervise all estimates of Government expense. Hereafter, the Director of the Mint, and the Marine Hospital, and the fourth-class postmaster in Bear Creek will not send in separate estimates and leave it to Congress to do what it will with each request, but the Administration as a whole will put its stamp of approval upon all proposed expenditures of all departments. This is a good plan. There should be economy in spending a billion a year, but not cheese-paring.

WHAT is populism anyway?

A few weeks ago a New York paper denounced Governor Hughes's direct nomination bill as "a flower of the populistic fancy." Speaker Cannon, during the attempt to revise the House rules referred scathingly to that movement as populistic.

A Southern Democrat, the other day, bitterly assailed William Jennings Bryan as a populist for his belief in Government ownership of railroads. Do these uses of the word show precisely what populism is? Not at all.

Populism

Populism, whatever it is, or is not, has been abroad in the land for a long time. Railroad rate regulation was populistic, insurance legislation was populistic, and the income tax law was a very bad case of it indeed.

Whenever, in the name of profits, three or four gentlemen with bank accounts like dirigible balloons and faces like asphalt pavements gather together over frugal eighty-seven dollar dinners to protest against popular legislation, the word populism has a very busy evening.

We think we have the secret at last. Populism is not a political belief, nor a religion, nor a disease, nor a breakfast food. It is an *epithet*.

In the progress of the country toward a broader and deeper democracy, men will propose laws for direct nominations, for initiative and referendum, for recall, for control and ownership of public utilities. If these proposals interfere with your happiness or your plans, and argument is distasteful to your refined nature, you need not despair. You can call these schemes populistic. There is always a chance that somewhere, with some doddering, simple soul, that will pass as argument.

WHEN the Senate in its great act of making a juggling performance look like a surgical operation, came to the lead schedule in the tariff bill, a most perplexing thing happened. Senator La Follette refused to vote on the ground that he owned stock in lead mines in Wisconsin. He did not think it was right, he said, to vote on a question in which he was financially interested. He

La Follette Makes a "Break"

thinks one should not let one's voting hand know what one's coupon hand doeth.

If you ever have made a bad "break" in a large room full of people you can imagine the embarrassing silence which followed the speech of the Wisconsin Senator. Senators Steel, Lumber and Railroads shifted uneasily in their seats and Senator Oil was visibly embarrassed. By common consent everybody stared hard at the vacant seat of lead-Senator Guggenheim and thus the situation was saved.

Senator La Follette's speeches are not distinguished for their tactfulness but there are those who say that they love him most for the "breaks" he has made.

THE moon has nothing to do with the growth of potatoes. This statement sounds about as self-evident as a commencement oration, yet, according to a recent investigation by the Department of Agriculture,

The Moon and the Potato Crop

seventy-five per cent. of our farmers have been planting potatoes and other crops according to the almanac. It is a very general belief that potatoes planted in the dark of the moon produce the best crop while the full moon variety are likely to "run to tops."

It seems a bit absurd to suppose that a respectable old moon like ours could find nothing better to do than to stay up nights ruining the potato crop. So Uncle Sam, who has an unquenchable curiosity in such matters, began poking into the moon myth and discovered that it deserved respect only because of its age. His Agricultural Department workers found that they could raise just as poor potatoes in the dark of the moon as in the light.

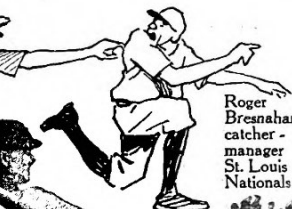
IN the April number, under the heading "Receivers for the State of Pennsylvania," we made the statement that that State is seventy-nine million dollars in debt. While the suggestion that Pennsylvania be declared bankrupt was, of course, not a serious one, it appears that we were in error in stating that the Commonwealth was in debt, the State Treasurer's report, just issued, showing a balance in the treasury. The journal which was the source of our information acknowledged its error, and we hasten to do likewise. The good people of Pennsylvania have enough to bear at the hands of their political ring without being burdened with an imaginary debt.

A Correction

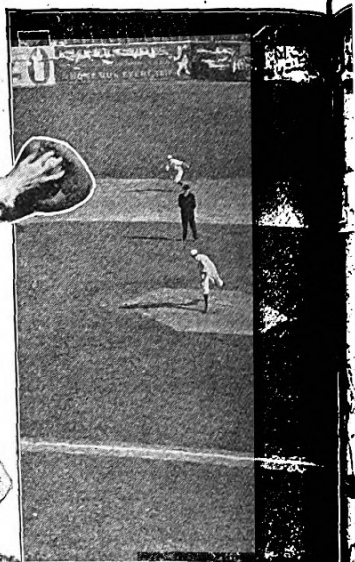
DEMIGODS OF THE DIAMOND



Frank Chance, who generated the Cubs through three successful campaigns

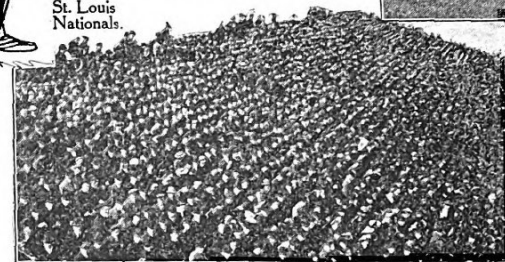


Roger Bresnahan catcher-manager St. Louis Nationals



Tinker, of the Chicago Nationals, is thinking some of making a three-base hit.

Tobacco Kid Elberfeld of the New York Americans.



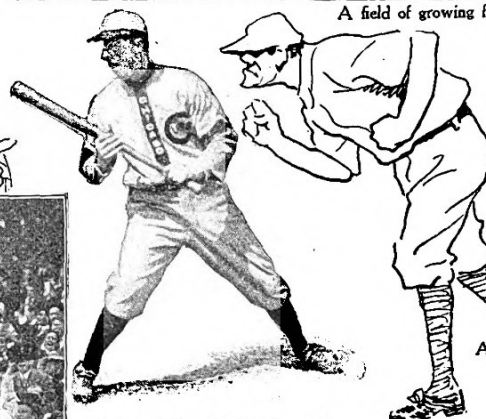
A field of growing fans.



Matty steaming them in.



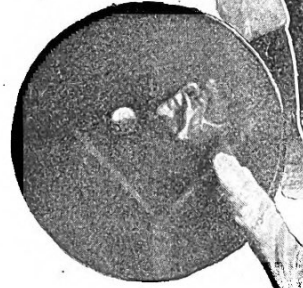
Midsummer madness. A local batman has just cleared the bases and almost ruined the chewing-gum sign.



Shulte, displeased with the umpire. (The next ball went for a home run.)



A Tiger who eats pitchers. Every Day to grow up and be a great man.



Three-fingered Brown, star pitcher of an all-star team.



Fletcher grabbing one over second.



Brown again. Doting Chicagoans call him Mordecai.

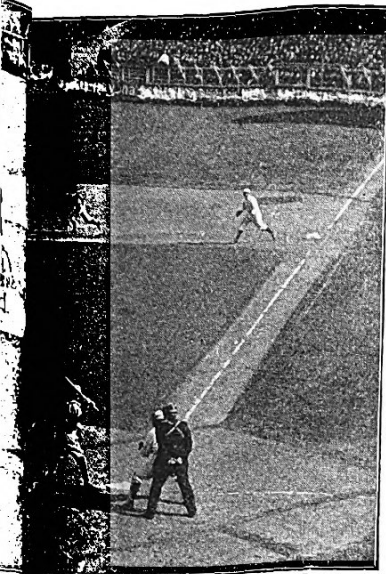


If they make better second basemen than Evers, where do they keep them?

Willie Keeler playing in his New York yard. Willie is thirty-six, but small for his age.



A Brooklyn Phil



This able-bodied pitcher's name is Bell, but the B on his shirt stands for Brooklyn.

Christy Mathewson of the Giants, mighty pitcher and author of the fade away.

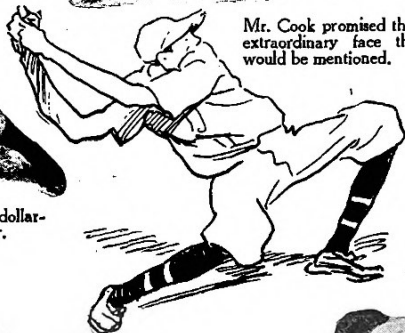


Spry old Tenny of the Giants thinks he is an aeroplane.

d-run play.



Marquard, the ten-thousand-dollar-beauty, putting them over.



Mr. Cook promised the owner of this extraordinary face that no names would be mentioned.



Honus Wagner, first in batting, first in fielding, and first in the hearts of Pittsburghers.

Spearing a high one. Hal Chase, famous Yankee, who gets everything around and over first base.



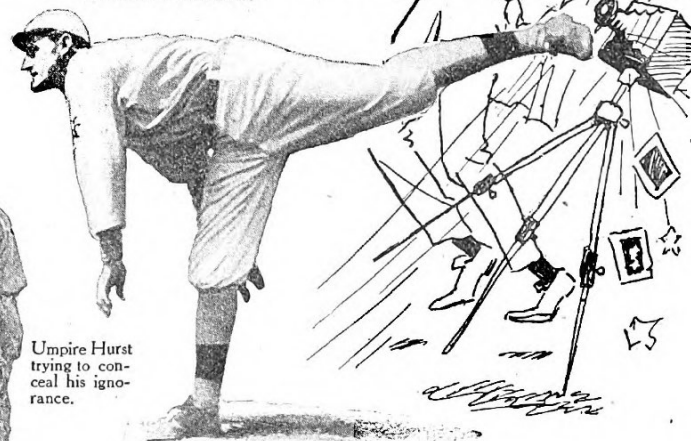
The umpire called him safe. This is Wagner of the murderous Pirate crew.



Chief Meyers of New York tribe—al Indian—not the store kind.

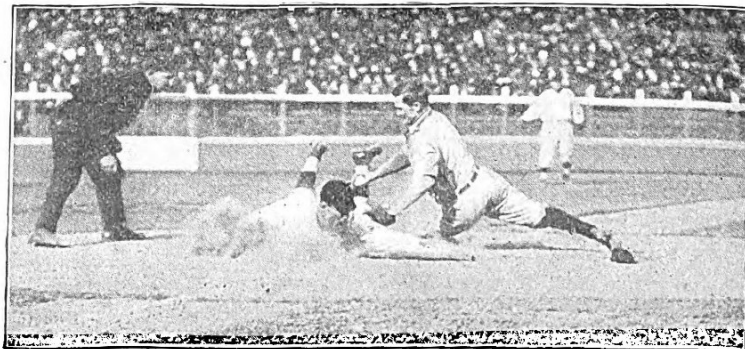


Schaefer committing a double play.



Umpire Hurst trying to conceal his ignorance.

George Wiltse, the human rectangle,—the Giants' left-handed star.



A close decision at the home plate.



The World in a Nutshell-continued



THE American railroad system changes while you wait.

You can see it grow. A decade ago the railways received only a billion and a quarter dollars from the patient people; hardly more than our annual national expenditure. Now they receive—

A Decade of American Railways

with fewer thanks—two and a half billions. Then the passenger traffic amounted to only 13.3 billions of miles for one passenger; now it amounts to 29.5 billions of miles. In other words, if one passenger were carried each week day from Des Moines, Iowa, to the sun, his journeying would fairly represent the distance daily travelled by passengers on American railroads.

Our freight traffic, too, is bigger. In one year we carried a billion tons of freight an average of two hundred and forty miles each. If each man, woman, and child in this country hauled each day five hundred pounds of freight a distance of thirty-two miles, they would not accomplish in the year the vast amount of carrying that the railroads perform.

The next ten years will show still greater progress. Many railroads will be rebuilt; others will be electrified. New road beds, new tracks, new stations, stronger locomotives, bigger and better cars—all of these are in the estimates of the next decade. And if the people stay awake and demand their rights, the whole vast engine of progress will be equitably and efficiently administered in the interest, not of stock jobbers, but of investors, employees, passengers and shippers.

"ARE you going to Seattle?" one New Yorker asked another recently.

"Naw," was the reply.

"Well," said the first one, rather anxiously, "somebody has to go."

The Far West on Parade

Probably neither of these "effete" Easterners could have told whether Seattle is on the Gulf of Mexico or in the Yellowstone National Park, and their view can hardly be taken as representative of public opinion upon the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. Yet there is little doubt that the country is rather tired of expositions. Jamestown learned this to its sorrow, and perhaps Seattle will not find the people so "fair minded" as they were in 1893.

Yet, if there is apathy, it will be through no fault of Seattle's. The exposition, judging from printed and illustrative matter, is extensive, varied and impressive. The press agent himself could not do justice to the natural beauty of its setting. It exploits the vast area west of the 99th Meridian, a region of resources, and of opportunity, and of strong appeal to the imagination.

WHILE Uncle Sam may justly regard himself as a canal builder of no mean ability, he is not to have a monopoly of the ditch-digging business. Our neighbor on the north has also some large ambitions in that direction. The Canadian Government proposes to build a ship canal four hundred and forty miles long, from Montreal to Georgian Bay.

Canada's Big Canal

A considerable part of this route lies through lakes and rivers, but even with such assistance from nature it is estimated that the proposed canal will cost the Canadian Government one hundred million dollars.

The advantage to be derived from connecting Montreal with Lake Huron by navigable water is obvious. The constantly increasing agricultural output of the Canadian Northwest demands cheap transportation to Atlantic ports. Some day it will be possible for freight steamships to make the trip all the way from Lake Superior to London without change of cargo and with a saving of eight hundred miles over the present route.

There is no denying the fact that the Georgian Bay Canal, when completed, will seriously compete with our own waterways, notably that from Lake Erie to the Hudson River. Far-sighted Americans, however, will console themselves with the thought that whatever contributes to the prosperity of our nearest neighbor will, in the long run, contribute also to ours.

SOME one has defined the pessimist as a man who, of two evils, chooses both. If we are to believe the pessimist, life on this planet is not worth living, and, anyway, the planet is not going to last. Soon the food of the world will give out, and we shall all starve, and the only hope that the pessimists grant us is that we shall all freeze before that time, because of the grasping Coal Trust and the exhaustion of the coal supply.

Coal and Optimism

We do not take much stock in pessimists and do not waste our time in listening to them. We always find that the inevitable evil never happens, and somehow

the human race does not starve, freeze, or kill itself off, but manages to get out of more scrapes than it ever ought to have gotten into. And recently our optimism has been wonderfully bolstered up by a report of the Geological Survey.

That report tells us that there are still two thousand billions of tons of unmined coal in the United States, worth more, at seven cents a ton, than all our National possessions; enough, at our present rate of consumption, to last five thousand years and a great many years more. Decidedly, we shall not soon freeze.

The wonderful thing about this is the boundless, measureless generosity of Nature. She is like the fairy godmother who gives whatever we ask. Let us use up one of her gifts, and we stumble upon another. When the English exhausted their forests, a new fuel, coal, was discovered. The coal had always been there; only the knowledge of it and of its use was new. When, finally, the coal-bed is depleted, we shall doubtless draw our heat and our power from the waves of the sea, from the sunlight, from forces undreamed of, but which exist, even now, before our unseeing eyes. It is not Nature which is narrow and cramped, but our own minds.

The MONTH ABROAD

FOR eighteen centuries the Jews have wandered on the earth, a people without a country. In Spain, in England, in France and Germany they have multiplied and flourished, only to be driven forth again.

More than half the Jews in the world are to-day in Russia, and there they are persecuted, are despoiled and murdered, so that life has become impossible and unendurable. With the exception of America the gates of the world are locked against the Jews, and even in America there seems to be no room for all the millions of the Jewish race who now live in Russia.

For many years the Jews have been dreaming of a return to Palestine. But the land that once flowed with milk and honey is now largely a barren waste, and there is no room there for new millions. A plan to settle the Jews in East Africa also came to naught, because the country was unfitted for anything but snakes and chameleons.

