

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

Founded by
ORISON SWETT MARDEN

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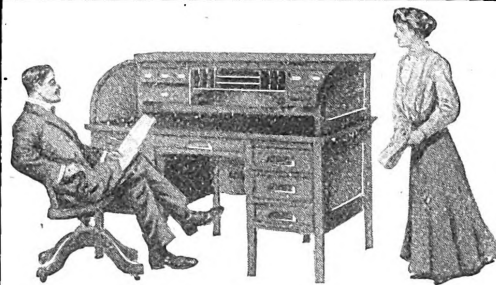
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Specialty, choice mahogany, but our full lines meet every taste and purse. Agencies in principal cities. Catalog 2901 and name of nearest dealer on request.

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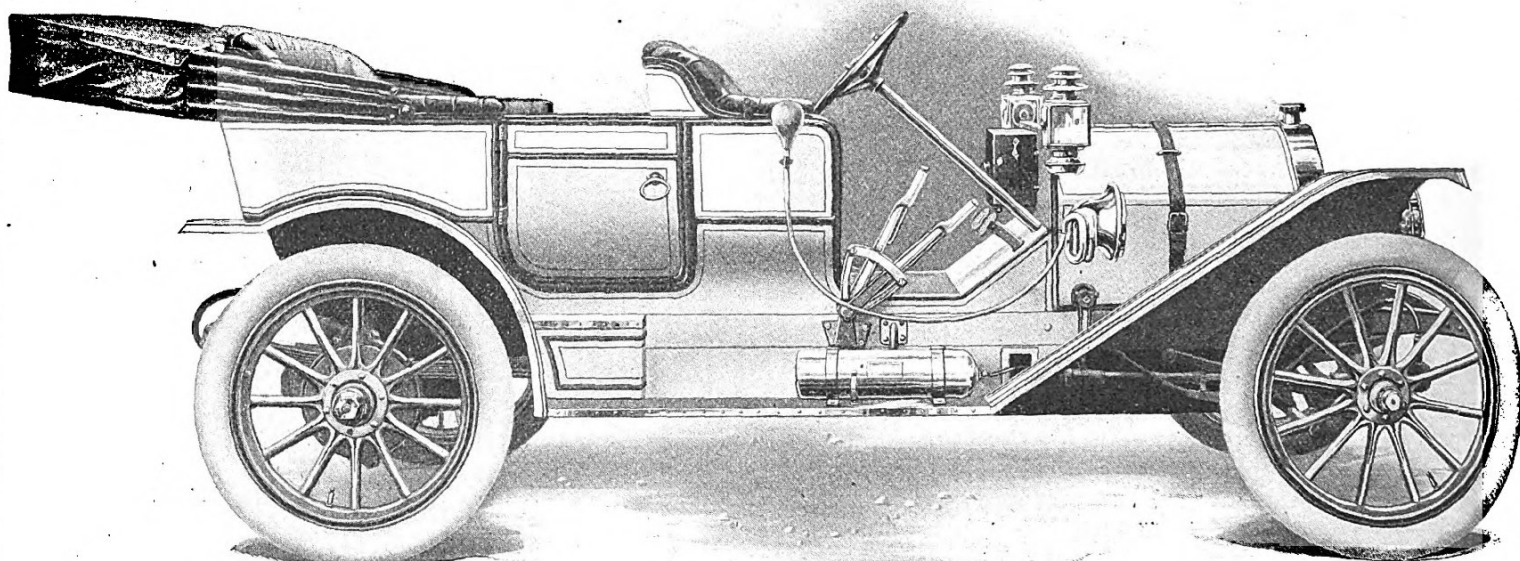
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Do You Want to Buy An Automobile?

If so, fill out the blank shown above. We have some immensely valuable information to send you.



\$1000.00 Less—Or, \$500.00 More

Here's the latest product from the Haynes factory, our Model 19, for 1910.

It is a \$3,000.00 value car—with all the quality of the highest-priced cars—and our price is **\$2,000.00**—fully equipped.

To any man who wants a thoroughly high grade car in every particular—with everything on it worth having on an automobile—a car of reputation—a car of unquestioned merit—we offer this Model 19 Haynes—at a saving of *at least* \$1000.00.

"Or \$500.00 More." By that we mean \$500.00 more than you have to pay for the cheaper class of cars that sell for around **\$1500.00**.

We are the oldest automobile manufacturers in America and the superior quality of our cars is *unquestioned* everywhere.

In offering this \$2000.00 car we believe the public will recognize it as the *biggest value* yet offered in motor cars—*which it is*.

If just a word of advice to automobile buyers may be permitted, let us say—Be careful and buy the *right* car at the *start*.

Too many people have graduated up from the cheap car to the car they should have bought in the first place

—and by so doing they have lost nearly double the price of the car on the sale of the cheaper cars.

We haven't built a car to sell around \$1500.00, because *the kind of construction, material and power plant that we are willing to put out under the name of HAYNES, cannot be made and sold at a profit for that sum of money.*

Don't think that manufacturers can give you the best of everything in an automobile for around \$1500.00. Right material and skilled labor cannot be put into a car to sell at that price.

But to pay more than \$2000.00 is unnecessary. This our Model 19 will prove to anyone who examines it.

It is just the car you'll be delighted to own. It has style—snap—beauty of line—elegance of finish—is extremely comfortable and easy-riding and is as mechanically perfect as any machine on the market—no matter what the price. It has ample power, and goes faster than most people care to ride.

We want to send you particulars about this car. We want you to examine our proposition before you buy a car of *any* kind.

We will tell you where you can see the Haynes Model 19 and have it demonstrated. If you are looking for the right car at the right price, accept our invitation and write for particulars of this wonderful machine.

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,
110 Main Street, Kokomo, Indiana, U. S. A.
America's Pioneer Automobile Manufacturers.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

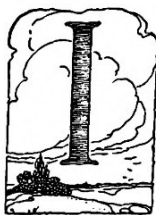
Vol. XII

NEW YORK AUGUST 1909

No. 183

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

A REPLY TO SPEAKER CANNON



AN interesting and ingenious article in the June *Century*, signed by the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the House, appears this paragraph:

A New York publisher conducts a campaign against the Speaker and the House Rules, and at the same time sends his confidential agent to the Speaker's friends with a demand for an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars from the Federal treasury for his own pet project. Another publisher, childlike in his frankness, comes direct to the Speaker's room in person, with a proposition to turn the whole newspaper press of the country over to support any ambition the Speaker may have if he will secure just one desired piece of legislation, and the threat that he will turn this terrible engine of publicity against the Speaker if he refuses. The egotism of the one who appeared to the Master and offered the kingdoms of the world for acknowledgment of his power was as nothing to this.

This paragraph is shrewdly devised to arouse suspicion as to the motives of every magazine or newspaper (including *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*) which has at any time dared to criticize or oppose the Speaker.

As a matter of fact, the "New York publisher" referred to is admitted by Mr. Robert J. Collier, of *Collier's Weekly*, to be himself, and the Speaker's peculiar idea of knightly courtesy in combat may be understood from the fact that the "pet project," for which Mr. Collier asked an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars from the Federal treasury, was the Lincoln Farm Association—a patriotic movement of the highest character, for the benefit of which it was entirely right and proper that an appeal should be made to Congress—which, under existing conditions, unfortunately means to the Ruler of the House, the Speaker.

From the identity of that "other publisher, childlike in his frankness," who came "direct to the Speaker's room in person, with a proposition to turn the whole newspaper press of the country over to support any ambition the Speaker may have," *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* is fortunately—and humorously—able entirely to dissociate itself, and this with the aid of the Speaker's own pen. For it will be remembered that when we commenced our campaign against his re-election, in February last, the Speaker made public a letter (originally written to a constituent), the main purpose of which seemed to be to prove that the arguments advanced by us could have no possible weight or value, because the publishers of *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* were absolutely unknown to himself or to the legislators and correspondents in Washington, and that a most diligent search of all sources of information failed to reveal any knowledge of us.

In order that there may be no possible misunderstanding, however, we desire respectfully to inform our subscribers that neither *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* nor any one connected with it is given to asking favors at the hands of the Speaker or other legislators in Washington or elsewhere; and if we should at any time find it necessary to do so, we promise that we shall not

Coming, in the big, cheerful September number

A startling new idea in the education of young children—H. Addington Bruce's

Marvelous Master Sidis

The real reason for the prohibition movement in the South—Harris Dickson's

Double-crossing the Bar

An anatomical study of the human funny-bone—Eugene Wood's

Why Is the Laugh?

How Japan manages to do so much on so little—Adachi Kinnosuke's

Thrifty Old Nippon

A real-life story of a man, a woman and a railroad—William Hamilton Osborne's

His Confidante

Another irresistible tale from the author of "Pippin"—Evelyn Van Buren's

The Scullery Maid's Dream

A frank, powerful out-of-doors story (anonymous)

The Big Moment in the Life of Ellery Andrews, Woods Boss

Also, Dr. Marden's inspiring monthly talk; "New Tales of the Road;" "The Sky Man;" "The World in a Nutshell;" etc.

be foolish enough to accompany the request with any threats of reprisal if our prayers be not granted.

The remainder of Mr. Cannon's article on "The Power of the Speaker" is a more or less forceful presentation of a case that no intelligent person denies; namely, that ninety-nine per cent. of the Rules of the House are perfectly adapted to the transaction of its business and need not—perhaps should not—be changed. It is upon the one per cent. remainder only that the real criticism of the country is based, this one per cent. containing, for example, the apparently simple rule by which the entire power of appointing the working committees of the House is vested in one man, who can, and does, by the exercise of his own single, autocratic will, reward his friends and punish his enemies. To those who were in Washington just before Speaker Cannon's last re-election, and who knew what fear of possible vengeance on the part of the Speaker against all who were in opposition to his will, obsessed all but the strongest minds, it can not fail to seem desirable that such scenes of combat should be replaced by the calm and comparatively fair operations of an *elective* committee, really representing all sections of the country in the award of committee appointments.

Another clause in Mr. Cannon's article is worthy of special comment. He says:

The one and only purpose of rules in the House of Representatives is to furnish a method for the legal expression of the will of the majority. There is no rule or combination of rules in the House that can stifle the will of the majority.

In this connection we desire to ask Mr. Cannon a question:

"If, at any time after the first hour of a new two-year session (when the Rules of the House are not in force), a clear majority of the House should be desirous of so amending the Rules as to take from you a substantial portion of the power which you now enjoy; and if you should be determined to resist in every 'legal' way the bringing of a resolution for this amendment to a final vote; *what procedure could be adopted under the Rules by the leaders of the majority to compel you to allow the amendment to be voted upon?*"

We have submitted this question to several members of the House, and in not a single case has the Representative so questioned been able to ascertain or explain the procedure. A resolution for such an amendment could readily be introduced, of course, and when so introduced would be promptly referred by the Speaker to the Committee on Rules, of which he is chairman. That committee is not obliged, however, to report out the resolution for action, and, so far as we can discover, there is no "legal" way under the Rules of compelling it to do so. We fear that Mr. Cannon's Committee on Rules would give to the resolution that undivided attention which has been defined as "the kindly care which the warden of a penitentiary bestows upon his charges."

The STRAIN TO KEEP UP APPEARANCES

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN



DISCLOSURES in a recent divorce suit in New York again call attention to the insane rivalry among wealthy Americans to outdo one another in dress and luxurious living. The wife who was suing, in this instance, maintained that a woman in her position required from thirty-five to forty thousand dollars a year for dress alone; and that this was a comparatively small item in the cost of maintaining her household. She stated, on the witness stand, that no society woman could afford to appear twice in the same dress in public or at the same hotel; that if she did, she would be "in very bad form." She also stated that it was necessary to change her clothing, completely, three times a day, and that many women change, throughout, four times a day.

Another New York woman says that she spends from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year on her wardrobe; that she has many dresses that cost a thousand dollars each, and that her shoes, the leather for which is imported and dyed to match the dresses with which they are worn, cost fifty dollars a pair.

Some of these society women exhaust so much of their time and energy in catering to their vanity that they have comparatively little left for the things really worth while. Mrs. Grundy has more abject slaves in America than in any other country on the globe. Multitudes of her devotees neglect their children, their homes, and their mental improvement, and resort to all sorts of expedients and extravagances to cater to their vanity.

It is not so much the purpose of this paper to condemn the rich for their wicked extravagance, as to point out the demoralizing influence of their vicious example upon those who can not afford either luxurious dress or living. Not only much of the discontent and unhappiness, but also a large part of the immorality and crime in this country, is due to the influence of the ostentatious flaunting of wealth in the faces of those who are less favored. It is a powerful undermining force in our civilization.

The mere possession of money does not give one the right to debauch his fellows, or to set an example which will make them discontented, unhappy, and tempt them to strain to keep up an appearance of wealth, at the possible sacrifice of their integrity and virtue.

Some of these wealthy people attempt to justify their extravagance on the ground that it gives employment to a great many. No greater delusion ever crept into a human brain than that wanton extravagance is justified on the ground that it gives employment, for the demoralizing and debauching influence of it all, upon those uselessly employed, infinitely outweighs any possible good it may do.

It is true that many poor women, girls, and children are enabled to eke out a miserable existence by spending years of precious time and energy working upon a piece of lace embroidery, or a thousand-dollar gown to be worn only once or twice by a rich woman. But is there no better destiny for human beings made in God's image than to wear their lives out and ruin their eyesight, as is done in numerous instances, in making that which appeals only to the vanity of women, many of whom, in all their lives, never earned the equivalent to the food which they consume in a single month?

The vulgar flaunting of wealth, which we see on every hand, is a constant suggestion, a perpetual temptation to the poorer classes to strain every nerve to keep up appearances, "to keep up with the procession" at all hazards.

Women who pay from five hundred to a thousand dollars for a dress, and fifty dollars for a pair of shoes, do not realize that a multitude of young girls, some of whom work for two years for what one of these gowns costs, and some for only a few dollars a week, are influenced to do all sorts of questionable things in order to ape the style of their rich sisters.

There are young women in New York, receiving comparatively small salaries, who live in high-class apartments, wear expensive tailored gowns, extravagant millinery, and indulge in other luxuries which are out of all keeping with their rank and means. Many of them have accounts at livery stables, florists, and dry-goods stores; they even buy jewelry and many other unnecessary things on credit. Some of them think nothing of frequenting pawn-shops and borrowing money on furs, clothing, anything which they do not happen to want for the moment.

Driven to extremes, they often grow so bold in their borrowing that they will "work" their friends, as they put it, without blushing. They brag of how much they can make a man spend on them when out for an evening.

Recently a young man on a small salary told me that it cost him from fifteen to twenty dollars an evening to take a girl to a theater, and

to supper, at an expensive restaurant, afterwards. Is it any wonder that so many young men in moderate circumstances remain single, and that such vicious results follow such abnormal living?

One of the curses of city life is the unwillingness of young men to marry and assume the responsibility or obligations of a family. The consequent absence of the refining, elevating influence of home and family upon the character of both men and women is most disastrous. They live unnatural and unhealthful lives and often become abnormally selfish because they are completely absorbed in getting the most they can for themselves, and consequently think very little about others.

The false ideas, expensive habits, and passion for show of girls are, in a great measure, responsible for this deplorable condition of things.

A New York young man, typical of a large class, told me, recently, that he had no idea of marrying, because, by remaining single, he could live at the best hotels—"live like a prince," as he expressed it—that he could patronize good tailors and could take an occasional trip abroad, whereas if he married and had to divide his income with a family, he would be obliged to live in a poorer part of the city, in much cheaper quarters, and could not begin to keep up the appearance and make the display which he can now afford. He said that girls expect so much to-day that young men require a lot of courage to assume the responsibility of marriage.

Many girls seem to think that their chances of marrying men who can support them in luxury are much enhanced by extravagant dressing. This is a great delusion, for men usually see through them. Girls who dress beyond their means, as a rule, fail to attract, permanently, the wealthy men whom they would like to marry, and often frighten away the young men of small means who would be drawn to them by their good qualities of mind and heart, which their foolish clothing and hollow pretense serve only to conceal.

Young men who are determined to make something of themselves will think a great many times before they marry a young woman with extravagant notions, for they know that once a woman has contracted a taste for luxuries and formed the habit of living beyond her income, she is rarely content with what a man in moderate circumstances can afford to give her.

It is the young woman who steels herself against the temptations of vanity and is content to dress as attractively as she can honestly afford, instead of running into debt and resorting to all sorts of things to procure what she can not afford, who scouts the idea of bedecking herself with cheap imitations, refuses to wear lies or act them—she is the sort of girl a manly young fellow will want to marry, or who will make a successful career for herself.

The examples of vicious living and reckless extravagance of the very rich are no less demoralizing to young men than to young women. It used to be considered a disgrace for youths and young men to be in debt unless they were in business for themselves, or there was some other justification for it; but now it is the commonest thing to see young men with small salaries heavily in debt—for luxuries.

Never, in the history of mankind, was there such a perfect mania among certain classes to keep up appearances at all hazards, to make a big show in the world, as exists in America to-day. Everywhere we see people toiling to keep in the social swim, struggling to break into the stratum above them, straining every nerve to do things they can not afford, simply because others do them.

In Europe it is possible to classify people largely by their dress and appearance. They do not pretend to be what they are not, so much as in America; but here, where shop-girls dress like millionaires' daughters, and thousands of clerks dress better than their employers, where so many are trying to appear to be better off than they are, to make others think they amount to a little more than they do, it is impossible to judge by appearances.

Not long ago a New York man who had passed as a multi-millionaire, and whose family lived in the most extravagant manner, died, and when his will was probated, it was found that his entire estate scarcely inventoried two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The fortunes of a great many people who are supposed to be enormously rich are bubbles just as empty as that of this man. There are people passing themselves off as millionaires who may be, in reality, worth less than nothing—hopelessly in debt. But, because they are believed to be wealthy, they have almost unlimited credit; everybody is anxious to sell to them; tradespeople do not like to ask them for money for fear of losing their patronage.

[Continued on page 521]

NEW TALES OF THE ROAD



"She flushed and answered, 'No, I'm her stepmother'"

1. Little Comedies of Commerce

BY CHARLES N. CREWDSON

Illustrations by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



WHILE he is actually on the road, the work of no man is harder than that of the traveling salesman. Building new business is terrific as well as diplomatic labor; taking care of old business—listening to the kicks of customers as well as the kicks of his firm—is certainly not a snap. No man endures greater physical hardships, except, perhaps, a busy country doctor who is called out in the middle of every night to saddle his own horse and splash miles through half-frozen mud, or the brakeman on a local freight train who has a night run. Yet almost every day of his life the man on the road has enacted before him, or himself takes part in, one of those little comedies of commerce that lighten his work, and give to his labor a charm.

Trying to Compete with an Appetite

Not long ago I went to do business with a merchant—went in at 6:59, thirty seconds before his closing time. I did n't drop in, I went in as if I was there for business. I felt that I could make my business proposition more interesting to the merchant than his supper. It is n't usually a good idea to strike a man for business just before supper; but, still, if a salesman has a rapid fire proposition he can often get through with his business four times as quickly on account of a merchant's appetite. Besides, when one business man meets another, the best thing to do is to talk business straight from the jump. It is more entertaining to the merchant than any inquiry as to the health of his family—about which he is asked from twelve to one hundred times every day, anyhow.

If little Katie has the mumps he does n't mind telling the doctor that her jaw has swollen, but if every customer who comes in to buy a spool of thread or a can of baking powder inquires about her health he soon gets tired of answering the question: "How is Katie?"

The merchant enjoys talking business most, and the traveling salesman who approaches him for business, especially if he is a stranger to the merchant, should at once *talk business*, and leave out the trimmings.

"Mr. Stevens," said I, "my business is"—and in one minute I told him what it was and began showing him my samples.

"That interests me," said he, "but I would rather see you in the morning."

Seeing that he was interested, I pressed my proposition. When you have a trout firmly hooked and your reel is well greased, it is better to land him then than to make another cast and take chances on his taking your fly the second time.

I talked to him five minutes more. He pulled out his watch and said: "Say, my friend, I will see you at half past seven right here. I must go now because my daughter has just been married and she is going away on the train to-night and it's due in three minutes."

We started in a rush for the door, but had gone only some seven steps when in came the newly married daughter, her husband and the merchant's wife.

"Train's half an hour late, father," said the bride. "They teased us so much at the depot we thought we would come over here and stay until the train whistled."

Talking Business to a Bride

The merchant introduced me to all and explained that his wife and daughter helped him in the store. Then he asked me to show my proposition to them. The Lord did n't build me for talking business with women, but I have learned that the best partner in the world a man has is his wife, and that he generally values her opinion about merchandise above the opinions of others. So I had to win over the wife—the daughter was n't in the game at all, because she was thinking a great deal more about her new husband than she was about what sort of buttons would best match a certain piece of dress goods for another woman!

I showed my proposition to them and was very soon asked prices. The economical strain in woman got in its work and the wife said: "That's nice, John, but it's too dear." To say that she liked it was as far as I really wanted her to go. Although I had wanted to hurry my deal to a conclusion, I knew that my play now was to kill time until the train whistled and then go at the husband single-handed after supper.

"How do you enjoy getting married?" I asked the young lady.

"Well, it's a whole lot more fun for everybody else than it is for me," she answered.

"And I am sure, madame," said I, speaking to the merchant's wife, "it was not a bit of fun to you." She was really a young looking matron and I thought I saw a short-cut into her good graces.

A Compliment with a Flare Back

"I have roamed round the world a great deal, madame," said I, "and have been present on many occasions like that of this afternoon, but never in my whole life have I seen a mother so young as yourself who had a daughter old enough to be married. Surely you can not be her mother?"

I did n't see how this could fail to please her.

But I had another guess coming—and also an important lesson in salesmanship—for she flushed and answered:

"No, I'm her stepmother."

Did I get the contract at 7:30?

Well, I guess not!

Flattery is a good thing for a salesman to use, but this is my prescription for using it: Spread it on so thickly that your customers will know it as a good-natured, open-faced "jolly," or else let the coat be so thin that they can't see it at all. Everybody likes it if you hand it out right.

I had no answer for the stepmother. This was one of those little one act comedies of commerce where my part in the sketch ended abruptly in the middle. Many a time have I been caught in close places, but this was one of the corners from which I could n't escape with an order.

Once, in a western town, a friend took me to a merchant to introduce me. I was fool enough to allow him to do so, although this was my first offense in fifteen years. The salesman loses his very best chance to impress himself upon a merchant when he allows somebody else to introduce him. The first minute a traveling salesman meets a merchant counts for more than all of the remaining twenty-four hours. He must conquer the man he approaches and make a home run on the first ball pitched, else his chances are slim of ever getting as far as first base.

Getting Out of a Bad Hole

The friend, who introduced me to Dawson, of the firm of Hart & Dawson, walked with us to the hotel to look at an exhibit of paintings. After a little time, when my merchant friend started back to his store, I merely said to him: "I hope to see you after luncheon, Brother Dawson, and tell you what my business is."

I dropped into his store that afternoon but did n't see him about. Going over to a pleasant looking old gentleman I said to him, not disrespectfully: "Major, what time, sir, will the Big Chief be in." Of course I referred to Dawson.

"You mean, Mr. Dawson?" he said.

"Yes; and what is your name?" I asked.

"We'll never get acquainted any sooner; Hart is my name," he replied.

"Well, I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Hart," said I. "I met Mr. Dawson this morning, and I'm pleased to have the honor of meeting his partner." Suddenly it flashed across me that there were two big chiefs in the establishment. I quickly recalled that Dawson was a big man, physically, and so I gave a new angle to my foolish question about "The Big Chief" by remarking: "He certainly is a big man—your partner—must weigh more than two hundred and fifty!"

It was a quick turn on the word big—but it served to let me out, for Mr. Hart's attitude changed quickly and I sold him a good bill.

That evening, at the hotel, as I sat with a party of friends, I told this joke on myself, and led the little bunch of traveling salesmen, with whom I sat, to telling some of their own experiences.

"I had a good joke on my friend, Tom Franklin, my last trip down at 'Frisco," said Newman, the hat man. "I have an old friend down there who is Sunday editor of one of the papers. Every time I go down I look him up and we spend an evening together. Well, to make a long story short, after having been out with him the night before, I asked my editor friend to come into the Palace Hotel and take luncheon with me. Franklin and I had our samples opened up in adjoining rooms, and the clerk downstairs got us a little mixed up. We both had a good many customers coming in. I had left word with the clerk, that if anyone called for me when I was not in, to send him to Franklin's room."

Free Advice to an Editor

"My editor friend came in, and the bell boy showed him up to Franklin's number. I must confess that, although my literary friend stands high in his profession, he wears untrimmed whiskers, lets his trousers get baggy at the knees and looks very much like a back-country

merchant. In fact, Franklin thought he was an easy mark, for when the editor asked if I was in, Franklin said, 'Why no, he is just in next door. I will be very glad, indeed, to show you the way 'round. But will you not want to look at some goods in my line while you are in town this trip? It won't cost you anything to look at them and I will try to treat you white. We manufacture our goods ourselves, and I know that our prices are rock bottom. We are good shippers and when a merchant starts dealing with us, he always keeps it up.' And then he gave him the usual rigmarole, but the editor, seeing that the joke was on him and not wishing to give himself away, replied: 'Thank you very much, but I believe that I will first look up my friend.' So in comes Franklin with my editor friend whom I greeted very cordially. Franklin very soon gave his hand away to me saying: 'Maybe you will introduce me to this gentleman—I see that you are good friends.'

"I introduced them, at the same time giving the editor the wink. Franklin went out and I patched it up with the editor that he should play the part of the country merchant and go in and buy a bill of goods.

"But heavens alive! How am I to buy a bill of ladies's skirts and shirt waists? I'm a single man and don't know anything about that sort of stuff."

"Tell him," said I, "that you do not handle that line and he will brace you to put in an opening stock, and in a jiffy he will ask you to let him pick it out for you."

The Traveling Man Hates Silence

"Well, the thing worked like a charm! My editor friend fingered over the stuff for a little while and kept his mouth shut. You know the hard man to wait on is the fellow that does n't say anything. I'd lots rather have a customer kick like a mulé at every item, than to swallow, whole, everything I say, and not give me any ground for argument. If he finds fault, then I have a chance to talk to him, but if he says nothing, it makes a hard proposition to go against."

"After a little while the editor pulled out his watch and, as I had posted him, said: 'I guess I will have to come in this afternoon. I must go to luncheon now.' 'Maybe,' said Franklin, 'you will go down with me. Come right on. I shall be very glad to have you. I am not doing anything just now and it will be a pleasure to have your good company.'

"Thank you," said the editor, "I don't like to impose on you, nor do I wish to feel that I shall be under any obligations."

"No obligations at all—I must eat—you must eat—let's go together. We'll take your friend next door (that was myself) along, too."

An Editor Gets a Square Meal

"The old Palace, you know, was a pretty swell joint. My editor friend, even if he did n't know much about skirts, did know how to order something good to eat; and when Franklin passed over the menu to him, he certainly gave the waiter an order for a stunning spread. Tope points on half shell, brook trout, porterhouse, potatoes *au gratin*, salad *escarole*, and lots of the good things they raise down in California. In fact, he showed himself so well onto his job at ordering that I was afraid he would give himself away; but Franklin never tumbled!

"When the waiter passed in the check, my editor friend made a bluff at wanting to pay for our feed, but, of course, Franklin wouldn't have it that way, and topped the thing off by ordering, in addition, Carolina Perfectos, at two bits a throw. Then he said to the editor: 'Shall we go up now? I am at your service. My next appointment is not until three o'clock and we can get through by that time, easily.'

"No, Franklin," said I. "I expect that we have taken about as much of my friend's time as we are entitled to. I guess he has got to go over and get busy; he's Sunday editor of the paper across the street, and I guess he has all the material he needs."

It isn't often, however, that the man on the road fails to size up right, those whom he meets. People to him become a part of his line of goods. He learns how to sort them out; and as he learns which numbers in his line are the best sellers, so he likewise finds out, and quickly, too, which of the merchants he meets are easy marks for him. This constant drilling in sizing up people, makes the man who is successful on the road, generally a success at anything he undertakes. The road is the best drill ground in the world to march over, for a young man who wishes to enter business.

"Yes, but the best of us bark up the wrong tree, sometimes," remarked Fletcher. "I know I thought I had a possum once and it turned out to be a tom-cat. I was in Helena, with Billy, here. We were taking lunch at the Helena. Now, you know, boys, I have an off ear—deaf as a post on one side—and Billy was sitting on that side of me. I did not understand what he said to me as he pointed over to another table, so I asked him, 'What did you say?' I caught him saying something about a man named Miller."



"I am connected with the Salvation Army"

"Why, who is he?" I asked.
 "Kean Miller," I understood him to say. "Why, don't you know who he is?"—I thought I could see a little devilment in your eyes then, Billy.
 "No, who is he?" I asked.
 "Why, he is the biggest clothing merchant in Montana."
 "Well, is that so?"

On the Trail of a Merchant Prince

"With this, I turned and looked at the old gentleman. He had long whiskers and wore a skull cap with fancy, hand-worked figures on it. He looked to me as if he might be some big sheep or cattle man, as well as a merchant, so I said to Billy:

"Do you know him? I'd like to have you introduce me."
 "Oh, no; I don't know him except by sight," said Billy. "I never sold him, but he is a rattling buyer when he gets at it."

"Very soon the old gentleman left the dining room. I did not take but a swallow or two of food after that, but followed him out. I found him over at the cigar case. Waltzing right up to him, I said:

"Your name is Miller, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," said he, politely.

"Well, you will think I am very free, I expect, Mr. Miller, for coming up and introducing myself to you; but I've heard of you for a long time and have been intending to come out and visit you. My name is Fletcher."

"Well, I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Fletcher. Won't you come over and sit down, sir?" The old man was as gracious as a Kentucky Colonel.

"This is a fine country out here in the West, Mr. Miller," said I.

Mr. Miller Bursts into Eulogy

"Oh, yes; it's a charming region," he replied. "The people in the East know nothing of what we have out here—our majestic mountains, our dashing streams, our magnificent forests, our beautiful flowers, our splendid wild animals, our song birds, our free-hearted people!"

"This sounded like rather queer talk from a country merchant, but I kept up my end of the line as best I could.

"If you will allow me," I said, "I will tell you what my business is. I am selling clothing, and have a line which I think might please you."

"A peculiar expression came into the old man's face, but I continued, 'And I am all opened up, so while you are in Helena, if you don't feel it will do you any harm, I shall be very pleased if you will look over my line of goods. We are good ship-pers, make really top-py suits, and our terms are reasonable. Maybe you will allow me to show you some of my samples, after a while? I sell some of the very best merchants in the West, and I know that you buy large bills of clothing.'

Poets do not Buy Clothes

"About one suit in four years!" said the old man. "Would rather wear corduroys than anything else, but when I am out on one of my lecture tours, I have to put on one of these long-tailed things!"

"He did not understand me and I did not understand him until he handed me his card. Then I saw that I had been trying to sell a bill of clothing to Joaquin Miller, the famous Poet of the Sierras.

"But it pays to keep on trying. You know this river here is full of fish, but you must cast your fly a dozen times, hook lots of little ones and have many a strike before you land a big one. A three-pounder does n't get your hook every time you throw a fly."

"I was standing, one day, in the big company store over in Belt," said Edwards, the shoe man, "waiting for the manager to come out of the office. While I was there, in mosied a long, slim fellow, wearing a black necktie and a dark overcoat that reached below his knees. He came in so quietly and had such a ministerial air about him, that I said to him:

"You are selling goods?"

"I said it in such a way that he knew I thought he was not.

"No, sir," said he, "I am not selling goods." His face was straight and calm. "I am connected with the Salvation Army," my ministerial friend continued. "Our ranks in this little town have been very much shattered, and I am here to try to restore order and build up our work."

"Salvation Army, eh?"

"Yes, sir," he went on, "I suppose you will be in town this evening?"

"Yes, I shall be here over night."

"Well, in that event we should like very much indeed to have you come up to the barracks."

"One or two of the boys in the store had now come up to where we were and were listening to our conversation.

"Oh, I have n't time for anything of that sort," said I.

A Sermon in a Shoe Store

"Have no time for anything of that sort?" said my friend, turning on me, his face warming with suppressed feeling. "Do you mean to say you spend all of your time in doing nothing but provide for your body, and that you never pay any heed to your soul?"

"Well, sir; that fellow gave me the greatest raking over I ever had in my life.

"Later some one came over to the shoe department where I was standing, and asked where the manager was.

"Why, he's gone down the street with that Salvation Army fellow," said I.

"Salvation—nothing! That fellow's selling shoes," exclaimed one of the boys.

Salesmen are Born; not Made

"This Salvation Army fellow was one man I sized up wrong. But it is better to make a mistake once in a while, than not to satisfy your curiosity. A man knows nothing when he starts on the road and learns something every day. The old man in the house who sends salesmen out on the road not only wants to have those who know his merchandise, but he also wants them to know men. If he does n't hire those who know

human nature, he will employ dubs instead of salesmen. It helps the new man, to be given arguments on how to sell, but if the man starting out has not had a quick wit *born in him*, he will never have it. Study will help him, but the salesman is *born* a salesman; you can no more make a salesman out of every man you meet, than you can turn a cast iron lamp post into a rubber hose."

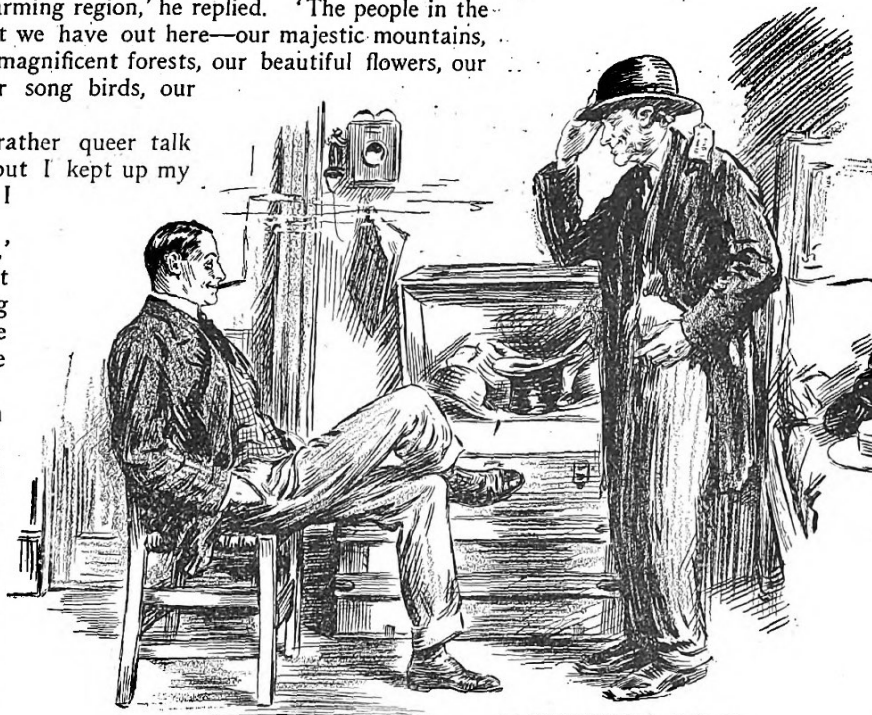
"You are right about that," spoke up Newman, and there is just one thing you want to add, and that is *H-U-S-T-L-E*. A lazy man has no place on the road. It is work, work, work, that gets there—and the kind of work that would kill, were it not for a little fun now and then! But it creeps in often enough to keep us cheerful. When we take a day off once in a while, the house should not have any kick. Unless the heads of the firm have been on the road themselves, they do not know how many nights we have *on*, and Sundays, too. But still there's a world of fun, often, in the actual business-getting itself.

"I was in Denver a few trips ago and a drygoods friend also happened to be there at that time. He was waiting on a customer from way down in the sandhills of Southeastern Colorado. He turned his customer over to me. You know, boys, when we are on the square we get a good many favors of this kind; in fact every man on the road, who is half-way decent, has a great deal of his business handed over to him by his friends. Either they will put him onto something good, or else turn a customer straight over to him.

Dizzy Finance in a Country Store

"Well, this turned-over customer—Brewster was his name—came into my sample room like a whirlwind. He said to me: 'You must not take me for any greenhorn, sir. I run the newspaper down in my town; I'm the editor; I do insurance business, deal in lands—I'm the post-master and run the store.' Then he showed me the plans of his establishment. He lived in the front and in the middle of the store! On either side of the rooming quarters for his family was an entrance to his store. Back in one corner was the post-office, and over in the other he ran the printing shop. He was a man of many wits—a regular rattle-brain! In addition to the activities I've mentioned, he was promoting some kind of a company. I could n't make head or tail of it; I can only remember that the assets of one of his companies were the indebtedness of the other. He wanted to let me in and make me vice-president—if I would put up a hundred or two.

[Continued on page 528]



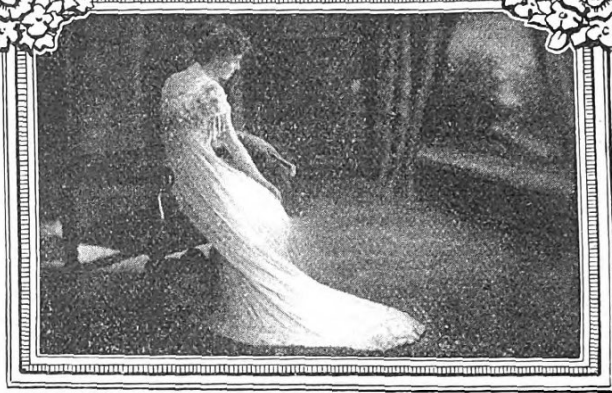
—ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN—

"I guess I'll just wear this one myself," he said"

SALESMEN ARE BORN; NOT MADE

" SHE IS AN ACTRESS "

By MABEL TALIAFERRO



badness of a stratum of the-
atrical society, which is as far
removed from that of the
real actress as the position
of an ignorant coal-miner is
from that of the learned engineer who
opened up the mine.

It Takes Hard, Conscientious Study to Become an Artist

At the time this incident occurred I was barely twenty-one, and had been on the stage, playing principal parts, ever since I was two and a half years old. Like many another actress, I had climbed, with difficulty, the many rungs of the theatrical ladder, until I had finally realized a part of my ambition—I had become a star. Without any opportunity to acquire an education up to the time I, as a kiddie, became *Baby Bascome* in "Blue Jeans," and only few and far-between opportunities during the eighteen years which followed, I nevertheless had done my best to be something more than an automaton. I had exerted every effort to broaden my mind, because I possessed ambition which I knew never would be realized unless I trained myself to compete safely with other women of my profession who had had more advantages. I had worked, read, studied, and observed, just as thousands of other actresses have done, are doing, and will continue to do. And after I had won my fight and could see myself clear of the smoke, din, and dust of battle, I was suddenly brought—bang!—up against the fact that the very public I was trying so hard to please considered the chorus girl who figured in today's murder trial, or yesterday's divorce scandal, in just the same class as it considered me. We both were actresses!

Humiliated, indignant, disgusted, I returned to my home and announced that I had quit the stage, that I would never act again, that I wished to have no more to do with a profession in which the best were no better than the worst—in which goodness, and ability, and years of unceasing effort counted for nothing except an increased income. That I changed my mind, and am still an actress, is due to nothing save an unwillingness to say "die." If Mary Anderson could stand it, and Maude Adams can, I shall not be the first to cry "quits."

You Don't Confuse an Able Seaman with a Captain

In no other walk of life, with one single exception, does such a curious, unnatural, and unwarranted condition exist. If a woman adopts any other career her success in it is marked

SOME months ago I sat dining in a well-known New York restaurant, and at an adjoining table were seated two men and two women who were passing the time between the courses by discussing the latest scandal—a murder trial, in which the most talked about figure was a young woman of checkered career, who, once upon a time, had been a member of a Broadway musical-comedy chorus. I could not help overhearing the greater part of their conversation, which was chiefly about the lax morals of the stage, but I was not particularly interested until one of the men, evidently recognizing me, nodded in my direction and said to the ladies in the party:

"There's one of them sitting at the next table."

"What?" asked the ladies.

"An actress."

While there was nothing wrong in it, I shall never forget how my cheeks flushed; how I clinched my fists; how I bit my lips, to keep back the tears at their casual remark, which meant that, after a long, patient, uphill fight to gain a name and a reputation as a capable player, I could still be mentioned in the same breath, and in the same class, with a woman who had never acted, whose sole stage experience had been in a dancing ensemble, whose only claim to fame had come from wrecking two human lives, and who, nevertheless, was called, daily, in a thousand newspapers "an actress."

Every Flashy Show Girl is Called "an Actress"

It was not the first time I had been brought face to face with the humiliating fact that, to the average person, all women who make a livelihood from the other side of the footlights are "actresses." It was not the first time I had been humiliated by the thought that, no matter how hard I tried, and studied, and worked, or how high I climbed, I would still be classed with the girl of the pretty face who knew nothing of toil, study, or ambition, and who cared for a good time rather than for a good name. It was not the first time I had been hurt by the cruel lack of discrimination and appreciation which bundled us all in one class—great stars, delightful comedienues, charming ingenues, flashy show girls, ballet dancers, members of the chorus—and labeled us "actresses. But I had never before realized the utter hopelessness of a situation which absolutely discounted brains, ability, culture, education, birth, sweet womanhood, years of study, toil, and strife, and forced the hundreds of good women of the stage to suffer through the thoughtlessness, or the downright



by increased honors and increased appreciation, but an actress can never get high enough to be free from the evil effects of the misconduct of people who, by a topsy-turvy nomenclature, have come to be called, and, therefore, regarded as members of her own sisterhood.

Has anyone ever heard of an able seaman being mistaken for the captain of a ship? Has anyone ever heard of an office boy designated as a manager? Has any newspaper reader ever seen a Wall Street messenger referred to as a member of the stock exchange? I doubt it. I also doubt if there is a newspaper reader in the United States who has not had his good opinion of some of the player folk on our stage lowered by reading of the vulgar conduct of men and women, whose theatrical position is at the very lowest rung of the ladder, and who appear in print as actors and actresses.

So long as a man has good health and a robust physique, there is no good reason why he cannot become a sailor. It is not necessary that he have birth, education, good morals, or money. He need not even have to be able to think for himself, and ambition is not a necessary requirement for pulling a rope or swabbing a deck. To become an officer of a ship a man must have some of these attributes, and to land at the top of his profession he must have many of them. If a girl has a pretty face and an attractive figure, she can become a "chorus lady." She can even become famous—sometimes infamous. Refinement, culture, goodness of hand and heart, she need not have. She can even get along without a singing voice. But without some of these qualities and another prime requisite—ability—she can never become an actress. The difference between an actress and some of the women who are called actresses is precisely the difference between an office boy and the manager, a messenger boy and the broker.

Do all Drummers Look Alike to You?

Theatrical folk and "drummers" are spoken of in the same breath, and drummers make up the only class which can be likened to the stage in one respect. I know nothing about them, but I presume they belong to various stations, just as we player folk do. Still, on my many tours, of this and other countries, I have always heard them bunched together as "drummers" or "traveling men." Even in this lonely instance the players get the worst of it. Many a time I have gone to a small town hotel, and when, in reply to the clerk's query as to whether he was a "drummer" or a member of the "show troupe" one of our actors admitted his calling, I have heard the hotel man say: "We don't want any show people here. If we must have either, give us the drummers."

This is a small but still another evidence of the effect which the too wide use of the too common words "actor" and "actress" has had on the every-day and Sunday life of honest and ambitious play folk. The rowdy element in the cheap musical and burlesque companies has caused the small cities to look down upon real actors and real actresses, just as the widely exploited misdemeanors of inconsequential show girls have brought into disrepute the reputations of the foremost Broadway woman stars.

The Newspapers Called Evelyn Nesbit "an Actress"

Within the last few years the attention of newspaper readers has been drawn to two notorious murder trials—the most widely read in the recent history of the American courts. The chief figure in each of these trials was a girl who had been on the stage. Although neither had risen above the ranks of the chorus, both were designated "actresses" in every paper in the land for months; in one case for years. Neither was an actress in any sense of the word. Neither had appeared in any but the lightest and frothiest kind of musical entertainments. Both were accused of the most unwarranted and atrocious crimes. These two cases, and the newspaper attitude toward the two young women, did more to lower the popular regard for stage folk, than all the good conduct of all the real actresses can undo in a generation. They offered the most striking examples I can think of to show the great wrong done by newspapers' lack of discrimination in describing the relative position of women on the stage. If a salesgirl actuates a man to commit murder, should her bad conduct reflect on the wife of the proprietor? If an office boy sets fire to a building, should business men be refused fire insurance? Then, why should the Mary Andersons, the Julia Marlowes, the Maude Adamses, the Mrs. Fiskes, and the Ethel Barrymores of our stage be forced to suffer because a show girl does wrong? The only answer I can think of is that, by exploiting these malodorous happenings

in the life of the under-stage, newspapers gain in circulation. During the Thaw trial the managing editor of one of the greatest newspapers in New York told me that his circulation had increased over one hundred thousand copies a day. He said that his principal rival was selling an excess of nearly that number, and both papers were describing the chief witness by the same term they used when referring to Sarah Siddons and Madam Modjeska.

The newspapers and magazines are, to a large extent, responsible for the fame of deserving players, and they are chiefly to be blamed for the unfortunate lack of distinction between the various ranks of players. Experience seems to have taught them that it is more profitable to flash up the misdoings of theatrical folk than it is to spread broadcast the even worse misconduct of men and women in the other walks of life. That is why, I suppose, the public is constantly fed with the news that this or that woman of the stage has been divorced; that this actress has been in a café quarrel; that Miss So and So of Such and Such a theater has been sued for her hotel bill, and that a pretty girl who does nothing more serious than carry a spear in the front rank of a Broadway chorus has been instrumental in separating some husband from his wife.

The Popular Appetite for Stage Scandal

I have often wondered if the public was always as interested in the doings and misdoings of stage people as it now is. I do not believe so. It seems to me that a great deal of this interest must be due to the whetting of the appetite for stage scandal by the excessive notoriety which the press of the country has given to things theatrical. Did it ever occur to you that the dry-goods, grocery, real-estate, automobile, and a dozen other trades and professions contribute as many, if not more, cases to the divorce court than does the theatrical? We seldom hear or read of them. Did it ever occur to you that, because of the great publicity given to the misbehaviors of the lesser people of the stage, Bad in the spotlight seems worse than Very Bad in the dark? If this is not true, why is it that a chorus girl divorce case assumes more importance in the newspapers than does a split-up in a millionaire's family just around your corner? And whether it is true or not, why should the chorus girl be referred to as an "actress?"

Every once in a while there is a tremendous scandal in the high life of society. There is a great deal more such scandal than the reading public knows. There is a great deal less such scandal in theatrical life than the newspaper reading public believes. Probably this is because newspaper readers prefer the theatrical to the society brand of scandal. And yet there must be quite as much news, and quite as much romance in the love affairs and the everyday life of a society bride, as there is in the up-and-down existence of an eighteen-dollar-a-week "actress."

The Actress Can Never Eade the Opera Glass

The stage seems to offer the only profession in which it is almost impossible for a woman to draw her shutters. The doings of the lady consort of a dry-goods merchant do not interest the rank and file. A divorce in a druggist's family does not call out "extras." Between the public and society there is an inscrutable barrier, but the innermost life of a woman on the stage, whether she be actress or chorus girl, is everybody's property. Political and social money has a different and a higher value than the currency used by stage folk. Despite the wealth and popularity of thousands of girls and women who make a living on the other side of the footlights, they have little opportunity to keep their private life to themselves. The title, "Mrs.," enjoyed by all other women, is denied them, and it may be that "Miss" provokes familiarity. At any rate, the women of the stage are always in the spotlight and their lives seem destined to be open books for all time.

The average person goes around Sherry's, Delmonico's, and the private houses of the rich, just as he passes, unnoticed, the humble residences of laborers and tradesmen. But he knows actors and actresses, and what he does not know he thinks he knows and talks about. A pretty girl who sings a popular song in a successful musical comedy will invariably attract more attention, on a New York street, than will a Mrs. Astor, or a Mrs. Vanderbilt, and if she makes a moral slip she will command more space in the newspaper headlines than will the progress of the tariff reform, or the latest message of the President of the United States. She will not only do that, but she will heap ridicule and

[Continued on page 526]

WHEN CUPID PLAYED FOWL

BY ERNEST POOLE

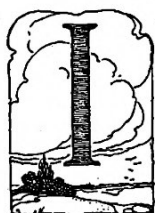
Illustrations by J. A. CAHILL



"Roach was enormous"



"McGraf was stout"



IN THE city of New York, on any fine Sunday between spring and fall, if you will rise early, get down to the tip of the Battery by eight o'clock, and board a stanch little steamer that rocks impatiently at her dock, you will find some two score men, old and young, all crowded close, and hopefully starting down the harbor, to come to anchor somewhere off near Sandy Hook, to fish and doze all day. I have had five such excursions, I have caught three fish, and have had deliciously drowsy impressions of ocean liners, snowy sails, and clouds, and salty odors, of motionless sunburned faces around me, low, gruff voices—yarns.

It was here that I met "McGraf and Roach." They were partners in a butcher shop. Two bull-necked men of middle age, whose short legs dangled, or rather protruded, over the bulwark, side by side. McGraf was stout; Roach was enormous. Both were in their shirt sleeves, suspenders stretched tight over their backs; their necks were swathed in handkerchiefs loosely tied. Roach wore a jaunty hat of straw; McGraf a slouching gray affair. They were gamblers. The stakes were "a nickel a fin." From time to time, as fortune turned, Roach would give a jovial backward tilt to his hat, while the hat of McGraf would droop sullenly over one of his cold gray eyes. But the main program of the day was an endless succession of yarns, in the telling of which they displayed a vividness, an eye for detail, such as I have rarely seen. Sitting close beside them, one Sabbath, I was soon one of the party. Toward the end of the afternoon, there came a chuckle from McGraf.

"My pardner, Mr. Roach," he said, "has quite a story to tell, if so inclined. The only trouble is he ain't often inclined. You see, it's about himself; one of these here intimate yarns, in tellin' which a man bares his bosom to the world, like a steer that's dressed for market."

At this unlovely picture, the face of the Enormous One grew quite grim. "A romantic little piece," continued his partner, "about one of them moments in life when a woman gets hold of your tenderest nerves an' yanks 'em gently to an' fro. When—"

"One way of beginning a story," said Mister Roach, with ponderous indignation, "is to lie. Instead of *not* being inclined, I *chuckle* over it to myself—dozens of times a year." To prove the truth of what he said, he chuckled determinedly then and there.

"Five years ago this coming fall," he began, "I was devilish lonely. In my shop I had no partner then, the Trust had just shot up the prices of meat, and it was a lonely feeling I had when I faced ten women at once, every blamed one of 'em blue in the face. At night I'd go home to my flat, until then, my niece had kept things nice. But she had married a month before; in her place was a frowzy-headed female who came in by the day, and the cleaning she did was a smear—and the cooking worse. And I was unhappy, and lonesome as a pig in an open boat at sea.

"I distinctly remember," he continued, thoughtfully, "one or two nights when I got thinking about how it would be to have some nice sensible gal like my niece—have her as a housekeeper."

There was a queer little sound behind me. I turned and saw the rotund figure of Mr. McGraf quivering with mirth.

"As a housekeeper," repeated Roach, sternly, with only the ghost of a twinkle in the corner of one huge eye. "I had always left the social side of females strictly alone!"

"One day," he went on, "in one of the turkeys I had bought, I found a carefully folded paper tucked up inside of his neck. It was a note from a gal way up in the Green Mountains.

"Such notes are common enough. The men in the wholesale markets are all the time finding 'em. More'n one farmer's daughter has got into a mess, in jest this way, that has spoiled her whole life. But this note had n't a single dime novel line in it. It was writ in a big, round, powerful hand. She said her father had died

and she was alone, half way up a mountainside. And the long winter about to begin. She continued:

Now, I may appear to be lying downright at the start. But I ain't. No, sir! I'm pleased as I can be—with the mountains covered with early frost. I'm a pretty good shot with Dad's Colt Repeater, game is here in plenty, the season opens soon, and when winter comes my snow-shoes make it easy going. So I'm doing fine.

Only, at night, sometimes, I get kind of blue. I don't know why I'm writing this here letter. I've heard of silly gals doing it in hopes of getting married for life. But none of that for me! If this falls into somebody's hands way down there in New York City, and you, who ever you be, should think it worth while to write me some night, we might write a few letters this winter, jest to help pass the evenings. You give me some idea of the city, and I'll give you mountain yarns that will curl your hair. Dad called the rifle Tommy. And Tommy, and me, and Bill the dog, have seen some things up here. Eh, Bill? Look at him wag his tail!

If you decide to—do it soon. And be good and sure of one thing—who ever you are—I ain't afraid of you one bit! Yours respectfully, Bess.

P. S. If you care anything about knowing—I'm twenty-six, I have black hair and eyes, and up here they call me fine looking.

"That was about what she had writ. She also gave her full name and address. Here, I thought, was a rattling good safe proposition, a woman four hundred miles away. Alone, too, on a mountain with a long winter ahead. 'You bet it's tough,' I thought. I liked her nerve about it. So I sat down that same night, and here is what I wrote:

DEAR BESS: Your letter received. I call you Bess right off because I like the way you talk. And if your proposition is still open, I guess I'll take you up.

I never had any use for the fool kind of gals that writes letters hoping to get married. I'm glad you ain't that kind. I heard the other day of a gal in a shoe factory who stuffed a fool love-letter into one of the shoes. That particular shoe, with its mate, was bought by a man in Jersey City, a crusty old miser who walked every day two miles to his office to save carfare. The note was so awful small it got wedged way up in the end of the shoe. And the old man did n't find the thing till



"I turned and saw the rotund figure of Mr. McGraf quivering with mirth"

it had about spoiled all five of his toes. He is now a cripple—face puckering with agony at every step he takes. He has brought suit agin the shoe company for the car fare it has cost him. What made him maddest was that the letter spoke of helping him on his weary way up the thorny road of life.

I am twenty-six years old, the same as you. I'm a butcher. My old aunt used to keep my flat, but she died. So I'm lonely. And I'll be glad to write you as many times as you write me.

Yours respectfully, DAVE.

P. S. I ain't any more open to marriage than you are."

There was a short pause.

"The thing I can't get straight," said Mr. McGraf, "is this. If Mr. Roach jest wanted 'a nice sensible gal for a housekeeper,' why did he write that his age was twenty-six instead of forty-seven?"

His partner uttered a grunt of disdain.

"Mr. McGraf," he said to me, "knows the rest of the story. He knows that if I *had* writ I was old, the aforesaid gal would never have bothered to write a line."

"Pity to fool a weak, innocent gal," murmured McGraf.

"How weak she was," continued the other, "was made plain by the second letter she wrote:

I'm glad you ain't open to marriage. I certainly ain't. It's only that sitting here nights trying to read—somehow I find myself staring into the burning logs and feeling an awful big hunger. For what? Bobby Burns, whose poems I have here, he'd say it's love I want. But Bobby's wrong.

Twice, already, I've been bothered by male critturs. The last one arrived in the winter; he had come up from New York. He had travelled in Europe, had seen the skeeing in Norway, and wanted to introduce the noble sport into the State of Vermont. I saw his feet and skees, one day, sticking out of the snow, half down the farm, so I ran down and dug and dug to reach his head. He was such a tall man. When I got down to his face, he told me he had come up to practise.

He offered to teach me. Being already used to snow-shoes, I got to be pretty good on skees, even in one day. But he taught me, still, for nearly a week. And while he was teaching, I was kept busy digging him out. Between diggings, he made love. And this was not displeasing at the start; quite safe; for when his feelings run too high, I could always tip him upside down and get him nice and cool. But when he began to get more steady on his feet, he smiled as bad as Satan, and said a most shocking thing—which made me mad. I pushed him over a rocky cliff, and after a while he lit on a rock and broke three ribs—and that's the end of the story.

So you see, sir, I'm safe enough, if it's marriage you're afraid of. But if you are young, with a heart like that of Bobby Burns, would it not be better to stop right here? Decide it for yourself. I ain't ashamed to say that I've read your letter many times, laughing as though to split my sides over that there love note in the shoe. I ain't *that* kind of gal, you bet! But I *am* lonely—with that curious hungry feeling. And so are you. And it *must* be safe! Or is it? You decide! Bess."

Mr. Roach paused in his story. He drew in his line, examined his bait, and then, with a dexterous sweep, he landed it far out over the waves.

"That letter," he continued, "I've repeated to you word for word, for in those days I read it so often I learned it all by heart. I wrote her that same night. And so began the happiest weeks I'd had in years. Even now I enjoy going over the letters—in spite of my pardner, Mr. McGraf.

"You see, we got to be chums, us two, as honest chums as ever lived. She way up on her mountain, I down here in my lonely flat: writing long letters at night, spinning our yarns, and trading our thoughts and feelings. We covered the world from top to bottom; from

how to get safe into heaven to how to broil a porterhouse steak. On the strength of it I got up my nerve, fired that smear of a cook of mine, and did the cooking by myself. I lived like a king them days.

"I began each night at supper by reading her last letter. And as I read, that gal grew into a living picture right before my eyes. How honest and square; what nerve she had; what a fine, homelike face; what downright manly eyes. How kind she had been to that old dad of hers. Though she dropped only hints now and then, I filled 'em out easy. I saw all the little womanly things she had done to bring solid comfort into his old age. And as I myself was getting old, I began to feel jest as if I myself was her dad."

Here the story was broken again by a grunt from Mr. McGraf.

"Whether or not you felt like a dad," he commented, "would be hard for any outsider to tell, unless he'd seen the letters you wrote. Mr. Roach has allowed me to read 'em," he added, to me.



"He jumped back as though I'd hit him!"

"Never mind the letters I wrote," said his partner sternly. "Every man has his own way of winning a woman's affection, whether of daughter, or mother, or wife! We ain't speaking of *my* letters now; we're speaking of *hers*."

"The thing that made me like her most," he continued, "was the way she had of being delighted over the simplest things. Sometimes her letters would make you feel the mountain air the minute you opened 'em. Take this one for a sample:

This morning I got up before it was light, took Tommy and Bill and climbed to the top of the ridge. I'd left some salt up there to draw the deer.

I got down behind a boulder, got old Tommy loaded, chained up Bill—and waited. And sure enough, just before sunrise, a buck came springing up over the rocks. So easy and so beautiful. He stopped and he snorted. He pawed the hard October ground, looked round suspicious, and sniffed. But the wind was coming from him to me, so he could n't get my scent. He began to lick the salt, his tongue making slow, rough sounds.

And twice I raised up Tommy, but I couldn't shoot. I kept one hand on Bill, who was quivering, but too well trained to jump. I said to myself I'd have a shot at him on the run, so as to give him a decent chance.

But all at once the sun rose big and round, and flashing over the mountain top on the other side, made all the tree branches sparkle with frost. And the buck,

he threw up his head, and looked into the valley, and drew a long shivering breath. And then he snorted—once, twice, three times—with the sheer fun of being alive!

I laid down Tommy kind of soft. And I almost got ashamed. But I ain't the sentimental kind. Up I jumped, I laughed out loud, and the buck, he gave jest one more snort—and zip!—he was off like a rocket! Did I shoot? I'm leaving that to you!

Yours truly, Bess."

Mr. Roach broke off abruptly, raised his rod to look at his bait, readjusted the handkerchief round his enormous neck, seemed striving, at the same moment, to readjust his soul. He caught my look of amazement.

"You're right," he said, with a sheepish grin. "Seems hard to believe that a man of my kind should have such a light break into his life. I could hardly believe it myself. I had to pull myself up short to keep myself from being a fool. But I did. I took myself in hand. I wrote her, that same night, a regular business letter. I said I was glad she had let that particular buck go free, but seeing the game season has jest opened in Vermont, and down here,

those women of mine were still raising Cain over the prices of mutton and beef, why shouldn't she use Tommy often—supply me with venison steaks?

"Well, sir, she took me up. And down in my shop my female mob was so delighted at beating the Trust, they even paid the same top notch prices for venison they had kicked agin paying for top-notch beef. Queer how women figger. As for me, I was so pleased over the peace of mind I was getting, that I paid the gal about twenty per cent. more, even, than what I got for the meat.

"But she had a business head. One day, in the second week of our trade, she wrote to me as follows:

I have been looking into prices, and I'm afraid that you've been cheating yourself, paying me too high. Now I want you to understand right here that that don't go between chums.

Still, I ain't anxious to lose any profits. And I think I've found a way to keep 'em. I enclose a photograph of me and Tommy and Bill, with the buck that we've just shot. Now don't you think if you hang this photograph over the buck, it will kind of interest people enough so you can charge 'em a little more, and so pay me the same without cheating yourself?

"Well, sir, I tried it on. And inside of two days, I made that female mob of mine so mad I nearly lost 'em all. To be skinned by the Trust, they said, was outrageous enough; but to be cheated out of their money by that young chit of a gal! Awful!

"You see the trouble was that the aforesaid chit was a black-headed beaut and no mistake, with big black eyes that danced into yours—and made all other women, especially *my* customers, look like a lot of sick cats.

"I took the picture home. And in my letter to Bess I lied. I said the scheme had worked, and the prices could be raised enough so I could more'n afford to go on paying her as before."

There was a thoughtful silence.

"In the next few weeks," he continued, "in the letters I wrote her I tended strictly to business. I talked to her exactly as if she was a man. Because that was jest what she was n't.

That photograph was less like a man than anything I'd ever seen. Every time I looked

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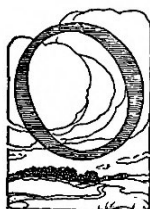
WHAT WOMEN MIGHT DO FOR THEIR TOWNS

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

WAKE
UP,
AMERICA!

THERE are more than 500,000 club women in the United States. Many of these women are alive to the splendid influence each club might exert in its community; many are not. Mrs. Vorse here talks pretty plainly to women of the latter class, and tells them why a clean city is more important than prehistoric pottery.

WAKE
UP,
AMERICA!



ONE day, in the year 1884, one New York woman was making a morning call upon another. In spite of the warm weather the windows were closed, because the smel's from the East River made the air of the entire neighborhood unpleasant.

"The windows have to be kept closed, even on the hottest days, when the wind blows in this direction," explained the hostess.

"What do you suppose makes it?" her guest inquired.

These ladies, together with others of the immediate neighborhood, decided to gratify their curiosity concerning the pervasive and unpleasant odor. It was easily traced to some fifty-five wooden sheds which sheltered slaughter houses. In attendance on the slaughter houses was a line of stationary scows upon which were piled some twenty thousand tons of rotting manure, thirty feet in height and two hundred feet in length.

Beekman Hill Decides to Open Its Windows

When the women of what was known as Beekman Hill discovered the cause of the trouble, they organized a club called the Ladies' Health Protective Association. The first object of this club was to remove the scows.

The gentleman to whom the scows belonged (who was a brother-in-law of a senator at Albany) viewed the formation of the Health Protective Association without alarm. He had been indicted, before, for maintaining a public nuisance, but the indictments had always been pigeon-holed, while the manure continued to rot quietly at the docks, to the discomfort of the community. He was shocked and surprised when, through the action of the indignant women, he was actually brought to trial and convicted. Judge Barrett, before whom he appeared, gave him thirty days to remove what was euphemistically called "the accumulation."

Indeed, the verdict obtained against the senator's brother-in-law was a great surprise to everybody—most of all to the Board of Health. One of its members, in explaining the unprecedented character of the verdict to the ladies, begged them "not to build on it, but to go home and not meddle with matters that did not concern them."

Women Who Preferred Meddling to Card Parties

The ladies, however, did not take the advice of the Board of Health; they went to work to remove the slaughter houses as well. Their reasons for "meddling" were plain.

The slaughtering was done in the presence of children, who stood before the doors. The walls and floors of these pens reeked with filth, and the meat, when slaughtered, was hung on large hooks over the curbstone, there to swarm with flies and catch the dust. The cattle were con-

fined in cellars, the air of which was so stifling and fetid that the poor creatures could be seen clambering over each other in frantic efforts to reach up to the grating for a breath of fresh air.

There followed a battle of some years between the Butchers' Association and the Ladies' Health Protective Association, but at last the pressure of public opinion, created by the meddlesome ladies, became so strong that the old slaughter house was abolished and new abattoirs were built.

When Woman's Sphere Begins to Roll

The most important thing this story teaches is how much an organization of women, once aroused to action, can accomplish, even in the face of such powerful opponents as political influence and well-organized business interests. These women were inexperienced, and public opinion was against them, as people felt they were leaving "woman's sphere." But they were in the right, they were in earnest, they were persistent, and they won.

In the early days of this country, when each home produced practically all the things that were eaten by its members, and a great part of those which were worn, woman's place was literally in the home. When the food supply, the water supply, the supply of milk, was a matter each individual must attend to on his own premises, no one questioned that it was a "woman's place" to take an interest in the condition of the well, or to look after the milk pans. All these things have been taken out of the home; municipal water supply replaces the old oaken bucket, and people no longer eat, as beef, the cows they had known and loved from childhood. Yet every detail concerning the cleanliness of the food supply is as much a woman's business as it ever was.

We are beginning to realize that it does not do much good to clean out the ice box with punctilious care, if the milk that goes into it is dirty, and if the meat comes from a filthy butcher shop. From the moment that the town water goes into her house, it is a woman's business to know its source. Had women realized this from the first, it is possible that typhoid statistics might have been different today. Even now there are plenty of complacent women, praised by men as "home bodies," who sit darning socks, with sanctimonious expressions on their faces, and saying, "I find enough to do in my house, and in caring for my little ones, without going outside to look for occupation."

When the Milkman's Well Was Dirty

The price the community pays for this attitude, on the part of the women, is shown in the story of the typhoid epidemic of Stamford, Connecticut, in 1895. Stamford had been quite free from typhoid for some months previous to the outbreak, when, between the dates of April 15 and May 28, three hundred and eighty-six cases were reported. In Stamford there was a

milk dealer whom we shall designate as "X."

Three hundred and seventy-six of these cases either lived on the milk route of this dealer, or obtained milk by buying it from a bake shop.

The dairy was closed April 21, and on May 6 the typhoid outbreak was over. Investigation showed that "X" washed his milk cans in the water of a well which was badly polluted. In all the rest of the city of Stamford, during this period, there were only ten cases of typhoid. A great percentage of the cases were children under ten—consumers of milk—whereas between twenty and thirty years is the age usually most susceptible to typhoid.

We can not hold the women of Stamford responsible for this epidemic, but, on the other hand, one meddlesome woman with an inquiring turn of mind might have averted it.

The lighting of the house is also woman's business. Smoky and ill-kept houses are marks of a bad housekeeper, but women in small towns uncomplainingly tolerate poor gas and cheerfully pay a greater sum for it than city dwellers pay for comparatively good gas. Patience is a woman's virtue; it is also a woman's vice.

The condition of the school which children attend is manifestly in the line of a mother's closest interest. What sort of children come together in the public school? Are their homes the kind that make healthy children? If not, is there something wrong in the housing or industrial conditions of the town—under-feeding, over-crowding, or inadequate play space? The penalty for bad conditions is paid by the whole community in one fashion or another, just as we all share together whatever beauty exists in a well-planned town or village.

Clean Houses and Dirty Towns

If your city is smoke-laden, if its streets are full of litter and dirt, if every vacant lot is a repository of rubbish, the individual dustpan and brush will be of little avail. Even though your house may be a model one in every matter pertaining to health, and though you set your children the highest example, it may profit you nothing. You can not tell at what moment your children may suffer in health because of some disease-breeding district that you did not feel it was your business to know about, or when your growing boys may come in contact with depravity, bred by underfeeding and over-crowding.

So, in the final analysis, we find that everything that has to do with town sanitation has a direct bearing on the individual household. We know that tuberculosis-breeding slums are a menace to those of us fortunate enough to be living in pleasant and well-ventilated homes. It has been demonstrated, time and again, that clothes made under unsanitary conditions, in sweatshops, are disease-carrying agents. So it is increasingly difficult to tell where the business of the home ends and somebody else's business begins. One thing is sure: The relation between

municipal housekeeping and good homemaking is a close one.

The Need for Cooperative Scolding

It is evident that the individual woman can not look after all these things herself. One woman alone could scold at any town abuse during her entire life, but, without others to help her, her scolding would be of little use.

An organization of public-spirited women, who desired nothing but the public good, could accomplish almost anything they desired.

Such an organization exists. It is called the General Federation of Woman's Clubs. It is composed of forty-six State Federations. More than four thousand, five hundred clubs belong to it, and it has over half a million members. The General Federation meets biennially; the State Federations have annual meetings. In other words, there exists in this country a large and highly organized company of women whose object is the common good.

There is scarcely a woman's club in the country which was not formed for some praiseworthy motive. A large number of clubs are, of course, wholly what are called self-culture clubs. Most clubs of this kind are limited in membership. Beside the clubs that belong to the General Federation of Woman's Clubs, there are many clubs, each pursuing its own

way, with some praiseworthy object in view.

And yet, with this body of public-spirited women, well organized and trained for concerted action, America has the dirtiest towns in the civilized world. The servant problem is worse here than in any other country. The laws protect our working women less than do the laws of any other civilized state.

Why do these two apparently contradictory conditions exist? Perhaps the histories of some of the clubs will throw light on this question.

In the heart of New England, in a small manufacturing town, some fifteen years ago, there came to life a woman's club. From the first it was large and flourishing. This was unusual; in the East, at least, women's clubs do not thrive in manufacturing cities.

A City of Culture and Slums

The town grew rapidly. A foreign mill population poured in and formed a congested district near the river, and the little city soon boasted a slum. The banks of the river became lined with factories. The river formed a convenient place to empty sewage, and into it people also dumped their refuse, although forbidden by a city ordinance. All the business streets of the city were shockingly dirty. On a windy day there were whirlwinds of rubbish and dust.

On a hill overlooking the town were many

beautiful old colonial dwellings, and many commodious homes of later date. Here lived the prosperous business men and mill owners. Further out of the town was another residence quarter. The houses and gardens were smaller than in the other part of the town, but "every modern improvement" was to be found in every house.

The Woman's Club, which numbered two hundred, drew its members from these two residence districts. Like most women's clubs, it comprised, in its ranks, the most public-spirited women—the wives of ministers, lawyers, doctors, and mill owners.

This woman's club was what is known as a "department club." Its object was to create "relations of friendship among its members by giving them ample facilities for becoming known to each other," and its general aim was "to promote moral, intellectual, and social improvement."

What was this woman's club doing while the town was acquiring a slum, eating up its water front, and developing from a serene, good-sized New England town into a dirty, bustling little city, while its men were waging war with a distant city over the matter of railway rates? It was working hard. It was studying literature, current events, history, art,

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THE SKY MAN



BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

CHAPTER VII

THE ROSEWOOD BOX

Illustrations by DAN SMITH

ON THE girl, Tom Fanshaw's passionate, stormy avowal had the effect of a sort of moral earthquake. It made the ground beneath her feet seem suddenly unstable and treacherous; it seemed to threaten to bring down about her ears the whole structure of her life. The very thing upon which she had relied for shelter and security against outside troubles and dangers seemed suddenly fraught with a greater danger than any of them.

Her instinct, when she left him, was simply one of escape. As she had said, the relation between them had always been taken for granted, had always been matter-of-fact. Long before her father's departure on that last voyage of his, ever since she could remember, in fact, she had taken her association with Tom, her affection for him and his for her, completely as a matter of course. They could not have felt any differently toward each other if they had, indeed, been brother and sister.

She was three or four years younger than he, but her girlish precocity had gone far to bridge the disparity in their ages, and, now that both had grown to maturity, it had completely ceased to exist. Indeed, since the time when her first party had given her the status of an undeniable grown-up, she had felt like an elder sister of his, rather than a younger one. She had stayed at home, for one thing, while Tom had been away at school, and there, in the intimacy of comradeship to which her father had admitted her, her mind had matured unusually rapidly. She had a wider acquaintance with the world of ideas, at least, at twenty-two than Tom had at twenty-six.

She had teased him out of his youthful absurdities, been proud of him, laughed at him, quarreled with him, only to make up the quarrel with some cool little fugitive caress, without one single self-conscious moment regarding him, without a misgiving whether, after all, this relationship, that seemed so firmly established, might prove impossible as a permanent one.

For the first few moments after his avowal she had felt no emotion but that of astonishment and incredulity. Even when he asked her if she could not marry him, anyway, though the question revolted her, she told the truth in saying that she was not angry.

The anger came later, but it burned into a flame that was all the hotter for the tardiness in kindling. It must have an outlet somewhere, and, as such, the promenade up and down the other side of the deck was altogether insufficient.

The sight of a small boat at the foot of the accommodation ladder seemed to offer something better. So, pulling on a pair of fur gauntlets, she dropped into it, cast off the painter, shipped the pair of light oars it contained, and rowed away without any thought of her destination—of any destination whatever; without even a very clear idea of what she was doing. She must do something; that was all she knew. Certainly she pulled away from the yacht's side with no idea that she was running into any possible danger.

She had believed Cayley's story. She was the only person on the yacht who had believed it

fully. Yet the belief did not translate itself into any bar to her actions.

Profound as was the impression Cayley had made upon her, she had not, as yet, articulated him at all into her real world. He was very vivid, very thrilling; he set her imagination on fire when she saw him and heard his voice. But when he took wing again he left a strange feeling of unreality behind him. That sense of unreality was all the stronger now that almost the realest thing in her universe—namely, her relation with Tom Fanshaw—was absorbing the full power both of her mind and of her emotions.

It was half a mile, perhaps, from the yacht to the particular bit of shelving beach toward which she unconsciously propelled the boat. She rowed steadily, without so much as a glance over her shoulder, until she felt the grate of the shingle beneath the bow.

Then she became aware not only that she had unconsciously come ashore, but also that the yacht was nowhere to be seen. A bank of fog had come rolling in from the eastward, so heavy as to render an object one hundred paces away totally invisible. The clump of empty buildings here on the beach could hardly be half that distance, as she remembered, yet looking round from her seat in the rowboat, she could make out no more than their blurred masses against the white ice and sand which surrounded them.

She shivered at first with an instinctive, half-formed fear. This was solitude indeed. Then she braced herself and dismissed her fear. Solitude was what she had left the yacht for, and it was a condition she could terminate at will. Through the still air and across that quiet water her voice would carry easily to Tom's ears. She had only to hail and she would hear his voice in answer.

For a moment she thought she would do it. Then she decided the other way. If Tom should miss her, he would certainly call aloud, and she could answer, and then use his voice to guide her back to the yacht. It was, of course, impracticable to attempt to row back without some such assistance. She had only a vague idea in what quarter the yacht lay,

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

PHILIP CAYLEY had learned to sail upon the winds with artificial wings. Most of the time he spent in the air of the Arctic regions; and one day, looking down, he saw a party of men picking their way across the ice, and the leader fall dead into a crevasse. When the party had gone, Cayley picked up a curious-looking weapon. Later he discovered a yacht, and, alighting on a nearby ice floe, he encountered Jeanne Fielding, who told him that the *Aurora* contained a party in search of her father, Captain Fielding, an explorer. She did not know that the *Walrus*, with a burly brute, Roscoe, and eleven men, had been shipwrecked upon the same land with Fielding, and had learned from him of the rich gold deposits; that the explorer and his companions had disappeared; that Roscoe had just killed Hunter, of the *Aurora* crew, and was planning to capture the yacht and escape with a large store of gold. Cayley's possession of the throwing stick, and an old story that Tom Fanshaw, of the *Aurora* party, had heard, cast suspicion upon him, but Jeanne cleared him. Fanshaw, left alone in the yacht, temporarily, was attacked by Roscoe.

and the chance of missing it, and getting really lost, indeed; was too great to be taken.

She stepped out of the boat and pulled it high up on the beach. The fog made the air seem cold, though, for the arctic, it was a mild night. Two of the abandoned buildings on the beach behind her were mere sheds, windowless, absolutely bare, evidently never having served any other purpose than that of storage. But the third, and largest, as she remembered it, offered a shelter that was becoming attractive. There were some rude bunks in it where she could rest comfortably enough; and, unless she was mistaken, Scales had left in the hut a half-burned candle which they had used in exploring its dark interior. She had a box of wax vestas in her pocket. She could go in there and make herself at home, and at the same time keep an alert ear for a hail from the yacht.

She found the candle in the place where she remembered Scales had laid it down, struck a light, and wedged the candle into a knot-hole. Then she turned toward one of the bunks with the idea of stretching out there, and by relaxing her muscles, persuade, perhaps, her overstrung nerves to relax, too.

She had taken a step toward it, indeed, before she saw, through the murk and candle smoke, the thing that lay right before her eyes—a rather large brass-bound rosewood box or chest. It had not been there in the afternoon, when they had entered the place, for they had searched its bare interior thoroughly in the hope that there might be something which previous investigators had overlooked. This box, six inches high and a foot or more long, could not have been there then. It was standing in the most conspicuous place in the room—in the very middle of the bunk.

The sight of it might well have caused astonishment or alarm in the girl's mind. But it was neither alarm nor astonishment that her next act expressed. She dropped down on her knees beside the rude wooden bunk, drew the chest up close in the tight embrace of her young arms, laid her cheek against the cold, polished surface of its blackened wood, and cried.

Every question that might have asked itself—how the thing could have come there, and what its coming might portend to herself or to the other of the *Aurora's* people—was swept away in a sudden rush of filial affection and regret which the sight of it instantly awoke. It had reached her with that sudden, poignant stab of memory which inanimate objects, familiar by long association, seem to be more potent to call up than the very presence of the friends with whom they are associated. The sight of her father himself could hardly have had so instantaneous and overwhelming an effect upon her as the sight of this old chest, which was one of the earliest of her associations with him.

It had always stood, until he had taken it with him on that last voyage, of his, upon a certain farther corner of his desk in the old library. It was one of those objects of a class that children always love—smooth, polished, beautiful; beautiful, and, at the same time, defying curiosity.