A proposal has now been made to settle the whole Jewish population of despotic Russia in Mesopotamia, in the fields watered by the Euphrates. There is plenty of land there, and the Jews who, in eighteen hundred years, have not forgotten that they were once farmers, could build there a great and flourishing nation. But there are difficulties. Merely to irrigate the land would, according to Mr. Jacob Schiff, cost two hundred million dollars, and other hundreds of millions would have to be spent before this great race-moving could take place. But the Jews who have waited for fifty generations may bide their time for another generation or two, and in the end the Jews may return to the land from whence they once sprang, and find an opportunity to live a free, expanding life.

A PARISIAN journal has pointed out that Europe is skimping her schools to provide for her armies. The money that should go into school books is being spent on drill books, and instead of building kindergartens, Europe is erecting fortresses. France spends five times as much on her army as upon her schools; Germany three times as much; Austria and Russia, four and a half times, Belgium twice, and Italy nine times as much. Only one European country, Switzerland, spends more for education than for military preparation.

War or Education

The prevailing system is vicious, foolish, short-sighted. When the stolid Russian peasants fled from before the keen-witted Japanese, it was said that the schools and not the armies of Nippon were responsible for the victories. A dollar spent in schools makes a nation more formidable than two dollars spent in cannon, for the weapon of to-day is worthless to-morrow, while the education of to-day prepares the citizen and, if needs be, the soldier of the future.

Teaching the young idea how to shoot is better patriotism than buying gunpowder.

AMERICAN telephone subscribers are familiar with the uses of the central switchboard operator for the dissemination of news. Any good-natured operator will give one the time of day upon request, and in the smaller towns one can often find out where the fire is, and whether or not they have caught the man who broke into Squire Miller's barn. But it has remained for Budapest, way off in telephonically barbarous Europe, to make the completest use of the telephone as a news bureau.

A Telephone Newspaper

The scheme is a news service, which is turned on at stated times throughout the day. In the morning the day's program is announced, so that the subscriber may take up his receiver and listen whenever the things that he is interested in are on tap. There are hours for stock quotations and business news, parliamentary news and weather forecasts. In the late afternoon café music is turned on and in the evening, opera. Thus does the Budapest telephone company make eavesdropping and gossiping on the wire a source of profit to them, as they charge their patrons \$7.31 per year (2 cents a day) for this service. It is as if the whole city were on one party wire with everybody listening to what is going on.

It is not likely that America will soon adopt the Budapest plan. With our newspapers coming out every hour, our "tickers" with business and sporting news, and our omniscient, all-wise American "hello" girls, the need is fairly well met.

THERE is an ugly muddle in Porto Rico just now. The little island which fell into our possession as a result of the war with Spain has been governed, under the Foraker Law, by a House of Delegates, corresponding to our House of Representatives, popularly elected, and by a Governor and an executive council, directly or indirectly appointed by the President of the United States.

Are We Making Good in Porto Rico?

It is not a democratic rule. The Porto Ricans have very little to say in their government, since all the laws proposed by the House of Delegates may be vetoed by the American Governor and his Executive Council. The only power in the hands of the Porto Ricans is the right to withhold appropriations.

President Taft has now proposed that this power be taken away from the Porto Ricans. If the House of Delegates refuses to vote appropriations (as they have just done), then the Governor, the President thinks, should be empowered to collect, again, the appropriations of the year previous. This may be necessary—but it is certainly undemocratic and tyrannical. It is taxation without representation. It is a contemptuous over-riding of the wishes of a subject-people.

We have done something for Porto Rico, and much for the American trusts which run Porto Rico. But how has it come to pass that, after ten years of our benevolent rule, the Porto Ricans hate the Americans a hundred times more than they ever hated the Spaniards?

THE German scare is still the thought and talk of London. "War without a moment's notice," says the Earl of Clanwilliam, "will be the fate of England. Germany will swoop down upon the mother country some Sunday morning and devastate and capture everything. There is nothing to prevent this." Of course if the Germans treacherously invade the country on a Sunday morning while all England is at church, nothing terrestrial can save the devoted little island. But, after all, a German invasion might require more than one short morning for its preparation and consummation.

The French Baby and the German Baby

Meanwhile the German scare has recrossed the channel, and returned to its native home—France. At a session of the *Chambre des Communes* held on March 29, post cards were distributed among all the members illustrating the condition of Europe in 1950. France was represented as large as life with 40,000,000 inhabitants, while Germany had grown so that it extended from the North Sea to the Adriatic and from the Rhine to the Black Sea, and its population had increased to 250,000,000. "The situation," says Professor Gide, the brilliant French economist, "is sufficiently serious, as the population of Germany is increasing, even now, at the rate of a million a year, while the French population is stationary."

What Professor Gide cries out for is not Dreadnaughts but babies. Unless the French stork brings more babies to French households the German babies will move into France, turn France into a German-speaking country, and finally complete with cannon the peaceful conquest begun with immigrating infants.

According to Professor Gide, France expects every mother to do her duty.

[Continued on page 477]

Pin-Money Papers

TO MAKE OLD TINWARE LOOK LIKE NEW, put it in a boiler and cover with water to which you have added a tablespoonful of lye.—MRS. P. A. MITCHELL.

PUT SHEETS THROUGH THE RINGER (crosswise) by the selvage instead of by the hem. They will iron easier, having no crease along the edges.—E. A. W.

EVERYBODY KNOWS SALT-WATER BOILS at a lower pressure than fresh. Put salt into the water when you cook puddings or brown bread in covered molds. This saves quite an amount of gas.—MRS. C. F. S.

TO MAKE A BABY'S hair curly, start treatment at birth. Use a soft hair-brush and always brush "against the grain"—that is, brush the hair upwards toward the front of the head instead of down. Occasionally rub the scalp with vaseline.—H. E.

IF MOTHERS REALIZED the enjoyment a baby takes in a hand-mirror, they would lay aside any superstitions on the subject. I had a twenty-five-cent hand mirror with a wooden back. It was the first article my baby learned to pass from one hand to the other.—D. B. B.

TO ERADICATE RED ANTS that congregate by thousands in the flour and sugar, remove the contents of your kitchen cabinet and scald it thoroughly. Replace the contents, move the cabinet from the wall and tie around each leg strings of yarn that have been saturated in turpentine. Saturate them several times a week and the ants will disappear.—M. F. A.

NEARLY ALL HOUSEKEEPERS have suffered from a terrible burning sensation after preparing green peppers. I find that if the hands are well greased with lard it will entirely prevent it. Also, in stuffing them, instead of tying the cover on, which takes so much time, press down tight and run a toothpick through the pepper.
E. P. LANSING.

FRUIT-JAR COVERS may be removed from the jar by filling a small pan half full of hot water, inverting the jar in it, and letting it stand a few minutes. The cover can then be easily removed and is as good as new. By the old method of inserting a knife under the rubber, the cover is often bent and will cause the loss of fruit if it is used again.—MRS. ELLA B. G.

OUR KITCHEN FLOOR IS OLD and very uneven. Oil-cloth put over it, even though laid on papers, would show cracks and holes. Last year I took fine sawdust and filled the uneven places with it until the floor was level; then I put newspapers over that and laid the oil-cloth. After a year's wear it is as good as when put down.—M. A. T.

A PRACTICAL REMEDY TO HAVE on the medicine shelf is a bottle of collodion. When a burn or cut occurs, wash the wound quickly and pour on a drop or two of the collodion. The effect is instantaneous. An artificial skin is immediately formed over the hurt. The collodion is a strong disinfectant, so the sore heals rapidly and no further discomfort will be felt.—J. A. W.

THE BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL kitchen towels can be made from bean sacks purchased from the groceries. I get two sacks for twenty-five cents, and each sack makes two large towels. Cut the sacks across the end and down each side. Fringe and knot the ends. Then hem the sides. You have four nice large towels for twenty-five cents, which is cheaper than any towels you can buy, and they last much longer.—M. T. H. A.

WHEN DARNING STOCKINGS I use black Saxony yarn on cotton and wool hose alike. It makes a nice soft darn, does not turn gray like cotton, and has the advantage of filling in fast. I also use a darning that is hollowed in at the top instead of being rounded. Mine was turned for me at a wood-working shop and I have never seen one like it at the stores; but it is a great improvement on the usual kind.—K. E. Masters.

THE ZINC FROM WORN-OUT WASHBOARDS should be saved and burned in the stove, to free the chimney from soot. Every two or three months, when stoves are in use, is often enough to clean them out in this way. The zinc should be placed on a bed of hot coals and the doors of the stove tightly closed. When clinkers form on the lining of the range they should not be knocked off with a poker; that cracks the soap-stone. A dozen large oyster shells should be burned in the range once a week; then the clinkers loosen and drop off.—F. M. S.

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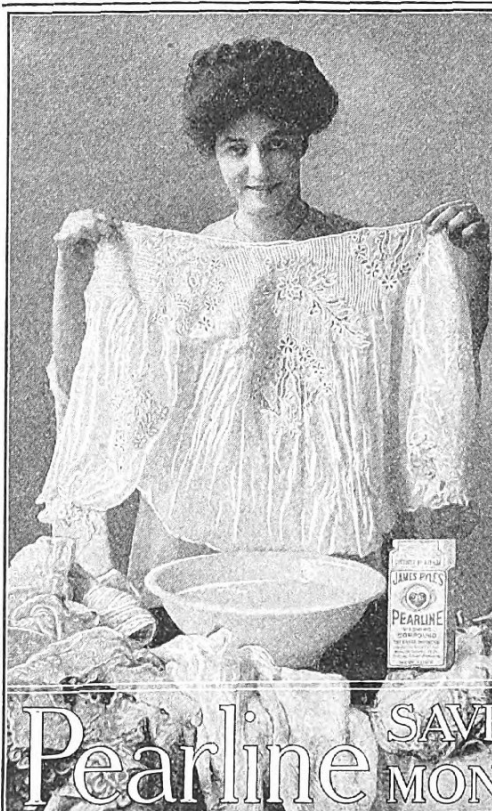
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The Sky Man

[Continued from page 444]

By four o'clock, however, they had decided that, whether or not the sky man's story might be true, it was high time to send a relief party ashore to find the lost ones. There was a good deal of necessary consultation about who should go. Clearly it would be folly to send a party of three or four on such a mission. They must carry, in the first place, rations sufficient not only for themselves, but for those they expected to find. They must be strong enough, in the second place, to overcome this mysterious, unknown band of refugees, supposing such a band to exist. To form such a party would take practically every able-bodied man remaining on the yacht, and there was, naturally, some demur to this.

But Tom settled the matter. "I can't go ashore on account of this confounded ankle, and Jeanne, of course, will stay here too. But everybody else can go. Jeanne and I are enough to defend the yacht. Even supposing there was a party of twelve murderous ruffians ashore there, armed with darts and throwing-sticks, they can't get aboard the yacht without putting off in boats. She's as good a shot as I am. We'll keep a brisk lookout, and if we see any piratical expedition setting out to capture us, we will be able to account for the whole lot of them before they can hope to reach the *Aurora's* side.

"That's all right while the light holds out," his father assented rather dubiously; "but suppose we don't get back until after dark—it's likely enough we won't."

"Well, we've a search-light, haven't we?" said Tom. "Besides, nobody but Jeanne has the slightest idea that there's any one within five hundred miles of us who wishes us harm. There are only ten to go if we two stay here, and considering the amount of rations you will have to carry to be of any service as a relief party, it will be an absurdity to go out with fewer than ten. Trust us. We'll deliver the yacht, intact, when you get back with them."

At five o'clock, accordingly, the relief expedition went ashore and Tom Fanshaw and the girl were left alone on the yacht.

Two hours later, perhaps, after they had eaten the supper which Jeanne had concocted in the galley, they sat, side by side, in their comfortable deck chairs, gazing out across the ice-floe. The evening was unusually mild, the thermometer showing only a degree or two below freezing, and here in the lee of the deck-house they hardly needed their furs.

They had sat there in silence a long while. Tom's promise that they would keep a brisk lookout against a possible attack on the yacht had passed utterly from both their minds. It was so still—so dead still; the world about them was so utterly empty as to make any thought of such an attack seem preposterous.

Finally the girl seemed to rouse herself from the train of thought that had preoccupied her mind, straightened up a little, and turned for a look into her companion's face. But this slight movement of her body failed to rouse him. His eyes did not turn to meet hers, but remained fixed on the far horizon.

A moment later she stretched out a hand and explored for his beneath the great white bearskin that covered him, found it and interlocked her fingers with his. At that, he pulled himself up with a start, and abruptly withdrew his own from the contact.

She colored a little, and her brows knitted in perplexity. "What an odd bear you are, Tom," she said. "What's the matter to-day? It's not a bit like you to sulk just because we disagree about something. We disagree all the time, but you've never been like this to me before."

"I always told you I was a sullen brute when things went wrong with me, although you never would believe me," he said. "I'm sorry."

"I don't want you to be sorry," she told him; "I just want you to be a few shades more cheerful."

He seemed not to be able to give her what she wished, however, for he lapsed again into his moody abstraction. But after a few moments more of silence, he turned upon her with a question that astonished her. "What did you do that for, just now?"

At first she was in doubt as to what act of hers he referred to. "Do you mean my hand?" she asked, after looking at him in puzzled curiosity for a moment. He nodded.

"Why—because I was feeling a little lonesome, I suppose, and sort of tender-hearted, and we'd been about half quarreling all day, and I didn't feel quarrelsome any more, and I thought my big brother's hand would feel—well—grateful and comforting, you know."

She was curious as to why he wanted the explanation, but she gave it to him unhesitatingly, without the faintest touch of coquetry or embarrassment.

"I can't remember back to the time," she continued, "when I didn't do things like that to you, just as you did to me, and neither of us ever wanted an explanation before. Are you trying to make up your mind to disown me, or something?"

He dropped back moodily into his chair without answering her.

After a little perplexed silence she spoke again. "I didn't know things were going wrong with you. I

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did n't even suspect it until this morning, when Uncle Jerry said—

"What!" Tom interrupted. "What does the governor know about it? What did he say?"

"Why, nothing, but that you were playing in rather hard luck, he thought, and that I was to be nice to you. Is the world going badly—really badly?"

"Yes." That curt monosyllable was evidently all the answer he meant to make. At that she gave up all attempt to console him, dropped back in her chair and cuddled a little deeper down under her bearskin, her face, three-quarters away from him, turned toward that part of the sky that was already becoming glorious with the tints of sunset.

"You've never had any doubt at all, have you, that I really deserved the job of being your big brother; that I was that quite as genuinely as if I had been born that way?"

"No," she said; "of course not, Tom, dear. What put such an idea into your head?"

He paled a little, and it was a minute or two before he could command the words he wanted to his lips. "Because of my hopes, I suppose," he said unsteadily; "because I had hoped, absurdly enough, for the other answer. You asked me in a joke a while back if I meant to disown you. Well I do, from that relationship—because I'm not fit for the job; because—because—I've come to love you in the other way."

She looked at him in perfectly blank astonishment. He would not meet her eyes; his own, their pupils almost parallel, gazed out, unseeing, beyond her.

"But, Tom," she cried, "you can't mean that!—O, yes, I know you mean it, but it's only a temporary aberration. It can't be more than that! We've known each other from the time when we were quite small kids—yes, I was a kid as much as you; no politer term would describe us. We've always loved each other, and played together, and spatted and plagued each other, and made up again, and relied on each other to see us through each other's scrapes, and pointed out each other's faults, and gloated over each other's whippings. We've got more civilized of course, now that we've grown up, but the relation is really the same. There can't be any romance about it; no mystery about me for you. You can't possibly love me like that!"

"Can't I?" he said. "Can't I? Will you give me the chance and see if I can't? Love you? I love you so that the touch of a stray lock of your hair drives me half mad! So that the sound of your step makes my heart stop beating; so that the sight of little commonplace objects that happen to have an association with you—things that I don't realize are associated with you at all until they bring up with them a picture that has you in it—make a lump come in my throat!—And when you caress me with your hands—!" He flung out his own with an impulsive gesture that finished the sentence; and then clutched them tightly together, for they were trembling.