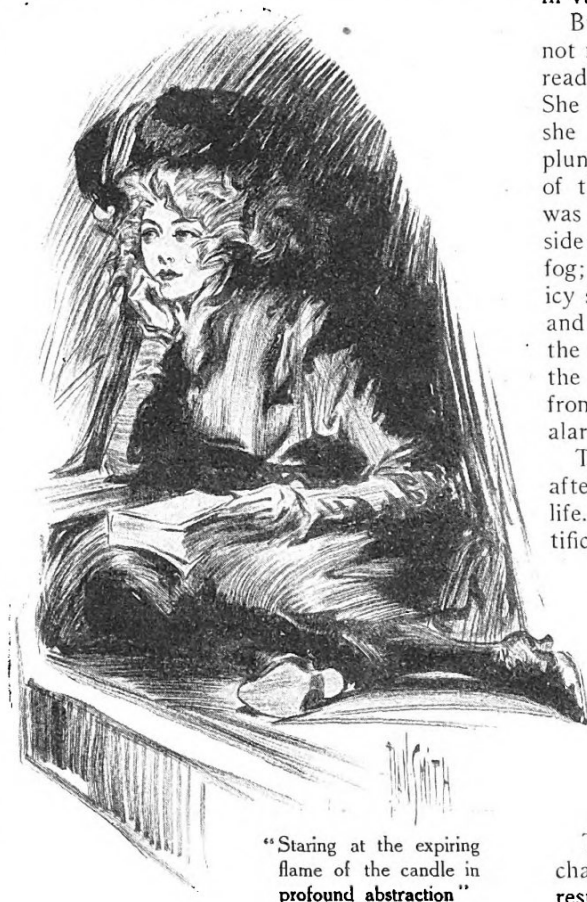
It was quite a masterpiece of cabinet work. No hinges were visible, and the cover fitted so closely upon the box itself that the line which separated them was hard to discover. And there was no trace of keyhole or lock. To those uninitiated into its secret, it defied every attempt to open it.

Somewhere in her mind, now, in a comparatively quiet eddy, sheltered from the torrent of memory that was sweeping through it, was a half-amused recollection of what had been, for a long time, her chief ground of superiority over Tom Fanshaw. Her father had taught her the secret of the box. If Tom would turn his back and shut his eyes, she could open it for him in a moment. But the boy, with all his ingenuity, never was able to solve the secret for himself. He had spent whole days over it—long, precious holidays—but always in vain.

She remembered, too, the day when her father had shown her the mystery, and done it by way of consolation for some terrible childish disappointment she had sustained. He had opened it for her, and then sat watching her efforts to repeat the operation; correcting her mistakes, pointing with a long, bronze letter-opener, but never touching the box itself nor her own clumsy fingers.

He never had exacted a promise from her that she should guard this mystery; had never even instructed her that she was not to tell. But she remembered, and at the memory she kissed the unresponsive surface of the cover with her cold lips—remembered just the half-grave, half-amused tone in which he had said, "There is a secret, Jeanne, that we have from all the world—you and I."

Presently she seated herself on the bunk, took the little chest on her knees and set about opening it. Between the cold and her excitement she found this a rather difficult thing to do, though her mind never hesitated over the slightest detail of the necessary formula of the right moment to turn the box up on its end.



"Staring at the expiring flame of the candle in profound abstraction"

cedure. She knew in just what order you pressed on those innocent-looking little ornamental tacks in the brass binding; remembered to let the just released steel ball roll down its channel to the pocket, where it must lie before the last pressure upon the last spring would prove effective. She no more faltered over it than she would have faltered over her alphabet.

And at length, when her numbed fingers had completed their task, the counterweighted lid rose slowly by itself, just as it had used to, and revealed, to her swimming eyes, the contents of the interior.

Up to that moment she had not realized what the finding of the despatch-box meant. It had not occurred to her that a full account of her father's expedition, a narrative which would reach, perhaps, to the morning of the last day of all, was lying there, right under her eyes.

But when the cover opened and she saw beneath it a thick volume, bound in red morocco, she realized that there, under her hand, was the very object in search of which the *Aurora* had set out upon her perilous voyage.

With the first realization of what the contents of that book must be—a tragedy, and the central figure of it her own father, the man she

had loved best in all the world—she found it almost impossible to open the book. She took it out of the despatch-box and for a little while sat, dry-eyed, hugging the precious, poignant thing up tight against her breast.

But at length she put the despatch-box to one side, brought the candle nearer, so that its light would serve to read by, and began turning the pages of the book.

The first sight of her father's clear, erect, precise handwriting warmed her with sudden courage. He had not set out upon his voyage of discovery without weighing and expecting the possibilities of failure and death. Well, he had died, but he had not failed. He had added a new coast-line to the map of the world. And she knew—knew as clearly as if his own spirit had stood there beside her talking to her in his old, dearly-remembered voice—that next to coming home alive, bringing the fruits of his discovery with him, his last wish in the world must have been that that should happen which had just happened—that she, his daughter, should hold that very book in her hands and read the story, and know that he had not died in vain.

But even this new inspiration of courage did not make her strong enough to turn back and read the last entry in that tragic journal first. She tried to do it, but the will failed her. So she began at the beginning. Once she had plunged into the fascinating narrative, the whole of the outside world faded away for her. She was oblivious to the fact that the darkness outside was no longer the mere darkness of the fog; oblivious to the rising wind that poured its icy stream through the leaky walls of the hut and made the candle flicker; oblivious, even, to the very sound which she meant to wait for—the sound of Tom's voice calling out to her from the yacht, and the sound of other, more alarming, nearer voices.

They all fell on deaf ears as she turned page after page of that precious record of her father's life. It was written, in the main, in the scientific, observant, unimpassioned temper which she knew so well. He chronicled those days of peril when their ship, crushed in the ice, and only kept from sinking by that very ice which had just destroyed her, was drifting along in the pack to what seemed certain destruction, as quietly and as explicitly as he did the uneventful voyage through Behring Strait. The man's courage was so deeply elemental in him that he could not be self-conscious about it.

Then he told of the land, the strange, uncharted shore, whose discovery offered him a respite, at least, from that destruction; told how he got his remaining stores ashore and built the huts, where, in all human probability, he and his companions were to spend the rest of their lives.

Finally she reached the record of the day when he had consigned to the sea the bottle containing the chart of the coast, and the account of his plight, together with the course which the relief ship must take, should such a relief ship be sent out, to have any hope at all of reaching him.

"I suppose," his narrative for this day concluded, "there is hardly one chance in ten thousand that my message will ever be picked up, and certainly not one in a million that it will be found in time to bring an effective relief. However, it helps to keep the others cheerful, and that is the main thing."

Then, at the close of the day's entry, was a single line which contracted her heart with a sharp spasm of pain. "This is Jeanne's birthday," it said.

She resumed her reading, presently, and came to the point where the *Walrus* people entered into the narrative; their plight, their rescue, and their welcome by the three men who were the only survivors of the original expedition.

She was reading faster now, with none of

those little meditative pauses that had marked her progress through the earlier pages of the journal, for the sinister termination of the narrative began to foreshadow itself darkly from the moment—the first moment—of the appearance of the *Walrus* people on the scene. Her father's description of the man Roscoe, of the expression that had been plain to read in his face as he listened to the account of the gold-bearing ledge across the glacier, gave her a shuddering premonition. And, apparently, her father had experienced the same feeling himself. Day after day Roscoe's name appeared, always accompanied by some little phrase of misgiving.

For just one day this dread seemed to have been lifted from Captain Fielding's spirit. That was the day the sun came back to them, putting an end to their long arctic night. "It has been a hard winter," he wrote, "and I am glad it is over. The hardest thing about it has been our sleeplessness, from which we have all suffered. To-day we have enjoyed a change, having taken a walk along the beach. Even Roscoe seems humanized a little by a return of the frank sunshine; and may, perhaps, develop into a tolerable companion. To-morrow I have promised, if it is fine, to guide them across the glacier to the gold ledge."

It was the next to the last entry in the journal. She turned the page, paled, and pressed her lips tight together when the array of blank pages before her told her that she had reached the end. Then she read the last words her father had written:

"Took the *Walrus* people to the ledge to-day. Have no heart to describe the scene that they enacted there. The man Roscoe certainly means to kill me. If it were not for my conviction that the danger from him is largely personal to myself—that he means me and no other, probably, for his victim—I think I should have him shot as a measure of justifiable prevention. He is not a man, but a great, sinister brute—literally sinister, for he is left-handed. I shall walk warily, and hope the crisis may soon be over." Evidently that part of his wish had come true.

The book slipped out of the girl's hands, and she sat, with horror-widened eyes, staring at the candle, until it guttered and went out. Slowly, the outside world began to take its place again around her. She knew that she was shivering, half-frozen, and that the icy wind was whining through the cracks in her rude shelter.

She thought she heard some one moving about outside, and that thought brought her quickly to her feet. She made her way to the door of the hut, called out, waited a breathless instant, and then cried aloud in sudden terror.

CHAPTER VIII

APPARITIONS

ROSCOE did not pause to investigate the effect of his blow, nor to waste a second one. If the man who had confronted him there in the companionway were dead, so much the better. If he were only half-dead, the job could be finished at any time. He was out of the way for the present, at least. Roscoe hurried on, searching state-rooms, and passageways, and, finally, the crew's quarters, forward.

When he had satisfied himself that he and his men were in undisputed possession of the yacht, he emerged on deck again, by the forward hatchway, and found Captain Planck already there. He directed him to go below with Schwartz, who had been engineer aboard the whaler, and get steam up as promptly as possible. He himself remained on deck, directing the unloading and stowage of those precious golden slabs, that the rest of the party were bringing out in boats from the shore.

He paced the deck uneasily, for there was a superstitious streak in his otherwise strong composition which caused him, always, a feeling of alarm when matters went too well with him; when his plans succeeded beyond his hopes for

them. He had expected to lose a man or two in getting possession of the yacht, yet they had gone off and left it, apparently, in the sole charge of the one disabled member of their party. And, then, he had not expected that the relief would set out so soon; he had counted on having to wait twenty-four hours before the field should clear itself for his operations; and those twenty-four hours would have been fraught with perils.

Now that he was in possession of the yacht; now that all the gold, except what three or four more boats could carry, was transferred safely to the between-deck space beneath the turtle-back; now that the smoke was pouring out of the *Aurora's* funnels, and the steam rising in her pressure gauges, he fell to wondering just what sort of trap the devil was baiting for him, with this unbroken train of successes.

When, with the arrival of another boat from the shore, one of the great golden slabs it brought went overboard as they were lifting it up on deck, he astonished the boat's crew by taking the disaster good-naturedly.

"Never mind, boys," he said; "we've got aplenty without that. Come! Look alive with the rest of it." For now his mind was at ease again. The "hoodoo," as he would have called it, of a too complete success, was broken by this trifling mischance.

In reality, this primitive religion, which was all he had, was satisfied. He had performed a sacrifice, involuntary as such sacrifices must be, to the envious devil which served him for a god. It occurred to him, after it happened, that perhaps Miguel would count for a sacrifice, too, for he had not come back. But, then, not even an envious devil of a god could think that Miguel was worth much.

He watched, through the fog, the successive arrival of the other boats, bringing the last of the treasure with them.

"We've got it all, Roscoe, unless you want them barrels of whale oil," a man in the last boat sang out as they came alongside.

"We'll leave them to pay for this nickel-plated ship," Roscoe answered. "Come! Look alive and get aboard. We'll be ready to start as soon as we can get a little daylight."

He looked them over, numbered them as if they had been so many sheep, noted that they were all there, except poor Miguel, and Planck and Schwartz, who were down toiling at the boilers.

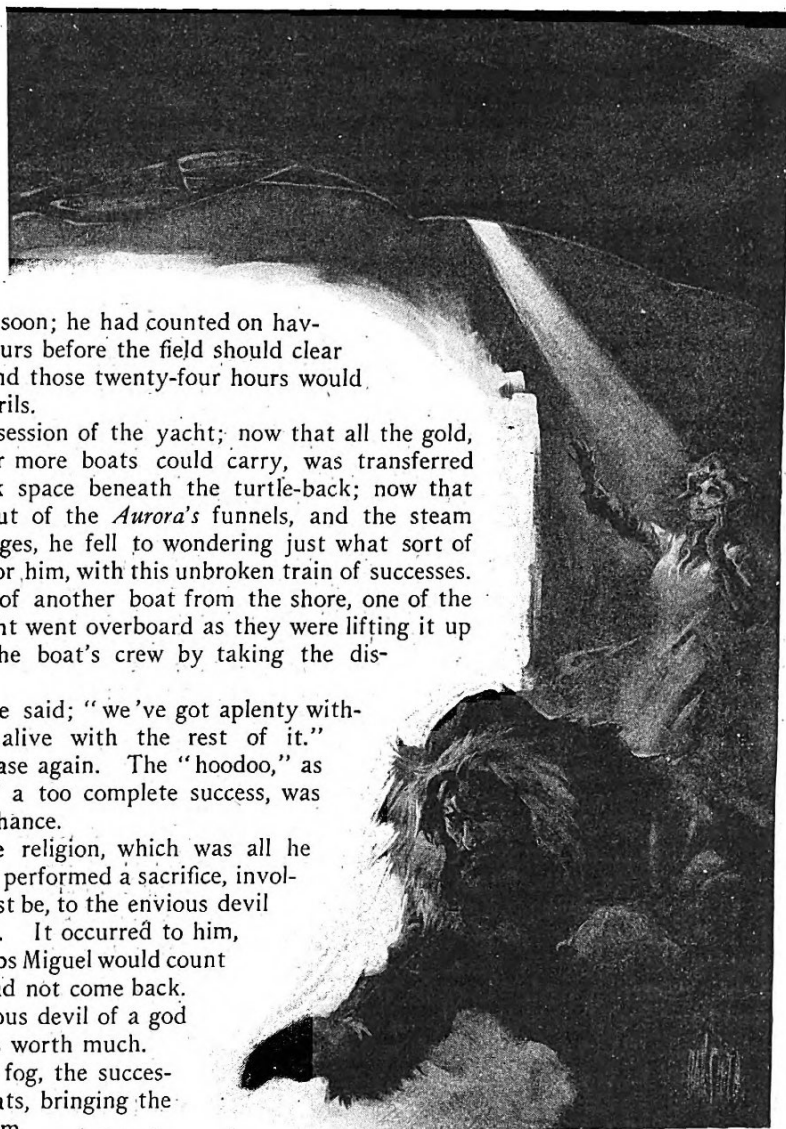
"Stay here till I come back," he commanded. "I'm going below to see that everything's stowed all right. When I come back I want to talk to you."

He disappeared down the after hatchway, switched on the light, and indulged in a long, satisfied look at the great masses of precious metal which were stacked, according to his directions, in the strong-room.

His purpose in going down there was threefold. He meant to see that the gold was stowed correctly and he meant to lock the room up, so that its precious contents would not be tampered with, and to bring the key away with him. He was not afraid that any of his crew would try to steal it, but he thought the moral effect of having it locked away where it was inaccessible to them, and of his keeping the key in his possession would be a help in maintaining his prestige as commander. They knew the sea better than he did, just as he knew the nature of gold-bearing rock. It was necessary to do something to bolster up his position as chief of the party and to keep it above dispute. He did not want to have to kill any of them yet. The *Aurora* would be short-handed enough as it was.

But there was one more reason for that hurried trip to the strong-room. He wanted to be sure that a certain rosewood box had come aboard along with the treasure and what few stores they were taking away with them.

That little box had occupied much of his leisure since the day when he had murdered the



"'I am here,' it said. 'Don't be afraid'"

owner of it. He had sometimes wished that, when it came into his hands that day, he had yielded to his first impulse to shatter it, for the thing, had always mocked him—coquetted with him.

He had often seen it lying open on Captain Fielding's table in the tiny walled-off cubby-hole of a room they called the captain's cabin, while the captain himself was writing up his journal, or working upon his charts. He had, during that first winter, frequently thought of trying to open it, should the opportunity offer itself.

After the murder, when he took that little room for his own quarters, he found the box and preserved it with the idea that now, at least, he would get the better of it. He knew what its contents were, well enough—Captain Fielding's charts and journal—and he had no curiosity concern them. But the secret mechanism of the box itself tantalized him, and he meant; some day, to solved it. Once he had done so, he would kick the thing to pieces and destroy its contents.

There was all there was to it, at first, but during the next winter, when the long night kept them prisoners in their narrow quarters, the mystery of that little rosewood box took on an added importance to him and to the others, out of all proportion to any effect which the solution of it could have. One by one, with the exception of the Portuguese, they tried. Hour after hour they labored with it, and invariably they failed.

The rest of them gave it up, and their admitted defeat gave Roscoe another incentive for solving the thing himself, for he meant to leave no stone unturned to convince them that they were fools and weaklings; that he, Roscoe, was the only man among them. Such a conviction was necessary to his leadership.

It was toward the end of that winter that the Portuguese made a suggestion destined to bear fruit. "It's a curse that has sealed up that

box," he said. "You can't open it, and if you break it, the curse will kill you."

He evidently believed implicitly in this theory, for no persuasion could induce him to touch the box himself. Gradually the others had shown, by little involuntary acts, shrinkings, and glances, that Miguel's belief was infecting them. Sometimes, after a long succession of sleepless, lightless days, Roscoe found himself believing it, too, and regarding that little box as the sealed-up casket of the murder he had done upon the owner of it. The crime was there, inside.

To overcome that feeling, he had worked all the harder trying to solve its secret.

His interest now, however, in making sure that the box had really been brought aboard the *Aurora* was not superstitious, but wholly practical. They were leaving most of their stores behind them, as there was no time either to transport them to the *Aurora* or to destroy them. With these stores and with the shelter afforded by the hut and the little clump of surrounding out-buildings, it was probable that some members of the *Aurora's* party, at least, would survive the winter. If a relief ship should arrive the next summer, or even the summer thereafter, it would probably find some one on this desolate shore who could tell the story of the disappearance of the *Aurora*, and form a more or less definite surmise as to the cause of it. That rosewood box had Captain Fielding's journal in it—a journal that had been written up to the very morning when Roscoe murdered him. Its discovery would go a long way toward bridging the gap which Roscoe meant to leave in their departing trail. In short, if that rosewood box were left behind, Roscoe would always feel that he was in more or less danger of detection. And he didn't mean to have a thing like that hanging over him.

Consequently, when he discovered that the box was not on board, and that his particular injunctions concerning it had been neglected or disobeyed, he came raging up on deck again, a formidable figure, which caused his companions, hardened ruffians as they were, to cower and shrink away from him.

In a torrent of furious blasphemy, he demanded to know why that box had not been brought aboard; and the concentrated lees of his rage he emptied, at last, upon the two men whom he had ordered to do it.

"Now," he concluded, when the torrent had spent itself, "you go ashore, you two. Yes, you, Carlson—I mean you—and you Rose; go ashore, now, and get it."

Then, after a momentary silence, he raged out the command again, amid a foul flood of abuse.

But still they made no move to obey, and the big Swede, in evident terror, answered him. "I won't get it, Roscoe. If you want that box, you can get it yourself."

"What do you mean?" the leader stormed. But his voice, even as he spoke, lost its confident tang of authority.

Carlson huddled back into place among the other members of the crew, and from their meaning nods and inarticulate growls of assent, it was evident they knew what he meant and why he would not go; that they assented in his refusal. Indeed, if Roscoe had not been sadly lacking in that intuitive feeling for the temper of his followers, which marks those leaders who govern otherwise than by terror, he would have perceived that a strange spirit of unrest was distracting the whole party.

He saw it now, at all events, and when he repeated the question, "What do you mean?" it was with an inflection that meant he wanted to be informed.

"You tell him," said Carlson, nodding to his companion, Rose. Evidently it was Rose who had told the story to the other members of the party. He was a squatly built man with a stubborn jaw, and Planck,

in the days of his command, had always disliked him as that most undesirable pest that can be found in a fore-castle—a sea lawyer.

"Why did you leave the box in the hut?" he demanded. "He might not have come back if you had left it in the cave?"

"Come back!" echoed Roscoe, with a growl.

"That's what I said. We went to the hut to get it, and there was a light inside, and there he sat, just like he used to. And he had the box open—"

"He! Who do you mean?" There was no trace of truculence in Roscoe's voice now. He spoke as though his throat was dry.

"It was Captain Fielding; him to the life. And, yet, it was different from the way he used to be. We couldn't see it very well. Its face was sideways and the light was behind it, and it looked smaller, and thinner—more—more like a woman. (If Rose had had the word "spiritual" in his vocabulary, he would have used it. In default of it, he gave up trying to express just what he meant.) Anyway, there he sat with the box open beside him, and that red book of his open on his knees. Go back for it? Well, I guess not."

There was a momentary silence after he had finished; Roscoe could feel, as it stretched itself out to the length of half a minute or so, the chill of their terror enveloping him. To throw it off, he blustered, stormed at, and abused them for a pack of liars. But in the end he sprang down into one of the boats, and said he would fetch the box himself. Whether he believed their story or not; it was the only thing for him to do.

As he pulled shoreward he tried hard to convince himself that he did not believe it; that Rose and Carlson had probably forgotten all about the box, and had trumped up the story to avoid the necessity of going back for it.

He must believe the story was a lie. There was no rational explanation of the thing the two sailors pretended they had seen. The box, not shattered, but lying open, after having defied their ingenuity for four years!

They had lied, that was all. When he got back to the ship he would have them flogged, both of them. That would teach them, and the others, too, perhaps, that he was not to be trifled with.

Sing On, Oh Heart!

By RICHARD WIGHTMAN

OH Heart, sing on! the drought is long.

The birds are panting—stilled their song;
The typhoon marshalls in the plain,
The air is hot, no sign of rain,
But still, Oh Heart, sing on!

OH Heart, sing on! somewhere bides She

Who lives, and hopes, and waits for thee.
I know not when nor where thy quest
Shall end, and thou shalt find thy rest,
But still, Oh Heart, sing on!

SING on, Oh Heart! the summit far

Is topped by light of yonder star;
The climb is sheer, nor paved with ease,
The wind is mournful in the trees,
But still, Oh Heart, sing on!

SING on, Oh Heart! that thou canst sing

Holds sure the promise of the spring,
And love's fruition full and long,
And thine own height above the throng—
And so, Oh Heart, sing on!

He beached his boat, scrambled ashore, and set out walking doggedly along in the direction of the hut. The fog was still all but impenetrable, even to his practised vision, but he knew the shore like the palm of his hand, and he trudged on without a pause, until he was within ten paces, perhaps, of his destination.

But there he faltered and stopped, turned about under an irresistible impulse of fear, and would have fled had not sheer necessity compelled him to stop again. There was a light, a diffused, yellow glow, faint but unmistakable, shining out of the windows of the hut.

He knew he could not go back to the *Aurora* without that box; it was necessary both to his future safety and his present command of the situation.

But, even under that necessity, it was three or four minutes before, at the command of his burly will, he began creeping forward, on hands and knees, toward the lighted window of the hut.

And when he reached a point where he could command its interior, his knees slipped out from under him, and he lay prone upon the icy beach, his face buried in his outstretched arms. For those two sailors had told the truth.

Presently he drew himself up and squatted back on his haunches, staring. Human or not, the figure there in the hut, seemed unaware of his presence. It was staring at the expiring flame of the candle in profound abstraction. When it stirred, as presently it did, it was with a natural, human motion. And then the candle went out.

In the few seconds of silence which followed, his terror returned upon him with full force. But it went away as suddenly as it had come, and with its recession there surged up in him a wave of brutish anger. It was no ghost that had sat in contemplation over the contents of that box, for it was moving now, with human footsteps—faltering, uncertain footsteps, at that. And when it appeared, just visible and no more, outside the doorway, it called aloud in a human voice—a woman's voice.

At the sound of it he drew himself up, towering before her, and so became visible to her—a monstrous, blurred, uncertain shape.

And she cried out—this time in terror. Then, before he could spring upon her and kill her with his hands, as his brutish instinct of rage urged him to do, he started back suddenly and himself cried out.

For a faint circle of light, wavering, wandering, unearthly, was shining straight down upon them through the fog—out of the sky itself.

Looking up, he saw overhead a single, great luminous eye, and in the reflection of its own light upon the ice, very faintly, the fabric of outstretched wings.

Then from up there, overhead, he heard a voice—a quiet voice. "I'm here," it said. "Don't be afraid."

Blindly Roscoe flung up his hands, whirled around and fell, scrambled to his feet again and fled, like a man hag-ridden, down the shore.

As he did so, he heard a ragged volley of shots from the direction of the *Aurora*. This sound of plain human fighting, which he understood and did not fear, helped to restore to equilibrium his mind, which, a moment before, had been tottering to absolute destruction. Once he could get back to his boat and feel the oars under his hands again; once he found himself pulling out toward the yacht, no matter how desperate the odds awaiting him there might be against him, he would, he felt, be himself once more.

He ran on, and on, down the beach. He had not passed his boat, he knew; but he finally realized that he had passed the place where he had brought the boat ashore.

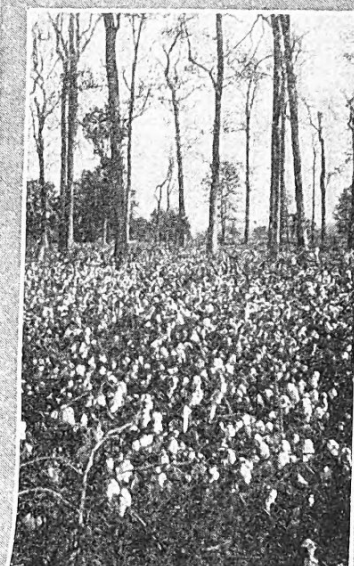
[To be continued in September]



BRER BOLL WEEVIL

The Industrious Little Party who
is eating up the South's Credit

BY HARRIS DICKSON



THE little town of St. Joseph crouched behind a huge bank of earth that held out the Mississippi River. Back of it lay those level and wonderfully fertile fields that made its people prosperous. The older houses, low and Spanish built, could scarcely peep over the crest of the levee at the yellow flood beyond.

Men gathered along the street, white men and black men, the groups naturally separating themselves according to color. Some of the white men conferred quietly together; some lifted their voices in angry protest. There was no jesting or banter, even amongst the negroes. "Wonder what dese white folks is gwine to do," one black man whispered to another. Unrestful and apprehensive, they waited for what would happen.

Suddenly a bell jangled out, loud, brazen, and insistent. Group by group, and each man for himself, all turned toward the court-house.

A tall yellow man urged his mule along the dusty road. At the edge of town he overtook an old negro.

"Hold up, Sam," said the old man, "what's

"Meet me at the boat, and I'll pay your fare"

dis fuss at St. Joe? I seen a mighty big crowd in town, and started down to find out what's de matter."

"Boll weevil," answered the yellow man.

"What's dat?"

"It's a bug," the hurrying rider called behind him.

The old negro stopped and grunted in utter disgust: "Did you ebber hear de beat o' dat? Makin' all dat fuss over a bug."

St. Joe was in a ferment over a bug; not a common ordinary bug, but that greatest enemy of agriculture, the boll weevil.

This destructive insect comes from Mexico, the only free-list importation that enters the South. Mr. Weevil does not masquerade as an article of consumption, being pre-eminently a consumer himself. The daintiest of all epicures, he eats nothing but cotton, and selects only the choicest bits. He does not injure the plant itself, destroying only the fruit. The field grows tall and gloriously green, but when the weevil gets through with it, one hundred acres may not yield a single bale.

The cotton plant grows from three to eight feet

high, more like okra than anything else. Tiny "squares" form, which enfold the bloom, and after that the embryonic "boll," or shell, which is to encase the fiber. The boll swells out round and firm, a trifle larger than a hickory-nut, gradually expanding until it cracks open like a chestnut burr, and the staple is ready for the picker. The sole value of the cotton plant lies in the boll. To this, the farmer gives his undivided attention—so does the weevil.

The personal peculiarities of Mr. Weevil, which have met with much unfavorable comment, are of paramount importance to the world. Mr. Weevil is not very big, only a quarter of an inch long, with a bill as long as himself, which he knows how to use. When posing for his picture, he looks more like a baby elephant than anything else—barring the tail, which is minus. He can walk, crawl, fly, and swim. But his chief traits—appetite and industrious propagation—are those which render him most obnoxious.

If Mr. and Mrs. Boll Weevil were cast into the cotton patch, lonely as Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, they would immediately begin



"The planter provides a mule to work with"



"Each of the large planters keeps his own store"



"Cotton must be planted in wide rows, running east and west"

to replenish the earth. Starting as utter strangers in the neighborhood, fighting against poverty, prejudice, and social ostracism, they would rear a family of some twenty-nine or thirty millions, before the frost broke up their house-keeping.

Mrs. Weevil is particularly exclusive and will not crowd her young. She lays about one hundred and forty eggs and requires a separate square or boll for each one. By some subtle instinct, she can tell whether another Mrs. Weevil has been to that particular boll. If so, she passes on. If not she punctures the boll, deposits her egg, and proceeds to the next. This propensity makes her unpopular with the farmer, for a "stung" boll produces no cotton. The boll shrivels and dies while furnishing food for the growing worm. Later in the season, Mrs. Weevil can not be so fastidious, and lays her eggs in the first boll she comes across.

The egg hatches into a white worm, gradually grows larger, gets hard, turns out a fine new bill, puts on wings and legs, then eats its way into the wide, wide world, ready for business. If it be, in the early spring, before squares have formed on the cotton, the young weevil subsists by sucking the buds.

He Is a Steady Stay-at-Home Creature

Unlike many other creatures, he does not sow wild oats in his youth, but stays at home until he has eaten all the blossoms and small bolls on his own patch. Then he migrates to a neighboring cut of cotton, and, finally, to another field or country. He is a good traveler, making forty miles a year.

When the good old summer time is gone, Mr. Weevil hides in the bark of a tree, curls up in the trash beside a hedge row, or seeks out a knot-hole in a fence rail. But the snugest berth is the old cotton house, which stands in every field. Its crevices and crannies make ideal winter quarters. There he hibernates through the winter—in the beetle or adult condition—and requires no food. Millions of them die; birds search them out; but when all misfortunes have been reckoned with, a goodly number of them survive. These generally come from the latest brood that was hatched in summer.

Generally speaking, the cotton plant makes three crops: the bottom crop, and middle crop, and top crop. If the season be long and favor-

able, there is a considerable crop made by those late blooms which crown the top of the plant. The bottom crop grows very fast and puts on squares more rapidly than the young weevils can consume. This may mature before the weevils have multiplied sufficiently to destroy it.

By the time the middle crop comes on, the weevils are ready to "sting" the immature bolls. And there is no such thing as gathering a top crop if the weevil is in the field.

When Mr. Weevil first hung out his sign near Brownsville, Texas, in 1892, nobody paid him any particular attention. Two or three years later the farmers woke up to the fact that they were planting plenty of cotton and gathering



"The negroes are satisfied and happy"

none. The weevil worked overtime, and gradually extended his territory eastward at his schedule rate of forty miles a year. Each year the man who was just beyond the weevil said to himself, "It ain't going to get this far." Next year Mr. Weevil ate him up.

Mr. Weevil Presents His Bill

In his triumphal progress Mr. Weevil found everywhere the same planting system: crop and credit. About half the country consisted of large plantations of ten to fifteen thousand acres. Years ago the cotton planter could live very comfortably with a Chinese wall between himself and the outer world. He produced all the component parts of a julep on the home place. Now there are few planters who could feed themselves

for thirty days; and the average negro can't feed himself for thirty minutes.

It takes money to finance a cotton crop, which the planter has n't. He gets cash from his factor, at good stiff interest, under contract to ship the factor so many bales of cotton during the year. As an added security he gives a mortgage on the growing crop, or the land itself.

The Paternal System of Working Negroes

This planter in turn must furnish his negroes on credit. These tenants, notoriously improvident, never have a cent to begin the new year. Yes, they made money last year, but frittered it away for whiskey, toy balloons, and nostrums to take the kinks out of their hair. Each of the large planters keeps his own plantation store, from which he supplies his tenants, taking a mortgage on their crops. From this store the negroes get everything they eat, drink, or wear. The planter provides a house to live in, a

mule to work with, and corn to feed the mule.

The negroes were raised at home, but the mules came from Missouri, the meat from Chicago, the meal from Iowa and the wagon from Ohio. Even the milk in their coffee came out of a can. All of these things were bought by the merchant on credit, and furnished to the negro on credit. The ultimate price is high enough to take care of the interest and offset the risks. Nobody cared about the price because it was on credit. Cotton must pay for everything, and cotton produces no cash until the end of the year. Meanwhile the plantation must live—on credit.

The small white farmer with one hundred and

sixty acres bought on credit, from the merchant, giving a mortgage, of course. He had no use for a crop that was not legal tender at the nearest pawn shop.

In good years the negro tenant paid his store account and his rent; the planter paid his factor and merchant; they paid the banks. In bad years nobody paid anybody. It was a game of chance. The basis of business was the crop; the corner-stone of civilization was credit. Mr. Weevil ate up the crop and the credit too. He devoured the business system.

Texas Ignores the Warning

In spite of the steady advance of the boll weevil, the Texas people refused to prepare for it. When it actually came, they had planted an

extra acreage in cotton, so as to secure an extra amount of credit. The farmer who had made a bale to the acre, now made a bale to thirty or forty acres—scarcely enough for seed. The planter, with negro labor, produced less. Panic seized them, and utter demoralization.

During the spring of 1904 in certain sections of Texas, no man, white or black, without reference to his previous standing or reputation, could get a side of meat, or a sack of flour on credit. The panic caused by the weevil did vastly more damage than the weevil himself.

The farmer was flat on his back, fighting with teeth and claws. First he must feed himself. He planted vegetables, Irish potatoes, ribbon-cane, and corn. He raised hogs to eat.

The State of Texas sustained fifty million dollars damages in one year, and the legislature offered fifty thousand dollars reward for a remedy. Mr. Farmer went to work in earnest, plowed the land deep, re-plowed, and plowed again. There was no such thing as stopping. He never looked behind him for he knew Mr. Weevil would be grinning over his shoulder. Under whip and spur the man urged his cotton to early maturity, and picked all he could before the weevils multiplied enough to destroy it. Meanwhile he threw chunks in the path of Mr. Weevil.

Little by little he began to perceive the balm in Gilead. His garden truck was prospering. Potatoes became a money crop of no mean proportions. He could mature his potatoes, market them, and then grow a crop of cotton, making two crops instead of one on the same land. Of course he didn't have so much time to loaf around and talk politics.

Taking Lessons from a Bug

Within three years after this panic, the banks had more farmer's money on deposit than they ever had before. Merchants did a better business for cash than they had ever done on credit.



"The mules came from Missouri, the meal from Iowa, the meat from Chicago, and the wagon from Ohio"

In one small community there had been over two thousand, eight hundred farm mortgages before the weevil came. This present year there are about four hundred.

Mr. Boll Weevil had never been to college, except as a bottled specimen. But he bestowed a liberal education upon the State of Texas. For seven long years he held the professorship of Agricultural Economy, and taught the Texans more good sense than all the colleges put together. He literally clubbed them into affluence.

This was the same Mr. Boll Weevil who was now marching across the State of Louisiana from west to east, and the people of St. Joe were raising a mighty hullabaloo in his honor. He might be a blessing in disguise, but they only saw the disguise.

The first effect of the mass meeting at St. Joe was utter consternation amongst the negroes. "Huh," said one of them; "It's a trick o' dese white folks to keep from giving us niggers any grub."

St. Joe Grasps Its Pocket Book

When the government experts had finished speaking at the Court House, Captain John Calvert came out and shook his head angrily. "Look here Warren," he said to the young man at his side; "I don't believe in these professors gallivantin' around the country preaching calamity and scaring our negroes. 'Tain't the boll weevil, but this infernal agitation, that's ruining us. I'm going to take care of my niggers, weevil or no weevil."

Cap'n John strode up the street, his cane striking the ground with belligerent thumps, and went off to see his banker.

But his manner was not so dictatorial as he came on the street again after a talk with his banker, his merchant, and his factor. At the corner a little army of Calvert tenants waited for him. The old man stopped and hesitated.

Isom Brown—an excellent tenant—stepped up, "Cap'n, please suh, gimme an order for some provisions."

"Can't do it, Isom; nobody can buy a dollar's worth on credit in this town."

The negroes stared at each other.

"Boys," said Cap'n John, "if any of you are suffering, I'll give you a little help; if you are not, then go home, live on what you've got for a few days, until I see what can be done."

This news created more panic amongst the negroes than the speeches at the Court House. The end of the world

had come when Cap'n John could n't get what he wanted.

Selling Themselves to the Highest Bidders

For years labor has been scarce, and the keenest competition grew up between different planters and different sections. When a negro came out in debt at the end of the year, he generally wanted to leave the place. So he went to some neighboring planter, who, for the sake of getting another tenant, agreed to pay the debt. The boll weevil broke up this practice.

At the psychological moment the labor agent put in his appearance.

"Meet me at the boat and I'll pay your fare," he whispered. The steamboats began to travel up the river, loaded to their guards with negroes, until the planters served notice on the boats not to stop at their landings and carry their negroes away. The boats were willing. They would make more money transporting a negro's cotton than by carrying the negro himself.

Having stopped the exodus, the planter must pacify the panic. He could n't keep his negroes on the plantation and let them starve. Planters and tenants got together and held an experience meeting. Out of the pow-wow came a better understanding between the tenant and planter, and a new system. Novelty appeals to the negro. Every time he sees a new game he wants to take out a stack of chips and try to beat it.

The planters of the lower Mississippi Valley who are just entering the boll weevil fight have one great advantage over the Texas farmer; they have the benefit of Texas experience and the years of intelligent study that have been given to the pest.

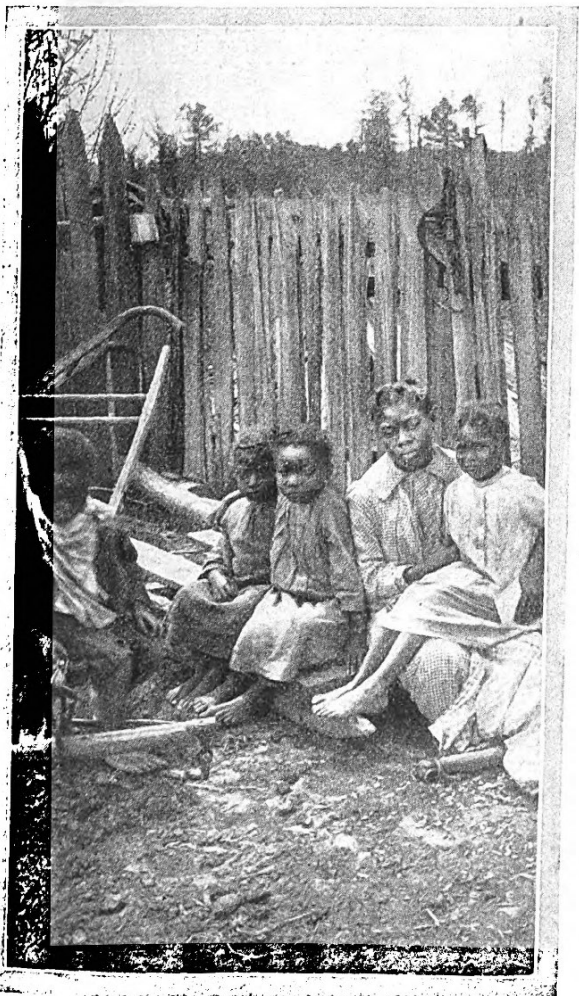
Planters Won't Take Long Distance Advice

But no long distance advice is sufficient. One farmer may read the government bulletins and profit by them; the other 999 must be shown. So the states, counties, and Federal Government united in establishing experimental farms to teach the people how to raise cotton under weevil conditions. The experts recommend a more intensive cultural system, the chief features of which are: first, reduced acreage; second, thorough cultivation; third, early maturity of the crop; fourth, various preventatives against the multiplication of the weevil. Cotton acreage must be reduced to such a point that the tenant can give his crop far better attention than before. The man who has worked twelve acres of cotton must cut it down to nine, and work it to a finish.

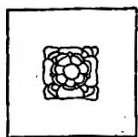
Only the highest and dryest lands should be put in cotton at all. Lands that are stiff, damp,

[Continued on page 528]

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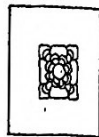


"He couldn't keep his negroes on the plantation and let them starve"



THE OWL CAR

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT



HAMMOND, muttering softly and bent almost double, fought his way across the glistening asphalt, against the driven torrent that swirled out of the chaotic dark above, to where the 11:30 P.M. car awaited its last suburban load. When even his broad shoulders and thick-muscled legs took the buffeting seriously, the wonder was that the little woman ahead of him, who hugged against her sharp shoulder a limp bundle in a green shawl, could walk at all. At the steps she stopped to catch her breath and Hammond, the cold rain whipping his face, felt a sting of petty resentment at the fact that she was out with a child, at this hour, and in this weather.

"Fool women," he muttered irritably, "Should think they would know better. Probably the brat will yell all the way."

Though looking upon the necessity as an imposition, he instinctively placed his strong hand beneath her damp arm and helped her aboard. She did not thank him but shuffled wearily in and sank into the corner seat.

As he strode on up the aisle, he stumbled over the extended feet of a man who slept, slouched down in his coat, with hands deep in his pockets.

"Why dontcher look where yer goin'?" growled the fellow, awakening. He scowled up from beneath his lowered hat.

Hammond turned quickly. He was so dog-tired that every nerve was on edge. He felt aggressive toward the whole world. The very sight of this man sitting there so indifferent to the rights of every one else, roused the fighting demon in him.

"Want the whole car?" he demanded.

"I'm not takin' it like some people."

The fellow pushed back his hat a trifle and straightened his legs. The two glared at one another like two things of different breed. It would have taken at that moment but the slightest shift of balance to have stripped centuries from them and sent them rolling like animals upon the car floor clutching at one another's throats. Hammond was the first to come to himself, and turning on his heel walked on to the end of the car.

The motorman, who sat hunched up in the opposite corner over his brass lever, held loosely in his gloved hands, smiled scornfully at this culmination to an episode which promised some excitement. He felt like braining them both as the indirect cause of his having to make a trip on such a night. He glanced insolently at Hammond as the latter threw open his damp coat, exposing his evening dress. It was just such dudes as these which kept decent working men out of their beds. The very attitude of the young fellow sitting back loosely in the corner, flaunting the speckless expanse of white bosom, he took as an insult. Sliding open the front door, he spat out into the darkness of the front platform.

Hammond turned his head in obvious disgust at the act. The laboring classes, he thought, were becoming more and more unbearable every day. They ought to be taught a lesson. He recalled a strike in his uncle's mills when, having been refused an increase, they had broken up the machinery. His uncle had given in at last, but if he had been in his place he would have placed armed guards about with orders to shoot every vandal of them.

The end door opened with a vicious bang to admit a pompous middle-aged woman, who sniffed her contempt at them all as she sat down by the side of her irascible husband. Hammond

Illustrations by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

knew them—they were old residents in the neighborhood into which he had recently moved. Parker, his name was, and he and his wife had not yet called. He met their eyes brazenly (something as the motorman had met his) and turned his head to peer out of the misted windows.

The car was suffocating, with its heavy odors of damp plush. The rain drummed monotonously upon the roof and swished against the sides. The little drops on the panes played tag with one another, darting to the right, to the left, gathering strength until suddenly big enough to scoot out of sight. The buildings seen through the blur looked as though they were shut up forever; they were as meaningless as a sheer face of rock. The puddles on the street reflected shimmering bars of color from the sputtering electric lights.

Once again the end door opened, but as a big fellow in overalls slouched half way in, he was seized roughly by the conductor.

"Yer can't go in there."

"Huh? Tha's all righ', mon."

"Stand out here if yer wanten ride."

"Huh? Phawt th' deuce! Huh?"

"You're drunk, that's the matter."

For a moment the big fellow hesitated. Hammond hoped he would put up a fight, but he did n't. He good-naturedly complied, and as the door closed behind him he could be heard good-naturedly arguing.

"Beast!" muttered the pompous woman under her breath.

"Ought to put him off altogether," agreed her husband.

The baby awoke and began to wail plaintively,

It was a piteous cry expressing cold and hunger. The mother, mumbling soothing words to it, glanced

timidly about the car as though in search of sympathy. Every eye was upon her—every eye reflected annoyance. She seemed to shrink out of sight into the shawl beside the baby.

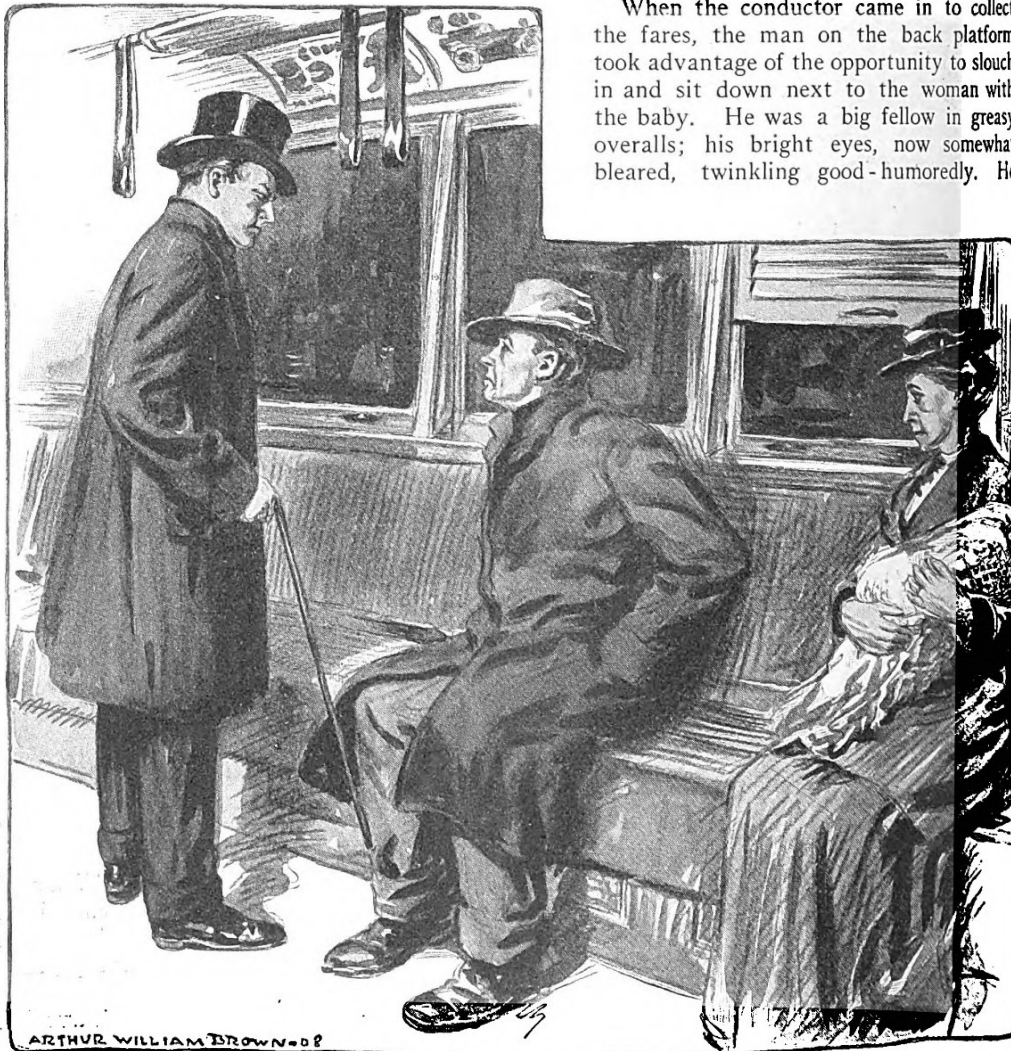
Mrs. Parker turned to her husband with an impatient aside. The latter answered her gruffly in a monosyllable, looking up to scowl again at the shrinking figure. The sleeping man drew his hat further over his eyes.

The conductor leaned nonchalantly with folded arms against the door, his attitude an unspoken challenge to deny his right to start when he got good and ready and not one minute before. As time dragged on this pose became sheer insolence. Parker took out his watch and half started to his feet, but was pressed back by his wife. He protested that it was outrageous; that he would see the president of the road tomorrow; that—

The conductor pulled the bell twice, viciously. The motorman arose heavily, scowled at Hammond, as he leisurely adjusted his gloves, and stepped out on the front platform, closing the door behind him with a bang that rattled the glass. He started the car with a jerk that toppled every one sideways and awoke the baby.

As the car glowed its path through the dark along wet rails, glistening beneath the headlight like golden bars, it seemed to those outside as though the last vestige of life were leaving the storm-ridden city. A policeman, his rubber coat flapping in his face, watched it out of sight and continued his round with a sense of deeper responsibility. So it clattered on, the only bit of cheerfulness in the night, while those within sat and glared at one another.

When the conductor came in to collect the fares, the man on the back platform took advantage of the opportunity to slouch in and sit down next to the woman with the baby. He was a big fellow in greasy overalls; his bright eyes, now somewhat bleared, twinkling good-humoredly. He



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Want the whole car?" he demanded

clutched several bundles, one of them emitting a strong odor of coffee, so that the car soon smelled like a grocery store. Parker sniffed disgust at the fact. But the man only blinked back genially at him and then turned his attention to the baby in the woman's arms. Hammond watched him, alert to interfere at the first sign of annoyance on the woman's part—not so much out of chivalry as for the opportunity to vent his wrath. But the woman didn't seem to mind at all. As she removed the shawl a little, in a fresh attempt to check the wails which now rose louder than ever, the child caught sight of the man's snapping fingers and paused at this new diversion. The conductor stood uncertain before them.

"Upcher go!" chuckled the man, in the mystic jargon of childhood.

With wide-open mouth the baby studied the fingers. Then she reached up for them, with eyes big with interest. The conductor moved on, with a snort. The rest of the car, save the fellow who still slept, fixed their entire attention upon the incident.

"Upcher go! Upcher go!" droned the man, holding his fingers a little farther out of reach. The woman gave the child more freedom; her eyes brightened; the baby began to coo.

"Por' lil' devil," said the man, sympathetically. "Faith! ut's cold and starvin' yer are, eh! Upcher go!"

The child caught the hand and clung to it weakly, chuckling at its success. The face of the pompous old lady had unconsciously relaxed a trifle. Hammond settled back more comfortably, prepared to nap.

"It's a fine kid, miss," ventured the man, with easy camaraderie.

"It does n't always cry," apologized the little woman. "It's tired. Its father is—in the hospital. We've been to see him."

The man became interested at once. He knew what the hospital meant—knew what it meant to the wife and children.

"So?" Faith, ut's hard luck! Was he hurted?"

"He fell from his team," she answered simply, her eyes growing moist.

"Por' devil," he said; then added cheerily, "but he's gettin' all well?"

"They said he's better."

"It won't be long 'fore he's out agin.' I mind th' time I was in th' same hole."

The rain was driven against the windows in gusty swishes heard above the rattle of the wheels. The car almost swayed beneath the fierce attacks. From time to time the motorman's bells sounded—a metallic oath swept away just as it reached the ears.

The child, still with its grasp on the man's finger, had settled back upon the thin shoulder and fallen into a fitful sleep. The man retained his awkward pose and the woman smiled at him.

Then, in a second, it was as though they were all snuffed out! The car and its contents seemed annihilated as the lights snapped out to the jar of the grinding brakes. Blinding green flashes revealed them, in snap-shot pictures, standing in awkward poses—each expressing terror in his own way. The woman clutched the screaming baby to her bosom; the man by her side stood with mouth wide open, still hold-

ing his bundles; Parker and his wife stood in each other's arms; the sleeping man had fallen to the floor; Hammond stood with his fists clenched as though prepared to beat back an attack. In the emergency, the motorman came to his own. Before any of them had time to move, he had thrown open the door and shouted his warning:

"Don't try to git out; the wires are down! Ye're safe here, but fer Gawd's sake don't go out! It's death, sure!"

Hammond turned to him with authority:

"Hold this door—I'll hold the other."



"He rose from over the stove, holding a sizzling morsel upon the end of a stick"

He knew what that wet ground, charged with hundreds of volts of electricity, meant. Fighting his way through them all, stumbling over the fellow still on the floor, he backed against the rear door.

"Get back!—They'll shut off the current in a moment and it will be safe. It's sure death until then!"

Even while they stood, uncertain, the flashes ceased and the car sank into utter darkness. It left them feeling suffocated, imprisoned. In their helplessness to move, it seemed like a nightmare. There was panic in every brain—the desire to fight out of the place regardless of consequences. The man who had been sleeping was the first to feel it. He reached Hammond and whispered in his ear:

"Let me out! I'll see if it's safe."

"Sit down," commanded Hammond.

"Let me out! Do you want them all to scramble out?"

He thrust up his arm, dazing Hammond, and so got out. The conductor tried to stop him, but he leaped to the ground. Hammond held his breath. For a second there was no sound; there wouldn't be if the ground was alive. He would just shrivel to the earth like an empty grain sack.

"Comé on! It's all righ'!"

Hammond breathed again and stood one side while they fell over one another in their anxiety to get out into the open. In ten seconds they were all huddled along the side of the road peering at the dead shadow as though it were some sleeping demon. The rain beat into their very skin. Hammond stripped off his long coat and threw it over the shoulders of the woman with the baby. The man who had slept stepped from his and offered it to Mrs. Parker.

"Oh! thank you!" she cried in trembling fright. Somehow Hammond managed to find the hand of the man who had dared—how much he and the conductor alone knew.

"Shake," he said, with a queer thrill running down his back.

The fellow gripped back and then edged away.

"Wonder if there is n't a house 'round here somewhere," he stammered, to cover his confusion.

"It'll take a couple of hours, at least, for the gang to find and mend this break."

"Let's see," answered Hammond.

The two made their way up the road, side by side, in the wet dark. Both felt they had known each other for years. That they had not learned one another's names was no matter; in

a crisis they had met face to face as brothers.

In the course of a hundred yards they made out a denser mass of black to the right. They stumbled up an ill-kept path to the door and beat against it.

"Vacant," opined Hammond.

"Never mind. We'll get in."

They found a side door and put their shoulders against it. It gave, and lighting matches they passed down an entry-way and on into what looked like a kitchen.

"This is better than being outside, anyway," said the fellow. "I'll go back and tell the bunch, while you see if you can find a light."

Hammond discovered a piece of candle and lighted it. The feeble rays, sputtering in the damp, revealed a barren-looking room containing a table, a stove, and a few wooden chairs. In the rear was a closet, a few broken dishes still on the shelves. The place was very silent—uncannily so, as though everything were holding its breath. He was glad when all the others came tumbling in. They stood huddled up in the middle of the room, until Sheehan suggested to the men they hunt around for wood and start a fire in the stove. Even old Parker joined in the search for the shed, and returned with his arms laden to the shoulder with dry wood. In five minutes the cracked stove-covers glowed a dull red with heat.

Under the influence of this, the spirits of every one quickly revived. Sheehan grinned at the odd figure of Hammond in his drenched dress-suit, his shirt bosom soiled and wrinkled, his collar limp as a rag.

"Ut's no hit ye'd make with th' ladies now," he chuckled, catching his eye.

Hammond laughed heartily and old Parker joined in.

"Better to feel right than look right," said the latter. "Say, what would you give for a cup of coffee?"

"Well," broke in Sheehan, "while you're dramin', phwot's th' matter with havin' wan?"

He sorted out from among his bundles the very package which an hour before Parker had found so offensive.

"Yonder there's a tin pail—an' faith! there oughter be plinty of wather about."

"Let me fix it, will you?" asked Parker, eagerly.

He puttered about making as much to do as though he was preparing a dinner. He placed the brew upon the stove, and in a few minutes the room was filled with the fragrance of the steaming Mocha.

"If the kid, now, c'ud ate a little





UNREGENERATE

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Illustrations by HIBBERD V.B. KLINE



FROM the high-ledged, indomitable coast back to the northern pines, a half mile inland, a prevailing wind had bent rushes, apple trees, salt grass, rickety outfields of corn, and the buildings of the scattered farms all in one direction: the face of the earth seemed ever on the point of breaking away with a leap, to hurry southward. He who gazed by moonlight at this gnarled landscape, or heard the quick panting and sighing of the dry grass, leaning under the swish of the warm wind of noonday, was possessed of a feeling of unrest, and looked above him with envy at the scurrying clouds, free traveling in the sky. Such a partnership of rocks and writhing vegetation, between the hissing sea and hissing pines, wrought strange shapes from the humanity that dwelt within its influence. Grown men and women surged forward in life, restless but dogged, little by little and by necessity concentrating all energy toward making the reluctant soil of the farms give up its sparse yield; but the children dreamed fitfully along the length of youth.

On this particular August afternoon a rare change of wind having drawn a veil of fog across the warm sea, the sun was driving it shoreward and devouring it, as it shivered against the wet tide-bared rocks. Peter Mull, an old man in a noisy farm wagon, urged a patient gray horse along the road which sinuously followed the curves of the shore. Then he turned inland toward his farm buildings, following the ruts through the heather and hardtack, and wearily climbed down onto the hen-scratched gravel before the barn door.

He looked toward the weathered house which slept more peacefully now in the August sunlight than ever it slept beneath a winter moon. His face was cross-hatched, like a coarse etching; his nose and ears were large and gleamed out from under bushy brows as bits of glass gleam out from under a tangle of weeds. He seemed to have been cast in a heroic mold but never to have received the fire of greatness, which would have prevented him from hardening into a narrow, plodding old man, stubborn, slow-thinking, and ignorant.

Leaving the horse looking down patiently at the hen tracks, he went to the kitchen door and peered within. On a table with a red cover lay an empty plate and a dish of pie covered with a dome shaped wire screen about which tantalized flies buzzed noisily. To find the kitchen empty seemed to cause him no little consternation.

"I wonder where she is," he said gasping, and then hurried toward the barn calling, "Mary, Mary," in a breaking shout. An answer was returned to his great relief, and presently he found his daughter. With a wisp of straw she was picking struggling flies out of the maze of cobwebs which fluttered in the warm breeze at every corner of the window behind the row of cattle stanchions.

Perhaps Mary was fifteen years old. Her figure was thin and a little awkward, her mouth rich in color and mobility, her nose was straight and as freckled as a sparrow's egg. Eyes of a deep blue ever opened wide, as if in simple surprise at the most commonplace things of life, and

yet seemed two distinct personalities with the experience of many lifetimes. She heard her father's step but did not turn.

"What ails ye, Mary?" said he. Her strange silent dreams, her idling hours, her meditations, always remained to him an unfathomable mystery. "What ails ye settin' loose them flies?"

"They're so unhappy, sir," said she looking at the floor and then raising her surprised eyes to meet his frown.

"Ye've done the work about the house?" he asked with the troubled consciousness that she had met his reproof with an unconsciously victorious reply, as always.

"Oh yes, sir."

"So's it is fittin' for company? For I've been to the village. The new traveling preacher was there. I asked him to come to reason with us. He is a good man and makes many follow him out of the darkness into light. He drives by this very afternoon and will come. Do you understand?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed excitedly.

"He will reason with us," said the old man, sternly. "He will reason with you, daughter, and his teaching will be even better than mine. He will save your soul for ye, daughter. He will pluck you out of perdition."

"Yes, sir," said she, with meekness. "As if I was a fly in the cobweb, sir? I should go now to smart up the house, father."

She ran as far as the open door, through which the sunlight fell upon the rough worn floor boards, and then caught at her dress with a gasp.

"Oh," she cried, "he's hitched his horse to the

fence and he's comin' now, sir; and dressed all in black and a strawhat with a black ribbon!"

She ran hurriedly toward the house while her father strode forward to meet the visitor.

The latter was a young man with careful movements and long black hair nicely brushed behind his prominent ears. His cuff links rattled as he warmly extended a cold hand to Mr. Mull. He had a nervous cough and the whites of his eyes were tinged with a peculiar china-ware blue: his clean-shaven skin, which ordinarily would have been pale, now glared red with sunburn.

"Ah, brother," said he, "a little rain would do us all a bit of good." He mopped his high narrow forehead with a starched handkerchief. "But we must put our trust in prayer," he added with a sigh. "Even our troubles, brother, will be solved as God deems wise."

"Let us go in out of the sun. I'll tell ye all—fair and right as my mouth will go," answered the old man. "Mary will lead your horse into the barn for less heat and flies."

He led the way to the front entrance, and finding it locked, hurried around to the kitchen. In a minute his trembling fingers rattled the key on the inside; the door opened on screaming hinges painfully unused to the movement. His daughter had drawn up a single curtain in the front room, the air of which entered the nostrils with an irritating powdery smell. In the center stood a marble-topped table with a fat, smug looking book beside a velvet-framed photograph of Mary's mother. The walls with their discolored paper exhibited only one picture—a green mountain reflected majestically in a blue lake. Fanning, the evangelist, seated himself on a high-backed sofa upholstered in black—a severe figure upon a sombre throne, gazing out under the raised curtain onto the lively expanse of sea beyond the leaning landscape. Peter Mull closed the door and took a lowlier position upon a black walnut chair.

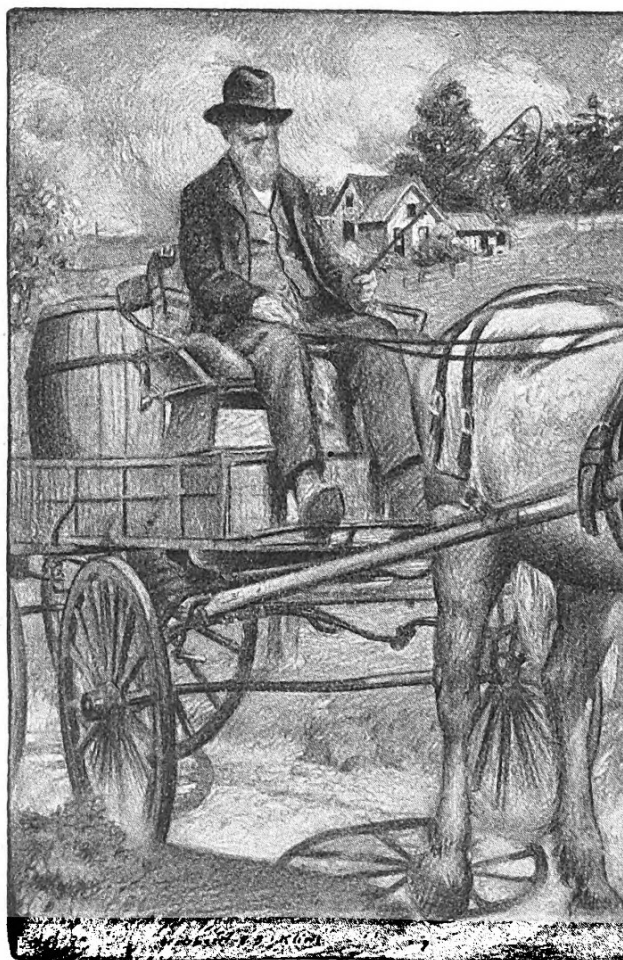
"I've thought about this a long time," said he, in a low stiff voice, and he nodded toward the back part of the house. "It's about Mary—the girl."

"We are all poor miserable sinners," commented Fanning.

"She ain't a sinner. Not yet," protested the old man. "But it's the wild blood. She gets it from her mother. When I married her I was forty years old and was lumbering, up beyond the border. She were a French-Canadian, a good woman, too, and died and left me with the two children. But good as she was—wife and mother—there was the wild blood the same, waitin' to burst out in them I loved—in all what was left to me."

"Two children?" asked Fanning casting his eyes about as if to discover the other standing in some gloomy corner.

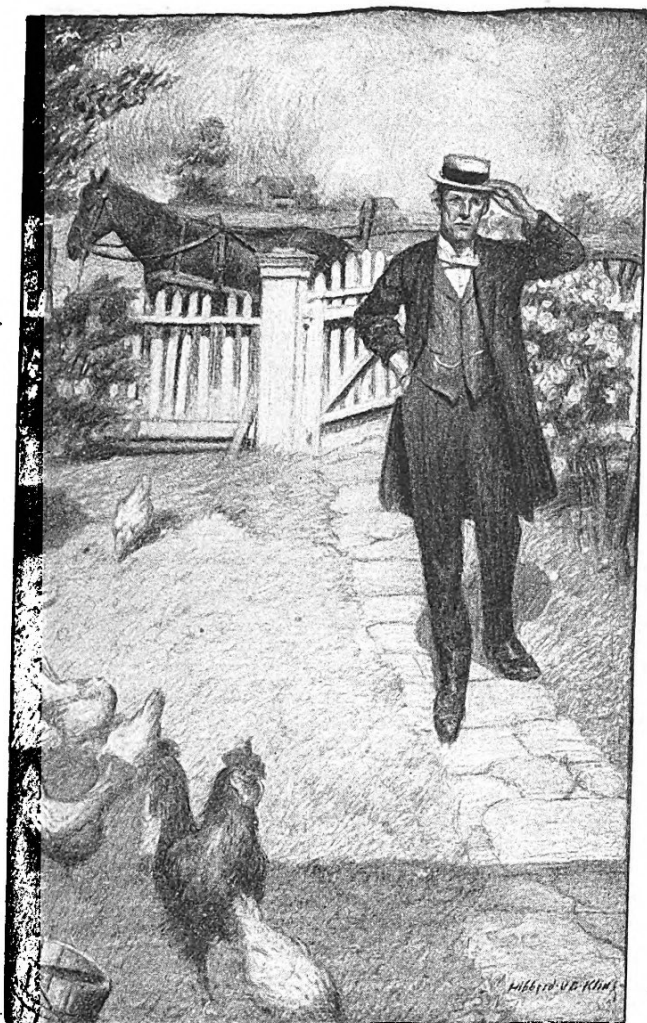
"The other was a boy," said the old man with effort, "a bit older than this one. A fine-looking lad, too, he was, but not for work or for religion. He



"Urged a patient gray horse along the road"



BOB



"A young man with careful movements"

were no God-fearing lad. The evil was in him. He were forever lying on his back under the apple-tree, yonder—that same apple-tree, a' lookin' into the sky and thinking wicked as we found out later. When he'd get a chance he'd go back into the woods and be gone overnight and more. There were n't no good in him except he loved his sister. He was awful kind to her. They thought a deal of one another."

Peter Mull rubbed his large hardened hands together so that the grating of the calloused skin was clearly audible. He looked up at Fanning with a pained expression and cleared his throat.

"He was a restless boy; there weren't no peace of the spirit in him. I used to teach him the path of the righteous. I taught him so's he might follow God's ways. I done my duty as I seen it. Then about four years ago, when he'd got along, I could see him planning wild things in his mind—Satan claiming him agin my battle for his soul. Then, sure enough, he went away." The old man's voice shook a little and his eyebrows were drawn down. "And he went amongst them who serve God's enemies—a lost sheep, Mr. Fanning. I heard nothin' of him till he died in the jail house down— There seemed no mercy for me, and I—"

"My poor brother, I am indeed sorry for this," interrupted Fanning, raising one hand aloft. "But if you did your best, it will not be written down against you in heaven."

"That ain't my burden," answered Peter Mull. "The trouble ain't that. But I'm afeered the little girl—my little Mary. She's like her brother; she thinks like he used to think. When I see her lookin' far off with them eyes of hers I know that Satan is drawin' her to him. She's thinkin' of leavin' me. I've been noticin' it sense spring come."

He threw his arms wide apart to express the volume of his dread, the helplessness of his plight.

"What would I do," he groaned, "if the wild blood should be in her? There ain't no more; she is all. And I've strived a lot to make life serious to her. I've done what I could to teach her in the ways of salvation. We've read the Bible faithful together, and prayed together

solemn ever sense Bob went away."

"That is wise, that is wise," remarked the other, earnestly. "It is through faith that we poor creatures are kept from being lost."

"But I failed with the boy," the old man cried; "now the girl is all I have." His face was drawn, his body held stiffly upright on the edge of the chair, as if he sought to draw the bend out of his old back. "If she should go, I'd be all alone—all the light gone, sir." His voice, proceeding with a low-seated, rumbling power, suddenly broke. He thrust his big forefinger down his collar. "All alone."

"Perhaps," the other began after a moment, in the manner of one who has weighed a matter well, "you have not made—of course you have done your best—but you have not made, let us say, the teachings of the gospels real enough. For salvation must be shown as an escape from hell. There must be taught a real hell, brother, ever ready to swallow up into its torments the unrighteous. To escape the burning horrors of which we must—"

"Perhaps I'd better call Mary," interrupted Peter Mull, suddenly. The glib eloquence of the revivalist growing rapidly warmer inspired the old man with the hope that here was truth in all its terror, such as he had never been able to administer. "I'll call her so's she can hear it."

"Yes," admitted Fanning, "it would be well. And," said he, speaking as if to himself and with a bowed head, "may God give me light in this matter."

When Peter Mull returned with his daughter, a new ribbon of pink grained silk adorned her neck in honor of the visitor. She entered the room behind her father; there was an obvious bating of her breath, and her gaze meekly followed the pattern of the carpet. Fanning blew his nose, stood up and assumed a commanding position with his finger tips resting on the fat book that lay across the table top. "Mary, Mary," said he impressively.

"Yes, sir," said the girl, raising her surprised blue eyes.

"Sit down yonder. You are in grave danger, daughter," he went on, folding his cold hands; "evil besets you from every side. And I am going to tell you what you must do to be saved from hell fire." He brought the last word out with a terrifying elocutionary shout.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl.

"Have you heard of the seven torments of the abode of evil? Do you want to be saved? Or, do you want to be lost forever and forever in the fire; or, suffering tortures beyond belief descend far down to work out thy atonement with pain and seething flames? Or, do you want to live in this vale of tears according to God's law and His commandments, so that when you are recalled to His throne you shall dwell in peace eternal?"

"Oh, sir," said Mary, "I wish to do the good God's will." She turned appealingly toward her father, who had taught her the phrase.

"Ah, Mary child," cried Fanning, "the flesh is weak! Days come when we long for worldly things, when we long to leave our loved ones and go away from the beautiful country into the wicked cities

where there are snares for the innocent. Satan has set this trap for us. And if we yield to the temptation we are lost; evil claims us for its own, misfortunes oppress us, men revile us, and we are doomed to pass from this world down into perdition."

Her blue eyes filled with tears, which rolled down her freckled cheeks and dropped audibly upon the stiff pink silk bow under her chin.

Seldom had Fanning won his quarry so easily. He looked with satisfaction from the girl, shaking with sobs, to the old father, who sat with compressed lips grasping the chair arms. "No wonder you cry, poor child," said he, in a more kindly tone. "Take heart. It is not too late to save your soul."

"Oh, sir, it ain't me," said she; "I were not thinking of me. It were brother Bob."

"Bob!" exclaimed Fanning, and then he suddenly remembered the history of the black sheep, whose life-story he had unconsciously set forth.

"Bob, in hell," said the girl as if to make plain who she meant. Her slight shoulders were convulsed with her grief. "He is suffering! Oh, sir, I never thought of that before. I did not know it was true."

Peter Mull pulled himself forward, as if he were about to rise, and remained painfully motionless. The revivalist drew a long breath. Fear and consternation were written on his sunburnt face. The old man solved his perplexity. "I'm afeered it's true," he muttered, picking at the buttons on his coat. "I'm afeered it's true."

"And so, Mary," cried Fanning, seizing on the relief without a trace of mercy for the grief that he had caused her, "you must be ever watchful for the temptations and the pitfalls. You must not let Satan claim your soul. You must make yourself a home above. That is what you must do, is n't it? Do you want to go to hell?"

"Yes, sir," said Mary, promptly.

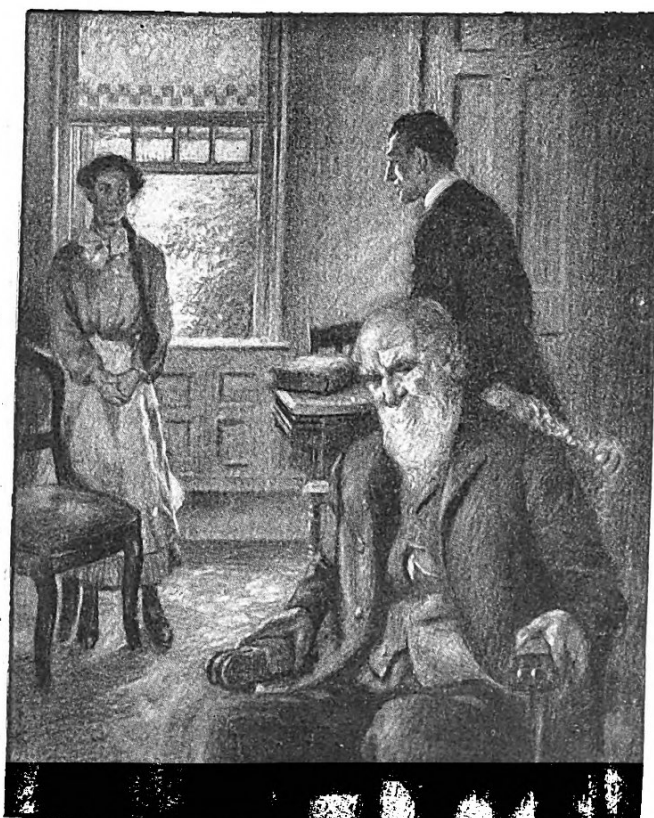
Fanning and her father both gasped.

"You did n't understand," said the former, almost timidly.

"Yes, sir, I did understand," she said. "I want to go there. For brother Bob is there, sir. He is unhappy and in pain. He's burning. I could talk to him, sir, like we used to do and smooth his head like the time he fell from the roof."

"But Mary, child," coaxed the preacher, desperately, "your mother is in heaven and

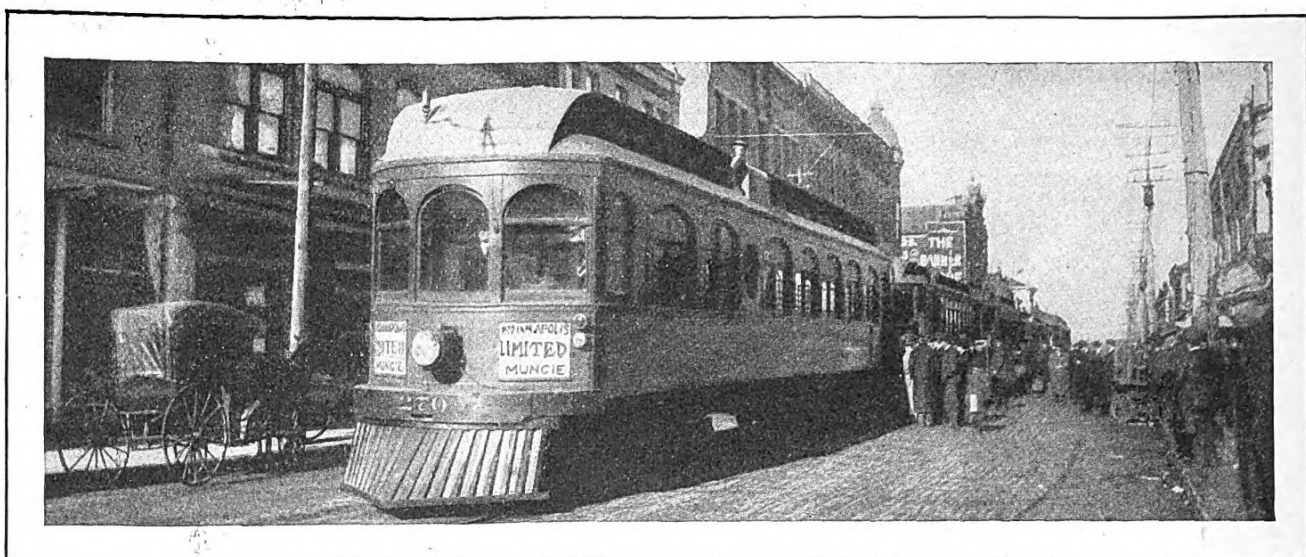
[Continued on page 530]



"Seldom had Fanning won his quarry so easily"



TO HAPPINESS BY TROLLEY



What the Interurban Electric Railway means to the Middle West in Prosperity, Comfort and the Joy of Living

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER



THE train wound leisurely through central Ohio, I had been re-reading those startling chapters in which a modern prophet, late in the nineteenth century, predicted the coming overthrow of the steam railroad and the consequent diffusion of cities, in which he pictured London spread out thin over all England, and New York over the vast stretch of country from Washington to Albany, like butter on a sandwich.

We rounded a bend, and I realized suddenly that the trolley track parallel to ours was contributing an illustration to Mr. Wells's book.

A big interurban electric parlor car drew quietly abreast of us, then left us pounding along in its wake. I noticed that it was crowded with passengers, while our train carried a mere handful.

"How far has this process already gone?" I asked myself. "What does it mean, to-day, in the development of the country?"

Then and there I decided to look into this interesting matter. And for the next few weeks I rode about on the interurban systems of this middle-western country where electric traction has reached its highest development.

A Trolley That Beats the Dutch

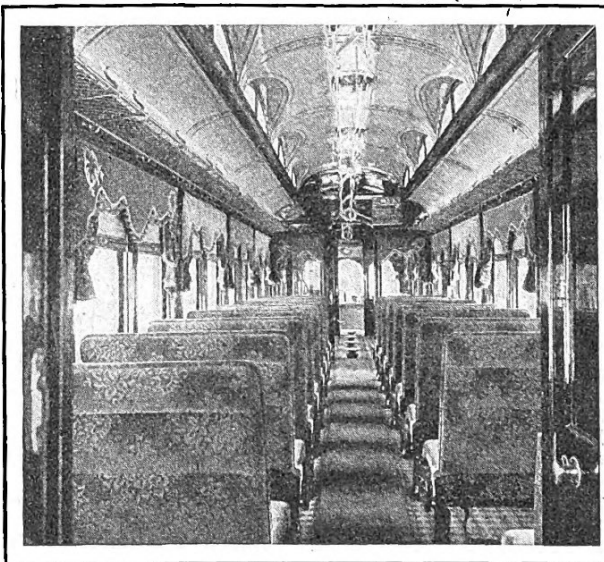
In traveling on those fast, prompt, roomy, modern cars, run smoothly, without jerks over a solid road-bed by courteous employees, it seemed to me that this thing was being done even better here than anywhere in up-to-date Germany. And I recalled, with humiliation, the obsolete conditions generally obtaining to-day among our eastern trolley systems.

I stopped off wherever fancy dictated, talking to farmers, storekeepers, professional men, traction officials, and railway men—all sorts and conditions of people; but keeping especially on the alert for an experienced, intelligent, and communicative conductor.

He was not hard to find.

"What's your line doing for this part of the State?" I asked him.