Slowly her color mounted until she felt her whole face burning. "I didn't know," she said. "You should n't have let me go on thinking—"

"I didn't know, myself, until to-day," he interrupted her stormily; "I didn't know I knew, that is. But when I saw you put your hands on that rascal Cayley, I wanted to kill him, and in that same flash I knew why I wanted to."

Turning suddenly to look at her, he saw that she had buried her face in her hands and was crying forlornly. "Oh, I am a brute," he concluded, "to have told you about it in this way."

"What does the way matter? That's not what makes it hard. It's loving you so much, the way I do, and having to hurt you. It's having to lose my brother—the only brother I ever had."

There was a long, miserable silence after that. Finally he said: "Jeanne, if you do love me as much as that—the way you do, not the way I love you, but love me anyway—could you—could you—marry me just the same? I'd never have any thought in the world but of making you happy. And I'd always be there; you could count on me, you know."

"Don't!" she interrupted curtly. "Don't talk like that, Tom." She shivered, and drew away from him with a little movement somewhere near akin to disgust.

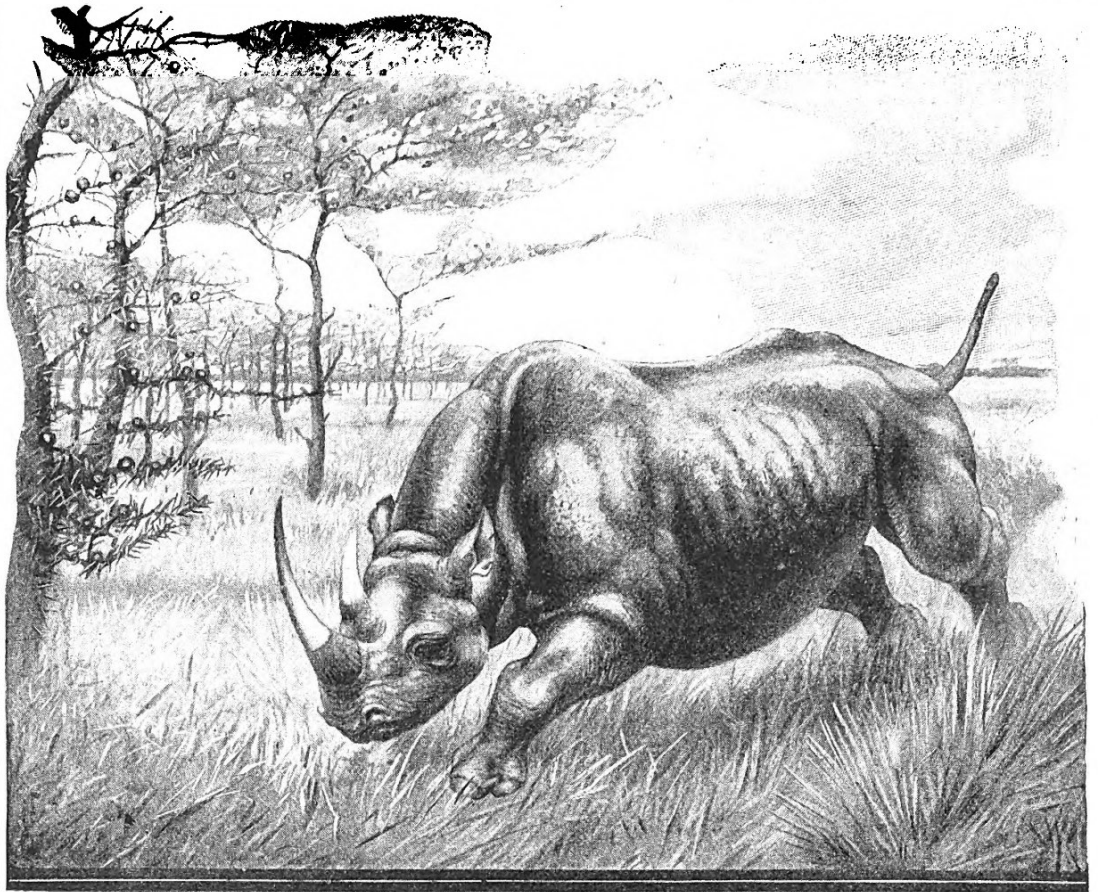
He winced at it, and reddened. Then, in a voice that sounded curiously thick to her, curiously unlike his own, he asked a question: "If I had told you all this a month ago—told you how I felt toward you, and asked you, loving me the way you do, to marry me just the same, would you—oh, I suppose you would have refused—but would you have shuddered and shrunk away from me—like that?"

"Did I shudder and shrink away?" she asked. "I didn't know it. I was n't angry; I'm not now. But—but that was a horrible thing you asked of me."

"Would it have struck you as horrible," he persisted, "if I had asked it a month ago?"

"Perhaps not," she answered thoughtfully. "I've changed a good deal in the last month—since we sailed away from San Francisco and left the world behind us—our world—and came out into this great, white, empty one. I don't know why that is."

"I know"—he was speaking with a sort of brutal intensity that startled her—"I know. It's not in the last month you've changed; it's within the last



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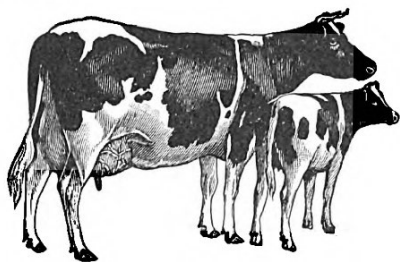
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twenty-four hours; it's since you saw and fell in love with that murderous, lying brute of a Cayley."

"I don't know," she said very quietly, "whether you're trying to kill the love I have for you—the old love—or not, Tom; but unless you're very careful you'll succeed in doing it. I don't think I want to talk to you any more now, nor even sit here beside you. I'm going to take a little walk."

He held himself rigidly still till she had disappeared round the end of the deck-house. Then he bent over and buried his face in his hands.

What the thing was that roused him to his present surroundings he never knew. He was conscious of no sound, but suddenly he sat erect and stared about him in amazement. It had grown quite dark. It must be two or three hours since Jeanne had left the chair beside him and announced that she was going to take a little walk.

He spoke her name, not loudly at first, for he thought she must be close by. But the infinite silent spaces seemed to absorb the sound of his voice. There was no sign that any sentient thing, except his very self, had heard the words he uttered. Then he called louder.

It was not until he raised himself stiffly and clumsily from his chair that he realized that it was more than dark; that the atmosphere about him was opaque with fog.

He groped for the heavy walking-stick which leaned against the arm of his chair, and with its aid hobbled slowly along the deck. His damaged ankle was held rigid in a plaster bandage. Though the pain in it was less, he found locomotion difficult.

As he opened the door at the head of the companion-way he called the girl's name again; and this time the absence of any answer frightened him a little, though he tried to reason himself out of his fears. She had gone below, no doubt, to her own stateroom, and with the door shut would hardly hear him. But he had no thought of accepting that explanation without investigating further. Even if she were there and quite safe, he did not want to let another quarter-hour go by without finding her and asking her forgiveness. What-ever else might happen in this world, Jeanne Fielding must not be made unhappy. If only he could have perceived that cardinal fact in the universe a little sooner!

The steps were rather difficult to negotiate, but by using both hands to supplement his one good foot, he succeeded in creeping down them and then in making his way through the corridor to the girl's door.

He knocked faintly first; then louder, and finally cried out her name again, this time in genuine alarm. He tried the door, found that it was not locked, and opening it and switching on a light, perceived that the stateroom was empty.

Standing there, utterly perplexed, unable either to guess at the girl's possible whereabouts, or to construct any plan for finding her, he felt a sudden rush of relief on hearing the soft scrape of a boat against the accommodation ladder outside. It might be Jeanne. If it were not she, it was some one from the shore party, in which case a search for her could be begun in earnest by those whose powers of getting about were unimpaired.

He heard footsteps crossing the deck overhead. No, that could not be Jeanne; it was a very heavy tread, a curious, shuffling tread.

He closed the door behind him. Then he limped slowly down the corridor toward the foot of the companionway. The heavy tread was already descending the stairs.

He turned the corner, stopped short and gasped. And that was all. There was no time even for a cry. He had caught one glimpse of a monstrous figure clad in skins, huge in bulk, hairy-faced like a gorilla.

And then the man or beast had, with beastlike quickness, lifted his arm and struck. And Tom Fanshaw dropped down at his feet, senseless.

[To be continued in August]

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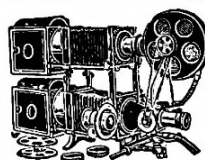
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The Sweet Tooth

[Continued from page 449]

merely necessary to remind ourselves in the quaint phrase of old Ben Jonson:

But sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds,
Lillies that fester, smell far worse than weeds—

and that the more powerful a thing is for good, the more potent it may be for evil if carried to an extreme. It is certainly one of the chief ethical advantages of the starches that nobody but a cow or a rabbit would be tempted to indulge in them to excess; but to cut out of our dietary or even discourage the use of all substances which are highly appetizing and seductively attractive, is simply a form of slow suicide. Yet this is the keynote and fundamental principle of the crusade of our diet reformers against meats and sugars. The practical result of cutting out or limiting the sugars and meats in our diet is to diminish its total amount, and such temporary or imaginary benefits as may follow are the results of a polite form of mild starvation.

Children may eat too much sugar and they may also stay too long in their bath tub, or in the creek when they go in swimming, or get tanned or a headache from playing too long in the sun, or chilled by staying too long in the open air; but is that any sound reason why they should be deprived of sweets, sunlight, baths, and fresh air, or discouraged from indulging in them? All that is needed is a little common sense regulation and judicious supervision, not prohibition, or denunciation. Most of the extraordinary craving for pure sugar and candy, which is supposed to lead the average child to inevitably "founder himself" if left to his own sweet will and a box of candy, is due to a state of artificial and abnormal sugar starvation, produced by an insufficient amount of this invaluable food in its regular diet. Children who are given plenty of sugar on their mush, bread and butter, and puddings, a regular allowance of cake and plenty of sweet fruits, are almost free from this craze for candy, this tendency to gorge themselves to surfeit, and can usually be trusted with both the candy box and the sugar bowl.

Bearing False Witness Against Sugar

The last ground of prejudice against sugar, that of its newness, is interesting from several points of view. There is no more favorite and irrepressible delusion of the human mind than that this particular age in which we live is a degenerate one and that the rising generation is an especially striking example of that fact. Every time that a new disease is discovered—discovered just as America was by Columbus, it was there all the time only we had not the sense to recognize it—every old wiseacre lifts up his voice to the effect that: "We never had nawthin' like that when I was a boy." And since for a new phenomenon a new cause must be discovered, he usually proceeds to promptly accuse one of "these here new-fangled foods."

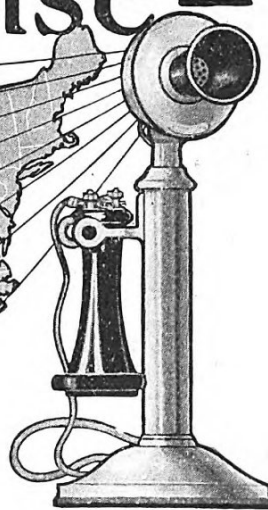
Thus, our modern abundance of fruit and preserves is confidently brought forward as the cause of appendicitis. Tomatoes are gravely accused of being the cause of cancer, the cigarette of every variety of youthful depravity; and sugar as the fruitful mother of a whole brood of diseases and degeneracies. The process has been going on ever since the ark landed on Ararat and has not a particle more basis in fact or solid common sense, than it had when it began. Incidentally, as a matter of fact, sugar is *not* a cause of modern degeneracy or shorter life, or increasing "onhethyness" for the simple but sufficient reason that the present generation is taller, healthier, and longer-lived than any that has ever preceded it. Its abundance and cheapness is one of the causes of our improved and improving modern physique.

However there is just this trifle more actual basis for dread of a possible excessive indulgence in sugar in these modern days, on this ground. That is, that whereas formerly sugar could only be secured in a very dilute form as a flavoring element in milk, fruits, grains, and the juices of certain plants, it can now be obtained both cheaply and abundantly in pure concentrated form. In a rough way, the sugar refinery and the growth of the cane and beet-root industry have done for sugar what the still has for alcohol—concentrated it and thus rendered over-indulgence more easy. Sugar, unquestionably, is a surprisingly modern luxury, and it is hard for us to realize sometimes that, up to about one hundred and fifty years ago, almost the only concentrated or pure form of sugar available was honey or dried tropical fruits, like figs and dates, or in certain districts, maple sugar. It was, emphatically, a rare and expensive luxury—in the days of King John "six lumps of sugar" were recorded as a royal present—and it is quite possible that an appetite for it whetted to the keenest possible edge by such rarity, might, if not watched and moderated, lead to excess.

No Child Was Ever Born with a Taste for Tobacco

But there is this fundamental difference between the craving for sugar and that for "sours," acids, vinegar, pickles, etc., alcohol, and for other keen flavors and highly attractive luxuries, that it is a real food of very high food-value and very promptly and readily absorbable, which none of the others are, except in small

The Sixth Sense— the Power of Personal Projection



An American's sense of projecting himself far beyond the skies and hills of his forefathers is largely responsible for his self-assurance—for his mental vigor and the progress which this has meant.

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degree. As we have seen, this violent craving for sugar, leading to excess, largely disappears in children when their healthy demand for it is supplied by a proper mixture with their foods; while no child yet has ever inherited or been born with a taste for alcohol, pickles, tea, coffee, or tobacco. One of the greatest values of sugar, apart from its high steaming power, is the rapidity with which it can be absorbed and burned in the body engine. The careful and exhaustive researches of Lee, Mosso, Harley, and Schumburg showed that there was no food which would restore working power to fatigued muscles of both men and animals, as quickly and effectively as pure sugar. Indeed, it was suggested by Professor Lee that tired business men, carried beyond their regular lunch hour, would find a few lumps of pure sugar one of the best of temporary restoratives and "pick-me-ups," far superior to alcohol. This is probably the reason why some individuals, when fatigued, will retain an appetite for sweet things though they have almost completely lost it for anything else.

Indeed, the rôle and importance of sugar as a rapid reliever of fatigue is one which we are only just beginning to appreciate, and which goes surprisingly far already. It has been incorporated into the most hard-headed, cold-blooded, matter-of-fact diet on earth, the German army rations, especially the "forced-march" emergency ration. No other food of its bulk can take its place. It is the belief of careful observers of men, particularly in the tropics, that the larger the amount of sugar, and sugar-containing foods they are supplied with, the less alcohol and other stimulants they will crave. For instance, the United States Government now buys the best and purest of candy by the ton, and ships it to the Philippines, to be supplied to the canteens and messes, finding that its use diminishes the craving for native brandy; and it has long been a matter of comment from thoughtful observers that the amount of drunkenness of a race or class is in inverse ratio to the amount of sugar it consumes.

Sugar Is to America What Liquor Is to Europe

There is less drunkenness in America than in any North European country, and the first thing that strikes a European of intelligence on landing in this country is the extraordinary abundance and multiplicity of candy stores, ice-cream parlors, and venders of sweets, fruits, and "hokey-pokey." In Germany, for instance, it is considered unmanly to confess to a taste for sweets. It seems not impossible that the well-known anthropologic fact that drunkenness is a function of temperature, that only the Northern races, roughly speaking, are drinkers to excess, while the Southern races are comparatively temperate, may be connected with the fact that the South and the sub-tropics are the home of abundant fruits and vegetables rich in sugar, such as grapes, figs, dates, bananas, yams, sugar cane, etc. Fruits and nuts, until within the last fifteen or twenty years, scarcely entered into the regular diet of the working and lower middle classes of Northern Europe, save for a few weeks in summer, while they have always formed an important staple the year round upon the tables of the Italians, the Spaniards, and the Greeks. It is not unlikely that the almost universal and devoutly to be thankful for lack of craving for alcohol in children and in women, is due largely to the sweet tooth possessed by them and their indulgence in candy, cakes, fruit, ice-cream, and sweetmeats generally. Certain it is that our most careful students of social problems are coming to the opinion that an abundant and well-cooked dietary, with plenty of variety in it, especially in the form of fruits, sugars, cakes, and creams is, combined with plenty of wholesome recreation and sensible amusement, the best antidote known for the alcohol habit—indeed, together they are steadily undermining it all over the land. In fine, a taste for sweets, while it should be indulged like everything else, in reason and moderation, instead of being repressed, should be cultivated, indulged, and broadened, as one of our most valuable tendencies, not only on hygienic but also on moral grounds.

More than fifty years ago it was declared by the warden of Millbank, one of England's great convict reformatories, that he had always hope of the reformation of a criminal, no matter how violent or apparently depraved, so long as he retained an appetite for apple pie!

The days of innocence and the sweet tooth seem closely linked together!

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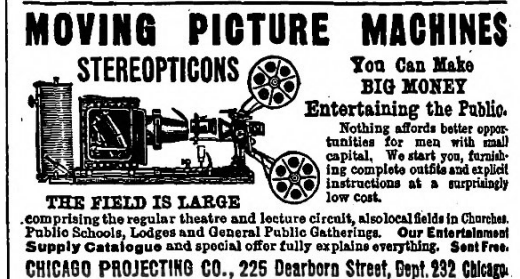
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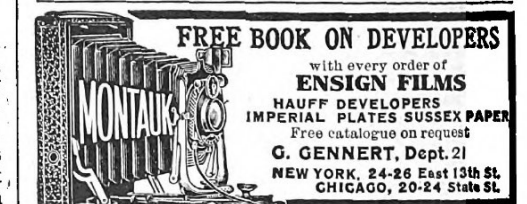
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By Minerva the Enchanting

[Continued from page 435]

"I won't be a fool!" But because Stephen had always had his way, not because, consciously, he had admitted a point in love's favor, he did go back again, to order her to come into his business.

Lucy waved some sketches before him. "I'm making gowns, gowns, gowns! Mrs. Fuller has engaged all of my time until Easter. Mrs. Fuller says I am a genius." She laughed and sang a snatch from a song, "So, fine sir, fame woos me."

"Mrs. Fuller has engaged you to make dresses?"

"Yes, to make dresses, and I'm to have a girl to help me." Lucy paused, "Now that I'm to have some to keep, will you keep my accounts for me?"

"That is always the first question," said Mrs. Harry, "So this is where those famous Fern gowns are made?" No one knows our old Feeding Dale except for that."

"Is the man a native?"

"The man! The man is a petite, large-eyed, gay, courteous little genius of a woman. She adores her work, makes every one of the designs, and does nothing else but that, except pet her family. Everything she puts her pencil to turns to something beautiful. She thinks making so much money is a great lark—I don't know that it has ever struck her more seriously than that, but it has her husband. Mr. Gray is quite different. He would n't know a beautiful thing if he saw it, but he does understand the ledger from A to Z. You know, their gowns go all over the world."

Mrs. Fuller told in detail, of that morning five years before, when she had first gone to Lucy Fern's. "I suspect," she continued, "that she had not had much to eat for several days. Isn't it like a romance? Now she owns the beautiful old house in which she lodged. She has restored it and much enlarged it. Each year she designs two of her prettiest gowns for her dear old mother, dresses her children like angels, leads her father around by the hand, as if she were three and he thirty, bullies her husband, whom she considers the real genius, and is busy from morning till night. When you go into that house, the happiness of it rises to greet your ears like the hum of bees. Everybody adores her, or, out of self-respect—like that Mrs. Dodge Penny—pretends that she does."

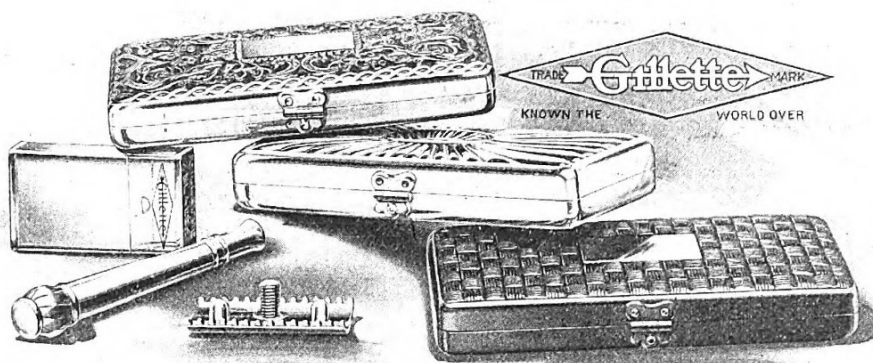
The First Air-Ship

With the whole world watching the flights of the Wright Brothers, Zeppelin, Farman, and a host of other aeronauts, it is interesting to turn back to a chapter in air navigation which has an almost tragic element in it. As long as twenty years ago, Professor Langley began, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, his experiments to master the air. Like all those intrepid souls who dare to do what never has been done before, Professor Langley, a man honored by the scientific bodies of Europe, was laughed at and harshly criticized for trying to do what Darius Green and so many others had tried to do and failed.

William Thaw, the father of Harry Thaw, was one who, instead of laughing at Professor Langley, told him to go ahead with his experiments and he would "see him through." And he did, to the sum of fifty thousand dollars, with the result that these experiments, although conducted twenty years ago, gave to the world the knowledge which workers in the field of air-craft to-day recognize as basic for their mechanisms. Professor Langley was the first to believe that a machine could, by purely mechanical means, resist gravitation, and without gas sustain an aerodrome above the ground. In connection with Professor Langley's work another well-known man was instrumental in furthering it. Through the efforts of Theodore Roosevelt, who, in 1898, was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, the Government voted fifty thousand dollars for Professor Langley's experiments, conducted on the Potomac River, near the capital. These experiments proved a disappointment. The areoplane flew for seventy feet and then fell, sinking below the waves of the Potomac. Professor Langley was so hurt by the criticism that followed his exhibition, that he never did anything further with his invention, although he died secure in the belief that he was working along the right track and that he could have easily made his "craft" live up to his claims for it.

To-day he is vindicated, and his machine, which for years has been neglected in an out of the way corner of the Smithsonian Institution, is regarded with serious consideration. Many view it scientifically, while many more, remembering its progenitor, regard it with a sentiment that is in sharp contrast to the ridicule and censure that was meted out to him only a few years ago.

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And soon there're miles of smiles;
And life's worth while
If you smile."



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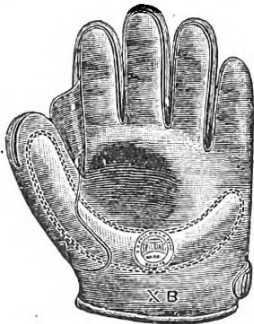
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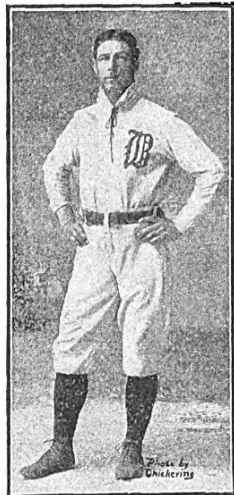
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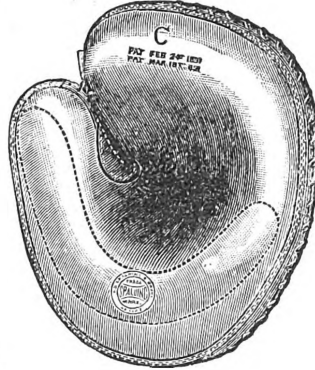
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Shirt Sleeves at Foreign Courts

[Continued from page 432]

Schurz, Bayard Taylor, James Russell Lowell, Charles Francis Adams, President Angell, Andrew D. White, and John Hay—to stop short of the complete roster—is entitled to some considerable degree of respect.

Great Diplomats Are Not Courtiers

As a simple matter of fact no other nation has ever sent abroad a body of men so distinguished and eminent as those who have honored the diplomatic service of the United States.

It is certainly true that every one of these great poets, lawyers, soldiers, and statesmen had to be instructed

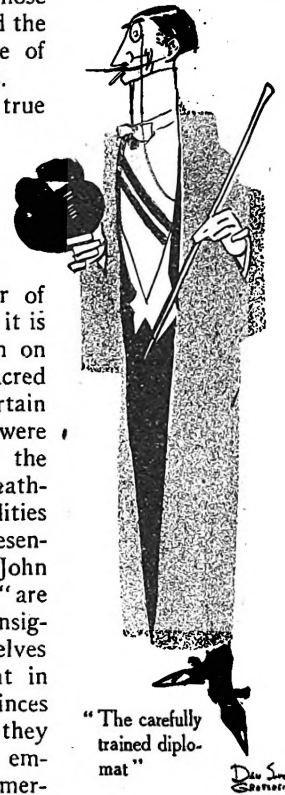
as to the number of back handsprings it is necessary to turn on entering the sacred presence. It is certain also that they were vastly bored by the foolish fuss and feathers. "The formalities of these court presentations," wrote John Quincy Adams, "are so trifling and insignificant in themselves and so important in the eyes of princes and courtiers that they are much more embarrassing to an American than business of real importance. It is not safe or prudent to despise them, nor practicable for a person of rational understanding to value them."

After old Hannibal Hamlin had been presented at the court of Spain he wrote to his son: "I think you would have laughed heartily to have seen your plain republican father toted along with all those trappings of royalty."

The carefully trained diplomats sent abroad by foreign countries—where diplomacy is a regular profession—are, on the other hand, letter perfect as to gymnastic and sartorial details of their jobs. Born with the mildew of caste in their veins, they glory in the triplicated kowtow and gloat over the backward glide.

Diplomacy, the French say, is the art of tying one's necktie and, under that definition, foreign diplomats are its masters. But in handling men, in adjusting really important affairs, in promoting international amity and understanding, in dealing with those quick crises which are the true test of diplomacy, the wider training, the broader outlook, and the more diversified experience of the American ministers made them unequalled.

Meanwhile the stupidity or the cowardice of Congress—statesmen are welcome to the choice—which was responsible for the creation of the ambassadorial rank without providing funds for its support, will stand in the way of applying either possible remedy to the impossible situation. And so the American people must continue to sponge on the private fortunes of ambitious millionaires, who are anxious to buy for themselves and their families some temporary glitter and glory abroad, until the National Legislature either makes suitable provision for ambassadorial support or—quicken and inspired by the living memory of Abraham Lincoln—returns to the old ideals of republican simplicity.



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HOW YOU CAN EARN \$300 OR MORE A MONTH

One box ball alley costing \$150, took in \$513 the first fifty-one days at Sullivan, Indiana. Two other alleys costing \$365, took in \$1,372.95 in five months. Four large alleys costing \$840, took in \$1,845.20 in fifty-nine days, more than \$900 a month. Why not start in this business in your own town? Both men and women go wild with enthusiasm; bring their friends, form clubs and play for hours. Players set pins with lever—no pin boy to employ. Alleys can be set up or taken down quickly. Write for illustrated booklet explaining **EASY PAYMENT PLAN.** Send for it today.

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Cities That Pay Dividends

[Continued from page 437]

coaches, the jolly hunting, riotous gambling, plays, monstrous palaces, gardens, necklaces, and mistresses of the tax-eating gentlemen of the time.

That fifty million dollars is also a melancholy waste of human life. Dr. W. H. Allen calculates that the income of the obvious excess paid for government in New York City last year, by twenty-five thousand owners of real estate "would stamp out not only tuberculosis, but typhoid and diphtheria, besides establishing a few universities."

According to the census it cost, in 1905, to run the one hundred and fifty-four cities of the United States which have over thirty thousand population, \$570,000,000. Receipts from all sources, not including \$81,251,000 new borrowings, amounted to \$494,000,000. That is, the corporate payments exceeded the official revenues by seventy-six million dollars.

Every City is Fundamentally on a Paying Basis

There is not any doubt whatever that the reverse should be true—that that \$76,000,000 deficit ought honestly to have been the excess revenues. Cut off the "waste," the "extravagance," do away with the "three glasses of Pilsener" school of auditing, and then see to the collection of all proper revenues, and these one hundred and fifty-four cities—who can compute to what incredible point their cost of government would be reduced?

Do people know this, and does it "seem like saying an undisputed thing" to assert that with proper management of the business end, many a community besides New York could, by 1925, be exercising all essential functions "without a cent of taxes"? Is it mere fantasy that there might be cities here and there which could pay dividends?

Of course, every city is fundamentally, so to say, on a paying basis. Just the advanced values in lands, for which growth in population is the lone factor to be credited, would carry on a municipality. Nothing now in a city's gift is so precious as a privilege in its streets—but nearly all the cities continue to let the bosses and their associated grafters treat streets as "spoils" and as means of personal enrichment.

Bearing upon obvious possibilities, the latest balance-sheet of Glasgow's municipality-owned and operated tramways shows receipts of \$2,030,165; and after deducting every charge, interest on capital, sinking-fund, income tax, and depreciation, renewals and "payment to the common good," there is a net balance—a clear income—of \$184,665. Huddersfield, having reduced the average fare to two and four-tenths cents, turned into the city treasury, last year, a net surplus of \$31,700; Manchester, with an average fare of four cents, a net surplus of \$714,880. In Germany, forty-five cities own and conduct their gas works, electric power plant, abattoirs, bath-houses, etc., and ten of them their street railways. Gas works alone produce an annual net surplus of \$7,500,000 and electric plants, \$2,800,000.

Street-Railway Franchises at a Dollar Apiece

Contrast such results with the timid and niggling efforts of American cities to take revenues from street railways. Birmingham collects only \$1,100 annually from street-car companies "for each new block of paving;" Jacksonville, Hartford, Denver, Mobile, and Little Rock, about \$2,500 each for the use of the streets; Wilmington, \$220; Macon, \$7,000; Atlanta, \$5,286; Indianapolis, \$33; Louisville, \$325; Covington, just across the Ohio River from Cincinnati, \$7,500; New Orleans, \$250; Kansas City, \$114,000; Syracuse, \$2 outright for two street-railway franchises; Baltimore, \$352,000; Nashville, \$8,000; Seattle, \$32,000.

Chicago, newly stirred to civic interest, has just found it possible to obtain from two principal railways about \$1,217,000 a year, exclusive of \$150,000 taxes.

Here is a source of natural revenue to cities which only the darkest conspiracies long withheld from them. Franchises in streets, privileges to supply light, heat, power, transit, by means of wires, pipes, poles, rails—only within a few years has it been undisputed that they "differ in no essential respect from land-sites." In the streets are erected the means of conveyance; on the land accommodations for living and working. In both cases, the monetary return, whether from buildings, wires, or cars, grows with and is due to, the growth of the city.

You may learn the value of a public service franchise by subtracting the cost of replacing the plant from the market value of the securities. New York's franchises have been thus estimated at \$450,000,000; Cleveland's, at twice the cost of reconstructing the plant. In Toledo a five-million-dollar railway marketed twenty-two million dollars in stocks and bonds. Seven traction companies in Chicago, owning a plant appraised at forty-five million dollars, had issued nearly three times that in securities.

Of sardonic point is the securing of a street railway franchise in St. Louis for \$250,000 in councilmanic bribes, and its immediate sale to a New York syndicate for \$1,250,000!

The municipality did not receive a cent of this.

Boston is Kind to its Public Service Corporation

Very few communities get suitable revenues, if any, from private use of areas above or below the streets. Within three years Chicago has been demanding payment for vaults, passages, pipe galleries, etc., under, and for awnings, porticoes, bridges, projecting signs, and all electric signs above street levels. The price is determined by a Department of Compensation. Last year four hundred thousand dollars was collected from such privileges. From turning over useless streets and alleys to such uses as a railway terminal the yield, in 1907, was two hundred thousand dollars, the price being the same per foot as that for which the abutting private land is held. Stub ends of streets, storage of paving material in highways—numerous forms of privilege which used to be among the perquisites of politicians, now pay direct to Chicago's treasury.