"Doing?" he echoed. "The line's simply making it! I've been running these interurbans ever since Ohio first saw them, and I can tell you they've brought in a new day for



A luxuriously appointed coach of the modern interurban railway

the city, and for the village, and for the country.

"Take this section of the road. When the company was securing the right of way, four years ago, lots of the farmers were afraid of the idea, and asked so much for the lease that the company found it cheaper to buy their whole farms outright and be done with it. To-day many of those same farmers are coming and wanting to buy their farms back again because they see what this thing is doing for their old neighbors."

Removing Hayseed by Electricity

We stopped at a cross-roads and a well-dressed gentleman came aboard who looked as though he were going to his office in the city.

"That's one of the old neighbors now," murmured the conductor. "I happened to be on the first car that ever came through here, and you ought to have seen that very man lined up along the track with the rest of the population. They were gaping and gawking as though we'd just made a record run from Mars. They were the most awful hayseedy, backwoodsish lot you ever set eyes on. Many had never been on a car of any kind before. They didn't know what to make of it, nor how to act.

"And now look at that farmer. Not much hayseed about him now, is there? Why you could n't hardly tell these folks from those on the ten-year-old line south of here."

"You parallel a steam road for part of the distance," I remarked. "Can you compete successfully with the railroads?"

"Can we? Why all over the State we've simply knocked the steam roads silly, on short hauls. You see, we run right into the heart of town, pick people up almost anywhere along the line, put them down about where they want to go, and do it cheaper than the railroads. No more driving to the station, leaving your horse at a livery barn, and taking a trolley from the station at the other end. We run much more frequently than the steam roads, and our limiteds are neck and neck with theirs for speed. Why the other day a man missed his train for Toledo, jumped on my car leaving five minutes later, and we beat the train out to a city up-state where he had plenty of time to make the change. I saw him afterwards and he told me."

"But doesn't the greater comfort of steam travel work against you?" I asked.

"Yes, in a way. Of course, our cars aren't yet quite as long or as wide as theirs, but the seats, in some, are as luxurious; there are toilets, baggage, and smoking compartments in each car, our road-bed is as good, if not better, and we offset their advantages by freedom from cinders, dust, and smoke, and unnecessary noise, and accident."

"I've studied this thing up a little," he continued, "and I can give you facts and figures. Take the thirty miles of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad from Cleveland to Painesville. That division used to carry an average of 16,600 passengers a month. But when the electric road was put through, it cut them down to 2400 a month. Same railroad from Cleveland to Oberlin, in 1895, averaged 16,900 a month. But in 1902, against a rival traction line, it dropped to 7650."

"Looks rather serious for the steam people, does n't it?"

Electric Cars Are Feeders to Steam Roads

"Not by a jugful!" returned the conductor, promptly. "That's what they all thought, at first. But when they came to figure up totals, they found they were gaining in the long hauls

what they were losing in the short. They discovered that the trolleys were creating a lot of desire to travel among people who had never been more 'n a day's drive from home, before, in all their lives; and that, with our short hauls, we fed these people to the railroads for their long hauls. So they don't fear us now, except as we develop our long-distance business. And we're a long way from doing wonders with that, yet."

He helped on a small brother and sister, with a violin and a 'cello, who were going to town for their weekly lessons.

Storekeepers Afraid of the Cars

"It was the same story with the small storekeepers," he continued. "They thought judgment day had struck 'em along with the interurban. And, at first, their trade *did* fall off considerable. But bit by bit they saw people's wants increasing. So village trade picked up. And then the city folks began swarming out of town and building homes along the trolley line. They were awful glad to get into the country, and grew loyal to their new homes and traded with the local stores. The upshot is that the trolley has helped all village tradesmen except the clothiers."

He went forward to drive the car while the motorman ate his luncheon.

"Let me tell you," he went on, rejoining me in twenty minutes, "we're doing more for the farmer than just to increase his wants: we're putting money in his pocket. Wherever an interurban line has gone it has, for one thing, raised land values from twenty-five to one hundred per cent. It has brought the farmer in touch with the briskness and system of modern commerce, and taught him to use business methods in his farming. It's given him a wider choice of markets. And he can get his milk, eggs, fruit, and vegetables to town fresher. He receives his market quotations by Rural Free Delivery and phone, and takes quicker advantage of high prices by means of us."

Making it Easier for the Cow-herd

"Look there." He pointed to a row of empty cans lined up on a platform we had just passed.

"For instance, he can send his milk to town right after milking, and without monkeying with an agent. He buys milk tickets which he fastens to the cans to prepay their carriage, leaves them at the regular interurban stop, and does n't bother his head any more about them.

"We fix it so the farmer can cut out middlemen's profits on lots of other things as well. I know a town about thirty-five miles west of Columbus, where there's a big produce house handling car-load lots of eggs and poultry. This house opened a branch in Columbus for supplying produce to the Columbus retail dealers and large consumers, and located it near the terminus of our line there, so that the produce is loaded by the farmer into our cars and unloaded, with one handling, into the plant of the produce dealer, cutting out all of the handling in between, the commissions, profits, and so on, that used to come out of the farmer's pocket."

"Has all this," I asked, "brought about much visible change in the country?"

He pointed, in response, to the small village we were approaching.

What it Means to the Farmer

"Here's an example, right here. When we first came through, this was a pretty down-at-the-heel place. Now look. The buildings are well painted, the lawns carefully kept, the fences and lands in bang-up condition, and there are a lot of new cement sidewalks."

We stopped at a cross-roads, and a well-dressed, happy looking couple got on, greeting my conductor familiarly.

The latter nudged me, as they came aboard. "See them? Before we came, Josh Bergen, there, used to spend a couple of days, in and out, driving his load of produce to market, leaving his wife behind drudging. To-day he puts his stuff into one of our big express cars at his door, after phoning his merchant about it, dresses up in store clothes, and comes in on the next passenger car, with his wife. When he gets to town he'll probably sell his stuff at a nice figure, then they'll do their shopping, go to a good restaurant, attend the matinee, and get back home in time for her to prepare supper. And she can get off for all this because there's more money, now, to keep more help with, and fit out the house with labor-saving appliances."

"So," I queried, "the farmers from around here go to the theater a good deal?"

"I guess," he returned, glancing over the car, "that I know every one aboard but you. They're all farming folks, bound for 'The Merry Widow,' except a promoter of gold mines, up there in the far end of the smoker, that horse

the hustle of the city, they have a better chance to study and keep healthy."

"What," I put in, "is the result of all this, as you see it? Do you think the trolley is an influence that draws the country boy, in the long run, away to the city, or that keeps him on the farm?"

He scratched his head in deep meditation before replying.

"Of course, there always have been, and always will be, lots of boys wild horses could n't keep in the country. But, as I see it, this institution I'm helping to run is making farmers of lots of young fellows who would have felt too lonesome and restless on a farm five years ago.

"More than that, we've made farmers of lots of city boys who never dreamed what the country was like 'till we rode 'em out into it. And now, with the cheap fares, the factory workers are finding they can live in the country as cheaply and easily as they could in the tenements. And a good many of 'em hire out to farmers, and never go back. So I think it's safe to say the trolley makes more farmers than it spoils."

We stopped.

"All out!" shouted the conductor. I bade him good-by and started forth, deeply interested, on a trolley tour of the Middle-West, to verify his views.

Strangely enough, I found that the enthusiast had confined himself to the facts, and had given me a picture really representative of actual conditions. I found the interurbans, in most cases, beating the parallel steam railroads on the short haul, and aiding them on the long.

Homicide is Not Encouraged

Everywhere they were cutting down the terrible mortality of the railroads. During 1908, the steam railroads of Illinois killed one passenger in every 307,370 carried, and injured one in every 191,627; while the interurbans killed one in every 7,259,178, and injured one in every 392,758. During the same period the Lake Shore Electric Railway of Ohio won the distinction of handling about six million passengers without serious injury to a single passenger or employee.

Excepting the clothier, I found the village storekeeper along the interurban line prospering.

Everywhere the cities had, as Wells put it, "burst an intolerable envelope and splashed" out along the trolley radii. One of the most striking of these splashes extends about fifteen miles northward from Columbus, Ohio, along the line of the Columbus, Delaware and Marion. All classes of society seem to have hastened to turn farmer along this excellent line, and all seem to be prospering.

The lake front between Toledo and Cleveland is a striking instance of how trolleys affect land values. Before the Lake Shore Electric Railway was built, this land was almost unpopulated and would not sell for two hundred dollars an acre. To-day, some of this land sells as high as four thousand dollars an acre.

The interurban freight business is growing like *Alice in Wonderland* when she nibbled the other mushroom. From November 1, 1908, to March 1, 1909, one division of the Ohio Electric Railway increased its freight business seventy-five per cent. Here the freight cars are strikingly like those of the steam roads, and are handled with a facility that steam can not compete with. Elevators and factories are springing up along the tracks, and, in places where steam is a rival, the factories often connect, by preference, with the trolley tracks. In 1908, the Detroit United Railway handled more than five million gallons of milk and cream.

But this part of the traction business is strictly conditioned in its possibilities of expansion.

[Continued on page 526]

Through The Narrows

(The Sea-Gate of New York City)

By EDITH M. THOMAS

OUT through The Narrows they go—
The ships to the highway seas—
As they sink, yon verge below;
"They're gone!" sings the rippling breeze.

In through The Narrows they glide,
With whirling of giant wheels;
"They come!" calls the swelling tide
Pushed by their giant keels.

And so, by the Morning Way,
By the path that forever is new,
The world is passing, to-day,
Greeting—or bidding adieu.

* * * * *

Once, through The Narrows I passed . . .
But when in again I came,
The wild, bright tears dropped fast
For joy that I could not name!

dealer behind the stove, and yonder lady in the red hat, wife of a big suburbanite lawyer who's getting after the Standard Oil."

The car stopped, and a veritable old Walt Whitman helped his wife on.

"Two more exceptions," explained my mentor. "She's in a bad way, poor soul, doctoring in town for cancer of the stomach."

"You might not think it," he went on, "but this theater, and concert, and lecture-going, and associating with city folks in town and country, has stirred the farmers up, mightily, in the upper story. Of course, the Free Delivery and the telephone have, too, but it was n't long after we first ran through the villages that they began to buy the magazines, and even to start little pay libraries in the stores. Religion's waking up, too, all along the line. Folks go in, a good deal, to the big city services, and the country churches are rubbing the sand out of their eyes in earnest."

Exit the Little Red Schoolhouse

He jerked his thumb at a dilapidated district school, that looked as if it had been out of commission for years.

"There's one of the very best signs of the times. I was educated in that very shack, but it does me good to see it closed up. To-day the farmers' children all along the line go in town to as good schools as they make. They can go to higher schools, now, than in the old days, and, by living at home, away from



THE JESTER-K
DRAWN BY



OF BOYLAND
BY KILVERT

The World in a Nutshell

The MONTH in AMERICA

THE TARIFF debates, which seem likely to become a continuous performance, are showing us several things: First, that the American people have no say; second, that a trust magnate is more important than a hundred thousand citizens; third, that

Lumber and the Platform

Republican Senators do not represent their constituents; fourth, that Democratic Senators do not represent their constituents; fifth, that election promises are for election only, and that political platforms, like railway car platforms, are to get off from but not to stand on.

If the Democratic Senators had stood by their platform, we should have had free lumber despite the treachery of the Republican Senators. The Democratic national platform, the solemn promise on which the Democrats were elected, demanded "the immediate repeal of the tariff on wood-pulp, print paper, lumber, timber, and logs, and that these articles be placed on the free list." But Senator Bailey utterly refuses to be bound by this platform, because it is not a "Democratic doctrine," Senator Fletcher, of Florida, believes that he should be bound by "the general principles of a platform, but the questions of detail are left to the legislators" and the lumber kings; while that profoundly wise statesman, Senator Simmons, of North Carolina, advances the theory that a party is released from its promises if it does not carry the election. Mr. Bryan, on the other hand, believes that a promise is a promise, but Mr. Bryan is not a Senator.

"Honesty," says the Senate, "is the best policy, but the worst politics."

THE Tariff Bill, disfigured as it is, will not even produce enough revenue. Our generous legislators are willing that the Government get less receipts so the trusts may get more. But the legislative salaries must be paid, and so new taxes are being devised.

What Tax Will You Have, Gentlemen?

If the people would stand for it, our Congressmen would put the whole tax on overalls and jackknives. This would give the poor an additional stake in the Government. As this would not do, the House passed an inheritance tax, in the pious hope that the Senate would throw it out. The Senate has thrown it out.

The Senate intended to do nothing—to stand pat. But a few honest Senators on both sides combined with a few scared Senators on both sides, to demand an income tax, which would have shifted a little of the burden to shoulders that could bear it. We should, probably, have had an income tax but for the intervention of Mr. Taft.

We believe that the President in this, as in an earlier instance, acted with good intentions, but that now, as then, he was badly advised—that, through communication, he has unconsciously imbibed some of the peculiar latter-day patriotism of the Rhode Island boss.

Mr. Taft has probably killed the income tax by proposing an impossible amendment to our constitution, and in its place he has offered us something which is not nearly so good, a tax on the net income of incorporated companies. Its best feature, that of compulsory publicity, has been stricken out. When we realize that not even accountants know what "net income" is, when we remember how such a tax can be shifted to the people by adding a tenth of a cent to the price of the commodity, we wish that the President had left us the income tax and our chances with the Supreme Court; or, if he had intervened at all, that he had said a few words about the iniquity of the present tariff legislation.

AERONAUTICS is advancing these days literally by leaps and bounds, or perhaps we should say by swoops and dashes.

Count Zeppelin, of Germany, and the circumambient atmosphere made, recently, a flight of eight hundred and fifty miles in thirty-seven hours and perfect safety. Preparations

Up in the Air

are going forward for a regular commercial dirigible service from Frankfort to Berlin containing all the modern conveniences except rate rebates.

The University of Paris has received an endowment for a chair of aviation.

In the field of aeroplanes and other heavier-than-air machines the Wright Brothers are still preeminent, although many queer-looking craft are roosting in apple trees all over the world. These same Wright persons have arrived in America; have received eulogies from presidents, governors, mayors, and other earth-

crawling creatures; have said, "Thank you, gentlemen," and have hurried back into their overalls. If the Wrights were to wear all the medals that have been given them they would never be able to rise above a sitting posture.

Meanwhile, our War Department is drawing up plans for a fleet of dirigibles to patrol our coasts and give notice, by wireless, of the approach of the enemy. It is hoped that we will get into trouble with some nation as soon as our balloons are working well.

All is hopeful and encouraging except the news from Illinois. There, not long ago, a balloon passed over a baseball diamond. The drag rope struck a player and caused him to muff a fly, letting in the winning run. Such events as this make one wonder whether the navigation of the air should ever have been attempted.



LATTER-DAY PATRIOTS

IX. William Lorimer

He has taken his Illinois record to the United States Senate, where the odor will not be noticed.

THE American Sugar Refining Company, affectionately called the Sugar Trust, is as hypocritical, unctuous and saccharine a pirate as ever cut a throat or scuttled a ship. A few months ago it confessed to having cheated the customs by false scales and it then paid over two millions of dollars in settlement of claims. It has been convicted and fined for obtaining rebates; it is believed to have stolen thousands of dollars' worth of city water for the use of its Brooklyn refineries; its high-paid attorneys sigh for new statutes to infringe.

Killing with Kindness

A few weeks ago the Trust, being haled into court again, admitted that it had been engaged in a transaction which was so nasty that this magazine is unwilling even to characterize it. By pretending friendliness and kindness to a rival refinery and generously offering it money, the Trust, through its secret agent, Gustav E. Kissel, fraudulently secured possession of its rival's plant, shut it up and drove a great real-estate company into bankruptcy and its respected president to suicide. By paying over about three millions of dollars and letting go its hold on the refinery, the Trust has escaped further civil liability. But the criminal liability remains; the caught sneak-thief does not get off when he hands back the watch.

The adequate punishment of the Sugar Trust, and of such of its responsible officers, directors, and agents as have acted in violation of the law, should proceed with vigor. To the Taft administration, and to Attorney-General Wickersham, in particular, falls the duty of vindicating the rights of the American people as against such spoilers, intriguers and corporation pirates.

UNCLE HIRAM, who wears whiskers and lives in comic weeklies, will be delighted with the latest news from New York. A man in the metropolis has invented a device which enables one to blow out the gas without fear of the consequences. By a mechanism too complicated to describe, the gas, when blown out, automatically shuts itself off. So perfect is the contrivance, according to the inventor, that even the gas bill ceases to run.

A Premium on Folly

Hiram, the comics tell us, has never been able to understand why middlesome people should interfere with his simple, homely diversions. Blowing out the gas, he has always maintained, is one of those personal privileges guaranteed us under the Constitution. A machine which will enable him to blow out all the gas within

reach, without need for subsequent hospital treatment, will do much to restore Hiram's faith in popular government.

So much for the blowing out of gas; but why can not this beneficent genius turn his attention to other needed in-

ventions? Where is the machine that will make banana peels on the sidewalk a delight to pedestrians? Isn't there some device that will make the humorist who rocks boats and pulls chairs from under folks a public benefactor? Can't we have an antidote for the revolver which no one supposes loaded?

"PROHIBITION does not prohibit," says the "disinterested" orator, who goes up and down the land arguing for personal liberty. According to this teacher of morals, the sots of the nation congregate in prohibition states, and the real orgies take place, not in our malignant saloons, but in the private homes of "dry" towns. If you wish to save men from drink, you must let the

Worcester Dry and Good

whisky run like water.

Somehow you can not convince the city of Worcester with these excellent arguments, for Worcester has tried no-license and has just voted to try it again. During the past year in which prohibition was tried, the arrests for drunkenness fell off from 3,924 to 1,843; for assault and battery from three hundred and eighty-two to two hundred and sixty-three; for larceny from three hundred and forty-three to two hundred and fifty-five; for neglect and non-support from one hundred and twelve to eighty-seven; for disturbing the peace from two hundred and ten to one hundred and nine. There were only one hundred and forty-four patients in the alcoholic ward of the city hospital as compared with two hundred and seventy-four the year before, and only six deaths from alcoholism as compared with thirty the previous year.

WHEN Dr. Charles W. Eliot announced, some time ago, that five feet of books, well read, would give a liberal education, everybody was delighted—that is, everybody except workmen in the "best seller" factories.

Five Feet of Culture

Busy America decided in advance to bolt this education at the rate of six inches per month and thus leave the rest of life free to devote to church-work, fishing, philanthropy, and pinocle.

So when the partial list came, Busy America looked it over—"Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," it began; "Journal of John Woolman" (whoever he was); "Fruits of Solitude," by William Penn; Bacon's "New Atlantis"; Milton's "Areopagitica" and "Tractate on Education"; Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici"—at this point Busy America went to sleep and lost a liberal education.

A man who has read the list through—not the books—declares that the Bible is missing, that Shakespeare hasn't even a look in, that there is no Don Quixote, no Robinson Crusoe, no Dickens, no Thackeray, in fact no fun at all—only culture.

Some say that the good doctor from Cambridge is pulling off a big joke upon the American people. Others whisper their belief that he is a hopeless "highbrow." For our part we have an awful suspicion that he is a sufferer from insomnia.

When last seen, Busy America was reading a book entitled "The Mystery of the Green Parasol," forty-seventh edition.

BOSTON is going to be good—in 1915. The wise, and the thoughtful, and the progressive people of that town have banded themselves together and worked out a complete comprehensive scheme of betterment.

Boston is Going to Reform

Boston has gone the way of most of our large cities, has fallen into the hands of corporate interests and professional politicians and has wasted her substance and despoiled her people. Reform movements in Boston have always gone their independent winding ways like her own streets, and corruption has continued to flourish.

The new movement unites all of the reform agencies of the city; it proposes to extract from the citizens every ounce of civic feeling and to throw it into the balance. It has laid out for itself definite tasks for definite times, and by 1915 it hopes to establish good government, the settlement of industrial and social problems, good housing, progressive educational systems, a beautiful city and one which will exist for the benefit of its people.

Rather a large task for six years, but with the unselfish, intelligent people, all working together, who can say that it is not possible?

The World in a Nutshell

The MONTH ABROAD

THE LONDON *Times* has become interesting. Formerly the "Thunderer," as the paper is called, took its pleasures sadly, and its columns were as heavy and substantial as roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. But since the Liberal Government has proposed to let taxes fall upon the rich and poor alike, making each man bear the burden according to his means, the outraged sense of the English lords and wealthy brewers, the British Peerage and "Beerage" has broken out in violent letters to the *Times*. Invective, sarcasm, pathos, eloquence, everything—but humor—fill these columns. The Government is represented as a "common highwayman," "plundering" the holder of unused lands, "fleecing" the liquor trade, and "looting" dead men's possessions. A gentleman who earns only twenty thousand pounds a year from his land raises his voice in protest; a lord of the realm attributes the tax on petrol for automobiles to "the dislike by the envious poor of the conveniences of the better off."

Charity vs. Justice

But Beware! England, Beware! A gentleman signing himself "Coram Latrone" mixes threats with his tears. "Latrone" writes that he is in receipt of an income derived from house property of "well over five thousand pounds a year." He has always "contributed liberally" to hospitals and soup-kitchens, but now, he says, "I shall discontinue my subscriptions to all charities which were intended to benefit the very poor." Another complainant, signing himself "A Considerable Taxpayer and the Father of a Large Family," proposes to "debit his charity account" with the new increase in taxation.

So the British people are in a quandary. The juster their taxes, the smaller will be the dole of charity. But perhaps they will "take the cash and let the credit go." "Coram Latrone" should read the Epistle to the Corinthians. "Charity" said one, who was not a tax-dodger, nor a philanthropist, "suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked . . . beareth all things . . . endureth all things. Charity never faileth . . ."

IN THE war with Russia, Japan was fighting for life. If she had lost, she would have been debarred forever from the continent of Asia. In her meager one hundred and forty-seven thousand square miles of area, her fifty millions would have starved, and as her numbers grew, her poverty would have become so intense that plagues, and famines, and national decay would undoubtedly have ensued.

Japan Victorious in Peace

As a result of the war, Japan acquired Korea and planted her foot upon the Asiatic mainland. Since then she has not been idle. Every year, according to the *Tour de Monde*, of Paris, more than two hundred thousand Japanese immigrants have passed over into Korea. This solid phalanx of a million has penetrated Korea, following the railroad, and making each station a new base for scattering. The Japanese colonists have settled, built homes, sent for their relatives and friends, and thrown themselves as furiously into the work of building up the country as they once flung themselves upon the ramparts of Port Arthur.

The Japanese Government has not withheld its support. These people expect to raise, in Korea, enough rice, cotton and wool, and to mine enough coal, to make the mother country independent of the world. The Government is, therefore, encouraging settlers by cheap transportation to Korea, by grants of land, and by cash advances from government bonds. Japan sends teachers, doctors, and priests, and provides the colonists with schools, hospitals, and pagodas. Inhabitants of the same village or town are sent to the same colony, so that, in Korea, the old landmarks of home may still survive.

It looks, now, as though the victories of Japan will be greater in peace than in war, and Korea will be transformed from a decaying Hermit Kingdom into one of the wealthiest and most progressive of communities. The fate of Korea will be determined by the mines, farms and factories of the new colonists, and if Russia again descends from Siberia, her soldiers will meet the invincible resistance of the Japanese frontiersmen. Perhaps they will find that Japanese fighting in defense of their homes are even better soldiers than those who stormed Port Arthur in 1905.

JOHN BULL is young again. Here speaks, not surmise or fancy, but Authoritative Information, straight from the *Times*, of London, where it was born and brought up. The Englishman is growing tired of set entertainments in stuffy and crowded buildings; he has taken to open air exhibitions, to illuminated palaces, to outdoor restaurants, to music, and glittering lights, and hilarious tea.

England Renews Her Youth

"Paradise Lost" grows dusty upon many a British shelf; the lord of the castle no longer dozes the evening away in the bosom of his dozing family. What though the Island be threatened with invasion by Germany a bare fifty years hence, what though the Budget strike terror to the stout heart of many a stout British capitalist, Britannia spends her evenings ruling artificial waves in imitation gondolas. The sun has shone four times since Ground Hog Day and England's heart is a little garden.

Are our cousins growing frivolous and pleasure-loving? Have they taken to enjoying themselves like Germans, or other heathen?

"They might" says the *Times* "be listening to the operas of Wagner or the plays of Ibsen; instead of which they smoke and chatter in the open air."

Ah, well, chide them not, old Authoritative Information. For Youth will have its fling and Johnny Bull is young again.

A FEW weeks ago there died, in Paris, a man named Chauchard, who had gained an enormous fortune from the famous *Louvre* store. When his will was read, it was found that he had left comparatively little to charity, and to his thousands of employees, while the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about eight million dollars, was bequeathed to a woman who had been his friend for many years. M. Chauchard had planned his funeral on a luxurious, even royal scale. The most celebrated voices in France sang in the chorus, the hearse was drawn by six black horses, caparisoned in the trappings of mourning, and a squadron of Cuirassiers, several battalions of infantry and three thousand employees followed the body to the grave.

A "Gay" Funeral

It was what the French call a "gay" funeral, and half a million Parisians stopped in their work to see the "parade." But, instead of regarding it reverently, as the French usually do, the crowd hissed, and laughed, and cracked coarse jests, and a mob of hooligans jostled the official mourners, robbed the bier of its flowers and tossed them about. Even the serious-minded felt that the funeral was a foolish bit of ostentation, and would have liked it better had the late M. Chauchard been more modest in his leaving of the world.

A few years ago, Madame Boucicault, the owner of a rival store, bequeathed her fortune of twenty million dollars to her faithful employees and to religious and charitable institutions. She did not have a "gay" funeral. She did not need one.

NORTHWARD the course of Empire takes its way. The American pioneer moving westward, across the Appalachians, across the Mississippi, across the Missouri, across the great desert, struck at last the Pacific and found the frontier gone. Now he has moved northward, passing the boundary line into Canada and settling the great virgin wheat belts of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan.

The Americanization of Canada

In the last five years over two hundred thousand Americans have built homes in Canada.

In the new land the Americans have been made welcome. Canada does not like all immigrants. She feels that the mother country has been dumping upon her shores great numbers of incompetent Londoners. The English have settled largely in the towns and have cut wages. The Americans, on the other hand, have brought money—a thousand dollars per head; they have brought energy, initiative and a high standard of living. They have made an enormous number of homestead entries, and are contributing largely to the great new prosperity of our neighbor in the North.

As more and more of our energetic farmers move with their wives, and children, and cattle, and plows, and money, into the vast wheat fields of the North, the spirit of Canada will become inevitably American, and closer bonds of friendship and amity will weave together the two great nations of the Western Hemisphere.



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Agents Wanted

The World in a Nutshell

WOMEN EVERYWHERE

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER is two hundred and eighty-three years old, but he is still learning things about women. His latest experience may be of value to younger and callower cities.

The Ways of Women in Tunnels

Some time ago William G. McAdoo, who has built up a thriving little business under the Hudson River, running trains between New York and the United States, set aside a special car for the exclusive use of women. The people hailed the innovation with joy. Here, at last, women could ride, safe from jostling, seat-grabbing, tobacco-scented men. True, some fun was poked at the "Jane Crow" cars, and there were sly suggestions about mirrors, and perfumery, and powder boxes, but nevertheless, Mr. McAdoo was hailed as a public-spirited business man and a perfectly lovely gentleman. Polite uniformed attendants at the stations informed ladies of the special car and everything went beautifully.

There was only one drawback to the scheme. *The women would not use the car.* Giving the uniformed attendants, oh, such a look, the ladies crowded into the co-educational department, leaving their special car half empty. After three months' trial the gallant Mr. McAdoo has ordered the ladies' car discontinued.

THE MANAGER of one of Keith's vaudeville theaters has announced that hereafter the mother-in-law joke will be excluded from his stage. In his decree of banishment no account was taken of the age of the culprit nor of its long and faithful service.

The Passing of an Old Friend

"Go," said the manager, sternly pointing his finger toward the stage door, "you have brought sorrow enough to the house."

So the decrepit old joke passed away and not even a poor scene-shifter shed a tear. Within three days the manager was flooded with letters of thanks from men and women who were living on the best of terms with their mothers-in-law. A young man who had no mother-in-law, but who was saving up his money to get one, promptly bought two tickets for the show. Whole families crowded joyfully into the theater, as though a quarantine had been raised.

In view of this demonstration, it will not be long before the mother-in-law joke will be unable to get work on any stage. It will be compelled to eke out a precarious existence in the comic weeklies and spend its declining days in barber shops.

Yet some historians claim that our ancestors' ancestors laughed at this joke—that centuries ago the fact that one's wife had a mother was thought to be indescribably funny. Perhaps that is why this period of the world's history is called the Dark Age.

It is not every day that a princess is born in Holland, and the Dutch know how to appreciate their royal blessings. Since Juliana, the heiress-apparent to the Dutch throne, came to the world, a few months ago, her loyal subjects-to-be have been in one orgy of delirious excitement.

Queen Wilhelmina as a Photographer

But no one had seen the baby. Whether the infant had blue eyes or gray, red cheeks or white, a mole on her chin or a strawberry mark upon her left arm remained a mystery. The Dutch complained. What was the use of a royal baby that was not visible to the naked eye?

Her Majesty, Wilhelmina, is a very wise woman, and a very able one. She is not like the Queen who was always "in the parlor, eating bread and honey," but she can do a great many things well, and among them, photography. So she took a number of royal snapshots at the royal infant, showing that pride of the Dutch nation reclining royally on a royal cushion, and another showing the baby held in a very man-like and uncertain way by her father, the Prince Consort. The prince seems to be a very estimable sovereign, but if the Dutch wish the heiress-apparent to survive, they should pass a law forbidding all male monarchs holding their babies.

The queen's photographs have conquered the hearts of all Holland. The most humble home glories in the possession of this counterfeit presentment of the infant Juliana. Not even the Dutch "best sellers" have had so large a circulation, or so enthusiastic a reception.

JULIA WARD HOWE is ninety years old, and the congratulations which came to her upon her recent birthday, the columns of newspaper appreciation, and the tributes of men of letters, show what an honored old age is hers. It is almost fifty years, since she wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" which has been such a source of inspiration to our people. During half a century, she has lifted her voice and wielded her pen for freedom, for the oppressed of all nations, for the blind and all the unfortunate. Mrs. Howe has labored always for the equal suffrage of women and men. She has been an earnest advocate of peace between nations. At ninety, still intellectually vigorous, she is actively identified with great philanthropic movements.

A Grand Old Woman

In conferring upon her the degree of doctor of letters, a few weeks' ago, President Faunce, of Brown University, referred to her as author, philanthropist, mother, friend of the slave, the prisoner, and all who suffer, singer of the battle hymn of freedom.

THE DENTISTS of the world, foregathered in London, have declared that the future of civilization is imperiled by bad teeth. While the Bushmen, the Ashantees and the imperfectly clad natives, whom Mr. Roosevelt will meet in his journeyings, all have beautiful white canines and molars, the teeth of civilization are decaying with alarming rapidity. Mr. Henry James is shocked by the teeth he is introduced to at London dinner parties. The haggard, toothless jaws of beef-eating Britons are a greater danger to the Empire than are German air-ships and scare-ships.

The Dentist as a World-Saver

Nor is the American tooth above suspicion. Dr. S. Blair Luckie, writing in the *Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette*, states that seventy-two per cent. of school children, in New York, require dental treatment, and of these only a tenth get it. We have too many bottle-fed babies, too many children who eat mushy food which does not give the teeth anything to "bite," and too many people of all ages who consider the cleansing of teeth a superstitious ceremonial observance. As a consequence we have bad teeth, dyspepsia, lowered vitality, pessimism, and quack dentists.

The danger is a real one. We should no longer consider the dentist as an extortionate mouth plumber, but as a useful and patriotic public servant. School children should, if necessary, receive free dental care as they now receive free text-books. The teeth of the people are one of our great national resources and should be conserved.

ANOTHER American woman has been made the recipient of a noteworthy honor. At a recent session the National Conference of Charities and Correction chose Jane Addams, of Chicago, as its president. Miss Addams, like Mrs. Howe, has for years been identified with the cause of freedom, and with the peace movement. In her work at Hull House, Miss Addams has combined practical service to her tenement-dwelling neighbors, with devotion to the wider civic interests of Chicago. The keynote of her work has always been democracy—political, social, and industrial.

The National Conference of Charities and Correction has come to be a forum for the most progressive and scientific ideas in the administration of philanthropy and justice. This is the first time it has chosen a woman as president and the vote was unanimous. In honoring Miss Addams the Conference has honored itself.

The First Woman President

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THE WORLD is realizing, more and more as the months pass, what an important part the women of Turkey played in the planning and carrying out of the Young Turks' movement. We Occidentals are inclined to regard the women of Turkey as little better than slaves, and, what is worse, content to remain so.

Progressive Women in Turkey

Now we learn that the quiet propaganda, which prepared the way for the successful revolution, was carried on largely by women. There were representatives of the movement in the Sultan's own Harem. The Turkish system of espionage is, perhaps, the most perfect in the world; but the Turkish women were able, by visiting friends and relations throughout the country, to spread the doctrines of the progressive party.



Not Exempt

AN EVANGELIST was exhorting his hearers to flee from the wrath to come. "I warn you," he thundered, "that there will be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth!"

At this moment an old woman in the gallery stood up. "Sir," she shouted, "I have no teeth." "Madam," returned the evangelist, severely, "teeth will be provided."—WM. C. BENNETT.

Placing it Right

AFTER WAITING for several weeks without hearing from her story, the amateur author wrote the magazine editor, requesting an early decision, saying that she had "other irons in the fire."

Promptly came the editor's response: "Dear Madam: I have read your story, and after giving it careful consideration I should advise you to put it with the other irons."—R. M. WINANS.

Trouble in the Royal Palace

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB of New Orleans used to give amateur theatrical performances that were distinguished for the local prominence of the actors. Once a social celebrity, with a gorgeous costume, as one of the lords in waiting, had only four words to say: "The queen has swooned." As he stepped forward, his friends applauded vociferously. Bowing his thanks, he faced the king and said, in a very high-pitched voice, "The swoon has queened."

There was a roar of laughter; but he waited patiently, and made another attempt: "The swoon has cooned."

Again the walls trembled and the stage manager said, in a voice which could be heard all over the house, "Come off, you doggoned fool."

But the ambitious amateur refused to surrender, and in a rasping falsetto, as he was assisted off the stage, he screamed: "The coon has swooned."

W. H. WILLIAMS.

The Mechanics of Hauteur

SAID he, with despair in his look: "You carry your neck like a scholar. Intent on an upper-shelf book."

Said she: "It's only my collar." CLARISSA DIXON.

Accommodating

AN AMERICAN was showing some artist friends from Munich the sights of New York City. As they stood in front of the Shakespeare statue, in Central Park, discussion arose whether the figure was resting upon its right or its left leg.

"Er steht auf dem rechten Bein." "Nein," retorted another, "er steht auf dem linken Bein."

"Auf dem rechten," argued several. "Auf dem linken," retorted the other faction.

An American gentleman, overhearing the dispute, came over and politely tipped his hat. "Excuse me, gentlemen," he said, "but this is n't Lincoln, this is Shakespeare."—HY. MAYER.

Well Equipped

A METHODIST bishop was recently a guest at the home of a friend who had two charming daughters. One morning the bishop, accompanied by the two young ladies, went out in the hope of catching some trout. An old fisherman, out for the same purpose, wishing to appear friendly, called out:

"Ketchin' many, pard?" The bishop, drawing himself to his full height, replied, "Brother, I am a fisher of men." "You've got the right kind-o' bait, all right," was the fisherman's rejoinder.—HUGH E. WEBSTER.

For these bits of "Point and Pleasantry" payment is made at the rate of TEN CENTS A WORD. The editors reserve the right to make such editorial changes as may seem necessary. Material which fails to gain a place on these pages, and yet seems worthy of publication, may be retained at the usual rates.

NO MS. WILL BE RETURNED UNLESS STAMPED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED.

Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

Take a Chance

MR. REED, Senator Wolcott, and Joseph H. Choate, were having a little dinner at the Waldorf. When wine was offered, Mr. Choate turned his glass down. "Gentlemen," he said proudly, "I have arrived at the age of fifty-five

and never yet have I tasted wine or tobacco, nor played any game of chance for money."

Wolcott heaved a very audible sigh; "My, how I wish I could say that!"

"Why don't you?" drawled Reed; "Choate did!" P. O. BUNN.

Bbbb in His Bonnet

OH, TRADESMAN, in thine hour of e e e e,

If on this paper you should c c c c,

Take our advice and now be y y y y,

Go straight ahead and advert i i i i.

You'll find the project of some u u u u,

Neglect can offer no ex q q q q,

Be wise at once, prolong your da a a a,

A silent business soon de k k k k.

C. B. A. LANGE.

The Ever-Delicate Question

"HOW OLD are you, Madam?" asked the cross-examining lawyer. The woman blushed deeply, and stammeringly blurted out:

"I—I" and stopped short.

The attorney looked guilty. "Please, madam, quickly," he urged in a gentle, kindly voice; "it's getting worse every minute, you know."—S. A. L.

For Summer Boarders

SCOTT spent a part of one summer in the country, and hence was an authority on agricultural matters.

"In milking a cow," he wrote his friend, "always sit on the side furthest from the critter, and nearest the soft spot in the pasture."

Horsemanship in Heaven

LITTLE Kenneth and his mother were about to go for a drive.

"Who was God's father?" asked the boy.

"He had no father," replied the mother.

"Then," persisted Kenneth, thoughtfully, "who hitched up the horse for God's mother?"

W. R. EASTMAN.

Unprejudiced

MIKE MCGINNIS was being examined for jury duty in a murder trial.

"Mr. McGinnis," asked the judge, "have you formed to the guilt or innocence of

or expressed an opinion as the prisoner at the bar?"

"No, sir," replied Mike.

"Have you any conscientious scruples against capital punishment?"

"Not in this case, your honor," Mike replied.

JOHN M. HOLLADAY.

The Helpful Bellboy

FOR four consecutive nights the hotel man had watched his fair, timid guest fill her pitcher at the water-cooler.

"Madam," he said on the fifth night, "if you would ring, this would be done for you."

"But where is my bell?" asked the lady.

"The bell is beside your bed," replied the proprietor.

"That the bell!" she exclaimed. "Why, the boy told me that was the fire alarm, and that I was n't to touch it on any account."—JOHN T. O'LEARY.

SURPRISED HIM Doctor's Test of Food

A doctor in Kansas experimented with his boy in a test of food and gives the particulars. He says:

"I naturally watch the effect of different foods on patients. My own little son, a lad of four, had been ill with pneumonia and during his convalescence did not seem to care for any kind of food."

"I knew something of Grape-Nuts and its rather fascinating flavour and particularly of its nourishing and nerve-building powers, so I started the boy on Grape-Nuts and found from the first dish that he liked it."

"His mother gave it to him steadily and he began to improve at once. In less than a month he had gained about eight pounds and soon became so well and strong we had no further anxiety about him."

"An old patient of mine, 73 years old, came down with serious stomach trouble and before I was called had got so weak he could eat almost nothing, and was in a serious condition. He had tried almost every kind of food for the sick without avail."

"I immediately put him on Grape-Nuts with good, rich milk and just a little pinch of sugar. He exclaimed when I came next day 'Why doctor I never ate anything so good or that made me feel so much stronger.'"

"I am pleased to say he got well on Grape-Nuts, but he had to stick to it for two or three weeks, then he began to branch out a little with rice or an egg or two. He got entirely well in spite of his almost hopeless condition. He gained 22 pounds in two months which at his age is remarkable."

"I could quote a list of cases where Grape-Nuts has worked wonders."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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

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If you've been buying clothes made for nobody in particular, or paying high prices for custom tailoring, let us make your next suit as you want it and when you want it.

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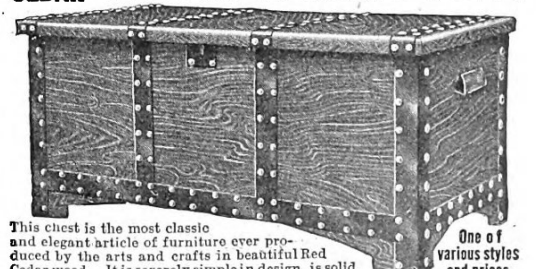
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CONVERTIBLE SECURITIES

BY MONTGOMERY ROLLINS

It is pretty well understood in finance that there are fashions in securities, as well as in the more trivial things of life, for the style of the proverbial woman's hat is no more subject to fickle change than the popularity of investments.

All this has been most fittingly emphasized, of late, by the enthusiastic welcome given to convertible securities. By this, however, it must not be supposed that the plan is a new one, for, if so, we might fear that the old pessimistic saying of the "new broom" would be applicable. We find issues of this character back in the days of Jay Gould—the days of the "Erie."

It has been suggested that bonds with the convertible attachment were first devised for the benefit of the man who promised his wife that he would not speculate in stocks.

What Is a Convertible Security?

The language of the "Street"—always in line of word economy—terms securities of this nature "convertibles," and a good word it is, in security finance—too convenient and expressive not to use here.

Concisely, a convertible is a bond, stock, or note, which, at the option of the holder, is exchangeable, under certain conditions, for some other security, issued—usually, but not always—by the same corporation.

The investment world has so generally approved of convertible securities, that it would seem that the bankers, at least, would be thoroughly posted upon the many intricate points by which these issues are hedged about. But almost every conceivable kind of security has the convertible privilege attached, and the variety into which they are convertible is about as diversified. Besides all this, conditions of conversion differ still more widely—so much so that scarcely two are to be found alike. They are as full of ideas to attract the buyer as is the antique furniture business. Therefore, taking all this, together with the somewhat novel fundamental principles of convertibles, it occasions but little surprise that so many of the bankers, to say nothing of investors, are frequently handicapped for detailed information upon this subject, which has been largely due to the lack of any comprehensive literature bearing upon it.

As a general proposition, bonds convertible into stock are more frequently encountered than other classes of convertibles. After that, there is little to choose between notes exchangeable for bonds, or one class of stock for another. The former slightly predominate.

These investments have enjoyed deserved popularity, which is due to the ingenious combination of speculation and safety by which they are surrounded. There are some investors whose belief in them would shame a heathen's devotion to his idol. It is the nearest approach, in finance, to "having your cake and eating it, too," that has been devised.

An Extra Inducement to the Capitalist

It must not be supposed that these privileges, which have, at times, diffused a generous plenty through the pockets of the holders, have been conferred out of pure altruism, because, in many instances, they were justified upon economic grounds. Stripped of all pretense, it was this: Some few years ago corporations were finding difficulty in financing their immediate needs. In order to whet the appetite of the then reluctant public to a point of buying, something out of the usual had to be thrown in. That was the principal reason; yet there are instances where the companies had in mind the reduction of their interest charges, which an ultimate conversion into stock would bring about. But the public, once getting accustomed to this sort of bait, showed little inclination to be greedy over a less attractive lure, and, consequently, the fashion still prevails.

Some conditions surrounding convertibles in general are these:

Of paramount importance is the price at which a bond may be exchanged for stock, or whatever the securities may be.

There are two basic plans. One, where the conversion is of one security into another of equal par value; that is to say, by way of an example: a one thousand dollar bond into ten shares of stock, each of one hundred dollars par value. The second, where the security to be given in exchange is at a different—usually higher—price than the one to be converted.

Bearing these two plans in mind, it is easy to arrive at an understanding of the influence which the fluctuation in the one security will have upon the other. For purposes of illustration, we will take a bond convertible into stock, as that class predominates. The principles will, of course, apply to all convertibles.

Let us, first, consider what will happen if, during the period when conversion may be effected, there is an advance in the price of the stock, and to a point well above its exchangeable value. It must be seen at once that a proportionate good fortune will fall to the bonds. Assuming that conversion may be effected at par, it stands to reason that if the stock advances to one hundred and ten, the bonds will follow sympathetically,

and may be sold and the profit taken, it not being necessary to effect the

actual conversion in order to get the benefit of the rise. But where the conversion is at some other price than par, say at one hundred and seventy-five, as in the case of the Union Pacific, no advance will accrue to the bonds on account of the conversion privilege until the stock rises above that figure. And, again, in such a case, suppose it advances to one hundred and eighty; this does not mean that the bonds will go to one hundred and five, the five-point equivalent to the stock advance. This will be understood when one stops to think that, in exchanging a one thousand dollar bond at par for stock at one hundred and seventy-five per share, only five full shares of stock are obtainable, the fractional amount of seventy-one one-hundredths shares being adjusted—in the Union Pacific case—by giving convertible bond "scrip." Therefore, the stock would have to advance something less than two per cent. for an advance of every one per cent. in the price of the bonds. If conversion were at two hundred, the advance would be just two to one. To be exact, when the value of Union Pacific stock reaches one hundred and eighty, the bonds would be worth 102.86, to be at the conversion equality.

Bonds Which Go Up, but Not Down

On account of this convertible privilege, bonds may rise to an absurdly high figure, if income from them is alone to be considered. There is one issue, which is quoted in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty, paying the holder less than one per cent. yearly income—an unheard-of low rate of interest for a long-time investment—but these bonds may be exchanged for stock of equal par value, and, as the stock is quoted at a high premium, it has carried the price of the bonds along with it.

The other side of this interesting outlet for money is that, conversely, if the price of the stock falls below the convertible price, it does not follow that the bond will be likewise affected, for it still stands as a fixed charge against the property, and entitled to all credit as such. These same Union Pacific Railroad Company four per cent. bonds, convertible into stock at one hundred and seventy-five, are a good example. During the recent panic, the eccentric course of the market carried the price of the common stock of that road to the low point of one hundred—seventy-five per cent. below the conversion price. If the bonds had acted sympathetically, they would have fallen to about fifty-seven, a quotation out of all reason with their intrinsic value. As a matter of fact, during those troublesome days, when prices were banging around like empty cans in a milk car, they at no time went below seventy-eight and a quarter.

It often happens that the security into which some other may be converted is selling so much below the conversion price that no immediate value is attached to the privilege. Then the convertible must be judged by its investment value alone, or, at least, if it has a speculative value as well, it must be aside from that usually accompanying the conversion right.

This is well illustrated by the action of the Union Pacific issue at the time of the recent panic, already cited. During those feverish times, that, and other issues of convertible bonds, maintained a consistent level commensurate with market conditions and prices of other junior issues of the same corporations, or other first mortgage issues of similar worth not having the conversion right. They were not unduly affected by a decline in the stocks into which they were convertible, and which declined far below the converting points.

So far, we have treated of those issues in which the conversion privilege is already operative, but there is another class: that in which this privilege becomes effective at some future date. The price-control of the stock upon the bonds is less marked the more distant this date happens to be. If conversion is impossible for ten or a dozen years, the price of the stock, however much above its exchangeable value, will but little influence that of the bonds. But, as the time lessens, the effect increases until the conversion period begins; when the prices—if convertible par for par—must come together, suggesting the man with only two teeth, but who showed that he was duly thankful, even for small blessings, by saying "Thank God, they meet!"

By all this, it will be observed that convertibles act sympathetically in price with the securities for which they are exchangeable, only as the latter rise above the exchangeable prices, and do not fall below those prices merely because of such drop. Other conditions must be existing: Disturbed money market; impending trouble likely to affect the particular company, or some such reasons.

Where the conversion price of the stock does not permit of an even division into the face value of the bond, there will be a fractional share to be adjusted. If a one thousand dollar bond is exchangeable for stock at two hundred, we should have no such fraction, for five even shares would be received by the one converting; but if exchangeable for stock at one hundred and forty, seven and one-eighth shares would be the approximate number.

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The features which make these bonds particularly desirable for conservative investors are:

First—The stockholders have a large cash investment behind the bonds.

Second—The construction and equipment of the Railroad are of the very highest order.

Third—The property has already demonstrated its ability to protect its bonds.

Fourth—The Railroad occupies a position of unique strategic importance and controls absolutely the traffic of a wealthy territory.

Fifth—The controlling interests in this Railroad have invested large sums in Industries along its line.

Sixth—Considering the quality of the investment, the net income return is excellent, and the bonds should materially advance in price within a reasonable time.

Application will be made to list these bonds on the New York Stock Exchange.

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The settlement of this fractional share may be worked out in various ways, either by the company paying for it in cash, or by issuing convertible bond "scrip," so-called, which may be exchanged for stock, when presented in aggregate amounts equal to the conversion price of full shares. Some companies provide, however, that if it is not presented in just even amounts, other "scrip" will again be given for the excess amounts, which is by far more equitable. The idea of giving either cash or "scrip" is simply to adjust the one fractional share, whatever the amount of bonds may be that is turned in at a single conversion. In other words, neither of these methods of adjustment would permit of a cash or "scrip" payment equal to or in excess of the conversion price of one share of stock; the intention is always to give the maximum number of shares which the par value of the bonds calls for, adjusting the difference as above.

Some companies will only give stock in exchange for bonds when presented in amounts evenly divisible by the conversion price of a share. That is to say, in such an event fourteen thousand dollars in bonds would have to be presented for a conversion into stock at one hundred and forty, unless bonds were in denominations of less than one thousand dollars. Many brokers at all times advise this latter plan, to entirely avoid the matter of the fractional share—by obtaining bonds in such amounts that there will be no remainder when converted.

Watch the Conversion Period

Also of great importance is the time when conversion may be accomplished. Often this privilege begins when the bonds are issued, and terminates only with their maturity or redemption. Again, it is set forward to some future date, and then exists for a limited period. And so on. Ignorance upon this point has caused the loss of many substantial profits which, otherwise, would have accrued to the holders.

Where a bond is convertible into stock, and the latter is paying dividends—no conversion would be likely to take place otherwise—it is the almost universal rule that the company will, at the time of conversion, allow the holder the accrued interest upon the bond, and charge against him the accrued dividend upon the stock, at the current dividend rate, the difference to be paid in cash by one party to the other. Companies differ, however, as to fixing the time from which to compute the dividend; some from the date when the last dividend was paid; others from when it was declared; and so on. These points should always be made sure of.

The Closed Season for Conversion

Where the conversion is made into a stock, the majority of companies do not permit of its being done during the period when the stock transfer books are closed for the payment of a dividend or for other purposes.

There are but few convertible bond issues which do not carry a right of redemption prior to maturity. This is a matter that must not be lightly regarded, for a valuable conversion privilege may be lost to the holder on account thereof; or a bond which could be sold at a high premium, on account of its value for conversion, may be called for payment at par or a small premium, and, unless the notice of call is discovered in time, the right to convert will lapse.

The right to redeem is very largely limited to interest dates, and after notice published in papers of general circulation in one or more named cities.

A registered bond generally safeguards the holder in the foregoing respects, as almost all trust deeds provide that a notice of intention to redeem must be mailed to every registered holder affected; but read your bond in regard to this.

Securities of this class are constantly gaining in popular favor. New issues are coming out with increasing frequency. In fact, the variety is becoming somewhat picturesque, for, recently, the proprietors of a combination of farming properties have offered bonds secured thereon which are convertible into stock. The thought of what kind of "stock" may enter one's mind in such a way that, however great his respect for Dr. Holmes's memory, it would be hard for him to avoid the suggestion of a pun.

Safe Investment With Possible Profits

In summing up, convertible securities combine elements of safety together with a very possible speculative profit, which, if the other usual safeguards in selecting investments are exercised, recommend them to one's serious consideration. The argument is largely in favor of the convertible attachment, everything else being equal, so far as it is likely to profit the investor.

A certain financial writer says: "Convertibility is a kind of premium which is put on the future, but which relieves the lender of capital from assuming any of what might be called the risks of growth."

Finally, then, although the author would not expect his writings to prove so infallible as Holy Writ, he does believe that if a good, reliable banking house be consulted by those in quest of such investments as are here described, the outcome will be at least a happy one, so far as a reasonable rate of interest is concerned, on top of which advances in price may occur by which they may profit amazingly.

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In our many years of bond selling we have made it our policy to handle only those bonds which combine inherent stability and profit-earning power.

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The Editor's Chat

Self-Analysis and Health

Too much introspection is a great health killer. Nervous people are always thinking about themselves. There seems to be an intimate connection between the nerves and the imagination—and in the mind of the nervous everything is exaggerated. Every little ache or pain is interpreted as a symptom of something worse to come. These people are always nagging themselves, blaming themselves for eating too much, for exposing themselves to draughts; worrying for fear they will not sleep, or that their food will hurt them. In other words, their eyes are always turned inward. They never see life in a sane, healthful way. They get morbid. They make mountains out of mole hills.

I know people who, for many years, have carried the thought that they had some incipient disease lurking within the system, inherited or contracted, which would sooner or later carry them off.

What a terrible thing it is to go through life with such a nightmare staring one in the face! How foolish, and destructive of all power, to live with the specter of death constantly by one's side!

To drag through years with the settled conviction that you are not going to live long, that there is some disease gnawing at your vitals which will ultimately kill you, not only casts a gloom over yourself and those about you, but is also fatal to all efficiency.

Health and success are so largely dependent upon balance, upon symmetry of development, physical and mental harmony, that we should do everything possible to secure that physical poise which also means mental and moral poise. A large part of our ills come from one-sided development, caused by overstimulating some tissue cells and starving others—overfeeding and underfeeding. Scientific feeding, therefore, is of vast importance.

Overeating and improper eating are among the curses of the world. Think of the people who put all sorts of incompatibles into their stomachs at the same time and then use all sorts of nostrums to get rid of their bad effects.

One of the most pathetic sights in the world is that of a human being struggling hard to carry out his ambition yet handicapping himself through his ignorance of physical laws.

What a pathetic figure Carlyle cut in the world—a one-sided giant who might have been a symmetrical power, possessor of a colossal brain largely controlled by a dyspeptic stomach! He was cross and crabbed, and did just the things that he did not want to do, things that he knew it would be better not to do; but he was the victim of starved nerves, of exhausted brain-cells, largely for want of common sense feeding.

What would ex-President Roosevelt ever have accomplished had he not made a study of the physical side of himself? He would probably have been a pitiful failure. He says of himself: "I was a slender, sickly boy. I made my health what it is. I determined to be strong and well and did everything to make myself so."

The first requisite of success is to be a first-class animal. Pupils are taught Latin, Greek, and different sciences, but they frequently can not locate their own physical organs, and know almost nothing of physiology.

Is n't it pitiable to see a man made to dominate the universe, and who ought to be a giant, going all to pieces over a trifle in his office, losing his head over little things with his office boy or stenographer, things which would not cause the slightest disturbance in a strong, robust man!

There are thousands of people in this country who are enduring a living death, who are tortured with ambitions that they can not satisfy. Many of them are college-educated, and yet their hands are tied by the lack of health, which they lost while trying to get their education, trying to prepare themselves for a great career.

If we could only have a national health ideal instead of a national disease ideal—an ideal which is based upon our inherited belief that a certain amount of sickness and disease is a necessity—our health standards would be raised immeasurably in this country.

The time will come when we shall look upon all this waste of energy and loss of opportunity, the almost universal suicide upon many years of our lives, as a positive sin. Think of what a loss to the world results from the withdrawal from active work of millions of our people who are incapacitated by preventable ill health!

Health and harmony are the great normal laws of our being, and our suffering comes from wrong thinking, from vicious or ignorant living.

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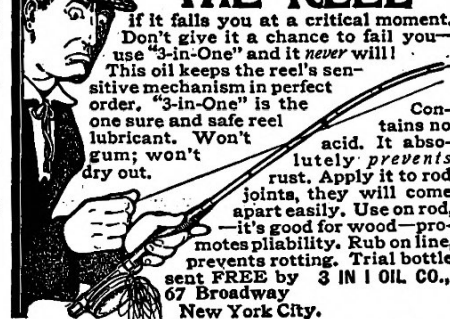


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Exaggerating Trifles

You can always take a man's measure by the way in which little annoyances and petty vexations affect him. If he exaggerates them, talks a great deal about them, spends valuable time fussing over them, you know that he is not a big-souled man.

The habit of making a fuss over a little thing, of exaggerating the importance of what, to great characters, would be but a trifling annoyance, is not only indicative of smallness and narrowness of nature, but is also demoralizing and weakening.

The really large man will not allow himself to be troubled by trifles. If he wants to go anywhere, he does not make a great ado because it rains, is hot, is muddy, or because he "does not feel like it." This would be too small, too picayune for the broad, large-minded character.

Some people are upset by the least obstruction thrown in their path. They "go all to pieces" over somebody's blunder—over a stenographer's mistake or a clerk's error. Large natures rise above such trifles.

Some men do splendidly when they have the encouragement of good business, the tonic of good times; but when business is dull and goods remain on the shelves unsold, or they have any little discord in their home, they are all upset. They are like children, they need to be encouraged all the time, for they can not work under discouragement.

"I have seen men lose their temper and waste energy swearing at a knot in a shoestring, or something else just as insignificant. The foolish or ill-tempered have no range in their scale. Small, irritating things come to and 'tag' us all; but the only way to conquer them is simply to smile and 'pass them up.'"

The Strain to Keep Up Appearances

[Continued from page 490]

There are plenty of people, in all of our large cities, who do not allow themselves enough to eat, and practice all sorts of pinching economy at home, for the sake of keeping up appearances in society.

What terrible inconvenience, hardship, and suffering we endure on account of other people's eyes and opinions! What slaves, what fools we make of ourselves because of what other people think! How we scheme and contrive to make them think we are other than we really are.

It is other people's eyes that are expensive. It is other people's eyes that make us unhappy and discontented with our lot, that make us strain, and struggle, and slave, in order to keep up false appearances.

The suit, the hat must be discarded, not because they are badly worn, but because others will think it strange that we do not change them.

The effect of all this false living, this constant practise of deception in appearances, in our manner of living, our dress, is undermining the American character, ruining our genuineness, making us superficial, unreal, false.

No man can really respect himself, when he is conscious that he is sailing under false colors.

If you are wearing clothes and living in luxury which you can not afford, these things label you all over with falsehood, and are perpetual witnesses against you. There is only one possible result upon the character of falsehood, whether acted or spoken, and that is perpetual deterioration. It does not matter whether you wear lies, tell lies, or act lies, the effect upon your character is the same.

Trying to make people think that you are better off than you really are is a boomerang which strikes back with a fatal rebound. It is impossible for you very long to pretend, successfully, one thing and be another, for your reality is always asserting itself.

Do not deceive yourself into thinking that good clothes, that a palatial home, can make a man or a woman. All the wealth in the world could not raise manhood one degree in the scale of excellence.

It is spending upward, living upward, living in honesty, in simplicity; living the real life, the life that is worth while, that will produce the finest character and give the greatest satisfaction.

Not long ago I was visited by a dear friend who has the courage to live the simple life, even in the midst of the pyrotechnical social life in New York. This man, who has not laid up a thousand dollars, has a magnificent character, strong, vigorous, yet sweet, gentle, kind. He envies no one; bows to no one; he has a superb independence; he walks like a conqueror. He has no anxiety about the future. He lives a full, complete life as he goes along. The moment one enters his atmosphere he is conscious that he is in the presence of a rich personality.

It does not require so much courage to live the life we can afford; to be genuine, true, indifferent to what our neighbors think or say. Even those who are wealthy will think more of us for this manly, this womanly independence.

Every one owes it to himself to live a real life, whether he is rich or poor; to be, and not to seem. He owes it to himself at least to be genuine.

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"I was weak and nervous, had sick headaches, no ambition, and felt tired of life. My husband was also losing his health. He was troubled so much with indigestion that at times he could eat only a few mouthfuls of dry bread."

"We concluded that coffee was slowly poisoning us, and stopped it and used hot water. We felt somewhat better, but it wasn't satisfactory."

"Finally, we saw Postum advertised, and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, allowing it to boil twenty minutes after it came to the boiling point, and added cream, which turned it to the loveliest rich-looking and -tasting drink I ever saw served at any table, and we have used Postum ever since."

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The Owl Car

[Continued from page 507]

ham," suggested Sheehan, "why I've got some right here. Ut's too bad ter lave him out, an' he the hungriest of the bunch."

"I'm afraid"—trembled the mother, with half a smile upon her lips.

"Why, of course he can't eat ham!" laughed Mrs. Parker. Her wrinkled face looked anxious.

She placed her hand gently upon the shawl, with the instinctive woman-protection of the young.

Parker dared again.

"Well," he said, "I'm not like the kid. I think a slice would go mighty well. If you'll sell—"

"Sell nothin'," broke in Sheehan, tossing out a greasy package and a loaf of bread. "Put 'er on. I reckon th' ol' woman can dig up somethin' fer Sunday."

Parker threw off his coat and with it the last vestige of his dignity. It was a sight worth while to watch him bending over the sputtering, greasy slices, while Hammond stooped by the stove door and forced in wood until the stove was a bright red.

Parker rose from over the stove, holding a sizzling morsel upon the end of a stick.

"Done well enough, Mary?" he asked.

"Yes, John."

He placed it between two thick slices of bread and handed it to her, with another one for the mother.

With the black coffee it tasted better to her than anything she had eaten for a long while. There was enough to go around, including the motorman and conductor left there in the dark car. Sheehan went out with it and returned with his face all grins.

"Oughter seen their eyes stick out! Faith, they couldn't belave ut true till they'd closed their grinders on ut!"

The baby alone fretted. At first, under the influence of the heat, she had dozed; but now, at the smell of food, she rebelled at the unjust discrimination.

"It's a shame," cooed Mrs. Parker, petting it through the shawl.

And there wasn't one of the men who wouldn't have walked five miles to get milk for it. Hammond reached for his coat, when the door opened and the man who had disappeared entered, drenched to the skin. His sodden hat was glued to his forehead and his feet were mud splashed to his knees. He smiled awkwardly, self consciously, as he drew a bottle from his pocket.

"I've gut a kid at home," he apologized, as he handed the milk to the eager mother.

After he had drunk his coffee, he spread out his legs comfortably and settled into a doze. And whenever any one moved after that, it was on tip-toe.

"Now," said Mrs. Parker, after the baby had drunk the warm milk, "you let me hold it for a while and see if you can steal a wink of sleep. Yes, you mind me," she commanded, as the mother protested. "We won't get started for an hour yet and you'll need all your strength when you get home."

The little woman was sound asleep in five minutes. Parker turned to Hammond.

"You're a neighbor of mine, I believe," he said with a trace of embarrassment.

"Yes," answered Hammond.

The older man's face had grown genial. Now it brightened openly. He held out his hand.

"Say," he confessed, "I've been a downright snob. And I've been through enough to know better!"

Hammond grasped his hand.

"I guess we're all snobs at times. We—we don't get into close enough touch with people."

"Maybe that's it. Say, that fellow over there is all right, isn't he?"

"Every one is," grinned Hammond.

"By thunder, that's the truth!" he exploded.

His wife, patting the sleeping child, smiled up at him affectionately. She saw in his face her old sweetheart. She had seen how of late they had drifted away from the real things—had seen and yet drifted with him. When one is childless at sixty-eight, it is hard to keep in touch with the world. With a little spasmodic hug, she drew the baby closer to her. It cried and the mother, awaking, reached over and took it eagerly. Mrs. Parker's eyes grew dim as she moved her chair closer to her husband. Her arms for a moment felt very empty.

"Tired, Mary?" he asked tenderly.

"A little bit."

He placed his arm about her and drew her gray head to his shoulder and there she rested, forgetting the ache in her breast.

As suddenly as it had vanished, the car sprang to life again as the connection was renewed with the broken wires. The windows warmed yellow paths through the misting rain.

As the party all hurried down, after making the stove safe and closing the door of their shelter behind them, they found the motorman and conductor waiting to meet them, like old friends.

"Every one aboard?" asked the conductor, cheerily.

"Let 'er go!" shouted Sheehan.

The bell sounded twice and the last car took its course through the drizzle again as though nothing at all had happened.



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Mrs. Home Curtiss' Corner

The Servant Problem and the Mistress Problem

By ISABEL GORDON CURTISS

ONE day I listened to a woman lecture on "Our Domestic Muddle." Of course her topic was servants. She laid the blame on the quality of American help. In a way she was in the right—then she was n't. Here and there in the audience was a man keenly interested, and why should n't he be? Frequently, more than his wife, he is to be pitied in the heart of a domestic muddle. He pays big enough wages to hire competent labor, for such sloppy, imperfect service as sets every nerve ajar. At the end of a day's labor, he is entitled to rest in a peaceful, well-ordered home, and to enjoy perfectly cooked, neatly served meals. Often he can not do this. I walked home from that lecture with a man, who has some odd theories of his own for straightening out the domestic muddle.

"In so many cases," said he, "it is the women who are wrong. They do not set about housekeeping in a businesslike way. Do you suppose I would let an inexperienced clerk come into my office and run my business? Great Scott! I would be in a bankruptcy court in six weeks, if I followed such a system. Still, that is what women are doing, all over the country. Do you wonder men 'go broke' so often as they do? I pity, from the bottom of my heart, many a poor fellow who goes down and out, because I know that, although he lays no blame on his wife—to the public at least—she is the responsible party. The waste and extravagance which go on in an ill-regulated household have dire results. I had known so many badly managed homes that for years I remained a bachelor. When I did choose a wife, it was not only because she was a sweet, attractive, companionable woman, but also because she believed, as I did, that the mistress of a home ought to know how to conduct the business of it as intelligently as her husband runs his office or store. The consequence is that in our home there has never been anything of the domestic muddle, and no long tenure of bad servants, such as some housewives endure. When an incompetent, hopeless of ever becoming anything more than an incompetent, drifts into our kitchen, she is retained just as long as I would keep an utterly useless clerk. The difficulty with some women is, they hang on to any sort of help, half fearfully, half hopefully—there is a dread of striking something worse—and so the home becomes a pitiful place."

THAT man had a score of odd theories; some of them seemed impracticable, a few were eminently sensible. He believes that our Government will some day demand that all immigrants be trained in some field of labor, otherwise that they be detained at Ellis Island, with ignorance counting as sorely against them as poverty or disease. He foresees Government training schools, where the foreign woman must win a diploma for some useful branch of labor before she goes out to seek wages. He prophesies the day will come when a woman, before she marries, must pass a sort of civil service examination to prove she is competent to care for a home, to manage servants, bring up children, nurse the sick, and do, with her own hands, any sort of household labor. Such a millenium might be brought to pass by a generation or two of sensible mothers and advanced legislation; only we can scarcely hope to see it!

YEARS ago, while in newspaper work, I was assigned to interview six of the famous old women of the time. Among them was Elizabeth Stoddard, wife of the poet, Richard Henry Stoddard. She chose to talk of the servants she remembered in her childhood.

"Often," she said, "I look on aghast at the trouble women have with their domestics, and generally my pity is for the servants. The cry is all about 'ignorant, incompetent help'—there are quite as many 'ignorant, incompetent mistresses.' Oh, there are bad servants, thousands of them; still, a sensible, efficient mistress can work wonders with a green girl, provided she sets about her task with patience and in the right spirit. Sixty or seventy years ago, the domestic problem was an unknown phrase. The mistress of a well-ordered home was thoroughly acquainted with every branch of household work. She could bake, brew, spin, sew, wash, iron, scrub, and cook. She did not live long enough to learn that there is indignity in household labor, nor was she ashamed to do anything she could do well. Her help was a recruit from the family of some neighbor or farmer, who had more daughters than housework. Such girls went out to do household labor in the self-respecting spirit that a young woman to-day takes up teaching or any profession. We never called our help 'servants,' they bore the good New England

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☐ PEARLINE is made of Pure Fats and Vegetable Oils—no refuse used. It is Absolutely Harmless—Brightens Colors—does not turn White Goods Yellow.

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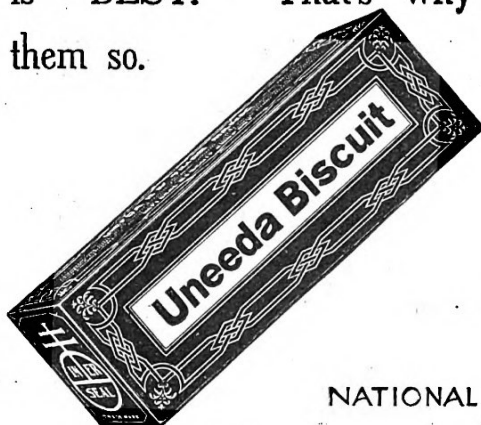
A Tablespoonful of Soap Powder should weigh an ounce and make a Quart of Solid Soap Paste or Soft Soap

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The Best of a Nation's Bakeries—
The Best of a Nation's Bakers—
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The BEST Soda Cracker

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name of 'help.' They lived up to the name. They were strong-armed, willing, and capable—worthy of the love and trust we often gave them. America has changed mightily. There are a score of reasons: the immense tide of immigration to our country, sudden-won fortunes, a mad chase after social success, and the different ideals of what a home ought to be. I can't see what we have got for it: perhaps more ease and comfort; also, a change from simple living to nervous prostration."

I NEVER forgot a touching story Mrs. Stoddard told, and its sequel. Her door was opened for me by a sweet, refined-looking girl.

"Did you notice my maid?" asked Mrs. Stoddard. I said I did.

"Although I pay Alice wages and she does my work," explained the old lady, "she is more like a daughter than a hired helper. I had had maids, one after another, who had come and gone, when I engaged this German girl. She did her work faithfully and well, and I treated her with the kindly consideration I always have given my help. One night, when I went down to the kitchen, I found her in tears. She was not in trouble or pain, and it did not seem to be a fit of homesickness, but in halting, broken English, she made me understand. Suddenly I realized, as I never had before, what a strange gulf stretches between the two women who are mistress and maid. The girl looking across it, sees pleasure, ambition, love, and comfort in which she can have no share. On her side is toil and loneliness. 'It is the feeling,' she confessed, 'that there is no higher place one can reach. There is an aloneness in household service which no woman knows unless she has tried it.' I can not say that every mistress should treat every helper as I do my maid, to-day, after her years of loving service."

SOME years later, the newspapers told the story of Alice and her mistress. For months, Mrs. Stoddard lay dying, health and heart broken by the loss of a gifted son. Her husband, aged and blind, seldom left her side. The guardian and comfort of the stricken home was the young German girl who, in return for her mistress's friendship and loyalty gave such loving devotion as no money could have bought. When Mrs. Stoddard passed away, Alice took her place at the grave, among a little group of the most scholarly and distinguished men of our day. At the close of the funeral services, the old blind poet announced to his friends his wife's last wish, that the girl, who had given a daughter's loving, faithful service, should become his daughter by adoption and heir to their few possessions. Stoddard lingered only a year or two in loneliness and darkness, but every hour was cheered by the gentle care of his adopted daughter. From the annals of service this instance stands out as one of rare devotion from "the stranger within our gates."

What Women Might Do for Their Towns

[Continued from page 499]

science and music. It was studying them with intelligence and vigor.

During the year of the strike, the literature department studied Elizabethan drama, and the scientific department studied the geological formation of the Connecticut Valley.

In that town the Village Improvement Society is a thing by itself. To it belong a handful of public-spirited men and women. They have been busy planting trees, keeping the residence part of the town clean, but they have not been able to clean up the filthy business streets.

Why Not Prehistoric Pottery?

The career of this club can be paralleled in every state of the Federation. There are few women's clubs which do not have classes with subjects such as "The Beheading of John as a Pivotal Point of History," or which can not find a number of women ready to put in a hard winter's work on the study of prehistoric pottery. A woman interested in the club movement of America once questioned a club president:

"But why prehistoric pottery?"

"Why not prehistoric pottery?" returned the president.

A woman who had battled to have the club take an active part in the life of its city gave reasons "why not prehistoric pottery?"

"Study is a good thing," she said, "but the woman who would neglect her children and let her house go untidy for the study of prehistoric pottery and Elizabethan drama would not be respected in her community, and since the Woman's Club avows its purpose to be sweetness and light, why should it not be judged by as severe a standard as we judge the individual?"

It is hard to believe that the heart of woman naturally yearns for knowledge of the "Prehistoric Pueblo Indians," or that it twines around subjects like "Classic and Proportionate Sizes and Measurements." Or that the "Present State of Higher Criticism" touches the nearest interest of a woman's club of a hundred women

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in a medium sized Indiana town. There is no reason on earth, of course, why women, if they feel compelled to discuss these questions, should not do so. But it is difficult to believe that subjects like these are very close to the heart of the average woman.

What Women Did for Flemington

Here is another bit of club history. Nine years ago the Flemington Woman's Club was formed in New Jersey. It began with only twenty-eight active and five associate members. At first, like so many women's clubs which are not formed for the specific purpose of remedying some abuse, the work was purely of a self-culture kind. But, unlike the club before described, the ladies found some work they liked better. They realized that there was no reading-room in town, so they hired one forthwith, at a cost of three hundred dollars a year and some hard work. That library, so modestly begun, has now over four thousand volumes and a librarian; also, a building lot has been left it, and a legacy for a library building. Some years ago, a village improvement committee was appointed. Beginning with the railway stations, which were untidy, the committee, by vigorous action, cleaned up the town. Four hundred dollars was collected for a drinking fountain, which was presented to the town. In the rear of the court-house was a large lot belonging to the county, inclosed in tumble-down fences, overgrown with weeds, and used generally for a dumping-ground for worn-out carts. A resident of the town gave the committee one hundred dollars, and, with this as a foundation, it began soliciting funds to improve the lot. Workingmen gave a day's work, carts and horses were loaned, fertilizers, seed, trees, and shrubs were given. The Woman's Club kept the park in order until three years ago, when the village trustees voted a sum for its maintenance.

An Object Lesson from Massachusetts

A woman in Massachusetts was sent, by her club, to read to a blind man. Being a club-woman, she knew the value of cooperation, and at once set about interesting others in the blind. As a consequence, the Massachusetts Association for Promoting the Interests of the Adult Blind, was formed, and, through its influence, the Massachusetts Legislature appointed a commission to investigate the condition of the blind within the Commonwealth, and to recommend legislation.

Some ten years ago, the New Jersey Federation of Woman's Clubs, together with New York club women, formed a Palisades league. Their object was to buy the land immediately bordering the Palisades and turn it over to the State for a natural park, for a business corporation had already turned its eyes on these ornaments to the Hudson, and was cheerfully blasting them away. After ten years the club was successful in its plan of preserving the Palisades.

Culture Is Still Supreme

A few public-spirited women have been laboring for years to wake up the idle, unpatriotic, and complacent majority, to make women come together with concerted action on matters of national importance. They have been trying to lure clubs away from the exclusive sway of the Elizabethan drama. But the shadow of Prehistoric Pottery still eclipses the vision of many a club woman. There are many groups of women who, when some leader informs them that more than "two million children are working, in the United States, today," reply, "how shocking!" and turn their attention back to the Moorish Invasion of Spain. When they are further urged to do something practical toward stopping this child labor, they turn reproachful eyes upon the person and say, "I beg your pardon, but, you know, we are studying."

In going over the subjects studied by a large number of clubs, it must appear to an unprejudiced observer that the women reached out, blindfolded, into the great field of human knowledge and took whatever subjects their hands happened first to fall upon.

A Hope for Better Things

Whenever they have organized with a definite purpose, they have accomplished much. The work of the Consumers' League, the help rendered by women in the passage of the pure food laws, are examples of what organized women may do. The splendid work done in Massachusetts and Iowa and other states in regard to the factory laws relating to women and children are still more important examples.

And this is precisely what the leading club women in the Federation are trying to urge all club women to do. The resolutions adopted during the ninth biennial urged club women to use their influence for civil service reform, and for the merit system in charitable institutions; to recognize their responsibility in having laws well enacted and properly administered. It condemned newspapers printing sensational details of crimes. It recommended educational work looking toward adequate child labor and compulsory education laws, toward well-equipped and cared for schoolhouses, expert supervision of all school work, training of the hand, and instruction in moral principles in all public schools.

If the club women throughout the country cooperate with the progressive element in carrying out their programme, they will, as one of their leaders puts it, find it "increasingly possible, from year to year, to get what they want, if they want it hard enough."



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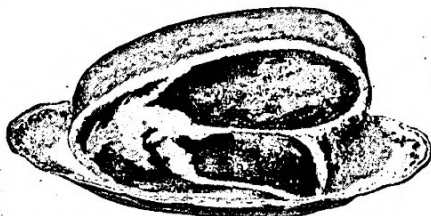
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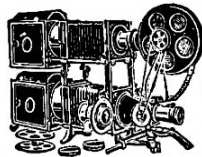
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"She Is an Actress"

[Continued from page 495]

undeserved humiliation on the head of every real actress who is trying her best to do what is right and make a name and fortune for herself.

Although every woman on the stage is not an actress, the reading public, or a considerable portion of it, has come to believe that she is. That sentence embodies in it a statement of the fact and the principal reason for it. I suppose there should be an answer to every wrong, and a solution of every problem, but I am at a loss to know just what solution to offer for this question, which seems very serious to me. I do not see how the evil is ever going to end, unless newspapers and writers are more veracious and more careful in their choice of words. It would seem quite as easy to write "chorus girl" or "ballet dancer" as it is to write "actress." While I have no doubt the women in humble stage positions have oftentimes been similarly humiliated by the widespread publicity given to the unfortunately bad conduct of some celebrated actresses whose very positions should have kept them from wrong-doing, such cases must be in the minority.

Why Many Actresses Shun Public Life

Either the public press should be more careful in describing the relative position of stage folk, or the English language is sadly in need of some new expressions. Many famous actresses, good women in every sense of the word, have been forced, in self-defense, to withdraw from every kind of public life outside the theater, in order to eliminate, as far as possible, the prying eyes and pencils of their fellow men and women.

The actresses we hear of most are young women who love to talk—and do—and those others who make up, by their pretty faces and figures, their lack of the finer attributes of womanhood. Our great actresses would have been equally as great in one or another walk of life. They chose acting because they loved it. They became great because they had ability, brains, ambition, a proper love of their art, and a becoming desire to know more. Such women can not be held down. They deserve better than to be classed indiscriminately with hare-brained folk who mistake the present for the future, a good time for a good name, and popularity for a reputation.

Although the sequestered life to which many of our stars have been forced is a hard one, it has one advantage. It separates the women who live in it from the great world which does not discriminate, which does not half appreciate, which points its finger and, with a well-meant but, to us, a twisted intent, murmurs: "She is an actress."

To Happiness by Trolley

[Continued from page 511]

sion. A number of traction officials in various States have endorsed the published opinion of the president of the Detroit, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor and Jackson Railway, in which he declared that the freight business ceases to be profitable to an electric road the moment it begins to interfere in any way with passenger traffic.