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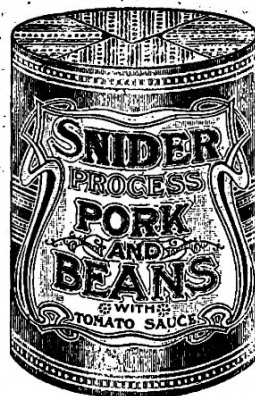
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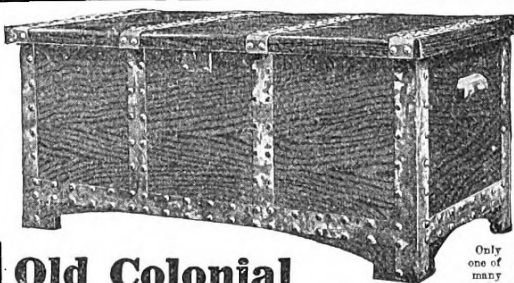
Try a can and note how comfortable one feels after eating beans prepared as they should be.

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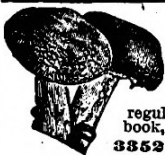


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Consider the admirable effrontery with which private companies and corporations not only deny us our proper community payments but levy tribute upon us:

"Of the total seventy-four million dollars of debt which the city of Boston is carrying," said the mayor of Boston, the other day, "I believe it fair to say that thirty million dollars represents the expenses of special benefits which should properly have been paid by the persons and corporations which have enjoyed them. Of our yearly expenditures, out of appropriations and loans, I am convinced that we are giving away at least one million dollars of services of various sorts at the expense of the whole people, the charges for which should be borne by a special and limited class. Of this amount the larger share is absolutely what we are giving away, year after year, to the public service and other corporations of the city."

Where the Private Water Company Comes In

"William the Conqueror, with his grants of manors, towns, and cities to his retainers becomes a stinting miser when the intrinsic value of his gifts to his followers as compared to what the average American city is giving away in these present days. The only point of similarity is that in both cases the gifts are being made at the expense of the rightful owners."

After this, one must confess that the seventy-six million dollars annual deficit by the larger cities appears to be scarcely half the actual sum of the annual official "waste" in government. If Boston is giving away one million dollars every year, what can be the total of the free special benefits yielded up to corporations and individuals by the one hundred and fifty-three other cities, always leaving out the secret rake-off of the governing hands from vice and crime?

Fifty of the greater cities still let private water companies furnish them an element which is sister to the air. This, notwithstanding that net profits from municipal waterworks in the others, every cost and investment and depreciation reckoned out, was, in 1905, \$15,923,631. Los Angeles, in five years of waterworks ownership, reduced the cost of water to one-third of what San Francisco pays, and out of profits expended four million dollars for the benefit of her own people.

Roads are made of crushed stone and streets of asphalt, bricks, wood or granite blocks; yet only Auburn, New York, is running its own quarry and crusher, and Detroit alone is doing its own asphalt paving.

You would not doubt that laying the dust of pavements belonged as surely to the functions of a municipality as sweeping the pavements. Yet, at last reports, scarcely one-seventh of the largest cities did their own sprinkling.

Slums Wiped Out at a Profit

Port Arthur, in Ontario, a town of about forty-five hundred inhabitants, has been doing things for itself. It has been running its own lights, railways, telephones. Impelled by some beneficent purpose, corporation interests spread doubts against the self-sufficing little town's credit. Chartered accountants examined the books and lately reported that waterworks and sewers had been paid for out of the five years' profits of telephones, railways, and lights, and that "after providing in every case for debenture interest and sinking-fund," there remained a net surplus balance of \$112,537.94.

So the actual average yearly net profit for the little community of forty-five hundred souls was \$25,770, equivalent to a dividend of thirty-seven dollars for each head of a family of five.

Numerous cities have taken up a means of reducing expense which arouses much less opposition than municipal operation from "vested rights." That is "excess condemnations."

By condemning, for parks, public buildings, streets, or approaches to bridges, more land than is actually required for the specific improvement, the city itself is enabled to profit by the increased worth of adjacent property which such improvement is bound to engender.

Fancy what prodigious funds would have been saved for the common needs had cities preserved to themselves the wealth immediately arising from the location of new public buildings, new parks, new plazas!

Through one of the most tangled and squalid of city districts, London lately cut a broad new thoroughfare, King's Way. Parliament authorized the municipality to acquire bordering property. This was replotted. Values leaped; and the city, from ground rents and receipts from reselling, constructed this remarkable improvement with but little expense to itself.

Glasgow and Birmingham have reconstructed immense unsanitary areas—fifty-six acres and ninety acres respectively—by the same economical process. Out of the \$11,500,000 expended by Glasgow in widening twenty-five old streets, providing twenty-nine new streets, and modern tenements in place of the death-dealing ones which had been dwelt in by fifty thousand people, only two million dollars at present remain to be provided from increased valuation. For similar reconstruction in Birmingham, of the annual expenditure for interest, sinking-fund, and maintenance, only ninety thousand dollars needs to be raised by taxation. Income from rents provides the rest. Presently the entire indebtedness will be wiped out.

How Cities Create Wealth

No hardship is worked by excess condemnations. The land-owner gets a fair price and the general community a reduction and final extinction of the expense of betterments.

Nothing else known to man creates wealth in land so rapidly as a modern city.

For "every babe that is born, every immigrant entering the city to adopt it as his home, every genius seeking opportunity, adds something to this revenue, this increase in land values, that is daily and hourly, by night as well as by day, responding to the city's growth." Mr. F. C. Howe, who sets it forth thus eloquently, further points out that no act of the owner originates this value. Nothing he can do will add to or diminish it. Fire can not destroy it. Rains can not impair it.

In Manhattan, land has risen in value from a few glass beads and ribbons to nearly four thousand millions of

dollars. In Chicago, a quarter-acre valued at twenty dollars, sixty years ago, is now worth \$1,500,000.

Such fabulously great community-made riches have "nourished and bred the few to the hurt of the many." One-fourth of Philadelphia is owned by one-tenth of one per cent. of the population. In Boston only eight per cent. own homes; in Chicago, eleven per cent.; New Orleans, seventeen per cent. A very small proportion of the inhabitants are proprietors of the rest of the sites. Everybody knows that Manhattan Island is held by an absurdly small number of persons—scarcely two per cent. of the citizens own their homes—and that of the great landlords, the greatest are expatriates.

Conserving the Wealth Which the Community Creates

It is, perhaps, too much to expect that these holdings may now revert to the communities. But if communities were ambitious to receive dividends, instead of paying tremendous taxes, they could, like some three hundred German cities, claim more of the annual increment.

Ten years ago, the German government, on acquiring control of Kiaochau, in China, levied there a tax of six per cent. on land values. Home cities began to adopt the practise. Now three hundred of them, including Berlin, Breslau, Cologne, Frankfurt, Dusseldorf, Hanover, Magdeburg, Charlottenburg, Essen, Aix-la-Chapelle, have gone far in intercepting, for the purposes of the community, a part of the huge wealth which the community itself has created. By taking from one-quarter to one-half of one per cent. of selling values, these cities "have been able to remit all other direct taxation."

No less an economist than John Stuart Mill declared that justice to society, as well as to the land-owner, would permit the city to take all future increment. No hand would need to be laid on present value, and no tax at all. Just the annual advance in its worth would be sufficient revenue for almost any city—and the private land-owner, would still be undisturbed in his receipts. For illustration: here, from the last census, are some annual increases in assessed valuations contrasted with ordinary yearly expenditures in different cities:

YEAR'S VALUATION INCREASES	YEAR'S EXPENSE PAYMENTS
New York, \$155,641,972	(1909 budget) \$156,000,000
Pittsburgh, 7,437,000	5,300,000
New Orleans, 9,280,000	3,600,000
St. Louis, 10,874,000	10,300,000

Only one American chartered city possesses all its lands. It is Fairhope, on Mobile Bay.

Catch Your City Young, and Guard it from Exploitation

Three or four Iowans settled on a sandy beach to experiment with a city without taxes. As others joined them, the settlement formed a legal corporation—quite as the ancient Romans in Britain did—for the purpose of regulating domestic policy and administering powers of government; and as a means of checking up government by public opinion, the initiative and referendum was instituted.

After fourteen years Fairhope is thriving happily. Land is owned by the corporation, which is the community, and is leased to individuals for ninety-nine years. When one has paid into the communal treasury the annual ground rent of, say, \$25 for his leasehold, \$50 down for installing a telephone (if he wants one)—that is all the government exacts.

And in return for it there are three free schools; a water system without rates; a public dock; a library that is free without a Carnegie foundation; a telephone system with absolutely no charges within the county.

All these were established out of the surplus from ground rent, after paying the State and county taxes, and the cost of administration and improvements.

You see, according to this, there would be really nothing supernatural or miraculous about dividend-paying cities! Only an extreme sort of practicality.

The main desideratum would seem to be that you must catch your city young, and thereafter protect it from private exploitation.

Yet give attention to this extract from an article by R. Ockel in the *Westminster Review* for July, 1907:

No fewer than fifteen hundred towns and villages in Germany still own, and have owned, right down from the Middle Ages, so much common land that their inhabitants pay neither rates nor taxes. Five hundred of these townships and villages derive so great a rental from their lands that they are able, in addition, to pay every citizen, on New Year's Day, a bonus of from £5 to £20 (\$25 to \$100) as his share of the surplus revenue.

There is your annual dividend from city to citizen! Is it news to you? Then it is news a long time coming, for it is dated—"Middle Ages."

A Wild Animal Farm

M. F. KENDRICK, of Denver, Colorado, has a farm equipped for the rearing and sale of wild beasts. The enterprise bears the title of the Kendrick Pheasants and Wild Game Association. It grew out of the novel exhibit at the City Park in Denver, which Mr. Kendrick maintained entirely at his own expense, because of his love for wild game. Many thousands of dollars yearly went to the development of Mr. Kendrick's hobby. What was a fancy has become a substantial business institution.

For the first few years only animals native to North America will be reared, but eventually lions, tigers, and even elephants will be bred. The farm is now stocked with deer, elk, antelope, bears, mountain goat, etc., and sixteen acres of ground are utilized in the venture.

Mr. Kendrick says that it does not cost any more to produce a pound of buffalo or elk than it does of cattle or sheep. Buffalo meat sells at from fifty cents to one dollar a pound, elk meat bringing nearly as much. The association will not lack a market at these prices if zoological parks and game preserves do not take the entire output.

The United States Government is taking great interest in Mr. Kendrick's farm. It will cooperate with him by telling him how to cure or prevent any disease with which he is not familiar.

The Transit of Venus

[Continued from page 439]

must be kept over night. That'll fix it, I cal'late, if I know Jonadab."

Brown was tickled. "A 1!" says he. "First crop! Vintage of 1876! Right you are, pard. Now me for New York."

Next mornin' he left, bag and baggage. I took pains to tell all hands where he was bound. Then I went up to the store and 'phoned Obed, and Obed called up Jonadab at the Old Home that afternoon. The cap'n finally said he'd go to Orham; but he did n't want to, you could see that. He acted awful worried and, for a spell, I was afraid he would n't go, after all.

But he did, on the mornin' up train. And on the down train comes Peter T. I drove him from the station.

"How 's the victim of Cupid and second childhood?" he asks, first thing. "Is he off the premises?"

"Yes," says I. "Won't be back till to-morrow. And I've got the money ready."

"Bully!" he snaps. "Now you come with me, Barzilla. We'll call on the merry widow."

Mrs. Hepworth Maizie Ayersbury Dennis was in her suite on the second floor front. She'd begun with one room, but lately she had annexed a couple more. She was in the settin' room and was surprised to see us.

"Oh, dear me!" she squeals, as we come in. "Is that you, Mr. Brown? I thought it was the hall boy. I'm afraid I'm a sight."

Peter T. begged her pardon and explained 'twas a matter of business he'd come on.

She looked at him pretty hard. "Indeed?" says she, speakin' kind of brisk.

"Why, yes," says Peter. "You see, Mrs. Ayersbury, I took the liberty of doin' an errand for you while I was in New York, yesterday. I knew what difficulty you'd had in regard to receivin' remittances from your attorney, Mr. Jones. So, as I was in New York, I thought I'd take the liberty of droppin' in on Jones and tellin' him direct how his neglect was annoyin' you."

"Yes," she said, slow. "I see. Thank you very much, I'm sure. I'm afraid the address I gave you was so vague that—"

"Oh, no! not at all. I found him without the least trouble."

That was a knock down.

"What?" she sings out, her voice jumpin' shrill.

"Yes," coos Peter. "William Jones is an uncommon name and Broadway is not a long street. I found him. He was very glad I came in. He had intended to write, but had been so busy that his office affairs were away behind. He sends a thousand apologies and is very anxious that you come on at once and see him. He wishes to discuss an important matter with you. In fact he begged me to urge your comin' at once—to-day."

She didn't answer immediate. There was a little line about one corner of her mouth that twitched, but futher 'n that she was as cool as a peck of salted ice.

"So he wishes to see me, does he?" she sighs at length. Dear Mr. Jones! he's such a kind man and so devoted to my interests."

"Yes," says Peter, "I could see that."

"But of course," she chirrups, cheerful, "my goin' is out of the question. He has not sent my remittances, and until those come I must stay. I could n't think of leavin' with my hotel bill unpaid."

"Oh, as to that," goes on Brown, "he understood that thoroughly. But I could n't remember the exact amount of your bill and he could n't find your letters at the moment. So I told him I would send the receipted bill to him later, and he handed me three hundred dollars for you—just for incidentals and traveling expenses. The rest he will pay you at his office to-morrow."

She was lookin' hard at him and him at her. Likewise she was smilin' just the littlest mite. Peter was sober as an empty jug.

"Oh dear me!" she gasps, finally. "You must excuse me; you really must. Let me think—I suppose Mr. Jones expects me and—Mr. Brown, you're sure that it was three hundred dollars?"

"Sure thing!" snaps Peter, emphatic. "I'll have it ready for you when you take the train."

"Hum. And my account here is paid in full? I'm very particular about such things."

"Right up to the minute. I'll give you the receipted bill instead of sending it to Jones, if you like."

She thought a minute more. Then she seemed to make up her mind. "Very good," says she. "I'll go."

I could have stood on my head. Peter did n't stand on his. He riz, polite as ever, and we headed for the door.

"The carriage and baggage wagon will be ready at two-thirty," he says. "Good mornin', Mrs. Ayersbury. Words can't express our sorrow at your leavin' us."

"Good mornin'," says she, her eyes twinklin' and a sort of choke in her voice. "Good mor—"

She shut the door with a slam and, unless I dream with my ears, I heard her laughin' behind it. We hurried down to the office and I grabbed Peter's hands.

"Bully for you, messmate!" I hollers, joyful. "You're the smartest navigator in three counties. How did you ever find that lawyer?"

He dropped my hands and stared at me, his eyes and mouth wide open. Then he shook his head solemn.

"Barzilla," says he, "I thought I knew you, but I don't. There's times when you rise to heights that—"

Tut! tut! tut! You go ahead and make out Widow Maizie's bill and stamp it paid. Then you dig up your half of it and half of the three hundred."

I begun to see a light. Likewise I made out the bill.

Me and Peter T. rode up to the Wellmouth depot with the "widow." Brown left me and her on the platform and went into the station. When he come out he led us off to one side.

"Maizie," says he, cheerful, "here's your ticket to New York. And here's that receipted bill."

She took 'em. "Humph!" she says, prompt. "That's all right, but what about the little old three hundred? Don't you dare tell me—"

Peter waved her to be still. "Here's twenty-five of it in cash," he says, "and here's a bearer check on a New York bank for the other two-seventy-five. I was afraid the sight of the whole of it in hard shekels might make you lose interest in Lawyer Jones and decide to stay a while longer—see? It's O. K.; the check's good as wheat."