I found that such cities as Lima and Dayton, Ohio, had been practically made anew by the interurbans. Indianapolis, Indiana, has an imposing interurban station. Last year the trolleys brought over five million people into Indianapolis, and a large proportion of this traffic was in suburbanites whom the new transportation had lured out of the congested city to found country homes within a radius of thirty miles.

Electrocuting the Clodhopper

Mr. J. C. Hutchins, president of the Detroit United Railway, has written me of this great movement in Michigan:

"The clodhopper of the old days has disappeared from the region around Detroit, and, in these days, it would be difficult, on the streets of our cities, to distinguish, in as far as appearance goes, between the country farmer and the city business man."

It was evident that the trolleys were already raising educational standards in the country. In numerous instances along the Lake Shore Electric Railway the country school boards were paying the children's fares to town with the funds that formerly supported the district school.

It is the opinion of a growing number of educators that one of the best things a student can do is to live on a quiet farm and use the trolley. He has healthy surroundings, plenty of exercise, escapes the temptations and distractions of town life, and his studies are benefited accordingly.

President Angell, of the University of Michigan, declares of the rural trolley: "I trust that it will do something to turn the tide back from city life to country life, which would be most beneficial to this country."

The city theaters are prospering as never before. One evening I counted about two hundred people who had come in on a single line to attend a single city show. And there was little, in their appearance, to differentiate them from ordinary city folk.

In fact, I found the country-jake, the hayseed, the genuine clodhopper of tradition extraordinarily hard to locate in Ohio. He was still flourishing in those isolated villages and hamlets without transportation facilities, but they are growing steadily rarer in the Middle-West.

The Tragedy of the Trolleyless Town

One morning I walked out to S—, Ohio, a typical, old-time place of about two hundred, with much of the rural picturesqueness which usually disappears at the approach of the hustling trolley. S— is a naïve, lovable little village. Every one speaks to you at once, without suspicion, and the children, with delightful camaraderie, treat you like an old friend.

That immemorial institution, the loafer's club, oscillates between the cracker boxes around the stove in the corner grocery and the brand-new settees which the rival grocer has put in to stimulate custom.

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moved by electricity, wherever interurban traction appears, and with it the 'ast striking difference between the city man and the country man.

D—, Ohio, was a quaint, isolated village with a flavor like mellow old wine, and a friendly, handsome, badly discouraged postmaster and grocer.

"A town without a railway might's well be off the earth," he declared. "It's just out of it. The people have been leaving us in droves. Now, if we had a traction, they'd turn right round, and we'd get from Columbus, a lot of the folks back who was born and bred in D—, and love it, and would be glad to live here if they had any way of getting to town. And a lot of rich city-folk, too. Then mebbe we'd get a factory or so, and all get wealthy."

"Aren't you afraid a trolley would hurt your business?" I inquired.

"I'd just like to risk it!" he cried. "There ain't no business here to hurt! Jest compare us with Wakefield, over the line. I can take you to one store there that has more trade than all our stores put together."

Where Life Is Still Lonely

"Yes," said a Wakefield storekeeper to me, "we can always spot a boy from D— when we see him. He's a little rougher and more unsophisticated than our boys. Not that we could rightly call him a country-jake, though, any more. That kind seems to have vanished, bag and baggage, of late years."

Certainly the contrast was striking between trim, modern, prosperous Wakefield and decayed old D—. But it was a contrast by which one might fairly measure what the interurbans have done for the country-side.

As I write, another representative contrast comes vividly to mind. Walking one day to another forgotten village in southern Ohio, I stopped at a charming old house for a glass of milk. The mistress had no cow, but sent me to the young married couple across the way. There was the bride, sitting amid her brand-new furniture in her elegant city clothes, a woeful misfit under the smoky rafters, with her pale, delicate face and white hands. She was palpably of the city school-teacher type, and one could see that she was confronting the strangeness, and roughness, and loneliness of old-fashioned farm life with something akin to despair. There she sat, behind the stove, a dumb and melancholy commentary on the old régime that is happily so soon to disappear.

Contrasting with this exceptional case comes scores of memories of happy households along the traction lines.

I remember breaking my journey for dinner at a farmhouse in the heart of the Mound-builders' country, and how the mother's face lit up when the traction line was mentioned.

"It's made no end of difference in marketing our produce easily, and where we can get the best prices," she said. "We're putting away money now for the children's college days, where before we did n't see our way clear to sending 'em through high school. Seems 's ef, now we've got the delivery, the phone, and the trolley, we was really livin' in town."

Wide-Awake Companies Have Sleepers

Many of these middle-western interurbans, exhilarated by their success in beating the railroads for short distances, are trying to force the fighting and duplicate the victory on long hauls. Limited parlor cars with upholstered chairs, Brussels carpets, small compartments, comfortable toilets, and porter service are run on a number of lines and at a speed often reaching forty-five miles an hour. One frequently finds buffet and sometimes dining-cars.

These departures have, as yet, met with more success than that daring novelty, the trolley sleeper. Sleepers were run, for some time, between Zanesville and Indianapolis. These were marvels of ingenuity and, in the point of comfort, stood half-way between those absurd Pullmans, which we Americans still endure, and the comfortable compartment sleepers of Europe. But the experiment did not pay, and was discontinued in the fall of 1908. So that, to-day, the only trolley sleepers are run by the Illinois Traction System between Springfield, Ohio, and St. Louis, Missouri. This company claims that "the sleeper business is growing in popularity, and, as soon as the arrangements can be completed, the service will be extended from Peoria to St. Louis."

The consensus of official opinion seems to be that these developments are bound to come; but not until traction speeds have been materially increased.

There are certain other kinds of public service, which we have long thought of as belonging peculiarly to steam roads, that the trolleys are performing, with increasing *éclat*. Their light freight business is steadily growing heavier. They now run special mail, newspaper, and campaigning trains. Many of them are beating the railroads out of the excursion field. It is customary for them to maintain attractive pleasure parks along their lines, and to encourage, with all the resources of psychology at their command, the deadly rivalry of interurban baseball games.

Increase the Comfort of the People

Some companies have, recently, begun to manage funerals, with striking success. They take contracts for moving families and firms from place to place, and are undaunted, even, by such things as a bank safe.

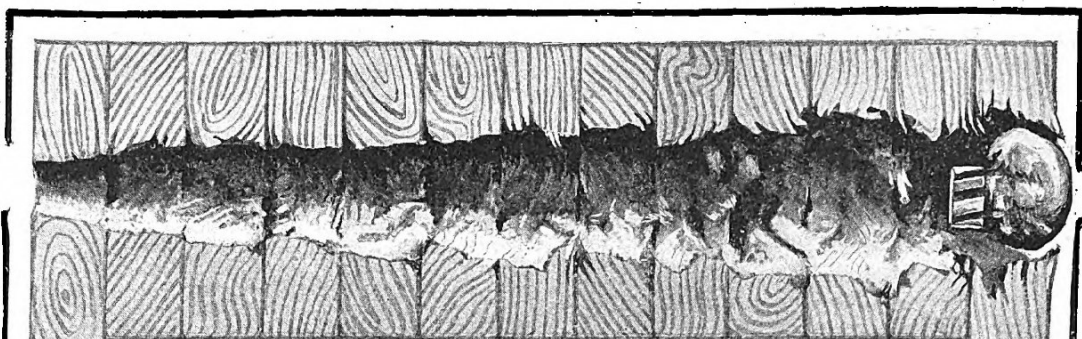
The other day a party of people in Greenville, a small town forty-five miles from Dayton, decided that they wanted to go to the theater, and do the thing up brown. So they simply phoned the Ohio Electric. That enterprising corporation sent a special chair car, fitted with card-tables; brought them to town in sixty-five minutes; had their theater tickets ready for them; ordered their after-theater supper; whisked them back to Greenville the moment they were ready to go—and charged them simply twenty-five dollars for the car.

Such traction companies seem to have the genuine spirit of service.

It pays, of course.

But it is the spirit that will, if anything will, realize for us the visions of the prophets.

WINCHESTER



Path of a .351 Caliber Soft-Pointed Bullet in Dry Pine.
It enters like a needle but tears a hole like a spike.

High-Power Self-Loading Rifle .351 Caliber

IT HITS HARD AND SHOOTS FAST.

C This new Winchester hits hard because it handles a cartridge which represents the highest development in smokeless powder ammunition. Its 180-grain hunting bullet will penetrate a quarter-inch steel plate or thirteen $\frac{7}{8}$ -inch dry pine boards and tear a killing path as big as that shown in the illustration.

C It shoots fast because the recoil is utilized to do the reloading. To shoot six times it is only necessary to pull the trigger for each shot. This places reloading as well as firing under the control of the trigger finger, and permits rapid shooting with ease and accuracy. For big game hunting, where the quarry often has to be shot on the run, this makes it a particularly effective rifle.

C The barrel of this rifle does not move back and forth in a jacket, but is stationary like other rifles, and the sights are attached to the barrel itself, which accounts for its superior accuracy. This rifle is safe, strong and simple in action, easy to load and unload, easy to take down, and a handy and handsome gun from butt to muzzle.

Send for full description of "The Gun That Shoots Through Steel."

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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**"The Most Effective of the Natural Medicinal Waters" and
"Strikingly Superior to Lithia Tablets" in Bright's Disease,
Albuminuria, Renal Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism, Etc.**

Dr. I. N. Love, New York City, former Professor of Clinical Medicine and Diseases of Children, College of Physicians and Surgeons and in Marion Sims College of Medicine, St. Louis, Vice-President of American Medical Association, 1895, etc., in an article in Medical Mirror, February, 1901, says: "While being the most effective of the natural mineral waters, it is strikingly superior to emergency solutions of lithia tablets and pure water, even where the said solution is an exceedingly strong one."

Dr. Alexander B. Mott, New York, Professor Surgery, Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Surgeon Bellevue Hospital: "In the Gouty Diathesis, Chronic Inflammation of the Bladder and other diseases affecting the Urinary Organs, it may be relied on to give the most satisfactory results."

The Late Prof. W. B. Towles, M. D., of the University of Virginia, had "no hesitancy whatever in saying that for Stone in the Bladder . . . I know of no remedy at all comparable to it."

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by the general drug and mineral water trade. Testimonials which defy all imputation or question sent to any address.

Hotel at Springs opens June 15th.

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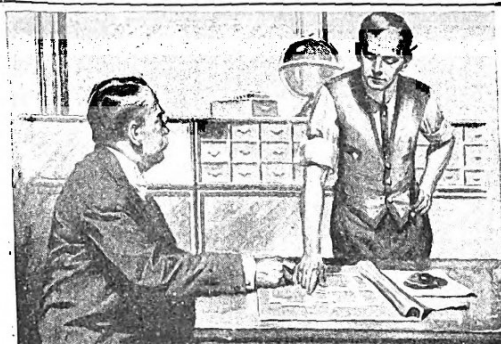


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Brer Boll Weevil

[Continued from page 505]

and slow must be devoted to some other crop. Avoid planting cotton on those lands which lie nearest the woods and sloughs. There is where the weevil hibernates. The theory of success is to prepare thoroughly, plant early, rush the cotton to maturity and get it yourself before the weevil does. The best cultivation which any crop receives is that which is given to the ground before the seed is planted. Then plow the ground three or four times in the beginning of the season, sometimes as many as five. This cultivation keeps the ground dusty, covers up the young weevils and destroys them.

Seed should be selected with great care in order to get an early maturing variety. Hitherto, the planter's chief ambition has been to produce that long, strong, silky fibre, which gives his cotton such pre-eminence over Surats, and other growths of East India and the French and German colonies.

This valuable cotton thrives best on the rich bottom lands which are damp and difficult to work in the spring. Consequently it matures late in the fall, and the weevil catches it.

The South Must Outwit the Weevil

The problem of the South at the present time is, first, to raise cotton at all; and, next, to develop an early-maturing seed that will produce cotton of not less than one inch to one and one-sixteenth inch, on hill land. If this problem can not be successfully met, then the spinners of the world must go elsewhere for cotton to make their finest fabrics.

Earliness in cotton depends upon the structure of the stalk. This is the cotton that has short joints and begins to throw out fruit limbs near the ground. Always select a cotton that begins at once to throw out fruit limbs on which the fruit forms quickly, close to the stalk. The planter should go to the field himself, choose his stalks and keep those seed separate at the gin. The production of any plantation may be increased from twenty-five to thirty per cent., without increasing the acreage, simply by paying close attention to the planting of better seed.

Cotton must be planted in wide rows, running east and west, so that the sun shines in. Hot sun is the best friend the farmer has in fighting the weevil. When the weevil lays her eggs in the square, the square turns yellow and falls off. If it falls in the hot dust, that square will parch up and die.

There can be no such thing as "laying by" the crop and putting aside the plow. The plow and the picker must be running at the same time.

When the young cotton comes out, in the spring, it grows very rapidly. If the weevil is there, already, some of them may be poisoned with Paris Green or Arsenate of Lead. This question has aroused much discussion, pro and con. If the punctured squares are picked off; that generation of weevil will be set back from two to thirty days—which often makes a difference of crop or no crop.

It may sound like a joke, but a swarm of children with a tomato can apiece, will pick off enough weevil, one by one, to save a crop. On a certain tract of seventy-five acres, at a cost of \$225, these little workers increased the production something like eighteen hundred dollars.

Killing the Eggs by Burning the Plants

No single detail is half as beneficial as picking the cotton promptly and destroying the stalk while it is green. This should be done with a stalk-cutter, piling in piles, and if the stalks won't burn, use crude petroleum. After the cotton is gone, and the stalks are gone, then comes the time to clean up. Cut the ditches and fencerows out, keep fires at the rotting logs and stumps. Don't allow the weevil to pass the winter in that field, or near it. Then he'll have to go somewhere else.

So much for the raising of cotton in spite of the weevil. But raise something else besides cotton. Rotation of crops not only rests the soil from its labor of furnishing the same ingredients to plant life, but it distracts the insect enemies of the crop by covering their old haunts with a strange food, which they will not eat and which starves them at a time when they stand in most need of food—just as the colt would starve in a butcher shop and the puppy find nothing to eat in the pasture.

These are the cultural methods used in fighting the weevil. The people of the lower Mississippi Valley have some advantages. The great trouble is the indifference of the negro and his apparent inability to grasp the fact that he has got to make a change in his system. He will promise to do exactly as he is told, but when the fish get to biting, he is off to the creek bank with his hook and line, instead of plowing out his cotton.

All in the Same Boat

Under all these conditions of discouragement, the planters around St. Joe put their new system into effect. First they hammered the idea into the negro's head that they were all in the same boat, white and black alike. They must stand or fall by the country. Each tenant works far less land than formerly, and under a different form of contract. To begin with, each negro is required to fence a garden spot, and raise vegetables for his own table. The parish, to-day, is dotted with rabbit-proof fences where never a fence stood before. Out of twenty acres rented by the negro, he puts only eight in cotton, the balance in corn, with potatoes and pumpkins on the side. The planter furnishes Irish seed potatoes and watches his tenants plant them. They are encouraged to raise chickens and hogs. Their cattle they turn into a general pasture provided by the plantation.

The average rent is about one bale of cotton to each six acres of land, with a cabin sufficient for the family needs. The planters agree to carry their negroes—that is, furnish them with supplies—until the first of June. By that time it will be pretty definitely known whether the boll weevil is coming in sufficient quantities to destroy the crop. This also gives the negro a chance to raise enough corn, vegetables, and meat to feed himself the balance of the year.

From long experience the planter knows how much is necessary to feed a negro family.

If the negro wants more than this, he can not get it on credit. He must work for it in the wages squad. As the negroes on each plantation cultivate less land on their own account, that leaves a considerable acreage without tenants. This land the planter puts into crops of his own, and employs his tenants to work them. The tenant works one week in his own crop, and the next week in the planter's crop. For this, men are paid seventy-five cents per day, the women and boys sixty cents. This money supplements the ration allowance, and enables the negro to live quite comfortably. Each tenant pays, very largely, as he goes, and does not pile up a debt for the end of the year.

It is the unwritten plantation law that, no matter how much money a tenant may owe the planter for supplies, if that tenant works on Saturdays, he is entitled to be paid in cash, instead of having his wages deducted from his debt. This keeps the negroes with a little money in their pockets, and they are satisfied and happy.

When the first of June rolls around, a negro couple, instead of owing the planter two or three hundred dollars, will owe less than forty. With that exception they have paid their way, as they went, by working in the wages squad. This places the country more nearly on a cash basis than it has ever been, and each plantation becomes almost self-supporting. In some contracts the planters agree, if the weevil comes, they will take their rent in corn, and at a reduced rate.

Perhaps in no part of the country are the people, white or black alike, making a braver, more harmonious and intelligent fight against a public calamity than they are now making at St. Joseph, Louisiana. And every man with good red blood in his veins must hope that they will win.

The boll weevil has come to stay. The most formidable enemy of agriculture that has ever appeared in the history of the world, is striving to destroy the world's most important single product. Cotton represents more than half the agricultural exports of the United States, bringing us back more money than all other agricultural products combined.

The boll weevil is eating into the lives of the mill operatives in Carolina, New England, and Lancashire; he is gnawing at the railroad and banking dividends of the nation. His ravages help to fix the value of labor for East Indian Coolies, Egyptian fellaheen, and cannibal producers of volunteer cotton, in Central Africa.

A Calamity and a Blessing

If the farmer in Alabama, Georgia, and the Carolinas hopes to escape, he has only to take a map of the Southwest and mark the steadily-widening circle of disaster. The weevil has gone that far, and he will surely travel a bit farther. Within fifteen years, as certainly as the sun shines, he will be in every field where cotton grows.

Planters east of the Mississippi may hear the warning, but they will not heed it. No community has ever prepared for it in advance. Each, for itself, must take its own clubbing, as Texas took it.

They will meet in conventions and pass high-sounding resolutions. Next year, when they meet again, they will find that nobody has done a thing, except the weevil. Mr. Weevil held no convention and passed no resolutions—but he is forty miles nearer, just the same. When the calamity comes, the farmer will be unprepared, and must suffer. In the end, whether they will or not, their entire scheme of life must, inevitably, be destroyed.

Individuals may be wrecked in the process, properties change hands, and systems be readjusted. The fittest along can survive, but 'out of the crucible will come a stronger, self-supporting, and less dependent South.

New Tales of the Road

[Continued from page 493]

"No, sir; you must n't take me for a green horn," he repeated. "Don't show me anything unless you have some bargains, some things that are strictly cheap. I advertise in my newspaper that I sell goods cheaper than any man in Colorado because I buy them cheaper."

"He was just the man I was looking for. I had received word from the house that they had closed a lot of 'jobs' of which I had the samples—about two dozen. You all know how we hate to monkey 'round firing back samples to the house; we'd all a good deal rather get rid of them, even if we have to throw them away. Time on the road is precious. I spread out the bunch of samples on my trunk and said: 'Here, Brother Brewster, I can give you just the snap you are looking for. Here's a lot of samples that I will sell you for a dollar apiece.'"

"That's good; take 'em," said he, snapping me up. "Now, look here, it will save you express charges if you just do up these in a bundle and carry them home with you."

"Sure," said he, "every four bits saved is four bits made."

"I guess I'll just wear this one myself," said he, picking up one of the hats that was about two sizes too large for him and throwing his old one among the rest.

"While I was waiting on a customer, about half an hour afterward, a bell boy came up and said, 'A gentleman wants you at the phone, right away!' I hurried down and found my customer, Brewster, at the other end of the wire.

"I'm in a devil of a fix," said he. "I'm in the jug!"

"Why, you were certainly sober when you left me."

"Yes, I was sober all right, but do you know when I started down the street a policeman stopped me and asked me where I got that hat I was wearing. I told him the straight of it. 'Let me see that bundle,' said he. The wind had ripped open the newspaper. When he saw that I had a whole bundle of hats with tags on them he said, 'O, your story's too thin; you're stringing me. I guess you'd better come with me.' He would n't let me explain matters at all, so here I am in the jug, and I want you to get me out."

"I tried to square things over the wire, but not until I went down to the jail, would they let poor Brewster go."

When Cupid Played Fowl

[Continued from page 497]

at the thing I could feel it changing her and me, and—the whole blamed business!"

"Why didn't you send it back?" murmured Mr. McGraf.

"Shet up!" snapped Mr. Roach. "As I said, I could feel the change coming. And like the man that I was, I decided to pull up short."

"When the winter began to set in, with heavy snow all round her cabin up on the mountain-side; when Bess began getting lonely at night, reading her Bobby Burns by the fire, writing to me long letters about all her curious hopes and hungers, and calling me chum again more 'n ever; then I remembered what she'd said at the start about being honest and square. And it came to me one night all in a flash."

"Roach," I said, "we won't deceive this little gal. We'll have her down to the city. We'll let her see how old and—and big you are."

"I planned my campaign careful. I began by giving her small doses, to make her hungry by degrees."

"One night I wrote her about the big markets, where a man could see thousands of lobsters, and crabs, and fish of all kinds. Another night I took up the docks, and the shipping, and sailors, queer critters from every part of the globe. And here I remarked how I'd like to show her through all the insides of the newest, most elegant ocean liner."

"One evening, I said that I'd jest come home from Buffalo Bill's, which I described in full—with all the fancy shooting. And again I gave her a long, slow walk up along Broadway at night."

"If I only had you down here to-night," I said, "I'd let you stop by the hour in front of the shops' miles of windows, miles of dresses, and hats, and cooking stoves, all of the latest style."

"And to top it off, I remarked, one night, that on Christmas Eve the butchers' society, which I belonged to, was to give its twentieth annual ball!"

"Well, sir, the upshot of it was that I hooked her. She said in one letter that she had never been to a ball in her life. I wrote her that same night to come down here for the Christmas week and stay as my guest, in the boarding-house of a most respectable old lady friend of mine, a letter from whom I enclosed. She replied that she'd be delighted, but I must repeat my old promise to play the game fair and square from beginning to end. I promised."

"She was to arrive in the afternoon. I didn't want her to see me first in that Grand Central bellowing mob. I wanted the meeting to be private, with plenty of time to explain. So I had directed her how she could get to my shop."

"While I was waiting, to keep my mind off, I was trimming a tenderloin steak. I trimmed the blamed thing till it looked like a chop, and all the while I was thinking. My main hope lay in two nice tickets to Buffalo Bill's that night. But the talking that had to be done first was the part that was making my blood run hot. The face of Bess got mighty plain before my eyes, with her eyes telling me just how mad she was. And my nerves got shook up to such a degree that I was throwing quick looks out into the street about every other minute or so."

"Well, sir, little by little, as my eye kept watching the corner outside, I saw a face that caught my attention, even in the state I was in!"

Mr. Roach paused; then continued slowly:

"It was the face of a man, a man about fifty years old. The body was uninteresting enough. Only fat. But the face was screwed up in a look that spoke of the tortures of the damned! He kept looking at the shop, then trotting away, then back again."

"I went out the door."

"Say," I asked, to quiet him down, "is this here shop on fire?"

"He jumped back as though I'd hit him."

"Say," he kind of gasped, "Be you—Mister—Roach?"

"You bet I be!" I said. "Now who are you and what d'you want?"

"The crittur sank down on a bag of potatoes. His hat came down over one eye."

"I'm Bess," he said.

"I could feel my eyes coming out of my head."

"Bess who?" I asked.

"McGraf—from Vermont," he said.

"All of a sudden he laughed, a queer, short laugh. Then he stopped, and we stared hard. I sat down. My knees began shaking."

"That photograph?" I asked.

"A fake," he replied.

"Have a cigar," I said. He did. I struck a match.

We both lit. We puffed. We stared at each other some more.

"And then, sir, with that sense of a joke wherever it is that has make us chums and pardners ever since, at exactly the same minute we both leaned over—and shook and slapped legs and hawhawed till we cried!"

As though to picture the scene, McGraf and Roach began shaking now. So did the boat. Roach suddenly stopped.

"Well sir," he added solemnly, "we went to Buffalo Bill's, that night. When the show was done we had one of the swellest suppers that ever was eat. And that night, till 2 A.M., and all that week, and at the ball, and all around town, and in the shop—we finally got our minds made up. And that was how the well-known firm of 'McGraf & Roach,' begun."

For a long time nothing was said. The sun sank slowly lower.

"Hello!" cried McGraf, delightedly, "I've got one?"

And watching his face in the scene that followed, I saw flashing out on his visage the craft and the cunning, the hunger, the cruel, mirthful triumph of the born angler.

What skill, what cool, relentless nerve.

And yet the story was hard to believe.

For Roach was certainly a whale.



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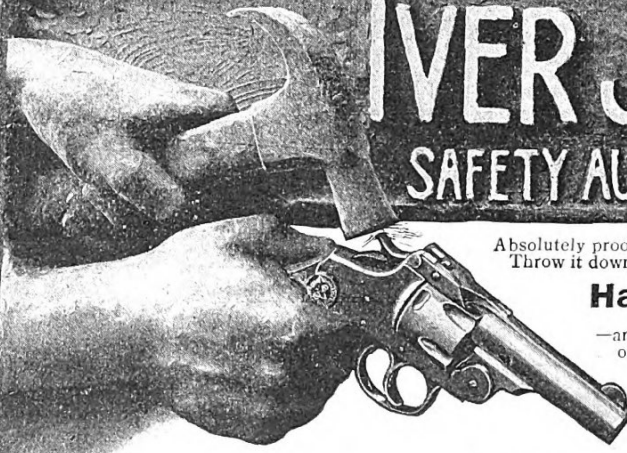
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Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Truss Bridge Bicycles



By Richard Washburn Child

[Continued from page 509]

Unregenerate

God will take your father there. You will want to be with them, too."

"They don't need any one, sir. Everybody has peace eternal there. You said so, sir. Father has taught me that, too. But brother Bob, in hell, will need me. He will be lonesome, and sick, and hurt," she nodded her head conclusively, "I must go to hell, sir."

Peter Mull, in his distress, rose up and paced the little room with great strides, back and forth, like a creature caught in a spacious trap; Fanning sat down, looking into the startled round eyes of the young girl as if his gaze was held there by a higher mental power than his own. When he spoke his voice was stripped of all its professional tone:

"You would go there; you would suffer fire and torment, burning and pain forever?"

"Yes, sir," she answered simply: "for brother Bob; I loved him, sir."

The old man stopped short before the open window, leaning forward, as if with an impulse of affection, toward his daughter, who stood with brimming eyes, plucking at her own slim fingers. Thereafter, for several seconds, no one stirred, and the voice of a glad song sparrow singing in the sunshiny heather, was the only sound. Finally Fanning, sitting on the edge of the sofa, began to rub his broadcloth knees with the palms of his hands, and at last, with an effort, he tore asunder the bond which seemed to hold his eyes to hers. The drawing of a deep breath suggested the warming of his own personality to life again; bending forward he rested his forehead in the crotch of his forefinger and thumb, meditating.

"Misguided child," he addressed her after a moment, and with a reproachful, solemn voice, "you must not cry out against the infinite wisdom of your Maker. He who arranges all things plants in the hearts of those who do His will a desire to save their souls from Perdition. And now you know you have transgressed His will and must pray on your knees for forgiveness."

He ventured to look at her. She was still standing on the same spot, every graceful droop of her slender body suggesting meekness, patience, and resignation. The pink bow drooped, too, wet with her tears. He gathered his strength, thrust one accusing arm sharply forward, and began in a deep, hollow voice:

"Wicked girl!"

Peter Mull had strode quickly across the room to Fanning's side, and now he laid a giant hand upon the thin shoulder of the preacher. "Stop!" commanded the old man, closing his heavy fingers upon the collar-bone beneath. "It ain't true! It ain't true the girl is wicked! Don't say no more. God ain't given us the light we prayed for."

Fanning wriggled up, primly adjusting his coat. He also picked up his straw hat from the floor and inspected it carefully. The old man turned to the window and the leaning landscape, now shadowed by thunder-clouds for which the preacher had expressed a hope.

"Brother," said Fanning, humbly, "maybe you are right. And maybe you have more light," he added, a little ironically, "than I. Good-by, Mary."

The old man followed him out and helped him get his horse and buggy into the driveway. Neither spoke. The old man rubbed the horse's nose once as he passed in front of its head. The animal, scenting the storm, whinnied nervously.

"We may have some rain," said the preacher, looking about in the billowed dome of the sky. Sea-birds rose and fell above the far-away cliffs, screaming.

"Yes, that's so," said the old man, speaking with sudden realization. He looked toward the pines, over which the black clouds were smoking upward with the drive of the wind. "You'd better stay on until it blows over."

The other, with his gloved hands on the reins, seemed undecided for a moment; then he saw the figure of the girl standing outside the kitchen door, her dress switching back and forth in the gusts of air. "No," said he, wiping his sun-burnt face, "I'll be going. Good-by, brother."

Peter Mull opened his mouth as if to say something, yet no intelligible words were framed by his lips. The visitor clicked his horse forward; the buggy swayed off toward the cliff road through the sedges and heather. Raindrops began to splash up little craters of dust on the hen-scratched gravel. Still the old man stood alternately watching the diminishing vehicle and then the ponderous writhing of the sky. Finally he turned toward his daughter, standing in the kitchen doorway.

"I'm going back yonder into the scrub-oaks after the black yearlin," said he. "You'll get supper by the time I'm back." She nodded.

He changed his coat in the barn and hurried out. Mary watched his tall, bent figure swaying forward through the brush into the oncoming storm. Every now and then he

would stop to stand on a rise of ground outlined against the leaden sky, motionless, for a moment, and looking at the ground, as one who, going forth to wrestle with an angel, meditates the coming stress. At last the thickening rain, slanting crosswise to the lean of the apple-trees, walled him off from sight. Mary, with her face full of wonderment and awe, closed the door of the kitchen and thrust her twitching fingers into a pan of unshelled peas.

The storm came, fumed about the house with threatening flashes, crashes and grumbling resonance, and then hastened across the sea, followed by an army of sunlight which turned the tossing water from opaque black to transparent green once more. The sky was bluer than for days, and apparently receded into sparkling, infinite distance. The girl, turning from the stove on which rocked two saucepans, rattling their tin covers merrily, opened the window and leaned over its sill so that the clean cool air outside might fan her fire-red-dened cheeks and burning eyes.

Every flurry of air shook down from the line of apple-trees a diminutive shower of noisy drops; the wings of the sea-birds above the cliffs flicked white as they flew.

Mary went back to her work of setting the kitchen table for the evening meal; she had just finished placing her father's knife and fork beside his plate, when, upon looking up, she perceived him standing, framed, in the doorway. A new expression was drawn upon his wrinkled face, terrifying only because it indicated no certain emotion. It was the result of a complex revolution within, but the girl did not try to analyze it. To her it was merely the awful newness that might impress one who had lived for a lifetime below a sturdy mountain and had looked up to see that its shape had suddenly changed. Her lips parted with her wonder.

The old man stood with one hand grasping the door jamb. "Put the supper on, daughter," said he, softly, in a voice also terrifying because it was so new.

"Yes, sir," said Mary. She nearly let a dish fall from her fingers as she worked.

"Come here, Mary," her father said, when she had finished. He reached out awkwardly to take her little hand, in his great paw and draw her gently outside. "Look yonder," said he, waving a long arm toward the sunset behind the black pines. "Ain't that purty?"

She looked toward it with dreamy, speculative eyes. Together they gazed in hushed reverence.

At last the old man spoke. "I've prayed for light," said he, thickly, "and God has been good to me. Out yonder in the scrub oak come a revelation, Mary, and shown to me how wrong I'd been. I've been selfish—wicked and selfish—to want you to stay. I see now I ain't been afeared you'd go away and sin, daughter. No, it ain't that. It were n't nothin' but bein' afeared you'd go and leave me alone. I've been a thinkin' of myself," he stumbled over his words, "I've been a thinkin' of myself."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed the girl, plucking at his sleeve.

"And God made it plain to me that the spirit has moved you and so I must let you go away. I've got faith that He will watch over you, daughter. You are all I've got but I ain't a goin' to be selfish any more. I'm goin' to let you go."

The girl gave a little frightened gasp and clutched his arm as in the manner of a child who appeals for protection in the presence of danger. Her father had drawn himself up to his full height; his chin was lifted, his nostrils sniffing the air defiantly, like one who challenges an unrighteous foe.

"Oh, sir," cried Mary. "Must I go away? Ain't there any other way I can go to Bob in hell?"

Her father seemed only to hear the last words and he struck out with his fist into the air. "Bob ain't in hell," he shouted. Supreme faith in this truth rang forth in his voice.

"Thank God, sir," sighed the girl, burying her face in the curve of her father's elbow.

"It's me who must be saved," said the old man.

"I won't be selfish no more. I've seen ye dreamin' of going out yonder," he swept his arm across the darkening horizon, and his voice shook. "You can go away when you're ready, Mary." He stepped from her and seated himself on the doorstep, looking at the ground.

"Oh, father, I ain't never wanted to go away," she cried running to him. "I've wanted to stay with you."

The old man looked up at her incredulously and met the surprised round eyes.

"Always," she said.

He dropped his head, gulped and then, reaching up, caught her hands and drew her slight figure down into his great arms. "There, there," said he, soothingly, "it has came out all right after all."

For many minutes they sat there, she wriggling closer to his damp coat and he with his old face pressed against her hair.

"Oh, sir, we don't do this often," she said. "I like to have your arms about me, sir. I think I like it more than anything else, sir."



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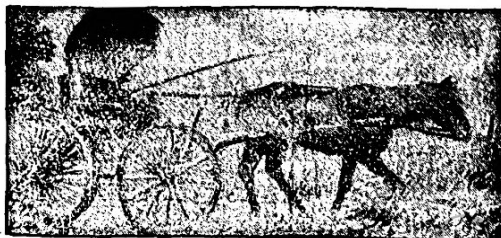
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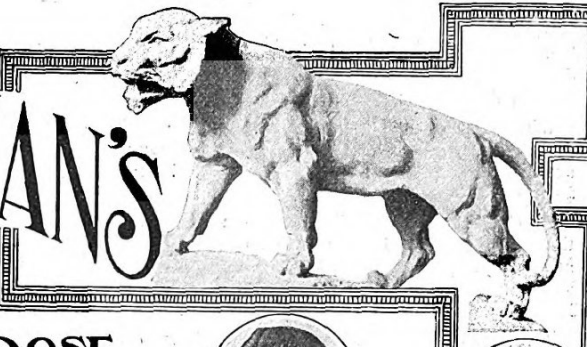
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The AMERICAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE

ITS PLAN AND PURPOSE

















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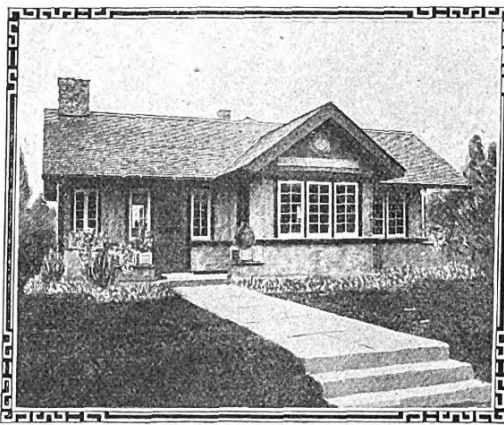
E. G. LEWIS
President The Lewis Publishing Company
President Peoples Savings Trust Company
Mayor of University City

THE American Woman's League, with its membership already numbered by tens of thousands, and with over seven hundred regularly organized local branches or chapters throughout the country, is a simple business plan of cooperation between leading publishing concerns and local societies and clubs of women, and individual women. It makes no pretense of being anything but a business organization for the purpose of mutual benefit and profit. Its organization was first conceived and undertaken, in 1908, by the Lewis Publishing Company, of University City, St. Louis, one of the largest publishing concerns in the world, who remain alone responsible for and in full control and direction of the plan, until its organization is completed, when The League will be permanently established under a trust agreement to be approved by the membership itself. Early in 1909, six other leading publishing houses were invited to cooperate under the plan, so far as the subscription end is concerned, and at the present time seventy-three others of the leading journals of the country have made application to join in the plan, which will ultimately be thrown open to all acceptable publications, on fair terms. The plan of The League consists of effecting a permanent national subscription or sales organization for reputable publishers, one-half of the income going to the publishers who receive fifty per cent. of their subscription price, net cash; and the other half to this organization, known as The American Woman's League.

It is estimated that the annual gross subscription income of the leading magazines and journals of general circulation in this country exceeds \$60,000,000. It is also estimated that it requires the expenditure by the publishers each year, of the greater part of the \$60,000,000 to secure and renew this subscription by means of endless schemes, premiums, commissions, prizes, contests, and advertising matter. Comparatively few years ago all journalism was entirely on a subscription basis, advertisements not being accepted at all by reputable publishers. To-day it is on an entirely advertising basis, the subscription income playing a nominal part. Most such journals are published for women. With tens of millions of dollars invested in their manufacturing plants, producing a better article for a lower price than any other industry, the publisher, as a manufacturer, has no permanent national wholesale and retail sales organization such as all other industries have in the jobber and retailer, but goes direct to the consumer scattered from end to end of the land, at a selling cost, in many cases, greater than the selling price.

Comparatively few years ago the sphere of woman was held to be exclusively inside the home, most things entering into the home life being produced or controlled within the family. Of more recent years, progress in the art of living has brought about marked changes in this, and to-day the entire community life is a matter of vital concern to the home. Water, light, milk, schools, street cars, sanitation, parks, and factories, have become community interests

in which the individual home is vitally concerned. In our rural districts, where two-thirds of our population live, even more marked changes in the conditions and standard of living have occurred in most recent years. Ten years ago the ruralite was isolated, received his mail but seldom, had no telephones or rapid transit, and was dependent on crude local educational facilities. To-day, forty thousand rural routes serve thirty million rural population with daily mail, while a network of interurban trolley lines traverse the country. Farmhouse is connected with farmhouse by telephone. With the rapid broadening of the home life of the individual has come a pressing realization that the lack of education, refinement, and culture, means lack of ability to grasp opportunity as well as of appreciation of the most beautiful things in life. We see this most in the more than five hundred thousand women's clubs and societies, ninety-



A League Chapter House of Class II. Edwardsville, Ills.

five per cent. of which are, ostensibly, at least, for improvement in home life, community life, education, the arts, and general betterment of social conditions. These clubs and societies, found in every hamlet, town and city, are supported, in the main, by a system of polite social brigandage, funds being obtained through endless fairs, fetes, guilds, and festivals, where women, first having begged or made articles of more or less value, proceed to sell them, at many times their possible value, to friends, relatives, and themselves, for the benefit of the object represented by their club, society, or circle. These hundreds of thousands of local clubs, societies, and circles of women, located in every city, town, and hamlet, if brought together under some simple business plan of cooperation, would present the most powerful, resourceful business organization in America. It has seemed to those who conceived the plan of The American Woman's League, that to the great journals of general circulation is given the mission to take the lead in making culture,

the arts, and education, the keynote of this century, as commercialism has been that of the past one, and that this can be accomplished on a business basis. The League plan is effecting a permanent cooperative national organization between the leading publishing houses, as the manufacturer, and these thousands of local clubs, societies, and guilds as the sales organization, on a mutually beneficial and profitable basis. The publications now cooperating under this plan, with the Lewis Publishing Company, are: *Collier's Weekly*, *Everybody's Magazine*, *SUCCESS MAGAZINE*, the *Farm Journal*, the *Delineator*, and the *American Boy*, in addition to those of the Lewis Publishing Company, the *Woman's National Daily*, *Woman's Magazine*, and *Beautiful Homes*. Membership in the American Woman's League has but a single requirement, open to all alike: the securing of a total of fifty-two dollars in subscriptions to the publications cooperating in the plan. Whenever this has been accomplished, the applicant is a member for life, without other dues or requirements, and entitled for life to all rights, benefits, advantages, protection, and opportunity The League organization can offer. The subscriptions may be paid for as gifts to friends, if desired, but the membership does not cost the member anything, as the only thing paid for is the subscriptions to the several publications at their regular prices, which are, in themselves, a full return for the money. This membership requirement constitutes the national sales force.