First I thought she'd be mad, but she begun to laugh.

"Say, man!" she whispers to Peter, "you're a daisy. I think I'd like you if I knew you better."

Brown laughs too. "Same to you, May," he chuckles. "But the best of friends must part. Time's up. So-long. My regards to Jonesy when you see him. Don't you want to leave a fond word for the cap'n?"

She laughed right out loud and stepped aboard the train, which had begun to move.

"Perhaps I have left it," she calls. "By-by, boys."

Jonadab would be back by ten o'clock next mornin', and we knew there'd be squalls when he struck port.

He didn't act thankful when he come, I'll swear to that. We was in the office and in he tore, his face pale, and his necktie flappin' like a loose mainsheet.

"What's this they're tellin' me?" he hollered. "Where's the widow?"

"She's been called away," begun Peter. "Set down, Jonadab, and let me tell you about it."

But he wouldn't set down. I fairly had to hold him fast to his moorin's while Brown unloaded the yarn about locatin' Lawyer Jones.

"So she paid her bill and went, old man," finishes Peter, soothing. "She left her love to you and—"

"Left her love!" He fairly hopped up and down, totin' me with him. "Is *that* all she left? And you let her cast off and set sail with three hundred in money. Oh, you devilish fools! I never—"

"But Mrs. Ayersbury said—"

"Mrs. Ayersbury be keelhauled! Fust off I thought she was a rich widder woman same as she said she was, and I—*and* I—" He turned red and acted foolish, even in the middle of his madness. "Well, I—fact is, she was good lookin' and seemed to take a shine to me, and I thought she was well off and—*and*— Well, afore I knew it I lent her two hundred dollars. Two hundred dollars!"

Then that newspaper feller that was here handed me a paper—a play-actin' paper. Said for me to read it after he'd gone. I did, and there I see her picture. She wa'n't no rich widder at all! Her name's Mary Debbison, or some such, and she's an actress, by time!

"Jerushy!" raves Jonadab; "when I found that out, I was about crazy. But she owed me two hundred dollars and I made up my mind to stick to her till I got it somehow. And now, the first time I am called out of town, you let her go. You do! And you collect money from her lawyer and pay it all to *her*. Why, I never b'lieved there was a lawyer, after I found out who she was. I—"

There come a knock at the door. 'T was one of the porters and he had an envelope in his hand.

"It's for you Cap'n Wixon, says he. "Mrs. Ayersbury said I was to hand it to you when you got back."

Jonadab grabbed the envelope and ripped it open. Then he actually grinned and fetched a long breath.

"Well, well!" says he. "This is first rate. She's honest 'n I thought. She's left me an order on William Jones, Attorney, Broadway, New York, for the two hundred. She says you can collect it, Peter, same as you done the three hundred. My! ain't that fine? And her bill's paid and all! We come out of it without losin' a red, didn't we? Here," turning to Brown, "you take this. You'll be goin' to New York in a fortnit or so, and you can collect and send me the cash. Whew! Fellers, you'll have to excuse me, I'm goin' up to my room to turn in a spell, I'm pretty nigh beat out. But didn't it turn out great? My! I'm thankful."

He went away. Neither of us spoke for a consider'ble spell. Pretty soon I could n't stand it no longer.

"Peter," I busts out, "look here! I can't see but two ways off these shoals. Either we've got to dig down in our pockets again and make up this extr'y two hundred, or we've got to tell Jonadab the truth. And if he's told that we lied to him like a couple of shippin' agents, and that the board bill *ain't* paid, and that there ain't a cent comin' to him, and that we was fools enough to pay her—"

Peter T. stood up. He took a couple of cigars out of his vest and passed me one.

"Barzilla," says he, "one of the leadin' qualities in a good talker is the choice of conversation subjects. You've always said I was the star talker of this Old Home bunch. All right; then I'll choose the subject for present conversation. We'll light up and discuss the weather. Do you think it'll rain to-morrer?" asks Peter T. Brown.

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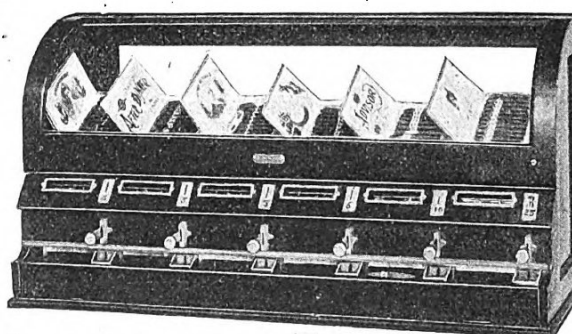
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He Passed

JUDGE: "You are a freeholder?"

Talesman: "Yes, sir; I am."

"Married or single?"

"Married three years last June."

"Have you formed or expressed any opinion?"

"Not for three years, your honor."—R. M. WINANS.

For these bits of "Point and Pleasantry" payment is made at the rate of TEN CENTS A WORD. The editors reserve the right to make such editorial changes as may seem necessary. Material which fails to gain a place on these pages, and yet seems worthy of publication, may be retained at the usual rates.

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Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

"I Told You So"

AN OLD couple lived in the mountains of eastern Tennessee; he was ninety-five and she ninety. Their son, a man of seventy, died. As the old folks crossed the pasture to their cabin after the burial, the woman noticed a tear roll down her

husband's cheek. She patted him tenderly on the arm, and said:

"Never mind, John, never mind; you know I always said we never would raise that boy."—A. W. BAIRD.

A Thoughtful Gift

TOM WENT out to buy a pair of gloves for his sweetheart's Christmas present and to make a purchase for his father. Of course he got things mixed, as they always do in stories, and the young lady received a pair of heavy woolen men's socks with the following note:

Dear Helen:—Please accept these in consideration of my love for you. Oh! that I were to be the only one to see them when you wear them. If you find any difficulty in getting them on, blow in them.

Yours affectionately,

TOM.

N. A. THOMPSON.

That Was Something

HE HAD never been to sea before.

"Can you keep anything on your stomach?" the ship doctor asked.

"No, sir," he returned feebly, "nothing but my hand."

W. E. McDUGALD.

Tempus Fugit

TWO DARKIES were engaged in a lively dispute about the purchase of a mule.

"Look hea, Mistah Jackson, exclaimed one, "you done tole me, t'ree weeks ago, dat mule was a young animal. He haint got a toof in his head, he's so old."

Mr. Jackson thoughtfully scratched his head and then replied: "Time shore does fly in dis hea country."

N. A. THOMPSON.

Choose Your Words

A LADY who was very plain looking called on a friend. This friend's little girl came into the room and her mother introduced her.

"But, mamma, isn't she awfully homely," said the "young hopeful."

"Why, Laura, you mustn't say such things, it is n't polite."

"I meant it only as a joke."

"But, dear, how much more of a joke it would have been if you had said 'how pretty she is.'"

That Depends on the Point of View

AN ENGLISHMAN and an Irishman were overheard discussing Miss Annette Kellermann and her "Diving Venus" act at the Fifth Avenue Theater recently. Said the former:

"She came nearer swimming the Channel than anybody ever did."

"How close did she come?" inquired the Irishman.

"Eleven miles."

"Which coast?"

"The English, I think."

"Then, begorra, that was close enough."

An Animated Mirror

MARK TWAIN is constantly receiving photographs from men who have been told that they look like him. The latest one is from Florida, and Mr. Clemens is said to have written the following acknowledgment:

"I thank you very much for your letter and the photograph. In my opinion you are more like me than any of my doubles. In fact, I am sure that if you stood before me in a mirrorless frame, I could shave by you."—CARL R. PURINTON.

Proof Positive

A WESTERN newspaper man visited Washington recently and told the following story on former Representative Amos J. Cummings, of New York, who was once city editor of the Sun. One Saturday night it was announced that all the saloons were to be closed next day.

Cummings called his star reporter, Murray.

"Tom," he said, "go out to-morrow and find out if the saloons are selling liquor."

It was Thursday when Tom again appeared at the city desk.

"They were," he reported.

M. L. STAFFORD.



Not in His Lifetime

A WELL-KNOWN scientist was lecturing on the sun's heat, and in the course of his remarks said: "It is an established fact that the sun is gradually but surely losing its heat and in the course of some seventy millions of years it will be exhausted; consequently this world of ours will be dead and like the moon, unable to support any form of life."

At this juncture, a member of his audience rose, in an excited manner, and said:

"Pardon me, professor, but how many years did you say it would be before this calamity overtakes us?"

The Professor: "Seventy millions, sir."

"Thank God," was the reply. "I thought you said seven millions!"—P. LLOYD.

The Law's Delays

"I UNDERSTAND that you called on the plaintiff, Mr. Barnes. Is that so?" questioned Lawyer Fuller, now Chief Justice.

"Yes," answered the witness.

"What did he say?" next demanded Fuller.

The attorney for the defense jumped to his feet and objected that the conversation could not be admitted in the evidence. A half-hour's argument followed, and the judges retired to their private room to consider the point.

An hour later the judges filed into the court-room and announced that Mr. Fuller might put his question.

"Well, what did the plaintiff say, Mr. Barnes?"

"He weren't at home, sir," came the answer without a tremor.

Family Floriculture

GEORGE MARION, the stage manager, is a lover of nature and a hater of overcoats and umbrellas. Recently, during a violent rainstorm, he called on his mother, entering her presence wringing wet.

"George," said she, firmly, "you ought not to expose yourself in such weather. You will get pneumonia."

"But, mother, exclaimed George, with a theatrical wave of his hand, "Why should I fear the rain? Does it not nurture the grass? Is it not life to the flowers?"

"It is a long time," said the good woman, closing a window, since you were a flower."—R. H. DAVIS.

The New West from a Postman's Cart

[Continued from page 441]

I'm afraid it'll take something more than mails and phones and a smattering of farm-science to do that—but it's made the flow considerably slimmer. There are a good many boys right round here now that are wild about the agricultural school, and talk as if there isn't anything better than farming."

In the following days and weeks I visited dozens of farmhouses on Ham's route, and dozens of similar communities; and I found that the old-carrier's opinions were truly representative of Southern Minnesota opinion—a district as representative as any of agricultural America. Nobody who had ever known the advantages of the Rural Free Delivery or the rural telephone felt as though he could ever again live without these blessings.

I found an old man who had threatened to chop the phone off the wall if his sons ever dared to put it in. But when, in his absence, they did put it in and call him up, and he found that he could actually talk through it and understand his sons, he capitulated at once.

"It's brightened my life!" exclaimed the old man to me.

The demand for a parcels post was unanimous. "Even now," Jim Benton told me, "we can dodge the law and get a sort of parcels post. During the last harvest, for instance, I lost a small part of my reaper. I phoned into town to have them mail it out, but it weighed over three pounds and would have cost more postage than its price. So the dealer tied a piece of scrap-iron on to bring it over four pounds, and then Ham was allowed by law to carry it as a private transaction, and charged me only ten cents."

Women Who Visit by Telephone

I found a number of farmers' wives who had been town girls and who still—thanks to the phone—"kept up" with their old friends.

"I often get a phone message," said Mrs. Benton, "late in the afternoon, and drive right in for a surprise party, or a thimble bee, or a short-order dinner."

"There are plenty of other entertainments the phone gives us, too," her daughter put in. "Last summer, for instance, the time the balloon race started from St. Paul and came our way. About six, the neighbors rang up and said 'There's a balloon, right over east, there!' Well, we got out as though the house was afire. We'd never seen a balloon before, and I tell you they looked pretty nice. We called up everybody that was n't likely to know and told them. It was a regular circus, and we might never have seen a thing but for the phone."

I heard of many other curious uses for the rural telephone, such as courting, intercepting a townward-faring husband to remind him about that laundry-soap, and organizing hunting parties whenever a certain notorious wolf is seen prowling about Spruce Hill. And this last feat of the versatile telephone wire seems fraught with fewer definite results than any of the others.

"One time and another," declared Rummy Pope, "they've emptied a good ten dollars' worth of ammunition at that danged old wolf and never singed him yet."

The Farmer's Life Broadened and Deepened

These people were unanimous in vowing that the Rural Free Delivery and the rural telephone were filling their purses and their heads and brightening their lives; that they were, in fact, galvanizing the dead old countryside into newness of life; and that—best of all—the renting of American farms to foreigners seemed to be "slacking up," and that the American farmer's boy was beginning to thrill with the new enthusiasm that had touched his father.

The Emperor as a Jack-of-all-Trades

THE following list of Emperor William's accomplishments reminds one strongly of our former strenuous President.

He is a yachtsman and an equestrian. He can write a song, and sing or play it most creditably. (Here is where he scores one on Mr. Roosevelt.) He is a lover of games, excelling at chess and (whisper it) poker. He is a capable artist and knows how to criticize other artists. He is an engineer and an experimenter in electricity. He is a theologian and has composed a prayer. He is a horse-breeder and keeps a stud. His literary taste is considerable, and his library remarkable. He can command a ship or a regiment, a fleet or an army. He can discuss cookery in every detail, and teach editors how to run their papers. He thums a guitar musically, speaks five languages fluently, and can make speeches that fill the world with rumors of war.



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THE NEW FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Dept. F, Columbus, Ohio.

THREE YEARS OF PROGRESS

What this Investor's Department has done for the Protection of the People's Savings

THIS department of SUCCESS MAGAZINE has now appeared regularly for just thirty-four months, all but two months of three years, and it would seem fitting at this time to go back over it all and review, with those who have been following us in our efforts here, what has been accomplished, and what may be expected to result from continuing the work begun.

There has been little to regret in what we have done in educating the public upon this great and intricate subject of finance. Fortunately, we entered into it with a full understanding of its seriousness. We were prompted to gather about us those who knew both the inside workings of our large money centers and the needs of the great investing public. It has been our good fortune to have with us in this work men of genuine earnestness, real ability, and honest purpose, in the interest of what we now choose to call, "A Cause."

Yet our course has not been an easy one to follow. First, we laid down some rather rigid regulations for our guidance, and, of course, they were not understandable, either to the public or to the banking fraternity, because neither could very well appreciate the many rather subtle things that must determine the course of a magazine of large circulation. Complications arising from this condition have been many, of course. They have tried our patience sorely, and we know they have that of our followers.

It is not the purpose, however, of this article, to explain them all away, or to ask and give forgiveness, but more to have you come to a fuller realization of just what it all means to you, to our financial system, to our commercial, social, and industrial world. In fact, we hope to have you see and feel a mighty force, earnestly, patiently, and persistently hammering away on the building of a financial structure that will, when completed, bar its doors against all who are inclined to cheat, and will stand permanently as a monument to those who have labored to bring ruin upon the great order of financial pirates.

We have hopes that this structure, which we have helped to erect, will be used by the great masses as a clearing house for their surplus money, and for all of those who can make it work in safety for what this labor is legitimately worth. Through this channel we hope to direct hundreds of millions of dollars into legitimate promotion that are now being used to advance the progress of the low dives of our country, such as cheap dance halls, beer saloons, race-tracks, and kindred forms of appeal to the low instincts of mankind.

The Root of all Evil

Money has been accredited, ever since it was generally adopted as a medium of exchange, with having more influence on the workings of the human mind than anything else; history charges it with, at least, being an accessory to almost all of the crimes now known to the human race. Yet history is full of the record of its good deeds, and if they had not outmeasured the bad, some other form of reward for the efforts of brains and labor would have been found, long ago, to take its place.

Money, be its influence good or bad, is here to stay; there seems to be no power great enough to-day, nor none that will be great enough to change it. Why not, therefore, devote our energies weakening its influence for bad and strengthening its influence for good.

This is the reason for all this money talk to you, extending, as it has, over several years' time. In going through it all we have had that reason strengthened, and many more added, so that you will find us "at it," perhaps, as long as there is a word to say to you that is new.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE is pleased with its Financial Department and the progress made there, and we now propose to tell you why.

Back in those days of 1905-1906, when most of us were prosperous, when business successes were frequent and welcome visitors almost everywhere, when orders seemed to exceed production in most lines of trade, when more dollars came rolling our way than we actually needed, we found the fakers busying themselves with most elaborate plans to take advantage of easy money conditions. Their success caused more to venture, and they soon developed into an army, the size of which had never been realized. Their generals were men of marked ability, and they gained the confidence of the people through carefully constructed attacks upon their own ranks in publications that were careless in the use of their pages.

This accomplished, the investing public was then caused to become interested in many colossal stock-jobbing propositions, none of which had even a look of safety for principal, let alone a dividend return. The result: A wholesale slaughtering of lambs, and the old cry, "The American people love to be fooled." The

elusive "get-rich-quick" desire seemed to be growing in strength.

Fifty Thousand Letters of Inquiry

We reasoned, after making a thorough investigation, that lack of knowledge of fundamentals governing the employment of money, also of known opportunities to safely invest it, had more to do with this result than did the "get-rich-quick" idea. We, thereupon, set to work on plans to furnish both of these; so, with the September issue, 1906, we started a series of articles on "Fools and Their Money," which were calculated to expose the unscrupulous ones; and to warn investors against their alluring game of chance. This series lasted for eighteen months, and pointed out to us a condition even more startling than supposed.

During that time we received over 50,000 letters from our readers inquiring concerning the safety of their security holdings. Business men in all lines of commercial pursuit, professional men and women, even bankers, composed this number. Some of our fifteen-hundred-dollar-a-year ministers told us of the supposed investment of their surplus funds, some held the hope that the promised "exceptional and unusual return" would help to put their boys through college, only to be told that the principal had never belonged to them since they had sent it on to the man who had addressed them as "Dear Friend."

These letters telling them the truth about their investments were hard to write; we knew their receipt would blast the fond hopes of many a victim, destroy the last thread of ambition, and blot out the last bit of faith in man. The imagination needs little stretching to frame a mental picture of the family council over these awakenings, and to make a fair guess over what was said there. Sometimes it was a widow's all that had fallen into the hands of the unscrupulous; at other times the savings of a lifetime, orphan's trust funds, business surpluses; in fact, there seemed nothing too sacred to be stolen. Pathetic, yes, heartrending; so much so that we would find ourselves almost afraid, at times, to tell the truth. But such is the result of wars of all kinds; many of the innocent are forced to suffer.

This was the tearing down process. Now for the constructive work.

Graft-Proof Investments

In the month of October, 1906, we started this department for the purpose of promoting a more general consideration of sound investments. This we wanted to be real constructive work, and of a nature that would bring back many of those who had suffered by reason of their previous disastrous affiliations with the investment world. "You were rather too sanguine, hopeful and ambitious, were you not, Success?" "No," we answer, "our optimistic stand was well grounded."

Yet we were mindful of the magnitude of our undertaking; mindful, too, of the fact that we were not reaching all of the reading public each month, but we knew that the editorial value, and the very large human appeal in our plans would soon attract other reputable magazines of large circulation and influence, and the kind that were strong enough to hold a strict censorship over their advertising columns and stand against the attacks of critics.

In accordance with these predictions, we find, at this time, such valuable and worthy publications as the *Saturday Evening Post*, *World's Work*, *Review of Reviews*, *Outlook*, *Literary Digest*, and many others, working as earnestly and persistently as ourselves, with the same faith and belief that the result will be more than worth while; guided, too, by the same high standards, devoted to highly constructive endeavor that has been, after all, inaugurated, approved and ratified by this great nation of thinkers and workers. We have combined to tear down and destroy forever the heavy veil that has for these many years hidden from all but a few the mysteries of money equivalents. Over eight millions of magazine circulation each month contain an elementary article on the subject of investment and its many phases.

Help From High-Class Bankers

There is little doubt in the mind of any thinking man as to the result of these enormous influences combined in the interest of one cause. We were successful in adding to ours the influence of a large number of reputable investment banking houses, who have worked with us unselfishly, earnestly and honestly, and in the broadest kind of way. They are deserving of the highest commendation, and, the fact is, that little or no success could have been attained had it not been for their encouraging spirit, their patience and hearty cooperation. They manifested all through our early struggle the greatest confidence in us, and, in fact,

5% Bonds

TEN years ago the average investor was satisfied if he obtained a return of from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent. on his money and yet to-day there is a growing and insistent demand for investment securities yielding from 5 to 6 per cent.

¶ To the student of economic conditions the reason for this is plain—it is caused by the decrease in the purchasing power of gold brought about by the enormous increase in gold production which has taken place in the last decade.

¶ In ten years the cost of living has by actual statistics increased nearly fifty per cent.—that is to say the value of gold has depreciated to such an extent that it now takes a dollar and a half to buy as much food or clothing as one dollar would formerly purchase.

¶ To apply these statistics to the investor we will consider the case of a man who has ten thousand dollars invested in four per cent. bonds and is therefore annually receiving four hundred dollars in interest. When he made the investment four hundred dollars may have been ample for his needs, but four hundred dollars ten years ago was almost the exact equivalent of six hundred dollars at the present time and unless our investor has been able to increase the amount of his capital he often finds himself obliged to replace his four per cent. securities with others yielding a greater return.

¶ This problem of reinvestment has been solved by a slight sacrifice of security of principal and interest or of marketability or better by a combination which will leave a portion of the investment readily marketable at any time while the security of the balance is unquestioned.

¶ We own and are offering in lots to suit the purchaser a number of railroad equipment, irrigation and high-grade industrial corporation bonds to net from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 per cent. and if you are interested in re-investing your money so as to obtain a better interest return we should be pleased to have you correspond with us or call at our offices and talk it over.

Send for Investment List No. 102

Alfred Mestre & Co.

BANKERS

Members New York Stock Exchange

52 Broadway New York

Water Power Bonds Netting 6%

A bond issue of \$3,000,000, so intrinsically good and so thoroughly safeguarded as to be sound beyond question.

First: Secured directly by permanent assets of over \$8,000,000.

Second: Guaranteed by an old established, successful company, with net assets of \$5,000,000.

Third: Principal and interest protected by large and established earnings.

Fourth: Officered and directed by men of proven ability and success.

Fifth: Payable serially in accordance with our usual custom.

Sixth: Available in denominations of \$500 and \$1,000 and in convenient maturities of from five to twenty years.

Our Circular "H" describes the issue fully and will be sent to you promptly upon request.

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(Established 1865)

181 La Salle Street, CHICAGO

6% Your surplus money can be made to earn you 6% and be secure. **6%**

JEFFERSON COUNTY BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION SHARES

Pay 3% July and January on money secured by mortgage on improved Birmingham, Ala., real estate.
\$50.00 Shares withdrawable on demand with interest to date. Write for Circular. 217 N. 21st Street, Birmingham, Ala.
F. M. JACKSON, Pres.,

braced us up on many occasions when things looked dark for our plans. Numbering among these houses are some of the largest and most influential banking institutions in the world, and they are to-day just as enthusiastic as ever, and for it all we are profoundly thankful. They have, of course, profited by their affiliations—we meant that they should.

Our advice for the better employment of money would not have been so readily accepted, had not ways and means been supplied. You have found in these columns each month the advertisements of investment banking houses and those of kindred institutions that were in a position to take care of your needs. There has never been a single one there that would not command your confidence. The truth is, they have all been practically selected to take part in these plans of ours because of our own faith and confidence in them. We have no hesitation in recommending their service to you, and it is indeed gratifying to us to know of the close relations established between our financial advisers and our readers. It has been our hope to transfer the confidence that you have had in us to our financial advisers.

School Teachers as Railroad Owners

In going through the lists of investors of some of those houses, there are to be found the names of people in all walks of life and of varied earning capacity, from the school teacher's wage to the income of the millionaire merchant and manufacturer. Going on further, in order to trace the value of this connection, we find their money to be safely employed in the building up of our great railroad systems, our large industrial enterprises, the betterment of our municipalities, schools, etc., and secured by some form of mortgage which insures safety of principal and interest.

This really is, after all, our principal mission, the bringing together of the investor and the reputable banker, whose principles embody the truth that it is sound business policy to protect clients, and whose perfected organization built and made to operate to that end, makes him a benefactor to every one of his customers. Many of you have had already enough experience to fully appreciate the truth of this. In fact, the army of individual investors has never in the history of investments been so enormous, and its rate of growth can almost be likened to the growth of Lincoln's Civil War armies.

Yes, this department has more than justified itself, and we feel that all but the fakers have been benefited by its existence, and even they should reap a wealth of good from it, for they have been shown the error of their ways. Have they not had it clearly pointed out to them that there is a force at work too powerful and too determined to permit their profitably following their chosen work? Does it not suggest to them to choose between the following of a dead trade, with perhaps a jail sentence, and that of honest labor in a productive and constructive field, where their brains and hands can be made to take an important part in the real work of building a better world, where all may live with a respect for their fellow man and a love for their neighbors?

Newspapers as Partners of Swindlers

Does not all this suggest, or bring forcibly to the attention of the publishers of many of our daily papers, the part that they are taking in separating the public from their savings by lending their influence to questionable schemes of all kinds? Will it not be soon generally acknowledged that no reputable newspaper can afford to give its sanction to schemes of doubtful value by permitting such advertisements to appear in its columns? Indiscriminate publishing of advertisements of such character not only reflects on the newspaper itself, but does serious and lasting harm to legitimate advertisers, as well as to all lines of legitimate business.

Such a newspaper is undoubtedly a partner in the crime, not punishable, however, under our criminal or civil laws, because it can not be established that the paper has participated in the profits. But does it not look inconsistent, when we find many of them so ably fighting for the needs and the protection of the human race day after day in their editorial columns? When such worthy champions of the people's many causes deliberately cooperate with a band of "crooks" to steal your money? It is as bad as stealing into your house in the dark of the night and holding a revolver at your head, while the "Pal" ransacks your house.

There are, however, many of our daily papers not chargeable with this character of crime, and many that are now swiftly cleaning up their advertising columns, thereby strengthening their influence.

The story of this department has been only half told. There is much that must be left for your imagination; but before the last word is said here, let us understand each other on a point that has caused us no end of trouble, and you some little disappointment, no doubt. This department is not conducted as a "tipping sheet." We have no faith in the margin game, and no desire to follow in detail the antics of our large manipulators of the Stock Market, except to warn our readers, in a general way, against these pitfalls.

We want to be of just as much help and assistance to our readers as possible, and will gladly advise you concerning the investment of your surplus funds; but if you want to gamble, we can be of little or no assistance to you.

How To Select Sound Bonds

In buying bonds there are four factors to be considered:

The character of the bond.

The income it yields.

The security it provides.

The standing of the bond house.

In our many years of bond selling, we have made it our policy to handle only that class of bonds which embody these features to the utmost degree.

And at the same time, we place at our customers' service, a knowledge and experience, in buying bonds that will best meet the individual requirements.

Thus, we give our clients a service that not only reflects skill and experience, but also those further advantages which are measured in dollars and cents.

While we sell a general line of municipal, railroad and other public utility bonds, we have selected the following bonds as being best adapted to the needs of a large class of investors.

State of Durango 5's yield . . . 5.20%
Maristee & North Eastern Ry. 5's yield 5.25%
Boston & Maine Ry. 4½'s yield . 4.00%
City of Los Angeles, Cal. 4½'s yield 4.00%
Whiting Lumber Co. 6's yield . . 6.00%

We cite these as examples of the character and strength of securities we supply our clients. We may, however, recommend to you some other bond, after we are acquainted with your investment needs.

If you have funds, whether large or small, we believe that you will find our individual services to be of inestimable assistance in selecting satisfactory and profitable investment securities.

If you will let us know that you are interested, and without obligating yourself, we will be glad to discuss the subject of bonds with you in greater detail.

Write for circular "T."

A. B. Leach & Co.

BANKERS

149 Broadway, New York

Chicago, 140 Dearborn St.

Boston, 28 State Street

Philadelphia, 421 Chestnut Street

Public Utility Bonds As Investments

We have prepared a pamphlet with the above title showing the desirability of well-selected Public Utility Bonds as investments.

This pamphlet describes the different classes of Public Utility Bonds and shows what safeguards and underlying factors the investor should look for. It will be of assistance to you in selecting safe bonds of Public Service Corporations yielding from 5% to 5½%.

If you are an investor, or if you anticipate making an investment, we shall be pleased to send you a copy of this Booklet 2-A without charge.

We offer selected issues of Public Utility Bonds yielding from 4.00% to 5.00% described fully in our circular No. 22-A, mailed on request.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS,

21 Milk Street, - - Boston, Mass.

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Guaranteed BONDS

No. 7
Safety and Liberal Yield

ANY Bond guaranteed by the American Water Works and Guarantee Company is a good bond—

There need never be any doubt as to that.

The American Water Works and Guarantee Company controls and operates 40 successful water companies, supplying 90,000,000 gallons of water a day to some 57 prosperous communities.

It also owns two of the most successful irrigation projects ever undertaken in this or any other country—the Twin Falls North Side Land and Water Company and the Twin Falls Salmon River Land and Water Company, both located in Southern Idaho. It guarantees the bonds of these various corporations—and does not guarantee the securities of any corporation not controlled and operated by it.

Its capital and surplus of \$4,000,000 and the many valuable properties it controls are back of its guarantee.

We do not know of any other securities so thoroughly safeguarded in every way, and yet so liberal in interest return.

Some especially attractive issues that we can offer now are:

5% GUARANTEED BONDS

OF THE

Huntington (W. Va.) Water Company.

Portsmouth, Berkley and Suffolk Water Company, Portsmouth, Va.

City Water Company of East St. Louis and Granite City (Ill.)

St. Joseph (Mo.) Water Company.

All these are guaranteed as to both principal and interest, and are issued in denominations of \$500 and \$1,000.

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Invest in

Dependable Bonds that provide for the Safe and Profitable investment of your funds.

County, City, Town, School
and

Public Service Corporation Bonds

\$1,000 \$500 \$100

PRIVATE INVESTORS who are INVESTING FOR INCOME will find on our list, Bonds admirably adapted to their requirements.

Principal - - - - - Safe
Interest Rate - - - - - Good
Price - - - - - Steady
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Equal opportunities are offered for the investment of large or small amounts, for long or short periods.

WRITE FOR OUR LIST S 104,
OF SAFE BOND INVESTMENTS
yielding as high as 6%.

We will also mail with this list our 20 page publication, entitled:

"For the information of
Conservative Investors"

H. T. HOLTZ & CO.,
171 La Salle Street, - - - Chicago



The Editor's Chat

Vacation as a Developer

Do not think a vacation is a loss of time. It is the best kind of an investment—an investment in fresh brains, in vigorous health, in increased vitality.

People who seldom or never take a vacation get into ruts. Their minds get stuffy and clouded; they lose the power of expansion, of growth; they lose freshness of view; the ability to grasp opportunities; and, finally, they lose their grip on things and on themselves.

Recreation, for those who have been held closely to business for a long time, is like the turning up of hard soil by the plow, letting in the sunlight and stirring up the chemical forces that have been sleeping during the winter. Slumbering germs start when they feel the warm sun, the gentle rain, and the tonic of the dew. There is rejuvenation and growth in recreation in the country. It loosens up the hard soil of prejudice—mental ruts—and refreshes and invigorates the germs of character.

Life in the city has become so intense that it is necessary to break loose from it every now and then, to get in closer touch with nature, and "drink power from the fountain head"; to get so close to Mother Earth that she can whisper her secrets in our ears.

It is a great thing to keep one's self growing in this age of specialists. The man who continues to work in a rut, who confines himself to one special line, betrays every year a lessening tendency to reach out into new fields, to expand, to grow outside of his little line of endeavor. People who take no vacation lose the rhythm of life. Their days are all monotonous work.

Play is just as important to symmetrical development, to a well balanced life, as work. A vacation helps to balance our powers, to give us a more symmetrical development. It keeps us from becoming one-sided. It improves our judgment.