To effect the permanent renewal organization, The League is divided into chapters, or local organizations, each having permanent jurisdiction over a fixed territory. Five or more members may organize a local chapter, and any local club, society, circle, or combination of them, may become members of The League, and secure the local chapter charter and rights. The local chapter receives, for its income and maintenance, 25 per cent. of the renewal subscription income of all the publications that comes from its territory, its secretary being a paid official, selected by the members, whose duty it is to look after the renewal of all subscriptions, in that chapter's jurisdiction, from year to year, with the moral support and assistance of the chapter as a whole; accurate record of all subscriptions received, and their expiration dates being supplied from headquarters. Upon securing the charter for a local chapter, a beautiful permanent chapter house is at once erected on the following terms:

The chapter houses are divided into several classes in style and cost, according to the membership of the local chapters.

Class 1.—To each local chapter having fifteen members, of whom at least ten are fully paid, a chapter house will be built to cost \$1,200.

Class 2.—To each local chapter having forty members, of whom at least twenty-five are fully paid, a chapter house will be built to cost \$2,500.

Class 3.—To each local chapter having seventy-five members, of whom at least fifty are fully paid, a chapter house will be built to cost \$4,000.

Class 4.—To each local chapter having one hundred members, of whom at least seventy-five are fully paid, a chapter house will be built to cost \$5,000.

Class 5.—To each local chapter having one hundred and fifty members, of whom at least one hundred are fully paid, a chapter house will be built to cost \$7,300.

First.—A suitable building site must be secured by the chapter, in the home town of the chapter, clear and free of incumbrance, and the title to it vested in the trustees of The League. This site must be well located, and ample in size for the building.

Second.—Immediately on awarding these chapter houses, the contracts will be let for their construction to responsible contractors.

Third.—In counting memberships for securing a chapter house, three full-paid honorary members count the same as one full-paid full member. Thus, to secure a chapter house of Class 1, the chapter must have fifteen members, of whom ten are full-paid full members (women); or, if the chapter has seven full-paid full members and nine full-paid honorary members, this would count the same as ten full-paid full members.

Fourth.—The money advanced for the purpose of erecting this chapter house will be repaid to the home office of The League by the withholding from the local chapter the ten per cent. building fund until the loan is repaid, and does not come out of the general subsidy of the chapter, which is twenty-five per cent. of all the subscription revenue derived by the publication from the chapter's territory.

Under this plan, while 25 per cent. of the subscription income will eventually go to the local chapter organizations, into which the entire country is rapidly being divided, and all, and even more, than the amount of the subscription income first derived from the membership requirement of the members of the chapters, is expended in erecting the local club, or chapter houses, yet the central organization receives the entire 50 per cent. on the vast scattered membership, and 25 per cent. of all renewal income. Experience has also shown that, while a chapter of a fixed number of members is required to secure the erection of a local chapter house, the erection of which, costing more than the entire revenue from these memberships, yet, before the building is completed, the membership of the chapter invariably increases to several times the original number, so that the cost easily falls within 25 per cent. of the original income.

With the organization of the local chapter, it be-

plan offers its greatest benefits, advantages and opportunity through the great central institutions free to all. The center of this remarkable movement—its capital city, so to speak—is University City, St. Louis, a separate municipality of some 2,000 acres, incorporated and laid out some years ago, before it had become the finest residence section of St. Louis, owing to the growth of that city. The officers of The League are also the municipal officers, the president being the mayor. Here are located the magnificent institutions of the Lewis Publishing Company, the largest and finest publishing institutions in the world, and here are rapidly being erected the other great institutions of The League. It is designed to make University City the most beautiful and model municipality in



Map of United States, showing the location of the more than 700 Local Chapters.

America, and much has already been accomplished along these lines. The design, conception and execution of its entrance gates, ornamentation and buildings becomes a part of the work of honor classes in the art institute, architectural, engineering and landscape classes, so that in a few years it will, in itself, represent a magnificent monument to The League. The organization is being conducted by the officers of the Lewis Publishing Company, assisted and advised by the Board of Trustees, who are also the Board of Directors of the People's Savings Trust Company, trustees of The League endowment or reserve funds and property, it in turn being owned by the members of The League.

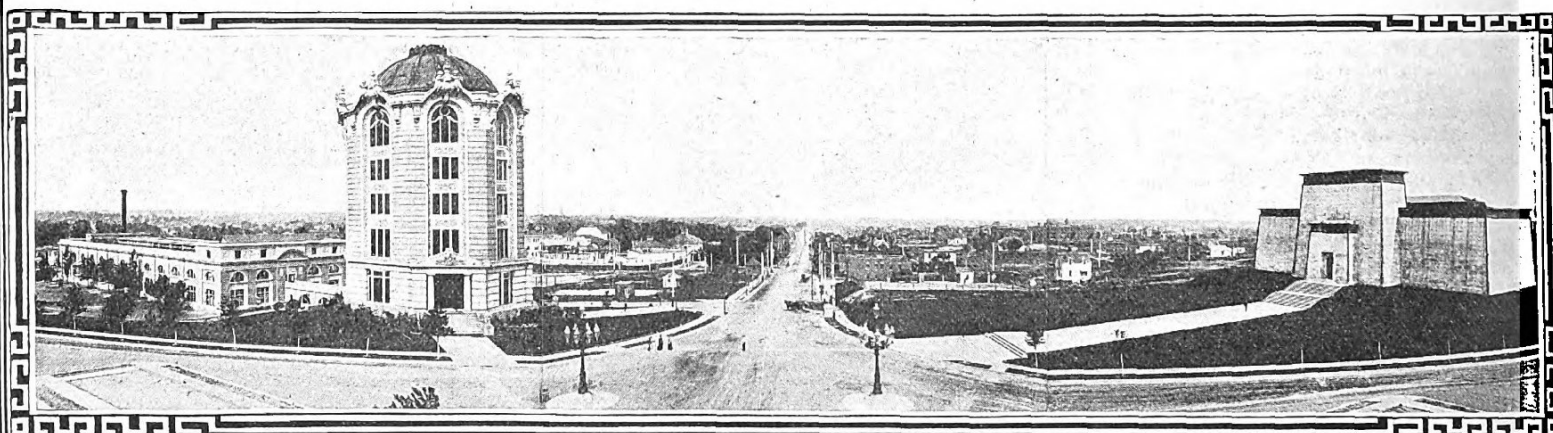
The Central Institutions

IT is estimated that the entire League income will be required for the next year or two in erecting the hundreds of local chapter houses, building and equip-

sponding to a surrender value; also for the care and education of orphaned children of members. The League being purely a business organization on a cash basis, with no pretense of philanthropy any more than an insurance company, does not undertake to do anything that can not be done as a business proposition; the home and orphanage itself being figured against the surrender value of membership, while the musical library, the university, art schools, exchange and all other features, in addition to the general income for their maintenance, become largely self-supporting through the sale of their products and supplying to the membership of The League the materials, supplies, equipment and other articles required in their use, the exchange having already become a shopping bureau for the more remote members; with it buys in the best markets, at considerable profit and the great advantage of the membership.

Of all features of The League, the art schools and institute, and the university, are the principal. The first of the university buildings—the great art schools and institute—is now nearing completion and will open its courses to all members October 1. It is undoubtedly the largest and finest institute of the sort in America. Five other university buildings are expected to be complete within twelve months, at a cost of approximately one million dollars. The foremost sculptors, artists and instructors in all branches have been secured, and the correspondence courses, now about completed, are the work of the masters themselves, and are intended to lead up to the personal attendance or honor courses, enabling the student to acquire the elementary training, and to demonstrate their fitness and ability for the higher courses, without the loss of time or expense necessary to personal attendance, and also to provide, to the whole membership, an educational and refining influence, while opening to those of marked ability or genius, opportunity. To accomplish this double purpose—the educational, refining, and useful advantage to the whole membership of instruction prepared by eminent masters, and at the same time to separate out from the mass special ability, genius, talent or qualifications for special training and opportunity—the courses of the university, in all its departments, are divided into the correspondence courses, and the personal attendance, or honor courses under salary sufficient to pay all reasonable expense of attendance.

The institutions of The League themselves seek and require the highest talent and ability in all lines and hold out to it the certainty of the highest opportunity. The honor courses of personal attendance under salary are awarded through frequent competitive examina-



View from Plaza in University City, looking down Delmar Boulevard into the heart of the finest residence section of St. Louis. On either side are the great buildings of the Lewis Publishing Company.

comes entitled to the services of the circulating library, the weekly phonographic concert circuit (the finest concert grand phonographic instrument obtainable, made expressly for the organization, in the form of a beautiful center table, being supplied to each chapter, and a weekly shipment of concert selections of the best music in the world being sent it); a series of lectures and entertainment by the lyceum bureau of The League, and several other special features, tending to make the chapter house the center of the best instruction and entertainment, while the permanent income of the chapter itself is in exact proportion to its size, and ample to enable it to provide every comfort and entertainment to its members, without expense to them. The local chapter is given entire freedom in the use of its chapter house, and the personnel of its membership, and if several local clubs combine to secure it, they may divide its use among themselves, as they see fit. Only members of The League may use the chapter house, however, excepting as temporary guests.

While the local chapter and its beautiful building is the permanent income-producing machinery of the organization; yet, to the individual member, as such, whether affiliated with a chapter or not, The League

ping the great central institutions of The League, after which there will be a rapid accumulation of a surplus or reserve, which becomes a trust fund, each member of The League being a life beneficiary. The whole League is a trust, and, whatever its income, it is only to be devoted to the use and constantly added benefits of membership.

The principal benefits of membership are:

First, the free right to all courses of instruction in its great schools, university, and art institute.

Second, the use of its postal library and phonographic library, a phonographic instrument of superior make being supplied members in their homes, as well as to chapters.

Third, a National Woman's Exchange, of which each local chapter is a branch, for the marketing of woman's handiwork and the products of The League.

Fourth, a loan and relief fund for loans at low interest for home building, and no interest in distress.

Eventually, with the accumulation of a reserve or surplus, it is proposed to erect and equip the finest home or retreat and orphanage in America, where a member, destitute and alone in old age, may be cared for as the center of the good will and care of the whole organization and as a right of membership, corre-

tions open to all, but made sufficiently severe in their requirements to insure that those who acquire them are of so high an order of ability as to become really producers and a profit to the institution. The benefit of the knowledge, experience, learning and skill of great masters can, through the correspondence courses, be available in their own homes to all, but the advantage and opportunity of personal association with those masters for a year of practical and actual application of the student's own ability and training in the conduct of the institutions of The League is reserved for those alone whose high ability, application, or genius makes them desirable acquisitions, to the personnel of those institutions.

Through the national dragnet of the correspondence courses it is the effort to find out and uncover special ability and genius in every branch of human effort, that it may be brought into and made a part of the great League plan, and, in return for the opportunity given, shed on The League and its institutions a constantly increasing luster, fame and success. We repeat that The League is strictly a business organization, with no pretense of philanthropy, and while, through its great university correspondence courses, it serves all alike, yet, as a matter of business and profit, it offers

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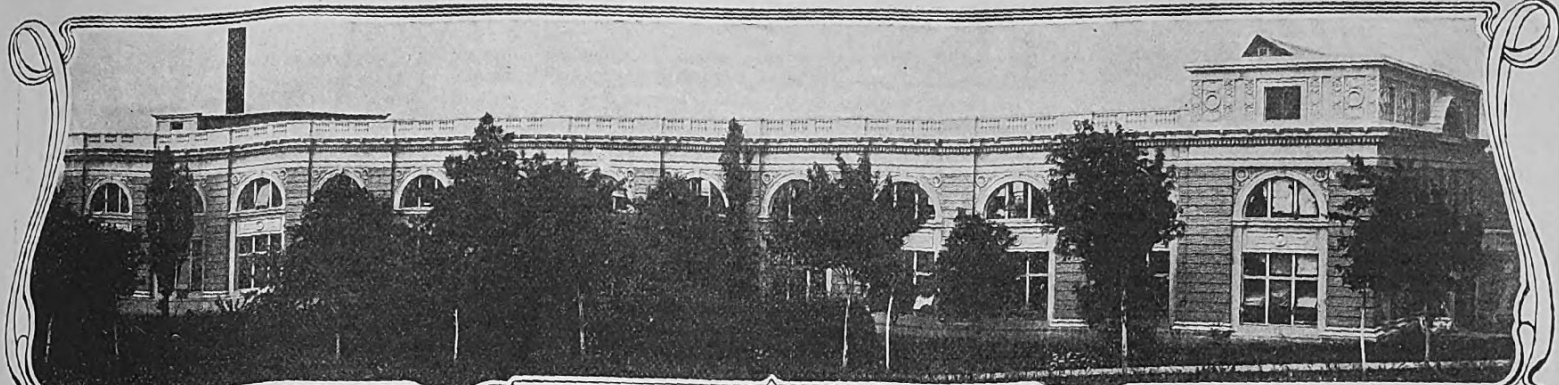
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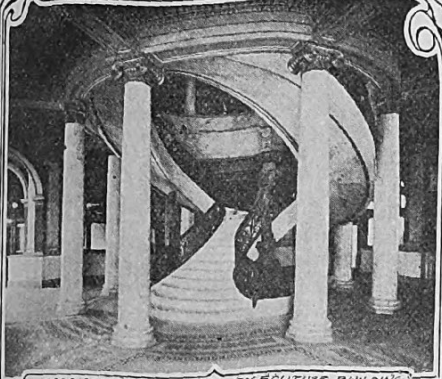
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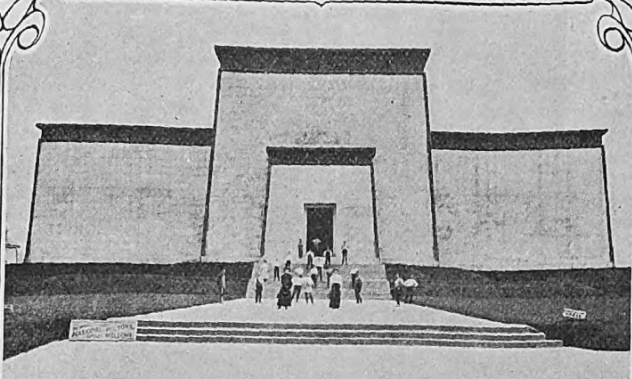
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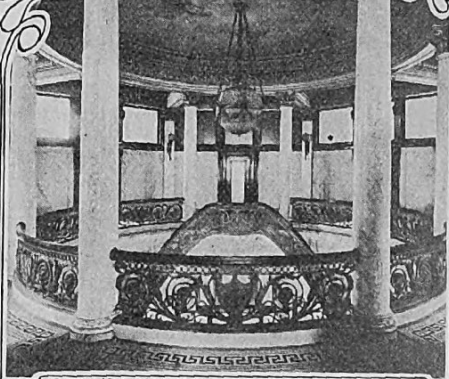
PRESS ROOM OF THE LEWIS PUBLISHING COMPANY



CORRIDOR, FIRST FLOOR, EXECUTIVE BUILDING



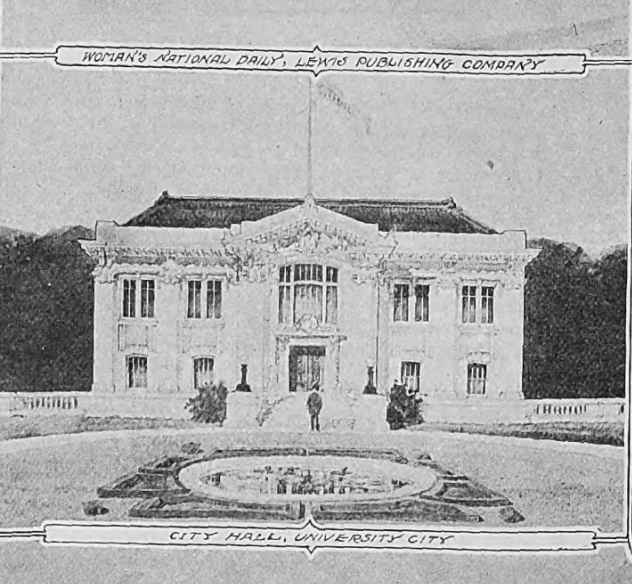
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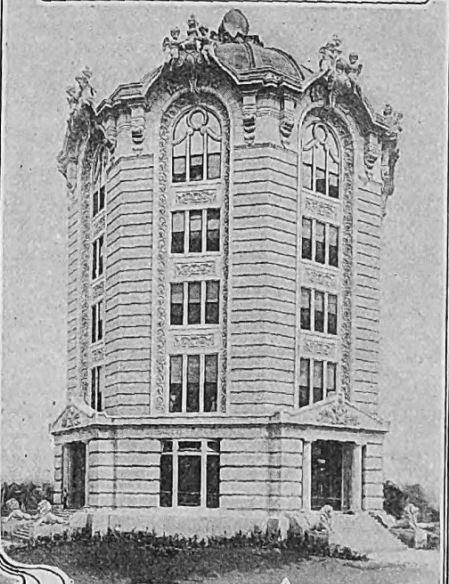
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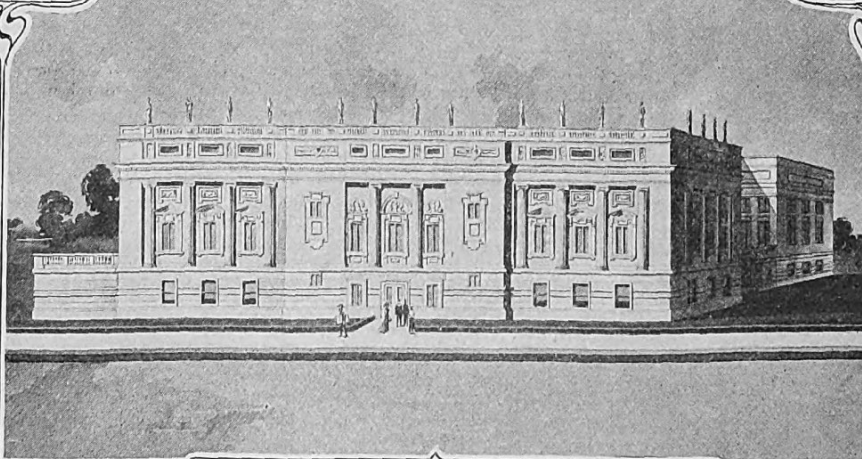
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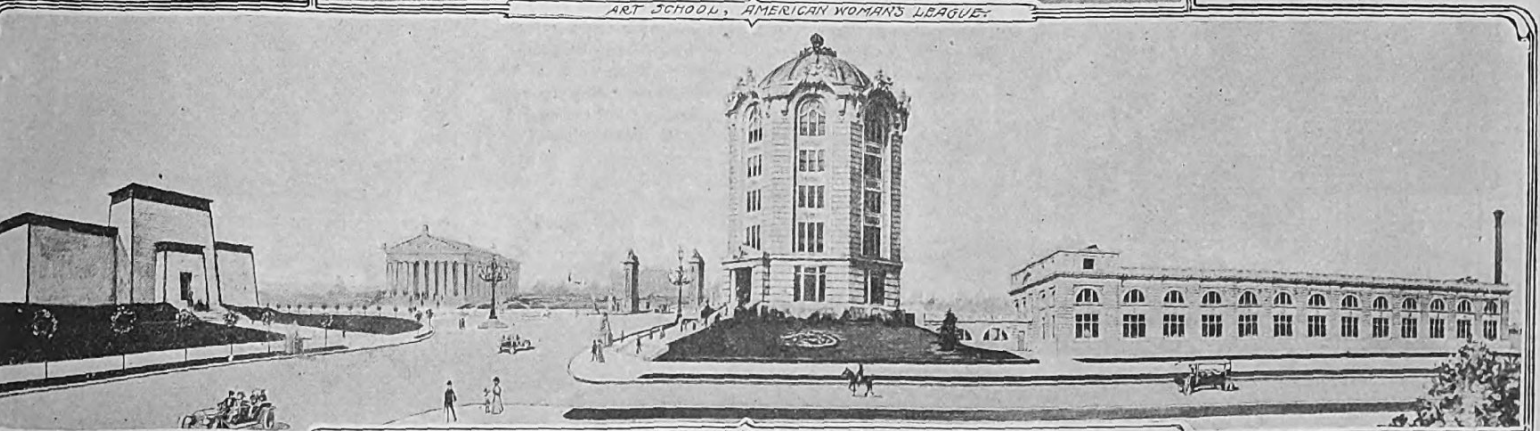
ENTRANCE PYLON TO UNIVERSITY CITY



ART SCHOOL, AMERICAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE



ENTRANCE PYLON TO UNIVERSITY CITY



"ALZA" ENTRANCE TO UNIVERSITY CITY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Views in University City, St. Louis, Mo., of the great publishing plants of the Lewis Publishing Co., the largest and finest publishing plants in the world. University City is rapidly being made the most beautiful municipality in the world. It embraces the best residence section of St. Louis, but is a separate city. It is here that the great central institutions of the League are now being erected.

exceptional opportunity to the highest ability. Any members, and minor children of their families, may take any of the correspondence courses and pursue them just as far or as little as they choose, or may take up a single study, art, business or profession for its culture, use and enjoyment, but if a career in any business, profession or art is desired, the closest application, not alone to its courses, but to all correlated courses, including a general academic course, is necessary before the honor or scholarship course can hope to be acquired. The remuneration of a member acquiring an honor or scholarship course, while in attendance during the year of practical, finishing work, is \$60 per month. A series of commissions, awards and prizes each year, however, offer to the honor student special remuneration for excellence of work. In the art institute a number of commissions, ranging in value from five hundred dollars to three thousand dollars will also be awarded, at the end of each year, through competitive tests, for the execution of works of art in the ornamentation and beautifying of University City, and the buildings of The League. All work done by honor students, is the property of The League, unless executed for outside commission, when The League receives the proceeds. Graduates and advance students of other art, business and professional schools who are members of The League, may compete for the scholarship or honor courses without taking the correspondence courses. Teachers, members of The League, may equip themselves for better positions or higher instruction through the correspondence courses without interference with their duties, loss of time, or expense, and by the demonstration of the necessary ability and qualifications through the examinations, be certain of a year of personal instruction, with salary sufficient for expenses, under famous masters in the honor courses. The catalogues of each of the courses, complete in detail, may be had on application, by any member. The school terms are three in number: October 1 to December 20, January 5 to May 1, and the summer term from May 10 to September 10. The university and its branches are divided under the following heads:

- I. Kindergarten, Grammar, Academic.
- II. The Business College.
- III. The Professional Courses.
- IV. The Applied Arts and Crafts.
- V. The Fine Arts.
- VI. The Musical and Dramatic Institute.

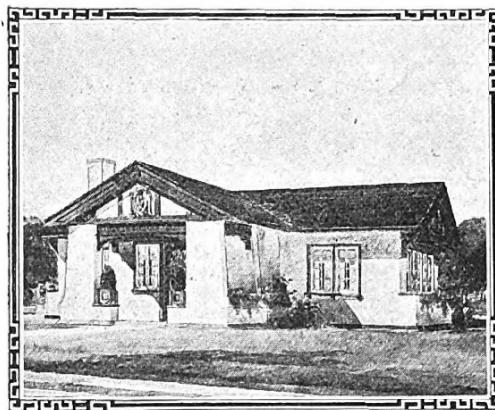
The honor students, after two terms of personal attendance under the direct supervision and instruction of the master in the practical application of their ability, are then sent on a circuit of the local chapters for the assistance, instruction and coaching of correspondence students and to conduct the competitive examinations in the arts, music, the drama and other courses. Through this means a continual series of lectures, entertainments, instruction and personal demonstration is provided the local chapters throughout the year by the honor students, themselves members of The League, as their final finishing touch before graduation, giving the honor students an opportunity to acquire a wide personal reputation in their chosen art, profession or specialty, before entering

on the life battle of a successful career. By this means the master of each division is assisted in the conduct of the courses by the honor students themselves, who must be of the highest order of ability and accomplishment to have secured the honor courses.

Division of Sculpture and Design

GEORGE JULIAN ZOLNAY, Director

MR. ZOLNAY, director of this division of the art academy, is so well known in this country and Europe, as one of the foremost sculptors of the age, as to need no introduction. An honor graduate of the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, Vienna, and Royal Art Academy of Bucharest; the winner of gold medals



A League Chapter House, of third class.

in America and the grand prize of the Vienna Art Academy; decorated by the King of Roumania, with the order of Bene Merenti of the first class; member of the leading art clubs and of the International Jury of Awards, his work is a part of the history of modern art. Among his principal works are the colossal Tympanum of the Carmelite Cloister, Vienna; his frontispiece for the Armory, St. Poelten, for the Austrian government; his bust of Francis Joseph, King of Hungary; his heroic statue at Croyora for the Roumanian government; his seated lions, in colossal bronze, on the new custom house, San Francisco; his Sam Davis monument, Nashville, Tenn., and Winnie Davis memorial in Richmond, Va.; his heroic groups at the St. Louis World's Fair, and the superb lion and tiger crowning the entrance gates of University City.

The entire division of modeling, sculpture, form, and design of The League's art institute and schools is under the personal direction of Mr. Zolnay, and the correspondence courses in these arts have been written by him. Mr. Zolnay is also in charge of the ornamentation, with entrance gates, statues, fountains, and other works of art, of University City, as well as the work of The League in presenting to cities and towns where local chapters are established, of similar work of art, the product of our institute. Members passing the competitive examinations and securing the honor course under Zolnay will have the benefit of the personal direction and advice of a master mind in their year of practical work and the execution of their commissions while here. The works of merit produced by honor students, under Zolnay, will be reproduced in the ceramic, casting, and stone-cutting departments, a replica presented to the chapters of The League, or, through the local chapter, to the city or town from which the honor student came, while the originals are retained in The League's art galleries. The honor students under Zolnay and the other masters in art associated with him in the several divisions, are certain of national credit and publicity for meritorious work, so that genius uncovered will, in the single year of the honor course, gain a reputation not otherwise to be acquired in many long years of lack of publicity. Honor students in the art courses are, during the first and second terms, given the actual conception and execution of works of art, the sculptural and mural decoration of buildings, the ornamentation of public parks, and modeling and decorating work in the ceramic institute, their successful efforts being reproduced in the institute's *Art Journal*, if in drawing and painting, and in the art potteries, if in modeling. The correspondence courses in modeling, sculpture, and design are free to all members of The League, and are accompanied by the necessary models.

Division of Drawing, Painting and Color

RALPH CHESLEY OTT, Director

MR. OTT, director of this division, while belonging to

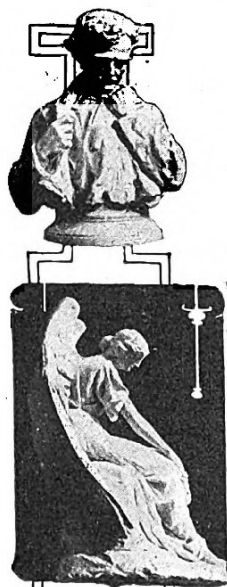
the group of younger artists, has acquired a wide reputation, both for the high standard of his portraiture, the exquisite atmosphere of his landscape, delicate but masterful tone, and his remarkable achievements in mural work. Made instructor of drawing and painting in the St. Louis Academy of Fine Arts at an early age, an honor student of leading European academies before thirty; his magnificent treatment and mural decorations of *The Woman's Magazine* building and later of *The Woman's National Daily* building interiors, have been admired by hundreds of thousands of visitors from all parts of the world. The correspondence courses in drawing and painting have been written by Mr. Ott in person, and profusely and carefully illustrated from life under his personal supervision. They are the highest obtainable result of wide experience, careful study and personal genius. Honor students in this division receive the personal direction of Mr. Ott in their work for two terms and then make the circuit of the chapters the third term, as in sculpture, modeling, ceramics, music, the drama and other divisions. Under the direction of Mr. Ott, in addition to the correspondence courses in drawing, painting, illustrating and decoration, assisted by the honor students in these divisions, the mural decoration of all League buildings and chapter houses is carried out, the illustration of the journals of the publishing company, the execution of all commissions in portraiture, landscape and decoration accomplished, and special works of art executed in connection with the ceramic institute.

Students of all other art schools, if members of The League are entitled to compete in the examinations held at frequent periods for the honor or scholarship courses of The League institute of fine arts, as in all other divisions, without taking the correspondence courses.

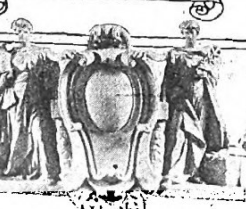
The Ceramic Arts Institute

TAXILE DOAT, Director

FOR thirty years, the name of Taxile Doat, leading expert, and ceramic artist of the great Sevres Art Potteries of France, has stood for all that was highest, best, and most progressive in the art of arts—ceramics—before the world. It was Mr. Doat who, by special permission of the French government, first published to the world the secrets guarded for centuries of the wonderful high fire glazes. Mr. Doat's own work is found in the principal art galleries of the world, as the highest examples of ceramic art, and, in addition to securing his services exclusively for the art institute of The League, we have purchased his private ceramic collection for the art museum of The League, where it will serve as an inspiration to those personally attending the post-graduate courses. Mr. Doat has selected three collaborators to assist him in the conduct of The League's ceramic schools and institute, from among the leading ceramic artists, and technicians of Europe. His first visit, in June, 1909, was for conference with The League's architects, in order that the erection of one of the most perfectly designed and equipped art potteries in the world might be begun, temporary facilities, kiln rooms, laboratories, and studios having been provided in the art building. The courses in ceramic arts, including every branch of glazing, decoration, turning, and firing,



GEORGE JULIAN ZOLNAY



RALPH CHESLEY OTT



will be open to members of The League in October of this year, under Mr. Doat, and his assistants; the institutes of modeling and sculpture under Zolnay, and of drawing, painting, and color under Ott, collaborating with the ceramic institute under Doat in a series of courses which will offer to genius and ability, the highest instruction and opportunity in the world, is open to every member of The League. The post-graduate or honor course in ceramics consists of two terms of actual experience, and practical work under salary, in the art potteries at University City, under the masters, the work being practical execution of art pottery, porcelains, gres, and other works, for sale through The League's exchange branches in the local chapters, the decoration of its buildings and chapter houses, the ornamentation of University City, and the execution of commissions for the public.

Applied Arts and Crafts

THE courses in applied arts and crafts, each under the best instructor obtainable, supplement the higher courses of the fine arts. They are intended to give to members of The League, a means of practical application of their talents, both for pleasure, refinement and profit. For this reason they are made extremely practical. Among these courses are:

Miniature, Mosaic, Casting, Jewelry Design, Fabric Design, Illuminating, Decoration, Mural Decoration, Interior Decoration, Scagliola, Engraving, Etching, Lettering, Bookbinding, Photography, Illustrating.

School of Journalism

HUGH K. TAYLOR

Managing Editor the Lewis Publishing Company,
Director

IN preparing the courses of instruction in journalism each separate lesson was the careful work of the editorial, business, mechanical, accounting and administrative heads of every division of the Lewis Publishing Company, assisted by a number of leading newspaper, magazine and editorial experts of the country. The course is a distinctly practical one and offers a more complete and comprehensive knowledge, and grasp of journalism in all its branches than could be obtained in any other way in a lifetime of experience. With the correspondence course, is also open through competitive examinations, to those demonstrating high ability, a finishing, or post-graduate year of actual practical experience in all branches, under salary, in this great publishing institution, presenting exceptional opportunity to unusual ability developed and the best opening to a successful career.

Professional Courses

THE professional courses have been prepared so that, with the aid of the grammar and academic courses, they present the opportunity to take up such professions as can be taught by correspondence, and acquire an instruction without loss of time or expense that will save several years of personal attendance to those desiring to enter the professions, even though the student may not have previously had the advantage of higher education. The standard of graduation will, however, be maintained on a par with that of the best universities here and abroad.

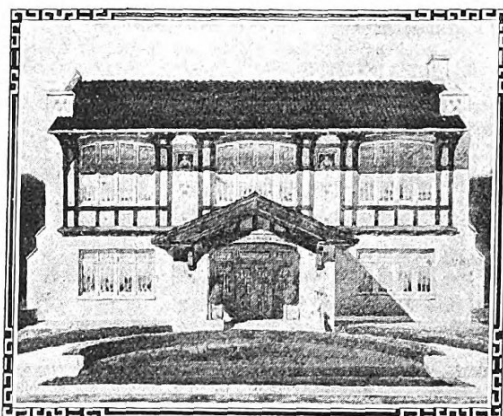
Agricultural Courses

THE courses of instruction in agriculture, in all its branches, have been prepared each by a leading

expert, and are of the most practical and useful nature. At the head of this division will be placed one of the leading agriculturists. The courses include the post-graduate or scholarship course of personal instruction and experiment in the experimental laboratories and farm of the institute and lecture circuit of the chapters. The experimental farm, orchards and dairy of the School of Agriculture will supply the Retreat and Orphanage with their products.

Kindergarten

THE kindergarten courses by correspondence are the work of Miss Jessie Davis, of Chicago, well known as the leading originator and instructor in this work.



League Chapter House, Class VI, of which a number are in process.

They are profusely illustrated, and are for the service of members who are mothers, who desire to instruct their younger children.

The Business Courses

EMBRACE stenography, bookkeeping, telegraphy, dressmaking, and many special features of home work for women. They are practical, thorough, and easily understood. The greatest effort being to make this class of instruction of real service and help to those seeking to better their condition.

Loan and Relief Fund

A FIXED percentage of The League's net income is set aside in a permanent fund for loan to members at low interest rates and convenient terms for home building or for temporary relief in distress, without interest, under reasonable safeguards.

The National Exchange

ONE of the principal features is the extension of the women's exchange plan, common in the larger cities, to a national scope, each chapter house having its exchange or salesroom for the product of members and of the art institution, potteries and applied arts division, constituting a national sales organization operated through a central agency and the local chapters, assisting in finding a wide market for skilled work in embroidery, candy making, preserving, and other home work of women, under the supervision of the instructors in those things provided by The League's schools.

As the income of The League increases, through the spread and organization of its membership, hence its control of the subscription field, the advantages and benefits to the individual member will constantly increase. Being purely a business organization, however, it makes no pretense of giving something for nothing, but is simply applying the same principles of combination, organization, and cooperation for the mutual benefit of the publishers and their readers which have proven so successful in the industrial world. The income of The League is to be the vast sums heretofore expended annually by publishers to maintain their subscriptions, paid instead to an effective, permanent subscription organization. The same energy expended by any local woman's club, society, or guild, in holding a single fête, fair, or bazaar, will, under this plan, secure for it a beautiful club house and a permanent income to support it. Aside from its other features, the aid, protection, and service which The League has already been able to render members in every section of the country, through its law and

banking divisions and the wide influence and power of its organization, has been worth many times the slight effort necessary to secure membership in it for life.

The membership has been divided into the founder's chapter, composed of the first hundred thousand members who complete their requirement, and the general membership. Men may become honorary members, entitled to all rights and benefits excepting that of voting, of the loan fund and of the home when established. Minor children of members have the free use of the schools. A special endowment of a million dollars of the capital stock of the Lewis Publishing Company and an equal amount of that of the Peoples Savings Trust Company, the two industrial institutions principally enriched by the plan, has been provided for, by the founder, for the founder's chapter, to which any member is eligible until its number is completed. Of necessity the membership of The League itself is limited, but the very nature of the plan, appealing, as it does, only to the desire for culture, improvement, education and opportunity for bettering one's position, is enlisting the refinement and intelligence of the country by a selective process. Those who acquire the founder's chapter memberships occupy a position of special privilege and profit, as is right that they should, for taking the lead in the organization; the entire yearly income of the founder's chapter's endowment will be equally paid each year during life to its members.

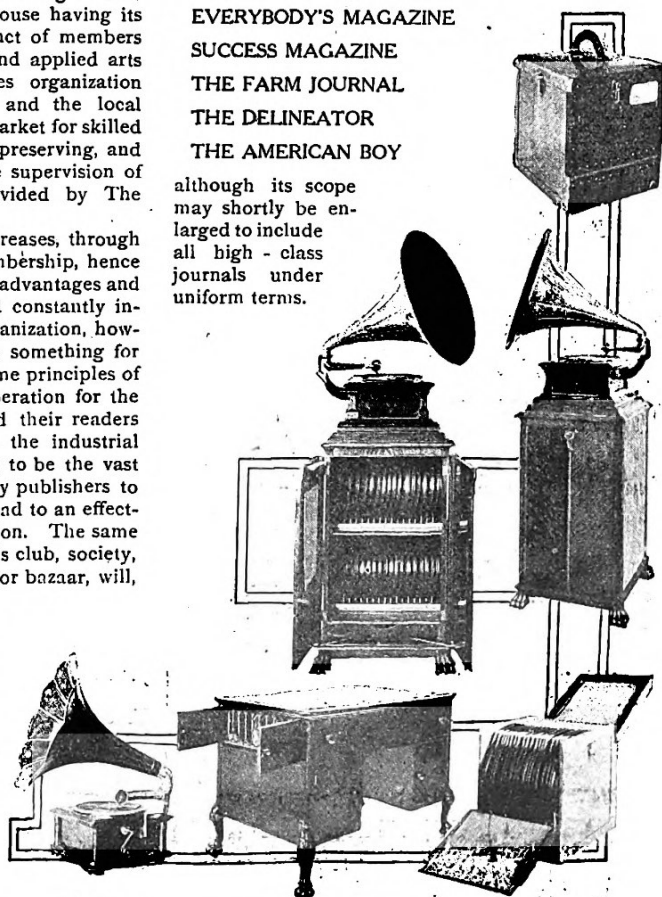
The beautiful book of The League, giving complete detail information of its many features and benefits, will be sent on request; and its chapter house book and one of its field organizers will be sent to any club, society or guild desiring to secure the local chapter rights and club or chapter house where chapters have not already been established. Address

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE,
University City, St. Louis, Missouri

Sample copies of the magazines will be sent on request to all applicants for membership. There is no other requirement for life membership but the sending in to The League of a total of \$52 in subscriptions to the following publications, which may be paid for as gifts or solicited. This once accomplished, there are no further dues, as the entire organization and its institutions are permanently maintained from the renewal of the subscription through its chapter system. Applicants for membership may take their own time in completing this requirement, but do not have the benefit and right of The League until completed. If, for any reason, the applicant fails to complete the requirement, 25 per cent. of all subscription already sent in by the applicant is paid back as a commission. The publications now listed under the plan are:

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL DAILY
THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE
BEAUTIFUL HOMES
COLLIER'S WEEKLY
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
SUCCESS MAGAZINE
THE FARM JOURNAL
THE DELINEATOR
THE AMERICAN BOY

although its scope may shortly be enlarged to include all high-class journals under uniform terms.



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