People who alternate work with play, who frequently get close to nature, preserve the sweetness of life; are sounder, saner; have more common sense than those who never drop their work.

If you use your vacation properly, you will come back to your work a larger, happier, better balanced man or woman, with brighter, fresher views. The complete rest to the brain cells and faculties, which you used continuously during the previous strenuous months, will make you more capable than you were when you went away.

There is no better investment than that of a good vacation in the country, where you can drink in beauty and power at first hand. There can be no better investment than health.

The tendency of the strenuous life is toward mental unbalancing, lopsidedness; and this tendency, if not counterbalanced by sufficient play, must result in the complete loss of mental balance. Thousands of people in our insane asylums are there because they lost the rhythm of life. Work and play were not properly balanced in their lives.

Unconscious Worry

A GREAT many people worry unconsciously. They don't understand why they are so tired in the morning, why their sleep was so disturbed and troubled.

This mental disturbance is often caused by the habit of taking things too seriously, carrying too great a weight of responsibility. Everywhere we see people who take life too seriously. Most of us are like the motorman, who not only starts and stops the car and tries to keep from running over people, but also feels tremendous anxiety and responsibility about the motive power.

One of the most helpful lessons life can impart is that which shows us how to do our work as well as it can be done and then let Principle take care of the result. How often have we been amazed to find things come out much better than we anticipated; to find that the great unseen Power that governs our lives through a wilderness of trial and tribulation into the open has guided our life ship through the fogs of difficulties and of sorrow, through storms of hardships and losses, safely into port.

The pilot does not lose heart when he cannot see his way. He turns to that mysterious compass which sees as plainly in the fog, and guides as faithfully in the tempests, as when the sea is like glass. We are in touch with a Power greater than any compass, greater than any pilot, a Power that can extricate us from the most desperate situation.

This Omnipotent Power leads us in safety, no matter how dark the way. We know that this Power sees what we can not see, knows what we do not know, and that we are a part of it and must ultimately come to our goal, no matter what rocks, and shoals, and hidden dangers lie in our path. Yet we doubt, and worry,

For July Investments Consider Tax Bonds

Issued by consent of the people.
Payable from taxation.
Backed by the faith and credit of a community.
Absolutely non-speculative.
Owned by most well regulated banks.
Found among the assets of Life Insurance Companies.
Acceptable collateral with your banker.
Recognized by the U. S. Government.
Growing in popularity.
Available for both large and small investors.

We Own and Offer You Bonds Netting 3.70 to 4.10%

City of St. Louis, due 1928
City of Omaha, Neb., due 1929
City of Grand Rapids, Mich., due 1918
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City of Spokane, Wash., (Schools) due 1929

Netting 4 1/8 to 4 1/2%
Oklahoma City, Okla., (School) due 1929
Muskogee, Okla., (School) due 1929
Jefferson County, Tex., due 1949
Wagoner County, Okla., due 1924
Chicot County, Ark., due 1929
Ormsby County, Nev., due 1928

Netting 5% to 5 1/4%
Iowa County (Drain), Serial
Illinois County (Drain), Serial
Missouri County (Drain), Serial
Arkansas Improvement, Serial

Yielding 6%
Idaho Irrigation (U. S. Carey Act Bonds)
\$100—\$500—\$1,000 denominations.

We sell bonds, when desired, on weekly or monthly payments, permitting business men, corporations and those dependent upon salary to gradually accumulate an ownership of high class bonds—suitable for investment and emergency needs—a valuable asset for any business or individual. We have sold bonds for twenty years without a single loss to any investor. Our customers in thirty-six States know the merits of our securities. The territory to which we are tributary affords the greatest opportunity for the selection of municipal securities at the best interest returns. We want your patronage. Send for circulars, prices, etc.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY
DEPARTMENT S, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Future Bond Market

We have issued a special circular in which we outline our views regarding the future bond market.

This circular explains why we recommend the exchange of high grade bonds, paying 4 per cent. or less, for those yielding a greater return.

Write for Circular No. 77

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Assets \$1,900,000
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Success Magazine
carefully edits its
advertising columns



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.

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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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SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$1,250,000

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SOUND INVESTMENT

6% First Mortgage Gold Bonds of an old established Manufacturing Company

SECURITY—First Mortgage on the property, business and earnings of the Company. *Real estate holdings alone equal the total issue of bonds.*

LOCATION—In the Industrial Center of Greater New York.

BUSINESS—Established 22 years—always profitable. Is conservatively managed and has every "up-to-date" facility—modern buildings, etc.

We recommend purchase of these bonds for investment purposes. Closest investigation has been made by Certified Public Accountants. No allowance made for acknowledged "good will"—sinking fund provision guarantees payment of principal. In every way this is exceptional. Write today for detailed information and Special Offer.

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will be sent without charge to investors interested.
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Members New York Stock Exchange.
42 Broadway, NEW YORK



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lose hope and courage when the way is dark and we are hemmed in by difficulties.

Many of us have clear weather faith. We do not doubt when we can see the way, when there are no difficulties to be met. But what we need is the faith that follows when it can not see the way, when there is no light; the faith which does not falter in the fog or hesitate in the storm, which sustains our courage in spite of all dangers and leads us grandly into port.

The Way to Encourage Your Husband Who is Struggling for a Living

Do not hesitate to remind him every few days that you have nothing decent to wear—never have had since you were married.

Ask him, every little while, "Why is it we never have anything like other people; never go anywhere?"

Do not fail to tell him now and then that he has been hard up for money ever since you were married.

Do not forget to twit him with the fact that he took you out of a comfortable home and buried you in an obscure, out-of-the-way place, and that he never has time to go anywhere with you.

Do not forget to remind your husband often that your children do not dress as other children do; that the girls should take music lessons from the best teachers, and that they should have a first-class piano and other things to correspond.

Do not encourage your children to wear their clothes a long time; and never try to make them over. When a garment begins to show wear, to get a little out of date, just cast it aside and get a new one. New clothes look so much fresher and smarter than old ones, and one feels so much better in them.

Do not try to economize too much. You know it is the liberal soul that gets fat. Be generous with your husband's money.

The best way to help your husband, who is trying to save up for a rainy day, is to run him in debt whenever you can. He would much rather have bills come in from the various places where you trade than pay cash down, even if he has to pay twice as much when the bills are rendered. Nothing encourages a man more than to get unexpected bills which he never heard of before, and for which he has not provided.

If your husband comes home blue and discouraged, and thinks he needs a little sympathy, soothe him by telling him your own troubles and trials during the day. Remind him that you need cheering up yourself; that he always has the headache, or "the blues," or something else, Sundays and holidays, and that he is never jovial or jolly like other men. This will act as a tonic, will bring him out of his despondent moods very quickly, and he will soon be jolly and happy.

Never praise your husband or tell him that you appreciate the fact that he is struggling hard to get a better home, to lay up a little money. This will spoil him. Praise, appreciation, will give him the big head, and you will find he will soon become intolerable.

You must keep him down. Don't let him think that you are pleased or satisfied with anything he does. A discontented wife is a splendid tonic to an ambitious man.

You will notice that a henpecked man always has a contented, happy, manly, victorious look. He gives one the impression that he wants to get back to his wife as quickly as possible, for fear he may lose something good.

A little friction in the home stimulates a man's brain as well as his digestion.

In spite of the general impression to the contrary, men really like being nagged and twitted. They enjoy little mental sparring spats with their wives, especially in the morning. They sharpen their wits and put them in good humor, and they can really accomplish more for this pleasant send-off, which keeps them in harmony and makes them feel good all day.

Take Life Like a Man

It is a pitiable thing to see a young man whining over his lot in life, and excusing indifference and inaction because of hard luck, or some cruel fate which has put stumbling blocks in his way.

No matter what your environment, or what you may be called upon to go through, face life like a man, without whining. Turn your face to the sun, your back to the shadows, and look the world in the face without wincing. Make the most of your situation. See the beauties in it and not the ugly features. This is the way to improve an unfortunate environment.

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The Precedent Breaker

[Continued from page 430]

one and that for advice—never developing your own power, independence, self-reliance.

Originality is force, life; imitation is weakness, death. There is nothing else which will kill the creative faculty and paralyze growth more quickly than imitating others, following precedent in everything, and doing everything in the same old way.

I have often known progressive young men to stop growing and become hopelessly rutty by going into their father's store, factory, or other place of business, where everything was done in an old-fashioned way, and precedent followed in everything.

Everywhere we see business houses weighted down with antiquated methods, ponderous bookkeeping, out-of-date appliances, because their owners cling to the old with fatal tenacity.

The up-to-date business man is constantly breaking up old-time systems which have been handed down from father to son for many generations. The progressive man pays very little attention to what was done in the past. He knows that the world is new every day, that it requires new treatment. He faces the sun of progress, he looks toward the light, he holds his mind open. He does not care how many people have done the work before, or in what way they have done it, or how many superstitions engirdle the thing he is working upon, he does his work in his own way. The present state of the world's progress is the result of the constant breaking away from the past, the elimination of worn out machinery, of cast-off ideas, foolish superstition, prejudice and worn out methods.

England not long since sold thirty-one modern warships, which cost fifteen million dollars, for less than five per cent. of what it cost to build them. These ships had not been in commission a great many years, but such has been the progress in shipbuilding that they are already out of date.

Some of the most up-to-date machinery to-day will, within five years, be consigned to the junk shop by progressive manufacturers.

A great throbbing, almost human, Hoe printing press to-day throws off completed papers faster than one person can count them, and great rolls of paper are reeled off almost as fast as a horse can trot. The largest skyscraper in New York would not hold enough such printing presses as were used fifty years ago to turn out the same amount of work in equal time.

Everywhere the new is crowding out the old.

The splendid ship Lusitania, which embodies the up-to-date progress of the world, the latest Hoe press will soon be sold for old junk. Our most up-to-date machinery and electrical marvels will soon be only curiosities in our museums.

The men who block progress are those who decry the new, who cling to and worship the old, who never believe a thing can be done which has not been done before.

The slaves of precedent are the men who call difficult things impossible. "It can not be done, it is impossible" is ever the cry of the precedent-worshiper.

But the tradition slaves are forgotten, while wherever the sun of civilization shines, the world builds monuments to the tradition destroyers.

What does the world not owe to its precedent breakers, past and present? Take the tradition destroyers out of it, and who would care to read the world's history?

The marvels of electricity, wireless telegraphy, the airship, the automobile, printing machines and other almost human machines—all of the inventions and discoveries which have emancipated man from drudgery and ameliorated his hard condition—are the creations of men who were not content to plod along in the beaten paths of their fathers, but who stepped out of the crowd, and blazed new trails for mankind.

All of the comforts, conveniences and luxuries of modern life were conceived in the brains of men who broke away from precedent and hoary customs, and, often in spite of difficulty, opposition and ridicule, established a new and better order of things that pushed the world forward thousands of years on its progressive march.

The Howes, the Fields, the Stephensons, the Fultons, the Bells, the Morges, the Eliots, the Edisons, the Marconis, the Wrights—the precedent breakers in every age and in every land—these are the men who lead civilization onward, upward.

"Dare to go forward" was Baron Rothschild's life motto, and it has been the maxim of all those who have left their mark on the world.

Don't be afraid of your own ideas; believe in yourself; assert your individuality.

When Admiral Dupont was making excuses to Admiral Farragut for not taking the City of Charleston, the stern admiral said, "There is another reason you did not mention, you did not believe you could do it." The man who never believes he can do a thing that never was done before, never will do it. He must eliminate "can't" from his dictionary, banish doubt from his vocabulary.

Echoes, copies, imitations never can do anything. It is the aggressive, fearless, the assertive, positive character that dares to step out from the crowd, make his own program, and carry it out regardless of what others may think or say, who wins in this age.

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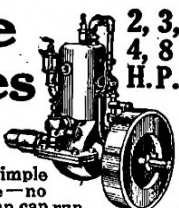
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World in a Nutshell

[Continued from page 458]

WOMEN EVERYWHERE

WE HAVE lately come to believe that it did not much matter whether your doctor was an allopath or a homeopath, a Christian Scientist, or a lung specialist, provided you had a good nurse. We imagined that the

The Superfluous Private Nurse

general public would call for more and more nurses and that there would be an increasing demand for all the graduates from our growing Nurses Training Schools. But according to a recent article by Miss L. L. Dock in the *American Journal of Nursing*, the progress of public hygiene and rural sanitation is causing a steady decrease in the number of calls for private nurses. To take one instance: the people who spend their summers in the country used frequently to return with well-developed cases of typhoid fever, and the nurse was telephoned for immediately. But now the country districts have cleaned up their water supply, and the summer boarder no longer brings home a job for the nurse.

All this, says Miss Dock, is a good thing, even for the nurse. While her chances of work in private houses may diminish, her opportunities for well-paid public service are constantly growing. There is now work for nurses in the fight to prevent tuberculosis; there is nursing work in the public schools, in large industrial establishments, in pure milk stations, and elsewhere.

THERE are some people who believe that it is almost as bad to beat your wife or starve your young children, as to steal a ham or a loaf of bread. But in England the authorities seem to regard wife beating as the national pastime, and that to interfere with husband and wife is at best a dangerous meddling. So

Wives Versus Bicycle Pumps

James McDonald, who assaulted his wife and blackened her eyes, was fined a dollar and a quarter and costs, while Frederick Moors, who was trespassing in pursuit of rabbits, was fined twelve dollars and costs. A courageous Englishman who kicked his wife in the stomach because she asked him for money was fined ten dollars, while another man, who was charged with begging, was sent up for a month. A gentleman who brutally beat his two-year-old stepchild with a strap so that there were seventeen distinct welts on its face, and the back and thigh were discolored, paid a ten-dollar fine and was set free, while a man who picked up a fifty-cent bicycle pump from a bicycle left unattended in the street was sentenced to prison for three months.

Decidedly a bicycle pump is a more precious thing in the eyes of the English law than a wife and children.

DID you ever realize what a dangerous thing it is to clean house in the spring? A writer in the London medical journal, *The Lancet*, insists that spring cleaning has many possibilities for evil if not properly conducted. Dirt and dust are full of disease breeding germs, but however dangerous these creatures may be when lodged in the woodwork or comfortably settled under the hall carpet, they are much more ferocious, this writer insists, if stirred up, and irritated, and sent flying through the air. If we can't keep our houses clean as we go, we had better let them stay dirty. This writer's rule is to "let sleeping germs lie."

What a house would look like after forty years of total abstinence from spring cleaning, we leave to our women readers to judge. Yet we venture the assertion that there is one creature who would find the situation entirely satisfactory. It dislikes the annual cleaning ceremony, it hates to eat cold suppers off the kitchen table, and beating carpets is to it an abomination. It will doubtless make capital out of the Englishman's warning against the perils of housecleaning.

NOR is housecleaning the only domestic institution that is being looked upon with disfavor. The darning of stockings has also come under the ban.

In an article in *The Outlook*, Lucy M. Salmon, a Vassar College professor, calls attention to some extravagant ways our women have of saving money. Poor milk at five cents a quart is not an economy if it is accompanied by doctor's bills. Beets at a nickel a bunch, requiring two hours cooking on the gas range, do not pave the way to wealth. Similarly, it is not economy to darn stockings when three new pairs can be bought for a dollar.

The Extravagance of Darning

It is Miss Salmon's belief that such maxims as "a penny earned is a penny got" were invented when hours were more plentiful than pennies, and do not justify wasting fifty-cent hours mending thirty-three-cent hose. No doubt this writer is right; we have gotten into very extravagant habits of economy. It would be much better if the housewife would lay aside the darning basket and spend a dollar for new stockings—especially if she has the dollar.



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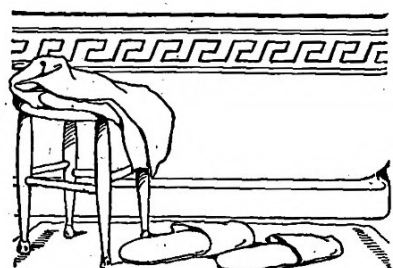
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